

OMAHAHA 'S

The Saddest Comedy Club in the Country

Pilot Episode
"Save Us, Lightning Man!"

by
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COLD OPEN

INT. THIRD NATIONAL BANK, OMAHA, NE - MORNING

A banner overhead reads: "THIRD NATIONAL BANK... WE'RE #1!"

Omahaha's owner REX RHODES, 50's, wearing his usual loud suit ensemble, sits before the neat desk of the bank's LOAN OFFICER, 30's.

The loan officer looks over some paperwork while Rex waits with a broad unwavering grin.

LOAN OFFICER

So, Mr. Rhodes--

REX

Please, Simon, we've known each other for years. Call me Rex.

LOAN OFFICER

Fine. Rex, you're requesting another loan, for \$15,000?

REX

That's right.

LOAN OFFICER

You're already in debt to us for \$70,000. You've missed your last three payments, and you've made irregular payments before that. Why should we let you borrow more?

REX

Because the sun still shines, the flowers still grow and the birds still sing.

LOAN OFFICER

What does that have to do with anything?

REX

I won't be able to enjoy any of those things no more if I lose my club!

LOAN OFFICER

I'm sorry. Unless you can offer me something tangible that persuades me your business will to turn a profit, I have no other choice but to deny your application.

(MORE)

LOAN OFFICER (cont'd)
 As it is, you're perilously close
 to foreclosure--

REX
 Jerry Seinfeld!

(Note: the comedian does not have to be Jerry Seinfeld, but should be a recognizable, top-billed comic-- like Louie Anderson. Or Dick Cheney.)

LOAN OFFICER
 What about him?

REX
 He's performing at my club this
 Saturday.

LOAN OFFICER
 Really? But why wouldn't he be
 playing LOADS--?

REX
 (waving finger)
 N-n-nuh. Don't say that name. The
 reason, Simon, Jerry won't appear
 there is because they burned him
 last time he was in town. Think
 they gave him second-billing to
 Carrot Top. He swore he would never
 play Omaha again. But I convinced
 him otherwise.

LOAN OFFICER
 You did?

REX
 Yup.

LOAN OFFICER
THE Jerry Seinfeld?

REX
 You betcha. The one and only.
 Guaranteed sold-out show and great
 publicity for the club. He'll be
 the first of many more big names to
 come.

The loan officer nods, impressed yet still uncertain.

REX
 So, is that worth \$15,000?

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. OMAHAHA'S - LATE MORNING

SARAH METZGER, 23, walks up the street in business attire, fresh-faced and enthusiastic.

This expression ceases the moment she arrives at the club.

OMAHAHA'S is a one-storey building that looks in desperate need of a makeover: new paint (peeling), new sign (faded), new front door (cracked).

Taking a deep breath, she enters the club.

INT. OMAHAHA'S, LOBBY

Sarah steps into the tiny lobby of the club, with an unmanned ticket booth off to the side. The walls are decorated with photos of comedians.

Perched on a ladder is ANTON, late 20's, good-looking, but a little jaded. He's changing a light bulb in the ceiling.

SARAH
(looking up)
Hello.

ANTON
(looking down)
Hi.

SARAH
Is Rex around?

ANTON
No. He's out. Can I help you?

SARAH
I'm Sarah Metzger. He hired me--

ANTON
(climbing down ladder)
Right, right. You're our new
promoter.

SARAH
(nods, smiling)
Promoter. Yes.

Anton bites his lip, annoyed at being corrected, but trying to be polite about it.

ANTON

Anyway, you're the first PROMoter we've ever had.

SARAH

Really?

ANTON

Yeah. We've always been this small neighborhood club. We're like a family here... Actually, some of us are family. Rex is my dad.

SARAH

I see the resemblance.

ANTON

You shouldn't. I'm adopted.

SARAH

(forcing a smile)

Well, you know, pets are too. And they start to look a lot like their owners over time.

ANTON

(patronizing)

How interesting.

(beat)

I'm Anton, by the way. House manager.

SARAH

Nice to meet you.

They shake hands obligatorily, awkwardly.

ANTON

So my father's always had these big ambitions for the place. Wants to make us the comedy capital of corn country.

SARAH

I love corn.

ANTON

Great...

(beat)

I might as well give you the grand tour until my dad gets back.

INT. OMAHAHA'S, AUDITORIUM

Anton leads Sarah into the club's theater.

Several sets of tables and chairs cluster the floor before a small stage. The condition of the interior is better than outside, but not by much.

ANTON

This is our main room, where all the comedy magic happens. Except Tuesdays. That's bingo night.

Sarah glances up at the ceiling and sees it's painted with several scantily clad, or unclad, Rubenesque women.

SARAH

What's with the naked ladies?

ANTON

This was a strip club until the city changed the zoning laws. Basically, my dad just tore out the poles. He's always loved this ceiling though. He thinks it gives the place a touch of class.

SARAH

Or a touch of ass.

Anton grins, directs her attention to the time-worn bar on the far side of the room. There two club employees stock up the liquor on the shelves.

ANTON

Over there behind the bar is Kip, our head bartender.

KIP, 35, is trim and toned, sporting a tee shirt that defines his muscular physique. His demeanor is blank, non-emotive-- the opposite of what one would expect most bartenders to be.

ANTON

And beside him is Jean, our head hostess.

JEAN, 31, is a macho sort, but in a pretty way. Very sarcastic too. She wears a camouflage jacket, olive green cargo pants and combat boots, her hair tied back in a ponytail.

ANTON

This is Sarah, our new PROmoter.

Kip nods at her, studying her with expressionless eyes.

JEAN
(gruff)
What up?

SARAH
Hello. Love your outfit.

JEAN
It's a *uniform*.

ANTON
Jean was in the army. And before he joined Omahaha's, Kip had been the hospitality director on a cruise ship. Right, Kip?

Kip merely nods, stoic as usual.

SARAH
Well, I'm really excited about working with everyone here.

Everyone else looks far less excited.

JEAN
So, Sarah, do you have any exciting plans for the place?

SARAH
I think we should start by snazzing up the exterior. Fresh paint, a new entrance door, an eye-catching sign, some neon trim. Maybe a big fiberglass laughing mouth.

The others eye one another with "fat chance that's going to happen" looks.

ANTON
I'm sure Rex will jump right on that.

JEAN
(to Kip)
Yeah. Right after he jumps off a bridge.

Sarah smiles, proud with herself.

JAMIE (O.S.)
I am the god of the black abyss!
Truth peddler and star traveller!

Everyone turns toward JAMIE, 20's, a lanky dude in rumpled clothes who, while mopping the floor, seems to be having a schizophrenic moment.

JAMIE

I will devour the souls of the
innocent--

JEAN

(to others)
Someone forgot to take their psycho
pills today.

Jamie returns to mopping, growling like someone possessed of demons, or pirates.

ANTON

(to Sarah)
That's Jamie. He's new. Not exactly
what we expected... He interviewed
really well.

LANIA, young 20's, zips into the room. She's your average raven-haired goth chick in black, with wide glasses that make her look like the Librarian for the Books of the Dead.

LANIA

Sorry I'm late. There was this
horrible accident on the freeway,
and I just had to take pictures.

Lania pauses by Sarah, extending her hand.

LANIA

I'm Lania. Waitress.

SARAH

(shaking her hand)
I'm Sarah. Promoter.

LANIA

Cool. Got any tats?

SARAH

Tattoos? No.

LANIA

I have thirteen. And 22 piercings.
And a third nipple. That's pierced
too.

SARAH

That's... impressive.

LANIA

I'll show them to you sometime, if
it doesn't freak you out.

SARAH

(faltering)

Okay. Sure.

Lania grins at Sarah, then makes a beeline for the backroom.

ANTON

Lania's, ummm... a little morbid.
But she gets along well with the
customers. Especially the depressed
ones.

Rex barges into the room, clapping his hands together and
beaming like someone who's found a pot of gold.

REX

Everyone! I have great news.

JEAN

You sold the club!

REX

No, dear. Better.
(pausing for
dramatic emphasis)
We're getting Jerry Seinfeld!

ANTON

You're joking?

REX

Nope.

ANTON

How?

REX

He's playing in Lincoln this
Saturday at seven. I'm picking him
up there at eight to appear here at
ten.

JEAN

Wow. Color me surprised.

REX

Sarah, as your first duty, I need
you to promote the hell out of
this. There's not much time.

SARAH
I'll get right on it.
(beat)
Oh, what's my budget?

REX
For what?

SARAH
TV and radio spots, newspaper ads.

The others respond with shrugs, sighs and rolling eyes.

SARAH
Flyers?

REX
Splendid idea!

Rex fishes his wallet from his coat pocket and offers her a bill. She takes it.

REX
Here's ten dollars. Design a flyer,
make a bunch of copies and spread
'em around everywhere--

JAMIE
I am not a mushroom, fella! I make
cookies from cobblestones!

REX
(to Anton)
Still nuts, eh?

ANTON
Wall-to-walnuts.

REX
(sighs)
I'll talk to him.
(shakes head)
He interviewed so well.

MONTAGE:

INT. OMAHAHA'S, OFFICE - DAY

Sarah puts the finishing touches on the Jerry Seinfeld flyer she's designing on the computer.

EXT. OMAHAHA'S - DAY

Anton, standing atop a ladder, snaps the last couple of plastic letters on the marquee: "JERRY SEINFELD! PERFORMING LIVE! THIS SATURDAY 10PM!"

A moment later, Jamie, fuming, barges out of entrance door, cussing at the air. He slams the door shut, causing all the letters to plummet onto the sidewalk.

INT. MALL - DAY

Kip and Jean hand out the flyers to passing shoppers.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Sarah and Anton hand out flyers to exiting filmgoers.

EXT. CEMETARY - DAY

Lania hands out flyers to gathered mourners.

EXT. OMAHAHA'S - DAY

Sarah watches Anton once again place the last few letters on the marquee advertising the Jerry Seinfeld show.

Upon finishing, she gives him the thumbs up. He descends the ladder and stands beside her to admire his work.

Rex exits the building and joins them.

From out of nowhere, a pigeon flies straight into the marquee, once again knocking all the letters off it. The bird drops to the ground.

Anton slumps his shoulders in exasperation. Rex, sympathetic, pats his son on the shoulder and goes on his way.

Sarah picks up the stunned pigeon, cradling it in her palm. It soon takes off into the sky. She smiles encouragingly at Anton, as if to say, "At least the bird's okay."

END MONTAGE

INT. OMAHAHA'S, AUDITORIUM - LATE AFTERNOON

TITLE CARD: "SATURDAY"

Omahaha's employees assemble as Rex speaks, with Kip standing beside him.

REX

Alright. Kip and I are off to pick up Mr. Seinfeld. When we get back, I want everything to be perfect. Jean, be sure to Lysol the place down.

ANTON

Shouldn't we hire a limo to bring Jerry here?

REX

No. Our personal touch will set us apart from the competition.

JEAN

Our 'personal touch' once got us raided by the feds.

REX

That was a misunderstanding.
(shudders)
Anyway, I assure you, Jerry is not a demanding man.

ANTON

(whispering to Sarah)
I heard he once ordered his staff to make macaroni pictures of him riding a camel.

REX

This is a big night for us... for me. Let's dress to impress!

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOEXT. HIGHWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

Rex's car cruises along the highway. It passes under a sign that reads "TO LINCOLN."

REX (O.C.)
Here's the gameplan--

INT. REX'S CAR - SHORT WHILE LATER

Kip drives, with his boss in the passenger seat.

REX
We wait for Jerry outside behind the club. When he leaves, I go up to him and persuade him to come with us to Omaha.

Kip speaks in a fittingly monotone voice.

KIP
(furrows brow)
I thought this was a done deal?

REX
Trust me. It will be. As soon as I talk him into it.

KIP
What if he says no?

REX
He can't. He won't.

KIP
But what if he does?

REX
(sighs, somber)
I don't know. We'll have to think of something. But I'll be honest with you, Kip. This might well be our last shot at keeping Omahaha's afloat.

KIP
Why am I getting that sinking feeling?

REX
Shut up and drive.

EXT. OMAHAHA'S - EARLY EVENING

Anton peers around the corner at the front of the club.

A line of several eager patrons stand outside.

INT. OMAHAHA'S, AUDITORIUM - SHORT WHILE LATER

Anton enters through the rear door, excited. He joins the other employees as they finish getting the place ready.

ANTON

There's already over a dozen people
lined up out there.
(checks watch)
It's not even eight.

SARAH

Is that good?

JEAN

For us, it's great.

Slinking in the same rear entrance as Anton comes Jamie, appearing nervous, shifty. He approaches the others.

JAMIE

Hello?

ANTON

(surprised)
Hi. Jamie. What brings you by?

JAMIE

I wanted to speak to Mr. Rhodes.

ANTON

He's not in right now.
(beat)
And, Jamie, you know your services
are no longer required here? Ever.

JAMIE

That's what I wanted to talk to Mr.
Rhodes about. I'm back on my
meds... most of them... so I won't
be so, y'know, goofy anymore.

Jamie grins, presumably to be cheerful, but he still looks a bit unhinged.

ANTON

(humoring him)
That's wonderful, Jamie.
(MORE)

ANTON (cont'd)

But as I said, Rex isn't here. And tonight's a really busy night for us. Why don't I have him call you, if he feels he could use you back?

JAMIE

Can I wait for him?

ANTON

He's... gone for the weekend.

JAMIE

You're lying. Mr. Rhodes wouldn't miss Jerry Seinfeld at his club.

ANTON

Normally, he wouldn't... but he had an emergency to deal with.

(to Jean)

Right?

JEAN

Yeah. He blew out a testicle.

Anton shoots her a "what the hell?" expression.

ANTON

I... um, promise I'll let him know what you want to discuss with him.

JAMIE

How about I just sit here, in case he comes back sooner?

ANTON

That's not possible. We have a sold-out show. We need every seat--

From his jacket pocket, Jamie produces a pistol-shaped device, apparently constructed from scrap metal parts and wire. He aims it at Anton, whose eyes widen.

The other employees gasp, some raise their hands. Only Jean remains unflustered--

JEAN

Is that a vibrator?

SARAH

I think it's a gun.

JAMIE

Yes, it is. Built it myself. Found the instructions on the internet.

ANTON
Does it even work?

JAMIE
(cocks hammer)
Want to be the first to find out?

ANTON
No. That's okay.

Lania appears from the back room, toting a box.

LANIA
I don't think we have enough
candles for every table--

She freezes upon noticing pistol-packing Jamie.

ANTON
Stay calm, Lania. We have a
situation here.

LANIA
(grinning)
Cool. Jamie's got a gun!

EXT. LOADS O' LAUGHS (LINCOLN, NE) - LATE EVENING

Rex's car sits parked outside the Lincoln-based comedy venue,
as several patrons exit the building.

INT. REX'S CAR

Rex and Kip stake out the club.

REX
(checking watch)
It's 8:15. Jerry should be out any
minute now.

KIP
How do you know?

REX
It's common knowledge he drinks a
lot of water at his shows. And it's
less-than-common knowledge that
he's a germophobe who won't use the
bathrooms at the clubs. Hence he
takes straight off after his show
to go to his hotel room to relieve
himself.

KIP

So, you plan on approaching him
while he's racing off to piss?

REX

I'll only need a couple of minutes.

(beat)

I'm gonna wait for him by the rear
door. You stay put. Call me on my
cell if he comes out the front.

Kip nods. Rex opens his passenger door and steps out.

REX

Don't get distracted. If we don't
hit him up out here, we miss our
only chance.

Rex shuts the door and makes his way toward the club.

EXT. LOADS O' LAUGHS, REAR ENTRANCE - SHORT WHILE LATER

Rex sneaks into the "employees only" parking lot of the club.

Moments later, he spots JERRY SEINFELD exiting from the lone
rear door, walking briskly toward his car.

REX

Excuse me, Mr. Seinfeld--

JERRY SEINFELD

(not stopping)

I'm sorry. I'm in a hurry.

REX

(keeping pace)

But, Jerry. I just wanted you--

JERRY SEINFELD

And I don't sign autographs. Unless
they're macaroni pictures of me. Do
you have a macaroni picture of me?

REX

No. I don't want your autograph--

JERRY SEINFELD

(huffing)

Then I gotta go.

Jerry reaches his car, unlocks it.

REX

My name is Rex Rhodes. I own a comedy club in Omaha.

JERRY SEINFELD

Not interested.

REX

(desperate)

Please, hear me out, Jerry.

JERRY SEINFELD

(opening car door)

I don't have time for this. Call my manager Monday if--

Before Jerry can slip into his car, Kip pops up behind him and karate chops the back of his neck.

Jerry collapses to the pavement, unconscious.

Rex gapes at the out-cold Jerry, shocked.

REX

What'd you do that for?

KIP

(straight-faced)

You said we had to hit him up. But I hit him down instead.

REX

(through gritted teeth)

You knocked out Jerry Seinfeld!

KIP

No way was he going to come with us.

REX

He would've!

Kip raises a skeptical eyebrow at Rex.

REX

Okay. Maybe not. But I don't see how this improves our situation. You're always so damn impulsive.

KIP

(lowers head)

I know. It's my Achilles heel.

(beat)

What do we do now?

REX
I don't know.

KIP
No one saw us. We could just leave
him here and beat it.

Rex deliberates a moment.

REX
No. I have a better idea. Pull the
car up.

INT. REX'S CAR - SHORT WHILE LATER

Rex, in the front seat, drives, gripping the steering wheel
tight.

Kip impatiently sits in the backseat, beside the still
unconscious Seinfeld.

KIP
So what are we doing?

REX
I'm still working it out. Just
follow my lead.

Kip looks over at Jerry.

KIP
(deadpan)
Oh, man. I think Jerry wet himself.

REX
See? I told you he has to go after
every show.
(beat)
Just crack open the windows. Looks
like his pants are cotton. They
should dry out quick.

Kip rolls down the rear windows, letting in the wind.

Moaning, Jerry slowly begins to regain consciousness--

Then Kip knocks him out again with another karate chop.

Rex peers into the rearview mirror.

REX
Did you just knock him out again?

KIP
He was waking up.

REX
Let him! We're gonna need him awake
soon anyway.

EXT. OMAHAHA'S - LATE EVENING

The line waiting outside the club has tripled.

INT. OMAHAHA'S, AUDITORIUM

The employees of the club sit on stools at the bar.

Still brandishing his pistol, Jamie paces before them,
looking more manic than before.

ANTON
Jamie, this is a really bad time
for this.

Jamie ignores him. Jean leans toward Anton, Sarah and Lania,
whispering to them.

JEAN
Hey, if we all rush him at the same
time, I bet we can wrestle the gun
away from him.

SARAH
He'll shoot us.

JEAN
He can't shoot all of us.

They all stare at her incredulously.

JEAN
What? You wanna live forever?

JAMIE
Can you all shut up, please? I'm
trying to receive a transmission.

Jamie raises his gun, using it like an antenna. He begins to
groan, changing tones as he waves the gun in the air.

ANTON
This can't be a good sign.

EXT. HEAVEN (DREAM) - DAY

Jerry Seinfeld, looking confused, ambles through a serene cloud-shrouded landscape.

Then a bright, ethereal light falls upon him--

GOD
(in a Fatherly tone)
Welcome, Jerry.

JERRY SEINFELD
(looking around)
Where am I? Is this--?

GOD
Yes. This is Heaven.

JERRY SEINFELD
Am I dead?

GOD
Oh, no. You're just visiting.

JERRY SEINFELD
Oh. Okay... Thanks for having me over.

GOD
Don't mention it. How's life treating you, Jerry?

JERRY SEINFELD
It's good. No complaints.

GOD
Weather's been nice, eh?

JERRY SEINFELD
Yeah. Warm.

GOD
Seen any good movies lately?

JERRY SEINFELD
No. I don't think so.

GOD
I caught "Dances With Wolves" on TBS last week. Frankly, I thought it was overrated.

JERRY SEINFELD
I guess.

GOD

Don't misunderstand me. Costner is very talented. But "Goodfellas" was an awesome film. I think it was Scorsese's best work.

JERRY SEINFELD

Yeah. Umm... I liked it, too.

GOD

It deserved Best Picture.

JERRY SEINFELD

(sighs)

Sure.

GOD

What's wrong?

JERRY SEINFELD

Nothing.

GOD

What is it, Jerry? You can talk to me. I'm God.

JERRY SEINFELD

It's just that, I always imagined when I finally got to meet you, there'd be less small talk.

GOD

(taking umbrage)

Well, *excuse* me. Maybe I just wanted to chat with you because I think you're a funny guy. You make me laugh. I respect that.

JERRY SEINFELD

Sorry, God. No offense.

GOD

Forget about it. You are supremely gifted, Jerry. And there are more wondrous things ahead for you.

JERRY SEINFELD

(flattered)

Wow. Thanks. Coming from you, that's high praise.

GOD

Indeed. I'm as high as it gets.

Jerry smiles, nods.

GOD

Now, as I was saying, I may not be much of a conversationalist, but please humor me.

(snickers)

Get it? Humor me.

JERRY SEINFELD

(humoring Him)

Yeah. Clever one, God.

GOD

Let me ask you something. Does this resplendent light make me look fat?

CUT TO:

INT. REX'S CAR - 9:00 PM

Jerry begins to awaken, disoriented. He's still in the backseat of Rex's car, sitting beside Kip while Rex drives.

JERRY SEINFELD

Where... where am I?

REX

Hey, Jerry! Rise and shine. We're almost there.

Jerry glances out the window, realizes he's in a moving car.

JERRY SEINFELD

Where the hell are we going?

REX

To my club.

JERRY SEINFELD

What club?

REX

You don't remember?

JERRY SEINFELD

I remember... I was talking to someone... it was you. And then I think I blacked out.

Jerry rubs the back of his head.

JERRY SEINFELD

And now I have this bitch of a headache.

REX

You were hit by lightning.

JERRY SEINFELD

Huh? You're kidding me?

REX

Nope. After you kindly agreed to play my club tonight, there was this flash. Knocked you down, but, trooper that you are, you got straight back up again, hopped into my car and yelled 'let's go!'

Jerry eyes Kip for confirmation.

KIP

It's true. 'Twas an Act of God.

Jerry gazes upward reverentially.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREEINT. OMAHAHA'S, AUDITORIUM - SHORT WHILE LATER

Back at the club, Omahaha's employees stare at Jamie, who is now shirtless, squirting ketchup onto his bare chest in random patterns.

LANIA
(whispering to Sarah)
Okay, now he thinks he's a hot dog.

JEAN
Offer him some relish and see what happens. Maybe he'll eat himself.

ANTON
Hold on. I'm gonna try something.

Anton gingerly rises from his bar stool and tiptoes toward the rear.

Jamie spots him, points the gun at him.

JAMIE
Where ye be headed, rogue?

ANTON
(halts)
Restroom.

JAMIE
Nay. Hold thy bladder till we be done here.

ANTON
(giving him thumbs-up)
Aye aye, captain.

Anton returns to his stool.

SARAH
That was dumb.

ANTON
I was hoping he was too preoccupied to notice me.

SARAH
How could he not? There's only the five of us here.

ANTON
Figured it was worth a try.

INT. REX'S CAR - 9:30 PM

JERRY SEINFELD

Shouldn't you be taking me to the hospital?

REX

You said you didn't want to go to the doctor. In fact, you insisted. Told us you were fine. Then you passed out.

JERRY SEINFELD

Maybe I'm not fine.

REX

I think you're okay, Jerry. Studies show, if lightning doesn't strike you dead outright, you'll recover 100%.

JERRY SEINFELD

Really?

KIP

Yeah. And I heard getting struck by lightning can even sometimes give you super-powers.

REX

Well, I don't know about that, Kip.

KIP

Sure it can. Some people can see better, or hear better afterwards. Have quicker reflexes.

JERRY SEINFELD

I do feel kinda... rejuvenated. Except for the headache. And my crotch is chilly.

KIP

Probably adjusting to your new powers.

Jerry wriggles his fingers, testing them.

JERRY SEINFELD

Yeah. I do feel different. Stronger.... Act of God, eh?

Kip nods encouragingly.

INT. OMAHAHA'S, AUDITORIUM - SHORT WHILE LATER

The club's employees continue to sit and wait for... something.

Jamie licks his gun, then wipes it down with a napkin, over and over.

Jean rolls her eyes and huffs, frustrated.

JEAN

I'm fed up with this nutcase.

(calling out)

Hey, Jamie. I don't know if anyone's pointed this out to you before, but you're, like, out of your friggin' mind. And waving that "gun" of yours around, it's making us all here pretty uncomfortable. So, maybe, if it's not too much trouble, can we call it a day? You can go home, pop the rest of your meds, and maybe tomorrow you'll realize this wasn't such a stellar idea.

JAMIE

You think I'm out of my mind. But I am in my mind. I am the dream master. You are all my dream children. Together we will cross the River Fandango and storm the Wizard's Castle. Victory will be ours!

LANIA

At least he's ambitious.

EXT. OMAHAHA'S - SHORT WHILE LATER

Rex's car drives past the club, its front crowded with people still waiting to enter. Rex turns down a street toward the rear of the building.

INT. REX'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Rex parks the car, then checks his watch.

REX

That's strange. It's almost 9:45 and no one's been let in yet.

(turning head)

Kip, escort Jerry inside. I'm gonna run ahead and see what's going on.

EXT. OMAHAHA'S, REAR LOT

Rex steps out and hustles to the rear entrance of the club. Kip circles around the car and opens Jerry's door.

INT. OMAHAHA'S, AUDITORIUM - MOMENTS LATER

Rex rushes in to see his employees sitting at the bar.

REX

What the hell's happening in here?
Why are you all just sitting on
your asses?

He then notices Jamie.

REX

(to Anton)
Didn't I fire him?

ANTON

He wants you to reconsider his
employment.

Rex looks Jamie up and down.

REX

Is that a gun?

JEAN

He really wants you to reconsider
his employment.

JAMIE

Mr. Rhodes, sir, believe me. I am
doing much better.

REX

Jamie, you're half naked, smeared
with ketchup, brandishing a pistol
and holding my people hostage.

JAMIE

This, all this, is not me. Ignore
this. Just hire me back. You won't
regret it, sir.

Rex sighs, averts his eyes, shaking his head.

Jamie aims the gun at him.

JAMIE

What do I have to do to convince
you?

Rex raises his hands, eyes widening.

SARAH

Put the gun down, Jamie. Please.
Before someone gets hurt. You don't
really want to hurt anyone, do you?

JAMIE

(gritting teeth)
What do I have to do?

Kip and Jerry Seinfeld enter the room and freeze when they
spot the gun-toting Jamie.

JAMIE

Jerry Seinfeld!

JERRY SEINFELD

(putting hands up)
Oh, crap--

JAMIE

I am such a big fan of yours. I
admire everything you do.

JERRY SEINFELD

I'll take your word for it.

JAMIE

This may be presumptuous of me, but
I've put together a standup routine
of my own.

JERRY SEINFELD

(patronizing)
Oh. You're a comic. Of course. How
could I not tell?

JAMIE

Mr. Seinfeld, I want to be your
opening act. I've got about fifteen
minutes of material. And trust me,
it's killer.

JERRY SEINFELD

Not literally, I hope.

JAMIE

(gesturing to pistol)
This? This is nothing. I needed to
do something. I didn't have much
choice.

JERRY SEINFELD

I understand... So then... Why don't you give me a sampling of your stuff?

JAMIE

Now?

JERRY SEINFELD

Yeah. Call it your audition. Let's see what you got.

JAMIE

Cool. This rocks! I'm auditioning for Jerry Seinfeld! I can't believe it. Someone pinch me!

No one takes him up on it.

JERRY SEINFELD

Whenever you're ready... what's your name?

JAMIE

Jamie. Jamie Kornberg.

JERRY SEINFELD

Ah. Jewish. That's a good start. Well, go ahead, Jamie. Fire away.

The others look nervous, hoping Jamie won't take 'fire away' the wrong way.

JAMIE

Sure. Okay.

(readies himself)

So I go to a psychiatrist yesterday and tell him, "Hey, doc, I can't make any friends. Can you help me, you ugly bastard?"... What happens when a psychiatrist and a hooker spend the night together? In the morning both of them say, "150 dollars, please..." How many crazy guys does it take to screw a light bulb? Two: one to do it, the other to bandage his pecker--

JERRY SEINFELD

(feigned chuckling)

Not bad, Jamie. You've got real potential.

JAMIE

Really?

JERRY SEINFELD

You've got something there. Really.

(beat)

Tell you what. I'll let you open for me. But you can't go onstage with that gun.

JAMIE

(frowning)

Maybe I can use it as a prop?

JERRY SEINFELD

Rule of comedy: never make your audience feel threatened. Kinda spoils the mood. Makes them less laugh-prone, y'know?

JAMIE

Less laugh-prone. Right. That makes sense.

JERRY SEINFELD

Why don't you give me the gun for safekeeping until after the show?

JAMIE

Okay.

Jamie is about to pass the pistol to Jerry-- then pulls it back, changing his mind.

JAMIE

Wait a second. I'm not *that* stupid.

JERRY SEINFELD

Fine. Hold onto the gun then. But at least tie your shoe.

Jamie glances down at his shoes.

Jerry lashes out and grabs the wrist of the hand gripping the gun. He then punches Jamie in the jaw.

Jamie drops the gun, reels backward from the blow.

Jean breaks a bottle of liquor over his head.

Kip snatches up a chair and smashes Jamie in the back with it. He collapses to the floor.

Lania steps forward and begins kicking him in the ribs, a gleeful grin on her face.

REX
That's enough, Lania.

Lania keeps kicking.

REX
Stop kicking him.

LANIA
(still kicking)
I'm just tenderizing his kidneys.

REX
Kip, get her off him.

Kip gently hoists Lania away from Jamie.

LANIA
That was fun.

REX
(to Kip)
Drag Jamie into the janitor's closet and tie him up. We'll phone the police after the show.

Lania dashes to Jerry's side.

LANIA
That was incredible, Jerry. You were so fast. It was like, super human speed.

JERRY SEINFELD
Must be my newfound super-power.
(striking heroic pose)
Call me, Lightning Man.

Lania gazes up at him reverentially, stroking his arm.

While Jean cleans up the broken glass, Anton picks up Jamie's homemade gun, inspecting it.

Sarah sidles up next to him.

ANTON
Look at that. It was loaded.

SARAH
Oh, God--

ANTON

(holds up raisin)

What caliber do you think this
raisin is?

Sarah smiles, relieved.

REX

Sarah, take Jerry to the green
room. Jean, open the doors.
Everyone else to your posts.
(clapping hands)
C'mon, people. Let's boogie!

The employees disperse.

INT. OMAHAHA'S, AUDITORIUM - SHORT WHILE LATER

Jerry Seinfeld, wearing a superhero's cape, performs a few
lines of standup in front of the sold-out crowd.

The audience laughs loud and claps long.

CUT TO:

A delighted Rex watches the show from the side of the bar
with Anton, Sarah and Kip.

REX

Folks, I think our ship has finally
come in.

Everyone smiles.

EXT. OMAHAHA'S

A bolt of lightning strikes the marquee outside the club,
making it topple onto the sidewalk.

END OF SHOW