

AL'S COPY

"NOT JUST A MC JOB
- IT'S A MC VENTURE!"

~~WALDO'S~~
~~HAWAIIAN~~
~~HOLIDAY~~

by Alex Cox

Sixth Draft

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WALDO'S HAWAIIAN HOLIDAY



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'Repo Man' team ready for a new 'comedy of dread'

By **HOLLIS WALKER**
The New Mexican

The creative team that produced the 1983 cult classic *Repo Man* — including Santa Fean Jonathan Wacks — will reunite to produce a second film, *Edge City*.

Wacks, chairman of the Moving Image Arts Department at The College of Santa Fe, said he and partners Alex Cox and Peter McCarthy are "a little sharper; our swords are more polished" than when the three UCLA film school graduates collaborated on *Repo Man*.

Described by the *Videohound Golden Movie Retriever* as "an inventive, perversely witty portrait of sick modern urbanity, following the adventures of a punk rocker taking a job as a car repossession in a barren city," *Repo Man* starred emerging actor Emilio Estevez as the punk named Otto and Harry Dean Stanton as Bud, his mentor in the car repossession business.

Estevez is among the actors who phoned Wacks after a recent blurb in the trade publication *Variety* indicated

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REPO

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the trio was considering producing another film.

Stanton also called, as did Vince D'Onofrio, Matt Dillon, Charlie Sheen and Robert Downey Jr., Wacks said.

There could be parts for all of them in *Edge City*. Wacks said he sent a script to Estevez and the two have been playing "phone tag" in recent days.

Cox wrote and directed *Repo Man*; Wacks and McCarthy produced it. Cox wrote the script for *Edge City* and will direct it, Wacks said. Cox also directed *Sid and Nancy*, Walker and last year's *Highway Patrolman*.

McCarthy wrote and directed *Floundering*. He also wrote and produced *Tapeheads* and produced *I'm Gonna Git You, Sucka*.

Wacks, who took over the college's film department last September, previously was head of production for Samuel Goldwyn Co. and served as president of Independent Film Producers. Among his film projects was 1989's *Powwow Highway*, which he directed.

In February, McCarthy and Cox had traveled from their homes in California to Santa Fe to participate with Wacks in a forum on *Repo Man* for the college's television program, *Ciné Café*. At that meeting, Cox presented Wacks and McCarthy for

a script for the new film. The trio had only discussed a second film informally before, Wacks said.

He said *Edge City* will not be a sequel to *Repo Man*, but instead will be "as related to the other film as the Monty Python films are related to each other. A lot of the same cast ... but different characters, different circumstances."

Wacks said the protagonist in the *Edge City* script "thinks he's won a trip to Hawaii and he tries to get out of Los Angeles but can't."

Asked how he would characterize its genre, Wacks invented a new one: "It's a comedy of dread," he said.

Financing of the film has not been arranged, but some investors have made overtures, Wacks said.

"We haven't shown it to anybody," he said. "We first want to put it together, put the actors in place, put the budget together."

Financing of films now depends almost entirely on which actors are interested in being in them, he said.

Wacks said they hope to produce the film this summer. Part of it could be shot in New Mexico.

"I'm excited about it," Wacks said. "I think we have an opportunity, a decade later, to try to figure out what has happened to us, and the culture, and 'Otto.'"

HAMLET

Let me question more in particular:
what have you, my good friends, deserved
at the hands of fortune, that she sends
you to prison hither?

GUILDENSTERN

Prison, my lord!

HAMLET

Denmark's a prison.

ROSENCRANTZ

Then is the world one.

HAMLET

A goodly one; in which there are
many confines, wards and dungeons,
Denmark being one o' the worst.

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK
by William Shakespeare

1. STAR FIELD.

A universe of infinite galaxies and stars.

MARS, the Red Planet, spins slowly past.

EARTH grows larger in the corner of the frame.

A SHOOTING STAR speeds rapidly earthward.

TWO CHORDS from an electric guitar.

TILT DOWN TO REVEAL --



MARS EXITS FRAME UPPER RT;
EARTH EXITS FRAME LOWER LEFT;
STAR FIELD REMAINS CONSTANT; AFTER PLANETS LEAVE FRAME,
TILT DOWN TO REVEAL EDGE CITY, CA.

2. EDGE CITY, CA EXT NIGHT

A community of potholed streets and dilapidated, ranchstyle bungalows.

TWO FIGURES emerge from a particularly wretched residence
- 127 Blevins Av.

They are SMILEY and J.R., carrying a CORPSE and shovels.

SMILEY

Beautiful evening... You can
almost see the stars.

LIGHTNING. They carry the BODY across the street.

J.R.

No way. It's going to rain.

More pregnant GUITAR CHORDS.

3. DOWN THE STREET

comes a beaten-up old car, rust-colored, muffler dragging
on the tarmac.

It slows to let SMILEY and J.R. pass, heading with their
burden for a patch of waste ground with an OIL WELL.

ANGLE ON WALDO

Getting out of the car.

He wears a t-shirt and a grey single-breasted suit.
He is roughly 32. His hair is completely WHITE.

WALDO

Thanks for the -- OWW!

He gets an ELECTRIC SHOCK from the door handle as he shuts it.



Nearby, a STREET LIGHT flickers out.

The car clatters away. WALDO stands on the corner, gazing at the darkened house from which SMILEY and J.R. came.

He walks towards it. Pushes open the squeaking, overgrown metal gate.

Behind him, on the far side of a roadside SHRINE to the VIRGIN OF GUADALUPE, SMILEY and J.R. are digging a hole.

4. 127 BLEVINS INT NIGHT

WALDO enters the deserted bungalow.

He sniffs, encountering ANCIENT AND UNUSUAL SMELLS.

He peers into the darkness. A huge pile of mouldy old letters and shapeless discarded things beside the door.

WALDO

Mom? Dad?

5. WASTE GROUND EXT NIGHT

J.R. heaves the CORPSE into the newly-dug grave. He wears a tweed jacket and taped-together engineer boots.

J.R.

Adios, Boris.

SMILEY sports a beatific, eternally-young face. He wears a dressing gown, slippers, & a cravat. He shovels dirt onto the CORPSE. The falling earth and rising OIL obscure BORIS's features.

6. HALL INT NIGHT

WALDO feels his way thru the dark house. He tries a light switch. Nothing. There is no bulb.

He passes a room in which an ALARM CLOCK buzzes endlessly, and enters the --

7. KITCHEN INT NIGHT

-- where an IRON PAN has been abandoned, glowing red hot on a gigantic, grime-encrusted, roach-infested GAS STOVE.

WALDO turns off the burner.

WALDO

Dad. Mommy? DAD!

No answer. He walks out into the --

8. HALL INT NIGHT

-- just as J.R. and SMILEY enter, covered in dirt, brandishing their spades. SMILEY stares at WALDO uncomprehendingly. J.R. gives a yell of surprise.

WALDO

Hi.

SMILEY

Hi.

J.R.

Hi.

SMILEY

Do, ah, do we know you?

WALDO

No. This is 127 Blevins, right?

J.R.

Right...

WALDO

This is where my parents... used to live. In fact, I thought they still lived here.

SMILEY

No parents have lived here for at least ten years.

WALDO

Huh... well...

(eyeing their shovels)

Doing some gardening?

9. 127 BLEVINS EXT NIGHT

WALDO emerges onto the mildewed porch. Distant lightning.

The door closes. He stares at the number "127" clinging by a couple of screws to the rotting wood.

He walks to the gate, stands beneath a crackling POWER POLE. Scratches his head. Goes back up the path.

WALDO stares at the freshly-hung "ROOM FOR RENT" sign. He knocks on the door.

10. KITCHEN INT NIGHT

WALDO sits amid the stacks of old newspapers in the Dining Room, idly straightening the trash piled on the table.

J.R. and SMILEY argue conspiratorially by the light of the stove burners.

J.R.

How did he hear about the vacancy so quickly? What was he doing here just now? I say, throw his ass out - pronto!

SMILEY

J.R., you're overreacting.

J.R.

Did you believe that bullcrap about his parents? It was a patent LIE. There's more to this than meets the eye. What if it turns out he's an UNDERCOVER COP?

SMILEY

What if it does? We still need a replacement for Boris.

J.R.

That's true. But I'm gonna do the negotiating. He's gotta pay at least six hundred bucks a month for Boris's space --

ANGLE ON WALDO

Getting up from the Dining Table and studying the posters tacked student-style to the grey, damp walls.

One of the posters is by Tom of Finland, featuring THREE MACHO HUNKS with sailor hats, biker jackets, and leather g-strings.

J.R.

-- plus we're gonna make him pay
ALL the utilities and the DRINKING
WATER? Right? You agree?

SMILEY

Absolutely. He has to paint the
place too.

J.R.

You're damned tootin'! Let's go!

They march determinedly into the Dining Room.

J.R.

The deal is this --

ANGLE ON SMILEY

Eyes widening as WALDO turns, becoming - to SMILEY's gaze -
one with the Tom of Finland poster.

WALDO

Yes?

SMILEY

-- two hundred bucks a month,
phone bill included!

ANGLE ON J.R.

Contorting apoplectically.

11. HALL INT NIGHT

SMILEY leads the way to WALDO's new quarters, trying all
the light switches.

SMILEY

Bulb out. Bulb out.
Must do something about that!

WALDO

Don't worry, it's kool --

12. BEDROOM INT NIGHT

They force their way into a converted garage whose concrete floor is covered with old newspaper clippings, vinyl LPs, 8-tracks, blueprints, manuscripts, illegible faxes, and books about the Kennedy Hit.

A mattress lies in the centre of the pile.

SMILEY tries more light switches. All the lights are dead.

SMILEY

Another bulb out. Somebody
make a note of that!

J.R.

(indicates garage door)
You got your own individual
entrance and exit.

WALDO picks up a copy of Nomenclature of an Assassination Cabal and the Abridged Edition of the Warren Report.

WALDO

Somebody left their stuff here.

J.R.

It's your responsibility to get rid of it!

WALDO

What if the owner wants it?

SMILEY

These items are no longer required.
I'm Smiley, by the way.

SMILEY extends a hand. J.R. does likewise.

J.R.

J.R.

WALDO

Waldo Parks!

13. BLACK SCREEN

Snores.

Suddenly the sound of an ELECTRIC GARAGE DOOR OPENER springing to life. The rattle of chains, the grinding of the metal door, shuddering mechanically upward --

ANGLE ON WALDO

Bolt upright in bed, face hidden in shadow.

ANGLE ON THE DOORWAY

Open a couple of feet.

A tall, long-legged figure, VELMA, slides under it.

VELMA

Hi, Boris. Sorry I'm late.

VELMA gets into bed with WALDO. The door closes.

14. 127 BLEVINS EXT MORNING

Orange-grey, threatening sky. Distant lightning. RAIN.



TWO DOGS are sniffing at BORIS's freshly-dug grave.

15. HALL INT MORNING

WALDO emerges from his garage/bedroom, pulling on his t-shirt. He tries the bathroom door. It's locked.

He walks down the hall past SMILEY's room, where an ALARM buzzes incessantly.

SMILEY's door opens, and a FIREMAN steps out.

WALDO

Morning.

FIREMAN

Hi, Pardner.

The FIREMAN puts a finger to his lips to indicate that SMILEY is still sleeping, shoulders his AXE, and exits thru the front door.

WALDO shuts the door, looks back at SMILEY's room where the ALARM still rings furiously, then enters the --

16. KITCHEN INT MORNING

-- where J.R. pours boiling water from an IRON PAN into his car-carrier coffee cup. He sets the PAN back on the gas flame.

WALDO

Morning.

J.R.

Uh.

WALDO

Coffee?

J.R.

(pointing)

Go down this street. Make a left.
Go all the way to the big boulevard
at the end. That's AUTO MALL PARKWAY.
Make a right. There's a little market
about five blocks down, no, maybe
seven blocks.

WALDO

On the left or the right?

J.R.

On the right. Next to the hardware
store. They have coffee to go.

WALDO

In the hardware store.

J.R.

No! In the little market!

J.R. attempts to leave. WALDO tries to step aside.

They dodge back and forth in the doorway, blocking each other, J.R. growing increasingly exasperated.

WALDO

You sure you never met my parents,
Mr & Mrs Parks? That garage
used to be my room. You own
this place or rent it?

J.R.

Rent it.

WALDO

Who do you rent it from? An
agent, or a private individual?

J.R.

I don't know! WHO CARES?

J.R. manages to squeeze past WALDO.

WALDO points to the stove, where the last of J.R.'s water
is boiling away. J.R. beckons WALDO into the --

17. HALL INT MORNING

-- where they are confronted by SMILEY's bedroom door.

Numerous Bills, Final Demands, and Valentines are taped
to it. The ALARM buzzes sonorously on within.

J.R.

You hear that sound?

WALDO

What sound?

J.R.

THAT SOUND! THE SOUND OF HIS ALARM CLOCK!
DON'T TELL ME YOU CAN'T HEAR IT!

WALDO

Is that what that is.

J.R. grabs WALDO by the collar.
To-go coffee spills onto WALDO's t-shirt.

J.R.

That's only one of the problems of Club
Blevins. The longer you stay here, the
more you'll discover. And nothing can (CONT.)

J.R. (CONT.)

be done about them. You break a window, you think, oh, the landlord'll fix that, or one of the other tenants, but they never do, and after the first three or four years you stop taking an interest too, because not only is the window cracked but the frame is rotten, and the whole wall is crawling with TERMITES and these hideous bugs from Mexico called CARAS DE NIÑO. TEN YEARS I've been listening to that ALARM CLOCK! TEN YEARS I've been waiting for CARAS DE NIÑO to fall on my face! Nothing can be done about it! The only solution is to TEAR THE BUILDING DOWN!

J.R. exits, slamming the front door.

WALDO walks back into the --

18. KITCHEN INT MORNING

-- where the IRON PAN is heating up. He turns off the stove.

WALDO

Ten years..?

Outside, thru the cracked window, J.R. can be seen prepping his car. He starts the motor, sits shouting to himself.

WALDO

Ten years.

He enters the Dining Room where piles of newspaper lie. He picks up a paper, leafs thru it.

WALDO

(reading)

President Bush? Billary Clinton...
Zoloft. Newt Grrnngrrrr...
Sub-Comandante Marcos...
O.J. innocent... Ten years.

WALDO picks up the phone and studies it. It is a cordless Phone: he has never seen one before.

In the background, wearing a new dressing gown, SMILEY emerges from his lair. He carries an ICE PACK.

WALDO

Hey, Smiley! Do you know where
the cord to this phone is?

SMILEY

It's cordless, Waldo.
Push the button marked phone.

Frowning, WALDO does so --

19. BATHROOM INT MORNING

WALDO stands taking a piss, listening to the ringing tone.

TELEPHONE VOICE

The number you have called is not
in service at this time and there
is no new number.

THUNDER. WALDO hangs up, zips up his pants, pushes PHONE
again and turns, dialling another number --

He freezes, shocked, as he beholds --

HIS REFLECTION in the flyspecked wall mirror.

The cordless phone falls to the floor.

WALDO, astonished, raises a hand to touch his WHITE HAIR...

20. AUTO MALL PARKWAY EXT DAY

WALDO, a baseball cap jammed firmly over his shocking
white head, walks up a long, depressing Boulevard.

The rain has stopped.

He comes to a little store called MICKEY'S MARKET.

21. MICKEY'S MARKET INT DAY

WALDO approaches the counter

An ASIAN MAN and WOMAN sit waiting for him. MR & MRS NG.

WALDO

Do you have any coffee?

MR NG

No coffee here. Only coffee is in
coffee shop, maybe five, six miles.

WALDO goes to the ice cabinets and selects a six pack.
All the beers are in brightly-colored cans or bottles and
have names like BONE-DRI, AL'S WACKO PORTER ALE and SILVER
SLURPER SUPERLITE.

WALDO returns to the counter.

WALDO

Is your name Mickey?

MR NG

No, it's Ng. Mickey sound good.
American. Like beer.

WALDO

Oh. What year is this?

ANGLE ON MR NG

Eyeing WALDO intently. He leans forward.

The store seems to grow dark. Only MR NG and WALDO remain
illuminated, leaning across the counter with the beers.

MR NG

You all right?

WALDO

I have this feeling I lost 12 or 13 years
out of my life. Last thing I remember,
I was involved in something very big...
it was... real big... it was... gigantic.
And it was 1984.

MR NG

You were on drugs.

WALDO

No, I don't think so.

MR NG

In jail, maybe.

WALDO

No.

MR NG

Victim of Government Mind-Control
Experiment, then. A lot of them
come here. You better watch out.
Many changes in last 13 years!

WALDO

Specifically what.

MR NG

12, 13 years ago you could be crazy
like you and still have job.
Today, no. 80's was age of asshole.
90's age of ass-kisser.

WALDO

Even if you're in a BAND?

MR NG

Bands worst of all. All junkies.
Do whatever record company say.
Then die. Big turnover.

WALDO

Mr Ng, I'm not sure exactly why
I've chosen to confide in you,
but let me ask your advice:
what would you do in my situation?

MR NG

Get job. Appear to work hard.
Kiss plenty ass. You immigrant
in your own country now, baby.
(the light returns)
Six sixty-six!

WALDO pats his pockets. They are empty.

WALDO

You know what..?

MR NG breaks a beer loose and tosses it to WALDO.
MRS NG remonstrates with MR NG in a foreign tongue.

22. AUTO MALL PARKWAY EXT DAY

WALDO walks down the Boulevard, drinking his beer.

ALUMINUM RECYCLERS follow him at a distance, eyeing his can.
Behind him, billboards advertise "WAR" "MONEY" and "SEX".

He drains his beer and is about to toss the can over a fence when he sees a TRASH CAN bolted to the sidewalk.

GUITAR CHORDS are heard. WALDO considers the can.

ETHEREAL MUSIC wells up as WALDO reaches out like a good citizen and drops the empty can into the trash.

VOICE

Need a job, son?

WALDO

What?

WALDO looks back and sees the smiling, faux-blond DUKE MANTEE standing beside a sign that reads, "HELP WANTED".

DUKE MANTEE

I said, are you looking for a job?

WALDO

What kind of job?

Words flow from DUKE's mouth but WALDO does not hear them.

He is already gazing past DUKE at the three-storey, glass-fronted building bearing the logo of MANTEE TELEMARKETING.

WALDO'S FANTASY --

23. CORNER OFFICE INT DAY

WALDO sits behind the Big Desk.

He lights cigars with hundred dollar bills, shouts at COWERING MINIONS, while talking on the cordless phone, getting a manicure and receiving a BLOW JOB...

The ethereal music builds to a CRESCENDO. CUT TO --

24. MANTEE TELEMARKETING INT DAY

WALDO sits in a windowless, fluorescently-lit room with several other TELEMARKETERS, all talking into headsets.

A computer screen turns his face a greenish blue.

WALDO

(into headset)

Hi! My name's Waldo and I'm calling (CONT.)

WALDO (CONT.)

from a National Survey Company to ask you a few questions concerning your use of environmentally friendly household goods. Number one: would you be willing to pay as little as nine ninety-nine per unit for a beautifully moulded CAT or other household pet made out of BAT GUANO, a handy conversation piece and practical fertilizer for indoor potted plants? Number two: would you be prepared to purchase for only thirteen ninety-nine a battery-free POCKET SUNDIAL, guaranteed lifetime accurate? Three --

25. 127 BLEVINS INT NIGHT

WALDO enters carrying an armload of LIGHT BULBS.

In the kitchen, an IRON PAN is glowing red-hot on the stove. WALDO turns the burner off, sets down his load of BULBS.

Outside, the sound of a Harley Davidson starting up and roaring off. The front door shuts. Footsteps.

SMILEY enters, removing motorcycle helmet. Still wearing dressing gown and slippers.

SMILEY

Waldo. How are you? Found a job yet?

WALDO

Yeah, Smiley, it's great. I'm already an Account Executive in Environmental Telemarketing!

SMILEY

Wonderful, lad, wonderful.

He goes to the refrigerator which is full of empty and almost-empty bottles. He selects one of the least empty.

SMILEY

What's on your mind, Waldo?

WALDO

Smiley, do you have any spare, uh, DRESSING GOWNS?

26. SMILEY'S ROOM INT NIGHT

Persian rugs hang from the walls. A meditation Altar.
Framed photos of SMILEY when he was a Bullfighter.
A MYSTERIOUS PORTRAIT, concealed by drapes.

SMILEY slides open a mirrored closet to reveal dozens
of DRESSING GOWNS, hanging in ordered rows.

27. WALDO'S BEDROOM INT NIGHT

As per last night, the garage door judders open with a
loud mechanical ratcheting.

As before, VELMA slides delectably under the door.

ANGLE ON WALDO

in bed in the newly-denuded room. He wears a DRESSING GOWN
and holds an unlit briar pipe. He lays aside a copy of
the Illustrated Kama Sutra. Incense burns.

WALDO's bed is surrounded by multi-directional ANGLEPOISE
LAMPS. VELMA stares at WALDO in surprise.

VELMA

Who are you?

WALDO

I'm the king of the silent movies
hiding out till the talkies blow over.

VELMA

No you're not. Where's Boris?

WALDO

I don't know. They rented me his room.
I think they may have buried him across
the street there where they walk the dogs.

VELMA

It figures. Boris always said they'd get him.

VELMA sits down in a plastic deckchair at the foot of the
mattress. WALDO offers her his pipe. She takes it.

VELMA

Boris was a free spirit. A generous,
unconstrained and noble soul.
It was only a matter of time before
they took him down.

WALDO

There was no evidence of violence.
The room was a mess, but I assumed
it was habitual. I'm Waldo.

VELMA

Velma Van Helsing.

She lights pipe, draws thoughtfully on tobacco.

VELMA

When did Boris die?

WALDO

Last night... I mean tonight!

VELMA

So it was you. It was ungentlemanly
of you not to identify yourself.

WALDO

I was afraid you wouldn't go for it.

VELMA

Why did you think that?

Pause. They stare at each other.

VELMA

Are all these lights on a single switch
or do you have to turn them all out individually?

WALDO

You have to turn them all out individually.

VELMA

Let's go.

She rises. They begin turning out the lights.

28. 127 BLEVINS EXT DAY

RAIN. Eerie, green light.

TWO MEN IN BLACK RAINCOATS AND HATS knock on the door.



WALDO answers it.

FIRST MAN

Boris?

WALDO

No.

WALDO shuts the door.

29. HALL INT DAY

WALDO looks at his watch. He's running late.

ANOTHER KNOCK. Regretfully, WALDO answers it.
The MEN IN BLACK RAINCOATS are still there.

They wear thick glasses and what are clearly false moustaches.
They are the ARMANIS, BOSOLA and VINDICE.

BOSOLA

(obsequiously)

Brother Boris was a frequent
visitor at Pilgrim's Chapel --

WALDO

I'm sure he was. If you don't
mind, I'm on my way to work --

VINDICE
(menacingly)
What kind of work is that?

WALDO
It's classified.

VINDICE
Boris's work was classified, too.

WALDO
(shutting and locking door)
Excuse me.

30. AUTO MALL PARKWAY EXT DAY

WALDO walks at a brisk pace to work, flanked by the ARMANIS,
in the rain. His interrogation continues.

BOSOLA
We left a pile of Bible Study Materials
in Boris's room. Gotta collect it --

WALDO
All Boris's belongings were thrown away,
by order of his roommates.

VINDICE
Did you encounter any high-tech, vaguely
luminous material?

WALDO
No. Just paper.

BOSOLA
The Lord moves in mysterious ways.
Where do you think Boris is?

WALDO
I already told you. I believe he's buried
in the waste ground across the street.

VINDICE
If that's true, we'll have to take you
downtown, get your fingerprints --

WALDO
Unfortunately I have no fingerprints.
I lost them in an accident in
chemistry class, in seventh grade.

They reach the doors of MANTEE TELEMARKETING.

WALDO

If you gentlemen will excuse me --

VINDICE

We'll be back.

BOSOLA

Praise Jesus! Thank the Lord!

31. TILT UP THE GLASS FACADE OF MANTEE TELEMARKETING in the rain.

WALDO V/O

Mr Mantee --

DUKE V/O

Call me Duke.

32. DUKE MANTEE'S CORNER OFFICE INT DAY

WALDO stands before DUKE's formica desk. Formica panelling, and a framed print of the Space Shuttle with the words, "The Pinnacle of Achievement is Success."

Empty rolodex, phone and pencil on DUKE's desk.

WALDO

Duke. I was wondering, I don't want to get out of line or anything, but I was curious if, seeing as I've been here almost two weeks now, if I could maybe have some, uh, some of MY SALARY. If that's okay.

DUKE

Fine with me, Billy. The only problem is -

WALDO

My name's Waldo.

DUKE

Oh yeah. See, the only problem with me giving you some pay is, it wouldn't sit right with your fellow TeleExecutives. I must admit that I, like you, thought a professional Environmental Telemarketer would prefer a conventional salary structure... Not a bit of it! Every poll shows that Executive Telemarketers like yourself prefer the 2.5 percent royalty they receive on every successful sale!

DUKE rises, leads WALDO towards the door.

DUKE
How are sales, by the way?

33. WINDOWLESS ROOM INT DAY

ANGLE ON WALDO'S COMPUTER MONITOR

On screen the words: ENQUIRIES TO DATE 11,766

SALES TO DATE 0

PAN TO WALDO

Staring in dissatisfaction at his computer screen.
He turns to his co-worker, KENNETH.

WALDO
Sold anything today, Kenneth?

KENNETH
Nope.

WALDO
What about yesterday?

KENNETH
Nope. I almost moved a pocket jogger's
attack alarm but at the last second
they hung up on me. Still, this is
better than my LAST JOB.

WALDO
What was that?

KENNETH
Military Police Officer at Camp
Shalikashvili. Every weekend
I fired off, like, a dozen rounds.

WALDO
Who at?

KENNETH
Marines. There's gangs on Base, see,
selling ordnance to the SLC and V-13.
There's always at least TWO METH LABS
operating, and when they get cranked up,
there's usually a HOSTAGE SITUATION.
Then there's the PORNO RING -- know
anybody wants to buy a good, used TV?

34. 127 BLEVINS EXT DUSK

Sparks fly as the Power Line Transformer shortcircuits above the bungalow. A posse of DOGS digs up BORIS's grave.

WALDO carries a big, old TV SET up the driveway.

35. KITCHEN INT DUSK

WALDO enters, carrying the heavy Television Set.

J.R. stands with his back to WALDO, hitting a TIN CAN with a hammer, bashing his fingers every other stroke and swearing.

A PAN is burning on the stove.
WALDO turns it off with his elbow.

J.R.
Damn! Damn! GODDAMNIT!!

WALDO
Hi, J.R.

J.R.
Hi, Waldo. What you got there?

WALDO
A TV.

J.R.
Looks like one of those RUSSIAN TV's to me!
They're supposed to be extremely DANGEROUS
on account of the massive, uncontrollable
pulses of Electromagnetic Energy they give
off! They're worse than CHERNOBYL!
They gave 20 MILLION RUSSIANS CANCER!

36. WALDO'S BEDROOM INT NIGHT

WALDO and VELMA sit in bed staring at his RUSSIAN TV.
Sure enough, the hammer and sickle and letters CCCP form
an escutcheon above the screen, on which a RUSSIAN NEWSREADER
reads the news in Russian.

WALDO has piled metal and lead sheets all round the TV.

VELMA
How did you get this TV, Waldo?
I thought you had no money.

WALDO winks at her, and taps his nose, slyly.

VELMA

Oh God. You bought it on credit and you're going to pay through the nose.

ANGLE ON WALDO'S BEDSIDE MILK-CRATE

A LETTER prominently displayed.

WALDO

I got a letter!

VELMA

Listen, Waldo. Maybe you can help me out. I need someone to drive my car downtown tomorrow and wait for me while I --

WALDO

(opens letter, reads)

Dear Resident,
We are contacting you via First Class Mail to advise you that you have only 24 hours to claim at least ONE of the following FIVE AWARDS --

VELMA

-- conduct some business? It'll only take two hours out of your day, and all you have to do is sit in the car.

WALDO

1. Brand New Triumph Tigrero - WOW!
2. 35" Inchon Color TV or \$2,000 cash - KOOL!
3. \$1,000 cash - FANTASTIC!
4. Banzai Digital Camcorder or \$749 cash - wouldn't mind having one of those!
5. Exotic Hawaiian Holiday. INCREDIBLE.

VELMA

Waldo. I'm asking you to do something for me. This is important. Answer.

WALDO

(not answering)

To insure your award, you must call. You must respond immediately or lose everything. Our operators are standing by. Reply now or your award will pass to SOMEONE ELSE!

VELMA

Waldo --

WALDO rushes from frame, stamps around, getting dressed.
VELMA sighs and plants a small video BUG on one of his lamps.

37. BLEVINS AV EXT NIGHT

WALDO runs down the street in one of SMILEY's dressing gowns.



In the distance, a flickering, fluorescently-lit PAY PHONE
against a livid, storm-filled sky.

38. PAY PHONE EXT NIGHT

WALDO listens to a long recorded message, then MUSIC.
Thunder rumbles. Finally --

TELEPHONE VOICE

Waldo?

WALDO

Yes!

TELEPHONE VOICE

Congratulations, Waldo. I've checked with
the Computer and YES you have won ONE of FIVE
astounding value GIFTS which might include --

WALDO

I already know my options!
What have I WON?

A COLD WIND blows across the waste ground, where the DOGS
are eating out of BORIS's grave. WALDO turns up his collar.

TELEPHONE VOICE

Be patient, Waldo. You must
understand that only if you comply
with our wishes are you GUARANTEED to
receive one of these FIVE VALUABLE GIFTS
- plus THREE incredible bonus gifts,
including a designer simulacro-diamond
WATCH in Man's or Woman's Styles -
which style would you like, Waldo?

WALDO

Woman's. No, Man's. No, better make
it Woman's. No, Man's.

TELEPHONE VOICE

Your second surprise gift is a distinctive
Piedmont, Pan Am, or Eastern Airlines
Flight Bag, and your third bonus gift is
A BEAUTIFULLY MOULDED CAT OR OTHER
HOUSEHOLD PET MADE OUT OF BAT GUANO --

BIG CU ON WALDO as the penny drops.

WALDO

Kenneth?

TELEPHONE VOICE

... y-yes?

WALDO

Kenneth, it's me. Waldo from work.

THUNDER. Drops of rain start falling. WALDO scrunches
into the flourescent phone cabinet for shelter.

KENNETH'S VOICE

Waldo! Hey, dude! I didn't know
your name was Parks.

WALDO

Well it is. Look, Kenneth. Is this
on the level? Have I won something?

KENNETH'S VOICE

Sure, dads. Everybody wins the same thing.
The catch is, you have to spend all day
Sunday at this REAL ESTATE SEMINAR --

WALDO

I'll do that! What have I won?

The rain falls harder. The CAMERA pulls further away from WALDO.
Thunder and SIRENS.

KENNETH

There's no way I can tell you that,
dude. It wouldn't be ethical.

WALDO starts to protest vociferously. HANG-UP TONE.

THUNDER. LIGHTNING. RAIN.

39. AUTO MALL PARKWAY EXT DAY

KENNETH emerges from the SMOKY BUS.

Ready for another day of Telemarketing, he wears HEADPHONES
and micro-miniature PUNK REVIVAL VR SHADES. These prevent
him from seeing or hearing WALDO bearing down on him --

ANGLE ON WALDO

Uprising KENNETH with a graceful tai-chi series, bouncing
him against the chain-link fence of a Used Appliance Lot.

KENNETH screams as WALDO twists his arm.

WALDO

Tell me! Tell me! What's the
FREQUENCY, Kenneth?!

KENNETH

No! AAAGH! OKAY!! You've won
the HAWAIIAN VACATION!

WALDO

For how many people?

KENNETH

Two! TWO!!

WALDO, satisfied, lets KENNETH go. KENNETH crumples against
the fence, groaning.

KENNETH

You're fuckin' insane, Waldo.
That was TOTALLY UNKOOL.

WALDO

You were the unkool one, Kenneth.
I'm sorry that had to happen, but
you were behaving like an asshole.

KENNETH

Fuck you.

WALDO

No. Fuck you.

They walk in silence towards the building where they work.

ANGLE ON THE "MANTEE TELEMARKETING" SIGN.

The SIGN is being taken down.

40. MICKEY'S MARKET EXT DAY

WALDO and KENNETH sit on the curb outside MR NG's Market,
drinking beers. KENNETH studies his LOTTERY TICKETS.

KENNETH

Six months I worked there.
Everything gone. My A List.
My B List. A photo of my last
girlfriend, a picture of my dog --

WALDO

I wonder what could have happened.
Do you think Mr Mantee's all right?

KENNETH

Course he's all right. I'm the one
that's not all right. That fuckhead
owes me like \$6,000 in commissions.
How many sales did you make?

WALDO

None.

KENNETH

You're okay, then. Me, I'm down to
MY LAST TWO JOBS.

He kisses his LOTTERY TICKETS.

WALDO

What are those?

KENNETH

Lottery Tickets.

WALDO

Oh. What's a Lottery Ticket?

KENNETH

It offers hope for a carefree life, Waldo.

WALDO

Uh. You ever win?

KENNETH

Nope. But I'm gonna!
(kisses them again)

WALDO

What are the odds?

KENNETH

Who cares about odds?
It only costs a buck!

WALDO

But you buy one every day.

KENNETH

(freaking out, jumping up)
Look, it supports our schools!

WALDO finishes his beer and rises.

WALDO

Well, better go find another job,
I guess. Sure am looking forward
to my HAWAIIAN HOLIDAY...

WALDO walks off. KENNETH, dismayed by WALDO's persistence,
shouts after him --

KENNETH

You're out of your mind, dude!
You ain't gonna get another job!
What do you think this is - the
SEVENTIES? YOU AIN'T GOIN' ON
NO HAWAIIAN HOLIDAY, NEITHER!

41. THREE HOMELESS PEOPLE approach WALDO.

HOMELESS PERSON
Spare change, bunky?

WALDO gives them all his change and strides on.
A FAMILIAR VOICE hails him --

VOICE
Need a job, son?

WALDO turns slowly and looks back.

ANGLE ON DUKE MANTEE

With even blonder hair and a blond moustache and mirror shades,
standing beneath a neon sign saying "SPEEDEE COURIERS".

WALDO
Mr Mantee!

DUKE
Name's Bitters, brother. Earle Bitters.
So, you ARE looking for a job.

WALDO
What kind of job?

42. 127 BLEVINS EXT NIGHT

DOGS race past with pieces of BORIS in their mouths.
POWER LINES fizz and crackle overhead.

J.R.
Borrow my CAR? Borrow MY car?
Forget it! Never in a million years
will I or anybody lend their car! What
do you think this is - the SEVENTIES?

43. HALL INT NIGHT

J.R. stands shivering over a tiny gas floor heater.

Behind him, MANY WHITE MICE can be seen, running on treadmills
in their cages in J.R.'s lab-like room.

Down the hall, a beefy CALTRANS WORKER emerges from SMILEY's
quarters and departs.

WALDO
No, I am not under that impression.
I have a chance at a Courier job...

J.R.

"Courier"? HA! You mean a DRIVER!
That's MY job, and let me tell you -
it's one I wouldn't wish on my WORST ENEMY!

44. SMILEY'S ROOM INT NIGHT

WALDO stands gazing at the Victorian Baroque Ceiling.
SMILEY sits meditating before his Altar with pictures of
MOTHER TERESA, OSCAR WILDE and BRAD PITT. Finally --

SMILEY

A car..?

WALDO

Yeah, that's it! I've got this great
chance at a new job, but I need
transportation, at least till I can buy
my own... guess that's impossible, huh?

SMILEY

Not necessarily, lad. I personally
travel solely by motorcycle or cab,
but recently I was entrusted with a
vehicle by a friend of mine...

SMILEY rises, leads WALDO thru the French Windows into the
overgrown --

45. BACKYARD EXT NIGHT

-- where a large anonymous car is covered by a tarpaulin.

SMILEY

... a young COP your age, in fact,
who bought the car in compliance
with his POLICE DUTIES, but then,
sickened by the constant cynicism
and violence, resigned from the force
and went on a QUEST for spiritual
enlightenment - a QUEST from which
he still has not returned.

SMILEY removes the tarp, revealing an UNMARKED BLACK POLICE CAR
with black hubs and directible SEARCHLIGHTS.

WALDO

KOOL!

SMILEY beams at WALDO, running his hands ecstatically over

the car. HIS POV - again, the Tom of Finland WALDO.

SMILEY

Be my guest.

He hands WALDO the keys. WALDO jumps in and cranks the motor - the RADIO kicks in with the sound of GYPSY VIOLINS.

TIGHT ON WALDO - his face dissolving into --

46. A VISION OF THE PLANET MARS

Rotating on its axis in the starry void, the RED PLANET magnificently displays its ancient mountains and rift valleys, its crimson dust storms, and its snowy poles...



The sound of GYPSY VIOLINS intensifies.

VELMA V/O

Waldo, what is it? Are you on drugs?

47. AUTO MALL PARKWAY EXT NIGHT

WALDO drives up the Endless Boulevard in the BLACK CAR. VELMA sits beside him, finishing a LOVE BURGER.

The GYPSY VIOLIN song ends with familiar GUITAR CHORDS.

WALDO

No. But I've been having DREAMS --

VELMA

Nice car. Can I borrow it?

WALDO

I wouldn't normally pay attention to a DREAM, obviously, but these have been so REALISTIC...

VELMA

Some associates and I have got to do some stuff, and --

She opens the glove box, finds a SILVER .45 AUTOMATIC.

VELMA

-- this would be an ideal car for us.

WALDO

In these DREAMS, Velma, it's like I'm physically ON the Planet Mars. And what's incredible is that I'M REALLY THERE, you know, not as a visitor. I belong there.

VELMA

You mean you're a Martian?

WALDO

No. No, it's like, I AM from Earth, but I now live permanently on Mars. And the person that I am HERE isn't really me, but a CLONE that I watch on TV. Isn't that unreal?

VELMA

Actually, I think it's a pretty common dream for people who feel impotent and devoid of power. What's Mars like?

WALDO

(evasively)

Oh, you know... red... desert. Canals.

CUT TO --

48. WALDO'S DREAM OF LIFE ON MARS



He is in a big dome with a red volcano and an ice cap outside. He is seated in a BARCALOUNGER staring at a BIG SCREEN TV. A strangely-shaped PHONOGRAPH beside him.

ON SCREEN, an image of himself driving the car with VELMA. WALDO directs his CLONE's actions with the TV REMOTE CONTROL.

He is attended by TWO MARTIAN MAIDENS - big-brained, with mulitfaceted eyes, four arms, and giant insectoid wings. They ply him with Martian grapes and French Champagne.

A THIRD MARTIAN MAIDEN is giving him a BLOW JOB.

49. WALDO'S CAR INT NIGHT

VELMA throws her LOVE BURGER trash out of the window.

WALDO

So anyway, I was thinking maybe
in another life -- don't do that!!

VELMA

Don't do what?

WALDO

Throw your trash out like that. You
could get us stopped. I'd get a ticket.

VELMA leans out of the window, looks around.

HER POV - a Yellow Convertible following.

VELMA

There are no cops, Waldo.

WALDO

Well it's wrong anyway. You throw your trash out like that, it messes up the City -

VELMA

The City is already messed up.

WALDO

Yes, but then, listen, it goes in the storm drain and flows out to sea and ends up poisoning the MARINE LIFE.

VELMA

It's poisoning me, why shouldn't it poison them too?

WALDO

Velma, I'm not gonna argue with you! You wanna be my girlfriend, you play by my rules!

VELMA

Do you consider me your girlfriend, Waldo.

WALDO

Well, you could be. I mean, you have a chance. If you don't blow it.

VELMA

Hmm.

She looks back to make sure that the Convertible is following.

VELMA

And what's your definition of a girlfriend, Waldo?

WALDO

Well, the PERFECT GIRLFRIEND is... three feet tall, no teeth, and a flat head to rest your beer on.

VELMA yawns at him. WALDO winks.

WALDO

Only kidding, of course. That was a joke insensitive friends used to tell, back in the SEVENTIES.

50. AUTO MALL PARKWAY EXT NIGHT

VELMA signals to the Yellow Convertible, which draws level with WALDO's ride.

VELMA V/O

So, what IS the perfect girlfriend for you?

51. WALDO'S CAR INT NIGHT

WALDO adopts a benign and sensitive expression.

WALDO

The perfect girl, for me, Velma, fucks all night and at three a.m. turns into a PIZZA.

He grins, winks, beams munificently at her. She stares at him with undisguised contempt. WALDO becomes uncomfortable.

WALDO

I didn't mean that, Velma. No, in actual fact, the truth is, I would want MY WOMAN to pay close attention to her personal finances. A bounced check, an unpaid bill, that shows up on MY record, impeding my ability to ACCESS CREDIT. And credit, I don't have to remind you, is the FULCRUM OF SUCCESS.

ANGLE ON VELMA, yawning. Behind her the Yellow Convertible appears. Within it, the ARMANI BOYS wave POLICE BADGES.

ARMANI BOYS

Police Volunteers! Pull over!
Volunteer Police!

WALDO

Oh, shit!

VELMA

Don't stop, Waldo.

WALDO

What do you mean, don't stop?
I have no choice!

He attempts to stop. VELMA swings her leg across and pumps the GAS PEDAL. The CAR surges ahead.

WALDO

Velma, don't do that! They're
Police Volunteers!

VELMA throws her arms round his neck, pulls his hair, and jams her foot down harder. She finds the switches which activate the LIGHTS and SIREN.

VELMA

Exactly, Waldo! They're just
Volunteers! You don't have to
do what they say! Go faster!!

WALDO pushes VELMA away, grabs the handbrake.

52. AUTO MALL PARKWAY EXT NIGHT

WALDO'S CAR skids to a halt. The ARMANI BOYS pull up in front of it, laughing. WALDO manages to kill the SIREN.

VELMA gets out. She hands WALDO the .45 AUTOMATIC PISTOL.

VELMA

See you around.

WALDO peers thru the windshield at the ARMANIS, who are no longer wearing their MORMON/FBI disguises.

WALDO

Who are those guys?

VELMA

They're the Armani Boys, Waldo.
Community Police Officers who lost
their jobs when the Department was
downsized. For a while they worked
as private security men - but the end
of affirmative action and poor timekeeping
drove them from the trade. They still
thirst for justice, though now in
a private capacity.

WALDO

So do I have to show them my license?

VELMA sighs and walks to the Convertible. She climbs in back. The ARMANI BOYS, still laughing, u-turn off into the night.

ANGLE ON WALDO

Searching for his driver's license.

53. TERMINAL ANNEX INT NIGHT

A large loft space with spectacular views of downtown,
piled high with boxes of COMPUTERS and TV MONITORS.

VELMA, BOSOLA and VINDICE cluster round a COMPUTER SCREEN.
VINDICE is trying to bring up WALDO's records.

VINDICE

LAPD - No Record. DIA - Nothing.
Long Distance Carrier - no preference
listed. Frequent Flyer Programs - none.

54. DISSOLVE TO --

The same scene, hours later. VELMA and BOSOLA peer into the blue-
green pool of light. VINDICE's fingers skitter fruitlessly.

BOSOLA

I figure he's a fugitive. Let's grab
him, turn him over for the bounty money...

VELMA stares inscrutably at the screen.

55. DISSOLVE TO --

The same scene, later still. Dawn is breaking beyond the
skyscrapers.

VELMA watches WALDO on her secret closed circuit television.
WALDO is asleep. VINDICE, exhausted, makes his report.

VINDICE

I went back twelve years.
The only thing I found was that three
weeks ago one Waldo Parks signed up
for the Russian Home Shopping Network.
Since then he's run up seven million
Roubles' worth of purchases. He has
yet to make a payment.

VELMA

You can massage my shoulders, now,
if you would like.

VINDICE

Thank you.

56. AUTO MALL PARKWAY EXT DAY

WALDO drives up the crowded thoroughfare. The afternoon rush hour is beginning. He eats a LOVE BURGER.

57. SPEEDEE COURIERS EXT DAY

WALDO rumbles into the lot where DUKE MANTEE'S DRIVERS park.

TWO DRIVERS, ACE and ARTHUR, sit on the hood of a wretched Toyota Starlet, staring at DUKE's port-a-kabin office. They are tough-looking dudes, black & white respectively.

Smoking cigarettes, they watch in silence as WALDO hurries up the steps into DUKE's office.

58. OFFICE INT DAY

DUKE MANTEE sits behind an almost-empty desk. Behind him is a framed print of Athletes with the words, "To Win, You First Must Want".

WALDO hands a Completed Delivery Report to the RECEPTIONIST.

DUKE

(not looking up)

No smoking!

WALDO

I'm not smoking, sir.

DUKE

Sorry, kid. I know you're not - yet. But if I was to allow you to light up in here, it wouldn't just cost you your job, it'd cost her her job, and me my ENTIRE BUSINESS.

WALDO

I don't smoke, Mr Ma--, uh, Bitters.

DUKE

That's why I have to ask you and the other Couriers to remain outside. Unless, of course, you're on official business --

WALDO

I AM on official business, sir.
Having completed my appointed round,
I wondered if there were any MORE
deliveries I could make today.

DUKE

More? You wanna work MORE?
Well, what do we have, hon?

RECEPTIONIST looks in her desk drawers.
Produces a large packet and a small one.

RECEPTIONIST

This baby has to be in Painsville
by 1800 hrs. THIS sucker has to
reach the City of Toil by 6:15.

DUKE

Opposite sides of town.
No one could possibly...

WALDO

I can! I'll take 'em BOTH!

WALDO keenly signs for both packages.
DUKE rises, goes to the window.

DUKE

You see that parking space?

ANGLE ON AN EMPTY PARKING SPACE

Filled with trash and broken cement blocks, beside the office.

DUKE

That parking space was set aside some
years back for the EMPLOYEE OF THE MONTH.
Since that day, it has remained unoccupied
... you know what I'm saying, Bob?

WALDO

The name's Waldo, sir, and yes, I think so.
Thank you, sir, excuse me, ma'am, goodbye...

DUKE continues staring thru the window. WALDO backs hastily out.

59. SPEEDEE COURIERS LOT EXT DAY

WALDO races for his car, carrying the two packages.
ARTHUR leans against the driver's door, smoking.

ARTHUR
You the new Driver?

WALDO
Courier, yes.

Though in a hurry, WALDO extends a hand.

WALDO
Waldo Parks!

ARTHUR
(spits)
How come you wearin' that THING?

WALDO
What THING?

ARTHUR
Around your neck.

WALDO looks down at the dull brown TIE that he has tightly knotted around his throat.

WALDO
It's my tie...

ARTHUR
Your tie...

ARTHUR beckons to WALDO.

WALDO looks longingly at the rush-hour traffic, thickening minute by minute on Auto Mall Parkway.

Reluctantly, clutching his two packets, he follows ARTHUR.

WALDO
Hey, uh, I gotta get going --

ARTHUR
Waldo. How am I dressed?

WALDO looks ARTHUR up and down, taking in his corporate logo t-shirt, protruding beer-belly, greasy, stained blue jeans, sandals, and toe-holed socks.

WALDO
Well, you're kinda, kinda, well, you're kinda, you're dressed like a SLOB.

ARTHUR

That's right, Waldo. I am dressed like a fuckin' slob. Now cast your eyes over your co-workers.

ANGLE ON THE OTHER DRIVERS

Leaning against their cars in the hot sun, smoking, drinking from brown paper bags.

WALDO

They look like slobs too.

ARTHUR

That's right, Waldo. They too look like slobs. You, however, have come to work dressed like a young EXECUTIVE. No doubt this makes you feel good about yourself, just starting out on your new job, am I right?

(WALDO nods)

You feel insecure, you wanna make a good impression. I bet the secretaries like it too, I bet they get all googly-woogly when you come in swingin' that brown TIE. I bet the guards on the gate even call you SIR.

(CUT TO A GATE GUARD saluting WALDO and his TIE)

ARTHUR

You may think you are doing the world a service with your SMART ATTIRE. You are not. If you continue to wear a tie, though, that SON OF A BITCH in there will get to hear about it and then we will all be ORDERED to wear ties.

(CUT TO A VISION of DUKE MANTEE shouting at his DRIVERS from his office steps; all the miserable JUNKIES, SPEED FREAKS and FAT DRUNKS who work there struggling into TIES)

ARTHUR

And if you survive in this job longer than two months, there'll come a day when you'll wish you were FUCKIN' DEAD and will no longer want to drive around this FUCKIN' CITY fourteen hours a day wearing a FUCKIN' TIE.

(CUT TO WALDO'S VISION of himself at age eighty: bald, deaf, and near-blind, nervous and agitated, gobbling Prozac,

still driving for SPEEDEE COURIERS, still wearing his TIE)

ARTHUR

It is the Law here that Taxi Drivers
have to wear shirts and ties to work.
We are not Taxi Drivers. We are
Delivery Boys. We have the right
to look like slobs.

WALDO

You are absolutely right. I take your
point and I'll be pleased to follow it.

WALDO removes his tie and folds it neatly; puts it in his
pocket. He shakes hands with ARTHUR.

ARTHUR

Cigarette?

WALDO

Sure, Arthur. Thanks.

WALDO takes a cigarette and puts it, unlit, in his mouth.
He heads for his CAR.

60. WALDO'S CAR INT DAY

WALDO gets into his car.

His fellow Driver ACE is sitting in the passenger seat, smoking.
ACE is a powerful black guy with a gold "A" pendant at his throat,
and many "A" motif jewelry items.

ACE stares at WALDO's cigarette.

ACE

Need a light for that?

WALDO

No thanks. I'm saving it.

ACE

Uh huh.

(studies car intently,
then WALDO)

Where'd you get this car?

WALDO

Somebody ga -- I BOUGHT it.
At a ... police auction!

ACE

Police auction, huh? I had a car exactly like this, 1,500 per cent identical, excepting it was baby blue and had different color seats. You change the seats after you bought it?

WALDO

I didn't change the seats. They were always this way, I, uh, I assume.

ACE

Uh huh. I figure the paint job only ran you 80, 90 bucks. But changing the seats, that must have set you back what - couple of hundred dollars?

WALDO

Like I say, Ace, I didn't change the seats.

ACE's eyes narrow. He stares at WALDO, very cold.

ACE

The way I'd know for sure if this was my car - wanna know what that is? OPEN THE GLOVE BOX. See, I always kept a silver .45 auto in there - like John Wayne carried in the Pacific. Know what I mean?

ACE glares fixedly at the glove box.

ANGLE ON THE GLOVE BOX. ACE reaches for it.

WALDO

You don't want to look in there.

ACE

Why not?

WALDO

Because it's locked. And I don't have the key.

ANGLE ON ACE

Gazing fixedly at WALDO, undergoing an intense mental struggle as to whether to call WALDO's bluff or not.

ANGLE ON WALDO gazing blankly back.

ACE
 (giving up)
 Soon as I find the dude that ripped
 me off, I'll kill him with THAT GUN.

WALDO
 (opening the door for ACE)
 Assuming it's still in the glove box.

ACE
 Exactly.

ACE exits the car. WALDO looks down at the .45 AUTOMATIC
 lying between his feet. He kicks it under the seat.

61. SPEEDEE COURIERS LOT EXT DAY

ARTHUR, ACE and the other DRIVERS watch suspiciously as WALDO
 drives out of the yard.

As he passes CAMERA, we see that he is PUTTING HIS TIE BACK ON.

ANGLE ON DUKE MANTEE

Peering thru the window at his Star Employee.

62. 127 BLEVINS EXT NIGHT

WALDO, dishevelled by his 18-hour driving day, crosses the
 empty street. Behind him, a SPLITTER BOX half-way up a
 power pole EXPLODES.

WALDO looks in all directions, then bends down and conceals
 a NOTE behind the Shrine to the Virgin of Guadalupe...

63. BEDROOM INT NIGHT

WALDO is in bed with dressing gown and pipe.

His small circle of possessions has grown to include a VCR,
 a CORDLESS PHONE, SEVERAL SPORTING TROPHIES and CONVERSATION
 PIECES, and an ENCYCLOPAEDIA SET. Bills from the Russian Home
 Shopping Network lie discarded on the floor. The PHONE rings.

WALDO
 (sophisticatedly)
 Good evening.

TELEPHONE VOICE

Hello to you, sir. I'm calling on behalf of the Federal Government to invite you to purchase an interactive CD-ROM entitled "SWINDLERS ARE CALLING" - eighty things you need to know about TELEMARKETING FRAUD - ninety tip-offs that a caller might be a CROOK - 100 ways to avoid becoming a VICTIM --

WALDO

Kenneth?

KENNETH'S VOICE

(for it is he)

Waldo? Shit! Not again --

WALDO

Kenneth, listen, that real estate deal - the tickets to Hawaii - is that still happening?

KENNETH'S VOICE

Yeah, sure, every Sunday --

WALDO

Gimme the address. Huh? Wait a second - what's that CLICKING SOUND?

KENNETH'S VOICE

What clicking sound?

WALDO

(alarmed)

There's this CLICKING SOUND... on MY PHONE...

KENNETH'S VOICE

It's CALL WAITING, Waldo. It means you have another call.

WALDO

(really worried)

Wh-wh-what do I DO?

KENNETH'S VOICE

You push the button that says PHONE, you dumb shit. But don't --

WALDO pushes the button, putting KENNETH on hold.

WALDO

Hello?

VELMA'S VOICE

You left me a message.

WALDO

Velma! Hi, it's Waldo! Oh, of course you know. Doing anything Sunday?

VELMA'S VOICE

Yes, I am.

WALDO

Oh. How about the following Sunday?

VELMA'S VOICE

It depends. Why?

WALDO

Well, because I just happen to have TWO FREE TICKETS to the island of - just a second - I got another call -
(puts VELMA on hold)
Hello?

KENNETH'S VOICE

DUDE! Don't put me on call waiting when I'm at work! Now, take down this address --

WALDO

Dude, be kool! I'm talking to my SPECIAL LADY here. Chill out and I'll be right with you --
(puts KENNETH on hold again)
Velma? Hello? Hello?

64. EZ ACADEMY OF REAL ESTATE EXT DAY

Blindingly hot sunlight reflected off a sea of cars surrounding a cubic, concrete building. No windows. A sign in the vast parking lot reads,

"WELCOME PRIZE WINNERS"

65. EZ ACADEMY OF REAL ESTATE INT DAY

KENNETH stands at the end of a fluorescently-lit conference

room with a pie chart, a computer, and a laser pointer.

The ATTENDEES/PRIZE WINNERS, who include WALDO, ARTHUR, ACE, and several former employees of MANTEE TELEMARKETING, are gathered behind a u-formation of formica tables.

(The location should look as much as possible like the Lunar Briefing Room in 2001.)

KENNETH

(midway thru lecture)

Now I know that some of you are probably thinking, we've been here five hours now and he still hasn't mentioned anything about the PRIZES. Well, I'll be getting to that shortly. But first --

(turns page on pie chart)

-- I'd like to look at some of the long-term advantages of taking out a THIRD MORTGAGE as an income generator, using the safest and most commonsense collateral there is - YOUR HOME...

66. EZ ACADEMY OF REAL ESTATE EXT DAY

KENNETH, now wearing a Gown and tasseled Mortar Board, hands out Envelopes and Diplomas.

The ATTENDEES, also wearing Mortar Boards, ditch their Diplomas and tear open their Envelopes, praying they have won the MONEY, or the R.V., or the CAMCORDER...

GROANS and SOBS.

As KENNETH predicted, they have all won the Hawaiian Holiday.

ANGLE ON ACE AND ARTHUR

Tearing up their tickets, walking dejectedly away.

ANGLE ON WALDO

Two Hawaiian Holiday Tickets in his hand, delighted.

67. 127 BLEVINS EXT DAY

It is incredibly HOT.

It is also Christmas, so the sagging roofs of Club Blevins and the neighboring residences are bedecked with plastic Santas, Reindeers, Xmas Trees, Mickeys, ETs, and Devils.

68. BEDROOM INT DAY

WALDO attaches the HAWAIIAN HOLIDAY TICKETS to the top of his Xmas Tree. PULL BACK to reveal his POSSESSIONS decked with tinsel and brightly colored balls, a Nativity Scene filled with Plastic Martians atop his TV set.

WALDO folds his TIE and slips it into his briefcase with the SILVER .45. We follow him into the --

69. HALL INT DAY

-- where TWO UNIFORMED MARINES exit SMILEY's room, and into the --

70. KITCHEN INT DAY

-- where J.R. is hammering at a can and SMILEY is preparing a cocktail. An IRON PAN is burning on the stove. WALDO turns the stove off and exits, humming an Xmas Carol.

J.R.

Rent's due in three weeks, Waldo!

WALDO

No sweat, good buddy! I'll give you a check tonight!

Thru the kitchen window, J.R. and SMILEY watch as WALDO gets into his car and sits, warming it up.

J.R.

Great. There's no other word for it. Fuckin' great.

SMILEY

To what do you refer?

J.R.

Waldo. I mean, here is a kid who literally six months ago didn't have a pot to piss in, and now look at him - incredible benefits, health, a vacation planned. The other night I saw him opening the presents he's got from the secretaries and lawyers he delivers to: not just candy, but useful stuff like TIES and BOOZE!

ANGLE ON WALDO

Getting out of his car, having forgotten something.
He reenters, hurries past his ROOMMATES with a cheery wave.

71. HALL INT DAY

WALDO marches briskly past the chorus of SEVERAL OFF-SCREEN
ALARM CLOCKS, and enters the --

72. BEDROOM INT DAY

-- which has been COMPLETELY STRIPPED.

All of WALDO's lamps and possessions - even his mattress -
have been loaded aboard a PICKUP TRUCK which, thru the open
garage door, can be seen speeding away.

WALDO

Shit!!

ANGLE ON WALDO'S HAWAIIAN HOLIDAY TICKETS

Miraculously overlooked by the BURGLARS, lying on the floor.
WALDO grabs the Tickets, clutches them to his bosom.

WALDO

Thank God!!

Stirring, ethereal MUSIC plays.

Fade in the sound of GYPSY VIOLINS. CUT TO --

73. PLANET MARS INT DAY

WALDO sits with a pair of big-brained MARTIAN SCIENTISTS
- males, which have no wings - inside a Martian Dome.

(We know they are scientists because they wear white lab
coats with pocket protectors containing SLIDE RULES)

All gaze at a BIG-SCREEN TV. ON SCREEN --

The image of WALDO, or his CLONE, on Earth, sitting behind
the wheel of his CAR, in rush-hour traffic.

MARTIAN SCIENTIST 1

What are you doing now?

WALDO

Delivering more packets. It looks like I'm transporting them between lawyers.

MARTIAN SCIENTIST 2

What is the value of the packets?

WALDO

Minimal.

MARTIAN SCIENTIST 1

Why do you do it, then?

WALDO

Beacuse they pay me.

The MARTIAN SCIENTISTS exchange a glance. They both nod in agreement. One makes notes; the other studies his Console.

MARTIAN SCIENTIST 2

It looks as if your car is soon to experience a major malfunction.

WALDO

(sipping Champagne)
Too bad.

74. AIRPORT ACCESS ROAD EXT DAY

WALDO, clad in a Hawaiian shirt, gets out of his CAR.



Smoke is pouring from under the hood, and one of the rear wheels has fallen off.

A long line of cars waits behind his immobilized vehicle. Beyond is the Wally Park, with its prison-camp WATCHTOWER and its myriad PARKED CARS. JETS SCREAM OVERHEAD.

WALDO's BEEPER goes off. In the car, his CELLULAR rings.

75. 127 BLEVINS EXT NIGHT

A Car drives by. One of the passengers shoots the plastic rooftop Santa's head off. Laughter. ELECTRIC CRACKLE.

SMILEY'S VOICE

So, Waldo. How was the Hawaiian Holiday?

76. KITCHEN INT NIGHT

WALDO, his Hawaiian shirt torn and covered with grease, sits beside SMILEY at the table. SMILEY is finishing a LOVE BURGER.

WALDO

I didn't get to go. I had these major car difficulties and I spent the weekend at the AIRPORT. They had to close down the entire Airport Access Road just so I could get a TOW.

He beams proudly. SMILEY is impressed.

SMILEY

You must have made a lot of people miss their flights.

WALDO

I don't know - maybe. People were honking at me and behaving like real assholes.

His PAGER goes off. He silences it.

WALDO

But it was okay in the end because I spoke to the Tour Company and they agreed to let me use my Tickets next weekend instead.

SMILEY

Both Tickets?

WALDO
Yes, that's right.

SMILEY
And so - with whom will you be going
to Hawaii next weekend?

(CUT TO SMILEY'S VISION of himself and WALDO, both dressed
as Tom of Finland HUNKS with tatoos and huge, inflatable
muscles, walking on an idyllic sunset beach)

WALDO
Oh, nobody. I'm going by myself.
You don't know anybody else that has
another car they don't want, do you?

77. AUTO MALL PARKWAY EXT DAY

WALDO, tie-clad, drives an ancient orange AMC GREMLIN behind a
SMOKY BUS. The GREMLIN cannot pass. He eats a LOVE BURGER.

78. AUTO MALL PARKWAY EXT DUSK

The GREMLIN has broken down. Hood up, hazard lights flashing.

WALDO stands at the gateway to a Used Car Lot, still eating,
staring at a decrepit Cadillac. His PAGER goes off.

79. AUTO MALL PARKWAY EXT DAY

The CAD has died, half on the curb, beside another Used Car Lot.

WALDO, talking on the phone, surveys a ratted-out
MERCURY TRACER. A SALESMAN approacheth.

80. AUTO MALL PARKWAY EXT DUSK

Smoke billowing from its hood, the MERCURY TRACER lies defunct
at an intersection, hazard lights winking.

CAMERA PANS across the street, to MICKEY'S MARKET.

81. MICKEY'S MARKET INT DUSK

WALDO pays for a six-pack of something called LIFT-UPP!!!
MR NG observes him from behind the giant LOTTERY TICKET DISPENSER.

ANGLE ON WALDO eyeing the LOTTERY TICKETS.

MR NG

Don't even think about Lottery.
Complete waste, money and time.
Seven sixty six.

WALDO starts to pay MR NG again. MR NG gives him his money back.

WALDO

Thanks for telling me. But don't
you, if I buy one, don't you make
a PROFIT or something?

MR NG

Not worth the guilt. Never see
rich person buy Lottery Ticket.
Not stupid, rich people. In any
case, you friend of MICKEY'S MARKET.

WALDO

But doesn't it, doesn't it,
doesn't it, like, HELP OUR SCHOOLS?

He reaches for his SIX. MR NG leans across the counter and the
store grows dark. Only they remain, in an eerie halo of light.

MR NG

How the brain doing? You figure
out where you been the last 13 years?

WALDO

No, I didn't. And the way I see it,
the past is behind me now, anyway.
The future - that's what counts!

MR NG

Why?

WALDO

(uncertainly)
Well, uh...

WALDO realises a WOMAN is staring at him. He turns and stares
back. She wears an ankle-length FAKE-FUR COAT, and is barely
visible behind a huge array of EAR, EYEBROW, NOSE and LIP RINGS.

WOMAN

Waldo?

WALDO

Yes...

WOMAN

Waldo, it's me - Beatrice Joanna!

GITAR CHORDS of ancient, miserable MEMORY are heard.

WALDO

Beatrice Joanna..?

82. CONCRETE RIVER BED EXT SUNSET

WALDO and BEATRICE JOANNA sit on the concrete river bank, watching the trash flow out to sea. They drink his beers.

BEATRICE JOANNA

Cedric had to do time for the hold-ups. He blamed you in court, but obviously they never tracked you down. Stan's brother came looking for you too, swearing he was going to cut your heart out. We were all in pretty serious trouble - he's one of those Satanist Drug Dealers - but luckily he never figured out we were involved.

WALDO

This sure is a pretty place.

BEATRICE JOANNA

So what have you been doing, Waldo? Where've you been?

WALDO

Nowhere. Just... driving around. Have you ever been to Hawaii?

BEATRICE JOANNA

Sure.

WALDO

What's it like? Pretty great, huh?

BEATRICE JOANNA

It totally sucks. The place is like an ECOLOGICAL DISASTER. It's run by the Japanese Mafia, and it's full of hookers and lardasses. Oh, and there's a CIA ASSASSINATION SCHOOL, too. The guy who killed John Lennon was (CONT.)

BEATRICE JOANNA (CONT.)
trained there. So there are always
these BIZARRE MURDERS.

WALDO
It sure seems like a long time since
we were music majors.

BEATRICE JOANNA
So. Do you still have SEX, Waldo?
Or are you fucked out like everybody
else in town?

WALDO
I'm not fucked out.

BEATRICE JOANNA
I see. So where's your place.

83. BEDROOM INT DAY

Almost total darkness due to the absence of windows and the
theft of WALDO's lamps.

The sound of endless METAL BRACELETS falling to the concrete.

Unzipping of zips, unbuckling of belts.
Thud of boots. Condom packet ripping sound.

Panting. Sighs. The gentle jangling of BEATRICE JOANNA's
many eyebrow, ear, lip, nose, and other rings.

BEATRICE JOANNA'S VOICE
That's good. Ow. Careful with my RING.

WALDO'S VOICE
You have a ring there?

BEATRICE JOANNA'S VOICE
I have three rings there.

WALDO'S VOICE
One... two... three... Wow.

BEATRICE JOANNA'S VOICE
And two on the other side.

WALDO
Incredible.

Their breaths quicken. BEATRICE JOANNA emits a series of small groans.

BEATRICE JOANNA'S VOICE
 Didn't you used to have an earring, Waldo?

WALDO'S VOICE
 Yes, but the hole closed up.

BEATRICE JOANNA'S VOICE
 (ecstatic)
 No it didn't --

WALDO'S VOICE
 AAIIEE!

CUT TO --

84. BEDROOM INT NIGHT

BEATRICE JOANNA examines WALDO's bloody ear by flashlight.

They are in his sleeping bag, surrounded by concrete, bills, discarded jewelry and clothes.

BEATRICE JOANNA
 Guess what Cedric's doing right now.

WALDO
 Frying burgers.

BEATRICE JOANNA
 Yes! How did you guess?

WALDO
 It seemed appropriate.

BEATRICE JOANNA studies a couple of WALDO's Russian bills.

BEATRICE JOANNA
 Doesn't it make you mad the way nobody has a REAL JOB. It's like everybody's scamming everybody else for SCRAPS. Everything breaks, no one remembers anything. The present is just a blank, and all the time it feels like there's this GREAT CATASTROPHE impending... and the only thing that's holding it at bay is SPIT and LIES. Do you feel that?

WALDO pulls on his shirt and dons his ready-knotted TIE.

WALDO
I have a real job.

85. MONTAGE

WALDO drives ANONYMOUS CARS through the RAIN. There is blood on his ear. His windshield wipers are broken.

86. INDUSTRIAL DISTRICT EXT DUSK

A VIOLENT WIND BLOWS. WALDO is parked beside a PHONE BOOTH. DUST gusts thru the background in strange eddies, beyond which weird shapes, scenes of PANIC and FLIGHT, perhaps a DINOSAUR, can be seen.

WALDO, oblivious, shouts into the PAY PHONE.



WALDO DISCUSSES LAPTOPS ON THE PHONE.
IN THE B/G, A DUSTSTORM OBSCURES THE
BLDGs, & A DINOSAUR CHASES ROMANS.

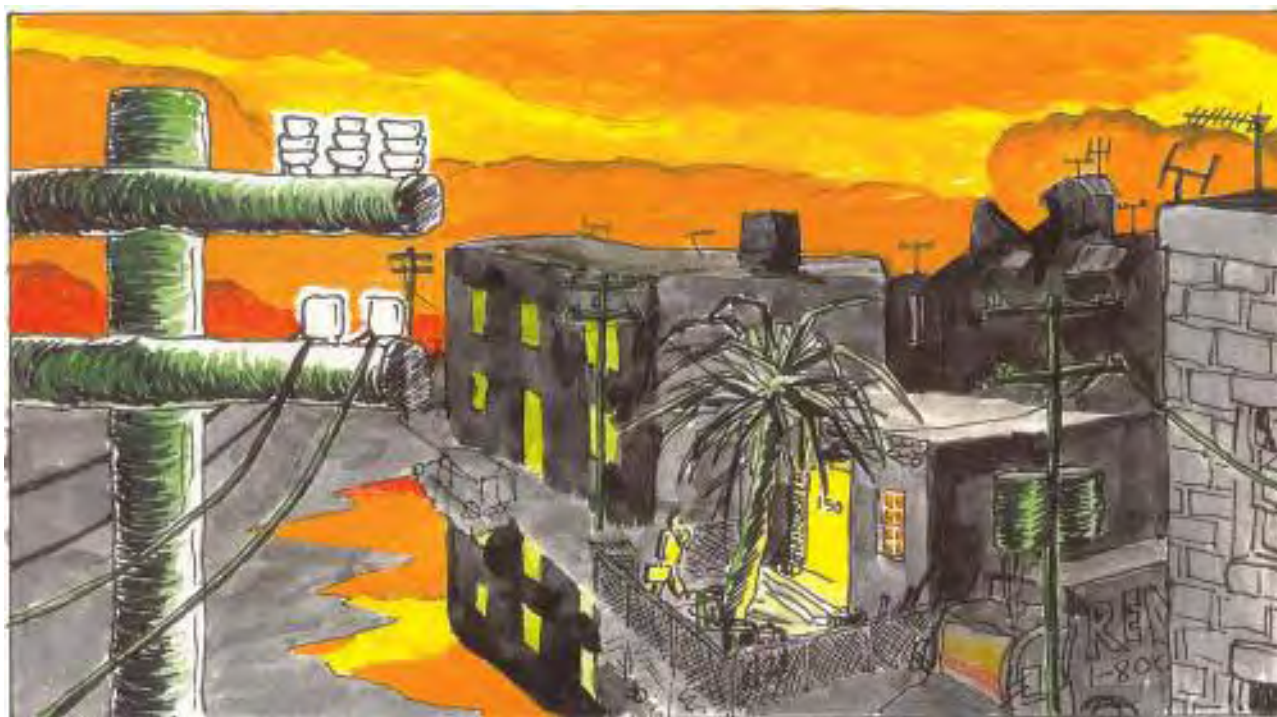
WALDO
Hello? Customer Service? Yes!
I have one of your IN-CAR VEHICULAR
MAP LAPTOPS - you know, it's like a
computer that's supposed to be connected
to the Global Positioning Satellite System (CONT.)

WALDO (CONT.)

and show you where you are -- Hello?
 Yes! Well, it doesn't work! No! Yes!
 Yes! No! Its code number is OZ-9600-II,
 and its configuration is standard! Yes!
 Hello? Yes, I'm listening! Hello?
 Hello? Hello? Yes! I'm calling
 about an IN-CAR VEHICULAR MAP LAPTOP -
 you know - hello? Hello?

87. 127 BLEVINS EXT DUSK

RAIN. Bright orange sky. Distant thunder.



WALDO trudges with his briefcase up the drive...

88. KITCHEN INT DUSK

WALDO turns off the IRON PAN that's burning on the stove.

SMILEY prepares a Martini using half a cocktail shaker
 and a plate. He is his usual, urbane, unruffled self.

WALDO shakes and twitches. His tie is tightly knotted,
 totally askew. He mumbles. His skin is GREY.
 He wears a silver hoop earring.

SMILEY

New earring, Waldo?

WALDO continues mumbling.

SMILEY

How's work going?

SMILEY's polite enquiry opens the floodgates on a TORRENT of WALDOIAN ANXIETY and job-related concerns.

WALDO

I was rushing, and I got this TICKET. I was only going, like the proper limit, but I had to SPEED UP to overtake this car that was traveling too slow. And so this COP gave me a SPEEDING TICKET. Well, I had to get it FIXED so it won't show up on my record, cause I have to have a clean driving record for my JOB, but when I went to the COURT they wouldn't let me go to TRAFFIC SCHOOL because you can only go if you were going 19 miles or less over the limit, and this COP had written me up as TWENTY MILES OVER.

ANGLE ON SMILEY, his benign features subtly glazing over.

ANGLE ON WALDO, wild-eyed, warming to his theme.

WALDO

So now I have to go to court again and fight it, but I can't tell them why I need the day off work. Do you think I can maybe say I'm involved in a LAWSUIT? Because I really don't want them to know I have car problems. Now my car is only firing on THREE CYLINDERS and my MECHANIC says I have to pour another THOUSAND DOLLARS into it or get rid of it fast. Would it be right to sell it to someone, knowing it's in BAD SHAPE?

SMILEY absent-mindedly turns the stove burners on. The IRON PAN starts heating up. WALDO turns them off.

WALDO

(staring at the stove)

I heard they have these auctions - the City has these auctions - and you can get like CARS and BOATS that have been confiscated from white-collar criminals. And this one guy told me nobody goes to 'em, and you can get

(CONT.)

WALDO (CONT.)

like a BRAND-NEW CAR for almost no money! You just have to get there early. They don't let you DRIVE the cars, but you can turn 'em on and listen to 'em. So it's kinda like the LOTTERY - you have maybe a 50/50 chance of getting a GREAT CAR.

SMILEY turns the stove on again. WALDO turns it off. They both stare fixedly at it. Thunder outside.

SMILEY

Yes, well... hmm. I see.

89. AUTO MALL PARKWAY EXT DAY

BOSOLA and VINDICE, wearing ski masks, burst out of a Computer Store carrying bags of PENTIUM CHIPS. They pile into a car driven by a ski-masked VELMA.

ANGLE ON ACE AND ARTHUR

Watching as the GETAWAY CAR screeches away.

ANGLE ON WALDO

Removing his TIE as he approaches ARTHUR and ACE.

WALDO

Hey, Ace! Arthur! How you doin'? Say, can one of you gimme a ride back to my car? I had a little problem with my ALTERNATOR ROTOR MOTOR --

ARTHUR

Forget it.

WALDO quickly glances down to make sure he's removed his TIE.

WALDO

No, c'mon, Art, don't be like that --

ACE points at the SPEEDEE COURIERS gate.

It is padlocked, with a sign saying, "OUT OF BUSINESS".

90. MICKEY'S MARKET EXT DAY

WALDO, ACE and ARTHUR sit on the curb, drinking beers.

WALDO

Gosh. Gee, it sure is difficult to hold onto a job these days. The worst thing is, it almost feels like it's YOUR FAULT when something like this happens. Like, you didn't WORK HARD ENOUGH.

ARTHUR

This is not my fault.

ACE

I see that motherfucker Bitters, I'm gonna drill him a THIRD EYE right in the middle of his head.

ARTHUR

Cheers!

ACE

Salud.

WALDO

Guys, you can't go blaming everything on Mr Mantee, I mean Bitters. He's a victim of Market Forces, just as we are. It's not his fault if Economic Reality obliges him to relocate to someplace where the pay is 50¢ a day.

ACE

It's worse than that. I heard that they was trainin' ANIMALS to do our jobs. Cats, dogs, monkeys. They give 'em electric shocks. Computer tell 'em where to turn, etcetera.

ARTHUR

(uncertainly)

Animals will never replace a man. Right?

WALDO

Uh... yeah, I guess. Does either of you have a set of JUMPER CABLES?

ACE

Maybe. Get us another beer.

WALDO

(rising)

Deal!

91. MICKEY'S MARKET INT DAY

WALDO pulls a fluorescent six-pack from the refrigerator.
He turns, reconsiders, opens his wallet. A MOTH flies out.



WALDO counts his change and returns three beers to the freezer.
He takes the other three to the counter, where MR NG reads
the tabloid Times and a tiny TV set babbles.

MR NG
Four forty-four.
(indicates paper)
Isn't that your friend?

ANGLE ON THE NEWSPAPER

Featuring a big picture of BEATRICE JOANNA and her husband
CEDRIC. The headline reads --

SIX SLAIN IN SUSPECTED SATANISTS'
SADISTIC MASSACRE SPREE

ANGLE ON WALDO

Staring at the mini-TV on the counter, where BEATRICE JOANNA
and CEDRIC's mug shots can also be seen.

TV VOICE

A San Francisquito fry cook and his family were murdered last night in a particularly exciting and disgusting way... Police are said to be seeking Matamoros drug kingpin REGGIE CANTÚ ... CANTÚ has sworn to kill a group of former MUSIC STUDENTS who, he believes, torched his twin brother, Stan...

WALDO pays for the beers.

WALDO

Weird story, huh.

MR NG

But isn't that your friend?
Girl who make fashion statement?

WALDO

No, that's not her.
You take it easy, Mr Ng!

WALDO exits. MR NG stares hard at BEATRICE JOANNA's twin pictures in the Newspaper and on the tiny TV screen.

92. 127 BLEVINS EXT NIGHT

The hiss of a hundred thousand CICADAS mingles with the whine of MOSQUITOS and the ZAP of MOTHS colliding with a blue glowing BUG-KILLING LAMP above the door.

Across the street, beyond the SHRINE to the Virgin and the Oil Well, a SILVER AIRSTREAM TRAILER is parked.

WALDO'S VOICE

I lost my job today.

VELMA'S VOICE

Oh, that's too bad, Waldo.
What are you going to do?

WALDO'S VOICE

Well - since I was due for a vacation anyway, and I have these two, free, all-expenses-paid, Vacation Tickets to Hawaii --

93. BEDROOM INT NIGHT

VELMA lies on WALDO's new sofa bed, clad in a Victoria's Secret Seduction Outfit.

WALDO sits at his new table, banging out JOB APPLICATIONS on his new Dynamic Sound Booster Computer.

WALDO

-- I'll just redouble my efforts, get some MONEY, buy a PRINTER, get these JOB APPLICATIONS out, find another JOB a.s.a.p., and postpone the vacation. What do you think?

VELMA

I think you need the vacation.

WALDO

No doubt about that. But first things first! "Dear Sir or Madam, I am writing to offer my services in any capacity. I am young and eager to learn, yet tempered also by real life experience. I am of course prepared to work for minimum wage, or on a commission basis -- "

VELMA sticks an eminently desirable LEG in WALDO's lap. Her fine white teeth are clamped on his pipe stem. They stare at each other.

VELMA

Where'd that EARRING come from, Waldo?

WALDO

I found it in the driveway. Need a light?
(he lights her pipe)

VELMA

Why don't you take a little break from your Computer? I know you're probably too anxious to be into sex, but we could just chastely hold each other...

She blows smoke rings at him.

WALDO

You ever meet a guy called REGGIE CANTÚ?

VELMA

No, I don't think so.

WALDO rises and takes the pipe from her. He holds it under his nose, savoring the rich, fresh, fragrant tobacco.

WALDO

I ask because he has a Spanish-sounding surname. You have a lot of friends in the Latino Community, and I wondered if you knew him. He had a brother called Stan. REGGIE CANTÚ.

VELMA

Not Reggie Cantú the Narco-Satanist?

WALDO

Aha! So you DO know him!

VELMA

I didn't say that.

(she tries to break away.

He holds onto her waist)

What is it with you? What do you think - that all the Latinos I know are members of some kind of UNDERWORLD CRIMINAL FRATERNITY? I bet you think they KIDNAP BABIES, too!

WALDO

Well, as a matter of fact, they do.
It was on Sixty Minutes --

VELMA jumps on WALDO and bites his neck.
They fall onto the sofa bed, struggling.

WALDO

All right, it wasn't!
But tell me about this Cantú.
What have you heard?

VELMA

All I know is Reggie Cantú is supposed to be the most dangerous member of the EME, you know, the Mexican Mafia. If you piss him off, you're dead. They say it's better to kill yourself than let him get you. You haven't pissed him off, have you?

WALDO

Oh, no, no, no.

VELMA

Good.

(they kiss)

Are all your lamps still on individual switches or did you get a dimmer thing?

WALDO
I got a dimmer thing.

CUT TO --

94. WALDO'S DOME ON MARS INT NIGHT

WALDO sits with TWO MARTIAN GIRLFRIENDS watching his GIANT TV.



As usual, he drinks Champagne and eats the finest Martian canapes, but he has begun to look a little bloated, as if the subject of an EXPERIMENT to turn him into ELVIS.

ON SCREEN, VELMA and WALDO kiss. WALDO turns out the lights.

MARTIAN GIRLFRIEND 1
He he he! How funny your earth-bound simulacrum is, Waldo!

MARTIAN GIRLFRIEND 2
New information constantly contradicts everything he has previously believed. Yet he accepts it all, regardless!

WALDO
The ability to hold two contradictory ideas in one's head is a sign of genius or insanity, ladies. More Champagne?

The MARTIAN MAIDENS flutter their wings enthusiastically.

ON SCREEN, WALDO'S ALTER EGO looks for work --

95. AUTO MALL PARKWAY EXT DAY

MONTAGE.

WALDO seeks employment in a Photocopy Store, an Oil Well, a Car Wash, a Goat Ranch, a Software Company and a Taco Stand.

At each location he is directed to a red sign reading, NO WORK or NOT HIRING.

Finally --

As WALDO waits on a corner for the DON'T WALK sign to change to WALK, a PICKUP TRUCK pulls up beside him.

MEXICAN LABORERS sit and stand in the back. They wear baseball caps and t-shirts, as does WALDO.

DUKE MANTEE winds the driver's window down.

DUKE
Need a job, son?

WALDO
Why, Mr Mant -- I mean, Mr Bitt --

DUKE
Name's Greywolf, kid. DIRK GREYWOLF.
Jump the hell on in.

DUKE goes to open the passenger door. WALDO hops in the back.

96. WASTELAND EXT DAY

A dusty patch of bulldozed waste ground on the edge of Edge City. DUKE MANTEE stands before his assembled WORKERS. He wears mirror shades and a "Desert Storm" baseball cap.

TONS OF ROCKS are piled in one corner of the huge lot. In the far distance is a gigantic MOUND OF SAND.

DUKE
Your job today, men, and I know it's a tough one, is to carry that PILE OF ROCKS there, by hand, over to the far side of the field, and then to carry (CONT.)

DUKE (CONT.)
 that PILE OF SAND back, by hand, to
 where the ROCKS were formerly. The
 pay is TWENTY DOLLARS, and there are
 no breaks till it's done! Comprende?

ONE OF THE WORKERS raises a hand.

WORKER
 Sir? What is the purpose of this job?

His FELLOW-WORKERS try to silence him, but it is too late.
 DUKE points to the long, empty road back to town.

DUKE
 You're FIRED. Any more questions?
 Good! Let's get to work!

CUT TO --

97. WASTELAND EXT DAY

DUKE MANTEE sits under a sun umbrella drinking beers from a
 cooler and talking on his CELLULAR PHONE. Flies buzz.

His WORKERS race back and forth in the hot sun, carrying rocks
 and sand.

ANGLE ON WALDO

Pager beeping, running with an armload of rocks.
 ANGLE ON KENNETH

Pager beeping too, running the other way, carrying sand.

WALDO
 Hey, Kenneth!

KENNETH
 Waldo! How y'doin', dude?

WALDO
 Excellent!

98. CUT TO --

WALDO and KENNETH running the opposite way. KENNETH is now
 lugging heavy rocks. WALDO hurries with hands full of sand.

KENNETH
 So, how was the Hawaiian Vacation?

WALDO
I didn't go yet --
(panting)
Maybe next weekend!

KENNETH
Better hurry, dude - that airline's
goin' out of business!

99. WASTELAND EXT SUNSET

The INS have arrived to arrest DUKE'S UNDOCUMENTED WORKERS.
All the MEXICANS are interrogated and then pushed into a
VAN. WALDO and KENNETH stand at the end of the line.

WALDO
Is that really true about the
Tickets, Kenneth?

KENNETH
Uh huh. I'm a TRAVEL AGENT now,
and they give us the inside skinny-o.
It's one of those li'l runty no-frills
carriers - been having a run of bad
luck - six of their planes CRASHED
last week - so if you want to go,
go now before they're GROUNDED.

WALDO
Thanks for the tip, Kenneth.

KENNETH
Any time, Waldo. That's what we
TRAVEL PROFESSIONALS are for.

An INS COP approaches with an Electric Cattle Prod.

INS COP
Get in the van, pendejos! SUBITO!

KENNETH
You don't need to arrest us, officer.
We're Americans.

INS COP
(suspiciously)
Let's see your ID.

WALDO and KENNETH roll up their sleeves to reveal their tattooed
INS ID and SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER.

The COP reads their tattoos with his BAR-CODE SCANNER.

BAR-CODE SCANNER
(computer voice)
Approved.

INS COP
(saluting)
Adios, amigos.

He heads for his PATROL CAR. WALDO and KENENTH walk over to DUKE MANTEE, who is drinking beer with the INS CAPTAIN. DUKE gives them each \$20, and a beer.

DUKE
Be here at dawn and there's
another twenty in it for you.

WALDO
That's okay, Mr, uh, Greywolf.
It'd be a drag to see our co-workers
get arrested at the end of every day.

DUKE
Breaks my heart to turn 'em in, too.
But there's no alternative. The role
of labor today is accordion in nature.
You gear up when you need people.
Then you gear down. Salud!

They and the INS CAPTAIN raise their beers in unison as the INS DEPORTATION TRUCK rolls away.

ALL
Salud!

100. HIGHWAY EXT DUSK

WALDO and KENNETH walk back towards town.

Though they are unaware of it, the air is clear out here, and SNOW-CAPPED MOUNTAINS are visible. Disant coyote howls.

KENNETH
Y'know, Waldo, when I was younger I'd
have PUKED before I'd have beers with
a COP. And they weren't even COLD.

WALDO
I know what you mean, Kenneth. Still,
twenty bucks is twenty bucks.



KENNETH

You got that right.
You comin' back tomorrow?

WALDO

Maybe. You?

KENNETH

I'm thinkin' about it. If I can get
my mom to give me a ride --

WALDO

Your MOM? Are you still living with
your mom?

KENNETH

That's right, dude. And I'm 35 years old.

He throws his can into the desert. Many COYOTES howl.

KENNETH

Say, Waldo, did you ever notice how
guys who dance like this --
(waves arms over his head)
-- never get laid?

WALDO

Yes we -- I mean, yes they do.

TELESCOPIC RIFLE SIGHT POV --

CROSSHAIRS centered on WALDO, walking beside KENNETH.
WALDO laughs silently, as KENNETH babbles.

KENNETH

No they do not, buddy-guy. It's a
true fact that chicks might like
to HANG OUT with dudes who dance
waving their hands above their heads,
but straight from the fridge, daddy-o,
they never, ever, FUCK 'EM --

The sound of a BOLT ACTION.

WALDO leans forward, waving his hands above his head, just as
the TRIGGER IS PULLED. A SHOT echoes among the hills.

ANGLE ON KENNETH

Shot thru the head, falling soundlessly in the road.

ANGLE ON WALDO

Looking round to see where the SHOT came from.

101. ON A NEARBY HILLTOP EXT DUSK

REGGIE CANTÚ lowers his Sniper's Rifle, astonished he has missed.
The moustachioed, balding, bespectacled, Satanist Drug Kingpin
hastily chambers another round, and takes aim --

REGGIE

This one's for my brother Stan --

ANGLE ON INS OFFICERS

Running up the hill, guns drawn.

INS COPS

Chief - it's him - it's Reggie Cantú!

INS CAPTAIN

Freeze, Narco-Satanist Scum!

ANGLE ON REGGIE

Drawing down on the COPS -- GUNFIRE from all sides --

102. HIGHWAY EXT DUSK

WALDO walks rapidly on, seemingly oblivious to the gunfire

ricocheting thru the hills. He mumbles --

WALDO

C'mon, Kenneth. Cut it out.
Quit fuckin' around. It's getting
cold, dude, and we're miles from
home. C'mon, okay. Asshole.

He shivers. He does not look back.

KENNETH'S GHOST appears --

-- aglow, partially transparent, bullet hole in head.

KENNETH'S GHOST falls in step with the mumbling WALDO.

KENNETH'S GHOST

Very nice, dude. Some good friend
you turned out to be. I get blown
away and you DON'T EVEN NOTICE.

WALDO

I did notice.

KENNETH'S GHOST

NOT. I got sent to my fuckin' reward,
Waldo, and you didn't even turn around,
you just went right on with your
USUAL SELFISH TRIP --

WALDO

Kenneth, I NOTICED, dude! But it's too much
for me to ACCESS right now. I'm in SHOCK.

KENNETH'S GHOST

In SHOCK? Fuck you! I'm DEAD, dude!
I'm the one that's in SHOCK!

WALDO

I'm not saying you're not, but what do you
want me to do, Kenneth? Run back there to
your dead corpse and cradle you in my arms
when there's a MANIAC SHOOTING AT US?

KENNETH

Ah, fuck you. Go hide in the ditch,
y'little kid.

WALDO

I'd like to. The problem is, this
SHOCK I'm in is taking the form of DENIAL.
I can't accept you're dead, and so I (CONT.)

WALDO (CONT.)
 assume you're alive and acting like a
 TOTAL JERK as usual, so I keep walking.

KENNETH'S GHOST
 (considering this)
 You have a lot of problems, Waldo.

WALDO
 Not as many as you do.

DEMONS APPEAR and pursue KENNETH up into the ether.



KENNETH'S GHOST PURSUED BY DEMONS
 IF K'S GHOST IS TRANSPARENT, DOES THIS
 MEAN MOTION CONTROL? (STUDIO INT?)

WALDO walks on, into the gathering night.

103. 127 BLEVINS INT NIGHT

Keys rattle. In the foreground, an IRON PAN is burning.
 WALDO enters, tries to turn on the hallway light. The bulb is out.

Exhausted, WALDO enters the KITCHEN. He sees the PAN glowing
 red hot, almost reaches for it --

-- then he turns and departs for his room, leaving the IRON PAN
 still burning.

104. AUTO MALL PARKWAY EXT DAY

MONTAGE.

WALDO helps NUNS and BOY SCOUTS across the street;

WALDO picks up garbage;

WALDO looks over his shoulder, up and down the street, as if expecting to run into someone;

WALDO gives money to a BLIND BURN VICTIM, in a WHEELCHAIR.

BURN VICTIM

Thank you, sir! God bless you!

WALDO

You too. Have a good one!

WALDO immediately regrets what he's just said. He looks up and down the Boulevard, hoping to see DUKE MANTEE.

ANGLE ON BURN VICTIM

Wheeling his wheelchair closer. His face is concealed by dirty old bandages and shades.

BURN VICTIM

It isn't easy for me to have a good one. In fact, it'd be impossible, if it weren't for KIND PEOPLE like you!

BURN VICTIM grips WALDO's arm with a huge, bandaged hand.

BURN VICTIM

You know how long I've been this way? Blind! Confined to a wheelchair... HORRIBLY BURNED.

WALDO

Horribly burned, huh? Gee, I don't know. Six months?

BURN VICTIM

Thirteen years.

WALDO

Thirteen years. Gosh. Golly. Well, I hope you had health insurance.

WALDO thinks he sees DUKE MANTEE'S PICKUP slide past, but a DOG appears to be driving it. Several other cars driven by ANIMALS roll by.

BURN VICTIM

Yes, it's been thirteen years since a vicious young punk threw WHITE-HOT COFFEE in my face, blinding me and causing third-degree BURNS over NINE-TENTHS of my body.

WALDO

Coffee, huh. Never touch the stuff. So, how'd you end up in the wheelchair?

BURN VICTIM releases WALDO, makes a gesture of futility.

BURN VICTIM

It's a long story. It starts in Grozny, in 1956 --

A HUGE TRUCK rolls loudly past, driven by a CALICO CAT.

WALDO tiptoes away as the TRUCK HORN BLOWS.

105. 127 BLEVINS EXT NIGHT

VINDICE ARMANI guides a pickup truck driven by BOSOLA into the alley behind WALDO's house.

FADE IN the sound of FLOORBOARDS being TORN UP.

VELMA'S VOICE

Waldo! What are you DOING?

106. SMILEY'S ROOM INT NIGHT

WALDO has rolled back the carpet and is digging thru the floorboards with a GIANT CROWBAR.

SMILEY looks on, benignly. VELMA tries to study a PORTRAIT of SMILEY as DORIAN GREY. SMILEY quickly closes tasseled drapes to conceal the portrait.

WALDO

See! I DID used to live here!

He reaches into the hole he has made and pulls out several dusty copies of HUSTLER and BIG-BOOBED BABES WITH BONERS.

He digs further into the hole, pulls out a dusty framed PICTURE of a REPO YARD.

WALDO

Aha! A photo of the place I used to work at, with my old co-workers. Good times, good times!

He tosses the framed photo aside. The glass shatters. He delves deeper into the hole.

SMILEY

Did he ask you to Hawaii for the weekend?

VELMA

Yes. I can't go. You?

SMILEY

He's been trying to sell me one of his free Tickets.

Suddenly WALDO gasps. He gazes into the pit --

His POV -- his MOTHER and FATHER, frozen in aluminum casks packed with dry ice. Blue-skinned, apparently dead.

WALDO

MOMMY!! DAD!!

WALDO throws himself upon the TWO SARCOPHOGI --

-- sinking up to his knees in CRUDE OIL and --

-- tripping a RED SWITCH labeled, "RECORDED MESSAGE".

The RECORDED VOICES of WALDO'S PARENTS begin to play.

MOM'S VOICE

Greetings, son.

DAD'S VOICE

These are your parents speaking.

MOM'S & DAD'S VOICES

Don't be alarmed.

MOM'S VOICE

By now you've probably discovered us, and assumed we're dead. We're not.

DAD'S VOICE

We're in SUSPENDED ANIMATION, son - cryogenically preserved -

MOM'S VOICE

Our slowed-down life functions
monitored constantly by Computer -

ANGLE ON SMILEY AND VELMA

Joining WALDO at the edge of the hole, listening to his FROZEN
PARENTS' MESSAGE and accompanying inspirational music.

DAD'S VOICE

Until the day comes when all strife
and disease have been eliminated,
and your Mom and I will be RE-BORN
to live forever.

WALDO

WOW! I want to live forever too!

MOM'S VOICE

That won't be possible, son.
We used your College Fund to pay
for this equipment.

DAD'S VOICE

You'll just have to imagine us, two or
three hundred years from now, when all
mankind's problems have been solved --

MOM'S VOICE

-- hobnobbing with WALT DISNEY and all
the other far-sighted Americans who have
invested their children's inheritances in --

MOM'S & DAD'S VOICES

CRYOGENIC SUSPENSION! HASTA LA VISTA, SON!

The recorded message ends. WALDO shakes his head.

WALDO

Wow. How about that. My own parents
getting to be IMMORTAL. Kool!

VELMA

They're not gonna be immortal,
Waldo. It's a bunco scheme.

SMILEY nods and extends a hand to assist WALDO from the pit.

WALDO

Just a minute --

He bends down between his PARENTS' REFRIGERATED SARCOPHOGI and reaches into oily darkness. Pulls out a FOOTBALL HELMET with Antennae, welders' glasses and stereo speakers.

WALDO

My old VIRTUAL REALITY HELMET! OH BOY!!!

He scrambles from the oily pit.

ANGLE ON HIS FOOT

Accidentally UNPLUGGING the cord which joins his PARENTS' SARCOPHOGI to the power supply.

Waving his old Virtual Reality Helmet above his head, WALDO races from SMILEY's room.

WALDO

Hawaii or bust!

Nothing can stop me now!!

HAWAIIAN THEME BEGINS.

107. BEDROOM INT NIGHT

WALDO sits in his room wearing his VIRTUAL REALITY HELMET, twitching to the music.

The garage door is wide open. VINDICE and BOSOLA are loading the last of his possessions into their truck.

VINDICE

This is pitiful. I mean, all of this dude's stuff won't even buy us breakfast.

BOSOLA

I know. But Velma thinks his UNLEASHED POTENTIAL could make us a LOT OF MONEY.

WALDO waves his hands above his head, imagining he is already dancing in Hawaii.

VINDICE

Someone who dances with his hands above his head? Forget it.

They get into the truck and drive off with WALDO's gear.

108. BUS INT DAY

WALDO sits on a crowded, smoky bus. He wears a straw hat, Hawaiian shirt and lei. His suitcase is on his knee. He reads his TICKETS thoroughly.

WALDO

'Wild West Roger Airways?'

109. AIRPORT EXT DAY

The SMOKY BUS approaches the AIRPORT, with its prison-camp watchtowers and a mad orange sky behind it, full of PLANES.



110. AIRLINE TERMINAL INT DAY

WALDO gazes apprehensively at the HAWAII COUNTER. There are no other customers - just TWO TICKET AGENTS in front of a sign saying "WILD WEST ROGER AIRWAYS - THE FUN WAY TO FLY!"

A giant cardboard cutout of the Airline's Owner, WILD WEST ROGER, looks eerily familiar. Before WALDO can study it, TWO REDCOATS approach. They are both women, dressed in red blazers, carrying computer clipboards - MS FENIMORE and MS SPRINGER.

WOMEN

Good morning, sir --

WALDO

Good morning, ladies!

MS FENIMORE

(correcting him)

My name is Fenimore, sir. And this is my associate, Ms Springer. We're REDCOATS, here to assist our customers with any special extra attention they may require.

MS SPRINGER

(smiling)

Mind if we see YOUR ticket, sir?

WALDO

Certainly --

WALDO hands his Ticket to MS SPRINGER. He glances over at a VIDEO CREW interviewing a STRIKING AIRLINE EMPLOYEE.

AIRLINE EMPLOYEE

Wild West Roger is unfair to organized aviation! He has fired 90 per cent of the mechanics! He's using phony, defective airplane parts --

The lights are turned off. The EMPLOYEE is hustled away. MS SPRINGER and MS FENIMORE contemplate WALDO's Ticket.

MS FENIMORE

Sir --

WALDO

Yes?

MS SPRINGER

This Ticket was to be used last week. You tried to use it today. That makes for an ILLEGAL TICKET.

WALDO

I was given permission to use these Tickets by my Travel Professional.

MS SPRINGER and MS FENIMORE laugh harshly. MS FENIMORE indicates a large sign which reads,

NO JOKES: MAKING JOKES IN THIS
AIRPORT IS A FEDERAL OFFENSE:
THREE JOKES AND YOU'RE OUT

MS FENIMORE

You sure you want to continue with this? The way you're going, you could end up in REAL SERIOUS TROUBLE.

WALDO

Look, all I want is to go to Hawaii --

MS FENIMORE

Step over here.

MS FENIMORE indicates a podium. WALDO walks up to it.

MS SPRINGER

I represent Rule Enforcers InterContinental. I am going to ask you a few questions about your LUGGAGE. Do you have all your LUGGAGE with you?

WALDO

Yes, Ma'am.

MS SPRINGER

Did you pack it yourself?

WALDO

I did.

MS SPRINGER

How long ago did you pack it?

WALDO

About two hours ago.

MS SPRINGER

Has it been with you the whole time?

WALDO

Yes, it has.

MS SPRINGER

In the past certain people have been asked by certain other people to carry certain items aboard certain planes. Are YOU one of these people?

WALDO

No, I am not.

ANGLE ON MS FENIMORE

Eavesdropping and hammering at her computer keyboard.

MS SPRINGER
Have you ever been arrested?

WALDO
What?

MS FENIMORE
You heard her. Ever been arrested?

WALDO
Look, I don't have to --

MS SPRINGER
Are you or have you ever been a member
of an extremist group, HIV-positive,
or an intellectual?

WALDO
No, of course not - Wait a minute!
This is bullsh --

MS SPRINGER
Who is the Mayor of Denver?

WALDO
What? Okay, that's it. No more questions.

MS FENIMORE and MS SPRINGER exchange a glance.
Then they PULL TEAR GAS CANISTERS and aim them at WALDO.

RED LIGHTS ILLUMINATE. ALARMS GO OFF.

WALDO takes one step back and bumps into --

-- DUKE MANTEE, dressed in a broad-brimmed Cowboy Hat and a
Long Fur Coat with Aviation Logo on the collar.

DUKE is being interviewed by the VIDEO CREW.

DUKE
And I can assure our customers that
Wild West Roger AirWays is as concerned
about these TRAGIC ACCIDENTS as --

WALDO
(tripping over the first-class
rope, colliding with him)
Duke! I mean Mr Greywolf! Earle!

MS FENIMORE
Don't let him near you, sir!
He's a suspected D-3!

MS SPRINGER

Maybe a D-13!

COPS with DRAWN GUNS run towards WALDO, who contrives to hide behind DUKE, all the while pumping his hand.

WALDO

Mr Mantee! Dirk! It's me - WALDO!

DUKE

You have the wrong hombre, Pard.
My name is Wild West Roger.

The COPS and REDCOATS pounce on WALDO.
DUKE raises a hand. The COPS freeze.

DUKE

Wait.

DUKE approaches WALDO. WALDO stares at DUKE real hard.

DUKE

I know you. You're Miguelito -
from VIP Customer Service.

WALDO

No, I'm... yes, that's right.

MS FENIMORE

Sir, the name on his Ticket isn't --

DUKE

(to VIDEO CAMERA)

I've known Miguelito here since I
founded this Airline, way back in
in MENA, ARKANSAS in '89. He was just a
baggage handler then, but his hard
work and COMMITMENT TO SAFETY
made him an indispensable member of
the WILD WEST ROGER AIRWAYS TEAM!

A TV REPORTER sticks his MICROPHONE in WALDO's face.

TV REPORTER

What do you think about these rumors
Wild West Roger AirWays was funded by
drug money and uses fraudulent,
defective airplane parts?

ANGLE ON WALDO

Illuminated by the spotlights.

WALDO

Our Airline is fundamentally sound!
If it were otherwise, would I be
traveling to Hawaii with her today?

HUBBUB among the REPORTERS and TV CREW. WALDO snatches his
Ticket back from MS SPRINGER, and displays it proudly.
WALDO and DUKE embrace. FLASHBULBS POP.

DUKE

Give this boy Priority Baggage Handling!
Give him complimentary cocktails after
take-off! Give him a free year's membership
in the Manifest Destiny Lounge!

Applause.

CUT TO --

111. DEPARTURE LOUNGE INT DAY

WALDO walks briskly to the gate, followed by MS SPRINGER and
MS FENIMORE, carrying his luggage.

He passes VINDICE ARMANI, dressed like all the other PASSENGERS
in bright, clownlike colors, seated with a laptop.

112. DEPARTURE GATE INT DAY

WALDO stares at the GATE AGENT. The GATE AGENT stares at his
TICKET.

GATE AGENT

Sir, there appears to a problem
with this Ticket.

WALDO

You mean the date? No, that's
been fixed.

WALDO looks around for the REDCOATS.
They are gone.

GATE AGENT

I'm not referring to the illegality
of the DATE, sir. This Ticket is part
of a Pair of Two Tickets, and to be
valid, as opposed to legal, it has to be
used in conjunction with the other Ticket.

WALDO

Oh.

(hands GATE AGENT other Ticket)
There you go.

GATE AGENT

And the other passenger?

WALDO

What other passenger.

GATE AGENT

Sir, what I'm trying to explain to you
is that to get where you want to go
using these Tickets, YOU HAVE TO BE
TRAVELING WITH ANOTHER PERSON, sir.

WALDO

What time does this plane leave?

GATE AGENT

In ten minutes.

113. MONTAGE

WALDO attempts to find someone to accompany him to HAWAII.
He asks CUTE GIRLS, OLD LADIES, BAGGAGE HANDLERS, the "NURSES"
who solicit money, BUSINESSWOMAN, and SECURITY GUARDS.

Finally, as his deadline approaches, he spies VELMA and BOSOLA,
standing beside ARMED GUARDS adjacent to a large, menacing,
wheeled MACHINE.

WALDO

Velma!

He hurries up to her. She is distracted --

WALDO

Velma! So you decided to come with
me to Hawaii after all! C'mon, the
plane's this way - hurry!

He walks her towards the Gate.

Behind them, SMOKE BOMBS explode and the SPRINKLER SYSTEM goes off.
The GUARDS are drenched and confused. BOSOLA and VINDICE quickly
wheel the MACHINE out of the melee. WALDO does not see any of
this.

WALDO

Oh, boy! Next stop, Hawaii!

AIRPORT GUARDS run appear. VELMA, seeing the situation, clings tightly to WALDO's arm. WALDO presents their Tickets.

GATE AGENT

Two for Hawaii?

WALDO

That's right - isn't it, honey?

VELMA

(looking all around)

Would you mind waiting just one second while I go freshen up?

WALDO

Oh, no, sure, please go ahead.

(to GATE AGENT)

Give me one of those timetables.

VELMA takes off into the crowd. WALDO waits by the GATE, reading his timetable. The GATE AGENT consults his watch.

GATE AGENT

Last Call for the Hawaii flight.

All passengers should now be on board.

WALDO

We just have to wait for...

The GATE AGENT closes the Gate, takes down the HAWAII sign and puts up one saying, FRESNO. Sound of JET ENGINES.

ANGLE ON WALDO

Still waiting for VELMA.

114. 127 BLEVINS EXT DAY

RAIN. Greenish light. Crackling blue sparks around the junction box and power lines. WALDO walks up the path, carrying his suitcase.

115. KITCHEN INT DAY

J.R. stands frozen at the window, staring across the street.

WALDO enters, drops his suitcase, goes to the refrigerator,

finds a beer, ignores the IRON PAN burning on the stove.

WALDO
Not working today?

J.R.
Are you kidding? With THAT out there?

WALDO
What out where, J.R.?

J.R. points to the SILVER AIRSTREAM TRAILER parked on the waste ground across the street.

J.R.
They can hear everything we're saying.
Got us exactly where they want us.
Step out of the front door and you're
DEAD, but stay inside and you'll only
DIE MORE SLOWLY as your insides turn
to jelly under the bombardment of
RHIC-EDOM E.L.F. MICROWAVES...

WALDO
Microwaves like in the oven?
Where are they coming from?

J.R.
From that trailer, of course! I saw
it coming. Boris was only the first --
(grabs a spoon)
You'll never take us alive, CLASS ENEMIES!!

GUITAR CHORDS.

J.R. begins a long, involved rant concerning the CONSPIRACY which has caused these things to be.

WALDO opens the cutlery drawer, takes out the SILVER .45.

116. ON MARS INT NIGHT

WALDO's Mars-bound self wakes suddenly, as if from a nightmare.

His BIG SCREEN TV glows in the dark Martian apartment.

Millions of stars sparkle in the night outside.

WALDO approaches the TV. ON SCREEN, his POV of the TRAILER.



WALDO WAKES FROM A NIGHTMARE;
APPROACHES THE TV...

117. WASTE GROUND EXT DAY

Beer in hand, .45 AUTO stuck in the back of his pants, WALDO walks thru the rain towards the SILVER TRAILER with its rotating SATELLITE DISH.

IMPENDING SHOWDOWN MUSIC.

WALDO knocks on the door. No answer. He finishes the beer, tosses the can. He draws his PISTOL, cocks it, and enters the TRAILER. His Martian ALTER-EGO watches from across the lot.

118. TRAILER INT DAY

In darkness.

WALDO fumbles for a light switch. The lights do not work. As he becomes accustomed to the dark, he discerns --

-- a strangely-designed PHONOGRAPH atop a 3-legged stand.

WALDO approaches it. It is from his house on Mars.

He puts his gun down on the stand, lowers the Needle onto the luminescent, revolving DISC.

GYPSY VIOLINS begin to play. WALDO frowns.

LIGHTS UP ON TWO MARTIAN SCIENTISTS

in labcoats, holding clipboards, in the far corner of the Trailer. They approach WALDO.

MARTIAN SCIENTIST 1

Yes, Waldo, it is us.

MARTIAN SCIENTIST 2

Your Martian scientist friends.

WALDO

The Martian scientists from my dreams!
You've come to take me back to Mars!

MARTIAN SCIENTIST 1

No, Waldo. You are no longer needed there.
We've come to say goodbye, and thank you.

WALDO

Thank me - for what?

MARTIAN SCIENTIST 2

For participating in a very important
experiment.

WALDO

What experiment? Are you - are you
planning to make me SUPREME LEADER
OF EARTH or something like that?
Because I've gotta be straight with
you - I'll never betray my own
planet: not unless you force me to,
anyway --

MARTIAN SCIENTIST 1

Forcing people to do things they don't
want to is not the Martian Way, Waldo.

MARTIAN SCIENTIST 2

Especially when we've proved they'll
do 'em anyway!

MARTIAN SCIENTIST 1

Even things which are completely
contrary to common sense and to their
own best interests!

MARTIAN SCIENTISTS

Hooray for Mars, the Better Planet! HOORAY!

The MARTIAN SCIENTISTS hi-five with all eight arms.
They turn back to WALDO, seriously.

MARTIAN SCIENTIST 2
And so we'd like to thank you for
participating in our PRISON EXPERIMENT.

WALDO
What? Forget it! No way am I
going to jail for you guys!

MARTIAN SCIENTIST 2 laughs behind three of his hands.

MARTIAN SCIENTIST 1
Waldo, you are already in prison.
This City is an EXPERIMENTAL PENAL UNIT.

BIG OVERHEAD SHOT OF THE CITY

Traffic buzzing busily on circular intersecting FREEWAYS,
PLANES and HELICOPTERS hanging in the air...

MARTIAN SCIENTIST 2
You and the other captives actually
remain imprisoned voluntarily, Waldo.
This jail is so successful that the
PRISONERS POLICE THEMSELVES.

119. AIRPORT INT DAY

WALDO sits with a large group of people, all dressed in bright,
clownlike colors, watching TV, playing video games.

WALDO V/O
We do not!

120. FREEWAY ENTRANCE EXT DAY

WALDO stands beside the on-ramp, holding a cardboard sign
covered with illegible, SCHIZOPHRENIC WRITING.

Traffic, driven by humans and animals, pours endlessly past.

MARTIAN SCIENTIST 1 V/O
Oh yeah? Then how come none of you ever leave?

WALDO V/O
Some of us do!

MARTIAN SCIENTIST 2 V/O
 A handful of you aren't prisoners yet.
 But they soon will be.

122. TRAILER INT DAY

WALDO, impassioned, makes a fevered plea for his species.

WALDO
 It isn't true! We AREN'T prisoners!
 We're here because we have important
 things to do! We have JOBS! SEX --
 I mean FAMILIES! RESPONSIBILITIES!
 Cars to take care of! Shopping! Bills!
 Lightbulbs to replace!

The GYPSY VIOLIN MUSIC ends.

The MARTIAN SCIENTISTS beam at WALDO and gather up their
 Phonograph. Sound of a descending UFO outside.

MARTIAN SCIENTIST 2
 We're gonna be so RICH --

123. WASTE GROUND EXT DAY

WALDO'S NEIGHBORS and DOG-WALKERS, lost in their Walkmans and
 leaf-blowers and mating rituals and car repairs, fail to see the
 FLYING SAUCER descend.



The TWO MARTIANS emerge from the Trailer and head for the ENERGY BEAM beneath the SAUCER. WALDO follows them.

WALDO

But wait - guys - don't you have
wisdom to impart? How about a few
Secrets of the Universe? Who
killed the DINOSAURS? Is there a GOD?

The MARTIANS ignore him.

Talking excitedly among themselves, they enter the ENERGY BEAM and vanish. Distraught, WALDO runs into the Trailer.



ALIENS DISAPPEAR IN ENERGY BEAM.

He reappears with his .45. He empties the clip in the direction of the FLYING SAUCER.

Unscathed, the UFO departs.

124. 127 BLEVINS EXT DAY

WALDO returns to his residence.
He passes SMILEY, exiting with SEVERAL COWBOYS.

SMILEY

Was that a Flying Saucer you were
shooting at, Waldo?

WALDO

Yes, it was.

SMILEY

I always imagined they'd be MUCH
BIGGER, didn't you?

SMILEY and the COWBOYS leap aboard their horses and gallop off.
WALDO drops his pistol in a planter, and enters CLUB BLEVINS.

125. HALL INT DAY

WALDO walks down the hall past the traditional ALARM CHORUS.
He enters his --

126. BEDROOM INT DAY

-- which has once again been totally stripped.

He looks for his Tickets. They too are gone.

WALDO

My Tickets. Shit!

He looks up and sees his DOPPELGANGER - formerly WALDO of Mars.



The other WALDO is tired, pale, like an intermediate ELVIS.

They both open their mouths to speak.

Suddenly, the room begins to shake. EARTHQUAKE.

127. KITCHEN INT DAY

The AFTERSHOCKS continue. The IRON PAN falls burning from the stove. Sound of the front door, closing.

WALDO V/O
I saw a UFO today.

128. AUTO MALL PARKWAY EXT NIGHT

VELMA drives an ageing Lincoln. WALDO is with her.

VELMA
Really, Waldo? Did you see
Martians, too? Did they reveal
any Secrets of the Universe?

WALDO
No, of course not. And it probably
wasn't a Flying Saucer, anyway.
It was most likely a shooting star.
Or else a satellite.

129. LINCOLN INT NIGHT

VELMA regards WALDO gravely as she drives.

VELMA
I have a job for you.

WALDO
You? Great. When do I start.

VELMA

I had a job for you, but I detected cynicism, and a paternalistic and defeated attitude. Too bad, because it was the CHANCE OF A LIFETIME.

The sound of distant, GYPSY VIOLINS. WALDO looks around, hoping to see the MARTIANS. But they do not appear.

WALDO
So, what was this job?

VELMA

I needed someone to go tonight to a place downtown and pick up something.

WALDO

What was the something?

VELMA

Ten thousand dollars.

WALDO

Ten thousand bucks? Oh, bullshit.

VELMA

Waldo, let me put it this way.
Did you have anything else to do?

WALDO

Tonight. Yes, in fact, I did, I mean I do. Tonight's Thursday, right? Well, that's the night my MEN'S GROUP meets.

VELMA

You're in a Men's Group?

WALDO

Sure am. Me and Smiley and J.R. Reclaiming the Ancient Wild Man in Each of Us! We've been subjugated by you chicks for far too long.

VELMA

Waldo. If you had done this small favor for me tonight, and then had met me at the Airport, we would have flown not to Hawaii, but to TASHKENT, UZBEKISTAN, where I'm involved in a unique scheme to corner the World Market in SILKWORMS.

130. OASIS EXT NIGHT

VELMA and WALDO, clad in silk robes, lie on a chaise-longue in a PRINCELY TENT in Samarkhand. NUBIAN GUARDS patrol the Oasis. The sky is filled with MILLIONS OF STARS.

VELMA talks on a cell phone. WALDO eats cakes.

VELMA V/O

We would have stayed at my late boyfriend's PRIVATE OASIS in the (CONT.)

VELMA V/O (CONT.)
 Red Desert outside Samarkhand.
 We would have drunk sweet wine,
 smoked strong hashish, and made
 love under the stars.



131. LINCOLN INT NIGHT

They are stopped at a Red Light.

WALDO
 How come I'm suddenly so important?
 Why don't you get your VOLUNTEER
 POLICEMAN friends to help you?

VELMA
 You are no longer necessary, Waldo.
 The offer has been withdrawn.

WALDO
 I'll do it.

She stares at him.

VELMA
 I just told you the offer was withdrawn.

WALDO
 I know. But I'll still do it.

The Green Light appears. Cars behind them honk.

At the same moment VELMA and WALDO reach out for each other and KISS PASSIONATELY. More honking. Finally WALDO pulls away --

WALDO

Where's this money of yours?

VELMA

The address is waiting for you in the usual place. There's a number you can call, if you run into problems.

WALDO

Problems - ?

VELMA

Get going, Waldo. Our plane leaves at 11:59 tonight.

WALDO jumps out of the car. VELMA drives away.

132. 127 BLEVINS EXT NIGHT

Thunder rumbles. WALDO walks across the patch of waste Ground to the SHRINE of the Virgin of Guadalupe.

He reaches behind the Statue of the Virgin. Sure enough, a MESSAGE is waiting for him. He reads the information.

SIRENS.

133. SMOKY BUS INT NIGHT

WALDO heads downtown. All of his fellow passengers are asleep. Several are PRISONERS under GUARD. Thru the window, WALDO sees a SHERIFF'S JAIL BUS with MORE PRISONERS inside...

134. DOWNTOWN EXT NIGHT

Another JAIL BUS passes. WALDO walks up the street.

He consults his paper. Across the street is a large, cubic EDIFICE surrounded by an empty parking lot.

Set into the wall is an AUTOMATIC TELLER MACHINE.

135. ATM EXT NIGHT

WALDO waits by the MACHINE. He consults his watch.

SWISH PAN TO --

136. ANOTHER ATM EXT NIGHT

Elsewhere downtown. VINDICE ARMANI stands ready with a large suitcase. He too consults his watch.

SWISH PAN TO --

137. TERMINAL ANNEX INT NIGHT

VELMA is packing her traveling bag.

BOSOLA ARMANI, seated at his Computer, consults his watch.

SWISH PAN BACK TO --

138. ATM EXT NIGHT

WALDO watches as an OLD LADY approaches the MACHINE. She produces her ATM CARD. He blocks her path.

WALDO

Out of service. Sorry, lady.

OLD LADY

Oh dear... Do you know where there's another Machine?

WALDO

Certainly. Go down this street. Make a left. Go all the way to the big boulevard at the end. Make a right. There's one about five, maybe seven blocks down...

The OLD LADY wanders uncertainly into the night.

WALDO relaxes for a moment - then jumps in alarm as BELLS ring and RED LIGHTS start to flash on the ATM.

ATM VOICE

This ATM is being illegally invaded by an Alien Program Source. This intrusion is not authorised. I am a Computer. I do not understand.

The alarms die. The red lights revolve, then fade.

ATM VOICE

Please take your cash,
and wait for your receipt.

ANGLE ON TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS

Shooting out of the ATM like water from a high-pressure hose.

WALDO stares, astonished, then runs to pick up the MONEY...

139. OTHER ATM EXT NIGHT

VINDICE shovels money from his ATM into the SUITCASE.

ANGLE ON THE OLD LADY

Approaching, out of the night.

140. ATM EXT NIGHT

WALDO finishes stuffing his shirt, pockets and sleeves
with money. GUNSHOTS echo, a few blocks away.

141. TERMINAL ANNEX INT NIGHT

VELMA closes her flight bag.

BOSOLA

Both withdrawals have been made.

VELMA

See you in six weeks.

She kisses BOSOLA on the cheek and departs, passing the
mysterious WHEELED CANNISTER, torn open and empty.

BOSOLA

Good luck with the SILKWORMS.

142. DOWNTOWN EXT NIGHT

WALDO walks rapidly away from the empty ATM.

A rusty old Toyota Starlet cruises up next to him.
WALDO walks faster, doesn't look at it.

ACE

Hey, Waldo - want a ride?

ACE opens the passenger door. ARTHUR is at the wheel.
ARTHUR and ACE are both shaking with excitement.

143. TOYOTA STARLET INT NIGHT

WALDO sits in the back of the tiny car, trying to keep his STASH of MONEY hidden. ACE and ARTHUR are far too wired to notice.

ARTHUR

It's like a PYRAMID SCHEME - only
it's not! It's COMPLETELY LEGAL!

ACE

The way it operates is, everything's
a gift between friends. Because
it's a gift, it's legal - AND you
don't have to pay no tax on it!

WALDO

How does it work, again?

ARTHUR

You have to go to this meeting out
beyond the old Edge City Mall --

ACE

We're on our way there, right now!

ARTHUR

You put your money down, and buy
into the GIFT GIVING CIRCLE --

ACE

And within 24 hours, get this, you're
GUARANTEED TO MAKE A HUNDRED GRAND!

WALDO

How much?

ACE & ARTHUR

(in unison)

A HUNDRED THOUSAND BUCKS!

WALDO

Wow! In less than a day? How much
do you need to get in on this?

ACE

Ten grand.

ARTHUR

It's our combined life savings --

ACE

But it gonna be worth it, 24 hours
from now!

ARTHUR

It's the CHANCE OF A LIFETIME!

ANGLE ON WALDO, counting on his fingers.

144. TERMINAL ANNEX INT NIGHT

BOSOLA is communing with the Net. The phone rings.

BOSOLA

Terminal Annex.

VINDICE'S VOICE

(via speaker phone)

They got me, brother.

BOSOLA

Vindice! Where are you, bro?

145. CORNER OF 66TH & SIXTH EXT NIGHT

VINDICE lies in the intersection, bleeding from several bullet
wounds, clutching his CELLULAR PHONE.

VINDICE

Corner of 66th and Sixth...

This OLD LADY... jumped me...

(coughs blood)

She got me and the money. Sorry, bro...

VINDICE drops his CELL PHONE and lies still.

BOSOLA'S VOICE

(from phone)

Stay put, Vindice! Hold on!

I'll be right there!

Hang-up tone. SIRENS.

146. TOYOTA STARLET INT NIGHT

WALDO grins smugly. His EX-CO-WORKERS stare in disbelief.

ACE
You don't have \$10,000.

WALDO
Yes I do. But I can't spend it.
It belongs to someone else.

ACE and ARTHUR exchange a glance.

ARTHUR
But, kid, there's something you don't
know yet. The way the CIRCLE works is,
you put down ten, you get a hundred.
But put down TWENTY and you get --

ACE & ARTHUR
(in unison)
-- HALF A MILLION BUCKS!

BIG CLOSE-UP ON WALDO

Thinking.

147. TERMINAL ANNEX INT NIGHT

BOSOLA, carrying his Medical Kit, jumps into the PRIVATE
ELEVATOR and departs.

The Computer Phone rings. Answering Machine Function.

ANSWERING MACHINE
You've reached the Terminal Annex.
Leave your message after the tone.

WALDO'S VOICE
Hello - Velma? This is Waldo.
Are you there, Velma? Velma, pick up.
Shit! Well, anyway... Velma, I might
not be able to meet you at the Airport
at 11:59. Nothing serious --
everything went okay -- there's just
a TEMPORARY DELAY. I've got the, uh,
the, you know... and I'll get it to
you in 24 HOURS. So don't worry, and
try and delay your departure, okay.
I'll see you tomorrow. Leave me a
message, uh, if this is not okay.

The Phone hangs up. The Computer Screen glows steadily in the darkness.

CITY LIGHTS outside.

148. AIRPORT INT NIGHT

VELMA checks in. The TICKET AGENT hands her her boarding pass.

TICKET AGENT

You're all confirmed thru to Tashkent,
Ms. Carruthers. Will Dr Carruthers
be joining you in the Imperium Club?

VELMA

I certainly hope so.

She smiles divinely at the AGENT, and walks away.

149. EDGE CITY EXT NIGHT

Thunder. The Toyota Starlet turns off a street of dilapidated bungalows into an ALLEY.

150. TOYOTA STARLET INT NIGHT

WALDO sits in the back seat, counting his MONEY into piles.
He sings softly to himself.

WALDO

We're in the money,
We're in the money,
La la la la la --

ACE

Shut up, fool. You're gonna JINX US.

ARTHUR kisses the wad of banknotes in his hand.

ARTHUR

Oh, yes, baby, yes! The CHANCE of
a LIFETIME! FIVE HUNDRED GRAND!!

151. AIRPORT INT NIGHT

VELMA waits at the Gate, holding WALDO's ticket.

GATE AGENT

Last call for Tashkent. Last Call.

VELMA tosses WALDO's Ticket into a TRASH CONTAINER.
She walks into the jetway.

152. GARAGE INT NIGHT

WALDO, ACE and ARTHUR sit with a small group of INVESTORS
in a garage. All have PILES OF MONEY in front of them.

The GROUP LEADER stands with his back to them, setting up
a PYRAMID CHART.

WALDO

(whispering)

You're sure this is on the up & up? I
mean - there's no chance this is a SCAM?

ACE

Shut up! Shut up! No puttin' the HEX
on us!

ARTHUR

Waldo, you got to have a little FAITH.

ANGLE ON THE GROUP LEADER

Turning to face them, pointing to an Explanation Chart which
reads, "To Boldly Go Beyond The Infinite Is Just Step One."

THE GROUP LEADER IS DUKE MANTEE.

DUKE

Good evening, fellow investors. And
welcome to the SYNDICATE OF FRIENDS --

CAMERA pulls back as DUKE collects the money.

153. ALLEY EXT NIGHT

The GARAGE DOOR closes.

The CAMERA tilts up to reveal the STAR-FILLED SKY with VELMA'S
AIRPLANE flying thru it.



CREDITS

VINDICE ARMANI SURVIVED DUE TO PROMPT
MEDICAL INTERVENTION

BOTH BROTHERS RETURNED TO UKRAINE

DUKE MANTEE BECAME A SENATOR AND RAN FOR
PRESIDENT. HE WAS ASSASSINATED BY J.R.

SMILEY STILL LIVES AT 127, BLEVINS AV

WALDO NEVER WENT ON HOLIDAY

ACE AND ARTHUR WON THE LOTTERY

CAST LIST:

WALSO

SMILEY HD

JR R

VELMA R

DUKE MANTEE HD

MR NG

KENNETH Z

ACE Sy

ARTHUR Miguel

LEDNOR Jennifer

VINDICE ARMANI HD

BOSOLA ARMANI MIGUELS.

RECEPTIONIST Alex

BURN VICTIM Z

REGGIE CANTU M

INS COP Sy

INS CAPTAIN

WORKER Jenifer

RED COAT 2/MS SPRINGER Jenifer

AIRPORT GUARD Sy

GATE AGENT Miguel

FIREMAN Al

MARTIANS (x4)

Slows Down
around PG 50-51;
& at AIRPORT ...

MANTEE as owner of airline
... the only passenger ...
... there's a review ...
... all planes have ...
... that they have ...

PLANE crashing kidnapped by UFOs
TICKET AGENTS / EARPHONES receiving msg.

Homeless
PERSON

TICKET
AGENT

WALDO READ-THRU W/HARRY DEAN

SATURDAY AFTERNOON 1500 29 APRIL

~~IRBY~~
~~MANNY CHEVROLET~~
REBECCA

WALDO

VEUMA, LEONAR, REDCOAT 2, MARTIAN'S
BOBOL
ARMANI
ARTHUR
REGGIE CANTU
SMILEY or TR

MIGUEZ

ZANDER

KENNETH
BUREAU VIOLEN?

SY

ACE COPS
VINCE ARMANI
~~BOBOL~~

HARRY DEAN

DUKE MARTIN
SMILEY or TR

JENNIFER B.

→ DAFEE

→ D'ONOFRIO

NEW SCRIPTS:

→ IRA ✓

→ SY ✓

→ ZANDER

→ VINCE D'ONOFRIO 612 333 4545

Margrette Hotel
710 Margrette Av
MINNEAPOLIS
MN 55104



At the center of Los Angeles International Airport stands the landmark Theme Building. With 135-foot high parabolic arches, the building houses an observation deck, with a 360-degree view of the airport and surrounding area, a restaurant, offices and employee cafeteria. The building is surrounded by lush gardens, including a courtyard with plaques commemorating the opening of the new jet age airport in 1962 and LAX's first employee in 1928, Henry Bakes. Also on display, in the courtyard and lobby, are lighted murals showing close-ups of the planets Saturn and Jupiter. The Theme Building was completed in August 1961 at a cost of \$2.2 million. General contractor, Robert E. McKee; architecture by Pereira & Luckman Associates, Welton Becket & Associates and Paul R. Williams.

FAX

TO CECILIA MONTIEL
PRODUCTION DESIGNER 213 223 1771

FROM ALEX COX 503 482 5106

18 July 1995

Dear M:

Signage List for Waldo:

BILLBOARDS should be actual ones which we will rent.

AIRPORT SIGN - "International Departures: Last Chance"

MICKEY'S MARKET - painted (like Mitchell's Market on Penmar)

MANTEE TELEMARKETING - high-tech logo, separate from building.

SPEEDEE COURRIERS - neon sign in window, hand-painted on fence.

WILD WEST BOB AIRWAYS - two 6' ^{long} /logos behind check-in

- two or three 6' ^{photo} tall/cut-outs of BOB

- logos, smaller cut-outs of BOB on counter
and in gate area

SAMARKHAND EXPRESS - airline to Uzbekistan - one 6' length logo,
smaller logos in gate area

EZ ACADEMY OF REAL ESTATE

- plastic sign at entrance to mall

Variety of generic storefront signs like COMPUTER STORE, TACOS,
BURGER, etc. (say six)

Two buses - one painted like SHERIFFS' PRISON BUS, one AIRPORT FUNBUS.

One truck, like the Great L.A. Truck Chase with the side torn off,
painted "Rent This Truck - call 1 800 RENT ME"

Generic signage for ATMs and Downtown Bank.

¡BENOS A TODOS!



"WALDO" POST-PRODUCTION SCHEDULE
19

WRAP SHOOT FRIDAY ~~18~~ DEC 1997

WK 1 MONDAY ~~18~~ DEC POST BEGINS

~~2 WK OFF / XMAS~~

~~2~~ 29
~~3~~ 5 JAN 1998

~~4~~ 12

~~5~~ 19

~~6~~ 26

~~7~~ 2 FEB

~~8~~ 9

~~9~~ 16

~~10~~ 23

~~11~~ 2 MAR

~~12~~ 9

~~13~~ 16

~~14~~ 23

~~15~~ 30 MIX

~~16~~ 6 APRIL MIX

ROCCO DELIVERS ALL
FINAL or TEMP SFX.

LOCKED PIC → SOUND

DELIVER 1st MARKED ANSWER PRINT

WEEK OF: 13 APRIL

Front Films
322 Sunset Avenue
Venice, CA 90291
(310)396-4595/fax(310)392-8995

FAX COVER PAGE

FAX TO: ALEX COX c/o Kuniaki Negishi / CABLE HOGUE
FAX #: 81-3-3423-0590
FAX FROM: Peter McCarthy
NUMBER OF PAGES (including Cover Page): 1
DATE: September 3, 1997
RE: "WALDO"

Dear Alex,

Bad news. Emilio Estevez has passed on the project. After reading the script again he feels the film isn't right for him at this time in his career. Mr. Wacks, Mr. Papsidera, Mr. Chubbuck and myself have tried all day to find ways to get him back on board but to no avail. All may not go down the drain if we can find a good alternative and if Willem Dafoe remains committed to playing Smiley. It would also help our credibility with our backers if we could land another bankable name in another role. Sorry to put a damper on the trip. Just want you to start thinking about Waldo replacements. If you have anyone in mind fax the names to me and Papsidera can start finding out about their availability.

Reminding you, if you can, please bring back my "Floundering" trailer. All my best to Negi.

LOCATION APPROVAL FOR A LIVE TV ANNOUNCEMENT AT 322 SUNSET AV.

C3473Rd



TODD: The PCH Prize Patrol is in Venice, CA, to surprise our newest millionaire at 322 Sunset Av.



DAVE: Congratulations, Alexander Cox, you've just won One Million Dollars!



Alexander Cox: I can't believe it. I guess I'm rich now!

The above "Photo-Board" is a plan for our TV announcement August 15th should endorsed candidate Alexander Cox be our winner. We'd like your permission in advance to broadcast live from your door at 322 Sunset Av. So, if it's okay with you, sign this form and return it to us by July 31. Then if 09 0713 7804 10 matches the winning number, the PCH Prize Patrol will arrive at 322 Sunset Av on August 15th with your first payment of the One Million Dollar Prize!

It's okay with me.

Signed:

Alexander Cox



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¡¡¡ NOS SOMOS MARCOS



Comite en Solidaridad con el Pueblo de México

MIERCOLES, NOVIEMBRE 15
a las 4 a 6 p.m.
¡MITIN!

EL EDIFICIO FEDERAL EN EL CENTRO DE LOS ANGELES
300 N. Los Angeles St.

Demandamos lo Siguiente:

¡FUERA ASESORES Y TODA AYUDA MILITAR DE LOS ESTADOS UNIDOS A MÉXICO!

¡ALTO A LA VIOLACIÓN DE LOS DERECHOS HUMANOS Y LIBERTAD A LOS PRESOS POLITICOS!

¡SOLIDARIDAD CON LOS TRABAJADORES DE RUTA 100 Y CON LA CLASE OBRERA DE MÉXICO!

¡EXIGIMOS CONTINUACIÓN DEL DIALOGO CON EL EZLN!

¡ALTO A LA INJERENCIA ECONOMICA DE LOS ESTADOS UNIDOS EN MÉXICO!

INVESTIGACIÓN INMEDIATA DEL ABUSO Y SEQUESTRIA DE CECILIA RODRIGUEZ
EL 26 DE OCTUBRE, 1995, DE PARTE DEL GOV. EE.UU. & MEXICANO.

Support the Pastors for
Peace Caravan to Chiapas:

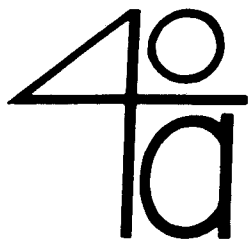
Venga para apoyar los Pastores para la Paz, quien estan
organizando una caravana para apoyar la gente de
Chiapas y Nicaragua en Noviembre. La caravana llegará en Los Angeles
la día de la manifestación.

Necesitan alimentos, provisiones y dinero.

Despues del mitín pedimos ustedes ir con sus donaciones a la recepción
para la caravana en la iglesia Misión Dolores en la esquina de
las calles Tercera y Gless en el Este de Los Angeles.

Comite En Solidaridad con el Pueblo de México, c/o CISPES, 8124 W. 34rd St., Ste. 104, Los Angeles, CA 90048
(Antes era la Comite de la Gira de Rosario Ibarra)
Para más información llame: Martín (213) 387-2800

LABOR DONATED



FORTY ACRES AND A MULE FILMWORKS · SPIKE LEE

6 November 1996

Alex Cox
Edge City Productions
322 Sunset Ave.
Venice, CA 90291

Re: *Waldo's Hawaiian Holiday*

Dear Mr. Cox,

Thank you for submitting your screenplay to 40 Acres. Unfortunately, this project is not what we are looking for at this time. Be assured your submission was given detailed attention. We are aware of the time and effort you put into this work.

However, due to the high volume of material we receive at 40 Acres, we require a self-addressed, stamped envelope from you. If we do not receive a SASE in 30 days, we will not be able to return your material to you.

Best of luck in the future.

Development Department

Send SASE to: 40 Acres and a Mule Development
8 St. Felix Street
Brooklyn, NY 11217

Fax no. 718-624-2008

718-624-3703

124 DEKALB AVENUE — BROOKLYN — NEW YORK — 11217

YA-DIG
SHO-NUFF