

The Murderous Adventures of Gayle and Oprah

Written by

Doug O. Perkins

Copyright (c) 2018

CONTACT:
dperkins1978@gmail.com
213-952-0382

EXT. PENINSULA HOTEL - DAY

Establishing shot of a beautiful hotel.

GFX: PENINSULA HOTEL - POST-MISSION RECOVERY CENTER.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY

Two BODYGUARDS stand on either side of a door. There's loud, crazed screaming coming from inside. It sounds like someone is being killed.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM

The screams are coming from Gayle and Oprah. They're sobbing uncontrollably while sharpening their edged weapons.

Now we see the TV, they're watching the saddest scene from the film "Beaches." The end credits of the movie roll. Gayle talks through her heaving cries.

GAYLE

O, do you think we're as close as
Bette Midler and Barbara Hershey?

OPRAH

Of course we are baby.

GAYLE

Am I Bette Midler or Barbara
Hershey?

OPRAH

Gayle, you're Barbara Hershey of
course.

GAYLE

I'm going to die????

Gayle breaks into even crazier hysterics. This crying overshadows two distinct thuds.

The hotel door quietly opens. A ROOM SERVICE WOMAN walks in pushing a cart full of various cheese sauces.

ROOM SERVICE

Your cheese sauces are here.

Oprah and Gayle quickly turn their heads, they weren't expecting this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GAYLE

Did you order cheese sauces?

OPRAH

No. Did you order cheese sauces?

The Room Service Woman is starting to get nervous.

GAYLE

I would never order cheese sauces.
NEVER!

Oprah stands and continues to sharpen her knife as she slowly walks over to the woman.

OPRAH

Well, if I didn't order cheese
sauces and you didn't order cheese
sauces, then why is this lovely
room service person here with
cheese sauces?

She dips her knife in the cheese and tastes it, like a drug dealer testing coke. She then holds the knife to the woman's throat.

OPRAH (cont'd)

What do you have to say for
yourself?

ROOM SERVICE

I, I, I swear, I'm just doing my
job, I swear.

Oprah looks at Gayle, Gayle nods her head, giving Oprah the go ahead.

OPRAH

I'm going to cut your throat now.

The knife slowly digs into the woman's neck, not yet puncturing the skin.

GAYLE

O! Wait wait wait.

Gayle takes a long second to think. We now dive into Gayle's flashback.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Gayle picks up the phone and dials. We hear the other end.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROOM SERVICE (O.S.)
This is room service.

GAYLE
CHEESE SAUCES!!

ROOM SERVICE (O.S.)
Right away Ms. King, right away.

Gayle slams the phone down and walks away in slow motion, the phone explodes behind her complete with massive explosion noises.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Gayle is the one making explosion noises. After a while she stops.

GAYLE
Wait. I did order cheese sauces, I did. I remember now. Wow, sorry about that.

Oprah pulls her knife back. The Room Service Woman takes a deep breath, and they all share in a group laugh. Oprah ladles some cheese into a tea cup and starts sipping on it.

OPRAH
But I do have one question for you Gayle...

The woman is nervous again.

OPRAH (cont'd)
We've been going to hotels all over America for the past 30 years.

GAYLE
Fuck yeah we have.

OPRAH
In all those years, have we ever had a lady this put together AND this white bring us cheese sauces?

The woman reaches under her cart and pulls out a hand grenade, she pulls the pin. Oprah quickly tosses the cheese from her tea cup into the woman's eyes, and Gayle throws her knife right through the woman's left eye. As the woman falls backwards the grenade tumbles out of her hand and into the large bowl of nacho cheese.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OPRAH (cont'd)
Down down down.

Oprah runs and tackles Gayle to the ground. The grenade goes off splattering cheese all over the room. They slowly get back up.

GAYLE
Man it smells so good in here, like
a Chili's. Ooh, we should go to
Chili's

OPRAH
Mel honey, clean up time.

MEL GIBSON has been sitting in the corner reading a newspaper this whole time. The paper is now covered in cheese. He's seen this all before and he'll see it all again. Mel peaks over the corner of the paper.

MEL
Right now?

OPRAH
Got somewhere to be Mel?

Mel reluctantly folds up the paper, and uses it to start sopping up cheese. Gayle picks up the cheese-covered phone.

ROOM SERVICE
This is room service.

GAYLE
MORE CHEESE SAUCES!!

Gayle hangs up and slowly walks away from the phone while making explosion noises.

CUT TO:

OPENING CREDIT SEQUENCE OF GAYLE AND OPRAH DOING BAD ASS THINGS.

EXT. CITY STREET

Establishing shot of an endless stretch limousine.

INT. STRETCH LIMO

Gayle and Oprah sit in the backseat sipping mimosas and eating ham steaks with their hands.

GAYLE
Where should we go next?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OPRAH

Well, it's Rosario Dawson's birthday and she invited us to her--

GAYLE

BOOOORRRRRINNNNGGG!!

OPRAH

We can take the yacht around the Mediterranean.

Gayle makes a loud fart noise of disapproval.

GAYLE

I wish we'd just get an assignment already.

Their pagers go off simultaneously.

GAYLE (cont'd)

YES!!

OPRAH

YES!!

They check their pagers.

GAYLE

Looks like we have a job.

OPRAH

And it's in the Windy City. Mel!

MEL

Yes Ma'am, to Chicago right away.

Gayle leans in near Mel's head, seething with hate.

GAYLE

No you piece of human garbage, she said the Windy City, which happens to be Santa Fe, I swear you are the dumbest...

OPRAH

Gayle. Mel knows what he's doing, now come back here and let's play stars.

GAYLE

Stars? YES!!

EXT. STRETCH LIMO

Gayle and Oprah lean out the window and start chucking throwing stars at pedestrians. Gayle nails a guy in the forehead.

GAYLE

One!

Oprah hits a woman in the ass.

OPRAH

Butt shot, 3 points.

GAYLE

Dammit!

They keep whipping stars.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CITY STREETS OF CHICAGO

The limo emerges through a *Sliders*-esque wormhole, and pulls over to the curb.

SMASH CUT TO:

Oprah's mouth is covered in blood, she's devouring something.

CUT TO:

Gayle's mouth is covered in blood, she's also devouring something.

CUT TO:

INT. BBQ RESTAURANT

Gayle and Oprah are eating BBQ.

GAYLE

(doing an Austin Powers
accent)

This brisket makes me horny baby.

OPRAH

OTIS!!! CORNBREAD!!!

OTIS delivers the cornbread, he's terrified, Oprah and Gayle use it like napkins, cleaning their faces and hands.

OPRAH (cont'd)

Thanks Otis.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A MYSTERIOUS MAN walks in holding a manila envelope. He is going to great lengths to make this drop as clandestine as possible. He slips the envelope to Oprah.

MYSTERIOUS MAN

Ma'am, here are those bank papers
you wanted.

GAYLE

Thanks GARY CARTWRIGHT of Winnetka,
Illinois. Thank you for this
envelope containing orders to kill
someone!!

GARY

God Dammit Gayle.

OPRAH

Bye Gare-Bear.

Gary walks away defeated. Oprah unseals the envelope.

OPRAH (cont'd)

Okay let's see who this future
corpse is.

Oprah pulls out the picture. They look at it in shock.

OPRAH (cont'd)

Oh no.

GAYLE

Oh shiiiiiiit Oprah. What do we do?
What do we do? Whaddawedo?
Whaddawedo?

OPRAH

I made him...now we must unmake
him.

INSERT SHOT OF PHOTOGRAPH: IT'S DR. MEHMET OZ.

INT. DR. OZ'S PENTHOUSE

DR. OZ is talking to his team of BODYGUARDS. He's the nicest
guy in the world.

DR. OZ

Steve, you look a little pale, have
you been drinking your green drink
in the morning?

STEVE

No Doctor Oz.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. OZ

Steeeeeve. C'mon buddy, gotta drink the green. Kurt, how's your daughter's Rosecea?

KURT

The new diet you put her on is working great Doc.

DR. OZ

Oh goody. Well listen up guys. in three days on my show I am going to expose a huge disservice perpetrated on the American people by one of the largest pharmaceutical companies in the world. They will go to great lengths to stop me from making my announcement. I am not to see, hear, or be in the same room with anyone but you three until I step onto stage on Monday. Not my wife, not my kids, not the President of the United States. Is this clear?

BODYGUARDS

Yes sir.

DR. OZ

Thank you. Now Michael, how's your wife's AIDS?

MICHAEL

So much better, the AIDS machine you built is top notch Doc.

DR. OZ

Wonderful.

CUT TO:

INT. STRETCH LIMO

Gayle and Oprah are in the limo. Oprah is catching some sleep with a sleep mask on. Gayle has her glasses on and is doing some light bookkeeping.

GAYLE

Mel, how much did we end up paying off the sheriff in Kentucky?

MEL

I think I gave him fifteen thousand dollars.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GAYLE

Are you sure Mel? I have it here
that you gave him twenty-thousand.

MEL

Oh yes, you might be right. Sorry
Gayle I'm not a human calculator.

Mel's words echo over and over, and Oprah realizes Mel has
just said the magic words.

OPRAH

Dammit Mel, why'd you have to say
that?

GAYLE

Listen O, I know we've talked about
this before and you were against
it, but I've gotten a few more
estimates and there's a doctor in
Singapore who will do the procedure
for just 55 million dollars, and
voila... I'm a human calculator!!

ENTER GAYLE'S DREAM STATE

EXT. SPRING MEADOW

Gayle, as a beautiful Texas Instruments TI-84 Calculator
bounds through the meadow, she happens upon a hunky
ACCOUNTANT who is preparing some taxes.

ACCOUNTANT

Dammit, I forgot my calculator
again.

GAYLE/CALCULATOR

(sounds like a speak and
spell)

I'm sorry did you say you forgot
your calculator, I happen to be
two-thirds calculator, well
actually point six six six six six
six six six repeating.

ACCOUNTANT

Oh thank you, you sexy pad of
numbers.

The accountant gleefully pushes Gayle's buttons. She giggles
with pleasure.

EXIT GAYLE'S DREAM STATE

INT. STRETCH LIMO

OPRAH

Gayle, I love you just the way you are. I know how bad you want to be a human calculator, but I just think you'd end up regretting it.

ENTER OPRAH'S DREAM STATE

INT. OPRAH'S GUEST ROOM.

Gayle lies in bed, she's a complete monstrosity. Parts of her body are covered in bloodied bandages with crude buttons and screens implanted into her flesh.

GAYLE

I need 50 cc's of morphine, wait that's not right.

Gayle pushes some buttons on her body, each push more painful than the last. When she hits the = button on her thigh, blood gushes out.

GAYLE (cont'd)

AAAAAAHHHH, ow ow ow ow ow.
Actually make that 60 cc's. Would you please kill me?

END OPRAH'S DREAM STATE.

INT. STRETCH LIMO

OPRAH

I mean, your boobs would be buttons, and you wouldn't be able to walk.

GAYLE

(upset)

A small price to pay to be a human calculator Oprah.

(beat)

Pleasy pleasy pleasy pleasy
pleasy--

Gayle is cut off by a chime. A TV lowers from the ceiling, it's MR. UNKNOWN. He is backlit for anonymity, but things in his office hint at his identity. A picture of Keifer Sutherland, a movie poster for Invasion of the Body Snatchers. His voice is slightly distorted, but he sounds an awful lot like Donald Sutherland.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GAYLE (cont'd)

It gives us a free pass to travel
the world, knocking off dicks.

MR. UNKNOWN

There's no doubt your talents at
killing are unmatched, and you know
I respect both of you very very
much. Just as I respected Alan
Pakula's decision to cast that
liberal harlot in Klute. I am just
covering my bases, I am obligated
to inform you that my superiors
would like you to lay low.

Gayle makes a loud fart noise.

OPRAH

Sorry, you're breaking up.

MR. UNKNOWN

No I'm not, this technology is the
best in the world.

Gayle makes another loud fart noise.

OPRAH

You're definitely breaking up.

MR. UNKNOWN

I can see you, Gayle's just making
obscene noises with her mouth.

Now they both make fart noises.

OPRAH

Definitely having trouble hearing
you.

MR. UNKNOWN

What -- I'm not--

Oprah makes an extended fart noise as she reaches to the TV
and turns it off.

GAYLE

Do you think we'll ever find out
who he is?

OPRAH

Not a chance.

(switching gears)

Okay Gayle, you know what I need
right now?

GAYLE

A turkey Reuben?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

OPRAH
No. I need some alone time.

GAYLE
(a little hurt)
Some alone time? Right. You got it.

Gayle immediately opens a door and jumps out of the moving vehicle. Rolling to a stop on the pavement. Oprah sighs heavily.

OPRAH
Mel!

The car comes to a stop. Oprah rolls down the window.

OPRAH (cont'd)
Why'd you jump out of the car?

GAYLE
You said you needed some alone time.

Oprah laughs

OPRAH
You silly goose, I didn't say I needed some alone time.
(searches for an excuse)
I said... I need SAM... MALONE time. I want to watch SAM MALONE on some motherfucking Cheers.

Gayle starts laughing.

GAYLE
Ooooooh, ha ha ha ha ha ha, I know that's what you said, of course, Sam Malone time, I know how you love your Malone time. I just thought it'd be funny to jump out of the car.

Gayle limps back into the car as the Cheers theme song starts playing.

GAYLE (cont'd)
I think I broke my butthole.

CUT TO:

INT. HITMYNS SUPPLY DEPOT

Gayle and Oprah are browsing the aisles of a Hitmyn's Supply Depot. It's like a Home Depot for assassins. Oprah is on the phone, Gayle is steering the shopping cart.

GAYLE

If I ever see that sonofabitch
Cliff Clavin in real life, I will
rip his dick off.

OPRAH

(on phone)

Okay James here it is. It's a
picture of me in a Karate Gi and
the headline reads, "Kick your way
to a healthier you." Thank you
James. Kisses kisses kisses.

(hangs up phone)

Guess what Gayle?

GAYLE

What is it oh Mother of Dragons?

OPRAH

I made the cover of O this month.

GAYLE

Oh...my...God... Are you kidding
me? That is soooo amazing, this has
to be some sort of record.
Congratulations sweetie, you
deserve it. One of these days
you're going to have to tell me
what that O stands for.

OPRAH

Okay, back to business, how should
we kill our little doctor friend?

GAYLE

Well, I was thinking we could make
it look like an accident so I was
going to beat him to death with
some brass knucks.

OPRAH

Hmmmm. Good idea, but I don't think
that'll look like an accident
honey, it'll look more like an on-
purpose beating.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GAYLE

You're probably right. How about we pay off a doctor to prescribe him way too many drugs like we did with M.J.?

OPRAH

Nah, he *is* a doctor, he'll see that coming a mile away.

GAYLE

Well, if I was a human calculator I'd be able to more accurately predict the success rates of different assassination methods. It's really simple, first they rip off my legs and replace them with calculator legs. Then they modify my brain with ones and zeros and and wires and stuff...

Gayle's droning continues but the audio becomes indistinguishable as we zoom into Oprah's face, her pupils have grown wide, it appears she's gone into a trance.

GAYLE (cont'd)

Just think how handy it'd be to have a calculator that is with you at all times. I mean, where else are you going to find that?

Still in a trance. Oprah grabs a gun off a nearby shelf.

OPRAH (INNER MONOLOGUE)

Snap out of it, snap out of it.

She then grabs some ammo and loads the gun, all while Gayle continues her monologue.

GAYLE

I'm telling you, you won't be sorry, we can do addition, multiplication, subtraction, umm division...

Oprah puts the gun to her head.

GAYLE (cont'd)

What are you doing O. O!! Stop it you're scaring me. O!!

Oprah snaps out of it. She looks at the gun.

OPRAH

Whooooa.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GAYLE
Girl, you need a Klonopin

OPRAH
That's it.

Quick zoom into an ECU of Oprah.

OPRAH (cont'd)
...I know how we're going to kill
him.

GAYLE
(confused)
I don't follow what you're saying,
but you're my best friend and I
trust you.

Gayle quickly scampers up to a top shelf. Then falls
straight backwards.

GAYLE (cont'd)
TRUST FALL!!

Gayle lands flat on the aisle floor. She's knocked
unconscious.

OPRAH
God Dammit Gayle.

Oprah grabs Gayle's leg and drags her along as she continues
to shop.

CUT TO:

INT. WEAPONS ROOM

Montage of close up shots of Oprah and Gayle getting ready
for their hit.

Velcro being secured, shotgun shells going into a fanny
pack, knives being sheathed, microbuds going into ears, guns
into different holsters...

Oprah and Gayle are decked to the nines in murder equipment.
In order to go undetected they both slip on beautiful
dresses, perfectly concealing everything beneath.

OPRAH
Okay Gayle, remember what we talked
about? We're just going in for a
consultation.

GAYLE
Got it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OPRAH
We just play it cool and he won't
suspect a thing.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. DR. OZ RECEPTION AREA

A RECEPTIONIST is reading the new O magazine with Oprah in the Karate Gi on the cover. It is very peaceful until

Gayle and Oprah come crashing through the windows on repel lines.

RECEPTIONIST
Jesus Christ!!!

OPRAH
It's me OPRAAAAAAAHHH.

She announces herself as if she's a guest on her own show.

OPRAH (cont'd)
AAAAAND MY B-F-F GAAAAAAAAYYYLE
and we're here to see DOCTOR
OOOOOOOZZZ. Is he in?

RECEPTIONIST
Ummm, hmmm. He is in, but he isn't
seeing anyone today.

The receptionist braces herself for Oprah's fury.

OPRAH
I realize you're just doing your
job and you should be commended for
that. But at the very least let the
good doctor know we're here.

RECEPTIONIST
And I realize, that this is a very
uncomfortable thing for someone of
your stature to hear, but for all I
know Dr. Oz could be testing my
loyalty right now.

OPRAH
Every year on my show, I give away
some of my favorite things, and I
tell people to check under their
seats. And right now I want you to
check under your seat for my most
favorite thing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RECEPTIONIST
Huh? Really?

The receptionist becomes excited.

OPRAH
LOOK UNDER YOUR SEAAAAAT???

The receptionist stands up and looks under her seat. Gayle has crawled under the chair and is staring at the receptionist with menace.

RECEPTIONIST
AAHHH!

GAYLE
Tell your boss Oprah's here to see him please.

RECEPTIONIST
O-K.

The receptionist hits the intercom.

RECEPTIONIST (cont'd)
Doctor, I'm really really really sorry, I know how adamant you were about not being disturbed.

DR. OZ
It's okay Steph, You feeling alright? Did you meditate today?

RECEPTIONIST
Umm yes sir.

DR. OZ
Well what is it? What do you need?

RECEPTIONIST
Oprah Winfrey and Gayle King are here to see you.

CUT TO:

INT. DR. OZ'S PENTHOUSE

Dr. Oz rolls his eyes, he mimics shooting himself in the head from several different angles. Then he puts on a happy face.

DR. OZ
Gayle and Oprah? Why didn't you say so? Send that double dose of sweet ass chocolate in here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dr. Oz let's out a heavy sigh right before O&G walk in.

DR. OZ (cont'd)
Ladies, how the heck are you? You.
Look. Dazzling.

Oprah and Oz kiss each other on the cheek many many many times. They're not sure when to stop.

DR. OZ (cont'd)
Please please please have a seat.
So what brings you to the offices
of the great and powerful Oz?
hahahahahaha

They all sit down. Dr. Oz's 3 bodyguards are lined up behind him.

OPRAH
Hello gentleman, I don't believe
we've had the pleasure.

DR. OZ
Oh, of course, I'm sorry. These are
my bodyguards, Michael, Kurt, and
Steve.

GAYLE
Bodyguards, what do you need
bodyguards for? You're hardly even
famous.

OPRAH
Yeah, I can see maybe one, but
three?

DR. OZ
Better safe than sorry.

OPRAH
Well can they wait outside? They
make a girl nervous.

DR. OZ
I trust these men with my life, you
can trust them too. So, what did
you want to see me about anyway?

OPRAH
Well Gayle and I were in the
neighborhood and we had some free
time on our schedule and Gayle
wanted to talk to you about
something.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DR. OZ

Oh. Okay, great, that's nice, what
can I help you with Gayle?

GAYLE

Well it's kind of embarrassing.

OPRAH

Go ahead Gayle, it's okay.

GAYLE

So... You know calculators?

DR. OZ

The handheld device used for making
mathematical calculations?

GAYLE

Whoa, you do know calculators. I'm
impressed. Well what if calculators
weren't small, but they were large
and half-human?

DR. OZ

What in the sweet fuck you talking
about Gayle?

OPRAH

Just listen doc.

DR. OZ

Of course. Of course.

GAYLE

As far back as I remember I always
wanted to be a calculator.

We enter Gayle's story, it's eerily similar to the beginning
of Goodfellas...

EXT. BROOKLYN STREETS

A young Gayle walks over to a street side calculator stand.

GAYLE (V.O.)

To me, being a calculator was
better than being President of the
United States.

We see hero shots of all sorts of different calculators.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GAYLE (V.O.) (cont'd)
Even before I first wandered into
the calculator stand for an after
school job, I knew I wanted to be
one of them... to me, it meant
being somebody, in a neighborhood
of nobodies...

INT. BROOKLYN RESTAURANT

Gayle is a human being among a group of human calculators,
they're pressing buttons on each other and having a good ol'
time.

GAYLE (V.O.)
...they weren't like anyone else.
They did whatever they wanted.
They'd calculate logarithms, and in
the summer when they would do
geometric equations all night,
nobody ever called the cops.

INT. DR. OZ'S PENTHOUSE

Dr. Oz's eyes have widened, he's in the same sort of trance
Oprah was in at Hitmyn's. Gayle's story continues as we see
the faces of the bodyguards. They are hating life a whole
lot, shaking and sweating with confusion.

GAYLE
At first my parents loved that I
found a job across the street.

CUT TO:

INT. DR. OZ RECEPTION AREA

The story can be heard through the intercom.

GAYLE (O.S.)
My father, who was human, was
learning multiplication at the age
of eleven, and he liked that I was
too.

A chair is kicked over and feet swing into frame. The
receptionist has hanged herself.

CUT TO:

INT. BROOKLYN HOME

Gayle is sitting with her family around a dinner table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GAYLE

And my mother was happy after she found out the calculators were Texas Instruments and she was from Texas. It was the answer to all her prayers.

INT. DR. OZ'S PENTHOUSE

The bodyguards simultaneously pull their guns from their shoulder holsters and put them underneath their chins. They're just about to end their suffering when...

DR. OZ

STOP!! JUST STOP DAMMIT!! This is the stupidest thing I've ever heard in my life. You can't become a calculator!! It's impossible!!

Gayle is floored. The bodyguards' guns go down for a second, slight relief.

DR. OZ (cont'd)

Oprah! Do something!! Stop this!

GAYLE

(intimidating)

But I'm not finished with my story Doc.

Oprah can't hear anything. We now see a close up of Oprah's profile, she's wearing indiscreet earbuds so she doesn't have to hear Gayle's dumb story, she's listening to something. We hear what Oprah's listening to as it fades up.

GARRISON KEILLOR

Now normally people in Lake Wobegon don't get too excited about a green bean casserole. But that all changed during the Lake Wobegon United Methodist Church's annual 4th of July potluck and Children's Rodeo, when Pam Dixon debuted her latest green bean concoction. The casserole was so popular and the recipe so coveted, that the first ever wall safe in Lake Wobegon history had to be installed in Pam and Greg Dixon's bedroom behind a landscape featuring a caribou in what looked to be a semi-arid desert.

The audience laugh's way too much at this story.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARRISON KEILLOR (cont'd)

The casserole was so popular that Charlene Franz's revered apricot crumble escaped the day only half-eaten.

The sound of Garrison fades out as Gayle begins again.

GAYLE

So where was I before I was so rudely interrupted. Oh yes...it wasn't too long before my parents changed their mind. To them, the calculator stand was supposed to be a part time job, but to me, it was full time.

Three gunshots go off. The bodyguards slump to the ground.

DR. OZ

Oh no, Kurt, Michael, Steve. What have you done? Oh no oh no oh no oh no.

OPRAH

(shouting over her headphones)

Gayle. Keep going, bring it home baby!!

DR. OZ

What is this? What's happening? Gayle you have to stop talking, I have a family.

GAYLE

And so in conclusion, I want to be a super swankulator, with numbers, symbols, one of those tiny solar panels...

DR. OZ

Make her stop Oprah please!!

OPRAH

Dr. Oz, this can be over as fast as you want it to be.

GAYLE

And I want people to be able to play that snake game on my forehead.

Dr. Oz's hand involuntarily reaches into his desk drawer. He pulls out a bottle of prescription pills.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DR. OZ

No, this isn't happening. SHUT UP
Gayle!! Is this about the
announcement? I won't say anything,
just stop.

He opens the bottle.

GAYLE

And when the procedure is all done,
and I'm half-calculator and half
woman.

(sexy)

And ALL calculator-woman, I'd be
happy to come over and keep...
your...books. Mmmm!!!

Gayle stands up and starts seductively pressing on different
parts of her body as if she's a calculator.

GAYLE (cont'd)

Beep, boop, bop, boop, beep,
equals, beep boop, bibbidy, beep,

DR. OZ

(crying)

No no no no. Soooo dumb.

The pill bottle fights it's way to Dr. Oz's mouth.

OPRAH

C'mon, almost there. Tell him about
the lighter.

DR. OZ

NOOOOO!

Dr. Oz gives in, he shakes all the pills into his mouth, and
awaits sweet death. Gayle continues.

GAYLE

Oh yeah, and the calculator is also
a lighter, so that people can wave
me in concerts, because Gayle-
culator loooooooves live music.

The pills aren't working fast enough. He reaches for one of
his bodyguard's guns...

DR. OZ

Why Oprah? Why?

OPRAH

Because it's... our... job.

He pulls the trigger. Dr. Oz is no more.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GAYLE

Oh my god, do human calculators
have to wear clothes? I've never
even thought of that.

Shot of Dr. Oz's lifeless body.

GAYLE (cont'd)

Doc? Doc? What happened? I didn't
get his opinion. Is he dead?

OPRAH

I'm pretty sure he's dead.

GAYLE

I better check.

Gayle shoves two fingers into a pile of Dr. Oz's former
head.

GAYLE (cont'd)

No pulse, I think he's dead.

OPRAH

Nice job Gayle, but we still got
work to do.

INT. RECEPTION AREA

Oprah tears a page out of the appointment book and waves a
magnet over the computer. Gayle wipes down the office for
fingerprints. They collect the VHS tapes from the
surveillance VCRs.

GAYLE

Mel should be here any minute.

OPRAH

I'm all set.

CUT TO:

EXT. DR. OZ'S BUILDING ROOFTOP - DUSK

O and G stand at the edge of the rooftop. Very cinematic.

OPRAH

You did a hell of a job today
Gayle.

GAYLE

Thanks babe. You're the best. I
don't think I want to be a human
calculator anymore.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OPRAH
Oh really, are you sure?

GAYLE
Let me check.

Gayle starts pressing her fake buttons again.

GAYLE (cont'd)
(mumbling)
Beep boop bop plus bop beep boop
divided by meep equals...yeah, I'm
sure.

Oprah releases a blinking beacon-balloon with a cable
attached.

GAYLE (cont'd)
I'm glad Dr. Oz ended up killing
himself, because all the guns I
brought are made out of cheese.

OPRAH
Oooh, hit me.

Gayle pulls a gun-shaped block of cheese out of an ankle
holster and shoots cheese bullets into Oprah's mouth.

OPRAH (cont'd)
Mmm, Manchego, good choice.

Gayle takes a big bite out of the gun.

They embrace, not out of love, but because a plane flies
overhead and hooks onto the beacon, exactly like in "The
Dark Knight." Oprah and Gayle are pulled up into the dusk
sky as they continue sharing the cheese gun.

the end