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THE ULTIMATE SOLUTION OF GRACE QUIGLEY

Original Story and Screenplay

by

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Registered,

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THE ULTIMATE SOLUTION OF GRACE QUIGLEY

OPEN ON DARK SCREEN:

The SOUND of a MOVING TRAIN is heard, its rhythmic clatter continuing for a short moment over the darkness until....

INT. MOVING TRAIN BRIGHT SUNNY DAY

As the train emerges from the darkness of a subway tunnel into the bright hazy sunlight we see we are in the crowded compartment of a rapid transit elevated train. Prominent in our view, seated happily amid the crowd with her family, is GRACE QUIGLEY. At this moment she appears to be a radiantly happy woman of about fifty. She sits beside the window with a large picnic basket in her lap and smiles as she affectionately presses the hand of her husband, GEORGE QUIGLEY, seated beside her in a rather severe dark suit that suggests a tuxedo. George smiles back, returns the press of her hand with equal affection; seems pleased at her happiness as he follows Grace's look toward their daughter FAITH (here a lovely woman in her mid-twenties) seated opposite them, with her twin six year-old sons, TODD and TREVOR who, despite the severe formality of their dark sailor suits, seems relaxed and happy as they giggle and tug playfully at each other under their grandmother's adoring look. Faith now meets her mother's look, smiles back at Grace as she reaches out to take her mother's free hand with deep affection, then looks up toward her husband ALAN who stands holding on to the passenger strap above them, a pleasant looking man with horn-rimmed glasses -- and severe black suit. Alan, too, seems pleased at Grace's happiness. He touches his wife's shoulder lovingly and smiles down at Grace. Grace gently releases her daughter's hand and sits back contentedly beside her husband. It is a very special day for Grace Quigley. Like her daughter Faith, she is dressed in white but Faith's white skirt and jacket seem almost formal, while Grace's dress -- despite its high neckline -- is light and airy, and perfectly suitable for the day they have planned...

...AS TITLES BEGIN...

CLOSE ON GRACE QUIGLEY

She glances around toward her family members as if counting her blessings; then, sitting back with a half smile of contentment, she looks out of the train window toward the bright sunny day -- and the SCREEN GROWS BRIGHTER AND BRIGHTER until the image of Grace Quigley seems completely obliterated by sunlight.

OVER WHITE SCREEN

LAP DISSOLVE INTO:

SOUNDS, WATER SPLASHING ON BEACH... CHILDREN PLAYING...
A BEACH VENDOR CHANTING, "Ice Cream, pop corn, cold
drinks" -- the NOISES, then the IMAGE, as:

EXT. CROWDED BEACH (SHIMMERING SUNLIGHT EFFECT) DAY

The beach is filled with people enjoying the summer's day. CAMERA MOVES IN on Grace Quigley and her family, all fully dressed, despite the blazing sun that glitters on the ocean behind them. They sit together on their blanket, all relaxed, happy, calmly enjoying the remnants of the chicken lunch and ice-cold lemonade served by Grace; who is exuberantly happy as she glances around her, then says to her husband:

GRACE

Can any day be more perfect,
George?

MR. QUIGLEY

Every day is perfect with you.

GRACE

(laughs, blushing)
Oh, Georgel

FAITH

(happily, as she
nudges her husband)
Mother, you're blushing!

GRACE

Well, your father never said
that before -- you'd blush too
if your husband threw that at
you for the first time in thirty
years -- You try it on her some-
day, Alan. See if she doesn't
blush.

ALAN

I did -- first day we met.

GRACE

No wonder we couldn't get rid of you. Well, did she blush when you said it?

Faith and Alan look at each other affectionately. Faith laughs:

FAITH

No, but he did.

They laugh warmly. The twins look at each other, the humor escaping them. One holds his cup toward Grace.

TREVOR

Grandma, can I have more lemonade?

TODD

Me too.

Grace reaches into the picnic basket, brings out the lemonade jug and a cake box.

GRACE

Of course you can. And wait until you see what we have for dessert.

She starts to fill the children's lemonade cups as Mr. Quigley says, quietly:

MR. QUIGLEY

Grace, it's getting late.

She FREEZES, a momentary tremor of apprehension at his words; then quickly fills the lemonade cups, hands it to them, turns to the ribbon tied cake box.

GRACE

Then we'll all have our dessert now.

Grace gently pulls the ribbon to untie the cake box -- but it snags tight. She pulls harder but the ribbon knots tighter against the box...

FAITH

Mother, I don't think there's time.

Grace's efforts at opening the cake box become more frantic...

GRACE

No time for dessert? Of course we have time. It just wouldn't be fair. It took me forever...

She reaches into the picnic basket for a knife and cuts the ribbon on the cake box.

GRACE

... There!

Everyone is relieved that the ribbon is cut. Grace's panic is gone as she says happily:

GRACE

There wouldn't be a picnic without dessert....

As she speaks -- her tone is switching from happiness to deep disappointment -- as she looks down at the open cake box and finds it empty...

GRACE

... I baked it especially for us all today.... It took... absolutely forever.

Grace looks down numbly at the empty cake box.

FAITH

(sympathetically)

It's alright, Momma. We weren't expecting it!

GRACE

(blankly)

I don't understand.

Her husband pats Grace's hand, then rises.

MR. QUIGLEY

It's time for us to go, Grace.

At this, the rest of Grace's family puts down their food and begin to rise. Grace looks up at them numbly.

GRACE

Really, so soon?

FAITH

I'm afraid so, Momma.

Her son-in-law nods smiling sympathetically toward Grace as he brushes off the twin's sailor suits and straightens their caps, while they tug playfully at each other.

GRACE

(sadly resigned)

Very well, then.

ANGLE ON GRACE

As she turns wearily toward the picnic basket; starts to put away her things; then turns back and looks up toward:

HER FAMILY GRACE'S POV

They walk calmly away along the edge of the ocean. Mr. Quigley glances back toward Grace, then stops. Faith, Alan and the twins follow Mr. Quigley's lead and they all turn and wave goodbye, smiling toward Grace.

ANGLE ON GRACE

She smiles sadly as she waves back to them.

GRACE'S POV HER FAMILY

As they turn and walk fully dressed into the ocean, disappearing under the waves.

CLOSE ON GRACE

She waves feebly over the SOUND of a CRASHING WAVE... then SILENCE as she lowers her hand sadly. She puts the empty cake box into her picnic basket. CAMERA MOVES BACK INTO WIDER SHOT and we see that the once crowded beach is now deserted -- as Grace Quigley rises with the picnic basket, picks up the beach blanket and moves wearily off the beach, alone -- and we begin to HEAR the MONOTONOUS CLATTER OF TRAIN WHEELS and SCENE BEGINS TO DARKEN as we...

LAP DISSOLVE INTO:

INT. SUBWAY

NIGHT

HIGH WIDE ANGLE SHOT of Grace sitting absolutely alone, the picnic basket and beach blanket in her lap -- and MOVE INTO CLOSE SHOT of Grace staring aimlessly out of the window of the moving train. The train compartment LIGHTS DIMMING AND RISING while the lights of the tunnel FLASH intermittently across her face -- the face of a woman who now looks all of her seventy-four years...

TITLES END AS...

We HOLD ON Grace in CLOSE-UP -- her blank look of resignation changes to fear and panic as she becomes aware of the EBBING AND DIMMING of lights around her. She looks around desperately at the SOUND of:

OFF SCREEN VOICE

(chattering)

Good morning! Good morning!

Then she is suddenly thrust in darkness as the SCREEN GOES BLACK.

AERUPT CUT TO:

INT. GRACE QUIGLEY'S APARTMENT

MORNING

As Grace Quigley sits up suddenly from her bed in the semi-darkness and looks toward:

CLOSE SHOT -- A CAGED PARAKEET (OSCAR) GRACE'S POV

OSCAR

Good morning! Good morning!...

WIDER SHOT ON GRACE as she awakens to the realization of being in her own room; there is a momentary relief, as:

OSCAR

It's okay. Good morning!

Grace gets quietly out of bed in her patched sleeping gown and crosses to put on a printed robe.

OSCAR

Good morning! Good morning!
It's okay, good morning!

GRACE

(wearily)

Good morning, Oscar.

Grace crosses to the kitchenette of her one room apartment -- an old woman aware of her morning back ache and various other aches and pains -- and puts a pot of water on the stove before asking her pet:

GRACE

Did you sleep well, Oscar?

OSCAR

Good morning! It's okay!
Good morning!

Grace crosses to spice cabinet by the sink containing various prescription medicine bottles and takes out her morning array of pills.

GRACE

Well, it wasn't okay for me.
Terrible night....

She drinks down the pills with a glass of water from the tap, then starts to prepare her instant coffee breakfast while continuing:

GRACE

...The same dream. They were all back, then gone before we could hardly talk.

OSCAR

It's okay, it's okay. Good morning, it's okay!

GRACE

Part of it was okay, Oscar...

She steps to a bureau containing three framed photographs; One, a wedding picture of Grace and George; second, a photograph, framed in black, showing the twins as two smiling young men of about nineteen, dressed in Sailor uniforms; the third, a wedding picture of Faith and Alan... She looks at them in turn as she answers:

GRACE (CONT'D)

George looked well. We were all together. The twins, just children in their sailor suits -- and Faith with her husband Alan... Just like that marvelous simple day we all spent at the beach, the year before...

(a painful thought; she dismisses it; turns away from photos)

Part of it was okay, Oscar, except... we hardly had time to talk.

OSCAR

It's okay, it's okay. Good morning, it's okay!

Grace crosses to open the window shade, lets the light fill the room, then picks up a pair of binoculars as she mimics Oscar derisively, but without malice:

GRACE

(mimicking)

"It's okay, it's okay! Good morning. It's okay!" Really, Oscar, I do wish you would learn to be more realistic.

She holds the binoculars, looks out toward the city as she continues:

GRACE

My fault I guess. I just shelter you too much...Well, it looks like another smog alert day.

(puts binoculars down)

I'll let you have a look in these someday, Oscar. I wonder what you'd say then.

OSCAR

Good morning! It's okay!

Good morning!

Grace crosses to the boiling water on the stove, pours it into a cup of instant coffee as:

GRACE

I doubt it...

There is a sudden KNOCK at the door.

GRACE

Oh, who could that be this early?

(realizing with disdain)

I'll bet it's that terrible Mr.

Argo, Oscar, wanting his rent again.

She crosses to the door and opens it to MR. ARGO, A sour, cigar butt-chewing puddle of a man.

GRACE

(forced lilting charm)

Oh, good morning, Mr. Argo. How are you this morning?

ARGO

(gruffly)

Come for the rent.

GRACE

Of course you did. I know you didn't come for cultural exchange.

ARGO
(no nonsense)
Got it, or not?!

Grace turns and crosses to a drawer in the kitchen.

GRACE
I have it, Mr. Argo. I went right down to the Social Security office after you left yesterday and told them just what you said. You don't care about their computers, all you care about is your rent. It took me all afternoon, but they finally put through the payment. Here you are, Mr. Argo.

She hand him the check for the rent. He looks it over, nods grudging approval, then takes out his receipt book and moves inside to the kitchen table; starts to write out her receipt, as:

ARGO
And next month I want it on time, no excuses.

GRACE
They said they would try, Mr. Argo.

ARGO
I don't care about "they". That's your problem. I don't need the aggravation. Three days late this month. A week last month...

GRACE
I'm sorry, Mr. Argo. I will keep after them -- but even a week isn't that late. When Mr. Kaplan owned the building sometimes they would be three weeks behind -- and he never complained.

ARGO
Kaplan was a schmuck -- I don't need tenants who cant pay their rent on time.

GRACE

Kaplan was a lovely man,
Mr. Argo.

ARGO

That's why he went bankrupt.
Listen, if you're not happy
here...

GRACE

I'm not sure I'd be happy
anywhere these days, Mr. Argo -
but I did find this room
bearable these past eight years --
until you became landlord.

ARGO

If you want to leave, just
let me know. I can rent this
place tomorrow for what you
pay...

OSCAR

Good morning! Good morning!
It's okay, good morning!

GRACE

I know you'd like me to leave
so you could raise the rent.
But I have a lease, Mr. Argo,
and I intend to stay.

ARGO

Okay, but the animal has to go.

GRACE

What animal?

ARGO

That parrot.

GRACE

It's a parakeet. And it's a
bird, not an animal.

ARGO

It's a pet, ain't it?

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GRACE
(apprehensively)
Yes.

ARGO
Then it's got to go. No animals--
or pets. That's in your lease.

GRACE
(impulsively)
If Oscar goes, I go.

Argo tears the written receipt from his book and hands it to Grace with a sour smile of satisfaction.

ARGO
Fine, Mrs. Quigley. Here's the
receipt for your rent. You have
thirty days to find a new apartment.

He EXITS with a smile -- SLAMMING the door -- as Grace stands numbly, receipt in hand...

OSCAR
It's okay! It's okay! Good
morning, it's okay!

GRACE
(sharply)
Shut up, Oscar! It's not okay,
so shut up!

Oscar flutters his wings and squawks nervously:

OSCAR
Ark!... Ark!... Ark!...

GRACE
(quickly apologetic)
I'm sorry, Oscar... But it isn't easy
trying to find a nice clean apartment
for eighty-five dollars a month in a
safe, decent neighborhood -- not that
safe even matters, but clean and decent,
they matter -- It just isn't easy.

EXT. GRACE'S STREET

MORNING

She is seated across from her building (Paradise Apartments), on a stone bench in the Bus Stop zone, reading Classified Section for Apartments to Rent. She circles an ad.

GRACE

That's worth a try -- Oh dear,
not at that price.

She crosses it out; looks up; glances up the street for bus; then glances over toward:

GRACE'S POV ACROSS STREET ENTRANCE TO PARADISE APARTMENTS

As Mr. Argo comes out the entrance door.

BACK TO GRACE

She bristles at his sight.

GRACE

(muttering)

Dreadful man.

She looks down at paper.

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GRACE (CONT'D)

Well, nothing else.

She folds the paper in her lap and looks back toward:

GRACE'S POV ENTRANCE TO PARADISE APARTMENTS

As Mr. Argo comes out of the entrance door and walks briskly down the steps to a Black Lincoln parked in front of the building. There is a man with back to camera (SEYMOUR FLINT) seated casually on the hood of the Lincoln, reading a newspaper. Argo steps up to the man, taps him on the shoulder, angrily gestures, saying, "You're on my car". The man lowers his newspaper, shrugs, "Sorry, Mister". Argo expresses annoyance as he sourly moves past the man and around the front of the Lincoln to the driver's seat. Flint calmly folds his newspaper while he watches Argo enter the Lincoln.

BACK TO GRACE AT BUS STOP

Reacting to Mr. Argo's unpleasantness, she mutters to herself:

GRACE:

What a happier world this would be
without terrible people like that
Mr. Argo.

LONG SHOT THROUGH TRAFFIC (GRACE'S POV)

Flint, the folded newspaper under his arm, stands by the front edge of the Lincoln and watches the traffic as if waiting for an opening to cross -- as Argo starts car; backs up and prepares to pull out -- HONKING Flint to move out of his way. Flint nods, gestures okay; starts to move obediently toward the rear of the car, cautiously watching the traffic as he edges calmly past Argo, then stops about three feet behind him; casually removes the folded newspaper from under his arm, then lowers it to cover the hand that goes into his jacket; while his eyes remain on the now thinning traffic... The instant it clears Flint turns, raises his hand covered by the folded newspaper toward the back of Argo's head. Two small wisps of smoke seem to emerge from under the newspaper as Argo's body is suddenly thrust forward against the steering wheel -- then slumps back--as Flint starts coldly away across the now traffic-less street, TOWARD CAMERA.

ANGLE ON GRACE ON BUS STOP BENCH

She stands with shocked disbelief as she stares out toward:

ARGO (GRACE'S POV)

His head tilted back in his seat looking very surprised and very dead despite the cigar still clamped between his teeth. FAST PAN AND ZOOM BACK TO CLOSE SHOT OF FLINT, CLUTCHING the folded newspaper as he walks briskly TOWARD CAMERA without looking back.

CLOSE SHOT GRACE

Momentary panic as she turns and rushes for cover behind white Cadillac parked near Bus Stop.

GRACE'S POV FLINT

As he walks calmly across street toward her.

ON GRACE

Momentary panic as she quickly ducks down and moves along the side of car.

GRACE'S POV FLINT CLOSER

and moving directly toward her.

BACK TO GRACE

She frantically opens the rear door of the Cadillac, shuts it behind her, crouches down behind the seat. She peeks up, then throws herself on the floor of the car in panic at the approaching killer.

ANGLE ON FLINT,

As he slides behind the wheel of the Cadillac, tosses his newspaper into the rear seat...

CLOSE SHOT GRACE ON FLOOR OF CAR

One eye blinks open as an object, wrapped in the thrown newspaper, falls from the seat onto the floor near Grace's head. Grace's eyes open wide at the sight of the long barreled pistol with silencer, now lying on the floor in front of her - as we hear the IGNITION START.

EXT. GRACE'S STREET

DAY

As flint drives away with his unseen passenger.

INT. MOVING CAR - FLINT IN TRAFFIC

DAY

Driving, he reaches down and TURNS ON MUSIC from car RADIO. He looks up, glancing at rear view mirror, reacts to trickle of blood coming from his nose.

FLINT

Dammit!

He reaches over anxiously for a box of tissues on front seat, dabs the blood from his nose; checks the mirror.

CLOSE ON MIRROR

As Flint looks to see if his nose is still bleeding -- is relieved to find it is not -- but unhappy to see the old lady seated behind him holding Flint's gun pointed stiffly at his back.

INT. MOVING CAR - FLINT AND QUIGLEY

Grace, disheveled and flushed with excitement, takes a deep breath to calm herself, as Flint coolly addresses his passenger in the mirror.

FLINT

Can I help you, Lady?

GRACE

My name is Grace Quigley.

FLINT

Yeah?

GRACE

I'd like you to drive to the nearest Police Station, please.

FLINT

Why?

GRACE

Because I have a gun.

FLINT

You know how to use it?

GRACE

Would you like me to try?

He notes her trembling hands; speaks pleasantly, trying to calm her.

FLINT

Easy, Lady... I guess you know Kidnapping is against the law.

GRACE

So is murder -- let's not waste time, young man. I saw you commit the act.

FLINT

Act?

GRACE

The act of eradicating that poor horrible man -- not that I really blame you -- infact, if it would help I would be happy to appear at your trail as a character witness against Mr. Argo.

FLINT

That's nice of you, Lady.

GRACE

Well, I really feel like you did me a favor -- infact, I almost wish that I didn't have to turn you in --

(as Seymour starts to pull to the curb)

What are you doing?!

EXT. STREET DAY ON CAR

As Seymour parks and turns to face Grace.

FLINT

Okay, Lady, now why don't you just give me back my gun and forget the whole thing -- save yourself a lot of problems.

GRACE

I'm not quite ready to do that -- Though my opinion of law and order today is pretty low, I do respect justice -- Now you don't look like a murderer Young Man, and I'm sure you had a very good reason for killing Mr. Argo -- Did you?

FLINT

Yeah.

GRACE

Well, perhaps if you explain it in court they'll give you a suspended sentence -- your debt to society would be paid -- and I'd feel much better about it -- Yes, that's the best way. Drive on, young man.

FLINT

Mam, I don't intend to spend the rest of my life in jail.

GRACE

Do you really think they'd be that harsh today? Considering Mr. Argo, I'm sure you could justify your actions -- Why did you kill him?

FLINT

Money.

GRACE

Completely justified. Six months at most -- how much did he steal from you?

FLINT

(loosing patience)
Lady, he didn't steal from me. I got paid. He was a job.

GRACE

Job? You mean you... kill people for money.

FLINT

That's right -- for money. I wouldn't like to hurt anyone for nothing -- especially a nice old lady like you.

GRACE

(in awe of his revelation)

Good heavens, a professional killer!..
Young Man, I suggest you start driving.

FLINT

Sorry, Lady. I can't let you take me
to the Police.

GRACE

Oh, it needn't be to the Police. Any
Coffee Shop will do. I would like a
cup of tea... And then I want to talk
about having someone killed.

Flint looks at Grace as if trying to humor her.

FLINT

Okay, Lady. First give me my gun back.

GRACE

Not just yet. I wouldn't want to be
shot.

He sees she is resolute; turns and starts engine.

INT. COFFEE SHOP

DAY

Grace and Flint are seated, Grace keeping her hand conspicuous
in her purse on table; orders from WAITRESS, while Flint looks
around uneasily at the CROWD OF CUSTOMERS.

GRACE

Tea, please -- with lemon.

WAITRESS

And you, Sir?

FLINT

A vanilla milk shake -- and you have
any Tums or Rollaids?

WAITRESS

I'll check, Sir.

The Waitress exits. Flint and Grace look at each other.

GRACE

Would you like your gun back?

(Flint nods)

Fine. I'll trade you for your
Driver's license.-- I'd like to
be certain of whom I'm dealing
with.

Flint hesitates; finally takes Drivers license from wallet and
hands it to Grace. She looks at it.

GRACE

Mr. Seymour Flint, 51 Marina Way.
That your present address -- no
lies.

(Flint nods)

Grace moves her purse to Flint's side of the table.

GRACE

Very well, here's your gun back.
I suppose you want to keep it in
there for now.

Flint moves the purse closer to him.

FLINT

Mind if I have my license back?

GRACE

I'll hold on to that for now...
Now, tell me something about
your business, Mr. Flint. I
mean, doesn't it bother you?

FLINT

(shrugs)

It's a job.

GRACE

Can you perform a painless death?

FLINT

Sure. I also do weddings and Bar-mitzvas.

GRACE

Well, I'm glad to see that you have a sense of humor. -- I suppose you need it in your profession.

The Waitress returns; places tea and milkshake on table; says to Flint:

WAITRESS

Sorry, no Tums or Rollaids, Sir.

FLINT

(grimacing with
annoyance)

Okay, thanks.

Waitress exits. Flint takes a sip of his milkshake, then looks up to face Grace.

GRACE

Very well, Mr. Flint. How much do you charge to give someone a rub out, or whatever it's called in your profession?

FLINT

(matter-of-factly)

Five to twenty thousand a head, depending on the job.

GRACE

(stunned)

Oh dear, that much?!

FLINT

That's what I get, Mam. Some people say I'm the best.

GRACE

I'm sure you are, Mr. Flint, and
I'm not trying to blackmail you --
blackmail is against the law --
but how cheap can you go?

FLINT

I can't do a job cheap, mam. I
can only do it right.

GRACE

You mean even if I wanted you to
kill someone, you couldn't give
me a special price -- for being
so considerate about the Police?

FLINT

How much did you figure on spending?

GRACE

Two hundred and eighteen dollars
and seventeen cents.

FLINT

(grimly; feeling
put on)

Don't treat a professional like
an amateur -- you might hurt
their feelings.

GRACE

(sincerely)

It's every cent I have in the
world, Mr. Flint. I counted
it this morning.

Flint looks at her, senses she is telling the truth, softens
his tone as he shrugs:

FLINT

I appreciate that, Mam, but a hit is never easy and it's always dangerous. Two thousand is the lowest I can go.

GRACE

Suppose the victim cooperates?

FLINT

Cooperates?

GRACE

That's right. Can you do it for a thousand if the victim agrees to do whatever is convenient for your safety?

FLINT

(confused)

I don't get it.

GRACE

It's very simple. I'll try to raise the money if you agree to do it for a thousand, and I'll cooperate in any way I can.... You see, I'm the victim.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE OF DR. HERMAN (FLINT'S PSYCHIATRIST)

Dr. Herman is lying on the couch staring up at the ceiling as Flint paces nervously around the office.

DR. HERMAN

Crazy, crazy, crazy!

FLINT

That's what I thought, but she's not, Doc. She's a nice little old lady tired of the rat race.
(continued)

FLINT (CONT'D)

When she told me about all her problems; no job, no relatives, bills, trying to live on Social Security, Varicose veins, bad heart, arthritis -- Hell, I didn't blame her for wanting to go... Only I didn't want to be the one to send her.

DR. HERMAN

So, what did you do?

FLINT

(shrugs)

I told her to try to raise the thousand and I'll see if I can help her out.

DR. HERMAN

(dispassionately)

Help her out?... or do her in?

Dr. Herman rises from the couch; puts down his horn-rimmed glasses and turns suddenly to leap in front of Seymour's path with a blood-curdling grunt to land poised in a defensive Karate position which Seymour ignores.

FLINT

Doc, she's a nice old lady. She's got class. I don't wanna hurt her.

Dr. Herman slashes through the air at an imaginary opponent with a Karate chop.

DR. HERMAN

Seymour, Seymour, Seymour! One week you tell me you don't want to hurt anyone; the next week you tell me who you killed. Don't you see how mixed up you are?

FLINT

I know I'm mixed up, Doc, that's why I pay you seventy-five dollars an hour -- to unmix me.

DR. HERMAN

That's a cop-out, Seymour -- I can't unmix you -- Only you can unmix you. For seventy-five dollars an hour all I can do is tell you to stop complaining.

FLINT

Complaining?

DR. HERMAN

That's right, complaining.

FLINT

Doc, I'm getting confused. I came to you six months ago because of my heartburn and my nosebleeds. Now, not only do I still got my heartburn and my nosebleeds, but I keep getting headaches.

DR. HERMAN

(indignantly)

Wait a minute, Seymour. Let's set the record stright. You came to me because of psychosomatically caused heartburn, nosebleeds and shooting pains in your arm. Let's not forget that arm, Seymour -- that right arm -- that arm you needed to practice your profession. And how long did it take us before those shooting pains left that arm?

SEYMOUR

I don't remember.

DR. HERMAN

Then I'll remind you. Three weeks -- it's in the record -- three weeks of intensive analysis and you could go back to work. Remember, Seymour?

SEYMOUR

Yeah, I remember. I remember I never had a headache in my life, and since then, headaches. Just like the shooting pains, only in my head.

DR. HERMAN
(patiently)

Seymour, if you remember at the time we agreed that your arm was more important than your head; you needed your arm to practice your profession. Remember now you pleaded with me, 'Doc, they tell me you're the best, so cure my arm first. I can't make a living without my arm' -- Of course, you didn't tell me what you made a living at, then, and that was naughty of you -- Anyway, Seymour, remember, I cured the arm! But some things take more time than others. I'm only a psychiatrist, I'm not a god. If you want that heartburn, nosebleeds and headaches to stop, then you have to accept what you are -- a killer!

FLINT

She's a nice old lady.

Dr. Herman goes into a slow motion Tai Chi exercise, as:

DR. HERMAN

Seymour, Seymour, Seymour, you say one thing and you do another. You come here because you want to prove you've got a conscience. Well, you can't prove it by me.

FLINT

I really don't want to hurt her.

Dr. Herman HOLDS Tai Chi posture.

DR. HERMAN

A man is what he does, not what
he says.

FLINT

(weakly)

Maybe she won't get the money.

CUT TO:

INT. FLINT'S APARTMENT

DAY

The doorbell stops BUZZING as Flint opens the door,
revealing Grace in the hallway, a big smile on her
face.

GRACE

I've got it!...

SEYMOUR

(abruptly)

I can't talk to you now.

He closes the door.

ANGLE ON GRACE - STANDING ALONE IN HALLWAY

She rings the bell until Seymour finally opens and
we see he is holding a handkerchief to his bleeding
nose.

GRACE

Mister Flint, we must talk.

FLINT

Call me tomorrow.

He closes the door.

INT. FLINT'S APARTMENT

DAY

Seymour, in gym suit, is beginning a bench press with some heavy weights when the phone starts to ring; continues steadily until Seymour lowers the weight, crosses to pick up phone.

SEYMOUR

(weak and breathless)

I'm in bed with the flu. Call me in a few days.

He hangs up before Grace can reply and picks up a package of Tums and pops a few in his mouth; then thumps his chest in a futile attempt to soothe his acute case of heartburn. He picks up the phone and dials:

FLINT

Hello, Helen, this is Seymour Flint. Will you send someone over? I need a treatment... Yeah, again -- You complaining?... As soon as you can... No, what about that girl, Muriel, she around? O.K. -- and tell her to make it quick, yeah... Good, thanks.

He hangs up; pulls off top of gym suit as he crosses into:

INT. BATHROOM

FLINT

He turns on the hot water in the tub; pours in some bubble bath powder, turns to open Medicine Cabinet.

CLOSE ON LARGE BOTTLE OF ASPIRIN

As Flint takes it out, shuts cabinet...

CLOSE SHOT

BATHTUB

As bubbles in bath start to foam up.

FLINT'S APARTMENT - LATER

The doorbell rings as Flint comes out of the bathroom, dressed in a robe, rubbing his hair dry with a towel. He tosses the towel aside and crosses to open the door, his face still glistening damp from the hot bath. He opens the door. In the hallway stands Grace Quigley holding a paper bag from which the handle of a cooking pot is protruding:

GRACE

Oh dear, you look terrible.

She quickly enters, leaving Flint standing non-plussed at the door as she crosses into the kitchen. Flint glances into the empty hallway, closes the door and starts into the kitchen after Grace. Grace removes the bag; places the pot on the stove:

FLINT

Listen, I told you...

GRACE

Yes, I know, and you look it.

(puts her hand
on his forehead)

Oh dear, you must have at least one hundred and two You should be in bed.

FLINT

That's where I was going.

GRACE

Well go, go.

She pushes him out of the kitchen.

INT. BEDROOM

Flint sits down on the bed wondering how to deal with his impulse to throw Grace out of the house. Grace enters with a steaming cup of the concoction from her cooking pot:

FLINT

Look, Mam, I don't need the chicken soup bit.

GRACE

(insulted)

It's not chicken soup. It's my own recipe of spinach juice and various roots and herbs -- guaranteed to put you back on your feet by morning.

FLINT

(rising angrily)

I'm on my feet right now -- and I'd really appreciate it if you'd leave, Mam.

GRACE

Well, you shouldn't be on your feet, and I have every intention of leaving as soon as you get back into bed and finish this...

Flint glares at her. She stands stubbornly with the steaming cup and outstretched hand.

GRACE

As your future employer I have a right to be concerned about your health. Sit down, Mister Flint.

Flint sits down on the bed like a stone: takes the cup with a chagrined expression as Grace hands it to him, saying with almost motherly concern:

GRACE

You have to take care of yourself so you can take care of me. Now, drink up.

Flint starts to sip the steaming concoction in an effort to rid himself of the old lady.

GRACE

Young man, do you realize what an important profession you're in?

Flint takes a sip, hands her the cup, answering:

FLINT

It's just a job of work.

Grace gestures the cup back to him:

GRACE

No, drink it all -- Well,
You're modest and that's
understandable. I'm sure
many people would consider
you a despicable character.
I know I would --

(Flint looks at her)
--In the past. Now... I
feel privileged in having
met you.

FLINT

(skeptically)

Yeah?

GRACE

(emphatically)

Yes. Truly, yes. It's almost
as if I have a whole new lease
on life -- now that I can look
forward to my death by a
Professional Killer. You know
I tried it twice on my own --
First time about a year after
George died -- (drops it) --
Anyway, the doctors discovered
a problem with my heart and
advised bed rest. I started
running up and down steps --
doing exercises, everything --
I thought it was a pretty good
way to go.... Just ended up
healthier than ever -- no heart
problems since. My second try
was about three years ago --
pills. They found me and pumped
out my stomach. Never want to
go through that again. In fact,

(continued)

GRACE (CONT'D)
after that experience I knew
I would never have the courage
to try to kill myself again.
And now, you've come into my
life. What can I say but...
"thank you".

FLINT
I ain't done nothing yet.

GRACE
Oh no, You've already given me
a priceless gift, Mr. Flint --
The dignity of making my own
choice as to whether I want to
live or die.

Flint seems moved by Grace's words. He hands her
the empty cup and says solemnly:

FLINT
Most people I deal with think
I'm some kind of animal, Mrs.
Quigley.

GRACE
(taking cup)
Empty? Good -- now lie down...
Then you've dealt with the wrong
kind of people. It's all point
of view, isn't it? To most
people the act you perform is
going to be called murder --
To me, it's an act of mercy.
And if I were a religious
person, I'd say "Bless you".

Flint is deeply impressed by Grace's words. It is like an absolution to him and he accepts it with a look of almost child-like reverence to the woman who uttered the words. Grace smiles at him, puts the cup aside, covers him with a blanket, as Seymour allows himself to be "tucked in" like an awe-struck child, pondering her words.

GRACE

Now I want you to be all better by tomorrow. I'll leave my address on the kitchen table. I want you to come to my place at noon... and the thousand dollars we agreed on will be paid to you in full.

Flint watches her pensively as Grace crosses to pull the drapes, throwing the room into semi-darkness.

GRACE (CONT)

Go to sleep now.

She whispers, and tip-toes toward the door.

FLINT

(quietly)

Mrs. Quigley...

GRACE

Yes.

FLINT

(solemn warning)

... You're a nice lady. But once I take the money I'm committed. Think about it.

GRACE

(appreciating his warning)

There's nothing to think about, Seymour. I've never been more certain of anything in my life... Bless you.

She turns, tip-toes out of the darkened bedroom ...

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE FLINT'S APARTMENT

Grace opens the door to exit into the hallway just as a bubbly, voluptuous, young lady named MURIEL is about to ring Seymour's doorbell.

MURIEL

(startled)

Oh. The doorbell says Seymour
Flint.

Grace steps into the hallway and closes the door behind her.

GRACE

That's right. But he's sick.
He can't see anyone.

MURIEL

(confused)

Oh. Really?

GRACE

That's right. Come, I'll
walk you to the elevator.

INT. ELEVATOR

As they enter and start down:

GRACE

Are you Seymour's girlfriend?

MURIEL

Kind of. Sometimes. Are you
Seymour's mother?

GRACE

He is the only son I have at
the moment.

MURIEL

(sympathetically)

Oh, yea, I understand. Heavy.

GRACE

Anyway, I'm delighted to meet
Seymour's girlfriend.

MURIEL
 (shakes Grace's hand
 vigorously)
 Great meeting Seymour's Momma!

INT. ENTRANCE COURTYARD

The elevator doors open and Grace and Muriel EXIT and move through the Courtyard as:

GRACE
 So tell me, Muriel, what do you
 do for a living?

MURIEL
 I turn tricks.

GRACE
 (impressed)
 Marvelous! I used to do tricks
 myself when I was younger..

MURIEL
 (cheered)
 Really?

GRACE
 Oh sure, I bet I could have
 taught you a few -- now of course
 I'm too old.

MURIEL
 I don't have my contacts on -
 but you don't look that old.

GRACE
 Then you must be legally blind --
 but awfully sweet. Would you
 like to come to a party tomorrow
 night?

MURIEL
 What kind of a party?

GRACE
 It's a surprise party -- for
 Seymour. Do come. You and I
 can tell Seymour all about our
 tricks.

Grace has taken a pad and pencil from her purse and begun writing her address for Muriel, as:

MURIEL
 I'd rather not talk shop --
 but it sounds like a freaky
 scene,... so okay, maybe
 I'll come.

Muriel takes Grace's address.

EXT. MOVING SHOT - MOTORCYCLE IN TRAFFIC DAY

Seymour, his face obscured by the dark visor on his helmet, drives his BMW motorcycle through traffic.

EXT. GRACE'S STREET FLINT ON MOTORCYCLE DAY

The motorcycle pulls up in front of Grace's building. Seymour gets off. Looking like a Martian in his helmet and visor, he turns his head from side to side to survey the street, then walks, somewhat stiffly and robot-like, into building.

INT. GRACE'S HALLWAY - FLINT DAY

As elevator door opens, Still the Martian in his helmet and visor, he steps out, looks around, walks stiffly down hallway to Grace's door. He raises visor to check name plate, rings bell as he starts to unstrap helmet.

INT. GRACE'S APARTMENT DAY

As Grace flushed with excitement, steps quickly to the door -- opens it -- reacts with brief concern to motorcycle helmet, but happily to seeing Flint -- as he removes helmet, revealing his ashen face and completely wiped-out expression.

GRACE
 (chiding)
 * You're late.

FLINT
 You're lucky I'm here at all.
 I've had the sickest night of
 my life -- thanks to your
 health brew.

GRACE

Yes, it does have a cleansing
~~affect~~, doesn't it? Come in,
let me take your hat.

ANOTHER ANGLE ON SCENE

As Flint steps inside and Grace takes his helmet.
It is then Flint notices that Grace is not alone.
Flint looks at a frightened old man (HARVEY JENKINS)
seated by the kitchen table; then reaches to take
his helmet back from Grace.

FLINT

I see you're busy. I'll come
back another time.

Grace ignores his reach as she moves inside toward
Jenkins, and places Flint's helmet on kitchen table.

GRACE

No, it's alright. We can talk
in front of Mr. Jenkins.

Flint crosses to the kitchen table, picks up his helmet.

FLINT

(firmly)

No we can't.

GRACE

But we have to. Mr. Jenkins
is part of the deal.

Flint puts down his helmet; takes out a pack of Rollaids.

FLINT

Part of the deal?

He starts to crunch on his Rollaids, as:

GRACE

Yes, I told Mr. Jenkins all about you. But of course he wanted to meet you for himself and be sure of all the details before he commits. Could you explain your line of work to Mr. Jenkins, just for the record.

Flint, flabbergasted at the situation he has gotten himself into, looks at them both; then sits down heavily. Mr. Jenkins recoils with temerity at Flint's movement. The moment of silence is broken by Oscar.

OSCAR

It's okay! It's okay! Good morning! It's okay!

GRACE

Well?

FLINT

I've got nothing to say. I'm just here to listen.

GRACE

Very well. In that case, Mr. Jenkins, suppose you just tell Mr. Flint how you'd like it done.

MR. JENKINS

(clearing his throat;
timidly)

Well, it don't matter much, except it has to be painless. I don't like pain. And I'd like to look like I went out natural 'cause I got some relatives in Iowa who might want to claim my body or something and they'd be upset if they thought I'd met with a violent end...

FLINT

Yeah.

JENKINS

Also, I'd appreciate it if you could do it after next Tuesday, but before next Friday, because Tuesday I get my pension check, and Friday I have to pay my rent. I'd hate to pay the extra month, and I'd like to send the money to a friend who needs it. I hope that's not asking too much?

Flint, out of Rollaids, sits quietly gnashing his teeth. Grace, disturbed by Flint's attitude, says to Jenkins:

GRACE.

Don't worry. Mr. Flint can do it. And I'll see to it that he does it exactly as ordered.

JENKINS

(stands to leave)

Thank you both.

GRACE

(rising to shake hands)

You're quite welcome, Harvey.

Flint exchanges a forced nod with Jenkins; sits silently watching Jenkins EXIT; then turns to Grace.

FLINT

What are you trying to do to me? Why don't you just turn me into the cops?

GRACE

I wouldn't do that, I need you.

FLINT

If you go around telling people the kind of work I do, I ain't gonna be of much use to anyone-- except the state.

Grace refers to picture of twins on dresser.

GRACE

Seymour, I've already given two young men to the country. I'd hate to give another to the state -- unless I had to.

FLINT

Why did you have to bring that old man into this?

GRACE

Because I knew Mr. Jenkins would be happy to pay two thousand dollars for his own painless demise, and that would cover the cost for both of us -- it was the only way I knew to get your money...

She removes a stack of bills from an envelope on the table.

GRACE

And here it is! The first payment. One thousand dollars -- that's for Mr. Jenkins. I'll give you the second thousand for myself after I make sure that Mr. Jenkins is relieved of his burdens according to his specifications.

Flint glances at the money Grace has placed before him; then looks at Grace.

FLINT

I don't like it.

GRACE

What -- the money? It's real -- check for yourself.

FLINT

Not the money -- the setup -- the whole deal!

GRACE

But you agreed...

FLINT

(sharply)

I didn't agree to kill that old man -- maybe I don't want to.

GRACE

Why? Didn't you like him?

FLINT

Maybe that's just it -- he's a nice old man -- maybe I did like him. It don't make it easier, sitting down for a friendly chat with someone I'm supposed to do a job on.

GRACE

Seymour, it pleases me to know that despite your profession you're really a sensitive man. But why should Mr. Jenkins have to suffer because he's nice -- that's unfair.

FLINT

Look, my job is tough enough...

GRACE

Exactly. Then don't think of this as a job -- think of it as a favor to a nice old man -- a good deed that you're getting paid for!... Seymour, take the money.

Flint looks at Grace... Rises from the table... Picks up the money.

GRACE

(pleased)

Fine! Now I'd like you to come to dinner here this evening.

Flint stuffs money in jacket, picks up his helmet.

FLINT

I'm busy.

GRACE

Please come. It's important.
Afterwards we can sit down
with Mr. Jenkins and discuss
the best way to do the job.

FLINT

Look, I really don't like
chatting with people I have
a contract on.

GRACE

Well, you practically have one
on me. Have our little chats
been so terrible?

He looks at her -- says nothing -- as he puts his helmet
under his arm and moves toward the door. She stops him,
pleading:

GRACE

Seymour, don't be squeamish.
Jenkins might be very helpful
to you -- it's not as if he
won't be friendly. Please come.

Flint looks at her for a beat, then shrugs:

FLINT

Okay, what the hell.

GRACE

(delighted)

Wonderful! -- Also,...

(gestures to helmet)

I see you drive a motorcycle --
I wish you wouldn't -- they're
too dangerous.

FLINT

(with chagrin)

Anything else?

Grace brushes some Rollaid powder from his jacket, zips it
up a bit tighter, saying:

GRACE

No. Just take care of yourself.
There are people depending on
you.

Flint looks at her flatly, and EXITS. Grace shuts door. There is a warm, pensive smile on her face as she walks back into the room.

OSCAR

It's okay! Good morning! It's okay, it's okay!

GRACE

(happily)

Yes, Oscar. It certainly is, isn't it?... Dear me, I can't remember when I've been this excited -- or felt so well!

EXT. STREET CORNER WITH OUTDOOR FLORIST - FLINT'S 'CADILLAC' - NI

Seymour, wearing suit, is grim-faced; headed for Grace's in his Cadillac, when he notes Florist on corner, calls from car:

FLINT

Hey! Are flowers good if you're having dinner with a little old lady?

FLORIST

They're good for any occasion if you want to make someone happy.

FLINT

(only half-kidding)

That right? -- I thought they were only good for funerals...

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY OF GRACE'S FLOOR

NIGHT

Flint steps out of the elevator with bouquet of flowers with card and pauses, suddenly feeling embarrassed as he looks; tosses flowers aside (by Jenkin's noisy door) and continues down hallway.

GRACE'S DOOR

Seymour rings bell and Grace opens it almost instantly. She is wearing an old but clean party dress -- steps into hallway closing door behind her. She greets Flint with happy excitement:

GRACE

Seymour, how nice of you
to be on time...

REVERSE ANGLE ON FLINT AND GRACE

As she takes his arm; leads him away from door

GRACE (CONTD)

Come, we've decided to have
dinner in Mr. Jenkins apartment--

FLINT

(reluctant)

How come?

GRACE

It's more comfortable -- and
he just insisted on helping
me cook something up for you...

WIDER ANGLE -- PAST JENKINS DOOR -- ON FLINT AND GRACE

As Grace leads Flint toward it...

FLINT

Look, I don't want him to put
himself out.

GRACE

Nonsense. I've never seen
him happier --

(looks down)

-- Oh look, flowers!

GRACE (CONT'D)

(She quickly scoops them
up; checks card)

... Oh, they're for me! -- from...

.. She turns the card over, reads it, looks up with happy surprise.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Seymour, how thoughtful!...

She kisses the embarrassed grim faced Seymour on the cheek; then opens Jenkin's door and takes Flint's arm, as she says:

GRACE (CONT'D)

... Now, that you've surprised me...
I hope you won't mind... my little
surprise to you...

With this she practically pulls Flint into:

INT. JENKIN'S APARTMENT

NIGHT

The apartment is much larger than Grace's, though now crowded with about TWENTY ELDERLY GUESTS (including Jenkins, and five who we will learn more of later: EMILY WATKINS, HOMER MORRISON, SARAH HODGKINS, SAM PINCUS, and DOROTHY TRUGERT... All the guests turn toward the doorway when Grace enters, shouting happily, as she drags Flint in like a stone:

GRACE

The guest of honor! The guest
of honor!

There is a ROUND OF APPLAUSE for Flint. Grace, beaming proudly, holds tightly to Flint's arm, preventing his immediate exit, as Jenkins comes up to him and shakes his hand:

JENKINS

Thank you for accepting the job
of sending me home...

(turns to guests)

... Alright, everyone, he's the
man -- Soc...

(gestures guests to join
in singing)

JENKINS (CONT'D)

... Ohh, he's a jolly good fell-ow --
 He's a jolly good fell-ow-- he's a
 jolly good f'-ell-low-- that no
 body can de-ny -- Okay, everyone
 help yourself to the food. Don't
 worry about the spaghetti -- there's
 no salt -- and the chocolate cake
 is dietetic --

(to Flint and Grace)

Excuse me, I'm gonna check if the
 champagne is cold -- they brought
 it in warm.

Jenkins exits into crowd.

CLOSE ON GRACE AND FLINT

Flint stands like a block of granite, looking grimly at
 Grace. He barely raises his voice above the noise of the
 guests:

FLINT

What the hell is all this?

GRACE

It's Mr. Jenkin's "going-away party".

FLINT

If it's his going-away party, why
 am I the guest of honor?

GRACE

Harvey -- that is Mr. Jenkins --
 insisted -- to show his appreciation.

(notes his look)

Seymour, aren't you pleased?

FLINT

Who: are all these people and what
 have they been told about me?

GRACE

They're friends of ours. All lovely.
 Come, I'll introduce you...

FLINT

(sharply)

Never mind -- What have they been
 told?

GRACE

Simply that Mr. Jenkins is
"going home" next week, and
that you are the man responsible
for sending him there.

FLINT

(a beat; turns)
I'm getting out of here.

GRACE

(takes his arm)
Seymour, you can't be that rude!
It would break Mr. Jenkin's heart
if you left -- besides, it's going
to be fun.

FLINT

(looks around grimly)
Yeah, I can see that. The only
thing missing are the cops.

The DOORBELL RINGS -- Flint freezes.

GRACE

Don't worry. I'll get it. Go have
some spaghetti.

Grace exits toward:

INT. DOORWAY OF JENKIN'S APARTMENT

Grace opens the door. She is delighted to see Muriel --
and Muriel is dressed so that much can be seen.

GRACE

Muriel! Come in, come in.

MURIEL

I miss anything yet?

GRACE

No, just in time.

INT. JENKIN'S APRTMENT

ANGLE ON FLINT

As he moves with cautious haste through crowd of guests.

FLINT

Excuse me. Sorry...

... And steps to window of main room, looks out and quickly continues, edging his way along the wall past guests.

ANGLE ON GRACE AND MURIEL

As Grace brings Muriel into the crowded room.

MURIEL

Nice turnout. Where's Seymour?

GRACE

(looking around)

In here somewhere having a good time.

ANGLE ON FLINT

As he edges through crowd in kitchen; steps to kitchen window. With barely a pause he looks out at fire escape, flings the window open wide, and is about to step onto the sill to make his exit when a hand reaches out and grabs his shoulder.

WIDER ANGLE ON SCENE

As Flint turns at the window to face Mr. Jenkins and several of his smiling guests.

JENKINS

Thanks for opening the window.
Er, would you mind meeting a
few of my friends?

FLINT
(sharply; meaning no)
Yeh.

JENKINS
Good -- This is Emily Watkins,
and Dorothy Trugert, and Sam
Pincus and this is -

SEYMOUR
(interrupting quickly)
Pleased to meet yah.
(To Jenkins)
Hey, I hear ya got great spaghetti
here -- you wanna show me.

Flint takes Jenkins arm and turns abruptly away into
the crowd.

CLOSE ON FLINT AND JENKINS

FLINT
(sotto voce)
Look, Pop. I'd appreciate it
if you don't throw my name
around here, okay?

Jenkins is immediately caught up in the drama by Flint's
reminder; replies apologetically in a coarse whisper:

JENKINS
I'm sorry, but it's okay. I
haven't told anyone yet.

Flint nods with temporary chagrined relief.

FLINT
Thanks.

GRACE'S VOICE
Mr. Flint!

MURIEL'S VOICE
Hey, Seymour!

WIDER ANGLE ON SCENE

As Flint reacts, he takes little comfort in the fact that most of the other guests are too involved in their own conversations to pay much attention to Grace and Muriel calling his name. Jenkins turns to follow Flint's look just as Grace moves through the crowd and steps up to them, pulling Muriel into view from behind her.

GRACE

Harvey, I'd like you to meet Mr.
Flint's girlfriend, Muriel.

MURIEL

Hi. Are you Seymour's daddy?

Jenkins stands agape; momentarily speechless with temerity and embarrassment at Muriel's voluptuous presence.

GRACE

No, this is Mr. Jenkins, our host.

MURIEL

Oh. Hi, anyway!

Muriel extends her hand cheerfully. Jenkins looks at it -- almost afraid to touch without asking permission -- He glances toward Flint, who stands glaring toward Grace and Muriel with chagrined expression. Grace replies to Jenkin's look toward Flint. -

GRACE

It's alright, Harvey. Mr. Flint
doesn't mind if you shake her hand.

Jenkins clears his throat as he shakes Muriel's hand.

JENKINS

Glad you could join us, Miss
Muriel -- you're...
(turns to Flint)
Do you mind if I say she's very...
pretty?

FLINT

Do you mind if I leave.
(To Muriel)
Let's go.

Jenkins, upset, glances toward Grace -- who is equally upset, as:

MURIEL

But I just got here.

FLINT

It's the best time to go.

JENKINS

(upset)

I'm sorry if I offended you,
Mr. Flint. I really didn't
mean anything bad when I said
she was pretty.

FLINT

Sorry, Pop. I just wanna get
out of here.

GRACE

Mr. Flint, you have a contractual
obligation to stay here..

Flint freezes, looks at Grace with controlled menace
and utters his his familiar one word of a thousand
meanings.

FLINT

Yeh?

GRACE

(pleasantly)

Seymour, don't you remember you
promised to talk to Mr. Jenkins.

SEYMOUR

Not in the middle of a circus.

GRACE

(offended)

This is not a circus -- this
is a party given at Mr. Jenkin's
expense to show his appreciation
and confidence in you.

MURIEL

Gee, that's nice. Wish someone would do that for me someday.

Jenkins, somewhat cheered by Muriel's remark, tells her mournfully:

JENKINS

I was just gonna break out the champagne.

MURIEL

No kidding -- imported or domestic?

JENKINS

Napa Sinoma Mendacino.

MURIEL

Sounds fan-tas-tic! Seymour, how can you just walk out and not try that?

FLINT

I don't drink -- you coming with me?

GRACE

She can't. She promised to stay and show us all how she does tricks.

Flint looks at Muriel questioningly. Muriel smiles back weakly and shrugs.

MURIEL

I guess I did promise, and I sure would like to try some of that Napa Sinoma whatever... Can't you wait, Seymour?

JENKINS

I'll get her the champagne.

GRACE

No, let me. Why don't you take Seymour to the bathroom instead, Harvey.

MURIEL

That's a fun idea. Can I come?

GRACE

They have to talk.

MURIEL

Oh, okay. See you later, okay
Seymour.

Flint holds on the rear view of Muriel in her low-backed dress as Grace leads her toward the kitchen. Flint looks up just in time to catch Jenkins stealing a look at the same enticing view. While disturbing to Jenkins, the view has helped convince Flint that the pleasures of Muriel might be worth a few minutes of resigned waiting:

JENKINS

(embarrassed)

You wanna talk to me now?

FLINT

(shrugs)

Why not.

ANGLE ON GRACE AND MURIEL

Muriel holds up her glass as Grace opens the champagne bottle with a LOUD POP, quickly starts to fill the glass of the giggling Muriel, and then of those of the guests around her.

ANGLE ON FLINT AND JENKINS

As they step to bathroom door and find a crowd of about four guests headed by Emily Watkins, a woman of impressive size. When the bathroom door opens, Flint steps in front of Emily, gestures Jenkins inside.

EMILY

Wait a minute!

Flint turns, looks up at her.

FLINT

Sorry. Emergency.

EMILY

Oh. The guest of honor. Go right ahead.

FLINT

Thanks.

Another guest (MR. MORRISON) walks by with a tray containing filled glasses of champagne. Flint lifts one off the tray and enters:

INT. BATHROOM

As Flint enters behind Jenkins, throws latch on door and hands Jenkins the glass of champagne.

JENKINS

Oh, no thank you. You have it.

FLINT

Gives me heartburn. It's for you.

JENKINS

Oh, I don't think there's enough. I brought it for my friends.

FLINT

Drink it or I'll dump it.

JENKINS

Oh. Alright, thank you.

Jenkins sips the champagne as Flint watches him, waits:

JENKINS

Well, you better start asking questions before I get drunk. It doesn't take much for me.

FLINT

What am I supposed to ask?

JENKINS

Anything. I want to work with you so that it's done right.

FLINT

I work alone -- and it'll be done exactly like you wanted it done.

JENKINS

I just wanted to make it easier.

FLINT

I appreciate that -- but if it gets too easy, I'm liable to get careless. You wouldn't want that, would you?

JENKINS

Oh no. You do it your way then. I have every confidence in you.

FLINT

(pause)

Look, I've never done this before, but how would you feel if I said you could still change your mind -- maybe I'll even give you your money back.

JENKINS

Oh I'd feel terrible. I couldn't possibly do that. After this party I could never face my friends again if I were alive.

FLINT

Why does a man like you -- with so many friends -- want to get himself killed?

JENKINS

Well, truth is, all my life I've really always been very shy around people -- guess I tried to make up for that by making as many friends as I could. Only I never thought that much of my own company to think other people'd want it, unless I could help them out by doing things for 'em.

(sips champagne)

... Well I'm not too strong anymore and I just about run out of money so pretty soon I won't be able to do much of anything to hold on to my friends... I did think maybe my family

JENKINS (CONT'D)
 would care -- remember what I did
 for them all their lives -- but
 all they wanted to do was send me
 out to a little furnished room
 where I could die in front of the
 television set... That's too slow
 Mr. Flint -- too painful and too
 lonely... So thanks again for
 helping me out.

FLINT
 (shrugs)
 It's your funeral.

JENKINS
 (brightens; smiles)
 At my age, what else can I look
 forward to?

Grace bangs on the bathroom door calling:

GRACE (V.O.)
 Everyone out or you'll miss the
 show. Muriel is going to do her
 tricks!

MURIEL'S V.O.
 (more distant)
 Hey, Seymour! Come on out!

Flint's face tightens in a "what now" expression as he
 quickly throws the latch open.

OUTSIDE BATHROOM

Emily Watkins waits frantically beside Grace as Flint emerges.
 Emily pushes past Jenkins into the bathroom as Grace takes
 Flint's arm and leads him toward Muriel:

GRACE
 Come on, Seymour. I told you
 this was going to be a fun night.
 She's going to do it on the kitchen
 table -- only she says you have to
 volunteer to do it with her.

ANOTHER ANGLE FULL ON SCENE

As Flint looks up to see Muriel assisted by several male guests, pull the kitchen table into the center of the room; turns to look across toward Seymour; then rushes toward him giggling with outstretched arms:

MURIEL

Come on, Seymour! I'm game if you are.

Grace steps aside cheerfully as Muriel clutches Seymour's arm. Seymour stands like a rock.

MURIEL

Well, come on.

FLINT

Don't feel up to it right now.

Muriel shrugs, quickly steps to Mr. Jenkins and takes his arm, hugging it to her breast.

MURIEL (CONT'D)

Then you do it, Mr. Jenkins. Come on, it'll be fun.

JENKINS

(blushing with embarrassment)
No thanks. I don't like to do tricks -- maybe someone else...

MURIEL

Hey, this is getting to be a drag.

GRACE

Never mind them, Muriel. Just do it by yourself.

MURIEL

Well it's not as much fun that way...

(to Flint and Jenkins)

Party poopers!...

(to Grace)

Okay, I'll try it if you want me to. I'll need music and somebody clear that table.

60.

GRACE
Attention everybody! Stand aside --
Muriel is going to do her tricks.
Attention.

ANGLE ON MURIEL

As she quickly flips through a stack of old phonograph records, pulls one. CAMERA PANS as Muriel steps to Grace; hands her the record.

MURIEL
Let's try this.

Muriel heads for table, exits shot. CAMERA HOLDS ON GRACE -- She steps to an old antique phonograph; checks record label before putting it on machine.

GRACE
Oh, lovely. One of my favorites...
(looks o.s. for Flint;
calling:)
Seymour, I think you'll like this --
Oh, could you please leave that
kitchen window closed. It's a
draft.

ANGLE ON SEYMOUR

He FREEZES with his hands on the window, then obediently shuts it.

ON MURIEL BY TABLE (WITH JENKINS AND OTHER GUESTS AROUND HER)

MURIEL
It's too bright in here. Let's
kill those lamps everyone --
turn 'em off... Gee, I wish I
had a spotlight.

JENKINS
I've got a heat lamp -- infra-
red.

MURIEL

Now that sounds sexy. Let's get it.

CAMERA MOVES with Jenkins as he quickly starts for lamp, THEN HOLDS on Grace and Dorothy Trugert as Dorothy stops Jenkins.

DOROTHY

Mr. Jenkins, do you think it's a good idea to encourage that young lady?

Jenkins is too excited by his mission to bother to reply, as he quickly continues on his way -- smiles hello as he moves past Flint (who wishes he was invisible); then collides with Emily Watkins; tries to squeeze past her into bathroom.

EMILY

Mr. Jenkins!

JENKINS

(apologizing excitedly)

Sorry, my heat lamp is in there.

Jenkins rushes into the bathroom. CAMERA HOLDS on Emily as she brushes herself off with an annoyed expression; then looks O.S., brightens, then crosses to the man she has spotted: Flint.

EMILY

Guest of Honor, excuse me --

(She looks around furtively;
lowers voice)

Do you have a business card?

FLINT

Bug off, Lady.

CAMERA HOLDS on Flint as he steps away from a shocked Emily, picks up a half-empty bottle of Champagne, fills a glass --

JENKIN'S VOICE

Careful, it'll give you heartburn.

Jenkins, lamp in hand, hurries past Flint and EXITS SHOT, as Flint answers:

FLINT

It's better than heart-ache.

Flint drinks down the champagne as he moves away, stopping near Grace. She is winding up the phonograph with enthusiasm as she notes Flint's presence.

GRACE

Having a good time, Seymour?

FLINT

Great.

GRACE

Well, there's more to come
Seymour -- it's just beginning.

Seymour refills his champagne glass in silence. ANGLE ON MURIEL by Table (with Jenkins and other guests) as she tells Jenkins where to place the heat lamp.

MURIEL

Right there, and point it at
the table.

Jenkins quickly starts to comply as Muriel steps over to the table, shakes it to test it's strength, shrugs, then calls out toward Grace.

MURIEL

Okay.

ANGLE ON GRACE AND FLINT

GRACE

(announcing)

Quiet everyone... Silence please.
Clear the floor. Muriel is ready
to begin.

ANOTHER ANGLE FULL ON SCENE

As the guests quiet down and take up viewing positions around the room, leaving the center area clear for Muriel.

MURIEL

Okay, all the lights off except that one and the lamp.

(to Grace)

I'll cue you for the music, okay?

Grace nods excitedly. The room is darkened, leaving Muriel and the table bathed in the red glow of the heat lamp.

MURIEL

Okay, okay. All I need now is two strong men -- you and you.

She points to the two elderly men nearest her (MORRISON and PINCUS). She gestures them to her, then steps to the table, sits down on the edge. Pincus hesitates.

MURIEL

Come on, Sir. Don't be shy.
All I want you to do is help
me get laid on the table...

Everyone freezes attentively -- the women gasp -- Jenkins holds his palpitating heart -- even Grace, poised over the phonograph, seems apprehensive -- Only Flint seems cheered (for the first time during the evening), his curiosity momentarily perked until... Muriel continues, explaining to her two frozen "volunteers";

MURIEL

(impatinetly)

Come on, I just wanna lay on
it -- it's too shaky -- you
hold this end of the table
and you hold that end.

Everyone seems to breathe a general sigh of relief, except Seymour, who seems disappointed. Morrison and Pincus now quickly move forward and hold the table. Muriel lies down on top of it, on her back; moves around to get comfortable, then raises her hand.

MURIEL

Music, please.

ANGLE ON GRACE AND FLINT

As Grace reacts instantly to her cue, lowers the needle to the record.

..FULL ON SCENE

Everyone waits expectantly -- their eyes toward:

MURIEL

Lying stretched out on the table with the red light. There's a long moment filled with the noise of the phonograph needle SCRATCHING... until it hits the music -- BLARING out a scratchy rendition of "I Wish I Could Shimmy Like My Sister Kate" -- the rhythm and tempo of which Muriel seems to totally ignore as she turns over and slowly rises to her feet on the table...

FULL ON SCENE

As Muriel begins with a pantomime that amusingly suggests her first meeting with a "John" and receipt of payment... then evolves into an uninhibited striptease and dance that suggests the prelude for one of her actual "tricks"... Her act holding the audience spellbound and flabbergasted.

VARIOUS SHOTS ON SCENE TO INCLUDE:

Some of the elderly women quickly leaving as soon as the strip begins --

Other guests covering their eyes and peeking out from between their fingers --

Still other guests, particularly the men, just standing agape --

Grace, delighted by the performance --

Flint, watching with chagrin verging on embarrassment, the glancing over to note:

Jenkin's awe-struck reaction to...

Muriel removing her bra (O.S.)

Muriel's tempo increases, evolving into a frenetic sensual dance which is about to depict the culmination of her evening with a "John" to her entranced remaining audience (mostly men), when....

Muriel giggles as the table SHAKES VIOLENTLY and begins to CRACK....

Then SCREAMS as:

Morrison, Pincus and Jenkins reach to help her...

She topples back onto their shoulders as the table cracks...

Other male guests try to come to their aid as they are unable to bear Muriel's weight. They all topple back...

Resulting in a harmless pile-up of bodies, in which Muriel ends up on the top of the pile of men, laughing hysterically.

ANGLE ON GRACE AND FLINT

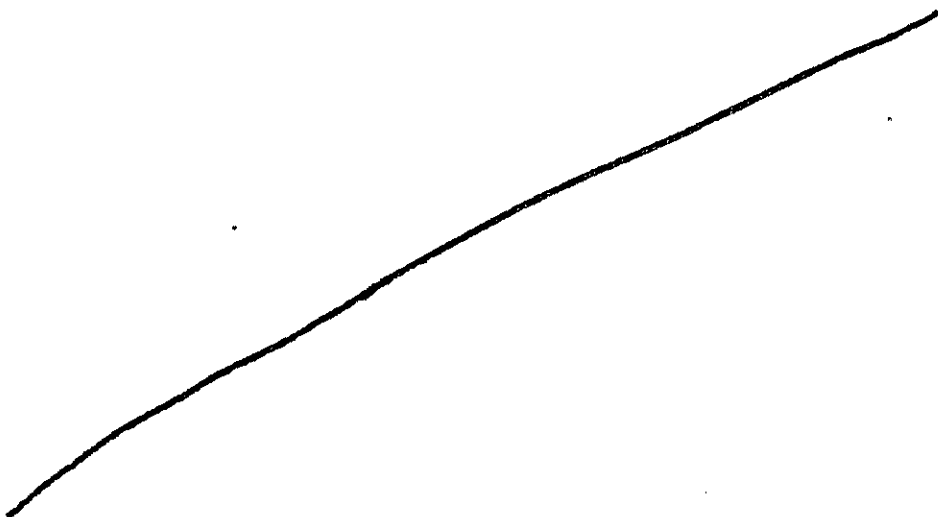
GRACE

(nudging Flint)

Take my advice, Seymour. Marry
her. You'll have a lot of fun.

Flint nods, smiling, as though he had just swallowed a lemon.

CUT TO:



INT. FLINT'S APARTMENT

DAY

ANGLE ON FLINT AND MURIEL IN BED as Muriel sits up suddenly:

MURIEL
(shocked surprise)
Marry me?!

FLINT
That's right. Why not?

MURIEL
(searching for an
answer)
Well, because... because why
would anyone want to?

FLINT
Because I like you. You're
a good bread.

MURIEL
That's no reason to get married.
And besides, I couldn't marry
you. I don't know anything
about you -- I don't even know
what you do for a living...

FLINT
What difference does that make?

MURIEL
A lot! There are some kinds of
people I could never marry --
Like Trombone players, or hair-
dressers -- or vice cops.

FLINT
Suppose I told you I was a
professional killer?

MURIEL
Well,.. then I'd have to think
about it.

INT. SUPERMARKET

DAY

ANGLE ON GRACE AND JENKINS

As Jenkins is wheeling Grace's cart through the aisle while she does her shopping.

GRACE

... I don't know what to tell you, Harvey, except to be patient.

JENKINS

But it's Thursday and Flint didn't call or come over on Tuesday like he said he would.

GRACE

Maybe he decided to devise his own plan. He still has until tomorrow. Don't worry, Harvey. I have every confidence he's going to come through with something wonderful for you, and that you won't be with us tomorrow.

JENKINS

(grumbling)

I hope so. My arthritis is acting up, my feet hurt and I'm tired of pushing other people's carts around.

GRACE

Oh, you poor man. Here, let me push my own cart.

JENKINS

I'll do it. After all, what are friends for...

INT. JENKIN'S APARTMENT JENKINS NIGHT

He sits alone in front of the television set. The phone rings. He answers it.

JENKINS

Oh, hello Grace... Yes, I'm still fine and I haven't heard a word. I'm getting worried... You call him and remind him. Tomorrow's the day my rent's due and he and I have a contract together... Thank you. Bye.

Jenkins hangs up; returns his attention to the TV when the doorbell RINGS. He rises; takes a moment to prepare to meet his maker; starts for the door; comes back to pick up a jar containing his false teeth from a nearby dresser; inserts his teeth; the doorbell RINGS again and he moves toward it, calling out anxiously:

JENKINS

Just a minute, Mr. Flint!

He starts to unlock the door almost breathless with excitement:

JENKINS

Now just remember -- nothing
painful!

Jenkins opens the door.

ANGLE ON MURIEL IN HALLWAY

MURIEL

(smiling innocently)
Hi. Seymour Flint sent me.

Mr. Jenkins looks at her; smiles weakly, then collapses at her feet.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE JENKIN'S HOUSE WHERE FLINT IS WAITING IN CAR NIC

Muriel comes out of the house and gets into the car. She is crying hysterically.

MURIEL

Drive. Please drive!

He does

INSIDE CAR AS FLINT DRIVES

FLINT

What happened? Did you give Jenkins his money back?

MURIEL

I never had a chance to. He just looked at me and keeled over dead.

FLINT

Are you sure he was dead? ... Maybe we should call an ambulance.

MURIEL

I'm sure, I'm sure... His eyes were opened and he had a funny smile on his face.

Flint pulls the car over to a PHONE BOOTH and goes inside

ANGLE ON FLINT IN PHONEBOOTH

FLINT

...Call an ambulance and get over to Jenkin's place. I think the old man might be dead.

GRACE (V.O.)

Bless you.
(she hangs up)

Flint pauses nonplussed for a moment before putting the phone back on the receiver.

CUT TO:

INT. FUNERAL HOME

DAY

Grace leads HOMER MORRISON, EMILY WATKINS, SAM PINCUS, SARAH HODGKINS, and DOROTHY TRUGERT (from Jenkins's party) into the Funeral Home. She confers quietly with the FUNERAL DIRECTOR who has an ASSISTANT lead them to the parlor where Jenkin's body lies in state in an open coffin. In the far corner of the parlor are seated TWO MIDDLE-AGED COUPLES in debate:

COUPLE ONE - MAN

United has the best Lobster Thermidor...

COUPLE TWO - WOMAN

But Continental has the best champagne...

ASSISTANT

(to Grace; quietly)

Those are Mr. Jenkins relatives,...
in case you would like to pay your
respects.

The Assistant EXITS and Grace and the group walk down to Jenkin's coffin and stand around looking at him:

GRACE

(to Group)

Now, doesn't he look wonderful...
Notice the smile -- it's his own,
they didn't put that on him --
He obviously went without any pain
and there are absolutely no signs
of violence...

Grace's group nod their approval of the evidence before them, while Jenkin's relatives argue heatedly in B.G.

COUPLE ONE

TWA!

COUPLE TWO

Pan Am!...

INT. FLINT'S APARTMENT

DAY

As Grace is reluctantly admitted by Flint.

GRACE

... That's what I call a professional
job.

FLINT

Jenkin's died of a heart attack.

GRACE

How absolutely clever of you!

GRACE (CONT'D)
Now, I would like to discuss the continuation of our business agreement.

FLINT
(chewing some Rollaids)
Look, Mam. Why don't you just take the thousand dollars -- go on a little vacation and reconsider your plans for dying?

GRACE
I don't have time for a vacation -- And at the moment I don't want to die -- thanks to you.

FLINT
Me?

GRACE
Yeah. You! It's because of you I have a new reason for living -- Helping others to find the same peace and happiness that you so beautifully brought to Jenkins.

FLINT
Yeah. - - -

GRACE
Yeah. I can guarantee a volume business if you would agree to a special group rate... I already have five people lined up -- I think that five-hundred dollars a person would be reasonable -- That's all a doctor charges for an abortion -- And you never even went to College... Mr. Flint, I think your nose is bleeding.

FLINT
(dabbing his nose)
What five people?

GRACE
They were guests at Jenkin's party... I took them to see Harvey's body today, and they're all very impressed with your work...

FLINT

(grinding his teeth)

You mean you told them that I
killed Jenkins?

GRACE

I told them that you could give
them the same relief from their
misery.

FLINT

No, I can't! Muriel and me,
we're getting married -- I'm
retiring. This business is
getting too risky.

GRACE

Seymour, you can't retire --
not when people need you so much.

FLINT

(hard)

Look, Lady, I know what I am --
a killer and a bum.

GRACE

That's not what you are, Seymour --
that's what you were. Don't you
realize how badly needed your
talent is -- and what a force for
good it offers the world.

FLINT

(hard)

I just want to get out of this
lousy business, so don't kid me,
Mrs. Quigley.

GRACE

Seymour, anything that does good
in the world is not lousy. Only
evil is lousy. And evil may have
been what you were, but not what
you're going to be. Seymour,
come with me.

Seymour looks at her.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL UNIFORM SUPPLY COMPANY

DAY

As Grace and Flint come out of store with sign reading: Doctors and Nurses Uniforms for Rent or Sale. Seymour is dressed in a white doctor's coat and Grace is in nurse's uniform. Seymour is carrying a package with their street clothes under his arm.

FLINT

What are we doing dressed like this?
I feel like a phony.

GRACE

It will make it easier for us to get around. Besides, it's really the way you should think of yourself in your new profession -- you won't be a killer anymore, Seymour, you'll be more like a doctor.

As they reach parked Cadillac:

FLINT

I never even finished high school.

CUT TO:

INT. LOW INCOME PRIVATE CONVALESCENT HOME

As Flint and Grace in uniform walk up the steps of the drab clap-board house and into a dormitory type room containing about twelve beds, on one of which sits Dorothy Trugert, knitting a sweater -- As they approach Grace tells Flint:

GRACE

This is an average private nursing home -- the kind where most elderly people who have a little money and don't want to go State Institutions come to. You can see that there's no privacy. The surroundings aren't too pleasant, but they do have a bed, they can come and go as they please, and a registered nurse is around from nine to five, five days a week. Dorothy pays almost two-hundred dollars a month for these services and the State adds a small subsidy. For that subsidy the Nursing Home has to maintain certain standards --

GRACE (CONT'D)

you're seeing them. One of the standards used to be that a Doctor was required to examine the patient at least once a month. They've dropped that. Over one million Americans are now in homes like this.

FLINT

I've lived in worse places.

GRACE

For five years, Mr. Flint?

FLINT

(looks around)

No. That would be hard to take.

GRACE

Well, I'd like you to meet Dorothy. She's been here for eight.

CUT TO:

UPPER INCOME RETIREMENT HOME FOR ELDERLY- SIDEWALK CAFE DAY

Mr. Pincus sits with Grace and Flint amid the park-like setting.

MR. PINCUS

Me, I've been lucky. I made a few dollars in my day and this place is nice, but now I got a little sickness -- it's getting bigger. Soon, I'll have to leave here, start with hospitals...

(shrugs)

... To me, it's not worth it.

CUT TO:

INT. WADSWORTH VA HOSPITAL (OR SIMILAR FACILITY)

DAY

Grace and Flint walk through one of the hospitals described by Doctors for a Senate Sub-Committee as "Medieval" and "Filthy". There are a hundred beds packed into an area that should contain thirty-five. Open trash cans with filthy sheets are in a corner of the ward unseparated from the beds of patients. One nurse may handle as many as eighty patients, many of whom are amputees or paraplegics, helpless to assist themselves. Grace pauses, to pick up a blanket that had fallen off the bed of one helpless patient, covers him, and they continue on through the maze of beds, while:

GRACE

This is part of the largest hospital system in the world. The Veterans Administration. Old and young here. Some of the old have spent as much as fifty years in this hospital or ones like it. Were you in the Service, Mr. Flint?

FLINT

—Yeah.

GRACE

Well then you're entitled to the benefits of a place like this if you ever get old or sick or helpless for any reason...

She pauses by the bed of an old man. On the wall above his name plate and bed number is a hand lettered sign reading, "Leaky Roof! Move bed when it Rains! Thank you."

GRACE

Hell Mr. Henry. How are you?

He sits up feebly in bed.

MR. HENRY

Not bad, Mrs. Quigley.

(Lowers voice)

If I'm not dead I might be well enough to sign up next week.

GRACE

Well, don't push yourself. I'd like you to meet my associate, Mr. --

FLINT
(interrupting quickly)
Nice meeting you, Mr. Henry.

MR. HENRY
Powerful pleasure here, Mr. Flint.
(Flint grimaces at his
name being known)
... Heard all about your good work.
Jenkins was a friend. Come regular
to complain. Glad he's happy.

The old man extends a shaking hand. Flint shakes it and nods politely as Grace watches him proudly...

INT. STATE SANATARIUM AND CONVALESCENT HOME

DAY

The place is larger, older, and dirtier than the VA Hospital. Emily Watkins is seated on the edge of her bed talking to Grace and Flint in a low urgent whisper, while nearby in the aisle and OLD MAN, obviously suffering from senile psychosis, plays hop-scotch and chants Nursery Rhymes; while another old woman rushes back and forth down the aisle making noises like an airplane.

EMILY
You get on a waiting list --
your relatives can put you
on -- and when someone dies
they let you in when your
name comes up -- I waited
eight months because I couldn't
afford a private home anymore.
I never knew it was going to
be like this. They said it was
a Sanatarium -- not an Asylum.

Grace looks around at an old woman lying motionless in the next bed as Flint says:

FLINT
Can't you leave if you want to,
Mam?

EMILY
Where would I go? My daughter
threw me out. I...

GRACE
(whispering)
Excuse me, Emily, but is she
alive?

Grace gestures to the woman lying motionless in the next bed,
her glasses crusted thick. Emily replies without much emotion.

EMILY
Well, she was completely paralyzed --
She may be dead though -- the nurse
will check tomorrow at nine.

Grace removes the glasses from the motionless woman. Her eyes
blink open with a frightened look. Grace takes out a handkerchief,
cleans the woman's glasses, puts them back on her face. The
woman's eyes say thank you, almost managing a smile.

GRACE
You're quite welcome.

OLD MAN'S VOICE
Doctor... Doctor.

Flint turns at Grace's gesture. The old man has raised his head
from a nearby bed and is calling weakly to Flint.

OLD MAN
Can you give me something for
pain, Doctor?

Flint sees the pleading look in the old man's eyes.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)
Please. Something. It doesn't
stop.

Flint seems moved, steps to the old man's bed.

FLINT
Sorry, Pop. I ain't authorized.
Where's your own doctor?

OLD MAN
(smiles through pain)
My own doctor? I don't have my
own doctor.

FLINT
Well you want me to get someone...

Flint looks around, spots a NURSE crossing past the open corridor,

FLINT

(calls to her)

Hey you, Lady. Yeah, you. Are you a real nurse?

NURSE

Yes, but I'm on my lunch break.

FLINT

Come in here and help this guy. He's in pain.

NURSE

Sir, you didn't understand. I said...

FLINT

I said get your ass in here, Lady and help this old man.

The nurse looks at him. Flint glares back at her. She crosses quickly to the old man's bed with a look of annoyance, checks the old man, looks up at Flint.

NURSE

There's nothing I can do.

FLINT

He says he's in pain. Give him something.

NURSE

He's not in pain now, Sir. He's dead.

The nurse EXITS. Flint looks at Grace.

CUT TO:

EXT. STATE SANITARIUM

DAY

As they exit,. Seymour seems deeply affected.

SEYMOUR

... You know, I've never known any old people before.

GRACE

Neither did I -- until one day I looked around and discovered I was one of them.

FLINT

I guess I can do a lot of people some good, can't I?

GRACE

I told you Seymour, think of yourself like a doctor. A doctor saves the lives of those who want to live. You take the lives of those who want to die... Listen to me, Seymour. Those five people who need your services are all lovely people. They need your help and your talent to put them out of their misery -- Seymour, listen to me. I was a good mother. I never told any of my children to do anything wrong, and I wouldn't tell you. So be a good boy, Seymour -- Kill them!

They have reached the parked Cadillac. Seymour looks at her. He opens the door for her. She enters the car. He walks around...

INT. PARKED CADILLAC

As Seymour gets into drivers seat next to Grace; looks at her.

SEYMOUR
(pondering)
Five people. That's a heavy scene.

GRACE
You can do it, Seymour.

SEYMOUR
I'll need your help, Mrs.
Quigley.

GRACE
I'm always willing to help
for a good cause -- but please
don't call me Mrs. Quigley
anymore.

FLINT
What should I call you?

GRACE
... Well, I don't think Grace sounds
right when you say it... Would you
mind calling me Mom? It's been
so long since anyone called me that.

FLINT
Okay., ... Mom.

ANGLE ON GRACE as she beams happily.

INT: HOME OF INTENDED VICTIM- MR. MORRISON

DAY

Grace and Flint are seated in the living room,
talking to Mr. Morrison.

MORRISON
(nervous; but willing)
Are you going to do anything
now?

GRACE
No. He just came to look
at your garage.

ANGLE ON GRACE AND FLINT

As they walk through Morrison's comfortable middle-class home

FLINT

He's got a nice house -- He looks healthy. Why does he want to go?

GRACE

Poor man, he's been so despondent since the death of his wife six months ago... and he's looking forward to joining her...

INT. MORRISON'S GARAGE

DAY

Inside are parked TWO VINTAGE CARS

FLINT

(to Morrison)

Do they run?

MORRISON

Yes, perfectly.

FLINT

Okay. Get one of them out so we can have room for a meeting tonight. Better set up some chairs.

MORRISON

How many?

GRACE

Just five.

EXT. MORRISON'S HOUSE

NIGHT

SARAH HODGKINS, one of the intended victims rings the doorbell of the Morrison house. Grace answers.

GRACE

Please come in. We've all been waiting for you.

SARAH

I'm sorry I'm late. I almost couldn't make it.

GRACE

That would have been a pity.

INT. MORRISON'S GARAGE

NIGHT

ANGLE ON SCENE

Homer Morrison, Sam Pincus, Emily Watkins, Dorothy Trugert are seated as Grace enters with Sarah; gestures to table near empty chair.

GRACE

Would you like some coffee or
cheese or an apple?

We note that the second car has been removed from the garage to make room for the meeting and the garage door is closed. As Sarah helps herself to some cheese, which is set on a table with the other food, Grace addresses the group:

GRACE

Now I want to assure all of you
that none of you have to worry
or be afraid. Mr. Flint will
not be here tonight, however he
wanted me to say, and I agree,
that if any of you want to change
your mind, now is the time to do
it and your money will be refunded.

After a pause, Emily Watkins stands.

- EMILY

I just got a call from my daughter
the other day and she's coming to
see me sometime next week - so I
guess I'd better pass for now...
I haven't seen her for almost a
year - even though she only lives
a hundred miles away.

GRACE

Fine. But I want you to realize
that Mr. Flint's normal fee is
usually more than double what
you would be paying now - and the
group rate may not be available at
a later date.

EMILY

I'll just have to take my chances.

(to group)

I'm sorry I can't stay with you - but I'm sure you can understand. I really would like to see my daughter again.

GRACE

I'm sure that the group all understands, Emily. But you must swear never to tell anyone... It could only cause embarrassment to the memory of everyone here - as well as to myself and Flint.

EMILY

Oh, I would never think of telling anyone. It's such a wonderful service... I want to thank you for the opportunity to participate.

She EXITS.

GRACE

(turning to four remaining people)

And now I am going into the house to call Mr. Flint and check for further instructions. Mr. Morrison, while I'm gone will you do us all the honor of leading the group in the singing of some songs. I hope all of you will join in and think about the happy times until I return. Remember, no one is going to hurt you... Whatever songs you like, Mr. Morrison... but I remember at the Senior Citizens Club your rendition of "Irish Eyes are Smiling" was particularly enjoyable...

Mr. Morrison starts to lead the group in SINGING "IRISH EYES ARE SMILING".:

GRACE

That's right. Lovely. Sing. Keep Singing until I get back.

She turns and Exits into the house

EXT. MORRISON HOUSE

NIGHT

Grace comes out of the house and crosses quickly to where Flint's car is parked in front of the closed door of the garage. She gets in beside Flint:

GRACE

They're ready, Seymour.

ANGLE ON SEYMOUR AND GRACE IN CAR

He reaches over and turns on the ignition of the car

GRACE

What now?

FLINT

We wait...

GRACE

That's all?

FLINT

That's all.

CAMERA PANS AWAY from Grace and Seymour inside the car to reveal the back of Seymour's car and we see a vacuum hose has been attached to the exhaust pipe. CAMERA MOVING to reveal that the other end of the hose has been inserted under the garage door.

INT. GARAGE

NIGHT

The open end of the hose emits the noxious fumes as Mr. Morrison leads the three others in a nostalgic, stirring rendition of "Irish Eyes are Smiling."

INT. COURT HOUSE IN LAS VEGAS

DAY

A JUSTICE OF THE PEACE pronounces Muriel and Flint man and wife as Grace watches happily smiling, tears in her eyes...

EXT. VEGAS AIRPORT

DAY

ANGLE ON GRACE, FLINT AND MURIEL

As they see Grace off on the plane.

MURIEL

...But can't you just stay
a few days and enjoy Las
Vegas instead of flying
back on the next plane.

GRACE

I appreciate the offer -
but I don't like to leave Oscar
with strangers for too long,
and besides I have a lot of work to
do.

She hugs Muriel and Flint.

GRACE

(to Muriel)

Enjoy every moment with your
husband... When he gets back
next week he's going to be a
very busy man...

MURIEL

Busy doing what?

GRACE

Busy making people happy.

MURIEL

Oh, that's what I used to
do.

GRACE

That's why you're both such
a wonderful couple.
(she waves farewell)

INT. NURSING HOME FOR THE ELDERLY

DAY

A fat, sullen RECEPTIONIST sits behind the desk reading a newspaper with the headlines: "FOUR FOUND DEAD OF ASPHYXIATION IN GARAGE" as

ANGLE ON GRACE

As she comes up to the Reception desk

GRACE

Can I put something on the
bulletin board?

RECEPTIONIST

(cigarette dangling from
her mouth)

Go ahead. Who cares.

Grace walks over to the bulletin board, posts her typewritten notice and exits as CAMERA MOVES IN on notice which reads:

"TIRED OF IT ALL? AFRAID TO DO
SOMETHING ABOUT IT? YOU NEED
PROFESSIONAL HELP. REASONABLE
RATES. RESULTS GUARANTEED.
CONTACT GRACE QUIGLEY -770-6000--
THE ULTIMATE SOLUTION."...

INT. GRACE'S APARTMENT

DAY

Grace's kitchen table serves as a desk and the furniture has been rearranged to give her apartment the appearance of an office as Grace sits behind a table, taking notes as she interviews a prospective "Customer", MARJORIE HAWKINS who sits opposite her at the table;

GRACE

Your name and age?

MARJORIE

Seventy-six.

GRACE

Any living relatives?

MARJORIE

No...

GRACE

What is the state of your health?

MARJORIE

Terrible.

GRACE

Do you have anything or anyone that makes life worth living?

MARJORIE

No.

GRACE

Have you ever considered suicide?

MARJORIE

I've considered it, yes.

GRACE

Have you actually tried it?

MARJORIE

No.

GRACE

Why not?

MARJORIE

It's against my religion.

GRACE

I see. Well, I'm afraid we can't help you, but I recommend you try the Senior Citizens Group at the Y. They have a wonderful shuffle-board team. Perhaps you could get on.

Grace leads Marjorie to the door and calls out to hallway:

GRACE

Next!

EXT. HALLWAY

Several people crowd the hallway and we see that the hallway has actually become a waiting room for Grace's enterprise.

Emily Watkins (the woman who had previously changed her mind) pushes past others in hallway, pleading:

EMILY

Grace, you must see me next.

Others in Hallway AD-LIB discontent as:

GRACE

Alright, Emily. Come in.

(to others)

Patience, patience.

INT. GRACE'S APARTMENT

As Grace enters with Emily and sits down.

GRACE

Busy, busy, busy.

EMILY

(tearfully)

All my daughter wanted was to borrow money. After all this time, that's all she came to visit me for. Grace, I want to sign up again--and this time I mean it!

GRACE

Well, Emily, I have to tell you that because of the risks involved it's been decided that the original five-hundred dollars is not adequate compensation... Fees now start at one-thousand, but because of our friendship, you can pay seven-hundred and fifty.

EMILY

Alright, Grace. I'll pay. But how long will I have to wait for treatment?

GRACE

There are eight customers waiting. My associate is on his honeymoon. I couldn't possibly give you a date until he returns. You'll just have to be patient... In the meantime, you might find

GRACE (CONTD)

comfort in attending the funeral of our four friends from the Morrison house. They're all being buried in the same cemetery this Saturday.

EMILY

I'd better not. I'm afraid I'd feel jealous.

GRACE

Suit yourself. I know someone else's funeral is not the same as your own, but you're going to miss a gala affair.

EMILY

I'll think about it.

Emily EXITS as the telephone RINGS; Grace picks it up.

INT. TELEPHONE BOOTH AT AIRLINE TERMINAL

DAY

Muriel is seen by baggage in background as Seymour talks into phone:

FLINT

Hello, Mom. Just landed in town... Decided to cut my honeymoon short. No, Muriel doesn't mind.

(pats her on fanny)

She understands people need me. Look, Mom can you take a cab and meet me at my place?...

BACK TO GRACE IN APARTMENT

GRACE

Wonderful! I'll be right over. I have a lot to tell you...

She hangs up phone, quickly snatch up purse, and a stack of mimeographed sheets...

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE GRACE'S APARTMENT

As Grace exits her apartment; starts handing out the mimeographed sheets as she moves past people waiting in the hallway, saying:

GRACE

Sorry, everyone. That's it for today. But I would like you all to have the directions to our presentation this week of four satisfied customers. You can bring friends if you like. Don't miss it!...

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE GRACE'S APARTMENT

DAY

She signals a cab, waits impatiently as it pulls up, quickly get in.

INT. CAB

GRACE

Bongo Village Apartments --
and hurry please Driver.

-CABBIE

Sure. You know the way?

GRACE

No -- except it's near the Marina --
don't you?

CABBIE

(lowers flag)

Oh sure. I even know a short cut.

INT. CAB PAST CABBIE TO GRACE

LATER

The Cabbie drives calmly through traffic as Grace looks around impatiently, glances at her watch.

GRACE

Cabbie, are you certain you know
the way?

CABBIE

You say I'm giving you the run-
around, Lady?

Grace glances up toward:

CAB DRIVER'S MEDALLION AND I.D. PHOTO

Under the picture of the Cabbie is his name: MAX PUTNAM

ANOTHER ANGLE ON GRACE AND CABBIE

GRACE

Well, I don't know what you call it. Mr. Putnam -- but your short cut has already taken fifteen minutes longer than a bus.

CABBIE

Yeah, well, the traffic's bad. We'll get there.

EXT. BONGO VILLAGE APARTMENTS

DAY

As Cab pulls up and Grace quickly gets out, opening her purse.

CABBIE

Told you we'd get here, lady -- that's eight-forty.

GRACE

Oh dear! I only have two-dollars with me -- Just wait here, please. I'll be right down with the money.

Grace turns to start away. The Cabbie gets quickly out of his car and confronts her belligerently.

CABBIE

Hey wait a minute, Lady. I heard that one before. I ain't gettin' stuck with no eight-forty tab. You wanna' go get the money without me then leave someting for deposit 'til you get back.

GRACE

(with annoyance)
Here's my watch.

CABBIE
 (stopping her)
 Wait...
 (examines watch;
 hands it back)
 Junk. Worth two dollars. I
 been took that way too.

GRACE
 (impatinetly)
 Well then come with me to get
 the money.

CABBIE
 Never mind -- just give me your
 shoe.

GRACE
 My shoe?!

CABBIE
 I figure that's something you'll
 come back for.

Grace, too angry and impatient to argue, quickly removes her shoe,
 hands it to the Cabbie and starts away, hobbling on one shoe, as
 the Cabbie calls after her:

CABBIE
 And I keep the meter running,
 Lady -- so don't take too long!

But Grace is already moving as fast as one could expect of someone
 her age, hobbling on one shoe...

INT. FLINT'S APARTMENT

DAY

As Muriel opens the door to Grace's persistent RING and Grace
 hobbles inside, happy to see Muriel, impatient to see Flint,
 and furious at the indignity imposed by the Cabbie. She stands
 on one shoe to quickly embrace Muriel.

GRACE
 Muriel, you look wonderful --
 Where's Seymour?

MURIEL
 He'll be right out. He's in the
 shower.

GRACE

Oh.

MURIEL

Gee, Mom, you look shorter than I remember you.

GRACE

(impatiently)

Muriel, can you lend me ten-dollars? I didn't have enough to pay my cab -- He's waiting with the meter running.

MURIEL

(taking purse)

Oh, sure. Here -- Don't worry, Seymour will pay me back.

GRACE

Thanks.

Grace EXITS quickly, hobbling...

EXT. STREET WITH WAITING CAB

DAY

As Grace hobbles up to it, pokes the ten-dollar bill in front of the cat-napping Cabbie.

GRACE

Change, please.

CABBIE

It's nine-eighty on the meter.

GRACE

Change, please!

The Cabbie sullenly place two dimes in Grace's outstretched hand.

CABBIE

I'm sorry I took your shoe, Lady...

(turns motor on)

... What I should of took was your foot.

He quickly drives off, ignoring Grace's call.

GRACE

Hey, my shoe!

Grace steps to hold on to a nearby trash can for balance as she bends to remove her remaining shoe. She rises, tosses the shoe into the trash sadly.

CLOSER ON GRACE

She looks o.s. toward the departing cab and shakes her head solemnly at the state of humanity... Then brightens with expectation at the thought of Seymour and turns to start hastily toward his building in her stockinged feet...

INT. FLINT'S APARTMENT

DAY

As Flint, in unusually high spirits, affectionately embraces Grace (in her stocking feet) while Muriel watches, smiling.

FLINT

(to Muriel)

Hon, would you go into the bedroom for awhile so Mom and I can talk -- it's nothing you'd be interested in.

Muriel nods happily, exits into bedroom.

FLINT

Mom, I've never been so anxious to get back to work before.

GRACE

How's your health, -- feeling well?

FLINT

Just a little heartburn, but no headaches or nosebleeds anymore -- I know that's because of you, Mom -- Say, what happened to your shoes?

GRACE

Stolen. Broad daylight. My best pair too.

FLINT

Gee, that's terrible. So, okay, what do you have lined up for work?

GRACE

I have ten people awaiting treatment,
Seymour.

FLINT

Great! Who are they and what's
their problem?

GRACE

They all meet the necessary qualifications...
That is, except for one -- and I would like
you to throw him in as a favor to me.

FLINT

Who's that?

GRACE

A man named Max Putnam -- I'll get his
address -- He's a cab driver, and I think
it would be a better world with him dead.

FLINT

And what does Max Putnam think?

GRACE

I haven't asked him. He probably doesn't
agree.

FLINT

Well, what did he do?

GRACE

He took my shoe.

FLINT

(stunned)

You mean you want to kill somebody
because they took your shoe?

GRACE

Son, it was my good shoe. The high
heel with the silver buckle.

FLINT

(with shocked indignation)

Mom, You're asking me to commit murder.

GRACE

Son, I may ask you to kill, but I would
never ask you to murder -- call it
'pest control'.

Flint looks horrified.

CUT TO:

INT. DR. HERMAN'S OFFICE

DAY

Seymour lies on the couch holding a bloody handkerchief up to his nose as Dr. Herman says:

DR. HERMAN

...Don't be so disillusioned, Seymour. People are people and all are subject to corruption.

FLINT

(sitting up)

Not her. She's a good lady. Don't you call her corrupt. Only I can call her corrupt.

DR. HERMAN

Calm down, Seymour. You've obviously developed a mother fixation toward this woman -- that's why you're so upset...

FLINT

I never had a mother.

DR. HERMAN

Exactly. Grace has become the mother you never had. She's allowed you to continue in the profession of your choice by convincing you that your skills are now being employed for humane reasons... She's removed all sense of guilt connected with your job.

FLINT

I never felt guilt before I met her. It was a job of work -- the only thing I could do good.

DR. HERMAN

Come now, Seymour. You and I both know there's a certain amount of guilt involved in your profession. You may deny it... but it's my job to make you realize that you do have feelings of guilt -- and once you realize that you won't have to feel guilty any more.

FLINT

(pauses reflectively).
You know, Doc, I never knew it
before, but lately, since I
got involved with the old lady,
I think you're right. I was
feeling guilty about something
all these years.

DR. HERMAN

(triumphantly).
See, what did I tell you?!

The BUZZER SOUNDS and a RED LIGHT FLASHES on in the office

DR. HERMAN (CONTD)

Whoops, that's your hour, Seymour.
(he rises)

... but that's great progress.

(gestures toward side
exit door)

Don't worry, Seymour. We'll
work it out next session. Nothing
wrong with guilt once you admit
it.

FLINT

I don't like it, Doc -- Let's
work it out now.

DR. HERMAN

(firmly; takes his arm)
Next session. Think of the
patient outside. Would you like
to be kept waiting if you were
out there with a problem?

FLINT

(stands fast)

Doc, I'm in here with a problem.
I finally realize after all
these years I feel guilty about
something, but I still don't
know about what?!

DR. HERMAN

(leads him to side door)

It waited all these years, Seymour, it can wait another week. We're making great progress. I think you owe the old lady a giant debt of gratitude. It seems she has put you in touch with your conscience.

FLINT

But she's getting corrupted. I'm corrupting her. You said so yourself.

DR. HERMAN

(holds door open; nudges him out)

There's give and take in everything, Seymour. We'll work it all out next session.

Flint EXITS the side office door. Dr. Herman shuts door, pulls out his handkerchief and puts it to his nose; looks at blood on handkerchief; shakes his head with annoyance and holds handkerchief to nose as he returns to his desk; flips intercom:

DR. HERMAN

You can send in the next patient.

He turns in his chair, puts his head back and dabs nose with handkerchief. At SOUND of door opening, he quickly puts handkerchief away and turns to face next patient. It is Grace Quigley.

ANGLE ON GRACE

As she tells Dr. Herman

GRACE

...Seymour spoke so highly of you -- so I thought perhaps you could help me with my problem.

DR. HERMAN

I think highly of Seymour.
He's making great progress --
and always pays his bills
on time. He shows he has
a sense of responsibility.
Do you have a sense of
responsibility?

GRACE

I've always thought so.

DR. HERMAN

My fee is seventy-five dollars
an hour. Can you afford that?

GRACE

I'm on Medicare...

DR. HERMAN

That won't cover my visits.
Perhaps you should go to one
of the free clinics.

GRACE

Seymour said that you were the
best -- and I want the best.

DR. HERMAN

Mrs. Quigley, if you can't afford
seventy-five dollars an hour,
then you can't afford the best.

GRACE

I'll pay it. I'll write you
a check.

She takes out her checkbook and writes a check.

DR. HERMAN

Now then, what is your problem?

GRACE

Doctor Herman, I love Seymour like a son -- and yet in these last few days I've been having these terrible thoughts about turning him into the police.

DR. HERMAN

When did these thoughts first come to you?

GRACE

The other day after I asked him to do me a simple favor and he refused... I treat him like a son, but he doesn't listen to me like a mother.

DR. HERMAN

And so you want to punish him.

GRACE

Yes. He's a good boy but he needs someone to tell him what to do. If he doesn't listen he should be punished.

DR. HERMAN

Mrs. Quigley, wouldn't it be a shame if Seymour had to go to jail now... and discontinue his therapy, just when he's making such wonderful progress? Also, Mrs. Quigley, it would mean the end of your humanitarian enterprise; not to mention the possible embarrassment to myself should you do anything rash with the police.

GRACE

So far I've done nothing, except to write a letter. ...

DR. HERMAN

What kind of a letter, Mrs. Quigley?

GRACE

A letter explaining my dealings with Mr. Flint. In case anything should happen to me I've asked a friend to forward it to the District Attorney's office...

DR. HERMAN

Mrs. Quigley, you must consider the consequences of a letter like this. I strongly suggest that you get back the letter -- immediately.

GRACE

I think I have a better solution. You talk to Seymour and tell him how important it is for a son to listen to his mother... Specifically, I would like Mr. Putnam killed.

DR. HERMAN

I can't tell Seymour to kill anyone... That would make me a party to murder...

GRACE

Well, he won't listen to me, so I'm afraid you'll have to do it. Besides, haven't you already been a party to murder by not reporting Seymour's activities?

DR. HERMAN

(indignantly)

No. I've just been protecting the interests of my patient.

GRACE

But, Dr. Herman, that's all
I'm asking you to do -- not
to mention your interests...

DR. HERMAN

Do you realize you're trying
to blackmail Seymour and me,
Mrs. Quigley?

GRACE

(pondering the truth
of it)

Am I? Dear me, Dr. Herman,
do you think my association
with Seymour is making me
lose all sense of values?

DR. HERMAN

... I would consider that a
possibility, Mrs. Quigley.

CUT TO:

INT. SEYMOUR'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

NIGHT

Dr. Herman, his hat perched jauntily on his head, is
alone - with Seymour.

FLINT

She wouldn't do that to me,
Doc.

HERMAN.

Seymour, would I spend all day
trying to reach you; then give
up my plans for a beautiful
evening to come all the way
down to this cockamamy place
and tell you what she wouldn't
do? I'm telling you what she
told me -- she did it!

FLINT

I can't believe it!

HERMAN

That's a reality problem you have to cope with, Seymour. Now why do you leave your receiver off the hook so that I can't even reach you by phone?

FLINT

(still reacting to Herman's news)

I thought the old lady might call me. I just didn't feel like talking to her.

HERMAN

Well, I think you ought to talk to her now, Seymour -- and you better talk very convincingly -- because if the letter that your nice little old lady wrote ever gets to the District Attorney's office both of us will be very inconvenienced -- especially you.

FLINT

(shakes his head)

Doc, I think she was just kidding you. Mom -- Mrs. Quigley -- just wouldn't do that to me.

HERMAN

Well, why don't you call "Mom" and ask her -- and just because you never had a mom don't think they're all perfect -- you should have met mine.. Your mom is doing it because she thinks you're a lousy son -- my didn't need any excuses.

Seymour has crossed to the phone and begins dialing Grace's number when Dr. Herman turns at the sound of front door being unlocked. Seymour's attention stays riveted to the phone as Muriel enters with a package labeled Frederick's Of Hollywood.

MURIEL

Hi, Hon.
(to Herman)
Oh, hi.

DR. HERMAN
(enthusiastically)

Hi.

FLINT
(on phone)
Hello, Mrs. Quigley -- Mom?
Yeh, this is Seymour...

Muriel exits toward bedroom with her package, calling

MURIEL
Hon, I'm going in the bedroom --
give Mom my love.

Flint gestures away Muriel's interruption with sharp annoyance while Dr. Herman watches Muriel's exit with avid interest and paces nervously -- his mind now more tuned to the distraction of Muriel than to Flint's conversation:

FLINT
Yeah, Mom I know -- my phone was
out of order... Look, uh, Dr.
Herman stopped by and said some-
thing about a letter -- Oh, okay,
I'll hold on...
(To Herman)
She's got to take something off
the stove...

HERMAN
(gestures toward bedroom)
Hey, Seymour, who's the broad?

FLINT
(preoccupied)
Oh, that's just Muriel--
Hello, Mom...

DR. HERMAN
(gesturing toward bedroom)
Seymour, do you mind if I...

FLINT
(sharply)
Shut up, Doc -- Do what you
want!... Yeah, Mom -- I'm here.

Dr. Herman smiles and exits quickly toward the bedroom.
Flint, intent on his conversation reflects increasing
concern as he listens:

FLINT
... Yeah, Mom, that's the letter
I meant. I know you were kidding
Dr. Herman about that, weren't You?...

INT. GRACE'S APARTMENT

NIGHT

GRACE
(on phone)
No, I wasn't, Seymour, but I'm
much too tired to talk about it
tonight -- and tomorrow's the
funeral - I wouldn't miss that if
my life depended on it. Why don't
you call me in a few days with some
good news. Goodnight.

As She hangs up.

BACK TO FLINT

FLINT
(in disbelief)
Mom...
(in anger)
... Mrs. Quigley!

Flint stands in silence for a long pause before he hangs up
the phone, his expression deadly grim... Suddenly there is
a SCREAM from the bedroom. Seymour rushes toward it.

INT. BEDROOM

Muriel, stripped down to her panties and bra and clutching the new dress she was about to try on to her bosom, has backed herself against the wall while Dr. Herman stands fully dressed -- except for his hat -- on top of the bed -- frozen in confusion -- as Muriel SCREAMS, then looks toward Flint, who enters with grim concern -- his rising anger carried over from his conversation with Grace:

FLINT

What the hell's going on here?

Dr. Herman, relieved that Muriel has stopped screaming, steps off the bed expressing more annoyance than concern.

DR. HERMAN

Nothing, Seymour.

MURIEL

He tried to rape me!

Dr. Herman picks up his hat, brushes it off.

DR. HERMAN

Well, she just wouldn't cooperate.

(CONTINUED)

FLINT

Cooperate!...

Seymour steps over to Dr. Herman, slams him across the face with the back of his hand, knocking him back against the bed and onto the floor.

..

FLINT

What the hell do you mean, cooperate?

Dr. Herman rises to his knees stunned, wipes the blood off his mouth with the back of his hand, then looks down at it with astonishment.

DR. HERMAN

Seymour, blood. You used violence on me -- on me! -- The man that's helping you to become a more complete person.

Dr. Herman SCREAMS as he leaps to his feet and assumes a Karate stance.

DR. HERMAN

I'm going to have to punish you for that, Seymour.

Dr. Herman lets out another "Karate-style" SCREAM as he leaps into the air his feet and fists all pointed toward his opponent. Flint, rigid with anger, stands his ground and Dr. Herman bounces off Flint's chest as if he had struck a brick wall. Dr. Herman rises dazed from the floor, looks at Flint who stands motionless, glaring at him, reacting to the repressed fury in Seymour's look. Herman crawls to pick up his hat, rises as he brushes it off saying:

DR. HERMAN

Seymour, I'm not angry at you...
(shrugs)

You're insane. I make allowances for that... but I think we better cancel next week's appointment...

(puts hat on)

After that my fee will be a hundred dollars an hour -- and I'll expect a full apology.

FLINT

You won't see me again, Doc.

HERMAN

(a pause; shrugs)

Maybe we can make it eighty-five -- and we'll talk about the apology.

FLINT

I won't be needing you anymore, Doc.

Dr. Herman notes the look of repressed rage on Seymour's face; senses it is not meant solely for him.

HERMAN

Seymour, you're not going to do anything rash about the old lady, are you?

FLINT

Get out.

Dr. Herman steps back, responding to the understated menace of Flint's tone; then exits quickly with concern.

MURIEL

Seymour, who was that creep -- what did he mean about the old lady?

Seymour turns and looks at Muriel, says coldly,

FLINT

Come here.

She walks toward him hesitantly, still clutching the dress to her bosom. She stops a few feet in front of him, somewhat frightened.

MURIEL

Seymour, tell me, what did he mean by...

Seymour steps up to her, rips the dress from her hand. She stands silent, motionless; her fear turning to excitement as he tosses the dress aside and clutches her to him. She responds enthusiastically.

INT. FLINT'S APARTMENT BEDROOM DAWN

Muriel sleeps deeply with a contented smile as Flint puts on a leather motorcycle jacket, then crosses to a dresser near the bed. His actions are swift and deliberate, his look grimly determined. Seeming oblivious of Muriel and unconcerned with noise he pulls open a drawer, shuffles through some metal license plates.

ON MURIEL IN BED

She stirs, smiling in her sleep, reaches over to the pillow beside her.

ON FLINT

He takes out an Arizona motorcycle license plate and reaches back into the drawer and takes out the gun with the silencer. He puts the gun into his jacket and ZIPS it up LOUDLY.

ANGLE PAST MURIEL TO FLINT

As she raises her head, peers across the room with half-closed eyes as Flint crosses to exit.

MURIEL

(half-asleep)

Honey, where' you going?

FLINT

To a funeral.

He exits bedroom.

MURIEL

(barely awake)

Oh.

Too sleepy for concern, she closes her eyes and lets her head fall back on the pillow. The SOUND of the front door SLAMMING makes her open her eyes -- then sit up quickly in bed. She looks across the empty room toward the door, then toward the dresser drawer left open by Flint.

MURIEL

(wide awake; with concern)

Oh!

CUT TO:

INT. GRACE'S APARTMENT

MORNING

Grace stands in front of the mirror, fully dressed for the Funeral, except for her hat, which she now finishes putting on with rushed excitement, as:

OSCAR

Good morning! Good morning!
It's okay! Good morning!

GRACE

Yes, but what a day to over-sleep, Oscar... I'm afraid this whole thing with Seymour' is getting very trying...
There!... Okay, 'bye, Oscar.

She starts briskly toward the door when the phone rings. She returns, picks it up impatiently.

GRACE

Hello... Oh, Emily, good morning. Yes, it is today -- The Good Shepherd Mortuary -- I was just leaving... No, I'm afraid I can't tell you when your time will come at the moment... Emily, I'm late -- I really can't discuss it right now... Yes, Mr. Morrison did arrange for me to have my own limousine, but I already have five passengers... No, I can't disappoint any of them -- They're all sign-ups -- but perhaps we can squeeze you in with the driver... Well, then just come -- there'll be eight limousines -- I'm sure we'll find someplace... Yes, I'm sure it will cheer you up. 'Bye.

She hangs up, starts toward the door, when the phone rings again.

GRACE

Oh, dear!...

(picks up phone)

... Yes!... Oh, hello Muriel. How are you?... No, Seymour's not here -- Should he be?

INT. FLINT'S BEDROOM - MURIEL ON PHONE - MORNING

MURIEL

I don't know. I mean, he was acting funny and I'm worried about him. He said he was going to a funeral -- I thought it might be with you.

INT. GRACE'S APARTMENT

MORNING

GRACE

Well, Seymour does know that I'm going to a funeral -- maybe he just wants to surprise me. No, I'm not angry at him -- annoyed, perhaps. Anyway, Muriel, I must rush -- (a long pause; her frenetic pace stops, as she replies quietly:)... No, I don't know why Seymour would take a gun to a funeral -- but I wouldn't worry about it, Muriel. Seymour can take care of himself... Oh, yes, I'm fine -- Listen Muriel, I have a beautiful talented bird -- a Parakeet. Do you think you could take care of him if I had to go away on vacation or anything... You and Seymour, of course... Good. That's a great burden off my mind... Okay, bye.

She hangs up the phone

Oscar, do you think it's possible that Seymour would value that Cabby's life over mine? I wouldn't want to go on if that were the truth.

Grace looks back at Oscar; brightens her mood.

GRACE

Well, at least it's going to be an interesting day, Oscar. All sorts of possibilities!...

She turns and EXITS briskly, Oscar continues to flutter.

INT. MORTUARY CHAPEL

DAY

The small chapel is crowded with FRIENDS, RELATIVES and INTERESTED PARTIES (including the EIGHT SIGN-UPS for Ultimate Solution, invited by Grace). Emily Watkins seated up-front, is sobbing hysterically as a REVEREND, standing at the podium in front of the four caskets, concludes the memorial service while Grace, having arrived late, sits in a rear aisle, listening with silent tears of joy, as:

REVEREND

... Yet who are we to judge the action of these four dear friends? Who are we to say that this should be a time of sadness rather than joy? For I read to you now, at his written request, the words of our dearly-departed, Samuel Irving Pincus, through whose kindness all the expense of today's services have been paid...

(takes out note; reads)

... Dear Anybody Who Cares: Crying for me I don't need. My life mostly has been pretty good, but lately not so good. Life is too beautiful to walk around dying. And when dying is all you think about, then you're better off dead. So live and be happy everyone. Flowers too for me I don't need. Better you should send a check to the American Cancer Society. Thank you anybody Who Cares"...

(folds paper)

...Amen. And rest in peace Samuel Irving Pincus, Homer Morrison, Dorothy Trugert and Sarah Hodgkins... Thank you, ladies and gentlemen. The Limousines will be leaving for the Cemetary as soon as the caskets are loaded.

The Reverend gestures solemnly toward the Organist. Funeral Music begins. The Reverend starts to move slowly and solemnly away from the podium as the FUNERAL MANAGER rushes up the stairs, pushes past the Reverend, gestures impatiently toward the front rows.

FUNERAL MANAGER

The pall bearers. Where are the pall bearers? Come on, come on, let's move. We got a long drive!

The PALL BEARERS, seated among the first few aisles (with Emily Watkins, on the edge of one of them) quickly rise and move toward the platform in response. Emily Watkins stands quickly with them, her tear-stained handkerchief in hand, and turns to look back, her eyes searching the Chapel. She holds her position, forcing the rushed pall-bearers in her aisle to shove past her, as she calls frantically into the solemnly rising audience over the SOUND of the Funeral organ.

EMILY

Grace!... Grace, where are you!

ANGLE ON GRACE IN REAR OF CHAPEL

As she rises with solemn tears of joy, obviously deeply moved and pleased by the Memorial Service. She is too preoccupied -- or simply in no mood -- to respond to Emily's frantic call as Grace EXITS.

EMILY (V.O.)

Grace Quigley! Yoo Hoo, Grace!

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF MORTUARY CHAPEL

DAY

There are Four Hearses and Eight Chauffered Limousines with dark tinted windows lined up on the street as Grace emerges, heading the crowd that pours out of the chapel. In the street Grace steps aside, waiting for her co-passengers, as she watches the emerging crowd.

ANGLE FEATURING GRACE

GRACE

(waving)

Oh, Mr. Henry. Mrs. Doro.
Here I am.

WIDER ON SCENE

As the two step over to Grace.

GRACE

We'll be in the fourth limousine.
Have you seen the others?

Both seem too moved by the services to speak. Mr. Henry wipes his eyes while Mrs. Doro gestures into crowd behind her.

GRACE

Did you enjoy the services?

Mrs. Doro and Mr. Henry both nod enthusiastically through their tears. Grace smiles, pleased:

GRACE

Good! Good! Well I'll go ahead. You wait for the others. Remember, fourth car.

Grace turns and starts away. Emily Watkins pushes through crowd, handkerchief in hand, and rushes after Grace:

EMILY

Grace! YooHoo, Grace wait!...

ANGLE FEATURING GRACE AND EMILY

As Grace waits for Emily, then continues ahead as Emily walks tearfully alongside her, saying, :

EMILY

Grace, it was so beautiful.
I could hardly stand it.

Grace seems rather put off by Emily's semi-hysteria.

GRACE

Glad you enjoyed it.

EMILY

I hated it! Every minute of it! There they were, looking so peaceful, and happy... and here am I!-- And I could of been with them -- all expenses paid!

GRACE
Sorry about that.

Emily sobs into her handkerchief, then wipes her eyes as she walks beside Grace, saying:

EMILY
He's an artist. Your friend
is an artist. Do you know
that, Grace?

GRACE
Suppose you're right. Never
thought of it that way.

EMILY
Grace, when?... I have to know--
I can't wait -- when?

GRACE
Afraid I can't tell you that,
Emily.

They are near the limousine when Grace stops, as Emily steps in front of her and asks urgently:

EMILY
But why, Grace? Why can't
you tell me?!

Grace looks past Emily as she answers.

GRACE
I'm afraid the artist has
become temperamental.
The Ultimate Solution
may have to suspend operations.

EMILY
(thunderstruck)
For how long?

Grace stands preoccupied, slowly turns her head as she follows something O.S.

PAN SHOT ACROSS STREET (GRACE'S POV) FLINT ON BMW MOTORCYCLE

Flint's face is obscured by the dark visor as he drives slowly past the street with the parked Funeral Cortage facing the opposite direction, on the BMW with Arizona license plate. He turns north on the corner and EXITS view.

BACK TO GRACE AND EMILY

Because of the visor obscuring his face and the Arizona plates, Grace suspects, but is still uncertain that the passing rider has been Flint. She returns to Emily, as:

EMILY

Grace, how long?

GRACE

Indefinitely, I'm afraid. But don't worry, all deposits will be completely refunded when necessary.

EMILY

(almost beligerant)

I don't want my money -- I want what I paid for!

Grace turns at the SOUND of the motorcycle. Emily follows her look.

THEIR POV - PAST PARKED CORTEGE TO MOTORCYCLE

As the BMW returns, moves at a deliberate pace past the parked limousine, Flint turns, peers through the dark visor toward Grace O.S. and continues on.

FULL ON SCENE

Emily looks questioningly at Grace who watches as Flint's motorcycle picks up speed, rides past the limousines and hearses (now being loaded with the four caskets under the direction of the Funeral Manager) and pulls up in the first space in front of the courtage.

ANGLE ON GRACE AND EMILY (TO INCLUDE FIVE SIGN-UPS)

As they approach behind Grace -- just as Emily, who has been following Grace's attention to the motorcycle, turns to her with the realization.

EMILY
Grace, is that him?

GRACE
(resigned)
Yes, I think so.

EMILY
(tugging at Grace)
Then hurry. Let's go talk to him.

Grace looks O.S. with grim resignation as she answers:

GRACE
I don't think he's here to talk,
Emily. He's just here for me.

LONG SHOT TOWARD FLINT GRACE'S POV FLINT

His actions are very deliberate as he turns off the motorcycle, reaches up and lifts his visor, unzips jacket, starts grimly down the street past casket being loaded onto hearse-- toward Grace.

ANGLE ON GRACE, EMILY AND FIVE SIGN-UPS BY LIMOUSINE

Grace and Emily watch Seymour approach as Mr. Henry clutches Grace's arm asking:

MR. HENRY
Are we ready?

GRACE
(looking toward Flint)
I am, I suppose.

Emily turns to Grace with shocked realization.

EMILY
Grace, that's selfish!

GRACE
Sorry, not my decision.

EMILY
(turning away)
I'll talk to him.

GRACE
(grabs Emily's arm)
I wouldn't interrupt him if I
were you.

EMILY
(looks at Grace)
So what is he gonna do --
kill me?

Emily pulls away from Grace and rushes up the street toward
Flint.

ANGLE ON FOURTH HEARSE.

The casket is being moved beside it for loading as Flint
walks grimly past when Emily ENTERS SHOT and rushes up in
front of him.

EMILY
(urgent plea)
Mr. Killer. I have to talk
to you.

Flint tries to move past her but Emily holds her ground.

FLINT
Get out of my way, lady.

EMILY
Please, I'm first: I made a big
mistake with my daughter --
(gestures toward casket)
-- I should have been in there with
them -- all expenses paid, but
now I'm ready. I'm first.

She clutches Flint's jacket. He pulls away.

CLOSE SHOT PAVEMENT

As the gun with silencer falls from his jacket.

FULL ON SCENE

Emily sees the gun on the pavement as the men lifting the casket turn to look.

EMILY

Oh! Will that hurt much?

Flint quickly snatches up the gun. Emily closes her eyes tightly and presents herself for slaughter;

EMILY

It's okay -- I don't mind -- do it!

Flint looks at Emily standing in front of him with outstretched arms, then turns to see the men who are lifting the casket standing frozen with their burden as they watch. Flint quickly shoves the gun into his jacket, turns and heads for his motorcycle.

ANGLE FEATURING GRACE

The five sign-ups move calmly past her into limousine as she watches O.S. with concern:

ANGLE ON EMILY AND CASKET BEARERS

Emily stands braced for death, her eyes shut tightly as the Casket Bearers look at her -- not quite certain of what they have seen.

CASKET BEARER ONE

Hey lady, did that guy have a gun?

Emily opens her eyes, looks O.S.

ANGLE ON FLINT

As he gets quickly onto motorcycle.

ANGLE FEATURING EMILY

She looks toward the Casket Bearers with confusion and shocked disappointment.

EMILY

Where is he going...

She turns toward Flint O.S. and calls frantically:

EMILY (CONT'D)

... Yee Hoo, Mr. Killer.

She EXITS SHOT toward Flint.

WIDE ON SCENE

Flint in F.G. turns on ignition. of BMW and drives off, exiting shot -- as Emily rushes past the three hearses and stops in F.G. in front of the lead hearse, as she calls frantically toward Flint O.S.:

EMILY

Mr. Killer!... You can't
leave me like this -- I
paid my deposit!

She looks around urgently. The Funeral Manager stands in the street instructing the lead Hearse driver; their backs toward Emily. Without hesitation Emily rushes frantically to the door of the lead hearse, gets inside; ^{of} drives. The driver of the second hearse stands beside his car reading a newspaper when he sees the first hearse drive off. He gets quickly behind the wheel and drives off after it. The driver of the third hearse sits ready behind his wheel. He calmly turns on the ignition and drives off after the second hearse.

ANGLE ON FOURTH HEARSE

The driver is dozing behind the wheel, his cap over his eyes, as the casket is slid into position behind him. Suddenly the SOUND of the third hearse driving off in front of him makes him tip his cap back. He sits up quickly and calls behind him:

DRIVER FOUR

Hey they're moving. Let's go.

ANGLE ON REAR OF FOURTH HEARSE

The last casket bearer hops from the rear cabin and barely has time to shut the rear door when the hearse drives off.

CASKET BEARER

Hey! The door's not locked!

The Chauffeur of Limousine One honks his horn. The casket bearer shakes his head and steps out of the way. Limousine One takes off.

FULL HIGH ANGLE SHOT ON SCENE

The Funeral Manager is still standing by the building, in animated conversation with Hearse Driver One when the Casket Bearer rushes up to them and gestures toward the street to explain about the unlocked hearse door. The Funeral Manager looks around in confusion.

... As the limousines continue to pull out one after another -- some honking their horns impatiently, forcing friends and relatives still straggling out of the Chapel to rush frantically for the limousines -- some of which drive off half-empty.

ANGLE ON GRACE'S LIMOUSINE

Grace stands outside its open door as the Chauffeur rushes past her to the Driver's seat.

GRACE'S CHAUFFER

Get in, Lady. We got to move.

Grace glances around at the pandemonium of honking horns and relatives and friends rushing about in confusion trying to find their seats in the proper limousines -- some of which have taken off, leaving them to argue their way into other cars, etc.

GRACE

Oh dear. All this because Seymour wouldn't listen.

She gets into the limousine with the five sign-ups and pulls the door shut behind her. Grace's limousine drives off -- its dark windows obscuring all inside and making it look identical to all the other limousines...

EXT. MOVING SHOT FLINT ON MOTORCYCLE

His visor is down as he turns a corner at moderate speed and rides down a street free of traffic. The honking of a horn behind him makes him turn to look toward:

REAR VIEW MIRROR FLINT'S POV

As it speeds around the corner behind Flint.

FULL ON SCENE

As Flint picks up speed and shoots ahead PAST CAMERA; soon followed by Emily driving Hearse One. She EXITS FRAME and Hearse Two appears behind her, rounding the corner behind her, then picking up speed to catch up.

MOVING SHOT ON FLINT

As he speeds down street followed by Emily's Hearse, he lifts his visor, looks back. Emily's Hearse is gaining pursuit. He turns forward, lowers his visor, increases his speed, then slows for a turn.

EXT. SIDE STREET

DAY

As Flint's motorcycle turns the corner and cuts sharply, jumping the sidewalk, and disappearing into a narrow passage between two buildings. Emily's Hearse speeds around the corner, swerves wide into the side street and continues ahead soon followed by Hearse Two and Three.

ANGLE ON EMILY

As she screeches to a halt for a red light on the corner. The rest of the cortege screech to a stop -- while Emily -- oblivious to the near pile-up behind her frantically searches the intersection ahead for a sign of Flint's motorcycle.

INT. GRACE'S LIMOUSINE

Grace and the passengers lurch forward as it breaks to a stop, then settle back.

MRS. DORO

Goodness! They certainly seem to be in a rush to bury those poor souls.

HIGH ANGLE ON EMILY WITH ENTOURAGE STOPPED BEHIND HER

The driver from Hearse Two gets out of the car and approaches behind her while Emily searches the scene ahead for Flint.

DRIVER TWO

Hey, Fred. What the hell's going on...

He barely reaches the door and the light changes and Emily, oblivious to his call, shoots ahead and turns left at the intersection into a wide boulevard of heavy traffic. Driver Two rushes back, gets into his hearse and leads the procession after her.

INT. GRACE'S LIMOUSINE

As it jerks ahead, moving to keep up with the procession.

GRACE

You do have your license, don't you driver?

GRACE'S DRIVER

Sorry, Lady. Just trying to keep up.

As Grace rolls down the window of the limousine to see what is going on ahead...

EXT. STREET OUTLET TO PASSAGEWAY BETWEEN BUILDINGS

The last three limousines of the cortege move past the street as Seymour emerges from the passageway on his motorcycle. He raises his visor as he watches the tail end of the funeral procession turn and disappear around the corner.

CLOSE ON FLINT

His face grim as he looks around in all directions, then lowers his visor, rides his motorcycle cautiously across the sidewalk, past pedestrians; and off the curb into street.

ANGLE ON EMILY DRIVING HEARSE ONE

Approaching a corner, she slows down, looks around frantically for some sign of Flint as traffic moves past her -- then cuts ahead of car in her right lane and speeds up.

HIGH ANGLE ON SCENE

The long procession of black funeral cars -- which has managed to stick together behind Emily in the left lane of the four-lane boulevard street now begins to follow Emily who cuts into right lanes of normal traffic then back into left until the procession as seen from above resembles a long black snake wiggling through traffic.

ANGLE ON FLINT RIDING BMW

CAMERA PANNING with his movement as he turns corner into boulevard and moves to catch up with the tail end of the snake.

MOVING SHOT ON LIMOUSINE EIGHT

As Flint rides up alongside it, lifts his visor to peer through the dark windows, then lowers his visor and picks up speed to move ahead.

INT. GRACE'S LIMOUSINE FOUR

As the driver tries to follow limousine three which has managed to cut into the right lane that is prevented by the angry HORN of commuter car which refuses to be cut off again -- forcing Grace's driver back into left lane with an obscene gesture toward the commuter car as he yells:

GRACE'S DRIVER

Dumb bastard -- no respect for the dead!

INT. EMILY DRIVING HEARSE ONE

Now speeding ahead of traffic (followed by the three hearses) she continues her frantic search for Flint, looking around -- then ahead of her.

EMILY'S POV BOULEVARD INTERSECTION WITH TRAFFIC COP

The TRAFFIC COP, seeing the approaching Hearse and procession, WHISTLES the opposing traffic to a halt and gestures Emily's vehicle to continue ahead.

ANGLE ON EMILY

She slows down as she moves ahead; looking around with frustration and confusion -- then decides to change direction...

EXT. FULL SHOT ON SCENE

As Emily's Hearse One cuts sharply in front of the startled traffic cop and curves into a wide U-Turn that send the opposing lane of traffic (which has just started to move out) to a screeching halt...

Hearse Two speeding to follow Hearse One, but unable to turn as sharply, must swerve around the back of the Traffic Cop before following after Emily...

Hearse Three has the time to follow Emily's trajectory in front of the Traffic Cop, before it exits after Emily.

ANGLE FEATURING TRAFFIC COP

Who runs to get out of the center of the intersection, then turns to face the oncoming Hearse Four. He is about to BLAST his whistle when Hearse Four swerves into a U-Turn in front of him... As it completes its turns and swings off sharply after Hearse Three, the rear door whips open, shooting the casket gliding into the street -- heading directly for the Traffic Cop -- who jumps as it approaches, manages to land standing on top of it, and maintain his balance as it slides to a stop... He then turns toward the approaching limousine, maintains his position atop the casket, as he BLASTS his WHISTLE, and frantically tries to gesture the approaching traffic with its broken, scattered funeral procession, to a halt.

EXT. FLINT ON BMW IN SLOWING TRAFFIC --

As he moves up alongside the dark closed windows of Limousine Six and raises his visor to peer inside.

EXT. POLICE CALL-BOX ON CORNER OF TRAFFIC COP INTERSECTION

All traffic has been halted at the intersection -- the casket still sits in the street -- while the harried Traffic Cop covers his ears from the NOISE of the HONKING HORNS, and yells urgently into phone:

TRAFFIC COP

... Right down Sunset Boulevard!...
Sure, they were speeding! And littering!...

INT. GRACE'S LIMOUSINE SHOOTING PAST DRIVER TOWARD OPPOSING LANE

As Grace's limousine slows to a halt, we see Emily's Hearse One approach speeding down opposite lane (with Hearse Two and Three trailing in distance) It zooms past to exit shot, raising dust on pavement, as CAMERA MOVES TO HOLD on Grace and co-passengers in Limo.

MRS. DORO

Wasn't that, Mrs. Watkins -- driving a Hearse?!

GRACE

Strong resemblance, certainly.

Grace coughs and waves her hand against the dust; then presses a button, raising her window.

ANGLE ON DRIVER

As he puts car in reverse, starts to back up.

ANGLE FEATURING GRACE

Her dark window raises closed just as the image of a motorcycle rider appears alongside it, unnoticed by Grace -- who reacts to the motion of a car backing up.

GRACE

Driver, where are we going?

DRIVERS VOICE

(as car moves forward)

No where in this lane -- I'm going after the Hearse.

GRACE

But the cemetery's that way.

Suddenly Two round SPLATTERS, with hardly a sound, on Grace's window, near her head.

ANGLE ON DRIVER

As he answers Grace, and glances back toward her:

DRIVER

Ain't my problem, Lady. My job is to follow the Hearse -- Hey, what the hell happened to my window?

ANGLE PAST PASSENGERS TOWARD GRACE

As they all note the shatter patterns on the window.

MRS. DORO

It looks like that window was struck by something outside.

Grace reacts, suddenly realizing; looks toward the driver:

ANGLE ON DRIVER

DRIVER

(angry)

Yeah, what? That glass is thick enough to stop a bullet -- and I gotta explain damage.

As he says this we see Seymour on BMW appear behind the driver's open window as he cuts into the opposing lane (in an effort to escape the scene)...

Almost instantly after Seymour appears and swings away into opposing lane, exiting frame, the Fourth Hearse speeds into shot behind driver -- its brakes screeching -- making Grace's driver turn quickly to look -- as Hearse Four also exits frame -- apparently trying to stop as it heads directly towards Seymour, O.S.

ON GRACE

Reacting, as the SOUND of SCREECHING BRAKES continues O.S.

GRACE

Seymour!...

EXT. ANGLE ON SEYMOUR --BMW -- AND APPROACHING HEARSE

As Seymour, in visor and helmet, speeds up and swerves to avoid the oncoming Hearse, which brushes past motorcycle, sufficient to throw Seymour off balance. He clings to the motorcycle as it wipes out, striking the ground with sufficient impact to send Seymour and the bike jack-knifing along the pavement and up against the curb -- where Flint lies motionless, as:

EXT. FULL SHOT ON SCENE

Grace, unable to wait, gets quickly out of the Limousine and rushes across the street toward Flint; while the Limousine starts to execute a U-Turn toward them.

CLOSE ON FLINT, LYING NEAR CURB

As Grace rushes INTO SHOT, and gets down on her knees -- painfully -- beside Flint; lifts the visor on his helmet. Seymour's eyes are shut -- tightly -- as if in pain.

GRACE

Are you alive?

Seymour opens his eyes quickly -- looks at her as if he wishes he weren't.

WIDER ON SCENE

Grace looks up as her limousine completes its U-Turn. She calls toward it urgently:

GRACE

Driver!

Grace's limousine continues past without stopping. Grace turns back to Seymour, helps him as he rises dazedly to a sitting position; removes his helmet, looks at him hard.

GRACE

Seymour, weren't you ashamed?
(shakes head sadly)

How unprofessional.

He turns away grimly without comment as she holds her look for a beat; until the distant SOUND OF POLICE SIRENS are heard -- She reacts:

GRACE

Can you get on that motorcycle?

FLINT

(hopelessly)

What difference does it make?

GRACE

A great deal. I wouldn't like to see you captured in front of my eyes. Don't you care about what happens to you?

FLINT

(looks at her squarely)

No. I never really did.

GRACE

Well, I do -- and I certainly wouldn't care to witness your capture in front of my very eyes.

FLINT

I just tried to kill you.

GRACE

Yes. I'm deeply disappointed in you, Seymour -- very sloppy job.

FLINT

Why did you write that letter?

GRACE

Why didn't you do as I asked -- what difference does it all make at the moment -- just get on the motorcycle.

FLINT

I can't. I think my leg's busted.

GRACE

(urging him up)

Well don't act so helpless -- try!

WIDER ANGLE ON SCENE

As Grace helps Seymour get to his feet, hobble to the motorcycle, and stand it up -- while down the street ahead (in b.g.) Grace's Limo has stopped -- her co-passengers all emerge -- the Limo drives off down the street in b.g. while her co-passengers start up the street toward Grace and Flint -- the NOISE OF THE SIRENS INCREASING OVER SCENE...

ANGLE ON GRACE AND FLINT

As Flint leans against the upright motorcycle and grimaces with pain -- while Grace picks up his helmet, turns to put it on his head, says urgently:

GRACE

Well, get on -- get on!

FLINT

It's no use. I can't ride like this. I need two legs.

GRACE

Well I've got two legs -- what do I do -- well come on.

FLINT

(looks at her)

Okay. Put that helmet on.

Grace quickly puts on the helmet as Flint manages to get himself seated on the bike.

FLINT

Get on the back -- all you have to do is hold on to me and shift gears when I tell you -- I'll show you where.

She quickly gets on the motorcycle; turns as:

MR. HENRY'S VOICE

(calling)

Mrs. Quigley. Mrs. Quigley.

ANOTHER ANGLE ON SCENE

As Grace's five co-passengers come trailing up the street, breathless and panting:

MR. HENRY

Is he alright?

MRS. DORO

We tried to get the driver --
to come back --

GRACE

Alright. Just get out of our
way.

MR. HENRY

(to Seymour)

Glad you're okay, Son. Sure
wouldn't want... anything to
happen to you... before it
happened to us.

As the SOUND OF THE SIRENS INCREASE:

GRACE

Will everyone please get out of
the way!...

She lowers visor on helmet and puts her arms tightly around
Seymour.

GRACE

Go, Seymour -- Go!

The five sign-ups ad lib their encouragement ("Get movin' son",
"Hurry", etc.) as Seymour rides off with Grace on the motorcycle..

EXT.. ANGLE ON TWO POLICE CARS AND THREE POLICE MOTORCYCLES

As they pull into the intersection by Traffic Cop. He gestures
them down the street and they all take off, SIRENS BLASTING...

EXT. ANGLE ON SEYMOUR AND GRACE ON MOTORCYCLE

They both react to the SOUND OF THE SIRENS GROWING LOUDER.
Flint gestures his instruction as he calls out:

FLINT

Shift down -- and hold on tight!

CLOSE SHOT - GRACE'S FOOT --

As it accomplishes the shift.

CLOSE ON MOTORCYCLE SPEED GAGE

As Flint accelerates

CLOSE ON MOTORCYCLE CRANK CASE

As we see a dark liquid spilling from the speeding motorcycle onto the pavement...

FULL SHOT ON POLICE SQUAD CARS AND MOTORCYCLES

Speeding down street TOWARD CAMERA with SIRENS BLASTING

As they approach f.g. (in area of Flint's accident) they quickly begin to slow. CAMERA PANS with cars and motorcycles until it reveals the reason for their stopping:

GRACE'S SIGN-UPS --

Presenting a human barrier of five old men and women who stand holding out stretched hands across the width of the street.

ANGLE ON GRACE AND FLINT

Their hopes rising as the SOUND OF THE SIRENS GROW DIMMER -- until Flint becomes aware of another NOISE. This one a KNOCKING SOUND coming from his engine. He looks down, glances back toward Grace with concern, as the bike begins to slow...

EXT. SCENE OF FLINT'S ACCIDENT POLICE AND SIGN-UPS

The Police Motorcycles swing around the group and continue after their quarry while the Police get out of their cars to deal with the five old people obstructing them.

ANGLE ON FLINT AND GRACE

As the BMW slows while the SOUND OF THE POLICE SIRENS GROW LOUDER.

FLINT

It's no use.

GRACE

Seymour!

FLINT

(explaining)

The crank case is busted. We can't make it.

ANOTHER ANGLE WIDER ON SCENE

As Seymour starts to pull the BMW over, toward the sidewalk while the Police Motorcycles speed quickly toward them. Seymour finally stops the BMW. The Police Motorcycles approach with SIRENS BLASTING and drive past them to EXIT FRAME without stopping. Flint and Grace look at each other.

GRACE

They must be going after Emily...
Can we drive home in this?

FLINT

Yeah. As long as we don't do
no speeding -- but why don't
we just take a cab?

GRACE

I wish you wouldn't use that word.
Rather upsetting at the moment --
besides I rather enjoy riding this.

FLINT
 (nods)
 I'll ride you home.

EXT. ANOTHER ANGLE ON BMW

CAMERA PANS with movement as Seymour turns into side street that intersects a street with a railing running along the edge of the water embankment. They are half way up the street when Emily's car suddenly turns the corner of the embankment street and swerves into the side street heading directly for Seymour and Grace. Seymour quickly jumps the curb and rides up alongside the sidewalk in order to evade Emily's Hearse -- but Emily, now almost maniacal in her determination to find salvation -- by Flint, swings the Hearse in a figure eight turn around the street and pursues the BMW on to the sidewalk and toward:

EXT. THE EMBANKMENT STREET

DAY

As Seymour on motorcycle with Grace turns the corner onto the embankment street, pursued by Emily's Hearse which thunders off the sidewalk in pursuit, -- is unable to make the turn -- and swerves, crashing through the railing and into the water below.

ANGLE ON GRACE AND FLINT

As Flint rides to the railing. They both get off the motorcycle, look down. The Hearse has dissappeared completely into the water leaving a stream of bubbles behind it... Soon even the bubbles are gone -- until suddenly the casket pops up from the bottom of the waters, and sits floating, no sign of Emily.

ANGLE ON GRACE AND FLINT

As Grace looks down.

GRACE
 Oh dear. It looks like Emily got
 a freebee.

At this point Hearse Number Two and Three appear, see the broken railing, squeal to a stop. They are soon followed by Hearse Four, the Police and the Limousines all jamming into the narrow embankment street -- with passengers and drivers getting out to look down into the water at the floating casket that marked the spot of Emily's "freebee"... Grace spots her limousine jammed in among the other cars, tells Flint:

GRACE

Oh, there's my limousine. I think I'll take that and say good-bye now, Seymour.

FLINT

(confused)

Goodbye?

GRACE

It's really much more painful for me than it is for you. You were all that I had in this world.

She turns, starts away. He starts after her, limping.

ANOTHER ANGLE - NEAR LIMOUSINE

As Flint catches up to Grace; takes her arm saying:

FLINT

Then why did you write that letter-- I almost killed you!

GRACE

Seymour, do you think it matters? All I asked of you was one small favor, and you --

-FLINT

Mom, that lousy cab driver -- why is he so important to you?!

GRACE

I suppose considering all the other horrors in the world, Mr. Putnam is such a small nuisance in the general scheme of things. But here was a nuisance I thought I could finally do something about. Through you - through our relationship -- I thought I could ask a small favor. Just do this little thing to help me clean up the universe -- and you refused.. and that's why I prefer we never see each other again.

FLINT

Mom --

GRACE

-- Or that you never call me Mom again... Goodbye, Seymour-- Mister Flint.

Grace looks as though about to cry, then turns and moves into the jumble of cars, toward her limousine as Flint watches her exit...

INT. FRONT DOOR OF GRACE'S APARTMENT

NIGHT

The DOORBELL RINGS INSISTENTLY as Grace rushes to unlock the door, leaving the safety chain on. Grace peers through the part open door toward Flint, standing in the darkened hallway, his head tilted back as he holds a blood-soaked handkerchief to his nose. He lowers the handkerchief; looks at Grace.

FLINT

Putnam is dead. I killed him.

Grace quickly removes the safety chain, throws her arms around Seymour.

GRACE

Son -- Seymour.
(She hugs him close)

INT. GRACE'S LIVING ROOM AND KITCHEN

As Grace steps back and turns on a light before leading him inside; then notices the blood on Seymour's face and jacket (and also smudged on her robe during their embrace).

GRACE

(anxiously)

Seymour, blood! -- you've been wounded!

SEYMOUR

It's nothing.

Still limping from the motorcycle accident, Seymour steps to a nearby sofa and sits down heavily as Grace crosses to him frantically.

GRACE

Nothing -- you have blood all over you! Son, don't be a hero -- Where did they get you?

Flint presses his blood soaked handkerchief to his nose and sits back wearily saying:

FLINT

It's just a lousy nosebleed -- the kind Dr. Herman was gonna' cure.

GRACE
(relieved)
Oh!... Well then, just lie back.
I'll get you something to help that.

Grace crosses quickly to kitchen sink.

ANGLE ON FLINT

He sits back staring up at the ceiling as Grace enters shot with a wet towel; removes the bloody handkerchief from Flint's nose and gently starts to clean the blood from his face as:

FLINT
Mom?

GRACE
Yes, Son?

FLINT
That Cab driver. He was a pretty lousy guy, wasn't he?

GRACE
Dreadful. I told you what he did -- how he acted. Believe me, son, the world is a better place without people like that. I'm proud of you.

FLINT
Yeah, I know. You're right, Mom. I mean I knew that Cabby was really a pretty lousy guy or you never would of wanted me to kill him. I guess his wife and kids were pretty bad too -- I mean they came in and I couldn't move too fast because of my bum leg, so I had to get them too.

GRACE
Oh dear.

Flint looks up at her, his eyes glistening.

FLINT
I hope that was okay, Mom. I mean I didn't really want to but...

He shrugs helplessly, begins to cry. Grace puts her arms around him comfortingly, barely able to repress her own tears.

GRACE

There, there Son, it's alright.
It was too bad about Mrs. Putnam
and the children, but I'm sure
it couldn't be helped.

FLINT

Mom, I don't want to kill anymore.
Okay Mom? I don't want to do it
anymore.

GRACE

Seymour, Seymour. Everything's
going to be alright now. You'll
see... As soon as your leg is
better you can go back to work,
and then everything is going to be
alright... And you know what we
can do tomorrow, Son? We can all
go to the beach. Yes, that's what
we can do -- you and me and Muriel --
we can even take Oscar -- We'll all
go to the beach and have a happy
time. You'll feel better then,
you'll see.

Seymour, unconsolated by Grace's words as she rocks him in her
arms like a child...

FLINT

I don't want to do it anymore, Mom.
I don't want to do it anymore...

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEACH

SUNNY DAY

(PRODUCTION NOTE: THE MUSIC, LIGHTING AND GENERAL EFFECT OF THE SCENE SHOULD BE SOMEWHAT REMINICENT OF THE OPENING BEACH SEQUENCE WITH GRACE'S FAMILY)

The beach is almost deserted on the mid-day week. Grace, fully dressed and wearing and wearing a hat under the sun. Muriel is in her bathing suit; Flint is in his trunks and shirt. Oscar is in his cage, next to Grace. They're all on a blanket near the shoreline as Grace cheerfully offers Flint a piece of chicken from the picnic basket. Flint ignores Grace's offer and stares ahead vacantly, deeply depressed despite the efforts of Grace and Muriel to cheer him up:

MURIEL

Go on, honey, eat something.

FLINT

Any beer?

GRACE

Oh, Seymour, dear, I'm sorry.
I didn't bring any...

FLINT

I'll go get one...

He starts away listlessly.

MURIEL

(looking after him)
He's always been a little
moody, but I've never seen
him like this.

Muriel rushes off to catch up with Flint. Grace turns sadly to Oscar.

GRACE

I've hurt him... I made
him do something just to
please me, and I've hurt him.

VARIOUS VOICES (O.S.) CALLING TOGETHER)

Grace! Mother! Mrs. Quigley!
Hey, Grandma!

Grace turns and looks O.S.

GRACE'S POV HER FAMILY

Grace's husband, daughter, son-in-law, and the twins (all dressed as in opening sequence) stand by the edge of the beach waving happily toward Grace.

BACK TO GRACE AND OSCAR

Grace smiles and waves back toward her family O.S.; then turns back toward Oscar and casually starts to cover the untouched food she has laid out on the picnic basket for Flint.

GRACE

He's a good boy, Oscar --
He tries to do what's right,
and there are so many wonderful
things he's capable of. But now
he's confused and unhappy.

Grace rises and looks O.S.

HER POV

Flint walking tiredly toward the refreshment stand with Muriel beside him, her arm through his.

BACK TO GRACE AND OSCAR

GRACE

I've been a bad mother, Oscar.
He'll be better off without me.

Grace turns and walks toward the ocean.

ANGLE ON OSCAR

His wings flutter nervously in his cage as he watches.

ANGLE ON GRACE

She takes off her shoes and starts into the water wearing her dress and hat.

GRACE
Dear me, it is chilly.

ANGLE ON FLINT AND MURIEL

As they turn away from the refreshment stand and Flint starts listlessly back, Flint walking stopped, beer in hand; Muriel watching him with concern; then glances casually ahead O.S.

MURIEL
I wonder what happened to Mrs.
Quigley.

Flint takes a casual sip of his beer and glances ahead as they walk.

HIS POV LONG SHOT

Their blanket with the picnic basket and Oscar fluttering wildly in his cage.

BACK TO FLINT AND MURIEL

Flint shows no sign of concern as they walk ahead.

FLINT
Guess she went for a walk.

MURIEL
(laughing as she gestures
O.S.)
Oh, look...

THEIR POV LONG SHOT GRACE QUIGLEY

Her back to camera, she is now waist-high in the water; trying to keep her balance against the waves as she holds tightly to her hat.

BACK TO MURIEL AND FLINT

MURIEL
(laughing)
Isn't that funny? She's going
swimming in her dress.

Flint takes a sip of his beer and continues listlessly ahead; unperturbed, as he replies grimly:

FLINT
-- Yeah, Mom's pretty funny.

ANGLE ON GRACE IN WATER

-- She moves in resolutely above her waist, then turns at the SOUND of OSCAR'S SCREECH, looking back:

HER POV -- OSCAR IN CAGE

SCREECHING as he flaps his wings frantically...

BACK TO GRACE IN WATER

GRACE
Don't worry, Oscar... Seymour will take care of you. He's such a good boy.

-- She turns, the water now up to her shoulders, as she faces camera; suddenly realizing:

GRACE
... Oh dear -- the letter!...
I forgot -- THE LETTER!...

A wave SPLASHES over her head -- she tries frantically to turn in the water -- when a second, larger wave, CRASHES over her...

CLOSE ON GRACE'S HAT

As it emerges from the water and rides the crest of the wave, CRASHING toward the shore.

ANGLE ON MURIEL, FLINT AND OSCAR.

As Muriel and Flint return casually to the blanket and sit down. Muriel starts to put on some sun tan lotion. Flint sips his beer, stares ahead listlessly... then seems to finally become aware of Oscar, FLAPPING and SQUAWKING restlessly in his cage. Flint looks at the bird, then suddenly turns urgently to Muriel:

FLINT

Where's mom?

Muriel lies back, closing her eyes against the sun.

MURIEL

Still in the ocean, I guess.
Guess she likes it.

Flint rises quickly and exits shot. His sudden movement makes Muriel rise and look after him.

ANGLE ON FLINT

His pace increasing with concern as he runs to the shoreline and moves down the beach searching the waters ahead.

FLINT

(calling)

Mrs. Quigley!... Mom!...
Mrs. Quigley!...

ANGLE FEATURING MRS. QUIGLEY'S HAT FLOATING BY THE SHORE

As Flint steps into the water and picks it up. He looks toward the ocean and back to the shore as Muriel enters shot and comes up beside him. One look at the hat and the expression on Flint's face makes the message clear even to Muriel.

MURIEL

I'll get a Lifeguard. Maybe
they can find her.

Muriel quickly EXITS SHOT. Flint stands holding Grace's hat. He looks hopelessly out at the ocean; then falls to his knees by the shore and begins sobbing as he clutches Grace's hat to him -- the primal, anguished sobs that can release a lifetime of repressed emotion within less than a minute.

CLOSE ON OSCAR

He SQUAWKS, FLUTTERS and finally becomes very calm as he looks O.S.

ANGLE ON FLINT

Kneeling by the ocean in F.G. he rises to his feet with Grace's hat in hand, his emotions spent by the sobs. He glances ahead toward the ocean with hopeless resignation as he starts to turn away toward the beach; then stops, looks back:

WIDE ANGLE -- FULL ON SCENE -- FLINT AND GRACE

Flint stands frozen in disbelief as Grace SPLASHES wearily out of the water and stumbles onto the shore -- waving cheerily to Flint.

ANOTHER ANGLE ON SCENE

Flint rushes to Grace as she sits down exhaustedly in the sand. Flint, speechless with emotion just puts his arms around Grace as she pants with exhaustion, trying to catch her breath. She looks up at him and smiles, pleased by the look of concern on his face.

GRACE

You look... like you've...
been crying.

FLINT

(nods)

I thought... we went out of
business.

GRACE

Not quite, Son. Not just quite.
Help me up.

He helps her to her feet and she steps away from him testing the strength of her legs. She starts walking up the beach on her own, first with difficulty -- Seymour walking alongside her, ready to help whenever she falters -- but she moves ahead steadily. She looks at Seymour as her pace increases in vitality, and smiles, obviously pleased with herself.

GRACE

Son, do you suppose Somebody Up There
thinks we have a lot more good work
to do, right down here, before we're
ready for the other place?

FLINT

I don't know, Ma. But I'm
sure glad you're here.

GRACE

(with regal conviction)
Seymour, I think I'm ready to
change the world!

FLINT

Well, you can only make it
better, Mom. It can't get worse.

GRACE

We can only make it better.

She stops, offers her arm, regal fashion. Flint looks at her.

FLINT

It's a big world, Mom...
But I guess we can try.

He takes her arm, accepting the offer. She smiles, pleased.

GRACE

We sure as hell can, Son.
We sure as hell can.

As they walk arm in arm up the beach toward Oscar and the returning
Muriel, CAMERA MOVES INTO HIGH ANGLE HELICOPTER SHOT until our
people are reduced to mere specks on the beach.

THE END