

# THE *BUM MILLIONAIRES*





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# *How to read an eMovie® adventure:*

*Location:*

INTERIOR - OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

*Action:*

Nick watches as Tommy returns to his desk with a box full of donuts. Tommy goes to sit in his chair and falls over due to the screws Nick removed. Tommy's powdered donuts spill all over his face and turn him white.

*Dialog:*

NICK  
(Crying laughing)  
Wow everybody, did you see that?!

*It's that easy! Enjoy the show!*

EXTERIOR - WOODEN SHIP ON OCEAN - NIGHT

"George Washington - Secret Expedition of 1764" comes on the screen and then fades away.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (Age: 32) in his physical prime steers a large ship full of crew members through a treacherous storm.

Lightning cracks and waves explode against the deck as he wrestles the helm.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

*Full speed ahead!*

He pulls out an old, ancient-looking map, then looks forward. He can faintly see a small island in the middle of nowhere through the haze of the storm. A CREWMAN (Age: 42) approaches him.

CREWMAN

Are you sure this is the right island sir?! *Do you really think THE DIAMOND is here?!*

George pulls out a periscope and surveys the island. He spots the faint glow of torches moving inland from a large Chinese ship that is already docked there.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

I'm sure of it.

He slams his periscope shut.

EXTERIOR - BEACH OF THE ISLAND - NIGHT

Ship docked, George and his men trek the dark beach towards the thick, misty jungle ahead. Lightning and thunder crack from above as rain continues to pour down.

They sneak through the foggy jungle to the center of the island. Lightning flashes again and for a brief second we see a large, magnificent, ancient temple. They head towards the entrance.

Just then, the rain comes to a stop and the clouds split open, allowing the radiance of the full moon to shine brightly upon this mystical and mysterious island.

They see numerous dead Chinese soldiers lying bloody and lifeless all around the temple.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
Booby traps... Move forward with  
caution...

They ignite some torches and tiptoe inside the temple carefully. What appears to be Ancient Egyptian hieroglyphics are carved all over the walls.

They arrive at a large open grove in the center of the temple. It has no roof and the moonlight beams down into the room.

More freshly killed bodies of Chinese soldiers lie everywhere.

Just then, one of George's men sees a shimmery gold coin on the floor beneath him. He reaches down and tries to pick it up.

The rumbling sound of large stones turning behind the walls makes George's eyes widen with fear. Just then, the tiles of the floor fall from beneath their feet! George leaps forward and barely grabs the ledge of the floor.

All his men fall down the hole into a pit of bubbling lava, screaming as they die. George looks down at the fluorescent, orange magma in horror and pulls himself up.

Catching his breath on the ground, he looks towards the center of the room.

Right in the middle of the grove is an altar holding a massive, lustrous stone.

It glitters in the moon's light with such vivid radiance - it's as if it has magical powers.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (CONT'D)  
There it is...

It's the largest, finest diamond anyone has ever laid eyes upon.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (CONT'D)  
*The Heart of The Celestials...*

George Washington gets on his feet and takes a step forward. Just then, a menacing laugh comes from somewhere in the shadows. George looks around and sees no one. He grabs a large, sharp stick from off the ground as a weapon.

Suddenly, he notices the faint orange glow of burning embers in a long Chinese pipe being puffed in the darkness across the shrine. George prepares himself for a fight.

The leader of the Chinese ship's expedition, EMPEROR YONGZHENG II (Age: 46), steps into the moonlight. He smirks at George as he puffs his pipe.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (CONT'D)  
Emperor Yongzheng II...

The Emperor laughs once more. Just then, the roar of some ungodly beast can be heard echoing from somewhere distant on the island.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (CONT'D)  
What in God's name was that... Is that what killed your men?

The Emperor lets out a small chuckle.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (CONT'D)  
You know this stone is coming with me.

EMPEROR YONGZSHENG II  
*Ha!*

The Emperor throws down his pipe and removes his robe.

He stretches and gets in a fighting stance like a Shaolin Kung Fu master. Although old, he looks extremely limber, confident, and strong.

Lightning cracks and we hear the mysterious beast roar once more.

George Washington prepares to fight as he and The Emperor circle one another, ready to battle to the death.

The Emperor leaps at George, who in turn rolls back and uses the Emperor's momentum to throw him across the room.

The Emperor spills to the floor and jumps back up in frustration. He grabs a large tree branch from off the ground.

He charges George, taking a hard swing at his head. George ducks and the Emperor crashes into the wall of the temple. The aged bricks of the temple's wall crumble, creating an opening to the outside jungle.

As the Emperor lies in the rubble, George runs towards him with his sharp stick. The Emperor kicks George hard in the stomach and he slams backwards into a large, stone obelisk.

The obelisk tips over, striking a large, metal gong with great power. The sound is deafeningly loud and causes all the birds around the temple to fly away.

The attention of something large in the jungle has been gained as we see something shaking the trees as it runs towards the temple.

The two men begin circling each other again, ready to continue fighting when suddenly a gargantuan silverback gorilla leaps into the hole the Emperor created in the temple's wall.

The giant gorilla looks at the men and snarls with incredible power. This was the monster we had heard bellowing somewhere in the distance.

It picks up one of the nearby Chinese soldier's dead bodies, rips it in half, and throws it at the two men. The entrails splatter at the feet of George and the Emperor as the gorilla roars like a savage beast and pounds its chest.

Side by side, George and the Emperor both gulp in absolute fear as they stare at the behemoth.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

*Oh my God.*

Without even thinking twice about it, George hands the Emperor his sharp stick and picks up another branch at his feet for himself. The two foes instantly become allies against their new common enemy.

The gorilla begins rushing towards them with violent intent.

The Emperor reaches down and flings a handful of sand into its eyes. The gorilla is blinded for a second.

The Emperor dashes at the beast, going for a stab in the stomach with his stick but the gorilla backhands him, sending him flying across the room.

The gorilla roars louder than ever and leaps onto the Emperor, pounding him into the floor.

EMPEROR YONGZSHENG II

*AHHHHHHH!*

George looks around frantically for a superior weapon than his tree branch. He sees nothing so he smashes the back of the gorilla's head with it as hard as he can.

The branch shatters into a thousand pieces and the gorilla isn't even fazed in the slightest as it continues pounding the Emperor into mush.

EMPEROR YONGZSHENG II (CONT'D)  
 (Bloodied to a pulp, dying)  
 AHHHHHHHHH!!!

With no options left, George seizes the opportunity and leaps onto the gorilla's back. He sinks a deep chokehold from behind.

GEORGE WASHINGTON  
 (Squeezing with all his might)  
 ARGHHHHHHH!!!!

The gorilla begins flailing around frantically, smashing George into the walls and wrecking the room as it tries to reach behind its back and get a hold of George.

George holds on like a pit bull on a bone as the gorilla goes berserk trying to get him off.

Clothes torn, biceps swelling, mouth foaming, the first President of the United States squeezes the chokehold even tighter.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (CONT'D)  
 DIE YOU FOUL BEAST!!!

The silverback continues to smash all over the temple, then slowly begins to get drowsy, flopping from one side of the shrine to the other. Drowsier, and drowsier, until finally...  
 BOOM!

The giant beast drops to the ground like a ton of bricks - DEAD. George Washington stands up in the most heroic fashion possible and looks down upon the gorilla's corpse that he just slain with nothing but his bare hands.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (CONT'D)  
 That's right.  
 (George wipes some blood from his lip)  
 I'm George *fucking* Washington.

George turns to the stone on the temple's altar, gazing at its sparkling magnificence. A diamond so large and brilliant, there is nothing else on earth like it.

He takes out a suede pouch and places the stone within it. Just then, the altar makes a clicking sound and some large stones can be heard gyrating beneath the ground.



Four large horns, each on a corner of the temple, let out an ear-splitting, deafening blare. The entire foundation of the temple starts to rumble and shake as it begins to slowly fall apart.

As George begins to leave, something catches his eye out of the large hole in the wall made by the Emperor.

A horde of giant silverback gorillas, just like the one he killed, can be seen in the distance, rushing towards his location as they hoot and holler at the top of their lungs.

GEORGE WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

Dear God Almighty...

George spins around and runs top speed, leaping over the pit of lava and sprinting out the corridor from which he entered just as it crumbles behind him.

The entire beautiful temple is reduced to rubble.

He sprints outside and looks over his shoulder as he hears the screaming and snapping of branches - over a hundred beasts are closing in on his location!

We see his ship resting just off the tropical beach when suddenly George emerges from the jungle, still sprinting full speed. The frenzied Gorillas are just a couple feet behind him as he dives into the ocean.

The silverbacks stop at the water and roar in frustration. George swims out to his ship and climbs onboard, greeted by his remaining crew.

CREWMAN

Sir! What in the world were all those sounds?! Did you retrieve the stone?!

Panting, George pulls the giant stone from his pouch and holds it out before himself and his crew aboard the ship.

It twinkles so bright from the shining moonbeams above that it glows. The illumination sparkles in all their faces as they gather around and stare at it in awe.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

At last... *The Heart of The Celestials...*

The crewman gaze at the stone in wide-wonder.

CREWMAN

*It really does exist...*

GEORGE WASHINGTON

One day gentlemen, every man on earth will know of this stone and all its glory! They shall be uplifted by its magnificence! Nothing on earth will be more famous than...  
*The Heart of the Celestials...*

FADE TO BLACK.

EXTERIOR - URBAN STREET - GORGEOUS SUNNY DAY

"Somewhere in New Jersey - Modern day" comes on the screen and then fades away.

HOTDOG VENDOR

*Never heard of it!!!*

SEASIL

What do you mean you *never heard of it?!*

We see our main character, SEASIL (Age: 35), as he is begging a HOTDOG VENDOR (Age: 56) for a free bite to eat.

Seasil is a homeless bum and is in absolute shambles.

He has a huge beard like a wizard with all sorts of trash and debris caught in it.

His shirt is made out of a potato sack and his shorts are made out of a black garbage bag. Even his sandals are fashioned out of plastic soda bottles he found in the trash.

HOTDOG VENDOR

*I mean - I never heard of it!*

The hotdog vendor turns to his dog, lying by his feet.

HOT DOG VENDER

(Talking to his dog)  
Hey Roofus, you ever heard of the word *FREE?*

SEASIL

Come on. Please. I'm starving. Just one little bite.

HOTDOG VENDOR

Too bad bucko - get a job! NO MONEY, NO FOOD! Now fuckin' move it - You reek!

SEASIL

Come on... can I at least have a few packets of ketchup? Please? *I'm so hungry...*

With a face of painful yearning, Seasil reaches out for just a couple packets of ketchup from off the hotdog cart. The hotdog vendor smacks him in the knuckles with his tongs.

SEASIL (CONT'D)

*Ow!*

HOTDOG VENDER

I said *no!* Beat it! - You're gonna scare my customers away!

Seasil gives up and begins pushing his shopping cart filled with various homeless items down the sidewalk.

Just then, something in an electronic store's front window catches his attention.

It's a rap video on a TV of the famous rapper, Z-MILLION (Age: 35). His video is extremely flamboyant, as flaming dollar bills rain down on him while he dances around without a care in the world.

Seasil looks away from the lavish music video and at his own reflection off the glass window. Flies are swarming all around him. He sighs.

He continues walking down the street and arrives at an intersection.

While he's waiting for the walk signal, a Mercedes Benz being driven by a group of high school kids pulls up next to him. The car is blasting a fresh, new, Z-Million track.

A HIGH SCHOOL KID (Age: 18) rolls down his window.

HIGH SCHOOL KID

(Concerned for Seasil)  
Hey man - you look hungry. You need some money?

The kid pulls out a 20 dollar bill from his wallet and holds it out the window for Seasil.

HIGH SCHOOL KID (CONT'D)

Here man, take this.

Seasil steps forward to accept it.

SEASIL

Wow thanks.

HIGH SCHOOL KID

*SIKE!*

The kid pulls the 20 dollar bill away from Seasil as everyone in the car laughs at him.

HIGH SCHOOL KID (CONT'D)

Hey I got an idea - Why don't you get a fuckin' job? Seriously. You're making our town look bad. Go back to New York City!

Seasil begins pushing his shopping cart and walking away, ignoring them. They continue to harass him.

HIGH SCHOOL KID (CONT'D)

Oh you wanna race?!... Your piece of shit on wheels against my car!

The driver revs his engine loudly at Seasil.

Just then, the stoplight turns green as another teenager pops out of the car's moonroof and throws a large cup of soda right into Seasil's face. *SMACK!* It explodes Pepsi all over his head.

HIGH SCHOOL KID (CONT'D)

*You suck at life!*

Everyone in the car cracks up as it accelerates loudly down the street. Seasil, with soda dripping off his face, looks down at the cup the young man threw at him. It's from a nearby fast food restaurant and has a scratch off on it.

The cup reads: "SCRATCH OFF FOR A CHANCE TO WIN MILLIONS OF DOLLARS IN CASH!"

Seasil perks up, grabs the cup and begins scratching it with his long, rancid, troll-like fingernails.

The scratch off reveals: "YOU'RE A LOSER!"

SEASIL

(Sighs)  
What else is new...

Seasil places the cup into a recycling bin next to him and crosses the street to a public park. He sits down on a bench, still soaked in the soda. Just then, an African American man that is also homeless and equally haggard comes into sight.

This is CORNELIUS (Age: 35). He limps towards Seasil like he just smoked crack.

CORNELIUS

(Drooling)  
Hey man, you got any change?

With hostility in his eyes, Seasil retorts.

SEASIL

Do I look like I have any fucking change?!

Just then, the two men break out in laughter and Cornelius stands up straight and speaks normally. They embrace each other with a friendly clap of the hands.

CORNELIUS

Where the hell have you been brother? What have you been up to?!

SEASIL

Oh you know - Digging in garbages for food, sleeping on benches. Eating whatever I can to survive. *The usual!*

CORNELIUS

Haha, I hear that!

SEASIL

Speaking of which - *I am starving!*

Just then, Cornelius sees MR. CHAN (Age: 50), the owner of the local Chinese Buffet, throwing his trash into a dumpster in the alley across the street.

CORNELIUS

(Excited)  
Look Seasil! Mr. Chan is throwing away his scraps!

Seasil turns and sees.

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)

(Rubbing his hands together in delight)  
We're gonna be eating good tonight!

Mr. Chan returns back inside his restaurant and the two men head over to his dumpster.

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)

The thing that's good about these motha fuckin' Chinese buffets are they got everything in their garbage. Appetizers, entrees, desserts - *You name it!*

SEASIL

I'm so hungry right now I'll eat pig brains if that's what he just threw away.

The two men begin rummaging around in the dumpster. Mostly bones, flies buzzing around, and random dark green mush that doesn't look edible.

Just then, Cornelius finds a brown paper bag.

CORNELIUS

I think I found something good here Seasil!

He begins unraveling the bag and peers inside.

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)

(Excited)

Oh! I think I got me some *chocolate truffles!*

Just then, Mr. Chan catches them.

MR. CHAN

Hey! What are you doing here?! Get out of here! I'll call the police!

CORNELIUS

C'mon man. Can I at least eat your chocolate truffles?! You're throwing them out anyway!

Cornelius tosses one of the chocolate truffles into his mouth and begins chewing. He smiles at Mr. Chan.

Just then, a little poodle comes by Mr. Chan's feet from inside the restaurant and begins barking at the two Bums.

MR. CHAN

Those are not chocolate!

Cornelius instantly stops chewing and drops the bag.

MR. CHAN (CONT'D)

Now go! - *Get out of here!*

Mr. Chan begins swatting his broom at the two Bums.

CORNELIUS

Alright, alright! We're leaving!

They leave the alley.

SEASIL

(Rubbing his stomach)  
Shit man I'm seriously dying. I  
need to eat *SOMETHING!*

Cornelius comes up with an idea.

CORNELIUS

We can snag some crops from that  
old farm across town - It's a  
pretty long hike but at least we  
know we'll get something to eat for  
certain.

SEASIL

Good thinking - Let's go!

EXTERIOR - SIDE OF THE STREET - GORGEOUS SUNNY DAY

The two Bums hike down a road into a more rural part of town.

They arrive at the entrance of a local public farm. A large  
wooden sign says "HISTORIC SITE."

They proceed to walk down a long, dirt road surrounded by a  
thick, dense forest.

CORNELIUS

Shit man, I'll tell ya. This farm  
has been a motha fuckin' blessing.  
Saved me from starving to death a  
couple times now.

SEASIL

Yea I know. Me too.

Just then, unexpectedly, a large group of college students on  
a class trip are getting out of a school bus at the farm.  
Their TEACHER (Age: 75) is an elderly woman with a British  
accent. She emerges from the crowd and speaks loudly.

TEACHER

Ok students, follow me for the  
class trip! Then, when we're done  
with our tour we'll come back to  
the bus and eat our lunches.

(MORE)

TEACHER (CONT'D)  
 Leave all your bags and belongings  
 on board.

The Bums look at each other.

CORNELIUS  
 You thinking what I'm thinking?

SEASIL  
 (Smiling and nodding)  
 We should eat their lunches.

Excited, the two Bums scurry to the back of the bus and hide from the students.

TEACHER  
 Alright everybody, the tour will  
 begin now.

The crowd of students follow the teacher down a gravel path into the forest as she tells them the history of the farm.

Cornelius peeks around the bus and sees that the BUS DRIVER (Age: 47) is still sitting in the driver's seat.

CORNELIUS  
 Shit - There's a motha' fuckin'  
 driver still on the bus!

SEASIL  
 Hmmmm.

The Bums look around, trying to come up with an idea.

Cornelius sees a cow at the farm drop a large amount of dung on the ground about thirty feet away.

CORNELIUS  
 (Smiling)  
*I've got an idea...*

INTERIOR - BUS - GORGEOUS SUNNY DAY

Cut to the bus driver sitting in his seat, reading the newspaper peacefully. Birds are chirping as he enjoys himself on this beautiful, sunny day.

Seasil and Cornelius are hiding in some nearby bushes.

They throw a rock at the bus and then duck down and hide.  
*DING!*



BUS DRIVER  
 ...The hell was that?

He looks around and doesn't see anything. He shrugs and resumes scanning the newspaper.

CORNELIUS  
 Throw it harder.

The Bums pop their heads back up from the bushes and throw another rock at the bus. *BANG!*

BUS DRIVER  
 What the fuck?!

The bus driver looks around again, this time more intense. He doesn't see anything and continues reading the newspaper again.

CORNELIUS  
 Man fuck this, throw a big ass rock  
 - super hard!

SEASIL  
 Alright.

Seasil picks up a large rock from the dirt and throws it as hard as he can at the bus. *BOOM!*

BUS DRIVER  
 (Startled)  
*WHAT THE FUCK WAS THAT?!*

The bus driver gets up out of his seat, angry.

He opens the bus door and leaps outside. *SMUSH!* He lands ankle-deep right into a creamy pile of cow dung Seasil and Cornelius strategically placed right outside the bus door.

Both of his feet are entirely smothered up to the ankles. His shoes are sopping.

BUS DRIVER (CONT'D)  
*WHAT THE FUCK! - SON OF A BITCH!*  
*JESUS, IT'S EVERYWHERE!*

He looks at the cows.

BUS DRIVER (CONT'D)  
*WHO THE FUCK LET A COW SHIT RIGHT*  
*HERE?!*

Seasil and Cornelius are dying laughing while trying to be as quiet as possible as they hide in the nearby bushes.

The bus driver stomps away cursing to himself as he heads to the farm's recreation area to use the bathroom and clean himself. His feet leave an actual trail of poop footprints down the sidewalk.

CORNELIUS

Ok hurry! Grab all their lunches  
while he's gone - *Quick!*

SEASIL

Here, let's use this.

Seasil takes the black garbage bag from a nearby empty garbage can. The two Bums head over to the bus and begin putting all the lunches into the black garbage bag as quickly as they can. It's filled to the brim with food.

CORNELIUS

C'mon let's go hide in the woods  
and *feast!*

The two Bums exit the bus, leaping over the dung, and move swiftly towards the forest.

They spot a roped-in display of historic wagons, barrels, and camping equipment once used in the 1700s.

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)

Let's eat in there.

INTERIOR - HISTORIC DISPLAY - GORGEOUS SUNNY DAY

The Bums are sitting in one of the wagons, devouring the students' lunches. They are both hogging out on Oreo cookies and milk.

SEASIL

We must have 20 pounds of food  
here!

CORNELIUS

I know!

Cornelius chugs some milk and burps.

Suddenly, the Bums hear a branch snap and it sounds like people are walking nearby. Before they know it, they can hear the teacher's voice, growing nearer.

TEACHER

Believe it or not students, but none other than George Washington himself had camped on this farm in the late 1770s during the American Revolution!

SEASIL

(Whispering)  
Shit! Hide the food!

The Bums stuff everything back into the black garbage bag.

TEACHER

In fact! Many archeologists have surveyed this land as it was rumored George Washington left a *hidden treasure* in this area during one of his great battles that he feared he might lose.

Just then, the students arrive at the roped-in display of wagons, barrels, and camping equipment. Seasil and Cornelius are still not in their line of sight yet.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

Here we have a display of what it was like during this era. Some historians were lucky enough to find this equipment that was left behind by George Washington and his army.

CORNELIUS

(Whispering to Seasil)  
Just look natural!

Suddenly, the teacher and her class see Seasil and Cornelius as they come into sight. The Bums are nonchalantly trying to coexist as they sit casually in one of the wagons.

They offer friendly smiles and wave to everybody. Both of their teeth are covered with the chocolate Oreo cookies, making them look even more rotten than they already do.

TEACHER

Oh how pleasant! It appears we have some *historical reenactors* on-site today class!

The teacher gestures towards Seasil and Cornelius. Their smiles turn to shock as they're taken off guard and the entire crowd of students turns towards them with interest.

TEACHER (CONT'D)  
Why you must have been slaves! Yes?

CORNELIUS  
(Unamused)  
Yea... Slaves...

TEACHER  
Well! Do tell us about your trials  
and hardships as slaves!

Seasil and Cornelius quietly argue with one another to take the spotlight. Finally, Seasil gives in and steps forward to speak.

He gets off the wagon.

SEASIL  
Well. As slaves, we have some very  
tough responsibilities to handle...

The student crowd is listening intently.

SEASIL (CONT'D)  
(Trying to make something up)  
Um... One of our most important  
responsibilities was...

Seasil sees an old axe leaning on a barrel next to Cornelius.

SEASIL (CONT'D)  
...collecting and chopping lumber!

Seasil gestures towards the axe. Cornelius gets off the wagon and picks it up, trying to go along with Seasil's hogwash.

SEASIL (CONT'D)  
We would use anything we could find  
as lumber.

Cornelius, uncertain of what Seasil wants him to do, takes the axe and smashes one of the historical barrels next to him.

The class and teacher are taken aback. Seasil tries to rebound from Cornelius's actions.

SEASIL (CONT'D)  
Yes... Indeed... We would use any  
resources possible. Anything made  
of wood.

Again, Cornelius looks at Seasil confused and still doesn't know what to do.

Improvising, Cornelius approaches the historic wagon and starts smashing it to pieces with the axe. The teacher and her class are shocked.

Cornelius proceeds to annihilate the entire historic display. The teacher gives a skeptical look at the Bums.

TEACHER

And what year, exactly, was all this taking place again?

SEASIL

(Drawing a blank)  
Oh you know... Back in the historical olden days.

Seasil smiles nervously.

TEACHER

I see. Well since you two are clearly not historical reenactors and just completely destroyed the *PRICELESS* antiques on display, I recommend you leave my class and I alone before the police arrive.

The Teacher pulls her cell phone out and begins dialing.

The Bums' faces become horrified as they turn and begin scurrying away together.

SEASIL

I knew this was a stupid idea! What the hell were you axing the entire display for?!

CORNELIUS

Man I don't know what the fuck I was doing!

The Bums' speed walking turns into running. They dash off the path and into the uncharted depths of the thick forest.

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)

C'mon! We gotta get the hell out of here before the cops show up!

SEASIL

Where the hell are we going?!

CORNELIUS

I don't know, just keep moving!

EXTERIOR - FOREST - EVENING

The sound of police sirens in the far distance can be heard.

CORNELIUS

Shit man, we're like a couple of fugitives!

SEASIL

Just calm down. This is far enough. We're in the middle of nowhere. I doubt they'll come looking for us this deep in the woods.

Seasil looks around.

SEASIL (CONT'D)

And especially since it's starting to get dark out.

CORNELIUS

I guess we're staying the night...

SEASIL

I guess so.

EXTERIOR - FOREST - NIGHT

Seasil and Cornelius are in a deep sleep when Seasil slowly wakes up. The sound of water running down a stream can be heard somewhere nearby.

Seasil gets on his feet and walks a few yards away to a small cliff to relieve himself. As he does, he notices a mysterious dim light glowing from somewhere in the darkness.

He looks at it, confused.

SEASIL

(Squinting to get a better look)  
What the hell is *that*?!

It appears there is something glowing within a cave behind a waterfall, just across the creek.

He turns to Cornelius.

SEASIL (CONT'D)

Hey! Pst! - *Cornelius!*

Cornelius wakes up and sees Seasil, peeing.

SEASIL (CONT'D)

Come here! Look at this!

CORNELIUS

Man you've lost your marbles, I don't want to see your dick!

SEASIL

No! Not that! - Just come here! I see something in the distance!

Seasil finishes relieving himself.

CORNELIUS

(Scared)  
What?! Who?!

SEASIL

I don't know - *Just come here!*

Cornelius comes over, frightened. He too sees the glow emitting from within the cave behind the waterfall.

CORNELIUS

Man I have no idea what that is...  
But that shit's scary. I don't like it - I don't like the woods!

An owl hoots loudly and Cornelius jolts in fear. He looks around the dark forest - afraid.

SEASIL

Come on. Let's go check it out.

CORNELIUS

*Check it out?!* Hell no! It's probably aliens or some shit! I ain't going anywhere near that!

SEASIL

Come on - What do we have to lose?

CORNELIUS

I'm not going. You gotta cross this nasty water just to get over there.

SEASIL

Fine, I'll go. Just help me climb down.

CORNELIUS

You're crazy man!

Cornelius helps Seasil begin to scale down the cliff.

EXTERIOR - FOREST - DAWN

The sun is just beginning to rise a little and there's a small amount of light as Seasil reaches the bottom of the cliff. He moves through the muck and begins swimming through the water to head closer to the waterfall.

CORNELIUS  
Be careful!

SEASIL  
I will.

Just then, something touches Seasil in the water.

SEASIL (CONT'D)  
WHAT THE FUCK WAS THAT?!

A large, slimy eel slivers through the water next to Seasil.

SEASIL (CONT'D)  
EW! - *DEAR GOD!*

Seasil hurries out of the water, freaking out. Cornelius is laughing his ass off.

CORNELIUS  
See! I told you! But you didn't want to listen to me!

SEASIL  
I'm pretty sure it was an eel!

Seasil steps out of the water and is covered in leeches. He has no idea. Cornelius squints and looks closer at Seasil.

CORNELIUS  
Hey Seasil - don't freak out man, but I gotta tell you something.

SEASIL  
What?

CORNELIUS  
You're covered in leeches.

Seasil looks down and freaks out as he rips them off his body one by one.

SEASIL  
*AHH! OH GOD!*

Cornelius just watches from above, dying laughing.



SEASIL (CONT'D)

I wanna come back up. I regret coming down here already. Help me climb back out of here!

CORNELIUS

Nah man, you got this far - just finish the job! The waterfall is right there!

SEASIL

Ok, fine.

Seasil scales the side of the cliff that is next to the waterfall. He tries to peer inside.

The water from the waterfall continuously splashes in his face.

SEASIL (CONT'D)

I can't see a thing!

CORNELIUS

You gotta go *IN* there!

Seasil unenthusiastically nods, agreeing. He sticks his head through the waterfall.

DOZENS OF BATS come bursting out in force and send him flying backwards into the water again. *SPLASH!*

SEASIL

*FUCK!!!!!!!!!!!!*

Seasil rushes back out of the water - He's got the eel biting his ankle, he's smothered in leeches again, and he's being attacked by the swarm of bats.

Cornelius is falling over, clapping his hands and dying laughing. He can't believe it!

CORNELIUS

(Crying tears from laughter)  
*Holy shit!*

Seasil finally fights off all the creatures and is beet red with frustration.

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)

Man! That might have been the funniest thing I've ever seen!

SEASIL

Glad you're amused!

CORNELIUS  
 (Trying to contain his laughter)  
 You alright?

The sun has risen a little and the forest is beginning to become more visible.

SEASIL  
 I'm done. I'm finished here. I quit.

CORNELIUS  
 C'mon man! After all that?! You're gonna quit?! The bats are gone - just go in there and see what's glowing!

SEASIL  
 You go in!

CORNELIUS  
 I'm all the way up here - you're *right there!*

SEASIL  
 FINE! But this is my last attempt!

Seasil heads back towards the waterfall.

He sticks his head back in. The sunlight allows him to see better, but has also reduced his ability to pinpoint the location of whatever was glowing inside the cave.

He enters the cave and looks around. It appears to be completely empty. He surveys the whole area and finds nothing.

SEASIL (CONT'D)  
 Yea just as I figured. All that for NOTHING. What a surprise.

Seasil takes a step towards the exit and BAM! His leg falls into the ground.

SEASIL (CONT'D)  
 Ow! My leg! *Help!*

Cornelius just stands around picking food out of his teeth. He can't hear Seasil at all on the other side of the waterfall.

Seasil gets back up onto his feet. He peers into the hole his foot made in the ground. The hole appears to be the lid of an old, buried barrel.

SEASIL (CONT'D)

Huh?

Seasil rips the lid completely off the barrel and looks inside. It's filled with mud, insects, and other slimy creatures.

SEASIL (CONT'D)

*Yuck!*

Seasil looks up towards the sky as if talking to God.

SEASIL (CONT'D)

God forbid that once in my life I  
got a lucky break!

Just then, Seasil's weight goes smashing into the ground with a mighty crash. He falls so deep, he disappears.

He collapses on the ground in a whole other large, cavernous area - it's extremely dark.

SEASIL (CONT'D)

(Grunting in pain)  
*Fuck! - I think I broke my back!*

Seasil's eyes slowly adjust to the darkness as he sees a faint, glowing aura pouring from the hinges of a long, narrow box in front of him. He reaches out to it as it glows upon his face.

SEASIL (CONT'D)

Huh? *What is this...*

Outside of the cave, Cornelius is starting to grow concerned.

CORNELIUS

(Yelling)  
*Seasil?! You alive?!*

Seasil climbs out of the pit-like hole he fell into and stands up.

He holds a long, narrow, mahogany box that is carved with a magnificent design and has golden hinges.

SEASIL

Whoa...

Just as he is about to open it, we hear a loud, nasty, hiss coming from the darkest corner of the cave. Seasil's attention jolts in its direction.

We see out of Seasil's eyes just as a rabid raccoon with rotten, orange teeth comes leaping out of the darkness, right at his face!

EXTERIOR - FOREST - GORGEOUS SUNNY DAY

Cornelius is still calling for Seasil as he stares worriedly at the waterfall.

CORNELIUS  
(Yelling)  
*Seasil you there?!*

Just then, Seasil comes flying out of the waterfall backwards with the raccoon clenched onto his face. *SPLASH!*

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)  
*OH SHIT!*

Seasil tosses and turns in the water as he runs out covered in leeches again with an eel on each ankle plus the raccoon attacking his face. Some bats swoop out of nowhere and join in on the attack.

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)  
*Oh my God!!*

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR - FOREST - GORGEOUS SUNNY DAY

Seasil swats the last bat away and spins around - looking for anything else.

CORNELIUS  
You're good man - you're good.  
They're all gone!

Seasil is traumatized as he catches his breath. He rips off one last leech from his neck and then plops onto the ground, panting.

He slowly regains his composure.

SEASIL  
Ok. I'm coming up!

Just then, Cornelius notices something due to the brighter daylight.

CORNELIUS

Hey look! You can just walk right  
up from over there!

Cornelius points to a sloped area that would have let Seasil easily access the waterfall.

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)

(Laughing)  
Man, you could have avoided all  
that trouble if you had just walked  
down from over there!

Seasil easily struts up the new area and makes it back up to Cornelius. He reveals the long, narrow box he found from his shorts.

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)

Oh shit - *What'd you find?!*

SEASIL

I don't know - let's find out.

Seasil brushes some mud and gunk off the box.

They look at one another and slowly open the box together. As they open the box, the luminescence of *The Heart of the Celestials* spills from between the hinges. It glows, as if magically, illuminating their faces.

The interior of the box is lined with an elegant, red velvet and holds what appears to be a long ivory cane, the handle of which is made entirely of *The Heart of the Celestials* itself.

The name George Washington is engraved into the side of the stick portion of the cane.

SEASIL (CONT'D)

Oh my God...

The Bums look at each other with jaws dropped open.

SEASIL (CONT'D)

*Look!* It says George Washington!  
This was his cane! *Holy shit*, look  
at the size of that diamond on the  
handle!

CORNELIUS

That's the biggest fucking diamond  
I've ever seen in my life...

SEASIL

(Face sparkling with the reflection  
of *The Heart of the Celestials*)  
Cornelius, old buddy, old pal...  
This must be worth so much money I  
can't even begin to imagine...

The Bums embrace one another with hysterical laughter.

SEASIL (CONT'D)

Holy shit! We're gonna be rich!  
*Let's go bring this somewhere and  
find out how much it's worth!*

The Bums hug and then get up on their feet and head back to civilization.

SEASIL & CORNELIUS

(Singing and skipping)  
We're gonna be rich!  
We're gonna be rich!  
We're gonna be rich!

The long, narrow, mahogany box the cane was found in is left behind on the ground as the Bums skip away together, elated.

FADE TO BLACK.

INTERIOR - ANTIQUE STORE - GORGEOUS SUNNY DAY

The Bums enter an antique store in the heart of town. The antique SHOP MANAGER (Age: 75) appears skeptical as to what business these two horrible-looking homeless men are bringing. They are in high spirits and still singing.

SEASIL & CORNELIUS

(Singing)  
We're gonna be rich!  
We're gonna be rich!  
We're gonna be r-

The shop manager cuts them off.

SHOP MANAGER

*Excuse me gentlemen!* - How may I  
help you?!

Cornelius senses the insolence in the manager's voice and takes the George Washington cane from Seasil. Still overwhelmed with happiness, he dances towards the manager with the George Washington cane and places it on the counter.

CORNELIUS

Well first off you can start the opening bid for this at a hundred mill!

Skeptical, the shop manager rolls his eyes.

Cornelius imitates Michael Jackson by twirling, grabbing his crotch, then kicking his foot. He lengthens his imitation as he continues humping the air and snapping his fingers to each pelvic thrust as the manager inspects the cane.

The manager puts on his glasses to inspect the cane more closely. He sees "George Washington" engraved in the cane and he sees the diamond. His face is overcome with utter shock.

SHOP MANAGER

Oh my God.... *Can it be so?!*

CORNELIUS

That's George Washington's cane! We just found it. And will you look at the size of that diamond?!

The shop manager begins to treat the two men with dignity and respect as he continues to survey the cane in astonishment.

SHOP MANAGER

Please - make yourselves at home! I insist!

He puts a jeweler's magnifying device up to his eye and begins analyzing the details of the diamond more closely.

His jaw drops as he is utterly dumbfounded.

SHOP MANAGER (CONT'D)

This is a historical moment gentlemen...

He continues to scan the massive stone for a single flaw.

SHOP MANAGER (CONT'D)

I can't believe this! Utterly flawless clarity, with colorless tint! It is... *the perfect diamond!*

The Bums look at each other with huge smiles.

SEASIL

So what can we do to sell it?

SHOP MANAGER

I can put it on my store's eBay account for auction if you'd like...

SEASIL

Sure, that works. We'll give you 1% for helping us.

Shocked, the shop manager quickly begins typing on his laptop. He can't believe he just got so lucky.

SHOP MANAGER

(Nervously trembling)  
I'll get it up for sale right away sirs! Please, is there anything else I can do for you? Anything you want! *Just name it!*

CORNELIUS

(Smiling)  
I can think of a few things...

FADE TO BLACK.

INTERIOR - ANTIQUE STORE - NIGHT

The scene fades back in to show the Bums each sitting in their own leather recliner and sloppily feasting on their own Thanksgiving-sized turkey.

They're both sipping champagne out of champagne glasses as two masseuses are massaging their shoulders, and two beauticians are giving them each a much needed manicure and pedicure.

A TV in the store is playing the nightly news and the story being covered is about their George Washington cane for sale on eBay.

MALE TV NEWSCASTER

Just in! The biggest eBay sale in history is occurring as we speak. Professional archeologists have officially confirmed the historical walking cane of none other than our country's founding father, George Washington, has been found and it is up for sale on eBay! And that's not all - the handle of the cane is made out of what appears to be the new largest diamond in recorded history!

(MORE)



MALE TV NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)

Completely shattering the previous world record held by the Cullinan Diamond - which holds a value of \$400 million dollars!

FEMALE TV NEWSCASTER

That's right! We are seeing record high bids by government-backed museums and billionaire collectors across the map! This auction is being held over a 24-hour period as any and all individuals interested in buying the cane have already been alerted of its emergence on the marketplace.

The Bums cackle with joy and cheers their champagne glasses.

MALE TV NEWSCASTER

Thus far the last recorded bid for the cane has been for over \$750 million and it's only going up.

The newscaster is corrected by someone off camera.

MALE TV NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)

I stand corrected, I have just been informed it's now at \$785 million dollars. And we're only in the early stages of this bidding war!

FEMALE TV NEWSCASTER

Well we'll be following this story as it progresses. Stay tuned for the results on tomorrow evening's broadcast.

The newscasters look at each other and talk casually.

FEMALE TV NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)

Can you imagine the luck? Finding a historical artifact like that and coming into so much money overnight?

MALE TV NEWSCASTER

Sheesh. I could only imagine. Just wonderful. Just wonderful.

The screen fades to black and says "24 Hours Later" in white lettering.

EXTERIOR - HIGHWAY ACROSS THE BAY FROM NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

A white stretch limo flies down the highway as we hear "LMFAO - Champagne Showers" blasting excessively loud from within.

The moonroof opens and Cornelius, 100% clean cut, almost unrecognizable, and wearing designer brand clothing, pops out with hands full of cash - He looks as sharp and fresh as possible!

CORNELIUS  
I DID IT! I'M RICH AS SHIT MOTHA  
FUCKA!!! LOOK AT ME! LOOK AT ME!!!

Cornelius sprinkles cash down the road from each of his hands in a state of bliss.

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)  
AHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!

He couldn't be happier as he looks at the beautiful skyline of New York City in the near distance.

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)  
WOOOOOO!!!!!!

A female escort pulls him back into the limousine.

INTERIOR - LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

The inside atmosphere of the limousine is that of a high-end nightclub, dark and dim with only neon purple lights illuminating the interior.

Seasil is also 100% clean cut and almost unrecognizable. He has a female escort sitting on his lap and two others rubbing him up and down on his left and right.

He too is dressed in the finest designer clothing. Both Bums now look like male models.

Cornelius is yanked by a group of girls to the other side of the limousine and they start unbuttoning his shirt. He's in heaven!

Just then, something on the limousine television catches his attention and he turns the music volume down.

CORNELIUS  
Wait! We're on the news! *Shh, shh!*  
Here it is!

Everyone gives their attention to the news as Cornelius makes it louder.

The news channel shows the Bums earlier that day in their homeless clothing, holding the George Washington cane as they come outside of the antique store with massive media attention and police protection.

Camera flashes go crazy.

A white 1960 Rolls-Royce pulls up in front of the store.

On the bottom of the TV screen is a news-headline that says "Winner of the George Washington cane eBay auction: Media Tycoon and Multibillionaire, SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH. NET WORTH: \$44 Billion"

Just then, a lanky, old SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH (Age: 80), with white hair and a white pencil-thin mustache emerges from the back door of the Rolls-Royce, wearing a navy blue pinstripe Armani suit.

Countless paparazzi flash their cameras.

He walks up to Seasil and Cornelius, shakes their hands, and gives them a check for \$900 million as Seasil hands him the George Washington cane in exchange.

Awed, Silversteen holds the cane in the air with triumph and then kisses it up and down with extreme delight. He then steps to a microphone podium to speak as even more media cameras flash.

Silversteen Smitherswurth's lineage is old English and he radiates pure regality. He speaks gracefully to the utmost degree imaginable, similar to *The Millionaire* from Gilligan's Island, but far more accentuated.

Nobody is as elegant sounding as this man. He is the epitome of high-class opulence.

As a result, he sounds utterly pompous 100% of the time he speaks. Specifically, he pronounces all his S's like S-H's.

He looks down his nose at the paparazzi and everyone gathered in front of the podium like the lesser-thans that he perceives them to be, and begins speaking.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH  
(Ecstatic with buying the cane)  
Yesh! Yesh! Thank you - *Thank you!*  
Today ish a remarkable day for me.  
(MORE)

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH (CONT'D)

As anyone who knowsh me well can  
tell you, I am the largesht admirer  
of George Washington on the planet.  
He'sh been my pershonal idol shince  
childhood and to purchase his cane  
for only \$900 million dollarsh  
feelsh like an absholute blessing.

Silversteen admires the cane and kisses it.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH (CONT'D)

And I would like to pershonally  
thank and invite these two  
gentlemen that retrieved the cane  
to my Hampton estate for dinner  
later on this evening - after I  
have my personal security team  
escort them to a local bank to  
deposit their new fortune... And  
perhapsh after they've done a  
little *cleanup* shopping.

Silversteen Smitherswurth winks and everyone gathered at the  
event lets out a small laugh at the two filthy Bums.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH (CONT'D)

Thank you!

Silversteen waves goodbye and walks from the podium to shake  
hands with the Bums again.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH (CONT'D)

So I'll see you gentlemen at my  
South Hampton estate tonight for  
dinner? I'll have a limo pick you  
up right outside of this antique  
store around 5PM, *yesh?* Shound  
good?

SEASIL

(Friendly)  
Sure, why not?! Consider us there!

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH

*Yesh, yesh, how extraordinary.*  
*Absholutely shplendid...*

A smiling Silversteen Smitherswurth then walks to the door of  
his Rolls-Royce and poses with the cane by kissing it one  
additional time.

Media flash bulbs go wild. He then waves goodbye to the  
paparazzi, gets inside the car and the news segment ends.

Seasil turns off the TV as Cornelius cranks the music back up.

"Pitbull - Time Of Our Lives" blares out of the speakers.

Both men look like they couldn't be happier as they each take a gulp of scotch from their own bottle.

They both seem a little drunk and giddy from the alcohol and all the excitement.

SEASIL

Well, life sure just changed man.  
To think that we saw nothing but a  
future of being homeless bums just  
yesterday... And now we've got  
enough money to do whatever we want  
for the rest of *our lives!*  
(Seasil is getting teary-eyed)  
No more finding maggots in our  
food! No more sleeping outside in  
the freezing rain! No more  
wondering if we'll still be alive  
next week! It's all *OVER!*

Cornelius breaks out in tears of happiness - he can't hold them back anymore.

CORNELIUS

I know man!  
(Tears pouring down his face)  
It's so beautiful. Come here man!

Seasil can't hold back his emotions either and both men begin to cry tears of joy as they hug each other.

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)

I love you man!

SEASIL

*I love you too!*

They wipe away their tears and collect themselves. One of the girls tries to pull Cornelius into the back of the limo again.

CORNELIUS

Girls, just make out with each  
other for a few minutes, we're  
having a heart to heart right now.

The escorts shrug and oblige.

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)

So now that we are rich, I feel like we need to live up to the status. You know?

SEASIL

What do you mean?

CORNELIUS

I want to change my last name. So that when motha fuckas hear it - they think "Damn! That motha fucka just sounds like he's rich!" Like this motha fucka Silversteen Smitherswurth we're about to go have dinner with. Who do you know with a name like *Silversteen* motha fuckin *Smitherswurth* that is even remotely poor?!

SEASIL

Hm. Nobody!

CORNELIUS

Exactly! So what I'm saying is I need a rich name like... Cornelius Sterling. Or... Cornelius Vandercolt! Something that just sounds like *pure wealth!*

Seasil spits his drink out of his mouth from a burst of laughter.

SEASIL

That's too good! Wait I got one - How about... Cornelius Cumberbuckles?!

They both explode laughing

SEASIL (CONT'D)

Wait I got another one. How about - Cornelius *Buxtable the Third?!!*

Cornelius's face looks like he just had an epiphany. He snaps his fingers at Seasil.

CORNELIUS

Buxtable! Now that's a good rich name! - Can I have it?!

SEASIL

(Drinking and laughing)  
Sure. Go ahead. It's all yours.

CORNELIUS  
 (Talking in the Silversteen  
 Smitherswurth voice)  
*Yesh - I am Corneliush Buckshtable!*

Cornelius loves the name.

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)  
 I like the sound of that!

SEASIL  
 (Laughing)  
 You gotta add "the Third" man!  
 Cornelius Buxtable *the Third!* It  
 just gives it that extra sounding  
 richness, ya know?

CORNELIUS  
 Hell yea you're right! But we can't  
 just say our new names like regular  
 folks anymore either. We gotta  
 pronounce it like we're rich and  
 dignified like The Millionaire from  
 Gilligan's Island. Kind of with  
 that subtle Sean Connery lisp. You  
 know what I'm sayin? Silversteen  
 Smitherswurth has it down pat. Like  
 he doesn't say yes, he says *yesh!*

Seasil smacks his own leg in laughing exhilaration as he  
 realizes Cornelius's point.

SEASIL  
 Oh my God you're right! You're  
 killing me!  
 (Imitates Silversteen  
 Smitherswurth)  
*Yesh! I'll be ordering the  
 Manhattan shteak with shome shteak  
 shauce on the shide pleashe!*

Both men explode laughing, drunk.

CORNELIUS  
 Yea you got it!

SEASIL  
 So taking that into account I just  
 need to invent a name with the  
 maximum "S" sounds in it so when I  
 pronounce it in the rich voice  
 it'll be the best rich-name ever  
 like...  
 (Pauses to think)  
 (MORE)

SEASIL (CONT'D)

Like Swansons! Seasil Swansons!  
 Except when I say it in the rich  
 voice it'll sound like... *Sheashil*  
*Shwanshonsh!*

Cornelius begins laughing so hard he spills his drink all over a girl nearby and the leather interior without a care.

SEASIL (CONT'D)

*Sheashil Shwanshonsh!* HAHA! My  
 teeth don't even touch! Try it out  
 loud!

CORNELIUS

*Sheashil Shwanshonsh!*

The two men are in tears laughing as the LIMO DRIVER rolls down his barrier.

LIMO DRIVER

Excuse me sirs, we've arrived at  
 Mr. Smitherswurth's private jet  
 where you will be flying to his  
 estate in the Hamptons.

CORNELIUS

Very nice - *Dudley*.

Cornelius snickers and winks at Seasil.

LIMO DRIVER

(Confused)  
 Sir - my name is, *Tim*.

SEASIL

Tim, you need to sound like a  
 legitimate rich person's limo  
 driver so from now on your name is  
 going to be *Dudley*.

LIMO DRIVER

Ok sir - *Dudley*, at your service!

Seasil and Cornelius crack up as the limo driver gets out of the vehicle to open their door.

CORNELIUS

And when we get a butler his name  
 has to be Alfred.

SEASIL

Yea but Alfred is already taken by  
 Batman's butler. How about...  
*Nigel?!*



CORNELIUS

(Laughing)  
Nigel! That's *perfect!*

The limo driver opens the limousine door for the men and they step out onto the airport strip and head towards Silversteen Smitherswurth's private jet.

INTERIOR - SILVERSTEEN'S PRIVATE JET - NIGHT

As they step inside Silversteen's private jet, "Vivaldi - The Four Seasons: Spring" begins playing from the jet's sound system.

SEASIL

What a pleasantly elegant song.

The two men buckle into their seats and prepare for takeoff as a gorgeous stewardess hands them steaming hot towels with tongs to clean their hands with.

SEASIL (CONT'D)

(Smiling)  
Thank you!

INTERIOR - SILVERSTEEN'S HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Silversteen Smitherswurth sits alone at his desk in his fancy study.

A small bust of George Washington's head rests on a pedestal nearby.

Playing on a huge flat screen TV in his office is a news special, covering the massive commercial success of the biggest rapper alive, Z-Million - the same rapper Seasil saw in the TV store's window.

Silversteen turns the TV off with a very agitated look on his face and then tosses the remote onto a lounge chair with anger.

He picks up a very old-looking book from off his desk and begins reading intently.

Just then, his phone rings.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH

(Answering his phone)  
Ah yesh! *Piggleberry old boy!* How have you been? How ish England?

Silversteen turns to the George Washington cane leaning on his desk beside him - he picks it up and stares into the glittering diamond.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH (CONT'D)

Yesh. I have the key to the pyramid vaults.

(Pause)

Yesh it's right here in my hands.

(Pause)

Well you'd have to offer me much more than *that* to be the one who unlocks the secrets of the universe-

Just then, his BUTLER (Age: 42) enters the room.

BUTLER

Sir, mister *Seasil Swansons* and mister *Cornelius Buxtable the Third* have just telephoned in and will be arriving shortly. Shall I send the Bentley to the landing strip to fetch them from the jet?

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH

(On the phone)

One moment.

He puts Piggieberry on hold.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH (CONT'D)

(To his Butler)

Who in bloody hell are Sheashil Shwanshonsh and Cornealiush Buckshtable the Third?

BUTLER

They are the two homeless men who sold you George Washington's cane, sir.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH

Oh... *Really?* I was never aware of their full names. Such prominent titles for two homeless men. Impressive. Very well, send the Bentley to the landing strip and I will meet my guests in the dining area upon their arrival.

BUTLER

Right away sir.

Silversteen returns to Piggieberry on the phone.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH

Tell me Piggieberry, are you  
hosting another party at your  
castle in Romania? I did have such  
an extraordinary time lasht year.

INTERIOR - JET - NIGHT

The Bums are each drinking straight from their own bottle of  
champagne as beautiful stewardesses massage their shoulders.

They each have a small appetizer of toasted brioche with  
crème fraîche and caviar on a dish in front of them.

SEASIL

This is absolutely fantastic! I  
never knew something could taste  
this good!

CORNELIUS

Me either!

They continue savoring the exotic ingredients of their  
gourmet dishes.

SEASIL

Hey Cornelius - I've been thinking.  
We need to hire a money manager.  
Also, I'd love to eventually open a  
charity for homeless children.

CORNELIUS

I think I might know just the guy.

SEASIL

Really - Who?

CORNELIUS

I got a homeless friend named  
Rupert Rumson. He's British -  
Former multimillionaire. He knows  
everything about money inside and  
out. He even has a PhD in finance.

SEASIL

And he's homeless?! Why?

CORNELIUS

He got in trouble doing some  
insider trading - got blackballed  
from every company.  
(Enjoying his back massage)

(MORE)

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)

Then his wife left him and took the kids - he basically gave up on life.

SEASIL

Well maybe we can help him get back on his feet and then he can help us manage the money - Is there any way we can find him?

Cornelius checks the date on his magnificently large designer brand wristwatch.

CORNELIUS

I think I know where he might be tomorrow.

The jet touches down and the two men exit and get into a brand new awaiting Bentley.

INTERIOR - BENTLEY - NIGHT

Again, just like when they entered the jet, "Vivaldi - The Four Seasons: Spring" begins to play inside of the Bentley.

Cornelius gives Seasil a baffled look.

CORNELIUS

Hey isn't this the same song that was just playing when we stepped inside the jet?

SEASIL

Yea - that's strange. I guess Silversteen really likes it!

INTERIOR - SILVERSTEEN'S HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Silversteen is still talking on the phone.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH

(On the phone)  
We'll see Piggieberry - We'll see.  
I shtill have to iron out some business before I fly out to Cairo, so don't worry - I don't have a date set yet.

Silversteen looks like he's being annoyed and wants to hang up.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH (CONT'D)

Like I said, we'll see Piggieberry.  
I'm about to begin a new project  
tonight - once that'sh all wrapped  
up and taken care of I will set up  
an excursion date to the pyramids.  
Trust me, nobody ish as eager to  
get out there as I am.

(Pause)

No, no, I wouldn't dare go without  
you!

(Pause)

No I'm not trying to ditch you! I'm  
just very busy. Listen, I'll be in  
touch.

(Pause)

Shure thing, Piggieberry. Ok - Bye  
bye now!

Silversteen hangs up the phone, relieved.

His butler enters the room.

BUTLER

Sir, your guests have arrived at  
the front gate.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH

Exshellent. Shend them to the  
dining room. I will be there  
momentarily. And tell the chef to  
start firing up the European garden  
snails for the escargot appetizer.

BUTLER

Immediately sir.

EXTERIOR - SILVERSTEEN'S DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

The Bentley drives Seasil and Cornelius up Silversteen  
Smitherswurth's long driveway and parks near the front door.

Silversteen's mansion is reminiscent of a magnificent royal  
castle. Seasil and Cornelius get out of the vehicle and are  
greeted by the butler.

BUTLER

Follow me this way please.

INTERIOR - SILVERSTEEN'S ESTATE - NIGHT

The Butler leads them through a very elegant, and very expensive-looking, Victorian Gothic interior.

INTERIOR - SILVERSTEEN'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The dining room is large and elegant. The dining table itself is extremely long. As the Bums walk into the room, "Vivaldi - The Four Seasons: Spring" begins to play again.

SEASIL

Listen - Cornelius. It's that song  
*again!*

CORNELIUS

I'm tellin' you man, rich motha  
fuckas are obsessed with this shit!  
It's like their theme song!

THE BUTLER

(Whispering to Seasil & Cornelius)  
It's true. This song is literally  
on repeat all the time.

Just then, Silversteen Smitherswirth enters the room boldly from a different door and greets his guests.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH

Ah yesh! Welcome! Welcome! Pleashe,  
take a sheat, make yourselves  
comfortable!

SEASIL & CORNELIUS

Thank you.

With his George Washington cane in hand, he shows his appreciation for it by giving it a kiss. The Bums smile as they take their seats at one head of the dining table.

Silversteen takes his seat at the other head of the dining table, quite a far distance away.

A WAITER approaches the Bums.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH

Drinksh?

CORNELIUS

Yes, do you have any 40 ounces?  
(Laughs)  
Just joking.  
(Turns to the Waiter)  
(MORE)

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)

I'll just have whatever my good friend *Sheashil Shwanshonsh* here is having.

SEASIL

Why thank you *Corneliush*. Hm. Well then, we'll each take a glass of Remy Martin Louis XIII, *pleashe*.

The Waiter turns to Silversteen.

WAITER

Will you be drinking the same as them, sir?

Silversteen's face instantly reveals agitation towards the waiter. He grips the George Washington cane tightly.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH

How long have you been working for me?

WAITER

(Fear-stricken, he gulps)  
Nine months sir.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH

Yesh, yesh - Right. And during those nine monthsh, have I ever drank anything but ice water?

WAITER

I'm sorry sir, I just thought tonight was a special occasion-

Silversteen cuts him off.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH

What are you a monkey? Do you have a monkey's brain?  
(Rudely gestures the waiter out of the room)  
Jusht get them their drinksh and sherve the snail appetizers.  
(Under his breath)  
Worthless fool.

Embarrassed and humiliated, the waiter leaves the room and enters the kitchen.

INTERIOR - SILVERSTEEN'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

WAITER

(To himself)  
What a *mean* person!

The Waiter sees three plates of escargot snails waiting to be served. He looks down at the wet and slimy snails and gets an idea.

He looks around to make sure nobody in the kitchen is watching. Grinning, he picks up one of the plates.

The Waiter puts his nostril directly up to one of the snails like he is going to blow his nose on it.

INTERIOR - SILVERSTEEN'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

SEASIL

So - Mr. Smitherswurth. It was very kind of you to invite us out here. But I must ask, why such extra generosity?

Silversteen Smitherswurth laughs to himself as he fiddles with the George Washington cane.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH

Impressive. You're very clever for a man off the streets, Mr. Shwanshonsh. And might I add what prestigious names you both have. Quite shuperb. Yesh...

Cornelius kicks Seasil under the table and sneaks him a wink.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH (CONT'D)

But back to the point. Actually, I have invited you gentlemen here because I have a businesssh proposhition for the two of you.

The waiter returns and begins serving the men their drinks.

SEASIL

Really - What's that? You've already made us rich beyond our wildest dreams.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH

The one thing you shtill don't have. That I can get you in the *shnap* of my fingersh.



The Bums look interested. Silversteen leans forward.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH (CONT'D)  
Fame.

Instantly, the Bums become perplexed.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH (CONT'D)  
A-list level fame... Full blown  
celebrity status.

Cornelius perks up, but Seasil's face seems like he doesn't care about becoming famous.

SEASIL  
I don't know - I'm more interested  
in using my time productively and  
helping people. Maybe open a  
charity!

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH  
What a brilliant idea!

Silversteen snaps his fingers and summons his Butler.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH (CONT'D)  
(Talking to his Butler)  
Phone my secretary and tell her to  
contact my company's President and  
tell him to set up a new charity  
for these two. I want a brand new  
state of the art building erected  
in their hometown for them to  
operate out of. The finest location  
*possihible!*

BUTLER  
Right away sir.

Silversteen turns to Seasil & Cornelius.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH  
(Smiling)  
How's that sound?

SEASIL  
Wow - that's *incredible*. Thanks.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH  
My pleasure! Now - back to making  
you boys famous...

CORNELIUS

(Whispering to Seasil)  
C'mon man let's do it. Don't think  
about it - let's just say yes!  
We'll be celebrities!

SEASIL

What do we have to do?

Silversteen grins.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH

All I ask is that you have as much  
fun as possible! People will hear  
about your legendary partying and  
become huge fans! From there I will  
use my media corporation's outreach  
and give you guysh a massive push.  
You'll be huge! Everyone will love  
you and want to be your friends!

Seasil and Cornelius like the sound of this.

SEASIL

Wow. That actually doesn't sound  
that bad. I suppose we could do it?

Cornelius is smiling ear to ear.

CORNELIUS

This is the dream! Rich *AND* famous!

Silversteen Smitherswurth grins and subtly signals an  
awaiting butler just outside the room.

The butler presents two-inch thick contracts for each of the  
Bums to sign.

Seasil looks at how enthusiastically happy Cornelius is and  
can't help but crack a smile in return.

SEASIL

Aw alright fine - *Why not?! Let's*  
live a little!

Just then, the butler pulls out two, gold fountain pens from  
his breast pocket and gives one to each Bum.

The Bums begin signing the two-inch thick contracts without  
even reading a single line!

Silversteen watches closely with a sly smirk on his face.

As they're signing the contracts, the waiter brings out the escargot appetizers.

The dish he serves Silversteen Smitherswirth is exceptionally slimy compared to the other two.

Silversteen stands and raises his glass of water towards Seasil and Cornelius. They also stand and raise their drinks.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH  
*Shenshational!*

SEASIL  
*Yesh!*

CORNELIUS  
*Very shenshational!*

They all sip their drinks and sit back down. Silversteen then looks down at his appetizer dish and picks up the bulkiest snail, which is drenched in a glutinous slime.

He holds it up in front of his face, jiggling the gelatin-like goo with the assumption that it's part of the naturally slimy dish, and places it in his mouth.

He then puckers his face like he is overcome with a powerful taste. The waiter looks on and his expression grows nervous, as if Silversteen found him out.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH  
(Delighted)  
Mmm. So delicioush. Absholutely delectable. Jusht the right balance of robust herbsh and shpices. Accented with an impeccable amount of *saltiness!*

The waiter looks like he's trying extremely hard not to explode laughing. Silversteen continues to suck on the snail and savor the taste with his eyes closed.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH (CONT'D)  
*Mmm.*

EXTERIOR - SILVERSTEEN'S HOME'S FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

The Bums shake hands with Silversteen at his front door and say farewell.

CORNELIUS

Wonderful dinner Silversteen. I'll talk to you tomorrow morning on the cell phone you gave us.

Cornelius waves a cell phone in his hand and places it in his pocket.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH

Yesh, indeed. Glad we could come to an agreement tonight fellowsh! Do take care.

SEASIL

You too.

The Bums get inside Silversteen's Bentley and it begins driving away.

INTERIOR - SILVERSTEEN'S ESTATE - NIGHT

Silversteen walks back into his house and his butler closes the front door behind him.

BUTLER

How did the meeting go sir?  
Everything went well I hope.

Silversteen Smitherswurth stops in his tracks and finally shows his true colors.

With his back to his butler, he speaks with a spookily eerie, indifferent tone.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH

Soon these foolsh will have  
deshtroyed Z-Million, themshelvesh,  
and the entire mockery known ash  
*the Hip Hop genre* in the processh.  
All the while putting billions of  
dollarsh in my pocket. *Everything*  
*is going perfectly ash planned...*

Silversteen storms away with the cane gripped tightly in his hand.

The screen fades to black and "The Next Day" appears on the screen in white lettering.

EXTERIOR - URBAN STREET - GORGEOUS SUNNY DAY

The Bums are back in their hometown prowling down the street in a brand new white Lamborghini convertible. The sky is blue, the sun is shining, and the weather is perfect.

"P. Diddy feat. Mase - Can't Nobody Hold Me Down" blasts from the speakers.

Seasil is driving as Cornelius rides shotgun. The Lamborghini has temporary paper license plates since it was just purchased.

Cornelius is wearing gigantically large Gucci sunglasses.

They're both dressed in very sharp designer clothing from head to toe and look like a million dollars.

CORNELIUS

Woooo wee!  
 (Rubs the car's dashboard)  
 Gotta love dropping \$400,000 in  
 cash on a brand new Lambo!

Cornelius turns to people they're passing on the sidewalk.

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)

What do you know about that? *HUH?!*

Cornelius's excitement grows further as he stands up in the moving convertible and reaches into his pockets and starts sprinkling bundles of cash into the wind.

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)

*What do you know about this?!*

Random people on the sidewalk scurry to collect the money sprinkled down the pavement. Cornelius watches on in enjoyment and finally sits back down.

SEASIL

Ok so where can we find your  
 homeless friend with the finance  
 degree? Rupert?

CORNELIUS

Rupert *Rumson!* Keep going straight.  
 He should be under the bridge up  
 here.

SEASIL

Alright.

CORNELIUS

So I spoke to our boy Silversteen on the phone this morning. I've been waiting to surprise you - he's giving us a *FREE* private jet as a gift for signing his contract!

Seasil's face is astonished.

SEASIL

*What?! A FREE PRIVATE JET?!*

CORNELIUS

I know - it's crazy! Not only that - he's having it upgraded with a ton of customizations! Then he's sending over one of his news crews to run a story on it.

SEASIL

Wow, I don't even know what to say.  
*What a nice man!*

The Bums pull the Lamborghini up to a red light and stop. Seasil looks at the car next to him. To his absolute delight, it's none other than the same Mercedes filled with spoiled high school kids that threw a soda in his face.

SEASIL (CONT'D)

(Laughing to himself)  
*Well - well - well!*  
(Turns to Cornelius)  
These little jerks threw a soda in my face the other day.

Imitating the kids, Seasil quotes them exactly.

SEASIL (CONT'D)

(Shouts)  
You wanna race?!... Your piece of shit on wheels against my car!

A baffled look comes on all the teenagers' faces as they slowly turn their heads. They make eye contact with Seasil in his Lamborghini convertible and cannot believe their eyes.

HIGH SCHOOL KID

(Frightened, talking amongst each other)  
*Dude, is that the bum?!?!*

All of their jaws drop as they pan the Lamborghini back and forth, stunned by its magnificence.

SEASIL

Oh it's *ME* alright! That soda you  
threw in my face - had a 50 million  
dollar winning scratch-off on it.  
*Who sucks at life now?!*

HIGH SCHOOL KID

(Devastated to hear this news)  
*What?! - My cup had a \$50 million  
scratch of on it?!*  
(Starts crying)  
*Oh God! I'm so stupid!*

Seasil revs the engine to a deafening loudness. Flames spew out the exhaust. The teenagers remain shocked and just stare back with their jaws trembling open in disbelief.

Seasil laughs at them like he's possessed by the devil, lights a cigar in his mouth with a flaming \$100 bill, then laughs even harder as the light turns green and the Lamborghini flashes down the road before their car even moves an inch.

SEASIL

*HAHAHAHA! WOOOO! - What's up now?!*

Seasil and Cornelius roll around their seats laughing.

CORNELIUS

(Exhilarated)  
*That was hilarious! - I love life!!*

Cornelius sees the turn they need to take and points it out.

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)

Pull in here - Rupert should be  
under the bridge.

The Lamborghini pulls into the parking lot and parks.

Seasil and Cornelius exit the car and begin walking towards the shaded area beneath the bridge.

About half a dozen homeless people are scattered around sleeping in the shaded area below the bridge. The nearest is RUPERT RUMSON (Age: 65). Cornelius points him out.

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)

That's Rupert right there. The one  
that looks like a mad scientist.

Cornelius approaches Rupert and kneels beside him as he mumbles in his sleep.

Rupert is an out of shape, old Englishman with gray, frizzly hair. He looks awfully worn down.

RUPERT  
(Mumbling in his sleep)  
Buy more shares...

Cornelius pokes Rupert.

CORNELIUS  
Hey Rupert. Rupert! Wake your ass up!

RUPERT  
(Yelling in his sleep)  
*Buy more shares!*

CORNELIUS  
(Shaking Rupert awake)  
*Rupert!*

RUPERT  
*Huh?! - What?! - Who goes there?!*

Rupert straightens out his glasses and looks at Seasil and Cornelius.

RUPERT (CONT'D)  
(British accent)  
Pardon me, what's going on here?  
Who in the bloody hell are you guys?!

CORNELIUS  
It's me fool!

Cornelius removes his ridiculously large designer sunglasses.

RUPERT  
(Astonished)  
Oh my God... How on earth did you get money?!

CORNELIUS  
All in due time my friend, all in due time. Come with us - let's get you out of these filthy clothes and back into something nice!

Rupert gladly follows and the three men get in the Lamborghini.

They drive off down the road.



RUPERT  
 (Awed by the Lamborghini)  
 This automobile is *fantastic!*

CORNELIUS  
 Listen - Rupert. We recently came  
 into a ton of money. Nine hundred  
 million to be exact. Can you help  
 us invest?

RUPERT  
 Yes, yes I can. Of course.

SEASIL  
 Excellent. Then you're officially  
 our new advisor!

CORNELIUS  
 How does two hundred and fifty  
 grand a year sound?

RUPERT  
 (Shocked)  
 Absolutely *brilliant!*

Rupert begins to sob tears of joy for a chance at redemption.

RUPERT (CONT'D)  
 (Crying, hugging them)  
 Oh thank you! Thank you so much!  
 God bless your hearts!

Seasil looks into Rupert's eyes. The amount of happiness he  
 is overcome with is similar to when Seasil and Cornelius  
 began crying together in the limousine.

SEASIL  
 You know what? I just got the best  
 idea...

Seasil stomps the Lamborghini pedal to the floor and zooms  
 down the road with incredible force.

"Dick Van Dyke - Put on a Happy Face" begins to play as the  
 screen fades into a montage.

MONTAGE:

Cornelius, Seasil, and Rupert happily strut into a mall.

The three men are instantly shown coming out of the mall,  
 each holding a plethora of shopping bags with giant smiles on  
 their faces and an extra pep in their step.

Rupert is now clean cut, almost unrecognizable - wearing a pair of expensive luxury spectacles, and a tailored designer brand suit. He looks *fantastic!*

The three men are shown talking to a real estate agent in a beautifully furnished waterfront mansion.

Rupert shakes the agent's hand in a deal as Seasil signs the paperwork on a coffee table. They're all smiling.

The three men are driving around town in a huge luxury tour bus, picking up every homeless friend of theirs that they've ever had. The bus is eventually jam-packed.

They bring all their homeless friends to the massive waterfront mansion and they are rendered in awe.

The mansion is filled with butlers, a kitchen crew, and maids. A long table is set up with a gigantic buffet on it and all the bums begins to feast.

Then all the homeless men are put in a line outside of the mansion's spa area for showers, haircuts, manicures, pedicures, facials, massages, dentistry, and other luxurious bodily refinement treatments.

Each homeless person is given a bed and a closet filled with designer brand clothing.

Once they are all clean cut and presentable, Seasil opens the front door of the mansion and dozens of gorgeous escorts in bikinis come spilling inside.

All the homeless friends look like they're in heaven as they hang around their new home being spoiled and playing with all their new toys.

Some are driving four wheelers on the lawn, thrashing up the perfectly mowed grass.

Some are doing cannonballs off the diving board into the pool.

Some are going down the pool's slide.

Some are using the mansion's bowling ally.

Some are mesmerized as they eat popcorn and watch STAR WARS in 3D on the mansion's home theater screen. The sound is blaring so loud that their seats tremble. Just then, a huge 3D TIE fighter blazes towards the screen and they all duck.

Some are riding on wave runners out on the water.

Some are driving golf balls out into the water.

The entire mansion is one big playground.

EXTERIOR - THE BUMS' MANSION - GORGEOUS SUNNY DAY

"Pitbull - Don't Stop The Party" blasts from the home's sound system as Seasil and Cornelius lie on lounge chairs next to the pool and the party is commencing.

Seasil and Cornelius are each wearing a plush robe and pair of designer sunglasses as they sip piña coladas and receive shoulder massages from gorgeous escorts.

The rest of their friends are scattered around the property absolutely loving life. Everybody has a huge smile on their face.

SEASIL

Look how happy everybody is!

CORNELIUS

(Sipping his piña colada)  
This is great!

Just then, a bum named MALCOLM (Age: 48) comes running out of the mansion - still looking like a filthy bum. He is the last one left that hasn't made a physical transformation.

MALCOLM

*GET AWAY FROM ME!*

A BEAUTICIAN (Age: 36) responsible for cleaning them up follows behind him.

BEAUTICIAN

(To Seasil & Cornelius)  
He won't let us clean him! I tried  
to give him a haircut - clothes -  
he won't accept *anything!*

MALCOLM

(Screaming maniacally)  
I REFUSE TO BECOME RICH FOR FREE!  
*YOUR UNEARNED MONEY IS A CURSE UPON  
YOUR SOULS!!!*

Malcolm climbs over the bannister of the mansion's back deck and jumps down on the grass to escape - he then sprints away full speed towards the front lawn.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)  
 YOU MARK MY WORDS, THAT MONEY WILL  
 BE THE DEATH OF YOU ALL!!!  
 (Rabid and insane)  
 YOU HAVEN'T DEVELOPED THE CHARACTER  
 TRAITS REQUIRED FOR SUCH A LEVEL OF  
 RESPONSIBILITY!!!

He disappears out of sight, running as fast as he can.

SEASIL  
 Jeez.

CORNELIUS  
 Malcolm's fuckin' nuts - we're  
 better off without him.

Cornelius laughs and shrugs - resuming his piña colada and enjoying his back massage.

Just then, they notice an older couple spying from their backyard next-door. The neighbors' heads are sticking above the hedges that separate the two properties.

SEASIL  
 Look, it's our new neighbors!

Seasil waves to them.

SEASIL (CONT'D)  
 Hi there neighbors!

The Bums' backyard is an absolute madhouse and the neighbors are scanning all the festivities - shocked.

A random escort removes her bikini top and throws it in Cornelius's face.

He jokingly tackles her into the pool while still holding his piña colada. Not a care is given. Everyone's having a blast!

SEASIL (CONT'D)  
 (Turns to his neighbors and smiles)  
 Great day for a party, huh?!

The husband neighbor is now gawking directly at the topless girl in the pool, standing on his tippy-toes and trying to get a better view.

NEIGHBOR HUSBAND  
 (Under his breath)  
 Yes it is...

His wife notices he likes what he sees and begins smacking and scolding him.

NEIGHBOR WIFE

*Harold!*

NEIGHBOR HUSBAND

I mean, no! Horrible - *Terrible* people!

They disappear behind the hedges in a scuffle. Seasil, Cornelius, and Rupert die laughing.

Just then, one of their friends approaches them.

This is TIMMY (Age: 25). Seasil pulls out an American Express card from his wallet and addresses Timmy.

SEASIL

Timmy come here. Listen, this card is for all you guys in the house - I'm putting you in charge of it. It has 250 thousand dollar limit on it per month. Buy whatever you guys want - *Have fun!*

Seasil hands Timmy the credit card.

TIMMY

(Astonished)  
I can't believe any of this. I mean, just WOW! Thank you. Thank you so much!

Timmy walks away and Rupert approaches Seasil.

RUPERT

Sir, we really need to be more careful with spending - the money *is* finite. It's *not* endless. Although it is a lot, it still *can* run out.

SEASIL

Ah - I'm not too worried about it!

RUPERT

Sir, I'm just concerned you might be creating an atmosphere of freedom too great for them to handle. I mean, this might not end well. Shouldn't we at least have *some* rules in place?!

A cell phone rings and Seasil pulls it from his pocket.

SEASIL  
It's Silversteen!

Seasil tosses the phone to Cornelius and he answers, applying the rich voice.

CORNELIUS  
Hello yesh, this is Cornealiush  
Buckshtable the Third shpeaking.

He winks and giggles to Seasil.

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)  
Oh really? *You're here?! Well come  
around back then.*

Cornelius hangs up the phone.

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)  
*Silversteen is here.*

Just then, Silversteen steps around the side of the house with his trusty Butler at his side.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH  
Ah yesh! What an excellent party!  
*Absholutely shuperb!*

Just then, Silversteen waves to somebody out of sight, still in the front lawn.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH (CONT'D)  
(Talking to his Butler)  
This party is perfect.

All of the sudden a large camera crew comes spilling into the backyard, video taping all the festivities.

Silversteen begins directing them.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH (CONT'D)  
Make sure you capture every little  
thing! I want all the decadence  
caught on video!

Seasil looks at Cornelius.

SEASIL  
What the heck's this?

Silversteen addresses Seasil and Cornelius.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH  
We're taping! Remember? We are  
going to make you two famous! *So it  
begins!*

SEASIL  
Oh. Ha, I had kinda forgotten all  
about that...

Silversteen whispers to one of the cameramen.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH  
(Talking lightly as to not let  
anyone else hear)  
Make shure you capture all their  
wastefulness and any shtupidity you  
may see. *We want them looking as  
abhorrent as possihble!*

Silversteen turns to all the bums.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH (CONT'D)  
Carry on! Pretend we're not here!  
*As you were!*

Seasil and Cornelius look at each other and frown.

CORNELIUS  
What are you going to do with all  
the footage?

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH  
Oh - didn't you read the contracts  
you signed? I'll be airing a one  
hour special on you guys!

SEASIL  
Oh...

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH  
Fear not! I will only be showing  
you gentlemen in your most positive  
light. Act however you'd like, I'll  
make shure it's edited to portray  
you perfectly. Everyone is going to  
love you!

Silversteen smiles at them. Seasil and Cornelius feel a  
little bit better now.

CORNELIUS  
Oh alright! Cool.

Silversteen whispers to a cameraman again.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH  
 (Whispering)  
 Go inside the house and capture the  
 less civilized ones. I'll handle  
 these two. *I have a news crew ready  
 to air them live in 45 minutes.*

Silversteen approaches Seasil and Cornelius.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH (CONT'D)  
 So! Are you two ready to see your  
 FREE private jet I'm giving you?!

CORNELIUS  
 Hell yea!

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH  
 Come! The limousine is ready out  
 front. We mustn't be late!

SEASIL  
 Oh. Should we put on some clothes?

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH  
 No - no! Stay in your robes and  
 slippers! You look *perfect!*

Silversteen begins walking to the limo parked out front.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH (CONT'D)  
 Come, come!

Cornelius turns to Seasil, absolutely enthralled.

CORNELIUS  
 (Smiling)  
 He is *SO* nice!

They excitedly follow Silversteen towards the limo.

EXTERIOR - IN THE SKY ABOVE MANHATTAN - EVENING

Towering buildings litter across the Manhattan skyline.

The camera swoops towards the top floor window of one of the  
 tallest and most contemporary skyscrapers as we see Z-Million  
 standing in a music studio's recording booth.



INTERIOR - Z-MILLION'S RECORDING STUDIO - EVENING

Z-Million's crew of friends are watching him from the other side of the recording studio's glass as they smoke blunts and socialize, having a good time.

They are all wearing clothes that say, "Truthest of the Truths Records" on them. This is the name of Z-Million's record label.

The "Truthest of the Truths Records" trademark emblem is the All-Seeing-Eye and Pyramid from the backside of the American one dollar bill.

Multiple "Truthest of the Truths Records" posters are on the walls.

Z-MILLION  
(Talking to his gang)  
Alright - Run the beat.

A futuristic and flashy beat begins - it's incredibly catchy.

Z-Million puts on his headphones and passionately begins rapping into the microphone.

Z-MILLION (CONT'D)  
(Rapping)  
Do you got a dope rhyme flow?

CHORUS VOICE  
NO!

Z-MILLION  
*So how can you talk shit? - Do you  
stack as much dough though yo?*

CHORUS VOICE  
NO!

Z-MILLION  
*So how can you talk shit? - Do you  
fuck with as many hoes?*

CHORUS VOICE  
NO!

Z-MILLION  
*So how can you talk shit? Get it  
through your fucking mind - I'm the  
boss of this rap shit!*

The beat stops abruptly. Confused, Z-Million angrily removes his headphones and looks at his crew through the glass in the music studio.

Z-MILLION (CONT'D)

Why'd you stop? I was in the middle of-

GANG MEMBER 1 cuts him off.

GANG MEMBER 1

You gotta come out here Z-Million. You need to see what's all over TV and the internet...

Z-Million puts his headphones down and storms out of the recording booth and into the studio.

Z-MILLION

This better be good.

GANG MEMBER 1

(Hitting a blunt and looking at the television)  
Look at this! These motha fuckas got a goddamn elevator in that shit!

Z-MILLION

In what shit?!

Z-Million turns his attention to a TV as Gang Member 1 increases the volume. A news video on Seasil and Cornelius's new private jet begins to play.

The headline on the bottom of the screen is "Most Pimped Out Jumbo Jet on Earth: New Reigning Champions."

EXTERIOR - GIANT JET HANGAR - EVENING

A NEWSCASTER (Age: 45) is standing next to the colossal-sized jet in a huge aircraft hangar.

NEWSCASTER

I'm here with none other than Mr. Sheashil Shwanshonsh and Mr. Corneliush Buckshtable the Third, proud owners of this beautifully pimped out private jet. They'll be joining us in just a few seconds.

INTERIOR - Z-MILLION'S RECORDING STUDIO - EVENING

The video shows the underbelly of the jet. It begins to make a futuristic pressure-releasing sound as the door opens and steam shoots from its hinges.

Just then, a glass elevator begins lowering down from above.

Both Seasil and Cornelius, along with two girls, are lying on their sides on a king-sized bed on the elevator.

They're being fed grapes by the girls and laughing.

The Bums see the news crew and are surprised by the awaiting news camera.

CORNELIUS

*Oh shit* - Look, Seasil, we're on the news.

SEASIL

(Taken off guard)  
What the-

NEWSCASTER

(Talking into the camera)  
Hello ladies and gentlemen - We're here *LIVE* with the men that built this amazing jet - setting numerous world records with its design. And they did it with the intentions of personally dethroning the previous most-pimped-out private jet owner, rapper and music mogul Z-Million!

Seasil and Cornelius look at each other confused.

CORNELIUS

*Uh - what?*

In the background, we can see Silversteen Smithersworth hiding inside of the jet as he peeks out of one of the windows - He is cracking up profusely and watching the news crew film Seasil and Cornelius without a forewarning.

Just then, the news shows a full shot of the gigantic jet. It is parked next to Z-Million's "Truthest of the Truths Records" jet in the same jet hangar, and totally demolishes it in both size and appearance.

The new jet is absolutely MAMMOTH and extremely aesthetic.

Z-MILLION

(Staring at their jet on the news)  
 You gotta be kidding me?! *Who the fuck are these clowns?! Why are they coming after me?! What did I ever do to them?!*

The Newscaster begins speaking again.

NEWSCASTER

Unbelievable ladies and gentlemen!  
 This jet has its own indoor swimming pool, water slides, a movie theater - complete with a planetarium ceiling, a 24/7 sushi bar, a magnetized electric go-kart racetrack, a 100 square-foot ball pit, and a full-sized basketball court!

Z-Million can't believe his ears.

Z-MILLION

(Astounded by the jet's specs)  
*What the fuck?!*

NEWSCASTER

Let's go inside and take a sneak peek!

The Newscaster walks up the stairs of the jumbo jet, enters, and it's instantly incredible. Seasil and Cornelius follow.

The first thing they see is Silversteen Smitherswurth, wearing an all black motorcycle helmet and black gloves, whipping an electric go-kart around the magnetized racetrack inside the jet at top speed. The news doesn't know it's him.

He is going so fast, his clothes are flapping around furiously in the wind.

NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)

(Spellbound)  
 And we thought Z-Million's jet was impressive?! *Take a look at this place!*

Silversteen Smitherswurth comes blazing past the news crew and gives the camera the middle finger.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH

(Disguising his voice)  
 Fuck Z-Million!

NEWSCASTER

Oh we're sorry about that, for those of you who have children watching at home - we apologize. That *is* the risk of airing live.

The Newscaster finally turns to Seasil and Cornelius.

NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)

So what are you gentlemen planning on doing tonight to commemorate your new pimped out ride?

Seasil and Cornelius are still staring in bewilderment at Silversteen Smitherswruth as he continues speeding around on the go-kart at insanely fast speeds.

The newscaster puts the microphone up to Seasil and he snaps out of it.

SEASIL

Oh! Sorry - Actually we were going to go check out this club our friend on the go-kart recommended - Club Galaxy in New Jersey. We heard it's all the craze.

NEWSCASTER

*Very nice!* - Well congratulations on officially having the most pimped out jet on the entire planet and thank you for sharing it with us.

(Shakes Seasil and Cornelius's hands and turns back to the camera) There you have it ladies and gentlemen, the new reigning champions of balling-out, Mr. Sheashil Shwanshonsh and Mr. Corneliush Buckshtable! *Move over Z-Million - there are new sheriffs in town!* Nancy, back to you!

The news segment ends.

GANG MEMBER 1

And you don't even want to read the comments under the video. Everyone's roasting you and calling you a bitch.

Z-Million can't believe what he just saw.

Z-MILLION

(Dumbfounded)

I can't believe this! *It's like a nightmare come true!*

Z-Million begins to hyperventilate.

Z-MILLION (CONT'D)

Somebody pinch me! SOME-BODY-PINCH-ME! I must be dreaming! Did I just see what the fuck I think I just saw?! *WHO THE FUCK ARE THOSE MOTHAFUCKAS?!*

Z-Million takes a deep breath and attempts to calm himself.

Z-MILLION (CONT'D)

I want a text sent to my phone tonight saying that one of you went down to Club Galaxy and found these two clowns and made things right! *You hear me?! YOUR PAYROLL'S COUNTING ON IT!*

Z-Million kicks the studio door open and storms down the hallway.

EXTERIOR - CLUB GALAXY - BEAUTIFUL NIGHT

A long line of people are waiting outside Club Galaxy to get inside. You can hear the fun and exciting club sounds coming from within the building.

A few spotlights are shining up into the clear night sky from outside the club - this place is packed.

Seasil and Cornelius's Lamborghini drives to the front of the club and parks right outside the main entrance.

They step out of the vehicle and head to the entrance of the club with the swagger of champions as flashbulbs go off from paparazzi and newfound fans that saw their jet on the news.

They are immediately escorted by the nightclub's bouncers.

All the girls waiting in line scream for their attention. The Bums stop and choose a handful of girls from the line, simply by pointing and selecting them.

The bouncers open the velvet rope for the selected girls and they walk into the club for free with Seasil and Cornelius.

INTERIOR - CLUB GALAXY - NIGHT

"LMFAO feat. Lil Jon - Shots" blasts inside the crowded club and the atmosphere is euphoric.

Seasil, Cornelius, and the girls are escorted by the club manager to a VIP area where numerous bottles of Cristal champagne await them in chrome buckets of ice.

CORNELIUS

(To Seasil)  
This place is crazy!

SEASIL

I know! Hey - I'll be right back, I gotta go to the bathroom real quick.

CORNELIUS

Yea me too actually, I'll come with you.

Cornelius addresses the girls.

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)

Ladies, we'll be right back. Help yourselves to drinks and order anything you want.

Cornelius winks at them as he follows behind Seasil.

They approach the dance floor to get to the bathroom on the other side of the room only to find out the dance floor is a wall of professional-gym-going-Guidos.

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)

Damn this place is a fuckin' Guido stronghold, huh?

The Bums can't seem to find any room to enter.

After physically being denied entree a few times, they finally squeeze in-between two Guidos and immediately get pushed and shoved by the dancing Gorilla-sized meatheads as they try to reach the other side of the dance floor.

The spiky-haired Guidos are all fist pumping and show no regard for the Bums who are simply trying to walk across the dance floor.

They finally battle their way across and just as they are breaking free Cornelius gets bumped extra hard by the largest muscle-head in the club, SUPER GUIDO (Age: 35). They lock eyes and then Super Guido turns away.

Super Guido is as jacked and muscular as a human can possibly get - it is beyond clear that he does copious amounts of steroids on a regular basis. He is also so crisp and burnt from tanning that his skin is nearly a slight hue of purple.

He is wearing a tight little t-shirt, much too small for his muscular physique, that reads: "CLUB = CHURCH"

INTERIOR - CLUB GALAXY BATHROOM - NIGHT

They enter the bathroom and there's a line for the urinals.

SEASIL

Look at this line.

A urinal frees up and Cornelius cuts the line without a care. The bathroom is jam-packed with Guidos everywhere. Random Guido utterance can be heard.

Cornelius finishes and washes his hands.

CORNELIUS

(To Seasil)

I'll wait for you outside the bathroom.

Cornelius steps out of the bathroom and leans against the wall to wait for Seasil.

Just then, Super Guido walks by and sees him. Super Guido is carrying two shots of Jägermeister.

SUPER GUIDO

(Friendly)

Hey sorry about bumping into you earlier! My bad bro!

He offers Cornelius one of his shots as a gesture of good faith.

SUPER GUIDO (CONT'D)

(Smiling)

Here, have a shot of Jäger - *my treat!*

Cornelius hesitantly accepts the shot as he looks at Super Guido with suspicion.

INTERIOR - CLUB GALAXY BATHROOM - NIGHT

Seasil is washing his hands. Numerous Guidos are crammed in front of the mirror as they carefully analyze themselves.



One of them lifts up his shirt to check if his six pack is still there.

RANDOM GUIDO 1

(Talking to his friend)

Bro I just got my hair done - how's my fade lookin'?

RANDOM GUIDO 2

Bro forget about your fade - your tan is lookin' outstanding! What brand tanning oil have you been using?

Seasil finishes washing his hands and walks out of the bathroom.

INTERIOR - CLUB GALAXY - NIGHT

As Seasil walks out of the bathroom, to his surprise, he sees Cornelius having the time of his life on the dance floor, fist pumping to the beat.

Seasil looks at Cornelius like he has two heads.

Just then, Super Guido walks up to Cornelius with another shot of Jäger. Cornelius grabs the Jäger shot and holds it out for Seasil to drink.

CORNELIUS

(Smiling)

Here, *have a shot of Jäger!*

Just like Cornelius did, Seasil hesitantly accepts the drink.

The scene cuts and says in white lettering "1 Hour Later."

The Bums are now both fist pumping frantically in unison to the beat of the music in the middle of the dance floor as all the Guidos and Guidettes have made a circle around them and are cheering them on. They're absolutely loving it!

The scene cuts again and says in white lettering "2 Hours Later."

The Bums are now both dancing with some amazingly good-looking girls as Guidos continue to cheer them on. They all fist pump to the music and gulp down countless shots.

The scene cuts again and says in white lettering "3 Hours Later." Seasil is drunk and on the microphone in the DJ booth.

SEASIL

*Free drinks on us for the rest of  
the night!!!!!!!*

The crowd goes crazy. Seasil hops out of the DJ booth back onto the dance floor and sees Cornelius making out with two girls at the same time. Two of their girlfriends nearby grab him and they do the same.

Just then, the club's megamix climaxes. The DJ activates the strobe lights into hyper speed, rings the alarms, triggers the smoke machines, and countless balloons release from the ceiling. It is the pinnacle of the night!

The Bums navigate across the jam-packed dance floor with no problem as they fist pump through the hefty crowd and finally arrive back at their VIP area - They're dripping in sweat.

SEASIL (CONT'D)

(Wiping the sweat off his forehead)  
Wooo! This is the best night ever!  
Guidos aren't so bad after all!

CORNELIUS

Yea they're actually pretty  
awesome!

EXTERIOR - CLUB GALAXY - NIGHT

One of Z-Million's largest and meanest gang members pulls up in a black Ferrari outside the nightclub. The "Truthest of the Truths Records" emblem is airbrushed on the hood of the car.

As the mean-faced gang member gets out of the car, we catch a quick glance of a concealed chrome handgun by the inner breast pocket of his blazer.

He begins scanning the crowd for Seasil and Cornelius like a Terminator.

INTERIOR - CLUB GALAXY - NIGHT

The Bums are laughing and chatting it up with the girls in their VIP area.

Sitting on a couch in the VIP area next to them is SHEJK AL MOHAMMAD (Age: 36), a bearded Arabian man. He is accompanied by six absolutely stunning females that are all over him, yet he seems completely disinterested with them.

He stares at the Bums as they socialize and sip champagne with the girls they entered the club with. Shejk excuses himself from his female friends and approaches the Bums.

He introduces himself to them and speaks with a slight Middle Eastern accent.

SHEJK AL MOHAMMAD

Hello there! I am Shejk Al  
Mohammad.

He shakes hands with the Bums.

SEASIL

Hello.

SHEJK AL MOHAMMAD

I am a very big jet enthusiast. I saw you two on the news earlier on the way to the club in my stretch Navigator. I must say, your jet is *VERY* nice!

SEASIL

Oh thank you, we're glad you like it. It was very expensive.

SHEJK AL MOHAMMAD

Ehhh, not really, I have a yacht being built for me right now that will cost around \$7 billion, back in my home in Dubai.

CORNELIUS

Really?

SHEJK AL MOHAMMAD

Yes, yes, my family is top three richest family in the world. My yacht will be the most lavish ever made when it is complete. But your jet - I was impressed!

SEASIL

Thank you.

SHEJK AL MOHAMMAD

Do you think perhaps we can get out of here and go look at it in person?

SEASIL

Um - well actually we were just planning on staying here and enjoying ourselves for a little bit...

Seasil gestures towards the girls in his VIP area and gives Shejk a wink.

SHEJK AL MOHAMMAD

(Very friendly)

Ah yes! I understand! It's okay. I'm probably going to go head back to my hotel. You guys have a great night, alright?

CORNELIUS

Thanks. You too. Nice meeting you.

Just then, the VIP Manager of the club approaches the Bums.

VIP MANAGER

Excuse me. There is a very large man looking for you two gentlemen over there. I told him I didn't know where you were. Should I bring him over?

The VIP Manager points towards the entrance of the club at Z-Million's huge gang member. The Bums get startled as they see him scanning the crowd with a very angry face.

CORNELIUS

Shit! Look! His shirt has a picture of Z-Million's record label on it!

SEASIL

*Let's get the hell out of here!*

Seasil and Cornelius start reaching into all of their pockets and pulling out seemingly endless amounts of cash. They start piling it all into the VIP Manager's arms.

Bills spill everywhere as the VIP Manager struggles to hold the growing heap of \$100 bills.

SEASIL (CONT'D)

Here this should be enough. Uh, *keep the change!*

The Bums begin rushing towards the dance floor to escape out of the back exit when they see a club employee point them out for Z-Million's gang member.

He makes visual contact with them and begins storming their way.

SEASIL (CONT'D)

Oh shit, might want to hurry up!  
*He's coming!*

CORNELIUS

*Oh no! - I didn't want to tell you this man, but Z-Million was wanted for manslaughter back in '98! His crew doesn't fuck around!*

The Bums get to the crowded wall of Guidos on the dance floor and begin fist pumping.

The Guidos acknowledge their fist pumps like it's an unspoken secret handshake or a call of nature by their species and create an opening in the Guido-Wall for the Bums to enter.

The Bums easily navigate across the dance floor this time as they maintain their fist pump and dance all the way to the back exit of the club.

Z-Million's gang member, although huge himself, is no match for the Guido-Wall and is frustratingly denied entree by the huge muscle-bound dancers because he did not pump his fist.

EXTERIOR - CLUB GALAXY - NIGHT

The Bums burst outside into the parking lot and they begin frantically trying to spot their Lamborghini.

CORNELIUS

Shit! I don't see it anywhere!

SEASIL

Me either! Where the hell did the valet park it?!

Just then, a stretch SUV limousine stops next to them and Shejk Al Mohammad lowers the window from inside.

"Flo Rida - Good Feeling" plays from inside.

SHEJK AL MOHAMMAD

Hey! What are you guys doing? *You want to keep partying?!*

SEASIL

We need to get the hell out of here! Can we hitch a ride?!

SHEJK AL MOHAMMAD

Sure - come on in!

Shejk opens the limousine door and Seasil and Cornelius hop inside.

Just then, Z-Million's Gang Member comes rushing out of the exit door and sees Seasil and Cornelius through the limo window as it drives out of the parking lot and then zooms down the road. He curses to himself.

GANG MEMBER 1

*Son of a bitch!*

INTERIOR - LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

Shejk looks at the Bums, wondering what happened.

SHEJK AL MOHAMMAD

You guys alright?

SEASIL

We are *for now*.

SHEJK AL MOHAMMAD

So where should we head to? Another club? Maybe a strip joint? My hotel suite? I could get some girls over and we can have a pretty good party over there! All I gotta do is make one phone call!

Seasil and Cornelius huddle with one another and begin discussing what they should do.

SEASIL

I say we just get back home.

CORNELIUS

I agree - What do you think all the guys are doing back at the mansion?

A thinking-cloud appears over Seasil and Cornelius's heads.

They envision their entourage of bums swinging from the chandeliers, having one of the most epic celebrations imaginable back at the mansion.

The cloud poofs into thin air and Seasil and Cornelius nod to one another.

Seasil turns to Shejk.

SEASIL

Shejk - we know where there's an excellent party going on right now.

Shejk smiles.

SHEJK AL MOHAMMAD

Let's go!

EXTERIOR - THE BUMS' MANSION'S DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

The limo pulls down the driveway of the mansion blasting "Jermaine Dupri - Money Ain't a Thang" and parks near the front door.

The three men get out of the limousine and it drives away.

They all look up at the mansion - It is completely pitch black and silent.

It appears that nobody is even home...

CORNELIUS

Uh oh - this can't be good...

SEASIL

*What the hell? Where is everybody?*

CORNELIUS

It looks like nobody's even here.

SHEJK AL MOHAMMAD

Is everything alright guys? You're kind of scaring me.

SEASIL

(Concerned)

I'm not sure. Let's go in and see. This is really freaking me out.

INTERIOR - THE BUMS' MANSION'S FOYER - NIGHT

Seasil opens the front door of the pitch black mansion slowly and the loud creak of the hinges is the only noise heard.

He walks in with caution. He detects a scurrying sound in the darkness and becomes frightened.

SEASIL

(Scared)

Hello?! - *Who's there?!*

He waits to hear a response - Someone else scurrying in the darkness is heard.

CORNELIUS

Ah! What the fuck is *that*?!

Suddenly, Timmy breaks the eerie silence.

TIMMY

Oh hell! *Time out! Time out!* Turn on the lights!

Every single light in the Mansion flips on at once. Seasil and Cornelius are overcome with bewilderment. Rupert approaches them.

He is dressed 100% in black from head to toe, holds a paintball gun, and has night vision goggles propped on top of his head.

Behind him are a bunch of the other homeless friends who are also wearing the same gear as Rupert.

They all look like professional spies going on a top secret mission.

CORNELIUS

(Befuddled)

What the hell - *What are you guys doing?* Why did you turn the mansion into James Bond studios?!

RUPERT

(Talking to Seasil timidly)  
Um, hello sir...

SEASIL

What the heck is going on?

RUPERT

(Timidly)

Um, you see sir, Timmy wanted to order a bunch of hover boards, like the ones from "Back to the Future II" - but I had to break it to him that they don't exist yet. Then he wanted to order a bunch of lightsabers - again I had to let him down that they don't exist yet. So we came to the conclusion that a game of night vision paintball in the mansion was the next coolest thing we could come up with. It's the East wing versus the West wing.

(MORE)



RUPERT (CONT'D)

You have to take the flag from the middle of the mansion and then capture it at the end of your wing to win.

Numerous other bums pop out of their hiding spots. They too are dressed completely in black and are equipped with a paintball gun and night vision goggles.

RUPERT (CONT'D)

We have the butlers as referees equipped with night vision goggles as well and the maids cleaning up all the paintball splatters in between rounds. It's been quite a marvelous game thus far, we're actually tied three to three...

Everyone agrees with Rupert that they're having a blast. Meanwhile, the maids are running around scrubbing the paint splatters from the previous round.

Seasil looks as if he's angry.

SEASIL

Why that is the most-  
(Becomes happy)  
*AWESOME THING I'VE EVER HEARD!*

Everyone rejoices.

SEASIL (CONT'D)

Suit us up!

CORNELIUS

Hell yea, I always wanted to try night vision goggles!

Seasil turns to Shejk.

SEASIL

Shejk you in?!

SHEJK AL MOHAMMAD

Of course! Forget partying with girls! *This is the fucking craziest shit I've ever seen!!!*

SEASIL

Alright! Let's play!

## INTERIOR - THE BUMS' MANSION - NIGHT

The new round starts in the pitch black and everyone is seeing in night vision.

Seasil and Cornelius, along with Shejk, rush the middle room of the house where the flag is located, crouch behind a sofa, whisper to each other, and then break apart in tactical maneuvers.

Paintballs whiz across the mansion as black figures equipped with night vision goggles dip and move towards the flag.

Some people are hit, fall to the ground like they're dead, and remain motionless on the floor.

Seasil, Cornelius, and Shejk approach the final love-seat before the flag and hide behind it.

SEASIL

(Turns to Cornelius)

Cornelius, cover my left!

(Turns to Shejk)

Shejk, you cover my right!

Cornelius and Shejk start opening rapid fire on the opposing team, pinning them down as Seasil crawls to the flag. He barely snags it with his fingertips and then crawls back to Cornelius and Shejk.

CORNELIUS

Just go run and capture it! *We got you covered!*

Seasil prepares to make a run for it. Glow in the dark paintballs continue to whiz across the mansion. Seasil begins running towards the capture point and appears to be out of the war zone when suddenly he is shot square in the back.

He falls to the ground and a sneaky Rupert tiptoes into sight and snatches the flag from his hand.

RUPERT

Sorry sir - *I'll take this!*

Rupert takes the flag and begins retreating towards a flight of nearby stairs with the suaveness of a secret agent.

SEASIL

Oh you sneaky bastard! I forgot the basement can be used to flank! Damn you Rupert! *Damn you!!*

Rupert leaps down the stairs and disappears. Just then, Cornelius and Shejk come running up to find Seasil lying on the ground. Seasil obeys the honor of the game and plays dead.

CORNELIUS

Shit! They killed Seasil and got the flag!

SHEJK AL MOHAMMAD

They could not have come this way without us running into them - what other way could they have used to get here?!

Cornelius immediately turns to the stairs Rupert used.

CORNELIUS

*This way!*

Cornelius begins running full speed. Shejk slowly follows him with caution.

Cornelius gets to the bottom of the stairs and finds himself standing in a long, corridor-like room. He sees Rupert running with the flag all the way down at the other end. Cornelius gets down on one knee and takes his time to aim.

He snipes Rupert square in the back just before he was about to go around a corner and be out of sight. Just then, Cornelius is shot in the goggles and he falls over like he's dead.

Shejk arrives at the bottom of the stairs and finds Cornelius lying on the ground.

He sees the glow in the dark paint splat on Cornelius and sticks his head out of the doorway and spots the shooter on the opposing team while barely dodging a paintball to the face.

He quickly crouches down and crawls into the room. Shejk sees the legs of his opponent beneath a coffee table and shoots him in the knees. The opposing team member fakes a death and Shejk gets up and moves towards the flag.

He approaches Rupert's body and takes the flag from his hand. Shejk returns to the bottom of the stairs where Cornelius lies immobile and tiptoes up with caution.

He arrives at Seasil's body at the top of the stairs and peeks around the corner. He spots numerous bodies littered across the floor and sees a group of three enemies moving swiftly towards his location.

He puts his back against the wall for a brief moment, takes a deep breath, and then makes a death defying leap over Seasil's body as he rains glow in the dark paintballs on all three of his opponents before hitting the ground.

He lands with a magnificent roll and springs right back up - sprinting to the end of his wing.

He quickly reaches the final room and an awaiting Butler speaks into a walkie-talkie.

BUTLER

SCORE! Round over! West wing is victorious! *Power the lights!*

All the lights in the mansion turn on at once and Seasil stops faking dead and jumps up from the ground. Cornelius joins from the stairs as they rejoice with Shejk.

SEASIL

Yea baby! That's what I'm talking about! Team work! It's all about team work!

CORNELIUS

Hell yeah! - *Wooooo!*

Seasil and Cornelius hug Shejk and they all jump up and down, celebrating their victory joyfully.

SHEJK AL MOHAMMAD

I couldn't have done it without you guys!

They all laugh together. Then Cornelius looks at the butler that announced their victory and points at him.

CORNELIUS

And good job as referee... *Nigel.*

The butler politely smiles and nods. Then the three men walk away and the butler speaks to himself.

BUTLER

*Who the hell is Nigel?!*

Seasil and Cornelius along with Shejk return to the center of the mansion with the flag.

Rupert is leaning on a couch in the room with a bitter look on his face. He is genuinely angry that he didn't win. Seasil points and laughs at him for taking the game so seriously.

SEASIL

Oh my God Rupe! *Lighten up buddy!*

RUPERT

(Stuttering with anger)

I- I- I can't believe we lost. What rubbish! I had the victory in my grasp! *I demand a rematch!*

Everyone laughs at Rupert as the screen fades to black and says in white lettering "The Next Morning."

INTERIOR - SILVERSTEEN'S YACHT - SUNNY MORNING

"Vivaldi - The Four Seasons - Spring" plays. Silversteen Smitherswirth is wearing an initial embroidered silk morning robe as he rides a Segway from one side of his fabulously furnished yacht to the other.

From the speed of his Segway, his silk robe blows in the wind like a superhero's cape.

He arrives at the dining room table, pulls out the George Washington cane from his silk pajama pants like a sword, and sits down. His butler places a silver-lidded platter in front of him and reveals a dish of three tiny poached eggs.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH

Ah yesh! Quail eggsh! My absholute favorite!

Just then, a little, white, fluffy Bichon Frise puppy runs up to Silversteen and they embrace one another. The dog begins licking all over his face.

BUTLER

Anything else sir?

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH

Yesh! Fetch shome crackersh and Beluga caviar for my little puppy girl! Do you know it'sh \$5,000 dollarsh per kilogram of Beluga caviar?! Yesh it'sh true! I will only feed my little baby girl the finesht of *foodsh!*

Silversteen is basically making out with the dog as it licks the inside of his mouth.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH (CONT'D)

Yesh! My little baby girly girl!  
*Yesh!*

The Butler rolls his eyes as Silversteen motions him in a presumptuous manner to leave the room.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH (CONT'D)

Be gone, be gone - Fetch the Beluga caviar.

The butler leaves the room. Silversteen turns on a nearby television and switches the channel to the news. He begins eating his breakfast. The butler reenters the dining room.

BUTLER

I'm sorry to bother you again sir, but your personal assistant is on the phone. And this just arrived.

The Butler gives Silversteen a portable phone and a thin brown box that came in the mail. Silversteen again rudely motions the butler to leave, then opens it.

He slides a laptop from out of the box and then picks up the phone.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH

Yesh thish ish Shilvershteen.

(Pauses)

Yesh, yesh! I just received it! *I'm about to look now...*

Silversteen presses the spacebar on the laptop and all we can see is his face slowly transform into a large, devilish grin as he watches something unfold on the screen.

He begins cracking up and is very delighted with what he sees.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH (CONT'D)

Shplendid - *just shplendid!* You have my permisshion to move ahead with the next phase of the operation...

Silversteen hangs up as his butler returns with the dish of crackers and Beluga caviar.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH (CONT'D)

(Speaking to his Butler)  
I want you to you call Mr. Sheashil  
Shwanshonsh and Corneliush  
Buckshtable and tell them I'll be  
shending one of my yachts to their  
manshion'sh dock tomorrow morning  
at 9:30 to bring them to my Hampton  
eshtate. *Tell them I'm throwing a  
celebration party in their name...*

Silversteen giggles at the laptop, and kisses the George Washington cane.

EXTERIOR - THE BUMS' MANSION'S DRIVEWAY - MORNING

Seasil, Cornelius, and Shejk are walking out of the mansion's front door and onto the driveway.

The Bums are still dressed in the black paintballing gear and Shejk is back in his own clothes.

Shejk puts his arms around them.

SHEJK AL MOHAMMAD

You guys are fucking nuts! *My kinda  
guys!*

Shejk shakes them around playfully.

SHEJK AL MOHAMMAD (CONT'D)

I'll tell you - no bullshit, last  
night was the most fun I've ever  
had in my *entire life*. We must hang  
out again - *Yes?!*

CORNELIUS

You got it man! Anytime!

A black limousine pulls into the driveway and parks in front of them.

SHEJK AL MOHAMMAD

Night vision mansion paintballing!

Shejk pretends to shoot around with an invisible machine gun.

SHEJK AL MOHAMMAD (CONT'D)

*Best night ever!* - See you guys  
around. Until next time!

Shejk hugs the Bums and then gets inside the black limo. They watch it drive away as Cornelius's cell phone begins to ring inside his pocket. He answers.

CORNELIUS

Corneliush Buckshtable the Third  
*shpeaking!*  
 (Pauses)  
*Mmm hmm. Alright then. 9:30 A.M.*  
*sharp. Got it.*

Cornelius hangs up the phone and turns to Seasil.

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)

One of Silversteen's yachts will be at our dock tomorrow at 9:30 to bring us to a party at his estate. He's inviting all his best friends and colleagues. Apparently he has some more good news for us!

SEASIL

Yea well I hope it doesn't get us in any more trouble.

The Bums head back inside and the screen fades to black as "The Following Day" appears on the screen in white lettering.

EXTERIOR - THE BUMS' MANSION - GORGEOUS SUNNY DAY

The sun is shining, the sky is blue, and it is a gorgeous day as Seasil and Cornelius await Silversteen's yacht to pick them up from their mansion's dock. Both men are dressed extra sharp.

Seasil is wearing a navy blue velvet blazer and Cornelius is wearing a deep purple velvet blazer, plus a pink silk ascot. He looks VERY classy.

Just then, Rupert approaches them.

RUPERT

Sirs, before you leave - there is something I need to talk to you about.

SEASIL

What is it Rupe?

RUPERT

It's about the money, sir...



CORNELIUS

(Concerned)  
What about the money?

RUPERT

We're already down quite a large percent. Timmy has been buying a new Bentley every time he has run out of gas! *I had to teach him what gasoline was!*

SEASIL

Jeez - That's pretty bad. I thought we put a limit on the card?!

RUPERT

Yes we put a *debit* limit on the card. But the *credit* limit was untouched. And Timmy figured this out. He's been going around buying up *everything* on credit! - And he's gone way over budget. *Did you know he tried to buy Pizza Hut?!*

SEASIL

What - the little Pizza Hut shop down the street on the corner?

RUPERT

*No - the entire company!*

Seasil and Cornelius look at each other, worried.

CORNELIUS

This ain't good man - Rupe, take away the card.

RUPERT

I already have.

CORNELIUS

Alright good. Rupe, this is what I want you to do. Hold a money class or something for them. You got a PhD in finance, teach them some basic principals for God's sake so they don't go around buying a new Bentley every time they run out of gas.

Just then, Silversteen's yacht approaches the dock.

SEASIL

Alright Rupe, we gotta go. Handle that for us - you're our money guy.

RUPERT

Will do, sir. Right away.

Seasil and Cornelius step onto the yacht.

INTERIOR - SILVERSTEEN'S YACHT - GORGEOUS SUNNY DAY

The Bums are lounging comfortably in an extravagant room inside Silversteen's yacht. One of the butlers upon the yacht serves them each a chilled flute glass of champagne with a slice of strawberry bouncing around in the bubbles.

He leaves the room.

SEASIL

So listen, as soon as we see Silversteen today we gotta let him know that one of Z-Million's chums tried to kill us last night. I don't think it was very wise to slander Z-Million on national television like that.

Cornelius is shoveling some mixed nuts into his mouth from a nearby platter.

CORNELIUS

I know - what the hell was Silversteen thinking. He's going to get us killed!

Just then, Cornelius feels something poking him in his left pocket. He reaches in to discover what it is. He pulls out a monocle.

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)

Oh snap! Look what I found in my blazer pocket - One of Rupert's monocles!

Cornelius puts the monocle on his right eye and applies the rich voice.

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)

(Pompous laughter)  
Yesh! How *shplendid!* Utterly *shtupendous!*

Seasil cracks up.

SEASIL

You better be ready to speak like that all day if this party is going to be all of Silversteen's best friends.

Cornelius laughs and pulls a thin book from his breast pocket.

CORNELIUS

Oh I've come prepared - check this out!

Cornelius tosses Seasil the book. It's entitled "The Glamour Dictionary - Beautiful words for the Rich and Famous."

SEASIL

Haha! Nice!

Seasil thumbs through the pages and sees a word he likes.

SEASIL (CONT'D)

This book is... *Quintessential* for today's activities!

CORNELIUS

(In the rich voice)  
*Indubiously* my fair chap!

Seasil and Cornelius laugh.

SEASIL

Damn I'm really jealous of that monocle though. I wish I had some extra flair like that.

Seasil pats down his pockets and finds nothing. He begins looking around the room and then notices a drawer to his left. He opens it and inside is an overly large, expensive-looking, gold tobacco pipe.

SEASIL (CONT'D)

Here we go! I'm going to rock this pipe all day!

Seasil puts the pipe in the corner of his mouth and pretends to puff it.

SEASIL (CONT'D)

(In the rich voice)  
Yesh, yesh, how *extraordinary*!

CORNELIUS

(Laughing)  
We're gonna blend in just fine.

SEASIL

Yea I'm actually kind of excited! *I  
wanna use some of these words!*

Seasil proceeds to intently scan through all the pages in "The Glamour Dictionary - Beautiful words for the Rich and Famous."

EXTERIOR - SILVERSTEEN'S ESTATE - GORGEOUS SUNNY DAY

Seasil and Cornelius step off the yacht and onto Silversteen Smitherswurth's grandiose dock. A classy and dignified party is commencing on the back lawn of the estate comprising of approximately 150-200 guests.

The atmosphere is extremely opulent. A live orchestra is playing an elegant melody that gives a perfect musical feel to the prestigious gathering.

All the men are dressed in tuxedos or very fine designer brand suits - Some are even wearing top hats.

The women are all wearing stylish and sophisticated dresses and some are holding parasol-umbrellas to block the sun. Waiters walk among the crowd with trays of hors d'oeuvres.

A waiter approaches Seasil and Cornelius as they arrive on the lawn.

WAITER

Care for some hors d'oeuvres?

Seasil and Cornelius look at the food on the waiter's tray. Cornelius looks extra close with his monocle.

CORNELIUS

(Speaking to himself under his  
breath)  
What the fuck is this shit?!  
(Speaks to waiter in rich voice)  
*Yesh, what precisely are we looking  
at here my fair chap?*

WAITER

Here we have some free range rabbit  
and rare roasted quail breast.

CORNELIUS

*Ah yesh, but of courshe!*

Cornelius shrugs his shoulders and helps himself to the hors d'oeuvres by taking a handful of them and stuffing them in his mouth profusely.

The waiter is appalled by his terrible manners.

SEASIL

Hey Cornelius, I'm gonna go get us some drinks.

Seasil walks to a bar 25 yards away and speaks to the bartender.

SEASIL (CONT'D)

Yesh, hello. I'll take two snifters of your finesht cognac please.

A nearby elite party-goer in a tuxedo and top hat overhears Seasil. He too is drinking a snifter of cognac which he continuously swirls. He speaks in a snobby tone resemblant of Silverstein Smitherswurth's voice.

ELITE MAN 1

Ahhh yesh! A man who has a penchant for fine cognac!

Seasil humbly smiles at the man and then returns his attention to the bartender. The elite man steps forward.

ELITE MAN 1 (CONT'D)

My name is Huxley Baron McDougal Kensington Westshire the 5th!

With pompous certainty that his name will be more fabulous sounding than Seasil's, the elite man holds his palm out to shake hands.

Seasil is caught off guard by the man's ridiculously lengthy rich name, but isn't impressed.

Amused, Seasil prepares to annihilate him. They shake hands.

SEASIL

Nice to meet you. My name ish -  
*SHEASHIL SHWANSHONSH.*

The man's face looks as if he is overcome with sheer panic towards how fabulous Seasil's rich-name is pronounced. He gulps out of perturbation and wipes the sweat from his forehead. He calms himself, obviously defeated.

ELITE MAN 1

Well. Nice to meet you, Mr.  
*Sheashil Shwanshonsh.*

The bartender hands Seasil two snifters of cognac which he manages to hold with one hand.

Seasil quickly reaches his other hand into his blazer pocket, pulls out his gold pipe, and sticks it into the corner of his mouth.

ELITE MAN 1 (CONT'D)

And how did you arrive at this party Mr. Sheashil Shwanshonsh?

SEASIL

(Playing with his gold pipe, making sure it's noticed)  
By sea, but of course!

Seasil laughs pompously and goes to step away but the man continues speaking to him.

ELITE MAN 1

How delightful! I too arrived by sea! I just purchased a new 262 foot Stargate Constellation superyacht. Beautiful craft indeed...

SEASIL

Very nice, but you must pardon me, I have to go meet my friend-

The man presumptuously cuts off Seasil and continues to gloat.

ELITE MAN 1

They shell my yacht for around 90 million, but I pulled a few strings and got mine for only 60! Can you believe this *Sheashil?!?*

The Elite man grabs Seasil's shoulder and gives him a playful shake. Seasil's facial expression and body language make it obvious that he has absolutely no interest in conversing with this braggart.

SEASIL

*Only 60!*  
(Fakes a pompous laugh)  
How enchanting!

ELITE MAN 1

Yesh, yesh. My boat's complete with the twin turbine propulsion package from Bentley Marine.

(MORE)

ELITE MAN 1 (CONT'D)  
 Capable of catapulting her to 80  
 knots in just a few minutes! I will  
 only have the finest of luxuries!

SEASIL  
 (Rolls his eyes and fakes another  
 pompous laugh)  
 Absolutely splendid!

ELITE MAN 1  
 Yesh, yesh, complete with an  
 exclusive retractable A-foil motion  
 control system that combines pitch,  
 heave, and roll. You can barely  
 tell you are flying over the water!

SEASIL  
 (Fakes yet another pompous laugh)  
*Spellbinding!*

ELITE MAN 1  
 Yesh precisely Sheashil... And  
 that's not all - let me tell you,  
 comfort is second to none. My boat  
 has ten extravagant staterooms with  
 private bathrooms, capable of  
 accommodating up to 20 guests!

SEASIL  
 (Half-crying, half-faking a pompous  
 laugh)  
 How tremendously captivating!

Seasil attempts to walk away again.

ELITE MAN 1  
 Oh and it doesn't end there  
 Sheashil!

Seasil lets out a sigh of frustration and turns back to the  
 elite man.

ELITE MAN 1 (CONT'D)  
 My Constellation has a wide swim  
 platform entertainment area with a  
 six-person spa pool mounted under  
 the sun pad!

Seasil pretends as if he is rendered in awe.

SEASIL  
 Just shuperb... Just shuperb...

Seasil finally makes eye contact with Cornelius who is still stuffing his face with hors d'oeuvres. He nudges his head for Cornelius to come over and save him.

ELITE MAN 1

Yesh! I do tell you, I also had the inshide of my boat decorated by renowned interior yacht decorator Lawrence Sagan!

Seasil's face reads: "Who the hell is Lawrence Sagan?"

SEASIL

Ah yesh! *Lawrence Sagan!* But of course! How *riveting!*

ELITE MAN 1

Yesh, his style has such a tasteful elegance to it. Wouldn't you say?!

SEASIL

Yesh, yesh. Truly extraordinary... Truly extraordinary...

Seasil again makes eye contact with Cornelius who can't separate himself from the delicious hors d'oeuvres and their phenomenal tastes.

CORNELIUS

(Mouth overflowing with hors d'oeuvres, having a blast)  
*I never experienced these types of flavors before!!!*

Seasil stomps his foot and motions Cornelius to come over with his head. The elite man continues to remain ignorant.

ELITE MAN 1

I do say - Lawrence Sagan's designs are some of the most heavenly, divine aesthetics known to man... And to have them in my yacht! Do you know how fantastic that feels *Sheashil?!*

SEASIL

(Playing with the pipe in his mouth)  
Oh indeed! It must feel utterly exquisite!

ELITE MAN 1

Would you fancy a gander at my yacht?

(MORE)



ELITE MAN 1 (CONT'D)

She's docked right over there.

Come!

(Goes to put his arm around Seasil)

Be awed by my magnificence-

Just then, Cornelius bursts in-between Seasil and the elite man, cutting in just in the nick of time.

CORNELIUS

*Sheashil Shwanshonsh* old chap! I've been looking everywhere for you!

SEASIL

Ah yesh! *Cornelius Buxtable the Third!*

CORNELIUS

Come! Come!

(Puts his arm around Seasil)

We must look out at the water and sip our cognac while talking about how much money we have!

Seasil turns to the elite man that's been chewing off his ear as Cornelius begins to whisk him away.

SEASIL

You'll have to excuse me Mr. Huxley...

(Seasil can't remember the man's ridiculously long name so he mumbles random gibberish)

...The 5th!

ELITE MAN 1

Yesh, yesh. That'sh fine...

The Bums walk towards the water.

SEASIL

Thank God you pulled me away. That guy was chewing my ear off and my glamour vocabulary was running on low!

Cornelius laughs and then he notices something.

CORNELIUS

(Looking around the crowd)

Hey, where the fuck is Silversteen at?! He's not even at his own party?

Seasil looks around and doesn't see him either.

SEASIL

Yea - You're right. I suppose he's making a fashionably late entrance.

Just then, Silversteen's butler sneaks outside from one of the mansion's side doors and tiptoes to the live orchestra.

He whispers something into the conductor's ear and then tiptoes back inside without anyone noticing him.

The song they were performing comes to a sudden halt and the orchestra begins performing a new song. It's none other than "Vivaldi - Four Seasons: Spring."

Just then, Silversteen emerges from the main back door of his mansion as everyone's attention at the party is given to his grand entrance.

He smiles, waves to the crowd, shakes hands, and politics with various guests as he makes his way towards Seasil and Cornelius. They meet him half-way.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH

There they are! *My two chapsh!*

They shake hands with Silversteen.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH (CONT'D)

Come, come! We must go inshide - *I have shomething marveloush to show you!*

They head inside the mansion.

INTERIOR - SILVERSTEEN'S ESTATE - GORGEOUS SUNNY DAY

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERWURTH

You will be mosht pleashed with what I have to show you! Just down this way!

They make their way down some stairs into the basement area and finally arrive in the movie screening room.

The room is very nice, just like a real movie theater, and even has a popcorn vending machine and snack bar.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH

Pleashe, sit up front.

Seasil and Cornelius sit in the front two seats of the theater, just in front of the screen. Silversteen remains standing.

CORNELIUS

(Rubbing his hands with excitement)  
I can't wait to see what we're  
getting this time!

He turns to Silversteen.

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)

(Excited with a huge smile)  
Is it the most pimped out yacht  
ever built?!

Silversteen laughs and then looks at Seasil and Cornelius with disdain.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH

You really are foolsh. No wonder  
you were living on the streetsh for  
so long.

Seasil and Cornelius are taken aback.

Just then, two burly security guards with guns and body armor step into the room and stand near Silversteen.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH (CONT'D)

Did you really think I would just  
carry you idiotsh to fame and  
fortune and hand you everything for  
*free?*

Silversteen laughs at them and then presses a button on a remote control - the movie screen turns on and displays the news. It's the channel Silversteen owns.

A journalist begins speaking to the camera.

JOURNALIST

Today we are going to air a special  
news segment as we explore an  
inside view of the world of Seasil  
Swansons, and Cornelius Buxtable -  
the two men who sold George  
Washington's cane for \$900 million  
dollars, and gain a better  
perspective of what type of people  
they truly are.

Instantly, the news goes to show the Bum's mansion during their party as countless of their friends break vases, chandeliers, and other valuable items in the home - just for the fun of it.

Cornelius stands up in anger.

CORNELIUS

Motha fucka you said you were only  
going to show us *in the most*  
*positive light!*

The two armed security personnel step in front of Cornelius.  
Cornelius sits back down. Silversteen smirks.

The news segment then shows a hidden camera following Timmy  
around town from afar as he purchases Bentley after Bentley  
in just the span of hours.

JOURNALIST

Wastefulness. Idiocy. Perhaps even,  
insanity. And it all ties to a  
bigger picture...

Just then, the news shows an image of Seasil and Cornelius's  
heads Photoshopped on two people standing in a music studio's  
recording booth - it is NOT them.

SEASIL

What the fuck - *that isn't us!*

Silversteen starts cracking up laughing.

JOURNALIST

These two men are giant proponents  
of the music genre known as hip hop  
music, more commonly known as rap.  
They refer to themselves as the hip  
hop duo called "The Bum  
Millionaires" and released a single  
song called "Bums with Funds" in  
which they promote burning money,  
killing people, and then go and  
make very personal insults to a  
rival artist, *Z-Million*.

Seasil and Cornelius couldn't look more shocked.

JOURNALIST (CONT'D)

We even have some raw footage of  
them doing just that.

The news shows camera footage from the day of the party where  
the filthy and psychotic bum Malcolm, who thought the money  
was a curse, is tossing bundles of cash into the mansion's  
fireplace while nobody else is around.

SEASIL

(Eyes bulging)  
Oh my God. *How the hell did you*  
*even get this footage?!*

Silversteen laughs.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH

Before I made my appearance at your party, I had my camera team go inshide your house and hide countless little sticky cameras all over.

CORNELIUS

I saw one of them by the kitchen sink! They're like these little black sticker dots! *I was wondering what the fuck that was!*

Silversteen nods with a grin as Seasil is thunderstruck with disbelief. The news segment continues.

JOURNALIST

Absolutely atrocious behavior. And here we have a little snippet of the lyrics from their new song, "Bums with Funds."

FAKE SEASIL

(Rapping)  
We used to be *bums!*  
But now we got *funds!*  
*Kill everybody who ain't no fun!*  
*Steal an old bitch's purse and run!*

Silversteen Smitherswurth explodes in laughter, nearly falling over.

JOURNALIST

Worst of all is that their music track "Bums with Funds" has hit the #1 spot on the Billboard charts, infecting the minds of today's youth with messages of criminality and depravity. And, perhaps, the main reason why society seems to be in a decline and is so fragmented and divided today. Very sad. Nancy, back to you at the studio.

The news segment ends.

Seasil spins to Silversteen.

SEASIL

*What in the hell was that?!!*

Silversteen steps in front of his security guards.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH

Dear Seasil, there are much larger pieces of a much larger puzzle at play here. Don't you see?!

Seasil awaits an answer.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH (CONT'D)

I am saving civilization! The HIP HOP culture is a degenerate tumor upon the-

Cornelius cuts him off.

CORNELIUS

You're not saving civilization!  
*You're evil!*

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH

No - No. I am doing the world a favor. Cleansing it of this plague wreaking havoc on the minds of our children! By using you two as Hip Hop artists and pushing the immorality *so far* that it can never be denied again... And then, we can finally PURGE society of this filth! At lasht, we can finish the vision of-

SEASIL

You tricked us. You lied to us and tricked us.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH

It was a small sacrifice for the greater good...

SEASIL

Yea well, we are going to sue the shit out of you.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH

Poor Seasil... You don't get it yet do you? I *own* you. You are my puppet now. You shigned a contract of over 100 pages detailing all the powers you handed over to me.

Silversteen reaches into his pocket and pulls out a single sheet from the 100 page contract.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH (CONT'D)

For example, either you go along  
with my plans entirely, or,  
according to the contract...  
(Silversteen reads from the sheet)  
*"In the case of failure to do so,  
heretofore the total payment of the  
George Washington cane is refunded,  
IN FULL - PLUS INTEREST!"*

Silversteen laughs triumphantly as he gently refolds the  
piece of contract paper and places it back in his pocket.

SEASIL

Oh my God - none of this even  
matters because Z-Million is going  
to kill us now that he thinks we  
released a dis song at him!

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH

(Giggling to himself)  
Good thing I put an inheritance  
clause in the contractsh then.

SEASIL & CORNELIUS

*WHAT?!*

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH

Yesh - it's true. If Z-Million  
kills you, or if you are to die in  
any way in fact, I inherit your  
fortunes.

SEASIL

*You're the devil!*

Seasil leaps at Silversteen's neck with both hands, wanting  
to choke the life out of him.

The two security guards quickly swoop in and intercept Seasil  
before he can reach Silversteen.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH

And that's not even all, gentlemen.  
There's more to your contracts.

CORNELIUS

*There's more?!*

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH

Yesh - I have booked you two to  
perform a live performance of "Bums  
with Funds" at the Earth Music  
Awards in two days!

SEASIL & CORNELIUS

*WHAT?!*

SEASIL

*The Earth Music Awards?! Isn't that like the biggest music award ceremony on the planet?!*

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH

Yesh! The Earth Mushic Awardsh are second to none! Everyone will be there - every celebrity will be in attendance! Over a hundred million people around the world will be watching!

The Bums just stare frozen into space, mortified.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH (CONT'D)

Remember, if you don't do it - I get the original payment of the George Washington cane in FULL... *PLUS interest!*

CORNELIUS

What the hell man - The Earth Music Awards is in 48 hours! Aren't we supposed to at least rehearse?!

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH

Jusht wing it! I told them you guysh were already prepared. It'sh eashy, jusht go out there and rap the shong.

CORNELIUS

We don't even know the lyrics!

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH

Then you better get to memorizing them! Anyway - Good business meeting gentlemen, but I must be getting back outside to my party. I have some celebrating to do.

(Grinning)

Society is slowly but surely returning to the proper condition!

Silversteen begins walking away with his security guards.



SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH (CONT'D)

Oh, also - You should receive a box delivery at your house today with your costumes for the Earth Music Awards inside. Also feel free to take one of my limos out front to get home.

He exits the room.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH (CONT'D)

(Yelling from down the hallway)  
And I will see you both in two days at the Earth Music Awards! - *Or I will just see every penny you own!*

INTERIOR - LIMOUSINE - EVENING/DUSK

A radio station plays in the limo as Seasil and Cornelius are rendered speechless with dismay.

Both of them are just staring forward, still shocked.

Just then, the DJ on the radio introduces "Bums with Funds" as the next song to play on the radio.

RADIO JOCKEY

We got this next song that's sweeping the nation right now - actually, it's sweeping the entire globe - Called "Bums with Funds" by the new artists "The Bum Millionaires" - So without further ado here is the song everybody is talking about, the record-setting, overnight smash hit "Bums with Funds" by "*The Bum Millionaires!*"

The song begins to play out of the limo's sound system.

FAKE SEASIL

(Rapping)  
We used to be *bums!*  
But now we got *funds!*

Seasil finally snaps out of his trance by violently kicking the radio panel with his foot until the speakers are silenced and the radio panel is fizzling with smoke.

SEASIL

This is a nightmare! I can't believe the contract stipulations we signed! *What the fuck were we thinking?!*

CORNELIUS

Come on Seasil stay focused, there's gotta be a way out of this.

SEASIL

I mean who the hell actually reads contracts anyway?! It was over 100 pages long - we would of been there for hours! I just trusted him and signed on good faith!

CORNELIUS

Well what are we gonna do?

Seasil has no answers.

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)

Either we do this Earth Music Awards performance in front of the entire world and look like a couple of jackasses, or we're back on the streets eating maggot-covered food out of the trash again. And then any dollar we ever try to earn will be owed to Silversteen as debt due to owing interest on the cane too.

SEASIL

And you know what? This entire thing has obviously been his plan all along. Right from the start. He uses us, or he gets all his money back - or *both!* No matter what we do - *He can't lose!*

EXTERIOR - THE BUMS' MANSION'S DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

The limousine pulls up to the mansion and parks in front of the door. Seasil and Cornelius get out, dragging their feet. The limousine drives away.

The mansion is dark again. The entire surrounding area is pitch black except for the bright moonlight that shines down on Seasil and Cornelius as they approach the front door.

SEASIL

They must be playing capture the flag again.

Seasil and Cornelius are walking towards the front door when suddenly, they hear the sound of a gun being cocked right behind them. They freeze in their tracks and turn around.

Z-Million and his entire gang step out of the shadows and into the moonlight. They are all pointing guns at Seasil and Cornelius. Z-Million wields a large chrome Desert Eagle handgun.

Z-MILLION

Put your fucking hands where I can see them before I shoot them off.

Seasil and Cornelius put their hands up, trembling with fear.

Z-MILLION (CONT'D)

I wanna know - Why the fuck did you two start problems with me?! *I don't even know you!*

INTERIOR - THE BUMS' MANSION - NIGHT

A night vision paintball match is occurring in the mansion as Rupert shoots an opponent and then tiptoes by an upstairs window like James Bond himself.

He stops in his tracks and takes a double glance out the window as he notices the situation with Z-Million unfurling near the mansion's front door.

He quickly tears off his night vision goggles and begins mumbling something into a walkie-talkie with a very serious expression on his face.

EXTERIOR - THE BUMS' MANSION'S DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Z-Million paces back and forth in front of Seasil and Cornelius.

Z-MILLION

I gotta admit your new song "Bums with Funds" is catchy as fuck. That shit is addicting to listen to. It really is. But the things you said in it about me - that shit broke my heart.

Seasil and Cornelius feel bad for Z-Million, as he seems like he's actually a really nice guy.

Z-MILLION (CONT'D)

You got me out here acting like a thug again, and I'm really trying not to gang bang anymore! *I haven't held a gun in years!*

SEASIL

(Nervously wishful)  
So does that mean you're not gonna kill us?

Z-MILLION

(Laughing)  
Nah - It doesn't.

Z-Million walks up to Seasil, sticking his gun straight into his face. Just then, the lights inside and outside of the mansion flip on all at once and expose the entire property.

Z-Million and his crew are completely surrounded by the black, night-visioned paintball players and think they're pointing real machine guns at them.

Some of them are hanging in trees, some are dangling out of the mansion's windows, some have taken position on the roof, and others have encircled around Z-Million's gang on the driveway. They're *EVERYWHERE*.

Z-Million's gang is 100% in checkmate and can't believe their eyes.

Their guns drop from their hands as they look around, totally awestruck.

Z-MILLION (CONT'D)

Oh my God you motha fuckas roll  
*DEEP!!!*

Z-Million slowly spins around to get a look at all the spies in black. His face is filled with utter horror as he puts his hands up. He turns to Seasil and Cornelius.

Z-MILLION (CONT'D)

Y'all got an army of elite night vision spies as your bodyguards?!

SEASIL

That's right Z-Million. We have an army of elite night vision spies as our bodyguards.

Z-MILLION  
 (Trembling with astonishment)  
 That is THE MOST BALLIN SHIT I'VE  
 EVA SEEN! *THAT IS THE MOST BALLIN  
 SHIT EVA!*

Z-Million falls down to his knees in respect to Seasil and Cornelius.

Z-MILLION (CONT'D)  
 (Weeping)  
 You win! You're more baller than  
 I'll ever be! *Look at this shit!*

The rest of Z-Million's crew get down on their knees with their hands raised as they quiver with fear. Rupert emerges in front of Seasil and Cornelius.

RUPERT  
 Don't worry sirs, I've got you covered.

SEASIL  
 Thank you 007. Get their weapons and throw them off the dock into the river.

Rupert and other friends dressed in black begin picking up the guns.

SEASIL (CONT'D)  
 Listen, Z-Million. Like I was trying to say. We didn't even make that song or have anything to do with it. It was all Silversteen Smitherswurth. He tricked us. He had it all made without our consent.

Z-MILLION  
 Bullshit! I saw a picture of you two in a music studio! *I seen it with my own two eyes!*

SEASIL  
 What? No, no, no - He used computers to put our faces on other people's bodies.

Z-MILLION  
 For real?

SEASIL

For real. And now Silversteen wants us to perform at the Earth Music Awards in two days. C'mon, get off your knees.

Z-Million stands back up.

Z-MILLION

Yea man that Earth Music Awards gig was mine. I lost it to you guys. My whole career is fucked up right now from this guy!

CORNELIUS

We gotta figure out how we can beat Silversteen. All of us - *Together*.

Z-MILLION

Hmm...

A light bulb goes off in Cornelius's head and he snaps his fingers.

CORNELIUS

I got an idea! He'll never see this coming... But we gotta act fast! We gotta start preparing *TONIGHT!*

Everybody enthusiastically huddles around as Cornelius begins devising a plan.

INTERIOR - SILVERSTEEN'S HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

"24 Hours Later" comes on the screen and then fades away.

"Vivaldi - The Four Seasons - Spring" plays as Silversteen Smithersworth polishes the George Washington cane with a small, microfiber cloth.

His butler enters the room.

BUTLER

Sir, there appears to be a man at the front gate? He demands to speak to you...

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWORTH

Oh God. Who the bloody hell is here at thish hour?! I wash jusht about to go to bed. Put the shecurity camera on the TV!

The Butler picks up a remote and turns a massive, flat screen TV on in the office.

The TV shows Z-Million at the front gate of Silversteen's estate inside the same Ferrari his gang member drove to Club Galaxy.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH (CONT'D)

(Laughing)

Ah! You've got to be kidding me! If it isn't Mr. Z-Million himself! This is *fantashtic!* I shuppose he'sh here to come beg for mercy, or perhapsh looking for work! Thish should be good. Open the front gatesh immediately - Let him in!

BUTLER

Right away sir.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH

Jusht make sure you have security pat him down before letting him inshide the house. Tell them to procure everything in his pockets before he enters. Guns, his cell phone - all of it. And then tell them to escort him to me and stand guard outside the door for the duration of his visit.

The Butler nods and exits the room.

Silversteen Smitherswurth continues polishing the George Washington cane as he watches Z-Million on his security camera with the utmost amusement.

We jump forward to Silversteen as he is just finishing polishing the cane.

He puts away his polish kit - then kisses the cane just as Z-Million enters.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH (CONT'D)

Ahhh! At lasht!! The infamoush Z-Million live in the flesh! I'm shtar-shtruck! Pleashe, pleashe! *Shit down, shit down* - Have a *sheat!*

Z-Million takes a seat in front of Silversteen's desk. Silversteen opens a box of cigars on his desk.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH (CONT'D)  
Care for a fine Cuban?

Z-MILLION  
No thanks. I just came here to congratulate you in person. I mean, you took down the king of the hill. I've got to hand it to you.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH  
I don't know what you're talking about?

Z-MILLION  
Aw c'mon I know you're the mastermind behind "The Bum Millionaires."

Silversteen acts like he's unfamiliar with them.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH  
*Who?*

Z-MILLION  
Only a genius such as yourself could devise such a perfect and well-thought-out plan.

Silversteen, charmed by Z-Million's flattery, involuntarily cracks a smile. He's been found out and drops the act.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH  
Oh Z-Million, you're making me blush! But I assure you, it wasn't as easy as it seemed.

Z-MILLION  
No? Seems pretty easy to me. You find two suckers - slap them with a silly song they had nothing to do with - What's so difficult about that?

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH  
Hey, it's not my fault the general public are ignorant foolsh and yearn for shongs shuch as "Bums With Funds." Do you know what I have my marketing department categorize our target market ash? *Idiotsh*. These people are complete and utter idiotsh.  
(Laughing)

(MORE)



SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH (CONT'D)  
They're SHEEP. But what do I care?  
*It sells.*

Z-Million remains silent and pretends to be gaining interest in what Silversteen is saying as to keep him talking.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH (CONT'D)  
Ash for, "two shuckers" - Well you're right about that one. They actually had nothing to do with the song at all. In fact, it wash my vision entirely. I control the puppeteer shtrings and the money comes pouring right into my pocketsh.

Silversteen begins to laugh again.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH (CONT'D)  
The voices in the song hardly even sound like them! Not that any consumers would ever notice - They are complete moronsh! They're a bunch of low IQ, shit for brains buying up whatever product *I* decide is "hot" by pushing it down their throats through marketing!

Silversteen continues laughing and basking in his glory as he reaches for a cigar off of his desk.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH (CONT'D)  
But you... Unfortunately... Are no longer number one.

Silversteen ignites his cigar with a small torch lighter, puffs it, and blows a ring of smoke right in Z-Million's face.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH (CONT'D)  
Now you're just plain zero. But that'sh the name of the game. It's ferocioussh out there! For inshtance, I told these foolsh, "The Bum Millionaires," I would launch a state of the art charity foundation to help feed homelesssh children to get them to sign my contracts! And guess what? They got so excited, that they didn't even read a single line of the documents, *and just signed!* And the funniest part ish, I'm not going to build anything!

Silversteen laughs proudly.

Z-MILLION  
Sheesh - That's savage.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH  
It'sh a dog eat dog world. But I  
don't need to tell you that - You  
just learned it first hand!

Z-MILLION  
You're right. You win.  
Congratulations.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH  
Who would have thought you were  
shuch a classh act?!

Silversteen checks the time on his mahogany desk clock.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH (CONT'D)  
Anyway, I must be getting my beauty  
shleep! I have the Earth Music  
Awardsh tomorrow and I need to look  
my best for the press. Thank you  
for shtopping by and admitting  
defeat like an honorable gentleman.

Silversteen pushes a button on his desk phone.

BUTLER  
(On the speaker phone)  
Yes sir?

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH  
Pleashe have shecurity eshcort Mr.  
Z-Million off the property, I think  
his shtay is over...

BUTLER  
(On the speaker phone)  
Right away sir.

Z-Million gets up.

Z-MILLION  
I'll see you at the Earth Music  
Awards Mr. Smitherswurth. Again,  
congratulations. You're the new  
king of the hill.

Z-Million leaves the office with two security guards and  
Silversteen Smitherswurth leans back on his chair, smiles,  
and kisses the George Washington cane.

## EXTERIOR - EARTH MUSIC AWARDS - EVENING

Celebrities wave to their fans and the camera flashes go crazy on the crowded red carpet of the grandiose Earth Music Awards - the largest music award show on the planet.

Seasil and Cornelius get out of their limousine wearing their "Bums with Funds" costumes.

They are both wearing a long fur coat, a fur top hat, and a red clown nose - by demand of Silversteen's orders.

CORNELIUS  
(Whispering to Seasil)  
We look like idiots!

SEASIL  
Lets just make it through the night  
and get this performance over with.

They look absolutely absurd and stick out massively.

Seasil and Cornelius wave to the crowds of fans gathered outside the event as camera flashes go off on them nonstop.

CORNELIUS  
Oh shit, look - It's Bruce Willis!

SEASIL  
Yea there's a lot of celebrities  
all over the place.

CORNELIUS  
I don't know if I can go through  
with this. I'm getting 1000 times  
more nervous now that I'm here.  
(Eyes pop out of his face)  
*Oh shit it's Sylvester Stallone!*

They finally reach the end of the red carpet and make their way into the building.

## INTERIOR - EARTH MUSIC AWARDS - NIGHT

## MONTAGE:

The opening of the show begins.

The host comes out and gets everybody in the building hyped up for the show. The crowd is absolutely humongous, in one of the largest venues ever - going berserk and having a great time.

Silversteen Smitherswirth sits in the front row-center wearing a black long coat tuxedo, black top hat, and white gloves. He grips the George Washington cane tightly as he watches the show enthusiastically.

A few very good-looking girls sit to his left and right.

Fun highlights of the show flash by as various artists perform and hand out awards.

Then the moment Seasil and Cornelius have been waiting for.

Seasil and Cornelius's performance is introduced by the host and the crowd erupts with ovation.

The lights dim, and "Julius Fucik - Entry of the Gladiators" circus music begins to play. Silversteen begins cracking up to himself.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH

(Talking to a girl next to him)  
I chose this opening song! I picked  
out every detail of this whole  
performance! - Watch this! *It'sh  
hilarious!*

A circus-like atmosphere is the theme of the performance as clowns come on stage doing somersaults, back flips, juggling, and choreographed dancing. It looks ridiculous! Silversteen is teary-eyed from dying laughing.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH (CONT'D)

(Talking to a girl next to him)  
Watch - watch! *Here they come! Here  
come my two foolsh!*

Just then, Seasil and Cornelius come out on stage peddling high-wheel, penny-farthing bicycles from the 1800s.

Beet red from laughing so hard, Silversteen points at them as he falls over onto the girl next to him - literally crying laughing.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH (CONT'D)

(Hardly able to talk from laughing)  
*Look how stupid they look!*

The crowd is cheering like crazy.

Seasil and Cornelius hop off their high-wheel bikes and just as they're about to begin performing, the music stops and a freeze-frame of Silversteen Smitherswirth appears on the gigantic 100-foot wide Megatron Screen above the stage.

Silversteen's bliss instantly inverts to sheer panic. The crowd silences in confusion.

INTERIOR - EARTH MUSIC AWARDS CONTROL BOOTH - NIGHT

Z-Million and his gang are in the control booth with the award show's technicians. He is holding a nerdy technician by the back of the neck.

Z-MILLION  
Go on! - *Press play!*

The technician presses a button on the control panel and a video begins playing of Silversteen's meeting with Z-Million in his office.

INTERIOR - EARTH MUSIC AWARDS - NIGHT

Silversteen sees himself on the Megatron Screen sitting in his office chair from Z-Million's point of view as he entered the office and took a seat.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH  
(Gulps)  
*Oh my God...*

FLASHBACK:

INTERIOR - SILVERSTEEN'S HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

We see a flashback of Z-Million and Silversteen conversing in his study.

Silversteen is laughing, gloating, and blowing cigar smoke in Z-Million's face as the camera zooms in closer and closer and closer, until we see Z-Million's medallion up close and it takes up the entire screen.

There we see it - hidden perfectly amongst the gems of his chain's medallion, is one of Silversteen's tiny black sticky cameras he used on the Bums in their mansion.

END OF  
FLASHBACK.

INTERIOR - EARTH MUSIC AWARDS - NIGHT

Silversteen looks around the venue with great unease, then makes eye contact with Seasil and Cornelius.

They approach him at the front of the stage.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH

(Fuming with rage)  
I have your signed contractsh! You are going to get fucking sued sho hard up the assessh you're going right back from where you came! The gutter! You hear me you piecesh of shitsh?! *The gutter!!!*

SEASIL

I don't think so buddy. Because someone just bought 51% of your company's shares and that makes him your new boss. And guess what? He made sure your little contracts went *bye-bye*.

Seasil and Cornelius begin giggling with one another, then point at Silversteen as they crack up even louder.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH

(Nervously)  
Ha! *Impossible!* - Buying 51% of my company's shares would cost so many billions! Far more than even I have. Ha! *Who do you know that rich?!* - You're a couple of homeless bums with no friends!

Just then, Shejk Al Mohammad taps Silversteen on the shoulder from the seat behind him.

Silversteen turns around.

SHEJK AL MOHAMMAD

(Smiling)  
Hey Smitherschmuck! - *You're fired!*

Shejk gives the Bums a double thumbs up.

SHEJK AL MOHAMMAD (CONT'D)

Best investment I've made all year!

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH

No... *This can't be...*

Silversteen begins loosening his silk bow tie from around his neck.

He looks like he's hyperventilating as the video begins playing his conversation with Z-Million on the Megatron Screen.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH (CONT'D)

(On the Megatron Screen video)  
 Hey, it'sh not my fault the general  
 public are ignorant foolsh and  
 yearn for shongs shuch as "Bums  
 With Funds." Do you know what I  
 have my marketing department  
 categorize our target market ash?  
*Idiotsh.* These *people* are complete  
 and utter *idiotsh.*  
 (Laughing)  
 They're SHEEP. But what do I care?  
*It sells.*

Seasil points out Silversteen Smitherswurth in the front row  
 for everyone to see and the entire crowd begins to erupt in  
 boeing.

INTERIOR - EARTH MUSIC AWARDS CAMERA BOOTH - NIGHT

Z-MILLION

Put the spotlight on him!

Z-Million makes the technician point a super bright spotlight  
 right on Silversteen so he can't escape the attention.

INTERIOR - EARTH MUSIC AWARDS - NIGHT

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH

(On the Megatron Screen)  
 Ash for, "two shuckers" - Well  
 you're right about that one. They  
 actually had nothing to do with the  
 song at all. In fact, it wash my  
 vision entirely. I control the  
 puppeteer shtrings and the money  
 comes pouring right into my  
 pocketsh.

The boos grow louder.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH (CONT'D)

(On the Megatron Screen)  
 I told these foolsh, "The Bum  
 Millionaires," I would launch a  
 state of the art charity foundation  
 to help feed homelesssh children to  
 get them to sign my contracts! And  
 guess what?

(MORE)

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH (CONT'D)

They got so excited, that they didn't even read a single line of the documents, *and just signed!* And the funniest part ish, I'm not going to build anything!

The boos are thundering.

SILVERSTEEN SMITHERSWURTH (CONT'D)

(On the Megatron Screen)

The voices in the song hardly even sound like them! Not that any consumers would ever notice - They are complete moronsh! They're a bunch of low IQ, shit for brains buying up whatever product *I* decide is "hot" by pushing it down their throats through marketing!

A few pieces of trash and food debris start to be thrown in Silversteen's direction from the crowd.

Some of the pretty girls around him are inadvertently getting pelted. They all start yelling at Silversteen to get away from them.

GIRL 1

Ew! Get away from us! They're throwing food at *you!*

"They're a bunch of low IQ, shit for brains" begins playing on repeat, nonstop, on the Megatron Screen.

At this point the entire audience erupts in a rowdy craze and everyone starts pelting food and garbage right at Silversteen Smitherswurth as hard as they can.

He gets out of his seat and begins stumbling up the long aisle within the crowd to try and escape, but the spotlight remains on him.

He is being nailed by numerous filled cups of soda that are exploding and splashing all over him - and all sorts of food. He's being publicly humiliated on a scale never before seen!

"They're a bunch of low IQ, shit for brains" keeps playing.

Seasil and Cornelius hop off stage and embrace Shejk. They watch Silversteen getting what he deserves and crack up.

Silversteen finally makes it out of the auditorium after much abuse.



Just then, Z-Million's smash hit song "I AM THE THUNDER GOD" begins bumping out of the speakers and Z-Million storms out on stage and begins performing instead of Seasil and Cornelius.

The Megatron screen flashes "Z-Million" on it. The crowd goes wild, laughing, cheering, and loving the enchantment of the drama that just unfolded before them.

The screen fades to black and in white lettering says "The Next Afternoon."

INTERIOR - SPORTS BAR - SUNNY AFTERNOON

Seasil, Cornelius, Shejk and Z-Million are sitting together in a sports bar at a small table for four. A few shrimp cocktail appetizers rest on their table.

Countless TVs are all over the walls of the sports bar. They each raise their own pint glass of beer together and take a gulp.

CORNELIUS

Picture fucking perfect! I swear to God!

SEASIL

Really, this all couldn't have gone any better.

Z-MILLION

That's how I do's it baby, that how I do's it!

Z-Million tosses a shrimp into his mouth.

SHEJK AL MOHAMMAD

Z-Million, you're more than welcome to shoot your next music video on my newly finished superyacht in Dubai. It is the biggest yacht on the *entire planet!* And Seasil and Cornelius - you guys are welcome on it ANY time you'd like.

Z-MILLION

(Smiling)  
Sounds good to me!

The four men happily cheers their drinks and take a sip.

As Cornelius takes his sip, something on one of the bar's televisions causes him to spit out his drink and point at the TV in shock!

CORNELIUS

(Astonished)  
*Seasil! Isn't that the old teacher lady that was at the park the day we found the George Washington cane?!*

Seasil, Shejk, and Z-Million all turn and look at the TV. A news segment is running with a headline on the bottom that reads "*BREAKING NEWS!*"

The teacher from the farm is standing with a newscaster and she is holding the long, narrow, mahogany box that the Bums found George Washington's cane inside.

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)

*She has the box that we left behind!*

INTERIOR - SILVERSTEEN'S HOME OFFICE - SUNNY AFTERNOON

Silversteen Smitherswirth is sitting at his office desk, messily unshaven, and in complete shambles. He is still in his rumpled, crusty tuxedo from the night prior and sits slumped down in his chair, humiliated.

On his office desk rests a newspaper with a huge picture of him on the front page kissing the George Washington cane. The headline of the newspaper article is entitled: SILVERSTEEN "SHENANIGANS" SMITHERSWURTH.

He is watching the same news channel on his TV as the Bums.

TEACHER

(In her English accent)  
 Yes, believe it or not, the gentlemen that discovered George Washington's cane left behind this mahogany box that I found. I've been doing extensive research and found out that farming was one of George Washington's *greatest passions* - So much so that he pioneered one of the first ever artificial insemination techniques! From there I found a painting that displays the mahogany box didn't store his walking cane - *but his insemination stick!*

The teacher reveals an old painting of George Washington standing next to a horse on his farm - the mahogany box is seen leaning on a barn in the background.

In his hand is an insemination stick that exactly matches the appearance of "the cane."

NEWSCASTER

*Really?! What else can you tell us?*

TEACHER

It appears that he decided to hide the diamond from the British armies during the Revolutionary War by attaching it to the insemination stick, thus making anyone who saw it think it was simply a walking cane - and assume that the diamond was merely a glass crystal handle.

NEWSCASTER

*Ah! I see! - A very clever way of hiding the diamond in plain sight.*

TEACHER

*Precisely!*

NEWSCASTER

Incredible.

TEACHER

Furthermore, insemination sticks tend to be *extremely* germ-riddled. So whoever has it right now should disinfect it *immediately* and be very careful about touching it! And certainly make sure they don't put it anywhere near their mouth! *Otherwise they will contract some terrible parasites!*

Silversteen's face becomes horrified as countless flashbacks of him kissing it jolts through his mind - Including the picture on the front page of today's newspaper right in front of him.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

In fact, whoever has it in their possession could give it a closer look and see that the bottom of the stick should actually be able to *unscrew...* That is where it would be filled to the brim with - *you know what...*

(MORE)

TEACHER (CONT'D)

If it's been screwed on perfectly  
airtight the contents inside might  
even-

In fearful mortified disgust, Silversteen Smitherswurdh  
begins to hyperventilate.

His ears ring and his vision tunnels. He can no longer hear  
the TV as he picks up the George Washington cane that he's  
been publicly kissing regularly and unscrews the bottom.

Can it be true?!

Disorientated with trembling fear and unable to think  
straight, he slowly holds the cane high above his eye to look  
up and peer inside.

Just then, centuries old preserved horse semen comes pouring  
out like syrup all over his face.

INTERIOR - SPORTS BAR - SUNNY AFTERNOON

Turning away from the TVs as the news segment ends, Seasil,  
Cornelius, Shejk, and Z-Million are all dying laughing!

CORNELIUS

*Silversteen must be wishing he was  
dead right now!*

SEASIL

*Holy shit that is the funniest  
thing I've ever seen!!!*

Everyone keeps laughing their asses off, calms down, and then  
stops laughing.

There is a moment of almost awkward silence.

SEASIL (CONT'D)

Well, what the hell is there left  
for us to do now?!

CORNELIUS

*What are you kidding me?! - We're  
just getting started! We've been  
"Bum Millionaires" for barely any  
time! - We got a looong journey  
ahead of us!*

SEASIL

So what do you suggest we do next?!

CORNELIUS

There's only one thing to do!

Seasil awaits to hear the answer from his beloved Cornelius.

CORNELIUS (CONT'D)

Become "*Bum BILLIONAIRES!*"

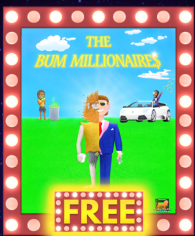
A gigantic smile flashes across Seasil's face.

CONTINUE →



# The End!

Coming Soon: *The Bum Billionaires™* & *The Bum Trillionaires™*



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