

THE ADVENTURES OF FARTMAN

Story & Screenplay by
J. F. Lawton

Based on a character created by Howard Stern

FADE IN:

EXT. WEST 42ND ST. / HELL'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Click of spiked heels on cracked sidewalk.

A surprisingly PRETTY HOOKER. Full breasts, long legs, short mini-skirt, blond hair. Counting twenties. Satisfied customer drives off in dark sedan.

Twenties thrust between soft warm bosom and black lace bra.

Two thugs watch from dark alley. BLOOD SHOOT EYES peer from vicious face. BONEY FINGERS fidget at sight of cold cash.

Hooker passes alley. Thugs emerge from darkness. Shadow hooker.

Hooker picks up pace. Click, click, click.

Thugs keep up. Hooker's red lips part in fear. Purple highlighted eyes dart back with concern.

Click-click-click!

Hooker runs. Thugs give chase.

Grab hooker. Toss into wall.

Blond hair mats into graffiti stained brick. Boney fingers cover red lips.

Vicious hands rip open blouse and bra. Bountiful breasts bounce free. Cold cash floats out.

Boney fingers grab cash. Hooker thrown to ground. Thugs escape down mean streets.

Hooker covers chest. Cries out in anguish.

PRETTY HOOKER
(in a deep, clearly
masculine voice)
Bastards! Help! Help! Somebody
help! Please!

Low baritone blasts out of his full chest, pleading for a savior. A hero.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Someone has heard cry. Watches from above like angel of justice. Long black hair, yellow tights, exposed buttocks.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Thugs slow in familiar alley. Home turf. Blood shot eyes count cash. Boney fingers fidget nervously.

BLOOD SHOT EYES

Not bad for a c-cup.

BONEY FINGERS

You shouldn't have pushed her--it so hard. You could have hurt... it. You know what's been happening to other muggers lately... he got them...

BLOOD SHOT EYES

Look, I'm tired of telling you! He doesn't exist! It's just one of those urban legends... like that choking Doberman.

Boney fingers clinch in terror.

BONEY FINGERS

What's that smell?!

Blood shot eyes dart back toward alley entrance.

BLOOD SHOT EYES

Nothing... just garbage. Look! He doesn't exist! There ain't no...

Thugs' heads swivel to see towering figure land behind them.

BONEY FINGERS

FARTMAN!

Yes, it's FARTMAN. Cool costume. Bitch'n back lighting. Powerful voice echoes through concrete jungle.

FARTMAN

I thought I got the word out that scum like you were through.

BONEY FINGERS

We're sorry. We'll give the money back. We won't ever...

BLOOD SHOT EYES

Shut up! I'm not taking shit from a queer in yellow tights...

Pop. Switchblade gleams cold and deadly. Vicious thug leaps forward like rabid pit bull.

Fartman spins. Bends over.

3.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

BLLOOOOOOWWOOWO! Thugs, switchblade, twenties and garbage cans blast out alley like leaves caught in heavy wind.

Thugs tumble onto pavement hard.

Fartman strides forward and grabs thug. Lifts like doll. Blood shot eyes fill with terror. Other thug scrambles away.

BLOOD SHOT EYES

Don't hurt me! Please...

FARTMAN

Listen, punk. Tell your friends. I'm giving these rotting streets back to the hard working people of New York. Parasites like you better find a new profession. Otherwise, you'll answer to Fartman.

Throws scum to ground. Thug picks self up. Runs off.

EXT. WEST 42ND ST. - HELL'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Fartman hands pretty hooker his cash.

FARTMAN

I believe this belongs to you.

PRETTY HOOKER

Oh, Fartman, at last the streets are safe for us girls. Any time you want a free one, just ask for Bruno.

Fartman salutes, bends over and...

BLLOOOOOOWWOOWO! Fartman flies into air like rocket.

EXT. NEW YORK SKYLINE - NIGHT

Fartman blasts above twinkling lights of city that never sleeps. Does barrel roll.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT

SCUZZY BUM points at sky.

SCUZZY BUM

Look, up dere in da sky!

A FAT UGLY OLD LADY spots it.

FAT UGLY OLD LADY
What the fuck is it? A bird?

SCUZZY BUM
No, it's a missile. Or a UFO.

A NASTY YOUNG GANG MEMBER shakes his head.

GANG MEMBER
No. It's Fartman!

FARTMAN - MONTAGE OF POWERS

CREDITS ROAR IN: THE ADVENTURES OF FARTMAN!

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
Faster than a hurricane...

Fartman rockets down street using his gas as booster.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
More powerful than an atomic blast...

Fartman blows lower floors from tall building. It crumbles.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
Able to fly through the air
propelled by his own gas!

Fartman flies past Statue of Liberty.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
It's Fartman!

Chrysler Building. Glowing with goodness, Fartman stands atop steel eagle overlooking city. Wind blows in hair.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
Possessing amazing powers, this
champion of mankind fights a never
ending battle against those who prey
upon the weak and defenseless.

With a flash of light Fartman's costume dissolves into the black and leather rock star look of CLYDE FLATIRON.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
Disguised as mild mannered
pornographer Clyde Flatiron, his
secret identity is known only to...

INT. COSMIC LIGHT HOLISTIC HEALTH CENTER - DAY

HEATHER GREEN fills ten gallon tank with purified water.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
... his trusted colonic therapist,
Heather Green.

She pickups up long tube with shiny chrome anal insert.

INT. EDITORIAL OFFICE - DAY

Clyde checks newspaper galleys with assistant editor SAM.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
As the editor of a major tabloid
newspaper, the New York Butt...

Sam lifts photo of naked woman with large breasts. Clyde
shakes head, no. Sam shows photo of woman with even larger
breasts. Clyde nods. Thumbs up.

CLYDE
Front page!

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
... Fartman is forever on the alert
for those in need...

OLD LADY (O.S.)
(from outside)
Help! Help!

CLYDE
I've got to take a leak.

Clyde rushes to bathroom door. Glances back at window...

OLD LADY (O.S.)
Help! Ahhhh!!

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Clyde locks door. Rips open shirt. Reveals: Fartman logo on
yellow tights underneath.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Three vicious PUNKS kick shit out of OLD LADY.

OLD LADY
Help! Help!

Needless to say, N.Y. passersby ignore it.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Clyde peels down pants. They catch around socks.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Punks pick up old lady and throw against wall.

OLD LADY

Ahh!! Ahh!

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Clyde gets off clothes. Tries to straighten tights out.
Adjusts cock piece.

EXT. STREET - DAY

All three punks jump up and down on old lady.

OLD LADY

Oggg! Oggg!

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Fartman checks self in mirror. Small zit on chin. Picks it off. Brushes back hair. Puts on special Fartman glasses.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Punks kick old lady. Getting bored. Half hearted kicks.

OLD LADY

Ahhh. Ahhh.

INT. EDITORIAL OFFICE - DAY

Fartman glances out door. Sam has left. Leaps out and runs to open window. Flies out with burst of gas.

Sam returns. Notices strange smell. Glances at bathroom. Waves hand to clear air.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Punks kick old lady one last time. Spot Fartman.

PUNKS

Beat it! It's Fartman!

7.
Run off. Fartman lands near half unconscious old lady.
Grabs her in arms.

OLD LADY

Oh, Fartman! You saved me! God
bless you, Fartman! God bless you!

SPINNING NEWSPAPER

NEW YORK TIMES spins up and fills screen. Headline shouts:

FARTMAN HERO OF NEW YORK!

TIME magazine spins up and fills screen. Fartman on cover:

MAN OF THE YEAR!

PEOPLE magazine spins up. Fartman with Kim Basinger:

KIM DUMPS ALEC FOR FARTMAN!

NATIONAL REVIEW. Fartman on cover:

OUR NEXT PRESIDENT?
BY WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY

VIDEO INSERT

LOCAL NY NEWSCAST: chipper WOMAN ANCHOR talks while Fartman
receives key to city on blue screen behind. Huge crowds.

WOMAN ANCHOR

All of New York turned out as Mayor
Dinkins declared Fartman day and
presented the crime fighter with the
key to the city...

MAYOR

Today, New York is Fartmanland.

CNN: serious MALE ANCHOR. Video box of Fartman receiving a
Presidential Medal of Honor.

MALE ANCHOR

Fartman. The name brings forth
images of great heroism and courage.
Just last month Fartman saved
Florida by turning away hurricane
Frank using only his gas. Today,
President Clinton bestowed America's
highest honor on our greatest hero...

PRESIDENT

... at last, the young people of America have a role model to look up to. Like every young boy or girl in America, I wish I could be Fartman.

BBC: A British accented NEWSMAN. Shots of Fartman at U.N.

NEWSMAN

... world leaders gathered at the General Assembly to honor Earth's champion.

SECRETARY GENERAL

To me, all that is good about mankind is symbolized in one man: Fartman. He is our one hope.

NEWSMAN

Meanwhile, Serbian officials protested that Fartman's peacekeeping efforts violated the Geneva Accord against gas warfare...

VIDEO INSERT - TV PROGRAM

BARBARA WALTER SPECIAL. Fartman and her walk through park.

BARBARA

I found the handsome but reclusive superhero to have a surprisingly good sense of humor and a refreshing honesty. Naturally, I had to ask for a ride.

Fartman flies through the air with Barbara in his arms.

THE TONIGHT SHOW: Fartman talks with Jay.

FARTMAN

... look, I've got nothing against Spiderman. He's got his thing and if it works for him, fine. And if he really said all that stuff about me then it's his problem. I hardly know the guy.

JAY

You think he's just jealous?

FARTMAN

Who knows? It's not like I wake up everyday worrying about what Spiderman thinks of me.

JAY

I know this is a touchy subject but...
Wonder Woman.

FARTMAN

Let me say this much about Wonder.
I took the blood test, and it proves
without a doubt that she's lying...

LARRY KING LIVE: Fartman talks with Larry.

LARRY

Chicago, you're live with Fartman.

PHILADELPHIA (O.S.)

Yeah, um... Fartman?

FARTMAN

Yes?

PHILADELPHIA (O.S.)

Um... why do you only fight crime in
New York? I mean, other cities have
problems too...

LARRY

Well... you did stop those riots in
Los Angeles last year.

FARTMAN

I did. But he's right. I mostly
work around the New York area. I
wish I could be everywhere at once,
but I can't...

LARRY

Let me ask you a question you
probably get a lot. How did you
become Fartman? Were you born that
way? Was it a freak accident? A
scientific experiment?

FARTMAN

That gets into my whole secret
identity and I really can't talk
about it.

LARRY

I understand. My guest tonight,
Fartman! Let's take another call...

EXT. NEW YORK SKY - SUNSET

Beauty shot. Fartman flies over New York. World his oyster.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Yes Fartmàn! Where did he come from? How did he get his amazing powers? Why did he dedicate himself to fighting injustice? Our story begins on a bright spring morning not long ago...

EXT. WEST 43RD - MORNING

Clyde steps over bums. On way to work. Tired. Late. Nears corner hot dog stand. Pinkie's Rocket Dogs. PINKIE reads paper with really large breasted woman on cover. New York Butt. Sees Clyde, calls over.

PINKIE

Clyde! I got a bun warming for you.

CLYDE

It's seven thirty in the morning. Who wants a hot dog for breakfast? You got any bagels or...

PINKIE

No bagels. Just Rocket Dogs.

CLYDE

Oh... what the fuck. Give me one. And don't skimp on the chili beans.

Pinkie grabs processed white flour bun. Plops in overcooked unnaturally pink cylinder of meat products. Covers with dripping brown gob of beans and... who knows what else.

PINKIE

By the way, great editorial on breast implants.

CLYDE

Oh, thanks.

Clyde pays, tips and continues on.

Munches dripping mess absentmindedly. Notices tower looming above him. New York Times building.

Looks wistful. Finishes Rocket Dog.

Stops at Newsstand. JIMMY, newsstand guy, reading Butt.

JIMMY

How you doing, Clyde? Loved your story on whipped creme wrestling. I always suspected it was rigged.

Clyde picks up New York Times. Pays for it.

CLYDE

Oh... yeah... like boxing.

Glances at lead story on world famous paper: "CENTRAL PARK CRIME WAVE CONTINUES." Byline Charlie Deckman.

CLYDE

Charlie Deckman. Knew the jerk at NYU. Lousy reporter, can't write worth shit and gets front page story. Doesn't hurt to have an uncle on the board of directors.

Glances at watch. Belches from eating Rocket Dog too fast.

CLYDE

Shit, I'm late for my first appointment. She'll be pissed.

INT. EDITORIAL OFFICE - DAY

Obnoxious woman, stands in leather corset, spiked boots and accessories. Screams out vicious red lips.

MADAM DOOM

You slimy worm! You insignificant pile of excrement! I ought to whip the flesh off of your scrawny body until you beg to lick the soles of my boots!

CLYDE

Alright already. Sorry I'm late.

Clyde sits behind desk. MADAM DOOM slaps whip down upon it.

MADAM DOOM

This isn't the only tabloid in New York, Flatiron! There are publishers who will crawl on their bellies wearing nothing but a dog collar for an ad account like mine.

CLYDE

Look, I got the layout back from the typesetters. You want to look at it or not, you freakish bitch?

Clyde hands over full page layout. Doom snaps it away.

MADAM DOOM

When you call me a freakish bitch, you'd better mean it with respect!

She glances at ad. Madam Doom's Dungeon of Pleasure and Pain. Bondage. Discipline. Slave Training. Foot Worship.

MADAM DOOM

Not bad. Alright! You barely saved your ass! But in the future I expect more respect or I'll chain you up by your scrotum and personally turn you into a eunuch!

She throws it onto table and marches out.

CLYDE

Have a nice trip back to hell.

Clyde stands and holds stomach. Indigestion. SAM enters.

CLYDE

Run Doom's ad in the next issue.
And make sure the witch pays cash.
Sally! Sally!

SAM

The Pleasure Chest called. And we need the video reviews...

CLYDE

Oh, geez. I forgot. I promise to look at them tonight. Sally!

In bounces SALLY, cheerful petite blond in pink mini-dress. Cute smile. Nice body. Jumps up and gives Clyde kiss.

SALLY

Morn'n Clyde!

CLYDE

Sally, get me a soda or something.
My stomach is all gassy.

PSPSPUUPP! Rude sound emits from Clyde. Sam and Sally wince from the disgusting smell.

SAM AND SALLY

Ah! Geez, Clyde!

CLYDE

Sorry... I couldn't help it...

SALLY

I'd better make you an appointment with Heather.

CLYDE

I don't have time.

SALLY

It's the only thing that works.
Besides, it helps you unwind.

CLYDE

Okay. Okay. Make it late.

She exits.

CLYDE

And where the hell is Sally? Sally!

SAM

I saw her a minute ago.

Sam exits. SALLY bounces in. Jumps up and gives Clyde kiss.

SALLY

Morn'n Clyde!

CLYDE

Where's next week's cover photos?

SALLY

Jake's still processing them.

CLYDE

Get him on the phone. If he doesn't have them tomorrow I'll kill him.

SALLY

Yes, boss!

She bounces out. Sally bounces in with soda.

SALLY

Hey, Clyde, would you mind if we came over to your place tonight to practice the Mambo?

CLYDE

I've got all these videos to review...

SALLY

We don't mind. Please?

Sally, Sally's identical twin sister joins them. Two Sallys stand side by side like book ends. (To avoid further confusion, they will be identified as Sally¹ and Sally².)

SALLY¹

Jake says you can fuck yourself.
Line one.

Clyde moans. Goes to phone.

SALLY²

Can we Mambo? Please? Please?

CLYDE
 (waving her off)
 Hello, Jake. Eat my balls. You
 promised me the fucking photos
 yesterday. I'm trying to run a
 fucking newspaper here and...

Sally¹ & Sally²
 Mambo! Mambo! Mambo! Mambo!

CLYDE
 ALRIGHT ALREADY! Mambo all you
 want! You've got the key!

Sally's cheer. Clyde back on phone.

CLYDE
 Where are the fucking photos?

EXT. WEST 43RD - EVENING

Sun disappearing behind skyscrapers. Clyde steps over bums
 after a long day's work. Approaches Rocket Dog stand.

PINKIE
 Rocket Dog?

CLYDE
 Pinkie, I had a Rocket Dog for
 breakfast. Ordered out for two
 Rocket Dogs for lunch. I'm not
 going to have a freaking Rocket Dog
 for dinner!

PINKIE
 The buns are all warm.

Clyde hates himself. Hates Pinkie. Hates New York. Most of
 all, hates Rocket Dogs. But is hungry. Stomach growls.

CLYDE
 Alright. Extra chili...

EXT. 13TH ST. / GREENWICH VILLAGE - NIGHT

Nicer part of town. UPTIGHT YUPPIES scope hip restaurants.
 Clyde walks past. PSPSPUUPP! Yuppies grab noses.

CLYDE
 Sorry...

Yuppies hurry away. Clyde approaches window front. Cosmic
 Light Holistic Health Center.

INT. COSMIC LIGHT HOLISTIC HEALTH CENTER / LOBBY - DAY

Heather Green watches local news on small portable TV.

WOMAN ANCHOR

... a dozen robberies, muggings and assaults in Central Park this afternoon alone. The Park was often dangerous at night, but lately it's become a twenty four hour crime zone. Police seem helpless...

HEATHER

Somebody should do something.

Clyde enters.

HEATHER

Look what the rats dragged in.

CLYDE

Cut me some slack. I've had a rough day.

Heather tosses him hospital robe.

INT. COSMIC LIGHT HOLISTIC HEALTH CENTER - DAY

Clyde's bare bottom peeks out of robe as he patters in. Heather fills tank. SWSSSSSH! Clyde belches.

HEATHER

Gas?

CLYDE

Most of it in the other direction...

Clyde sits on table.

HEATHER

Go ahead. Let it out. Farting is a perfectly natural human response. It's your colon's way of expelling germs. Don't be embarrassed.

Clyde looks at her. What the hell? PSPSPUUPP! Heather winces, waves hand through air.

HEATHER

Oh... Clyde... gross!

CLYDE

You told me to!

HEATHER

It doesn't smell natural. What have you been eating?

CLYDE

Um... rocket dogs. Four, with chili...

HEATHER

You might as well pour toxic waste in your bowels. Hot dogs are filled with sodium sulfite, a preservative that hardens the inner lining of your colon.

Heather picks up clear tube. Clyde lays down.

CLYDE

I've already heard the lectures, let's get on with the enema already.

Heather gently... um... inserts tube into Clyde behind robe.

HEATHER

It's not an enema. It's a colonic. A colonic is the equivalent of fifty enemas.

GLUG-GLUG-GLUG! Water flows down from tank into... Clyde.

HEATHER

It was first used in Babylon ten thousand years ago. They believed that the colon was a source of unlimited energy. They worshipped Gods that used their bowels to rise into the skies. In fact, ancient Babylonians believed that man sprung from a great colon...

Heather gently massages Clyde's belly as GLUG-GLUG-GLUG!

HEATHER

... and those who could tap the power of their bowels were unbeatable. So they gave their warriors special colonics before each battle.

VVVOOUSSHHH! Heather allows flow to go in the other direction to expel... waste.

CLYDE

Maybe that's why the Persians beat the crap out of them.

HEATHER

The Babylonian's ruled civilization for six hundred years.

CLYDE
Longer than Reagan.

SWSSSSSSH! Heather begins filling tank again.

HEATHER
So tell me what's really eating you.

CLYDE
What do you mean?

HEATHER
Four Rocket Dogs?

GLUG-GLUG-GLUG!

CLYDE
I don't know... been depressed lately...

HEATHER
Why?

CLYDE
It's just... ever wonder how you got
to where you are? I grew up in a
nice respectable working class
family. Best reporter at NYU. And
what happens to me? I'm the editor
of a weekly smut tabloid.

VVVOOUSSHHH!

HEATHER
I thought you liked your job.

CLYDE
I like being my own boss. The
money's okay. But... hell, I went to
college to become Woodward or
Bernstein. To take on city hall.
Make a difference in the world. I
wanted to be one of those Pulitzer
prize winning guys. With a high
class girlfriend and 5th Avenue
apartment. The toast of society...

HEATHER
You'd hate it. It's not you.

CLYDE
It could have been me. I could have
been a big shot. But somewhere I
took a wrong step...

SWSSSSSSH!

INT. CLYDE'S SOHO LOFT - NIGHT

Mambo! Mambo! Mambo! Mambo!

Sally¹ and Sally², like Ann Margaret clones from Viva Las Vegas, dance together to seductive rhythms of Latin music.

Hot pants, halter tops, dance shoes. Hair swishing wildly. Belly button's bouncing happily.

Clyde's place takes up floor of old warehouse. Picturesque. Funky. Giant round bed. Big screen TV. Lot's of space for dancing. Kind of fun, but definitely not 5th Avenue.

Clyde rises up on freight elevator. Sees Mambo princesses. Familiar sight. Sallys' wave as they dance.

SALLY¹

Come on, Clyde! We've got a party in our pants.

SALLY²

Mambo with us!

CLYDE

I don't Mambo. I never have and I never will Mambo. I have work to do. Finish up and go home.

Song ends. Sallys' bounce over. Hit Clyde with big blues.

SALLY¹

We're awful tired from Mamboing. Could we spend the night? Please. Please...

CLYDE

We talked about this already. You can't spend every night over here. I'm not ready to settle down with one pair of women.

SALLY¹

Please? We'll be good...

SALLY²

Or really bad...

CLYDE

No.

Sallys pout. Clyde starts to melt.

SALLY¹

Can we shower before we go?

SALLY²
We're all hot and sweaty...

CLYDE
Oh... alright.

They cheer. Bounce to bathroom. Toss off clothes. Clyde unpacks stainless steel briefcase. Filled with papers. Video tapes. Sally¹ peeks around bathroom door.

SALLY¹
Clyde...

Sally² peeks around bathroom door too.

SALLY²
Don't you want to watch?

CLYDE
Not tonight...

Clyde picks up video: "Bondage Queen's Revenge." Sighs.

INT. SHOWER - NIGHT

Sally and Sally shower together. Sally soaps up Sally's back with big loofah. Steam rises.

SALLY¹
He used to love to watch us shower.

SALLY²
He'd point out dirty spots.

SALLY¹
Something's bothering him lately.

SALLY²
If it wasn't for that stupid old
bigamy law, we could all get married
and settle down...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHURCH / DREAM SEQUENCE - DAY

Clyde, in black tux, stands before MINISTER.

MINISTER
Do you, Clyde, take Sally to be your
lawfully wedded wife?

Clyde looks into eyes of SALLY¹ dressed in flowing white.

CLYDE

I do.

MINISTER

And do you also take her twin
sister, Sally, to be your other
lawfully wedded wife?

Clyde looks into eyes of SALLY² just beyond SALLY¹.

CLYDE

I do.

MINISTER

You may kiss the brides.

Group kiss.

EXT. PICTURESQUE SUBURBAN HOME / DREAM SEQUENCE - DAY

Home sweet home. White picket fence. Clyde, short hair,
business suit, smoking pipe, comes home. *Father Knows Best*.

Sally and Sally, in *Donna Reed Show* dresses, bounce out.
Greet him with two identical roast turkey platters. Four
IDENTICAL LITTLE GIRLS appear next, followed by Four
IDENTICAL LITTLE BOYS.

KIDS

Daddy!

CLYDE

Sally! And Sally! And little
Sally, and little Sally and little
Sally and little Sally. And Clyde
Jr., Clyde Jr. Clyde Jr. Clyde Jr...

DISSOLVE BACK:

INT. SHOWER - NIGHT

Sallys wash each other with hot white suds. Misty eyes.

SALLY¹ & SALLY²

Someday Clyde Flatiron will be ours...

INT. CLYDE'S SOHO LOFT - NIGHT

Clyde, in bed, picks something from teeth. "Bondage Queen's
Revenge" on TV. We hear sounds, but trust me, we don't want
to see it. Neither does Clyde. Clyde starts to daydream:

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LEGAL CHAMBERS - NIGHT

Clyde locked in passionate embrace with short haired HOT BLOND in black judge's robes. Clyde breaks away.

CLYDE

Your Honor, it's wrong...

SANDRA DAY O'CONNOR

Wrong? Wrong for a passionate supporter of first amendment rights to be in love with a Pulitzer prizing winning reporter...

CLYDE

But...

SANDRA DAY O'CONNOR

Just because I'm an accomplished independent woman doesn't mean I don't have needs. Needs that must be fulfilled...

Peels off robes. Reveals tight black dress slit up-to-here. Grabs Clyde in lip lock. Clyde's hands palm her ass.

CLYDE

Why, Justice O'Connor, you aren't wearing any underwear.

SANDRA DAY O'CONNOR

Take me on a train ride, Clyde.

INT. CLYDE'S SOHO LOFT - NIGHT

Clyde pops out of fantasy. Horrible sounds from "Bondage Queen" video. Clyde shuts it off.

Sally and Sally emerge from shower, drying off with towels. Sort through identical underwear.

SALLY¹

We'd better get dressed and go...

SALLY²

Are these your panties or mine?

SALLY¹

Let me see... this one's mine...

Sally's pull panties on. Sort through bras. Clyde watches, not unmoved.

SALLY²

I think this is your bra...

SALLY¹

You sure?

CLYDE

Alright... you can stay the night...

SALLY¹ & SALLY²

Really?!

They jump onto Clyde's bed and bounce up and down. Jump under covers and cuddle next to him.

SALLY¹ & SALLY²

You're the best!

INT. EDITORIAL OFFICE - DAY

Clyde munches rocket dog. Stares out window at New York Time's building across street. Sam goes over articles.

SAM

... where do we run the article on massage parlor rip-offs? Clyde?

CLYDE

Oh--sorry. One of my professors said that once in every reporter's life, a hot story gets up on its long legs and walks right up to you...

SAM

And you think massage parlor rip-offs is that story?

CLYDE

Never mind. Throw it on page six.

Clyde looks back out window. ZOOM OVER TO TIMES BUILDING:

INT. NEW YORK TIMES OFFICES - DAY

Busy news room.

Two incredibly beautiful long legs uncross. Grace floor with presence. Body attached to them rises from seat. MERCEDES STERLING stands. Gorgeous. Tall. Sexy. High Class.

MERCEDES

So you won't even investigate it. I've been to every other paper in the city.

REPORTER

You have to understand, to question a man of his stature...

MERCEDES

I see. Well, somewhere in this city there's a newspaper that has the courage, integrity and intelligence to print this story!

INT. EDITORIAL OFFICE - DAY

Clyde goes over copy with writer, HARRY.

CLYDE

... change the story so that instead of her vagina, it's inside her butt.

HARRY

Why?

CLYDE

Butts are funnier.

EXT. WEST 43RD - DAY

Mercedes leans over. Sorts newspapers. Jimmy looks at her.

JIMMY

Butt's great.

MERCEDES

(straightening)

I beg your pardon?

JIMMY

New York Butt. You said you were looking for someone to run a story.

MERCEDES

New York, But... As in, New York comma bee-you-tee ellipses?

JIMMY

I'm not sure about the spelling...

MERCEDES

Do you have a copy?

JIMMY

I just ran out. But their office is right in that building there. The editor's name is Clyde Flatiron.

MERCEDES

Do they print controversial stories?

JIMMY

They'll print anything.

INT. BUTT RECEPTION AREA - NIGHT

Sally¹ answers phones.

SALLY¹

Butt magazine. Can I help you?

Sally² mans the personal ad desk. OLD PERVERT, in trench coat, hobbles up. Sits before her.

OLD PERVERT

I'd like to place a personal ad.

SALLY²

What would you like it to say...

OLD PERVERT

Hunk... better make that Young Hunk...
Handsome young hunk...

SALLY²

(writing)

Handsome young Hunk...

OLD PERVERT

... desires uninhibited nymphomaniac...
sexy... blond... blue eyed...

SALLY²

... uninhibited nymphomaniac...

Clyde approaches. Notices pervert leering at Sally².
Pervert's hands tremble with growing excitement.

OLD PERVERT

... with young body... firm round
breasts...

SALLY

Firm round breasts...

OLD PERVERT

... with hard nipples that plead for
companionship...

Old hand grabs for Sally's chest. Makes contact. Sally's
eyes widen. Clyde grabs pervert by back of collar.

CLYDE

You're out of here.

Lifts from chair. Drags pervert out of lobby.

SALLY

Don't hurt him, Clyde. He's just an
old pervert!

EXT. HALLWAY - DAY

Clyde releases pervert in hall. Pervert steps back, indignantly. Grabs raincoat. Flashes Clyde.

Clyde surprisingly impressed. Pervert must be rather well endowed. Triumphant, Pervert closes raincoat. Marches to elevator with head held high.

Elevator opens. Mercedes steps out. Pervert flashes her.

Mercedes stunned. Pervert closes coat and marches into elevator. Doors close.

CLYDE

Not bad for an old geezer.

MERCEDES

Not bad for a horse...

Mercedes turns. Clyde's and her eyes meet. Cupid smashes Clyde's cranium with sledgehammer.

Here at last is the girl of his dreams. Tall, classy, great body, and brains to boot. Romantic music swells.

CLYDE

Helloo there. Can I help you?

MERCEDES

I must be lost. I'm looking for Clyde Flatiron. He's the editor of...

CLYDE

I'm Flatiron.

What is it about Clyde that Mercedes finds... unappealing? His long hair? Leather boots. Smug attitude. Take your pick.

MERCEDES

I made a mistake...

CLYDE

What? What? How can I help you?

MERCEDES

Well... I heard something... it's hard to believe... it involves very powerful people... none of the other papers will touch it but...

CLYDE

Sounds interesting. Let's go in my office. This way. Don't be shy...

INT. BUTT RECEPTION AREA - NIGHT

Sally¹ and Sally² see Clyde enter with Mercedes.

SALLY¹
New model, Clyde?

MERCEDES
What?

CLYDE
Nothing. Sally, make some coffee.
And Sally you help her.

SALLY¹ & SALLY²
Yes boss!

Sallys bounce up from seats.

MERCEDES
Are they for real?

SALLY¹ & SALLY²
(cheerfully)
No, saline inserts.

Sallys bounce out.

MERCEDES
Stereo bimbos. What will they think
of next?

CLYDE
You have a nasty side to you. I
like that. This way.

INT. EDITORIAL OFFICE - DAY

Clyde leads Mercedes in. Shuts door. Mercedes glances
around. Nude photos on walls. Strange articles. Ads.

MERCEDES
Um.. what kind of newspaper is this?

Clyde sits behind desk. Points to chair.

CLYDE
Weekly.

MERCEDES
And the nude photos?

CLYDE
Art stills..

MERCEDES

They are not art stills. They are grainy out of focus shots exploiting female body parts.

CLYDE

We'd exploit male body parts but there's not as much money in it.

MERCEDES

I'm leaving...

CLYDE

Sit down. Nobody else will print your story. It must be important for you to foot from paper to paper.

Mercedes debates. After all. She's here.

MERCEDES

You know about the Central Park crime wave...

CLYDE

Yeah.

MERCEDES

I know who's behind it.

CLYDE

Two thousand psychopathic teenagers?

MERCEDES

It's being organized by one man. Have you heard of a Mr. Complex?

CLYDE

Sure. The big shot developer.

MERCEDES

He's paying every criminal in town to drive everyone out of the park. He wants the city close it. So he can build over it.

CLYDE

And how did you come upon this information?

MERCEDES

He contributes to the New York Opera, I play the cello and at a party... well, to make a long story short, he told me about it to try to...

CLYDE
Get in your pants?

MERCEDES
Impress me... yes. I know it sounds
hard to believe but...

Clyde leaps up.

CLYDE
SAM!

Sam pops in.

CLYDE
Call the printer! Tell him to hold
the presses! We're redoing the
first five pages tonight!

SAM
But...

CLYDE
No buts! This is the hot story I've
been waiting for all my life!

MERCEDES
Then... you believe me?

CLYDE
Believe you? Of course! We're
going to nail this son-of-a-bitch
together... um...

MERCEDES
Mercedes... Mercedes Sterling.

INT. BUTT RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Clyde has arm around Mercedes' shoulder. Leads her out.

CLYDE
I'll be conducting the investigation
myself. What's your home phone
number? So I can do follow up...

MERCEDES
Err...

SAM
Clyde... about the printer...

CLYDE

Sam! I don't care what it costs!
Call him right now and tell him to
hold the presses!

(to Mercedes)

Now, that phone number...

MERCEDES

... 555-3232.

CLYDE

Thank you for your incredible
courage, Ms. Sterling.

Mercedes nods unsure. Exits. Door closes.

SAM

But, Clyde, the printer isn't going
to press until Friday...

CLYDE

I know.

SAM

Oh... then who was that?

CLYDE

Some loony chick hallucinating a
bizarre story.

SAM

So... we're not running it?

CLYDE

Sure we are. She's got the best
legs I've seen in my life.

SPINNING NEWSPAPER

Butt hits the streets! Headline screams:

COMPLEX BEHIND CRIME WAVE!
Real Estate Developer wants
Central Park as personal playground.

Underneath large breasted woman bends over with smile.

EXT. WEST 43RD - MORNING

Pinkie reads Butt, fascinated. Clyde steps over bum. Stops
at Rocket Dog stand.

PINKIE

Interesting story about that real estate developer taking over Central Park.

CLYDE

Don't believe everything you read.

PINKIE

It's not true?

CLYDE

Of course not. We make up half that shit. Did you believe that story about the guy who had two penises?

PINKIE

That wasn't true! And I really felt for him..

CLYDE

Just give me a rocket dog.

EXT. COMPLEX SKYSCRAPER - DAY

Ugly modern skyscraper. The Complex Building. Long limo outside. Complex logo across side. SHORT THUGS in dark suits shine it.

INT. COMPLEX CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

DOZEN BIG WIGS seated around long table. High class suits. Balding heads. ASS KISSER stands next to head chair.

ASS KISSER

Thank you, gentlemen, for coming.
It is my pleasure to present, New York's leading citizen, developer supreme, Napoleon Complex..

Faces two huge doors. Doors swing open to reveal: nothing.

Doors open, but no one visible behind them. CAMERA SLOWLY PANS DOWN. AND DOWN. NAPOLEON COMPLEX stands in Armani suit. Probably bought in children's section.

Not a tall man. But really nasty.

COMPLEX

Don't stand.

Complex sits at head of table. Even seated, others tower over him. Complex hits button. Electric motor whirs. Seat slowly rises to level of rest.

Complex hits other button. All other seats slowly sink below him. Complex looks down upon them.

COMPLEX

Gentlemen, I present to you...
Manhattan.

Hits button. Table top spreads to reveal 3-D map of Manhattan. Complete with miniature skyscrapers.

COMPLEX

A small island a few miles wide, a dozen or so long. Inside, inch for inch, the most valuable real estate on Earth. And yet the most valuable property in the city remains completely undeveloped...

SUIT

You mean that two acre garage by Lincoln Center...

SUIT 2

No, no, the five acre plot on 51st by the East River...

COMPLEX

I'm not talking about a block or two. I'm talking about eight hundred and forty acres of woodland right off of Fifth Avenue...

SUIT

Eight hundred acres... there's no...

COMPLEX

I'm talking about Central Park.

Complex uses laser pointer to direct attention to large green square center of map. Another suit, ROBERTSON, speaks up.

ROBERTSON

But, Central Park is public property, the city would never...

COMPLEX

Never is for the weak. For the poor. For the stupid.

Laser burns head off tiny plastic pedestrian.

COMPLEX

I have devised a plan so the city will not only sell me Central Park. But New Yorkers will actually beg me to bulldoze it over.

Complex uses laser to burn up other pedestrians. Little old ladies. Joggers. Dogs.

COMPLEX

As we sit here, an army of hoods and delinquents are turning the Park into an urban nightmare.

ROBERTSON

How long has this been going on?

COMPLEX

Twenty years. I like to think ahead. But lately I've stepped up pace. I have criminals working around the clock. Eventually, a series of arson fires will burn down the zoo, Conservatory, Museums, etc.

Complex's laser burns up buildings.

COMPLEX

Everything scorched until Central Park sits as a black eyesore. The public will clamor for the mess to be cleaned up. And my cronies in city hall will make sure I get the contract to do it.

SUIT 2

And what will you do with it?

COMPLEX

This.

Complex presses another button.

The "ground" beneath central park trembles. Cracks. Buckles. Splits. Parts. Crumbles.

Up rises model of building. Giant cylinder with rounded top. It rises. Rises. Rises. Two huge globes at base. Dominates Manhattan map like... well, Long Dong Silver would dominate a girls locker room.

Phallic? Yes. Penile? Definitely. And big, big, big. Complex's eyes gleam with delight. One of the suits faints.

COMPLEX

I present to you, the Complex Complex. Notice the Complex Balls, two gigantic glass atrium spheres containing restaurants and shopping malls. Rising above them, the Complex Shaft, ten times higher than the world trade center. Filled with more office space and luxury condominiums than in the rest of New York combined!

The suits all applaud.

ALL SUITS

Genius! You will have the biggest shaft in the world. Yours will be bigger than anyone's!

ROBERTSON

(nervously)

But... there's a city wide glut in office space. The condominium market is in the toilet. You would be destroying the city's greatest treasure for an enterprise that if successful would create massive congestion and economic turmoil.

COMPLEX

What's your point?

ROBERTSON

My bank can't support an enterprise that is not only illegal and immoral, but is financially unsound. I mean, this isn't the eighties.

Complex steps off chair. Walks to Robertson. Robertson trembles as he nears.

COMPLEX

So you aren't interested...

ROBERTSON

Err... no... I mean, my bank wouldn't...

Complex reaches out. Robertson flinches. Complex laughs and pats him on shoulder.

COMPLEX

What are you afraid of? I'm just an ordinary businessman. You think I would beat you senseless because you disagree with me? That I would tie you up and drag you out of the office? That I would kill you in some horribly painful way and make sure your body was never found?

ROBERTSON

Well, no... that wouldn't be...

COMPLEX

Of course not. I have people to do that for me.

Clicks fingers. THREE SHORT THUGS run in. Beat Robertson senseless. Tie up. Drag out.

Complex looks around room.

COMPLEX

Any other comments? Questions?

Silence.

SUIT

You said something about shopping malls... ?

INT. EDITORIAL OFFICE - DAY

Clyde on phone. Looks at Butt headline. Chuckles.

MERCEDES (O.S.)

(on other end of phone)

Hello?

CLYDE

It's Flatiron, Ms. Sterling. I printed your story. I'd like to come over and drop off a copy, what's your address?

MERCEDES (O.S.)

Well... today isn't good for me. I'll have my maid pick one up...

CLYDE

I have some follow up questions. Very important...

Sam leads in YOUNG BUSTY MODEL. Clyde sits up slightly.

MERCEDES (O.S.)

Today is impossible. I'm having a cocktail party and recital tonight...

CLYDE

Perfect, I'll meet you at the party, it'll just take a couple minutes...

Model opens blouse. Exposes self. Clyde thumbs up. Puts hand over receiver.

CLYDE

A hundred bucks and two free copies.

Sam leads her out.

MERCEDES (O.S.)

Why don't you ask me the questions now...

CLYDE

Look, Mercedes, I stuck my neck out for you and now it's in a noose. I've got lawyers threatening me with lawsuits, somebody has been tailing me all afternoon and I think this phone may be bugged. The least you can do is find me a couple minutes at this party...

MERCEDES (O.S.)

A couple minutes is all I'll have... seven o'clock... it's the Penthouse on 5th Avenue and 66th...

Clyde holds mouthpiece delighted.

CLYDE

I knew it! A class lay!

MERCEDES (O.S.)

It's black tie, Mr. Flatiron. That means you have to wear a tux or...

CLYDE

I know what it means. I promise not to show up in a pink leisure suit.

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - NIGHT

Classy sounding door bell RINGS. Mercedes opens door. Stunned lips part. No, it isn't a pink leisure suit, but Mercedes almost wishes it was.

Clyde towers in black leather tux. Complete with zippered pockets and chrome steel handkerchief. Hell's Angel formal. Actually, it's pretty damn cool tux, but not 5th Avenue.

Mercedes, in classy red cocktail dress, stands horrified.

MERCEDES

Why don't we talk in the hall...

Clyde strides past. Mercedes gives chase.

CLYDE

So what are you reciting tonight?

Clyde wanders through high class penthouse. Past plenty of high class guests. Stuffy types in tuxes and evening gowns.

MERCEDES

Recital. It's a music recital.

CLYDE

Just joking. I'm not a complete moron. I minored in music at NYU.

MERCEDES

So you're an educated moron.

CLYDE

As vicious as you are lovely. Where did you study music?

MERCEDES

Vassar.

CLYDE

Oh, then you're a lesbian.

MERCEDES

(flustered)

I'm... ? Just... just because I went to a woman's college doesn't mean I'm a lesbian...

CLYDE

Then you're heterosexual?

MERCEDES

I'm... bisexual... not that it's any of your business. And I'll admit I prefer women... more so by the minute.

Clyde leans over.

CLYDE

I prefer women too. We have so much in common. Are you a leg woman or...

MERCEDES

Mr. Flatiron, I fail to see the relevance this has to...

CLYDE

Call me, Clyde. I brought a copy of the paper. That'll be two twenty five. Just kidding, it's complimentary...

Pulls from jacket. Mercedes unfolds. Horrified at picture under headline. Returns to Clyde.

CLYDE

Read it. I've got a snappy prose style.

MERCEDES

I can't make it beyond the picture.

CLYDE

I thought you liked women...

MERCEDES

I don't like bimbos. And I don't like pornographers. Now if that's all...

CASHMERE, beautiful red head, spoiled, lesbian, steps over.

CASHMERE

Mercedes, I think we're ready to begin.

CLYDE

I'd love to listen. Do you mind?

MERCEDES

Yes. But I suppose you're too big to throw out.

Mercedes turns, leaves. Clyde leans over to Cashmere.

CLYDE

So when did she get out of the happy home?

CASHMERE

What?

CLYDE

Old money. In breeding. Long history of mental illness? Huh?

CASHMERE

No. She's the most intelligent and together person I know.

CLYDE

But subject to periodic paranoid
hallucinations.

CASHMERE

Not at all. She's quite sane.

Cashmere leaves. Clyde ponders.

CLYDE

Maybe she isn't crazy. Damn, this
might be tougher than I thought.

EXT. PENTHOUSE BALCONY - NIGHT

Huge balcony. Glittering guests take seats under glittering
stars. Gorgeous view of N.Y. Central Park below.

String quartet plays Rachmaninov. Mercedes, Cashmere and TWO
MEN. Soft. Romantic. Magical. Mercedes' and Cashmere's
eyes meet. Twinkle.

Clyde steps out. Listens. Is moved. BUTLER offers
champagne. Sighs at beautiful music.

BUTLER

Rachmaninov.

CLYDE

(taking drink)

No, it's Clyde. Thanks.

BUTLER

... I meant the music. Rachmaninov...

CLYDE

2nd Symphony, 3rd movement. I know.
It was a joke.

BUTLER

It's kind of hard to tell with you,
sir. You don't immediately come off
as a music...

CLYDE

Yeah, I haven't been coming all
night. She really is talented.

BUTLER

She's devoted to music. Inherited
over five hundred million dollars...

Clyde chokes on champagne.

BUTLER

... and yet she plays for the opera,
gives free concerts in the park for
children, and once a month we have
music under the stars for the creme
of society.

CLYDE

What are the odds of her falling in
love with a penniless ~~pornographer~~
with a big nose and a tiny schlong?

BUTLER

Rather slim I'm afraid.

CLYDE

Yeah. If you gave me the choice
between me and the red head, I'd
pick the red head too. Thanks for
the booze.

Butler nods and moves on.

Clyde stands alone. Listens. Other patrons glance back at
him. Low whispers. Odd looks. Snickers.

Clyde feels as out of place as he looks.

Music ends. Applause. Cashmere leans over and gives
Mercedes gentle, sensuous kiss.

Clyde shakes head.

CLYDE

Not even in your dreams,
Rachmaninov.

Sets down champagne. Exits inside.

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - NIGHT

Clyde steps in. Glances around beautiful place. Shakes head
again, starts for door. But not before... PSPSPUUPP!

Clyde winces. Notices crowd about to return inside.

Heads for door. Sneaks out quickly.

Mercedes enters with crowd of well wishers. Cashmere on arm.
Happy party chatter.

Chatter fades. Patrons wave hands. Cashmere winces.
Mercedes lifts nose.

CASHMERE

What on Earth is that smell?

MERCEDES
(faint smile)
Kind of smells like... roses.

CASHMERE
Roses? It smells like... not roses.

MERCEDES
Pleasant though.

No one else seems to agree. Hands wave.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Clyde walks down street toward home. Passes HOOKERS. STREET FREAKS. Drifts into daydream:

INT. DREAM WORLD - NIGHT

Like Obsession commercial. Roman pillars. Soft light. Flowing white curtains.

Mercedes. Naked. Sculpted body like Roman goddess. Wanders in flowing curtains. Around pillars.

Clyde. Naked. Body like... well... in any case, big Roman nose. Circles Mercedes.

MERCEDES (V.O.)
I am aroused by the touch of a
woman... but I can only be satisfied
by a man...

Clyde smiles assuredly. Mercedes suddenly laughs. Mocking.

MERCEDES (V.O.)
Just kidding!

Cashmere drifts out of curtains and pulls Mercedes into embrace. Two disappear laughing at Clyde.

Clyde alone. Madam Doom drifts out of curtains, grabs him.

MADAM DOOM
You're not one of them! You're one
of us!

Dream world spins. Clyde suddenly stands at table with dozens of freaks. Doom, Old Pervert, HOOKERS, DEGENERATES.

ALL
One of us! One of us! We will make
you one of us!

Clyde's eyes bulge. Looks down. Is dressed like Doom in leather and garters. Screams.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Clyde snaps out. Sweats. It's only a dream. Or is it?

INT. CLYDE'S SOHO LOFT - NIGHT

Sallys doze on Clyde's bedcovers like tired kittens. Sally¹ black lingerie. Sally² white.

SOUND of freight elevator wakes them with start. Bounce to feet.

SALLY²

He's coming. Hurry! Get the hand cuffs!

Sally¹ chains Sally² to support post. Produces whip. Applies it playfully to Sally²'s bottom.

Clyde rises into scene, depressed.

SALLY²

Ouch! Ouch! Oh, wicked sister! Will no one save me?!

SALLY¹

Be quiet! You're tied up and helpless.

Clyde approaches. Weak smile.

SALLY²

Here comes a mysterious stranger!

SALLY¹

Oh no! Will he save you, or tie us both up? Or perhaps free you and spank me? Or reward me, and continue to watch...

Clyde kisses Sally¹ on cheek. Unchains Sally² and gives her weary kiss too.

CLYDE

I'm going to hit the sack. I got a long day tomorrow.

Sallys look at him concerned.

SALLY¹

Where were you all night?

SALLY²

Did you... did you go see that woman?

CLYDE

Yeah. But nothing happened. And nothing's going to happen.

SALLY¹ & SALLY²

(bouncing happily.

Then can we sleep over? Can we?

Can we?

CLYDE

Sure.

INT. MERCEDES' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Party is over. Mercedes and Cashmere undress. Get ready for bed. Lipstick lesbian lingerie.

MERCEDES

Strange that he left without a fuss.

CASHMERE

He gave me the creeps.

MERCEDES

He did print my story.

CASHMERE

What good will it do? Only perverts read that kind of publication.

They climb into bed.

MERCEDES

I hope I was wrong about Complex after all...

CASHMERE

Let's forget about it, okay?

Slide into each other's arms. Kiss.

Cashmere kisses slide down Mercedes' neck. Mercedes' eyes wander, thinking, worried.

INT. DANK BASEMENT - NIGHT

Dark. Shadowy. Crates. Rats. Dripping pipes. Robertson chained to wall.

SHORT THUG sits on crate. Reads Butt magazine. Leans over to ANOTHER SHORT THUG.

SHORT THUG

Story here about the boss...

ANOTHER SHORT

I stopped reading that trash after
the story about the guy with two
penises...

Thugs leap to attention as Complex enters room with more
SHORT THUGS. Complex studies the sweating, bruised
Robertson.

COMPLEX

I talked to your bank President,
Robertson. Seems he has a wife and
some children he's fond of. He'd
rather not see them disappear, like
you did. So I got my financing
after all.

ROBERTSON

Then you'll let me go?

COMPLEX

No. How tall are you?

ROBERTSON

What?

COMPLEX

How... tall... are... you?

ROBERTSON

I don't know... average... five ten...

Complex loses it.

COMPLEX

WRONG! The average height of an
American male is five eight! Five
eight! It's five six in many
countries. Five ten is freakish.
You're a freak, Robertson. Your
thyroid is out of control!

ROBERTSON

Look, just because you're short...

COMPLEX

Vertically challenged! I'm
vertically challenged! You over-
average-heighted freak.

ROBERTSON

Whatever you say...

COMPLEX

I hate that word. All the great leaders of the world were vertically challenged like myself. It's nothing to be ashamed of. I'm just a few inches below average.

ROBERTSON

Sure...

Complex composes self.

COMPLEX

I want to make sure you'll remember what the average height really is.

Clicks fingers. Thugs unchain Robertson. Drag him across room.

Complex turns on light. Reveals: table mounted buzz saw.

Robertson chained to it. Ruler marks off inches. Buzz saw at five eight exactly. Aimed at Robertson's head.

COMPLEX

You lied Robertson. You're a good five ten and a half.

Complex turns on buzz saw.

ROBERTSON

What are you going to do? No! No!

Buzz saw slowly moves. Toward victim's head.

COMPLEX

You'll soon be average. Average height. I'll make you normal.

ROBERTSON

No! Please!

COMPLEX

I bet right now you wish you were as tall as me. Don't you? You wish you were vertically challenged. Don't you?!

ROBERTSON

You're insane! Ahhhh!

Robertson screams. Stops. We don't want to see why. A fleck of blood hits Complex's white shirt. It's over.

COMPLEX

Clean it up.

Wanders off. Bored.

Notices spot on shirt. Touches it. It smears. Notices particular thug near him. Looks up.

COMPLEX

George? How tall are you?

THUG #2

Five seven and a half!

COMPLEX

No. Allowing three fourths of an inch for your heels, you're still at least five eight and a half.

Other thugs grab him.

THUG #2

Lifts! Lifts in my shoes!

Rips off shoes and shows Complex. Complex checks out lifts.

COMPLEX

Clever. Mind if I keep these?

Thug nods. Complex walks off. Thug wipes forehead in relief.

Complex spots Butt magazine on crate. Picks up. Smiles at naked woman.

COMPLEX

What is this?

SHORT THUG

That's my Butt... Butt magazine.

Complex unfolds. Sees headline. Eyes widen.

EXT. WEST 43RD - MORNING

Limo pulls up. Complex steps out. Thugs at side.

INT. EDITORIAL OFFICE - DAY

Clyde on phone.

CLYDE

... look, I believe in truth in advertising too, but I'll get shut down if I print, "kinky sex for sale." How about "wide variety of escort services available..."

Complex marches in with Thugs. Sam chases after.

CLYDE

... I'll call you back...

SAM

... sorry, Clyde. They pushed right past.

COMPLEX

Are you Flatiron?

CLYDE

We've already done an article on dwarf tossing. Not interested.

Complex clicks fingers. Thugs punch Sam in stomach. Toss out room. Lock door.

Complex marches up to Flatiron's desk. Wipes everything off with sweep of hand.

COMPLEX

Listen carefully. My name is Napoleon Complex. You're going to print a retraction saying that article was a joke. Then you're going to never mention my name again in your fucking two bit sleaze rag.

CLYDE

(doesn't flinch)

No.

COMPLEX

AND IF YOU DON'T... I'll have your paper shut down and burned. I'll kill you and your employees and your mother and everyone you even smiled at. And I'll make sure your corpse is donated to a medical school so it will be drained of blood, cut up, and laughed at for years.

Clyde stands. Walks over. Looks down on Complex's head.

CLYDE

You're really short. I mean, really short. Do you have to use a high chair when you go out to eat?

COMPLEX

No one calls me short!

Clicks fingers. Thugs reach for bulges in jackets.

Doors fly open. Before Thugs can draw, sawed off shotgun appears. Long barreled 44. Magnum takes aim. Thugs freeze.

Sally¹ and Sally² have them covered. Looks like they know what they're doing. Clyde shakes head.

CLYDE

I think it's a sad comment on our city that a woman doesn't feel safe without a concealed carry permit.

Sally² cocks revolver. Thugs raise hands. Sam returns. Goes to each Thug. Removes sidearms.

SAM

Glocks.

CLYDE

Fucking yuppies.. Didn't anyone ever tell you to buy American? Throw them in the drawer.

Sam takes them to Clyde's desk. Tosses them in draw filled with all manner of weapons.

Clyde looks back down at Complex. Adjusts his tie.

CLYDE

Let's see... I was talking about how short you are. Listen, you little shrimp, this may be a sleazy rag, but it's my sleazy rag.

COMPLEX

You don't understand who you're dealing with...

CLYDE

With a tiny turd who thinks he's a big shot because he's got some money and a bunch of hired midgets to kiss his ass.

Clyde turns Complex around. Grabs in pants. Gives him serious wedgy.

CLYDE

Now clean up my desk.

COMPLEX

I WON'T...

Sally¹ aims shotgun at Complex's lower region. Complex swallows. Obeys.

COMPLEX

I control the city government, the police. I'll ruin you Flatiron. I can destroy your life.

CLYDE

Go ahead and try, Pee-wee.

INT. LIMO - DAY

Complex has thug on each side. Thugs seem relieved.

THUG

At least we got out alive.

Complex slaps Thug across face.

COMPLEX

Morons! I'll need professionals to take care of him.

INT. EDITORIAL OFFICE - DAY

Clyde briefs Sam, Harry, and Sallys.

CLYDE

You know, maybe there is something to this Central Park thing, or he wouldn't have come here. It's time to launch a real investigation.

HARRY

But Complex is a Real Estate developer. They have no morals or compassion. He runs the city with an iron fist. People like him are above the law.

CLYDE

Butt Magazine will never back down. Sally, start talking to hookers and find out if any of their Johns have been talking.

SALLY¹

Right boss.

CLYDE

And Sally you check with the massage parlors and table girls. Sam, talk to all the drug dealers in town, find out what the word is. Harry, you talk to the transvestites and the gigolos. Meanwhile, I'm going to make a few phone calls...

CLYDE ON PHONE

Clyde mans phones like pro.

SECRETARY
Manhattan First Bank...

CLYDE
Terence Young for Mr. Johnson.

SECRETARY
I'm afraid he's very busy. What is this concerning?

CLYDE
I'm his lover. From prep-school.

SECRETARY
His... lover?

CLYDE
Isn't he out yet? I'd think...

SECRETARY
I'll put you on with him..

Clyde waits.

JOHNSON
Who the fuck is this?

CLYDE
Mr. Johnson, I have photographs I don't think you want your wife to see.

Beat.

JOHNSON
How much do you want?

CLYDE
I want answers to some questions. I understand Napoleon Complex is one of your major clients...

SPINNING NEWSPAPER

BUTT spins up and fills screen. Headline shouts:

MAJOR BANKS TIED TO COMPLEX TAKEOVER
OF CENTRAL PARK!

Still NUDE GIRL on cover. But smaller than usual.

EXT. WEST 43RD - MORNING

Mercedes at newsstand. Holds music magazine. Sees Butt. Picks it up, reads headline. Shakes head. Sets down.

Thinks. Picks back up. Adds it with music magazine. Looks embarrassed.

CLYDE ON PHONE

Clyde on another call.

CLYDE

... I'm with the IRS and we're investigating Mr. Complex...

BUSINESS MAN

Then talk to my lawyer.

CLYDE

Whatever, but most people prefer to cooperate rather than be publicly arrested during business hours...

BUSINESS MAN

... what kind of questions...

SPINNING NEWSPAPER

BUTT spins up again. Headline screams:

BUSINESS LEADERS INVOLVED IN COMPLEX
CRIME CONSPIRACY!

Tiny NUDE GIRL in corner.

CLYDE ON PHONE

Clyde talks again.

CITY COUNCILMAN

Look, Mr. Golino, I don't want to offend you, but we already have a deal with Gotti...

CLYDE

Councilman, Gotti is history. This Complex project is not going through without our protection...

CITY COUNCILMAN

Look, I only handle city hall. I'm a small fish in this. So is Councilman Jennings. There should be enough in this deal for everyone. Have you talked to...

SPINNING NEWSPAPER

BUTT spins up again. Headline belches:

CITY HALL ON COMPLEX PAYROLL!

Amazingly... no nude girl.

INT. COMPLEX'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Big huge desk. On platform. Complex throws down copy of Butt. Steaming. Crosses to edge of platform. Looks at female assassins.

BLACK and BLUE, beautiful but deadly. Tower over Complex.

COMPLEX

I don't just want him dead. I want him to die in agony.

BLACK

No problem.

COMPLEX

But first, torture him and find out who tipped him off.

BLUE

No problem.

COMPLEX

How tall are you?

BLACK

Six two.

BLUE

Six one. Why?

COMPLEX

(smiling)

I've very attracted to tall women...

BLUE

You and every other midget in the universe.

COMPLEX
Perhaps after the job...

BLACK
Dream on, smurf.

Exit laughing. Complex disappointed.

INT. CLYDE'S SOHO LOFT - NIGHT

Clyde, black bathrobe, watches local broadcast. Chuckles.

WOMAN ANCHOR
... despite a flurry of denials from
Complex and city hall, the Central
Park Conspiracy continues to gain
momentum. First broke in a small
tabloid newspaper by Clyde Flatiron,
the legitimate press is beginning to
pay attention...

Downstairs buzzer RINGS. Clyde clicks on intercom.

CLYDE
That you, Sally? Sally?

BLUE
(girlish giggle)
It's us. Sarah and Marsha. We're
friends of Sally.

CLYDE
They're out right now. I'm not sure
when they'll be back...

BLUE
Could we come up and call a taxi?
We're scared of this neighborhood.

Sounds tad suspicious. Clyde kicks on remote security
camera. Sees: two pretty women. Rubbing shoulders from
cold.

What the hell? Clicks door entry button.

CLYDE
Take the freight elevator to the
second floor...

SOUND OF DOOR OPENING DOWNSTAIRS. ELEVATOR RISES.

Clyde shuts off TV. Gets up. Crosses to Elevator to greet
guests.

Black and Blue rise up. Wave. Clyde smiles.

CLYDE
You from Sallys' dance class?

BLACK
We're in a class by ourselves.

They step out. Blue kicks Clyde in groin.

Clyde cries out. Doubles over. Black grabs Clyde's head.
Knees face. Blue grabs him, slams him into concrete pillar.

Clyde sinks to floor.

CLYDE
If you don't act a little nicer... I'm
not going to let you use my phone...

Black grabs Clyde up.

BLACK
Complex sent us. He wants to know
who gave you the story.

Throws him across room. Clyde smashes over furniture. Blue
grabs him for her turn.

CLYDE
Once I tell you, you'll kill me.

BLUE
We're going to kill you anyway. We
can either do it slow...

Spins him and twists arm. Clyde winces.

BLUE
Or fast...

Flings him across room. Clyde lands on ass. Black grabs
him.

CLYDE
You ever do any professional
wrestling?

BLACK
How'd you guess? Black and Blue.
Mud wrestling champs of 1991.

CLYDE
Undefeated?

BLACK
Almost.

Throws him to Blue who hits him with body slam. Clyde can
barely talk.

CLYDE
Why'd you retire?

BLUE
They ruined the sport when they
switched from mud to whipped cream.
Besides, there's more money in
killing people.

CLYDE
I'd bet.

Black grabs him in headlock.

BLACK
Start talking or I'll crack your
head open like a peanut.

SOUND OF DOOR DOWNSTAIRS.

CLYDE
Nice biceps. I know some people
that used to be in wrestling too...

BLACK
Oh yeah?

SOUND OF ELEVATOR:

BLUE
Somebody's coming.

Black tosses Clyde to ground.

CLYDE
The undefeated 1992 champs...

BLACK
WHAT?

Black and Blue spin to see Sally¹ and Sally² rise up.

BLACK & BLUE
The Swedish Cyclones!

SALLY¹
Black and Blue? What are you...
Clyde!

SALLY²
Are you hurt?

Clyde can't get up. Rubs blood from lip.

CLYDE
I'll have to sit this dance out.

Sallys and Black and Blue face off.

SALLY¹

If you've hurt any of his organs
you'll regret it. We kicked your
butts before and we can do it again!

BLACK

Oh, yeah? There's no whip cream
this time!

Sallys glance at each other worried.

SALLY²

I don't know if we can beat them
without whip cream...

SALLY¹

We've got to!

Battle royal begins!

Body slams!

Head crunches!

Bouncing breasts!

Sallys are tough. Top form. True champions.

But Black and Blue are mean. Fight dirty. Have the edge.

BLUE

Ha! I told you! We could have beat
you in mud in 1992!

Body slam! Knee smash! Butt blows!

Sallys are going down for the count! Looks bad.

Clyde still pretty hurt. Can't move legs. Helpless.

Spots fire extinguisher. Foam!

Crawls to it.

Sallys being pummeled! Can't last much longer.

Clyde reaches for extinguisher. Up. Up. Just inches away...

Sallys trapped in headlocks. Doomed...

Clyde grabs extinguisher. Turns it on them.

Billows of foam blast out. Cover women. White fluffy
bubbles spread across floor.

Black and Blue come up for air. Slip and fall on asses.

Sallys jump up. Foam has revitalized them. Tear off dresses. Strip down to bra and panties.

Black and Blue scramble to do same.

Battle begins again! But this time Sallys are in element.

Black and Blue slammed. Smushed! Splattered!

Sallys have them just where they want them. Black and Blue try to run to elevator.

Sallys grab them and toss them back into foam.

Sally¹ grabs Black. Lifts over head.

Sally² grabs Blue. Lifts sky high.

Toss evil wrestlers toward window.

EXT. WINDOW - NIGHT

Black and Blue, covered in foam, crash out glass window.

INT. CLYDE'S SOHO LOFT - NIGHT

Sallys triumphant. Run to Clyde. Help to feet.

SALLY¹

You saved us!

CLYDE

No. You saved me. Have I ever told you two you're terrific?

SALLY¹ & SALLY²

(bouncing happily)

Can we sleep over? Can we? Can we?

CLYDE

Any time you want.

Sallys cheer.

INT. COMPLEX'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Black and Blue. In underwear. Covered in cuts, bruises, foam and dirt. Grab Complex by lapels. Shake like doll.

BLACK

Why didn't you tell us he had the Swedish Cyclones working for him?!

COMPLEX

The Swedish Cyclones?

BLUE

Nobody can beat them! We quit!

Toss Complex to floor. Exit.

COMPLEX

The Swedish Cyclones? Those blondes. I must get rid of them! Swedish... hum...

INT. EDITORIAL OFFICE - DAY

Clyde on phone. Bruises on face. Eats Rocket Dog.

CLYDE

Look, I got beat up by a couple of Complex's goons. Actually, you might have liked them. I should have called you for a double date...

MERCEDES (O.S.)

Look, Flatiron, I've had enough of your pick up lines. I'm glad you got the story out. But our relationship is now over.

CLYDE

I just want you to be careful. They asked who gave me the story. Complex might figure it out on his own.

MERCEDES (O.S.)

Sounds very melodramatic. But I assure you I don't need a big strong man to take care of me. Good bye.

Hangs up.

CLYDE

Snotty dyke.

INT. COMPLEX'S OFFICE - DAY

Complex talks with INS AGENT.

INS AGENT

But I have no reason to deport them. Legally, my hands are tied...

Complex tosses him stack of cash.

INS AGENT
Of course, there have been reports
of Swedish terrorist groups
operating in the city...

INT. BUTT RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Clyde picks up coat, belches. Sallys look concerned.

SALLY¹
You sure you don't want us to go
with you?

CLYDE
No, I'll be okay. I'll sneak out
the back. After the bank I'll go
straight to Heather's. The last
place anyone will look for me is at
a health clinic...

Clyde belches.

SALLY²
Be careful!

Clyde nods. Exits.

INT. LIMO - DAY

Complex looks out window at Butt Building. Half dozen Thugs
with him. INS van pulls up. Agents jump out.

COMPLEX
Wait until they take away the
blondes. You should be able to
handle the rest.

THUG #1
Right.

INT. BUTT RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Sallys at desks. Sam and Harry nearby. Half dozen INS
agents leap in. Shotguns drawn.

INS AGENT
Hands up! Sally Erikson?

SALLY²
Yes?

INS AGENT
And... Sally... Erikson?

SALLY¹

It's SA-lee. She's sa-LEE.

INS AGENT

You're under arrest. We're deporting you to Sweden.

SALLY²

Sweden? Why?

Agents grab and handcuff both.

INS AGENT

For conspiracy to violate our American way of life!

Agents drag Sallys away. Exit. Sam and Harry exchange looks.

HARRY

What the hell was that?

SAM

We've got to find Clyde...

Half dozen Thugs kick open door. Big cruel smiles.

THUG #1

Where's Flatiron?

Harry leaps for shotgun under Sally's desk. Thugs pull Glocks. Blow him away. And away. And away. Like Bonnie and Clyde.

Sam stands speechless. Thug grabs him. Pins against wall. Others search offices.

THUG #1

Where is he?

SAM

I... I... I... I...

Thugs return.

THUG #2

He's not here.

THUG #1

Wreck the place.

(to Sam)

Where is he?

SAM

He went... went... went...

Thugs tear everything up. Destroy the joint.

THUG #1
WHERE IS HE!!

SAM
He... he... he... he...

THUG #2
That won't work. The more you scare
him, the more he'll stutter.

THUG #1
STOP STUTTERING!!

SAM
H... h... h... h...

THUG #2
He can't stop. Stuttering is an
involuntary reflex. You have to
calm him down.

THUG #1
Okay. Okay. So where is Flatiron?

SAM
He... he... he... he...

THUG #2
Let me handle it. He can't relax
with you pressuring him like that.
(to Sam)
Hey man, how you doing? We've got
some questions to ask, but it's no
big deal. Okay? So just relax.
What's your name?

SAM
Sam.

THUG #2
Good, good. No pressure. What do
you do here?

SAM
I'm assistant editor.

THUG #1
SO WHERE THE FUCK IS FLATIRON?

SAM
H... h... h... h...

THUG #2

Look what you did! I got him calmed down and you just blew it! Now I'm going to have to start all over!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BUTT RECEPTION AREA - EVENING

Thugs bored. Smoke cigarettes.

Sam sits in chair. Thug #2 sits across from him.

THUG #2

Would you guys stop pacing? He's getting nervous again. Now, you were telling me about your mother?

SAM

Yeah. She... She's kind of nice.

THUG #2

Okay, I think we're all relaxed. Now, I want you to try again to me where Flatiron is. No big deal. Just if you feel like it.

SAM

If I tell you... you you'll kill him.

THUG #2

Now, I don't want to put any pressure on you. But did you ever see Scarface? The Al Pacino version? I think you should tell me.

SAM

He... he... went to the Cosmic Light Ho... Holistic Health Center.

THUG #2

Good. Good.

(to other Thugs)

See? See what a little patience can do? See want a little understanding can accomplish. Now you can beat the shit out of him.

Thugs grab Sam. Beat shit out of him.

INT. COMPLEX'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Complex on phone.

THUG #1
He's at the Cosmic Light Holistic
Health Center. You want us to bump
him there?

COMPLEX
Yes. But I don't want people to get
suspicious. Make sure it looks like
an accident. An accident!

THUG #1
An accident. Right boss.

INT. COSMIC LIGHT HOLISTIC HEALTH CENTER / LOBBY - NIGHT

Two Thugs enter. Heather sipping herb tea.

HEATHER
May I help you?

THUG #1
We're uh... uh... customers.

HEATHER
You want a colonic?

THUG #1
He wants one.

Heather examines Thug #2.

HEATHER
Oh. Yes. You really need one.

THUG #2
I do?

HEATHER
Yes. You see how yellow your skin
is. That's what happens when you
get clogged up. I could do you
tomorrow morning. Right now I have
an appointment coming.

THUG #1
Clyde Flatiron?

HEATHER
Why, yes, you know him?

Thug pulls gun. Heather's eyes widen.

THUG #1
Yeah, we know him.

Thug grabs Heather. Covers mouth.

THUG #2

Does my skin really look yellow?

THUG #1

Shut up. We got to take care of Flatiron when he gets here. And it's gotta look like an accident!

THUG #2

What kind of accident can happen during a colonic?

THUG #1

Accident... colonic... hmm...

INT. COSMIC LIGHT HOLISTIC HEALTH CENTER - NIGHT

Thug #1 pops open container marked: DANGER, NUCLEAR WASTE. Pours into colonic tank.

THUG #1

Who knows what the hell's in New York's water supply? Right?

THUG #2

Lucky you had that in the car.

THUG #1

I dump toxic waste in my spare time to earn extra money.

THUG #2

You think it's enough to kill him?

THUG #1

I'm not taking any chances.

Thug #1 pours in gallon of gasoline. Bottle of Nitroglycerine.

THUG #2

How are you going to get her to put it in him?

Heather visible through door to storage room. Gagged. Tied to chair.

INT. COSMIC LIGHT HOLISTIC HEALTH CENTER / LOBBY - NIGHT

Clyde enters humming. Looks around. Place empty.

CLYDE

Heather? Heather?

Notices half empty cup. Sees robe.

64.

CLYDE
I'm just going to go ahead and
change! I'm about ready to explode.

INT. COSMIC LIGHT HOLISTIC HEALTH CENTER - NIGHT

Clyde patters in wearing robe. Lays on table face up.

CLYDE
Heather? Heather?

INT. STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

Thug #2 is disguised to look like Heather. Not very convincing. Thug #1 peeks out crack of door.

THUG #2
(whispers)
This isn't going to work.

THUG #1
He won't look you in the face. Just
get it in his butt and turn it on
full blast! Go!

INT. COSMIC LIGHT HOLISTIC HEALTH CENTER - DAY

Thug #2 tip toes out. Clyde stares at ceiling.

CLYDE
There you are. I was beginning to
wonder. My bowels are doing the
cha-cha. I hope you've got some
herbal wash in there...

Clyde spreads legs. Thug #2 picks up hoses. Tries to figure
out how they work.

CLYDE
What a week. You'd kill me if you
knew how many rocket dogs I ate.
This Complex thing is heating up.
Everyone is breathing down my neck.

Thug #2 finds right end. Gently tries to... insert into Clyde.

CLYDE
Opps. Little lower, honey.

Thug #2 pushes.

CLYDE
Easy! Whoa, thought I was in a
Turkish prison for a second.

Thug #2 turns valve. Opens all the way. GLUG-GLUG-GLUG!

CLYDE

There we go. Feels better already.
I tell you, the only time I get to
relax is during our sessions. I can
feel all the tension slipping away.
Hmm... water seems a little warmer
than usual.

GLUG-GLUG-GLUG! GLUG-GLUG-GLUG! GLUG-GLUG-GLUG!

CLYDE

I don't know. Sometimes I think I
should just go ahead and marry the
twins. Move to Utah. Hell, why are
any of us put on this planet?
What's the meaning of this crazy
thing called life? I guess that's
the age old question, huh?

GLUG-GLUG-GLUG! GLUG-GLUG-GLUG! GLUG-GLUG-GLUG! GLUG-
GLUG-GLUG! GLUG-GLUG-GLUG! GLUG-GLUG-GLUG!

CLYDE

Heather, I hate to tell you how to
do your job, but I think it's time
to let a little of that out.

GLUG-GLUG-GLUG! Thug #2 sneaks back into storage room.
Clyde's belly is expanding.

CLYDE

Really. I don't think I can take
much more. Heather!

Clyde half sits up. Looks around room.

CLYDE

Heather! What the... ?!

Notices tank. It's GLOWING! Brighter! Brighter! And still
filling into him! GLUG-GLUG-GLUG-GLUG-GLUG-GLUG!!

CLYDE

NO!

KABOOOM! HUGE EXPLOSION.

EXT 13TH ST / GREENWICH VILLAGE - NIGHT

EXPLOSION RIPS out wall of Health Center. Flaming figure
blasts up in firestorm. Like missile into sky. Clyde.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

Clyde flies through air. Surrounded in flames.

CLYDE

Ahhhh!!!!

EXT. HUDSON RIVER - NIGHT

Clyde crashes into filthy river. Disappears below surface. Water becomes still.

INT. COSMIC LIGHT HOLISTIC HEALTH CENTER - NIGHT

Place trashed. Huge hole in wall. Nice view to outside. Thugs crawl out of rubble. Blackened and torn up.

THUG #1

He must have exploded. Maybe I got carried away.

THUG #2

We'd better get out of here.

They take off. Rubble stirs. Heather slowly crawls out. Ropes torn loose. Looks around.

HEATHER

Oh, no, what happened? Clyde?

INT. COMPLEX'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Thugs brief Complex.

COMPLEX

Let me get this straight. You filled his butt up with nuclear waste and gasoline and he blew up.

THUG #1

Yeah.

COMPLEX

And you think that'll look like an accident?

THUG #2

Like one of those freak accidents.

THUG #1

Yeah, yeah! Like a freak accident.

COMPLEX

You're the freaks. At least he's
dead.

EXT. HUDSON RIVER - NIGHT

Wretched. Covered in soot and slime. Clyde slowly crawls
from river. Like early life form rising from primeval ooze.

Collapses half way. Coughs. Upper half on land. Lower half
in water.

CLYDE

What happened to me?

Glow emits briefly from Clyde's underwater butt. Bubbles
rise.

Clyde sloshes out of river. Staggers to feet.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Clyde limps down street. Dirty. Stinky. Wearing only slimy.
robe. Butt hurts too.

Naturally, citizens of N.Y. completely ignore him.

INT. BUTT RECEPTION AREA - NIGHT

Clyde staggers in. Sees mess. Spots Harry. Heart ripped
out.

CLYDE

Harry? Oh, my God! SAllee! SaLEE!

Hears stirring. Limps to it. Sam on floor. Snot beat out
of him. Clyde kneels.

CLYDE

Sam!

SAM

(can barely talk)

They... got... Harry...

CLYDE

Sally! What happened to Sally? And
Sally? What happened to her!

SAM

INS agents... deported them to Sweden.

CLYDE

Sweden? They're from South Dakota.

SAM

... Complex. Thugs. Killed Harry.
Asked where you were. I wouldn't
tell them. Beat me up. Tortured
me. Didn't tell them. Never tell
them. Must have guessed.

CLYDE

My true friend! ...wait a second?
How could they guess where I was?

SAM

... might have hinted. Little bit...

CLYDE

You fucking rat. Thanks a lot.

SAM

... they tortured me!

CLYDE

Well, okay. As long as they
tortured you...

SAM

... well, they didn't really torture
me. But they we're going to. Of
course, once I told them they beat
the shit out of me.

CLYDE

I'm going to beat the shit out of
you in a second if you don't shut
up. I'll call an ambulance.

SAM

... what about Complex?

CLYDE

Don't worry. I'm going straight to
the police. Justice still means
something in this city!

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

White lights. WHACK! Uniform SLAPS hard across a face.
Slaps again. WHACK!

It's Clyde. Handcuffed to chair. Sweating. Still in robe.

UNIFORM

You want us to hit him again, Mr.
Complex?

COMPLEX

Please.

WHACK!

UNIFORM

Anymore?

COMPLEX

Hmm... no... you must be getting tired.

Complex stares down at Clyde. Couple other UNIFORMS and a PLAIN CLOTHES in room.

COMPLEX

Flatiron, as happy as I am that you walked into a precinct on my payroll, I'm even happier you're alive. You know why?

Clyde can't think of one-liner this time.

COMPLEX.

Because I want you to suffer for a long, long time. What are the charges officer?

PLAIN CLOTHES

Oh, I don't know. Whatever you want. Drug dealing? Looks like a drug dealer to me.

COMPLEX

Drug dealer, nice. And after consuming too much of his own merchandise he went on a crazed rampage in his own office. Killed that poor boy. Put the other in the hospital. Yes, drug dealing, murder, that will put him away for...

PLAIN CLOTHES

Life. Even if it isn't, we can make sure it is.

COMPLEX

See, Flatiron. You fucked with the wrong guy. And now you're fucked...

Complex walks to door. Looks back.

COMPLEX

By the way. I figured out who tipped you off. It was that cello playing bitch who rejected me. Just so you sleep easy, I'm going to take care of her too.

(turns to Plain Clothes)

Crucify him.

79.
PLAIN CLOTHES
Right. Where should we do it?

COMPLEX
... um... I meant it metaphorically.
Just lock him in prison.

PLAIN CLOTHES
Oh, okay. Whatever you want. We
aim to please.

INT. PRISON - DAY

Barred doors slam shut. Clyde in prison blues. GUARD
escorts him down cell block. TV inside cell is going. Clyde
continues down row.

WOMAN ANCHOR
... Clyde Flatiron has been arrested
for murder, drug dealing and
indecent conduct. Editor of a
sleazy tabloid, he had received
media attention recently by accusing
Developer Napoleon Complex with
running a crime ring...

SCENE DISSOLVES TO: Clyde, in loincloth, carries giant wooden
cross. Roman soldiers whip him on. TV SOUND CONTINUES.

WOMAN ANCHOR (O.S.)
Police now believe Flatiron's
articles were an attempt to cover up
his own criminal activities. At a
press conference today, the newly
vindicated Complex replied...

COMPLEX (O.S.)
It doesn't surprise me that drug
dealing scum like Flatiron make
strange accusations. What's
embarrassing is that the mainstream
media actually took him seriously...

SCENE DISSOLVES SLOWLY: Roman soldier, Complex, nails Clyde
to the cross.

COMPLEX (O.S.)
... at least we've brought to light
what a terrible eyesore Central Park
has become. I'm talking to
Councilmen about how to deal with
the growing crime problem caused by
drug dealers like Flatiron...

TV SOUND FADES OUT. Cross raised up. Clyde crucified.

Clyde looks down, thorn crown on his head. Mercedes in robes, weeps at foot of cross.

SHOCK CUT TO: Clyde pushed into cell. Doors shut. Clyde grabs bars. Yep, he's fucked.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - MAGIC HOUR

Mercedes and quartet play for audience of children. The greatest gift one can give. The gift of talent and love.

Beautiful warm day. Trees sway. Elegant classical music enriches all that listen. Children bored out of freak'in minds.

KID

I hate this. It's boring. Let's go play Terminator.

Parents patrol like prison guards.

KID 2

They won't let us go until it's over.

Half dozen thugs run up. Grab Mercedes. Beat shot out of others. Take her off.

Children cheer.

INT. DANK BASEMENT - NIGHT

Mercedes chained to wall, stripped to underwear. Complex enters with Thugs. Admires her figure.

COMPLEX

Leave us alone.

They exit. Mercedes stares at Complex defiantly.

MERCEDES

I guess I should have listened to Flatiron after all...

COMPLEX

It wouldn't have made any difference.

MERCEDES

Why don't you just kill me?

COMPLEX

Because I'm attracted to tall women.

Eyes her like slab of meat.

MERCEDES

You and every other midget in the universe.

COMPLEX

NO ONE TALKS TO ME LIKE THAT!

Mercedes smiles with spirit of wild mare.

MERCEDES

You unchain me and I'll beat your ass into the ground, you pathetic little tick. You might as well kiss off whatever sick perverted ideas are floating inside your deformed brain. Because you can take away my freedom, or my life, but you will never take away my dignity.

Complex staggers back. Eyes wide.

MERCEDES

You'd have to kill me before I'd play any roll in your twisted and disgusting sex life. I will be no man's toy or object of gratification.

Complex leans against crate. Stunned.

MERCEDES

The fact that you even conceive of deriving pleasure from someone imprisoned shows that you haven't emotionally grown from being a crying infant begging for the world to revolve around it. It sickens me to even speculate on the bizarre nature of your stunted sexual urges...

Complex face turns funny. A smile slowly forms...

MERCEDES

... you're nothing but a cowardly... baby... desperate for... his mother's... attention... and... oh God! You're actually getting off on this!

Complex moans.

MERCEDES

Icky! Icky! No! No! I won't participate! You disgusting little worm! I... I...!

Complex sighs. Relieved.

COMPLEX

That was terrific. You're the best.
I'll have to go change my underwear.

MERCEDES

No! Ack! I feel so dirty... so used...

COMPLEX

I'll have to keep you around. I
haven't had that much fun with a
professional. Till we meet again,
my sexual plaything.

Complex exits. Mercedes stands humiliated.

MERCEDES

Oh, please... somebody help me...

INT. CELL - NIGHT

Clyde lays in cot. Reads Times headline: "Millionaire
Musician Kidnapped in Central Park Mugging. Complex Calls
for Action to Clean Out Crime Cesspool."

Clyde tosses paper away angrily. Notices:

BIG BERNIE, fat, bald and ugly stands outside cell. With him:
his gang, TWO NASTY CONS and Guard. Clyde calls to Guard.

CLYDE

Any word from my lawyer?

GUARD

The judge denied you bail again.
Your trial is two years from now.

CLYDE

Two years?

GUARD

Yeah, meanwhile, Mr. Complex thought
you might like some company to help
you pass the time.

Opens door. Big Bernie enters with Cons. Guard locks up.
Laughs. Exits.

BIG BERNIE

So, I guess you're the new girl in
town.

CLYDE

(backing away)

This might be a good time to point
out that I have half a dozen
infectious diseases...

BIG BERNIE

I don't mind. I'm sure I already have them. Mr. Complex promised me a carton of cigarettes to make you my girlfriend, Flatiron.

CLYDE

(still retreating)

I'm quite flattered, but I'd rather play the field a little bit before settling down...

Big Bernie punches him in stomach. Clyde buckles over.

BIG BERNIE

Grab him.

Cons grab Clyde and hold him down. Big Bernie pulls Clyde's pants down. Pauses.

BIG BERNIE

That's the ugliest butt I've ever seen in my life.

CON

Smelly too.

BIG BERNIE

Fortunately, I'm not fussy.

Big Bernie undoes belt. Clyde sick from stomach punch. Stomach rumbles. Strange look comes to face. He's going to...

FART!

Big Bernie BLOWN BACK by intensity of gas. Other cons grab noses.

BIG BERNIE

What in...? That was a fart from hell! Shit! What did you eat?

CUT TO: Clyde's face. Fart? Fart from hell? Is that the strange power burning in his colon? If only...

HEATHER (O.S.)

(echoing in his mind)

... those who can tap the power of their bowels are unbeatable... unbeatable... unbeatable...

Clyde wonders. Is it possible? Could Heather be right?

BIG BERNIE

Grab him again. Good thing I'm getting cigarettes for this. I'm going to earn them...

Clyde concentrates.

HEATHER (O.S.)

... the colon is a source of unlimited
energy... energy... energy...

Clyde's face tightens. It's show time!

BLOOOOWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOWWWWWWWWWWWWW!

Big Bernie BLASTS through concrete wall of cell. Cons
holding Clyde swept up in vacuum.

Clyde straightens. Pulls up pants. Looks back.

Huge hole in wall of cell. Hole continues through next cell.
And next and next. Out through yard and prison wall. Cons
in cells see path to freedom. Wave air. Run for it.

EXT. PRISON WALL - NIGHT

ALARMS sound as dozens of cons make their escape. Clyde
steps out of prison with others.

Notices lifeless bodies in rubble. Big Bernie and cons.

Doesn't shed tear for old boyfriend. Marches into night.

EXT. 5TH AVENUE - MORNING

Clyde strides down street in prison garb.

Naturally, citizens of N.Y. completely ignore him.

Clyde lost in thought. Unlimited power surges in bowels.

HARRY (O.S.)

(echoing in Clyde's mind)

Complex runs the city with an iron
fist. People like him are above the
law... law... law...

HEATHER (O.S.)

The Babylonians believed man sprung
from a great colon... colon... colon...

COMPLEX (O.S.)

(echoing in Clyde's mind)

I'll ruin you Flatiron. Ruin you...
ruin you... ruin you...

HEATHER (O.S.)

... they gave their warriors colonics
before battle... battle... battle...

He flies faster than the jumbo jets heading for J.F.K. Waves to the stunned PILOTS in the cockpit.

Does barrel rolls. Spins. Flips.

CLYDE

I can fly! I can fly! Ha-ha-ha!

Opps... Clyde starts to lose power.

Altitude falling fast. Clyde tightens face. POOFF!

Slows descent, but doesn't stop it. Losing power fast. Heading for terrible crash. He'll end up pancake.

Clyde summons up all his farting powers. BLOWW!

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Clyde's last minute fart breaks fall. Clyde hits grass and rolls.

Rough landing, but unhurt. Confused. What happened to his powers?

Bends over. Tries to Fart. Can't do it.

CLYDE

Fart damn you! Fart!

But he can't. Passersby stare and look away.

INT. COSMIC LIGHT HOLISTIC HEALTH CENTER - DAY

Hole in wall boarded up. Heather cleaning up. Clyde enters.

HEATHER

Clyde! What are you...

CLYDE

Heather. Something has happened to me. Only you'll understand.

HEATHER

Your colon... even from here, I can sense the energy emitting from it...

CLYDE

It's changed. That explosion mutated it... I need your help.

HEATHER

I don't want to get your hopes up.
It may not be in my power, or the
power of any herbalist, to return
your bowels to normal...

CLYDE

I don't want them back to normal! I
must learn how to use them. You
must teach me to tap their awesome
power!

Heather shallows.

HEATHER

It could be dangerous.

CLYDE

I'll take that chance.

HEATHER

Clyde, it would be unethical for me,
as a certified colonic therapist, to
help you use your bowels for evil.
The temptation will be great. The
power that has been unleashed inside
you could control the world. You
must promise to never exploit it for
personal gain or to hurt the
innocent.

CLYDE

(raising hand)

I vow only to use my powers for the
good of mankind.

Heather nods.

HEATHER

First I'll try to figure out what's
happened. Take off your pants and
lie on the table. I'll get some
special equipment from the back.

INT. COSMIC LIGHT HOLISTIC HEALTH CENTER - DAY

Heather has brought out Mad Scientist paraphernalia.

Clyde lies face down on table. Powerful beam of light
emitted from butt hole. Shines on ceiling. Heather examines
wearing shaded safety goggles.

HEATHER

I don't know how to break this gently, so I'll tell it like it is. The nuclear materials, mixed in with toxins already present, and set off by the nitroglycerin and gasoline, have caused a fusion chain reaction inside your butt.

CLYDE

A fusion reaction? But that should blow me apart.

HEATHER

Usually it would. However, your inner tissue was already harden by putrefied fecal matter and massive amounts of sodium sulfite.

CLYDE

In other words, you're saying...

HEATHER

... the rocket dogs saved your life.

CLYDE

Yes, it all makes sense now. But that doesn't answer why I suddenly lost power. Before I could fly, and now I can't even stink up a room.

HEATHER

You ran out of fuel.

CLYDE

Fuel...

HEATHER

... any gas producing foods.

Clyde gets up. Pulls on pants. Heather pulls off goggles. She pulls up a diagram on her computer.

HEATHER

Stomach gases push through the colon and force radioactive molecules into a chain reaction of collisions. The end result is much like engines that propelled Saturn rockets to the moon. Clyde, with practice, concentration, and large amounts of chili beans, there's probably nothing your colon can't do.

CLYDE

Then the Babylonians were right.

HEATHER

I've often speculated that the Gods they worshipped were in fact Alien life forms visiting earth. Life forms so advanced in colon science that they perfected a process similar to the one you underwent accidentally. They used it for intergalactic space travel.

CLYDE

That gives me an idea. Right now I'm an escaped convict. Even with my powers I can't fight Complex directly or he'll threaten everyone around me. I'll need to assume an alter ego: that of a masked avenger. My costume could be styled after that of the Babylonian aliens.

HEATHER

Yes! The design of it clearly has practical application toward the best utilization of your powers.

CLYDE

You're thinking about the cutouts around the buttocks.

HEATHER

Yes. Otherwise you'd just blow your pants off. I think I can sew you something that will work.

CLYDE

And I'll need a name... a name that will strike fear in their hearts at the very sound of it. A name like...

Thinks hard. Gets it:

CLYDE

Fartman!

Heather nods in solemn agreement.

EXT. WEST 43RD - MORNING

Booted foot steps forward. FROM LOW ANGLE CAMERA SLOWLY TILTS UP COSTUME. It's FARTMAN in all his glory. MUSIC BLARES. Fartman steps up to Pinkies cart.

FARTMAN

Five Rocket dogs please.

PINKIE
Sure thing, Mister.

Starts working on them. Glances at Fartman curiously.

PINKIE
I don't think I've ever seen you
around before. I'm Pinkie.

FARTMAN
I am... FARTMAN.

Fartman wolfs through dogs.

PINKIE
You've got a healthy appetite.

FARTMAN
I need fuel.

PINKIE
I get like that myself.

Fartman hands Pinkie money. Bends over. BLASTS INTO AIR.

PINKIE
You come back now!

INT. RUNDOWN GYM - EVENING

Fartman argues with Heather, who wears sweat suit and stopwatch.

FARTMAN
I've already done it ten times!

HEATHER
And you'll keep doing it until you
finish under two minutes!

OLD BOXING MANAGER steps out of office.

MANAGER
You guys about done? I'd like to
close up.

HEATHER
No! We might be here all night!

MANAGER
Okay. Okay. Just open up some
windows.

Manager shakes head and goes back in office.

HEATHER

Go on, do it again! Under two minutes!

Heather clicks stopwatch. Fartman sighs. Goes into action. Runs through workout course.

BLOOWOW! Fart blast sends him into center of boxing ring. Fartman spins, bends and FARTS! BLAST knocks over canvas dummy in ring. BLOWOOOW! Fartman flies out of ring.

Fartman lands near speed bag. Bends over. Series of quick precise blasts sends speed bag bouncing.

HEATHER

Rhythm! Keep the rhythm! ...five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten! Go!

Fartman bends. BLOOWOW! Flies up and flips over. Lands near wood board target. Bends over.

HEATHER

Tight stream!

BLOOWM! Fartblast punches small hole through board.

HEATHER

You're running behind! Go! Go!

BLOWOOWWOW! Fartman flies to next obstacle. Four paper police targets with brick backings. BLOW! BLOW! BLOW! BLOW! Blasts out target and brick. BLOWWOSOSH to next obstacle. Bird in cage.

HEATHER

Gentle now! Knock it out but don't hurt it.

Fartman bends. PLOP! Bird stops. Falls over.

HEATHER

Finish! Though the hoop!

Fartman bends. BLOWWOW! Flies right though ring on stand.

Lands near Heather. Clearly proud of performance. Heather clicks off stopwatch.

HEATHER

Two-O-Five. Do it again!

FARTMAN

Again? I've got it already! While we're playing around, Complex is out terrorizing the city.

HEATHER

You asked me to train you. And I'm going to train you!

FARTMAN

But...

HEATHER

You still don't get it! The power of your colon is unlimited! You could try to knock down a thug and end up sending the Earth off its rotational axis! You could try to knock out a room with fart gas and destroy the ozone! If you don't want my help I'm happy kiss you off. But if you destroy the planet, don't come crawling back to me!

FARTMAN

Sorry... you're right. I'm just worried about Mercedes Sterling.

HEATHER

If Complex hasn't killed her by now, he's not going to.

FARTMAN

But if he hasn't, what horrible torture is he subjecting her to?

INT. DANK BASEMENT - NIGHT

Mercedes chained to wall, dressed in sexy leather by Thugs.

MERCEDES

Why are you doing this?

THUGS

Boss told us to.

MERCEDES

Whatever he has in mind, tell him I refuse to participate! I've already humiliated myself enough. I'll die before I...

THUGS

Yeah, yeah.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Thugs shove Mercedes, in Dominatrix leather, down hall.

MERCEDES

Tell him it's useless. I will be no one's sexual object! I know what he wants now. I won't say a word to him. I won't talk. No matter what he does I'll just stand silently. He can't use me anymore.

Thugs reach Complex's suite. Hand Mercedes leather whip.

MERCEDES

I won't use it on him. He'd better find some other victim to subject to his fantasies. I won't participate. You might as well kill me now...

They open door. Shove her inside.

INT. COMPLEX'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Mercedes, in leather, with whip, stumbles inside.

MERCEDES

I WILL NOT PARTICIPATE IN YOUR
SEXUAL PERVERSITY!

Drops whip. Folds hands and seals lips. Silence. She glances around. No one in sight.

COMPLEX

Momma!

Complex leaps out from behind desk. Wearing diapers and bib. Scampers toward Mercedes.

Mercedes horrified. Complex grabs her hips and hugs.

COMPLEX

Momma! Momma! Momma! Momma!

Mercedes shoves him off.

MERCEDES

I am not your momma, you pint sized
pervert!

Complex grabs her legs and starts kissing her feet. Mercedes shoves him off. Complex runs for her again. Mercedes grabs whip. Starts whipping him off.

Complex flees.

MERCEDES

You pathetic, disgusting boy! You are the most foul thing I have ever laid eyes on!

Mercedes chases him around room. Complex screams with glee.
Mercedes whips at his behind.

MERCEDES

Take this and this! Nasty! Nasty!
Nasty little degenerate! I'll whip
you until your behind is...

Mercedes freezes. Drops whip.

MERCEDES

Oh God! This is exactly what you
want, you filthy... I won't
participate... I won't talk... no matter
what. I won't react... won't react...

COMPLEX

Momma.

MERCEDES

Nope. Nope. Won't react.

COMPLEX

Momma, play with my pee-pee.

MERCEDES

YOU DISGUSTING... no... no... not
reacting.

Complex pulls out nursing bottle. Squirts Mercedes with it!

COMPLEX

Play with my pee-pee! Play with my
pee-pee! Play with my pee-pee!

MERCEDES

AAAAHAHAHA!! I'm going to beat you
senseless!

With uncontrollable rage, Mercedes grabs Complex, throws him
over her knee and spanks his behind.

MERCEDES

Bad! Bad! Bad! Bad!

Queer smile comes to Complex's evil face as he is spanked.
Smile fixes. Fades.

MERCEDES

Naughty! Naughty! Naughty!
Naughty... little boy... oh no...

Mercedes stops. He's won again. Complex stands,
straightens. Adjusts diaper.

COMPLEX

That will be all for today.

Mercedes falls to floor, defeated. Sobs.

MERCEDES

No... no... this is so sick... so sick...
just kill me... please...

Complex presses button for Thugs.

COMPLEX

No need to get melodramatic. Who
knows, after a few years, you might
learn to enjoy it.

He chuckles. Mercedes sobs. Thugs enter.

COMPLEX

Take her back to her cell. Be
gentle. She's been very good
tonight. Very good.

They grab humiliated Mercedes and lead her off.

INT. DANK BASEMENT - NIGHT

Mercedes sobs in chains.

MERCEDES

Please... please... if there is a God in
heaven... send me help... send someone
to rescue me...

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Fartman glows in moonlight. Eyes cast out over city.
Heather stands by. Apprehensive.

FARTMAN

I can feel her out there, somewhere,
calling for help.

HEATHER

The colon is the center of the life
force. It's possible that your
powers of sensory perception have
also been enhanced.

FARTMAN

I must rescue her.

HEATHER

Clyde, I know you want revenge
against Complex, but killing is not
the answer. You're not a murderer.
Promise me you will only rescue
Mercedes.

FARTMAN

I promise. Of course, before I go,
I will beat the shit out of the
little fucker.

HEATHER

Of course.

Fartman salutes. Bends over. BLLOOOOWOWOW! Flies off.

EXT. MANHATTAN - NIGHT

MUSIC BOOMS. TA-TA! IT'S FARTMAN!

Fartman flies with one arm extended like Superman. Switches arms. Tries both arms. Does breast stroke. Flies upside-down. Twirls.

Zeros in on Complex Building. Circles.

INT. COMPLEX'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Complex sits at desk. Notices something outside window.

It's Fartman, hovering outside. Kept in air by his own gas. Fartman waves. Complex stares, stunned.

Fartman turns. Aims.

BLOWWOOWOWOW!

Window EXPLODES. Room demolished by intensity of blast. Complex thrown into wall. Crumbles to floor amidst trash.

Fartman flies into room. Lands gracefully on feet. Marches to Complex. Picks him up.

COMPLEX

Who the fuck are you?

FARTMAN

I am your worst nightmare. I am
Fartman.

COMPLEX

Let me go, you circus clown.

Fartman bounces Complex's head into the ceiling a few times.

COMPLEX

Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow! Okay! Okay!
What do you want?

FARTMAN

I want Mercedes Sterling.

COMPLEX

Never!

Fartman flings Complex across room. Complex lands hard.

FARTMAN

Don't mess with me Complex. Your mind can't grasp the extent of my awesome powers.

Complex hits call button nearby.

COMPLEX

Oh, yeah? Let's see how you eat lead, freak.

Half dozen Thugs leap in. Pull guns.

COMPLEX

Blow him away!

Fartman spins. POOOOSSHHHH! Thugs FIRE.

Bullets burn in mid air from intense fart. Vaporize.

THUG

The gas vaporized the bullets!

Fumes melt barrels of guns. Thugs wretch from smell.

FARTMAN

And now...

BLAMMO! Fart blasts them hard. Thugs scattered and blown around room. Crash land stunned.

Fartman crosses to Complex.

FARTMAN

Have them bring Mercedes here.

COMPLEX

I'd die first.

Fartman turns. POOSSH! Brown cloud engulfs Complex. He chokes. Falls to knees. Eyes water.

COMPLEX

NO! GOD! I CAN'T STAND THE SMELL!
THAT HORRIBLE HORRIBLE SMELL! I'LL
DO ANYTHING, ANYTHING YOU SAY!

FARTMAN

Tell them.

COMPLEX

Boys... get the girl... bring her here fast! Do it!

Thugs run out.

FARTMAN

If you've hurt her, you'll regret it.

COMPLEX

Now listen here... Fartman. I can see now you're a guy to be reckoned with. Perhaps we can strike a deal.

FARTMAN

I'm taking Mercedes home. You do anything else to hurt her, I'll come back for you.

COMPLEX

Okay... okay...

FARTMAN

That's just the beginning. You call the INS and make sure those two girls, Sally and Sally are allowed back in the country.

COMPLEX

I... I... oh... alright...

FARTMAN

And you're going to make sure the police drop those trumped up charges against Clyde Flatiron.

COMPLEX

Flatiron? What's this have to do with Flatiron? Is he some kind of friend of yours?

FARTMAN

Yes... he's a close personal friend... very close. You mess with him or any of his people and you'll answer to me... Fartman.

COMPLEX

Okay... okay... anything you want.

Thugs bring in Mercedes. She's confused and frightened. Notices smashed room. Sniffs air.

MERCEDES

Roses... I smell roses again...

Sees Fartman. Eyes widen. She sees: not a man, but a living God on Earth.

FARTMAN

Come to me. It's all over. I'm going to take you home.

She instantly senses she can trust him. Reaches out in relief. Runs into his arms. Tears of joy.

FARTMAN

Remember what I said Complex. I can knock down this building with a single fart. No matter where you go, or what you do, I'll be watching. Beware my wrath!

BLOOWWWOOOWOOWOW! Fartman blasts out of shattered window. Carries Mercedes up into sky.

Complex crosses and looks out after.

COMPLEX

Who is he? What is his connection with Flatiron? Why do I have this strange feeling I've seen him before?

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

Fartman flies through air. Mercedes clings on tightly.

MERCEDES

You can fly!

FARTMAN

Yes, hold on tight.

MERCEDES

You came in answer to my prayer. Who are you, some kind of angel?

FARTMAN

No. I'm... FARTMAN.

MERCEDES

Fartman... Fartman... Thank you for rescuing me, Fartman.

Fartman's hands slide down around Mercedes' shapely butt. Mercedes notices.

MERCEDES

You're palming my ass.

FARTMAN

I... just don't want you to fall.

MERCEDES

It's okay... actually... it feels kind of nice...

She rests head on his shoulder. BINGO! Fartman shoots... scores! Smiles grows on face as he flies Mercedes home.

EXT. PENTHOUSE BALCONY - NIGHT

Fartman and Mercedes land on balcony. Mercedes steps away, but holds his hand. Looks into his eyes.

MERCEDES

I want to change out of this ugly thing.

FARTMAN

Of course, I'm glad you're safe and...

MERCEDES

No! Don't go. I'll feel safer knowing you're here. Stay for a little while...

FARTMAN

If you insist.

MERCEDES

... I'd like to get to know you better, Fartman. I wish there was some way I could show my gratitude.

FARTMAN

I'll think about it.

MERCEDES

I'll just be a second. Don't go.

She heads inside. Fartman does victory dance. Yeah! She wants me! She wants it!

Mercedes turns back. Fartman freezes. Returns to macho poise. Mercedes' eyes take him in hungrily.

MERCEDES

Don't go. I'll be right back.

FARTMAN

I'll be right here.

Mercedes continues in. Fartman goes back to dance.

INT. MERCEDES BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mercedes has changed into sexy flowing dress with layers of chiffon. Adjusts garters on long legs.

Goes to vanity. Dabs perfume behind each ear. Looks in mirror. Fluffs hair. Bites lip nervously.

MERCEDES

He's incredible... but a man like that
can have any woman... why would he
want me? What can I possibly offer
him?

Adjusts breasts in bra.

EXT. PENTHOUSE BALCONY - NIGHT

Mercedes wheels out cart with champagne on ice.

MERCEDES

Would you like some champagne...
Fartman?

FARTMAN

Thank you. I'll open it.

Fartman picks up bottle. Pops cork. Bubbles foam out.
Mercedes leans over. Playfully catches foam in mouth.
Swallows.

MERCEDES

The foam tickles my throat...

Fartman fills two glasses.

MERCEDES

I must be honest with you, Fartman.
Though I normally prefer women, I
find you oddly compelling. I've
never met a man like you before.

FARTMAN

Neither have I. Cheers.

Clink glasses. Mercedes wraps arm through his and they
drink, face to face. Stare into each other's eyes. Mercedes
downs hers quickly. Refills glasses.

MERCEDES

How strange life can be. What began
as a nightmare, has turned into a
beautiful dream. Flying in your
arms was the most wonderful
experience of my life.

FARTMAN

The night is young. Would you like
to go for another spin?

MERCEDES

Yes! Yes!

Fartman takes her hand. Leads her to the edge of the
balcony. Bends over and...

BLOOWOWOWOWOW! They fly off.

EXT. SKY / FLYING MONTAGE - NIGHT

Mercedes and Fartman sail over city. Mercedes' eyes melt
with wonder and awe at this incredible being.

ROMANTIC SONG FILLS SOUNDTRACK: "Can You Smell Love?"

MERCEDES (V.O.)

(soft gentle song voice)

*There's something in the air,
A gentle breeze in my hair.
Surrounding me,
Engulfing me,
Can you smell love?*

Fartman and Mercedes fly through sky like mating eagles.
Start to lose momentum. BLOOWWQ! Rise up again.

MERCEDES (V.O.)

*Like an angel from above,
An Earthbound God of love,
He sways me,
Amazes me,
Can you smell love?*

Fartman and Mercedes stop for a Rocket Dog. Pinkie happily
dishes it out. Fartman and Mercedes eat from different ends
and meet in the middle. Fly back into sky.

MERCEDES (V.O.)

*With a great and noble cause,
And the world's biggest schnoz,
He moves me,
Amuses me,
Can you smell love?*

CHORUS (V.O.)

*Love is in the air,
You Smell it everywhere!
Open your nose to it,
Take a deep breath of it!
Nothing's quite like it on Earth Tonight...*

Fartman and Mercedes sail over Brooklyn Bridge. Past the Empire State building. Over Harlem.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Like a happy child, Mercedes skips in. Spins excitedly. Fartman joins her.

MERCEDES

I never want it to end... I... I... don't want you to ever leave.

Mercedes' face turns serious.

MERCEDES

Fartman... I need you...

She runs into arms. Throws head against his bosom.

MERCEDES

Take me. I don't want to think about it. I don't want to analyze it. I just know that I want you from the depths of my soul. Please...

Fartman holds her. Ponders. Voices argue in head.

CLYDE (V.O.)

She's hysterical. The trauma of her ordeal has left her emotionally vulnerable. She's confused her gratitude at being rescued for sexual desire. It would be wrong to advantage of her in this state of mind. She doesn't know who I really am. If I comfort her but refuse sex, she will thank me later. If I quench her thirst for passion, she will surely awake to hate me.

Mercedes pulls away from Clyde. Crosses to bedroom. Blows him a kiss. Motions for him to join her.

CLYDE (V.O.)

Comfort her... or bang her? Comfort her... or bang her?

Mercedes unzips back of dress. Drops it to floor. Body to commit high treason for.

CLYDE (V.O.)

Bang her.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Fartman and Mercedes in lip lock. Arms flailing. Groping. Exploring. Mercedes slowly sinks to knees. Looks up lovingly. Reaches for cock piece.

MERCEDES

Do you mind if I...

FARTMAN

No... not at all...

MERCEDES

I want you so bad... I've never wanted a man, like I want you, Fart... man...

Undoes cock piece. Padding pops out. Fartman clears voice.

FARTMAN

I need the padding for protection during battle.

MERCEDES

Of course... of course...

Yes, but how much is there? Mercedes pulls out padding and more padding and more padding until...

Fartman looks embarrassed. Mercedes notices. Forces smile.

MERCEDES

Size isn't important. Really it isn't.

INT. BEDROOM / LOVE MONTAGE - NIGHT

Romantic lighting. Soft music. Mercedes naked. Perfect curves rolling like ocean waves. Fartman still in costume. Cellulite shows through buttock cutouts.

Hands touch rounded skin. Hair intertwines with bodies. Toes curl with delight.

Fartman on top of Mercedes. Her arms wrap around his shoulders.

MERCEDES

All of it... please... give me all of it... right now...

FARTMAN

Um... that is all of it...

MERCEDES

Oh... yes... yes... it's amazing... amazing...

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Fartman sits on bed. Still in costume. Smokes cigarette.
Mercedes sweeps in with breakfast tray. Sets it by him.

MERCEDES

Last night was incredible.
Incredible. You sure you didn't
mind that I had to finish by myself?

FARTMAN

No, no at all. Sorry I was so
quick.

MERCEDES

No... no, you're totally unique. Most
men are so wrapped up in proving
their own masculinity. They want to
overwhelm a woman with their
manhood. But you don't. You seem
in touch with your feminine side.
Making love to you isn't even like
making love with a man at all.

Mercedes places head in lap. Fartman takes drag of
cigarette. Ponders if this is a compliment.

EXT. PENTHOUSE BALCONY - MORNING

Fartman steps out of penthouse. Mercedes follows.

MERCEDES

When will I see you again?

FARTMAN

I'm not sure.

MERCEDES

Don't go! Please stay with me!

FARTMAN

I must go. There is work for me to
do. Rights that must be wronged.
Injustices that must be made... less
injust. But I promise to return.

Kisses her hand. Bends over. BLOOOOWOWOWOW!

INT. COSMIC LIGHT HOLISTIC HEALTH CENTER - DAY

Heather and Clyde talk.

HEATHER

On the first date?!

CLYDE

She was overcome with emotion.

HEATHER

Why didn't you tell her who you really are?

CLYDE

Because... she hates Clyde Flatiron.

HEATHER

But she loves Fartman.

CLYDE

She's in love with the idea of Fartman. Who can blame her? Fartman represents everything that is good and noble. Clyde Flatiron is just a sleazy pornographer.

HEATHER

Clyde Flatiron saved her life!

CLYDE

No... Fartman did. I just have to face the fact that the woman I love, hates me... and loves...

HEATHER

You!

CLYDE

Is it really me? Is it? Or is it some higher power using my body as a vehicle for justice? Heather, inside each of us is a tiny spark of goodness and light. A tiny Fartman. Somehow, when I put on that costume, the tiny Fartman inside everyone grows and grows, getting bigger and bigger, until he bursts out and takes over my very being. No. Clyde Flatiron is not Fartman. We are all Fartman.

Heather is moved. Clyde pulls on Fartman glasses. Becomes the Man of Gas.

HEATHER

And what is Fartman going to do now?

CLYDE

Put Complex out of business. Clean up Central Park and return it to the good people of New York City.

HEATHER

And what about Clyde Flatiron? What about his needs and desires?

CLYDE

He'll just have to wait. The world doesn't need a Clyde Flatiron as much as it needs... FARTMAN.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Fartman steps into sunlight. BLOOWOWOW! Goes into action.

EXT. SKY - DAY

Fartman flies over Central Park. Sees below... jogger in trouble!

JOGGER

Help! Help!

EXT. PARK - DAY

SMALL WOMAN JOGGER grabbed by BIG MUGGER. Mugger laughs, drags Jogger off. Throws her to ground.

Fartman lands nearby. Ready for action.

Jogger pulls .357 Magnum from fanny pack. Shoots Mugger. Mugger's head explodes.

Jogger notices Fartman. Fartman stares at very dead mugger.

FARTMAN

I guess you've got everything under control.

JOGGER

Yes... but thanks anyway. Most people wouldn't have bothered to stop. Who are you?

FARTMAN

I am... FARTMAN.

Flies back into air.

SPINNING NEWSPAPER

VILLAGE VOICE spins up:

WHO IS FARTMAN?

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

Fartman flies through air. Hears gunshots.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Bloods and Crips in gang war. Firing guns across street.

Fartman lands. PLOOOOOOOWWWWW! Gangs stunned by intense gas. Drop weapons.

Fartman marches out. Grabs Crip leader. Tosses into center of street. Grabs Blood leader. Tosses in with him.

FARTMAN

Look at you two! Trying to kill each other! Over what? The color of your clothes? How old are you?

CRIPS LEADER

Seventeen.

FARTMAN

And how old are you?

BLOOD LEADER

Seventeen.

FARTMAN

Kids. You have a mother?

CRIPS LEADER

Yes.

BLOODS LEADER

I have a mother too!

FARTMAN

You two should be friends. You shouldn't be trying to kill each other. Now I want you to get along, or you'll answer to... FARTMAN!

Fartman flies off. Blood and Crips look at each other.

BLOODS LEADER

Fartman's right. We should be friends. Together, we can kill all those assholes on the west side.

CRIP LEADER

Got it!

They shake hands.

SPINNING MAGAZINE

PENTHOUSE spins up and fills screen. Fartman on cover with HOT BLOND:

WHY WOMEN LOVE FARTMAN

INT. COMPLEX'S OFFICE - NIGHT

CITY COUNCILMAN talks with Complex.

COUNCILMAN

I'm sorry, but now that Fartman has arrived, the park is safe again. He looks after the citizens of New York. There's a warm feeling in the air about Fartman. There's no way I can propose selling the park to you. No matter how much graft you give me.

Complex slams fist on desk.

COMPLEX

Fartman!

SPINNING MONTHLY

NEW YORK REVIEW OF BOOKS. Cartoon drawing of Fartman:

THE FARTMAN INSIDE ALL OF US
BY GORE VIDAL

EXT. PENTHOUSE BALCONY - NIGHT

Fartman lands on balcony. Mercedes, in cocktail dress, greets with kiss. Fartman notices party in B.G.

FARTMAN

Not another cocktail party...

MERCEDES

It's just a few dozen friends. They wanted to meet you. Word got out and... I promise we'll be alone later... anything you want. Third input...

She tickles under his chin. Fartman relents.

FARTMAN

Okay. Okay. Just don't leave me out to dry with another fucking Rhodes scholar, alright?

MERCEDES

Yes, but promise to mingle...

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

SNOBBY PARTY GOERS, the same ones that rejected Clyde, love
Fartman. Gather around. Chat. Fawn. Mercedes in element.

MERCEDES

Ambassador Franco, may I introduce:
Fartman.

AMBASSADOR

Is it, Mr. Fartman, or *the* Fartman...

FARTMAN

Just Fartman.

GORGEOUS WOMAN fawns her way to Fartman. Mercedes jealous.

GORGEOUS WOMAN

Are you endorsing anyone for the
next election, Fartman?

FARTMAN

No. I try to stay out of politics.

BORING SNOB sucks up.

BORING SNOB

Politics is the fly paper of the
famous. A man of your importance
will be expected take a stand..

Cashmere, looking like Mia Farrow on coke, pulls Mercedes
aside.

CASHMERE

I want to talk. I miss you.

MERCEDES

Cashmere, you promised if I invited
you, you wouldn't make a scene. I
told you weeks ago I was seeing
someone else.

CASHMERE

Fartman?

MERCEDES

Yes, Fartman. I'm in love with him.

CASHMERE

Oh, so now that you've found a
superhero with a super penis you've
given up on women.

MERCEDES

I told you I was bisexual when we first went out. Besides, his penis is so tiny it's hardly worth mentioning. I love what's inside him.

CASHMERE

You're just a plaything to him. He can have any woman in the world. He's going to drop you like a rock.

MERCEDES

I don't care. Even if he breaks my heart it's worth it to have experienced him.

She walks off. Cashmere storms out, teary eyed.

Mercedes strolls up to Fartman who is surrounded by ass-kissers. Holds hand possessively.

FARTMAN

You okay?

MERCEDES

Yes, I just told her it was over. That's all. I'm in love with you.

FARTMAN

Well, I don't really mind... we could all get together... I could watch or...

BORING SNOB

(interrupting)

Mercedes, why don't you play something for us.

GORGEOUS WOMAN

Yes, why don't you?

Murmur of agreement from crowd.

MERCEDES

Well, alright, but only if Fartman will join in.

Crowd applauds delighted. Fartman sighs. He's stuck.

EXT. PENTHOUSE BALCONY - NIGHT

Mercedes with cello. Fartman next to her. Crowd watches.

MERCEDES

French horn?

Fartman nods. Mercedes plays. Rachmaninov. On his cue, Fartman bends at knees. French horn sound comes out.

Guests watch with appreciative smiles. Wave hands occasionally to get fresh air.

SPINNING PERIODICAL

NEW YORK POST spins up and fills screen:

FARTMANIA!

Fartman toast of New York Society
by Liz Smith

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mercedes pulls off earrings. Fartman unzips her dress.

MERCEDES

I'm sorry it went on so long, dear.
Forgive me?

FARTMAN

It's just I've been fighting crime
all day long, and then to have stand
around with a bunch of bores...

MERCEDES

I'll make it up to you, I promise.

Mercedes slips off dress. Hangs it up. Fartman sits on bed.
Pulls off boots. Rubs feet.

MERCEDES

Something else is bothering you...
isn't it?

FARTMAN

It's just... if I wasn't Fartman...

Fartman stares at Mercedes. She looks gorgeous in soft
light. Sexy underwear. Great curves.

FARTMAN

... if I wasn't Fartman... those people...
those kind of people wouldn't have
anything to do with me. They
wouldn't give me the time of day.

Mercedes slides to floor and wraps arms around Fartman's
knees. Looks up with loving eyes!

MERCEDES

But you are Fartman, silly. What a strange thing to worry about. You are the one and only Fartman. I can't blame people for wanting to talk to you. To be close to you. I love you for the same reasons. Everyone loves Fartman. And you're Fartman.

FARTMAN

... yes.

MERCEDES

Now let me make it up to you for tonight. I'll get the K-Y.

SPINNING PERIODICAL

PARIS REVIEW spins up and fills screen. An impressionistic oil painting of Fartman graces cover.

INTERVIEW WITH FARTMAN
NORMAN MAILER

THE FARTMAN PHENOMENA
BY CHARLES BUKOWSKI

ODE' TO FARTMAN
BY ADRIENNE RICH

INT. COMPLEX'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Complex slams down *New York Review of Books*. Thugs wince.

COMPLEX

Fartman! Fartman! Fartman! My hired goons are powerless. The police on my payroll can't help. He must have some vulnerability. An Achilles heel.

THUG #1

Kryptonite?

COMPLEX

You idiot. Fartman is powered by gas. Kryptonite won't... wait. Out of the mouths of morons... I read something in the *Village Voice*. About how Fartman is seen eating...

EXT. WEST 43RD - DAY

Pinkie at stand. Big new sign shows picture of Fartman.
"Eat where Fartman dines."

PINKIE

Rocket Dogs! Rocket Dogs! Fartman
loves them!

Complex's limo drives up. Complex steps out.

PINKIE

Rocket Dog, mister?

COMPLEX

That wonderful hero, Fartman,
actually eats here?

PINKIE

Sometimes several times a day.

COMPLEX

And I understand you cover them with
chili?

PINKIE

That's what makes them Rocket Dogs.

Lifts lid on chili so Complex can see. Complex leans over.

COMPLEX

Oh... that does look tasty... wait! Is
that Fartman up there!?

Complex points. Pinkie glances up. Complex pours contents
of small vial into chili.

PINKIE

Where? Where?

COMPLEX

I must have been mistaken.

PINKIE

So do you want a Rocket Dog?

COMPLEX

No. They smell like shit.

Complex returns to limo. Pinkie scratches head.

EXT. SKY - DAY

Fartman flies through sky. PU-PUT-PUT. Running low.

FARTMAN
Time to refuel.

EXT. WEST 43RD - DAY

Fartman lands near Pinkie.

PINKIE
Hey! Fartman! How many?

FARTMAN
Better make it six. I have a long
night of crime fighting ahead.

PINKIE
Coming up.

Pinkie dishes first up. Fartman eats. In background
Complex's limo stakes out stand.

INT. LIMO - DAY

Complex chuckles inside. Thug looks at him curious.

THUG
I don't get it, boss. Why wait all
day to watch Fartman eat? He'll
blow us away if we try anything.

COMPLEX
Not after he finishes those. I
spiked his chili with this...

Complex pulls out vial. Shows label.

COMPLEX
Beano. Mix in beans and it prevents
gas. No gas...

THUG
No Fartman!

In distance Fartman blasts off.

COMPLEX
Quick! Follow him! The Beano
should kick in any second!

EXT. SKY - DAY

Fartman flies through sky. PU-PUT-PU... Something's wrong.

FARTMAN
What? I'm losing power fast!

EXT. STREET - DAY

Fartman stumbles to ground. Bends over. Tries to fly.
Can't.

FARTMAN

Something's wrong. No gas!

Limo roars up. Thugs leap out. Fartman runs into alley.

INT. ALLEY - DAY

Thugs catch Fartman. Tackle. Beat up. Hold. Complex strolls in.

COMPLEX

So, not so tough without your Fart,
are you, Fartman? Give him a little
extra boys.

They slug him in stomach. Fartman buckles in pain.

COMPLEX

The unbeatable Fartman! Now you're
nothing but a overtall freak.

FARTMAN

Those Rocket Dogs...

COMPLEX

That's right. I slipped a little
something extra into your favorite
food. Unfortunately its effect is
only temporary. That's why I'm
going to have to kill you right now.

Fartman's face tenses. Complex pulls out Glock. Raises.
Fartman's eyes bulge.

FARTMAN (V.O.)

Must have one fart left...
Concentrate. Must fart... must fart!

Complex about to squeeze trigger.

PPLOOP! Brown gas cloud fills alley.

COMPLEX & THUGS

Ahhhh!

Complex and Thugs grab noses. Fartman breaks free and runs,
using cloud as cover. Complex fires after.

COMPLEX

Quick! Get him! That was the last
of his gas! Kill him!

Thugs give chase.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Fartman runs desperately. Thugs fire.

Bullets ricochet in all directions. Fartman ducks down
alley. Thugs follow. Complex keeps up.

INT. ANOTHER FILTHY ALLEY - DAY

Thugs run in. No sign of Fartman. Complex catches up.

COMPLEX

Keep after him! Find him!

Thugs split up. Complex grabs one.

COMPLEX

Listen. We must strike before
Fartman's powers return and destroy
Central Park while he's helpless!
Call every hood and punk on our
payroll. Get the word out. We're
burning it to the ground tonight!
Every tree, every museum, every
children's playset. It all goes!

THUG

Right boss!

Complex and Thug run off.

CAMERA REMAINS ON: Garbage can. Lid rises. Fartman hidden
in trash. Has overheard everything.

INT. COSMIC LIGHT HOLISTIC HEALTH CENTER - SUNSET

Fartman on table. Butt up. Heather examines with goggles.

HEATHER

Beano is a powerful anti-gas enzyme.
It could be six to twelve hours
before your powers return to normal.
There's no way to know for sure.

FARTMAN

Right now Complex is assembling an army of every scumbag in New York City. They'll destroy Central Park by morning if I don't stop them.

HEATHER

There's nothing I can do. You'll just have to wait and see.

Fartman jumps off table.

FARTMAN

It can't wait.

HEATHER

What are you going to do?

FARTMAN

I'll have to stop them. One way or another.

EXT. JOKE AND NOVELTY SHOP - EVENING

OWNER closing up. Fartman runs up.

OWNER

Sorry, we're closing... oh, it's you, Fartman.

FARTMAN

Listen, I need your help. It's important.

OWNER

Anything for you.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK NORTH - NIGHT

PUNKS, GOONS, SLIMEBALLS, SCUZQUEENS, GANGBANGERS gather across street from park. They hold torches, crowbars, baseball bats, Molotov cocktails. Complex inspects.

COMPLEX

Half up front, half when it's burnt to the ground.

Thug hands out five dollar bills.

PUNK

How do we know you'll pay up?

COMPLEX

You'll just have to trust me.

ANOTHER PUNK
What about Fartman?

COMPLEX
You let me worry about Fartman.

Complex notices big leather SCUZQUEEN. Leans over to Thug.

COMPLEX
Give her an extra five and my phone
number.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Fartman sneaks through park. Hides something in bush.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK NORTH - NIGHT

Thugs bring out small platform. Complex stands on it. Thug
hands him megaphone.

COMPLEX
By morning I don't want anything
left standing! Burn and pillage!
Now!

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Army of lowlifes runs across street to assault park.

PLSSSSPSPSP!

Army freezes. Looks around.

PLSSSSPSPSP!

PUNK
It's Fartman! He's over there!
PLSSSSPSPSP!

ANOTHER PUNK
No! He's over there!

Army starts to back away. Terrified.

Fartman hides in bushes. Presses remote button.

PLSSSSPSPSP!

Electronic whoopee cushion goes off in bush.

PUNK
I'm getting out of here! I don't
want to mess with Fartman!

COMPLEX
No! Wait! I'm telling you!
Fartman is helpless!

Fartman opens up bottle of fake fart fumes. Flings. Hits button. PLSSSSPSPSP! PLSSSSPSPSP!

ANOTHER PUNK
That smell! It's Fartman! Run!

Punks flee. Complex looks through bushes frantically. Finds electronic device. Chases after Punks.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK NORTH - NIGHT

Army fleeing. Complex runs after. Shouts through megaphone.

COMPLEX
Wait! It's a trick! Look! It's an electronic whoopee cushion! Fartman isn't here! It's just a trick!

Army pauses. Looks back toward park.

COMPLEX
Go on! Attack! Fartman isn't...

Silence. A lone figure emerges from park greenery. Stands in street like gunslinger at high noon.

Fartman!

Punks frozen. Terrified. Complex nervous.

COMPLEX
Kill him! He's powerless!
Powerless! Why would he use this if he had his powers!

Complex throws whoopee cushion at punks. Punks don't move.

COMPLEX
He has no gas! He has no gas!

Fartman steps forward. Complex frightened. Trips to ground. Looks up in horror. Punks watch.

COMPLEX
You can't fart! I know you can't!
I rigged your chili!

Fartman stands strong. Voice booms out to Punks.

FARTMAN

That's right. Complex spiked my chili. Truth is, a few hours ago, I couldn't cut one if my life depended on it. But I've had a few burritos since then. Some broccoli, chick peas, cauliflower. Maybe I've got gas, maybe I don't. To be honest, with all this confusion, I don't know for sure myself. So the question you punks have to ask yourself is... are you feeling lucky?

Punks stare. Fartman slowly turns around. Bends over.

Punks drop weapons. Run for hills. Thugs jump into limo. Flee. Complex left alone on ground, sobs.

Fartman grabs Complex. Lifts up.

FARTMAN

It's just you and me now, shorty.

COMPLEX

You think you've won, huh? Well, maybe I can't have Central Park, but I'm still rich! I still control this city! What are you going to do, Fartman? No one will arrest me! Even if they did, I've got lawyers that would get me off in a second.

FARTMAN

I could kill you.

COMPLEX

Then you'd be no better than me. You see Fartman, you might have won the battle, but I'll win the war.

FARTMAN

Maybe I can't stop you, Complex. But I think I know someone who can.

COMPLEX

Who?

FARTMAN

Clyde Flatiron.

COMPLEX

Flatiron? That loser! He's nothing! I destroyed his paper.

FARTMAN

You underestimate the power of the press.

COMPLEX
Flatiron is finished!

FARTMAN
We'll find out.

Fartman tosses him away.

COMPLEX
I've got to know. Can you, or can't
you?

Fartman smiles. Bends over. BLWOOWWOOWOWOWOW! Flies off.

INT. CLYDE'S SOHO LOFT - DAY

Clyde rises up elevator. Hears strange sound. Latin rhythm.
Could it be?

Yes! Mambo! Mambo! Mambo! Mambo!

CLYDE
Sally! Sally!

SALLY¹ & SALLY²
Clyde!

Group hug.

CLYDE
I'm so glad you're both alright.
I've called the Swedish Embassy for
weeks trying to find you.

SALLY¹
We just got back. We stowed away on
a Swedish freighter.

SALLY²
They found us, but they didn't seem
to mind. We gave them Mambo
lessons.

Music infectious. Toes tap. Sallys dance. Clyde dances
with them.

SALLY¹
Clyde! You're mamboing!

CLYDE
I am! I am! It's fun.

SALLY²
What about Complex?

CLYDE

He's still a threat. But I have an idea how to stop him. In fact, someone should be coming over any minute.

Door buzzes. Clyde mambos over and hits button.

Mercedes rises up elevator. Sees dancing. Shakes head. Sallys notice her. Look jealous. Shut off music.

MERCEDES

Um... Clyde... hello. Fartman told me to contact you. I could come back. I hate to disturb your bimbo dance.

SALLY!

Maybe you could dance too, if you took that pole out of your ass.

CLYDE

Now... now. Sally, Sally, could you leave us alone for a moment.

SALLY?

We'll... go shower off...

Sallys exit. Mercedes walks over to Clyde.

MERCEDES

Sorry about the bimbo crack. I don't like apologizing and... I guess I owe you a big one.

CLYDE

Oh?

MERCEDES

Yes. Lately... I've been involved with someone very special... well, Fartman. It's been a growing experience for me. I'm trying not to be such a bitchy snob. I disliked you because you were different. Now I realize I should admire you for it. You were the one who sent Fartman to rescue me, weren't you? He said you were close friends.

CLYDE

Yes, Fartman and I... have been together for a long time...

MERCEDES

And I should have listened to you
when you tried to warn me. You were
the only one that would listen to me
when I was in trouble.

CLYDE

And you spit in my face for it.

MERCEDES

I'm sorry, Clyde. I know what
happened to your paper and friends.
What can I do to help?

CLYDE

It must be hard to talk about, but I
need to know everything that
happened between you and Complex.
I'm looking for a weakness we can
exploit...

MERCEDES

Shouldn't be hard...

INT. COMPLEX'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Complex pouts in office.

COMPLEX

Fartman... Fartman...

Thug knocks. Looks in.

COMPLEX

I told you I wanted to be alone!

THUG #2

But Boss, it's a Domagram...

COMPLEX

What?

Madam Doom pushes her way past.

MADAM DOOM

Domagram.

COMPLEX

A... Domagram?

MADAM DOOM

Yes you filthy piece of pondscum! A
Domagram!

Complex looks at Thug.

COMPLEX
That will be all, George.

Thug closes door. Madam Doom cracks whip. Walks forward.

INT. EDITORIAL OFFICE - NIGHT

Clyde, Sam, Sallys and Mercedes listen on remote radio. Tape recorder goes.

COMPLEX (O.S.)
Owww! Oh, mommy, mommy. I don't
know who sent you, but I've never
had such a nice gift in my life.

MADAM DOOM (O.S.)
Bad boy! Bad boy! Tell me what
you've done, you bad boy!

COMPLEX (O.S.)
I've been very bad! Very bad.

MADAM DOOM (O.S.)
Tell me the names of all the police
on your payroll...

INT. COMPLEX'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Complex naked. Tied on desk. Madam Doom whips his ass.

COMPLEX
The names of police... but...

Madam Doom cracks the whip on him.

MADAM DOOM
Now!

COMPLEX
Frank Miller! Richard Johnson!

INT. EDITORIAL OFFICE - NIGHT

Clyde takes notes.

COMPLEX (O.S.)
... I've been cheating the I.R.S. out
of millions and...

MERCEDES
But Clyde, how will you get the
story out? Your paper's destroyed.

CLYDE
We'll have to use every asset at our disposal...

INT. NEW YORK TIMES BUILDING - NIGHT

Security guards at desk. TWO PRETTY GOOD LOOKING HOOKERS stroll up.

HOOKEE
You boys want a free one? We give great head.

Hookers lead guards into storage closet. Clyde and Sam stroll past desk with Sallys.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sally¹ picks lock on door. Opens it. Gang slips in.

INT. COMPUTER ROOM - NIGHT

Sally² activates portable computer connects to mainframe.

CLYDE
Can you break the security code...

SALLY²
I just use a simple mathematical progression... there! Total access.

Sam takes over. Sits down.

CLYDE
Now let's recompose the front page...

INT. PRINTING PRESSES - EARLY MORNING

New York Times hurls through presses. Front page story: COMPLEX PERVERT AND CROOK. By Clyde Flatiron.

EXT. WEST 43RD - MORNING

Stack of papers hits the streets with Clyde's story. Jimmy picks them up.

INT. COMPLEX'S OFFICE - DAY

Complex lowers paper. Stunned.

COMPLEX
I'm ruined... ruined...

THUG
Boss, they're playing a tape on CNN.

Turns on TV. Still picture of Complex in suit. Video title:
Pervert and Crook Napoleon Complex.

COMPLEX (O.S.)
(from TV)
... yes mommy, I've been paying off
several City Councilmen...

EXT. PENTHOUSE BALCONY - DAY

Fartman and Mercedes stand on balcony.

MERCEDES
You heard what Clyde did? He was
wonderful.

FARTMAN
Yes, he was. He's a great man.

MERCEDES
You two make a good team.

FARTMAN
Mercedes, there's something that I
must tell you...

MERCEDES
No... no... don't. Let me speak first.

She takes his hand.

MERCEDES
Fartman, I worship you. Worship you
like a God. To me, you are like a
beautiful angel that blesses mankind
with its presence. I'm a moth
basking in your warm light. But
worship is not love. I'm afraid
that if we go on much longer, I'll
be destroyed by my uncontrollable
passion for you.

FARTMAN
I understand.

MERCEDES

Through you, I've grown to understand myself. There was always something missing in my life. I think I know now what it was. And how I can get it. I'm in love. Real human love.

FARTMAN

Anyone I know?

MERCEDES

Yes. I think you do. I don't know if the feelings are mutual, but I want to find out.

FARTMAN

Then you have my blessing. And a little suggestion: you know that trick you do with your tongue? Keep doing it. It's great.

MERCEDES

Thank you for everything, Fartman. I will always think of you.

FARTMAN

Good bye and farewell.

Fartman flies off.

EXT. SKY - DAY

Fartman flies through sky. On top of world.

FARTMAN

She loves me! She loves me for me. Not just for Fartman! But wait... what about the Sallys? What do I tell them?

DISSOLVE INTO:

FLASHBACK MONTAGE / SALLY & SALLY & CLYDE

Clyde and Sallys run through park in warm morning light.

Sallys scrub Clyde's back in bathtub.

Sallys dressed in sexy chicken outfits. Clyde dressed as Colonel Sanders.

EXT. CHRYSLER BUILDING - SUNSET

Fartman sits atop stainless steel eagle. Ponders dilemma.

FARTMAN

The Sallys have done so much for me,
how can I dump them? But Mercedes
is stinking rich. How can I refuse
her? What should I do?

INT. CLYDE'S SOHO LOFT - EVENING

Sally¹ comforts Sally² on edge of bed.

SALLY²

He's with her. He's with that rich
bitch! He's been gone all day.

SALLY¹

We don't know for sure.

SALLY²

I'm tired of loving Clyde Flatiron
unquestioningly. I don't think
we'll ever settle down in the little
house with the picket fence.

Elevator rises.

SALLY¹

It's him!

No, it's Mercedes.

MERCEDES

I let myself in. I hope it's
alright.

SALLY²

Clyde's not here.

MERCEDES

I'm glad. I'd like to talk to the
two of you. There's something I
need to say. I just broke up with
Fartman and...

Mercedes sits between Sallys on bed.

SALLY²

You want to steal our boyfriend!

MERCEDES

You mean, Clyde? No.

(laughs)

I'm not interested him. I find him physically repulsive.

SALLY¹

Then, why are you here?

MERCEDES

Because, I'm madly in love with the two of you.

SALLY²

Us? But... you said you hated bimbos.

MERCEDES

I said that because I didn't want to admit to myself that I'm wildly attracted to them. I love bimbos. Especially in pairs.

She kisses Sally² gently. Then kisses Sally¹.

MERCEDES

I had to tell you. I'll understand if you don't feel the same way about me... I've been very mean to you... and if you prefer men...

SALLY¹

Well... sometimes, Clyde would have us play around... you know... so he could watch. And I often wondered what it would be like with another woman...

SALLY²

You too? When I was a kid I had a terrible crush on all of Charlie's Angels.

MERCEDES

Maybe we could give this a chance... I'm incredibly rich...

SALLY¹ & SALLY²

Rich!

Sallys hug Mercedes. Drift into daydream:

INT. CHURCH / DREAM SEQUENCE - DAY

Mercedes, in wedding dress, stands before MINISTER.

Next to her Sally² And Sally¹ also in wedding dresses.

Group kiss.

EXT. PICTURESQUE SUBURBAN HOME / DREAM SEQUENCE - DAY

Home sweet home. White picket fence.

Sally and Sally, in Donna Reed Show dresses, bounce out with two identical roast turkey platters.

Mercedes, short hair, business suit, smoking pipe, comes home. *Father Knows Best*.

INT. CLYDE'S SOHO LOFT - EVENING

Sallys smile dreamily. Mercedes kisses them both. Gentle kisses turn to warm to hot.

Passion swells. Mercedes slowly strips the clothes from each Sally. Sallys nervous, but curious.

Soft touches. Graceful petting. Playful biting.

EXT. STREET - EVENING

Clyde walks down street, still pondering dilemma.

CLYDE

Mercedes or Sally and Sally. Sally and Sally or Mercedes... they all want me. But I must make a decision.

INT. CLYDE'S SOHO LOFT - EVENING

Sallys undress Mercedes. Pull her onto bed. Arms and legs intertwine. Bodies become one.

Clyde skips up from staircase. Stops dead. Sees the women in love's embrace.

Face falls. He's devastated. Destroyed.

Can't look, but forces himself to.

Women kissing. Enjoying each other more than they could any man.

Clyde's world spins around him. He has lost everything. All the women in his life in one shocking glimpse.

Forces himself to keep watching. Takes a couple steps to get a better look.

Female passion unbounded before him.

Clyde pulls over a chair. Sits.

Though, dying inside, continues to watch. Cranes neck.

Women wrapped in each other. Pause. Mercedes glances over. Sees Clyde. Shocked, grabs bed cover.

CLYDE

No. Don't mind me. Please.

SALLY¹ & SALLY²

Clyde!

MERCEDES

Oh... I'm sorry... I'm sorry you had to find out like this...

SALLY¹ & SALLY²

We're in love! We're all going to get married. Don't hate us.

MERCEDES

If it wasn't for you, we never would have gotten together...

CLYDE

Hey. Lesbian love is the most beautiful love in the world. You have my blessing.

Sallys cheer.

CLYDE

Maybe I could occasionally come over and watch...

INT. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY AUDITORIUM - DAY

Room filled with dignitaries. Speaker at Podium.

SPEAKER

For his piece, *Complex Pervert and Criminal*, in the New York Times, it is my honor to present this year's Pulitzer Prize for investigative reporting to Clyde Flatiron.

Applause. Clyde steps up and takes it. Sam, Heather and Pinkie are in audience.

CLYDE

I want to thank the New York Times for not pressing charges and for their kind offer to hire me as editor and chief. Though tempted, I've decided to turn down the job. For it's not the prestige of a paper that's read, it's the little letters in it. There are people won't buy a newspaper unless there's a naked woman on the cover. But those people have the same right to be informed as everyone else.

Sally and Sally sit in white dresses cuddling up to Mercedes. All wearing wedding rings.

CLYDE

There aren't many reporters who have the integrity to write a truly honest review of an X-Rated video cassette. Or to keep people informed of which massage parlors offer hot tubs and which don't. To fulfill all those needs, I'm happy to announce, that thanks to a generous three million dollar donation by Mercedes Sterling, New York Butt is returning to publication.

Audience applauds. Mercedes looks stunned. Sally's kiss her gratefully.

MERCEDES

I didn't...

SALLY

You're so nice... Butt's back!

CLYDE

And I also want to thank a man who couldn't make it here today, but who I know feels the same way as I do about helping the common man. I speak, of course, of that incredible superhero, the paragon of goodness, the captain of courage... FARTMAN.

Wild Applause.

INT. TV STAGE - DAY

Geraldo Rivera show.

GERALDO

... we're back with men who have sex changes in prison. Our first guest is still serving his... I mean her... ten year sentence. Nancy Complex, it was in prison that you first discovered your desire to be a woman?

Complex, in prison drag, sits on stage.

COMPLEX

Well, subconsciously, I always knew I was a woman. But because I was trapped in the wrong body, I found myself doing terrible things. It was a cry for help really...

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - SUNSET

Clyde and Heather walk through the square together.

HEATHER

So Clyde Flatiron finally got the respect he deserved.

CLYDE

Yeah, now that I have it, I'm even happier with the prize money.

HEATHER

And Fartman? Now that everything's over...

CLYDE

Over? Look around you. This city needs Fartman more now than it ever did. Where ever there is trouble, there will be Fartman.

HEATHER

And I'll always be right behind him...

CLYDE

Heather, this looks like the beginning of a beautiful relationship.

As Clyde puts arm on her shoulder they walk off into sunset.
New York City lights up around them.

FADE OUT.

THE END

FADE IN:

EXT. SKY - DAY

Fartman flies through sky.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Be sure to catch the next thrilling
adventure of the Man of Gas in:

FARTMAN 2
AIR ASSAULT!

INT. COSMIC LIGHT HOLISTIC HEALTH CENTER - DAY

Heather arguing with Fartman.

HEATHER

Look, you've pushed it as far as it
can go! The colon is a delicate
organ!

FARTMAN

I need more power! You've got to
give it to me!

HEATHER

You're burning up as it is. Your
whole body could explode. You've
got to give it a rest...

FARTMAN

I need more power!

EXT. STREET - DAY

Fartman blasts punks away.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Thrills!

INT. DARK OFFICE - NIGHT

Shady government types plot.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Chills!

GOVERNMENT

We must learn the secret of
Fartman's power. We must have his
bowels!

INT. SHOWER - DAY

Two SEXY WOMEN shower each other.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Love!

Fartman, in costume, showers with them.

EXT. STREET - DAY

BOOGER BOY, large nosed guy in tights and cape.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

And introducing Fartman's crime
fighting little buddy... Booger Boy!
The Nose Wonder!

Bugger Boy blasts out stream of snot and stops THUGS.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - DAY

Fartmobile drives by. Rear like big butt. Smoke blasts out.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

See the amazing Fartmobile!

EXT. FARTCAVE - DAY

Fartman and Booger Boy drive into Fartcave.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

The Fartcave!

EXT. PARK - DAY

FARTGIRL, dressed like Fartman, lands. Bends over. Blasts!

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Special appearance by: Fartgirl!
And the flatulent canine, Fartdog!

FARTDOG wags tail.

INT. ROCKETTES' DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Backstage. DOZEN WOMEN in various stages of undress.
Fartman bursts in.

WOMEN

Fartman!

FARTMAN

Listen carefully... it sounds crazy,
but I must make love with every
woman in this room, or the world as
we know it will be destroyed!

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Don't miss out on the explosive
excitement of:

FARTMAN 2
AIR ASSAULT!

COMING SOON TO THEATER NEAR YOU!