

FILOFAX

A Screenplay By

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REVISED SECOND DRAFT

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Registered WGAw

F I L O F A X

FADE IN:

EXT. CHICAGO - MORNING

The sun peaks over Chicago. The day begins.

ALARM CLOCK - EXTREME CLOSEUP - 6:59 AM

A sleek, black digital that makes time look expensive. It changes to 7:00.

COMPUTERIZED VOICE

Good morning. Good morning. Good morning.

A hand fumbles onto the clock. The VOICE STOPS.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

INT. SPENCER'S BEDROOM - SAME

The hand belongs to SPENCER BARNES, 33, boyishly handsome, awfully tired. He squints at the sunlight slicing through the onyx Levelor blinds.

The modern bedroom is immaculate. Beyond organized. It's symmetrical.

Also in bed is ELIZABETH HAYES. 30 and pretty, even at 7:00 in the morning.

From his nighttable, Spencer picks up a black crocodile-skin paperback-size looseleaf notebook. This is his FILOFAX.

He flips it open, studies it bleary-eyed.

INSERT - FILOFAX PAGE - EXTREME CLOSEUP

A computer-typed, fifty-item itinerary for the day. Meetings, phone calls, messages, lunches, etc. Spencer's life.

SPENCER

sighs, stands, then glances back at Elizabeth.

The way the morning light falls upon her, she looks angelic. Beautiful. Spencer sets down the Filofax, crawls back into bed and kisses her softly. She kisses back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COMPUTERIZED VOICE
Get to work. Get to work. Get
to work.

One more kiss and he moves away. She moans groggily...

SPENCER'S BATHROOM

Impeccable. Straight out of "Architectural Digest". Mirrors, a Jacuzzi/shower.

A SERIES OF SHOTS AS SPENCER

A) works out on his computerized rowing machine, glancing at the open Filofax every time he flexes.

B) sets the Filofax on the counter beside the sink, opening it to sales charts.

C) flosses, brushes his teeth with an electric toothbrush, then flosses again, while studying the Filofax.

D) swallows 15 vitamins and Stress-Tabs.

E) removes his pajamas, folds them, then lays them in the hamper.

F) showers, while the morning traffic report PLAYS on the radio.

G) dries himself, folds the towel perfectly on the rack.

He turns to another page in the Filofax as he smooths on shaving cream. He's ridiculously accurate, making sure the cream's layered just right. Perfect. With a sharp edge just under his chin.

Then he notices Elizabeth, in her robe, standing at the doorway.

SPENCER
Yeah? What?

ELIZABETH
Spencer, I'm worried about you.

She moves to him, draws a line with her finger through the shaving cream on his face.

ELIZABETH
When we first met... you ate
tacos.

Spencer re-applies the cream, turns the faucet on and starts to shave.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPENCER

So? I don't like tacos anymore.

ELIZABETH

No, no, you do! You love them!
Admit it, Spencer. You just hate
the mess. Spencer, darling...
I think you've become anal.

He considers this, then goes back to shaving.

SPENCER

Five months in grad school and
you're already analyzing me.
People don't become anal,
Elizabeth. They're born that way.

ELIZABETH

You work too hard.

SPENCER

Yes! I do! I've worked hard to
work this hard!

He continues to shave. Elizabeth turns his face towards her.
She kisses him, getting shaving cream all over her face.

ELIZABETH

Remember emotions, Spencer?
Spontaneity? Fun? You're
consumed by your work. We don't
spend time together. You don't
have any friends, Spencer.
There's more to life than Walter,
Walter, Walter.

Looking into her eyes, he suddenly sympathizes with her. He
takes her into his arms.

ELIZABETH

It's hard competing for your time.
Being penciled in. Erased.
Rescheduled. Do you even remember
the last time we had sex?

Spencer glances over at his Filofax, flips a page.

ELIZABETH

(incredulous)

Do you see what I mean?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPENCER

I was kidding!

(hugging her)

That's why we're going away this weekend.

(a kiss)

In twenty-four hours we'll be in Wisconsin. The Chestnut Lodge, right on the water, room service the whole time. We'll never leave the room.

ELIZABETH

No business? No phone calls?

SPENCER

I promise.

They kiss. And it's passionate. Both smeared in shaving cream, they tumble to the floor.

Exploding in passion long overdue, they roll around on the plush carpet while

THE FILOFAX

sits on the counter beside the RUNNING SINK which quickly fills with water.

SPENCER AND ELIZABETH

begin to make love. She musses his hair, he moans about being late.

THE SINK

fills with water and starts to OVERFLOW -- a puddle of soapy water moves toward the Filofax!

SPENCER

embraces Elizabeth -- and then sees, reflected off a dozen mirrors, his Filofax -- inches from the oncoming water!

SPENCER

MY FILOFAX!

In S-L-O-W M-O-T-I-O-N, Spencer heaves Elizabeth off of him, BOUNDS to the sink and grabs the book -- just in time!

He turns to Elizabeth, who's sprawled on the carpet.

ELIZABETH

You're losing your mind, Spencer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

From the Filofax comes a rapid succession of BEEPS. Spencer opens the book and turns off a credit card-sized BEEPER.

SPENCER
That's Walter.

ELIZABETH
(restraining herself)
I know.

EXT. CHINO, CALIFORNIA PRISON - MORNING

A non-descript facility housing 2000 prisoners. A bronze plaque reads "CHINO SECURITY FACILITY FOR MEN."

A loud BUZZ is HEARD in the distance, followed by CLANGS of opening cells.

INT. JESUS PEREZ'S CELL

CALENDAR - EXTREME CLOSEUP

A hand carefully crosses an "X" through the day's box. SLOWLY PULL BACK TO REVEAL, written on the box three days later, the words "ADIOS CHINO".

CONTINUE TO PULL BACK TO REVEAL six years worth of calendars, every day crossed out, plastered to the walls of this small cell.

Crossing out the day's box is JESUS (pronounced hey-soos) PEREZ. He's a 32 year-old, bearded, well-built Hispanic wearing a T-shirt and boxer shorts.

Also on the walls are baseball pictures and posters, most of the LOS ANGELES DODGERS. A couple of the pictures of a younger Jesus, once a pitcher for the ALBUQUERQUE DUKES. A well-worn copy of a Baseball Encyclopedia sits on the floor.

A sports call-in show PLAYS on a small transistor radio. Talk of the World Series.

Jesus takes a look in the mirror, splashes water on his face, then dries his face with his shirt.

He grabs a 50 year-old toothbrush and in one stroke brushes his upper teeth, in another stroke his lowers. He spits.

Then, in the mirror, he notices a dumpy 28 year-old GUARD. Jesus turns to him with a bright, crazy smile.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESUS
(slight Mexican accent)
Yo, homes!

Jesus moves close. The Guard subtly slips him a \$20 bill.

JESUS
(quietly)
Double or nothing the Dodgers win
it in six.

GUARD
(Southern drawl)
Forget it, Jesus.

The Guard walks off, down the corridor of cells.

JESUS
Nice doing business with you!

INT. PRISON CAFETERIA - DAY

DOLLY PAST sacks, cans and jars of food, all wrapped in plain-wrap, generic packages. CONTINUE TO DOLLY to reveal that we're in a kitchen pantry.

CONTINUE TO DOLLY TO REVEAL a grimy, over-crowded cafeteria. 200 INMATES eat while another hundred wait in line for food. A RADIO PLAYS a sports talk show in the background.

Jesus works behind the counter, shoveling oatmeal onto tin dishes. A big box of blue label GENERIC OATMEAL MIX sits behind him, as does a tray of glasses filled with GENERIC ORANGE JUICE.

From across the cafeteria the 50 year-old militant WARDEN enters. He's got a crew cut, government-issue uniform, and beady eyes that scan the room.

After a beat, an INMATE approaches him, handing him a bowl of mush.

INMATE
Compliments of the chef.

The Warden glares over at Jesus, who waves to the Warden energetically.

JESUS
Yo amigo!

The Warden clenches his jaw and exits.

Jesus continues to scoop as the RADIO PLAYS:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DJ (v.o.)

Remember... this is to win two tickets to game six of the World Series! The questions are: who's got the world record for the most no hitters and who's pitched the most consecutive no-hitters?

JESUS

(immediately)

Nolan Ryan and John Vander Meer.
Cincinnati, 1938.

LeBRADFORD, an inmate wearing a Dodger cap, slides his tray over. He's enormous. He could kill you.

JESUS

Yo, LeBradford! Where'd you get the cap?

LeBRADFORD

My old lady gave it to me last night. And that's not all she gave me, neither.

JESUS

(slowly)

I like it, LeBradford.

LeBRADFORD

Aw, man, come on! Not the cap!

JESUS

I can't help it if you keep losin' bets to me, man! What do you owe me now? Like fifty thousand bucks?

A reluctant LeBradford hands over the cap. Jesus puts it on, holding up a ladle to see his reflection.

JESUS

Sweet! I look great, man! Hey...

Jesus holds up a glass of orange juice in a toast. LeBradford does the same.

JESUS

To the Dodgers winning the series.
To my freedom in three days...

LeBRADFORD

To big tits.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The CLINK their glasses, laughing. They drink, and it's horrible.

DJ (v.o.)
Caller, you're on!

CALLER (v.o.)
Tommy John and Ron Guidry?

DJ (v.o.)
Sorry! Let's take another call,
for tickets to the World Series!

Suddenly Jesus drops his glass.

JESUS
They're giving away tickets to
the Series!

LeBRADFORD
Too bad you're out the day after
the game.

DJ (v.o.)
The number again... 657-7502.

Jesus, obsessed, leaps over the counter and sprints through the cafeteria, SCREAMING:

JESUS
657-7502! 657-7502!

LeBRADFORD
Crazy motherfucker.

EXT. PRISON YARD - SAME

Jesus races through the worn baseball diamond, the basketball courts, past an armored transport bus...

JESUS
657-7502! 657-7502!

... past the prison library, classrooms, and into

HOLDING BLOCK F

It's dirty, crowded and smokey. Down the hall is a "Pacific Bell" sign. Jesus sprints.

JESUS
657-7502!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He comes to a SCREEECHING halt at the pay phone -- where a small, pot-bellied, tattooed INMATE talks on the phone.

JESUS
Gotta use the phone, man! Please!
Please! I said please!

INMATE
I'm talkin' to mi madre.

Jesus grabs the receiver and pulls the Inmate from the phone.

JESUS
(on the phone)
Later, mama.

He slams down the phone, pulls a quarter from the Inmate's pocket, sticks it in the pay phone and dials. It's busy. He dials again, swearing in Spanish under his breath. Still busy. He tries one more time... and it RINGS.

DJ (v.o.)
You're on the air!

JESUS
I'm on the air? I'm on the air?
(yells down the hall)
I'm on the air!

DJ (v.o.)
What's you're name?

JESUS
Jesus! Jesus Perez, man!

DJ (v.o.)
And where are you calling from?

JESUS
(looks around)
Uh... my car.

INT. PRISON CAFETERIA - SAME

LeBradford and a dozen INMATES listen to the radio.

DJ (v.o.)
For the tickets, Jesus, who's got
the --

JESUS (v.o.)
Nolan Ryan and John Vander Meer!
Cincinnati, 1938!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DJ (v.o.)
That's right! We've got a winner!

LeBRADFORD
Holy shit.

DJ (v.o.)
Be at Los Angeles Airport to pick
up your tickets tomorrow at ten
AM, and meet the Dodgers!

INT. HOLDING BLOCK F - SAME

Jesus jumps up and down, wildly YELLING down the echoey
corridors.

JESUS
I won! I won, man! I won! I'm
a weeeeeener!

EXT. CHICAGO GENERAL HOSPITAL - DAY

A sprawling medical complex.

INT. ICU HALLWAY - SAME

Spencer, wearing a business suit and carrying a bouquet of
flowers, hurries down the hall and enters

WALTER'S HOSPITAL ROOM

It's a single-bed room. Lying in the bed is WALTER BLAKE, the
50 year-old chairman of the Blake Advertising empire. He's
attached to a dozen BEEPING machines, and is watching the
monitor that's displaying the Financial News Network.

Unlike anyone else that would be in this situation, Walter
doesn't seem pained, tired, or frightened. He's pissed.

SPENCER
Walter...

WALTER
Goddamn heart. I knew I should've
lost the extra twenty.

SPENCER
This is such a shock.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALTER

Aw, bullshit. It's part of business. Bent down to get in the limo and whamo! Heart burn you wouldn't believe.

Spencer indicates the flowers.

WALTER

I'm allergic. Come here.

Spencer leans forward.

WALTER

You're going to Los Angeles.

SPENCER

(pales)

What?

WALTER

Bellflower and August just lost the Generic Foods advertising account. And I want it.

Spencer automatically opens his Filofax and starts taking notes.

WALTER

(pointing)

Get me that.

Spencer picks up a small portfolio from the table, flips it open. It's a series of print ads for a plain-wrap Generic Foods company.

WALTER

I want you to make the proposal.

A machine BEEPS. A NURSE runs in, adjusts something as they talk.

WALTER

You've gotta watch out for the CEO of Generic, she's a real ballbuster. Diane Connors. What a bitch. Compliment her left and right. Tell her you love their food.

SPENCER

But I've never tasted it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALTER

I don't give a shit, I want that account. You're also playing tennis with Mikoto Sakamoto at the Malibu Tennis Club.

SPENCER

(writing)

Malibu... Tennis... Club.

WALTER

Sakamoto owns Generic, Spencer. He's flying in from Tokyo just to see the presentation.

SPENCER

You can count on me, Walter. I'm the right man for the job.

WALTER

No I am, but you'll do. The key is how you come across. How you present yourself. How you present us. Business etiquette, Spencer. Follow me?

SPENCER

Of course. I took the seminar.

Another NURSE comes in with a tray of long needles. She gives Walter an injection. Though Walter doesn't flinch, it's clearly hard for Spencer to watch.

WALTER

You'll stay at my beach house, your girl's got all the details. Transportation's all taken care of, so don't touch the Ferrari.
(starts to get drowsy)

Oh, and I was supposed to have dinner with Jewel.

SPENCER

Your daughter.

WALTER

You're taking my place on that, too. Make sure she's happy. Listen, Spencer... if you pull this off... if you get this account... you're looking at...
(eyes close)
... full... Vice-Presidency.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Spencer's face lights up.

WALTER

Have... a good trip,
Spennnnccccerrrr... Goddamn
thorazine.

Boom. Walter's asleep.

INT. THE WARDEN'S OFFICE - DAY

A quiet, immaculate office with a miniature model of the prison in the corner of the room and a bookshelf filled with military books. Military photos line the walls.

In the middle of the room, the WARDEN practices putting on a small astro-turf golfing green.

A GUARD stands at the door and Jesus, wearing a regulation prison uniform, sits in a chair.

JESUS

But, sir, it's only two days
early.

The Warden putts all the way across the office, makes it.

GUARD

Good one.

WARDEN

Jesus, this is hardly the first
time I've had you in my office
during the past six years.

JESUS

And I appreciate that extra
attention, sir.

WARDEN

You're a troublemaker, Jesus.
(putts, makes it)
I hate troublemakers.

JESUS

But sir... the World Series is
my dream.

WARDEN

(eyes another putt)
Jesus... if we did this for you,
we'd have to do it for everyone.
(more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WARDEN (Cont'd)
And if we did it for everyone...
(putts, makes it)
...this wouldn't be a prison,
would it?

JESUS
Sir, when I played on the
Albuquerque Dukes, the World
Series was all I ever thought
about...

WARDEN
(sets up another putt)
I'm aware of your history, Jesus.

JESUS
Please, sir. Please.

The Warden looks up.

WARDEN
All right. If I make this putt,
you can go.

The Guard chuckles. The Warden putts, misses completely.

WARDEN
Doesn't look good, Jesus.

Jesus falls to his knees.

JESUS
I know I deserved these six years,
sir! I stole lots of shit, did
lots bad things... but I never
hurt anyone! And I was good in
here!
(thinks about it)
Mostly.

The Warden makes another long putt, sinks it.

WARDEN
No can do, Perez.

Suddenly, in a fit of rage, Jesus starts slamming his head
against the Warden's desk!

JESUS
Please, sir! Please!

The Warden signals the Guard, who rushes over and grabs a
kicking, SCREAMING Jesus and drags him across the office.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WARDEN
Take away his television
privileges.

JESUS
(gasps)
NO!

He's pulled out of the office and it's quiet again. The Warden hits a final putt and makes it.

INT. SPENCER'S OFFICE - DUSK

INSERT - FILOFAX PAGE - EXTREME CLOSEUP

A woman's hands flips through the Filofax, taking us on a tour of the book as she speaks:

LINDA (o.s.)
Here's your itinerary. Mr.
Blake's address is on the top.
The keys to his house are in this
pouch. Pertinent business notes
are in this section. A limo's
picking you up at the airport.
You're all set.

LINDA

closes the book -- we see that we're in Spencer's office, a modern, impeccable room high atop Chicago.

LINDA is a handsome 55 year-old woman. She hands the Filofax to Spencer, who sits behind the black marble desk, his eyes glazed over.

SPENCER
You cancelled Wisconsin?

LINDA
All done.

He looks up at her, sighs.

EXT. SPENCER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A towering condo.

SPENCER (o.s.)
But this is a big opportunity for
me, Elizabeth! A big opportunity
for us!

INT. SPENCER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Elizabeth storms across the apartment.

ELIZABETH

Look at yourself! You've become completely incapable of taking a vacation!

SPENCER

That's not true! This is business! It's something I've got to do!

ELIZABETH

Well I know what I've got to do. I've gotta get out of here.

She opens a closet and takes out a jacket.

SPENCER

Can't you be understanding?

She flings open the door and starts down the hallway. Spencer follows her.

ELIZABETH

I've been understanding! Staff meetings, board meetings, employee meetings, corporate get-aways... Spencer, the problem is, I've been too understanding!

She presses the elevator button.

SPENCER

Elizabeth, please. We'll go away next weekend. I promise.

ELIZABETH

(teary-eyed)

I've heard that before, Spencer.

The elevator door opens. She gets inside, crying now.

SPENCER

But Elizabeth, why?!

ELIZABETH

Because you've become selfish, insensitive, and materialistic!

SPENCER

Does this mean marriage is out of the question?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The elevator door closes between them. Spencer sighs painfully, leaning his head against the wall.

SPENCER

Oh my God.

EXT. CHINO FACILITY FOR MEN - DAY

INMATES playing a game on the shoddy baseball field.

Jesus, wearing his Dodgers cap, is up to bat. LeBradford catches behind him.

JESUS

He's an asshole, man. One giant asshole. Two days, man. What's two days?

LeBRADFORD

Did he do that golfing thing with you? Hate that shit.

A pitch. Jesus doesn't swing. Ball one.

JESUS

He likes seeing me in here, man. He gets pleasure out of it.

LeBRADFORD

So go anyway. That'd really piss him off.

A light goes off in Jesus' head. He turns to LeBradford, missing the pitch. Strike one.

JESUS

How'd you like to forget all our bets? All the money you owe me?

LeBRADFORD

What the hell are you talkin' about?

JESUS

You do me a favor and we're even, man. You won't owe me nada.

LeBRADFORD

I don't know, man.

By now the PITCHER's pissed off at their conversation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PITCHER

Hey! Come on already!

Jesus turns back, holding the bat like a pro.

JESUS

I mean it, man. One favor and you don't owe me shit.

LeBRADFORD

Hit this over the centerfield fence and you gotta deal.

JESUS

Come on man, I haven't hit a center field homer all season!

LeBRADFORD

Then forget it.

Jesus takes a long serious stare at the center field fence. He considers.

JESUS

Okay, deal.

Jesus takes his stance. The pitch. He swings and connects -- the ball goes flying, directly over the center field fence. Jesus, smiling wide, leaping in the air, rounds the bases.

LeBRADFORD

Shit.

EXT. O'HARE AIRPORT - NIGHT

A 747 sits on the tarmac.

INT. 747 - FIRST CLASS - NIGHT

Spencer tries to sleep in his window seat as people load onto the plane. But it's impossible. He raises the armrests and curls into the fetal position. Somehow he starts to sleep.

Suddenly he HEARS a WHINE. It's not quite animal, it's not quite human:

DEBBIE (o.s.)

Spencer Barnes?

His eyes bolt open.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPENCER'S POV

Standing above us, upside-down, is an ultra-thin 33 year-old woman with a strange face. She wears a tie-die t-shirt and extremely tight jeans. This is

DEBBIE

Debbie Lipton! Ashcroft High?!

Spencer sits up.

SPENCER

Oh, God. You used to cheat off me in American History.

DEBBIE

You got me into Vassar!

She laughs again -- but harder, more obnoxious.

A PASSENGER in the aisle can't squeeze by, so Debbie steps in and sits next to Spencer.

DEBBIE

You look great, Spencer.. How's your life?

SPENCER

(turning away)

It's all right.

CAPTAIN BOB (v.o.)

Ladies and Gentlemen, this is your pilot, Captain Bob. Sorry to announce we'll be grounded for about forty-five minutes. We're having some problems with the bird.

SPENCER

Oh my God.

DEBBIE

So what've you been up to for the past fifteen years?

Spencer stares at her blankly.

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The Warden sits at his desk, his feet propped up. He reads GOLFER'S DIGEST. He laughs under his breath.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly a loud, continuous BUZZ is HEARD. The Warden throws down the magazine as a GUARD rushes in.

GUARD
Priority five!

Shock washes across the Warden's face.

EXT. HOLDING BLOCK F - NIGHT

The Warden, flanked by six armed GUARDS, rush to the holding block, a two-floor concrete building.

200 INMATES can be seen at the barred windows. It sounds like there's a riot going on inside.

GUARD #1
They've barricaded themselves inside, sir. They say they want a better television set.

GUARD #2
Better food and living conditions.

Suddenly LeBradford's voice is HEARD on a bullhorn, ECHOED off the other holding blocks.

LeBRADFORD (o.s.)
Hey, Warden! It's LeBradford!
Your hotel sucks, man! We eat shit! We live like shit! And the TV's shit!

The Inmates CHEER him on.

LeBRADFORD (o.s.)
I'm taking a man hostage until my demands are met!

And then we HEAR -- it's unmistakable -- JESUS' VOICE:

JESUS (o.s.)
Help me, man! Help me! They've got me tied up, man! They'll kill me!

GUARD #2
Holy shit, it's Jesus Perez.

The Warden looks puzzled.

INT. HOLDING BLOCK F - SAME

LeBradford holds the bullhorn up to his ghetto blaster...
playing a cassette of Jesus' voice!

JESUS (v.o.)
(from ghetto blaster)
I don't wanna die, man! I'm
scared!

THE WARDEN

turns to his GUARDS.

WARDEN
Don't let this get out. Do you
know how this could make me look?

GUARD #3
(under his breath)
Yeah, like a bad warden.

JESUS

emerges from the bushes, and staying low, scampers across the
dark faculty parking lot and SLIDES, like a runner to home base,
under a boxy American car.

Jesus fiddles with some wires under the car and the engine ROARS
to life.

Suddenly the car SCREEECHES off, backwards, revealing a parking
name plate: "WARDEN". Jesus scurries off as

THE CAR

careens across the yard in reverse, CRASHING into an electric
fence! SPARKS FLY and GUARDS come running as

JESUS

hides behind a wall, waiting as the GUARDS rush from their posts
to the car, now engulfed in flames!

THE WARDEN

goes crazy at the sight of his car.

WARDEN
MY PLYMOUTH!

JESUS

unseen, rushes to an armored transport bus and SLIDES underneath
it.

EXT. CHINO FACILITY FOR MEN - NIGHT

The armored transport bus leaves the prison. Down the road it stops at a stop sign.

When it drives off, Jesus Perez is lying in the road where the bus used to be!

He puts on his Dodgers cap, waits a beat, then scampers off, CHEERING wildly...

INT. 747 - SAME

Now in flight, Debbie looks through Spencer's Generic ad campaign prints.

DEBBIE

Advertising! Wow! I always knew you'd be a success! I tried the yuppie life, but it wasn't for me. I'm in make-up now. I'm the Clinique girl at Neiman-Marcus. I was in Chicago for a moisturizer convention.

Spencer's head drops into his hands.

EXT. HICKTOWN SUPERMARKET PARKING LOT - NIGHT

YELLOW GOODWILL DUMPSTER

A typical clothes donation box. After a moment, the door swings open and Jesus slides out, dressed in grey trousers and a t-shirt and his Dodger cap. He checks out his new threads.

JESUS

Dead people's clothes.

EXT. LA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - MORNING

The ever-busy airport.

INT. PAN AM TERMINAL - SAME

The terminal is packed with two-hundred Dodger FANS who wait at an adjacent gate for their Dodgers to arrive. They wave homemade banners, all dressed head-to-toe in Dodger blue.

A disheveled Spencer deplanes into the terminal with his briefcase, and an energetic Debbie at his side. They walk towards the baggage area.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEBBIE

Look! It's the Dodgers! Oh my
God! Kirk Gibson! What a fox!

SPENCER

I wonder if Kirk's plane was half
a day late.

They continue walking towards the baggage area -- passing right
by Jesus who walks in the opposite direction!

We follow Jesus now -- he moves to the clamor of the Dodger
fanatics, to a TALK RADIO desk, where a radio ANNOUNCER wearing
giant headphones sits, commentating.

JESUS

Hey man, wussup? I won two Dodger
tickets? Name's Jesus Perez.

A CROWD OF CHAUFFEURS

all holding up name cards -- with every name but Spencer's.

SPENCER

turns away from them, to the luggage carousel. Everyone's
luggage is arriving but Spencer's.

Debbie approaches, carrying a huge black duffle.

DEBBIE

Need a ride, Spencer?

SPENCER

Thanks, but I've got one.

Debbie takes a step towards him -- she's very close.

DEBBIE

I think there was a reason we were
on that flight together.

SPENCER

Yeah. We were both going to LA.

DEBBIE

I'm talking about Karma, Spencer.
About infinite possibility. About
us.

(she moves closer)

Now, I understand from what you've
told me about Stephanie...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPENCER

Elizabeth. Her name's Elizabeth.

DEBBIE

I can tell that you're on the rebound.

SPENCER

I am not on the --

DEBBIE

All I'm saying is...

She pulls out a maroon Filofax and scribbles something down, then hands him a pink piece of paper. He glances at it.

INSERT - PINK PAPER - EXTREME CLOSEUP

Debbie's phone number, below "DEBBIE LIPTON" engraved at the top in bubbly letters.

DEBBIE

...don't be afraid to call me.

DEBBIE

kisses him on the cheek, leaving a bright red lipstick blotch.

And she's off. He glances at the paper. Behind him, with a LOUD BUZZ, the carousel comes to a halt. He spins around.

SPENCER

Oh, God.

INSERT - A LOST LUGGAGE FORM - CLOSEUP

Spencer circles a picture of a medium-sized suitcase, with so much pressure he rips the paper. He opens his Filofax and copies down Walter's Malibu address.

SPENCER

is at the lost luggage counter, a hostile 60 year-old COUNTER WOMAN with bluish hair glances at the form.

COUNTER WOMAN

It should be on the next flight through Vegas. We'll deliver ASAP!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BANK OF TELEPHONES

Spencer is at a calling-card-only telephone. He opens his briefcase, takes out his Filofax, and opens it to its credit card section. Two-dozen cards. He slides a silver calling card through the phone slot.

Then he pushes a button on an "automatic dialer card" and holds the receiver to the Filofax -- it emits eleven rapid TOUCH TONES, effectively dialing for him.

He closes the Filofax, but it keeps sliding off the angled ledge -- so he places it on top of the telephone.

SPENCER

Linda. Hi, it's me. Listen, I'm living a nightmare. My plane was late and my chauffeur isn't here.

LINDA (v.o.)

You're lucky you caught me, I'm on my way out for the weekend. Hold on, I'll just call the limo service...

But then Spencer sees something -- way across the terminal, a 26 year-old CHAUFFEUR holds up a sign: MR. SPENCER BARNES. And then the Chauffeur tosses the sign into the garbage and turns away, leaving the terminal.

SPENCER

Wait! Wait! I see him! Gotta run!

Spencer hangs up, grabs his briefcase, and sprints for the Chauffeur... leaving his Filofax sitting on top of the telephone! He runs right past

JESUS

who admires his two Dodger tickets. Then Jesus spots a TROOP OF COPS standing by the glass doors. He instinctively turns to hide himself in the stand-up phone booth, grabs the receiver.

JESUS

No, baby I'd never cheat on you! She's just a friend, I swear it!

EXT. SEPULVEDA BOULEVARD - DAY

Traffic at a standstill. Horns HONK, drivers YELL. Among the cars is Spencer's limousine.

INT. LIMOUSINE - SAME

Spencer reclines in the back of the car. The limo phone rings, Spencer answers it.

SPENCER
Hello? Walter, hi!

INT. WALTER'S HOSPITAL ROOM - SAME

Walter's suspended from a traction hoist.

WALTER
Spencer, listen. When you play tennis with Sakamoto, lose! He's a competitive bastard, so your losing shows you respect him. Got it?

SPENCER

looks around for his Filofax.

SPENCER
Anything you say, everything's under control.

WALTER (v.o.)
Gotta go piss in a cup. See ya.

Spencer's casual glances for his Filofax quickly become maniacal as he realizes -- his book isn't here!

Spencer searches through his briefcase. The seats and floor: no Filofax. His eyes dart around the car. He bangs on the glass partition.

SPENCER
(pre-panic)
Hey! Have you seen my Filofax?

- CHAUFFEUR
Nope.
(holding up his own)
I've got mine though!

Spencer searches under the seats -- everywhere.

SPENCER
(complete panic)
Oh my GOD! MY LIFE'S IN THERE!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESUS

watches as the COPS disperse. He's safe. He hangs up the phone and notices a black book sitting atop the telephone. He takes it, opens it.

INSERT - FILOFAX PAGE - EXTREME CLOSEUP

A green card, resembling a dollar bill. It's the first page of the book, and it reads: "\$1000 CASH REWARD FOR THE RETURN OF THIS BOOK TO SPENCER BARNES."

JESUS

A thousand bucks?

He flips through the book, finding Spencer's LA itinerary, Walter's address, the house keys and the alarm code.

JESUS

Holy shit...

EXT. SEPULVEDA BLVD. - SAME

Spencer, briefcase in hand, sprints back towards the airport in the stopped traffic. He's crazed. He races past Jesus, who hitchhikes, Filofax in hand.

INT. PAN AM TERMINAL - DAY

Spencer bursts into the terminal and races to the phone he was at -- no book. And then he looks around -- and sees a dozen people with Filofaxes!

LUGGAGE CLAIM COUNTER

where the same Counter Woman works. Fifty people in line. Spencer races to the front.

- SPENCER

Excuse me, did anybody turn in a black, crocodile-skin Filofax?

The Counter Woman, not looking up, just points to the line.

SPENCER

(to the crowd)

I'm sorry, but this is an emergency! I have a terribly important business meeting to attend and I've lost my date book! You can all imagine how distressing this must be.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Crowd is uniformly stone-faced.

SPENCER

So if I could just go ahead of
you, I'd be very grateful. Would
that be all right?

There's a beat. And then the Crowd EXPLODES:

CROWD

NO!

Spencer's shocked.

COUNTER WOMAN

Oh, your bag showed up and we sent
it off. NEXT!

Spencer stares at her in disbelief.

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - DAY

Jesus, holding the Filofax, hops out of the rear of a pick-up
truck, waves the driver good-bye.

Before him is a giant, white, modern, two-story beach house with
an expansive front lawn.

He walks to the front door and rings the bell. Nothing. He
RINGS again. Nothing.

Then he opens the Filofax to a pouch with the keys inside. He
holds one up to the sun like a mystical sword.

INT. WALTER'S BEACH HOUSE

Complete darkness. The front door unlocks and opens, flooding
the place with sunlight.

Rapid BEEPS are HEARD. Jesus turns to an alarm keypad. He
opens the Filofax and sees the alarm code typed on Spencer's
itinerary. He punches in a number; the BEEPS stop and the alarm
light goes from RED to GREEN.

Jesus flicks some switches -- lights come on, revealing a
massive, modern, priceless living room.

Suddenly the house comes alive; a hidden top-of-the-line
television rises from the cabinets. A wet bar descends from
above. The most sophisticated stereo system ever appears from
behind a sliding door and, most spectacularly, the window blinds
rise, revealing a breathtaking view of the Pacific.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESUS

Holy shit. I'm on Dynasty.

Jesus moves around the house in awe. He picks up a remote control, hits it. The giant TV blares CNN.

Jesus moves to a luxurious leather recliner. He lies down on it and it suddenly BUZZES alive, moving beneath him! He jumps out of the chair and it stops.

He sits in the chair again... and learns to enjoy the massage, his entire body convulsing.

JESUS

Oh, baby... oh, yes. Oh, yeah!

And then Jesus notices that the REPORTER on TV is standing before Chino prison.

REPORTER

... and although there hasn't been any violence reported, this jail riot is yet another symptom of the dire situation which this country's prison system is in.

And then the Warden's face comes on screen. Jesus laughs.

WARDEN

We're in negotiations. We should have the situation under control within hours.

JESUS

(laughing)

Bullllllllllllshit.

Jesus opens the Filofax, pulling out a happy little photo of Spencer and Elizabeth. Jesus studies it, turns it over, it reads: "I LOVE YOU SPENCER, ELIZABETH". And then the DOORBELL RINGS.

Jesus hits the ground -- ready for a police raid. But nothing happens. He gets up, moves to the door and looks through the peephole.

JESUS' POV

A rounded, fish-eye view of an emaciated, 18 year-old Pan Am LUGGAGE BOY.

JESUS

Yeah?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUGGAGE BOY
Pan Am. Luggage.

JESUS
What?

LUGGAGE BOY
Is... Spencer Barnes here?

Jesus moves to the Filofax. Embossed in gold on the cover, it reads: SPENCER BARNES.

JESUS
Spencer Barnes? Yeah.

He opens the door and smiles wide.

JESUS
That's me.

INT. AVIS RENT-A-CAR - DAY

Spencer's at the counter, dealing with a very gay 30 year-old AVIS MAN.

AVIS MAN
For the last time, sir, we require a credit card. Corporate policy.

SPENCER
Listen. Carefully. I have a meeting to go to. The most important meeting of my career. All I've got is ninety dollars and I need a car.

AVIS MAN
Why don't you try Tyrannosaurus Wrecks.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

Motionless traffic. Spencer's behind the wheel of a horribly smashed-up DEMOLITION DERBY car. The kind with the netting and missing windows. He tries desperately to follow an LA road map.

He takes from his briefcase a bottle of Advil and pops five.

He turns on the radio -- but it's all STATIC except for one station which BLARES IRANIAN MUSIC. He clicks it off.

At least he's on his way.

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREETS - DAY

A predominantly Hispanic neighborhood. Jacked-up cars with stereos, kids playing in the streets and lots of graffiti. It's the jungle of suburbia gone bad. Downtown is washed with a smoggy mist, not too far away.

Everyone on the block turns as the DEMOLITION DERBY car rounds the corner, not running very well.

Spencer drives, still trying to follow the map. He stops at a red light.

A modified, gold BMW convertible playing the LOUDEST RAP MUSIC EVER HEARD pulls up beside him. Packed with fierce-looking GANG MEMBERS. They all eye Spencer.

Spencer motions to them. The MUSIC STOPS.

SPENCER

Excuse me, could you direct me
to the Malibu Tennis Club, please?

A beat. It's a little scary.

DRIVER

Take a right. It's about two
miles down.

SPENCER

(relieved)
Super. Thank you so much.

Spencer drives off, turns right.

The Gang bursts into spontaneous laughter, slapping each other high-fives.

INT. WALTER'S BATHROOM - SAME

An enormous Roman-design bathroom. Columns. A giant Jacuzzi. Numerous sinks. A display of high-tech grooming items: electric toothbrushes, razors, clippers. An arsenal of colognes, creams, mousses, gels.

A now clean-shaven Jesus, wearing a teri-cloth robe with "WB" on embroidered on the lapel, experiments with these things he's never seen before.

And then the DOORBELL RINGS.

JESUS

Spencer's home.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOWNSTAIRS

Jesus, in the robe, opens the front door. Standing there are TED and MIKE, two rather identical yuppie businessmen, both about thirtysomething.

They're dressed in tennis wear and sunglasses.

TED
(hand extended)
Spencer Barnes?

Jesus eyes them suspiciously. He shakes Ted's hand, Mike's too. Jesus has a mean grip.

JESUS
Wassup?

TED
Ted Ballard. Associate VP to the CEO.

MIKE
Mike Stewart. Co-Assistant Associate to the President. It's a pleasure.
(mock tennis swing)
All set for the big game?

JESUS
Yeah, I won two tickets.

Ted and Mike laugh. Jesus does too.

TED
We'd better get moving. I'm sure you know how important punctuality is to Mr. Sakamoto.

Jesus realizes he's in over his head.

JESUS
Look... uh, I can't make it.

There's a beat. Ted and Mike laugh again. So does Jesus.

TED
That's funny, Spencer. Very funny.
(indicating their car)
We're all ready to go.

Jesus looks outside at the longest stretch limo in history. His eyes practically fall out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESUS
Check out that limo!

Ted and Mike, turn and look back.

JESUS
We goin' in that baby?

TED
Uh... yes, we are.

JESUS
Really?

MIKE
Really.

JESUS
Cool! Can I drive?

Ted and Mike laugh.

TED
Look, if we're gonna make it,
you'd better put on your whites.

JESUS
My whites. Yeah, okay. Don't
move!

Jesus closes the door on them. A beat. Jesus opens it again.

JESUS
I'm gonna go put on my whites.

With a smile, he closes the door.

MIKE
Doesn't look like a Spencer
Barnes.

TED
No, he doesn't.

INT. WALTER'S LIVING ROOM - SAME

Jesus scours Spencer's suitcase, flinging clothes everywhere.

JESUS
Where the hell are my whites?
(beat)
What the hell are my whites?

EXT. THE BARRIO - DAY

Most stores are boarded up. This is a war zone and Spencer's in it. The demolished car PUTTERS down the mostly-abandoned street.

Spencer neurotically checks his watch, still trying to follow the map. The car BACKFIRES. It DIES. It's motionless.

SPENCER

No. No, no, no, no, no, no.

Spencer GUNS the engine -- it COUGHS, SPUTTERS and CLICKS. Nothing. He tries again, but gets no response at all.

He checks his watch.

SPENCER

Wonderful.

He grabs his map and briefcase and alights. He stops, surveys his surroundings.

It's almost post-apocalyptic. Spencer's never seen anything like it before.

He spots a TRANSIENT leaning against a brick wall across the street. Spencer moves to him.

SPENCER

Excuse me, sir?

(indicating map)

Maybe you could help me. I'm trying to find the Malibu Tennis Club? Would you happen to know where it is?

The Transient vomits on the sidewalk. Spencer slowly walks backwards.

SPENCER

Thanks for your time.

Then he HEARS some metal CLANGING and feet SCAMPERING. He turns back -- his car has been completely stripped.

SPENCER

Oh, my God.

EXT. 1ST STREET - DAY

Spencer, briefcase in one hand, map in the other; walks through the danger zone to a pay phone, but the receiver has been ripped out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPENCER

Fabulous.

And then he HEARS a BEEPER go off. He checks his pocket, but realizes he doesn't even have his beeper anymore.

GANG MEMBER #1 (o.s.)

Yo, homey.

Spencer spins around -- he's surrounded by the GANG he saw in the BMW. GANG MEMBER #1 holds a beeper.

GANG MEMBER #1

It's mine.

Spencer's eyes go wide, his blood cold.

SPENCER

(voice cracking)

May I help you?

GANG MEMBER #2

No, homes, the question is, can we help you?

Suddenly they break out in an angry RAP SONG, a couple of them doing the BEAT BOX.

GANG MEMBER #3

We gots uppers, downers, turn you all arounders...

GANG MEMBER #4

We gots highs and lows, wherever you wants to go...

GANG MEMBER #1

We're talkin' drugs, we're thugs and if you don't buy...

GANG MEMBER #2

We'll slap you 'round and make you cry!

Spencer is dumbstruck. The GANG MEMBERS slap each other customized high-fives, then turn to their victim.

GANG MEMBER #1

So what's up, homeboy?

GANG MEMBER #2

(touching it)

That suit Armani, or what? I like it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPENCER
(pulling away)
Yes it is, thank you. Listen, I
have three dollars on me. I'll
give you my three dollars. All
you have to do is direct me to
the -- Ooooooooooof!

GANG MEMBER #2 SLAMS Spencer in the stomach!

GANG MEMBER#2
A Yuppie with three bucks my ass!

GANG MEMBER #3 KICKS Spencer in the face! He goes flying back,
his briefcase sails into the air. Change from his pockets
scatters everywhere.

Spencer lands on the cement -- beside a faded chalk outline of
a body.

GANG MEMBER #4
Check out the bag!

SPENCER
No! Don't touch that! That's
all I have left!

One of the GANG MEMBERS rifles through the ad art in the
briefcase, as another LIFTS Spencer off the ground and HURLS
him against a brick wall. The rest take turns PUNCHING Spencer
about.

Their gold BMW SCREEEEEECHES to a halt at the curb.

The GANG MEMBERS grab the briefcase, his Rolex, his jacket, and
get into the car. It SCREEEEEECHES off.

Spencer, shocked and crumpled on the sidewalk, moves to pick up
the change on the ground.

SPENCER
Oh my God.

Groaning, he scrounges up about twenty-five cents. He puts the
change in his pocket, but then stops. There's something strange
there -- he pulls out a pink piece of paper.

INSERT - PINK PIECE OF PAPER - EXTREME CLOSEUP

It's Debbie's phone number.

SPENCER
Oh, my God.

EXT. MALIBU TENNIS CLUB - DAY

A beautiful, ritzy tennis club along the coastline. WAITERS dressed in white deliver drinks, various MEMBERS play tennis while others sit on the sidelines enjoying the sun.

Jesus, flanked by Ted and Mike, walks through the club.

TED
So Spencer, how do you like
working at Blake?

JESUS
Am I working right now?

TED
Well... yeah.

Two gorgeous WOMEN saunter past. Jesus can't take his eyes off them.

JESUS
I got a pretty good job, huh?

They arrive at a

TENNIS COURT

where SAKAMOTO, a 40 year-old Japanese man is practicing his serves. His three male Asian ASSISTANTS, wearing dark suits, recover the balls.

Sakamoto walks over to greet Jesus, Ted and Mike. He bows, Jesus bows back. This happens a few times.

SAKAMOTO
(heavy accent)
A pleasure to meet you, Mr.
Barnes.

JESUS
Yeah, man, wassup?

SAKAMOTO
Sorry to hear about Mr. Blake.

JESUS
Oh. Yeah, me too.

SAKAMOTO
It's important to me that I meet
business associates before doing
business with them. I thought
a little power tennis would be
more enjoyable than a power lunch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

One of Sakamoto's Assistants hands Jesus a racquet. This is the first time Jesus has held a tennis racquet. He's clearly tense.

JESUS
Listen, man. I haven't checked
out tennis in a while. I'm a
little rusty.

SAKAMOTO
Then we'll oil you!

Sakamoto laughs at his own joke. Ted, Mike and the three Assistants do too.

SAKAMOTO
I'm very anxious to hear your
proposal this afternoon! But
first, we'll play a set!
(beat, serious)
And may the best man win.

Jesus smiles nervously. He takes a few ridiculous practice swings.

Sakamoto and Ted move to one side of the court. Mike remains as Jesus' partner.

MIKE
Ready for some action, Spencer?

Jesus keeps swinging.

MIKE
Spencer?

Jesus remembers his name:

JESUS
Oh. Yeah, let's do it!

Sakamoto prepares to serve -- it's clear this game is more than just a game to him. He hits a ball towards Jesus, who takes a wild swing --

Jesus' racquet goes flying out of his hand, across the court! Mr. Sakamoto catches the racquet single-handedly, like some Zen master in complete control of his environment.

Ted and Mike cringe. The three assistants talk wildly in Japanese.

JESUS
Fuckin' slippery handle...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAKAMOTO
You sure about this, Spencer?

JESUS
Shit yeah.
(taking the racquet)
Just gimme a second, man.

Jesus examines the racquet for a moment, then grabs the handle as if it were a baseball bat. He gets into batting position.

JESUS
Okay. I'm ready.

The three men give each other curious looks. Sakamoto tosses a ball up and hits it to Jesus -- who winds up -- takes a swing and connects -- the ball bullets back, landing in bounds! Sakamoto tries to return it and hits it into the net.

SAKAMOTO
(laughing)
Nice shot!

JESUS
Gracias!
(confident)
Let's play ball!

EXT. SUNSET BLVD. - DAY

Among the traffic is a well-worn VW BUG.

INT. BUG - SAME

Debbie drives. Spencer, feeling his new bruises, sits in the passenger seat.

SPENCER
Listen, I really appreciate this.

DEBBIE
I knew you'd call, Spencer. I got home, looked at the phone and said, "Ring!"
(beat)
"Ring!" And it did!

SPENCER
If you could just take me to the Malibu Tennis Club, that would be great.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEBBIE
(touching his face)
Are you sure those little bruisey-
woozies are okay?

Debbie reaches into the back seat and pulls out a complete make-up kit. She goes through it as she drives, handing Spencer tubes and jars.

DEBBIE
I've got some cover-up and skin
enhancer that'll make you look
good as new...

Spencer reluctantly looks through the assortment of make-up.

SPENCER
Thanks, but I'm all right.

DEBBIE
Here's some aloe vera lotion.
Speeds the healing.

Debbie looks at Spencer for a long, solid beat, completely ignoring the road. He meets her gaze.

DEBBIE
Spencer, I want you.

Suddenly Spencer looks out the windshield --

SPENCER
Look out!

Debbie SWERVES the car back into her lane, shocked back into reality.

SPENCER
Holy shit!

DEBBIE
Oh, God, Spencer, I'm sorry! I'm
so embarrassed. Sometimes I have
trouble... controlling myself.

SPENCER
Jesus Christ!

DEBBIE
My dog Maybelline died recently.
(pulls out a photo of
a Dalmation)
She was twenty-six. It's been
a rough time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPENCER

I'm sorry.

DEBBIE

Let me cook you dinner tonight.
Please? It'll be fun!

SPENCER

No. I can't. It's not a good
time. It's a very bad time.

He looks at Debbie, who is pouting.

SPENCER

Look, do you know how to get to
Malibu?

DEBBIE

(moping)

Maybe.

Spencer takes a deep breath as Debbie SCREEEEECHES the car into
a frightening left turn.

EXT. MALIBU TENNIS CLUB - DAY

A SERIES OF SHOTS

of Jesus playing tennis "baseball style", with insane LEAPS and
JUMPS. With his natural athletic ability, Jesus quickly gets
a good feel for the game.

Sakamoto is clearly frustrated. His three Assistants watch on
in fear.

Jesus, serving, glances over at an adjacent court to catch a PRO
serving with perfect form. Jesus then serves -- hitting four
aces in a row!

Ted, Mike, and Sakamoto stare in disbelief.

JESUS

(thrilled, to Mike)

We're killing them, man!

MIKE

(uncomfortable)

Uh... yeah... but don't you think
we ought to...

(whispered)

... lose?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESUS
Me? Lose?! Ain't my style,
homes.

Sakamoto serves powerfully to Jesus, who pounds it back.
Sakamoto and Jesus have a short but furious rally. Finally
Sakamoto misses the ball. Furious at himself, he screams
something in Japanese.

JESUS
(to Mike)
You understand that shit?

LOVE-30. Sakamoto serves to Jesus. This time Jesus miss-hits
-- the ball just barely touches the top of the net, balances for
a moment, then falls over for a winner.

Jesus cheers.

SAKAMOTO
(sweating, angry)
Triple set point.

He serves. Jesus returns, approaches the net. Sakamoto hits
the ball to Mike, but Jesus, at the net, makes an incredible
dive and connects with the ball, making a near impossible shot
shot!

Everyone's quiet. Jesus looks to Mike.

JESUS
What happened?

MIKE
(whispered)
We won.

Suddenly Jesus goes crazy, doing a celebratory dance.

JESUS
We won! All right! All right!
Great game! How about another?

SAKAMOTO
(glaring)
You played a good match, Mr.
Barnes. I'm glad I met you before
the meeting.
(beat)
Until then.

Sakamoto walks off the court. The Assistants follow him. Ted
and Mike give Jesus incredulous looks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESUS

What? Hasn't he ever lost before?

TED AND MIKE

No!

After a beat, a VOICE is HEARD:

MR. WRIGHT (o.s.)

Mr. Spencer Barnes?

Jesus turns to MR. WRIGHT, a big, blond 45 year-old in tennis wear, holding a cellular phone.

JESUS

Yeah, that's me!

MR. WRIGHT

(handing him the phone)

Phone call.

Jesus admires the cellular phone, then brings it to his ear.

JESUS

(into the phone)

Yo!

INT. WALTER'S HOSPITAL ROOM - SAME

Walter is attached to a giant X-ray computer, wearing a sleek headset telephone.

WALTER

Spencer, Walter. Listen, I've come up with a new slogan. It's brilliant reversal advertising: "Generic Foods. We don't cost less... they cost more." Huh? Look, I gotta run, I'm about to get a new organ.

JESUS

Hears the CLICK, then hands the phone back to Mr. Wright.

JESUS

Walter's getting a new organ.

EXT. MALIBU TENNIS CLUB - DAY

The Bug pulls into the lot, up to the front entrance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Spencer slams his fist on the counter.

SPENCER

Damn it!

MR. WRIGHT (o.s.)

Is there a problem?

Spencer turns to Mr. Wright.

SPENCER

Yes. There is. My name's Spencer Barnes. I work for Blake Advertising.

MR. WRIGHT

Oh really? You're Spencer Barnes?

SPENCER

Yes. Yes, I am. If you could just give me Mr. Blake's home address, I could get everything straightened out..

Mr. Wright moves very close to Spencer, puts a finger in his face.

SPENCER

Hey, what's this?

MR. WRIGHT

Listen, pal. I don't know who you are, but I know you're not Spencer Barnes!

SPENCER

What? What are you talking about?!

Mr. Wright grabs Spencer by the collar.

MR. WRIGHT

Spencer Barnes was just here, pal. And he just left!

This hits Spencer like a bolt of lightning.

SPENCER

Spencer Barnes was just here?!

The Receptionist nods.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPENCER

What's going on?! Is this a
joke?!

Mr. Wright walks Spencer to the door.

MR. WRIGHT

One step back in here, and I'll
call the police.

Mr. Wright throws him out of the club!

EXT. MALIBU TENNIS CLUB - SAME

Spencer lands on the ground, shocked.

SPENCER

Oh my God.

His mind races. He looks back into the lobby, noticing the
"ACCOUNTING AND MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION" office. Another glance
at the PRO SHOP.

INT. THE PRO SHOP - SAME

The shop's empty, except for dozens of racks of clothes and
equipment, and the 60 year-old SALESWOMAN who GOSSIPS on the
telephone.

SPENCER

crawls into the shop, careful to avoid being seen.

He spots some clothes hanging on a rack. He reaches up, pulls
them -- they come off, but get stuck on the hanger!

THE SALESWOMAN

looks curiously at the rack of clothes, hangs up the phone and
moves towards Spencer!

SPENCER

panics, tugs on the clothes again and again, finally ripping the
clothes off the hanger! He scurries on his hands and knees to
the exit, zig-zagging his way past the racks, avoiding the
Saleswoman as he leaves the store!

EXT. WALTER'S BACK PORCH - DAY

A magnificent back porch, complete with pool, Jacuzzi, sauna, and an unbelievable Pacific view.

Jesus, getting used to this life, sits motionless in the bubbling Jacuzzi, watching Dr. Ruth on a small outdoor TV. The Filofax sits beside him.

CALLER (v.o.)

... and so it's more than just my boyfriend. It's men in general. I feel alone... afraid to get involved. I pretend I'm in complete control, but I'm not. I never am. I'm scared I'll fall in love and that it won't be returned!

JESUS

Bummer.

DR. RUTH (v.o.)

Your problem is very common. You project your fears onto the opposite sex. Just remember. Men often suffer from megalomania.. Narcissism. Their carnal desires are sometimes the most important thing to them, and they're as scared as you are. Sensuality depends on secure self-assuredness.

JESUS

Sounds good.

JEWEL (o.s.)

Hey!

Startled, Jesus spins around. Standing behind him, wearing tight jeans and designer sweatshirt, is a beautiful 23 year-old blonde. This is JEWEL.

JESUS

(under his breath)

Holy... shit.

JEWEL

Hi! You must be Spencer. I'm Jewel.

She offers a hand.

JESUS

Jewel. That's a beautiful name.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEWEL

Thanks. Hope I didn't scare you.

She slips off her clothes and stands in just a bikini. She's straight out of the swimsuit issue. Jesus is having problems breathing.

JEWEL

I just spoke to my dad, he said he didn't want me to go out to visit him. He doesn't want me to see him in his condition. Can you believe that?

She dives into the pool. Jesus watches her swim a lap under water, clearly mesmerized.

JESUS

Oh God. Thank you.

INT. MALIBU TENNIS CLUB - DAY

Spencer, wearing the extra large and ripped tennis clothes he stole, peeks around a marble column. He rushes down a corridor and into

THE ACCOUNTING OFFICE

A small, windowless, one-desk office. Sitting behind a computer terminal and piles of paper is a grey-haired 60 year-old businessman, IRA BREEN.

BREEN

Can I help you, sir?

SPENCER

(pulling up his baggy shorts)

Yes, yes you can. I still haven't received my latest bill. My name's Blake. Walter Blake.

Breen types, squints at monitor.

BREEN

You're paid in full.

A beat. Spencer takes a seat.

SPENCER

Well I moved, you see. And I just wanted to make sure you had my correct address and phone number.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BREEN

Oh.

(typing)

I've got 21350 PCH as the billing
address...

Spencer grabs a pen and paper and scribbles excitedly.

BREEN

... and 454-1608 as the phone
number.

Breen gives Spencer a look as he jots down the info.

SPENCER

(reading)

Yup! That's it!

He pockets the paper, energetically shakes hands with Breen.

SPENCER

Thanks!

EXT. WALTER'S POOL

Jewel sits in the jacuzzi with Jesus. The TV is still on,
General Hospital end credits rolling.

JEWEL

I can't believe a Blake executive
likes soap operas.

JESUS

I fuckin' love All My Children.

Jesus flicks the channel to Oprah.

JEWEL

I tape One Life, G.H. and All My
Kids everyday.

JESUS

I can't imagine life without
soaps, can you?

JEWEL

Never.

(beat)

I used to come here a lot with
Monty. My ex. We'd just sit in
the Jacuzzi for hours.

(she smiles knowingly)

It was really fun.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jesus' eyes widen.

JEWEL
(suddenly, bitterly)
But then we broke up.

JESUS
That's too bad.

JEWEL
(icy)
He's very happy now. He has a
new girlfriend. She hates me..

JESUS
Oh.

JEWEL
I don't want to bore you.

JESUS
No, no, it's cool.

JEWEL
You know... I have this feeling
about you. I mean... you seem
so different.

JESUS
I do?

JEWEL
Take that as a compliment. When
my dad told me that we should have
dinner together, I thought, "Oh
no. Another anal yuppie." But
now I'm kinda psyched.

JESUS
To have dinner with me?

JEWEL
Why, do you have other plans?

JESUS
Plans? No! No plans! I don't
even have one plan!

JEWEL
Great then.
(she smiles at him)
We'll have fun.

Jesus stares off in total disbelief.

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - DAY

Spencer, clad in the tennis shirt and his dirty pants, stands with his thumb out. A multitude of cars and trucks speed past him. Spencer's getting increasingly frustrated.

Then an enormous, filthy HELLS ANGEL pulls over on his Harley Davidson.

Spencer debates, then runs to the bike, gets on. When the motorcycle takes off, Spencer holds on to the driver with all his might.

INT. WALTER'S HOUSE - DAY

Jesus, again in the "WB" robe, sits before the massive color TV, watching the HOME SHOPPING CLUB and casually flipping through the Filofax. The network's currently selling an even larger color remote TV.

In the Filofax, Jesus finds a pouch marked, "TICKETS". He slips his Dodger tickets inside.

And then he finds a page lined with a rainbow of credit cards. He looks through them, glancing at the TV on the TV.

SALESMAN (on TV)

It's a beauty, folks! A brand new Sony Trinitron 47-inch flat digital screen with remote! Just two-thousand, nine-hundred and ninety-five dollars! A steal! If you've got a credit card, call now!

Jesus picks up the phone and dials the number on screen.

JESUS

(on phone)

Yo. I'd like that Sony. Yeah, uh...

(picking a card and reading it)

Forty-two, twenty-eight, sixty-three, eighty-four, nineteen, sixty-one, eight. Expiration date? Eleven-ninety.

(beat)

Yeah, and could you have that delivered to Chino prison? Yeah, immediately. Thanks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As he hangs up, the PUTTER of a HELICOPTER can be HEARD. The sound gets LOUDER and LOUDER, until Jesus opens the front door and watches the white Generic helicopter land on Walter's front lawn! Written in blue across the side, it reads, "HELICOPTER".

JESUS

No shit.

Ted and Mike alight and move toward Jesus. They're now wearing business suits.

JESUS

Mike! Ted! Wassup?!

TED

We're here for the meeting,
Spencer.

JESUS

Check out the chopper, man! You
guys really know how to move!

MIKE

You'd better get ready, Spencer.
We can't be late!

JESUS

We taking the copter?!

TED

Unless there's a problem...

JESUS

No way, man! Just gimme a second!

Jesus closes the door. After a beat he opens it.

JESUS

What should I wear?

TED

Uh... a suit?

MIKE

A suit would be nice.

JESUS

Don't move, homes!

He slams the door. Ted and Mike share a look.

TED AND MIKE

Homes?

INT. WALTER'S CLOSET - DAY

Jesus opens the ENORMOUS closet, containing dozens of Italian suits hanging on an dry cleaners-like moving track. He flips a switch -- the suits go into motion.

Jesus inspects them all, stopping at a white Armani. He smiles wide.

INSERT - ALARM KEY PAD - CLOSEUP

Jesus punches in the alarm code -- the light goes from GREEN to RED.

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - DAY

Spencer and the Hell's Angel cruise to a stop. Spencer gets off the motorcycle -- his shirt, pants, hands, in fact everything that was once touching the bike, is now black with dirt.

Spencer spots the Generic Helicopter sitting in idle on Walter's lawn.

SPENCER

Oh, thank God!

(to the Hell's Angel)

Thank you so much for the ride...

The Hell's Angel rides off as the helicopter lifts off the ground and takes off into the sky. Spencer jumps and waves wildly at the chopper:

SPENCER

Wait! Wait! Over here! I'm over here!

But it flies away. Deflated, Spencer moves to the front door, but it's locked. He tries some windows, but they're locked, too. He moves around to

THE BACK OF THE HOUSE

where he tries another door, other windows.

And then he sees, scattered around the living room, HIS CLOTHES! His suitcase lies open in the middle of the room.

Spencer gasps.

SPENCER

Oh my God!

He frantically tries the back door, but it's locked. He looks up and notices an open window on the second floor. A drainpipe leads up the side of the house, right by the window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Spencer pools his confidence, kicks off his shoes, then grabs hold of the pipe -- and starts climbing the side of the house!

This is easily the toughest physical test of Spencer's life. He can barely lift himself -- higher and higher, he slowly approaches the open window.

And then he falls -- and lands in the rose bushes below!

SPENCER

Ow, shit!

Fueled with anger and fed up with frustration, Spencer, all scratched up, lunges for the drainpipe and scales the side of the house swiftly, with fierce determination.

INT. WALTER'S BATHROOM - SAME

A hand appears at the open window. Spencer barely pulls himself into the room. He lands on the floor with a THUD.

INSERT - ALARM KEYPAD - CLOSEUP

The red light FLASHES -- the silent alarm's been triggered.

INT. WALTER'S BATHROOM - SAME

The bathroom's a mess. Tubes opened, bottles empty, everything thrown about. Someone messy has been here.

Spencer races

DOWNSTAIRS

where he yelps at the sight of his strewn clothes. He falls back onto the couch and tries to collect himself. Instantly the phone rings. Spencer grabs it.

SPENCER

Hello?

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - SAME

Walter sits upright in his hospital bed, being fed by a NURSE. He's on the phone. He's furious, spitting his rice pudding as he talks.

WALTER

I'm only gonna ask you one question, Spencer... WHAT THE HELL'S WRONG WITH YOU?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Spencer practically drops the phone.

SPENCER

Walter!

WALTER

(raving)

If I weren't already in the hospital, you would have put me here!

SPENCER

Walter --

WALTER

Listen to me! I don't know what kind of business strategy you thought you'd try out, but it failed! I told you to lose to Sakamoto! Do you know how much money is at stake here?!

Spencer sees the little photo of him and Elizabeth on the floor. He picks it up in complete and total confusion.

SPENCER

Walter, listen to me! Someone's been --

WALTER

Someone's been fucking up the deal! You didn't think, Barnes! If I'd known this is how you'd perform, I'd have rented a Medivac helicopter and flown out to LA myself!

SPENCER

Listen, Walter...

WALTER

No, you listen! Your meeting with Diane and Sakamoto is in twenty minutes! Get the account, Barnes! I'd do it by phone, but in five minutes I'm gonna be under the knife!

SPENCER

I promise, Walter --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALTER
Because if you don't get this
account, Spencer... you're out
of a job!

Spencer pales.

SPENCER
Walter, please! Let me just
explain what --

CLICK!

Suddenly the front door BURSTS open -- with a pack of COPS
aiming their weapons at Spencer!

COPS
Freeze!

Spencer SCREAMS -- he drops the phone and raises his hands in
terrified surrender.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES -- DUSK

The Bonaventure Hotel, reflecting the setting sun.

The Generic helicopter comes into frame and lands on the hotel
roof.

INT. TOP OF FIVE RESTAURANT - DUSK

A beautiful view of Los Angeles, lights twinkling forever.

Jesus, Ted and Mike enter. Jesus is now wearing the white suit,
looking sharp.

They walk across the restaurant, to a large table at the window.
Sitting here is Sakamoto, his Assistants, and DIANE CONNORS, an
attractive 38 year-old blonde woman in a dark grey suit.

Diane and Sakamoto both talk on cellular phones, Sakamoto
muttering off in Japanese.

Immediately it's clear: Diane is the most aggressive woman
you've ever seen.

Jesus just stands there and watches them both.

DIANE (on phone)
So cancel it! Cancel it! Make
it for three!
(more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIANE (Cont'd)

And up the two to two-twenty and
eighty-six the eight!

(hangs up, to Jesus)

Be right with you.

(hits speed dial)

Marty, Diane. Can't make your
wedding this weekend. Maybe next
time.

Diane and Sakamoto hang up at the same time. They stand.

DIANE

(shaking hands)

Spencer Barnes. Diane Connors.
You've already met Mr. Sakamoto...

Jesus and Sakamoto shake hands, bow.

JESUS

Yo.

SAKAMOTO

I've never had such a competitive
opponent. You play an unusual
game of tennis. Very effective.

JESUS

You weren't so bad either. Just
choke up on the racquet.

(demonstrating)

Like here.

Ted and Mike lower their heads.

DIANE

I'd like to make a toast.

By the way Diane delivers this line, it's clear she's kissing up
to Sakamoto.

DIANE

To international business, to good
commercial relations between all
countries, and to the healthy
future of Generic Foods, thanks
to Sakamoto Enterprises.

They all drink. Then Mr. Sakamoto stands up, holding his glass
of wine.

SAKAMOTO

A toast. To competitiveness, good
management, honesty, and profit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They all drink. Jesus stands with his glass. All eyes upon him.

JESUS

A toast.

(beat)

To the Dodgers winning the series.
To freedom. And to big tits!

Shock. Diane goes bone-white. Ted almost chokes. Mr. Sakamoto freezes. Jesus shrugs, downs his glass of wine and sits.

DIANE

(anxious to change the
subject)

Before we see your proposal,
Spencer, I'm curious... do you
use Generic Products?

JESUS

Shit, yeah. I have no choice.

DIANE

Good. We like our associates to
use Generic.

SAKAMOTO

Very important to use yourself
what you sell to others.

JESUS

Yeah, but if I didn't have to,
I wouldn't. Generic makes some
pretty shitty stuff.

Diane shoots Jesus a bitchy glare. Sakamoto leans forward.

SAKAMOTO

What do you mean, Mr. Barnes?

MIKE

Spencer...

JESUS

Just being honest. Your food
tastes like shit. But I guess
someone's gotta eat it, right?

DIANE

Pardon me?

SAKAMOTO

Go on, Mr. Barnes. Please. We
should all speak our minds.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESUS

Your stuff's garbage. The paper towels fall apart. The toilet paper's like sandpaper. The mayonnaise tastes watered down.

Sakamoto pulls out a Filofax and starts writing this all down.

JESUS

The oatmeal tastes like mud, the frosted flakes have half the sugar as Tony the Tiger's, and your bread's too fucking thin.

TED

Spencer, listen...

SAKAMOTO

No, please, let Mr. Barnes finish.

JESUS

The ketchup's too runny. Like tomato juice. And the tomato juice is too runny too. Like water.

DIANE

(raging)

Mr. Barnes, if Generic's such a turkey, why are you so interested in representing us?

JESUS

To tell you the truth, I don't know.

Diane turns to Sakamoto.

DIANE

This is ridiculous.

Jesus stands, clearly fed up with the scene.

JESUS

You're right. Listen, guys. I'm outta here.

(winks to Ted and Mike)

Hot date. Adios.

Jesus waves at Diane, who stares at him with the bitchiest look of all time. Sakamoto stands as Jesus leaves the table.

SAKAMOTO

Adios, Mr. Barnes...

EXT. THE BONAVENTURE - SAME

Jesus moves to the curb as a gold ROLLS ROYCE pulls up. The SNOOTY MAN inside gets out and hands Jesus the keys and a fifty dollar bill, obviously thinking Jesus is a Valet.

SNOOTY MAN
Take care of her, Senor.

Jesus stops in his tracks, watching the Man enter the restaurant.

Jesus jumps into the Rolls.

JESUS
(to himself)
Yeah, man, I'll take care of her.

Suddenly he SCREEEEECHES away from the curb.

INT. JAIL CELL - SAME

A bare cell with a cot and a urinal. A scrawny 23 year-old HEAVY METAL KID wearing a "MEGADETH" T-Shirt, sits on the floor.

Spencer paces nervously.

HEAVY METAL KID
Have you met Satan?

SPENCER
No. Not personally.

HEAVY METAL KID
The uncreated equal of God is in an eternal war for evil against good. We are all fallen angels. Let me tell you again about hell...

Spencer suddenly breaks. He grabs the Kid by the collar and practically lifts him off the ground. Spencer's on fire.

SPENCER
Listen, kid! I know more about hell than you ever will! Compared to me, Dante's a wimp! So unless you can tell me something about hell I haven't already experienced, why don't you just sit down and shut up!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He lets go of the Kid and turns toward the bars.

Two MEN in the cell across the hall APPLAUD Spencer's little speech. Spencer smiles at them, regains his composure.

SPENCER

Thanks.

And then a VOICE is HEARD:

GUARD (o.s.)

Spencer Barnes?

SPENCER

What's happening? Am I released?
Can I go?

A GUARD opens the cell door.

GUARD

We ran a general check and you're
clean.

SPENCER

Of course I'm clean.

Spencer briskly walks out, following the Guard down the hall.

SPENCER

Listen, I'd like to file an
official complaint. Someone is
impersonating me.

The Guard just continues walking.

SPENCER

Did you hear me?

They turn a corner, arriving at a

RECEIVING BOOTH

where a dull-faced WOMAN works behind a counter.

GUARD

Two-three-four-eight-seven-five.

The Woman turns to retrieve Spencer's belongings.

SPENCER

Listen, if I can't file a
complaint, at least give me a
ride.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOMAN

One belt.

She hands over Spencer's belt. He puts it on, staring at the silent Guard.

SPENCER

Hello? I need a ride! Do you hear me?

WOMAN

One piece of paper.

SPENCER

What?

Spencer turns to the Woman, who holds out a pink piece of paper -- Debbie's phone number stares Spencer in the face.

SPENCER

Oh my God.

INT. BUG - NIGHT

SPENCER

I don't know why, but someone's out there impersonating me!

DEBBIE

That's horrible. It was good just to hear your voice again.

SPENCER

I've got to figure out what the hell's going on. If you could just take me back to Walter's house, that would really be --

DEBBIE

Nope! I'm making us dinner!

SPENCER

Debbie, I don't have time. I have phone calls to make, I've got to --

DEBBIE

You can use my phone!

SPENCER

Look, no. I can't.

Suddenly Debbie SLAMS ON HER BRAKES!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE BUG

comes to a SHRIEKING HALT!

SPENCER

isn't breathing. That was terrifying.

DEBBIE

Spencer, you promised!

Cars behind them HONK.

SPENCER

Look, that was before...

DEBBIE

You can use my phone and eat my food and relax for once!

SPENCER

Debbie...

DEBBIE

I'm not moving until you say yes!

He fights the urge, but the incessant HONKING breaks him.

SPENCER

Okay! Fine! FINE!

A frightening smile breaks across her face. She puts the car into gear and drives off.

INT. MARINA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

A lively hole-in-the-wall restaurant, deep in the heart of downtown.

The Rolls pulls up. Jesus gets out, opens the door for Jewel. She's looking even hotter than before. A tight leather mini-skirt, boots, a revealing blouse. She looks around the neighborhood, clearly terrified.

JESUS

You're gonna love this place.

PEOPLE in the streets whistle, mumble, surround the car.

And then the GANG we saw earlier (who beat up Spencer) appears.

GANG MEMBER #1

Yo! Was happening!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESUS
(very "ethnic")
Hey man! Wassup?!

GANG MEMBER #2
Shit, man! Long time no see!

Jesus looks around at the "crowd", and tosses Gang Member #1 the Rolls keys.

JESUS
Watch the car, man!

GANG
All right!

Jesus takes Jewel by the arm.

JESUS
Don't worry. They're my homies.

JEWEL
(frightened)
Are you sure about this?

INT. MARINA'S - SAME

It's a rowdy, mostly Hispanic establishment. Food, drink, music, dancing. The energetic MUSIC CONTINUES THROUGHOUT THE SCENE.

Jesus and Jewel enter -- immediately a dozen PEOPLE recognize Jesus and greet him warmly. Jesus introduces Jewel to everyone, being very "Hispanic" with his friends, very "white bread" with Jewel.

They sit at a small table.

JEWEL
(uncomfortable)
I've never been down here
before... how'd you find this
place?

JESUS
I grew up here!

JEWEL
I'm not used to going out much.
Monty was a painter. He never
went anywhere.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESUS
(motioning the WAITER
for drinks)
It's good to get out. Why live
like a prisoner if you don't
gotta?

JEWEL
I can't imagine you working for
my father... I mean, he's so
uptight and you seem so...
relaxed.

JESUS
Yeah, well...

JEWEL
You do have the same tastes. He's
got a suit very similar to yours.

The Waiter brings over two Margaritas. Jesus holds one up.

JESUS
Here's to Walter Blake... and
his very hot daughter.

She laughs, holds up her glass.

TWO MARGARITA GLASSES - CLOSEUP

The glasses clink. PULL BACK TO REVEAL Jesus and Jewel,
feasting on colorful, homemade food. They're talking, laughing,
having a blast.

JESUS AND JEWEL

on the dance floor, each teaching the other dance steps. They're
the center of attention. It's clear they're a great match.

INT. DEBBIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A small, messy apartment. Lots of make-up oriented decorations.
Photos of a Dalmation are everywhere.

The Financial News Network is on the 1963 Zenith TV.

Debbie chops vegetables in the kitchen.

DEBBIE
It's not much, but it's home.
It's been pretty quiet here since
Maybelline died.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Spencer, in the living room, dials what's probably the last rotary phone in all of Los Angeles. Dialing clearly hurts his finger.

SPENCER
(to Debbie)
I'm calling long distance again.
I'll pay you back.

DEBBIE
Don't worry, Spencer! Have a
glass of wine. Relax!

Spencer finishes dialing. The PHONE RINGS. Spencer takes a sip of wine. It's horrible.

NURSE (v.o.)
Chicago General I.C.U..

SPENCER
Hi again, this is Spen --

NURSE (v.o.)
Yeah, yeah, I know. Spencer
Barnes. Hold on, Mr. Blake just
got out of surgery.

INT. WALTER'S HOSPITAL ROOM - SAME

Walter, wrapped in a full body bandage, picks up the phone.

WALTER
BARNES!!

SPENCER
Listen, Walter --

WALTER
I don't want to hear it! Diane
told me everything! ARE YOU OUT
OF YOUR FUCKING MIND?!

SPENCER
Walter --

WALTER
Spencer, you're fired!

SPENCER
What?! No!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPENCER

tries to say something, but is cut off by a loud CLICK.

Spencer's frozen. His jaw hanging open in shock.

Debbie enters, dims the lights, and sits very close to Spencer.

DEBBIE

You look so tense.

Debbie gets behind him and starts to rub his shoulders.
Spencer's catatonic. In true, pure, absolute SHOCK.

DEBBIE

I give a great massage.

SPENCER

Debbie, I've been... fired.

DEBBIE

Fired? You're kidding? That's
horrible.

She rubs even harder. Suddenly Spencer jumps up and SCREAMS his
lungs out, swearing profusely, kicking the couch! Debbie
watches, shocked.

As soon as Spencer's tantrum ends, he falls back on the couch.

SPENCER

I can't believe this.

DEBBIE

I've been fired a dozen times.
It's really not so bad, you know?
Opens up whole new possibilities.

Spencer drops his head into his hands as a DING sounds in the
other room.

DEBBIE

Damn, that's the oven.
(as if to a dog)
Spencer, stay!

She hurries off. And then the TV catches Spencer's attention.
His red eyes look up at

INSERT - TV SCREEN - CLOSEUP

The news. It's Chino prison again. An enormous crowd of
REPORTERS surrounding the prison. It's insanity there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

An ANCHORWOMAN talks to us.

ANCHORWOMAN

Although no lives have been taken and no serious damage has been reported, one word still applies to the prison here tonight. Chaos. If the situation doesn't improve soon, federal mediators will most certainly be called in. Back to you, Bill...

INT. WALTER'S HOUSE - SAME

The front door opens, the light goes on. Jesus and Jewel enter. Jesus is clearly a man with a mission: he wants to get lucky..

JEWEL

That was really fun, Spencer.
I had a fabulous time.

JESUS

Me too. As a matter a fact, that's about the best time I've had in five years, eleven months, three weeks and five days.

JEWEL

You're so sweet. You know, I can't get over that you work for my father. I mean, he said you were as much of a work-hungry animal as he is. But I've never met anyone so carefree and spontaneous in my life.

(a long stare)
Nightcap?

JESUS

Sure.

She goes to the bar area, pours two drinks as Jesus sits on the couch, trying to get comfortable.

Jewel moves to him with two drinks and sits beside him. Jesus' heart beats in his throat.

JEWEL

I didn't mean to talk about Monty so much... he's just been on my mind lately.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESUS

No problema.

For a long, solid beat they stare into each other's eyes.

JEWEL

I hope you don't feel
uncomfortable, my being the boss's
daughter and everything...

JESUS

Not at all.

Jewel moves closer. Jesus moves closer. Jewel moves closer.
They're just about to kiss -- when Jewel stops suddenly -- a
look of terror on her face.

JEWEL

Oh, God.

JESUS

What?

She stands up, grabs her purse.

JEWEL

I better go...

JESUS

What'd I do?

JEWEL

(about to cry)

It's not you... I've just been
confused lately. Really confused.
Every relationship I get into is
the same thing, over and over.
I get...

(a tear rolls down her
cheek)

...afraid.

(moves to the door)

I had a great night. Thanks.

Jesus, very desperate, suddenly blurts out:

JESUS

Maybe you're afraid you'll fall
in love and that it won't be
returned!

A beat. Jewel stops, turns.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESUS
Happens to a lot of people.

JEWEL
It does?

JESUS
Sure, man, people pretend to be
in control on the outside, then
they project their fears onto the
opposite sex.

Jewel considers. She moves back to the couch.

JEWEL
You're really perceptive. Did
you study psych in college?

JESUS
Nah, I've just picked up a few
things here and there.
(very confident)
You know, men often suffer from
megalomania. Their carnal desires
are very important. Sometimes
the most important thing to them.

JEWEL
No kidding.

JESUS
Men are as scared as women.

Sitting close to Jesus, Jewel's eyes are filled with warm,
sincere compassion.

JEWEL
Spencer... you're the first guy
that hasn't just... jumped on me.

JESUS
I am?

Suddenly Jewel lunges forward and kisses Jesus, who's totally
shocked! They fall back onto the couch, mad for each other.
They rip off each other's clothes in passion long overdue...

INT. DEBBIE'S APARTMENT - SAME

Spencer stares intensely at the piece of paper with Walter's
phone number. He picks up the phone and dials.

Debbie enters carrying two small casseroles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEBBIE
A little burnt, but edible, I
think. Who are you calling now?

INT. WALTER'S BEDROOM - SAME

Jesus and Jewel are under the bedcovers, making wild, passionate
love. The TELEPHONE RINGS. And RINGS.

JEWEL
That could be my dad, you better
get it.

Jesus peeks his head out, answers the phone.

JESUS
Yo.

SPENCER

stands up -- suddeny full of energy!

SPENCER
Is... is Spencer Barnes there?

JESUS
Yeah. This is Spencer Barnes.

Spencer SCREAMS.

SPENCER
Whoever you are -- don't move!

Spencer slams down the phone and turns to Debbie. She offers him
a fork.

DEBBIE
You'll feel better after you eat.

SPENCER
Debbie, drive me to Walter's
house!

DEBBIE
What?

SPENCER
I know you've cooked dinner and
everything, but this is an
emergency!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEBBIE

Spencer... we were just starting
to get funky!

SPENCER

(yelling)

Now Debbie, listen to me! I need
you to drive me to Walter Blake's
house!

DEBBIE

How about after dinner?

SPENCER

No, Debbie! It's got to be now!

Sudden objectivity. It hits her suddenly that she's being
treated like shit.

DEBBIE

All you've done since I ran into
you is complain about all the
problems you have! I can't take
it anymore! I've been your
chauffeur, your cook and your
shrink and I feel used, Spencer!

SPENCER

Listen, I --

DEBBIE

I don't know what's happened to
you since high school, Spencer,
but you've become a selfish,
materialistic creep! And I want
you out of my house! Now! Out!

LIGHTNING and THUNDER strike outside.

SPENCER

What?

DEBBIE

Take off! Get out! Get out of
my apartment! I never want to
see you again!

She physically pushes Spencer out of the apartment, slamming the
door in his desperate face.

SPENCER

(into the door)

Debbie! Debbie, I'm sorry! I'm
sorry! I'm... sorry...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Spencer realizes she's not opening the door.

SPENCER

Oh my God.

He pulls up his shirt collar and faces the night, somewhere in Venice Beach.

INT. WALTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jesus and Jewel say goodnight at the front door.

JEWEL

That was the best safe sex I've ever had. Thanks for an evening I'll never forget.

JESUS

Me neither.

JEWEL

I'd stay, but I feel really uncomfortable sleeping with a man in my father's bed.

JESUS

It's cool.

JEWEL

My father's really lucky to have a guy like you working for him.

And with a sweet kiss good-bye, she hurries off and gets in her VW Rabbit parked in the driveway. A beat.

JESUS

Hey!

He runs to her, standing in the rain. She rolls down her window.

JESUS

Look... would you, uh... would you wanna go to the World Series with me tomorrow?

A wide smile breaks out across Jewel's face.

JEWEL

I'd love to!

Jesus smiles even wider.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESUS
Really? All right! I'll pick
you up around twelve.

JEWEL
Great.

Another kiss good-night. Jesus, getting soaked, watches her
drive off. He CHEERS wildly once she's gone.

INT. WALTER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jesus, dry and cozy, reads an issue of "GQ" for the first time,
in the most comfortable king size bed ever. It's raining hard.

The PHONE RINGS. Jesus picks it up.

JESUS
Yo.

ELIZABETH (v.o.)
Hello. This is Elizabeth, is
Spencer there?

JESUS
Elizabeth?
(remembering)
Elizabeth his girlfriend?

ELIZABETH (v.o.)
Yes.

JESUS
Oh... uh, no. He's not around.

ELIZABETH (v.o.)
Who are you?

JESUS
Uh... I'm kind of a business
partner.

ELIZABETH (v.o.)
Oh... well, would you mind giving
Spencer a personal message?

JESUS
Hey, go ahead. Shoot.

ELIZABETH (v.o.)
Would you tell him I called...
and that I love him?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESUS
(smiles wide)
No problema.

EXT. DARK ROAD - NIGHT

It's raining. Spencer staggers down the road. He is cold, wet, tired, miserable.

A bolt of LIGHTNING rips through the sky.

And then Spencer HEARS GROWLING. He slowly turns around. Right behind him is a ferocious German shepherd.

Their eyes lock. Spencer suddenly runs off, the angry dog at his heels.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAYBREAK

The sun peaks over the horizon of the city.

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - MORNING

Spencer limps along, pants ripped. He's about to collapse. He arrives at Walter's house and sighs relief. The gold Rolls Royce is being towed off by a police tow truck.

Spencer walks up to the front door, opens it.

INT. WALTER'S HOUSE - SAME

Spencer, a mess, enters. He HEARS someone whistling "Take Me Out To The Ball Game". He moves into

THE KITCHEN

where he finds a chipper Jesus Perez cooking Huevos Rancheros.

Jesus freezes. He can feel Spencer's eyes. He turns around to face a crazed Spencer Barnes. Both are equally startled.

SPENCER
YOU!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

On the counter, in the middle of the breakfast mess, Spencer spots his Filofax, some egg dripping off the black crocodile skin.

JESUS
(happily)
Spencer Barnes! Where the hell
you been, man?

SPENCER
My Filofax!

Spencer lunges for his Filofax.

SPENCER
Where did you find this?

Spencer fanatically opens the Filofax and searches through it.

JESUS
The airport. It said I'd get a
reward. I've been waiting
forever, homes!

Spencer is ENRAGED. No one's ever seen such a crazed soul.

SPENCER
What?!

JESUS
(casually)
Yeah, man. I found your book and
came here to return it to you.
I've been keeping up the fort for
you, homes.

Spencer suddenly drops the Filofax and LUNGES AT JESUS!

SPENCER
ARE YOU NUTS?! ARE YOU CRAZY?!

JESUS
You're lucky someone as honest
as me found your damn book!

Spencer grabs Jesus by the neck and starts strangling him! And
then the TELEPHONE RINGS.

JESUS
(being choked)
Telephone.

SPENCER
YOU'VE RUINED MY LIFE!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The PHONE RINGS again.

JESUS
(barely audible)
Could be important.

The phone RINGS again. Spencer hears it. He turns toward the phone. He's become Mr. Hyde.

Jesus reaches for the receiver, but Spencer grabs a massive kitchen knife, threatening Jesus.

JESUS
Easy, man. Answer the damn phone.
I don't give a shit.

Spencer picks up the phone, keeping his eyes glued to Jesus.

Jesus pours a cup of coffee and eats his breakfast.

SPENCER
Hello, Spencer Barnes speaking.

TED (v.o.)
Spencer, Ted. I'm sure this isn't
a surprise to you, but we're
officially turning your agency
down.

SPENCER
NO! Wait!

TED (v.o.)
Sorry Spencer. It was Diane's
call.

Spencer GASPS.

TED (v.o.)
Mike and I kinda liked your
attitude, actually. No one's ever
spoken up to her like that before.

SPENCER
Let me talk to Diane! Tell her
it's imperative!

TED (v.o.)
Sorry, Spencer. She won't accept
your calls.

Spencer slams down the phone, turns to Jesus, his eyes deep with hatred.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESUS
(offering non-chalantly)
Huevos Rancheros?

SPENCER
It was you! You went to the
tennis meeting! You met with
Diane Connors!

JESUS
Chick's a witch.

SPENCER
GODDAMN YOU!

Spencer -- insane -- grabs an egg and hurls it at Jesus! Jesus
ducks -- the egg splatters on the wall behind him.

JESUS
Wassup, man?! Who taught you how
to throw?

SPENCER
They think you're Spencer Barnes!
OH MY GOD, THEY THINK YOU'RE ME!

JESUS
If you'd shown up a little earlier
this never would have happened,
man!

Spencer realizes the implications.

SPENCER
Oh my God. OH, MY GOD!

JESUS
You look like shit, man. What
happened?

SPENCER
What happened? What happened?
I'll tell you what happened!
You've ruined my life! My career!

JESUS
Mellow out, man. I didn't ruin
shit.

SPENCER
My clothes! You're wearing my
clothes!

Jesus takes off the shirt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESUS

You can have your damn clothes,
man! You can have everything!
Just give me my World Series
tickets and I'm outta here!

SPENCER

Tickets?

JESUS

They're in your book.

Jesus reaches for the Filofax. Spencer quickly grabs it, holds
it tightly.

SPENCER

Oh, no you don't!

Spencer rifles through the Filofax, pulling out two World Series
tickets.

SPENCER

The World Series?

Jesus comes in closer.

JESUS

Gimme my tickets, man.

Spencer holds up the tickets with two hands. Now he has the
power! Jesus tenses up.

SPENCER

Box seats, not bad!

JESUS

Come on, man. This isn't funny.

SPENCER

YOU'RE COMING WITH ME! YOU'RE
GOING TO TELL DIANE CONNORS WHO
YOU ARE! THEN YOU ARE GOING TO
TELL HER WHO I AM!

JESUS

Spencer Barnes.

SPENCER

THAT'S RIGHT! YOU'RE GOING TO TELL
HER THAT I'M SPENCER BARNES!!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESUS
Listen, homes, I'd love to help
you out. But, I've got a date,
you know? I've got a date to the
World Series.

Spencer brings the tickets to his teeth -- he bites down and
rips the tickets very, very slightly. Jesus YELPS.

SPENCER
(intense, evil)
I DON'T THINK SO!

EXT. WALTER'S GARAGE - SAME

The electronic garage door slowly opens. In it sits one car: A
shiny black 1968 12-cylinder Ferrari Daytona. Art on wheels.

Spencer and Jesus stare wide eyed.

SPENCER
Oh my God.

JESUS
Fuckin' A! That's a Ferrari!

SPENCER
Damn it! I don't have the key!

JESUS
No key, no problema!

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - DAY

The Ferrari speeds down the street.

INT. FERRARI - SAME

Jesus is at the wheel. Spencer sits in the passenger seat
holding the tickets threateningly, ready to rip them at any
time. Spencer's a man on the edge.

JESUS
You're crazy, Spencer. You should
just forget Diane, man. She's
not worth getting this psycho
over.

SPENCER
SHUT-UP! Just drive!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jesus stops the car.

SPENCER
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

JESUS
Red light, man. It's the law.

SPENCER
Don't talk to me about laws, pal!
I could sue you for everything
you've got!

JESUS
That would be a lotta work for
nada.

SPENCER
I don't know who the hell you
think you are, pal, but you'd
better watch your step.

He indicates the tickets -- almost ripping them.

JESUS
The name's Jesus. Be careful with
those.

Spencer gnaws off some more of the tickets!

JESUS
Hey! Careful! Don't chew on my
tickets, man!

SPENCER
The light's green, JESUS!

Jesus puts the car into first -- HORRIBLY GRINDING THE GEARS.
Spencer SCREAMS. The car jerks away.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - DAY

The Ferrari sticks out like a Faberge egg in a carton of Grade
A's.

INT. FERRARI - SAME

Spencer looks around at the familiar terrain.

Jesus turns to Spencer a number of times, seeming to relax.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESUS

You're from Chicago, huh?

Spencer gives him a look that could kill. If he weren't so tired, Spencer would commit murder.

SPENCER

Yes, I am. No talking. Just drive.

Spencer nibbles a tiny bite from of the tickets, spits it out.

JESUS

Come on man. Please don't do that! This game means a lot to me, homes!

SPENCER

YEAH, WELL TELLING EVERYBODY THAT YOU'RE NOT SPENCER BARNES MEANS A LOT TO ME!

JESUS

Okay, man. Relax.

SPENCER

Relax? I don't think I'll ever be able to relax again. I'm over the edge, fella.

JESUS

That's too bad, man. You seem pretty uptight.

Jesus looks around. They drive down the street where Spencer was mugged, past his stripped rent-a-car.

JESUS

This is my old hood, man. I grew up here. It's a fuckin' war zone.

SPENCER

Yeah, people here seem to have an affinity for beating the shit out of strangers.

JESUS

Not just strangers, man. If no one's around they'll beat the shit out of themselves.

(beat)

What's your hood like, Spencer?

Spencer doesn't answer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESUS
Just trying to be friendly, man.

SPENCER
I'M NOT INTERESTED IN FRIENDLY!

JESUS
Sorry, man.

They pass a building that looks like it's been hit by a bomb.

JESUS
That's where I lived as a kid.
I'll tell you, man, it's hard to
survive around here.

SPENCER
Chicago's no piece of cake either.

JESUS
Yeah, but you probably grew up
hearing birds outside. All we
had were gunshots, man. Gunshots
and sirens.

SPENCER
Life hasn't been a breeze for me
either! I worked my ass off to
get into the right prep school
so I could get into the right
college so I could get this
Goddamned job, so I could work
my ass off!

They pass a small park.

JESUS
Hey, that's where I learned to
play ball, man! I used to pitch
for the Dodgers farm team. The
Albuquerque Dukes. Ever heard
of 'em?

They stop at another red light. Spencer sighs.

SPENCER
No.

A YOUNG MOTHER with seven young CHILDREN sit at a bus stop.
These people are obviously very, very poor. The whole family
takes a long stare at the Ferrari. Spencer turns away.

Spencer looks at Jesus. Their eyes lock.

EXT. GENERIC FOODS BUILDING - DAY

A skyscraper in the heart of downtown LA.

INT. GENERIC LOBBY - SAME

Jesus and Spencer burst into the lobby, Spencer still holding the tickets, ready to rip. Jesus holds the Filofax.

The RECEPTIONIST calls security.

SPENCER

Take me to Diane Connors!

RECEPTIONIST

Sir, you can't go in there!

Spencer just pushes Jesus past the Receptionist, into a
HALLWAY

SPENCER

Keep moving!

JESUS

All right, man! Be cool!

Jesus moves down the hall, a crazed Spencer at his side. The commotion is like a trip through Yuppie business hell. They pass by WORKERS with cordless phones, faxes, Fed Ex packages, bills, checks... everyone works and moves together, it's like one giant ant farm.

Yuppies everywhere.

We can see in Spencer's eyes that it's a pressure building up like a geyser of frustration.

SPENCER

(to anyone)

Which way to Connors' office?

A few people point. Spencer and Jesus rush down the hall, bursting into:

DIANE'S OFFICE

Diane is there along with Mike, Ted and a few other YUPPIE TYPES. She glares at Jesus.

Everything goes silent. Standing there is Spencer Barnes, who wears his frayed, filthy clothes and an expression exceeding weariness, and holds two World Series tickets in his hands, prepared to tear them in two.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And beside him, Jesus Perez, dressed in Spencer's casual sportswear.

SPENCER
Are you Diane Connors?

JESUS
Yeah, that's her.

DIANE
What the hell's going on here?

SPENCER
(to Jesus)
Tell her who you are!

JESUS
My name is --

And then Diane's Secretary's VOICE is HEARD:

SECRETARY (v.o.)
Ms. Connors, Walter Blake's on
teleconference, line two.

This hits Spencer like a bolt of lightning.

JESUS
(to Spencer)
I tried, man.

DIANE
Put Walter through.

Suddenly Walter appears on the enormous teleconference screen.
He's propped up in bed, tubes running throughout his body.

WALTER
(panicked)
Diane! Listen, about Spencer...
(seeing him)
Barnes?! Barnes! What the hell
are you doing there?!

All eyes fall upon Jesus. Except for Jesus' eyes, which fall
upon Spencer.

SPENCER
Walter! Please! Listen to me!
My suitcase didn't arrive! I left
my Filofax on the top of the
telephone!

Jesus waves the Filofax in display.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIANE
Who is that guy?

WALTER
(explodes)
BARNES!

SPENCER
By the time I got to your house,
I found this man, cooking
scrambled eggs!

JESUS
Huevos Rancheros.

WALTER
Barnes! You're fired again!

One of Walter's tubes comes loose. A machine goes crazy, and a troop of NURSES rushes in.

JESUS
Oh, hey, come on, Walter! It
wasn't his fault! He's a good
guy, man!

Walter reaches over, hits a switch -- his TV picture goes to STATIC. Jesus looks at Spencer with concerned eyes.

Spencer just looks around the room, completely drained, then sadly drops the tickets. He leaves the office as Sakamoto and his Assistants enter the room.

DIANE
Mr. Sakamoto!

Sakamoto senses he's missed something.

SAKAMOTO
What's going on?

JESUS
What's going on?! I'll tell you
what's going on! You see that
guy who just left? He's the most
uptight dude I ever met!

Jesus walks around the room, getting into it, relishing the spotlight.

JESUS
He's trying so hard to do a good
job for you, he's goin' insane!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jesus moves to Diane's desk, picks up a box of Generic Oatmeal.

JESUS

All he wanted to do was his job!
And now he's fired! Just so you
can sell your shitty products.
You want a good ad campaign?!
Give the people what they want!
Tell them the truth! This stuff
tastes like dirt! Think about
it, man! "Generic Oatmeal. It
Tastes Like Dirt!" It's not so
good, but at least it's cheap!
(suddenly)
Or even better! No advertising!
Leave everyone alone! Calm down!
Don't be so uptight!

A long, dramatic beat. Everyone watches as Jesus picks up the tickets from the floor.

JESUS

I'm outta here.

He shoots Diane her own "bitchy" glare and exits.

SAKAMOTO

No advertising... very
interesting...

Sakamoto quickly follows Jesus.

EXT. BARRIO STREET - DAY

Spencer wobbles down the familiar barrio street, a man lost.

Suddenly the Ferrari ROARS past Spencer and makes a
SCREEEEEECHING HALT in front of him. Jesus is in the driver's
seat.

JESUS

Yo, Spencer! I'm sorry, man!
I didn't mean to get you fired,
homes!

Spencer just keeps walking. Jesus drives along with him.

JESUS

What's happening man? Where you
going? If I were you, I wouldn't
hang out here alone...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPENCER
I have nothing.

JESUS
Bullshit, man...
(holds out the Filofax)
You still have this!

SPENCER
I think I've lost my mind.

JESUS
No way man! We all get a little
crazy now and then. Look, I'm
really sorry! What can I do for
you, homes?

No reply.

JESUS
Hey!
(holds out the two World
Series tickets)
Wanna go to the Series? The World
Series? Come on, homes! Let's
go to the game! You and me!

SPENCER
Look. Jesus. I'm in no frame
of mind.

JESUS
Box seats, not bad! I'll buy the
dogs and beer!

SPENCER
Thank you, but no thank you.

Jesus slams on the brakes, jumps out of the car and runs up to
Spencer.

JESUS
(angry)
Listen, man! This game's
important! I'm offering you a
ticket, man! I'm passing up a
date with a beautiful chick,
homes!

Spencer stops, looks around. Sighs.

JESUS
(calm)
You could use a little fun, man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPENCER
I don't know.

JESUS
Come on, Spencer.

SPENCER
(considers)
What the hell.

INT. FERRARI - SAME

Jesus dials the car phone. It rings on speaker phone, Jewel answers.

JEWEL (v.o.)
Hello?

JESUS
Hey, it's me.

JEWEL (v.o.)
Hi, Spencer!

SPENCER
Oh my God.

JESUS
Listen, I feel really bad, but
I gotta cancel our date. I need
to spend some time with a friend.
He really needs me.

JEWEL (v.o.)
Oh, Spencer... you really are the
most selfless person I've ever
met. Can I see you tonight?

JESUS
I'm kinda busy tonight...
(considering)
... but I'm free Tuesday.

They speed away.

INT. DODGER STADIUM - BOX SEATS - DAY

Fantastic box seats along the first base line. As the NATIONAL ANTHEM is being SUNG, Jesus proudly puts his hand on his heart. With Filofax in hand, Spencer does so too. They each have Dodger Dogs and large beers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESUS

A little of this, little of that.
Lately I've been working in a
cafeteria. I don't think your
yuppie life is for me, man. Too
much fucking stress. Not enough
free time, homes!

SPENCER

You know, you're right. God, I
feel like a load's been lifted
off my shoulders. I feel...
(smiling wide)
... good! Really good!

JESUS

Hey, you should, man! You're
young! You got your health! You
got your freedom! You got a girl
who loves you!

Jesus holds up his beer, they toast, drink.

JESUS

All right!

And then something dawns on Spencer.

SPENCER

Hey, what do you mean, a girl who
loves me?

THE DODGER

at bat swings -- and CRACK!

THE BALL

goes foul -- and heads right toward Jesus!

ALL TV CAMERAS

swing toward Jesus as

JESUS

leaps to make a spectacular catch!

THE CROWD

goes WILD! On the

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HUGE DIAMOND VISION SCREEN

Jesus does his crazy dance!

SPENCER

tugs on Jesus' sleeve.

SPENCER

What do mean a girl who loves me?

JESUS

Oh, yeah, man! I forgot!
Elizabeth called!

Spencer's eyes widen.

SPENCER

What?!

But Jesus is thrilled, watching a replay of himself on the enormous Diamondvision screen.

JESUS

Check it out! That's me, man!
Is that fuckin' hot or what?!

INT. CHINO FACILITY FOR MEN - SAME

TV ROOM - HOLDING BLOCK F

INMATES CHEER as they recognize Jesus on their beat-up, hardly functioning black-and-white TV!

ANNOUNCER #1 (v.o.)

An unbelievable catch by a fan!

ANNOUNCER #2 (v.o.)

I don't think John Shelby could
have made that play!

LeBRADFORD

Crazy motherfucker...

ANNOUNCER #1 (v.o.)

Let's watch that again!

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE - SAME

On a giant color TV, the Guard and Warden see Jesus' play in SLO-MO!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Warden recognizes his prisoner. He can't believe it.

WARDEN
(very close to the TV)
Guard!

The Guard runs over, watches the screen.

WARDEN
Does that look like Perez to you?!

GUARD
(squints)
I can't tell...

The Warden grabs the telephone.

INT. DODGER STADIUM - SAME

Jesus, thrilled, examines his ball.

SPENCER
Jesus, what did Elizabeth say when
she called?!

And then Jesus notices three COPS scanning the crowd... clearing
looking for Jesus.

JESUS
Aw shit. I gotta go, man! Adios
Spencer Barnes, it was fun being
you.

Jesus takes off, up the stairs. Spencer quickly follows.

SPENCER
What's going on? Where are you
going? Jesus!

THE COPS
spot Jesus and give chase.

JESUS

makes his ways through the crowd. Spencer follows.

JESUS
I'm being followed, okay? Now
get outta here, man!

They run to a doorway and into a

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STAIRWELL

SPENCER

What did Elizabeth say? I need
to know, Jesus! This is very
important to me!

They jump down the stairs, three steps at a time.

JESUS

Don't follow me Spencer! You
could get in big trouble!

But Jesus is at the bottom of the stairwell. Spencer follows
him into the

ENCLOSED CORRIDOR

SPENCER

What did she say?

JESUS

I don't remember! I can't think
and run at the same time, man!

They reach the end of the hall and stop at a door marked FIELD
CREW ONLY Jesus tries it -- locked.

JESUS

Aw, shit.

SPENCER

(grabs Jesus by the
shoulders)

IT'S IMPERATIVE THAT YOU TELL ME!

Jesus stops, thinks.

JESUS

She said... that she loves you.

SPENCER

She did?!

Spencer's face lights up. He BEAMS. In a sudden explosion of
excitement and adrenaline, Spencer CHEERS and slams his fists
against the door --

SPENCER

YES!

-- breaking the lock and busting the door open!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESUS

Thanks!

Jesus races through the door. Spencer follows.

THE FIELD CREW TUNNEL

A long cement tunnel, bright sunlight at the other end. There's a golf cart with the Dodger logo on the side.

SPENCER

Jesus! That's great news!

Jesus gets in the cart's driver's seat, turns the key. The cart engine ROARS to life.

SPENCER

What are you doing?

JESUS

Running from the cops!

SPENCER

Why? I didn't turn you in! I didn't press charges!

JESUS

I'm an escaped convict.

SPENCER

You're a what?!

Jesus puts the cart in gear and takes off down the hall. Spencer runs along with him.

JESUS

I escaped from Chino!

SPENCER

Chino... isn't that where the riot is?!

Spencer jumps onto the cart, into the passenger seat.

JESUS

You heard about the hostage?
(proudly)
That's me.

SPENCER

What?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESUS

Me! I'm the hostage! Only I'm
not there, man! I busted out to
go to the game!

SPENCER

WHAT?!

EXT. DODGER STADIUM PLAYING FIELD - LONG SHOT - SAME

The cart speeds down the third base line as three COPS run
across the field after them.

JESUS

pulls the cart over to the bottom of the right field bleachers.
Spencer sees the Cops as Jesus runs up the stairs.

SPENCER

Oh my God!

JESUS

Follow me, Spencer Barnes!

Spencer has little choice... he tails Jesus as he races up the
bleachers. By now the wild CROWD is CHEERING them on!

TOP OF THE BLEACHERS

Jesus and Spencer climb a wire fence. Suddenly they find
themselves standing on a cement ledge at the base of an enormous
pole which leads up to a rack of STADIUM LIGHTS.

There's a ladder going up to the lights, and a taught black wire
descending to the parking lot -- a 45' degree angle, three
stories high.

JESUS

Oh, shit. This is it, man. I'm
goin' back to jail.

(firmly to Spencer)

Listen, man, I'm gonna run that
way! They'll follow me, so you
split! Just get outta here,
Spencer! I mean it!

SPENCER

What are you gonna do?

JESUS

I'm gonna turn myself in! Don't
worry about me, man! Just get
back to your life, homes!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

But Spencer can't leave so easily -- something bonds him to Jesus. He turns to the wire, then glances at his Filofax.

Suddenly he lights up. Spencer opens his Filofax, removes all his credit cards, then releases the binders -- letting almost all the papers and pouches fall like snow onto the parking lot below!

THE COPS

bound up the bleachers.

SPENCER

puts the open Filofax over the black wire, snapping it shut.

SPENCER

Hold onto me!

JESUS

What!?

SPENCER

You wanna get outta here? Put your damn arms around my neck!

JESUS

You fuckin' crazy?!

Jesus puts his arms around Spencer's neck -- just as the Cops approach.

Spencer gets a solid grip on the Filofax, then LEAPS forward, sliding down the length of the wire towards the parking lot!

THE COPS

reach the top of the bleachers, in defeat.

EXT. DODGER STADIUM PARKING LOT - SAME

Spencer and Jesus hit the parking lot floor!

They CHEER, then sprint across the lot. Spencer holds his now-empty Filofax, Jesus holds his baseball.

SPENCER

That was amazing!

JESUS

Hurry up, man! Run!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPENCER
It was like... BIRTH!

They race through the parking lot to the Ferrari. Jesus jumps in the front seat and hot-wires it.

SPENCER
Hey! What are you doing?!

JESUS
Getting us outta here!

SPENCER
No! No, no, no! Move over!

JESUS
What?!

SPENCER
(exuding energy)
I'm driving!

JESUS
(GUNNING the engine)
Are you crazy?! This isn't a little drive to the market, Spencer!

SPENCER
Come on! Move!

Spencer, thrilled to be part of the action, gets behind the wheel as Jesus reluctantly scoots into the passenger seat. Once inside, Spencer grasps the wheel with powerful determination.

SPENCER
(smiles)
I've never driven a Ferrari.

JESUS
Great time for a test drive.

He puts the car into first and GRINDS THE GEARS. Jesus CRINGES.

TWO COP CARS

peel out from the stadium police station and race through the maze of the parking lot to the Ferrari.

JESUS

SCREAMS upon seeing the cops.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESUS
Hurry up, man!

Spencer GUNS the engine and pulls out of the spot, barely missing ten parked cars! The Ferrari speeds off.

THE COP CARS

tail Spencer and Jesus -- very close.

JESUS

looks out the rear windshield.

JESUS
Let's move it, man! Push the
accelerator. ALL THE WAY DOWN!

EXT. DODGER STADIUM PARKING LOT - SAME

The Ferrari ROCKETS FORWARD, putting considerable distance between them and the Cops.

Weaving in and out of parked cars, Spencer does some sloppy but effective stunt driving, finally jumping the curb and SMASHING through some police sawhorses.

The two Cop cars follow, jumping the curb after the Ferrari.

INT. FERRARI - SAME

JESUS
Turn left! Turn left!

SPENCER
It's a one-way street!

JESUS
We're being chased by cops!

THE FERRARI

turns into on-coming traffic! A few CARS SLAM INTO EACH OTHER, creating a roadblock which thwarts one of the Cop Cars.

The other Cop Car manages around and continues the chase, SIREN BLARING.

INT. FERRARI

JESUS
Now make a right!

Spencer makes a hard right. He does a skidding 360 degree turn, but keeps control.

JESUS
Now left! Left!

SPENCER
Are you sure?!

JESUS
Trust me! I grew up here!

Spencer SCREEEEEECHES a sharp left, into a

BACK ALLEY

that's filthy with litter. The Ferrari rips down the bumpy alley, the Cop car turning after them in the distance.

SPENCER'S POV

a busy street intersects the alley up ahead. They've got to stop.

INT. FERRARI - SAME

JESUS
Don't stop!

SPENCER
WHAT?

JESUS
Go straight! Floor it!

Jesus pushes Spencer's leg down onto the accelerator! Spencer SCREAMS.

THE FERRARI

races out of the alley, crossing the street -- just barely missing cars crossing their path!

The Cop Car is forced to brake hard -- but stops in the street and is hit by an RTD bus!

INT. FERRARI - SAME

Speeding along, Jesus CHEERS their escape:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESUS
Awesome driving, man! I'm
impressed!

Jesus holds out his hand. Spencer slaps it.

JESUS
No, homes. Like this.

Jesus teaches Spencer his customized high-five.

SPENCER
Oh.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

The Ferrari bullets along.

VIN SCULLY (v.o.)
It's the pitch...

INT. FERRARI - SAME

The RADIO PLAYS:

JESUS
Yeah? Yeah? What is it?!

VIN SCULLY (v.o.)
Strike three! The Dodgers win
the World Series --

Jesus goes crazy, screaming like wild. Spencer turns off the
radio, ending all celebration.

SPENCER
Now what?

JESUS
Now I break back in, man. Wait
for the right time, then climb
the fence. No problema.

SPENCER
I've never heard of anyone
breaking into jail.

JESUS
Gettin' out's the hard part. I
got it all planned.
(more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESUS (Cont'd)
There's barely enough guards to
watch the inside of China.
Outside's like a fuckin' ghost
town.

Spencer slams on the brakes -- the car comes to a quick stop.

SPENCER
What about the press?

JESUS
The what?

SPENCER
There's a ton of reporters and
photographers out there! Jesus,
the prison's a mad house, I saw
it on TV!

JESUS
Shit.

SPENCER
SHIT?!

In complete desperation, Jesus turns to Spencer.

JESUS
What the fuck am I gonna do,
homes?

SPENCER
Oh, my God.

INT. NEIMAN MARCUS - DAY

The crowded store. At her counter, Debbie gives a pair of
female TWINS a make-over.

DEBBIE
See? Now your eyes make a
statement. They say, "We're
eyes."

SPENCER (o.s.)
Debbie...

Debbie turns around -- standing there are Jesus and Spencer, who
holds an adorable Dalmation puppy. Spencer holds out the dog,
an obvious peace offering.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPENCER

I'm sorry.

Debbie's face is awash with love. She takes the dog, practically crying with compassion. The Twins "Awww".

DEBBIE

Oh my God! Look! Spencer, is he really mine?

SPENCER

Debbie, you were right. I was an asshole. I was selfish. And you were wonderful. I'm really, really sorry.

DEBBIE

You were so mean to me.

JESUS

He's been under a lot of pressure.
(extends a hand)
I'm Jesus.

DEBBIE

(shaking hands)
Cute name!

SPENCER

Debbie, I have one last small favor.

Debbie lights up, happy to please.

DEBBIE

Oh, Spencer... anything!

A SERIES OF SHOTS OF

Spencer running through the store, buying suits, sunglasses, and two matching Filofaxes.

Spencer runs to a

BACK ROOM

where all the merchandise is kept. Debbie is there doing a make-over on someone.

SPENCER

Ready?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Debbie smiles proudly. And then we see who she's working on -- it's Jesus, who now has blond hair, white skin, and a mustache! He's been transformed into a WASP.

JESUS

Let's do it!

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

The Ferrari bullets past.

INT. THE FERRARI - SAME

Spencer and Jesus, wearing suits and sunglasses, look like perfect CIA agents. Caucasian CIA agents. Jesus checks himself out in the mirror.

JESUS

That Debbie did a pretty good job.
(pulls out a pink slip
of paper)
She gave me her number.

SPENCER

Remember. Don't slouch, and let
me do all the talking.

JESUS

You got it, homes.

SPENCER

And whatever you do, don't call
me homes in there.
(beat)
Homes.

Jesus laughs.

EXT. CHINO MINIMUM SECURITY PRISON - NIGHT

A hundred REPORTERS flock outside the prison grounds. News crews everywhere.

The Ferrari pulls up. Everyone turns as Spencer and Jesus, holding Filofaxes and looking very official, walk past the Reporters who attempt take pictures and try get interviews.

Spencer and Jesus move to the

INT. PRISON ADMISSIONS OFFICE - SAME

The dumpy GUARD is behind the counter, at watch. A barred cell door is the entrance to the prison.

SPENCER
(falsing his wallet)
Federal mediators. Where's the
Warden?

GUARD
Let's see some ID.

JESUS
(very WASPy)
Don't give us any shit, pal. We're
from Washington.

The Guard hesitates, picks up the telephone, dials.

Spencer glares at Jesus, who winks.

EXT. PRISON - SAME

A big HOME SHOPPING CLUB delivery truck pulls up. The Press takes pictures.

INT. ADMISSIONS OFFICE - SAME

A loud BUZZ and the gate opens. The Guard shows Spencer and Jesus in as the Warden, holding a bullhorn, storms into the office.

WARDEN
You the mediators?

SPENCER
Yessir. Agent Barnes.

They shake. Then the Warden shakes Jesus' hand.

JESUS
Agent White.

Spencer shakes his head as the Warden shows them out to

EXT. PRISON GROUNDS - NIGHT

They walk to Holding Block F.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WARDEN

We haven't had any violence yet.
The hostage is still alive. He
keeps screaming, "Help me, help
me!" over and over.

JESUS

Poor guy.

WARDEN

(on bullhorn)

There are two federal mediators
here to see you!

LeBRADFORD (o.s.)

No fucking way! No one's coming
in here!

Jesus takes the bullhorn.

JESUS

(slowly)

It's okay! We're friends! We're
here to end this!

INT. HOLDING BLOCK F - SAME

LeBradford recognizes the voice.

LeBRADFORD

Jesus?

EXT. HOLDING BLOCK F - SAME

The door opens.

WARDEN

I can't believe it.

JESUS

That's why they pay us the big
bucks.

Spencer and Jesus disappear inside the holding block.

GUARD #2

Hey, Warden!

The Warden turns to see two Guards holding a giant cardboard box
with "Sony 47-inch Color TV" printed on it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUARD #2
Where do you want the TV?

WARDEN
Who the hell ordered that?!

INT. HOLDING BLOCK F - SAME

Inside, Jesus rips off the suit and puts on regulation prison clothes. Spencer looks around uncomfortably at the hundred INMATES surrounding them.

JESUS
Thanks a lot, homes.

SPENCER
Take care of yourself, Jesus.
Try not to get into anymore
trouble.

JESUS
You know it, man.

They smile, high five.

EXT. HOLDING BLOCK F - SAME

Suddenly the doors burst open and over a hundred INMATES run from the building! The Photographers go wild, taking hundreds of pictures.

The Prisoners run toward the Warden, who runs off, signaling the Guards to take control. It's a madhouse.

In the insanity, Spencer walks through the crowd unnoticed.

As Spencer exits the prison, he passes two FEDERAL MEDIATORS who are just arriving on the scene.

MEDIATOR #1
Guess we're too late.

On all the craziness, we...

FADE OUT.

Blackness. The ELECTRONIC RINGING of a cellular phone.

FADE IN:

EXT. CHINO PRISON - MORNING

The place is empty now, save for the black Ferrari.

INT. FERRARI - MORNING

Spencer's asleep in the driver's seat. The PHONE RINGS again.
Spencer awakens, answers the phone.

SPENCER

Hello?

INT. WALTER'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Walter sits up in bed, getting a massage.

WALTER

Spencer! It's me!

SPENCER

Walter...

WALTER

Listen! I just got word...
Sakamoto loved you!

SPENCER

What?

WALTER

Someone heard him say that he
never met a more honest,
straight-forward guy! He fired
Diane! Can you believe it,
Spencer?!

SPENCER

That's great, Walter.

WALTER

Jewel loved you, too! She said
whatever I'm paying you isn't
enough, and damnit, she's right!
I'm offering you full
vice-presidency at a hundred and
fifty thousand a year. What do
you say?

SPENCER

Look, Walter...

WALTER

Okay! Two-hundred!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPENCER

Walter...

WALTER (v.o.)

Two-twenty-five! Don't pass this up, Spencer!

SPENCER

Walter, I quit.

WALTER (v.o.)

What?!

SPENCER

I QUIT!

And Spencer hangs up the phone, smiles. Then he picks up the receiver and dials. It rings. Elizabeth answers.

ELIZABETH (v.o.)

Hello?

SPENCER

Elizabeth? Hi, it's me.

ELIZABETH (v.o.)

Spencer...

SPENCER

I've missed you so much. And I've learned so much, too. You were right, Elizabeth. About everything you said...

EXT. CHINO PRISON - SAME

Jesus Perez, wearing jeans, a t-shirt and his Dodger cap, shakes the Guards' hands as he leaves the prison, a free man. Outside, he takes a deep breath.

INT. FERRARI - SAME

Spencer's on the phone, all smiles.

SPENCER

I love you, too, Elizabeth. I'll see you tonight. Bye-bye.

He hangs up, sighs happy relief.

And then he goes to start the car -- but there's no key!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPENCER
Aw, damn it!

Then three KNOCKS are HEARD.

Spencer looks up -- Jesus is at the window.

JESUS
Need some help?

SPENCER
Oh my God.

With a smile, Spencer gets out of the car, holding his now ripped and ragged Filofax. He places the Filofax on the roof of the Ferrari, watching Jesus hot wire it.

Within seconds the car is REVVING. Jesus looks up hopefully at Spencer, then grudgingly gets out of the car to let Spencer sit behind the wheel.

Jesus moves to the passenger door, then looks back at the prison. He smiles, takes his baseball from his pocket, winds up, then throws the ball -- it goes sailing high...

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE - SAME

The Warden's putting when a baseball SMASHES through his window, rolls across the floor, and lands in the putting cup.

The Warden's eyes go wide.

EXT. CHINO PRISON - SAME

Jesus gets in the car, and Spencer slowly pulls away.

JESUS (v.o.)
We're free men, homes. So where
you goin'?

SPENCER (v.o.)
On a nice long vacation with my
girlfriend.
(beat)
What about you?

JESUS (v.o.)
That Sakamoto guy offered me a
job.
(beat)
You interested?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPENCER (v.o.)

Oh, my God.

And as the Ferrari speeds into the distance, the Filofax topples off the roof of the car.

FADE OUT.

THE END