

2NDS

screenplay by

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adapted from the original film
SECONDS
by John Frankenheimer

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5555 Melrose Avenue
Dressing Room Building 112
Hollywood, CA 90038
323/956-4069

Draft Dated:
March 26, 1999

Registered: WGA/w
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INT. LONGEVITY MUTUAL - DAY

EXTREME CLOSE ON: The thin second hand on a white clock face ticks its way up toward twelve in jerky increments. When it reaches high twelve we...

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: The gigantic New York offices of Longevity Mutual, the largest insurance company in the world. Their office is a hive of desks and cubicles neatly ordered across multiple mezzanine levels. WORKERS and their CUSTOMERS mull about their daily tasks like termites, lost in the moil.

The large clock reads five o'clock.

On one of the levels, in the adjustments section, sitting in
THE VICE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE

is ANTONICHUS ("TONY") HAMILTON, 62, a senior claims adjuster for Longevity Mutual. Tony has worked as a claims adjuster his whole life, and it shows. It shows that he drinks a lot of coffee, and that he sits all day in a chair. He may have, at one time, been quite handsome, but age and the mundane tasks of work-life has a way of changing who you were to who you now are. In Tony's youth he may have gone by the adventurous sounding name of Antonichus, but today is simply the less-adventurous Tony. And despite the fact that Tony is relatively successful, it shows in his disposition that he's not happy with the road his life took him on.

In the chair next to him is the much younger RUSSEL VOSSLER (34, Armani suit, great hair), who is clearly the up and coming colt of the two. The horse to bet on.

They're seated at the desk of MR. PRESSMAN, who is obviously in charge of their section. His desk is a monument to how little a Vice President actually does. It's uncluttered and orderly.

MR. PRESSMAN

I've had to make a number of difficult decisions since the merger with Longevity Mutual. The blending of departmental staff has not been as easy a transition as this Vice President would have wished for. If it were entirely up to me, I would dual-staff positions in teams. But that's not how it works. And I'm forced to make a decision between the two of you for the position.

(he takes a breath, it really
is hard for him)

First off, we're not laying anyone off.

(more)

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MR. PRESSMAN (CONT'D)

You will both have positions here. It's just that the corporate structure doesn't leave room for two Senior Claims Adjustment Managers.

He looks at Tony.

MR. PRESSMAN

Tony, you definitely have seniority. You were with All Life for thirty years. That buys a lot of power.

For a brief moment it seems as though Tony may have the title.

MR. PRESSMAN

But Tony, it's a new company here now. Vossler has more experience with MIS. He knows his way around Longevity's payout/adjustment system. He was their senior man, and I'm afraid he's...

(finishing this last part
quicker than the rest)
...going to keep the title.

He takes a drink of water from a glass on the desk.

MR. PRESSMAN

Tony, we're going to create a new title for you.

TONY

New title?

MR. PRESSMAN

Senior Claims Adjustment Coordinator.
Working under Russ.

(he swallows)

Or, if you so elect, can take early retirement. Lengevity will cover full benefits, just as if this were your actual retirement, as well as a handsome severance.

(a thoughtful pause, letting it
sink in)

What do you say?

There's a long pause.

RUSSEL

Sounds like a sweet deal to me, eh, Tony?
You're on the golf green five years early
while I continue to toil away in
(more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RUSSEL (CONT'D)

Adjustments. Any chance we can switch deals?

Tony looks at him. No chance. It's obvious Tony plans on staying on.

CUT TO:

INT. LONGEVITY MUTUAL - TONY'S CUBICLE - DAY

Tony is at his desk working, when Russel walks up, file folder in hand. He hesitates before putting it down, searching for words on his tongue.

RUSSEL

You're sure you want to stay on?

Tony looks up at him, holding back confrontation.

RUSSEL

It's just that it feels kind of weird for me to be giving you orders. And I don't want to have any confrontation of any kind. I just want to do my job without any hassles.

Tony pauses while he ingests his reaction.

TONY

(swallowing his pride)

I don't mind taking orders from you. As long as we're clear on one thing...

(pause)

You may be my boss now, but you're definitely not my superior.

Russel smiles a sort of "fuck you" smile and drops the folder onto the desk.

RUSSEL

Then you're perfect for this. I want these adjustments on my desk by Friday, old man.

He turns and walks back to his office, leaving Tony staring at him. Tony takes the folder and puts it into his drawer.

CUT TO:

INT. HEALTH CLUB - NIGHT

Tony is climbing the Stairmaster™ and working up a sweat. Unlike the GYM GOD on the Stairmaster™ next to him, Tony

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isn't a graceful sweater. He looks frumpy and disheveled with sweat streaming from his red face.

In front of the Stairmasters™ are a row of treadmills and in front of them a wall sized mirror, so that everyone can see themselves working out.

Most PEOPLE are watching ESPN on a television that's hanging from the wall, but not Tony. Tony's eyes are fixated on the large, firm breasts of a nubile young GYM GODDESS who is jog-walking on one of the treadmills. This is the kind of tight woman Tony hasn't had a chance with since he was in college, and probably never will again. He stares at her, like Lazarus. Water, water everywhere but not a drop to drink.

Then, Tony lifts his gaze to look at her face, in the reflection of the mirror in front of her, only to notice that she's looking right at him. Looking at the dirty old man on the Stairmaster™ leering at her. She shakes her head, disgusted...violated. This pops Tony out of his workout-trance and he quickly averts his gaze to his side, where his own reflection greets him in another mirror.

Tony looks at himself in the mirror. He's old, chubby, grey...not attractive at all.

EXTREME CLOSE ON: Tony presses STOP on the Stairmaster™.

CUT TO:

INT. TONY'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Tony is driving home. He adjusts his rear view mirror so that he can look at his own eyes...actually, the wrinkles around his eyes. He focuses on them.

CUT TO:

INT. TONY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

EMILY HAMILTON, Tony's wife, attractive, mid-fifties, opens the oven and runs a basting brush over a rabbit that's roasting in their oven. She's singing "Sentimental Journey" softly to herself. It's beautiful, in a matronly kind of way.

EMILY

(singing)

"Never knew
my heart could be so yearning.
Why did I
decide to roam?
Gonna take

(more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMILY (CONT'D)
a sentimental journey.
Sentimental journey home."

But something is off. If you look closely you'll notice that Emily has small scars running across her wrists.

Tony comes in. He seems a little introverted and grumpy.

EMILY
How was the gym?

TONY
Fine.

EMILY
And work?

TONY
Fine.

She looks at him, in the way only a woman can look: probing, knowing. Without words she tells Tony that she knows his day wasn't all that fine.

EMILY
Did you have a tough day? You want to
talk about it?

Tony looks at her, annoyed.

TONY
I want a drink.

She smiles and puts her hands affectionately on his shoulders.

EMILY
You know you can't have it. Why don't
you try some prune juice? It's really
good when served ice cold.

Thankfully, the DOOR BELL RINGS.

TONY
There's Quentin and Mira. I'll get the
door.

He walks off, leaving her there in the kitchen. She puts down her knife and rubs the scar on her right wrist with her left thumb, as if it itched...

INT. TONY'S HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

Tony opens to door to reveal QUENTIN and MIRA SPRING, an attractive couple of the same age as Tony and Emily, but sportier. Done up in order to appear more youthful. Wendy's brassy, showing off her AMPLE BOSOM. Quentin holds up a bottle of fine red wine.

QUENTIN

(jovial)

Dionysus, the wine god, has arrived. Let the orgy begin!

MIRA

(faux annoyed)

Would you stop.

(to Tony)

Ever since he started taking Viagra he's been on this Dionysus kick. He just won't stop.

QUENTIN

You take the vinegar with the honey, my dear.

MIRA

(coyly joking)

Well. As long as you keep producing honey...

TONY

Quentin, Mira. Come in. Emily is in the kitchen.

MIRA

I'll go give her a hand.

(with a joking smile)

Would you try to calm him down?

Mira walks off to the kitchen and Quentin hands the bottle to Tony.

QUENTIN

'62 Port. There's no better aphrodisiac, old friend. My gift to you. We'll drink it tonight.

TONY

Maybe a thimble with dinner.

QUENTIN

All the more for me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They walk into the

DEN

and Tony steps behind a small wet bar that's fully stocked.

TONY

What can I get you?

QUENTIN

Scotch, straight up. Rocks optional.

Tony fixes him the Scotch and then pours himself some cranberry juice.

QUENTIN

What is that? Cranberry juice? You on the wagon, Tony?

TONY

I suppose I am. Doctor's orders. For my heart and liver. The cranberry juice is good for my urinary tract. He's got me on the Stairmaster for an hour a day as well.

Quentin smiles and toasts him.

QUENTIN

To your doctor.

He takes a drink from his Scotch and we can tell that Tony is envious.

QUENTIN

Ahhh. Better to die from a quick heart attack than a slow cancer. That's what I always say.

Tony HALF LAUGHS, trying to play along. But we can tell he's shaken a little.

TONY

So how's retired life treating you?

QUENTIN

Great ever since the magic blue pill came along. It's like I was twenty again, when I was in college with a constant hard-on and no work.

Another HALF LAUGH from Tony.

(CONTINUED)

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QUENTIN

I'm discovering a whole new world out there, Tony. You on-line yet?

TONY

On-line?

QUENTIN

The Internet.

TONY

Oh. No. No I'm not. I have a computer at work. But I use it mostly for typing letters and--

QUENTIN

You've got to get on-line, buddy. That's where it's all happening now. Chat rooms.

TONY

(blank, a new world to him)
Chat rooms.

QUENTIN

All the teeny boppers hang out in these "virtual rooms", having cyber-sex with each other.

TONY

You do this?

QUENTIN

I sneak downstairs after Mira has gone to sleep and log on to the Web. I find a chat room and have cyber-sex with a girl forty years younger than me.

TONY

And this is legal?

QUENTIN

Anything goes. It's the new frontier.

TONY

Don't these young girls mind that you're older?

QUENTIN

They don't know. We never actually see each other. I log on as "Shadow Boxer", a twenty-seven year old, muscular stud with a ten inch dick from Los Angeles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TONY

Wait a minute. How do you know these girls you're having cyber-sex with are really twenty year old nymphs and not fifty year old housewives that weigh three hundred pounds? Or an old man in lingerie?

This stumps Quentin. He never really gave it much thought. He seriously thinks about it for a moment but then shrugs it off.

QUENTIN

I suppose they could be. But I try not to think about that -- I just focus on the words. And it doesn't really matter anyway, does it? It's just a fantasy.

CUT TO:

INT. TONY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mira is helping Emily in the kitchen. Mira is tossing a salad while Mira takes some serving dishes out of the cupboards. Mira is in the middle of a long "blah-blah all-about-me" session. Emily is obviously a little sad.

MIRA

...I have trouble keeping up with him now. Makes you wonder what's in one of those little blue pills.

EMILY

Tony has a heart condition. His doctor won't approve of Viagra. Not that I think he finds me attractive any more, anyway.

Mira stops tossing the salad, serious (in a compassionate, caring, female way). Emily is on the verge of crying.

MIRA

You poor dear. Don't say that. You're an elegant, beautiful woman.

EMILY

Tell that to Tony. It's been seven years since we made love.

Mira audibly GASPS.

MIRA

No.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMILY

Yes.

MIRA

That's nearly a decade? Do you think he's cheated on you?

EMILY

Tony? No. Definitely not. In a way I almost wish he had. He just seems to have lost his passion for life.

MIRA

(almost relieved)

Oh. Well at least it's not you. Everybody knows that men sexually peak when they're eighteen. After that it's all downhill. Don't take it personally if he's atrophied on you. Maybe you just need to spice things up a bit.

EMILY

Like how?

Mira smiles and then gives her boobs an innocent lift with both hands.

MIRA

You didn't think they were real, did you?

EMILY

You've had a boob job?

MIRA

When nature started giving in...

She opens her blouse revealing her twin, perfect breasts. These suckers are incredible. Firm, realistic looking, pert, and large. They seem to defy gravity and her nipples almost look up to the ceiling.

Emily is standing there, frozen in her cooking activity, with eyes wide like saucers.

MIRA

(continuing)

...I turned to science.

EMILY

Jesus. They're so...so--

MIRA

Copious?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EMILY

Yeah.

MIRA

I know. We spared no expense. Went to the very best plastic surgeon in the city. I can give you his number. He works on referrals only.

Mira turns slightly from side to side, showing her bare breasts off while she absentmindedly talks.

MIRA

I had my ass lifted as well, but it's the tits that turn most mens heads. They're really a work of art. See how the right nipple points just a little higher than the left? That was done on purpose. The doctor said that in reality nothing is perfectly symmetrical, that you have to work in some flaws to make them seem totally real. And they feel real too. Wanna try?

EMILY

Try what?

MIRA

To feel them. Go ahead. Touch them. They feel just like the real thing, except that they're firm like when I was twenty.

Emily puts down what she's doing and in a protracted, and almost uncomfortable moment, she reaches over and gently strokes one of Mira's breasts.

MIRA

Don't be shy. They're not going to bite you. Cup one in your hand and give it a squeeze.

It's an awkward moment, almost a sexual one. But Emily does cup it and give the breast a gentle squeeze.

EMILY

My God. It feels so...young.

Mira starts HAPPILY LAUGHING, delighted.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MIRA

That's exactly what I paid for.

CUT TO:

INT. TONY'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - LATER - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: A roasted rabbit. It looks an awful lot like a fetus. Tony starts carving it up.

Quentin is pouring Mira a glass of red wine while she blabbers on about her cosmetic surgery.

MIRA

(in the middle of a
conversation)

What I really need done are my eyes.

She lifts the ends of her eyes with her index fingers.

MIRA

See how just that takes twenty years off
my face.

Everyone sort of nods.

MIRA

I'd also like to have some light
maintenance done. A tummy-tuck and some
lipo, here-and-there.

QUENTIN

Just put it on my layaway plan, honey.

(to Tony and Emily)

I'm married to the Bride of Frankenstein.

(then back to Emily)

I think there's a neighbor down the
street who hasn't seen your new boobs
yet, why don't you run down and flash 'em
for him?

MIRA

I don't see you complaining about 'em
after "Vitamin V" has worked its magic on
you.

QUENTIN

Why don't we just cut out the middle man
and have my pharmacist sleep with your
plastic surgeon?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Quentin and Mira start LAUGHING like this was the funniest thing in the world. Tony and Emily exchange "I don't believe this conversation" looks.

CUT TO:

INT. TONY'S HOUSE - BED ROOM - NIGHT

Tony is in the bathroom vigorously brushing his teeth.

Emily is standing in her nightgown in front of a full length mirror in their bedroom, looking at her figure and cupping her own, now seemingly inadequate, breasts.

EMILY

(calling to Tony in the
bathroom)

Tony?!

TONY (O.S.)

(his mouth full of toothpaste)
Yeah?

EMILY

You think I should get one?

TONY (O.S.)

One what?

EMILY

(more to herself)

Well, I guess it's more "two".

(then louder to Tony)

Breast implants. Mira gave me the name
of that doctor.

Tony comes walking out of the bathroom, flossing his teeth, not even looking at her as he bee-lines into the walk-in closet. He's obviously uncomfortable with the whole thing and is just trying to ignore it.

TONY

Why?

EMILY

(uncomfortable at having to
even answer the question)

Well...to turn back the clock a few
years. Not that I ever had a Bridget
Bardot chest. It might be nice...for a
change. You know, having a head turning
figure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tony comes out of the closet. He actually wears pajamas to bed.

TONY

Whose head would could you possibly want to turn?

This hits Emily hard. Why he doesn't notice the blatant look of hurt on her face is beyond me (perhaps he does, but just doesn't care about her feelings any more). With great difficulty she forces back any emotions of self-doubt. She looks up at Tony, who isn't even looking at her.

She steps up to him, suddenly forcing the sex appeal. It seems awkward and uncomfortable, like she hasn't done it in a long time, but she wants to break through.

He stands there with low confidence, almost converting his lack of esteem into a challenge stance. Defying her to kiss him.

And she won't. They're both so atrophied by their distance that neither can make the move. Too caught up in their hang ups.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. LONGEVITY MUTUAL - TONY'S CUBICLE - DAY

CLOSE ON: The file folder that Russel gave Tony. It's tab reads "Woodhouse, Charlie". Tony opens it up and starts leafing through the claims paperwork within.

He comes across a post-it note on one page with the numbers and letters 2NDS handwritten onto it. Tony fingers it, pulls it off, and then after thinking about it, replaces it since it must be someones note and should remain with the file. He continues on.

Tony looks at the paperwork, he seems concerned by it. Several things seem to not match. Specifically the date of death, and the date of birth, and the payout date. Something doesn't add up to him.

Then he looks at his boxy Wintel computer. He takes his mouse and begins navigating through some menus like a novice.

He tries to open the MS-SQL database file for "Woodhouse, Charlie", revealing a password box. He's denied entry. Thinking about it, Charlie refers to the post-it note, and enters "2NDS" into the password window.

Et voila...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN: We see not just the name Charlie Woodhouse, but hundreds of names all being payed out to the Second's Trust. It's a laundry list totaling up into the hundreds of millions of dollars.

He prints out the list on the laser printer.

CUT TO:

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - DAY

Tony is walking down the halls of a large retirement home, an ancient nightmare of an institution designed as a way station for people on their deathbeds, placed there by relatives who don't want to watch them go (if they're lucky enough to have relatives at all). Pray you don't check into this place, you more than likely won't get out. It's basically a huge hospice facility. Most of the patients are OLD GRAY WAX FIGURES passing as real people. The DOCTORS and NURSES are of the non-caring shellshocked variety...they look right through most people.

Tony walks in and you can tell right away he doesn't like it. It's like a crystal ball foretelling the future.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - WARD TWO - DAY

Tony walks into a large ward filled with rows of beds of dying people who look like gray, decaying, wax mannequins who've atrophied in front of televisions playing an eternal loop of "Wheel of Fortune". Tony starts walking the length of the long room, reading from his list. All of the names on the charts match the names on the computer printout list in Tony's hand. In some of the beds Tony is sure the occupants are dead.

Eventually he comes to CHARLIE WOODHOUSE, struggling to stay alive underneath an oxygen tent. He looks like he's three hundred years old. Dustin Hoffman in "Little Big Man". He looks like an ancient gray prune with black holes for eyes and a mouth. Tubes are running in through his nostrils and his skin seems to be just hanging onto his skull.

Tony sits in a chair next to the oxygen tent. For a while he just sits there, looking at Charlie to see if he's even alive...then, the head slowly turns.

CHARLIE

(straining)

Are you one of them?

TONY

One of who?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

Are you...with...the Trust?

TONY

No. No. I'm with Longevity Mutual.
Your insurance company.

Charlie starts a WHEEZING LAUGH that's barely audible. This guy is as lost in the head as the March Hare.

CHARLIE

I lost it. I lost it. I was lost...and
then I was found...then I threw it away.
I threw it away. I threw it all away.

Tony looks around, making sure no one's listening. He leans in to Charlie to speak.

TONY

Listen carefully to me Charlie: I
discovered a discrepancy with your life
insurance claim. Your date of birth was
off...by over twenty-five years. They
say it was a bug in the system, but I
think it was an oversight. I think they
forgot to cover their tracks, they way
they did with everyone else in this room.
Tell me, Charlie, what year were you
born?

Charlie seems confused by the question.

TONY

What year were you born?

He strains to think about it, and then...

CHARLIE

Which time?

He reaches out and takes Tony by the wrist. Charlie's grip is surprisingly strong, and it kind of shocks Tony as he's reeled in close to Charlie's gaping hole of a mouth.

CHARLIE

Ask the Trust...to please...please put me
back on...the Treatment.

Tony is a little stunned. Charlie starts COUGHING.

TONY

The treatment?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHARLIE

The fountain of youth Treatment. I don't mind working again. I'll work hard.

TONY

Nobody wants you to work, old timer. I just need to get from you your--

CHARLIE

Please...I'll be good. I'll be...

Charlie releases Tony from his grasp. Charlie suddenly seems lucid. Crying, but lucid.

CHARLIE

I don't want to...grow old. I don't...want to die.

TONY

None of us do.

Tony pauses for a long while, and then takes a chance.

TONY

How could I get it? How could I get this Treatment?

(then adding...)

For you. How could I get it for you?

CHARLIE

They give it to you.

TONY

Who are they? How can I find them?

Charlie smiles...distant. His eyes are glazed over.

CHARLIE

You don't find them. They find you. You bring them to yourself. You ask...

There's a little GASP and then a LONG, SLOW, QUIET DEATH RATTLE as Charlie fades.

TONY

How do you ask? How--

Suddenly Charlie's pulse monitoring machine begins to make a SUSTAINED BEEP.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Tony slowly gets up and takes note of the fact that his hand is shaking. He turns to walk out and is shocked to discover TWO ORDERLIES standing behind him.

ORDERLY

I'm sorry, Mr. Hamilton.

TONY

How do you know my name--?

Before Tony can finish his question the orderly places a folded cloth with chloroform in it over his mouth and nose. Tony's eyes roll up into his head and he begins to pass out.

ORDERLY

Please try to relax, Mr. Hamilton. I don't want you to bump your head.

Tony is powerless.

TONY'S POV: The orderly is lowering him gently to the floor. Down the hall SEVERAL OTHER ORDERLIES WITH A GURNEY quickly approach as we...

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. PANEL TRUCK - MOVING

Tony slowly wakes up and comes to. At first he's groggy but he suddenly becomes alert when he realizes that he's in the back cargo area of a moving truck. The cargo area is empty and dark. Tony gets up and wobbly walks over to the doors, which have no handles or knobs to open them by. He frantically pounds on the door.

Then, rather suddenly, the truck stops and unbalances Tony. He falls to the floor of the truck with a loud "OOOF!"

Then the large, rear cargo doors open up and TWO OF THE ORDERLIES are standing there.

ORDERLY

(slightly surprised)

Mr. Hamilton. You're awake.

TONY

Where am I?

The head orderly, who's doing all the talking, signals the other one to climb up into the truck to help Tony, which he immediately does.

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CONTINUED:

ORDERLY

(very polite)

We've brought you to headquarters, as requested. Are you feeling disoriented at all?

TONY

I'm a little nauseous...dizzy--

The orderly helps him to his feet and to the cargo door.

ORDERLY

That would be the chloroform, sir. We're very sorry about any discomfort you may have experienced during transport.

They'll have some food for you upstairs, in receiving. That usually helps.

(regarding the drop out of the truck)

Watch your step.

He helps him down out of the cargo truck and into a

LARGE UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE

with no other cars in it. It is a stark, concrete-chic environment with a single caged ramp that leads down into it. The truck is parked in the center, neatly atop a large orange painted rectangle, near a set of elevator doors.

TONY

Where am I?

ORDERLY

I'm sorry, sir. We're instructed to let the people in receiving handle any questions you may have. That's the protocol...

He motions politely toward the elevator door.

Tony is a bit taken aback by all of this and doesn't quite know how to respond.

TONY

Um, yes. I see.

He uncomfortably walks toward the elevator, leaving the two orderlies behind.

He looks forward to the elevator door, and just as he's about to arrive at it, it opens up to greet him. He pauses for a

(CONTINUED)

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moment, looks back at the orderlies, who are standing there watching him, and then steps into the

ELEVATOR

The doors close. There are no buttons and no illuminated numbers on the inside of the elevator. Just PLEASANT MUSIC, the kind you'd hear in a doctor's office.

The elevator starts to move. But is it ascending, or descending? Tony can't tell.

Soon, he's reached his destination. The elevator DINGS and the doors open.

INT. SECONDS - FOYER

The elevator opens into a small, neatly decorated foyer. To one side is a coat/hat rack, and on the other is a mirror hanging over a small table with a flower arrangement on it. Tony regards his own reflection in the mirror. He looks old, a little scared.

Directly ahead is a large set of red-leather, padded doors, like the ones in M's office in the James Bond movies. He walks toward them and they swing open, revealing another room...

INT. SECONDS - LONG HALLWAY

A long white hallway lined with doors. Above each door is a small sign that reads "OCCUPIED", some are illuminated, some not.

Tony steps into the hallway.

TONY

Hello?

No answer.

He turns around and walks back to the elevator door and looks for a button to push. There is none. Then, he hears a VOICE that startles him, despite its sweetness.

RECEPTIONIST

Mr. Hamilton. There you are.

Tony turns to see a pretty, YOUNG WOMAN in a snappy receptionists outfit and a clipboard. She has a perky smile and a charming demur...slightly Texan accent.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RECEPTIONIST

(joking)

We'd thought we'd lost you.

TONY

I'm...I'm a little...confused. Where am--

She takes him by the arm and starts walking him down the hall.

RECEPTIONIST

Disorientation is normal. According to your file you were chloroformed. That can cause a tad bit of ataxia. It'll pass once you get some food in your stomach. Would you like a chicken, fish, or vegetarian dinner?

TONY

Um...I don't want anything. I'd like to leave.

RECEPTIONIST

(with a sugar sweet smile)

I'm afraid you'll have to talk to Mr. Ruby about that.

(glancing discreetly at the size of his stomach)

We'll just put you down for a vegetarian meal.

She makes a notation on her clipboard.

They come to the opposite end of the hall where two large doors open up before them with an AUTOMATED CLICK. They walk in.

INT. SECONDS - RUBY'S OFFICE

They enter into a warm, traditional office with a large, clean desk, and a sitting area. Law books are in the shelf, and a gas fire flickers away in the fireplace (for looks, not heat).

RECEPTIONIST

Your first meeting is with Mr. Ruby.

She turns animatedly to Tony as she walks out.

RECEPTIONIST

You'll just love him. He's so fun.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She walks out and the door shuts behind her, leaving Tony standing there.

Tony looks around the room. It feels like a set. A place that's been organized for psychological impact. A place that's meant to comfort you. It's like a psychiatrist's office.

Tony looks at the fire. The flames don't even look real. It looks like a fire in a soap opera.

He turns his attention to the bookshelf. He takes one of the books from it, opens it, and discovers that the pages are all blank. All of the books are prop books.

Then, from the door, comes an energetic, young and good-looking, wiry man who practically bounds in to meet Tony. His name is MR. RUBY, and he dresses like a New York "old school" attorney.

MR. RUBY

Mr. Hamilton! You're here.

He takes Tony's hand and gives him the old College/Fraternal firm shake.

MR. RUBY

It's great to finally meet you in the flesh. I've heard so much about you.

TONY

You have?

MR. RUBY

I have. Please, take a seat.

Tony, in somewhat of an astonished daze, takes a seat. Ruby darts around his desk and takes a seat across from him. He takes some paperwork and a pen from the top desk drawer and quickly scans it.

MR. RUBY

I work as general council to the Trust. Mr. Opal and Mr. Diamond handle most of the actual business, but they keep me apprised of the nature of our clients' issuance.

(consulting the paperwork)

You were abducted?

Tony is taken aback at the casualness of the comment. He's so flabbergasted he doesn't know what to say. So he blurts out:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TONY

Yes--

MR. RUBY

I hope it wasn't too unpleasant. We try to be as respectful as possible with all new clients.

TONY

I am not a new client. I demand to see the person in--

MR. RUBY

Oh, but you are.

TONY

"Are" what?

MR. RUBY

A new client. According to my documents your death has already been coordinated and executed.

TONY

What?!

Suddenly the receptionist walks in with a hospital tray with Tony's dinner on it.

MR. RUBY

Ah. Here's your dinner.

She places it down on the desk in front of the astonished Tony. She lifts the tray lid revealing a vegetable plate. She then leaves with a polite smile.

MR. RUBY

You got the vegetarian plate. Smart choice. It's better on the heart. No cholesterol. They make delicious tempeh soft shelled tacos. You should try them on your next meal. They taste exactly like chicken tac--

With a single angry swipe of his arm Tony pushes the tray to the floor, causing silverware, dishes, food, and drinks to CRASH.

TONY

I'm not here to eat! I want to leave this place and I want to leave now! You people can't just kidnap me and bring me--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Ruby, ignoring Tony, leans forward and depresses an intercom button on his desk.

MR. RUBY
(into intercom)
Send in Mr. Opal please.

Instantly MR. OPAL, a more burly, no-nonsense man with a barrel-chest (like Oddjob from "Goldfinger") comes in with a 3/4" videotape in his hand. Mr. Opal is one of those guys who could have had a life as a cop. He may seem big and overweight, but he could easily put you in a choke hold and disarm any weapon you might be carrying.

MR. RUBY
Mr. Hamilton, let me introduce you to Mr. Opal.

Hamilton is instantly intimidated.

MR. OPAL
(more obviously a courtesy)
Pleased to meet you.

He walks right past him, sidesteps the mess on the floor without regarding it, and puts the tape on the desk.

MR. RUBY
Is this the tape?

MR. OPAL
Yes.

MR. RUBY
Would you put it into the player please?

Mr. Opal picks up the tape and takes it to a panel in the wall that was concealing a 3/4" deck.

MR. RUBY
(to Tony)
I understand some of this may be coming at you rather suddenly, but I assure you Mr. Hamilton, we're here for you.

TONY
For me?

MR. RUBY
For you. We are a client-based industry. Your satisfaction is very important to us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Suddenly, the large painting behind the desk slides up revealing a large 57" television screen. An IMAGE pops up onto it.

Tony squints, he can't believe his eyes.

TONY

That's me.

The IMAGE ON THE SCREEN is of Tony driving down the freeway in his car, passing other cars at about 90 miles-per-hour. It seems to have been taken from a chase helicopter with a long telephoto lens.

MR. RUBY

It certainly does look like you, doesn't it?

TONY

Where is this? I don't remember this?

MR. RUBY

We could have gone with a disappearance, but I always recommend death. If cost isn't a factor, of course. Cleaner break for the family. Trust arrangements are immediately operative.

(to Opal)

When was this video taken, Mr. Opal?

MR. OPAL

Thirty-five minutes ago, Mr. Ruby.

TONY

Thirty-five minutes?! That's impossible.

MR. RUBY

(with a smile, like a commercial)

It's our job to make the impossible possible.

MR. OPAL

(regarding the screen)

Here it comes.

MR. RUBY

(turning to the screen, excited)

Ooo. You sure are driving recklessly.

Suddenly the car rear ends a stopped cement-mixing truck. The entire front end shreds as the cab is compressed into the

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

rear bumper of the heavy truck. The car accordions and goes underneath the truck. Anyone in the car has surely been killed.

Tony is stunned.

MR. RUBY
(turning to Opal)
Does the car explode as well?

Suddenly, the car EXPLODES into a fireball as the gas tank ignites.

MR. RUBY
(with a small laugh)
I guess it does.

The VIDEO OF THE CRASH repeats itself over and over on an infinite loop.

MR. RUBY
We try to stay away from suicides, as they cause too much trauma with the family. Auto accidents like this one work well for our purposes. Your cadaver is charred beyond recognition, so it makes proper identification more difficult...though it is messy.
(turning to Opal)
Nice job, Mr. Opal.

MR. OPAL
Thank you, Mr. Ruby. We intoxicated Mr. Hamilton's corpse to make the accident more believable.
(to Tony)
You were at one time an alcoholic. I hope you don't mind.

Tony is in a stunned state. A single tear is running from his eye.

TONY
(visibly shaken)
Who are you people?

Ruby looks to Opal. Opal nods, respectfully and leaves the room. Ruby turns to Tony and smiles.

MR. RUBY
You know who we are. We're who you've always wanted to come to your rescue. To take you away from your dreary life. We're the people that make your dreams
(more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

MR. RUBY (CONT'D)

come true. You may not have known it, at the time, but you sought us out.

Tony looks up at him, his eyes reveal that much of what he says is true.

MR. RUBY

We can give you a second chance at your own life. A new identity, forty years younger than you are now. With our surgical technology we can extend your life by as much as a hundred years, or more...without aging. You could remain twenty-five for the rest of your life. You could start over, knowing everything you know now. Think of it, a second chance...at everything.

He smiles and slides the paperwork toward him.

MR. RUBY

All you have to do is sign these documents.

Tony, shaken, looks at the documents.

TONY

What are these?

MR. RUBY

Your last will and testament, predated of course. Insurance documents. A few letters. A few releases. Take a moment and look them over.

TONY

Wha -- what about my wife and daughter...?

MR. RUBY

They'll be well taken care of. They'll receive liberal settlements from the insurance company. The documents also entitle us to our fees...to cover the cost of rebirth, of course.

Tony sits there looking at the legal paperwork and then pushes them away.

TONY

I...I can't.

He puts the pen down and pushes the paperwork away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

Ruby looks at the documents and then across the room to the couch. He shrugs.

MR. DIAMOND (O.S.)

You think you can turn back now, Tony?

Tony, slightly surprised that someone else is in the room, turns to see a gentle, elderly man named MR. DIAMOND sitting comfortably by the fire. White hair, looking something like Colonel Saunders of Kentucky Fried Chicken. He holds a cane.

Ruby nods politely and quickly leaves the room.

MR. DIAMOND

You're dead. One way or the other. Tony "Antonichus" Hamilton is dead. You saw it yourself on videotape. You have a choice to make: either let go of a life you don't really care about, or simply let go of life. Either way, we're handling the details, and either way you can't go back.

Tony looks at him with an "are you threatening me?" look.

MR. DIAMOND

Calm down, the car crash is just our own insurance. You can't really blame us. We're just running a business. You see, we're the first to recognize that rebirth is painful. But it's easier to move forward when you accept that you can't go back.

TONY

Can't go back?

MR. DIAMOND

Truth is. You don't want to go back. And why would you want to?

TONY

My wife--

MR. DIAMOND

Your wife? Would she miss you? What do you have together? What really?

TONY

We have our daughter, Jenny.

MR. DIAMOND

You see a lot of her, do you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

Sore subject for Tony.

TONY

Well, now that she's married. She's a doctor...

MR. DIAMOND

Less and less I suppose. Once a year? Every two or three?

TONY

My position at the insurance company.

MR. DIAMOND

It's a young mans company now. You know that. Deep down you know it. Your days were numbered there.

TONY

How do you know that?

MR. DIAMOND

Oh, I know. It's the same song for many men your age.

Mr. Diamond gets up and takes a seat next to Arthur. His manner remains kind, grandfatherly.

MR. DIAMOND

Excuse an old fool for pryin', but there's nothing much anymore, is there? Anything at all?

Tony searches for a response.

MR. DIAMOND

You haven't felt happy in a long, long time. Have you?

TONY

No.

Mr. Diamond studies Tony.

MR. DIAMOND

You didn't always want to be an insurance adjuster, did you Tony?

(leading him)

There was something else...

TONY

That was so long ago, I...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (9)

MR. DIAMOND

Go on.

TONY

I wanted to paint. I wanted to be an artist....

Tony lowers his head. He can't finish.

MR. DIAMOND

Oh, the dreams of youth. All that promise. When you look back on your life, do you like what you see? Are you happy with the decisions you made? How many times have you thought, if I knew then what I know now. Think you'd do things differently?

Another long pause.

MR. DIAMOND

Truth is, you don't want to go back, son. Not to the insurance company. Your wife. Your daughter. Anything you left behind. You owe yourself this, Tony. Rebirth. The chance to start again. A new life.

A gentle hand rests on Tony's shoulder.

MR. DIAMOND

Absolved of all responsibilities except to your own interests and desires. That's why you came looking for us, not for any other reason. And you know it.

Diamond takes a long moment to let it sink in.

MR. DIAMOND

Now buck up. They'll be well taken care of. It's time for a change. That's all.

TONY

I'm so tired.

MR. DIAMOND

What you need now is a good night's rest. You can get a fresh start in the morning. My boys will take care of everything.

TONY

Your boys?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (10)

MR. DIAMOND

I get called in when there's a special client. I like to think that it's a soul worth saving.

Mr. Diamond places a kind hand on Tony's shoulder. He glances at the unsigned contract.

MR. DIAMOND

There never was a struggle in the soul of a good man that wasn't hard. Believe me, son, I know.

Tony looks at the man. Conviction coming to his eyes. Mr. Diamond smiles. He hands Tony the pen.

Tony takes the pen and signs the contract.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. SECONDS - TONY'S ROOM

Tony wakes up. At first he thinks he may have been dreaming. He turns to the other side of the bed.

TONY

Emily--?

Then he realizes where he is. In a single bed. In a simple and modern private room where he's preparing for his seconds transformation.

The door to the room opens up and DOCTOR JADE walks in. Doctor Jade is a confident Asian doctor with pleasant eyes and a kind smile.

DOCTOR JADE

Good morning. I'm Doctor Jade, your transformation adjuster. Did you sleep well?

TONY

I had some strange dreams.

Doctor Jade sits on the side of the bed.

DOCTOR JADE

That would be the medication. It has a way of stimulating dreaming activity. Do you have an erection?

Tony is a bit startled at the frankness of the question.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TONY

Well, um...yes. As a matter of fact, I do.

DOCTOR JADE

Is that normal for you when you wake?

TONY

Not in the last fifteen years. And even then--

DOCTOR JADE

Not this strong? I know. It's also the medication. It's the first of many changes you're going to notice. Let's get started right away, shall we? I'll wait in the hall while you get dressed. We have a lot to do.

He gets up and walks out.

Tony lifts the covers and looks at his groin...a slight smile on the edge of his lips.

CUT TO:

INT. SECONDS - PRESCREENING LABORATORY - MONTAGE

Tony is in a modern medical chair, similar to a futuristic dentists chair, while NUMEROUS TECHNICIANS take his blood pressure, draw blood from him, take skin samples, saliva samples, hair samples, stool samples, etc.

Tony is measured in every conceivable way, head to foot, with advanced calipers and laser measurement tools.

Photographs of his retinas are taken. His body is scanned into a computer for 3-D modeling.

The entire process is very medical and cold, and by the end of it there isn't a part of his body that hasn't been probed, prodded, or touched. It's very clinical, but we can tell from Tony's face that he's uncomfortable with it...as if it were a violation.

But he lets them continue.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SECONDS - PSYCHOLOGICAL LABORATORY - MONTAGE

Tony is in a high-tech room with sound dampening cones lining the wall and ceiling. He is submitted to numerous

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

psychological tests involving flash cards, video imagery, sound, and hypnotism.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SECONDS - COMPUTER LABORATORY

A sleek, high-tech laboratory. Tony and Dr. Jade are in front of a computer monitor.

DOCTOR JADE

Once you hit forty, you begin to lose muscle, bone mass, height. Even your testicles shrink slightly. The medication program you're on essentially infuse the body with the same human hormone that's responsible for growth in a child. As you already know, they increase your testosterone levels, gets your libido up to speed. Add DHEA, which is produced by the adrenal gland. Helps build bone and muscle mass. Energy. Inhibits fat formation.

CLOSE ON: The computer generated body. The back is straighter, the shoulders broader, the stomach flatter. The spare tire shrinks away.

DOCTOR JADE

All that's left is the supplantation surgery.

Tony looks at him, concerned.

DOCTOR JADE

The process is relatively simple. We're going to remove all of your organs and replace them with new ones.

TONY

New ones?! Who is the donor?

DOCTOR JADE

(blunt, as if it were the most obvious thing in the world)
You are.

CUT TO:

INT. SECONDS - PARTS LABORATORY

CLOSE ON: A series of high-tech growing environments for cloning. Each "dish" is growing a separate organ: Heart, liver, kidneys, intestines, stomach, lungs, etc. Every

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

single organ in the body except the skin. Each is connected by multiple umbilicals to what looks like a complex and futuristic dialysis machine.

Tony and Doctor Jade are walking through a high-tech "cold room" laboratory looking at Tony's future innards. The entire room is refrigerated and we can see this from the breath coming out of their mouths when they speak.

DOCTOR JADE

As you can see we've cloned almost all of your major organs. In two weeks the cloning process will be complete and we can begin the transfers. Your new organs will be as developed as a twenty year old's, but as pure as a newborns. You'll feel exhilarated. Better than you've ever felt. You'll feel almost superhuman.

TONY

What will happen to my old organs?

Doctor Jade stops.

DOCTOR JADE

They will be disposed of. Incinerated. You'll have no use for them.

CUT TO:

INT. SECONDS - COMPUTER LABORATORY

EXTREME CLOSE ON: A computer monitor. On it a computer-generated 3-D model of Tony. Next to it, in a separate window is an ever-changing David Hockney-esque mosaic of a face. Cycles of various eyes, noses, mouths, hairlines rotate into different combinations.

DOCTOR JADE

Using the bone structure available, we can go in a variety of directions.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: Dr. Jade and Tony. Holding an IMAGING WAND, the Doctor manipulates Tony's image. The face slowly transforms. Double chin disappears. Cheeks heighten. Nose completely changes...

The FACE slowly transforms to...the face of MICHAEL JACKSON.

TONY

What?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOCTOR JADE
Just kidding. Forgive me.

Michael's face vanishes and Tony's reappears. Dr. Jade goes back to work with the wand.

DOCTOR JADE
Esthetic surgery is no longer just removing excess skin. We can alter the entire craniofacial structure...chemo-prismatically alter your eye color...

Tony's EYES turn BLUE.

DOCTOR JADE
Fill in the bald spots...alter your dermal pigmentation color...increase the size of your penile shaft...correct your vision through LASIK surgery...

CLOSE ON TONY: He watches with wonder as his image on the monitor transforms...

CUT TO:

INT. SECONDS - LONG HALLWAY

CLOSE ON: Tony is laying on a gurney as it's being wheeled down the hall by Doctor Jade and SEVERAL ORDERLIES. His head has been shaved so that he's bald, and numerous black guide-lines have been drawn on his face to denote lines of incision.

Walking alongside Tony is a nondenominational priest, who doesn't look at all like a priest but more like a psychiatrist. His name is DOCTOR ONYX.

DOCTOR ONYX
My name is Doctor Onyx, sir. According to our records you were reared in the Protestant faith. Were you planning to convert to any other, after your adjustment?

TONY
No.

DOCTOR ONYX
Good. Good. This is, "good" in the sense that we have a certain definition. Now, I am not suggesting that being a Protestant is being any better than being a Catholic, or Jew. As a matter of fact,
(more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOCTOR ONYX (CONT'D)

I am qualified to care for you in either of those faiths as well. I was ordained in each. Rabbi, Priest, and Minister. I admit it unusual--

TONY

(suddenly alert and irritated)
Wait a minute -- what are you talking about?!

DOCTOR ONYX

Your services, of course. Though it's highly unlikely, many of our clients wish that we perform these ceremonies since they will be legally dead for nearly an hour. Think of it as a way of saying good-bye to the sixty percent of your body that you're scrapping.

Tony begins to panic.

TONY

Legally dead?! Nobody said I'd be legally dead! I'm not sure -- I'm not sure I want to go through with this!

DOCTOR ONYX

You don't have to get excited. You don't have to elect services at all.

TONY

I want out! I've changed my mind! I don't want to do this! Where's Mr. Diamond!

DOCTOR JADE

But Mr. Hamilton, the operating room has been prepped. The expenses of duplicating your organs have been incurred.

Tony begins to struggle. Then he realizes that he's strapped to the gurney. He begins to writhe violently.

TONY

No! You don't understand. I want out! I don't want this! Let me out of here! I want out! Let me go!

DOCTOR JADE

Don't shout, please! You're raising your blood pressure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He makes a thumb gesture to one of the ORDERLIES who immediately holds him down and gags him. Tony begins to violently try to get loose of his bonds. They continue down the hall while the priest reads from his bible.

DOCTOR ONYX

(reading from his bible)

Blessed shalt thou be coming in, and
blessed shalt thou be going out. And he
said thou cans't now see my face. For no
man can see me and live.

(reading in Latin)

Requiem et luc en perpetuum...etc...etc.

HE CONTINUES, and since I personally don't speak Latin, I'm not even going to bother trying to write it all down here. Suffice it to say that no horror movie would be a horror movie without a tad bit of Latin thrown in for atmosphere.

FADE TO BLACK:

A FEVER DREAM...

Shiny surgical instruments glisten against bright lights which cause an unpleasant overexposure.

Blood is siphoned and drawn into tubes, yellow fatty tissues are mixed in with it. It empties into a large container with a waste symbol on it.

A scalpel cuts into abdominal skin and immediately gauze and suction are applied to it.

Doctor Jade and his SURGICAL TEAM loom over Tony, backlit by the bright lights. Their silhouettes and scrubs, face shields, and instruments make them seem like shadowy demons.

Oxygen systems regulate breathing. Various machines monitor and control Tony's systems, from heart to liver to pancreatic functions to brain activity.

The chest cavity is CRACKED open and the ribs are lifted to expose the innards of the abdomen. Immediately the gloved hands and fingers of the entire surgical team reach in to perform various surgical functions.

Tony's eyes are rolled up into his head, but we can almost sense that he may be slightly conscious of this entire event...he's just so high on drugs that he doesn't know it.

Organs are lifted out of the body and placed into steel trays which are immediately whisked off and dumped into waste buckets.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tubes are connected to the areas of Tony's abdomen which now miss their organs. Bodily activities are taken over by machines.

Ice chests, "coolers", the kind you'd use at a picnic, are opened out. From their smoky dry-iced interiors various organs are lifted.

The new organs are placed into the cavity, soon it is filled.

The heart is massaged until it, almost magically, begins to beat again.

Tony's eyes roll in seeming recognition. But while the lights may be on, nobody's home.

Then, suddenly the table is spinning around, and the surgery has adjusted to Tony's face. As the scalpel is run across one of the guide-lines on his face Tony suddenly becomes aware of what's happening. Like in a dream, he can see and feel everything, but can't react.

It's hazy...dreamlike. A fuzzy abstraction of what might be real, or might be imagined.

Tony opens his mouth to scream, using every ounce of energy he has to do so, and nothing comes out.

To the doctors it's just a muscular reaction.

His face is peeled off and folded over.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

On the monitor, just near the operating table, is the composite Hockney-esque image on the computer monitor. The future of what Tony will look like.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. SECONDS - TONY'S ROOM

Slightly BLURRY POV of the room.

DOCTOR JADE

Just lie quietly, Mr. Hamilton. All your teeth have been removed. And your vocal cords will need time to heal.

We hear "Tony" GROAN in a panic.

DOCTOR JADE

Try not to talk! Please.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

"TONY'S" BANDAGED HAND lifts up, as if to reach for the mouth...it hurts. Doctor Jade firmly lowers the hand.

DOCTOR JADE

Your hands have had extensive work as well, especially on the digital pads.

"Tony" GROANS again and resignedly lowers his hand. He is in intense pain.

DOCTOR JADE

The old you is gone, Mr. Hamilton. You're a new man. A young man. But to stay that way you're going to have to remain on the treatment medications indefinitely.

Doctor Jade slides forward a rolling bed tray on which are ten small paper cups with various pills in them.

DOCTOR JADE

They'll keep your new organs youthful and free of rejection. They'll also help you to maintain your energy and libido. Without a daily dose your organs will reject, and your body will rapidly age. So, eat up.

He pours him a glass of water with a straw so that he can begin taking pills.

Instead of reaching for the glass "Tony" takes a pen from Doctor Jade and scrawls something on the paper placemat.

It reads: "Pain...I want to die."

DOCTOR JADE

Don't say that.

He takes the pen from him.

DOCTOR JADE

Once the pain subsides and you see that you're a new man, you're going to be amazed at how easily you adjust to your new life.

(regarding the pills)

Now. Your medication.

CUT TO:

INT. SECONDS - POST OP

CLOSE ON: Mr. Diamond leans forward and slowly comes into focus. Beside him stands Dr. Jade, taking the bandages off "Tony's" face.

Dr. Jade and the Mr. Diamond break into big smiles.

MR. DIAMOND

My, my. You boys do work miracles...

DOCTOR JADE

Thank you, sir.

The Doctor holds a MIRROR. "TONY" sees his NEW FACE for the first time...

"Tony" is SHOCKED. He jumps back in his seat.

His face is black and blue, swollen from trauma. His shaved head is still covered by bandages, but...

The face is dramatically different. Years younger.
Handsome.

If "Tony" had before been Robert Redford, he's now Brad Pitt.

He is speechless. A disbelieving hand reaches up to touch the face.

"Tony" leans closer to the mirror and sees specks of BLUE dotting the dark brown irises of both eyes.

MR. DIAMOND

At first it's a shock, but once you're used to the new you, you'll be strutting around like a stud bull.

CUT TO:

INT. SECONDS - MONTAGE OF "TONY'S" THERAPY

Exercising on a treadmill in a grey sweatsuit. Head shaved. Face still slightly bruised and swollen...

Having dinner in his room. Portions are small, healthy. Face is no longer puffy. Black and blue marks are smaller...

"Tony" takes his medication...

Doing sit ups. Better shape. It's startling how much younger he is...a new man. Hair is growing back in stubbles...but it's growing back dark...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

"Tony" takes his medication treatment, eagerly...

Lifting weights. Hair almost full...

Finishing his shower. It's steamy in the bathroom. "Tony" moves to the MIRROR, which is fogged up...

He stands in front of the mirror naked and wet. He wipes it off with a towel. It clears. Another swipe. Leans in close...and stares at his reflection in wonder.

He is handsome. Fit. Youthful.

The mirror slowly fogs up again until "Tony" is obscured in a blur.

CUT TO:

INT. SECONDS - PSYCHOLOGICAL LABORATORY

"Tony" is sitting across from Mr. Diamond, Dr. Jade, and Mr. Opal.

MR. DIAMOND

It's time we speak about your new life.
Your new career. Who you are.

"TONY"

Who am I now?

MR. DIAMOND

(to Mr. Opal)
Mr. Opal?

MR. OPAL

Presently, you're a successful member of
the art community.

He leans forward and places a number of documents on the table. "Tony" begins to go through them with astonishment.

MR. OPAL

You're a bachelor with no surviving
family. You went to Yale as an
undergraduate and you have a masters in
fine art from the Rhode Island School of
Design.

"TONY"

I'm a painter?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. OPAL

An abstract artist. It's easier to sell art that lacks a narrative these days. Easier to paint as well. We've created a modest market for you in the Miami area, among the new, upwardly mobile. A New York gallery is interested in putting on a show for you.

"TONY"

But I've only dabbled in painting...when I was young. Watercolors.

MR. OPAL

Don't worry. We've had a number of paintings preprinted. Once you develop your own style we'll stop supplying them.

MR. OPAL

The holdings we've set up for you will only last so long. You'll be expected to sell your own work. Pay your own way. Fortunately, this won't be a problem. You see, you are now accepted. You're one of the beautiful people now. You move in different circles. And knowing everything you already know will give you the extra footing you need to succeed. All you have to do, is enjoy your new life.

Tony nods, it's too good to be true.

"TONY"

What's my name?

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPLANE - FIRST CLASS CABIN - MID FLIGHT - DAY

An attractive STEWARDESS leans forward and smiles.

STEWARDESS

Can I get you anything, Mr. Wilson?

"Tony", who we now know as ARTHUR WILSON, is looking out the window, not hearing her.

STEWARDESS

Mr. Wilson?

He turns, suddenly noticing her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTHUR

Yes?

STEWARDESS

Can I get you anything?

Tony may now be Arthur, but inside he's still Tony. He's not used to having a beautiful stewardess come on to him, which it seems this one is doing.

ARTHUR

No. Um, no thank you. Uh. When do we land?

STEWARDESS

We'll be approaching Miami International Airport in about twenty minutes.

ARTHUR

Uh. Thank you.

STEWARDESS

You're welcome. And if there's anything you need, anything at all, just press the call button.

He could swear that she winked at him before she turned and walked away.

Suddenly, Tony notices that he has an erection. He unlocks his seatbelt and hurriedly makes his way to the

RESTROOM

Arthur looks at his face in the mirror. Sure enough, Redford is gone...Brad Pitt is staring back at him. What a relief. He touches the bulge in his pants...big.

He smiles. This is going to be fun.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - SOUTH MIAMI BEACH - DAY

No crappy Dean Martin muzak here. Leave that to the West Palm Beach geriatric crowd (and to the last draft of the script). South Beach is young, new. The home of Madonna, and other celebrities. Sex is everywhere, and the PEOPLE reflect it in the perfection of their bodies and the style of their clothes (or lack of).

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A TAXI heads along the highway, the blue Atlantic sparkles beside it. From its window, watching this parade of Gomorrah go by, is Arthur.

CUT TO:

EXT. WILSON HOUSE - SOUTH MIAMI BEACH - SUNSET

The TAXI drives off as Wilson stands looking at a modern beach house. It's retro, yet very contemporary. Frank Lloyd Wright in the naughts. Concrete and steel. All natural materials and lots of geometry. Lots of glass.

Arthur walks up to the front door. There's a keypad next to it. He depresses four digits onto it. We hear the door AUDIBLY UNLOCK with a SATISFYING CLICK.

ARTHUR

Open sesame.

He opens the door and walks in.

INT. WILSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SUNSET

Wilson walks through the foyer and checks out his new home. It's very unlike Arthur Hamilton's house in Connecticut. Clean Lines. Masculine. Cold.

The lights all turn on by themselves, gradually...outward from the front door, triggered by the keypad outside. This is a modern, automated home.

From hidden speakers, CONTEMPORARY MUSIC starts to play.

Arthur drops his luggage and begins to wander through the house, his mouth agape.

The house exists on many sunken levels, eventually opening up through magnificent glass windows to a saltwater pool and the beach beyond. It's stunning. A playboy's home.

On a coffee table is a generous fruit basket that says "Welcome Home, Arthur" on it.

He peeks into a room as he passes it.

INT. WILSON HOUSE - MEDIA ROOM - SUNSET

Books, computer, stereo, television, laser disk.

ARTHUR

Man oh man.

INT. WILSON HOUSE - BEDROOM - SUNSET

He peeks into the bedroom. Huge bed. Designed for sex, not sleeping. Looks out onto the ocean. He looks on the wall and is surprised to see a few pictures of himself: at a party with a girl; at a gallery opening; deep sea fishing.

INT. WILSON HOUSE - STUDIO - SUNSET

Huge canvasses with bold abstract expressions on them rest against the wall. Arthur looks at them, and the one he's currently painting. He's not sure which side's up and which is down.

INT. WILSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - SUNSET

He walks into the kitchen. It's big. Made for entertaining. A good place for people to gather during a party. He opens the refrigerator, it's stocked with fresh fruits and vegetables. All health food.

INT. WILSON HOUSE - GARAGE - SUNSET

Tony peeks in from the kitchen.

A small polished steel Lotus Super-7 with British racing green fenders sits in the garage. It's a coffin with wheels, a car built for racing. But it's a classic design. Every middle-aged man's mid-life crisis fantasy.

INT. WILSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SUNSET

Arthur walks into the living room, a bit in a daze, a big smile across his face, and then he stops in his tracks.

There's a wet bar.

He looks at it for a long moment, gauging the various forms of alcohol. There's one of everything. It's fully stocked.

He licks his lips.

CUT TO:

EXT. WILSON HOUSE - POOL/PATIO - SUNSET

Arthur walks outside onto his massive patio that overlooks the ocean. In his hand is a tumbler of Scotch. He seems like a man who has died and gone to Heaven, which of course he is.

Then, from the house next door, he hears some VOICES and MUSIC.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He walks over to the far side of his patio, so that he can get a view of the house next door. And when he does, he's not disappointed at the view.

ARTHUR'S POV: The house next door is populated by FIVE INCREDIBLE WOMEN. They're currently stripping and getting ready for a dip in the ocean. Big hair, big tits. Firm bodies. Tanned skin everywhere. Not a single one of them over twenty-five. One of them, a PARTICULARLY SEXY BLACK GIRL stands out from the rest of the skinny dippers, by contrast alone, but each of them seem like a separate masturbatory fantasy.

Arthur's jaw literally drops open. If you're straight, this is man heaven.

Then, much to his surprise, one of the girls, SARI, waves at him.

SARI
(calling to him)
Art! When did you get back?!

She's totally naked, top to bottom, full frontal nudity, without a doubt an NC-17, and her firm breasts seem to be defying gravity.

ARTHUR
(clumsily answering her)
I...um...just now!

SARI
Great! Wanna go for a swim?!

Most of the girls, all naked, are running down to the water to go skinny dipping. Arthur doesn't know how to process this information. He doesn't know how to react.

ARTHUR
Um. No! Not now!

SARI
Suit yourself! Come on over later!
Let's party!

She runs down to the water and jumps in. Arthur watches in amazement as they all splash each other and frolic like nymphs.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. WILSON HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Arthur is masturbating in a frenzy. His eyes are clenched shut, no doubt visualizing Sari. One arm is holding him up against the wall, the other is jacking-off his member with frantic urgency. Suddenly, he GASPS for air and ejaculates.

CUT TO:

INT. WILSON HOUSE - MEDIA ROOM - NIGHT

Arthur, now very much relaxed, sits at his computer (an Apple iMac, or this writer will hurl himself against a cactus). Next to him is another tumbler of Scotch. He searches on the internet, clicking "BROWSE".

Something catches his eye: "LOVE SHACK." He clicks on it.

The computer brings it up. "Welcome to the Love Shack. Do you want to find a friend?"

Arthur thinks it over. He types in "Shadow Boxer".

The computer reports: "Shadow Boxer is in the bedroom."

Arthur can't believe it. Silly grin. He clicks on "Bedroom". Then he types: "Shadow Boxer, are you there?"

Shadow Boxer replies, "I'm here and I'm hard. Who are you?"

Beat. Wilson types in his response: "The Duchess."

Shadow Boxer responds: "Are you touching yourself, my Duchess?"

Arthur smiles, types back: "'Am I touching myself?' Can't you do better than that?"

Shadow Boxer: "I could if I were with you."

Arthur guffaws, then types: "What would you do to me?"

Shadow Boxer: "I'd start with a tongue bath -- "

Arthur quickly realizes he doesn't want to hear it. He interrupts: "Go to bed Quentin. You're too old for this shit."

Arthur leans back in his chair, looking at the blinking cursor. Suddenly the computer reports: "Shadow Boxer has logged off."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Arthur smiles.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. WILSON HOUSE - BATHROOM - MORNING

Arthur opens his medicine cabinet. He then opens the secret cabinet behind the cabinet that holds all of his special medications. He begins morning constitutional of taking the treatment medications. One pill at a time. First a red, then a blue, then another red, then three green ones, etc.

CUT TO:

INT. WILSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Arthur scrambles some eggs and cooks them in a pan. He does it like a bachelor who hasn't cooked for himself in thirty years, making a mess of it. Breaking eggs and not making a mess isn't as easy as it looks.

CUT TO:

INT. WILSON HOUSE - POOL/PATIO - MORNING

Arthur sits on his spacious patio reading the New York Times. He looks over at the babe house next door. Nothing going on. Maybe it's too early in the morning.

He looks back at his paper and notices a couple walking hand-in-hand down the beach. An OLD COUPLE, in their late 60's, very much in love.

Arthur watches them as they walk away. He feels distant...detached.

CUT TO:

INT. WILSON HOUSE - STUDIO - DAY

Arthur stands before a large canvass, holding a brush. Despite the fact that the other canvasses are messy swatches of abstract color, loosely applied, Arthur can't seem to allow himself to begin. The looseness just isn't in him.

CUT TO:

INT. WILSON HOUSE - BATHROOM - MORNING

Another morning. Arthur looks at himself in the mirror, an old man with a young mans face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Arthur opens his medicine cabinet, and the cabinet behind the cabinet. He begins taking his Treatment.

INT. WILSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Arthur, drink in hand, stands at the window, facing the ocean. He looks restless, bored. He turns to the living room. So perfect. So neat.

He walks to a modern looking chair, sits down in it. Beat. He stands, walks to another chair, sits in it. Another beat. Arthur looks uncomfortable, his knees too high, his neck strained.

CUT TO:

INT. WILSON HOUSE - BATHROOM - MORNING

Another morning.

Again at the medicine cabinet.

Again with the Treatment.

CUT TO:

INT. UPSCALE GROCERY MARKET - DAY

Wide, friendly aisles. Arthur pushes his cart past the endless selections of food. All bright boxes, the packaging pert, inviting. "Low fat!" "New, improved!" Wilson's overwhelmed. He doesn't know what to choose...

Then he sees the Champagne.

CUT TO:

EXT. WILSON HOUSE - POOL/PATIO - SUNSET

Arthur is standing on his patio, looking over at the babe house next door. In his hand is a bottle of Champagne and two glasses...an obviously outmoded and out of date way to make a romantic gesture.

He steps off of his patio and walks along the

BEACH

until he arrives at

THE BABE HOUSE

Arthur walks along the front deck and toward their side door. The house seems quiet, serene. He readies himself at the door and then prepares to knock. Just as his knuckles are about to strike the door, he hears something.

Something faint.

Arthur listens, tilting his head sideways to hear better. The sound is coming from inside of the house. He leans in to hear better.

Then he recognizes the sound...

It's the SOUND OF SEX. Sari is MOANING DEEPLY as some young stud thrusts hard into her. It's not just sex, it's wanton fucking.

Arthur takes a step back from the door, as if he just violated someone's space.

Embarrassed he tip-toe jogs off of the deck, across the beach, and back into his own home.

CUT TO:

INT. WILSON HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Arthur lays in bed, lit only by the moon, staring at the ceiling and listening to the WAVES CRASHING ON THE SAND. He's all alone. He may be in a new body, but he's just as alone as he always was.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. WILSON HOUSE - BATHROOM - MORNING

Arthur opens his medicine cabinet. He then opens the secret cabinet behind the cabinet that holds all of his special medications. He begins his morning constitutional of taking the treatment medications. One pill at a time. First a red, then a blue, then another red, then three green ones, etc.

While lifting one of the pills to his mouth he stops and looks at himself in the mirror.

ARTHUR

Who am I?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Reluctantly, after thinking it over, he takes the pill. It's a tough pill to swallow (sorry, I couldn't resist).

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. WILSON HOUSE - STUDIO - DAY

Arthur is standing in front of the large blank canvass. Something is welling up inside of him, something unstoppable...frustration. He has no idea what to paint and it's driving him crazy.

He reaches out with a brush and tries to negotiate a brush stroke onto the canvass. It only serves as a catalyst for his frustration to explode.

ARTHUR

Fuck!

He stabs at the canvass with his brush and then throws his pallet against it, smearing paint onto it.

ARTHUR

Fucking god-damn-it! Fuck it!

He grabs a bucket of paint and throws it at the canvass, it splashes pel mel all over the room.

ARTHUR

Who needs you?!

Enraged and going out of control Arthur picks up a plant and throws it at the canvas, causing dirt to careen about. The canvass falls against the wall.

ARTHUR

Who wants you?!

He pushes a rolling tray of art supplies with force against the canvass, everything spills onto it.

ARTHUR

Who needs you?!

By now Arthur, the canvass, and the room is covered in dirt, paint, and a variety of supplies. He falls back into a corner SOBBING.

ARTHUR

You haven't changed. You haven't...changed. You're still...the same....the same....

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He starts banging his own head with his fists.

ARTHUR

Die! Die! Die! Damn you, Hamilton!
Die!

Suddenly, the DOORBELL RINGS.

Arthur looks up, tears in his eyes. Who could it be?

He sits there for a moment, wondering whether he should answer the doorbell or not, when it RINGS AGAIN. He decides to get up and answer it.

INT. WILSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Arthur, covered in paint and dirt, looking like a wreck, wanders through his immaculate home.

He opens the front door, letting it swing wide open.

ARTHUR

(blunt, sardonic)
Welcome to Hell.

Standing at the threshold is PERCY WALTON, a young and fashionable man in his early thirties. Percy is an art dealer who handles Arthur's work. He dresses in the finest clothes, casual yet formal. He must be gay, though he's probably a libertine who dips into whatever carnal activity amuses him at that moment. He's certainly stylishly flamboyant.

PERCY

(bitchy but friendly)
Art. Where the fuck have you been, you bitch? I call, I call, I call, I call and you don't return. If I didn't have people clawing at me for your work I'd drop you like a dirty diaper.
(walking past him)
May I come in?

Arthur watches him walk in and make himself at home.

ARTHUR

Do I know you?

PERCY

(mock offended)
Do I have a sign around my neck that says: Masochist?
(more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PERCY (CONT'D)
(thinking about it)
Don't answer that.

He starts fixing himself a drink.

PERCY
The show is in two weeks. Now I know
you've probably got some bullshit
creative block -- I've gotten used to
them -- but I need to know what we're
going to be selling.
(touching his fingers to the
center of his brow)
Jesus, I've got a migraine.

ARTHUR
You're my dealer?

PERCY
You make it sound like I peddle coke --
which by the way, if you have any, I
sorely need it.

He suddenly notices Arthur, as if for the first time, and
sees that he's covered in paint.

PERCY
You look like shit. The paint is
supposed to go on the canvass.

He starts walking toward the studio.

PERCY
Speaking of which what kind of work do
you have to show me?

He walks in, Arthur follows him.

INT. WILSON HOUSE - STUDIO - DAY

Percy walks into the studio and regards the mess, then
notices the dirt covered paint splashed canvass. Arthur is
just behind him, embarrassed by the display.

ARTHUR
(fumbling about for words,
almost apologetic)
I...um. I'm -- blocked. Like you said.
I haven't been able to...um--

PERCY
I can sell this.

This isn't what Arthur expected to hear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEUR

What?

PERCY

It's more...explosive...than your other work. Looser. Less confined. The dirt thing may be a little too much. But I can sell it.

(he turns to him)

We'll mix in some of your older work. The stuff people haven't seen yet. But if you produce one or two more like this...

(he thinks it over)

Madonna was telling me she wanted one of your pieces for her New York offices. If she picks one up the night of the opening the other two will go like that.

He SNAPS TWICE.

ARTHUR

Really?

PERCY

I'll shmooze the bitch.

He walks back out into the living room.

INT. WILSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Percy makes his way for the front door, Arthur following him...somewhat astonished.

PERCY

Whew! I must say I am relieved. When you shut in like this and close yourself off from the world I get scared that you're like -- I don't know -- smoking crack or something. Thank god you're being productive. But you really should get out a bit.

(turning to him at the door)

Listen to your friend Percy. I know what I'm talking about. You have to live life so that you have something to cultivate into your work. Look, I've had you put on the guest list at Bacchus tonight. Why don't you show up. It's good for business to be seen once and a while.

He takes a card out and writes the address onto it. He slips it into Arthur's pocket.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PERCY

They'll know who you are at the door.
Remember, you're accepted now.

Arthur has heard this before, there is recognition. Percy starts to walk away when Arthur calls to him.

ARTHUR

Percy! How long have you been dealing my work?

Percy turns and looks at him for a moment, serious perhaps for the first time.

PERCY

Since you first began, Arthur. Since you first began. And I'll be with you 'till the end.

(he winks)

See you tonight.

He gets into his car and drives off. Arthur stands there for a moment and then takes the card out of his pocket and looks at it.

EXTREME CLOSE ON: The card. On it is the handwritten address of the club and the word: "BACCHUS".

HARD CUT TO:

INT. CLUB BACCHUS - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

Arthur walks into a scene he's never seen before. The dancefloor is packed with CLUBBERS dancing to a TRIBAL RAVE BEAT. The club screams S-E-X. Sex. Clothes seem to be optional as several DANCERS OF VARIOUS GENDERS have taken their clothes off and are dancing on top of the massive speakers. LIVE SEX ACTS are being performed on penis-shaped runways that poke out into the DANCING CROWD. In the center of the dance floor is a large wine trough filled with grapes and NAKED DANCERS, squashing the fruit into purple vino. All the EXOTICS of Miami are here, and all of the SOPHISTOS and CELEBRITIES as well, intermingling the way they did at New York's Studio 54 in the 70's...just times ten.

Arthur is amazed. It's unlike anything he's ever even imagined.

Suddenly Percy slaps him on the back. Frankly, he's relieved.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PERCY
(shouting over the music)
So you made it out!

ARTHUR
Yeah! This place is something else!

PERCY
What!?

ARTHUR
I said: this-place-is-wild!

Percy nods as if he heard him clearly, but it doesn't seem like he has.

PERCY
Let's go into the back room!

They make their way through the crowd and across the club to a second door with a SECOND DOORMAN standing guard at it. He lifts the cordon and they walk in.

INT. CLUB BACCHUS - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

The back room at Club Bacchus is much quieter. You can still hear the THUMPING MUSIC from the club through the walls, but it's quiet enough to be able to talk quietly and be heard.

The back room is where the CREME DE LA CREME go to get away from those who they consider to be the common folk (which are, of course, already above the common folk). This elite group who can get into the club within the club are SUPERMODELS, SUPERSOPHISTOS, ARTISTS, FILMMAKERS, and perhaps a few SUPERFREAKS just to keep it colorful.

People have gathered in little enclave lounges, set up with fancy couches and coffee tables in dark corners. They WHISPER and trade secrets, strike deals, and plan. The scene is something akin to vampires, most of whom are above sex. But there is sex here, a FOURSOME on a circular dais in the middle of the room, surrounded by a circular bar, contort their way through a naked Twister game.

PERCY
That's better, I can hear myself think in here.

ARTHUR
My ears are ringing.

PERCY
So where is she?

(CONTINUED)

ARTHUR

Who?

PERCY

Your hole to come into this evening.
Usually by this time of night you'd have
two women, one on each arm.

(turning to a BARTENDER)

Vino.

They sit down at a private little table.

PERCY

So what do you want tonight to loosen up?
X? GHB? H? Or just plain old coke?

ARTHUR

(the old "Tony")

Nothing, thanks.

PERCY

What's wrong with you?

Arthur looks at him, probing.

ARTHUR

(serious)

You don't really know me. You don't know
anything about me.

PERCY

What are you talking about? I'm your
dealer. I'm the bitch who sells your
paintings. I've known you since you
first moved into that house.

ARTHUR

Let's not argue semantics.

(he looks at him for a long
hard moment)

You're a second timer, aren't you, Percy?

Percy looks at him for a moment, dubious, then he smiles.
Suddenly the flamboyance is gone and he seems more like a
normal person. But he also has a tinge of disappointment
that he even has to talk about this.

PERCY

Yes. I am.

ARTHUR

I knew it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PERCY

You newbies are always so embroiled with remembering the past. Can't you just let it go?

ARTHUR

I just want to know who I'm dealing with.

PERCY

Really? I suppose you also like to know how a magician performs an illusion. You like to know the secrets?

ARTHUR

I like to know who the Wizard of Oz really is. Is he the big guy on the screen, or the little man behind the curtain?

Percy leans back and gives Arthur a hard look.

PERCY

If you must have it, have it then.

(thinking back)

My wife was a good, church-going woman. A good woman. But she only wanted to have sex to have children, and God forbid it should be anything other than the missionary position. I, in the mean time, was this libertine who somehow got stuck in a conservative bible-belt life. On the inside I was fantasizing about four-way bi-curious sex. Whips, leather, rubber -- cock rings -- anal, oral, whatever. I wanted it all. And so, I made the switch. But I had to kill my old self to do it.

He takes a sip from his drink.

ARTHUR

Do you ever miss the other life?

Percy looks at him.

PERCY

Not for a nano-second. Now, can we move on?

ARTHUR

Don't you want to know who I am?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

PERCY

(annoyed)

Who you are? Why do I care who you really are? Just play along. You'll fall into it. Soon the old you won't even exist any more.

ARTHUR

I'm beginning to think the old me wasn't as bad off as I thought.

PERCY

(upset)

Like you can do anything about it. Look, it's a real downer for you to constantly bring up the past. I don't know who you *think* you are, but I want to talk to Arthur Wilson: "brilliant and exciting Miami artist/playboy". Not some Howdie-Doodie old fart from who-cares-where. Now which are you?!

When slapped with a question as direct as that Arthur has only one answer, he is who he is now.

ARTHUR

Arthur Wilson.

PERCY

(still a bit upset)

Good. So put on a good show. You're spoiling the illusion.

Percy gets back into character. He turns on the flamboyance.

PERCY

So, Art, I called Madonna today and she wants your latest work, sight unseen. Now I'm telling you, I shit you not, this never happens. She's hot for you. You wanna meet her?

Arthur can't get into it. He knows it's all fake. He shakes his head and LAUGHS, then gets up.

PERCY

What? She's a wild lay.

ARTHUR

You're unbelievable.

PERCY

What?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ARTHUR

This is all play acting. A balloon full of lies. We're just cogs in a much larger machine -- that's what I wanted to run away from. Not my wife. I wanted out of the machine.

Percy looks disappointed as Arthur walks off.

PERCY

The machine can make you rich and famous!
(Arthur doesn't turn around)
You need to loosen up! Pull the hair out of your ass!
(still he walks off)
Don't forget that we have a show in a week! Don't make me look bad!

Arthur walks out into the main floor of the club.

INT. CLUB BACCHUS - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

Upset, Arthur is walking through the dance floor, on his way to the front door to leave. He's pushing past people, a real grampus. All around him people are having the time of their lives...and all Arthur can do is grimace. Then, he's caught up in a mob of people pushing their way toward the large sunken grape barrel, where fifteen wine stained people dance. He's pushed in.

ARTHUR

Hey!

He stands up and struggles to get out, disoriented from the wine in his eyes and the strobing lights. Suddenly, directly in front of him, dancing like a wildwoman, her legs stained with wine, is Sari. She stops when she sees him and waves a big "oh wow, like, I can't believe you're here" hello.

SARI

Ohmygod!

She SLOSHES over to him and starts dancing erotically around him, now ignoring the WOMAN SHE WAS DANCING WITH.

Her lips come up to his ear and she whispers.

SARI

This is, like, totally meant. I was just thinking about you...and then you were, like, here. You're a Gemini, right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He's unsure, he never thought about it. He wonders what it has to do with anything. All he knows is that his clothes are stained purple.

ARTHUR

I'm -- not sure what I am anymore. I think I used to be a Virgo.

SARI

There's no way you're a Virgo. Virgos are, like, stuffy. You're definitely a Gemini. What month were you born?

ARTHUR

What month? I was...born last month.

SARI

See? You are a Gemini. I knew it.

She smiles and takes him by the hands and starts dancing with him. He notices that the sexy black girl from the beach, and some of the other girls, are also dancing in the bacchus/dancefloor. They're all in their own world.

ARTHUR

I'm all -- covered in wine. I'm a mess--

Sari dances closer. He resists but the dancers on the floor push them together. She takes his hand and runs it down the small of her back, until it rests on her firm ass.

She then takes his other hand in hers and slides it up her waist to meet her large, firm breasts.

ARTHUR

I'm all covered in wine!

Arthur looks like he wants to resist, but can't. He's trying to dance to the music, and not doing a very good job. But having her firm body rub up against him and having her nibbling on the lobes of his ears is beginning to win him over.

EXTREME CLOSE ON: Her lips as she whispers into his ear.

SARI

You wanna go clean up?

ARTHUR

Yes!

SARI

C'mon. We can do it upstairs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She smiles, takes him by the hand, and walks him out of the wine trough and through the surreal DANCING CROWD. They pass past a GUARDED cordon and up to the

CLUB WITHIN THE CLUB

which is in a large, and dark, balcony area above that encircles the dance floor from above. Sari takes a drag on a joint, somehow she pulled it out and lit it during the walk upstairs without him noticing. She hands it to him.

He looks at it, unsure.

ARTHUR

I haven't smoked *grass* since I was in college.

She LAUGHS her smoke out.

SARI

When was that? All of three years ago?

Arthur takes a small uncomfortable, Bill Clinton-ish puff. Sari LAUGHS again and sits on the wide balcony that looks down on the dance floor.

ARTHUR

Where's the washroom?

SARI

You can do it now.

ARTHUR

Do what?

She spreads her legs, invitingly.

SARI

You know. You're all juicy and slippery. Don't you want to?

She starts to unbuckle his belt. Arthur retracts his head, shocked. But his eyes belie that "yes", indeed, he wants to fuck.

ARTHUR

Here?!

SARI

Why not?

ARTHUR

There's people watching!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARI

(blunt, as she focuses on
unbuckling the belt)

Like they care.

Sari opens up Arthur's pants, pulls her hips to meet his. The whole event is so exciting with the gothic-industrial atmosphere, the LOUD THUMPING MUSIC, strobing lights, and PULSATING CROWD directly beneath and behind Sari that Arthur that simply goes for it. But he goes for it in a big way. He lets loose and starts fucking her like an animal -- letting all of his pent up tensions out.

DOWN ON THE DANCE FLOOR

Percy looks up at them. A smile on his face.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. WILSON HOUSE - BATHROOM - MORNING

Arthur is taking his morning Treatment of pills from the medicine cabinet within the medicine cabinet.

CUT TO:

INT. WILSON HOUSE - STUDIO - DAY

Arthur is sitting in front of a large, blank canvass and holding a paintbrush. He has one of those trance-like stares that I get when I have writer's block. In my case, I stare at a blinking cursor...all poor Arthur has to stare at is the texture of the canvass.

He then slowly and deliberately puts the brush down into a jar of thinner. The paint on the brush slowly dissolves into the clear thinner, turning it a cloudy black.

Arthur gets up, tired, and rubs his eyes. Then, in the middle of stretching/rubbing his eyes, he lets out an AGGRAVATED "GRRRR" (as I sometimes do when I'm disappointed in myself).

When he takes his fists from his eyes the canvass is still there...and it's still blank.

ARTHUR

Empty.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He looks across the room at a half empty liter bottle of Gin. He walks over to it, pours it into a glass, and drinks it down as easy as water.

FADE TO BLACK:

REMAIN BLACK FOR A FEW MOMENTS...

INT. WILSON HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Arthur is asleep slumped into a chair, there is a bottle still in his hand. While nodding he spills a little from a glass into his lap -- it wakes him.

He dabs his lap clean, and then hears something. There's a SOUND COMING FROM THE BATHROOM. Sort of a CLINKING sound echoing on the porcelain, like someone trying not to make noise in the middle of the night.

Arthur gets up and walks to the bathroom.

INT. WILSON HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Inside the bathroom is a COMPANY MAN in a milkman's outfit stocking the medicine cabinet with Treatment. He stops when he sees Arthur.

COMPANY MAN

You were running low.

Arthur stands there, slightly astonished.

COMPANY MAN

This should keep you stocked for another couple of weeks. If you should run low, just dial 10-10-2637 and someone'll be out to restock you. Good-night.

He closes the cabinet and with a nod of his hat walks out the door, as if it were the most common and expected thing to have a man stocking your medicine cabinet.

Arthur decides to follow him.

EXT. WILSON HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Arthur walks outside, in the dark, just as the company man drives out into the early morning twilight in a milk truck. Arthur walks out to the threshold of his driveway on the street and looks around.

There are no cars on the streets at this hour -- except for three or four milk trucks making deliveries to other houses

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

in the neighborhood. It seems as though everyone might be getting restocked.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. WILSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

EXTREME CLOSE ON: A calendar with a large X filling the days that have gone by. There aren't any events or appointments written into the calendar, just X's crossing out the days. A hand with a pen crosses out one more day.

Arthur then pops a handful of Treatment pills.

CUT TO:

INT. FASHION SHOW - RUNWAY/AUDIENCE NIGHT

Arthur is sitting next to Percy and his waif-like date, a VIETNAMESE BOY in his 20's. They're in the front row of the fashion show, right on the runway. An endless stream of tall, beautiful SUPERMODELS strutt by, showing off their wares. The CROWD of CELEBRITIES, PHOTOGRAPHERS, and JOURNALISTS are ga-ga over the spectacle.

Arthur is focusing strictly on the tiny breasts of the JADED MANNEQUIN-LIKE MODELS as they strut cholericly down the runway, unconcerned with the clothes.

ARTHUR

Her.

(pause)

Her too.

(pause)

And her.

(pause)

Him.

(pause)

Her. Definitely her.

Next to Arthur, Percy is taking notes of the girls he's selecting.

ARTHUR

This is like choosing from the buffet at Sizzler. It's ridiculous.

PERCY

Isn't it?

CUT TO:

INT. FASHION SHOW - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Arthur and Percy are walking through the CROWDED, party-like atmosphere of the back stage, just after the show. The Champagne is flowing and THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE are chatting it up as if they don't have a care in the wicked world.

Arthur takes a drink from a passing tray, carried by a CATERING PERSON.

ARTHUR
 (to the passing catering
 person)
 Thankyouverymuch.
 (he takes a sip)
 Her.
 (pause)
 Her.
 (pause)
 Not her.
 (pause)
 Her.
 (pause)
 Her.

He stops.

Across the room is the exotic black model he's seen around. She smiles at him -- beguiling.

ARTHUR
 Who's that?

PERCY
 Who?

ARTHUR
 That black girl.

PERCY
 I don't know. A model.

ARTHUR
 I've seen her around. She's sexy.
 Exotic.

PERCY
 Very.

ARTHUR
 She has deep eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PERCY

She does. You haven't fucked a black girl yet, have you? The pubic hairs are different. Springy.

He turns to him, startled by the statement.

ARTHUR

You're an asshole. Did you know that?

PERCY

Of course. But you haven't, have you?

Arthur ignores him and walks across the room as if he was magnetically drawn to the woman, whose name we will discover is NOEL.

ARTHUR

Hi.

NOEL

Hi.

ARTHUR

I'm Arthur Wilson, the painter.

NOEL

Houses or canvasses?

ARTHUR

Does it matter?

She smiles and decides to offer her name.

NOEL

Noel.

ARTHUR

That's nice. It's Christmasy.
(uncomfortable pause)
I saw you from across the room.

NOEL

Yes. I saw you from across the room as well.

ARTHUR

So I thought I would come over here and invite you to my party.

NOEL

Party?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ARTHUR
I'm having this party.

NOEL
What are you celebrating?

ARTHUR
(after thinking about it)
I'm...posthumously celebrating my
birthday.

NOEL
Great. How old will you be?

ARTHUR
I don't know.

NOEL
Sounds like you have the whole thing
planned out really well.

ARTHUR
I've long since stopped worrying about
planning my life. But I'd like you to
plan on being there.

She thinks about it, summing him up.

NOEL
Thanks but...

ARTHUR
That's your washing night? Come on.
You're the only girl whose turned me down
in months, you've got to be special. You
should do it. Live. Sometimes the
second chances don't come.

He must have struck a chord. She smiles and then takes out a
pen and takes his hand. She writes her number down on his
palm.

NOEL
Don't wash your hands.

ARTHUR
I won't.

CUT TO:

INT. WILSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Arthur Wilson sure throws a great party. It's the closest thing to the liberation of the Sixties that exists today. BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE in the form of MODELS, ADVERTISING FOLK, ACTORS, and ARISTOCRATS are loosely hob-nobbing while drinks are consumed and some sort of FUSION MUSIC is grooving away over the hidden speakers.

Arthur himself is tying a few on. Then he sees Noel arriving. He crosses the room to meet her, happy.

ARTHUR

You made it.

NOEL

Life only comes once. Carpe Diem, birthday boy.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WILSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER - NIGHT

Arthur and Noel are slow dancing at the party. Her head is in the nape of his neck, rested. The music ends and a different song comes on...totally different mood.

ARTHUR

Would you like to stay tonight?

She looks at him.

NOEL

Thank you, but no.

He can't believe that she's not interested in him.

ARTHUR

Do you not like me?

NOEL

No. I like you fine.

ARTHUR

Is it because I'm white?

She LAUGHS.

NOEL

(being good natured)

Hardly. I just don't sleep with anyone that I've just met. Can you respect that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTHUR

Sure.

NOEL

Thanks.

ARTHUR

You want a drink?

NOEL

Actually, I've got to be heading home.
I've got a shoot tomorrow morning. I
better get some sleep.

ARTHUR

Carpe diem?

NOEL

Nice try. Next time. Maybe.

He smiles and walks her out.

NOEL

I had a nice time.

ARTHUR

Me too. I'll call.

She smiles and walks out. Arthur walks back into the party.

INT. WILSON HOUSE - OTHER SIDE OF HOUSE - NIGHT

Arthur has a BARTENDER on the other side of the house, fixing drinks. He goes up to him and orders a Manhattan. During the brief time that it takes to mix a drink, Sari slinks up next to Arthur.

SARI

Hi, Art.

CUT TO:

EXT. WILSON HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Noel is getting her car from the valet when she looks back to the party. Carpe diem, indeed. She puts her car on hold and re-enters the party in search of Arthur.

INT. WILSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Noel is wandering around wondering where Arthur is. She heads in the direction of

THE BAR

There's a BUNCH OF PEOPLE huddled around the bar talking, but Arthur isn't there.

Noel walks down a large

A HALLWAY GALLERY

lined with Arthur Wilson's art and some photographs. She looks at one of him in a particularly minimalist black frame catching a Marlin. This is of course, the previous Arthur Wilson depicted in the photograph.

She continues on, looking at the garish modern art that Arthur paints. She then comes to the bedroom door, which is slightly ajar, and opens it up.

INT. WILSON HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Arthur is, of course, buck naked and fucking the living daylights out of Sari, who is also naked as the day she was born. It's a carnal sight to walk into, as he is taking her from behind and driving his lust home.

Noel stands there for a moment at the door, her mouth agape...a tear streaming from her eye.

When Arthur notices her he immediately withdrawls and pulls a towel over himself. Sari LAUGHS and drops down onto her stomache on the bed.

ARTHUR

Noel! Wait.

But it's too late. Noel is out the door. She just isn't into this.

He runs out after her.

INT. WILSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Arthur runs into the depth of the party, only wearing the towel, trying to catch Noel who is already out the door. The PARTY GUESTS can only LAUGH at Arthur. What a card!

EXT. WILSON HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Arthur runs outside just as Noel SCREECHES OFF, spraying a little gravel in her wake.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTHUR

Shit!

CUT TO:

INT. WILSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: Arthur lifts a tumbler of Cuervo Tequila to his lips and downs it like it was just a just a shot glass. After what looks like piercing pain in his eyeballs, Arthur licks some salt from his hand and bites into a lemon.

The whole time BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE PARTY-GOERS cheer him on with DRINKING CHANTS.

PARTY-GOERS

Hoo! Hoo! Hoo! Hoo!

An ERUPTION OF APPLAUSE follows.

Arthur spins around, king of the party...which, by the way, is in full swing. The STEREO is cranked.

ARTHUR

Ahhh! It's so much better with a young liver!

He throws the tumbler into the fireplace, smashing it. APPLAUSE from the party-goers.

And it's quite a party:

The alcohol is flowing fast and free, and so are the drugs. PEOPLE are SNORTING cocaine from one of the modern glass tables in the living room.

PEOPLE are dancing to THUMPING MUSIC. BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE. Artists, models, actors, business men, and musicians. They're all here and all lost in the abandon of the party.

Percy has a FAY TEEN BOY on his arm, and is introducing him to some other, more LECHEROUS TYPES.

In the hot-tub, on the deck, NAKED PEOPLE are skinny dipping. Some run back and forth from the hot waters of the tub to the frigid waters of the ocean.

The POLICE show up at the door and are invited in by SEVERAL YOUNG FLIRTATIOUS GIRLS. They take their hats off and smile...join the party.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Arthur is cutting loose...drinking like a fish. Perhaps drinking a little too much. But it's okay...he's the life of the party.

In a drunken delusion Arthur wanders through the party, bumping into PEOPLE carelessly. His shirt is untucked and he has a spot of vomit on his sleeve, but he's all smiles and drunken charm. The life of the party.

Arthur stumbles backwards into a small clique of people holding a conversation, causing them to spill their drinks. It turns out to be Percy and THREE SOPHISTOS. Arthur, obviously drunk, smiles when he sees that it's Percy.

ARTHUR

(singing "I've Got No Strings"
from Pinocchio)

"...I got no strings, to hold me down, to
make me fret, or make me frown. I had
strings, but now I'm free, I got no
strings on me..."

He does a little Pinocchio puppet dance and then starts LAUGHING UPROARIOUSLY. Then, he leans into Percy's space.

PERCY

Just because there's no strings doesn't
mean you're not a puppet, Pinocchio.

He drunkenly taps his head with an "intelligent, huh?" over-expression and wanders off into the crowd, SINGING.

ARTHUR

(in defiance, as he wanders
off)

"Hi-diddle-dee-dee, an actors life for
me. A high silk hat and a silver cane, a
watch of gold with a diamond chain. Hi-
Diddle-Dee-Day, an actors life is gay!
It's great to be a celebrity, an actors
life for me!"

Percy turns to THE PEOPLE HE WAS TALKING to and smiles nervously.

PERCY

(keeping one eye on Arthur)

Did he seem as drunk to you as he did to
me?

On the other side of the room.

ARTHUR

jumps up onto a coffee table and holds his glass up and addressing the party. Most everybody notices him and turns to watch.

ARTHUR

Everybody! Everybody! Listen up! I would like to make an announcement. Recently, I'm told, that you, my friends, were worried that I was in an emotional slump. Well worry no further. Arthur Wilson is hereby, tonight, casting away his moral anchors. Those shackles which have held me back are no more! Like a snake who sheds his skin, I am reborn tonight!

CONFUSED APPLAUSE from the majority of the room. The party guests are just assuming that he's making a joke. Percy, on the other side of the room, notices the spectacle in the making.

ARTHUR

Antonicus Hamilton, fuddy duddy drag that he was, is dead. I killed him so that I could live. So we bid a fond farewell to old Tony H., and look forward to the hedonistic future ahead.

No one has a clue about what he's talking about, or so we first think. SOME PEOPLE IN THE PARTY look awfully serious while others are laughing along. Percy is pushing his way toward Arthur.

ARTHUR

Goodbye Tony! Long live Arthur Wilson!

He toasts his glass into the air. Most of the party guests toast him as well.

ARTHUR/PARTY GUESTS

Long live Arthur Wilson! Long live
Arthur Wilson! Long live Arthur Wilson!
Long live Arthur Wilson! Long live
Arthur Wilson!

Percy walks up to him and gives him a light tug on the shirt.

PERCY

That's enough public speaking for you,
tonight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTHUR
(totally wasted)
No. It's my party. I'm addressing my
guests--

PERCY
You're drunk. Come down from there.

Percy tries to take his hand and get him off the table.

ARTHUR
No!

Arthur over-reacts and jerks back from Percy's tug, sending him toppling backwards off the coffee table and half onto the couch, SMACKING one of his GUESTS in the face on the way down. It's a stunt only a drunk man could pull off and remain LAUGHING. The life of the party.

Percy and several other men, the serious ones, walk up.

PERCY
I think our host has had too much to
drink.

They all lean over and pick him up.

ARTHUR
Wha -- no! Hey! Let me go!

They lift him up and start carrying him to the bedroom. At first he laughs, thinking it's a party gag, but then he starts to struggle.

ARTHUR
Put me down! You have no right! You
have no --

He's forced onto the bed, held down by ten sets of hands. All the men loom over him.

PERCY
Yes we do. We have the right.

Arthur looks at all of them. They're all young, successful...yet there's a sense of wisdom and age that comes with their seriousness. They're all Seconds.

ARTHUR
No. No! Nooo!

He struggles but can't move, the hands holding him down are too strong.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ARTHUR

You're all Seconds. You're all--

PERCY

Shut up, you bitch! There's some normals here tonight! You'll give us all away. And we can't let that happen. We're all in this together.

Arthur breaks down SOBBING.

ARTHUR

But none of it's real -- none of it's real -- don't you see?

His dialogue becomes muddled in his DRUNKEN CRYING, he clenches his eyes shut and tries to shut it all out...make it all disappear.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. WILSON HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

It's early morning. A tiny sliver of sunlight is getting in through the blinds. As the sun rises, it rises, and soon the sliver is striking Arthur's sleeping eye. He opens it...bloodshot.

Oh, the morning after. It doesn't matter how young you are, after a bender you still feel like you have a mass of clay somehow inside of your skull. And your mouth, eck!

ARTHUR'S POV: The room is an out of focus blur, but Arthur can make out three forms. They're men...three of them.

As Arthur orients himself things come into focus and he remembers the night before. Embarrassment. Then he notices who the three men are:

It's Mr. Diamond, Mr. Opal, Mr. Ruby, and Percy. They look fairly serious.

MR. DIAMOND

How you feeling son? I hear you tied a few on last night.

ARTHUR

Is there something wrong? Have I hurt myself--?

MR. DIAMOND

No, no. It isn't anything like that. Though we do advise moderation in the
(more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. DIAMOND (CONT'D)
first year. No one seems to listen.
(he leans in slightly)
It's the other thing.

ARTHUR
What...other thing?

Mr. Diamond looks to Mr. Ruby, passing the bad cop routine to the attorney.

MR. RUBY
Page 27, Paragraph 4, Section 73, of the contract you signed: "Role Player", that's you, "expressly agrees that Role Player shall not, directly, or indirectly, verbally, or otherwise, either during or after the term of bodily habitation, publish, reveal, disseminate, disclose, or cause to be published, revealed, disseminated or disclosed any Confidential Information to any person, firm or entity whatsoever. Without limitation, individuals Role Player comes into contact with (including friends, relatives, and acquaintances), as well as newspapers, periodicals, magazines, publications, television stations, radio stations, publishers, and any other enterprise involved in the print or electronic media, including individuals working directly for or on behalf of said entities--"

ARTHUR
Who do you people think you are? The devil calling in a contract?

MR. DIAMOND
No, Mr. Wilson, we're just businessmen. And in our industry we must insist on complete and total confidentiality. Without it we must exercise Section 99.

ARTHUR
Section 99?

MR. RUBY
Liquidated Damages. If you'd like me to read it to you I will, but suffice it to say that it outlines and summarizes repossession of your character role.

Arthur lets this sink in. He regards Ruby, Diamond, Opal, and even Percy with disdain as he studies them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ARTHUR

It seems I'm in breech.

MR. DIAMOND

That's okay. We've kept a tap on it. This sort of thing happens more frequently than you'd imagine. We prepare for it.

ARTHUR

(noticing Percy)

The guests -- everyone else? They're all Seconds.

MR. OPAL

Not everyone. But we were fortunate that there were no rival company's retreads at the party last night.

MR. DIAMOND

For that we must thank Mr. Walton.

Percy nods respectfully.

ARTHUR

Other companies?

Mr. Diamond gauges him for a moment, and then sits back to speak.

MR. DIAMOND

There's a silent battle taking place, Mr. Wilson, across the planet to fill the ruling classes with role players such as yourself. We're not the only company performing this rejuvenation service. Several others are fighting for dominance in this marketplace as well.

ARTHUR

But -- why?

MR. DIAMOND

It's all about economics, Mr. Wilson. Chains of commerce, of which you are a single link. Disrupt the link, and the chain is broken. Maintain the link, and there is a balance of economics. In this fashion the monies are contained within the Trust's micro-economy. Our company had our people in power, others have theirs. It's the only way the world

(more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MR. DIAMOND (CONT'D)
could really run without blowing itself
up.

ARTHUR
You're replacing the entire ruling class
with actors.

MR. DIAMOND
Actors with free will. You'd be
surprised at how much of the world are
Seconds. Movie stars, politicians,
bankers, lawyers...businessmen. Russel
Vossler, the young man who took your job.
All the successful people in the world.
You think they got successful on talent
alone? They were given a foot up.
They're everywhere. Running the big
corporations. Running the world. It's
bigger, and more complex that you could
ever imagine.

ARTHUR
And in the mean time the rest of the
world is blind to it.

MR. DIAMOND
There's only so many seats at the top,
Mr. Wilson. I wouldn't complain, you
have one of them.

ARTHUR
And what if I don't want the seat?

MR. OPAL
Just remember, Wilson, we gave it to you,
we can take it away.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. WILSON HOUSE - BATHROOM - MORNING

Arthur takes his morning Treatment. Quickly.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. AIRPLANE - FIRST CLASS CABIN - MID FLIGHT - DAY

Arthur is looking out the window of the plane, watching the
clouds go by.

A STEWARDESS, as attractive as the first stewardess we met
but a different woman, leans in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEWARDESS

Can I get you anything, Mr. Wilson?

Arthur turns to her, almost hostile.

ARTHUR

No.

He turns and looks back out the window.

CUT TO:

INT. RENTAL CAR - TONY'S OLD NEIGHBORHOOD - MOVING - DAY

Arthur is driving in a rental car through his old neighborhood. He's on his way home. He looks up into the rear view mirror, sees himself, and adjusts the mirror so that he doesn't.

EXT. TONY'S HOUSE - DAY

The rental car pulls up in front of Tony's old home, a traditional Colonial two story.

He gets out of the car and stands there for a moment, stunned. In front of the house, on the wide front lawn, is a "For Sale" sign.

Arthur walks across the lawn, slightly shattered and feeling like a ghost. He walks up to the front door and KNOCKS, only to find one of those key lock boxes realtors use on the doorknob.

He wanders around the side of the house, and looks in through a window. The house is totally empty. It's been vacated.

Tony is visibly upset now. He hurriedly makes his way to the back of the house, frantically looking into every window for a sign of inhabitance. All he finds are empty rooms.

ARTHUR

(whispering out loud to
himself)

No...no. No.

He stumbles around the back of the house.

Hidden in a hide-a-key rock, is a small house key. Arthur takes it and unlocks the door.

INT. TONY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Arthur lets himself into the kitchen and stands there for a moment. It's empty and cleaned up. On the counter are a number of flyers that advertise the price of the home, how many rooms it has, etc.

Arthur walks into the dining room and looks at the place where the dining room table used to be.

Then, without much warning, the front door to the house opens up and someone comes in.

Arthur, who can hear their footsteps, panics and is about to run out when the person comes into the dining room. She's an attractive girl of around 27 with sun kissed hair and the kind of freckles that make a young woman look sexy. Her name is JENNY HAMILTON, and she is none other than Tony Hamilton's daughter.

She GASPS IN SHOCK when she comes face to face with Arthur and drops some documents onto the ground.

JENNY

(visibly freaked, kneeling to
pick up her documents)

Excuse me. I didn't know the house was
being shown. Can I help you?

Arthur is dumbstruck when he sees Jenny. This is his daughter.

ARTHUR

Jenny.

She looks up at him confused, does she know this hot looking young man?

JENNY

Have we met?

Arthur comes to his senses.

ARTHUR

Um, uh. No.

(trying to compose himself)

I've seen pictures of you. I worked with
your father.

She smiles. It's a pretty smile. Natural. This girl could have stepped right out of a J. Crew catalog.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JENNY

You did?

ARTHUR

Yeah. At Longevity Mutual. I was, kind of, his protege.

This visibly pleases her. She didn't really know her dad too well, and the mere thought of him having such a young, good looking friend makes her think differently of him.

JENNY

His protege? I didn't know he had a protege.

ARTHUR

He did. It was me.

JENNY

I am so blown away.

(she's at a loss for words)

Well. Why are you here? You're not looking at the house, are you? We've just had an offer made on it.

ARTHUR

No. I was in the neighborhood -- I just thought I'd drop by and take a look -- and there was a key in the back door.

JENNY

I guess the realtor must have left it.

He hands her the key. It's a strange moment because there's a definite attraction. The "father" loves his daughter, and the daughter is definitely attracted to this guy.

ARTHUR

So, uh, why're you selling the house?
Did your mother move out West to be near you?

She suddenly sombers up.

JENNY

No. My mother passed away.

ARTHUR

(stunned)

Passed away?

(CONTINUED)

JENNY

(the memories of it shaking her
up)

She committed suicide, actually. With
his shotgun.

A stunned moment.

ARTHUR

Jesus. I'm...sorry.

JENNY

It's okay. She had tried to commit
suicide once before. But my father
thought that she had intended it to fail.
You know, cutting across instead of down.

Jenny holds up her wrist and runs her finger vertically down
the vein of her wrist.

JENNY

It's a lot simpler with a shotgun, and a
lot more permanent.

ARTHUR

I had no idea.

JENNY

I wish I could say the same. She just
wasn't the same after my father died.
She became withdrawn. Distant. Then one
day she just did it. I wish I had moved
out here to be with her after my father
died. I can't help but thinking --
(she wipes the tears from her
eyes)

You know, you don't really know what you
had until it's gone. Now they're both
gone.

ARTHUR

I'm sorry.

She dismisses it, perhaps too quickly for the Tony side of
Arthur.

JENNY

It's okay. Sometimes I think it's just
better this way.

ARTHUR

Better?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JENNY

Yeah. I never really knew my father. He was really introverted. Our best time together was when I was a kid. The minute I...developed...was when we pretty much stopped communicating. After I moved out West and went to Stanford I only would see him once or twice a year. Holidays. I love him, but we just moved our separate ways. I wish I'd known him the way you did...

Jenny looks like she's holding back tears. It's one of those moments when you need someone to hug you, and in this case a perfect stranger would do.

Arthur gives her a warm hug, lets her rest her head on his chest.

JENNY

It's funny. I don't miss him. I miss not missing him. I'm all alone in the world.

He hugs her as a father hugs his daughter. He smells her hair. She may be grown up but she's his little baby. The feeling lasts a moment, but then it begins to pervert. Her arms are around his torso, hugging his back. It's strangely erotic...and this makes Arthur uncomfortable.

She lifts her head up and looks at him, her eyes suddenly doughy, glistening from tears -- her lips full. Suddenly it seems as though she would let him kiss her. For a moment it almost seems as though he would like to...considers it.

She looks at him, a tear is streaming from his eye. In a way, this surprises her. Could this man have so much empathy that he's been moved to tears?

JENNY

Oh, but, you're crying.

She reaches out and wipes the tear from his eye. A move that might precede a kiss. Arthur comes to his senses and realizes that he's actually locked in a romantic moment with his daughter and pulls away...shocked.

JENNY

What's wrong?

ARTHUR

What am I doing here? I don't belong here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

He steps backwards and stumbles against the doorjam.

JENNY

Are you -- okay...?

He turns and starts to jog/run away.

ARTHUR

Just stay away from me!

EXT. TONY'S HOUSE - DAY

He runs away along the side of the house and across the front lawn toward the rental car.

Then, suddenly, three black Lincoln Towncars SCREECH up and SEVERAL MEN who look like secret service agents, and Mr. Opal, jump out. They apprehend Arthur and force him into one of the Towncars and SCREECH away.

INT. LINCOLN TOWNCAR - MOVING - DAY

Arthur is sandwiched in-between two men, the burly Mr. Opal, and another THUG IN A BLACK SUIT. The DRIVER is obviously a stunt driver as he handles the vehicle with precision and control.

MR. OPAL

(to the driver)

Get us out of here.

(then into a walkie-talkie)

Were we tagged?

VOICE FROM WALKIE-TALKIE

Negative. You want us to take out the girl?

Arthur looks at him, suddenly concerned.

MR. OPAL

(into walkie-talkie)

Hold.

He looks at Arthur with eyes as cold as stone. His face betrays no emotion, just a probing stare. Finally he speaks.

MR. OPAL

What did you tell her?

(waiting a nanosecond for an answer)

What did you tell her?! Did you tell her who you are?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTHUR

I don't know who I am.

Suddenly Mr. Opal produces a nifty little chrome handgun which he depresses against Arthur's neck.

MR. OPAL

Get it straight! Tony Hamilton is dead! You're Arthur Wilson now. You can't go back. If you do it's my job to clean things up, and that's the part of my job I hate the most. Now, answer me honestly, did you tell her who you are?

ARTHUR

No. I told her I worked with her father.

He slowly puts his hand over the barrel of the gun, cupping it.

ARTHUR

What else could I tell her? I can't go back. My wife is dead. You understand, you're a man, I had to know. I had to know what I left behind.

Mr. Opal looks at him long and hard.

ARTHUR

I'm ready to go back. Tony Hamilton is dead.

Mr. Opal lowers the gun and lifts the walkie-talkie to his mouth.

MR. OPAL

(into walkie-talkie)

You still have a bead on the girl?

VOICE FROM WALKIE-TALKIE

Affirmative. She just came out onto the lawn. She didn't see a thing.

Mr. Opal, his glare still locked onto Arthur's eyes.

MR. OPAL

(into walkie-talkie)

Let her go. All units scramble.

He turns off the walkie-talkie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MR. OPAL

Okay. Here's the deal. I'm not going to tell Mr. Diamond about this. This is between us now. From now on you're going to pay me 15% of your income allowance.

ARTHUR

You're skimming?

MR. OPAL

Don't think of it as skimming. Think of it as my commission as your manager. You're gonna do better, Mr. Wilson. You're gonna be a lot more productive. You're gonna make the two of us a lot of money. You got that?

ARTHUR

Or what?

MR. OPAL

Or you stop getting your Treatment. It's a painful way to go. Rotting from the inside out.

Arthur gets the idea.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. WILSON HOUSE - BATHROOM - CONTEMPLATIVE MONTAGE - MORNING

CLOSE ON: The longevity pills. Arthur picks them up and begins taking his daily dose. Bitter pills to swallow.

CUT TO:

INT. WILSON HOUSE - STUDIO - CONTEMPLATIVE MONTAGE - DAY

EXTREME CLOSE ON: A bold brush stroke is applied to a virgin canvass, with slow calculated caution.

Arthur is laying down the paint, and going through the motions, but his heart doesn't seem to be into what he's doing.

CUT TO:

INT. WILSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTEMPLATIVE MONTAGE - DAY

CLOSE ON: The telephone in Arthur's living room is RINGING. It RINGS, and RINGS, and RINGS. In the far background, standing at the threshold to his studio, Arthur can be seen,

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

wiping the paint from his hands with a rag. He turns, ignoring the phone, and goes back into the studio.

CUT TO:

INT. WILSON HOUSE - STUDIO - CONTEMPLATIVE MONTAGE - DAY

The painting half complete. We can see it begin to take shape. It's not abstract and talentless, it has aspirations of narrative...

In the far background we can hear the phone RINGING.

CUT TO:

INT. WILSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTEMPLATIVE MONTAGE - DAY

CLOSE ON: The drain in the kitchen sink. Tea colored liquid is being poured down it.

Arthur is standing at the kitchen sink, every bottle of alcohol he owns, his entire bar, is sitting on the counter waiting the same fate as the bottle of Scotch that's currently going down the drain.

Suddenly, the phone begins to RING.

Arthur looks at it, then turns back to his task at hand, ignoring the RING

CUT TO:

INT. WILSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTEMPLATIVE MONTAGE - DAY

Arthur is looking out of his window at the surf rolling into the sandy beach. He looks over at Sari's house: A "For Sale" sign has been put up, and the house looks closed.

CUT TO:

INT. WILSON HOUSE - STUDIO - CONTEMPLATIVE MONTAGE - DAY

His painting is almost done, and it's really quite good. It's totally unlike the others, which were the "old Arthur Wilson's" style. This is the true Arthur Wilson, the one who was once Tony Hamilton, revealing his artistic side...and as it turns out he's quite talented.

The painting isn't abstract, but it's narrative is abstract enough to seem as though there's a continuity to the work. It's a depiction of a man's head inside of a man's head, peering to look out. It's a disturbing image, and it obviously speaks of what Arthur has been going through emotionally.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Arthur places his brush into a jar of thinner. He's done.

The phone begins to RING again.

INT. WILSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

EXTREME CLOSE ON: The telephone. It's RINGING loudly. Then, a hand reaches down and unexpectedly picks it up.

Arthur lifts the receiver to his ear.

ARTHUR

Yes?

PERCY (O.S.)

(from over phone)

Art! Thank god you answered! Have you ever heard of an answering machine? You scared the shit out of me, you bitch! I was afraid you had done something stupid.

ARTHUR

Why didn't you come over then?

PERCY (O.S.)

And be the one to find your rotting corpse laying on the kitchen floor with cats eating you? No thanks. Been there, done that.

(sigh of relief)

What have you been up to?

ARTHUR

I've been painting.

PERCY (O.S.)

You have?

ARTHUR

Yeah. And I think it's really good.

PERCY (O.S.)

I'm on my way.

CLICK! Percy has hung up the phone. He's on his way over.

CUT TO:

INT. WILSON HOUSE - STUDIO - DAY

CLOSE ON: The paintings. It seems tortured. A surrealist image that disturbs and attracts simultaneously.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Percy, standing next to Arthur, is dumbfounded.

PERCY

How am I going to explain this...
(searching for the words)
...change of style to your collectors.

ARTHUR

I'm sure you'll find a way.

PERCY

It's just that -- well, I don't know if
any of them will want it hanging on their
walls.

ARTHUR

What do I care what they want or don't
want? I paint for myself. That's what
painting is. The self. Besides, I'm
Arthur Wilson. They have to buy my work.
I'm a brilliant artist collected by
everyone who's "accepted". Haven't you
people read your own hype?

Percy looks to him.

PERCY

Don't get me wrong. It's brilliant. I
didn't know you had it in you. It's just
that it's so...so...so very--

ARTHUR

(finishing his sentence)
--Close to home?

PERCY

That's it. Close to home.

ARTHUR

That's exactly what I was going for.
This is Arthur Wilson's next phase.

PERCY

Are you sure this is what you want your
next show to be?

Arthur looks at him with confidence. Then, Percy's concern
seems to transform into delight...as if he let his character
come down for a moment and liked how it felt.

CUT TO:

INT. GALLERY - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: Black Trajan letters on a white wall that read: "ARTHUR WILSON" and then underneath it, in smaller type "SEPARATION ANXIETY".

CLOSE ON: Three paintings: the head within the head; two adults connected by umbilical cords; and then a representation of Chang and Eng, the Siamese twins.

GROOVY HIPSTERS mull about, drinking the free Crystal Champagne, DISCUSSING the work, and flirting with each other. It's another singles gathering ritual, as the party earlier...but more high brow.

Arthur Wilson is talking to an obvious TRANSSEXUAL, a woman who obviously is a man...but it's not a grotesque job, it's passable. Surrounding them are OTHER PEOPLE hanging around in small cliques near the artist, waiting to casually jump into his conversation.

TRANSSEXUAL

(obviously attracted to Arthur)
I relate to your work. The piece where the rotting baby is trapped inside of the man's stomach...it's beautiful.

ARTHUR

Thank you.

TRANSSEXUAL

Where do you find your imagery?

ARTHUR

I dig deep down?

TRANSSEXUAL

Really? Do you mind if I ask...are you gay?

ARTHUR

No. I'm not. Do you mind if I ask...are you post op?

The transexual seems to be taken aback at his frankness.

TRANSSEXUAL

Yes.

ARTHUR

On hormones?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRANSSEXUAL

Yes.

ARTHUR

So those are implants?

TRANSSEXUAL

Yes.

ARTHUR

Did you ever have second thoughts? About the operation? Ever wish you could go back.

TRANSSEXUAL

No. I was always a woman in a man's body. And now, for the first time in my life I feel normal.

ARTHUR

You may not believe this, but I wish I had your convictions.

The transexual is genuinely flattered by the compliment. Then, quite to "her" surprise, as well as some of the other art lovers, he leans forward and kisses her gently on the cheek.

ARTHUR

(whispering)

Good luck with your new life.

Surprised and delighted, she touches her cheek, her mouth agape. He turns and faces the next clique, who're waiting to speak with him. The next ART LOVER interrupts.

ART LOVER

I love your work.

He looks beyond the art lover at a BEAUTIFUL GIRL ACROSS THE ROOM looking at him slightly seductively, as if to invite him over.

Arthur averts his eyes off of the beautiful girl and back onto the art lover, a considerably more boring person to be looking at by comparison.

CUT TO:

EXT. GALLERY - NIGHT

Arthur walks into the open air outside of the Gallery and leans against a post office box to catch a breath from the

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

suffocation in the gallery. He loosens his tie and then starts slowly wandering down the street, escaping the gravity of the gallery.

While walking he takes out a pack of cigarettes, regards it.

ARTHUR

Why the fuck not?

He lights up a cigarette and deeply inhales its carcinogenic death. Then he sees something...

Ahead, standing at the lip to a large boulevard, is Noel, the exotic model he saw earlier at his party. He inhales his cigarette and looks at her -- just standing there.

Then, unexpectedly she steps out into traffic and brazenly walks across the street. SEVERAL CARS swerve and SCREECH to avoid her, their HORNS BLARING in desperate warning. But she just calmly walks across.

Arthur doesn't react until she's at the middle of the boulevard, and almost already been killed by oncoming traffic.

He runs out, almost getting hit himself, and grabs hold of her, pulling her out of the way of an ONCOMING TRUCK that would have most certainly turned her into road-kill. They tumble to the sidewalk, and it isn't until they're down that he notices she's LAUGHING.

Arthur is mortified, his broken cigarette still dangling in his mouth. His hands are shaking.

When she sees who it was who saved her she starts LAUGHING again. To Arthur, it seems a demonic laugh.

ARTHUR

What the fuck is wrong with you?! You almost killed both of us!

NOEL

It's not my day to die. Not today. And look who it was that saved me...

ARTHUR

Are you psychotic?!

She dusts herself off and gets up.

NOEL

No. Look who's talking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ARTHUR

Then why the fuck--?

NOEL

We live in bodies of glass. So close to both life and death at every moment. I just like to remind myself. Got a cigarette?

She helps Arthur up, he's shaking still. He hands her one and lights it, then lights one up himself.

ARTHUR

You're crazy.

NOEL

I'm just honest.

He looks at her, in between lighting his cigarette.

ARTHUR

Honest?

NOEL

I'm honest with myself. And why the fuck not? Somebody has to be. This world is too filled up with liars. People caught up in their own illusion that they can't see good from bad.

He looks at her for a long moment.

ARTHUR

I'm sorry about what I did. But it wasn't me. It was my body. Sometimes I feel like I can't control it.

NOEL

Control is what life is about, Arthur. It's what separates us from the animals.

She's right and he knows it. He smiles as he looks into her eyes.

ARTHUR

Could you give me a second chance? Maybe go out for a slice of pie with me?

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: A slice of apple pie with a wedge of cheese on it and a big cup of coffee. The pie is being shared by two spoons. Noel and Arthur are LAUGHING -- in the middle of a conversation.

NOEL

Apple pie goes best with a wedge of cheese. Those people who eat it with vanilla ice-cream are missing out.

Arthur puts down his spoon, surprised at how he agrees with her.

ARTHUR

Right. The cheese compliments the sweetness of the apple. Ice cream overpowers it.

She looks at him, smiling.

NOEL

Why did you do it?

He looks at her, blunt.

ARTHUR

Save you?

NOEL

No. I'm talking about the party incident.

He squirms in his seat, uncomfortable.

ARTHUR

Oh. That.

(he takes a bite of pie)

Lately I haven't been myself. I've been all mixed up. I find myself treating people in ways I would never have treated people before.

NOEL

Before what?

He doesn't answer her, consciously.

ARTHUR

People don't really ever change, do they?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NOEL

They say that the more you change--

ARTHUR

The more you stay the same. I know. We're different people throughout our lives: we're babies, we're teens, we're adults, we're old people -- but we're the same person. Same faults, same gifts. I mean, my daughter, when she was a little baby, just three months old, was exactly the same as she is today. Same punk, same drives. We're the same people throughout our lives, aren't we? Aren't we?

NOEL

You have a daughter? How old are you?

CUT TO:

EXT. MIAMI - BOARDWALK - NIGHT

Arthur and Noel are walking along an oceanside boardwalk.

ARTHUR

I miss the man I used to be...I don't much like who I've become.

NOEL

You can change that. You can change that with a thought.

ARTHUR

You said you valued honesty over all other traits.

NOEL

Yeah. I said something to that effect.

ARTHUR

Can I come clean to you?

NOEL

With what?

ARTHUR

I'm not Arthur Wilson.

She looks at him, flat.

NOEL

Who are you then?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTHUR

It doesn't matter. I'm Arthur Wilson now. But I wasn't before. I became Arthur so that I could run away from my life before. But I discovered that what I was running away from just followed me.

She stops and takes his hand.

NOEL

You're in breach of your contract.

Arthur looks at her, slightly stunned at the comment.

ARTHUR

You're one of *them*.

NOEL

I'm one of you. I could care less, but you should be careful who you talk to.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - INFRONT OF THE WILSON HOUSE - NIGHT

Arthur and Noel are walking at the shoreline, carrying their shoes.

ARTHUR

I mean, most girls are just that, girls. I don't know how to relate to them. We try talking about music and they bring up band names like Hole. I don't get it.

NOEL

I've got news for you, younger men aren't all that bright either. They've got so much testosterone flowing through their veins that all they want to do is to climb into your pants.

ARTHUR

I'm sorry.

NOEL

Don't be. I like sex as much as the next girl. After I first had the procedure I was so enamoured with my new eighteen year old body that I went on a binge. But once you get over the novelty of it--

ARTHUR

Exactly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NOEL

Sometimes I want there to be some sort of verbal foreplay. Intelligent conversation.

ARTHUR

The girls I've been with are so dumb that they'll spend twenty minutes looking at an orange juice box because it says concentrate on it.

She LAUGHS.

NOEL

If you offer one of the guys I've been seeing a penny for his thoughts, he'll give you change back.

ARTHUR

When they speak their minds they have nothing to say.

NOEL

For them 60 Minutes takes two hours to watch.

ARTHUR

These girls could trip over a cordless phone.

They start LAUGHING.

CUT TO:

INT. WILSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Noel and Arthur are sitting in front of the roaring fireplace, his usual make-out spot, eating Chinese food with chop sticks straight out of the box.

They LAUGH, having finished a conversation.

ARTHUR

(continuing a conversation)
What else do we have in common? Hmmm.
You sleep on the right side of the bed or the left.

NOEL

The right.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTHUR

Good. You prefer marinara or alfredo sauce?

NOEL

Marinara mixed in with alfredo.

ARTHUR

Mee too. You like to watch Sunday football?

NOEL

I hate watching sports. Sorry.

ARTHUR

Don't be, I hate it also.

NOEL

Wow. We're batting a hundred.

CUT TO:

INT. WILSON HOUSE - STUDIO - NIGHT

Arthur and Noel are standing, and facing each other. Arthur lifts his hand and Noel does the same, as if they were looking into a mirror. Their palms eventually touch as if they were mimes doing a mirror act. His other hand comes up and touches palm to palm with her other hand. Then simultaneously, as if kissing themselves in a mirror, they lean in and touch lips.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WILSON HOUSE - STUDIO - LATER - NIGHT

A slow, romantic instrumental classic is playing on the record player..."Sentimental Journey". But Arthur and Noel are slow dancing together in front of a painting that's in progress. Arthur is holding a brush in her hand and guiding it across the canvass, creating a colorful work of art almost to the music.

NOEL

I love this song.

ARTHUR

Me too.

She turns into his arms, facing him, and wipes her hair out of her eyes, accidentally smudging some paint onto her forehead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTHUR

Being with you is like coming home.

He wipes the paint off of her forehead and gently kisses her.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEACH - INFRONT OF THE WILSON HOUSE - SUNRISE

Noel and Arthur, wrapped in a blanket to stay warm, are watching the sun rise together. She has her arm around him and they're hugging. She looks at him.

NOEL

This is so warm.

(pause)

Let's go jump into the cold sea with our clothes on.

He looks at her. Why not?

They run and with their clothes on jump into the surf and swim out a bit, HOWLING the whole time.

While out just beyond the break they stop and look into each others eyes. Wading, they embrace in a kiss.

EXTREME CLOSE ON: Their lips.

CUT TO:

INT. WILSON HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAWN

EXTREME CLOSE ON: Their lips.

Arthur and Noel make love. It's not like the other sex we've seen thus far (the carnal fucking). It's tender. They seem caught up in it, entranced into each other.

ARTHUR AND NOEL MONTAGE...

Arthur is painting, impassioned, vigorously applying paint to the canvass. The whole time he paints this painting we INTERCUT with him and Noel gradually pushing the fetish envelope. An amount of time has passed where they've had the opportunity to tire of ordinary sex and they're travelling into "Last Tango in Paris" territory. All of these increasingly bizarre sex acts INTERCUT with Arthur painting in a frenzy.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WILSON HOUSE - BATHROOM - SHOWER - MORNING

Noel and Arthur are in Arthur's large mirrored shower vigorously washing each other with soapy suds (not in a sexual way...just washing). It would be an Ivory commercial if there wasn't full frontal nudity. But the nudity isn't the focus...

NOEL

I mean, it's weird. I look in the mirror and I look like a college girl in her twenties. My abdominals are tight like a drum, it's as if I never had my daughter.

The word "daughter" hits Arthur.

NOEL

It's better than when I was on the swim team in high school. My skin is clear. I can't date first-timers because I get guilty. It's like I was their grandmother and they don't know it.

ARTHUR

I...know how you feel.

NOEL

And then there's the ethnic thing. It's not at all like being white.

ARTHUR

You're...I mean...um...you were--

NOEL

--White.

ARTHUR

(stumbling a bit with it)
Yes. White. You were black. Now you're white.

NOEL

It's amazing what they can do, isn't it?

Tony nods. He has totally stopped scrubbing. Not because she's black (well, maybe that's part of it), but because he now suspects that since she's white she may be Emily. He's not sure yet...but it's creeping into his conscious mind. He's putting it together...

ARTHUR

Yeah. Yes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NOEL

Do you have a problem with this?

ARTHUR

Problem? No. I'm not a racist. Even though you're really white. I mean, obviously...

(pause)

Why?

NOEL

Why -- what?

ARTHUR

Why...uh...black?

NOEL

As opposed to Asian? Eskimo?

ARTHUR

As opposed to white.

NOEL

I dunno. If you ate vanilla your whole life, you might really want to try chocolate.

ARTHUR

This isn't ice-cream.

NOEL

Oh, but it is. During my prescreening process they presented it to me as an option. I thought it was kind of -- exciting. A real change.

ARTHUR

Yup.

NOEL

I mean, as long as you're going to change who you are, why not go all the way?

Arthur seems like he's turned in on himself. Introspective.

ARTHUR

Did we really not understand ourselves so much that we had to make any kind of a change?

Noel looks at him for a long moment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ARTHUR

Were our lives so bad that we couldn't correct them?

NOEL

I wish I could have. This just seemed like such a better solution. But it's a little bit like play acting.

CUT TO:

INT. WILSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

CLOSE ON: Two slices of toast pop out of the toaster.

Arthur and Noel are moving around the kitchen fixing breakfast and coffee. It's a coordinated movement -- they're fluid in their movements -- like a married couple who know the others modus operandi.

Arthur stops as Noel hands him two coffee cups and watches her cook four eggs easy-over.

Somehow it's familiar to him.

CUT TO:

INT. WILSON HOUSE - DINING ROOM - MORNING

They're silently eating breakfast, enjoying the morning. But Arthur seems to be half-watching her, suspicious. He's studying her movements, how she cuts her eggs up and eats them, how she reads the newspaper, how she prepares her coffee. No detail goes unscrutinized.

Then, he gets up and walks over to her...offers his hand.

ARTHUR

Can I show you something?

He takes her by the hand, she brings her coffee.

INT. WILSON HOUSE - STUDIO - MORNING

Noel and Arthur walk into the studio.

ARTHUR

Do you love me?

NOEL

Love you?

(she sees that he's walking to the painting he's been working (more))

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NOEL (CONT'D)

on)
Are you going to show me your new painting?

ARTHUR
(ignoring her question)
I believe that destiny can bring people together. People who belong together.

She starts to softly LAUGH.

ARTHUR
I'm serious. If you want honesty out of me to love me then I'll always be honest with you. I'll never give you less.

She looks at him, unsure of where this came from.

NOEL
That's wonderful, Arthur, but--

ARTHUR
I never told you about my wife. I never told you that I was married.

NOEL
It's okay, Arthur. I was married too. But that's in the past.

ARTHUR
Is it?

He puts his hand up to the covered painting, a work in progress.

ARTHUR
This is just a work in progress. But it should show you where my heart is. Just remember, I love you.

He pulls the covering from the painting and to Noel's amazement and utter horror she sees that the painting is of her. Not her as Noel, but her as Emily.

She steps forward to look at the painting, her hands literally shaking.

It's a portrait of Emily.

She drops her coffee cup, terrified. Unthinking, she steps backwards away from the painting, as if it were something unnatural. Her lip is shaking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ARTHUR

I suspected -- but I wasn't sure.

NOEL

Who the fuck are you?!

(not letting him speak)

Who the fuck did you used to be?!

He's like a man who's been caught cheating with his own wife.

ARTHUR

I was wrong to leave, Emily. I was confused. Please, please, can you forgive me. Can't you give me a second chance?

She stands there for a moment, looking at him in disbelief. Each afraid to say anything. Then, rather suddenly, she bursts out in a RAGE.

NOEL

You fucking sonofabitch! You bastard!
You're dead!

She starts hitting him wildly with her fists, flailing as he tries to defend himself from her blows.

NOEL

You're supposed to be dead! You left me!

She grabs an exacto-blade from a table full of art instruments and slashes at her wrist. Arthur is quick and tries to grab the blade from her hand, it slashes him across the palm but he manages to pull it from her.

Now they're both breathing heavily, locked in a stare-down. They're both bleeding at their hands.

ARTHUR

Please don't leave me. Please don't--

NOEL

I didn't try to kill myself out of cowardice! I couldn't talk to you any more! It was all I could do to talk to you! It was all...

Then she breaks out CRYING -- hysterical.

Arthur chases after her.

EXT. WILSON HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Noel runs outside, in her underwear, her clothes in her hands. She gets into her Porche and SCREECHES away.

Arthur runs out, she's gone. He pauses for a moment, not knowing what to do, and then bolts back into the house.

INT. WILSON HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Arthur literally throws his pants on and rushes out of the room.

CLOSE ON: The Treatment pills. Not taken this morning yet.

CUT TO:

EXT. MIAMI TOWERS APARTMENTS - DAY

Arthur's Lotus Super-7 pulls up in front of the apartment building that Noel lives in. He hops out and runs into the lobby.

INT. MIAMI TOWERS APARTMENTS - HALLWAY - DAY

The elevator door opens up and Arthur walks out. He orients himself by looking at the room number directions and then starts walking down the hall toward Noel's apartment. He finds her door ajar. Arthur walks in.

INT. MIAMI TOWERS APARTMENTS - NOEL'S APARTMENT - DAY

The apartment is disheveled as if someone packed in a hurry to leave. Arthur is in a bit of an urgent panic. He desperately looks for a clue as to where Noel might be. Then he turns and bumps right into Mr. Opal. Arthur nearly jumps out of his skin.

ARTHUR

Aaahhh!

Mr. Opal smiles.

MR. OPAL

She's gone already.

ARTHUR

Gone?! Where?

MR. OPAL

Back to New York. Things became complex for her here. We're giving her the opportunity to start over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTHUR

Start over?! No. You can't do that.
You have to tell me where she is.

MR. OPAL

You blew it, Hamilton. Again. Now
you'll never see her again. It's not
meant to be. It was a mistake that
should never have been allowed to happen.
That was my fault.

ARTHUR

Now you listen here, I want to see Emily,
and I want to see her now. If you don't
let me see her I'm going to tell Mr.
Diamond that you're running your own
little taxes on the side. How do you
think he'll respond to that?

MR. OPAL

Don't threaten me you little--

He lifts his coat to display the handgun he keeps in his
shoulder holster.

For a moment they stand there looking at each other, waiting
for the other to move. Then Arthur grabs a can of hairspray
from the counter and sprays it into Mr. Opal's face. He runs
out of the room and into the hall.

Arthur starts to run. He sprints as fast as his young legs
will carry him.

Mr. Opal, blinded, takes out his small walkie-talkie.

MR. OPAL

All units. We have a runner. Capture,
do not kill. Repeat. Capture, do not
kill.

EXT. TALL BUILDING - ROOFTOP - DAY

POV: Through a sniper rifle's telescopic sight. It's
following Arthur as he runs, the cross-hair beaded onto his
head and tracking.

SNIPER (O.S.)

(answering Mr. Opal)

Roger, that.

Meanwhile, at street level..

ARTHUR

is sprinting toward his car, the little Lotus. But two BLACK TOWNCAR'S SCREECH up alongside it, and FOUR SINISTER LOOKING TRUST AGENTS climb out, ready to catch him.

Arthur skids to a stop and changes direction, jumping over an embankment and into the side of a busy Miami street.

Two of the TRUST AGENTS pursue on foot, the others hop back into the cars and try to drive ahead.

Arthur runs into oncoming traffic, and manages to miss several cars that nearly careen into him.

The two Trust agents run after him, and one of them is promptly hit by an oncoming car. He hits the windshield, smashing it, and is thrown to the ground like a rag doll, all busted up.

Having crossed the street Arthur makes his way into a crowded

OPEN AIR MALL

Arthur runs through the CROWD OF SHOPPERS, bumping into the occasional BIKINI-CLAD GIRL ON ROLLER-SKATES.

The Trust Agent is not far behind.

Arthur rounds a corner and prepares for the guy to come. When he bolts around the corner Arthur roundhouses him in the face with a solid, full-fisted blow. The agent's nose bursts like a spoiled tomato and he falls backwards onto his ass.

Despite the LOOKY-LOOS, Arthur kneels down and pulls the man's discreet gun from his small hip holster.

For a moment he aims the gun at the bleeding man, but then he notices the MALL SECURITY fastly approaching.

ARTHUR

Get back!

The CROWD freaks as WOMEN SCREAM and PEOPLE run to get away from what might be a massacre.

Arthur spins around, waving the gun, not knowing what to do.

He opts to do the only thing he can do, start running. He runs out of the mall to the

PARKING LOT

right smack-dab in front of one of the Lincoln Towncars. He aims the gun at the driver.

ARTHUR

Get out of the car! Get out of the fucking car!

The Trust Agent does.

ARTHUR

Drop your gun!

They guy does, Arthur kicks it and it slides into a storm drain.

TRUST AGENT

There's no where to go, Arthur.

ARTHUR

I just want my wife!

TRUST AGENT

Why don't we get back into the car, go someplace quiet, and talk about it before the police arrive and this situation gets a lot stickier.

Arthur doesn't know what to do. He points the gun at the agent.

ARTHUR

Give me the keys to your car!

TRUST AGENT

Okay. Okay. Just don't shoot.

He slowly takes the keys out, and in an effort to take him by surprise he throws the keys toward Arthur's face and bum rushes him. But Arthur is quick, he catches the keys and fires the gun, BLASTING off the agent's knee cap. Suffice it to say he SHRIEKS in pain.

Arthur gets into the Lincoln and SCREECHES away, leaving the agent writhing in pain on the ground.

INT. LINCOLN TOWNCAR - STREETS OF MIAMI - MOVING - DAY

Arthur is driving well over the speed limit, and with a Lincoln Towncar that's easy to do. They're built like tanks with powerful engines.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

But so are other Lincoln Towncars...

The second Lincoln, with the other agent and Mr. Opal in it, pull up alongside Arthur. Mr. Opal, like an angry high school principal points his finger indicating that Arthur should pull over.

Arthur flips him off and silently mouths the words: "Fuck you."

This doesn't sit well with Mr. Opal who instructs his driver to begin side-swiping Arthur, trying to drive him off the road.

Needless to say that two cars battling for space on a two lane boulevard creates nothing but havoc.

The road rage culminates with the two cars, perfectly side-by-side and pressing against each other, speeding well above the speed limit. Mr. Opal's passenger side window is just a foot away from Arthur's driver's side window. Mr. Opal raises his handgun and taps it on his window, as if to say "fun time's over."

He just doesn't realize how over it is.

Arthur drives up toward a one-lane freeway on-ramp. This isn't going to leave any room for Mr. Opal's car to get on. When Mr. Opal looks forward it's almost too late for him to acknowledge that he's about to hit an embankment at seventy miles an hour and come to a dead stop.

Which is exactly what happens.

Mr. Opal's Lincoln CRASHES at top speed into the concrete embankment -- almost cut in twain from the sheer velocity.

Arthur's Lincoln speeds up onto the freeway, leaving the wreck fast in its wake. The sign on the freeway reads: "NORTH."

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FLORIDA FREEWAY - DAY

The Lincoln rolls to a stop on the side of the road.

INT. LINCOLN TOWNCAR - FLORIDA FREEWAY - DAY

EXTREME CLOSE ON: The gas gauge. It reads below empty.

Arthur takes the money from his pockets and counts it. He's got almost twenty dollars. He opens the ashtray, revealing

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

some change and a few dollar bills. He pockets them, gets out of the car, and starts walking.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FLORIDA HIGHWAY - DAY

Arthur is walking with his thumb outstretched.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MIGRANT WORKER TRUCK - FLORIDA HIGHWAY - MOVING - DAY

Arthur is sitting in the back of an open bed truck filled with migrant farm workers. He is sitting quietly, keeping to himself. But he's looking at a PARTICULARLY OLD LATINO WOMAN, taking in her wrinkles from so many years of working in the sun. In her arms is her GRANDCHILD, a young girl. Arthur shuts his eyes -- thinks about his own daughter. Thinks about what's important in life.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NORTH CAROLINA ROAD - DAY

Arthur is walking. He walks past the border sign from South Carolina to North Carolina. His thumb is outstretched. He looks a bit like a migrant worker himself.

Then he has a stabbing pain in his abdomen. He hunches over, gripping his side -- in agony. Soon, though, the pain is gone. Arthur rubs his side.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. 18 WHEELER - MARYLAND - MOVING - NIGHT

Arthur is sitting in the passenger seat of a big rig steaming its way up the Interstate through Baltimore. He's slumped into the seat, exhausted from his travels, no doubt, but he's not feeling well.

The TRUCKER, who's at the wheel, looks over at him.

TRUCKER

You okay? You look a little...yellow.

And indeed, he does look a little yellow, especially in the whites of the eyes.

ARTHUR

I have a medication I take. I forgot it at home.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRUCKER

You're not contagious, are you?

ARTHUR

No. No, I'm not contagious. Just a little nauseous.

TRUCKER

'Cause I don't wanna get what you have. Noooo thanks.

Arthur shuts his eyes and tries to rest a little.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GAS STATION - MORNING

The 18 wheeler comes to a stop in front of a gas station just off the freeway. Arthur climbs out and looks around. It's cold out, no snow has dropped but Winter is definitely here. Arthur's not dressed for it, just the now grubby clothes he was wearing when he left Florida.

The truck takes off, heading back to the freeway, and Arthur begins walking in the opposite direction.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TONY'S HOUSE - DAY

Arthur cautiously walks up outside his old house, taking care to see if anyone is watching. To his dismay there is a "SOLD" sign hanging on a Century 21 post.

Almost like a zombie drawn to what he knew in life, Arthur steps up the driveway and wanders along the side of the house to the back door. While walking back Arthur sees through a window the FAMILY who has just moved into the house. The FATHER, at seeing Arthur walking toward the back of his house, gets up.

EXT. TONY'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY

There are TWO KIDS playing in the back yard. Arthur ignores them and walks up to the back door porch, where the door happens to be wide open. He walks in.

INT. TONY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

As Arthur walks in, the father confronts him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FATHER

("he could be an intruder")
Excuse me. Do we know you?

ARTHUR

I used to live here.

FATHER

I don't know who you are, but we live
here now. Would you mind leaving?

Arthur looks at the two of them, the husband and wife -- so young. And they have it together. Beautiful, successful, children.

ARTHUR

(accusingly)
They placed you here, didn't they?
Didn't they? How old are you? How--

Arthur starts COUGHING as if he had TB. He COUGHS so hard he gags and almost throws up. It's pretty disgusting. The father becomes upset. At this point we're not sure if it's Arthur's paranoia or not.

FATHER

(firm)
I'm going to have to ask you again to
leave.

Through the front window Arthur sees one of the black Lincoln Towncars pull up. He decides that it's time to split.

He turns and quickly exits the house.

EXT. TONY'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY

Tony rushes out of the house and bee-lines right through the back yard. He passes the kids, giving them a bit of a scare, and hops the back fence into the rear neighbors yard. He vanishes onto the opposite street.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - DAY

Arthur walks into the lobby and makes his way to the stairs.
A NURSE, 50ish, follows him.

NURSE

Sir. Sir. Can I help you sir?!

He jogs walks up the stairs.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - UPSTAIRS - WARD TWO - DAY

Arthur walks into the large ward, expecting to see its length filled with patients in their beds -- but the ward is empty. Totally empty. Not even beds.

He turns, baffled -- confused.

The nurse comes up to him.

NURSE

Sir, this ward is closed. You're going to have to leave now.

ARTHUR

Where are all the people who were here?

NURSE

This ward was closed. The hospital is down-sizing, sir.

He looks at her, even more confused. Lost.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN NEW YORK - PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

Arthur is in a phonebooth in downtown. He has just dialed a number and the phone is RINGING on the other end. Someone ANSWERS.

ARTHUR

Quentin. It's Tony. Tony Hamilton.

(pause)

It is me, Quentin. I'm alive. I never was dead.

(pause)

Well if you don't believe me, go to that tennis trophy on your mantle that you won in college. Go on. Lift it up. Peel back the felt on the base. After we won that trophy I etched "Fidelis Eternis" onto the base with my pocket knife.

(pause)

You may have forgotten, but I didn't. Do you believe me now?

(pause)

I need to meet you, Quentin. Tomorrow morning, at the park...

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - MORNING

Quentin, an old man, is cautiously walking down to the rendezvous point in the park. He's looking for his old friend, Tony, but the only person nearby is a young twenty-something (who is, of course, Arthur) sitting on a park bench.

Quentin looks lost.

ARTHUR

Q!

Quentin looks at Arthur, a little baffled. Arthur gets up off the bench and walks over to him.

QUENTIN

This is some kind of twisted joke, isn't it?

ARTHUR

It's me, Quentin. Tony.

QUENTIN

It's not possible.

ARTHUR

I promise you it is.

Quentin looks him over.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - SKATING RINK - MORNING

Quentin and Arthur are talking, finishing up a very long story.

QUENTIN

(responding to Arthur)

Do you mean to tell me that Emily is still alive also?

ARTHUR

Yes. And I need you to help me find her.

Quentin thinks about it for a moment, letting the possibilities roll around in his head.

QUENTIN

How can I get in line for this procedure?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTHUR

Have you not been listening to me, at all? This isn't something you want. It's a goddamn monkey's paw.

QUENTIN

For you maybe. But I need this.

Arthur realizes that this has been a mistake, Quentin can be of no help to him. He also feels a stabbing pain in his side...it passes.

ARTHUR

Forget it, I'll find her on my own.

QUENTIN

(pleading)

No! I can help you. Take me with you. I need this. You don't know what it's like.

ARTHUR

You never met me!

He grabs hold of Arthur's shoulder.

QUENTIN

Please, Tony! Please.

But Arthur pushes him away, knocking him to the ground.

ARTHUR

The grass isn't greener, Quentin. It's not greener.

QUENTIN

Please!

But Arthur has already hurried off, leaving the SOBBING Quentin begging.

CUT TO:

INT. LONGEVITY MUTUAL - COPY ROOM - DAY

Russel Vossler, the young man who took Tony Hamilton's job early on in this script, is in the copy room of Longevity Mutual fixing a cup of coffee and talking up a CUTE LATIN SECRETARY as she makes copies. She gives him her telephone number with a smile and he saunters off (with a smile as big as the devil's).

INT. LONGEVITY MUTUAL - HALLWAY NEAR STAIRS - DAY

Russel is on his way back to his office, with a little skip to his step. He's getting laid tonight.

Then, much to his surprise, a sickly looking guy with a gun pulls him into the stairwell. He shoves the gun up against the underside of his chin.

ARTHUR

Scream and so help me God I'll kill you.
I don't care.

RUSSEL

Who the Hell are you?

ARTHUR

Tony Hamilton.

Russel allows a smile to creep onto his face.

RUSSEL

Hamilton. Enjoying your retirement?

ARTHUR

You sonofabitch!

RUSSEL

What is it, Tony? Newfound testosterone gone to your head? Didn't they set you up with a nice, new life?

ARTHUR

You set me up. I want my old life back.

RUSSEL

It's a little late for that, don't you think?

(he studies Tony's face)

Say, you don't look too well. Did you stop taking your Treatment?

ARTHUR

I want to find my wife. So I want you to tell me where the Trust is located. How can I find them?

Russel shakes his head. He honestly doesn't know, and Arthur is acting like a maniac.

RUSSEL

You don't find them, they find you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTHUR

Not good enough!

He cocks the hammer of the gun.

RUSSEL

Jesus, Tony. I don't know. I don't. I really don't.

ARTHUR

You make me sick.

RUSSEL

Why? I'm just like you. I just want to live. I just want to make the most of my life. Let my mistakes go.

ARTHUR

Don't give me that shit. You're in with them. You got me out of the way, next you'll want Pressman's job. You won't stop until you're at the top.

RUSSEL

And why not? I deserve it. I've worked at this firm for twenty years.

ARTHUR

Twenty years--?

RUSSEL

You don't know who I am, do you, Tony? I'm Jenkins?

ARTHUR

Jenkins? It can't be...I thought you died eight years ago.

RUSSEL

Things are never as they seem. But then...you know that. It's my turn, Tony. Pressman's old. He'll jump at the opportunity to have the procedure. He'll be happy, just like we all are when they first come to us -- offering the moon. They'll turn him into a professional surfer, or actor -- whatever. Send him on a vacation from reality.

ARTHUR

Then you'll step into his shoes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RUSSEL

Why not?

Arthur is incredulous.

ARTHUR

It's a scam. A pyramid scheme. Once you get people out of the way, send them off into their mid-life fantasy, you move in like goddamn vultures and take over all of the power postitions.

RUSSEL

They're going to run everything someday, Tony. Whether it's the arts, business, or politics -- they're going to run it. Play your cards right and you can be in on it.

Arthur shakes him.

ARTHUR

You sonofabitch! I don't care about all of that! Just tell me how I can find my wife--!

And that's when his grip slips and he lets go of Russel's collar. Russel is thrown off balance and slips. He falls backwards and tumbles down a flight of stairs like a rag doll.

Arthur looks shocked. He didn't mean to drop him. Now Russel is laying on the landing below with his neck snapped. Dead.

Then Arthur hears a SCREAM. At the doorway stands the Latin secretary, her hands held over her screaming mouth. Tony realizes that he's standing there holding a gun. He starts running down the stairs, stepping over Russel's corpse.

CUT TO:

EXT. WALL STREET - DAY

Arthur looks like he has tuberculosis. He wander-stumbles down the sidewalk, COUGHING up a storm, in a delirium -- the PEOPLE ON THE STREET steer clear of him, not wanting to touch what looks like a very sick homeless man with TB.

ARTHUR

Emily!

(a bout of coughing)

Emily! Emily -- Emily!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

His COUGH barks so severely we think he's going to cough up a lung. Then, right then and there next to a mailbox, he vomits what seems like a stomach full of mucus.

He slumps against the mailbox and exhales. He shuts his eyes. Rest.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WALL STREET - LATER - DAY

Arthur is slumped against the mailbox, lost in a fever. The PEOPLE ON THE STREET just pass him by, going about their business as if they had blinders on.

Then, a hand reaches down to Arthur and holds his shoulder.

MR. DIAMOND (O.S.)

Arthur. Arthur Wilson. Can you hear me, son?

Arthur turns his head up to see that Mr. Diamond is standing above him, a friendly smile on his face. Arthur's lips are severely chapped, and he looks dehydrated. His clothes are soiled and it appears that he may have urinated in his pants when he was sleeping. But he smiles anyhow.

ARTHUR

I'm...sorry. I...I just wanted...wanted to see my -- wife. I wanted to see my wife. One last time. I just wanted to tell her that I love her. I made mistakes. I just wanted...

He breaks down and starts to cry.

MR. DIAMOND

That's okay, son. All is forgiven. We're going to take care of you now.

Suddenly, TWO MEN FROM THE TRUST help Arthur up and guide him into a limousine which is stopped idle at the curb. Once everyone is in it drives away.

INT. LIMOUSINE - WALL STREET - DAY

Arthur slumps into the comfort of the leather seats within the limousine. Mr. Diamond is sitting across from him with one of the men, next to Arthur is Doctor Jade, who proceeds to take his blood pressure, listen to his pulse, look in his pupils, etc.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. DIAMOND

How long has it been since you took your
Treatment medication?

ARTHUR

(weak)

Days...?

Dr. Jade, concerned, shakes his head "no" to Mr. Diamond.

DR. JADE

It's too late. He's passed the failsafe.
The organs are beginning to reject each
other. His veins are collapsing and his
liver has stopped working altogether. If
we had found him twenty hours earlier...

(he shakes his head)

The anti-inhibitors are impossible to
slow at this stage.

ARTHUR

Am I...going...to die?

MR. DIAMOND

You're just catching up. We'll make sure
you're comfortable, Arthur.

ARTHUR

I need to...find my wife...

MR. DIAMOND

I can't help you there, son. Another
company is responsible for her.

(he shakes his head)

"Oh what tangled webs we weave..."

Arthur COUGHS violently...spits up some blood.

MR. DIAMOND

What we have in our lives is ever so
precious, and so taken for granted.
We're not evil people, Arthur. We just
want to help those under our care to
recapture those precious moments that
were important to them. Whatever they
may be. I can give you what you ask for,
but I can't read your soul. I so wish I
could.

(a thoughtful pause)

I'm sorry it didn't work out for you,
Arthur.

Arthur looks at him, tired...fading.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ARTHUR

Please -- call me Tony. It's my name.

MR. DIAMOND

Okay, Tony. Okay.

Then, Doctor Jade injects Arthur in the side of the neck with a syringe. At first Arthur resists, but then he gives in -- tired of fighting.

MR. DIAMOND

Just a little something to help you relax, Tony. I don't want you worrying. We're going to take good care of you.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - WARD ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON: It's not Tony and it's not Arthur in the bed, but someone in between. Arthur has aged, revealing what Tony may have looked like had he grown really old. But it's a bad old. Arthur/Tony has a face like a gray prune. He's a shriveled shell of a man, a picture of vanished youth. It's impossible to imagine that this was once the sex hungry Arthur.

On the television on the wall "Wheel of Fortune" is playing with the sound turned too low to hear properly.

Arthur/Tony is strained in his breathing. He takes a sudden breath and then holds it, not because he's dying -- but because he sees something...

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN in her mid-twenties is standing at the door to the ward. She could be the grandchild of one of the men in the ward, but she isn't. It is, of course, Emily. The new Emily. We'll call her ANGELA.

Angela slowly walks over toward Arthur/Tony and takes a seat in the chair next to the bed. She takes his hand.

Arthur/Tony is so shaken to the core of his existence that he can barely speak. All he can seem to do is open his toothless old man mouth and utter a breath.

ARTHUR/TONY

I lo...

(pause while he gasps for more
air)

I lo...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He hasn't the strength. A tear trickles down from his eye. It is, perhaps, the only way he can communicate now. She caresses his hand.

ANGELA

I know.

THE END