

Fred Durst directing a movie. Really.



He did it for the key-grip nookie: Durst on-set.

Mr. Scorsese, Meet Mr. Durst

Aided by unlikely pal David Fincher, the Limp Bizkit mook growls into Hollywood as a director

→ *Fight Club* director David Fincher has taken on an unlikely backward-baseball-cap-favoring protégé: Limp Bizkit frontman Fred Durst. The two were introduced six years ago, and with his music career pretty much, well, limping, Durst has been skulking around Fincher's sets, including his latest, *Zodiac*, talking into a tape recorder, cribbing camera angles, and taking lessons from the dark modern master. "Fincher told me to go home and watch *Taxi Driver*," Durst says, specifically the close-up of a sizzling tab of Alka-Seltzer; the lyricist behind "Nookie" peppers his speech with talk of "shooting anamorphic" and with "minimal coverage." Now Durst has his own movie on its way—the coming-of-age story *The Education of Charlie Banks*—a \$3 million indie, starring Jesse Eisenberg (*The Squid and the Whale*) and Eva Amurri (Susan Sarandon's daughter), that he hopes to take on the festival circuit this year. The director is refreshingly self-aware. "The biggest speed bump here is that I'm Fred Durst," he says. He's even coined a term for the near universal response he gets from friends who've seen the rough cut of *Banks*. "They're like, 'Wow, you directed this?'" Durst says. "It's a compliment and an insult at the same time. I call it a 'complisult.'" But Fincher is more blunt with his praise. "Fred says to me, 'I'll show you this thing, but it's gonna be terrible, and don't judge it on the basis of this,'" Fincher says. Durst showed him five scenes. "I said, 'I've got no sympathy for you. This is gonna work.' I was just impressed with how direct the stuff was. It wasn't about cool shots. He's a storyteller, and he comes at it from real maturity." The two are now shopping a television series with Robert Downey Jr. attached. "Fred's not a talker," Fincher says. "He's a doer. He says, 'I'd like to try this,' and eight hours later he's doing it. I turn around and I'm like, 'Whoa, whoa. Simmer down.' I love that about him."—M.R.