

BLUNT TALK

"THROUGH TROUBLES AND INTO MORE TROUBLES - THAT'S MY MOTTO!"

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INT. SUNSET TOWER HOTEL, BAR -- NIGHT

WALTER BLUNT, in an elegant sport coat, sits at the bar, staring straight ahead. He is troubled. A nearly empty whiskey is in his hand. The bar-tender, STAN (50's) comes over, refills Walter's glass. Stan is an old-fashioned bar-keep: jacket & tie, deferential, thinning hair. Walter looks up as Stan pours.

\*  
\*  
\*

WALTER

Thank you, Stan. You're too kind.

Stan nods, starts to walk off, but Walter sees something in Stan that he hasn't noticed before and stops him. Also, Walter is drunk and lonely and wants to talk to someone -

WALTER (CONT'D)

Stan? Has anyone told you that you bare an uncanny resemblance - in profile - to the Duke of Windsor?

STAN

No, Mr. Blunt.

WALTER

I'm surprised. You have his mouth. Have you studied that era? Wally Simpson is perhaps the greatest woman of the 20th century.

STAN

Who - Why is that, Mr. Blunt?

WALTER

Because she's an American divorcee who almost became Queen of England! Nearly brought down the whole royal family all by herself.

STAN

I didn't know that -

WALTER

Oh, yes, Edward - the Duke of Windsor - gave up his throne for her. She was strong and he was weak. A total mess. But it was a fascinating and corrupt time. They were friends with Jimmy Donahue, the Woolworth heir, and he was an erratic homosexual.

(MORE)

WALTER (CONT'D)

One time in New York, he was shaving the sex organs of a soldier and by mistake lopped off his testicles, then left him, like an orphan, at the Brooklyn Bridge.

STAN

A soldier! I don't like to hear that. My father served.

WALTER

Yes, poor boy, but he made it to a hospital, and it cost Jimmy's mother a quarter million dollars, which is not enough for having lost your testicles, but in those days it was.

STAN

I see -

WALTER

So that's the type of people Edward and Wally were running with. Supposedly, though, Jimmy Donahue could be very charming. Unless you were a soldier.

Stan nods, subservient, sees that another customer is beckoning, and oozes away. Walter then downs his entire whiskey, convulses, and a wild look comes into his eye. He teeters on his stool. A STYLISH COUPLE at the bar, who have been eyeing him, notice. The man, acting familiar because of Blunt's fame, speaks up -

STYLISH MAN

Are you all right, Mr. Blunt?

Walter returns to earth, focuses on the man, then -

WALTER

I'm fine. I just need to adjust my mask. It keeps falling off.

With that he puts his hand over his face, his fingers like the tentacles of a squid, and he shifts his 'mask' into place, and then smiles at the couple, who are confused.

WALTER (CONT'D)

All better now.

Then he gets off his stool, puts down a large sum of cash by his empty glass, and somewhat unsteadily walks along the bar, then stops, looks about, missing something -

\*  
\*

WALTER (CONT'D)

Stan - where's Harry?

STAN

I don't know, Mr. Blunt.

Walter nods, resumes his exit, and as he makes his way out, DMITRI, the manager of the Tower bar, suddenly appears alongside the unsteady Walter. \*

DMITRI

Mr. Blunt so good to have you tonight. Did you see Mr. George Clooney and Mr. Jeffrey Katzenberg?

WALTER

No, I didn't.

DMITRI

Well, they were here. So wonderful. So wonderful. Just like you, Mr. Blunt. So wonderful.

Walter stops walking and Dmitri stops as well.

WALTER

That's enough, Dmitri.

DMITRI

(his true kindly intent) \*  
Of course, Mr. Blunt. Can I get you an Uber, Mr. Blunt? It'll just be a moment. You're so wonderful.

Walter further straightens his already military bearing.

WALTER

That won't be necessary.

He takes a step, stumbles, rights himself and keeps walking. \*

DMITRI

(pleadingly) \*  
But I'm concerned, Mr. Blunt!

WALTER

(turning) \*  
Don't be! -

He holds up his index finger and says whimsically -

WALTER (CONT'D)

Through troubles and into more troubles, that's my motto!

(MORE)

WALTER (CONT'D)

And don't forget:

(beat, lowers his chin, as  
if looking into a camera)

I. AM. WALTER BLUNT. RIGHT HERE,  
RIGHT NOW. \*

He lets that hang in the air a moment. Then CUT TO: \*

INT. WALTER'S GLEAMING JAGUAR - NIGHT, A FEW MOMENTS LATER \*

Walter is in his Jaguar, which is parked on Sunset Boulevard, near the billboards, the Chateau, and the streaming lights of the traffic, which play on his features, casting him in and out of shadow. He produces a flask and has a nip. \*

He then begins searching for music on Sirius - we hear jazz, classical...while he searches, he takes from the console a "HI FI" MARIJUANA CHOCOLATE BAR and has a large bite. CUT TO:

EXT. SANTA MONICA BOULEVARD - NIGHT, A FEW MINUTES LATER

We hear loud, thumping rap music - Wu Tang Clan's "Aint Nothing to Fuck With" - while Walter's Jaguar makes it way, jerkily, up the road, driving in rhythm to the music. \*

INT. JAGUAR -- CONTINUOUS \*

Walter is rapping along with the song, his head bobbing, his free non-driving hand, gesturing in rap fashion. Then he comes to a red light. Stops. His car vibrates from the music. \*

He's rapping and notices a comely Latina, GISELE, who is in a mini-skirt & heels, standing at the curb. She stares at him and makes a come-hither gesture with her hand. He touches his hand to his chest, questioningly, makes eye-contact. \*

WALTER

(murmurs)

Me?

She nods 'yes' in response to his hand gesture and he watches her come to the passenger-side window, which he rolls down.

GISELE

You wanna date?

WALTER

What?

GISELE

Lower that shit music! -

Walter turns it off.

GISELE (CONT'D)

I said: You wanna date?

WALTER

Are you a streetwalker, Miss?

GISELE

What?

WALTER

A lady of the night? A courtesan?

GISELE

I don't know what you're talking about, old man. I'm a model. You wanna date or not?

Walter peers at her - she's certainly beautiful.

WALTER

Sure. I'd like to go on a date.

She smiles broadly and gets in the car. The light turns.

GISELE

Make a right here and go down a few blocks where it's dark. I know a good spot.

Walter turns the car, smiles at her shyly, like a school-boy.

WALTER

You're very pretty.

GISELE

Of course I am. You're cute, too. I like the shape of your head.

WALTER

Oh, thank you -

GISELE

Turn here -

EXT. DESERTED BACK ALLEY BEHIND STORES -- CONTINUOUS

The Jaguar pulls into a spot in the deserted alley.

\*

INT. JAGUAR -- CONTINUOUS

\*

Walter turns off the engine. He wants to be a good host and quickly produces the flask and the chocolate bar.

WALTER

Would you like some whiskey or some marijuana chocolate?

GISELE

Slow down, papi. We need to talk business.

WALTER

Naturally.

GISELE

You know what kind of girl I am?

WALTER

Uh...Well...You said you were a model -

GISELE

I'm a transsexual. You know what that means?

WALTER

Yes, I was at the U.S. Open in '77 when Renee Richards made her debut. But I would never have guessed that about you, which I hope you don't mind me saying.

GISELE

No, it's ok. Everybody thinks I'm a biological girl.

WALTER

Does this mean you have an intact penis?

GISELE

Intact? I got a nine-inch clit. Does that bother you?

WALTER

No. I'm English.

GISELE

So what you wanna do?

Walter looks at her. She's in a flimsy top with bee-sting breasts, which he can't help but notice.

WALTER

Might I nurse on your breasts?  
Things haven't been going well for  
me at work and at home and so to  
suckle would be a great comfort.

GISELE

You just want to kiss my titties?

WALTER

Yes. That would be lovely.

GISELE

Ok. That'll be a hundred. You seem  
rich. But you can pay me after.

She opens her blouse, proudly revealing her pretty breasts.

GISELE (CONT'D)

See, no implants. These are all-  
natural titties from hormones.

Walter looks at her appealing chest.

WALTER

(almost to himself)  
The world has changed so much -  
(then)  
May I?

She nods yes, and with that he lowers his head to her chest,  
suckles, then rises up, ashamed -

WALTER (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry I didn't ask. What's  
your name, dear?

GISELE

Gisele.

WALTER

I'm Walter. I know we've just met -  
*Gisele* - but I like you very much.  
Thank you for being kind to me.

She smiles and then cups her hand behind his head, lowering  
him to her nipple, like a nursing mother with an infant, and  
we hold on this tender scene for a moment, and then the car  
is filled with LIGHT, and we hear, from a bull-horn:

COP'S VOICE (O.C.)

THIS IS THE L.A.P.D. STEP OUT OF  
THE CAR. PUT YOUR HANDS OVER YOUR  
HEADS AND STEP OUT OF THE CAR.

Walter's head jerks up from Gisele's breast. She quickly buttons her blouse. He looks out the back window and sees a POLICE CAR with a mounted flashlight beaming light at them.

WALTER

OH, NO!

GISELE

I'm gonna make a run for it,  
Walter! I get arrested again I'm  
going away for six months!

She quickly takes off her heels, goes to open the door -

WALTER

NO, GISELE!

But she's out the door, running in her bare feet, holding her heels. Walter springs out of the car.

EXT. DESSERTED ALLEYWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Gisele runs and one of the cops dashes after her. The other cop stays by the police car and commands Walter -

COP #1

Put your hands on the car!

Walter sees COP # 2, bearing down on Gisele and then grabbing her roughly.

WALTER

Hey, you're being too rough!

Walter runs towards them. COP #1 hits the mike on his shoulder, talks into it -

COP #1

We need back-up. We've got a  
celebrity and a prostitute  
resisting arrest -

Walter arrives at COP # 2, who is dragging Gisele back in the direction of the police car.

GISELE

You're hurting my arm!

WALTER

Let go of her, officer!

COP #2  
Stand down, sir, and move to the  
car -

GISELE  
Owww!

Walter puts his hand on the cop's arm to stop him from hurting Gisele. The cop is outraged, frees Gisele, removes his baton and goes to strike Walter.

Walter, a former Royal Marine trained in hand-to-hand combat, catches the baton in his hand and knees the cop in the balls.

The cop, in agony, releases the BATON, leaving it in Walter's hand, and falls to his knees, holding his testes, mewling -

COP #2  
AGGGHHHHHH!!!

Gisele can't believe it. Cop #1 comes racing over and Walter sees him out of the corner of his eye.

The cop goes to fire a taser and Walter moves his body neatly to the side, and the tase hits the kneeling, mewling cop (#2) in the forehead, sending him on to his back in convulsions.

COP #2 (CONT'D)  
(gurgling sounds)  
GGGLLLLLLLFFFFFF.

COP #1  
Oh, shit!

WALTER  
Run Gisele!!! Save yourself!

Gisele runs down the alley, but coming that way are two more COP CARS with flashing lights, and at the other end of the alley two more COP CARS and a TMZ VAN are racing in. Cop #1 dashes to his partner, kneels beside him and removes the tase from his forehead -

WALTER (CONT'D)  
Is he all right, officer?!?

Cop #1, freaking out after having tasered his partner, points his gun at Walter -

COP #1  
ON THE GROUND NOW!

He thrusts the gun aggressively at Walter who, again acting on instinct, swipes it out of his hand with the BATON.

All the other cop cars and the TMZ van - their headlights creating a lit arena - are now surrounding Walter. \*

Gisele has been grabbed. Cops are boiling out of their cars and they've just witnessed Walter knocking a gun out of the hand of one of their comrades.

SIX cops come racing at Walter, who instinctively tries to run away. TWO TMZ CAMERA-MEN are following the cops with their video-cameras. More police cars arrives.

The six cops are chasing Walter around the Jaguar, like something out of the "Three Stooges". When the cops realize that three of them should go in one direction and three in the other direction - to cut Walter off - he goes running up the hood of the car to the roof, where he stands with lights on him. \*

He's surrounded by police and the TMZ, like King Kong on the top of the Empire State Building - a trapped animal! More cops boil over from the additional police vehicles. \*

COP #3

GET DOWN FROM THE CAR, MR. BLUNT!

WALTER

NO! EVERYONE GO AWAY!

A nervous cop fires his taser at Walter and Walter swats the tase away with his baton. This sets off several other cops - they fire tasers and Walter awkwardly manages to swat them away, nearly falling off the car.

COP # 3

HOLD YOUR FIRE!

They stop firing. Walter is breathing heavily. He is freaked out and defiant. More cop cars arrive.

COP #3

Mr. Blunt get down from the car!  
You're in serious trouble!

WALTER

I WILL NOT GET DOWN! I. NEED.  
HARRY!

With that we see a head emerge in the back-seat of the Jaguar - it's HARRY CHANDLER, Walter's man-servant, aide-de-camp, and best friend. Like Lassie, he's heard his master's call. \*

GISELE

Walter get down! They'll shoot you!  
There's too many of them!

The TMZ cameras swing to the comely Gisele.

WALTER

I'm so sorry you had to witness  
this Gisele! We did nothing wrong!

GISELE

I know, papi!

COP #3

MR. BLUNT. TIME TO GET DOWN!

HARRY, rumped, comes out of the car - bringing attention to himself. He's a little man with a working-class English accent. He wears a suit and a thick moustache. All the cops swing their guns at him. He raises his arms and looks up at Walter. He is cool under fire, an unflappable servant.

HARRY

Colonel, you seem to have gotten  
into something.

WALTER

Harry! There you are! Where have  
you been!?

HARRY

I was passed out on the back-seat,  
sir. But you better get down from  
there. You're surrounded.

WALTER

It's the Falklands all over again,  
Harry. *BY LAND, BY SEA* -

COP #3

I'LL SAY IT ONE MORE TIME, MR.  
BLUNT, GET. OFF. THE. CAR.

Walter ignores the cop and addresses Harry, whom he leans on emotionally like a child with a governess.

WALTER

Harry, I don't feel well. I had  
some chocolate marijuana and it's  
starting to kick in. My feet are  
vibrating and my thoughts are odd.

HARRY

I've told you that edibles are  
dangerous, Colonel. You have to  
think of them as time-release  
vitamins and take very little.

COP #3  
GET DOWN, MR. BLUNT!

Walter's eyes are swirling in his head. He looks at the numerous policemen surrounding him - at least two dozen cops now - and he then says, beautifully:

WALTER  
Oh, Gertrude, Gertrude, when  
sorrows come, they come not single  
spies but in battalions -

COP #3  
MR. BLUNT!

HARRY  
This is not the audience for  
'Hamlet', Colonel.

WALTER  
(very confused now, meek)  
It's not?

He then falls to his knees, like an exhausted soldier.

EXT. ALLEYWAY -- NIGHT, A LITTLE LATER

Walter is in the back of a police car, being driven off. He turns his head to look back at the scene behind him. Through the back windshield, we see his forlorn and tormented face. He's looking at Harry and Harry stands at attention and salutes him as he's driven off. We hear "On The Ocean Wave" - the anthem of the British Royal Marines. \*

EXT. IMPRESSIVE LOS ANGELES POLICE STATION -- THE NEXT DAY

WALTER is being lead down the steps of the station. HARRY is guiding one elbow and a burly DRIVER, dressed in a black suit, is guiding the other elbow. They are surrounded by reporters, paparazzi and tv cameramen. A LARGE SUV waits for them at the bottom of the stairs.

Walter is wearing sun-glasses and not answering the questions being hurled at him.

REPORTER #1  
Was that your first time with a  
transsexual?

REPORTER #2  
Is it true that you sent a  
policeman to the hospital?

REPORTER #3

Have you spoken to any of your  
wives?

With this last question, Walter is just disappearing into the  
SUV, but then he pops back out, whips off glasses, defiant - \*

WALTER

I have not spoken to any of my  
wives. This is the benefit of  
divorce: When you've been arrested  
you're not expected to call!

With that, he gets back into the car and slams the door. The  
driver races around to the other side and the SUV takes off.

INT. UBS STUDIOS -- DAY

Walter and Harry enter, through glass doors, the large desk-  
filled BULL-PEN of his show. We see, on the walls, huge  
promotional posters of WALTER'S FACE with "BLUNT TALK, 7 PM,  
UBS NETWORK" written on the posters.

There are private offices and a conference room attached to  
the bull-pen. We see that several people, behind a glass  
wall, are in the conference room - Walter's staff. \*

HARRY

You better go face them, Colonel.  
Rally the troops and all that.

WALTER

I know, Harry. But give me a little  
nip. My head is killing me.

They turn their backs to the glass wall. His staff has now  
become aware that he's here and they're all peering out.  
Harry produces a flask and Walter takes a swig.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Thank you, Harry. \*

HARRY

Do your best, Colonel. I'll be in  
your office consulting with our  
dear friend Mr. F -

He waggles the flask. They nod and split off: Harry walks  
towards Walter's private office; Walter heads for the  
conference room. At the door, he pauses and then enters.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Gathered are: Producer-Writers Sarah Havemeyer (mid-30's),  
Jim Klein (early 40's), Producer-Manager Rosalie Winter  
(early 60's), and Assistant-writers, Shelly (late 20's) and  
Martin (late 20's).

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

They are silent as Walter makes his way around the table, and  
then sits at the head. Beat. Then -

WALTER

How bad is it? I haven't dared to  
look at my phone.

Rosalie, Jim, and Sarah all look at each other. Then -

ROSALIE WINTER

I'll speak for all of us. I don't  
think it could be worse. You fucked  
yourself really good. You've broken  
our hearts.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

JIM

You've been shamed and ridiculed by  
everyone. *New York Times*, O'Reilly,  
Anderson Cooper. Martin?

\*  
\*  
\*

MARTIN

(reading off an Ipad)  
Here's the pull-quote from  
O'Reilly's radio show: 'This Brit  
who had the audacity to come to the  
U.S. six years ago, flouting his  
credentials as a former Royal  
Marine, wounded in the Falklands-'

\*

WALTER

Did he say Falklands sarcastically?

Martin is hesitant to upset Walter, but he has to be honest.

MARTIN

Yes. His tone was -uh- dismissive.

WALTER

(seething)  
Go on.

MARTIN

'So this Brit who dared to preach  
to us about the death-penalty and  
immigration has shown his true-  
colors: he's a moral imbecile and a  
sexual degenerate.'

WALTER

Oh, God! What did Anderson Cooper say? I imagine he's being...*kinder*?

\*

JIM

Read it, Shelly.

\*

SHELLY

Anderson Cooper released this statement:

\*

(reads from Ipad)

\*

"Walter Blunt's sexuality is not the issue here. The issues are drunk driving and the selfish endangerment of others, the assault of a Los Angeles policeman, and, most horribly, the corruption of a minor, forced into prostitution--"

WALTER

Gisele was a minor?!?

SARAH

No. But that's out there now. She's actually twenty-one, which means she started puberty years ago.

\*

\*

\*

WALTER

Twenty-one, that's not so bad.

\*

ROSALIE WINTER

That's a fifty-year age difference, Walter. With a prostitute!

\*

Walter slams his hand down in frustration.

\*

WALTER

Can I just be relieved for one moment that she's not sixteen?!?

They're all silent at Walter's outburst. Then -

\*

WALTER (CONT'D)

\*

I'm sorry everyone. I'm exhausted. The man next to me in the holding cage was moaning like a tormented ghost for hours.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

JIM

\*

We understand. You've been through a lot...but...but what was it like with Gisele? Was it like being with a Hindu God? Someone who is both sexes?

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

WALTER

We were only together a few blissful moments before the police arrived. So I can't say, Jim, if she was like a Hindu god.

JIM

Damn. I would like to know.

WALTER

Sorry...So what's the situation internally?

Walter stands, starts to pace.

ROSALIE WINTER

Since the D.A. won't announce the severity of the charges until tomorrow, they're not sure yet.

SARAH

They've said they'll either cancel the show - with our ratings they've been looking to do that anyway, *the bastards* - or suspend you.

WALTER

What about tonight? Can we broadcast tonight? I can start spinning public opinion, get ahead of the D.A. and mount my defense.

ROSALIE WINTER

You're meeting with Gardner in twenty minutes. Maybe you can convince him to let you on the air. But why? Your career, which *I* gave birth to, is over.

WALTER

That's not true, Rosalie. I can come back from this! I know it. *I* determine how reality is perceived - I'M A NEWSMAN!

He then strides purposefully to exit, pausing at the door to address all of them.

WALTER (CONT'D)

I'm going to take a shower before I meet Gardner. I want you all to think of what we could do as a broadcast.

(looks at his watch)

(MORE)

WALTER (CONT'D)

It's 12:30. If Gardner lets me on the air, we have about three hours to get ready...I know I've let all of you down but, please, don't quit on me. Not yet. I...I need you.

\*  
\*

He fixes them with a sincere gaze, then exits -

\*

INT. WALTER'S PRIVATE BATHROOM -- DAY, A LITTLE LATER

\*

Walter, with a towel around his waist, is leaning with his hands against the sink, while Harry WHIPS him with a WET TOWEL. The room is steamy and Harry is in his suit, despite the moisture. Walter cries out with each lash.

\*  
\*

WALTER

ARRRRGGHHHHHHH!...ARRGGGGHHH!!!

Then Harry stops, bends over, winded. Walter is also breathing heavily, but maintains his position.

WALTER (CONT'D)

(over his shoulder)

Ten more lashes, Harry. My hangover is nearly gone. Don't forget your dialogue.

\*  
\*

Harry takes a deep breath. He's exhausted from whipping his master, but he gathers himself, beat, and then says -

HARRY

YOU'VE BEEN UNCLEAR, COLONEL! VERY UNCLEAR!!

He then starts to whip Walter, and WE CUT TO:

INT. BLUNT TALK BULL-PEN -- CONTINUOUS

The WHOLE STAFF stops their work at their various computers and lifts their heads and listens to Walter's CRIES. CUT TO:

INT. BOB GARDNER OFFICE/UBS STUDIOS -- DAY, A LITTLE LATER

We start close on a TV screen, showing a Youtube/TMZ video of Walter on the Jaguar, reciting Hamlet as Gisele looks on, rapt. Then it clicks off, we pull back, and we see Walter with the network president, BOB GARDNER (40's/50's).

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Walter sits on a chair. Gardner is behind his desk, holding a remote. Two lawyers sit in chairs. Gardner looks at Walter, coldly, shaming him, and puts the remote down.

\*  
\*  
\*

WALTER

I know it looks bad, Bob, but  
please let me on the air tonight,  
let me plead my case to the  
American people.

\*  
\*

BOB GARDNER

No. Why should I?

WALTER

Because I've given you the last  
three years of my life.

\*  
\*

BOB GARDNER

So what. Your ratings have been  
shit for months. Your frontal lobes  
are gone.

\*

WALTER

Just because a man's ratings have  
slipped it doesn't mean his frontal  
lobes are dissolving!

Gardner and the lawyers, unmoved, just stare at Walter. Then  
Walter has an idea.

WALTER (CONT'D)

What if I got someone of  
unassailable character to vouch for  
me tonight on the show?

BOB GARDNER

Like who? Nobody likes you any  
more.

\*  
\*

WALTER

How about...

\*

Walter is stumped. Gardner allows himself a smile. Then -

\*

WALTER (CONT'D)

Madeleine Albright. We once...well,  
we once had a lovely time in Davos.

\*  
\*  
\*

BOB GARDNER

Albright's on Maddow tonight,  
promoting her new cook book. It's  
all the kosher recipes she's  
learned since finding out that  
she's Jewish.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

WALTER \*  
(desperate, scheming) \*  
Damn...What if I...what if I gave \*  
you my Jaguar? I've seen how you \*  
look at it in the parking lot - \*

Gardner's eyes widen and we close on his face. CUT to: \*

INT. "BLUNT TALK" CONFERENCE-ROOM -- DAY, A FEW MINUTES LATER \*

Walter bursts into the room, ebullient. His whole staff is \*  
present, working their phones and lap-tops. \*

WALTER \*  
Gardner's letting me on the air! \*

ROSALIE WINTER \*  
How'd you do it? \*

WALTER \*  
I...I have my ways...But they want \*  
a shrink to look at me for \*  
insurance reasons. Gardner thinks \*  
my frontal lobes are shot. \*

Walter sits down. The staff exchange knowing glances at this \*  
mention of lobes, then - \*

SARAH \*  
There is some more bad news, \*  
Walter. The cop you kicked has \*  
ruptured testicles. \*

WALTER \*  
Oh, God! Does that mean he can't \*  
have children? \*

SARAH \*  
I don't know what happens to testes \*  
when they've been shattered. Would \*  
it be like cracking an egg? I never \*  
thought of a man's nut as an egg \*  
before - \*

WALTER \*  
Anybody know about this? If this \*  
cop is infertile because of me - \*

They all look at him blankly. Under the table, ROSALIE rubs \*  
MARTIN'S knee, and JIM has his foot between SHELLY'S legs. \*  
There are unusual relationships in this group. \*

WALTER (CONT'D)  
Somebody Google 'ruptured  
testicles'! Come on, let's get  
working here!!

SHELLY  
I'll do it.

She starts typing.

WALTER  
Thank you, Shelly.  
(to everyone else)  
So. Tonight's broadcast? Thoughts?

JIM  
How about this - a sinners' round-  
table. You, the wide-stance  
congressman, Anthony Weiner, Marv  
Albert -

WALTER  
Who's Marv Albert?

JIM  
A sports broadcaster. He wears a  
toupee and was caught cross-  
dressing.

ROSALIE WINTER  
That was twenty years ago! Pre-  
internet. It's not relevant!

JIM  
(hurt)  
I haven't forgotten -

WALTER  
Doesn't matter. I don't like this  
idea. I need to distance myself  
from sin...I need...redemption.  
(thinking, then-)  
What if Oprah or Barbara Walters  
interview me? I'm very good at  
weeping on command. It helps in  
relationships.

ROSALIE WINTER  
They'll never do it.

WALTER  
Charlie Rose?

SARAH

You snubbed him at the  
correspondents' dinner last year  
and he tweeted about it.

WALTER

Oh, that's right...David Frost?

JIM

Dead.

WALTER

*Shit!*

SHELLY

(timid, almost a whisper)  
Walter - ruptured testicles can  
cause infertility.

WALTER

OH, NO! They'll say I castrated a  
policeman!!!!

He hides his face in his hands, despairing, tormented. They  
all look at him with concern, especially Rosalie.

ROSALIE WINTER

Do you want to spoon, Walter?

WALTER

(removes his hands)  
Yes. That's just what I need.

He and Rosalie stand, start to walk out.

SARAH

Could I spoon with you this time,  
Walter?

WALTER

We haven't worked together long  
enough, Sarah. I don't think it  
would be appropriate. Rosalie has  
been my manager for twenty years.

Rosalie shoots Sarah a look. Sarah lowers her head,  
disappointed. Close on Sarah. Cut to:

INT. WALTER'S OFFICE -- DAY

Walter and Rosalie lie on an AIR-MATTRESS on the floor.  
Rosalie is behind Walter, spooning him, rubbing his breasts.

WALTER

I'm so exhausted. I don't know if I  
can do this. I wish we could get  
Oprah to save me.

ROSALIE WINTER

You're just going to have to be  
alone out there, Walter. Let me  
stimulate your nipples. That always  
elevates your mood -

She starts to rub him through his shirt. He moans, then has  
an inspiration -

WALTER

Wait a second! I don't have to be  
alone out there!  
(stands, excited)  
I'll have Walter Blunt with me!

ROSALIE WINTER

(propping up on an elbow)  
What do you mean?

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM -- A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Walter paces in front of his staff, excited.

WALTER

...So who better to take on Walter  
Blunt than Walter Blunt? No one!  
I'll do a self-interview! I'll get  
the exclusive on my own scandal.

MARTIN

Will you talk to yourself like a  
ventriloquist? I love them. I love  
the way the puppets seem alive.

WALTER

No. We'll split the screen. We'll  
tape my questions beforehand and  
it'll be like I'm interviewing  
myself from a remote location.

JIM

I don't know, Walter -

WALTER

I'm telling you, it's the way to  
go.

(MORE)

WALTER (CONT'D)

I'll wear one sport coat for the taping and one for the live answers, and we can change the background, too.

SARAH

It *could be* interesting visually. One of you is so handsome, two of you will be doubly so.

\*

WALTER

Thank you, my lovely Sarah -

\*

She beams. Just then HARRY pops his head in the door.

\*

HARRY

Colonel, the network psychiatrist is in your office. Wants to see you. He's on the clock.

WALTER

Right...

He strides over to the door, turns to his staff.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Prepare my questions for me. After the shrink, we'll tape them. And someone make sure that my lawyer has sprung Gisele.

\*

\*

\*

He exits and Jim quickly follows after him into the bull-pen

INT. BULL-PEN -- DAY, CONTINUOUS

Walter, on his way across the bull-pen, to his office, stops at the coffee-machine. Jim catches up to him there. Harry has continued on to Walter's office. Walter pours a coffee.

JIM

You really think this self-interrogation is the way to go?

\*

WALTER

Yes. I see it in mind, like a vision. My two selves, talking. My biggest concern is my fatigue. I'm very, very tired.

\*

\*

He sips his coffee. Jim fetches out of his jacket pocket a pill bottle, unscrews it, and passes three pills to Walter.

JIM

Here takes these. It's Provigil. \*

WALTER

What's Provigil?

JIM

A kind of speed. Very effective. \*  
I'm wildly addicted. \*

WALTER

Good. I've always liked uppers.

Walter downs the pills and walks to his office, enters, where-

INT. WALTER'S OFFICE -- DAY, CONTINUOUS

DR. WEISS (60's) is unfolding a curving, stand-alone analytic COUCH. Harry is putting away the air-mattress. Dr. Weiss turns as Walter enters. \*

DR. WEISS

Hello, Mr. Blunt, I'm Dr. Weiss.

He offers his hand. They shake.

WALTER

You always bring your own couch, doctor?

DR. WEISS

Yes, I'm a Freudian analyst who specializes in house-calls. \*

(to Harry)

We need to be alone now.

Harry fixes the shrink with a menacing look, exits, and slams the door, startling Dr. Weiss.

WALTER

Don't mind Harry. As an alcoholic, he's naturally suspicious of doctors.

DR. WEISS

I see. Please, lie down, Mr. Blunt -

Walter lies down. We see on the wall a black and white PHOTO of Walter and Harry as young Royal Marines. Dr. Weiss sits in a chair behind the couch, takes out a small note-pad.

DR. WEISS (CONT'D)

So what's going on, Mr. Blunt? What happened last night?

\*  
\*

WALTER

I thought you were here to appraise my frontal lobes.

DR. WEISS

That's not how I work. I'm more curious as to what you think triggered the incident.

\*

WALTER

Well...To be frank, I've been drinking more than I should. I was recently divorced - for the fourth time - and there are custody issues. We have a two year-old boy.

DR. WEISS

I see. And how old is your ex-wife?

WALTER

Thirty-two.

DR. WEISS

That's very nice.

\*

Walter, surprised by this, tries to turn and look at Weiss.

DR. WEISS (CONT'D)

Just a little levity, Mr. Blunt. What else may have contributed to last night's behavior?

Walter blinks several times.

\*

WALTER

I think...You know, I'm feeling a bit woozy, doctor.

DR. WEISS

Probably stress. What were you going to say?

WALTER

Just that I've been very frightened I'll lose my show because I think I'll be one of those people who just drops dead when they're work is taken from them, like Joe Paterno of Penn State.

DR. WEISS

I understand.

WALTER

(getting drowsy, opening  
up like under hypnosis)  
And all this talk of lobes - what  
if I am losing it? I'm a dementia  
time-bomb. I just turned 70.

DR. WEISS

Hmmm -

WALTER

(starting to slur)  
And I feel my life slipping away  
from me like a cat that doesn't  
want to be held.

DR. WEISS

A cat?

WALTER

(slurring, sleepy)  
Yes...I seem to be running out of  
dreams for myself...I'm so...tired.

With that, his eyes close and he passes out. Dr. Weiss looks at him, checks the pulse on his neck, then gently strokes his head, like he's a sleeping child. Fade to black. CUT TO:

INT. WALTER'S MIND/ A DREAM -- A LITTLE LATER

We see a clip of Fellini's LA STRADA: Giulietta Masina enters a farm-house bedroom and sees a child, who is a deformed pin-head, tucked into bed. The child smiles and then we hear - \*

HARRY (O.S.)

Colonel! Colonel! Wake up!

INT. WALTER'S OFFICE -- DAY, CONTINUOUS

Harry is holding the FLASK to Walter's lips, while lifting up his head. His STAFF and DR. WEISS surround him, all of them holding little espresso cups full of...espresso.

HARRY

Colonel, you've got to get up! It's  
been an hour. You've slept enough!

Walter splutters out the whiskey, his eyes open wide.

WALTER

What - What's going on!?! I was having the most vivid dream of Fellini's "La Strada."

HARRY

Drink this, Colonel.

Harry takes an espresso from Martin, gives it to Walter. Walter sips it, comes more into focus, sits up.

WALTER

What happened to me?

JIM

I'm so sorry, boss. I really screwed up. I gave you three Ambien, not three Provigil. I had the wrong bottle -

WALTER

Three Ambien!!!!

DR. WEISS

Don't worry it's not a lethal dose, and I let the network know that you're fit enough to broadcast. I was moved by what you told me.

Walter gives the shrink a grateful nod, downs the espresso.

ROSALIE WINTER

You need to go tape your questions NOW and then you'll have about 45 minutes to rest before you're on.

WALTER

Jesus Christ!

Walter stands up, staggers. Everyone props him up and then he takes one espresso after the next from his staff, downing them like shots of whiskey. CUT TO:

INT. "BLUNT TALK" SET -- DAY, A FEW MINUTES LATER

Walter, in jacket and tie, sits at his desk on the futuristic "Blunt Talk" set. A MAKE-UP PERSON is dabbing his forehead. Martin hands Walter a print-up of the questions. Walter glances at them, then looks at the camera, knowing that everyone in the control room can hear him/see him.

WALTER

These questions are too timid. I'll improvise my inquisition. No need for the teleprompter.

INT. CONTROL-ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Jim, Sarah, Rosalie, and Shelly are in the control room with technicians, listening to/looking at Walter on the monitors.

ROSALIE WINTER

Shit. I knew he wouldn't like them.

INT. "BLUNT TALK" SET -- CONTINUOUS

A camera-crew is in front of Walter.

WALTER

I think we should first record my emotional responses. They can play when I'm talking live.

(to the camera-man)

You ready, Bill?

BILL/CAMERA-MAN

Yes, Mr. Blunt.

WALTER

Ok, here we go...

(readies himself, then-)

Anger at self.

(holds that face a beat)

Disgust with self.

(holds that face a beat)

Empathy.

(holds that face a beat)

Mild shock.

(holds that face a beat)

Indifference.

(holds that face a beat)

Horror.

With that face, he looks directly into the RED DOT of the CAMERA, his eyes seem to dilate, we cut back to the RED DOT, and the whole screen goes RED, capturing Walter's harried state of mind, and we CUT TO:

INT. WALTER'S OFFICE -- DAY, A LITTLE LATER

On the regular couch in Walter's office, Harry is again holding up Walter's head and pouring whiskey into his mouth. Walter splutters awake.

WALTER  
What happened?

HARRY  
You passed out again from the  
Ambien, Colonel.

WALTER  
But I have to tape my questions!

HARRY  
You did.

WALTER  
I did?!?

HARRY  
Yes, you don't remember? You were  
very, very hard on yourself.

WALTER  
I was? *Shit*. I must have been in an  
Ambien black-out. What time is it?

HARRY  
3:40. 6:40 in New York. You're  
going live on the east coast in  
twenty minutes. The doctor thought  
you might need this to wake up.

Harry wiggles a glass vial of white powder.

WALTER  
What is that? Cocaine?

HARRY  
Yes.

WALTER  
He really is a Freudian. We'll have  
to make another appointment.

Harry takes down the photo of the two of them as young Royal Marines, puts it on Walter's desk, and sprinkles out two lines of coke onto the glass surface of the picture frame.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
Look how young and fit we were.

HARRY

Yes...I'll test this for you, sir.

Harry quickly rolls a 20 dollar bill, does a line, makes an appraising face, then, handing the 20 to Walter -

HARRY (CONT'D)

The ratio of cocaine to speed is just right, Colonel. Have at it.

WALTER

Thank you, Harry. What would I do without you?

HARRY

What would *I* do without *you*, Colonel?

Walter smiles tenderly at Harry, then bends down, does a line of coke, straightens up with a gleam in his eye -

WALTER

(like Oliver Twist)

Please, sir, can I have some more?

Harry sprinkles some more on the glass and we close on the photo of the two of them, smeared with cocaine. CUT TO:

INT. BLUNT TALK SET -- LATER

\*

The make-up person powders (we can go from powder to powder) Walter & scurries off. The crew, with an A.D., is on the set.

\*

\*

A.D.

We're going live in ONE. TWO. THREE-

The A.D. makes a chopping motion and then all the monitors show the opening credit sequence to "Blunt Talk": Thrilling music, a close up of WALTER'S FACE, his piercing eyes. Then his bald dome becomes a GLOBE and a miniature Walter is running on the globe, stopping at Israel, Russia, China, etc., and then he goes from being miniature to full-sized, looking serious and grave, his arms folded, and then the credits end, and we are LIVE. The AD points at Walter.

WALTER

Good evening. I. AM. WALTER BLUNT. RIGHT HERE, RIGHT NOW.

(waits a beat after his signature phrase, then-)

Tonight we will have an unprecedented broadcast.

(MORE)

WALTER (CONT'D)

I will interview myself, a first in television history. I'm calling it Blunt v. Blunt. Ego and Super-Ego.

He snuffles a bit, presses a finger to one nostril and sucks in some residual cocaine.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The whole staff is there. Techs are present. JIM is at the control panel.

ROSALIE WINTER

Why is he sniffing like that?

INT. BLUNT TALK SET -- CONTINUOUS

WALTER

I'm sure you are all aware of last night's incident in which I was arrested on a number of charges, including solicitation and drunk driving. But in case you missed it, let's roll a brief clip.

The screen fills with the TMZ video of Walter on top of his Jaguar, surrounded by cops, shouting: "EVERYONE GO AWAY." We come back to Walter, who then says with gravity - \*

WALTER (CONT'D)

Let's begin the interview.

Suddenly and dramatically, the screen splits and we have TWO WALTERS in different sport coats, with different backgrounds.

INT. CONTROL-ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

ROSALIE WINTER

(to Jim)

Hit the first question!

INT. BLUNT TALK SET/SPLIT-SCREEN -- CONTINUOUS

TAPED WALTER

Hello, Walter. My first question: Was the beautiful young lady, with whom you were arrested, a minor?

LIVE WALTER

Absolutely not! That is a spurious and libelous rumor! She is twenty-one years old. She can vote. She can drink. She can drive. She can...Well, she can do many things.

The taped face shows the 'mild shock' look, then -

TAPED WALTER

Do you think it's fair to say that you've been sexually out of control all your life?

Walter is thrown by this, inhales deeply some residual coke.

LIVE WALTER

Well, I...You see...  
(bows his head, guiltily)  
Yes. I'm so sorry, America, I *have* been sexually out of control.

TAPED WALTER

(thunderous)  
WHY?!?

LIVE WALTER

What? I don't know! I don't even know what sex means any more -

TAPED WALTER

WHY?!?

LIVE WALTER

I've lost my way. You know that!

TAPED WALTER

WHY?!?

LIVE WALTER

Stop it!! Stop asking me why!!

INT. CONTROL-ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

ROSALIE WINTER

(to Jim at the panel)  
Stop hitting the 'why' question!  
He's losing it. Throw him a soft-ball!

JIM

Sorry!

INT. BLUNT TALK SET -- CONTINUOUS

TAPED WALTER

You shattered the testicles of a police officer. How did this happen?

He sniffs some residual coke. This question is a tad easier.

LIVE WALTER

Well, you see, I was under attack, and as a former Royal Marine, my - our - old instincts took over. But I will give the officer half-a-million dollars for his injury. In the 30's, the Woolworth family paid a soldier a quarter million for a set of lost testicles. I know I'm not adjusting for inflation -

INT. CONTROL-ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

ROSALIE WINTER

What the hell is he talking about? Hit the next question!

INT. BLUNT TALK SET -- CONTINUOUS

LIVE WALTER

But half-a-million seems fair -

TAPED WALTER

How should you be punished for what you've done? Isn't drunk driving the equivalent of attempted murder?

LIVE WALTER

Murder?!?

TAPED WALTER

ANSWER THE QUESTION!

The two Walter stare at each other. Taped Walter displays his 'disgust with self' face. Live Walter does one more big inhale of residual coke. Then, standing up to Taped Walter, he seems braver, defiant, resolute -

LIVE WALTER

Whatever punishment they mete out for my sins, I will accept. But I want to say this to the American people:

(MORE)

LIVE WALTER (CONT'D)

(turns to camera)

After the Falklands War, in which I lost men, I vowed to never stop fighting for what is right and just. So I joined the fourth estate and became a journalist for this very reason. I see our world as a fraying and beautiful coat, unraveling before our eyes, but I am one of the essential buttons still holding it together, maintaining the balance between darkness and light, chaos and peace! -

He then steps out from behind the desk and onto the set, and strides with purpose to appeal directly to the camera.

WALTER

(striding to the camera)

AND I AM NO LION IN HIS WINTER! I AM AN EAGLE IN THE SPRING!

(stops before the camera)

AND SO I ASK YOU THE AMERICAN PEOPLE TO FORGIVE ME AND TO ALLOW ME TO KEEP FIGHTING FOR YOU, AS THE SWORD I NOW WIELD IS THE MOST POWERFUL OF ALL: THE TRUTH!!!

As he speaks, he takes the stance of a fencer, as if holding a sabre, and after his thunderous proclamation of 'the truth!' he thrusts out his imaginary sword triumphantly at the camera, holds this a beat, looking fierce, but then his eyes roll back into his head, his body stiffens, and he collapses to the ground.

INT. CONTROL-ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

SARAH

OH, MY GODDDDD!! -

GARDNER enters, waving his iPhone, carrying a BOTTLE of champagne, oblivious to what's happening on the set.

BOB GARDNER

The numbers are incredible! My golden-boy Blunt is back!

Everyone turns, looks at him, points to the monitors and the set - crew are rushing to a fallen Blunt.

JIM

(ashen)

I think he's had a heart attack.

BOB GARDNER

Oh, shit, that bastard better not die. Not with these numbers. But keep the cameras on. Let's milk it.

INT. BLUNT TALK SET -- CONTINUOUS

The crew is rushing to the prostrate Walter. HARRY joins the fray, pushes people aside, and begins to do CPR on Walter.

HARRY

(frantic, scared, pumping  
Walter's chest)

Colonel, don't leave me!!!

We pull way back, looking at the crowd surrounding the fallen soldier. TAPED WALTER, his head large and ominous in the background, still being projected, watches. We hear Harry wail, "Colonel!" and then all goes to black.

End of first episode.

\*