

# **DO FOR LOVE**

An Original Screenplay By

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FADE IN:

EXT. BALLY'S TOTAL FITNESS - DAY

An assortment of total fit to total misfit members trod through the doors underneath the haze of a new dawn.

CUT TO:

INT. BALLY'S TOTAL FITNESS - DAY

Meet PETER WRIGHT (25). He's the guy next door, the guy at the corner store, or your next door neighbor. He's you.

TIGHT ON PETE'S FACE

SWEAT permeates from Pete's forehead and gushes from a soiled HEADBAND. WE SEE the ice-cold steel of a LONG-BARBELL on his chest. He grunts and pushes the barbell with all his might like a breakfast champion.

A PAIR OF HANDS

Helps Pete push the steel to its apex.

A MACHO VOICE (O.S.)

Come on, Pete. Give me ten more.

Pete pushes the steel to its crest.

MACHO VOICE (O.S.)

Halle Berry.

Lowers the bar.

MACHO VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Angelina Jolie.

Pushes the bar.

MACHO VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Halle Berry.

Lowers the bar.

MACHO VOICE (CONT'D)  
 Anglelina Jolie.

Pete pushes and pushes, but he can't push the bar high enough.

MACHO VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Come on!

PETE  
 I need a break.

A COMFORTING VOICE (O.S.)  
 You're going to kill him.

A FACE COMES INTO VIEW (THE MACHO VOICE)

Say hello to A.J. (27) -- a card carrying misogynist and president of "The Man Show" fan club.

A.J.  
 Pussy.

A.J.'s head disappears. He lets the bar drop onto Pete's chest.

Another head comes into view (The Comforting Voice). It's RENÉ, (23) -- artist extraordinaire, born of a pure Bohemian spirit.

RENÉ  
 Why do you put yourself through this, Pete?

René's head disappears. HIS HANDS pull the bar off of Pete's chest.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL that there are NO WEIGHTS on the barbell.

A TOWEL is tossed over Pete's face. He mops up his sweat with it.

PETE  
 It's Naggie.

RENÉ (O.S.)  
 What did she do this time?

CUT TO:

INT. PETE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON TWO PAIRS OF FEET, one masculine, one feminine, protruding from underneath a set of disheveled sheets. The feet bang into each other each with a separate and unequal cadence amidst the CREAKING sound of a bed.

PETE

Yeah, baby, yeah!

Pete's battle cries are married with random SENSUOUS MOANS of a woman in passion.

As the moans and battle cries become more harmonious, the rhythm of the feet becomes one until there are TWO EAR PIERCING SHRIEKS OF ECSTASY.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

Pete and NAGGIE (26). The poster pin-up for Melrose gone mad, Naggie is the quintessential New Age Girl, but she's a few clowns short of a circus.

Pete tries to cuddle with his mate.

PETE (CONT'D)

Hold me.

She violently shoves Pete out of the bed, which sends him tumbling to the floor.

NAGGIE

Don't touch me! I'm dirty.

Naggie wraps herself in the sheets like a swaddling infant. She storms into the bathroom.

WE HEAR THE SHOWER and SEE HOT STEAM BLOW into the bedroom.

CUT TO:

INT. BALLY'S TOTAL FITNESS - DAY

A.J. chugs a BOTTLE OF WATER.

A.J.

She's crazy! I told you that girl's not right.

RENÉ

Maybe she was sexually abused as a little girl?

PETE

I really like Naggie, but sometimes  
I just don't know.

RENÉ

Do you really think she could be  
Mrs. Right?

A.J.

Or Mrs. Wrong. Read my lips. The  
girl needs help.

RENÉ

At least she lets you breathe.  
Last night Anastasia just wouldn't  
leave me alone.

CUT TO:

INT. RENÉ'S HOUSEBOAT - NIGHT

René stands completely nude in front of an enormous canvas.  
His hands are covered with paint.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BALLY'S TOTAL FITNESS - DAY

A.J. SPITS WATER out of his mouth.

A.J.

Nude! What the hell are you doing  
painting in the nude, René?

RENÉ

I find that clothes constrain my  
creativity, A.J.

CUT TO:

INT. RENÉ'S HOUSEBOAT - NIGHT

René dips his hands into a bucket. He uses his fingertips  
to meticulously layer the paint onto the canvas.

A FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

(foreign accent)

I'm ready for you. I can't wait.  
Come to bed with me, lover.

RENÉ

I told you before you came over  
here my creativity had peaked.

RENÉ (CONT'D)

When my creativity peaks, I must  
paint.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

ANASTASIA (38). She's hot! Your classic post super-model  
type clinging on to her last few years of ultimate sex  
appeal by dating a younger man.

Anastasia sits up in bed with a sheet carefully covering  
the sweet parts (one leg is outstretched behind her head).  
A single RED ROSE is clenched in her teeth.

Anastasia twirls another sheet like rope and lassos René  
like a wild pony.

He stumbles knocking the canvas to the floor.

Anastasia saunters out of bed, still embroidered in her  
sheet, to bridle her prey. She pushes René onto the  
canvas.

ANASTASIA

If you want to paint, paint this.

The TELEPHONE RINGS three times.

Anastasia lets her sheet slowly float off of her skin.

RENÉ 'S FATHER (O.S.)

(on answering machine)

René, pick up the phone. It's me,  
Dad. I know you're there. Pick  
up.

Anastasia pours paint all over her body and mounts René.

RENÉ (V.O.)

Two weeks of art, ruined.

CUT TO:

INT. BALLY'S TOTAL FITNESS - DAY

A.J. rolls his eyes.

A.J.

You would rather paint, than have  
the pudenda. What are you, a fag?

PETE

(chastises)

A.J.

A.J.

You too, Mr. "hold me". Because if you two are, we should just go out into the woods right now and hold each others dicks by the campfire and sing Koom-bi-yah.

RENÉ

I like that song.

A.J.

You guys are a lost cause. Let me tell you how a real man operates. Last night, I was online--

PETE

As usual.

CUT TO:

INT. A.J.'S BACHELOR APARTMENT - NIGHT

A.J. sits up in his bed wearing only a pair of boxers. His back is against the wall. The computer screen is next to the bed and a wireless keyboard is on his lap. A headset is on his head. He fiddles with Microsoft Net Meeting (Video Chat).

A SMOKY mist from BURNING INCENSE fills the air. A classic Prince slow jam sets the tone.

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN

A PAIR OF HANDS are shown in a window.

A.J.

(into headset)

What's your name?

A CHAT WINDOW pops up on the screen. One by one the letters "R-U-B-Y" appear.

A.J. (CONT'D)

(into headset)

Ruby, I'll show you mine if you show me yours.

The hands on the screen point the camera at a slender upper body with smooth silken skin. A bikini bra covers the key points. The hands slowly remove the bra.

A.J. reaches one hand into his boxers.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BALLY'S TOTAL FITNESS - DAY

A.J. clears his throat.

A.J.

And then, I mean, I just watched.  
Ruby lives out here in L.A. I  
think she's down. I'm going to  
try and hook up with her.

RENÉ

Be careful.

PETE

It was probably a man.

A.J.

Trust me, it was no man. I know a  
man when I see one, and what I saw  
last night was all woman.

CUT TO:

INT. BALLY'S TOTAL FITNESS - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

A.J. and René change into street clothes. Pete slips on  
a POSTAL CARRIER'S UNIFORM.

A.J.

Are we still on for sushi, today,  
dudes?

RENÉ

I've got to go down to O.C. to get  
some more canvases.

PETE

It's a pass for me, too. I'm  
meeting Naggie at her doctor's  
office.

A.J.

Doctor's office? Not the test,  
again? You just love abuse, don't  
you? I think you're one of those  
masochists like "Machine" from 8  
Millimeter.

RENÉ

Have you considered getting her  
professional help?

A.J.  
 She doesn't need a shrink, she  
 needs a straight jacket.

René removes a sweater from a locker and flicks FUR off  
 of it.

A.J. sneezes uncontrollably.

A.J. (CONT'D)  
 Do you have a cat now or something?

RENÉ  
 Anastasia just got one.

A.J. has difficulty breathing. His EYES TEAR.

A.J.  
 I'm deathly allergic to cats.

A.J. rummages through his bag for his INHALER. Takes a  
 big puff.

RENÉ  
 (to René)  
 I know. That's why she got it.

CUT TO:

INT. BALLY'S TOTAL FITNESS - LOBBY - DAY

Pete, A.J., and René stroll past the front counter toting  
 GYM BAGS.

A.J.  
 (to René)  
 Do you think I could borrow just  
 one of them?

RENÉ  
 Borrow what?

A.J.  
 One of those guardian angels  
 hovering over your head blessing  
 with you with super hotties like  
 Anastasia.

RENÉ  
 You can have her. Seriously, I  
 can't get rid of her. Trust me,  
 you'd be doing me a big favor.

RENÉ (CONT'D)

She's really starting to make me sick.

CUT TO:

EXT. BALLY'S TOTAL FITNESS - DAY

Pete, A.J., and René exit from the lobby.

Anastasia stands on the sidewalk leaning against her YELLOW PORSCHE BOXSTER. She holds a PICNIC BASKET under her arm.

RENÉ

Aw, jeez. What now?

ANASTASIA

I thought I'd surprise you with breakfast and a picnic on the beach.

RENÉ

I'm busy.

ANASTASIA

Excuse me. Where are my manners?  
(ignores A.J.)  
Good morning, Peter.

Anastasia kisses Pete on the cheek.

PETE

How's business been?

ANASTASIA

I just closed a deal to cater the Academy Awards Official After Party.

A.J. affectionately stands behind Pete, arms wide open, puckering up for his hug and kiss from Anastasia.

Anastasia ignores A.J. And moves right along back to René.

RENÉ

The answer is still no. I'm busy.

A.J.

(interrupts)  
What about my hug and kiss?

Anastasia extends one of her hands towards A.J. from a distance.

ANASTASIA

Heel.

René hops onto his CHOPPER. Speeds away. Anastasia hops into her Porsche, and pursues close behind.

CUT TO:

EXT. MEDICAL CENTER - LATER THAT DAY

A street urchin peddles BABY TOYS on the sidewalk.

CUT TO:

INT. GYNECOLOGIST'S OFFICE - DAY

A sign reads: "OBGYN."

Pete slumps over on a couch asleep with SPITTLE forming the corner of his mouth.

THEN:

SMACK

As the palm of Naggie's hand makes contact with Pete's cheek.

NAGGIE

She doesn't know what she's talking about. I know my body.

Pete rises to the occasion attempting to console her.

PETE

It's OK. Everything will be all right.

Naggie shoves Pete back down onto the couch. Flees from the office.

CUT TO:

INT. VINTAGE JEEP GRAND CHEROKEE - DAY

Pete quietly drives while Naggie studies an ASTROLOGY STAR CHART.

NAGGIE

I don't understand. I had all the signs.

Naggie pulls a deck of TAROT CARDS from her purse.

NAGGIE (CONT'D)

My psychic, palm reader, and  
spiritualist all agreed on the  
same thing.

Naggie grabs a handful of ORBS from her purse.

NAGGIE (CONT'D)

Even the stones and the stars told  
me I was pregnant.

PETE

Yes, I know.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE WRIGHT HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

Pete and Naggie unwind at his family's house for the weekend barbecue. (**THE ACTOR WHO PLAYS PETER PLAYS ALL OF THE CHARACTERS IN HIS FAMILY.**) Everyone is spread out across the yard and patio in a seemingly quaint atmosphere. All, except for Pete and Naggie, nurse 12-ounce TUMBLERS FULL OF GIN. Begin the circus.

DADDY WRIGHT (45), pours CHARCOAL into an OIL DRUM GRILL

MOMMA WRIGHT (O.S.)

Damn you, Andrew. You tracked mud  
all over my kitchen floor.

MOMMA WRIGHT (42), storms through a sliding glass door onto the patio, past Naggie, then Pete, while waving a FRYING PAN.

DADDY WRIGHT

Don't holler at me, woman. I will  
stick your head in this grill and  
light it.

Pete is a little embarrassed.

MOMMA WRIGHT

Bring it on, I'm ready for you.

UNCLE WRIGHT (55), sits in a lawn chair next to Naggie. She's trapped. Naggie nibbles on a bowl of dry lettuce. Discomfort overtakes her face. Uncle Wright nurses his 12-ounce TUMBLER FULL OF GIN straight-up. He's hammered.

UNCLE WRIGHT

The corporation is the modern day  
plantation.

UNCLE WRIGHT (CONT'D)

(stutters)

And, the c.p., the desktop p.c.p.,  
has replaced the cotton gin.

Gin. A good idea. Everyone takes a sip from their  
TUMBLERS.

UNCLE WRIGHT (CONT'D)

And even when we see the light,  
some of us are just like that psycho  
midget who wanted to be plugged  
back into The Matrix.

And we ask the C.E.O.s to "make me  
a slave again." And that is why I  
refuse to work

(beat)

More than 40 hours a week.

Pete sits with GRAND POP WRIGHT (92), beneath a round  
picnic table with a flowery umbrella sprouting from the  
center. He writes on a SMALL PIECE OF PAPER while trying  
his best to tune out Grand Pop.

GRANNY WRIGHT (82), sits nearby on a chaise lounge  
crocheting an afghan.

GRAND POP WRIGHT

(to Pete)

When I was in the Corps, I was  
assigned to guard the President.  
That's why even today I still have  
a G.S. 9.9 security clearance.

I could just walk right through  
the pentagon today, if I wanted  
to, and nobody would ask me any  
questions.

Pete stops scribbling on his piece of paper.

PETE

Grand Pop, there is no G.S. 9.9  
security clearance.

GRAND POP WRIGHT

There was back then, but they  
retired it.

GRANNY WRIGHT

Fido--

GRAND POP WRIGHT

Yes, Hun.

GRANNY WRIGHT

You're a heathen liar. You weren't  
in the Corps. You were Merchant  
Marine.

GRAND POP WRIGHT

That's still a Marine, hun.

Momma Wright grabs Pete by the shoulder.

MOMMA WRIGHT

Go get Naggie before Dad lights  
the grill. If Uncle Mac breathes  
on her the poor thing might burst  
into flames.

Pete rescues Naggie.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE WRIGHT HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DAY

Pete and Naggie sit close to each other on a SWING FOR  
TWO. Pete removes the PIECE OF PAPER that he has been  
writing on. Reads from it.

PETE

Don't take this the wrong way.  
I'm only telling you this because  
I care so much for you.

Naggie snatches the piece of paper.

NAGGIE

(snaps)

What?

PETE

About this whole baby thing. I'm  
not sure how much more of this I  
can take.

This is the thirteenth time you've  
claimed that you were pregnant and  
you weren't. I think we should  
consider getting professional help.

NAGGIE

(hysterical)

We shouldn't do anything. How can  
you say this to me? A woman knows  
her body. Everyone thinks I'm  
crazy. I'm not crazy.

PETE

Naggie, wait--

NAGGIE

I can't take anymore of this, either. We're finished. I don't need my own boyfriend saying that I'm crazy.

I've got the rest of the world to do that for me. Screw you, screw your family, and screw your friends. Hell, screw everybody!

Naggie runs away from the house bawling like a child.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE WRIGHT HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

Pete steps onto the patio, solemn, slow feet, sunken head.

MOMMA WRIGHT

Where's Naggie, sugar?

PETE

She broke up with me.

DADDY WRIGHT

Good for you. I never liked that crazy witch.

MOMMA WRIGHT

Andrew, shame on you. The witch can't help it if she's crazy - she's Wiccan.

UNCLE WRIGHT

(stammers)

The Matrix has messed with her mind.

GRANNY WRIGHT

She don't eat meat. I don't trust anybody who doesn't eat meat.

Pete holds his fingertips to his temples.

PETE

I'm feeling faint. I'm going to go home and lie down.

Pete walks around the side of the house.

GRANNY WRIGHT (O.S.)

No meat.

GRAND POP (O.S.)

I rode with the Jesse James gang.

GRANNY WRIGHT (O.S.)

Fido, hush them lies. You can't even ride a bike.

GRAND POP WRIGHT (O.S.)

I drove the wagon, Hun.

CUT TO:

EXT. NAGGIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Pete punches a code into an INTERCOM SYSTEM. The PHONE RINGS THREE TIMES. A single RED ROSE is in his left hand.

NAGGIE (O.S.)

(answering machine)

I'm meditating somewhere right now. Accept the universe and I'll feel your need for me in my spirit. Pete if this is you, fuck off!

BEEP.

PETE

Come on, Naggie. I know you're there. Pick up the phone. I'm sorry.

The INTERCOM SHUTS OFF.

Pete steps back onto the sidewalk. He looks up at NAGGIE'S WINDOW. Grabs a few STONES from the sidewalk. Tosses them at Naggie's window.

CUT TO:

INT. NAGGIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

A FEMININE HAND grabs a TELEPHONE.

FINGERS mash "9-1-1."

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

CINDY MANN (23), commanding in an innocent kind of way, reads a paperback copy of THE BRIDGES OF MADISON COUNTY, while her partner, MCCLOSKY (33), a real porker, SLURPS what appears to be "baby moosh" from a MAN-SIZED BABY BOTTLE.

Cindy pokes her nose up from the book.

CINDY

Ewww. What is that?

MCCLOSKY

That's my late afternoon meal.  
I'm tired of seeing guys on the  
job portrayed as overweight and  
out of shape in the movies.

CINDY

You are overweight and out of shape.

MCCLOSKY

That's why I've entered a twelve-  
week body building contest/diet.  
I workout six days a week and eat  
six times a day.

CINDY

You seem to have mastered the eating  
part.

Cindy resumes reading.

POLICE DISPATCH (O.S.)

(on radio)

Car 14, what's your 10-20? We  
have a 10-33 on 939 6th Street. A  
possible stalking situation.

MCCLOSKY

(can't remember code)

Dispatch we're uh--

Cindy continues to read her book.

CINDY

17.

MCCLOSKY

17 on that stalking call. Our, um--

CINDY

20.

MCCLOSKY

20 is 5th Avenue and 1st Street.  
And our uh--

CINDY

26.

MCCLOSKY

26 is, is, is...

McClosky POPS Cindy on the shoulder. Cindy looks up from her book and snatches the microphone from McClosky.

CINDY

2 minutes.

WIPE TO:

EXT. NAGGIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Pete, rose still in hand, hurls a STICK at Naggie's window. It bounces off the glass and far into the street. He finds an OLD RUSTY STEAK KNIFE in the bushes. Tries to use the knife to JIMMY THE LOCK on the front door.

WOOO!!! - POLICE SIREN

PETE

(the knife, jerk)

Shit!

Pete slowly backs up into the bushes. Lets the knife slide out of his hand onto the ground. Uses his foot to rub the knife in the dirt to remove any traces of fingerprints.

MCCLOSKY

(on megaphone)

Step away from the building!

McClosky and Cindy hop out of their PATROL CAR, guns drawn, doors wide open. The patrol car is perched curbside with one tire on the sidewalk.

MCCLOSKY (CONT'D)

Do you have any narcotics or  
concealed weapons?

PETE

I, I, I--

Cindy spots the ROSE.

CINDY  
 (understanding)  
 Just broke up with your girlfriend?

PETE  
 Yeah.

CINDY / MCCLOSKEY  
 Ahhh.

PETE  
 (following their lead)  
 It was our, uh, anniversary.

CINDY / MCCLOSKEY  
 Ahhh.

PETE  
 (runs with it)  
 I just wanted to tell her that I,  
 uh, love her.

CINDY / MCCLOSKEY  
 Ahhh.

PETE  
 Now I know that it's definitely  
 over. I must move on with my life.

Kicks the knife far away.

PETE (CONT'D)  
 I'll just be on my way.

Pete tries to walk away.

CINDY  
 (romanticizes)  
 You're in love.

MCCLOSKEY  
 Listen, buddy. Your girlfriend  
 called in a complaint. If you go  
 home, we can let you off with a  
 warning, this time.

Cindy SMILES at Pete.

Pete SMILES back.

There is an electrical magnetism between them.

PETE  
 Thanks for the warning officers.  
 I'll be on my way.

Pete walks away.

McClosky steps into the patrol car.

MCCLOSKY  
Cindy, let's go.

Not hearing a word McClosky said, and off Pete's smile...

CINDY  
Kinda' cute.

MCCLOSKY  
Get in, silly.

McClosky snatches Cindy into the patrol car. He reaches over her to pull her door closed.

Pete waves good-bye to Cindy.

Cindy waves good-bye back, as the car pulls away.

Pete watches the patrol car drive away until it disappears.

Pete casually strolls away.

HOLD

On the apartment building for a few beats.

THEN:

Pete quickly returns. Grabs the knife from the bushes.  
Tries to jimmy the lock again.

WOOO! - POLICE SIREN

Pete throws the knife and runs.

WIPE TO:

EXT. A.J.'S BACHELOR APARTMENT - NIGHT

A single window is dimly lit by the light of a computer screen.

CUT TO:

INT. A.J.'S BACHELOR APARTMENT - NIGHT

A.J.'s in his favorite position--computer, keyboard, headset, boxers, pillows, PRINCE, and Net Meeting.

COMPUTER SCREEN

A POP-UP WINDOW shows a pair of hands typing on a keyboard.

A.J.  
 (into headset)  
 Ruby, when do I get to meet you?

CHAT WINDOW

"THURSDAY NIGHT. CLUB PHUCK. IT'S AN UNDERGROUND SWING CLUB."

A.J. (CONT'D)  
 (into headset)  
 I think I like the direction this  
 is going in.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BALLY'S TOTAL FITNESS - DAY

Two muscle-heads waddle out of the front door.

CUT TO:

INT. BALLY'S TOTAL FITNESS - DAY

A.J., Pete, and René jog on three adjacent TREADMILLS.

PETE  
 Naggie broke up with me, Sunday.  
 She won't return any of my phone  
 calls.

A.J.  
 Congratulations!

RENÉ  
 (understanding)  
 I'm sorry to hear that. Are you  
 OK?

A.J.  
 (mimics to self)  
 "I'm sorry to hear that, are you  
 OK?"

PETE  
 I really care about her. I just  
 don't know what to do.

RENÉ

Maybe it's all for the best.

René reaches toward Pete touching his shoulder as a sign of support.

A.J. is a bit uncomfortable with Pete and René's demeanor.

RENÉ (CONT'D)

You're actually the lucky one.  
Anastasia is just way too much for  
me to handle.

We had sex all weekend long. That  
woman is animal. I couldn't do  
any painting. I feel like some  
kind of sex object.

Pete reaches for René and touches his shoulder as a sign of support.

A.J. can't keep his peace. He leaps off of his treadmill and slaps the STOP BUTTONS on Pete's and René's treadmills.

A.J.

That's it! I've had enough of  
this bullshit. You are starting  
to make me sick.

A dude walks by and sneaks a glance at the trio.

A.J. (CONT'D)

People are staring at us all funny  
and what not. Are you guys "Misses"  
or men? Listen to yourselves.

(mimics)

"She won't return any of my phone  
calls. She treats me like a sex  
object". Pete, ever heard of "hit  
it and quit it?"

And René, if a woman wants to treat  
me like a sex object, then wrap me  
up and throw me under the fucking  
tree.

Flickers his tongue.

Pete and René are shamed.

A.J. (CONT'D)

It's OK, dudes. That's why we  
have each other to watch our backs.

Pete and René reach out towards A.J. to touch him as a sign of support.

A.J. rubs off the cooties.

A.J. (CONT'D)

Would you dudes quit it with that touching shit. You're starting to scare me.

Once again, Pete and René are shamed.

A.J. (CONT'D)

I'm calling this an emergency and demanding a mandatory party night.

On Thursday, that Ruby chick from the net, wants to meet me at an underground Swing Club. And both of you, will be there with me.

PETE

I suppose I should get out and meet new people.

A.J.

Now, you're talking!

RENÉ

Anything is better than a night with Anastasia.

A.J.

Silence, blasphemer. I ought to make you stay with her.

A.J. leans in closer.

A.J. (CONT'D)

(whispers)

The place doesn't open until 11:00...

CUT TO:

EXT. WEST HOLLYWOOD STREET CORNER - NIGHT

A.J. and René smoke CIGARETTES in front of a questionable ANTIQUE STORE. They are both garbed in all black: A.J. like a combat paratrooper and René in skin tight PLASTIC PANTS and a SHEER SHIRT.

A SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER wearing a HEADSET studies them from across the street.

Pete sashays up to the dynamic duo sporting a BRIGHT YELLOW ZOOT SUIT and matching TANDO (Zoot Suit Hat).

A.J.  
What the fuck are you wearing?

PETE  
You said it was a Swing club, right?

René attempts to conceal a snicker.

A.J. stares at him with his mouth wide open.

René puts his arm around Pete.

RENÉ  
Come on, you'll be fine. Cool  
suit. Where did you get it?

A.J., René, and Pete walk around the side of the antique store into the ALLEY.

The SUSPICIOUS MAN across the street speaks into his headset.

SUSPICIOUS MAN  
Three.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

A.J., René, and Pete approach a STEEL DOOR. Pete reaches for it.

A.J.  
Hold on a second. I have to use  
the secret knock first.

A.J. pounds the DRUM LINE to QUEEN'S "WE WILL ROCK YOU."

A.J. (CONT'D)  
(sings)  
WE WILL, WE WILL, ROCK YOU.

Nothing. The door does not open.

RENÉ  
You forgot one "rock you."

PETE  
(surprised)  
You know the code, too?

RENÉ  
(defensive)  
I know the song.

A.J. DRUMS ONE LAST RIFF on the door.

A.J.  
 (sings)  
 Rock you.

The door opens.

CUT TO:

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

TWO THREATENING BROODS covered in black, donning headsets, position themselves in the center of a minuscule shadowy corridor.

THREATENING BROOD #1  
 Twelve dollars each, dudes.

A.J.  
 (incensed)  
 We're on the list.

Threatening Brood #2 checks them out. Gives Pete and his Pimp Zoot Suit a double take.

A.J. (CONT'D)  
 The boss came along to check on  
 his girls tonight.

René winks at Threatening Brood #2.

Threatening Brood #2 opens another enormous STEEL DOOR.

The SOUNDS OF DEEP HOUSE, TRIBAL, TRANCE, TECHNO, HOUSE, DRUM, AND BASS overtake our trio.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB PHUCK - NIGHT

Welcome to the jungle. Most people are committed to black. Lots of leather, vinyl, and plastic wear.

SERIES OF SHOTS

A SUBMISSIVE kneels at his DOMINATRIX's feet sucking her toes.

A DOMINATOR leads ANOTHER SUBMISSIVE by a LEASH attached to SHACKLES around her wrists.

A Hell's Angel wannabee strolls by modeling a BIKER JACKET on top and nothing underneath except for boots and an UNDERSIZED THONG.

COUCHES surround the perimeter full of teams of couples - - homo, hetero, and bi - engaged in group make-out sessions.

ON STAGE, a woman is covered in dried candle wax and dozens of pinched CLOTHESPINS. A masochist on the other side of the room WHIPS each clothespin of her body one by one with a giant BULLWHIP.

END SERIES

PETE

Oh my God! I can't believe this place.

RENÉ

It's pretty cool. I'm feeling the urge to paint.

A.J.

Gentleman, welcome to Club Phuck.

A.J. leads Pete and René to a BAR. The BARTENDER jerks his head, signaling he's ready to serve.

A.J. (CONT'D)

Three scorpions, fuerte!

The Bartender smiles. Gets to work.

Pete studies the environment. He is clearly out of his element. As people pass by him, they all affectionately caress his unique set of threads.

RENÉ

Careful. Don't let anyone rub acid on you. People do that just to watch you trip.

Pete cringes. A beat.

PETE

(to A.J.)

When do we get to meet Ruby?

A.J.

At the stroke of midnight, I'm to meet her on the couch next to the whipping post in back.

BACK ROOM

DOMINATORS and DOMINATRIXES wait in a long line with their SUBMISSIVES to take their turns using the WHIPPING POST.

MAIN ROOM

A HUSBAND and WIFE make-out on a couch close to the bar. Her EYES connect with René.

WIFE

Honey, him.

The Wife staggers over to René. She's stoned.

WIFE (CONT'D)

Aren't you a painter?

RENÉ

Yes.

WIFE

I met you at an art showing in NoHo. Come party with us.

René looks at her WEDDING RING. It's a 5 CARAT DIAMOND RING.

WIFE (CONT'D)

My husband and I have an arrangement. It's cool.

The Husband looks up, and waves at René while snorting a LINE OF COCAINE off of a cocktail table.

A.J.

Peace out, dude.

The Bartender places THREE SCORPION DRINKS on the bar.

René grabs a DRINK and downs it in one gulp.

The Wife links arms with René and escorts him away. Her husband joins them.

PETE

I don't think they want him to paint.

A.J. hands Pete a drink and grabs one for himself. He raises his glass for toast.

A.J.

To the night.

Pete clicks his glass with A.J.'s glass.

PETE

To the night.

Pete sips from his glass.

A.J.

(finishing)

And the ladies of it.

Pete chokes on his drink.

A.J. chugs on his drink.

A SUBMISSIVE approaches Pete with SHACKLES around her wrists.

SUBMISSIVE

(to Pete)

Punish me.

A.J. checks his

WATCH

The hands read 12:00 midnight.

A.J.

I'm out. It's all you, dude.

A.J. chugs on his drink. Leaves with it.

PETE

(stutters)

Wait a minute. Stay and talk with us.

SUBMISSIVE

I'm sorry. I forgot to say please.  
Punish me, please.

PETE

Punish you? Don't you want me to set you free.

Pete breaks open her shackles.

The Bartender looks at Pete, then makes EYE CONTACT with the Submissive. Together they ROLL THEIR EYES.

The Submissive uses her two index fingers to draw a square around Pete's head. As she draws the square in mid air, LINES FORM ON THE SCREEN, THEN DISAPPEAR.

The Submissive walks away.

BACK ROOM

A.J. walks over to the couch next to the whipping post. TWO GUYS are on the couch kissing. A.J. grabs them by the neck and shoves them off of the couch. Leans back on the couch with his legs crossed and his arms outstretched behind his head sipping his drink.

RUBY'S POV

LOW ANGLE ON A pair of SMOOTH CREAMY LEGS.

CLOSE ON

A.J.'s LIPS.

A.J.  
(whispers)  
Ruby...

CLOSE ON

A.J.'s GLASS falling out of his hand in slow motion not unlike the glass ball of a snow scene slowly falling out of Charles Foster Kane's hand in CITIZEN KANE.

BAR

Pete leans against the bar sipping the last of his drink. A VIXEN in a RUBBER BODY SUIT takes a seat next to Pete.

VIXEN  
Whatcha' drinking?

PETE  
Scorpion.

VIXEN  
(to Bartender)  
Two scorpions.

The Bartender nods in affirmation.

PETE  
The name is P--

VIXEN  
I'm not interested in your name.

The Vixen takes an ICE-CUBE from Pete's glass and seductively places it on her tongue.

CUT TO:

EXT. WEST HOLLYWOOD STREET CORNER - NIGHT

A.J. Runs out into the street in front of a SPEEDING CAB. It screeches to halt.

A.J. opens the back door and a FIGURE IN AN OVERCOAT (RUBY) with lots of long hair gets inside. A.J. leaps in behind Ruby.

The cab speeds away.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB PHUCK - NIGHT

Pete nurses his drink. The Vixen catches herself from nodding off. She opens her purse and removes a rubber strap. Wraps it around her arm.

PETE

Naggie can really be a Nag sometimes, but other times she's the sweetest person I know. I know I need to move on, but I really miss her.

VIXEN

Hold this.

Without missing a beat, Pete holds on to one end of the strap while continuing his free verse.

PETE

I remember the first time Naggie and I met. I was at Kinko's using the computer.

The Vixen removes a SYRINGE from her purse. Jabs it into her vein.

PETE (CONT'D)

Naggie sat down right next to me. She was so cute. I had to say something. I asked what she was doing and she told me that she was an inventor.

The Vixen goes into convulsions. Pete, stuck in his own thought, continues to hold the strap while talking down into his drink.

PETE (CONT'D)

Actually, I left one part out.  
The guy that worked in the computer  
lab at Kinko's was trying to hit  
on her first.

The Vixen's EYES have rolled into the back of her head and FOAM is coming out of her mouth.

PETE (CONT'D)

I guess that's what peaked my  
interest. You could say I was  
cock blocking.

CUT TO:

EXT. RENÉ'S HOUSEBOAT - NIGHT

CANDLELIGHT flickers in the windows of a less than sea worthy houseboat.

CUT TO:

INT. RENÉ'S HOUSEBOAT - NIGHT

A man's BARE BUTT straddles TWO BARE FEMININE legs on a king size bed beneath a CANOPY.

CLOSE ON

The Wife's FACE from Club Phuck. She MOANS.

CLOSE ON

René's face.

RENÉ

This is so incredible!

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

René standing nude before a large canvas.

The husband and wife are in the bed engaged in consensual sex under the love covenant of holy matrimony.

RENÉ (CONT'D)

Could you lift her leg just a little  
to the...

WIFE

Oh, oh, oh!

RENÉ

No, not that much.

René using his hands to add paint to his masterpiece.

RENÉ (CONT'D)

Could you rotate your hips just a  
little?

HUSBAND

Oh--

WIFE

My God--

RENÉ

(inspired)

Yes!

HUSBAND

Oh--

WIFE

My God--

RENÉ

Yes!!

HUSBAND

Oh--

WIFE

My God--

RENÉ

(the climax)

Yes!!!

The Husband and Wife lie still covered in sweat.

René stands back from afar to admire his masterpiece.  
Takes a sip from a GLASS OF CHAMPAGNE.

RENÉ (CONT'D)

I think I just saw the face of  
God.

René wipes a TEAR from his eye. Sniffles.

CUT TO:

INT. A.J.'S BACHELOR APARTMENT - NIGHT

A.J. leads Ruby into his apartment. She wears a MARDI - GRAS MASK over her face. A.J. tries to kiss her. She stops him. Ruby leads him to the bed. She removes FOUR SHEER SCARVES from her purse not unlike those Sharon Stone used in BASIC INSTINCT.

A.J.

Ooo, S & M. You're into that kinky stuff. I like to get freaky.

A.J. leans back on the bed. Ruby binds his ankles and wrists to the bed posts. She covers his eyes with one hand, then removes her bra and uses it as a blindfold for A.J.

A.J. (CONT'D)

Bring it on!

Ruby reaches into her purse and removes a HOT WATER BOTTLE and LONG TUBE. She straddles A.J. and removes his mask.

A.J.'S POV

We now see that Ruby is actually RUEBEN (A MAN).

RUBY

(deep masculine voice)  
I'm going to give you an enema,  
sweetie.

A.J.

(screams)  
Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah!

Screaming not unlike the way Jack Woltz screamed in THE GODFATHER when he found his racehorse's head in his bed.

CUT TO:

EXT. A.J.'S BACHELOR APARTMENT - NIGHT - SAME

CANDLELIGHT flickers in A.J.'s window.

A.J. (CONT'D)

(screams)  
Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah!

The SCREAM continues for several beats.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB PHUCK - NIGHT

The Vixen is keeled over face down on the bar.

Pete still holds on to the strap around her arm. He's still nursing the same drink and looking down into it.

PETE

When you're intimate with somebody  
for that long, how can you just  
ignore them. I'm a human being.  
I just can't turn my emotions on  
and off like a light switch.

The Bartender approaches Pete.

BARTENDER

Is she going to be alright?

PETE

Who?

Pete looks down at the Vixen. He helps her up and takes her towards the ladies room.

VIXEN

I think I'm going to be sick.

A SECURITY GUARD overhears. He steers them away from the restroom.

SECURITY GUARD

Unh-unh, take her outside.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANTIQUE FURNITURE STORE / CLUB PHUCK - NIGHT

Several POLICE OFFICERS storm through the front door. Among them is Cindy and McClosky.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Pete helps The Vixen stand as she vomits on the wall. He uses his POCKET SQUARE to wipe her mouth and puts his Zoot Suit Jacket on her to keep her warm.

VIXEN

Thank you.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB PHUCK - NIGHT

Police Officers storm into the club.

LEAD OFFICER

Everybody freeze! This is a raid.

People rush for the back door.

LEAD OFFICER (CONT'D)

Cindy. McClosky. Seal off the rear!

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Pete leans the Vixen against the wall to help her stand.

PETE

You need to stay awake.

Cindy opens the huge steel door.

CINDY

I don't think you two want to come in...

(recognizes Pete)

You!

PETE

This is not how it looks. She just had a little too much...

The Vixen lets her arm fly out. The rubber strap is still attached to it.

PETE (CONT'D)

Seriously, do I look like I would hang out in a place like this.

The Vixen topples over.

MCCLOSKEY (O.S.)

Cindy, is there a problem out there.

CINDY

I think you better run along before you get into anymore trouble.

Pete picks up the Vixen in his arms and throws her over his shoulder.

PETE

Thanks again.

CINDY

Don't mention it.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. A.J.'S BACHELOR APARTMENT - NIGHT - LATER

Ruby is gone. A.J. whimpers like an abused victim. He frees himself from the last of his binds. Reaches for the CORDLESS PHONE on his nightstand. Presses:

"9-1-1."

A.J.

(cries)

I was just sexually violated!

911 OPERATOR

Calm down, sir. Tell me what happened.

A.J.

He forced me to have an enema.

911 OPERATOR

A what? I didn't quite get that, sir. He forced you to have--

A.J.

An enema!

(hysterical)

An illegal laxative. A criminal colon cleansing.

911 OPERATOR

(skeptical)

Oh, an enema? I see. Well, how do you feel?

A.J.

(still crying)

I feel much lighter, my pores are really open, my complexion is much clearer, and I feel less tired.

(an epiphany)

As a matter of fact, I don't think my body has ever felt this purified.

A.J. thinks about what has happened. "Hmm, an enema."

911 OPERATOR

Sir? Sir? Sir?

A.J. hangs up the phone. Places the phone back on the nightstand. Lays back down and goes to sleep.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. STEAM ROOM - DAY

Pete, A.J., and René, each wrapped in WHITE TOWELS, are spread out across the room on separate levels amongst the hazy mist of the STEAM. They are each withered and worn from last night's chain of events.

PETE

(to René)

What happened with that couple you disappeared with, or should I ask?

RENÉ

It was an incredible experience. I haven't been that inspired to paint in such a long time.

A.J.

Paint? All you did was paint? You are a fag.

RENÉ

Oh, really? So, I suppose you and Ruby spent a wild night frolicking and fornicating.

PETE

If a man's going to lie, he might as well lie big.

A.J.

Listen up, dudes. I'm doing a set down at the Laugh Factory, tonight.

I want you to come pack the place. René, bring Anastasia. Pete, I set you up on a wild blind date with this chick named Leslie.

PETE

Blind date? Who said I was going out on dates?

A.J.

Come on loser, a little rebound pudenda will do you some good.

PETE

I'm not on the rebound. It hasn't even been a month since I broke up with Naggie.

A.J.

Then think of it as transition sex.

RENÉ

The girl you set Pete up with, is she nice?

A.J.

She's a little wild, but it's just what you need Pete.

PETE

(sarcastic)

Great, so where do I pick her up?

A.J.

Actually, she's going to pick you up.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAUGH FACTORY - NIGHT

Pete arrives riding on the back of a HARLEY CHOPPER with one arm hugging the waist of LESLIE WONG (33), ASIAN, hip-hop, and extremely butch. She's decked out in FUBU from head to toe. Her hair is twisted into SKINNY DREDLOCK TWISTS.

Pete has a FAT BURNING STOGY in his free hand. Leslie jerks her head signaling to Pete that she's ready for another puff. He obliges her. She playfully reaches behind her with one hand and pinches Pete in the ass. He squirms.

Leslie parks the chopper on the sidewalk. She grabs Pete by the hand, and walks into the club.

WIPE TO:

INT. LAUGH FACTORY - NIGHT

Pete sits at a table with Leslie, René, and Anastasia. Leslie has her arm around Pete and her feet propped up on the table. A pile of smoked cigars litters the ashtray. Several empty bottles of COLT 45 are cluttered before her. A fresh stogy is perched between her lips. Her PAGER BEEPS. She whips out her cell phone.

LESLIE

(hard)

You got my money, mutha fucka?

The MUSIC to the MAIN TITLE FROM 2001: SPACE ODYSSEY starts at the very beginning.

ON STAGE

A.J. pretends to sneak into an imaginary bathroom. Checks to see if someone is watching. Pretends to pull down his pants during the crescendo in the music.

Sits on a imaginary toilet stool (CHAIR) while looking around to see if anybody is watching. Pretends to masturbate in sync with the gongs of the timpani.

Squirms and grossly intensifies his response to the masturbating as the music intensifies. He stays in sync with the music until it climaxes.

A.J. pretends to wipe his sweaty forehead with his hand, but then decides that it's not such a good idea.

The STAGE LIGHTS GO DOWN for a beat and then come back up showing A.J. now standing. He takes a bow.

The M.C. runs on stage.

M.C.

Ladies and gentlemen, let's have another round of applause for A.J. When his act climaxes, it really climaxes.

A.J.

(to a LADY IN AUDIENCE)

Thank you. You're too kind. Let me shake your hand.

The LADY IN AUDIENCE squirms away from A.J. as she giggles uncontrollably.

A.J.'S TEXT PAGER BEEPS:

"I WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN. RUBY."

A.J. cringes, then joins Pete and company at their table.

A.J. (CONT'D)

How did you all like my act?

PETE

Cool.

RENÉ

Funny.

LESLIE

It was kewl ass funny as shit!

ANASTASIA

Interesting.

A.J.

(to Anastasia)

Interesting, really? You know  
where I got my inspiration.

Anastasia sticks one hand on top of A.J.'s face and pushes  
it away from her.

A.J. SNEEZES a few times.

Anastasia rises from her seat very ladylike.

ANASTASIA

Excuse me for a moment while I  
powder my nose.

LESLIE

Ah, fuck! That's a good idea. I  
gotta' shit like a mutha fucka!

Anastasia rolls her eyes. Pete holds his head down.

Leslie jumps up waving an empty beer bottle.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

(to Waiter)

Yo, homey. Fetch me another Forty  
of Colt 45.

Anastasia leaves the table. Leslie follows behind her  
checking out Anastasia's ass. Leslie's PAGER GOES OFF.  
She talks into her CELL PHONE.

LESLIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Fool, pay me my money!!!

PETE

(to A.J.)

You've got to get me out of this  
date.

A.J.

Why, what's wrong?

PETE

She rode me here on the back of  
her motorcycle.

RENÉ

Oh really, what kind?

A.J.

(re: back of motorcycle)  
Actually, that's kind of cool. It would make me feel sexy.

PETE

(to René)  
I don't know,  
(to A.J.)  
It wasn't cool,  
(to both)  
And I don't feel sexy. I think she's a drug dealer or some kind of criminal. She asked me to be her "Cover Guy."

A.J.

Cover Guy? Bingo, she's a lesbian.

PETE

Lesbian? That's it. I'm out of here. I'll catch a cab home.

Pete stands. A.J. sits him back down.

A.J.

This is better than I thought it would turn out. Maybe she'll call a friend and you can get a little three-way action going on.

CUT TO:

INT. LADIES'S ROOM - NIGHT

Anastasia stands in front of the mirror fixing her make-up.

A TOILET FLUSHES. Leslie storms out of a stall. She fans away the stench, then wipes her hands on her pants and does not wash them.

Anastasia's face cringes.

Leslie lights a JOINT. Offers Anastasia a hit. She declines.

LESLIE

You know, I think Pete is like sexy and shit, but I think he's playing hard to get. I can't read him. What do you think?

ANASTASIA

This is a delicate time for him.  
He just broke up with his  
girlfriend.

LESLIE

Cool, I'll give him two or three  
more days. So, what's up with  
René.

ANASTASIA

We've been seeing each other for  
about year.

LESLIE

What is he, a college boy or  
something? He seems kinda' queer.

ANASTASIA

He grew up with his dad sailing  
around the world on his dad's yacht.

He was educated at a University,  
but he renounced his Ph.D. in order  
to become closer to his art--  
painting.

LESLIE

Oh, so you're like pimping him and  
fronting him some cash while he's  
sticking it to you. Go on,  
girlfriend. I ain't know you were  
a player.

Leslie smacks Anastasia on the ass.

Anastasia struggles to form a faint, but brief smile.

CUT TO:

INT. LAUGH FACTORY - NIGHT

Anastasia and Leslie return to the table. René pulls her  
seat out for her and she sits like a lady with her legs  
crossed.

Leslie spins her chair around backwards and plops down  
straddling it.

A.J.

Who's hungry? I'm starved. Let's  
all go out to eat.

PETE

I'm stuffed.

PETE (CONT'D)

(yawns)

I think I'll call it an evening.

RENÉ

I think some food is a stellar idea. Let's hit the Hollywood Diner. It's about the only thing that's still open out here and it's just down the street.

ANASTASIA

That place is always so crowded this time of night when all the clubs close. There has to be some place else.

LESLIE

Naw, hold up. Check it out. I know this bomb ass rib joint on Slauson and Crenshaw that's still open this time of night.

And I know there ain't nobody in line, because ain't nobody out there this time night except for hoods and crackheads.

ANASTASIA

(mortified)

Splendid.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RENÉ'S HOUSEBOAT - DAY

A WHITE DOVE lands on the deck.

CUT TO:

INT. RENÉ'S HOUSEBOAT - DAY

René stands nude before a canvas sipping on ORANGE JUICE while continuing to paint his latest masterpiece.

The MESSAGE LIGHT on his ANSWERING MACHINE BLINKS.

The TELEPHONE RINGS ONCE.

ANASTASIA (O.S.)

(answering machine)

Hello, lover. I know you're there.  
I need you. Pick up the phone.

The answering machine CLICKS OFF.

René continues to paint.

The TELEPHONE RINGS ONCE.

ANASTASIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 (answering machine)  
 You are my sunrise and my sunset.  
 My today and tomorrow. Don't hold  
 out on me like this.

The answering machine CLICKS OFF.

René stands back to admire his work. Rinses his hand in  
 a BUCKET OF WATER, then dips it into another CAN OF PAINT.

The TELEPHONE RINGS ONCE.

ANASTASIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 (answering machine)  
 I can see you lover and you look  
 so sexy. Can you see me?

The answering machine CLICKS OFF.

René turns around.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

Anastasia standing behind René holding her CELL PHONE  
 wearing nothing but an OVERCOAT and HIGH-HEEL SHOES. She  
 opens her overcoat bearing to him her flesh.

René sips from his orange juice and continues to paint.

ANASTASIA (CONT'D)  
 Why do you tease me so? If you  
 want to paint, paint--

Anastasia grabs a can of paint.

René stops her.

RENÉ  
 Please, you'll get paint on my  
 masterpiece. I'd rather make love  
 to you than ruin my painting.

Anastasia removes her coat. She pulls René on top of her  
 and onto the bed.

The TELEPHONE RINGS ONCE.

RENÉ 'S FATHER (O.S.)  
 (answering machine)  
 René, it's me, Dad. Why must you  
 play these games? Please pick up  
 the phone.

The answering machine CLICKS OFF.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Pete rides along in his POSTAL TRUCK while fidgeting with  
 his CELL PHONE.

CUT TO:

INT. POSTAL TRUCK - DAY

Pete dials NAGGIE'S HOME PHONE NUMBER.

OPERATOR RECORDING (O.S.)  
 (on phone)  
 I'm sorry, the number you are  
 calling from has been blocked at  
 the party's request.

PETE

Damn!

Pete dials NAGGIE'S MOBILE PHONE NUMBER.

MOBILE RECORDING (O.S.)  
 (on phone)  
 The mobile phone subscriber you  
 called does not have a mailbox set  
 up for service.

Pete dials NAGGIE'S PAGER NUMBER.

PAGER RECORDING (O.S.)  
 (on phone)  
 The pager number you dialed is no  
 longer in service.

Pete dials NAGGIE'S WORK NUMBER.

FEMALE VOICE  
 (foreign accent)  
 Really Big Corporation.

PETE  
 (disguises voice)  
 Hello, may I speak to Naggie,  
 please.

FEMALE VOICE  
 She not work here. You no call  
 here, anymore.

Pete SLINGS his cell phone on the floor.

CUT TO:

EXT. NAGGIE'S OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Pete parks his postal truck in front of a FIRE HYDRANT.  
 Leaps out of the truck with an ASSORTMENT OF FLOWERS with  
 a BIG BALLOON that reads:

"I'M SORRY."

Pete marches through the front door. Moments later, TWO  
 SECURITY GUARDS march Pete right back out.

Pete pretends to leave, then wanders into the parking  
 lot. He locates a LE CAR with a license plate that reads:

"N.A.G."

Pete places the flowers on the hood of the car. Checks  
 to see if anyone is watching, the removes a STRAIGHTENED  
 HANGER from inside his pants.

Pete slides the hanger through the windshield and tries  
 to open the lock.

CUT TO:

INT. NAGGIE'S OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

A HAND moves blinds covering a window. Through the window  
 WE SEE Pete trying to break into Naggie's car.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

McClosky drives while slurping down the rest of his BABY  
 MOOSH. Cindy reads THE BRIDGES OF MADISON COUNTY.

POLICE DISPATCH (O.S.)  
 (on radio)  
 Car 14, what's your 20?

POLICE DISPATCH (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 We have a 10-33 on 626 5th Street.  
 A possible car-jack.

MCCLOSKEY  
 (can't remember code)  
 Dispatch we're uh--

Cindy grabs the MIC from McClosky.

CINDY  
 We're 17 on that carjack. Our, 20  
 is 3rd Avenue and 2nd Street. And  
 our 26 is 3 minutes.

Cindy resumes reading her book.

WIPE TO:

EXT. NAGGIE'S OFFICE BUILDING - PARKING LOT - DAY

Pete accidentally breaks the hanger off in the window.  
 He jogs back to his postal truck and retrieves another  
 hanger.

As Pete returns to Naggie's car, MCCLOSKEY AND CINDY slowly  
 drive by and park in front of Naggie's car.

WOOO!!! - POLICE SIREN

PETE  
 (the hanger, jerk)  
 Shit!

McClosky and Cindy leap out of the car, police fashion,  
 doors wide open, guns drawn.

Pete quickly plays it off by taking off his shirt and  
 hanging it on the remains of the hanger.

CINDY  
 No, not you again.

McClosky spots the broken piece of hanger in Naggie's car  
 window.

MCCLOSKEY  
 What were you planning on doing  
 with that hanger?

PETE  
 What hanger?

McClosky points to Pete's shirt.

MCCLOSKY

That hanger.

PETE

This hanger. Everyday I take my shirt off at lunch and put it on a hanger so it won't be as soiled and--

Cindy spots the assortment of flowers sitting on the hood of the car.

CINDY

(understanding)

Girlfriend right?

PETE

(busted)

I miss her.

CINDY

(romanticizes)

She doesn't know what she's missing.

A beat.

MCCLOSKY

Sir, your girlfriend called in a complaint. This is your second warning. If we have any more trouble from you, we're going to have to run you in.

Not hearing a word McClosky said, Pete's eyes fixate upon a copy of THE BRIDGES OF MADISON COUNTY perched on the dashboard of Cindy and McClosky's patrol car.

PETE

(intrigued)

The Bridges of Madison County.

CINDY

Read it?

PETE

My buddies and I went through a sensitive phase during the early Oprah years. We thought it might help us get in touch with our sensitive side.

CINDY

Did you get in touch?

PETE

Yes and no.

PETE (CONT'D)

I got touched alright, but by plenty  
of gay men.

Cindy giggles.

McClosky gets into the car.

MCCLOSKY

(to Pete)

You, stay out of trouble.

(to Cindy)

And you, get in the car.

McClosky yanks Cindy into the car and closes the door.

Pete waves good-bye to Cindy.

Cindy waves good-bye back, as the car pulls away.

Pete picks up the balloon and flowers and watches as the  
patrol car drives away.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

McClosky shakes his head. Cindy looks back in Pete's  
direction.

CINDY

Don't you think trying to leave  
those flowers in his girlfriend's  
car was kind of romantic.

MCCLOSKY

I think it was pretty sick myself.

McClosky stops the patrol car at a RED TRAFFIC LIGHT. He  
whips out a

DINGY TATTERED PIECE OF NOTEBOOK PAPER WHICH READS:

"101 WAYS TO PROVE TO JODIE FOSTER THAT I LOVE HER. #78  
~~ASSASSINATE PRESIDENT REAGAN. #79 ENTER A 12-WEEK BODY  
BUILDING CONTEST/DIET.~~"

McClosky uses a pencil to add to

THE LIST:

"#80 LEAVE FLOWERS AND A BALLOON IN JODIE'S CAR."

CUT TO:

EXT. NAGGIE'S OFFICE BUILDING - PARKING LOT - DAY

HOLD

On NAGGIE'S LE CAR for a few beats.

THEN:

Pete quickly returns with the card, balloons, and a FRESH HANGER. Tries to use the new hanger to break in the car, again.

WOOO! - POLICE SIREN

Pete throws the hanger and runs.

WIPE TO:

INT. SAUNA - DAY

Pete, A.J., and René slouch on the wooden benches de-energized.

RENÉ

Anastasia set up an art showing for me in NoHo this weekend. I know this church girl who can be your date.

PETE

After Leslie, I think I've had it with blind dates.

RENÉ

Trust me. Her name is Marissa and she's a total angel - a church girl.

A.J.

Really? Those church girls are nymphs.

PETE

Really?

A.J.

You're just a little uptight because you haven't had any in awhile.

A.J. (CONT'D)

That's understandable, you're out of practice.

RENÉ

I hope you are not actually listening to this ignoramus.

A.J.

This is what you need to do, Pete. Take a time out. Get her back to your place--

PETE

How?

A.J.

I don't know. Tell her you want to show her some pictures or something.

You just have to give her an excuse to say yes, so she has something to hold onto in the morning when she rationalizes why she is not a slut.

RENÉ

You're a therapist?

A.J.

(ignores)

Once you get her over to your place, go into the bathroom, then come back out butt-naked.

PETE

(shocked)

Butt-naked?

RENÉ

I can understand the naked part. There's something pure and spiritual about liberation from garments.

A.J.

(to René)

Whatever.

(to Pete)

Butt-naked, dude. If she's down she'll be all into you. If she's not, she'll be disgusted, which is good.

A.J. (CONT'D)

Then you can send her home before  
the night is over and find a slut  
that's going to give it up.

PETE

Butt-naked.

A.J.

It's a win-win situation either  
way.

CUT TO:

INT. BALLY'S TOTAL FITNESS - LOBBY - DAY

Pete, A.J., and René pass the front desk carrying gym  
bags.

A.J.'S TEXT PAGER BEEPS

"WHY WON'T YOU RETURN MY CALLS. RUBY."

A.J. tries to conceal the message.

PETE

Who was that?

A.J.

Nobody.

PETE

I bet it was that Ruby chick. Are  
you guys like a couple, now?

A.J.

Hell no! Definitely not.

RENÉ'S POV

Anastasia leans against René's CHOPPER while holding on  
to a PLATE COVERED WITH ALUMINUM FOIL. Her PORSCHE is  
parked behind the chopper.

RENÉ

Can't I have one minute to myself!

A.J.

Why are you always giving that  
girl such a hard time? You know  
she's crazy about you.

RENÉ  
She's incorrigible.

A.J.  
(mimics)  
"She's incorrigible." I think you really like her and are just fucking with her head so she won't stop supporting your too much painting and not enough working self.

RENÉ  
I'm an artiste. My family is very wealthy, but I have no need of worldly possessions. It only hinders my art.

A.J.  
Blah, blah, blah. Save that speech for Anastasia before you break her down.

CUT TO:

EXT. BALLY'S TOTAL FITNESS - DAY

Anastasia runs over to René.

ANASTASIA  
Good morning, lover.

René rolls his eyes.

ANASTASIA (CONT'D)  
Good morning to you too, Pete.

PETE  
Good morning, Anastasia.

Anastasia hands him a FRILLY ENVELOPE.

ANASTASIA  
Here's an invitation to René's next art showing.

Anastasia ignores A.J.

ANASTASIA (CONT'D)  
(to René)  
I made you a secret recipe--

A.J.  
Are you just going to ignore me?

ANASTASIA

(yes she is)

...that's been passed down through  
the women in my family for ten  
generations.

RENÉ

Whatever. Leave it on the boat  
and I'll throw it in the microwave  
when I get home this afternoon.

PETE

(chastises)

René.

ANASTASIA

(covering her hurt)

It must be eaten fresh. It's  
tradition.

RENÉ

If the tradition lasted for ten  
generations, I'm sure it won't go  
away because I didn't eat it this  
morning. I've got to go. I'll  
see you later, dudes.

René kisses Anastasia on the forehead, hops on his chopper,  
then speeds away.

Anastasia is clearly hurt, but she tries to play it off.

ANASTASIA

Peter, I try so very hard to please,  
René, but he treats me like sheep.

PETE

(corrects)

Ah that's...

(changes his mind)

...not always true. He's a guy.  
It's a macho thing.

A.J. takes the plate.

A.J.

No, it's not. It's a horrible  
thing. He's an asshole.

A.J. samples the dish.

A.J. (CONT'D)

This is fantastic! Can I have it.

ANASTASIA

Why not?

ANASTASIA (CONT'D)  
The tradition has been broken.

A.J.  
Not if I eat it while it's still  
fresh, right?

A beat. Anastasia smiles.

A.J. (CONT'D)  
(about her smile)  
There you go, sweetie. The sun  
will shine, tomorrow.

ANASTASIA  
I have to go. Goodbye, A.J.

Anastasia hops in her porsche, waves, then drives away.

PETE  
Uh-oh. I heard that.

A.J.  
Heard what?

PETE  
"Goodbye, A.J." I didn't hear  
"Goodbye, Pete" anywhere in that  
sentence.

A.J.  
For real. She said "Goodbye, A.J."?

PETE  
I think you're starting to reach  
her. René may get his wish to  
lose her just yet.

A.J.  
Fucking "A"!

A.J. runs to the curb.

A.J. (CONT'D)  
(stutters)  
Goodbye, Anastasia!

CUT TO:

EXT. NORTH HOLLYWOOD COFFEE HOUSE - NIGHT

An eclectic mix of artsy types of varying styles from chic to absurd, meander into a crowded room full of René's paintings.

CUT TO:

INT. NORTH HOLLYWOOD COFFEE HOUSE - NIGHT

Artsy types study the paintings and engage in intellectual and new age discourse.

CUT TO:

Anastasia maneuvers through the crowd with a tray of EXQUISITE HORS D'OEUVRES. She runs into Pete and his blind date MARISSA (27). Marissa is very pretty and quiet. She looks like the kind of girl that every guy would want to settle down with and start a family.

PETE

Anastasia, it looks like the art showing is a success. The food is extraordinary, as usual.

Marissa clears her throat.

PETE (CONT'D)

Pardon me. Marissa, Anastasia. Anastasia, Marissa. Anastasia has the best catering service in town. She's René's, um, lady friend.

Anastasia and Marissa shake hands.

MARISSA

The food really is wonderful.

ANASTASIA

You are much too kind. Nice to meet you.

Anastasia leans over into Pete's ear.

ANASTASIA (CONT'D)

(whispers)

She looks like a nice catch. You better hang on to her.

Pete blushes.

Anastasia disappears into the crowd.

A SERVER with a tray of RED WINE stops in front of Pete and MARISSA. Pete takes a glass and offers it to Marissa.

MARISSA

Lips that touch wine, will never  
touch mine.

Pete sticks the glass of wine back on the tray.

PETE

(to Server)

Does this have alcohol in it?

The Server nods affirmatively.

PETE (CONT'D)

This is an outrage. I thought  
this was juice. Take this away.

The Server walks away.

PETE (CONT'D)

(to Marissa)

Can you believe the audacity of  
him to force alcohol on us? Do  
you want me to complain to the  
management?

Marissa smiles.

MARISSA

That won't be necessary.

Ruby enters the place wearing HIGH-HEELS, a TIGHT SKIRT,  
and no mask. She looks like a street walker, and is  
clearly a man in drag. Oddly enough, she fits in quite  
well with this crowd.

CUT TO:

Anastasia bumps into René.

ANASTASIA

Lover, I've been looking all over  
for you. The night has turned out  
better than I ever imagined it  
would.

Anastasia attempts to kiss René on the lips, but he moves  
his head allowing the kiss to plant on his cheek. She is  
taken aback.

ANASTASIA (CONT'D)

I've made special arrangements for  
us to sneak away tonight and  
celebrate once it's all over.

RENÉ

(explodes)

Not now, please don't ruin the moment. Can't I ever get a minute to myself. We've been together all day.

How do expect me to paint these paintings that we're selling tonight if you keep monopolizing every minute of my life?

ANASTASIA

(crushed)

I can't take this anymore. I treat you like a king, but you treat me like sheep.

René takes a beat to interpret what she has said.

RENÉ

And what of it? You just keep coming back for more.

ANASTASIA

I do not think that you honestly like women. I think that you really hate women. You are nothing more than a misogynistic fig.

René takes a beat to interpret what she has said.

ANASTASIA (CONT'D)

We are finished!

Anastasia shoves her tray of HORS D'OEUVRES into René's hands.

CUT TO:

A.J. walks out of a UNISEX RESTROOM past a long line of people in a corridor waiting their turn.

Ruby spots A.J.

RUBY

A.J., sweetie. It's me, Ruby.

A.J.

Shit!

A.J. tries to run back into the restroom, but Anastasia, runny make-up, full of tears, runs by him into the restroom.

A PERSON IN LINE

Hey lady, there's a line here?

A.J. fights with Anastasia to pull the restroom door open while Anastasia fights to pull the restroom door closed. Some people in line pull A.J. away from the door.

A PERSON IN LINE (CONT'D)

Come on, buddy. You had your turn. You'll have to get back in line, again.

A.J. tries to run, but Ruby has him cornered. She quickly traps him in the corridor.

RUBY

Why won't you return my phone calls, sweetie?

A.J.

I beg your pardon. You must have me mistaken for somebody else.

A PERSON IN LINE

Yeah, right.

A.J.

(whispers)  
How did you find me?

RUBY

I followed you from your apartment, sweetie.

People begin to laugh.

A.J. grabs Ruby by the hand.

A.J.

It's too crowded in here. Let's go outside and talk.

A.J. pulls Ruby by the hand.

A SERVER with a TRAY OF WINE passes by them.

RUBY

I haven't had any wine...

Ruby snags a glass of wine off of the tray.

A FOOD SERVER passes by with a tray of FANCY HORS D'OEUVRES.

RUBY (CONT'D)

...or something to eat, yet.

A.J. snatches a handful of HORS D'OEUVRES and shoves them to Ruby.

A.J.

Now, you have. Let's go.

A.J. pulls on Ruby's arm.

Ruby checks out his surroundings. Something catches his eye. It's AN IMPRESSIONISTIC PAINTING OF THE HUSBAND AND WIFE FROM CLUB PHUCK MAKING LOVE ON RENÉ'S BOAT.

RUBY

Ooo, look at the pretty art. It's very good.

René overhears. He runs over to Ruby.

RENÉ

(a true salesman)

Did I hear someone say they like my work?

RUBY

Yes. The texture is flawless, and the blending is very complex. You must have spent a very long time developing the creative magic to create this masterpiece.

RENÉ

You are much too kind. And you are?

A.J.

Leaving.

A.J. tugs on Ruby's arm.

RENÉ

Do you paint?

RUBY

A little, but I'm not nearly as good as this. I was an Art History major, but I never finished working on my A.A.

There are far too many distractions and worldly things that inhibit my creative force.

RENÉ

Right! I know exactly what you are talking about.

René takes Ruby by the arm and leads him away from A.J.

RENÉ (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Tell me what you think about  
 Twentieth Century Impressionism.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NORTH HOLLYWOOD COFFEE HOUSE - NIGHT - LATER

A few people wave goodbye as they leave the coffee house.

CUT TO:

INT. NORTH HOLLYWOOD COFFEE HOUSE - NIGHT

There are only a scattered few left in the place looking at paintings.

Pete and Marissa look at THE IMPRESSIONISTIC PAINTING OF THE HUSBAND AND WIFE MAKING LOVE.

PETE  
 (stutters)  
 Things are pretty much over here.  
 I want to show you some pictures I  
 have back at the house.

MARISSA  
 This may seem forward of me, but  
 would you mind if stay over at  
 your place.

PETE  
 Mind? No, not at all,  
 I'd...Nevermind. Come on, let's  
 go!

Pete grabs Marissa by the arm tugging her towards the front door. As he reaches the door, he does not notice an older man, RENÉ'S FATHER (55), coming through the door. He wears a SKIPPER'S HAT and a NAVY BLAZER WITH BRASS BUTTONS.

Pete bumps right into him.

PETE (CONT'D)  
 Excuse me, sir. I didn't see you  
 there.

RENÉ 'S FATHER  
 Is this René's art showing?

PETE

The one and only.

RENÉ 'S FATHER

Where is he?

PETE

You just missed him. I'll see him in the morning at the gym. I can tell him you stopped by. You are?

RENÉ 'S FATHER

René's Father.

PETE

Nice to meet you.

Pete shakes his hand.

PETE (CONT'D)

My name is Pete. I'm one of René's buddies. He didn't tell me that you were coming in town.

RENÉ 'S FATHER

I know, it's kind of a surprise.

PETE

You can probably catch René on his boat.

His father eyes the paintings on display. He realizes that they are quite good.

RENÉ 'S FATHER

I think I'll just look around for awhile. Thanks anyway.

Pete dashes out of the door with Marissa.

CUT TO:

Anastasia sits alone at a table with several empty bottles of wine. She fills a glass from a bottle that is half full. Downs a healthy sized gulp.

A.J. spots her. A thought. This could be his chance.

A.J.

Anastasia, you didn't drink all of that by yourself, did you?

ANASTASIA

Not now, A.J.

A.J. grabs a white napkin from a table and waves it like a flag.

A.J.

Hey, a truce.

He takes a seat next to Anastasia.

A.J. (CONT'D)

Where's René?

ANASTASIA

How should I know? I hope he's in hell.

A.J.

Did you two have a fight or something?

ANASTASIA

I dumped him.

A.J.

Good for you. Truthfully, I don't think he even likes women.

This strikes a chord with Anastasia.

ANASTASIA

Really?

Anastasia pours A.J. a glass of wine.

ANASTASIA (CONT'D)

(inviting)

Have a drink with me.

That thought, again. This is my chance. A.J. smiles.

A.J.

All jokes aside. Why are you always so mean to me?

I know I might be a little overly nice, but if a woman spends time and money in the salon, and out shopping, to make herself look nice, I appreciate it.

And at a minimum, I think she deserves the gratitude of a gentlemen letting her know this.

Anastasia smiles.

A.J. (CONT'D)

I may not be a well traveled painter with a Bohemian spirit, but I recognize the value and beauty of a wild orchid and would never do anything to spoil its magic.

Anastasia grabs A.J. by the hand.

ANASTASIA

I've had too much to drink. Take me home.

A.J. TURNS TO THE CAMERA WITH A BIG CHEESY GRIN.

CUT TO:

INT. PETE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Pete opens the front door.

PETE

It's just a studio, but I prefer to have all my stuff in one big room.

Otherwise, I need a TV for my living room and a TV for my bedroom. A stereo for my living, room, etc., etc.

He walks over to a FAUX FIREPLACE and LIGHTS SEVERAL CANDLES.

PETE (CONT'D)

I don't care for tungsten that much. Candlelight is much softer on the eyes.

Marissa puts one finger over Pete's lips.

MARISSA

Shhh.

Pete pulls down his futon. Throws some sheets over it.

PETE

I'll be right back.

Pete walks into the bathroom.

CUT TO:

INT. PETE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Pete presses his back against the bathroom door. He pants heavily.

PETE

I can't believe this. OK, time out. What do I do? I come out of the bathroom butt-naked. I can do this.

Pete spots a PICTURE OF NAGGIE taped to his mirror. He rips it off and tosses it into the toilet. Flushes it.

He takes off all of his clothes.

CUT TO:

INT. PETE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Marissa sits up in the futon. She reads from a book.

Pete bursts out of the bathroom butt-naked and as excited as the last American virgin.

PETE

I'm ready for you!

Marissa SCREAMS. She covers herself with a blanket.

Pete realizes that the book she reads is THE HOLY BIBLE.

Pete grabs the closest thing to him to cover his private parts. It's a BIG FAT LONG CANDLE.

Marissa SCREAMS, again.

Pete grabs the next closet thing to cover his privates. It's a STUFFED ANIMAL.

Marissa SCREAMS, again.

Pete grabs a PHOTO ALBUM and tries to hand it to Marissa.

PETE (CONT'D)

It's not what you think. I just wanted to show you some pictures.

Marissa screams, again. She cries and backs away from him.

Pete runs back into the bathroom.

CUT TO:

INT. PETE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Pete presses his back against the bathroom door.

PETE  
Butt-naked. Aw, Christ.

Pete looks up at a PICTURE OF JESUS CHRIST hanging on the wall looking down at him.

Marissa WHIMPERS through the door.

PETE (CONT'D)  
It's OK, I'll just sleep in here,  
tonight. You can see yourself out  
in the morning.

CUT TO:

INT. ANASTASIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A.J. carries Anastasia through the front door in his arms like a groom carrying a bride.

Anastasia's CAT MEOWS and runs between A.J.'s legs.

ANASTASIA  
I hope you don't mind my cat.

A.J.  
Your cat is all I plan to be  
minding.

Anastasia and A.J. giggle.

A.J. sneezes. He plants Anastasia on the couch.

ANASTASIA  
Not here.  
(points to bedroom)  
Back there.

CUT TO:

INT. RENÉ'S HOUSEBOAT - NIGHT - SAME

René opens a door, lights a CANDLE, and leads Ruby into his houseboat towards a CANVAS.

RENÉ  
Over there, is where I paint.

CUT TO:

INT. ANASTASIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - SAME

A.J. kicks open the door and throws Anastasia onto a king sized bed underneath a canopy. Anastasia's cat trails behind.

A.J. SNEEZES.

A.J. climbs on top of Anastasia. Anastasia quickly trades places with A.J., now assuming the superior position on top. She grabs a REMOTE CONTROL off of the night stand and clicks a button.

PRINCE'S "DO ME BABY" plays in the background.

A.J.

You like Prince? I have all of his albums.

ANASTASIA

There's nothing sexier than making love to a classic Prince slow jam.

A.J.

Then, do me baby.

Anastasia tears off A.J.'s clothes. A.J. rips open her blouse with his teeth. He's happier than a kid on Christmas morning.

The cat leaps onto the bed and prances around A.J.'s head. His EYES WATER.

He SNEEZES.

Anastasia undoes A.J.'s zipper with her teeth.

A.J. breaks out into a COLD SWEAT.

CUT TO:

INT. RENÉ'S HOUSEBOAT - NIGHT

René has his shirt off sipping from a GLASS OF CHAMPAGNE while painting with his hands on a CANVAS.

Ruby paints next to him on ANOTHER CANVAS.

They both stick their hands into a BUCKET OF PAINT at the same time. Their EYES MEET.

CUT TO:

INT. ANASTASIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Anastasia straddles A.J. and grinds on him like a cave woman.

A.J. pants uncontrollably.

ANASTASIA  
Stop it, you're turning me on.

A.J.  
(struggles)  
I'm...

A.J. tries to push Anastasia off of him, but he doesn't have the energy. This makes her more excited.

A.J. (CONT'D)  
No, I'm...

ANASTASIA  
(screams)  
Yes!

A.J.  
I'm having a--

ANASTASIA  
(screams)  
Do me baby!!

A.J. breaks free, but Anastasia throws him back on the bed.

ANASTASIA (CONT'D)  
(screams)  
Do me baby!!!

A.J.  
I'm having an asthma attack!!!

CUT TO:

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

A.J. lies on a GURNEY with an OXYGEN MASK covering his face. Anastasia talks to a doctor.

ANASTASIA  
Is he going to be alright?

DOCTOR  
He's very lucky.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

That was very stupid of him to be that physically active in a room with a cat without any pills or his inhaler.

A.J. looks up at Anastasia through his glossy eyes. He grabs her hand tightly and SMILES. She caresses his hand.

Anastasia SMILES back.

CUT TO:

EXT. NAGGIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Pete parks his postal truck around the corner. He hops out of the truck carrying a TELESCOPE, HEADPHONES, and a SHOTGUN MIC.

Runs directly across the street from Naggie's apartment building.

Puts on the headphones and sets up the telescope pointing directly at

NAGGIE'S WINDOW

A hand pulls the curtains closed.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

McClosky drinks from a TWO GALLON JUG OF WATER and chomps down on a PROTEIN BAR while driving. Cindy has her nose buried in the latest issue of COSMO.

POLICE DISPATCH (O.S.)

(on radio)

Car 14, what's your 20? We have a 10-33 on 939 6th Street. A possible Peeping Tom.

MCCLOSKY

Haven't we been there recently?

Cindy reaches for the MIC, but McClosky snatches it first.

MCCLOSKY (CONT'D)

We're 7. Our, 23 is 1st Street and 7th Avenue. And our 31 is 3 minutes.

McClosky gives Cindy a smug look of over confidence.

CINDY

Very good, McClosky. You just told dispatch that we're out of service, just arriving at 1st and 7th, and our pick-up is in 3 minutes.

McClosky bangs his head against the headrest.

Cindy resumes reading Cosmo.

WIPE TO:

EXT. NAGGIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Pete peers through the telescope at Naggie's window. He points the shotgun mic at Naggie's window, but he gets an ear full of STATIC.

PETE

Damn battery.

Pete jogs across the street and around the corner to his postal truck. He connects a new battery pack to the microphone.

As Pete runs back over to the telescope, he spots McClosky and Cindy driving up in the patrol car.

WOOO! - POLICE SIREN

Pete tries to run in the opposite direction, but they spot him, so he plays it off and heads for the telescope. He casually looks through it as if he has done nothing wrong.

McClosky and Cindy park the patrol car and hop out.

MCCLOSKY

Not you, again.

PETE

(innocent)

Oh, hello officers. It's a beautiful day, isn't it?

MCCLOSKY

What are you doing with the telescope?

PETE

I'm just doing a little star watching.

MCCLOSKY

On a sunny day.

PETE

I was setting up early so I wouldn't take time away from my watching hours.

Cindy giggles.

MCCLOSKY

Then how do you explain the microphone?

PETE

Huh? I can't hear you. You have to talk into the mic.

McClosky grabs the end of the MIC. Talks into it.

MCCLOSKY

(LOUD)

I want to take a look through the telescope and see what you're looking at.

Pete's headphones RING. He squirms, then takes them off.

PETE

Then why didn't you say so, I'm not deaf.

Pete offers to let McClosky look through the telescope, but he pretends to stumble and knocks it down.

PETE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I could set it back up for you.

MCCLOSKY

That won't be necessary. I'm taking you in.

McClosky reaches for his HANDCUFFS.

Cindy stops him.

CINDY

Don't be silly. There's no law against setting up your telescope during the day.

CINDY (CONT'D)

As silly as it may be to do so, it  
still isn't illegal.

McClosky rolls his EYES.

PETE

This may sound strange, but I'm a  
sucker when I see a sexy smile,  
and yours is sure worth seeing.  
I'd like to see it more often.

Pete whips out a PIECE OF PAPER and PEN. Scrawls his  
number on it. Tears it in half.

PETE (CONT'D)

I'll show you mine, if you show me  
yours.

Sticks a piece of paper in Cindy's hand. A good salesman.

She instinctively responds by scribbling her name and  
number on the paper.

CINDY

My name is Cindy Mann.

PETE

Cindy Mann, Peter Wright.  
(grabs her hand)  
Nice to meet you.

CINDY

Nice to meet you, too.

Cindy and Pete gaze into each other's eyes.

A beat.

McClosky COUGHS.

CINDY (CONT'D)

I have to go.

Cindy steps backwards stumbling on the curb.

CINDY (CONT'D)

I'm on the job.

Pete steps backwards stumbling in the bushes.

McClosky hops into the patrol car.

PETE

Bye.

CINDY  
Bye.

PETE  
Bye.

CINDY  
Bye.

McClosky snatches Cindy into the patrol car. Reaches over her to pull her door closed.

Pete waves good-bye to Cindy.

Cindy waves good-bye back, as the car pulls away.

Pete watches the patrol car drive away until it disappears.

THEN:

Frantically whips out his CELL PHONE. Dials CINDY'S TELEPHONE NUMBER. The phone rings 5 times.

CINDY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Hi, this is Cindy--

Pete ends the call.

PETE  
Thank you, Jesus!

Pete lets the euphoria set in. Casually strolls away from the sidewalk with the mic, headphones, and telescope.

HOLD

On the SIDEWALK for a few beats.

THEN:

Pete quickly returns. Puts on his headphones and points the microphone and telescope at Naggie's window.

WOOO! - POLICE SIREN

Pete knocks down the telescope and microphone and runs.

CINDY (O.S.)  
I know what you're thinking...

WIPE TO:

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

McClosky calmly stares disapprovingly at Cindy as he wheels the patrol car. Cindy fondles PETE'S NUMBER in her fingertips.

CINDY (CONT'D)  
...and I don't want to hear it.

MCCLOSKY  
Can I see that number?

Cindy considers the request. Hands McClosky the number.

McClosky chucks it out of the window.

CINDY  
No!

Cindy reaches for the number, but she is too late.

MCCLOSKY  
(loses it)  
A stalker. A stalker, Cindy. You gave out your phone number to a stalker.

Have you lost your fucking mind?  
It's hard enough as it is to keep your partner alive on this job especially if your partner hands out her phone number to stalkers.

CINDY  
He seemed nice. I'm sure he's harmless. Hell, that's how my mom met my dad.

MCCLOSKY  
And how are they now?

CINDY  
She accidentally stabbed him 17 times, but they are still happily married. You only hurt the ones you love.

McClosky shakes his head.

CUT TO:

EXT. NAGGIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Pete parks his postal truck in front of the building. He looks at Naggie's window for a beat, whips out his cell phone, then drives off.

CUT TO:

INT. PETE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Pete DIALS A NUMBER on his PHONE.

CUT TO:

INT. CINDY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Cindy reclines on her couch reading COSMO. The TELEPHONE RINGS THREE TIMES. She answers it.

CINDY  
Hello, this is Cindy.

INTERCUT - PETE AT HOME & CINDY AT HOME

Pete hesitates. Is it live or Memorex?

CINDY (CONT'D)  
Hello, this is Cindy.

Cindy hangs up the phone.

Pete calls, again.

Cindy's TELEPHONE RINGS ONCE. She answers it.

CINDY (CONT'D)  
Look, fucknut! I've got a nine millimeter and I'm just itching to shove it up your--

PETE  
Cindy?

CINDY  
Yes, who is this?

PETE  
It's Pete.

CINDY  
Pete who?

PETE

Peter Wright. You gave me your phone number the other day. I'm sorry to disturb you. I won't call, again.

CINDY

Oh, Pete. The cutie that just got dumped.

Pete revels in the fact that Cindy thinks he's cute, but the reality sets in that he's just been dumped.

CINDY (CONT'D)

I was just thinking about you. I'm glad you called. My partner, uh, sort of lost your phone number. I was hoping that you would call.

PETE

I was thinking of you while I was sitting in front of the boob tube,  
(no, don't say boob,  
stupid)  
I mean television. I really love old movies.

CINDY

Casablanca?

PETE

Gone With The Wind?

CINDY

Bringing Up Baby?

PETE

Ninotchka?

CINDY

They don't make them like they used to.

PETE

When I was growing up, my mom and I would sit around on Sunday afternoons and watch a good film on TV.

CINDY

Me, too.

PETE

There's this society that screens old films in venues that all used

PETE (CONT'D)

to be magnificent theaters back in  
the day.

CINDY

How charming. Buildings with  
character. Very nostalgic.

PETE

Let's have dinner and go see one  
of them.

CINDY

Sure, when?

PETE

How about, tomorrow?

CINDY

Tomorrow? Hmm, let me see. I'll  
have to check my schedule.

Cindy fans the pages of her Cosmo. Waits for a few beats.

CINDY (CONT'D)

Aw, shucks. I forgot I have plans  
for tomorrow.

PETE

(disappointed)

Oh.

Just what she wanted to hear the disappointment.

CINDY

This sounds like a lot more fun.  
I'll cancel my plans. You can  
pick me up at 6:30.

PETE

Sure, that's a date.

Wow, a date.

CINDY

You're not going to start stalking  
me?

Pete and Cindy both laugh.

CINDY (CONT'D)

(seductively)

Because if you do, I just might  
have to arrest you.

WIPE TO:

EXT. INTERSTATE 405 - DAY

Pete and a slightly frustrated Cindy sit in his VINTAGE JEEP CHEROKEE amidst a horrendous traffic jam much resembling an endless parking lot.

WIPE TO:

INT. PETE'S CHEROKEE - DAY

Pete stares straight ahead at the car before him.

Beads of sweat stream down Cindy's forehead.

CINDY

Cut the air on.

Cindy reaches for the air-conditioner.

Pete tries to stop her.

Cindy successfully switches it on. A mountain of HOT DUST blows into her face.

PETE

I'm sorry. I was trying to tell you that it's broken.

CINDY

That's OK. I could use the fresh air.

Cindy reaches for the nob to roll down the window, but it's broken off.

CINDY (CONT'D)

How do you roll down the window?

PETE

They're stuck. It's not as bad as you think.

Pete reaches over Cindy and opens and closes her door to fan Cindy.

Cindy can't help but laugh.

PETE (CONT'D)

It feels a lot better than rolling down the window.

Pete lets go of the door and Cindy takes over opening and closing her door.

CINDY

Not as nice as a working air-conditioner, but at least we'll be at the restaurant, soon.

WIPE TO:

EXT. INTERSTATE 405 - DAY

The right rear TIRE BLOWS OUT on Pete's Cherokee.

WIPE TO:

EXT. INTERSTATE 405 - DAY - LATER

Pete's Cherokee is jacked up on the side of the road while Cindy, covered in DIRT and GREASE, changes the tire.

PETE

You really don't have to do this. I would change it myself, but I have a bad back. Triple "A" guaranteed they would be here inside of 6 hours if you want to wait.

WIPE TO:

Thousands of cars on Interstate 405 are at a complete standstill.

WIPE TO:

INT. BEVERLY HILLS RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Pete and Cindy approach the MAÎTRE D'. Cindy does not look so good.

PETE

The name is Wright. We have a reservation.

MAÎTRE D'

I'm sorry, you're late. We had to give away your table.

Cindy groans.

PETE

How long to get another table?

MAETRE D'

One hour.

WIPE TO:

LATER

Pete and Cindy sit at a booth right next to the kitchen looking at menus. SERVERS zoom in and out SLAMMING THE KITCHEN DOORS. Every time the door SLAMS Cindy JUMPS.

A Server places TWO GLASSES OF RED WINE on the table.

PETE

This is so, impersonal. I'm coming over there to sit with you.

Cindy smiles.

Pete gets up and moves to Cindy's side of the booth. As he slide across the bench he knocks a glass of red wine into Cindy's lap.

She SCREAMS.

WIPE TO:

LATER

Pete and Cindy sit behind a pile of DIRTY PLATES. Cindy's dress is damp and has a huge red stain on it. A SERVICE ATTENDANT clears the dirty dishes. A Server brings Pete the check, then leaves the table.

Pete reaches in his pants for his wallet. Fuck.

PETE (CONT'D)

You're not going to believe this, but I forgot my wallet.

WIPE TO:

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Pete and Cindy wait outside next to the valet stand.

PETE

I swear, I'll pay you back, tomorrow.

A Valet drives up in Pete's Cherokee. Just as the valet parks the Cherokee in front of Pete and Cindy, it overheats and a hose BURSTS, spewing HOT STEAM on Cindy.

She SCREAMS.

WIPE TO:

INT. OLD MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Pete and Cindy run down the aisle just in the nick of time to see

"THE END" on the MOVIE SCREEN.

Cindy's FACE IS BRIGHT RED from the steam burns.

CUT TO:

EXT. CINDY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Pete walks Cindy to the front door. Cindy looks like pure cane SHIT -- her medal for surviving through the evening.

PETE

I'm really sorry about this evening.  
I've never had this much bad luck  
in one night.

If it's any sort of consolation  
prize, as weird as it sounds, I  
don't think there's any amount of  
bad luck I could endure as long as  
I could see you smile.

Pete SMILES.

PETER

Besides, I don't suppose this night  
could get any worse.

Cindy SMILES back.

THREE THUGS run up to Pete and Cindy. THUG #1 holds a gun on them.

THUG #1

This is a jack!

THUG #2

Give me your wallet and give me  
your purse.

Pete loses it.

PETE

No.

THUG #3

No?

PETE

No, you cannot have my wallet and you cannot have her purse.

THUG #1

This ain't open for debate. Give me your shit before I pop a cap in your ass.

PETE

Then shoot me, damn it. This woman has been through far too much, tonight.

She's been baked, broiled, and basted without uttering so much as one word of negativity.

If you want her purse, you're going to have to kill me for it.

THUG #2

Fine, then shoot his ass.

THUG #1

Oh, well.

Thug #1 points the gun at Pete's face.

Cindy reaches in her purse and slowly reveals her POLICE SHIELD.

THUG #3

Fuck, she's a cop! I ain't going up for killing no cop. A lady cop at that. Fuck this shit. I'm outta' here.

Thug #3 runs away.

Thug #2 sizes up the situation. He runs too.

Pete steps right into the nozzle of the gun.

Thug #3 thinks about it, then runs.

Pete looks at Cindy.

A Beat.

Cindy holds one finger to her lips.

CINDY

Shhh.

Cindy opens the front door and steps inside closing the door behind her without saying a word.

CUT TO:

EXT. PETE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

As Pete walks to his front door, he passes POLICE OFFICERS posting POLICE TAPE around a chalk line and an EMT zipping up a BODY BAG.

CUT TO:

INT. PETE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Pete mopes into his apartment. He kicks off his shoes and tosses his clothes into the middle of the floor. Plops down onto his futon.

CUT TO:

Marissa sitting in the corner of the apartment on a FUTON CHAISE LOUNGE reading THE HOLY BIBLE by CANDLELIGHT.

Pete screams.

PETE

Marissa, what are you doing here?

MARISSA

You said you wouldn't mind if I stayed over.

PETE

I meant for the night. Not forever.

MARISSA

(sour)  
I understand.

Marissa slams the covers of The Holy Bible together which BLOWS OUT THE CANDLE.

CUT TO BLACK:

EXT. U.S. POST OFFICE - DAY

Pete walks through the back door.

CUT TO:

INT. U.S. POST OFFICE - DAY

All of the POSTAL CARRIERS are gathered in back for a group meeting. The POST MASTER hands out a pile of WANTED POSTERS with MARISSA'S PICTURE on them.

POST MASTER

We just got word from the FBI that the Postal Purifier Serial Killer escaped last week from a Maximum Security Federal Penitentiary.

She is believed to be in the area, and can usual be found reading her Bible. You are not to confront her. She is to be considered armed and dangerous.

Please, no heroics. Notify the authorities and let them deal with it.

The Post Master steps away from the group.

Pete enters the room. Stops a POSTAL CARRIER. He tries to show Pete a Wanted Poster.

POSTAL CARRIER

There's a--

POST MASTER

Pete.

The Post Master points to his watch.

PETE

Sorry, sir. It won't happen again.

CUT TO:

A POSTAL EMPLOYEE hands the CARRIERS stacks of DIRECT MARKETING CARDS WITH MARISSA'S WANTED PICTURE ON THEM.

Pete sorts his mail.

POSTAL EMPLOYEE

Pete, don't forget these.

He sticks a stack of WANTED CARDS in Pete's mail pile. Pete throws a MAIL BAG over it.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTDOOR MALL - DAY

Pete strolls past the MALL SHOPS while delivering mail.  
He stops in front of a store window with a

TELEVISION

A NEWSCASTER reports from behind a news desk.

NEWSCASTER

Tonight at ten, our top story is  
about a serial kill--

A SHOPKEEPER runs out of his store.

SHOPKEEPER

Pete, I forgot to give you this  
package.

Pete turns around and accepts the package.

Behind Pete, MARISSA'S WANTED POSTER is on the TV SCREEN.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - DAY

Pete stares at a

FLYER ON A TELEPHONE POLL:

"WE PAY YOU \$500 TO LOSE WEIGHT IN 30 DAYS."

As Pete walks away from the telephone pole, a POLICE MAN  
posts MARISSA'S WANTED poster on the telephone pole.

CUT TO:

INT. POSTAL TRUCK - DAY

Pete stops the Postal truck at a red light. He looks  
down and digs through his MAIL BAG.

A BUS pulls up next to Pete. On the side of the bus is  
A BANNER WITH MARISSA'S WANTED POSTER on it.

The TRAFFIC LIGHT changes from red to green. The bus  
turns the corner. A car HONKS on Pete. He looks up,  
then drives straight through the light.

CUT TO:

INT. PETE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Pete steps into his apartment. He takes off his postal uniform.

WE HEAR knocking at the door. Pete opens the door. Standing in the hallway are TWO POLICE OFFICERS holding a stack of MARISSA'S WANTED POSTERS.

PETE

How can I help you, officers?

POLICE OFFICER #2 hands Pete one of MARISSA'S WANTED POSTERS.

POLICE OFFICER #1

We're going to every household in the neighborhood. Have you seen this woman?

Pete faints.

CUT TO:

LATER

Pete sits on his futon covered with a blanket. His apartment is full of UNIFORM POLICE OFFICERS and DETECTIVES dusting for fingerprints and searching for other evidence. Among them is McClosky and Cindy.

Cindy hands Pete a CUP OF COFFEE.

PETE

Thanks.

CINDY

Went into shock, huh.

PETE

She spent the night here.

CINDY

Really.

PETE

It's not what you think. All we did was read The Bible.

CINDY

You don't owe me any explanations.

PETE

About the other night--

CINDY

That's history. Some things just aren't meant to be--

Pete grabs Cindy's hand.

PETE

And some things are.

Cindy smiles.

Pete smiles back.

PETE (CONT'D)

Forget the movies, forget the restaurants. Sunday, 3:00, at my parents' place. They're having a barbecue.

CINDY

I--

PETE

If you don't, you're going to have to arrest me.

McClosky passes by. Whispers in Cindy's ear.

MCCLOSKY

Stalker.

Cindy playfully smacks McClosky as he walks away.

CINDY

OK, 3:00. I'm warning you, if you break the law,

(Cindy grabs The Holy Bible)

I may have to throw the book at you.

Hey that's evidence. A Detective wearing plastic gloves SNATCHES it back from her.

PETE

I'm counting on it.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE WRIGHT HOUSE - DAY

Cindy and Pete park her MUSTANG GT in front of the house.

PETE

I should warn you, my family is a little different, but I love them just the same and they love me.

CINDY

You shouldn't talk. My family's idea of a good time is getting drunk and telling a bunch of lies.

Pete grins.

PETE

I think you're going to fit in just fine.

WIPE TO:

EXT. THE WRIGHT HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

Cindy and Uncle Wright sit at a table drinking GIN. Cindy's hair is pulled back and her sleeves are rolled up.

UNCLE WRIGHT

So, you're on the force. You know that's part of The Matrix.

CINDY

Tell me about it. That's why I'll never work for the FBI. They're nothing but overseers on the plantation. You know what I'm saying?

Cindy downs her gin in one gulp.

Uncle Wright smiles. Takes a gulp of his gin.

UNCLE WRIGHT

(finally someone  
understands)

Yeah!

Uncle Wright pours Cindy and himself some more gin.

Pete watches from a distance. He smiles.

DADDY WRIGHT (O.S.)

Food's ready!

WIPE TO:

Cindy rushes away from the grill with a PLATE FULL OF MEAT and sits next to Granny.

CINDY

(to Granny)

Mmm, meat. My head is killing me.  
I didn't have any meat all day.  
Whenever I don't eat meat, I get  
headaches. This is going to hit  
the spot.

Granny smiles.

GRANNY WRIGHT

That's right! You have to eat  
meat.

Granny pours Cindy and herself a glass of gin.

GRANNY WRIGHT (CONT'D)

Andrew, get this girl another steak!

Pete overhears. He smiles.

GRAND POP WRIGHT (O.S.)

When I was in the Corps--

WIPE TO:

Cindy and Grand Pop sit in LAWN CHAIRS against the fence.

GRANNY WRIGHT

Hush them lies, Fido. Merchant  
Marines.

GRAND POP WRIGHT (CONT'D)

We caught Lee Harvey Oswald.

CINDY

My Grand Pop was in the Corps,  
too. The Merchant Marines are  
this country's secret first line  
of defense.

They were responsible for the Boston  
Tea Party and they also stopped  
the Japanese at Pearl Harbor.

Grand Pop Wright smiles.

GRAND POP WRIGHT

(excited)

Yeah, that's right! I was there.

Momma Wright overhears.

Granny Wright shakes her head.

Grand Pop Wright pours Cindy and himself some more gin.

Momma Wright and Cindy exchange glances. Cindy WINKS.

Momma Wright smiles approvingly.

WIPE TO:

Cindy and Pete are sitting close to each other.

CINDY

I have to go powder my nose.  
Where's the restroom?

PETE

Just go through the sliding doors  
and to the right.

Daddy Wright overhears.

DADDY WRIGHT

He means this Wright. Big Daddy's  
got something for you.

(vulgar hip movements)

Bang-bang, bang-bang, bang-bang-  
bang!

Cindy BLUSHES.

Momma Wright smacks Daddy Wright.

Everyone stops talking and waits for Cindy to enter the house and close the sliding door behind her.

Begin the commotion.

UNCLE WRIGHT

Where in the hell did you find  
her?

PETE

Why, what's wrong?

DADDY WRIGHT

It's not about what's wrong, it's  
all about what's right.

Daddy Wright smacks Uncle Wright "Five."

GRAND POP WRIGHT

If I was 50 years younger--

GRANNY WRIGHT

You'd be 80, Fido.

DADDY WRIGHT

If I could find a way to kill your Ma' and get away with it, I'd make that young Philly Mrs. Wright.

Momma Wright is perturbed.

UNCLE WRIGHT

She's real perceptive. She knows all about The Matrix.

GRANNY WRIGHT

It's because she eats meat. Good brain cells. No meat, bad brain cells. You eat meat, strong brain cells.

MOMMA WRIGHT

I think you should go check on her, sugar.

PETE

Why, she's only been gone a minute.

Momma Wright WINKS several times at Pete.

PETE (CONT'D)

Oh, I get it.

WIPE TO:

EXT. THE WRIGHT HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DAY

Cindy rocks herself slowly on the SWING FOR TWO. Pete sits down next to her.

She lets her hair down.

CINDY

You have an amazing family. This place reminds me so much of home. I miss my family. They're all back East. I needed this.

PETE

I'm glad you like them as much as they like you. You know you're a smash hit. They can't stop raving about you.

CINDY

I've only had two dreams in my life.

CINDY (CONT'D)

The first was to join the force  
and the other was to meet Mr.  
Right, and marry him on the spot.

Cindy kicks off her SHOES.

PETE

And wear the white dress and have  
all your friends dress up in gowns  
and tuxedos?

CINDY

Nah, I'm a simple girl. Why spend  
all that money on a bunch of people  
you'll never hear from again in 20  
years?

I'd rather elope in Vegas and just  
invite my close friends and family  
to a simple and intimate reception.

PETE

When I was younger, I only had two  
dreams in life, too. One was to  
play for the Lakers...

Cindy gazes into Pete's eyes.

PETE (CONT'D)

...and the second was to hit Super  
Lotto.

Cindy laughs and playfully smacks Pete.

PETE (CONT'D)

And now that I'm older and neither  
of those dreams have come true, I  
realized that I only had one true  
dream.

CINDY

And what was that?

PETE

To find Mrs. Right, marry her on  
the spot, go to the Lakers games  
together, and play Super Lotto on  
the way back to our home.

A beat.

Cindy and Pete gaze into each others' eyes. Their faces  
slowly move together.

As their lips touch, there's a small SPARK from STATIC ELECTRICITY. They smile and engage in a long passionate kiss.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE WRIGHT HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

Pete and Cindy walk through the sliding glass door.

There's a big commotion. Uncle Wright, Grand Pop Wright, and Granny Wright, are throwing money on the table and PLACING BETS.

Momma Wright and Daddy Wright wave STEAK KNIVES from the table on each other.

MOMMA WRIGHT

You want to kill me? Bring it on!  
I've got something for you.

Momma Wright swings her knife at Daddy Wright.

DADDY WRIGHT

Woman, I will slice you, dice you,  
and lay you out like a bowl of  
rice, you--

Daddy Wright swings his knife at Momma Wright.

Pete is embarrassed.

PETE

I'm so sorry. I should have never  
brought you over here. They carry  
on like this all the time.

Cindy reacts quickly. She grabs a bottle of gin. Pours herself a glass.

CINDY

(LOUD)

There's only one bottle of gin  
left! Does anybody want another  
hit?

Gin. That's a good idea. Everyone checks their tumbler.

Momma Wright and Daddy Wright grab their tumblers, too.

Momma Wright heads for Cindy.

Daddy Wright throws his knife away and heads for the grill.

DADDY WRIGHT  
Get me a refill, too!

He hands Momma Wright his tumbler. She snatches it from him.

DADDY WRIGHT (CONT'D)  
Please.

Momma Wright throws down her knife.

Uncle Wright smiles at Pete. "She's the chosen one."

CUT TO:

EXT. PETE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

NAGGIE walks up to the front door. She enters a code into the INTERCOM.

PETE  
(on intercom)  
Hello.

NAGGIE  
Pete, it's me.

PETE  
Naggie?

NAGGIE  
Yeah, let me in. I'm coming up.

PETE  
Are you unarmed?

NAGGIE  
Yes. Open the door, idiot!

The door BUZZES. Naggie steps inside.

CUT TO:

INT. PETE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Pete opens the door. Naggie steps inside. She grabs Pete and hugs him.

NAGGIE  
I decided to take you back!

PETE  
Take me back?

NAGGIE

I've had a lot of time to get to know my inner self. I've been taking blue-green algae that's only found in one spring in the whole world in the Tonga.

It has taken me to new heights of spiritual awareness. They're selling it for just three-hundred dollars an ounce at my Rebirthing Clinic.

Pete steps away from Naggie.

PETE

This is somewhat of a surprise. Why didn't you return my calls?

NAGGIE

I needed some space. I feel so spiritually renewed.

PETE

You should have taken my calls. You know you almost got me arrested.

NAGGIE

And you almost got me pregnant. Take me lover, I'm yours.

Naggie dives onto the futon SPREAD EAGLE.

Pete takes her by the hand and pulls her to her feet off of the futon and in front of the window.

PETE

I'm very happy that you are spiritually renewed. I still care about you very much.

Naggie's hair blows in the WIND from the window.

PETE (CONT'D)

As flattered as I am that you want me back, I'm afraid that I've fallen in love with someone else. I think that she's the one -- Mrs. Right.

NAGGIE

Funny, you never called me the chosen one.

PETE

(passionate)  
She's really wonderful.

PETE (CONT'D)

She's on her way over here, right now. Why don't you stay to meet her. You might even become best friends?

Gross.

A SINGLE TEAR rolls down from Naggie's EYE.

She wipes the tear from her eye with one finger and presses it against Pete's lips.

NAGGIE

Shhh.

Naggie pulls Pete's head towards hers. Kisses him on the forehead.

CUT TO:

EXT. PETE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Cindy stands on the sidewalk. She carries a BOTTLE OF GIN WITH A RIBBON ON IT and A CARD. She looks up at

PETE'S WINDOW

WE SEE what appears to be Pete and Naggie kissing.

Cindy throws the card and bottle of gin on the ground breaking it.

She hops into her Mustang GT.

CUT TO:

INT. PETE'S APARTMENT - DAY - SAME

Naggie's forehead kiss is interrupted by the sound of BREAKING GLASS.

Pete sticks his head out of the window. WE HEAR A CAR REVVING its ENGINE.

PETE'S POV

He just misses Cindy's Mustang GT speed away.

Pete turns around and Naggie is gone.

He looks at his...

CUT TO:

INT. PETE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - LATER

WATCH

"10:00 P.M."

Pete paces nervously. He picks up the phone. Dials Cindy's telephone number. THERE IS NO ANSWER.

A beat.

Pete grabs the yellow pages. Flips to "HOSPITALS." Dials the first number on the list.

NURSE

(on phone)

E.R.

PETE

Have you admitted a Cindy Mann within the last 24 hours?

NURSE

(on phone)

I'm sorry, sir. We're not allowed to give out patient information.

Pete hangs up. Calls the main switchboard.

RECEPTIONIST

(on phone)

U.C.L.A.

PETE

Cindy Mann's room, please.

RECEPTIONIST

I'm sorry, sir. We have no patient by that name.

Pete crosses "U.C.L.A." off on the Hospital page. Calls the next number on the list.

CUT TO:

EXT. PETE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - LATER

Pete runs out of the building. His foot CRACKS on a piece of BROKEN GLASS from the gin bottle.

He looks down and sees the ribbon and card.

Pete picks up the

CARD

"I THOUGHT YOU ALL COULD USE ANOTHER BOTTLE. LOVE CINDY."

Pete looks up. He can see his window.

PETE

Oh, my God!

CUT TO:

EXT. NAGGIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Pete runs up the stairs to the INTERCOM. He dials a code.

NAGGIE

(on intercom)

Peace and Blessings, this is Naggie.

PETE

Naggie, it's Pete. Let me up. I need a big favor.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

McClosky drives while squeezing a GRIP STRENGTHENER several times. CREAK-CREAK. CREAK-CREAK. CREAK-CREAK.

Cindy sits quiet as she stares out the window.

CINDY

Would you knock it off with that racket. It's worse than Chinese water torture.

MCCLOSKY

I woke up late this morning and didn't get a chance to finish my upper-body workout. I only have one more set.

CREAK-CREAK. CREAK-CREAK. CREAK-CREAK.

Cindy yanks the grip strengthener out of McClosky's hand and chucks it out of the window.

POLICE DISPATCH

(on radio)

Car 14, what's your 20? We have a  
10-33 at 939 6th Street. A possible  
stalking situation.

CINDY

Mother fucker.

Cindy switches on the POLICE SIREN AND FLASHING LIGHTS.  
Rams her foot on top of McClosky's flooring the gas pedal.

WIPE TO:

EXT. NAGGIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Pete is set-up across the street with a HEADSET, SHOTGUN  
MIC, and TELESCOPE aimed at Naggie's window.

WOOO! - POLICE SIREN

Pete reaches into his pocket.

McClosky pulls the car up next to Pete. Cindy leaps out  
of the car while it's still moving with her GUN drawn.

CINDY

Alright, scumbag! Let me see what  
you're looking at through that  
telescope.

PETE

Are you sure? Because if you look  
through that telescope, you might  
have to throw the book at me.

CINDY

Out of my way...  
(pushes Pete)  
...and don't try knocking it down  
like you did last time.

WE SEE that Pete's HEADSET is actually connected to a  
CELL phone in his pocket.

PETE

(into headset)

Now!

Cindy peers through the

TELESCOPE

A pair of hands holds up a sign in Naggie's window which reads:

"WILL YOU GO TO VEGAS WITH ME?"

McClosky snatches Pete.

MCCLOSKY

Alright, asshole. You were warned.

He slaps HANDCUFFS around Pete's wrists.

Cindy is silent.

PETE

The other day, I couldn't figure out what happened to you. I tried your house, the hospitals, nothing.

When I went outside, I found the card and the broken bottle of gin. When I put two and two together, I figured out that you must have seen Naggie.

McClosky man-handles Pete.

MCCLOSKY

Tell it to the judge.

PETE

Naggie came over to take me back, but I told her I was in love with someone else -- the chosen one. I had finally met Mrs. Right.

McClosky shoves Pete into the back of the patrol car.

CINDY

Yes. Yes! Yes!!!

Cindy leaps into the back seat on top of Pete and kisses him.

MCCLOSKY

Hey, aren't you taking this good cop bad cop role playing a bit too far.

CINDY

McClosky, uncuff him. Pete and I are going to Vegas.

McClosky looks through the telescope. He see's Naggie still holding the sign: "WILL YOU GO TO VEGAS WITH ME."

He pulls out a TATTERED PIECE OF PAPER:

"101 WAYS TO PROVE TO JODIE FOSTER THAT I LOVE HER. #78  
~~ASSASSINATE PRESIDENT REAGAN. #79 ENTER A 12-WEEK BODY  
 BUILDING CONTEST/DIET. #80 LEAVE FLOWERS AND A BALLOON  
 IN JODIE'S CAR.~~"

McClosky uses a pencil to add to

THE LIST:

"#81 INVITE JODIE TO VEGAS."

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE WRIGHT HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

It's a big wedding reception with friends and family.  
 The Wright's meet the MANN'S. **(THE ACTOR WHO PLAYS CINDY  
 PLAYS ALL OF THE CHARACTERS IN HER FAMILY.)**

McClosky sits at a table drinking BABY MOOSH and reading  
 a MAGAZINE COVER STORY ABOUT JODIE FOSTER.

Uncle Wright and UNCLE MANN (55), share a bottle of GIN.

UNCLE MANN

Have you seen The Matrix?

Uncle Wright pours Uncle Mann some more gin.

Granny Wright and GRANNY MANN (82), sit at a table eating  
 STEAKS.

GRANNY MANN

I need to eat some meat to ward  
 off that grey matter in my brain  
 cells.

GRANNY WRIGHT

Andrew, get this woman another  
 steak.

Grand Pop Wright and GRAND POP MANN (82), share a bottle  
 of gin.

GRAND POP MANN

When I was in the Corps--

GRANNY MANN

Merchant Marines.

GRAND POP MANN (CONT'D)

I rode with the Jesse James Gang.

GRANNY MANN

Spot, hush them lies.

GRAND POP WRIGHT

Me too.

GRAND POP MANN

Yeah, I remember you. Didn't you drive the wagon?

GRAND POP WRIGHT

Yeah, that's right.

Grand Pop Wright pours Grand Pop Mann another glass of Gin.

Daddy Wright, Momma Wright, DADDY MANN (45), and MOMMA MANN (42), sit at another table eating steaks. Daddy Mann has 17 KNIFE SCARS covering his face and arms.

Momma Mann reaches for a knife to cut her steak. Daddy Mann affectionately takes the knife from her.

DADDY MANN

Let me get that for you, honey.

Daddy Mann kisses Momma Mann on the cheek.

A.J. and Anastasia, holding hands, approach Pete and Cindy.

ANASTASIA

Congratulations, I'm very happy for the two of you.

CINDY

Thank you.

PETE

What's this? I've never seen you two together without fighting like cats and dogs.

A.J.

Some things aren't meant to be while some things are.

ANASTASIA

We're going away for the weekend to Vegas.

A.J.

(winks)

Who knows, maybe we'll hit the jackpot?

Anastasia kisses A.J.

René walks around the side of the house into the backyard with Ruby. People stare at Ruby. Ruby waves.

RUBY

Hi, McClosky. Missed you.

McClosky tries to hide his face behind his Magazine.

René and Ruby approach Pete, Cindy, A.J., and Anastasia.

RENÉ

Congratulations. You two will be very happy together.

PETE

And who's this?

A.J. tries to walk away, but Anastasia holds on to him.

RUBY

I see you trying to sneak away, A.J.

ANASTASIA

(whispers)

Is that a man?

RENÉ

This is Ruby. Ruby is a painter, too. My Dad bought all of my paintings as Christmas gifts for all of his executives.

A.J.

You really are rich?

RENÉ

He's rich. I'm a simple painter. I'm fixing up my boat and Ruby and I are going to sail around the world on a spiritual journey to inspire our art.

ANASTASIA

I told you he was a fig.

Everyone laughs.

PETE

(to Cindy)

I promise never to treat you like sheep.

Cindy is a bit confused.

CINDY

And I promise never to let you go.

Cindy slaps her HAND CUFFS around one of her wrists and one of Pete's wrists.

THEY KISS.

FADE OUT.

THE END