

HOW TO CLONE FAT BALD MEN

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. LARGE BUILDING - DAY

Large office building next to a very busy street.

TRENT BLUE

(VO)

Five days, it is going to be a  
ride, a fucking ride.

INT. A SEA OF CUBICLES - AFTERNOON

A sign that reads "(name place holder) Think Tank, Making Economic Policy that Creates Wealth". Noise and business fills the office. TRENT BLUE is in his office, passionately talking on the phone as work papers pile up on his desk. He is a thirty something fit man with a full head of hair.

TRENT BLUE

I do not care that I am the only  
person. I am not going to do it.  
Dennis are you listening to me...  
Who gives a fuck... get me off of  
speaker phone, you know that I  
swear

The mail guy comes in and places more work on his desk. He turns around and hits his knee on a chair.

MAIL GUY

(in pain)

Gaw...

TRENT BLUE

One second...

(looking at the mail  
guy)

You will not use the Lord's name  
in vain. Remember last time  
someone in the office did that.  
The Muslim guy and I sued the  
office. Go ahead, my church needs  
a new roof.

The mail guy gives Trent the finger and storms out of the office.

TRENT BLUE

I have work here to do and I do not have time for this ok, tell Fr. O'Neil that I can not make it. I know that will put you in a shitty situation but... I told you to take me off the speaker phone, why do you never do what I say... Hello Fr. O'Neil, what time does the funeral start? Yes I will be there at six, yes I will not look like a slob. You too, bye.

Trent hangs up the phone

TRENT BLUE

Fuck!

Trent gets out of his chair looks at all his work on the desk. Puts on his jacket. Goes outside his office in full view of the employes.

TRENT BLUE

I going for coffee, if anyone needs me you know my cell phone number. I will be bring back donuts.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Very busy coffee shop. Trent is standing in line. He stares at a beautiful lady that is sitting next to the window. Trent's phone rings

TRENT BLUE

What now.

(answering the phone)

Hello again, I am so sick of talking with you. Are you phoning me to fuck up the rest of my day... how in the hell did you know that I am at the coffee shop, did you

actually grow some balls at get  
out of the office... how do you know  
I always grab a coffee when I am  
stressed... of course I am garbing  
donuts. Why did you phone me?  
Yes she is here, I do not know  
what she is wearing...

Trent trying to hide that he is talking on the phone turns  
into his jacket and starts to whisper, he is not looking at  
the beautiful lady

TRENT BLUE

She is wearing that black outfit  
that she wears every Monday... yes  
of course with her lab coat.

Trent straightens up out of his jacket and moves along the  
line

TRENT BLUE

No I am not going to talk with her  
today... why would I ask her what  
she does for fun,

Trent gets a glazed over look in his eyes

TRENT BLUE

I bet she reads

INT. APARTMENT - THIRTY MINUTES BEFORE LAST SCENE

The apartment has many coloured lights with hand cuffs and  
assorted S&M paraphernalia neatly hung. The coffee lady aka  
IDA BING standing wearing a very slutty outfit, injecting  
some fluid into a sealed condom. The door rings. Ida  
opens the door.

IDA

Hello and welcome to your fantasy

The MAN looks about forty, he is balding and fat. Sweat is  
pouring off his forehead.

MAN  
(not moving from the  
door way)  
Do I have to... pay.

IDA  
The first time is always free, and  
I have a thing for fat bald men

The man enters the apartment. Ida starts to undress.

IDA  
(pointing to the bed)  
Lie on the bed so I can start  
making your world shake

FADE OUT.

INT. APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Ida who has sweated an enormous amount is setting on the foot of the bed as the Man is passed out. She opens a DNA collection kit and swabs the inside of his cheek. She props him up on the bed frame and takes a picture of him. Her phone rings.

IDA  
Hello... yes we are still meeting at  
the coffee shop to go over the  
results... no I am not in the lab at  
the moment

Ida looks at the Man  
I am with a test subject. Give me  
about ten minutes to clean up and  
I will be there

Ida quickly changes into her black outfit that Trent saw and her lab coat. She drags the Man out the door to another room, throws his cloths at him and closes the door.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - AFTERNOON

Trent is at the front of the line. His phone is still on his ear, Denis is still talking but cannot be understood. He is mumbling about reading.

COFFEE SHOP WORKER

(impatient)

Hello sir can I help you. You need to order before you can sit and read.

TRENT BLUE

(startled)

Yes I would like to have a large coffee black and three dozen assorted donuts

Trent looks back to Ida and sees a young man in a suit sit beside her.

TRENT BLUE

Shit... what no I was not talking to you, no I am not getting you a coffee, no I did not just have a dirty dream about the coffee lady... I have a beep... yes, I will be back in a minute... who is looking for me, shit, I am on my way

Trent hangs up his phone, pays and runs out the door. Then runs back it to get his donuts and coffee

INT. A SEA OF CUBICLES - MOMENTS LATER

Trent runs in throws the donuts on the secretary's desk. Rushes into his office to see his boss MR. ROSS in his chair with his back toward Trent.

MR. ROSS

Trent do you know why I like you? Do you know why we promoted you to top researcher on our China desk?

TRENT BLUE

Because I am good at my job and I am the only person here that can speak Cantonese.

Mr. Ross turns towards Trent

MR. ROSS

No Trent. It is because you do anything I ask.

TRENT BLUE

To be honest I would not kill for you

MR. ROSS

Always with the jokes  
(laughs sarcastically)  
I have a problem Trent. I left some sensitive documents at our last location and now some stake holders need those documents. I trust you Trent, so I am asking you to retrieve those documents.

TRENT BLUE

You are paying me to be your message boy

MR. ROSS

Trent, it is dirty and dark, I do not want to get dirty and I am afraid of the rats. Just do what you are told.

Trent slowly turns around and exits his office. As he walks towards the elevators he grabs one of the donuts on the secretary's desk.

INT. DARK BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

The only light in the building is coming from Trent's flash light. The building is filled with boxes and desks. Trent is on the phone with Dennis.

TRENT BLUE

What the hell was I going to say, fuck you get your own shit... of course I would say that to you but your my friend

Not paying much attention he hits his foot against a desk

TRENT BLUE

Fuck, why in the hell am I talking with you. I need to focus. I just ran into Grant's old desk... I have no idea what happened to him, that bald fat... He just turned nuts one day always paranoid. I real miss him. He could swear better than me and he was a heathen.

Trent's flash light goes down and notices a stack of photos that must have been trapped under Grant's desk and was dislodged when he ran into it.

TRENT BLUE

I have to go... gatcha next time stand up for myself... don't you every work...

Trent hangs up the phone while Dennis is still talking. He bends down to take a look at the pictures. All the people in the photos are fat, bald men that are in their forties passed out, propped up on the same bed. The men all look like Grant. Trent looks at the back of the photos and sees a bunch of vital statistics, weight, height, blood type, etc.

TRENT BLUE

Grant what the fuck did you get yourself into.

INT.CATHOLIC CHURCH - EVENING

Trent is brushing off his suit. He is visibly uncomfortable in his suit. The church is empty with the body near the entrance of the church. There are three other guys in suits that are working for the funeral home.

FUNERAL HOME GUY ONE

Trent do you remember what to do?  
It has been awhile.

TRENT BLUE  
(sarcastically)  
Yes I know how to look somber and  
lead people to their seat.

Funeral Home Guy Two is looking at the body.

FUNERAL HOME GUY TWO  
Man this guy should have laid off  
the pork rinds. Even in death he  
looks like he's hungry.

This peaks the interest of Funeral Home Guy Three, he comes  
over to investigate.

FUNERAL HOME GUY THREE  
Damn and bald too, he did not get  
any play.

TRENT BLUE  
(distracted)  
Guys have some respect for the  
death, they are your customers.

Trent realizes that they are talking about a man that looks  
like Grant

TRENT BLUE  
This can not be happening.

Trent pushes the two guys away to get a clear look at the  
body. Takes a good look at the body.

TRENT BLUE  
Wow this guy sure looks like Grant  
but it is not Grant.

FUNERAL HOME GUY TWO  
Man Trent you need to read the  
funeral card, it says his name is  
Stan... Stan the fat man.

The Funeral Guy One and Two start laughing.

FUNERAL HOME GUY ONE  
Stop laughing and get some work  
done, people should be arriving  
soon.

Funeral Guy One straightens the tie of Stan while Funeral Guy Two dusts off the casket. Trent grabs a stack of funeral cards and makes his way to the doors of the church. People come in and Trent offers a card and asks to sign the register, this happens multiple times. The funeral is about to start when Ida comes in the door.

TRENT BLUE

Hello would you like a funeral card

Trent looks up and is surprised.

IDA

I did not think I look that bad, and yes I will take a card.

Trent hands her a card like a robot. Trent snaps out of his daze.

TRENT BLUE

Please sign the register.

IDA

I do not think I will be doing that, I only know the deceased in a professional manner.

The opening hymn has started, making Ida on edge.

IDA

Where is the body? I would like to pay my last respects.

TRENT BLUE

Around the corner, we will be preparing Stan for the procession.

IDA

(impatiently)

Who?

TRENT BLUE

The deceased.

IDA

(embarrassed )

Right, thank you.

Trent follows Ida to the body making sure the doors are closed. The priest is starting with the opening prayer. Trent bows his head reverently only to catch out of the corner of his eye Ida taking a small knife and a plastic bag out of her packet. She scrapes some of Stan's skin into the bag. Trent is outraged, he does not want to disrupt the funeral so he causally takes out his phone and takes some pictures of Ida. Once Ida is done she leaves the church.

EXT. OUTSIDE A 7-11 - EVENING

Trent is talking on the phone as he is eating cheezies in a very messy way, getting the orange all over his suit.

TRENT BLUE

I can not believe it she fucking desecrated a body. What the hell would motivate someone to do that. Witchcraft, voodoo this world is going downhill... what do you mean did I stop her, and disrupt the funeral... no it is not that I have no balls... why do you always have to psychoanalyze me all the time... maybe I swear so much because my mother did not love me enough as a child or breast feed me... quit talking about my mom like that ... it was a fucking joke, hold on

Trent is next to his car, it is very clean, he looks down at his clothes and notices that he is a mess

TRENT BLUE

Fuck, no not you, well maybe you, I need to do something... yes I am too messy to enter in to my own car, now just fuck off

Trent goes back in to the 7-11. Asks the attendant were the washrooms are. The attendant points to a back area were the pay phones are.

INT. DARK HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Some lady is on the phone talking very softly but still can be heard. Trent enters the washroom.

TRENT BLUE

What else can happen tonight.

He looks in the mirror

TRENT BLUE

Oh fuck now this is dry cleaning

As he is washing off the orange cheese from his jacket he over hears the phone conversation outside.

LADY ON THE PHONE

No, no, no baby the first one is always free.

TRENT BLUE

one more soul trying to pay for love with money

(loudly)

Love is not that cheap

(to himself)

Fuck ain't that the truth

LADY ON THE PHONE

It says here that you are balding, 280 and 5 foot 11, is that correct?

TRENT BLUE

Oh fuck another bald fat guy to shit on my day

He realizes the pictures, funeral, and this can be all connected to Grant

TRENT BLUE

Grant, fucking Grant

Trent runs out of the washroom just in time to see the phone lady walk out of the 7-11 and about to get into a car. Trent runs into his car and starts following her.

INT. TRENT'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Trent is trying to get his seatbelt on and holding his phone to his ear and driving at the same time.

TRENT BLUE

pick up, oh shit pick up. What is the patron saint on following someone, maybe St. Paul, or St. Jude.

Close call with a car Trent swerves and keeps following the car.

DENNIS

(coming from the phone)

Do you know what time it is? Am I on speaker phone, I hate speaker phone. Why did you phone me Trent?

TRENT BLUE

(out of breath)

I was in the can and over heard a conversation with a hooker...

DENNIS

Are you alone, because this does not sound good, is this some sort of "lets phone Dennis as I am getting please by some..."

TRENT BLUE

Shut the fuck up, ok for once just listen. I am following this lady that is meeting someone that sounds like Grant. Do you know what that means?

DENNIS

That some over weigh guy is going to get his world rock for three minutes. Tell me oh great one.

TRENT BLUE

Cut the sarcasm, shit the car is slowing down. She is getting out

of the car...

DENNIS

How does she look? Ready to whip  
someone into shape.

TRENT BLUE

Really Dennis that is the best you  
can do. Grab a pencil and paper,  
I know you have some next to the  
phone you organized sonofabitch.

DENNIS

O.K. what am I writing down

TRENT BLUE

four three nine second ave NW, got  
that.

DENNIS

Yes, now I am going to bed.

The phone clicks off, Trent does not notice too focused on  
the action outside. He sees her unlock the front door.

TRENT BLUE

Got you now, you slutty body  
snatcher. Now were is your fat  
bald lust partner

Trent sees another car pull up. A fat bald man gets out of  
the car and rings the door.

TRENT BLUE

Looks like some time for mutual  
masturbation.

INT. TRENT'S OFFICE - MORNING

Trent is on the phone talking in cantonese. The Mail Guy  
comes in throws a stack of reports labeled as

bioengineering in China. The Mail Guy stubs his foot, Trent pauses, the Mail Guy gives him the finger and walks out. Mr. Ross comes in Trent's office.

MR. ROSS

Are you ready?

TRENT BLUE

(holding his hand over  
the receiver)

I am a little busy, talking to our  
Chinese connection on  
bioengineering.

MR. ROSS

Like I said are you ready for this  
afternoon.

TRENT BLUE

I will be ready if you would just  
(in cantonese)  
Just fuck off.

MR. ROSS

I just could not understand why  
they asked for Grant on this, you  
are the China guy.

TRENT BLUE

Maybe because he was good at his  
job, and you fired him because you  
did not like him.

MR. ROSS

(laughing)

No that can not be it, he was lazy  
and incompetent.

TRENT BLUE

Well it has nothing to do with his  
body.

MR. ROSS & TRENT BLUE

(laughing)

TRENT BLUE

Can you just leave so I can get

back to work.

Mr. Ross leaves the office. Trent is still talking in Cantonese on the phone. He hangs up the phone. Claps his hands and does a breaking with his shoulders. The phone rings.

TRENT BLUE

(answering the phone)

Trent Blue, (insert name) China desk... of course I sound professional, I make big money... could you make it quick, I have a fucking ton of work. How in hell did you know that... I do not always do my lots of work dance, but yes you interrupted.

Trent puts Dennis on the speaker phone

DENNIS

What are you going to do?

TRENT BLUE

About what, this work, I am going to hang up and start working.

DENNIS

About the Grant thing, are you going to find that guy?

TRENT BLUE

You know what, I have so much work, I can only focus on one thing at a time.

DENNIS

Don't you want to find some order in this chaos.

TRENT BLUE

(shuffling papers)

Great I am getting spiritual advice from an agnostic parish secretary. Why do you let your wife pay the bills.

DENNIS

Because she makes more then you  
every will.

TRENT BLUE

Good point. After this tour I am  
going to find some order. This is  
going to be a big contact for us.  
My understanding is that they are  
looking to expand in China. I  
need to dance and get back to  
work.

Trent hangs up and continues his dance.

INT. TRENT'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Trent is talking on the phone in Cantonese, as he is  
shuffling through papers with one hand and typing on the  
computer with the other.

MR. ROSS

Did you check out the lab we are  
going to today?

Trent is ignoring Mr. Ross.

MR. ROSS

This is priority one. We need to  
know who our client is. This is a  
money issue, more knowledge more  
money. Trent! I need your  
attention!

Trent looks up and is very mad, hangs up the phone.

TRENT BLUE

Can't you see that I am working on  
this account. So just piss off  
and let me work. Our meeting is  
only

(looking at his watch)  
in three hours. Yes I will give  
you your precious company report.  
Now just leave.

MR. ROSS  
Well we did hire you for your  
brains and work ethic not your  
attitude

Mr. Ross leaves the office. Trent gets ready for the next  
task.

TRENT BLUE  
Shit! Ross is right, fuck!

Trent is typing of the computer.

TRENT BLUE  
(mumbling)  
w...w...dot... were in the fuck is the  
q, o.k.uest tech dot com

Trent's eyes go wide. He is sweating and shaking his head.  
Takes out his phone when one of his co-worker's walks by,  
Sue is a thin good looking woman.

SUE  
Trent are you alright, it looks  
like you seen a ghost. Damn,  
don't go on about how I use too  
many clichés.

TRENT BLUE  
No, no, no, no. I need you help  
Sue.

SUE  
Are you sure?

TRENT BLUE  
Don't be funny. Just come here.

Sue walks very slowly to Trent's desk. Trent motions to  
Sue to look at his computer screen.

SUE  
Are you just starting your company

report. Man you are in it deep.

TRENT BLUE  
That's not important, what is  
important is this lady.

Trent points at the screen.

SUE  
Yes I see her, Dr. Ida Rose Bing.  
I have talked with her on the  
phone. She is the lead on this  
account. So what is the rub, do  
you have the hots for her...

Trent shakes his head and shows the screen of his phone.

TRENT BLUE  
Is that Dr. Ida?

SUE  
(squinting)  
Yes that is Ida. Take away the  
sunglasses and put on a lab coat,  
yeah that is her. Is the a  
funeral... what the hell is she  
doing to the body?

TRENT BLUE  
(shaking his head)  
I have no idea

SUE  
One last thing before I go, do you  
know what QuestTec specializes in?  
Yeah you guessed it, cloning. I  
got deadlines to meet, see you  
Trent.

Sue walks out of Trent's office. Trent is stunned, shaking  
his head.

TRENT BLUE  
This is all fucked up, it can not  
be the case they are cloning bald  
fat men, shit that is sick.

Trent starts laughing at the thought, looks at the stack of the pictures of bald fat men.

TRENT BLUE

This fantasy is going to have to wait. Now back to reality. Sorry Grant.

EXT. QUESTTECH OFFICE BUILDING - AFTERNOON

Trent is walking very fast to the building's door. He is on the phone, talking Cantonese, as he is straighten his tie as he is opening the door with his elbow.

INT. QUESTTECH OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Trent hangs up his phone, flashes his security pass to the security guard. The security guard waves Trent through to a large room filled with people. Mr. Ross is speaking and Sue is behind him, with members of QuestTech management team, including Dr. Ida Bing, on the right do Mr. Ross. Trent sneaks in behind to stand next to Sue.

TRENT BLUE

(whispering)

I know I am late. So just tone down the fucking self righteousness.

SUE

(whispering)

What pisses me off is that you always come out on top. You did not miss much just everyone squeezing everyones ass. Ross is laying it on thick, this must mean it is lots of money at stake.

TRENT BLUE

(whispering)

A whole lot of fucking money. The Chinese don't talk for anything less then five million and I was told QuestTech is wanting to

invest at least ten million.

SUE

(whispering)

Do you think it is because of  
there lax cloning laws?

TRENT BLUE

(whispering)

Come on Sue, don't be one of those  
people looking for a conspiracy  
around every corner.

Everyone claps, Mr. Ross is done his talk and Dr. Ida Bing  
goes to the microphone.

IDA

Thank you very much. I will now  
lead everyone on a tour of the  
laboratory and what we would like  
to do in China.

The group disperses with the majority of people in lab  
coats going back to work. Trent and Sue are near the back  
of the crowd. Ida is explaining the function of the lab  
and the numerous experiments that go on.

TRENT BLUE

(directed to Sue)

I have no idea why we are involved  
with this. We are a think tank,  
not an overseas broker.

SUE

I guess they need our expertise in  
the Chinese government and market.

TRENT BLUE

what ever, it is just a huge pay  
day for the Man.

Ida leads the group to an open animal barn.

IDA

Here is our current experiments on  
cloning. We are hopeful that we  
can use these animals to harvest

organs for human transplants.

Mr. Ross motions Trent to move forward.

TRENT BLUE  
(to Sue)  
Shit it is show time.

Trent comes up to Mr. Ross.

MR. ROSS  
And here is the man with all the answers, Trent Blue our lead researcher for China. Trent this is Doctor Ida Bing, she will be the person you will be dealing with on this project.

Trent and Ida shake hands. Ida looks very confused.

IDA  
I was under the impression that Grant Witwell will be the lead on this.

MR. ROSS  
In all honesty Grant was lazy and paranoid, thinking someone was after him. Trent is our best person.

Trent and Ida stop shaking hands.

TRENT BLUE  
I have already located a suitable location as per your parameters in the province of Fujian...

IDA  
Are you telling me Mr. Ross that Grant is no longer working for you

MR. ROSS  
Yes we let him go about a week ago but I can assure you that Trent is the better person to help QuestTech to expand in China.

TRENT BLUE

We can start building in seven days. I have a personal relationship with the governor and he has assured me that the wheels are turning. We can book a visit right now if you would like.

IDA

I explicitly stated that this project hinged on Grant's involvement.

MR. ROSS

Yes I received your email concerning Grant. Let us cut the crap you are a small pice of the puzzle, you are just the researcher. After I received your email I contacted your boss and he had no problems with Trent heading up our team. So unless you need me to talk with your boss we should be good... right?

IDA

(angry)

I would think that the millions we are paying you, you could at least give us the people we want.

Ida storms off to her office. Trent is on his cell talking in Cantonese. Mr. Ross is angry.

MR. ROSS

Trent what are you doing. This is millions on the line. What does Ida want with Grant. If we give Grant to her, we will never get this project done. Trent are you listening to me.

Trent covers the phone receiver.

TRENT BLUE

Does Friday sound good for you. We can have this all planned out

in a few days. Mr. Huang is very  
eager to repay his debt to me.

Mr. Ross hangs up the phone

MR. ROSS

Trent, stop being... Trent for a  
moment. We need to smooth over  
this issue with Dr. Bing. I know  
you cannot do that and Sue is lost  
somewhere. So that leaves me.  
Just stay here, I might need you.

Mr. Ross walks away towards Dr. Ida's office

TRENT BLUE

So Friday does not work with you  
then, o.k. I will see if we can do  
another time.