

CRAZY PEOPLE

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A Comedy by
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EXT. A FREEWAY - DAY

It is 9 AM. It is hot and the traffic situation is not good. EMORY LEESON, a crisply dressed, capable, heavily preoccupied executive bundle of heart attack material in his thirties sits in one of the cars. He is so annoyed and so late for work he doesn't realize that he has been listening to an evangelist screaming on the radio.

EMORY

Listening to an evangelist without realizing it. Wow.

He switches the radio off and frantically checks his watch. It is nine-twenty. He tries to edge his car forward, but there is no place to go; he throws his head out of his car and screams at the miles of cars stalled in front of him:

EMORY

(continuing)

GO! JUST GO! IF YOU JUST GO,
THERE WOULDN'T BE TRAFFIC!

This has no effect. A well groomed, self satisfied, and therefore annoying man on a car phone looks at him.

INT. CREATIVE EXECUTIVE HALLWAY - CONTINUING

Young executives run down this hallway, coat tails flying. STEPHEN BACHMAN, an aggressive, fit executive in his mid-thirties comes out of his office. He paces nervously.

SECRETARY

I think you'd better go up.

EXT. THE CITY

Thousands of commuters pile into buildings, but Emory is still in his car waiting on line to get into a parking structure. A parking attendant seems to take some joy putting up a sign that says "Lot Full" in front of Emory's Volvo station wagon.

Emory stifles a scream and backs up. He nearly backs into some people with packages. Behind a fat man is a CRAZY PERSON dressed in leotards and rock climbing gear who smiles a broad, toothy grin for no particular reason.

INT. EXECUTIVE HALLWAY

Stephen waits frantically as the last few executives file in past a large oak door marked "Chas. F. Drucker, President."

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING

Emory funnels his way through a revolving door with the rest of the white collar work force.

INT. EXECUTIVE HALLWAY - CONTINUING

Stephen wipes sweat from his jaw. He finally slips into the Drucker office just as the door is closing.

INT. DRUCKER'S OFFICE

DRUCKER, a strong, solid, well heeled, healthy man of 60 heads the firm and presides over this staff meeting of aggressive, tight young executives.

DRUCKER

Andersen and Powell. Did you check with research for that new Nabisco cracker?

YOUNG EXEC.

(enthusiastically)

The product is positioned and ready to go.

DRUCKER

Bachman and Leeson I haven't heard from in over a week.

STEPHEN

Sir, we are a tad behind this week due to excessive demands from...

DRUCKER

You were a "tad" behind last week. You have everything in two days or find another career.

INT. EXECUTIVE HALLWAY

The executives file quickly out of Drucker's office. They are met by their secretaries and interns like Europeans are met at airports by anxious relatives.

MARK OLANDER, a junior executive whose designer eye glasses fall from his nose, hands Stephen a sheath of papers.

OLANDER

Signature for Bosche and Lomb.

Stephen signs the forms. Emory walks past him.

STEPHEN

(to Emory)

You are in shit, my friend.

Emory enters Stephen's office. Stephen follows him in and the door slams shut on us.

INT. STEPHEN'S OFFICE - CONTINUING

Stephen's is a small, spotless office. A large window frames the hazy city behind it.

STEPHEN

Talk.

EMORY

There was traffic. Trucks were high-jacked. I mean, you know, jackknifed.

STEPHEN

(incredulous beat)

You don't have anything, do you? What the hell is going on?

EMORY

(beat, shrugs)

Writer's block? Maybe I'm all written out.

STEPHEN

(flying off)

That happens to authors, Emory! After 80 or 100 years of writing thick, complicated epic novels. We write slogans. Stupid little slogans that go next to pictures in magazines. Nobody runs out of those.

EMORY

It's more complicated than that. 'Ads' may be a more vital stimulus than we realize.

STEPHEN

What are you talking about? The Chrysler proofs. Where are the Chrysler proofs??

EMORY

I thought we decided to go with the Lee Iococca thing, where he's lying on an air mattress saying: "If it's good enough for Frank Sinatra, it's good enough for America," and then we see Frank Sinatra laughing in a Le Baron on top of a cliff.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEPHEN
(incredulous)
What? We did not say that!

EMORY
I mean how much can you really say about a Chrysler and still be honest with yourself. People don't care about Lee Iococca. He's like a relative you can't get rid of who keeps coming over for something to eat.

STEPHEN
He runs the fucking company!

EMORY
I don't even like Chryslers. They're not sporty. Have you seen the people who drive Chryslers lately? People with long sideburns and emotional problems. Face it. We lie for a living. That's not easy for me to digest anymore.

STEPHEN
(somber)
You want a leave of absence?

EMORY
Of course not. I love my work.

STEPHEN
Is everything ok with Cheri?

EMORY
Finer than ever.

STEPHEN
(sober beat)
Emory, you are my partner; you have a responsibility to me, and we're in a critical spot. Drucker would want me to take you off this if there's a problem. I need to know if you can handle this.

EMORY
Oh, absitively: I just have to position the products right in my mind. Go for a kind of slant that works for me, internally.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEPHEN

What?

EMORY

A hook. I need the right hook.

Stephen waits a beat and looks his friend over. He has to make a fast decision and he has no choice.

STEPHEN

Ok. We'll grab an early lunch.
I'll give you a revised list, and
you'll just have to pump them out.
Let's go.

WE FOLLOW Emory and Stephen into the hallway.

EMORY

I've probably just been a little
tired. But you can count on me.
I love advertising. It's in my
bones. It's also in the what do
you call it-- in between the
bones-- the ligaments. It's in
my ligaments.

Stephen hasn't heard a thing. He presses for the elevator.

STEPHEN

You have 48 hours: I want
Chrysler, Volvo, Jaguar, AT&T,
Greek Tourist Bureau, and the
magazine proofs for Camel Filters.
I recommend the one with the guy
on the horse. The one you tried
last week with the guy on the bow
of the ship was ridiculous. It
looked like the ocean was putting
the cigarette out.

In a rare, warm moment Stephen lets his guard down and laughs. There is a peaceful beat as each takes a private moment. The elevator bell breaks their reverie. Stephen gets serious; he steps into the elevator.

STEPHEN

(continuing)

You have 48 hours; Emory, I'm
trusting you.

EMORY

I love trust. Trust is a
beautiful thing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The door begins to close but Emory is not in the elevator. Stephen throws his hand forward to stop the doors from closing. Emory heads for a door marked "Fire Exit."

STEPHEN

Where are you going?

EMORY

(opening a door)

We always take elevators. I'll meander down this way.

STEPHEN

(realizing)

It's a hundred and twenty seven flights.

But Emory's gone; the elevator door shuts.

INT. EMORY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The clock reads midnight. Emory walks up to the bed where his fiancée, CHERI JACOBSEN, a tall, pretty, soft skinned blond woman in her early 30's sleeps. He looks down at her in a way that betrays some sadness. He gently kisses the nape of her neck, careful not to awaken her.

INT. EMORY'S STUDY

3 AM. Emory stares at the papers that pepper his work easel. Every page is blank.

Emory picks up a baseball glove and pensively throws a ball into the pocket. He takes a stance like a ball player about to see some action at second. He throws the ball up a little too high, and has to make a flying leap to prevent it from crashing into a lamp. He puts the ball and glove down and sits back down.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. EMORY'S STUDY - DAY

Emory, his head resting on blank pages, awakens to the sounds of the clanking of dishes and the voices of children.

INT. EMORY'S KITCHEN

Cheri's children from a previous marriage JASON, 6, and VERONICA, 5, eat animatedly and play breakfast games. Cheri makes coffee. Emory meanders in exhausted. He examines a banana.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMORY
Isn't fruit the greatest?

JASON
I'm a rocket ship, you're a lunar
probe and we are crashing into
an asteroid! BOOM!
(explains)
We crashed.

CHERI
You were in there all night?

EMORY
Something's not clicking.

A car horn honks. Cheri looks at her son.

CHERI
Jason, let's go.

JASON
(ignoring her)
I'm probing now with special
transmitters designed by Israelis.
Then all of a sudden...KABOOM!
I just killed a virus.

VERONICA
You're an idiot.

CHERI
(to both kids)
Emory and I need to talk now and
your car is waiting.

JASON
You get to talk all the time.
And you're not even married yet.

EMORY
But we're going to get married.
Won't that be fun?

JASON
It'll be shit. I want my real
Daddy back.

CHERI
I'm asking you to go now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JASON

And I'm telling you we're not ready!

EMORY

(kidding, to Cheri)

This family is so big. When we get married, Cheri, would we actually need each child?

Veronica and Jason jump up immediately.

EMORY

(continuing, re Jason)

Incidentally, where does he go mornings?

Cheri waits, not quite sure of the question.

CHERI

He goes to school. He's six. Where else would he be going?

EMORY

(shrugs, straight)

I don't know. I thought he might be holding down a job somewhere. Maybe for the city.

(laughs)

Just kidding. Ha ha!

(then off Veronica)

What does she do?

Cheri looks at him for a concerned beat. The kids look back, then get the hell out of the house. Cheri clears the dishes.

CHERI

It's not going to work for me.

EMORY

Having doubts is part of...

Emory reaches toward her, but she pulls away. A cup breaks.

CHERI

It's not doubts. I can't picture myself with you for the rest of my life. You know I feel that way, but you ignore it.

EMORY

You often flip-flop on this issue.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHERI

It's not working for me, Emory.
I told you that. Why do you hang
in there like an old dog.

EMORY

Because I love you, I imagine.

CHERI

You love someone who's not in love
with you. Is that smart?

EMORY

I know there are rough edges...

CHERI

It's not rough edges. I don't
really like you. There. I said
it.

EMORY

Why not? I'm nice...

CHERI

Maybe I just don't like nice
people. There's no challenge to
them.

EMORY

What about friendship? What about
affection and caring?

CHERI

You refuse to look at what's
there.

EMORY

What I prefer to look at is the
fact that I care for you. That
being with you gives me purpose.
It makes me feel... lucky. I even
like your kids, strangely enough.

CHERI

How can you know what you like?
You don't say what you really
feel. You bury everything. You
don't look at the facts until they
jump up and bite you in the ass.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHERI (Cont'd)

Well they're jumping up and biting now:

(takes a breath)

I'm going away. I've been promised a job at a small newspaper in San Diego, and I'm taking it.

EMORY

San Diego? That's a scuba diving place. Everyone there goes Scuba Diving. Even the elderly.

CHERI

It's warm. The people are nice. The decision is made.

EMORY

(a gentle appeal)

Don't do this. It's really a terrible time. I try so hard for you. I love you, Cheri.

CHERI

That's your problem. If you're going to love, love intelligently. I'm sorry.

She turns away, icy and beautiful, then turns to him suddenly. Her words are charged with tacit hostility.

CHERI

(continuing)

I have to find a decent pair of shoes today and I'd really like to shop with a clear head.

Emory gets the message. He sighs, rises, takes his portfolio with him, and leaves the house as Cheri quickly clears the table. Emory re enters.

EMORY

I forgot to say good-bye.

(beat, thinks, then)

Good-bye.

INT. EMORY'S CAR - DAY

Emory is stuck in traffic. He watches the self satisfied Mercedes drivers talk into car phones.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING

Emory funnels his way through a revolving door.

INT. EMORY'S OFFICE

Emory stares intensely at blank pages on the easels. Executives peer into his office and try to get in, but the door is locked. Stephen tries to get in. Emory waves him away, yelling cheerfully:

EMORY
Going beautifully. Have
everything for you shortly.
Lovely day, replete with sunshine.

When Stephen leaves, Emory's cheerful smile disappears and he sits back down at the empty easels. He plays with crayons.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. EMORY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Emory sips coffee. In POV people flood the streets below on their way home. Emory sits back down at the easels. His sheets are still blank.

EXT. EMORY'S DRIVEWAY

Emory pulls into his driveway. It is dark. A lone dog barks in the night.

INT. EMORY'S HOUSE - CONTINUING

Emory walks in exhausted, his tie loose, work under his arm. The house is in disarray. In the kitchen, cupboards are open and mostly empty. There are a few empty packing boxes on the table. Emory walks upstairs. The children's room is empty; their toys are gone and the beds are bare. Across the hall in Emory's bedroom only his clothing remains in the closets. Tears flood his eyes. He steps on a toy.

WE FOLLOW him down the hallway and back to the study. He sits. He takes a pencil in his hand and begins to work. He sketches and draws feverishly; he does not stop.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. EMORY'S STUDIO - MORNING

The sun begins to rise. Emory works, exhausted, but enervated. He puts a finished proof on a large pile of work.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING

Emory funnels through the revolving doors of his building. Suddenly from the distance a man with a lavender scarf, a winter coat, white buck shoes and an Air Force helmet with candy bars and pennies taped to it comes forward and says:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CRAZY PERSON

Tidy Bowl Man of the Hour: I can
sell you a pair of lavender
snorkel sandwiches. And we're
talking below cost. You in?

Emory backs away from him a little startled and says:

EMORY

Don't be ridiculous.

INT. EXECUTIVE HALLWAY

An elevator door opens and Emory runs out. Stephen and Olander,
who have been waiting for him run with him.

STEPHEN

Do you know how late you are?!

EMORY

Good news! I'm over the block!
You know what the problem was?
Psychological. Resentment for
deliberately misleading the
public. But I made the adjustment
and now I no longer have any cause
to feel guilty about what I do.

STEPHEN

(a sotto scream)

Are you fucking crazy?

EMORY

I like your cologne. Fresh and
airy, with a hint of the sea.
Vaguely reminiscent of baked
flounder, but without the
unpleasant ammonia odor.

STEPHEN

You were supposed to show me these
before the meeting.

They stop in front of Drucker's door. Olander checks his watch.

OLANDER

Sir, I wouldn't wait another
second.

Emory walks right past Stephen into Drucker's office. The door
shuts. HOLD ON it.

INT. DRUCKER'S OFFICE

Drucker looks at Emory's work, combing through it, confused. His face turns red. He looks up at Stephen, then at Emory.

DRUCKER

Is this some fucking joke?

INT. EXECUTIVE HALLWAY

Stephen bursts through Drucker's door and moves quickly through the halls, black with rage. Emory follows him meekly.

STEPHEN

I begged you to let me see these.

INT. CREATIVE EXECUTIVE HALLWAY

An elevator opens and Stephen, livid, storms toward his office, Emory in tow. When they enter Stephen's office the door slams shut on us.

INT. STEPHEN'S OFFICE

Stephen grabs the sketches and hurls them against the window. He grabs Emory and picks up the proofs.

STEPHEN

(incredulous)

"BUY VOLVOS. THEY'RE BOXY, BUT
THEY'RE GOOD?!"

And that is what this 'ad' says under a picture of a Volvo and a serious, middle aged man with glasses. We read the copy on the proof as Stephen reads it aloud:

STEPHEN

(continuing)

"WE KNOW THEY'RE NOT SEXY. THIS
IS NOT A SMART TIME TO BE SEXY
ANYWAY, WITH SO MANY NEW DISEASES
AROUND. VOLVOS ARE SAFE. BE SAFE
INSTEAD OF SEXY.

And below that in bold letters comes the finish:

STEPHEN

(continuing)

"BUY VOLVOS. THEY'RE BOXY, BUT
THEY'RE GOOD."

(incredulous)

Are you fucking crazy?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMORY

(explaining)

I thought it would appeal to a no nonsense type consumer.

STEPHEN

Who in the fuck ever heard of advertising that a car is boxy? Answer me!

EMORY

They are boxy. An intelligent buyer knows that. Don't get me wrong, Steve. I really like what we do. But let's not fool the public anymore. Let's stop lying, Steve. Let's level with America.

STEPHEN

WE CAN'T LEVEL, YOU CRAZY ASSHOLE! WE'RE IN ADVERTISING!

EMORY

This mouthwash kills germs, this dishwashing liquid softens hands... Seriously, do you know anyone who soaks their hands in dish soap? If you saw your mother soaking her hands in dish soap you'd call an ambulance, wouldn't you?

STEPHEN

Oh, this is lovely. Truth in travel.

Stephen shoves an 'ad' in front of Emory's nose. It consists of two photos: The one on top is obviously Paris. A crusty, French man with a sneer, a beret, and a cigarette hanging from his lip stands in the foreground with the Eiffel Tower in the distance. Stephen reads it out loud as we see it:

STEPHEN

"FORGET FRANCE. THE FRENCH CAN BE ANNOYING."

At the bottom is a stunning shot of Corfu and a gentle, smiling elderly native couple on an Adriatic beach. Stephen reads:

STEPHEN

(continuing)

"COME TO GREECE. WE'RE NICER."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMORY

So?

STEPHEN

YOU DON'T ADVERTISE ONE COUNTRY
BY BAD MOUTHING ANOTHER!

EMORY

The French pride themselves on
how annoying they can be. In
Paris they have contests. They're
eligible for big prizes.

Stephen shoves the next 'ad' at Emory. It's a full page drawing
of a man who shrugs next to a box of a Quaker cereal. Stephen
reads:

STEPHEN

"QUAKER CINNAMON CEREAL WITH OATS
AND BRAN. DOES THIS CEREAL TASTE
GREAT? NOT REALLY. BUT SO WHAT?
MOST CEREALS TASTE PRETTY CRAPPY
ANYHOW."

(quietly realizing)

This is truly nuts.

Stephen turns a poster over. It looks like every other car 'ad'
that features a lithe, seductive model of 20 lasciviously
holding onto the stick shift of a sleek, gold Jaguar. In bold
letters across the bottom, WE SEE what Stephen reads:

STEPHEN

(continuing)

"JAGUAR. SLEEK, AND SMART. FOR
MEN WHO'D LIKE HAND JOBS FROM
BEAUTIFUL WOMEN THEY HARDLY KNOW."

EMORY

That's what these 'ads' always
mean. Men buy these cars because
of it. So why not just come out
and say: "We know what you want.
Here it is; this is for that."

STEPHEN

Time to take a walk.

EXT. CITY PARK - CONTINUING

Stephen and Emory walk contemplatively, old friends. Leaning
against the wall of a building a lunatic proclaims truth as he
sees it. He wears sandals wound with string, "clam digger"
pants and a pair of underwear on his head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMORY

Maybe I just need some rest.

LUNATIC

Billfolds, partners of ecstasy!
Pants creases, going all ways
doing very fine bed progressions,
cable-wise. Portofino!

STEPHEN

Everything ok with Cheri?

EMORY

(nods with assurance)
Absitively.

STEPHEN

Is she willing to see a
counsellor?

Emory shakes his head, resolute.

EMORY

She said she didn't think it was
appropriate.

STEPHEN

Maybe you should call someone
yourself.

EMORY

I'll be fine. I appreciate your
concern.

LUNATIC

I'm not in it for the trees, phone
people of singular demand.

EMORY

Hey, did you ever consider that
the stuff these guys say might
have some kind of weird validity?

STEPHEN

This guy is crazy, Emory. He
wears Fruit of the Loom underwear
on his head.

LUNATIC

They are also beset by borscht
addiction! And I'll tell you
something.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUNATIC (Cont'd)

An addiction to borscht is a very sad thing. Herein lies the answer: Cocoon makers is it. Cocoon makers fly grease buttons through the sky!

EMORY

(laughs hysterically)
You're right! He is nuts! It's so obvious! Cocoon makers don't fly grease buttons through the sky. Grease buttons are too burly. They fly 'em through dust patterns.

LUNATIC

(looks up, surprised)
That's right. They do.

STEPHEN

Come on. I'll take you home.

EXT. EMORY'S DRIVEWAY

Stephen pulls the car into the driveway. Emory gets out, smiling a little out of context. Stephen takes a key from Emory's pocket and unlocks the front door.

INT. EMORY'S HOUSE - CONTINUING

They walk inside. Stephen's heart falls. The house is empty.

STEPHEN

(long beat)
What happened?

EMORY

(long beat)
About what?

STEPHEN

Where's Cheri?

EMORY

(long beat)
She went to the cleaners.

STEPHEN

(long beat)
She took all her belongings, drapes, appliances, rugs, to the cleaners?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMORY

Yes. She's insecure.

STEPHEN

I want you to call this man first
thing tomorrow. His name is Tom
Matthews. He's a psychiatrist.
(hands him a card)

EMORY

(carefully examining
card)

This is paper, isn't it?

STEPHEN

I want you to call him.

EMORY

I will; I'll use the telephone.
They're great for just that sort
of thing.

INT. A SAVINGS BANK - DAY

Emory stands on line. He wears a colorful pastel kimono and
Roman gladiator sandals.

EMORY

The beauty of kimonos is that they
let your behind breathe.

Emory addresses a woman with two children in a baby stroller.

EMORY

(continuing)

Pardon me, ma'am. Did you fuck
somebody to get those kids?

Emory throws his hands on his hips and strikes an effeminate
pose waiting for an answer in a very shocked bank.

INT. EMORY'S CAR

Emory sits in his car. It is hot and the traffic is bad. He
spots a self satisfied looking man in a luxury car on a car
phone. Emory gets out of the car, opens the driver's door,
grabs the phone, hangs it up, and yells:

EMORY

Talking on car phones annoys other
drivers.

The people in other cars cheer, but he can't hear them because
they're in cars.

INT. EMORY'S STUDY - NIGHT

The night is stormy. Emory sketches 'ads' quickly on the easel and transfers them quickly to large, finished piles on his desk. He laughs, enjoying the thunder.

INT. STEPHEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Stephen's on the phone. Emory bursts into his office with piles of 'ad' layouts.

STEPHEN

(frantic, hanging up)

I gotta go.

EMORY

You gotta see these. I'm reaching new heights and I want you to experience the joy.

Emory begins to unravel the stack of 'ads' before Stephen can do anything. He reads the 'ads' aloud as they are revealed to us. The first is a Camel Filters 'ad' which features a rugged looking cowboy on a horse, sun setting red behind him, cattle grazing. We see the bold copy as Emory reads:

EMORY

(continuing)

"IF YOU'RE RISKING CANCER,
SHOULDN'T YOUR CIGARETTE DELIVER
REAL FLAVOR? SHOULDN'T SOMETHING
THAT MIGHT MAKE YOU DIE REALLY
TASTE GREAT?"

Then in the large block letters it says:

EMORY

(continuing, reads)

"CAMEL FILTER LIGHTS. PULMONARY
CANCER? -- PERHAPS. FLAVOR? --
FOR SURE."

STEPHEN

(checking hallway)

Emory, you should not be here.

But Emory unravels an 'ad' for life insurance that features a family mourning someone in a coffin. Next to that is a photo of the same family getting happily into a couple of Mercedes convertibles near a house by a lake. WE SEE it as Emory reads:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMORY

"WE KNOW YOU LOVE HIM. BUT IF
HE HAPPENS TO DIE, WE GIVE YOU
TWO MERCEDES AND A SUMMER HOME.
WOULDN'T THAT BE NICE, TOO?"

(showing Stephen)

And, of course, the John Hancock.

The third 'ad' is another split picture. On top is a photo of a sleek MacIntosh computer. In the photo below is a larger, bulkier machine made by IBM. Across the photo of the Apple it says boldly:

EMORY

(continuing, reading)

"OURS. OURS IS GOOD."

Across the lower photo of the IBM the bold caption reads:

EMORY

(continuing)

"THEIRS. THEIRS SUCKS. AND THEY
KNOW IT."

STEPHEN

(quietly realizing)

You are out of control.

He presses his intercom, his eyes riveted to Emory's face.

EMORY

It's the truth! Isn't it great?
What an exciting dominion to
behold in advertising: Saying what
we really mean! This will be big!

Stephen's secretary rushes in with another man. They look down, shocked. And we see why. Because when WE PULL BACK, WE SEE that except for his crisp shirt and tie Emory wears no clothes. Pasted to his bare backside is a small, professionally printed placard that reads: "ADVERTISE YOUR PRODUCT HERE: FOR INFORMATION, CALL TOLL FREE."

INT. EXECUTIVE HALLWAY

Stephen, his secretary and the other man move Emory toward the elevator as they attempt to hoist his pants up.

EMORY

Don't you all realize that by
wearing clothing you're wasting
very valuable advertising space?

Stunned personnel watch as Emory is led out.

INT. STEPHEN'S CAR

Stephen battles mid day traffic as Emory makes faces at drivers and presses his lips to the window. He wiggles his bare feet.

EMORY

You know what? Toes are hilarious. I'm just realizing that now.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

Stephen's car careens down two lane highways that bisect farms. Emory sleeps.

EXT. BRIGHTON HOSPITAL

This is a serene, bucolic, high end mental health facility, an estate of lush, rolling grounds surrounded by woods and hills. A main house in the middle of eight or so mowed acres stands proud and solid in this traditional New England setting. There are more than a few seemingly abnormal patients about. A group plays volleyball without a ball. Emory watches disparagingly as a chubby man named JUDGE who wears a makeshift black robe, bifocals, and knee socks hits the make believe ball.

EMORY

If this place is supposed to cheer me up it's not working.

Stephen takes Emory's bags out of the car.

JUDGE

(yells to players)
We should forget this fake ball game and go to a real ball game. Did I ever mention that I really love baseball?

HSU, a thoughtful Korean answers as he takes the fake ball.

HSU

Approximately eight thousand times.

JUDGE

(miffed)
You know, Koreans are very smart, but they're not great on the road. We've seen Koreans drive. Didn't you once tell me a cop stopped you and gave you a ticket for "driving while Korean."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HSU

That was not for publication.

STEPHEN

Emory, I'm late.

Emory grabs a bag. It pops open spilling clothes and personal items onto the ground. Nearby a tall man with a flushed face digs earth with a button. His name is BRUCE.

EMORY

You won't get far digging a hole with a button, maestro.

BRUCE

It's not a button. It's a shovel.

EMORY

(off shirt buttons)

Oh? Then what are these?

BRUCE

(closely inspecting)

Those are little shovels. You should try buttons. For shirts, you're much better off.

A woman in the distance argues with a chair. Another patient speaks casually with a tree.

EMORY

(fast, to Stephen)

Get me out of here.

DR. CYNTHIA BAYLOR, a handsome woman in her mid thirties walks quickly from the main house accompanied by ERIC, an orderly.

DR. BAYLOR

Mr. Bachman? Dr. Baylor. We spoke on the phone. Dr. Koch, our director, is out of the country at the moment, but I think I can answer any questions you may have.

EMORY

(to Dr. Baylor, re Stephen)

He's a profoundly busy executive. Very distracted. In fact, his girlfriend hasn't had an orgasm since the Kennedy administration.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEPHEN

(tense)

Can we do this. I'm very late
for several things.

Dr. Baylor gestures for Eric to take Emory's bags. Baylor takes Emory around the shoulder and begins walking him inside.

EMORY

I don't like it here. They better
not have any 'singles' functions
here. Have you ever seen the size
of the noses of the people who
go to those things. Scary stuff.

INT. BRIGHTON HALLWAY

The hall is dark and cool. Pictures of founders line the walls. Stephen yells into the receiver of a hallway pay phone.

STEPHEN

What am I going to do? I'm 80
miles away.

INT. STEPHEN'S OFFICE

Mark Olander, Stephen's assistant, is on the phone in Stephen's office. INTERCUT.

OLANDER

They need signed authorization...

STEPHEN

I know what they need, but I'm
admitting a friend of mine to a
mental institution now and I can't
be back there. The proofs are
in my office. Take them and give
them to David with my ok. Or
check the classifieds because
you'll be out of work.

Olander hangs up. There's a small neat pile on the desk, but he misses them and picks up the unwieldy stack of Emory's 'ads' from the couch. He runs them out.

INT. EMORY'S ROOM

It's a sunny cheerful room with hardwood floors and pastoral art. From two large corner windows we see the grounds. In POV WE SEE patients in slippers peer in for a look as Emory, Baylor, and Stephen stand there a little awkwardly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMORY

Thanks for taking me, Steve. I appreciate it. You did quite a bit of silent farting in the car, but who's counting?

STEPHEN

Emory, take care of yourself.

Stephen sighs, turns, and leaves.

EMORY

(to Baylor)

I don't intend to stay here.

DR. BAYLOR

You're going to have to.

(checks watch)

In fact, I'd like you to attend a support session that starts in a few minutes.

EMORY

I know what that is. Group therapy. I know this is a mental institution. People play fake volleyball here, and gallivant around in blue hospital slippers. But I won't, because I'll tell you right now, my problems will not be solved by socializing with odd little people who talk to themselves, play fake games, and wear those depressing blue slippers.

It begins to rain and Baylor leaves.

EMORY

(continuing)

Great. First a mental institution now rain.

A girl walks into Emory's room. KATHY is a young woman with a soft, caring, open face, long slender legs, breasts of paradise and a twinkle in her eye. Her beauty paralyzes him.

KATHY

Want to go to a support session?

EMORY

I'll need slippers. I like blue.

INT. DRUCKER FIRM - TRAFFIC OFFICE

We FOLLOW Olander through a hallway into an office where a stocky MAN in shirt-sleeves refuses the stack of material.

MAN
I can't do it. These aren't
authorized by anyone.

OLANDER
If you don't push these through
I'm going to lose my job.

He reluctantly takes the materials.

INT. BRIGHTON HALLWAY

Emory and Kathy walk through the halls. GEORGE, a swarthy man with a squint mutters the word "hello" many different ways.

KATHY
That's George. He only says
'Hello.' It's the only word he
says he has affection for.

A WILD EYED WOMAN stares directly at Emory and queries him.

WILD EYED WOMAN
Cartza max. Alka baxioni rebock
severaxo; rococo malted?

EMORY
Could you rephrase that?

KATHY
You'll see that being here
encourages us to alter certain
preordained ways of thinking,
often forcing us to accept the
diverse ways of others.

EMORY
I like your philosophical
inclinations. I'm also delighted
by your waist size.

INT. DAY ROOM - CONTINUING

We move into a bright room off the hall where people have begun to congregate. SAABS, a smiling man with a cherubic face combs through several Saab owners manuals and makes points with Bruce. Judge and Hsu also listen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAABS

Let us then move on to discuss the fuel injection system of the 900 series compared with those of the '73 Saab 90 LS which has a manifold system second to none, bar some.

JUDGE

(long, pensive beat)
You're a lunatic.

KATHY

His name is Saabs. They call him that because that's all he talks about. Saabs. All models 1976-1988.

MORT, a fiftyish red faced man with a goatee and a string tie tells a joke to the wall.

KATHY

That's Mort. All he wants in life is to be a comedy writer and move to Hollywood. He tells jokes but they never make sense.

MORT

(pulls out pages)
Kathy! Whoa! Got some real killers for ya. Worked 'em up at breakfast. There's a Jew, a Cuban and a gorilla. The Jew says "Wanna buy or lease a cockroach?" The Cuban says 'Yes.' Then a Pakistani woman with packages says something funny which I forget...

WILD EYED WOMAN

Severaxino. Palatio contiglatori, in grace mus, vexata, fine contracted di benedettos.

BRUCE

(translating)
She says it's a stupid joke that's not funny and doesn't make sense.

MORT

So I'll sell it to tv.

A solid, powerfully built Latino man named ROBLES walks over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROBLES
I'm Manuel Robles. I'm Latino
and I enjoy it. Incidentally,
I'm macho.

BRUCE
Incidentally you're crazy.

ROBLES
Also true.

The tall, ungainly Bruce extends his hand to Emory.

BRUCE
Bruce Concannon. How's being in
a mental hospital so far?

EMORY
I like the parking situation.

MORT
Now that's funny. May I borrow
that sometime?

GEORGE
Hello. Hello. Hello.

BRUCE
(to George)
Why not move onto another word?

GEORGE
I haven't mastered this one yet.

Judge comes running to Emory. He wears a NY Yankees hat.

JUDGE
Hi new person! Are you the angel
sent to us by the Almighty Scalper
bearing tickets to all upcoming
Yankee home games?

BRUCE
The man is obsessed.

ROBLES
Hey. Which would you rather have?
A ball game or a night of steamy,
unbelievable sex with a girl.

JUDGE
Where's the girl from?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROBLES

Yale.

EVERYONE

Ball game.

Over the above, Dr. Baylor has entered and the room quiets down. Saabs reluctantly puts down a book he is reading, entitled Turbo Exhaust Systems of the Series 900.

DR. BAYLOR

Today we're going to talk about something we rarely talk about.

ROBLES

Worm
ranching.

JUDGE

Saliva.

MORT

Morgan .
Fairchild.

BRUCE

Animal by-products.

DR. BAYLOR

Feelings. Feelings that we feel versus feelings that we don't.

MORT

"The Feelings that We Feel". I'm writing that up as a song and selling it right to Barry Manilow.

DR. BAYLOR

And if we're not accurately experiencing our feelings, we need to find the path to them. We have someone new in the group today. How do we feel about that. Mr. Hsu.

HSU

(confused)

What??

DR. BAYLOR

How do you feel?

SAABS

(explains to Hsu)

She wants to know how you feel.

HSU

(beat, nervously)

About what?

DR. BAYLOR

About anything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HSU
(befuddled)
I feel Korean.

Everyone breaks up. Hsu laughs, too. Baylor addresses Emory.

DR. BAYLOR
How do you feel about being here?

Emory shrugs. He looks down. He seems lost and out of place with his present company.

DR. BAYLOR
(continuing)
Who can give me an example of a
feeling?

KATHY
(raises her hand)
I feel. Sad. For Emory. Because
I see that he feels bad.

ROBLES
(moves to Emory)
Don't feel bad, amigo. We're
you're friends. Is it ok if I
call you "amigo?" It's Spanish.
It means Harbor Patrol.

Everyone laughs. Emory can't help but laugh also.

ROBLES
(continuing)
I'm serious. A lot of people
don't know that.

DR. BAYLOR
What can we do for Emory that
might help him learn to become
comfortable with his feelings?

KATHY
(real uncertain)
Let him know that we are his
friends?

BRUCE
Shit. She knew that from before!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. BAYLOR
This isn't a contest. It's for
us to learn and express support
for a new friend during a trying
time.

Bruce nods, understanding. Kathy rises and hugs Emory. Some
of the patients are moved by this.

BRUCE
(visibly moved)
I feel bad for the guy. I want
to get a hug in there, too.

Bruce rises quickly but he hugs Kathy. She elbows him in the
gut.

INT. STEPHEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Stephen walks into his office, hangs his coat, and notices that
his 'ads' are still on his desk. He glances at his couch. The
stack of Emory's 'ads' are gone.

STEPHEN
(nervously, into
intercom)
Where the hell is that stack of
crap Emory left in here?

SECRETARY
(VO, intercom)
I thought it was on your couch.

Distressed, Stephen inspects the area. They're gone.

STEPHEN
(realizing)
Dear God of Advertising.

EXT. NEW YORK TIMES BUILDING - DAY

INT. PRINTING OFFICE

Large printing machines spit out Emory's 'ads.' Thousands of
copies of the seductive model lasciviously holding onto the
stick shift of a gold Jaguar with the copy that reads: "JAGUAR.
FOR MEN WHO'D LIKE HAND JOBS FROM BEAUTIFUL WOMEN THEY HARDLY
KNOW."

Another machine spits out thousands that read "QUAKER CINNAMON
CEREAL WITH OATS AND BRAN. DOES THIS CEREAL TASTE GREAT? NOT
REALLY."

EXT. BRIGHTON LAWN - DAY

Kathy and Emory walk. The leaves on the trees glisten in the sun.

KATHY
It doesn't sound like she liked
you very much.

EMORY
She didn't know how to show it.

KATHY
She's pretty, right? It's always
the pretty ones. They have
trouble with packages, they have
trouble with their car, they have
trouble with their shoes, they
have trouble showing their love.
Pretty girls are breaking
everybody's back.

EMORY
You're pretty.

KATHY
Yes, but I don't have the problems
normally associated with
prettiness because when I was a
child I looked like Ed McMahon.
Come on. There's a special place
I want you to see.

Kathy moves off the lawn toward the woods. Emory hedges.

KATHY
(continuing)
They say the air in there is an
aphrodisiac.

He stops hedging.

EXT. WOODED CLEARING - CONTINUING

Kathy sits on a bed of leaves surrounded by gentle oaks and
firs. Emory meanders around.

KATHY
With some people everything is
hard. Living with them is hard.
Leaving them is hard. My brother
had a girl like that. She
practically ruined his life.
(more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATHY (Cont'd)

I was once in my car and I saw her walking at the bottom of a hill. I was gonna drive over her, but I was afraid my insurance rates would go up.

EMORY

I told her I loved her. She said I didn't love intelligently.

KATHY

Why did you stay with this princess?

EMORY

(shrugs)

I never felt I could get in on the ground floor with really appealing people.

KATHY

Everybody thinks that.

EMORY

No. I really had a particularly hard time. A lot of girls in my high school used to seriously ostracize me.

KATHY

That happens to everyone.

EMORY

These girls would call me over, chew licorice, smile, then spit the juice at me.

KATHY

A lot of people...

(considering)

Well, not exactly a lot, but...

(changing fast)

Yeah, that's bad. Because it stains.

EMORY

Cheri was a dream. A smart beautiful woman. We were supposed to get married.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATHY

I'm changing the subject now.
You know, you're the first person
I've shared this place with.

(beat)

Forget the girl. She's a drag.
Sounds like your whole life was
a drag. Are your parents alive?

EMORY

You should meet my parents. They
have a code name: The Destroyers.

KATHY

So maybe you'll get help here.

EMORY

I don't know if this place can
help me.

Kathy rises and gently takes his hand. She presses against him,
and kisses him. He looks up surprised and moved.

EMORY

(continuing)

How can we be getting so romantic
so fast, without any courtship
or anything?

KATHY

(shrugs, smiles)

I'm nuts.

EMORY

Oh.

She kisses him again.

EXT. BRIGHTON FRONT LAWN

The volleyball game that was in progress without a ball when
Emory arrived is again in progress. But they are all on one
team. Saabs peruses an owner's manual for the 1984 Turbo so
that when the fake ball comes to him he is caught unawares; he
smashes down on the net, then falls.

JUDGE

Don't you see the horror of this?!
We are losing to a team that
doesn't exist!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAABS

I couldn't see the ball; I
literally couldn't see it.

HSU

Everyone else sees it. Doesn't
everyone else see the ball?

MORT

I see it. It's obscure as hell,
but I see it.

JUDGE

We're now losing 10 to zero. I
hate to lose to imaginary people.

MORT

(concurring)

You can't really play volleyball
effectively while you're studying
an owner's manual.

SAABS

I'm not sacrificing my love of
a car for your stupid game.
Assuming I order a car with a
rustproof undercoating, I'll have
my Saab way after friends like
you have long left the scene.

ROBLES

What you just said makes no sense.
And I was really paying attention.

GEORGE

Hello... hello. Hello.

Emory and Kathy who over the above have walked out of the woods
approach the truncated game. The crazy people are at an
impasse. Emory bends down, reaches under an Adirondac chair,
and pulls a volleyball out which he then hands to Bruce.

EMORY

Why don't we try this.

HSU

A ball won't help. There's no
team over there.

EMORY

Make teams.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HSU
(re Emory)
I don't think I like his attitude.

But they split up and organize and a real game begins.

BRUCE
Yup. This feels correct.

BRUCE
No question. The game
improves with the ball.

JUDGE
Did somebody belch?
I smell a baloney burp.

INT. DRUCKER HALLWAY - DAY

Executives stare at Stephen as he approaches Drucker's office.

INT. DRUCKER'S OFFICE - CONTINUING

Black with rage, Drucker hurls a copy of the Sunday supplement at Stephen. WE SEE Emory's cigarette 'ad' which Drucker reads angrily.

DRUCKER
"CAMEL FILTER LIGHTS. PULMONARY
CANCER? -- PERHAPS. FLAVOR? --
FOR SURE."

The blood drains from Stephen's face. Drucker pulls out another magazine 'ad'. This one is for Metamucil. In it a doctor in a lab coat holds a container of the product. Drucker reads the caption:

DRUCKER
(continuing)
"METAMUCIL. IT AIDS IN DIGESTION
AND STUDIES SHOW IT CUTS
CHOLESTEROL. IF YOU DON'T BUY
IT, YOU'RE AN IDIOT BECAUSE YOU'RE
GONNA DIE ABOUT TEN YEARS EARLY."

There is also a full page 'ad' for a horror film called "THE FREAK" in which a devilish apparition with blood soaked eyes, a half monster, half baby with crippled arms reaches out at you. Drucker disgustedly reads the copy as we see it:

DRUCKER
(continuing)
"THE FREAK. THIS MOVIE IS NOT
JUST SCARY... IT WILL FUCK YOU UP
FOR LIFE."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The last is a diet 'ad.' In it is a photo of a very fat individual sitting in a beach chair sweating bullets.

DRUCKER

(continuing, reads)

"STOP PRETENDING. IF YOU LOOK LIKE THIS, YOU'RE FAT. IN FACT, YOU'RE A FAT SLOB. ADMIT IT. THEN DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT. WANT TO STOP SWEATING ON RELATIVELY COOL DAYS? GET TO A PHONE. CALL TOLL FREE. IF YOU CALL NOW, WE'LL SEND YOU A FREE PLANT."

(livid, to Stephen)

A free plant. For fat slobs.

Stephen shuts his eyes, then gently closes the magazine.

DRUCKER

(continuing)

You're so fired it's unbelievable.

INT. A KITCHEN

A lone light bulb hangs from the cracked ceiling of a barren city kitchen. A fat, sweaty overeater busily chomps on a snack of ice cream, cold cuts, and rye bread as he thumbs through the a Sunday supplement. His busy mouth grinds to a halt. WE SEE he has come upon the 'ad' that says, "STOP PRETENDING. IF YOU LOOK LIKE THIS, YOU'RE FAT."

INT. A LIVING ROOM

A fat couple sits in a cheap, gaudy living room. They are making a call, the diet 'ad' at their side.

HEAVY WOMAN

We have to admit that?

HEAVY MAN

I think you have to say it to get the plant.

HEAVY WOMAN

(into phone)

Hello? We're fat. We're tired of sweating on relatively cool days.

HEAVY MAN

(reading further)

I knew we were fat, but who knew we were slobs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HEAVY DAUGHTER
Ask about the plants.

INT. A DINER

An enormous man in a Large Men's polyester shirt holds the small phone receiver near his sweaty, large face.

VERY LARGE MAN
I'm fat; you got any fichus trees?

INT. SWITCHBOARD OFFICE - CONTINUING

A row of operators try to keep up with the volume of calls.

OPERATOR #1
You don't' have to admit you're ugly, sir.

INT. DRUG STORE

There's a run on Metamucil. A pharmacist answers three phones as a group of Metamucil buyers storm the shelf beside a life size cutout of the doctor who says: "METAMUCIL. IF YOU DON'T USE IT, YOU'RE AN IDIOT BECAUSE YOU'RE GONNA DIE ABOUT TEN YEARS EARLY."

PHARMACIST
There's a run on Metamucil. I don't know of any left anywhere. You might try Puerto Rico.

INT. NEWSROOM - DAY

A news anchor talks to the camera.

ANCHOR
...resulting in a frantic run on products ranging from cigarettes to bulk softeners. Business experts agree this no nonsense approach appeals to a new breed of consumer who wants to be dealt with honestly. We go to Connie Vega-Margolis on Long Island where one no nonsense 'ad' has brought movie audiences out in record numbers.

EXT. LONG ISLAND MOVIE THEATER - DAY

There is a tremendous crowd. Several lines snake around two movie theaters which advertise 'The Freak'.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Some people are even camping out. On the marquee are blowups of Emory's original 'ad' featuring a monster with green eyes reaching out and the trembling words, "IT WILL FUCK YOU UP FOR LIFE." The reporter and her crew prepare to broadcast.

CONNIE VEGA-MARGOLIS

(to camera person)

I want the marquee in.

CAMERA PERSON

I can't. I gotta keep 'fuck' out of frame by staying low.

CREW PERSON

We are live...

CONNIE VEGA MARGOLIS

(to camera)

Earl, we are at the Mineola Country Theater where record numbers of people have turned out for a movie called "The Freak" which has promised to, well, mess you up for life.

CREW PERSON

(to camera person)

Please stay low.

The camera person moves with Connie as she approaches one of the hundreds on line.

CONNIE VEGA-MARGOLIS

This looks like an awfully long line just to see a movie. What time do you think you'll get in?

GIRL 1

Nine, right?

CONNIE VEGA-MARGOLIS

It's ten now.

(incredulous)

Not nine tomorrow...?

GIRL 1

Tuesday. The line for tomorrow and Monday is over there.

As they talk ten ushers move a 3-D sign as large as a dump truck into the street that says, "THE FREAK. IT WILL FUCK YOU UP FOR LIFE." The hundreds in the street applaud. People scream happily, "We're gonna be fucked up for life".

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONNIE VEGA-MARGOLIS
Why are you doing this?

GIRL 1
We wanna get (bleept) up for life.

GIRL 2
We'd like to find out what it'll
be like to be (bleept) up for life
from a movie.

CONNIE VEGA-MARGOLIS
Aren't you afraid that a movie
that (bleep)s you up could result
in some illness or brain damage?

GIRL 2
I'm an accountant. Brain damage
would be fine.

A tall, bearded student gets his turn to buy a ticket.

STUDENT
Twenty dollars?! For a movie?

GIRL IN BOOTH
You wanna be (bleept) up for life,
that's what it costs.

The camera pulls back to Connie.

CONNIE VEGA-MARGOLIS
Because the price of admission
has tripled, this movie is having
the biggest first weekend in film
history. Live from Mineola, this
is Connie Vega-Margolis.

Someone screams "It will (bleep) you up for life" as we CUT TO:

EXT. ANCHORAGE MOVIE THEATER - TWILIGHT

A marquee which reads "THE FREAK. IT WILL FUCK YOU AND YOUR
FAMILY UP FOR LIFE." There are Asians in pea coats on line;
a sign looms above the title that reads, "WE HAVE METAMUCIL."
An ANCHORAGE REPORTER in a down parka narrates.

ANCHORAGE REPORTER
Connie, not in the history of
Anchorage winters have residents
of this city been willing to brave
the kind of weather for a film.

INT. DRUCKER AND ASSOCIATES OFFICES

WE FOLLOW Drucker through the large hallway. Phones ring off the hook. He addresses Stephen.

STEPHEN

But you fired me, sir.

DRUCKER

Five fledgling computer companies want to take out 'ads' that say the other computers suck. Ten more cigarette companies now want to advertise that their product can kill you, and there's no Metamucil left anywhere.

STEPHEN

It's impossible.

DRUCKER

Why is it impossible?

STEPHEN

Because he's laid up in a hospital. We can't get him back now.

DRUCKER

If you want your job and you want a piece of this, we're going to have to figure out a way of getting him back.

INT. BRIGHTON HALLWAY - CONTINUING

Mort explains something to Judge and George.

MORT

A tv writer has to write jokes, but he also needs to know how to talk like a tv writer. Ok, let's say you wanted to say 'hello' in 'tv' writer talk. All you have to do is add the word 'babe.' You'd still say "hello", but you would add the "babe" ending. "Hi" would become: "Hi, 'babe.'" The sentence "It's ok" transforms into: "It's ok 'babe.'" (more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORT (Cont'd)

"I'll gladly wait for you here"
quickly converts to: "I'll gladly
wait for you here, 'babe,'" "You
look beautiful today, 'babe,'" "How
'bout some lunch, 'babe.'" See how
it works?

JUDGE

(to himself)

I hang around with people who are
holding me back.

Through a window WE SEE Stephen Bachman park.

INT. VISITORS ROOM

Stephen sits across the table from Emory. Summer sun sifts
through clear windows drenching oak floors in warmth and light.

STEPHEN

The 'ads' are a hit. "Honesty."
It's a terrific concept we don't
know much about. They want to
put you on as a consultant.

EMORY

I'm sick, Steve. I need to rest.

STEPHEN

You can do it mornings.

EMORY

I can't. This is what put me here
in the first place.

STEPHEN

There's so much money at stake.
He just wants you for a little
while, Em.

(solemn beat)

He's going to cancel your
insurance unless you say yes.

EMORY

I'd have to leave?
(realizes)
You're blackmailing me.

STEPHEN

I think so.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Stephen waits. Emory looks sadly out the window and sees Robles put his lips to the glass. George whom we know is saying 'hello' puts a cupcake down Robles' drawstring pants then laughs hysterically. Saabs yells to Emory, muffled.

SAABS

You can install the optional
starter kit at any time on any
'77. That's the beauty of it.

Robles lifts Saabs up and out of the way, the short car expert convulsing with laughter. Judge picks his nose; Bruce hits him on the back. Judge's finger gets jerked and his nose starts to bleed. Robles presses his lips to the window again, then says:

ROBLES

Are we appealing, or what?!

Emory looks at them, perhaps considering how sad leaving would be.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DAY ROOM - LATER

A session is in progress and everyone is concentrating except for Emory who, quiet and disconsolate, stares out the window.

DR. BAYLOR

And how did that feel?

SAABS

It felt like the electrical system
in the '76 GL model was affecting
the cold choke cable.

DR. BAYLOR

(gently insistent)

How did it feel when your parents
locked you in the room, Joel.

SAABS

(long beat, a tear)

Scary. Scarier than driving a
Fiat.

DR. BAYLOR

You needed something you weren't
getting from your parents. What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAABS
An injection cooler coil.
(beat, then, unsure)
Love?

DR. BAYLOR
How do we get what we need from
those we care for?

JUDGE
(raising hand)
Ask for it.

DR. BAYLOR
Asking identifies a feeling.
Someone ask for something that
they know in their heart they
need. Bruce.

BRUCE
(raising hand)
I'd like a blow job in a
Thunderbird.

When the laughter subsides the others realize that Emory's face
is white.

EMORY
I'm going to have to leave the
hospital.

DR. BAYLOR
What makes you say that?

EMORY
Reasons.

He looks at the innocent faces of those around him as tears roll
down his eyes.

DR. BAYLOR
Is there something that we can
do to help you?

BRUCE
I would help with anything that
would take me away from art
therapy. I hate art therapy!
I can only draw stick figures.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORT

I hate stick figures! I once had sex with a stick figure. Talk about weird. Jewish girl.

EMORY

Nobody has ever helped me before.

DR. BAYLOR

Maybe you never asked. Try.

EMORY

There's something I need to do if I want to stay here but I don't know if I have the strength.

DR. BAYLOR

Try to be more specific.

EMORY

I was an 'ad' writer, Dr. Baylor. My 'ads' are selling now and they want me to work on more 'ads' to pay my way here.

KATHY

We could all write 'ads' with him.

MORT

(through clenched teeth)
This meeting is starting to turn into a "Little Rascals" episode.

They just stare at him blankly.

EMORY

I don't think this is working.

KATHY

Sure it is. Who here would like to be an 'ad' man?

All the hands shoot up.

EMORY

That doesn't mean anything. Who here would like to be a fire engine?

All the hands shoot up again.

KATHY

I know we could do it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRUCE
(surprised)
We'd have to... 'do' things?

EMORY
Of course you'd have to do things.

Hands slowly go down; there is some sadness at the prospect.

MORT	SAABS	HSU	GEORGE
Nope.	Forget it.	Negativo.	Hello, plus.

ROBLES
We can't 'do' things. We're
maniacs; ask around.

BRUCE
The man speaks the truth. Last
night I spent nearly three hours
trying to train my chest hair with
Vitalis. Scary stuff.

EMORY
To do anything you have to make
an effort.

BRUCE
He may have a point,
or he may be a
Mongoloid. It's
too early to tell.

ROBLES
I like what he says,
and I like his shoes.

JUDGE
Did somebody
just make a
baloney burp?

BRUCE
Why don't you just do it?

EMORY
Because I'm afraid of being alone.

DR. BAYLOR
What it is you need, Emory?

EMORY
I need their help.

MORT
Wowie zowie. No one has ever said
that to us before.

ROBLES
Can we write an 'ad' now? Quick.
I'm all fired up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMORY

Sure. Try one for Chrysler.

BRUCE

Great! How about this: "Hello.
Buy a Chrysler."

GEORGE

Hey! I thought up 'hello.'
That's mine!

EMORY

It needs much more punch.

JUDGE

Somebody is quietly burping and
I want it stopped.

HSU

Would we lose anything if people
didn't buy Chryslers?

EMORY

Yes. Your job.

ROBLES

Bastards! "Buy a Chrysler or
we'll kill you!"

Everyone laughs. Emory yells "Yes!" and jots it down excited.

BRUCE

You sure this is the 'ad'
business?

EMORY

It is now.

INT. BRIGHTON HALLWAY

As the group leaves gleefully ad libbing 'ads', Emory and Kathy
talk with Dr. Baylor.

KATHY

It couldn't hurt.

DR. BAYLOR

I can't just invent new therapies.
And the hospital director isn't
even here now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

- KATHY

But everyone sparked to it so fast. Don't you see, if we had something we enjoyed it could help some of us feel needed and responsible. Please don't make Emory leave, Dr. Baylor.

DR. BAYLOR

Maybe we'll try it.

EXT. BRIGHTON LAWN - DAY

Patients scattered along the lawn watch a caravan of limousines pull up. Immaculately dressed executives get out of the cars.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUING

It's a nervous day, like the first day of school as two worlds face each other expectantly. One a tight, crisply dressed executive world. The other a giggly, ragtag, dancing bunch. George fires the word "hello" repeatedly to an executive. Robles walks over to an accountant, touches his neck, smells his shoes, then delivers his verdict:

ROBLES

You're a maniac.

Judge enters carrying a thick hobby book with swatches of tissue pasted inside.

JUDGE

Anyone care to see my collection of Toilet Papers from Around the World?

(beat, he waits)

They never do.

MORT

(to older exec)

Do you like my goatee? I can sell you a 90 hour video of me growing it? Got plenty in stock. They're not moving fast for some reason.

HSU

(to an executive)

Your teeth are long and frankly I find that depressing. Would you be willing to file them down as a favor to me? In exchange, I will give you a comb.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Saabs sits at a table perusing some glossy Saab sales literature.

SAABS

(dreamily)

The 9000 Turbo. I wish there were
a way to have sexual relations
with an automobile.

JUDGE

Did somebody fart or did this
whole room just drive past an oil
refinery.

Stephen moves toward Emory, but Emory cuts him off at the pass.

EMORY

(to Stephen)

They stay or I go.

EXECUTIVE

(rises)

Gentlemen...may we begin?

MORT

He called us 'gentlemen'. I love
this already.

Emory walks to the front of the hall.

EMORY

We want to be honest about our
feelings. We represent Chrysler.
If people don't buy them, we'll
be mad.

Bruce takes out a large poster with a blow up photo of Saabs, George, and all the other lunatics wearing sunglasses and holding guns and knives in a threatening manner. The caption reads, "CHRYSLER LE BARON. BUY ONE THIS WEEK AT FABULOUS SAVINGS, OR WE'LL KILL YOU." There are some gasps.

MORT

(explains to exec)

This will work much better than
protection warantees.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMORY

How many travel 'ads' feature a suntan lubricated girl in a bikini slipping into the ocean with a caption that reads "COME TO THE BAHAMAS?" What are we really saying? Manny?

ROBLES

Come in the Bahamas.

Executives swallow. Emory takes out a picture of a beautiful bronze beach model jumping out of the ocean, tanned breasts raised slightly, a tanned man about to kiss her stomach and a caption that reads: "COME IN THE BAHAMAS."

EXEC. I
Wow.

EXEC. II
Yikes.

EXEC. III
Jesus.

EXEC. IV
Fuck.

YOUNG EXECUTIVE II

This is insane.

DRUCKER

(shoots back)

That's what we're here for.

EMORY

Kathy Burgess has some ideas for new directions in the toothpaste.

Kathy rolls out a toothpaste 'ad'. It shows a park bench where a bum refuses money from a well dressed man. But Kathy is afraid to read and tries to leave. Emory holds her and whispers to her, encouraging her. She finally reads the 'ad.'

KATHY

"ULTRA BRIGHT. FOR PEOPLE WITH BREATH SO BAD NOBODY WILL GO NEAR THEM. NOT EVEN HOMELY STRANGERS WHO WANT MONEY."

The crazies applaud. Hsu rolls out an 'ad' for the telephone company that shows a black woman operator with a headset sitting at a switchboard. Hsu reads the copy as we do:

HSU

"THE SERVICE MAY STINK SINCE DEREGULATION, BUT DON'T MESS WITH US BECAUSE WE'RE ALL YOU GOT. IN FACT, IF WE FOLD, THEN YOU'LL HAVE NO DAMN PHONES. GTE. WE'RE TIRED OF TAKING YOUR CRAP."

Everyone applauds.

INT. A PRINTING OFFICE

A MAN peels an 'ad' proof with the picture of the armed lunatics in sunglasses threatening you to buy a Chrysler.

INT. NYC SUBWAY CAR

A woman commuter sitting next to a bum looks up and sees a picture of a bum refusing money from a smiling man. It reads: "ULTRA BRIGHT. FOR PEOPLE WITH BREATH SO BAD NOBODY WILL GO NEAR THEM. NOT EVEN HOMELY STRANGERS WHO WANT MONEY." When the bum rises to get off at his stop, the woman breathes into her hands, checking her breath.

The train stops. Passengers disembark. We see a small crowd of men jot down a toll free number on the 'ad' with the breathtakingly beautiful bronze girl coming out of the ocean that reads, "COME IN THE BAHAMAS". A few dark, sultry women who went to Bennington College jot down the number, also.

INT. BAHAMAS TOURIST OFFICE

The phone rings off the wall.

RECEPTIONIST

I know what the 'ad' said. The Bahamas make no sexual guarantee of any kind. Please hold. Bahamas Tourism. Please hold.

EXT. SUBURBAN JAGUAR DEALERSHIP

Not far from an unbelievably crowded theater that's showing "THE FREAK", a Jaguar dealership's window shows life size cardboard photos of attractive women with the words "JAG. FOR MEN WHO WANT HAND JOBS FROM BEAUTIFUL GIRLS THEY HARDLY KNOW." In smaller print it reads, "While supplies last, buy a Jag at participating dealerships and we'll set you up with someone decent." A line wraps around the block.

Thirty blocks away a huge billboard hangs outside a Chrysler dealership that pictures Mort, Saabs, Robles, Hsu, et al threatening the consumer with knives. A line of frightened people form outside a Chrysler dealership.

INT. DRUCKER HALLWAY - DAY

Rows of secretaries can not handle the volume of calls coming in. WE MOVE slowly down the hall to a door marked:

INT. DRUCKER LEGAL DEPT.

A line of attorneys answer calls. One attorney stares at a copy of the 'ad' that says: "SPRINT SUCKS. USE MCI."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAWYER #1
(into phone)
To me it doesn't look threatening.

The lawyer checks the 'ad' underneath it; in it a dangerous group of minorities stands on a dark corner with push button telephones, guns and knives. The caption reads: "MAKE YOUR LONG DISTANCE CALLS ON AT&T OR WE'LL COME TO YOUR HOME AND KNOCK YOU DOWN."

LAWYER #1
(continuing, concedes)
This one does.

INT. EMORY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Emory is asleep. He opens one eye. Kathy is on his bed.

KATHY
What are you doing?

EMORY
Dreaming. That's what I normally schedule for this hour.

KATHY
Don't kid me. You were pining away for the princess.

Emory is about to deny this, but thinks better of it.

EMORY
She was really cute. Cuteness is very important to a relationship.

KATHY
I want to show you something.

INT. BRIGHTON HALLWAY - CONTINUING

Emory and Kathy sneak past the nurses booth.

EXT. BRIGHTON LAWN - CONTINUING

Emory and Kathy walk quietly toward the woods. She smiles and we PULL BACK as they go.

EMORY
(VO)
How do you manage to always be so damn cheerful?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATHY

(VO)

I live as though I am in a dream
and that at any moment I could
wake up with four children in New
Jersey.

INT. WOODS

WE HEAR muffled voices. Kathy leads Emory by the hand through the woods toward a small clearing where a shelter has been made from blankets. WE LOOK IN. Flashlights and candles hang from trees to provide light in the hut. Focused and serious, Mort, Saabs, et al sit on blankets drinking tea.

SAABS

I'm not saying it's possible.
I'm saying it might be
interesting.

JUDGE

You can not have sex with a car.
Not with a Ford, or a Saab, or
a Mercedes. It's abnormal and
you'd get hurt. Let's get back
to this.

They pour through notebooks and sketchpads.

HSU

It's cleanser, so we have to
emphasize the product.

GEORGE

Correct, hello. But, hello. We
have to hit it in a way, hello,
that makes the product memorable.

HSU

Good point. Read the copy.

GEORGE

(reads from sketches)

"Scrub Free Liquid Bathroom
Cleaner. It doesn't work better
than anything else, but it's fun
to shoot it out of the bottle."

HSU

Robles, draw it up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATHY
(sotto to Emory)
I've never heard George say
anything but hello.

George overhears this and shoots back to her.

GEORGE
A person gets tired of saying just
one word. Saying 'hello' all your
life is restrictive as hell.
Don't kid yourself.

BRUCE
Can we please get back to this?

WE FOLLOW Kathy and Emory to an area where the stars show
through the trees, where moonlight bathes them in blue light.

EMORY
We're in the country! I smell
mountains! They smell like Grape
Nuts, unfortunately.

She takes his hands in hers.

EMORY
(continuing)
You've got the sexiest hands I've
ever seen.

KATHY
I do my own nails.

EMORY
(still admiring them)
Your knuckles are breathtaking.
When we get out of here, let's
go out on a date. I can pick you
up in a station wagon. I know
an Italian place where they learn
your name after you spend \$10,000
on food.

Kathy looks at him and waits a beat.

KATHY
I don't like Italian food.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMORY

I'd suggest Thai food but last month I brought my cousins from Missouri in for a spicy beef salad. They had to be hospitalized.

KATHY

I don't think I can make dinner. Not out there.

EMORY

You've been here a really long time, haven't you.

KATHY

There's nothing out there for me anymore. I had some bad experiences. Very bad. And there's a lot of traffic.

EMORY

(laughs)

That's why you stay in a mental institution? Couldn't you just take side streets?

KATHY

When I was a really little child, my mother died. My father remarried a woman who smoked a pipe and had very large shoes. For a while, things seemed pretty stable, you know. But then there was an explosion in a San Francisco building where we lived and most of my family perished while my brother and I were outside playing. Almost everyone close to me was gone. I was sent off to grow up with an aunt and uncle.

EMORY

They're dead too?

KATHY

(nods solemnly)

Yes. They live in a mobile home. My brother Adam went with another family. He's in the Army now.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATHY (Cont'd)

He promised to come get me when his tour of duty is over. When he does I'll leave. Until then I stick around. Hang around. We'll whoop it up under the ozone layer.

EMORY

I have a whole life to rebuild.
I can't forget all that.

Kathy kisses him in a way that makes Emory feel something in other places.

EMORY

(continuing)

I did, however, forget my name.

EXT. WOODED AREA - BLANKET TENT

George and Robles sleep soundly on a blanket as Hsu, Judge and Saabs continue to work diligently under their tent of blankets.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BRIGHTON HALLWAY - DAY

Days later. The corridor has taken on the look of an office building. Secretaries sit at desks in front of computer screens near patient rooms that are now filled with easels and production charts. On the wall is a souvenir sign you might see in a real estate office in the Midwest. It reads: "YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE CRAZY TO WORK HERE, BUT IT HELPS." Robles looks over a very lovely secretary who walks by.

ROBLES

Hey, baby. Mind if I take a crack at those legs some afternoon?
(depressed, to Mort)
That line never works.

Emory is on the phone with Stephen. INTERCUT.

EMORY

Supplies and staff are great, Steve, but...

STEPHEN

We're not just sending in supplies. We're talking subsidiary.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUDGE

(sotto, to Emory)

Ask about the baseball tickets.

STEPHEN

(excitedly)

You know what that means in terms of public relations alone?

JUDGE

(checking schedule)

The Yanks play Minnesota on the 19th. I can give you a long list of acceptable locations.

EMORY

Steve, can you come up with the Yankee tickets?

WE MOVE SLOWLY down the hall. Mort dictates a letter to a secretary. 'Ad' campaigns in the new honest style line the hallways. WE HEAR arguing, typing, phones ringing. Saabs stands outside his room quickly dictating copy to a secretary.

SAABS

"SAAB 9000 TURBO. IF YOU DON'T DRIVE ONE, YOU SHOULD BE PLACED IN A STATE FACILITY..."

Saabs' phone rings.

SAABS SECRETARY

(answers phone)

Your sister is on line 2.

SAABS

(shocked)

She's alive?! I thought she was dead. Fantastic! Oh Jesus, that's great. Tell her I'll call her back.

Bruce puts some finishing touches on a travel 'ad' for New York-- a pristine photo of Central Park. He takes the 'ad' and runs excitedly up to the Wild Eyed Woman patient we saw earlier.

BRUCE

"COME TO NEW YORK. IT'S NOT AS FILTHY AS YOU THINK, AND THERE WERE FEWER MURDERS LAST YEAR."

He waits anxiously for her evaluation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILD EYED WOMAN
Fibrulations. Comma fibrulations
with a seed extraction rate of
zero plus a crack factor.

BRUCE
(let down)
Right. Great. Thanks. I'm
asking somebody else next time.

STEPHEN
(into phone)
What about the Canadian Travel
Board?

EMORY
(into phone)
I got the story board here.

Emory picks up the story board from his desk. We see a
progression of breathtaking photos of Quebec City.

EMORY
(continuing)
Steve, the voice over goes
something like this: "YOU THOUGHT
CANADA WAS BORING, AND YOU WERE
RIGHT. IT USED TO BE. LAKES,
TREES AND FAT MEN WITH RED FACES
TELLING OLD STORIES. WE STILL
HAVE THE LAKES AND TREES, BUT NOW
CANADA ALSO HAS NIGHT CLUBS,
PROSTITUTION, AND ANTI SEMITISM.
WE EVEN HAVE WHITE COLLAR CRIME
AND THE DIVORCE RATE IS WAY UP.
EXCITING? YOU BET. SO TAKE A
FLIGHT UP AND SEE THE CHANGING
FACE OF CANADA. CANADA. WE'RE
NOT AS BORING AS YOU THINK."

STEPHEN
It's got verve. What about
Nabisco and Sony?

EMORY
The guys are on them now.

JUDGE
(badgers Emory)
Tickets. Tickets.

EMORY
Steve, the Yankee tickets...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEPHEN

(into phone)

We have two company boxes on the first base line right behind the dugout. I'll bring them Thursday.

Emory hangs up and smiles to Judge.

EMORY

Got 'em.

JUDGE

Really?! First base line?!
Double header? Beer? Hot dogs?
(over his bifocals)
Non kosher?

GEORGE

(amazed)

You, hello, mean we're, hello,
gonna get out of here tempor...
tremporrerr... temporarril...for
a while?

Emory nods. There are unanimous cheers. Eric sticks his head out of the nurses office.

ERIC

Can we keep it down, please. This is still a hospital.

Kathy walks in from outside, curious.

KATHY

What's going on?

EMORY

The tickets came through.

KATHY

What tickets?

JUDGE

We are going to a Yankee game!

HSU

I plan to wear a checkered shirt with khaki or light colored shorts. My hat will be by Jantzen, informal and lightly textured, handsomely accompanied by a loosely fitting jacket in earth and sepia tones.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORT
(to Hsu)
You are a nutcake.

EMORY
(to Kathy)
It'd be great if you came.

Kathy backs away tentatively. Tears fill her eyes. She turns, nearly falls over a chair, and runs.

MORT
She must really hate the Yanks.

Emory follows her out of the building. Bruce's phone rings. He answers hastily as he works.

BRUCE
I'll have to call you back.

MAN'S VOICE
(VO)
Do you know who this is?

BRUCE
(beat, thinks)
No.

He hangs up.

EXT. BRIGHTON DRIVEWAY - CONTINUING

Kathy, crying, runs from Emory. Eric runs out after them both. DR. KOCH, the hospital's director, a man of sixty with a polished face pulls onto the gravel drive and nearly hits her. He jumps out of his car. Eric is shocked to see him.

ERIC
Sir. Dr. Baylor said you were
out of the country and that...

DR. KOCH
Shut up and get these people
straightened out. Move it.

Eric runs after them.

INT. BRIGHTON HALLWAY - CONTINUING

Koch, incredulous, walks through the halls lined with desks and littered with 'ad' copy. Phones ring off the hook.

Robles shows Mort an 'ad' for scotch in which a worried man sits at a desk at home going over tax forms.. It reads: "TAX PROBLEMS? GET DRUNK. THAT'S WHAT ALCOHOL IS ALL ABOUT."

INT. KOCH'S OFFICE

Dr. Baylor is on the carpet.

DR. BAYLOR

He needs to be here and he's out of money. I approved it to help him keep his insurance.

DR. KOCH

You turn a whole hospital upside down to keep one patient? You've got shut-ins out there with secretaries and rotary lines.

DR. BAYLOR

And it's working. For the first time in their lives these people have something to do.

KOCH

Fine. You can write the journals.

DR. BAYLOR

(stands, defiant)

I don't want to stop this now. These are the rejects, Alan. The ones for whom nothing has worked. Manuel Robles has been gazing off in the distance for eight years. He focuses now. George Metzidis has been saying nothing but "hello" since 1977. He talks now. They feel like part of the world again.

KOCH

I administrate a hospital, goddammit. Hospitals are clean, methodical places...

DR. BAYLOR

(interrupts)

They're depressing as hell.

DR. KOCH

That's right! They should be. People expect them to be depressing and I don't want to disappoint them.

Baylor takes out an architectural drawing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. BAYLOR

This a building proposal for a new wing and a medical library. Drucker has agreed to construct it and provide a full grant to run it. Do you want me to call and say we're not interested?

Koch visibly softens.

INT. BRIGHTON HALLWAY - CONTINUING

Emory knocks on Kathy's door.

KATHY

(VO)

Please leave me alone.

He opens her door. On her bureau is a large pizza box.

KATHY

(continuing)

I called out for it. People don't realize that even if you're in a mental institution you can still get call out for pizza.

EMORY

Why are you doing this?

KATHY

I'm a very bad cook. In the early seventies I made scrambled eggs; some people got hurt.

EMORY

I don't mean that. I want to know why you ran from me?

KATHY

Because I care about you. You're the first person I ever let into my room.

Emory looks behind her. A pizza delivery boy, requisite age 17, stands there shrugging.

KATHY

(continuing)

Not including delivery people.

She pays him. He starts out, then suddenly stops.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DELIVERY BOY

This is a twenty dollar tip.

KATHY

Buy a coffee grinder.

(gives another ten)

Here. Buy it retail.

(the kid leaves, then
to Emory)

I have plenty of money. My father
invented San Francisco.

(turns suddenly)

You're going to leave. I know
you're going to leave!

EMORY

(holds her)

I'm not going anywhere. We're
talking about going to a ball
game. We're coming back.

KATHY

I can't make any more changes.
Not until Adam comes. Look at
these.

She removes a box wrapped in cloth from which she removes
envelopes that are addressed to her.

KATHY

(continuing)

Adam's written me these through
the years, keeping me up to date
on when he's coming. If I leave,
he won't be able to find me.

EMORY

Have you considered a forwarding
address? The Post Office loves
to do that kind of stuff.

KATHY

The Post Office sucks. You've
seen the people who work there.
Hold me.

(he holds her close)

I'm starting to really need you.
This is no joke. Please hold me.

EMORY

I am holding you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATHY
I know. It's a female thing.
We say it a few times.

He buries his face in her hair. But he is silent.

KATHY
(continuing)
Tell me you'll wait for me. You
don't have to do it. Just tell
me.

EMORY
I'll wait.

INT. DRUCKER'S OFFICE

Stephen holds a phone to his ear in Drucker's office. He speaks
to George who's on his office phone. INTERCUT.

DRUCKER
What do you mean they won't write
tv spots?

STEPHEN
They say they won't write them
if they can't be on the sets.

DRUCKER
Then let them loiter on the sets.

STEPHEN
They can't leave the hospital,
sir. They're mental patients.

GEORGE
We can set up sound stages here.

DRUCKER
(grabs phone)
You listen to me, you crazy
asshole. I don't send production
units to mental asylums. I don't
care how much money is involved;
I do not run my life according
to the needs of weirdos.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRIGHTON LAWN - DAY

It's a clear sunny day. A film crew scurries about while
lunatics carefully peruse scripts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A PRODUCTION ASSISTANT introduces Mort to a young man.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT
Stu's your 'gopher'. He'll get
you anything you need.

MORT
I'd like the following: a bag of
loose tea which I prefer you
purchase in China today, some
European railroad maps from World
War II which you should be able
to find in Central Hungary, no
problem, and five antique
champagne glasses that have traces
and I mean substantial traces of
Marilyn Monroe's saliva on them.

WE MOVE behind the main house where an outdoor cafe set has been
erected. Two well dressed ACTORS sit at a table; the DIRECTOR
is a thin, hyper man with a goatee, and a name like Stan.

DIRECTOR
Rehearsal. And... action.

A waiter moves to the table, serves ACTORS #1 and #2 a bottle
of THUNDERBIRD and walks out of frame.

BRUCE
(yells)
STOP!

DIRECTOR
CUT, PEOPLE.

Action stops. Bruce races to the director.

BRUCE
I imagined the tables further
apart. I like a 'roomy' look.
(tables are moved)
Plus, the customer's shoes are
black. I was imagining more of
a reddish green shoe.

HSU
He didn't even write the scene.

DIRECTOR
(disgusted, to Emory)
A reddish green shoe? I will not
change the man's shoes again.
(more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIRECTOR (Cont'd)
(bell rings)
Ok, people. Let's make this one
count. Quiet? And... action.

The scene begins. The waiter moves to the table, serves a
bottle to the actors and walks out of frame. Actor #1 looks
at the bottle, then looks to Actor #2.

ACTOR #1
Did you order this?

JUDGE
CUT!

A bell rings; the director runs angrily to Judge.

JUDGE
Look at his tie! It's so loose.
This is mania! Plus, aren't his
fingers way too long for this
scene?

A wardrobe lady adjusts the black actor's slightly loose tie.

JUDGE
(continuing)
And I don't like the blond actor's
face. It looks too... snooty.

DIRECTOR
That's his face.

JUDGE
Oh? And I suppose plastic surgery
at this point is impossible.

BRUCE
His forehead can be wrapped and
then frizzy hair could be
surgically implanted to give the
son of a bitch a decent look.

DIRECTOR
I can't work like this.

EMORY
They're just having fun, Stan.
Take it easy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE
(running frantically)
Wait! I've just perused the script. I've noticed that the word 'hello' does not appear anywhere. Is this possible?

DIRECTOR
Do you have any idea how far behind we are right now?

GEORGE
I will not be silenced! I will not rest until the word 'hello' has been duly inserted.

DIRECTOR
It makes no sense! They are in mid conversation! People do not say hello to each other in mid conversation.

GEORGE
I don't care. I want it in. I like the word.

KATHY
He likes the word.

EMORY
He loves the word.

DIRECTOR
(to assistant)
Put 'hello' into the script.

ASSISTANT
Where?

DIRECTOR
Any fucking-where. I don't know what's going on. I hate this.

The scripts are changed and given back to the actors who look at the changes quizzically. A bell rings. The waiter enters and gives the actors the bottle.

ACTOR #1
Did you order this, hello?

ACTOR #2
Yes, hello, I did.

ACTOR #1
And may I ask why you ordered a wine this cheap?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACTOR #2

Because it's gonna make me drunk.
Period.

The well dressed actor drinks the wine right from the bottle.
Across a monitor is SUPERED:

NARRATOR

"THUNDERBIRD. BECAUSE IT MAKES
YOU DRUNK. PERIOD."

Then we HEAR the director yell "Cut." Actor #1 rises.

ACTOR #1

The 'hello' is killing us.

EXT. BRIGHTON - EVENING

End of the day; crews pack up. Everyone is sunburned and happy.
Robles and Mort bid the crew members farewell.

MORT

Thank you, 'babe.' You're
beautiful.

(explains to Emory)

Show biz talk. It means, "Take
care, and please drive safely."

As the crew people pack up, and the sun sits low in the sky,
the crazies with rozy cheeks and sunburned noses file into the
main house. The screen door bangs shut behind them.

INT. A FAMILY ROOM

A bored child sits alone on a couch watching a pretty sexy tv
movie. The screen fades to black. The kid screams:

KID

COMMERICAL'S ARE ON!

The kid's family runs into the room.

A short, compact Japanese man comes on screen. He works
diligently on an assembly line carefully piecing together an
integrated circuit.

NARRATOR

The Japanese. They're short, so
their eyes are closer to the
electronic components than many
other nationalities.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In another frame, a much taller man, perhaps a Norwegian, does the same job, but more awkwardly. He gazes off into the distance.

NARRATOR

(continuing)

Look how far the Caucasian worker's eyes are from the integrated circuitry.

Suddenly the Caucasian gets behind on the assembly line, fumbles with his tools and drops something. Alarms go off.

NARRATOR

(continuing)

That's why Sony products are better.

We see the short, intense, compact Japanese worker again working diligently. SUPERED on the screen are the words:

NARRATOR

(continuing)

"SONY. OUR EYES ARE CLOSER."

INT. A BAR - NIGHT

In this blue collar sports bar, bored patrons watch a football game. Suddenly a commercial comes on.

BAR MAN

Commercial!

Everyone runs to the set which shows a busy, urban intersection where traffic moves slowly. Suddenly a white Federal Express truck tries to run a red light and consequently smacks a small woman in a red Toyota with enough force to cause her to jump the center divider. The Federal Express truck does not stop. An irate passing motorist who has witnessed the accident jumps from his car and yells to the driver:

IRATE MOTORIST

You can't leave the scene of an accident! That's 'hit and run.'

FEDERAL EXPRESS DRIVER

Up yours, pal. We got a delivery to make.

As the truck speeds away the screen reads, and WE HEAR: "FEDERAL EXPRESS. WE SCREW THEM TO GET YOUR PACKAGE THERE ON TIME." The patrons cheer. Someone tries to change back to the game, but he is pummeled; the commercials are switched back on.

INT. TV ROOM - NIGHT

The room has been transformed into a media room. Lunatics are hard at work. Five television sets are lined up. They show Hugh Downs hosting 20/20. George looks up.

GEORGE

(re Hugh Downs)

Does that man have any idea how much he lacks?

Bruce rises from a desk. He wears boxer shorts and knee socks.

BRUCE

(making mental note)

I must remember to buy pants.
I literally have no pants.

Eric enters with the evening medication.

MORT

Friends! Let's medicate!

They take their drugs from cups.

On every tv in the room WE SEE an Aero-Mexico jumbo jet taxi on a runway. WE then SEE a tall, good looking pilot board.

VOICE OVER

You've flown around the world.
You know what it's like to be in
the hands of a tall, good looking
pilot.

We follow the blond pilot into the cockpit. He starts the engines.

VOICE OVER

(continuing)

You know that having a tall,
strong pilot feels safer...

We see a pilot board another plane. He's a smaller pilot, a short, dark, nervous pilot with a very thin black moustache.

VOICE OVER

(continuing)

...than a small, exotic one.

On the ground, we see a crew of blond men saluting in the wind.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VOICE OVER

(continuing)

At Aero Mexico, we've set a new standard for pilots. We've added a crew of over 100 tall, strong pilots to our ranks-- from Germany, Denmark, Austria. Guys who look strong. Not fidgety. Next time you fly anywhere in Mexico, from Puerto Vallarta to Mexico City fly Aero-Mexico. Aero Mexico. Not all our pilots are Mexican.

The plane takes off into the sunset. Everyone cheers.

ROBLES

ALL RIGHT! THAT WAS MINE, BABY!

HSU

That was not yours. I came up with the original idea which I developed from my personal experience of being short.

SAABS

'76 GLE, the 900 Turbo, the 9000 Turbo, the 900 hardtop, no sunroof, the choke plate on the '81 GL...

JUDGE

(to Hsu)

We all worked on that.

HSU

But the original concept was mine.

BRUCE

Since when does that make a difference? We're in this together.

HSU

Bullshit. You haven't come up with a decent strategy in weeks.

HUGH DOWNS

Such is the mind and work of perhaps the most controversial and creative executives on the 'ad' scene today Charles M.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HUGH DOWNS (Cont'd)
Drucker. A man who has single
handedly changed the face of
advertising today.

Drucker smiles on camera.

DRUCKER
Hugh, it's really the product of
many years of personal research.
Total honesty in advertising began
as a vision I had when I was a
young 'ad' man in Milwaukee...

EMORY
What?! I don't believe this.
The man is scum.

BRUCE
I know what you mean. Hugh Downs
has no appeal.

Emory angrily switches the tv off.

EMORY
It has nothing to do with Hugh
Downs. Drucker gave us no credit.

MORT
Who needs credit. I need short
women.

SAABS
"You give credit where credit is
due." My grandmother used to say
that. She had palsy, though.

ROBLES
Emory's right. They don't give
us no credit and in a matter of
speakin,' they don't give us no
respect, neither.

JUDGE
You're grammar is unbelievable.

MORT
It doesn't matter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE

We're not really working for respect, hello, but for a sense of community and sharing, hello, howarya.

BRUCE

That's right. We have a purpose now. We have things to do now where formally only boredom and mania were available. This has give us some dignity.

KATHY

It hasn't given you dignity. You've given yourself that.

They all look at her a little surprised by her assertiveness.

JUDGE

Anyway, they promised to take us to a ball game. That's plenty.

EMORY

Ball game? Do you have any idea what these people make off us?

HSU

If we stop working for them, we'll have to go back to art therapy.

BRUCE

I hate art therapy. I hate art! I hate gallery openings! I hate the women who go to them! They look sultry and alluring, but they never sleep with you! I also hate vinyl. Am I off the point?

JUDGE

You wouldn't believe how far.

BRUCE

Folks, we're shit. We're nobody's in the big parade. We got lucky. Making noise at this point is just not worth it.

HSU

(interrupting)

I don't want to rock the boat. What we have is good enough.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUDGE

He's right. Please, Emory.
Please don't rock the boat.

The others nod sadly in agreement. Emory sighs and nods.

EXT. BRIGHTON GROUNDS - DAY

It is early morning. Emory reads under the trees as executives arrive for work in their Mercedes, BMW's and limousines. Stephen hops out of a new 911 Porsche whose enamel coat shines black and strong. Emory looks up as Stephen approaches.

EMORY

You got em?

STEPHEN

(confused beat)
Got what?

EMORY

The tickets.

STEPHEN

(confused beat)
Tickets to what?

With disgust and incredulity Emory starts walking toward the building. Stephen's voice stops him.

STEPHEN

(continuing)
Hey, what do you think of my car?

EMORY

What? Oh. Nice.

STEPHEN

Nice? This is an \$80,000
automobile.

EMORY

Bachman, you're unbelievable.

Emory shakes his head and walks into the main house.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUING

We are in mid meeting. Steaming styrofoam cups of coffee, busy, tired people with charts, lots of bifocals.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DRUCKER

...And quarterly profits are on the rise from 9% last month to a whopping 49%.

The executives applaud.

DRUCKER

(continuing)

You have provided the impetus for unparalleled success. You have helped stimulate a demand for our product that has reached an all time high. So it is with enormous appreciation that the Drucker Company presents to you a token of overwhelming recognition...

Drucker makes a gesture. An officious low level executive enters with a blue, felt covered box which he opens.

DRUCKER

(continuing, proudly)

Pens.

The uncertain crazies move in for a close look. And that is what is revealed-- a velvety lining and several tiers of somewhat fancy ball point pens.

JUDGE

(inspecting)

Somewhat fancy ball point pens.

ROBLES

Pens? What the fuck are we going to do with pens?

MORT

I already have a pen. A 'Bic.'

HSU

Pens. Tremendous. Perhaps one day they'll see fit to give us pads.

EMORY

They gotta be kidding.

HSU

What's wrong with pens? This is a precision instrument.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMORY
(rising)
I have a question.

STEPHEN
Questions are normally reserved
for the meeting's end, Mr. Leeson.

EMORY
Hey, fuck off, Steve.

Emory stands red with rage. Heads turn in silence.

SAABS
(whispers to Judge)
He decided to rock the boat.

JUDGE
Yes; I feel it sway.

EMORY
You're telling me that after all
we've done for you you're giving
us pens?

HSU
I don't mind pens.

SAABS
Me neither. I like mine; it's
retractable.

EMORY
Don't we deserve a little more?

SAABS
We'll ask for refills.

EMORY
Last night you sat in front of
millions of people on tv...

DRUCKER
It would not have been appropriate
to give credit in public to a
group of mental patients.

EMORY
Why? Because if the public found
out that crazy people were the
real force behind your success
you'd look like an idiot?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORT

I never thought of myself as crazy, really. Just kind of ultra quirky.

BRUCE

(a sotto aside)

Yeah, real ultra.

STEPHEN

The inmates here have been paid commensurate with their position in life.

There are some boos from Robles and Hsu.

EMORY

They're not inmates! They're people, Steve. Human beings.

HSU

My brain itches. It's like it's under the scalp. Do you ever get that?

MORT

No. And shush.

EMORY

I'm not going to let you do this to us.

HSU

I think doctors ought to come up with an instrument that handles this. A simple surgical procedure performed in the office under a local anesthetic to scratch the brain. If your brain itches you ought to be able to scratch it, and insurance ought to cover it.

MORT

Please be quiet about that now.

ROBLES

Emory's right. After a back breaking 80 hour week, well, pens just don't make it.

DRUCKER

This was designed as a psychiatric experiment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMORY

The experiment is over. Now it's time for you to come up with the goods.

MORT

(sotto, to Bruce)

Originally I was against this. But now it's got a kind of 'union' feel to it, and I'll tell you truth, if there was a national anthem playing right now, I'd be in tears.

EMORY

I WANT TO KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO GIVE THESE PEOPLE NOW.

The crazies applaud. Emory stands tall and smiles to them triumphantly. When the noise subsides Drucker says calmly:

DRUCKER

Notice. I'm firing you. All of you. Get the hell out. Now.

Emory is stunned. He just stands there. The crazies are visibly shaken. They rise slowly, their awkward, hesitant bodies lagging behind their desires. WE FOLLOW them out of the room and down the hall, tall shadows trailing sadly behind them.

EXT. BRIGHTON LAWN - DAY

Emory sits under a tree, the remains of his lunch tray beside him. He rises with his tray. Kathy rises beside him.

KATHY

If it's any consolation, I think, you did the right thing.

INT. BRIGHTON HALLWAY - CONTINUING

Kathy and Emory enter the cool main building.

KATHY

(continuing)

They appreciate it underneath.

Just then Mort and Saabs walk by. They address Emory.

MORT/HSU/BRUCE

Hello, shit box.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATHY
(conceding)
Way underneath.

The solemn group disgustedly enters the art therapy room.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DRUCKER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Stephen, Drucker and several young executives including one frightened executive have attempted to create some 'ads.' They have a picture of a model with beautiful, thick hair.

DRUCKER
It can't be that hard. We just
have to search for the compelling
truth of each product.

STEPHEN
What about: "TRY THIS SHAMPOO;
IT'S FANTASTIC!"

DRUCKER
Boring, and not true.

STEPHEN
What if we just say it'll do great
things for your hair?

DRUCKER
It doesn't do anything for
anybody's hair. In fact, it robs
your hair of body. All shampoo
does.

Drucker looks at the frightened executive.

FRIGHTENED EXECUTIVE
We could say it robs your hair
of body, but it makes it smell
good.

DRUCKER
What are you, an idiot?

The frightened executive doesn't say anything for the rest of the meeting, and perhaps for the rest of the month.

DRUCKER
(continuing)
Take out the aspirin thing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Stephen pulls out an aspirin 'ad' that reads: "4 out of 5 pharmacists recommend it. There's no aspirin better."

DRUCKER

(continuing)

There are plenty of better aspirins. Buffered aspirin, for example. Goddammit, I want the honesty.

STEPHEN

You want a kind of stylistic honesty, right?

DRUCKER

No. Real honesty.

YOUNG EXEC.

I thought we were just trying to make it sound honest.

DRUCKER

No. Real honesty. We are trying to be really honest.

YOUNG EXEC.

Now I'm lost.

DRUCKER

Honesty, dammit. The truth. Like you'd say to your mother.

YOUNG EXEC.

I don't often tell my mother the truth. And I mean that in the spirit of honesty, sir.

YOUNG EXECUTIVE

How about: "Bayer Aspirin. We hope it's the best."

DRUCKER

Goddammit, can't we say something honest? Harris. Say something honest. Totally honest. No holds barred. Go.

YOUNG EXEC

(thinks, then, very very reluctantly)

I...like... small boys.

There is loud, outraged nervous laughter. Not from Drucker.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DRUCKER

About the product, you fucking
idiot. Matthews.

EXECUTIVE II

I didn't get much sleep last
night, sir. I can have something
pretty honest by Tuesday.

They sit there in silence, exhausted. Some sip tea.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ART THERAPY ROOM - DAY

Robles, Saabs, et al draw with crayons and sculpt with clay as
MRS. LAUPHNER, a massive woman with elephantiasis teaches them
art therapy. George has formed the word 'hello' from strips
of green and blue clay and written the word 'hello' on a large
stack of file cards.

GEORGE

I put all my 'hello' words on file
so I don't forget their order.

BRUCE

(smug)

Wonderful plan. I'm quite sure
you'll be nominated for a Nobel
Prize for your lifelong study of
and dedication to the word
'hello.'

The hefty legged Mrs. Lauphner waddles her way toward Mort.

MORT

(re legs)

Looking at those kills my sexual
appetite in very big ways.

There is an air of great sadness in the room as they work.
Judge loses control and wails.

JUDGE

That company has a season box!
We could have gone to a ball game.

EMORY

They never had any intention of
getting us those tickets.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORT
(sneers to Judge)
Yeah. You're so naive.

Tears roll unceremoniously down Judge's broad face. They work silently, sorrowfully on their childish pictures-- pictures of houses, crayoned people named "Mom," stick figures. Suddenly through the window in POV we see a large trailer rig stacked with automobiles. Bruce and Emory rise reverently. Hsu does the same. One by one they jump up from their pictures.

EXT. BRIGHTON FRONT LAWN - CONTINUING

The giant tractor trailer packed with a few rows of luxury cars-- Jaguars, Porsches, BMW's-- has come to rest in front of the main house. Koch quietly argues with the driver.

DR. KOCH
I can not accept these.

RIG DRIVER
I've got to deliver them. They're paid for. I got the work sheet...

Kathy, Mort, Saabs, et al run from the main house.

DR. KOCH
This is a mental hospital.

RIG DRIVER
That's not in my jurisdiction whatever, sir.

Robles inches over and peeks at the paper work that contains their names.

ROBLES
(whispers to Hsu)
We own luxury cars.

The driver shrugs, climbs back up to the cab. Emory runs from the distance, yelling:

EMORY
Don't you go anywhere! You keep that truck where it is.

The driver comes back down out of the cab again.

DR. KOCH
(to driver)
Don't you roll those down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RIG DRIVER
(stops, confused)
What's a rig driver to do?

DR. KOCH
(to Emory)
These people are under my care.

EMORY
That does not give you the
authority to deny them private
property.

DR. KOCH
It certainly does.

JUDGE
(sotto to Emory)
You shouldn't make a scene if you
don't know what you're talking
about.

DR. KOCH
Remove the vehicle from the
premises.

Koch starts toward the main house. Emory runs after him.
Baylor runs after Emory and the crazies run after all of them.

BRUCE
We'd love these cars, sir. If
you'll give me the Jaguar, in
exchange I'll give you some small
figurines I bought in Barbados.
(explains deal)
Always start out low. I learned
that from an Israeli.

Most of the inmates just stand there smiling out of context.
Emory has chased Koch all the way to the porch of the main
house.

EMORY
Don't we deserve to be paid?

DR. KOCH
The business agreement with
Drucker had a therapeutic purpose.
The benefits gleaned from it were
to be psychological, not
financial.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORT

We did get pens. I love my pen.

KATHY

(VO, loud)

Payment isn't part of therapy,
is that it, Dr. Koch?

Koch turns. Kathy stands not far from them defiant and angry.
Koch is stunned.

KATHY

In therapy we're always told to
ask for what we want. Fine. We
worked; we want to be paid.

DR. BAYLOR

Kathy, please...

DR. KOCH

(to Kathy)

I'm surprised to hear you speak
this way, young lady.

(livid, to Baylor)

What the hell is going on here?

EMORY

Everyone needs a little
recognition for the sweat they
put in, Dr. Koch, no matter who
they are. Everyone has a heart.
And if it's not nurtured
occasionally, it gets damaged.
And these hearts have been very,
very damaged.

DR. KOCH

These people are confined.

EMORY

They can still have the cars.
I don't care if they just sit in
the goddamn parking lot. They
worked for the cars, they deserve
the cars; goddammit man, these
cars are theirs.

There is silence. Koch looks to Dr. Baylor for support.

DR. KOCH

Will you please explain our
position to these people?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. BAYLOR

I can't. I don't agree with you.

Koch gives her one of the dirtiest looks in the history of films about mental institutions and storms back to the main house to the gratified hoots and whistles of the lunatics. Dr. Baylor motions for the rig driver to release the cars and the cars start rolling down. Each one has a placard with a printed name stuck to the windshield. A gold Mercedes 560 SEC says "Mort Powell."

MORT

A Mercedes. Now I'm really in show biz.

A Corvette rolls down for Emory.

SAABS

I hope to Christ there's a Saab in there; my favorite model is the '76 GLE. Even though it had fuel injector problems and the pistons don't fire in order I feel it's a car you can somehow respect.

ROBLES

Why are you always going on about that. The whole world knows that those cars don't even start all the time.

SAABS

(thunders, defiant)

They're not supposed to start all the time.

A Jensen with George's name rolls off. There's a BMW for Judge, a Rolls Royce for Kathy, a Lotus for a stunned Hsu.

HSU

(gets in, explains)

I'm going to run some Caucasians down today; it's been that kind of crazy day.

Hsu takes off after a male nurse. A black Porsche Targa Turbo with Robles' name rolls down.

SAABS

(panicky but quiet)

Funny... I don't see a Saab in there anywhere.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A new silver 745 BMW labeled Bruce Concannon rolls down.

ROBLES

Did you know that when you own
a Porsche, if you accidentally
kill people, Porsche pays for it.

Tears begin to well up in Saabs' eyes when the driver gets back
into the cab and he realizes there's no car for him.

SAABS

(voice crackling)

All I ever wanted was a '76 GLE.
It has a lousy blue book value
of two grand, and an electrical
relay system that half the civil
engineers in Kamakura, Japan could
never hope to decode. What would
have been the big freakin' deal?

Suddenly in the distance a flatbed truck appears. On it stands
a very ordinary, weathered, used green Saab with salt damage-- a
76 Saab GLE. Saabs approaches it reverently like Moses
approaching holy ground. He gets in and turns the key. It
doesn't start.

SAABS

(smiling warmly)

I love it.

Robles guns his Porsche across the lawn sending other patients
scurrying for safety. Orderlies try to stop him. Kathy has
meandered off to a quiet spot with Emory.

EMORY

You really stood up to them.

KATHY

(nods with assurance)

I know.

She smiles. He takes her hand. WE PULL BACK. Cars go in
reverse, cars skid near frightened nurses' feet. Five male
nurses attempt to pry Robles out of a Porsche; there is luxury
car havoc. Emory opens Kathy's car door for her. They jump
in.

Kathy turns the key, but it's already started; it makes that
grinding sound. Emory grimaces. She puts the car into gear,
but it guns into reverse, knocking into a dumpster. She puts
it into forward, trying to gently pull forward, but it lurches
ahead and basically drives itself half way into the woods where
it comes to rest against shrubs.

INT. KATHY'S CAR - CONTINUING

KATHY
I don't really drive.

EMORY
You'd never know it.

She kisses him.

KATHY
(continuing)
I guess I can think about leaving now, but I want to go slow. Step by step. I'll have to rent an apartment or a condo. God that scares me.

EMORY
Condos scare millions of people every day.

KATHY
It's crazy to wait here. I can just leave Adam a forwarding address. But to do that I'd have to deal with the people at the Post Office.

EMORY
(nods with assurance)
Postal clerks talk slow and garbled, but we can hire an interpreter.

KATHY
...I'll have to shop, get credit cards... go to the DMV. I guess I'll have to go over the rules again in general.

(beat, she holds him)
I'm scared, Emory. I'll need the help of the man I love. I want to know that you'll be there.

EMORY
I'll be there. I'll be the man standing next to you. You'll recognize me; I'll be the one who's smiling.

She kisses him again. He kisses her. They settle onto the long front seat. Later, when we don't see, they make love.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We move across the lawn to see hospital personnel attempt to reestablish order among the crazed new car owners as the reddened sun lowers into the distance.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JUDGE'S ROOM - NIGHT

It's the middle of the night. Judge concentrates at his easel, but a closer look reveals that he is concentrating on blank pages.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BRIGHTON LAWN - DAY

It's a warm, bright day. Kathy and Emory are asleep on the front seat of Kathy's car. They awaken to see Eric standing over them.

ERIC

I am unbelievably annoyed. Remove yourselves from the vehicle.

They get out of the car warm and giggling.

INT. BRIGHTON HALLWAY - DAY

Emory enters. The mental patients work. Saabs snaps his fingers ending a jingle about a funeral home that is set to a swing era jazz tune, the last words of which are "DISAPPEARING SILENTLY INTO ETERNITY AT A DELIGHTFULLY LOW COST." Robles opens his mail; Saabs waits for Robles' verdict.

ROBLES

Who the hell ever heard of a cremation jingle? It's the most awful type of shit.

SAABS

(hurt, shoots back)
You're an ugly man.

ROBLES

(opening package)
Fantastic! Our contracts are here.

EMORY

(to Robles)
Manny, I got some great news. Well, not just me. Kathy and I have some great news.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROBLES

Can't now. Too busy. And don't
bug me later because later I'll
be tired.

He leaves Emory standing there. George meanders in with a tube which he opens. In it is a huge poster of all the crazies dressed up in lunatic garb-- underwear on their heads, pajamas, bowler hats. It's a blown up photo from the front page of GQ magazine.

GEORGE

I don't like the way they
photographed my hair. It looks
dry; I may sue for damages.

BRUCE

(on phone)

I spoke to their attorneys. I
want an accounting of the stock
options. Trust? Trust?!

(chuckles jovially)

You're hilarious, Arnie.

(thunders angrily)

I want it on paper, you ugly shit.

Hsu badgers a visibly exhausted Judge.

HSU

What do you mean they're not
ready? I need them now.

JUDGE

I may have a block.

HSU

That's ridiculous. We write
slogans, Judge. Little slogans
that go next to pictures in
magazines. Nobody runs out of
those.

BRUCE

(on phone)

Well I want them approved. DON'T
BUST MY HUMP.

(hangs up, explains)

Lawyers. Very low on the
evolutionary scale. Right down
near hermit crabs.

Emory moves back up the hall where Mort explains something to Robles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORT

You need to broaden the Delmonte campaign.

EMORY

I've got some terrific news.

MORT

(to Emory)

I'll get right back to you, 'babe.

(to Robles)

If we broaden the market we can...

EMORY

It's just one thing.

MORT

(firm, to Emory)

I said "I'll get back to you."

That's 'show biz' talk. It means

I may not call you at all.

Emory takes a breath and lets out a huge sound.

EMORY

HEY!!

It calls a halt to everything that's going on. Commerce suddenly ceases. Everyone is silent.

EMORY

(continuing)

Something good has happened to me.

I need to share it with friends.

That's all I'm asking.

A few nod for a moment, as though they completely understand. Then they just go back to what they were doing. Emory just stands there very let down. Eric walks over to him.

ERIC

(to Emory)

You got a visitor. Very attractive. Let's go.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUING

Emory sits across from Cheri. He is visibly moved and compromised by her beauty..

EMORY

What happened in San Diego?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHERI

Too many beaches. And you were right. Everyone scuba dives. It's a drag.

Cheri laughs. Emory waits.

CHERI

(continuing)

I guess I'll start taking some dance classes.

(beat)

I miss you. I miss your crooked smile. I can't understand why we left each other.

EMORY

'We' didn't leave each other. You left me. You were right. I wasn't good for you.

She forges on gently. She speaks thoughtfully, poetically.

CHERI

I didn't know what I was doing. I was happy when I was with you.

EMORY

You complained for two years.

CHERI

We don't often know what we have until it's gone. I don't want to argue with you about this, Emory. I need you back. That's all.

EMORY

So what does that mean? What about me? What about what I need?

He looks away. She moves closer to him.

CHERI

No one else can give you what I can.

EMORY

Thank God. Look, Cheri, this is really a bad time for this kind of talk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He's about to rise. She holds him back. She takes his hand. It does things to him.

CHERI

We can start again. We can sort of... rearrange things. Readjust emotional priorities.

EMORY

(gently pulling away)

I don't know what you're talking about.

CHERI

I spoke to your parents. They're willing to come up with me, pick you up and take us all away to Mexico together.

EMORY

Why inflict my parents on the Mexicans. The Mexicans never hurt us. I can't bear my parents and you know it. Why would I go away with them? Why are you doing this?

CHERI

Your parents care about you.

EMORY

No they don't. Have they visited me here once?

CHERI

Maybe they're uncomfortable...

EMORY

They're ashamed of me. I didn't become who they wanted. My parents judge everyone, and very few people measure up to their fierce scrutiny. They're nasty, sarcastic, condemning. In fact, if given the choice between spending a couple of hours with my parents at an oyster bar, or flailing around in shallow water with thresher sharks, most people who know my folks would gratefully choose the sharks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She moves closer to him again. She kisses him and pulls his hand to her chest. He is moved, but pulls away, his heart racing.

EMORY
(continuing)
Don't do this to me. Please go.

She stands, slightly ruffled, but controlled, and starts out.

CHERI
Let me know when you're ready.

EMORY
(calls after her)
I won't be ready. I'll never be ready. That's the whole point.

INT. BRIGHTON HALLWAY

Emory walks past Dr. Baylor's office. The shelves are stripped of books. A few cardboard boxes are scattered along the bare, dusty floor, but otherwise it's empty. Emory walks in. George appears out of the woodwork, startling the hell out of him.

GEORGE
Hello. She's leaving, hello.
She was fired, hello. Shitty,
huh?

Through the window, in POV, WE SEE Dr. Baylor loading her car. Emory runs out.

EXT. BRIGHTON DRIVEWAY - CONTINUING

An orderly helps Dr. Baylor load boxes.

DR. BAYLOR
Kathy's right. I tell people how to feel, how to ask for what they need, how to overcome fears, how to face difficult circumstances. Now I'll see if it works.

She hoists a box and puts it in the back.

EMORY
He fired you.

DR. BAYLOR
I haven't been all that effective here for a while anyhow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMORY

That's not true. Cheri was here today.

Dr. Baylor looks up, surprised.

EMORY

(continuing)

She told me what I always wanted to hear. That she loved me. That she missed me and wanted me back.

DR. BAYLOR

How did that make you feel?

EMORY

You could have heated up flank steaks on my thighs.

DR. BAYLOR

You're going to go back to her.

EMORY

You taught me how to tell the difference between someone who really feels for me and someone who doesn't. She thought she had me. I thought so, too.

(smiles)

She doesn't. I've decided to start a new life. I'd say you were real effective.

DR. BAYLOR

I learned a few things here myself. I may even buy a Saab next year. I have to go, Emory.

Baylor shakes Emory's hand, puts the last boxes in her car, gets in and starts the engine. She jumps out of her car and hugs him.

DR. BAYLOR

"Visit Canada. It's less boring than you think." That was my favorite. And it's true! I have friends from Manitoba. I visited their home for a week. I went to bed at nine every night. Emory. Good luck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She kisses him, gets back in her car, and drives away. After a moment, Emory turns sadly toward the main house; Eric stands there.

EMORY

Every time something meaningful happens to me I turn around and you're there.

ERIC

Dr. Koch wants to see you.

EMORY

Have we ever talked about your breath? Come. I have some ideas. All involve very strong chemicals.

Emory takes him around the shoulders and they walk back.

INT. KOCH'S OFFICE

Koch practically leaps over the desk at Emory.

KOCH

Don't you tell me it's not my business. It's very much my business.

EMORY

What are you afraid of, Koch? That somebody's going to take her out of here? I'm doing something for Kathy that you could never do for her here. I care.

DR. KOCH

Great. We'll celebrate your happiness with a catered function.

EMORY

Why do you keep people here who don't need to be here?

KOCH

She needs to be here.

EMORY

You convinced her of that!

KOCH

You're little friend's not a very together girl, Emory.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMORY

DON'T BULLSHIT ME! I'm an 'ad' man, Koch-- an Olympic Gold Medal Bullshitter. What do you want? Her money?

KOCH

She may have convinced you that she's fine, but she's not.

EMORY

She's fine, Koch. She has the strength to leave now.

KOCH

When? When her "brother" arrives? Did she show you the "letters" from her "brother" in the "Army?" I saw those. She wrote them herself. Check the postmarks. They were mailed from here.

Emory is a little shaken by this. He tries to convince himself otherwise when he says:

EMORY

That's a lot of bullshit. You're just trying to manipulate me.

KOCH

You think you're the first person she's fooled, Emory? You're not the first person she's sought help from, and you're not the first she's brought to her 'special' place. She's manic, and she's going to stay here.

EMORY

She doesn't seem very manic to me. You seem manic to me.

(starts out)

I'm going to get her out of here.

KOCH

You don't know what you're getting into, Leeson.

(stands, enraged)

Don't you toy with me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMORY

I've always gone by the book.
I've avoided waves and I never
talked back to anyone because I
was afraid they wouldn't think
I was a gentleman. Well, that's
over. Because I finally found
someone I care about who cares
about me, AND I HAVE NO INTENTION
OF LETTING A QUIRKY, WIRY HAired
LITTLE SHIT LIKE YOU FUCK IT UP.

Emory storms out.

INT. KATHY'S ROOM

Kathy stares up at Emory from her chair.

EMORY

(gently)

I'm not challenging you, Kathy.

KATHY

Yes you are! You're challenging
the hell out of me.

EMORY

Why are you getting so upset?

KATHY

Because you don't believe me.
I can see it in your eyes.

EMORY

I do believe you.

KATHY

Then why are you grilling me?

EMORY

I'm not. I just want to hear it
from you.

KATHY

What do you want to hear? I told
you everything I know.

(beat, then)

Koch told you I wrote the letters
myself, didn't he.

EMORY

Yes, Koch said that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATHY
(bitterly)
And you believe him.

EMORY
All you have to do is tell me.
Did you write the letters or not?

KATHY
(exasperated)
Well, I certainly don't think so.

EMORY
You don't THINK so?

KATHY
I have a brother, ok? He'll be
flying in somehow to take me away.

EMORY
This is sounding harder to believe
than ever. Why didn't you say
it like this before?

KATHY
Because there are some things I'm
not sure of. I didn't want to
take a chance expressing that to
you.

EMORY
Did you promise other guys that
you'd leave with them?

KATHY
(flying off handle)
Why should I dignify these
accusations with answers?

EMORY
Because you had an impact on my
life. Because you made me
hopeful. You had me believe that
I was waiting for you. You had
me thinking that there was a
gentle, beautiful person in the
world waiting right here to walk
away with me. It's all false now.

KATHY
(begins to cry)
Do you have any idea how much
you're hurting me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMORY

What about me? You've been asking me to pin my hopes on a fictitious situation, delusions, a brother who was scheduled to fly in on wings and whisk you away.

KATHY

I did not say wings. I never said wings.

EMORY

(quietly realizing)

You're not waiting for anyone, are you. You're staying here.

KATHY

Don't look at me like I lied to you. Hoping and believing is not lying.

Emory is about to interrupt, but she raises her voice.

KATHY

(continuing)

You said you cared for me. But if you care for a person, you trust them. They confused me here, and anyone who commits to me would have to realize that and be patient. But no! You stopped believing. And when you stop believing, you're finished. You don't care for me. You don't trust me. No! You just wanted the memory of a few sexy days to make your stay here go a little quicker.

Emory reaches out to touch her but she strikes him. It stuns her more than it does him. She runs from the room in tears.

INT. BRIGHTON HALLWAY

Dejected, Emory walks out of his room. He watches his friends work diligently. Phones ring. The walls are littered with previously published 'ads' like "SONY: OUR EYES ARE CLOSER".

Saabs shows Mort an 'ad' that pictures a shiny Saab car. He reads the copy as we do:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAABS

"FINDING A NEW CAR THAT STARTS
EVERY SINGLE TIME IS EASY.
FINDING ONE THAT DOESN'T IS WHAT
MAKES OUR AUTOMOBILE INTERESTING.
SAAB: THE INTERESTING
ALTERNATIVE."

No one even notices Emory standing there. He walks off.

INT. EMORY'S ROOM

Emory is asleep. Outside it's dark. In POV through his window WE HEAR and SEE that a car accident has occurred with a frightening crash on the Brighton lawn. Through the screens WE SEE the red and blue flashing lights of a police car and tow truck that light up the night. WE SEE Hsu and Robles argue as a tow truck operator hoists a car up and a policeman takes down information. When Emory opens his eyes, he realizes it's not a dream.

ROBLES

(screams to Hsu)

Do you know what's it's going to
cost to replace a front grill
assembly on a 944 Carrera?

(to cop, re Hsu)

He was speeding.

HSU

I've been missing deadlines. I
thought if I drove around for a
while I could forget the pressure
and maybe get some sleep.

ROBLES

He wasn't looking at the road;
he didn't have his headlights on;
he was scratching his nose-- I
demand that you give this man a
ticket for driving while Korean.

Their angry voices echo through the night. WE PULL BACK as the flashing lights continue to light up in soft, shifting tones the faces of the tow operator, the cop making out a report, the damaged cars, the spectators, the mental patients, the outside world brought in.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BRIGHTON GROUNDS - DAY

A NEW PATIENT gets out of a station wagon. Eric takes the new patient's luggage. Dr. Koch confers with the new patient's friend. Kathy greets the new patient. She takes him by the arm and walks him toward the woods. Emory stands at his window watching this. He leaves the window.

INT. BRIGHTON HALLWAY - CONTINUING

We follow Emory on a slow walk through the halls. He watches George dictating to a secretary.

GEORGE

...and because we have agreed to sign as exclusive agents with said Drucker firm, we will be unable to consult with you. Sincerely George McCauley. Of course, be sure to use the familiar 'hello' at the top of the letter. And the bottom.

Emory watches Bruce crossing to his office. A closer look reveals that Bruce is completely naked.

SECRETARY

Sir, you have no clothing on.

BRUCE

I am not in the mood for criticism today, Blanche.

Emory meanders over to Saabs' desk. Saabs feverishly tries to finish some last minute work while Mort and Hsu go after Judge.

MORT

What do you mean you didn't finish. You think this is a game?!

JUDGE

I'm having problems. I got a call from my brother. He said my mother is sick and may die.

MORT

(as in "so what")
Mothers die all the time.

HSU

In Japan a mother dies every thirty seconds.
(more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HSU (Cont'd)

They go to the funeral, they cry for a minute, then they get back to market analysis.

MORT

Shit or get off the pot. It's an ugly expression, but apt, I think.

BRUCE

(yells down hallway)

Let's go. Big day. Contract meeting; Move it, people!

Executives begin to arrive. Everyone runs in different directions. Judge's secretary, a grey woman of 60 picks up a ringing phone. Her face turns white; she stands touched by the light of eternity. She tries to grab Judge as he runs harried from Hsu and Mort.

GREY WOMAN

It's God on line 1.

JUDGE

Can't you see I'm tied up? Get a number.

Emory watches the usual collection of officious executives jump out of limos and file through the halls.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

There is a festive mood to the room now which has been bedecked with buffet tables. A long felt covered table sits in front with eight neat piles of contracts. There is a lectern in front of the long red table. Executives and crazies filter in for the big meeting. An agency publicity photographer tests his flash. George who has been watching one of several televisions in back yells:

GEORGE

It's one of ours!

Crazies run into the tv room. A commercial comes on. In it, a man in a white lab coat grinds lenses.

VOICE OVER

We grind our lenses with precision and care.

An optometrist administers a glaucoma test. People in lab coats do things at computer terminals.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VOICE OVER

(continuing)

Your eyesight is important to us.
So we use the most up to date
technology. We care about your
eyes and we care about what you
put on them.

A friendly technician helps a man chose a pair of frames.

VOICE OVER

(continuing)

We care about you a lot. In fact,
we care so much, that if you don't
buy lenses from us, we're going
to come to your house and punch
you in the stomach.

Two optical workers in white lab coats shake a disloyal lense
wearer in front of a stucco house. SUPERED over this it says:
"STEINERS. LET US HELP YOU OR WE'LL PUNCH YOU IN THE STOMACH."

MORT

That was mine!

BRUCE

Bullshit. I came up with that
Thursday.

MORT

Yes, but I was thinking of it
privately several days earlier.

BRUCE

You're an asshole.

HSU

(consoling to Mort)

Assholes get a bad rap, but
they're indispensable to our
society in finance, music, and
the arts.

MORT

Hey, fuck you with that.

The room is abuzz with anticipation. The publicity
photographers flash at crazies shaking hands with attorneys.

But not everyone is together. Several groups of crazies have
moved off to the side to discuss separate strategies-- Judge,
Bruce, and Hsu conspire on one side of the room, and Robles,
Saabs, Mort and George conspire on the other. Emory sits alone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRUCE

(re Mort)

He stole my idea; I want him out.

JUDGE

It's not going to be easy.
Bachman loves his ass.

HSU

We could power him out, but we'd
have to wait until they're legal
shareholders.

JUDGE

(re Bruce)

I consulted an attorney in
Connecticut about a buyout.

DRUCKER

Ladies and gentlemen, what we're
about to do here today is make
history. It is the first time
mental patients have been utilized
as consultants for an American
corporation. Are there any
questions before we begin?

There is light applause. Photos are flashed. Minicams outside
shoot video footage of the Brighton main house. A reporter
interviews Koch outside. Robles raises his hand. There is a
beat; he peruses some papers before answering.

ROBLES

Yes. Do our contracts address
the issue of royalties on European
markets?

Drucker quietly confers with an attorney for a moment.

ATTORNEY

It's a per centage based on gross
billing from those markets.

JUDGE

I love attorneys. They have
absolutely no smell. Have you
ever noticed that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRUCE

(re Robles)

What the hell business is it of his what the fuck goes on in Europe. He's Mexican. The closest he's been to Europe is El Paso.

ROBLES

(as in "fuck you")

By pre-negotiating my European markets, I'll be paid twice what they pay you next year.

SAABS

(a little nervous)

I thought we make the same. What increase does he get by negotiating in advance?

ATTORNEY

(calculates, then
reluctantly

Twenty two per cent, plus.

There are some gasps from the other lunatics.

JUDGE

(to Saabs)

What did we get?

SAABS

(checking, crushed)

Six, plus. If he makes more than me I'm going to take my life.

BRUCE

What the hell's the difference?
We're in a mental institution.

SAABS

It's upsetting. He's a minority.

MORT

(to Judge)

Make a pact with me against Saabs.
We can pull a power play and take his commissions.

JUDGE

Fine. But what about Bruce.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORT

We'll lead him to think he's in on it, and screw him on the other end.

SAABS

How do I know I can trust you?

MORT

You have to. You're not productive enough to stay with them and you're too stupid to be on your own.

Saabs nods matter of factly, thinks it over, then punches Mort in the mouth. George jumps up yelling "Hello"; Mort in an attempt to block a second punch slams his elbow into Robles' teeth. Bruce throws his open palm at Mort, but somehow pokes himself in the eye and then angrily slams Hsu in the head.

HSU

Never hit a Korean!

Hsu throws Bruce over a chair; Judge jumps on a secretary.

JUDGE

Let's make children. Just for a few minutes.

Total disorder erupts. Hsu jumps an executive from behind.

HSU

You're an attractive man. I'm gay! I never mentioned that!

The disgusted executive tries to shake the now gay Korean. Orderlies and nurses rush in; there is utter havoc.

Emory stands. He picks up a box and begins filling it with his things. Gradually the violence abates as people begin to notice that he has started toward the door. Patients gradually release their adversaries. There is silence. Mort, embarrassed, releases Saab's nose.

ROBLES

You, uh, going to the bathroom?

EMORY

(assessing)

You know I'm not.

(to Mort)

What the hell are you doing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORT

(re Saabs)

I found out he was in on a power play against me, so I tried to pull his nose off. I had it in a vice grip. It was enjoyable.

Judge explains further:

JUDGE

We realized we could make more money if we squeezed him out.

EMORY

What are you going to do with more money?

STEPHEN

(advances on Emory)

I think we can handle this without your help.

JUDGE

(answers, to Emory)

Buy a BMW. They make a convertible now. You can get a decent one with a Blaupunkt for 30 grand.

EMORY

What are you going to do with that?

JUDGE

Pick up girls.

EMORY

What kind of girls do you think you're going to get with a BMW?

JUDGE

(shrugs)

Girls who like BMW's. I hear there are certain makes of German cars that will land you a date with pretty much any girl on the west coast.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAABS

The governor of California said that if we wrote some successful re-election campaigns for him, he'd set us up with some girls from LA that didn't have Herpes.

MORT

(clarifying)

He said he wasn't making any promises.

STEPHEN

(to Emory)

I'm asking you to leave now.

BRUCE

Yeah. We're having fun.

EMORY

Tearing each other apart is having fun? You don't have it as good as you think.

JUDGE

(defensively)

I admire these folks. They wear crisp clothing, close shaves, and their faces have a smooth, expensive sheen that I really enjoy. They've been pretty good to us.

EMORY

You're making a mistake if you sign your lives over to these people. They don't care about you. This craziness, this kind of blind competition is what landed me here in the first place.

SAABS

Maybe he's right. Maybe we could earn money another way. How long do you think it would take to make a living distributing Amway.

BRUCE

Many hundreds of lifetimes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HSU

They do care. I'm pretty sure they do care. Some people cared about me once, and these people act just like those.

EMORY

Remember when you used to play volleyball? When you treated each other like people?

JUDGE

Volleyball? I got a Mercedes to think about.

GEORGE

I'm a nutcake, hello. Never had much purpose, hello. First time I ever had any purpose, hello, howarya. Now that I have some, I feel, hello, better about myself. I love that. Also, I don't say 'hello' nearly as much as I used to.

MORT

I got news for you. You still say it plenty.

EMORY

You've had it hard. Now for the first time somebody notices you. You feel strong. You want to run with it. But you can still care about those around you.

Emory starts out. He turns back to look at them and leaves. They are silent. Stephen steps to the front and tries to change the mood.

STEPHEN

Ok, contracts. Anybody want some coffee? We've got plenty.

But there's a long, uncertain beat.

INT. BRIGHTON HALLWAY - PAY PHONE

Emory holds the receiver.

INT. CHERI'S BEDROOM - CONTINUING

Cheri is about to leave the house. The phone rings. She picks it up.

EMORY

(VO)

Cheri. It's me. I'm ready.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUING

The room is still silent. Drucker is visibly upset. Stephen realizes it.

STEPHEN

Look, we can take a little coffee break if that's what you'd like. Or we can get right back into the swing of this.

The crazies just sit there. Finally Bruce rises.

BRUCE

Maybe we should meet privately first to be sure that we're all in agreement on the terms.

STEPHEN

You have already approved the terms verbally.

SAABS

Yes, we know, but we negotiated different things and we all do basically the same job, and we're friends, and we'd just like to...

STEPHEN

It doesn't matter whether you're ok with it or not. The verbal contracts are binding. You approved them.

BRUCE

Well, I know we approved them, but we need to talk about whether...

GEORGE

(pointed, clear and slow)

Whether it's going to be good for us to continue.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEPHEN

You don't have that choice.

There is a long beat. Some get that burning feeling in their stomachs that you get when you realize you're going to spend a few years in a vastly different way than you'd planned.

MORT

(realizing quietly)

You mean, even though you knew it'd be bad for us, you'd try to make us do it anyway?

STEPHEN

I don't understand the question.

GEORGE

It's a simple enough question.
Answer it.

Stephen says nothing. They begin to realize.

BRUCE

You don't care about us. Do you?

MORT

Do you?

ROBLES

Answer him, Slim Yuppie Male.

STEPHEN

Not as such, no. We don't care in that way.

The crazies slowly rise. Judge crosses to the door. Saabs follows him. After various periods of rumination, each person does the same until they've all thrown in their 'ads', pens, ledgers, computer sheets and are on their way out of the room. Stephen tries to physically prevent them from leaving.

STEPHEN

You're not going anywhere.

MORT

Eat my chest hair, pal. Nobody tells me what to do. Only Italian women with tight apparel.

Stephen gestures to Eric who locks them in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROBLES
(quietly)
Please open the door.

STEPHEN
You are legally bound to this
agreement.

Robles backs Stephen to the wall, takes him by the shirt and slowly lifts him off the ground.

ROBLES
You know, one of the great things
about being a mental patient is
the built in insanity defense you
have in case you kill a guy. Now,
open the fucking door or I turn
you into a fruit compote.

Stephen looks to Drucker. There is a long beat. Drucker nods; the door is opened. The lunatics file into the hallway. Arm in arm they walk proudly back through the hall to their rooms.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BRIGHTON LAWN - DAY

Next day. Everyone plays volleyball. The ball goes back and forth.

HSU
Got any vocational ideas? Like
what the hell we're going to do
now?

JUDGE
I don't know. We're not well
educated; we know nothing about
the world; we have no talent, no
sense of humor to speak of. What
can we do?

MORT
We can write for tv.

There is general agreement on the point. The ball is lobbed slowly to Saabs who, as usual, watches it fall at his feet.

ROBLES
You're supposed to hit the damn
thing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAABS

I did hit it.

BRUCE

Oh, please. If you hit it, don't you think we would have seen it?

SAABS

Not necessarily.

JUDGE

You know the one regret I have about leaving Drucker is that they had those boxes on the first base line. Wouldn't it have been great to go to the ball game?

MORT

This is a ball game, 'babe.

BRUCE

He means a baseball game. And stop calling people 'babe.' Everybody hates that. Ask around.

Mort looks to the others. They agree in no uncertain terms:

ALL

Nobody likes to be called 'babe.'

MORT

(shrugs, defensive)
Ok, I'll stop.

The lunch bell rings. Everyone starts walking toward the main house.

INT. EMORY'S ROOM - CONTINUING

Emory packs his bags, neatly folding clothes and memories-- a note from Kathy, a baseball cap from Judge. Kathy enters.

KATHY

I wanted to say good bye. And to say I was sorry.

EMORY

About what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATHY

(ponders)

I didn't think that far ahead.
Usually when you say you're sorry
people just forgive you. I'm sad
you're going.

EMORY

You could have come.

KATHY

I promised I'd wait for Adam and
I'm going to honor that.

(concedes)

I guess I'm not ready for the
world. And it's not just the
parking situation. I'm just not
ready.

EMORY

So hide.

KATHY

Everybody hides. They just do
it in different ways. You're
going back to a relationship
that's no good for you. Isn't
that hiding?

EMORY

I have to start somewhere.
(realizes, annoyed)
Hey, how did you find that out?

KATHY

That's not important. Why don't
you start your new life alone if
you're so brave?

EMORY

Maybe I'm not so brave.

KATHY

I made my decision to wait. I
have to give you up because of
it and I have to live with that.
I just don't see how can you go
back to someone who doesn't care
for you?

Emory snaps one suitcase shut, then packs the other.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMORY

I have no alternative. You're waiting for imaginary people to fly in and pick you up and I don't have time for that. My situation may not look good to you now, but it seems correct for me. I'll manage. You're sitting on my underwear.

Kathy rises momentarily, and hands him his shorts.

KATHY

I didn't really go into the woods with that guy. I knew you were watching. I did it to make you feel bad. I was angry you didn't want me anymore.

(cheerfully remembering)

Oh. This is good. That was why I was sorry. Remember, earlier?

Emory stuffs his valise. The crazies appear at the window.

KATHY

(continuing)

My dreams are what I need to believe in; they are what make my life palatable. I don't expect you to understand. But maybe you can find a little compassion for me. You certainly found it for everyone else.

Emory tries to contain his emotions by concentrating on folding a pair of boxers. Judge and Mort's faces peer into his window from outside, their faces pressed against the summer screens.

JUDGE

(incredulous)

BOXER SHORTS?! What in hell could you hope to achieve by wearing those?

EMORY

Notoriety.

JUDGE

It's common knowledge that peoples' balls get tangled up in boxer shorts. Why go through the horror?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hsu ambles over eating a bowl of porridge with chopsticks.

HSU

Did you ever notice how dedicated Asians look when they eat with chopsticks? It's bullshit! We hate them. Most Asians I've spoken to secretly wish they could use soup spoons. You're leaving.

Emory nods. George runs over, concerned. He wears white buck shoes, wrap around sun glasses and a beret. A makeshift goatee is marked on his face in eyeliner.

BRUCE

Did you pencil a beard onto your face because I'll tell you right now it looks like hell.

HSU

He's leaving.

GEORGE

(big and loud)

Bull's testicles. You gotta wait with us.

SAABS

Didn't you hear? Kathy's brother might come to get us in a fantastic flying machine to take us to a ball game.

EMORY

Is that part of the dream, too? Building up other peoples' expectations and letting them down at the last minute when they realize it's impossible?

KATHY

Look how happy they are just thinking about it.

Emory casts a glance out the window. They smile broad, toothy grins.

KATHY

(continuing)

You don't understand crazy people anymore, Emory. They've had enough sadness.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATHY (Cont'd)

They want to be happy. And it doesn't really matter how. Whether the object of their wish becomes reality or remains safely in their imagination, it's still happiness. You and I had that until you decided which dreams were real and which weren't.

ROBLES

You can't go, Em. We love you. If you attempt to leave, we will try to kill you.

GEORGE

Dig that statement, daddio.

Emory shuts the second suitcase.

JUDGE

Don't go, Em. Wait for Kathy's brother to fly in, or whatever the hell that wacky story is.

Eric enters the room. Emory grabs Kathy and hugs her, holding happiness tight for one last embrace. He grabs his bags. The lock pops, and the bag pops open. He crouches down, stuffs his things back in, and begins the long walk.

EXT. BRIGHTON LAWN - CONTINUING

Cheri, Emory's mother and father, MR. AND MRS. LEESON, and Dr. Koch wait near a car as Emory emerges from the building. Jason and Veronica slurp drippy, orange and purple popsicles.

MR. LEESON

Look how thin the nuthouse made him. Our son is a nutball.

MRS. LEESON

Didn't I beg you not to call it that? How do you think he looks?

MR. LEESON

Like he lost some tiles during the re-entry.

CHERI

(to Jason, re popsicle)
I thought I asked you to throw those out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JASON
And I said no.

Cheri slaps at him. The popsicle falls to the dirt. Jason screams and throws it at her. It smears a wet, orange stain on her skirt. The kid screams.

JASON
(continuing)
I don't care! I don't care what I say because I hate you. You're just gonna marry a geek.

MR. LEESON
(observing Emory)
The kid's right. He does have a certain, shall we say, 'geeky' quality now. Picking your son up from a mental institution. It's no picnic.

She puts Jason into the car.

CHERI
(to Emory)
Just put your things in the trunk.

Emory puts his bags in the already opened trunk.

EMORY
Hello, Mom. Dad.

They look at him for about one second as though they were busy and had just run into someone they knew in town. They say:

MR. LEESON/MRS. LEESON
Hi. Hiya.

Then they go right back to whispering among themselves.

MR. LEESON
What do you imagine he'll do about a job? It's not easy for a former nut case to just hop into a pair of poplin pants and take a crack at the workaday world.

MRS. LEESON
These children will need to be educated. Cheri hasn't bought a dress since the breakdown. How could she? Her fiancée has been laid up like a hot potato.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. LEESON

Well, the holiday is over. We'll see how many top companies are willing to hire a former nutball.

MRS. LEESON

Didn't I beg you not to call him that?

Emory looks to Cheri with the misguided desire for support. WE HEAR a faint thudding sound in the distance. Very faint.

CHERI

Please get into the car.

He opens the door. The kids fight inside. Emory hesitates momentarily. He looks back toward the lunatic group then back at Kathy who stands on the main house porch, alone. Her sad gaze meets his. Emory puts his hand on the car door. Suddenly the thudding sound becomes deeper, louder and more distinct. An amphibious helicopter chops into view.

INT. AMPHIBIOUS HELICOPTER - CONTINUING

The pilot is a thirties blond fellow in khakis with a name tag that reads BURGESS. A larger, black Airman named MONTESQUE sits next to him. They both peer down at the Brighton grounds.

BURGESS

She's gotta be down there somewhere.

EXT BRIGHTON LAWN - CONTINUING

The chopper lowers until wind from the blades begins blowing grass. Sport coats wave. Everyone stands stunned as the chopper touches down on the lawn of the mental institution. Kathy runs for the chopper and the other patients follow her.

DR. KOCH

What in the hell is going on?

ERIC

A chopper has touched down on the lawn, and patients are running toward it.

DR. KOCH

Don't you think I know that? Call someone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Eric makes a mad dash for the main house as Kathy and the crazies continue running toward the helicopter, hair blowing in the wind.

BRUCE

My hair doesn't blow in the wind
like yours because it's matted
down.

JUDGE

(screams muffled, as
they run)
I really don't care about that
sort of thing right now and I'm
not interested in getting into
a discussion about it.

Judge and the others run up under the blades of the chopper.
Burgess yells over the chopper's thudding to the crazies.

BURGESS

Where's my sister?

JUDGE

Right here.

Kathy pushes to the front of the crowd and jumps on. Burgess jumps up and they embrace.

Judge and the other lunatics climb on. Eric makes a mad dash back to Koch.

ERIC

(screaming)
Who do you call in a situation
like this?

INT. AMPHIBIOUS HELICOPTER - CONTINUING

While Kathy and her brother embrace, Montesque starts to lift the chopper up. Kathy looks back at Emory who's hand is still frozen to the door handle of Cheri's car.

The chopper hovers overhead briefly. Kathy and Emory stare at each other through the distance. The helicopter continues to hover overhead. Kathy puts her hand on her brother's shoulder. He brings the aircraft down a little.

Emory takes his hand off the car door handle, grabs his bags and begins running toward the chopper. The aircraft immediately comes back down. Koch and several male nurses give chase.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As he runs, Emory's bag pops open and he has to keep it shut with his arms. The chopper touches down. Emory jumps on before Koch and the others can grab him. Emory stands there for a moment, and looks at Burgess, a little uncertain.

EMORY
(to Burgess)
You Adam?

BURGESS
Yup.

EMORY
You're Kathy's brother?

BURGESS
Yup.

EMORY
You wrote her letters?

BURGESS
Plenty.

EMORY
(nods, assured)
Just checking. Oh, listen. These people would love to go to a ball game. What are the chances of you lowering this thing somewhere around Yankee Stadium?

BURGESS
(shrugs)
What the hell. It's been that kind of crazy day.

Kathy takes Emory's hand. Burgess motions to Montesque who lifts the aircraft and tilts it toward the sky. As it rises, Emory's bag gets caught on a hinge and clothing sprays out from the bag and falls lightly through the atmosphere, a trail of bodiless parachutists sailing gently through the sky.

MORT
He really should get a lock for that bag.

JUDGE
He should. There's nothing more unappealing than watching boxer shorts dropping from the sky.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

But Emory's not paying attention. He's in the back kissing Kathy. WE HEAR laughter, arguing about who's going to sit in which seats when they get to the ball park, about where to park a helicopter at a ball park, about who's going to pay for hot dogs. Mort says Judge owes him eighty dollars, Judge says that's impossible, he never carries American money. Robles asks what the hell that means, Saabs mentions that his Saab hasn't started for a week because the automatic choke is frozen, Bruce says he doesn't care about frozen choke holds, but wonders why one would freeze in the middle of the summer. George says 'hello,' and they fly off into the distance as we:

FADE OUT.

END.