

Tom Tom & Tall Paul

a noody web series in 3 episodes

**written by Mark Noonan
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Characters:

Tom
Tom
Tall Paul
Jessica
Lauren
Ben
Andrew
Guy
Girl

Setting:
An Office.

Episode 1

Shots of an office. People at work on computers. People at work on phones. People talking to one another in meetings. People gossiping in the kitchen. People walking into the bathroom.

A title card appears at the bottom of the screen: Thursday

Finally, we follow a Guy as he walks through the office carrying a large foot high stack of pages. We stay focused only on the stack. The Guy (and stack) stop. He drops the stack down on a table in front of him. Camera pulls out revealing his face. He says briskly:

Guy: Last minute rush. We need twenty of these by five. (checks his watch) And it's four-forty now. Jesus.

And he runs off. The Camera slowly pulls out revealing two guys (Tom and Tom) standing in front of two dinosaur Konica 7075 copiers. They wear boring button down shirts with terrible ties. They look unhappy and pathetic. Making copies all day in a windowless airless room will do that to the psyche. They look at each other. They look at the stack. They look at each other. They look back at the stack. Then Tom picks up the stack, divides it in two, hands half to Tom, and they both start the copy job on their own copy machine. Their inner monologues take over. We see them thinking as their thoughts are heard aloud.

Tom: (V.O.) "Today is the day."

Tom: (V.O.) "I'm going to do it."

Tom: (V.O.) "It's been two weeks."

Tom: (V.O.) "Now is the time."

Tom: (V.O.) "It's now or never."

Tom: (V.O.) "Take charge."

Tom: (V.O.) "Be a Man."

Tom: (V.O.) "Let's do this!"

Tom: (V.O.) “It’s Go time!”

Cut to:

The front Reception area. It is quiet (no visitors waiting) except for the clicking away of the temporary receptionist, Lauren, busy typing, eyes focused on her computer screen. Slowly, from behind her, around the corner, a head creeps into view: it is Tom. Tom walks into frame behind her. He watches what she is doing, for some strange reason trying to figure out what she is typing (working on) Lauren feels a presence behind her but before she turns around Tom dives down behind a credenza. Lauren continues looking behind her, waiting.

Tom: (rising) These carpets are filthy. We should really get someone—Jessica, why don’t you call maintenance and let them know they need a good shampooing.

Mousy Jessica, an assistant at the closest office, peers at him from around her desk but Tom doesn’t look at her.

Tom: Oh. Hi there. I am Tom. Thomas. Tommy. T...Tom.

Lauren: Lauren.

Tom: Right. That’s right. You’re Lauren. I’m Tom. You’re a temp. And you look lovely today.

Lauren: (weirded out) Thank you.

Tom: Do you enjoy wine? ‘Cause I do.

Enter Tom from the opposite side, he acts like he’s on his way out the front door, then stops when he sees Lauren.

Tom: Good afternoon. I was just heading out to the gymnasium ‘cause I like to stay fit. What is it, Lisa?

Lauren: Lauren.

Tom: Lauren. Right. You look lovely today.

Lauren: What?

Tom: Do you like tapas? Because I know a place that has great tapas—

Lauren: Uh, well—

Tom: There is an exhibition of African tribal art by the Masai tribe that is truly breathtaking—

Lauren: Um—

Tom: There is a ballroom dance class offered that I hear is looking for couples—

(Jessica turns her head around the bookshelf next to her desk and looks at Tom and Tom like they're crazy.)

Tom: I'll bet I can clean your entire apartment in under three hours—

Lauren: What?

Tom: If you need money, look (he fans out all singles) I can provide amply—

Tom: I will massage your feet for seven hours straight!

Tom: I'll de-leaf your rain gutters—

Tom: I'll walk your cat—

Tom: I'll refinance your condo—

Tom: I'll send you on a cruise to Mallorca!

Tom: I'll buy you a Hyundai!

Lauren: What?

Enter Tall Paul, a six foot seven Englishman in a crappy three piece suit. He thinks he's much much cooler than he actually looks or is.

Tall Paul: Ready to go?

Tom: What? Where are you going?

Tall Paul: Tom, Tom.

Tom: Tall Paul.

Tall Paul: We are off for cocktails, dinner at the Gramercy, and then an evening with Julio Iglesias.

Tom: What?

Tom: Julio Iglesias!?

Tom: Julio Iglesias!?

Lauren: (less shocked) Julio Iglesias? (more like, really?)

Tom: Lauren, is this true?

Tall Paul: Oh, it is going to be a wonderful evening. Wonderful.

(Maybe Jessica rolls her eyes at this.)

Tom: You're going out with him?

Tom: Look how tall he is.

Tall Paul: Okay. Are you ready to go, my dear?

Lauren: (crouched under the desk, getting her purse together, etc) Just one sec...

Tom and Tom can't believe it, they are distraught and make threatening faces to Tall Paul, like you sonofabitch. Tall Paul makes faces back that express a simple emotion: go fuck yourself.

Lauren: (re-emerging) Okay. Yeah. All set.

Tall Paul: Wonderful.

Tom: Do you have your mace?

Lauren: What?

Tom: You know, he's not even American.

Tom: Look how tall he is.

Tom: He's something strange.

Tom: Irish.

Tom: Or Scottish.

Tall Paul: I am Welsh!

Tom: See.

Tom: What does that even mean?

Tom: Where's Welsh?

Tom: And look how tall he is!

Lauren: Okay. Well...Goodbye.

Tall Paul: Gentlemen, have a wonderful evening. I know we will. Ha ha.

And then Tall Paul lets out a long, overly dramatic laugh as he holds the door for Lauren. While they wait a moment for the elevator Tall Paul turns around and through the front glass wall makes faces at Tom and Tom but Lauren can't see them.

Tom and Tom almost lose their shit with inner rage. Tall Paul and Lauren get on the elevator. Tom and Tom watch the elevator door close on Tall Paul's smiling face. Tom and Tom hate him.

Tom: Son of a—(he kicks the receptionist's desk)

Tom: That no good lousy—(he starts, one by one, knocking books off their display case, it's very unmacho)

Ben, a really gay employee, rounds the corner on his way out.

Ben: See you tomorrow, Tom Tom. (checks his dainty little watch) Oh, God. I'm late.

He sprays breath mint into his mouth as he goes out the front door. And he's gone, via the stairwell.

Guy enters from off right.

Tom: (tossing pens, one by one, from out of the receptionist's desk drawer) Stupid Tall Paul!

Tom: (lying stomach to floor as he knocks off the last remaining books on the bottom shelf)
Tall Paul must Fall!

Guy: What the hell are you guys doing?

Tom and Tom stop their ridiculously stupid outbursts and don't know what to say.

Guy: Where are my copies?

Tom: Uh...

Tom: We...

Maybe show both Konica 7075's jammed and beeping with error messages.

Guy: Let's go! (he claps his hands together)

Tom and Tom run off, first left, then they correct themselves and go right. And now we see Jessica's face leaning over her desk from observing Tom and Tom. Guy sees her too. Guy likes Jessica. Guy goes into flirtation mode.

Guy: (big smile) Hey there, Jessica.

But Jessica has no use for him and her face turns into a scowl as she shrinks back out of sight into her little unseen desk nook.

Guy: (mumbling to himself as he walks off) Stupid women in this office wouldn't know a good man if he—

Blackout.

Episode 2

Shots of an office. People at work on computers. People at work on phones. People talking to one another in meetings. People gossiping in the kitchen. People walking into the bathroom.

A title card appears at the bottom of the screen: Friday

Start – Tom and Tom at their Konica 7075 copiers with papers everywhere, seemingly in a battle with some massive copy project.

Their inner monologues:

Tom: (V.O.) “I could’ve been a lawyer.”

Tom: (V.O.) “I should’ve been a doctor.”

Tom: (V.O.) “Or maybe a doctor.”

Tom: (V.O.) “Or maybe a lawyer.”

Enter Tall Paul.

Tall Paul: Good morning, gents.

Tall Paul casually stands between them with his special coffee mug (?) he sips out of. Tom and Tom look up at him. And then as he begins to speak they look away and try to ignore him.

Tall Paul: Wow. What a night last night. What a night. A great connection. A great connection was made. No words were needed. No words necessary. That’s all I’m going to say. But what a night. That Julio Iglesias is something else. He really delivers the package. Full package. A really great night. Now I’m not one to give details, ‘cause I’m not that kind of guy, but let’s just say it went really, really, really...great.

Tall Paul takes a sip of coffee. He’s lost in his own little world. Tom and Tom say nothing. Tall Paul sighs contentedly and exits. Tom and Tom stand thinking. They look at each other. They have an idea.

Cut to:

Tom whispering in Ben’s ear.

Ben: (surprised, mouths) Really?

Tom whispering in Jessica’s ear. Judging by her face, what Tom tells her makes her uncomfortable.

Show a quick Montage as gossip spreads: mouths to ears to raised eyebrows, etc.

Ends with Lauren, seated up front at reception, hearing the news from Ben. She says:

Lauren: (angry) What!?

Cut to:

Lunchtime. In Tall Paul's office. Tall Paul eats a salad and holds court behind his desk as Tom and Tom sit across from him and eat their sad little whitebread sandwiches.

Tall Paul: Sometimes, lads, you just know. That's all I'm going to say. You know. You get that unspoken feeling, mostly you know it through the eyes, you know what I mean? The windows. Big bay windows. Looking out on a majestic ocean sunset. Or sunrise. And once you're there it's just...(he stares off into space. Tom and Tom turn and look to see what he's looking at) Magic.

Enter Lauren.

Tall Paul: Ah, speaking of magic. Hello, my dear—

Lauren slaps him square across the face which knocks him to the floor under his desk.

Lauren: You big mouth piece of garbage! You baby! You slept with me?! You slept with me!? You?! Slept with Me!!? How dare you!

Tall Paul: No. What? I—

Lauren: Don't ever look at me, don't ever talk to me, don't ever think about me!

Tall Paul: Sweet Lauren, please—

She slaps him even harder and down goes Tall Paul into a heap on the floor behind his desk. Lauren exits. Tom and Tom's eyes are enormous.

We hear sobs coming from Tall Paul from under his desk. Tom and Tom look at each other. Tall Paul continues sobbing. Tom and Tom pack up their little lunches (sandwiches, chips, sodas) and quietly leave his office. Tom and Tom smile to each other: "Holy crap, it worked."

Cut to:

Reception Area. Lauren is trying to catalog some pages into an accordion alphabetic file sorter. Tom and Tom have just approached.

Tom: Hey, Lauren. How's it going?

Tom: Lauren. Oh, hey. What's up?

Tom: I was just wondering—

Tom: I was thinking—

Tom: Seeing as this is your last day—

Tom: That you're not going to be with us any longer—

Lauren can't take it anymore. She screams. Tom and Tom cover their ears. It is a long high pitched screech. Jessica covers her ears.

Lauren: You men are horrible! Horrible! All of you! (she grabs her purse) (to Tom) Bleep you! (to Tom) And Bleep you!

Lauren storms out of the office and down the stairs. Silence. Tom and Tom stand there.

Tom: What's her problem?

Tom: Maybe it's...you know...

Tom: What?

Tom does a general circular motion around his genital area.

Tom: I don't know what that is.

Tall Paul, fully recovered and back to his alpha dog self, walks by them and as he exits, says:

Tall Paul: Pub, losers?

Tom: You're the loser.

Tom: It's called a bar, loser.

Tall Paul flicks them off as he goes out the front door and down the stairs.

Tom: Loser!

Silence. Tom and Tom feel eyes on them. Tom and Tom slowly turn around.

Tom: We see you, Jessica.

Annoyed, the mousy Jessica hides back at her desk.

Jessica: (under her breath) Losers.

Tom: You're the loser.

Tom: Loser.

Tom and Tom just stand there.

Blackout

Episode 3

Shots of an office. People at work on computers. People at work on phones. People talking to one another in meetings. People gossiping in the kitchen. People walking into the bathroom.

A title card appears at the bottom of the screen: Monday

Start – 3 faces: Tom Tall Paul Tom, looking down quizzically. Then show smiling Andrew looking up at them, he is the new receptionist and they are none too happy about it. The 3 slowly walk off in different directions.

Andrew: Nice to meet you guys...I'm Andrew?...

We see Jessica's smiling face at her desk, she obviously loves the new receptionist.

At their Konica 7075 copiers, Ben gabs about the new receptionist, Andrew, to Tom and Tom. Ben is beaming like Jessica.

Inner monologues of Tom and Tom as they zone out Ben (who just keeps talking in the background)

Ben: What a gorgeous specimen, you know? I mean I can't tell you how good it makes me feel as a homosexuelle man—

Tom: (V.O.) "Stupid Andrew."

Ben: (cont) to see a male receptionist.

Tom: (V.O.) "Stupid...guy."

Ben: (cont) I mean Andrew's hiring just proves that equality here we come.

Tom: (V.O.) "What happened to Lauren?"

Tom: (V.O.) "Helen."

Ben: (cont) Not to mention that he is monsieur dreamy.

Tom: (V.O.) "Allison."

Tom: (V.O.) "Meghan."

Ben: (cont) That frat boy type—

Tom: (V.O.) "Brigid."

Tom: (V.O.) "Carrie."

Pause. They think.

Ben: (cont) Quiet and straight and mysterious—and those eyes, those big brown eyes makes me melt in two—(he shivers)

Tom: (V.O.) “Stephanie.”

Tom: (V.O.) “Ellen.”

Tom: (V.O.) “Meredith.”

Enter Tall Paul into the picture.

Tall Paul: (his inner monologue too) (V.O.) “Sally.”

Tom: (V.O.) “Right.”

Tom: (V.O.) “Exactly.”

Small Pause. Ben is still talking until he is cut out by:

Tall Paul: (aloud) I see no other option. We have to kill him.

Ben: What? Kill who?

Tall Paul: The new receptionist.

Ben: Andrew? No no no. If you touch a single hair on his beautiful Kennedy head, I will...I will...Oh, God. (runs off with big over-the-top emotional crying)

Cut to:

In the Men’s Bathroom. Tom and Tom at urinals. Tall Paul (with both stalls closed) inside a stall.

Tall Paul: All right. Tom, you got the rope?

Tom: (holds up a bit of rope) Check.

Tall Paul: Tom, you got the rubbing alcohol?

Tom: (holds up a bottle of rubbing alcohol) Check. (Affirmative)

Tall Paul: All right. Let’s synchronize watches. It is four fifteen now. At approximately four forty-five Operation Kidnap and Kill Andrew the New Receptionist begins. That’s Operation KKANR.

Tom: KKANR.

Tom: KKANR.

Tall Paul: Exactly.

Tom and Tom flush their urinals. Tall Paul flushes his toilet. The stall door opens. All three stand there in the small space awkwardly a moment.

Tall Paul: You want to leave?

Tom: Yeah.

Tom: Let's do that.

And Tom, Tom, and Tall Paul exit the bathroom. The camera glides back to the stalls. The second stall door slowly opens and we see a visibly shaken Andrew peeking out.

Cut to:

Andrew walks back to his reception desk but flirty Ben playfully snatches Andrew's arm and immediately begins jabbering away about complete nonsense that Andrew could care less about.

Ben: There he is! Our new receptionist. So big and manly and burly. Now tell me, Andrew, do you prefer to be called Andrew? Or Andy? Or just A? Or we could make up a new name for you. A new name for you and a new name for me. Little pet names that we only use with each other. It could be our own little office thing. What do you think? I see you as a Hansel.

Andrew: (his mind preoccupied, sits down at his desk) What?

Ben: Hansel. Hansel! What do you say? And I can be Gretel.

Suddenly Andrew snaps, stands, and grabs Ben by the shirt.

Ben: (excited by this turn) Oh, my.

Andrew: They're going to kill me! Do you hear me?! They're going to kill me!

Andrew runs out the front door and down the stairwell.

Ben: (shrieks) Oh, God!

Ben runs one direction, then runs off the other, flailing wildly. Silence.

Jessica walks out of her little desk area for the first time.

Jessica: (perhaps tying a silk scarf around her forehead a la Rambo) Not on my watch.

Cut to:

At their Konica 7075 copiers, Tom and Tom make copies. Laid out on their copiers are supplies for the operation: rope, duct tape, a bottle of rubbing alcohol, bleach, a shovel. They are getting ready to execute their plan. Enter a Pretty Girl holding a small stack of papers. She walks up and stands between Tom and Tom. Both their heads slowly turn and look at her.

Girl: (innocently) What's the shovel for?

They don't know what to say. Enter Tall Paul with a chainsaw.

Tall Paul: (suave) Oh, hello.

Girl: (petrified) Hi.

They all 4 just stand there awkwardly.

Enter Jessica, pissed, she lets out a growl/scream. She slaps Tom across the left cheek. She slaps Tom across the right cheek. And then she motions with her pointer finger for Tall Paul to bend over to her height. And then she slaps Tall Paul across both cheeks at the same time.

Tall Paul: Ow! Why do I get both?

Jessica exits. The Girl doesn't know what to say.

Awkward silence.

Tom: How many copies did you want?

Tall Paul: Do you like Julio Iglesias?

Weirded out, the Girl walks off.

Tom makes that circular motion to the crotch region that Tom did in episode two.

Tom: Definitely.

Tall Paul: What's that?

Blackout - The End