

JAY AND SILENT BOB STRIKE BACK

Screenplay by

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OVER BLACK WE SEE:

CHYRON

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

EXT. QUICK STOP YEARS AGO--DAY

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

MOTHER

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

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

MOTHER

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

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

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

MOTHER

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

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

PASSERBY

Excuse me--who's
watching these
babies?

MOTHER

The fat one's
watching the little
one.

PASSERBY

Oh, nice parenting.
(walking
away)
Leave'em out here

like that and see
what happens.

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

MOTHER

FUCK YOU, YOU
FUCKING SQUARE!

PASSERBY

(waving her
off)
Ah, keep on
truckin'.

MOTHER

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

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

BABY

Fuck, fuck, fuck,,,

DISSOLVE
TO:

THE PRESENT

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

JAY

(as a chant)

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

A pair of TEENS approach them.

TEEN 1

Lemme get a nickel
bag.

JAY

Fifteen bucks,
little man. Put the
money in my hand. If

the money does not
show, then you owe-
me-owe-me-owe.

(changing up
to Morris
Day)

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

TEEN 1

(digging in
pockets)

What the hell are
you singing?

JAY

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

TEEN 2

The guys in that
Prince movie?

TEEN 1

Purple Rain.

TEEN 2

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

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

JAY

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

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

RANDAL

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

(walking
away)

And for the record,
The Time sucked ass.

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

JAY

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

INT. QUICK STOP-DAY

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

RANDAL

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

DANTE

Why? What'd they do
now?

RANDAL

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

DANTE

I thought the fat
one didn't really

talk much.

RANDAL

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

DANTE

Neither should you,
but we let you stay.

RANDAL

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

DANTE

What?

RANDAL

Nothing.

Enter Teen 1 and Teen 2, chuckling.

TEEN 1

Two packs of Wraps.
(beat)
Yo--how was the
service?

RANDAL

What service?

TEEN 2

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

RANDAL

What the hell are
you talking about?

TEEN 1

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

TEEN 2

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

DANTE

I'm the bitch?!

RANDAL

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

DANTE

Would you shut up?!

TEEN 1

(to TEEN 2)

Holy shit, dude. The
honeymoon's over.

DANTE

We're not married to
each other.

TEEN 1

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

RANDAL

(heading for
the phone)

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

TEEN 2

In a galaxy far, far
away!

TEEN 1

(exiting)

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

RANDAL

(into phone)

Yeah, I want to
report a couple of

drug dealers out in
front of the Quick
Stop.

EXT. QUICK STOP--DAY

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

JAY

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

COP

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

JAY

We don't smoke pot,
yo.

Teen 1 enters and hands Jay rolling papers.

TEEN 1

Here're the rolling
papers you wanted
for your pot. And
your change. Thanks.
(getting in
Jay's face)
And The Time sucks

ass!

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

COP

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

JAY

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

(unbuttoning pants)

You don't believe me? Lemme show you.

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

JAY

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

COP

Pull up your pants up sir, Now!

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

COP

Let's take a ride
down to the station.

JAY

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

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

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

BRODIE (O.C.)

No fucking way!

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

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

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

BRODIE

Dante and Randal
slapped you with a
restraining order?!

JAY

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

BRODIE

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

JAY

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

BRODIE

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

JAY

Hell yeah, bitch.

(beat)

Wait a second--what

money?

BRODIE

The money from the
movie, dumb-ass.

JAY

What the fuck are
you babbling about?

BRODIE

(pulling a
bagged-and-
boarded issue
down from the
wall)

The Bluntman
and Chronic
movie.

(dawns on
him)

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

JAY

What?! Since when?

BRODIE

Goddamit, man--

(taps his
wrist)

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

(shoves his

hand down the
back of his
pants)

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

(extracts
hand and
extends it to
Jay)

Say--would you like
a chocolate covered
pretzel?

Brodie leads them back to the counter.

BRODIE

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

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

JAY

When the fuck did
this happen?!

BRODIE

Well, after X-Men
hit at the box

office, all the studios started buying up every comic property they could get their hands on. Miramax optioned Bluntman and Chronic.

JAY

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

BRODIE

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

JAY

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

BRODIE

Well boys, I'm no lawyer, but I think Holden and Banky owe you some of the

proverbial phat
cash. I mean they're
making a movie based
on characters that
are based on you and
Quiet Robert.

JAY

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

BRODIE

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

JAY

Shit yeah. We gotta
get paid.

BRODIE

And on that note, we
cue the music.

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

EXT. POTZER'S INC--DAY

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

INT. POTZER'S INC--DAY

Holden McNeil, opens
the door and smiles.

HOLDEN

Well! I have been
waiting years to do
this.

(smiles)

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

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

JAY

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

HOLDEN

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

(to Bob)

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

Silent Bob shrugs.

HOLDEN

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

JAY

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

Silent Bob holds up the Wizard article.

JAY

Where's our motherfucking movie check?

HOLDEN

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

JAY

Why the fuck would you do a thing like that?

HOLDEN

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

(off Silent Bob)

I know this poor, hapless sonovabitch does. I look in his doe eyes and I see a man crying out, "When ,Lord? When the fuck can your

servant ditch this
foul-mouthed little
chucklehead to whom
I am a constant
victim of his folly,
and who bombards me
and those around us
with grade-A
foolishness that
prevents me from
even getting to kiss
a girl? Fuck! When?!

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

JAY

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

HOLDEN

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

JAY

What buzz?

HOLDEN

The Internet buzz.

JAY

What the fuck is the
Internet?

INT. OFFICE OF POTZER'S INC--LATER

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

HOLDEN

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

(off monitor)

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

JAY

(to Bob)

"PoopChute."
Yeaaahhh.

HOLDEN

This is a site full
of militant movie

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

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

HOLDEN

Here. This is about
the Bluntman movie.

(reading)

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

JAY

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

HOLDEN

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

JAY

Who?

HOLDEN

You know--the guys
from Good Will
Hunting.

JAY

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

HOLDEN

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

JAY

Word, bitch.
Phantoms like a
motherfucker. Holden
and Jay slap hands.

Holden points at the monitor again.

HOLDEN

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

(reading)

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

(to Jay)

He's got a point.

JAY

Fuck him. What's the next one say?

HOLDEN

(reading)

"Bluntman and Chronic is the worst

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

JAY

Who the fuck said
that shit?!

HOLDEN

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

me?"

(leans back)

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

JAY

(grimly)

I'm gonna kill all these fucks--

HOLDEN

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

JAY

But they said Jay and Silent Bob! They used our real names. It doesn't matter that there's a comic book version of us

and a real version,
'cause nobody knows
we're real in real
life.

HOLDEN

Really.

JAY

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

hateful sonsa-
bitches before they
ruin our good names!

HOLDEN

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

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

JAY

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

HOLDEN

They're not saying

anything about you
now--they're talking
about fictional
characters!

JAY

(oblivious to
Holden; to
Bob)

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

HOLDEN

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

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

HOLDEN

But since it is
happening, you might
as well just ignore
the idiots on the

Internet, go find
Banky, and get your
"motherfucking movie
check." As you so
succinctly put it.
That's what's
important here.

JAY

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

(off monitor)

When did it say
they're making that
movie?

HOLDEN

They start this
Friday.

JAY

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

(counts)

Eight days.

HOLDEN

It's more like three days.

JAY

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

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

JAY

We're going to Hollywood.

They stride off. Holden shakes his head.

HOLDEN

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

EXT. BUS STATION--DAY

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

JAY

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

They head toward the depot.

JAY

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

EXT. HIGHWAY--DAY

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

INT. BUS--SAME

Jay makes his way up to the DRIVER.

JAY

We in Hollywood yet?

DRIVER

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

JAY

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

DRIVER

Hollywood's in Los
Angeles, sir.

JAY

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

DRIVER

Please sit down,
sir.

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

JAY

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

Jay slumps into the seat beside Silent Bob.

JAY

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

Silent Bob mimes jerking off.

JAY

I already did that.
Twice.

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

JAY

Yo, Gretzky--lemme
get a turn.

CHILD

Leave me alone,
little kid.

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

JAY

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

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

JAY

You're my muscle,
ain'tcha?

Silent Bob kind of nods.

JAY

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

Silent Bob sighs and stands. He climbs over Jay into the aisle and stands in front of the child. He looks at him and registers doubt. He looks back to Jay, who waves him on. Silent Bob steels himself, looks back to the kid and reaches for his game. The Child emits a high-

pitched scream and starts punching himself in the head. Silent Bob dives back into his seat, trying to look nonchalant. The Child stops crying. Jay looks at Silent Bob.

JAY

You're one tough
motherfucker, you
know that?

EXT. HIGHWAY--DAY

The bus pulls over by the side of the road.

INT. BUS--DAY

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

PASSENGER

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

The Bus Driver bangs on the bathroom door and shouts.

DRIVER

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

No answer. The Bus Driver bangs on the door

harder.

DRIVER

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

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

JAY

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

EXT. ROADSIDE--LATER

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

JAY

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

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

EXT. ROADSIDE--LATER

Jay and Bob are walking backwards, hitching still.

JAY

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

VOICE

'Cause you're doing
it all wrong.

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

GUY

You gotta induce the
drivers a little.

JAY

Like how?

GUY

Like this.

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

JAY

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

GUY

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

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

JAY

Eww! You eat the
cock?!?

GUY

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

JAY

Yeah, but we ain't
gay.

GUY

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

JAY

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

GUY

Don't be so suburban-
-this is the new
millenium. Gay,
straight--it's all

the same now.
There're no more
lines.

Jay draws a line on the ground with his foot.

JAY

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

GUY

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

JAY

What book?

GUY

The unwritten Book
of the Road.

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

GUY

Follow the rules of
the Book, and you'll

get where you're
going in no time.
Excuse me.

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

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

NUN

You two boys need a
ride?

INT. CAR--LATER

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

NUN

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

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

NUN

So where are you
boys from?

JAY

New Jersey.

NUN

What brings you to
Indiana?

JAY

We're going to
Hollywood.

NUN

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

JAY

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

NUN

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

JAY

(misinterpreting
completely)
Wait a minute--you
follow the Book,
too?

NUN

I live my life by
it.

JAY

Really? You?

NUN

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

JAY

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

NUN

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

JAY

Shit--you nuns are alright.

NUN

You live by the Book, too?

JAY

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

NUN

That's good to hear. But it takes deed, not words. It's a

lot easier to say
you live by the Book
than to actually do
it.

(looks at
him)
Can you do it?

JAY

You want me to do it
right now?

NUN

No time like the
present, right?

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

JAY

Alright.
(he suddenly
stops)
You hear that? She's
not a Catholic.
She's a
Presbyterian.

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

EXT. ROADSIDE--DAY

The Nun's car screeched to the side of the road. Jay gets kicked out of the front seat by the screaming Nun. Silent Bob rushes out too, and the car races off. Jay's wipes his mouth.

He pulls a long curly hair from between his teeth.

JAY

Dude--she had
seventies bush.

EXT. HIGHWAY--NIGHT

Jay and Bob continue hitching.

JAY

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

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

INT. VAN--NIGHT

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

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

Jay looks at Silent Bob.

JAY

Zoinks, yo

GUY

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

BOOKISH

I don't think they
are masks.

BEAUTY

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

BOOKISH

Ghouls, you fucking
moron. Not Girls.

(to herself)

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

GUY

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

DUDE

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

GUY

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

BEAUTY

(covering her
ears;
shrieking)
I CAN'T TAKE ALL
THIS FIGHTING!

JAY

YO!
The Gang look to Jay
and Bob.

JAY

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

(pulls out a
bag of
joints)

We call them Doobie
Snax.

INT. VAN--WEED VISION

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

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

GREAT DANE

Ri, Ray rand Rirent
Rob

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

JAY

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

Jay and Bob smile and pass out.

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

BEAUTY

I think they passed
out.

GUY

Great. What do we do
with them now?

DUDE

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

BOOKISH

Oh God, not again?

INT. SEEDY MOTEL BATHROOM--NIGHT

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

EXT. KANSAS CITY PARK--DAY

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

JAY

Holy shit, I had a
horrible dream.

(looks
around)

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

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

EXT. MOOBY'S FAST FOOD JOINT--DAY

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

INT. MOOBY'S FAST FOOD JOINT--SAME

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

JAY

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

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

JAY

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

Jay and Silent Bob look at each other, wide-

eyed.

JAY

Eww.

(reading
further)

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

(to Bob)

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

Silent Bob starts typing as Jay dictates.

JAY

All you
motherfuckers are
gonna pay. You are
the ones who are the
ball-lickers. We're
gonna fuck your
mothers whole you
watch and cry like
little bitches. Once
we get to Hollywood
and find those
Miramax fucks who
are making the
movie, we're gonna
make 'em eat our
shit, then shit our
shit, then eat their
shit which is made
of our shot that we
made 'em eat. Then

all you
motherfuckers are
next. Love, Jay and
Silent Bob.

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

JAY

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

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

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

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

response.

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

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

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

GIRL

(off cup)

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

JAY

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

GIRL

Hi. I'm Justice.

JAY

(dreamily)
And I am so fucking
yours--

Silent Bob pokes Jay, who shakes of his daze.

JAY

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

JUSTICE

It's nice to meet
you.

JAY

Justice, hunh?
That's a nice name.
(under his
breath, to
Bob)
Jay'n'Justice,
sitting in a tree. F-
U-C-K-I-N-G--
(back to
Justice)
So you come here
often?

JUSTICE

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

JAY

Your friends, hunh?
Where they at?

JUSTICE

(pointing)
Out there. By that
van.

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

JAY

Dude--I think I just
filled the cup.

INT. VAN--DAY

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

JAY

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

SISSY

Who the fuck are
these guys?

JUSTICE

This is Jay and

Silent Bob.

(to Jay and
Bob)

Guys, this is Sissy,
Missy, and Chrissy.

CHRISSY

Where the fuck did
they come from?

JUSTICE

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

SISSY

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

JAY

Sure it is, Juggs.

MISSY

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

CHRISSY

I'm on it.

Chrissy lunges toward Jay, pulling a knife.

JUSTICE

Chrissy, no!

Sissy stops Chrissy, shoving a burger into her

hands .

SISSY

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

CHRISSY

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

JAY

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

CHRISSY

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

JAY

(to Silent
Bob)
Yo--she called you
retarded.

SISSY

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

MISSY

That we do have a
job to do?

JUSTICE

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

(cutesy)

Please?

SISSY

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

JUSTICE

Honest Injun.

CHRISSY

"Honest Injun"?

(to Sissy)

I can't believe what
a pushover you are.

JAY

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

Suddenly, Jay and Bob are parted by BRENT,

who's getting into the van.

BRENT

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

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

SISSY/

CHRISSY/

MISSY

Hi Brent!

SISSY

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

CHRISSY

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

BRENT

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

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

BRENT

What up, homies?
(off the

Girls)
Wow, Three guys,
four girls--
(to Jay and
Bob)
What's the count
boys?

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

EXT. HIGHWAY--DAY

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

INT. VAN--DAY

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

BRENT

Hey there mister
science-guy
Don't spray that
aerosol in my eye
For I don't really
want to die
I'm a noble rabbit!

JAY

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

SISSY

We're the Kansas
State chapter of

S.A.A.C.--Students
Against Animal
Cruelty.

CHRISSY

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

Everyone lets out a whoop, except Jay and Bob.

JAY

What the fuck are
you bitches babbling
about?

BRENT

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

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

JUSTICE

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

JAY

So, what kind of
animals are we
talking about here--

like bears and
rhinos?

BRENT

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

(touches
Justice's
arm)

Right, Jussy?

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

JAY

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

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

JAY

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

BRENT

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

JAY

Even sheep?

BRENT

Of course. Sheep are beautiful creatures.

JAY

They are beautiful, aren't they?

BRENT

Oh God, yes.

JAY

So then you'd fuck a sheep?

BRENT

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

JAY

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

BRENT

I--suppose so.

JAY

That's what I
thought.

(suddenly
loudly, to
all)

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

EXT. HIGHWAY--DAY

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

JAY

YA DIRTY SHEEP
FUCKER!!!

EXT. HIGHWAY--LATER

The van drives down the road.

INT. VAN--SAME

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

CHRISSY

What the fuck are we
gonna do now?

SISSY

Shut up, I'm

thinking.

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

JAY

Is Hollywood near
where we're going?

JUSTICE

Is that where you
guys are from?

JAY

Ch'yeah, right.
Jersey represent!

JUSTICE

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

JAY

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

JUSTICE

(to Bob)
You did? I'll bet

she was a lucky
girl.

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

JAY

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

JUSTICE

Sorry.

JAY

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

JUSTICE

Wow. I have no idea
what you just said.

JAY

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

JUSTICE

Sure.

JAY

That's cool. Even snakes?

JUSTICE

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

JAY

How about trouser snakes?

JUSTICE

What's a trouser snake?

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

JAY DEVIL

(to Jay)

What the fuck are you waiting for? She went for the setup! Reach in your fucking pants, and pull yer cock out,

bitch! That's the
kinda shit girls
like!

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

JAY DEVIL 2

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

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

JAY ANGEL

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

(looks down)

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

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

JAY ANGEL

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

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

JAY ANGEL

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

(beat)

Or until she
sleeping. Bunnnggg!

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

JAY

Don't ask.

(beat)

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

JUSTICE

You really don't
want to help us--

JAY

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

Justice smiles. Jay tries to recover.

JAY

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

JUSTICE

You sure?

JAY

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

JUSTICE

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

JAY

You do that.

Jay takes Justice's hand and kisses it.

JAY

I'll be right here.

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

JAY

Fuck you. Fatty.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORY--DAY

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

JUSTICE

You guys want
anything from
inside?

JAY

No, we're cool,
thanks hon.

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

JAY

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

Silent Bob shakes his head "Yeah."

JAY

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

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE--DAY

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

MISSY

Smooth move,
Justice.

CHRISSY

(slapping
Justice
upside the
head)

Nice going, Four
Eyes!

JUSTICE

Ow!

SISSY

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

JUSTICE

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

SISSY

We needed Brent,
Justice! He was our
patsy!

JUSTICE

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

SISSY

Because I didn't
want to blow our
cover!

JUSTICE

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

CHRISSY

Not as much as I
hate you.

Justice offers Chrissy a cold glance,

CHRISSY

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

SISSY

(rubbing
Chrissy's
shoulders)
Don't mind Chrissy.
She's just a little
too wound for sound.

CHRISSY

Then how about you
help me take the
edge off?

Chrissy grabs Missy forcefully and the pair
make out, hot and heavy in the middle of the

convenience store. Other customers regard them wide-eyed.

JUSTICE

(to
Customers)
They're really good
friends.

SISSY

(TO CHRISSY
AND MISSY)
Would you two knock
it off? We're in the
fucking heartland
here! Try to blend!

JUSTICE

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

CHRISSY

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

SISSY

Enough!
(calm to
Justice)
We have a very
simple gang here,
Justice. I'm the
brains, Chrissy's
the brawn, and

Missy's the tech-girl. But lately, I'm having a hard time figuring out what you're doing here.

JUSTICE

That makes two of us.

CHRISSY

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

JUSTICE

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

CHRISSY

(getting in
her face)

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

(to Sissy)

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

Chrissy drags Missy off. Justice and Sissy

watch them go.

JUSTICE

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

SISSY

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

JUSTICE

Uh-uh!

SISSY

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

JUSTICE

Jay? No he's not.

SISSY

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

JUSTICE

Well, maybe he was
just raised with
manners.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE--DAY

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

JAY

(to exited
Girl)

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

(to Bob)

Yeah.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE--DAY

Sissy continues to confront Justice.

SISSY

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

JUSTICE

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

SISSY

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

JUSTICE

I'm not gonna do it.

SISSY

Why the fuck not?

JUSTICE

Because he's just to
so innocent!

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

JUSTICE

Look at him--

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE-SAME

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

JAY

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

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE--SAME

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

SISSY

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

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

INT. VAN--DAY

Justice talks to Jay and Silent Bob.

JAY

Steal a monkey? Shit-
-no problem.

JUSTICE

It's not really
stealing--it's
liberating it, and--
(finally
hears him)

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

JAY

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

(to Bob)

Right, Lunchbox?

Silent Bob glares at Jay.

JUSTICE

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

JAY

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

(takes her
hand)

The cause of love.

(kisses her
hand, then
releases)

Snoogans--

JUSTICE

What the heck is
that?

JAY

What's what?

JUSTICE

"Snoogans," I

believe it was.

JAY

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

JUSTICE

Ohhh. Well, that's too bad.

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

JAY

(singing)

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

(speaking)

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

Jay looks at Silent Bob, who clearly disapproves.

JAY

Don't, motherfucker. Don't you ruin this for me. Me and Justice are gonna get married one day,

so don't be giving
me that "we-ain't-
stealing-no-monkey"
look. I'm Morris
Day; you're Jerome,
bitch. Don't forget
that. That girl?
That girl's in love
with me.

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

JUSTICE

They're gonna do it.

SISSY

Good. They do their
part--

(pats a video
camera)

And we'll do ours.

Justice eyes Sissy, then slumps in her seat.

EXT. PROVASIK MEDICAL LABS--NIGHT

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

INT. VAN--SAME

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

JUSTICE

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

JAY

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

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

JAY

What's twisting that
bitch's tits?

JUSTICE

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

JAY

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

JUSTICE

How about not.

JAY

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

JUSTICE

Something sweet, you
big goof. Something
nice.

JAY

(thinks;
then)
Boo-Boo Kitty fuck

JUSTICE

(laughing)
Okay. That's a start.

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

SISSY

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

JAY

What?

JUSTICE

(to Sissy)
Man you are such a
bitch--

SISSY

(off Justice;
to Jay)
She's just a little
embarrassed. See,
Jussy and I are

putting together
this documentary for
our Human Sexuality
class, and we need a
male perspective on
the clitoris.

JAY

The female clitoris?

SISSY

Uh--yeah.

JUSTICE

Jay, you don't have
to do this.

She elbows Sissy.

JAY

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

(clears
throat; into
camera)

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

No one rules the
clit like me!

(off Silent
Bob)

Not this little

fuck! None of you
little fucks out
there! I am the clit
commander!!!
Remember that--
commander of all
clits!

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

SISSY

Awesome. Knock 'em
dead, Tiger.

Sissy climbs back into the van.

JAY

(to Justice)
So --can I get a
little kiss for good
luck?

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

JAY

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

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

SISSY

Jussy. C'mon.
Justice climbs back
into the van.

INT.VAN--SAME

Justice sits, glaring at Sissy.

SISSY

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

JUSTICE

Yes, sir.

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

SISSY

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

MISSY

No sweat.

SISSY

Let's suit up.

EXT. PROVASIK MEDICAL LABS--NIGHT

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

INT.PROVASIK MEDICAL LABS--NIGHT

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

JAY

You fat fuck--

INT.VAN--NIGHT

Missy peers through binoculars out the window.

SISSY

They in?

MISSY

You can say that.

SISSY

Time to shine. Let's go.

EXT. VAN--NIGHT

The quartet piles out of the van, and we get our first look at them: sexily geared up for

action, wearing all black. They head for a SEPARATE BUILDING. Stopping at the front door.

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

JUSTICE

You are so gay.

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

SISSY

Once we're inside, I want complete silence.

(holding up high-tech device)

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

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

SISSY

(pokes her
head back
out)
Justice! Move your
ass!

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

INT. PROVASIK TESTING ROOM--NIGHT

Jay and Bob stand there, looking around the room.

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

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

JAY

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

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

JAY

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

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

JAY

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

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

JAY

(reading)

"Suzanne." Boo-yah.

INT. BOULDER DIAMOND EXCHANGE--NIGHT

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

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

Sissy hands the decibel monitor to Chrissy and takes a few steps back, shaking her hands to limber up. She then runs forward and does an

impressive series of flips down the hallway,
not touching a single laser beam.

Chrissy checks the decibel monitor, which rises
only slightly.

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

Chrissy checks the decibel monitor, which rises
only slightly.

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

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

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

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

CHRISSY

Holy fuck--the
little stoner was
right--

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

EXT. BOULDER DIAMOND EXCHANGE--NIGHT

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

CHRISSY

Boom Box!

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

SISSY

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

JUSTICE

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

SISSY

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

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

CHRISSY

Kaboom, you little stoner fucks.

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

CHRISSY

It's set. Let's roll.

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

INT. PROVASIK TESTING LAB--NIGHT

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

JAY

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

Silent Bob half-gestures to the cages, forlorn.

Jay shakes his head frustrated.

JAY

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

Silent bob offers Jay a look.

EXT. PROVASIK MEDICAL LABS--NIGHT

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

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

JUSTICE

JUSTICE! OPEN THE DOORS!

Suddenly, Jay and Bob stop dead in their
tracks.

JAY

Oh shit--

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

COP

DROP THE BAG! BEFORE
THIS THING TURNS

EXPLOSIVE!

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

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

JAY

Justice--

We crane up from him as he bellows--

JAY

JUUUSSSTTTTIIIIICCCCEEEE!!!!!!

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

EXT. FEDERAL WILDLIFE MARSHAL'S OFFICE--DAY

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

INT. FEDERAL WILDLIFE MARSHAL'S OFFICE--DAY

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

DEPUTY

Oh, fudge

(calling off)
Marshal Willenholly!

INT . BATHROOM--SAME

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

WILLENHOLLY

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

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

WILLENHOLLY

WHAT?! WHAT?! I'M
READING!

DEPUTY (O.C.)

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

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

WILLENHOLLY

Have you read this
article on the mule-
suckers in Tijuana?

Good God, I wish
that was in our
jurisdiction--I's
shut down every last
one of those ass-
cock chuggers,
personally.

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

WILLENHOLLY

What? "Ass" means
"donkey."

DEPUTY

Yes, sir.
(hands him a
fax)

WILLENHOLLY

(looks at
fax)
Boulder, hunh? Well,
gas up the jet.

DEPUTY

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

WILLENHOLLY

Then gas up the next
best thing.

EXT. PROVASIK MEDICAL LABS--DAY

There are FIRE

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

WILLENHOLLY

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

(thinks)

Wait--is that right?

COP 1 (O.C.)

Excuse me--who the
hell are you?

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

WILLENHOLLY

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

COP 1

Oh really? And why
is that?

WILLENHOLLY

Because someone let
a whole mess of

animals out of their
cages, sir.

COP 1

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

WILLENHOLLY

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

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

COP 2

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

WILLENHOLLY

Listen up, ladies
and gentlemen! Our
fugitive has been on
the run for 6 hours!
Average simian foot
speed over uneven
ground--barring

injuries or
preoccupation with
tire tubes, mites or
bananas--is four
miles an hour. That
gives us a radius of
twenty miles.

COP 3

(calling out
from crowd)
Twenty-four, sir!

WILLENHOLLY

What?

COP 3

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

WILLENHOLLY

(doing the
math in his
head)

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

COP 4

Excuse me, sir?

WILLENHOLLY

Yeah?

COP 4

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

WILLENHOLLY

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

COP 4

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

COP 3

Or the people who
stole the monkey?

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

WILLENHOLLY

Okay, how about
this? What I want
out of all of you is
a thorough search of
every gas station,
residence,
warehouse,
farmhouse, henhouse,
outhouse, and
doghouse in that

area! Checkpoints go
up at fifteen miles!

COP 1

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

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

WILLENHOLLY

This is so
frustrating. It's
just so hard
sometimes--
(yelling)
YOUR FUGITIVE'S NAME
IS SUZANNE! GO FIND
HER!

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

COP 5

Sir, this was just
delivered to the
station.

WILLENHOLLY

What is it?

COP 5

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

WILLENHOLLY

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

INT. OFFICE--DAY

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

WILLENHOLLY

Oh my God--
(without
looking up)
Have the jet gassed
up and ready to go
at a moment's
notice.

COP

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

WILLENHOLLY

(dialing his
cell phone)
Doesn't anybody have
a jet anymore?
(into cell
phone)

Plafsky? It is
Willenholly. You
gotta get me on the
national news,
pronto. Why?!
Because we may very
well be dealing with
the two most
dangerous men on the
planet!

EXT. UTAH ROADSIDE--DAY

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

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

JAY

This is Jussy's
monkey
(to Suzanne,
angrily)
JUSTICE DIED FOR
YOU, YOU MONKEY
FUCK!

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

JAY

(to Silent
Bob)
Do something. Tons
of Fun!

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

JAY

Is that fucking
thing waving at us?

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

JAY

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

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

JAY

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

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

JAY

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

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

JAY

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

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

INT. LAB--DAY

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

JAY (V.O.)

Working in secret
with a crew of
double-dealing,
nicotine-fiending
fucks that're
selling out the
human race, these
supermonkeys will

use simian science
and their genius
IQ's to make man and
monkey alike believe
that they're the
superior species!

EXT. BALCONY--DAY

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

JAY (V.O.)

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

EXT. FIELD--DAY

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

JAY (V.O.)

You'll have to be
faster than Walt
Flanagan's Dog to
outrun the warrior
gorillas, who hunt

humans for sport,
profit, and the
occasional inter-
species blow-job.
And if you don't
wind up with a
monkey hog in your
mouth, you'll be
captured, killed or
worse..

INT. LAB--DAY

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

JAY (V.O.)

Eaten alive!

EXT. QUICK STOP--DAY

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

JAY (V.O.)

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

EXT. BEACH--DAY

We start on a FULL SHOT of Jay on the beach,
looking up, then SNAP ZOOM OUT to REVEAL Jay

kneeling before the beach buried Statue of Liberty, screaming, his arms raised.

JAY (V.O.)

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

JAY

(at statue)

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

We DISSOLVE from this image to:

EXT. UTAH ROADSIDE--DAY

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

JAY

Not on my watch,
motherfucker!

Jay turns and rushes Suzanne, ferociously.

JAY

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

Jay trips on a root poking out of the ground and hits the dirt. Suzanne then goes over to

Jay, pulls his face to hers, and kisses him on the lips.

JAY

Alright--you can live. For now.

Silent Bob helps Jay to his feet.

JAY

You see that?
Bitches love me.
(heading off)
Besides--we're in the fucking clear, yo. It's not like anyone knows we stole the monkey.

INT.TV NEWS STATION--DAY

An ANCHORMAN addresses the camera.

ANCHORMAN

I'm Reg Hartner and this is a News Now bulletin. A Provasik animal testing facility in boulder was the focus of an attack by a terroristic primate rescue syndicate calling themselves the Coalition for Liberation of Itinerant Tree-Dwellers. Or simply,

C.L.I.T.

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

ANCHORMAN

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

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

ANCHORMAN

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

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

DIGITIZED VOICE

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

leader.

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

JAY

I AM THE CLIT
COMMANDER!!!

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

ANCHORMAN

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

PULL OUT to reveal Willenholly beside the Anchorman.

ANCHORMAN

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

WILLENHOLLY

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

ANCHORMAN

The Liberate Apes
Before Imprisoning
Apes movement.

WILLENHOLLY

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

(to camera)

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

INT. POTZEK'S INC. OFFICE--NIGHT

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

ANCHORMAN (O.C.)

(from TV)

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

WILLENHOLLY (O.C.)

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

HOLDEN

(shakes his
head)
Nights like this, I
miss dating a
lesbian.

INT. QUICK STOP--NIGHT

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

ANCHORMAN (O.C.)

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

WILLENHOLLY (O.C.)

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

RANDAL

(to Dante)

I told you that
restraining order
was a good idea.

EXT. SEEDY MOTEL ROOMS--SAME

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

ANCHORMAN

(on TV)

Is that your cell
phone?

WILLENHOLLY

(on TV)

Yes, Excuse me.

(on TV, into
cell phone)

Federal Wildlife
Marshal. I'm on my
way!

(shuts phone;
to anchorman)

We got 'em. They're
in Utah.

(to camera)

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

Justice turns the TV off and yells up to Sissy.

JUSTICE

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

SISSY

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

JUSTICE

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

CHRISSY

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

MISSY

You are so nasty.

CHRISSY

I'll show you nasty,
you little slut.

SISSY

Would you two get a
room?

CHRISSY

Fine--we'll take
yours.

(getting up
in Sissy's
face)

I am gonna stain
your sheets, bi-
otch.

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

SISSY

Sarah Lawrence
girls. Go figure.

JUSTICE

They're your gang.

SISSY

Oh and not yours?
You know, I don't
get you, Justice.
You used to be all
about the girl
stuff: stealing,

boning, blowing shit
up. Now you're like
this little priss
with a conscience.
It's really a
fucking drag.

JUSTICE

We all gotta grow up
some time.

SISSY

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

JUSTICE

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

SISSY

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

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

PIZZA DELIVERY GUY

You the gals that
ordered the pizzas?

SISSY

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

PIZZA DELIVERY GUY

No charge, lady.

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

JUSTICE

(quietly)

I'm sorry, Jay.

INT. DINER--DAY

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

JAY

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

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

JAY

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

(singing, a
la NWA)

VOICE (O.C.)

(via
bullhorn)

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

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

JAY

You think they're
talking to us?

EXT. DINER--DAY

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

SHERIFF

YOU HAVE SIXTY
SECONDS TO COMPLY.

(to other
COPS)

Fuck it, Let's give
'em thirty.

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

SHERIFF

The ape.

WILLENHOLLY

What?

SHERIFF

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

WILLENHOLLY

Look, who's the
Federal Wildlife
Marshal here?

(into
bullhorn)

JAY AND SILENT BOB,
THIS IS FEDERAL
WILDLIFE MARSHAL
WILLENHOLLY! YOUR

C.L.I.T. DOESN'T
STAND A CHANCE.
SURRENDER THE MONKEY
IMMEDIATELY, AND YOU
WON'T GET SHOT!

INT. DINER--DAY

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

JAY

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

Silent Bob looks to Jay, shocked.

JAY

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

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

JAY

Oh, brother--this is
like something out
of fucking Benji!
Look man, maybe it's
not that bad back at

the lab! Maybe they
experiment on 'em
by, like making 'em
fuck a bunch of
different, good-
looking monkeys. We
don't know! Maybe
they got it real
sweet!

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

JAY

(to Suzanne)

You stay out of
this, you weepy
little chimp!

(looks around
thinking)

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

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

JAY

--kid

EXT. DINER--DAY

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

WILLENHOLLY

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

(to cops)

Everyone has bullets
in their guns,
right?

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

JAY

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

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

SHERIFF

Their "son"?

WILLENHOLLY

Maybe they're one of
those gay couples?

Jay seizes on the idea. Silent Bob nods

fervently.

JAY

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

(whispers to
Bob)

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

WILLENHOLLY

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

SHERIFF

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

THAT'S THE APE!

WILLENHOLLY

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

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

JAY

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

WILLENHOLLY (V.O.)

YOU ARE FREE TO
LEAVE, SIRSI!

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

WILLENHOLLY

(via
bullhorn)
YES, YOU, SIRS.

JAY

(calling
over)
So we can just go?

WILLENHOLLY

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

SHERIFF

(amazed)
Un-fucking
believable.

JAY

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

WILLENHOLLY

I'm sure Utah

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

(winks at the
sheriff)

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

JAY

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

WILLENHOLLY

He certainly looks
insatiable.

JAY

'Bye

WILLENHOLLY

'Bye

Jay, silent Bob and Suzanne head off down the

road. Willenholly and all watch them go. The Sheriff is livid.

WILLENHOLLY

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

(balloon two)

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

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

WILLENHOLLY

That was the them, wasn't it?

EXT. ROAD--DAY

Jay, Silent Bob and Suzanne are laughing.

JAY

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

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

Willenholly and the Cops race after them,

firing.

Jay, Bob and Suzanne race away, ducking bullets.

JAY

FLEE, FAT-ASS,
FLEE!!!

EXT. DAM ROAD--DAY

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

JAY

HEAD FOR THE SEWERS!

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

INT. SEWER TUNNEL

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

JAY

Take your stinking
paws off me, you
damn dirty ape!
(yelling up)
YO LUNCHBOX! HURRY
UP!

EXT. DAM ROAD--DAY

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

INT. SEWER TUNNEL

Silent Bob gets stuck. Jay rolls his eyes.

JAY

You fat fuck.

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

JAY

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

EXT. DAM ROAD--SAME

CLOSER on the running Willenholly and Sheriff.

WILLENHOLLY

Fire a warning shot
into that bulbous
ass!

SHERIFF

One rectal breach,
coming up!

INT. SEWER TUNNEL--SAME

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

JAY

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

EXT.DAM ROAD--SAME

TIGHT on the Sheriff, as he squints to aim.

SHERIFF

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

INT.SEWER TUNNEL--SAME

TIGHT on Silent Bob bellowing.

SILENT BOB

AAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!

EXT. DAM ROAD--DAY

The Sheriff's gun fires.

INT.SEWER TUNNEL--SAME

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

JAY

INCOMING!!!

SILENT BOB

AAAIIGGGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!

SUZANNE

OOOOOOOOOO!!!

EXT. DAM ROAD--DAY

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

INT. SEWER TUNNEL--SAME

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

JAY

Just like Winnie-the-Pooh.

EXT. DAM ROAD--DAY

Willenholly and the Sheriff arrive at the manhole.

WILLENHOLLY

Wow! That was an incredibly daring escape!

(to Sheriff)

You must see that a lot, hunh?

SHERIFF

Shut up!

WILLENHOLLY

Sire, you're very taciturn.

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

WILLENHOLLY

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

SHERIFF

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

WILLENHOLLY

A Federal Wildlife
Marshal doesn't wait
for his prey to come
to him. He comes to
it. Or goes to it.
Is it "comes to it"
or "goes to it"?
(shakes it
off)
I'm going in there.
I'm counting on you
Sheriff.

Willenholly embraces the Sheriff.

WILLENHOLLY

You've taught me so
much.

Willenholly then climbs into the sewer,

disappearing. The Cops look at the Sheriff for a beat, who heads O.C. saying--

SHERIFF

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

INT. SEWER TUNNEL--DAY

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

JAY

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

-

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

JAY

--to keep from falling in.

WILLENHOLLY

PUT THE MONKEY DOWN
AND YOUR HANDS UP!

Willenholly aims his gun at the trio's backs.

WILLENHOLLY
MISTERS, DO YOU
WANNA GET SHOT?!?

Our heroes comply, but Jay speaks.

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

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

WILLENHOLLY
I DON'T CARE!
(beat)
AND FOR THE RECORD,
I KNEW THAT WASN'T
REALLY A LITTLE BOY.

JAY
SURE, FOR ONE MORE
RECORD--
(pointing to
Silent Bob)
HE LOVES COCK!

WILLENHOLLY
ON YOUR KNEES!

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

JAY

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

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

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

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

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

JAY

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

EXT. DAM--DAY

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

JAY AND BOB

AAAIIIGGGGGHHHHH!!!

INT. SEWER TUNNEL--DAY

Willenholly goes wide-eyed, holstering his gun.

WILLENHOLLY

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

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

WILLENHOLLY

AAIIIIGGGGHHHHH!!!

EXT. DAM--DAY

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

JAY

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

EXT. DAM BOTTOM--DAY

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

EXT. DAM--DAY

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

JAY

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

Silent Bob lifts Suzanne over the tunnel onto
the--

EXT. DAM ROAD--DAY

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

EXT. DAM--DAY

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

EXT. DAM ROAD--DAY

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

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

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

Jay and Bob leap to their feet, chasing after

the truck.

JAY

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

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

JAY

Man! Who the fuck
just steals a
monkey?!

Silent Bob indicates themselves.

JAY

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

Silent Bob mimes that they should go after
Suzanne.

JAY

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

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

JAY

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

(imitates
him)

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

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

JAY

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

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

JAY

JUST FUCKING SAY IT
ALREADY?!?

Silent Bob grabs Jay and screams into his face.

SILENT BOB

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

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

JAY

Say it, don't spray
it, bitch.

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE--DAY

An ESTABLISHING SHOT.

SHERIFF (O.C.)

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

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE--DAY

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

SHERIFF

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

WILLENHOLLY

Do you have a
microwave here,
Sheriff?

SHERIFF

We have a toaster
oven. Why?

WILLENHOLLY

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

SHERIFF

This might cheer you
up.

(hands him
paper)

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

WILLENHOLLY

(reading)

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

(looks up)

They're going to
Hollywood.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD--MONTAGE

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

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD--DAY

We start on the street sign, and PAN DOWN to a
JEEP WRANGLER that pulls up. A gorgeous woman
in sunglasses drives, with Silent Bob sitting
in the back seat. After a beat, Jay pops up
from under the dash, wiping his mouth, looking

around. The Woman sighs, and zips up her pants. Jay and Bob hop out and wave to the Woman as the car pulls away. Bob offers Jay a look.

JAY

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

Two HOOKERS approach them.

HOOKER 1

Hey, little man. You
want some of this?

HOOKER 2

How about you, Big
Boy?

HOOKER 1

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

JAY

Oh yeah? How nasty?

HOOKER 2

As nasty as you
wanna be, poppie.

JAY

Alright--first, I'll
want to tongue your
bung while you
juggle my balls in
one hand and play
with my asshole with

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

The Hookers look at him, dumbfounded, Then--

HOOKER 1

Oh, that's it honey.
I quit.

(walking
away)

This job just passed
the point of no
return.

HOOKER 2

(to Jay)

You one fucked up
puppy, poppie.

JAY

(watching
them go)
What?! You said
'nasty'?
(shakes his
head; to Bob)
Man, chicks in
Hollywood are so
stuck up.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD.--LATER

Jay and Silent Bob walk.

JAY

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

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

DEALER

(subtly)
Crack? You want some
crack? Sweet-ass

rock. Get you high.

JAY

No man, but you want
some weed?

DEALER

(beat)

You on the job?

JAY

(pulling out
a card)

Yeah, boy. Jersey
Local 408.

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

DEALER

I'm Los Angeles
Local 305!
They shake hands,
slapping each other
on the back like
Union brothers.

DEALER

You guys got medical
in Jersey yet?

JAY

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

DEALER

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

JAY

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

DEALER

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

JAY

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

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

DEALER

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

JAY

You know where
Miramax is at?

DEALER

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

INT. E! ENTERTAINMENT NEWS--DAY

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

STEVE KMETKO

Is Hollywood ready
for Jay and Silent
Bob? A source at the
Federal Wildlife
Marshal's Office
tells us a posting
was pulled off an
Internet movie chat
board that was
allegedly written by

the two domestic
terrorists
themselves. It's
sending a shockwave
through Hollywood.
Jules Asner's on the
scene at Miramax
Studios, Jules?

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

JULES ASNER

Steve, the tenor of
Tinseltown is one of
terror today, after
the Federal Wildlife
Marshal's Office
learned that hot,
new terrorists Jay
and Silent Bob are
targeting Miramax
Studios for their
next campaign of
blood, violence and
monkey-theft. In the
posting, pulled off
Movie Poop
Shoot.com, the
gruesome twosome
threatened, quote--
(reading)
"Once we get to
Hollywood and find
those Miramax
Expletive-Deleted
who are making the
Bluntman and Chronic
movie, we're gonna
make 'em eat our

Expletive-Deleted,
then Expletive-
Deleted, which is
made up of our
Expletive-Deleted,
then eat their
Expletive- Deleted,
which is made up of
our Expletive-
Deleted that we made
'em eat. Unquote. So
far, we haven't been
able to get a
statement from
anyone here are the
studio.

BACK TO STEVE in the E! Studio.

STEVE

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

BACK TO JULES at Miramax Studios.

JULES

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

STEVE

But no sign of Jay
and Silent Bob?

JULES

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

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

INT. SEEDY MOTEL ROOM--DAY

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

JUSTICE

Oh my God! Jay! No!

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

The diamonds, sitting atop the satchel on the
table.

Justice looks at the diamonds, then the TV

screen. She thinks for a beat, then--

JUSTICE

Fuck it.

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

INT. SEEDY MOTEL BEDROOM--DAY

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

GUYS--BUT I LOVE HIM.

EXT. SEEDY MOTEL PARKING LOT--DAY

The convertible skids out, taking off.

INT. SEEDY MOTEL HALLWAY--DAY

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

SISSY

That bitch! That
fucking, fucking
bitch!!!

(to girls)

Get dressed. We're
going after her.

CHRISSY

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

SISSY

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

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

SISSY (O.C.)

Chrissy! Now!

CHRISSY

Fuck--

Chrissy races back up the stairs.

EXT. MIRAMAX STUDIOS-DAY

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

JAY

We gotta play this
right.

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

EXT. STUDIO LOT--DAY

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

JAY

I hate how fake
Hollywood is.

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

SECURITY GUARD

Where do you think
you're going?

JAY

GET OFFA ME!
RAAAAAPE!!!

SECURITY GUARD

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

(into walkie-
talkie)

Echo Base, I've got
a ten-o-seven here:

two unauthorizeds on
the lot. Request
back-up.

VOICE

(from walkie-
talkie)
I thought that was a
ten-eighty-two.

SECURITY GUARD

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

VOICE

(from walkie-
talkie)
Oh, that Affleck.
Backup on the way.

JAY

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

SECURITY GUARD

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

JAY

Well, how about this

deal: he sucks my
dick while you watch
and jerk off.

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

SECURITY GUARD

Alright. But make is
fast. And sexy.

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

JAY

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

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

JAY

Well what are you
waiting for, bitch?
Start sucking.
Bunnggg!
(looking
around)
Alright--where they
shooting this movie
at?

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

JAY

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

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

EXT. SOUNDSTAGE--DAY

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

A.D.

Alright--bar extras. Follow me.

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

EXT. HIGHWAY--DAY

An official-looking car tears down the road.

INT. CAR--SAME

Willenholly drives, dialing his cell phone.

PHONE VOICE

Federal Bureau of
Investigation

WILLENHOLLY

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

PHONE VOICE

One moment, please.

INT. AGENT ENMARTY'S OFFICE--SAME

AGENT SID ENMARTY works at his desk.

SPEAKER VOICE

Agent Enmarty? A
Marshal Willenholly
calling.

AGENT SID

(perking up)
Holy shit! Yeah, put
him through.
(calling off)
YO! INCOMING BITCH
BOY PHONER!

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

AGENT SID

Willenholly?

BEGIN CROSS-CUTTING WITH WILLENHOLLY.

WILLENHOLLY

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

AGENT SID

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

The agents crack up, stifling their laughter.

WILLENHOLLY

(taking it in stride)
No, no--nothing like that. Say--there aren't other people listening in, are there?

AGENT SID

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

WILLENHOLLY

Good. I'm tracking a monkey down that's on it's way to Los

Angeles, and I could
use some bureau
backup.

AGENT SID

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

The Agents crack up. Willenholly's catching on.

WILLENHOLLY

Am, uh -- Am I on
speaker phone?

AGENT SID

No way--Dunston!

WILLENHOLLY

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

AGENT SID

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

The Agents crack up even more, Willenholly's

pissed.

WILLENHOLLY

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

AGENT SID

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

WILLENHOLLY

(excited)

Oh, a doctor?

AGENT SID

His name's Doctor Zaius!

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

WILLENHOLLY

SCREW YOU GUYS!

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

EXT.MIRAMAX STUDIOS LOT--DAY

The Red Light FLASHES outside the soundstage.

INT. SOUNDSTAGE--SAME

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

-

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

BEN

Where are we taking
it from, Gus?

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

GUS

I'm busy.

BEN

You're a true
artist, Gus

MATT

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

BEN

Oh, now you're the
director.

MATT

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

BEN

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

MATT

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

BEN

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

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

BEN

And sometimes, you
go back to the well.

MATT

And sometimes, you
do Reindeer Games.

BEN

Now that's just
mean.

Jay turns excitedly to Bob.

JAY

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

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

A.D.

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

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

JAY

(off A.D.'s
comment)

That's pretty funny.

A.D.

(calling out)
Alright, people.
Lock it up. Let's go
for picture.

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

JAY

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

CLAPPER/LOADER O.C.

Good Will Hunting
Two: Hunting Season.

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

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

CLAPPER/LOADER

Scene sixteen, take
five.

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

BEN

Action, Gus?

Gus looks up from counting his money.

GUS

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

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

BEN/CHUCKIE

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

CLARK

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

BEN/CHUCKIE

Are we gonna have a
problem, again?

CLARK

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

MATT/WILL

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

CLARK

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

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

CLARK

Once Sean told you
it wasn't your
fault, you lost the

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

(gets in his face)

Now how do you like them apples?

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

BEN/CHUCKIE

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

MATT/WILL

Chuckie--
(snarling)
It's Hunting season.

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

smoking.

BEN/CHUCKIE

Apple sauce, bitch.

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

SECURITY GUARD

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

BEN

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

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

SECURITY GUARD

THERE THEY ARE!

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

JAY

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

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

MATT

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

EXT. SOUNDSTAGE--DAY

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

INT. SOUNDSTAGE--SAME

Jay and Silent Bob rush in to see--

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

CLAPPER/LOADER

Scream four, scene
thirty-seven, take
one.

(claps it and
rushes off)

WES CRAVEN

Action!

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

SHANNEN DOHERTY

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

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

Jay and Silent Bob go wide-eyed.

SHANNEN DOHERTY

Fucking Miramax--
(getting up)
CUT!

Shannen heads over to Wes, holding the mask.

WES CRAVEN

Shannen, usually I
say "cut."

SHANNEN DOHERTY

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

WES CRAVEN

The market research
suggest that people
love monkeys.

Jay and Silent Bob rush in, grab Suzanne.

JAY

WE LOVE THIS MONKEY!

They rush out. West shrugs to Shannen.

WES CRAVEN

See?

Security Guards race through, chasing after the exited pair.

EXT. LOT--DAY

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

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

JAY

What the fuck are we gonna do?

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

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

JAY
PUNCH IT!!!

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

Below, the Security Guards stare in awe as--

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

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

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

INT.DRESSING ROOM--DAY

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

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

JAMES
Holy shit--that
looked like it hurt.

JASON
Are you guys
alright?
(off Suzanne)

Hey! They've got a
monkey!

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

JAY

Yo, I think that
shit just kicked in.

JAMES

Let's get you guys
on your feet.

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

JAY

(to James)

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

JAMES

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

JASON

Enough!

(to Jay)

Jason Biggs.

JAY

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

JASON

You mean Shannon?
Sadly, no.

JAY

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

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

JAY

(off James's-
look)
What, man? You never
did one of these?

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

JAY

Holy shit? You're
the Dawson!

JAMES

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

JAY

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

JAMES

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

JAY

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

JAMES

Well, there was this one time--
(catching himself)
Wait a second--who are you guys?!

JASON

They're our stunt doubles, dumbass.
(to Jay)
Right?

JAY

Stunt doubles for
what?

JAMES

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

JASON

(to Bob)
You're doubling me.
I'm playing
Bluntman, AKA Silent
Bill.

JAMES

Bob

JASON

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

JAMES

Jay! Shit, did you
even read the
script?

JASON

There's a script?

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

JAY

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

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

JASON

(off Jay and
Bob, to
James)

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

JAMES

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

JASON

I'm not a homophobe.

JAMES

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

Suzanne approaches them.

JASON

Hey--look at the
monkey.

JAMES

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

JASON

He's so cute--
 (to Suzanne)
C'mere. Monkey.
C'mere--

Suzanne pulls Jason and James out of the frame.

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

JAY

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

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

JAY

That's one funky
monkey.

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

VOICE (O.C.)

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

JAY

(to door;
deepening
voice)

Uh--yeah. They're in here.

SECURITY GUARD

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

JAY

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

EXT. DRESSING ROOM--SAME

The Security Guards stand outside a door marked James.

SECURITY GUARD

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

JAY (O.C.)

(through
door)

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

The Security guard look at one another.

SECURITY GUARD

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

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

INT. DRESSING ROOM--DAY

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

JAY

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

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

EXT. LOT--DAY

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

JAMES

YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG
GUYS!

JASON

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

SECURITY GUARD

(to Cops)
He'll be the pie--in
prison.

INT. SOUNDSTAGE HALLWAY--DAY

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

JAY

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

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

A.D.

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

(pulling them
off)

The director doesn't
like to be kept
waiting.

INT. SOUNDSTAGE--BLUNTCAVE SET

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

DIRECTOR

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

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

P.A.

Here's your coffee,
sir.

DIRECTOR

(eyes the
coffee)

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

P.A.

I didn't spit in it,
sir.

DIRECTOR

Then taste it! Go
on!

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

P.A.

It's all good, sir.

DIRECTOR

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

P.A.

You the man, sir.

DIRECTOR

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

The Director glares at the scared P.A., as he

cautiously skulks off. BANKY EDWARDS approaches.

BANKY

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

DIRECTOR/CHAKA

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

BANKY

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

CHAKA

An inker? What, like
you trace?

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

A.D.

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

CHAKA

I don't see 'em.

Where are they?

(into

bullhorn)

WHERE THE FUCK ARE

THE STARS OF THIS

PIECE OF SHIT?!

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

JAY

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

CHAKA

Look at this shit.

(off their

outfits)

A gay hood ornament,

and the color

Purple.

JAY

Who the fuck are
you?

CHAKA

Who the fuck am I?

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

JAY

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

CHAKA

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

(beat)

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

Chaka heads back toward his monitor. Jay and
Bob are confused.

JAY

Wait, wait, wait!!
Aren't you gonna
direct us?

CHAKA

I'll be directing

you to the food
stamps line after I
fire your ass, if
you talk back like
that to me again!

JAY

But we don't know
what we're supposed
to do here. We
didn't even read the
script.

CHAKA

So? Neither did I.
Shit, neither did
the studio.

(pointing
O.C.)

Look man, it's not
hard. In this scene,
the bad guy breaks
into the Bluntcave.
You make up some
shit, fight him for
a while, I film it,
I yell "cut," and
then head back to my
trailer, where I got
more white women
waiting for me there
than the first
lifeboat off the
Titanic!

(confidentially)

They all want a part
of the movie, and I
got just the part
for 'em.

Jay and Silent Bob go wide-eyed, as Chaka heads off.

CHAKA

LET'S ROLL WITH THE
NEW!

A.D. (O.C.)

QUIET ON THE SET!
THIS IS A TAKE!

Chaka climbs behind his monitor. The P.A. is waiting for him with another cup of coffee.

P.A.

I got you another
cup of coffee, sir.
Spit free.

Chaka smacks the coffee out of his hand and sits down.

The Clapper/Loader jumps in front of the startled Jay and Bob, getting ready. After a beat, he turns to Silent Bob.

CLAPPER/LOADER

I just wanna say
that I loved when
fucked that pie.
(calling off)
BLUNTMAN AND CHRONIC
STRIKE BACK, SCENE
THIRTY-SEVEN, TAKE
ONE!

The clapper/Loader shuts the clapboard and

paces off. From behind the monitor, Chaka calls out--

CHAKA

ACTION!

Jay and Bob (as Bluntman and Chronic) look at each other for a beat. Then--

JAY/CHRONIC

Uh--Snootchie
Bootchies.

Suddenly, the wall to their left explodes. Jay and Bob hit the deck. Through the smoking rubble steps COCK-KNOCKER--the arch --nemesis of Bluntman and Chronic. He's a normal-looking man with huge, overgrown FISTS.

JAY/CHRONIC

What the fuck?

COCK-KNOCKER

You thought I'd
never find your
precious Bluntcave,
did you, Hemp
Knight? But now you
and your sidekick
are finally in the
grasp of Cock-
Knocker!

JAY/CHRONIC

Why do they call you
" Cock-Knocker"?

Cock-Knocker slams one of his huge fists into

Jay's balls. Jay drops to his knees, wailing. Cock-Knocker then pulls a vibrator-looking device from his cape. He presses a button on it and a laser beam rises out of the vibrator, like a light saber.

COCK-KNOCKER

Any last words
before I bust your
balls, Bluntman?

Silent Bob quickly looks right, then left. His eyes fall on--

A wall of armaments, on which hangs a SILVER BONG, under the placard: BONG SABER--EXTREMELY EXPERIMENTAL. DO NOT USE. It's out of his reach.

Silent Bob closes his eyes, concentrating. He reaches his hand out to the Bong Saber, attempting the Jedi Mind Trick.

Suddenly, the Bong snaps from the armory into Bob's grip. The Bong Saber blasts to life and Bob strikes a defensive pose. Bob rushes the astonished Cock-Knocker and the pair start light saber dueling.

CHAKA

(from behind
monitor)

Damn! Now that was
one special effect!
This picture's gonna
make House Party
look like House
Party Two!

A.D.

Or House Party
Three?

CHAKA

Shut the fuck up!

Cock-Knocker battles Bob back. He vogues some impressive blade handling, prompting Bob to make a run for it--up the ladder of the Bong Reactor and over Cock-Knocker's head. He lands behind Cock-Knocker, striking another pose. Cock-Knocker then high-kicks Bob in the face, knocking him on his ass across the floor. Cock-Knocker rushes over to deliver a saber kill-shot, when we hear--

JAY (O.C.)

YO-BITCH-FISTS!

Cock-Knocker turns to see--

Jay, standing on the rotating monitor station, holding a double-sided saber. He clicks it and TWO beams emit (a la the Darth Maul light saber in Episode One).

JAY

Call me Darth Balls.
Bunngg.

Jay leaps at Cock-Knocker, wielding the double-beamed Bong Saber.

CHAKA

(from behind
the monitor)

I think George Lucas
is going to sue
somebody--

EXT. SOUNDSTAGE--DAY

Willenholly's car screeches up, and Willenholly jumps with a shotgun. He slides across the hood of the car and lands beside the flashing red light.

WILLENHOLLY

(looking
around)
So, this is
Hollywood?
(suddenly
full of
purpose)
Lights, camera,
action, Jay and
Silent Bob.

Willenholly cocks his shotgun and heads for the door.

INT. SOUNDSTAGE--DAY

The door bursts open, and Willenholly charges in, firing two shots, O.C.

WILLENHOLLY

FREEZE YOU TERRORIST
SONSABITCHES!!!

Willenholly goes wide-eyed.

It's not Bluntcave. We're on a different soundstage, where a kid's movie's being shot: Mooby's Grand Adventure. There's a Barney-sized MOOBY surrounded by little KIDS. The Kids stare back at Willenholly terrified. The Mooby suit has smoking bullet holes in it. Mooby collapses.

WILLENHOLLY

Oh my God--
(to kids)
Um--sorry. That was supposed to be a warning shot. Uh--it looks like I'm on the wrong, uh--wrong set.

The Kids look at the fallen Mooby. On looks angrily at the O.C. Willenholly.

KID

You killed Mooby--
(to Kids)
LET'S GET HIM!!!

The Kids charge Willenholly, who screams like a woman as he's attacked.

INT. SOUNDSTAGE--SAME

Jay attacks Cock-Knocker with his Bong Saber, full throttle.

COCK-KNOCKER

(breaking
character)
You are not

upstaging me, Van
Der Beek!

Jay whacks away happily at the actor playing Cock-Knocker, hacking him up onto the ladder of the Bluntcave's nuclear reactor. Cock-Knocker climbs the ladder slightly to evade the attack, dueling Jay back with the saber in his other hand.

COCK-KNOCKER

(to O.C.
Chaka)

CHAKA--CALL OFF
DAWSON! GIVE ME A
"CUT"!

On cue, Jay delivers a kill-shot to one of Cock-Knocker's huge fists, cutting it off (a la Empire).

Silent Bob joins Jay, as Jay turns off this double-Bong Saber, Jay grins at Cock-Knocker.

JAY

Now whose balls have
been busted,bitch?

Suddenly, a gun shot rings out.

All turn to see a roughed-up Willenholly,
training his gun first on Jay, then Bob.

WILLENHOLLY

The C.L.I.T. stops
here, Jay and Silent
Bob!

(revealing

badge:
calling out)
Everyone stay calm.
I'm a Federal
Wildlife Marshal.
These men are the
leaders of a
terrorist
organization wanted
for the abduction of
a monkey.

VOICE (O.C.)

They didn't really
steal that monkey.

All turn to see Justice approaching from the
shadows. Willenholly trains his gun on her.
Jay's mouth drops.

JUSTICE

It was just a
diversion so we
could steal these.

Justice pulls the bag of diamonds from her
jacket, revealing them.

JUSTICE

And they're not the
leaders of C.L.I.T.
The C.L.I.T. is not
real.

WILLENHOLLY

No--the clit's real.
The female orgasm is
a myth.

JUSTICE

(to Jay)

Are you guys
alright?

JAY

I thought you blew
up, Boo Boo Kitty
Fuck.

JUSTICE

(smiling)

You remembered.

(back to
business)

It was a frame-up,
Jay. Sissy. Missy,
Chrissy, and I are
international jewel
thieves. We were
setting you up as a
patsy, but I
couldn't go through
with it, because I
..because I love
you.

JAY

Yeah? So that means
you'll fuck me,
right?

VOICE (O.C.)

If she does, it'll
be considered
necrophilia.

All turn to see Sissy, Missy, and Chrissy

slinking from the shadows, guns drawn.

SISSY

Because she's gonna
be one dead bitch.

(to Justice)

Hi, Jussy. We catch
you at a bad time?

MISSY

You should've just
let these guys go
down, Jussy.

JAY

Hey, I wanted to go
down, but I was
waiting until I got
to know her a little
better. See, there
was this little
angel on my
shoulder, and he
said--

CHRISSY

Shut the fuck up
before I shoot you
where you stand in
your pansy red
booties.

JAY

(looking
down)

Holy shit, I am
wearing pansy red
booties!

(to Bob)

Man--why the fuck
didn't you tell me?

SISSY

Let's have those
diamonds, Jussy.

JUSTICE

I can't do that,
Sissy

SISSY

(points her
gun at Jay)
Then lover --boy
gets one in the
brain.

CHAKA

YO!

All turn to look at CHAKA

CHAKA

Would any of you
lovely ladies like a
private audition to
be in my movie?

Justice high-kicks the gun out of Sissy's hand.
It lands on the ground discharging. Then
everyone starts shooting and running for cover.

Jay and Silent Bob hurl themselves over the
Bluntmobile.

Missy and Chrissy flip over a lavish,

exquisitely-packed craft service table labeled. CAST. They pop back up and start firing at Willenholly. Willenholly leaps behind a barren craft service table that holds a bag of Smarties and a dented can of RC Cola. He pops up and returns fire. When both are out of bullets, they drop back down behind the table and reload. From behind his table, Willenholly yells--

WILLENHOLLY

WHY ARE YOU SHOOTING
AT ME?!?! I'M JUST A
FEDERAL WILDLIFE
MARSHAL!!!

CHRISSY

TWO REASONS: ONE--
WE'RE WALKING,
TALKING BAD GIRLS,
CLICHES!

MISSY

AND TWO: BECAUSE
YOU'RE A MAN.

WILLENHOLLY

ONLY ON THE OUTSIDE!

The Girls and Willenholly both pop back up and open fire again.
Chaka ducks behind the monitor.

CHAKA

A shitload of white people with guns? Time to get my black ass out of here!

He races off, passing Justice and Sissy, who circle each other defensively, striking kung fu poses.

SISSY

You really let me
down, Justice.
Throwing it all away
for a little stoner
with bad
pronunciation.

JAY (O.C.)

HEY!

JUSTICE

(ignoring
him)

What's it gonna be,
Sissy? Which
fighting style do
you want me to kick
your ass in?

SISSY

Are you kidding me?
I taught you all all
your moves myself.
There's not a style
you can bust that I
can't defend
against.

JUSTICE

You're no match for
my "Shaolin Monk."

SISSY

Yeah, but I can bury
you with my
"Crouching Tiger."

JUSTICE

A little "Venus's--
flytrap"?

SISSY

I'll counter with
"Dragon Crane."

JUSTICE

How about a little
"Bitch, My Man Ain't
Yo Baby's Daddy"?

SISSY

(beat;
smiles)
Bring it on.

Justice rushes Sissy and instead of sleek kung fu, they launch into a down-and-dirty, girl's cat-fight; hair pulling and screaming.

Behind the Bluntmobile, Jay and Bob watch all the action.

JAY

Yo--I hope one of
'em rips the other
one's shirt off and
we see some tit.

Both Bob and Jay smile at each other, nodding. Banky joins them, crawling in on his belly, covering his head.

BANKY

Mister Biggs? Mister
Van Der Beek? I just
wanted to say hi.
I'm--

JAY

Banky fucking
Edwards! Just the
motherfucker we came
to see!

BANKY

(shocked)
Holy shit! What the
fuck are you guys
doing here?!

Sissy has Justice on her belly, banging her
face into the floor, screeching.

Jay, Bob, and Banky continue.

BANKY

Stop the movie?! Are
you crazy?!

JAY

All these assholes
are calling us names
on the
Internet, 'cause of
this stupid movie!

BANKY

I feel for you boys--

I really do. Those
Net snipers can be
really cruel. But
Miramax paid me a
shitload of money
for Bluntman and
Chronic, so it
occurs to me that
people bad- mouthing
you on some web-site
is none of my
FUCKING CONCERN!

SILENT BOB

Oh--but I think it
is.

Banky stares at Silent Bob, agog, Jay rolls his
eyes.

JAY

Here we go again--

SILENT BOB

Shut the fuck up.
(to Banky)
We had a deal with
you on the comics
for likeness rights.
And as we're not
only the artistic
basis but also the
character basis for
your intellectual
property, Bluntman
and Chronic, when we
said property was
optioned by Miramax
Films you were

legally obliged to
secure our
permission to
transfer the concept
to another medium.
As you failed to do
that, you're in
breach of the
original contract--
ergo, you find
yourself in a very
actionable position.

Banky stares at Bob, even more agog, joined by
Jay. After a beat, Jay adds--

JAY

Yeah.

Justice now has the advantage over Sissy,
holding her head and kicking her in the face,
repeatedly, screaming.

BANKY

So, what do you guys
want, to go away and
take your lady
friends with you?

JAY

Shitcan this movie
so we don't get
called names on the
Internet anymore.

BANKY

Even if there's no
movie, people are

still free to talk
shit about you on
the Internet. That's
what the Internet's
for: slandering
others anonymously.
Stopping the flick
isn't going to stop
that!

In the background, we see Justice high-kick
Sissy into the air.

JAY

Well this isn't
fair! We went to
Hollywood, I fell in
love, we stole a
monkey, we got shot
at, and got punched
in the motherfucking
nuts! We ain't
leaving empty-
handed!

On cue, Sissy drops from above, landing in
Jay's lap.

JAY

What's up baby? You
look good!

BANKY

Isn't that your
girlfriend's enemy?

JAY

Oh yeah.

(pushing
Sissy off
him)
Get the fuck offa
me, pig!

Sissy races at Justice, leaping atop her,
pulling her hair.

Jay, Bob, and Banky continue.

BANKY

You guys are gonna
ruin my movie
career.

JAY

Well, we want
something for our
mental anguish.

BANKY

Tell you what: we'll
settle this
monetarily. I'll
give you half of
what I made.

JAY

Half?!?

BANKY

Half's not good
enough? Fine --I'll
give you two-thirds
of what I made!

JAY

Fuck-you--you
already said half?
You can't take it
back!

Silent Bob rolls his eyes, Banky shakes Jay's
hand.

BANKY

Done

Justice throws Sissy off, onto the floor. Both
get up, facing each other.

SISSY

Your shit is so
tired, Justice!

JUSTICE

Call me Boo-Boo
Kitty Fuck--.BITCH!

Justice high-kicks Sissy and she goes flying
across the stage.

Sissy sails toward the craft service table,
landing atop Missy and Chrissy, knocking them
out.

Willenholly stands to see why the girls stopped
shooting.

WILLENHOLLY

Hello? Truce?
(beat)
I think I killed
both of them.

Suddenly, he lets out a shriek and falls forward, revealing a tranquilizer dart in his ass, and SUZANNE standing behind him, holding the gun up in the air.

Justice surveys her handiwork for a beat, then calls off toward the Bluntmobile.

JUSTICE

C'mon guys. It's over.

Jay, Bob, and Blanky pop up from behind the car and join her.

JAY

Yo, I was just about to jump in there and get your back.

Then, the SOUND of SIRENS rings out in the distance.

JAY

Holy shit, the cops!
We gotta get out of here!

JUSTICE

No. I'm tired of running.

Justice lifts Willenholly into a sitting position and taps his face.

JUSTICE

You awake, Marshal?
Marshal?

WILLENHOLLY

(tries to
move but
can't)

Oh my God, I'm
paralyzed. The
monkey shot me in
the ass and
paralyzed me! Oh the
irony!

JUSTICE

(off
Suzanne's
gun)

You're not
paralyzed. It was
just a tranquilizer.

WILLENHOLLY

Jesus! Tranqued by a
little monkey! My
friends in the
Bureau are never
gonna let me live
this down!

JUSTICE

You have friends in
the F.B.I.?

WILLENHOLLY

(crying)
They all made it in,
but I failed the
exam. Why the hell

else do you think I
became a Federal
Wildlife Marshal?
'Cause I'm a joke!

Justice looks toward the direction of the
sirens, thinking. Then--

JUSTICE

Maybe not. I can
make you a deal
that'll get you into
the F.B.I.,
regardless of test
scores.

WILLENHOLLY

What kind of deal?

JUSTICE

You drop the charges
against Jay and
Silent Bob and say
you never found the
ape. Make sure the
world knows they're
not in control of
any C.L.I.T.

JAY

Now wait a second--

JUSTICE

I'll explain later,
Jay

(to

Willenholly)

In exchange, I'll

give you the
diamonds I stole,
and turn in Sissy,
Missy, Chrissy, and
myself. But I want a
reduced sentence.

WILLENHOLLY

You'd be willing to
do that?

JUSTICE

(off Jay)
For him? I'd be
willing to do
anything.

Justice stands and takes Jay by the hands.

JUSTICE

I'm an international
jewel thief who's
facing a jail
sentence.

JAY

That's alright. I'm
a junkie with a
monkey.

JUSTICE

If I go to prison,
will you wait for
me?

JAY

I don't know. Will
we fuck when you get

out?

Justice smiles and kisses Jay Passionately. The kiss should say it all, but--

JAY

Don't change the subject. Will we fuck when you get out?

JUSTICE

Snoogans.

Justice and Jay kiss again.

Suzanne reached up to Silent Bob, who picks her up. She grabs his face and kisses him.

Willenholly looks to Banky.

WILLENHOLLY

Wow. There's a lot of love in the room.

BANKY

Regardless of what you may have heard. I do not kiss guys.

EXT. SOUNDSTAGE--LATER

Justice and Jay are still kissing, until Willenholly pulls her away and loads her into the waiting Cop Car.

WILLENHOLLY

Sorry, Justice.
We've gotta go.
 (to Jay:
 friendly)
Hey--stop stealing
monkeys.

JAY

Fuck you.

WILLENHOLLY

Fair enough.

Willenholly closes the door behind Justice and gets in the car.

JUSTICE

 (to Jay)
Wait for me.

JAY

What--here?

Jay looks at Justice, confused, as the Cruiser pulls away, leaving Jay, Bob, Suzanne, and Banky. They start walking down the lot.

BANKY

Well, boys--you're
rich in love--
 (indicating
 Jay)
Well, you're in
love. And to top
that off, you've got
your own monkey.
What more could two
guys from Jersey

possibly want?

JAY

All those fucks to
stop talking shit
about us on the
Internet, for
starters.

BANKY

What do I keep
telling you? There's
not much you can do
to stop that. Well,
short of showing up
at all their houses
and beating the shit
out of them, I
guess.

Jay and Bob suddenly freeze. They look at each other and smile.

JAY

(to Bob)

You know--with all
that money we're
gonna make we can
buy a lotta plane
tickets.

START THE JAY AND BOB KICKASS MONTAGE

EXT. SKY--DAY

A passenger JET flies through the sky.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET--DAY

Jay and Bob stand across the street from a house. They check the address on the big ream of paper they're carrying, nod at each other, and cross the street.

INT. HOUSE--DAY

The doorbell rings. A MOTHER answers it to see Jay and Silent Bob standing in the doorway.

MOTHER

Can I help you?

JAY

Yes. Ma'am, Does--
(reading of
paper)
William Dusky live
here?

MOTHER

Yes. He's my son.

JAY

May we talk to him,
please.

MOTHER

One moment.

She walks away. After a beat, a fifteen-year-old KID comes to the door.

KID

Yeah?

JAY

Yo--do you post as--
(reading off
paper)
Magnolia-Fan on
Movie Poop
Shoot.com?

KID

Yeah.

JAY

And did you write
"Fuck Jay and Silent
Bob. Fuck them up
their stupid asses?"

KID

Yeah, a while ago.
So?

Jay and Bob nod at each other, then grab the KID, pull him outside, and start beating the shit out of him on his front lawn.

EXT. SKY--DAY

The passenger jet flies again, this time in the opposite direction.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE--DAY

Jay and Bob knocking at another door. Another MOTHER answers. They speak, she heads inside, and another KID comes to the door.

JAY

On Movie Poop
Shoot.com. did you
say Jay and Silent
Bob--

(reading off
paper)

--are fucking clown
shoes. If they were
real, I'd beat the
shit out of them for
being so stupid."

KID

(chuckling)

Yeah.

JAY

Really--

Again, Jay and Bob pull the Kid outside and
beat the shit out of him.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE--DAY

Jay and Bob beat the shit out of a CLERK.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY--DAY

Jay and Bob beat the shit out of a WOMAN.

EXT. RECTORY--DAY

Jay and Bob beat the shit out of a PRIEST.

INT. OFFICE--DAY

Jay and Bob beat the shit out of a BUSINESSMAN.

EXT. MOVIE THEATRE--NIGHT

The marquee reads: JASON BIGGS AND JAMES VAN DER BEEK ARE BLUNTMAN AND CHRONIC! WORLD PREMIERE!

The front doors open and the CROWD lets out. First we see DANTE and RANDAL.

RANDAL

Now that was worse
then Clash of the
Titans.

DANTE

I still can't
believe Judy Dench
played me.

RANDAL

Hey--remind me to
renew that
restraining order.

DANTE

Why?

RANDAL

Because I'm gonna
blast the flick on
the Internet
tonight.

STEVE-DAVE and WALT exit.

STEVE-DAVE

Why can't Hollywood
ever make a decent
comic book movie?

WALT

Tell'em Steve-Dave!

STEVE-DAVE

Would you stop
saying that?

ALYSSA and TRISH come out.

TRISH

Well, that was just
another paeon to
male adolescence and
its refusal to grow
up.

ALYSSA

Yeah, sis--but it
was better than
Mallrats. At least
Holden had the good
sense to keep his
name off of it.

TRISH

Why wouldn't Miramax
option his other
comic instead? You
know--the one he
drew about you and
him and your
relationship?

ALYSSA

You mean Chasing
Amy? That would
never work as a
movie.

BANKY and HOOPER exit.

BANKY

I'm so fucking
embarrassed--

HOOPER

Honey, you should
be. They took your
characters and
reduced them to one
ninety- minute-long-
gay joke. It was
like watching Batman
and Robin again.

BANKY

Thanks. That means a
lot coming from the
guy who pretends to
be Shaft as opposed
to the guy who takes
shaft.

HOOPER

I don't hear you
complaining nightly.
In fact, the only
thing I do hear you
say is "Yes, Hooper!
Cradle the balls and
work the shaft!"

BANKY

(looking
around)

Hey! Hey! What'd we
say? Not in public!

A guy behind them calls out to Banks.

GUY

Nice movie, you
fucking Tracer!

BANKY

(recognizing
him)

You--!

GUY

That's right, you
sonovabitch! I'm
back for round two!

Banky grabs the guy by the throat and starts
choking him, while Hooper tries to break them
up.

WILLENHOLLY exits with Justice in hand-and leg
cuffs and a prison uniform. They're flanked by
two ARMED PRISON GUARDS.

WILLENHOLLY

You know, I don't
get out to the
movies much. But I'd
have to say Bluntman
and Chronic was
Blunt-tastic!

JUSTICE

Are these leg cuffs
really necessary?

WILLENHOLLY

Don't make me shoot
you, Justice.

And finally, Jay and Silent Bob come out.

JAY

YO! THE PARTY'S
ACROSS THE STREET,
FEATURING THE
GREATEST BAND IN THE
WORLD: MORRIS DAY
AND THE TIME!!!

WHIP PAN to Morris day and The Time on stage,
performing "The Bird." During the song, Morris
points to--

Jay and Bob, who are dancing with Suzanne and
Justice (who's still in cuffs, flanked by the
Guards). Jay looks to Bob, they nod at each
other and--

Jay and Silent Bob, join Morris Day and the
TIME onstage, and dance us out to the coda,
which reads--

CODA

Bluntman and Chronic
Strike Back went on
to make a mere 2.3
million at the box
office. It was the
biggest commercial

failure in the
history of Miramax
films.

The film was roundly drubbed as a bad idea by the denizens of the Internet chat boards, and over the course of the next year, while they waited for the Quick Stop restraining order to expire, Jay and Silent Bob tracked them all down and beat the shit out of them.

CREDITS. THEN--

INT. NOWHERE

A familiar WOMAN closes a book that's marked: THE VIEW ASKEWNIVERSE. She puts the book down, smiles at us and skips off.

THE END

Jay and Silent Bob Strike Back (2001) by Kevin Smith. Over black we see: CHYRON A long time ago, in front of a convenience store far, far away--. Ext. Quick stop years ago--day. We FADE IN on the block of stores (Quick Stop/RST), from sometime ago, In fact, RST isn't RST; it's THE RECORD RACK -- a 45's store with head shop paraphernalia in the window. A white-trash MOTHER (maybe seventeen) wearing a baseball cap comes into frame carrying a chubby BABY.Â Jay looks back at Silent Bob. Silent Bob shakes his head "no." Jay shrugs then flips his hair over his shoulder, and starts to bend down. JAY Alright. (he suddenly stops) You hear that? She's not a Catholic. She's a Presbyterian. Jay disappears below the dash, The Nun goes wide-eyed. December 2011, 20:40 James L. Venable / Jay And Silent Bob Strike Back Used drive : PLEXTOR DVDR PX-L890SA Adapter: 1 ID: 1 Read mode : Secure Utilize accurate stream : Yes Defeat audio cache : Yes Make use of C2 pointers : No Read offset correction : 6 Overread into Lead-In and Lead-Out : No Fill up missing offset samples with silence : Yes.Â Bob Strike Back_James L_Venable\score\01 A Long Time Ago.wav Pre-gap length 0:00:02.00 Peak level 96.6 % Extraction speed 2.5 X Track quality 100.0 % Test CRC C1C3FEBF Copy CRC C1C3FEBF Cannot be verified as accurate (confidence 1) [133BCDAD], AccurateRip returned.