

JAY AND SILENT BOB STRIKE BACK

Screenplay by

Kevin Smith

**OVER BLACK WE**

**SEE:**

**CHYRON**

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

**EXT. QUICK STOP YEARS AGO--DAY**

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

**MOTHER**

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

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

**MOTHER**

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

wall.  
She walks away, leaving the baby sitting against the

around his  
looks

With the backwards baseball cap and the chocolate  
mouth forming something that resembles a beard, the kid  
kind of familiar.

KISS  
hair  
hip.  
sets

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

**MOTHER**

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

store. He  
the  
disgusted.

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

**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!

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

The smaller one says--

**BABY**

Fuck, fuck, fuck...

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**THE PRESENT**

Record  
JAY and SILENT BOB stand where the Babies sat. The  
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.

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!

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.

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 canceled  
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**

by a  
Jay and Silent Bob are thrown against the wall outside  
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!

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

**COP**

No pot, 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.

back Jay drops his pants and leans against the wall, looking 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!

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

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

**BRODIE (O.S.)**

No fucking way!

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

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

**LATER**

and a  
as he

BRODIE himself, holding a stack of comics in one hand  
Dixie cup in the other, Jay and Silent Bob follow him  
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 from 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.

opened to  
Get  
MCNEIL

Brodie hands Jay and Silent Bob a copy of Wizard,  
the headline: Snootchie Bootchies! Bluntman and Chronic  
Big Screen Treatment! There are pictures of HOLDEN  
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.

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

**EXT. POTZER'S INC--DAY**

building Jay and Silent Bob mosey past the front door of the 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!

following  
Jay and Silent Bob enter. Holden closes the door, 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?!"

at  
truth.

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

**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**

look  
Holden's at a computer terminal. Jay and Silent bob  
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." Yeaahhh.

**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.

up.  
On the computer monitor, we see the site mainpage load  
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 adaptation 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?

for Holden, Jay and Silent Bob pause and look at the camera  
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.

across  
handheld

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

**JAY**

Yo, Gretzky--lemme get a turn.

**CHILD**

Leave me alone, little kid.

turning

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

**JAY**

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

"He's

Silent Bob offers an incredulous look, as if to say,  
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!

the  
and  
on.

Silent Bob sighs and stands. He climbs over Jay into  
aisle and stands in front of the child. He looks at him  
registers doubt. He looks back to Jay, who waves him

reaches  
starts  
into his  
crying. Jay

Silent Bob steels himself, looks back to the kid and  
for his game. The Child emits a high-pitched scream and  
punching himself in the head. Silent Bob dives back  
seat, trying to look nonchalant. The Child stops  
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

The Bus Driver heads down the aisle toward the back of  
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!!**

massive  
the  
squeezed

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

**JAY**

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

**EXT. ROADSIDE--LATER**

left

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

**JAY**

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

hitching.

Silent Bob nods. Jay sticks out his thumb and starts

**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.

well.

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

**GUY**

You gotta induce the drivers a little.

**JAY**

Like how?

**GUY**

Like this.

Head

The GUY holds out his sign to them. It reads: Will Give 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 millennium. 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.

The Guy  
door  
door. He

A TRUCK starts to pull over to the side of the road.  
points to it, as if to say "See?" The passenger-side  
opens. The Guy climbs into the truck and closes the  
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.

go  
Drivers  
CAR  
window

Through the windshield, Jay and Silent Bob see the Guy  
face-first into the TRUCK DRIVER'S lap. The Truck  
smiles, and the truck takes off, roaring down the road.  
Jay and Silent Bob watch the truck disappear. Then, a  
pulls up. The NUN driving rolls down the passenger side  
and leans toward them.

**NUN**

You two boys need a ride?

**INT. CAR--LATER**

back  
Nun.

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

**NUN**

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

climbs

Silent Bob shakes his head "no" to Jay. Jay shrugs and  
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?

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

gets  
Silent  
his  
teeth.  
The Nun's car screeched to the side of the road. Jay kicked out of the front seat by the screaming Nun. Bob rushes out too, and the car races off. Jay's wipes his mouth. He pulls a long curly hair from between his

**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!

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

**INT. VAN--NIGHT**

headed  
Jay and Bob sit in the back of the can and stare at--  
A clean-cut GUY, a Bookish woman in glasses, a red  
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**

freaky  
haze,  
swirling  
taken  
  
joint  
  
Bookish  
other.  
  
sticking

As Jay and Bob toke up, we go all SLO-MO and 70's  
(with the image seeming to SWIM). Through their stoned  
we see old-school witches, skeletons, and ghouls  
about their heads--the latter of which gets his mask  
off to reveal a man inside a costume.  
  
Jay and Bob look at the gang, then take a hit off their  
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.  
  
and Beauty are in their underwear, making out with each  
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

wide-

way out of its sheath. It's monstrous. Jay and Bob go  
eyed.

**JAY**

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

Jay and Bob smile and pass out.

prior to

We cut back to the gang, who now appear as they did  
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**

scar

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

**EXT. KANSAS CITY PARK--DAY**

as

Jay wakes up suddenly, screaming. He startles Bob awake  
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?

points,

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

**EXT. MOOBY'S FAST FOOD JOINT--DAY**

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

dollar  
look  
Bob shrugs, heading for the terminal. He inserts a  
and types, following it up with a mouse click. The pair  
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 shit that we  
made 'em eat. Then all you  
motherfuckers are next. Love, Jay  
and Silent Bob.

Jay  
looking

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

and  
doors, all  
Girl in

As Jay finishes speaking, he looks to the O.C. doors  
freezes. A gorgeous GIRL walks through the front  
in SLO-MO to the tune of Prince's The Most Beautiful  
the World. She's bathed in light, glowing.  
She bats her eyelashes, gliding toward us.

then  
Jay's

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

**JAY'S POV**

to

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

middle  
kiss  
teenager  
incongruous

Jay moves past Silent Bob and meets the Girl in the  
of the floor. He embraces her and lands a long, sweet  
on her mouth. After a beat, he starts fumbling like a  
to get to second base under her shirt, totally

next to  
rolls  
sticks it  
She

with the music. The Girl kindly tries to deter him.  
But it's just a fantasy. Jay's still standing there  
Silent Bob, but he is sporting a huge BONER. Silent Bob  
his eyes. He grabs a soda cup off the counter and  
over Jay's boner, just as the Girl joins them in line.  
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.

other  
hair  
-  
Jay and Bob look past Justice to see a VAN with three  
gorgeous GIRLS stretching outside of it, throwing their  
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**

the  
food  
Jay and Bob climb into the van, getting odd looks from  
other Girls, Justice follows them in, tossing the fast  
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?

getting  
Suddenly, Jay and Bob are parted by BRENT, who's into the van.

**BRENT**

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

to  
Sissy, Missy, and Chrissy immediately go from disgusted 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.

Jay  
The very white Brent puts his hand out to be slapped by 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?

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

**JAY**

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

him 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**

hurled  
as  
off.

The side door of the van slides open and Brent gets out of the moving vehicle. Jay throws his guitar at him 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**

kneels

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

**CHRISSY**

What the fuck are we gonna do now?

**SISSY**

Shut up, I'm thinking.

her,

In the back, Justice studies some blueprints. Jay joins  
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.

has

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

dick,  
shoulder,

hand down his pants, getting ready to whip out his  
when suddenly a little JAY ANGEL appears on his  
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?

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.

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.

the  
and  
blankly,  
scowls.

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

**JAY**

Fuck you. Fatty.

**EXT. CONVENIENCE STORY--DAY**

Girls  
Silent

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

hot

Chrissy grabs Missy forcefully and the pair make out,

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!

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

**JUSTICE**

Look at him--

**EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE--SAME**

to Jay's dancing still, but now we hear what he's SINGING 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?

looks Justice looks at Sissy. Sissy nods at her. Justice 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.

front  
then

She smiles at Jay, touches his chin and heads to the  
of the van. Jay plays it cool until she's out of sight,  
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**

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

**INT. VAN--SAME**

wear  
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

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

aiming

Sissy jumps out of the van, holding the video camera,  
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?

lips.

Justice smiles at Jay, then kisses him sweetly on the

**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, handing

in  
out.

midair. Jay reached back into the frame, pulling Bob

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

equipment.

Missy, beside whom is a bag full of high-tech

**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

quickly  
frame.

out of his coat. He fires it into the air as Jay  
gives the "metal" sign, and the pair are lifted out-of-

**INT. PROVASIK MEDICAL LABS--NIGHT**

a  
Ninja

It's dead quiet and still. Then, the pair smash through  
window, landing in the floor in a ball. They lift their  
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**

look  
black.  
front

The quartet piles out of the van, and we get our first  
at them: sexily geared up for action, wearing all  
They head for a SEPARATE BUILDING. Stopping at the  
door.

offers

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

Sissy a look.

**JUSTICE**

You are so gay.

On a

Chrissy sticks a box on the door and presses a button.  
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!

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

**JAY**

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

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

**JAY**

(reading)  
"Suzanne." Boo-yah.

**INT. BOULDER DIAMOND EXCHANGE--NIGHT**

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

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

few  
runs  
Sissy hands the decibel monitor to Chrissy and takes a  
steps back, shaking her hands to limber up. She then  
forward and does an impressive series of flips down the  
hallway, not touching a single laser beam.

slightly.  
Chrissy checks the decibel monitor, which rises only

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

slightly.

Chrissy checks the decibel monitor, which rises only

beams,

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

are

running

passes

Justice,

loud,

Chrissy tosses the decibel monitor over the laser 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.

RINGING

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

**CHRISSY**

Holy fuck--the little stoner was right--

ours

followed

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

**EXT. BOULDER DIAMOND EXCHANGE--NIGHT**

Missy

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

**CHRISSY**

Boom Box!

races

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 us 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.

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

**CHRISSY**

It's set. Let's roll.

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

**INT. PROVASIK TESTING LAB--NIGHT**

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

shakes  
Silent Bob half-gestures to the cages, forlorn. Jay  
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**

Bob  
The front doors burst open, spilling out Jay, Silent  
(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--

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

**COP  
DROP THE BAG! BEFORE THIS THING TURNS  
EXPLOSIVE!**

and  
one  
looks  
eye.  
The counter on the device attached to the van hits "0,"  
the van BLOWS UP. Jay and Bob get thrown backwards in  
direction, the Cops in the other. On all fours, Jay  
at the burning shell of the van, a tear forming in his

**JAY**  
Justice--

We crane up from him as he bellows--

**JAY  
JUUSSTTTTIIIIICCCCEEE!!!!!!**

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

**EXT. FEDERAL WILDLIFE MARSHAL'S OFFICE--DAY**

Wildlife  
DEPUTY

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

**INT. FEDERAL WILDLIFE MARSHAL'S OFFICE--DAY**

go

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

**DEPUTY**

Oh, fudge...  
(calling off)  
Marshal Willenholly!

**INT. BATHROOM--SAME**

Legged  
jerks

MARSHAL WILLENHOLLY sits on the bowl, staring at Four  
Law-Man magazine, eyeing it lustily. Below frame, he  
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.S.)**

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

magazine.

Willenholly emerges from the bathroom, holding the  
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'd shut down every last one of those  
ass-cock chuggers, personally.

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

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

**WILLENHOLLY**

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

(thinks)

Wait--is that right?

**COP 1 (O.S.)**

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.

another Willenholly and the Cop look at the camera. Then,  
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?

of

The COPS now chatter amongst themselves, to the effect

"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?

Willenholly

They begin chattering amongst themselves again.

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

**JAY**

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

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

**JAY**

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

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

**JAY**

Is that fucking thing waving at us?

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

**JAY**

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

comment  
at  
Suzanne offer them a "raspberry." Spitting as if the  
was ridiculous. Jay and Silent Bob react with surprise  
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  
him,  
Bob smiles in agreement and amusement. Jay looks at  
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  
hers.  
Bob moves toward the ape, extending his hand to shake

**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  
sketching  
shakes  
which  
in a pair of beakers to a chimp at a drafting table  
blueprints for an insidious war machine. An orangutan  
hands with a group of five well-dressed men, one of  
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**

cornfield,  
GORILLA  
a net

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

a

Cornelius and Zera-looking chimps dissect the brain of  
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**

up,

We start on a FULL SHOT of Jay on the beach, looking

beach

then SNAP ZOOM OUT to REVEAL Jay kneeling before the 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**

Suzanne

Another close-up of Jay's painted face. Behind him, 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!!!**

the  
hers,

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

nailing

A graphic of the C.L.I.T. logo appears beside him, 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--

in

A VIDEO CAPTURE of JAY and SILENT BOB from pre-break-- 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.

narrates.

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

**DIGITIZED VOICE**

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

Sissy

the

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

**JAY**

**I AM THE CLIT COMMANDER!!!**

his

Coming out of the video footage, the Anchorman shakes

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**

of Jay  
table,  
shocked.

On the TV screen is Willenholly and the video capture and Silent Bob. Holden looks up from his drawing

**ANCHORMAN (O.S.)**

(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.S.)**

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**

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

**ANCHORMAN (O.S.)**

(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.S.)**

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**

motel,  
drink  
leans  
report  
On the second-floor terrace of a run-down, roadside Sissy, Missy and Chrissy dance in their undies and champagne. On the first floor terrace below, Justice against the open sliding glass door, watching the news 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, bitch.

rolls  
Chrissy dances away with Missy, heading inside. Sissy  
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?

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

**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  
Suzanne

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.

their

Silent bob and Suzanne are oblivious, digging into 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.S.)**

(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**

yelling  
other

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

**SHERIFF**

**YOU HAVE SIXTY SECONDS TO COMPLY.**

(to other COPS)

Fuck it, Let's give 'em thirty.

behind

Suddenly Willenholly rushes up, dramatically ducking  
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**

booth,

Jay, Suzanne, and Silent Bob peer over the top of their  
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!

Jay  
Bob pulls Suzanne close to him, welling up with tears.  
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!

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

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

**JAY**

--kid

**EXT. DINER--DAY**

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

between  
dressed  
the

Jay and Silent Bob emerge from the diner, with Suzanne  
them (they're holding her raised hands). She's now  
up in the sweatshirt and jeans the kid was wearing in  
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!

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

**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, SIR!**

look  
at

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

**WILLENHOLLY**

(via bullhorn)

**YES, YOU, SIR.**

**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!

are now GUNSHOTS RING OUT, and bullets whiz by the trio, who  
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**

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

**JAY**

**HEAD FOR THE SEWERS!**

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

**INT. SEWER TUNNEL**

Suzanne Jay lands in a sewer tunnel (like in The Fugitive).  
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**

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

**INT. SEWER TUNNEL**

Silent Bob gets stuck. Jay rolls his eyes.

**JAY**

You fat fuck.

him

Silent Bob struggles while Jay and Suzanne try to pull 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**  
**OOOOOOOOO!!!**

**EXT. DAM ROAD--DAY**

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

sheriff Willenholly starts rolling up his sleeves as the  
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  
saying--

Cops look at the Sheriff for a beat, who heads O.C.

**SHERIFF**

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

**INT. SEWER TUNNEL--DAY**

distance,  
water

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

standing at  
DAM.

PULL BACK to reveal Jay, Silent Bob and Suzanne the precipice of the sewer tunnel that pokes out of a 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!**

Suzanne's  
Jay and Silent Bob face Willenholly and kneel. But  
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.

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

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

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**

Jay and  
Suzanne leaps from the mouth of the tunnel, dragging  
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?!

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

**WILLENHOLLY**  
**AAAIIIGGGGGHHHHH!!!**

**EXT. DAM--DAY**

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

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

**EXT. DAM BOTTOM--DAY**

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

**EXT. DAM--DAY**

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

**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**

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

**EXT. DAM--DAY**

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

**EXT. DAM ROAD--DAY**

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

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

plates  
The passenger door slamming on a TRUCK with Los Angeles  
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?!**

Bob  
The truck speeds away in the distance. Jay and Silent  
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?

stares  
Silent Bob mimes in the direction the car went. Jay  
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!

what  
Bob starts an elaborate pantomime. Jay tries to guess  
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?

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

**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!!!**

the  
Bob releases Jay, breathing heavily and storms off in

beat,

direction of the car went. Jay watched him go for a  
then follows, muttering under his breath--

**JAY**

Say it, don't spray it, bitch.

**EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE--DAY**

**AN ESTABLISHING SHOT.**

**SHERIFF (O.S.)**

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

**INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE--DAY**

laughing.  
soaking

The Sheriff and his men stand around, eating donuts,  
The Station doors slam open, and Willenholly enters,  
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**

sign,  
Coffee  
Fame,  
Jerry's  
Chinese  
the  
Lingerie.

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

**EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD--DAY**

WRANGLER  
with  
pops  
around.  
out  
Jay

We start on the street sign, and PAN DOWN to a JEEP that pulls up. A gorgeous woman in sunglasses drives, 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 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 spansks 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 spansks 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.

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

OF CLOSE ON THE CARD. It reads: UNITED JERSEY BROTHERHOOD DEALERS, LOCAL 408.

There's a graphic of a stoner beside it.

**DEALER**

I'm Los Angeles Local 305!

Union They shake hands, slapping each other on the back like 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.

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

**INT. SEEDY MOTEL ROOM--DAY**

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

**JUSTICE**

Oh my God! Jay! No!

thinks  
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  
for a beat, then--

**JUSTICE**

Fuck it.

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

**INT. SEEDY MOTEL BEDROOM--DAY**

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

**SORRY, GUYS--BUT I LOVE HIM.**

**EXT. SEEDY MOTEL PARKING LOT--DAY**

The convertible skids out, taking off.

**INT. SEEDY MOTEL HALLWAY--DAY**

rush  
wrap).

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

there

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

**SISSY (O.S.)**

Chrissy! Now!

**CHRISSY**

Fuck--

Chrissy races back up the stairs.

**EXT. MIRAMAX STUDIOS-DAY**

main  
that's  
then  
Bob.

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

**JAY**

We gotta play this right.

guard  
whistle

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

**EXT. STUDIO LOT--DAY**

like  
open  
some

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

**JAY**

I hate how fake Hollywood is.

them by

The SECURITY GUARD catches up to them now, grabbing 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.

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

**SECURITY GUARD**

Alright. But make it 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.

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

**JAY**

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

in  
Silent Bob points behind Jay, at the SOUNDSTAGE they're  
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.

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

**EXT. SOUNDSTAGE--DAY**

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

**A.D.**

Alright--bar extras. Follow me.

in The A.D. starts leading the crowd in. Jay and Bob blend 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!**

the Two other AGENTS rush in, chuckling. All gather around  
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!

Willenholly

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

**WILLENHOLLY**

**SCREW YOU GUYS!**

mocking

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

**EXT. MIRAMAX STUDIOS LOT--DAY**

The Red Light FLASHES outside the soundstage.

**INT. SOUNDSTAGE--SAME**

Silent Bob

Jay and silent Bob stand amidst a line of EXTRAS.

Jay looks O.C. goes wide-eyed, and pokes Jay, pointing O.C.  
looks and sees--

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

**BEN**

Where are we taking it from, Gus?

money. Gus Van Sant sits off to the side, counting a stack of  
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--

onto  
The A.D. grabs Jay and Bob by the arms and drags them 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.S.)**

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.

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

**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?

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

hands.  
Matt/Will  
Matt/Will  
He blows Clark away, Jay and Bob hit the deck. stands there, guns smoking.

**BEN/CHUCKIE**

Apple sauce, bitch.

the  
other

Suddenly the door to the soundstage swings open, and Security guard Jay knocked out rushes in, followed by 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!

Ben, He

The Security Guard sees Jay and Bob crouched behind 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.

the  
air.

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

**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**

door,  
across

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

**INT. SOUNDSTAGE--SAME**

Jay and Silent Bob rush in to see--

familiar-

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

**CLAPPER/LOADER**

Scream four, scene thirty-seven,  
take one.

(claps it and rushes  
off)

**WES CRAVEN**

Action!

stuff,

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

**SHANNEN DOHERTY**

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

reveal

Shannen pulls the mask off the short performer to

**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**

Suzanne. Jay and Bob race through the lot, with Bob carrying shooting. On a fake New York city street, another movie is 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

a basket--go past a moon (on a billboard, on the side of soundstage) a la E.T.

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

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

**INT. DRESSING ROOM--DAY**

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

Silent JAMES VAN DER BEEK AND JASON BIGGS dressed as Jay and 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.

All James and Jason help Jay and Silent Bob to their feet. 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 Russian 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--

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

**JAY**

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

James,  
Jay starts miming again, and suddenly stops, staring at  
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?

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

off,  
Silent Bob nods at Jay, then Suzanne. Suzanne heads  
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.

of a  
While Jay and Silent Bob continue to huddle, the sounds  
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!

wide-  
Jay and Bob spin to face Jason and James--only to go

bloodied  
skyward,

eyed. Suzanne stands atop the fallen actors, who are  
and beaten and knocked out cold. She holds her hands  
clasped like a champion.

**JAY**

That's one funky monkey.

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

**VOICE (O.S.)**

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.S.)**

(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.

job

The Security Guards stifle a laugh, as one makes a blow face to the rest.

**INT. DRESSING ROOM--DAY**

it  
nods,  
the

Bob opens an AIR VENT in the wall. He puts Suzanne into and hands her the tranquilizer gun, miming to her. She and starts crawling through the ductwork, Bob closes 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?

closet,

Silent Bob pulls a pair of hangered COSTUMES from the smiling.

**EXT. LOT--DAY**

a  
and

The Security Guards push a cuffed Jason and James into waiting Cop Car. The pair are still dressed like Jay 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**

outfits).

Jay and Bob creep toward a door (we don't see the

**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**

side,  
eyeballs

It looks like the Batcave, but it's not. Off to the  
near the monitor and chair setup, a black DIRECTOR  
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!

hand it

The P.A. takes the cup and sips from it. He tries to  
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?!**

fake dressed as Bob  
On the Bluntcave set, two massive doors open in the rock. Smoke pours in, and Jay and Silent Bob--now 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 who 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.S.)**

**QUIET ON THE SET! THIS IS A TAKE!**

for him Chaka climbs behind his monitor. The P.A. is waiting with another cup of coffee.

**P.A.**

I got you another cup of coffee, sir. Spit free.

and 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 you fucked that pie.

(calling off)

**BLUNTMAN AND CHRONIC STRIKE BACK,  
SCENE THIRTY-SEVEN, TAKE ONE!**

From The clapper/Loader shuts the clapboard and races off. behind the monitor, Chaka calls out--

**CHAKA**

**ACTION!**

other for Jay and Bob (as Bluntman and Chronic) look at each  
a beat. Then--

**JAY/CHRONIC**

Uh--Snootchie Bootchies.

hit Suddenly, the wall to their left explodes. Jay and Bob  
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"?

balls. Cock-Knocker slams one of his huge fists into Jay's  
pulls a Jay drops to his knees, wailing. Cock-Knocker then  
button vibrator-looking device from his cape. He presses a  
a on it and a laser beam rises out of the vibrator, like  
light saber.

**COCK-KNOCKER**

Any last words before I bust your  
balls, Bluntman?

fall on-- Silent Bob quickly looks right, then left. His eyes

under the A wall of armaments, on which hangs a SILVER BONG,  
USE. placard: BONG SABER--EXTREMELY EXPERIMENTAL. DO NOT

It's out of his reach.

his  
Trick.  
Silent Bob closes his eyes, concentrating. He reached  
hand out to the Bong Saber, attempting the Jedi Mind

grip.  
defensive  
pair  
Suddenly, the Bong snaps from the armory into Bob's  
The Bong Saber blasts to life and Bob strikes a  
pose. Bob rushes the astonished Cock-Knocker and the  
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!

impressive  
the  
head. He  
Cock-  
on  
deliver  
Cock-Knocker battles Bob back. He vogues some  
blade handling, prompting Bob to make a run for it--up  
ladder of the Bong Reactor and over Cock-Knocker's  
lands behind Cock-Knocker, striking another pose.  
Knocker then high-kicks Bob in the face, knocking him  
his ass across the floor. Cock-Knocker rushes over to  
a saber kill-shot, when we hear--

**JAY (O.S.)**

**YO-BITCH-FISTS!**

a  
la  
Cock-Knocker turns to see--  
Jay, standing on the rotating monitor station, holding  
double-sided saber. He clicks it and TWO beams emit (a  
the Darth Maul light saber in Episode One).

**JAY**

Call me Darth Balls. Bunnngg.

Bong

Jay leaps at Cock-Knocker, wielding the double-beamed  
Saber.

**CHAKA**

(from behind the  
monitor)

I think George Lucas is going to sue  
somebody--

**EXT. SOUNDSTAGE--DAY**

with a  
beside

Willenholly's car screeches up, and Willenholly jumps  
shotgun. He slides across the hood of the car and lands  
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**

firing two

The door bursts open, and Willenholly charges in,  
shots, O.C.

**WILLENHOLLY**

**FREEZE YOU TERRORIST SONSABITCHES!!!**

Willenholly goes wide-eyed.

where a  
There's a  
stare  
smoking

It's not Bluntcave. We're on a different soundstage,  
kid's movie's being shot: Mooby's Grand Adventure.  
Barney-sized MOOBY surrounded by little KIDS. The Kids  
back at Willenholly terrified. The Mooby suit has  
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  
The Kids look at the fallen Mooby. On looks angrily at O.C. Willenholly.

**KID**

You killed Mooby--

(to Kids)

**LET'S GET HIM!!!**

as  
The Kids charge Willenholly, who screams like a woman he's attacked.

**INT. SOUNDSTAGE--SAME**

throttle.  
Jay attacks Cock-Knocker with his Bong Saber, full

**COCK-KNOCKER**

(breaking character)

You are not upstaging me, Van Der Beek!

Knocker,  
nuclear  
evade  
other  
Jay whacks away happily at the actor playing Cock-hacking him up onto the ladder of the Bluntcave's reactor. Cock-Knocker climbs the ladder slightly to evade the attack, dueling Jay back with the saber in his hand.

**COCK-KNOCKER**

(to O.C. Chaka)

**CHAKA--CALL OFF DAWSON! GIVE ME A "CUT"!**

Knocker's  
On cue, Jay delivers a kill-shot to one of Cock-huge fists, cutting it off (a la Empire).

Saber,  
Silent Bob joins Jay, as Jay turns off this double-Bong Jay grins at Cock-Knocker.

**JAY**

Now whose balls have been busted,  
bitch?

Suddenly, a gun shot rings out.

gun

All turn to see a roughed-up Willenholly, training his  
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.S.)**

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.

revealing

Justice pulls the bag of diamonds from her jacket,  
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.S.)**  
If she does, it'll be considered necrophilia.

the  
All turn to see Sissy, Missy, and Chrissy slinking from 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?

lands on  
and  
Justice high-kicks the gun out of Sissy's hand. It  
the ground discharging. Then everyone starts shooting  
running for cover.

Bluntmobile.  
Jay and Silent Bob hurl themselves over the

packed  
start  
barren  
dented  
are  
and  
Missy and Chrissy flip over a lavish, exquisitely-  
craft service table labeled. CAST. They pop back up and  
firing at Willenholly. Willenholly leaps behind a  
craft service table that holds a bag of Smarties and a  
can of RC Cola. He pops up and returns fire. When both  
out of bullets, they drop back down behind the table  
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!**

fire The Girls and Willenholly both pop back up and open  
again.

Chaka ducks behind the monitor.

**CHAKA**  
A shitload of white people with guns?  
Time to get my black ass out of here!

each He races off, passing Justice and Sissy, who circle  
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.S.)**  
**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.

launch  
and  
Justice rushes Sissy and instead of sleek kung fu, they  
into a down-and-dirty, girl's cat-fight; hair pulling  
screaming.

action.  
Behind the Bluntmobile, Jay and Bob watch all the

**JAY**

Yo--I hope one of 'em rips the other  
one's shirt off and we see some tit.

joins  
Both Bob and Jay smile at each other, nodding. Banky  
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?!

the  
Sissy has Justice on her belly, banging her face into  
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.

After a  
beat, Jay adds--

Banky stares at Bob, even more agog, joined by Jay.

**JAY**

Yeah.

head  
Justice now has the advantage over Sissy, holding her  
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!

the In the background, we see Justice high-kick Sissy into 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!

hair. Sissy races at Justice, leaping atop her, pulling her

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

facing Justice throws Sissy off, onto the floor. Both get up, each other.

**SISSY**

Your shit is so tired, Justice!

**JUSTICE**

Call me Boo-Boo Kitty Fuck--BITCH!

stage. Justice high-kicks Sissy and she goes flying across the

atop Sissy sails toward the craft service table, landing Missy and Chrissy, knocking them out.

shooting. Willenholly stands to see why the girls stopped

**WILLENHOLLY**

Hello? Truce?

(beat)

I think I killed both of them.

revealing Suddenly, he lets out a shriek and falls forward, behind a tranquilizer dart in his ass, and SUZANNE standing her 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.

her. Jay, Bob, and Banky pop up from behind the car and join

**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.

taps Justice lifts Willenholly into a sitting position and 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?

away,  
walking

Jay looks at Justice, confused, as the Cruiser pulls leaving Jay, Bob, Suzanne, and Banky. They start 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.

and

Jay and Bob suddenly freeze. They look at each other 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**

check  
nod

Jay and Bob stand across the street from a house. They  
the address on the big ream of paper they're carrying,  
at each other, and cross the street.

**INT. HOUSE--DAY**

Silent

The doorbell rings. A MOTHER answers it to see Jay and  
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.

comes

She walks away. After a beat, a fifteen-year-old KID  
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?

him  
front

Jay and Bob nod at each other, then grab the KID, pull outside, and start beating the shit out of him on his lawn.

**EXT. SKY--DAY**

opposite

The passenger jet flies again, this time in the direction.

**EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE--DAY**

answers.  
the

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--

shit

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**

ARE

The marquee reads: JASON BIGGS AND JAMES VAN DER BEEK

**BLUNTMAN AND CHRONIC!**

**WORLD PREMIERE!**

see

The front doors open and the CROWD lets out. First we

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!

him,  
and a  
GUARDS.  
Banky grabs the guy by the throat and starts choking  
while Hooper tries to break them up.  
WILLENHOLLY exits with Justice in hand-and leg cuffs  
prison uniform. They're flanked by two ARMED PRISON

**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!!!**

performing  
(who's  
Bob,  
onstage,  
WHIP PAN to Morris day and The Time on stage,  
"The Bird." During the song, Morris points to--  
Jay and Bob, who are dancing with Suzanne and Justice  
still in cuffs, flanked by the Guards). Jay looks to  
they nod at each other and--  
Jay and Silent Bob, join Morris Day and the TIME  
and dance us out to the coda, which reads--

**CODA**

2.3  
commercial  
Bluntman and Chronic Strike Back went on to make a mere  
million at the box office. It was the biggest

roundly  
chat  
they  
Jay  
out

failure in the history of Miramax films. The film was  
drubbed as a bad idea by the denizens of the Internet  
boards, and over the course of the next year, while  
waited for the Quick Stop restraining order to expire,  
and Silent Bob tracked them all down and beat the shit  
of them.

**CREDITS. THEN--**

**INT. NOWHERE**

skips

A familiar WOMAN closes a book that's marked: THE VIEW  
ASKEWNIVERSE. She puts the book down, smiles at us and  
off.

**THE END**