

DON'T GO to the Beatnik Seminar
2nd Draft

by

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Based on
REAL EVENTS!

1 **RED SCREEN**

1

In a red background, we'll see the main credits running, while we listen to the sound of some dark synth wave jazz melody.

The TITLE OF THE FILM appears: "**DON'T GO to the Beatnik Seminar**".

FADE INTO

2 **INT. OLD UNCLE BILL'S PUB - NIGHT**

2

This pub has all sorts of 50's, 60's and 70's memorabilia plastered on its walls. Most of the customers are young college students merrily drowning themselves in liters of alcohol with no apparent concern about the outside world.

This is nonetheless not the case of a group of youngsters sitting at a corner of this place. In contrast to the cheerful spirit reigning in the pub, these guys are in complete silence, each of them thinking to themselves. While looking at them we'll hear a voice over narrating the events.

YOUNG WOMAN (VO)

We had all met at a university seminar called "Beatnik Performance and Theater". Our dear Professor had given us the arduous task to deliver any sort of artistic endeavour related to the beatnik literary movement by the semester's end. It sounded easy peasy lemon squeezy at first, but on a second thought, it wasn't. It definetely wasn't.

The camara will travel to each of their faces, introducing them to us. The first character that'll be acquainted to us is a gargantuan 1,82 m tall blond girl.

BILLIE JEAN

What if we write a small play exploring the intertextual relation between Joan Vollmer's death and Wilhelm Tell?

In that moment the image FREEZES and the following titles appear as a description:

TITLES: "BILLIE JEAN (22), depressed human giraffe and Guille's girlfriend".

The image UNFREEZES.

ROBBY

I have a better idea, what if we write
a poem about losing a family member?

The image FREEZES again.

TITLES: "ROBBY KOREVSKY (20), his father went out for
cigarettes when he was 8 y/o... he is still buying them".

The image UNFREEZES.

Then we have a look at a girl with glasses holding a crappy
2000's camcorder filming at them. She is the YOUNG WOMAN that
narrated the story to us in VO at the beginning of the film.

LIA

(while recording them)

I'll just film you guys getting
hammered, make it look black and
white, add some generic jazz music
aaaaand it's done.

Lia STOPS recording, claps the cam's wing shut and turns it
off.

LIA (CONT'D)

(satisfied)

It's done.

The image FREEZES again.

TITLES: "LIA PLATH VERNON (27), hardworking student".

The image UNFREEZES.

Then we discover a guy holding an ANALOG CAMERA.

COLIN

(pissy)

You're such a copycat. It was my idea
to take photos of the group AND to
make them look black and white.

The image FREEZES once more.

TITLES: "COLIN GOOFIER (23), Robert Capa wannabee and Marty's
best friend. He obeys everything he says".

The image UNFREEZES.

LIA

Then do it. Photo and video are two different things.

SUDDENLY, one of them SLAMS the palm of his hand against the table and STANDS UP.

MARTY

(to Colin with SHEER PASSION)

You are so unoriginal! Why don't you just go outside and take pictures of real people!?

The image FREEZES again, like always.

TITLES: "MARTY EXPLOSION (25), Pam-Pam-Pam-Parampampampam-Pam-Pam-Pam-Parampampampam!!!".

The image UNFREEZES.

COLIN

Aren't we like, 'real people'?

BILLIE JEAN

Technically we aren't.

MARTY

(excited)

I mean of people in the streets, that live in the streets! Just like Klaus Michael Gruber once did.

COLIN

Oh.

MARTY

Yes, 'oh'. Go on!

Marty points with his finger at the exit of the pub. Colin stands up and slowly walks away. The entire group is baffled by this.

LIA

(in disbelief to Colin)

Are you really leaving?

COLIN

(to Lia)

Yes, do you wanna come?

MARTY

(to Lia)

Lia, please, don't leave. I have an idea of what we could do as a group. You're gonna love it.

COLIN

Oh, can I take part -?

MARTY

(interrupts him)

Bro, what are you doing here? Go on! Fly! Fly away into your artistic horizon!

Marty waves his hand towards him as if he was fending off some pesky flies. Colin gets the message and continues to walk away, until he leaves the bar.

ROBBY

(to Marty)

So, what is this idea of yours?

MARTY

(enthusiastically emphasizing his words with the movement of his hands)

This is the most AMAZING IDEA I've ever come across. Nobody has ever done this thing EVER.

LIA

(wary)

Oookay, I've heard enough. Not interested.

BILLIE JEAN

What is it?

MARTY

What IF... we all do the craziest stuff that the beatniks ever did, but IN REAL LIFE?

Dead silence. Billie Jean and Robby look at each other. Lia chuckles and looks at Marty mockingly.

LIA

(sardonic)

I mean, you can't possibly be serio-

ROBBY
 (interrupting her)
 OH MY GOD! THAT'S THE COOLEST IDEA
 EVER!

BILLIE JEAN
 (amazed)
 DUDE, THAT'S SOOOOOOOOOOOO SICK!

MARTY
 So, you in?

ROBBY AND BILLIE JEAN
 OF COURSE WE ARE!

MARTY
 (to Lia)
 How 'bout you?

Lia has dropped her jaw in utter disbelief.

LIA
 You guys have to be kidding me.

MARTY
 Come on. You only have to film us with
 you crapcorder. And nothing else.

She looks at the three of them, still amazed by the craziness
 of the situation.

LIA
 I mean, I could do that, but I'd
 strongly advise you guys against-

MARTY
 (interrupts her enthusiastically)
 THEN ITS A DEAL! Come on guys let's
 rock n' roll!

Marty stands up and walks to the exit.

ROBBY AND BILLIE JEAN
 Juuhuuuuuu!

Robby and Billie Jean dog his footsteps. Lia sighs defeated
 and follows them too.

3 **EXT. STREETS OF MAINZ - LATER**

3

Next to a small plaza is a group of promoters dressed as

giant condoms (not a joke) handing out free merchandise: profilactics and TOYS, which are specifically NOT manufactured for children. Apparently they are pushing a new brand.

Dozens of pedestrians agglomerate around them trying to get as much free stuff as possible.

On the other side of the street are our heroes leaning on a wall. Marty walks past them back and forth as if he were General Patton briefing his soldiers before landing on Sicily.

MARTY

First, we need to go on the road, but we can't do that without a car.

ROBBY

But none of us has one.

MARTY

Exactly! (points at the end of the street) But they do!

We notice that a pink minivan is parked behind the promoters. It has the shape of a veiny phallus with the logo of the condom brand printed on its sides.

LIA

(decisive)

Okay, I'm out.

Lia starts walking away, Marty jumps in front of her.

MARTY

Lia, I know that you are a regular normal thinking person, who wouldn't do something as stupid as what we are about to do right now, so the only thing that I ask of you is to stay here and film us. That's all I ask for. We'll continue shooting our experiences this night with our own phones, but please we need right now someone with a camera outside of the action.

LIA

(dazzled)

Guys, this is surreal. This shouldn't be happening. It is as if a village

had lost its idiot and as if this idiot were writing our story right now.

MARTY

PRECISELY! And if that's the case, then our fates have already been decided. So, what's it gonna be Lia? Are you gonna do what you're supposed to do? Or are you gonna try to trick yourself into believing that there's a thing such as "free will" in these circumstances?

LIA

Hum-ah-well-

MARTY

(interrupting her)

What's it gonna be Lia? What's it gonna be?

Frustrated, Lia rolls her right hand into a fist and bites into it.

MARTY (CONT'D)

(singing)

What's it gonna be Lia? What's it gonna be? What's it gonna be?

ROBBY AND BILLIE JEAN

(also singing)

Come on Lia, what's it gonna be? What's it gonna be?

LIA

(pissy)

Alright alright you stupid morons! I'll be your damn camera girl!

ROBBY

Yes!

BILLIE JEAN

Alright!

MARTY

(to Lia)

Thanks Lia, you won't regret this.

LIA
 (to herself)
 I'm already regretting my existence.

4 **EXT. STREETS OF MAINZ - MINUTES LATER** 4

While the promoters are distributing the goods, the van SLOWLY MOVES past them.

5 **INT. INSIDE THE VAN - CONTINUOUS** 5

Billie Jean is on the driver seat handling the steering wheel, while Marty is crouched almost under her daddy long legs HOTWIRING the car.

6 **EXT. STREETS OF MAINZ - CONTINUOUS** 6

Robby is PUSHING the car with ALL HIS STRENGTH. Some meters away from them is Lia FILMING with the crapcorder in her hands.

ROBBY
 Hurry up you guys!

The car reaches a point, where the street starts going downhill. SUDDENLY, Robby stops pushing and the wheels roll by themselves.

7 **INT. INSIDE THE VAN - CONTINUOUS** 7

BROOOOM! The battery has been started. Marty tucks his head out of the window and screams:

MARTY
 Robby!!! Get inside!

8 **EXT. STREETS OF MAINZ - CONTINUOUS** 8

Robby runs behind the car, but it is getting away from him faster and faster. Suddenly, a promoter sees them.

PROMOTER #1
 (honestly outraged)
 Hey, they are taking our car!

NOW, all the PROMOTERS wheel back and realize what's happening.

PROMOTER #2
 (pointing a Lia)
 And that chick over there is with them

too!

LIA
(desperate)
No no no no no no! I'm just filming!

All these promoters unholster their GIANT AUBERGINE LIKE DILDOS and brandish them as swords.

PROMOTER #3
Let's get 'em boys!

As a platoon of vicious samurais they STORM downhill. Terror-stricken at the sight of these ferociously wabbling phalluses, Lia sprints her way towards the car reaching the already running Robby. Nevertheless the vehicle is moving even farther away than before.

Marty opens the back door of the van and stretches out his hand with the intention of catching any of them.

Robby seem totally exhausted.

ROBBY
(sweating like race horse)
I-I-I can't.

On the other hand, Lia RUSHES Usain-Bolt like and is able to JUMP INSIDE the van. Unluckily for her, her CAMERA FALLS OFF her hands and PLUMMETS against the asphalt in the heat of the moment.

LIA
My camcorder!

MARTY
Come on, Bobby! You can't... I mean,
YOU CAN!

ROBBY
(gasping)
It's Robby you sonuva- I can't, I
can't, I can't-

Robby collapses.

LIA
Robby!

The LEGION of HUMAN-CONDOMS reach Robby and start BATTERING him to death with the dildos.

MARTY
 (dramatically)
 Nooooooooooooooooo!

9 **EXT. STREETS OF MAINZ - ALTERNATE REALITY - NIGHT**

9

Robby sits on a chair in front of us. Blood is pouring out of his broken skull. He is inflating a condom as if it were a balloon. One of the PROMOTERS that killed him walks by.

ROBBY
 (to the promoter)
 Hey man! Do you need protection?

PROMOTER #1
 Yes.

ROBBY
 Here.

Robby hands him the "balloon".

PROMOTER #1
 Awww thanks.

ROBBY
 No problem.

Promoter #1 happily prances off scene. Now we are all alone with Robby.

ROBBY (CONT'D)
 (looking directly at us)
 When I was fourteen I had my first girlfriend. Her name was Jessica and we both wanted to be each other's first time. But I had no experience at all and no one to talk to. So, I visited my old man that I hadn't seen in six years to ask him for advice, of course. But after so much time, he had turned into one of those christian fundamentalists and told me to abstain completely from having sex, because of STDs and the possibility of getting her pregnant. Then I told him that I was thinking about using condoms. He argued that they were no guarantee. And I called that 'bullshit'. So, he looked me straight into my eyes, piercing my soul and with the most

matter-of-factly voice I've ever heard in my entire life, he said: "Son, your sole existence is the irrefutable proof that condoms aren't a 100% effective". (sighs) The next day I asked my mom about it and yeah. It turns out he was right. He was right.

10 **INT. INSIDE THE VAN - NIGHT**

10

While Billie Jean drives the car, Marty and Lia argue with each other in the back.

LIA

You and your stupid idea! You killed Robby!

MARTY

I didn't! It was the condom people!

LIA

He shouldn't have listened to you and your moronic words!

MARTY

But he did! He did! He helped us push the car, just as Billie steered the wheel and just as I hotwired it. Exactly, just as you were there, dumbfoundedly recording us! Or do you deny that Mrs. Plath?

LIA

(confused)

You are not making sense out of your words.

MARTY

(to Billie Jean)

Billie! Stop the car!

11 **INT/EXT. INSIDE THE VAN/STREETS OF MAINZ - CONTINUOUS**

11

The car stops and Marty SLIDES the side door OPEN.

MARTY (CONT'D)

(to LIA)

Let's make this quick. Get out of here.

LIA
Ok then, I will.

MARTY
That's fine, go ahead.

LIA
I will.

Marty makes a gesture inviting her to leave them. Lia strolls to the fringe of the exit. The hot wind of the german summer caresses her skin. Somehow, somewhat or something stops her from moving any further.

MARTY
(impatiently)
Go on.

Half of Lia's body hangs on the outside. The beautiful brick layered trottoir invites her to leave these guys behind... but she... just... can't.

Lia's face slowly transitions from anger into frustration.

MARTY (CONT'D)
Come on, Lia. Go on, go on.

12 INT. INSIDE THE VAN - CONTINUOUS

12

Lia bites her lower lip, tucks her upper body back inside, SLIDES the door SHUT and GOES BACK to her PLACE.

MARTY (CONT'D)
Aren't you gonna go out?

LIA
(to Billie Jean)
Billie, just go.

BILLIE JEAN
Are you sure you don't wa-?

LIA
(exasperated)
JUST GO!

Billie sets the car again in motion. The yellow street lights and shadows project themselves inside the van, dashing by as they drive further into the night.

LIA (CONT'D)

(to Marty)

Why I can't get out?

MARTY

Do you know "The Exterminating Angel"
by Luis Buñuel?

LIA

No. What's that? A book?

MARTY

Nope, it's a mexican film from the
sixties. It's about a group of rich
socialités that get trapped inside a
house. It is never explained in the
film, but for some reason, they can't
get out. Nothing is physically
stopping them. They just simply
can't... get... out.

LIA

How do you know this?

MARTY

Because I know the explanation of why
they couldn't get out and why we also
can't.

LIA

And that is?

MARTY

Me, you, Billie Jean, everyone is part
of a story that is currently being
written by one of us in an alternate
universe. We won't be able to leave a
certain path that our creator has
written for us, at least not until the
story comes to an end.

LIA

(in disbelief)

Get out of here!

MARTY

Honest to god! Or at least honest to
the writer responsible for us.

LIA

Okay then, if that's the case, who is

the writer?

MARTY

I dunno, but I suspect it's me.

LIA

How come?

MARTY

The writer talked to me in my mind this morning and he told me what was up. I was the first one to be spoken to and I sensed a strong masculine vibe out of his voice.

BILLIE JEAN

HA! Oh please! What makes you think that YOU are not a fictional character.

MARTY

I don't know. I can feel it.

BILLIE JEAN

That sounds like BS to me, cause **she** talked to me about this yesterday.

MARTY

Oh come on! The writer is definitely a guy!

LIA

Guys, guys, please. If we are fictional characters, then what is our purpose?

MARTY

The writer told me that we got to have the beatnik experience for a day, because in the real life we are nothing more than pampered bourgeois college kids who wouldn't be able to steal cars, score smack or shoot guns.

LIA

Shit, are we that lousy in real life?

MARTY

I'm afraid we are, Lia. I'm afraid we are.

LIA

What else did he tell you?

BILLIE JEAN

Uhum uhum, I think that I can explain this further from here. She or he, told me that some of us have roles to play: Robby was the stereotypical guy with no paternal figure and Marty is supposed to be a cartoonish version of Dean Moriarty.

LIA

What about you, me and Colin?

BILLIE JEAN

I have no idea. Maybe we are just wild cards, or maybe, just maybe, we haven't discovered our roles yet.

MARTY

Who could have guessed that doing Theater Studies, could have lead us to this?

BILLIE JEAN

No one, not even our dear professor.

OUT OF THE BLUE, Marty starts tapping his fingers on his legs, while humming some imaginary bebop jazz song: "Pam-Pam-Pam-Parampampampam-Pam-Pam-Pam-Parampampampam".

LIA

What's happening?

BILLIE JEAN

His role is taking over him!

MARTY

Guys! I need to take over the steering wheel and drive recklessly, putting our lives in danger!

BILLIE JEAN

(enthusiastically)

Hell yeah!

Marty climbs up to the front seat and clumsily changes places with Billie Jean, while the car is still running.

LIA
 (angstly)
 Oh my!

As this happen the song "Down in Mexico" by The Coasters starts to play.

13 **EXT. THEODOR HEUSS BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS**

13

The kids are driving on a bridge crossing the border to Mainz-Kastel and leaving Mainz behind. The van dashes on a zig zag motion playing chicken with the upcoming cars, who FLY OFF the rails into the river or RAM into innocent bystanders. Pure Pandemonium.

14 **INT. INSIDE THE VAN - CONTINUOUS**

14

Marty is steering the wheel right and left, left and right, maniacally focussing his eyes on the road like a horse on speed.

LIA
 Where are we going?

MARTY
 Mexico!

LIA
 (confused)
 That's Mainz-Kastel.

Marty looks back at Lia and with some psycho eyes and an unnerving voice he repeats:

MARTY
 (hissing like a snake)
 Mexicooooooooo!

15 **EXT. GARDEN - GUILLE'S HOUSE - LATER**

15

In front of an apple tree sits a fellar wearing a tweed jacket and drinking small sips of Venezuelan Whisky of a glass. The moonlight profiles his figure in the night, but we aren't able to see his face.

He then looks at his -

- WRIST WATCH: It's 11:30 pm.

In the background we hear the ROAR of a CAR coming NEAR and NEAR, until it CRASHES!

The tweed man is not startled by the sound. Quite on the contrary, he calmly takes another sip, -

TWEED MAN
Right on time.

- stands up and walks to his porch.

16 **EXT. PORCH - GUILLE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

16

The phallic van has RAMMED itself into the wall of the house. A cloud of drywall flies in the air.

The back doors open and the passengers pop out. The following conversation takes place in SPANISH, WITH SUBTITLES IN ENGLISH.

TWEED MAN
(to Billie Jean in SPANISH, WITH
SUBTITLES IN ENGLISH)
Ready for the William Tell number?

BILLIE JEAN
(smiling)
I was wrote ready.

The camera stays with the tweed man and the image FREEZES again.

TITLES: "GUILLE (23), regular traveler to the Interzone. Not Mexican... chilean!".

The image UNFREEZES.

17 **EXT. GARDEN - GUILLE'S HOUSE - LATER**

17

Guille and Marty are at a long picnic table inspecting a BB gun. Meanwhile Billie Jean and Lia are sitting next to each other sharing a joint.

LIA
(to Billie Jean)
Billie, what's gonna happen next?

BILLIE JEAN
Just wait. This is my last chapter.

Billie has another drag of the skunky flavored dubbie and remains silent.

Now we go to Marty and Guille, that are practicing their aim

with the BB gun.

MARTY

Do you really want to do this?

GUILLE

I don't. She does.

MARTY

(surprised)

What?

GUILLE

(to Billie)

Cariño, could you please get ready?

As if shocked by an electric current, she jumps on her feet -

BILLIE JEAN

Showtime.

- and slides to the nearby tree to pluck an apple. Finally she strolls to a point six meters away from Guille, turns her back to him and lays the fruit on her head. She is now standing backwards to him and the audience.

BILLIE JEAN (CONT'D)

(to Guille)

I can't balance this that long on my head. Hurry up.

GUILLE

Okay.

BILLIE JEAN

You're gonna use the BB, right?

GUILLE

Of course, my dear.

LIA

(in disbelief)

Oh my god.

BILLIE JEAN

Take it easy, it's just a BB.

Guille lays down the BB Gun and instead reaches for another weapon: a 44. S&W "ELEPHANT PULVERIZER" Magnum Revolver.

LIA

Oh my god! It's not a BB, it's not a BB!

Guille points the massive weapon at his girlfriend.

BILLIE JEAN

Hey! Don't try to use the magnum again, you dick!

GUILLE

(laughing)

Okay, okay, my bad.

Guille lays down the revolver, while Lia sighs in relief to then pick up out of nowhere: ... A MASSIVE M66 ROCKET LAUNCHER!

LIA

That's not a magnum! That's not a magnum!

KABOOOOM! The explosive roar is heard miles away of the "accident". Billie's body explodes into many pieces, spraying with blood at all the attendees.

GUILLE

(surprisingly shocked)

Billie? Amor?

Marty approaches her to inspect the body (or what is left of it). He crouches next to mish mash of debris and burned flesh.

LIA

Is she alright?

Marty sticks his hand in the mushy grits where her head used to be and fishes out the fruit.

MARTY

Ahm... the apple is fine.

He bites a chunk out of its juicy flesh. The sap contours his lips and sprinkles on his T-Shirt.

Guille drops the bazooka and jounces sadly back to his house.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

GUILLE

(sad)

I gotta take a trip.

He continues walking.

18 **EXT. GARDEN - GUILLE'S HOUSE - ALTERNATE REALITY - LATER**

18

Billie Jean sits in front us, all alone, munching on the apple. The pieces of her face (and thus her whole body) are held together by various strings of masking tape. She looks like a gory Frankenstein.

BILLIE JEAN

I don't have a talent. I'm the only person that our dear god created and spat into this world without a coin in her pocket... unlike my sister. Oh, my dear dear sis. She, on the other hand: best of her class, musical prodigy, ingenious writer, top notch athlete and stunningly beautiful. Since I can't compete with her, I have resigned myself to immortalize my soul and body through intertextuality. My own destruction is now intertwined with a famous old swiss tale. I am no longer insignificant. I am instead another echo of the first shot ever made.

19 **EXT. GARDEN - GUILLE'S HOUSE - LATER**

19

Marty and Lia sit next to each other.

LIA

I guess I should be going.

She stands up.

MARTY

I don't wanna sound like an asshole, but we should have gotten everything on camera.

LIA

It's pretty irrelevant at this point. I have seen it all. That's all what matters.

Lia walks away, but stops midway.

LIA (CONT'D)
Aren't you gonna come?

MARTY
No, I think I'll just... hang around,
I guess.

LIA
Okay.

Lia nods at him and keeps walking.

MARTY
Lia.

She stops again.

LIA
Yeah?

MARTY
Can you take care of the assignment?

LIA
Sure.

MARTY
Thanks.

Lia leaves the scene.

20 **INT. LIA'S APARTMENT - DAY**

20

TITLES: "Days later"

Lia sits at her desktop writing something on her laptop.

TEXT ON HER LAPTOP'S SCREEN:

"1 red screen 1

*In a red background, we'll see the main credits running,
while we listen to the sound of some dark synth wave jazz
melody.*

*The TITLE OF THE FILM appears: "DON'T GO to the Beatnik
Seminar".*

FADE INTO

2 int. old uncle bill's pub - night 2

This pub has all sorts of 50's, 60's and 70's memorabilia plastered on its walls".

21 **EXT. MEDIENHAUS - DAY**

21

Lia walks towards a university building with a printed screenplay in her hand. Many students loiter the stairs, drinking their regular fix of coffee or rolling their cigarettes. We hear Lia's voice over once more.

LIA (VO)

... deliver any sort of artistic endeavour related to the beatnik literary movement by the semester's end. It sounded easy peasy lemon squeezy at first,...

Lia enters the building.

22 **INT. TV STUDIO - DAY**

22

TITLES: ONE MONTH LATER

We discover Lia being interviewed on national television by an old TV-Moderator.

LIA (CONT'D)

... but on a second thought, it wasn't. It definitely wasn't. Three lives were lost that night.

TV-MODERATOR

Three? But we all thought -

LIA

(cuts him)

- one friend of ours, Colin, went to Taunus Street in Frankfurt at 3 o'clock in the morning and had the brilliant idea to take photos of some sleeping heroin junkies. Let's say they didn't take that kindly. His body was later found inside a trash can with forty-four stab wounds on his chest.

TV-MODERATOR

(concerned)

Oh, god. What about... (he looks at his notes) Mr. Explosion and Mr. Li?

LIA

They had it better. Regarding Marty, nobody knows about his whereabouts anymore. That night he simply "vanished". Regarding Guillermo "El Toro" Li, he was found by the police at the Frankfurt airport, while, and I quote, while "waiting for his next flight to the Interzone". He is currently in a rehab clinic in Berlin.

TV-MODERATOR

This... this is troubling, to say the least.

LIA

Indeed.

TV-MODERATOR

But you seem to have made the best out of this difficult experience.

LIA

Yes, indeed.

The TV-Moderator lifts up a BOOK and show us its COVER. We see the -

- TITLE OF THE BOOK: "**I Was Beatnik for a Day and Lived Long Enough to tell my Story**".

TV-MODERATOR

"I Was Beatnik for a Day and Lived Long Enough to tell my Story". The Shocking Truth. It's a best seller in the United States and is planned to be published in twelve different languages across the globe. Congratulations for your book, Mrs. Plath.

LIA

Thank you, thank you, thank you.

TV-MODERATOR

Our producers told me that you also have a poem that you wish to recite.

Lia stands up and pulls out a sheet of paper with scribbles all over it.

LIA

Ehem ehem.

The camera has her in a medium shot.

LIA (CONT'D)

I saw the dumbest minds of my
generation destroyed by acid, starving
for glory and clicks,

bragging that they know how the
niggers feel cold and how the slums
got so much soul,

friedheaded caviars burning for a
modern internet connection to the
phishy waves in the eternal ocean.

who superfluously leaned on a wall,
vaping in the name of their own
digital image and who insulted Dorian
Gray only to become a copy of a copy
of a copy of him.

Even before she is finished reciting her poem, the TV-
Moderator enters the image completely blocking her and speaks
overlapping her, directly at us.

TV-MODERATOR

(to the audience)

The documentary that you just saw, was
an account on the tragedy that befell
a group of six youths. It is all the
more tragic in that they were young.
But, had they lived very, very, very
long lives, they could not have
expected nor would they have wished to
see as much of the mad and the macabre
as they saw that night. For them a
creative literary evening became a
nightmare. The events of that night,
would lead us to the discovery of the
dangers of literary beatnik studies.
This is a message to any youngster,
who wishes to venture himself into
this debauchery of lunacy. Please,
DON'T YOU EVER GO TO A BEATNIK
SEMINAR! Just don't, don't, don't,
don't , don't...

As the image slowly fades out, we hear the "don'ts" also

vanishing into silence while we listen to a cheesy horror score from a 50's B-Movie pathetically warning us into eternity.

FADE OUT

THE END

