

A NIGHT ON THE TOWN

by

David Loughery & Joseph Ruben

UFLAND-ROTH PRODUCTIONS

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FADE IN

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - ESTABLISHING - DAY

A stunning HIGH ANGLE SHOT of midtown Manhattan.

EXT. HOUSE OF BEEF

A restaurant somewhere in the East Fifties. A sign out front advertises "LUNCHEON SPECIAL -- ALL YOU CAN EAT FOR ONLY \$6.50."

INT. RESTAURANT

Hungry customers elbow around a buffet table. Others eat happily in the dining area.

The MANAGER strolls proudly through the room, and then stops suddenly as he glances out the window.

MANAGER
(with dread)
Oh no.

EXT. SIDEWALK - MANAGER'S POV

GILBERT GLASKY, thirty, walks down the street, his chubby legs working overtime. There is an anxious smile on his round pleasant face.

INT. RESTAURANT

The Manager moves with urgent efficiency. He turns over a cardboard sign in the window, closes the blinds and locks the front door.

EXT. SIDEWALK

Gilbert reaches the restaurant and puts on the brakes. The big red "CLOSED" sign has caught him by surprise. For a moment, the message does not register. Gilbert tries the door. Locked. He takes a step back. The look on his face is enough to break your heart. Sagging with defeat, Gilbert lowers his head and slowly slinks away.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF NEW YORK - CREDIT MONTAGE

Gilbert prowls the midtown streets like a lion on the hunt. Every street vendor is fair game.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

First, a falafel. Next corner, a schwarma. Then a hot dog. A shish kebob. Gilbert is a walking eating machine, a man who has put all his hunger for life and love into food. Gilbert Glasky truly possesses a hungry heart.

CUT TO:

EXT. EAST FIFTY-FOURTH STREET

ZACK CALLAHAN comes down the sidewalk, snapping his fingers and moving to the beat of some crazy tune in his head. He is in his early thirties, lean and handsome, with wild dangerous eyes that miss nothing.

Zack passes a demented old man standing under a lamp post carrying on an animated conversation with an imaginary person.

A little farther down the block, he passes an old woman standing by herself, mumbling unintelligibly to no one.

Zack stops, his eyes flashing with mischief.

ZACK
(to himself)
Wait a minute. There's something wrong here.

He runs over to the old woman, takes her arm and gently walks her down the sidewalk to the old man. They continue to rant away in their own private worlds but now it looks like they're having a conversation.

ZACK
That's better.

Pleased with the results, he continues down the street, coming to a stop in front of a high rise office building. He is about to enter when a SOUND from above distracts him.

Zack looks up and watches as a PAINTER lowers his scaffolding to street level. The painter steps off, collects his lunch box and walks away.

Zack raises an eyebrow.

(CONTINUED)

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE

DR. HERMAN CHUMLEY scribbles on a pad, taking notes as his PATIENT, an intense young man, lies on the couch. One of the doctor's fishing trophies, a four foot swordfish adorns one wall.

CHUMLEY

Tell me about the dream.

PATIENT

It's always the same, Doctor Chumley. I'm in a dark room, lying alone in bed. It's cold and I feel my heart pounding in my chest. I sense a terrible, frightening presence outside the room, coming closer and closer. Then, I hear this strange tapping sound.

They jump in response to a TAPPING SOUND at the window. Turning, they are startled to see Zack standing outside on the painter's scaffold, smiling broadly, ten floors above ground.

He slides the window up and hops into the office.

CHUMLEY

Zack.

ZACK

Hello, Doctor Chumley, I'm sorry to disturb your session but I thought you should be the first to know. Wait a minute, this calls for a cigar.

He opens the humidor on the doctor's desk and selects a long Havana cigar.

PATIENT

(irate)

Hey, this is my hour.

(CONTINUED)

ZACK

Relax, Napoleon, you can have
my hour. I won't be needing
it.

(lighting the
cigar;
to Chumley)

Herman, you did your best
but I've decided to go
through with it.

CHUMLEY

Zack, I think we should talk
this over.

ZACK

Nothing to talk over. My
mind is made up. I'd say
"see you later" but it's
not likely.

Zack starts for the door. Chumley presses a button under
the arm of his chair. Before Zack can reach the door,
it flies open and CHUCK, a muscular orderly steps men-
acingly into the room.

ZACK

Sorry, pal, wrong office.
The missing link auditions
are down the hall.

CHUCK

Hold it right there, fella.

CHUMLEY

Don't let him leave the room.
Zack, we have to talk.

Zack whirls and yanks the swordfish off the wall. He
wields it at Chuck who backs away.

ZACK

Get back, all of you. Don't
come any closer. I happen
to be an expert at fish to
fish combat.

Holding them at bay, he backs toward the door. Chuck
starts to come at him. Zack hurls the swordfish like
a giant dart. Chuck hits the carpet and the swordfish
sails out the open window.

With a LAUGH, Zack bounds out the door with Chuck in
hot pursuit.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET BELOW

Gilbert, returning from his various lunches, passes a crowd that has gathered around a taxi cab with a four foot swordfish sticking out of its roof. He crosses the street and enters a large nondescript office building.

INT. PRODUCTION STUDIO

Gilbert pushes through a soundproof door and is hit by a wall of HEAVY METAL MUSIC. He crosses the floor of an expansive soundstage where a rock video is being filmed.

DUANE THOMAS

The dashing director straddles the camera dolly wearing a black parachute suit. He commands his crew with all the subtlety of General Patton.

DUANE

More wind! More smoke! I want
this set to look like the bowels
of Hell!

WIND MACHINES

blow noxious smoke across an eerie post-nuclear landscape. In their goggles and respirators, the crew look like bug-eyed moonmen.

NIGEL ROURKE

the aging rock legend, moon pale and skinny, stands in the middle of the set wearing only a loincloth. A crown of thorns sits atop his golden curls. As he lipsyncs the song and pretends to play the guitar, three beautiful girls in abbreviated Gestapo uniforms flagellate him with leather whips.

DUANE

Cue the angels!

TWO SEXY ANGELS

in diaphanous gowns descend on invisible wires, touching down on either side of Nigel.

(CONTINUED)

GILBERT

watches without expression, suppressing a cough as smoke billows up around him.

DUANE

Cue the Resurrection!

NIGEL AND THE ANGELS

start their ascent to Heaven. The Gestapo Girls continue to whip them as they rise.

DUANE

barks orders above the loud MUSIC and ROARING FANS.

DUANE

Wind! More wind and smoke!

NIGEL AND THE ANGELS

rise higher and higher as the giant WIND MACHINES WHIR faster and faster. They begin to swing back and forth like demented Peter Pans. Nigel, terror in his eyes, continues to sing.

incredible! I love it! More wind!

(screaming)

More wind, you bastards!

ONE OF THE GRIPS

turns to his partner at the wind machine and smiles slyly.

GRIP

The man wants more wind.

THE FANS

are kicked up to maximum power.

THE SET

now resembles the inside of a churning blender. One of the fans breaks loose and begins to careen madly around the set. Cast and crew flee for their lives.

DUANE

remains in the eye of the storm, shouting above it, savoring every moment.

DUANE

Keep rolling! I want this shot!

NIGEL AND THE ANGELS

are a blur of motion above the set, spinning on their wires like tops. Nigel's high-pitched screams are barely audible above the DIN OF MUSIC AND WIND.

GILBERT

still watching, a slight smile on his face, turns and walks off.

INT. GILBERT'S OFFICE

He enters and sits down behind his desk.

With a sigh, he takes out a ledger book and starts to add figures on his electronic adding machine.

The door opens and an attractive, vital-looking YOUNG WOMAN steps in. She smiles fondly at the oblivious Gilbert.

KELLY

Gilbert.

(no response)

Gilbert, would you take your head out of those figures for a minute? A real live human being just stepped into your office.

Gilbert looks up with a start.

(CONTINUED)

GILBERT

(nervously)

Kelly, hi. I was just...

He stands up and knocks a huge pile of papers onto the floor. Kelly bends down and helps him pick them up.

KELLY

Take it easy, Gilbert. It's just me. Do you mind if I hide out in here for a while?

GILBERT

Sure. Stay as long as you want. I guess Duane's on the rampage again, huh?

KELLY

You know how he gets when he's shooting.

GILBERT

I tried to warn him. He's going to put us over budget again.

KELLY

Duane can't be bothered with that. He's an artist.

(smiling)

If you don't believe me, ask him yourself.

Kelly notices Gilbert's desk calendar. Today's date has been circled in red.

KELLY

(continuing)

Special day today, Gilbert?

GILBERT

Sort of.

(gathering up
his courage)

I was hoping you and I might...

The INTERCOM BUZZES loudly. Gilbert flips the switch.

GILBERT

(continuing)

Accounting.

(CONTINUED)

DUANE'S VOICE

(a command)

Get in here, doughboy.

KELLY

(loudly)

Hello, Duane.

DUANE'S VOICE

Kelly!

(much sweeter)

Just kidding. Gilbert. Would you mind coming down to my office, please?

GILBERT

I'm on my way.

Gilbert tucks a folder under his arm. Kelly opens the door, hesitating for a moment.

KELLY

You know, Gilbert, with your talent for figures, you could be making a lot of money in one of the big accounting firms. What is it that keeps you here?

From the expression of longing on Gilbert's face as he watches her step into the hall, the answer is obvious.

INT. CORRIDOR

as they walk along.

KELLY

You never told me if you could make the engagement party tomorrow night.

GILBERT

(hedging)

Tomorrow night?

KELLY

You're not coming.

GILBERT

I can't.

KELLY

Is it because you're shy or
because you don't like Duane?

GILBERT

(lying)

Duane? I like Duane fine. I'm
just not much for parties.

KELLY

(disappointed)

Gilbert, if you could just break
through your shyness you could
really... look, you have to do
what you think is right. I just
wish you'd come. It would mean a
lot to me. You're my friend,
Gilbert. Maybe the best friend
I've got.

They stop at Duane's door.

GILBERT

(swallowing)

I hope you and Duane will be very
happy together.

KELLY

Do you really mean that?

GILBERT

(managing a smile)

Of course I do.

She gives him a hug and a kiss on the cheek.

INT. DUANE'S OFFICE

Kelly and Gilbert step into a spacious high tech
office. Gilbert starts to address a full-sized card-
board cutout of Duane when he realizes his mistake.

DUANE

I'll be right down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gilbert turns to find the real Duane hanging upside down from the ceiling by gravity boots.

Duane unhooks the boots and executes a flawless back-flip, landing gracefully on his feet.

He smiles at Gilbert with all the friendliness of a cobra and picks up one of the Gestapo Girl's whips from his desk. Gilbert smiles back but is clearly intimidated.

DUANE
(good-natured)
You're looking good, Gilbert.
Lose some weight? You're a
rail, man. Have a seat.

Gilbert sits down.

KELLY
Where's Nigel?

DUANE
He's in his dressing room,
refusing to come out. Some
nonsense about me trying to kill
him.

KELLY
Maybe I'd better go talk to him.

DUANE
Would you, honey? That would be
great. Gilbert, is this a great
girl or what?

Duane puts an arm around Kelly and walks her to the door while Gilbert burns with jealousy.

DUANE
(continuing)
Go work your magic on Nigel.
Gilbert and I are going to have
a nice quiet chat.

Kelly smiles and exits. As soon as the door closes, Duane CRACKS THE WHIP in front of Gilbert's face.

DUANE
(continuing)
Let's talk figures, doughboy.
Where are we coming out on
this Nigel video?

(CONTINUED)

GILBERT

(cowering)

About fifty grand over. More if
you don't finish today.

Duane makes a gurgling sound and staggers toward
Gilbert.

DUANE

You've got to bury it.

GILBERT

Bury what?

DUANE

The overage. You're an
accountant. Find a way to hide
it.

Gilbert gets to his feet to put some distance between
himself and Duane.

GILBERT

(voice cracking)

I can't do that. We've been
through this before. I have to
play it straight.

Duane regards Gilbert with contempt.

DUANE

Yes, I suppose you do.

A voice comes over the intercom.

VOICE

We're ready for you, Duane.

Duane starts for the door, pausing to look Gilbert up
and down.

DUANE

(sincere tone)

Gilbert, I hope you'll take what
I'm about to say in a constructive
light.

(slight pause)

If I looked like you, I'd cut my
own throat.

He strides out of the room. Gilbert, seething with
impotent anger, turns and finds himself face-to-face
with Duane's smiling cardboard cutout.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

13.

He clenches his fist and starts to swing at the figure but stops in mid-punch.

He hangs his head and sadly shuffles out of the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAKERY - NIGHT

Gilbert emerges carrying a large white bakery box. He is in a better mood now, whistling happily as he moves through the crowd.

CUT TO:

EXT. WEST EIGHTY-SECOND STREET

A tree-lined street on the Upper West Side. Gilbert climbs up the front steps of a dilapidated brownstone.

INT. BROWNSTONE

After checking his mailbox and finding it empty, Gilbert starts up the first flight of stairs.

INT. GILBERT'S APARTMENT

It is a small but brightly decorated place, almost depressing in its attempts to be cheerful. Several Yankees baseball posters adorn the walls.

Gilbert enters. He locks the three locks and secures the chain behind him.

INSERT - PHONE MACHINE

Gilbert's pudgy finger presses the playback button.

GILBERT'S VOICE

(on the machine)

Hello, Gilbert. It's Gilbert.
Just checking to see if I turned
on the machine. See you later.

There are no other messages.

KITCHEN ALCOVE

Gilbert carefully removes a cake from the bakery box and places it on a serving dish.

INSERT - BIRTHDAY CAKE

White frosting with blue lettering that reads "HAPPY BIRTHDAY, GILBERT."

BAY WINDOW

Gilbert sets the cake down on the small table with two chairs facing each other. He places a plate in front of each chair, then puts a candle in the middle of the cake and lights it.

Gilbert seats himself. The candle is the room's only illumination.

Gilbert sits quietly for a moment then begins to sing softly.

GILBERT

Happy birthday to me,
Happy birthday to me,
Happy birthday, dear Gilbert,
Happy birthday to me...

He blows out the candle. He cuts a small piece and places it in front of the empty chair. With a sigh, he slides the remainder of the cake in front of himself and with a sweet, sad smile, begins to eat.

DISSOLVE TO:

GILBERT

An hour later, asleep on his folded arms at the table. All that is left of the cake is the invisible guest's piece.

Gilbert awakens with a start. He looks around him and knows he cannot bear to be in this apartment another moment. He grabs his Yankees warmup jacket from the couch and is out the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTRAL PARK WEST - NIGHT

Gilbert walks briskly, clutching a bottle of good French champagne. Reaching the corner of Seventy-Seventh Street, he gazes up at the art deco apartment building across the street.

KELLY'S TERRACE

where she stands, six stories up, in a flowing red dress, the wind lifting her hair as she looks out at Central Park and the lights of the city. She does not see Gilbert.

GILBERT

starts to wave and call to her when something stops him.

KELLY'S TERRACE

Duane comes out of the apartment, slips up behind Kelly and embraces her passionately. She laughs and he kisses her wildly on the neck, shoulders and lips.

GILBERT

His arm is frozen in mid-wave. Transfixed, he cannot avert his eyes.

KELLY'S TERRACE

She turns to Duane and they kiss long and deeply. Still kissing, they leave the terrace and head toward the bedroom.

GILBERT

His face looks as if someone were grinding a hot poker into his entrails.

He turns and begins to run. Faster and faster, his breath coming out in painful, wheezing gasps. With all his might he hurls the champagne high into the air, SHATTERING it on a stone wall. He clutches at his chest and wanders dazed into the street.

STREET

Drivers curse, HORNS BLARE, taxis swerve to avoid him. Gilbert reaches the double yellow line and suddenly topples to his knees. He looks up at the night sky, dazed and confused, then pitches forward face first against the asphalt.

SLOW FADE TO:

Gilbert's eyes open slowly, come into focus and stare into the well-tanned confident face of a young DOCTOR.

GILBERT

Where am I?

DOCTOR

Our Virgin Lady of Sorrow and Pity, Brooklyn.

GILBERT

Brooklyn?

DOCTOR

We're the best for what you've got.

GILBERT

What have I got?

DOCTOR

A rare heart condition. So rare they haven't found a doctor to name it after yet. You probably won't have another attack for years but if we don't do something about it now the next one will be fatal. Mister Galsky, let's not kid ourselves. You're a fat man who needs an operation.

GILBERT

(alarmed)

Operation? Is it that serious?

DOCTOR

(matter of factly)

Well, it depends on how you look at it. We could be in and out before lunch and you're as good as new. Or you could die right there on the table. It's really fifty-fifty. We don't know until we get in there and cut.

GILBERT

You mean it's life or death?

DOCTOR

Of course it's life or death. That's what makes a career in medicine so exciting. We're scheduled for eight o'clock tomorrow morning. So rest easy. You're in the best of hands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Doctor smiles and strides out of the room.

Gilbert, wide-eyed, breathes in short terrified gasps.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

Kelly steps out of the elevator and hurries down a crowded hallway, stopping to ask a nurse for directions.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

Gilbert, lying in bed, stares blankly out the rain-streaked window.

A KNOCK ON THE DOOR startles him. He looks up as Kelly steps in. She masks her worry with a brave smile.

KELLY

Gilbert, I knew you wanted to duck out on my engagement party but isn't this going a bit too far?

Gilbert's face lights up.

GILBERT

Kelly.

She crosses to the chair beside his bed and sits down.

KELLY

Duane wanted to come, too, but he got tied up at work. He sent you these.

She hands him a huge box of chocolate bon-bons. Gilbert knows an insult when he sees one.

GILBERT

How thoughtful.

KELLY

When I heard you were in here... Gilbert, is it anything serious? You'd tell me, wouldn't you?

GILBERT

Serious?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GILBERT (CONT'D)

(hesitates)

Well, if you call an ear infection
serious.

Kelly breathes a sigh of relief, then lets out a laugh.

KELLY

An ear infection? I don't mean to
laugh, it must be uncomfortable
for you, but we'd heard you had a
heart condition.

GILBERT

Heart condition? Me?

He joins in laughing with her.

GILBERT

(continuing; after
a moment)

You look real nice, Kelly.

(a beat)

Shouldn't you be getting ready for
your party?

KELLY

I had to make sure you were all
right.

GILBERT

I'm fine. There's no reason for
you to hang around here.

KELLY

You're sure?

GILBERT

Positive.

KELLY

All right then. I guess I'll get
going. I'm glad it's nothing
serious.

She gives him a sisterly kiss on the cheek and starts
toward the door. Gilbert is straining, wanting to call
out to her, to tell her what he feels.

GILBERT

(finally)

Kelly...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELLY
(turning)
Yes?

GILBERT
I... I...
(chickens out)
... thanks for coming.

KELLY
I'll come by and see you tomorrow.

She exits.

GILBERT
(to himself)
If I'm not here, try the morgue.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

Gilbert flicks on a small CLOCK RADIO at his bedside and fiddles until he finds quiet, soothing CLASSICAL MUSIC. He lies back, closes his eyes and begins to breathe slowly in and out, searching for a relaxed state of being.

If these are to be his final hours, he wants to pass them as peacefully as possible.

His moment of tranquility is shattered by a CLAMOUR in the hallway. VOICES SHOUTING. FEET RUNNING. A WOMAN SCREAMS. A tremendous CRASH as if many bodies have slammed into something hard, followed by a triumphant TARZAN YELL.

Gilbert sits up in alarm as the door flies open and Zack Callahan lurches into the room, strapped into a straitjacket. An unlit cigarette dangles from his mouth. He takes one look at Gilbert and breaks into a beautiful smile.

ZACK
Got a match?

THREE HUGE ORDERLIES burst in and tackle Zack from behind, bringing him down on top of the terrified Gilbert. We recognize one of the orderlies as Doctor Chumley's assistant CHUCK.

CHUCK
Hold him down!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Zack fights like a wildcat while continuing to chat amiably with Gilbert.

ZACK

Zack Callahan. I'm your new roomie.

GILBERT

(being crushed under the pile-up)

Gilbert Glasky.

SECOND ORDERLY

Grab his legs!

ZACK

Glad to know you, Gilbert. Excuse me if I don't shake hands.

(thrashing)

Let me introduce the guys. This big lug here... the one who's crushing my spleen... that's Chuck. On left vertebrae we have Dennis. And this other gentleman... the one I'm about to kick in the nuts... I don't believe I caught your name.

THIRD ORDERLY

(strangling Zack)

Marvin.

ZACK

Glad to know you, Marvin.

He brings his knee up into Marvin's groin with great force. Marvin lets out a high scream and collapses.

A NURSE runs in, carrying a wicked-looking syringe.

NURSE

Get his pants down!

ZACK

(still fighting)

Nurse Elliot, say hello to Gilbert Glasky. I've got a feeling that he and I are going to be great friends.

He gives Gilbert a big friendly grin as the Nurse jabs the needle into his ass.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZACK

(suddenly groggy)
I'd like to leave a wake-up call.

His eyes cross and he passes out, his head laying against poor Gilbert's shoulder.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

Just outside. Dr. Chumley is conversing with the
HEAD NURSE.

DR. CHUMLEY

I'm sorry to have to bring him up here, Nurse, but the psych ward is overcrowded. It's ridiculous. I'm having to recommend to my patients that they plan their breakdowns in advance.

HEAD NURSE

You can count on us, Doctor Chumley. Is Mister Callahan dangerous?

DR. CHUMLEY

He could be. Especially to himself. That's why I want him kept under observation at all times. And be careful. He's not to be trusted.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

Gilbert, sitting up in bed, tries to concentrate on his book but gets the uneasy feeling he's being watched. He lowers the book to discover Zack in the next bed, wide awake and smiling at him.

Zack is no longer wearing the straitjacket but has been handcuffed to the bed rail. He is wearing a T-shirt which reads "Go Ahead, Make My Day."

ZACK

What're you in for, Gilbert?

GILBERT

(wary)
Heart surgery.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZACK

No shit. That's tough. You're probably wondering what I'm doing here.

GILBERT

Not really.

He goes back to his reading hoping Zack will get the message and leave him alone. No chance.

ZACK

What's the book?

GILBERT

"On Death And Dying."

ZACK

I'll wait for the movie.

O.S., a strange SNIFFLING SOUND is heard. Gilbert shifts uncomfortably and groans as the SOUND GROWS CLOSER.

A WOMAN in her early sixties, dressed all in black like a Greek widow, enters making little sobbing noises.

She sits on the edge of Gilbert's bed, gazing at him as tears stream down her cheeks. Gilbert reluctantly puts his book down and looks back at the woman whose sniffing grows louder. Several beats of silence, then:

GILBERT

All right, Ma, all right. Take it easy. I'm not dead yet.

His mother lets out a horrible screech.

MOTHER

Don't you ever say such a word!

GILBERT

What? Dead?

MOTHER

(clutching her heart)

Are you trying to kill me?

GILBERT

Will you stop that? I'm the one who's sick.

MOTHER

You're not sick. You're just run down.

(CONTINUED)

Mrs. Glasky reaches into a large overstuffed shopping bag. She starts placing objects on the night table next to Gilbert.

MOTHER

(continuing)

Vitamins A, B, C, D, E and niacin.
Massive megadoses around the
clock.

She takes out a large centrifugal juicer and surrounds it with carrots, beets and spinach.

MOTHER

(continuing)

Fresh vegetable juices to clean
out your system. That's the
ticket. And most important...

She pulls out a large rubber bladder with a long tube which can fit in only one place.

MOTHER

(continuing)

Enemas. Coffee enemas every four
hours to flush out the intestines.

ZACK (O.S.)

That's right. Fill it to the rim
with Brim.

MOTHER

(ignoring him)

I'll have you know, Gilbert, death
begins in the colon. So there we
are. Vitamins, juices, enemas. A
program that can cure anything.

Mrs. Glasky smiles triumphantly at Gilbert. She gestures to Zack who is staring at her in rapt wonderment.

MOTHER

(continuing)

Who's he?

ZACK

(answers immediately)

Zachary Callahan, Mrs. Glasky.

(rattling his
handcuffs)

Excuse me for not getting up.

(CONTINUED)

MOTHER

(slightly nervous)
That's perfectly all right.
(to Gilbert)
Why is he handcuffed to the bed?

GILBERT

He walks in his sleep.

ZACK

That's a very elegant dress you're wearing, Mrs. Glasky.

MOTHER

(proudly)
Thank you. I have seven more just like it.

GILBERT

Mom, how long do you plan to go around in black? Dad's been dead for fifteen years.

MOTHER

I happen to look very good in black.

Mrs. Glasky slides down the bed until she is very close to her son.

MOTHER

(continuing;
soothingly)
Everything's going to be all right, Gilbert, I promise. When the operation is over, you'll come back to me. I never should have let you leave Brooklyn.
(a reassuring pat on his stomach)
Nothing bad will ever happen to you again. I'll keep you warm and dry and safe. And your favorites. I'll make all your favorites. My pot roast and noodles you could die for, remember? Everything. Everything you want. Now how does that sound?

GILBERT

(weakly)
Fine, mother.

ZACK

listens intently. Somewhere in his intuitive sould he knows that Gilbert, regardless of the operation, is a dead man unless fate and life give him a good kick in the ass.

CUT TO:

INT. PATIENTS LOUNGE

Gilbert is seated at a small table, eating his dinner off a tray.

Zack, handcuffed to Chuck the Orderly, comes over with his own tray and sits down next to Gilbert, uninvited. Chuck reluctantly pulls up a chair alongside Zack and occupies himself with the latest issue of Hustler.

ZACK

(to Gilbert)

Don't tell me. "Condemned Man
Eats Final Meal."

GILBERT

If you don't mind, I'd really
like to be alone.

ZACK

Worst thing for you at a time
like this. Pass the ketchup.

Gilbert hands him the bottle. Zack drowns his entire meal in ketchup.

GILBERT

(offended)

How can you do that?

ZACK

I hate food. This is the only way
I can eat it.

GILBERT

You really are crazy.

ZACK

So they tell me.

GILBERT

I know you're just trying to be
friendly but I'd really prefer to
eat in piece.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZACK

I guess you'd probably prefer to
rest in peace, too.

GILBERT

(surprised)

What do you mean?

ZACK

If I was checking out of this
world in twelve hours I wouldn't
spend it hanging around a
hospital.

GILBERT

The doctor said it was fifty-
fifty.

ZACK

(scornfully)

Doctors. Before I'd let them get
me on that operating table I'd go
out and have myself one hell of a
night. I'd do everything I ever
wanted to do but didn't have the
guts. I'd cram thirty years into
twelve hours.

GILBERT

That's the craziest thing I ever
heard. I couldn't do something
like that.

ZACK

Let's just say you couldn't do it
alone. And that's where I fit
in. You need a date and it just
so happens I'm free tonight.

Gilbert can't tell if Zack's putting him on. The idea
sounds tempting... but it's out of the question.

GILBERT

You're not free. You're a
prisoner.

Zack drops his spoon on the floor and nudges Chuck who
is engrossed in his skin book.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZACK

Chuck, be a love and get that for me.

As Chuck gives him a dirty look and reluctantly bends over, Zack deftly reaches into the Orderly's jacket pocket and palms the handcuff key. Gilbert's eyes grow big. Zack winks at him and puts a finger to his lips.

ZACK

(continuing)

Shhhh.

Half-frightened but also half-intrigued, Gilbert decides to say nothing. Instead, he gets up with his tray.

GILBERT

I'm sorry but I don't need this craziness. The only thing I have on my mind is a good night's sleep.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

CAMERA IS CLOSE on Gilbert's sleeping face. He mumbles something. Suddenly his eyes flap open. He tries to sit up but can't.

GILBERT

(groggy)

Is this the operation?

ZACK (O.S.)

You bet. Operation Night On The Town.

PULL BACK to reveal that Gilbert is no longer in his hospital bed. He's been strapped to a gurney which Zack, dressed in hospital scrubs, is wheeling toward the door.

GILBERT

(helpless)

What are you doing?

ZACK

Trust me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GILBERT

This is kidnapping.

ZACK

You can thank me later.

INT. CORRIDOR

Zack sticks his head out the door and looks both ways. Satisfied that the coast is clear, he pushes Gilbert down the hall.

GILBERT

Okay, that's it. I'm counting to three and then I'm going to scream for help. One... two...

Zack plugs Gilbert's open mouth with an operating sponge. Gilbert struggles against the straps but to no avail.

They round a corner and pass Chuck the Orderly who is strolling along still absorbed in his Hustler magazine. As they go by, Zack tosses him the handcuffs.

ZACK

Here, Chuck. I won't be needing these anymore.

CHUCK

Thanks.

Chuck walks along a few more steps before it hits him.

CHUCK

(continuing)

Wait a minute!

He drops the paper and takes off in hot pursuit.

NEXT CORRIDOR

Zack is pushing the gurney along at top speed. Patients and staff scatter in their wake. Chuck rounds the corner behind them, shouting frantically.

CHUCK

Stop that man!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZACK
(enjoying the
chase; shouts
back)

I saw him first, Dr. Frankenstein!
Find another body to perform your
hideous experiments on!

THE GURNEY

careens around another corner, moving so fast that Zack
looses his grip on it. It speeds ahead of him, carry-
ing the luckless Gilbert.

ZACK
Hang in there, Gilbert!

GILBERT

His eyes bug out with terror as the runaway gurney
carries him down the corridor.

UP AHEAD

Nurse Elliot rounds the corner, delicately carrying a
tray of urine samples. She looks up and sees Gilbert
bearing down on her. The tray flies into the air as
she crashes down atop the terrified Gilbert, her large
bosom thrusting into his face.

ZACK

just behind, catches the tray with a juggler's grace,
not spilling a single drop. He continues to chase the
gurney while balancing the tray with one hand.

THE GURNEY

is a blur of motion as it rockets down the corridor,
carrying its two thrashing passengers. Managing to
retrieve her bosom from Gilbert's mouth, Nurse Elliot
turns and is alarmed to see that they're headed for the
stairwell at the end of the corridor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Recoiling in horror, she does the only thing she can do.

NURSE ELLIOT

I'm sorry, Mister Glasky, but I'm
afraid I have to leave you now.
Good luck.

She rolls off the gurney, landing safely in a laundry
cart parked along the wall.

GILBERT

spits out the sponge and screams at the top of his lungs
as the gurney disappears into the dark stairwell.

ZACK

running at full tilt. He reaches Nurse Elliot who is
shakily extricating herself from the laundry cart. As
he runs past, he thrusts the tray of urine samples into
her hands.

ZACK

Here, lady, you dropped this.

He disappears down the stairwell just as Chuck comes
flying around the corner, colliding with Nurse Elliot
and the urine samples.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM

Gilbert and the gurney bounce down the stairs and shoot
through the busy emergency room.

EXT. EMERGENCY ENTRANCE

The automatic doors whoosh open as Gilbert rolls out of
the hospital and right into the back of a parked ambu-
lance.

INT. AMBULANCE

Gilbert lets out a choked scream as he stares into the
face of a dead man lying beside him in the back of the
ambulance. He struggles free of the gurney straps just
as the driver's DOOR SLAMS SHUT and the ENGINE REVS UP.

GILBERT

Wait. There's been a mistake.

He tumbles into the front seat as the ambulance peels
out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZACK

No mistake.

Gilbert is horrified to discover Zack behind the wheel, smiling happily. Gilbert groans as Zack flips on the SIREN.

ZACK

(continuing;
shouting)

Sex-starved nurses! Thrill-crazed
medics! It's "Ambulance Drivers
From Hell" starring Gilbert Glasky
as you've never seen him before!

Zack throws his head back and cackles with mad laughter as they scream off into the night.

CUT TO:

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - NIGHT

A breathtaking HELICOPTER SHOT of the ambulance, lights flashing, SIREN WAILING, as it crosses the span headed toward the lights of Manhattan.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIRST AVENUE - NIGHT

The AMBULANCE ROARS along, weaving in and out of slower moving traffic.

INT. AMBULANCE

Zack turns to Gilbert with a crazed grin.

ZACK

Having fun, pal?

He swerves to avoid a collision. Gilbert groans unhappily.

GILBERT

What's the big hurry? We're not
going anywhere, except maybe to
jail.

ZACK

What's the big hurry? Are you
crazy? We have a tradition to
uphold.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZACK (CON'T)

All ambulance drivers are on speed
and drive like demons.

FIRST AVENUE

A slow moving truck tries to beat them through the
upcoming intersection. Gilbert screams. Zack skids
the ambulance up on the curb, sideswipes a parking
meter, then powerslides back into the street.

ZACK

Sonovabitch ran the light. The
world's falling apart. Nobody has
any respect for law and order
any more.

A COP

appears ahead in the middle of the next intersection,
frantically trying to flag them down. Zack hits the
brakes and pulls over.

INT. AMBULANCE

GILBERT

We're going to jail. I know it.
He's going to arrest us. I've
never even had a parking ticket.
They should lock you up and throw
away the key.

ZACK

You're not the first to suggest
that.

The frightened young Cop yanks open the door and tugs
at Zack's sleeve.

COP

Thank God you're here.

ZACK

We came as fast as we could.
What's the situation?

GILBERT

Officer, I'd like to report a
kidnapping... mine. This man
is a dangerous maniac.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

33.

COP
(ignoring him)
The lady's stopped breathing.

SIDEWALK

Zack gets out and follows the Cop through a cluster of people. Gilbert trails behind them, wearing only his hospital gown, trying to get the Cop's attention.

COP
Make way, make way. Let the
medics through.

They reach the center of the crowd. A Woman in her late forties is sprawled on the sidewalk. A SECOND COP hovers over her.

SECOND COP
(to Zack)
I think she's dead. Heart attack.

Zack kneels down and feels for the woman's pulse at her throat. Nothing. He takes a deep breath, glances up at the heavens for divine inspiration, and then with a closed fist delivers a solid whack to the woman's chest.

He whacks her again. Still nothing.

GILBERT

has pushed his way through the crowd and is watching Zack with stunned amazement.

ZACK

opens the woman's mouth, pinches her nose shut, and begins to breathe slowly into her mouth. He breathes and breathes and breathes. He suddenly rears up and punches the woman over the heart. She makes a low GURGLING SOUND.

The crowd stirs and presses forward.

SECOND COP
Give 'em room! Give 'em room!

GILBERT

stares at the drama in wide-eyed fascination.

ZACK

with both hands, presses hard on her chest. Releases. Presses hard on her chest. Releases. The woman's chest starts to move on its own.

SIDEWALK

A SIREN is heard approaching.

Zack breathes into the woman's mouth. He gives her another violent whack to the chest. She SPUTTERS, GASPS, COUGHS and begins to breathe.

FIRST COP

She's breathing!

The Woman breathes in short shallow GASPS. The SIREN STOPS as a second AMBULANCE SCREECHES to a halt nearby.

FIRST COP

(continuing; to Zack)

You got her going! You got her going!

The Woman's breathing grows deeper and fuller. TWO MEDICS come through the throng with an oxygen tank. They slap the mask on the Woman who sucks in oxygen greedily.

MEDIC

(checking her pulse)

I think she's going to make it.

ZACK

She'll make it.

The First Cop pounds Zack excitedly on the back.

FIRST COP

Good work. Good fucking work.

The crowd CHEERS. Zack gives a modest little wave of acknowledgement. The crowd responds with a BIGGER CHEER.

Zack responds with a bigger wave and approaches Gilbert with a wink.

ZACK

Let's get out of here, Tonto,
before I have to leave a silver
bullet.

Gilbert is about to smile back when he remembers that he's been kidnapped. He addresses the Second Cop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GILBERT
(pointing at Zack)
Officer, that man there...

SECOND COP
Yes?

GILBERT
He...
(the reality
hits him)
... he saved that lady's life!

SECOND COP
(happily)
He sure did.

Zack walks around to the driver's side of the ambulance, WHISTLING to himself. He opens the door and gazes across the roof at Gilbert.

ZACK
What do you say, Gilbert?

Gilbert hesitates. He looks at the smiling Cop, tempted to tell him, then back at the smiling Zack. With sudden decisiveness, Gilbert slides into the passenger seat.

INT. AMBULANCE

Zack gets behind the wheel.

GILBERT
Where did you learn CPR?

ZACK
CPR?
(laughs)
I'm going to let you in on something. You've got to learn to make it up as you go along. Hit the siren.

GILBERT
(still stunned)
Huh?

ZACK
The siren. We've only got twelve hours and I don't want to waste a second.

Gilbert hits the siren switch.

EXT. FIRST AVENUE

SIREN WAILING and TIRES SCREAMING, the ambulance speeds up First Avenue.

INT. AMBULANCE

as they careen wildly around a corner.

ZACK

Only one thing stands between us
and the greatest night of our
lives.

GILBERT

A head-on collision?

ZACK

Money. Have you got any?

GILBERT

You didn't exactly give me time to
grab my wallet.

ZACK

Okay, don't panic.

He releases the steering wheel and starts to climb into the back. Gilbert cries out and grabs the wheel in time to avoid an oncoming car.

Zack starts frisking the corpse.

ZACK

(continuing)

Hey, Gilbert, did you know that in
New York State it's a capital
crime to feel up a corpse? But in
California, it's only a
misdemeanor. Bingo.

(pulls out a wallet)

He's got a gold card. That's
better than cash.

GILBERT

(horrified)

We can't use a dead man's gold
card.

ZACK

Why not? What's he going to do
with it? Take God out for drinks?

CUT TO:

EXT. PLAZA HOTEL - NIGHT

The ambulance, bubbletop still spinning, sits abandoned in the middle of the small park across from the Plaza. Curious pedestrians peer in at the corpse propped up behind the steering wheel.

CUT TO:

INT. PLAZA HOTEL - LOBBY

Somber and sedate. Elegant couples occupy the plush chairs and couches, chatting urbanely.

The revolving doors WHOOSH open and Zack strides in, totally out of place in his hospital scrubs. He looks around and grins.

He is trailed by a barefoot and self-conscious Gilbert who is unsuccessfully trying to hold the back of his hospital gown together to keep his ass from showing.

Heads turn to regard these heathens. Conversations cut off in mid-sentence.

GILBERT

(nervous)

Zack, are you sure this is a good idea?

ZACK

Relax, Gilbert. All we have to do is remember to behave with class and dignity.

Zack rushes over to the DESK CLERK and starts babbling in a loud hysterical voice.

ZACK

(continuing)

You've got to hide me out. I'm a doctor. This man is my patient. He came to me. He needed a heart transplant...

DESK CLERK

Sir, if you could keep your voice down...

ZACK

(even louder)

I... I didn't have any human hearts. I had to give him...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZACK (CONT'D)
(breaking down)
Alright! I admit it! I gave him
the heart of an airedale!

The confused Clerk turns to Gilbert. Realizing that Zack expects him to play along, Gilbert bares his teeth and lets out a GROWL.

ZACK
(continuing; ranting)
Alright! So I'm not a surgeon!
I'm a veterinarian! The man came
to me. He needed my help.
(to Gilbert)
Tell them. You needed my help.

By way of reply, Gilbert lets out a small BARK.

ZACK
(continuing; screaming)
Stop doing that! You're a human
being, goddammit!

Gilbert can't help it. He starts to laugh. Zack turns to the brow-beaten Clerk and throws himself on the desk.

ZACK
(continuing)
We won't be any trouble, I
promise. He's housebroken. Wait
a minute. You do take pets?

DESK CLERK
(flustered)
Yes, but... you have to have
reservations.

ZACK
Reservations?

He takes out the gold card and tosses it onto the desk. The Clerk's eyes light up.

DESK CLERK
Yes, sir! Right away, sir!

He clangs the desk bell repeatedly. A dozen Bellboys line up in formation. Zack turns to Gilbert and pats him on the head.

ZACK
Good boy.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL SUITE

A Bellhop enters followed by Zack and Gilbert. A spacious elegant suite overlooking the park. The Bellhop makes a big show of opening windows and adjusting lights. He turns expectantly to Zack who hands him the gold card.

ZACK

Can you take your tip off this?

By way of reply the Bellhop pulls out a credit card machine from under his jacket and runs the card through. Zack has picked up the phone.

ZACK

(continuing)

Concierge, please.

(beat)

Hello, this is Suite 1503. My friend and I are planning a little night on the town. We have a few simple needs. Money means nothing to us. We're extremely rich people.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE SEQUENCE

To the driving beat of that new chart-busting tune, "A Night on the Town."

Two Japanese Women walk up and down Zack and Gilbert's naked backs. Gilbert groans with pleasure.

Zack and Gilbert, wearing bathing trunks, sprawl in recliners, soaking up rays and sipping cool Hawaiian drinks. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal that they're still in the room under portable sun lamps.

TIGHT ON Zack and Gilbert side by side getting their hair styled. CAMERA PANS down to reveal Two Women giving them manicures. PAN DOWN to Two More Women giving them pedicures.

INTERCUT with TIGHT SHOTS of the gold card passing through many hands and many portable credit card machines.

The bathroom. Zack strides in followed by an immaculately attired Tailor. Zack throws open the shower curtain to reveal a very startled Gilbert who is a mountain of soap suds from head to foot. The Tailor, under Zack's direction, begins to measure Gilbert's neck, chest and waist.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Zack and Gilbert as the same Tailor and two Assistants attempt to fit them into tuxedo pants, dinner jackets and cummerbunds.

CUT TO:

CENTRAL PARK - HIGH ANGLE VIEW

A grove of trees surrounds a small lake that reflects back the lights of Central Park South.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to include Zack and Gilbert at the window of their Plaza suite. They are immaculate and elegant in their matching mauve tuxedos. Cary Grant and Fred Astaire have nothing on these two.

ZACK

Okay, Cinderella, according to my brand new Swiss Quartz Gucci wristwatch, it's now 8:15. I think that the first thing on our agenda is to get a look at this great big wonderful town before we reduce it to rubble. I'm suggesting a bird's eye view of New York.

GILBERT

(suspicious)
Bird's eye view?

CUT TO:

INT. HELICOPTER COCKPIT - NIGHT

With a craggy daredevil grin the PILOT turns to his passengers and gives the thumbs up sign.

In the next seat Zack grins, turns to the person beside him and gives the thumbs up sign.

Gilbert beside him, his face white with fear, lifts his hand and gives Zack the finger.

EXT. HELIPAD

The helicopter lifts off into the starry sky, a symphony of WIND AND NOISE.

COCKPIT

Gilbert is frozen with terror as they climb higher. Zack is thrilled. He nudges Gilbert and points out the cockpit window.

ZACK

Look at the city. Your city, Gilbert. There's a world down there. There's life down there. Excitement, women, laughter and love. Look at those lights, all that promise. All that future, bright and shining.

INTERCUT with a spectacular POV of the city below.

ZACK

(continuing)

Anything's possible down there. It's all up to you. What do you say, Gilbert?

GILBERT

I think I'm going to be sick.

EXT. NEW YORK SKYLINE

A breathtaking PANORAMA SHOT of Manhattan as the helicopter flies past the red, white and blue lights of the Empire State Building.

COCKPIT

The Pilot sticks a gigantic joint in his mouth and lights up.

PILOT

(sucking deeply)

Can I interest either of you civilians in some A-1 shit?

Gilbert reacts in horror.

GILBERT

What are you trying to do, kill us?

ZACK

Come on, Gilbert. Fly the friendly skies.

Zack takes a long drag and hands it back to the Pilot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PILOT

(another drag)

I flew stoned in Nam all the time.

ZACK

You were in Nam?

PILOT

Hell, yes.

(nodding)

It's not easy being a vet. Jobs are scarce. People think you're crazy. Your wife runs off with another guy. The war never ended for some of us. We get nightmares. Flashbacks.

GILBERT

(alarmed)

Flashbacks?

Through the window past the Pilot, another helicopter flies close by.

PILOT

Get 'em all the time. Doesn't take much to set one off either. Big flash of light. Loud noise. Another chopper flying too close.

ZACK

Like that one?

The Pilot turns, sees the other helicopter and suddenly freaks out.

PILOT

(screaming)

Charlie at nine o'clock! Charlie at nine o'clock!

With a demented shout he swerves the copter sharply to the left and down, putting them into a steep dive.

GILBERT

(screaming)

No! No! No!

Zack laughs with excitement, moves close to the Pilot and begins yelling directly into his ear.

ZACK

Charlie at three o'clock! Charlie at three o'clock!

The Pilot yanks wildly at the controls.

THE HELICOPTER

swerves in a crazy arc and passes narrowly between the twin towers of the World Trade Center.

COCKPIT

Gilbert sits with his eyes tightly closed.

GILBERT

I'm okay... I'm okay... I'm
okay...

Zack turns laughing to Gilbert.

ZACK

I love this guy.
(turns back to the
Pilot, shouting)
Enemy flak at six o'clock! Dive!
Dive! Dive!

The wild-eyed Pilot shoves the controls forward.

THE HELICOPTER

hurtles through the night sky like a crazy hornet, heading straight for a twenty-story building along the waterfront.

STREET LEVEL - A DEMOLITION TEAM

Down the block from the building, the demolition CREW CHIEF turns to his eager Assistant who hovers over the detonator plunger.

CREW CHIEF

Stand by.

COCKPIT

Gilbert sputters and points ahead.

GILBERT

Pull up! Pull up!

THE HELICOPTER

streaks directly at the building, seconds away from impact.

THE CREW CHIEF

motions to his Assistant.

CREW CHIEF

Hit it.

The Assistant plunges the detonator. There is a DEAF-ENING EXPLOSION.

THE BUILDING

buckles and crumbles, disappearing in a storm of dust. The helicopter passes through empty air where an instant ago the building stood.

COCKPIT

The Pilot lets out a victory yell.

PILOT

Target destroyed!
(with an insane
cackle)
Now we strafe!

Zack turns to a stunned and quivering Gilbert.

ZACK

(calmly)
Getting your money's worth,
Gilbert?

THE HELICOPTER

plunges down and skims low over Time Square. Taxis run up on the sidewalk. Pedestrians scatter and dive for the pavement.

COCKPIT

Gilbert cringes as they head straight for the huge neon Coca Cola sign.

GILBERT

Pull up! Pull up!

At the last possible moment, the Pilot pulls back on the controls.

THE HELICOPTER

Its left skid hits the sign setting off an EXPLOSION of red neon. The copter flies erratically.

COCKPIT

The Pilot struggles with the controls.

PILOT

(screaming)

We're going down! May Day! May Day!

EXT. CENTRAL PARK

A capacity audience sits in the outdoor Delacorte Theatre watching the Shakespeare in the Park production of "Romeo and Juliet." We join the balcony scene in progress.

ROMEO

What light through yonder window breaks...

A sudden glaring light strikes the stage from above, blinding Romeo, Juliet and the rest of the cast.

Out of the dark sky, SPUTTERING AND COUGHING comes the wounded helicopter. The audience screams and ducks as it skims overhead.

Romeo and Juliet dive for cover as the helicopter crashes nose first into the balcony, embedding itself like a giant dart.

HELICOPTER

Gilbert has both hands around Zack's neck and is attempting to choke him to death. The Pilot gives them a desperate wild-eyed look.

PILOT

(a whispered hiss)

Don't let 'em take you alive.

He scrambles out and makes a run for it, zigzagging to the cover of trees.

STAGE

Zack and Gilbert stagger out of the wreckage and find themselves standing center stage. The audience gapes at them in stunned silence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Zack nonchalantly tosses the helicopter keys to Romeo.

ZACK

Park it.

He grabs the startled Juliet and bends her back into a deep kiss. The audience begins to CHEER and APPLAUD.

ZACK

(breaking the clinch)

Forget this Romeo guy. He's a loser.

Security cops rush the stage. Zack takes a quick bow to the delight of the audience, grabs the shell-shocked Gilbert and hustles him into the surrounding darkness.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHEEP MEADOW - NIGHT

Two small figures cross the huge lawn of Central Park. The lights and shapes of the skyscrapers loom behind them. A full round moon sits on the skyline.

GILBERT AND ZACK

walk along quickly. Gilbert's face is flushed and angry.

GILBERT

You are a demented deranged madman
who should be locked away where
you can't cause harm to decent
people.

ZACK

(nodding)

Fair enough.

GILBERT

(gesturing wildly)

You nearly killed a score of
innocent people back there.

ZACK

Gilbert, here's something to
remember. Don't sweat the near
misses.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GILBERT

(shaking his head)

Don't sweat the near misses.
That's just terrific. That's
really something a man can live
by.

Gilbert, in disgust, veers away from Zack, putting distance between them. Suddenly, a loud primitive HOWL pierces the night. Gilbert stops in his tracks. Are there wolves in Central Park?

GILBERT

(continuing)

Zack?

From out of the black Zack appears. He throws an arm around Gilbert and with the other, he points to the sky.

ZACK

Gilbert, look at the moon. For
thousands of years men have hunted
by it, made love by it, even
worshipped it. God, is it
beautiful.

Zack tosses back his head and lets out a bellowing HOWL which seems to ECHO AND REVERBERATE off Central Park South. There is fire in his eyes as he turns to Gilbert.

ZACK

(continuing)

You try.

GILBERT

I can't.

ZACK

Sure you can. Go on.

Gilbert tosses back his head and lets loose. A squeaky strangled sound is heard.

ZACK

(continuing)

Open up the chest. Come up from
the stomach.

Zack emits a full-bodied, full-blooded howl.

ZACK

(continuing)

Your turn, Gilbert.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gilbert gives it another try. Again it is a weak choked-off sound. Zack claps him on the back.

ZACK

(continuing)

We'll work on it. Sometimes it can take years for a man to learn to howl.

GILBERT

(quietly)

I may not have years.

ZACK

Well, we'll just have to do it faster.

They walk off across the great lawn together.

CUT TO:

EXT. EAST SEVENTIES

Zack and Gilbert start to cross Fifth Avenue. A cab running a red light swerves around them. Kelly's face appears at the rear side window.

GILBERT

(unsure)

Kelly?

INT. CAB

Kelly, seated beside Duane, stares intently out the rear window at the two receding figures.

KELLY

Gilbert?

(to the driver)

Turn around, please.

DUANE

Are you kidding? We're already late. It couldn't have been Gilbert. He's in the hospital getting a blubberectomy.

Kelly continues to gaze back.

KELLY

I guess you're right.

ZACK AND GILBERT

Gilbert remains standing in the middle of the street,
a frozen look of longing on his face.

ZACK

Gilbert?

(waving a hand in
front of his face)

Anybody home? Who was that?

GILBERT

A girl.

ZACK

I think I caught that much.

He leads Gilbert to the sidewalk and they stroll along.

GILBERT

Her name's Kelly.

ZACK

That's a nice name.

GILBERT

She's a nice girl.

ZACK

And what's this nice girl
doing tonight?

GILBERT

She's attending an engagement
party. Hers.

ZACK

Ouch.

GILBERT

She's marrying this guy that I
loathe. I'd really rather not
talk about it.

ZACK

I can see why. Wow. Well, with a
guy like you there's only one way
to get your mind off a woman.
Food. And lots of it.

Zack starts to steer Gilbert into a glitzy expensive
restaurant called Chez Louis.

(CONTINUED)

GILBERT

But, Zack, this is the snootiest
most expensive restaurant in New
York City.

ZACK

Perfect.

He pulls Gilbert in after him.

INT. CHEZ LOUIS

They step into the elegant foyer. The MAITRE D', a tall man in a silk tuxedo, comes up to greet them. He exudes self-importance and takes an immediate dislike to our two heroes whose tuxedos look the worse for wear.

MAITRE D'

(to Zack)

Does Monsieur have a reservation?

Zack looks around the room. It's barely a third full.

ZACK

No, monsieur does not have a
reservation. Just knock off the
snob crap and get us a table. I
have a hungry man here.

The Maitre D' retains his stiff phoney smile.

MAITRE D'

This way. I believe I may have a
table in the garden.

EXT. GARDEN PATIO

Zack and Gilbert follow the Maitre D' out onto the patio. Everything is white linen and crystal and fresh-cut flowers. A large wall covered with ivy surrounds the busy dining area.

The Maitre D' attempts to seat them at a small corner table near the kitchen. Zack motions to a larger table in the very center of the room.

ZACK

We'll sit here.

The Maitre D' nods stiffly as they seat themselves and hands them two menus bound in red leather.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZACK

(continuing)

Thanks, pal. I hear the grub is good here.

MAITRE D'

(through clenched teeth)

The cuisine is excellent. A waiter will take your orders.

He removes himself. Gilbert looks around the room in wonder, marvelling at the elegant couples.

ZACK

Trust me. Let me order. I know the ropes.

Gilbert just smiles as a WAITER approaches.

ZACK

(continuing; briskly)

We'll have mushroom soup, pate, escargot, whole salmon and chauteaubriand for two. Better make that for three. A good white wine and a good red wine. Let the wine steward pick them. And a bottle of Dom Perignon '68. We'll order dessert later.

WAITER

Very good.

He leaves. Gilbert can contain his excitement no longer.

GILBERT

Oh boy.

DINNER MONTAGE

A series of glistening, mouthwatering images. Soups and pates are brought forth. Sparkling wines are poured.

Zack prepares to drown his food in ketchup but decides against it when he sees the offended look on Gilbert's face. A whole salmon is devoured. Rare beef is savored. Flaming crepes are brought forth.

When they are finally finished, Zack and Gilbert sit back in their chairs with contented groans and sip the last of the champagne.

The Maitre D' appears and presents the bill with a flourish. Zack glances at it.

CONTINUED:

ZACK

Three hundred and forty-five dollars.

(to Gilbert)

Very reasonable.

GILBERT

Very.

Zack pulls out the gold card and drops it onto the silver tray.

ZACK

Thank you, my good man.

MAITRE D'

I am sorry, monsieur, but we do not accept credit cards.

Gilbert chokes on his last sip of wine. Zack looks at the Maitre D' and realizes that the Frenchman is enjoying this.

MAITRE D'

(continuing)

Is there a problem, monsieur?

ZACK

No problem.

MAITRE D'

Then may I request payment now?

ZACK

Are you insinuating that my friend and I are trying to gouge you for the check?

MAITRE D'

(pure evil)

That is exactly what I am insinuating.

With regal bearing, Zack stands up.

ZACK

In that case... take that.

He slaps the Maitre D' across the face with his folded napkin, drawing the attention of everyone in the restaurant.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZACK

(continuing)

We shall meet tomorrow and settle this on the field of honor. My second will be in touch with you or my third if my second is busy.

MAITRE D'

(eyes blazing)

We will settle it right here.

Zack's eyes flash with excitement.

ZACK

Very well, my friend.

He looks around. A waiter passes by carrying two flaming shish kebab swords. Zack strolls over to him.

ZACK

(continuing)

Excuse me.

He takes the two swords in his hands, tests their weight. Then with a flip of each wrist, he sends the flaming meat and vegetables flying across the room, causing the diners to duck.

GILBERT

Zack, what are you doing?

ZACK

I'm going to teach this jackanapes a lesson he'll not soon forget.

Zack tosses one of the shish kebab swords to the Maitre D' who catches it with surprising deftness. He tests the blade and makes a few expert swipes in the air.

MAITRE D'

(with a sinister leer)

Monsieur, you have just sealed your doom. I happen to be the former fencing champion of France.

ZACK

And I happen to have seen "The Adventures of Robin Hood" fifty-seven times.

MAITRE D'

In that case, en garde!

Zack and the Maitre D' square off, sizing each other up, moving the tips of their blades in small circles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Then, with sudden rapaciousness, the Maitre D' lashes out and the duel is on, escalating at once to a fever pitch as Zack parries the Frenchman's deadly swipes.

The SOUND OF METAL ON METAL RINGS through the restaurant.

GILBERT AND THE OTHERS

watch breathlessly as the two men put on an amazing display of fencing, moving about the room, overturning tables and chairs.

THE DUELISTS

lunge forward and lock swords. Their noses are an inch apart.

ZACK

Did I upset your plans, Sir Guy?

MAITRE D'

You should never have come here.

ZACK

When this is over, my friend,
there'll be no need to come again.

They shove away from each other and continue to slash away, their swords moving like blurs.

THE GARDEN WALL

Their shadows duel violently.

ZACK

smiles, enjoying himself immensely. He hops onto a table and leaps high into the air as the Maitre D' slashes at his legs. Landing deftly, Zack parries the Frenchman's thrusts as he comes at him.

THE MAITRE D'

has turned maniacal. He wants Zack's blood at any cost. Dueling with one hand, he snatches a lit candle off a table and hurls it at his opponent.

ZACK

ducks the candle but in doing so leaves himself wide open. The Maitre D' pounces forward and viciously jabs the point of his sword into Zack's right arm, then steps back in satisfaction.

GILBERT

lets out a gasp.

ZACK

stands there, regarding the small patch of blood blooming on his shoulder. He looks up at the triumphant Maitre D' and smiles sardonically.

ZACK

Thank you. I needed that.

He lunges forward, his blade moving through the air like lightning. It slaps the sword from the startled Frenchman's hand and pins him against the wall. The tip rests on the terrified Maitre D's chest.

Zack looks as if he means to run him through.

MAITRE D'

Please... have mercy.

ZACK

Like the mercy you've shown your customers?

With the sharp tip of his shish kebob sword, Zack slashes a perfect "Z" into the Maitre D's white shirt-front.

ZACK

(continuing)

That's my calling card. Remember it. The "Z" that stands for Zack.

(backing away)

Until we meet again.

He hurls his shish kebob sword into an overhead rafter where it sticks, reverberating back and forth. Then, with a final wave to the astonished diners, Zack bounds across the room to Gilbert who smiles with hero worship.

GILBERT

That was the greatest thing I ever saw.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Maitre D' screams to his waiters.

MAITRE D'

Get them!

ZACK

(to Gilbert)

Grow wings, my friend.

GILBERT

Are you kidding? I'm so full I
can hardly move.

The Waiters charge. Zack and Gilbert race to the garden wall and start scaling the ivy. Zack reaches the top, grabs the struggling Gilbert by the seat of his pants and hoists him up and over.

EXT. STREET

They tumble off the wall and land in a heap on the sidewalk.

ZACK

Made it.

Several waiters come flying around the corner after them. Zack and Gilbert scramble to their feet and sprint down the middle of the street.

GILBERT

(huffing and
puffing)

I feel sick.

The waiters chase close at their heels. Up ahead a doorman is helping two elegant middle-aged ladies into the back of a black stretch limousine.

Before he can close the door, Zack and Gilbert push him aside and hop in.

INT. LIMO

Zack shouts to the driver.

ZACK

Hit it!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The limo screeches off, leaving the doorman and the enraged waiters far behind.

Gilbert leans across the two terrified passengers, hangs his head out the open window and loses two hundred dollars worth of fine French food.

Zack grins at the two revolted matrons.

ZACK

Don't worry, ladies, it was all perfectly proper. The white wine came up with the fish.

EXT. STREET CORNER

The limousine pulls over and the two ladies abandon ship, running off into the night.

INT. LIMO

LAUGHTER comes from the front seat. The driver swivels around and grins at Zack and Gilbert. It's a girl, wearing an oversized chauffeur's cap -- backwards. Beneath it, her hair erupts in haystacks of howling orange. Her name is SAM and she speaks with a screeching Queens accent.

SAM

Thanks a lot, you guys. You just cost me a big fat gratuity. Not to mention I'll probably get canned.

ZACK

Suppose we hire you for the rest of the night.

SAM

Money talks and bullshit walks.

Zack whips out the gold card.

ZACK

Is this loud enough for you?

With a smile, Sam snatches the card and runs it off on her portable machine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM
We'll work out the numbers
later. Okay, into the night.
(pulling into
traffic)
By the way, I'm Sam.

ZACK
Glad to meet you. I'm Zack
and this is Gilbert.

SAM
How you doing, Gilbert?

GILBERT
(very pale)
I think I need some air.

ZACK
Sam, could you pull over and
follow behind us? Gilbert and
I need to take a little stroll.

SAM
Sure thing.

EXT. EAST SEVENTIES

Zack and Gilbert get out of the limousine and stroll
down the sidewalk.

ZACK
(glancing at his watch)
Seven hours to go. I think it's time we
found some women.

GILBERT
You may not know this to look at me, but
I'm not the most outgoing guy in the world.

ZACK
(feigning surprise)
No, really?

GILBERT
It's true. I'm real shy with women.

Zack stops suddenly and spins to face Gilbert directly.

(CONTINUED)

ZACK

I wasn't going to say this because you don't strike me as the kind of guy who needs his ego stroked. Gilbert, when I look at you two words spring into my mind. Do you know what those two words are?

GILBERT

No.

ZACK

Sexual magnetism.

GILBERT

(doubtful)

Sexual magnetism?

ZACK

(nods vigorously)

You've got it. It drips off you like maple syrup off waffles.

GILBERT

Really?

ZACK

You've just got to learn to let it out.

They start walking side-by-side.

ZACK

(continuing)

Part of it is presentation. Right now you walk like a constipated polar bear, no offense.

Gilbert we see has a tight-assed shoulder-hunched walk.

ZACK

(continuing;
acting it out)

Pull back those proud shoulders. Breathe into your belly. Feel your feet.

Gilbert, following instructions, is walking like a crippled penguin.

ZACK

(continuing)

Think Richard Gere. Think American Gigilo.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ZACK (CON'T)
(thrusts his
groin forward
as he walks)
Lead with your balls. Slink,
Gilbert, slink.

Gilbert starts to feel the rhythm. They move side-by-side, hopping like Latinos on ludes.

ZACK
(continuing)
Good. Beautiful. Now add a
little Travolta. The strut,
Gilbert, the strut.

Gilbert is swinging into high gear. Zack starts to sing.

ZACK
(continuing)
Bop, bop, bop... stayin' alive
... stayin' alive...

No one has ever jived like these two. They dance and boogie down the street in high strutting form. Sam HONKS THE HORN and glides up beside them.

SAM
Hey, you guys look like you're
coming down with Saturday Night
Fever.

ZACK
Better park that land yacht
and join us.
(laughing)
I don't think I could get
Gilbert to stop if I tried.

Sam pulls over and parks. She hops out, dressed in bright orange pants and a satin bomber jacket. She joins the boys as they continue to bop down the sidewalk.

SAM
So, Gilbert, you up for a
little dancing?

GILBERT
(happily)
Try and stop me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM

We're in luck. I know this
really happening place around
the corner.

CUT TO

EXT. THE DEAD RAT CLUB

A big "CLOSED" sign hangs over the entrance. The club
OWNER, a sweaty nervous man in his forties with a green
Mohawk haircut is addressing a belligerent crowd of
bizarrely dressed PUNKERS and NEW WEVERS. Nearly a
hundred in number, they spill out into the street.

Zack, Gilbert and Sam appear on the fringe.

OWNER

They shut me down for serving
drinks to minors. I'm not
going to be able to reopen
for another month. I'm sorry,
kids, but those are the breaks.

The kids BOO and HISS. Zack suddenly steps up along-
side the owner, holding up his hands for silence.

ZACK

(with a mischievous
grin)

This isn't the only club in
town. I know a place you
won't believe. The wildest,
craziest, most swinging place
in all New York.

CUT TO

INT. ROSELAND

The big band sound of Glenn Miller's "Moonlight Serenade".

CAMERA IS CLOSE on a huge glittering silver ball sus-
pended from the ceiling. Light bounces off it as it
spins, transforming the ballroom into a celestial heaven.

ELDERLY COUPLES

swirl around the dance floor to the musical syncopations
of BUDDY HART AND HIS HOBOKEN HEPCATS.

BUDDY HART

pushing eighty but looking dapper in his white roll tux and black hairpiece, smiles from the bandstand as he leads his geriatric orchestra through "Moonlight Sere-nade" for perhaps the one millionth time.

THE BALLROOM DOORS

swing open and a tide of punkers sweeps into the room, lead by Zack, Gilbert and Sam.

The music grinds to a dead halt. The dancing stops as the elderly couples turn to regard the new arrivals in stunned surprise.

The punkers stop abruptly and gape back in equal amazement. The two alien cultures regard each other from opposite sides of the room. No one speaks. No one moves.

ZACK

detaches himself from this wax museum tableau and begins to walk toward the bandstand, his footsteps echoing throughout the hushed ballroom. His face is without expression and he walks with grim determination.

All eyes, young and old, are focused upon him as he climbs the steps to the stage, crosses to the microphone and lifts it from its stand.

A long pause. It's so quiet you could hear a pin drop.

Zack slowly looks around the room. A broad smile breaks across his face. Raising the mike to his mouth, he lets out a bloodcurdling scream.

ZACK

LET'S PARTY!!!

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE PRECINCT

The DESK SERGEANT answers the ringing phone and listens for a moment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SERGEANT

Problem at Roseland? Are you
kidding me?

(laughing)

What happened? Somebody spike
the Geritol?

CUT TO:

INT. ROSELAND

A spectacle beyond imagination.

The blast of MUSIC is nearly deafening. On the dance floor, the youngsters and the oldsters party together, performing a curious blend of the jitterbug and slam dancing. They seem to be having the times of their lives.

ON THE BANDSTAND

An orchestra that is half big band and half new wave belts out a frantic punk version of the old standard "Blue Moon".

GILBERT

of all people, wearing dark glasses, is behind the microphone, dancing and belting out the lyrics.

ZACK AND BUDDY HART

both enjoying themselves immensely, are leading the band in tandem.

SAM

stands near the bandstand, her eyes closed, rocking to the beat. An SLICK GIGILO TYPE sidles up behind her and puts his hand on her ass.

SAM

(without opening
her eyes)

Don't fuck with me, fella.
I've got herpes, aids and pre-
menstrual syndrome.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM (CON'T)

Any second I'm liable to grab a chainsaw and cut you down the middle.

The gigilo beats a hasty retreat. Sam LAUGHS to herself.

ZACK

turns away from the band and claps an arm around Gilbert's shoulder. He gestures to the young people and old-timers rocking out together.

ZACK

Look at them. They're happy tonight and that's enough. In a way, Gilbert, it doesn't matter whether you live or die tomorrow.

GILBERT

(nodding happily)

I know. If this is my last night... what a way to go!

The MUSIC is growing louder.

ZACK

This is my last night, too.

GILBERT

(shouting)

I can't hear you!

ZACK

(grinning;

shouting back)

I know!

Sam climbs up onto the crowded stage. She taps Zack on the shoulder and shouts into his ear.

SAM

Mind if I join in?

ZACK

Help yourself.

Sam slings an electric guitar over her head, plugs it into an amp and starts wailing away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZACK
(impressed)
You're pretty good.

SAM
You ain't so bad yourself.

GILBERT

suddenly abandons the mike the starts break-dancing on the forestage. He locks and pops, drops to his back and spins gracefully on one shoulder.

ZACK

nearly collapses with laughter.

FROM THE BACK OF THE BALLROOM

A shrill POLICE WHISTLE cuts through the din of noise as THIRTY COPS press into the place. A POLICE CAPTAIN with a megaphone steps forward.

CAPTAIN
You are creating a public disturbance. I'm ordering you to leave at once.

The music stops abruptly. Zack grabs the stage mike.

CONTINUED:

ZACK
This is a private party...
and from the looks of you,
I'd say you weren't invited.

The crowd CHEERS.

CAPTAIN
You are under arrest!

Gilbert takes the mike from Zack.

GILBERT
You can't arrest him!

The Captain points at Zack and Gilbert.

(CONTINUED)

CAPTAIN
I want those two!

GILBERT
(to Zack)
Is that us?

ZACK
That's us.

Six cops charge the bandstand. Zack and Gilbert plunge off the stage and push through the crowd toward a door marked "Stairs".

ZACK
(shouting back to
the cops)
Sorry, guys, no autographs!

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP

Zack and Gilbert race over a landscape of TV aerials and water tanks. Behind them, police WHISTLES SOUND the chase.

Zack and Gilbert come to a sudden halt at the edge of the roof. A chasm of ten feet opens up between them and the next rooftop.

GILBERT
Trapped like rats.

(CONTINUED)

SHOUTS AND FOOTSTEPS approach from behind.

ZACK
(calmly)
I guess we'll have to jump.

GILBERT
Jump? Are you crazy? That's
eight stories down there. Have
you ever seen a bug squashed on
a windshield?

Zack lets loose a gleeful cackle.

ZACK
Nobody lives forever.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He measures off a good run from the edge.

GILBERT
Will you please stop this insanity? This isn't a Batman comic!

ZACK
(with a smile)
See you on the other side, Boy Wonder.

With that he sprints forward, reaches the edge and launches himself into the abyss.

FROM BELOW

Zack is a small object sailing through space.

ROOFTOP

Zack lands, does a tuck and roll and comes up grinning.

ZACK
Ta da.

Gilbert lets out a massive breath of relief.

ZACK
You can do it, Gilbert. To use an expression I know you're going to like, it's a piece of cake.

GILBERT
No, no, no! Never!

TWO COPS approach behind him.

ZACK
You can do it, Gilbert. I promise. Just run and jump! Run and jump!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gilbert looks back at the advancing cops and almost without thinking, takes a run at the edge.

ZACK

(crazed)

Yes, yes! Go for it!

Gilbert picks up speed, doing his version of an all-out sprint.

ZACK

(continuing)

Come on, Gilbert!

GILBERT'S POV

Beyond the edge of the roof, a black abyss opens up.

ROOFTOP

Ten feet from the edge, Gilbert suddenly realizes what he's doing, screams "Noooo!" and applies the brakes.

He screeches, skids, trips and hurtles over the edge.

ZACK

rushes forward in terror.

GILBERT

His bulk is wrapped around a high tension wire that runs from the roof to the street below. He starts to slide down it.

GILBERT

Heeeellllpppp!!!

He picks up speed, zipping down the wire.

WIDE ANGLE

Gilbert, screaming all the way, slides eight stories in two and a half seconds.

STREET BELOW

Gilbert hits the ground running.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Unable to stop himself, he runs right into the back of the waiting paddy wagon which fate has placed in his path. A cop slams the rear doors shut and the wagon accelerates into the night.

CUT TO:

INT. TOMBS - NIGHT

Gilbert, escorted by two guards, is marched down a long dark jail corridor. Hands reach out from behind bars and grope at him. SCREAMS and MOANS are heard in the distance.

A cell door CREAKS open and Gilbert is flung inside.

GILBERT

This is a mistake!

INT. CELL

The door slams shut behind him. Gilbert looks around, trying to adjust his eyes to the dark. In one shadowed corner, two red glowing eyes stare back at him. In another corner, three chalk-white men, bone skinny and nearly naked, huddle together.

A large rat skitters underfoot.

Gilbert turns in response to a hulking figure stepping toward him. A six and one-half-foot DRAG QUEEN wearing a red wig, too much makeup and a mink stole towers above him. Lust smolders behind the heavy mascaraed eyes.

DRAG QUEEN

(in a deep
croaking voice)

Do you believe in love at first
sight?

Gilbert's teeth chatter and his knees begin to buckle. Just then, KEYS JANGLE in the lock as the cell door is opened part way.

GUARD

Glasky.

GILBERT

(hurrying over)

Yes?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUARD
Your lawyer's here.

GILBERT
(confused)
My lawyer?

The Guard opens the door the rest of the way to reveal Zack standing there in an immaculate three-piece suit, wearing horn-rimmed glasses and carrying an attache case.

ZACK
Mr. Glasky, your arraignment comes up in fifteen minutes.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM

A crowded night court. Zack and Gilbert sit side-by-side at the defense table. Gilbert is muttering to himself.

The JUDGE, a stern gray-haired man, bangs his gavel.

Before the prosecutor can say a word, Gilbert jumps up and rushes to the bench.

GILBERT
(desperate)
Your Honor, this has been a terrible miscarriage of justice. I'm an accountant, Your Honor, an accountant. Nothing like this has ever happened to me before.

JUDGE
(to Zack)
Will the defense attorney please restrain his client?

GILBERT
(pointing at Zack)
Attorney? That man's not an attorney. That man's a raving lunatic! He kidnapped me, Your Honor, in cold blood. He stole an ambulance. He took the wallet from a dead man. He forced me into a helicopter with a crazy pilot and made it crash into Romeo and Juliet. He made me run out on a check.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GILBERT (CON'T)

Your Honor, I always tip fifteen percent. I'm a C.P.A., Your Honor.

(turning on Zack)

Arrest this man! He's a threat to Western civilisation and all mankind!

Gilbert has totally exhausted himself. He slumps down in his chair. Zack stands up, his face a mask of calm and sincerity.

ZACK

Your Honor, every word this man has uttered is true. I did kidnap him from a hospital. I did force him to joyride with a corpse. I did make him go up in a helicopter with an insane war vet and yes, I did force him to make ~~a~~ a cameo apperance in Romeo and Juliet. I'm guilty of these things and more. But I did them for a reason, Your Honor. I did them because Mr. Glasky may only have a few hours to live.

The people in the courtroom GASP sympathetically.

ZACK

(continuing)

I'm guilty. Guilty of wanting to show him the best night of his life. This is a good man, Your Honor, the best man I know. Don't punish him, punish me.

(lowering his voice)

Take me away. I'll go peaceably.

A long silence. SNIFFLES are heard in the courtroom. The Judge wipes something from his eye and speaks with slow deliberation.

JUDGE

Never in my life have I heard such a total crock of shit.

ZACK

Thankyou, Your Honor.

JUDGE

In a perfect world I'd throw you and your client in jail.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JUDGE (CONT'D)

But due to extreme overcrowding
I'm forced to drop the charges,
Mister Glasky, and release you in
the custody of your lawyer.

GILBERT

(jumping to his feet)
Not that! Anything but that! Put
me back in jail! I'll take my
chances with the drag queen!

The Judge bangs his gavel. Zack pulls Gilbert down the
aisle to the exit.

CUT TO:

EXT. COURTHOUSE - NIGHT

Gilbert emerges first, followed by Zack who tosses his
horn-rimmed glasses and attache case into the nearest
trash bin. Sam, waiting at the curb with the limo,
rushes up to meet them.

SAM

You got him off! Fantastic!

Gilbert, angry, walks right past her and goes to the
curb where he tries to hail a cab. Zack and Sam ex-
change looks.

After a moment, Zack appears at Gilbert's side.
Gilbert, having no luck in finding a cab, lowers his
arms. His body sags as he stares down at the sidewalk
in defeat.

GILBERT

(quietly)

I tried to be somebody else. I
just couldn't pull it off.

ZACK

That's not true. You can be
somebody else. You can be anybody
you want. When you were a kid,
what was it you wanted to be more
than anything else?

Gilbert frowns and walks away.

GILBERT

I just want to go back to the
hospital.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZACK

(tagging after him)
Oh no you don't. Not until you
tell me what you wanted to be.

GILBERT

I just want to be left alone.

ZACK

(stops)
Alright. You want to be left
alone. I'll leave you alone.

GILBERT

Good.

Zack hesitates a moment, then with a shout rushes at
Gilbert and jumps on his back. Gilbert spins in en-
raged circles but Zack hangs on like a monkey on an
elephant's back.

GILBERT

(continuing)
Get off!

ZACK

Not 'til you tell me what you
always wanted to be. If I'm going
to make your dreams come true,
you've got to cooperate.

GILBERT

I (thrashing)
I don't want my dreams to come
true!

ZACK

Oh yes you do!

They go tumbling to the pavement. Gilbert lands on top
and grabs Zack by the lapels.

GILBERT

(shaking him violently)
Why can't you leave me alone? Why
do you have to keep pushing me and
pushing me? Why do you have to
make my life so miserable?

ZACK

(choking and gurgling)
Because... I... like... you.

The words move Gilbert. He releases his grip and rolls
off, lying on the sidewalk beside Zack. For a moment
neither speaks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZACK
(continuing;
quietly)
So... what was it you always
wanted to be?

GILBERT
I always wanted to play for the
Yankees.

Zack jumps up and pulls Gilbert to his feet. He
whistles to Sam down the block. The limo SCREECHES up.

ZACK
(pushing Gilbert in)
Yankee Stadium, Sam, and step on
it!

CUT TO:

EXT. WILLIS AVENUE BRIDGE - NIGHT

The limo crosses the bridge to the Bronx. Yankee
Stadium rises in the distance.

CUT TO:

EXT. YANKEE STADIUM - PARKING LOT

The limo comes to a SCREECHING halt at the edge of the
huge parking lot. The dark stadium looms in the b.g.
Our three heros pile out. Crouching low, they zig-zag
commando style across the lot.

CHAIN LINK FENCE

Zack scrambles up. At the top he reaches down to give
Gilbert a hand while Sam pushes from below. Gilbert
tries but it's hopeless.

SAM
Don't nobody panic. I've got an
idea.

She pulls a long pin out of her chauffeur's cap and
jabs it into Gilbert's rear end. With a shriek,
Gilbert sails right over the top.

SAM
(continuing)
Roger, Houston. We have liftoff.

TUNNEL

Their FOOTSTEPS ECHO back dreamily as they travel through a dark passageway beneath the stands. Gilbert rubs his tender ass.

PLAYING FIELD

A cloud passes in front of the moon, enveloping the stadium in inky darkness. Like dots moving across an expanse of landscape, Zack, Gilbert and Sam make their way out to the pitcher's mound.

Gilbert looks around, a warm smile spreading across his face.

GILBERT

My dad used to bring me here. We used to sit right over first base. We'd eat hot dogs and my dad would drink beer. Those were the happiest days for me. Even today all I have to do is bite into a hot dog and I'm happy.

A voice calls across the field to them.

WATCHMAN (O.S.)

Who's out there?

With a series of loud BOOMS the stadium lights explode on, illuminating the entire park. Our heroes blink into the glare as an elderly WATCHMAN in a Yankees cap hobbles out to them.

WATCHMAN

(continuing)

Alright, just who do you think you are?

ZACK

Why, this is Gilbert Glasky, the Yankees' biggest fan.

WATCHMAN

(looking Gilbert up and down)

He sure is.

GILBERT

I know this is going to sound crazy but ever since I was a kid I've had this fantasy about hitting for the Yankees.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GILBERT (CONT'D)

I've always wanted to stand in the batter's box just like Mickey and Rog and Reggie. We've been out on the town tonight and I wanted to come here... we didn't mean any harm. Do you understand?

The Watchman studies Gilbert intently.

WATCHMAN

I guess maybe I do.

His craggy face breaks into a smile and his ancient eyes shine like a young boy's.

WATCHMAN

(continuing)

You aren't the first ones to sneak in here, you know. The oldest maybe but not the first. I imagine you'll be needing an umpire.

He turns his cap around backwards and takes his position behind home.

WATCHMAN

(continuing)

Play ball!

Gilbert, Zack and Sam regard each other and grin. Zack strides out to the mound. Gilbert steps into the batter's box, brandishing an imaginary bat. Sam, playing catcher, crouches in front of the Watchman.

ZACK

(announcer's voice)

Here we are, ladies and gentlemen. Seventh game of the World Series. This one is for all the marbles. Dodgers leading one to nothing, ninth inning. Two outs. Willie Randolph is on first and it all comes down to Gilbert Glasky, the feared Yankee slugger.

Gilbert pounds the plate and takes a ferocious stance.

ZACK

(continuing;
acting it out)

Valenzuela goes into the stretch, checks Randolph at first, rears back and fires.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gilbert swings and misses.

WATCHMAN

Strike one!

Sam tosses the imaginary ball back to Zack.

ZACK

The slider fooled Glasky.

(rubs up the ball)

Valenzuela goes into the stretch.

He shakes off the sign.

Sam wags two fingers at Zack. He nods.

ZACK

(continuing)

Valenzuela winds up and delivers!

Gilbert takes the pitch.

WATCHMAN

Ball!

ZACK

Fast ball high and away.

Valenzuela checks Randolph at first and fires.

Zack throws and Gilbert lets it go by.

WATCHMAN

Ball!

ZACK

Two and one. Glasky is showing the keen eye and steady nerves he's famous for.

(acting it out)

Valenzuela goes into the stretch and fires!

Gilbert takes a wicked cut and misses.

WATCHMAN

Strike two!

ZACK

Glasky went for the fences on that one. There hasn't been a swing like that since Babe Ruth played the game. The count is two and two. Valenzuela takes a deep breath.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZACK (CONT'D)
(taking a deep
breath)
Steps to the rubber. Rears back
and fires!

Zack hurls to the plate, Gilbert takes the pitch.

WATCHMAN
Ball!

ZACK
Just inside! What nerve and
courage Glasky possesses.

Gilbert steps out of the batter's box and knocks imaginary dirt from his imaginary cleats. He rubs dirt into his hands and steps back into the box. There is a look of determined focused fire in his eyes.

ZACK
(continuing)
Glasky looks ready. The count is
full. Two hundred million
Americans await the outcome of the
next pitch.
(acting it out)
Valenzuela goes into the stretch,
checks Randolph at first, turns to
the plate and fires!

We GO INTO SLOW MOTION.

Gilbert, eyes ablaze with determination, swings powerfully and connects.

Zack turns and follows the flight of the towering drive.

Sam and the Watchman stand up in amazement, their eyes follow it through the night sky.

Upper deck. We almost see the ball land deep in the stands behind left field.

The MUSIC SWELLS and fifty thousand FANS SCREAM their lungs out as Gilbert triumphantly rounds first. There is joy in his face as he shakes his fist victoriously at the heavens.

He rounds second, then third. Zack, pounding his back, runs with him for home.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gilbert comes down on home plate and Zack grabs him in a hug. Sam and the Watchman join the celebration and the four of them dance and hug as the SCREAMING SOUND OF THE FANS DIES DOWN. We COME OUT OF SLOW MOTION.

There is a moment of quiet and then Gilbert tilts his head back to the fat full moon and lets out a glorious full-hearted howl. Zack looks on like a proud father.

Gilbert lets loose with another howl, even bigger than the first. Zack can't restrain himself and together they howl in triumph at the moon.

LONG SHOT - YANKEE STADIUM

ablaze in the night. The moon sits over the stadium as faint but distant HOWLS RING into the night.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMOUSINE

Zack, Gilbert and Sam are crammed into the front seat as it streaks back to the city. Gilbert sits quietly in thought. With sudden determination, he slams his fist on the dashboard.

GILBERT

Kelly!

SAM

Who's Kelly?

ZACK

The girl who holds the key to
Gilbert's heart.

GILBERT

Zack, if you want to help me, if
you really want to help me,
there's one more thing we have to
do.

ZACK

My sword is yours, sire, now and
always. What's it to be? Storm a
castle? Kill a dragon?

GILBERT

I wish it were that easy.

CUT TO:

INT. PLAZA HOTEL - BANQUET ROOM

Through open doors we see a festive engagement party in full swing. Beautiful couples dine and dance.

CAMERA PANS OVER to a phone booth outside the doors where Kelly is engaged in a serious conversation.

KELLY

(into the phone)

What do you mean he's not there?
He's scheduled for an operation tomorrow. Let me speak to his doctor. I'm not getting off this phone until you let me talk to someone in charge.

(the line goes
dead)

I don't believe this. The hospital hung up on me.

She hangs up, a worried expression on her face. As she steps out of the phone booth, Duane steps up from behind and slips his hands around her waist.

DUANE

Checking on Gilbert again?

KELLY

I'm worried, Duane. He's not in his room.

DUANE

Maybe he sneaked out to McDonald's for a midnight snack. Come on, it's time to make the formal announcement.

KELLY

I think I should go to the hospital.

DUANE

We've got seventy-five people costing me a hundred bucks a head in there. What's more important? Our engagement or that fat accountant?

KELLY

That's not the point, Duane.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUANE
(flaring)
Maybe it is.

He grabs her by the wrist and pulls her into the banquet room.

CUT TO:

EXT. PLAZA HOTEL - NIGHT

Out front a mounted policeman drops off his horse and starts to write parking tickets. Seated across the street in the front of the limo, Zack, Gilbert and Sam check out the hotel entrance.

SAM
What's the plan of attack?

GILBERT
We need a diversion.

ZACK
Leave that to me. Diversion is my middle name.

CUT TO:

INT. BANQUET ROOM

A hush falls over the room as Duane stands at the head of the long table. He acknowledges his beautiful people guests and begins to speak with ease and confidence.

DUANE
My friends, I'm going to get introspective here for a moment. I have, over the years, gotten the reputation for being a ladies man. I'm not going to deny it, there's too much evidence to the contrary.
(pauses for their laughter)
I've heard people say, "Duane Thomas? He'll never settle down. The lady who snags him is going to have to be one hell of a broad."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kelly squirms uncomfortably beside him, a frozen smile on her face.

DUANE

(continuing)

Well, I'm here to tell you that
I've found that hell of a broad.

He touches Kelly's shoulder and her eyes flash with embarrassment.

DUANE

(continuing)

Just kidding, babe. Good thing
for me she's got a sense of humor.
Anyway, I guess you know why
you're all here so let's make the
formal announcement.

(raising his
champagne glass)

Ladies and gentlemen...

He is interrupted by the SOUND OF A FORK TAPPING LOUDLY against a water glass. Attention swings to the end of the table where Zack is comfortably seated, tapping his glass and smiling in a perfectly relaxed manner.

He stands up and addresses the guest, clearing his throat.

ZACK

I just couldn't let this
opportunity pass without saying
a few well-chosen words on
Duane's behalf.

Duane, upstaged, sits back down, wondering who this person is.

ZACK

Duane, I just have to tell you
how much your speech moved me.
Never have I seen a man so much
in love. With himself.

A few TITTERS of LAUGHTER.

DUANE

(whispers to Kelly)

Who is this guy?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELLY

(amused)

I thought you knew him. He seems to know you.

ZACK

Some men are born with silver spoons in the mouth. Duane was born with a silver spoon in his butt.

More LAUGHTER. Duane is seething.

ZACK

(continued)

Duane may look like an asshole and act like an asshole but don't let that fool you. He really is an asshole.

Duane jumps up in outrage.

DUANE

Throw this bum out!

Two of Duane's buddies grab Zack from behind.

ZACK

(struggling)

Wait a minute! I'm on a roll!

At that moment the banquet doors burst open and Gilbert gallops into the room astride the police horse. Guests overturn tables and chairs to get out of his way. Zack lets out a cheer.

ZACK

(continuing)

The Cavalry has arrived!

Gilbert steers the horse right up to the main banquet table. Women scream and men shout in outrage.

Kelly looks on in total disbelief. Gilbert reins the horse to a stop, does an awkward belly slide off and approaches Kelly. Everyone else, including Duane, looks on like mute zombies.

Kelly can't help but smile as Gilbert comes to the table and takes her hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELLY

Gilbert, what are you doing here?

GILBERT

You invited me, didn't you?

KELLY

Yes, but...

GILBERT

I came here to say what I should have said a long time ago. I came here to tell you what's in my heart. I love you. I love you heart and soul. As big as I am, my love for you is bigger.

Kelly is shocked but clearly moved. Zack, grinning broadly, mouths an "All right!"

Duane, however, has a different reaction. He rises slowly from his chair, a smirking smile on his face.

DUANE

Gilbert, that was the single most pathetic speech I have ever heard in my life. Look at me and look at you. I can run a mile in five minutes, do a hundred pushups and make love for hours. Kelly adores me and who can blame her? Kelly, ask this clown to leave before he embarrasses himself any further.

Gilbert touches Kelly on the cheek and looks her directly in the eye.

GILBERT

I am fat and maybe even a little ridiculous but make no mistake. I love you, Kelly.

Kelly looks from Gilbert to Duane. Duane is smiling with superiority and shaking his head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She looks back at Gilbert's sincere face and makes the only possible decision.

KELLY

Gilbert, get me out of here.

Zack cheers. Gilbert lifts Kelly over the banquet table. He mounts the horse, reaches down and pulls her up behind him.

The horse rears up magnificently, then carries Gilbert and Kelly out of the room.

ZACK

tears himself free of Duane's buddies. He leaps up on the banquet table, runs the length of it and dives into the air, catching hold of the chandelier trapeze-style. He swings over the heads of the guests and lands in the doorway, turns and gives the stunned assemblage a devil-may-care wave.

ZACK

Let's do this again real soon.

With that, he is gone.

DUANE

growling with subhuman anger, charges after him, followed by three of his buddies.

EXT. PLAZA

Gilbert and Kelly gallop out of the lobby entrance and down the steps to the amazement of arriving and departing guests, including the unmounted policeman. Gilbert spurs the steed and they take off toward Central Park.

Zack streaks down the steps a few moments later hotly pursued by Duane and company.

From out of nowhere comes the limousine. It SCREECHES to a stop for the split second it takes Zack to dive in through the open rear window, then peels out, fishtailing into traffic.

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTRAL PARK

against a moonlit sky. As they gallop along, Gilbert and Kelly begin to laugh. She tightens her grip around Gilbert's waist, turning it into a hug, and lays her cheek against the back of his shoulder.

After a moment, they are overtaken by the limo. Zack hangs halfway out the passenger window.

GILBERT

Kelly, I want you to meet Zack and Sam.

KELLY

(to Zack)

That was some speech you gave.

ZACK

It was straight from the heart, just like Gilbert's. What do you think of the new improved 1984 Glasky?

KELLY

I think he's lost his mind. But I think I have, too.

This is almost more happiness than Gilbert can bear. He reins the tired horse to a stop. Sam stops the limousine next to a large reflecting pool. A fountain sprays water into the clear night air.

As Zack gets out and helps Kelly dismount, Sam runs around and gives Gilbert a big hug.

SAM

You know something, Gilbert? I'm actually a little jealous of her. I hope somebody feels that strongly about me some day.

GILBERT

I hope so, too, Sam.

Gilbert turns to admire Kelly who is talking with Zack out of earshot. When she sees that Gilbert is watching her, Kelly walks over and takes his hand.

They move off and disappear into a cluster of trees. Zack and Sam exchange sly smiles.

GILBERT AND KELLY

Hand in hand, they walk along a tree-lined trail in silence. There is a newfound awkwardness between them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They both start to speak at the same time and laugh.

KELLY

What am I doing here, Gilbert?
And with you? Do you always break
up engagement parties on
horseback?

GILBERT

Now and then.

KELLY

I had no idea you felt that way
about me.

GILBERT

I thought you knew. I thought it
was obvious.

(stronger)

You knew, you always knew. Come
on, admit it.

KELLY

Well, maybe I thought you had a
harmless little crush on me.

GILBERT

What was harmless? Me or the
crush?

Kelly turns to him grinning, teasing.

KELLY

Both.

Gilbert looks at her intensely.

GILBERT

I'm not harmless anymore.

He takes her in his arms and kisses her passionately.

KELLY

(breathlessly)

No, I guess you're not.

(slight beat)

Gilbert, Zack told me how serious
your operation really is.

GILBERT

(smiling)

So that was just a mercy kiss?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELLY

No.

She kisses Gilbert again forcefully.

CUT TO:

ZACK AND SAM

are leaning against the grill of the limousine.

SAM

You and Gilbert sure do hit it off. I guess you've known each other a long time.

ZACK

I'll say.

(looks at his watch)
Almost twelve hours.

SAM

Twelve hours?

ZACK

For some people twelve hours can be a whole lifetime.

SAM

(smiling)
You know something, Zack? I like you.

ZACK

I like you, too.

SAM

What you did for Gilbert tonight was really special.

ZACK

Who says I did it for him? Maybe I wanted a last fling myself.

SAM

Last fling? What do you mean?

The limo HORN HONKS loudly, startling them. They whirl around. From out of the shadows four figures appear... Duane and his buddies.

DUANE

Where's Kelly and the fat man?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZACK

They went looking for you. They wanted to tell you they're going to name their first child after you.

SAM

(nodding)

We think Asshole is a great name for a kid.

DUANE

Spare me your wise ass crap. Where's that pudgy turd Gilbert?

Zack stands his ground and smiles defiantly.

ZACK

You want him, you're going to have to come through me.

DUANE

My pleasure.

With a blood-curdling karate scream, Duane launches himself into the air. He lands a vicious flying kick which sends Zack sprawling.

SAM

You sonovabitch!

Two of Duane's buddies restrain her while another picks Zack up and spins him back to Duane who executes a series of nasty gut punches. Zack falls to the ground, then bravely staggers back up, groggy and bruised.

ZACK

Okay, now you're really in trouble...

Zack comes at him. Duane sidesteps and delivers several vicious punches to Zack's face.

DUANE

(as he punches)

After they finish wiring your jaw, tell your blimp friend he's a dead man.

From behind comes a clear strong voice.

GILBERT

Tell him yourself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

All heads turn to discover Gilbert standing erect in silhouette against the moon. Kelly appears behind him.

GILBERT
(continuing;
slowly)

Take your hands off my friend.

Duane releases Zack who crumples to the ground.

DUANE
No problem. I want you.

KELLY
If you so much as touch him,
Duane...

GILBERT
It's okay. This is between him
and me.

He steps forward. As a warm up, Duane executes a series of vicious karate kicks and punches in the air. A violent, beautiful kata.

DUANE
(relishing this)
For ten years I've been studying
karate and I never knew why. Now
I know. So I can demolish your
fat ass, doughboy.

GILBERT
That's Mister Doughboy to you.

Duane and Gilbert charge each other. Duane throws a spinning round kick which lands squarely on Gilbert's chest and a powerful straight right to the chin. Gilbert goes flying to the dirt.

He staggers to all fours. Duane snaps an upper kick to Gilbert's chin, knocking him on his back.

KELLY
You bastard, Duane!

She charges at Duane but a buddy grabs her and pins her screaming against the limo.

Gilbert struggles to his feet. A wide grin breaks out across Duane's face.

DUANE
Oh, goody. You want more.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Duane charges forward and throws a vicious right. Gilbert reaches up and catches the fist in his huge hammy hand and begins to squeeze. Duane gapes in disbelief just before his eyes cross with pain.

GILBERT

(with a smile)

And to think I used to be afraid
of you.

With his other hand Gilbert drives a powerful blow into Duane's stomach. Duane gasps as the air whooshes out of him.

Gilbert launches a right and left which snap Duane's head back. The punches are not book perfect but they have Gilbert's weight and force of righteousness behind them.

With a surge of superhuman strength, Gilbert takes Duane by the lapels and lifts him high overhead. As Duane whimpers, Gilbert begins to spin him around and around like an airplane propeller. Then, with a great shout, he flings Duane through the air.

Duane lands with a huge splash in the center of the reflecting pool where he sits idiotically, dazed and defeated.

Gilbert whirls on Duane's three amazed buddies.

GILBERT

Who's next?

The buddies shake their heads, muttering "Not me." They pull Duane from the pool and shuffle off into the night, carrying Duane between them.

Sam helps Zack to his feet.

ZACK

(wobbly)

That was some demonstration,
Gilbert. It's a good thing you
showed up when you did or I might
have killed the guy.

KELLY

(to Gilbert)

I hate to admit it but I loved
seeing Duane get his ass kicked.

SAM

I second that emotion.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The women hug Gilbert.

Zack, smiling with satisfaction, silently watches the celebration. It's as if he wants to remember this moment always. Slowly he turns and begins to walk away, picking up his pace as he goes.

EXT. FIFTY-NINTH STREET

Zack stands at the corner, waiting for a break in the traffic. Gilbert rushes up to him.

GILBERT

What's wrong? Where are you going?

Zack puts a hand on Gilbert's shoulder.

ZACK

Tonight has been the best night of my life.

GILBERT

Mine, too.

ZACK

Look, I'm sorry but I can't be with you at the hospital.

GILBERT

Why not?

ZACK

There's an appointment I have to keep.

GILBERT

An appointment at dawn? Alright, we'll do it together.

ZACK

No, it's something I have to do alone. Promise me something.

GILBERT

Sure. Anything.

ZACK

Promise me you'll live.

GILBERT

I'll try.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

93.

There is anger in Zack's eyes.

ZACK

That's not good enough. I have to
know you'll make it.

Their eyes meet for a long moment. Gilbert nods with
certainty.

GILBERT

I'll make it.

Zack smiles and abruptly turns away. He crosses the
street and hops into the back of a taxi.

INT. TAXI

as it pulls into traffic. Zack's face is emotionless.

ZACK

(to the driver)

Take me to the nearest bridge.

(slight beat)

Make that the middle of the
nearest bridge.

EXT. FIFTY-NINTH STREET

Gilbert, confused, watches the cab disappear down the
street. The limousine pulls up beside him with Sam and
Kelly in the front seat.

SAM

Where's Zack?

GILBERT

Something's wrong. Slide over.

He opens the driver's door and gets behind the wheel.
He throws the limo into gear and tears off down the
street in pursuit of Zack's cab.

INT. TAXI

Zack sits calm and stoic in the backseat.

EXT. STREET

The limo races in pursuit, weaving through traffic.

CUT TO:

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - LONG SHOT - DAWN

As the sun begins to rise, Zack's cab pulls over in the middle of the span. Zack steps out and looks up at the bridge's overhead support beams.

THE LIMOUSINE

SCREECHES up a moment later and pulls over to the side of the bridge. Gilbert, Kelly and Sam hop out as cars whiz past them. Kelly points upward.

KELLY

There he is!

THEIR POV

Zack climbs with determination up the metal rigging of the bridge on his way to the top.

BELOW

Gilbert, Sam and Kelly run to the side railing beneath him.

GILBERT

(shouting)

Zack, come down from there! You could get yourself killed!

ZACK

(from above)

That's the idea, Gilbert!

GILBERT

There is fear in his eyes as he looks up at Zack, growing small against the dawn sky. He hesitates a moment, then takes a deep breath and starts to climb the rigging.

Emitting low whimpering noises, Gilbert climbs hand over hand, higher and higher. He tries not to look down for fear he'll pass out.

GILBERT

Zack, don't make me do this. You know I hate heights.

ZACK

(from above)

Go away, Gilbert. The night is over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gilbert continues to climb with heroic determination. He finally reaches a long narrow cross beam and hauls himself up on it.

Zack stands a few feet away, staring down at the dark churning water, the wind whipping his hair. An unlit cigarette dangles from his mouth.

ZACK

Hi, Gilbert. Got a match?

Gilbert clings terrified to the rigging.

GILBERT

I hate you for this, Zack. Of all the awful things you've done to me tonight, this is the worst.

ZACK

Gilbert, this wasn't just your last night on the town. It was mine, too.

GILBERT

But why?

ZACK

You've seen me out there. I don't fit in. They're right about me. I'm crazy. I'm a certifiable nut.

GILBERT

(after a moment)

Can I talk you out of it?

ZACK

What? You mean make one of those maudlin life-affirming speeches that people make at moments like this?

GILBERT

(nodding)

Can I at least try?

ZACK

(shrugs)

Oh, go ahead.

GILBERT

(nervous; trying
not to panic)

Okay. Let me think... What about... no, that won't work... uh...

(CONTINUED)

ZACK

Hurry up or I'm going to jump out of boredom.

GILBERT

Okay, I think I've got it.

(with a dramatic
sweep of his hands)

There's a world out there, Zack!
Look at it. Look at those
lights. All that promise, bright
and shining.

ZACK

There's something familiar about
this speech.

GILBERT

It can be a great place if you'll
just let it. You taught me that.
You taught me how to live. I want
to live, Zack, but I may die. I
don't have a choice but you do.
It takes guts to go back down
there, more guts than it takes to
jump. I've got the guts to live
now, thanks to you. How about it,
Zack? Have you got the guts to
live? I'm willing to bet that you
do.

(a beat)

That's all I've got to say. I'm
climbing back down there and I'm
hoping you'll come with me.
Because if you jump, everything
you've taught me will be a lie.

Gilbert, beaming confidently, turns and starts to climb
back down. With a WHISTLING SOUND, Zack's body falls
THROUGH FRAME behind him.

As Zack hits the water a hundred feet below, Gilbert,
without hesitation, jumps after him.

WIDE ANGLE - THE BRIDGE

as Gilbert drops through space, SCREAMING all the way.

GILBERT

Wait... I can't swwwiimmm!!!

THE RIVER

Gilbert hits the icy water with a tremendous splash and sinks out of sight. A moment later he bursts to the surface, spouting water and churning his arms. He searches frantically for his friend.

GILBERT

Zack!

Zack comes thrashing to the surface a few feet away.

ZACK

Goddamn! This water's cold!

GILBERT

Zack!

ZACK

(surprised)

Gilbert, what are you doing here?

GILBERT

I'm trying to save your miserable life! Why did you jump?

ZACK

I didn't jump, I slipped.

They desperately try to tread water.

ZACK

(continuing;
laughs)

Looks like we drown together.

GILBERT

No way!

They grab at each other, each trying to rescue the other. They thrash and kick and by working together, gradually make their way toward shore.

RIVERBANK

Gasping and sputtering, they crawl up on the bank of the East River. Zack looks over at Gilbert who is busy spitting up water.

ZACK

Alright, if it means that much to you, I'll live.

(CONTINUED)

GILBERT
(smiling)
Don't do me any favors.

Zack starts to laugh.

GILBERT
(continuing)
What's so funny?

ZACK
Life. We survive a hundred foot
fall, save ourselves from drowning
and now we've got to go to the
hospital where they'll probably
kill you.

Gilbert joins in laughing.

GILBERT
They probably will.

They roar together, two laughing fish beached on the
bank of life.

CUT TO:

INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY

A full surgical team but no patient. The SURGEON looks
at the wall clock. Ten after eight.

SURGEON
I've got a ten o'clock tee off.
Where's the goddamn patient?

The double doors fly open and Gilbert strides in, soaking wet, tearing his shirt off.

GILBERT
Here's the goddamn patient.
(hopping up on
the operating
table)
Let's get this show on the road.

He grabs the ether mask and puts it over his own face.
He turns and looks through the glass of the operating
theatre where Zack, Kelly and Sam watch.

Gilbert gives them the thumbs up signal and then passes
out.

CLOSE ON

the worried faces of Zack, Kelly and Sam as the operation begins. All three wipe tears from their eyes.

CUT TO:

A BIER OF FLOWERS

Somber ORGAN MUSIC... which suddenly swells with life and turns into "The Wedding March".

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Gilbert, handsome in his gray cutaway, as he and his lovely bride Kelly turn away from the altar where they have just become man and wife.

Best man Zack hands the Minister the gold card. The smiling preacher whips out his portable machine and runs it off.

Zack gives his arm to the maid of honor who happens to be Sam wearing a lovely off-shoulder knife-slashed gown.

EXT. CHURCH STEPS

As they come through the front doors, Zack turns to Gilbert.

ZACK

Have fun in Niagra Falls. I'd come along but something tells me you can handle this on your own.

As Kelly and Gilbert come down the steps, the wedding guests crowd around them tossing rice. Many of the faces are familiar. Gilbert's mother. The Old Watchman. Several punkers. Buddy Hart and his Hoboken Hepcats.

As they reach the sidewalk, Gilbert and Kelly turn to Zack.

GILBERT

Where's the car?

ZACK

Car? What car?

KELLY

Well, usually when you get married, it's customary to drive off in a car.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

100.

A sudden ROARING, a sudden wind. Zack laughs as a familiar helicopter sets down in the middle of the street festooned with pom-poms, streamers and a sign on the tail that reads "Just Married."

THE CRAZY PILOT

waves from the cockpit. He grins and gives them the thumbs up signal.

GILBERT AND ZACK

Gilbert starts to laugh.

GILBERT

Oh no.

ZACK

Oh yes.

Gilbert turns to Kelly.

GILBERT

What do you think?

KELLY

(with a laugh)

What are we waiting for?

Zack gives Gilbert the thumbs up. Shaking his head happily, Gilbert returns the gesture. He grabs Kelly's hand and together they run to the waiting chopper and climb on board.

As it lifts off into the sky, Kelly tosses out the wedding bouquet.

THE BOUQUET

flutters down to earth. Two hands grasp it simultaneously. Sam and Zack, sharing the bouquet between them, look at each other in happy surprise.

THE HELICOPTER

flies into the bright blue sky, banks left and grows small against the awesome New York skyline.

FADE OUT.

THE END