EVERYTHING, EVERYWHERE, ALL AT TWICE

Interior. Janitor's closet

WAYMOND

You may wonder why I've taken a couple of minutes to drag you into this room. It's because we don't have much time.

EVELYN

Why not?

Door starts to splinter

WAYMOND

We could do this bit in action or just chuck you into the middle of something, but for some reason I'm quietly telling you that you're in a lot of danger.

EVELYN

Why? Are we short of budget?

WAYMOND

Nooo! Loads of it! Honestly, every frame's been tweaked for hours by a computer nerd. And it's not the writers' fault either: they're really clever.

EVELYN

Wow! They even understand 'Show, don't tell'?

WAYMOND

Bet they do! Look!

WAYMOND picks up a small sign on the shelf behind him that says 'EVEN THIS SIGN IS CLEVER.'

Anyway, I talk, you listen. You've made every wrong choice in life. If you'd done anything differently — ANYTHING AT ALL – you would have been wealthy, famous, and beautiful. But don't despair. Your poverty-infused loser energy is what makes you so interesting to us.

EVELYN

Cold comfort, eh, readers?

Sad Trombone from behind the door.

Wait, you said 'to us'. Who's 'us'?

WAYMOND

Rule one. Don't ask for exposition when I'm already expositioning. Or we could all ... Urg!

WAYMOND is killed by OVEREXPOSITION-HATING SAD TROMBONIST (UNCREDITED). Abrupt, really expensive transition.

Interior, Tax office

DEIRDRE

You're dressed badly. And your Dad In A Wheelchair is in a wheelchair, which is crowding my office. Frankly, I resent you even breathing. But this is clearly an innocent mistake and you're obviously struggling to hold your miserable life together. And that's why I'm going to do everything in my power to ruin you. And think the worst of you in the process.

WAYMOND

Is there nothing you can do?

DEIRDRE

I ... could come to embody a deeply unsatisfying arm-wrestle between plot and characterisation?

EVELYN

Do you have anything less metaphysical?

DEIRDRE

Sure! A row of butt-plug trophies, and this placard here.

WAYMOND picks up the large placard saying 'CHEKHOV'S GUN'.

WAYMOND

So who wins this arm-wrestle between plot and characterisation?

DEIRDRE

Not the audience, that's for sure. Where was I? Oh yes. Jumbo jet from Qatar for your library? So tax deductible I'll pay you a visit and fuel the fucker myself. Karaoke machine for a laundromat party? I'll shut you down, lock you up, bury your stupid family under quicklime.

EVELYN

I wanna go back to the cupboard.

WAYMOND hits DEIRDRE with the CHEKHOV'S GUN placard. Gross-out fight scene involving dildos and butt plugs. DEIRDRE is incapacitated.

WAYMOND

I'm really getting the impression this woman might spend ninety minutes trying to kill you before suddenly becoming your best friend and love interest.

EVELYN

Ninety minutes?

WAYMOND

I wish it could be less, but there's all this CGI, stunts, and at least two sets of comedy prosthetic fingers we need to get through. Besides ...

Presses a green button on the side of his head, then adjusts his glasses slightly.

Interior. Restaurant. A menu reveals that it's called 'INTERNATIONAL HOUSE OF VERY CLEVER SCREENWRITERS'

EVELYN

Can I have a button like that one on the side of your head?

WAYMOND

Sure. But be careful: they're all powered by pointless attention-seeking behaviour. And there's this bunch of cyber-critics in a dimension we seldom see, bitchily assessing your every move.

Enter JOBU

JOBU

Waiter, this Hollywood metaphor's burnt to a crisp. I demand a refund.

WAYMOND

Jobu! Our actual antagonist, hell-bent on our destruction!

EVELYN

Jobu? Our gay daughter who I haven't outed to her grandfather?

WAYMOND

She's both! Keeping her in the closet as far as your Dad's concerned is absolutely the right call. Unfortunately, there's another reality where you've been properly mean to her, and she's really pissed.

EVELYN

Like when you wake up next to somebody you love but you're still mad at them because of how they behaved in a dream?

WAYMOND

... I suppose? I mean, it doesn't really look like your fault here. Still, your problem now. Something something clay pots, apparently.

WAYMOND is killed. Enter a SECURITY GUARD

SECURITY GUARD [drawing gun]

I'm afraid we're closing, miss.

JOBU [bored]

Cheese strings are sent to try us.

SECURITY GUARD turns agonisingly and expensively into KRAFT CHEESE STRINGS. They fall onto a plate. Smash cut to

Interior. Cafe in an alternate universe.

WAYMOND is about to pop a cheese string into his mouth.

WAYMOND

Basically she has a superpower that's kind of an undo button with infinite retries until she gets any outcome she wants, however unlikely.

EVELYN

Omnipotent, then? So the story's basically over right now or else complete nonsense. Jobu must be really pleased with herself.

WAYMOND

You'd really think so. But no, no, and no.

JOBU

Omnipotence is boooo-ring. Look! I'm dressed like Björk and pouting like Biggie Smalls. And I'm so bored that I've just put literally EVERYTHING ON A BAGEL!

Expensive CGI effect: Everything on a bagel. Except for the very many items in the scene that self-evidently aren't.

EVELYN

A bagel? Isn't that a bit Jewi ...

JOBU [rolling eyes]

Everything, Mom. Meat and dairy.

EVELYN

This pagan god shtick is also powered by pointless attention-seeking behaviour?

JOBU

TikTok, motherfucker! Now, where was I? Oh yes. About to destroy the universe with the power of trayf.

JOBU destroys some universe. WAYMOND is killed again. Caption: 'The End'.

Interior. Cinema. Evelyn watching the end of a film, which is why the words 'The End' are on the screen. WAYMOND and DAD IN A WHEELCHAIR are sitting on either side.

WAYMOND

Fairly miserable ending. I wonder what it means?

EVELYN

Mel Brooks did it better in '74 is what it means.

Enter JOBU

Oh, there you are! Is there a universe where you're not gay and mad at me?

JOBU

Mom, you can't say that!

EVELYN

Fucksake, look here. Dad In A Wheelchair. He was mad at me, Jobu. I forgave him and now I'm his carer. Hey, Dad? Your lesbian granddaughter's into pussy. Deal with it.

JOBU

Er ...

DAD IN A WHEELCHAIR

Jobu, it's a world of laughter. A world of tears.

WAYMOND

It's a world of hope. And a world of fears.

JOBU

In this world that we share. Now it's time we're aware.

EVELYN

There's two hours you won't get back.

DEIRDRE

Might have hit the gym
Or practised guitar

JOBU

Had a walk with friends
Ending up in a bar

EVELYN

Or tried out a new look
Made a start on that book
It's two hours you won't get back.

ALL

It's two hours you won't get back.
It's two hours you won't get back.
It's two hours you won't get back.
It's two hours you won't get back.

CREDITS. A film built entirely on the conceit of nested fourth walls and a life of branching paths is too self-conscious for a meta reference here. Post-credit gag? Behind-the-scenes stuff? Heaven forfend, an intra-credit blooper reel? But my precious Oscar!