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7/12/90 (Green)
7/13/90 (Yellow)
7/16/90 (Goldenro

LIFE STINKS

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OMITTED

thru 1
5

EXT. LOS ANGELES DOWNTOWN FINANCIAL DISTRICT - DAY

6

We see the world-famous insignia of Bolt Enterprises. It is a huge stainless steel globe with the word 'Bolt' printed in perspective across the equator. A lightning bolt pierces through the center of the 'O' of the word 'Bolt'. CAMERA PANS DOWN to the curb. A limo pulls up.

MUSIC AND OPENING CREDITS BEGIN. (DURING THE OPENING CREDITS WE WILL ONLY SEE THE LOWER LEGS AND SHOES OF THE CHARACTERS.)

The CHAUFFEUR's boots come to the passenger door. It opens. GODDARD BOLT's shoes emerge. They are expensive, black and conservative. Bolt mounts the curb and walks toward the front door of a building. There awaiting him are two pairs of conservative black shoes that match Bolts'. They open the door for him and follow him in.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE COMPLEX LOBBY - DAY

7

As Bolt and his ASSOCIATES march across the lobby, two more pairs of shoes emerge from side doors and fall into step.

Bolt steps on a wad of gum, continues on for a moment, then stops, impeded by the stickiness. He lifts his shoe, trailing a long string of gum. Immediately, an associate pulls Bolt's shoe off and replaces it with his own. Bolt walks away followed by his associate, who now walks on one shoe and one sock.

There is a small puddle of spilled coffee on the marble floor. As Bolt walks into it, he slips slightly, quickly regains himself and goes on. Each of his men directly behind him, as they step in the coffee, do exactly the same thing.

7A

Bolt and his associates approach an elevator. Two more pairs of exactly the same type of shoe await them. The doors open and everyone enters the elevator, turns and faces the front. Just before the doors close, a pair of brown shoes come running up to the elevator. All the black shoes move up to the front of the elevator and block it purposefully. The brown shoes search for a place to enter, but the black shoes refuse to budge. The elevator doors close. The brown shoes pause for a moment, then turn away pathetically.

7B

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

8

All of the shoes are stationary. Suddenly, one of the shoes next to Bolt begins to tap nervously. Bolt shoes immediately turn toward the tapping shoe. It stops.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

8

Bolt's shoes once again turn toward the front.

CUT TO:

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

9

Upstairs, two pairs of shoes wait by the elevator doors. They open. Bolt and his associates march out of the elevator and down the long corridor. The two pairs follow.

CUT TO:

MAINTENANCE MAN

10

We see the hands and knees of maintenance man as he applies brass polish to a rag. Next to him, embedded in the marble floor is the brass plaque of Bolt Enterprises featuring its world-famous, lightning bolt insignia. As soon as he reaches out to polish the plaque, Bolt walks by, stepping on his hand without realizing it. He continues on.

MAINTENANCE MAN (O. S.)

(in pain)

Huhh.

CUT TO:

THE BOTTOM OF A PAIR OF IMPRESSIVE ART-DECO DOORS

11

The doors open, and the entourage walk into an outer office. Pairs of shoes from the phalanx peel off one by one into doors that line the outer office of Bolt Enterprises.

CUT TO:

INT. BOLT'S OFFICE - DAY

12

He sits down and his feet cross up on his desk. CAMERA PULLS BACK and for the first time we see Goddard Bolt sitting behind his enormous desk.

CAMERA PANS TO REVEAL his lawyers, PRITCHARD, KNOWLES and STEVENS.

MUSIC: (STOPS. END OF CREDITS)

BOLT

Gentlemen, let's go to work.
Pritchard, how are we doing with
our development in Brazil?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

12

PRITCHARD

Sir, our surveys have found that in order to build Club Bolt the way you envision it, we're going to have to cut down six thousand acres of natural Brazilian rain forest.

BOLT

So?

PRITCHARD

Well sir, the last remaining four thousand Ipi Indians left in the world are still living there, and we'd have to... displace them.

BOLT

So?

PRITCHARD

Well, if they protest their removal, it could cause trouble.

BOLT

They wouldn't want to stay there anyway.

PRITCHARD

Why not?

BOLT

No shade. Next.

PRITCHARD

Well sir... We're running into a slight problem in Ft. Lauderdale. In order to make room for the Bolt Shopping Mall, we're going to have to tear down an old-age nursing home.

BOLT

So?

PRITCHARD

Well, at present, there's a hundred and eighty senior citizens living there, and we understand that most of them are invalids who can't walk and some of them are in oxygen tents.

*
*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

12

Bolt stares at Pritchard for a long time, contemplating the situation.

BOLT

...So?

PRITCHARD

Well, it wouldn't look good in the media.

BOLT

Ohhh, I see your point. All right, send the very sick ones for a free weekend in Vegas. They'll love it.

OMITTED

13
thru
15

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

15

BOLT

A daring new concept in L.A. architecture. The quadra-mall.

INTERVIEWER

The what?

BOLT

The quadra-mall. Very exciting. It's four mini malls facing each other. Ample parking.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. BOLT'S OFFICE - DAY

16

Pritchard, Knowles and Stevens are applauding politely.

BOLT

Thank you, gentlemen.

PRITCHARD

Let's face it, sir. The camera loves you.

BOLT

That was just a minor prelude. It pales into insignificance compared to what I'm about to show you. Gentlemen, follow me.

Bolt leads his attorneys to a huge round table in the corner of his office. He pulls off a canvas that is covering the table. Underneath, we see an accurate scale model of a severely depressed, urban, inner city. We see little boarded up buildings, broken foundations, and garbage-strewn streets and alleys. Pritchard, who has positioned his hands to applaud, freezes. He stares at the model in dismay.

PRITCHARD

What is it? It looks terrible.

KNOWLES

It looks like a slum area.

STEVENS

Why is this here?

BOLT

Gentlemen, you are looking at four and a half square miles of the most derelict and dilapidated section of Los Angeles.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

BOLT (CONT'D)

Right now, I own half of this property, and the city owns the other half. By noon tomorrow, it'll all be mine.

Pritchard leans on the table to get a closer look and gets pricked by a miniature figure at the edge of the model.

PRITCHARD

Ow. What is that?

BOLT

Oh, that's one of the homeless. Sorry.

Bolt flicks the tiny derelict off the table.

BOLT (CONT'D)

Now, you're wondering why Goddard Bolt is prepared to pay upwards of four billion dollars to own this useless disgusting pile of refuse. Am I right?

PRITCHARD

Well, we never presume to question your genius for financial investment sir, but... WHY?

BOLT

Please step back from the table gentlemen, and I'll show you.

He presses a button underneath the table. We hear the sounds of an electric motor starting up.

Slowly, a giant, but beautifully detailed, scale model descends from the ceiling supported by an hydraulic rod. The buildings are an ultra modern vision of the future: pyramids, geodesic domes, towers and vast urban complexes made of glass, stainless steel and pure white marble.

They all follow it down with their eyes, awestruck.

Slowly, inexorably, it descends and crushes the slum model beneath it.

SOUND EFFECT: (THE TERRIBLE SOUNDS OF CRUSHED MODEL SLUM BUILDINGS: SPLINTERING, GRINDING, BREAKING, ETC.)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

16

BOLT

You hear that? That's the sound of progress, crushing the past to make room for the future. This is Bolt City. The ultimate achievement of my life. It will enshrine the name of Goddard Bolt forever, and it will finally put Vance Crasswell in his place.

KNOWLES

It's absolutely visionary!

Bolt steps to the table and places his hands proudly on his hips.

BOLT

Gentlemen, you'll never know how much this project excites me.

Bolt had inadvertently positioned himself so that the tallest tower appears as a giant phallic symbol between his legs.

Suddenly, the intercom buzzes, and we hear the voice of BOLT'S SECRETARY.

BOLT'S SECRETARY (O.S.)

Sir, we have an unexpected visitor.

BOLT

Who is it?

BOLT'S SECRETARY (O.S.)

It's Vance Crasswell.

BOLT

Damn it.

In frustration, he bangs his fist angrily against the table. The model shifts which causes the tower to slowly lean over and droop.

Bolt rushes to his desk and quickly sits in his chair. The door flies open. Framed in the doorway is VANCE CRASSWELL, a flamboyant, impeccably tailored billionaire. He is Bolt's constant nemesis. He takes a step into the room.

CRASSWELL

Excuse me, am I interrupting?
Should I leave? I should leave.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

17

He turns for the door. He turns back.

CRASSWELL (CONT'D)
I know I should leave. This is
wrong. This is rude. This is
not good.

BOLT
Hello Vance. You know Pritchard,
Knowles and Stevens.

CRASSWELL
Oh...The three wise men.

Crasswell steps to the table. Bolt's lawyers are lined up to
block his vision of it.

CRASSWELL (CONT'D)
The best legal guns money can buy.
Hi boys.

*

He reaches out to shake Pritchard's hand. When Pritchard takes
his hand, Crasswell pulls him slightly away so that he can take
a peek at the table.

CRASSWELL (CONT'D)
My god, someone else's idea of
what to do with the Downtown Slum
District. Would you believe, I
have one exactly like it in my
office? Of course, it doesn't say
Bolt City on it. Isn't that
amazing? Why didn't they tell me
Goddard Bolt owned the other half
of the property? I never would've
bought it.

CUT TO:

BOLT

His face tells us everything: shock, anger and disappointment
in himself for letting Crasswell get the other half.

CUT BACK TO:

SCENE

CRASSWELL (CONT'D)
Okay, there's only one graceful
way out of this. I give up. I
realize I'm in way over my head
here.

*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

17

He walks over to the door.

CRASSWELL (CONT'D)
Sorry to have wasted your time,
gentlemen.

He walks out of the room, shutting the door behind him. We stay
on the door. Beat.

Crasswell re-enters.

18

CRASSWELL
Let me ask you a question. Why
am I not leaving? What is it,
perversity, self-destruction, a
need to be humiliated?

BOLT
I'd say all three.

CRASSWELL
Goddard, it's all about money
isn't it? Here's my proposal. Let
me buy your half of this
miserable, squalid, slum district
and give you your two billion
dollars back. And for being such
a good sport, I will give you four
percent of all the profits for
the next twenty years.

BOLT
No.

CRASSWELL
Five percent.

BOLT
No.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

18

CRASSWELL

Six percent.

BOLT

Stop.

CRASSWELL

Stopped. What am I doing here
anyway? I'm a fool. I'm a foolish
man. An office is no place to
talk business.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

19

Bolt and Crasswell stand on a rooftop overlooking the worst part
of Los Angeles.

CRASSWELL

Now isn't this better? At least
we can see what we're dealing
with. You know, Goddard. I want
this property. I really want it.
It means much more to me than
money. Because we're talking
about my heritage here.

BOLT

Heritage?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

19

CRASSWELL

Yeah, it just so happens that I
grew up five blocks from where
we're standing...

He pauses for a moment's reflection then snaps out of it.

CRASSWELL (CONT'D)

I'm all right...right in the
middle of this godforsaken slum.
And it's been my lifelong dream
to come back here and rebuild it.
I don't expect you to understand
my feelings. After all, you're
a rich man's son. You were born
into money.

BOLT

Rich? My father left me five
million dollars...today that's
nothing.

*

CRASSWELL

(pointing his finger)

No, no, no, no. Nothing is
nothing. Those people down there
have nothing. Zero. Look, I
don't want to offend you, but you
wouldn't survive ten minutes down
here.

*

*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

19

BOLT

That's ridiculous. I could survive anywhere.

CRASSWELL

Oh really, without your money and your credit cards?

BOLT

Yes.

CRASSWELL

Telephones and your business connections?

BOLT

Yes.

CRASSWELL

Without identifying yourself to anyone as Goddard Bolt?

BOLT

Yes.

CRASSWELL

For a modest period of time? Let's say thirty days.

BOLT

Absolutely.

CRASSWELL

It's a bet.

BOLT

Bet? What are you talking about?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

19

CRASSWELL

Well, what you said. That you could live down here without your resources for thirty days. And if you do it, you get my half of the property, and if you don't, I get yours. Wasn't that the bet?

BOLT

You conniving son of a bitch. Yes, it's a bet. You think you've conned me into something I can't win, but what you've really done is given me the only way in the world to get this property away from you. And you know why? Because I can do it. You've underestimated me Vance. It's a bet.

CUT TO:

OMITTED

19A *

INT. CRASSWELL'S OFFICE - DAY

20

Around a conference table are gathered Bolt, Crasswell, Crasswell's lawyers FERGUESON and DODD, and Bolt's lawyers Pritchard, Knowles and Stevens.

Dodd is removing Bolt's Rolex watch and jewelry, while Crasswell finishes shaving off Bolt's mustache.

PRITCHARD

(in an agitated whisper)
You can't do this. You'll never
make it. This is insane. This
is crazy. You'll never survive.

BOLT

(whispering)
Pritchard, be quiet.
(to Ferguson)
Go on Ferguson.

CAMERA DRIFTS DOWN to Ferguson, who is on one knee fitting an ankle alarm onto Bolt's leg.

FERGUESON

Now, if you step out of the
prescribed slum area or try to
remove the ankle alarm, it will
go off.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

20

FERGUESON (CONT'D)

If we get a sustained alarm signal for more than thirty seconds, we'll know that you've crossed the border, and you forfeit the bet.

DODD

In thirty days, the alarm will automatically deactivate. Are the conditions understood?

BOLT

(to Crasswell)
Understood.

CRASSWELL

And we have your word on that?

BOLT

Yes, you have my word.

Bolt turns to Pritchard.

BOLT (CONT'D)

Pritchard, I'm giving you and your partners my power of attorney. I'm trusting you to look after all my legal affairs for the next thirty days.

Ferguson and Dodd then remove everything from Bolt's pockets and place them on the table. They turn all of Bolt's pockets inside out.

BOLT (CONT'D)

Take it all. I don't need anything.

CRASSWELL

And you won't need this either.

Crasswell quickly rips Bolt's hair piece off his head.

BOLT

(insulted)
What are you doing?

CRASSWELL

Now Goddard, I hated to do that, but in the spirit of the bet, we have to make sure no one recognizes you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

20

BOLT

All right, all right.

CRASSWELL

Goddard, do you mind if I say something?

BOLT

What?

CRASSWELL

I like this new earthy look on you.

Bolt walks over to a mirror on the wall. He inspects his naked face and rather high forehead. Pritchard appears in the mirror behind Bolt. The following scene is conducted in angry whispers.

PRITCHARD

(urgently whispering)

Mr. Bolt, I don't think you realize what you're getting into. You've never slept in the streets before. You've never eaten out of garbage cans. You're used to a hearty breakfast. This is bizarre. Look at you without your toupee. You look like somebody who only makes fifty thousand a year. This is ludicrous. We can't let you do this. It's dangerous.

Stevens and Knowles' heads appear in the mirror.

STEVENS

Mr. Bolt, please don't do this. Let me suggest that you wait twenty-four hours.

KNOWLES

Yes, at least sleep on it.

Bolt turns angrily to all three of them and whispers.

BOLT

Listen, you heard me. I've given my word. Do you want me to go back on my word? Would you go back on your word?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

20

PRITCHARD
 (indicating the other
 two)
 Certainly... We're lawyers.

Bolt sits at the table.

BOLT
 Give me that paper.

Crasswell gleefully hands him the paper. Bolt grabs a pen from the table, quickly signs the document and slams the pen down.

SOUND EFFECT: (CROSS CUT. WE HEAR THE FRIGHTENING SHRIEKING SOUND OF A PARAMEDIC'S SIREN)

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

21

An ambulance fills the screen. It's siren blaring loudly. As the ambulance exits the frame, Bolt and Crasswell are revealed standing in front of Crasswell's limousine.

CRASSWELL
 All right Goddard, it's the first
 of the month. In thirty days,
 at the exquisite moment of sun
 down, either all of this will be
 yours or mine. I wish you good...

He extends his hand for a hand shake. As Bolt extends his hand, Crasswell pulls his hand away and puts his hands up.

CRASSWELL (CONT'D)
 No. I want to wish you great
 luck.

They shake hands. Crasswell stares at Bolt for a moment and casually reaches for his breast pocket and rips it.

CRASSWELL (CONT'D)
 Just for the look.

Crasswell looks around at some derelicts and opens the door of his limousine.

CRASSWELL (CONT'D)
 All right, let's get out of here.

He gets in and slams the door. The limousine immediately pulls away.

CUT TO:

OMITTED

22
thru
23

EXT. SLUM STREET (REGENT THEATER) - LATE AFTERNOON

24

For the first time in his life, Bolt appears to be vulnerable. He looks around at the incredibly ugly surroundings. He sees a young RED-FACED BUM in his mid-twenties who lies spread eagled on the sidewalk. Bums and winos step over him as if he weren't there. For a moment we think he's dead, but then he snores and moves his head to tell us he's alive.

Other derelicts are sprawled on the sidewalk forcing Bolt to walk into the street. From up the street, a DELUSIONAL DERELICT whirls toward Bolt, his arms outstretched like a one man merry-go-round. He growls angrily at the top of his lungs as he spins.

DELUSIONAL DERELICT

YAH! YAH! YAH!

Bolt, frightened by the apparition, quickly walks away.

CUT TO:

EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY

25

Bolt is about to cross the street when he hears strange laughter. He looks up and sees a tall, filthy, STRING-BEAN OF A BUM approaching. The bum points at Bolt as if he knows him, laughing and slapping himself hysterically as he gets nearer. Bolt turns around to see if he's pointing to somebody else, but there's nobody behind him. The bum continues to point at Bolt, shaking his head and laughing for all he's worth. Bolt takes a step back onto the curb as the skinny bum bears down on him. Just when Bolt thinks the bum is going to touch him, he passes, still pointing and laughing at some imaginary person.

LONG DISSOLVE THROUGH TO:

EXT. SLUM STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

26

A black vagrant (FUMES) approaches Bolt.

FUMES

Excuse me man, can I ask you a question?

BOLT

What is it?

FUMES

Do you have any change?

BOLT

No, I'm sorry. I don't carry any change.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED :

26

FUMES

Oh gee, I'm sorry. But what I mean is...do you have any change?

BOLT

I just told you. No, no, I don't have any change. No change.

FUMES

Oh, I see, I see, I understand. There's just one other thing. Do you have any change?

BOLT

Jesus.

Bolt, disgusted, walks away. Fumes chases after him.

FUMES

Excuse me, excuse me.

Bolt stops. He pulls his pockets inside out, revealing that they are empty.

BOLT

See? Nothing in this pocket. Nothing in this pocket. And nothing in my back pockets. See? No change.

Bolt walks away. Fumes follows him.

FUMES

Mister, mister, mister. I'm so sorry for what I did. I'll never bother you again. There's just one last thing, and it has nothing to do with change.

BOLT

Nothing to do with change?

FUMES

No sir.

BOLT

All right, what is it?

FUMES

Do you have any change?

Bolt looks off as if he spots something and starts to hurry away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

26

BOLT
Excuse me, I think I hear my bus
coming.

Bolt moves faster, continuing his escape.

FUMES
(shouting after him)
Hey man, wait.

Fumes reaches into his pocket and pulls out a handful of change.
He extends his hand, offering the change.

FUMES (CONT'D)
If you're gonna get on a bus,
you're gonna need some change.

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO:

EXT. BURNT-OUT BUILDING - LATE AFTERNOON

27

Bolt sits on some steps in front of an abandoned building.

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP OF BOLT

He's very tired. He yawns, leans against a wall, closes his eyes for a short nap and mumbles.

BOLT
I can do this... I can do it.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. BURNT-OUT BUILDING - LATE AFTERNOON

28

A wild looking bum (J. PAUL GETTY) enters the frame. His hair is standing up and shooting out in all directions. His top trouser button is buttoned high up to his third shirt button hole.

He sees Bolt sleeping in the archway and for no reason becomes indignant at the sight of him. As he approaches Bolt, he looks him up and down. The closer he gets, the angrier he becomes.

His head bobs up and down at an accelerated rate until he looks like a crazed chicken.

MAD BUM (J. PAUL GETTY)
Hey! Hey! Hey! What are you doing
in my office?! Do you have an
appointment?

Startled, Bolt wakes up. His eyes widen in terror.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

28

BOLT

No... I'm sorry...

J. PAUL GETTY

Shaddup! Shaddup! If I want your opinion, I'll ask for it. In the meantime, shaddup! Do you know who I am? J. Paul Getty, the richest man in the world. Yes. I had millions, billions, trillions, skillions. Everybody knows that. What are you, out of it?

Bolt stares at the madman, frozen with fear.

J. PAUL GETTY (CONT'D)

Pay attention. I'm in hot water here. We got a financial crisis on our hands. We two.

A normal PEDESTRIAN, not a denizen of the area, passes by. J. Paul Getty points to the passing pedestrian.

J. PAUL GETTY (CONT'D)

(to pedestrian)

He knows!

The pedestrian ignores him and keeps walking.

J. PAUL GETTY (CONT'D)

Oh, go ahead, walk away, walk away. Act like you don't know what I'm talking about.

(to Bolt)

He knows.

(to pedestrian)

You ruined me and

(to Bolt)

you know he ruined me. Don't side with him.

BOLT

I'm not, I'm not, I assure you.

J. PAUL GETTY

I assure you.

He extends his arms, turns and looks around at nobody.

J. PAUL GETTY (CONT'D)

What am I, alone here?

Bolt starts to rise.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

28

BOLT

Excuse me.

Bolt gets up and hurries away.

J. PAUL GETTY

(yelling after Bolt)

Hey, where are you going? What about the company?

BOLT

I quit.

J. PAUL GETTY

You don't quit. You're fired!

We hear a DOG bark from somewhere nearby.

J. PAUL GETTY (CONT'D)

(to dog)

Shaddup!

DOG

Woof!

J. PAUL GETTY

Shaddup!

DOG

Woof!

J. PAUL GETTY

Shaddup!

DOG

Woof!

J. PAUL GETTY

And you're fired!

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

28A

Bolt disappears into the mouth of a dark alley.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

29

Bolt comes to an alley looking for a place to sleep. It's so dark that he barely sees what seems like large clumps of garbage strewn down the alley. He walks cautiously in the dark. Suddenly, we hear OS the cries of many bums.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

29

Ouch! . . . BUM (O.S.)

Oh. . . . BOLT

Watch it! . . . BUM (O.S.)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

29

BOLT

Sorry.

BUM (O.S.)

My foot.

BOLT

I didn't see you there.

BUM (O.S.)

Well look.

BOLT

Very sorry.

Bolt splits.

CUT TO:

EXT. SLUM STREET - NIGHT

30

Bolt sees an enormous pipe sticking out of an alley. It seems like a good shelter. He walks over to it, examines it, sniffs it, looks around and climbs in. Just as he gets comfortable, he hears strange noises. He turns back and looks inside the pipe. In dim light, we see a nest of rats. The rats move toward Bolt, squeaking loudly.

BOLT

Oh my God! Yechh!

He jumps out of the pipe and runs away.

BOLT (CONT'D)

(as he's running)

I can do this. I can do it.

CUT TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE REAR DOOR - NIGHT

30A

Bolt steps to the rear of a deserted warehouse. He pulls insulation out of a dumpster and wraps it around himself. He lays down longways against a door. Exhausted, he closes his eyes.

At that moment, the door swings open, knocking Bolt off the ramp into the dumpster. A big WORKER emerges from the door with a large can of garbage. He empties it into the dumpster on top of Bolt and goes back inside. After a long pause, we hear:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

30A

BOLT (O. S.)
I can do this.

CUT TO:

EXT. FLOP HOUSE - NIGHT

31

Bolt is exhausted and needs a place to sleep. He sees a building with a neon sign that reads "OOMS". Gratefully, he walks toward it.

*
*

Sitting against the building are three, drunken, barely conscious derelicts. Bolt passes them as he enters the building.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

31

DERELICT #1
 (to derelict #2)
 Come on man, cheer up. You're
 bringing everybody down.

CUT TO:

INT. FLOP HOUSE - NIGHT

32

Bolt walks up a long flight of stairs, at the top of which we see THE OWNER behind an old wooden counter. He is going over his dirty ledger.

BOLT
 (to flop house owner)
 Excuse me.

FLOP HOUSE OWNER
 (not looking up)
 Two fifty a night. Check out ten
 a.m. You pay in advance.

BOLT
 Can I look at the room first?

FLOP HOUSE OWNER
 Yeah, it's right in back of me
 through those curtains. Take a
 look.

Bolt walks behind the counter, opens the curtains and looks in.

CUT TO:

BOLT'S POV

33

Bums are sleeping in rows of cots. One of the bums in the middle row rolls out of his bed and falls to the floor with a thud. The bum continues to snore as if nothing happened.

CUT BACK TO:

SCENE

34

Bolt steps back to the desk.

BOLT
 Gee, it's kind of...crowded, isn't
 it?

FLOP HOUSE OWNER
 Yeah, we get good word of mouth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

34

BOLT

Don't you have any single rooms?

FLOP HOUSE OWNER

(looking up)

With or without a jacuzzi? Look, I got one bed left. You want it or not? Make up your mind.

BOLT

All right, I'll take the bed.

FLOP HOUSE OWNER

Here. Sign the register.

Bolt signs. Suddenly, the owner starts stomping fiercely on the ground as if he's crushing something.

FLOP HOUSE OWNER (CONT'D)

(angrily, looking down behind the counter)

You, son of a...

Without blinking an eye, he turns back to Bolt.

BOLT

What was that? A roach?

FLOP HOUSE OWNER

(casually)

No, a mouse... Just a baby. Now, that's two dollars and fifty cents in advance.

BOLT

Two dollars and fifty cents. All right, may we have a private discussion, entre-nous?

Bolt motions for the flop house owner to lean in. They put their faces together conspiratorially.

BOLT (CONT'D)

I realize what I'm about to say might sound rather bizarre.

FLOP HOUSE OWNER

I've heard everything. Try me.

BOLT

You see... I'm really not a derelict, I'm here on a wager.
(more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

34

BOLT (CONT'D)

I'm actually one of the richest men in the country. If not the richest.

CUT TO:

FLOP HOUSE OWNER

He stares at Bolt.

FLOP HOUSE OWNER

(deadpanned)

The richest.

CUT BACK TO:

SCENE

BOLT

Yes... and if you let me stay tonight, at the end of this month, I will pay you ten thousand dollars.

The flop house owner stares at Bolt for the longest time. He bangs his fist on a bell on the counter.

FLOP HOUSE OWNER

Front.

A little withered man (BELLBOY), in a dirty old uniform, emerges from the side of the room. He shuffles to the desk.

FLOP HOUSE OWNER (CONT'D)

(emphatically)

Throw... this... bum... out!

The bellboy looks Bolt up and down. Bolt is much bigger than he.

BELLBOY

No.

He turns and shuffles back the way he came.

FLOP HOUSE OWNER

I'd fire him in a minute if it wasn't for the goddamn union.

BOLT

Look, I'll double the ante. I'm desperate. I'll make it twenty thousand dollars.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

34

FLOP HOUSE OWNER

Now you're talking, twenty thousand. Okay Rockefeller, you got a deal. Look, I'll give you a break. I don't need the whole twenty thousand tonight. You just give me two fifty as a down payment, and you can have the bed. Otherwise, get the fuck out.

At that moment, a bum emerges from the staircase. The flop house owner picks up a can from behind the counter.

FLOP HOUSE OWNER (CONT'D)

Wait a minute.

He grabs the bum and sprays him from head to toe with insecticide. Bolt retreats down the stairs.

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO:

OMITTED

35

EXT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - NIGHT

36

Above the doors, there is a sign that reads "Our Lady of Mercy - Our Doors are Always Open". Bolt tries the door handle. It is locked. He knocks on the door. There is no answer. He pounds on the door. From behind the doors, we finally hear the distant voice of an OLD PRIEST.

OLD PRIEST (O.S.)

Who is it?

BOLT

Please, let me in. I need shelter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

36

OLD PRIEST (O.S.)
We're closed... my son.

BOLT
But I haven't eaten all day. I
need food. I have no place to
sleep. I'm very tired, very.
Please help me.

OLD PRIEST (O.S.)
It's late and you're waking
everybody up. If you don't leave
right now, I'm going to call the
police.....my son.

Defeated, Bolt turns around and walks down the church steps into
the night.

CUT TO:

EXT. VACANT AREA STREWN WITH JUNK - NIGHT

37

Bolt crawls under a piece of corrugated sheet metal. He shivers
in the cold night air. Slowly, he closes his eyes.

BOLT
I can make it. I can make it.

CUT TO:

INT. VANCE CRASSWELL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

38

Crasswell, wearing silk pajamas, sleeps in a beautiful king size
bed. He is snuggled under a satin comforter. CAMERA MOVES into
his face. His eyes are closed. He appears to be sleeping.

CRASSWELL
He'll never make it. He can't
make it. There's no way he can
make it. But what if he makes
it?

He tosses and turns and tries to get comfortable.

CRASSWELL (CONT'D)
(sighs)
Look at what he's putting me
through.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. VACANT AREA STREWN WITH JUNK - MORNING

39

Bolt is asleep under the corrugated sheet metal. His face rests on a crushed cardboard box. He is awakened by what sounds like rain bouncing off the metal surface above him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

39

He slowly opens one eye and looks up.

BOLT
(half-asleep)
Oh, no...rain.

He pulls his collar up around his neck and looks out. He sees a pair of worn shoes and grimy trouser cuffs and realizes that somebody is relieving himself on his shelter.

BOLT (CONT'D)
(shouting)
HEY! HEY!

We see a grizzled old bum (SAILOR) wearing a beat-up, faded, blue, merchant marine peacoat. He jumps back from the shelter in alarm.

GRIZZLED, OLD BUM (SAILOR)
Jeez, you scared me.

Sailor begins to zip up his pants in a hurry. Bolt climbs out from under his shelter and brushes himself off.

SAILOR (CONT'D)
I din' know anybody was under there. I always piss here. I thought I saw someone, but then I thought it was a frgment of my imagination.

*
*

BOLT
Why didn't you look first?

SAILOR
Yeah, you're right, you're right.
Sorry.

*

Holding one nostril with his index finger, Sailor blows his nose right next to Bolt with a loud snort. Bolt has to jump out of the way.

BOLT
You nearly hit me. That's disgusting.

SAILOR
It is?

BOLT
Yes, it is. Why don't you use a handkerchief?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

39

SAILOR
A handkerchief? I ain't got a
handkerchief.

BOLT
Here, take this.

Bolt hands Sailor a monogrammed handkerchief from out of his
inside jacket pocket.

SAILOR
Gee, thanks. Nobody down here
gives you nothing. You're all
right.

Sailor squints his eyes and slowly moves toward Bolt with a
strange deliberation. Over Bolt's right eyebrow, we see
stencilled on his forehead a strange black mark made by the
printing of the cardboard box he slept on.

BOLT
(alarmed)
What do you want? What are you
looking at?

SAILOR
(reading slowly)
Pepto. *

BOLT
What?

SAILOR
It's hard to read backwards, but
that's what it says. You must've
slept on a 'Pepto Bismol' label.
Get my drip? *

Bolt spits on his finger and rubs off the 'Pepto' on his
forehead. *

SAILOR (CONT'D)
No, don't rub it off. It's nice.
It's a good name for you, Pepto. *
I'm Sailor. Everybody calls me
Sailor because I was nearly in
the Navy. They wouldn't take me
because they said I had pleurilsy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

39

BOLT

Well, nice meeting you. Good-bye.

*

Bolt starts to walk away.

SAILOR

Well, bye-bye, and thanks for everything.

Without using the handkerchief, Sailor once again blows his nose onto the sidewalk. Bolt turns around.

BOLT

Hey, what are you doing? I just gave you a handkerchief.

SAILOR

Well, it's monogrammed. You can't blow snot in it. See ya.

Sailor walks away.

CUT TO:

EXT. MEXICAN FAST FOOD SHACK - DAY

40

Bolt is beginning to blend in with the environment. He really looks like a bum. He needs a shave, and his suit is soiled and wrinkled. He's very hungry.

He spots a very overweight derelict (FAT BUM) and approaches him.

BOLT

Excuse me, where would I get something to eat?

FAT BUM

Don't ask me. I don't know where my next meal is coming from.

Bolt walks away. He walks past a filthy Mexican fast food shack. He spots the remainder of a burrito on a paper wrapper on the table.

He looks around to make sure that nobody is watching and tentatively reaches down for the greasy remains. He is just about to take it when suddenly the fat, middle-aged, Chicano OWNER of the fast food stand comes rushing over to the table, smacks Bolt's hand away, snatches the left-over burrito and throws it in the garbage.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

40

OWNER

Get the hell out of here. I told you goddamn bums, I don't want you hanging around here. You make it look like a low-class place.

CUT TO:

EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY

40AAA

Bolt is getting desperate. He looks across the street and sees a bum wiping a windshield of a car stopped at a red light. The driver hands some change to the bum through the window and drives away.

A car pulls up to the intersection next to Bolt. Quickly, Bolt checks his pockets, but his handkerchief is gone. He spots a rag lying in the gutter, grabs it and begins wiping the DRIVER's windshield with it. The rag is dirty and leaves smears on the windshield.

DRIVER

Hey, what are you doing!

BOLT

I'm wiping your windshield, sir.

DRIVER

Get away. You're making it dirtier.

BOLT

Oh, sorry.

Bolt spits in the now dirty windshield and rubs vigorously, making it better. He sticks his hand through the window and in front of the man.

BOLT

There, sir. That'll be a dollar.

The driver pushes the button for the electric window. Bolt tries to pull his hand out, but he's too late and it gets caught in the window. The light turns green. Not noticing Bolt, the driver speeds off. Bolt's hand is caught in the window, and he has to run along next to the car. He runs all the way down the block to the next intersection. The driver stops for another red light. He casually turns and notices Bolt.

DRIVER

Are you still here?

He pushes the button for the electric window, releasing Bolt's hand. Bolt holds his hand in pain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

40AAA

BOLT
 Could you make that a quarter?

The driver pulls away.

CUT TO:

EXT. SLUM BUILDING - DAY

40AA

A black blind man, wearing dark glasses, stands against the wall with a tin cup containing some money at his feet. Bolt walks by, glances down at the money and walks out of frame. After a few seconds, Bolt meanders back into the frame. His eyes still on the cup of money.

BLIND MAN
 Man, don't even think about it.

Bolt quickly walks out of frame.

CUT TO:

EXT. SLUM STREET - DOORWAY OF A CLOSED STORE - DAY

40A

A black kid about eight years old is singing and dancing for change. Bolt enters the frame and watches.

KID
 Hot-too. Hot-too. Wot, wot, wot,
 wot. Hot-too!

A few passersby throw coins into a dirty paper cup on the ground in front of him.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE SLUM - DAY

40B

BOLT (O. S.)
 Hot-too.

CAMERA DRIFTS OVER to a closed store front. Bolt is imitating the black kid to the best of his ability. He's not doing too well.

BOLT (CONT'D)
 Hot-too. Wot, wot, wot, wot.
 Hot-too!

People pass and absolutely ignore him.

CUT TO:

EXT. DIFFERENT SLUM STREET - DAY

40C

Bolt notices a well-dressed BUSINESSMAN walking down the street. He shuffles along side him.

BOLT

Sir...sir, excuse me.

BUSINESSMAN

(brusquely)

What is it?

BOLT

I'm not a bum or a derelict. I hate them as much as you, believe me. And I wouldn't bother you except for the fact that I'm really hungry.

BUSINESSMAN

Leave me alone.

Bolt keeps up with the businessman's ever increasing pace.

BOLT

I'm with you in that "Leave me alone". It's exactly what I say to the bums down here.

BUSINESSMAN

Good. Sure you do.

BOLT

Look, if I told you who I really was you wouldn't believe me, but if you give me five dollars, I can give you an I.O.U. that will be worth a small fortune at the end of the month.

BUSINESSMAN

Five dollars? Get out of here.

BOLT

Okay, I see your point. I'd probably say the same thing in your circumstances, and five dollars is a bit much to ask from a stranger. All right, I'll make you the same deal for a dollar.

BUSINESSMAN

Will you go away?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

40C

BOLT

I understand your irritation and even some of your contempt. All right, we'll meet half way. How about some change?

BUSINESSMAN

I don't have any change.

BOLT

I'm sure a man dressed like you, if you diligently searched your pockets, you would find some hidden change.

BUSINESSMAN

What, are you deaf? Don't you hear me? I'm telling you, I don't have any change.

BOLT

What's that sound, that clinking in your pocket? It sounds like...change.

BUSINESSMAN

Those are my keys.

BOLT

No, no, I know the sound of keys. That's change.

BUSINESSMAN

They're keys. *

BOLT

It's change.

BUSINESSMAN

I know what I have in my pockets. They're keys. *

BOLT

Let me take a look. I'm sure it's change.

Bolt reaches for the businessman's pocket.

BUSINESSMAN

Hey, hey, hey, stop that. Get away from me. I'm calling the police.

The businessman hurries away, leaving Bolt standing there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

40C

BOLT
Police? You'd call the police? For
what?

He starts to walk away then turns quickly.

Change? BOLT (CONT'D)

CUT TO:

BOLT'S POV

The businessman leans down to a police cruiser parked at the
curb.

CUT TO:

BOLT

Frightened, he walks quickly into a nearby alley.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOLLY'S ALLEY - DAY

41

Bolt looks behind to see if he's being followed by the police.
Suddenly, he bumps into somebody. He turns to see that they
are two evil looking characters in their late twenties. (MEAN
VICTOR), and his sidekick. (YO).

BOLT
Excuse me.

They look him up and down.

MEAN VICTOR
What do you want?

BOLT
Nothing. I just want to get past.

MEAN VICTOR
Oh, you want to get past.
(to Yo)
He wants to get past.
(to Bolt)
Oh sure, get past

YO
Get past. Get past.

They step aside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

41

BOLT

Thank you.

As Bolt starts to walk past, Mean Victor slips a burlap sack over his head and grabs him around the throat with his arm. Bolt struggles violently, but Mean Victor is too big and strong, and he cannot break his hold.

MEAN VICTOR

Hurry, get his shoes!

YO

Yeah, his shoes, his shoes.

Yo tries to untie the laces, but Bolt kicks furiously.

YO (CONT'D)

He's kicking. He's kicking. Choke him. Choke him.

Mean Victor tightens his grip around Bolt's neck, and Bolt's struggling becomes weaker.

Yo finally rips one of Bolt's shoes off. Mean Victor and Bolt fall over, sending a bucket full of empty cans crashing to the ground. At that moment, we hear the piercing scream of a Banshee from Hell. Mean Victor and Yo freeze, startled.

*
*

A crazy baglady (MOLLY) comes flying out from the back of the alley towards them hanging a tin garbage can cover with a broken baseball bat. She is screaming at the top of her lungs.

*

MOLLY

(yelling)

Yiiiiiiiiiii. Yiiiiiiiiiii.
Yiiiiiiiiiii. Yiiiiiiiiiii.
Yiiiiiiiiiii. Yiiiiiiiiiii.
Yiiiiiiiiiii.

Yo grabs Bolt's other shoe, and they run off. They turn back to Molly.

*

MOLLY (CONT'D)

(short burst)

Yiiii. Yiiii.

Mean Victor and Yo run away. Bolt rips the bag off his head, gasping for air. He collapses against the wall.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

You no good scumbags!

She spits and throws the bat at them.

*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

41

MOLLY (CONT'D)
Stay away from here.

Bolt staggers to his feet trying to catch his breath.

BOLT
(in a weak voice)
Thank you. Thank you very much.

MOLLY
Yeah, yeah. Thank you, thank me,
thank everybody, dank, dank, dank,
dank.

Molly begins putting the cans back into the bucket. *

MOLLY (CONT'D)
I didn't do that for you. Those
pigs invaded my territory. I'm
very territorial. *

BOLT
I noticed that. *

(to himself)
Gee, they would've killed me, just
for my shoes.

MOLLY
They're animals. They rob from
their own. They tried that on
me when I first came down here.
They jumped me. Big mistake.
Nobody messes with Molly. I
grabbed that big guy, Mean Victor,
by the apricots...

She demonstrates with her hand.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
...and twisted and twisted and
twisted. *

Bolt winces and crosses his legs. She laughs. *

MOLLY (CONT'D)
He screamed like a baboon taking
it up his red ass. You know what
I mean?

BOLT
Yeah, I think I do.

MOLLY
How do you feel? Feel a little
better now?

Bolt nods weakly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

41

BOLT

Yes...

MOLLY

Good, now, take a hike.

She picks up the bucket.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

This is my place. I live alone.

She turns away from him and places the bucket onto a cardboard box. She takes another box full of empty cans and dumps it into the bucket. She turns to Bolt.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Are you still here?

BOLT

Well, I don't have any shoes.

MOLLY

(mimicking)

Well, I don't have any shoes.

(to Bolt)

You, come over here.

Bolt slowly walks over to her.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Who are you? What are you? What are you doing down here anyway?

He starts to answer.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Don't tell me. Don't tell me.
I don't want to know. What are you, about a nine and a half D?

BOLT

Yes, exactly.

MOLLY

(to herself)

Yes! I don't know what it is. I got this gift about guessing shoes. I'm never wrong.

She steps over to an old doorless refrigerator in the corner of the alley. She hides her actions from Bolt with her body as she looks into a set of cardboard drawers inside the refrigerator. She turns to Bolt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

41

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Sit down.

*

Bolt staggers over to an old mattress and sits on it. She turns around.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Hey, hey, what are you, stupid?
That's the bedroom. Nobody sits
in my bedroom. Sit in the den.

Bolt gets to his feet, staggers away and turns.

*

BOLT

Excuse me, just where is the den?

*

MOLLY

What are you blind? You're in it.
Sit.

*

He quickly sits. She starts rummaging through the drawers. She picks up what looks like a button.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

What the hell is this?

She spits on it, rubs it on her shirt, then smells it.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Coconut.

She pops it in her mouth and chews it.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

(shouting for joy)
Mmmm, this is good!

She goes back to rummaging through the drawers. She takes out a pair of big old shoes.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Ahh, here we go. Tens. Close
enough.

*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

41

She tosses them to Bolt, and he catches them. He stares down at the shoes.

BOLT
(disappointed)
Brown.

MOLLY
What?

He slips them on his feet and gets up. He takes a few steps. The sole of one of the shoe flaps as he walks.

BOLT
They're fine. Thank you.

MOLLY
Here we go again with the dank,
dank, dank, dank, dank. You're
welcome.
(indicating for him to
leave)
Now, disappear. I got work to
do.

Bolt clears his throat, trying to get her attention. Mimicking him, she clears her throat loudly.

MOLLY
What?

BOLT
Would there be a place to eat
around here?

MOLLY
Yeah, you could eat on the curb.
You could eat in the street. You
could eat in the alley. All you
need is food.

BOLT
Where would I find the food?

MOLLY
That narrows it down to either
going through the garbage or the
mission.

BOLT
Where's the mission?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (?)

41

MOLLY

What do I look like. a fucking
tour guide? You're throwing me way
off my schedule. This is my lunch
break.

BOLT

I'll find it myself.

He starts to go but heads in the wrong direction. She whistles.

MOLLY

You're going the wrong way. You'll
never find it.

(to herself)

He's hopeless.

(to Bolt)

Wait.

She walks over to the bucket of cans.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

41

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Let me cover my cans. I'm going there anyway. I'll show you.

She puts the bucket of cans into a garbage dumpster.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

I saved your life. I saved your feet. This is your last help.

He begins to walk with her.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

All right, you can walk next to me but not too close. Don't touch my skin. Come on.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

42

Bolt walks along side Molly. An old Chevy convertible with four Hispanic gang members drives by. The GANG LEADER makes an obscene kissing sound to Molly.

GANG LEADER

Hey, mamacita, sit on this, I make you happy.

Molly flips them off.

MOLLY

Make this happy, shitheads.

The car drives away.

An aging baglady, (GRETA), calls to Molly from the other side of the street as she passes.

GRETA

Molly, you're too beautiful. You're too good for this place.

MOLLY

Yeah, and what about you, Greta?

Greta waves her off.

GRETA

Ahhhh.

Bolt and Molly have to step into the street to avoid derelicts and cardboard boxes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

42

MOLLY

Look at this. You have to walk out into the streets. There never used to be homeless in my neighborhood. Never.

BOLT

But you're homeless.

MOLLY

Noooo, I'm not homeless. I want to be here. I live here. This is my address. They don't want to be down here.

*

BOLT

Well, if they don't want to be down here, why don't they work?

*

MOLLY

Boy are you dumb. They do wanna work, but they lost their jobs, and nobody wants them anymore. You know who keeps them down here? It's the rich, it's the government. They don't give a shit about these people. Everyday they dump a new load of 'em down here like garbage.

*

*

*

She raises her voice in anger.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

They don't belong here.

From out of an unseen alley, emerges J. Paul Getty. He is outraged that someone else is yelling more loudly than he does.

J. PAUL GETTY

(shouting)

Shaddup! Shaddup!

Molly, without breaking stride, shouts back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

42

MOLLY
 (shouting)
 You shaddup!

J. PAUL GETTY
 You should die!

MOLLY
 You should die!

J. Paul Getty thrusts his face into hers.

J. PAUL GETTY
 (pointing at her)
 You die!

MOLLY
 (pointing right back)
 You die!

They both thrust their arms back like crazy roosters. They crane their necks forward and spit the words at each other.

J. PAUL GETTY
 Die!

MOLLY
 Die!

J. PAUL GETTY
 Die!

MOLLY
 Die!

J. PAUL GETTY
 Die!

MOLLY
 Die!

J. Paul Getty abruptly turns and leaves as quickly as he appeared.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
 (to Bolt)
 Now, he belongs here.

CUT TO:

EXT. MISSION - DAY

43

The mission is a broken-down stucco building. There's a crudely painted sign above the door that reads 'God's Love Mission'. A long line of derelicts wait at the door to get in. Bolt and Molly stand at the end of the line.

In the distance behind Bolt, Molly and the rest of the line, is an enormous billboard with the Bolt Enterprises insignia. Under the insignia, it reads "Progress and Prosperity throughout America".

From behind them comes a moving wire shopping cart piled with assorted pieces of wood and junk. Pipes extend up from the shopping cart and are covered with rags, pots, beer cans, etc. so that they completely surround and hide the man (HOUSE) pushing it. It slowing rolls into the back of the line, bumping into Bolt. Bolt turns around.

MOLLY

House, would you back up a little bit? We need some room.

BOLT

There's somebody in there?

MOLLY

Sure, that's House. Nobody knows his name so we call him House. How ya doin, House?

House's hand emerges from his pile of rags and makes a 'so/so' gesture.

HOUSE

Mabbbllnbbllm.

Two black vagrants, HAYNARD, and his smaller friend, DESMOND, stand in front of Bolt and are in the middle of a conversation.

HAYNARD

You know who's the worst?

DESMOND

Who?

HAYNARD

Danes.

DESMOND

Danes? You mean like great danes?

HAYNARD

No, that's a dog. I like dogs. I mean Danes. Danes from Denmark.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

43

DESMOND

Oh, those Danes.

MAYNARD

Yeah, with that long, stringy, blonde hair and pale, blue, washed-out eyes. They scare me.

DESMOND

They do?

MAYNARD

Yeah. You know what happened to Wilver, don't you?

DESMOND

No, what happened to Wilver?

MAYNARD

He was mugged by two Danes.

DESMOND

He was?

Maynard notices Bolt for the first time standing behind him and looks him up and down.

BOLT

I'm not a Dane.

Bolt turns to see a bum with no legs, (STUMPS), who sits on a little rolling platform. Jutting from his chest is a small wooden tray that holds his begging cup. It is held by a wire strung around his neck. Pedestrians pass him as he rolls down the sidewalk.

STUMPS

(meekly)

Give, please give, please give, give.

(growing angry)

Please give, give.

(loudly)

Give, you mother fucker, give!

A startled pedestrian drops a coin into his cup.

STUMPS (CONT'D)

(pleasantly)

Thank you, kindly.

A BUM ON LINE calls out to Stumps as he rolls by.

*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

43

BUM ON LINE

How's it going, Stumps?

*

STUMPS

It don't go, you got to push
it...I'll see you at the wedding.

*

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO:

INT. MISSION - DAY

44

The mission is one large room crammed to overflowing with derelicts who crowd around rough wooden tables and block the aisles eating and waiting for a place to sit. Bolt and Molly with bowls of stew in their hands look around for a place to sit.

SAILOR (O.S.)

Pepto, Pepto.

*

Molly looks around.

MOLLY

Pepto?

*

BOLT

That's me.

Bolt spots Sailor and they walk over to his table.

SAILOR

Hey Pepto, I see you met Molly.
Hi Molly, how you doing?

*

MOLLY

Lousy. You know each other?

SAILOR

Yeah, we're old pals. I relieved
myself on him this morning.

He waves the handkerchief.

SAILOR (CONT'D)

See, still unused. Come on, sit
with us.

Bolt and Molly sit at the table. Across from Bolt, sits Fumes,
the black bum who asked him for change.

SAILOR (CONT'D)

Pepto, say hello to my friend
Fumes.

*

FUMES

Hey man, haven't we met?

Bolt looks up and recognizes him.

BOLT

Oh yes, I believe we had a lengthy
conversation about change.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

44

FUMES

Ooooh, shit. Was that you? I'm
so embarrassed... you got any?

SAILOR

Hey.

Bolt ignores him and goes back to eating. Fumes takes out a
pint bottle that's wrapped in a paper bag and pours some of the
contents into his stew. He dips his spoon in and tastes it.

FUMES

Mmmn good, stewed stew.

Bolt can't help seeing a piece of corn on Sailor's chin.

BOLT

Excuse me, I hate to be compulsive
about this, but you have a little
kernel of corn on your chin.

SAILOR

Oh, thanks.

Sailor rubs the back of his hand across his face, moving the
corn to his upper lip.

SAILOR (CONT'D)

Is it gone?

BOLT

No, it's on your upper lip now.

SAILOR

Oh.

Sailor rubs the back of his hand across his face, moving the
corn to his cheek.

SAILOR (CONT'D)

Is it gone?

BOLT

No, it's on your cheek now.

SAILOR

Oh.

Sailor wipes his face again and moves it to the side of his
nose.

SAILOR (CONT'D)

Did I get it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

44

Bolt stares at the corn for a long time.

BOLT
(giving up)
Yeah, you got it.

Bolt goes back to eating.

CUT TO:

MAYNARD AND DESMOND

44A

They are sitting at a table casually eating their stew. A young man with stringy blonde hair, (BLONDE MAN), obviously a Dane, sits at their table and begins to eat.

Maynard sees him out of the corner of his eye, picks up his bowl and moves to another table.

Still eating, Desmond finally notices that Maynard is gone. He looks over and sees the blonde man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

44A

BLONDE MAN
(to Desmond)
Gut dag pur day.

*

Desmond picks up his stew and hurriedly moves to Maynard's table.

CUT TO:

BOLT'S TABLE

45

FUMES
You know what I was thinking?

There is a long pause as Sailor waits for him to continue.

SAILOR
What?

FUMES
No, I'm asking you. Do you know what I was thinking?

SAILOR
What are you asking me for? How am I supposed to know what you were thinking? You always start a sentence and never finish it.

FUMES
What do you mean I never...

*

There is another long pause as Sailor waits for him to continue. Impatient, Sailor smacks Fumes on the shoulder.

*

SAILOR
You did it again.

*

FUMES
What?

*

SAILOR
Ahhh, forget it.

*

He waves Fumes off.

POPS, a wizened old man, enters the frame holding a tray.

POPS
Finished gents?

With a trembling hand, he collects their dishes and silverware. He turns slowly and carries them away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

45

SAILOR

Thanks Pops.
(whispering to Bolt)
Pops ain't gonna be around long.
His elevens are up.

BOLT

What?

SAILOR

His elevens. Look at the back
of his neck. See those two cords
sticking out? They make like an
eleven. Once they come up, that's
it. You're gone.

Sailor watches Pops recede.

SAILOR (CONT'D)

He ain't long for this world.

FUMES

Maybe he'll come back as something
better.

(staring into space)

Personally, when I die, I'd like
to come back as a...

SAILOR

What?

FUMES

What?

SAILOR

Personally, when I die, I'd like
to come back as a...

Sailor stomps three times on the ground.

SAILOR (CONT'D)

What?

FUMES

Ah, a bird.

SAILOR

Why?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

45

FUMES

Because I'd fly around free and
easy. And if I spotted someone
I didn't really like, I'd drop
a hot one right on em.

He laughs.

SAILOR

Jeez, I wonder what I'd come back
as.

MOLLY

Come back? Come back? What do you
think this is, a round trip?
There's no come back. You're
born. You die. You're put in
the ground. The worms eat you
and that's it.

SAILOR

You're very hard.

MOLLY

Well, I don't lie to myself.

SAILOR

I don't want no worms to eat me.
No, sir. When I die I want to
be excremated. And I want my
ashes sprinkled in the old briny.
At least I'd be part of the sea
forever and ever.

FUMES

I'd like to go like my father.
They said he died peacefully in
his sleep.

SAILOR

Yeah, they told me my grandmother
died peacefully in her sleep.
That's a good way to go.

MOLLY

Bull...shit.

They look at her incredulously.

SAILOR

(timidly)
What??

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

45

MOLLY

Nobody dies peacefully in their sleep. That's what they say to make people feel good. You want to know how people really die in their sleep? They go to bed, then about two in the morning, they go...

She pretends to go to sleep then wakes up suddenly, her eyes bulging out of her head. She grabs her throat with both hands and starts gagging loudly. She begins to sputter and cough then tries to call for help. Instead, only choked gargling comes out.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Agggghh. Agggghh. Agggghh. But nobody can hear them. Then about three thirty...

She leans back and starts shaking spasmodically. As she writhes in pain, she screams for a doctor but can't say the words. All we hear is:

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Heh...heh...geh...me...a...doc
...doc...hel...hel...Then about
five it really starts to get
serious.

She falls to the floor and does more screaming, gagging and shaking.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Gaga...waaghh...gughh...aaagghh.
Then about quarter to six...

She finally collapses and lays still. They stare at her.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

And then somebody opens the door,
and they say "Ah, look, she died
peacefully in her sleep."

They are all appalled and shocked at this grisly performance. There is a long pause. Finally, Fumes breaks the silence.

FUMES

Man, when I die, I don't want her
near me.

CUT TO:

EXT. MISSION - DAY

46

Bolt, Molly, Sailor and Fumes exit the mission onto the street. Molly spots an open wire-mesh garbage can, walks over to it and examines it.

SAILOR

Excuse me.

Sailor stops Bolt and Fumes. He leans around Bolt and spits into the street.

SAILOR (CONT'D)

(to Bolt)

So, you want to stay with us tonight?

BOLT

(repulsed)

No, thank you, I've made previous arrangements.

SAILOR

Previous arrangements. I like that.

(shoving Fumes)

Why the hell don't we ever make previous arrangements?

FUMES

I dunno. I guess we never had anything previous to arrange.

The CAMERA follows Bolt as he slowly walks away. OS, we hear Sailor wind up with a terrifying snort once again. Bolt picks up his pace and hurries away, catching up with Molly.

CUT TO:

EXT. SLUM STREET - DAY

47

Bolt and Molly walk down the street.

BOLT

I have to make some money. How can I make some money?

MOLLY

Why don't you do what they all do?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

47

BOLT

What?

MOLLY

Beg.

BOLT

I tried that, but I'm not proficient in that yet.

MOLLY

Oh, what are you proficient at?

BOLT

Actually, it's rather complicated.

MOLLY

Try me, I'm complicated.

BOLT

Well, what I actually do best is arbitrage.

MOLLY

Arbitrage? What the hell is that?

BOLT

You take the currency from one country and you render it into the currency of another country, thereby deriving a profit. That's called arbitrage.

MOLLY

Now, to tell you the truth, there's not a very big call for that down here. Here's what we do.

She goes to a garbage can, reaches in and pulls out two empty aluminum cans.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

You take empty cans from here and you render them flat. Like this.

She stomps the cans flat.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

You then cash them in thereby deriving a profit. And that's called...garbitrage.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED. (2)

Molly takes out a bag from her shopping cart. She puts the cans into it then sticks the bag into the shopping cart. She points to the garbage can.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Go ahead, get in there and dig in.

Hesitantly, Bolt sticks his hand in the garbage can.

BOLT

Oh, it's filthy.

MOLLY

Yeah, that's why it's called garbage. Get to the bottom, that's where the good stuff is.

BOLT

Ahh!

He recoils in horror.

MOLLY

What was it?

BOLT

I don't know.

MOLLY

Was it wet or alive?

BOLT

I think it was a combination.

MOLLY

Forget about that. Look for cans.

He digs in and pulls up a can, proudly.

BOLT

I got one.

MOLLY

Good, now put it on the ground and flatten it out.

He stomps on it and a spray of soda shoots up on him.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

That's a live one. Let me give you a hint. It's a lot easier when you empty them first but that's how you learn.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED (3)

47

He stomps on it again and picks up the flattened can.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

It could be flatter but it's a start.

Suddenly, they hear a happy commotion from across the street and look up.

CUT TO:

EXT. STORE-FRONT CHURCH - DAY

48

The church doors swing open and a homeless wedding party emerges. The BRIDE is a hefty, little, Hispanic senorita. The GROOM is a washed-out Irish bum. The bride wears a make-shift outfit of mismatched dresses and a bridal head piece with a long white train. The groom wears a cheap old-fashioned tuxedo that's slightly small for him.

As they emerge from the church, the wedding guests throw shredded styrofoam packing material instead of rice. The end of the bride's long train is being held by Stumps, the legless man from the mission. The wheeled platform that he sits on is being pulled by the bride's train as she walks. As she goes down the steps, he bumps down after her.

The bride and groom climb into two shopping baskets that are wired together. As they're being pushed away, a PRIEST and a Spanish translator, MIGUEL, stand on the steps of the church. The guests stand in two lines. One line is composed of the Bride's guests, and the other line comprises the Groom's.

PRIEST

(addressing both lines)

Remember this is a new start.
No drinking.

Miguel repeats in Spanish what the Priest has just said to the Hispanic line. He melodramatically re-enacts drinking.

PRIEST

No drugs, and remember above all,
no infidelity.

Miguel translates into Spanish. He re-enacts shooting up drugs and ends with loud, suggestive whistles and hand motions. The Priest slowly turns to look at him with disapproval. Miguel's loud whistles quickly turn into an innocent tune.

CUT BACK TO:

BOLT AND MOLLY

43

BOLT

(to himself)

Can you believe that in the middle
of all this filth two miscreants
could find some small shred of
happiness?

MOLLY

(hearing him)

Happiness? What a crock. You know
the two most unlikely type of
people to get along? A man and a
woman. Oh, it's always good in
the beginning, sure, but then
after awhile...

(shouting to wedding
party)

They crush the living joy out of
each other!

BOLT

Why are you such a pessimist?

MOLLY

Because I was married to an
optimist.

BOLT

You were married?

MOLLY

You bet I was married. I was
married to Tom. Tom terrific.
Sure, Tom. Anything you want, Tom.
You want it now, Tom? Sure, Tom.

She begins vibrating her pelvis, mimicking sex.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Go ahead, Tom. It's okay, Tom.
Having a good time, Tom? What?
Finished already, Tom? Where you
going, Tom? I don't mind, Tom.
You wash up. I'll finish by
myself, Tom. Tom? Tom?

She stands up.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Where'd you go, Tom? You didn't
leave a note, Tom. Tom, I'm all
alone here, Tom. You left me all
the bills, Tom.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

They're taking away the house,
Tom. I haven't got a job, Tom.
I'm in a lot of trouble, Tom.
So, after Tom ran out, I realized
I had to adjust my entire
lifestyle. I created a whole new
mental attitude. It's called a
nervous breakdown. I cried a lot.
I screamed a lot. I was
hysterical. Morning, noon and
night I was like this.

She begins screaming hysterically.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Help me! Someone help me!

She suddenly cuts off.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

(to Bolt)

You get the picture? You get it?

BOLT

Yeah, I got it.

He looks around at pedestrians who have been staring at her.

BOLT (CONT'D)

I think the whole block got the
picture.

She sits down.

MOLLY

Sooo, I've been in this nervous
breakdown for eight years and you
know something? I like it. I cry
when I want. I laugh when I want.
I walk when I want. I sit when
I want. I pick my own hours.

BOLT

Sounds a little...

MOLLY

Crazy? That's all right. Nothing
wrong with crazy. Crazy's good.
Keeps em away.

A DECREPIT WINO approaches Molly and reaches out for her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

30

MEAN VICTOR
 (clenching his teeth
 in victory)
 She won't fuck with us no more.

CUT TO:

EXT. SLUM STREET - DAY

51

Bolt and Molly make their way up the block. They freeze as they see Mean Victor and Yo run out of Molly's alley and pass them by. They point at her with a screaming derisive laugh.

MOLLY
 What was that all about?

They look back at the alley. They see smoke pour out, followed by licks of flames.

CAMERA FOLLOWS THEM as Molly runs toward the alley with Bolt trailing behind.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
 Hey, that's my place!

Molly gets to the entrance of the alley and sees that it's completely engulfed in flames. She runs in anyway and tries to salvage flaming items. It's too late and Bolt grabs her and pulls her out.

By now, a small group has gathered around the burning alley. Molly stands in front of them, defeated as she watches everything she owns go up in smoke. A WOMAN sticks her head out of a second story window and yells down to the crowd.

WOMAN
 Should I call the fire department?

A MAN in the crowd answers.

MAN
 Nah, it's just a bunch of junk.

Bolt and Molly both stare at the fire for a long time. Bolt slips his arm around her shoulder and holds her comfortingly.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - DAY

52

Bolt Molly, Sailor and Fumes stand before the front door of a run-down Chinese chop suey joint.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

MOLLY
(with bitter
determination)

I'm gonna get those bastards. Now,
tomorrow I want you to get Mean
Victor and Yo to chase you here.

She runs over to the front door of the Chinese restaurant and
opens it.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
Run through this door and lock
it behind you.

She goes inside and shuts the door. We hear the click of the
lock turning.

MOLLY (CONT'D O.S.)
Like this.

She unlocks the door and comes out.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
As long as you lock the door,
you'll be safe. We'll do the
rest. Can you do that?

BOLT
Yes, I can do that.

Bolt thinks for a moment.

BOLT (CONT'D)
However, may I propose an
alternative?

MOLLY
What?

BOLT
Why don't we sue?

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO:

EXT. MEAN VICTOR'S HANGOUT - DAY

Bolt sneaks up to a make-shift shack built in a vacant lot next
to a decrepit building. Inside, he can see Mean Victor and Yo
hunching over an old wooden table. Mean Victor cuts a fine
white powder with a razor blade on a plank that also contains
other drugs, Bunsen burners and drug equipment.

CUT TO:

BOLT

54

Bolt walks to a place where he can be seen from the entrance of the shack while maintaining a safe distance.

BOLT

I'm addressing the two degenerates who call themselves Mean Victor and Yo.

Surprised, Mean Victor and Yo turn to look at Bolt.

BOLT (CONT'D)

I think you two are the scum of the earth. You rob and exploit the helpless for your own gain and profit, and you use the spoils of your activities to buy and sell illegal narcotics. Therefore, I am making a citizen's arrest. So, get your things together and come quietly. And you won't be needing this anymore.

Bolt slaps the board, knocking all the drugs and equipment into the air. Mean Victor and Yo suddenly leap to their feet and charge at Bolt. Bolt turns and runs for his life.

CUT TO:

EXT. SLUM STREET - DAY

Eventhough Bolt is running as fast as he can, he looks behind and sees that they are gaining on him.

BOLT (CONT'D)

(shouting while running)

You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be held against you in a court of law!

CUT TO:

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - KITCHEN - DAY

An old, gnarled, Chinese cook chops large slimy squid with a cleaver on a chopping block. When he finishes a portion he gathers it up with the cleaver, turns and throws it into a large steaming pot of soup which rests on the stove. He turns back and continues to chop.

The window behind him opens slowly. We see arms belonging to Sailor and Fumes reach in and take the pot out the window. They close the window behind them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

55

Oblivious to this new development, the cook once again turns with a cleaver full of squid and automatically throws it where the pot used to be. He then turns back to the squid and continues to chop furiously. After a beat, he stops and looks up, realizing something's wrong.

CHINESE COOK

(in Chinese)

What the hell happened? Where'd
the pot go?

CUT TO:

EXT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - DAY

57

Bolt dashes to the door, grabs the handle, opens it and pulls it closed after him. We hear the sound of the lock clicking from inside. Immediately, Mean Victor grabs the door handle and pulls the door wide open splintering the lock through the rotten wood. Bolt, who is still holding onto the door knob, is yanked out into the middle of the sidewalk. Bolt ends up with his back to the street and his face six inches away from Mean Victor and Yo.

BOLT

(calmly)

Gentlemen, all right. I admit
it's a weak case. So, I know
you'll be happy to hear I'm
dropping the charges.

Pow! Mean Victor hauls off and punches Bolt right in the face, sending him flying out into the street. The minute Bolt leaves the curb, his ankle alarm goes off. He has obviously crossed the boundary.

ALARM

Weeuuu! Weeuuu! Weeuuu! Weeuuu!

BOLT

Oh shit, not now.

CUT TO:

SECOND STORY FIRE ESCAPE OUTSIDE CHINESE KITCHEN

58

On the fire escape, we see Molly, Sailor and Fumes struggling with the large steaming caldron of soup. As they walk it up the stairs, Molly reacts fearfully to what she just saw.

MOLLY

Omigod. Hurry.

They move up the stairs, struggling with the big pot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

55

FUMES
 (to Sailor)
 Careful man, that soup's hot.

CUT BACK TO:

BOLT

59

He staggers back to the curb to stop the alarm. As soon as he steps on the sidewalk, the alarm stops. Mean Victor greets him with a vicious blow to the mid-section.

BOLT
 OOH! OOH!

Bolt grabs his belly and falls back into the street. The alarm goes off again.

ALARM
 Weeeuuu! Weeeuuu! Weeeuuu! Weeeuuu!

CUT TO:

THIRD STORY FIRE ESCAPE

60

Sailor and Fumes struggle to get the pot up the fire escape to the landing. Molly is guiding them.

MOLLY
 Hurry, hurry.

FUMES
 This is me hurrying.

CUT BACK TO:

STREET

61

Mean Victor smashes Bolt into the street once again. Yo cocks his head at the sound of the alarm.

YO
 Hey, whassat noise?

Bolt crawls back toward the curb, feet first.

CUT TO:

MOLLY, SAILOR AND FUMES

62

They still struggle to get the steaming pot up the stairs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

62

FUMES

It looks to me like my man ain't
doing too well.

CUT BACK TO:

STREET

63

As Bolt crawls from the street, he strives desperately to get
the ankle with the alarm strapped to it over the curb. He
finally makes it, right at Mean Victor's feet. The alarm stops.
Bolt looks up at Mean Victor, who stares down at him
incredulously.

BOLT

It's all right. I'm not mad.
I just want to get my foot up
here.

MEAN VICTOR

You crazy son of a bitch.

Mean Victor picks up a nearby garbage can, lifts it above his
head and sends it crashing down towards Bolt. Just in time,
Bolt rolls into the middle of the street, avoiding it. His
alarm goes off again.

ALARM

Weeeuuu! Weeeuuu! Weeeuuu! Weeeuuu!

Bolt struggles to his knees.

BOLT

(to himself, half crazy)
Four billion dollars. Four
billion dollars. I could live
on the interest alone.

He begins to crawl back to the curb.

CUT TO:

MOLLY, SAILOR AND FUMES

64

They finally carry the pot to the top landing. Molly watches
Bolt in awe.

MOLLY

He's one of the bravest men I've
ever seen.

SAILOR

Yeah...and one of the dumbest.

CUT BACK TO:

STREET

65

Yo grabs a lead pipe and hands it to Mean Victor.

YO
Here. Split his skull open. I
want to see his brains spill all
over the street.

MEAN VICTOR
(taking the pipe)
Yeh, yeh.

As Bolt reaches the curb, Mean Victor raises the lead pipe and is just about to bring it down on his head. Yo is chanting insanely.

YO
Hit him. Hit him. Hit him.

CUT TO:

MOLLY, SAILOR AND FUMES

66

MOLLY
Pepto, get out of the way!

They tilt the huge caldron over the fire escape. A torrent of boiling soup starts to spill over.

CUT TO:

STREET

67

Bolt lurches past Mean Victor. Mean Victor follows him with his eyes and looks up to see where the shouting came from. At that moment, the boiling soup comes down, splashing all over Mean Victor and Yo, drenching them completely. Hot squid tentacles and bits of cabbage hang limply from their head and shoulders. They howl in pain. Mean Victor drops the pipe.

MEAN VICTOR
AGHHHH!

Yo clutches his head in pain.

YO
AIYEEEEEE!

Still screaming, they both run away in agony, steam rising from them.

CUT TO:

MOLLY

67A

She watches triumphantly.

MOLLY
(yelling)
This is good!

CUT TO:

STREET

67B

Bolt, semi-dazed, struggles to his feet. Molly, Sailor and Fumes run down the fire escape to Bolt.

MOLLY
They won't come around here
anymore.

BOLT
I hope not.

SAILOR
Jeez, they really did a number
on you.

FUMES
Yeah man, you really throw a mean
face.

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO:

INT. VANCE CRASSWELL'S OFFICE - DAY

Crasswell and his lawyers are looking at what appear to be heart read-out charts. They are actually graphs charting Bolt's ankle alarm.

FERGUESON
According to this, his ankle alarm
went off at three thirty five.

CRASSWELL
(pointing to the chart)
Twenty-eight and a half seconds.
We almost made it. Can't we take
poetic licence and make it thirty
seconds? Then we'd win.

FERGUESON
Mr. Crasswell, his lawyers get
a copy of the same read-out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

63

CRASSWELL

Does anybody know why he stepped
out of bounds for twenty-eight
and half seconds?

DODD

Our surveillance tell us that he
was attacked by some vicious
derelicts, and I must say, he was
severely beaten. He almost...

CRASSWELL

What?

FERGUESON

Died.

CRASSWELL

(insincerely)

My God, died. I wouldn't want
to be responsible for his death.
(with some hope)

Do you think there's any chance
that could happen?

FERGUESON

Well, it is possible. He is
living on the streets, and there's
so much danger down there, you
never know what could happen.
We'll keep you posted, Mr.
Crasswell.

The lawyers start to leave.

CRASSWELL

Thank you. Die? I never thought
he could actually die.

Lost in thought, Crasswell slowly swivels his chair around to
the wall. All we can see is the back of his head. Quietly,
he begins to hum a cheerful tune. His head bobs happily from
side to side.

CRASSWELL (CONT'D)

La... la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
la, la, la...

CUT TO:

EXT. UNDER HIGHWAY - DUSK

69

There's a collection of cardboard boxes that serve as homes for the homeless under a highway on-ramp. On the boxes are stenciled various manufacturer's names, G.E., Westinghouse, Sears, etc.

Sailor soaks a rag from a bottle and dabs Bolt's wounded face

SAILOR
(to Bolt)
This'll help.

BOLT
Ow, what is that?

SAILOR
I don't know. Some shit Fumes
drinks. It'll kill anything
except Fumes. He's germ proof.
Germs won't live in him.

FUMES
Wait. I feel a germ invading me.

Fumes grabs the bottle out of Sailor's hand and drinks it.

FUMES (CONT'D)
Dead germ.

CUT TO:

INT. VANCE CRASSWELL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

69A

We see the window in Vance Crasswell's office. A drop of rain hits it, then another, then another. Pretty soon, it starts to sprinkle. Suddenly, we see Crasswell's reflection in the window. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL Crasswell.

CRASSWELL
Look, it's raining. I love the
rain. It washes all the filth
out of the city. Speaking of
filth, where do the poor and the
homeless go on a cold rainy night
like this?

FERGUESON
Well, they usually go to the
mission if it's very bad.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

69A

CRASSWELL

Oh, what a shame. What a rotten shame that these poor unfortunates, including our dear friend Goddard Bolt, have to live like this, always on the edge of uncertainty...

(casually)

Is there any way we can get that mission closed?

DODD

Well, if there were some problems, like health concerns.

CRASSWELL

Ferguson, call my friend John Gargan at the Department of Health. He owes me a favor, and I know he wants to pay me back. I'm sure he'll be very happy to close that mission tonight once he realizes how dangerous it is to cram all those poor wretched derelicts into such a small, and may I add, unsanitary space.

FERGUESON

Immediately, sir. Good idea, sir.

Ferguson exits the office. Crasswell looks out the window watching the rain.

CRASSWELL

Look, it's coming down harder.

He smiles slightly.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. CARDBOARD BOX - NIGHT

70

Bolt, Molly, Sailor and Fumes have taken refuge from the rain inside a cardboard box.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

70

SAILOR

It's gonna be too crowded here
in the G.E. You and Molly better
take the Sears next door.

Bolt and Molly start to leave.

SAILOR (CONT'D)

If you gotta go, the facilities
are back there in the
Westinghouse.

SAILOR

Jeez, I've never seen Molly hang
around with anybody like that
before. She's always been a
loner. How come Pepto? I wonder
why she's taking pity on him.

FUMES

I'll tell you why. Cause he's...

SAILOR

What?

FUMES

What?

SAILOR

Cause he's...

Sailor stomps on the ground three times.

SAILOR (CONT'D)

What?

FUMES

Oh, cause he's pitiful.

SAILOR

Yeah, that's right. That's the
truth...but so am I.

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO:

INT. BOLT AND MOLLY'S CARDBOARD BOX - NIGHT

71

MOLLY

Now, this is my side, and that's
your side, and this is a WWII army
navy surplus store bayonet.

She sticks it in the ground between herself and Bolt.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

This will remind us of our
boundaries, okay?

BOLT

I assure you, I have no intentions
of coming near you, touching you
or in any way violating your
person.

MOLLY

Listen, I've heard those same
fancy words from other guys just
before they take it out.

There is a look of shock on Bolt's face. He turns away from
her and tries to get comfortable.

BOLT

(in a very cold tone)
Good night.

MOLLY

I don't mean to be harsh, but
you're a man, and men are no good.

CUT TO:

OMITTED

EXT. UNDER HIGHWAY - MONTAGE - NIGHT

We see a series of shots of culverts and storm sewers unable
to contain the ever-increasing volume of water. The rain pounds
down harder and harder. The water begins to flow over the sides
of the sewers.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNDER HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The back-up from the sewers slowly flows into the streets,
washing around the cardboard boxes that our derelicts are
sleeping in.

CUT TO:

INT. SAILOR AND FUMES' CARDBOARD BOX - NIGHT

75

Water drips from the top of the box onto Sailor.

SAILOR

Jeez, the roof is leaking. I
meant to get that damn thing
fixed.

Sailor coughs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

75

FUMES

Man, that's sounds bad. Are you all right?

SAILOR

Yeah, I'm all right. The rain always kicks up my flem.

FUMES

(offering his bottle)

Here. Take a sip. This'll help you right out.

Sailor smells the bottle. He begins to cough violently.

SAILOR

To tell you the truth, I'd rather be sick.

Sailor shivers and pulls his collar up.

CUT TO:

INT. BOLT AND MOLLY'S CARDBOARD BOX - NIGHT

76

Bolt and Molly are asleep, huddled together. Their arms are wrapped around each other, and their faces are crushed together. The bayonet is no where to be seen. The water drips down from the top of the cardboard box, waking them up. They are both terribly shocked and embarrassed to discover that they are in each others arms. They quickly disengage. Bolt straightens up, alarmed at the flood.

BOLT

What's going on?

MOLLY

We're getting flooded out, that's what's going on.

She grabs the bayonet and puts it back in her coat.

CUT TO:

EXT UNDER HIGHWAY - NIGHT

77

Bolt, Molly, Sailor and Fumes emerge as their cardboard homes collapse around them and begin to wash away.

FUMES

Well, there goes the neighborhood.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

SAILOR

Come on, I'm freezing my ass off.
We better get to the mission.

CUT TO:

OMITTED

EXT. MISSION - NIGHT

Bolt, Molly, Sailor and Fumes join a large group of derelicts gathered at the front door of the mission. They are all soaking wet in the driving rain. Sailor begin to cough. Fumes pounds on the door.

FUMES

(trying the door)
Hey, open up in there! It's me.
Hey man, open the door!

Sailor tries the door.

SAILOR

It's locked.

BOLT

Locked? Why would they lock the
mission on a night like this?

Suddenly, Molly appears with a plank of wood, forces it between the bars and smashes the window. She shouts through the broken glass.

MOLLY

(yelling)
Hey you bastards, let us in there!
It's raining out here!

No answer. Fumes pushes his head next to hers and looks into the dark.

FUMES

There's nobody there.

HIGH ANGLE SHOT from the top of the mission. It shows us tiny figures huddled together in the driving rain. They have no where to go.

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO:

EXT. HOMELESS VILLAGE - CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

80

The rain has stopped. Everyone is asleep around a fire that's burning in an open-grated trash can. In the area, there are other fires with groups of bums around them. Sailor shivers violently in his sleep. He coughs and it wakes him up. Sailor taps Fumes.

SAILOR

Hey Fumes, I really feel lousy.
Tell me the truth. Take a look.
Are my elevens up?

Sailor pulls his collar down and shows Fumes the back of his neck. Fumes, still half asleep, barely glances at him.

FUMES

No man, lemme sleep.

SAILOR

That's good. I think I'll go to
the clinic anyway. Maybe they
can give me something.

Fumes doesn't stir. Sailor gets to his feet and walks away into the darkness, alone.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. HOMELESS VILLAGE - CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAWN

81

The fire has died to smoldering ashes. Molly sleeps with her head on Bolt's shoulder, and Sailor is still gone.

FUMES

Hey, where's Sailor? Man, he looked
like shit last night. I better
look for him.

MOLLY

I think we all better look for
him. I'll look up there, you look
down here.

They all go off in different directions to look for Sailor.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY NEXT TO CHINESE RESTAURANT - DAWN

81A

Molly is looking for Sailor. She sees half way down the block two figures approaching, wrapped head to toe in bandages. We realize from their size that it's Mean Victor and Yo. Through the slits in the bandages, they see Molly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

B1A

Their eyes widen in fear. They turn and hobble away in the opposite direction.

CUT TO

EXT. SLUM STREET - MORNING

B2

Bolt walks down the street. At that moment, a car slowly enters the frame. It hits a big nearby puddle and splashes muddy water all over Bolt. He runs after the car, yelling.

BOLT

What's the matter with you? Can't you see there's people here?

He shakes his fist.

BOLT (CONT'D)

Rich bastards!

He realizes what he just said and drops his fist sheepishly.

He sees something lying on the sidewalk in the distance. Some people walk around it, and some people step over it.

Bolt approaches and curiously studies the object. As he gets closer, he begins to recognize the clothing of the figure on the ground. It is Sailor. Apprehensively, Bolt kneels to examine him. He gently shakes Sailor's shoulder, maybe he's sleeping.

BOLT

Sailor? Sailor?

There is no movement. Bolt touches Sailor's face. It is stone cold. He quickly draws his hand back. He sees his monogrammed handkerchief clutched tightly in Sailor's dead hand. Suddenly, a SHOPKEEPER emerges from the doorway of his store behind Bolt.

SHOPKEEPER

This guy's dead. He's blocking my place.

BOLT

Dead?

Bolt watches in disbelief. At that moment, a paramedics van, siren screeching, pulls up to the curb. Two paramedics jump from the van and immediately move to the body. A small group of bums circle the activity. A burly blond, in his mid-thirties, PARAMEDIC #1, takes Sailor's vital signs.

PARAMEDIC #2

Whatchya got?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED.

82

PARAMEDIC #1

Nothing. He's gone. We better
call the Coroner.

PARAMEDIC #2

They have too many DOA's already.
It'll take hours. Let's just take
him to the morgue.

Paramedic #1 stands up. PARAMEDIC #2 opens the back of the van,
gets a black, vinyl body bag and both of them zip Sailor's body
into it. They lift it up and slide it into the back of the van.
Paramedic #1 slams the back doors shut. They both get back into
the ambulance and it pulls away.

SHOPKEEPER

All right, all right, shows over.
Everybody clear the door. On your
way.

The bums disperse all except Bolt, who stands there transfixed,
staring at the back of the disappearing van.

SHOPKEEPER (CONT'D)

Come on, you too, you too.

Bolt walks away quietly.

CUT TO:

EXT. EMBANKMENT OF LOS ANGELES RIVER - DAY

83

Bolt, Molly and Fumes walk across the mostly-dry bed of the Los
Angeles river. Fumes carefully cradles a shoe box in his hands.

FUMES

It's so light.

BOLT

How much did Sailor weigh?

FUMES

A hundred thirty-five, maybe a
hundred forty pounds.

MOLLY

He must've been mostly moisture.

BOLT

(indicating shoe box)

Is that the best you could do? A
shoe box?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

83

FUMES

Let's face it, they put the rich
in an urn. The poor they put in
a cardboard box, like take-out.

MOLLY

What difference does it make? His
ashes are goin in the ocean
anyhow.

They arrive at a narrow body of rushing water in the middle of
the concrete bed.

BOLT

(looking down,
indicating the concrete
run-off below)

You call this an ocean?

FUMES

Well, sooner or later it all goes
into the ocean.

MOLLY

Yeah, so does toilet paper. So
what? Why are we doing this?

BOLT

Because Sailor wanted his ashes
to go into the old briny, and for
once, he's going to get his way.

Fumes hands Bolt the box.

FUMES

Here man, you do it. You talk
the best.

Bolt takes the box and walks a few feet to the edge.

BOLT

(looking up)
Well Sailor, wherever you are.

MOLLY

(pointing to the box)
He's in there.

BOLT

I know.

Bolt removes the lid of the box.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

83

BOLT (CONT'D)

(sincerely)

Well Sailor, you were a little
man often covered with dirt,
grease and whatever you just ate.
But your heart was always clean,
and I hope that your ashes finally
make it out to sea. Good luck.

Bolt heaves the ashes out over the culvert. Just then, a big
gust of wind comes up and blows most of Sailor's ashes back onto
Bolt.

BOLT (CONT'D)

(under his breath)

Oh, shit.

Without missing a beat, he starts brushing Sailor's ashes off,
leaning over the edge to get as much of him into the water as
possible.

BOLT (CONT'D)

(brushing the ashes from
his sleeve)

Good-bye, Sailor.

(brushing his other
sleeve)

God bless you, Sailor.

(brushing his pants)

Good-luck, Sailor.

We see Molly and Fumes kick Sailor's ashes that have fallen to
the ground back toward the river.

MOLLY

Good-luck, Sailor. Rest in peace.

FUMES

Good-bye, Sailor. Rest in
...peace.

Bolt walks over to them, his hair messed-up from the wind. Molly
hands him a comb.

MOLLY

Here, comb your hair.

He takes the comb from Molly and combs his hair. He stares at
the comb strangely then flicks the teeth of the comb, sending
the ashes into the air.

BOLT

Good-luck, Sailor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED. (3)

83

They all walk away silently.

CUT TO

INT PRITCHARD, KNOWLES AND STEVENS OUTER OFFICE - DAY

84

On the door, a sign reads 'Pritchard, Knowles, and Stevens Attorneys at Law'. Crasswell steps to the door, throws it open and takes a step into the office, hand still on the doorknob. We just see through the half open door a section of the office. CAMERA remains on Crasswell's back

CRASSWELL

Am I interrupting? I know I'm interrupting. I should go. It's stupid, morally and ethically wrong for me to be here, isn't it? We both know that your client only has two more days to go to win the bet, and it looks like he's going to make it. So therefore, I have no business here, and I should go. I can tell by your silence that you agree, so I'm leaving. Good-bye, and I apologize for taking up your valuable time.

He steps back into the outer office and shuts the door. With his hand still on the doorknob, he stands at the door counting to himself.

CRASSWELL (CONT'D)

(quietly)

Five, four, three, two, one.

He throws the door open and walks in.

CRASSWELL (CONT'D)

But why don't I leave? Is it masochism, perversity, self humiliation...or is it a proposition? To put it simply, would you gentlemen consider selling out a man who you've worked for for the last ten years in exchange for a very large bribe?

PRITCHARD

Mr. Crasswell, we're lawyers.

Crasswell shuts the door behind him

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF TOP - DUSK

15

Filthy, ragged and exhausted, Bolt sits at the edge of the roof eagerly watching something. His face is bathed in an orange glow

He sees the sun, a great shimmering ball, slowly disappearing behind the jagged horizon of the slums. The last, bright, burning ray finally vanishes.

He exhales a profound sigh and looks up at the heavens.

BOLT

I made it. I can't believe it.
I made it. My last day. No more
filthy clothes, no more sleeping
in the cold, no more eating
garbage. Thank you, God. Thank
you.

He turns to leave.

BOLT (CONT'D)

(as he's rushing out)

Sorry I didn't believe in you when
I was rich.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - DUSK

CAMERA TILTS DOWN to the entrance. A happy Bolt emerges from the building. In his path, sleeping on the steps, is a thin old WINO. He grabs the wino by the lapels, waking him rudely

He shouts into his face.

BOLT

I did it! I did it!

WINO

(looking around)

Where'd you do it? Not around here,
I hope.

Bolt releases him and runs off.

CUT TO:

EXT. SLUM STREET - DUSK

Bolt runs down the sidewalk. He spots Stumps ahead of him.

BOLT

(screaming)

Stumps, Stumps, you want a ride?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

He grabs Stumps's shoulder and pushes him swiftly down the sidewalk. Stumps is taken completely by surprise. He looks up and sees Bolt maniacally pushing him.

STUMPS

'Ey, 'ey, 'EY! Too fast! Too fast!
What are you doing, ya crazy son
of a bitch?

Bolt kisses him on the top of his head and releases him.

BOLT

I'm gonna get you a motorized
wheelchair.

STUMPS

And I'm gonna get you a motorized
stick and shove it up your ass.

Bolt runs out of frame.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE STREET - DUSK

88

Bolt runs to Fumes who is leaning against a wall drinking. He takes his bottle from his hand.

BOLT

Fumes, my friend, no more drinking
this cheap shit.

Bolt flings the bottle against the wall where it crashes, leaving a smear of wine.

BOLT (CONT'D)

From now on, I'll send you a case
of Chateau Lafite '59 every single
day.

Bolt runs out of frame.

FUMES

What time?

Fumes quickly catches the remainder of the wine running down the wall in his palm and licks his hand clean.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAG FACTORY - DUSK

A giant bail of rags leans against the wall of the rag factory. Molly picks up various colorful garments, looks at them, discards a few then puts the ones she likes into her cart. From her transistor radio in her cart, we hear soft source music. Bolt, who is across the street, shouts.

BOLT
Molly, Molly.

He runs over to her.

MOLLY
What?

BOLT
We have to celebrate.

MOLLY
Celebrate what?

He reaches into his coat and takes out a large, green, champagne bottle.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
What is that?

BOLT
Champagne.

MOLLY
Champagne? Where'd you get it?

BOLT
I took it from a liquor store.
I stole it.

MOLLY
But you don't steal.

BOLT
Well, not little things. But in
twenty-four hours I'll pay the
liquor store back and throw in
a thousand dollar tip.

He glances at the bottle.

BOLT (CONT'D)
It's not a great year, but we have
to celebrate.

MOLLY
Celebrate what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

89

BOLT

The best day of my life.

All of the sudden, it starts to rain.

MOLLY

Uh, oh. Here it comes. We better get inside.

They run through a door that's been left ajar in the side of the rag factory.

CUT TO:

INT. RAG FACTORY - DUSK

90

The rag factory is an empty warehouse full of giant bails of colorful rags. Bolt pops the champagne cork and produces a package of plastic cups from out of his coat. He opens the package and takes out two cups. He hands one to Molly and pours the champagne.

BOLT

Here's to happiness above and beyond your wildest dreams. Tonight you'll have everything you've ever wanted and more.

MOLLY

What's with you tonight?

BOLT

It's called happy. I'm happy and I want to share it.

MOLLY

I don't trust happy. Happy is no good. It only lasts a minute. I like depressed. Depressed stays with you for awhile.

BOLT

Have a little champagne with me.

MOLLY

(wistfully)

Gee, I haven't had champagne since my honeymoon. What a lousy night that was.

BOLT

Come on, I want you to link arms with me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

90

MOLLY

First you want me to drink then
you want me to link

BOLT

Come on.

MOLLY

All right, all right. How do I
do it?

He shows her how, and they link arms

MOLLY (CONT'D)

This is a dumb way to drink
There's an arm in your way

BOLT

A toast. To enveloping bliss from
this day forward till the end of
time.

MOLLY

You call that a toast? That's not
a toast. This is a toast. Over
the teeth, over the gums, look
out belly here she comes. Now,
that's a toast.

They both drink their champagne.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

This is hard, I'm spilling.

They unlink arms, and he pours more champagne.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Another one?

BOLT

Yes, another one. Cheers

MOLLY

Cheers.

They clink glasses.

BOLT

Plastic doesn't clink much. Never
mind, tomorrow we'll be drinking
from crystal.

MOLLY

Yeah, sure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED (2)

BOLT
Listen, it's raining hard. I love
the rain. It makes everything
clean, shiny and new.

MOLLY
Yeah, and it also makes the
garbage wet so the rats can get
at it.

He puts his fingers on her lips.

BOLT
Shhh. Please don't say anymore.
Just drink.

He fills her glass, and they both drink again. Suddenly, the
music changes.

MOLLY
I love that song. That's my
favorite song.

Molly starts dancing. Bolt sweeps her up, and they begin to
dance together. After a few moments, we hear a clanking sound.
She stops.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
Wait a minute. Gotta lighten up.

She unclips a few pots and pans attached to a belt from under
her dress, and they clank onto the floor.

They dance a few steps and Bolt dips her. Because they are
slightly tipsy, they both lose their balance and fall into a
pile of rags. Bolt lands on top of Molly. They laugh. Their
laughter stops as they realize how close they are for the first
time.

Bolt kisses her eyes, her mouth, her neck. She in turn kisses
Bolt's cheeks, forehead, ears and neck. He begins to undress
her. He fumbles with the buttons of her thin overcoat. Once
it is unbuttoned, he pulls it open only to find another
overcoat. He unbuttons that. Underneath, he is greeted by an
army fatigue jacket. He zips it down.

Under that, he sees a woolen cardigan sweater held together by
huge safety pins. She whispers passionately:

MOLLY
Hurry. Hurry. Take me.

BOLT
Where are you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED (3)

90

MOLLY

Keep going, keep going.

He comes to a light pink, spring, car coat with big white buttons. He rips the coat open, and the buttons go flying. Underneath, is a light print cotton dress with a zipper down the side. He zips it open and pulls it up over her, revealing a beautiful, slender, white body clad in a light pink, lace and satin brassiere and matching panties. The brassiere and panties are torn, as if by design, to make her look even more sexy.

BOLT

My God, you're beautiful.

Bolt buries his face in her chest. She grabs his head and they fall backwards together and roll around frantically in the rags. Their bodies writhe together in sexual ecstasy. With a sudden jolt, they bring all the rags down upon them. The mountain of rags slowly move up and down.

MOLLY

This is good.

Finally, we hear a mingled blissful sigh.

FADE OUT:

OMITTED

91

FADE IN:

EXT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

92

Bolt and Molly cross the street from the Chinese restaurant, exactly where Bolt's ankle alarm first went off. They are heading out of the slums. Bolt stops.

BOLT

(gleefully)

Listen, do you not hear something?

MOLLY

Yeah, no, what? Not hear what?

Bolt lifts up his foot showing Molly his ankle alarm.

BOLT

This. See.

MOLLY

What is that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

90.

92

BOLT
It's an alarm. It's deactivated.
It's over.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BOLT MANSION - NIGHT

93

Bolt pulls a reluctant Molly across the moonlit grounds toward the main house which is brightly lit up from inside. Sounds of music and gaiety emanate from the house. Molly pulls her hand away from Bolt.

MOLLY
My God, two buses to get here,
used up all my change. We're
gonna get busted. This is crazy.

BOLT
Listen, I told you it's all right.
This is my house. Everything in
it is mine. Hear that music, that
laughter? It's a celebration in
my honor. My lawyers probably
set it up. I won the bet.

MOLLY
Again with this 'Bet'!

BOLT
Just come in with me and
everything will be wonderfully
clear.

MOLLY
All right, but if things go wrong
we grab what we can and run for
our lives.

They approach the house.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BOLT MANSION - NIGHT

94

They step through the double doors leading to a huge dining room where we last saw Bolt signing the papers for the bet. A cocktail party is in progress.

Music pours out through the ceiling speakers as the guests dance. Champagne buckets are filled with bottles of incredibly expensive champagne.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED.

84

As Bolt and Molly enter, little by little the noise ceases. Everyone stares at them. Molly, by Bolt's side, is almost dumbfounded by the beauty of the house and the elegance of the guest's attire.

Bolt, with a wide grin, extends his arms in a small gesture of victory.

BOLT
(to Crasswell)
Well, I did it.

CRASSWELL
(in feigned shock)
Goddard, oh my god, it's such a relief to see you. What happened to you? You look like a vagrant.

BOLT
Of course I look like a vagrant. I've been living on the streets for a month. That was our bet.

CRASSWELL
Bet, bet, bet, bet, bet, bet, bet, bet, bet? What bet? Does anybody here know what he's talking about? Does anyone know anything about this bet?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED (2)

As one, they all shake their heads and turn to each other as if this is all new to them. Bolt realizes what's happened. He spots his three attorneys in the corner. He stares at them, but they avert their gaze. Bolt rushes over to them.

BOLT

Pritchard, Knowles, Stevens, what the hell is going on here? Why aren't you talking to me? Why are you letting this happen?

Once again they avert their gaze. There is a pause.

BOLT (CONT'D)

You're all part of this, aren't you? Ten years, ten years. How could you turn on me? Where's your sense of loyalty, honesty, decency?

PRITCHARD

We're lawyers.

Bolt steps back.

BOLT

(quietly)
I've been duped.

Molly gently puts Bolt's arms down one by one, leans over and whispers in his ear.

MOLLY

(aside to Bolt)
You've been fucked.

Bolt's hurt changes to anger.

BOLT

Wait a minute, this is still my house. I want everybody out. Do you hear me? Out!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED. (3)

MOLLY

Okay, okay. You heard him. Out
Get your asses out.

CRASSWELL

I'm sorry Goddard, you've got it
all wrong. This isn't your house
anymore.

PRITCHARD

I'm afraid you've been declared
non compos mentis.

CRASSWELL

You see Goddard, when you lost
your mind, you lost everything.
I bought this house at a public
auction. I couldn't stand the
thought of strangers living in
it.

BOLT

You bastard. You slimy despicable
bastard. You even took my house.

On the mantel next to him, Bolt spots two silver candlesticks.

BOLT (CONT'D)

Well, you're not getting these.

He quickly grabs them.

BOLT (CONT'D)

They're by Cellini. I bought them
from the Vatican.

He shoves the candlesticks in his pant's pockets. He looks up
at the wall behind Crasswell and sees a painting.

BOLT (CONT'D)

And you're not getting my Van
Gogh.

He runs to the wall and rips a beautiful framed Van Gogh
painting off it.

BOLT (CONT'D)

Come on, Dr. Gachet, we're going
home.

Bolt stops and thinks.

BOLT (CONT'D)

MY WINE!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED (4)

He rushes out through the dining room arch and disappears from our view. We hear footsteps going down the staircase.

CRASSWELL
This is very sad, isn't it?

PRITCHARD
Very.

We hear footsteps quickly coming up the stairs. We see Bolt running across the entryway framed in the dining room arch. He is loaded down with bottles of wine. He holds one of them up as he passes.

BOLT
(angry and triumphantly)
Chateau Lafite '45! Very fruity!

He disappears behind the arch again. We stay on the arch. Bolt immediately appears carrying a large bronze statue of a naked woman on his shoulder.

BOLT (CONT'D)
RODIN!

He exits. We stay on the arch. The guests all continue to stare at the arch, waiting for Bolt to reappear. Suddenly, from behind them, they hear his voice.

BOLT (CONT'D O.S.)
My tapestry!

They all turn. We see Bolt who has emerged from an open doorway on the opposite side of the room. He stands in front of a huge Renaissance tapestry hanging on the wall.

BOLT (CONT'D)
I'm taking my "Rape of the Sabine Women".

He pulls it off the wall and heads across the room toward the front door. Crasswell blocks him.

CRASSWELL
Goddard, Goddard, this is pathetic. Please stop.

BOLT
(gritting his teeth)
Get..out..of..my way.

He charges past Crasswell and out the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED (5)

94

MOLLY
And we'll be back for the rest
later.

She turns and exits. Crasswell and the guests hear the sounds
of objects dropping outside.

CRASSWELL
This is horrible.

He turns his head away from the open door and shields his eyes
with his hand.

CRASSWELL (CONT'D)
I can't look. I can't look.

He takes his hand away from his eyes and looks.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BOLT MANSION - ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

94A

Bolt tries to struggle out the door with his belongings. TWO
GUARDS step to him and take everything away. They lift him to
his feet and drag him out. Molly follows.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BOLT MANSION - FRONT GATE - NIGHT

95

The guards throw Bolt out, and Molly follows. They slam the
gate shut, locking them both out.

BOLT
How did I let this happen? Why
didn't I see it coming?

MOLLY
Come on, let's go.

BOLT
Don't bother me. I have to be
alone. I have to think. I have
to think. There's got to be a
way out. There must be a way out.

MOLLY
Come on, let's go home. You can
think at home.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

95

BOLT

Home? You call that filthy, rotten, garbage-strewn alley a home? That's not a home.

(pointing to his mansion)

That's a home.

MOLLY

Come on, you're very upset. Let me help you.

BOLT

Help me? Are you crazy? I just lost everything I had in the world, and you're going to help me? You? I'm a billionaire, do you understand, a billionaire. Look at you. You're going to help me?

Tears spring to Molly's eyes and run down her face. Bolt starts to go.

MOLLY

(timidly calling after him)

Pepto. *

From out of the dark, we hear Bolt shouting insanely.

BOLT

I'M NOT PEPTO! *

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO:

EXT. SLUM STREET - MORNING

96

Bolt walks alone, the sole of shoe flapping. He is unshaven and mumbles to himself in growing insanity. There's a glaze over his eyes as he desperately tries to concentrate.

BOLT

Wait a minute, wait a minute, wait a minute. First thing I have to do, is make a list of everything I had; cash, stocks, bonds, investments, real estate and foreign holdings.

He puts his index finger on his nostril and blows his nose onto the sidewalk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

96

BOLT (CONT'D)

I can get it back. I'll make calls. I've got to make calls. I've got to re-establish my line of credit. They'll take my calls. Of course they'll take my calls. They like me. It ought to be fun.

He starts pointing to no one in front of him, laughing hysterically, just as the string-bean bum did earlier.

BOLT (CONT'D)

I'm Goddard Bolt. I was the richest man in the world. The richest, the richest, the richest.

Suddenly, J. Paul Getty jumps into frame.

J. PAUL GETTY

(shouting)

Shaddup! Shaddup! I was the richest man in the world. I'm J. Paul Getty. You don't see me ranting and raving about it, do you? No! I took my losses.

BOLT

What losses?

J. PAUL GETTY

During the crash, the clash, the smash.

Bolt approaches J. Paul Getty in what appears to be a reasonable manner.

BOLT

Listen to me. You're not J. Paul Getty. You are a pathetic, broken-minded, demented BUM. You are a nothing and a nobody. While I, on the other hand, am Goddard Bolt, a genuine financial giant.

J. PAUL GETTY

And so am I!

SMACK. Bolt slaps J. Paul Getty across the face.

BOLT

You're not!

SMACK. J. Paul Getty slaps Bolt across the face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

96

J. PAUL GETTY

I am!

Bolt holds his face in a slow burn, then suddenly slaps J. Paul Getty across the face. SMACK.

BOLT

You're not!

SMACK.

J. PAUL GETTY

I am!

SMACK.

BOLT

You're not!

SMACK. Bolt puts his finger up to his lips.

BOLT (CONT'D)

(whispering
confidentially)

Shhh, come with me.

He puts his arm around J. Paul Getty's shoulders in a friendly manner and starts to lead him a few feet away.

J. PAUL GETTY

(whispering back)

Where we going?

BOLT

Over here... It's private.

Bolt leads him a few feet off the sidewalk to the front of an alley.

BOLT (CONT'D)

Now look, let's be reasonable.

J. PAUL GETTY

Okay.

BOLT

There's an enormous difference between us. Eventhough, in your twisted mind you think you're rich, you're really not. On the other hand, because of my serious understanding of the world of finance, I have actually amassed six point four billion dollars.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

J. PAUL GETTY
And I've amassed six point five!

SMACK Bolt slaps J. Paul Getty.

BOLT
No, you didn't!

SMACK. J. Paul Getty slaps Bolt.

J. PAUL GETTY
Yes, I did!

SMACK.

BOLT
No, you didn't!

SMACK.

J. PAUL GETTY
Yes, I did!

SMACK.

BOLT
No, you didn't!

SMACK.

J. PAUL GETTY
Yes, I did!

They slap each other. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK.

BOLT
Wait a minute...

Bolt puts his arm around J. Paul Getty and casually walks him into a telephone pole. J. Paul Getty holds his head in pain. Bolt nonchalantly walks backwards, takes J. Paul Getty gently by the shoulders once again and leads him past the telephone pole.

BOLT (CONT'D)
Now look, I don't want to hurt you.

J. PAUL GETTY
You don't?

(CONTINUED)

BOLT

Nooo, it was just important to me that you understood. But I'm wasting my time because at this point in my life it really doesn't matter to me who's richer.

Bolt walks out of frame.

J. PAUL GETTY

Good, cause I'm richer.

BOLT

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Bolt runs full speed after J. Paul Getty. He jumps on J. Paul Getty, crashing him to the ground. Bolt bangs J. Paul Getty's head against the sidewalk then jumps up and down on his body. A black and white police car screeches to halt at the curb. Two POLICEMAN jump out and grab Bolt, pulling him off of J. Paul Getty.

POLICEMAN #1

What's the matter with you? You're going to kill this man.

Bolt smooths his shirt front down and tries to regain his dignity.

BOLT

I'm so sorry. I don't know what came over me. Just a temporary loss of reason.

(to the policeman)

Please accept my apologies. So sorry. So sorry.

Bolt walks out of frame.

POLICEMAN #1

(to J. Paul Getty)

Are you all right?

J. PAUL GETTY

Yeah, but whatever you do, don't ever argue money with that man.

POLICEMAN #2

Why did he attack you?

J. PAUL GETTY

I don't know. Maybe it's because I'm richer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

26

He turns and sees Bolt coming for him again.

J. PAUL GETTY (CONT'D)
 AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

J. Paul Getty runs away out of frame. We see Bolt streak through the frame after him.

An ambulance pulls up at the other end of the block, cutting Bolt off. The police approaches from behind. Bolt starts spinning like the mad whirling dervish we saw earlier.

BOLT
 YAH! YAH! YAH!

The PARAMEDICS help the police subdue him. Bolt calms down, and they throw him into the back of the ambulance. The paramedics shut the ambulance doors, blocking him from our view. The paramedics head for the front of the ambulance as the police head back to their car. Suddenly, the ambulance doors burst open, and Bolt leaps out screaming into the street. J. Paul Getty is the first to see him.

J. PAUL GETTY
 (screaming at the top
 of his lungs)
 Oh my God!

He flees for his life. Once again, the police subdue Bolt, turn him and run him back into the ambulance.

Molly appears at the back of the crowd and sees Bolt being thrown into the back of the ambulance. The police lock the door. The ambulance takes off with Molly running behind. They both disappear from view. J. Paul Getty walks away, shaking his head.

J. PAUL GETTY
 That man's crazy. Why do they
 allow these people to walk the
 streets? I'm paying billions in
 taxes for what? Guided missiles?
 They ought to help these people.

He raises his finger as if calling for a waiter.

J. PAUL GETTY (CONT'D)
 Check. I'm paying for everybody.

He turns to a pedestrian passing by.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED (6)

96

J. PAUL GETTY (CONT'D)
What did you have?

CUT TO:

INT. BUSY CROWDED CORRIDOR OUTSIDE EMERGENCY WARD - DAY

97

It is packed with gurneys, wheelchairs and disabled patients, most of them derelicts and vagrants from the area. Nurses attending patients are coming and going. Two ambulance attendants attempt to push an emergency patient on a gurney from the crowded corridor into the adjoining emergency ward. Suddenly, the doors fly open. In the doorway, a very big FAT NURSE, holding her enormous arms out, block their way.

FAT NURSE
CAPACITY!

AMBULANCE ATTENDANT
What do you mean, capacity? We've got to get this man into emergency.

FAT NURSE
This ward is full. We have reached capacity.

The attendants push the gurney over to the wall and walk away. A doctor, (DR. KAHAHN), flanked by two nurses, (NURSE #1 and NURSE #2) enters the corridor from the ward.

DR. KAHAHN
My god, they're stacking them up like kindling.

We see a man shaking violently with his hands outstretched, obviously in the throes of an attack of the D.T.s.

NURSE #1
Dr. Kahahn, this man has the D.T.s.

DR. KAHAHN
He'll be fine, he'll be fine. But just in case, give him 500 mgs of dorazine.

NURSE #1
Five hundred, doctor?

DR. KAHAHN
Yes, he needs it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

NURSE #1

Yes, doctor.

Dr. Kahahn turns away to examine another patient. The two attendants that we saw earlier bring Bolt into the corridor. Bolt struggles violently.

BOLT

Leave me alone! I don't have my money. I don't want to live without money. I don't want to live anymore. Life stinks! Life stinks!

The cry of "Life stinks" is taken up by the derelict patients in the corridor.

DERELICT PATIENTS (AD-LIB)

LIFE STINKS. LIFE STINKS. LIFE STINKS. LIFE STINKS.

The doors of the emergency ward open. The cry is taken up inside the ward.

WARD PATIENTS (O.S., AD-LIB)

LIFE STINKS. LIFE STINKS. LIFE STINKS. LIFE STINKS.

DR. KAHAHN

(referring to Bolt)

Quick, give this patient 500 mgs of dorazine.

Nurse #1 immediately gives Bolt a shot. Bolt's chant of "Life stinks" begins to grow weaker as the dorazine takes effect.

BOLT

(trailing off)

LIFE STINKS. LIFE STINKS. LIFE STINKS.

The other patients quickly follow suit. Their chant also trails off.

PATIENTS (AD-LIB)

(trailing off)

LIFE STINKS. LIFE STINKS. LIFE STINKS.

Finally, it all dies out. Bolt begins to sag, and the two attendants sit him in an unoccupied wheelchair and leave. A gurney enters with a patient on it. It bangs into Bolt's chair rolling him a few feet down the corridor, just past Dr. Kahahn

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

97

As Dr. Kahahn walks past the wheelchair, Bolt reaches out and grabs his sleeve, tugging on it violently

BOLT
(in a half stupor)
Help me. Help. Help. I need help.

Dr. Kahahn, angrily trying to pull his sleeve away, doesn't realize it's the same patient he just sedated.

DR. KAHAHN
(to nurse #2)
This patient is delirious. Give him 500 mgs of dorazine, immediately.

NURSE #2
Yes, Dr. Kahahn.

Nurse #2 gives Bolt the injection of dorazine.

NURSE #1
Dr. Kahahn, would you take a look at this patient, please.

Dr. Kahahn turns to examine the patient Nurse #1 indicated. A male nurse enters the corridor supporting a sagging patient.

MALE NURSE
Hey, that's my wheelchair. Let's put that man on a gurney.
(to Nurse #2)
Here, hold this patient.

The male nurse lifts Bolt out of the wheelchair and places him on the gurney. He rolls him out of the way just ahead of Dr. Kahahn. Dr. Kahahn finishes with a patient and turns to Bolt just as his gurney arrives. He reads the chart on the gurney.

DR. KAHAHN
Have I given this patient any penicillin or antibiotics?

NURSE #1
No, doctor.

DR. KAHAHN
Then give him 500 mgs of dorazine.

NURSE #1
Yes, Dr. Kahahn.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED (3)

97

Bolt comes out of his stupor and widens his eyes in weakly protest.

BOLT

Naa... Naa...

DR. KAHAHN

You'll be all right. We're going to give you something to calm you down.

BOLT

Naa...

Nurse #1 gives Bolt another shot. Dr. Kahahn moves to another patient.

DR. KAHAHN

Have I seen this patient before?

NURSE #2

No, doctor.

DR. KAHAHN

Then give him 500 mgs of dorazine.

The HEAD NURSE takes a look at Bolt and shouts in alarm.

HEAD NURSE

Dr. Kahahn, this patient is cyanotic. He's turning blue.

Dr. Kahahn rushes over to Bolt and lifts his eyelid.

DR. KAHAHN

What's going on here? This patient's been overmedicated. Get him to ICU immediately.

Nurses rush Bolt's gurney down the corridor.

DR. KAHAHN (CONT'D)

(angrily)

How did a thing like this happen? I have to keep a closer eye on this ward.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE ICU-C UNIT - DAY

98

Molly comes walking down the hall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

98

She stops and looks through the window of the doors into the ICU-C unit.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE ICU-C UNIT - MOLLY'S POV - DAY

99

Bolt is laying in a hospital bed with I.V. tubes running from his hands, arms and nose. He is hooked up to a battery of medical monitors. He's pale as a sheet, his eyes are closed, and his breathing is shallow. He looks very close to death.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE ICU-C UNIT - DAY

100

Molly is shocked at what she sees. She taps on the window and the ICU-C HEAD NURSE emerges into the corridor. The nurse disdainfully looks up and down at Molly.

ICU-C HEAD NURSE

Yes.

MOLLY

(pointing to Bolt)

What's the matter with him? What happened to him?

ICU-C HEAD NURSE

(coldly)

Are you a member of the family?

MOLLY

I'm his sister. What happened?

ICU-C HEAD NURSE

Well, he's had a very bad reaction to dorazine.

MOLLY

Why?

ICU-C HEAD NURSE

Well, the normal dosage is 500 mgs every eight hours.

MOLLY

So? How much did they give him?

The ICU-C head nurse raises her clipboard, turns over a page and looks at it. Her eyes widen.

ICU-C HEAD NURSE

Slightly more.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

100

MOLLY
How much more?

ICU-C HEAD NURSE
Fifteen hundred.

MOLLY
Fifteen hundred! Isn't that a lot?

ICU-C HEAD NURSE
Well, it's a lot for a person.

MOLLY
Who gave him fifteen hundred? Who was the doctor?

ICU-C HEAD NURSE
Well, let's see. The attending physician was Dr. Kahahn.

CUT TO:

INT. BUSY CROWDED CORRIDOR OUTSIDE EMERGENCY WARD - DAY

101

Molly enters and surveys the crowded corridor. She sees Dr. Kahahn and the nurses doing what they usually do. She is arrested by the sound of Dr. Kahahn's name.

NURSE #1
Dr. Kahahn, what should we do with this man?

DR. KAHAHN
I'm going to say...give him 500 mgs of dorazine.

Molly reacts, a look of hatred crosses her face. The nurse draws the dorazine from the ampoule and lays the syringe down on a tray.

NURSE #2
(to nurse #1)
Clara, would you take a look at this patient?

Nurse #1 walks across the corridor and joins nurse #2. Molly picks up the syringe full of dorazine and quickly stabs Dr. Kahahn with it, emptying the entire contents into his butt. Dr. Kahahn screams in pain and turns.

DR. KAHAHN
What did you do? What was that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

101

MOLLY
500 mgs of dorazine, you son of
a bitch.

Molly turns on her heels and quickly strides out. Dr. Kahahn
tries to follow her.

DR. KAHAHN
How dare you! Who are you? Stop that
woman!

As he rushes after her, his legs turn to rubber. He wobbles
and collapses face down on the floor.

DR. KAHAHN (CONT'D)
Oh God! Oh God!

The patients begin to take up the chant again.

PATIENTS (AD-LIB)
OH GOD. OH GOD. OH GOD. OH GOD.

DR. KAHAHN
Too much dorazine.

He collapses to the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. ICU-C UNIT - DAY

Molly peeks in. No one is there. She approaches Bolt's bed,
quietly. Only his shallow breathing tells us he's still alive.
She looks at the monitor.

CUT TO:

MOLLY'S POV

She looks at its graphic read-out indicating that Bolt's
heartbeat is very weak.

CUT BACK TO:

SCENE

She speaks softly in his ear.

MOLLY
Pepto, it's Molly. Can you hear
me?

He moans and moves his face slightly away from her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

102

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Pepto. I know you want to give up but you're wrong. Even without money, life is good.

Even in Bolt's semi-comatose state, he manages to shake his head "no" with a slight mean. Molly grabs his face and turns it toward her.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

No? How about when you didn't eat for two days and then you had that first meal? Wasn't that good?

Bolt indicates "sort of" in his stupor.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

And how about when it was cold out and you had nice blankets and newspapers to keep you warm? Wasn't that good?

Bolt indicates "yeah".

MOLLY (CONT'D)

And how about last night when we drank champagne and danced and then we rolled around in the rags?

A slight grin curls in the corners of Bolt's mouth.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

(earnestly)

I know they're all only moments. Well, that's all life is, a bunch of moments. Most of them are lousy but every once in a while you steal a good one.

Bolt nods slightly and takes a deep breath. She looks at the monitor again.

CUT TO:

MOLLY'S POV

The heartbeat grows stronger.

CUT BACK TO:

CONTINUED: (2)

102

SCENE

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Come on, come back to me. Don't be such a selfish bastard. You're the only person I can stand. Don't leave me. I love you. Please don't leave me.

Bolt's eyes flutter open, and he sees Molly, tears running down her face. He reaches up with his hand and feels her tears.

BOLT

You're crying. What happened? Did somebody die?

She looks up at the monitor.

CUT TO:

MOLLY'S POV

His heart is beating at full force.

CUT BACK TO:

SCENE

MOLLY

No, somebody lived

CUT TO:

EXT. GROUND-BREAKING CEREMONY SITE - DAY

103

A ground-breaking banquet ceremony replete with buffet tables laden with food, champagne, etc. is in progress. Most of the guests are professional business types dressed in light-colored linen suits and pastel summer dresses. Standing on a small speaker's platform is Vance Crasswell. Behind him, we see on a pedestal a large covered object. About one hundred yards away, we see a line of bulldozers and other demolition equipment.

CRASSWELL

(addressing the
assemblage)

Ladies and gentlemen, this is the
greatest day of our lives.

(to himself)

Mostly mine.

He pulls a cord unveiling a huge arch with a sculptured decorative skyline of modern buildings. The arch reads 'Crasswell City'. Everyone applauds.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

103

He takes a deep breath and surveys the ruins surrounding him.

CRASSWELL (CONT'D)

Today we will make an end of this vomitous slum, this filthy, disgusting, disease-ridden wasteland. Where else but in America could a poor deprived boy, from this very same neighborhood, return one day to destroy it?

He pulls out a large checkered handkerchief from his breast pocket.

CRASSWELL (CONT'D)

Let the demolition begin.

He waves it at the line of bulldozers.

CRASSWELL (CONT'D)

(yelling)
Nunzio!

CUT TO:

LINE OF BULLDOZERS

103A

A man, (NUNZIO), stands in front of the bulldozers. He gives an okay sign to Crasswell, then waves his hand at the bulldozers. They start up.

QUICK CUTS TO:

BULLDOZER'S SMOKESTACKS AS THEY ERUPT WITH BLACK DIESEL FUMES

104

The bulldozers move off like a Panzer division about to attack.

CUT TO:

EXT. SLUM STREET - DAY

105

Bolt and Molly walk the streets. Bolt takes a deep breath.

BOLT

(looking around)
It's so good to be alive. You can't do anything when you're dead. Hey...do you remember what you said?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

105

MOLLY
What?

BOLT
You know, what you said in the hospital.

MOLLY
What?

BOLT
That you loved me.

She looks at him for a long time

MOLLY
Naaaaahh, words, just words. Love is just another word.

Bolt stares at her.

BOLT
You meant it.

MOLLY
How 'bout this word? Bullshit.

Suddenly, they see bums passing them, going in the opposite direction.

BOLT
What's going on?

Curiously, they look off in the distance.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE

106

We see little pockets of bums begin to emerge from their hovels as the bulldozers knock down their world. We see a shot of the nibbler biting a huge chunk out of the top of an abandoned building.

A huge bulldozer smashes a row of cardboard boxes that just a few minutes ago was home to so many of the street people. They quickly move away frightened and defeated.

CUT TO:

BOLT AND MOLLY

107

They continue to watch the destruction as bums pass them. Fumes approaches them.

FUMES

(to Bolt and Molly)

Man, you should see them over there. The rich and famous are having a party in our neighborhood, and we ain't invited. I feel slighted. They got all kinds of food and champagne. It's so big, they're putting it on T.V.

Molly grabs the blanket and pillow from the broken shell of the sewer pipe that they last slept in.

MOLLY

Pepto, come on, let's get out of here. We got to find a new place before they're all taken.

She hands him the pillow.

BOLT

No!

Bolt flings the pillow to the ground. A few of the bums stop and look, arrested by Bolt's loud "No".

BOLT (CONT'D)

No more running. They took away everything and forced me to live in the crap. Now they want to take away the crap? No!

MOLLY

What do you mean, no?

BOLT

Here's what I mean.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

157

Bolt turns around looking for something and spots a bullhorn on the seat of a small steam shovel. He runs over and snatches it off of the seat. Quickly, he spins around and speaks into it.

BOLT
(into bullhorn)
Listen!

Fumes, who is standing behind him, gets the full blast of the bullhorn and falls out of frame.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED (2)

117

BOLT (CONT'D)

Wait a minute. Don't go. Don't give up. Don't let those rich people throw you out. They're no better than you. I know them. I was one of them. They're full of shit. This is America. Every person has the right to have a place to live. They can't take that away from you. It violates the very principles of democracy. Come, join me. Let's fight for our rights. In unity there is strength.

POCKETS OF BUMS

CUT TO:

117A

BUMS (AD-LIB)

Aah, fuck you. Bullshit.
(gesturing)
Here's your unity.

CUT TO:

BOLT

117B

BOLT

(to himself)
Nobody?

CUT TO:

MOLLY AND FUMES

117C

MOLLY

We got to help him. We got to turn them around.
(calling out)
Wait. There's a party back there. Free food for everyone.

FUMES

And booze.

CUT TO:

THREE BUMS

117D

The word "booze" arrests them. They stop and turn back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

107D

BUMS
Booze?

CUT TO:

MOLLY

107E

She runs to a group of departing bums.

MOLLY
Come on, if we run now we'll
always be running. It's got to
stop somewhere. Let's stop it
now, here, today. There's T.V.
news cameras down there. Let's
show the world what they're doing
to us.

BUMS (AD-LIB)
She's right.

They turn, walk out of frame and head down toward the party.

CUT TO:

FUMES

107F

He runs to a group of bums.

FUMES
Come on man, don't go. The least
we can do is mess up their party.

BUMS (AD-LIB)
Yeah.

A bum, (LIFE BUM), stands back.

FUMES
Hey man, why are you hanging back?
What do you got to lose?

LIFE BUM
I could lose my life.

FUMES
Your life? That's nothing.

LIFE BUM
You're right.

The bum starts down toward the party.

CUT TO:

BOLT

107

He's surprised and thrilled at the turn of events

BOLT
(to himself)
I knew once they thought about
it
(calling out)
Come on!

Bolt strides, determinedly, toward the ground-breaking party.
THE CAMERA PANS DOWN his body onto his marching shoes. Right
next to him, we see Molly's beat-up dirty shoes.

CUT TO:

OMITTED

108

BUM'S FEET

109

We see an ever-growing number of dirty, ragged, wrapped feet
fall into step behind Bolt's shoes

This scene reminds us of our opening in which Bolt's new
expensive shoes were followed by the polished shoes of his elite
executives.

(THE RAGGED TREK IS UNDERSCORED WITH THE SAME POWERFUL MARCH WE
HEARD UNDER THE OPENING CREDITS)

(CONTINUED)

116.
CONTINUED

We now see a huge phalanx of bums marching behind Bolt in a V-formation

CUT TO

EXT. GROUND-BREAKING CEREMONY SITE - DAY

They plow through a makeshift wooden fence that surrounds the ground-breaking banquet and march into the party

CUT TO

STUMPS

He rolls his way toward the party.

STUMPS
I hope there's dancing

CUT TO

EXT. GROUND-BREAKING CEREMONY SITE - DAY

The guests are appalled by this shocking intrusion. The bums immediately make themselves at home at this party. They go for the food. They go for the drinks, etc. A DOWAGER has her arms still spread in surprise. A SKINNY BUM sweeps her into his arms and waltzes away with her.

DOWAGER
Stop it! Who are you?

CUT TO

TWO WEALTHY WOMEN

They are trying to break the shells of their crab claws with nut crackers. They are having trouble. Molly steps to them.

MOLLY
What's the matter ladies? Having trouble with crabs? Here, let me help you.

She grabs the king crab claws from their hands, drops them onto the ground and jumps up and down on them, stomping them into splinters. She scoops up the ruined claws and hands them back to their owners.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

111

NOLLY (CONT'D)

Here you go...easier to take out
of the shell now

CUT TO

A WAITER MIXING A HUGE BOWL OF SALAD WITH TWO LARGE SILVER
SPOONS

112

Fumes steps to him.

FUMES

Here, you're going much too slow,
these people are hungry.

Fumes pushes the waiter aside, sticks his grimy hands into the
salad and mixes it in a quick frenzy.

He grabs the bowl in his hands and moves around the table,
heaving handfuls of salad onto the guest's plates.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

111

BUMS (CONT'D)
 (as he serves)
 Here's some green shit for you
 Here's some green shit for you
 And here's some green shit for
 you.

A WOMAN collapses into his arms

CUT TO:

A PIANIST

112

A PIANIST sits on a bench with rollers in front of a white piano playing a waltz. Suddenly, House's cart rams into the bench sending it and the pianist rolling away at great speed. He crashes into a group of guests sending them flying off in different directions. House's cart is up against the piano keys. His hand emerges from the impenetrable collection and continues playing the waltz.

(NOTE: THE WALTZ WILL CONTINUE PLAYING. WE WILL HEAR IT INTERMITTENTLY DURING THE FOLLOWING SCENES.)

CUT TO:

STEVENS

113

Stevens is shocked by what's happening.

STEVENS
 What the hell is going on? Who's
 in charge of the invitation?

CUT TO:

DOWAGER AND SKINNY BUM

114

They are still dancing.

DOWAGER
 When I divorced my husband I
 thought my life was over.

SKINNY BUM
 My dear young lady, today your
 life is just beginning.

DOWAGER
 Ahhh.

CUT TO:

Two men with cigars

117-A

TWO MEN WITH CIGARS

117

Two men with cigars sit watching the havoc. A bum, (CIGAR BUM) joins them.

CIGAR BUM

Gentlemen, I think this is the time to sell.

CUT TO:

FOUR GUESTS WITH EMPTY COFFEE CUPS

118

A bum, (COFFEE BUM #1), approaches the table with a coffee pot.

COFFEE BUM #1

Coffee?

With one circular sweep of his arm he pours the coffee over the cups and table then leaves. Another bum, (COFFEE BUM #2), approaches with a creamer.

COFFEE BUM #2

Cream?

The bum makes the same gesture with the creamer, pouring the cream all over the cups and table. He leaves. A third bum, (COFFEE BUM #3), approaches with a sugar bowl.

COFFEE BUM #3

Sugar?

Again, he makes the same gesture, pouring sugar all over the cups and table. He exits.

CUT TO:

MOLLY

118E

She approaches a woman who holds a small plate with a piece of cheesecake on it. Molly smells the cheesecake, takes it off the plate then takes a bite out of it.

MOLLY

Mmmm, this is good!

She puts it back onto the plate and leaves.

CUT TO:

RAIDING BUM

118F

One by one, he grabs pieces of food from off a table and stuffs them into his pockets. Finally, he sweeps a turkey into a sack then nonchalantly walks away.

CUT TO:

STUMPS

117-B

OLDER RICH LADY

117

She stands by a table, shocked by what's going on. A bun reaches past her to grab food.

OLDER RICH LADY

How dare you!

She slaps him across the face. She screams as she looks at her hand which is now black from the bun's face.

CUT TO

STUMPS

118

He spots a magnum of champagne fall over on its side and the champagne run down over the edge of the table. Stumps wheels under the table and catches the running champagne in his mouth.

CUT TO

MAYNARD AND DESMOND

119A

Maynard and Desmond step to a bowl of black caviar. Desmond tastes it and immediately spits it out.

DESMOND

What is this fishy crap?

MAYNARD

That's caviar, man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

1144

DESMOND
(his eyes widen)
Ooooh, caviar

He begins devouring the caviar

CUT TO

AN OUTRAGED GUEST

1145

An OUTRAGED GUEST holds his arms out, addressing the group

OUTRAGED GUEST
People, people! What we need here
is some discipline.

A bum, (BUM WITH HAT), sweeps a plate full of hors d'oeuvres
on toothpicks into his hat. He puts the hat on his head and
howls in pain as the toothpicks stab him.

The outraged guest points to the bum.

OUTRAGED GUEST
Throw this creature out!

TWO GUARDS run to the bum. Each one of the guards grabs a
sleeve and the seat of the bum's pants. They try to run him
out, but instead his flimsy clothes rip off in their hands. They
exit frame carrying the rags. The skinny old bum still stands
there wearing the remnants of his clothes.

OUTRAGED GUEST
Look at you. Why don't you wear
clothes that hold up?

CUT TO:

DOWAGER AND SKINNY BUM

11

Relaxed and embraced in each other's arms, they flow in and out
of the chaos.

DOWAGER
Let's get out of here.

SKINNY BUM
Your place or mine?

DOWAGER
Mine.

CUT TO:

A POMPOUS BEARDED GUEST

1940

He wears a white suit and pontificates to a DIRTY BUM

POMPOUS GUEST

This is an outrage How dare you
come into this party Who do you
think you are? You're filthy

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED (2)

115A

The dirty bum puts his hand on the pompous guest's shoulder leaving a dirty smudge.

DIRTY BUM
You're right, man. I gotta get cleaned up. Where's the bathroom?

The pompous guest looks at the smudge.

POMPOUS GUEST
What are you doing? Look at my suit.

DIRTY BUM
Oh, you're right. I'm sorry. I can get it off.

The dirty bum turns to another GUEST who has a handkerchief in his pocket.

DIRTY BUM (CONT'D)
Can I borrow your handkerchief?

The dirty bum grabs the handkerchief and pulls it from guest's pocket, leaving another dirty smudge. The dirty bum turns to the pompous guest and starts to rub his smudge with the handkerchief. All he does is spread the dirt.

POMPOUS GUEST
It's not coming off.

He hands the now dirty handkerchief to its owner.

DIRTY BUM
Here, you finish it.

CUT TO:

GROUP OF BUMS

115A

Pritchard runs to the podium.

PRITCHARD
(to the bums)
How dare you break in like this!

J. Paul Getty appears out of nowhere and stands in front of Pritchard and the podium. He speaks to the bums. With his back to Pritchard, he repeats everything he says.

J. PAUL GETTY
(to the bums)
How dare you break in like this!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

115A

PRITCHARD
(to J. Paul Getty)
Get out of here.

J. PAUL GETTY
(to the bums)
Get out of here.

PRITCHARD
(to J. Paul Getty)
I'm talking to you.

J. PAUL GETTY
(to the bums)
I'm talking to you.

PRITCHARD
(to J. Paul Getty)
Turn around, you idiot.

J. PAUL GETTY
(to the bums)
Turn around, you idiot.

PRITCHARD
(to J. Paul Getty)
Don't you hear me?

J. PAUL GETTY
(to the bums)
Don't you hear me?

PRITCHARD
(to J. Paul Getty)
Are you crazy?

J. PAUL GETTY
(to the bums)
Are you crazy?

J. Paul Getty turns to Pritchard, arms outstretched, and shakes his head, exasperated.

J. PAUL GETTY (CONT'D)
I give up.

PRITCHARD
I give up.

Pritchard walks away. J. Paul Getty turns to the crowd.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

115A

J PAUL BETTY
(pointing at Pritchard)
That guy repeats everything I say

CUT TO

NEWSCASTER

115B

A NEWSCASTER is being taped reporting on the confusion

NEWSCASTER
The ceremony has erupted into
pandemonium. As of yet, I'm not
exactly sure what's happening.

Fumes grabs the mike away from the newscaster and smiles into
the camera.

FUMES
This is Fumes reporting from
downtown. I'll tell you what's
happening. The rich and famous
are having a party in our
neighborhood, and we fucked it
up.

CUT TO:

T.V. CAMERAS

116

They avidly turn away from an interview with Vance Crasswell
and shoot the destruction of the party.

CUT TO:

BOLT

116A

He sees the T.V. cameras. He looks in the distance, sees the
nibbler and gets an idea. He runs over to Stumps and tells him
something. They both head toward the construction site.

CUT TO:

OMITTED

117

INT. NIBBLER CAB - DAY

118

As the DRIVER backs the nibbler away, he hears a piercing
scream. He stops it and looks out the window. He sees Stumps,
laying on his back in the gravel, screaming in pain. It appears
that his legs have been severed by the machine. Only, we know
he has no legs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

11

STUMPS

My legs! My legs! You cut off my
legs!

DRIVER

Oh my God!

The driver moves the nibbler ahead off of Stumps. He jumps out
of the cab. Unseen by the driver, Bolt jumps in the cab of the
nibbler.

CUT TO:

OMITTED

119

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

120

Bolt grabs the levers of the nibbler and starts moving them. The nibbler executes an expert right turn.

CUT TO:

VIDEO CAMERAMAN

121

We see him press the trigger of the zoom lens.

CUT TO:

CAMERAMAN'S POV

122

Through camera matte, we zoom into the cab of the nibbler. Bolt sticks his head out the window and tosses the assemblage a friendly wave. A big grin is plastered all over his face.

CUT TO:

EXT. GROUND-BREAKING CEREMONY SITE - DAY

123

Crasswell stands away from the party by one of the camera trucks being interviewed for television.

INTERVIEWER

Weren't you vying for this same property with Goddard Bolt?

CRASSWELL

Yes. Despite what everyone says, Goddard Bolt was the kindest, dearest man I'd ever known.

Pritchard runs to Crasswell.

PRITCHARD

(pointing to the nibbler)

Look, it's Goddard Bolt.

CRASSWELL

That son of a bitch.

The other news cameras swing over from Crasswell to Bolt. Bolt maneuvers the nibbler to the giant arch. Bolt works the levers feverishly, and the mouth of the nibbler grabs a chunk out of the arch, ripping it away. Everybody is frozen in shock.

CRASSWELL

Look what he's doing. Somebody stop him. Somebody stop him.

PRITCHARD

It's dangerous.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

123

CRASSWELL

All right. I'll stop him. He's
not the only one who can run one
of those goddamn machines.

Seeing that no one is going to help him, Crasswell spots another nibbler. As he runs to it, he talks to himself.

CRASSWELL (CONT'D)

No matter what you do. No matter
how much you care. No matter how
brilliant you are, there's always
one person in your life that shits
on your parade.

He jumps into the cab.

CUT TO:

OMITTED

123A
123B
123C

EXT. GROUND-BREAKING CEREMONY SITE - DAY

123D

Crasswell's nibbler rumbles over to Bolt's nibbler. Crasswell's jaws smack into the neck of Bolt's nibbler, knocking it away from the arch.

CUT TO:

INT. BOLT'S NIBBLER - DAY

123E

For a moment, Bolt is surprised and shocked. Bolt's eyes turn to slits. His face is glazed with anger as he takes up the challenge.

CUT TO:

EXT. GROUND-BREAKING CEREMONY SITE - DAY

123F

The following nibbler fight is like a pre-historic battle of dinosaurs underscored by dramatic music. The gears of the giant machines sound not unlike the war cries and agonies of the pre-historic beasts.

It is a fierce encounter. The jaws of the two nibblers snap at each other and connect in a death lock. They sway back and forth trying to gain dominance. Oil drips out of the wounded jaws of Crasswell's nibbler like blood.

CUT TO:

CRASSWELL

123G

CRASSWELL
Oh my God, I'm bleeding.

CUT TO:

PRITCHARD, KNOWLES AND STEVENS

123H

They watch the titanic struggle.

STEVENS
Who do we side with?

PRITCHARD
The winner.

CUT TO:

EXT. GROUND-BREAKING CEREMONY SITE - DAY

123I

Bolt's nibbler bends down the jaw of Crasswell's nibbler until it cracks and breaks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED.

123H

Crasswell's wounded nibbler begins to pound on Bolt's jaws. Bolt's nibbler grabs the neck of Crasswell's and twists it until the entire machine, with a screeching moan, falls over and smashes to the ground in a huge cloud of dust.

Dazed, Crasswell begins to climb out of the side of his down nibbler. He waves to the crowd. 123I *
*

CRASSWELL
I'm all right.

But before he can get half way out, the neck of Bolt's nibbler cranes down. The jaws grab Crasswell by the back of his suit coat and lift him off the ground. He screams and kicks wildly. The nibbler raises him fifty feet off the ground. Bolt sticks his head out of the cab.

BOLT
Are you ready to tell the truth?

CRASSWELL
(looking down,
frightened)
I see that you have me at a disadvantage, therefore, I'm prepared to return to the negotiating table with you.

BOLT
No negotiations. We had a bet remember? Let me jar your memory.

Bolt maneuvers the lever, and the arm of the nibbler starts to swing Crasswell back and forth. Crasswell screams in a high shrill voice, just like a woman.

CRASSWELL
Jarred, jarred, my memory is jarred. It's all coming back to me. You won the bet. You can have it all. I never wanted it.

FREEZE FRAME on Crasswell hanging there ridiculously. The freeze frame recedes into the background to reveal a NEWSWOMAN sitting at her desk in the foreground.

NEWSWOMAN
That was two weeks ago

CUT TO:

EXT. STEPS OF COURTHOUSE - VIDEO - DAY

124

On the news video, we see Crasswell being led down the steps of the courthouse.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

104

NEWSWOMAN (V.O. CONT'D)

Today, in an extraordinary decision, Judge Reynolds ruled from the bench in the Bolt verses Crasswell lawsuit. And it was a day of total victory for Goddard Bolt. Not only did he win the disputed property, but his entire fortune was restored to him.

Crasswell confronts Bolt's three former attorneys who are walking up.

CRASSWELL

(in quiet anger)

You despicable traitors. After all we've been through and all the money I gave you, how could you jump back over to Bolt's side and stab me in the back?

PRITCHARD

(innocently)

Mr. Crasswell...we're lawyers.

CUT TO:

INT. BOLT'S OFFICE - VIDEO - DAY

Bolt stands before the tabletop model of Bolt City. As the T.V. announcer speaks, we see a new model emerge from the ceiling. It is lowered hydraulically onto Bolt City. It smashes it to smithereens.

When the dust clears, we see that the new model consists of a huge park complete with no-cost housing and a free clinic for the care and counseling of the homeless.

During the crash, a little figure of a bum falls to the floor Bolt picks up the little bum, blows the dust off of him and lovingly places him in the park.

NEWSWOMAN (V.O.)

Bolt has announced to the press that he intends to allow the area to remain for the homeless who live there now. He plans to build a large park, no-cost housing and a new free medical and counseling clinic for the destitute of the area.

CUT TO:

INT. NEWSROOM SET - DAY

105A

We see the newswoman sitting at her desk.

NEWSWOMAN (CONT'D)

Bolt stated that everybody has the right to be treated like a human being whether they have money or not.

CUT TO:

INT THE BOLT MANSION - NIGHT

126

The CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL that a group of people have been watching all of this on a huge T.V. screen in Bolt's living room. They all applaud Bolt as the screen goes black. Bolt holds the remote control in his hands and accepts the applause graciously. It's a small black tie gathering to celebrate Bolt's victory. Suddenly, we hear a door open at the top of the stairs. All eyes turn toward the top of the beautiful curving staircase. The large, ornate, double doors slowly open.

There framed in the doorway is Molly; the most beautiful Molly we have ever seen. She wears a gorgeous white gown, and her hair is swept up into a beautiful regal coiffure. She is absolutely radiant.

One by one, the guests notice her at the top of the stairs. They are awestruck by her beauty. The last one to see her is Bolt. The CAMERA MOVES IN on his face as he turns. He is stunned as he beholds this vision of loveliness.

Molly slowly begins to descend the staircase. She continues to glide down the stairs like a queen, holding her train with her right hand.

Molly stops. Her smile freezes on her face as she surveys the expected group.

Drawn to her, the guests start up the landing at the bottom of the stairs to greet her.

Still smiling, Molly walks across the foyer past all the guests and out the front door. Bolt is stunned. Pritchard turns to Bolt.

PRITCHARD

She left.

Bolt runs to the door and opens it.

CUT TO:

OMITTED

126A *

EXT. MOLLY'S ALLEY - NIGHT

127

Molly wears her bum outfit once again. She stomps on cans and puts them in a bag as Bolt talks to her.

BOLT (O.S.)
I knew I'd find you here.

Molly turns. She sees Bolt strolling toward her. His limousine is parked at the curb behind him.

MOLLY
You know, I think the fire was a good thing. I've always wanted to redecorate. See, now the kitchen has a view.

BOLT
Why did you walk out on me?

MOLLY
I can't live like that. It's just not me.

BOLT
Not you? Not you? What the hell are you, anyway?

He takes the bag of cans away from her and holds it up to her face.

BOLT (CONT'D)
This? This is what you want? This is what you want to be, a filthy bag lady?

She rips the bag out of Bolt's hand.

MOLLY
I can't live like that. I don't want all that stuff. The more you got the more you got to lose. I can't dress the way they do. I can't talk the way they do.

BOLT
Why not? Because you'll fail again? *

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

127

MOLLY

Leave me alone. Get away from me.
You don't belong here!

BOLT

You don't belong here. You're
a coward. You haven't got the
guts to live in the real world,
and that's the truth.

MOLLY

The truth? Look who's talking about
the truth. Look at you. You and
your phony wig.

Bolt walks away. He stops, tears his wig off his head, then
throws it down.

MOLLY

Pepto.

He turns around. She runs into his arms, and they kiss.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

You need me. You can't get along
without me. You'll get into a
lot of trouble.

She grabs the bag of cans and throws it into the limousine.

BOLT

What's that?

MOLLY

Just in case you make another bet,
we have something to fall back
on.

They get into the limousine, and the door shuts.

CUT TO:

LONG SHOT

128

The limo pulls away, turns a corner and disappears from the
slums.

FADE OUT:

THE END

Roll credits.