

"MODERN PROBLEMS"

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"MODERN PROBLEMS"

FADE IN

EXT. AIRLINE MAINTENANCE HANGAR

1

A MECHANIC is walking past the enormous wheel assembly of a jumbo-jet. He walks over to the landing strut and notices a bolt hanging loosely from the point at which the wheel assembly meets the fuselage. He cautiously looks in both directions, takes a roll of duct tape off his belt, tears off a piece, and with it covers the loose bolt. Satisfied, he moves on. In the b.g. is the air traffic control tower.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSEUP - SMALL BATTERED TABLE

2

We are LOOKING at a cast metal replica of an aeroplane in flight, the base of which is an ashtray overflowing with butts and crushed cigarette packages. Scattered about it are opened packages of antacids, Di-Gel, and bottles of Maalox. Nearby sits a forlorn and extremely dead potted plant with faded ribbon wrapped around its base. The florist's card reads, "Merry Christmas from LAX."

The CAMERA PANS. We are in an employees' lounge, painted in soft, restful, institutional colors. There is a coffee machine along one wall next to a bulletin board. The room is quiet except for the soothing MUZAK.

A haggard-looking man is reading the latest issue of "GUNS AND AMMO." Another man absently holds a lit cigarette aloft and makes diving airplane sounds as he swoops it down into the side of a styrofoam cup, burning a hole in it.

The PAN finally COMES TO REST ON a third man, watching a small TV with the sound off. He has a coffee cup in one hand and is shaking perceptibly as he chews his fingernails, a bit wide-eyed. Behind him on the wall, an FAA sign reads: "CONGRATULATIONS KENNEDY AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLERS! FOUR DAYS WITHOUT AN ACCIDENT."

CUT TO:

ANOTHER ANGLE

3

The door is suddenly thrust open by the SUPERVISOR and we CATCH A GLIMPSE of the air traffic control room outside where pandemonium and chaos are the norm. A dozen voices can be HEARD talking at once as controllers call out coordinators, receive transmissions from pilots, and argue with each other.

Cont.

SUPERVISOR

Let's go, guys. Coffee break's over. We got some birds that wanna come down.

PETE, the man who burned a hole in the styrofoam cup, inhales sharply, then stares at his trembling hand, willing it to ice-cold steadiness.

With instant bravura, he springs to his feet, squares his shoulders, and strides into the control room, ready for the fray. We FOLLOW him.

CUT TO:

INT. AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL ROOM

4

The CAMERA DOLLIES, CONTINUING TO FOLLOW Pete. The frenzied activity in the room brings to mind the floor of the New York Stock Exchange. Varied personalities are SEEN working in the f.g. at their consoles as we TRAVERSE the room.

We COME UPON a placid-looking man smoking a pipe. He slowly takes a huge bottle of Valium from a small flight bag slung over the back of his chair, opens it, and shakes a number of pills into his palm, dropping a few. Not bothering to pick them up, he swallows the ones in his hand.

TWO CONTROLLERS at adjoining stations strike a deal:

CONTROLLER #1

What'dya got in the next five minutes, Mike?

CONTROLLER #2

Two Braniffs, an Ozark L-10, and a late Concord.

CONTROLLER #1

All I've got is a jumbo jet and a little Cessna from Miami. Wanna trade?

CONTROLLER #2

What's the catch?

CONTROLLER #1

The pilot in the Cessna is dead.

CONTROLLER #2

No deal.

Cont.

A quarrel between a CONTROLLER and a sandwich VENDOR creates confusion in the skies:

CONTROLLER

(to Vendor)

Two-fifty?! For tuna?

A PILOT'S VOICE is HEARD coming from the Controller's console.

PILOT

(voice over)

Roger Kennedy Control, this
is Air France inbound from
Tunis, coming around to
two-fifty degrees.

CONTROLLER

(into his microphone)

Negative, Air France. Hold for
new coordinates...

(turns back to

Vendor; still irate;
to Vendor)

Yesterday it was two-twenty-five!

VENDOR

Take it or leave it.

PILOT

(voice over)

Roger Kennedy. Coming around
to two-twenty-five and
descending.

The Controller, still intent on the Vendor is oblivious to the Pilot's transmission. He and the Vendor continue to argue as we MOVE ON. Added to all this, is the vocal and visual chaos of the many people bickering, shouting, and scurrying about in the rest of the room.

The man we have been following at last comes to his station and places his hand on the shoulder of MAX FIEDLER, a man in his prime, average in appearance. He has a lit cigarette in his hand and an ashtray filled with butts in front of him. The other hand is busily tapping his pencil on the console as he talks to an aircraft. Max is one of those people who appears relaxed but never actually comes to a complete stop. He looks a little tired today. Suddenly an urgent PILOT'S VOICE comes from Max's speaker.

Cont.

AMERICAN PILOT

(voice over)

Mayday Kennedy! Mayday, Mayday!
This is American 97. My left
engine just sucked up a flock
of sea gulls and knocked out my
hydraulics. Request permission
to land immediately.

Max snaps to. He responds with smooth precision.

MAX

(into microphone)

Roger American. I copy your
Mayday. Stand by.

Pete, standing at Max's shoulder, speaks to the adjacent
Controllers:

PETE

Could you hold it down fellas,
Max has got a Mayday.

CONTROLLER #1

Big deal.

(into headset)

Okay, first remove the body
from the pilot's seat...

The activity in the room continues as usual.

MAX

(nervous, but

smoothly professional)
Pan Am 117, abort your landing
and proceed to the top of the
stack. Leer Jet NC-505, hold
where you are. Okay, American
97, you are cleared for landing,
Runway Three. Bring her down.

AMERICAN PILOT

(voice over, alarmed)

Negative, Kennedy! I have
visual contact with a DC-10 on
the runway!

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - TWO BLIPS ON RADAR SCREEN

5

They are beginning to converge.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON MAX

MAX

That's Alitalia. He's supposed to be up by now!

(into mike)

Alitalia 702, abort your takeoff; repeat: abort.

ALITALIA PILOT

(voice over)

Roger, Kennedy. I'll need some room to slow down.

MAX

Right.

(into mike)

American 97, he's aborting his takeoff. Suggest you maintain full flaps, hold your course, and try to leapfrog him. Good luck.

There is a tense silence, then:

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - RADAR SCREEN

7

One blip approaches another from behind on a collision course. At the last minute, it hops over the first blip and we HEAR an electronic "PLOOP" as in a video game.

SFX: "PLOOP".

AMERICAN PILOT

(voice over, heaving a sigh of relief)

Whooooee. We just cleared him, close enough to count the hairs in his nose. Thanks, Kennedy, I owe you one.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON MAX

8

Enervated and exhausted, he slides out of the chair as Pete, his replacement, slides in.

MAX

How's it goin', Pete?

Pete shrugs and makes a diving gesture with his cigarette into the ashtray while imitating the sound of a whistling bomb and resultant crash.

MAX

Great. See ya next week.

Max turns and heads for the lounge, relieved to be finished for the day.

CUT TO:

INT. EMPLOYEES' LOUNGE

9

Max enters and crosses to the water cooler. He reaches for the cup dispenser and finds it empty. As he takes a used crushed cup from the wastebasket and unfolds it, ANOTHER CONTROLLER speaks from his locker.

ANOTHER CONTROLLER

How's that new car, Max?

MAX

Haven't had a chance to break it in, but me and my lady are gonna put some miles on it this weekend.

ANOTHER CONTROLLER

(stretching)

Think I'll lay around this weekend in my wife's underwear, and take it easy.

MAX

Yeah, well, have fun. See ya.

Max takes his coat from his locker and exits.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTDOOR PARKING LOT

10

Max walks through the parking lot to his car, a Mazda RX-7 with the "new car" sticker on the window. As Max approaches his car, he spies two underprivileged youths running down the line of cars, scratching them with large nails. They stop just before they get to Max's car. He stares them down and they sullenly walk away.

OPENING TITLES AND MUSIC:

CUT TO:

MAX DRIVING ON THE HIGHWAY

11

He opens the sunroof only to have the crank break off in his hand.

SFX: LOUD THUNDER RUMBLING.

Rain begins to come in through the open sunroof. Resigned to getting wet, Max turns on the windshield wipers. The blade on the driver's side falls off and the UPPER ARM makes an ear-piercing SCREECH as it moves back and forth scratching the windshield.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAX'S CAR ON THE HIGHWAY

12

The rain has stopped, but traffic is barely moving. There is a semi truck on either side of Max and a city bus in front of him, pouring fumes through the sunroof, making his eyes water.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - ANOTHER ANGLE

13

Max pushes the eject button on his tape deck. He removes the cassette, but the tape remains stuck in the machine. He extracts many feet of tape before yanking hard and breaking it.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAX'S CAR

14

He turns off of a city street into the entrance to the parking garage for his building.

CUT TO:

INT. MAX'S CAR

15

He inserts a plastic card into a slot which causes the entrance gate to go up. The card becomes stuck in the slot and Max must tug hard to remove it. When he finally does, it is mangled, and the entrance gate closes.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAX'S CAR

16

He backs up, running over the "SEVERE TIRE DAMAGE" metal teeth, puncturing all four tires. He drives through the parking garage exit which is just to the left of the entrance, then makes a tight right turn past a concrete pillar to get back in the entrance lane.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - SIDE OF MAX'S CAR

17

Max passes too close to the concrete pillar and a metal bolt which is protruding, scrapes his car from one end to the other.

END OF MONTAGE, TITLES AND THEME MUSIC.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - APARTMENT BUILDING

18

Max is walking down the hallway toward his apartment.

SFX: DISTANT PHONE RINGING.

Max hears the phone, hurries to his apartment door, and fumblingly tries to unlock it. As he does, we HEAR his PHONE ANSWER MACHINE GREETING PLAYING THROUGH THE DOOR.

DARCY

(voice over)

Hi, this is Darcy and Max and you've reached our answering machine. Because: A, we're not home...B, we're busy fighting...or C, we're in bed. Please leave your name and number when you hear the beep, and we'll get back to you when we're finished...

We HEAR Max giggling off-mike and Darcy responds with laughter.

DARCY

(voice over)

...Max, that tickles!

We HEAR the SOUND of both of them LAUGHING.

Max finally opens the door, enters, dashes through the living room into the bedroom and hurries to the phone. The ANSWERING MACHINE BEEPS just as he picks up the receiver.

MAX

Hello...hello...?

SFX: PHONE HANGING UP.

Max hangs up the phone, rewinds his answering machine, and pushes the playback button. As he listens to his messages, he unbuttons his shirt, takes off his shoes, and begins to get comfortable. The first message is a very muffled MAN's VOICE.

"BEEP."

Cont.

MALE
(voice over; very
muffled)
Hello, Mr. Fiedler, this
lsulnflg...very urgent that you
call by five P.M. or we'll be
forced to spxpgkrzv...we must
have the klwpthghj...

SFX: PHONE HANG UP.

Max shakes his head, puzzled. The next message is DARCY'S
VOICE. Max takes immediate interest.

"BEEP."

DARCY
(voice over;
angry)
Max, it's Darcy. I've had
it. I've moved out. You're
wrong about what you said
last night. I am not insecure
just because I want my man to
express his love for me -- and
eating corned beef sandwiches
while watching Tom Snyder every
night is not my idea of intimacy.
I'm just worn out from guessing
how you feel about us. Good-bye.

SFX: PHONE SLAMMING DOWN.

Max wheels around and frantically opens drawers and closets,
finding Darcy's things missing.

"BEEP."

DARCY
(voice over)
Max, it's me again. I just
want to say I hope being apart
brings us closer together.

SFX: PHONE SLAMMING DOWN.

Max dives to the side of the answering machine, as if
somehow he could reply to it. He then fixes his eyes
looking straight ahead, stunned.

There is a "BEEP" and Darcy is back with another message.

Cont.

DARCY
(voice over)
Me again. And do not try to
call. My phone won't be hooked
up 'till Monday.

SFX: PHONE SLAMMING DOWN.

Shocked, Max turns off the answering machine and slowly crosses to the dresser and picks up a picture of Darcy. She is very beautiful. Dazed, his mouth hanging open, he stares at her for a few seconds.

He puts the picture down on the top of the dresser and stumbles toward the bathroom.

CUT TO:

INT. MAX'S BATHROOM

19

Max enters, unable to focus on a single thought. He catches sight of himself in the medicine cabinet mirror and haplessly begins to stare at his own reflection. With a start, he comes to and quickly opens the medicine cabinet.

CUT TO:

INT. MEDICINE CABINET - CLOSEUP

20

It has been emptied except for a couple of pill bottles and Darcy's diaphragm case. Max picks up the diaphragm case.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON MAX

21

He shakes the diaphragm case and something bordering on panic comes to his eyes when he does not hear anything inside. He pauses, then opens the case. It is empty. Max looks off into space, dropping the case and numbly takes a new bar of soap from the medicine chest.

It is fancy, boutique soap, tightly wrapped in cellophane. Max enters the shower stall, turns on the water, and half-heartedly tries to take the cellophane wrapper off the soap, a seemingly impossible task. He gradually works himself into a small frenzy. When he finally unwraps the soap, it slips from his fingers and falls on the rug outside the shower stall. He bends to pick it up.

CUT TO:

11

CLOSEUP - BAR OF SOAP 22

It is covered with hair and dirt.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON MAX 23

reacting to the soap.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM 24

Max, showered and in his robe, glumly plods into the living room while looking at the TV guide, checking today's listings. He reaches down to turn on the television: it is not there. All that remains are a dust-free rectangle in the middle of the table, rabbit ears, and a note. Max picks up the note and reads it.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - NOTE 25

written on flowered stationery with a felt-tip pen.

NOTE

Honey...don't be mad. I know
the TV was yours, but you blew
out my speakers, so I figure
we're even. Darcy.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON MAX 26

now extremely depressed, plops himself in an armchair in front of the TV table and stares at the window of his basement apartment. THROUGH THE WINDOW, ABOVE the window-well, we SEE the legs of people walking by on the sidewalk.

An obviously drunk wino with filthy pants stumbles to the front of the window and faces it. He drops a wine bottle into the window-well and as he stands there, a stream of piss begins to hit the window pane.

MAX

Jesus Christ!

Max gets up; jerks the drapes on the window shut, and heads for the bedroom.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT ENTRANCE - MAX'S BUILDING - NIGHT 27

Max bursts out of the front door, dressed and eager to escape from his empty apartment.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER ANGLE 28

Max walks glumly down the sidewalk and enters a small neighborhood Greek restaurant call "Dimitri's."

CUT TO:

INT. ENTRANCE - DIMITRI'S 29

As Max enters, DIMITRI, a swarthy man with a moustache, approaches Max solicitously.

MUSIC: GREEK MUSIC PLAYS THROUGHOUT THE SCENE.

DIMITRI

Ah, Mr. Fiedler! Welcome...But,
where's Miss Darcy tonight?

MAX

Um...she couldn't make it.

We FOLLOW them as Dimitri leads Max toward a table.

DIMITRI

(genuinely
disappointed)
Oh...I saved scraps for her cat.

MAX

Yeah, well...the cat couldn't
make it either.

Dimitri takes this as a joke.

DIMITRI

Ha! Ha! Ha! The cat
couldn't make it either!
That's a good one!

MAX

Yeah.

DIMITRI

Your regular table?

MAX

(depressed)
Regular table? No...not tonight,
Dimitri. I'm...I'm not exactly
feeling regular.

DIMITRI

Ho, ho! Not feeling regular!
You sure are in a good mood
tonight, Mr. Fiedler!

MAX

Ya.

Max follows Dimitri to a different table and sits down.

DIMITRI

Should I have Ari bring your
usual?

MAX

No, not tonight. Let me see
a menu.

Dimitri hands him a menu.

DIMITRI

Very good, Mr. Fiedler.

Dimitri leaves. Max glances at the menu briefly, then looks
around the room, checking out the other diners.

CUT TO:

MAX'S P.O.V.

30

PANNING the restaurant. It is filled with romantic couples
dining in intimate candlelight. We STOP ON a beautiful,
sensuous redhead in a low-cut dress, sitting alone in a booth,
sipping a martini, staring directly at Max. She offers him
a small toast, takes a sip of her martini, and smiles
invitingly.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON MAX

31

At first, he is taken slightly off guard, but recovers
quickly to offer her a macho smile and an uplifted eyebrow.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON THE REDHEAD

32

She does a feminine imitation of Max's smile, lifts her
eyebrow, drains her martini, and parts her lips sensuously,
as she continues gazing at Max.

CUT TO:

14

ANGLE ON MAX

33

very interested and getting turned on in spite of everything that has happened today. He turns, snaps his fingers, summoning the waiter. Max whispers to the waiter and points toward the redhead.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON THE REDHEAD

34

who is still gazing at Max. She shifts her upper torso so that it faces Max, offering him an even better look at her ample cleavage.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON THE WAITER

35

The waiter gives Max an "Oh, you rascal" smile, nods knowingly, and leaves. Max looks at the redhead and gives her his biggest smile yet.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON THE REDHEAD

36

She equals the intensity of Max's smile, takes an olive from her martini glass, and sensuously nibbles it. The waiter brings her a new martini and gestures toward Max, indicating that he purchased her drink. She smiles at Max.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON MAX

37

He nods as if to say "It's nothing."

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON THE REDHEAD

38

who blows a silent kiss of thanks in Max's direction. At this point, a six-foot-five, 280-pound tough-looking man approaches the redhead's booth and slides in beside her, completely blocking her from Max's view. He downs the martini in one gulp.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON MAX

39

who, cut off from the redhead, is once again depressed and buries himself in the menu. After a few seconds, he slowly and carefully turns his body to face the redhead, keeping the menu in front of his face. He nonchalantly lowers the menu until only his eyes are peeking over the top of it.

CUT TO:

15

ANGLE ON THE TOUGH-LOOKING MAN - FROM THE SIDE 40

He is blocking our view of the redhead. The tough-looking man is wolfing down a salad and bread, paying no attention to Max. From behind his bulk, we SEE the redhead slowly leaning back and rising up in her seat, looking directly at Max, with a pure "Fuck me now" look in her eyes. The tough-looking guy finishes his salad and sits upright, blocking the redhead from Max's view. He takes his napkin from his lap and looks around the room as he wipes his mouth.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON MAX 41

who unobtrusively raises his menu to hide the fact that he's been staring at the redhead.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON THE TOUGH-LOOKING MAN 42

who throws his napkin on the table and continues to scan the room until he sees something he likes, stops, and smiles. PANNING LEFT we SEE a beautiful blonde, sitting at a nearby table who is smiling and staring directly at the tough-looking man.

CUT TO:

EXTREME CLOSEUP - THE TOUGH-LOOKING MAN. 43

who raises his eyebrow and broadens his smile, revealing a gold tooth.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - THE BEAUTIFUL BLONDE 44

who returns his smile, purses her lips, then cautiously looks to the right, moving only her eyes. PANNING LEFT, we SEE that she is looking at her date, a handsome dark-haired man who we SEE in profile. We SEE him in profile because he is looking over his left shoulder, exchanging glances with a voluptuous brunette at the next table.

CUT TO:

EXTREME CLOSEUP - VOLUPTUOUS BRUNETTE 45

She smiles enticingly.

CUT TO:

	16
EXTREME CLOSEUP - HANDSOME DARK-HAIRED MAN	46
who smiles and flares his nostrils slightly.	
CUT TO:	
EXTREME CLOSEUP - BEAUTIFUL BLONDE	47
who takes a deep puff on a cigarette, blows a smoke ring, and smiles lasciviously.	
CUT TO:	
MED. CLOSEUP - TOUGH-LOOKING MAN	48
who, smiling, slowly runs his thumb over his lower lip. He leans back slightly, allowing the redhead to rise up far enough to cast a sultry glance at Max.	
CUT TO:	
EXTREME CLOSEUP - MAX	49
who raises his eyebrow and bulges his eyes slightly in Valentino-esque fashion.	
CUT TO:	
QUICK CLOSEUP - REDHEAD'S EYES	50
as they dart to the left.	
CUT TO:	
QUICK CLOSEUP - TOUGH-LOOKING MAN'S EYES	51
as they dart to the right.	
CUT TO:	
QUICK CLOSEUP - BEAUTIFUL BLONDE'S EYES	52
as they dart to the right.	
CUT TO:	
QUICK CLOSEUP - HANDSOME DARK-HAIRED MAN'S EYES	53
as they dart to the left.	
CUT TO:	
QUICK CLOSEUP- VOLUPTUOUS BRUNETTE'S EYES	54
as they dart to the left.	

CLOSEUP - MAX'S EYES

55

as they stare bug-eyed and dart, first to the left, then to the right, and then close.

CUT TO:

MED. SHOT - MAX

56

as he sits with his eyes tightly closed and his fists clenched. He opens his eyes abruptly, gets up from the table, and quickly starts to leave the restaurant. Dimitri, carrying a doggie bag, stops him.

DIMITRI

Mr. Fiedler, is everything
all right?

Max looks a little shaky.

MAX

Yes, Dimitri...everything's
fine...I'm just not hungry.

Dimitri smiles.

DIMITRI

I understand, Mr. Fiedler.
(hands Max the
doggie bag)
Here's something for pussy.

MAX

What?!

DIMITRI

Scraps for Miss Darcy's cat.

MAX

Oh!...Thanks.
(walks toward
the exit)
Good-night, Dimitri.

DIMITRI

Good-night, Mr. Fiedler.

CUT TO:

EXT. DIMITRI'S NIGHT

Max exits the restaurant, walks down the street, and pauses in front of a garbage can.

He looks sadly at the doggie bag, then notices an alley cat. He squats and takes the scraps from the bag, holding them out to the hungry and wary animal.

MAX

Here, kitty. Come here kitty...
Jesus, I didn't think Darcy would
really move out. I don't know
why she got so pissed.

The cat finally moves to Max and nibbles out of his hand.

MAX

How could she think I don't
love her? I don't fool around.
I let her go where she wants.
I don't tell her what to do all
the time. What does she want
me to do? Open car doors?...
send flowers?...take her to
a fuckin' disco? Well, whatever
it is, I'm gonna do it. I'll
do everything in my power to
prove that I love her.

CUT TO:

HALLWAY OUTSIDE MAX'S APARTMENT

Max swings the door open and is surprised to see Darcy sitting on the couch in the middle of the room. She is obviously nervous and has rehearsed her speech.

DARCY

Hi, Max. I came to see you
because I felt guilty about
leaving without saying good-bye.
I'm really sorry it didn't work
out, and I want you to know even
after all we've been through --
 (stands and walks
 up to Max)
-- I love you.
 (fumbles in
 her purse)
I've got the key here somewhere.

Cont.

There is an awkward moment of silence. She looks up and hands him the key.

DARCY

Well, Max?

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON MAX

59

bottled up and unable to speak, he nervously takes several steps away from her and begins pruning the dead leaves from a potted avocado plant nearby.

MAX

What do you want me to do?

DARCY

Tell me how you feel about this.

MAX

I just want things to work out.

DARCY

That's not a feeling, that's a bumper sticker. Max, you never say how you feel. Do you love me?

MAX

(incredulous)

We've been living together for three years. What do you think?

DARCY

I don't know what to think. The only feelings I get from you are anger and jealousy.

MAX

Oh, great, now you're gonna bring that up again.

By now, Max has not only cleared the plant of it's dead leaves, but has worked his way halfway up the stalk, removing most of the others.

DARCY

No. No, I'm not gonna bring that up again. I'm gonna leave.

MAX

Wait a minute. I thought you wanted to talk.

Darcy removes Max's hand from the last remaining leaf and takes the avocado plant protectively into her arms.

DARCY

Not to myself. Good-night.

She exits with the plant and slams the door behind her. Max collapses against the door.

MAX

Shit. What is the matter with me!

(turns back to
the room)

You stupid jerk, Max!

He takes one step and kicks a nearby beanbag chair. His foot goes through a seam in the Naugahide and becomes stuck. In angrily pulling his foot out, thousands of tiny styrofoam pellets stream onto the floor.

He falls to his knees in a rage and tries to stuff the pellets back in, but in doing so, opens the seam wider, spewing out thousands more. Losing all control, he jumps to his feet, lifts the beanbag chair above his head, and swings it wildly, spewing the pellets all over the room.

He collapses on the couch exhausted. There is a moment of silence, then he becomes aware of a raging, homosexual bitch fight going on in a nearby apartment.

FIRST HOMO

(o.s.)

Listen, Julian, I don't have to take this crap from you! You don't own me, you bitch!

SECOND HOMO

(o.s.)

Don't call me a bitch, you whore!

SFX: DOOR CLOSING.

A third MALE VOICE enters the fray.

THIRD HOMO

(o.s.)

All right, girls! What's the racket?

SECOND HOMO

(o.s., sobbing)

Oh, Roger! I caught him...I caught him going down on Ed in the Ford.

Max stares unblinking at the ceiling as the fight drags on and we:

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. ZIG-ZAG BLIMP

60

The "ZIG-ZAG" blimp, a dirigible like the Goodyear Blimp, only bearing the famous "ZIG-ZAG" logo and lettering.

TILT DOWN:

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - ESTABLISHING SHOT - LATE
AFTERNOON

61

It is Sunday and the park is filled with the usual Sunday crowd. This year, joggers are the predominate life form. The path is so crowded in places, people stumble and fall domino fashion. Many are seen wearing transistor radio headsets with antennae. Others carry obscure paraphernalia such as transistorized heartbeat measuring units. Along the drive there is a line of paramedic units queued up and waiting like taxicabs. In addition to joggers, there are roller skaters, bicyclists, and Tai-Chi nuts doing their exercises on the lawn. Hucksters can be found along the paths selling health paraphernalia, Gatorade and shoe inserts.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON MAX

62

He is jogging with LORRAINE, his ex-wife. Lorraine says what's on her mind. Her bawdy frankness befits her and she is warmly sexy. She has honesty if not class and is the person Max goes to when he wants to talk because she knows Max best. She looks trim in her jogging outfit while Max, in a paint-stained sweat shirt and shorts, lopes beside her.

LORRAINE

Boy, you look awful. What's happening with you and Darcy?

MAX

She moved out yesterday.

LORRAINE

I could see it coming. You feel very comfortable expressing your anger, but not tenderness.

MAX

You're nagging, Lorraine. I'm not your husband anymore. I love Darcy and you know it.

LORRAINE

But does Darcy know it?

Cont.

A woman jogs by, breastfeeding her baby.

MAX

(sarcastically)

Oh right. As usual, I'm the villain...Okay, so what is it?... What am I doing wrong?

LORRAINE

You know, Max, there are other ways of showing you love someone besides jealousy.

MAX

Well, what do you want? She spends more time eating out with strange men than with me!

LORRAINE

She's a buyer for Saks, for Christ sake! It's her job to meet salesmen. She loves you. You just drive everybody away, Max. You'll wind up by yourself talking to cats and saving tinfoil.

MAX

And where will you be, fishwife?

LORRAINE

In bed, teaching a seventeen-year-old boy to play trap the clam.

MAX

Crass. Really crass.

There is a pause. They look at each other and smile. They are friends.

LORRAINE

Why don't we have dinner tonight at my place?

MAX

You sure you want to?

LORRAINE

You know you always come to me when there's trouble between you and Darcy. Maybe you'll get lucky tonight. I'm horny.

Cont.

They jog in silence for a moment. Max is sweating and exhausted.

MAX

Look, when do we pull over? I'm going blind.

LORRAINE

How can you complain, Max?
(with great admiration,
pointing ahead)
Look at that guy...

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON MAX

63

Coming up the path in the opposite direction is a robust MAN IN a WHEELCHAIR being pushed by his large black MAID.

The Maid is a tall, raw-boned, solid 180 lb. Haitian who is clad in jogging shoes, running pants and a "UCLA" sweat shirt. Her hair is beauty-parlor coiffed and crowned with a starched white maid's cap. She wears a brass-capped monkey's paw around her neck. She jogs along at a healthy pace, pushing her employer in his wheelchair.

The man in the wheelchair is a thirty-five-year-old Hemingway type. He wears a jogging outfit and a cut-off battle jacket festooned with medals and patches a la Jon Voight in "Coming Home." The man is punching the air and doing breath exercises as he merrily rolls along.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER ANGLE

64

as they pass Max and Lorraine. A look of recognition crosses over the face of the Man In the Wheelchair. He slams on his wheel brakes. The chair slues around, nearly toppling the Maid and comes to a halt.

MAN IN WHEELCHAIR (BRIAN)

Well, I'll be a striped-ass ape!
Max! Fielder! How ya doin', you
egg sucker?!

Max and Lorraine stop. They turn. Max recognizes an old friend.

MAX

Brian?? Uh...wow...

Cont.

BRIAN

Damn, you look good...how long's it been? Not since high school... Oh, hell, where's my manners? This is Dorita. She's from Port au Prince.

MAX

Hi.

Dorita looks at Max's obvious fatigue with interest and takes a twisted black root from a pocket.

DORITA

How'd 'ja do? You look a little peaked.

(offers Max the root)

Chew on this tango root. It's an upper.

Max accepts the root.

MAX

Thanks.

(to Lorraine)

Lorraine, this is Brian Stills, a good friend of mine back in high school.

(to Brian)

Brian, this is Lorraine.

Their eyes meet and there is a slight pause as both take in the other's features. There is something like a spark.

Lorraine instinctively fusses with her hair.

LORRAINE

(warmly)

Hello, Brian.

BRIAN

Pleased to meet you, Lorraine.

(notices Max staring at him; indicates wheelchair)

Admiring the old skateboard, pal? The jacket here saves a lot of explanations. Got my ass blown off in 'Nam. Crazy damn thing... I was humping this little gal who was hidin' ammo for the Cong under her bed. I lit a cigarette and came to in the hospital with medals all over the place.

LORRAINE

Talk about sex with fireworks.

MAX

Jesus, Lorraine!!!

BRIAN

(cracking up)

No, no, no! That's funny!
Goddamn, that's really funny.
Ha ha ha ha ha...shit...heh
heh.

(jolly, to Max)

Goddamn, it's good to see you.

(extending his arms)

Get down here where I can hug you.

At that moment, a herd of thirty marathon runners converges on them, forcing everyone except Brian off the path. We wait several awkward moments as the sea of flailing arms and legs passes.

BRIAN

I think they're trying to tell
us something. Let's get moving.
I don't want to cool down.

Dorita moves to push Brian in his chair but Lorraine steps in.

LORRAINE

Why don't you let me? I need
the exercise.

BRIAN

Oh...Be my guest, Lorraine.

They start off.

BRIAN

So, how've you been doin', Max?
Ever hear of the Inner Expansion
Press?

MAX

Sounds familiar.

BRIAN

It's my own little publishing
house. I'll tell you, buddy,
I'm hell on wheels. What are
you up to these days?

Cont.

MAX

I'm an air-traffic controller
at Kennedy.

BRIAN

Wow. Heavy job. My hat's off
to ya, Max.

DORITA

Did you ever have a crash?

MAX

(paling a little)

No. Not yet, no. No crashes.
No.

DORITA

(curiously)

How come in all those crashes
they never hit the tower?

MAX

I guess they could if they
wanted to.

DORITA

Uh-huh. Well, if y'all will
excuse me, I'm gonna work on my
kick.

With that, she sprints down the path in a blinding burst of speed. They watch her in awe as she overtakes and passes a Japanese jogger lugging a full reel-to-reel stereo strapped to his back, complete with miniature speakers mounted on a harness near his ears.

LORRAINE

What kind of books do you publish,
Brian?

BRIAN

Things dealing with personal
growth...psychology, mental
awareness...things that help
people get their shit together.

LORRAINE

Do you write?

BRIAN

Just the checks.

They are passing a group of men playing touch football. Brian looks longingly at them.

BRIAN

God, I'd give my right arm to
be out there.

Max is completely exhausted. He spots a drinking fountain.

MAX

You guys go on. I'm just going
to get a drink of water and
catch up.

He stops and heads for the fountain as Brian and Lorraine
continue on.

BRIAN

What do you do, Lorraine?

LORRAINE

Babysit with the men in my life,
it seems. What's happened to
real men?

BRIAN

Well, I've never had any complaints.

LORRAINE

Oh no, of course, not you. You're
running your own business, making
some men's careers, breaking
other's...and from a wheelchair yet!
As a woman, I respect that.

BRIAN

Thank you. I respect a woman who
respects me, but God, it's hard
sometimes having to look up from
this chair at guys who can't hold
a candle to me.

He makes a fist, hitting his wheelchair.

Lorraine gets down and meets Brian at eye level, looking
earnestly into his eyes.

LORRAINE

That's life, pal. You can take
your cards and fold, or you can
stay in the game...you're no quitter.

BRIAN

(smitten)

Thanks.

She gets up and they move on.

ANGLE ON MAX

65

He is standing by the fountain trying to catch his breath when he notices a small group of people gathered around a card table huckster.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON THE HUCKSTER

66

He has a crudely-lettered cardboard sign which reads "ALPHA-MATES." The onlookers are watching a young man and WOMAN being tested for Alpha-compatibility. They are each wearing EEG-type headbands which are connected to a simple lie detector hooked up to a car battery.

The huckster loudly instructs the couple to simply think of their partners. The results are shown on an upright meter. Like a thermometer, it ranges from "enemies," "tiresome twosome," "just friends," to "something cooking," "Oh, wow," and finally, "cosmic couple." We SEE the needle rise to "something cooking."

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON MAX

67

idly curious, working his way to the front of the crowd.

He sees the Woman and freezes. At the same moment, she catches sight of Max and gasps. The meter shoots all the way to "cosmic couple." There is sporadic applause from the bystanders.

WOMAN (DARCY)

Oh god...Max.

MAX

Uh...Darcy. What are you doing here?

DARCY

I was depressed and Barry suggested we come to the park.

BARRY steps away from the table and extends his hand. Max woodenly takes it while staring at Darcy, who comes forward also. She is shaken but not avoiding the situation.

Barry is a smooth, theatrical entrepreneur who dresses in a studied, casual manner, wearing the perfect Hawaiian shirt with jeans faded exactly the right color.

BARRY

Wow. Small world. How ya doin'?

Cont.

MAX

Okay, I guess.

He nervously takes peanuts out of a bag, shells them, and without eating any, throws them on the ground.

DARCY

Are you with somebody?

MAX

Lorraine.

DARCY

How is she? Good?

MAX

...Better than ever...we have a lot in common.

DARCY

Oh...yeah...This is really kind of a bummer, isn't it?

BARRY

I'll say! Hoo boy! Hey, don't hit me, Max.

DARCY

Barry...!

BARRY

Sorry, I tend to laugh at painful situations.

MAX

It's okay...I think I'll just move on.

DARCY

Well...okay...maybe we should talk later, though. Okay, Max?

MAX

Yeah...okay, I'm okay, though, okay?

Darcy nods. Max turns, and too nonchalantly, begins whistling "Santa Claus is Coming to Town" as he beats a hasty retreat.

Darcy, worried and concerned, watches Max go. Barry takes her by the arm and begins walking her in the other direction.

Cont.

BARRY

We've been friends for a long time. You mind if I say something? I've never really felt that you and Max were right for each other. I don't know, it just didn't... feel right.

DARCY

(dismissing him)

I guess you had to be there.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON BRIAN AND LORRAINE

68

As Max approaches them, he jumps out of the way of a passing bicyclist and bumps into a well-dressed man in a Louis Vuitton jogging suit who is talking to Brian and Lorraine. He is MARK WINSLOW, a tallish, lean-looking man with a pipe in his mouth. He is forty-two, graying at the temples and projects a Zen-like aggressive competence by using his focused hostilities to achieve personal goals.

BRIAN

Hey, Max. This is Mark Winslow, my best-selling author. Tougher than owl shit, but okay in my book. I really love the guy.

MAX

Hi. Sorry.

MARK

Pick your direction, then move.

BRIAN

Mark wrote, 'Yes I Can!...No You Can't.' Do yourself a favor and read his stuff.

MARK

Either that, or be a victim all your life. I also wrote, 'Life Sucks: Why Shouldn't You Be a Prick?'

LORRAINE

(to Max)

What'sa matter, baby? You look a little green.

MAX

Darcy's here with that asshole Barry.

LORRAINE

Who's Barry?

MAX

Some hot-shot theatrical producer who's a so-called 'old friend' of hers. He always manages to show up when there's trouble between us.

LORRAINE

(instantly sympathetic
and condescending)

Aw shit, what a ball buster!

(takes his hand
supportively)

You gonna be okay?

MAX

Yeah...things'll be okay.

MARK

(moving in)

Not necessarily. What's wrong?

LORRAINE

Oh, his girl moved out yesterday, took everything in the apartment, and now she's here with another guy. Is that hostile, or what?

MARK

Fair enough. She wanted it; she took it; he let her. How do you feel about it, Max?

MAX

I don't know...

MARK

I'm not surprised. Let's hope you come to the healthy conclusion that she's a manipulating bitch.

MAX

Oh, no, nothing like that. Besides, we haven't...really...
broken up yet.

MARK

Ooh-boy, are you headed for trouble. This girl's gonna hang your balls on her rearview mirror.

MAX

Naw...I'll be all right. Thanks.

MARK

Suit yourself.

MAX

Okay. Excuse us.

(pulling Lorraine
to the side)

Lorraine, listen, running into
Darcy kinda blew it for me.
Could we leave?

LORRAINE

That's okay, Max. You go on. I
think I'm gonna stay for awhile
and push Brian.

MAX

...Uh, oh. Okay. Uh, what time
should we have dinner?

Lorraine bites her lip.

LORRAINE

Max...Brian invited me out...what
can I say? He's just rolled into
my life like a ton of bricks.

MAX

...Oh...sure. There's nothing
worse than a possessive ex-husband.

LORRAINE

(moving back to
the group)

You're a saint, Max.

MAX

Yeah. All right, everybody. I
really wanted to take a drive
anyway. I got a new car. I'll
see ya.

Max forces a smile. He turns in hasty retreat and inadvertently
knocks down an eight-year-old girl, sending her sprawling. A
helium balloon she has been holding sails from her grasp.

Max, completely flustered, quickly picks the little girl up,
trying to soothe her. Defeated, Max makes a bee-line exit
as the others watch him go.

LORRAINE

(sympathetically)

Poor guy. He's a prince who
thinks he's a frog.

FADE IN

ANGLE ON MAX - DRIVING HIS CAR DOWN FDR DRIVE - 69
- DUSK

He is still in his running clothes. There is a tanker truck directly in front of his car.

SFX: METAL CLANGING AGAINST METAL.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - TOP OF TANKER TRUCK 70

A gas cap on a chain has come unscrewed and is CLANGING on the side of the tank. Clear liquid is sloshing out of the open hole.

CUT TO:

MAX IN HIS CAR 71

The liquid from the tanker truck is splashing through the open sunroof of Max's car, dousing him. Max escapes the annoying shower by speeding up and passing the tanker in the left-hand lane. As he passes the truck, he is unaware of the words on the side of the tank: "NUCLEAR WASTE."

CUT TO:

MAX IN HIS CAR ON THE DRIVE 72

His body and parts of the car gradually start to emit a pale green glow. Max is oblivious to it: It is invisible to the naked eye.

CUT TO:

LONG SHOT - MAX'S CAR ON FDR DRIVE - NIGHT 73

Max's entire car is glowing in the dark.

CUT TO:

INT. MAX'S APARTMENT 74

We HEAR a RATTLING of KEYS at the door and FUMBLING at the lock and SEE a green glow under the door and through the keyhole of the door to the hallway.

Max enters, still glowing green. Leaving a trail of footprints in the two-inch-thick accumulation of styrofoam pellets, he takes off his clothing and throws it on the sofa. He turns out the light and gets into bed, still glowing, and brushing more styrofoam pellets off his pillow, drops his head exhausted and falls asleep.

DISSOLVE TO:

34

ANGLE ON MAX - LATER THAT NIGHT

75

tossing and turning. He appears to be having a bad dream.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - MAX

76

His closed eyes register rapid eye movement and he grins as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

DREAM SEQUENCE

77

MUSIC: happy dreamlike music. Ten-year-old Max is sitting at his school desk, anxiously watching the school clock. It is almost three-thirty. Spread out before him on the desk is his little "cowboy wallet." It is open to a picture of his ten-year-old sweetheart. Little Max looks at it lovingly, then takes two tickets for free ice cream from the money section.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - TICKETS

78

in Little Max's hands. The printing on the tickets indicates the grand opening of an ice cream shop.

SFX: SCHOOL BELL RINGS.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON LITTLE MAX

79

scooping up his things, speeding out of the classroom.

CUT TO:

THE SCHOOL HALLWAY

80

Little Max is running down it. The MUSIC is HEAVILY ROMANTIC. The young girls and lady teachers are all very beautiful. They go out of their way to greet Max and flirt with him. He encounters one young statuesque and beautiful teacher who seductively lifts her skirt several inches and beckons him into her classroom. Max gallantly smiles and shakes his head "no," hurrying on to his true love. He comes to a breathless halt outside a classroom door just as it is opening.

His girl friend emerges on the arm of a larger boy wearing a safety-patrol belt.

Cont.

LITTLE MAX
(looking at the boy)
Are you ready, Kimberly? I
got the tickets for the ice
cream.

KIMBERLY
You go, Max. I have to help
Kevin with the little kids.
Besides, who wants crummy ice
cream?!
(hands him a
card)
Here's your valentine back.

CLOSEUP - THE CARD

81

It is the note about the TV from Darcy that Max found in
his apartment.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON KEVIN AND KIMBERLY

82

KEVIN
(mockingly)
Are you gonna hit me, Max?

They both run off down the hall, leaving a shattered Max.
He turns and starts back up the same hallway. It is now
a horrible place, with scowling men teachers, ugly children
taunting him and dangerous animals lurking in the doors.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON LITTLE MAX

83

Max's MOTHER is defrosting the refrigerator, determinedly
chipping away at the ice in the freezer.

She is frazzled. Little Max enters in a little wheelchair
and wheels himself over to her.

LITTLE MAX
Help.

He exposes his knee for her inspection.

MOTHER
(still at work)
What?

Cont.

LITTLE MAX

I'm hurt.

His mother glances down at his knee.

MOTHER

Just wash it off.

Little Max, sensing he has been dismissed, is crushed. He gets out of his wheelchair and hurries to his room, only to find grown-up Darcy packing her bags.

LITTLE MAX

What are you doing?

DARCY

I'm leaving you, Max.

LITTLE MAX

Wait a minute...what is it? Is it the sex?...Isn't it good?

Barry enters the room as Darcy is closing her suitcase. He takes the sheets off Max's bed. Taking her by the arm, Barry exits with Darcy, laughing.

Little Max is devastated. He crosses to his dresser where there is a framed picture of Darcy. He stares at it hard.

DREAM SEQUENCE ENDS.

CUT TO:

INT. MAX'S BEDROOM

84

Max is tossing, turning and sweating. The picture in his dream is the one sitting on the nightstand by the bed.

CUT TO:

DREAM SEQUENCE

85

continues. Little Max slowly picks up the picture. He holds it over his head, waving it in anger, then hurls it against the wall, sobbing.

DREAM SEQUENCE ENDS.

CUT TO:

37

INT. MAX'S BEDROOM

86

As Max tosses in his sleep, the photograph on the nightstand rises in the air, spins, then flies across the room, SHATTERING against the wall.

SFX: ALARM CLOCK BUZZING.

CUT TO:

MAX IN BED

87

Max continues to toss more violently as the alarm continues to BUZZ. We SEE the alarm clock bounce up and down on the table a few times, then fly across the room, CRASHING against the wall. Silence. Max wakes with a start, covered in sweat. He collects himself, swinging his feet to the floor. He stands, puzzled, then notices the picture and clock shattered on the floor. Disturbed, he retrieves them.

CUT TO:

MAX AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE

88

He pours milk on his cereal, then adds a little to his coffee. While he is reaching for the sugar bowl at the other end of the table, he notices the coffee cup. It is personalized with Darcy's name on it.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - MAX

89

reacting to the coffee cup.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - THE SUGAR BOWL

90

It lurches forward of its own accord a few inches on the table.

CUT TO:

38

ANGLE ON MAX

91

He freezes, staring at the sugar bowl. Then, transfixed, he withdraws his outstretched arm, warily gazing at it. The bowl slowly begins sliding toward his hand. Max watches it, panic growing in his eyes.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - MAX'S HAND

92

as the sugar bowl travels the last few inches and makes contact with his fingers.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON MAX

93

Horrificed, he jumps up from his chair, knocking it over. He is trembling violently.

CUT TO:

LONG SHOT - MAX IN THE ROOM

94

Objects begin CLATTERING and shaking.

CUT TO:

MAX'S P.O.V.

95

To the accompanying SOUND of MAX'S LABORED BREATHING, we PAN the room. Dishes, appliances and furniture are shaking and RATTLING. Max's gaze comes to rest on the blender. It turns itself on, then shakes and falls off the counter, shattering on the floor.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON MAX

96

Terrified, he backs out of the kitchen and into the living room.

CUT TO:

INT. THE LIVING ROOM

97

He turns. Slowly the styrofoam pellets covering the floor begin to raise up and then swirl in a maelstrom around him, creating a veritable blizzard complete with a HOWLING WIND.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. A RAQUETBALL COURT

98

with clear plexiglass back wall. Max and Brian are on the court. Brian sits in his wheelchair at dead center, dressed in his gym outfit. He is clearly enjoying himself.

Max, in an old paint-smeared sweatshirt and shorts, is soaked with sweat.

Max hits the ball clumsily off the front wall. Brian lets out a fierce scream and drives the ball like a bullet. It hits a corner and rips back at them one inch off the floor, too fast to see clearly. Max makes a dive for it, but misses and lands on his face.

BRIAN

That's it! Twenty-one to six!
Nice try on that last one, Max.

MAX

Let's go. I'm bushed.

They move toward the exit.

BRIAN

You really sucked...how come?

MAX

Oh...guess my mind wasn't on it.

BRIAN

Well, I'm glad I called you.
Otherwise, you'd be pissin' and
moanin' over that Daisy chick.

They exit the court; Max helping Brian wheel his chair out the small door.

MAX

Her name's Darcy.

CUT TO:

THE BALL

99

lying on the floor of the court. On the word "Darcy" it suddenly rises in the air and begins caroming off the walls at high speed.

CUT TO:

INT. THE SHOWERS

100

Max and Brian are in the showers, cleaning up. Brian sits in his chair, lathering up with gusto...singing a bit... he notices Max is silent.

BRIAN

You're mad about something.

MAX

No, I'm not. I've just had a bad morning.

BRIAN

Like hell. I think you're ticked off because I balled Lorraine last night. Right?

MAX

No, that's okay. Something weird happened...

BRIAN

You've got a right to be pissed. I was a little pushy...but I gotta tell you, I think the world of her...she's a dream come true. So go ahead, cuss at me...I'm a pal...get it off your chest.

MAX

Look, I'm not mad! I'm really glad you two are hitting it off.

BRIAN

(almost raising himself out of his chair)

You want me to bust you in the mouth? I'm a friend! Now give me some respect and relate to me.

MAX

(compulsively)

Shit, Brian. I'm starting to see things move...in thin air. This morning, I think I caused the sugar bowl to slide across the table and then everything started shaking and breaking and then the blizzard...

Cont.

BRIAN

You live near a subway station?

MAX

No. No. Look, if I really had this kind of power, what do you think? Where would it come from?

BRIAN

India. How the hell do I know.

(pause)

You know, you oughta take women's vitamins, they're stronger...really...

MAX

Yeah. Right. I'm probably just chemically out of balance or something.

BRIAN

By the way, you have an open invitation to spend a weekend with Lorraine and me at my house in the Hamptons. Bring this Daisy bread if you like.

MAX

Thanks, Brian.

There is a beat.

BRIAN

...You sure you're not upset about me screwing Lorraine...?

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT PUB - MAX

101

sitting. Having just finished his dinner, Max is having coffee, listening to a Dixieland band that plays in the b.g.

The clarinet player is out of tune and playing very badly. Max winces and looks at the bandstand.

CUT TO:

THE DIXIELAND BAND

102

The clarinet player takes a solo, playing worse than ever. He looks remarkably like Woody Allen. Behind his back, the other members of the band, who are black, can scarcely conceal their contempt for his playing. When he looks at them, however, they smile, snap their fingers, and nod their heads as if to say, "Great solo, Man."

BARRY

(o.s.)

I don't believe this. Hey,
Max, are you following us
around?

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON MAX

103

He turns around to see Barry and Darcy approaching his table.

MAX

(surprised)

Oh...hi.

DARCY

(embarrassed)

Oh, no. Not again.

BARRY

Uh...What brings you here,
Max?

MAX

Mostly habit, I guess. We eat
here every Monday night.

DARCY

Yeah, we do.

There is an awkward silence. Barry tries to break the tension with a bad joke.

BARRY

Then you two must know each
other.

Barry laughs as Max and Darcy force smiles.

BARRY

Let me go get us a table.

He leaves.

Cont.

MAX

Darcy, I've got to talk to you right away.

DARCY

Why? Because I'm with Barry?

MAX

No, that's not it.

Barry appears at Darcy's side.

BARRY

Let's go, hon. Table for two over here. See ya around, Max.

Max stares at them as they go to their table. Barry helps Darcy with her chair. She whispers to him, obviously embarrassed about Max. Barry makes gestures of reassurance and indicates that he will see how Max feels about it. He returns to Max's table and sits down.

BARRY

(sheepishly)

Um...Max, I'm really sorry about this. If you think we should leave, I really don't mind.

MAX

Oh, it's okay. The girl's got to eat. I'm just finishing, anyway.

BARRY

I'm sorry we didn't have a chance to talk in the park the other day. I just want you to know my interest in Darcy is as a friend.

MAX

Oh, sure. I understand.

BARRY

Darcy's a little shaky these days and she needs somebody to talk to. Better it's me than some guy from a single's bar.

MAX

Right.

Cont.

BARRY

You know, as someone in the arts,
I know quality when I see it.
I admire your attitude. Your
admitting that the relationship
is over is really gonna help
Darcy get on with her life.

Max stares at Barry.

BARRY

Anyway...I'm glad we had this
talk. See you around.

He offers his hand to Max. Max extends his hand in a
traditional handshake, but Barry turns it into a thumbs
up "soul" handclasp.

Max, suppressing his anger and jealousy, continues staring
at Barry as he returns to his table and sits down. Barry
leans across the table and, nodding toward Max, appears
to be reassuring Darcy that Max is totally at ease with the
situation and that they are free to enjoy their meal.

Barry reaches for her hand and begins caressing her knuckles.
She withdraws it and with a glance at Max, gets up and goes
to the ladies' room. As she walks away, Barry leans over,
watching her ass until she is out of the room.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - MAX

104

He narrows his eyes and stares at Barry.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON BARRY

105

As he peruses the menu, a small trickle of blood begins to
flow from his nostrils. Noticing it after a few seconds,
Barry, surprised, dabs at it with his handkerchief.

ANGLE ON MAX

106

staring even more intensely.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON BARRY

107

The blood begins to flow more rapidly from both his nostrils,
quickly saturating his handkerchief. He substitutes his

Cont.

napkin and tilts his head back. A concerned WAITER arrives to assist him by taking some ice cubes from a glass of water, wrapping them in a napkin, and placing them on Barry's upper lip.

WAITER

Are you going to be all right,
sir?

BARRY

Oh, sure. This is so embarrassing
...actually, I feel terrific.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON MAX

108

smiling slightly.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON BARRY

109

The Waiter carefully removes the ice pack from Barry's upper lip, leaving his head tilted back. Blood suddenly shoots up from both nostrils like twin fountains. The Waiter begins to collect blood directly from his nose in a couple of empty wine glasses.

BARRY

I know this is ridiculous, but
I'm actually feeling just fine
...strong as a bull.

Nearby patrons have now noticed the excitement and are watching with horrified fascination. A lady at the next table gets sick and has to leave.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON MAX

110

still watching the scene and quietly enjoying himself.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON BARRY

111

The Waiter, using both hands, tries to stop the flow of blood by blocking Barry's nostrils tightly with a napkin. The buildup of pressure, however, causes thin jets of blood to squirt high in the air, scattering the nearby patrons.

A MIDDLE-AGED MAN hurries to Barry's side.

Cont.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN
I'm a doctor. We've got to get
this man to an emergency room.

BARRY
No, I feel fine. This is
ridiculous!

The Waiter and the Doctor take Barry by the arms and lead him
toward the front of the restaurant, keeping his head tilted
back.

BARRY
But I feel terrific! Darcy!
Wait a minute, my date's in the
ladies' room!

They drag Barry out the front door.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON MAX

112

A satisfied smile on his face. In the b.g., several busboys
have descended on Barry's table and are quickly restoring the
restaurant to normal conditions.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON DARCY

113

She comes out of the ladies' room and looks around for Barry.
Most evidence of the bloody nose has been cleared away. Max
approaches her.

MAX
Barry had to leave. He had a
nosebleed.

DARCY
What?! Is he okay?

MAX
He said he felt fine. He's with
a doctor.

DARCY
(alarmed)
A doctor?!

MAX
I know. That's what I thought:
Why does a grown man need a
doctor for a little nosebleed?
Is Barry squeamish?

Cont.

DARCY
No...It's so weird of him to
leave me here...

MAX
Look, let me see you home.

DARCY
I'm not up to you tonight, Max.

MAX
I just want to...see you home.

DARCY
Well...all right...

They leave.

CUT TO:

EXT. RESTAURANT PUB - MAX AND DARCY

114

They come out of the restaurant. They begin walking north
on Columbus toward the Planetarium Park.

MAX
Say, uh...how much soap do I
put in the dishwasher?

DARCY
Just fill the cup to the line.

MAX
What cup?

DARCY
The cup in the door.

MAX
There's a cup in the door?
Oh! I thought that was for
the silverware.

DARCY
You can't get silverware in
there.

MAX
Yes, you can. One spoon, one
knife, and one fork...or four
spoons...

Cont.

DARCY

Then where did you put the soap?

MAX

In the hole in the top.

DARCY

There's no hole in the top.

MAX

I made one with that drill you gave me for Christmas.

DARCY

You drilled a hole in our new dishwasher?!

MAX

You can't get the soap in the machine once the door's closed and it won't run when the door's open!

DARCY

(incredulous)

You drilled a hole in our...???

She notices Max grinning at her.

DARCY

You asshole.

She starts to laugh.

MAX

Just a joke...You wanna go out tomorrow night?

DARCY

No way.

MAX

No trouble. Just for fun.

DARCY

Maybe. I'll check to see if I have any commitments...

MAX

Well, fuck your commitments!

DARCY

(annoyed)

Max...

MAX

Aw Jesus, I'm sorry...I can't help it. Things are just getting strange for me these days.

DARCY

What do you mean?

MAX

(about to tell her,
then changing his mind)
Oh...no. No. I better not get into that right now. You've had enough of me tonight.

DARCY

Right. Why don't I call you tomorrow, okay?

MAX

Uh, okay...that's good.

They walk out of the park with their arms around each other, and Max hails a passing cab. It stops.

DARCY

(opening the door)
Good night.

She squeezes his hand and quickly kisses him.

MAX

Good night. I'll see you tomorrow...

She gets in the cab and it pulls away. They wave to each other.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY CAR

115

It is not very crowded and Max takes a seat across from a man who is sleeping and a pretty girl who is reading a book. A surly policeman walks through the car and gives Max the once-over. Max, in better spirits, smiles at him but the policeman's face is granite. Max continues to watch the policeman. Just as he is leaving Max's car, the seat of his pants rips from top to bottom. He doesn't notice.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON MAX

116

really enjoying himself. He turns his attention to the girl sitting across from him. As he stares at her legs, the hem of her dress slowly begins to rise, giving Max a better view. Just as he gets the skirt up to mid-thigh, the train pulls into Max's station and he gets off.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. SAKS - REAR OF WINDOW DISPLAY

117

CLAY, a smooth young man, is adjusting the hat on a bronzed-God type mannequin.

CLAY

(softly, to
mannequin)

Look at you, honey, you're supposed
to have a tan, but you just look
like you've been dipped in shit.

Darcy, clipboard in hand, is overseeing the job.

DARCY

(indicating a
clothing box)

Clay, this is the wrong suit.
I've changed my mind.

A SALESMAN pokes his head in the display window.

SALESMAN

Phone call for you, Miss Carson.
Line six.

DARCY

Thanks.

CUT TO:

INT.. STORE

118

Darcy steps out of the window, crosses to a counter, and takes the call.

DARCY

Hello. Darcy Carson.

CUT TO:

INT. AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL ROOM - MAX AT HIS CONSOLE 119

MAX

(into telephone)

I've been waiting for your call
all day. What's going on?

(into microphone)

Finlandia 803, come to 280 and
hold. Thank you.

CUT TO:

51

INT. AIRLINER

120

Passengers are seated comfortably and a stewardess is passing out trays of food.

CUT TO:

INT. AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL

121

Max listening to Darcy.

DARCY

(voice over)

Max, I was going to call you
when I got off work.

MAX

Well, why don't you stay there?
I'll pick you up when I get off
work and we'll go eat.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON DARCY

122

signing a requisition held by an Assistant.

DARCY

Max, you're gonna kill me. Barry
is producing a benefit performance
of Swan Lake with Baryshnikov
tonight. I promised him I'd go.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON MAX

123

PILOT

(voice over)

Findlandia 803. Awaiting instructions
for landing. Holding at 280.

MAX

(into microphone)

Hold, Findlandia, hold.

(into telephone)

What!!!

DARCY

(voice over; almost
yelling to be heard
above the racket)

I'm going out with Barry tonight!

MAX

Oh, really?!!

CUT TO:

INT. AIRLINER

124

There is a sudden lurch. The stewardess stumbles, and spills a tray of pickled herring hors d'oeuvres on the unlucky Swedes. She begins to apologize profusely.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON MAX

125

PILOT

(voice over)

Ready for landing coordinates,
tower.

MAX

(into mike)

Stand by, Findlandia. We're working
on it.

(into phone)

Barry the bleeder, huh? So you
are involved with this guy, just
like I thought.

DARCY

(voice over;
a warning)

Max. You know he's an old friend.
And I've needed his company these
last few days.

MAX

(irate)

You liar. You knew last night that
you'd be going out with him!!

DARCY

(voice over)

Max, I swear I didn't remember.
Now I'm at work and I wanna get
off this phone.

MAX

Well, I'm at work, too! And
we're gonna settle this right
now!!

He bangs his hand on the console.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRLINER

126

Looking down the aisle toward the rear of the plane. There is a sudden enormous sideways lurch. The bathroom doors are flung open and three bare-assed people sail out of three doors, across the aisle ending up with their heads stuck in a garment bag closet.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON MAX

127

calming himself somewhat.

MAX

Darcy, look...crazy things are happening. I really need you now.

DARCY

(voice over)

You really need me now because I'm not there now. You're blowing it!

MAX

(furious)

You never did love me, did you??!

DARCY

(voice over;

big sigh)

Good-bye, Max.

SFX: PHONE CLICK.

Max slams his phone down.

MAX

Shit!!!

CUT TO:

INT. AIRLINER UPSIDE DOWN

128

The passengers are all seated on the ceiling calmly making the best of it. The stewardesses are walking along fluffing pillows and pouring drinks as best they can. Loose items clank as they roll around.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON MAX

129

The CAMERA SLOWLY MOVES IN as Max is staring straight ahead.

PILOT

(voice over)

Kennedy tower, this is Finlandia 803. We've got a strange situation up here. We'd appreciate it if you could get us down...

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON THEATRICAL POSTER

130

which reads: "Barry Cordova presents Mikail Baryshnikov in Swan Lake. Benefit for the Children's Meningitis Wing of the Sisters of Mercy Hospital. One Performance Only."

TILT DOWN: Barry and Darcy are standing in front of the theatre surrounded by formally dressed THEATREGOERS.

THEATREGOER #1

Barry, this is a real coup. How did you ever get Baryshnikov?

BARRY

(blase)

The guy's got a phone, so I called him.

The onlookers chuckle.

DISTINGUISHED THEATREGOER #2

Cordova, I'm really impressed. Looks like you're really moving into the big time.

BARRY

Well, thank you very much. And I don't want to jinx myself, but I saw the rehearsals today, and the production is absolutely flawless. It just made me cry.

(turning to Darcy)

Well, let's go inside and enjoy it.

They all move into the theatre.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - THEATRICAL PROGRAM

131

A page is turned revealing a page saying: "Swan Lake. Act V. Pas de Deux. Mikail Baryshnikov and Cecelia Westholme." PAN TO:

ANGLE ON DARCY AND BARRY

132

seated in a box above and to the right of the stage. Darcy is absorbed in the performance while Barry, glowing with pride, takes this opportunity to slip his arm around her shoulder.

CUT TO:

SLOW PAN OF THE ENTHRALLED AUDIENCE

133

moving to the rear row where Max is seated staring at Darcy and Barry's box.

CUT TO:

MAX'S P.O.V.

134

Barry leans over and whispers something in Darcy's ear. She smiles and looks back to the performance. Barry lightly rubs Darcy's back with his hand.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON MAX

135

who is getting angry. He turns his head toward the stage.

CUT TO:

MAX'S P.O.V.

136

Baryshnikov is in a pas de deux with his lovely female partner. He executes a graceful stag leap, then suddenly stumbles as he lands, nearly falling to the floor. There is a gasp from the audience. Baryshnikov recovers his balance and looks somewhat bewildered, then fighting off embarrassment, returns to the dance.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON BARRY AND DARCY'S BOX

137

Darcy's mouth is hanging open in disbelief while Barry is pop-eyed and sweating profusely.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON MAX

138

smiling a bit.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON THE ORCHESTRA PIT

139

The tip of the conductor's baton ignites like a sparkler. He waves it wildly, trying to extinguish it, then plunges it into his glass of water on his podium. It goes out with a loud hiss and a puff of smoke. The orchestra continues to play while its members look questioningly at each other.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON MAX

140

getting into it, a feverish grin on his face.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON THE STAGE

141

Baryshnikov, in fine form, executes a faultless tour jete. However, at the apex of his leap, instead of returning to the floor, he continues to sail backwards clear across the stage and into the wings. We HEAR a THUMP and a surprised SQUAWK from him. A moment later, he reappears on the stage, doing his best to remain composed, though shaken and confused.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON BARRY AND DARCY'S BOX

142

Darcy is frozen with embarrassment. Barry is nowhere to be seen. He suddenly pops his head through the velour curtains behind her, glances at the stage, grimaces painfully, and pulls his head back out of sight.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON MAX

143

His features have begun to take on a rather menacing aspect as he revels in his mischief. We can HEAR the AUDIENCE beginning to WHISPER in confusion.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON THE STAGE

144

Doing their best to recapture the performance, Baryshnikov and his lovely companion once again begin to dance. After a few graceful turns, he sweeps her up into a lift. He gives her a gentle toss and instead of landing, she continues to slowly and majestically ascend straight up into the fly space and out of sight. Baryshnikov stands and stares up. She does not come down. However, one of her ballet slippers does, bounding off his forehead. We can HEAR the AUDIENCE BABBLING loudly now and the orchestra has STOPPED PLAYING. A crew member wanders onstage, staring up. Baryshnikov gestures for the curtain to come down and it does.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON BARRY AND DARCY'S BOX

145

Darcy is patting the head of Barry who is now slumped over the railing, his face buried in his arms, sobbing.

CUT TO:

57

ANGLE ON THE AUDIENCE

146

There is a moment of silence. They then break into thunderous applause, which soon becomes a standing ovation.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON BARRY AND DARCY'S BOX

147

Darcy turns to Barry as he lifts his head and breaks into an astonished smile.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON MAX

148

He gets up and walks to the rear of the theatre. Standing in semi-darkness, he turns back to the crowd and takes a low, sweeping bow unseen by his appreciative audience.

CUT TO:

EXT. DARCY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - THAT NIGHT

149

A cab pulls up and stops. The door opens and Darcy steps out. Barry attempts to exit the cab also, but Darcy stops him and closes the door.

DARCY

Good night, Barry.

BARRY

(inside cab)

You sure?

DARCY

Good night, Barry.

The cab pulls away. Darcy exhales with relief and smiles to herself shaking her head.

Suddenly, Max steps out of the shadows as she is fishing in her purse for her keys. He puts his hand on her shoulder. She stiffens and reacts instantly, turning around and spraying Max in the face with her miniature can of Mace.

Max hits the deck writhing.

MAX

Agggghhhh!!!!

Accompanying his exclamation, he falls back on several garbage cans stacked against the building, knocking off their lids.

Cont.

DARCY

Oh, God, Max! I'm sorry! I'm
sorry! I didn't know it was
you!

Max sits on the steps, his eyes streaming with tears.

MAX

That's okay. It's my fault.
I shouldn't have scared you
like that.

DARCY

Oh, God, Max. Look what I've
done to you. I didn't mean it.
But it wouldn't have happened
if you hadn't been spying on
me.

MAX

You're right. Why did I have
to hide when all I wanted to
do was talk to you? I can
really be a jerk sometimes,
you know that?

DARCY

Yes, I do, and that's why I
love you, because you're the
first to admit it.

They both laugh, though tears are still streaming down Max's
cheeks from the Mace.

MAX

I really miss you, Darcy.

DARCY

(cradling him in
her arms and dabbing
at his eyes)

I know. I miss you too. I really
do. Let's get upstairs and
clean you up. Are you sure
you're okay?

MAX

(like a wounded
puppy)

Uh-huh. If you promise not to
Mace me again.

Darcy impulsively kisses Max with feeling.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DARCY'S APARTMENT - TWO SHOT

150

Darcy and Max kissing in her bed, making love under the covers. She is about to reach an orgasm but it subsides.

DARCY

...Oh...I'm sorry...I guess
I'm a little tense...

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - MAX

151

He looks determined.

MAX

I'm not finished yet...

We see him glance down her body and concentrate.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - DARCY'S FACE

152

She suddenly looks startled, then a wave of unadulterated pleasure sweeps her features.

DARCY

Oh, whoooaa...oh...oh...
Jesus, whaat...is...
going...on? .Ahh...ah.
Whaaaaaaaaaaaaooooooooohhhhhh,
yess!!!!!!!

Darcy has come like a freight train. She tenses, relaxes, smiles and starts to giggle.

DARCY

Good God...that felt like
there were two of you...
oh...

MAX

(grinning)
Ya like that, did you?

He rolls to the side and happily watches her squirm with delight. Then as she begins to calm down, he squints his eyes mischievously and she is off and running again.

DARCY

Oh Lord, here we go again!...

Cont.

Darcy starts another orgasm...she enjoys it completely, laughing.

DARCY

This is ridiculous, I'm
still coming...wowww...heh
hee...

The orgasm continues. Darcy cannot stop laughing, even though she is baffled and exhausted.

DARCY

Jesus, it won't stop! It
feels like I have a little
midget hanging onto my
waaahooohaha...! Never
mind...Oooah! Enough! I'm
gonna make some coffee,
this is crazy.

Darcy moves off stiff-legged, keeping her thighs far apart, as if walking on eggs, and heads for the kitchen still moaning.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON MAX

153

watching her go. His self-satisfaction soon turns to concern mixed with sadness.

Darcy returns and flops down on the bed next to him. There is calm.

Darcy takes a big sigh and looks at Max.

DARCY

(noticing the
crestfallen Max)
Max...what's wrong?

MAX

I didn't do it...it wasn't
me you're thrilled about.

DARCY

Well it certainly wasn't
the springs in the mattress.
Of course it was you...
you and me.

Cont.

MAX

Huh-uh. It was artificial. I wanted you to...come that way, but only naturally... I cheated. I used...will-power...sort of. Your orgasm wasn't real!

DARCY

Max, you give me the most wonderful sexual experience of my life and then you say it wasn't real! You can't even enjoy feeling good!! The only thing that's real for you is trouble! I'm wasting my time with you, Max.

She gets out of the bed disgustedly.

MAX

Okay...all right. Listen. I'm sorry, don't pay any attention, okay? It was wonderful. I really enjoyed it. I've just had a lot on my mind lately.

DARCY

Well, so have I.

MAX

Right. Look, Lorraine's boyfriend invited us to his house in the Hamptons. Why don't we go up there this weekend?

DARCY

I don't know if I can handle a whole weekend with you.

MAX

No. I promise. It'll be all right. It's quiet. We can relax and be with each other. There's so much I have to tell you.

Cont.

DARCY

(softening a bit)

All right, Max. If you promise you'll calm down and enjoy yourself with me, I'll do it. But if you start with these destructive mind games, we have had it. Is that clear?

MAX

Yeah. Everything'll be fine. Really. I'll control myself.

DARCY

No, goddamn it, no more control! We're gonna open up to each other or we'll never make it together.

MAX

You're right. I'm gonna open up and not control anything.

DARCY

I'm exhausted. Let's just go to sleep, okay?

MAX

Okay.

She gets into bed, puts her head on his shoulder, and closes her eyes.

The CAMERA MOVES IN ON Max's face as he blankly stares across the room.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - THE AVOCADO PLANT

154

Darcy removed from Max's apartment with its one remaining leaf.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - THE LEAF

155

It moves several times as if being tugged, then with a SNAP it separates from the stalk, flips into the air, and floats to the floor.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON MAX'S FACE

156

still staring as we:

FADE IN

EXT. BRIAN'S HOUSE IN THE HAMPTONS - LONG SHOT - 157
LATE AFTERNOON

The elegant old wood frame house as SEEN from the beach.
Gray waves crash onto a gray beach under a gray sky.

CUT TO:

MAX'S CAR PULLING UP 158

in front of the house. Darcy gets out of the car. Lorraine comes out of the front door to greet them, wearing Brian's battle jacket. She glances at Max, then speaks to Darcy.

LORRAINE

Hi, Darcy...How's Max?

DARCY

Philosophical this morning.
You look terrific.

LORRAINE

Well, I'm in love.
(bends way over,
looking in the car
window at Max)
How are you, Max? Are you gonna
get out of the car or should we
have your meals delivered?

MAX

(coming to)
Oh. Hi, Lorraine.
(gets out of the
car, looking the
place over)
Brian's got a nice place here.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER ANGLE 159

Brian approaches.

BRIAN

Hey ya, Max. Think fast,
buddy.

He flips a Frisbee at Max, and it hits him, caroming off the side of his head.

Cont.

BRIAN

If I was a Gook, you'd have been
a dead G.I. How ya doin', old
buddy?

MAX

Not so hot.

BRIAN

Great...glad to hear it...

LORRAINE

Oh, Darcy, you haven't met Brian,
my fiance. Brian, this is Darcy.

BRIAN

She's taller than you, Max.

LORRAINE

She's taller than you, too,
Skates.

Brian playfully punches Lorraine in the arm. She laughs and
kicks his chair.

BRIAN

Let's get in the house. I worked
up a man-sized thirst out there.
Hey, Max, I want you to see my
den.

Still chatting, they all go inside.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN

160

as Lorraine and Darcy enter.

LORRAINE

Darcy, this is Dorita, the maid.
She's from Port au Prince.

Dorita, complete with maid's uniform and crinkle-soled shoes,
is in a corner of the kitchen which she has virtually remade
into a voodoo altar. On the counter there are gory religious
photos, roots, antique vials containing herbs, bunches of
feathers tied together etc. Dorita has her hands immersed in
the inside of a freshly killed chicken. She is studying the
entrails while puffing on her corn cob pipe. Darcy is
slightly taken aback by the proceedings.

Cont.

LORRAINE
Looks like we're having chicken
tonight.

DORITA
No, we havin' veal scallopini.
I just feelin' these innards.
The little bumps on 'em can
tell you the future.
(gasps and
opens her eyes
wide)
Oooooee!

DARCY
What is it?

DORITA
'Cordin' to these chicken guts
we gonna have a ruckus this
weekend.

CUT TO:

INT. DEN

161

Max with Brian. The den is Brian's museum, filled with trophies from his "jock" days, and photos and awards attesting to his achievements. This is where Brian comes to brood over his lost youth. He is hefting a high school football trophy, contemplating it.

BRIAN
Man. I still get off on this
old high school stuff, don't
you?

MAX
...I wasn't on the football
team.

BRIAN
You weren't? Oh, yeah, I
remember. You tried out, that
was all.
(looks down at
his legs)
Well, the Nam ended my sports
days, dammit.

Cont.

BRIAN (Cont.)
(pounds his fists
on one leg)
What the hell, I came through
it better than some of those
guys. At least I'm not a
drooler.
(a beat)
I don't know, Max. Which is
worse: being stuck in a
wheelchair or losing your mind?
(gestures
toward Max)
You tell me.

MAX
I'm not losing my mind.

BRIAN
Hmmm...That's not what Lorraine
says. You still seeing things
move?

MAX
I'm making things move.

BRIAN
Yeah, okay, whatever you say.
Look, Max, can you sit down?
I've got a crick in my neck.

MAX
Okay.
(sitting)
Brian, are you sure it's okay,
me being up here? I'm in kind
of a bad way; I gotta talk to
Darcy about this power of mine,
and Lorraine sometimes gets on
my nerves, and...I don't know,
things could get out of hand.
I don't want to cause a disaster
here. I couldn't handle it.

BRIAN
(staring thoughtfully
at Max)
'I complained because I had no
shoes, till I met a man who had
no feet.' You know what I mean,
Max? Now, give me a break, will
ya?

Darcy and Lorraine enter with drinks.

LORRAINE

(to the room
at large)

Look at these two jocks. Next
thing you know, they'll be
playing grab-ass in the shower.

Darcy and Lorraine laugh and distribute the drinks.

LORRAINE

Dorita made Zombies. After we
finish, I'll show you your room.

Max drinks his entire Zombie in one long deliberate motion.

MAX

Ready.

Darcy, Brian and Lorraine have watched him with interest.

LORRAINE

(a beat)

Yeah...okay...sure...

(to Brian)

Be back in a minute, honey.

BRIAN

Yeah, sure, go on, get out of
here, all of ya. Look the place
over.

(a beat)

I'd come with ya but I gotta
think. Scram!

He looks up to discover he has been talking to an already
empty room.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON DARCY, MAX AND LORRAINE AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS 162

Lorraine opens the door, revealing a quaint New England
bedroom with a beautiful view of the ocean.

DARCY

Oh, this is wonderful!

LORRAINE

Won't this be restful, Max?

Cont.

MAX
(brightening a
bit)
Yeah...it's real quiet...nice.

Max flops down on the bed. Lorraine taps his shoes.

LORRAINE
It's an antique bedspread,
Max.

Max sighs and begins kicking off his shoes.

CUT TO:

EXT. DRIVEWAY OF THE HOUSE

163

A shiny black Porsche Turbo Carrera winds to a halt in front. Mark Winslow briskly climbs out and bounds up the steps, carrying a small shoulder bag.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN

164

Dorita is reading Cosmopolitan and smoking her pipe. Mark breezes into the kitchen, grabs an apple off the counter with one hand, and grabs Dorita's ass with the other. Dorita reacts.

MARK
Firm, really firm. What about
it, Dorita? You got a love
potion for me this weekend?

DORITA
I ain't got nothin' for what
ails you.

MARK
Aw, come on. You know you love
me. There's nothing wrong with
me, read my books.

DORITA
Mr. Brian's girl friend, what's-
her-name, give me some of them
books. I couldn't get none of
it...What's trans-personal
migration?

Cont.

MARK
(chuckles
patronizingly)
Maybe you'll find out in your
next life.

He breezes out of the kitchen.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM

165

LORRAINE
(to Darcy)
...You'll just love it when
the sun comes up. It's about
five-fifteen A.M. and everything
is just so quiet.

Mark bounds into the room and comes to an abrupt halt.

MARK
Whoops!...No good. No good
at all.

LORRAINE
Hi, Mark. Did you have a nice
drive up?

MARK
Lorraine, what are you doing?

LORRAINE
Well, I thought Max and Darcy
would stay here since they're
new. And you could have
Dorita's room.

Mark snorts in wonderment.

MARK
Dorita's room!!!? Well, you
thought wrong. I am acclimated
to this space. I always have
this room.

Cont.

LORRAINE

Well, they're already unpacked,
so...

MARK

(enraged)

So nothing! If they want
Dorita's room, that's their
option. That's what they
want to do. I'm staying here.

(notices Darcy

and extends

his hand)

Well, hello. I'm Mark Winslow.
Who are you, pretty lady?

DARCY

Darcy.

MARK

Pleased to meet you. What
are we going to do about the
room?

DARCY

(sarcastically)

Why don't we flip for it?

MARK

(incredulously)

Archaic. I don't leave anything
to chance.

MAX

Well, if there's a problem, we'll
take Dorita's room.

MARK

Oh, hi Max! Great.

He claps his hands as if the matter is settled as Max and
Darcy collect their things and start moving out of the room.
Max passes Mark nose-to-nose at the doorway.

MARK

Now, I don't want you to do this
because you're weak; I want you
to do this because you know I'm
right. Fair enough?

MAX
(to Lorraine)
Where's Dorita's room?

LORRAINE
I'll show you. Just down the
hall.

CUT TO:

THE HALLWAY

166

as they approach the door to Dorita's room.

LORRAINE
I don't know why Mark was so
upset. Dorita's is the only
room in the house with
atmosphere.

A large, relatively gory crucifix hangs on the door. Lorraine
opens it and all three step inside.

CUT TO:

INT. DORITA'S ROOM

167

The walls are festooned with every conceivable religious icon
and voodoo mask. Numerous skulls adorned with feathers,
paint, and fur are lying about. A huge colored glass-
encrusted Menorah rests on the back of an entire stuffed deer.
The windows have been painted with numerous hex signs.
There are pictures of Martin Luther King, John F. Kennedy,
Bobby Kennedy, Mohammed Ali and a very bloody Jesus on
display, and one very bright velvet painting of a clown.

DARCY
Oh, my God...

LORRAINE
Isn't it something? She did
it all herself.

MAX
(scanning the
room)
Where's the bed?

Cont.

LORRAINE

Let me see...
(looking, finds
it under a
pile of junk)
Oh, here it is.
(yelling to
Dorita)
Dorita, come and get these
things off the bed!

MAX

It's a lot like
Don The Beachcomber's.

DARCY

It's okay. It's just not,
uh...like the rest of the
house.

Max picks up a straw voodoo doll.

MAX

What's this?

LORRAINE

That's the gardener.

MAX

What?

LORRAINE

Dummy, it's a 'familiar.' A
voodoo doll. Dorita's got a
crush on the gardener. That's
her love doll.

Max sniffs it.

MAX

It smells like feet.

Dorita enters the room and crosses to the bed, begins
energetically clearing junk off of it.

DORITA

Sorry about the mess. You
caught me at a full moon.

Cont.

She scoops up a live iguana which has been hiding under the bed, tucks it under her arm, and starts out. She points to the dresser.

DORITA

You can use that top drawer.
I cleaned it out for the
guests.

(stops at the
door and turns
back to Darcy and
Max)

If you see a little mouse,
tha's Randy. He live here.
Don't kill him, now.

LORRAINE

Come on, Dorita, let's let
them get settled.

She exits with Dorita.

MAX

Maybe we should stay at a
Holiday Inn.

DARCY

What's the matter, Max? Afraid
of mice? The first thing we
have to do is get a window
open.

She crosses to the window and begins to wrestle with it.

MAX

(suddenly)
I wanna get this over with.
There's something I have to
talk to you about.

DARCY

Just wait till I get this thing
open.

She pushes against it with all her might. It does not budge.

DARCY

Dammit!
(turns around,
facing Max)
Could you give it a try?

Cont.

The window instantly flies all the way open with a BANG. Darcy jumps, startled, and turns to face a stuffed owl next to the open window.

DARCY
(laughing; to
the owl)
Whew! Did you do that?

MAX
I did that.

DARCY
Yeah, sure.

MAX
That's what I wanted to talk
about.

Darcy sits with Max on the bed.

DARCY
What?

MAX
I've developed powers to move
things.

She beams at him and plants a big, happy kiss on his cheek and gets up.

DARCY
I knew you'd cheer up.
(rises and
heads for the
door)
Let's go for a walk on the
beach.

MAX
You go on. I'll join you in
a minute.

DARCY
I don't want to miss the sunset.
Hurry down.

She exits, leaving Max totally frustrated. Randy, Dorita's mouse, scampers across the floor in front of Max. Max levitates the mouse off the floor by its tail and watches it glumly.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BEACH

168

A hazy sun setting on the horizon. PULL BACK and Mark's face is in CLOSEUP as he watches. There is a deep, philosophical look about him. He takes a breath as he is about to speak, and raises a portable tape recorder to his lips.

MARK

(quietly)

June 5th -- a partial list of
my favorite things...Sunset from
my office window...Strindberg's
women -- all of them...Beta Max...
Martin Scorsese...my interview in
Playboy...the cartoons in the
New Yorker...Geraldo Rivera...
when John Wayne grabs
Maureen O'Hara in 'The Quiet Man'
...Julie Christie's pores...
(glances off to
his right)..
...and women on beaches.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON DARCY

169

walking along the shore. Mark ENTERS the FRAME.

MARK

Hi. You really ought to talk
to me about Max. I'm a therapist.

DARCY

Oh, really?

MARK

That's right. Brian told me a
lot about your situation. Listen,
I wrote the definitive book on
ending relationships. Rebounds
are my specialty. I won't hurt
you. I know what your needs are.

DARCY

You do?

MARK

For instance, why do you cling to
that poor, distraught man up there...

Cont.

MARK (Cont.)
(indicating the
house)
Someone in his condition can't
possibly maintain a stable
relationship.
(taking Darcy's
hand)
Let's hope that you come to
the healthy conclusion that
he's a manipulating bastard.

CUT TO:

INT. DORITA'S ROOM - OVER MAX'S SHOULDER 170

We SEE Mark and Darcy holding hands. Max turns from the
window and his features begin to distort.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON MARK AND DARCY 171

DARCY
(withdrawing
her hand)
Mr. Winslow, it's been fun
trying to talk to you.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - FRONT HALLWAY 172

Dorita enters the hallway with a tray of food, singing
"Stop In The Name Of Love."

DORITA
(singing)
'Stop! In the name of love,
Before you break my heart,
Think it o-o-over...'

Darcy enters and passes Dorita.

DORITA
Oh, Miss Darcy. Do you mind
if I tell you somethin' personal
like? I took notice of that
young man you're with. He's
got an aura as green as this
scallion...with yellow spots
on it. It pretty, but it make
me wonder. You best keep an
eye on him.

DARCY
Oh, I will. You just let me
know if his aura starts growing
teeth.

She laughs and goes up the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. DORITA'S ROOM

173

Max is sitting in the middle of the room. Suspended about him are dozens of articles, ashtrays, pictures, burning candles, masks, stuffed creatures, and skulls. Some are bobbling and dancing. Suspended directly in front of him at eye level is Randy the mouse. Max is staring wildly at the wall. His hair is standing on end as if he were under a giant magnet. His cheek occasionally twitches.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOOR OF DORITA'S ROOM

174

Darcy approaches and lightly raps.

DARCY
Max, honey, are you in there?

SFX: CLUMPITY BUMP!

We HEAR the SOUND of many OBJECTS BEING simultaneously DROPPED. She opens the door and steps in.

CUT TO:

INT. DORITA'S BEDROOM

175

Nothing is floating; everything is back where it belongs. The mouse is scampering across the floor, and Max seems normal.

DARCY
(pointing at
the mouse)
Oh, look, there's...what's-
his-name.

MAX
(staring straight
ahead)
Randy.

Cont.

DARCY
Yeah. Dinner's ready. You
hungry?

MAX
Okay.

He gets up to leave and notices her staring at him.

MAX
(snaps)
What's wrong? What's the
matter?

DARCY
(teasing)
Just checking out your aura.
Hmm. It's green...with little
yellow dots on it.

MAX
Cut it out! I'm not in the
mood. Let's go eat.

He hastily exits the room.

CUT TO:

DARCY'S REACTION

176

DARCY
(to herself)
Well...up yours!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - DINNER (LATER)

177

All are seated and eating. Mark is dominating the
conversation at the moment.

MARK
(to Lorraine)
...Naw, naw, that's bullshit.
A man can do anything he wants
to do. Could I have those
potatoes? Concentration.
That's the whole thing. I
mean, take Dorita. She has
the attention span of a fern.

Cont.

MARK (Cont.)

Lorraine can concentrate, but she's stuck in her mommy patterns. And Darcy, I'm positive I could teach her to concentrate if she'd cooperate vis-a-vis our little talk on the beach.

Darcy laughs in disbelief and embarrassment.

MARK

And Max...
(turning to
Max)
...Oh, Max...

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON MAX

178

vacantly staring at the ceiling trying to control himself.

MARK

...'Earth to Max'...Well, there you see. No concentration at all.

LORRAINE

Max, are you gonna make the ceiling move?

MARK

Better yet, why don't you just use those powers of yours to pass the potatoes?

DARCY

Max, you said that to them, too?

MAX

Hell, yes! What do I have to do to make you people believe me?

LORRAINE

We believe you, Max. We believe you're totally veged out.

BRIAN

Hold it. I'm the vegetable around here! Look at me. Rooted to this goddamned chair. You wanna see a real problem?

Cont.

BRIAN (Cont.)

(jabs himself in
the leg with his
fork)

These legs are nothing but
sixty pounds of dead meat!
But you don't see me complaining.
Not me. No, sir!

MARK

Really, Max, we've had just about
enough of your trying to be the
center of attention with this
phony illness of yours. The
oldest psychological ploy in
the book: the wounded duck
syndrome.

(mocking Max
with baby talk)

Oh help me, help me. Fix my
broken wing.

(to Darcy, in
his normal
voice)

How do you manage to tolerate
this wimp...?

At that point, Mark begins to rise in the air, still seated
in his chair, totally horrified. He begins to float
backward from the table about six feet in the air until
he reaches the wall.

MARK

(attempting to
remain calm)

Okay, Max, we believe you.
This is happening. You've
lifted the chair. Very clever.

(crossing his
legs)

But I'm still in control. You're
not controlling me.

Suddenly, the chair drops away, leaving Mark suspended in
space.

MARK

(breaking)

Oh God, Max, oh please put
me down. Oh shit. Oh God.
What are you gonna do to me,
Max? I beg you, please put
me down. Please stop this.

Mark begins to slowly travel the length of the wall, bumping into pictures, etc. Dorita enters from the kitchen with a tray of parfaits. She takes one look at Mark sliding along the wall, instantly sets down the tray, grabs two hot buttered ears of corn from the table, slaps them into the shape of a cross, and backs out of the room.

Max brings Mark to above the center of the table, turns him face down, and lowers his face into the mashed potatoes. The gravy tureen hovers nearby. Mark's face is yanked up, and the gravy is poured over his head.

He is then released and drops on the table. He crawls off of it amid astonished silence. He begins to sniffle as he tries to wipe the potatoes off, finally breaking into childish sobbing.

MARK

(out of
control)

Cut it out! It's not funny!
Quit looking at me...Quit
looking at me, everybody.
He's the one who did it!
I didn't do anything! It
was him! He's the freak!
I'm not the freak! I'm
a goddamn good-looking man!!

Mark chokes and runs out of the room. No one moves or speaks.

BRIAN

(scared)

Max...I don't know what to
say. Do you...do you want
to talk about this?

LORRAINE

(nervously)

Coffee, Max?

MAX

I'm going upstairs.

Max gets up and numbly walks out of the room. The conversation is whispered.

BRIAN

What in the world set him
off like that?

Cont.

LORRAINE
Darcy, is he dangerous?

DARCY
I don't know, but if he can
do that, he can do anything...
I'm going up with him.

She exits.

LORRAINE
I'll go check on Mark.

BRIAN
Good girl.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BEACH - MED. SHOT - MARK - NIGHT 179

just stepping into the surf line. We can barely HEAR
Lorraine calling amid the noise of the wind and water.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOOR OF THE BEACH HOUSE 180

Lorraine is standing on the porch, calling in the general
direction of the beach.

LORRAINE
Mark? Mark? Are you out there?
(runs across the
beach toward the
water; yelling)
Mark!...Mark!...

Lorraine continues running along the beach and suddenly
spots Mark waist deep in the surf. She frantically calls
out to him.

LORRAINE
Mark! Don't do it! You love
yourself too much!...You
dedicated all your books to
yourself...For God's sake, Mark,
you just bought a new Porsche!!

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON MARK

181

MARK
 (quaking and
 sobbing)
 Well, it's too late now!! See
 if you can live with this!!!

He turns and plows into the waves. The surf takes him and he is gone.

SFX: TAPE RECORED VOICE AT SLOW SPEED.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON LORRAINE

182

She gasps and notices something at her feet. Picking it up, she is horrified to learn that it is Mark's tape recorder, soaked, with several strands of seaweed hanging from it.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - MARK'S TAPE RECORDER

183

We hear Mark's voice, distorted because of the wet tape machine.

MARK
 (voice over)
 Maarrr...tinnn...Scorr...
 saaayy...zzzee...

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON BRIAN

184

gently rapping on Dorita's door.

BRIAN
 (quietly)
 Darcy...is everything all
 right in there?

There is a LOUD CRASH from behind the door. After a beat, Darcy opens the door. She looks pale.

BRIAN
 What's happening?

Darcy puts her fingers to her lips and then motions him in.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON MAX

185

floating horizontally above the bed. A few items have been overturned and Max's slightly green face is contorted gargoyle-like.

BRIAN

(whispering)

Jesus Christ, he looks terrible...
has he got a fever?

Lorraine bursts into the room, carrying Mark's tape recorder. She offers it as mute evidence.

LORRAINE

(sobbing)

Mark went into the ocean.

BRIAN

Swimming?

LORRAINE

Suicide.

MAX

(croaking)

He had it coming.

DARCY

Max!

BRIAN

You heartless son-of-a-bitch!

Max makes a ceramic voodoo mask fly across the room, past Brian, and smash into the wall.

MAX

(guttural,
rasping)

Gonna get you! Boggie, boogie!

BRIAN

We'll see who gets who, Gook!

He tears an elephant tusk off the door next to him and wielding it over his head like an axe, applies full throttle to the chair and charges Max.

BRIAN

Son-of-a-bitch! Your damn parlor
tricks killed my best friend and
best-selling author!

Brian is about to bring the tusk down on Max's head with full force when Max starts his wheelchair spinning around and around in place at high speed.

LORRAINE

Max, he's a cripple! Leave
him alone, goddammit!!

She dives into the swirling mass of chrome, trying to stop him.

Max seizes the opportunity to stop the spin and roll Brian out of the room, dragging Lorraine behind him.

CUT TO:

HALLWAY OUTSIDE DORITA'S ROOM

186

Brian's chair makes an abrupt left at the top of the stairs shaking Lorraine loose, and begins bumping down the stairs in fast motion, then across the floor and out of the house. Lorraine runs after him.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - BRIAN'S WHEELCHAIR - NIGHT

187

Brian's wheelchair is rocketing across the beach, sand churning up from the wheels. It hits the surf and takes off like a motorboat, skimming the waves and sending up a spray of water. Lorraine is pursuing him down the beach.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP BRIAN IN HIS WHEELCHAIR

188

He is determinedly manipulating the controls of the chair, trying to turn around when the chair stops abruptly and slowly sinks. Brian desperately using the elephant tusk as a paddle.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON LORRAINE

189

at the surf line. She shrieks, then turns back facing the house.

LORRAINE

(livid beyond
belief)

You limp-dicked jealous scumbag!
I faked every orgasm!!!

She turns with a look of determination and smoothly dives into a wave.

LORRAINE

I'm coming, Brian.

CUT TO:

INT. DORITA'S ROOM

190

Darcy is looking out the window toward the beach. She moans.

DARCY

Oh, Lord, no.

Darcy turns from the window and watches as Max, still floating above the bed, begins rotating as if on a spit.

Filled with terror, she backs out of the room.

DARCY

Max...just stay there. I'll be right back.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE DORITA'S ROOM

191

Darcy shuts the door quietly, then leans against it breathing deeply. She then charges down the stairs and into the kitchen.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN

192

Dorita is huddled by the altar, a pile of smoldering feathers in front of her in an ashtray. She is taking huge bites out of a string of garlic. Darcy rushes in, heading for the phone.

DARCY

Don't go upstairs, Dorita. Max is very upset.

DORITA

Upset, hell...that boy possessed!

DARCY

I don't know what's the matter with him. We've got to get help.

DORITA

I told you what's the matter with him. He got a mighty pissed-off demon in him. Ain't no white man doctor gonna help him. You need a heavyweight Mamaloi with a demon mojo and a crow foot...

Cont.

DARCY

(hanging up
the phone)

Dorita...Have you ever actually
seen somebody make things fly
around a room?

DORITA

Well, sure I have. That's the
first thing a demon do. Rearrange
a room to suit him.

DARCY

Then you'd know what you were
looking at if you saw it?

DORITA

Hell, yes, I already told you
...But, I ain't gonna see
nothin' now. I ain't goin'
near that boy!

DARCY

Dorita, we've got to try.

DORITA

Read my lips: No! N...O...E!!

Darcy looks at the altar, makes a decision, and grabs several
packets of herbs.

DARCY

Then I'll do it myself. How
do I use these?

DORITA

(impatiently)

That's only good for bunions.
You need Demon Powder.

DARCY

Give me some.

DORITA

You don't even know how to use
it.

DARCY

Dorita, give it to me!

Dorita hesitates, looking at Darcy.

Cont.

DORITA

You set on doin' this?

Darcy does not answer, extending her hand instead in mute request for Demon Powder. Dorita hesitates, then comes to a decision.

DORITA

Shoot. I better do it. You'll get it wrong and blow us all to white man's hell. And I ain't got time for that.

Dorita begins gathering things from the altar, taking command.

DARCY

Should I boil water or something?

DORITA

He ain't havin' no baby! Now, stay behind me.

(grabs a portable
tape recorder from
the altar)

Can't work without no music.

She turns on the tape recorder and recorded VOOODOO DRUM MUSIC plays. As they go up the stairs and to the door of Dorita's room, the MUSIC BUILDS in intensity.

Pausing outside the door, Dorita mumbles a few prayers. She becomes very calm and composed, reaches for the door knob, turns to Darcy.

DORITA

This'll be a piece of cake.

With that, she hurls the door open, sprints inside, shrieking shrilly at the top of her lungs. Darcy cautiously takes a position just inside the door.

CUT TO:

INT. DORITA'S ROOM

193

Max is still floating serenely above the bed. Dorita's entrance scares the hell out of him and he flies spread-eagled against the wall in panic. Dorita begins to hop in the middle of the room, waving her mojo. She points at Max and glares sternly.

Cont.

DORITA

Now you listen to me, Demon.
That is God's child. Now, you
haul your ass outta that boy.
You hear me, Demon? This is
Dorita. I'm talkin' to you!

Max recovers a bit, starts to float toward Dorita.

DORITA

Don't you touch me! I didn't
tell you you could touch me.

Max, crazed and mused, floats down onto the bed.

Dorita is gaining a little confidence.

DORITA

And take those shoes off. You
in my bed!

Max's shoes fly off his feet and bang against the wall.

DORITA

(to Darcy)
I think I got his attention.
That's the first thing.

Dorita then marches over to the side of the bed. She squares
her shoulders and looks into Max's eyes, holding her huge
fist in front of his face.

DORITA

Now. We can do this easy...or
we can do it rough. These is
knuckles you is lookin' at.

MAX

(guttural and
rasping)
Your mama.

DORITA

(rolling up
her sleeves)
You pissin' me off, Demon!

She yanks the monkey paw from around her neck. She screws the
top off the paw and begins to pour a four-foot line of white
powder on the floor around the bed. She turns to Darcy.

Cont.

DORITA

This is the Demon Powder. He
touch that, he die.

With a laugh, Max slowly gets up and stands inside the line of powder. Dorita begins shaking rattles and singing to her voodoo music.

Max suddenly drops on all fours, straddling the line. He puts his nose in the powder and, crawling, snorts every bit of it. He then springs to his feet with a deep exhilarating breath.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - MAX

194

His head begins to spin three hundred and sixty degrees.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON DORITA

195

DORITA

Uh oh.

She tries to nonchalantly walk out of the room. Max levitates her, turns her upside down so that her skirt falls over her face, revealing her Huckleberry Hound panties.

DORITA

This ain't no ordinary demon.
Child, you on your own now.

DARCY

What do I do?

DORITA

Be nice to him!

Darcy whirls and faces Max.

DARCY

Max, stop it. Put her down.
She hasn't done anything to you!

Max does not release Dorita. Darcy begins tugging on Dorita, trying to get her down.

Max causes the stuffed deer to float up behind Darcy, poking her in the butt with its antlers. Darcy spins around, alarmed, then gets furious.

Cont.

DARCY
(desperate to
reach him)
Goddammit, Max! You wanna move
things?! I'll make things move
too!

She violently kicks the deer in the side, sending it
clattering across the room, then frantically but methodically
begins hurling objects about. .

DARCY
(finishing, out
of breath)
There! Now it's your turn! Go
ahead! Throw things at me!

Max shakes his head "no" in horror, and dashes past her out
of the room. As soon as he has exited, Dorita drops to the
floor. She is angry now, and determined.

DARCY
Are you all right?

DORITA
Uh-huh. Now I'm ready to kick
some ass!!

Dorita charges out of the room like a wild bull with Darcy
close behind.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BEACH

196

Max is loping along the beach like the Hunchback of Notre Dame.
He hears Darcy calling him and turns to see her and Dorita
exiting the house in pursuit of him. The beleaguered beast
turns and runs away from them as fast as he can.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER ANGLE

197

Dorita digs the balls of her feet in the sand, and fixes a
baleful eye on Max. She takes off like a blitzing linebacker
and covers the fifty yards between them like an Olympic
athlete. Shoulders low and head up, she catches up to Max,
dives, and brings him down with a bone-crunching tackle.
She deftly flips him over and is astride him in a second, her
knees pinning his shoulders to the sand and her face pressed
close to his.

Cont.

DORITA

Gotcha.

MAX

(guttural, rasping
a warning)

Get off me. I'm not responsible.

DORITA

The hell you ain't.

Max's attention is diverted to Darcy who is calling to him as she runs toward them.

DARCY

(o.s.)

Max, please, don't run away!

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON DARCY

198

approaching Max and Dorita.

DARCY

(bending down)

Please don't do anything, Max.
Believe me, I love you.

MAX

(guttural,
rasping)No you don't. I'm a monster.
This is the real me.

DARCY

Why are you a monster, Max?

CUT TO:

THREE SHOT

199

Darcy is looking tenderly into Max's agonized features while Dorita, ever wary of Max, looks on, trying to be unobtrusive.

MAX

Because I can't love.

DARCY

Why, Max? Why can't you love?

Cont.

MAX
(breaking a bit)
Because I'm afraid...nobody
will love me.

DARCY
Then what am I doing here?!
Max, can't you see how scared
I am!? Would I be here if I
didn't love you?

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - MAX

200

His eyes registering that he fully understands the fear she
is in. His features begin to soften.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON MAX, DARCY AND DORITA

201

DORITA
Now you listen here, boy. I
know you love this girl. And
it's about time you come across
with the goods and tell her.
You got that? Now come on.
Tell her!

MAX
I...I love you, Darcy.

DORITA
Ah...that's real nice.

She grabs him by the ears, looks heavenward, and mumbles a
voodoo incantation, then plants a big wet kiss on him.

CUT TO:

EXTREME CLOSEUP - MAX AND DORITA

202

SIDE SHOT, they are nose to nose. First Max's eyes bulge,
then Dorita's. Sweat pops out on their brows as the energy
builds up. There is a crackling and a small bolt of green
lightning jumps from Max's nose to Dorita's. She lets out
a "whoop."

CUT TO:

ANOTHER ANGLE

203

Dorita rolls off of Max's chest, stunned. Max looks like his normal self again.

Dorita is picking herself up and brushing off the sand.

DORITA

(to Darcy)

He all right. Everything gonna be just fine.

She turns, staggers a few uncertain steps, then steadies herself and marches proudly toward the house.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON MAX

204

lying on the beach. He turns and looks into Darcy's anxious face.

MAX

(his normal voice)

I love you, Darcy.

Darcy moves to him and embraces him as they cling to each other in loving silence. Dawn begins to break on the horizon.

PAN TO ocean. A small craft can be seen in the distance.

DISSOLVE TO:

ANGLE ON A SMALL COAST GUARD BOAT

205

chugging along on the Long Island Sound.

There are about a dozen people on the boat.

PANNING the passengers, we FIND Mark, Brian in his chair, and Lorraine wrapped in blankets, huddled and sipping coffee.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER ANGLE

206

The CAPTAIN speaks to a well-dressed Man.

CAPTAIN

Your wife picking you up this morning, Mel?

Cont.

MEL

Naw, she didn't come up this weekend. My girl friend'll be there.

A YOUNG DECKHAND speaks to the Captain.

YOUNG DECKHAND

We recovered thirteen suicides last night. Isn't that something, sir?

CAPTAIN

That ain't nothin', kid. Stick around for the Christmas season.

We PULL BACK as the rescue boat nears the dock in the crisp morning light. People on shore are assembling to retrieve their loved ones.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

207

Dorita is sitting comfortably on a stool reading Cosmopolitan and smoking her pipe contentedly.

WIDEN TO REVEAL: dishes washing themselves, vacuum cleaner moving back and forth on the floor and sparkling clean glasses stacking themselves in the cupboard.

Dorita glances up momentarily to make sure everything is under control then goes back to her magazine.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL TOWER

208

Max is at his console, his feet comfortably propped up, speaking on the phone with Darcy; his back to the window.

MAX

...So when are you moving back in? You're right, why rush? We've got plenty of time...

In the b.g., PETE, another controller, is frantically conversing with a pilot.

Cont.

PETE
(into headset)
Hold it! Hold it! I know
you're coming in low, but what
else can we do? You've got no
flaps at all??!! My God, pull
up...pull up, you...Hold it!
Hold it! That's the fuckin'
tower!! Veer left!!!

We can still HEAR Pete's hysterical exortations under Max's dialogue.

MAX
Why don't we have a nice cozy
dinner tonight? I'll bring home
some good wine...anything you
want to make, hon.

PETE
Holy Mary Mother of God...!!!

MAX
Oh, you're gonna wear that?
That's a real turn on...We'll
take it nice and slow...

In the b.g., all the other controllers are running around frantically, sobbing, looking for places to hide, bumping into each other, diving under their consoles, and randomly calling for help.

A jumbo-jet can be seen through the window behind Max heading directly for the tower. Max is blissfully unaware as the jumbo-jet soon fills the entire window.

At the last moment, the plane lifts over the tower.

MAX
Yeah...nothing much happening
today...

There is a loud crunching CRASH. A huge wheel assembly from the plane plummets through the roof and slams into the seat right next to Max, followed by plaster, debris, and shattered fluorescent lighting tubes. The controllers behind Max, now relieved, look at the enormous tires in wonderment.

Cont.

MAX

Gotta go. Things are picking
up here...I'll tell you about
it later. Love you.

He hangs up, brushes plaster dust off his leg, reaches for
the wheel assembly next to him and curious, he pulls a small
piece of duct tape off a loose hanging bolt and examines it
as we:

ROLL CREDITS.

FADE OUT

THE END