

GIGLI

by

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Note:

The first "G" in "Gigli" is pronounced like the "J" in "Jacques", the second "G" is silent. Rhymes with "really"

1 BLACK SCREEN

1

GIGLI (V.O.)

See... after all is said and done... the only thing that's really for sure... the only thing that you can really count on in this world... is that you just... never... fucking... know. I'll bet the last thing you were thinking of this morning when you were tying your shoelaces, was that there was a chance that by the end of the day, this day, that those same shoelaces were going to be untied by someone working for the Coroner's Office.

CUT TO:

2 GIGLI

2

Strong, solid, relaxed in his toughness. He's bent over, looking directly into the CAMERA. A slightly fish-eyed, slightly low-angle perspective. In the background, the well-worn washing machines of a small, run-down laundromat.

GIGLI

Am I right?

No reply.

GIGLI (CONT'D)

I'm right, right?

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

Suddenly, behind Gigli a CUSTOMER opens the door from the street, entering with a large bag of dirty laundry. With sudden ferocity, Gigli turns to him. *

GIGLI (CONT'D)
HEY! GET THE FUCK OUTTA HERE! *

The Customer, confused, hesitates.

GIGLI (CONT'D)
You wanna know about this? GET THE FUCK
OUTTA HERE! Take that shit to the dry
cleaners. *

He is still frozen.

GIGLI (CONT'D)
NOW!

The Customer nervously backs out onto the street and takes off. Gigli turns back to CAMERA.

GIGLI (CONT'D)
Sorry... s'been a long day. So where was
I? Oh yeah. You know the human body is
like eighty percent water or something.
Now, what do you weigh... a hundred and
sixty-five, a hundred and seventy? Figure
if you can somehow extract eighty percent
of that, there would be like... give me a
second here... there would be like...
thirty-five pounds left or something...
And it would be like solid... *

(searching)
...not meat, but like... beef jerky or
something. But with hair and bones... and
teeth. Shriveled up tattoos and what not.
(as if holding an invisible
cantaloupe)
Probably be like this big. In any event,
are you starting to follow my drift here,
Pappy? *

3 GIGLI'S POV

3

A CLOSE UP of the object of his attention -- a terrified, gagged MAN. The Man nods eagerly. *

GIGLI (O.S.)
Good... good...

4 WIDEN OUT

4

To see that Gigli has been standing in front of a clothes dryer in which his victim, bound with rope in a fetal position, awaits his fate.

GIGLI
(gently)
...Because somebody has some money that belongs to Louis.

Gigli lets it sink in.

GIGLI (CONT'D)
Is it you perchance? Is it you that has some money that belongs to Louis?

The Man shakes his head vehemently.

GIGLI (CONT'D)
(tenderly)
Is it?

Again, an adamant head shake. *

GIGLI (CONT'D)
No? You sure? Okay. *

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

Gigli reaches into his pocket, searching for change while squintingly trying to read the instructions next to the dryer's coin slot.

GIGLI (CONT'D)

I'm gonna start this thing and leave.

(referring to the Customer he
scared out of the laundromat)

Now what do you think the chances Danny
Detergent back there is gonna come back
with the cavalry in time for you to
preserve your precious, beautifying
moisture?

The Man's eyes are frozen on Gigli.

GIGLI (CONT'D)

I don't know either. See? Like I said
before -- You just never fucking know.

The Man struggles in vain against his constraints as Gigli studies the dryer instructions.

GIGLI (CONT'D)

What d'ya think? Permanent press or
delicate?

Gigli doesn't get an answer. He shrugs "probably doesn't matter anyway" as he closes the dryer door.

5 THE TERRIFIED MAN'S POV

5

Through the glass porthole, we see Gigli counting out some coins and hear the muffled sound of him murmuring to himself. At a loss, Gigli opens the door.

GIGLI

I don't suppose it would be appropriate
to ask you if you have change of a
dollar?

6 ANGLE

6

The guy manages to work his gag partially off.

MAN

I got it!!! I got it!!!

GIGLI

Relax. I just need four quarters.

*

MAN

No!!! I got Louis's money!

GIGLI

(mock surprise)

You got it?

*

MAN

Yeah!!! Some of it anyway!

GIGLI

(wearily, to himself)

... Yeah...

MUSIC in.

CUT TO:

7 EXT. LAUNDROMAT - DAY

7

MUSIC continues as Gigli exits and starts down the uniquely ugly, scumbag LA street. Confident, yet a sadness buried deeply somewhere.

*

*

*

Approaching a corner, he walks out of the adjacent building's shadow. The sunlight now beats directly onto his face, slowing him to a stop. The MUSIC begins an odd lift.

*

*

*

8 CLOSE UP

8

Gigli closes his eyes, taking in the warm glow with a long, deep inhale. His entire body seems to relax, his demeanor softening visibly.

Before a change is apparent, Gigli is no longer on the street, but rather standing alone on --

9 A BEAUTIFUL, DESERTED, VIRGIN BEACH 9

As it would exist in a distant paradise.

His eyes open. To Gigli there is nothing strange about this transition. In fact, he is quietly grateful for the solitude and perfection that now surrounds him.

After allowing the peace to overtake him, he once more closes his eyes, breathing it all in for a few moments until

10 HIS EYES OPEN AGAIN 10

Gigli is back on the street. After taking a second to shift gears, he continues on, business as usual.

CUT TO:

11 SUNSET PLAZA - DAY 11

Gigli approaches LOUIS, who is in the middle of intimidating an OLDER GUY on the sidewalk amidst the cafes and shops. Louis is fresh out of New York. Other than the current situation, the Older Guy looks like he lives a fairly dignified life.

LOUIS

What do you think I'm out here for?

The Older Guy literally begins to shiver.

OLDER GUY

Louis, I'm really scared now.

LOUIS

You're scared... I don't give a fuck. I told you not to let this get outta control, I told you.

Louis makes no effort to hide an ugly impulse to slap the Older Guy but at the last moment makes a show of not doing it.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

You come see me tomorrow morning with something, you hear me? Something of scale.

The Older Guy can't even manage to get a word out.

(CONTINUED)

LOUIS (CONT'D)

You hear me?

OLDER GUY

Yes.

LOUIS

Otherwise I'm not gonna talk to you no more. I'm gonna send Giggly here to settle with you. Then you'll be scared.

OLDER GUY

I'll be here. I'll be here tomorrow. I'm not kidding.

LOUIS

Get outta here, you roach.

The Older Guy skitters away.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

The class of people... I'm in Siberia out here. Fuck this city. I don't know how you guys cut it here.

GIGLI

It's "Gigli".

LOUIS

What?

GIGLI

My name's pronounced "Gigli". Rhymes with "really".

LOUIS

Is that right? Well I'll keep that in mind for next time, meanwhile, you got something for me, Gigli rhymes with really?

Gigli discreetly palms a small wad of cash over to Louis.

GIGLI

S'around half.

LOUIS

Half?

GIGLI

For today. I know it's all he had, it's better than nothing.

(CONTINUED)

LOUIS

How about it's not better than nothing,
you fucking idiot. Better is fuck the
money and hurt him so as to spread the
word. Since when are you authorized to
make corporate policy decisions?

Louis lets the humiliation hang for a moment.

GIGLI

Sorry.

LOUIS

You all they got to offer around here?
They told me you're supposed to be like
this vicious fucking mad dog.

*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (4)

11

LOUIS

The plot needs a twist. The individual needs to be touched in some manner as to convince him of the error of his ways before he can hurt others, particularly my friend. This certain individual has a beloved relative with certain psychological defects. I want that relative gotten and, for the time being, held onto. Perhaps then reason can prevail. You following all of this?

GIGLI

All of it.

CUT TO:

12 EXT. SUNLAND ADULT CARE CENTER - DAY

12 *

The pitch-perfect banality of a residential side street near Fairfax. Gigli approaches. He heads up the stairs to the entrance, casually acknowledging a few of the developmentally disabled RESIDENTS who sit outside, some smoking.

GIGLI

Good morning.

The Residents respond politely.

13 INT. SUNLAND ADULT CARE CENTER - DAY

13 *

Gigli enters, taking a moment to assess the terrain. A long hallway. Nobody in sight.

He starts down the hall, rounds a bend and heads into a large dayroom, continuing on until he sees what he is looking for --

A MAN in his early 20's sitting at the far end. He is eating sunflower seeds out of a small brown paper bag. Gigli approaches.

GIGLI

Hey there. You must be Brian.

No response other than the CRACK of nut shells.

GIGLI (CONT'D)

Those polly seeds?

BRIAN

They are not. You're stupid.

(CONTINUED)

Pause.

GIGLI
They look like polly seeds to me.

BRIAN
You're so stupid.

Gigli's on new ground here. He takes a moment.

GIGLI
What are they then?

BRIAN
They're sunflower seeds.

GIGLI
Sunflower seeds. That's right. When I was
a kid we called them polly seeds.

BRIAN
That's stupid.

GIGLI
Yeah, well, y'know... kids. Right?

BRIAN
You must be very stupid, you piss-head
pisser-fucker.

Gigli's really on new ground.

GIGLI
Yeah, so listen... how'd you like to go
for a little walk? We'll go outside, see
what's going on? What d'ya say?

BRIAN
I don't give anybody any of my seeds,
because Barry -- he always asks -- but I
don't give anybody any.

GIGLI
That's alright. I really didn't want any
anyway. So what d'ya say? You wanna take
a little walk?

Brian bellows out a spastic YELP.

GIGLI (CONT'D)
Hey, hey. Calm down.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN
(with vehemence toward no one
in particular)
Fuck your socks!

GIGLI
Hey, listen... let's just go for a little
walk. Just around the block or something.

BRIAN
I don't give anybody any of my seeds.
Especially Barry. Barry's an idiot.

GIGLI
I told you, don't worry about that. I
don't want any.

BRIAN
I have to go to The Baywatch.

GIGLI
I'm sorry?

BRIAN
I have to go to The Baywatch. I was gonna
go.

GIGLI
You want to watch Baywatch? You can come
by my place and watch it.

Brian yelps again.

BRIAN
You're the stupidest person. You're the
stupidest person. Not television. The
Baywatch.

GIGLI
Ohhhh. "The Baywatch".

BRIAN
The Baywatch.

GIGLI
...yeah...

BRIAN
Can I go?

GIGLI
You wanna go now?

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (3)

13

BRIAN
To The Baywatch.

GIGLI
Yeah.

Brian chews this over for a half moment.

BRIAN
Yes. I would.

Gigli can't believe it's going to be this easy.

GIGLI
Well...

BRIAN
I have to take my radio because music
will be good there.

GIGLI
Of course.

CUT TO:

14 EXT. SUNLAND ADULT CARE CENTER - DAY

14 *

With his small radio in hand, Brian and Gigli head out the front door. A nervous enthusiasm is building in Brian as he passes a seated OLDER FEMALE RESIDENT. Even though he wasn't asked --

BRIAN
I'm sorry, I can't stop now, Lily. My
friend and I have to go to The Baywatch.

LILY
(as Brian passes quickly)
You should take a sweater.

Brian rolls his eyes in an attempt to affect can't-be-bothered adolescent behavior. He heads down the street with Gigli.

GIGLI
Maybe we should take my car. It's right
around the corner.

CUT TO:

15 INT. GIGLI'S CAR - DAY

15

Gigli checks out the rear view mirror as he pulls away into traffic.

BRIAN
This car smells funny.

GIGLI
Yeah?

BRIAN
(re: his radio)
This is going to be for music when I get there.

GIGLI
That's good.

BRIAN
Yeah, this'll be good.

GIGLI
Yeah...
(feigning distraction)
Oop. D'ya hear that?

BRIAN
No.

GIGLI
Oh -- there it is again.
(listening)
Yup. It's my walkie-talkie.

Gigli reaches in front of Brian to the glove compartment. Fishing around amidst the debris, he pulls out an eyeglass case. Brian watches as Gigli puts it up to his ear.

GIGLI (CONT'D)
Yo, what's up? I told you not to bother me when I'm out going on trips with friends. Yeah. What? No, no. I'm going to The Baywatch with my friend. Yeah, The Baywatch. That's right. Yeah. What?!

He tosses a shocked look to Brian, then back ahead.

GIGLI (CONT'D)
No, you gotta be kidding me. Holy mackerel, that's something. Well, do you know when they're going to open again?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

GIGLI (CONT'D)
Yeah? Okay, thanks. I'll call you
tomorrow then and check up on the status.
Yeah. Good-bye.

Gigli puts the eyeglass case back in the glove compartment.

GIGLI (CONT'D)
Well how do you like that?

Brian looks at Gigli silently.

GIGLI (CONT'D)
The Baywatch is closed today.

Gigli reaches for his cell phone and presses a speed dial
button.

16 INTERCUT

16

Louis, in the middle of doing business on Sunset Plaza,
answers his cell phone.

LOUIS
Hello.

GIGLI
Well, hello there. "P.O.B."

LOUIS
What does that mean?

GIGLI
Limo drivers say that. "P.O.B."

LOUIS
Good. What does it mean?

GIGLI
"Passenger on board".

LOUIS
Already?

GIGLI
Already.

LOUIS
You headed back to your place?

GIGLI
I am, I am.

(CONTINUED)

LOUIS
We'll talk later.

GIGLI
We'll talk later.

Gigli hangs up. He and Brian regard each other for a moment.

GIGLI (CONT'D)
Yeah. Maybe they'll be open tomorrow.

17 INT. GIGLI'S APARTMENT - DAY

17

The sound of a key in the lock precedes the door opening revealing Gigli and a slightly off balance Brian. Gigli enters.

GIGLI
C'mon in. I won't bite.

Brian hangs back.

GIGLI (CONT'D)
Are you hungry or something?

Brian shakes his head.

GIGLI (CONT'D)
Thirsty?

BRIAN
I want soda.

GIGLI
You got it.

Gigli crossed to the refrigerator, gets a can out. He pops the pull tab.

GIGLI (CONT'D)
Soda.

He gently waves it to tempt Brian in.

GIGLI (CONT'D)
Woo hoo. Here you go.

Brian hesitantly walks in.

GIGLI (CONT'D)
Could you close that door behind you,
it's getting chilly in here.

(CONTINUED)

Not intentionally ignoring Gigli, Brian just goes for the soda.

GIGLI (CONT'D)
That's alright. I'll get it.

Gigli shuts the door. Brian drinks.

GIGLI (CONT'D)
So here we are.
(re: soda)
Good, huh?

No response. Brian just drinks.

GIGLI (CONT'D)
...yeah...

Brian finishes.

BRIAN
I wanna go home.

GIGLI
Well, I think we're gonna stay here for a while.

BRIAN
No. I don't want to stay here.

GIGLI
Well, I think we're gonna stay here.

Suddenly Brian displays a shocking level of volume and rage, not particularly directed at Gigli.

BRIAN
Fuck Elliot! You... stupid... soup-
fucker.

GIGLI
Hey, hey, what's the matter with you?
Calm down.

BRIAN
Don't your shoes you! You two-legged...
fffu...

GIGLI
HEY! Quiet down.

BRIAN
That's... you're an... hey!

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (3)

17

GIGLI

May I be of some assistance?

RICKI

(mildly flirtatious)

That remains to be seen.

A hint of an intrigued smile starts to appear on Gigli's face. She catches it and returns it.

RICKI (CONT'D)

I'm sorry to bother you but, if it wouldn't be too much trouble, could I use your phone for a second. I'm taking the one bedroom in the front and I've been waiting all day for the phone company to hook me up but... you know.

Gigli is immediately attracted to her.

RICKI (CONT'D)

It'll only take a second. It's probably a local call.

He would love to let her in, but considers the ramifications.

RICKI (CONT'D)

I'll be in and out before you know it.

(smiles)

Just leave a faint scent.

He can't fight it.

GIGLI

Ahhh... Sure. Don't worry about it. Of course.

RICKI

Thank you. I'm really sorry. It'll just take a second.

She enters, sees Brian.

RICKI (CONT'D)

Hello.

Brian just looks at her.

Gigli admires her form as she heads to the phone and starts to dial. After a moment, she punches a key. Another moment, another key. Then, an awkward moment among the three of them as she waits to get through.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (3)

17

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Ahhh... Sure. Don't worry about it. Of course.

RICKI
Thank you. I'm really sorry. It'll just take a second.

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(CONTINUED)

RICKI (CONT'D)

I hate these computer answering things.
They drive me nuts.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (5)

17

BRIAN
(inappropriately)
You're making a telephone call.

GIGLI
That's right. She's making a telephone
call.

BRIAN
Don't call The Baywatch because they're
closed today.

Ricki gracefully picks up on Brian's state.

RICKI
I wouldn't think of it.

Her look shifts to Gigli. She smiles then rolls her eyes
playfully in reaction to how long she is being kept on hold.

GIGLI
I'm sorry, but do we know each other?

RICKI
Not yet.

Gigli is getting hooked.

RICKI (CONT'D)
I'm Ricki.

GIGLI
(hates his name)
...Larry.

RICKI
Larry... Jiggly, right?
(off his look)
...It said on the mailbox.

GIGLI
It's "Gigli". Rhymes with "really".

RICKI
Well, nice to meet you, Larry Gigli.

BRIAN
Nice to meet you, Larry.

RICKI
(to Brian)
And what's your name?

(CONTINUED)

Brian doesn't answer. An awkward silence, then --

BRIAN

If you're calling The Baywatch don't even bother yourself because they're probably not in anymore.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (7)

17

RICKI

Okay. I'm actually not calling them, I'm calling someone else. But thank you.

A warm smile from her.

RICKI (CONT'D)

You sure you don't want to tell me your name?

Brian scrunches his face like a child smelling something terrible.

RICKI (CONT'D)

No? Maybe Larry will tell me.

She looks to Gigli expectantly. He realizes the truth might not be a good idea.

GIGLI

...Bob.

BRIAN

You're stupid. That's not my name.

GIGLI

That's not your name?

RICKI

(to Brian)

What is your name, darling?

GIGLI

His name is Bob.

BRIAN

His name is not Bob.

An impasse.

RICKI

(to Brian)

Well what ever your name is, did anyone ever tell you you're a very handsome young man.

No response. Ricki winks to Gigli. He digs her. She gently hangs up the phone, locking eyes with him.

RICKI (CONT'D)

Can I have a word with you for a minute?

(CONTINUED)

Gigli is not quite sure how she means it.

GIGLI

...Sure.

RICKI

In private?

GIGLI

(pleasantly confused)

Sure.

Ricki gets up. Gigli's eyes follow her as she heads down the hallway. Gigli rises and heads her way. He slows as he passes Brian.

GIGLI (CONT'D)

Behold, an unexpected bonus. You're a babe magnet. Who woulda thought? Better than a dog.

Not particularly directed towards Gigli --

BRIAN

You're a dog... you fucking dog-head. You pissfart-head.

GIGLI

Whatever.

Gigli continues on to where Ricki waits. He stops in front of her with a smile. It's not quite returned.

RICKI

I heard you were a bit of a fuck up but, I got to tell you, I'm frankly amazed how much of a fuck up you actually are. I mean, it's incredible, don't you think? "I've just moved in, I'm waiting for the phone company." Please.

GIGLI

I'm sorry, am I missing something here?

RICKI

It would seem so. Why don't you call Louis and I'm sure he'll explain everything to you.

Gigli wasn't expecting that reference.

GIGLI

I don't know that I know a Louis.

(CONTINUED)

RICKI

Then I guess he hasn't called you yet to say he doesn't trust you with a task of this magnitude? That he feels the stakes are too high?

Gigli tries to maintain an innocent nonchalance.

GIGLI

...Nope.

RICKI

"Nope"? He hasn't called to say he'd be much more comfortable if there were two independent, unacquainted, perhaps even mutually hostile, contractors working this so they can keep their eyes on one another? "Nope"? Then I guess he certainly hasn't called yet to say he wouldn't trust you to guard a plastic bag filled with dog farts, which is a direct quote incidentally, and at this point, I mean... really, wouldn't you have to agree?

*
*
*
*
*
*

He is at a loss.

RICKI (CONT'D)

"Nope"? Well, there's no reason to take my word for precisely how second rate he considers you. It probably would make life a lot easier for both of us if you heard it directly from him.

They regard each other for a moment. Finally Ricki tries to prod him into action by pointing to the other room, miming the dialing of a phone and the eager listening to a handset. Gigli remains frozen.

RICKI (CONT'D)

I can see this is going to be endless.

Stuck for an alternative, Gigli eventually drifts towards the phone. He takes a cautious breath, then dials.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (10)

17

GIGLI
(clears his throat)
...Louis.

A quiet pause.

GIGLI (CONT'D)
Are you there?

18 INTERCUT

18

Louis still working the streets, on cell phone.

LOUIS
I'm here, what do you want?

GIGLI
Well, there's a young lady here that --

LOUIS
This thing is monumental. Certainly too big for a jerkoff like yourself, but today I had no choice. This thing represents my ass and my future. I want you to work with her and I want you to watch her, as she will be watching you. And I'd like you to know that I will personally excoriate anyone responsible for the tiniest fuck up in this action. And I hope you understand that.

GIGLI
Yes, Louis.

LOUIS
"Yes, Louis"? Do you happen to know what excoriate means?

GIGLI
Uhhh... It's not coming to me at the moment.

LOUIS
It means-- "to strip or wear off the skin of; to flay." I'm making it a point to learn a word a day and it's critical to use these words in conversation. But that's not why I used it in this conversation. In this conversation I used it because I mean it. I hope you don't mind, but I'll be going now.

(CONTINUED)

CLICK. Gigli tries to take it all in.

RICKI

And, before you get all tied in a knot, I don't know the guy and he doesn't know me but my reputation, apparently, is pretty solid. So why don't you get yourself straight and let's put all this behind us. If you have any decaffeinated or herbal tea I'd really be most appreciative.

BRIAN

I want tea.

GIGLI

I don't know who the fuck you are but let me tell you something. I don't work like this. You got that? And if you wanna talk about reputations, if by some long shot you're not already aware of my reputation -- I am the original number one. I am the Sultan of Slick, Sadie, I am the Rule of Cool. You wanna be a thug? Then you should sit at my feet and gather the pearls that emanate forth from me. Because I am the First and Foremost. The One and Only... Norma Jean, I am --

He pauses for effect.

GIGLI (CONT'D)

(savoring the syllables)
...the Gangster's Gangster.

RICKI

I don't know what you're talking about but I'm gonna go out and get my stuff.

Gigli just looks at her.

RICKI (CONT'D)

Don't worry your little Gangster's Gangster self about it, I can manage.

Ricki exits.

Gigli turns to regard Brian, who swallows conspicuously. After a thoughtful moment:

BRIAN

How many cups of your own spit do you swallow every day?

(CONTINUED)

Gigli responds blankly. Brian focuses on another swallow.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

I'll bet around thirty-five cups.

GIGLI

Would you please...

BRIAN

No, you're an idiot.

Gigli sighs in exasperation.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

No... you!

GIGLI

Would you mind telling me what the fuck
you're talking about?

BRIAN

You're the fuck, you fucking duck-vomit
spithead!

GIGLI

You just kind of go in and out, don't
you? Could you do me a favor and just act
normal for one minute? Just for one
minute.

Brian's grunts and facial ticks show Gigli not much progress
is being made.

BRIAN

PISS!

GIGLI

(instructing)

See... "Normal".

Gigli's face affects a "normal" pose.

GIGLI (CONT'D)

It's nice... quiet. It's good. Yeah?

BRIAN

You, stick your ass up it...

GIGLI

Come on. I know you know what normal is.
Now be normal for a fucking minute.

Brian is getting even more wound up.

(CONTINUED)

GIGLI (CONT'D)

Not fucking crazy-- Normal. Alright?
Let's do it.

Brian is unchanged, starts to sputter.

BRIAN

(to no one in particular)
GET OUT OF HERE, YOU!

GIGLI

Maybe it would help if I give you a slap
in the head, you fucking moron.

Ricki enters with her bags.

RICKI

Hey! Leave him alone. We're supposed to
hold on to him, not slap him around.

GIGLI

Don't tell me what we're supposed to do.

RICKI

Well then, how about this? Leave him
alone or I'll kill ya.

GIGLI

You'll kill me?

Ricki matches his gaze with a calm professionalism that
leaves no doubt.

RICKI

I'll kill ya.

GIGLI

Hey! Don't you ever tell me what to do.
Don't tell me what we might do, what
we're supposed to do, what we maybe
should do, don't ever tell me nothing.

Ricki remains unaffected.

RICKI

Well, I'll tell you this -- Leave him
alone or I'll kill ya.

A stalemate. Brian interjects.

BRIAN

Yeah, I'll bet around thirty-five cups.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (4)

18

Gigli and Ricki turn to him.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Yeah... thirty-five. Or maybe... No,
thirty-five, I'm gonna say thirty-five.

RICKI
What's he talking about?

Gigli doesn't answer.

RICKI (CONT'D)
(to Gigli)
Look... why don't we try and make this
pleasant?

CUT TO:

19 INT. GIGLI'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

19

They all eat quietly. Brian pokes at his food. Gigli sizes up Ricki. Sensing his scrutiny, she looks up, meeting his eyes with a gentle smile. Gigli remains on guard. Resentful.

GIGLI
So, what do you normally hire out for?

RICKI
I do jobs of various types.

Gigli regards her for a moment.

RICKI (CONT'D)
How about yourself?

GIGLI
Me too. I do various types of jobs of
various kinds.

RICKI
So there you have it.

GIGLI
How come I never seen you around?

RICKI
I'm from another place.

(CONTINUED)

GIGLI
And where is that, Ricki?

RICKI
Somewhere else.

GIGLI
Oh, I see.

RICKI
And my name's not actually Ricki.

GIGLI
And what might it be then?

Ricki's blank expression lets Gigli know he would indeed be a moron if he expected an answer.

GIGLI (CONT'D)
Well how about I keep calling you Ricki just to piss you off?

RICKI
If it'll make you happy.

BRIAN
This isn't very good food.

GIGLI
Yeah, well that's your dinner.

BRIAN
I'm hungry.

Gigli ignores him.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
I'm hungry.

RICKI
(to Gigli)
Didn't you hear what he said? He's hungry.

GIGLI
So let him eat his food.

BRIAN
I don't like this food.

GIGLI
Just eat your fucking food, stupid.

(CONTINUED)

RICKI

Back off. It's not his fault...

BRIAN

It's not my fault I'm brain damaged.

GIGLI

Beautiful.

(to Ricki)

What are you, his shop steward?

(to Brian)

Listen to me, you fucking retard...

RICKI

Hey --

GIGLI

(sharply)

Let's get something else real clear around here. In every relationship there's a bull and a cow and it just so happens that in this relationship, in this relationship right here, I'm the bull and you're the cow. You got that?

(indicates himself)

Bull...

(indicates her)

Cow. You wanna go make him something else to eat, be my guest, otherwise mind your own business.

BRIAN

I hate this. Everybody stop fighting.

GIGLI

(to Brian)

And you shut up.

BRIAN

You shut up! When are you taking me to The Baywatch? ...Piss fucker.

GIGLI

I told you to shut ---

RICKI

Will you two stop it? You sound like a couple of children.

GIGLI

You want me to stop it? I know how to stop it. You wanna see?

(CONTINUED)

Ricki locks eyes with him. Her even gaze backs him down.

BRIAN
I want to go home.

GIGLI
Well you're not going home. Eat your dinner.

BRIAN
I want to go home.

GIGLI
Well, you're not going home.

BRIAN
Piss you. I want to go home.

GIGLI
How are we going to go to The Baywatch tomorrow if you go home?

RICKI
What's The Baywatch?

Gigli gives her a sour 'mind your own business' gesture.

GIGLI
(to Brian)
Alright? So you're gonna stay here, we're gonna fix you a nice place to sleep and that'll be that.

20 INT. GIGLI'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

20

Gigli finishes putting a blanket and pillow on the couch.
Brian lies down.

GIGLI
(to Ricki re: his bedroom)
I got the bed.

RICKI
Fine.

(CONTINUED)

GIGLI
I mean it's my apartment.

RICKI
I said fine. I'll sleep on the floor.

Brian's getting comfy.

BRIAN
Larry, read to me.

Gigli ignores him.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Read to me, Larry.

Still nothing.

RICKI
Read to him, Larry.

GIGLI
I don't want to read to him. What do I
gotta read to him for?

BRIAN
Read to me, Larry.

GIGLI
What for?

BRIAN
It soothes me down.

GIGLI
It 'soothes you down'?

RICKI
Read to him, Larry.

GIGLI
What am I going to read? I got nothing
here.

RICKI
Read him a book.

Gigli pauses.

RICKI (CONT'D)
You don't have a book?

(CONTINUED)

GIGLI
(shrugs)
I got the phone book.

BRIAN
Read to me, Larry.

Exasperated, Gigli reaches over and grabs a bottle of Tabasco sauce.

GIGLI
Alright, here you go. "For well over a century, the adventurous flavor of Tabasco Sauce has fired up generations of thrill seekers." How's that?

BRIAN
That was very good. Will you read to me more?

Gigli takes a breath.

GIGLI
"Its all-natural ingredients and unique aging process in white oak barrels keep Tabasco on the culinary cutting edge."

Gigli looks up, sees more is expected and continues on.

GIGLI (CONT'D)
"Try it on eggs, pizza, salads and any other food for a burst of flavor that will tantalize your taste buds."
(enough already)
That's it.

BRIAN
Read to me more.

GIGLI
That's all there is. I'm not going to read the ingredients, now go to bed.

BRIAN
Okay. Thank you, Larry.

GIGLI
Yeah.

Gigli heads out of the room.

BRIAN
Thank you very much for reading to me.

21 ADJACENT ROOM

21

Ricki is spreading a sheet on the floor, magnificently and unself-consciously attired in panties and a tight T-shirt. Gigli sidles in.

GIGLI

No offense, but you don't look like any contractor I ever met.

RICKI

Is that right?

Gigli nods.

RICKI (CONT'D)

Well, apparently there's a need for all kinds.

Gigli watches her prepare her bedding.

GIGLI

Y'know, look, I don't want you to take this wrong, but you're right. We might as well make the best of this. We're both stuck in the same situation.

RICKI

I think so.

GIGLI

So, you know, look... don't take this wrong... but if you like... y'know, I don't want to see you have to sleep on the floor... you can take half of my bed. As a partner... you know... professionally.

RICKI

... Professionally?

GIGLI

... Yeah.

She looks him in the eye.

RICKI

That's very kind of you. I'd love to. Professionally.

(CONTINUED)

GIGLI
(taking umbrage)
Please...

Gigli does an almost perfect job of masking his sexual interest.

22 INT. GIGLI'S BEDROOM - LATER - NIGHT

22 *

Ricki reads in bed. With strained nonchalance, Gigli exits the bathroom wearing matching silk robe and pajama bottoms. He rounds to his side of the bed, removes the robe and gets in. Ricki smiles, turns off the lamp. An awkward moment.

GIGLI
You know you're actually a very attractive woman.

RICKI
Thank you. Perhaps this would be a good time to suggest you not allow the seeds of cruel hope to sprout in your soul.

GIGLI
I'm not sure exactly what that means but it sounds beautiful.

RICKI
It means you're not my type.

GIGLI
Is that right? Who's your type?

RICKI
Angelina Jolie.

GIGLI
What does that mean?

RICKI
It means I'm gay. It means I'm a Lesbian.
(as it starts to sink in)
But you know if I wasn't, after a first date like this, I can't imagine how I'd be able to resist sliding under the covers and doing you big time right now.

Gigli is at a loss.

RICKI (CONT'D)
Good night.

(CONTINUED)

GIGLI
I'm sorry?

RICKI
Good night.

GIGLI
Yeah. Good night.

He lies back, wide awake. After a moment he hears loud snoring from Brian on the couch.

GIGLI (CONT'D)
(quietly to himself)
What a freak show.

CUT TO:

23 INT. GIGLI'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NEXT MORNING

23

The TV is tuned to something particularly inane. Alone, Brian watches it, quietly holding the telephone handset to his ear.

Gigli enters.

GIGLI
Who are you talking to?

He takes the handset from Brian and listens.

AUSTRALIAN WOMAN (O.S.)
...low clouds throughout the night with a
ten percent chance of precipitation for
low lying coastal regions extending from
New South Wales through Victoria...

Gigli hangs up.

GIGLI
Do you know how much that shit costs?

BRIAN
It's five dollars.

GIGLI
No, it's not five dollars.

BRIAN
It's ten dollars.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

GIGLI

What the fuck am I even talking to you
for?

BRIAN

It's ten dollars.

GIGLI

Yeah, it's ten dollars.

Gigli exits.

24 LIVING ROOM

24

Still clad in T-shirt and panties, Ricki is breathtaking even
in the simple act of being curled up on the couch reading a
paperback. *

Gigli sidles in, looking at her. She meets his scrutiny with
a gentle smile. *

A sudden KNOCK on the door. *

GIGLI

Who is it?

No answer. Gigli goes closer.

GIGLI (CONT'D)

Who is it?

Still no answer. He looks through the peephole.

GIGLI (CONT'D)

Shit.

He notices Brian has just entered the living room.

GIGLI (CONT'D)

(panicked whisper)

Get in the other room.

Brian just looks at him.

GIGLI (CONT'D)

(louder whisper)

Get in the other room!

BRIAN

(loud whisper)

Okay, Larry.

(CONTINUED)

But Brian just stands there.

GIGLI
(whisper)
Get in the other room!

BRIAN
(louder whisper)
Are we going to The Baywatch today?

More knocking.

GIGLI
(whisper)
Yes... in a little while. Get in the
other room! *

BRIAN
(loud whisper)
Okay, Larry.

A loud VOICE from the other side of the door.

VOICE (O.S.)
Quit your shuffling around and open the
fucking door.

GIGLI
(to Brian)
And be very, very quiet. Don't say
anything.

BRIAN
Okay, Larry.

Gigli hustles Brian into the bedroom, closing the door behind
him. *

GIGLI
Aw man.

Much louder knocking.

VOICE (O.S.)
C'mon.

Gigli takes a deep breath and opens the door. It's STANLEY
JACOBELLIS, an overeating, overdrinking, heavy breathing,
obliquely powerful LAPD Detective. Slightly addled from a
couple too many years of dipping into the Evidence Locker,
yet completely in control and a bit scary. *

(CONTINUED)

JACOBELLIS

Your door's not fucking thick enough to pretend you're not home when you're home.

Gigli tries to put his best face on.

GIGLI

What's up?

Jacobellis doesn't wait for an invitation, walks right in.

JACOBELLIS

I was in the neighborhood.

He checks out Ricki, whose relaxed attention to her book has not been interrupted.

*
*

JACOBELLIS (CONT'D)

(to Ricki)

How are you today?

RICKI

Just fine. Yourself?

JACOBELLIS

Just fine.

(back to Gigli)

Sorry to barge in like this. I'm searching for news. On the underground.

He watches Gigli's eyes.

JACOBELLIS (CONT'D)

Might you know what it is I'm getting to?

GIGLI

No...

JACOBELLIS

No. Well, this is one of those mysterious cases. Unsolvable. Probably turn out to be an alien abduction but y'know we're obligated to at least create the appearance of due diligence. What?

GIGLI

I didn't say anything.

JACOBELLIS

No. So anyway, you know your friend Louis's supervisor back in the home office is about to fold his napkin, right?

(CONTINUED)

GIGLI

...Sorry?

JACOBELLIS

Starkman... in New York. He's through.
Yeah. Looking at huge Federal time. Big,
ugly, dark dungeon, underground, no
chance of parole, never ever, time.

This is news to Gigli.

JACOBELLIS (CONT'D)

Yeah. I'm sorry to say. I heard he's a
good guy, but... you know. In any event,
here's my problem, and if you happen to
know any of this already... feel free to
jump in and shut me up. This Federal
Prosecutor out here, the very one with
Starkman's testicular matter clutched in
his fist...

He mimes the grabbing and crunching of someone's balls,
following it with an empathetic grimace.

JACOBELLIS (CONT'D)

... This very Federal Prosecutor's little
brother... any of this sounding familiar
yet?

GIGLI

No.

JACOBELLIS

No?

Gigli shakes his head.

JACOBELLIS (CONT'D)

... Well... this very Federal
Prosecutor's little brother, a bit dopey
from what I gather, may have been
absconded with, which as you can imagine,
would be much to the dismay of our
Prosecutor.

Jacobellis is not shy about letting Gigli know that his every
blink is being studied.

(CONTINUED)

JACOBELLIS (CONT'D)

I think, but I could be wrong about this, because it's almost too stupid for a mind to grasp, but I think maybe someone in your professional community is participating in these shenanigans to help squeeze a little friendship and altruism out of this particular Federal official. Maybe in the hopes Starkman will awake one morning to find all charges mysteriously dropped. The predominant school of thought amongst my colleagues is this kid is already way out of town. But I alone am of an opposite school. I think he's still here.

(shrugs)

That's what I think, but what's important is what you think. What do you think? As a friend who's got his ear to the street. Seriously.

Gigli shakes his head, shrugs and turns his palms up.

JACOBELLIS (CONT'D)

Nah, I know you don't know nothing. I can tell just by looking at you. Yeah... Whole thing's probably "Alien Abduction", like I said before.

Jacobellis's attention drifts away for a second, tuning into some bizarre frequency known only to himself. His focus then returns as inexplicably as it left.

JACOBELLIS (CONT'D)

Man, you know what I'd love to do right now?

He waits for, but gets no response.

JACOBELLIS (CONT'D)

Go down to Marie Callender's and get me a big bowl of pie... some ice cream on it. Mmm-mmum good. Put some on your head, your tongue'd slap your brains out trying to get to it. Interested?

GIGLI

Nah, not now.

JACOBELLIS

You sure?

(CONTINUED)

GIGLI

Yeah. I'm trying to... you know...

Gigli indicates his belly, not as flat as he might like.

JACOBELLIS

Say no more. Look, thanks for the
hospitality.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JACOBELLIS (CONT'D)

It can't be the most pleasant thing to have your privacy be intruded on. Maybe if you hear anything, you'll let me know.

GIGLI

You bet.

Jacobellis heads out, the door closes behind him. Gigli breathes as if for the first time in minutes.

GIGLI (CONT'D)

Jesus --

KNOCK, KNOCK.

GIGLI (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Oh man.

(to door)

Yeah?

He opens the door. Jacobellis again. He leans into Gigli.

JACOBELLIS

(quietly re: Ricki)

Who's the fish taco?

GIGLI

A friend of mine.

JACOBELLIS

Yeah?

GIGLI

Yeah.

JACOBELLIS

Nice.

GIGLI

Yeah.

JACOBELLIS

More legs than a bucket of chicken.

GIGLI

Yeah.

Jacobellis nods his head a bit longer than one should.

JACOBELLIS

(finally snapping out of haze)

Alright... Larry... be good. I'll catch you later.

(CONTINUED)

GIGLI
(to himself)
I hope not.

JACOBELLIS
What?

GIGLI
Nothing.

Jacobellis beads in on Gigli for a second.

GIGLI (CONT'D)
Drive carefully, alright?

JACOBELLIS
...Thanks.

Gigli closes the door.

GIGLI
A Federal Prosecutor... Fuck me.

Brian returns.

BRIAN
Larry, I'm gonna come back now, okay? I'm hungry.

GIGLI
Well we got nothing to eat.

BRIAN
I'm hungry.

GIGLI
Well we got nothing to eat!

A moment.

GIGLI (CONT'D)
(to himself)
... A Federal fucking Prosecutor.

BRIAN
My brother's a Federal fucking Prosecutor.

GIGLI
You don't say.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (8)

24

GIGLI (CONT'D)
(to Ricki)
This is no good.

25 EXT. GIGLI'S APARTMENT - DAY

25

Gigli looks around as he leads Ricki and Brian to the carport behind his building.

GIGLI
(to Ricki)
Did you know all that stuff?

RICKI
Not all of it. Maybe we should check into a hotel.

GIGLI
I like my home, I'm not running away from nothing.

BRIAN
Larry, I'm hungry.

GIGLI
I heard you the fifth time. We're going to get you something.
(to Ricki)
How about Taco Rico?

RICKI
Where's that?

GIGLI
Western near Wilshire.

RICKI
You know where I'd really love to go?

Gigli doesn't.

RICKI (CONT'D)
Bali.

GIGLI
Where's that?

RICKI
Indonesia.

GIGLI
Is that right? But maybe today we'll make it Taco Rico.

26 INT. GIGLI'S CAR DAY

26

Gigli behind the wheel, Ricki in the passenger seat, Brian in the rear, picking his nose in some creative manner.

GIGLI

What are you doing?

BRIAN

I'm fishing for nose puppies.

GIGLI

Well please stop it, it's disgusting.

Gigli looks to Ricki.

GIGLI (CONT'D)

So... are you really a dyke?

RICKI

I beg you pardon?

GIGLI

No, I mean I'm just asking, or were you just saying that to, you know, discourage my... uh... you know...

With a gentle look, Ricki lets him know that he is an idiot and that she is gay.

Brian looks out the window.

BRIAN

When do we get to The Baywatch?

(CONTINUED)

A slight moment of exasperation from Gigli. He looks to Brian, then feigns distraction.

GIGLI

Oh no.
(to Brian)
D'ya hear that?

BRIAN

No.

GIGLI

The walkie-talkie.

Gigli reaches into the glove compartment and pulls out the eyeglass case again. Brian again watches as Gigli puts it up to his ear.

GIGLI (CONT'D)

Yeah? Oh no, you gotta be kidding me.
Again? What's with those guys?

Gigli tosses an exasperated look to Brian. Ricki observes without comment.

GIGLI (CONT'D)

Well, this is getting a little, y'know,
irritating. Yeah... Yeah... Okay... Uh
huh... Alright. You think maybe tomorrow?
Uh huh... Well... Okay. Kick those guys
in the ass for me. Right. Bye.

Gigli puts the eyeglass case back in the glove compartment.

GIGLI (CONT'D)

(to Ricki)
Do you believe this? This is
unbelievable.

Brian watches Gigli silently.

GIGLI (CONT'D)

(to Brian)
The Baywatch is still closed. We have to
try back tomorrow.

BRIAN

They're closed?

GIGLI

Yeah. It's unbelievable. I don't know
what it is with these guys. They say
they're working on it.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (2)

RICKI

What is The Baywatch?

Gigli's exasperated look communicates "Who the fuck knows?"

BRIAN

It's where all the beautiful girls are.
And they swim there.

RICKI

Oh, the TV show.

BRIAN

No, you're... No, not the TV, that's the
TV. The Baywatch they're really there.
That's where they really are. You
probably can be friends there.

Brian goes into himself for a moment, then --

BRIAN (CONT'D)

I think that's where the sex is, but I
don't really know for sure. I think so.

27 EXT. TACO RICO - DAY

27

Tucked away in the corner, Gigli and Brian eat as Ricki reads
a paperback.RAP MUSIC blares from a portable CD player belonging to a
group of very large, very white, poorly complected, deep
Valley HIGH SCHOOL GUYS who sit at the far end of the patio.
Gigli looks up from his food. It's pissing him off and Ricki
picks up on it. She motions for him to relax and ignore it.
He reluctantly does, for a moment. Then--

GIGLI

Turn that thing down.

HIGH SCHOOL GUY #1

You fucking turn it down.

RICKI

(to Gigli)

I don't think this is the best time to be
drawing attention to ourselves.

Gigli doesn't seem to hear her.

GIGLI

Hey Beavis, I said turn it down.

(CONTINUED)

HIGH SCHOOL GUY #2
What's your problem, man?

GIGLI
(softly to himself)
"What's my problem."

Gigli shakes his head regrettably as he starts to get up.

RICKI
Creating a scene right now would be a bad thing.

HIGH SCHOOL GUY #1
Yeah, that's right. Come over here so we can kick your ass.

RICKI
(to Gigli)
You want to completely fuck everything up? Your reputation may suck the big, hairy moose dick but I'd prefer mine didn't have to.

This stops him. He and Ricki lock eyes.

HIGH SCHOOL GUY #1
Would it be easier if we came over there?

After a tense moment, Ricki turns her attention to the GUYS.

RICKI
What you boys need to develop are better people skills.

She gets up.

RICKI (CONT'D)
However... in the meantime...

Slowly walking towards them.

RICKI (CONT'D)
I can tell you fellas are rap fans. Well, amazingly enough, my friend here actually believes he is the "Gangster's Gangster"... What can I say? Crazy, right? I mean... I'm not even sure I know what he means... But I know he believes it in his heart. And today, I believe, we should respect that belief... and honor it. And today my friend would like the music softer. So what do you say, guys?

(CONTINUED)

A moment.

HIGH SCHOOL GUY #1
We say fuck you.

The other High School Guys laugh. Gigli is about to move but Ricki motions for restraint. Then she steps right up to HIGH SCHOOL GUY #1. Gentle, conciliatory, almost hypnotic -- *

RICKI
In traditional Tai Moi Chai, there are five levels of digital orb extrusion, that is the gouging out of your opponent's eyeball with one's finger. The highest and most difficult to master, is my personal favorite. The "Kai Toi Mai." Loosely translated that would be "the Rip That Takes the Past." *

She illustrates with a delicately graceful, slow motion movement of her hand.

RICKI (CONT'D)
After the thumb liquefies the eye, it is deftly and immediately replaced by the forefinger...
(illustrating)
Deep thrust... hooking around and securing the ocular nerve, then...
(sharply yanking her hand back with a twist)
Removing it with such force as to bring with it, by suction, a vital portion of the visual cortex, the section of the brain, as I'm sure you know, that stores visual memory. Now the extraordinary element of this move, in fact the genius of it, the poetry of it, is that aside from the obvious wound, one's opponent is left with no memory of anything he has ever seen, friends, family, nothing, as well as the inability to ever form such memories again. Hence, "Kai Toi Mai"...
"the Rip That Takes the Past." *

All are still.

RICKI (CONT'D)
As you can imagine, difficult to practice in the United States, but I felt well worth the trips to Chang Rai Province.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (3)

27

She gently leans over and turns the music down.

RICKI (CONT'D)

People skills. Knowing how to properly judge character, knowing when and how to make a move, in short knowing who to and who to not fuck with. These are things I'm sure you boys are going to want to work on in the future.

She takes notice of a basketball that belongs to one of them.

RICKI (CONT'D)

And one more thing while we're at it. Sports are all well and good but very hard to earn a living at. So I want all of you to study hard and keep those grades up. Okay everyone? Yes? Okay.

She turns and leaves. Gigli approaches them, sees an open laptop on their table.

GIGLI

Nice computer.

Never breaking eye contact, he picks it up and CRACKS it in two over his knee. Screen in one hand, keyboard in the other, he calmly drops the components to the floor and theatrically cups his crotch.

GIGLI (CONT'D)

Here's Suck My Dick dot com.

Gigli exits, Brian follows.

28 INT. GIGLI'S CAR - DAY

28

Gigli studies her as he pulls out into traffic.

GIGLI

Can you really do that stuff?

RICKI

No.

GIGLI

That was all bullshit back there?

RICKI

Yes.

Gigli is impressed.

(CONTINUED)

RICKI (CONT'D)

Sun Tzu said that in war, the best victory is that which requires no battle.

GIGLI

Is that more bullshit?

RICKI

No.

GIGLI

Who's Sun Tzu?

RICKI

A Chinese military theoretician who pointed out that in a conflict, getting angry, which you seem to do a lot of, is a tactically stupid move. It clouds your ability to reason and gives your adversary the upper hand. You want to cloud your adversary's ability to reason and thus gain the upper hand yourself. But given how unhappy you seem to be, I can see how this wouldn't come easily to you.

GIGLI

What's that supposed to mean?

RICKI

Just that. When men are little boys they're encouraged not to cry, not to show their sadness, so they're forced to find other ways to let those feelings out. As I'm sure you're aware, anger, fighting, all that stuff seems to be much more acceptable behavior for males. So when these little boys grow up, guess what outlet they use to express their sadness? A guy who is miserable at work, depressed about his life, comes home at the end of the day, what does he do? He usually doesn't cry in front of the wife and kids. He usually yells at them.

A moment.

RICKI (CONT'D)

So Larry... what exactly is it that you're so sad about?

Gigli wants to act like none of this pertains to him, but can't quite. His cell phone rings. He answers it.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: (2)

28

GIGLI
Yo.

RICKI
"Yo"?

Gigli listens to the voice on the other end. It doesn't make him too happy.

GIGLI
(into phone)
What about your friend, Mrs. Leonard or
whatever the hell her name is?

As he listens, Gigli shakes his head to himself.

GIGLI (CONT'D)
Ma, this is really not a good time. Ma...
Ma... Okay, okay, okay. Okay. I said
okay. What d'ya want, blood? Alright,
I'll be right there.

Half pissed and half embarrassed, Gigli hangs up.

GIGLI (CONT'D)
(to Ricki)
Detour.

29 INT. GIGLI'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - DAY

29 *

Gigli is giving his MOTHER an injection in her buttocks.

*

(CONTINUED)

MOTHER

A little lower.

He hates this.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

A little higher.

He adjusts his aim.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

A little lower.

GIGLI

Ma...

MOTHER

A little lower.

Gigli injects.

GIGLI

Next time if Mrs. Leonard isn't around,
you'll have to go to the doctor's. I
can't just drop everything all the time.

Mother slaps him in the back of the head.

MOTHER

And I didn't drop everything for you?

GIGLI

Ma...

MOTHER

"I'm sorry, Larry. I can't change your
diaper now. You'll have to go ask Mrs.
Leonard."

The doorbell RINGS. Gigli looks through the peephole, then
reluctantly opens the door.

RICKI

He's got to pee.

BRIAN

I gotta pee, Larry.

RICKI

I thought you'd prefer we came in rather
than take the car somewhere. I wouldn't
want you to think we lammed out on you.
And I wanted to meet your mother.

(CONTINUED)

Mother calls from across the room.

MOTHER

Larry, are those friends of yours?

GIGLI

Yeah. Close personal.

MOTHER

Well, invite them in.

RICKI

(quietly to Gigli)

Yeah, ya big lug.

For some reason this snaps Gigli's attention.

BRIAN

I gotta pee, Larry.

MOTHER

Larry, invite them in.

Begrudgingly, Gigli motions them in.

(CONTINUED)

GIGLI
(quietly to Ricki)
"Ya big lug"?

MOTHER
Hello everyone.

She gets an eyeful of Ricki.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
My god, what a beauty!

GIGLI
Ma...

MOTHER
I'm just saying.
(to Ricki)
You should see some of the pigs he's
brought by.

Gigli is about to dive in but Mother squelches him with a
gesture.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
(still to Ricki)
It's not that they were pigs, per se.
It's that by and large they were what I
would call "insignificant women". You, I
can tell right off the bat, seem to be of
some substance.

BRIAN
Miss, excuse me. Where's the men's room?

MOTHER
Right this way, darling.

As she leads Brian away --

MOTHER (CONT'D)
Larry, she's gorgeous. Don't fuck this
one up.
(to Brian)
And what's your story, young man?

BRIAN
I'm Larry's friend. He's going to take me
to The Baywatch but they're closed again.
Today they're closed again.

MOTHER
Larry's very nice.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (4)

BRIAN

Yes he is.

Gigli wants to die. Ricki gives him a winning smile.

As Mother returns, she takes in the image of Gigli and Ricki for a moment. It makes her happy, it makes Gigli writhe.

GIGLI

Ma...

MOTHER

Shut up, I didn't say anything.

(a moment)

I think the two of you make a very cute couple.

GIGLI

Ma...

MOTHER

"Ma... Ma..." Stop already, I'm just saying.

(re: Gigli's interrupting)

Look at this.

(to Ricki)

My second husband, I wanted a father for Larry, so I married this big Italian bum by the name of Tommy Gigli, a gangster but the sexiest man that ever walked the face of the earth. And so Larry'd feel like he had a real father we gave him Tommy's last name but "Gigli" is spelled kind of funny and all the other kids wound up calling him Giggly or Jiggly, which was even worse because Larry was a little heavy then. It was no good. Fight, fight, fight, all the time.

(to Gigli)

I think to this day that's why you're so combatative.

Gigli turns to Ricki only to be met by her knowing deadpan.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

In any event, I dumped the guy but the name stuck.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (5)

29

MOTHER (CONT'D)

So are you and Larry sweethearts and
before you answer, let me say up front
that I hope so.

(to Gigli)

That's right. I hope so.

GIGLI

Ma, she's a Lesbian.

MOTHER

Never mind, she's been with fellas, am I
right, darling?

Ricki smiles and nods affirmatively.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

(to Ricki)

But maybe sometimes they have their
limitations...

Ricki nods and smiles again. She and Mother seem to share an
understanding.

GIGLI

What are you two talking about?

MOTHER

Never mind.

(to Ricki)

We know what we're talking about, am I
right, sweetheart?

RICKI

You're right.

MOTHER

(to Gigli)

You know, I wasn't always just "Larry's
mother". I used to be quite experimental
you know.

GIGLI

Aw... Jesus Christ. Please...

*

MOTHER

(to Ricki)

Look at him. Who's the one that's not up
to the minute now?

GIGLI

Oh man... alright, Ma. We gotta get
going. Where's Brian? Brian!

(CONTINUED)

MOTHER

Alright, alright. Just remember... both of you. Life's not all black and white.

GIGLI

We'll remember that. We gotta go, Ma. Brian! Let's get going here.

MOTHER

Gimme a kiss, ya big lug.

Gigli's eyes meet Ricki's as Mother yanks his head closer for a kiss. Brian returns.

BRIAN

Okay, Larry. I washed my hands.

GIGLI

Terrific. Let's go.

Mother moves to Ricki.

MOTHER

C'mere, darling.

She gives Ricki a kiss.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

I feel like I know you already.

RICKI

It was very nice to meet you.

MOTHER

Remember, both of you, keep an open mind. You never know.

As they leave --

GIGLI

Oh man...

30 INT. GIGLI'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

30

Brian on the phone, listening to the Australian Woman reading her local weather. Gigli enters.

GIGLI

What are you doing now?

He takes the handset and listens.

(CONTINUED)

GIGLI (CONT'D)

Brian, I already told you. That's very expensive.

BRIAN

It's not expensive.

Gigli is not going to engage in that discussion.

GIGLI

Why do you keep calling that number? What do you care about the weather in England?

BRIAN

She's in Australia.

GIGLI

Whatever.

BRIAN

That's not in England.

GIGLI

Whatever. Why do you keep calling there?

Brian mulls for a moment.

BRIAN

(thoughtfully)

I really, really like her voice.

Gigli just looks at him.

GIGLI

Well, try and keep it under control.

BRIAN

I will, Larry. I'll try.

GIGLI

Thank you.

BRIAN

You're welcome.

Gigli exits.

31 LIVING ROOM

31

Ricki does her Yoga in panties and a spaghetti strap top. Completely and unpretentiously uninhibited, she is breathtakingly beautiful as she moves through the poses and stretches. Gigli steps into the doorway, watches for a moment.

GIGLI

So, I'm not your type.

RICKI

How'd we get back there all of a sudden?

GIGLI

Don't panic. I got more than I can handle without having to tap into the sisterhood there, but... I was just curious... You've been with guys before?

RICKI

I have.

GIGLI

But they have... "shortcomings" or whatever it was.

RICKI

"Shortcomings"?

GIGLI

Yeah.

RICKI

That must've been a Freudian slip. I believe the word your mother used was "limitations". But, in any event, the answer's yes.

GIGLI

And what might those "limitations" be?

RICKI

You mean beside the fact they give terrible head?

GIGLI

Let me tell you something, since you brought it up, whatever guys you've been with obviously didn't know how to bring home the pearls when they were out diving for oysters.

(CONTINUED)

RICKI

I was actually just joking.

GIGLI

Well since we're letting it all hang out here, and because I know it's of particular importance in your religion, let me tell you something else. When it comes to the fine art of pleasing a woman, with your lady friends I'm sure they try their best but it's just not backed up with millions of years of genetic programming, it's something they've gotten into because they've veered right off the path of normality. It's not normal. It's not natural... Nature has evolved man for that very purpose. To satisfy. To lead the pack. The penis. The penis' very design suggests forward motion-- progress-- advancement into the dark, mysterious unknown. Adventure seeking. Frontier conquering, obstacle eradicating.

RICKI

Whoa. And you tried to create the impression you didn't read books.

GIGLI

Hey, it's just true. You're settling for second best, that's all.

She moves into a new pose.

RICKI

So, in review, you think it's men who are at the top of the must-fuck pyramid?

He concurs with a shrug.

RICKI (CONT'D)

Loving, caring, sensitive, giving men?

Ricki gracefully stretches.

RICKI (CONT'D)

Take a second to reconsider women.
...Their form.

(each item accented with an
appropriate move)

Shoulders... neck... legs... hips. I
think pretty cool. Now... as far as your
famous 'penis' goes...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RICKI (CONT'D)

the penis is like some sort of bizarre sea slug or a really long toe. Handy, important even, but the pinnacle of sexual design, the top of the list of erotic destinations? I don't think so.

Her tone and cadence become increasingly more hypnotic and seductive.

RICKI (CONT'D)

One's first impulse is to kiss... what? To kiss... the lips. Firm... delicious... lips. Sweet... lips.

She begins a series of graceful yet powerfully erotic moves.

RICKI (CONT'D)

Surrounding a warm... moist... dizzyingly scented... mouth.

She nods "am I right?" Gigli is beginning to turn to jelly.

RICKI (CONT'D)

That's what everyone wants to kiss. Not a toe. Not a sea slug. A mouth. A sweet... hot... succulent... mouth. And do you know why... stupid? Because the mouth is the twin sister, the almost exact look-alike... of the... what? Not the toe. The... c'mon, you'll get it if you try. The mouth is the twin sister of...

A drop dead move.

RICKI (CONT'D)

...the Vagina.

Gigli about dies from longing.

RICKI (CONT'D)

And all creatures big and small seek The Orifice. The Opening. To be taken inside, engulfed. To be squeezed... lovingly crushed... by what is truly the all powerful, all encompassing. And if it's design you're so concerned with? Hidden meanings and symbolism? Power? Forget the top of Mt. Everest, the bottom of the sea, forget the moon, the stars. There is no place nowhere that has been the object of more ambitions, more battles, more anything, than that sweet, sacred mystery between a woman's legs that I'm proud to call...

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (3)

31

A rarefied moment.

RICKI (CONT'D)
... my Pussy.

He is thoroughly hers.

RICKI (CONT'D)
So I guess this is just my long and
roundabout way of expressing to you that
it is women who are in fact, by far, the
highest and most desirable form. Now...
wouldn't you agree?

GIGLI
I agree.

RICKI
That makes two of us. *

Gigli just takes her in for a moment.

GIGLI
You know, you are a really, really
interesting person. I don't think I ever
met anyone like you and I've met a lot of
people. I can't believe you're a
contractor.

RICKI
Looks can be deceiving. *

GIGLI
Man, you are different.

32 KITCHEN

32

Brian picks up the handset and puts it to his ear. Dial tone.
As if remembering his promise to Gigli, he puts it back in
the cradle. He repeats the cycle again. And then again. And
then one more time, but now there is no dial tone. He listens
to the quiet for a moment, then, a man's voice.

LOUIS (O.S.)
...Hello.

Silence.

33 INTERCUT

33

Louis at a pay phone.

(CONTINUED)

LOUIS
Is there somebody there?

BRIAN
Yes.

LOUIS
Who's this?

BRIAN
Who's this?

LOUIS
Who's this?

BRIAN
Who's this?

LOUIS
I don't find this funny.

BRIAN
Who's this?

LOUIS
Is this the retard?

BRIAN
Who's this?

Gigli enters.

GIGLI
What are you doing now?

He takes the receiver out of Brian's hand in time to hear --

LOUIS
Who the fuck is this?

GIGLI
Who the fuck is this?

A moment, as Gigli painfully realizes who he was just rude to.

LOUIS
What the fuck is going on over there?

GIGLI
Nothing. Sorry, Louis.

(CONTINUED)

LOUIS

We're not getting the desired movement here, we're gonna step up the operation. First thing in the morning, I want you to send his thumb to James Dorf at the... are you listening to this?

GIGLI

... yeah.

LOUIS

To James Dorf at the U.S. Court House on Spring Street.

GIGLI

(to Brian)

Go in the other room. G'head.

Brian does so.

GIGLI (CONT'D)

What do you mean? How do I send his thumb?

LOUIS

You cut it the fuck off, take it to Boxes R Us or whatever the fuck it is, put the appropriate postage on it and that's how you send it. And send it express next day delivery and make sure you kindly refrain from providing a return address, you fucking dummy.

Gigli breathes deeply.

GIGLI

You want me to cut his thumb off?

LOUIS

Are you on board here?

Gigli is at a loss.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

I said are you on board here?

GIGLI

... sure.

LOUIS

"Sure" is not "yes".

(CONTINUED)

GIGLI

... Yes.

Gigli tries to make sure he's getting this right.

GIGLI (CONT'D)

... you want me to cut his thumb off?

LOUIS

It's enough already, put the clam-licker on.

GIGLI

Well what about the bleeding?

LOUIS

I can't believe I'm having this conversation with a professional. You want I should send people there to help you, 'cause they'll take your fucking thumb too. I do not like the habit of hiring you and then having to hire someone else to make sure you do your job right. Do your fucking job right! Y'hear me you piece of shit? I'm getting tired of this!

Louis hangs up.

BRIAN (O.S.)

Larry?

Brian's sudden appearance startles Gigli.

GIGLI

What?

BRIAN

Can I stay in here with you?

GIGLI

I'm going in the other room.

BRIAN

Okay.

Gigli heads into the living room. Brian follows.

GIGLI

I think it's time you went to bed anyways.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

But I don't want to go to bed.

34 LIVING ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

34

Brian is on the couch, ready for sleep. Gigli holds the torn plastic wrapper of a 4-pack of Charmin, which surrounds its only remaining roll. He struggles to read across the ripped sections.

GIGLI

"New. Our best Charmin ever. Charmin Ultra Double Roll. Twice as many sheets as regular Charmin Ultra."

(squinting for smaller print)

"Unscented bathroom tissue. One hundred and seventy square feet..." Blah, blah, blah... "Four point five inches by four point zero inches..." Then they got it in millimeters or something...

He turns it over, squinting some more, reading to himself for a moment.

GIGLI (CONT'D)

...and it's the same shit on the back. Okay? Good night.

BRIAN

Good night, Larry. Thank you very much.

Gigli gets up absently.

GIGLI

Yeah.

35 INT. GIGLI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

35

Gigli gets into bed next to Ricki.

RICKI

What are your friends like?

GIGLI

I don't have any friends.

RICKI

So who do you hang out with?

GIGLI

Nobody.

(CONTINUED)

RICKI

Why do I think you're not exaggerating?

GIGLI

I kinda keep to myself... do my work... you know.

RICKI

A charming, lovable guy like you should get out more. I'm sure there's a ton of straight women you could make very happy.

Gigli nods. Then --

GIGLI

Louis wants us to cut the kid's thumb off.

Ricki receives the news expressionlessly.

CUT TO:

36 EXT. GIGLI'S APARTMENT - NEXT MORNING

36

Thumping Hip Hop BLASTS as the early morning sun attempts to spread its warm light on this particularly ugly part of town.

37 INT. GIGLI'S KITCHEN - MORNING

37

Some of that sunlight shafts through the window in Gigli's kitchen and onto the source of the music, Brian's radio. All alone, Brian is dancing full out with pure emotion. He affects his version of the solemn expression and gang sign throwing moves of a star rapper.

38 GIGLI'S BEDROOM

38

The music wakes Gigli. He's alone in bed. As he gets up and heads toward the kitchen, he notices Ricki is showering.

39 GIGLI'S KITCHEN

39

Brian's really working it.

BRIAN

I'd like to send shout-outs to all my homies. Barry Sapiirstein, Mrs. Freidman, Lily, Mr. Mossman... and the man that he plays cards with... I forget his name...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

BRIAN (CONT'D)
and all my other peeps at Sunland Adult
Care.

A groggy Gigli comes to the doorway.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
More shout-outs to my man Larry... and
Rrrricki... Yo, yo, yo. Peace, G.

Gigli can't help but stand there and take it all. Finally, he
turns the music off.

GIGLI
We got neighbors, you know.

BRIAN
Diga me, Sabrosa.

GIGLI
What's that?

BRIAN
That's Espanol.

GIGLI
What's it mean?

BRIAN
I don't know.

There is a LOUD KNOCK at the door. Gigli turns and heads into
the living room.

40 LIVING ROOM

40

Gigli looks through the peephole, then opens the door to find
ROBIN. Short, raven-haired, tough, beautiful. Piercing eyes.
A powerhouse. They exchange blank looks.

ROBIN
Who the fuck are you?

GIGLI
Who the fuck are you?

She enters, taking over the space like she owns it. Robin is
pissed, explosive and she ain't going away. She studies Gigli
then checks out the apartment's details with disdain.

ROBIN
What a shit hole.

(CONTINUED)

GIGLI
Hey lady. I think maybe you're in the
wrong place.

Robin brazenly steps right up to Gigli.

ROBIN
No. You're in the wrong place. You're in
the wrong place.

Her attention returns to the apartment.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
I can't believe this is happening.

Brian enters.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
And who the fuck are you?

BRIAN
(without affect)
You're the fuck are you.

ROBIN
What?

No response from Brian.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
What the hell's a matter with you?

Ricki enters. Still wet, with a towel wrapped around her.
Angry.

RICKI
What are you doing here?

ROBIN
I'm stalking you.

GIGLI
(to Ricki)
You know her?

RICKI
(to Robin)
First of all do not use my name in this
room and second of all, you're out of
line. This is a professional situation
and you do not have any right to intrude.
I want you to please leave.

(CONTINUED)

ROBIN

What kind of professional situation? I can't believe this. A fucking man? I really thought this was all about Sharon.

GIGLI

(to Ricki)

What are you telling people where we are now?

ROBIN

Mind your own fucking business.

GIGLI

Shut the fuck up.

ROBIN

Blow me.

RICKI

I didn't tell anybody where we are. Robin, this is a professional situation. And our problem has nothing to do with Sharon and has nothing to do with him. I want you to leave right now. Please.

ROBIN

I'm not leaving. He's leaving.

GIGLI

I'm not going anywhere.

ROBIN

Yeah, well neither am I. And that's gonna be all there is to that.

GIGLI

Well how about I throw you the fuck out.

ROBIN

How about I roundhouse you upside your fat fucking head and collapse your skull.

BRIAN

Stop fighting, everybody.

Gigli takes a step closer.

GIGLI

Hey, lady --

(CONTINUED)

RICKI

Larry, don't move on her, she knows that stuff.

GIGLI

I don't give a shit what she knows.

BRIAN

Stop fighting, everybody.

Robin makes a frighteningly instantaneous, bipolar u-turn towards being excessively reasonable.

ROBIN

(to Ricki)

You want a little freedom, you want to dabble, fine. That's alright by me. We can all sleep together.

(seductively to Gigli)

What d'ya say, hot rocks? You know you want it.

RICKI

Robin, our situation has nothing to do with him.

(softer)

We're over. Nothing to do with him. It's us, honey.

ROBIN

We're not over. We'll all set up together. The three of us. 'Til you get this out of your system.

RICKI

Baby, you're not hearing me.

ROBIN

I'M FUCKING HEARING YOU! YOU LOVE ME!
SEE?

Robin walks to the kitchen counter.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

I'M GONNA GO KILL MYSELF AND YOU CARE
BECAUSE YOU LOVE ME.

She pulls a knife out of a drawer and SLASHES HER WRIST.

RICKI

ROBIN --

(CONTINUED)

GIGLI

-- the fuck is this?

She passes the knife to her bloody hand and now SLASHES THE OTHER WRIST.

RICKI

-- WHAT ARE YOU DOING!

BRIAN

(sing-song)

Oh no, oh no...

ROBIN

See. You care. Right? You love me.

GIGLI

Aw man, what is this?

BRIAN

... Oh no, oh no...

Ignoring her wounds, in a manic attempt to be seductive, Robin sidles right up to Gigli.

ROBIN

"You've never felt your little heart
throbbing
'Til you've exchanged fluids with red-
hot, sweet Robin."

Brian approaches.

BRIAN

Lady, you need some band-aids.

CUT TO:

41 INT. EMERGENCY ROOM PARKING AREA - DAY

41 *

Gigli waits in the car with Brian.

*

GIGLI

This must be mental fucking illness week.

Through the emergency room's glass doors, Gigli can see Ricki gently brushing some hair from the face of Robin, who now sports two, almost cute, little wrist bandages. With love and care, Ricki resolves her situation with Robin. Ricki's graceful manner only makes her more breathtaking.

*

*

(CONTINUED)

GIGLI (CONT'D)

That woman... is fucking... beautiful.

BRIAN

Yeah. She's like the ones at The Baywatch. Yeah. They make my penis sneeze.

GIGLI

I beg your pardon.

BRIAN

Yeah...

GIGLI

You got a good sense of humor, you know that?

BRIAN

God bless you.

This touches Gigli.

GIGLI

(heartfelt)

Thank you.

BRIAN

Not you, stupid. When my penis sneezes I say "god bless you". "God bless you, Penis."

A moment.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

(back to Ricki)

Anyway, I think she kisses the girls.

Gigli regards Brian as if for the first time. Brian seems to somehow sense Gigli's pain. In the tone of someone who once gave Brian advice about something hopeless --

BRIAN (CONT'D)

What can you do, Larry, what can you do?

The two silently commiserate until Ricki returns.

RICKI

She's going to be okay.

GIGLI

(pokerfaced sarcastic)

Glad to hear it.

(CONTINUED)

Ricki glides right over his tone.

RICKI

(to Brian)

Would you excuse us for one moment?

A delicate nod from Ricki gets Gigli to his feet. They take a few steps away.

RICKI (CONT'D)

So, I got to tell you, I'm really not up for this thumb deal.

Gigli is not sure exactly how to take this.

RICKI (CONT'D)

I say we don't do it.

GIGLI

Are you testing me? Is this some kind of test to see if I'm gonna do what I'm supposed to be do?

RICKI

No.

GIGLI

So what are you, a contractor with a conscience?

RICKI

I've done bad things but I didn't sign on to this to be some brutal street thug. As far as I'm concerned, that wasn't the job I took.

GIGLI

How would you get around it?

RICKI

I'd work it out. But first I'd have to know... Are you with me?

Gigli mulls it over, then --

GIGLI

... Sure.

RICKI

"Sure" or "yes"?

GIGLI

It's the same thing.

(CONTINUED)

RICKI

It's not the same thing. If I ask you if you'd like to help me move a couch, you'd probably say "sure".

(looking him right in the eye)

If I ask you if you'd like to kiss me... and make love with me... if I may be presumptuous, you'd probably say... "Yes". It's just implies a different level of commitment.

Gigli digests this for a moment.

GIGLI

Okay. Ask me the question again. .

RICKI

Are you with me?

He locks eyes with her.

GIGLI

Yes.

42 INT. HOSPITAL - MORGUE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

42

While Ricki charms the hell out of an ATTENDANT, in an adjacent room Gigli leads Brian, eyes tightly shut, past a few cadaver bearing gurneys. He walks him right up to a wall, stopping Brian as his face almost touches it.

GIGLI

(quietly)

I want you to stand right here. Don't open your eyes and don't move.

BRIAN

(quietly)

Okay, Larry.

Looking around for an implement, all Gigli can find is a small plastic knife next to a styrofoam plate of old food. He takes it and approaches a body. Not knowing exactly how to proceed, he gingerly lifts the cadaver's wrist. The entire arm stiffly moves with it, making him wince. We hold on Gigli's face as he takes a breath and begins, barely able to look, almost growing faint.

The horrible sound of the plastic knife serrating through flesh and tendon is suddenly interrupted by Brian who, in a loud whisper, suddenly starts popping out the lyrics of Sir Mix-A-Lot's "Baby's Got Back".

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN (CONT'D)

I like big butts and I cannot lie
You other brothers can't deny
That when a girl walks in with an itty-
bitty waist
And a round thing in your face
You get sprung
Wanna pull up tough
'Cause you notice that butt was stuck

Gigli slowly looks up and takes in the sight of Brian, eyes
scrunched, nose one inch from the wall, rapping away.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Because I'm long
And I'm strong
And I'm down to get the friction on
So ladies - Yeah! Ladies - Yeah!
If you wanna roll my Mercedes
Then turn around and stick it out
Even white boys got to shout
Baby's got back.

Brian's song is done.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

That's Old School.
(to Gigli)
You're Old School, too. Yeah.

Gigli takes a moment to expressionlessly digest the
situation: Brian, the morgue, the song, the thumb. He wonders
if things could possibly get any fucking crazier. With a
quick twitch of his head, as if trying to shake off the
nuttness, he goes back to his work.

CUT TO:

43 INT. PACKING STORE - DAY

43

A line up of sample boxes.

CLERK (O.S.)

What size would you like?

Still looking a little pale, Gigli clears his throat.

GIGLI

That small one on the left there.

The CLERK, an attractive young woman, turns to get the box.
Gigli uses the moment to take a breath.

(CONTINUED)

He smiles at Ricki in a manner that suggests that perhaps now there might be a possibility of taking their relationship to the next step. Ricki returns the smile warmly, but a tad too platonically for Gigli's hopes. His mood sinks. The Clerk returns.

CLERK

Would you like your parcel insured?

GIGLI

No, that's alright.

The Clerk is about to leave again to finish the order when her eyes meet Ricki's for a half-moment. A subtle but unmistakable charge passes between them that doesn't go unnoticed by Gigli. The Clerk heads into the back.

GIGLI (CONT'D)

(to Ricki)

Friend of yours?

RICKI

(gently teasing)

Close personal.

An odd and slightly confusing first-time feeling for Gigli. He's jealous of another woman.

GIGLI

Man, you guys are everywhere.

RICKI

Where have you been?

44 EXT. PACKING STORE - DAY

44

They all head toward the car. Gigli is beginning to stew.

RICKI

"The gate of the subtle and profound female is the root of Heaven and Earth."

GIGLI

Oh yeah? Who said that?

RICKI

Lao Tzu.

GIGLI

Your Chinese philosopher guy?

RICKI

No, that was Sun Tzu. This is Lao Tzu.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

GIGLI
There's two Tzu's...

RICKI
...I'm interested in Eastern philosophy.

Gigli nods, but all can think about is being pissed about the Clerk.

45 INT. GIGLI'S CAR - DAY

45

As Gigli drives, his dark state continues to build. Ricki just looking out of the window, Brian sitting quietly in the back as usual.

GIGLI
So, I don't mean to go back there again,
but... these guys you've been with. What
made them so lucky?

RICKI
(gently honest)
They were nice guys, they were alright. I
don't know, no big deal. I was kind of in-
between things, y'know.

Gigli nods, getting more wound by the second. Ricki can't help but notice. They pull up at a red light. Everyone sits quietly, waiting. The tension is palpable.

RICKI (CONT'D)
You alright?

GIGLI
Terrific.

Suddenly, an irritatingly aggressive CAR HORN blasts Gigli out of his sulk. He checks the rear view mirror. Another HONK. Gigli looks forward, notices the light is now green but instead of driving ahead, he decisively slams into park and turns the engine off.

GIGLI (CONT'D)
(to Ricki)
Here's some Eastern philosophy for you --

He gets out of the car.

46 EXT. STREET - DAY

46

Gigli walks to the offending vehicle. He stops and calmly exchanges blank looks with the DRIVER, a fit, well-dressed young man in a spotless 5-series BMW. A CAA agent perhaps?

After a curious moment --

GIGLI
(didactically)
Y'know, I think to myself... should I
smash his windows? Should I hurt this
man?
(looks at him closely)
... Should I hurt him?

Before the Driver can respond, Gigli puts his forefinger to his lips.

GIGLI (CONT'D)
Shhhh. Don't say anything.
(continuing on)
But then I think... "Why does he honk?"
"Why?"
(as if uplifted by the
revelation)
...Time. He honks because of Time.
Perhaps he's in a rush. Perhaps Time is
the source of a pressure that drives him
to the brink. To where he loses sight of
what's really important in life. But then
I think to myself -- Is he not aware that
Time is but Wind. Wind that will erode us
like it does the great sand dunes into so
much forgotten nothingness. Is he not
aware?

Stillness.

GIGLI (CONT'D)
Are you not aware?

More stillness.

GIGLI (CONT'D)
I guess not...
(with gathering momentum)
...you fucking dummy... so here you go...

BLASH! Gigli smashes the windshield with his fist.

(CONTINUED)

GIGLI (CONT'D)
Next time --

BLASH! A window.

GIGLI (CONT'D)
-- be a-fucking-ware --

BLASH! Another window.

GIGLI (CONT'D)
-- That Time reduces us all in the end to
dust.

BLASH!

GIGLI (CONT'D)
And next time, before you fucking honk
your horn at someone, be aware that that
someone may very well be inclined to take
a moment in order to accelerate that very
process for you.

BLASH!

GIGLI (CONT'D)
You know what I'm saying?

Gigli hulks back to his car.

47 INT. GIGLI'S CAR - DAY

47

Gigli gets in, starts the engine and drives off. He's still
raging.

GIGLI
(to Ricki)
You're right. You're right. It's really
sadness. It's sadness and I'm sad. I'm
sad because I got this fucking gorgeous,
sexy, fucking beautiful bombshell, a 17
on a 10 scale, a fucking major heart-
throb-a-rama, sleeping next to me in bed
and what d'ya know? She's a stone fucking
dyke. A brick-solid, untouchable,
unmovable, fucking dykus delicti...
and... It's sadness! It's sadness. What
can I tell you? It's a sad situation and
I'm sad. Okay? Alright!

Silence.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

GIGLI (CONT'D)

And not only is she a major fucking babe... but I really dig her and she's not like anyone I've ever met before and this is a completely new one on me. I don't even know her real fucking name. Oh -- And on top of everything else, my life sucks, in case you're interested.

(beat)

Okay, stick a fork in me, I'm done.

A respectful pause, then --

RICKI

You know, aside from all the broken glass, most of what you said back there was pretty beautiful.

Gigli sighs. He knows he's completely fucked.

48 INT. GIGLI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

48

All three eat quietly. Brian is engrossed in a re-run unfolding on The Chimp Channel. Ricki watches Gigli, who avoids eye contact. When their looks finally meet, Gigli shrugs "That's the deal, what more can I say."

Some inequity amongst the simian cast of the TV show is too much for Brian to allow.

BRIAN

(to TV)

Hey! That's Tizzie's apple.

GIGLI

What are you watching this garbage for?

BRIAN

This is a good show.

GIGLI

This is not a good show. This is junk. Junk food for your brain. And they wonder why kids are so fucked up in this country.

BRIAN

I think you use too many bad words.

GIGLI

Look who's talking -- Little Mister Piss-Fucker.

(CONTINUED)

Hearing someone quote some of his trademark phraseology gives Brian pause. Thoughtful, slightly confused, he slowly produces a half-smile and a little laugh. Gigli can't help but be struck by this previously unseen spark of self-awareness. An odd moment, almost bordering on mutual understanding between the two.

BRIAN
(mischievous whisper to
himself)
'Piss fucker'...

Gigli's eyes meet Ricki's. He sees a new level of warmth. Although he tries to hide it, it moves him off his base for a second.

49 INT. GIGLI'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATER

49

Ricki and Gigli are getting ready for bed. There's a charge in the air.

RICKI
Do you think your fingernails need
trimming?

Gigli considers the odd question, then squints at his outstretched hand. Ricki nods to herself.

GIGLI
What?

Ricki wonders whether or not to explain, then --

RICKI
I have no idea if it's true, but I've
heard it said that those balanced more
toward the masculine, of either sex,
check their nails this way...

Palm toward herself, fingers curled.

RICKI (CONT'D)
... And those balanced more toward the
feminine, check their nails...

Arm extended, palm away, fingers outstretched, just as Gigli had.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

RICKI (CONT'D)

... that way. I had a feeling that underneath that tough guy thing you've got going, you are actually wrestling with some very strong feminine leanings.

GIGLI

Bullshit. I'm near-sighted. Or far-sighted, whatever it is. I can't see my fingers close up.

RICKI

Okay.

GIGLI

Don't "okay" me.

RICKI

Alright.

A moment.

GIGLI

What are you looking at me for? Stop fucking around.

RICKI

Look, I don't even know if it's supposed to be true. It's just something you hear.

GIGLI

Well, I can tell you right now, it's not true.

RICKI

Alright.

A moment.

RICKI (CONT'D)

You are familiar with the concept of being defensive?

Gigli holds up his hand to communicate "Enough. Drop it."

RICKI (CONT'D)

Are you gay?

GIGLI

No, I am not gay.

RICKI

Are you sure?

(CONTINUED)

GIGLI
Yes I'm sure.

RICKI
And you know what? I'll bet you're right.

GIGLI
Thank you.

RICKI
That wasn't a compliment.

GIGLI
Ricki, or whatever the fuck your real
name is... IT'S -- MY -- EYES!!!

He mimes, in frustrated and over the top form, the act of awkwardly trying to squint at his nails when held the "masculine" way.

GIGLI (CONT'D)
Please... You're making me dizzy. I'm
starting to wonder why I even got a crush
on you.

RICKI
Maybe it's because you know I can kick
your ass.

GIGLI
You can't kick my ass.

She looks into his eyes, then SLOWLY leans in and gives him a delicate, delicious kiss. Just one.

This stops Gigli dead.

She runs her hand gently down his chest, then softly pinches his nipple.

GIGLI (CONT'D)
Ouch. You need a woman.

RICKI
(mischievously)
I got one.

A moment.

RICKI (CONT'D)
Kiss me again.

Gigli shyly moves inward.

(CONTINUED)

RICKI (CONT'D)
(warmly teasing)
I thought you wanted to be my bitch.

GIGLI
This is fucked up...

She kisses him. Gigli overcomes his timidity and starts to join in.

As things heat up, she slowly backs away from him and settles on the bed.

The moment is ripe. Ricki can't resist the opportunity to tease Gigli, putting him on the sexual hot seat for all his previous posturing.

RICKI
It's turkey time.

GIGLI
What d'ya mean?

RICKI
Gobble, gobble.

Beat.

RICKI (CONT'D)
You talked the talk, now you know I'm expecting you to walk the walk. So let's see what I've been missing all my life...

She leans back.

RICKI (CONT'D)
Lay some of that sweet heterolinguus on me.

A moment.

GIGLI
You know, I've been thinking. A woman would probably know better what would feel good to another woman because... you know, they're a woman themselves... and a guy would probably be at a certain disadvantage --

RICKI
(with sincere warmth)
Shut up and come to bed.

(CONTINUED)

He does. They start in. Not wanting to interrupt the momentum, the clothes come off fast and awkwardly.

Just as things are about to get to the next level, she flips him onto his back. He seems a bit shocked at the assuredness of her move.

Then, after a moment, he flips her over. They regard the new arrangement.

Then she flips him again, this time gently pinning his wrists with her hands. He almost resists at first but then relents.

Looking him dead in the eye, she raises her hips slowly. Gigli tries to mask his anticipation. With a killer erotic confidence, not veering her gaze for a second, she slowly lowers herself, taking him in. A rarefied, breathless moment. Then she rocks him with a long, slow, powerful, crushing undulation of her hips.

She begins to overtake him with her strong, animalistic passion, driving him into deeper sexual intoxication. As the momentum builds towards a climax, we CUT TO:

50 KITCHEN

50

Brian watching TV, can't help but hear Gigli's all-out orgasmic cry.

51 BEDROOM - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

51

Gigli's head rests on Ricki's arm. He is sweetly drained, deeply sated, heavy-lidded, head-over-heels.

GIGLI
(quietly; sincerely
reverential)
God bless you, Penis.

RICKI
I'm sorry?

GIGLI
Nothing.

They lie quietly for a moment.

RICKI
Every relationship has a bull and a cow.

Gigli considers, then sighs forth --

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

GIGLI

Mooooo.

There's a loud knock at the door. Bad timing. Gigli gets up, wraps a towel around his waist and goes to the door.

52 LIVING ROOM

52

Gigli looks through the peephole.

53 HIS WIDE-ANGLED POV

53

It's Jacobellis.

JACOBELLIS

I hear you, fucko. Just open the door.

54 LIVING ROOM

54

Gigli can't believe his bad luck. He turns around to see Brian halfway revealed through the kitchen doorway. Gigli puts his finger to his lips and waves for Brian to duck back into the kitchen.

BRIAN

(whispering)

Are you okay?

Gigli nods anxiously.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Why were you screaming?

Gigli keeps motioning for Brian to disappear from view. Sensing the urgency, Brian retreats back into the kitchen.

Gigli opens the door about six inches.

JACOBELLIS

Hello.

GIGLI

Hello.

JACOBELLIS

I hope you don't mind me popping by without calling. I was just in the neighborhood.

(CONTINUED)

They look at each other blankly.

JACOBELLIS (CONT'D)
May I come in?

GIGLI
It's really not a good time.

JACOBELLIS
That's alright, I don't mind.

GIGLI
Well, it's really not good now.

JACOBELLIS
Larry...

GIGLI
Is this like a search warrant thing or
are you just harassing me?

Jacobellis looks at him for a moment, then --

JACOBELLIS
I'm gonna tell you something and you know
a lot of guys don't have the guts to talk
about this kind of stuff but... I was
having a problem. You know, the hours,
stress, fast food, tons of coffee. Tons
of coffee... and god knows what. I was so
constipated for so long, I thought maybe
I had cancer or something. I go to the
doctor. X-rays, "drink this", poking
through both ends, whatever. Finally the
guy says there's nothing wrong with you,
it's all in your head. I should eat more
vegetables and go talk to a psychiatrist.
You with me so far? So I eat some
vegetables, go talk to this psychiatrist
and what d'ya know. All of a sudden I'm
no longer constipated. In fact, quite the
opposite. And it's becoming a real
problem. I'll be working deep in the
'hood where there aren't too many public
restrooms and I'll be driving like a
fucking madman through some alley off
119th and fucking Grape Street, even you
wouldn't know where that is, trying to
find somewhere to go, but there ain't
nowhere down there. Got so bad I started
carrying a port-a-potty in the trunk. I
don't tell anybody this, I'm telling you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JACOBELLIS (CONT'D)

So here's the deal -- I don't know if it was the vegetables or the psychiatrist. I don't know. You believe in that?

GIGLI

In what?

JACOBELLIS

The psychiatrists.

GIGLI

I dunno, Stan.

JACOBELLIS

...yeah... Nobody fucking cares. Right? You know, just because I'm a big, tough, brutal, cruel and unjust motherfucker, my feelings are still as tender and breakable as the next guy's.

GIGLI

So what are you telling me, you have to use the bathroom?

JACOBELLIS

I don't have to use the fucking bathroom. You're not paying attention. Are you hiding something from me?

GIGLI

No, I --

JACOBELLIS

Yes you are. Yes you are. You fibber, you. You Fibber McGee.

GIGLI

Stanley, I'm tied up right now.

JACOBELLIS

You're lucky I don't tie you up.

GIGLI

Stanley...

JACOBELLIS

I need some information, some help and you're withholding. I'm hurt. I'm insulted and I'm hurt and I gotta tell you... I gotta tell you... that's no good. That's no good. I'm going to leave you alone now, but I gotta tell you, you're supposed to be my friend.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: (3)

54

JACOBELLIS (CONT'D)

I'm your friend and you're supposed to be my friend. And this... is not friendly. Larry? You hear what I'm saying?

They share an uncomfortable silence.

JACOBELLIS (CONT'D)

Okay. I'll see you another time.

GIGLI

See you around.

Jacobellis departs, Gigli closes the door. He gives his head a little rattle, trying to shake off the dizziness from trying to follow the thread of Jacobellis's conversation.

55 BEDROOM

55

Gigli walks in and slows to a stop at the foot of the bed. He and Ricki look at each other.

GIGLI

So here goes. How'd you like to be my girlfriend?

He waits for a response. Brian enters.

BRIAN

Larry. Read to me, please.

Gigli continues to look expectantly to Ricki.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Larry...

Ricki is returning Gigli's look. She wishes he hadn't asked.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Larry...

GIGLI

Yeah. What?

BRIAN

Read to me, please.

Gigli sees he's not going to get an answer from Ricki.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Please.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

GIGLI

Brian, I just don't think I can tonight.
I'm just not up to it.

Brian considers Gigli's tone for a moment.

BRIAN

Okay. That's okay. I understand. Good-
night, Larry. Good-night, Ricki.

He retires to his room. A quiet moment.

GIGLI

I guess maybe we should talk about this
another time.

Ricki concurs silently.

CUT TO:

56 INT. GIGLI'S BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

56

The phone rings. Gigli wakes, picks it up.

GIGLI

Hello.

No answer. Ricki, half awake, senses something is up.

GIGLI (CONT'D)

Hello.

57 INTERCUT

57

Louis at a pay phone.

LOUIS

Meet me at Olympic and Grand.

GIGLI

(tad confused)
Louis, what's up?

LOUIS

And don't bring the thing.

GIGLI

...What thing?

LOUIS

The thing. Don't bring the thing.

(CONTINUED)

GIGLI

...Louis...?

LOUIS

The thing. Don't bring it.

GIGLI

...Oh... you mean --

LOUIS

Yeah. Don't bring it. Leave it somewhere safe for the time being.

GIGLI

Oh... alright...

LOUIS

You understand?

GIGLI

Yeah, yeah, yeah...

LOUIS

And hurry up.

CLICK. Gigli looks to Ricki.

58 GIGLI'S KITCHEN - A FEW MINUTES LATER

58

As he and Ricki quickly finish dressing, Gigli attempts to muster up some food for Brian, who sits at the kitchen table.

BRIAN

When are you coming back?

GIGLI

Soon. Eat your breakfast and no phone calls.

BRIAN

I'm not hungry.

GIGLI

You can't go without breakfast. And stay here until we get back. Alright?

BRIAN

Alright, Larry.

GIGLI

Alright, we'll see you later.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

BRIAN
Alright, Larry. Goodbye, Ricki.

RICKI
Goodbye, Brian.

59 EXT. OLYMPIC AND GRAND - DAY

59

Gigli and Ricki wait quietly. There is an expectant tension in the air. Gigli takes a moment and tilts his face up toward the sun. He closes his eyes, enjoys the warmth. Flash to:

*

59A BEAUTIFUL, DESERTED, VIRGIN BEACH

59A

*

As in opening sequence. Then back to --

*

59B OLYMPIC AND GRAND - CONTINUOUS

59B

*

GIGLI
I got this fantasy...

RICKI
Making it with a guy?

GIGLI
Shut up. Really. I got this idea of going somewhere... somewhere really, really...
Clean.

RICKI
Clean?

GIGLI
Yeah. You know, somewhere...
(hard to find words)
...where there's no scumbags telling you
what to do. Somewhere where you can just
be. Just be yourself. No bad stuff.

RICKI
That sounds good. But I don't think it's
a somewhere. Wherever you go you'd still
be taking yourself. I don't mean to sound
like a guru, but I think what you seek
lies within. You want to change things,
you're gonna have to change yourself.

GIGLI
Where do you get all this stuff?

(CONTINUED)

59B CONTINUED:

59B

RICKI

I read. I'm trying to make myself a
better person.

A car pulls up. It's Louis. He nods for them to get in.

GIGLI

What's up?

(CONTINUED)

LOUIS
We have a visitor from New York.

Gigli takes the news with strained nonchalance. He and Ricki get in the car.

60 INT. A LIVING ROOM SOMEWHERE - DAY

60

Louis, Gigli and Ricki enter. A well dressed STARKMAN offers his hand.

STARKMAN
(to Gigli)
Hello, nice to meet you.
(to Ricki)
Nice to meet you.

GIGLI
Hi.

RICKI
Hello.

STARKMAN
Well, thanks for coming by... on such short notice.

GIGLI
No problem.

STARKMAN
I'm sorry if I'm a little bit of a mess, I just got in a few hours ago. I'm sure Louis told you I'm having some little legal problems out here right now.

Gigli nods.

STARKMAN (CONT'D)
It's a real nuisance, but what are you gonna do? I have to fight, right? I mean I can't go to jail. That just can't happen. I'm used to the finer things. Louis, am I right? It can't be. I think we could consider that an impossibility. Somewhere a mistake has been made.
(a moment)
Did you know that apparently some people do not regard the thumb technically to be a finger?

No response.

(CONTINUED)

STARKMAN (CONT'D)

Curious for myself, I turned to Louis, who, with his new found dictionary skills looked it up for me. You know what it said?

GIGLI

... no.

STARKMAN

Tell him what it said, Louis.

LOUIS

It said, quote -- the short, thick, inner digit of the hand, next to the forefinger, unquote.

STARKMAN

Now it said 'digit', not 'finger', so I still don't really know technically if it's considered a finger or not.

(to Louis)

Right?

Louis nods.

STARKMAN (CONT'D)

(re: Louis)

I love this guy.

Starkman pats Louis on the shoulder. He detects something.

STARKMAN (CONT'D)

What's this?

He reaches under Louis's jacket and pulls out a gun.

STARKMAN (CONT'D)

What is this?

He removes it and deftly checks to see if it was loaded.

STARKMAN (CONT'D)

Louis, I've been subpoenaed. I can't be consorting with armed felons. A little consideration please. Besides, do you think something like this is necessary to intimidate people? I say no.

Starkman widens his lecture to include Gigli and Ricki. He gently points into his own chest.

(CONTINUED)

STARKMAN (CONT'D)

Intimidation comes from within.
There are a multitude of qualities an individual can possess that can make them intimidating. But do you know what's the most intimidating quality? Not that you asked, but the absolutely most intimidating? In my opinion? When an individual just doesn't give a shit.
(turns to Louis)

Louis. You wanna go to medical school?

LOUIS

Medical school?

BLAM! Starkman fires right into Louis's forehead, turning the back of his head into a large puff of red mist. Louis and the chair he sat on fall back, slamming into the floor.

STARKMAN

Yeah, students there can always use something to learn on.

(back to Gigli and Ricki)

I don't give a shit. I have no compunctions. None whatsoever. And I am very concerned about the way things have turned out here.

(to Gigli)

How was the bleeding?

GIGLI

(looking at Louis's body)

...The bleeding?

STARKMAN

(smiling)

No, no, no. Not him. The retard. When you cut his thumb off. Louis told me you were concerned.

GIGLI

... The bleeding was fine.

STARKMAN

"Fine"?

GIGLI

... Was alright.

STARKMAN

Good.

(to Ricki)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

STARKMAN (CONT'D)

Pardon me, please don't be insulted if I only address myself to Larry over here. At least I know we know people who know each other. You, I have no fucking idea where Louis found you.

(to Louis's body)

Louis. I wish you weren't so creative.

A lifeless, half-lidded gaze is all that manages to rise up from Louis's slighted deflated skull.

STARKMAN (CONT'D)

(to Gigli)

You know we sent him out here because he was too creative. Always ideas.

(back down to Louis)

I didn't need your help, I could've beaten these charges. What were you thinking? You were gonna extort a Federal Prosecutor? You thought you could say "kidnapped your little brother, drop all charges" and the guy'd roll over? You didn't think all hell wouldn't break loose? You didn't think every fucking Fed wouldn't drop what he was doing to dive in and protect one of their own?

(to everyone)

What do you morons think? This is Little Italy? Wake up! This is the twenty-fucking-first century!

Starkman calms, then begins to focus on Gigli.

STARKMAN (CONT'D)

So now... things are bad. And whether you want to call a thumb a 'finger' or a 'digit', for the sake of this discussion, it doesn't really matter, you know why? Because whatever you choose to call it, a thumb has got a fingerprint. And the one you sent had the wrong fucking one. As far as I can see, in the Stupid Olympics you and Louis here are tied for the gold.

GIGLI

Mr. Starkman...

STARKMAN

(explodes)

I know my fucking name! You piece of shit. You don't try to extort a Federal fucking Prosecutor! And if you do, you don't fuck around!

(CONTINUED)

A deathly silence. Until --

RICKI

(calmly)

Cutting his thumb off was a stupid order and we would have been derelict in our responsibilities if we followed it.

A moment. Starkman turns to her.

STARKMAN

Hello?

RICKI

How long could we keep below the radar with a thumbless, bleeding halfwit? Sometimes one has to use their prerogative as a professional to override a dumb request, even if one's employer is making it. Especially if that request is going to be contrary to the employer's best interest. With all due respect, even at this point, if you were to ask us to pursue a course of action that wasn't in your best interest, as awkward as it might be, we'd have to take exception.

Her balls can't help but stop Starkman in his tracks. Gigli tries his best to keep from visibly reeling.

RICKI (CONT'D)

Aside from those of us in this room, there is only one person who can link you to this fuck up. And I feel we should rectify that problem as soon as we can.

STARKMAN

I think I'd much prefer to just... you know... end it right here.

RICKI

And that would be your professional prerogative. If you think having that kid get picked up by the authorities and telling all about being kidnapped in an attempt to save your ass makes the most sense, if you think it's the best tactic to help keep you out of jail, if you think it's remotely any less dumb than asking to have his thumb cut off... Then that would be the thing you should do.

(a moment)

If you don't...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: (5)

60

RICKI (CONT'D)
let us take the thorn out of your side.
And after that, if you're not happy, we
can all talk again.

Starkman just can't take his eyes off her.

CUT TO:

61 EXT. STARKMAN'S PLACE - DAY

61

Gigli and Ricki exit. Walking straight ahead, looking
straight ahead. Deadpan.

GIGLI
Was that Ching Chow Fong stuff back
there?

RICKI
Excuse me?

GIGLI
One of your Chinese guys?

RICKI
Sun Tzu. Yes, it was.

GIGLI
(with sincere awe and respect)
Whew...

A cab draws Ricki's attention. She raises her arm.

RICKI
Taxi!

62 INT. TAXI - DAY

62

As the cab makes it's way through traffic.

RICKI
Well... now we have a choice to make.

GIGLI
At this point, this is not really
something we have a choice about.

RICKI
We have a choice. We choose to do it or
we choose not to do it. It's actually
quite simple.

(CONTINUED)

GIGLI

Choosing not to do it is not a choice.

She leans in to keep this out of the Driver's range.

RICKI

All along this was a gig about pulling somebody out of circulation for a little while, I don't recall finger amputations or killings in the original paperwork. Fuck Starkman. I'm a pro but I want to know the deal going in. Then I can either accept it or not accept it. I don't like this last minute 'up the ante' stuff. If it means hiding out for a little while, big deal. I could go for a change of life style now, anyway.

Gigli is reeling.

RICKI (CONT'D)

So...

GIGLI

... What?

RICKI

... Are you with me?

GIGLI

What?

RICKI

I said...

She locks eyes with him.

RICKI (CONT'D)

... Are you with me?

A long, tough moment as Gigli considers the devil and the deep blue sea of it all. Her look cuts to his core. Finally --

GIGLI

... Sure.

She narrows her eyes.

GIGLI (CONT'D)

Just kidding. Yes.

63 EXT. GIGLI'S APARTMENT - DAY

63

Quickly and on edge, Gigli, Ricki and Brian load some boxes of Gigli's belongings into his car.

RICKI

It's amazing that a grown man could have accumulated so little in the way of material possessions.

GIGLI

That's my furniture I'm leaving behind in there. That's not rented or anything.

RICKI

No, no, I think it's quite admirable actually. Almost zen.

GIGLI

I picked all that out, put it together. Black Ice.

RICKI

What?

GIGLI

Black Ice. That's the name of the... uh style... that shiny... y'know...

RICKI

It was beautiful.

GIGLI

Yeah... You know the couch wasn't part of it, I picked it out separately but y'know it looks like it's all part of the same set.

RICKI

You could be an interior decorator.

GIGLI

I wanted leather but the Black Ice one wasn't leather.

(hairpin turn)

Man, I'm turning my life upside down.

64 INT. GIGLI'S CAR - DAY

64

Gigli, Ricki and Brian all together in the front seat for the first time. Boxes fill the back.

*
*

(CONTINUED)

RICKI
I know you won't regret this.

GIGLI
This is just... big. This is a big change
of life.

RICKI
It's big.

GIGLI
Where we gonna go?

Brian interjects.

BRIAN
It's critical that we go to The Baywatch.

GIGLI
"Critical"?

BRIAN
Yes.

GIGLI
(to Ricki)
There you have it. Our destination has
been clarified.

The cell phone RINGS. Gigli's heart stops. He hesitates for a
moment, then answers it.

GIGLI (CONT'D)
Yes?

It's Jacobellis, driving, phone in hand.

JACOBELLIS
Hi, honey. Any news?

GIGLI
How'd you get this number?

JACOBELLIS
Please. Tell me what you've heard on our
beautiful streets.

GIGLI
Since last night? I haven't heard
nothing.

(CONTINUED)

JACOBELLIS
Where you goin'?

GIGLI
Nowhere. For a drive.

JACOBELLIS
Would you meet me, I'd really love to
talk to you.

GIGLI
Sure, I'd --

Gigli puts his mouth closer to the phone and breaks into a
run of sustained saliva gurgles.

GIGLI (CONT'D)
What, Stan? What?

He manufactures more static-like noises.

GIGLI (CONT'D)
Can't hear you, Stan. Can't hear you.

And more noises.

GIGLI (CONT'D)
Call me back.

Gigli hangs up the phone and clicks the power off.

GIGLI (CONT'D)
Fuckhead.

Brian smiles.

BRIAN
..."Fuckhead".

Ricki watches Brian's small moment of happiness. The car
behind them honks.

GIGLI
(as if to other driver)
Hey, get over it, it's traffic. Get a
fucking life.

RICKI
Make that next right.

GIGLI
To where?

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED: (2)

RICKI
Just make a right.

GIGLI
Where we going?

RICKI
Just make a right. Right over there. Get
on the freeway.

GIGLI
Where we going?

CUT TO:

66 EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

66

Gigli's car makes its way through traffic. PULL BACK to see
the freeway leads to the coastline.

RICKI (V.O.)
I think he wants to see the beach.

67 EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - DAY

67

With the beach gleaming along side them, their car glides
along the highway.

68 INT. GIGLI'S CAR - DAY

68

They all ride quietly for a moment.

GIGLI
Okay? The Baywatch. Okay?

Brian, timid and expectant, almost afraid to look.

GIGLI (CONT'D)
Now let's get outta here. I gotta go see
my mother before we leave.

RICKI
Pull over for a minute.

Gigli looks to her, sees there's no point discussing it.

69 EXT. BEACH - DAY

69

They pull off next to a not too impressive stretch of barely populated sand.

Ricki gets out and opens Brian's door. He is hesitant. Actually shy. She gently coaxes him to stand and take a few steps closer to the beach itself, but only manages to get him to a small promontory a few feet from the car. He stands there, reluctantly taking in the vista.

Gigli sits in car waiting.

GIGLI

Okay, it's beautiful. I gotta go see my mother.

Brian silent. Seeming very alone, very let down. Ricki gives Gigli a "give it a minute" look.

GIGLI (CONT'D)

What're we doing here?

After a few moments, Brian drifts back to the car. He thought it would be something else. He gets in, Ricki closes the door behind him. They drive off.

70 INT. GIGLI'S CAR - DAY

70

An air of sadness.

GIGLI

Alright, ya happy now?

After a moment.

BRIAN

Thank you for taking me, Larry.

GIGLI

You're welcome.

Gigli meets Ricki's disapproving eyes.

GIGLI (CONT'D)

(defending himself)

I gotta see my mother before we leave.

- 71 EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - DAY 71
Their car heads along the coast.
- 72 INT. GIGLI'S CAR - DAY 72
Brian gazes forward expressionlessly. A new level of detachment. Then --
Something begins to click. He is becoming intrigued by something in the distance.
- 73 BRIAN'S POV 73
Something on the ocean side of the road. At first unrecognizable but then, as they get closer, he can almost start to make it out.
- 74 INT. GIGLI'S CAR - DAY 74
Brian's eyes slowly begin to widen.
BRIAN
(quietly at first)
Oh my god, oh my god, oh my god, oh my god, oh my god...
GIGLI
What, what?
- 75 BRIAN'S POV 75
As the sight reveals itself. It is a MOVIE SET. Trucks, cranes, lights, catering tents and wardrobe racks clutter the parking lot and beach.
- 76 INT. GIGLI'S CAR - DAY 76
Brian presses his face up against his window. As Ricki senses what's going on, she begins the subtlest of smiles.
BRIAN
They're open, they're open, they're open, oh my god, oh my god, oh my god, oh my god...

(CONTINUED)

The reflection of the set gracefully sweeps over Brian's window, bathing him in its image. His eyes pick out the details; a CREW and camera dolly following alongside a gorgeously buff YOUNG COUPLE as they converse flirtatiously; beautiful BIKINIED GIRLS, some seated on director's chairs; an ASSISTANT DIRECTOR motioning instructions to some GRIPS who are carrying light stands; etc.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Oh my god, oh my god, oh my god, we got to stop, we got to stop, they're open, we got to stop...

GIGLI

What're you talking about?

BRIAN

Larry, they're open, oh my god.

GIGLI

Who's open?

BRIAN

The Baywatch, The Baywatch, The Baywatch, The Baywatch --

GIGLI

The Baywatch?

BRIAN

The Baywatch, The Baywatch, The Baywatch.

Gigli sees what Brian is referring to.

GIGLI

Oh man. That's the fucking Baywatch?

BRIAN

We gotta stop, we gotta stop, we gotta stop.

GIGLI

We can't now.

BRIAN

No, Larry. No, Larry. No, Larry. We're here, we're here, we're here, they're open. Oh, my god.

RICKI

(coming to Brian's aid)

Larry...

(CONTINUED)

GIGLI

We'll come back later. I gotta go see my mother before we leave.

BRIAN

But Larry, but Larry, oh my god.

GIGLI

We'll come back later.

BRIAN

Oh, Larry...

GIGLI

No bullshit this time. We'll come back, I promise. I promise.

BRIAN

Please, Larry, really.

GIGLI

I promise.

BRIAN

But Larry, they may be closed again.

GIGLI

Brian, I promise you. They'll be open.

BRIAN

Promise me.

GIGLI

I just promised you. I promise you... I promise you.

Ricki gives him an "are you 'sure you're gonna stick to your word?" look.

GIGLI (CONT'D)

I promise.

77 INT. GIGLI'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - DAY

77

Gigli and his Mother just look at each other. They are alone.

MOTHER

So where are you going?

GIGLI

I don't really know.

(CONTINUED)

MOTHER

When are you coming back?

GIGLI

I don't... I don't really know.

MOTHER

Well, I hope that beautiful girl is going with you.

Gigli shrugs.

GIGLI

I... y'know, I... don't really know what that deal is, to tell you the truth.

MOTHER

That girl could save you...

GIGLI

... I know.

They look at each other for a moment.

MOTHER

Sometimes I think you're involved with bad things.

That hangs there for a minute.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Are you?

GIGLI

No, Ma.

She looks at him. He tries to look at her.

MOTHER

You know I love you.

She leans in, cups his face and kisses him on the forehead.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Let me know when you figure out what the fuck you're gonna do with your life.

Gigli heads out the front door and makes his way to the street. He gets to the curb, looking around for the car and Ricki and Brian. They're not there.

(CONTINUED)

Suddenly, from behind the large tree next to him, Jacobellis pops out and slams Gigli in the belly, doubling him over.

JACOBELLIS
Whoa, baby. Mattress in the fast lane.

Gigli struggles to catch his breath.

JACOBELLIS (CONT'D)
How's Mom doing?

No response.

JACOBELLIS (CONT'D)
I'm on you, brother.

Gigli coughs.

JACOBELLIS (CONT'D)
You're surprised I found you. Right?
Yeah... I'm everywhere...
(scans the air)
...Like nitrogen. You probably think air
is mostly oxygen but it's not. It's
mostly nitrogen.

GIGLI
No offense, but I learned that in the
seventh grade.

JACOBELLIS
I know that. This is reverse psychology.
Interrogation technique.

Jacobellis punches Gigli in the belly again. It doubles him over again.

JACOBELLIS (CONT'D)
You don't think people notice you moving
stuff out of your apartment and talk to
me?

GIGLI
Shit, Stanley...

Jacobellis gargles up a saliva-ridden simulation of the sound of static.

JACOBELLIS
What, Larry? I can't hear you.

More "static".

(CONTINUED)

JACOBELLIS (CONT'D)

What? Call me back.

Gigli begins to recover.

JACOBELLIS (CONT'D)

You know... everybody's getting rich. Computers, whatever... I met this guy... four billion dollars. Four billion. Cocksucker. What's he do for anybody? When's he put his ass on the line? Never, that's when. Four billion dollars. The worst thing that can happen to that scumbag is probably he forgets and rolls his window down right after a car wash... gets it all streaked... has a fucking coronary about it... Fuckin'...

Jacobellis can't find the right word to express his disdain for the guy.

GIGLI

I don't know that I'm following you here, Stanley.

JACOBELLIS

I been around since the term blow job meant dynamiting a safe and I ain't got shit to show for it. And I'm pissed off. I'm fucking pissed off, man.

GIGLI

What can I do to help you out?

JACOBELLIS

Ahhh, there's nothing you can do. It's my problem. Right?

Gigli shrugs.

JACOBELLIS (CONT'D)

Yeah...

(changes subject)

I got one for you. Skeleton walks into a bar. Says to the bartender, "Lemme have a beer and a mop."

Jacobellis waits. Nothing.

JACOBELLIS (CONT'D)

...Yeah. That's it. So where's dopey?

(CONTINUED)

GIGLI

Who?

JACOBELLIS

Larry, please. Larry. Let me do my job.
Don't embarrass me. I know you know
things. I know you know things.

Suddenly, with Ricki at the wheel, Gigli's car pulls right up
next to them. Brian's not in it.

RICKI

(to Jacobellis)

Where you been? We haven't heard from you
in a while.

JACOBELLIS

Yeah? That's 'cause I been too fucking
busy. And vice versa.

They size each other up.

JACOBELLIS (CONT'D)

You don't like me, do you?

She just looks at him.

JACOBELLIS (CONT'D)

Well, while you're wallowing in
indecision, let me ask you something. As
a model citizen of Starbuck's Nation, do
you think young Larry here is making the
wisest career decision? I mean...
anybody'd stick their neck out for
Starkman right now, that would be like a
waste of good neck because Starkman...

(turning to Gigli)

...forget about that guy. Larry, I'm
telling you. Next time he wants to kiss
his grandkids, he's gonna have to do it
through plexiglass. Who knows? Word's out
he may even be joining the Great Silent
Majority.

GIGLI

The Silent Majority?

JACOBELLIS

Those who no longer walk amongst us. In
any event, what I'm trying to communicate
here, kids, is that there's only one
Starkman and there's a million of me. So
choose your side wisely.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED: (4)

78

JACOBELLIS (CONT'D)

(intimately to Gigli)

Sweetie? I need that dopey guy. If I were to be the one to get to bring him to safety, I can't begin to tell you how much slack I would cut you from now 'til the end of time. So, please... get on the bandwagon. Be mah boy, Larry, come to the baby Jesus. Call me if you hear anything.

Jacobellis splits.

CUT TO:

79 GIGLI AND RICKI'S POV OF BRIAN THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

79

As their car approaches a gas station, Brian stands diligently on the corner.

Ricki still driving, they pull up next to him.

BRIAN

Fifteen red cars, fifteen red cars.

RICKI

Very good.

BRIAN

One was orange but I called it red so there'd be fifteen.

RICKI

Very good.

80 INT. GIGLI'S CAR - A FEW MINUTES LATER

80

Brian, as usual, sits in the rear.

GIGLI

(to Ricki)

Y'know, I kind of like it when you drive.

She manages a small smile. He gazes out of the window.

GIGLI (CONT'D)

Maybe this'll be good. Maybe this is just what I needed.

His look drifts to the backseat.

GIGLI (CONT'D)

You have a girlfriend, Brian?

*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

Brian considers.

BRIAN
No, I don't.
(a moment)
Do you?

GIGLI
(re: Ricki)
I dunno...

A moment.

GIGLI (CONT'D)
You know, I see you're a little shy
around women. There's really no magic to
the whole thing. There's nothing to be
afraid of. You see a girl you like, you
step up and say -- "Hello. How are you
today?" -- "Nice weather we're having."
And then, you know... You take it from
there.

Brian listens cautiously.

GIGLI (CONT'D)
Try it.

Nothing.

GIGLI (CONT'D)
Go 'head.
(prompting)
"Hello... How are you today?"

Struggling to step up, Brian finally gets the words out --

BRIAN
Hello.
(beat)
How are you today?

GIGLI
That's it...

Brian is stuck.

GIGLI (CONT'D)
C'mon...

BRIAN
Nice weather we're having.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (2)

80

A tickling rush of pride wells up in Brian. *

GIGLI *

There you go. Nothing to it. And then you
take it from there. *

Gigli takes stock of this odd trio that has somehow come
together to form some strange kind of family. *

GIGLI (CONT'D)

What a bunch of freaks we are.

A moment. He turns to Ricki. *

GIGLI (CONT'D)

So now that we're partners in crime, how
about telling me your real name. *

Another moment.

RICKI

I've got a confession to make.

Gigli listens.

(CONTINUED)

RICKI (CONT'D)

I didn't mean to deceive you. I thought I could bullshit my way through it and pick up enough cash to get away, start a new life.

Pause.

GIGLI

I'm gonna need you to fill in the details a little bit.

RICKI

Robin and I have been on the ropes for quite a while.

GIGLI

Robin?

RICKI

My ex. Remember? She bled all over your carpet? When I found out she was engaged in your line of work, I knew it for sure it was time to start anew. Just as I was about to leave for the last time, this guy Louis comes over to explain the whole gig. He seemed like he was new in town and thought I was Robin. I figured I could only be doing the world a favor by doing the job instead of her who, as you saw, has a talent for the unpredictable. He gave me eight thousand dollars and was going to give me another twelve when everything was done and I knew that would help me get far away.

GIGLI

I'm very confused. What are you trying to say?

RICKI

I'm not a contractor.

GIGLI

You're not a contractor.

RICKI

No. I'm not.

GIGLI

You're not a contractor.

(CONTINUED)

RICKI
No.

GIGLI
So what the fuck are you then?

RICKI
I'd rather not get into it.

GIGLI
What does that mean?

RICKI
It means I don't think it's pertinent to this discussion.

Gigli's look conveys his growing outrage.

RICKI (CONT'D)
Alright. You ready? You got a minute?
Here it is.
(rapid-fire)
I come out to LA to sing and to write. To write songs. And I'm pretty fucking good.
(self-mockingly)
What? You've heard this story before?
(back to rapid-fire)
I hook up with some musicians, we start playing a couple of clubs on Sunset, meet some people, blah blah, and this label, kinda of a small one, but still y'know, this label picks me up, puts me under contract. To write, not to sing, but still, I thought that was pretty fucking amazing. To make a long story short, wrote some stuff for them that never got anywhere, the singing thing dried up and blew away and before you know it, my short but unremarkable career in fabulous show business starts a real serious decline and, because I have a fondness for the occasional meal, I find myself dancing at one of Los Angeles' finer gentlemen's establishments. And if you think that overall trend downward sucks the big fucking moose dick, you'd be right. On all fronts, I would say it was time to bail.

GIGLI
So you're not a contractor... You're a...

(CONTINUED)

RICKI

Singer/songwriter, I guess... and a dancer.

GIGLI

You're a singer/songwriter, I guess and a dancer.

RICKI

Yes.

GIGLI

A singer/songwriter...?

RICKI

Yes.

GIGLI

...And a dancer?

RICKI

Yes.

GIGLI

You're not a contractor.

RICKI

No. I'm not a contractor.

GIGLI

Don't get fucking angry at me. I'm the one supposed to be angry.

RICKI

I'm not getting angry at you, I'm just not a contractor. I'm sorry.

GIGLI

You're sorry.

(disbelief)

Goddammit. What the hell am I supposed to do now?

RICKI

I don't know.

GIGLI

You don't know.

RICKI

I don't know, I'm not a contractor and I'm fucking sorry, okay.

(CONTINUED)

GIGLI

"Don't cut his thumb off". "Am I with you". "Let's run off and not kill him". And you're not even a contractor. And I listen to you! I listen to you like a fucking dummy. Oh man.

RICKI

You're not going to make me feel guilty about not having earned my scumbag wings. I've done bad things. But I never hurt anybody.

GIGLI

I fuck up my entire life, stick myself way the fuck out there...

He can only manage to shake his head in disbelief.

BRIAN

Larry. Are you alright?

GIGLI

I'm fine, Brian.

(after a moment, to Ricki)

... So everything was bullshit?

RICKI

Yeah.

A moment.

GIGLI

... and the Lesbian thing?

RICKI

That part's true.

GIGLI

Beautiful. This is beautiful. Just a perfect thing of beauty.

RICKI

It gets worse.

GIGLI

(encouraging her to make matters worse)

Please...

81 INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

81

All three are seated. Gigli waits for her to continue.

RICKI
I'm going to be taking off today.

GIGLI
Taking off from what?

RICKI
I mean leaving.

GIGLI
... Leaving.

She nods gently. It starts to sink in.

GIGLI (CONT'D)
Why are you leaving?

RICKI
Because, as you poetically put it, my
life sucks and it has for a real long
time. There are promises I made to myself
about things I have to do and places I
want to go. And the time has come.

GIGLI
Now let me make a confession. I think
we're good together.

RICKI
What are you saying?

(CONTINUED)

GIGLI

I thought maybe... you know... we might
wind up together.

RICKI

...That could never be.

GIGLI

Never say never.

RICKI

I don't think I could ever truly get
around the "man" thing.

GIGLI

Why don't you just give it a chance?

RICKI

That's what all the guys say.

GIGLI

I'm not like all the guys.

RICKI

That's what all the guys say.

A moment.

RICKI (CONT'D)

(gently)

And besides, I'm tired of thugs.

GIGLI

What do you think, I'm just some fucking
thug? I'm not a thug.

RICKI

You're not a thug?

GIGLI

I mean I'm not just a thug, there's more
to me.

RICKI

Yes?

GIGLI

Ricki, please. I don't want to be an
asshole all my life. I wanna... I
wanna... you know...

(pause)

I wanna be a person.

(pause)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: (2)

81

GIGLI (CONT'D)

All the stuff you do... the stuff I did... it piles up, it doesn't go away. It's there. And it stays there. And it becomes who you are. And it doesn't care who you wanted to be because now you're something else and that's all there is to it. I got nothing. No nothing. No family... I mean, my mother but, you know... no family of my own. I got nothing. I'm a bum. With you, I felt...

He can't get it out.

GIGLI (CONT'D)

(re: Brian)

Even with him...

Even though he doesn't finish, Ricki's eyes let him know she gets it.

GIGLI (CONT'D)

I don't wanna be a thug, but what am I gonna do? Deliver pizza? I'm stuck. I'm stuck in this. But I wanna figure a way out. I don't know if it's even possible but maybe it is. Maybe it is.

RICKI

Maybe it is.

Brian looks very unhappy.

BRIAN

Stop fighting.

GIGLI

We're not fighting.

Nonetheless, Brian looks perturbed.

BRIAN

I think so, though.

82 EXT. PARK - DAY

82

Brian meanders nearby.

GIGLI

So what am I supposed to do now? Take a bullet for this guy? That's a great consolation prize.

(CONTINUED)

RICKI

What're you trying to say?

GIGLI

What I'm trying to say is -- this deal sucks. I don't get the girl but... get this, but... in exchange I get Starkman to hunt me down and have me killed. Sounds too good to resist.

RICKI

You want to change your life? Then you have to change your life. That has to come from you. It should have nothing to do with whether I stay or go. It has to be all you. You want to change your life, then change it.

GIGLI

(desperately mocking)

"Change it."

RICKI

So what are you going to do? You're gonna kill him?

GIGLI

No, y'know... I'm not gonna kill him. I... I dunno... I couldn't kill him...

RICKI

You'll hand him over to Starkman? What do you think Starkman's gonna do with him? You walk away, let him go on the street, who do you think's gonna find him?

A moment.

RICKI (CONT'D)

You want to turn your life around? Do the right fucking thing for a change. You're tired of being a scumbag? Do the right fucking thing. Try it once before you die, I promise you won't regret it.

(beat)

Before the winds of time erode those fucking sand dunes of yours.

They look at each other.

RICKI (CONT'D)

I'm getting out of my shitty life. It can be done, you know.

(CONTINUED)

A moment, then, out of nowhere, an off-screen little zip of a FART.

BRIAN
(rapidly, with no trace of
embarrassment)
I farted.

Gigli and Ricki turn to him.

RICKI
(back to Gigli)
If you want it, you can do it. Brian
wants to go to the Baywatch. And you know
what? One day he'll get there.

Another ZIP.

BRIAN
(rapidly again)
I farted.

RICKI
(to Gigli)
But in the meantime, you're gonna have to
turn him over to that asshole cop buddy
of yours. It'd be worth it just to make
the guy happy. Put a little smile on his
face. It'll be good, you'll see.

The two of them sit quietly on a curb, Gigli's forearms
resting on his knees, fingers entwined. Ricki's arm is around
him.

Although he tries to control it, Gigli's eyes start to tear
up.

GIGLI
I want you to stay with me.

RICKI
I'm gay.

GIGLI
But what about this?

RICKI
Y'know... I haven't done this kind of
thing very often in my life. Being with
you was like... being with a woman.

This is a new one on him.

(CONTINUED)

RICKI (CONT'D)

You come off as this big tough killer, but inside all that, there's this feminine side. I know you really dig women, I just sometimes sense, when the moment is just so, that you are in the possession of some of the qualities I have come to know and love in the women of my life. And to me that's big. I have a theory that the reason we're attracted to each other is because you're a Lesbian too. Spiritually, of course... not, you know, actually. You have a feminine side and you dig chicks.

(doing the math)

Feminine... digs chicks...

(equals)

...Lesbian!

All Gigli can manage to do is listen.

RICKI (CONT'D)

So maybe that's why I dig you. 'Cause you're a big, butch, diesel, fucking bulldyke. With a soft side, of course. Sensitive.

GIGLI

This is crazy.

A moment.

GIGLI (CONT'D)

I don't even know your name.

RICKI

Rochelle.

GIGLI

...Rochelle.

She nods.

RICKI

But I'm almost beginning to prefer 'Ricki'. Might be good for my new life.

GIGLI

(scrunching his face a tad)

..."Rochelle."

(CONTINUED)

RICKI

Hey, to tell you the truth, I never cared much for the name "Larry". Maybe you can change it for your new life.

(a moment)

It wasn't my intention to screw you over. But if my being plopped here helped keep you from doing something ugly that you otherwise might have done, then that's a good thing, no?

(shrugs)

Fate.

That stops Gigli. Ricki studies him for a moment.

RICKI (CONT'D)

I'll bet you'd look bitchin' with some mascara.

They take each other in.

RICKI (CONT'D)

Man, I'd give my left testicle to see that.

Managing the weakest of smiles, Gigli sadly shakes his head. Ricki kisses him, then heads over to Brian. Without a word, she kisses him on the forehead, then turns and leaves.

83 EXT. PINK'S - DAY

83

Gigli at the take-out window, Brian behind him, hovering in neutral. Gigli, who is a million miles away, tries to focus enough to place his order.

GIGLI

A hot dog... with chili... a chili dog. With cheese. Uh... some fries. Could you put some chili on the fries, too. Yeah. Maybe some onions, too. On the chili dog. A soda or something. Whatever you got.

(to Brian)

You want a hot dog?

BRIAN

I'd like a frankfurter instead.

GIGLI

It's the same thing.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

Larry, sometimes you think you're so smart but you're stupid.

GIGLI

What would like to eat, Brian?

BRIAN

I'd like one frankfurter and one hot dog.

GIGLI

(to Cashier)

And one frankfurter and one hot dog.

BRIAN

That's going to be good. Don't be such a dope next time.

84 A FEW MOMENTS LATER

84

They sit, quietly eating at one of the tables in the otherwise deserted outdoor area in the back. Brian finishes his food.

BRIAN

Okay, I'm ready now, let's go to The Baywatch.

Gigli doesn't take his eyes off Brian as he pensively chews the last oversized hunk of his chili dog. He swallows, wipes the corners of his mouth with a napkin. Then...

GIGLI

Brian. I gotta tell you something. There is no Baywatch.

BRIAN

Not the TV show, the --

GIGLI

BRIAN! There is no Baywatch. There is no "The" Baywatch. It doesn't exist. That stuff at the beach is just a bunch of guys shooting a movie or a TV show or something, it has nothing to do with whatever it is you have in your head.

BRIAN

Call your walkie-talkie and --

(CONTINUED)

GIGLI

There is no walkie-talkie. That's a fucking eyeglass case. And there is no fucking Baywatch. It's all bullshit. You got it? They don't even make that show any more.

Brian is silent, not displaying any indication of emotion.

GIGLI (CONT'D)

Listen... I think we're gonna go to plan "B" here.

The prospect of this conversation is meaningless to Brian.

GIGLI (CONT'D)

Yeah... I know what Ricki and I talked about... but this thing here... I mean I just gotta...

(pause)

Ah... whatever. I don't think it's gonna turn out as bad as she thought. But... now... I just gotta close things up and get on to the next. I mean, I'm not gonna be looking over my shoulder for the rest of my life. Y'know, so look. Let's just do this. OK? Don't give me any problems.

Brian wasn't going to.

GIGLI (CONT'D)

Alright? You fucking...

(beat)

Alright. Let's just go here. C'mon. What I am supposed to be? Mother Theresa? I ain't interested. Period. Fuck that. Fuck her, fuck everybody, fuck you. What do I gotta do? Catch the short end of everybody's stick? Uh uh. How about 'Uh uh'. It's bullshit. I'm tired of being the fucking Bozo.

BRIAN

Then you should take a nap.

GIGLI

What?

Brian doesn't reply.

GIGLI (CONT'D)

Let me ask you something. I'm not trying to be an asshole but...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GIGLI (CONT'D)

what's the deal being crazy or retarded or whatever it is? What d'ya see weird stuff or what? Hear crazy noises? What's the deal?

Brian just watches Gigli.

GIGLI (CONT'D)

Really, I'm not trying to be... y'know... it's just kind of hard for me to imagine what it's like in there, in that head of yours.

Brian continues to regard Gigli for a moment, then scrunches his face into a prune, eyes closed.

Then suddenly, inexplicably, Brian snaps forward violently, SLAMMING his head down onto the table. HARD. He jerks up, then SLAMS forward again. Gigli tries to stop him.

GIGLI (CONT'D)

Hey --

Brian's eyes open for a second, a detached calm, then he stands and jerks sideways, this time throwing his head into the wall next to him. Gigli jumps up and grabs him.

GIGLI (CONT'D)

Cut it out!

A tiny trickle of blood starts to make its way out of Brian's nostril. He remains strangely unconnected.

GIGLI (CONT'D)

Alright. It's alright.

BRIAN

When are we going to The Baywatch?

GIGLI

Soon. We're going soon.

BRIAN

My head hurts.

GIGLI

Sit down.

Brian doesn't seem to register this.

GIGLI (CONT'D)

I want you to sit down.

(CONTINUED)

Okay. BRIAN

GIGLI
Your nose is bleeding.

BRIAN
Yeah.

GIGLI
C'mon. Sit down.

BRIAN
Yeah.

But Brian doesn't move.

GIGLI
Alright?

BRIAN
Yeah.

GIGLI
So c'mon, sit down.

BRIAN
Yeah. I'm gonna sit down. 'Cause Larry..?

GIGLI
Yeah?

BRIAN
'Cause Larry..?

GIGLI
Yeah.

BRIAN
My head hurts. Okay?

GIGLI
Yeah sure. Sit down.

BRIAN
Yeah?

GIGLI
Yeah, go ahead.

BRIAN
Yeah. It hurts now.

(CONTINUED)

A moment.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
I think I hurt it.

Gigli starts to wipe Brian's bloody nose with a paper napkin.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
(gently)
I'm normal.

A moment.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
I'm normal. I'm normal.

GIGLI
I know you are.

Brian continues quietly.

BRIAN
I'm normal. I'm normal... "That's not becoming, Brian." It's not my fault... You fff--- you fffucker fffuckhead. You don't have the brain-damage.

GIGLI
Stop talking for a minute, let me clean you up.

A moment of quiet as Gigli gets lost in the unfamiliar role of caregiver.

BRIAN
The Baywatch has many pretty girls. I like them all but I don't think they see me.

GIGLI
... Y'know... I don't really know what you're talking about, but I think I know exactly what you mean.

Gigli finishes cleaning Brian up.

GIGLI (CONT'D)

(to no one in particular)

If anyone told me a week ago that the love of my life would turn out to be a Lesbian to who guys can never be more than an occasional hors d'oeuvre and that I'd wind up being the mommy to a grown fucking nutball...

BRIAN

You're not my Mommy, you're a nutball.

Brian brings a small smile to Gigli.

GIGLI

Well, whatever. I guess it's you and me, pal. Let's see if I can't do the right thing here for a fucking change.

CUT TO:

85 CLOSE-UP

85

Jacobellis riding alone in the small elevator, his face just a few inches from the door. He's been drinking. Without warning, he cathartically issues forth a long, deep, rank and ripping belch. His blank expression remains unmoved. DING! The elevator's about to make a stop.

86 WIDEN OUT

86

Jacobellis takes a step back. The door opens and in walk TWO YOUNG WOMEN. All three ride quietly until one of women starts to notice an aroma. She turns to her friend.

YOUNG WOMAN

Mmmm. This elevator smells like Thai food.

JACOBELLIS

(correcting)

Spaghetti and clams.

His cell phone RINGS. He fishes under his jacket for it, unfolds it.

JACOBELLIS (CONT'D)

(pleasantly sing-song)

Hel-lo.

87 INTERCUT

87

GIGLI

Stanley, I got something for you.

JACOBELLIS

For me? You didn't have to get anything for me.

Gigli's not in the mood for banter.

GIGLI

Where can I come see you?

JACOBELLIS

Ahh. So this isn't a phone thing.

GIGLI

No.

A moment.

JACOBELLIS

Good.

88 EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

88

Gigli's car pulls up. He gets out, goes to the passenger side and opens Brian's door.

BRIAN

Where are we?

GIGLI

Don't worry about it. C'mon.

Brian is about to get out.

BRIAN

Oh my god.

GIGLI

What?

BRIAN

I forgot my radio.

GIGLI

What radio?

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

88

BRIAN

For the music. When we get to The Baywatch. I want music there.

GIGLI

Don't worry about it. C'mon.

Gigli motions for Brian to get out of the car. Brian hesitates. Gigli motions again. Brian relents.

89 INT. ABANDONED OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

89

A large space littered with the detritus of 1950's LA municipal office decor. Peeling linoleum, broken frosted glass dividers, the odd tilting desk, water damaged cardboard file boxes, something that looks like it might have once been a phone book.

Gigli and Brian enter. Brian's nose scrunches at the mess. He slows his pace as Gigli measuredly continues on.

JACOBELLIS (O.S.)

"...How small it's all."

Jacobellis, already there, weaving a little bit.

JACOBELLIS (CONT'D)

What a development. You know I've been busting my hump on this thing... round the clock... living on a diet of toothpaste and fingernails.

(to Brian)

Howaya, howaya.

No response.

JACOBELLIS (CONT'D)

That's Arthur Godfrey. That's how he used to talk. "Howaya, Howaya".

(to Gigli)

You know Arthur Godfrey?

GIGLI

No.

JACOBELLIS

Of course you don't. You weren't even born.

Jacobellis seems a bit further out there than usual. Gigli takes a moment, then turns to Brian.

(CONTINUED)

GIGLI

So I gotta go, Brian. I'll see ya around.

No reaction. Gigli takes a moment then, trying to ignore Jacobellis's presence, steps closer.

GIGLI (CONT'D)

(quietly)

And I gotta tell you... I'm gonna miss you. You're a good kid. I'm sorry about all the... you know.

A moment.

GIGLI (CONT'D)

In any event --

BRIAN

When are we going to The Baywatch?

GIGLI

Well...

(re: Jacobellis)

Maybe my friend here will have to take you.

JACOBELLIS

Where's that?

Gigli gives him a "don't worry about it" look. Jacobellis nods back.

Gigli takes a last look at Brian, not even sure if Brian understands he's leaving. Jacobellis interrupts the moment.

JACOBELLIS (CONT'D)

(shaking his finger)

I knew you had him. I knew it. That makes me angry. You've been fucking with my occupation. I have an occupation I have to... You were lying to me.

Gigli turns to Jacobellis.

JACOBELLIS (CONT'D)

Ah... who am I kidding? I'm kidding nobody, right? Yeah. And besides, that's all water under the river.

GIGLI

...under the bridge.

(CONTINUED)

JACOBELLIS

What are you, an idiot?

The moment hangs in the air. A new thought enters Jacobellis's head.

JACOBELLIS (CONT'D)

You know, it ain't easy being a cop. Spend the day dealing with some guy who stuck a broken light bulb up his three year old's vagina. Go home at night... have too much of the fermented potato and -- I got this new computer -- I go online and read about the "Leave It To Beaver" kid on People Magazine's "What Ever Happened To" web site. I mean, what is that? What kind of fucking life is this? For a grown man...

It's time for Gigli to go. One last look at Brian, then he turns back to Jacobellis.

GIGLI

I'll see ya around, Stanley.

Gigli starts to walk. Brian seems slightly confused. Jacobellis continues on.

JACOBELLIS

Cops are good. The salt of the earth. They do shit nobody'd do and people look at them like they're dirt. It doesn't make cops happy to not be liked. It's...
(he drifts off, then returns)
People love firemen, they love firemen... But cops? They spit at 'em. Yeah. I love cops. They're really, really good. Really good people.

Gigli keeps walking.

JACOBELLIS (CONT'D)

But... I'm a "Bad Cop", Larry. I'm a very bad cop. The only thing redeeming me is I don't want to besmirch my fellow officers with my filth...

Gigli begins to slow down. Jacobellis takes a gun out of his shoulder holster. Holding it near his head, lackadaisically aimed upward.

(CONTINUED)

JACOBELLIS (CONT'D)

So I'm just gonna...

(mimes a grab)

... take some of that dirty money and be
on my way, leave everybody alone.

Gigli stops.

JACOBELLIS (CONT'D)

Go off to Montana or somewhere, next to a
trout stream. Spend the next thirty years
drinking myself to death.The thought makes Jacobellis smile. Gigli turns around to
face him.

JACOBELLIS (CONT'D)

I heard about a place, the deer come so
close you can go hunting with a hammer.
Yeah...

GIGLI

What are you doing, Stanley?

JACOBELLIS

How would it be I turned on you right now
and busted your ass?

Gigli doesn't answer.

JACOBELLIS (CONT'D)

Nah, don't worry about it. I was just
saying...

(a moment)

You know, Larry Gigli... which by the way
gotta be one of the uglier fuckin' names
to come down the pike... You know,
kidnapping is a very serious thing. But
you should be very relieved to know that
under no circumstances am I ever going to
make you pay a price for being a bad boy.
And you've got a very powerful guarantee.

Gigli listens quietly.

JACOBELLIS (CONT'D)

Because you and I know who we are. We're
basically scumbags paid to make life
miserable for others. And in our secret
little brotherhood of darkness, we see
each other's misdeeds and we know we can
both profit by silence.

(CONTINUED)

GIGLI

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

JACOBELLIS

What I'm talking about is -- I know what you did and tomorrow you'll know what I did, and forever we'll be bonded in silence.

Gigli is starting to put it all together.

JACOBELLIS (CONT'D)

Far be it from me to underscore the intuitively obvious but after I told Starkman it looked like you might be taking a trip, he put a ton of dough on the wizard boy here. He's probably gonna come looking for you too, but hey -- I don't got a dog in that fight.

GIGLI

I'm not gonna let you do this.

JACOBELLIS

A little late in life to start doing the right thing, Larry. As near as I can see it, you've made out beautifully. So get the fuck out of here 'cause if I don't take care of this thing properly it's gonna screw up my country gentleman plans and that would be terrible. Know what I'm saying?

Brian watches impassively. Suddenly, Gigli DECKS Jacobellis. He picks up the gun but doesn't point it at him.

GIGLI

Stanley, what the fuck are you doing? Are you crazy?

Jacobellis, on the floor, slightly dazed.

JACOBELLIS

... Why are you so upset? 'Cause I said we're not so different...?

GIGLI

Yeah? Well I think we're plenty different.

JACOBELLIS

Well, you're wrong. Our attitudes are similar about a lot of things.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED: (5)

89

JACOBELLIS (CONT'D)

Our lives are kind of similar. Right?
You're a lonely fuck. We're just... you
know, kinda similar. It sucks, don't it?

Jacobellis suddenly reaches for the small revolver in his
ankle holster and starts FIRING at Gigli.

GIGLI

WHAT ARE YOU DOING!

Gigli dodges and reflexively FIRES back, hitting Jacobellis
many times over.

Then -- quiet. A shocked Gigli digests the scene. Small wispy
clouds of smoke from the discharged rounds lazily dissipate.
Jacobellis lies crumpled, lifeless. Brian stands quietly.
Appalled, Gigli flops back into a chair.

GIGLI (CONT'D)

I just shot a LAPD Detective. That's...
that's... bad. That's... really no good.

He notices a small, clean tear in his shirt.

GIGLI (CONT'D)

Oh man. What's this about?

He starts to unbutton and sees a tiny almost bloodless hole
near his belly.

GIGLI (CONT'D)

Oh man. C'mon. Don't do this to me.

He gets out of the chair, not noticing the large patch of
thick blood he has left soaking into it.

As he walks past, Brian's eyes take in the gaping exit wound
in the yet unaware Gigli's back. He watches as Gigli, not
quite taking it all in, reaches behind himself, feeling some
moisture.

GIGLI (CONT'D)

Aww... C'mon.

Gigli brings his hand around, sees it covered with thick,
shiny blood.

GIGLI (CONT'D)

Tsk...

Noticing Brian looking at him, Gigli absently tries to wipe
his hand clean on his pants.

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED: (6)

89

GIGLI (CONT'D)
It's alright.

Brian just watches him.

GIGLI (CONT'D)
We should probably get out of here now.

BRIAN
It's too noisy here.

90 EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

90

Gigli and Brian make their way to the car...

GIGLI
(checking wound)
Tsk... shit.
(to Brian)
Get in.

Brian does. Gigli opens his own door.

GIGLI (CONT'D)
Goddammit.

He gets in, slams door.

91 INT. GIGLI'S CAR - DAY

91

Gigli drives, trying to ignore the pain. In shock, oddly removed.

GIGLI
(to himself)
Man... talk about limiting your options.

He looks over to Brian, who is watching him expressionlessly.

GIGLI (CONT'D)
So what are we gonna do with you?

BRIAN
We're going to The Baywatch.

GIGLI
Oh, I don't think we're going to The Baywatch.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

91

BRIAN

What d'ya mean? What d'ya mean... You promised, let's go. You promised. Just for ten minutes.

GIGLI

Ten minutes?

BRIAN

Fi-- three minutes. Just for three minutes. Please, Larry. Please, Larry. You promised me. Three minutes, Larry, three minutes, three minutes. Please, Larry. Please.

GIGLI

Brian...

BRIAN

Larry...

GIGLI

Brian...

BRIAN

Larry...

GIGLI

Brian!

Gigli lets out a heavy sigh. He doesn't have the strength to debate.

CUT TO:

92 EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

92

Gigli's car sails along.

93 INT. GIGLI'S CAR - DAY

93

Gigli is looking a little pale and clammy.

GIGLI

It's a small hole. I think that means it's okay. Yeah. It's a small hole. I'm losing a little blood here though.

He flicks his hand over the wound as if brushing crumbs off his tummy.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED:

93

GIGLI (CONT'D)

I'll have to eat a bunch of steaks. A lot
of red meat. Yeah. Has iron.

BRIAN

The hole's bigger in the back.

GIGLI

Yeah?

Brian nods.

94 THEIR POV

94

The entrance to the McClure Tunnel approaches. It's curved
and what lies past its exit isn't visible. Just blackness
fills its archway.

95 GIGLI

95

Somehow managing to stay focused.

96 BRIAN

96

Unreadable.

97 THEIR POV

97

The dark maw of the tunnel approaches, then engulfs the
frame. Nothing for a second until a little bit of reflected
light is visible glimmering off the far wall.

Suddenly the wall seems to pull back, revealing a beautifully
refreshing panorama of sand and sea, with mountains in the
distance.

98 BRIAN

98

Something begins percolating deep within him.

99 GIGLI

99

Wonders how he got into this mess.

- 100 EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - DAY 100
The car makes its way north. The picture perfect setting in sharp contrast to the predicament.
- 101 CLOSE-UP 101
The front tires as the car slowly drifts left. They begin to bump over the lane divider's reflectors.
- 102 GIGLI 102
Pulls the car back into his lane, holding the wheel as much for support as for steering.
- 103 BRIAN 103
Looks over, studies him for a moment.
- 104 EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - DAY 104
The car somehow staying on course.
- 105 THEIR POV 105
The approaching MOVIE SET.
- 106 BRIAN 106
His eyes lock on, frozen on the sight.
- 107 GIGLI 107
Perhaps feeling like a shmuck.
- 108 EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - DAY 108
The car pulls off the highway and into a parking lot bordering the beach. It slows to a stop, the engine shuts off. Near the water's edge we can see --

109 THE MOVIE SET

109

BEACH GODS AND GODDESSES, CREW, SURFBOARDS, HUGE LIGHTS ON SCAFFOLDS, all radiate out from the center, where a HUGE CRANE holds the CAMERA.

110 GIGLI AND BRIAN

110

They get out of the car. Fortunately for Gigli, he can't see his back. It looks bad.

GIGLI

It's nice here. I never come here. It's funny... live in LA... never go to the beach.

The two of them walk closer to the set, Gigli eventually supporting himself on Brian's arm. They make it to a small ridge near the edge of the set.

GIGLI (CONT'D)

I'm okay here. You go ahead.

Gigli settles to the ground. Brian doesn't move.

GIGLI (CONT'D)

Look, you want to do it, do it. You been whining about whatever the fuck this is since forever. So here we are.

Brian still remains in place. Concerned?

GIGLI (CONT'D)

Alright, g'head. Get outta here and have some fun.

BRIAN

It'll just be five minutes.

GIGLI

Don't worry about it, just go have some fun. Enjoy your Baywatch.

BRIAN

You want to come?

GIGLI

S'alright. Get outta here. Go, go, go.

BRIAN

Okay. Just five minutes, Larry.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

110

Brian pauses for a second.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Don't die or anything because you look like you might die.

GIGLI

Oh, okay.

Brian heads off and, with almost uncontrollable excitement, gingerly approaches the set. The desire to break into a run almost overtaking him once or twice.

He gets to the perimeter and slows to a stop. His attention ecstatically riveted by the swarm of activity.

He wanders over to a long table of snacks, studies it for moment, then picks up a tray of sliced, raw vegetables and heads closer to the action. He walks right up to a STARLET lounging in her chair. Wide eyed, he holds the tray out to her, snapping her out of some preoccupation. They look at each other for a second until her gaze turns to the tray. She surveys the choices, picks a carrot stick, smiles, then picks up another, thanking him. Paralyzed by awe, Brian barely manages a look of disbelief to

111 GIGLI

111

who winks and nods an affirming "well done, keep going".

112 BRIAN

112

finally unglues his feet and begins to drift closer to the heart of the set. A dance scene is being readied.

Brian watches as the bullhorned ASSISTANT DIRECTOR instructs the EXTRAS to gather. He sees them put their coffees down and amble toward the dance floor. Brian digests this, then puts the tray down and heads towards them, blending into the flow.

Once on the dance floor, he finds himself awkwardly standing next to a beautiful BIKINIED GIRL. Over a bullhorn, the Assistant Director's voice booms out.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

Could we please finish pairing up, everybody? Let's get going, guys, you're not mating for life. As the old song goes -- "Just love the one you're with".

(CONTINUED)

Ever the professional, Bikini Girl shrugs to Brian. For his own undefinable reasons, Brian shrugs back. She casually avoids eye contact as they wait in awkward silence for their next instruction. Then --

BRIAN

Isn't the weather beautiful?

BIKINI GIRL

(Australian accent)

Yes.

Brian is thunderstruck.

BRIAN

Yes?

BIKINI GIRL

Yes. But it's always beautiful here, isn't it.

BRIAN

Yes and a ten percent chance of precipitation for low lying coastal regions extending from New South Wales through Victoria.

She cocks her head, not quite knowing what to make of this, or him for that matter.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR (O.S.)

Okay, here we go. ...PLAYBACK!

MUSIC blasts from large speakers startling Brian for a second before his attention turns back to Bikini Girl. A smile begins to dawn on her face.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)

... And... ACTION!

The crowd starts to dance. Brian looks at all the movement around him, trying to wrap his mind around it somehow. The dancing Bikini Girl catches his eye and motions for him to join in. He doesn't. She urges him again. Cautiously, Brian starts to toss a couple of little moves. She nods approvingly.

Watching from the distance, drifting in and out a bit. His eyes betray the smallest of smiles.

- 114 THE SET 114
With building confidence, Brian gains momentum.
- 115 GIGLI 115
He manages to gently shake his head in disbelief at Brian's ease and joy.
- 116 THE SET 116
Brian's dancing loses inhibition. He is ecstatic. Bikini Girl digs his style and Brian digs hers.
- 117 GIGLI 117
As he dreamily watches, the thumping SOURCE MUSIC slowly begins to fade. In its place, a transcendently beautiful piece of SCORE starts to build.

As it does --

The WIND starts to gently pick up.
- 118 THE SET 118
Everyone continues to dance to the source music we no longer hear.

In an almost but not quite real manner, the wind begins to gather strength. It starts carrying bits of sand.

Nobody notices.
- 119 GIGLI 119
His focus never diverting from Brian, Gigli squints a bit as the blowing sand starts to pile up on him.
- 120 THE SET 120
Sand is gradually building everywhere. Yet everyone continues as if nothing unusual is happening.

121 GIGLI

121

Approaching a quiet bliss. Still paying no attention as the sand now begins to cover his body.

122 THE SET

122

People and equipment now buried almost up to their waists. Absolutely no recognition from anyone. Soon --
Up to their chests.

123 GIGLI

123

Covered to his collarbone. The wind continues to blow. Sand starting to cover his chin.

GIGLI (V.O.)

I guess my mother was right. Life isn't always black and white. You gotta keep an open mind.

The sand grows higher.

GIGLI (CONT'D)

And you gotta do the right thing...
Because even though you get up and tie your shoelaces in the morning...

124 THE SET

124

The people have practically now all disappeared. Only the odd piece of set or equipment pokes through the surface. But those too are about to go.

GIGLI (V.O.)

At the end of the day... after all is said and done... the only thing that you can really count on...

125 GIGLI

125

Or, more accurately, where he was. Just a little blowing hair remains. Then that too is covered.

(CONTINUED)

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125

125 CONTINUED:

GIGLI (V.O.)
...the only thing that's really for
sure...

126

126 THE SET

The tip of the very last hint that civilization was ever
there finally disappears.

GIGLI (V.O.)
...is that --
(gently)
You -- just -- never -- fucking -- know.

All that now remains is a beautiful, deserted, virgin beach.
Just as it would exist in a distant paradise.

FADE OUT.