

BUILDING ORDINARY

By

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EXT. VAN - OUTSIDE APARTMENT COMPLEX IN NYC - NIGHT

Words on Screen "THE OPERATION"

Pull back from a tall NYC apartment complex to a van parked across the street.

A slender dark figure approaches the van holding a bag. He opens the back van doors and gets inside.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

The van is windowless, there are several monitors, keyboard and other seemingly high tech but pieced together computer and video surveillance parts. A woman is seen on one of the monitors heading for a bedroom.

MARK, mid 20's, dressed in all black with war paint and ALBERT SCHWARTZMAN, 30, are located in the back of the van.

Another older man, with a big grizzly beard, disheveled, late 50's, sits **SNORING** behind the wheel of the van.

Schwartzman is watching the woman in the monitors intensely.

Mark Sits down. We hear some low unintelligible chatter on his walkie.

MARK

Man, nothin's real anymore. It's all just based on reality.

Schwartzman watching the monitors intensely ignores Mark.

SCHWARTZMAN

...seems real to me.

MARK

I just passed a movie poster and it read in giant Helvetica font "Based on Actual Events." Yesterday I was at a book store and there's even a section on historical fiction. What the fuck is that? How are factual events fictionalized?

SCHWARTZMAN

(ignoring Mark)

I don't watch movies.

(CONTINUED)

MARK

TV?

Silence.

SCHWARTZMAN

No.

MARK

Did you ever think lack of movies
television is what made you so
screwed up.

Silence.

SCHWARTZMAN

Possibly.

MARK

Don't discredit mass Media's
longterm effects on societal
thought and beliefs. We are
continuously being molded and
changed by what we see and hear day
in and day out. That's where our
children are being educated these
days.

SCHWARTZMAN

...and here I thought it was the
streets.

MARK

It's pretty clear that society no
longer even reads. For fucks sake
that dick Russel Crow has become
our representation of what Roman
Society is like... you know he was
in Gladiator.

SCHWARTZMAN

I actually think he's pretty good.
Didn't you see a "Beautiful Mind"?

MARK

Well, Yeah, he was good in that. My
point being, these people are no
longer imparting true knowledge,
but instead misleading our youth to
watch these blatantly historically
inaccurate fucking films... and I
blame the writers of these films...

SCHWARTZMAN
You seem really upset.

MARK
Yes... yes I am.... Look all I'm
saying is that those writers don't
even care about the true historical
context of which, for example, the
real Maximus Decimus Meridius was a
part?
(beat)
Russel Crow. He played Maximus.

Schwartzman looks over to Mark.

SCHWARTZMAN
You're a silly man, you know that?

MARK
At least I got you to turn around
and look at me.

Silence between the two again.

Mark turns his attention to the monitors.

A woman is sitting down on her couch reading a book.

He takes out some beef jerky from the bag and starts chewing
on it.

MARK (CONT'D)
So, whats she up to?

SCHWARTZMAN
She's reading.

MARK
Whats she reading?

SCHWARTZMAN
Words.

MARK
You're a dick.

Schwartzman turns his attention back to watching the
monitors, ignoring Mark.

SCHWARTZMAN
Well we can't all get our
edification from Archie Comics and
Russel Crow films.

MARK

You can be a real ass Albert.

Silence. Turns to Mark.

SCHWARTZMAN

Sorry Mark... I'm just nervous about this whole thing.

MARK

Well take it easy... this is fuckin' great man.

SCHWARTZMAN

Only you could think this shit is great. I for one am scared shitless that it's all going to go horribly wrong in like 10 minutes.

MARK

Well brotha, release some positive energy into the universe and it will reply in kind.

SCHWARTZMAN

Your small talk and feng-shui crap really does not make me feel any better.

Mark Chewing.

We hear the walkie come alive. On the other end is DANNY, mid 20's, born with slight Down Syndrome and has a **SLIGHT STUTTER** (NOT PORTRAYED IN THE WRITING). Also MOSHE, mid 30's, a Hasidic Jew, dressed in Hasidic Jew attire, black suit, black hat, white shirt with white tzitzit (fringed religious garment) under the white shirt, having a heavy Jewish accent.

DANNY (O.S.)

Mark. Schwartzman. Come in. Come in. Hello?

SCHWARTZMAN

(getting excited)

Shit... Mark... I think shes moving.

MARK (ON WALKIE)

Hold Danny.

(CONTINUED)

DANNY (O.S.)
Hello...? I think I have to go to
the bathroom.

The woman gets up to go to the kitchen and get a drink.

SCHWARTZMAN
Never mind. She's just heading for
the kitchen.

MARK (ON WALKIE)
What'd you say Danny?

DANNY (O.S.)
I need to go to the bathroom.

The Homeless Man wakes up.

MARK (ON WALKIE)
You can't just leave your post for
trivialities like peeing.

HOMELESS MAN
There's nothing trivial about
peeing son.

Schwartzman still intensely watching the monitors.

The woman sits back down on the couch and continues reading
her book.

MARK (ON WALKIE)
Danny wait.

HOMELESS MAN
Let the boy go do his business.

MOSHE (O.S.)
"Holding it" can lead to any number
of medically preventable ailments.
Urinary Incontinence, UTI, Renal
failure...

MARK (ON WALKIE)
Enough! No-one is allowed to piss
or shit or do anything till we move
in!

HOMELESS MAN
Back in Nam, I would lay in the
jungle under some brush covered
with my own piss and shit. If I
moved an inch, a fuckin' yellow

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HOMELESS MAN (cont'd)
belly gook would pop out of the
brush and erase me from that god
forsaken hellhole in a heartbeat.

The woman puts the book down on the coffee table. She gets up and goes to the bedroom. She picks up a phone, speaks to someone. She slowly and visibly starts to get extremely distraught.

SCHWARTZMAN
Can you zoom in on her?

MARK
I could but all you'd see is just a
bunch of pixels.

She continues to get more and more distraught. She puts down the phone. Quickly gets dressed and heads for the door.

SCHWARTZMAN
I think she heading out.

Mark and Schwartzman intensely watch the monitors as a young EXOTIC WOMAN, late 20's, seemingly Half-Spanish, Half-Asian, exits her apartment and heads for the elevators.

MARK (ON WALKIE)
Everyone get ready. The pigeon has
left the coop.

MOSHE (O.S.)
Roger.

DANNY (O.S.)
Roger.

SCHWARTZMAN
Hey hold on a sec... Lets get a
confirmation.

MARK
She's out. We're going in.

EXT. VAN - NIGHT

Mark opens the van doors and jumps outside all exited. He straps on his various devices and grabs his bags.

MARK
Schwartzman, take ops.

(CONTINUED)

SCHWARTZMAN

Ops? No way. I'm going with you.

MARK

We already discussed this. We do the job. You stay here and take ops. And anyway... whose gonna make sure that she doesn't come back and find us in her damn underwear drawer... grizzly Adams over there.

Mark nods toward the Homeless Man.

HOMELESS MAN

I heard that you piss-ant.

SCHWARTZMAN

All I'm saying is you're too connected to the situation, let the professionals handle it.

Schwartzman gets up to leave the van.

Mark stops him half way out.

MARK

Do you want this book or not?

Schwartzman nods reluctantly.

MARK

Alrighty then. Sit down and enjoy the show big brother. I promise. I'll get the book back.

SCHWARTZMAN

(agrees reluctantly)

Fine, fine, go. But you better not fuck this up.

Mark jumps out the back of the van.

MARK

Man, I love this shit!

Van door SLAMS.

GO TO BLACK

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Words on Screen - "LOVE IS NOT BLACK AND WHITE"

A door opens and in walks Schwartzman into darkness. He closes the door and flips on the kitchen lights and walks over to the TV in the living room.

He picks up the remote control from the coffee table in the living room and clicks the television on. In the background we hear the theme song for "Entourage".

Before he gets a chance to sit down, the door is kicked in and in run two cops. The 2 officers BIERKO, mid 30's, BIG and BLACK, and SERPICO, mid 30's, BIG DUMB and ITALIAN, rush in.

Bierko pummels on top of Schwartzman, both go crashing into the table utterly smashing it into pieces. A police radio blasts codes and APB's as this happens.

SCHWARTZMAN
(recovering)
Shit! Not the fucking table. My
grandfather built that...

Bierko punches Schwartzman in his back. He yells in pain.

We hear Serpico **CLOSE THE DOOR and LOCK IT.**

Schwartzman is turned around with his face pressed against the floor and broken table legs. Bierko stands and towers over Schwartzman.

BIERKO
You fuckin piece of shit! I told
you this would happen. I mean isn't
this what I told you?

SCHWARTZMAN
(yelling in pain)
I didn't come anywhere near her
man.

BIERKO
Me and you had a conversation. You
said - you understood!. You said -
you'd stay away from her!
(kicks Schwartzman in the
side)
Do you understand me now bitch!

(CONTINUED)

SCHWARTZMAN
(yelling in pain)
I promise... I stayed away.

Schwartzman lays clutching his side, obviously bruised and in pain. Bierko squats over Schwartzman and then punches him in the stomach.

SERPICO
Hey Bierko take it easy. You said
we were just going to scare him.

BIERKO
(turns to Serpico angrily)
Shut the fuck up! You just told him
my name you idiot.

Turns back to Schwartzman.

SCHWARTZMAN
(picking up a piece of the
table)
My grandfather made that table with
his bare hands you... you ape.

BIERKO
Are you implyin' I'm a nigga,
nigga?

SCHWARTZMAN
Bierko... man, I would never say
that word. All I meant was...

BIERKO
So you a mother fuckin' racist on
top of being an idiot?

SCHWARTZMAN
I'm not a racist Bierko.

BIERKO
Stop sayin' my name.

SCHWARTZMAN
I'm a Liberal... Look I got this
independent voter registration
card...

Schwartzman goes for his wallet to take out his card. Bierko hits the wallet out of his hand.

(CONTINUED)

SCHWARTZMAN
I sympathize with the black
community Bierko...

Bierko slaps him. Schwartzman grabs his face.

SCHWARTZMAN
Ow. You slapped me.

BIERKO
Thats for sayin' my name.

SCHWARTZMAN
Shit... man...

BIERKO
And I'm not black pat-ner. Do I
look black to you Serpico?

SERPICO
You look dark brown to me.

BIERKO (TO SCHWARTZMAN)
I'm Afri-can Amer-ican. And I ain't
no bitch ass fuckin Liberal
neither... I'm the young,
Afri-can-Amer-ican, Re-pub-lic-an
whose going to fuck you up.

KNOCK KNOCK

SERPICO
Bierko... shhhh.

KNOCK KNOCK

DANNY
Schwww-wartz--mmann? Hee-ello?

Grabs Schwartzman by the collar.

BIERKO
(whispering)
Who the fuck is that Schwartzman?

SCHWARTZMAN
He's my neighbor.

BIERKO
(whispering)
Get rid of him.

Silence followed by a look from Bierko to get rid of Danny.

(CONTINUED)

SCHWARTZMAN
Hey Danny... I'm busy man.

DANNY (O.S.)
You ok in there? I heard a crash.
Is your grandfathers table ok?

Bierko signals Serpico to go stand next to the door.

SCHWARTZMAN
It was nothing man. I'll talk to
you later.

Serpico gets to the door and shuts off the kitchen lights.

DANNY
Come on, I know somethings up. Open
the door.

BIERKO
Tell him everything is cool.

SCHWARTZMAN
Everything is cool Danny.

BIERKO
Tell him to go away.

SCHWARTZMAN
Go away Danny.

BIERKO
Tell him nicer so he don't get
suspicious.

SCHWARTZMAN
Go away Danny. Please.

We hear some **KEYS SHUFFLING** outside the door and being
inserted into a lock.

SCHWARTZMAN
Shit... He's got a spare. Don't
hurt him Bierko.

BIERKO
(Whispers to Schwartzman)
Ok stay calm and shut the fuck up.

Danny walks into the apartment

DANNY
Hey Schwartzman, what's with all
the noise...?

The camera dolly's in super fast into Bierko towering over
Schwartzman.

Bierko Screams in Slow Motion.

BIERKO (TO SERPICO)
(screams)
Grab him.

SCHWARTZMAN
Danny runnnnnnn....

Serpico Slams the door as Danny walks in and grabs him from
the back in a headlock.

SCHWARTZMAN
Hey, that guy's handicap.

SERPICO
Should we take Schwartzman and the
retard?

DANNY
...its just a slight disability.

SERPICO
Shut up retard!

DANNY
I resent that...

BIERKO
Shut-Up!... Tie him to a chair.

SERPICO
(Looks all around)
They have no chairs...

BIERKO
Do I have to do all the fuckin'
thinkin' here.

SERPICO
Hey, don't condescend me Bierko,
I'm doing my best here.

BIERKO
No-ones condescending you... do you
even know what that word means?

(CONTINUED)

SCHWARTZMAN

Hey guys, you seem to have a lot of
issues to work out...

BIERKO

(threatening)

Shut the fuck up.

He grabs him by the collar and drags him toward
Schwartzman's room.

BIERKO (CONT'D)

I want all the pictures. Show me
where they are.

TITLE SEQUENCE

Ernie Fords' song "SIXTEEN TONS" starts.

A city begins to be built up from lines and figures, gears,
cogs and wheels. It's New York. The motion is mechanical,
stop-motion like, as credits come in in line with the
buildings of the city.

The wheels/gears continue to spin, as we move closer, the
movement of one ant scurrying toward the city, which leads
us to a whole colony of ants all scurrying around.

We continues to follow that one ant and slowly begin to pull
back to reveal an entire ant colony in...

INT. SCHWARTZMAN'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

We slowly move past the ant colony onto a wall where a
DespairWear Poster hangs ("Potential"), then pass over
several bookshelves.

The bookshelves are filled with black and white composition
books and photo albums all organized with care and color
coded, and as we scan we can see dates on them. The room is
adorned with pictures of a woman. Just one woman. The woman
we saw earlier Schwartzman watching.

The bookshelves are violently banging back and fort against
the wall. A **DULLING SOUND** is heard, but nothing can really
be distinguished.

Scanning through the books we come to the last book on the
shelf. On the spine it reads Albert Schwartzman - June.

(CONTINUED)