

# **DEPRESSION**

a screenplay  
by

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CLOSEUP UNDER CREDITS

Millions of dollars in old money, waiting to be destroyed, are being bulldozed around the pits of the treasury. We FOLLOW one particular bundle until it is finally incinerated.

CREDITS END.

CUT TO:

INT. U.S. TREASURY - EARLY EVENING

The printing presses of the U.S. Treasury are spitting out thousands of ones, fives, tens and twenties.

The clock strikes five --

A hand throws a master switch --

The presses grind to a halt --

The workers are leaving the premises --

The exterior of the building goes dark --

Silence.

A truck pulls up and stops in front of the building --

Forty men get out, led by five well-dressed organizers --

A key goes into the lock --

The presses are manned by uniformed professionals --

The presses begin to roll, what they are printing we do not see.

CAMERA PANS UP to the half-shadowed face of a man with a stern, ominous expression.

CUT TO:

INT. CONVENTION HALL - DAY

We SEE the face of VICTORIA VALENTINE in CLOSEUP. She is a striking thirty-year-old, pretty, but in a very obvious way: blonde hair, lots of eye shadow, busty, and all the clothes that spell blonde bombshell. Right now she is lecturing/inspiring all the women who belong to the Fem-a-leens, an organization devoted to making your man into something.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VICTORIA  
(shouting)  
... Why? Because we are the  
complete woman! Who are we?

FEMALE VOICES (V.O.)  
The complete woman!

CAMERA WIDENS TO REVEAL Victoria is in a hotel convention hall lecturing to two hundred housewives.

VICTORIA  
Girls... I have a wonderful  
husband! Why do I have a  
wonderful husband?

WOMEN'S VOICES  
(unison)  
You made him that way.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHOPPING MALL - DAY

ROGER VALENTINE is advancing down the mall with a good-natured directness. He is wearing sunglasses and looks somewhat chic in his Italian clothes. Occasionally he stops to survey the goods in the store windows. Victoria's voice continues OVER his walk.

VICTORIA (V.O.)  
He doesn't try to be anything he's  
not! Why, girls?

VOICES  
(unison)  
You made him that way!

Roger puts on an extra bit of coolness for some women passing by. Perhaps a trifle too much.

VICTORIA (V.O.)  
My man is the boss! Why?

VOICES  
(unison)  
You made him that way!

Roger is in a drugstore in the mall. He's in a back aisle where no one can see him. He picks up a small hand mirror from the rack, checks his hair, borrows a hairbrush from the rack and uses the store's hairspray.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VICTORIA (V.O.)  
My man is contented... Why?

VOICES  
(unison)  
You made him that way!

ANGLE ON ROGER

He is bent over tying his shoelace. It breaks. His face flushes with anger, his teeth clench. Finally he contains himself.

VICTORIA (V.O.)  
... and my man knows that material possessions aren't everything in life but he has the incentive to go get 'em if I want 'em! Why?

VOICES  
(unison)  
You made him that way!

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Roger is exiting a men's store outside the shopping mall. He is carrying a new suit in a clothing bag over his shoulder. He looks up and out across the parking lot.

ROGER  
(seeing something)  
Oh, no... No!

CUT TO:

INT. CONVENTION HALL - DAY

We SEE the throng of women in their chant.

VICTORIA  
But does he know I made him that way?

VOICES  
(unison)  
Nooooooooooooo...

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

A station wagon full of kids, with roller driving, is pulling into the lot.

ANOTHER ANGLE

ROGER

No...

He starts to run toward the station wagon. He gathers momentum and lets his packages go.

ANGLE ON STATION WAGON

The wagon pulls in next to a gleaming two-year-old Porsche.

ANGLE ON ROGER

ROGER

(now screaming)

No! Lord God no!

ANGLE ON WAGON

The car pulls up next to the Porsche. The station wagon doors fly open and CLANG against it.

ROGER

(screaming toward the heavens)

Oh, God! A year and a half and no dings!

He falls to his knees.

ROGER

(continuing)

Why me, Lord? Why me?

The VOICE REVERBERATES through the parking lot.

EXT. COMPLETE WOMAN PARKING LOT - DAY

Victoria is walking toward her car with one of her pupils, MRS. FRAZIER.

VICTORIA

You're catching on very fast. For a third lecture you've really shown great power potential. Damn! I forgot the part about spanking your husband. I really wanted to get to that.

(CONTINUED)

CONFIDENTIAL

MRS. FRAZIER

How has being a Fem-a-Leen worked out for you?

VICTORIA

Roger responds so well to the program. He's always listened to me ever since the rescue.

MRS. FRAZIER

He saved you?

VICTORIA

Oh no, I rescued him from an alligator pit at the zoo.

MRS. FRAZIER

You mean you're the one they called Ms. Tarzan?

VICTORIA

That's what the papers called me. Roger didn't like it because they called him Cheeta and he didn't think that was very nice.

MRS. FRAZIER

His manhood wasn't insulted or anything like that?

VICTORIA

Oh, no. He was just happy to be alive. I realized he had the potential for a Fem-a-Leen man; we got married and that was that.

MRS. FRAZIER

I guess sometimes it takes a rescue to realize it.

VICTORIA

I only allow one other woman in his life.

CONFIDENTIAL

CONTINUED:

MRS. FRAZIER

Really!

VICTORIA

Her name's Porsche.

CUT TO:

EXT. FANCY HOUSE - NIGHT

It's a balmy summer night and there's a party at Roger's boss' house, valet parking and everything. The Porsche pulls up and Roger and Victoria get out. Roger speaks to the parking attendant.

ROGER

And how long have you been parking cars?

VALET

Three years.

ROGER

Have you ever driven one of these before?

VALET

Many times.

ROGER

Have any complaints ever been registered against you?

VALET

No.

ROGER

Okay, I'm going to let you take the car. Take it up around the corner at least one hundred feet from the other cars. Park it parallel and after you leave it, put this magnetized rubber strip on the door facing the street. Place these two barrels at both the front and rear bumpers...

He retrieves two small barrels from his trunk.

ROGER

(continuing)

And here's a little something for you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He writes the Valet a check for two dollars and enters it in his log.

VALET

Can I see some I.D.?

ROGER

What?

VALET

You gave me a check; I'd like to see some I.D.

(then)

It's a joke.

ROGER

Oh, yeah.

Roger emits a forced laugh trying to show he has a terrific sense of humor.

ROGER

(continuing)

Heeheeheeheehee. Tell you what. You keep the check. That's yours. I'll park the car. Cars and frivolity don't go together. I would just rather do it myself.

EXT. PARTY ROAD - NIGHT

Roger drives to a secluded spot about five blocks from the party, parks the car and surrounds it with his protective devices.

INT. PARTY - NIGHT

The house is a fancy one but the guests are bank employees mixed in with the three-hundred-thousand-a-year people. Everyone is dressed to the nines. Roger and Victoria enter. She is wearing her finest bombshell gear. She speaks in quiet undertones to Roger.

VICTORIA

I think we should stick very close for the first thirty minutes then meet back here every twenty minutes.

Some people approach them, DAN, CHUCK, SYLVIA and BOB.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAN

Roger, I like that dress better  
on Victoria than I would on you.

Victoria shuts up and clings coyly to Roger. He is the  
only man for her.

ROGER

I think you'd like it better  
off Victoria than you would  
off me...

They all chuckle as Victoria acts like she doesn't under-  
stand it.

CUT TO:

INT. PARTY - EVENING

Roger, his boss, BILL WATTS, and several others are  
standing around discussing banking procedure.

BILL

... And I can see someday a  
banking system built on total  
trust. No books, no accountants,  
no documents.

ROGER

And fun. Banking should be fun.

BILL

Fun? That's an interesting idea...  
isn't it?

Everyone nods agreement.

ROGER

That's right. I was going to  
wait to tell you this at Friday's  
meeting... but... our Mardi Gras  
Festival worked, didn't it?

BILL

Very well.

ROGER

(dramatically)  
So will our celebration of merry  
old England.

Bill looks interested.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROGER

(continuing)

That's right. Our male tellers dress like livery boys and our women tellers dress like wenches and to every new depositor we give away figgy pudding.

BILL

I like it.

ROGER

The theme bank is going to happen, Bill. And we should be the first to serve up a face full of fun.

CUT TO:

INT. SAME PARTY - EVENING

A view from the balcony overlooking the pool. Several people are stripping and jumping in the water.

MALE ONLOOKER

Look at those tits!

MALE ONLOOKER #2

What an ass!

ANGLE ON TWO FEMALE ONLOOKERS

take in the sights of the men stripping.

FEMALE ONLOOKER

Look at those balls.

FEMALE ONLOOKER #2

What a great dick!

The Male Onlookers have overheard their remarks and look at them in disgust.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAME PARTY - EVENING

Victoria is sitting outside on a low balcony with two other women. They survey the pool scene.

ANGLE ON

Roger stumbles outside to get some air. BARBARA, a sexy girl in a slinky low cut dress, sidles up to him. She is very tipsy.

BARBARA  
 (looking toward  
 the pool)  
 Looks like fun, doesn't it,  
 Roger?

ROGER  
 No. Something turns me off  
 about the slap of wet buns  
 on cold cement.

She brushes the sides of Roger's hair.

BARBARA  
 Do you like my dress?

ROGER'S POV

We SEE a lovely girl with a lovely body.

ANGLE ON VICTORIA

who is watching but not hearing the scene.

BACK TO SCENE

ROGER  
 Yes, you've really made this  
 evening horrible for several  
 of my body parts.

BARBARA  
 (she laughs)  
 I could make it very easy for  
 you.

ROGER  
 Make what easy?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BARBARA

(she speaks very  
deliberately)

No one will ever know. It would  
be as though it never happened.

Roger takes a long moment to think about this.

ROGER

Barbara, I want you to know  
that I consider your...

He searches for a word.

ROGER

(continuing)

... proposition... to be in the  
true spirit of good business.  
But my risk is too great for  
the rate of return. I mean I  
don't even get a free blender  
or anything. So... please...  
no.

ANGLE ON VICTORIA

She looks as Roger is shaking his head no.

BACK TO SCENE

BARBARA

Roger, I'm saying there would  
be no strings.

ROGER

There's no such thing.

ANGLE ON VICTORIA

She watches, pleased, as Barbara parts company with Roger.  
One of the women sitting with her, SUSAN, speaks.

SUSAN

Congratulations.

VICTORIA

Roger is a man who understands  
consequences.

## BACK TO ROGER

A swimmer flops out of the pool and slaps her rear end on the wet cement. Roger snarls.

## INT. SAME PARTY - EVENING

The revelry continues as GARLAND GREYSON, a fifty-year-old Southern cousin of one of the bank employees, has been enticed, without much coaxing, to get out his fiddle and do a few numbers. He is a charming old codger and has a lot of wit about him. Victoria looks on.

GARLAND

(singing)

RASPBERRY PIE AND HUCKLEBERRY PUDDIN',  
I'D GIVE IT ALL AWAY FOR A PIECE OF  
SALLY GOODIN'.

He fiddles a nice ditty and everyone starts clapping and dancing. Garland finishes his song and continues to entertain with some funny patter. He finishes to generous applause.

## CLOSEUP - GARLAND

Garland is being congratulated by several partygoers.

SPECTATORS

You were terrific!... I used to  
play fiddle... Do you know 'Blue  
Moon of Kentucky'? Etc.

Roger approaches the group, and takes Garland aside.

ROGER

Do you know anyone interested  
in an old banjo?

GARLAND

(with a rich  
Southern drawl)

Well I might be. Is it a five  
strang?

ROGER

Yeah. I used to play it in high  
school.

GARLAND

What's the make on it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROGER

It's a Gibson. I'll sell it to you for a hundred bucks.

GARLAND

Sounds pretty dang good. I'm Garland Greyson, King of the Road.

They shake.

ROGER

I'm Roger Valentine. King of England.

Roger takes out his card.

ROGER

(continuing)

Let me write my home phone down and you can call me. I want to get rid of my extra material possessions so I can just have a few really great material possessions.

GARLAND

(as he writes)

Even if you got a little bit a talent on a banjo, people think you're a damn genius or something. If ah kin collect my fifty bucks from Mr. Watts over there I jes maght be interested in that thing.

ROGER

You got paid for this?

GARLAND

Hell, if you're smart you kin get paid for puttin' your boots on in the mornin'.

Victoria enters the room and the conversation.

VICTORIA

I can't believe it. Some jerk got all mad because they've got the air conditioner going and the window open.

ROGER

Maybe they want to cool off the backyard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARLAND

I'm with him, ma'am. There's a lot of damn waste in this country. All these people with their fat-ass American cars.

ROGER

We've got a small car but it's got eighteen cylinders.

(then)

You like Porsches?

GARLAND

I wouldn't know a Porsche from a volunteer fireman. Tell you what, Mr. Valentine, okay if I call you in a couple of days on this banjo? I'll have a little more moola then and it'll make more sense to talk about it.

ROGER

Sure.

GARLAND

Well, nice to talk to you, folks.

They shake hands.

GARLAND

(continuing)

I'm gonna go try and get my money from butthole.

CUT TO:

INT. VALENTINE APARTMENT - NIGHT

The Valentines' apartment is well furnished. The wife did it. It is probably the one thing they have to spend money on since they have no children and lots of friends to impress. They are now standing in the bedroom lit only by the dim glow of the stereo lights.

VICTORIA

I'm your little piece of candy.

Victoria is following chapter three of the Fem-a-Leens manual.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROGER

You sure were my little piece of candy tonight. You looked great... everybody liked you... you're a real perfect mate... by the book.

Again, as coy as she can get.

VICTORIA

I'm your little piece of candy.

ROGER

(a little excited)  
Hey... I know that tone...

VICTORIA

Take me, Hercules!

She leaps backwards into the air and lands on the bed, her arms spread open.

ROGER

Okay... Oh, boy...

He clumsily unbuttons his shirt.

ROGER

(continuing)  
Great... Can you hold that position for about five minutes while I change? I just need about five minutes to get really excited about this. Five minutes... five to six minutes.

VICTORIA

Okay, take five, soldier. By the way, I saw you turn down that girl tonight. I appreciate it.

ROGER

One experience with the Fem-a-Leens arm lock was enough for me.

(turning slightly nervous)

Hey. I have a great girl and a great car. I don't need any outside... fluff.

He enters a walk-in closet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VICTORIA  
Just hurry up, Tony.

ROGER  
Tony? Did you say Tony?

VICTORIA  
I didn't say Tony.

ROGER  
Sounded like Tony.

Roger exits the closet wearing a robe, beret and false moustache.

ROGER  
(continuing;  
French accent)  
Are you ready for ze good time?

CUT TO:

INT. RESIDENCE - NIGHT

We are in the darkened entrance way of a small apartment. The DOORBELL RINGS and a stranger answers it. We SEE Victoria on the other side. She throws her arms around the stranger and whispers.

VICTORIA  
Oh, Tony. Men will never understand how women need a little action on the side.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - DAY

We are at the bank where Roger works. All the tellers are in Old English costumes. There is a medieval paraphernalia around like stocks, live geese, a washerwoman, and someone giving away figgy pudding. Business seems to be booming.

ANGLE ON ROGER AND BILL WATTS

Dressed in lackey's costumes, they are looking from an upstairs office, overseeing their work. The following dialogue is played VOICE OVER SHOTS of the melee.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL  
(gleefully)  
Roger, this stinks of success.

ROGER  
Yes, sir, it has the wretched  
odor of a hundred new slimy  
depositors giving us their  
greasy money.

BILL  
Congratulations...

They shake.

ROGER  
Congratulations to you, sir.  
You're the one who had the  
courage to hire an idea man.

BILL  
But it was you who convinced  
me you could do it.

ROGER  
But you had to convince the  
board to give it a try.

BILL  
But don't take any credit away  
from yourself. The Mardi Gras  
Festival worked great and now  
this.

ROGER  
Sir, can we stop congratulating  
each other now; I'd like to use  
this time to really live.

BILL  
Roger, you're an idea man. Come  
into my office.

INT. BILL WATTS' OFFICE - DAY

They sit in the semi-luxurious office of a bank manager. Pretty nice, lots of veneer paneling on the walls. Bill sits at his desk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL

Let me plug this little problem  
into one of your outlets.

ROGER

Yes, maybe something will light up.

BILL

Our bank loaned Olympic Bank a half  
a million dollars. It's something  
a lot of banks do and as you know  
we've done it before. Olympic Bank  
is a little short and we've already  
made as many extensions as we can.  
Now that's not the problem. See,  
after you do business with someone  
for so many years you tend to get  
a little trusting when it comes to  
contracts. If they default, we,  
that's I... and you, since you work  
here; we would look a little bad.  
Why don't you just noodle that one  
for a day or two.

ROGER

I will definitely noodle that.

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Roger turns the corner in his Porsche and enters a  
twenty-five minute gas line. The cars are hot and so  
are tempers. We SEE two men with their cars at odd  
angles to each other arguing about a place in line.  
Various people in the line vocalize their displeasure.

PATRON

Why don't you two slobs get back  
in your cars?

ARGUING MAN

Slobs?

The two enormous men walk over and with lots of grunting  
stand the patron's car on end.

ANGLE ON ROGER

After starting his car with a loud gunning of the engine  
that seems to take about one gallon of gas, he perfunc-  
torily moves it around the vertical one and resumes  
waiting in line.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A fifteen-year-old BOY comes down the line with Cokes and Playboy magazines.

ROGER

Don't let that bike get too close to the paint.

BOY

Why don't you enjoy a coke while relaxing with a nice Playboy magazine?

ROGER

Sound like something you get on a cheap tour of Europe. How much is the Coke?

BOY

Buck and a half.

ROGER

(as he fumbles  
for the money)

That's a little steep isn't it?

BOY

Look I gotta pay retail for these things. I don't get no kids discount.

He takes the money and tosses Roger a Coke from the saddlebag on his bike.

BOY

(continuing)

It's inflation. Everything's going up these days. I remember when a candy bar used to cost thirty-five cents. Tell that to an eleven-year-old and they think you're nuts.

Next, a bedraggled old bum gathers the attention of the gas line and starts to do a hambone for the onlookers. He's pretty good at it and gets everyone going and applauding. He has a female partner, also, a bum, who passes the hat for him. He gathers in a few dollars, including one from Roger, who now finds himself about to get filled up.

ATTENDANT

Want your windows washed?

ROGER

Sure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ATTENDANT

Well, there's a bucket over there  
and the sponge is inside it.

ROGER

(ticked off)

Thanks. Hey, how can you get  
away with charging two dollars  
for gas? The Chevron across the  
street only charges one-fifty.

ATTENDANT

Well, go ahead! Get in line  
over there! I think they open  
next Wednesday.

ROGER

Okay, okay...

INT. CONVENTION HALL - DAY

Victoria is lecturing again at the Fem-a-Leens.

VICTORIA

Charge!

UNISON VOICES

Charge!

Victoria is really performing her material now.

VICTORIA

Girls, when your man comes yome  
looking for love, don't give it  
to him in a potato sack! Give  
it to him in a fancy negligee!

The audience whoops and hollers.

VICTORIA

(continuing)

And, girls... don't give it to  
him... reward him with it.

Again the audience coos.

VICTORIA

(continuing)

When he opens an account for you  
at Bullocks, let him know you've  
got a treat for him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AUDIENCE

Ohhhhhhh.

VICTORIA

... And when he doesn't open  
that account for you, let him  
know that bed will be icy cold...

AUDIENCE

Yeah!

VICTORIA

And when he's naughty, when he's  
very, very naughty, what do we  
do?

AUDIENCE

Spank him!

VICTORIA

What? I can't hear you.

AUDIENCE

Spank him!

VICTORIA

Who are we?

AUDIENCE

Fem-a-Leens!

VICTORIA

Who?

AUDIENCE

Fem-a-Leens!

CUT TO:

EXT. VALENTINE APARTMENT - DAY

Victoria hands her car over to the doorman at the front  
of the apartment.

VALET

Good afternoon, Mrs. Valentine.

VICTORIA

Teddy, could you have Moe bring  
this up for me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She hands him one small paper bag, clearly not too heavy for her.

VALET

Yes, ma'am.

VICTORIA

And could you get the car filled up for me?

VALET

Sorry, Mrs. Valentine, we can't do that any more. It takes too long, with the lines and all.

VICTORIA

Well, I'll be a son of a bitch. Now I'm affected by these gas lines.

CUT TO:

INT. U.S. TREASURY - EARLY EVENING

We SEE the same sequence of events we saw before at the U.S. Treasury. The presses shut down, the workers go home, new workers come on the job and fire up the presses, printing something unknown to us. We again SEE the ominous man, his face lit from below as he stares at the presses.

CUT TO:

INT. VALENTINE APARTMENT - NIGHT

They are laying on the bed engaging in pre-coital dalliance.

VICTORIA

(hot)

I want you... I want you tonight.

ROGER

Well, things couldn't have worked out better... I'm here.

VICTORIA

But tonight can be special... so special.

(then suddenly)

Oh damn...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROGER

What?

VICTORIA

Oh, nothing...

ROGER

No, what?

VICTORIA

We need a new sofa, tubular with canvas upholstery.

ROGER

Isn't this a strange time to want tubular furniture?

VICTORIA

When I'm with you I think of our life, and I know tubular furniture would enrich our lives.

ROGER

Honey, a new sofa would be a thousand dollars. I'd rather get something we really need. The sofa's fine. It's only eight months old.

VICTORIA

It's out of date.

ROGER

Let's just drop it right now.

VICTORIA

All right.

Her body slowly goes rigid.

ROGER

Victoria, you're getting rigid.

He attempts to kiss her face and caress her body. It's useless; she's rigid. After a few unsuccessful moments, he relents.

ROGER

All right, I guess we can use a new sofa.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Her body does an instant relax.

VICTORIA

Oh, Roger... what a night...

CUT TO:

INT. ROGER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Roger is in high spirits. He bounds into a chair to put on his shoes. He glances up at the TV which is ON. During the following newscast, we SLOWLY CLOSE IN ON Roger's face as he goes from happy to very depressed.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

There's a lot of bad news on the political scene today, as the President warned Russia to keep their quote, grubby mitts off our good friends, the Iranians, end quote.

Roger is sad.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

(continuing)

There was more bad news as the new inflation figures were announced today -- thirty-two percent. That means the average price of bread will increase to two dollars and forty cents.

Roger is sadder.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

(continuing)

Still more bad news as the unemployment rate skyrocketed to an alarming twelve percent. This will cause more disaster on the home front, leading to more consumer gloom and a feeling of impending doom.

Roger is the saddest yet. The words disaster, gloom and doom are heavily accented.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

(continuing)

Tune in at eleven for more bad news on the awful increase in violent crimes and bludgeon death.

Roger's face reflects gloom, doom and disaster.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - DAY

A fifty-year-old gentleman is at a teller's cage. The TELLER is still dressed in her wench's costume.

GENTLEMAN

I'd like to close my account and take the money out in cash.

TELLER

Yes, sir.

She looks at his passbook, then looks up a little shocked.

TELLER

(continuing)

But, sir, it's fifty-five thousand dollars.

GENTLEMAN

I have a guard outside and I'm not going far.

CUT TO:

BILL WATTS

at his surveyor's tower overlooking the bank. Bill and Roger are dressed in their livery outfits. The Teller has just told him the news.

BILL

Goddamn it! It happens every time gold goes up. Some lunatic comes in here and takes all his money out. Wants to buy those Coronarands or whatever you call them. Tell him we're out of money.

TELLER

(she shouts down to the gentlemen)

We're out of money!

The crowd in the bank turns in horror.

BILL

No! We've got plenty of money.

Now trying to smooth things over with humor.

BILL

(continuing)

Even if we have to print some!  
Ha ha ha.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bill turns to the Teller.

BILL

(continuing)

Give him the money... bastard. And  
tell Valentine to come in here.

The Teller exits.

CUT TO:

INT. ROGER'S OFFICE - DAY

CLOSEUP ON Mr. Hamilton's face.

HAMILTON

Did you hear? Gold went up three  
hundred dollars today.

ROGER

Boy that really makes a big  
difference in my life. I guess  
I can sell my teeth and Victoria's  
ring. I'll really be into the  
big dough.

The Teller breaks in.

TELLER

Mr. Watts wants to see you.

CUT TO:

INT. MR. WATTS' OFFICE - DAY

BILL

Well, did you noodle?

ROGER

Yes I did noodle.

BILL

And...

ROGER

In my noodling I simplified the  
problem to this. They owe us a  
half a million. And if they  
default, it makes our bank look  
like we made a bad investment.  
So all we have to do is loan them  
enough money to pay us back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL

Huh?

ROGER

We'll never look bad. They won't default and we'll look good because we're creating a new loan.

Mr. Watts rises, looking like he's just been saved, but he still has to mull this over. He walks out of his office and marches up and down the hall, then returns to his desk and picks up the phone.

BILL

Get me Charlie over at Olympic Bank. Valentine, don't breathe a word of this to anyone.

ROGER

You don't have to worry sir; it's not illegal...

BILL

It's just a little illegal...

ROGER

No, sir. It's legal. It's a practice a lot of banks use when they loan money to lesser developed countries. The countries can't pay back the bank so they are loaned more money to make their payments.

Bill rises again and walks up and down the hall. He re-enters the office.

BILL

Hell, if they can make Nicaragua's payments they can make mine too.

(into intercom)

Miss Sargeant, I'd like to apply for a loan to cover my payments!

INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Roger has his car in the two parking spaces, surrounded with barrels and stanchions. He is deliberately rubbing out the slight ding received on his door.

CUT TO:

## INT. VALENTINE APARTMENT - NIGHT

The SOUND of a strummed BANJO fills the room. CAMERA PULLS BACK from a CLOSEUP of the fingers to REVEAL Garland playing it while Roger and Victoria look on.

GARLAND

It's nice but it ain't worth a hundred bucks.

ROGER

Not even worth a hundred? I paid a hundred -fifty for it. Boy, was I stupid.

GARLAND

This is a pre-war Mastertone. It's worth about fifteen hundred.

ROGER

Fifteen hundred? Boy, was I smart. Let me see that.

Garland hands him the banjo. Roger plays a terrific up-tempo number.

GARLAND

Hey, you play all right.

ROGER

I used to use it to try and get laid.

(to Victoria)

Sorry, dear.

GARLAND

How come you quit?

ROGER

Victoria's right. There's no money in it. Look, if I tried to sell it to a dealer he'd give me seven-fifty for it and if you hadn't told me what it was worth I never would've known. So you can have it for...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

23a.

GARLAND

My advice to you is to keep the  
thing anyway. If you ever have  
to earn a living like I do,  
and you ain't got an instrument,  
you'll have to do the hambone.  
Like this...

He proceeds to make a rhythmic sound by slapping his  
hand between his chest and knee.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Victoria and Roger laugh and Roger joins in comically trying to learn.

ROGER  
 (to Victoria)  
 Can you see me on a street  
 corner? That'll be the day...  
 (he shouts)  
Hambone!

Rhythmically, he slaps his knee.

VICTORIA  
 Roger, stop!

ROGER  
Hambone!

They all laugh except Victoria.

GARLAND  
 Hey, you're goin' to do real  
 well when the shit hits the  
 fan.

ROGER  
 What fan? What shit?

GARLAND  
 I don't know. Shit is always  
 hitting fans, and shit will  
 continue to hit fans. You  
 don't think you're going to  
 live like this forever.

ROGER  
 Of course I do!

VICTORIA  
 We'll live better...

ROGER  
 Look, Garland, you can have the  
 banjo for five hundred bucks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARLAND

Now I appreciate that. But frankly five hundred is a bit beyond me. Tell you what. I'll give you seven-fifty for it if you'll let me pay you a little at a time. I'll give you the first hundred right now.

ROGER

That sounds fair. Who keeps the banjo?

GARLAND

I'll bring you another hundred tomorrow, then I'd like to take it. I can use it to earn the money to pay you back a whole lot faster.

ROGER

Done.

They exchange goodbyes. Roger and Victoria are left alone in the room. Roger picks up the hundred dollar bill.

ANGLE ON ROGER

He carries the bill into the kitchen. He gets a whimsical look which puzzles Victoria.

ROGER

It's time you knew...

VICTORIA

What's going on?

ROGER

It's my way of getting even with the government.

He opens the freezer and retrieves a small Saran-wrapped package.

VICTORIA

Is that money?

He gets a suspicious look on his face, takes her in the bathroom, checks for hidden microphones, leans down by the toilet and flushes it to drown out his voice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROGER

Three thousand in unreported  
income.

He keeps flushing the toilet while they talk.

VICTORIA

Roger, you could go to jail  
for this.

ROGER

It's my patriotic duty to do  
this! It's a private protest  
against bureaucracy... My taxes  
don't pay for the paper clips  
at the Pentagon.

VICTORIA

(she stops him from  
flushing)

You could go to jail for this!

ROGER

Oh no. I figured it out. I  
can shoot my way outta here and  
I'm getting a rope so you can  
escape over the balcony.

VICTORIA

(she resigns herself)

Well, don't get caught.

ROGER

Baby, if I get caught, I'll  
know where the leak came from...  
and it'll be curtains for you.

VICTORIA

But I don't understand what  
this money is for.

ROGER

(in exasperation, a  
mock female slam)

Women!

VICTORIA

(indignant)

What!

She gets him in an arm lock.

ROGER

Men! Men!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She releases him.

VICTORIA

What are you going to do with  
this money?

ROGER

Look... This is my fuck you  
money...

VICTORIA

Huh?

ROGER

Everyone's got to have a little  
fuck you money. If they give  
me a hard time at work, I can  
walk right out. I can say  
fuuuucck youuuuu. I don't need  
you. I've got money in my  
freezer!

CUT TO:

INT. U.S. TREASURY - NIGHT

The presses are still running. The OMINOUS MAN we have  
been seeing here is looking intently at the running  
machinery. Another man, JACKSON, approaches him.

JACKSON

We have the first proof.

He takes the Ominous Man into a room and opens a large  
folder. We SEE the Ominous Man look into the folder and  
a large grin crosses his face.

OMINOUS MAN

Do you like it, Jackson?

JACKSON

Yes. Very much, Mr. President.

OMINOUS MAN

(now Mr. President)

This will flush out all the cash  
... Those tax evading bastards.  
Call in the cabinet...

We realize now Jackson is talking to the President of  
the United States.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACKSON

Which one?

PRESIDENT

Not the appointed cabinet, that's for sure. Who gives a shit about them? Bring in the one that pays my rent, The Tri-Lateral Cabinet.

JACKSON

(into intercom)

Send in... The Tri-Lateral Cabinet.

Three very slick, hard-edged BUSINESSMEN enter.

FIRST BUSINESSMAN

It's nice, isn't it?

PRESIDENT

(stares into the folder)

It's fantastic. What do I do next, boys?

They all sit down, producing notes and papers as they do.

CUT TO:

EXT. PIER - DAY

It's a nice summer day. Roger and Victoria are out for a Sunday stroll and have ended up on board a life-size replica of the Mayflower, probably used for the Bicentennial. There are hundreds of boats in the harbor and lots of flags flying, a real Fourth of July type day. There are loads of tourists around but they have found an isolated spot to talk on board the ship. An employee of the ship, dressed as a PURITAN, passes by.

ROGER

Hey... can this thing really sail?

PURITAN

Yes, sir. We took it down the Hudson during the Bicentennial.

ROGER

Does it run on nuclear power?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PURITAN

It used to until the people  
who worked here grew these hats.  
(he is wearing a  
Puritan buckle  
hat)

They made us shut it down.

The Puritan leaves and Roger stares out into the harbor.

ROGER

My life is totally together.

VICTORIA

And you did it all yourself.

ROGER

Oh no, you have helped me a  
lot. I've got it all... great  
car, great apartment, great job,  
great girl... My payments are  
balanced by my paycheck with a  
little left over. We are the  
perfect example of what America  
has to offer. It's just up to  
the person to use it. And you  
taught me all that.

VICTORIA

And it'll be this way forever.

ROGER

Nobody can take it away from us.

CUT TO:

INT. THE U.S. TREASURY

We are at the Treasury again and the same events occur  
as usual. One crew leaves and a strange mysterious crew  
arrives. This time, however, one of the workmen from  
the first shift has to return to his locker for his  
watch. We FOLLOW him up steps in the darkness. He  
passes a huge glass window where one can look into the  
printing room. He is startled by the flurry of activity  
and is suddenly shocked by what he sees. He is spotted  
by workers on the floor and a small chase follows and the  
man gets away.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - DAY

Roger sits with Bill Watts.

BILL

I like it.

ROGER

We do a whole 'very business' approach. Our costumes will be dark suits and ties for everybody including the women. No games, no prizes, just very serious banking like in Zurich. And we play it very snooty.

BILL

How long can we do it?

ROGER

I think we can make it last at least a week and a half, then we should go back to 'Bank-A-Dilly Round-Up,' with full prizes.

BILL

Great.

(into intercom)

Betty, send Barbara Masters in here. I'm assigning Barbara Masters to work with you on this. She's been working out well with us and I'd like her to learn promotion.

ROGER

Barbara...?

The door opens, in walks Barbara, the girl who tormented Roger at the bank party. She looks seductive but much more conservative and in control of herself.

BILL

I'd like you two to work like this...

He crosses his fingers. Roger looks uncomfortable.

BILL

(continuing)

I want you to really pounce on this thing.

The smiling, confident Barbara glances at the nervous Roger.

INT. ROGER AND VICTORIA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Roger is home from work.

ROGER

Home...!

ANGLE ON VICTORIA

She has a look of grim determination as she exits the kitchen.

ROGER

Boy am I hungreee...

He stops short as he sees the dinner table is not set.

ROGER

(continuing)

No plates... no knives... no food. Why, Victoria! Are we going out?

This could be the most disappointing thing that has ever happened to Roger.

VICTORIA

That's up to you.

ROGER

All right... all right... something's wrong. Talk to me.

VICTORIA

Well, why should I go to the trouble of making you dinner if you won't go to the Fem-a-Leens' Show Off Your Husband Day.

ROGER

Victoria, ask me to wear a dress, ask me to worship the devil, but please don't ask me to go to the Fem-a-Leens Show Off Your Husband Day.

VICTORIA

Fine.

ROGER

Okay. Settled. Hey, why don't we have eggs and pancakes for dinner.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Victoria does not hear him anymore. She rises and walks coldly into the bathroom and turns on the shower. Roger, determined, goes into the kitchen.

ROGER

(continuing;  
yelling)

You don't think I can whip up a little food for myself? You're talking to a person who almost got a college degree. Two more years and a language and I would've had it. I am calling your bluff on this one.

He stands at the refrigerator, door open, the light shining on his face. He is motionless, perplexed. He has never opened a refrigerator before without having someone to put the food together for him. He always selected while someone else assembled. He stands there a long time. Then, with a look of determination, he removes some mayonnaise and closes the door. He walks to the bathroom and yells in.

ROGER

(continuing)

I am making myself a tuna sandwich!

He walks back to the kitchen. He opens a can of tuna, with some difficulty, and dumps it in a blender. He then throws in a dollop of mayonnaise and a touch of relish... maybe he knows what he is doing. He turns on the blender. He goes to the refrigerator and struggles to make an instant iced tea. The BLENDER CHURNS ominously behind him. Finishing the tea, he turns off the blender and pours a perfect milk-like substance, the tuna whipped into oblivion, onto his bread.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ROGER AND VICTORIA'S APARTMENT - EVENING

CLOSEUP ON Victoria's face. It is thirty minutes later and we HEAR a KNOCKING at the bathroom door.

VICTORIA

Roger?

We HEAR unrecognizable GRUMBLINGS from the other side. Victoria opens the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROGER  
 (he is carrying  
 an empty dish)  
 Fooood. Foooooood for the hungry.

Roger is kneeling in a beggar's posture.

ROGER  
 (continuing)  
 One little scraping... any kind  
 of food.

VICTORIA  
 All right. I'll make dinner.

ROGER  
 Oh, thank you...

VICTORIA  
 But not without a little  
 spanking first.

ROGER  
 No more spankings...!

Suddenly the lights go out, and the STEREO GRINDS to a  
 SLOW HALT.

VICTORIA  
 Oh!

ROGER  
 Hey! We blew a fuse!

Roger opens the door to the hall. The lights are out  
 there, too.

ROGER  
 (continuing)  
 The whole building blew a fuse.

He walks to the window.

ROGER  
 (continuing)  
 The whole city blew a fuse.

There is not a light on within view.

VICTORIA  
 A blackout.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROGER

Got any candles? Hey, let's  
take a walk.

VICTORIA

Let me get my face on.

ROGER

In the dark?

VICTORIA

I can do it...

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Roger and Victoria walk along a totally dark street on a warm summer night. The only lights are car headlights. A lot of people are out walking. Roger is bouncing along playfully.

ROGER

Victoria, you know what happens during a blackout -- nine months later... babies! It's our duty to stop these people from screwing. If you think there's an energy problem now, just wait until nine months from now when all these little babies have their own cars. Listen.

(he cocks his  
ear)

They're screwing!

(shouting)

Withdraw! Withdraw! Come on, Victoria, they'll be thousands of little babies running around using our oil! Gad zooks! I've just realized! The energy crisis is self-perpetuating. The more oil we use, the more blackouts we have, the more blackouts we have, the more babies are born, the more babies are born, the more oil we use! Oh, God! Stop screwing! Coitus interruptus!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Some people pass. Victoria is tolerating him. In the background, we HEAR the faint SOUNDS of MUSIC. Roger is really grooving.

ROGER

Music! Music soothes the average idiot.

They turn the corner and see where the music is coming from.

VICTORIA

It's the man who bought your banjo... Garland, right?

ROGER

Yeah. He plays the banjo pretty good.

Garland is playing and singing a bluegrass version of "We're In The Money." There is a modest crowd around him, but he has them very up; a few are clapping and dancing to the music.

GARLAND

WE'RE IN THE MONEY,  
WE'RE IN THE MONEY.  
WE GOT A LOT OF WHAT IT  
TAKES TO GET ALONG.  
ETC.

Garland spots them in the crowd and nods a greeting. As the song finishes, Roger leads the applause and has a bright idea.

ROGER

Give me a dollar.

VICTORIA

A dollar?

She gives him the bill. He deposits it in Garland's open banjo case. The other people around follow suit. Soon, ten dollars or so is collected. Next, Garland goes into what is called "eefin'," a kind of hambone where "eef" and "oof" sounds are produced by the mouth while the hand plays the rhythm. A real down-home crowd-pleaser. More money is collected and Garland walks over to Roger and speaks quietly.

ROGER

You even work during a crisis?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARLAND

Hell, that's when I do best.  
 Don't you know that? The deeper  
 the shit people are in the more  
 they dig the stupid crap I do.  
 Hell, when everything's all right  
 they like to dress up and listen  
 to Mozart, but give 'em a tiny  
 problem like havin' the lights  
 go out, give 'em a beer and a  
 asshole like me and they go nuts.  
 They think I'm a genius.

ROGER

Would you like to come back to  
 the apartment for a drink?

GARLAND

I appreciate that but I've got  
 to make hay while the sun shines.  
 They're still comin' out in  
 droves. I can do me another show  
 before they find out what time  
 it is. I made three hundred  
 bucks in the New York blackout.

ROGER

Well, you're welcome to come by  
 anytime.

GARLAND

Well, how about tomorrow?

CUT TO:

INT. VALENTINE APARTMENT - DAY

Victoria has whipped up a brunch for Roger and Garland.  
 Roger is out of the room for a moment and Garland picks  
 up an English muffin.

GARLAND

Damn! An English muffin! What  
 will they think of next?

Roger storms in excitedly.

ROGER

Did you hear that? What do they  
 mean, no one can use their air  
 conditioners?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARLAND

No air conditioners? That really burns my ass.

VICTORIA

It's just during the summer, during the shortage. I heard it this morning.

ROGER

Oh great! I can turn it on in December. I'll tell you something -- This is an example of the government trying to control the little guy.

(using a pompous voice)

You there! Turn off that air conditioner.

GARLAND

You're not exactly a little guy. The really little guy doesn't have an air conditioner.

ROGER

(caught for a moment)

Yes. But if the little guy had an air conditioner this would be a perfect example.

GARLAND

The way I see it... some day the earth is going to run out of gas. Everything will change. This is just one of the first little hints of it.

ROGER

It's a scam. The government decided they want us to be hot. They sit up there, 'What can we do to them now? Let's make them hot!'

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Roger rises and walks to the window.

ROGER

(continuing)

Dammit. I had everything perfect. I could drive up to my neat little apartment in my perfect car and turn up my expensive stereo in a controlled environment of sixty-eight degrees. And now they're taking it away from me. Finally, I've found something worth fighting for.

CUT TO:

INT. DARK CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

It is a meeting room with the Tri-Lateral Cabinet sitting around a conference table. The blinds are drawn and we really can't see their faces. The room is fancy and if we were shown the scene again we might make out the U.S. flag in a corner.

FIST MAN

(mumble)

... make them hot...

Mumble.

SECOND MAN

Yes...

(mumble)

... to make them hot...

Mumble.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROGER'S CAR - DAY

Roger sits in his parked car, with the windows up, reading his paper.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The car air conditioner is on full.

CUT TO:

INT. LUNCHEON BAR - DAY

Barbara and several other women from the bank are sipping their drinks on a working woman's lunchbreak. Their pasttime is looking at men.

DELLA

Look... look at this one.

A gorgeous man walks by.

SUSAN

He's really got a full basket...

SHARON

I don't know what you're all so excited about; I've got one under the table right now.

They all laugh.

DELLA

Does he work his way around?

BARBARA

We wondered why you were smiling.

SUSAN

Where can a girl go to get laid around here?

SHARON

Hang around bulldozers. There's always men around bulldozers.

Roger enters, sits at the bar and orders a beer.

BARBARA

Oh there's Roger.

DELLA

Who's he?

BARBARA

I'm working under him.

The girls ooh and ahh.

## ANGLE ON ROGER

Barbara approaches him. Roger slowly sips his beer.

BARBARA

(to Roger)

Trouble at home?

ROGER

(surprised and defensive)

Trouble? What do you mean? Why do you say that?

BARBARA

You're drinking on your lunch break. I was just joking.

ROGER

(nervous)

Oh... so... you're having lunch too.

BARBARA

Yes. With some of my horny girlfriends. Listen, I want to apologize for the way I acted at the party. I was a little forward.

ROGER

I'm glad you brought that up. Because if we're going to work together, there's something that should be said. You are very tempting. And it's okay to be tempting when you're on TV or when you're 50 yards away. But it's very bad to be tempting when you're standing next to someone every day five days a week.

BARBARA

Can I ask you something and I promise I'll never ask it again?

ROGER

Yes.

BARBARA

Why do you resist?

ROGER

Because one of my greatest fears in life is opening my shower door in the morning and the shower floor would be covered with toads.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROGER (CONT'D)

And if Victoria found out I went to bed with you I know she would put those toads in my shower.

On Barbara's puzzled look we...

CUT TO:

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Roger and Victoria are pushing a cart down the aisle of their local supermarket. They are stopped in front of the bread.

ROGER

What do you think? Wheat, bran bread or the bran English muffins?

VICTORIA

(looking at some other item)

The bread is a lot cheaper. How much are the muffins?

ROGER

The muffins are fifty cents more than the bread.

VICTORIA

Get the muffins. Fifty cents isn't going to break us.

Just then, a CLERK comes by and changes the muffin price.

ROGER

The muffins are now seventy-five cents more than the bread.

The Clerk walks over to Victoria who is holding a jar of mayonnaise. He changes the price on the shelf and assigns a box boy to restamp prices.

CLERK

Hey, Jack mark all these up thirty-five cents.

We SEE he has a small army of box boys behind him, all carrying price stampers.

VICTORIA

What's going on?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLERK

Inflation. All these prices  
have to come up.

ROGER

But this came up almost thirty  
percent.

CLERK

Maybe it's the beginning of the  
end.

Roger pushes the cart a little down the aisle. He picks  
up a cereal. The Clerk quickly follows him and changes  
the price.

ROGER

Up forty-seven cents.

It is now a race. Roger slowly picks up his pace, try-  
ing to get to the foods before the Clerk can grab things  
from his hand and restamp them. The army of stampers  
follows as the Clerk gives them new assignments.

VICTORIA

(shouting)

I'll go get the canned goods!

CLERK

Biff! Clarence! Get over to the  
canned goods and start stamping!

ROGER

(running)

Victoria, you concentrate on food-  
stuffs; I'll get paper supplies  
and light bulbs!

The Clerk is following closely, sometimes stamping things  
Roger has just picked up, sometimes missing and Roger  
gets them in his cart before they can be marked up.

CLERK

Scotty, get over to light bulbs  
and batteries!

Soon, Roger and Victoria have a basket of food and are head-  
ing toward the checkout stand. Victoria is pushing and  
Roger is guarding the basket from the mad stampers who  
follow along like a pack of wolves. Roger lights a  
cigarette lighter hoping the flame will keep them away,  
a la "Planet Of The Apes."

CUT TO:

## EXT. WASHINGTON POST BUILDING - DAY

It is the man we saw earlier who escaped from the Treasury. He doesn't look well. He looks around suspiciously to see if he was followed. He walks slowly and directly up the steps of the Washington Post. However, before he can make it to the top, he mysteriously kneels over dead.

CUT TO:

## INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

Roger and Victoria are bringing their groceries to their apartment. Victoria spots a note in the door. She plucks it out.

VICTORIA

It's from Garland. 'I'll be playing at the museum today. Meet me if you can. I know what shit and what fan.'

CUT TO:

## EXT. MUSEUM - DAY

Garland has attracted a crowd on the plaza at the museum. Roger watches from the sidelines.

CUT TO:

## INT. MUSEUM - DAY

Garland and Roger are inside the museum, walking in front of various, enormous modern paintings. They finally stop in front of Motherwell's "Elegy to the Spanish Republic." Garland in his roughshod clothes and casual stance is in high contrast to the stark paintings. Garland is carrying several newspapers.

GARLAND

We've got to get out of the city now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROGER

Oh okay. I'll go pack a few things.

GARLAND

I'm serious. It's the government shit hitting the economic fan.

ROGER

Garland, with all due respect... You look like a hick, you dress like a hick, you sing about truck driving. What do you know about economics? I work in a bank and I don't know anything about it.

GARLAND

It's because you work in a bank you don't know anything. You've got a stake in having the economy work. I've got nothing to lose so I see things with a damn clear head. We're going to have a depression.

ROGER

We had a depression in 1929 and the government fixed it so it can't happen again.

GARLAND

Oh it won't happen again... like that one. Last time there was no money; this time there'll be plenty of money... money to burn. Look at this...

He produces a newspaper from under his arm.

GARLAND

(continuing)

Page sixteen of the New York Times: Secretary of the Treasury resigns and moves to Pago Pago. That man knows something! And he put his house up for sale to be paid only in German marks.

ROGER

The guy's an eccentric...

GARLAND

Page twelve of the Washington Post.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

50.

He produces another paper.

GARLAND

(continuing)

A treasury employee died on the front steps of the Post's main office. Doncha see? He was going to tell them something...

ROGER

You can't draw that conclusion...

GARLAND

How how he died? Subonic plague. Nobody gets Subonic plague...The government gives it to them in their orange juice.

A long pause.

GARLAND

(continuing)

Roger...It's a little hobby of mine to put two and two together. Something big is up.

ROGER

So why are you telling me this?

GARLAND

Because we can work together... You play great and I'm getting too old...Bring your wife along. We'll go to Birmingham.

ROGER

This is so preposterous I can't even say anything. I can't go tell them at the bank I'm quitting because I want to go do the harbone. Can you imagine Victoria throwing her things in an overnight bag? And your evidence is so...so... James Bond.

GARLAND

Roger, I predicted the last depression. Maybe that's the one thing I'm good at, depression predicting. But I've got the same feeling that I did fifty years ago.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROGER

Why don't you predict wars? They occur so much more frequently. Look, the problem is you are bored. You've been wanting to predict another depression for fifty years and you got tired of waiting.

GARLAND

Whatever happens won't affect me one bit. But you have got to get your head prepared, because this is the big one.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - DAY

The tellers are dressed in their Zurich conservative suits. The bank is humming with activity. There are longer lines than usual and excitement is in the air. Bill Watts is literally glowing from his perch on the mezzanine.

BILL

Turn it in you bastards, turn it in.

HAMILTON

Why does this excite you so much, Mr. Watts?

Mr. Watts is profoundly happy.

BILL

Hamilton, three days ago, the President did something that is a patriotic boost to the economy of the United States. He's flushed these hoarders out into the open and forced them to put their dollars back into the banks. That's dollars we can loan, borrow and spend. It makes our bank strong.

HAMILTON

He did all that just by making gold illegal? Do I have to turn in my ring?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL

No, not your ring, my son. The President wants you to keep your ring. And your little girl can keep her gold baby spoon. He just wants these slimy hoarders to put their money in banks.

ANGLE ON PEOPLE

in line at the bank plunking down gold coins before the tellers.

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS LINE - DAY

PULL BACK from sign: "Regular \$2.50" (NOTE: Gas prices will be adjusted and shot several ways to be as current as possible.) Roger sits again with the windows rolled up, air conditioner blowing, while he waits impatiently in the gas line.

CUT TO:

INT. ROGER AND VICTORIA'S APARTMENT - DAY

We SEE Roger's back as he unlocks the front door to enter his apartment. Victoria faces him with a dour look; she is holding an open envelope.

VICTORIA

Life as we know it no longer exists.

ROGER

Any other news?

VICTORIA

Look at this...

She hands him the letter and envelope.

ROGER

(reading)

Dear Apartment Dweller... due to ... increase... inflation... raise your rent thirty percent?

VICTORIA

This means we can't buy the tubular furniture.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROGER

Those assholes. That's a hundred fifty dollars a month more!

VICTORIA

No tubular furniture.

ROGER

Well I'll tell you one thing I'm going to do... start sending the rent checks three weeks late. It'll be a bookkeeping headache for them. And if they ever want to throw us out it'll take two years.

VICTORIA

Roger, you've got to get a thirty percent raise!

ROGER

That's impossible.

VICTORIA

Nothing's impossible! You're you! You're not the average shmoe! I'm by your side! We. Us. You and me. Together always. With or without tubular furniture, I'll be there.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Roger exits an auto supply store, takes a locking gas cap out of a bag and begins to install it on his car. A sixty-year-old man passes by and begins to watch.

ELDERLY MAN

Hey, wise guy... what're you gonna do now?

Roger looks around: "Is this guy talking to me?"

ROGER

Uh, pardon me?

ELDERLY MAN

What're you gonna do now, wise guy with the fancy car?

ROGER

I'm sorry, sir, I don't understand.

ELDERLY MAN

Doncha listen to the news?

ROGER

What was on the news?

ELDERLY MAN

Gas rationing. I guess guys with fancy cars that make a lot of noise don't have to listen to the news.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROGER  
 (sounding a little  
 concerned)  
 What'd they say?

ELDERLY MAN  
 Ten gallons a week. And you get  
 your coupons at work. So if a guy  
 like you don't work -- no gas.

Roger kneels by the hood of his car and begins to pray.

ELDERLY MAN  
 (continuing)  
 And guess what. It don't matter  
 if you got a cheap little foreign  
 car or one of these fancy punk  
 cars you hoods like to drive. Ten  
 gallons. And only if you got a  
 job. You got a job?

ROGER  
 Don't worry; I've got a job.

ELDERLY MAN  
 Damn. Maybe I'll get lucky and  
 you'll get fired.

CUT TO:

INT. ROGER'S CAR - DAY

Roger is driving to work. He is at the top of a hill.  
 We SEE him turn off the engine and coast down to the light.

RADIO  
 ... At the top of the news today,  
 the auto industry is in shambles after  
 last week's announcement of severe  
 gas rationing. Twenty-five  
 thousand auto workers were laid off  
 in Detroit, as well as sudden  
 closings of new car showrooms all  
 across America.

Roger passes several people riding horses down the side  
 of the street.

RADIO  
 (continuing)  
 Recreational vehicle showrooms are  
 converting to apartment complexes,  
 renting out their unsaleable RV's,  
 as low income stationary housing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Roger starts up his car as the light turns green, and drives off.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - DAY

Roger approaches Bill Watts.

ROGER

Mr. Watts, they told me there is a new person in charge of gas coupons for next week's gas.

BILL

(suspiciously)  
Yes, that's Miss Masters.

ROGER

Barbara? Hey, since I'm her boss maybe she'll slip me a few extra. Hahahahaha.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK OFFICE - DAY

Barbara sits behind a desk, a little nervous. Roger enters. He is playing a game which he thinks is very funny.

ROGER

(with phony accent)  
I understand you have the coupons. I want them. I will do your bidding. For one coupon, I will caress your elbow. For two coupons, I will suck your toes. For three coupons, I will make your body shiver and shake, and for ten coupons, I will make you feel like a thousand tiny soldiers are inside you polishing.

BARBARA

(disturbed)  
How about no coupons.

ROGER

For no coupons, I'll take you to the zoo and you can watch the monkeys masturbate. Hey, how come you're doing this job?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BARBARA  
 (still very nervous)  
 They kicked me upstairs.

ROGER  
 This is up? Doling out coupons?

BARBARA  
 Coupons are a big responsibility  
 now. Plus I'm in charge of  
 hirings and firings.

Barbara starts to weep. Roger takes a long time and the truth draws on him.

ROGER  
 Am I fired?

BARBARA  
 Yes. Laid off.

ROGER  
 Hmmm. I don't need that.

BARBARA  
 (still crying)  
 Everybody's fired, everywhere.

ROGER  
 Don't cry. I'm the one who should  
 be crying. You don't see me  
 crying.

He starts to cry. Then turns suddenly mad.

ROGER  
 (continuing)  
 I turned this bank around. The  
 Easter egg hunt with dollar bills  
 inside, that was me...

He flings open the door and shouts down the hall. The customers look up at his rage.

ROGER  
 (continuing; shouting)  
 They didn't have the fun you  
 should have at a bank before I  
 came here!

Watts comes around the corner, understanding what is going on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL

Roger, let me explain.

Roger is raving.

ROGER

Whose idea was it to open the bank on Christmas day? Huh? That got this bank more publicity than you can ever buy. I should be the last one to be laid off. I didn't make this crisis! When this gas thing is over, this bank is going to erect a monument to me for the opening on Christmas day idea.

BILL

Roger, I had nothing to do with it... I fought for you. They just said get rid of everybody not directly connected to actual banking.

ROGER

Well the day toaster give-aways has nothing to do with banking is a sad day for this country.

Then, there is a long pause.

ROGER

(continuing)

Can I get my next week's gas coupons?

Bill Watts nods a sympathetic yes. Barbara runs to get them.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - DAY

Roger is on the phone to home while waiting for his coupons.

ROGER

... Victoria, I have something to tell you.

CUT TO:

VICTORIA

She listens in horror as Roger gives her the news.

VICTORIA

First, no tubular furniture and  
now this.

CUT TO:

ROGER

ROGER

You're still by my side, aren't  
you?

CUT TO:

VICTORIA

VICTORIA

(insincerely)

Oh, yeah... yeah... When will you  
be home?

ROGER (V.O.)

Sometime this afternoon... Victoria,  
I'll pull us through this.

VICTORIA

This is awful! What will we do  
for money... We'll have to pull  
an insurance scam... Roger,  
don't come home until you have a  
job!

Victoria hangs up the phone. She is pretty well shook.

VICTORIA

(continuing)

Oh, Tony! Tony! Tony!

The CAMERA WIDENS TO REVEAL Tony is sitting in his shorts,  
wearing a gold chain and drinking a beer.

VICTORIA

(continuing)

He's been fired!... There goes  
our afternoon together!

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - DAY

Roger is at the bank exit with a few items from his desk in hand. Barbara is handing him a small envelope.

BARBARA

I can only give you ten. They send someone in here every week to count them.

ROGER

Thanks... well... thanks.

He turns and exits. Barbara looks back at the bank and decides to follow him.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Roger paces along with Barbara catching up with him. They walk along some time before anyone speaks.

ROGER

This is great. I've just been fired and my wife won't let me come home till I've got a job. Yep, it looks like the lonliest night of the year.

BARBARA

Can I help?

ROGER

Don't worry about me. My sense of humor will see me through. Hahahahahaha.

Totally insincere laughter.

BARBARA

I wish the men I know who are working were as nice as you are fired.

ROGER

Maybe this is a blessing in disguise. Maybe the Lord wants me to be a blacksmith.

BARBARA

Yes. Maybe it is. Would you like to have dinner with a strange girl?

CUT TO:

## INT. BARBARA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Barbara has made a pleasant dinner in her modest funky apartment. Something is cozy about it and Roger and she seemed relaxed. She's finishing up in the kitchen. Roger is leaning over the bar, talking.

ROGER

... So I've got six thousand in that bank and four thousand in the freezer, and a friend of mine owes me three hundred dollars.

Barbara comes around the bar and sits on a stool.

BARBARA

You sound like you're all right for a while.

She puts her hand on Roger's neck and gives it a gentle rub. Roger responds -- it does feel good.

ROGER

Hmmm. Coupons. I never thought I would be using coupons. This is a very sad day in my life.

Barbara continues rubbing.

ROGER

(continuing)

It's almost worth taking a job at a loss just to get the coupons.

BARBARA

Listen, you're going to need gas to look for a job and I can walk to work. Why don't you take my coupons?

ROGER

No. You need those; I couldn't take them.

She walks over to her coupons and puts them in Roger's pocket.

BARBARA

I sounds like your car is the only thing you've got left.

She entwines herself around him and he does not resist her.

BARBARA

(continuing)

Listen, Roger, it's my life's work ... soothing men who are on the rebound.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They embrace, warmly.

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Roger is at the front of a very long line handing over all his coupons for a fill-up.

ATTENDANT

Fifteen gallons -- That'll be fifteen coupons and forty-five dollars.

ROGER

I think it would be cheaper to be a junkie.

ATTENDANT

Hey, you're lucky you've got coupons. People are abandoning their cars if they ain't got no coupons.

CUT TO:

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Roger parks his car so the gas cap is flush against the wall. No one could open it without moving the car. He checks the gauge -- full.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUSY STREET - DAY

We SEE a CLOSEUP of a dollar bill wafting in the wind. It blows by people's feet, across the street. No one bothers to pick it up. OVER this SHOT, we HEAR the RADIO:

RADIO (V.O.)

... Shocking new inflation figures were announced today for the month of September. Spearheaded by rising gasoline prices, everything costs fifty-three percent more this month than it did last month. The President has asked everyone to curb spending and not to buy items that exceed the official allowable inflation rate of forty percent per week.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RADIO (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The President's critics in Washington have said it is too late to stop the inflationary spiral and the nation is headed for economic disaster...

The dollar bill is picked up by a ten-year-old boy who makes a paper airplane out of it and tosses it off his balcony.

INT. SUSAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

We are in the kitchen of Victoria's friend's apartment.

SUSAN

... And did you see what it costs for the Sunday paper now? Eight dollars! And they don't even print the daily paper anymore.

VICTORIA

This is the shits. I hope Roger is learning that he's got to keep a job if he's going to keep a woman.

SUSAN

Victoria, you've got to protect yourself. Now Tony's in a business that's inflation proof. Ammunition. Somewhere, someone will always want to shoot someone.

VICTORIA

Well, the son of a bitch better call me. I left your number and you can call me at Tony's.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Roger is standing in twenty person line at a phone booth.

BACK TO SCENE

They pick up a tray of food and carry it into the living room. There is another young couple there, along with Tony and Susan's husband, CLARK.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They are all sitting around a fairly new large American car, parked in the living room. It is lit up like a work of art. There are soft blue lights illuminating the wheels, while revolving gels cast changing hues on the rest of it.

CLARK

Yes, I just hated to junk it. I could have sold it for twelve thousand for the scrap, but what's twelve thousand in today's world? Big deal.

TONY

I agree. I wouldn't fart for twelve thousand dollars.

CLARA

A friend of mine said to save your coins.

CLARK

Why the hell would we do that?

CLARA

If you'll listen a minute I'll tell you. He said since coins aren't legal tender anymore they'll become collectors' items. He's buying all the old half dollars for one candy bar each.

BACK TO ROGER

He is now at the phone. He takes out two one dollar bills and the phone sucks them in ala a bill changer. There is a dial tone and he dials.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

I'm sorry, all circuits with the 729 prefix are committed. Please place your call again between the hours of two and three A.M.

He departs the phone booth and gets on an old fashioned foot scooter. There are various other forms of transportation on the street: bicycles, roller skates, etc.

CUT TO:

## INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

It is still dark and mysterious in here. There are several important looking men as well as some Arab sheiks standing around. The President is handed a briefcase which he opens. Inside are stacks of printed sheets of bright red bills. They are about six by twelve inches.

## PRESIDENT

Hide money from me, will they?  
This'll show the bastards. I  
can't wait to see the expression  
on the face of the average shmoe.

CUT TO:

## INT. VALENTINE APARTMENT - EARLY EVENING

CLOSEUP ON Roger's face. He looks like the average shmoe. He goes to the freezer to check his money. He picks up the phone; it is turned off. He finally is standing still in the middle of the living room, wondering what to do. Finally, he turns ON the TV.

## NEWSCASTER

More bad news for the economy  
today as the President announced...

He CLICKS it OFF. He walks into his bedroom, pulls back the sheets and gets into bed.

CUT TO:

## VALENTINE APARTMENT - DAY

It is thirteen hours later. Roger has had an enormous sleep. He is showered and shaved, does one toe touch, one pushup and one jumping jack.

CUT TO:

## INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

Roger exits his place. There is no one around. It is uncannily still.

## ANGLE ON ROGER

He exits the elevator. There is no one in the lobby.

## ANGLE ON ROGER

He walks out into the street; they are mysteriously empty. He continues his walk. He thinks he is the last man on earth. He starts to hear the faint SOUND of PEOPLE SHOUTING, and we can begin to HEAR FOOTSTEPS of PEOPLE RUNNING. He turns a corner and sees a mob of people out in front of his old bank, along with several other mobs down the street in front of other banks.

## ANGLE ON STREET VENDOR

Roger approaches a VENDOR selling fresh fruit from a tray hung around his neck. The vendor is dressed extraordinarily well.

ROGER

What's going on? Should I be running?

VENDOR

Want to buy an apple?

ROGER

Uh, yeah. What's happening?

VENDOR

I thought you were kidding. Where've you been for the last fifteen hours?

ROGER

I've been asleep.

VENDOR

Great! You just saved yourself fifteen hours of panic. We have to turn in all our old money. Ten green ones for a new big red one.

ROGER

Ten green ones for a big red one?

VENDOR

Right. The President announced it last night. Said it was an emergency anti-inflation measure.

ROGER

So why is everybody so nuts?

VENDOR

Everybody's lost everything.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

..

VENDOR (CONT'D)

If you owed somebody a thousand old dollars you now owe them ten thousand old dollars. That's what happened to me, and frankly, I love it.

ROGER

Explain that again.

VENDOR

If you owed somebody a thousand old green dollars, you now owe them a thousand new red ones, only it will cost you ten thousand green ones to get the red ones. If your rent was three hundred a month it's now three thousand a month...

ROGER

That'll finish us all off! This is crazy!

In the b.g., a car rolls to a halt, out of gas. The passengers get out, give the car a kick and abandon it.

ROGER

(continuing)

Where the hell is Victoria?

VENDOR

I haven't seen her.

ROGER

I've got green ones...

VENDOR

Well you better turn them in. They only gave us three days to do it.

ROGER

I mean I can pay you in green ones.

VENDOR

That's okay... twenty green ones... that's fair.

Roger hands him the money.

VENDOR

(continuing; as Roger departs)

... and you better turn in your old dollars!

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Roger is charging along toward home. Several cars roll to a stop, out of gas, and are abandoned.

CUT TO:

INT. ROGER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Roger is hurriedly retrieving his money from the freezer. There is a KNOCK at the door. Roger goes to it and answers. We SEE Garland.

GARLAND

Hope I'm not disturbing you.

ROGER

Oh, hi. Sorry, I was expecting someone with better tits.

GARLAND

I wanted to pay some more on the banjo. I got ten big red ones.

He produces the new money. It is large and a little silly-looking.

ROGER

This is money?

He goes to the window.

ROGER

(continuing)

What has happened? Yesterday I go to sleep just screwed up. I wake up and I'm wiped out.

GARLAND

You're only wiped out of your stuff. They can't wipe anybody out if they can work with their hands.

ROGER

Work with my hands? It's worse than I thought...

GARLAND

You can play the banjo and I need somebody like that. We could go to Birmingham.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROGER

Oh yeah. That's really me.

Feigning a Southern accent. He acts like he's performing.

ROGER

(continuing)

Yuk, yuk, yuk. Chucka luka,  
chuck-a-luck-a.

He pounds his chest, creating a hollow, musical sound.

ROGER

(continuing)

Look, I've got to turn in my old  
green ones. You want to come with  
me?

CUT TO:

EXT. BANK - DAY

There are still thousands of people in the street. The excitement is fierce and the people are panicked. Roger, riding his scooter while Garland walks, has a handful of money.

ROGER

Look at this. I'm supposed to get  
in there and act like these idiots?

GARLAND

I guess you just gotta get in  
there and riot.

ROGER

I don't even know how to riot! I've  
never rioted.

GARLAND

(showing him)

Well I think you gotta throw your  
hands up like this...

He throws up his hands.

ROGER

Like this?

GARLAND

Yeah, that looks good. Then kinda  
wave them around.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROGER

Wave them around like this?

GARLAND

A little more excited.

Roger is starting to enjoy this.

ROGER

More like this?

GARLAND

Now you need to get your feet going...

He kicks his feet out exaggeratedly. Roger follows his example.

GARLAND

(continuing)

A little wilder. Now get a panicked look on your face.

ROGER

How's this?

GARLAND

Good.. Now scream a little bit.

Roger wails.

ROGER

Very good. Here I go...

Roger charges into the rioting crowd, becoming a part of it in his ridiculousness.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

The President stands overseeing the riots on TV. He is gleaming. The members of the Tri-Lateral Cabinet are with him.

PRESIDENT

Out comes a hundred and fifty-five billion in unreported income. This is a great day for the government!

COMMISSIONER

A great day! Our only danger is this runaway inflation...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRESIDENT

What inflation...! It's nothing...

2ND COMMISSIONER

If we don't stop it we could destroy our new currency too... it would be an unmitigated disaster. Like in Germany in 1918. It took a wheelbarrow full of money just to buy a loaf of bread. But this is still a great day.

PRESIDENT

Damn... one thing at a time. Let's get the tax evaders arrested first, then we'll worry about inflation. Is there any Scotch left?

1ST COMMISSIONER

No, damn, we're out.

PRESIDENT

Hey, let's go to the staff bar and meet some girls.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON

Roger rides his scooter along the street, clutching a handful of big red ones. He looks very tattered from his rioting. He passes a restaurant with a big bay window and stops. He is hungry. He sees a sign in the window: "Hot dogs, two big red ones." He decides it is too much and just kind of stares into the window watching people eat. People stare back. Then Roger catches himself at what he is doing and starts to make a gag out of it. His face contorts into wild expressions of hunger. The crowd inside doesn't know what to make of it. He disappears out of sight and re-emerges at the other side of the window, peering his head in comically. He puts on a little show for them, ending with slight applause from inside. A WAITRESS comes out and gives him a hot dog.

WAITRESS

Here, you're the only bum we ever gave any food to.

Roger looks a little stunned, but accepts the hot dog and goes off merrily down the street.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Roger happens along a crowd of people listening to a man shouting the news. He is not an experienced public speaker.

ROGER

(to a Bystander)

What's happening?

BYSTANDER

Shh. It's the news. There's no more newspapers, so they got some guys who shout it.

CRYER

The government announced today that the inflation rate is 111 percent but private sources indicate it to be higher. Four people were injured today when a horse bolted through a window in downtown Cincinnati. The rider was thrown from the horse before it went through the glass and escaped injury... And that completes today's news. The next news will be in twenty minutes.

The crowd mumbles as it departs.

ROGER

(to the Bystander)

Any big news? I can't wait twenty minutes.

BYSTANDER

Yeah. There was some big news.

ROGER

Well?

BYSTANDER

They're not selling gasoline to people anymore. Only the government can get it.

ROGER

How long is that supposed to last?

BYSTANDER

Forever. The oil fields were blown up today...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROGER

Are we at war? Who blew them up?

BYSTANDER

No, we're not at war. Some guy from Finland blew them up. He made his own bombs.

ROGER

Some guy from Finland? That's like saying some guy from New Jersey! This is crazy!

BYSTANDER

There was a guy from New Jersey with him.

ROGER

No more gasoline?

Roger backs off and rides his scooter as fast as he can. He is getting very disturbed.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

A key goes in the lock of the Valentine's apartment. The door opens, and WE PAN UP TO REVEAL a woman whom we have never seen before leading a couple into the apartment.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - DAY

It's the staff bar of the White House. The President and several AIDES are sitting at the bar drinking hard drinks. The place is crowded, insulated from the violence outside.

PRESIDENT

Hey... what's this?

He gives a lurid glance and smile toward a pretty girl, PATSY, sitting alone at the other end of the bar.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AIDE  
That's Patsy in Health, Education  
and Welfare.

PRESIDENT  
Does she... uh... you know?

AIDE  
I'll find out.

The Aide disappears for a moment. The President eyeballs the girl as he seductively moves his tongue across the top of his lips. The Aide returns carrying a large stuffed folder.

AIDE  
(continuing)  
Here's her file.

PRESIDENT  
And...?

AIDE  
Let's put it this way. She's  
done it in the past with lesser  
men than you.

PRESIDENT  
That's all I needed to hear.

He walks over to her. A MAN sitting next to her sees the President and offers him his seat.

MAN  
Greetings, Mr. President.

PRESIDENT  
Thank you.

He sits down.

PRESIDENT  
(continuing)  
Scotch on the rocks and...

He turns to the girl.

PRESIDENT  
(continuing)  
What are you drinking?

PATSY  
A Bermuda fizz.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRESIDENT

... And a Bermuda fizz.

Patsy will resist at first.

PATSY

No! Cancel that, bartender...  
No, no, thank you.

PRESIDENT

Hey come on...

PATSY

No thank you, Mr. President.

PRESIDENT

Call me Ernie. Come on... let  
me buy you a drink.

PATSY

(she gives in with  
a nervous chuckle)  
Oh... all right.

PRESIDENT

Same order, bartender... So you  
work for HEW? Great department,  
great department.

PATSY

So what do you think of the riots?

PRESIDENT

Oh it's terrible... terrible.  
Somebody should do something about  
it. In fact I should go up to the  
Oval Office right now and make  
some calls. You ever seen the  
Oval Office?

PATSY

No.

PRESIDENT

Would you like to see the Oval  
Office?

PATSY

No, I'd better not.

PRESIDENT

Come on... with all these riots  
there could be no more Oval Office  
... take a look at it...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PATSY

No... I'll tell you what; show me the Gilbert Stuart.

PRESIDENT

What's the Gilbert Stuart?

PATSY

Stupid... it's a painting in the White House collection. I read about it in art appreciation.

PRESIDENT

Oh yeah... that's a nice painting...

He turns confidentially to an Aide.

PRESIDENT

(continuing)

What room is the Gilbert Stuart in?

AIDE

I'll find out.

PRESIDENT

You like art?

PATSY

Oh yes.

PRESIDENT

Me too. Love that art. That Gilbert Stuart, is that the one of the two dogs?

PATSY

No, Ernie... it's a portrait of George Washington.

PRESIDENT

Oh that Gilbert Stuart! There's another one of some dogs... Love that picture! Washington was the guy who inspired me to become President... being the first one and all.

The Aide returns to his side.

AIDE

It's in the bedroom.

PRESIDENT

(to Patsy)

Oh yeah, let's go look at the Gilbert Stuart!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Aides and security men give him knowing winks as he leaves with Patsy.

CUT TO:

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DUSK

Roger rides into the garage on his scooter and spots his Porsche. There are two boys winding a hose from his car to theirs.

ROGER

Hey, get away from there!

The two boys look up in fear. Roger chases them off.

ANGLE INSIDE CAR

Roger turns on the key. He breathes a sigh of relief as the gas gauge registers full, but he has the look of a madman. He gets out of the car and walks a full turn around it. Then he stops and speaks to himself.

ROGER

This is the last tank of gas.

He determinedly gets in the car and starts it up. The engine races and whines. He peels out of the garage with a loud screech.

ANGLE ON THE CAR

As he spins out of the garage, he spots Victoria pulling up to go to the apartment.

ROGER

Victoria!

VICTORIA

Yes?

Roger is very excited about his last tank of gas.

ROGER

Come on...! This is it. The last tank of gas. Let's have fun with it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VICTORIA

Fun? Why don't you live up to your responsibilities first and then have fun?

ROGER

Victoria, come on. This is a crisis. Let's enjoy it.

VICTORIA

You enjoy it and I'll try to maintain my standard of living.

ROGER

There's no more standard of living. Come on!

VICTORIA

No.

Roger finally understands Victoria. He gets in the car.

ROGER

Okay. But fair warning. I might stay out past ten-thirty.

He peels out.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - EARLY EVENING

Roger is cruising by Barbara's house. He spots her on the stoop playing ball with some children.

ROGER

Barbara!

BARBARA

I'd love to go.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Garland is playing to a wild crowd out on the street. They are especially excited tonight. There is a lot of people drinking beer and dancing to the MUSIC. When Roger drives up, the crowd turns in awe; he's the only one with a car. Garland finishes his song.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROGER

(shouting from his car)  
Garland, come on! I've got my  
last tank of gas!

GARLAND

What the hell?

ROGER

Come on! It's the biggest night of  
your life! We're gonna do it all.

GARLAND

Well, damn...

THE CROWD

Go! Go on!

GARLAND

Okay, let's go, pardner. Hey, how  
much for that beer?

He buys a case of beer from a bystander and gets in the car.

GARLAND

(continuing)  
What're you gonna do?

ROGER

Everything I always wanted.

He peels out, laying rubber. There are no cars on the  
street, and Roger is out on his last gas-wasting adventure.

ANGLE ON THE PORSCHE

racing through the streets, running all the lights.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The car goes careening around corners. The RADIO is BLARING  
old-time rock and roll.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The car runs a stop sign.

ANGLE INSIDE THE CAR

The trio loves every minute of it.

ANOTHER ANGLE

A terrific auto stunt. The car is starting to show a little  
wear and tear.

ANGLE ON ROGER AND GARLAND

Garland is enjoying this more than you would expect.

GARLAND

You know what I always wanted to do?

Run into fresh cars like in the movies

## ANGLE ON PORSCHE

smashing through a pile of trash cans.

## CLOSEUP ON THE GAS GAUGE

It is half full.

## EXT. DRIVE-IN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

With the motor running, Roger and Garland are stopped, out of the car. The RADIO CONTINUES TO PLAY LOUDLY over their conversation. They are parked at a deserted drive-in restaurant.

ROGER

(indicating the  
drive-in)

There won't be a whole lot of these  
anymore.

GARLAND

Oh, there'll be some damn thing.  
Scooter-in or skate-in or  
something.

Roger walks over to an empty parking spot. He begins  
play acting.

ROGER

Hi, girls... I'd really like to  
take that malt and pour it down  
my pants.

Garland meanwhile is singing and strumming on his guitar.

GARLAND

HE'S IN THE JAILHOUSE NOW...  
HE'S IN THE JAILHOUSE NOW...

Or another Hank Williams tune. Roger joins in.

BARBARA

You know what you're missing?  
Girls.

GARLAND

Huh?

BARBARA

That's what you're supposed to  
do right, pick up girls?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARLAND

Damn right. When I was nineteen we used to drive up and down the street looking for girls. And they used to come with us, too, 'cause we were the only ones with a car.

ROGER

Garland, you're still the only one with a car. Let's go get some girls.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

They are now "crusing" down a city street. The people are out and they are the only car on the street.

GARLAND

(out the window to  
girls as they pass)

Hey, baby...

He makes kissing sounds with his lips. The girls smile back big broad smiles.

ROGER

(also making  
kissing sounds)

Hubba hubba.

They continue down the boulevard. They spot two new girls, MARIE and LINDA.

GARLAND

Lookin' for a little action  
with wild persons?

MARIE

(to Linda)

They've got a car!

LINDA

Sure. Can you squeeze us in?  
Your stomach's not too big, is  
it?

GARLAND

Honey, if your ass can fit in  
here my stomach sure can.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The girls gleefully crowd themselves into the car. What follows is a lot of fast driving mixed in with a lot of feeling from Garland. The CASSETTE DECK is BLARING and the group sings along.

CUT TO:

INT. PRESIDENT'S BEDROOM - DAY

The President's bedroom is very contemporary with lots of mirrors and chrome and glass. The Gilbert Stuart hangs there along with some tacky three-D nudes. There are a lot of empty glasses and half-full bottles of wine.

PRESIDENT

... And this is the Gilbert Stuart room.

He takes away a shaving mirror which is propped up on the frame of the painting.

PATSY

Isn't it beautiful?

PRESIDENT

It's really, really...

He doesn't know quite what to say.

PRESIDENT

(continuing)

... big.

PATSY

What sign are you?

PRESIDENT

Grrrrr... Leo! Leo the Lion!

PATSY

Ugh. What's it like to be President?

PRESIDENT

Fantastic! Everywhere I go they know me... best tables, security, the whole shootin' match.

He goes to his bar to mix a drink.

PATSY

I wonder what it would be like to go to bed with a President.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

His hand starts to shake with glee. A look of great satisfaction crosses his face.

PRESIDENT  
(to himself)  
I knew I was President for  
something...

He takes a drink over to her and they sit on the edge of the bed and start to kiss. He takes off her blouse and they start to get serious. Then the PHONE RINGS. He is not into it enough yet not to answer it.

PRESIDENT  
(continuing;  
into phone)  
Yes?

QUICK CUT TO:

AIDE

AIDE  
(on phone)  
It's a misfire, sir; they're  
bananas out there.

PRESIDENT  
Well, don't bother me now...

AIDE  
Sir, you have to do something.

PRESIDENT  
Well, dammit! How else could  
we have gotten their unreported  
income? They think they can hide  
money from the government without  
paying the price? This is the  
price...!

AIDE  
Sir, you could stop the changeover  
and stop the riots... make an  
announcement!

The President glances over at his waiting evening of  
pleasure.

PRESIDENT  
Not now... tomorrow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AIDE

Tomorrow will be too late.

PRESIDENT

I said tomorrow... and don't  
call me before eleven unless I  
call you.

He hangs up the phone and returns to Patsy.

PRESIDENT

(continuing)

Who gives a shit about Joe Shmoé?

CUT TO:

EXT. LOVERS' LEAP - NIGHT

The car is parked. Romantic MUSIC is PLAYING. Garland is inside the car with his girl and Roger is laying on top of the car. Everyone is falling all over everyone else. We can SEE the slightest hint of dawn. Garland takes Roger aside. The girls are singing in the background.

GARLAND

Listen, Roger. If I've learned  
one damn thing, it's no matter  
what condition the world is in,  
people got to pretend like  
they're somebody.

ROGER

Yeah?

GARLAND

So for guys like you and me  
the only thing left is to try  
an' act dumber than everybody  
else. That makes 'em all feel  
smart, and they'll pay us for  
it. Let's go to Burmingham.

ROGER

(avoiding the  
question)

You know, I haven't stayed out  
all night in twelve years.

(to the girls)

Okay, it's time.

They pile into the car. Roger fires it up.

## CLOSEUP ON THE GAUGE

One-quarter tank.

## ANGLE ON THE CAR

It races disasterously through the city, making a final leap across a drawbridge or some such stunt that makes the car into a piece of junk.

CUT TO:

## EXT. STREET - MORNING

The car putts up to the location where they first met the girls. They get out with long lingering goodbye kisses.

CUT TO:

## EXT. STREET - EARLY MORNING

The car labors by some residential housing. There is a "For Sale" sign in front of every one, as far as the eye can see.

GARLAND

It just goes to show you. There's always a market for something.

ROGER

What?

GARLAND

'For Sale' signs. Times like this you could make a bundle in 'For Sale' signs. Look...

They pass a group of people gathered on a corner. They have a homemade sign: "Sixth Street Vigilance Committee."

GARLAND

(continuing)

They formed vigilantes to protect themselves from looters.

The vigilantes glare at their passing car.

ROGER

They really like us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARLAND

That's the way things are going to be from now on... Little colonies... defend your block... don't give up your house to the Feds.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - MORNING

By this time, Barbara is conked out in the tiny back seat. Roger pulls up in front of her house and pulls her drowsy body from the car. She is barely with us. He throws her over his shoulder and carts her up to her apartment. He searches through her purse and finds the keys, let's himself in and deposits her on her bed, out cold. Roger has the look of a person who has been out all night, but he struggles for coherency.

ROGER

Oh, I could probably take advantage of you right here, but that's not my style. You would never even know it.

Barbara is unawakable.

ROGER

(continuing)

Well, it's my style a little bit.

He touches her breast.

ROGER

(continuing)

... And now I'll awaken you with a kiss.

He kisses her on the lips. Her eyes open momentarily then close, back to sleep. Roger speaks to her in that moment.

ROGER

(continuing)

It's your lover boy.

She closes her eyes. He continues to speak although she is oblivious.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROGER

(continuing)

... and I had fun tonight. And I think I was using my wife because having her made me look good. And I think I've been very, very screwed up. And I think I owe my wife a chance because I used her.

He leaves.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - MORNING

The car just barely makes it into a very active junk yard. The FOREMAN approaches Roger, Garland and the puffing car.

FOREMAN

Hey, Charlie, we got another one.

ROGER

How much are you paying?

FOREMAN

Green ones or red ones? Green ones are about a thousand to one.

ROGER

When did that happen?

FOREMAN

It's always happening. I'll give you eighteen thousand green backs or twenty red ones.

GARLAND

Take the red ones. The green ones are worth shit.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Garland and Roger walk down the street. There are thousands of people running everywhere. There is money, the green ones, blowing all over the city. They pass a wall completely plastered with dollars. They pass a bank with a stack of freshly printed green ones piled in the garbage.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARLAND

Listen. We've got to get out of this city. I'm going to find out how. I heard that trains and boats are the only transportation running. Meet me at my singin' spot at noon today if you want to go to Birmingham.

ROGER

I want to go... I want to go. But this is everything. My whole life is here, and you want me to go over there. And I need to talk to somebody first.

GARLAND

You gotta do what you gotta do. If you're not there at noon I'll know you don't want to go.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

Roger walks down the hall toward his apartment. The doors are wide open. Some of his things are out in the hall.

ANGLE ON THE INSIDE OF THE APARTMENT

We SEE three people. The Manager, whom we have seen before, and a fiftyish married couple, obviously very rich, and wearing the decorative garb of a foreign dignitary. They are the BARON and BARONESS.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Roger is confronting the situation inside his apartment.

MANAGER

(seeing Roger)

Ah... this is the former resident...

ROGER

Former resident?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MANAGER

This is the Baron and Baroness  
of Reichenstite.

ROGER

Well, I'm the King of England.  
I want everyone out of my  
apartment.

BARON

His apartment?

MANAGER

It's not your apartment anymore.  
The Baron is paying one hundred  
twenty thousand dollars a month.

ROGER

Well, listen, buster... I have  
a lease. The law is with me!

MANAGER

You broke your lease... rent  
that's three weeks late... It's  
shameful!

ROGER

You're breaking my lease for a  
lousy hundred twenty thousand  
a month?

BARON

We would like to buy some of  
your furnishings.

ROGER

(to Manager)

You little nit... twit.

(to Baron)

All right... How much will you  
give me for this stuff?

BARON

We'll give you a million green  
ones for the furniture and  
negotiate separately for the  
kitchen things.

ROGER

That's it? A lousy million green  
ones? All right. How about the  
kitchen?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BARON

Fifteen thousand for the toaster,  
twenty thousand for the utensils,  
ten thousand for the frying pan.

ROGER

Wait a minute... just a minute...  
this frying pan was given to me  
by my mother on my twenty-first  
birthday. This has very heavy  
sentimental value. I would have  
to get fifteen thousand... I figure  
the sentiment to be an extra five  
grand.

BARON

Done.

BARONESS

(to the Baron)

You want some toast?

BARON

Yes. Thank God we own the  
toaster. Let me get you the  
money.

ROGER

Wait. What about the bread...  
that's worth two grand.

The Baron is walking into the bedroom.

BARON

Okay... two grand.

He returns from the bedroom pushing a wheelbarrow full of  
money.

BARON

Here you are. I think this  
should cover it.

Roger is stunned. The money overflows the barrel.

ROGER

Okay... It was a pleasure to do  
business with you. Wait...  
there's one thing I need.

He runs to the bedroom and grabs some underwear. He picks  
up the wheelbarrow, backs out the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROGER

(continuing)

I should have bought a house.

MANAGER

Yeah. Then you could have sold it for a hundreth of what you paid for it... or have the government take it for taxes.

BARON

You Americans were had.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Roger has exited his apartment but is confronted with Victoria and Tony. Tony is in his slick Vegas garb but really is a nice guy.

ROGER

Victoria! God, I didn't know where you were.

VICTORIA

Roger, this is Tony Frazier.

ROGER

(ignorantly sincere)

Hi. Are you helping Victoria?

TONY

You might call it that.

ROGER

Victoria... Can I talk to you in private?

VICTORIA

(sternly)

We can talk about anything in front of Tony.

ROGER

We can?

Everything becomes clear.

ROGER

(continuing)

Oh, yes, of course. Jesus Christ and to think I was concerned...!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Now that the truth has dawned on him, he is greatly relieved about his feelings for Barbara.

ROGER  
(continuing)  
Oh God. You've made me very  
happy.

His elation starts to build.

ROGER  
(continuing)  
Here's our divorce proceedings.

He hands her half the money in his barrel.

ROGER  
(continuing)  
And I am free! I am new!

He practically skips down the hall.

ROGER  
(continuing)  
Diaster has made me rich!

The elevator doors close.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

The streets are chaotic. Thousands of people are running like scattering mice. It looks like San Francisco in 1849: Some are carrying their belongings on their backs, while others are like medicine show barkers, news-criers and future con men. Roger is among them, tooling his wheelbarrow full of money hurriedly through the street. A street SALESMAN, one whose goods are piled and hung all over his body, runs along beside him and gives a pitch.

SALESMAN  
Want to buy anything? Travel  
tabloids... blankets... bullets?

ROGER  
Let's see the travel tabloid.

SALESMAN  
Yes, sir. It's got all the  
departures out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He hands him a hand-printed sheet. Roger scans it.

ROGER

Trains, trains...  
 (then indicates  
 the money in the  
 wheelbarrow)  
 Just take what you like.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Roger races through the busy streets.

EXT. STREET - DAY

We are at Garland's singing spot, where he told Roger to meet him. There is now a full riot going on with people carrying their goods through the street. The paper money, including the red ones, continues to blow through the street. Garland checks his watch. It is noon.

ANGLE ON GARLAND

Garland departs.

CUT TO:

HELICOPTER SHOT OF ROGER AND BARBARA

racing through the streets. They are several blocks away from Garland. There is a two minute "chase" SHOT ENTIRELY FROM ABOVE of Roger and Barbara finally locating Garland with lots of hugs and kisses.

ANGLE ON THE TRIO

ROGER

Looks like we're your new partners.

GARLAND

Listen, partner, we got problems. All the trains are jammed, and airplanes can't fly without fuel. Plus we ain't got the fare...  
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARLAND (CONT'D)

Even the big red ones are no good anymore. There's no way outta here.

ROGER

Damn, we're as smart as anybody else. We got here, didn't we? There must be some way out. How did we get here?

A long pause as they all shrug their shoulders.

ROGER

(continuing)

Come on... think. We were smart enough to get here now how do we get outta here?

Barbara shrugs her shoulders --

Garland shrugs his shoulders --

ROGER

(something dawns  
on him)

All right. I have a plan but I need to know something. Are we willing to change our lives? I have to know if you are willing to give it all up and start something totally new.

BARBARA

I'm tired of designer clothes.

GARLAND

Let's get the fuck outta here.

They make a pact by their expressions.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOCK - DAY

We SEE a crowded harbor. It is a near riot. There are all kinds of boats boarding passengers. Thousands of people cling to the ships as they pull away from their docks.

ANGLE ON BARBARA AND GARLAND

Various looks of defeat.

~ ANGLE ON ROGER

A look of determination and confidence.

ROGER

Come on!

Roger leads them to the last dock, the last ship. It is the Mayflower replica Roger and Victoria were on early in the movie. However, it too is crowded, overflowing with people. All the sailors are dressed in seventeenth century costumes, although they are running around panicked like everyone else. A harried PURITAN runs down the plank and starts to throw over the ropes.

PURITAN

Move it! We're getting out of here.

ROGER

You've got to take us.

PURITAN

We're full. Just like everybody else. Move back!

ROGER

How much will it cost us?

PURITAN

Plenty.

ROGER

How's this?

He slips off his wedding ring. The Puritan looks at it, then calls on board.

PURITAN

Hey, Charlie! They got a gold ring!

CHARLIE

Okay, bring two of 'em on board. But they're the last ones.

ROGER

Wait, wait. We've got to get him on.

PURITAN

What's he got?

GARLAND

Nothing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROGER

Come on, Garland. You must have something.

GARLAND

I've shied away from gold all my life. Except for my teeth, I ain't got nothing gold.

ROGER

(to Puritan)

Will his teeth do?

PURITAN

Sure, we can take them out on board.

Roger and Barbara push him on board against his cries.

ROGER

Hey, were are we going?

PURITAN

Back to England.

ANGLE ON THE SAILS

The sails soar up the mast and fill with wind.

ANGLE ON THE SHIP

It pulls away from the dock. People left behind on the dock are leaping in the water after it.

CUT TO:

THE SHIP

heading out on the open seas, much like the original Mayflower looked on its first trip in the other direction.

CUT TO:

EXT. ENGLISH STREET - DAY

Garland, Roger and Barbara are standing in front of Big Ben. Garland is strumming "We're In The Money," while Roger does the Hambone. Barbara is a shill throwing money in their banjo case. They have the joyful look of three people given the chance to begin their lives again.

THE END