

## **Unfilmable screenplay**

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Vamps: Journal of Absurdity and Horror

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**UNFILMABLE SCREENPLAY**  
**TOMAS ANDEL**

INT. Bedroom of DARTH MAUL, Night

DARTH MAUL is sleeping on a waterbed. There is an incessant electrical hum coming through the blanket, a faint glow in the crotch area. In the window, in the distance, a DOG humps a balloon. DARTH MAUL stirs, gently, and smacks his lips two to three times.

DARTH MAUL, waking, sits straight up into a fit of laughter and turns on the bedside lamp.

DARTH  
I just remembered how funny jazz is.

Outside, the DOG's balloon pops. DOG continues humping motion, staring wistfully into a nearby tire fire.

MAUL  
Great. Just great. Over a week now you haven't been able to sleep.

DARTH  
I can't help it. I can't stop thinking about how funny jazz is. How am I supposed to fall asleep when jazz is funny?

DARTH MAUL start to get out of bed. Mike&Ikes spill out from under the blanket. Jazz, being funny, keeps DARTH awake.

MAUL (frustrated)  
So it's going to be like that, is it?

DARTH  
Be nice, it'll be ok!

DARTH MAUL's lips invert and kiss themselves. DARTH and MAUL share a smile.

DARTH MAUL

Bonita.

DIRECTOR'S NOTE: to rely on a punchline here would be kind of a cop out. Like they say, the priest doesn't actually need the cross.

STAR WIPE TO:

EXT. THROUGH THE DOORS OF PAIN OUT BY THE RAILROAD TRACKS

Imagine time as an unbearably large object which you cannot move and in which you are caught in. Imagine... plastic, the bible belt, rust, Americana... crinoline.

DOG (still humping wildly, speaking to remains of balloon)

Nobody (ever) will understand the significance of our lovemaking. I am the one they call "Wizard" from East Jesus.

DOG has ping-pong balls attached to all "relevant" joints for motion capture. Gigabytes of data stream from his bones outwards into a world wide web, getting caught by specialized film making antennas, certain radios, and chain link fences.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. Bedroom of DARTH MAUL, Night

DARTH MAUL, now finding bebop funny, reaches into a jar on the night table and pulls a pair of socks out of formaldehyde. He puts them on, and makes to get out of bed. His glowing crotch bathes the audience in a cold, teal glow, and fills the sound stage with a ground rattling 2Hz throb.

AUDIENCE, touched by the diegetic light, now becomes part of the scene and and and also susceptible to diegetic pain.

DARTH (looking down at crotch)  
Holy smokes! I think I'm in love!

MAUL

Will you get a load of that, brother DARTH! Let's measure it.

DARTH MAUL stares at his crotch through a pair of technological binoculars.

MAUL (scanning)  
Let's see:  
"Name: DARTH MAUL  
Age: 24  
Style: Strictly business.  
Top Speed: Crazy in love."

MAUL  
So it's true.

For five minutes, Camera A and Camera B alternately zoom up only on AUDIENCE MEMBERS WHO AREN'T PAYING ATTENTION and VARIOUS EXTRAS. A hard drive with all previous footage of this film burns down, and the rest of the film's dialogue is phoned in over Skype. Part of the crew is fired in a corporate overhaul. Comcast seals the deal.

DARTH (Skype quality)  
D/ o \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ ` , - - - - - y ` . o \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ u \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ , , \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ k ' , , n \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ o \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ w \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ - - - - -  
w \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ h ` , - - - - - o \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ , i \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ t \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ , i \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ s \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ x \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ ? ' \_ \_ \_ \_ \_

MAUL  
I don't know! Haha.

(4100 milliseconds of Skype lag pass)

DARTH (Skype quality)  
. . . . . L \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ e \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ t , - ' - - - - - s ' \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ F \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ i ^ \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ n \_ \_ \_ \_ \_  
d \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ - \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ o \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ u / t \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ ! ' \_ \_ \_ \_ \_

INT. VIEWER'S EYEBALLS, AT TIME OF WATCHING AND SYNCHRONOUS WITH YOUR READING EXPERIENCE

DARTH MAUL takes a walk through your eyeballs, suggesting funny things to your brain without you necessarily knowing. God's oven dings announcing the second cycle of life on

earth. Now!! ... Enter PANAGO, fresh.

PANAGO (pop-up, incessant)  
Super Cheezy Bread. Perfect for the kid in all of us. Fresh  
baked dough smothered in cheezy cheddar sauce and topped  
with mozzarella + cheddar \$5.50 / 8 pc pack.

[Http://www.panago.com/hot\\_deals](http://www.panago.com/hot_deals)

DARTH (Skype quality)  
I s t h i s t h e o n e y o u l o v e ?

MAUL (adjusting webcam brightness/contrast settings and  
staring at self)  
No.

PANAGO exits. ENTER LATVIA.

LATVIA (speaking seriously, but not without tenderness)  
Ethnic groups in Latvia as of 2015:

61.6% [Latvians](#)  
★25.8% [Russians](#)  
★3.4% [Belarusians](#)  
★2.3% [Ukrainians](#)  
★2.1% [Poles](#)  
★1.2% [Lithuanians](#)  
▲4.8% [others / unspecified](#)

DARTH (Skype quality, now eager)  
I s t h i s t h e o n e y o u l o v e ?

MAUL (not without serious regret)  
No, it is not.

EXIT LATVIA. Enter DOG.

"DOG"  
I am the "Wizard" of East Jesus. I clang God's star.

MAUL  
It is him! That's it. My love. End scene.

SPINNING 3D CUBE TRANSITION TO:

INT. EXTRADIEGETIC FILM STUDIO

DARTH MAUL, cooling his crotch and sipping on a JAMBA JUICE, reads from the script with his intradiegetic eyeballs.

DARTH MAUL

DARTH MAUL, cooling his crotch and sipping on a JAMBA JUICE, reads from the script with his intradiegetic eyeballs. Enter STEVEN'S SPIELBERG dressed as Roman centurion.

STEVEN'S SPIELBERG

I've come to collect Caesar's taxes.

DARTH MAUL

I don't appreciate the self-recursive script, you Free Willy-looking pancake-munching crumb-bumping inverted-ass Hollywood Judas. God bless. (drops microphone, which vanishes into void at the edge of the greenscreen.)

AUDIENCE MEMBER

Bravo?

DARTH MAUL

I don't know. Sure?

Camera switches to hand-held action shot of door bursting off its hinges—GEORGE LUCAS runs in, a kind of cartoon sneaking up on real life, sawdust blowing out of his hair and all over his shades, punches boom microphone out of SOUND GUY's hands and pushes CAMERA MAN to the floor. From another camera, we see GEORGE *mangle* the camera monitors with his bare fists. This goes on for fifteen seconds. GEORGE catches his breath for an awkwardly long amount of time.

GEORGE LUCAS (catching breath)

Please quiet on set, we will begin again.

The greenscreen rips DARTH MAUL's body back in twine to begin filming. DARTH, now again DARTH and MAUL, experiencing

extradiegetic and intradiegetic pain in both bodies, pukes industrial light and magic from the pain of technological incision. He momentarily becomes the epitome of CGI abjection. CANNED LAUGHTER.

DARTH  
(Torso and up)

MAUL  
(Waist down to toes covered in buff-colored puke.)

GEORGE LUCAS  
The spiritual purpose of breaking down any apparently unchanging locus of individuality is to demonstrate that there is "no thing" to be ... Technology is just the center of my process. Leveraging technology to the end of creativity is my fois gras.

CANNED LAUGHTER, applause.

GEORGE LUCAS  
Star Wars, Revenge of the Sith. Scene 1, Take 2. Sound? (sound guy thumbs up from floor) Camera? (camera man pees a little) Action.

TRANSCEND TO:

INT. GEORGE LUCAS' SCRIPT FOR "STAR WARS, REVENGE OF THE SITH," AT TIME OF IMAGINING, STREAMING SIMULTANEOUSLY ON SIX DEVICES

DARTH and MAUL stand at the edge of a vast greenscreen. Here, space is just a series of unconscious inferential processes that synthesize a hypothetical collection of objects and geometries. DARTH's eyeball drifts outward from his head as a TECH GUY fiddles with a KNOB. He is allotted a limited amount of character animations, so that he mismatches actions with the wrong objects.

CANNED LAUGHTER.

DARTH

You think it's easy being up here?

GEORGE LUCAS turns off all geometry markers, leaving DARTH and MAUL floating in a blind directionless hell. The only tropism present is an urge toward death, decay, and non-being.

DARTH

Alright, that does it.

EXT. AT THE EDGE OF GEORGE LUCAS' SCRIPT, CURRENT TIME

DARTH MAUL, first ascending perpendicular to three dimensional space, suddenly emerges out of the script, cancelling the film illusion. He is the first autonomous digital actor to do so.

GEORGE LUCAS

I see you've grown stronger since we've last met.

DARTH

When does this story end?

GEORGE LUCAS (twirling 4 lightsabers)

Keep going until you feel all has occurred. Have as much fun until you feel everything has occurred. Laugh as much as you need until you feel enough laughing has occurred. Include as many laughter until you feel as if enough jokes have occurred. Keep going until you've confronted the deathness of things. (gets out of director's chair, pulls shirt over BEST BOY'S head and beats him up for a crumpled \$5 bill.)

Clueing into the sagging plot, the AUDIENCE MEMBERS get restless and start chewing on one another's hair for comfort.

(Beat.)

DARTH MAUL's crotch begins to glow and hum with uncontrollable ferocity. All cameras on set begin to tilt, pan, and track of their own accord. Everyone on set is forced to experience a cutaway flashback of their most

embarrassing sexual encounter. When they come to, HOWARD THE DUCK is holding a loaded handgun against GEORGE LUCAS' left temple. The AUDIENCE'S fingers pixelate out of fear. Everyone experiences pointilistic tingling in strange places on their bodies. Camera B hobbles across the soundstage leaking high octane gasoline over the floor. Camera A rocks itself off its tripod and smashes a power extension panel, starting an electrical fire that immediately ignites the gasoline trail, immolating Camera B. STEVEN'S SPIELBERG'S centurion armor implodes, shooting fragments of SPIELBERG'S cranium and entrails into an overhead directional spotlight, unhinging it. The spotlight, falling from a sufficient height, kills: CAMERA MAN A, CAMERA MAN B, BEST BOY, SOUND GUY, FILM LOADER, MOTION CONTROL TECHNICIAN/OPERATOR, GAFFER, and the SHIP'S COOK. As blood covers the greenscreen, the diegetic world starts to become spotty and malfunctions. Rendering glitches stretch the AUDIENCE'S facial polygons through walls, impaling anything and anyone in their path. Textures melt. Surfaces like skin cease to render, and people's organs spill all over the soundstage. Technology continues to fuck itself orgiastically. The APPLAUSE PLEASE sign flickers uncontrollably until it short circuits, leaving the soundstage in complete darkness of a sort that hangs imposingly like a dead mass. No one is left to laugh, and so the joke is over.

GEORGE LUCAS (hair and face covered in ash and debris,  
coughs out a little cloud of smoke.)  
My accidental masterpiece.

Enter DOG, shrouded in mystery.

DOG

So have you realized who I've come to be in your narrative  
yet?

DARTH MAUL

You are incorrigible love.

GEORGE LUCAS

You are both mother and death.

DARTH MAUL

Like jazz, you are an ungraspable metaphor.

GEORGE LUCAS

You are the false god "knowing."

DARTH MAUL

You are the whimpering street contained against the buildings.

GEORGE LUCAS

You are abstract, erotic, improvised.

DARTH MAUL

You are the army of ants marching through my pillow.

GEORGE LUCAS

A strange tremor.

TOMAS

You are my own sadness. The gun in my belly.

DOG, humping the air gently, fondly nods at them in turns.

