

THE MORNING AFTER (comedy)
(Is Alice still in the shower?)

By

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A mild mannered man wakes up with a dead woman in his bed.

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EXT. LARGE CITY - DAY

It's a large city with tall buildings.

A tall building sits on a corner.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

GEORGE RAMSEY, 34, a timid, quite, ACCOUNTANT, who has never caused a problem, wouldn't even spit on the sidewalk, types on the computer.

He raises the cup of coffee to his lips. A sudden urge to sneeze and he puts his finger under his nose.

Safe at last, he starts to take a sip and the sneeze explodes with a fury spilling hot coffee in his lap.

He jumps up trying to wipe away the pain as he paces.

The door opens and it's his boss, ERIC CHAPMAN, 55, a former navel officer, who runs a tight ship.

Eric stares at him as he moans and paces back and forth.

ERIC

George, are you all right?

GEORGE

Yes, I just spilled hot coffee on my lap.

He tugs on his pants.

ERIC

Have you got a minute?

GEORGE

Sure, have a seat.

He comes over to the desk and sits.

ERIC

George, I know you've been extremely busy lately especially since I've appointed you to plan all of our holiday affairs. And so far you've done an outstanding job. You are aware that 4th of July is tomorrow?

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE

Yes sir, I'm aware of that fact.

ERIC

Good. Maybe you could explain to me, why are we playing Christmas Music on the intercom?

GEORGE

I like Christmas music.

ERIC

I do to but don't you think it's a little early?

GEORGE

I like Christmas Music anytime.

ERIC

I think we need a little something more patriotic.

GEORGE

What are you suggesting?

ERIC

Well, since it's 4th of July, I was thinking along the line of "GOD BLESS AMERICA" "STAR SPANGLE BANNER" or "THIS LAND IS MY LAND" wouldn't be bad.

GEORGE

Well, I... if that's what you want, that's what we'll do.

ERIC

That's good, George. You have anything planned for the 4th?

GEORGE

Yes, I've already brought the fireworks.

ERIC

You think we should do that?

GEORGE

Advance Ad Agency will be doing it.

ERIC

You think so?

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE

I know so. One of my spies saw them unloading boxes of fireworks in the back door. But I'm going to beat them to it. I'm going to set up a display in the lobby.

ERIC

In the lobby?

GEORGE

Yes, at exactly twelve o'clock, I'll set the rockets off.

ERIC

Rockets?

GEORGE

They'll see it for miles.

ERIC

I can imagine.

GEORGE

They'll all know it came from us. I've also invited the TV stations to video tape it. It'll be all over the news.

ERIC

George, I realize you've put a lot of thought in this but... don't you think this is a little much?

GEORGE

It'll only cost three thousand.

ERIC

Three thousand?

GEORGE

That's wholesale.

ERIC

Let me put this in a different way, George. No way, Jose.

GEORGE

No?

ERIC

You do know what no means don't you?

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE

Yes.

ERIC

Good. Let's stick with the sparklers.

He walks to the door and turns.

ERIC

Oh... don't plan anything for Christmas.

GEORGE

Why not?

ERIC

You're being replaced the first of the month. Business hasn't been very good lately and we had to lay some people off. Unfortunately, your name was at the top. But you can still come to the 4th of July party. Have a nice day.

He closes the door.

GEORGE

Replaced?

The door opens and JERRY HINES, 38, a friend steps in and closes the door. He walks over to George.

JERRY

I've just seen Mr. Chapman leave your office. Did you get the raise?

GEORGE

No, I wouldn't call it a raise.

JERRY

What do you mean?

GEORGE

I'm being replaced.

JERRY

He fired you!

George stands up.

GEORGE
You could call it that.

JERRY
Why did he fire you?

GEORGE
He didn't like your ideal.

JERRY
Which one was that?

GEORGE
The fire works.

JERRY
You didn't mention my name did you?

GEORGE
Why would I mention your name?

JERRY
That's a relief. I can't afford to
lose this job.

GEORGE
You think I can?

JERRY
No, but he doesn't even know I work
here.

GEORGE
What do you mean he doesn't know?

JERRY
I came in here one day to visit a
friend and someone said I needed to
fill out a time card and I did.

GEORGE
How long have you been doing this?

JERRY
Two years.

GEORGE
Wait a minute, you've been here for
two years and you've never been
hired?

JERRY
Not officially.

GEORGE
And they issue you a check?

JERRY
Every week.

GEORGE
What did you do around here?

JERRY
Nothing, just keep moving around.
You're not going to rat on me are
you?

GEORGE
No, but I would like to see their
faces when they find out.

JERRY
When will you be leaving?

GEORGE
The first of next month.

JERRY
You going to the 4th of July party?

GEORGE
I don't know.

JERRY
They have some great parties here.

GEORGE
I know, I've been planning them.

JERRY
I'm going to miss you, George.
You've been a good friend.

They shake hands and Jerry sneaks to the door and peeks out.

Jerry looks back at George.

JERRY
Keep in touch.

He slips out the door.

GEORGE
Two years?

HALLWAY - DAY

Jerry comes out the office, turns around and sees ERIC, his boss. A frighten look on his face.

Eric comes up to him with a surprised look.

ERIC
Who are you?

JERRY
I'm Jerry Hall.

ERIC
Do you work here?

JERRY
Yes, I do.

ERIC
I thought I knew all my employees.
How long have you been here?

JERRY
Two years.

ERIC
Two years? I've never seen you
before?

JERRY
Well, I move around a lot...

Jerry looks at his watch.

JERRY
...in fact, I'm late for an
appointment. Please excuse me. Nice
to meet you.

Jerry is smiling as he leaves.

When he gets by Eric his smile fades into terror. Eric stares at his back as he walks off.

Eric turns around puzzled. He shakes his head and walks off.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

It's a large room full of people. It's a 4th of July party and people mill around drinking and laughing.

GEORGE RAMSEY, staggers to a table full of liquor. He's had too much to drink but he doesn't know it.

He bellies up to the table weaving. He dips his glass in the bowl of punch. A man standing beside him glares at him.

MAN

You're drinking quite a lot,
George. Don't you think you've had
enough?

Through blurred eyes George glances at him.

GEORGE

Who are you?

The man wanders off shaking his head.

A beautiful girl who looks like a movie starlet comes up beside him. George sees her.

GEORGE

WOW!

GIRL

I beg your pardon?

GEORGE

I said, HOW!... are you?

GIRL

You don't remember me do you?

GEORGE

No, but I should.

GIRL

I work on the third floor. I'm in
shipping and receiving.

GEORGE

Really? What do you ship?

GIRL

Packages, chocolates, whatever the
personal send me.

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE

Do you lick the stamps?

GIRL

No, I have a sponge.

GEORGE

Well, that's a relief.

GIRL

I'd like to ask you something.
Could we go out to the terrace
where we could talk in private?

GEORGE

Why not?

They stroll out on the terrace.

EXT. TERRACE - NIGHT

A million stars light up the night. They drift to the edge
and look out over the city.

GIRL

Look at all those lights.

GEORGE

It's a bunch.

She steps closer to him.

GIRL

This is my first time in a city.
What do you do here for relaxation?

George stares at her huge breasts.

GEORGE

Well... we have the twin peaks...

GIRL

What?

GEORGE

I mean... twin rivers... and
parties.

GIRL

All the girls in the office call
you sponge lips.

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE
Sponge lips?

GIRL
It's because your lips look so soft. I know this may sound odd but... could I touch your lips?

GEORGE
Okay... but no pinching.

She touches his lips.

GIRL
Your lips feel so soft. Do you lubricate them?

GEORGE
Not often.

GIRL
Do they ever get hard?

GEORGE
Every once in a while.

GIRL
I know this may sound bold but...may I kiss them?

GEORGE
Well...if you must.

She kisses him, long and hard.

GIRL
They are as soft as they look.

GEORGE
I use a lot of chap stick.

She moves up close.

GIRL
Do you find me attractive?

GEORGE
Better than anything I've seen around here.

GIRL
Thank you. I grew up on a small farm in the country and I'm very
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GIRL (cont'd)
knowledgeable in the art of
lovemaking.

GEORGE
Really, and where did you get this
knowledge?

GIRL
Each animal has their own way of
lovemaking...

She moves closer.

GIRL
...and I know them all.

George's eyes opens wide.

The girl gets closer and slips her arms inside his coat
around his waist.

GIRL
My arms are cold... but everything
else stays hot.

George's eyes open wide.

She gives him a long passive kiss.

EXT. NICE NEIGHBORHOOD - EARLY MORNING

All the houses are brick with manicured lawns.

A big burly man, wearing shorts and t-shirt, washes his car
with the water hose.

A black dog runs up to the front tire and sniffs.

The dog raises his leg and urinates on the tire. The dog
sniffs and runs off.

The burly man washing the hood glances down the street.

A young woman, 19, tight sweats and t-shirt, paces bristly
down the street. Well built, and beads of sweat pop out on
her forehead.

The man gawks at her as the water washes away the soap on
the hood.

As she walks her breast flops back and forth. A determine
look hangs on her face.

(CONTINUED)

As she approaches him, he lays the water hose on his thigh. It looks like he is urinating as she walks by. A stream of water flows into the street.

He finally notices the water and directs the water back to the car.

From behind, the girl's hips sway like a ship on a rough sea.

The eyes of the man follows her movement.

The girl paces around a corner at a constant stride.

EXT. BRICK HOUSE - DAY

Across the street, an elderly man, 65, bald, wearing a housecoat, steps out of the door. He yawns, and glances around for his newspaper.

A young paperboy, riding a bike, throws papers on the lawn.

As the elderly man turns around the paper hits him in the chest.

ELDERLY MAN

(screams)

You little hoodlum! I'll get you!

You hear me! I'll get you!

The paperboy looks back at him and grins.

A loud ROAR as a LAWN MOWER starts up next door.

The elderly man stares at his next door neighbor with a discussing snarl.

A man of 32, mows his lawn.

The elderly man looks at his watch. It reads: 6:45 AM in the morning.

ELDERLY MAN

That's enough.

The elderly man rushes inside the door.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

The elderly man steps in the garage and picks up a horse shoe. He smiles and places it in his front pocket. He leaves.

EXT. HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

The elderly man comes out the door and stares at the man mowing the lawn.

The lawn mower is loud as the man cuts his lawn.

The elderly man smiles and slowly walks to the end of his property. He stands smiling at the man.

The lawn mower turns toward him.

The man mowing waves at the elderly man and he waves back.

The man turns the lawn mower to the other direction. His back faces the elderly man.

The elderly man tosses the horseshoe in the thick grass next to the mowed grass.

He grins and walks back across his lawn and picks up the newspaper.

The man mowing his lawn runs over the horseshoe. A loud CLINK! The lawn mower dies.

The elderly man glances at him, smiles and goes inside the house.

We go to the house next door. Its a nice brick home.

INT. BRICK HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Soft music fills the air. We see a easy chair, phonograph, end table with two glasses and empty whiskey bottle.

The clock on the wall reads: 6:45 AM.

An old PHONOGRAPH, plays a record. 1950 era console. Two glasses on the END TABLE, partiality filled with liquor.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Two high heel shoes on the floor, dress, and bra.

Down the long hallway against the wall a PHONE on a TABLE.
The BEDROOM DOOR opened.

INT BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

We see a CHEST, and DRESSING TABLE. To the LEFT a large bed.

Two sets of bare feet stick out from under the sheet. GEORGE RAMSEY, lies in the bed with a sheet over his head.

George pulls the sheet from his head. His eyes wide open and blood shod.

He raises up and a million hammers pound his head. He moans and holds his head.

He puts his feet to the floor holding his pounding head and moans. He staggers to his feet and limps to the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - EARLY MORNING

He comes in the bathroom and turns on the light. He screams at the bright blinding light and places his hands on his eyes.

He stumbles to the counter and leans on it as he moans at the terrible pain in his head.

He turns on the water and washes his face.

He glares in the mirror at this strange face he doesn't recognize. He wipes his face with the towel and leaves.

INT. BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

As he comes out of the bathroom, he sees the feet of someone under the sheet.

He pulls the sheet off and surprised to see the girl who was at the office party.

He shakes her trying to wake her up but she doesn't move.

GEORGE
Hey! Wake up!

He notices she may not be breathing. He feels her pulse.

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE

She's dead! Oh no. How can this happen? What am I going to do?

He paces back and forth rubbing his face trying to figure out what to do.

GEORGE

I need to calm down. How can I explain this?... Alice wouldn't believe me... what can I do?... I know. I'll put her in the trunk of the car and dump her in the woods. I can't do that? The car is in the shop.

He paces back and forth.

GEORGE

Wait a minute... the garbage truck comes today. I'll put her in the trash can and they'll take her to the dump. No one would ever know?

PHONE RINGS!

Instant terror takes control of George's face
He quickly looks to the phone in the hall.

HALLWAY - DAY

PHONE RINGS!

BEDROOM - DAY

George slips on his robe and runs to the phone in the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

George hurries to the phone in the hallway. He pauses to collect himself, and slowly picks it up.

GEORGE

Hello.

ALICE

Hi George, I'm at the airport.

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE

Hi, honey. You just get in?

ALICE

Yes, I just arrived and I'm beat. I need to pick up my luggage and get a cab. I should be home in forty-five minutes.

GEORGE

Well, no need to hurry.

ALICE

What?

GEORGE

I mean... I'll be waiting for you.

ALICE

You're so silly. I'm be home shortly.

GEORGE

Okay.

He hangs up the phone.

GEORGE

(loud)

I've got to get rid of the body!

He rushes out to the garage.

GARAGE - DAY

He comes in the garage, grabs a black trash bag, jerks two pieces of rope off the wall and runs out of the garage.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

He rushes down the hall into the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

He hurries to the bed. The woman is in the sheet. Her legs stick out.

He ties her up in the sheet, pulls her off the bed to the floor. He strips the sheet and puts it in the bag.

The PHONE RINGS!

(CONTINUED)

George looks up as imminence fear spreads across his face.
He hurries out of the bedroom.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

At a dead run he goes to the phone. He pauses to collect himself.

GEORGE

Hello.

HELEN JONES, 34, his wife's friend since high school munches on a cookie.

HELEN

Hi George, has Alice got back yet?

GEORGE

No... she's on her way home from the airport.

HELEN

We're suppose to go shopping this morning. Would you tell her I'll pick her up in an hour. Bye.

She hangs up the phone.

DIAL TONE.

GEORGE

No! Wait! Hello! Hello! She can't come over. Not now!

He looks at his waist watch.

It reads: 7:05AM

He turns and runs into the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

He quickly grabs hold of the sheet. It's heavy. He pulls it to the door.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

He drags the body out of the bedroom half way down the hall.

DOOR BELL RINGS!

He looks at the front door with a frightened frown. He grabs the bedspread and drags her back in the bedroom.

DOOR BELL RINGS!

He runs out of the bedroom and down the hall.

FRONT DOOR - DAY

He runs to the front door and peeks out of the window.

EXT. BRICK HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

His neighbor next door, GLADIS COOPER, 64, has a cup in her hand.

He opens the door and Gladis steps in.

GLADIS
Hello George, is Alice here?

GEORGE
No...she's on her way home from the airport.

GLADIS
I've ran out of sugar. Could you loan me a cup?

GEORGE
Sugar?

GLADIS
Yes, it's that white stuff that's sweet.

George grabs the cup.

GEORGE
I'll get it.

He rushes out of the room.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

He barges through the doorway and looks around. He doesn't know where she keeps the sugar.

GEORGE

Sugar? Sugar? Where did she put it?

He goes to the cabinet and flings open the door. He goes down the line searching for the sugar.

He opens a drawer and its full of silverware. He reaches down and picks up a spoon.

GEORGE

So that's where she put it?

EXT. BRICK HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

Outside, a DRUNK staggers down the sidewalk. He glances over to the open door. He staggers to the door and goes in.

INT. BRICK HOUSE - DAY

The drunk comes in the door, staggering, and pauses.

Gladis is looking at the picture on the wall.

The drunk walks up behind her, looking over her shoulder at the picture.

The drunk stands behind Gladis as she glares at the picture.

Gladis walks off as the drunk strains to see the picture on the wall.

The drunk staggers into the living room.

LIVING ROOM - DAY

The drunk wanders into the living room and flops down in the easy chair. He yawns, closes his eyes and drops his head.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Gladis comes through the doorway talking.

(CONTINUED)

GLADIS

I think if Martin didn't get his
sugar he'd just die.

The word DIE catches George's attention and he turns around.

GEORGE

What?

GLADIS

I said if Martin didn't get his
sugar, I'd think he'd just die.

GEORGE

Oh.

He looks into another drawer for the sugar.

GLADIS

(points)

I think she keeps it in that
drawer.

George looks at her with a discussing frown.

He opens the drawer, grabs the canister, pops the lid, and
pours the sugar into the cup.

It overflows and spills on the cabinet. He wipes the top of
the cup to make it even.

George hands it to her.

GEORGE

Here's your sugar.

GLADIS

Thank you. You're up awful early.

GEORGE

I'm a early riser.

GLADIS

Martin use to get up early too. Now
he could sleep all day. I
remember...

GEORGE

I really don't have time to
chit-chad, I'll be late for work.

He takes her by the arm and escorts her away.

She turns around and he runs into her.

(CONTINUED)

GLADIS

Oh, while I'm here, could I borrow a tomato?

GEORGE

Tomato?

GLADIS

Just a small one. That way I wouldn't have to go to the store.

GEORGE

I'll get it.

He rushes to the refrigerator, opens the door, and rapidly moves things around searching for the tomato.

GLADIS

(points)

She keeps them in the bottom shelf.

He looks back at her discussed. He opens the drawer and pulls out the tomato.

He hands the tomato to her.

GEORGE

One tomato.

GLADIS

Be sure to tell Alice I borrowed this.

GEORGE

I will.

He hurriedly escorts her out of the door.

INT. FRONT DOOR - DAY

When they reach the door she says:

GLADIS

Oh, do you have any ketchup?

GEORGE

No we don't.

GLADIS

Are you sure? I thought I saw a bottle in the fridge?

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE
(loud)
We don't have any ketchup!

He realizes how sharp and harsh it sounded and his voice lowered.

GEORGE
I'm sorry, the bottle is empty.

GLADIS
Well, you don't have to be so rude.

GEORGE
I'm sorry, Gladis, I've got to hurry. I'm going to be late to work.

GLADIS
I understand, George. Bye.

He rushes her out and slams the door behind her. He looks at his watch.

Watch reads: 7:10AM.

He runs down the hall into the bedroom. A few seconds later, he drags the body halfway down the hall when:

THE DOORBELL RINGS!

He looks at the front door in terror. Then drags the body back in the bedroom and runs back down the hall to the front door.

INT. FRONT DOOR - DAY

George runs up to the door and opens it.

EXT. FRONT DOOR - DAY

He opens the door but doesn't see anyone. After looking around he looks down.

A young boy, three foot tall, glares up at him.

BOY
You want your lawn mowed?

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE

No, I don't want my lawn mowed. I mow it myself.

BOY

You didn't do a good job.

George glances around at the lawn.

GEORGE

What's wrong with this lawn?

BOY

(points)

You've left some grass over there, and over there. And you didn't edge. It looks like crap. I can do it cheaper and make it look good.

GEORGE

How can you do it cheaper?

BOY

You bought the lawn mower, didn't you?

GEORGE

Yes.

BOY

You bought the gas, didn't you?

GEORGE

Yes.

BOY

I got a lawn mower, and I got the gas. I can do it cheaper.

GEORGE

How much do you charge?

BOY

Twenty dollars and that includes edging.

GEORGE

Twenty dollars?

BOY

Cash.

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE

Okay, kid, you can mow it.

The boy raises his hand.

BOY

Shake on it.

George grins and shakes his hand.

GEORGE

What's the matter, kid. Afraid I won't pay you?

BOY

You'll pay all right. One way or the other.

George has a frown on his face.

BOY

I'll put you down for Friday.

The boy leaves.

GEORGE

I think he threatened me?

He closes the door.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

George runs down the hall and into the bedroom.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The drunk wakes up. He looks around, gets up and wanders into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

The drunk goes to the fridge and opens it.

He takes out some lunch meat and mustard. He grabs two pieces of bread, and begins to make a sandwich.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

George drags the body down the hallway when:

THE DOORBELL RINGS!

He drags the body back into the bedroom and runs to the front door.

INT. FRONT DOOR. - DAY

He runs to the door and peeks out the window.

EXT. BRICK HOUSE - DAY

Gladis stands at the door with a tomato.

INT. FRONT DOOR - DAY

George opens the door, Gladis steps in and hands him the tomato.

GLADIS

I had some tomatoes in my fridge. I won't need this. But I could use a little salt.

GEORGE

Salt... I'll get it.

He dashes to the kitchen.

KITCHEN - DAY

The drunk takes a bite of the sandwich and makes a face.

DRUNK

It needs some salt.

He glances around and sees the salt shaker on the counter. He goes over and picks up the salt shaker.

He sprinkles salt on his sandwich.

George runs into the kitchen and jerks the salt shaker out of the hand. George stops and looks back at the drunk.

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE

Who are you?

The drunk holds his hands up like he doesn't know.

GEORGE

I'll talk to you later. You stay
right here!

George runs out of the kitchen.

The drunk takes the sandwich and follows him out the door.

LIVING ROOM - DAY

He rushes back to Gladis and hands her the salt shaker.

GLADIS

You sure you won't need this?

GEORGE

Oh no, you can keep it all day. I
have another one...

Behind him, the drunk walks by and goes down the hallway.

GEORGE

...Look I've got to go, I'm going
to be late.

GLADIS

I don't mean to be a pest.

GEORGE

Oh, that's okay. I'm use to it.

Gladis doesn't quite know how to take this comment.

George rushes her out and shuts the door. He looks at his
watch and runs back to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

George runs into the kitchen but doesn't see the drunk. He
looks around for him.

He opens the fridge, cabinets, looking for him.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

The drunk comes into the bedroom and stands by the bed.

He climbs in bed, covers up and closes his eyes. He's holding the sandwich in his hand.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

George closes the cabinet door.

GEORGE

I must be seeing things. I need to calm down.

He runs back out of the kitchen.

INT. BRICK HOUSE - DAY

George runs by the front door and the...

DOORBELL RINGS!

He answers the door.

A neighbor EARL SIMPSON, 54, dashes inside and closes the door. He's scared.

GEORGE

What are you doing, Earl?

EARL

Susy's at it again.

GEORGE

Oh no. What now?

EARL

She found my nudity magazines.

GEORGE

Nudity magazines?

EARL

I had them hid. How did I know she'd look in the freezer.

GEORGE

Freezer?

(CONTINUED)

EARL

You've got to help me, George.

GEORGE

What can I do?

EARL

Tell her they were yours.

GEORGE

I can't do that. She'd think I'm a pervert.

EARL

Better you than me... this time she's got a bat.

GEORGE

A bat? You expect me to walk into that?

EARL

She wouldn't hit you...I don't think.

GEORGE

Where is she at?

EARL

Last time I saw her she was in the living room... smashing things.

GEORGE

I'm not going to get involved in this, Earl.

EARL

When you get in trouble, you find out who your friends are.

GEORGE

I'm the only friend you ever had, Earl.

EARL

That's beside the point. She's going to kill me.

GEORGE

She's not going to kill you, Earl. She might beat you up a little bit, break something, but she won't kill you.

(CONTINUED)

EARL

That's easy for you to say.

GEORGE

Look, you've got yourself in the mess and you need to get yourself out. Why don'ch just tell her the truth?

EARL

Truth! That's the last thing you should do. She wouldn't understand.

GEORGE

You need to stand up to her like a man.

EARL

I tried that once.

GEORGE

What did she do?

EARL

She hit me on the head with a mop handle.

GEORGE

Just tell her you're sorry and you'll never do it again.

EARL

You want me to lie.

GEORGE

If all else fails, yes lie.

EARL

All right, George. I'll do it. There's one thing I'd like you to do.

GEORGE

What's that?

EARL

Talk me out of it.

George points.

GEORGE

Go and tell her.

(CONTINUED)

EARL
All right I'll do it...

Earl opens the door and looks back.

EARL
I hope we're making the right
decision?

GEORGE
We are. Now go.

EARL
Okay...goodbye, George.

GEORGE
Go!

He slips out the door. George closes the door, looks at his watch and runs away.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

George bolts into the bedroom when...

DOORBELL RINGS!

George sprints out of the bedroom heading to the front door.

EXT. BRICK HOUSE - DAY

George opens the door and a young boy and girl dash in.

They run around the living room like a herd of wild elephants.

ELDON CRAWFORD, 33, and wife DORIS CRAWFORD, 29, step in with a wide grin on their faces.

ELDON
Hello, George.

DORIS
Hi, George.

GEORGE
What are you doing here?

ELDON
We came to visit.

(CONTINUED)

DORIS

We would have been here sooner but we ran out of gas. I told this idiot to stop and get some gas but as usual, he wouldn't listen.

ELDON

If you hadn't gave me the wrong directions we would have made it.

DORIS

I told you ten dollars wouldn't get us here.

GEORGE

Wait, this is not the right time for this. Alice and I are going on a vacation.

DORIS

See Eldon, if you'd get a job we could do that too.

ELDON

I had a job once.

DORIS

When?

ELDON

Remember when I worked for the lumber yard?

DORIS

We weren't even married then.

ELDON

We were thinking about it.

DORIS

That was my mistake.

GEORGE

Hold it! We're leaving today.

ELDON

That's Okay, George. We'll watch the house for you.

GEORGE

No, no...the exterminator is going to spray all over the house.

(CONTINUED)

ELDON

I've done that before. I'll do it for you. Of course you'll have to buy the poison and rent the equipment. I won't even charge you anything.

A loud CRASH of GLASS from behind. They all look around.

A large vase is shattered on the floor.

The young boy and girl stare at them.

ELDON

Don't worry, George. A little glue and it'll be like new.

He leaves.

DORIS

George, I should have listen to you. He's as useless as a wort on your rear end.

GEORGE

Why don't you go home and come back some other time?

DORIS

We can't. They kicked us out.

GEORGE

Why?

DORIS

If you don't pay the rent they won't let you stay, George.

GIRL

I'm hungry?

BOY

I am too. Where's the kitchen?

DORIS

Don't worry about them, George. I'll just fix them something to eat and they'll settle down.

(yells)

Come on! I'll get you something to eat!

She leaves. George looks at Eldon as he picks up the glass.

(CONTINUED)

George goes over to Eldon as he picks up the pieces of the vase, and knells down in front of him.

GEORGE

Eldon, we'd really love to have you guys here but we've already made plans.

ELDON

Can you cancel them?

GEORGE

No, I can't do that. We've plan this for six months.

ELDON

Well, if I had a little money I could rent a motel until you come back.

GEORGE

How much do you need?

ELDON

Well, I'd need two hundred for the motel. Another hundred to buy some lunch meat...

GEORGE

Don't you have any money?

ELDON

Well, I was planning to pick up some cans while I'm here...

GEORGE

Okay, Okay. Suppose I give you five hundred dollars. You can buy some gas to get back home and you can sleep in the park.

ELDON

Well, I don't know if that will do it, George?

GEORGE

Okay, six hundred and that's my last offer.

ELDON

Okay, George. It'll be tough but I think I can make it.

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE

I'm sure you can. I'll write you a check.

George leaves and Eldon stands up.

Doris comes back.

ELDON

It worked?

DORIS

How much did you get?

ELDON

Six hundred.

DORIS

Six hundred? I don't know how you do it, Eldon. You must have the golden tongue.

George comes back.

GEORGE

Here's the check.

Gladis snatched it from his hand.

DORIS

This is so generous of you, George. But don't you worry, we'll pay you back.

GEORGE

Don't worry about that. Have a nice trip.

DORIS

(yells)

You kids get out here!

The kids come out carrying an arm full of food.

DORIS

Bye, George.

They watch as the kids and Doris go out the front door.

ELDON

We won't forget this, George. Most people wouldn't do this.

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE
I'm sure you're right.

They shake hands.

ELDON
It's been nice to visit with you,
George. We'll have to come back
soon.

GEORGE
Yes, you do that.

ELDON
Would next month be too soon?

GEORGE
Yes, it would be. How about next
year?

ELDON
All right, George. I'll mark that
down. Bye.

GEORGE
Goodbye.

Eldon leaves and George closes the door and runs away.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

George runs down the hall into the bedroom and drags the
body down the hallway. He doesn't see the drunk in the bed.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

He drags the body into the garage.

THE DOORBELL RINGS!

George looks up in panic.

He drags the body to the closet in the garage, throws the
garbage bag inside, and rushes to the front door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

He trods to the front door and opens it. A repairman steps in carrying a tool box.

EMMIT

I'm Emmet Hayes and I'm here to repair the washer.

GEORGE

Who called you?

EMMIT

Your wife called yesterday. Said to be here bright and early. So here I am.

GEORGE

This is a bad time. Can you come back tomorrow?

EMMIT

Well, yea I guess I can, but it'll cost you another service call.

GEORGE

How much is it?

EMMIT

A hundred and twenty-five dollars.

GEORGE

A hundred and twenty-five dollars?

EMMIT

Gas ain't cheap.

GEORGE

Okay, okay, you can repair it.

EMMIT

Where's it at?

GEORGE

It's in the garage.

He turns to leave.

GEORGE

Oh, can you hurry?

(CONTINUED)

EMMIT

That's why they call us JIFFY
APPLIANCE REPAIR. I can knock this
out in a jiffy.

He laughs and walks away.

INT. FRONT DOOR - DAY

George paces back and forth and he's mumbling.

GEORGE

I need some help. Who can I call?
Jerry, I can call him. No, he asks
too many questions. I need someone
who's not very smart. Clarence.
He's not too bright. He'll believe
me.

He leaves.

He hurries to the phone in the hall and dials a number.

INT. KITCHEN #2 - DAY

CLARENCE HARRIS, 34, skinny, black-rimmed glasses, and a
robe, eats cereal out of a bowl.

THE PHONE ON THE WALL RINGS!

He answers the phone chewing the cereal.

CLARENCE

Clarence Harris speaking.

GEORGE

Clarence, this is George.

CLARENCE

George who?

GEORGE

George Ramsey.

CLARENCE

Oh, hi George.

GEORGE

Look, I'm in a jam and I need your
help.

(CONTINUED)

CLARENCE
What kind of a jam?

GEORGE
I can't talk on the phone. Can you
come over here?

CLARENCE
Right now?

GEORGE
(off screen)
Yes, as fast as you can.

CLARENCE
This sounds serious.

GEORGE
It is. I'll tell you all about it
when you get here.

CLARENCE
Well, I promised Ethel I would take
her shopping.

GEORGE
This is a matter of life and death!

CLARENCE
Someone's going to kill you?

GEORGE
No, but if you don't help me I may
go to jail.

CLARENCE
Jail! What did you do, George?

GEORGE
I'll tell you when you get here.
And hurry.

CLARENCE
All right, George. I'm leaving now.

He hangs up the phone and rushes away.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

George rushes to the door and starts to close it and pulls it back open.

EXT. STREET - DAY

A cab pulls up and Alice gets out.

INT. DOORWAY - DAY

George moans.

GEORGE

Oh, no.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

George rushes out to meet Alice.

GEORGE

Hi, honey.

They kiss.

GEORGE

I didn't expect you this quick.

ALICE

The cab driver drove like a manic.
He must have been late for lunch or
had a hot date.

She heads for the house as the cab driver steps up with her luggage and holds his hand out for a tip.

GEORGE

I'll take that.

He takes the luggage and starts to walk off.

CAB DRIVER

Hey, what about the tip?

GEORGE

What about it?

GEORGE

Well, I usually get a five spot for
a trip like this.

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE

Well, this won't be one of those
times will it?

George walks off as the cab driver sticks his tongue out at
him.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

They come in the door.

ALICE

I'm going to take a long hot
shower.

GEORGE

You do that, honey. I'll wait out
here.

ALICE

Well, I hope so. Oh, George. Would
you bring those boxes in the garage
out to the front door. The THRIFT
STORE will be here to pick them up.

GEORGE

(loud)
Now? Right now?

ALICE

You have something else to do?

GEORGE

Oh...no, I'll bring them out.

ALICE

You're acting awful strange. Are
you all right?

GEORGE

Oh, yes, I'm just fine. I just
haven't had my orange juice yet.

She stares at him like what kind of an excuse is that? She
shakes her head and leaves.

George hears the loud sound of a truck. He looks out the
door.

EXT. STREET - DAY

An old beat up truck drives up to the curb. A hand written sign on the truck reads:_

GRANNIES THRIFT STORE

EXT. FRONT DOOR - DAY

George stares at the beat up truck.

EXT. STREET - DAY

An elderly man, TOM JENKINS, 65, white headed, stooped over, with a cast on his leg, slides out of the truck.

He stumbles up the driveway swinging the leg in a wide circle.

George stares at him.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - DAY

Tom wobbles up to George standing outside.

TOM

I'm from GRANNIES THRIFT STORE and I've come to pick up your junk.

GEORGE

What happened to your leg?

TOM

Well, it's a long story. You see, I was in the back of the truck when it slipped out of gear. It flew down the hill and I went with it.

GEORGE

Oh no.

TOM

We were heading straight for a white Cadillac sitting in the driveway. A little kitty cat was laying on the hood.

GEORGE

Kitty cat?

(CONTINUED)

TOM
Yep, I yelled for it to get off but
it didn't listen.

GEORGE
What happened?

Tom shakes his head.

TOM
The next thing I knew, the truck
slammed right into it. I heard a
meow and something went flying
through the air. It shot out like a
cannon ball.

GEORGE
Oh no.

TOM
It was lucky for the kitty cat.
Because right across the street,
Mrs. Johnson was laying outside
sunning and that little kitty cat
landed flat footed right on her
belly.

GEORGE
What?

TOM
She screamed to high heaven, and
jumped up and took off running.
That old woman sure could run.

GEORGE
What happened to the kitty?

TOM
Awe, it was all right. It had a
real good hold on her belly.
(laughs)

GEORGE
Was that when you broke your leg?

TOM
Sure did. Broke it in two places.

GEORGE
With that leg, I don't think you
should be doing this.

(CONTINUED)

TOM
That's what the doctor said.

GEORGE
And your still doing it?

TOM
I have to.

GEORGE
Why?

TOM
I like to eat. By the way, where is your junk?

GEORGE
It's in the garage. You stay right here, I'll go get it and I'll even load it up for you.

TOM
That's mighty kind of you.

GEORGE
I'll be right back.

George leaves.

Tom limps to the back of the truck.

George comes around the house toting three boxes. The boxes are heavy and George wobbles as he comes across the lawn.

George staggers to the truck. He sits the boxes on the pavement out of breath.

TOM
Would you open the door. sonny?

George looks at him discussed.

GEORGE
Sure, why not?

He tries to open the door but it's stuck.

TOM
That sticks all the time. If you push up I'll tap it with the hammer.

Tom reaches under the truck and takes out the hammer.

(CONTINUED)

He slams the hammer down and smashes his finger.

George lets out a bloody scream and grabs his hand.

TOM

Sorry sonny, my eyes ain't what
they use to be.

George paces around trying to bare the imminence pain. He
blows on his fingers.

TOM

Here, let me look at that.

He looks at his finger.

TOM

That ain't so bad. A couple of
months, and you won't even notice
it. I think the door is lose now.
It should open.

George gives him a dirty look and lifts the door open.

TOM

Would you mind placing them boxes
at the front of the truck. I need
to make room for some more junk.

The boxes are stacked high.

GEORGE

Where do you want it?

TOM

Place them on top of them other
boxes.

GEORGE

There! Way up there?

TOM

Well, I guess I could do it.

GEORGE

No, no, I'll do it.

George sits the boxes inside and climbs in the truck.

He lugs the boxes to the front.

George lifts a box and stretches up.

(CONTINUED)

TOM
Be careful, them boxes might...

A loud crash of boxes falling down.

TOM
...fall.

George lays on the floor covered up with boxes.

Later, George jumps down from the truck holding his back.

TOM
I appreciate the help, sonny.

GEORGE
I'm glad to help.

TOM
If you get any more junk, be sure
to call.

GEORGE
I'll think about it.

TOM
Have a good day.

GEORGE
I will...as soon as you leave.

George limps away.

George limps to the front door as the truck drives away. He goes inside and closes the door.

EXT. STREET - DAY

A swat team in a large truck pulls up in front of George's house.

The back door flies opens and two swat men wearing riot gear jump out of the truck and fall down.

A third swat man trips over them. They untangle and race toward the house.

The three policemen run to the front door.

EXT. FRONT DOOR - DAY

Officer#1 bangs on the door.

OFFICER#1
This is the police! Open up!

Officer#2 kicks open the door.

OFFICER#1
Your suppose to give them time to
open the door, Ed!

Office#2 holds his hands up.

OFFICER#1
Will don't just stand there! Get
inside!

They rush inside.

INT. GEORGE'S HOUSE - DAY

George turns around as officers barge through the door.

OFFICER#1
Get your hands up!

George raises his hands in shock.

OFFICER#1
Get down on the floor!

George drops to the floor and they handcuff him.

Officers run by into another room searching.

SGT. MILLER, 55, comes in the door and walks up to George.

SGT. MILLER
Where's it at?

GEORGE
What are you talking about?

SGT. MILLER
You know.

GEORGE
No, I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

SGT. MILLER
That's what they all say.

GEORGE
What's this all about?

SGT. MILLER
I can't reveal that information.

GEORGE
Why?

SGT. MILLER
This is a undercover operation. My
lips are sealed.

GEORGE
I demand to know what this is all
about.

An officer comes up.

OFFICER#2
Sergent, I think we've made a
mistake.

SGT. MILLER
Hows that?

OFFICER#2
This is the wrong address.

SGT. MILLER
What?

OFFICER#2
Jim didn't have his glasses on when
he read the address. This is 222
West Berry. We're looking for East
Berry.

SGT. MILLER
East Berry?

OFFICER#2
Yea.

SGT. MILLER
Well get those handcuff off of him!

Office#2 takes the handcuffs off and George stands up angry.

(CONTINUED)

SGT. MILLER

I'm sorry about this Mr. Ramsey. It was just a honest mistake. I hope you understand.

GEORGE

You can tell it to my attorney.

SGT. MILLER

No need for that. Maybe we could work something out.

GEORGE

You'll be working all right. All of your life to pay for the settlement! Look at my front door! What will my neighbors think?

SGT. MILLER

You know your neighbors?

GEORGE

Yes, I know them. Why wouldn't I know them!

SGT. MILLER

Which one is the child abuser?

GEORGE

Child abuser?

SGT. MILLER

Didn't know about that one did you?

GEORGE

Who is it?

SGT. MILLER

I'll never tell.

GEORGE

Is it Henry sheets?

SGT. MILLER

Harry Sheets?

GEORGE

Yea, I've been suspicious of him.

SGT. MILLER

Why?

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE

When a guy takes his trash out late at night, and never goes outside during the day. Wouldn't you be suspicious?

SGT. MILLER

No.

GEORGE

No wonder you can't catch anybody. My attorney will be contacting you. I hope you have good insurance.

George leaves.

OFFICER#2

How long have you been with the swat team, Ray?

SGT. MILLER

Five years. Why?

OFFICER#2

I don't think you'll be with us much longer.

Officer#2 walks off.

FRONT DOOR - DAY

Swat team come out the door talking and smiling. Sgt. Miller last one out of the door with George behind him.

SGT. MILLER

Mr. Ramsey, I hope you'll except my apologize.

GEORGE

Why should I?

SGT. MILLER

Well, I've been going through a lot lately. My wife filed for divorce... my dog died... and she got the house...

He's almost in tears. He sniffs his nose.

SGT. MILLER

... I've been sleeping in my car for over a week...

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE
I'm sorry to hear this.

SGT. MILLER
I don't know if I can take much
more of this.

He sobs and blows his nose.

George frowns. He feels sorry for him.

GEORGE
Look, maybe I was a little hasty.
Why don't we just forget about this
and I won't file a report.

SGT. MILLER
Are you sure?

GEORGE
Yes, I'm sure. I hope you can get
things worked out.

SGT. MILLER
Thank you.

He turns and walks off.

A swat officer come out the door.

GEORGE
It's terrible the problems
he's been going through.

SWAT OFFICER
Who you talking about?

GEORGE
The Sergeant. Wife divorcing him,
his dog died.

SWAT OFFICER
He's not married...

George looks at him.

SWAT OFFICER
... and he doesn't have a dog. In
fact, he hates dogs after that one
bit him on the nose.

GEORGE

Nose?

SWAT OFFICER

They can do wonders with plastic surgery now a days.

He leaves. George stands in shock.

The swat truck drives away as Sergeant Miller waves out the window.

George stands in shock as they drive away.

INT. FRONT DOOR - DAY

George steps in and closes the door. He turns around when the doorbell rings. He opens the door.

EXT. FRONT DOOR - DAY

RALPH HAMPTON, A policeman in a uniform stands on the porch.

RALPH

How do you do, sir. I'm officer Ralph Hampton, and I'm doing a fund raiser for the annual policeman's ball and I wonder if you'd be interested in purchasing a ticket.

GEORGE

Well, I...

RALPH

Half of the money collected goes to the homeless society to help the unfortunate citizens of the city. You want to help them don't ch?

GEORGE

How much is it?

RALPH

Twenty dollars but you can also deduct it from your income tax.

GEORGE

Will you take a check?

(CONTINUED)

RALPH
We prefer cash.

GEORGE
I don't have any cash.

RALPH
You can write a check but it'll
cost twenty-five dollars.

GEORGE
Why twenty-five dollars?

RALPH
It's a processing fee. Oh, and one
other thing. If you're stopped by a
policeman and you tell them you
bought a ticket to the ball. Well,
it'll be less expensive.

GEORGE
All right, I'll write you a check.
I'll be right back.

George leaves and the cop steps inside.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The cop steps in the door and looks around. He sees a bowl
of candy on the table.

He goes over gets a piece, and sticks it in his mouth. His
eyes roll. It's good. He fills his pocket with the candy.

George comes back to the door and looks around for him.

GEORGE
Where did he go?

RALPH
I'm right here.

This startles George and he quickly turns around.

The cop walks up and George hands him the check.

GEORGE
Here's the check.

The cop studies it very carefully.

(CONTINUED)

RALPH
Do you have any identification?

GEORGE
Identification?

RALPH
I've had bad checks before.

GEORGE
Well, this isn't one of them.

RALPH
Okay. I'll take a chance on your
check. I hope it's good.

GEORGE
If it's not good, I'll write you
another one.

RALPH
Here's your ticket.

George looks at the ticket.

GEORGE
How come I feel like I've been
scammed?

RALPH
Thank you and have a good day.

He leaves. George closes the door.

THE DOORBELL RINGS!

INT. FRONT DOOR - DAY

George answers the door. A twelve year old PAPERBOY stands
on the porch.

PAPERBOY
I'm collecting for the paper.

EARL
I don't take the paper.

PAPERBOY
I threw you one.

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE
That's not my fault.

PAPERBOY
Did you read it?

GEORGE
As a matter of fact, I did.

PAPERBOY
Then you owe me for the paper.

GEORGE
I didn't subscript to the paper.

PAPERBOY
Then give me back my papers.

GEORGE
I don't have them.

PAPERBOY
What do you do with them?

GEORGE
I threw them away.

PAPERBOY
Then you owe me for the papers.

GEORGE
Look kid. Try to read my lips. I
didn't subscribe to the paper and
I'm not going to pay for something
I didn't subscribe to.

PAPERBOY
My dad will be talking to you.

GEORGE
You think that scares me? Who is
your dad?

PAPERBOY
He's the sheriff.

GEORGE
Sheriff?

PAPERBOY
He knows how to handle guys like
you. You ever been handcuffed and
thrown in a dark cell?

George stares at him as he thinks this over.

PAPERBOY

You ever been slapped around with a rubber hose?

GEORGE

Okay, Okay. I'll pay the extortion money. How much is it?

PAPERBOY

Fifteen dollars.

He hands him the money.

GEORGE

Here's the money but do me a little favor. Don't throw me any more papers.

PAPERBOY

If you want to cancel, you have to call in it.

GEORGE

What's the number?

PAPERBOY

It's in the paper.

GEORGE

I don't have a paper.

PAPERBOY

You'll have one tomorrow.

The paperboy walks off as George stares at him. He shuts the door.

LOUD BANGING COMES FROM THE ROOF!

He goes outside.

EXT. BRICK HOUSE - DAY

George steps out and looks up at the roof.

A man is pounding on the roof. A tall ladder leans against the house.

George climbs the shaky ladder.

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE

Hey! What are you doing?

ROOFER

I'm checking your roof.

GEORGE

Who told you to do that?

ROOFER

Your wife called last week. Said she saw some shingles blowing in the wind. Wanted me to check it out.

GEORGE

How long will it take?

ROOFER

About thirty minutes.

GEORGE

Would you hurry. I've got some company coming over and I can't stand all this pounding.

ROOFER

I'll go as fast as I can.

George climbs down and goes to the door but the door has slammed shut and it's locked.

He doesn't have the key so he runs next door.

He bangs on the door. CLYDE BROWN, 62, answers the door with a sweet roll in his hand.

GEORGE

Clyde, I've locked myself out and I don't have a key. I know your good at picking locks. Can you come over and open the door?

CLYDE

Right now?

GEORGE

Yes, I've got to get to work.

CLYDE

I'll try, George.

George drags him across the lawn to the door.

(CONTINUED)

Clyde hands him the sweet roll. He takes a safety pin from his shirt and picks the lock.

George rushes inside and closes the door. He opens the door and hands Clyde the sweet roll and closes the door.

CLYDE
(to himself)
Thank you Clyde. That's all right
George. I'm glad to help.

He walks off.

EXT. BRICK HOUSE - DAY

Clarence drives into the driveway and goes to the front door. He rings the doorbell.

The door opens and George takes his arm, jerks him in the door, and closes it.

INT. BRICK HOUSE - DAY

George motions for him to follow him. They go to the far end of the living room.

GEORGE
I don't want Alice to hear this.

George paces back and forth as he speaks.

GEORGE
This is hard to explain... last night I was at the office party and I was drinking too much. A beautiful woman and I begin to talk. We were laughing and drinking and... she was nibbling on my ear... when all of a sudden, I blacked out.

CLARENCE
You think she slipped something in your drink??

GEORGE
I don't know?... maybe. This morning I woke up and... she was laying beside me in bed.

(CONTINUED)

CLARENCE
You rascal.

GEORGE
And she was dead.

CLARENCE
Dead? Did you call the police?

GEORGE
No, I don't even know her name. All I know is she works on the third floor.

CLARENCE
Third floor?

GEORGE
How can I explain this to the police... or Alice?

CLARENCE
Where is Alice?

GEORGE
She's still in the shower.

CLARENCE
You've got a problem, George. Where's the body?

GEORGE
I put her in the closet in the garage.

CLARENCE
Closet! You can't hide a body in the closet. That's the first place they'll look!

GEORGE
Not if it's in the dump.

CLARENCE
Dump? You can't put her in a dump?

GEORGE
It's only temporarily. After they pick her up I'll make an anonymous call to the police and tell them where she's at and they'll go get her. Then I'll be in the clear.

(CONTINUED)

CLARENCE

That might work.

GEORGE

Today is trash day. I need to put the body in the trash can and take it out to the curb so they'll haul her away.

CLARENCE

We better hurry and get her out there.

GEORGE

I can't

CLARENCE

Why?

GEORGE

The repair man is in the garage.

CLARENCE

What repair man?

GEORGE

The one who came to repair the washer. Now listen, the garbage truck usually comes here at 7:45 and that's fifteen minutes away.

CLARENCE

What are we going to do?

GEORGE

We need to get the repairman out of the garage.

CLARENCE

How we going to do that?

GEORGE

I want you to distract the repairman. Tell him someone's messing with his van. Then he'll run outside and you go with him. Keep him busy as long as you can. Then I'll put the body in the trash can and take her out to the curb.

CLARENCE

Okay, I can do that.

They stare at each other a few seconds.

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE
He's in the garage.

CLARENCE
Okay.

Another few seconds.

GEORGE
Well?...

CLARENCE
Okay... where's the garage?

GEORGE
(points)
That way.

CLARENCE
Okay... okay.

Clarence leaves.

THE PHONE RINGS!

George answers it.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

George picks up the phone.

GEORGE
Hello.

SHERIFF
Mr. Ramsey, this is SHERIFF MATT
ZILLION, and I understand there was
a problem with your paper.

GEORGE
Problem? Oh no, just a little
misunderstanding but we have that
taken care of. I'd like to tell you
how much I appreciate the great
service your son has provided to me
on the prompt delivery of the
paper.

SHERIFF
Well, thank you for those kind
words. I see you've had a little
problem in the past.

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE

What do you mean?

SHERIFF

I see here when you were fourteen
you were arrested for siphoning gas
out of a police car.

GEORGE

Oh, well, that was done on a dare.
Just a little prank.

SHERIFF

I see. I do hope we'll not have any
more of these pranks.

GEORGE

Oh, rest assured. You won't.

SHERIFF

I'm glad to hear that. When a
customer cancels the paper it hurts
my son's feelings. I don't like to
have my son's feelings hurt.

GEORGE

Oh, well, I understand that. And I
want you to know I intend to take
the paper forever.

SHERIFF

That's good to hear Mr. Ramsey.
Maybe we can talk again.

GEORGE

Oh that would be great.

SHERIFF

Good day, Mr. Ramsey.

GEORGE

And good day to you, sir.

He hangs up the phone.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Clarence sneaks to the door and peeks in the garage.

The repairman Emmet, has his head in the washer.

Clarence sneaks in the garage.

(CONTINUED)

CLARENCE
(shouts)

Hey!

This scares Emmitt and he BANGS his head on the washer.

CLARENCE
(shouts)
Somebody's in your van!

Emmitt jumps up and Clarence follows him through the door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

George paces and hears them running. He looks around.

Emmitt runs outside with Clarence close behind. Clarence gives him a sign as he runs out the door.

George closes the door and rushes to the garage.

EXT. BRICK HOUSE - DAY

Emmitt and Clarence run up to the van. Emmitt looks around.

EMMIT
I don't see anybody.

CLARENCE
He must have ran off. You better check your van and see if he took anything.

EMMIT
The van is locked.

CLARENCE
Maybe he had a key?

EMMIT
Where would he get a key?

CLARENCE
Maybe he broke a window?

EMMIT
The windows aren't broke.

CLARENCE
Maybe he jammed the door lock?

(CONTINUED)

EMMIT
I'll check it.

Emmit checks the truck.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

George runs into the garage and opens the door that leads outside.

EXT. BRICK HOUSE - DAY

He grabs the empty trash can and pulls it inside.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

George closes the door and runs to the closet.

He lifts the body out of the closet, and drags her to the garbage can.

He lays her down, takes off the lid, reaches down and picks her up. He staggers. She's heavy.

He places her feet in first. She's two foot above the can. He pushes her down. When he lets her go, she pops back up.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Alice comes out of the shower drying her head. She sees the drunk in her bed.

ALICE
(shouts)
George!

INT. GARAGE - DAY

George pushes the body back down when he hears Alice. He runs out of the garage. The body pops back up.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

George runs into the bedroom.

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE
What is it, honey?

Alice points.

ALICE
Who is that man in my bed?

George glares at him surprised.

GEORGE
Who's that?

ALICE
I ask you first.

GEORGE
I don't know who he is.

ALICE
Get him out of my bed!

George runs over and shakes him.

GEORGE
Hey! Wake up! Wake up!

THE DOORBELL RINGS!

GEORGE
I'll be right back.

He runs out of the room.

ALICE
George?

The drunk raises up.

DRUNK
How can I sleep with all this
noise. I need some peace and quite.

He crawls out of bed and staggers into the bathroom and
closes the door.

Alice stares at him in shock.

INT. FRONT DOOR. - DAY

George answers the door and the roofer greets him.

ROOFER

It'll cost you two hundred to fix your roof.

GEORGE

Two hundred? To fix a few shingles?

ROOFER

Well, there's the tear off, the labor, the cement, nails, the shingles...

GEORGE

Okay, okay. You can fix it but not today.

ROOFER

If I can't fix it today. I'll have to charge full price.

GEORGE

What's the full price?

ROOFER

Five hundred dollars.

GEORGE

Five hundred? I don't want to pay for your retirement. I just need my roof fixed.

ROOFER

Your choice, two or five.

GEORGE

Okay, go ahead and fix it.

RALPH

What about your company?

GEORGE

They'll have to put up with it! Can you hurry?

ROOFER

I'll get right on it.

George closes the door and runs into the bedroom.

DOORBELL RINGS!

George runs out of the bedroom to the front door.

INT. FRONT DOOR - DAY

George opens the door. Another policeman stands on the porch.

CARL HACKETT

Hello, I'm officer CARL HACKETT,
and I'm selling tickets to the
annual policeman's ball. Would you
be interested in supporting us?

GEORGE

I've already bought one.

CARL HACKETT

Did you buy one for your wife?

GEORGE

No.

CARL HACKETT

Who you going to dance with? I
don't think your wife would be too
happy when she finds out you're
dancing with a strange woman.

GEORGE

Who's going to tell her?

CARL HACKETT

Word gets around. See this list.

He holds up a piece of paper.

CARL HACKETT

If I put a check on your name it
means you donated. If I circle it,
it means you didn't. All the
officers in town will have a copy
of this list. You really don't want
a circle around your name if you
get my drift.

GEORGE

Alright, I'll buy the ticket. I'll
write you a check.

CARL HACKETT

Oh, if you write a check...

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE

I know. It's twenty-five dollars.
I'll be right back.

INT. BRICK HOUSE

George leaves and Carl steps inside. He looks around and sees the candy in the dish.

He goes over and pops a piece in his mouth. He chews it, it's good, and he grabs a handful and sticks it in his pocket.

George comes back with the check and catches Carl chewing the mouthful of candy.

GEORGE

I hope you enjoyed the candy?

CARL HACKETT

Yes, it's very good.

GEORGE

Would you like something to drink too?

CARL HACKETT

Well, I'd take a pop.

GEORGE

You won't take it here, because we don't have any.

CARL HACKETT

What do you have?

GEORGE

We have some pickle juice.

CARL HACKETT

Oh no, I can't stand the stuff.

GEORGE

Well, then you're shit out of luck aren't you? Here's the check.

Carl hands him the ticket.

CARL HACKETT

Here's your ticket.

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE

Thank you. And would you mind to inform the rest of the police department that I've purchase all the tickets I can afford?

CARL HACKETT

This check better be good.

GEORGE

Don't worry, I have over draft protection.

Carl leaves with a frown.

As George starts to close the door he sees a car pull up to the curb.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The sheriff MATT ZILLION, drives up and steps out of the car.

Standing 6 foot seven, he puts his ten galleon hat on his large head. A shinny gold badge on his chest and a colt 45 on his hip.

George stares at him in shook.

Matt walks up to the door with a stern look on his face.

MATT ZILLION

Mr. Ramsey, I'm sheriff Matt Zillion.

GEORGE

Hello, I'm glad to meet you.

They shake hands.

MATT ZILLION

I know there's been a problem with payment on the paper so I thought we could get this straighten out where we won't have this problem again.

GEORGE

Oh, there's never going to be another problem. I promise.

(CONTINUED)

MATT ZILLION

Well, to make sure we don't, I have a solution.

GEORGE

What kind of a solution?

MATT ZILLION

I have a contract here that will be clear to all parties involved. This contract states that you will take the paper for a period of ten years or until my son gets out of grade school.

GEORGE

Ten years?

MATT ZILLION

You have a problem with that?

GEORGE

Oh, no, no problem at all.

MATT ZILLION

I'm glad to hear that. And to be more convenient for you, we can take the payment out of your checking account just in case you forget again.

GEORGE

Oh, well that will be handy. I certainly wouldn't want to forget.

MATT ZILLION

Sign it.

He quickly signs it.

MATT ZILLION

Thank you Mr. Ramsey.

GEORGE

Could I get a copy of that?

MATT ZILLION

I've got a feeling you don't trust me.

GEORGE

Oh, no, nothing like that. I just need a copy for my records.

(CONTINUED)

MATT ZILLION
I can't do that.

GEORGE
Why not?

MATT ZILLION
I may want to change something.

GEORGE
Of course, why didn't I think of that.

MATT ZILLION
Don't get the ideal you can skip out on this obligation. I'll find you no matter where you're at.

GEORGE
That thought never crossed my mind.

MATT ZILLION
Make sure it doesn't. Have a good day. I'll be watching you.

He turns and leaves.

George closes the door and runs toward the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

George comes into the bedroom and Alice stares at the bathroom door. He sees the drunk is not in the bed.

GEORGE
Where did he go?

ALICE
He's in the bathroom.

GEORGE
Bathroom?

The toilet flushes.

IN THE BACKGROUND: George hears the SOUND of the GARBAGE TRUCK.

GEORGE
When he comes out tell him to leave. I've got to get the trash to the street.

He runs away. Alice stares at him with mouth wide open.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

George runs into the garage to the trash can. He pushes the body down, picks up the garbage bag with the sheets, and tosses it on top.

Holding the body down, He reaches for the lid but it's just out of reach. He slings his leg to try to pull the lid closer.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

The drunk comes out of the bathroom, tips his hat and staggers away. A long strand of toilet paper hangs down from his coat. Alice gazes in amazement.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

George drags the lid close, picks it up, and places it on the can.

Someone knocks on the window of the garage door. He looks up.

A friend AL THOMAS, 34, waves at him through the window.

He opens the door and comes in.

AL

Where's Alice?

GEORGE

She's in the shower?

AL

Listen, I've just met two party girls and they both want to go skinny dipping. Can you get away?

GEORGE

No, you know I don't do things like that.

AL

It's because you've never had the chance, George. Well, now's your chance. When I think of them I just drool. I'd crawl a mile on ground

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

AL (cont'd)
glass just to smell her ankle. I'm depending on you George because if I don't find a guy for the other gal, they won't go.

GEORGE
No, I can't. You'll have to get someone else.

AL
Like who?

GEORGE
What about Homer Jones?

AL
He's as ugly as home made soap, George. One look at his buck teeth and they'll scatter like flies. You've got to help me out.

GEORGE
No, no, I can't

AL
George, you can't believe these gals. My eyeballs go crazy when I think of them. I can't miss out on this. Please help me, just this one time. Please, please.

George shakes his head.

GEORGE
I can't do it. It's out of the question.

AL
All right, George. If you come over to borrow my fishing pole again, it won't happen.

He stomps off mad.

George hears a truck and looks out the door.

The garage truck pulls up five doors down the street. Two men pick up the trash cans and dump them in the back of the truck.

George grabs the trash can but it's heavy. He drags it down the long driveway.

EXT. BRICK HOUSE - DAY

George drags the trash can down the driveway.

A man walks up to him.

SHIFTY LEWIS

How do you do, sir, I'm shifty Lewis and I'm a candidate for the office of mayor of this fine city. I promise you I'll lower your taxes, pave your driveway, and plant some Oak trees in your yard if you vote for me.

GEORGE

How can you promise that?

SHIFTY LEWIS

I know how to work the system.

GEORGE

I don't want any Oak trees in my front yard.

SHIFTY LEWIS

What kind of trees do you like?

GEORGE

Well... I like Sycamores.

SHIFTY LEWIS

I can get you some Sycamores but you'll have to pay a surcharge.

GEORGE

How much does that cost?

SHIFTY LEWIS

Hundred dollars a tree.

GEORGE

Hundred dollars? I can buy my own trees for that.

SHIFTY LEWIS

But you can't plant them.

GEORGE

Why not?

(CONTINUED)

SHIFTY LEWIS
You have to have a permit.

GEORGE
Where do I get that?

SHIFTY LEWIS
From me. I'm in charge of the
permit office. If I don't sign it,
you don't get it.

GEORGE
I'll call the governor about this.

SHIFTY LEWIS
Go right ahead. He's my brother.

GEORGE
You can't do this?

SHIFTY LEWIS
Wanna bet.

He hands George his card.

SHIFTY LEWIS
Here's my card. Don't forget to
vote. Oh, you are a Democrat aren't
you?

GEORGE
No, I'm a Republican.

Shifty takes back his card.

SHIFTY LEWIS
You can't vote for me.

GEORGE
Oh, thank goodness. That is a
relief.

SHIFTY LEWIS
You're the tenth Republican I've
talk to in this neighborhood.
Where's all the Democrats?

GEORGE
Their all in jail.

SHIFTY LEWIS
You won't be getting any Sycamores.

Shifty walks away with a frown on his face.

George notices a man in a suit talking to the lady next door. He's scribbling on a pad.

EXT. STREET - DAY

At the van, Emmitt steps out of the door.

EMMIT

I don't see anything missing?

Clarence points down the street.

CLARENCE

Look! He just went around the corner.

Emmitt looks up the street.

EMMIT

Where?

CLARENCE

You can't see him now but he's a running. Let's take your van and catch him.

They jump in the van. When the van starts, it roars. It's loud and ear piercing.

George stares at the loud van.

They speed off.

EXT. STREET - DAY

George drags the trash can to the curb.

He sees the garbage truck three doors down the street picking up trash.

He notices an old pickup down the street in front of a pile of discarded items on the curb. A junk man tosses items in the pickup.

He turns to leave when a voice shouts.

HERB

Hey, George!

George turns around with fear in his face until he sees it's his neighbor, HERB PICKENS, 45, across the street. He walks over with hedge cutters in his hand.

(CONTINUED)

HERB

George, Ann is having some neighbors come over for a little get together and she wanted me to see if you and Alice would like to come.

GEORGE

Well, I don't know. She just came back from a long trip. She's awful tired.

HERB

Ann made a raspberry cake. I know that's your favorite.

GEORGE

What kind of icing?

HERB

Fridge Mable.

GEORGE

What time?

HERB

Six o'clock.

GEORGE

We'll be there.

Herb checks out his trash can.

HERB

Is this new?

GEORGE

No, I've had it a week.

HERB

It looks like it'll hold a lot.

GEORGE

Well, it was on sale and I was cleaning out the garage and I needed something big.

HERB

How much did you pay for it?

GEORGE

Nineteen ninety five.

(CONTINUED)

HERB
You got shafted, George.

GEORGE
What do you mean?

HERB
Had it in the paper this morning
for three ninety five.

GEORGE
You're kidding?

HERB
This may be a little bigger. I'll
take a look.

He takes hold of the lid and George leaps on the can driving the lid down. Herb shocked, stares at him.

George looks up at him.

GEORGE
It's cram full. If you open it up
it'll spill out.

HERB
Well, that's a relief. I thought
you were having a fit.

GEORGE
No...I just didn't want it to
spill.

HERB
Come over early and you can lick
the bowl.

Herb strolls off.

George goes back to the chain link fence and closes the gate.

The old pickup drives up in front of his trash.

Door swings open and junk man steps out and wobbles up to the trash can to take a look. He places his hand on the lid to open it up.

At the gate George sees him.

GEORGE

No! Stop!

Junk man looks up.

George swings the gate open and charges out like a raging bull.

Junk man whirls around and makes a beeline back to his pickup. He jumps inside and puts the pedal to the metal.

A puff of gray smoke comes from the tail pipe when the pickup starts.

As the pickup drives away, an old refrigerator flies out of the back and shatters on the pavement.

Pickup leaves a trail of smoke as it chugs away.

George decides to guard the trash can until the garbage truck arrivals.

The garbage truck pulls up in front of George's house as George reaches the end of his driveway.

BENNY HARRIS, 45, jumps off the back of the truck.

BENNY

Morning, George.

GEORGE

Morning, Benny.

BENNY

Did you hear about widow Hayes?

GEORGE

Widow Hayes?

BENNY

Yea, last week she up and ran off with a twenty two year old and went to Las Vegas. They blew ten thousands dollars. After he clean her out, he left her stranded in Vegas and she had to call her son to send her the money to get back home.

George is shocked to hear this.

(CONTINUED)

BENNY

You got to hand it to that old gal.
She's got more spit and vinegar
than I got.

The drunk comes out of the door chewing on a sandwich. They both see him.

BENNY

Who's that?

BENNY

I don't know... but he's eating my
sandwich.

A loud squealing of tires and they both look up the street.

A flashy red convertible comes down the street and pulls into George's driveway and slams on the brakes.

BENNY

Who's that?

GEORGE

It's Helen Walker. Alice's friend.

Helen get out of the car with tight jeans and thick makeup. He blond hair waves in the wind. She notices George and walks over.

HELEN

Hello, George, I've come to pick up
Alice. She inside?

Benny looks at George.

GEORGE

I'm sorry. I was going to call you.
Alice isn't feeling well. She went
to bed.

Benny looks at Helen.

HELEN

Is it serious?

Benny keeps looking at whoever is talking.

GEORGE

No, I don't think so. She just
needs some rest.

(CONTINUED)

HELEN
I'll look in on her.

GEORGE
Oh, no... she's asleep.

The man in the suit comes up to them.

BURT TALLEY
Excuse me, I'm Detective BURT
TALLEY, and I'm investigating a
burglary down the street. Anyone
here see a strange vehicle or a
stranger in the neighborhood.

BENNY
Not me.

HELEN
Did you say a burglary?

BEN TALLEY
Yes, early this morning.

Burt glances at George.

BURT TALLEY
What about you?

GEORGE
What about me?

BURT TALLEY
Did you see anything?

GEORGE
Oh, no...I didn't see anything.

HELEN
Maybe Alice saw someone?

GEORGE
No... she couldn't have seen
anyone. She was in the shower.

BENNY
It's getting where your not safe
anywhere anymore. I don't know what
the worlds coming to.

HELEN
Maybe she saw something before she
got in the shower?

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE

No... that's not possible. She went into the shower straight from the bedroom.

IN THE BACKGROUND: A loud roar of a truck. They all stare.

A "JIFFY APPLIANCE REPAIR" truck zooms down the street.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - DAY

Alice stomps out on the porch wearing a robe and a towel on her head. She's angry and sees George.

ALICE

George! I want to talk to you!

Everyone stares at her.

BENNY

I think you're in trouble, George.

Alice marches up with fire in her eyes. She holds up a pink scarf.

ALICE

And who does this belong to?

GEORGE

Where did you find that?

ALICE

In our bed.

HELEN

Well, it looks like she's feeling better.

GEORGE

It must belong to the strange man who was in our bed?

BENNY

There's a stranger in your bed?

ALICE

And that's another thing, where did he go?

BURT

You've got a strange man wandering around your house?

(CONTINUED)

HELEN

Could he be the burglar?

GEORGE

No...he was just a drunk that came in.

BENNY

Was he the one eating the sandwich?

GEORGE

Yes.

BENNY

How often does this happened, George?

GEORGE

You keep out of this. Look honey, you're causing a scene.

BENNY

Why don'cha just tell her the truth, George?

BURT

Yea, why don't you. This may be interesting.

HELEN

Go ahead George, I'll testify for her.

GEORGE

Honey, do you realize how you're dressed?

Alice looks down at the robe in shock.

GEORGE

You also have a towel on your head.

It was then she realizes how foolish she looks. She turns and runs back into the house.

BENNY

That's fast thinking, George. I wish I could think that fast.

HELEN

I want you to know, George. I know a good attorney. She'll take every thing you've got.

(CONTINUED)

George turns to Burt.

BURT
Keep me out of this.

GEORGE
It's not what you think, Helen.

HELEN
And what is it, George?

BENNY
Don't say anything, George. You
heard her. She'll testify.

GEORGE
I can explain this.

HELEN
Well, that will be a first.

George and Helen argue as Burt leans on the garbage can and rubs his shoe.

Benny looks at him.

BURT
(to Benny)
New shoes. My feet are killing me.

The trash can tips over and Benny catches it.

BENNY
Whoo. I don't like to pick trash
off the ground.

Al tosses the lid and tries to pull the can to the truck but it's too heavy.

BENNY
My God. What's you got in there,
George. A body?

GEORGE
No... just some stuff I took out of
the garage.

Burt stares at George.

BENNY
Harry, help me with this trash can.

Harry comes over and they pull the can to the truck.

(CONTINUED)

They try to lift it up but its too heavy.

BENNY

Harry, get a hold of the end and lift it up.

They both grunt and struggle to lay it on the bed.

George, Burt, and Helen all make motions as if they were helping them.

BENNY

This thing weights a ton. Let me take some out.

Benny reaches in and pulls out the garbage bag.

When the bag comes out a arm falls out on the edge of the garbage can. The fingers are in a nasty position.

Benny stares in shock.

Helen gasps and holds her hand over her mouth.

Burt's eyes open wide.

An incoherent woman sticks her head out of the trash can.

WOMAN

What happened?

She blinks her eyes in a daze.

George stares in horror realizing she's not dead.

Burt gazes at him.

George turns to meet the glaring eyes of Burt.

Burt takes his arm.

BURT TALLEY

We need to talk.

GEORGE

I can explain this.

BURT TALLEY

Oh, I'm so you can.

He leads George to the house away from everyone.

Helen, Benny, and Harry help the dazed woman out of the trash can while Burt interrogates George.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

85.

FADE OUT:

THE END.