

FADE IN:

INT. ART CLASSROOM - NIGHT

A mix of young ART STUDENTS sketch away.

Art students - silent, serious, sedulous.

Intermittent appraising looks towards something at the front of the room.

The rhythmic, repetitive sound of SNIFFING punctures the silence.

SNIFF!

DOREEN DAUBRY, art teacher, moves from student to student evaluating.

Doreen - fifty-ish, fit, flirty.

Doreen too makes intermittent appraising looks towards something at the front of the room.

MARTY KAPLAN - the something at the front of the room.

Marty - sixty-ish, cynical, sarcastic.

Posed on a small dais -

Naked.

SNIFF!

Marty shoots the Sniffer a look.

The SNIFFER - a long-haired, full-bearded Birkenstock-shod student in the front row.

Marty, narrating, speaks with a pronounced New York accent.

MARTY (V.O.)

That's me you're looking at. You  
and everyone else in the universe.  
See the teacher there? Mzz Doreen  
Daubry. She wants me. See those  
looks she gives me?

Doreen gives one of those looks.

MARTY (V.O.)

Hmmph!

SNIFF!

Marty shoots the Sniffer another look. Then -

Marty's eyes move along the front row and come to rest on the student next to the Sniffer.

A young attractive FEMALE sketches away.

Cleavage plays peek-a-boo above a v-neck sweater.

MARTY (V.O.)  
There's irony for you.

A sudden look of concern.

Marty shifts his weight.

DOREEN  
Mr. Ivan, please try to keep still.

MARTY  
Please. Call me Marty. When we're  
this familiar why be so formal?

The sedate atmosphere of the classroom is momentarily suspended with a brief burst of polite laughter.

Doreen smiles.

DOREEN  
Just try to stand still.

MARTY (V.O.)  
Almost did there for a moment.  
Anyway, my last name isn't Ivan.  
It's Kaplan. I'll clear that  
confusion up for you later.

SNIFF!

Another look.

MARTY (V.O.)  
If I don't come down from this  
platform and throttle that  
irritating hippy sniffer first.

SNIFF!

LOOK.

MARTY (V.O.)  
In case you haven't guessed, I am  
not a professional model. And the  
story of how I got here tonight is  
a pretty bizarre one.

Doreen has made it to the front of the classroom.  
She circles around her desk and behind Marty.

MARTY (V.O.)  
Lady! Lady please! It's enough  
I'm humiliated with this frontal  
nudity. Leave me a little dignity  
at the rear.

Doreen circles all the way around and continues back through  
the students.

A nod of satisfaction as she passes Marty.

MARTY (V.O.)  
What am I, meat? Okay, where was  
I? Oh yeah. My story.

SMELL!

Look.

MARTY (V.O.)  
Let's see if I can concentrate long  
enough to tell it.

SMELL!

Look.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. USED CAR LOT - DAY

Expensive, upscale used cars.

MARTY (V.O.)  
The story is true - and you can  
trust me because I'm a car  
salesman.

MARTY steps out of the office onto the lot.  
Shirt and tie, styrofoam coffee cup in hand.

MARTY (V.O.)  
That's me. In case you don't  
recognize me with my clothes on.

Marty watches as a late-model Mercedes-Benz parks on the side street alongside the lot.

Marty finishes his coffee and drops the cup into a receptacle.

MARTY (V.O.)  
Now if you are expecting a typical Hollywood story with a beginning, a middle, and an end, you are going to be very disappointed. There is going to be no set up, and no payoff.

The Benz door opens. A four-inch high-heel shoe at the end of a long, mini-skirted leg appears and touches the ground.

MARTY (V.O.)  
There is no hero, and no bad guy here. And no climax near the end where someone overcomes impossible odds and lives happily ever after.

The rest of what is attached to the leg emerges from the Mercedes.

KRISSY - nubile, young, yummy.

MARTY (V.O.)  
Okay, so the story starts here.  
Monday morning.

FREDDY bursts out of the office onto the lot.

Freddy - young, cocky, horny.

Marty trips Freddy.

MARTY  
Easy boy. Easy. I'm up.

A be-floored and befuddled Freddy watches Marty cross the lot to Krissy.

FREDDY  
Butt-hole!

MARTY (V.O.)  
In reality he used a slightly  
different expression.

EXT. FRONT LINE - DAY

Krissy stands eyeing a 740 iL.

Marty stands eyeing a 38 DD.

Marty hands Krissy his business card.

MARTY  
Marty Kaplan.

Krissy smiles. Reads the card.

KRISSY  
Want to go for a ride, Marty?

MARTY (V.O.)  
Now there's a snappy answer to that  
question. But it's not likely to  
result in a car sale.

Marty nods.

MARTY  
I need to get a copy of your  
license.

Krissy rummages her very large purse.

KRISSY  
Sure.

Rummage, rummage.

KRISSY  
Dang!

MARTY (V.O.)  
She actually didn't say dang, but  
as you'll find out, I'm trying to  
keep this story as clean as  
possible.

KRISSY  
I must have left my wallet at the  
beach house.

A pleading, or maybe a suggestive look.

MARTY

Sorry. Management rules. Gotta see a license.

Disappointment.

More rummaging.

MARTY (V.O.)

The truth is management never pays attention to see if I'm following the rules. But I like to see two items on the license. One - the age - for my future fantasies, and two - the weight - for my amusement. I've seen some real heffers that claim one sixty on the i.d. and you couldn't pry them into a full-size SUV without a giant-sized shoe horn. Obviously not this cream puff.

The rummaging stops.

KRISSY

Can I at least sit in it?

Marty opens the unlocked door.

KRISSY

How about this?

Krissy starts to slide into the driver's seat.

KRISSY

I go for a test drive. You come with me.

The short skirt rides higher.

KRISSY

We drive by my beach house. We stop in and I get my license.

She pulls in her other leg.

A peek of panties.

KRISSY

And you will be satisfied.

Krissy - a questioning smile.

Marty considers.

MARTY  
Works for me. I'll get the keys.

INT./EXT. BMW - DAY

CITY STREETS

Marty rides shotgun.

Krissy drives through an intersection.

MARTY  
You should have turned down Seaward  
for the beach.

KRISSY  
I'll take California Street.

They approach a new intersection.

The light is green.

A PEDESTRIAN in his late twenties stands on the corner  
pushing the button to cross the street.

Krissy slows.

Krissy stops.

MARTY  
It's green.

KRISSY  
Yeah.

The pedestrian, TOMMY, darts over to the back door of the  
Beemer and jumps in.

Krissy steps on the gas and they speed away.

Tommy - boyish, brazen, unbalanced.

Tommy whips out a small caliber hand gun and puts it to  
Marty's head.

TOMMY  
Do I shoot him now or later?

Krissy drives.

TOMMY

Krissy, I'm talking to you. Now or later?

MARTY

Krissy, he's talking to you. Tell him later.

KRISSY

(to Tommy)

Cut it out.

(to Marty)

Ignore him.

Krissy swerves into a -

RESIDENTIAL STREET

and stops.

KRISSY

Give me the gun.

Tommy - naughty boy.

TOMMY

I was kidding. I'm not gonna shoot him.

KRISSY

I know you're not. Now give me the gun.

Reluctant compliance.

Krissy drops the gun into her purse.

KRISSY

(to Marty)

Look. We're stealing this car.

MARTY

I never would have guessed.

KRISSY

But you can have it back when we're done.

TOMMY

Yeah. So it's more like borrowing it.



KRISSY

You can get out here if you want.  
We'll drop the car off in a safe  
location once we're done.

TOMMY

But if we find out you called the  
cops or anything we'll have to  
shoot you. Or torture you, or - -  
something.

MARTY

(to Krissy)

Why exactly are you stealing this  
car?

TOMMY

We're gonna rob a bank.

Marty looks back and forth from Krissy to Tommy.

MARTY

Just like that. Rob a bank. Bang,  
bang. Maybe kill a person or two.  
And then - -

(holding out imaginary  
keys)

There you go. Thanks.

Tommy looks impressed.

TOMMY

Something like that.

MARTY

(to Krissy)

Why don't you use your own car?  
That looked like a very nice car to  
rob a bank in.

KRISSY

That car isn't mine.

MARTY

Neither is this one!

KRISSY

Look, we intended to use the  
Mercedes.

TOMMY

But as we were driving it away the owner showed up and ran after us screaming like a maniac.

KRISSY

So we figured he'd probably call the police.

TOMMY

And if you try that - -

MARTY

My cell phone is back at the office on the charger.

TOMMY

(to Krissy)

Why don't we just shoot him?

From nowhere Tommy's whole composure changes.

TOMMY

Oh, oh!

KRISSY

Oh, no!

TOMMY

Oh, oh!

KRISSY

Oh, no!

Marty ping-pongs between Tommy and Krissy.

MARTY

Oh, oh. Oh, no. What?

TOMMY

I gotta go.

MARTY

Where?

KRISSY

No. He's got to - go, go.

TOMMY

Now!

MARTY  
Well, get out of my car and use the  
tree over there.

TOMMY  
Number two.

MARTY  
Number two?

KRISSY  
L. B. S.

Marty puzzles that one.

MARTY  
He's Mormon?

TOMMY  
I gotta go now!

Tommy starts to make strange straining noises.

KRISSY  
No. L. B. S. Loose Bowel  
Syndrome.

MARTY  
Isn't that Irritable Bowel  
Syndrome?

Tommy continues to make strange noises.

KRISSY  
Same thing. It happens when he  
gets excited.

MARTY  
He has to poop every time he gets  
excited and you're going to take  
him with you to rob a bank? What's  
his job? Causing a distraction?

KRISSY  
Shut up.  
(to Tommy)  
Go up to the house there and ask if  
you can use their bathroom.

MARTY  
Oh yeah. That's going to work.

TOMMY  
 (to Krissy)  
 You come with me. I'm scared.

Wheels turn in Krissy's head.

KRISSY  
 Okay. We're all going. This is  
 the plan: We're Jehovah's  
 Witnesses selling Watchtower  
 magazines and our young companion  
 has become ill.

TOMMY  
 And needs to take a poop. Let's  
 go!

Krissy takes out the gun and shows it to Marty.

KRISSY  
 I'll be holding this on you in my  
 purse.

MARTY  
 Hey, I'm having a ball.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

Marty, Krissy and Tommy exit the car and head across the  
 street towards a house with a neatly landscaped front yard.

MARTY (V.O.)  
 In case you're wondering, nobody  
 really said "number two" or "poop".  
 Yeah, you figured that out already.

The three of them start up the driveway to the front door.

MARTY (V.O.)  
 In a very weird way I was looking  
 forward to this. But believe me,  
 there was absolutely no way I could  
 have guessed what was about to  
 happen.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - DAY

A finger with an immaculately polished fingernail presses the  
 door bell.

DING DONG!

Strange noises from Tommy.

The outline of a large person appears through the opaque glass of the front door.

The door opens.

MR. CROIX-BUFFET stands in the entry way.

Mr. Croix-Bufferet - homely, hefty, hairy.

In his forties, weighing three hundred plus pounds, Mr. Croix-Bufferet looks quite fetching in his thin-strap dress complete with high heels.

Arms, shoulders, chest, back, and nylon-adorned legs all matted with thick black hair.

Head - bald.

Large hoop earrings.

Heavy make up.

A blonde wig dangles at his side in his left hand.

MARTY (V.O.)

I told you. And I've got to make an observation here. First impressions are very important.

Mr. Croix-Bufferet speaks with a Michael Jackson soprano voice.

CROIX-BUFFET

You're early. And where are your uniforms you naughty boys. Come on in.

Mr. Croix-Bufferet throws out his arms in a gesture of welcome.

Tommy ducks under a sweaty, hairy armpit and enters into the hallway.

TOMMY

Bathroom.

CROIX-BUFFET

Second door on the right.

Mr. Croix-Bufferet studies Marty and Krissy.

CROIX-BUFFET

This was supposed to be just a threesome. But - - come on in.

(to Krissy)

You can be the vice principle who just watches. Get it? Vice principle.

KRISSY

Actually, we'll just wait here while our companion uses your facilities. We're doing the Lord's work here this morning.

Mr. Croix-Bufferet goes butch.

CROIX-BUFFET

(deep demon voice)

You wanna see that little fag again you just better come on in.

Krissy looks at Marty.

Marty shrugs.

MARTY

Like I said. A ball.

Marty smiles at Mr. Croix-Bufferet.

MARTY

We'd love to.

Mr. Croix-Bufferet relaxes.

Michael Jackson voice returns.

CROIX-BUFFET

I'm so glad. I'm Mr. Croix-Bufferet. The one who hired you. Parlor's first door on the right.

Krissy and Marty step inside.

MARTY (V.O.)

(soprano voice)

Wonderful. We'll have some milk and cookies. It will be charming.

INT. PARLOR - DAY

Marty, Krissy, Tommy sit around a coffee table.

Milk and cookies for all.

Mr. Croix-Bufferet, wig in place, engaged on the phone.

MARTY (V.O.)

Half an hour before this I was under the delusion I was on my way to a beach house with a hot babe who was going to satisfy me and then buy a car. And now I am sitting in some fruit cake's parlor with two would-be bank robbers while the fruit cake checks with his escort service to see if his real play pals are on their way. You want to know the truth? I really was starting to have a ball.

CROIX-BUFFET

(into phone)

Very well, then.

He snaps his phone shut. Smiles at his guests.

CROIX-BUFFET

Okay. They're on their way.

Krissy stands.

KRISSY

Great.

Marty and Tommy start to stand.

KRISSY

Guess we'll be moving on.

The butch returns.

CROIX-BUFFET

(deep demon voice)

Can you stay a while?

Marty and Tommy sit.

Krissy looks at them.

Marty shrugs.

MARTY

A ball.

Krissy sits.

Tommy stares at Mr. Croix-Bufferet.

TOMMY  
(impressed)  
Whoa! Awesome!

Mr. Croix-Bufferet relaxes.

Michael Jackson voice returns.

CROIX-BUFFET  
I'm so happy.

But not for long.

Mr. Croix-Bufferet's attention is arrested by something he sees outside through the window.

He abruptly stands.

Suddenly Mr. Croix-Bufferet becomes a very normal man with a very normal sounding voice who just looks very odd.

And terrified.

CROIX-BUFFET  
Oh crap!!! Oh crap, oh crap, oh  
crap, oh crap - -

An unnerved Tommy jumps up and joins in with his own chant.

CROIX-BUFFET	TOMMY
Oh crap, oh crap, oh crap, oh crap - -	What the bleep? What the bleep? What the bleep? - -

Mr. Croix-Bufferet and Tommy continue their duet.

MARTY (V.O.)  
A nickel if you can guess the true  
lyrics of this duet.

Krissy stands and slaps Mr. Croix-Bufferet across the face hard.

SLAP!

A stunned, silenced Mr. Croix-Bufferet.

Krissy turns to Tommy.

Tommy shuts up and holds up a defensive hand.



TOMMY  
 (to Krissy)  
 I'm good. I'm good. I'm good.

Krissy turns back to Croix-Bufferet.

KRISSY  
 What?

CROIX-BUFFET  
 My wife is here.

Silence.

The SOUND of a key turning in a lock.

All face the parlor door.

The SOUND of the front door opening and closing.

CROIX-BUFFET  
 (under his breath)  
 Oh crap, oh crap, oh crap - -

The parlor door slowly swings open.

MRS. SMITH stands in the doorway.

Mrs. Smith - stately, sophisticated, surprised.

She eyes her husband.

Krissy steps forward.

Smiles.

KRISSY  
 You must be Mrs. Croix-Bufferet.

Mrs. Smith's eyes never leave her husband.

MRS. SMITH  
 Mrs. Smith. Who are you?

Mr. Croix-Bufferet runs to his wife's side.

CROIX-BUFFET  
 Honey, call the police. These  
 people broke in and did this to me.  
 They were about to violate me, and  
 do unspeakable things.

Mrs. Smith looks unconvinced.

MARTY

Good luck with that one, pal.

Marty ushers Krissy and Tommy out through the parlor door.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

Marty, Krissy and Tommy cross the street to the BMW and pile in.

A minivan pulls up and parks in front of Mr. Croix-Bufferet's house.

INT./EXT. BMW - DAY

Marty, Krissy and Tommy watch as two YOUNG MEN exit the minivan.

They are dressed as English schoolboys complete with school caps, school ties, blazers, knee-high socks, and very, very, very short trousers.

One of them carries a cricket bat.

MARTY

Holy moly what is that?

KRISSY

Those must be the boy-toys that freak-face was waiting for.

TOMMY

Look at that bat. That's gotta be for some pretty heavy duty action.

MARTY

That's a bat?

TOMMY

Cricket.

(attempted English accent)

I say, old bean, anyone for cricket?

Krissy fires up the Beemer.

KRISSY

I'd love to see that freak try to explain those boys to his wife.

She engages the tranny and steps on the gas.

INT./EXT. BMW - DAY

Krissy drives Tommy and Marty around town.

MARTY (V.O.)

These two nutters had absolutely no idea about robbing a bank. They had formulated no strategy of any kind. Their plan, if you want to call it that, was to pick any bank at random. Tommy would go inside, wave their little pea-shooter at the teller and demand money. Krissy would wait outside in the getaway car. My boss' BMW.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Krissy drives the BMW passed -

A) Bank of America.

Brinks Security guys doing their thing.

MARTY (V.O.)

They drove me around for forty five minutes. At Bank of America the Brinks guys were hauling bags of cash into their armored vehicle. And they were brandishing some mean-looking Glock pistols.

B) Wells Fargo Bank.

MARTY (V.O.)

At Wells Fargo they didn't have any better luck.

A California Highway Patrol car is parked right in front of the bank doors.

C) Chase Bank.

MARTY (V.O.)

And ditto at Chase Bank.

Two armed security guys stand guard by the front doors.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

EXT. SANTA BARBARA BANK & TRUST - DAY

The Beemer enters the parking lot.

MARTY (V.O.)  
When they checked out Santa Barbara  
Bank and Trust something very odd  
took place.

The Beemer pulls into a parking slot and stops.

INT./EXT. BMW - DAY

All looks quiet. No visible police or security.

TOMMY  
Okay, this is it. I'm going in.

Marty rolls his eyes.

MARTY (V.O.)  
Obviously this was going to be a  
disaster.

Tommy exits the car and starts psyching himself up.

TOMMY  
Okay. Okay. I can do this. I can  
do this. Okay. I can do this - -

Tommy continues his chanting.

MARTY (V.O.)  
Yep. A disaster pretty much  
guaranteed.

Marty opens the passenger door and gets out.

KRISSY  
Hey!

Krissy reaches for Marty, but is too late.

MARTY  
If it's all the same, I think I'd  
like to take a walk for the  
duration of this impending  
catastrophe.

TOMMY

Okay. Okay. I can do this. I can  
do this. Okay. I can do this. I  
can - -

Tommy abruptly stops.

Tommy is eyeing -

A RED HEADED MAN who has just stepped out of the bank.

RED the enforcer.

Red - massive, muscular, menacing.

Marty follows Tommy's eye-line and sees Red.

Red is focusing on Tommy.

Red looks unsure.

Red starts towards the Beemer.

TOMMY

Fiddlesticks!

Tommy jumps back into the car.

TOMMY

Let's get out of here.

Krissy fires the Beemer into action.

Red's eyes lock on Marty's as he nears the Beemer.

They study each other.

KRISSY

Get in! Get in! Get in, you  
idiot!

Red breaks into a run. His hand reaches inside his suit  
jacket.

Marty jumps into the car.

Krissy slams the car into gear and burns out of the parking  
lot.

Red trips on one of the concrete parking space berms and  
falls on his wrist.

Red grabs his wrist and winces in pain.

INT./EXT. BMW - DAY

The three drive around town in silence.

MARTY (V.O.)

I had no idea what had just happened back there. And my two potential bank-robbing companions were not inclined to tell me. But I would later discover that that little incident back at Santa Barbara Bank and Trust would profoundly affect the way my day would turn out.

Krissy and Tommy begin a discussion.

Marty watches as they converse back and forth.

MARTY (V.O.)

You know, I was actually beginning to like these kids. I sure couldn't figure them out, but what the heck. Maybe they were just a couple of rich kids looking for a thrill? Actors maybe, prepping with a real life experience for a challenging role. Didn't some famous actor use that excuse once when they got caught? Maybe they were just escapees from the local looney bin and the big guy with the red hair was their psych tech.

Krissy turns the Beemer into the parking lot of a corner liquor store.

MARTY (V.O.)

Anyway, a decision had been made. Today it would be a liquor store. Sort of a small-time practice run to get the feel of things. Not quite as much prestige as a bank, but, well as Francis Albert once sang, that's life.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY

Krissy parks the car away from the entrance and close to the exit driveway.

MARTY (V.O.)

Since I was technically a kidnappee - is that a word? - I figured I was in the clear as long as I didn't participate in anything. So, I figured I might as well sit back and enjoy watching this disaster unfold.

INT. BMW - DAY

TOMMY

Okay. So, this is how it's gonna go down.

A pensive attitude. A frown. Blanksville.

KRISSY

I'll stay in the car ready for a quick getaway.

TOMMY

Yeah. Then - -

More pensive attitude. More frown. More Blanksville.

MARTY

You go in and politely ask Mr. Mohammed for the money in the cash register.

TOMMY

Yeah. Right. And you can stand just inside and keep an eye out.

MARTY

Sorry, pal. I know this store. It's Candid Camera in there.

Krissy fishes a full-face white plastic face mask from her purse and gives it to Tommy.

KRISSY

(to Marty)

We came prepared.

Tommy dons the mask.

MARTY

Yeah, I see.

TOMMY  
What about him?

Krissy fishes some more.

MARTY  
Forget it. I'm not going anywhere  
with the Phantom of the Opera here.

More fishing.

KRISSY  
I've got another mask in here  
somewhere.

MARTY  
Hey. You're not listening.

She pulls out another mask - black - the kind that merely  
covers across the eyes.

KRISSY  
Here.

She tosses it to Marty.

He holds it up.

MARTY  
And who am I supposed to be? The  
Lone Ranger? Robin? Boy, nobody  
is going to recognize me once I put  
this on. You guys are nuts. I'm  
not going in.

TOMMY  
Stay outside then. Just make sure  
no one comes in.

MARTY  
And say what? Excuse me, you'll  
have to wait for your six pack  
while Michael Myers in there robs  
the place. But it will only be a  
few minutes I'm sure. And by the  
way, I'm Zorro. Nice to meet you.  
How do you do?

TOMMY  
Suit yourself. Miss all the  
action.  
(to Krissy)  
Gun.



Krissy takes the gun from her purse and hands it to Tommy who doesn't quite grasp it and ends up juggling.

Marty and Krissy duck and cower.

Tommy finds the handle.

KRISSY

Don't use it no matter what.

TOMMY

Yeah, yeah, yeah, I know.

MARTY

Is that thing loaded?

Tommy takes a moment.

TOMMY

Crap. We didn't buy any bullets.

Marty shakes his head.

TOMMY

So what. It's just for scaring the dude anyway.

Tommy opens the door and gets out.

MARTY

Hey, Marcel Marceau. Don't you think you ought to put that gun in your pocket and take the mask off until you get up to the store?

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY (INTERCUT SCENE)

Tommy, gun in hand and mask on face stands by the Beemer car door watching a CYCLIST pedal by on the main road.

The Cyclist does a double-take on seeing Tommy.

The Cyclist almost eats it.

Wobbles back into control, and -

Beats it in a frenzy of peddling.

Tommy removes the mask.

Pockets the gun.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. LIQUOR STORE - SAME

Behind the counter MOHAMMED is watching Tommy and the Cyclist through the window.

Mohammed - moody, Moslem, maladjusted.

Mohammed squints - adjust something just out of sight on the shelf beneath the counter.

END INTERCUT

INT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY

Mohammed folds his arms and waits.

Tommy enters.

Mohammed straightens.

Tommy nods.

Mohammed nods.

INT. BMW - DAY

Marty and Krissy sit in silence.

MARTY (V.O.)  
What went on inside the liquor  
store I couldn't exactly tell you.  
I wasn't there. But based on what  
followed, this is my best guess -

INT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY

Tommy turns his back to Mohammed and dons the mask.

He takes the gun out and spins around and faces Mohammed.

Mohammed speaks with a strong ethnic accent.

MOHAMMED  
You dumb chimp.

MARTY (V.O.)  
 Substitute 'chimp' with the first  
 word that comes into your head.

MOHAMMED  
 I've already seen your face. And  
 so has my cameras.

INT. BMW - DAY

Krissy is starting to look antsy.

KRISSY  
 Something's not right.

MARTY  
 Some people might say that robbing  
 a convenience store would come  
 under that heading.

Krissy pulls the keys from the ignition and drops them into  
 her purse.

KRISSY  
 I'm going in.

Marty holds up the mask.

MARTY  
 Need a disguise?

Krissy takes another small handgun from her purse.

KRISSY  
 This one's loaded.

She opens the car door.

MARTY (V.O.)  
 Back to Tommy and Mohammed.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY

Tommy, arm extended, has the gun pointed at Mohammed.

He edges his way closer to the counter.

MARTY (V.O.)  
 Tommy was about to learn a very  
 costly lesson.  
 (MORE)

MARTY (V.O.) (cont'd)  
 Never tick off a guy that's more  
 unbalanced than you are.  
 Especially if he's a Muslim who's  
 conflicted because he's selling  
 liquor to infidels in the Great  
 Satan.

TOMMY  
 (almost getting off)  
 Oh, man, this is such a rush!

MOHAMMED  
 I'm in no hurry.

TOMMY  
 Give me all the money.

MOHAMMED  
 No.

TOMMY  
 Whoa, don't make me shoot you, man.

MOHAMMED  
 Go ahead. Shoot me.

Tommy's confusion almost penetrates the mask.

MOHAMMED  
 You're not going to shoot anyone.

TOMMY  
 (uncertain)  
 Oh, yeah?

Tommy stretches his arm across the counter nearly poking the  
 gun into Mohammed's face.

MOHAMMED  
 But I know how to punish a thief.

With lightening speed Mohammed grabs a gleaming scimitar from  
 under the counter, arcs it overhead and brings it down on  
 Tommy's wrist.

PHWHEEEEEET!!!

Tommy's disembodied hand, still holding the gun, lies on the  
 counter.

TOMMY  
 (shock)  
 Aaaahhhgggg!!!

MOHAMMED  
 (crazy)  
 Aaaahhhgggg!!!

Tommy staggers to the exit holding his blood-spurting stump.  
 Mohammed continues screaming and waving the sword overhead.  
 A crazed victory dance.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY

Krissy reaches the liquor store entrance just as Tommy, still screaming, lurches through the door.

He careens into Krissy sending them both sprawling to the ground.

Marty gets out of the Beemer and starts towards them.

As Marty reaches the half-way point, Mohammed, still screaming and waving the scimitar, bursts out of the store.

Marty freezes.

Mohammed freezes.

Marty - Mohammed - eyeballs lock.

MARTY  
 Holy Shintoism!

Mohammed raises the scimitar high.

MOHAMMED  
 Allahu Akbar!!! Allahu Akbar!!!  
 Allahu Akbar!!!

MARTY  
 (crescendoing)  
 Oh, F-f-f-f-f-f-f-f-f-f-Phooey!!!

Mohammed charges Marty swinging the sword wildly in the air.

Marty pivots and races back to the car.

Marty almost makes it to the car.

Too late.

Mohammed is on his heels.

Mohammed swipes wildly with the sword.

Marty ducks and weaves.

CLANG!!!

The scimitar scapes along the roof of the Beemer leaving a nasty scar and a trail of sparks.

MARTY	MOHAMMED
Phooey! Phooey! Phooey!	Allahu Akbar! Allahu Akbar!
Phooey! Phooey! - - -	Allahu Akbar! - - -

The chase continues around the car, then around the parking lot.

Krissy is up and crouched by Tommy.

Marty runs past her followed by Mohammed.

KRISSY  
Son-of-a-bitch!

MARTY (V.O.)  
You'll forgive me if, under the  
circumstances, I let that one  
slide.

Krissy fires the gun wildly at Mohammed.

Lousy shots.

But a surprised Mohammed stumbles over his own feet, and reels sideways into one of the posts holding up the eaves over the store entrance.

THUMP!

Mohammed hits his head.

Mohammed slumps to the ground.

Mohammed is unconscious.

Krissy, tracking Mohammed with the gun is ready to fire again.

Marty runs back to her and restrains her.

MARTY  
No, no, no! For God's sake, no!  
You might actually hit him this  
time.

KRISSY  
Where's his hand? Get his hand.  
We've got to get to the hospital.  
Where's his freakin' hand?

Marty tears off his tie and throws it to Krissy.

MARTY  
Tie it tight.

Marty darts into the store.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY

Marty looks around the store.

MARTY (V.O.)  
What was really, really weird was  
the utterly crazy thoughts that  
started jumping into my brain.

Marty spots the hand on the counter.

MARTY (V.O.)  
Hands off!

Marty moves to the counter.

A grizzly sight.

He focuses on a wicker basket on the counter filled with mini  
candy bars.

MARTY (V.O.)  
Wandering hands.

Marty tips the candy out.

He lifts the gun up from the counter by the barrel.

The hand stays on the grip.

The disembodied hand is now pointing the gun at Marty.

MARTY (V.O.)  
Don't shoot!

He shakes his head.

Over the basket he jiggles and gingerly prods the hand from  
the gun.

PLOP!

It lands in the basket.

MARTY

Ice.

Marty runs to the freezer at the back of the store and grabs a bag of crushed ice.

Untwists the plastic tie around the neck of the bag on his way back to the counter.

MARTY (V.O.)

The job at hand.

Pours the ice into the basket covering the hand.

MARTY (V.O.)

Cold hands - - never mind.

He picks up the basket and heads for the door.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY

Krissy has ushered Tommy almost all the way to the Beemer.

Tommy's deficient and blood-covered arm is bent upward at the elbow, Marty's necktie tightly in place.

A half-dazed Mohammed sits leaning back against the eaves support post.

A half-hearted wave of the bloody scimitar in the air.

MOHAMMED

Allahu Akbar. Allahu Akbar - -

Marty exits the liquor store carrying the basket.

Marty freezes.

Krissy freezes.

The Cyclist is making his return trip.

The Cyclist does a double-take.

Stops and downs his foot to prevent himself from wobbling off the bike.

Takes in the scene with a frozen look of fear.



A bizarre tableau.

MARTY (V.O.)  
At this moment I had to suppress a  
strong urge to shout: Need a hand?

The Cyclist takes off in another frenzy of peddling.

Krissy opens the back door on the driver's side and eases  
Tommy into the car.

Marty bolts to the passenger side and gets in as Krissy gets  
in the driver's side.

Mohammed gets to his feet.

INT. BMW - DAY

Krissy hunts the keys in her purse.

MARTY  
There's no real rush. Hassan  
Assassin over there is on his feet  
and trying to get his bearings.

KRISSY  
Will you shut up!

Marty looks back to the liquor store.

MARTY  
Yep. Here he comes.

Krissy retrieves the keys, jams them in the ignition and  
cranks up the engine.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE PARKING LOT AND SIDE STREET - DAY

The BMW screeches out of the parking space in reverse.

Mohammed is almost hit as the car swerves in an arc to face  
the side street driveway.

He swings wildly at the Beemer with his scimitar.

CLANG!!!

The Beemer's tires squeal as it lurches forward into the side  
street.

SCREECH!

CRASH!

CRUNCH!!

GRIND!!!

SMASH!!!!

A full-sized HUMMER broadsides the Beemer, pushing it from the side street into the middle of the intersection.

BLACK SCREEN

Sirens.

Overlapping voices FADE IN.

VOICE 1  
Bring the stretcher over here.

VOICE 2  
This one may be gone.

VOICE 3  
I need a hand.

VOICE 4  
There's one right here.

VOICE 1  
Easy does it.

VOICE 2  
Hey where's that guy going?

VOICE 5  
(female)  
I've got him. He's my husband. I'm a nurse. He's okay. We live right there.

VOICE 3  
We need more help.

More sirens.

VOICE 4  
Here's the fire department.

The voices FADE AWAY.

INT. ROOM - DAY

Marty opens his eyes.

Focuses.

The ceiling - stark white.

A single centered light fixture.

Marty turns his head to one side then the other.

His eyes slowly do a three-sixty.

He is on a bed covered by a single sheet.

Bare white walls.

An almost invisible white door.

A side cabinet.

A plain wooden chair in one corner - clothes draped over it.

Marty tries to sit up.

He can't.

Fear.

MARTY  
I'm paralyzed!

A second try.

Harder.

Still nothing.

A pause to think.

A new strategy.

Slowly and effortlessly -

First - arms. They move upward a fraction.

Next - legs. Same fraction.

Torso - ditto.

MARTY  
I'm freakin' strapped down.

The door opens.

SADIE, forty-something, enters.

Sadie - short, stocky, scary.

White pants and a white top with a name tag on her breast.

She carries a stainless steel tray with a needle and syringe on it.

A cheery smile.

SADIE  
How are we doing?

MARTY  
I'm strapped down.

She puts the tray on the side cabinet.

SADIE  
Honey, you were a little delirious  
for a while. It was for your own  
safety. You seem fine now. We can  
take them off.

Marty - relief.

MARTY  
Where am I? Is this a hospital?  
What happened?

SADIE  
Questions, questions, questions.  
Let's get you out of these  
restraints.

Sadie walks around the bed releasing the wrist and ankle  
straps.

SADIE  
I want you to turn over so I can  
give you a shot in the you-know-  
where, and then you can get dressed  
and leave.

She assists Marty turn onto his stomach.

MARTY  
What kind of a shot is it?

SADIE  
More questions, questions,  
questions. Now this won't hurt a  
bit, but I need you to keep your  
face down in the pillow.

As she talks she forces Marty's face into the pillow.

MARTY  
(muffled)  
How long is this going to take? I  
can hardly breathe.

With a celerity that belies her physical appearance, Sadie circles the bed and re-secures the restraint straps.

Marty lifts his head.

Feels the restraints.

MARTY

This is going to hurt, isn't it?

SADIE

Questions, questions, questions.

MARTY

Why do you keep saying things in threes?

Sadie bends down and gets right in Marty's face.

A change in demeanor.

Wild eyes. Threatening voice.

SADIE

Because brother Bob likes it that way. Three - is - for - EMPHASIS!

MARTY (V.O.)

Here I surmised I might have a problem.

Marty gives his best smile.

MARTY

I'd like to get up now.

SADIE

You'll get up when I let you get up.

Sadie opens the side cabinet and takes out a wide, long leather strap attached at one end to a short handle.

MARTY (V.O.)

And here I knew I had a problem.

SADIE

You're a sinner, aren't you?

MARTY

Well - -

SADIE  
 Say it! I'm a sinner. I'm a  
 sinner. I'm a sinner.

MARTY  
 Actually, I'm Jewish.

The leather strap smacks the side cabinet sending the tray  
 flying.

SMACK!

MARTY (V.O.)  
 Here I had no doubt I had a  
 problem.

SADIE  
 Say it!

The cabinet gets it again.

SMACK!

MARTY  
 Okay, I'm a sinner.

SADIE  
 Again!

MARTY  
 I'm a sinner.

SADIE  
 Again!

MARTY  
 I'm a no-good freakin' sinner!

SADIE  
 (screaming)  
 Yes. Yes. Yes.

SMACK!!! SMACK!!! SMACK!!!

MARTY (V.O.)  
 I was starting to really get  
 concerned over this broad.

SADIE  
 You're a sinner and I'm going to  
 purge you of your sins.

SMACK!

MARTY  
 Couldn't I just go to confession?

SADIE  
 I will purge you - -

Sadie - another uncanny switch in demeanor.

Calm.

Quiet.

Soft.

SADIE  
 And then I will heal you - -

She drops the strap onto the cabinet, and starts stroking Marty's head.

SADIE  
 With the soothing balm of the  
 spirit.

MARTY (V.O.)  
 Mother Teresa meets the Marquis de  
 Sade.

SADIE  
 Purge, then heal with soothing  
 balm. The spirit of brother Bob.

Marty turns his head to Sadie and manages his sweetest smile.

MARTY  
 Couldn't we just skip the purge bit  
 and go straight to the soothing  
 balm?

Demeanor switch!

Anger.

SADIE  
 No!

Sadie rips off her white top and casts it aside.

Underneath - a white tee shirt.

Sadie turns and picks up the strap.

Marty cannot see it, but the back of the tee shirt has been ripped off.

Sadie's back - exposed and scarred.

SADIE  
Sin must be purged with pain. I'm  
a sinner. Say it.

MARTY  
Lady, maybe we can work something  
out.

SADIE  
Say it!

Marty scrunches his eyes closed.

MARTY  
I'm a sinner.

This time the sound of the strap is different.

The SOUND OF LEATHER ON FLESH.

WHACK!

Marty's eyes open.

Confusion.

WHACK!

Marty turns his head to see Sadie swing the strap over her shoulder and lash her own back.

WHACK!

SADIE  
I am the handmaiden of brother Bob.  
I purge this sinner.

WHACK!

SADIE  
Purge him.

WHACK!

SADIE  
Purge him.

WHACK!



MARTY (V.O.)  
 Now I'm never one to criticize  
 another's religion, but I think nut  
 job here was getting off on this  
 purge the sinner routine.

Marty turns and looks at Sadie again.

She stands ready.

MARTY (V.O.)  
 But who was I to judge?

MARTY  
 I'm a sinner.

WHACK!

MARTY  
 A sinner.

WHACK!

MARTY  
 Sinner.

WHACK!

MARTY  
 Sinner. Sinner. Sinner.

WHACK! WHACK! WHACK!

Sadie lets out an orgasmic SCREAM.

She sinks to her knees.

Exhausted.

SADIE  
 Do you feel the spirit?

MARTY (V.O.)  
 Obviously I didn't feel it like  
 Sadie was feeling it. But if I was  
 ever to get out of this insane  
 asylum I felt it was in my best  
 interests to start feeling the  
 spirit.

Marty has developed a Southern Baptist preacher's accent.

MARTY

I feel it. I feel it. I can feel  
the cleansing of the spirit. I  
feel so purified that I - -

SADIE

What?

Marty - searching - - searching - - searching.

The door bell RINGS.

Saved.

SADIE

That must be brother Bob. I called  
him over to consecrate and give you  
repentance and a full conversion.

Sadie lays the strap down and goes to the door.

SADIE

Rest from your purging. Brother  
Bob will complete and consummate  
your transformation.

MARTY

Consummate? How?

But Sadie is gone.

MARTY

Oh, God, please don't let brother  
Bob be a homosexual.

A long silent pause.

MARTY (V.O.)

It was at this juncture - perhaps  
that's a poor word choice  
considering my predicament. It was  
here I started wishing I had kept  
up my Kegal exercises.

The door opens.

Sadie stands in the doorway.

The preacher's voice is back.

MARTY

I have seen the light.

BROTHER BOB, a man of 50, walks past Sadie.

Brother Bob - suited, smarmy, sanctimonious.

BROTHER BOB

Sister Sadie, please leave me alone  
with this lost soul. Perhaps a cup  
of tea.

Sister Sadie - a submissive nod.

She is gone.

Brother Bob closes the door.

He crosses to Marty.

MARTY

I am purged! I am saved! - -

Brother Bob - a curious frown.

A hand on Marty's shoulder.

Marty's natural voice returns.

MARTY

I am screwed.

BROTHER BOB

Okay, knock it off. I'm getting  
you out of here.

Brother Bob releases the restraints.

Marty looks askance at Brother Bob.

MARTY

You're not nuts too?

BROTHER BOB

No. Get dressed and get out of  
here.

Marty starts dressing.

MARTY

Where am I? What is this place? A  
lunatic asylum? How did I get  
here? Someone needs to turn that  
self-flogging nut of a nurse in.

BROTHER BOB  
Do you remember the accident?

This stops Marty.

A sudden look of recollection.

MARTY  
Oh crap, yeah.

BROTHER BOB  
That happened just down the street.  
Sister Sadie found you wandering  
around half out of it but  
miraculously unhurt. She brought  
you in and cared for you.

Marty puts his shoes on.

MARTY  
Cared? Wrong word. The woman is a  
freakin' psycho.

BROTHER BOB  
I know.

MARTY  
You know? Then why don't you do  
something?

BROTHER BOB  
Because her checks never bounce.

Marty - taken aback. A long stare at Brother Bob.

MARTY (V.O.)  
In case you are wondering, that  
look is actually admiration. An  
honest con man.

BROTHER BOB  
Just so you know, I believe the  
police might be looking for you.  
Accessory to an attempted robbery  
at the liquor store down the  
street.

MARTY  
I am a victim here. I am not an  
access - - Do you have a phone I  
can use?

Brother Bob produces a cell phone and hands it to Marty.

EXT. USED CAR LOT - DAY

An older Mustang drives onto the lot and parks in front of the office door.

Freddy is driving.

Marty gets out of the passenger door.

MARTY  
Thanks, Freddy.

FREDDY  
No problemo.

MARTY  
And sorry about the trip earlier.

Freddy smiles.

Schadenfreude.

FREDDY  
You did me a fave, my man. I didn't wreck one of the old man's Beemers. And I sold two cars while you were chasing after some little kitty.

Marty nods contemptuously.

MARTY (V.O.)  
The little peckerhead didn't really say kitty.

Marty shuts the car door.

MARTY (V.O.)  
Just so you know.

INT. GUS'S OFFICE - DAY

Marty stands in front of GUS, the owner.

Gus - amorphous, oily, obese.

Gus fills and spills over the edges of the large chair behind his desk.

Each breath is a wheeze.

MARTY  
I was kidnapped, Gus. You should  
be happy I am alive.

GUS  
I'm thrilled.

MARTY  
The Beemer will be covered by your  
insurance.

GUS  
Yeah?

MARTY  
Of course.

GUS  
Show me the broad's license.

Marty screws his eyes shut.

GUS  
Exactly. Have a nice life.

SERIES OF SHOTS

A) Marty driving his old Eldorado through traffic.

MARTY (V.O.)  
Considering how the day had gone so  
far, you'd think I was ready to go  
home and go to bed and stay there.  
But I couldn't get Krissy and crazy  
Tommy out of my head. I needed to  
see that they were okay.

B) Marty soaped up in the shower.

MARTY (V.O.)  
But first I needed to clean up and  
eat something.

Marty rinses the soap from his hand, slides the shower door  
open, and takes a bite of pizza from a plate sitting on the  
closed toilet seat.

A full mouth and back to showering.

MARTY (V.O.)

Somehow, being tied down in a stranger's house -- make that a strange person's house -- while she got off with a little self-flagellation had made me feel just a tad dirty.

C) Marty in his bedroom getting dressed.

He picks up his belt from the bed.

Looks at it.

Thinks about it.

MARTY

Nah!

He threads the belt through the pant loops.

D) Marty back in his Caddy driving through traffic.

MARTY (V.O.)

Krissy and Tommy were almost certainly taken to Ventura County Medical Center. I figured I'd make sure they were okay before stopping by the police station and clearing everything up.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

EXT. VENTURA COUNTY MEDICAL CENTER PARKING LOT - DAY

Marty pulls the Caddy into the parking lot.

MARTY (V.O.)

I always enjoyed being around cars. I figured selling automobiles in a sleepy little town in California in semi-retirement would be a nice safe way to wind down and enjoy the last leg of my life.

Marty parks the Caddy next to a black ESCALADE and kills the engine.

MARTY (V.O.)  
 However, as things seemed to be  
 turning out, maybe I would have  
 been safer if I'd kept my P. I.  
 Office open in New York.

Marty exits the Cadillac.

Marty starts towards the medical center.

MARTY (V.O.)  
 What happened next was supposed to  
 be quick and simple. But quick and  
 simple was not something this day  
 was going to offer me.

Walking towards Marty is a NURSE.

She waves at Marty as she reaches her car.

Marty instinctively waves back.

NURSE  
 Hi, Dr. Levy. Love the new look.

MARTY  
 (to himself)  
 Dr. Levy is obviously not her  
 optometrist.

Marty nears the entrance.

An ORDERLY exits the building and passes Marty.

ORDERLY  
 Hey, Dr. Levy. What happened to  
 the goatee?

Marty instinctively runs his hand over his chin.

As he reaches the entrance, Marty looks down and checks his  
 watch.

O O M P H!!

Marty collides with a large, muscular, red headed man -

Red the enforcer!

Red's splinted wrist is in a sling.

Red grabs his wrist and winces.



MARTY  
(without recognition)  
Pardon me. Sorry.

Red recovers.

Red - expressionless - nods his acceptance of the apology.

Red moves on.

Marty walks into -

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM LOBBY - DAY

Half way to the information counter Marty comes to a dead stop.

An expression of deep thought creeps over his face.

FLASHBACK TO:

EMERGENCY ROOM ENTRANCE - MOMENTS AGO - MOS

MARTY'S POV:

The collision.

Red's anguished face.

BACK TO SCENE.

Marty shakes his head.

Continues to -

THE INFORMATION COUNTER

Behind the counter is NIKOLINA.

Nikolina - careworn, cantankerous, incomprehensible.

She resembles an immigrant who just got off the boat at Ellis Island.

About 60 - looks 80.

Heavy undeterminable accent.

JAVIER, a custodian, wheels his cart into the lobby and begins dry-mopping the floor.

Javier - gold chain, gold bracelet, gold tooth.

Marty gives Nikolina a smile and a nod.

Nikolina returns the same, sans the smile.

MARTY

Yes, emm - -

(reading name tag)

Nikolina. I need to find out about a young man and a young woman who were possibly brought to the hospital today. The young man had lost his hand.

Nikolina gives a knowing nod.

MARTY

Well?

NIKOLINA

Vell?

MARTY

I'd like to find out how they are.

NIKOLINA

Airvoo onreel ah teeve oove zeepa schoonts?

Marty stares at Nikolina a moment or two.

Javier glances at Marty.

MARTY

Huh?

NIKOLINA

Airvoo onreel ah teeve oove zeepa schoonts?

MARTY

Ah teeve schoonts? What language is that?

NIKOLINA

Anglitch.

Javier smiles.

MARTY

Anglitch? That was English? What kind of accent is that? Just tell me about the young man and woman.

NIKOLINA  
 Schoory. Nicht efvoo air nicht  
 oonreel ah teeve oove zeepa  
 schoonts.

Marty's look - The Twilight Zone.

Javier leans on his mop.

Javier - thick Hispanic accent.

JAVIER  
 (to Marty)  
 You speaky Spanny?

MARTY  
 No.

Javier smiles good-naturedly.

JAVIER  
 Nikolina, she want know if usted -  
 you - familia - how you say -  
 family of patients.

Marty looks back and forth between Nikolina and Javier.

MARTY  
 (to Javier)  
 You actually understood what she  
 just said?

JAVIER  
 Si.

MARTY  
 (to himself)  
 Incredible.  
 (to Javier)  
 Well, listen - What's your name?

Javier points to his name tag.

JAVIER  
 Javier.  
 (pointing to Nikolina)  
 Ella - Nikolina.

MARTY  
 Yeah, well, can you tell Nikolina I  
 am not family --

NIKOLINA

Reel ah teeve.

Marty gets it. Slaps his forehead.

MARTY

(to Nikolina)

Relative. How dumb of me.

(back to Javier)

Yes, I am not a relative. I am a good friend. Tell her I need to get an update on their condition.

JAVIER

Nikolina understand you Ingles. It you who no understand Nikolina when she speaky Ingles.

NIKOLINA

Yah. I interschoot voo. Boot, efvoo air nicht oonreel ah teeve oove zeepa schoonts -

(perfect English)

No dice.

Marty looks to Javier for help.

JAVIER

You outta luck.

Marty turns away and massages his temples.

AVIS, the Receptionist, trots Edith Bunker-style into the Emergency Room lobby and takes up her post behind the information counter.

Avis - fifty-ish, fussy, fretful.

Wearing 1950's-era cat eye glasses.

Thick lenses. Huge eyeballs.

AVIS

Thank you Nikolina. I really needed that potty break.

Avis becomes aware of Marty whose back is towards her.

Avis grimaces.

AVIS

(to Nikolina)

Has this gentleman been helped?

Marty spins around. Hope.

JAVIER

Chess.

MARTY

No.

NIKOLINA

Yah. Vaunt he in ferma schoon en  
auk seedent coopla. Nicht nicht  
reel ah teeve!

AVIS

I see.

(to Marty)

Nikolina is just following hospital  
policy by not giving out  
information about patients to non-  
relatives.

MARTY

(almost to himself)

You got all that?

JAVIER

Chess.

MARTY

Not you!

Avis recognizes "Dr. Levy".

AVIS

Oh, doctor Levy, it's you. I  
didn't recognize you.

(almost a whisper)

The young man didn't survive the  
accident. The young woman  
sustained several injuries.

(pointing towards  
elevators)

She's in room 615.

MARTY

Thank you.

(reading name tag)

Avis.

Marty takes off down the hallway and reaches -

THE ELEVATORS

He pushes the button.

MARTY (V.O.)  
Krissy made it. I wondered if she  
knew that Tommy didn't.

DING!

An elevator door opens.

Marty steps into -

THE ELEVATOR

He pushes a button.

Marty dutifully joins his fellow riders watching the floor  
numbers light up as they ascend.

MARTY (V.O.)  
What started to bother me now was  
the guy I'd bumped into at the  
hospital entrance. I'd seen that  
face somewhere before. But I  
couldn't place it.

DING!

The elevator doors open.

INT. SIXTH FLOOR - DAY

Marty steps into -

THE HALLWAY

DING!

The adjacent elevator door opens.

DING! - Marty remembers.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. SANTA BARBARA BANK & TRUST - DAY - MOS

MARTY'S POV:

Red starts towards the Beemer.

Marty's eyes lock on Red's.

Focus - Red's face.

BACK TO SCENE.

A large figure emerges from the adjacent elevator.

Marty pivots to see who it is.

A VISITOR, vaguely resembling Red, gives Marty a friendly smile and passes on down the hall.

Marty follows the SIGN and ARROW pointing to rooms 600 - 620.

MARTY (V.O.)

Now I remembered who that guy was.  
And I was hoping he didn't remember  
me. But what happened from the  
time I had bumped into him in the  
entrance a short time before until  
now I could only guess at.

EXT. MEDICAL CENTER PARKING LOT - DAY

Red walks across the parking lot.

His face suggests deep thinking.

He abruptly stops.

FLASHBACK TO:

EMERGENCY ROOM ENTRANCE - MOMENTS BEFORE - MOS

RED'S POV:

The collision.

Marty's face.

Marty's apology.

BACK TO SCENE.

Red shakes his head and slowly continues on.

He reaches his car and opens the driver's door.

Recognition washes across Red's face.

FLASHBACK TO:

SANTA BARBARA BANK & TRUST PARKING LOT - DAY - MOS

RED'S POV:

Marty and Tommy stand by the BMW. Krissy is in the driver's seat.

Red starts towards the Beemer.

Tommy jumps back into the car.

Red's eyes lock onto Marty's as he nears the Beemer.

Focus - Marty's face.

Marty jumps in the car as Red breaks into a run and trips on one of the concrete parking berms.

BACK TO SCENE.

Red slams his car door shut and heads back towards the hospital.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM 615 - DAY

Two beds extend from one side wall with a narrow space between them.

A curtain on a sliding rail is pulled back so that the two beds are not screened off from one another.

Sitting on the edge of the first bed, staring blankly out of the window on the far wall is an aging, frail female PATIENT in a hospital gown.

Patient - Coiffured, cross-eyed, cuckoo.

In the bed by the window is Krissy.

Bandaged head. Eyes closed.

Marty enters, passes by Cuckoo Patient, and stops at the head of Krissy's bed.

Cuckoo patient becomes "present".

Smiles, and slides off the bed.

Marty stands looking at a sleeping Krissy.

Cuckoo Patient comes up behind Marty.



CUCKOO PATIENT  
 (sing song)  
 Whoo-hoo.

Cuckoo Patient gives Marty a poke in the rear.

Marty jumps.

Marty whips around.

Cuckoo patient smiles gleefully. She flutters her eyebrows.

A staring match.

Marty loses.

Turns back to Krissy.

Touches Krissy's arm.

No response.

Leans down to Krissy's ear.

MARTY  
 (softly)  
 Krissy.

CUCKOO PATIENT  
 Whoo-hoo.

Another poke.

Marty straightens.

Turns around.

Cuckoo Patient - gleeful smile.

Fluttering eyebrows.

MARTY  
 Don't do that. Please.

Same gleeful smile.

More fluttering.

MARTY  
 No. Don't.

Another staring match.

Another loss for Marty.

KRISSY  
She's cuckoo. But she's harmless.

Marty turns back to Krissy.

KRISSY  
Tommy's dead.

Marty gives a knowing nod.

KRISSY  
You didn't get hurt?

MARTY  
I guess not.

CUCKOO PATIENT  
Whoo-hoo.

Poke.

Marty spins.

MARTY  
Lady, will you please stop that.

Gleeful smile.

Fluttering eyebrows.

Marty - nonplussed.

Cuckoo patient grabs Marty's hand and puts her other arm around his waist.

Ballroom dancing position - Cuckoo patient moves in place to her own rhythm.

Marty - frozen.

Still nonplussed. Then -

Enough!

Marty frees his hand and grabs her with both hands by the waist.

He lifts her and sits her back up on her bed.

She smiles.

Flutters.

MARTY

No. Stay.

Marty turns back to Krissy.

Marty spins back to Cuckoo Patient as she is about to slide back off the bed.

MARTY

Stay. Stay.

Marty turns back to Krissy.

MARTY

That big guy at the bank earlier today. Who is he? Why did he come after us?

KRISSY

You're in trouble.

MARTY

I'm in trouble. Why?

CUCKOO PATIENT

Whoo-hoo.

Poke.

Marty makes a slow, controlled turn.

Cuckoo Patient - gleeful smile.

Flutter, flutter.

MARTY

Okay, look - -

Marty, arm around her shoulders, escorts her to the door.

MARTY

I'm sure that if you look around you'll be able to find someone who wants to dance with you. Okay?

Smile.

Flutter, flutter.

Cuckoo Patient tries to turn and face Marty, but he keeps her moving towards the door.

MARTY  
No. Out there.

A gentle shove.

MARTY  
Off you go.

And she is out of the door and disappears down the hall.

Marty - back to Krissy.

MARTY  
How am I in trouble?

KRISSY  
That guy is Red. He's like an enforcer for a local numbers racket. Tommy did a little side work as a runner for them.

MARTY  
And?

KRISSY  
Tommy came up a little short last month.

MARTY  
How little?

KRISSY  
Ten thousand.

MARTY  
Ten grand? Tommy stole ten g's from a bunch of criminals?

Krissy nods yes.

KRISSY  
That's why we wanted to rob the bank. Red is after the money.

MARTY  
Okay. But why does that make me in trouble?

KRISSY  
Red was in the Emergency Room when I was brought in. He came up and saw me a little while before you came in.

(MORE)

KRISSY (cont'd)  
I told Red that Tommy gave the  
money to you to take care of.

MARTY  
Me?

KRISSY  
Yeah. I didn't know Tommy was dead  
then. I thought that would get Red  
off Tommy's back until he could get  
the money for real. Then Red told  
me that Tommy was dead and left.

MARTY  
Great.

KRISSY  
Sorry. I figured Red didn't know  
you and would never find you.

MARTY  
He already did if he ever figures  
it out. I'll come back. You okay?

Krissy nods.

Marty hurries for the door.

CUCKOO PATIENT (O.S.)  
Whoo-hoo.

Marty skids to a stop.

INT. THE HALLWAY - DAY

Marty cranes his head around the door frame of Krissy's  
hospital room and sees Cuckoo Patient.

She is all over Red.

She has him entangled in her arms trying to dance with him.

Marty sees Red. Red sees Marty.

Red tries to disentangle himself.

Marty bolts down the hallway away from the dancing duo.

Red frees himself and takes off after Marty.

Marty reaches a dead end. Turns.

Red - less than thirty feet away and moving fast.

Marty - desperation.

Looks around.

A door to the left - big, metal.

Marty pushes it open and rushes into -

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

Marty jumps down the first and second flight to the next floor level.

Another big metal door.

A large sign on the door in BOLD RED PRINT -

ABSOLUTELY NO ADMITTANCE.

The metal door one floor up CRASHES open.

Marty pulls the no-admittance door open and enters into -

INT. SURGERY - DAY

Marty blasts into a HALLWAY and crashes into a large amorphous glob of protoplasm which is -

The belly of EDDIE.

Eddie, an orderly, is the size of a house.

Eddie - Slow, sad-faced, Samoan.

Whenever Eddie speaks it is as if he is delivering the news that your dog has just died.

EDDIE  
Hey. You can't -

The door swings open again, but Eddie steps forward, and blocks Red's advancement.

As big as Red is, he is dwarfed by Eddie.

Eddie pushes Red back into the stairwell.

EDDIE  
I'm sorry, sir, this is a  
restricted area.

Red tries to hold the door open and muscle his way in, but Eddie pulls the door closed against Red's futile resistance.

EDDIE

I'm sorry, sir, but if you have someone in surgery you will have to wait in the waiting area outside the recovery room in the east wing of this floor.

The door is shut. Eddie slides the dead bolt.

EDDIE

What dodo left this unlocked?

Eddie turns to Marty.

Recognition.

EDDIE

Oh, Dr. Levy. We thought you were away from the hospital. Did you hear about Dr. Quincy?

Marty - puzzled.

MARTY

Wasn't that cancelled a long time ago?

Eddie - sorry-dog face belies an amused-sounding voice.

EDDIE

Oh, Dr. Levy, you're so corny. Come with me. I see you shaved it.

Eddie grabs Marty's wrist and starts pulling him down the hallway.

MARTY

Hey, stop! You don't understand - -

EDDIE

We'll have to get you gowned. Where are your greens?

As Eddie drags Marty down the hallway, activity increases everywhere.

VARIOUS MEDICAL PERSONNEL move in and out of operating rooms.

MARTY

You've got to let me go.

EDDIE

No way, doc. Here we are.

Eddie pulls Marty through a doorway into an -

ANTEROOM - SCRUB AREA

Two large glass windows partition two operating rooms from the Scrub Area on either side.

Eddie taps on the glass of one of the operating rooms and points his finger down on Marty's head.

DR. QUINCY, surgeon, looks up from his patient on the table.

Dr. Quincy - buglike, befuddled, blood-covered.

Dr. Quincy's eyes light up.

He signals for Eddie to bring Marty into the operating room.

MARTY (V.O.)

I was quickly becoming overwhelmed and panicked. I had no resistance. Two phrases started to run through my mind over and over again. "I am an idiot". "I am getting apoplexy". I didn't even know what apoplexy was, but it sounded right. And I was getting it.

Eddie pushes Marty into the -

OPERATING ROOM.

The mood of everyone is sombre.

A NURSE grabs a sterile green gown and with Eddie's help pushes Marty into it.

A mask is placed over his nose and mouth. A cap on his head.

MARTY (V.O.)

I was paralyzed. And then when this surgeon, this doctor Quincy M.D. guy started talking to me I was down to just two words that were banging inside my head like a hammer.

Marty's eyes - wide, fearful.



DR. QUINCY  
 Thank God you're here,  
 Jerome. I've got a sixty-  
 nine year old male I  
 suspected had a  
 gastrointestinal perforation.  
 An exploratory found a  
 protruding mass on the  
 posterior wall of the gastric  
 body and I removed it.

MARTY (V.O.)  
 Idiot. Apoplexy. Idiot.  
 Apoplexy. Idiot. Apoplexy.  
 Idiot. Apoplexy. Idiot.  
 Apoplexy. Idiot. Apoplexy.  
 Idiot. Apoplexy. Idiot.  
 Apoplexy. Idiot. Apoplexy.  
 Idiot. Apoplexy.

Dr. Quincy signals for Marty to come closer.

A nurse nudges Marty to the operating table.

Perspiration beads on Marty's forehead.

DR. QUINCY  
 All visible vessels have been  
 tied off. But blood keeps  
 pooling in intraperitoneum  
 and I've got leakage into the  
 lumen.

MARTY (V.O.)  
 Idiot. Apoplexy. Idiot.  
 Apoplexy. Idiot. Apoplexy.  
 Idiot. Apoplexy. Idiot.  
 Apoplexy. Idiot. Apoplexy.  
 Idiot.

MARTY  
 (loudly)  
 Idiot! Apoplexy!

The whole room freezes.

Silence!

Dead silence!

Then -

DR. QUINCY  
 Jerome. Are you saying it's  
 idiopathic apoplexy? Idiopathic  
 abdominal apoplexy?

Marty - a vacant nod.

Dr. Quincy looks relieved.

DR. QUINCY  
 An idiopathic abdominal apoplexy.  
 A mesenteric hemangioma. Right,  
 Jerome?

Marty - another vacant nod.

DR. QUINCY  
Suction!

The SURGICAL TECH by his side hands the suction tube to Dr. Quincy.

Dr. Quincy suctions inside the retracted abdominal incision.

Dr. Quincy probes the opening.

Dr. Quincy looks up and smiles.

DR. QUINCY  
Jerome, you are right.  
(to surgical tech)  
Hemostat. Stat!

The tech responds and Dr. Quincy clamps a blood vessel inside the abdominal cavity.

Looks.

Waits.

Satisfied.

Smiles.

DR. QUINCY  
Bleeding arrested.

Dr. Quincy addresses the CIRCULATING NURSE.

DR. QUINCY  
Nurse. Some three point oh  
absorbable suture.

The circulating nurse takes a small packet from a shelf, opening and dropping it carefully onto the tray by Dr. Quincy.

DR. QUINCY  
Thank you Jerome. You just saved  
this patient's life.

The room bursts forth with applause and cheers.

Marty - still paralyzed.

DR. QUINCY

Look at him. Stoic as ever. Makes an accurate diagnoses of a very rare condition without even looking. Thank you, Jerome. You are a genius.

The nurse who gowned him escorts Marty back to the -

SCRUB AREA

Marty takes off his gown, mask and cap and holds onto them as Eddie walks him into and through -

HALLWAYS

EDDIE

He did it!

Eddie steers a numb-looking Marty through a maze of hallways.

Surgeons, nurses, techs and orderlies stand in opened doors of operating rooms and applaud as Marty passes.

MARTY (V.O.)

At this point I was pretty sure I had done something heroic. But my brain was a bowl of jelly.

Finally they come to a dead end and a door signed -

DOCTOR'S LOUNGE.

Eddie opens the door.

INT. DOCTOR'S LOUNGE - DAY

Marty enters.

Eddie stands in the doorway.

EDDIE

Can I get you anything? Coffee?  
Champagne?

Marty, still dazed.

Wan smile.

EDDIE

If you want to take a shower, Dr. Quinn's patient will probably be in recovery by the time you're done. In case you want a post-op look.

Marty - still dazed. Same wan smile.

Eddie, sorry-dog face, laughs and walks back towards surgery.

Marty looks wearily around.

MARTY (V.O.)

I was exhausted.

Down one end of the long oblong room are rows of lockers, a couple of shower stalls, and bathroom facilities.

At the other end is a set up for coffee.

Easy chairs are arranged in the center.

On the opposite wall from the door Marty just entered through is another door marked -

EXIT.

Marty drops himself into one of the easy chairs.

The cap, gown and mask on his lap.

Marty closes his eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER

The sound of a metallic CLANG!

Marty open his eyes.

A DOCTOR dressed in hospital green pants and shirt tries a second time to close his locker.

CLANG!

Success.

DOCTOR VELLICATION, comes into the lounge area and stands over Marty.

Doctor Vellication - nasal, nerdy, nervous.

Each sentence ends with a facial tic, followed immediately by an involuntary spasm in the right hand.

DR. VELLICATION  
You must be the famous doctor Levy.

Tic! Spasm!

DR. VELLICATION  
The one everyone is talking about.

Tic! Spasm!

Marty stands. Cap, gown and mask held in hand.

MARTY  
(cautiously)  
Em. Yeah.

Vellication sticks out his hand.

DR. VELLICATION  
Pleased to make your acquaintance  
doctor.

Tic! Spasm!

Marty looks at the extended hand.

DR. VELLICATION  
I'm doctor Vellication.

Tic! Spasm!

Marty cautiously takes and shakes the offending hand.

DR. VELLICATION  
I just joined the surgical team  
here at the Center.

Tic! Spasm!

Marty - skeptical.

MARTY  
You are a surgeon?

DR. VELLICATION  
That's right.

Tic! Spasm!

DR. VELLICATION  
Just signed on.

Tic! Spasm!

DR. VELLICATION  
Just about to operate on my first  
patient here at the Center.

Tic! Spasm!

MARTY (V.O.)  
The snappy come-back would have  
been something like - I hope you're  
not a urologist. I said something  
else.

MARTY  
What's your specialty?

DR. VELLICATION  
Plastic surgery.

Tic! Spasm!

Marty's face says it all.

Doctor Vellication laughs.

DR. VELLICATION  
I know.

Tic! Spasm!

DR. VELLICATION  
As soon as I pick up the scalpel  
I'm steady as a rock.

Tic! Spasm!

MARTY  
Good luck.

Doctor Vellication laughs and exits into the hallway of  
surgery.

Marty shakes his head.

MARTY  
That breast enhancement you wanted,  
Mrs. Smith? I just accidentally cut  
your entire boob off.

Marty tics.

Marty spasms.

He drops the surgical cap and gown on the easy chair, but absently holds on to the surgical mask.

Marty walks to the EXIT door.

As he pulls the door open he is immediately knocked backwards by an entering DOCTOR LEVY.

Doctor Levy - hurried, harried, tense.

And Marty's goateed doppelganger.

MARTY DR. LEVY  
Sorry. My fault. Are you - - Sorry. My fault. Are you - -

Both halt abruptly.

A brief Groucho Marx mirror routine.

Dr. Levy runs his hand over his goatee.

Marty bolts out of the door.

INT. LARGE VESTIBULE - DAY

Marty enters a large area between the Doctor's Lounge and a door marked RECOVERY ROOM.

A partitioned area close to the Recovery Room is furnished with sofas and easy chairs where PEOPLE - friends and relatives of surgery patients - sit waiting.

Marty looks around and spots a bank of elevators to his left.

The Recovery Room door opens.

Dr. Quincy emerges sans bloody gown, gloves, and mask.

Marty stiffens.

Marty discovers the surgical mask in his hand and rapidly dons it.

A WOMAN in her sixties stands up to receive Dr. Quinn.

Dr. Quinn begins talking with the woman.

Marty cautiously starts towards the elevators.

Dr. Quincy spots Marty.

DR. QUINCY  
(very loudly)  
Oh, Dr. Levy.

Marty freezes.

Dr. Quincy gives a come-here-scoop-of-the-hand.

The real Dr. Levy emerges from the Doctor's Lounge.

DR. LEVY  
(to himself)  
Did I hear my name?

DR. QUINCY  
Could you spare us a moment Dr.  
Levy?

DR. LEVY  
Of course.

Doctor Levy starts towards Doctor Quincy.

Dr. Quincy spots the real Dr. Levy.

A look at Marty.

A look at Dr. Levy.

A look back at Marty.

A look back at Dr. Levy.

DR. QUINCY  
Oh dear.

DING!

The door of one of the elevators opens.

Marty eyes the elevator.

The door of the elevator start to close.

Marty breaks into a sprint towards the closing elevator door.

Marty's foot in the elevator reverses an almost closed door.

Marty braves strange looks from other elevator PASSENGERS as the door closes.



Marty pulls off the mask.

MARTY  
Don't need this anymore. I'm  
almost noncontagious.

The other riders turn away.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM LOBBY - DAY

Avis is behind the counter.

Nikolina is just re-entering the lobby from outside pushing an empty wheelchair.

Marty enters the reception area heading towards the exit.

Avis sees Nikolina but not Marty.

AVIS  
Nikolina, I'm glad you're back. My  
bladder is giving me such trouble.  
Everything down there is burning.

Avis sees Marty.

Avis grimaces.

MARTY  
Bye, Avis.

AVIS  
Bye, Doctor Levy.

Marty passes Nikolina, and taps the empty wheelchair.

MARTY  
Ees zepa schoont eenvis eebla?

Marty smiles to himself and exits.

NIKOLINA  
(no accent)  
Jerk!

EXT. MEDICAL CENTER PARKING LOT - LATE AFTERNOON

Marty's smile quickly vanishes.

Red is leaning with his back against his black Escalade parked next to Marty's Cadillac.

Marty stops in his tracks and spins around facing away from Red.

MARTY  
 (heavenward and rapidly)  
 God, if you get me out of this one  
 I promise to go to synagogue  
 regularly and never use profanity  
 again or drink too much or waste my  
 money on the dogs or the ponies. I  
 won't even go near the race track  
 or those topless bars or - -

An UNSEEN FEMALE VOICE emanates from a rolled down passenger window of a late-model Jaguar which has pulled up beside Marty.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
 Can I drop you somewhere?

MARTY  
 (heavenward)  
 Never mind. I got it handled.

Marty smiles and leans down and looks into the Jaguar.

The smile vanishes.

HELEN, a smartly dressed professional-looking woman smiles back at him.

Helen - vocal, volatile, venomous.

Marty abruptly straightens up.

MARTY (V.O.)  
 You know the feeling you get when  
 you see someone you're sure you  
 know, but you can't place them  
 because you're not seeing them in  
 the same setting as before?

HELEN  
 Well?

MARTY (V.O.)  
 I knew this woman from somewhere  
 but I couldn't place her. But for  
 some reason she was giving me a  
 queasy feeling.

HELEN  
 I haven't got all day.

Marty looks back at Red.

Decision time.

HELEN

Hey!

MARTY

Yes. Thank you.

Marty opens the passenger door and slides into the car.

INT./EXT. JAGUAR - LATE AFTERNOON

Marty studies Helen.

Helen studies Marty.

HELEN

You don't remember me, do you?

MARTY

This is so embarrassing. I know I know you, but I just can't place you.

Marty - a nervous laugh.

HELEN

I'm Helen Ragé (pronounced rah-jé). You sold me this car. Just a month ago.

Marty - recollection.

Marty - fear.

Marty - false cheer.

MARTY

Right. Helen.

Another nervous laugh.

MARTY (V.O.)

I did remember this woman. She's a psycho.

Fire fills Helen's eyes.

Anger like you've never seen.

HELEN

And a fine piece of crap it has turned out to be. Just one month and I've already had to replace the alternator. Do you know what an alternator costs for a crap-box like this?

MARTY

(meekly)

No.

HELEN

Eight hundred and sixty bucks. Plus another four-fifty for labor. That's more than thirteen hundred bucks. Those no-good, sock-sucking, filthy crooks at the Jaguar dealership. So why didn't you tell me that when I bought it, huh? HUH?!

MARTY

I didn't know. Look, I can see you're upset. Why don't I just get out.

Marty turns to the door.

HELEN

No!

She steps on the gas and they lurch forward.

And suddenly -

The fire dissolves.

HELEN

Hey, it's okay. I'm not mad at you.

MARTY (V.O.)

There's a snappy come-back to that statement, but I figured it better left unsaid.

HELEN

Where to?

MARTY

The police station.

HELEN  
Turning yourself in, huh?

MARTY  
Yeah. That's right.

Marty slaps his wrist.

MARTY  
Bad boy.

Another nervous laugh.

Helen turns the car towards -

THE PARKING LOT EXIT DRIVEWAY.

They approach Red - still leaning back against the Escalade with one foot up on Marty's fender.

Red smokes a cigarette.

Marty turns his face away from Red and faces Helen.

The fire is back.

HELEN  
Look at that no-good bum.

Marty doesn't look.

She stops the car.

MARTY  
(under his breath)  
Oh, crap.

Helen rolls down the window on Marty's side and screams across him to a startled Red.

Marty takes the full brunt of her rant right in the face.

HELEN  
Hey! You! Dip chip! You piece of human waste. Get your festering foot off that person's car. And get rid of that cigarette you ignoramus. I hope you die a slow, painful death of lung cancer, you human turd.

Red, taken off guard, looks puzzled.

Marty - frozen. Eyes close.

Red studies the back of Marty's head.

Red moves to the front of the Jag to get a better angle on Marty.

Too late. Helen steps on the gas.

Red jumps back.

Marty - still frozen. Eyes still closed.

MARTY (V.O.)

I wasn't praying. Maybe I should have been. Everything about Helen was coming back to me including her last name, Ragé, which is spelt R-A-G-E. Hell n - - Get the picture?

Marty opens his eyes and looks at Helen.

The fire has subsided.

HELEN

It's okay. Don't worry. I'm not mad at you.

Marty smiles.

MARTY (V.O.)

Don't ask me.

In the background Red is getting into his vehicle.

The Jaguar reaches -

THE EXIT DRIVEWAY to the street.

A teenage SCHOOLGIRL - tattooed, nose-ringed and mohawked, runs into the driveway.

The Jag chirps to a stop.

Helen hits the horn.

The Schoolgirl - a "whatever" look.

A resumed slow and deliberate saunter across the driveway.

The fire is back.

Helen stomps the gas and peels out onto -

THE CITY STREET.

The Schoolgirl makes an adrenaline-powered scoot to the sidewalk.

Helen gives a maniacal laugh.

HELEN

Yeah, bitch! That wiped the stupid look off your face.

(to Marty)

If she was my kid I'd shave her stupid head completely and tatoo "I'm a moron" on her head. See how she likes that body art.

Marty looks back over his shoulder.

HELEN

She's okay. Believe me, if I wanted to hit her I would have hit her.

Marty looks at Helen.

MARTY (V.O.)

Ragé. R-A-G-E.

The fire subsides.

HELEN

Kids!

MARTY (V.O.)

(sing-song)

Psycho.

Marty looks over his shoulder again.

No Red.

HELEN

Why do you keep looking over your shoulder? Huh?

MARTY

(under his breath)

Oh, crap.

The fire is back.

HELEN

(crescendo to shrill)

You don't have to worry your little brain about any cops following me. I'm a safe driver. I know what I'm doing behind the wheel. Show me a little respect, why don't you --

S C R E E C H !!!!!

S T O P.

Marty is thrown forward and snapped back by the seat belt as Helen stomps the brake.

The Jag barely avoids plowing into a stopped car at a red light.

MARTY

You know, I can probably make it okay from here. Why don't I just get out.

HELEN

Oh, puleeze!

Suddenly Helen smiles.

She relaxes.

A new Helen.

Cool - calm - comforting.

HELEN

Don't be such a sissy. And, my God, why are you so sensitive? You need to be more -- accepting.

Marty's face says it all.

The light turns green. Helen gently pulls away.

MARTY

May I ask you something?

HELEN

Sure.

MARTY

What were you doing at the hospital today?



HELEN

Would you believe it if I told you  
I was in the Psych Ward?

Marty gives his best "Oh really?" look.

MARTY (V.O.)

(Maxwell Smart)

Would you believe I had a snappy  
answer to that one, Chief?

MARTY

What were you doing in the Psych  
Ward?

HELEN

I work there. Or rather, I consult  
there.

MARTY

You work in the Psych Ward? Doing  
what?

HELEN

I'm a doctor. What did you think?

Marty studies Helen.

MARTY (V.O.)

What I was thinking was that she  
was probably an escapee from the  
mental ward. But that would  
definitely not be the snappy answer  
to give at this moment.

Marty continues studying Helen.

MARTY

What exactly are you a doctor of?

HELEN

Psychiatry.

Marty's face says it all.

Helen is looking in the rear view mirror.

HELEN

You remember that obnoxious man  
back at the hospital? Well, he's  
right behind us in the black SUV he  
was leaning against. You don't  
think he's following us, do you?

Marty wheels around and looks out of the rear window.

MARTY

Crap!

Helen noticeably perks up.

HELEN

Crap? That sounds promising.

MARTY

Promising? That guy is a mobster with a gun, and he's going to use it on me if I don't give him ten thousand dollars I don't have.

Helen noticeably perks up more.

HELEN

No kidding?

MARTY

Do I look like I'm kidding?

Helen - a big, big grin.

HELEN

Sweet!

The Jag dodges into the outside lane.

Stomp!

The Jag pounces forward.

Crazy speeds through -

CITY STREETS

S K I D !

S C R E E C H !

S W E R V E !

C H I R P !

Marty is swayed side to side.

MARTY (V.O.)

Now I've seen plenty of car chase scenes in my time - thank you Steve McQueen for Bullit, which, in my humble opinion, has the best and most authentic car chase scene ever filmed - but I have never personally experienced one. And I will tell you it is nothing like what is shown in make believe land.

Behind - the Escalade stays right on the Jag's tail.

Ahead - an ELDERLY LADY with a cane is half way across a cross walk.

Elderly Lady - fragile, faltering, fearful.

S C R E E C H !

S K I D !

S T O P !

Helen hits the horn.

The Elderly Lady freezes.

Bug-eyed.

Deer in the head lights.

S Q U E A L !

Helen smokes the tires.

The Jag swerves left across the inside lane barely missing the Elderly Lady and barely scraping another vehicle.

The other vehicle swerves right across oncoming traffic.

C R A S H !

A pile up.

The Elderly lady stands amidst the mayhem of metal miraculously unscathed.

The Elderly Lady collapses onto the street.

Helen guns the Jag up onto the sidewalk.

PEDESTRIANS run, jump, and dive out of the way.

The Escalade follows undeterred.

Helen bumps and bounces the Jag back onto the paved road and accelerates away.

FREEZE FRAME.

MARTY (V.O.)  
That was the movie version. This  
is what really happened.

RAPID REWIND OF SCENE BACK TO -

HELEN  
Sweet!

Helen checks the rear view mirror, and looks over her shoulder.

Clicks on turn signal and pulls into the right lane.

The Escalade signals and follows.

MARTY (V.O.)  
Always remember, safety first.  
This can't be stressed enough.

A moderately fast, but reasonably safe speed through -  
CITY STREETS

Ahead - same ELDERLY LADY with a cane is half way across a cross walk.

Elderly Lady - fleering, flinty, fractious.

S C R E E C H !

S K I D !

S T O P !

The Elderly Lady freezes.

The Elderly Lady sneers at Helen.

Helen rapidly finger-taps the steering wheel.

HELEN  
Come on lady. I haven't got all  
day.

MARTY

Maybe you could drive around her.  
Carefully.

HELEN

Shut up.

The Elderly Lady continues to glare.

Helen hits the horn.

The Elderly Lady proffers her middle finger.

Marty twists and checks through the rear window.

The Escalade has pulled up and stopped behind them.

MARTY

Lock the doors. Lock the doors.

Helen opens the driver's door and starts to climb out.

MARTY

No, Helen. No. Don't get out of  
the car. She's confused. Drive  
around her.

Helen is out.

Helen looks back at Red.

Red sits patiently waiting.

Helen points a threatening finger.

HELEN

(to Red)

You stay right where you are you  
piece of human refuse.

Red shrugs "whatever".

Helen turns back to the Elderly Lady.

HELEN

Hey, old woman, that's not an  
escalator you're standing on. Move  
your freakin' legs.

The Elderly Lady pulls a face and pokes her tongue out at  
Helen.

Marty checks through the rear view mirror.

Red sits bemused.

Gathering PEDESTRIANS on the sidewalk are taking the side of the Elderly Lady.

The heckling of Helen begins and crescendos.

Marty shrinks down into his seat.

A MALE PEDESTRIAN hurries to the Elderly Lady and helps her move across the street.

Helen starts back into the Jag.

Pedestrians boo.

Helen's riposte - the classic Italian hand gesture under the chin.

Helen is back behind the wheel.

The "chase" continues.

Helen pulls away to the jeers of the crowd.

Red starts to follow.

INT. RED'S ESCALADE - SAME

The vehicle jerks and stumbles.

Red looks at the -

GAS GAUGE.

EMPTY.

The Escalade rolls to a stop.

Red pounds the steering wheel.

INT. JAGUAR - SAME

Marty sees Red's Escalade fall behind.

Relief.

HELEN  
(mumbling)  
Crazy old woman. Shouldn't be  
allowed out on their own.  
(MORE)

HELEN (cont'd)  
A hazard. Should keep them off the  
streets.

Marty glances at Helen and then looks away.

Disgust.

HELEN  
(louder)  
Life is stressful enough without  
having to worry about running over  
decrepid old women.

Marty - another glance.

HELEN  
(louder yet)  
It pisses me off. What's left for  
them to live for anyway? I hate  
them. I hate them. Their bad  
breath and ugly bodies. I hate  
them. I hate them.

Another glance turns into a stare of disbelief as Helen  
begins pounding the steering wheel with both hands.

HELEN  
(screaming)  
Why doesn't the government do  
something about it? Put them away  
in homes somewhere. Away from  
normal people. Euthanize them.  
Kill them. Put them out of their  
misery. Put them out of our  
misery.

MARTY  
(full lung capacity)  
SHUT UP!!!!!!!

S C R E E C H !

S K I D !

S T O P !

Helen slams on the brakes and swerves to the side of the  
street.

Helen - shocked into silence.

Marty recovers from the inertial thrust.

MARTY

(*fortissimo*)

Will you just shut up. You are one whacked-out woman with a wicked wagging tongue and a warped mind. Shut up. Just shut up. I can't take it any more. So shut up you creepy, crabby, catty, cantankerous cow. Shut up!!!

HELEN

(turned on)

Oh my God. Let's go to my place.

Marty - stunned disbelief.

Shakes it off.

Opens the Jag passenger door and starts to get out.

HELEN

Oh, come on. We'll make sweet music.

Marty is out. He slams the door.

Helen is ecstatically squirming around in her seat.

Long, loving looks at Marty as he circles around the Jag several times.

Helen slides forwards and backwards in her seat.

Marty marches around to the Jaguar driver's door and opens it.

Marty muscles his way in, pushing Helen inelegantly over the center consul into the passenger seat.

Helen is visibly impressed.

HELEN

My place?

Silence.

HELEN

Tell me to shut up again.

Marty slips the tranny stick into drive and pulls away.



EXT. VENTURA COUNTY MEDICAL CENTER PARKING LOT - EVENING

The sunlight is fading.

Marty drives the Jag into the lot and pulls up next to his Cadillac.

Marty exits the Jag and pulls his keys from his pocket without bothering to close the Jag door.

Helen leans across and stretches to the open Jag door.

HELEN

Call me.

Marty slams the Jag door shut with his foot.

Helen climbs over the center consul into the driver's seat.

INT./EXT. CADILLAC ELDORADO - EVENING

Marty slides into the Caddy.

Helen is still trying to get Marty's attention.

She mouths and gestures - "Call me".

But Marty is occupied elsewhere.

Helen goes into a fit of anger, screaming and shouting as she smokes the Jag and exits the lot.

Marty sniffs.

Puzzlement.

MARTY (V.O.)

My Caddy didn't smell like my Caddy.

Sniff!

MARTY

Perfume?

YVONNE (O.S.)

Chanel number five.

MARTY

Aaarrggghhh!

A head pops up from behind Marty's seat.

YVONNE - Cute, captivating, compelling.

Yvonne's focus shifts to outside the Cadillac.

YVONNE  
Aaarrrrggghhh!

Yvonne's head ducks down and disappears behind Marty's seat.

YVONNE  
Can you drive away from here  
please?

MARTY  
Who are you? What are you? What  
are you doing in my car?

YVONNE (O.S.)  
See that pudgy man over there who  
just came out of the hospital?

Marty looks and sees -

ZACK.

Zack - pudgy, possessive, pissed.

Zack is scanning the parking lot.

YVONNE (O.S.)  
That's my husband, Zack. He thinks  
I'm having an affair with a doctor.

MARTY  
You've got to get out of my car.

YVONNE (O.S.)  
And he almost caught me. If he  
sees me I'm in big trouble.

Zack moves through the parking lot scrutinizing each car he  
passes.

YVONNE (O.S.)  
Please. Just drive out of here.  
I'll get out of your car as soon as  
you get me out of here.

Zack moves towards Marty's Cadillac.

MARTY

How did you get into my car?

YVONNE (O.S.)

The back door was unlocked

Zack is now pretty close.

YVONNE (O.S.)

Please. If he sees me I'm done for. He's very jealous. You should be careful. He can be very violent.

Zack is just a few of cars away.

MARTY

All right. But once I'm out of the parking lot you are out of here.

YVONNE (O.S.)

Yes. Yes.

Yvonne inches up to peek through the rear window.

YVONNE

Is he close.

MARTY

Stay down!

Too late.

Zack spots Yvonne.

Yvonne spots Zack.

YVONNE

Oh, sugar!

Yvonne ducks out of sight.

Zack's gaze slides over to Marty.

Zack studies Marty.

Zack sneers.

Zack snarls.

Zack mouths "YOU"

MARTY

Oh, sugar!

Marty fires up the Caddy.

MARTY

Let me ask you something. Who is the doctor you are having an affair with?

YVONNE (O.S.)

Doctor Levy.

MARTY

Oh, sugar!

Marty slams the shifter into DRIVE.

Zack breaks into a run.

Marty stomps the gas.

ZACK

You are a dead man, buster. A dead man!

As Zack runs to a parked Panel Van, Marty peels out onto -  
CITY STREETS

INT. MARTY'S CADILLAC - EVENING

Marty speeds past several blocks and slows.

Yvonne emerges into the back seat directly behind Marty.

MARTY

Okay. You've got to get out of my car.

YVONNE

Yeah, yeah. But not here. He'll be behind us any minute if you don't step on it.

Marty steps on it.

YVONNE

Go to the City College.

MARTY

The college? What, are you studying? Infidelity?

YVONNE

My car is there. It's our rendezvous place. I park and Jerome picks me up and drops me off after we - - you know.

MARTY

I can figure it out.

YVONNE

This time Jerome got a frantic call telling him to get to the hospital for some emergency they needed help with.

MARTY

Oh boy!

Yvonne looks over her shoulder.

YVONNE

I think we've lost him.

Yvonne studies Marty in the rear-view mirror.

Yvonne leans forward and studies Marty from the side.

YVONNE

My God, you look like Jerome.

Marty's attention is elsewhere.

MARTY (V.O.)

It's amazing to me how when your luck is running bad - it can speed up into a gallop.

MARTY

Oh, sugar!

EXT. CORNER GAS STATION - EVENING

Red's Escalade is pulling away from a pump towards the exit driveway onto the street.

Marty's Cadillac drives by.

Red spots Marty.

Red grins an evil grin.

But not for long.

Red is stalled by other passing cars, but manages to muscle his car into the flow of traffic.

INT./EXT. MARTY'S CADILLAC - EVENING

Marty checks the rear-view mirror.

RED FOLLOWS SEVERAL CARS BEHIND.

FOLLOWED BY ZACH.

MARTY

Oh, sugar!

YVONNE

We're almost there. Take the second entrance. I'm parked close to the Administration Building.

Marty speeds through a changing orange traffic signal.

Red and Zack get stalled behind cars at the traffic light.

Marty checks the rear-view mirror.

Marty breathes a sigh of relief.

Marty slows as he passes along the Ventura College Campus.

MARTY

I'm not sure I should drive into the college.

YVONNE

Why?

MARTY

I might get trapped.

YVONNE

By who?

MARTY

Your husband. A Mafia hit man. The police. Who knows?

Yvonne gives Marty a quick quizzical look, then -

She leans over and pushes the steering wheel swerving the Caddy into the Campus driveway.

MARTY  
Are you crazy?

Marty struggles for control as he enters the -

VENTURA COLLEGE CAMPUS

Students mill around.

Some scoot to avoid the Cadillac.

YVONNE  
Over there. The Mercedes over  
there by the Administration  
Building.

Marty concedes. He pulls up next to the Mercedes.

MARTY  
Hurry up. Out.

YVONNE  
Okay. Okay.

Yvonne exits the Caddy as she fishes for keys in her purse.

Marty looks over his shoulder as he pulls the gear lever into reverse.

MARTY  
Oh, sugar!

Marty jams the gear lever back into park and opens the car door.

EXT. VENTURA COLLEGE CAMPUS - EVENING

Marty exits his car.

Red's Escalade, followed by Zack's van, have both pulled onto the college grounds.

Marty moves away from his car, working his way through milling students.

Yvonne wrestles with her purse - panicked.

Red pulls up and double parks, blocking Marty's Cadillac.

Zack pulls up and double parks blocking Yvonne's Mercedes.

Red exits his Escalade and scans for Marty.

Marty turns the corner of a building barely escaping detection.

Zack exits his van and approaches Yvonne.

EXT. VENTURA COLLEGE CAMPUS - GRASSY AREA - EVENING

Marty sprints across the grass towards another group of campus buildings.

MARTY (V.O.)

By the time Zack had reached Yvonne I was around the corner running for my life. So I never actually saw what happened between him and Yvonne first hand.

Marty reaches the group of buildings and looks back.

No sign of Red.

Marty takes a breather.

Marty continues to scan the campus.

MARTY (V.O.)

But if you'll let me warp time a little for you here and step into the future. Stay with me now, because I am going to find out later what happened with Zack and Yvonne from an eye witness who is going to be interviewed. And I just know you are interested to learn what happened.

FLASH FORWARD:

EXT. COURTHOUSE STEPS - DAY

A male STUDENT is on the front steps of the Courthouse being interviewed by an Asian female TELEVISION CORRESPONDENT with a CAMERA CREW.

TELEVISION CORRESPONDENT

So you saw what actually led up to this court case today.



STUDENT

That's right. It was awesome.

TELEVISION CORRESPONDENT

Awesome? In what way?

STUDENT

Well, the big fat dude gets out of his van and comes up to the lady and they start shouting and arguing with each other, and before you know it they are kissing and tearing at each other's clothes. Some idiot called the cops, probably a member of the moral minority. Man, by the time the cops arrived the fat guy and the lady were in the back of the van, and dude, was that van rocking. The cops arrested both of them, but they got a standing ovation from all of us. Well I guess we was already standing.

BACK TO SCENE.

Marty - still scanning the area sees -

Red round the corner to the grassy area.

Red spots Marty as Marty enters -

INT. CLASSROOM BUILDING - EVENING

Marty moves down the hallway past several open classrooms.

Marty reaches the end of the hallway.

No rear exit door.

Red enters the classroom building and moves towards Marty.

Marty opens a closed classroom door and stands in the entrance.

INT. ART CLASSROOM - NIGHT

A CAMPUS POLICEMAN is just inside the door.

Campus Policeman - Big, burly, blushing.

Talking to Doreen Daubry.

CAMPUS POLICEMAN  
 Sorry, Ms. Daubry, I ain't no  
 model.

All eyes turn towards Marty.

Doreen breaks into a big smile.

DOREEN  
 (to Campus Policeman)  
 Well I guess I can stop trying to  
 talk you into it tonight. It looks  
 like our model has finally showed  
 up.  
 (to Marty)  
 You're late. But come in.

CAMPUS POLICEMAN  
 Well, I'm relieved.

MARTY  
 (to Doreen)  
 No, I think you made a mistake.

Marty senses that Red has appeared behind him.

Marty moves past the Campus Policeman putting him between Red  
 and himself.

He takes in the classroom.

MARTY  
 Oh! This is the art class? I am  
 in the right place.

DOREEN  
 Good. Marty Ivan, right?

MARTY  
 Sure.

CAMPUS POLICEMAN  
 Well, I'd better make my rounds.

The Campus Policeman turns to leave and sees Red.

CAMPUS POLICEMAN  
 Can I help you, sir?

Red is lost for words.

The Campus Policeman ushers Red back down the hall.

CAMPUS POLICEMAN  
Let me help you.

Doreen closes the classroom door.

All eyes focus on Marty.

DOREEN  
Well, let's get to it.

Doreen opens a door to a small anteroom.

DOREEN  
You can get ready in there. You'll find a robe for you hanging on the inside of the door.

MARTY  
A robe? Why would I need a robe?

DOREEN  
Well, we don't want to make you walk around naked. You can use it during breaks and to get you up to the dais.

MARTY  
Naked?

DOREEN  
Of course. I know you're a substitute, but your agency was fully informed. Now, let's get to it.

Doreen walks to the front of the class.

Marty confused.

Decision time -

The hallway?

The anteroom!

The hallway?

The anteroom!

Marty enters the anteroom.

INT. ANTEROOM - NIGHT

Marty reluctantly begins removing his clothes, folding them as he goes.

MARTY (V.O.)  
Well, what would you have done? I was banged with the choice of confronting a hit man with a piece, or brandishing my own piece.

Marty is down to his underwear.

MARTY (V.O.)  
It was starting to come back to me. My first time in the showers after P.E. back in high school. The other boys all laughed at me. And it wasn't because of my wit.

Marty removes his underwear, grabs and dons the robe.

And shakes his head.

MARTY  
This is embarrassing.

INT. ART CLASSROOM - NIGHT

Marty emerges from the anteroom holding onto his folded clothes.

Doreen tugs them from him and lays them on an empty seat at the rear of the classroom.

DOREEN  
No, you won't be needing these. So please. Mr. Ivan. Up to the front please. The students are anxious to get started.

Marty - a gallows walk to the front of the classroom.

Marty steps up onto the dais.

All eyes riveted on Marty.

Marty swallows.

Marty slips the robe off and tosses it onto the desk.

Nervous anticipation.

A moment of nothing.

Marty - still anticipating.

MARTY (V.O.)  
No one laughed.

DOREEN  
Mr. Ivan, put your right hand on  
your hip and your weight on your  
left foot.

Marty complies.

Immediately the students go to their sketching.

MARTY (V.O.)  
And that's how I wound up as you  
see me now. As Marty Ivan, naked  
in front of a class of would-be  
artists. And like most things in  
life it isn't nearly so bad as you  
might imagine.

SNIFF!

Look.

MARTY (V.O.)  
Broadly speaking that is.

SNIFF!

Look.

MARTY (V.O.)  
But somebody should give  
Birkenstock Bobby there an  
antihistamine.

The students continue to diligently sketch away.

SLOW DISSOLVE  
TO:

LATER

The students still sketch away.

Marty glances at the clock on the back wall.

FIVE MINUTES TO TEN.

SMELL!

Look.

MARTY (V.O.)  
Five minutes and my two hours are  
up.

At the back of the classroom the door opens and Red stands  
under the transom.

Marty - consternation.

Red - glee.

Red flutters his eyebrows, Cuckoo-style.

Red spots Marty's clothes.

Red picks up Marty's clothes.

Red holds up Marty's clothes with a huge grin, and -

Flutter, flutter.

Red gestures and indicates he'll be waiting outside with  
Marty's clothes.

Red waves bye-bye to Marty.

Grin, grin.

Flutter, flutter.

Red exits.

MARTY  
Oh, sugar!

BLACK SCREEN