

WES LORD

AND THE



"A hard man is good to find."
~ MAE WEST

"WES LORD AND THE BONER"

a big fat comedy about film direction with an erection
by **MICHAEL PICARELLA**

Based on a voicemail for Brian Napolitan

OVER BLACK-

NARRATOR (V.O.)

I was lost before I found Wes Lord.
My name is Jeff Ship. And this is
my story...

INT. JEFF'S ROOM - DAY

Narrator, JEFF SHIP (21), lays across his bed. Jeff's head is buried in his pillow. The bedroom door closed.

OUTSIDE THE BEDROOM DOOR

ROOMMATE 1 (21) and ROOMMATE 2 (21) at the door trying to communicate with Jeff.

ROOMMATE 1

Come on, Jeff. You can't stay in there forever. You gotta come out sometime.

ROOMMATE 2

You gotta open up.

ROOMMATE 1

Your audition is gonna go great, I just know it. We just know it.

ROOMMATE 2

You're a great actor, Jeff.

ROOMMATE 1

We could hear you running your lines in there last night and it sounded really great, Jeff.

ROOMMATE 2

It's a great part for you, Jeff.
It's really great.

The door opens. Behind it: Jeff. He looks at his friends, his roommates, his loyal supporters...

They blow past him and to the TV in the room, turn on the video game system.

What a couple of assholes.

JEFF

Who said you could play?

Roommate 1 and Roommate 2 keep playing.

ROOMMATE 1
(repeating the question to
Roommate 2)
Who said we could play?

ROOMMATE 2
Can we play?

This is Jeff's life.

MUSIC: "Everything She Wants" by Wham! through next scene...

INT. WES'S AUDITION/REHEARSAL ROOM - DAY

Low-rent room.

Jeff slates for camera.

JEFF
My name is Jeff Ship. My phone
number's six-one-oh, ten-twenty-
seven.

THE PRODUCER (30s) is seated behind a banquet table covered
with script sides.

THE PRODUCER
Thanks, Jeff. I'm the producer --
you can just call me The Producer.
And this is the director. You can
just call him Wes Lord.

WES LORD (30s) is seated next to The Producer. Wes remains
seated.

JEFF
Very pleasurable to meet you both.

The Producer and Wes wait. Jeff assumes they're waiting for
him. But for what?

Then Jeff gets it -- he walks over to The Producer, extends
his hand for the shaking.

The Producer stands, extends his hand, shakes.

THE PRODUCER
Nice to meet you, Jeff.

Jeff releases, then extends his hand for Wes's hand.

Wes stands, reveals a huge boner under his soft grey sweatpants, extends his hand for the shaking.

Jeff doesn't see Wes's hand. Just the boner. Therefore, there is no hand-to-hand contact.

THE PRODUCER (CONT'D)
This, Jeff, is Wes Lord.

Jeff can't take his eyes off Wes's junk.

INSERT - OPENING TITLE

"Wes Lord & the Boner" in black text over white.

BACK TO SCENE

So Wes just stands there, hand extended, waiting, wondering why Jeff won't make contact.

Jeff finally sees Wes waiting, reaches over and shakes Wes's hand.

WES
Damn nice to meet you, Jefferson.

JEFF
Nice to meet you, too, Wes.

THE PRODUCER
You can just call him Wes Lord. I'm
The Producer.

JEFF
OK, Producer.

THE PRODUCER
The Producer.

JEFF
OK, The Producer.

Wes waits...

JEFF (CONT'D)
(taking the hint)
And nice to meet you, Wes Lord.

Wes goes to sit down, but stops, waits for Jeff to sit on the stool in front of the table.

Jeff takes the hint, sits down.

Wes sits down. The boner now hides behind the table. Jeff is somewhat relieved.

Wes leans back in his chair. His boner is now in ready-for-launch position.

WES
So, you have a monologue prepared
for Wes Lord?

Jeff is anything but prepared at this point.

INT. WES'S WAITING ROOM - DAY

After his audition, Jeff sits with OTHERS in chairs. MOE (20s) sits next to Jeff.

JEFF
(to Moe)
I don't even think I want the part.
I don't even know why I'm waiting
here to hear if I got it or not.

MOE
You don't want the part?

JEFF
Did that director seem strange to
you?

MOE
In what way? He seemed nice. Like
too controlling, you mean?

JEFF
No. Visually. Did he look visually
strange to you?

MOE
You're worried he doesn't have a
visual sense?

The door flies open, Wes behind it. The giant boner is big in his pants. Wes holds a legal pad, which he'll read from shortly. The Producer comes out with Wes, shakes Wes's hand.

THE PRODUCER
(to Wes)
Gonna go get some investor checks.
I'm out.
(to everyone waiting)
You people are in good hands. I'm
gonna go get some investor checks.

Random People in the room respond:

RANDOM PEOPLE
See ya, The Producer.

The Producer walks out.

WES
(calling out)
OK, let's get down to business.
Carrie -- Caroline?

CARRIE (20s) answers.

CARRIE
Yes? I'm Carrie.

WES
Caroline, you want a part in a Wes
Lord production?

CARRIE
Yes, Wes Lord.

WES
Get the hell in my room.

Carrie jumps up, goes toward the room. Wes hugs her before she goes in, boner into her leg and all.

WES (CONT'D)
Welcome, Caroline. Awesome to have
you.

The Others anxiously await to hear their names.

WES (CONT'D)
John -- Jonathan?

JOHN (40s) sits up.

JOHN
Yes? I'm John.

WES
Jonathan, do you want a part in a
Wes Lord production?

JOHN
Hell yeah, I do, Wes Lord.

WES
Get in the fucking room, Jonathan.
Yes!

John pops up, goes toward the room. Wes hugs him, boner into leg and all.

The Others anxiously await to hear their names. Jeff sweats -- he doesn't want the boner.

WES (CONT'D)

Jeff -- Jefferson?

JEFF

Jeff's fine.

WES

Jefferson, do you want a part in a Wes Lord production?

JEFF

You can just call me Jeff.

WES

I want a yes or a no, Jefferson.
Jeffery. Jeffley. Jeff-Jeff.

Jeff doesn't speak. He can't seem to shake Wes's boner.

Wes waits.

The Others wait. It's awkward even for them.

WES (CONT'D)

Jeff?

JEFF

I want the part.

Wes is not satisfied with the answer.

WES

Jefferson, I asked you -- do you want the part?

JEFF

Yes.

WES

(implying an incomplete answer)

Yes...

Jeff tries to figure out what the hell Wes is fishing for. Then:

JEFF

Yes, Wes Lord. I want the part.

Jeff stands, goes toward the room, tries to get by Wes without the hug.

Wes stops Jeff.

Jeff is oh so close to getting in that room without a hug when Wes grabs him, throws an embrace around him, rams his erect rod into the side of Jeff's body.

WES
(enthusiastically)
That's what I'm talking about, Jef-
fuck-yeah -- 'Yes, Wes Lord.' Get
the hell into my Wes Lord world.

Jeff pulls away, enters the room.

Wes turns to the Others in the room, looks down at his paper.

WES (CONT'D)
OK. Next.

INSIDE THE ROOM

Jeff joins Carrie and John on seats inside. They're fired up. Jeff's not.

MUSIC: "Union of the Snake" by Duran Duran into next scene...

INSERT - TITLE CARD

"Rehearsals" in black text over white.

INT. WES'S AUDITION/REHEARSAL ROOM - DAY

The ACTORS are all in a line with their eyes closed. Even Jeff has his eyes closed.

Wes walks down the line like a drill sergeant. His boner stands at attention.

WES
OK, fuckers, I want you to take a
deep breath.

Wes takes a deep breath with the Actors. Jeff takes a deep breath, peeks at Wes as he approaches with his boner.

WES (CONT'D)
I want you to go to your private
places.

The Actors all seem to be relaxed, going into their private places. Jeff is not relaxed, not in his private place.

Wes approaches Jeff, sees Jeff's tension in his body.

WES (CONT'D)
 (in a low voice, almost a
 whisper)
 Take a deep breath, Jefferson.

Wes takes a deep breath, but it's full of tension as Wes and his boner get closer to Jeff.

Wes leans in toward Jeff's ear.

WES (CONT'D)
 Shhhhh. Relax, Jeffy. You're too
 tense.

The boner tickles Jeff's leg. Jeff tries to hold back his discomfort, but he clearly can't. Wes sees this.

WES (CONT'D)
 Jefferly, tell your Wes Lord where
 you are.

The boner digs into Jeff's leg as Wes leans closer to hear Jeff's response.

WES (CONT'D)
 (quietly into his ear)
 Whisper it to me.
 (aloud, really loud, for
 everyone to hear)
 Listen, fuckers, your private
 places are yours and yours alone.
 Don't tell anyone.
 (back to Jeff quietly)
 Go ahead, Jefferson, tell Wes Lord.

Jeff barely gets the words out.

JEFF
 Fire station. The fire station near
 the house when I was a kid. That's
 my private place.

WES
 Not too loud. Don't let anyone
 hear. I like the childhood imagery,
 but fire stations are loud, Jeff-
 Jeff. Where are you now?

Wes pushes his boner into Jeff's leg, now straddles his leg.

WES (CONT'D)
 Too much tension in your body.
 Relax. Relax. Shhhhh.

Wes moves his pelvis in circles on Jeff's leg.

JEFF
 (full of tension)
 Got it. I'm every inch relaxed. I
 think we're quality. Thanks.

WES
 (rubbing his boner on
 Jeff's leg)
 No, not 'til Wes Lord says you're
 OK.

JEFF
 (full of tension)
 I'm definitely good.

Wes releases, turns to the Actors.

WES
 (snapping them outta their
 private places)
 Because if you fuckers are full of
 tension, you can't get to that spot
 where the performance lives.

Jeff exhales. He's relaxed now.

WES (CONT'D)
 We're making progress, folks. We're
 making a movie.

MUSIC: "Beat It" by Michael Jackson into next scene...

INT. MOVIE SET - NIGHT

Lights... Camera... Crew... All low-budget. Jeff lays on the
 floor. TIFFANY (20s) is on her knees above Jeff.

Wes, with boner pushing at the camera's tri-pod on a dolly,
 making it difficult to look through the lens, sets up Jeff's
 close-up shot for the movie.

Wes finally gets the framing he wants.

WES
 That's the frame, fuckers. Let's
 light it for a Wes Lord picture.

INSERT - TITLE CARD

"The Shoot" in black text over white.

BACK TO SCENE

Tiffany grips Jeff's neck.

TIFFANY
How hard can I squeeze?

JEFF
Pretty hard. It doesn't hurt.

Tiffany tightens her grip.

Jeff can't breathe -- it's too much.

TIFFANY
(in character)
You bastard. What'd you do to my
sister?
(out of character)
How's that?

Jeff tries to talk -- Tiffany's grip is that tight.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
What?

Jeff still can't talk.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
(releasing her grip)
Oh, I'm so sorry. Are you OK?

JEFF
Yeah. That was probably too hard.
What do you think of the scene?

Wes squats down next to Jeff's face, boner front and center.

WES
Jeffling, how's it going?

JEFF
It's good. I think we got the scene
down.

WES
Well, I got a Wes Lord close-up on
your fucking face and you've gotta
be in your private place. You
relaxed?

JEFF (CONT'D)

(to Wes)

Your shit is in everyone's shit.
And I'm sick of it. This is not a
way to work.

The Cast and Crew seem shocked that Jeff is speaking out.

JEFF (CONT'D)

I can not be the only one with an
issue here.

Jeff turns to the CAMERA OP(40s).

JEFF (CONT'D)

How do you ride the dolly with his
cock all over you. On that last low
angle, it was on your head.

Jeff turns to the SCRIPT SUPERVISOR (30s).

JEFF (CONT'D)

Three times his prick practically
turned pages in your script.

Jeff turns to MAKE-UP (30s).

JEFF (CONT'D)

And he dips his wick in your face
powder for every touch-up.

Jeff turns to CABLE WRANGLER (20s).

JEFF (CONT'D)

Did you not trip over his pole when
you were wrangling cable on that
last tracking shot?

(to Wes)

Your dick is a hazard, Wes Lord.
Not to mention intrusive and
disgusting. It's unprofessional.

Jeff stops, waits for a response from Wes, from the crew,
from anyone.

Silence.

Wes seems hurt.

The Cast and Crew are stunned.

WES

Does everyone feel this way about
my boner?

Jeff looks for support from the Cast and Crew.

Silence. He isn't getting any support.

Then:

CAMERA OP

It's a little distracting,
especially when I pan.

SCRIPT SUPERVISOR

It sometimes, accidentally, on
occasion flips up the dog ears in
my script pages. Not all the time,
though.

MAKE-UP

It does use up some of my powder.

Wes looks down at his sweatpants -- there is powder on his
sweats at the boner. But, even with the boner standing tall,
Wes is hurt. And in shock. Wes is really hurt.

Maybe Jeff should've kept his mouth shut.

WES

(rattled)

I'm gonna call it a day. We'll meet
back here tomorrow as scheduled and
pick up where we left off. Sorry
for the inconvenience, fuckers.
Sorry, Jeff.

Wes turns, drags himself off set.

JEFF

(to Wes)

You don't have to call me Jeff if
you don't want to.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. FILMING LOCATION - DAY

Cameras are rolling.

Jeff performs. He's more relaxed now.

Wes, without the boner, directs from his director's chair.

WES
(with no feeling)
And cut.

WES (CONT'D)
Print it.

Jeff bolts over to Wes.

JEFF
Print it? Was it OK?

WES
It was fine.

JEFF
Fine? It didn't seem flat?

WES
It was good.

JEFF
You don't think it was garbage?

WES
(to crew)
Moving on, everyone.

JEFF
Moving on? Should we just try one
more?

WES
(to Jeff)
Next set-up.

Jeff waits to see if Wes is really going to move on.

DP (40s) approaches Wes.

DP
Where do you want the camera, Wes
Lord?

WES
Does it matter?

DP
Well, do you wanna block the scene
so I can see where we'll be?

WES
They'll be on the couch.

DP
Isn't this a walk-and-talk?

WES
Now it's a sit-and-who-cares.

Jeff, angry at Wes's lack of care, storms off set.

MUSIC: "Cruel Summer" by Bananarama through next sequence...

EXT. CATERING AREA - DAY

Jeff goes through the food line as fast as he can.

Wes, who is a few people behind Jeff, goes through the catering line slowly and in a daze. PEPE (40s) serves Wes steak.

PEPE
No boner today, Mr. Wes Lord?

Jeff turns back to Wes.

WES
Sorry, Pepe, I'm not in the mood for a boner today.

PEPE
Well, we don't mind it, sir.

WES
Thanks, Pepe. That means a lot to me.

Jeff, pissed at Wes's passive aggressiveness, dumps his tray of food into the trash, storms out of the catering area.

Wes moves down the line. Crew Members in line, including TRANSPO DUDE (40s and clearly gay), are not happy about their defeated director.

INT. JEFF'S TRAILER - DAY

Jeff stomps into the trailer, slams the door, locks the door, throws himself on the bed.

He turns toward the door, waits.

Nothing.

Jeff buries his head in the pillow.

Jeff hears a NOISE. Someone at the door?

JEFF
Fuck you guys.

Jeff waits for a response.

Nothing.

Then... SOUND of POWER DRILL, SCREWS GOING INTO TRAILER.

Jeff sits up, sees screws coming through trailer wall around the door.

Jeff lunges for the door, unlocks it, tries to open it. It's stuck.

Jeff goes to the small window nearby, looks out to see Transpo Dude screwing 2X4 pieces of wood to the wall of the trailer to barricade the door.

Transpo Dude sees Jeff at the window.

TRANSP0 DUDE
You're a faggot, bra. None of us
had a problem with the boner.

Jeff goes to the door, throws his body into it.

JEFF
Let me out.

TRANSP0 DUDE
Fuck you, faggot.

JEFF
You're the one who's gay.

TRANSP0 DUDE
Are you calling me a fag, you
little faggot?

OUTSIDE THE TRAILER DOOR

Transpo Dude screws the 2X4 into the trailer even more aggressively.

A BANG against the door from inside.

Transpo Dude stops screwing, notices Jeff's banging.

Transpo Dude bangs back, almost as if he's pushing Jeff in a pushing match.

TRANSP0 DUDE (CONT'D)
Faggot, you better not wreck my
trailer.

INSIDE THE TRAILER

Jeff pushes back even harder.

JEFF
Fuck you guys. Let me out.

The pushing and yelling goes back and forth.

OUTSIDE THE TRAILER

Transpo Dude unscrews the 2X4 to free the door.

Jeff slams the door open, falls out onto the ground.

Transpo Dude jumps on top of Jeff. They roll around in an awkward fight. Jeff grabs Transpo Dude's head, tries to pull it off. Transpo Dude should have the upper hand with his size, and he does... Until Jeff punches Transpo Dude in the groin.

Transpo Dude hits the ground, rolls away.

TRANSP0 DUDE
You punched me in the dick. That's
low.

JEFF
Fuck you guys. You locked me in my
trailer.

Transpo Dude punches Jeff in the groin.

Jeff hits the ground, rolls away.

JEFF (CONT'D)
You punched me in the dick. I
thought you said that was low.

TRANSP0 DUDE
Faggot. Everything was fine until
you had to shut down the erection.

JEFF
All this 'cause of Wes's boner?

Jeff and Transpo Dude are on their backs, holding their
groins in great pain.

Crew Members race to the scene, stop and stare.

Wes approaches, parts the crew down the middle.

WES

OK, you all. This ends here and now. This battle with Jeff is not with you.

Crew Members respond.

WES (CONT'D)

It's with me and my boner.

Jeff looks up at Wes.

WES (CONT'D)

If anyone is gonna punch Jeff in the dick, it'll be me.

With that, Jeff tries to stand up -- it's gonna be a duel.

He doesn't make it up. He falls back down, holding his nuts in pain.

The Producer enters.

THE PRODUCER

(holding up checks)

OK, I got investor checks. Who haven't I paid?

(now aware of conflict)

Whoa, what's not going on here? Why are we not shooting?

WES

(to The Producer)

It's OK, The Producer. This is between me and Jeff here.

(to Jeff)

Isn't that right, Jeff?

JEFF

It is. But you can call me Jefferson. Or Jeffley. Or whatever. I just don't want you to punch me in the dick. I mean -- this is all my fault and I want it to stop.

Crew Members respond. Wes waits to hear more.

JEFF (CONT'D)

I'm sorry your boner bothered me. It's just... It just wasn't normal to me. I wasn't used to it. It was my problem.

(MORE)

JEFF (CONT'D)

And I had no idea your limpness would do such damage to the movie we're making. I just wanna make a good film. I wanna make a Wes Lord film.

Crew Members respond. Wes responds.

JEFF (CONT'D)

I think I speak for the rest of us when I ask you, Wes Lord, to please...

(dramatic pause)

Bring back that Wes Lord boner we all need and love.

Wes can't respond.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Go ahead, Wes Lord. Flaunt that wood. I'm OK with it.

Wes digests what he's heard. He walks over to Jeff on the ground and, standing over him, extends a helping hand.

WES

Let's make a fucking Wes Lord production.

Jeff looks at Wes's hand, then looks up at his boner, rising powerfully as he waits for Jeff's hand.

WES (CONT'D)

My junk is at full mast, Jeff.

JEFF

Call me Jefferson.

WES

OK, Jefferson. My dick is lit.

Wes's junk is at full mast... And throbbing.

JEFF

(pumping up the cast and crew)

Let's do it. We're all OK with that big-ass, throbbing boner under those soft grey sweatpants.

The Cast and Crew go wild, giving high-fives, hugging Jeff and Wes with his boner. The Producer holds up his investor checks in victory, looks for acknowledgement.

MUSIC: "You're the Best Around" by Joe Esposito from "The Karate Kid" through the following cheesy 80s montage:

SERIES OF SHOTS - WES, JEFF AND CREW MAKE A RAD MOVIE

- A) Wes with his fat boner directs a scene. He frames a low shot with his "director's hands," his boner right there in the "frame."
- B) Jeff acts his heart out.
- C) Wes directs Jeff with his boner all over him. Jeff laughs.
- D) Jeff gives Wes a high-five.
- E) Wes gives Jeff a high-five.
- F) Jeff gives Wes's boner a high-five.
- G) Other shots with this kind of stuff.

INT. MOVIE SET - DAY

Jeff acts his heart out. Wes, with a huge boner, loves every bit of it.

WES

And cut! That's a big Wes Lord wrap.

Jeff walks over to Wes and his boner.

JEFF

You did it. You and your boner made one hell of a Wes Lord film.

WES

We did it, Jeffley. We made one hell of a Wes Lord film.

Wes gives Jeff a big hug, boner in his leg and all. Wes smiles wide. It's a big smile.

INSERT - TITLE CARD

"The Aftermath" in black text over white.

BACK TO SCENE

EXT. JEFF'S TRAILER - NIGHT

The Cast and Crew are thinning out. Jeff approaches his doorless trailer.

Wes approaches from behind.

WES
Jeff, I wanna see you in my Wes
Lord trailer.

Jeff is ready to say OK, then feels a little discomfort. Why?

JEFF
In your trailer?

WES
Yeah. I wanna show you something.
Something big.

JEFF
What is it?

WES
It's a surprise, fucker. Come on.

JEFF
Right now?

WES
Yeah, come on.

JEFF
What did you say it was?

WES
It's something big.

JEFF
Big?

WES
Real big.

INT. WES'S TRAILER - DAY

Wes turns with a golden statuette in his hands. Jeff smiles with relief.

WES

It's my first-place statuette for best picture at the Surf City International Film Festival. I got this for the first movie I ever made. Do you know why I won?

Jeff knows this is not a question to be answered by anyone but Wes.

WES (CONT'D)

Because I love what I do, you fucker. My boner isn't a dysfunction. I just really love what I do. Making movies turns me on every day. And when you can find something that gives you mahogany every single day, then you've found your life's work.

Wes grabs his boner and shakes it around.

Wow!

WES (CONT'D)

I've found my life's work.

Jeff is enlightened.

WES (CONT'D)

I hope that one day you'll find your life's work as well.

Jeff is haunted.

MUSIC: "This Must Be the Place" by the Talking Heads into next scene...

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE JEFF'S ROOM - DAY

Roommate 1 and Roommate 2 stand outside the closed door.

ROOMMATE 1

Come on, Jeff.

ROOMMATE 2

You gotta open up.

The door opens.

Jeff walks out as confident as ever. He doesn't even care that his roommates blow by him to get to his video game system.

INT. GENERIC AUDITION ROOM - DAY

Jeff slates for camera.

JEFF

My name is Jeff Ship. My phone
number is six-one-oh, ten-twenty-
seven.

Jeff listens to those conducting the audition offscreen.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

That's right, my name is Jeff Ship.
And I was lost before I found Wes
Lord. I thought about quitting
acting altogether after that movie
with Wes. It just didn't seem like
acting was my life's work. And I
didn't want to tell myself I was an
actor if I really wasn't.

GENERIC DIRECTOR (40s) sits behind a table with THREE OTHER
MEN. His eyes move from Jeff's face to his crotch area, then
back to his face.

GENERIC DIRECTOR

What's wrong with your pants?

JEFF

Nothing's wrong with my pants.

Generic Director waits to hear what is wrong then.

JEFF (CONT'D)

(pointing at his dick)
That's a boner.

Jeff smiles.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Nope, I couldn't just tell myself
that acting was my life's work...

Jeff looks down at his pants and sees his big, fat boner
inside his pants.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I had to let my dick figure it out
for me.

MUSIC: "My Dick" by Mickey Avalon from here and through the
end titles.

The picture IRISES in on Jeff's boner. And then:

IRIS TO BLACK.

INSERT - TITLE CARD

"The End" in white text over black.

FADE OUT.

END TITLES (intercut with shots of Wes Lord and Jeff making a new movie with boners).