

FADE IN

BLANK CARD

**Attention Deficit Disorder:**

: a syndrome of disordered learning, disruptive behavior, inattentiveness, hyperactivity and impulsive behavior (as speaking out of turn).

FADE OUT

EXT. THE BEAUTY BAR - NIGHT

EXCU: A RED CONVERSE sneaker pushes at a fallen piece of gum until it is properly stuck to it's toe. The SNEAKER then pokes its new tool at a belly up dead COCKROACH until it is latched on. The SNEAKER then lifts to emulate flight.

MICHAEL J (O.S.)  
Zoom. Ew, yuck.

BIG BLACK BOUNCER (O.S.)  
HEY! HEY! WAKE UP BUDDY! HEY BUDDY,  
WAKE UP!

MICHAEL J, our zoned out RED CONVERSE SNEAKER proprietor, looks up to see a ticked off BOUNCER and then looks right to see a long line of annoyed PARTY PEOPLE waiting to get into THE BEAUTY BAR (a hot club on Los Angeles' Sunset Strip).

EXCU: MICHAEL J hands the BIG BLACK BOUNCER his I.D..

MICHAEL J  
Sorry man, I got gum on my shoe.

BIG BLACK BOUNCER  
Yeah, man, whatever. NEXT!

EXCU: MICHAEL J's EYES - BLINK. His A.D.D. mind kicks in.

We see that the BOUNCER is dressed in full NAZI garb. The PARTY PEOPLE in line resemble concentration camp victims.

BIG BLACK BOUNCER (CONT'D)  
Ich möchte wirklich gerade gehalten  
werden, bin daß zu viel, um zu  
bitten? Sie kommen, kommen halten  
mich her.

CU: MICHAEL J - zoned out.

MR. INGLES (O.S.)  
MICHAEL J, come on mate.

The BIG BLACK BOUNCER glares at MICHAEL J.

MICHAEL J meets up with MR. INGLES inside the doorway of the BEAUTY BAR.

MR. INGLES (CONT'D)  
 Ah, don't sweat Kal, he just acts  
 all tough, he's really a sweet guy.

CU: MICHAEL J turns around to get one last look at the BIG BLACK BOUNCER. With his A.D.D. mind still going he sees...

KAL, now dressed like LITTLE BO-PEEP, herding the crowd, now dressed like SHEEP, into the BAR.

INT. THE BAR - NIGHT

Top-less 1950's/60's girls shake their stuff on a battered MOVIE SCREEN, poorly hung behind the bar.

MR. INGLES  
 The fuckin' kid is one of those  
 over the shoulder talkers, ya know.  
 One of those...

MR. INGLES starts looking over MICHAEL J's shoulder emulating an 'Over The Shoulder Talker'.

MR. INGLES (CONT'D)  
 Yeah, buddy, sure, mm hm, mm hm,  
 yeah cool.

MICHAEL J  
 I know it man, 's rude.

MR. INGLES  
 As if fucking Jessica Alba and  
 MICHAEL Madison are lookin for his  
 ass, or somthin'.

MICHAEL J pulls out a SMOKE. MR. INGLES lights it for him and pulls one out of the PACK for himself.

MICHAEL J  
 You know what else he does? He  
 gives his fuckin' resume every time  
 he meets someone.

MR. INGLES  
 Yeah, he DOES do that.

MICHAEL J  
(emulating BRENT)  
'Slike, hi, Brent, Brent Godfree. I  
started Pichunter.com. Hi, yes,  
second link from the top if you  
Google porn.

MR. INGLES  
Totally, right on man.  
(emulating BRENT)  
Brent, Brent Godfree. Ron Jeremy is  
my close friend. Jena Jamison, yes  
shy girl, shy girl. You'd never  
believe it. We hang.

The BARTENDER approaches, sporting two fully tattooed sleeves  
and a blonde female pompadour pulled back into a pony tail.

BARTENDER  
What'll it be boys?

MR. INGLES  
J'ew got Snake Bites 'N' Blacks?

BARTENDER  
Yes we do.

EXCU: MICHAEL J's EYES.

MICHAEL J's POV:

An extremely MUSCLED MAN walks by with his GAUNT FRIEND.

EXCU: MICHAEL J's EYES - BLINK. His A.D.D. mind kicks in.

MICHAEL J's POV:

The MUSCLED MAN has taken the form of a PRO-WRESTLER. He  
SCREAMS pure furry, picks up his GAUNT FRIEND and tosses him  
into a group of people.

CU: MICHAEL J zoning out.

MR. INGLES (O.S.)  
MICHAEL J? Snake Bite and a shot of  
Jager?

MICHAEL J snaps out of it.

MICHAEL J  
What? Yeah, yeah.

MR. INGLES  
 (to the BARTENDER)  
 Yeah, two Snake Bites there, Ms.  
 Foxy Girl.

The BARTENDER WINKS at MR. INGLES.

MR. INGLES hands MICHAEL J a shot; this triggers MICHAEL J's  
 A.D.D.

CU: MR. INGLES - SLOW MOTION.

MICHAEL J (V.O.)  
 Attention Deficit Disorder, is what  
 they call it. A.D.D.. But I'll tell  
 you what, who ever named it didn't  
 have it. My mind, it just races,  
 jumps, it can't be bothered with  
 the stagnant. It gets bored, moves  
 on.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

MICHAEL J's A.D.D. mind kicks in.

MR. INGLES is dressed to impress, PUKING in a a toilet. He  
 turns to us and states...

MR. INGLES  
 I'm never drinking Jager again.

MR. INGLES continues PUKING.

MICHAEL J (V.O.)  
 It remembers, leaps, jumps from one  
 subject to another. I love it.  
 'Slike being on a brazillion cups  
 of coffee, ALL THE TIME.

INT. THE BEAUTY BAR - NIGHT

MR. INGLES wipes up the left over JAGER from his SHOT GLASS  
 and licks his finger.

MR. INGLES  
 I fuckin' love Jager.

SLOW MOTION: MICHAEL J takes a drag of his SMOKE and a pull  
 of his PINT - a bit off beer spills.

MICHAEL J (V.O.)  
 It's no 'disorder' though, I just  
 ain't lazy.

MOVING

WE HEAR: a CELLULAR PHONE version of "LONDON CALLING", by THE CLASH. It's a TEXT MESSAGE for MR. INGLES.

MR. INGLES

Right, cool they're here, in the back area. My little Devil in training is named Betty, Betty Lane. Cute name huh? And her friend, your new friend, is, um, shit Melissa, Marissa, wait Marisia. Yeah that's it Mariiisia.

MICHAEL J - MOVING - SLOW MOTION, MR. INGLES chats away on his CELLULAR.

MICHAEL J's POV: People are DANCING in a HIP-HOP fashion.

EXCU: MICHAEL J's EYE's - BLINK. His A.D.D. mind kicks in.

The people on the dance floor are now all dressed in COUNTRY GARB - LINE DANCING.

EXCU: MICHAEL J's EYE's - BLINK. His A.D.D. continues.

Now dressed in 1930's posh TUXES and DRESSES the DANCERS are now BALLROOM DANCING.

A DRUNK L.A. SCENESTER, dressed in a LIGHT BLUE SHIRT, walks by MICHAEL J.

MICHAEL J (V.O.)

See now, this fine young man's blue shirt reminds me of my blue ironing board...

INT. MICHAEL J'S APARTMENT - DAY

MICHAEL J's small PITBULL (JENNY PICCALO), sit next to a BLUE IRONING BOARD.

MICHAEL J (V.O.)

Which I was using earlier today. Now this makes me think, did I turn off the iron? Is Jenny Piccalo my pup okay? Would she know how to shut it off? In the movies, don't entire empires burn to the ground, because someone left their iron on?

INT. THE BEAUTY BAR - NIGHT

A YOUNG COUPLE walks by - they both have shiny new BRASSES.

MICHAEL J (V.O.)  
Now these two are a trip.

MICHAEL J pulls out a SCRAP OF PAPER which has different notes jotted down all over it. He finds a free space and begins to scribble.

MICHAEL J (V.O.)  
(continuing)  
See, now I have to jot these two down with a full description. I mean, look at them, they're priceless. See, I gotta do this 'cause I'll forget about them in about two seconds, or they'll just stay in my mind all night, making it so I can't think of anything else. So...I jot them down; maybe I'll include them in a future script, short story, or whatever. See, things enter the A.D.D. mind without knocking, fully taking over and only lose their power to a new thought or idea.

INT. OUTSIDE SEATING/THE BEAUTY BAR - NIGHT

MICHAEL J and MR. INGLES come upon the outside seating of THE BEAUTY BAR. It's packed; they make their way through the CROWD.

INT. MICHAEL J'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - DAY

MICHAEL J's mother stands, baking COOKIES. Seated at the kitchen table; PINT in hand MICHAEL J listens.

MICHAEL J'S MOTHER  
You know honey, they say Thomas Edison, Albert Einstein, even Walt Disney, had A.D.D..

MICHAEL J  
My Mom would always tell me that. 'Spretty cool though huh? I mean, I guess I'm in good company.

INT. OUTSIDE SEATING/BEAUTY BAR - NIGHT

SLOW MOTION - two BUSINESSMEN walk past MICHAEL J - LAUGHING.  
MR. INGLES continues chatting it up on his CELLULAR.

EXCU: MICHAEL J'S EYES - BLINK. His A.D.D. mind kicks in.

INT. MICHAEL J'S APARTMENT - DAY

JENNY PICCALO sits beside the COFFEE TABLE, which is covered  
with LOOSE PAPER.

CU: ARTIST HOUSING APPLICATION FORM.

MICHAEL J

Shit, see, now these two business  
guys just reminded me that I was  
supposed to get my Artist  
Application Forms in today. Shit.

INT. OUTSIDE SEATING/BEAUTY BAR - NIGHT

MR. INGLES snaps his CELLULAR PHONE SHUT and looks at MICHAEL  
J, who is totally zoned out.

FREEZE - MR. INGLES

MICHAEL J (V.O.)

Now, see, Mr. Ingles knows me and  
how my mind jams. He knows that if  
he doesn't act fast, I'll worry and  
worry about some thought and zone  
out the rest of the night, unable  
to have any sort of fun.

UNFREEZE - MR. INGLES

MR. INGLES

Oi. Oi, mate what'r you kickin'  
around in your head there?

MICHAEL J

I was supposed to fill out those  
applications for that artist loft I  
wanna get. But...forgot.

MR. INGLES

'Sfine Mr. MICHAEL J. See, this is  
what we're gonna do.

INT. DINNER - DAY

MICHAEL J and MR. INGLES sit in their favorite DINER dressed in the same clothes, PINTS in hand. JENNY PICCALO sits beside MICHAEL J.

MR. INGLES

You'll bring the application to breakfast tomorrow. I'll bring a copy of the one I filled out.

EXT. MAIL BOX - DAY

MICHAEL J, MR. INGLES and JENNY PICCALO stand by a MAIL BOX. The boys still hold their PINTS. MR. INGLES pops the finished application in the MAIL BOX.

MR. INGLES (CONT'D)

Then we'll pop it in the mail after breakfast.

INT. OUTSIDE SEATING/BEAUTY BAR - NIGHT

MR. INGLES (CONT'D)

Yours will be the first application in the box, ready for Monday's pick. Now come-on let's find our little foxy birds.

INT. OUTSIDE SEATING/BEAUTY BAR - NIGHT

Sitting close and cute, BETTY LANE and MARISSA sit illuminated by florescent lights, sharing an enormous MARGARITA.

BETTY LANE and MARISSA's POV: Through the crowded floor, MICHAEL J and MR. INGLES emerge. BETTY LANE JUMPS up in excitement.

In FAST FORWARD we cut between HIGH ANGLE, LOW ANGLE, OVER THE SHOULDER SHOTS, and BIRDS EYE VIEW. WE SLOW MOTION for every HAND-SHAKE and introduction KISS.

We stop for MICHAEL J's and MARISSA's meeting.

MICHAEL J

MICHAEL J.

MARISSA

Marissa. It's nice to meet you.

MICHAEL J

It's nice to meet YOU.

INT. BEAUTY BAR/BOOTH - NIGHT

MICHAEL J and MARISSA sit across from each other. MR. INGLES and BETTY LANE are visible in the background - joking.

MICHAEL J  
So, where you from?

MARRISA  
Oh, um I'm originally from Texas.

EXCU: MICHAEL J's EYES - BLINK. His A.D.D. mind kicks in.

MARISSA is now dressed in a flashy BLUE DOLLY PARTON outfit.

MARISSA  
El Paso.

MICHAEL J  
Oh, El Paso.

MICHAEL J - BLINKS. His A.D.D. mind continues.

MARISSA's DOLLY PARTON outfit changes to a DIRTY OLD BROWN COWGIRL outfit.

CU: MICHAEL J

MICHAEL J  
What do you do for work, I mean...

CU: MARISSA

MICHAEL J (O.S.)  
(continuing)  
Are you in school?

MARISSA's appearance now changes to a student's.

MICHAEL J (O.S.)  
(continuing)  
Or do you have a joby-job?

MARISSA's appearance now changes to a BUSINESS OUTFIT.

MARISSA  
Well, I'm not a student, but I am  
in school. I'm a math teacher.

INT. CLASS ROOM - DAY

Sitting at a desk - PINT in hand.

MICHAEL J

Wow, a math teacher, that's badass.

MARISSA sits at the teacher's DESK, simple MATH PROBLEMS are draw on the BLACKBOARD behind her. She holds her PINT.

MARRISA

Yeah, I love it. I've been doing it for 2 years now...

SLOW MOTION: MARISSA continues, but we can't hear her.

MICHAEL J (V.O.)

At this point my A.D.D. Is in full effect. I'm now stuck on her being a teacher. I think, could she be a nice teacher or a mean teacher, a teacher that would catch me cheating or one that just reads during tests? I can't listen to a word she's saying 'cause now, now I'm thinking about, in order from the earliest I can remember every teacher I've had, every single one. Mrs. Casselman, Mrs. O'Neil, Mrs. Lowry, but then I hear a word that changes everything.

EXCU: MARISSA's MOUTH.

MARRISA

Berkley.

MICHAEL J

Berkley?

MARRISA

Yeah, I teach calculus at U.C. Berkley.

Suddenly, all the simple MATH PROBLEMS on the BLACKBOARD change into difficult CALCULUS EQUATIONS.

INT. BEAUTY BAR/BOOTH - NIGHT

MICHAEL J

Wow, calculus. Jeezz-zuz. I used to take algebra two.

(MORE)

MICHAEL J (cont'd)  
 I'd always do the whole problem perfectly perfect, everything, every crazy, complicated thing, but when I'd get to the end, like a simple addition or subtraction part, I'd always do THAT part wrong and be, like, one stupid number off.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

MICHAEL J's regular male mind kicks in.

MARISSA is on top of MICHAEL J - both are naked - both still hold their PINTS.

MARISSA  
 Oh, yeah, see, that's perfectly normal, you're just rushing it at the end. You need to tackle the entire problem, slowly. Give each step it's just attention.

INT. BEAUTY BAR/BOOTH - NIGHT

SLOW MOTION - MICHAEL J is talking, but we cannot hear him.

MICHAEL J (V.O.)  
 Well, that last part wasn't A.D.D...

SLOW MOTION: MARISSA is studiously talking - we cannot hear her.

MICHAEL J (V.O.)  
 That's just me bein' a guy. There's a difference.

TIME CUT

WE slowly PAN around the BOOTH. MR. INGLES has everyone in hysterics, it looks like a story about a FIGHT. Everyone is 4 drinks in. When we get to MICHAEL J we can see that he's laughing, but also a bit ZONED OUT.

MICHAEL J (V.O.)  
 Sometimes you can come off as being rude, disinterested in what's being talked about, but that's not it.

A GIRL walks by wearing a LEOPARD PRINT SHIRT.

CU: LEOPARD PRINT GIRL

MICHAEL J (V.O.)  
 (continuing)  
 The A.D.D. is just racing.

INT. MICHAEL J'S APARTMENT - DAY

MICHAEL J's A.D.D. mind kicks in.

CU: On the television is a special about LEOPARDS.

MICHAEL J and JENNY PICCALO are sitting on the couch watching Television.

MICHAEL J  
 I mean I love leopards and now  
 'cause of that chick's shirt I  
 can't stop thinking about how cute  
 they are, but at the same time  
 they're like these crazy killing  
 machines. Cute, killing machines,  
 cute, killing machines, which is  
 it? And then...

INT. BEAUTY BAR/BOOTH - NIGHT

MICHAEL J's A.D.D. mind continues.

Our SLOW PANNING around the BOOTH has stopped on BETTY LANE.  
 Her ENORMOUS HOOP EARNINGS are dangling and swinging this way  
 and that.

MICHAEL J (V.O.)  
 I think, shit, I wonder how many  
 people a year get caught, stuck, or  
 have their ears ripped off a year  
 wearing fucking earnings like that?

The WAITRESS approaches with SHOTS, she, too, has ENORMOUS  
 HOOP EARNINGS.

EXCU: MICHAEL J's EYES - BLINK. His A.D.D. mind continues.

BETTY LANE and the WAITRESS are locked together by their  
 ENORMOUS HOOP EARNINGS - SCREAMING. People stand around them,  
 baffled in what to do.

CU: MICHAEL J looks SHOCKED.

REVERSE POV:

MR. INGLES, BETTY LANE, THE WAITRESS and, now with a nice  
 smile on, MARISSA are looking toward us.

Everyone is holding a SHOT GLASS. The WAITRESS is eagerly HOLDING one out for MICHAEL J.

MICHAEL J, snaps out of his zoning and takes his SHOT GLASS from the WAITRESS.

MICHAEL J

Oh, sorry.

BIRD'S EYE VIEW - EVERYONE downs their SHOTS, including the WAITRESS.

BETTY LANE

I love Tequila. I fuckin' LOVE IT!

MARISSA takes a new PINT from the WAITRESS and replaces MICHAEL J's empty glass with it - she gives MICHAEL J a SMILE as she does this.

We ZOOM in on MICHAEL J.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

MICHAEL J's A.D.D. mind kicks back in.

MINISTER

Do you, Betty Lane, take Tequila to be your lawfully wedded husband?

We PAN back to see BETTY LANE standing at the ALTER with MICHAEL J holding a bottle of TEQUILA on a TRAY beside her.

MICHAEL J

Now, I see this for no fucking reason at all.

BETTY LANE

I do.

The NEWLYWEDS turn around, BETTY LANE grabs the TEQUILA from the TRAY and takes a massive PULL. EVERYONE CHEERS - RICE FLIES.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

MR. INGLES is taking BETTY LANE with him.

MR. INGLES

You don't mind, mate? Marissa, 'sit a bother?

MARRISA

Oh, no, it's no problem.  
(to MICHAEL J)  
You're actually on the way.

MR. INGLES doesn't wait to hear their answers, he is half way across the PARKING LOT, with BETTY LANE.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

MARRISA

'Searly, you wanna come over for a drink or something?

MICHAEL J

Yeah, definitely. Good idea.

The CAR stops at a RED LIGHT.

CU: MICHAEL J looks out the PASSENGER SIDE WINDOW.

A 1961 CHEVY IMPALA pulls up beside them. The driver wears thick BLACK FRAMED GLASSES - 50's style. Feeling MICHAEL J's stare, the driver looks over at MICHAEL J.

INT. MARRISA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

MARISSA is deep in the refrigerator, fishing out beers.

MICHAEL J

Do you like Elvis Costello?

MARISSA LAUGHS - walking toward MICHAEL J with two BEERS.

MARISSA

That's what I love about you,  
you're so random.

CU: MICHAEL J's EYES - BLINK. His A.D.D. mind kicks in.

INT. ELVIS COSTELLO CONCERT - NIGHT

MICHAEL J and MARISSA stand in a group of people, holding their new BEERS. EVERYONE around them is excited and grooving to the music. However, MICHAEL J and MARISSA stand unsure.

MARRISA

Well, no not really. I've tried to  
but I just can't get into him. I  
wanna, but I just can't seem to.

MICHAEL J

Yeah, me too. He's cool, but at the same time creepy.

The two look at each other and SMILE.

INT. MARISSA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

SLOW MOTION: MARISSA is talking but we can't hear her.

MICHAEL J (V.O.)

And she's right, A.D.D.'ers are random. Our mind's leaping from one lily pad to the next. I can't turn it off and, if I could, I don't think I would. We are the opposite of the boring. We are the opposite of the chill. And I mean, I think she's great too, I really double-triple dig her. I top-secret like her. Yeah, I know it doesn't seem so, 'cause while she's talking right now I can't stop noticing the picture behind her of her Dad.

WE ZOOM over MARISSA's shoulder to a FRAMED PICTURE of her FATHER. He sports a long GRIZZLY ADAMS BEARD.

CU: MICHAEL J - NODDING as if he is paying attention.

MICHAEL J (V.O.)

And then I interrupt her out of no where with...

MICHAEL J strokes his CHIN.

MICHAEL J (CONT'D)

You know, I think I'm gonna grow a beard.

MARISSA SMILES adoringly and moves in for a KISS.

MARISSA's POV: MICHAEL J closes his EYES - BLACK

MICHAEL J (V.O.)

I smell cats, she must have cats, I love cats.....yeah...cats.

THE END