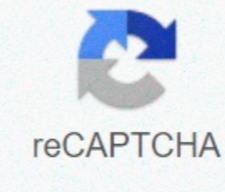




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Seven psychopaths script

In Bruges is one of those movies that you should like when you're a movie nerd. Say you don't lose your credibility right away. I think I just lost my credibility. I don't know if it's the script, just like Colin Farrell is acting. I can never understand what he's saying, and I don't think he's funny. If I need a man to break girls' hearts or make women swoon, I hire Farrell. If I want an actor who can make jokes, Farrell's at the bottom of my list somewhere. But hey, people love Bruges and I'm not going to rain on their parade. Even though I just did. Today Roger takes a look at another of McDonagh's (the author of In Bruges) scripts, Seven Psychopaths. If I ranked all the scripts I get requests for, this one is somewhere near the top. People love him. Let's see what Roger thinks. Genre: Crime, Drama, Black Comedy.Premise: A writer's life is violently turned upside down when his friends kidnap a Mafioso's dog. About: Seven Psychopaths is McDonagh's third film script. It's his favorite unproduced script. And that's all he'll say about it. At the age of 27, McDonagh became the first writer since Shakespeare to perform four plays simultaneously in London. His plays have been nominated for several Tony Awards. He won an Oscar for his short, Six Shooter. Nominated for Best Original Screenplay Award with In Bruges. Writer: Martin McDonagh.Details: 116 pages (undated) Canto I. The only writer other than Shakespeare to perform four plays simultaneously in London's West End Theatre District is Martin McDonagh. That's a nearly four hundred years difference between perhaps the world's greatest writer and a modern Irish playwright. One writes in manacled iambic pentameter and the other writes in a quirky language that prevents casual swearing. Both are writers who tell stories that explore the immemorial facets of honor, love, loss, grief, ambition, wrath and madness with jewel-like enlightenment. A Shakespearean sonnet may be the pain that hides in scars by driving a rapier through your heart, but a McDonagh murder ballad will pummel that protective wall you built around your soul with the butt of a gun until it creates its own entrance, turning what was once a barrier into a gate. And that thing that you call masculinity that's actually a buffer between you and the world will erode in the wind of a howling melancholy and screaming black drama, leaving you with wrists turned and your veins exposed to the world, laughing all the time. Canto II. Here's a script that exists on the other side. The side where rules are broken and where the creativity and skill of the writer create form that, with double fists, punches and shoots its way through the parameter walls and chains of the tenants extends to the point they break, the story refuses to be held in such boundaries. The new shape can scare you. It can scare you away. But you don't have to run. Read it. Don't you know how? Let's show you how. Give it a chance. Like Nabokov's Pale Fire or Danielewski's House of Leaves, McDonagh's Seven Psychopaths is a work that showcases meta-literary pyrotechnics. You learn how to read it as you go along. But here's the thing. It's actually a quiet display that doesn't get in the way of the story. There are points, especially near the mid-point, where it teeters on the edge, where McDonagh seems to mutter fuck-all while he walks tight-rope between pretentious disaster and sheer scenario brilliance, but then he makes it on the last side and all you do when a reader is shake your head in wonder and nod approvingly as you skim back over the pages you just read to see exactly how he made it about it. There is a danger that comes with playing by the rules. But your reward, if you make the attempt to survive, is that you achieve something much more interesting than what would be possible by choosing to play safely in the life-care scenario sandbox. There's a role in this script where it seems like McDonagh is telegraphing the whole third act, but then he rolls the story back in and we're served with something completely compelling, fun, tense, violent and heartbreaking. If you go to the mid-point and find yourself frustrated, like I did, just keep reading. I promise it's not what you think it is. Canto III. This is the story. We have our writer Marty, who may or may not be Martin McDonagh. He's a writer. He's a bit of an alcoholic. He's trying to write a screenplay called Seven Psychopaths. Yes I know. But wait a minute. Attention. Marty's best friend is Billy Bickle. Billy... Good... Let's just say Billy doesn't like Marty's girlfriend, Kaya. Kaya doesn't like Billy. But it's okay, because Billy's worried about being a good friend, and he's not afraid to tell Marty that Kaya's a bit of a bitch. He takes care of his friend. At some point, we can even catch a glimpse of Billy's diary and learn that he's made lists on how he can be a better friend to Marty and Hans. Hans insists. Sorry. I'll get to Hans in a day. Do you have the Taxi Driver reference there? Look again. Billy's name. Billy Bickle. Billy thinks he's the son of Travis Bickle, Robert De Niro's character in Scorsese's Taxi Driver. No, he doesn't think he's De Niro's son. He believes he's the character's son, Travis Bickle. He thinks Travis Bickle is real. But it's not... It's not something you want to get him for. Billy is a sweet guy and it's a little painful to see how getting drunk and making fun of him in regards to this character. Character. It makes Marty come off as grumpy and mean-spirited. And Billy is a great friend. I'd be honored to have a friend like Billy in my life. Billy's worried that Marty's drinking too much, and that's causing problems with the work on his script. And he's not afraid to say it. As budding screenwriters, we can all use a cheerleader like this on our side, alcoholic or not. Now let's go back to Hans. Hans is an older man, closer to sixty than fifty. He's poor, but always dressed nicely. He wears a distinctive cravat that might be a stylistic fashion choice, or he might be using it to cover up a telling scar. He has a black woman named Myra, a breast cancer victim who spends her painful days in bed with the cancer word. Hans hasn't worked in 20 years, and you feel like he's struggling to pay Myra's hospital bills. So he has a dog poo plan to help him with his financial woes. Billy's helping him. They steal dogs from people in the local park, hold them in pens and wait for the missing dog flyers to appear. And since this is a pretty rich area, they are able to score hundreds of dollars in reward money from suddenly ecstatic and wealthy owners. But one day they make a mistake. They nab a cute, little three-legged shitsu by the name of Bonny that both men grow quite fond of. Except there's someone who loves Bonny. Namely his owner Charlie Costello. When we first meet Charlie, he'll be at a double funeral for mafiosos. That's something else you should notice. Someone took it upon themselves to kill members of the mafia, and leave Jack 'O Diamond playing cards on the bodies. Anyway, Charlie's at this funeral, and he's comforting the mothers of the fallen men. He tells me, with great passion, that he will crucify the people responsible. Then someone comes to tell him that something happened to his shitsu, Bonny. And then we really see Charlie's true colors. He goes monkey hit and when the Irish priest at the funeral tries to calm him down, Charlie responds by pushing him into an open grave. Yep. He's pushing. A priest. In. An open grave. And now words are about to collide. People are about to die. And it reminds me a lot of McDonagh's play, Inishmore's Lieutenant. It's about a psychopath named Padraic, a leader in an Irish National Liberation Army splinter group, who finds out that his best friend was murdered. His best friend is a cat named Wee Thomas. Either way, a bloodbath ensues when Padraic returns to his old stomping grounds as he avenges the cat. Charlie looks a bit like His interrogation begins with the woman who was walking bonny when he went missing. She's chained to a chair and he's got a gun in his hand. And if we weren't sure about Charlie's mental health, this scene. Scene. us with terrifying and hilarious clarity. Canto IV. It can be argued, that when it comes to games, that which you need three ingredients. (1) Quirky characters. (2) Good dialogue. (3) Interesting stories for each character. And there you go. The idiom of McDonagh's work is that, yes, he has quirky characters. And he also has a dialogue that captures a sense of madness through speech. His characters express themselves through the peculiarity of their expressions. And not only do they seem to have interesting backstories, the stories they show to the audience in the present are also compelling and interesting. But plays are different. Tell you more than you need to show, and get away with it. Cinematically, it's wise to show more than you say. And McDonagh has some great stories that he's showing us here. You see, there are stories in stories here. The frame device is the screenplay Marty is writing, and he must find and populate his story with seven characters. Seven characters worthy of the title of psychopath. Seven psychopaths with interesting stories to tell. There is a funny piece of business that involves a hangerover Marty finding an ad in the newspaper, a call for psychopaths with interesting stories to be used in a movie being written by Marty. He didn't put this in the paper. Billy did. And that's how we meet Zachariah. He's very old. He comes to Marty's apartment to tell his story to Marty's tape recorder. Marty just wants to get rid of the guy, so he goes about his company making coffee and the like when he hears Zachariah reveal that he lived his life as a serial killer who traveled the country killing other serial killers. He didn't do this alone. He had a girlfriend and partner named Maggie. And it's the kind of well-told story that comes to its senses. And what begins as a story about gruesome serial killers turns into a sad story of regret and lost love. Zachariah's motive for coming to Marty is for Marty to roll a note after the credits if his screenplay is ever made in a film from Zachariah to Maggie. He's an old man looking for the woman who escaped. And it's a powerful, moving sequence that made me cry. And then I laughed as I cried at the irony of shedding tears over the story of a couple who killed serial killers. And that's what makes this script such a joy and pleasure to experience. It is the stories and connections and reversals that come to the surface as a man searching for his stolen dog wreaks havoc on those responsible. Canto V. The characters speak dialogue that mcdonagh's ear showcases for elliptical speech. People often talk about topics and the before they finally settle on it. It takes them a little time to figure out how they are going to approach a topic or something that bothers them. But if they do, it is a moment of connection that illuminates the circuits and gets our agreement and empathy. There's a great line of dialogue, a line that still resonates: I think everything made with brains and hearts is life-affirming, no matter how black the subject. Living in the Bible Belt, people want to make me feel weird. Sometimes they ask me, How can you find that? It's not uplifting. Like this one time I was watching David Gordon Green's Snow Angels, and after it was over, my roommate, who had organized papers for the flat screen, she says, That wasn't very uplifting, was it? And they scowled at me and told me it was a terrible, terrible movie. Not quite pleasant, yes, but it was totally captivating. It had things to say. Things about grief that spoke to me calmed me down as a person going through his own grief. But she clocked out and chose not to believe it had things to say. Why? Now I am a man who loves gloomy, melancholic, dark fairy tales dripping with sparkling chiaroscuro and luminous tenebrae... I love stories with curses and guns and knives and people behave badly. And you know, people will look at me and say, with a straight face, that there's no value to stories like that. No artistic, humanistic or moral merit. Well, what a shitty attitude that is more a matter of taste and bias than it is of criticism. Then it's to give a story a chance. And it frustrates me, because I am a person who tries to find the beauty and truth in everything. I'm saying, haven't you been paying attention? There's light here, there's a gemstone-like soul-realizing thing going on here, and sometimes you need some of the darkness to accentuate the light. Life. It's like alchemy, chemistry. You need the despicable stuff, the dark stuff, to clear out the lights. Canto VI. Because I'm going to tell you now, there are multiple moments in this story that violate Stuart Beattie's screenplay axiom: Never kill the dog. Animals die in this thing. And people, too. Life is hacked to death with a machete. It melts in pools of acid. Flare guns are shot in mouths, bullets bounce around in bodies. There are fist silences and bloody physicality. Men break up with women. Women and men both die tragic deaths. And I don't really think there's any bias or prejudice that betwixt the things that die in this script. Canto VII. But there are men who profess love for each other. It's not homosexuality. It is the male romantic friendship found between two men in Victorian times and literature. Do you know how people in the theater would snicker during Lord of the Rings when Frodo and Sam were looking at each other? How did people see that because hard and wet for each other? There's that, except that it's not two dudes who want to fuck each other (it wasn't in Tolkien either). It's a sense of honor, of friendship. It is also a meditation on Kurosawa's Seven Samurai. Chinks in armor and macho exteriors that expose the insecurities, the tenderness, the red-beating hearts of these characters. Push beyond the posture and physicality to see these men naked, and offer their beating hearts in expansive supplicant hands. There's a writer as a warrior. You fight for the time and dedication to write, and sometimes you lose the simple pleasures of life in return. When you're in a relationship, it's a hard juggling act. Because writing has become your mistress, and your stories have become your children. You have to decide who becomes the woman and who becomes the mistress? Write to you? Or your partner? I think there's a sacrifice that comes with choosing a path as a writer, with things like logophilia or cinephilia. If you're so haunted and obsessed with words and images you'll find the rest of the world passing you by as you lose yourself in the loop. Sometimes it's out of your control. And sometimes when you've worked months or years to complete something, you've lost friendships and jobs. You've chosen not to settle on a straight career path and a yuppie life because you're working something minimum wage while living in a ratty apartment with Good Will décor as you spend most of your time writing. A lot. Like Seven Samurai, these guys maintain their honor to each other, their friendships for the greater good, but it is the warriors who end up losing. They lost their lives and Marty lost his friends. As Kambei muses: Once again we are defeated. Because in the end, Marty even lost his girl because his writing is important, and she's a fucking bitch after all. And with Marty alive, life-supporting work has triumphed over war, leaving all the warriors (Billy and Hans and others) as a defeated party. What did I just read? [] hardly held my interest [] worth the read [x] impressive [] genius What I learned: If you're someone like Martin McDonagh, you don't compromise. People don't say to him, That's a great first draft. He has the confidence and the stubbornness and faith in his own work to say, We're going to shoot it my way, and we're not going to change a word. And you know what? That's what's going to happen. If you can keep it up in this business, you have to believe in yourself. You have to believe in your scripts. The moment you lose your faith, the moment you stop and give up. It's over. How else are other people going to believe in you? Are you writing for a salary? Or do you write because you need and need to tell stories? Do you write a story to tell other people, or do you tell it to yourself? Yourself?

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