

(Name of Project)

by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by
(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)
Address
Phone Number

HOST

Man, everytime i want to rent a room at my house I get tons of bunk money orders from people in Africa perticularly Nigeria. Im sure some of you know what I am talking about. The checks in excess of the move in amount to hold the room and request the difference to be mailed back to help pay for shipping expenses and what not. Well, To fuck with that unethical industry, I started having them send me as many money orders as possible and try to cash them at Walmart. Not me, though, shit, you can get in trouble for that. I sent my roommate. Check it out.

KELVIN:

Patty, can you cash these at Walmart for me. Im not feeling so hot.

-CAMERA SHOT IS DIRECTLY OVERHEAD OF THE TABLE LOOKING DOWN AT KELVIN PUSHING TONS OF MONEY ORDERS ON THE TABLE. GUY RICHIE SNAP SHOT OF EACH MONEY ORDER WITH AN OLD CAMERA FLASH SOUND EFFECT.

PATTY:

where'd you get all these Kelvin.

KELVIN:

Patty, why did the girl have two black eyes?

Patty:

I dont know, why?

Kelvin:

cuz she didnt listen the first time.

With heavy big dark sunglasses he sits back on his chair like that's whats up.

KELVIN:
to avoid trademarks around your
mothafuckin eyes, do it with a
smile.

KELVIN:
Cool see you later Patty.

Host:
Well sure enough patty was arrested
and is serving time. The
interesting thing is that one of
the prospective roommates from
Nigeria came.

As the two get to know each other, the audience believes,
that the new roomie is the one that is fishy, sending money
orders from Nigeria and one word answers. Yet we later find
out that the landlord is the fishy one, with bad manners, and
weird customs.

LANDLORD
So its nice to finally meet you.

ROOMIE:
(With a sweet and innocent
voice.)
Im looking to move in.

LANDLORD
I know, I know. What interests you
in to our humble location?

ROOMIE:
the rolling hills.

LANDLORD
(With some hesitation and
awkwadness of all the
quick responses.)
Ok, ok. Do you need the room
furnished or do you have stuff.

ROOMIE:
No.

LANDLORD
No, you dont have furniture, or no
you dont need furnished.

ROOMIE

No.

LANDLORD

Ok... Well sign here, and here, and here are the keys. The only rule is to clean up after yourself... oh, and here is the garage door opener.

He turns to grab the garage door opener from behind him, as soon as he turns back she is gone.

LANDLORD

That bitch is weird.

LATER ON DURING
THE DAY WHEN
THEY ENCOUNTER
EACH OTHER IN
THE KITCHEN.

LANDLORD

Hey, how are you doing.

ROOMIE.

Looks at him with a strait, face about to answer with a quick and weird response. Then the camera pans down from her visions perspective to reveal his balls are hanging out of the bottom of his boxers.

LANDLORD

(As soon as he finishes
drinking a full glass of
grape juice.)

Clean up after yourself.

Then splashes the remainder of his drink on top of the existing dirty dishes and walks away.

Roomie is left misguided and not understanding.

Later on she comes downstairs and approaches the couch from behind where he is watching an episode of Benny Hill laughing hysterically when Benny pats the old bald guy on his head.

The girl, a bit shy wanting to ask about the mail forwarding services freezes in her steps when she notices a large bowel movement inside a transparent glass bowl.

He mutes the TV because he heard a noise, and she stays frightened and silent right behind him.

He un-mutes it immediately laughing hysterically to another Benny Hill antic. She drops to the floor and crawls away in a hurry and goes into her room.

She puts her ear at the door when she hears steps coming. Then they stop. Camera shows her eyes get wide like he might be in the other side listening to her.

Then she hears what sounds like water being pored into a bucket of water.

The camera now shows just the toilet but with urine hitting all corners at every cough he has. He tries to flush with his foot but did not do it all the way down so it did not flush and he walks away. The camera shows the steamy white bubbles inside the toilet still fizzing.

As he's walking out he is curious why he has not seen her in a while so he presses his ear against her door. The camera immediately shows her ear pressed exactly on the other side of the door as they listen to each other. Then the camera shows him like, huh, oh well.

He turns around and with the most careful finesse he pulls his pants half way down and presses his but against the door letting out a rumble that shakes the walls. Then takes off to his room laughing intensely.

She takes a step back and just stares at the door like what the fuck was that.

She passes it off like just moving on to the next thing, sits on her desk to write an email.

Shot shows her typing while her voice is heard.

"Dear Mr President, I hope everything is well back at home, this expedition has been very interesting and should prove useful to our countries development. I suggest after careful analysis that we continue our email assault of this country's banking system. There are still enough morons here to keep us funded for years." "PS Give my love to Brad and Angelina for funding my trip."

The shot fades to black as it focused on the last word typed and blinking cursor.