

FADE IN ON:

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - NIGHT

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

CLOSE SHOT - A PAIR OF SEXY HIGH HEELS

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

OPENING TITLES & CREDITS OVER.

After several steps, a discarded piece of gum sticks to one of her shoes, stretching out stickily. Two steps later, a piece of paper sticks to the gum, flopping awkwardly with each step. The MOVING CAMERA PANS UP her gorgeous legs and sensuous body. She wears a loose summer dress that floats like gossamer 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.

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

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

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. The CAMERA MOVES with her as she walks on, passing TWO MEN whose eyes are glued to her. We HOLD ON THEM. One is NED RAVINE, in his thirties, stalwart, handsome, hair trimmed neatly, but with a feel of loose ends about him... coat slung over his shoulder, sleeves rolled up, the sweat dampening his shirt. He's a cop. A plain clothes detective who's been around the block a few times and still gets lost. Next to him is ARCH, his partner. Older, if not in years, at least in mileage. Dependable, solid, with no great aspirations except to reach the end of a shift intact.

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NED (V.O.) (CONT'D)
He's eating Nachos from a cardboard
container, licking the cheese off his
fingers.

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

ANGLE - LOLA - NED'S POV

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

NED (V.O.)
There are two kinds of women in this
world... and I've known 'em both.

ANGLE - ARCH

Arch heaves an exasperated sigh and looks toward Ned. The
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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

ARCH

These are the best damn Nachos in North America. Maybe the world! He pops the last chip in his mouth, licks his fingers and turns the container over.

ARCH (CONT'D)

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

Ned shakes his head. Arch heads off to the Nacho stand. Ned steps over to the railing... gazes out at the ocean. A SAXOPHONE begins to wail a scorching, romantic melody... a recurrent tune that will come to be known as LOLA'S THEME. A beat later... Lola moves to Ned's side at the railing. He tries to ignore her presence, peering into the darkness. Lola digs in her purse for a pack of cigarettes.

LOLA

Got a light?

NED

Sure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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

LOLA

How about a match?

NED

No thanks. I have plenty. He pulls out a handful of matchbooks, shows her, then stuffs them back in his pocket. He turns and walks along the pier. She falls into step beside him, lighting her own cigarette. A saxophone player named DIZZY follows behind them, continuing to play. He's the actual source of the romantic THEME MUSIC we've been hearing.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

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 (CONT'D)
Two dogs. Hot.

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

NED
You come here often?

LOLA
Only when I'm in heat. Ned REACTS to this, squeezing the container. A stream of mustard squirts out, hitting the front of Lola's dress.

NED
Oh! Sorry.

Flustered, he stuffs his hot dog into his inside jacket pocket, then tries to wipe the mustard off Lola's dress, smearing it all over her, making it worse. She watches him 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 waiting in line at the Nacho stand. Arch motions at the long 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! Milo bolts, slamming into Ned, knocking him back through the door of a stall, into the lap of the MAN inside.

EXT. MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

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

ANGLE - ALONG THE PIER

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

INT. BUMPER CAR PAVILION - NIGHT

...and drags a FLUSTERED MAN out of a bumper car, jumps in, and speeds away! A beat later, Ned runs up, followed by Arch. Ned flashes his badge at a FRECKLE-FACED KID in one of the bumper cars.

NED

Police emergency! I need your car! He pulls the kid out, jumps in, slaps a portable FLASHING RED LIGHT on the dashboard... then speeds off after Milo, a SIREN WAILING! He zig-zags through the crush of other bumper cars in the pavilion. Ned's bumper car catches up with Milo, pulling alongside. Milo turns the wheel, RAMMING Ned! Ned RAMS him back, both bumper cars swerving violently... spraying SPARKS! Ned SLAMS Milo's car again! Milo loses control, spins out and SMASHES into the pavillion railing! Ned swerves to avoid a collision, but RAMS into two other bumper cars, wrenching to a grinding halt. A BEAT. The AIRBAG inflates in his bumper car.

(MORE)

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NED (CONT'D)

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

DEAD END ALLEY.

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

OMIT

Sequence omitted from original script.

IN THE ALLEY

Milo runs into a tall chain link fence at the end of the alley and scrambles up the wire mesh. Suddenly, Ned's hand shoots out, grabs Milo's ankle, yanking him down hard. Milo jumps to his feet, swinging at Ned, who catches Milo's fist with his hand, stopping it cold... neatly snapping a handcuff on his wrist. He shoves Milo's arm against the fence and snaps the other cuff to the chainlink. A SWITCHBLADE flashes out of Milo's other hand with a sharp CLICK! Milo slashes the blade at Ned, just missing his face. On the backswing, Ned parries with his own switchblade and flips Milo's knife away. Milo pulls a .45 Calibre REVOLVER with his free hand! Ned shoves his finger into the end of the barrel. Milo looks 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.

(CONTINUED)

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

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

NED (CONT'D)

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

REVEAL ARCH

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

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

Large. Expensive. Impressive. The name on the mailbox reads
"Ned and Lana Ravine." We begin to HEAR the O.S. SOUND of
passionate lovemaking!

OMIT

Sequence omitted from original script.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOUSE - DAWN

The CAMERA MOVES up the stairs, into the bedroom. Still O.S.,
we hear more heavy breathing... urgent whispers... lust...
passion... squeaky bedsprings! A trail of clothes is
scattered before us on the way to the bed...

(CONTINUED)

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shoes, a dress, slip, bra, nylons, panties... greasy coveralls with a "Frank Kelbo - Mobile Mechanic" namepatch, dirty work boots, a wrench and a gigantic grease gun... The bed shakes violently. A female VOICE calls the shots as 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! VRRROOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMM! A beat.

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

LANA (CONT'D)

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?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FRANK (CONT'D)

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

LANA

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

EXT. NED'S HOUSE - MORNING

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

INT. HOUSE - THE KITCHEN - MORNING

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

NED

Morning sweetheart. Ned kisses her on the back of the neck as he passes through the kitchen on his way to the dining room. She reacts with bored, contemptuous disinterest, picking up the coffee pot.

LANA

Uh huh. Want some coffee? Ned steps back into the kitchen with his briefcase.

NED

No thanks.

Ned sees Frank sitting at the kitchen table, hair messed up, coveralls hastily pulled on inside-out. Frank is reading a copy of INSURANCE DIGEST magazine. A headline on the cover touts an article: "LIFE INSURANCE FOR YOUR CAT!... Cover All 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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

NED (CONT'D)

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!

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

NED (CONT'D)

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.

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

NED (CONT'D)

You are so naive.

He picks up his briefcase, gives Frank a nasty look, then exits thru the back door. Lana and Frank stare at each other lustfully, really hot now! Frank sweeps the dishes off the table with his arm. Lana leaps into his arms, wrapping her legs around his waist.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He lays her down on the kitchen table, standing over her. Suddenly, Ned opens the back door, glaring right at Frank... not even noticing Lana on the table.

NED (CONT'D)

Finish your coffee... then GET OUT! He slams the door. A beat. Lana and Frank begin to devour each other with passionate kisses. Another beat. The front 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

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. 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 life from spinning crazily apart. She absolutely adores him.

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.

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

LAURA (CONT'D)

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.

He smiles gratefully... drops the file into his briefcase. Ned heads for the office washroom. Laura darts ahead of him into the washroom and turns the water on. Ned steps in... splashes some water on his face.

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

NED (CONT'D)

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

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

LAURA

Really?

She sits down on the toilet seat, watching him adoringly as 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?

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

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

NED

Naw. That's okay. You keep it. He gives her a manly pat on the shoulder then casually tosses the towel onto the rack, where it hangs sloppily askew... right next to her face. He exits. Laura stares at the towel with a tortured expression. The CAMERA PUSHES IN to her face as we see...

INT. ULTRA-MODERN BEACH HOUSE - DAY

Scrawled on a steamed-up bathroom mirror - FLASHBACK - CAPE COD - THREE YEARS EARLIER. A hand wipes the mirror off, revealing Laura... younger, longer hair, with a nasty black eye. LAURA'S HUSBAND appears behind her, glaring insanely.

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He looks toward the towel rack. There are three towels... with HIS - HIS - HIS embossed along the bottom edge. One towel hangs longer than the others.

LAURA'S HUSBAND

Did we forget something? She meekly lines up all the towels.

LAURA'S HUSBAND (CONT'D)

Did we forget something? She meekly lines up all the towels.

INT. BEACH HOUSE KITCHEN - DAY

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

EXT. DECK OF BEACH HOUSE - DAY

He pulls her outside, nodding toward a line of tall PINE trees behind the house. They are all straight and even... except one, whose tall branches tower conspicuously above the rest. He holds up a chainsaw, nodding toward the trees. Shaking 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. He gives her shoulder a consoling squeeze, then exits. She shakily straightens the towels and regains her composure. Ned opens a wardrobe closet in his office. He walks along, 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NED

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

ANGLE - MILO CRUMLEY

sitting next to Laura at the defense table... STILL wearing
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

Ned ignores this, turning to look directly at the CAMERA as
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 (CONT'D)

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.

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NED (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)

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

JUDGE ALLEN (CONT'D)

Bailiff. Pass these out. The Bailiff takes the bag, offers one to Ned... who takes a 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 (CONT'D)

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

JUDGE ALLEN

(interrupting)

Mr. Ravine... please approach the bench.

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

JUDGE ALLEN (CONT'D)

You're not running for congress here, so knock off the speeches and quit inciting these brainless morons!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JUDGE ALLEN (CONT'D)

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. There is a surprised GASP from the crowd... and a loud MURMUR. The BAILIFF holds out a video box. It's titled HOLY BIBLE - 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 (CONT'D)

Detective Ravine, at the time of the arrest, did you read the defendant his Miranda rights? He slips back into the witness box.

NED (CONT'D)

Of course. That's standard procedure. Ned steps over to Arch, who is sitting in the first row of the gallery. Arch hands him the Miranda "cue cards."

NED (CONT'D)

Are these the cards Officer Brooks used to prompt you while reading Mr. Crumley his rights? He lays them on the corner of the stand... then slips into the chair. He picks the cards up and flips thru them. On the back we can see scribbled... "NED'S IDIOT CARDS"

NED (CONT'D)

Yeah. These are them. Ned jumps to his feet, pacing dramatically, grabbing the cards.

NED (CONT'D)

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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

NED (CONT'D)
(back in the chair)
That's right.

NED (CONT'D)
(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. Ned pivots into the
witness stand, changing his attitude from
aggressive attorney to defensive, angry
witness as he hits the chair.

NED (CONT'D)
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...!!! The
courtroom ERUPTS! The Judge bangs the
gavel. Ned strides proudly toward the
defense table.

NED (CONT'D)
I have no more use for this witness.

JUDGE ALLEN
Mr. Ravine...

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

JUDGE ALLEN (CONT'D)
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!
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JUDGE ALLEN (CONT'D)

The Judge mistakenly picks up the microphone and whacks it on the bench like a gavel. BAM! BAM! BAM! It is DEAFENING! 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

Ned turns the key... enters through the private door. He 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

A gorgeous pair of legs, sleek nylons, high-heeled shoes. There are several CANDY WRAPPERS, CIGARETTE BUTTS and other pieces of TRASH stuck to the bottom of one shoe.

NED

pushes the door open. It's Lola. She wears a tight white dress, long white gloves and broad-brimmed hat. The hat tips 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. Ned looks at the door. The frame and lock have been brutally chewed away, as if someone used a jackhammer on them! She pulls out a pack of cigarettes... BLACK LUNG LITES.

LOLA

(offering)
Cigarette?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NED

No... thanks. They're bad for ya. He goes to the water cooler. She lights up, exhaling a soft cloud of smoke through a sleepy smile, her voice purring.

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.

Ned turns, tries to casually "dunk" the crumpled cup in the waste basket. He misses. Laura enters with a huge pile of lawbooks in her arms. She 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.

Laura sets the heavy load of books on the desk and steps toward Lola, extending her hand. Lola takes her time removing the long white glove... finally reaching out and shaking Laura's hand with a condescending air.

LOLA

(sarcastic)

So lovely to meet you, Laura. Ned grabs the books and turns to the bookshelf, replacing each lawbook in its proper slot.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LOLA (CONT'D)

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

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... Laura suddenly whirls Lola around, putting her in an arm lock. But Lola elbows Laura in the stomach! Laura doubles over. Lola feigns sympathy, taking her hand... then spins, twisting Laura's arm, flipping her head over heels! Laura lands on the couch... upside down... gasping. Lola strikes a haughty pose, still holding her lit cigarette. She takes a drag. Laura checks her watch, then tumbles off the 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. Lola looks at Laura... icy, haughty, triumphant. Laura moves reluctantly toward the door, sees the lock and door frame chewed to pieces... whirls around, heads back toward Ned.

LAURA

I should call someone to fix this...

NED

Tomorrow...

She instantly spins around, heads back toward the door...

LAURA

I'll call from home. ...and exits. Ned sits down on the corner of the desk. Lola sits in the chair across from him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LOLA

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

She crosses her legs suggestively... then slowly, enticingly, re-crosses them in the other direction. Unimpressed, Ned opens Laura's desk drawer... pulls a pair of sexy lace panties from a Kleenex-style dispenser box labeled "PANDORA'S POP-UP PANTIES"... which pulls another pair up into position. He tosses the panties to Lola.

NED

Try these on.

She does... very, very slowly and seductively... as they 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?

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

LOLA

I'll let you know where.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

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.

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

CLOSE ON LOLA

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

LOLA

Take care of this for me, will ya? With a
sultry smile, she turns and leaves,
closing the door.

ANGLE ON NED

The cigarette is stuck in his nose.

INT. NED'S HOUSE - NIGHT

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

FRANK

I came back for my shower cap. Lana, now
wearing the diaphanous gown, pulls him
inside. She kisses him hungrily, slipping
a frilly plastic shower cap with a gaudy
floral design on his head.

LANA

Yeah, well you came to the right place.

She walks to the living room. Frank follows, still wearing
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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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. She gets up, walks to the adjoining room... snapping her fingers at her side. He follows. She steps to a table, pulls the cover off an elaborate scale- model of Dealey Plaza and a train station, complete with HO- 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...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LANA (CONT'D)
through Dealey Plaza, past the Book
Suppository and around the grassy
knoll...

FRANK
Isn't that out of our way? Ignoring this,
she turns the LIGHTS OFF, walks over to a
screen and picks up a remote control. She
clicks the button. A SLIDE PROJECTOR
comes on, throwing an IMAGE on Frank's
back. We can read the words: THE PLAN.

LANA
Move, Frank.

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

LANA
And pay attention.

As she talks, IMAGES appear on the screen, accompanying her
rapid spiel. We see: a shot of the depot, a map of the rail
route, a gun, a river, a Bingo game, baseball action and a
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. They embrace, kissing
passionately, dropping out of frame. The
model train CHUGS faster, the train
whistle SHRIEKING a long "Wooooooooo-
oooooooooooo!"... racing into a model
tunnel.

INT. POLICE STATION - SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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! Arch grabs Ned by the shoulder, pulling him back, calming 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. He steps between them, putting his arm around Ned's shoulder.

GANG MEMBER #1

Try to understand how she feels. After all... He steps back, begins to SING "Try A Little Tenderness"...

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 tender-ness... The other Gang Members join in on the SECOND VERSE with a sweet, mellow street-corner harmony as back-up... and some smooth group choreography. The COPS on duty listen raptly, getting maudlin and dewey-eyed. Tears roll down the cheeks of the BOOKING SERGEANT. The lights dim. A big, gruff COP makes eyes at a HOOKER being booked... and they start to slow dance. Arch watches all this with a sentimental smile, munching on his Nachos.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

When the song ends, Arch puts a comforting hand, 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. Ned nods, smiles and gratefully "high-fives" the Gang Members 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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! The alarm clock goes off, CLANGING LOUDLY! Lana dives for it, slamming her hand down, killing the alarm. Going for a double-play, she flings the clock at the TV, nailing the on/off switch! Silence. Ned is still out cold. Frank moves toward the door... but with each step the floor CREAKS LOUDLY! He turns the knob. It CLUNKS! He pulls the door open v-e-r-y s-l-o-w-l-y and it CRE-E-E-E-A-K-S like the piercing metal brakes of a train! He blows Lana a kiss, then pulls the door closed very gently. It sticks. He pulls harder. The knob pops off in his hand and he falls backward, tumbling down the stairs with a HUGE RACKET! Ned doesn't stir. Finally it's SILENT. Lana exhales. A SMALL BIRD lands on the sill of the open window, trilling a sweet little "CHIRP." Ned sits bolt upright, irritated.

NED

Damn birds!

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

EXT. NED'S HOUSE - MORNING

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

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Ned comes down the courthouse steps. He pauses in the street, glimpsing the back of a WOMAN passing nearby... a STUNNING BLOND decked out in a clinging dress and fashionable hat... a long strip of toilet paper trailing from her high heel 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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

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

NED

Hello, Mrs. Shady.

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

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

MRS. SHADY

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

MRS. SHADY

...and decimate your wardrobe. She grabs the tail of his suit jacket and rips it up the back!

MRS. SHADY

And I wouldn't want that to happen.

(spanks his butt)

He's a naughty naughty boy. I just thought I should warn you. She turns and shuffles out, passing through the outer office.

MRS. SHADY

(to Laura)

Bye for now.

(pauses by desk)

Oh... may I have a cookie?

LAURA

(at file cabinet)

Sure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She grabs a handful of cookies and casually flings them at 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... She goes to her desk in the outer office, digs through a drawer. Suddenly, she GASPS! She is holding...

A FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH

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

MATCH DISSOLVE TO: FLASHBACK

HER HUSBAND'S FACE

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

INT. CABIN OF SAILBOAT - NIGHT

Laura's Husband turns from the porthole. Laura cowers. The boat pitches and heaves, disturbing all the neatly hung towels, emblazoned with MINE - MINE - MINE across the bottom edge. Laura's Husband reacts with a crazed look in his eyes. Laura makes a break for it, running up on deck.

EXT. SAILBOAT IN STORM - NIGHT

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

LAURA'S HUSBAND

Lau-raaaaa!

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

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

MONTAGE - ULTRA CONTEMPO BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

-- Laura rushes in, tracking water all through the house. -- Laura cuts an inch of hair from her amazingly long, very wet tresses, then puts on a WIG... that is also LONG and

WET!

-- Laura retrieves a bra and a package of Twinkies from a secret hiding place... and stuffs them into a small brown 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. She goes to her desk, still upset. She picks up the message spike and turns to Ned.

LAURA

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

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

ANGLE - CLOSE ON BUSINESS CARD

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

INT. LE HOT CLUB - NIGHT

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

NED

Oh yeah, before I forget... you asked me to take care of this. He reaches into his jacket pocket, pulls out a LIT CIGARETTE. It has a very long ash.

LOLA

Thanks...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She takes it... inhales a drag, then lets the smoke flow out through her smile. It flows out for a loooooooooooooong time! 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.

He notices the drink in her hand is BOILING. A saxophone begins to softly wail Lola's Theme. Ned looks over to see a QUARTET, featuring Dizzy on sax. The GUITARIST spontaneously bursts into FLAME! A FIREMAN, in full gear, jumps up from the bar and puts out the blaze with a fire extinguisher. 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. Ned glances at the MALE CUSTOMERS... sitting at the bar across 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. A beat of realization, then the stool collapses with a CRASH! Ned pulls himself back up and drags another stool over.

NED

Did you bring the... papers?

LOLA

No. I thought you might come over...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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

INT. NED'S CAR - NIGHT

Ned is a mess! Blood trickles from the side of his mouth. Shirt soaked in sweat. He turns the radio ON. LOLA'S THEME starts playing. A small ceiling fan hangs from the interior roof of his car, turning slowly. The venetian blinds on his side windows are 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

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

EXT. LOLA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

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

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

It opens. Lola's legs swing out. The CAMERA PANS DOWN her long legs to her feet. The car floormat is stuck to one shoe. 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?

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

EXT. PORCH OFF BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

LOLA

My wind chimes.

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

NED

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

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

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 Encyclopedia of Deadly Sexual Positions." Lola comes back 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 slides her hands around him, grabbing his buns, pulling him 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NED

Don't forget to lock up. Ned pulls the door shut. The lock CLICKS. He pauses by his car, realizing something, heaves a sigh, goes back to the door.

He tries the knob, but the door is locked. He looks through the small window. He sees Lola standing inside... breathing heavily, bracing herself against the staircase bannister, hand to her heaving chest as if to calm a pounding heart. He pushes against the door. It won't budge. He goes to the large window, gazing inside. She slides one hand enticingly across her breast and thigh, striking a seductive pose. He points toward the door, motioning for her to unlock it. She looks away. Frustrated, Ned tries the window. It's locked. He picks up a wrought iron chair, SLAMS it into the window! The heavy chair falls apart. The glass doesn't even vibrate! He sees a riding power mower in the driveway... jumps into the seat, starts the engine... barreling toward the front of the house! THUNDER CRASHES and LIGHTNING FLASHES in the sky! He PLOWS into the side of the house, SMASHING a huge hole thru the wall!... MOWING a swath in the carpet! Lola GASPS. Ned climbs off the mower, moving toward her. She opens her arms, breathless. The MUSIC SWELLS dramatically! 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.

Impatient, she crushes her mouth against his, kissing him hard, desperately clawing at his clothes. She's relentless... devouring him with her lips and tongue. Overwhelmed, he succumbs to her passion. His car keys drop from his hand. She pushes him down toward the floor.

LOW ANGLE - AT FLOOR LEVEL

Her hands grasp his shirt, ripping it open. The buttons fly in all directions! She grabs at his leather belt, twisting it in her hands... ripping it in two! She grabs his pants by the cuffs... rips one pant leg off! Then the other!... tossing them over each shoulder! Ned and Lola tumble across the floor, arms and legs entangled... rolling themselves up in a rug in the process.

ANGLE - FIREPLACE

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

ANGLE - THE REFRIGERATOR

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

OMIT

Sequence omitted from original script.

ANGLE - THE DINING ROOM TABLE

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

SEVERAL ANGLES - IN BED

-- Ned and Lola's entangled legs, moving under the sheets. -- Ned sitting, wrists tied to the brass bed with silk scarves. - - Lola, also with her wrists tied to the bed with silk scarves. -- Then... A WIDER ANGLE... revealing that they are BOTH tied... at opposite ends of the same bed!

ANGLE - THE BASEMENT STAIRS

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

ANGLE - A WALL SOCKET

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

ANGLE - THE BEDROOM FLOOR

HEAVY BREATHING. SQUEAKY BED NOISES. The CAMERA MOVES up along the mattress. The bed moves with a jerky rhythm. The CAMERA REVEALS Lola's hand, grasping the sheet tightly. WE MOVE UP to Lola, lying face down against the pillow.

LOLA

(breathless)

...don't... stop...

FULL SHOT - THE BED

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

LOLA

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

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

EXT. THE ROOFTOP - NIGHT

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

ANGLE - THE GROUND BELOW

They roll out of the bushes onto the lawn, arms and legs 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

The cell wall is a clutter of PHOTOS: Hitler... Mussolini... Charles Manson... and his mother, Mrs. Shady. A man's muscular naked torso rises into frame, his back to 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. On one shoulder, a gravestone with the epitaph "I told you I was sick!" In the center of his back... we see a big tattoo of Ned's face labeled "DEAD MEAT." A GUARD opens the cell door.

GUARD

It's time, Max.

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

MATCH CUT TO:

BLACK FRAME

EXT. FEDERAL PRISON - MORNING

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

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

MAX SHADY

Ma!

INT. LOLA'S HOUSE - MORNING

A ceiling fan rotates slowly... a pair of shorts and a nylon stocking hanging from the blades. The house is a wreck! The CAMERA MOVES DOWN to Ned and Lola, both reclining in a big claw-foot bathtub, facing each other, their arms draped lazily over the sides. Ned's eyes are closed. "In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida" plays on the stereo in the b.g. Lola's hand reaches for an ICE PICK on the floor, raising it up slowly. Then... CLICK!... ignites the cigarette lighter in the handle, touching the flame to the end of her cigarette. She chips away a big chunk of ice from the block in a silver ice bucket beside her... then sensuously rubs the ice across her breasts. Ned winces at the sight of this. Lola smiles at him, then lets the chunk of ice slide into the water... and pushes it between Ned's legs. He cringes, eyes crossed. The familiar repetition of MUSICAL notes from the stereo DRONES LOUDER... grabbing Ned's attention.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

He lifts his feet out of the water, dangles them over each side of the tub. He's still wearing one blue sock. Lola raises her feet out of the water. She's still wearing her high heel 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!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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 temporarily repaired with big pieces of masking tape. A CLERK 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

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

ARCH

Uh-uh.

The Gang Member drops the chip. Arch pops it in his mouth, continues singing. The Gang Members join in with harmony. Ned enters in the background, carrying a box with airholes in it. He steps over to his desk, looking at the singing Gang Members, then motions like a choir leader, cutting them off neatly.

NED

(doubtful)

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

NED

Get out of here.

They do. He opens the files... checks out the papers. Arch 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!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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!

He SLAMS the receiver down, shattering the phone! Everyone
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

Lana is seated on a park bench wearing a trenchcoat, hat and
sunglasses. Frank walks up, looks around nervously,
pretending 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. She takes her
sunglasses off, looks at him. He
hesitates, staring at the hat. A
dignified looking OLDER GENTLEMAN
approaches. Frank quickly slips the hat
on his head. The Older Gentleman sits on
the bench across from them. He opens a
paper sack and begins neatly laying his
lunch out next to him. An apple,
sandwich, napkin, Mountain Dew.

LANA
(whispers to Frank)
Speak Yiddish.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK

What?

LANA

Red Yiddish.

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

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

INTERCUT - MEDIUM TWO-SHOT ON FRANK AND LANA

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

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.)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

SUB-TITLE

Oy vay!

INT. NED'S LAW OFFICE - DAY

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

LAURA

Oh gee, you shouldn't have...

NED

I didn't. It's for my wife. He goes into his office, starts to change out of his tattered 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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NED

What?

LAURA

There's lipstick on your collar. She returns to her desk. Disturbed, Ned quickly pulls the 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.

She opens the blinds behind her and looks at Ned through the 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.

She picks up a stack of papers from the FAX machine. Ned 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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.

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

LAURA

(whispers)

Wait. It might be him. She opens her
purse, pulls out a big COLT .45, holding
it 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 it. There's a young DELIVERY MAN
holding a bouquet of flowers.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NED

It's... sorta like a cat. Ned pulls out a PET SKUNK and puts it in Lana's lap. She 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

Lola stands in the pouring rain outside, drenched... staring 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.

The phone RINGS. Lana stands up, unceremoniously dropping 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

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

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

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

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

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!

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

NED
I told you, what happened was a big mistake. A one night stand. It's over. I have a wife... The CROWD presses closer... not missing a thing. A WOMAN 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! Mortified, Ned spins on his heels and makes a bee-line for the safety of the Men's Room. Lola holds up two tickets.

LOLA
I got us tickets to see Iron Butterfly!

NED
I hate opera!

INT. MEN'S ROOM - DAY

Ned bursts in, goes to the urinal... not noticing BEN ARUGULA, an older gentleman in a business suit, standing at the urinal 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

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

ANGLE ON TARGET

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

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

TILT DOWN from an official government seal that reads "ARS GRATIA ARTIS." JUDGE Ben Arugula... the distinguished looking gentleman from the men's room, sits on the bench. Ned, Laura 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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

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

INT. LE MISS FASHION BOUTIQUE - DAY - MONTAGE

Laura models hats... each one becoming more outrageous. She coaxes Ned into joining her. They BOTH try on WOMEN's hats... smiling and laughing... as "Brown Eyed Girl" plays. In one of the mirrors, we SEE Max Shady's reflection... as he also tries on women's hats, watching them, puffing his cigar.

INT. LE HULA BOWL RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Laura wears a baseball cap with beer cans attached to each side with long, curved plastic straws. The cap emblem reads "BEER BIMBO." A price tag hangs from it. She is beaming. In the b.g., Hawaiian DANCERS juggle flaming torches as they 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.

Ned motions casually toward the world "out there"... sticking his thumb into the eye of a WAITER who is bending over to pick up a spoon, setting off a chaotic CHAIN REACTION of small disasters that finally culminates with someone near the dance floor bumping into the Torch Juggler, throwing his rhythm off. Distracted, he starts catching the FLAMING ENDS of the torches! OW! OH! YI! OUCH! YIPES! He drops them all. The Waiter who bumped into him, politely picks up one of the flaming torches and hands it back to the Torch Juggler. He grabs the flaming end of the torch... and 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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

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

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

BACK TO NED AND LAURA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

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

REVERSE ANGLE - ON ENTIRE ROOM

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

CLOSER ON NED AND LAURA

The table starts to rise slowly on Ned's side, glasses sliding toward Laura. She reaches out to stop them... noticing Ned's 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... She gulps, eyes wide. The DRUMS pound faster as the Dancers 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. Breathless, she breaks a sweat, gasping for air.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAURA (CONT'D)

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

LOLA

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

She lights her cigarette with the ice pick lighter, then flips it like a jackknife. It STICKS into Ned's chair, right between his legs. Lola flashes a coldly arrogant smile at Laura... then exits.

EXT. NED'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - MORNING

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

CLOSE ANGLE - MAX SHADY'S FEET - MORNING

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

INT. NED'S HOUSE - MORNING

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

LANA

Hurry up, darling. You'll be late! Frank slips in, wearing his greasy overalls. He wipes his 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. She steps over to the blinds and demonstrates. He knocks.

LANA

Not now!

FRANK

Oh, later... right... okay. She nods, patronizing. Frank exits. Lana picks up the Skunk, cuddling him. Ned comes down wearing his trademark gray suit. 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. As soon as Ned closes the door, Lana's smile vanishes and she casually tosses the Skunk aside with a LOUD CRASH O.C.

EXT. NED'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - MORNING

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

INT. THE HOUSE - MORNING

Ned comes in, visibly upset. Lana acts surprised.

LANA

What's wrong?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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! There's a KNOCK at the door. Lana tugs on the cord and the blinds drop with a CRASH. The KNOCKING stops. She pretends 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!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

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...

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

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.

They all freeze. Lana glares at Frank, who is completely
unaware of his faux pas... while Ned tries to figure out why
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!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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, elegantly attired SOCIALITE. Everyone ignores the Old Woman. 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.

She kisses his cheek. He reluctantly boards the train. Her smile vanishes. She hurries back to the next car, nods at Frank, boards the train. Frank peels off his coveralls, follows her on.

ANGLE - COACH PLATFORM

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

MAN READING NEWSPAPER - TIGHT SHOT

The headline says: SHADY VOWS BLENDER VENGEANCE ON RAVINE! Under the headline is a picture of Max Shady... muddy, bloody, greasy, clothes ripped, cigar shredded... looking off. The paper lowers, revealing Max... a battered mess, looking off. He picks up a small violin case and quickly moves toward the train as it starts to pull out. We now SEE that the seat of Max's pants has been ripped out, his naked buttocks scratched and scraped raw by the road.

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

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

INT. SECOND COACH CAR - DAY

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

ANGLE ON FRANK AND LANA

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

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

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

MAX

You talkin' to me? You talkin' to ME?
You... talkin'... to... ME? He reaches into the violin case, pulls out a complex assortment of metal parts, assembling them swiftly. CLICK... SNAP... CLUNK! It's an incredibly nasty looking high-tech, automatic weapon with gigantic cartridge clip. He screws on a long silencer and points the gun at the ceiling. POOF!... a muffled gunshot! Debris fall around him. He looks up. He has blown a HOLE through the roof of the coach.

He adjusts the Silencer Volume Control, which has a scale from 1 thru 11. He turns it all the way down to "0"... DEAD SILENT. He pulls the trigger. The gun RECOILS, but there is absolutely NO SOUND! He has blown another HOLE in the ceiling.

INT. SECOND COACH CAR - DAY

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

INT. LAVATORY - DAY

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

INT. SECOND COACH CAR - DAY

Max steps out of the lavatory and sees the CONDUCTOR coming his way collecting tickets. He quickly spins around, slides the door open and steps into the vestibule between cars. The Conductor can't get past the Old Woman, so he climbs over the top of her trunk, with no thought of helping her.

INT. VESTIBULE - DAY

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

CONDUCTOR

Ticket?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

CONDUCTOR

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

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

CONDUCTOR

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

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

INT. SECOND COACH CAR - DAY

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

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LANA (CONT'D)

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. Frank gets up, moves down the aisle slowly, eyes on Ned. He can't squeeze past the Old Woman, who is still struggling to pull her huge trunk down aisle. So... he climbs right over the top of it... oblivious to her. Frank stares at Ned warily as he gets closer. Suddenly, Jeff squirts a stream of water in Ned's eyes. Frank sees his chance, rushing past Ned toward the vestibule.

INT. VESTIBULE - DAY

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

INT. SECOND COACH CAR - DAY

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

NED

This... is not a toy!

JEFF

Yes it is.

A beat. Ned realizes he's right. Acting tough, he pulls the plug and drains the water out of the gun, then tosses it back to Jeff. Without missing a beat, Jeff drops the empty water magazine from the grip and jams a full one in... just like loading a cartridge clip. He smirks, ready for action. In the aisle next to them, the Old Woman now pulls her trunk back toward the vestibule. Jeff points the squirt gun at her. Suddenly, she whips around and SQUIRTS HIM in the face with her own squirt gun! He sputters!

INT. VESTIBULE - DAY

Max stares out the window, still seething. Behind him, the Old Woman moves into the vestibule, inch by inch, trying to 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. He pushes the trunk into the first coach car, then very politely holds the door open for her. She smiles sweetly at him as she shuffles through.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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...

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

JEFF

Oh boy! Here comes the tunnel! Ned can't take it anymore. He gets up, pale and sweating.

EXT. TRACKS AHEAD - MOVING SHOT - DAY

...racing toward the tunnel!

INT. SECOND COACH CAR - DAY

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

LANA

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

INT. FIRST COACH CAR - DAY

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

INT. SECOND COACH CAR - DAY

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

INT. LAVATORY - THE MIRROR - DAY

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

INT. SECOND COACH CAR - DAY

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

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

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

INT. SECOND COACH CAR - DAY

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

INT. LAVATORY - DAY

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

INT. SECOND COACH CAR - DAY

Lana leans forward, looking through the vestibule windows, 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

Lana sees Frank's frantic signal. She raises the gun, pulls 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

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

INT. SECOND COACH CAR - DAY

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

INT. VESTIBULE - DAY

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

MAX

You shootin' at me? Shocked to see it's Max, Lana empties the rest of the bullets 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

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

INT. FIRST COACH CAR - DAY

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

INT. VESTIBULE - DAY

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

INT. FIRST COACH CAR - DAY

Frank jumps up, rushing forward. He skids to a stop... seeing 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPINNING NEWSPAPER
whirls at us, snapping to a stop in
someone's hands... upside down. The hands
turn it rightside up. The headline reads:

"COP ARRESTS WIFE FOR MURDER!... WILL DEFEND HER IN COURT!"

REVERSE ANGLE
The paper lowers, revealing Lola Cain
with a gratified smile.

EXT. CITY JAIL - DAY

Ned and Laura move up the steps, surrounded by REPORTERS and
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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

It's huge, dark and shadowy. More than a dozen heavily armed
POLICE OFFICERS stand guard all around the perimeter. In the
center is a cell constructed of iron bars, like an animal
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

On the back is a picture of HANNIBAL THE LECTURER... wearing a baseball catcher's mask with barbed wire over the mouth.

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

There's a BIG MOTH on her mouth. The CAMERA PULLS BACK SLOWLY. A beat... she spits the moth off, irritated.

LANA

PPFFTT! Damn moths! This place could use a good exterminator. Three POLICE INVESTIGATORS sit opposite Lana at a long table. 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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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. Laura sits
at the far end of the table and opens her
notebook. Lana pulls out her mirrored
compact, starts to apply lipstick.

INVESTIGATOR 2

Sorry Mrs. Ravine... there's no makeup
allowed in this building. He nods toward
a warning sign: a circle around a
LIPSTICK with a diagonal line thru it.
She responds, cool, confident.

LANA

What're you gonna do... arrest me for
primping?

In the b.g., members of the SWAT Team desperately swat at the
fluttering moths. Ned spins his chair around, plants one foot
on it, leans on 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...

Ned raises his hand, sits down, leans close, changing his
tone.

NED

(confidential)

As your attorney, I must advise you...
you don't have to answer that question.

Ned stands, paces, agitated... plants his foot on the chair
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...

Ned jumps in, motioning with his hands for this to stop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

The CAMERA MOVES IN to a wire mesh cage at the very back of the yard. A small sign on it says: NED JUNIOR. The door is open. The cage is... empty!

EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK - DAY

Lola rides the roller coaster with Lana's pet Skunk. She LAUGHS maniacally as they plunge down a steep grade! The Skunk stands stiffly on her lap, his paws planted on the guard rail, eyes bulging out!... his fur standing straight up!

INT. NED'S HOUSE - DAY

Ned hesitates at the front door. It's open a crack. He moves inside cautiously. There is a strange BUBBLING SOUND coming from the kitchen. He moves toward it... apprehensive. He enters the kitchen and SEES... a huge bubbling pot on the stove, foam spilling over from under the lid! His mind reels! He charges out the back door.

EXT. BACK OF HOUSE - DAY

Ned bursts out the back door... CAMERA TRACKING with his feet as he dashes across the huge back yard... MUSIC POUNDING! He SEES the EMPTY animal cage! The door is open. A fuzzy blanket hangs halfway out. Shocked, Ned spins around... running back toward the house... CAMERA TRACKING HIS FEET, struggling to keep up. The CAMERA SLAMS into a tree!... CRACKING the LENS!

INT. NED'S HOUSE - THE KITCHEN - DAY

Ned bursts in... SEES the bubbling pot!... a huge butcher knife on the counter!... and LOLA, arms outstretched to greet him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NED
NO!

LOLA
Yes.

NED
NOOOOOO!

LOLA
Yes!

NED
NOOOOOOOOoooooooo!!!

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOLA

I told you.

Ned SLAMS the door again.

EXT. COURTHOUSE STEPS - DAY

It's a media circus! Vendors sell "TRIAL BALLOON" balloons. PRESS PHOTOGRAPHERS cluster around a squad of CHEERLEADERS wearing sweaters emblazoned with "FREE LANA OR BUST!" across 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.

Ned and Laura push their way through the crush of REPORTERS.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Spectators pour through several turnstiles, shoving in their tokens. TV cameras have been set up to broadcast the trial. A UNIFORMED THEATER USHER escorts JURY MEMBERS in, checks their tickets, hands them programs and directs them to their seats. Ned and Laura sit at the defense table, next to Lana... who is oblivious to everything, deeply engrossed in a pocket video game. Ned looks toward the gallery and does a disturbed take. It's Lola!... sitting in the back row wearing a tailored suit, large brimmed hat with dark veil... and a SKUNK SKIN 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!

Flashing "APPLAUSE" signs and flashing "ALL RISE" audience 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- doody 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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

Ned sails the paper plane toward the COURT CLERK, who is at
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...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NED (CONT'D)
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. On the RE-PLAY
SCREEN we see the action repeated in SLOW
MOTION as the Sportscaster draws lines,
circles, x's and 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

At the defense table, Laura glances over at Lana, who is
casually browsing through a copy of GALS & GUNS magazine.
Laura reacts, then, trying to be as diplomatic as possible...

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

Jeff, the little boy from the train is on the witness stand.
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...
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEFF (CONT'D)
and me without a spoon! The JURORS turn pale and reach for the air sickness bags in front of them. The Courtroom erupts. The Judge pounds his gavel LOUDLY.

JEFF
(pointing at Lana)
That lady paid me two bucks to sing it to him...!

But NO ONE hears this in all the confusion. The Judge, also looking ill now, bangs his gavel again.

JUDGE SKANKY
Recess! Ten minutes!

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

The Judge, Jury, Attorneys and Spectators are all playing on the swings, teeter-totters, monkey bars... having a blast! Ned and the Prosecutor play "dodge-ball." Laura cheers Ned on. The Prosecutor rockets the ball at Ned... and just misses!

PROSECUTOR
Gotcha, dork face! Gotcha, gotcha!

LAURA
No you didn't!

NED
No way! Uh-uh! Missed by a mile! The BAILIFF steps into CLOSE UP, blowing a whistle loudly!

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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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!

She reaches down into her huge purse, pulling out a photo 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

They rise slowly out of their seats, craning their necks, trying to see the photos.

BACK TO SCENE

Ned is now seated next to Mrs. Shady in the witness box, looking at the photo album with her. Judge Skanky peers over 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

are now on their feet, all straining to catch a glimpse of 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

The Sportscaster is pushing his face against the broadcast 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. The Court Clerk, Bailiff and Court Recorder have all moved around behind the witness stand, peering over Mrs. Shady's 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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!
Mrs. Shady goes berserk... leaping from the witness stand, pointing several different fingers at Judge Skanky. The Bailiff attempts to restrain her, but she breaks free... scurrying around the courtroom, pointing fingers at everyone!
CHAOS prevails!

INT. COURTROOM - LATER

The Irritable Man from the train is on the stand... Max's 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? The Man strains to see the cigar out of the corner of his 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 Bailiff picks up the Irritable Man and dumps him on the 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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... Ned and EVERY MALE in the courtroom winces at this, doubling 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...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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

The COURTROOM ARTIST has been sketching intensely throughout the trial. We finally see... he's been sketching a BOWL OF FRUIT on the Court Recorder's desk. Ned picks up some fruit 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!... Ned shoves the BANANA and two PLUMS into a demonstration blender on the defense table. He hits the puree button and the blender WHIRRS loudly!

NED

(shouts over)

...pulverizing the private parts of the man she loves!

All MALES in the courtroom react with pained expressions, cringing and doubling-over. Ned turns the blender off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

A REPORTER opens the door marked PRESS ROOM. Inside, a DOZEN REPORTERS press their pants on a dozen ironing boards.

REPORTER

The jury's back!

The Reporters scramble for the door, pulling their pants on!

INT. COURTROOM - LATER

The CAMERA FOLLOWS a folded piece of paper as the Jurors pass it along to the FOREMAN... who hands it to the Bailiff... who hands it to the Judge. He unfolds it, reads it... then winks flirtatiously at the FEMALE JUROR who wrote it. She 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A BOISTEROUS CLAMOR in the court. The electronic signs FLASH "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...

The Jury and Spectators start to rise. The Judge hesitates, 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! He smacks his gavel. Everyone scatters for the doors, but Judge Skanky beats them out of the room. Lana turns cool, dropping her courtroom facade. She plucks off her earrings, unbuttons the neck of her dress, reaches in and magically pulls out her bra, tossing it away.

LANA

Well, counselor, looks like you won another case. Lucky for me. TWO LEGAL AIDES sneak up behind Ned and dump a big plastic 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! They turn to SEE: Spectators and Jurors browse through the clutter of junk in front of the Court Clerk on the evidence table. An IRRITABLE WOMAN claims the Irritable Man, grabbing the cigar from his ear and throwing it down.

IRRITABLE WOMAN

I told you, Bernard... smoking cigars is bad for your hearing! She pulls him away as Lana steps up, with a cigarette dangling from her lips. Lana picks up her gun and spins the cylinder. It's loaded. The battered Court Clerk limps over, smiling.

COURT CLERK

Mrs. Ravine! What can I do for ya?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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.

As Lana wades into the crowd of REPORTERS, some still without
pants, the CAMERA MOVES TO Lola, who is watching Lana from
the back of the courtroom. Lola pulls a small cord hanging
from the side of her hat... opening her veil like window
drapes. She's not happy.

INT. FRANK'S GARAGE - DAY

Frank lays on a mechanic's "creeper", working under a car.
Lana steps between his feet. He hears her and rolls out, his
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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK (CONT'D)

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

We see Lana's SILHOUETTE on the window as she raises the big power screwdriver and turns it on. WHIRR-R-R-R-R-R-R-R-R-R! The CAMERA WHIPS AROUND and PUSHES IN TO...

LOLA

watching the murder from her car. There is a... FLASH! Then another! And another! We are...

INT. THE GARAGE - LATER

A POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER takes FLASH pictures of the crime scene. The CORONER, COPS, FORENSIC MEN... all do their thing. Ned and Arch amble in, looking around. Arch is eating Nachos.

FORENSIC MAN

Watch your step, guys. There's a lot of blood.

Throughout this scene, in the b.g., the milling COPS and INVESTIGATORS slip on all the blood, as if on slick ice, and fall out of frame, their arms and legs flailing helplessly! One of the Coroner's INVESTIGATORS approaches Arch and Ned.

INVESTIGATOR

Looks like a suicide. We found a note.

He holds up a rolled piece of paper with a pair of tweezers. Ned takes it, trying to unroll it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INVESTIGATOR

It was stuck up his nose. Ned hands it off to Arch, who casually unrolls it. The Investigator slips, arms waving, and falls out of frame.

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!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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. Lola exits. As soon as the door closes, Lana whirls around 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!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NED

I just want to talk.

LOLA

Why didn't you say so? Her foot shoots out, smashing him right in the face... WHAM! 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 SPIN KICK! He stumbles back, dazed. She grabs an ice pick.

LOLA

Then let's get to the point! Lola charges! Ned rolls onto his back, jamming both feet into her stomach, heaving her up over him... thru the air! She SLAMS into the wall!... then slowly turns... still cool and collected. She raises a cigarette... lights it with the 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!

He shoves her against the wall... the cigarette flying away.

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!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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!

She continues to slap him... back and forth... repeating her answers... "She's your wife"... "She's my sister!"... "Your wife!"... "My sister!"... "Wife!"... "Sister!" He reaches a boiling point, raising two fingers, preparing to give her the Three Stooges "two-fingered eye poke." She blocks it with her hand and shoves him away. Then, she executes a perfect Three Stooges "wiggly-hand head slap", telling him...

LOLA
She's your wife... AND my sister! Ned is stunned. MUSIC THUNDERS dramatically!
Lana clicks the stereo off. The MUSIC STOPS.

LOLA
She was spoiled rotten! She stole everything I ever had. Everything! Including him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

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

Ned wanders to his car, climbs in, sits there... stunned.

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

"In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida" plays on the stereo. Lola sits on the floor by an end table, eyes dazed, staring blankly. A lamp with a "clapper" switch sits on the table. As the CAMERA MOVES IN SLOWLY to her, she absently "claps" the light off... then on... then off... then on... then off...

INT. NED'S HOUSE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON female hands using a keyhole saw to cut through a railing on the second floor landing above the foyer. Outside... the SOUND of a car... headlights! The sawing stops.

EXT. NED'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ned pulls up. The house is dark and ominous. So is the MUSIC.

INT. NED'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The front door is open a crack. He cautiously pushes it and the door CR-E-A-K-S open very slowly. The door STOPS, but the LOUD CREAKING continues. Ned touches it lightly with the tip of his finger. The CREAKING STOPS.

NED

Lana?

Ned moves up the stairs. The CAMERA BOOMS UP with him, HOLDING ON an ECU of the partially severed railing.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Ned enters. Hot water gushes from the faucet into a clawfoot bathtub. He turns the water off, looking around, puzzled. Loosens his tie, rubs his head. A splitting headache. Opens the medicine cabinet and... SCREECH! YEOW! CRASH! A CAT leaps out!... darts away. There's a NOISE from downstairs.

INT. THE KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Someone is POUNDING on the door. Ned enters and opens it. 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. She drags a chair in behind her, sits at the kitchen table.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAURA (CONT'D)

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. Ned freezes, staring out the window, unable to face her.

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.

Ned turns to her when he hears Lola's name... looking baffled 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.

A huge ceramic cookie jar sits on the table in front of them. Laura SMASHES it with her fist, breaking it open! Cookies spill out... and the insurance policy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NED

So that's where she hid the Oreos. He sits down... starts eating Oreos... twisting them apart.

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.

She unrolls a complex genealogical chart... walks him thru 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

The keyhole saw cuts through the railing. The CAMERA REVEALS Lana, eyes filled with Machiavellian rage.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She enters the bathroom, lays the saw blade down. Suddenly... a PAIR OF HANDS plunge into frame, grabbing her by the throat! We GO WITH HER as she is pushed back into the tub, the hands forcing her head under water. Lana grabs a diving mask, clamps it over her face. One of the attacking hands rips it away! Lana grabs a snorkel, sticking it in her mouth. The hand pulls it from her, tossing it aside. The hand shoves a little RUBBER DUCKIE into Lana's mouth! Lana struggles, finally going limp. Her open eyes stare up from beneath the water. The last few bubbles rise to the surface.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME TIME

LAURA

He turned into a monster. And that's when I left him. I just couldn't... The tea kettle WHISTLES! Laura pulls it off the burner. The whistling subsides... replaced by the distant SOUND of water 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. Ned exits. Laura opens the Ovaltine container. It's empty. A DARK SHADOW moves past the window behind Laura. Suspense MUSIC. Laura opens the cupboard. PIGEONS explode out, wings 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

Ned looks up toward the light from the bathroom. Water seeps over the edge of the landing and down the steps. As he moves up the steps, the SOUND of MUSIC... the familiar strains of "In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida"... grows louder and LOUDER.

INT. BATHROOM - SAME TIME

It's filled with steam. He waves the steam away... STARTLED to see Lana's lifeless body beneath the water, the rubber 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

As Laura turns away to enter the pantry... her Husband's twisted face suddenly appears in the kitchen window!

INT. BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Ned enters. The MUSIC is coming from the closet. Ned yanks the door open! A flock of PIGEONS bursts out!... revealing a 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

Laura searches the large walk-in pantry for tea bags. She hears a LOUD CRASH of BREAKING GLASS in the kitchen... stops and listens... then casually shrugs it off.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Laura's Husband stands in the kitchen. The back door is open... the window shattered. He SEES... the kitchen towels hanging sloppily on the rack! The disorganized clutter of cans and boxes in the cupboard! WE PUSH IN to his wildly insane eyes!

INT. UPSTAIRS LANDING - SAME TIME

As Ned enters the upstairs landing, we hear VOICES in his 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...

The repetitive ECHO gets to him. He smacks his head with the 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

A woman's HAND unrolls a leather kit... the "U-Pick an Ice Pick Porta-Pik-Pak!"... with seven ice picks in separate slots, each labeled with a day of the week. The hand selects "Wednesday's" ice pick, pulls it out. Then...

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

Laura comes out of the pantry. She stops... gasps! Everything in the cupboard is neatly stacked! All the towels are straight! She whirls around... coming face to face with her Husband! He smiles demonically, holding up the Ninja Turtle float ring.

LAURA'S HUSBAND
Forget something, sweetheart?

INT. UPSTAIRS LANDING - SAME TIME

Ned nears the bathroom door and suddenly... A PIERCING SCREAM! Lola charges, an ice pick raised over her head! She knocks him backward, into the bathroom, slashing at him. But he deflects the attack, grabbing at her arms.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Laura backs away from her Husband. He holds her wedding ring.

LAURA'S HUSBAND
You forgot to flush, darling.

INT. UPSTAIRS LANDING - SAME TIME

As Ned and Lola continue their violent struggle... Lola grabs toiletries to aid in her attack. She squirts Ned with SHAVING CREAM... squeezes TOOTHPASTE in his hair... and throws BATH POWDER in his face! Ned is blinded. Gaining the advantage, Lola shoves him back, slamming his head into the wall. He's dazed, helpless. Lola raises the ice pick, moving forward to strike! But Ned grabs a HAIR BLOWER and swings it around, pointing it at her like a gun! She freezes... then smiles contemptuously.

LOLA
What're you gonna do, Ned? Blow me away?

She LAUGHS arrogantly. Ned clicks on the hair blower to HIGH, a blast of HOT AIR hitting Lola's face, puffing her cheeks out, pushing her back, hair flying wildly! Her backside hits the railing where Lana has cut it... the wood splintering! Lola tumbles over backward, SCREAMING! She hangs suspended in mid-air for a moment, like a cartoon character, arms flailing. Then... WHOOM!... she FALLS to the marble floor below, hitting with a LOUD THUD!

INT. THE KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Laura's Husband hears Lola fall, turning. Laura grabs the iron skillet and CLOBBERS him with it! BONG! He goes down.

LAURA

I never forget anything... honey.

INT. UPSTAIRS LANDING - SAME TIME

Ned stares at the hair blower in his hand. Filled with disgust and revulsion, he throws the "weapon" down.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Laura pulls TWO REVOLVERS from her purse... spinning them 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

Laura pauses, looks down at Lola's body... notices something. She pushes Lola's skirt a bit higher with the toe of her shoe.

LAURA

(outraged)

Those are MY panties! She looks up...
sees a light emanating from the bathroom.

ON THE LANDING

Laura moves through the shadows... stops outside the bathroom, pressing her back against the wall, guns up and ready. She swivels into the doorway... taking a shooter's stance... guns pointed! She sees... LANA... submerged in the tub, face up, the rubber duckie in her mouth. Laura steps back and turns... right into a THING covered in white! Startled, she SHRIEKS! Ned drops the white towel he's using to wipe off all of the shaving cream and toothpaste. Relieved to see it's Ned, she throws her arms around him!

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

The badge drops from above, landing on the floor right in front of Lola's lifeless face. A beat. Her eyes pop open!

INT. BATHROOM - ECU ON BATH WATER - SAME TIME

Suddenly, the rubber duckie pops to the surface.

ON THE LANDING

Laura hugs Ned again, arms locked around his neck, still 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

Lana suddenly SITS UP in the tub, inhaling a huge GASP of air, her eyes wild!

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

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

Lola's feet move steadily up each stair... her bloody hand grasping the ice pick.

INT. BATHROOM FLOOR - LOW ANGLE

Lana's feet step out of the tub, water dripping all around. She picks up the pointed saw from the floor.

ON THE LANDING

Ned and Laura still embrace, her forearms crisscrossed behind his neck. It's been a long embrace. Suddenly, Lana and Lola both appear, SCREAMING like banshees! Lana charges from the bathroom, grasping the sharp saw blade! Lola races at them from the stairway... with the ice pick! Without missing a beat, Laura raises the barrels of both guns and FIRES at them simultaneously... right next to Ned's ears. The impact of one bullet knocks Lana all the way back through the bathroom, CRASHING spectacularly out the window! The other bullet sends Lola flipping down the staircase! Ned looks stunned, his eyes crossed... the thundering gunshots still ringing in his ears. Laura proudly blows the gunsmoke away from the end of each barrel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NED (V.O.)
No. But if you hum a few bars... I'll
fake it.

THE END