

"FATAL INSTINCT"

Screenplay by

David O'Malley

**SHOOTING DRAFT**

**FADE IN ON:**

**EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - NIGHT**

night  
breeze.  
shell.

The sultry dampness of a blistering summer hangs in the air. People stroll the boardwalk looking for a cool The soft rhythms of a jazz concert float from the band

**CLOSE SHOT - A PAIR OF SEXY HIGH HEELS**

pier.

and a woman's shapely legs, walking along the wooden

**OPENING TITLES & CREDITS OVER.**

one  
a  
with

After several steps, a discarded piece of gum sticks to of her shoes, stretching out stickily. Two steps later, piece of paper sticks to the gum, flopping awkwardly each step.

sensuous  
gossamer

The MOVING CAMERA PANS UP her gorgeous legs and body. She wears a loose summer dress that floats like around her soft curves. Her hair is long and blond.

**NED (V.O.)**

To some guys, women are like a cheap puzzle... with pieces that just don't fit. They think the soul of a woman is darker than a back alley... more tangled than a telephone cord... and colder than a Klondike Bar in Canada. But those guys don't even have a clue.

beautiful  
term  
and

She stops at the railing. We see an incredibly  
face and cool, alluring eyes. This is LOLA CAIN. The  
"femme fatale" was coined for her. She's on display...  
knows it.

**NED (V.O.)**

When you know women the way I do,  
you understand exactly what what  
makes them tick... what makes them  
hum... what makes them jiggle up and  
down when they walk. And it's not  
the kind of thing you can learn from  
a correspondence course.

MEN

The CAMERA MOVES with her as she walks on, passing TWO  
whose eyes are glued to her. We HOLD ON THEM.

hair  
him...  
sweat  
detective  
lost.

One is NED RAVINE, in his thirties, stalwart, handsome,  
trimmed neatly, but with a feel of loose ends about  
coat slung over his shoulder, sleeves rolled up, the  
dampening his shirt. He's a cop. A plain clothes  
who's been around the block a few times and still gets

years, at  
aspirations  
Nachos

Next to him is ARCH, his partner. Older, if not in  
least in mileage. Dependable, solid, with no great  
except to reach the end of a shift intact. He's eating  
from a cardboard container, licking the cheese off his  
fingers.

Lola.

The CAMERA PUSHES IN to NED. His eyes are fixed on

**ANGLE - LOLA - NED'S POV**

paper  
railing.

She walks to the other side of the pier... as more  
sticks to the gum on her shoe. She stands at the

**NED (V.O.)**

There are two kinds of women in this world... and I've known 'em both.

**ANGLE - ARCH**

The

Arch heaves an exasperated sigh and looks toward Ned.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to INCLUDE NED. It isn't "voice-over" narration at all. Ned is actually talking out loud.

**NED (V.O.)**

One will take you for a fast ride on a bumpy road with no seat belt. But the other kind...

**ARCH**

(interrupts)

Jeez... knock off the chatter, will ya.

**NED**

Just trying to keep you awake, Arch.

**ARCH**

I'm awake! Where do you come up with all that crap about women?

**NED**

It's true. Women are very complex, but if you know how to read 'em... they're an open book. You can always tell the rotten apples from the peaches.

**ARCH**

Are you kiddin'?

**NED**

I'd stake my career on it. Anybody ever proves me wrong, I'll throw away my badge.

**ARCH**

Aayyhh... women are trouble...

**NED**

I used to believe that too. Until I married Lana. Now, she... is a peach.

**ARCH**

Yeah, well you're a lucky stiff, pal. Ya hold down two jobs. Got a

beautiful wife waitin' for ya at home. Everything a guy could ever want, including NO kids.

**NED**

I'd love to have kids.

**ARCH**

What?! Rug-rats? Give me a break!  
(looks around)  
Jeez, I hate stakeouts. What makes you think Milo's gonna show up here?

**NED**

Logic. He knocked off all those banks. He's got cash. He's gonna want to spend it. This is one of the few places that still takes cash. Sooner or later... he's gotta turn up.

**ARCH**

And how we s'posed to recognize this scumbag?

**NED**

The "Support Hose Bandit"? When you see him... you'll know him.

ambles  
through  
In the b.g., MILO CRUMLEY, the "Support Hose Bandit",  
by casually, unnoticed, sucking on a cherry Snow-Cone  
the panty-hose pulled down over his head.

**ARCH**

These are the best damn Nachos in North America. Maybe the world!

and  
He pops the last chip in his mouth, licks his fingers  
turns the container over.

**ARCH**

I'm empty. I'm gonna get a refill.  
You want some?

Ned  
steps over to the railing... gazes out at the ocean.

melody... a  
A SAXOPHONE begins to wail a scorching, romantic

THEME.

recurrent tune that will come to be known as LOLA'S

railing. He  
darkness.

A beat later... Lola moves to Ned's side at the  
tries to ignore her presence, peering into the  
Lola digs in her purse for a pack of cigarettes.

**LOLA**

Got a light?

**NED**

Sure.

purse.

Ned pulls out a small flashlight, shines it in her  
She pulls a cigarette out of the pack, puts it to her  
her eyes on Ned, sizing him up.

lips...

**LOLA**

How about a match?

**NED**

No thanks. I have plenty.

stuffs

He pulls out a handful of matchbooks, shows her, then  
them back in his pocket.

beside

He turns and walks along the pier. She falls into step  
him, lighting her own cigarette. A saxophone player

named

DIZZY follows behind them, continuing to play. He's the  
source of the romantic THEME MUSIC we've been hearing.

actual

**LOLA**

You really are incredibly stupid,  
aren't you? I like that in a man.

**NED**

I'd be insulted, but I know you're  
serious.

**LOLA**

You sound so sure of yourself.

**NED**

I'm not as dumb as I look.

**LOLA**

Let me buy you a drink, Mr. uh...

**NED**

Ravine. Ned Ravine. And you are...?

**LOLA**

Thirsty. What about that drink?

**NED**

I'm on duty.

**LOLA**

Brain surgeon?

**NED**

Cop.

**LOLA**

Oooo... and I bet you have a big gun.

**NED**

You lose.

Lola looks toward a nearby hot dog vendor.

**LOLA**

If I can't buy you a drink...  
(nods toward vendor)  
...let me buy you one of those.

**NED**

Who can say no to a weiner?

**LOLA**

Not me.

Lola turns to the hot dog VENDOR, raising two fingers.

**LOLA**

Two dogs. Hot.

plastic

She takes them... hands one to Ned. He picks up the mustard container to put mustard on her hot dog first.

**NED**

You come here often?

**LOLA**

Only when I'm in heat.

of Ned REACTS to this, squeezing the container. A stream  
mustard squirts out, hitting the front of Lola's dress.

**NED**

Oh! Sorry.

Flustered, he stuffs his hot dog into his inside jacket  
dress, pocket, then tries to wipe the mustard off Lola's  
him smearing it all over her, making it worse. She watches  
with a cool, detached gaze as he fumbles ingenuously.  
Suddenly, Ned stops, looking off. He sees... Milo  
Crumley going into the PUBLIC RESTROOM. Ned starts to leave.  
Lola grabs his hand, holding it tightly against her breast.

**LOLA**

Where ya going?

**NED**

Get something to wipe it off.

**LOLA**

That's okay. You're doing just fine.

**NED**

I'll get you a wet paper towel.

He heads for the men's room... signaling to Arch, who's  
long waiting in line at the Nacho stand. Arch motions at the  
line... all UNIFORMED COPS... shrugging helplessly.

**INT. MEN'S ROOM ON PIER - NIGHT**

Several MEN are at the urinals. Milo, still wearing the  
panty hose over his head, washes his face at the sink. He  
looks up, sees Ned enter. Ned sees Milo... reacts, pulling  
the frankfurter out of his pocket and pointing it.

**NED**

Hold it right there, Milo!

The Men turn, seeing Ned pointing the frankfurter.

**RESTROOM PATRON**

Look out! He's got a weenie!

through the  
Milo bolts, slamming into Ned, knocking him back  
door of a stall, into the lap of the MAN inside.

**EXT. MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT**

in a  
his  
Milo  
the  
Milo bursts out, colliding with Arch. They both go down  
flurry of Nacho chips and cheese. Arch helps Milo to  
feet, apologizing profusely... picking up the gun that  
dropped, handing it back to him. Milo sprints off down  
pier.

Milo.  
A beat later, Ned bursts out the door... dashing after

**ANGLE - ALONG THE PIER**

into...  
Milo runs frantically, knocking people aside! He ducks

**INT. BUMPER CAR PAVILION - NIGHT**

in,  
...and drags a FLUSTERED MAN out of a bumper car, jumps  
and speeds away!

flashes his  
A beat later, Ned runs up, followed by Arch. Ned  
badge at a FRECKLE-FACED KID in one of the bumper cars.

**NED**

Police emergency! I need your car!

FLASHING  
Milo, a  
bumper  
He pulls the kid out, jumps in, slaps a portable  
RED LIGHT on the dashboard... then speeds off after  
SIREN WAILING! He zig-zags through the crush of other  
cars in the pavilion.

alongside.  
Ned's bumper car catches up with Milo, pulling



both Milo turns the wheel, RAMMING Ned! Ned RAMS him back,  
bumper cars swerving violently... spraying SPARKS!

out Ned SLAMS Milo's car again! Milo loses control, spins  
and SMASHES into the pavillion railing!

other Ned swerves to avoid a collision, but RAMS into two  
AIRBAG bumper cars, wrenching to a grinding halt. A BEAT. The  
inflates in his bumper car.

They Arch runs up as Ned pulls himself from the wreckage.  
over turn to see Milo leap from his mangled bumper car, leap  
an the pavillion railing and dash down the pier and into  
says: alley between two buildings. A sign on the building

**DEAD END ALLEY.**

follow Ned and Arch eye each other, shake their heads, and  
after Milo.

**OMIT**

Sequence omitted from original script.

**IN THE ALLEY**

the Milo runs into a tall chain link fence at the end of  
hand alley and scrambles up the wire mesh. Suddenly, Ned's  
shoots out, grabs Milo's ankle, yanking him down hard.

Milo's Milo jumps to his feet, swinging at Ned, who catches  
a fist with his hand, stopping it cold... neatly snapping  
fence handcuff on his wrist. He shoves Milo's arm against the  
and snaps the other cuff to the chainlink.

sharp A SWITCHBLADE flashes out of Milo's other hand with a  
face. CLICK! Milo slashes the blade at Ned, just missing his

and

On the backswing, Ned parries with his own switchblade  
flips Milo's knife away.

Ned

Milo pulls a .45 Calibre REVOLVER with his free hand!

looks

shoves his finger into the end of the barrel. Milo  
surprised... then sneers, clicking the hammer back.

**NED**

You take science in high school,  
Milo?

**MILO**

I skipped high school, cop!

**NED**

Then you're probably not familiar  
with the theory of inverse  
proportionate explosive dynamics.

**MILO**

What about it?

**NED**

If you fire a weapon with the barrel  
obstructed, the explosive force  
multiplies by twenty-three point  
five nine eight and reverses on itself  
with diametric polarity?

**MILO**

Yeah. So?

**NED**

The gun will blow up in your hand...  
and it won't even scorch my pinkie.

**MILO**

Ha! That's just theoretical  
hypothesis. Inverse proportionate  
explosive dynamics has never been  
demonstrated conclusively in a  
laboratory environment.

**NED**

Oh yeah. Then pull the trigger, smart  
guy. Let's find out.

Milo hesitates, unsure. Finally, he releases the gun.

Ned

off

raises it up on the end of his finger. Arch pulls it  
with a loud POP!

Ned cuffs Milo's hands behind him... spins him around.

**NED**

You have the right to remain silent...  
next... if you waive that right,  
anything you say... next...

**REVEAL ARCH**

them.

holding up a series of "cue cards"... as Ned reads from

**NED**

...may be used against you in a court  
of law... next... You have the right  
to an attorney... Do you have an  
attorney?

**MILO**

Nahhhh!

**NED**

Then today's your lucky day...

He flips out a business card, handing it to Milo.

**ANGLE - THE BUSINESS CARD**

It reads... "Ned Ravine - Defense Attorney"

**EXT. NED'S HOUSE - DAWN**

reads

Large. Expensive. Impressive. The name on the mailbox

"Ned and Lana Ravine."

lovemaking!

We begin to HEAR the O.S. SOUND of passionate

**OMIT**

Sequence omitted from original script.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. HOUSE - DAWN**

O.S.,  
lust...  
the  
greasy  
namepatch,  
shots as

The CAMERA MOVES up the stairs, into the bedroom. Still we hear more heavy breathing... urgent whispers... passion... squeaky bedsprings!  
A trail of clothes is scattered before us on the way to bed... shoes, a dress, slip, bra, nylons, panties... coveralls with a "Frank Kelbo - Mobile Mechanic" dirty work boots, a wrench and a gigantic grease gun...  
The bed shakes violently. A female VOICE calls the various tools drop to the floor.

**LANA (O.S.)**

Oh yes, Frank! Adjust the stroke by ten percent! That's it.  
(CLUNK! A wrench)  
Now tweak my points. Oh yes, oh yes!  
(THUNK! Pliers)  
You got it! Stabilize your ball joints and grind my rear differential!  
(CLINK! Screwdriver)  
Now accelerate! Floor it! Lay rubber, baby! VRRROOOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMM!

a  
Lothario,  
table.

A beat. The LIGHT clicks ON. LANA; a sexy redhead with cool, manipulative edge, and FRANK; a slick, smarmy lay under the sheets, panting, glistening with sweat.  
Lana reaches for a pack of "Fatal 100's" on the bedside

**LANA**

Not bad for an auto mechanic...

**FRANK**

(grins, cocky)  
Yeah, well you're not so bad yourself... for a lawyer's wife...

**LANA**

Better watch your tongue, sweetie, or I'll have my husband arrest you.

**FRANK**

Busy man. Cop and a lawyer. When  
does he ever find time for you?

She lights a cigarette... exhales a soft, gloomy cloud.

**LANA**

He doesn't. That's why I need you to  
keep my engine tuned, Frank. Why  
drive a jalopy when you can have a  
hot rod?

**FRANK**

Maybe you should trade him in on a  
new model.

**LANA**

I would... if I could make any money  
on the deal.

**FRANK**

(reaches for her)  
Want to go for another test drive?

him. The SOUND of an automobile engine outside. Lana stops

**LANA**

Pull over and park it, Frank. I'm  
still under warranty.

**EXT. NED'S HOUSE - MORNING**

then Ned glances at the white van parked in the driveway,  
floor takes note of his wife's silver Mercedes... sitting on  
jacks, the hood raised, tools spread out around it.

**INT. HOUSE - THE KITCHEN - MORNING**

buttoned Ned enters. Lana wears a diaphanous dressing gown,  
unevenly, hair disheveled. She smokes a cigarette.

**NED**

Morning sweetheart.

through Ned kisses her on the back of the neck as he passes  
with the kitchen on his way to the dining room. She reacts

pot.

bored, contemptuous disinterest, picking up the coffee

**LANA**

Uh huh. Want some coffee?

Ned steps back into the kitchen with his briefcase.

**NED**

No thanks.

messed up,  
reading a  
cover  
Cover All

Ned sees Frank sitting at the kitchen table, hair  
coveralls hastily pulled on inside-out. Frank is  
copy of INSURANCE DIGEST magazine. A headline on the  
touts an article: "LIFE INSURANCE FOR YOUR CAT!...  
Nine Lives For The Price of One!" Ned's smile fades.

**LANA**

Frank here was just grabbing a little  
before going back to work on my car.

He steps over to the table... gives Frank a cool stare.

**NED**

How long you been working on Lana's  
Mercedes, Frank?

**FRANK**

(shrugs)  
Oh... I don't know... six, seven  
weeks.

**NED**

And ya still haven't found the  
problem?

**FRANK**

(a leering smile)  
Think I got my finger on it though.

Ned turns to Lana.

**NED**

I know what he's doing, Lana. I wasn't  
born yesterday. He's not fixing your  
car. He's SCREWING you!

they've  
moving

Lana tenses up at this. Frank freezes. He figures  
been busted. He sits there, holding the magazine, not  
a muscle... as Ned turns on him.

**NED**

YOU are screwing my wife! I can see  
what your game is, Frank. You open  
up her hood, poke around in there...  
squirt some lubrication in... play  
around with all her parts... then  
take an old used piston and stick it  
in... then pull it out... in, out,  
in, out! Every day! There's no end  
to it. You just keep coming and  
COMING!... and the bill just gets  
bigger and BIGGER!

turned

Lana braces herself against the sink, breathless...  
on by Ned's description. Ned goes to her, sympathetic.

**NED**

But you don't see it, do you, Lana?  
You're too good... too pure. You  
can't see the evil in people like  
him.

(turns to Frank)

Well, you're not getting away with  
it, pal. I'm pulling the plug! You're  
fired!

**LANA**

(breathless)

Ned... don't you have to be somewhere?

**NED**

(checks his watch)

Oh... yeah. Thanks, honey. I'm late  
for court.

him. He

He goes to kiss her mouth and she turns her cheek to  
looks at her lovingly... touches her face tenderly.

**NED**

You are so naive.

then

He picks up his briefcase, gives Frank a nasty look,  
exits thru the back door.

hot  
arm.  
waist.  
her.

Lana and Frank stare at each other lustfully, really now! Frank sweeps the dishes off the table with his arm. Lana leaps into his arms, wrapping her legs around his waist. He lays her down on the kitchen table, standing over her.

Frank...

Suddenly, Ned opens the back door, glaring right at not even noticing Lana on the table.

**NED**

Finish your coffee... then GET OUT!

devour  
front

He slams the door. A beat. Lana and Frank begin to devour each other with passionate kisses. Another beat. The doorbell RINGS once... then again.

**FRANK**

Who's that?

**LANA**

Just the postman. He always rings twice.

**OMIT**

Sequence omitted from original script.

**INT. NED'S LAW OFFICE - DAY**

books.  
dramatic  
room.  
desk.

Richly appointed with stately oak, walls lined with law books. As in all "Noir" thrillers, venetian blinds cast dramatic slashes of light and ceiling fans turn lazily in every room. Ned hurries in, rummaging through the files on his desk.

outer  
self-  
keeps his

LAURA, a strikingly lovely brunette, enters from the outer office, files in hand. She is Ned's astute, dedicated, self-sacrificing "girl-friday" and legal secretary. She keeps his



him. life from spinning crazily apart. She absolutely adores

**NED**

Laura... do you know where...?

**LAURA**

(hands him file)  
Right here. The judge decided to skip arraignment and take Milo direct to trial. You're six minutes late, but don't sweat it. You got Judge Allen. He's always eleven minutes late.

page. She picks up a lawbook, flips it open to a dog-eared

**LAURA**

I suggest you try Lemming versus Florida, 1956... where the guy jumped in the water and everybody followed.

**NED**

(thinks about it)  
Yeah. Good idea.

briefcase. He smiles gratefully... drops the file into his

him Ned heads for the office washroom. Laura darts ahead of  
into the washroom and turns the water on.

grabs Ned steps in... splashes some water on his face. Laura  
neatly... a towel from the rack where three small towels hang  
hands it to Ned. He dries his face, looking at her with genuine fondness and gratitude.

**NED**

I don't know what I'd do without you?

flushed. She glances toward the toilet, notices it hasn't been  
She FLUSHES it, lowers the seat.

**LAURA**

Really?

adoringly as She sits down on the toilet seat, watching him  
he shaves with an electric razor.

**NED**

Laura, how long have you worked for me?

**LAURA**

Two years, seven months, twenty-three days, nineteen hours...

(checks her watch)

...six minutes and fifty-two seconds.

(softly, to herself)

...fifty-three... fifty-four... fifty-five... fifty-six...

**NED**

And when was the last time I gave you a raise?

point. Laura neatly folds the end of the toilet paper into a

**LAURA**

Never. But that's okay. I don't need a raise. In fact... I was thinking of giving you a rebate on my salary.

long He clicks off the razor, turns to look at her for a  
moment, considering this, then...

**NED**

Naw. That's okay. You keep it.

tosses He gives her a manly pat on the shoulder then casually  
askew... the towel onto the rack, where it hangs sloppily  
right next to her face. He exits.

The Laura stares at the towel with a tortured expression.  
CAMERA PUSHES IN to her face as we see...

**INT. ULTRA-MODERN BEACH HOUSE - DAY**

CAPE Scrawled on a steamed-up bathroom mirror - FLASHBACK -  
COD - THREE YEARS EARLIER. A hand wipes the mirror off,

black

revealing Laura... younger, longer hair, with a nasty  
eye.

He

LAURA'S HUSBAND appears behind her, glaring insanely.  
looks toward the towel rack.

along

others.

There are three towels... with HIS - HIS - HIS embossed  
the bottom edge. One towel hangs longer than the

**LAURA'S HUSBAND**

Did we forget something?

She meekly lines up all the towels.

**LAURA'S HUSBAND**

Did we forget something?

She meekly lines up all the towels.

**INT. BEACH HOUSE KITCHEN - DAY**

and

one.

Laura's Husband pulls the cupboard open. All the cans  
boxes are neatly stacked in straight lines. All except  
She straightens it... trembling with fear.

**EXT. DECK OF BEACH HOUSE - DAY**

PINE

even...

above

He pulls her outside, nodding toward a line of tall  
trees behind the house. They are all straight and  
except one, whose tall branches tower conspicuously  
the rest.

Shaking

He holds up a chainsaw, nodding toward the trees.  
and tearful... she backs into the house.

**END FLASHBACK**

**BACK TO LAURA**

SCREAMING out in terror! Ned rushes in, shaking her.

**NED**

Laura. Laura! What is it?

**LAURA**

(coming out of it)  
I'm okay, I'm okay. I just get a  
bit... claustrophobic... in the  
bathroom.

**NED**

Maybe we should try some prune juice.

She  
composure.  
He gives her shoulder a consoling squeeze, then exits.  
shakily straightens the towels and regains her

along,  
Ned opens a wardrobe closet in his office. He walks  
looking at thirty exactly identical blue suits, hanging  
neatly. Laura follows behind him. He stops and stares,  
indecisive.

**LAURA**

Wear the blue one.

**INT. COURTROOM - DAY**

Ned turns dramatically to face the jury.

**NED**

Ladies and gentlemen... I ask you...  
does this look like the face of a  
crook?

**ANGLE - MILO CRUMLEY**

wearing  
sitting next to Laura at the defense table... STILL  
the panty hose over his head.

**BACK TO SCENE**

**NED**

Of course it does. But the question  
of my client's guilt or innocence is  
not the issue here today. I'm certain  
every member of the jury can clearly  
see that he's guilty!

**BLIND JUROR**

I can't.

**ANGLE ON NED - JURY'S POV**

CAMERA as  
Ned ignores this, turning to look directly at the  
he addresses the jury... holding up a pair of nylon  
pantyhose.

**NED**

Put yourself in his shoes. Look  
through his eyes. See the world the  
way HE sees it!

He puts the pantyhose over the LENS, obscuring our  
view.

**NED**

Things just don't look the same.  
It's fuzzy... and frightening!

**NEW ANGLE - TO INCLUDE NED AND JURY**

The nylon pantyhose are draped over the frightened face  
of a  
WOMAN JUROR. All the other Jurors are holding up their  
own  
socks and nylon stockings, trying to peer through them.  
Ned steps over to Milo, motioning toward him.

**NED**

Ladies and gentlemen... Milo Crumley  
is not the perpetrator here. He is  
the VICTIM!

Milo unwraps a piece of bubble gum and pushes it into  
his  
panty-hose covered mouth, chewing the nylon and gum  
together.

**NED**

Like ALL of us... this man is the  
unfortunate victim of these tragically  
difficult economic times. And what  
does that mean? He can't support his  
family!

Ned motions toward the gallery, where we SEE...  
...MILO'S WIFE and TWO CHILDREN, all wearing panty hose  
over  
their faces. Ned motions toward Milo.

**NED**

For God's sake!... He can't even  
support his own FACE!

JUDGE ALLEN notices that Milo is chewing gum.

**JUDGE ALLEN**

Mr. Crumley... you cannot chew gum  
in my courtroom... unless you have  
enough for everyone.

Judge  
the  
Milo holds up a big plastic bag filled with bubble gum.  
Allen grabs it, takes a piece of gum and hands it to  
Bailiff.

**JUDGE ALLEN**

Bailiff. Pass these out.

takes a  
The Bailiff takes the bag, offers one to Ned... who  
piece, unwraps it and starts chewing. The Bailiff then  
proceeds to pass out gum to EVERYONE in the courtroom.  
The JURY FOREMAN raises his hand and clears his throat.

**JUDGE ALLEN**

And don't forget the jury.

**NED**

And so, desperate and broke, with no  
other options before him, Mr. Crumley  
went to eleven Savings & Loans and  
did what any of you would have done.  
He stole back the money that the  
S&Ls had stolen from him!

gavel.  
The courtroom erupts in CHEERS! Judge Allen raps the

**JUDGE ALLEN**

(interrupting)

Mr. Ravine... please approach the  
bench.

cover  
The  
He does. The Judge leans toward him, reaching out to  
the microphone, covering the end of the gavel instead.  
Judge's voice is AMPLIFIED over the courtroom speakers.

**JUDGE ALLEN**

You're not running for congress here,  
so knock off the speeches and quit  
inciting these brainless morons! Now  
pick up the pace and wrap this son-  
of-a-bitch up! Call your first  
witness.

Ned turns... looking out over the courtroom.

**NED**

I call... Detective Ned Ravine.

MURMUR.  
There is a surprised GASP from the crowd... and a loud

BIBLE -  
The BAILIFF holds out a video box. It's titled HOLY  
THE VIDEO. Ned puts one hand on it, raises the other.

**BAILIFF**

Do you swear to tell the truth, the  
whole truth and nothing but the truth,  
so help you God?

**NED**

I do.

Ned sits down... then gets up, his demeanor changing.

**NED**

Detective Ravine, at the time of the  
arrest, did you read the defendant  
his Miranda rights?

He slips back into the witness box.

**NED**

Of course. That's standard procedure.

of  
Ned steps over to Arch, who is sitting in the first row  
the gallery. Arch hands him the Miranda "cue cards."

**NED**

Are these the cards Officer Brooks  
used to prompt you while reading Mr.  
Crumley his rights?

into  
He lays them on the corner of the stand... then slips

On the

the chair. He picks the cards up and flips thru them.  
back we can see scribbled... "NED'S IDIOT CARDS"

**NED**

Yeah. These are them.

the

Ned jumps to his feet, pacing dramatically, grabbing  
cards.

**NED**

Reading from the cards now... quote  
"You have the right to remain silent,  
if you waive that right, anything  
you say... may be used against you  
in a court of law." Is that right?

**NED**

(back in the chair)  
That's right.

**NED**

(stands up, announces)  
WRONG! The official Miranda warning  
is... "anything you say CAN be used  
against you in a court of law." Not  
"may"... "CAN!"  
(on the attack)  
Don't you know the difference between  
"can" and "may", Detective? Every  
school kid knows "can" is a verb  
that indicates ability to perform,  
while "may" is a verbal auxiliary  
indicating the permission to act.

attitude

he

Ned pivots into the witness stand, changing his  
from aggressive attorney to defensive, angry witness as  
hits the chair.

**NED**

I didn't have time to worry about  
past participles or interrogative  
pronouns! I was trying to protect  
society from a deranged MADMAN!  
(leaps up, pointing)  
But this ivy league fop...!!!

strides

The courtroom ERUPTS! The Judge bangs the gavel. Ned



proudly toward the defense table.

**NED**

I have no more use for this witness.

**JUDGE ALLEN**

Mr. Ravine...

approach  
Ned turns. The Judge motions with a finger for Ned to  
the bench. Ned does, resting his hand on it.

**JUDGE ALLEN**

I'm dismissing this case on the  
grounds of improper grammar.

The Judge smacks Ned's hand with a ruler!

**NED**

Ow!

**PROSECUTOR**

(jumps up)  
But your Honor...!

**JUDGE ALLEN**

I know, I know. It's a technicality.  
But it's the kind of technicality  
that makes the American legal system  
what it is today! Court's adjourned!

it  
The Judge mistakenly picks up the microphone and whacks  
DEAFENING!  
on the bench like a gavel. BAM! BAM! BAM! It is  
Everyone covers their ears in pain.

The THX Sound System Logo appears at the bottom of the  
screen... along with "The Courtroom Is Listening"

**INT. NED'S LAW OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON**

He  
Ned turns the key... enters through the private door.  
HEARS the plaintive sound of a saxophone playing Lola's  
Theme... his eyes drawn to the slightly opened door to  
the  
outer office.

**ANGLE - NED'S POV THRU OPENING**

shoes. A gorgeous pair of legs, sleek nylons, high-heeled

other There are several CANDY WRAPPERS, CIGARETTE BUTTS and  
pieces of TRASH stuck to the bottom of one shoe.

**NED**  
white pushes the door open. It's Lola. She wears a tight  
tips dress, long white gloves and broad-brimmed hat. The hat  
up slowly, revealing her eyes.

**LOLA**  
I waited. You never came back.  
Ned reaches in his pocket, pulls out a wet paper towel.

**NED**  
I got busy. Here's that paper towel  
I promised.

**LOLA**  
Thanks...

**NED**  
How'd you get in? The door was locked.  
Lola proudly holds up a tiny bobbie pin. She smiles.

**LOLA**  
It's miraculous what a real woman  
can do... with a bobbie pin.  
brutally Ned looks at the door. The frame and lock have been  
She chewed away, as if someone used a jackhammer on them!  
pulls out a pack of cigarettes... BLACK LUNG LITES.

**LOLA**  
(offering)  
Cigarette?

**NED**  
No... thanks. They're bad for ya.  
soft He goes to the water cooler. She lights up, exhaling a

purring. cloud of smoke through a sleepy smile, her voice

**LOLA**

Yes, I know. I like things that are bad for me.

(touching lawbooks)

So... I hear you go both ways.

Ned hesitates... about to drink from the paper cup.

**NED**

Only once. It was a fraternity prank. I never saw him again.

He gulps the water down, crumbles the cup in his hand.

**LOLA**

No, I mean... you're a cop and a lawyer.

**NED**

Oh. Yeah. Well, there's a lot of scum out there on the streets... but they all deserve a fair and costly trial.

the Ned turns, tries to casually "dunk" the crumpled cup in waste basket. He misses.

She Laura enters with a huge pile of lawbooks in her arms. sees Ned miss the basket and darts over as he bends down to pick it up.

**LAURA**

I'll get that.

She picks it up and tosses it into the waste basket.

**NED**

Oh... Laura... this is, uh...

**LOLA**

Lola Cain.

steps Laura sets the heavy load of books on the desk and toward Lola, extending her hand. Lola takes her time removing

shaking

the long white glove... finally reaching out and  
Laura's hand with a condescending air.

**LOLA**

(sarcastic)

So lovely to meet you, Laura.

replacing

Ned grabs the books and turns to the bookshelf,  
each lawbook in its proper slot.

then

wrestle"

force.

away.

The "handshake" between Lola and Laura turns tense,  
aggressive, eventually becoming a "standing Indian  
as they try to force each other off balance with sheer  
Ned is oblivious to the battle behind him, chattering

**NED**

Gotta keep these darn books in their  
right place or we'll never find the  
ones we need. Let's see, Q thru M...  
R thru B... W thru F...

arm

doubles

spins,

Lola

cigarette. She

the

Laura suddenly whirls Lola around, putting her in an  
lock. But Lola elbows Laura in the stomach! Laura  
over. Lola feigns sympathy, taking her hand... then  
twisting Laura's arm, flipping her head over heels!  
Laura lands on the couch... upside down... gasping.  
strikes a haughty pose, still holding her lit  
takes a drag. Laura checks her watch, then tumbles off  
couch, landing on her feet. She straightens her skirt.

**LAURA**

It's getting late. I'll give you a  
ride home, Ned.

Finished with the books, Ned turns... smiles.

**NED**

I have my car.

**LAURA**

I'll tow you.

**NED**

Not today. You don't need to wait.  
I'll see you tomorrow.

moves  
frame  
Ned.

Lola looks at Laura... icy, haughty, triumphant. Laura  
reluctantly toward the door, sees the lock and door  
chewed to pieces... whirls around, heads back toward

**LAURA**

I should call someone to fix this...

**NED**

Tomorrow...

door...

She instantly spins around, heads back toward the

**LAURA**

I'll call from home.

Lola

...and exits. Ned sits down on the corner of the desk.  
sits in the chair across from him.

**LOLA**

I think I should warn you, Mr.  
Ravine... I'm not wearing any  
underwear.

enticingly,

She crosses her legs suggestively... then slowly,  
re-crosses them in the other direction.

pair

Unimpressed, Ned opens Laura's desk drawer... pulls a

another

of sexy lace panties from a Kleenex-style dispenser box  
labeled "PANDORA'S POP-UP PANTIES"... which pulls

pair up into position. He tosses the panties to Lola.

**NED**

Try these on.

they

She does... very, very slowly and seductively... as  
talk.

**NED**

So... what can I do for you?

**LOLA**

I've run across some... papers...  
and I thought you might be able to  
tell me what they are. You see, I'm  
not very experienced when it comes  
to... papers.

**NED**

I'll help you Miss Cain, if I'm able.  
Do you have the... papers... here?

**LOLA**

No... they're at home. I thought you  
might stop by...

**NED**

I'm on duty tonight.

**LOLA**

Don't they ever give you a night  
off?

**NED**

Yeah. Tomorrow.

**LOLA**

(picks up cigarette)

Why don't we meet tomorrow evening  
then?

smile... She finishes pulling the panties on with a sultry  
"snapping" the elastic waistband. She goes to the door,  
pauses... turns to him.

**LOLA**

I'll let you know where.

**NED**

(steps over to her)

What's wrong with my office?

She looks around, exhaling another cloud of smoke.

**LOLA**

Nothing a good interior decorator  
couldn't fix.

Dizzy,

She opens the door. Behind her, in the hall, we see the saxophone player, wailing away on "Lola's Theme."

**CLOSE ON LOLA**

reaches

She takes a final, long drag on her cigarette, then O.S. with it... toward Ned.

**LOLA**

Take care of this for me, will ya?

door.

With a sultry smile, she turns and leaves, closing the

**ANGLE ON NED**

The cigarette is stuck in his nose.

**INT. NED'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

dressed

The front door swings open. Frank is standing there, in a cheap, loose-fitting suit and a T-shirt.

**FRANK**

I came back for my shower cap.

inside. She

cap

Lana, now wearing the diaphanous gown, pulls him kisses him hungrily, slipping a frilly plastic shower with a gaudy floral design on his head.

**LANA**

Yeah, well you came to the right place.

wearing

She walks to the living room. Frank follows, still the shower cap. Lana snaps her fingers.

**LANA**

Sit down.

He sits in a chair, looking around.

**FRANK**

Where is he?

**LANA**

On duty all night. By the time he wraps up his reports, it'll be close to noon tomorrow.

She sits on the couch, picks up a stack of papers.

**LANA**

I was just reading over...

She looks up at Frank. Sees the shower cap.

**LANA**

Take off the hat, Frank.

He slips the shower cap off as Lana continues.

**LANA**

I was just reading over my husband's insurance policies. You wouldn't know anything about insurance, would you, Frankie?

**FRANK**

Yeah, matter of fact, I sell policies part-time. I got half a brain... or didn't you notice?

**LANA**

I musta had my eye on something else.  
(hands him papers)  
How about a translation.

He flips through, scanning the pages, shrugging.

**FRANK**

Standard accident policy... all the usual stuff... blah, blah, blah. The face value is... Wow. Not bad. Three million bucks!  
(flips page)  
And there's a triple indemnity rider.

**LANA**

Meaning?

**FRANK**

Aw, it's just something agents throw in so we can boost the premium. If the policy holder dies under very specific conditions, it pays off three times the face value of the policy.



**LANA**

Nine million dollars...?

**FRANK**

Yeah... but it's a sure bet for the company. Nobody ever collects.

**LANA**

Why not?

**FRANK**

Well, like here... it only pays off if he's shot with a pistol, falls from a moving northbound train and drowns in a fresh water stream.

**LANA**

All three?

**FRANK**

See what I mean, sweetheart? What are the odds of that?

**LANA**

It could happen.  
(dramatic beat)  
Suppose it did happen?

**FRANK**

Then you'd be rich.

**LANA**

Then we'd be rich.

**FRANK**

What're you sayin'...?

She drops to her knees in front of him, her face close  
to his, speaking with a persuasive urgency.

**LANA**

We're gonna kill the son-of-a-bitch!  
And I know exactly how! He has a legal symposium in Santa Barbara this weekend... All we have to do is get him to take the train up instead of driving.

**FRANK**

How we gonna do that? Didn't you

tell me he hates trains?

**LANA**

That's where you come in, baby. You're gonna rig his car so it doesn't work. That should be no problem for you.

her She gets up, walks to the adjoining room... snapping fingers at her side. He follows.

scale- She steps to a table, pulls the cover off an elaborate  
with HO- model of Dealey Plaza and a train station, complete  
Scale model trains chugging around the tracks.  
She uses a pointer to trace the route to the depot.

**LANA**

Then... we give him a lift to the train station... through Dealey Plaza, past the Book Suppository and around the grassy knoll...

**FRANK**

Isn't that out of our way?

a Ignoring this, she turns the LIGHTS OFF, walks over to  
button. screen and picks up a remote control. She clicks the  
Frank's A SLIDE PROJECTOR comes on, throwing an IMAGE on  
back. We can read the words: THE PLAN.

**LANA**

Move, Frank.

He moves over. "THE PLAN" appears on the screen.

**LANA**

And pay attention.

her As she talks, IMAGES appear on the screen, accompanying  
rail rapid spiel. We see: a shot of the depot, a map of the  
and a route, a gun, a river, a Bingo game, baseball action  
huge dollar sign!

**LANA**

Ten minutes out of the station he'll be standing in the vestibule between cars... trying to avoid a panic attack. Fourteen minutes and ten seconds out, the train crosses the Santa Ynez River. So at thirteen minutes and fifty-four seconds, I shoot him, shove him out the door... he hits the river and drowns. Bingo! A triple play. We're rich!

The lights click ON.

**FRANK**

You been thinking about this a lot, haven't you?

**LANA**

No. It just came to me.  
(closer, seductive)  
I had this image of a big, powerful, throbbing train... plunging into a long, dark, wet tunnel.

frame.  
SHRIEKING a  
tunnel.  
They embrace, kissing passionately, dropping out of  
The model train CHUGS faster, the train whistle  
long "Wooooooooo-oooooooooooo!"... racing into a model

**INT. POLICE STATION - SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT**

GANG  
the  
cool.  
Ned and Arch drag in a bunch of bad-ass, multi-ethnic  
MEMBERS they've just busted. Ned angrily shoves one of  
toughest gang members against the wall... losing his

**NED**

Stand over there and shut up!

**GANG MEMBER #1**

Hey, man, we got rights! Don't you be layin' no deleterious malfeasance on us.

Ned goes ballistic and slams him into the wall again!

**NED**

Watch your mouth, punk! I don't want  
to hear language like that!

calming

Arch grabs Ned by the shoulder, pulling him back,  
him.

**ARCH**

Whoa, hold on, hoss! Take it easy.  
You seem a little tense tonight.  
What is it?

Ned regains his composure. He's depressed.

**NED**

Aw... I don't know. I guess it's  
Lana. It's just... I know she wants  
to have a baby so bad...

Gang Member #1 steps closer, listening.

**NED**

...but I never get to spend any time  
with her. And when I am home... it's  
like she's, you know... avoiding  
sex.

Gang Member #1 steps closer, listening.

**GANG MEMBER #1**

You should try to be more sensitive,  
man. More romantic. Bring her flowers.

shoulder.

He steps between them, putting his arm around Ned's

**GANG MEMBER #1**

Try to understand how she feels.  
After all...

Tenderness"...

He steps back, begins to SING "Try A Little

**GANG MEMBER #1**

She may be weary... Women do get  
weary... Wearing that same old shabby  
dress... But when she's weary... Try  
a little ten-der-ness...

The other Gang Members join in on the SECOND VERSE with

a

some sweet, mellow street-corner harmony as back-up... and  
smooth group choreography.

dewey- The COPS on duty listen raptly, getting maudlin and  
SERGEANT. eyed. Tears roll down the cheeks of the BOOKING

being The lights dim. A big, gruff COP makes eyes at a HOOKER  
booked... and they start to slow dance.

munching on Arch watches all this with a sentimental smile,  
hand, his Nachos. When the song ends, Arch puts a comforting  
covered with Nacho cheese, on Ned's shoulder.

**NED**

That can't be it. I'm the tenderest  
guy on the force. Nah... I think  
she's just afraid she won't be able  
to get pregnant.

**ARCH**

What's to be afraid! It's like making  
breakfast! You bring home the bacon...  
she's got the eggs. Ya scramble it  
up. Ba-da-boom ba-da-bing! She's got  
an omelette in the oven!

(a beat, then)

Why don't you knock off early... go  
home. It'd be nice for Lana to wake  
up in the morning and find you there  
for a change.

**NED**

Naw... I can't. I got all this  
paperwork.

**ARCH**

Don't worry about that.

**GANG MEMBER #1**

We'll do our own paperwork, man!

**OTHER GANG MEMBERS**

Yeah! We'll fill out all that shit.

Members Ned nods, smiles and gratefully "high-fives" the Gang

as he heads for the door.

**INT. THE HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT**

The house is dark. A key turns in the lock and Ned enters.

**IN THE BEDROOM**

It's dark. Ned quietly undresses and slips into bed.

**INT. BEDROOM - CLOSE ON LANA - DAWN**

Sunlight creeps through the windows. Lana's eyes flutter open. She sees Ned beside her... sleeping. Suddenly, it hits

her. She turns! Frank is on the other side, curled up, snoring. She's laying between both men!

Lana elbows Frank. He stirs, groggy. She covers his mouth... indicating Ned. Frank's eyes bug out! He slips out of bed. The bed frame SQUEAKS LOUDLY! Frank freezes. Ned sleeps on steadily.

Frank grabs his clothes. An unending torrent of coins fall out of his pants pockets, CLANGING on the floor! He freezes. Ned sleeps on. Frank retrieves the coins, clumsily stepping on the TV REMOTE CONTROL.

A high-tech, sleekly designed TELEVISION MONITOR rises up... clicks ON. Frank tries frantically to push the set down, but it keeps rising into position. An IMAGE appears. It's WILLARD SCOTT, doing the weather on the TODAY SHOW.

Frank grabs the remote control, frantically pounding on all the buttons. The VOLUME goes up... SOUND BLASTING!

**WILLARD SCOTT**

(on television)

...and Mrs. Prudy Ann Camomile of Delphi, Georgia is one-hundred and

thirteen! What a gorgeous hunk of female! Smokes three cigars a day, drinks a straight shot of vodka at bedtime... and still has sex!

for The alarm clock goes off, CLANGING LOUDLY! Lana dives  
it, slamming her hand down, killing the alarm.

TV, Going for a double-play, she flings the clock at the  
cold. nailing the on/off switch! Silence. Ned is still out

floor Frank moves toward the door... but with each step the  
the CREAKS LOUDLY! He turns the knob. It CLUNKS! He pulls  
like door open v-e-r-y s-l-o-w-l-y and it CRE-E-E-E-A-K-S  
the piercing metal brakes of a train!

gently. He blows Lana a kiss, then pulls the door closed very  
hand It sticks. He pulls harder. The knob pops off in his  
HUGE and he falls backward, tumbling down the stairs with a  
exhales. RACKET! Ned doesn't stir. Finally it's SILENT. Lana

trilling A SMALL BIRD lands on the sill of the open window,  
irritated. a sweet little "CHIRP." Ned sits bolt upright,

**NED**

Damn birds!

He grabs his shoe, heaving it toward the open window.

**EXT. NED'S HOUSE - MORNING**

arrogant Frank glances back up at the bedroom window with an  
smirk. WHAP! Ned's shoe hits him right in the face!

**EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY**

street, Ned comes down the courthouse steps. He pauses in the

STUNNING

hat...

heel

glimpsing the back of a WOMAN passing nearby... a  
BLOND decked out in a clinging dress and fashionable  
a long strip of toilet paper trailing from her high  
shoe. It must be LOLA. He turns to watch her.

A HORN BLARES! BRAKES SCREECH! The SOUND OVERLAPS to...

**INT. NED'S LAW OFFICE - DAY**

ripped,

crushed.

The door opens. Ned enters, looking terrible. Suit  
hair messed up, bruised and battered, briefcase

**LAURA**

My God, Ned... you look like you  
were hit by a bus.

**NED**

I was.  
(notices)  
Who's in my office?

**LAURA**

Max Shady's mother.

**NED**

Not again.

**INSIDE THE OFFICE**

sits

MRS. SHADY, an older woman with a pleasant appearance,  
in an overstuffed leather chair. Ned and Laura enter.

**NED**

Hello, Mrs. Shady.

identical

clothes.

Ned goes straight to his office closet, pulls out an  
blue suit... and starts stripping off his tattered

**NED**

Laura... check on my insurance. Make  
sure it's paid up.

Laura reluctantly returns to the outer office.



**MRS. SHADY**

Good idea, Mr. Ravine. My son, Max,  
is getting out of prison tomorrow.

**NED**

(checks his watch)  
Gee, has it been seven years already?

**MRS. SHADY**

Seven long, miserable years in the  
slammer. And he's a bit pissed off.

**NED**

Well, being locked in a tiny room  
with no TV can make a guy feel pretty  
tense.

**MRS. SHADY**

I'm very concerned about him, Mr.  
Ravine. He said you were a two-bit  
shyster... and he's going to rip  
your head off and use it for a bowling  
ball!

He goes to her, putting a comforting hand on her  
shoulder,  
looking her right in the eye, attempting to provide  
solace.

**NED**

I'm sure the experience wasn't all  
negative. He probably made a lot of  
friends...

**MRS. SHADY**

(ever hopeful)  
You think?

**NED**

...learned a useful trade...

**MRS. SHADY**

Oh yes... live autopsies...

**NED**

...caught up on all those books he  
wanted to read...

She struggles to her feet feebly...

**MRS. SHADY**

Maybe so... but he said he's going

to punch you in the testicles...

He She hauls off and PUNCHES him like a pile driver! WHAM!  
doubles over, gasping.

**MRS. SHADY**

...smash your face...

him She KNEES him in the face, raising him up... then nails  
with a devastating RIGHT CROSS, spinning him around. He  
collapses over the desk.

**MRS. SHADY**

...and decimate your wardrobe.

the She grabs the tail of his suit jacket and rips it up  
back!

**MRS. SHADY**

And I wouldn't want that to happen.

(spans his butt)

He's a naughty naughty boy. I just  
thought I should warn you.

office. She turns and shuffles out, passing through the outer

**MRS. SHADY**

(to Laura)

Bye for now.

(pauses by desk)

Oh... may I have a cookie?

**LAURA**

(at file cabinet)

Sure.

at She grabs a handful of cookies and casually flings them  
Laura... as she heads out the door.

**MRS. SHADY**

Thank yooooooooou.

Laura rushes into Ned's office with the file folder. He  
staggers unsteadily by the desk.

**LAURA**

Oh my God, Ned.

**NED**

I hate when she comes to see me.

**LAURA**

Don't you realize, Ned?... you could be in real danger.

**NED**

(sees file)

What's that?

**LAURA**

Extreme peril. You know, the risk of personal bodily harm.

**NED**

(points at file)

No... I mean that.

**LAURA**

Your insurance file. But the policy's missing. Did you take it home?

**NED**

I don't think so.

Laura looks puzzled... wondering where it might be.

Then...

**LAURA**

Oh, wait a second...

a

She goes to her desk in the outer office, digs through drawer. Suddenly, she GASPS!

She is holding...

**A FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH**

drawn

slashed

of her abusive HUSBAND... sneering. A circle has been around his head with lipstick and a diagonal line across his face.

**MATCH DISSOLVE TO: FLASHBACK**

**HER HUSBAND'S FACE**

piece  
line.

peers out through a sailboat porthole at stormy seas. A  
of masking tape stuck to the glass matches the diagonal

**INT. CABIN OF SAILBOAT - NIGHT**

hung  
bottom  
eyes.

Laura's Husband turns from the porthole. Laura cowers.  
The boat pitches and heaves, disturbing all the neatly  
towels, emblazoned with MINE - MINE - MINE across the  
edge. Laura's Husband reacts with a crazed look in his

Laura makes a break for it, running up on deck.

**EXT. SAILBOAT IN STORM - NIGHT**

fore and

Laura's Husband scrambles up onto the deck, looking  
aft. Laura's vanished! He looks out to sea, calling...

**LAURA'S HUSBAND**

Lau-raaaaaa!

**EXT. BEACH - NIGHT**

inflatable  
to

Laura paddles ashore, grasping a little kid's  
float ring. She struggles onto the sand and looks out  
sea, triumphant... tossing the plastic float aside.

**MONTAGE - ULTRA CONTEMPO BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT**

house.

-- Laura rushes in, tracking water all through the

very  
and

-- Laura cuts an inch of hair from her amazingly long,  
wet tresses, then puts on a WIG... that is also LONG

**WET!**

a  
brown

-- Laura retrieves a bra and a package of Twinkies from  
secret hiding place... and stuffs them into a small  
paper bag.

-- Laura hurriedly mops up her water tracks, then...  
-- She uses an industrial buffer to wax the hardwood  
floor.  
-- Laura removes her wedding ring... throws it in the  
toilet.  
She reaches for the handle to flush it... hesitates,  
seeing  
the "CONSERVE WATER - THIS MEANS YOU!" sticker on the  
toilet.  
She reaches into the bowl and retrieves the ring.  
-- On the deck, Laura throws the wedding ring toward  
the  
ocean. A SEAGULL swoops down, snatching it in mid-air  
and  
flies off.

**OMIT**

Sequence omitted from original script.  
-- In the bathroom... the Seagull flies in through the  
open  
window, lands on the back of the toilet and drops the  
ring...  
into the toilet bowl!

**EXT. THE BEACH - NEXT MORNING**

Laura's Husband reaches into the surf and picks up the  
deflated float ring. He looks at it with a cruel sneer.

**INT. BEACH HOUSE - BATHROOM**

Laura's Husband fishes Laura's wedding ring out of the  
toilet  
bowl... looking off with demonic rage!

**END FLASHBACK MONTAGE**

**THE CAMERA PULLS BACK**

from Laura's SCREAMING mouth! Her eyes are filled with  
pure  
terror! A GIGANTIC wave of WATER splashes in her face!  
We see Ned... holding a tiny empty paper cup in his  
hand.  
Laura is completely drenched!

**NED**

Laura! Are you alright? That was a very long flashback you had.

She snaps out of it, sputtering.

**LAURA**

Yes... I know. It's okay. I'm just a little... pre-menstrual.

message  
She goes to her desk, still upset. She picks up the spike and turns to Ned.

**LAURA**

That Lola Cain... "person"... stopped by. She left this!

card  
She thrusts it toward Ned's face! There's a business stuck on the end. He pulls it off.

**ANGLE - CLOSE ON BUSINESS CARD**

Of  
It reads: LE HOT CLUB! No Air Conditioning... And Proud  
7:30".  
It! Scribbled next to it is the message... "Meet me at  
The edges of the card are scorched.

**INT. LE HOT CLUB - NIGHT**

Everybody  
It's dark, seductive, smoky, crowded... and HOT.  
is dripping with sweat and holding unlit cigarettes.  
one leg  
Ned enters, sees Lola sitting on a stool at the bar,  
stuck to  
crossed provocatively over the other. A beer can is  
CLUNK.  
the gum on the bottom of her shoe. It falls off with a  
smiles.  
He sits on the stool next to her. She looks at him,

**NED**

Oh yeah, before I forget... you asked me to take care of this.

CIGARETTE.  
He reaches into his jacket pocket, pulls out a LIT

It has a very long ash.

**LOLA**

Thanks...

flow out  
time!

She takes it... inhales a drag, then lets the smoke  
through her smile. It flows out for a looooooooooong  
More smoke than she could ever have inhaled. Then...

**NED**

You smoke too much.  
(looks around, then)  
It's hot tonight.

**LOLA**

Is it? I never know. My body heat  
runs about twenty degrees above  
normal.

saxophone  
see a  
spontaneously  
from  
extinguisher.

He notices the drink in her hand is BOILING. A  
begins to softly wail Lola's Theme. Ned looks over to  
QUARTET, featuring Dizzy on sax. The GUITARIST  
bursts into FLAME! A FIREMAN, in full gear, jumps up  
the bar and puts out the blaze with a fire  
None of the band members miss a beat.

**NED**

Maybe we should look for a cooler  
place.

**LOLA**

I doubt we'll find one. Even the  
wind chimes on my porch aren't moving  
much these days. They keep thudding  
softly, like dairy cows bumping butts  
in the night. I go out there expecting  
to find a cool breeze... but it's  
just a lot of hot air.

across

Ned glances at the MALE CUSTOMERS... sitting at the bar  
from them. They're staring coldly at Ned.

**NED**

What're they lookin' at?

**LOLA**

A lot of them have tried that seat.  
You're the first one's lasted this  
long.

**NED**

I feel honored.

**LOLA**

Don't. It's broken.

CRASH!

A beat of realization, then the stool collapses with a  
Ned pulls himself back up and drags another stool over.

**NED**

Did you bring the... papers?

**LOLA**

No. I thought you might come over...

**NED**

Sure. I'll drive you.

**LOLA**

I brought my own car.

**NED**

I'll follow you then.

**LOLA**

I know it sounds silly, but would  
you leave first... wait in your car?  
I come here a lot and I wouldn't  
want those men to think I'm "easy"...  
a slut who'll jump into bed with  
anyone at the drop of a hat. But if  
you leave first...

**NED**

...they'll think I'm a putz for  
passing up a sure thing.

Lola stares at Ned for a long moment... then SLAPS his  
face.  
He doesn't move, remaining staunchly macho. Then,  
suddenly,  
she SLUGS HIM so hard it knocks him over the top of the  
bar!

**LOLA**



(for all to hear)  
Now leave me alone!

picks  
to  
She pauses to give him a flicker of a COY SMILE... then  
up her drink and moves to a nearby table. Ned struggles  
his feet and staggers to the door.

**INT. NED'S CAR - NIGHT**

mouth.  
THEME  
Ned is a mess! Blood trickles from the side of his  
Shirt soaked in sweat. He turns the radio ON. LOLA'S  
starts playing.

car,  
are  
A small ceiling fan hangs from the interior roof of his  
turning slowly. The venetian blinds on his side windows  
partially open, letting in slashes of dramatic light.

**ANGLE - HIS POV OF ROAD**

He's following Lola's car. It signals and turns left.

**INT. NED'S CAR - NIGHT**

spins  
tunnel!  
Still hot, Ned pulls the chain on the ceiling fan. It  
faster. MUCH faster! The car becomes like a wind

**EXT. LOLA'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

a  
side  
The two cars enter a long drive, coming to a stop near  
large two story house surrounded by lush greenery.  
Ned climbs out... his wind-blown hair flattened on one  
and sticking out crazily.

**ANGLE - LOLA'S CAR DOOR - NED'S POV**

her  
shoe.  
It opens. Lola's legs swing out. The CAMERA PANS DOWN  
long legs to her feet. The car floormat is stuck to one  
She casually shakes it off... going to the front door.

**INT. LOLA'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

They enter. It's DARK. Ned squints into the shadows.

**NED**

Well, here we are... in the dark.

**LOLA**

I have The Clapper.

**NED**

You what?

She  
then  
  
her.

Lola CLAPS her hands twice and all the LIGHTS COME ON.  
smiles at him... drops her car keys on the hall table,  
goes up the stairs.

Ned drops his car keys on the table too and follows

**EXT. PORCH OFF BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Dozens

Lola clicks on a porch light. She and Ned step out.  
of small boxes hang around the perimeter of the porch.

**LOLA**

My wind chimes.

"thud"

Ned steps over, running his hands along the boxes. They  
against each other.

**NED**

You know, these would work a lot  
better if you took them out of the  
boxes.

metal  
breeze.

He slips several boxes off, releasing clusters of the  
chimes. They "tinkle" and "clang" melodically in the

**LOLA**

Well well... I guess you have been  
around. I'm impressed.

She moves close, coming on to him. Ned feels uneasy.

**NED**

Why don't we take a look at those...  
papers?

**LOLA**

(remembering)  
Papers. Right.

**INT. DRESSING AREA OFF BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Lola comes in, looks around, then down. She removes her  
shoe,  
pulling off two scraps of paper stuck to the gum on her  
heel.

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Ned is looking through a book... "KAMIKAZE KAMA SUTRA -  
The  
back Encyclopedia of Deadly Sexual Positions." Lola comes  
in, hands Ned the two scraps of paper.

**NED**

That's it? These are the... papers?

**LOLA**

Yes. They're so confusing to me. Can  
you tell me what they are?

He checks them out... shrugs. It's obvious.

**NED**

This one's a laundry receipt... and  
the other one's an expired lottery  
ticket.

He hands them back to her, but she gently pushes them  
away.

**LOLA**

No. You keep them... as a memento of  
our time together.

She slips them into his jacket pocket... then  
sensuously  
him slides her hands around him, grabbing his buns, pulling  
closer.

**LOLA**

I'm so grateful. How can I ever repay  
you for all you've done?

**NED**

Cash would be nice.

**LOLA**

Isn't there some other way?

**NED**

I suppose you could wash my car.

**LOLA**

No, I mean, isn't there something else you want? Something I could give you?

She seductively starts to slide the jacket off his shoulders.

**NED**

Hey... slow down... there's a speed limit in this state. Sixty-five miles an hour.

**LOLA**

How fast was I going, officer?

**NED**

Oh, about a hundred and twenty-three.

**LOLA**

Suppose you pull me over and frisk me?

**NED**

Suppose I let you off with a warning?

**LOLA**

Suppose I find a cop with a bigger nightstick?

**NED**

Suppose I put you under arrest for being a bad girl with bad thoughts?

**LOLA**

Suppose you handcuff me to the bed?

**NED**

(rapid run-on)

Suppose I do and then we lose the key and while I'm gone to get a duplicate made the house catches on

fire and I can't get back to save  
you because the bridge is washed out  
and so you die a horrible death  
toasted like a Polish sausage on a  
flaming spit!

(shakes his head)

Nah... I better be going.

He turns and leaves. She is stunned, confused,  
breathless.

**EXT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT**

Ned opens the door, pauses, turns... as Lola joins him  
there.

She looks into his eyes with desire.

**LOLA**

You're not so tough. Last chance.

She moves her lips close to his, about to kiss him.  
Then...

**NED**

No thanks. I got a cold shower and a  
wife who trusts me waiting at home.

**LOLA**

What's the matter? Don't you want  
me? It's the way I look, isn't it?

He steps out, pauses... turns to her.

**NED**

Don't forget to lock up.

Ned pulls the door shut. The lock CLICKS. He pauses by  
his  
the  
door.

He tries the knob, but the door is locked. He looks  
through  
breathing  
bannister,  
heart.  
the small window. He sees Lola standing inside...  
heavily, bracing herself against the staircase  
hand to her heaving chest as if to calm a pounding

the  
enticingly  
  
it.  
locked.

He pushes against the door. It won't budge. He goes to  
large window, gazing inside. She slides one hand  
across her breast and thigh, striking a seductive pose.  
He points toward the door, motioning for her to unlock  
She looks away. Frustrated, Ned tries the window. It's

window!  
vibrate!

He picks up a wrought iron chair, SLAMS it into the  
The heavy chair falls apart. The glass doesn't even

into  
front of  
sky!

He sees a riding power mower in the driveway... jumps  
the seat, starts the engine... barreling toward the  
the house! THUNDER CRASHES and LIGHTNING FLASHES in the

hole

He PLOWS into the side of the house, SMASHING a huge  
thru the wall!... MOWING a swath in the carpet!

her. She  
dramatically!

Lola GASPS. Ned climbs off the mower, moving toward  
opens her arms, breathless. The MUSIC SWELLS  
She intercepts him, embracing him passionately.

**LOLA**

I knew you'd come back...

**NED**

(looking past her)

I forgot my car keys.

He struggles free, grabbing his car keys from the hall  
table.  
She follows, embracing him again, even more  
tenaciously.

**LOLA**

That's not what you came back for.

**NED**

Yes it is.

him                    Impatient, she crushes her mouth against his, kissing  
relentless...        hard, desperately clawing at his clothes. She's  
                      devouring him with her lips and tongue.

drop                   Overwhelmed, he succumbs to her passion. His car keys  
                      from his hand. She pushes him down toward the floor.

**LOW ANGLE - AT FLOOR LEVEL**

fly                    Her hands grasp his shirt, ripping it open. The buttons  
twisting              in all directions! She grabs at his leather belt,  
                      it in her hands... ripping it in two!

off!                   She grabs his pants by the cuffs... rips one pant leg  
                      Then the other!... tossing them over each shoulder!

process.              Ned and Lola tumble across the floor, arms and legs  
                      entangled... rolling themselves up in a rug in the

**ANGLE - FIREPLACE**

BREATHING.           A roaring fire. We HEAR O.C. MOANING and HEAVY  
the                    The CAMERA TILTS DOWN to a sheepskin rug in front of  
CRASHING              fireplace. No one is there! A crystal vase falls,  
and                    on the stone hearth. The CAMERA TILTS UP to REVEAL Ned  
other.                  Lola... stretched out on the mantle, ravishing each

**ANGLE - THE REFRIGERATOR**

out...                  The door suddenly BURSTS OPEN! Ned and Lola tumble  
them.                  wrapped in each other's arms, food tumbling out with

**OMIT**

Sequence omitted from original script.

**ANGLE - THE DINING ROOM TABLE**

and  
and  
the  
platter  
foot  
Sullivan

The table wiggles. The CAMERA MOVES UP to REVEAL Ned  
Lola kissing passionately. She lays on the table, arms  
legs stretched upward... a spinning plate balanced on  
pointed finger of each hand... and a large spinning  
balanced on the end of her pointed left toe. Her right  
brushes the platter to keep it spinning. The Ed  
Show position.

**SEVERAL ANGLES - IN BED**

sheets.

-- Ned and Lola's entangled legs, moving under the

-- Ned sitting, wrists tied to the brass bed with silk  
scarves.

-- Lola, also with her wrists tied to the bed with silk  
scarves.

BOTH

-- Then... A WIDER ANGLE... revealing that they are  
tied... at opposite ends of the same bed!

**ANGLE - THE BASEMENT STAIRS**

stairs...

Wrapped in each other's arms, they tumble down the  
crashing into a workbench, still kissing passionately!

**ANGLE - A WALL SOCKET**

wool  
an  
naked  
The

Ned's hand plugs in a cord. RACK FOCUS to a soft lamb's  
BUFFER WHEEL rising into frame, WHIRRING. It dips into  
open can of FLOOR WAX... then moves over to Lola's  
body, buffing the surface of her skin to a high gloss.  
CAMERA MOVES to her EYES. They're CROSSED in ecstasy.

**ANGLE - THE BEDROOM FLOOR**

up

HEAVY BREATHING. SQUEAKY BED NOISES. The CAMERA MOVES



The  
WE

along the mattress. The bed moves with a jerky rhythm.  
CAMERA REVEALS Lola's hand, grasping the sheet tightly.  
MOVE UP to Lola, lying face down against the pillow.

**LOLA**  
(breathless)  
...don't... stop...

**FULL SHOT - THE BED**

Lola is  
bed.

Ned jumps up and down on the bed like a trampoline!  
on her stomach, bouncing each time Ned's feet hit the

**LOLA**  
...Oh Ned... please... don't...  
stop...

He does a complete BACK FLIP!... then keeps bouncing.

**EXT. THE ROOFTOP - NIGHT**

other  
shingles.  
  
one  
arms...

The wind blows. THUNDER and LIGHTNING! RAIN pours down.  
Ned and Lola, both in yellow rain slickers, ravish each  
lustfully on the roof, sliding down the incline of  
Oblivious to the peril, they slip right over the edge!  
They hang from the eaves trough, each clutching it with  
hand while still holding one another with their free  
kissing passionately. The trough breaks! They fall!

**ANGLE - THE GROUND BELOW**

legs

They roll out of the bushes onto the lawn, arms and  
entangled. They fall apart, gasping for breath. A beat.

**LOLA**  
That takes care of foreplay.

Ned's eyes widen. Lola grins lustily, rolling on top of  
him.

**INT. PRISON CELL - MORNING**

Mussolini... The cell wall is a clutter of PHOTOS: Hitler...  
Charles Manson... and his mother, Mrs. Shady.  
to A man's muscular naked torso rises into frame, his back  
us. He's doing pull-ups, his body covered with TATTOOS!  
Quotes on each arm... "Don't have a cow, man!" - Bart  
Simpson... and "I know you are, but what am I?" - Pee  
Wee Herman.  
you I On one shoulder, a gravestone with the epitaph "I told  
was sick!"  
Ned's In the center of his back... we see a big tattoo of  
face labeled "DEAD MEAT."  
A GUARD opens the cell door.

**GUARD**

It's time, Max.

looking. The prisoner turns. He's butt-ugly, hard, nasty  
his It's MAX SHADY... with a HUGE "Double Corona" CIGAR in  
FOR mouth. On his chest is a tattoo that reads: THIS SPACE  
FRAME RENT. He walks right toward the CAMERA LENS and the  
goes TO BLACK.

**MATCH**

**CUT TO:**

**BLACK FRAME**

**EXT. FEDERAL PRISON - MORNING**

REPORTERS Two huge iron doors swing open and a mob of milling  
suit rushes forward, surrounding Max Shady. He wears a blue  
shove just like Ned's. The Reporters have no microphones, but  
questions. their empty hands at Max as if they do. They shout

**REPORTER #1**

Mr. Shady! What's the first thing  
you're gonna do now that you're out?

**MAX SHADY**

Find Ned Ravine... rip his head off  
and use it for a bowling ball!

**REPORTER #2**

Are you a good bowler?

**REPORTER #3**

You ever bowled a three-hundred game?

**REPORTER #4**

How would you handle a seven-ten  
split?

**REPORTER #1**

Say, aren't you wearing one of  
Ravine's "trademark" blue suits?

**MAX SHADY**

Yeah. The bastard gave it to me as a  
gift... to make up for losing my  
case. Now I'm going to wear it to  
his friggin' funeral!!

kid. Shady sees someone o.s., waves like a gleeful little

**MAX SHADY**

Ma!

**INT. LOLA'S HOUSE - MORNING**

nylon A ceiling fan rotates slowly... a pair of shorts and a  
stocking hanging from the blades. The house is a wreck!

in a The CAMERA MOVES DOWN to Ned and Lola, both reclining  
draped big claw-foot bathtub, facing each other, their arms  
lazily over the sides. Ned's eyes are closed.

raising it "In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida" plays on the stereo in the b.g.  
Lola's hand reaches for an ICE PICK on the floor,

lighter  
cigarette.

up slowly. Then... CLICK!... ignites the cigarette  
in the handle, touching the flame to the end of her

silver  
across

She chips away a big chunk of ice from the block in a  
ice bucket beside her... then sensuously rubs the ice  
her breasts. Ned winces at the sight of this.

into  
cringes,  
from

Lola smiles at him, then lets the chunk of ice slide  
the water... and pushes it between Ned's legs. He  
eyes crossed. The familiar repetition of MUSICAL notes  
the stereo DRONES LOUDER... grabbing Ned's attention.

**NED**

That's Madam Butterfly, isn't it?

**LOLA**

Iron Butterfly. In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida.

**NED**

(listening)

Oh yeah, sure... now I can hear it.

**LOLA**

It tells the sad story of a woman  
who is rejected by her lover after a  
brief, but torrid, affair... so she  
stalks him with an ice pick and stabs  
him with it more than a thousand  
times.

**NED**

Really? I never could understand the  
lyrics.

each  
raises  
heel

He lifts his feet out of the water, dangles them over  
side of the tub. He's still wearing one blue sock. Lola  
her feet out of the water. She's still wearing her high  
shoes. They are dripping.

**NED**

You know, what happened last night  
was very, uh...

**LOLA**

Yes... it was. I should check on my  
homeowners insurance.

**NED**

But we can't ever let it happen again.  
Ever!

**LOLA**

What are you saying, Ned? That you're  
rejecting me, your lover, after a  
brief, but torrid, affair?!

Ned pulls his feet in, sits up... suddenly feeling  
vulnerable.

He measures his words very, very carefully.

**NED**

I wouldn't put it exactly like that.  
It's just that... well, I'm married  
to a wonderful woman... who is very,  
very attractive...

(but adds quickly)

...not that you aren't very  
attractive!

His voice begins to ECHO and FADE as the CAMERA MOVES  
IN to  
a CU of Lola's enraged EYES!

**NED**

(voice echoing)

...you aren't very attractive... you  
aren't very attractive... you aren't  
very attractive...

And then WE SEE...

A CLOSE SHOT of her hand, grasping the ice pick...  
scratching  
it along the side of the tub, peeling back the  
porcelain. A  
GRATING SCREECH OVERLAPS to...

**INT. PET STORE - DAY**

TIGHT on a SCREECHING TROPICAL BIRD. We PULL BACK to  
reveal  
Ned looking around the store. His ripped pants have  
been

CLERK

temporarily repaired with big pieces of masking tape. A  
steps over with two big Parrots on her shoulders.

**CLERK**

Don't touch anything. You bond with  
it... you buy it. Whatdya want?

**NED**

I'd like to buy a pet.

She eyes him suspiciously.

**CLERK**

Yeah. For what purpose?

**NED**

It's a gift... for my wife.

**CLERK**

Right. They all say that.

**NED**

She spends a lot of time alone. I  
thought it might be nice if she had  
something to keep her company.

**CLERK**

Yeah. Sure. I bet. How do I know  
you're not the kind of guy who punches  
out parakeets? Or takes some poor  
defenseless animal, throws it in a  
sack and runs over it with your car  
five or six times.

**NED**

I would never hurt an animal.

**CLERK**

Boy, I would. They're driving me  
**CRAZY!**

Turns and SHOUTS at the noisy birds.

**CLERK**

Shuddup!

They do. She turns back to Ned.

**CLERK**

Okay... tell me more about this broad  
you're married to. I like to match

people with the pets they deserve.

**INT. POLICE SQUAD ROOM - DAY**

busy.  
Gang  
to  
The  
A typical police squad room... smoke-filled, cluttered,  
Arch sits at a desk doing paperwork, surrounded by the  
Members... who are also filling out papers. Arch SINGS  
himself, munching on nachos from a big pile of chips.  
Gang Members harmonize with him.

the  
A Gang Member reaches for a nacho chip. Arch grabs for  
gun in his shoulder holster.

**ARCH**

Uh-uh.

mouth,  
harmony.  
The Gang Member drops the chip. Arch pops it in his  
continues singing. The Gang Members join in with

airholes  
singing  
them  
Ned enters in the background, carrying a box with  
in it. He steps over to his desk, looking at the  
Gang Members, then motions like a choir leader, cutting  
off neatly.

**NED**

(doubtful)

You do all my paperwork?

stares at  
They all hand over their completed paperwork. Ned  
them for a beat... surprised.

**NED**

Get out of here.

Arch  
They do. He opens the files... checks out the papers.  
notices something O.S. and gets up.

**ARCH**

And a damn good job, too. One of 'em  
even did it in Spanish.

Arch turns the sound up on a wall-mounted TV monitor.

**ARCH**

Hey Ned! Catch this! Friend of yours.

On the screen... it's Max Shady speaking to the press.

**MAX (O.S.)**

(on T.V.)

...I'd like to reach down Ned Ravine's  
throat and pull out his guts with my  
bare hands!

**ARCH**

(shocked)

Jesus... you hear that?

**NED**

He's just working through his anger,  
trying to find a constructive outlet.

**ARCH**

Are you kiddin'! He'll do it! The  
guy's a friggin' looney!

**NED**

Trust me, I spent a lot of time with  
him when I was preparing his case.  
He's really a very sweet, sensitive  
human being.

**MAX**

(on T.V.)

I'd like to mash his head like a  
ripe melon...

**NED**

He gets a little melon-dramatic.

**MAX**

(on T.V.)

...then cut off all his fingers and  
rip out his liver with my teeth!

**NED**

(shrugs)

See. Loves to exaggerate.

Arch slumps in his chair, really stunned.

**ARCH**



Christ, Ned... you're in deep shit.

Ned laughs it off. He starts checking through the messages and paperwork on his desk. The PHONE RINGS. He picks it up.

**NED**

Lieutenant Ravine.

Ned's face darkens. He turns away.

**INT. LOLA'S HOUSE - TIGHT SHOT - LOLA'S MOUTH - DAY**

Speaking into the phone... intense, obsessive.

**LOLA**

I want to see you, Ned.

**INT. POLICE SQUAD ROOM - DAY**

**NED**

(whispering harshly)

I told you not to call me! It's finished between us. No. No, I'm not sucking anything of yours anymore!

(voice gets louder)

It's done! OVER!

Everyone He SLAMS the receiver down, shattering the phone! stares at Ned in stunned silence.

**NED**

(shrugs it off)

Wrong number.

**INT. LOLA'S HOUSE - DAY**

She's in the bathtub, phone receiver in one hand, still jabbing at the porcelain tub with the ice pick. Water squirts from the holes she's punctured in the side of the tub. She flings the ice pick at the wall. It sticks!

**EXT. PARK - DAY**

hat and Lana is seated on a park bench wearing a trenchcoat, pretending sunglasses. Frank walks up, looks around nervously,

not to know Lana. He sits down next to her.

**FRANK**

How come we gotta meet here?

**LANA**

We have to be careful now. We can't risk being seen together at the house or someone might connect us to the murder later on.

She hands him a hat.

**LANA**

Here... put this on.

hesitates,  
She takes her sunglasses off, looks at him. He  
staring at the hat. A dignified looking OLDER GENTLEMAN  
approaches. Frank quickly slips the hat on his head.

He  
out  
The Older Gentleman sits on the bench across from them.  
opens a paper sack and begins neatly laying his lunch  
next to him. An apple, sandwich, napkin, Mountain Dew.

**LANA**

(whispers to Frank)  
Speak Yiddish.

**FRANK**

What?

**LANA**

Red Yiddish.

on,  
ENGLISH  
We see the SUB-TITLE "Speak Yiddish." From this point  
all their dialog is in YIDDISH... but it appears in  
SUB-TITLES across the bottom of the screen.

**FRANK**

Ich hobe getracht, efsher iz der  
nisht geshtoigen un nisht gefloygen.  
(I been thinkin'...  
maybe this plan is  
too complicated.)

**LANA**

Zein nisht azoy meshige! Der plan iz

kosher vi yosher.  
(Quit worrying. The  
plan is perfect.)

**INTERCUT - ANGLE ON OLDER GENTLEMAN**

occasionally  
however,  
He tosses crumbs of his sandwich to the pigeons,  
glancing up at Frank and Lana. Whenever they speak,  
his eyes look down toward their legs.

**INTERCUT - MEDIUM TWO-SHOT ON FRANK AND LANA**

knee-level.  
with SUB-TITLES across the bottom of screen, about

**FRANK**

Yo! Ober mir darfen imvarfen in tsug.  
Un schissen un schtippen in vasser  
arein. Oy a broch! Mir zenen git  
bakackt.

(Yeah, but we gotta  
get him on the train,  
shoot him... then  
push him in the river.  
There's a million  
ways we can screw  
up.)

**LANA**

Vus iz mit idr? Die host a vaichen  
schmoke?

(You're not going  
soft on me, are you?)

**FRANK**

Ven hob ich gehat a vaichen schmoke?

(When have I ever  
gone soft on you?)

**LANA**

Lest'n Yomkippur.  
(Last Yom Kippur.)

**FRANK**

Nu shoin, ein mul. Es paseert tsie  
yeyden man.

(Okay... once! It  
happens to every  
guy.)

He looks around nervously.

**FRANK**

Oy! Mir vellen zein oif groise tsures.  
Me'vet unz chap'n.

(We're going to be in  
big trouble. They're  
going to catch us.)

**OLDER GENTLEMAN**

There's very little risk involved.  
Statistics reveal that less than  
thirty-two percent of all murderers  
are ever apprehended.

They both look at him... stunned. A long beat.

**LANA**

You speak Yiddish?

**OLDER GENTLEMAN**

No. But I can read sub-titles.

the  
Frank and Lana are speechless. But across the bottom of  
screen we see a SUB-TITLE reflecting their thoughts.

**SUB-TITLE**

Oy vay!

**INT. NED'S LAW OFFICE - DAY**

desk.  
Ned enters, carrying the box. He sets it down on her

**LAURA**

Oh gee, you shouldn't have...

**NED**

I didn't. It's for my wife.

tattered  
He goes into his office, starts to change out of his  
suit. Laura talks to him from the outer office.

**LAURA**

She called. Wondered why you never  
came home last night. I told her you  
were working with a client,  
undercover.

She steps into the doorway of his office.

**LAURA**

Were you?

**NED**

What?

**LAURA**

There's lipstick on your collar.

the She returns to her desk. Disturbed, Ned quickly pulls  
shirt collar out, checks it.

**NED**

No there isn't.

**LAURA**

No... there isn't. But you answered  
my question. She's a real looker,  
huh?

**NED**

Who?

**LAURA**

Lola Cain.

**NED**

I hadn't noticed.

through the She opens the blinds behind her and looks at Ned  
window between their offices.

**LAURA**

Yeah, I noticed how you hadn't  
noticed.

(returns to work)

That's alright. She noticed enough  
for both of us.

Ned She picks up a stack of papers from the FAX machine.  
steps into the doorway, wearing a clean shirt.

**LAURA**

I worry about you, Ned. I worry a  
lot.

(hands him papers)

Max Shady's been faxing death threats  
to you all morning.

**NED**

(reading bits)  
...stick a knife in your...  
(reacts, next)  
...rip the eyeballs out of your...  
(next)  
...drive razor-sharp spikes under  
your...

**LAURA**

Did you get to the one...?

**NED**

...cut it off... shove it in a  
blender.

**LAURA**

Yeah... that one.

**NED**

(tosses them aside)  
He's just getting it out of his  
system. Once they say it... they  
never do it. You know... like the  
President.

ominous  
the  
There's a KNOCK at the door. They look up to see an  
SILHOUETTE of a MAN on the milkglass. Ned starts toward  
door. Laura grabs his arm, stopping him.

**LAURA**

(whispers)  
Wait. It might be him.

it  
She opens her purse, pulls out a big COLT .45, holding  
out to him. Ned stares at it, taken aback.

**NED**

Where did you get that?

**LAURA**

(as if obvious)  
From my purse.

**NED**

What are you doing with it?

**LAURA**

(still obvious)  
Handing it to you.

**NED**

Jeez, Laura, what do you use a gun  
for?

**LAURA**

You shoot it. A bullet comes out.  
Gosh, Ned, after all your years as a  
cop, I'd think you'd know these  
things.

**NED**

Laura... put the gun away.

He hands the gun back to her... goes to the door...  
opens  
flowers.  
it. There's a young DELIVERY MAN holding a bouquet of

**DELIVERY MAN**

(checks card)  
Flowers for Ned Rav...  
(looks up)  
Hey... aren't you that lawyer guy?  
Man, you are dead meat!

Ned grabs the flowers, slams the door. Laura takes the  
envelope from the flowers... opens it.

**LAURA**

Is this another sick joke from Max  
Shady?

She looks at the card... her expression turning cold.

**NED**

What is it...?

**LAURA**

(hands it to him)  
Lola Cain.

She grabs the flowers... takes them into the bathroom.

**LAURA**

I'll put these in water for you.

Ned opens the envelope. An audio cassette drops into  
his  
hand. Written on the label: PLAY ME.

From the bathroom, we hear the LOUD SOUND of a TOILET  
**FLUSHING.**

**INT. NED'S CAR - NIGHT**

It's raining. Ned pops the cassette into the tape  
player.

**LOLA'S VOICE**

Ned, darling... I know this seems  
like a strange way to talk with you...  
but since you won't take my calls, I  
have no other choice.  
(then suddenly)  
Watch it! That red car's turning  
left!

Ned swerves to avoid a collision, HONKING his horn.

**LOLA'S VOICE**

I love you, Ned. We're meant to be  
together... forever.  
(then suddenly)  
The light's changing! Floor it! Go!  
Go! Go!

Ned guns it!... accelerating through a yellow light.

**LOLA'S VOICE**

Nice move!  
(then sincere again)  
Nothing can keep us apart, Ned. Not  
even your wife. I'd hate to have to  
tell her about us, but if necessary...  
I will.

We see HEADLIGHTS behind Ned's car.

**INT. LOLA'S CAR - NIGHT**

She is following him, her eyes intense, obsessed. Dizzy  
sits  
in the back seat, noodling softly on his saxophone.

**INT. NED'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Ned steps into the living room carrying the box. Lana  
comes  
down the stairs, pulling on a bathrobe.

**LANA**



What happened to you last night?

**NED**

(guilty as charged)  
Why? What have you heard?

**LANA**

(sarcastic)  
You could have called. But then, I  
suppose you were tied up.

**NED**

(reflecting back)  
Only part of the time.

**LANA**

I never know when you're coming home,  
Ned. How can I ever make any plans?

In the b.g., through the window, WE SEE Frank drop from  
the  
second floor, right onto the seat of a waiting  
motorcycle.  
He ZOOMS OFF into the night.

Ned steps up behind Lana, slips his arms around her.

**NED**

I promise I'll spend more time with  
you. I know it's been rough, being  
alone so much. But I'll make it up  
to you. Maybe we should try again,  
you know... to have a baby.

She rolls her eyes at this... changes the subject.

**LANA**

So what's in the box?

**NED**

Oh... I brought you a present!

He hands it to her. She opens it, looks in. She looks  
up,  
struggling unsuccessfully to hide a look of  
displeasure.

**LANA**

What is it?

**NED**

It's... sorta like a cat.

She Ned pulls out a PET SKUNK and puts it in Lana's lap.  
forces a weak smile.

**LANA**

Not enough like a cat.

**NED**

It's a little skunk. I got it at  
Birds-and-Skunks-R-Us.

**EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT**

staring Lola stands in the pouring rain outside, drenched...  
at Lana and Ned through the window.

**INT. HOUSE - NIGHT**

**NED**

So... what're you going to name him?

**LANA**

How about... Ned?

**NED**

(thinks about it)  
Yeah. Got a nice ring to it. I've  
always liked the name Ned.

**LANA**

No kidding.

He puts his arms around them both.

**NED**

So whatdya think? You love Ned Junior  
as much as you love me?

**LANA**

At least.

dropping The phone RINGS. Lana stands up, unceremoniously  
the Skunk into Ned's arms. She goes into...

**THE ADJOINING ROOM**

...to answer the phone.

**LANA**

Hello?... Hello?... Hello?  
(then, whispering)  
Frank? Is that you?

**EXT. THE HOUSE - NIGHT**

and  
background,  
phone.  
Lola is in a glass telephone booth with venetian blinds  
a ceiling fan. She cracks the blinds open. In the  
through a window, we can see Lana in the house on the

**LANA**

(filtered)  
I told you not to call. Frank? FRANK!

**INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY**

hallway  
suddenly  
heel  
shoe.  
Ned enters the cavernous marble rotunda, turns down a  
crowded with milling attorneys and defendants. Lola  
intercepts him... a newspaper trailing from her high

**LOLA**

Who's Frank?

**NED**

Frank? The only Frank I know is an  
auto mechanic... but I sure as hell  
wouldn't recommend the guy. He's  
really slow.

He starts to move off, but she stops him, impassioned.

**LOLA**

I had to see you, Ned. I need to  
feel your arms around me! I wanna  
suck your toes til the nails pop  
off!

looks  
around self-consciously, embarrassed.  
Lola's voice ECHOES. BYSTANDERS gather, listening. Ned

**NED**

I told you, what happened was a big  
mistake. A one night stand. It's  
over. I have a wife...

WOMAN                   The CROWD presses closer... not missing a thing. A  
snaps a FLASH PICTURE! A MAN turns on his video camera.

**LOLA**

It doesn't matter. She'll know all  
about us soon anyway. I want YOU! In  
my bed... in my arms... in MEEEEEEEE!

for                   Mortified, Ned spins on his heels and makes a bee-line  
tickets.           the safety of the Men's Room. Lola holds up two

**LOLA**

I got us tickets to see Iron  
Butterfly!

**NED**

I hate opera!

**INT. MEN'S ROOM - DAY**

ARUGULA,           Ned bursts in, goes to the urinal... not noticing BEN  
urinal           an older gentleman in a business suit, standing at the  
next to him. A beat later... Lola enters.

**LOLA**

Why are you running from me? Didn't  
it mean ANYTHING to you?... buffing  
my buns with carnuba wax?  
                  (looks down)  
Come on, Neddy-poo. Doesn't Mr. Pokey  
want to go exploring?

**NED**

He's busy right now.

Arugula glances sideways at Ned, curious and uneasy.

**NED**

Look, I told you... Mr. Pokey made a  
big mistake! One lousy mistake in  
his whole stinkin' life! So why don't  
you give him a BREAK! Besides... he  
belongs to my wife!

**EXT. SHOOTING RANGE - DAY**

BANG!...

Lana FIRES her gun rapidly... BANG! BANG! BANG!  
over her shoulder, behind her back, under her leg.

**ANGLE ON TARGET**

trademark  
through

A full-body cut-out of a man, wearing one of Ned's  
gray suits. A HUGE SMOKING HOLE has been blown right  
the crotch! Lana smirks, inhales the SMOKE from the gun  
barrel... and blows it out.

**INT. COURTROOM - DAY**

"ARS  
looking  
Laura

TILT DOWN from an official government seal that reads  
GRATIA ARTIS." JUDGE Ben Arugula... the distinguished  
gentleman from the men's room, sits on the bench. Ned,  
and a SLIMY DEFENDANT stand at the defense table.

**JUDGE ARUGULA**

I'd like to congratulate Mr. Pokey  
for setting yet another unusual legal  
precedent. This is the first time  
I've ever tried a case in which the  
JURY was found to be insane.

**ANGLE - JURY AND BAILIFF**

JURORS.

The BAILIFF is handing out straitjackets to all the  
The Jury Foreman struggles to get his on and laced up.

**BAILIFF**

(to another Juror)  
What're you? A thirty-eight long?

**BACK TO JUDGE ARUGULA**

**JUDGE ARUGULA**

The jury will be remanded to the  
Center For Unclear Thinking in Simi  
Valley. Court's adjourned.

**INT. COURTHOUSE HALLWAY - DAY**

The JURY is led from the courtroom in straitjackets and  
chains. Ned and Laura follow them out.

**NED**

Your BIRTHDAY! Today? Why didn't you tell me?

**LAURA**

It's not important. I just had one last year.

**NED**

Well, I'm taking you out to celebrate!

wall,  
In the b.g. the Slimy Defendant pulls a gun and forces CITIZENS... including Judge Arugula... up against the robbing them!

**LAURA**

Oh no no! It's no big thing. I'll have another one sometime.

**NED**

I insist. And I want to get you a nice present.

**LAURA**

You're so sweet. You don't have to. You gave me a present last year. Those lovely Ginzu knives.

**NED**

Yeah... aren't they great! They last forever. And you can cut right through a shoe with 'em!

newspaper.  
As they walk off, we HOLD ON a CLOSE SHOT of a  
RAVINE!  
The headline reads: EX-CON STALKS COP/LAWYER NED  
psychotic  
Below it is a picture of Max Shady, eyes wide with  
Hawaiian  
rage... a huge cigar in his mouth, wearing a garish  
shirt.

with the  
Hands lower the newspaper... revealing Max himself,  
same cigar, shirt and crazed look on his face.

**INT. LE MISS FASHION BOUTIQUE - DAY - MONTAGE**

She  
Laura models hats... each one becoming more outrageous.

hats... coaxes Ned into joining her. They BOTH try on WOMEN's smiling and laughing... as "Brown Eyed Girl" plays.

as In one of the mirrors, we SEE Max Shady's reflection...  
his he also tries on women's hats, watching them, puffing cigar.

**INT. LE HULA BOWL RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

each Laura wears a baseball cap with beer cans attached to  
reads side with long, curved plastic straws. The cap emblem  
beaming. "BEER BIMBO." A price tag hangs from it. She is

they In the b.g., Hawaiian DANCERS juggle flaming torches as  
dance around an ICE SCULPTURE of a Hula Dancer.

**NED**

It's nice to be off the streets...  
away from all the pain and misery  
out there.

sticking Ned motions casually toward the world "out there"...  
to his thumb into the eye of a WAITER who is bending over  
of pick up a spoon, setting off a chaotic CHAIN REACTION  
near small disasters that finally culminates with someone  
throwing his the dance floor bumping into the Torch Juggler,  
rhythm off.

Distracted, he starts catching the FLAMING ENDS of the  
torches! OW! OH! YI! OUCH! YIPES!

politely He drops them all. The Waiter who bumped into him,  
to the picks up one of the flaming torches and hands it back  
and Torch Juggler. He grabs the flaming end of the torch...  
lets out a SCREAM!

He lunges toward a voluptuous HULA GIRL ICE SCULPTURE,

grabbing the frozen breasts. His burned hands SIZZLE!

Ned and Laura don't even notice... gazing only at each other.

**LAURA (V.O.)**

What's he thinking when he looks at me with that goofy smile...?

**NED (V.O.)**

Boy, does she look stupid in that hat.

**LAURA (V.O.)**

If I told him how I really feel, he'd probably fire me. What am I saying? He probably doesn't even know I exist.

**NED (V.O.)**

Laura's incredible. And so smart. Smart enough to recognize that Ginzu knives are the gift of a lifetime.

(then, concerned)

But she never goes out with guys. I wonder why?

**LAURA (V.O.)**

I guess I'll just have to wait. But he's married. I could wait forever. Than again... maybe Lana will get hit by a runaway truck. There's always a chance that...

**NED (V.O.)**

(interrupting)

But who cares if she... Oh, sorry.

**LAURA (V.O.)**

That's alright. I was just rambling.

**NED (V.O.)**

Go ahead...

**LAURA (V.O.)**

No, no, really... you first...

**NED (V.O.)**

I insist... please...

**LAURA**

Oh, uh... I just wanted to remind



you about...

**NED**

...the Legal Symposium...

**LAURA**

...in Santa Barbara...

**NED**

...tomorrow...

**NED & LAURA**

(in unison)

..."How To Sue Your Loved Ones."

**NED**

Yeah. I'm driving up in the morning.

**ANGLE - MAX SHADY**

hat  
Roasted  
takes a  
sits at a corner table wearing a chic beret from the  
store, voraciously devouring a huge Hawaiian Pit  
Pig. He wrenches the apple from the Pig's mouth...  
huge bite!

**BACK TO NED AND LAURA**

up, his  
locked on  
bar,  
of  
smiles,  
A saxophone begins to wail "Lola's Theme." Ned looks  
eyes drawn to the lounge. He sees...  
Lola... striking a sexy pose on a bar stool, eyes  
Ned. Dizzy walks thru, behind the bar, playing his sax.  
She grabs a handful of cherries from a glass on the  
shoves them in her mouth, cheeks bulging, tongue moving  
furiously. A moment later, she pulls out a long chain  
inter-locked cherry stems.  
Ned reacts, shaken, glancing nervously at Laura. She  
unaware. His eyes flash back to Lola.

**LAURA (V.O.)**

He's so cute. He can't even look me  
in the eye.

Ned's reacts intensely to...

**LOLA - NED'S POV**

series  
handed...  
She stretches out sensuously on the bar, executing a  
of humanly impossible erotic gymnastic positions! Then,  
wrapping her legs around a brass pole, she spins no-  
until her thighs begin to SMOKE!

**REVERSE ANGLE - ON ENTIRE ROOM**

Lola!  
The eyes of every MALE in the restaurant are riveted on

**CLOSER ON NED AND LAURA**

sliding  
Ned's  
The table starts to rise slowly on Ned's side, glasses  
toward Laura. She reaches out to stop them... noticing  
distracted expression.

**LAURA**

(touching his arm)  
What is it, Ned? You can tell me.

**NED**

(sighs, reluctant)  
I'm a man, Laura. And all men feel  
passion at one time or another. Even  
me.

**LAURA**

(hopeful)  
Really?

**NED**

What would you think of a married  
man who gave in to those wild,  
sensual, raging desires?

**LAURA**

Oh... wow... golly...

Dancers  
She gulps, eyes wide. The DRUMS pound faster as the  
in the b.g. pick up the frenetic tempo!

**NED**

What if, for just one crazy moment,  
he couldn't resist...? He got knocked  
for a loop and lost control?

**LAURA**

(smiles, eager)  
Gosh... that might be okay.

DRUMS  
Breathless, she breaks a sweat, gasping for air. The  
beat LOUDER, FASTER. The b.g. Dancers whip into a  
frenzy!

**NED**

What if a tidal wave of lust crashed  
over him and he was sucked into a  
vortex of wild, thrashing urges?

Both of Laura's ballcap beer cans EXPLODE! Beer SPRAYS  
out  
in a huge gush, drenching her! Ned is so preoccupied  
with  
his own dilemma, he doesn't even notice. He heaves a  
sigh...  
pats her hand... smiles philosophically.

**NED**

Well... it's not your problem. I'll  
work it out.

**ANGLE - AN ICE PICK**

grasped tightly in Lola's hand. She walks toward Ned  
and  
Laura, a seething rage in her eyes.  
As she passes the ice sculpture, she stabs the ice pick  
into  
the crystalline Hula Dancer's neck! The head breaks  
off. She  
catches it and keeps coming, tossing the head casually  
in  
one hand, like a basketball.  
Lola appears suddenly at Ned and Laura's table. They  
look  
up.

**LOLA**

(to Laura)  
Like some ice for your drink?

glass to                   She drops the ice Mermaid head. It shatters Laura's  
bits! Lola turns to Ned with a cold glare.

**LOLA**

Does your wife know you're...  
"working" late? I certainly hope so,  
Mr. Ravine.

then                   She lights her cigarette with the ice pick lighter,  
right               flips it like a jackknife. It STICKS into Ned's chair,  
between his legs.

exits.               Lola flashes a coldly arrogant smile at Laura... then

**EXT. NED'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - MORNING**

screwdriver in       Frank opens the hood to Ned's car, holding a  
where to           one hand... a wrench in the other. He doesn't know  
start.

**CLOSE ANGLE - MAX SHADY'S FEET - MORNING**

Shady's           A NEWSBOY tosses a folded newspaper. It lands at Max  
says:           feet. Max picks up the paper, opens it. The headline  
looks           SHADY READS NEWSPAPER IN FRONT OF RAVINE RESIDENCE! Max  
around self-consciously, eyes shifting uneasily.

**INT. NED'S HOUSE - MORNING**

Ned.               Lana stands by the front door. She calls upstairs to

**LANA**

Hurry up, darling. You'll be late!

his               Frank slips in, wearing his greasy overalls. He wipes  
hands on a rag... giving Lana a sly wink.

**FRANK**

(whispering)  
It's all taken care of. When do I  
knock on the door?

**LANA**

Wait until I signal you. When I raise  
the blinds... you knock.

knocks. She steps over to the blinds and demonstrates. He

**LANA**

Not now!

**FRANK**

Oh, later... right... okay.

Skunk,  
suit. She nods, patronizing. Frank exits. Lana picks up the  
cuddling him. Ned comes down wearing his trademark gray  
Lana kisses him passionately... a final farewell.

**LANA**

Drive carefully, sweetheart. Say bye-  
bye to Little Ned. He loves his  
daddy... don't you Stink Pot?

**NED**

(pets the skunk)  
See you tonight, Junior.

and  
O.C. As soon as Ned closes the door, Lana's smile vanishes  
she casually tosses the Skunk aside with a LOUD CRASH

**EXT. NED'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - MORNING**

hood. Ned turns the car key. Nothing. He gets out, opens the  
He stares... dumbfounded.

**INT. THE HOUSE - MORNING**

Ned comes in, visibly upset. Lana acts surprised.

**LANA**

What's wrong?

**NED**

This neighborhood is getting worse  
all the time! Damn kids stole my  
engine!

**LANA**

Why don't you catch the train to Santa Barbara? It leaves in twenty minutes.

**NED**

I'll just fly up.

**LANA**

No!

Ned looks at her strangely. She catches herself.

**LANA**

I mean... you can't. Armed terrorists seized the airport this morning. A plane crashed into the tower... and all the runways are on fire!

**NED**

Yeah. So?

**LANA**

And it's fogged in.

**NED**

(disappointed)

Dammit.

**LANA**

For my peace of mind... take the train.

Lana goes to the window, starts to raise the blinds.

**NED**

I can't do it. You know how I feel about riding trains.

She stops... letting the blinds drop down.

**LANA**

Darling... it's only a short trip.

**NED**

(reconsiders)

Yeah... right. A short trip.

She starts to raise the blinds again. He picks up the phone.

**NED**

(he hesitates)  
A short trip to hell in a metal tomb!

He slams the receiver down. Lana drops the blinds  
again...

**LANA**

Just because both your parents died  
in a train wreck...

**NED**

And my brother, Jeff...

**LANA**

And your brother, Morty...

**NED**

My two sisters...

**LANA**

Right...

**NED**

My best friend, Al... my dog, Woof...  
Grandma Rose... and Uncle Lionel.  
All killed by trains!

**LANA**

(very convincing)  
Coincidence, Ned. Beside... that's  
the past. They're gone.

**NED**

(sighs, resigned)  
Yeah. I guess I can't bring them  
back by not riding on a train.

**LANA**

That's right.

She starts to raise the blinds again...

**NED**

But I just can't get over this stupid  
nagging fear that...

She abandons the blinds, leaving them raised part  
way...

**LANA**

Fear! What about our baby, Ned? I  
don't want to raise a child in a

home filled with fear!

the  
pretends  
There's a KNOCK at the door. Lana tugs on the cord and  
blinds drop with a CRASH. The KNOCKING stops. She  
it didn't even happen, racing on.

**LANA**

But if you can conquer your fear...  
maybe I can conquer my fear of having  
a baby with a father who's fearful.  
(goes for broke)  
Ned... don't let a train kill our  
child before it's even conceived!

**NED**

(heaves a sigh)  
I guess you're right.

She grabs the cord, then hesitates...

**LANA**

You're sure now...?

A beat. He nods. She quickly pulls the blinds up.

**NED**

But we'll never make it to the  
station. By the time a cab gets  
here...

Frank.  
A LOUD KNOCK at the front door. Lana opens it. It's

**FRANK**

I was in the neighborhood. Thought  
I'd stop by and pick up my tools.

**LANA**

Frank will drive you. Won't you Frank?

**FRANK**

Sure, I'll take you to the train  
station.

completely  
out why  
They all freeze. Lana glares at Frank, who is  
unaware of his faux pas... while Ned tries to figure  
that response didn't sound right.



**INT. FRANK'S VAN - DAY**

They climb into the van. Ned nervously checks his watch.

**NED**

Twelve minutes. We'll never make it.

**EXT. FRANK'S VAN - DAY**

The CAMERA BOOMS DOWN LOW to reveal Max Shady under the van, hanging on like a leech, his back only inches from the road. The van drives off.

**INT. FRANK'S VAN - MINUTES LATER**

At an intersection... they see a "DETOUR" sign. Frank and Lana exchange concerned looks. Frank turns the corner. The van starts vibrating violently, tossing them around.

**NED**

(checks his watch)  
We're not going to make it.

**FRANK**

We'll make it!

He shifts gears, guns the engine. They rocket ahead, BOUNCING WILDLY, their heads THUMPING the car roof! The van SPLASHES through deep water, a huge fantail spraying out on both sides.

**EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY**

The train is pulling in. The CAMERA PANS to Frank's muddy van as it drives up nearby. Frank waits in the van as Ned and Lana get out and walk toward the train.

They pass a feeble OLD WOMAN struggling to drag a HUGE STEAMER TRUNK along the platform... inches at a time. A REDCAP passes her also, carrying a small overnight case for an attractive,

Woman. elegantly attired SOCIALITE. Everyone ignores the Old

Ned looks nervously at the train, already pale.

**LANA**

Okay... now what're you going to do  
if you feel queasy going through the  
tunnel?

**NED**

I'll stand in the vestibule between  
the cars.

**LANA**

That's right. When you get queasy...  
go stand in the vestibule between  
the cars.

Her She kisses his cheek. He reluctantly boards the train.  
smile vanishes.

the She hurries back to the next car, nods at Frank, boards  
train. Frank peels off his coveralls, follows her on.

**ANGLE - COACH PLATFORM**

deflated Laura's Husband steps from the train, holding the  
toward Ninja Turtle float ring. He looks around, then walks  
ON... the cab stand. The CAMERA MOVES with him, then HOLDS

**MAN READING NEWSPAPER - TIGHT SHOT**

RAVINE! The headline says: SHADY VOWS BLENDER VENGEANCE ON  
bloody, Under the headline is a picture of Max Shady... muddy,  
greasy, clothes ripped, cigar shredded... looking off.

looking The paper lowers, revealing Max... a battered mess,  
toward off. He picks up a small violin case and quickly moves  
the train as it starts to pull out.

out, We now SEE that the seat of Max's pants has been ripped

road. his naked buttocks scratched and scraped raw by the

**INT. SECOND COACH CAR - DAY**

Ned stares out the window... apprehensive, nervous.  
Frank and Lana enter at the opposite end of the coach.  
They spot Ned, quickly ducking into a seat where they can  
observe him yet remain hidden from view behind the tall  
seatbacks.

**INT. FIRST COACH CAR - DAY**

Max walks through the car looking for Ned. He pauses,  
puffing on his big cigar. A WOMAN PASSENGER looks up and is  
shocked to see Max's scraped bare butt hanging out only inches  
away.

**WOMAN PASSENGER**

OH! My dear gracious!

Max swivels around to look at her... turning his bare  
behind toward an IRRITABLE MAN across the aisle.

**IRRITABLE MAN**

SIR! Would you PLEASE extinguish  
that foul smelling cigar?

**MAX**

(turning slowly)  
You want me to put out my CIGAR? YOU  
want me to put out my cigar? You  
want ME to put out my CIGAR?

**IRRITABLE MAN**

Yeah.

**MAX**

Certainly.

**INT. SECOND COACH CAR - DAY**

Max enters through the vestibule, without his cigar,  
stopping in his tracks when he sees Ned. He smiles to himself,  
then

ducks back into the lavatory.

**INT. LAVATORY - DAY**

opens  
gray  
Max looks at himself in the mirror. He's a disaster. He  
the violin case, pulling out his trademark "Ned Ravine"  
suit on a hangar. It's not even wrinkled.

**INT. SECOND COACH CAR - DAY**

lurch  
to  
inch,  
Ned looks pale... sweating... reacting tensely to every  
and bump the train makes. The feeble Old Woman strains  
pull her huge steamer trunk down the aisle, inch by  
toward Ned.

**ANGLE ON FRANK AND LANA**

smile.  
Lana peers over the seat, watching Ned with a cruel

**LANA**

It's already getting to him. He'll  
be out of that seat and into the  
vestibule within ten minutes... I  
guarantee it.

**INT. LAVATORY - DAY**

his  
his  
Max is cleaned up, dressed in the suit. He straightens  
tie, slicks his greasy hair back, sticks a big cigar in  
mouth and grins at himself in the mirror.

**MAX**

You talkin' to me? You talkin' to  
ME? You... talkin'... to... ME?

CLICK...  
He reaches into the violin case, pulls out a complex  
assortment of metal parts, assembling them swiftly.

tech,  
SNAP... CLUNK! It's an incredibly nasty looking high-  
automatic weapon with gigantic cartridge clip.

He screws on a long silencer and points the gun at the

him.

the

scale

DEAD

there is

ceiling.

ceiling. POOF!... a muffled gunshot! Debris fall around

He looks up. He has blown a HOLE through the roof of coach.

He adjusts the Silencer Volume Control, which has a from 1 thru 11. He turns it all the way down to "0"...

SILENT. He pulls the trigger. The gun RECOILS, but absolutely NO SOUND! He has blown another HOLE in the

**INT. SECOND COACH CAR - DAY**

all

big,

over.

Ned looks across the aisle to see a GROSS SLOB pulling kinds of strange food items from a paper bag, making a sloppy, disgusting SANDWICH that squirts and drips all Ned turns away... really queasy now.

**INT. LAVATORY - DAY**

plugs it

wickedly.

Max reaches into the case, pulls out A BLENDER! He into the outlet and REVS it a couple times, grinning

**INT. SECOND COACH CAR - DAY**

coming

slides

cars.

Max steps out of the lavatory and sees the CONDUCTOR his way collecting tickets. He quickly spins around, the door open and steps into the vestibule between

climbs

her.

The Conductor can't get past the Old Woman, so he over the top of her trunk, with no thought of helping

**INT. VESTIBULE - DAY**

weapon

Max looks out the side window, trying to conceal the in front of him. The Conductor enters, sees him.

**CONDUCTOR**

Ticket?

shoulder.

barrel.

Without turning, Max holds the ticket up over his  
The Conductor takes it, punches it, notices the gun

**CONDUCTOR**

Sorry pal... automatic weapons are  
only allowed in the club car after  
nine p.m.

Conductor  
gun.

Max turns, raising the gun with a nasty GROWL. The  
casually snaps a baggage tag to the barrel, taking the

**CONDUCTOR**

I'll check it with baggage. You can  
claim it at the depot in Santa  
Barbara.

along  
whirls  
what?

The Conductor drops the weapon into a big mesh bag...  
with a dozen other guns he's collected. He exits. Max  
around facing the window, eyes filled with rage. Now

**INT. SECOND COACH CAR - DAY**

front of  
water  
JEFF

A gun barrel slowly protrudes between the seats in  
Frank and Lana. Their eyes widen. Suddenly, a stream of  
hits Frank in the face! He sputters. A LITTLE KID named  
scrambles into the aisle.

**JEFF**

Hi! I'm Jeff and I'm eight years  
old. Didja know if ya put a penny on  
the track it'll make the train crash?  
No kiddin'! You ever been in a wreck?  
My uncle has. Lotsa times. It's really  
neat. Everybody gets creamed! All  
bloody guts... heads ripped off and  
stuff... Hey... wanna hear my song  
"Great Green Gobs of Greasy Grimy  
Gopher Guts"?

Lana turns to Frank... inspired. She leans toward Jeff.

**LANA**

You want to earn a couple bucks,  
kid?

**ANGLE ON NED**

Jeff bounces into the seat across from Ned.

**JEFF**

Hi! I'm Jeff and I'm eight years  
old. Didja know if ya put a penny on  
the track it'll make the train crash?

**ANGLE ON FRANK AND LANA**

Lana peers over the seat at Ned. She smiles.

**LANA**

He's losing it. You better get up to  
the next car. Remember, give me the  
high sign as soon as you see the  
river. It'll be two minutes and nine  
seconds past the tunnel. I'll take  
care of the rest. Anything goes  
wrong... just make sure you back me  
up.

(grabs his collar)

And don't let him see you.

Ned. He  
struggling to  
over

Frank gets up, moves down the aisle slowly, eyes on  
can't squeeze past the Old Woman, who is still  
pull her huge trunk down aisle. So... he climbs right  
the top of it... oblivious to her.

Jeff

Frank stares at Ned warily as he gets closer. Suddenly,  
squirts a stream of water in Ned's eyes. Frank sees his  
chance, rushing past Ned toward the vestibule.

**INT. VESTIBULE - DAY**

the

Frank races through the vestibule behind Max's back. By  
time Max turns to see who's there... Frank is gone.

**INT. SECOND COACH CAR - DAY**

the Ned wipes the water from his eyes, blinking. He grabs  
squirt gun away from Jeff, holding it up angrily.

**NED**

This... is not a toy!

**JEFF**

Yes it is.

the A beat. Ned realizes he's right. Acting tough, he pulls  
it plug and drains the water out of the gun, then tosses  
back to Jeff.

magazine Without missing a beat, Jeff drops the empty water  
loading a from the grip and jams a full one in... just like  
cartridge clip. He smirks, ready for action.

trunk In the aisle next to them, the Old Woman now pulls her  
at back toward the vestibule. Jeff points the squirt gun  
face her. Suddenly, she whips around and SQUIRTS HIM in the  
with her own squirt gun! He sputters!

**INT. VESTIBULE - DAY**

the Max stares out the window, still seething. Behind him,  
trying to Old Woman moves into the vestibule, inch by inch,  
drag her trunk into the first coach car.

Max turns, sees her struggling and goes to her aid.

**MAX**

Here... let me help you with that.

sweetly at He pushes the trunk into the first coach car, then very  
politely holds the door open for her. She smiles  
him as she shuffles through.

**OLD WOMAN**

What a nice young man. You are so  
polite.



**MAX**

(smiles)

I try to be.

**INT. SECOND COACH CAR - DAY**

Jeff is SINGING to Ned... to the tune of "The Old Gray Mare."

**JEFF**

Great green gobs of greasy, grimy  
gopher guts... mutilated monkey  
meat... chopped up dirty birdie's  
feet... one pint jar of all-purpose  
porpoise pus... cooked in a Mulligan  
stew.

Ned turns queasy. The train lurches. He stiffens.

**INT. FIRST COACH CAR - DAY**

The Old Woman has unpacked her huge trunk. She has hung  
up  
clothes... set out a vase with flowers... hung up a big  
framed  
painting... and turned on a floor lamp. She pulls out a  
set  
of dumbbells, pumps them a couple times... and drops  
them on  
the floor with a loud CLUNK!

Frank watches her from his seat across the aisle with a  
blank  
expression... only his eyes moving.

The Conductor punches the Old Woman's ticket, then  
holds out  
his hand, waiting. She pulls out a Smith & Wesson .44  
Magnum... drops it in his bag. He waits. She pulls out  
an  
Uzi.

**EXT. THE TRACKS AHEAD - MOVING SHOT - DAY**

Up ahead, we see a tunnel approaching.

**OMIT**

Sequence omitted from original script.

**INT. SECOND COACH CAR - DAY**

**JEFF**

(still singing)

French fried eyeballs and ugly scabs  
you wanna pick... stuff to make your  
mother sick... dog poop on a stick...  
puke and snot all mixed together in  
a pot...

jumps Ned is looking very pale and queasy. Suddenly, Jeff  
up... presses his face against the window.

**JEFF**

Oh boy! Here comes the tunnel!

sweating. Ned can't take it anymore. He gets up, pale and

**EXT. TRACKS AHEAD - MOVING SHOT - DAY**

...racing toward the tunnel!

**INT. SECOND COACH CAR - DAY**

toward Lana sees Ned stumble shakily into the aisle, moving  
the vestibule.

**LANA**

Way to go, Ned. Right on time.

BLACK. A The train enters the TUNNEL. Everything goes PITCH  
emerge few beats, then... LIGHT fills the car again as they  
down the from the tunnel. Lana looks. Ned is gone! She heads  
aisle.

**INT. FIRST COACH CAR - DAY**

comes The Conductor is still tagging weapons as the Old Woman  
automatic up with a Ruger Mini 14 machine gun, a Mauser C96  
shotgun... handgun, a sawed-off double-barreled .12 gauge  
and an old wooden slingshot.

**INT. SECOND COACH CAR - DAY**

and  
leaning

Lana looks through the small window into the vestibule  
catches a glimpse of a gray suit. She ducks back,  
against the lavatory door.

**INT. LAVATORY - THE MIRROR - DAY**

He  
queasiness.

Ned's dripping face rises up from the sink into view.  
splashes more water on, trying to overcome his

**INT. SECOND COACH CAR - DAY**

her

Lana reaches into her purse, pulls out a gun. She looks  
through the vestibule windows into the first coach car,  
eyes searching for Frank.

**INT. FIRST COACH CAR - LANA'S POV - DAY**

Lana.

Frank pokes his head out into the aisle, looking toward  
He waves at her.

**INT. SECOND COACH CAR - DAY**

door...

Lana ducks back, pressing herself against the lavatory  
gripping the gun, tense.

**INT. LAVATORY - DAY**

violin  
Then,

Ned starts to open the door, then stops. He notices the  
case. Opens it. A couple of bullets roll around inside.  
he sees the blender... puzzled.

**INT. SECOND COACH CAR - DAY**

windows,

Lana leans forward, looking through the vestibule  
watching desperately for Frank's signal.

**INT. FIRST COACH CAR - DAY**

Frank looks out the window and sees...

**EXT. THE RIVER - FRANK'S POV**

It looms ahead.

**INT. SECOND COACH CAR - DAY**

pulls Lana sees Frank's frantic signal. She raises the gun,  
the hammer back and steps quickly into...

**INT. THE VESTIBULE - DAY**

Max hears someone enter. He stiffens...

**INT. SECOND COACH CAR - DAY**

Ned steps out of the lavatory.

**INT. VESTIBULE - DAY**

window Lana FIRES!... blowing a hole right through Max and the  
BLAM! behind him! She keeps firing! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!  
BLAM! More bullets than the gun could ever possibly  
hold!

**INT. SECOND COACH CAR - DAY**

the Ned hears the GUNSHOTS and whirls around, looking into  
vestibule through the glass window, just as...

**INT. VESTIBULE - DAY**

holes. ...Max turns to face Lana, filled with bloody bullet

**MAX**

You shootin' at me?

bullets Shocked to see it's Max, Lana empties the rest of the  
into him... BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! Max is SLAMMED back  
into the vestibule door by the impact!

**MAX**

Yeah... you're definitely shootin'  
at me.

She fires one last shot... BLAM!!!

**EXT. TRAIN ON BRIDGE - DAY**

gainer  
Olympic  
the

Max flies out the door, executing a perfect "full with a triple twist and a half-tuck"... a flawless style dive... ending with a dead body "belly flop" into water!

**INT. FIRST COACH CAR - DAY**

"WHOOH!"  
himself.

Frank sees Max hit the river and lets out a loud  
The Old Woman shoots him a nasty look. He stifles

**INT. VESTIBULE - DAY**

Lana. In  
the  
from

Ned slides the vestibule door open... steps toward  
a daze, she raises the gun, points it at him, pulling  
trigger... CLICK... CLICK... CLICK. He takes the gun  
her gently.

**INT. FIRST COACH CAR - DAY**

seeing

Frank jumps up, rushing forward. He skids to a stop...  
Ned through the glass! Shocked, he ducks back.

**INT. VESTIBULE - DAY**

**NED**

In this crazy world, there's not a  
whole lot a guy can count on. But  
when the chips are down, I can always  
count on you.

He takes her hand gently and kisses it...

**NED**

You risked your life to save mine. A  
guy can't ask any more from a woman  
than that.

... then, CLICK! He snaps a handcuff on her wrist!

**NED**

But I saw you shoot him, Lana. In  
cold blood. I gotta arrest you for

murder.

**LANA**

Ned... you wouldn't...

**NED**

Sorry. I'm a cop. I have a job to do.

**LANA**

But... you said it yourself. I saved your life.

**NED**

Don't worry, baby. I know a good lawyer.

**SPINNING NEWSPAPER**

upside  
reads: whirls at us, snapping to a stop in someone's hands...  
down. The hands turn it rightside up. The headline

**"COP ARRESTS WIFE FOR MURDER!... WILL DEFEND HER IN  
COURT!"**

**REVERSE ANGLE**

smile. The paper lowers, revealing Lola Cain with a gratified

**EXT. CITY JAIL - DAY**

REPORTERS and Ned and Laura move up the steps, surrounded by  
MEDIA PEOPLE. Questions are being fired from all sides.

**REPORTER #1**

What kind of gun did she use?

**NED**

That's a question for the arresting officer.

**REPORTER #2**

Aren't you the arresting officer?

**NED**

You'll have to ask her attorney.

**REPORTER #1**

But aren't you her attorney?

**NED**

Only her husband can answer that.

**REPORTER #3**

What will Mrs. Ravine be wearing at the trial?

Ned stops at the top of the stairs, turning to the Reporters.

**NED**

A lovely powder blue dress with a cinch waist, full bodice and a delicately pleated skirt.

**REPORTER #3**

Does it have a matching jacket?

**NED**

No comment.

**REPORTER #3**

Is it cotton or rayon?

**NED**

(perturbed)

I said... NO COMMENT!

Ned and Laura turn and enter the building.

**REPORTER #1**

(calling out)

Did she eat any of the victim's body parts?

**INT. CITY JAIL BUILDING - ENTRY CORRIDOR - DAY**

**NED**

Jeez... they're really throwing some tough questions out there today.

**LAURA**

They're just doing their job.

**NED**

Yeah... well I call it a "high-tech lynching of an uppity white housewife."

**INT. CAVERNOUS ROOM - DAY**

armed  
In the  
animal

It's huge, dark and shadowy. More than a dozen heavily  
POLICE OFFICERS stand guard all around the perimeter.  
center is a cell constructed of iron bars, like an  
cage. Ned and Laura enter. Arch steps over.

**NED**

(seeing the cage)  
What's this?

**ARCH**

Only cell available. They had that  
serial killer locked up here... you  
know, the one who talks his victims  
to death then eats them... Hannibal  
the Lecturer. But they let him out  
for a three week tour to publicize  
his new book.

Arch hands him a hardbound book.

**NED**

(reading the cover)  
"To Serve Man."

**ARCH**

It's a cookbook.

Ned flips it over.

**ANGLE - THE BOOK - NED'S POV**

wearing  
mouth.

On the back is a picture of HANNIBAL THE LECTURER...  
a baseball catcher's mask with barbed wire over the

**BACK TO SCENE**

**ARCH**

And look, look... he autographed it.

Arch pulls the front cover of the book open, pointing.

**NED**

(reads it)  
To Arch... Love to have you for dinner  
sometime... Hannibal.  
(hands it back)



Very nice.

Arch points toward the cage.

**ARCH**

They're waiting for ya. They didn't want to start without her attorney being present.

**CLOSE ON LANA - CANTED ANGLE**

SLOWLY. There's a BIG MOTH on her mouth. The CAMERA PULLS BACK

A beat... she spits the moth off, irritated.

**LANA**

PFFFTT! Damn moths! This place could use a good exterminator.

table. Three POLICE INVESTIGATORS sit opposite Lana at a long

Moths flutter everywhere.

**INVESTIGATOR # 2**

(to Police Guard)

Let's get the SWAT Team in here.

Ned, Laura and Arch enter the cage as the Guard exits.

**LANA**

Can't you get me out of this cage, Ned? I'm goin' buggy in here.

**NED**

Judge said no bail. Don't worry. Just tell the truth, you'll be fine.

He turns to the Investigators.

**NED**

Who's gonna handle the interrogation?

**INVESTIGATOR 1**

It's your collar... your bust... your call... your show... your play... your move... your wife...

**NED**

Okay, okay!... I'll handle it.

notebook. Laura sits at the far end of the table and opens her

lipstick. Lana pulls out her mirrored compact, starts to apply

**INVESTIGATOR 2**

Sorry Mrs. Ravine... there's no makeup allowed in this building.

LIPSTICK He nods toward a warning sign: a circle around a  
confident. with a diagonal line thru it. She responds, cool,

**LANA**

What're you gonna do... arrest me for primping?

at In the b.g., members of the SWAT Team desperately swat  
the fluttering moths.

leans on Ned spins his chair around, plants one foot on it,  
his knee, looking hard at Lana.

**NED**

Don't give us a tough time. Just spill it! What were you doing on that train?

**LANA**

Well...

his Ned raises his hand, sits down, leans close, changing  
tone.

**NED**

(confidential)  
As your attorney, I must advise you... you don't have to answer that question.

chair Ned stands, paces, agitated... plants his foot on the  
again. He leans toward her... getting tough again.

**NED**

Alright, quit playing games with us!  
(fires questions)  
Who put ya up to it? Where'd you get the gun? What's your link with the  
**CIA?**

**LANA**

**I...**

stop. Ned jumps in, motioning with his hands for this to

**NED**

Whoa whoa whoa whoa! That's it! I will not tolerate this unwarranted badgering of my client. She'll have her day in court, gentlemen.

He slams his briefcase shut and turns to Lana, sincere.

**NED**

I want to thank you, Mrs. Ravine, for being so cooperative with these gentlemen.

(turns to Laura)

Did you get all that down, Laura. Every word she said?

**LAURA**

Yep. Both of 'em.

**EXT. NED'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY**

back of The CAMERA MOVES IN to a wire mesh cage at the very  
is the yard. A small sign on it says: NED JUNIOR. The door  
open. The cage is... empty!

**EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK - DAY**

She Lola rides the roller coaster with Lana's pet Skunk.  
LAUGHS maniacally as they plunge down a steep grade!  
on the The Skunk stands stiffly on her lap, his paws planted  
straight guard rail, eyes bulging out!... his fur standing  
up!

**INT. NED'S HOUSE - DAY**

moves Ned hesitates at the front door. It's open a crack. He  
coming inside cautiously. There is a strange BUBBLING SOUND

on the  
reels!

from the kitchen. He moves toward it... apprehensive.  
He enters the kitchen and SEES... a huge bubbling pot  
stove, foam spilling over from under the lid! His mind  
He charges out the back door.

**EXT. BACK OF HOUSE - DAY**

his  
POUNDING!

Ned bursts out the back door... CAMERA TRACKING with  
feet as he dashes across the huge back yard... MUSIC

fuzzy

He SEES the EMPTY animal cage! The door is open. A  
blanket hangs halfway out.

house...  
CAMERA

Shocked, Ned spins around... running back toward the  
CAMERA TRACKING HIS FEET, struggling to keep up. The  
SLAMS into a tree!... CRACKING the LENS!

**INT. NED'S HOUSE - THE KITCHEN - DAY**

butcher  
greet

Ned bursts in... SEES the bubbling pot!... a huge  
knife on the counter!... and LOLA, arms outstretched to  
him.

**NED**

**NO!**

**LOLA**

Yes.

**NED**

**NOOOOO!**

**LOLA**

Yes!

**NED**

**NOOOOOOOoooooooo!!!**

She whips the cover off the bubbling pot.

**LOLA**

**YES! Cappelini pomodoro!**

**NED**

What?

She lifts up pasta with a spaghetti spoon... tossing a  
sprig  
of basil into the pot from the basil-leaf crown she  
wears.

**LOLA**

Pasta with tomato sauce. Whatsa matta?  
You don't like Italian?

**NED**

Where's Ned Junior? WHERE IS HE?!

**LOLA**

I thought he might like to get out,  
so I took him to the amusement park.

He grabs Lola's arm and drags her toward the front  
door.

**NED**

You can't just break into my house,  
cook my food... borrow my skunk!  
(opens the door)  
Leave me alone. Stay out of my face!  
Out of my neighborhood! Out of my  
**LIFE!**

She steps outside... turns to him.

**LOLA**

You haven't seen the last of me,  
Ned.

He SLAMS the door in her face... hesitates a beat,  
curious...  
then pulls the door open. Lola's still there.

**LOLA**

I told you.

Ned SLAMS the door again.

**EXT. COURTHOUSE STEPS - DAY**

It's a media circus! Vendors sell "TRIAL BALLOON"  
balloons.

CHEERLEADERS

across

PRESS PHOTOGRAPHERS cluster around a squad of  
wearing sweaters emblazoned with "FREE LANA OR BUST!"  
their chests.

They perform a rousing CHEER in front of a sign on the  
building that reads... "LE COURTHOUSE".

**CHEERLEADERS**

(with choreography)

Lana, Lana, she's the one Shot a bad  
guy with a gun Blew that sucker off  
a train Some guys are a friggin'  
pain YaaaaaAAAAAAAY LANA!

A BBC COMMENTATOR speaks to a TV camera.

**COMMENTATOR**

Once again, Americans are making a  
mockery of their courts, turning a  
murder trial into a media circus!  
How can justice ever prevail when it  
is ridiculed and reviled in such a  
heinously revolting manner? This is  
Clement Von Franckenstein returning  
you to our BBC studios in London for  
the latest photographs of Lady Di  
naked in the bath.

REPORTERS.

Ned and Laura push their way through the crush of

**INT. COURTROOM - DAY**

their  
trial.

Spectators pour through several turnstiles, shoving in  
tokens. TV cameras have been set up to broadcast the

checks  
their

A UNIFORMED THEATER USHER escorts JURY MEMBERS in,  
their tickets, hands them programs and directs them to  
seats.

who  
pocket  
disturbed

Ned and Laura sit at the defense table, next to Lana...  
is oblivious to everything, deeply engrossed in a  
video game. Ned looks toward the gallery and does a

take.

tailored  
SKIN

It's Lola!... sitting in the back row wearing a  
suit, large brimmed hat with dark veil... and a SKUNK  
STOLE draped around her shoulders!  
Dizzy sits next to her, playing softly on a MUTED SAX.

**ANGLE - BROADCAST BOOTH**

A SPORTSCASTER delivers play-by-play of the action.

**SPORTSCASTER**

What a great day for a trial! We  
have lots of incandescent lighting,  
seventy-two degrees inside... and no  
wind!

**ANGLE - COURTROOM**

**BAILIFF**

Oy vay! Oy vay! Superior Court of  
Los Angeles is now in session. And  
here he is... direct from a triumphant  
one-week engagement in Las Vegas  
Circuit Court... the honorable...  
the venerable... the totally  
irrepressible... Judge Harlan Skan-  
kyyyyyyy!

audience

Flashing "APPLAUSE" signs and flashing "ALL RISE"  
prompters. Everyone gives the Judge a standing ovation.

**ANGLE - BROADCAST BOOTH**

**SPORTSCASTER**

Wow... has this defense team been  
HOT! Thirty-seven straight victories  
this year! Let's go down for the  
coin toss.

**ANGLE - COURTROOM**

The Bailiff flips a coin, motions to the PROSECUTOR.

**SPORTSCASTER (V.O.)**

The Prosecution wins the flip of the  
coin and elects to kick things off.

**INT. COURTROOM - LATER**

The PROSECUTOR delivers her impassioned opening statement.

**PROSECUTOR**

...the prosecution will prove that this repulsive and degenerate woman coldly murdered a decent, law-abiding citizen...

**NED**

(jumps up)  
Objection! Move to strike. Hearsay, irrelevant, stupid, idiotic, caca-doddy poo-poo...

**JUDGE SKANKY**

Sustained.

**INT. COURTROOM - LATER**

Laura is on the stand. Ned hands her a sheet of paper.

**NED**

And can you tell us what this is?

**LAURA**

Yes. It's a death threat that Max Shady FAXED to you on the day he was released from prison.

Ned snatches it back, pacing, folding it into a paper airplane.

**NED**

A FAX in which he threatened to puree certain parts of my anatomy in a blender! I'd like to submit this into evidence.

**PROSECUTOR**

(jumps up)  
Objection! Who cares about the FAX in this case?

**JUDGE SKANKY**

I'll allow it.

is at Ned sails the paper plane toward the COURT CLERK, who an evidence table already piled high with tagged guns,



appliances, knickknacks, auto parts and other junk.  
The plane sails toward an open window. The Clerk grabs  
it... going OUT the window with the plane!

**EXT. COURTHOUSE LAWN - DAY**

The Cheerleaders lead the SPECTATORS in an exuberant  
CHEER.

**CHEERLEADERS**

U-G-L-Y! You ain't got no alibi!  
You're ugly! Yeah, you're ugly! M-A-  
M-A! How you think you got that way?  
Your Mama! Yeah, your Mama!

In the b.g., the Court Clerk plummets to the ground,  
then staggers to his feet, and stumbles... dazed... back  
toward the courthouse.

**INT. COURTROOM - LATER**

One of the JURORS watches a "DICK VAN DYKE" re-run on a  
small portable TV monitors, oblivious to the testimony. In  
the b.g., the battered Clerk stumbles back in with the  
paper plane. The Conductor is on the stand. Ned holds up a  
BLENDER.

**NED**

And is this the blender you found in  
the lavatory of the train?

**CONDUCTOR**

Yes... it is.

**NED**

I'd like this marked as evidence.

The Bailiff reaches out, Ned waves him off... instead,  
tossing the blender over several heads to the Court Clerk...  
who runs to catch it, CRASHING into the wall. The blender  
falls,

**SHATTERS.**

**ANGLE - BROADCAST BOOTH**

**SPORTSCASTER**

Awwwww... a bad call by Ravine. Let's  
check out the re-play.

SLOW  
and

On the RE-PLAY SCREEN we see the action repeated in  
MOTION as the Sportscaster draws lines, circles, x's  
squiggles.

**SPORTSCASTER**

Look at THAT! The Bailiff is wide  
open! But instead of handing it off,  
Ravine goes for the long bomb. Ohhhh!  
The pass is wide! A real wobbler!  
There's no way! He scrambles, but he  
just can't get his hands on it...  
And RIGHT THERE!...  
(freezes the frame)  
...WHAM! That blender is gone!

**INT. COURTROOM - LATER**

is  
magazine.  
possible...

At the defense table, Laura glances over at Lana, who  
casually browsing through a copy of GALS & GUNS  
Laura reacts, then, trying to be as diplomatic as

**LAURA**

Ned... did you ever consider that  
maybe you don't know women as well  
as you think you do?

**PROSECUTOR (O.S.)**

Now would you tell the court, in  
your own words, what you said to Mr.  
Ravine?

They both look toward the witness stand. Ned is shaken.

**NED**

(whispers)  
I'm really worried about this guy.  
He could blow our whole case right  
out of the water.

**ANGLE - WITNESS STAND - MOMENTS LATER**

stand. Jeff, the little boy from the train is on the witness

The Prosecutor stands by, listening as...

**JEFF**

(singing)

Great green gobs of greasy grimy  
gopher guts... mutilated monkey  
meat... itsy-bitsy birdie feet...  
Great green gobs of greasy grimy  
gopher guts... and me without a spoon!

bags in  
his

The JURORS turn pale and reach for the air sickness  
front of them. The Courtroom erupts. The Judge pounds  
gavel LOUDLY.

**JEFF**

(pointing at Lana)

That lady paid me two bucks to sing  
it to him...!

also But NO ONE hears this in all the confusion. The Judge,  
looking ill now, bangs his gavel again.

**JUDGE SKANKY**

Recess! Ten minutes!

**EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY**

playing on  
blast!  
Ned  
misses!

The Judge, Jury, Attorneys and Spectators are all  
the swings, teeter-totters, monkey bars... having a  
Ned and the Prosecutor play "dodge-ball." Laura cheers  
on. The Prosecutor rockets the ball at Ned... and just

**PROSECUTOR**

Gotcha, dork face! Gotcha, gotcha!

**LAURA**

No you didn't!

**NED**

No way! Uh-uh! Missed by a mile!

loudly! The BAILIFF steps into CLOSE UP, blowing a whistle

**BAILIFF**

Recess is over! Let's go... move it,  
move it, move it!

**INT. BROADCAST BOOTH - LATER**

Marching band MUSIC fades off-screen.

**SPORTSCASTER**

There they go... the UCLA Marching  
Band! And now... Holy Toledo!... it  
looks like the victim's mother...  
Helen Shady... is gonna take the  
stand! This will be the first  
defensive play of the afternoon.

**INT. COURTROOM - SAME TIME**

Mrs. Shady is on the stand. Ned paces.

**NED**

Mrs. Shady... would you tell us about  
your son, Max. Was he a... a good  
boy?

**MRS. SHADY**

He was the best. And that's not just  
a mother talking. You can ask anybody.

**NED**

But he got into trouble once in  
awhile... like all kids do?

**MRS. SHADY**

Well, you know, pranks. Little jokes  
and things. But he was so cute. I  
have pictures!

photo      She reaches down into her huge purse, pulling out a  
album. She opens it, showing Ned.

**MRS. SHADY**

Here. This is when he set the cat on  
fire...

(then, assuring him)

Oh... but the cat deserved it.

**NED**

(looks, points)

And what, uh... what are these...?

**MRS. SHADY**

Marshmallows. He just loved to toast marshmallows over a roaring cat. Burned on the outside... all soft in the middle.

(turns page)

And right here... this was taken on the day he left the priesthood to join the Green Berets.

**ANGLE - THE JURY**

necks,  
They rise slowly out of their seats, craning their  
trying to see the photos.

**BACK TO SCENE**

box,  
over  
Ned is now seated next to Mrs. Shady in the witness  
looking at the photo album with her. Judge Skanky peers  
the side of the bench.

**NED**

This is cute.

**MRS. SHADY**

(laughs, delighted)

Oh yes! That was during his Ku Klux Klan phase. He would take the sheets right off my bed... cut those little holes in them. What a stitch he was!

**ANGLE - THE SPECTATORS**

of  
are now on their feet, all straining to catch a glimpse  
the photos in the album.

**BACK TO SCENE**

**NED**

And is this Max... with all the tools... fixing his bike?

She snatches the photo out of the album.

**MRS. SHADY**

Why that shouldn't even be in there!  
It's his rotten little half-brother.

(rips up photo)  
Stinkin' little pecker... he never  
was any good...

**ANGLE - BROADCAST BOOTH**

broadcast      The Sportscaster is pushing his face against the  
booth glass, trying to see what everyone's looking at.

**BACK TO SCENE**

**MRS. SHADY**

(points at another)  
Oh! I didn't like these neo-Nazi  
boys. They were all so fussy and  
persnickety about everything. Heil  
this and heil that.

(flips the page)  
Oh look... here's Max with his  
chainsaw. He loved to go to the  
national park and cut down those  
giant old trees. It made him feel so  
patriotic. You know, if he hadn't  
been such a successful criminal... I  
think he would have been a lumberjack.

moved      The Court Clerk, Bailiff and Court Recorder have all  
Shady's      around behind the witness stand, peering over Mrs.  
shoulder at the photos.

**MRS. SHADY**

(tearful, angry)  
But now he'll never be anything! Not  
since...

(stands up, points)  
...that woman, your wife, pulled the  
trigger and put my little Max in his  
grave!

**JUDGE SKANKY**

Mrs. Shady! Do not POINT your finger  
in my courtroom. It's discourteous,  
impolite and disrespectful.

**MRS. SHADY**

Don't you tell me what to do with my  
finger! It's been more places than  
you've ever dreamed of!

**JUDGE SKANKY**

(bangs gavel)  
Sit down!

**MRS. SHADY**

I'll point my finger wherever I want!

stand,  
Mrs. Shady goes berserk... leaping from the witness  
pointing several different fingers at Judge Skanky.  
The Bailiff attempts to restrain her, but she breaks  
free...  
everyone!

CHAOS prevails!

**INT. COURTROOM - LATER**

Max's  
The Irritable Man from the train is on the stand...  
huge cigar stuck in his ear! The hair around his ear is  
scorched.

**NED**

Did you encounter the victim... Max  
Shady... on board the train?

**IRRITABLE MAN**

Yeah. And I told him... "this is the  
NO SMOKING car! Would you please put  
out your damn cigar!"

**NED**

And is that the cigar in your ear?

his  
The Man strains to see the cigar out of the corner of  
eye. Impatient, Ned finally holds up a small pocket  
mirror.

**IRRITABLE MAN**

I believe it is.

**NED**

I'd like the cigar and the head of  
this witness entered into evidence.

the  
The Bailiff picks up the Irritable Man and dumps him on  
evidence table, where he is tagged by the Court Clerk.

**NED**

The defense calls... Lana Ravine!

**INT. COURTROOM - LATER**

Lana is on the stand. The Bailiff swears her in.

**BAILIFF**

Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth so help you God?

**LANA**

(looks to Judge)

Do I have to answer that, Harlan?

**JUDGE SKANKY**

No, no dear. I'll vouch for her.

Ned approaches.

**NED**

Now, Mrs. Ravine... may I call you Lana?

**LANA**

No. Call me Angel Tits.

**PROSECUTOR**

I object!

**JUDGE SKANKY**

Sustained. Counselor... you will address Angel Tits as Mrs. Ravine.

**NED**

(after a beat)

Mrs. Ravine... would you please tell the court... what were you doing on that train?

**LANA**

I saw Max Shady at the station... saw him get on board. I knew he'd made threats to kill you and mutilate your reproductive organs...

doubling  
Ned and EVERY MALE in the courtroom winces at this,  
over in imagined agony. Lana pauses, then continues...



**LANA**

...so I got on the train too... so I  
could warn you.

**NED**

Do you want to have children?

**LANA**

Someday. With the right man.

**NED**

But you couldn't have children if  
my...

(makes a gesture)

...were...

(another gesture)

...and, uh...

**LANA**

It would be difficult.

**NED**

So you followed him, knowing you had  
to protect me... your husband...  
your best friend... the man you  
love... the future father of your  
children.

**LANA**

Something like that.

**NED**

And when you saw that maniac standing  
in the vestibule, waiting to pulverize  
my pee-pee... you pulled the gun and  
fired and fired and FIRED!

**LANA**

And fired and fired and fired and  
fired and fired and fired and fired...

She pauses to count off on her fingers, then...

**LANA**

...and fired and fired and fired.

**NED**

The defense rests, your Honor.

**INT. COURTROOM - LATER**

throughout  
OF  
fruit

The COURTROOM ARTIST has been sketching intensely  
the trial. We finally see... he's been sketching a BOWL  
FRUIT on the Court Recorder's desk. Ned picks up some  
from the bowl and approaches the defense table.

**NED**

How can you convict a courageous  
woman who risked everything to save  
the life of her beloved husband? A  
woman who acted boldly to stop a  
demented maniac from doing THIS!...

demonstration  
and

Ned shoves the BANANA and two PLUMS into a  
blender on the defense table. He hits the puree button  
the blender WHIRRS loudly!

**NED**

(shouts over)  
...pulverizing the private parts of  
the man she loves!

expressions,

All MALES in the courtroom react with pained  
cringing and doubling-over. Ned turns the blender off.

**NED**

(directly to Jury)  
Lana Ravine is a loving wife and the  
potential mother of my potential  
child. I challenge YOU to strike a  
blow for motherhood and the American  
justice system! Put the "con" back  
in the Constitution. Put the "ju"  
back in jurisprudence. Put the "can"  
back in American. And put the "dom"  
back in freedom. Find this woman  
INNOCENT!... so we can all go to bed  
happy tonight!

**INT. PRESS ROOM - LATER**

DOZEN

A REPORTER opens the door marked PRESS ROOM. Inside, a  
REPORTERS press their pants on a dozen ironing boards.

**REPORTER**

The jury's back!

pants on! The Reporters scramble for the door, pulling their

**INT. COURTROOM - LATER**

Jurors The CAMERA FOLLOWS a folded piece of paper as the  
Bailiff... pass it along to the FOREMAN... who hands it to the  
then who hands it to the Judge. He unfolds it, reads it...  
She winks flirtatiously at the FEMALE JUROR who wrote it.  
blushes.

**JUDGE SKANKY**

(back to business)  
So... has the jury reached a verdict?

**JURY FOREMAN**

(stands up)  
Yes we have, your Honor.

**JUDGE SKANKY**

How do you find the defendant... on  
the count of manslaughter?

**JURY FOREMAN**

Not guilty.

**JUDGE SKANKY**

On the count of murder in the first  
degree?

**JURY FOREMAN**

Not guilty.

**JUDGE SKANKY**

On the Count of Monte Cristo?

**JURY FOREMAN**

Not guilty.

FLASH A BOISTEROUS CLAMOR in the court. The electronic signs

"NOT GUILTY!"... "NOT GUILTY!"... "NOT GUILTY!"

**JUDGE SKANKY**

Good. Then on the count of three,  
let's all get the hell out of here!  
One... two...

hesitates, The Jury and Spectators start to rise. The Judge  
gavel poised, shooting them a warning look.

**JUDGE SKANKY**

Wait... for... it...

Everyone FREEZES halfway out of their seats... waiting.

**JUDGE SKANKY**

Two and a half... THREE!

but He smacks his gavel. Everyone scatters for the doors,  
Judge Skanky beats them out of the room.

plucks Lana turns cool, dropping her courtroom facade. She  
reaches off her earrings, unbuttons the neck of her dress,  
in and magically pulls out her bra, tossing it away.

**LANA**

Well, counselor, looks like you won  
another case. Lucky for me.

plastic TWO LEGAL AIDES sneak up behind Ned and dump a big  
barrel of Gatorade cans over his head!

**BAILIFF (O.S.)**

(over P. A. system)  
Attention courtroom shoppers! All  
trial evidence now on sale. Forty to  
sixty percent off all exhibits!  
Everything must go!

the They turn to SEE: Spectators and Jurors browse through  
evidence clutter of junk in front of the Court Clerk on the  
grabbing table. An IRRITABLE WOMAN claims the Irritable Man,  
the cigar from his ear and throwing it down.

**IRRITABLE WOMAN**

I told you, Bernard... smoking cigars  
is bad for your hearing!

dangling She pulls him away as Lana steps up, with a cigarette

cylinder.  
smiling.

from her lips. Lana picks up her gun and spins the  
It's loaded. The battered Court Clerk limps over,

**COURT CLERK**

Mrs. Ravine! What can I do for ya?

**LANA**

How much for my gun?

Laura sees this... turns to Ned with a look of shock.

**LAURA**

I don't believe it! She just bought  
her gun back! The gun she used to  
kill a man!

Ned looks off toward Lana with admiration.

**NED**

Yeah... the same gun that saved my  
life. I'm sure it has sentimental  
value.

without  
from

As Lana wades into the crowd of REPORTERS, some still  
pants, the CAMERA MOVES TO Lola, who is watching Lana  
the back of the courtroom.

hat...

Lola pulls a small cord hanging from the side of her  
opening her veil like window drapes. She's not happy.

**INT. FRANK'S GARAGE - DAY**

car.  
out, his

Frank lays on a mechanic's "creeper", working under a  
Lana steps between his feet. He hears her and rolls  
crotch sliding to a stop against her legs. He looks up,  
covered with black grease.

**FRANK**

So... you did it. Ya beat the rap.

**LANA**

No thanks to you.

He gets to his feet, cocky.

**FRANK**

Hey... I knew he'd spring ya.

She walks toward him, her voice cold, accusing. He  
backs up.

**LANA**

You didn't lift a finger, Frank. You  
let me take all the heat.

**FRANK**

Heeeee-eeey... what could I do?

Lana pulls the gun from her purse, pointing it at him.

**LANA**

You were gonna let me rot in the  
slammer... never say a thing.

**FRANK**

Look... you're out... free. Now we're  
together. That's what counts. We can  
try again! Forget triple indemnity.  
We'll whack him and split three mil.

**LANA**

I'm not splitting anything, Frank.  
(cocks the gun)  
And you know too much.

**FRANK**

(arrogant)  
Come on, Lana. You're not gonna shoot  
me.

He brashly turns his back to her, putting some tools  
away.

She sees a huge electric powered SCREWDRIVER on the  
workbench  
next to her, smiling diabolically. She lowers the gun.

**LANA**

You're right.  
(then, seductive)  
Maybe I'll just screw you to death.

He laughs arrogantly... starts to unbutton his shirt.

**FRANK**

Now you're talkin' baby.

**EXT. THE GARAGE WINDOW - DAY**

the big  
R-R!

We see Lana's SILHOUETTE on the window as she raises power screwdriver and turns it on. WHIRR-R-R-R-R-R-R-R-

The CAMERA WHIPS AROUND and PUSHES IN TO...

**LOLA**

Then

watching the murder from her car. There is a... FLASH!  
another! And another! We are...

**INT. THE GARAGE - LATER**

scene.  
Ned  
Nachos.

A POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER takes FLASH pictures of the crime  
The CORONER, COPS, FORENSIC MEN... all do their thing.  
and Arch amble in, looking around. Arch is eating

**FORENSIC MAN**

Watch your step, guys. There's a lot  
of blood.

and  
ice, and  
helplessly!

Throughout this scene, in the b.g., the milling COPS  
INVESTIGATORS slip on all the blood, as if on slick  
fall out of frame, their arms and legs flailing

Ned.

One of the Coroner's INVESTIGATORS approaches Arch and

**INVESTIGATOR**

Looks like a suicide. We found a  
note.

tweezers.

He holds up a rolled piece of paper with a pair of  
Ned takes it, trying to unroll it.

**INVESTIGATOR**

It was stuck up his nose.

frame.

Ned hands it off to Arch, who casually unrolls it. The  
Investigator slips, arms waving, and falls out of

**ARCH**

(reading it)

"I can't take it anymore. I'm a mediocre mechanic... and a lousy lover."

**NED**

He's sure got that right.

Arch gives Ned a very strange look. Ned feels his stare.

**NED**

The "mechanic" part, I mean.

In the b.g., various COPS pair up to have their pictures taken by the Police Crime Scene Photographer... posing, grinning.

**NED**

(stares at the body)

I don't know why, Arch, but I just can't shake this crazy hunch it wasn't suicide.

**THE CAMERA MOVES**

behind Ned on his line, revealing Frank... pinned to the wall by the power screwdriver stuck in his back! It's still running... vibrating with a GRINDING HUM.

Ned reaches out and turns the screwdriver OFF.

**INT. NED'S HOUSE - DAY**

Ned enters, pausing. He hears VOICES. He goes to the living room. Lana and Lola turn to see him in the doorway. He is shocked. Lana looks shaken. But Lola is cool... in control.

**LANA**

Oh... uh, Ned... This is Lola, um...

**NED**

(nervous, defensive)

Um? She told you her name was Um?  
And what other lies did she tell



you? I've never seen this woman in my life! Never followed her home! Never had sex with her in the refrigerator! It's all a sick fantasy... and I deny everything!

He turns to Lola.

**NED**

When will women like you learn, you can't tear apart a perfectly good marriage with your vicious lies... Miss UMMMM!

**LOLA**

Actually... it's Smith. Lola Smith. I sell vacuum cleaners, Mr. Ravine. The big powerful kind that suck up everything in sight. I was just telling your wife, if she wants to get rid of all her dirt, she has to be willing to pay the price.

She turns to Lana with a cold and contemptuous glare.

**LOLA**

Let me know what you decide, Mrs. Ravine. I'm sure we can work out a convenient "payment" plan. A pleasure meeting you... Ned.

around  
Lola exits. As soon as the door closes, Lana whirls in a fury!... SMASHING a lamp! She SHRIEKS furiously!

**LANA**

I... hate... SALESMEN!

He puts his arms around her, comforting.

**NED**

I know it's been a tough ordeal... with the trial and everything. Tell you what... let's take a trip.

**LANA**

A trip?

**NED**

Yeah. Just the two of us.

**LANA**

(darkly inspired)  
I like that. Just you and me... all  
alone. I'll start packing.

**NED**

Great. Listen... I got something to  
take care of. I'll be back in awhile.

He kisses her and exits. Lana turns to look up toward  
the landing, a vengefully insane smile clouding her face.

**INT. LOLA'S HOUSE - DUSK**

A demanding KNOCK at the door. Lola hesitates at the  
door.

**LOLA**

Who is it?

The door CRASHES OPEN! Ned is silhouetted in the  
doorway. He looks really pissed! Lola turns and runs. Ned sprints  
after her, leaping through the air... bringing her down with  
a tackle!

**NED**

I just want to talk.

**LOLA**

Why didn't you say so?

WHAM!  
Her foot shoots out, smashing him right in the face...  
She jumps up and scrambles away. Ned pursues her. She  
grabs a bottle of scotch from the counter, spins around.

**LOLA**

Would you like a drink?

She throws the bottle! He ducks and it shatters on the  
wall!

**NED**

No thanks. I'm driving.

She whirls on one foot, nailing him in the head with a  
FLYING

pick. SPIN KICK! He stumbles back, dazed. She grabs an ice

**LOLA**

Then let's get to the point!

feet Lola charges! Ned rolls onto his back, jamming both  
air! into her stomach, heaving her up over him... thru the  
cool She SLAMS into the wall!... then slowly turns... still  
the and collected. She raises a cigarette... lights it with  
ice pick "lighter."

**LOLA**

So what's your problem, tough guy?

**NED**

Stay away from my life, my wife, my  
home and my pets! I'm taking Lana on  
a vacation and when I come back, I  
don't ever want to see your face  
again!

away. He shoves her against the wall... the cigarette flying

**LOLA**

(shocked)

A VACATION! She doesn't deserve a  
VACATION! She's a brat! A bad girl!  
She always was and always will be!

He grabs her by the shoulders, shaking her.

**NED**

What are you talking about? You don't  
know anything about Lana?

**LOLA**

I know EVERYTHING!

**NED**

(shakes her hard)

How do you know her? Who is she to  
you? TELL ME!

She clams up. He slaps her.

**NED**

Who is she!

**LOLA**

She's your wife!

**NED**

(slaps her again!)

Who is she!?

**LOLA**

She's my sister!

**NED**

(slaps her again)

Liar! Who is she?

**LOLA**

She's your wife!

He raises his hand to slap her hard.

**NED**

**WHO IS SHE!**

She SLAPS him!

**LOLA**

She's my sister!

repeating her  
"Your  
preparing  
She  
slap",  
She continues to slap him... back and forth...  
answers... "She's your wife"... "She's my sister!"...  
wife!"... "My sister!"... "Wife!"... "Sister!"  
He reaches a boiling point, raising two fingers,  
to give her the Three Stooges "two-fingered eye poke."  
blocks it with her hand and shoves him away. Then, she  
executes a perfect Three Stooges "wiggly-hand head  
telling him...

**LOLA**

She's your wife... AND my sister!

clicks the  
Ned is stunned. MUSIC THUNDERS dramatically! Lana  
stereo off. The MUSIC STOPS.

**LOLA**

She was spoiled rotten! She stole everything I ever had. Everything! Including him.

**NED**

Him? Who, him?

**LOLA**

Dwayne. The boy's gym teacher. He was older. So mature... so strong. He smelled like dirty sweat socks and old basketballs. And he was all mine. For awhile.

(turning bitter)

But Lana wasn't satisfied with her own things. She had to have mine too. She took it all... my makeup, my sweaters, my shoes, my underwear...

**NED**

You wore the same clothes?

**LOLA**

We were identical twins.

**NED**

What're you talking about? You two don't look anything alike.

**LOLA**

Not anymore. One day I caught her stealing my lavender eye shadow and she smashed my face in with a shovel. I had fifty-three operations. When the doctors were finished with me... I looked like THIS! I'm ugly. UGLY!

**NED**

You're beautiful.

**LOLA**

Don't lie to me.

**NED**

They did a terrific job!

**LOLA**

I look in the mirror. I can SEE!

**NED**

But... you're gorgeous!

**LOLA**

Tell that to Dwayne. When he saw my face, he left me for HER... because she looked more like me than I did! First she stole my looks... then she stole the only man who ever loved me!

She comes toward him... feeling in control once more.

**LOLA**

But I found a way to get even. The best revenge possible. Destroy her marriage!

**NED**

That's why you did all this? Seduced me... harrassed me... the tape... the flowers... the phone calls...

**LOLA**

You been hangin' out with Dick Tracy, haven't ya?

**NED**

It won't work. Lana loves me.

**LOLA**

It doesn't matter. I'm blackmailing her for everything she's worth. She murdered that greasy auto mechanic. I saw her do it.

**NED**

(stunned)  
Lana killed Frank Kelbo?

**LOLA**

(also stunned)  
Kelbo! His name was Kelbo?

**NED**

Yeah. Why? Did he burn you on car repairs too?

**LOLA**

Dwayne's name was Kelbo. He had a son. Frankie Kelbo.

**INT. NED'S CAR - NIGHT**

stunned.

Ned wanders to his car, climbs in, sits there...

**NED (V.O.)**

The pieces of the puzzle were falling into place and I didn't like the picture they were making. If Lana really killed Frank Kelbo, then I had misjudged her by a mile. Sure... he was a lousy mechanic. But murder?

Ned rubs his temples, shuts his eyes.

**NED (V.O.)**

It was all starting to give me a headache bigger than the national deficit.

**INT. LOLA'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

the  
lamp  
"In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida" plays on the stereo. Lola sits on floor by an end table, eyes dazed, staring blankly. A with a "clapper" switch sits on the table.

"claps"  
off...  
As the CAMERA MOVES IN SLOWLY to her, she absently the light off... then on... then off... then on... then

**INT. NED'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

through a  
stops.  
CLOSE ON female hands using a keyhole saw to cut railing on the second floor landing above the foyer. Outside... the SOUND of a car... headlights! The sawing

**EXT. NED'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

MUSIC.  
Ned pulls up. The house is dark and ominous. So is the

**INT. NED'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

and  
but  
The front door is open a crack. He cautiously pushes it the door CR-E-A-K-S open very slowly. The door STOPS,

with the

the LOUD CREAKING continues. Ned touches it lightly  
tip of his finger. The CREAKING STOPS.

**NED**

Lana?

HOLDING

Ned moves up the stairs. The CAMERA BOOMS UP with him,  
ON an ECU of the partially severed railing.

**INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT**

clawfoot  
puzzled.

Ned enters. Hot water gushes from the faucet into a  
bathtub. He turns the water off, looking around,

Opens  
leaps

Loosens his tie, rubs his head. A splitting headache.  
the medicine cabinet and... SCREECH! YEOW! CRASH! A CAT  
out!... darts away. There's a NOISE from downstairs.

**INT. THE KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER**

it.

Someone is POUNDING on the door. Ned enters and opens  
It's Laura.

**LAURA**

Ned! I'm glad you're here. I have so  
much to tell you.

**NED**

Come on in. I'll make some tea. Grab  
a chair.

**LAURA**

Thanks... I brought my own.

table.

She drags a chair in behind her, sits at the kitchen

Ned puts a kettle on the burner, turns it on. He starts  
searching through the cupboard for teabags.

**NED**

So... what have you got?

**LAURA**

A lottery ticket and a laundry  
receipt.



(lays them on table)  
I found them in the pocket of that  
suit you wore the night you were  
working under cover with a client.

her. Ned freezes, staring out the window, unable to face

**LAURA**

You remember that night, don't ya  
Ned? Then it hit me. Lottery starts  
with L-O. Laundry starts with L-A. L-  
O... L-A. Lola.

baffled Ned turns to her when he hears Lola's name... looking  
by this convoluted piece of logic.

**LAURA**

(shrugs it off)  
Don't sweat it. It's the way a woman's  
mind works.

He turns back to the cupboard, picking up a container.

**NED**

How about Ovaltine?

**LAURA**

Fine. Then I remembered you told me  
some guy named Frank had been working  
on your wife's car for two months.  
You with me so far?

**NED**

I'm way ahead of you.

He brings the Ovaltine container to the table.

**LAURA**

Well back it up. You probably took a  
wrong turn. Remember your insurance  
policy... the one we couldn't find?  
I started thinking, who else had  
access to it beside you and me? The  
answer came up... Lana. And since  
she's a woman, it's probably hidden  
right here.

them. A huge ceramic cookie jar sits on the table in front of

Cookies

Laura SMASHES it with her fist, breaking it open!  
spill out... and the insurance policy.

**NED**

So that's where she hid the Oreos.

apart.

He sits down... starts eating Oreos... twisting them

**LAURA**

Ned, Lana wasn't trying to save your  
life when she shot Max Shady. She  
and Frank were plotting to kill you  
and collect on your insurance policy.  
But she shot the wrong guy.

**NED**

That's the craziest thing I ever  
heard.

**LAURA**

(she presses on)

Don't you see... Frank was going to  
let her take the fall. So she murdered  
him and tried to make it look like  
suicide.

(beat)

That's when I realized there was a  
connection between Lola and Lana...

**NED**

Yeah... they're sisters. Twin sisters.

**LAURA**

Well, hang on to your jock strap,  
Ned. There's more.

thru

She unrolls a complex genealogical chart... walks him  
it.

**LAURA**

Not only is Frank's father Dwayne  
Kelbo, notoriously amorous gym teacher  
and Lola Cain's former lover...  
Frank's mother is Helen Shady. Max  
and Frank are half-brothers who never  
met.

Laura pauses dramatically, then announces.

**LAURA**

Your lovely wife, Lana, murdered  
both of Helen Shady's sons.

**NED**

This is so unbelievable.

**LAURA**

And you haven't even heard my story.

**INT. HOUSE - UPSTAIRS LANDING - NIGHT**

REVEALS

The keyhole saw cuts through the railing. The CAMERA  
Lana, eyes filled with Machiavellian rage.

Suddenly...

throat!

hands

clamps

away!

hand

mouth!

up

the

She enters the bathroom, lays the saw blade down.

a PAIR OF HANDS plunge into frame, grabbing her by the

We GO WITH HER as she is pushed back into the tub, the

forcing her head under water. Lana grabs a diving mask,

it over her face. One of the attacking hands rips it

Lana grabs a snorkel, sticking it in her mouth. The

pulls it from her, tossing it aside.

The hand shoves a little RUBBER DUCKIE into Lana's

Lana struggles, finally going limp. Her open eyes stare

from beneath the water. The last few bubbles rise to

surface.

**INT. KITCHEN - SAME TIME**

**LAURA**

He turned into a monster. And that's  
when I left him. I just couldn't...

The

water

The tea kettle WHISTLES! Laura pulls it off the burner.

whistling subsides... replaced by the distant SOUND of

running upstairs. Ned cocks his head, listening.

**NED**

That damn faucet keeps turning on  
all by itself. I'll go check it.

**LAURA**

Okay. I'll make the Ovaltine.

empty. A  
Suspense  
wings  
shit.

Ned exits. Laura opens the Ovaltine container. It's  
DARK SHADOW moves past the window behind Laura.  
MUSIC. Laura opens the cupboard. PIGEONS explode out,  
beating furiously! She catches her breath, looks in the  
cupboard. The cans and boxes are covered with pigeon  
shit.  
She shoves them aside, looking for the Ovaltine.

**INT. FOYER - SAME TIME**

seeps  
moves  
strains of

Ned looks up toward the light from the bathroom. Water  
over the edge of the landing and down the steps. As he  
up the steps, the SOUND of MUSIC... the familiar  
"In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida"... grows louder and LOUDER.

**INT. BATHROOM - SAME TIME**

STARTLED  
rubber  
floor.

It's filled with steam. He waves the steam away...  
to see Lana's lifeless body beneath the water, the  
duckie jammed into her mouth. The tub overflows on the  
floor.  
He turns the faucet off. The water stops... and so does  
the  
MUSIC. Puzzled, he turns the faucet on. The MUSIC  
STARTS.  
Turns it off. The MUSIC STOPS.

**INT. KITCHEN - SAME TIME**

Husband's

As Laura turns away to enter the pantry... her  
twisted face suddenly appears in the kitchen window!

**INT. BEDROOM - SAME TIME**

yanks

Ned enters. The MUSIC is coming from the closet. Ned

revealing a the door open! A flock of PIGEONS bursts out!...  
GUEST MUSICIAN playing an instrument.

**GUEST MUSICIAN**

I'm sittin' in for Dizzy. He had a  
gig tonight.

Ned shuts the door, eyes shifting. Lola must be near.

**INT. PANTRY OFF KITCHEN - SAME TIME**

She Laura searches the large walk-in pantry for tea bags.  
stops hears a LOUD CRASH of BREAKING GLASS in the kitchen...  
and listens... then casually shrugs it off.

**INT. KITCHEN - SAME TIME**

towels Laura's Husband stands in the kitchen. The back door is  
of open... the window shattered. He SEES... the kitchen  
wildly hanging sloppily on the rack! The disorganized clutter  
cans and boxes in the cupboard! WE PUSH IN to his  
insane eyes!

**INT. UPSTAIRS LANDING - SAME TIME**

his As Ned enters the upstairs landing, we hear VOICES in  
mind.

**NED**

**(ECHOING V.O.)**

Women are an open book. You can always  
tell the rotten apples from the  
peaches. I'd stake my career on it...  
stake my career on it... stake my  
career on it...

with the The repetitive ECHO gets to him. He smacks his head  
palm of his hand. The skipping stops... followed by...

**NED**

**(ECHOING V.O.)**

...If anyone ever proves me wrong,  
I'll throw away my badge.

**IN THE DARKNESS**

Ice  
separate  
A woman's HAND unrolls a leather kit... the "U-Pick an  
Pick Porta-Pik-Pak!"... with seven ice picks in  
slots, each labeled with a day of the week.

Then...  
The hand selects "Wednesday's" ice pick, pulls it out.

**BONG... BONG... BONG... BONG...!**

**CANTED ANGLE ON - A GRANDFATHER CLOCK**

It CHIMES loudly. It's twelve midnight!

**THE HAND**

returns the ice pick to its slot, selects the one for  
Thursday.

**INT. KITCHEN - SAME TIME**

Everything  
Laura comes out of the pantry. She stops... gasps!  
in the cupboard is neatly stacked! All the towels are  
straight!

Husband!  
float  
She whirls around... coming face to face with her  
He smiles demonically, holding up the Ninja Turtle  
ring.

**LAURA'S HUSBAND**

Forget something, sweetheart?

**INT. UPSTAIRS LANDING - SAME TIME**

SCREAM!  
knocks  
he  
Ned nears the bathroom door and suddenly... A PIERCING  
Lola charges, an ice pick raised over her head! She  
him backward, into the bathroom, slashing at him. But  
deflects the attack, grabbing at her arms.

**INT. KITCHEN - SAME TIME**

ring.  
Laura backs away from her Husband. He holds her wedding

**LAURA'S HUSBAND**

You forgot to flush, darling.

**INT. UPSTAIRS LANDING - SAME TIME**

grabs  
SHAVING  
BATH  
back,  
Ned  
at her

As Ned and Lola continue their violent struggle... Lola toiletries to aid in her attack. She squirts Ned with CREAM... squeezes TOOTHPASTE in his hair... and throws POWDER in his face!

Ned is blinded. Gaining the advantage, Lola shoves him slamming his head into the wall. He's dazed, helpless. Lola raises the ice pick, moving forward to strike! But grabs a HAIR BLOWER and swings it around, pointing it like a gun! She freezes... then smiles contemptuously.

**LOLA**

What're you gonna do, Ned? Blow me away?

HIGH,  
cheeks  
the  
suspended  
floor

She LAUGHS arrogantly. Ned clicks on the hair blower to a blast of HOT AIR hitting Lola's face, puffing her out, pushing her back, hair flying wildly!

Her backside hits the railing where Lana has cut it... wood splintering!

Lola tumbles over backward, SCREAMING! She hangs in mid-air for a moment, like a cartoon character, arms flailing. Then... WHOOM!... she FALLS to the marble below, hitting with a LOUD THUD!

**INT. THE KITCHEN - SAME TIME**

the  
down.

Laura's Husband hears Lola fall, turning. Laura grabs iron skillet and CLOBBERS him with it! BONG! He goes

**LAURA**

I never forget anything... honey.

**INT. UPSTAIRS LANDING - SAME TIME**

disgust  
Ned stares at the hair blower in his hand. Filled with  
and revulsion, he throws the "weapon" down.

**INT. KITCHEN - SAME TIME**

them  
Laura pulls TWO REVOLVERS from her purse... spinning  
like John Wayne... expertly tossing one over her back,  
catching it in front! She heads for the foyer.

**INT. FOYER - A MOMENT LATER - ON LOLA'S BODY**

something.  
her  
Laura pauses, looks down at Lola's body... notices  
She pushes Lola's skirt a bit higher with the toe of  
shoe.

**LAURA**

(outraged)

Those are MY panties!

bathroom.  
She looks up... sees a light emanating from the

**ON THE LANDING**

bathroom,  
stance...  
face  
Laura moves through the shadows... stops outside the  
pressing her back against the wall, guns up and ready.  
She swivels into the doorway... taking a shooter's  
guns pointed! She sees... LANA... submerged in the tub,  
up, the rubber duckie in her mouth.

covered in  
he's  
toothpaste.  
him!  
Laura steps back and turns... right into a THING  
white! Startled, she SHRIEKS! Ned drops the white towel  
using to wipe off all of the shaving cream and  
Relieved to see it's Ned, she throws her arms around

**LAURA**



Oh Ned!

**NED**

You were right... there's a million things I don't know about women. Maybe you can teach me a few hundred.

He pulls out his police badge, looks at it.

**NED**

Hell... I had too many careers anyway.

He tosses it away, over the railing.

**INT. FOYER - ECU LOLA - SAME TIME**

in  
open!

The badge drops from above, landing on the floor right front of Lola's lifeless face. A beat. Her eyes pop

**INT. BATHROOM - ECU ON BATH WATER - SAME TIME**

Suddenly, the rubber duckie pops to the surface.

**ON THE LANDING**

still

Laura hugs Ned again, arms locked around his neck, gripping a gun in each hand.

**LAURA**

Oh Ned, I love you. I always loved you!

**INT. FOYER**

Lola sits bolt upright, bloody but still bouncy.

**INT. BATHROOM**

of

Lana suddenly SITS UP in the tub, inhaling a huge GASP air, her eyes wild!

**INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

table!

Laura's Husband's eyes POP OPEN! He SITS UP suddenly... smashing his head into the sharp corner of the kitchen table!

He topples back slowly... really dead! Finally.

**INT. THE STAIRCASE**

hand  
Lola's feet move steadily up each stair... her bloody  
grasping the ice pick.

**INT. BATHROOM FLOOR - LOW ANGLE**

around.  
Lana's feet step out of the tub, water dripping all  
She picks up the pointed saw from the floor.

**ON THE LANDING**

behind  
Ned and Laura still embrace, her forearms crisscrossed  
his neck. It's been a long embrace.

banshees!  
Suddenly, Lana and Lola both appear, SCREAMING like

blade!  
Lana charges from the bathroom, grasping the sharp saw  
pick!  
Lola races at them from the stairway... with the ice

both  
Without missing a beat, Laura raises the barrels of  
guns and FIRES at them simultaneously... right next to  
Ned's  
ears.

through  
The  
The impact of one bullet knocks Lana all the way back  
the bathroom, CRASHING spectacularly out the window!  
other bullet sends Lola flipping down the staircase!

gunshots  
gunsmoke  
Ned looks stunned, his eyes crossed... the thundering  
still ringing in his ears. Laura proudly blows the  
away from the end of each barrel.

**LAURA**

Got 'em!

**NED**

(deafened)

**WHAT?**

**LAURA**

I said... I GOT 'EM!

**NED**

**HUH?!!!**

**LAURA**

(yells)

**THEY'RE DEAD! GONE! KA-PUT!**

He strains to make out what she's saying, ears still ringing.

**NED**

(yells back)

**SURE I'LL MARRY YOU! NEXT TUESDAY  
WOULD BE PERFECT!**

A beat. Laura opens her mouth to correct him, then decides against it. She smiles... speaking softly, almost shyly.

**LAURA**

Okay. But I want to have kids.

He hears THIS... smiles at her.

**NED**

Great.

They embrace.

**EXT. NED'S HOUSE - WIDE SHOT - NEAR DAWN**

We MOVE IN SLOWLY toward the house.

**NED (V.O.)**

So... maybe I was wrong. Maybe women really are like a big jigsaw puzzle... with pieces that never seem to fit where you want 'em to.

**INT. NED'S HOUSE - THE BEDROOM - SAME TIME**

Ned and Laura are in bed, wrapped in each other's arms.

**NED (V.O.)**

All I know is, there are three things that men can't possibly ever do...

**NEW ANGLE - NED AND LAURA**

Revealing that it's NOT "voice over narration." Ned is actually rattling on aloud again.

**NED**

...understand women... give birth...  
and program a VCR. And giving birth  
is the easy one.

**LAURA**

Ned...

**NED**

Yeah, Laura?

**LAURA**

Knock off the chatter, will ya?

He smiles at her. They kiss. Romantic SAXAPHONE MUSIC  
begins to play... only this time, it's "Laura's Theme."

The CAMERA PULLS BACK SLOWLY... revealing Dizzy laying  
on the bed beside them... playing the sax.

After a beat, Laura turns to Dizzy.

**LAURA**

We won't need you anymore.

Ned casually slips him a twenty dollar bill. Dizzy  
slips off the bed and out the door. Laura turns to Ned.

**LAURA**

We can make our own music.

Her hand reaches slowly over the edge of the bed,  
toward the floor. Suddenly... she comes up with a CONCERTINA, a  
small accordian... and begins to play it!

Ned lays there listening for a few moments, a stunned  
look frozen on his face. Then... he reaches under the pillow  
and pulls out a HARMONICA and joins in.

The CAMERA BOOMS UP to a HIGH ANGLE SHOT... as they  
play MEDLEY of all the MUSIC heard in the film.

**FADE TO BLACK**

**ROLL END CREDITS**

After the final credit, WE HEAR:

**LAURA (V.O.)**

Ned, do you know... I want you to  
make love to me all night long?

**NED (V.O.)**

No. But if you hum a few bars...  
I'll fake it.

**THE END**