

MEN AT WORK

"CLEAR INTENT"

An Original Screenplay

by

EMILIO ESTEVEZ

This material is the exclusive and confidential property of United Artists Pictures, Inc. ("UA"). It is for use by authorized UA personnel only. The copying, sale, reproduction or use of this material in any manner whatsoever by anyone other than authorized UA personnel is prohibited.

REVISED DRAFT

May 12, 1986

Copyright 1986

United Artists Pictures, Inc.
All Rights Reserved

"CLEAR INTENT"

FADE IN:

EXT. REDONDO BEACH STREET - DAWN

1

A cold spring morning. A lone jogger plods his way down the street.

RADIO D.J. (V.O.)

This is The Poorman, on the world famous KROQ, continuing with "open line." Good morning, you're on the air...

EXT. REDONDO BEACH PIER - DAWN

2

The pier is enveloped in morning fog. A few fisherman cast off. Waves crash against the wooden support pillars and the tide rolls in.

FLAKEY GIRL (V.O.)

Hi, Poorman... am I on the air?

THE POORMAN (V.O.)

Yes, you are... Where are you calling from?

FLAKEY GIRL (V.O.)

Redondo Beach...

EXT. REDONDO BEACH - DAWN

3

A vast stretch of desolate beach. A gigantic Southern Cal Edison power plant looms in the distance.

THE POORMAN (V.O.)

What can I do for you?

FLAKEY GIRL (V.O.)

(she sighs)

Oh, a lot.

THE POORMAN (V.O.)

I mean, what do you want to talk about?

EXT. REDONDO BEACH HARBOR - DAWN

4

The huge, neon, "Welcome to Redondo Beach Harbor" sign towers above the Pacific Coast Highway.

FLAKEY GIRL (V.O.)

Well, ya see, my boyfriend just left me and I'm really bummed, 'cause I loved him a lot, y'know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

4

THE POORMAN (V.O.)
Why did your boyfriend leave you?

FLAKEY GIRL (V.O.)
What?

THE POORMAN (V.O.)
I said, why did your boyfriend
leave you?

EXT. HERMOSA AVENUE - DAWN

5

Empty shops and restaurants. A large orange street
sweeper floats down the curb.

FLAKEY GIRL (V.O.)
'Cause he found me in bed with his
best friend.

THE POORMAN (V.O.)
(he stifles a laugh)
Well, what did you expect him to
do if he found you in bed with his
best friend?

FLAKEY GIRL (V.O.)
I dunno. He maybe could be more
understanding, y'know.

EXT. MANHATTAN BEACH BLVD. - DAWN

6

Rows of apartment buildings.

THE POORMAN (V.O.)
Well, you've got a problem that
you're gonna have to work out:

FLAKEY GIRL (V.O.)
Yes...

THE POORMAN (V.O.)
But not on my show.

He cuts her off. We hear the DISCONNECT SOUND, then:

THE POORMAN (V.O.)
(continuing)
Anyway, we're gonna go to a song
now. Here's one by "Oingo
Boingo."

The SONG PLAYS UP.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAWN

7

The four-story dwelling faces Manhattan Beach Blvd. A flock of pigeons sit on the rooftop ledge.

THE PIGEONS

8

quietly rest on the ledge, when:

THWACK! A small lead pellet strikes against a metallic drainage pipe, barely missing one of the birds. The birds panic and scatter. The MUSIC continues.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAWN

9

As the pigeons fly off in a frenzied formation, we notice the building on the opposite side of the street.

CARL TURNER

10

He's slight, strong, early twenties. He sits at the open window of his third floor apartment in his bathrobe, cradling a high-powered Crossman air rifle in his arms. The MUSIC from the previous scene, blasts from a huge JVC portable which sits in the corner of his disheveled living room. He looks out on the street below.

CARL'S POV - A FAT LADY

11

dressed in a jogging suit, leads her groomed poodle by a leash.

CARL

12

pumps the rifle, loads a single pellet.

CARL

No one is spared. There are no sacred cows.

He levels the rifle and aims.

POV THROUGH THE SCOPE

13

In the center of the crosshairs is the poodle's rear end.

CARL (O.S.)

No, too pathetic.

The crosshairs now find the fat lady's enormous ass.

CARL (O.S.)

(continuing)

Much better. Lady, this isn't personal.

CARL

13A

He pulls the trigger, nothing happens.

CARL

Shit.

He checks the weapon, discovers he hasn't cocked it. he now recocks it and re-aims, as:

The TELEPHONE RINGS, and the fat lady and her poodle disappear around a corner.

POV THROUGH THE SCOPE

14

The crosshairs scan the building across the street. They stop to find a lone pigeon, sitting on the iron railing of a balcony. He hones in on the poor pigeon's chest. The PHONE CONTINUES TO RING. When:

Something comes INTO FOCUS behind the pigeon. In the third floor apartment.

The pigeon's life is spared as the focus of our POV shift to the action going on inside.

INT. APARTMENT ACROSS THE STREET - (MOS THROUGH SCOPE) 15

A man, late thirties, dark haired, dressed in a business suit. He stands in the living room arguing with another man, fortyish, dark hair, and also wearing a business suit. Their argument gets heated. The second man holds up a small brown envelope, waves it around for emphasis, then slams it down on a coffee table. The first man picks up the envelope, then slams it down on a coffee table. The first man picks up the envelope, checks the contents. Money? We can't tell.

CARL

16

His interest growing as he watches this scene unfold in front of his pellet gun. He can't tell what's in the envelope either. He continues to watch.

THE TWO MEN

17

The first man walks up to the second man, they eye each other for a long beat. Their noses almost touching. This is looking more and more like a potentially explosive situation, when:

The first man smiles broadly, the second man smiles with him. They share a brief laugh, shake hands, then the second man leaves.

The first man takes his jacket off, hangs it over a chair. Picks up the envelope again, checks the contents again.

A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN

18

Late twenties, long dark hair. She moves out of the bathroom dressed in a very sexy nightgown, the way someone should be dressed at 5:30 in the morning.

CARL

18A

He catches sight of her. His mouth falls open. He follows her as she walks through her apartment. The RINGING continues. Carl lowers the rifle and moves to answer the phone.

CARL

Yeah.

VOICE ON THE PHONE

Are you coming to work today,
Turner, or what?

CARL

Yeah, Walt. I'm flying out the
door right now.

He hangs up and rushes back to the window. Picks up the rifle and re-sights.

POV THROUGH THE SCOPE

19

The woman is now standing in the living room talking with the first man. They are in the middle of a heated discussion. Lots of heat in this apartment at this time of morning.

The woman reaches to pick up the envelope on the coffee table, the first man tries to stop her. They wrestle for the envelope, finally spilling tons of money out of it, onto the floor.

The man grabs her by the hair, pulls her head back and cracks her with an open palm across the face.

CARL

20

He watches on in horror.

CARL

Jesus Christ!

The PHONE RINGS again. This time, he moves to answer it right away.

CARL

(continuing)
I'm on my way, Walt!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

20

GIRL'S VOICE

(snotty)

This isn't Walt.

Carl cringes as he recognizes the voice.

CARL

What do you want, Renee? Did you forget your hair dryer? Curlers?

GIRL'S VOICE

I didn't forget anything, Carl Turner. I just wanted to let you know that even if you came crawling back to me on your hands and knees, I wouldn't take you.

CARL

(doesn't really care)

Is that right?

He tries to get the phone over to the window but the cord won't reach.

GIRL'S VOICE

That's right!

He's straining to get a look out the window. He's inches away from a good POV. Every millimeter of telephone cord is completely extended.

CARL

Well, thanks for calling to let me know that, Renee.

GIRL'S VOICE

Wait! Don't hang up! I need a small favor, Carl.

CARL

(barely listening)

What's that?

GIRL'S VOICE

Well, now that I'm gonna be living on my own, I wondered if you could lend me a couple of hundred dollars. Just to get myself started and I'll pay you back just as soon as...

CLICK! HMMMMM! The telephone cord has been so over-extended, it disconnects from the wall. Just in the nick of time! Carl doesn't even bother to plug it back in, instead he hurries to the window to see:

THE YOUNG WOMAN

21

She sits in the window sill and cries, a handkerchief pressed to her face.

CARL

22

He's fascinated by her, feels for her. He directs the scope towards the bedroom of their apartment where:

THE MAN

23

undresses and gets into bed.

INT. CARL'S APARTMENT - DAWN

24

Carl takes one last look at the woman. He slowly shuffles to the bathroom and turns on the shower. The MUSIC on the stereo continues.

CUT TO:

A PAIR OF HEADLIGHTS

25

come to life, emitting a brilliant light. The ROAR of diesel engine and reveal:

A "WESTERN WASTE" TRASH TRUCK

26

A mammoth vehicle. It GROWLS, RUMBLES and belches out a thick dark cloud of smoke.

THE "WESTERN WASTE" EMBLEM

27

A cartoon figure of a smiling white man, smartly dressed in a white uniform. The words, "Western Waste" are emblazoned above him, while the logo underneath him reads: "Your friendly, efficient, garbage experts."

INT. TRUCK CAB - DAWN

28

Behind the wheel of this rig sits:

JAMES ST. JAMES

29

Early twenties, rugged good looks. He's dressed in a tattered and stained white uniform, thick work gloves. He checks his watch, pumps the gas pedal and sings along with the SONG that blares from the radio until it ends.

THE POORMAN (V.O.)

Alright. Well, that about wraps it up for me this morning. Thank you for joining me on "open line." And, hey, if you're going surfing this morning...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

29

JAMES ST. JAMES

Yeah...

THE POORMAN (V.O.)

... up north in Malibu, the waves are breaking 2 to 3 feet and the shape is poor... South bay beaches are 2 to 4 with fair shape; and down south in Huntington, the waves are at 3 to 4 and the shape is pretty good. And also, if you're going surfing at Redondo, or even swimming there for that matter, better think twice about going in that water. The city says there's some old barrels of toxic waste dumped right off the coast. So, if you don't want to give birth to some skinless dwarf with six eyes, wait until they get those waste dumps cleaned up before you go out in the water there.

James St. James laughs, takes a warm beer from the glove compartment, cracks it and guzzles.

JAMES ST. JAMES

Hair of the dog.

THE POORMAN (V.O.)

I'll leave you with a new one by Madness. Richard Blade is up next.

JAMES ST. JAMES

Richard Blade is a geek...

He turns the dial, finds an R&B tune and turns it up. The passenger door swings open and Carl Turner climbs inside. He opens the glove box and extracts a pair of heavy work gloves.

JAMES ST. JAMES

(continuing)

Carl. Thought you were going to be a no-show.

Carl puts his gloves on, straightens the collar on his dirty white uniform.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

29

CARL

Ready, Captain.

JAMES ST. JAMES

All systems are go, all lights are green.

James St. James throws the truck into gear and then takes off.

EXT. WESTERN WASTE OFFICES - DAWN

30

The truck peels out of yard followed by several other trucks as they begin their day.

INT. WESTERN WASTE OFFICE - DAWN

31

A successful establishment. WALT RICHARDSON, owner and founder of Western Waste, stands at the large window which looks out on the yard. He watches, as the gigantic vehicles move past his office, out into the city. His fleet. His dynasty.

EXT. HERMOSA AVENUE - EARLY MORNING

32

Carl and James St. James haul heavy trash barrels toward the truck.

CARL

Renee walked out on me last night.
Moved all her stuff out too.

JAMES ST. JAMES

Good.

CARL

Good?

JAMES ST. JAMES

Yeah. Face it, dude. You've been trying to bail out of that relationship for a long time.

CARL

Yeah...

JAMES ST. JAMES

So, now you're out. Now you're free. It's time for celebration, Carl.

CARL

It's still a drag...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

32

JAMES ST. JAMES

You'll get over it. Look how fast
I got over that chick I met on the
beach two weeks ago. Huh?

CARL

You weren't exactly living with
her for a year, James.

JAMES ST. JAMES

It's all relative, Carl.

A beat, as they reach the truck.

CARL

So, what'd you end up doing last
night?

JAMES ST. JAMES

Just got stoned and watched the
moon go down with Penny Stintson.

They dump their barrels into the truck bin. Carl pulls
a lever on the side of the truck and the large bin
moves skyward. The trash falls from the bin of the
truck. Carl pulls another lever and the bin mechanic-
ally moves back down.

JAMES ST. JAMES

(continuing)

Penny's nice and everything,
but...

CARL

Definitely not marriage material.

JAMES ST. JAMES

No.

CARL

But then, who is?

They climb into the cab and the truck moves off.

INT. TRUCK CAB - MORNING

33

Carl and James St. James drive down Pacific Coast High-
way. James St. James lights up a joint, inhales and
passes it to Carl who takes a hit.

JAMES ST. JAMES

I love this job.

CARL

Yeah, me too.

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - MORNING

34

Carl and James St. James empty trash buckets into the trash bin. They are really stoned.

JAMES ST. JAMES

This job allows me to get really in-touch with my surroundings... y'know what I mean?

CARL

Must be the buds.

They empty their buckets and sail them back up onto the curb where they crash into other cans causing a LOUD CLATTER.

JAMES ST. JAMES

I could never do an office job. No way.

INT. TRUCK CAB - DAY

35

They continue on their route. They look out the window to see:

A BUSINESSMAN

36

He comes out the front door of his beachfront home and gets into his white Jaguar.

JAMES ST. JAMES

Guys like that really annoy me.

CARL

Why? 'Cause you know you can never be like them?

JAMES ST. JAMES

(sarcastically)

Yeah. That's just what I want out of life. To be like one of them. Put on a little faggot three-piece suit and go sell a couple of computers everyday. That's really living, huh?

They stop the truck at a red light and continue to watch the businessman.

JAMES ST. JAMES

(continuing)

The garbage business is a science, Carl.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

36

JAMES ST. JAMES (CONT'D)

I mean, look at that clown -- I know where he lives -- what kind of car he drives -- what he does for a living, what he had for dinner last night. I even know how often he screws his wife.

CARL

So, that makes you some sort of genius, does it?

JAMES ST. JAMES

No, I just feel like I've got one up on him.

CARL

(dryly)

And I'm sure he's just green with envy.

EXT. MEXICAN RESTAURANT - DAY

37

Carl and James St. James eat their lunch and drink Coronas on an outside patio.

JAMES ST. JAMES

Did you get the munchies from that pot, or what?

A pretty Mexican waitress passes their table.

JAMES ST. JAMES

(continuing; to waitress)

Joveita, can we have another basket of chips?

CARL

(calls to waitress)

And four more Coronas.

JAMES ST. JAMES

Good man.

They lift their glasses and toast.

CARL

To...

JAMES ST. JAMES

To...

CARL

Toupee.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

37

JAMES ST. JAMES

Good enough.

They guzzle their brews.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

38

Carl drives, James St. James kicks back and drinks a Budweiser.

OMITTED

39

CUT TO:

EXT. DUMP SITE - DAY

40

Carl and James St. James dump their truckload of refuse into a massive pit. James St. James drags off a joint and watches as the garbage sides out the back of truck.

CARL

Look at all this trash. It's really weird to think about what this place will eventually become.

JAMES ST. JAMES

I'll tell you exactly what this place will turn into. First, they'll cover it with pretty soil; then they'll plant some nice plants and trees to compliment the beautiful, luxurious condominiums that they have constructed. Then, a bunch of out-of-towners will buy all the units, thinking they got a real swell deal, and spend the next ten years of their lives trying to figure out why they have a rat problem.

CARL

You called that right.

JAMES ST. JAMES

Bunch of assholes.

CARL

I just wanna know one thing. Who is, "they?"

JAMES ST. JAMES

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

40

CARL

Well, you keep saying "they" this
and "they" that. I just want to
know who "they" is.

JAMES ST. JAMES

"They," is anyone who ain't us.

INT. WESTERN WASTE OFFICES - DAY

41

Carl and James St. James punch out on the time clock
and move out through the office. Walt Richardson steps
out of his office and intercepts them before they get
out the door.

WALT

Gentlemen.

JAMES ST. JAMES

What's up, Walt.

WALT

Is that beer I smell on your
breath, James?

JAMES ST. JAMES

I dunno. Why don't you kiss me
and find out?

WALT

You know our policy about drinking
on the job, James.

Carl interrupts.

CARL

Nice suit, Walt.

WALT

You've seen this suit before,
Turner.

CARL

Yes, sir. I know. I was just
using a manipulative sort of
flattery. Are we in trouble
again?

WALT

No, nothing serious this time.

Walt takes out a sheet of paper from a Manila folder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

41

WALT

(continuing)

Got a complaint about banging trash cans on P Street at six a.m. this morning. You boys know anything about this?

CARL/JAMES ST. JAMES

No, sir.

WALT

(reads from sheet)

What about, "loud and vulgar language," outside the Shoreside condominiums at six thirty a.m.?

JAMES ST. JAMES

Can't help you there either, Walt.

WALT

(reads again)

Which one of you kicked Mrs. Mitchell's German Shepherd at seven a.m.?

CARL

The son-of-a-bitch attacked me, Walt.

WALT

Report it, don't kick it.

CARL

Right.

WALT

The list goes on, gentlemen. Shall I continue?

JAMES ST. JAMES

Anyone have anything nice to say about us?

WALT

No.

JAMES ST. JAMES

Typical.

WALT

Well, what do you want me to say, James? That the people out there love you? You're a garbage man, James.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

41

JAMES ST. JAMES
I hate this! We clean up all
their shit that they can't live
with anymore, only that's not
enough. Now we gotta put up with
all this other bullshit because
their husbands and wives won't
give them a good fucking when they
need it.

WALT
James, if you're not enjoying this
line of work anymore...

JAMES ST. JAMES
Enjoying it? Hey, look at me!
I'm having a blast.

He gives Walt a big, phony smile.

CARL
We're both having a blast, Walt.
See you tomorrow.

Carl ushers James St. James toward the door.

WALT
Take your friend home, Carl.

CARL
Yes, sir.

James St. James pulls away from Carl and walks right up
to Walt's face.

JAMES ST. JAMES
Let me tell you something, Walt.
Life is like a shit sandwich; the
more bread you have the less shit
you eat.

He turns around and the two boys move out of the
office.

INT. CARL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

42

Carl and James St. James sit at the kitchen table
playing Trivial Pursuit. Many empty beer cans are
scattered on the table. James St. James lights up a
joint, while Carl reads a question from one of the
cards.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

42

CARL
(reading)
What does a phrenologist feel and interpret?

JAMES ST. JAMES
The size of Walt's asshole.

Carl laughs.

JAMES ST. JAMES
(continuing)
No. A phrenologist interprets skull features.

Carl flips the card over and reads the answer.

CARL
Right.

James St. James picks a card and reads.

JAMES ST. JAMES
Who was Richard Nixon's chief of staff during the final days of Watergate?

CARL
Alexander Haig.

James St. James checks the answer. Carl picks a card.

CARL
(continuing)
What do gasoline and naphthenic and palmitic acids combine to form?

JAMES ST. JAMES
Napalm.

Carl's turn. James St. James reads from a card.

JAMES ST. JAMES
(continuing)
Who was shipwrecked for 28 years, two months and 19 days?

CARL
Robinson Crusoe.

James St. James checks the answer.

JAMES ST. JAMES
You bastard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

42

Carl takes a hit off the joint. O.S. we hear a man and woman engaged in a vicious ARGUMENT. Carl looks out the window to see:

CARL'S POV

43

A man and woman, the same man and woman who Carl saw in the first scene, on the third floor of the apartment across the street. The sliding screen door that leads out to the balcony is open which allows us to hear bits and pieces of the fight.

CARL (O.S.)

Look at those two go at it.

Suddenly, the man hauls off and smacks the woman across the face. She tries to retaliate, but he gets a hold of her arms and slaps her face several times.

Carl angrily gets up from the table, moves into his bedroom and comes out pumping his air rifle with fierce, deliberate strokes.

JAMES ST. JAMES

What are you doing, dude?

CARL

I hate shitheads who beat their wives.

Carl moves to the window, slides it open. James St. James follows him.

JAMES ST. JAMES

What are you gonna do?

CARL

Shoot him.

JAMES ST. JAMES

What?!!!

CARL

This isn't the first time I've seen him hit her, either.

JAMES ST. JAMES

This is totally foolish, Carl.

CARL

It's the principle, James.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

43

JAMES ST. JAMES

But a pellet gun, Carl? What can you possibly accomplish using that stupid thing?

CARL

It allows me to seriously aggravate a situation without changing the course of history.

Carl levels the rifle, looks through the scope.

POV THROUGH THE SCOPE

44

The crosshairs move across the living room to find the man and woman. They settle on the man.

CARL

Adios, fuck wad.

CARL

45

He starts to squeeze the trigger, when:

THE WOMAN

46

belts the man, he grabs her arm and swings her off balance. Carl tries to follow the man through the scope, but the man won't stand still long enough for Carl to get a bead on him.

JAMES ST. JAMES

(getting into it)

Come on! Get him!

Carl throws James St. James an incredulous look, then goes back to the scope.

The man throws the woman down to her knees, he lords over her and raises his hand to strike her again when:

CARL

46A

seizes the moment and pulls the trigger.

POV THROUGH THE SCOPE

47

The lead pellet rockets through the air, rips through the screen door, only to find a layer of glass in it's way. SMASH! SHATTER! The large window splinters, obscuring our view. But we do see enough to know that the man has been hit. We see the man scream, jump three feet into the air and crash down to the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

47

Carl and James St. James quickly duck under the window sill, laughing their asses off.

JAMES ST. JAMES

I thought the window was open all the way.

CARL

Me too.

JAMES ST. JAMES

Good shot, Carl. Where do you think you got him?

CARL

Leg shot. I had the crosshairs right over his thigh. Asshole. He'll think twice before he lays another hand on her again.

JAMES ST. JAMES

Think she'll call the cops?

CARL

No. Then she'll have to explain all the bruises on her.

JAMES ST. JAMES

That was outstanding. We gotta drink to that one.

James St. James crawls on all fours to the kitchen table and comes back with a six pack of Budweiser. They crack two open and drink, then, peek their heads up over the window sill and look across the street.

THEIR POV

48

The woman comforts the man, strokes his hair, holds him close. She looks across the street.

INT. CARL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

49

Carl and James St. James duck back down.

CARL

Jesus Christ.

JAMES ST. JAMES

Sick. We live in a sick world, my friend.

CARL

You can say that again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

49

JAMES ST. JAMES

We live in a sick world, my
friend.

Carl laughs, picks up a Trivial Pursuit card from the
floor.

CARL

(reads)

Where's the only place in Europe
where monkeys live free?

JAMES ST. JAMES

It's gotta be Paris.

They laugh. Carl flings the card across the room,
guzzles his beer.

INT. CARL'S APARTMENT - DAWN

50

Carl and James St. James are sprawled out on the living
room floor.

We MOVE across the room pass their sleeping bodies,
over to the window and peer out on the apartment across
the street. THE APARTMENT. A piece of cardboard has
been placed on the broken window. All the curtains
have been drawn. A few lights on. Some activity. A
figure moves through the apartment. Man? Woman? We
can't tell because we're looking through the curtains.
But nothing unusual for this place at this time of the
morning. Nothing unusual until:

THE FIGURE

51

moves into the bedroom. Quietly. Cautiously. It
moves closer to where we know the bed to be. Suddenly,
the figure reaches towards the bed and comes up with a
handful of hair attached to somebody's head.

We see the outline of a gun, as it's placed against the
sleeping body and: BLAM! Good night, sweet prince.
Or princess. We can't tell who just got scrubbed. But
it's real clear that someone did. The figure quickly
moves out of the bedroom and:

ZING! ZING! ZING!

An ALARM sounds off. Carl staggers to it and cuts it
off. James St. James looks up at Carl, his eyes red
and bonded by mucous. Carl looks at him and laughs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

51

CARL

Your eyes look like two angry
assholes.

And the two boys get up to start their day, unaware of
the grizzly event that occurred right under their
little sleeping noses.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

52

Carl drives, James St. James looks out the window to
see:

JAMES ST. JAMES' POV

53

A guy in a suped-up brown Camaro.

James St. James sneers.

JAMES ST. JAMES

Look at that guy in his brown
Camaro, wearing a silver jacket.
That guy's got loser written all
over him.

CARL

(cheerful)

Hung over, James?

JAMES ST. JAMES

Who wants to know?

James St. James squirms in his seat.

JAMES ST. JAMES

(continuing)

Pull this "tuna can" over and let
me drive.

Carl does and they change places.

CARL

Sanitation; it's not just a job;
it's a way of life!

The truck rumbles down the street.

EXT. REDONDO BEACH STREET - DAY

54

The truck is parked precariously at the crest of a
steep hill. Carl and James St. James empty barrels of
trash into the bin. They move back to the curb to grab
more barrels.

THE BACK WHEEL OF THE TRUCK 55

slowly starts to roll forward.

CARL AND JAMES ST. JAMES 56

They turn back towards the truck as it starts to move down the hill.

JAMES ST. JAMES

Holy shit.

CARL

James, you forgot to put on the emergency brake.

They dash after the truck. They run on opposite sides as the vehicle picks up momentum.

James St. James makes a leap for the driver's seat. Carl jumps into the passenger's side. James St. James tries to get control of the truck but it's too late. Carl braces his hands against the dashboard.

CARL

(continuing)

Look out, James!

THE TRUCK 57

screams through an intersection, slams into a parked car, bounces off the curb. People scream and scatter.

JAMES ST. JAMES 58

He slams on the brakes.

THE TRUCK 58A

skids on its side and smashes through a storefront window. The dust settles. James St. James looks at Carl and smiles.

JAMES ST. JAMES

Definitely an "E" ticket.

INT. WALT RICHARDSON'S OFFICE - DAY 59

Carl and James St. James sit in front of Walt's desk. Walt paces the room, fuming.

WALT

I'd like to be able to tell you boys that I'm upset. But that would be the understatement of the decade.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

59

CARL

Sir...

WALT

(screams)

I don't want to hear it! You both
fucked up in a large way.

He stops pacing, looks at them.

WALT

(continuing)

And do you want to know what the
sad part is?

(a beat)

I can't even fire you. The State
says that I have to be an equal
opportunity employer. Which
means, I am required by law to
have a certain number of
Caucasians working here.

(a beat)

I have neither the time nor the
energy to hire two new white men.

CARL

You mean, we're still on the
route? We can keep our jobs?

WALT

For the time being.

JAMES ST. JAMES

Gee, Walt. You're a real
humanitarian.

WALT

Don't push it, James.

Walt leans down in James St. James' face.

WALT

(continuing)

You smashed up one of my trucks!
Destroyed private property! What
do you want me to do, James?
Congratulate you?

JAMES ST. JAMES

People are starving in India,
Walt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

59

WALT

You'll be starving if you don't
get your shit together!

(he takes a beat)

The next two weeks are going to be
crucial in forming my decision on
whether or not to keep you here at
Western Waste.

CARL

What's so special about the next
two weeks?

WALT

For the next two weeks you'll be
riding with a third party. I've
decided to send an observer along
with you on your route. It will
be a representative of Western
Waste who will report to me on
your daily activities. So, I
suggest you be on your best
behavior.

James St. James bolts out of his chair.

JAMES ST. JAMES

That's bullshit, Walt.

WALT

(yells)

Hey. That's the way it's gonna
be.

JAMES ST. JAMES

This pisses me off.

WALT

Good. Feel it. Anger's a healthy
emotion.

CARL

Who's the observer?

WALT

You'll find out in the morning.
Now get the hell outa here before
you completely ruin my day.

They leave.

EXT. REDONDO BEACH PIER - DAY

60

Carl and James St. James walk along the pier in their
swimtrunks, drinking beers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

60

JAMES ST. JAMES

Walt's treating us like a couple
of little kids, for Christ's sake.

CARL

Forget it. This observer won't
last two days on the route with
us.

JAMES ST. JAMES

Are we contemplating major
terrorization?

CARL

No. Completely the opposite. We
show him just how responsible and
civilized we really are. After a
few days he'll be convinced that
we're a couple of sweethearts and
Walt will pull him off the route.

They stop at the wooden railing.

JAMES ST. JAMES

And if that doesn't work?

CARL

Major terrorization.

They climb over the railing.

JAMES ST. JAMES

I still resent being treated like
a child.

CARL

Yeah, me too.

And with that, they leap off the pier, drinking their
beers as they fly through the air and hit the water
below. SPLASH!

INT. TRUCK CAB - MORNING

61

Carl and James St. James are crammed into the cab.
Next to them sits:

LOUIS FEDDERS

62

A hulking mass of black man, forty years old, a Vietnam
combat veteran. He wears a clean, white Western Waste
uniform. He makes notes on a yellow legal pad.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAMES ST. JAMES
(quietly to Carl)
So, Carl. About the "major
terrorization?"

CARL
Shut up, James.

Louis glances up at the street.

LOUIS
You're driving too fast.

James St. James slows the vehicle. A long, agonizing
beat of silence, then:

CARL
So, Louis. You're Walt's brother-
in-law. That's great.

LOUIS
(cold; shredding)
What do you know about anything.

More silence. Carl shifts in his seat.

CARL
Walt's a nice guy. His sister
must be nice too. I've never met
her, though.

LOUIS
When I feel like talking to you, I
will look at you.

CARL
Gotcha...

Louis writes on the legal pad. Carl tries to peek over
his massive shoulder.

CARL
(continuing)
Writing stuff about us?
(he catches himself,
then quickly)
Sorry, sorry...

Louis glares at him.

JAMES ST. JAMES
(mumbles to himself)
This is total bullshit.

Louis throws him a dismembering look.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

62

LOUIS

What'd you say, white boy?

JAMES ST. JAMES

The name is James.

LOUIS

Well, James. If you expect to keep this job, I think you'd better tell me what it was you were mumbling about over there.

CARL

James...

JAMES ST. JAMES

(sarcastically)

Well, Louis. What I said was, that you were one uptight, fucked up, out-of-place African.

Silence. Nobody breathes. Then, a huge smile sweeps across Louis' face. He laughs. James St. James and Carl laugh along with him. Suddenly, Louis stops laughing and stares daggers at James St. James. He makes a grab for James St. James. Carl screams the truck and swerves.

EXT. HERMOSA BLVD. - MORNING

63

As the truck swerves across the two lanes, we hear the SOUND OF FLESH HITTING FLESH. The frenzy stops. The truck straightens out and continues on its way.

CARL (V.O.)

Oh, wow.

INT. CARL'S JR. RESTAURANT - DAY

64

Louis sits at a table devouring several Superstar burgers. He looks toward the rest rooms, checks his watch, then makes more notes on his legal pad.

INT. CARL'S JR. REST ROOM - DAY

65

Carl is at the sink splashing water in his face. He looks up to the mirror and examines a large purple shiner under his right eye. James St. James comes out of a stall.

JAMES ST. JAMES

I feel really bad about that, man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

65

CARL

Yeah, yeah. You've told me a hundred times. What happened to the "kill him with kindness" plan?

Carl dries his face. They walk out of the rest room.

INT. CARL'S JR. - DAY

66

The boys move across the restaurant and slide into the booth with Louis. They eat their food in silence, then:

LOUIS

(to Carl)

How's the eye?

CARL

Okay.

Louis makes eye contact with James St. James.

LOUIS

I still owe one to the intended receiver.

CARL

Come on. Let's just drop it, alright. Why don't you two shake hands and stop behaving like a couple of assholes.

James St. James reluctantly holds out his hand, Louis accepts it and they shake.

JAMES ST. JAMES

Cool.

Louis digs some ice out of James St. James' soda cup and wraps it in a napkin. He hands it to Carl.

LOUIS

Here. Put this on your eye.

Carl does. James St. James snags a few of Louis' French fries. Louis grabs his hand and holds it.

LOUIS

(continuing)

There are several sacred things in this world that you don't ever fuck with. One of them happens to be another man's fries! Remember that and you'll live a long and healthy life.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

66

James St. James releases the fries. Louis picks them up off the table and devours them.

EXT. WESTERN WASTE - DAY

67

Carl and James St. James exit the office and move out into the yard.

JAMES ST. JAMES

This Louis dude is too much.

CARL

I'm sure there's a lighter side to him.

JAMES ST. JAMES

Drinks are on me tonight. Your place or mine, sweetheart?

CARL

Let's trash your place this time.

JAMES ST. JAMES

Good enough.

James St. James moves to his Ford pickup. Carl goes to his old Subaru.

CARL

Don't worry about Louis. He's okay. We've got two weeks to loosen him up. No problem.

JAMES ST. JAMES

No doubt it'll be a party.

They get into their vehicles and SCREECH out of the yard.

EXT. JAMES ST. JAMES' APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT

68

A modern townhouse apartment complex.

INT. JAMES ST. JAMES' APARTMENT - SAME TIME

69

The apartment is in shambles. Unwashed dishes, garbage piled up, beer cans all over. Another night spent getting seriously fucked up. Carl is crashed on the couch. James St. James is sprawled on the floor, a beer can still clutched in his hand. We move in:

CLOSE - JAMES ST. JAMES

70

He sleeps soundly. And we slowly:

DISSOLVE INTO:

DREAM SEQUENCE

EXT. BACKYARD OF SUBURBAN HOME - DAY

71

LOUD ROCK MUSIC BLASTS. James St. James emerges from a house, carrying a long industrial type extension cord. He moves out to a patio and sets the cord down. He quickly goes back into the house and comes back out with a stereo receiver and turntable in his arms. He sets those too on the patio and plugs them into the extension cord. He moves into the house once again and this time returns dragging two large stereo speakers out to the patio. He goes about hooking the system together. When finished, he surveys his work, smiles and cranks the volume control FULL TILT. He moves around to the front of the system and sits down, situating himself in a way that his legs are spread apart and his feet wrap around the two speakers. He smiles broadly and enjoys the music. Then, he stretches his arms wide and embraces the stereo, holding it and rocking slowly backwards. His eyes filled with love as if it were his mother. WE SLOWLY PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

James St. James is precariously sitting at the edge of a pool! And as he rocks himself backward, it proves to be the final time as the weight of the stereo comes down on him sending him into the pool. ZAP! The water becomes a sea of electric death and he is quickly fried.

RESUME NORMAL - CLOSE - JAMES ST. JAMES

72

A slight smile creeps across his sleeping face and he rolls over on his side.

CLOSE - CARL

73

As he sleeps on the couch. And we:

DISSOLVE TO:

CARL'S DREAM SEQUENCE

INT. FIRST INTERSTATE BANK - DAY

74

Carl moves through the double doors into the busy bank. He wears a green oversized combat jacket. He looks around nervously, contemplating his next move. He stops at a desk, pulls out a savings withdrawal slip and writes something down on it. Then quickly crumples it up and throws it away. He checks his heartbeat, wipes some sweat off his forehead and moves toward the bank teller stations. He pushes his way through the line.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

74

An elderly woman customer objects as he walks past her. He straight-arms her, knocking her to floor. He makes his way to teller's window and smiles.

He pulls open his military jacket to reveal that he is ladden with explosives, all attached to his body. He holds the detonating device up for the bank teller to see.

We now see that the bank teller is Walt Richardson. He shows little concern that Carl could kill everyone in the place. He shakes his head and we see him mouth the words, "You won't do it." Carl smiles and mouths, "Wanna bet?"

CARL'S THUMB

75

It presses down on the detonating button.

WALT RICHARDSON

76

He EXPLODES in a shower of blood and guts. Everything else is left intact. People scream and flatten on the floor.

Carl looks closely at the detonator, he can't figure out what went wrong. He turns around and slowly walks back out the doors, all the while fussing with the button.

POV THROUGH THE DOORS OF THE BANK

77

Carl outside. The human bomb EXPLODES, shaking the whole block and shattering the doors to the bank.

RESUME NORMAL - CLOSE - CARL

78

He bolts upright, looks around and gets his bearings. He checks his watch and gets up from the couch.

CARL

(to James St. James)
Time for work, garbage man.

James St. James groggily opens one eye.

JAMES ST. JAMES

Oh, man. I was dreaming about sex
and greed and lust.

INT. TRUCK CAB - MORNING

79

Carl, James St. James and Louis are once again crammed into the truck. Louis makes notes on the yellow pad.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

79

JAMES ST. JAMES

So, Louis, did you have a good night last night? We sure did.

LOUIS

Don't talk to me, James. I don't like you.

They drive on in silence.

EXT. REDONDO BEACH STREET - DAY

80

Carl and James St. James empty the endless trash barrels into the truck. Louis stands by and makes notes on his ever present yellow pad. Carl has difficulty with a barrel, James St. James moves to help him. They dump the contents into the truck. James St. James goes back to the curb. Carl remains standing at the bin, staring inside, in shock.

CARL

Hey. I think you guys better come here and take a look at this.

JAMES ST. JAMES

What is it, Carl?

CARL

Just get over here.

Louis and James St. James move to Carl. They look into the bin.

THEIR POV

81

Sticking out through the mass of garbage is a HUMAN HAND.

Louis leans down and clears away some of the trash to reveal:

A DEAD MAN

82

The same Man who was seen across the street in the apartment fighting with the Woman. The same Man Carl shot! A neat little .22 caliber bullet hole in the back of his head.

CARL

83

He recognizes the Man. His face goes white.

JAMES ST. JAMES

84

He recognizes the Man also. He looks at Carl and shifts uncomfortably.

JAMES ST. JAMES
(stammering)
What the fuck is this, Carl?

CARL
It's a dead human being, James.

JAMES ST. JAMES
I know what it is, shithead. But
do you know who this is?

CARL
What?

JAMES ST. JAMES
(frantically)
Do you know who this is!!?

CARL
(screams)
Yes!
(he looks at Louis)
I mean, no!

JAMES ST. JAMES
Carl, you killed him.

CARL
No way, James. You saw it. I hit
him in the leg.

LOUIS
Hit who?

Carl starts pacing back and forth.

CARL
We're screwed. That's all there
is to it.

JAMES ST. JAMES
What do you mean, "we?" You
pulled the trigger, pal.

CARL
You egged me on!

LOUIS
Y'all are acting like a couple of
fools.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

84

JAMES ST. JAMES

Carl, do you know what this means?

LOUIS

I'll tell you what it means. It means somebody threw away a perfectly good dude.

Louis moves away from the truck.

LOUIS

(continuing)

I suppose someone had better call the cops.

CARL/JAMES ST. JAMES

(they scream)

No!

They rush to Louis.

CARL

Look, Louis. We gotta talk.

JAMES ST. JAMES

Y'see, Louis. Carl sort of knows this man.

LOUIS

So what does that have to do with whether I call the cops or not?

JAMES ST. JAMES

Well, he sort of shot him too.

CARL

(he adds)

With a pellet gun!

JAMES ST. JAMES

But he thought he hit him in the leg.

CARL

I did hit him in the leg!

JAMES ST. JAMES

(screams at Carl)

Then why does he have a fucking bullet hole in his head?

CARL

How should I know?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LOUIS

Look, the two of you seem to be
into some serious shit here.

CARL

Louis, I know that I did not kill
this man. Two nights ago, this
guy here was beating his old
lady. So, I took it upon myself
to end the dispute.

JAMES ST. JAMES

I need a joint.

LOUIS

(to Carl)

So, you shot him.

CARL

With a pellet gun.

LOUIS

So you said. Now you shot him
from where?

CARL

From my apartment. This is
ridiculous. You sound like a
prosecuting attorney, for Christ's
sake.

James St. James lights up a joint.

LOUIS

I'm just trying to get a clear
picture here, Carl.

JAMES ST. JAMES

(he hands Carl the
joint)

Have some. It'll settle your
nerves.

CARL

(refuses it)

My nerves don't need settling.

JAMES ST. JAMES

(to Louis)

What's the maximum sentence for
murder?

LOUIS

Beats me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

84

CARL

(screams)

I did not murder anybody!

LOUIS

Well, if you didn't kill this
dude, then who did?

CARL

I dunno. There's over three
million people in this city!

JAMES ST. JAMES

Face it, Carl. It's a reality.
You knocked this guy off.

CARL

(incredulous)

Jesus Christ, James! Whose side
are you on?

JAMES ST. JAMES

I'm not taking sides, Carl...

CARL

(cutting him off)

Yes you are. You've already
convicted me! I'm on my way to
death row as far as you're
concerned!

James St. James moves toward Carl.

JAMES ST. JAMES

Carl...

CARL

Well, let me tell you something,
pal! You are in it just as much
as I am. You were there! That
makes you an accomplice. You're
just as guilty as me!

JAMES ST. JAMES

Look, you little bastard! I never
wanted you to do it in the first
place! I was totally against it.

CARL

Try explaining that to the judge!

JAMES ST. JAMES

I'm not gonna have to explain
anything to any judge. This is
your ball game, Carl.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

84

CARL

You're an asshole.

JAMES ST. JAMES

And you're a chicken-shit, trigger
happy idiot!

CARL

I'm not gonna rot in prison alone!

JAMES ST. JAMES

You're not gonna fuck up my life,
you son-of-a-bitch!

James St. James leaps at Carl, knocking him to the
ground. Carl punches James St. James. They wrestle,
neither getting the upper hand. Louis moves in and
pulls them apart.

LOUIS

Okay! Okay! that's enough.

James St. James bleeds from the mouth. He spits at
Carl.

JAMES ST. JAMES

You piece of shit!

Louis smacks James St. James across the face,
openhanded.

LOUIS

I said that's enough.

Carl and James St. James calm down.

LOUIS

(continuing)

Okay, now we have to figure out
what we're gonna do here.

(he turns to Carl)

Now, Carl. You say you shot him
in the leg.

CARL

Right.

LOUIS

Well, maybe we'd better have a
look at that leg.

JAMES ST. JAMES

You mean, drag him out of there?
Right in the open?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

84

LOUIS

No. We'll wait until it gets dark before we take him out. Then we'll go somewhere private.

JAMES ST. JAMES

You can't take him to my house.

CARL

Nobody said we were going to, asshole.

JAMES ST. JAMES

Well, just in case you had any ideas...

Louis grabs James St. James by the shirt collar.

LOUIS

Listen, I'm not interested in anything more that you have to say. So, from now on, you keep your whiney-ass mouth shut. Got it?

James St. James defiantly nods. Louis releases him..

LOUIS

(continuing)

The thing to do now, is to stash the body, go back to work and act like everything's cool.

CARL

(weakly)

Okay.

They move back towards the truck.

James St. James lags behind and stops. He doesn't want to have anything more to do with this. A million decisions run through his head. Finally, and reluctantly, he goes back to the truck to join Carl and Louis.

EXT. JAMES ST. JAMES' APARTMENT - NIGHT

85

Carl, James St. James and Louis, drive up to the entrance of the building. They get out of James' four-wheel drive Ford pick-up. Carl and Louis move to the bed of the truck and remove the body which is wrapped in big green garbage bags. James St. James looks miserable as he opens the front door to his ground floor apartment and they go inside.

INT. JAMES ST. JAMES APARTMENT - NIGHT

86

Carl and Louis set the body down on the living room floor. James St. James covers his nose and mouth with his hand and opens all the windows in the place.

JAMES ST. JAMES

Jesus! The smell...

LOUIS

(cuts him off sharply)

What did I tell you? You want to end up like this dude?

Louis indicates the body. James St. James shakes his head.

LOUIS

(continuing)

Carl, get me a pair of scissors.

Carl moves to a drawer in the tiny kitchen, comes back with a large pair of scissors.

LOUIS

(continuing)

Okay, now let's get the bags off his lower half.

They go about removing the garbage bags from his legs, exposing two stiff legs clad in expensive men's slacks. Carl cringes. Louis notices.

LOUIS

(continuing)

Ain't never seen a dead man before, eh, Carl?

CARL

No. Not like this. My dad died, but...

LOUIS

(finishes for him)

They had him all clean and neat and dressed up in that coffin, right?

CARL

Yeah. What about you?

LOUIS

I served two tours in Vietnam.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

86

CARL

Well, then you know that a pellet gun could never do something like this, right?

LOUIS

I've seen a lot of strange things in my life, kid.

Louis starts to cut the pant leg.

LOUIS

(continuing)

Help me by holding the sides of the pant tight. It'll make it easier to cut.

Carl does. He starts to sweat. James St. James looks on from the kitchen. Louis slowly cuts his way up the leg. He sneaks a glance at Carl.

LOUIS

(continuing)

I know what's going through your head right now, boy. Just keep praying to God that we find that hole.

He reaches the top of the thigh. Carl takes a breath. Louis pulls back the sides of the pant to reveal: an unmarked thigh.

LOUIS

(continuing)

Are you sure it was this leg?

CARL

(confused, upset)

I don't know.

JAMES ST. JAMES

This is just great!!!

Louis goes to work on the other pant leg. He cuts quickly. Carl helps him. He gets to the top of the leg and rips the pant open. Louis' face calms. Carl sighs.

THE LEG

87

In the upper portion of the thigh, is a large, round purple scab and welt.

CARL

He smiles, then turns to James St. James.

JAMES ST. JAMES

I knew it all along.

CARL

There you go, James. No judge.
No jail. We're in the clear.

Louis puts the garbage bags back on the body.

JAMES ST. JAMES

Okay, fine. But we still have one
very dead man lying on my living
room floor, which I'd like
removed, thank you very much.

LOUIS

The question now is, where do we
take him?

JAMES ST. JAMES

We don't "take" him anywhere. We
call the police and report it,
like normal people do.

CARL

And say what, James? That we
found a dead body in the trash
today, officer? Only the body
resembled the same guy that I shot
with my "trusty" pellet gun two
days ago from my apartment
window. Y'see, officer, he was
beating the hell out of his wife
and it made me upset. So, me and
my friends decided to take this
body home, in Hefty garbage bags
no less, and performed an autopsy
on him. No, officer. It wasn't
an actual autopsy. We just needed
to make sure that the bullet I
fired wasn't the result of that
gaping hole in the back of his
head! So, here's the body, Sir.
We're done with him. He's all
yours. We'll be on our merry way
now.

JAMES ST. JAMES

I'd buy it.

CARL

Bullshit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

88

LOUIS

No. Carl has a point. How the hell do we explain all this?

JAMES ST. JAMES

Explain, hell! We still got a murderer running around out there!

INT. JACK-IN-THE-BOX - NIGHT

89

The place is nearly deserted. The three men sit together in a booth. Each of them has their own side of french fries in front of them on the table. All are off on their own trains of thought. Carl chokes on a fry as he yells out to the others.

CARL

Jesus Christ. I think I know who murdered him.

JAMES ST. JAMES

Who?

CARL

What's the last thing you remember seeing this man do?

JAMES ST. JAMES

Play dead in the back of our garbage truck.

CARL

No, before he was killed.

James St. James thinks a moment, then gets it.

JAMES ST. JAMES

Throw his wife all over their apartment.

CARL

Exactly.

LOUIS

His wife? She killed him?

CARL

Maybe.

JAMES ST. JAMES

Why would she do it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

89

CARL

Why not? She had every reason in the world to do it. He mistreated her, probably drank a lot too. She was miserable. One day, she picks up his handy little .22 and when the opportunity came, she nailed him.

JAMES ST. JAMES

And you think that opportunity came when you shot him with the pellet gun?

CARL

I dunno. It's a possibility.

LOUIS

That's really severe.

JAMES ST. JAMES

So what's the biggie? We call the police and turn her in.

CARL

Well, if she really did kill him, the question is: is that the right way to approach this situation.

JAMES ST. JAMES

Of course it is. He's a murderer.

CARL

We don't know that for sure.

(a beat, then)

Alright, James. Suppose you were married to someone who beat the hell out of you all the time. What do you think you'd end up doing to that person?

JAMES ST. JAMES

I dunno. I wouldn't kill 'em, for Christ's sake.

CARL

How do you know? The truth is, you don't know how you'd react.

LOUIS

What exactly are you getting at, Carl?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

89

JAMES ST. JAMES
Yeah, what are you getting at?

CARL
What I'm saying is, that maybe her motives are totally logical.

JAMES ST. JAMES
(sarcastic)
Right. Murder is totally logical.

CARL
I don't think we should turn her in right away. Let's check it out ourselves.

JAMES ST. JAMES
(meaning it)
You're insane.

CARL
Why? Because I want to get involved? Y'know, that's been the problem with you and I, James. We never got involved with anything. We spent our whole lives with our asses neatly planted in the sand, getting high, watching our friends become successful and always bitching that we never got shit. Well, y'know what? We didn't deserve shit. We were always on the outside of life, peeking in. And look what we are today, James? Garbage men! It's a wonderful life, huh? It's just like you said to Walt: we're still picking up after everyone else's shit. Still ten steps behind. We're still the same two assholes we were back in high school.

A beat. James St. James lets this sink in.

JAMES ST. JAMES
We weren't assholes in high school.

CARL
You're missing the point, James.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

89

JAMES ST. JAMES

Carl, I don't necessarily see this as some life grabbing opportunity. You're prying into someone's life where you have no business being. Like it or not, that's the way I feel.

LOUIS

Jesus, I wish I had a violin.

CARL

James, for once in your life, screw your feelings.

JAMES ST. JAMES

Carl, she's a criminal.

CARL

And so are you, every time you light up a joint.

JAMES ST. JAMES

It's hardly the same, dude.

CARL

Since when did you become such a goodie-goodie?

JAMES ST. JAMES

Since the stakes on this little game of yours reached an all-time high, Carl. Since I found myself in my quiet little apartment in Redondo Beach with a goddamn murder victim on my floor.

CARL

You're scared.

JAMES ST. JAMES

Why shouldn't I be?

CARL

You think I'm not?

A beat.

JAMES ST. JAMES

Okay. What if we're wrong? What if his wife didn't kill him? We could be getting into some really heavy shit, Carl.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

89

A beat. They look at each other. Louis looks at Carl. A frozen, considered pause.

CARL
You can split, James.

JAMES ST. JAMES
(incredulous)
Where am I gonna go?

A pause. Then:

JAMES ST. JAMES
(continuing)
Okay. Alright. I'm not gonna
leave you hanging. What do we do
now?

Carl looks to Louis for the answer. Louis shrugs.

LOUIS
Why don't we check out your lady
friend?

INT. CARL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

90

Carl and James St. James are at the window. They watch
the apartment across the street.

THEIR POV

91

The Woman's apartment, dark, no signs of life.

LOUIS

92

He raids the refrigerator, pulls out a six pack of Bud.

LOUIS
Y'all don't have anything good to
eat in this place.

CARL
Louis, isn't your wife gonna worry
about you being gone all day?

Louis stops, thinks for a beat.

LOUIS
(remembers his wife)
Oh, yeah.

He moves to the phone and dials, decides against it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

92

LOUIS
(continuing)
She's cool.

He hangs up, moves to the boys and sits down next to them. He hands them each a cold brew.

CARL
So, what brings you to Western
Waste, Louis?

LOUIS
A bunch of different shit.

CARL
Could you be a little more
general?

LOUIS
(a pause)
I borrowed some money from Walt a
while back. Never got around to
settling the debt. Y'know how it
goes. I kinda jacked around for a
few years. Then Walt offered me a
job with the company, but I told
him to shine it. Thought I was
too good to collect garbage.

JAMES ST. JAMES
What did you want to do?

LOUIS
Anything but that.

A long moment between the three of them. Louis takes a
long drink of his beer. He looks out the window.

LOUIS
(continuing)
Is that your lady?

The boys turn to see:

THE WOMAN

93

The murderer! She enters her apartment and turns a
light on. She moves through the apartment turning on
other lights.

CARL

94

His face lights up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

94

CARL

It sure is.

LOUIS

She hardly looks like a cold-blooded killer.

James St. James downs his beer in six seconds flat. He looks at the empty can.

JAMES ST. JAMES

I'm gonna need about twelve more of these.

The three watch her with pure fascination.

LOUIS

(to Carl)

Okay. What now, hot shot?

CARL

I'm not sure.

JAMES ST. JAMES

How about just going over there and telling her that we got her old man's dead body in the back of my truck? Think she'd freak?

CARL

No doubt.

LOUIS

Well, we can't just sit here and spy on her like a bunch of long distance peeping-toms.

A beat, then Carl stands.

CARL

I'm gonna go over there and nose around.

JAMES ST. JAMES

You are?

CARL

Somebody's gotta do it.

James St. James thinks a minute, then:

JAMES ST. JAMES

You're right. And it should be you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

94

Carl moves toward the door. James St. James and Louis follow him.

CARL

Be back in a few... hopefully.

James St. James stops him at the door.

JAMES ST. JAMES

Hey, I'm sorry I attacked you.

CARL

(he smiles)

It's cool. I'm sorry I punched you in the stomach six times.

JAMES ST. JAMES

Actually, it was eight times, but that's okay.

Carl smiles and leaves. Louis and James St. James rush back to the window to watch. Louis turns to him.

LOUIS

Do you know where he keeps that gun of his?

EXT. CARL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

95

Carl exits his building and stops. He looks around nervously, then slowly, he starts to tiptoe across the street. He tiptoes his way to the yellow line. He stops and realizes how ridiculous this is.

CARL

(incredulous, to himself)

What am I doing?

He looks to see if he's been busted. All clear. He walks normally the rest of the distance and into the building.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

96

Carl, acting overly nonchalant, moves through the lobby. He passes a long row of mailboxes, glancing at each plastic name plate. He moves to a door marked "stairs" and opens it. He bolts up the steps.

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

97

He climbs the stairs to the third floor and stops at the landing before opening the door. He takes a breath, then swings the door open to reveal:

THE WOMAN

98

She's less than four feet from him. She stands at the garbage chute. She opens the hatch and sends a bag down.

CARL

99

is frozen.

THE WOMAN

100

turns to go back to her apartment as the door to the stairwell SLAMS shut. She goes to her door and enters.

THE STAIRWELL DOOR

101

It opens a crack to reveal one of Carl's terrified eyes. He looks just in time to see her door close.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

102

Carl cautiously moves out of the stairwell. He makes three steps towards her front door when he hears the LOCK being undone and the knob turning. There's no escape. He spins on his heels and makes a leap for the stairwell door, but his legs get tangled and his body crashes to the ground.

The Woman sees him and rushes to his side.

WOMAN

Oh, my God Are you alright?

Carl panics.

CARL

(he screams)

Don't kill me!

She looks at him strangely. He squirms on his belly.

WOMAN

What?

CARL

(stammering)

Nothing... nothing. Sorry. I'm okay.

He turns to face her. He notices a dark bruise under her right eye which she has attempted to cover with makeup.

WOMAN

Are you sure you're okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARL

I'm fine. Never been better.

WOMAN

That was quite a fall.

CARL

Yes, but it was memorable.

She smiles.

WOMAN

Do you live here in the building?

CARL

Yep. Going on eleven years now,
that I've lived here.

WOMAN

That's funny. I've never seen you
before.

He starts to stand.

CARL

Well, I lead a very private life.
I'm a phrenologist...

He winces at a pain in his leg.

WOMAN

A phrenologist? Is that some sort
of a medical specialist?

CARL

(going the whole
nine yards)

Yes. I am a specialist. One of
the top specialists in my field.

WOMAN

What does a phrenologist do?

CARL

I feel and interpret the size of
Walt's asshole... I mean, skull
features.

WOMAN

Aren't you a little young to...

CARL

(cuts her off)

I've gotta go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

102

He takes a hurried step and nearly falls. He grabs his ankle and cries out. She comes to his aid.

WOMAN

Why don't you come inside and we'll put some ice on that ankle.

CARL

Inside where?

WOMAN

My apartment.

Carl sees her smile and he relaxes a little. After all, she is very beautiful. They start moving toward the door. Carl limps and she offers her shoulder for support.

WOMAN

I didn't catch your name.

CARL

(quickly)
Ted Blanston.
(he adds)
The third.

He cringes at his own stupidity.

WOMAN

I'm Susan Wilkins.

CARL

Nice to meet you.

They go into the apartment and close the door.

INT. SUSAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

103

Susan takes Carl to the sofa and sits him down.

SUSAN

I'll get the ice. You stay right there.

CARL

I appreciate this.

She moves into the kitchen, we stay with Carl.

SUSAN (O.S.)

It's no bother, really.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

103

CARL

You sure your husband isn't gonna
mind you bringing some strange man
into your house?

SUSAN (O.S.)

How did you know I was married?

POV THROUGH THE SCOPE

104

The crosshairs are fixed on Carl as he sits on the sofa
in Susan's apartment.

LOUIS (O.S.)

Jesus Christ. He's in.

JAMES ST. JAMES (O.S.)

Amazing.

LOUIS

105

looks up at James St. James.

LOUIS

I wonder what they're talking
about?

JAMES ST. JAMES

(he points)

Look!

Louis re-sights the rifle.

POV THROUGH THE SCOPE

106

Susan moves back into the living room. Carl lifts his
pant leg and exposes his ankle. She applies some ice.

INT. SUSAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

107

CARL

What was that?

SUSAN

I said, how did you know I was
married?

CARL

(he stammers)

Your wedding ring.

She looks at her ring.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

107

Carl swallows. He starts to sweat.

CARL
Your black eye?

A beat. She wipes her eyes. Her makeup smears even more, but she's still a beauty.

SUSAN
What did you mean by "he?"

His body trembles. He thinks of a way to escape. Over the balcony?

CARL
Well, "he," being whoever it was who hit you. You, of course, hit him back and what I meant was, that "he" deserved whatever it was that you did to him.
(a beat, then)
That's all.

She studies him for a beat, trying to make some sense out of what he just said. Then:

SUSAN
No. It was a car accident.

CARL
Your fault?

She takes a beat. A beat too long.

SUSAN
I was the passenger.

CARL
So you don't have to worry about your insurance going up now.
Anyway...

A beat.

SUSAN
Would you like a drink?

CARL
(before she finishes)
I'd love one.

She pours a Scotch and hands it to him. He downs it in one gulp. She fills his glass again and he drinks it down without blinking. He points to his ankle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

107

SUSAN

No. He won't mind at all.

A long uncomfortable moment, then:

SUSAN

(continuing; indicates
his black eye)

How'd that happen?

He smiles and points to her bruised eye.

CARL

What about yours?

Definitely the wrong thing to say. She looks away from him, lowers her head. Carl tenses. An agonizingly long moment. She refuses to look up at him. He watches her.

CARL

(continuing)

Hello? Are you okay?

She nods, then lifts her head to face him. Tears stream down her cheeks. Her makeup runs. She attempts a feeble smile.

SUSAN

I thought I covered it up pretty good. I guess not, huh?

Carl takes a beat, not quite sure what she's referring to. She cries harder, the baggie with ice falls from her hand and she flees into the kitchen.

Carl remains on the sofa, shaken. He picks himself up and goes after her.

He stops at the doorway to the kitchen and leans against the doorframe. Susan stands next to the stove, her back to him. She cries as she pours a drink for herself.

CARL

Look, I understand. You had to cover it up. He treated you miserably. He deserved it.

She slowly turns around.

SUSAN

What are you talking about?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

107

CARL
(continuing)
For the pain, y'know.

She gives him a slight smile. Then fills hers up and
downs it also. She repeats it.

SUSAN
(a saddened smile)
For the pain.

She fills up her glass and shoots down another. Carl
does more of the same.

CARL
You gotta love it!

INT. CARL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

108

James St. James is looking through the scope. Louis
sits nearby.

JAMES ST. JAMES
They're getting smashed, for
Christ's sake.

INT. SUSAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

109

Carl and Susan are still in the kitchen going shot for
shot.

SUSAN
You gotta love what?

CARL
It's an expression. Y'know, like
when something you say or do is
really out there. Or if you're
doing something and you know it's
wrong or bad for you, but it turns
you on anyway. You say: "You
gotta love it!"

SUSAN
Oh, I get it.

CARL
That's like the California
"lingo," man. Get with it and be
cool like I am.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

109

SUSAN

(teasing)

You're not so cool, Ted. You should have seen yourself do that double-gainer in the hallway. That was definitely the most "uncool" thing I've seen in a long time.

CARL

I did it to get your attention.

SUSAN

Oh, yeah?

CARL

Yeah. I do things like that sometimes.

SUSAN

Well, it worked.

CARL

(blitzed)

I knew it would. It was so "uncool," that it was "cool."

SUSAN

(sarcastic)

Whatever you say, dude.

She takes a big gulp.

CARL

You making fun of me?

SUSAN

No. You're doing a good enough job on yourself.

CARL

You're roasting me in a large way. I can't believe I'm letting you get away with it.

SUSAN

(theatrical; drunk)

It's because you adore me, darling!

Carl smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

109

SUSAN

(continuing)

I can't believe we've never met before. I thought I knew just about everyone who lived in this building.

CARL

Well, as I said: I lead a...

SUSAN

... Very private life. Yeah, yeah.

He downs a shot. She matches him.

CARL

Where'd you learn to drink?

SUSAN

(getting really
trashed)

I taught myself.

This gives her the giggles. Carl laughs along with her. They both go into hysterics. Carl spills his drink and this causes them to laugh even harder. They are out of control.

CARL

(while laughing)

What are we laughing about?

SUSAN

I don't know. I forgot.

The laughter subsides.

CARL

I'm really fucked up.

SUSAN

But you gotta love it!

They giggle again.

SUSAN

(continuing)

You wanna switch to champagne?

CARL

Absolutely.

INT. CARL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

110

James St. James continues to watch them through the scope. A KNOCK on the door. Louis goes to answer it.

LOUIS

Yeah, who is it?

MAN'S VOICE

Pizza.

Louis opens the door to reveal a YOUNG MAN Dressed in a pin-stripe uniform. He holds a large pizza box in his arms.

PIZZA MAN

Large pepperoni, extra cheese.

LOUIS

That's us.

Louis digs in his pocket for the money.

THE PIZZA MAN

111

Catches a glimpse of James St. James pointing the rifle out the window. His eyes widen. He tries to get a better look. But Louis deliberately blocks his way.

PIZZA MAN

What's going on?

LOUIS

Mind your own business, son.

JAMES ST. JAMES

(calls to Louis)

Is that the pizza, Louis?

LOUIS

(to James St. James)

Yeah, James.

Louis hands the Pizza Man some money. They lock eyes. The Pizza Man starts to sweat.

PIZZA MAN

Thank you, sir.

LOUIS

You've seen too much.

As the money exchanges hands, Louis grabs the Pizza Man by the arm and drags him inside. The Pizza Man struggles. Louis gets him in a headlock.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

111

James St. James whirls on them with the rifle, pointing it directly at the Pizza Man. The Pizza Man screams.

LOUIS

Shut up! Shut up!

JAMES ST. JAMES

(in a panic)

What the fuck are you doing, Louis?

LOUIS

He saw you at the window with the gun. He could start all kinds of trouble!

JAMES ST. JAMES

So, you kidnap him? Good solution!

The Pizza Man squirms and fights but he is clearly no match for Louis.

PIZZA MAN

Don't shoot me, please don't shoot me!

JAMES ST. JAMES

Nobody's gonna hurt you, dink. So settle down!

PIZZA MAN

I won't say a word to nobody.

LOUIS

You bet you won't.

Louis rams the Pizza Man's head into the wall. He falls unconscious. James St. James' mouth drops open.

JAMES ST. JAMES

Louis, you're a madman!

LOUIS

He was provoking me.

JAMES ST. JAMES

This situation has definitely gotten way out of hand.

LOUIS

Get back to the window and keep Carl covered.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

111

JAMES ST. JAMES
Well, what do we do with him?

LOUIS
We need some rope.

INT. SUSAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

112

Carl and Susan have moved back into the living room.
They sit in stuffed, oversized love seats, sipping
champagne. Carl struggles to keep his balance.

SUSAN
How's the old ankle?

CARL
Numb like the rest of my body.

SUSAN
Glad to hear it.

They share a smile.

CARL
(indicates the
champagne)
This is good. What kind is it?

SUSAN
I dunno. Something my husband
bought.

A pause. Carl downs the contents of his glass.

CARL
Where is he now?

SUSAN
Away.

CARL
On business?

SUSAN
(snaps at him)
Why is it important?
(a beat)
I'm having a good time. Let's not
spoil it, okay?

CARL
Okay.

She fills their glasses. Carl watches her closely. A
long moment. Then:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

112

SUSAN

I'm so lonely.
(a pause)
Will you hold me?

CARL

Is this because you're drunk?

SUSAN

Yes. Probably.

Carl doesn't quite know how to respond. But the booze has given him a certain amount of courage and he must oblige. He moves closer to her then awkwardly puts his arm over her shoulders.

CARL

Is this okay?

SUSAN

Yes.

She rests her head against him.

SUSAN

(continuing)
You're not really a doctor, are you?

Carl flushes.

CARL

No. I'm a garbage man.

She hugs him tighter.

SUSAN

That's okay.

A beat, Carl takes a breath.

CARL

You mean you're not mad at me for lying?

SUSAN

Nope.

CARL

Why not?

SUSAN

'Cause if I was a garbage man and someone asked me what I did for a living, I'd lie too.

INT. CARL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

113

Louis watches through the scope and eats a slice of pizza. James St. James sits next to him eating as well. The Pizza Man lies in the corner of the room, bound and gagged. He slowly comes to.

LOUIS

Boy, Carl doesn't waste any time.

(a beat; to himself)

If I had an M-16, I could pick her off so easily.

James St. James grabs another piece of pizza. He looks at the Pizza Man.

JAMES ST. JAMES

This is good. Did you make it?

The Pizza Man wearily shakes his head and garbles out some unintelligible sound.

JAMES ST. JAMES

(continuing)

Are you hungry? Do you want something to eat?

LOUIS

Don't give him any, James.

JAMES ST. JAMES

Why not? He might be hungry.

LOUIS

He's a prisoner and he should be treated accordingly.

JAMES ST. JAMES

(laughs at him)

What are you talking about?

LOUIS

Just do what I say, maggot!

JAMES ST. JAMES

Have you lost your mind? We are not soldiers. And he's not the enemy! He's a pizza man.

LOUIS

(not hearing him)

In Vietnam he would've been killed the second he knocked on that door. I would've snapped his neck like a twig! He never would've seen it coming, either.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

113

JAMES ST. JAMES
Calm down, Louis.

LOUIS
The commie bastard gets no food!

JAMES ST. JAMES
Okay. Okay.

The Pizza Man's eyes widen as Louis moves away from the window and comes toward him.

LOUIS
Maybe I should blow him away.

JAMES ST. JAMES
I don't think that's a wise decision, Louis. Have some more pizza, why don'cha?

Louis takes a beat, thinks the situation out. He growls and starts back to the window.

JAMES ST. JAMES
(continuing; to himself)
Jesus Christ, that's all I need is a vet going through delayed stress syndrome.

LOUIS
(paranoid)
What did you say?

JAMES ST. JAMES
Nothing, Louis. Nothing.

LOUIS
Don't cross me, James!

INT. SUSAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

114

Carl and Susan lay in each other's arms.

SUSAN
Do you want to take a walk on the beach?

The idea does not thrill Carl.

CARL
Not really.

She jumps up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

114

SUSAN

Come on. It'll be fun.

CARL

Why this sudden burst of energy?
Anyway, my ankle really...

She pulls him up and they move toward the front door.

INT. CARL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

115

James St. James stands at the kitchen sink, he splashes water on his face several times, towels off. Louis has re-taken his position at the window. He makes shooting sounds as he watches through the scope.

LOUIS

Pow! Pow! Blam! Blam!

He stops and views Carl and Susan leaving her apartment.

LOUIS

(continuing)

They're leaving. Alright, let's
move out. We're gonna follow 'em.

He quickly moves away from the window and starts barking out orders.

LOUIS

(continuing)

Let's go! Let's go! James, the
pizza fag comes with us! Get him
on his feet.

James St. James goes to the Pizza Man, unties his legs and lifts him to his feet. Leaving his hands tied and his mouth gagged, James moves him towards the door. Louis falls in after them.

EXT. CARL'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

116

James St. James, Louis and the Pizza Man come out the front of the building and pile into James' truck. The garbage bag wrapped body lies in the bed of the truck. James St. James throws a look at it as he STARTS THE ENGINE. Louis puts the squeeze on the Pizza Man who sits between them.

EXT. SUSAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

117

Carl and Susan exit her building and get into her early model Corvette, parked in the carport.

EXT. CARL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

118

Louis spots Carl and Susan in the Corvette.

LOUIS

That's them. Let's do some
driving, James.

James St. James drives the truck away from the curb and
they follow the Corvette out into the darkness.

INT. SUSAN'S CORVETTE - NIGHT

119

Susan speeds recklessly through the Redondo Beach
streets. Carl is too drunk to care. He drinks from
the champagne bottle.

INT. JAMES ST. JAMES' TRUCK - NIGHT

120

James St. James has the pedal to the floor. The truck
hits a huge dip. Louis' head slams into the ceiling of
the cab and the Pizza Man flies into his lap.

INT. SUSAN'S CORVETTE - NIGHT

121

The Corvette screams down Hermosa Beach Drive. They
rapidly approach a public beach access. Carl looks out
the window and points.

CARL

There's the beach entrance...

She drives past the entrance.

CARL

(continuing)

... right there.

(a beat)

What's the deal?

SUSAN

I thought we'd grab a late dinner
first.

CARL

Good enough.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

122

The truck is in hot pursuit. They speed through a red
light.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

123

The Corvette SQUEALS around a corner.

INT. JAMES ST. JAMES' TRUCK - NIGHT

124

The truck barely keeps up with the Corvette. James St. James cranks it around a corner.

LOUIS

Faster, James.

JAMES ST. JAMES

I've got it to the floor, Louis!

The Pizza Man screams something that barely resembles English.

LOUIS

One more word out of you,
Pizzaface, and I crush your
esphoagus!

EXT. REDONDO BEACH STREETS - NIGHT

125

Susan puts the Corvette into high gear and it soars.

EXT. REDONDO BEACH STREET - NIGHT

126

The truck is clearly no match for the Corvette, and it is quickly left in the dust.

INT. TRUCK CAB - NIGHT

127

James St. James and Louis watch the Corvette's taillights turn into tiny specks.

JAMES ST. JAMES

We're losing them.

LOUIS

Keep going, man. We gotta keep
on!

JAMES ST. JAMES

Poor Carl...

Red swivel lights come up on them from behind. James St. James shakes his head.

JAMES ST. JAMES

(continuing)
I've almost been waiting for this.

LOUIS

Don't panic.

Louis drives the barrel of the rifle into the Pizza Man's side, then covers the rest of the weapon with his jacket.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOUIS
(continuing; to
Pizza Man)
I want you to act so "cool." Do
you understand, son?

The Pizza Man nods.

LOUIS
(continuing)
So "cool," that if I ever decide
to look up the definition of the
word, I want to find a picture of
your smiling, happy, face.

The SIREN BLARES. James St. James pushes the hair off
his face, wipes his brow.

JAMES ST. JAMES
Shit!

LOUIS
Pull over, James.

JAMES ST. JAMES
How do we handle this?

LOUIS
Just pull over.

JAMES ST. JAMES
Right.

James St. James slows the truck and drives it to the
side of the street. The Patrol car slides up behind.
James St. James grips the steering wheel, takes a deep
breath.

TWO OFFICERS get out of their vehicle and cautiously
approach the truck. James St. James rolls his window
down.

JAMES ST. JAMES
(continuing)
Evening, sir.

OFFICER #1 keeps a safe distance from the car and his
hand on his service revolver. OFFICER #2 positions
himself at the rear of the truck.

Officer #1 points his flashlight in James St. James'
eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

127

OFFICER #1

May I see your license, please?

James St. James digs in his wallet for his ID. He finds it and gives it to the Officer.

OFFICER #1

(continuing)

Do you realize you were exceeding the posted speed limit...

(looks at the name on the license)

Mr. St. James?

JAMES ST. JAMES

Yes, sir. I did notice that I was going a tad faster than usual.

OFFICER #1

Try 65 mph, in a 25.

Officer #1 shines his flashlight inside the cab of the truck. The beam falls on the Pizza Man. His eyes wide with fear. Louis applies pressure with the barrel of the rifle. The Officer moves closer, shines the light on Louis. Louis glares back at the Officer and flashes him a big grin.

OFFICER #1

(continuing)

What the hell's going on here?

A beat of momentary insanity. Then, all eyes fall on James St. James for an explanation.

JAMES ST. JAMES

(a nervous laugh)

Sir, you're never gonna believe this...

Everyone waits. He takes a breath, then:

JAMES ST. JAMES

(continuing; more nervous laughter)

I'm totally floundering, I can't even come up with a good lie...

LOUIS

(to James)

Idiot!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

127

OFFICER #1

Alright, everyone out of the vehicle.

In a lightning move, Louis sticks the barrel of the rifle in the Pizza Man's head.

THE OFFICERS

128

They move for their revolvers.

LOUIS

(yells to the Officers)

Don't do it, man. Don't fucking do it. Or I swear to Christ, I'll blow this dude's head off his shoulders!

Everyone freezes. Louis' finger trembles on the trigger. The Pizza Man prays quietly to himself.

LOUIS

(continuing)

Yeah, cop. I know you, man. I know what you're thinking: "We got us another crazy nigger with a gun." Well, let me tell you something. Human life means very little to me at this point in time.

A beat, Officer #1 aims his revolver into the car. James St. James tries to duck, but he can't clear himself.

JAMES ST. JAMES

(weakly)

No, no! I'm not in this!

LOUIS

(ignores James)

I thrive on misery, man. In the jungle, misery is all you've got. But things are different back here -- or so they seem. No one wants to talk about pain or suffering. Everyone wants everything to be "nice" and "civil." Okay. So, let's be nice. Let's be civil. And let's drop those guns before I pull this trigger and change the way you all feel about me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A long beat, Officer #1 sees that Louis is very serious. He lets his revolver drop to the cement.

LOUIS

(continuing)

As well as your nightstick and the 9mm automatic that you have neatly planted in your right boot.

The Officer obliges.

LOUIS

(continuing; without looking back)

Now, will the officer to the rear of the truck, drop his revolver as well.

The SOUND OF METAL hitting concrete. Louis smiles.

LOUIS

(continuing; sarcastically polite)

Don't you foolish rookies know that when a flashlight lands on cement, it makes a completely different sound than a revolver?

(a beat)

Let's be good boys and do exactly as I say.

The SOUND OF THE REVOLVER LANDING on the cement.

LOUIS

(continuing)

Music to my musical ears.

A beat, Louis thinks of what to do next.

LOUIS

(continuing)

Okay, now I want Mr. Sneaky man to come around and stand next to his partner, Mr. Dumbshit.

OFFICER #2 moves around from the rear of the truck and stands next to Officer #1. Louis looks at James St. James and grins.

LOUIS

(continuing)

Well, James. What should we do with 'em now?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

128

JAMES ST. JAMES

Don't look at me. You're the
goddamn social director on this
cruise.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

129

James St. James, with the rifle in one hand and a
revolver in the other, stands with the Pizza Man on a
deserted stretch of beach. They look on in awe at:

LOUIS

130

As he handcuffs the Officers, now clad only in boxer
shorts, to a volleyball net post, then cuffs their arms
around each other to give the appearance of a mad
embrace. The cops struggle and squirm to get out of
the position, but they look like homos for sure. Louis
steps back and laughs to himself.

LOUIS

They look pretty goddamn sweet to
me.

(he turns to James
and Pizza Man)

What do you think, fellas?

A beat, James St. James starts to tremble, he raises
the revolver, pointing it directly at Louis.

JAMES ST. JAMES

I think I ought to blow you
away. Right here, right now.

They all freeze, then Louis takes a step back, stops.

LOUIS

Whoa.

JAMES ST. JAMES

I've had it, Louis.

James St. James cocks the hammer back.

LOUIS

James, cool out, man. You don't
want to do this.

JAMES ST. JAMES

Why not? I'm a real criminal
now. I can do anything I want.

LOUIS

Look, James...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAMES ST. JAMES

I never wanted any goddamn part of this circus we got going here! We got roped into something that's gotten way out of control. Carl was right. I never got involved. So what? If this is what "getting involved" is all about, I don't want to have anything to do with it. I'm happy getting fucked up and living a shitty life. I've earned it and I'm gonna enjoy it.

(a beat)

I can't deal with you and your goddamn Vietnam syndrome. I can't deal with any more of this! So, watch this disappearing act, Jack.

He drops the guns in the sand, turns on his heels and walks away from them.

Louis grabs the Pizza Man and the rifle and goes after James St. James.

LOUIS

Okay, you little pansy. Go ahead and walk away. Just keep walking away from everything the rest of your life.

JAMES ST. JAMES

I will.

LOUIS

But just remember one thing, James. A friend is one thing you can't screw over.

JAMES ST. JAMES

Thanks for the quote of the day, Louis.

James St. James moves back to the truck.

LOUIS

Look, we hardly have any time left before the shit hits the fan and every goddamn cop in this city comes looking for us.

JAMES ST. JAMES

Tell me something I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

130

LOUIS

So? What do we do about Carl?

JAMES ST. JAMES

Carl's an asshole. He got himself into it and he can get himself out.

LOUIS

Hey, James. I'm not Carl's buddy. But I'm in this with him, just because that's the way things are.

JAMES ST. JAMES

(sarcastically)

Thanks for telling me about the way things are, Louis. You sure are insightful this evening. I'll bet you even went to college too. A mind is a terrible thing to waste, right, Louis?

LOUIS

What's the matter with you, man? Why do you have such a shiv up your ass?

JAMES ST. JAMES

'Cause maybe my mama didn't give me the right kind of milk when I was growing up.

A beat, James St. James leans against the truck,

LOUIS AND PIZZA MAN

131

They silently watch him and wait for him to make a move.

JAMES ST. JAMES

132

He breathes a sigh of resignation.

JAMES ST. JAMES

Aw, shit. Come on. Let's go.

They hop in the truck and drive off.

EXT. L'PACIFIQUE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

133

A beautiful quiet place near the water.

INT. L'PACIFIQUE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

134

Carl and Susan sit in a quiet corner. A waiter is at their table pouring wine.

CARL

Susan. That's a pretty name.

SUSAN

Pretty generic.

CARL

Do you know what the name "Susan" means?

SUSAN

No. What does it mean?

CARL

I dunno. I'm asking.

SUSAN

I never looked it up.

CARL

When I was little, I used to spend hours looking through the dictionary memorizing trivial things like that.

SUSAN

Really.

CARL

Yeah. It turned into a game that I used to play with my dad. He would pick a word or a name out of the dictionary and I would try and guess the meaning or the identity. He would always beat me.

SUSAN

Of course.

CARL

Until one day, I creamed him. Blew him right out of the water. He couldn't believe I had won.

(a beat)

We never played again. He never even said a word about it. Then, two weeks later he died of a heart attack. I thought it was because I had beaten him.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

134

CARL (CONT'D)

(another beat)

I used to think to myself, "If only I had lost, then my daddy would still be alive."

SUSAN

How awful.

CARL

I never competed in anything after that. I was afraid that if I ever won anything, then the loser would die for sure.

SUSAN

What did you do?

CARL

I became an observer of life. It's much safer that way.

SUSAN

I see.

Carl belts down his glass of wine.

CARL

I watch things...

SUSAN

What kinds of things?

CARL

You name it.

SUSAN

(teasing him)

Porno movies.

CARL

(teasing back)

Everyday, why not?

SUSAN

Live out your sexual fantasies, huh?

CARL

With no emotional involvement.

SUSAN

Is that what you're looking for?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

134

CARL

I'm not sure I'm looking for
anything.

SUSAN

We're all looking for something.

CARL

So they say.

A beat, then:

SUSAN

What else?

CARL

I like to watch the sun rise.
Makes me feel good about being
alive. You ever watch the sun
rise?

SUSAN

Sometimes. I'm sure I don't get
to see it as much as you do.

CARL

Know why?

(a beat)

'Cause my job allows for it.

SUSAN

Nothing wrong with that.

CARL

I like to watch people too.
People are really weird.

SUSAN

Life wouldn't be interesting if
they weren't.

CARL

Yeah. I've seen some interesting
shit.

SUSAN

Like?

CARL

I dunno.

SUSAN

Like?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

134

CARL

Why are you so interested?

SUSAN

(she falters)

'Cause sometimes I like to watch people too.

CARL

(scolds her)

Weak answer.

SUSAN

Do you use binoculars?

CARL

Yeah, yeah. Something like that...

SUSAN

Are you one of those sicko-creeps who plays with himself while he watches other people.

CARL

Yeah, that's exactly what kind of guy I am. So after dinner, I'm gonna take you to the beach, kill you, rape your dead, naked body and then after I'm finished, dump your remains in a trash can. What do you think of that, Sister?

He looks at her for a response. She keeps her composure, gives him no reaction. She just slightly grins and sips her wine.

SUSAN

Well, at least now I know what kind of man I'm dealing with.

CARL

And just how do you intend to "deal" with me?

She just smiles.

SUSAN

Will you excuse me for a second? I have to find the little girl's room.

She gets up from the table and moves away. Carl remains seated.

INT. LADIES' ROOM - NIGHT

135

Susan enters the restroom, moves into a stall and locks the door behind her. She carefully reaches into her purse and extracts:

A .22 caliber handgun! She opens the cylinder, then proceeds to load the weapon with .22 shells. One at a time. Very slowly. One at a time. Very seductively. One at a time. Very pre-meditated. Click. She snaps the cylinder shut, puts the gun back in her purse and moves out of the stall.

She goes to the sink and runs her hands under the cold tap. Staring at her own reflection in the mirror for what seems to be an eternity.

INT. TRUCK CAB - NIGHT

136

Louis drives, James St. James bites his fingernails and spits them on the dash. Pizza Man looks on and keeps quiet. They drive along a commercial strip.

LOUIS

Y'know what your problem is, James?

JAMES ST. JAMES

I really don't think you're qualified to tell me what my problems are, Louis.

LOUIS

You're miserable...

JAMES ST. JAMES

You're gonna tell me anyway.

LOUIS

You're miserable with your job, you're miserable with your life, and you don't give a shit about anybody else but yourself.

JAMES ST. JAMES

So what? You think you're telling me some earth shattering news? I am miserable in my job, most people are!

LOUIS

You can change that, y'know. You don't have to end up like "most people."

(CONTINUED)

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

137

Carl and Susan walk along the shoreline, hand-in-hand.

SUSAN

I think you're nice.

CARL

"Nice." A safe adjective.

SUSAN

Isn't that the way you like it?

CARL

I like it lots of different ways.

She smiles.

SUSAN

I mean, safe. Don't you like to
play it safe? Removed from
danger?

CARL

Avoid it at all costs.

They fall into a drunken embrace and kiss. First clumsily, then passionately. He moves to unbutton her blouse. Her hands go for the buttons on his jeans. They crumble onto the sand. He slides her panties down her thigh and rolls on top of her. She struggles with his pants, but finally gets them down around his ankles. They breathe hard as they grind together.

CARL

(continuing; breathing
heavily)

It's important to be safe, don't
you think?

SUSAN

(panting)

Absolutely...

CARL

(breathes)

No sense in taking any chances.

SUSAN

(too hot to speak)

I agree...

CARL

(more breathing)

Are we playing it safe now?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

136

JAMES ST. JAMES

(sarcastic)

What do you suggest, Louis? That I quit my job? Start from scratch? How 'bout I join the Army? That'd be a fresh start for me, wouldn't it? Next thing y'know, I'll be kidnapping people, pulling guns on cops, speaking in tongues, the works!

(a beat)

Whaddya say, Louis? You think the Army's for me?

LOUIS

(disgusted)

Yeah, you go ahead and make fun of me, kid. But you remember, that I was over there, killing the enemy, living in the shit, as you sat at the table in your nice home with your nice family while your nice mama stuffed your nice fat fucking face full of baby food.

A long beat, neither men say a word as they stare blankly at the windshield. Then:

LOUIS

(continuing)

How old are you, man?

JAMES ST. JAMES

Twenty-three.

LOUIS

It's a shame to see someone as young as you are, in so much pain.

JAMES ST. JAMES

Look, Louis. I don't think I need some kind of jungle lecture on personal pain, okay?

LOUIS

No. You're right.

(a beat)

You don't.

James St. James kicks the dash of the truck with his foot and screams. Pizza Man jumps. Louis remains unmoved. He watches James for a long beat.

CONTINUED:

137

SUSAN
(wants the whole
nine yards)

Yes...

CARL
(he grunts)

Good!

She cries out and moans as he enters her.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

138

James St. James' truck cruises down the street.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

139

Louis drives, James St. James wearily rests his head against the window and stares out. Pizza Man has fallen asleep and his head rests on James' shoulder. James St. James throws him a glance.

JAMES ST. JAMES
Poor guy. He doesn't have any
idea what's going on.

LOUIS
Why don't you fill him in. Should
make for a relaxing bedtime story.

A beat, James St. James yawns.

JAMES ST. JAMES
(tired)
What the hell are we doing? We're
driving in circles. He could be
anywhere.

Louis looks out the window, his expression changes and he slows the truck.

LOUIS
I think we just found "anywhere."

LOUIS' POV

140

An early model Corvette, the same year and color as Susan's is parked in the parking lot of The Golden Bear rock-n-roll club. Young people swarm the parking lot and the entrance to the club.

EXT. GOLDEN BEAR PARKING LOT - NIGHT

141

Louis and James St. James get out of the truck. Pizza Man is left behind. Louis stops.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

141

LOUIS

Somebody's gotta stay behind and
keep an eye on the kid.

JAMES ST. JAMES

That somebody ain't gonna be me.
Besides, this place is my old
hangout.

And he is gone.

JAMES ST. JAMES

142

He moves through the parking lot. A few of the young people recognize him. They greet him, slap him on the back, he acknowledges them, smiles. He stops at the Corvette and peeks inside the window. Unable to determine whether or not it's the right car, he turns and moves toward the club entrance. LOUD MUSIC blasts from within.

He cuts through the line and approaches a huge bouncer named RICK, who recognizes him immediately.

RICK

James. Long time no see. How's
the garbage business?

JAMES ST. JAMES

How you doing, Rick? You seen my
buddy Carl around tonight?

RICK

I just got on about ten minutes
ago. You might wanna ask Tommy.
He's inside. He was working the
door earlier.

JAMES ST. JAMES

Thanks, man.

James St. James moves into the club.

INT. GOLDEN BEAR - NIGHT

143

A very hip bi-level nightclub that is in the process of being rocked very hard. A predominantly black "ska" band who call themselves "The Untouchables," are up on stage in full swing. Their attire is right out of the late 40's and 50's. All of its members wear dark oversized dress coats and old Stetson brims. A lively crowd has assembled in front of the stage and they dance in furious time with the music.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

143

James St. James pushes his way through the people and finally reaches the bar. He is familiar and comfortable in his old hangout. He gets the bartender's attention.

JAMES ST. JAMES

Yeah. Two kamakazies and Molson chaser.

The bartender quickly mixes his request and slides it in front of him. James St. James shoots down the kamakazies and takes a hit on the beer.

JAMES ST. JAMES

(continuing)

God, that tastes fine. Two more kama's.

He throws the bartender a twenty.

An obnoxious YUPPIE, seated next to James St. James, glances at him and smiles as he drains the last drop of his Molson beer. The bartender sets the other kamakazies up on the bar. James St. James downs one. The Yuppie continues to watch with growing interest.

YUPPIE

(to James)

Celebrating?

JAMES ST. JAMES

(ignores him)

Yep.

YUPPIE

What's the occasion?

JAMES ST. JAMES

(without looking at him)

My first blow job.

The Yuppie laughs out loud, slaps James St. James on the back.

YUPPIE

Well, hell! Congratulations. The next round is on me.

JAMES ST. JAMES

(deadpan)

Don't bother. If four don't get the taste out of my mouth, nothing will.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

143

He turns and smiles at the Yuppie.

JAMES ST. JAMES

(continuing)

Thanks anyway, though.

The Yuppie almost falls on his face as he bolts away from the bar.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON JAMES ST. JAMES

144

He moves through the crowd.

HIS POV

145

The assorted freaks that inhabit this place, the punks, new-wavers, preppies, yuppies and other beings. All of them trying to act so cool and hip, but all of them full of shit. It's enough to make James want to vomit.

JAMES ST. JAMES

146

His face registers no sign of Carl. He walks up the winding stairway to the second level.

INT. GOLDEN BEAR MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

147

James St. James wanders into the crowded rest room. A small group of guys, neatly dressed in expensive suits, stand near the washbasins passing a joint. They all look to be about James' age. He moves to a urinal, unzips his fly and takes a wizz. ONE OF THE SUITS recognizes James.

SUIT #1

Hey, garbage fag.

James St. James ignores him.

SUIT #1

(continuing)

Hey, James. You tap it more than twice, it means you're whacking.

JAMES ST. JAMES

Yeah. You'd like to see that, wouldn't you, Franklin.

SUIT #1

I'm always interested in a freak show.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

147

JAMES ST. JAMES

Oh, well, then that explains why
you go out with Sally
Kirkpatrick.

The other suits "ooh" at the insult. Suit #1 moves
away from the group. James St. James zips up, moves to
the washbasin and rinses his hands.

SUIT #1

(sarcastically)

That wonderful job of yours still
keeping you in that high income
bracket, James?

The other suits laugh. James St. James doesn't even
glance their way.

JAMES ST. JAMES

(matter-of-factly)

Don't mess with me, Franklin. You
know I'll just end up kicking your
ugly ass all over the place. So,
just be a good little mama's boy
and go play someplace else.

SUIT #1

Actually, I think the job suits
you just fine. Trash is
compatible with other trash.

JAMES ST. JAMES

Are you gonna make be break your
nose again, Franklin? You're
really not worth it. You wear
stupid looking suits, talk like an
asshole and you smoke shitty
homegrown weed that you thought
was sensamilla when you bought
it. But you're too much of a
dumbshit to know better.

The other suits grumble at this one, for they too,
thought they were smoking sensamilla.

James St. James moves toward the door. Suit #1 grabs
him by the arm. James St. James spins on him and
literally levels him with one punch to the jaw. Suit
#1 goes down for the count. The other suits watch on
in awe as James St. James stares regretfully at Suit
#1.

JAMES ST. JAMES

(continuing; pained)

Shit, Franklin.

He turns and exits the bathroom

EXT. GOLDEN BEAR PARKING LOT - NIGHT

148

James St. James jumps into the truck on the passengers side. Louis and Pizza Man look at him and await an answer.

LOUIS

No luck, huh?

James St. James just shakes his head, he refuses to make any eye contact with them. Louis shows his concern.

LOUIS

(continuing)

Are you okay?

James St. James turns to face Louis. He's upset, on the verge of tears. We have never seen him so vulnerable. Maybe no one has.

JAMES ST. JAMES

Why are there so many assholes in the world?

He looks out the window and wipes his eyes.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

149

The full moon casts a beautiful, eerie glow on the vast, empty stretch of sand.

CARL AND SUSAN

150

They lay on the sand and make passionate, drunken love.

INT. TRUCK CAB - NIGHT

151

Louis drives, James St. James sips coffee from a take-out cup. Pizza Man watches him intently. James St. James notices.

JAMES ST. JAMES

You want some?

Pizza Man nods.

JAMES ST. JAMES

(continuing)

You promise you're not gonna scream and cry if I take that gag off?

Pizza Man nods again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

151

JAMES ST. JAMES

(continuing)

If you're lying, Louis will have
to bash you. You understand,
right?

Pizza Man nods a third time. James St. James undoes
the mouth gag. Pizza Man lets out a deep breath, and
exercises his jaw.

PIZZA MAN

Thanks, man.

James St. James puts the cup to Pizza Man's lips and
lets him drink. Louis watches.

LOUIS

I'm gonna take us down along the
beach again. It's gonna be
daylight soon.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

152

Carl and Susan have finished making love. They lay
close to each other on their backs, gazing at the star-
filled sky.

SUSAN

Well, Ted. That was really
wonderful.

CARL

Susan, I have a confession to
make...

SUSAN

Yes.

CARL

My name isn't Ted. It's Carl.
Carl Turner. I thought you should
know that.

A beat. Susan takes this in. She sits up, finds her
purse and places it in her lap.

SUSAN

You lied about your name, lied
about your job. What else have
you lied about, Carl Turner? If
that really is your name.

CARL

I don't consider it lying. I was
protecting myself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

152

SUSAN

Protecting yourself? Why?
Because you work for "them?"

A nervous beat, then:

CARL

What are you talking about?

SUSAN

Who are you working for?

CARL

I work for Western Waste Garbage
Disposal Corporation.

SUSAN

I think you're lying to me again.

CARL

Well, you can think what you want.
But that's the truth.

SUSAN

How were you planning on getting
rid of me?

CARL

(confused)

Getting rid of you? I don't
follow.

SUSAN

The same way you got rid of him?

CARL

Susan...

SUSAN

Just put a gun to the back of my
head and it's all over, huh?
Well, I'm here to tell ya! You
got another thing coming!

And with that, she whips out the .22 caliber pistol
from her purse and places it at the base of his skull.

Carl freezes.

CARL

So what happens now?

SUSAN

I can't let you live.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

152

CARL

I sort of figured you were gonna say that.

She cocks back the hammer. Carl starts to sweat.

CARL

(continuing)

What a perfect way to end the evening. Good dinner, good sex and a good murder.

SUSAN

It's a shame you have to be on the receiving end.

CARL

Better to receive than to give, I always say.

SUSAN

Why did you shoot him?

CARL

Maybe I should ask that question.

SUSAN

Is that the way you see it? Or is that the way you and your people have set it up?

CARL

My people?

SUSAN

You should have quit while you were ahead. You're very good. I didn't even hear you come in. And your gun? You must have been using a silencer. The shot didn't wake me. But I'll tell you what did -- his cold, wet, blood running all over my body.

(a beat)

Horrible, huh? Not really. He was an asshole. I don't know why I ever got involved with a politician. They're all a bunch of goddamn liars.

(a beat)

Yeah. You should have stopped after you nailed him. You had no business coming back for me. No business at all.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

152

Her finger trembles on the trigger.

CARL

Wait!

SUSAN

What? You want some kind of last request? No way. You're gone!

CARL

(panicked; frantic)

No! I have nothing to do with this! I live across the street from you. The other night I saw the two of you fighting. He was beating you. So I shot him with my pellet gun! I just wanted to stop the fight! That's it! I just wanted him to stop hitting you! Don't kill me! Please!

Susan takes a beat. Does she believe this one? No. She grabs him by the back of his hair and presses the barrel of the gun deeper into his scalp.

SUSAN

More lies!

CARL

I'm not lying! I swear!

SUSAN

But you came to my building. You came looking for me. You're an assassin! Admit it!

CARL

I found his body in the trash. I told you I work for a disposal company. I recognized him immediately as the man I shot with the pellet gun.

SUSAN

That still doesn't explain why you came looking for me.

CARL

I thought you killed him.

A long beat. Susan lets this sink in. She slowly lowers the gun from his head. He turns around to face her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

152

CARL

(continuing; calmer)

I thought you had killed your husband.

SUSAN

He wasn't my husband. He was my lover.

CARL

But the ring...

Susan looks at her wedding band.

SUSAN

Handed down from my grandmother. I've never been married.

CARL

Wow.

SUSAN

He was into some heavy shit.

(a pause as she considers telling him, then:

You know those toxic waste dumps off the coast? Most people think that ended a long time ago, but it didn't. They're still dumping barrels. Lots of 'em. And he was being paid a lot of money by the mob to keep his mouth shut and look the other way.

(a beat)

I guess he just got greedy. Figured they weren't paying him enough to keep quiet about destroying the environment.

(a pause)

Christ, why did you have to get involved?

CARL

You practically invited the whole goddamn neighborhood to watch that little spat of yours. I couldn't stand by and let you get hurt.

SUSAN

A true "good Samaritan," huh? I didn't think there were any of you guys still around.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

152

CARL

Well, I hardly think it's something that I'll get the Civilian Medal of Valor for.

SUSAN

Y'know, the more I asked about what he was doing, or why men in business suits were at my apartment at five in the morning, the more violent he became.

CARL

And he beat you.

SUSAN

(sadly)

Yeah.

CARL

Why didn't you go to the police?

SUSAN

I figured whoever killed him would be after me as well. The last couple of days, I know I've been followed.

CARL

You still should have reported it.

SUSAN

I didn't want them to see me go to the police. I knew that I'd be killed for sure, if they did.

(a beat)

Tonight, for instance. When we left my apartment, we were being tailed. A truck or something like that.

CARL

(suddenly remembers)

My God! James and Louis! Listen, we have to get back. My friends still think I'm with a murderer.

SUSAN

A what? What are you talking about?

QUICK CUT TO:

POV THROUGH INFRA-RED SCOPE

153

The ENTIRE FRAME is blood red. A view of Carl and Susan. The crosshairs are fixed on Carl's head. He shifts slightly to the left when:

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

154

BOOM! The sand EXPLODES. The bullet missing Carl by centimeters.

Carl and Susan dive for cover. MORE SHOTS.

They grip onto each other tightly as the BULLETS WHIZ over their heads.

PING! A bullet comes real close.

CARL

Jesus Christ!

And then silence. The shooting ends as quickly as it began. The SOUND of a high-powered AUTOMOBILE ROARING off.

SUSAN

(loud whisper)

What do we do now?

CARL

We can't just sit here. We gotta move. Gotta get to your car.

SUSAN

Are you crazy?

CARL

Look, if we stay here, we're dead for sure. We're like sitting ducks, for Christ's sake!

She thinks about this for a beat, then:

SUSAN

You go first.

Carl and Susan slowly peek up over the sand hill. Nothing. They start to crawl forward on their bellies. Still no shots. Carl gathers his courage, gets to his knees and then his feet. Susan follows and they take off running across the sand, towards her car.

CARL AND SUSAN

155

They run for their life, but the soft sand slows their pace. Susan trips and falls, but quickly recovers and continues running.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

156

Carl and Susan run off the sand and onto the street.
They round the corner and suddenly stop.

CARL

Where's the car?

SUSAN

(panicked)

I don't know! I parked it right
here!

CARL

Are you sure?

SUSAN

Yes, I'm sure!

HEADLIGHTS!

157

They come to life behind them.

CARL AND SUSAN

158

They turn and see:

SUSAN'S CORVETTE

159

A darkened FIGURE sits behind the wheel. The ENGINE
ROARS. But it doesn't advance on them. It just stays
parked. The driver continues to put his foot to the
floor, showcasing the awesome power of the automobile.

SUSAN

That's my car!

CARL

Holy shit!

They slowly start to move away, then break into a dead
run.

SCREECH! The Corvette flies away from the curb.

CARL

160

He turns to see where the screech came from. But as he
takes his eyes off his path, his head connects with a
huge concrete street post. SMACK! He's completely
leveled, as his limp body hits the ground and rolls
alongside a parked car.

SUSAN

161

She stops and quickly moves to Carl's side. They lay
flush against the car.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

162

The Corvette slowly drives by the parked car that Carl and Susan lay next to. The Driver doesn't see them. The Corvette continues on.

CARL

163

He holds his head in his blood-covered hands. He groggily sits up, remembers where he is. Blood flows from a gash over his right eye. Susan examines his wound. It looks a lot worse than it is.

SUSAN

Are you alright?

CARL

Goddamn lamp post jumped right in my way...

They peek their heads up over the parked car.

THEIR POV

164

About a hundred yards away, the Corvette creeps its way down the street. The brake lights continually illuminate as the driver checks alleyways, side streets, etc. The car turns down one of these side streets.

CARL AND SUSAN

165

They make a dash for it, running at full force. Carl holds one hand on his open wound.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

166

They bolt over a fence and into a yard. They move up the front porch and Carl pounds on the door. A second floor light comes on.

SUSAN

Help us, please!

A front porch light turns on and a GRUFF MALE VOICE from behind the door barks at him.

VOICE

What do you want?

CARL

Please, sir. You gotta help us. Somebody's trying to kill us!

A beat, then:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

166

VOICE

I can't get involved.

The front porch light goes out. Carl looks over his shoulder and spots the deadly Corvette coming up the street. He screams and pounds on the door harder.

EXT. CORVETTE - NIGHT

167

The Driver spots them on the porch of the house and accelerates.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

168

Carl and Susan leap off the porch into some shrubbery. The SOUND of the Corvette as it SCREECHES to back up and follow them. They get to their feet and vault a neighbor's gate.

They move from yard to yard, jumping and vaulting fences and gates. An occasional dog growls and comes after them, but their adrenaline is pumping so hard that the dogs are no match for them.

The Corvette follows their progress. The driver watches as they make this seemingly feeble attempt to escape.

Carl quickly cuts through a back yard and hops the rear fence which brings him back onto Hermosa Avenue. He bolts down the sidewalk. Susan has started to tire. She lags behind, desperately trying to keep up the pace.

The Corvette has lost him. The driver accelerates through an alley, but it is marked by a cinderblock wall and a sign reading "DEAD END." The driver throws the car in reverse.

EXT. HERMOSA AVENUE - NIGHT

169

Carl spots a parked police cruiser a hundred yards up ahead on the beach side of the street. He sprints across the street and runs up to the black and white. Empty. His face falls. He tries to open the door. Locked. Susan catches up to him. She's out of breath. She starts to say something, but Carl silences her by putting his finger to his lips. He looks around desperately for any sign of the police. Nothing. Just a long row of dark houses, briefly broken up by a stretch of beach that extends all the way to the street. A volleyball court stands out in the middle of the sand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

169

CARL
(calls out in vain)
Help! Police!

OFFICER #1 (O.S.)
Over here!

Carl and Susan can't believe it. Help sent from God.
They look around to determine where the voice is coming from.

CARL
Where are you?

OFFICER #1 (O.S.)
Over here! By the volleyball court!

CARL
(to Susan)
You stay right here.

Carl moves off towards them, but as he gets closer to them, his enthusiasm quickly fades.

CARL'S POV

170

The two Officers embracing. They are struggling to get free, but it appears to Carl that they are fucking.

Carl stops advancing towards them, he freezes when he gets the clear picture.

CARL
(embarrassed)
Excuse me. Sorry.

OFFICER #2
(grunts)
No, you don't understand. Please come here and help us.

Carl backs away.

CARL
I'm really not into it, fellas.
Thanks anyway.

As he backs off and the Officers scream for help, he trips over their uniforms and gear belts. He hurriedly fishes through the pockets of the uniforms searching for the keys to their car. Bingo! He finds the keys and rushes to the police cruiser. Susan follows.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

170

SUSAN
Where are the police?

CARL
Fucking on the beach.

Susan has to laugh.

SUSAN
No. Where are they really?

INT. CORVETTE - NIGHT 171

The driver sees them up ahead, he puts the pedal to the floor.

CARL 172

He frantically tries to find the right key. Susan tries to help him.

SUSAN
Try this one!

THE DRIVER'S POV 173

Rapidly coming up on Carl and Susan. Carl throws her a quick glance. The sweat rolls off his forehead.

CARL'S HAND 174

It slips the correct key in the lock and pulls the door open.

CARL AND SUSAN 175

They dive into the car and close the door as:

THE CORVETTE 176

rips past the police car, tearing the sideview mirror off.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT 177

Carl starts the car and floors it.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT 178

The police car flies away from the curb. The Corvette does a 180 degree spin in the middle of the road and blocks the way of the oncoming police car.

CARL

178A

He cranks the wheel, cuts across the center divider and accelerates onto the opposite side of the street. Susan holds on for her life.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

179

The police car SQUEALS past the Corvette. The driver straightens the Corvette and follows after Carl and Susan, who have taken a big lead.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

180

Carl drives like a madman. He wipes some blood out of his eyes and momentarily loses control of the car. A DISPATCHER'S VOICE comes over the radio.

DISPATCHER'S VOICE

Still unable to get a ten-twenty on 1-CHARLIE-16.

(static)

Last time checked in was...

(more static)

1-CHARLIE-10... 1-CHARLIE-10.

Susan clicks the radio off.

CARL

Did you get a look at who was behind the wheel?

SUSAN

No.

CARL

No doubt this dude is related to the same guys who bumped off your old man.

SUSAN

No shit, Sherlock.

CARL

Don't give me any grief, babe. I sure as hell didn't ask for any of this crap.

SUSAN

Maybe you should have thought about that, before you pulled the trigger of your handy little pellet gun, pal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

180

CARL

Moments ago, you were making love
to me and singing praises to me
about what a good Sam I was.

SUSAN

Alcohol induced.

CARL

A warming thought.

The Corvette's headlights can be seen quickly coming up
from behind. Carl tries to pull the police shotgun
from its lock on the dash. It won't budge.

CARL

(continuing)

We can argue later. Let's take
care of this motherfucker now!

Susan pulls the .22 pistol from her purse.

SUSAN

Maybe we can use this.

Carl laughs at the puny handgun.

CARL

Yeah. Maybe you can beat him to
death with it.

INT. TRUCK CAB - NIGHT

181

James St. James, Louis and Pizza Man.

JAMES ST. JAMES

I need a drink. Badly.

LOUIS

We just stopped and got you
coffee.

JAMES ST. JAMES

Yeah, but now I need something to
take me down from this caffiene
buzz.

LOUIS

They stop serving at two a.m. in
this town. So, I guess you're
shit outta luck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

181

JAMES ST. JAMES

I know this one place, right near by. They serve after hours and they love me there.

LOUIS

No, James.

James St. James turns to Pizza Man.

JAMES ST. JAMES

What about you? Aren't you just creaming for a cold brew? Think how terrific those little liquid hops and barleys would taste as they dance their way down your throat. Totally outrageous.

PIZZA MAN

Are you an alcoholic?

James St. James turns away disgustedly. The truth is painful.

JAMES ST. JAMES

Man, whose idea was it to take that gag off?

Louis throws him a look.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

182

Carl and Susan speed on down the road.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

183

Louis turns the truck onto Hermosa avenue. The police car with Carl at the wheel, approaches quickly from behind.

INT. TRUCK CAB - NIGHT

184

Louis sees the police car immediately. He steps on the gas.

LOUIS

We got problems, man.

James St. James and Pizza Man turn to see the black and white.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

185

Carl recognizes James' truck. His face lights up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

185

He starts flashing his brights and HONKING the HORN.
His hand finds the button for the red swivel lights.
He turns them on.

CARL

(excited; to Susan)

My friends! The guys in the
truck! Alright!

INT. CORVETTE - NIGHT

186

The driver is right on Carl and Susan's tail. He rolls
down the window. This is the first time we get a clean
look at him. He is the same Man who we saw in the
opening scene. The Money Man. The Mob Man. He sticks
a .357 out and FIRES a random shot.

INT. POLICE CAR- NIGHT

187

That random SHOT SHATTERS the rear window and exits
through the windshield. Carl ducks and swerves the
car. Susan screams.

INT. TRUCK CAB - NIGHT

188

The three men recoil from the SOUND OF THE SHOT.

LOUIS

Jesus Christ! They're shooting at
us!

PIZZA MAN

Maybe we should stop the car!

LOUIS

Both of you, stay down!

James St. James and Pizza Man sink low in the seat.
ANOTHER SHOT RINGS OUT.

EXT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

189

Carl tries to pull his car up alongside the truck.

EXT. TRUCK - NIGHT

190

Louis cuts the wheel and prevents the police car from
getting closer. The police car's front fender collides
with the rear of the truck.

CARL

191

He slams on the brakes.

THE MOB MAN

192

He hits the brakes on the Corvette a moment too late.

EXT. CORVETTE - NIGHT

193

It collides into the rear of the police car, then goes into a 360 degree spin.

EXT. HERMOSA AVENUE - NIGHT

194

The truck roars on. The police car continues to give chase. The Corvette comes out of its spin and drives after them.

INT. TRUCK CAB - NIGHT

195

Louis cranks the truck around a sharp turn. James St. James and Pizza Man fall on top of each other.

LOUIS

Ain't no way I'm gonna let them take me in, man. Next thing you know, they find you hanging by your neck with that fancy snake skin belt your sister gave you for Christmas.

Louis notices the pellet rifle at his side. He picks it up and throws it to James St. James.

LOUIS

(continuing)

James, how good are you with that thing?

James St. James picks it up, opens the chamber, sees that it's loaded.

JAMES ST. JAMES

I dunno.

LOUIS

Give it a shot.

James St. James starts to pump the rifle. Pizza Man's mouth drops open.

PIZZA MAN

A pellet gun? A fucking pellet gun? You've been holding me hostage all night with an air rifle?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

195

JAMES ST. JAMES

Shut up!

PIZZA MAN

This is too much.

James St. James gives it one last pump. He slides open the small window behind the back seat, then positions himself and readies to fire.

CARL

196

He spots James St. James. His eyes widen as he sees his own rifle being leveled at him.

CARL

No! No! You idiot!

SUSAN

What are they doing?

CARL

He thinks we're the cops!

He HONKS the HORN and flashes the brights more rapidly. He tries to stick his head out the window so James can recognize him but as he does: BLAM!

The Mob Man FIRES another round and the bullet bounces off the roof of Carl's car. Carl quickly pulls his head back in.

JAMES ST. JAMES

197

He has some difficulty getting his balance. He rests his elbows on the seat, and finds the police car in the cross-hairs.

LOUIS

Make it count, man.

James St. James steadies the weapon, he applies some pressure to the trigger.

POV THROUGH THE SCOPE

198

The windshield of the police car and the foggy image of Carl behind the wheel.

JAMES ST. JAMES' FINGER

199

It starts to squeeze the trigger, when:

THE CENTER OF THE CROSS-HAIRS

200

The image of Carl becomes clear enough for James St. James to recognize him and abort the shooting.

JAMES ST. JAMES

201

He can't believe his eyes. He sees Susan sitting beside Carl. He smiles and lets out a whoop!

CARL

202

He is grateful for not having been shot. He raises his arm out the window and makes a victory fist at James St. James.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

203

JAMES ST. JAMES

You're not gonna believe this!

LOUIS

Believe what?

JAMES ST. JAMES

Pull over. Carl's driving the squad car.

Louis looks in the sideview mirror and catches a glimpse of Carl waving his arm out the window. Louis laughs out loud, starts to slow the truck.

LOUIS

(laughs)

That little bastard.

JAMES ST. JAMES

And that lady's sitting next to him.

CARL

204

He sees their brake lights go on and the truck slowly start pulling over to the side of the street. He panics.

CARL

No! What are they doing?

SUSAN

They're stopping!

CARL

Shit!

THE MOB MAN

205

He drives with one hand and reloads the .357 with the other.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

206

Carl rides up next to the truck. He and Susan scream at Louis and frantically motion for him to keep going.

LOUIS

207

He doesn't understand what Carl is doing. He rolls down his window as:

THE CORVETTE

208

glides up alongside the police car. The Mob Man takes aim and SHOOTs several rounds at Carl and Susan.

CARL AND SUSAN

209

They avoid being hit.

JAMES ST. JAMES

210

His face goes from joy to horror as he spots the Mob Man behind the wheel of the Corvette.

PIZZA MAN

211

cowers on the floor of the car.

LOUIS

212

He realizes what's going on. He puts his foot on the gas and motions for Carl to pull ahead of him.

THE POLICE CAR

213

Carl pulls it in front of the truck and gets a safe distance from the Mob Man and the bullets.

THE MOB MAN

214

swears to himself, then floors the Corvette in an attempt to pass the truck.

THE TRUCK

215

Louis steers into the Corvette, causing the Mob Man to lose control of the wheel. The Corvette skids off the road and bounces off a parked car. But that only slows him for a moment as he downshifts and ROARS off to continue this crazed and deadly game.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

216

Louis looks in his rearview mirror to see the Corvette come back to life. It starts to move up on them.

LOUIS

This is wild! The dude is completely out of control.

JAMES ST. JAMES

Oh, God.

James St. James again picks up the rifle and again positions himself to fire out the rear window.

LOUIS

What are you gonna do?

JAMES ST. JAMES

What does it look like I'm gonna do?

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

217

Carl watches the scene behind him in his rearview mirror. He turns off the red swivel light.

INT. TRUCK CAB

218

James St. James rests the rifle on his hands and takes aim through the scope.

POV THROUGH THE SCOPE

219

The windshield of the Corvette.

THE MOB MAN

220

sees James St. James at the window with the rifle. He points his pistol out the window and FIRES a wild shot.

INT. TRUCK CAB - NIGHT

221

The bullet narrowly misses James St. James, rockets through a portion of the rear window and skims across Louis' upper shoulder.

LOUIS

222

He winces and grabs his shoulder. The truck swerves dangerously. He gets control of the vehicle and throws a look to James St. James.

James St. James starts to abandon his position to help Louis, but Louis yells at him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

222

LOUIS

I'm okay, James! I'm okay!

A beat, he nods, then adjusts himself and readies to fire.

He lines up the crosshairs, takes a breath, licks his lip then very gently and effortlessly, pulls the trigger.

THE CORVETTE

223

The windshield EXPLODES and shatters in a shower of glass.

THE MOB MAN

224

is unhurt, but totally blinded and freaked as the glass dances across his face. He loses total control of the vehicle.

JAMES ST. JAMES

225

His face registers a mixed bag of emotions, he lowers the rifle then watches with shocked disbelief as he sees:

THE CORVETTE

226

skids off the road, jumps the curb and flies over an embankment where it rolls, bounces and tumbles 200 yards down until it comes to a dead halt. No human could have survived this accident and the Mob Man is no exception.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

227

Louis stops the truck. He and James St. James leap out of the cab and move to the edge of the embankment.

JAMES ST. JAMES

Holy shit!

THE POLICE CAR

228

Carl and Susan drive up, jump out of the car and join them. They look down at the smoking wreckage in silence.

CARL

Wow.

LOUIS

Ain't no way that dude is alive.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A beat, then James St. James puts an arm on Carl's shoulder.

JAMES ST. JAMES
Glad to have you back.

CARL
Are you okay?

JAMES ST. JAMES
Never been better.

LOUIS
What else could you have done,
kid?

JAMES ST. JAMES
Nothing, I guess.

James St. James and Louis look at Susan. They all shift uncomfortably. Carl tries to ease the tension.

CARL
Susan, these are my friends.
James and Louis.

LOUIS
We thought...

CARL
Yeah, yeah. We all did.

JAMES ST. JAMES
(to Susan)
So. You're Carl's neighbor, huh?

SUSAN
That's right.

CARL
You still have her old man in the
back of the truck?

James St. James looks nervously to Susan and then to Carl.

JAMES ST. JAMES
Uh, yeah.

CARL
We're back to the old question
about what to do with the body.

LOUIS
Gentlemen, I have an idea.

EXT. THE EMBANKMENT - NIGHT

229

Carl and James St. James struggle as they carry the body down the hill towards the Corvette. Louis goes along with them, holding a can of gasoline with his good arm.

They reach the smashed Corvette, lay the body down next to it and move away. Louis steps up with the can of gas and douses the body and the car with it. He finishes, then looks at the boys.

LOUIS

Okay, you boys start back up.
This is gonna be a big one.

Carl and James St. James don't move, they watch in awe. Louis stops and addresses them.

LOUIS

(continuing; softly
to them)

This isn't wrong, y'know.

CARL

We know it isn't, Louis. It's
just so goddamn...

He can't think of the right adjective. James St. James finishes it for him.

JAMES ST. JAMES

... intense.

CARL

Yeah. Really intense.

LOUIS

This is it, man. This is about as intense as it gets. You think it gets any easier, boys? Think again. I'm not saying I have all the answers, but here it is, man. Reality. Smack in the face. You deal with that reality the only way you know how. And you pray that it's the best you can do. Well, I'm just trying to take care of us all.

(he takes a beat)

Alright, now get on up the hill so
I can torch this thing.

They nod and quickly move away from him and up the hill.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

229

Louis takes a few steps back, then strikes a match and tosses it into a small pool of the petrol. The fuel ignites and the Corvette becomes a blazing bonfire. Louis moves back up the hill and joins the boys.

Carl stands next to Susan and they watch the blaze. He gently puts his arm around her.

CARL

You okay?

She quietly nods her head. They stare at the burning wreck for a long beat. They move away from the embankment and join Louis at the police car.

INT. TRUCK CAB - NIGHT

230

James St. James is behind the wheel. Pizza Man, now with his hands untied, sits next to him staring out the window.

PIZZA MAN

Interesting evening, huh?

James St. James is off in his own world. He turns to Pizza Man.

JAMES ST. JAMES

What's that?

PIZZA MAN

Interesting evening.

JAMES ST. JAMES

I'll say.

PIZZA MAN

I wonder if I'm gonna get fired.

JAMES ST. JAMES

Do you care?

Pizza Man thinks about this for a beat, then:

PIZZA MAN

I guess not.

JAMES ST. JAMES

Your boss a prick?

PIZZA MAN

Pretty much.

JAMES ST. JAMES

Mine too.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

230

A considered beat, then:

PIZZA MAN

I didn't mean anything bad when I
asked if you were an alcoholic.

A beat, James St. James looks at Pizza Man thought-
fully.

JAMES ST. JAMES

It's okay. It's true.

They drive on in silence.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

231

Carl drives. Susan sits close to Carl and rests her
head on his shoulder. Louis sits in front seat with
them and plays with the police radio. They follow
right behind James St. James' truck.

CARL

Louis.

LOUIS

What?

CARL

Do you think I screwed up?

LOUIS

Do you?

CARL

I guess it got more out of control
than I had planned.

LOUIS

(sarcastic)

Oh, you had a plan, huh?

CARL

Not a plan. Just good intentions.
I just wanted to help somebody who
I thought needed help. I suppose
you don't help people unless they
ask for it. Right, Sue?

Susan opens her eyes. She hasn't really been
listening.

SUSAN

Hmm?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

231

LOUIS
You had clear intent.

CARL
Clear intent?

LOUIS
That's right.

Carl thinks about this for a moment, then:

CARL
Yeah. I guess that's what it was.

Carl nudges Susan.

CARL
(continuing)
And what are we gonna do with you?

SUSAN
I remember you said you were gonna
take me to the beach, kill me and
rape my dead, naked body.

CARL
You gonna hold me to it?

SUSAN
I'd prefer to live.

CARL
Glad to hear it.

SUSAN
This isn't the end of it, y'know.
They'll be more. I can't go home
again.

CARL
I know.

EXT. HERMOSA AVENUE - NIGHT

232

Carl drives the police car back to the spot where he took it. He rolls up the window and puts the keys on the sun visor. He, Susan and Louis get out, move to James' truck and hop in.

The officers handcuffed to the volleyball net post, waiting for morning, can be seen in the distance, as James St. James does a U-turn and they head off down the street.

The SOUND OF SIRENS off in the distance.

INT. TRUCK - DAWN

233

Carl, Susan, James St. James, Louis and Pizza Man are all smashed together in the truck. Susan turns to look at Pizza Man.

SUSAN

Hi. We haven't met. I'm Susan.

LOUIS

That's the Pizza Man.

PIZZA MAN

My name's Alfie. But Pizza Man's fine. Everybody here calls me that.

Carl takes a hand off the wheel, reaches to shake Pizza Man's hand.

CARL

I'm Carl. Nice to meet you, Alfie.

Louis rolls his eyes.

LOUIS

Wild fuckin' night.

EXT. CARL'S APARTMENT - DAWN

234

As the dawn rapidly approaches, the men exit the truck and hang there a moment to say their goodbyes. Susan stays close to Carl.

PIZZA MAN

I've been kidnapped, beaten, screamed at, bound and gagged, had my life threatened and I'm still not sure why.

JAMES ST. JAMES

At least you can't say you're hurting from a lack of attention.

LOUIS

You walked into the middle of a ton of shit, son.

PIZZA MAN

I guess so.

LOUIS

There was no other way to deal with the situation. We couldn't risk you going off and calling the cops.

CONTINUED:

234

PIZZA MAN

What about now?

LOUIS

I figure you're smarter than that.

PIZZA MAN

Yeah.

Pizza Man smiles.

A beat, Carl looks at James St. James.

CARL

You ready to go to work or what?

JAMES ST. JAMES

(he shakes his head)

Nah. I'm not so sure I'm gonna be going back there, Carl.

CARL

What do you mean?

JAMES ST. JAMES

I need some time to think things out. Think maybe I'll head down south. Maybe El Salvador. I hear the surfing's great down there. Give me some time to be alone and clear my head. I've got a lot of garbage that I have to clean out of myself before I can take care of anyone else's.

Carl is not thrilled by this news, but he understands.

CARL

Good enough.

JAMES ST. JAMES

What about you, Louis? Are you going back to work for Western Waste?

LOUIS

I think I'll be leaving town. Give this thing some time to blow over. Those officers saw my face pretty good. I dunno. I doubt any of the authorities would be willing to listen to my side of the story anyway. Life's a bitch, huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

234

The Pizza Man starts to move off.

PIZZA MAN

I gotta go, fellas. If you guys
are ever around and you want some
free pizza, just drop in, okay?
That is, if I still have my job.
See ya.

He leaves.

LOUIS

Is somebody gonna give me a ride
home?

CARL

Yeah, I got you covered.

James St. James and Louis shake hands.

LOUIS

James. Good luck to you. I'll
see you soon.

James St. James nods, he knows he won't.

JAMES ST. JAMES

It's been a slice.

LOUIS

You hang in there, man. You're
gonna do alright.

JAMES ST. JAMES

(he smiles)

You think so?

Louis takes a considered pause, then:

LOUIS

Nah.

Louis smiles. He and Susan step away from the boys to
allow them some privacy.

CARL

How long you figure you'll be gone
for?

James St. James shrugs.

JAMES ST. JAMES

A week. A month. I dunno. I'll
call and let you know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

234

CARL
I'd appreciate it.

JAMES ST. JAMES
So, what do you think you're gonna do now?

CARL
Beats the hell out of me. Maybe I need to get out of town too. Seems to be the popular choice.

JAMES ST. JAMES
Where would you go?

CARL
Is El Salvador big enough for both of us?

JAMES ST. JAMES
Last time I checked, it was.

CARL
Good enough.

JAMES ST. JAMES
(throws a glance at Susan)
What about her?

CARL
I dunno. I guess she could come with me. I kind of dig her.

JAMES ST. JAMES
I better get going.
(a beat)
Hey, if you see me on the street down there...

CARL
Yeah, yeah. I'll pretend I don't know you.

JAMES ST. JAMES
(smiles)
So much for friendship, huh?

CARL
Hey, buddy, you can be replaced by a Coke machine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

234

JAMES ST. JAMES

(he smiles)

Yeah, right.

(a beat)

You know, we weren't sure if we
were ever going to see you alive
again.

CARL

Neither was I.

A long moment, then:

CARL

(continuing)

What a night, huh?

JAMES ST. JAMES

Someday you're gonna have to tell
me all about it.

CARL

Someday I will.

They shake hands, embrace. James St. James moves to
Susan.

JAMES ST. JAMES

(quietly to her)

Take good care of my buddy.

SUSAN

(quietly back)

I will.

He moves to his truck, gets in and drives away. Carl
stands on the sidewalk and watches him until he is out
of sight. He goes to Susan.

CARL

You with us?

SUSAN

Do I have a choice?

CARL

Of course you have a choice. This
is America, babe! I mean, your
options are limited, but you still
have a choice.

He slowly shuffles to his old Subaru, opens the door
for Louis and Susan. Louis slides in back. Susan
hesitates a beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

234

CARL

(continuing)

You said it yourself, you can't go home again. Neither can I for that matter. Come on.

She still doesn't move.

Louis sticks his head out the window.

LOUIS

Honey, we have to go.

CARL

There's nothing for you here, man, except a ton of hurt.

She moves to the car. Susan sits in the passenger's seat. Carl fishes the keys out of his pocket, STARTS IT and throws it in gear. He FLIPS THE CAR STEREO ON and The Poorman's voice fills the soundtrack.

We CRANE UP from the street as Carl, Susan and Louis drive away from the curb, to reveal:

A stunning sunrise over the Southern California coast and we hear:

THE POORMAN (V.O.)

Good morning, you're with the Poorman on open line, go ahead.

A FLAKEY GIRL'S VOICE speaks up. She is a different girl from the one in the opening of the story.

FLAKEY GIRL (V.O.)

Yeah, hi. My name's Stacy and I have a boyfriend who I've been going out with for two years now. And he works nights as a delivery boy for a pizza place. And last night he never came home and I'm just positive he was out sleeping with another girl...

THE POORMAN (V.O.)

Well, I think you should definitely dump the dude...

SLOW FADE OUT.

THE END