

One Hour Development

Greg Dawless

Greg Dawless  
received one of the five Academy Nicholl Fellowships awarded in 2001

Academy of Motion Picture Arts & Sciences  
Academy Nicholl Fellowships in Screenwriting  
16th Annual Competition

[www.oscars.org/nicholl](http://www.oscars.org/nicholl)  
[www.facebook.com/nichollfellowships](http://www.facebook.com/nichollfellowships)

**For additional information about the screenplay or the Academy Nicholl Fellowships in Screenwriting, contact: [Nicholl@oscars.org](mailto:Nicholl@oscars.org)**

FADE IN:

INT. INVESTIGATOR'S OFFICE - DAY

A SIGN on a door reads DICK MADDEN, PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR.

We move inside the office, and a

**PHOTOGRAPH**

lands on a desk. It's a picture of a MAN, a naked man, in a very compromising position with a hooker. Dick Madden leans back in his chair behind the desk, cups his hands behind his head, casually glances out the window.

A man on the other side of the desk leans forward, sees that the photograph is a picture of himself. He looks shocked at first, then realization settles in... he's being blackmailed.

He tries to look confident, leans back in his chair...

MAN

So what?

Dick Madden is utterly disinterested. The look of a man going through the motions, sick of the routine, not caring anymore about anything... He remembers to speak...

DICK MADDEN

Fifty thousand. That's what the people who hired me want.

MAN

What's your cut, Mr. Investigator?

DICK MADDEN

That's none of your business --

MAN

Let me restate myself. So what? So you got a picture of me with a hooker. So what? Who the hell's gonna care, huh?

Madden glances away from the window for the first time, looks right at the man. Through the man. The man shifts nervously in his seat, and Madden smiles, recognizes the bluff.

DICK MADDEN

Let's pretend for a moment that you're not bluffin', which you are --

MAN

I'm not --

DICK MADDEN

Shut the fuck up. You are bluffing. You know it and I know it. I can see it in your eyes. I could probably get you for way more than fifty g's. Twice that even. But I won't.

Madden goes back to looking out the window.

MAN

I'm not bluffing. I don't care about the picture. Do what you want with it.

A long moment passes. The man wipes his sweaty forehead. Madden doesn't so much as flinch. Not even a little.

MAN

Madden?

DICK MADDEN

You're still here? You said I could do what I want with the picture. I will. Goodbye. You can leave now.

The man quickly snatches up the picture, rips it into a thousand tiny pieces, stuffs the fragments into his mouth, starts to chew. Madden smiles, chuckles, reaches into his desk and pulls out a WHOLE SERIES of PHOTOGRAPHS...

He was very thorough in his investigation. As he tosses the pictures, one by one, onto the desk, they look almost like a FLIP BOOK, an ANIMATED PORNO. The man's eyes widen.

DICK MADDEN (CONT'D)

Your bluff's been called, buddy.

MAN

It's just a picture!

DICK MADDEN

(laughs)

Just a picture. Oh, God. Just a picture. Know what, buddy? You're lucky. Ten years ago, I'd have gotten you for twice the money my clients wanted, then I would've broadcast the pictures anyway. Just a picture.

He goes to the wet bar, pours them both a drink, sits back down. The man downs his drink. Madden stares at him, stands, grabs the entire bottle, pours more in the man's glass, and sets the bottle in front of him. He sits down again.

DICK MADDEN (CONT'D)

Just a picture. You're in an unusual circumstance. You come to me at a weird time. I'm gonna tell you a story. And you, my friend, are going to sit there and listen. You're a captive audience.

The man stands as if to leave...

MAN

I'm not a captive anything. It's just a picture --

DICK MADDEN

Sit down!

MAN

(sitting)

Okay.

Madden sips his drink, leans back, gets comfortable.

DICK MADDEN

I started out as a photographer. Long time ago. Know what I loved most about photography? I loved taking pictures of people. Know why?

MAN

No --

DICK MADDEN

Don't fucking answer me. I loved taking pictures of people because in that one moment, that captured image, you can sometimes see everything. One picture, just one picture, and you can read a person's entire being. What's behind their eyes. Some cultures even believe a photograph captures a person's soul...

He picks up a few of the photographs, shows them to the man.

DICK MADDEN (CONT'D)

Well, I don't believe that, but I do believe in that one frozen moment, you can almost... hear what they're thinking.  
(throws pictures down)

So, here's the story. You say it's just a picture, huh?

MAN

Yeah, that's right. It's just a picture.

DICK MADDEN

Well, I'll tell you a story about just one picture, just one captured image, that in just one hour of one afternoon, changed a man's life forever. His name was Larry Feldman, and when the day started, he was as meager and pathetic as any man has ever been. And just one picture changed Larry Feldman's life...

INT. OFFICE CUBICLE - DAY

LARRY FELDMAN, mid-thirties, hunches beneath the overload of work at his desk. He's a miniscule man. Tiny. Not much of anything, really. He's got on a bad sport coat, an awful tie, and glasses that are too big for his face.

DICK MADDEN (V.O.)

One thing you gotta know about Larry... he loved his wife more than anything.

Larry's balding, but it's cool, cause he SWOOSHES a long strand of hair in a comb-over for cover. He struggles to speak into a phone, at the same time comb over his comb-over.

LARRY

(into phone)

No. I can't. I really can't, honey. I love you more than anything on this earth, but I just have too much work to do to meet you for lunch.

(swoosh)

I know. I can't. I love you more than there's water in the sea, but I can't.

No. Huh-uh. No, I really can't, Baby.

He kisses his fingers, then touches a picture of his wife, the only thing, other than papers, on his desk.

LARRY (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Kissy. Kissy. G'me a wittle kissy kissy back, now, gum drop. C'mon. Kissy --

A GIRL drops off more papers on Larry's desk, catching him in his kissy-kissiness. He shifts quickly, sitting up, and we notice that he holds his arms out, elbows in the air, a very uncomfortable position as he talks.

Larry unbuttons his shirt, reaches for some tissue, and we FREEZE FRAME on a very unflattering picture of the man -- elbows in the air, hair swooshed in the wrong direction, shirt unbuttoned, stupid look on his face...

LARRY (V.O.)

I suffer from a physical ailment called hyperhydrosis. I get, I don't know, very nervous, and I just sweat uncontrollably. It's disgusting, really. I mean, sometimes, I'd be just sitting around, and I'd have sweat rings dripping down the sides of my shirt from my underarms. In winter, even. So the doctor tells me there's one of two choices. A very simple surgical procedure in which a nerve is snipped under both arms, curing the ailment immediately. Or there's a special deodorant available only through prescription that makes you feel as though someone's pricking you in the pits with a hundred needles all day long. And it itches, too. Bad. But to me, the idea of somebody snipping nerves in my armpits is just... awful. So --

Larry returns to MOTION, elbows high in the air, and shoves the tissue under his arms. He looks around, and scratches uncontrollably. He struggles, elbows high, to comb his hair.

LARRY (CONT'D)

(into phone)

No. Sweetie. I can't. I can't. No. I just cannot do it, Lovey Pooh. I can't.  
No. No. No --

INT. CHEZ TRES CHIC RESTAURANT - DAY

Larry sits at a table, elbows up, across from MELISSA, the beautiful ex cheerleader we saw in the photograph on his desk. She looks disgusted as she tries to eat.

Larry checks his watch, repeatedly. Hard to do with elbows high above you. He checks again.

LARRY

So, no sweat whatsoever. It's unbelievable, really, Baby Doll. I mean, who knows, I'll keep you posted, cause things could change, but so far, no sweat rings, no drippage, dry as a bone under there. But the itching is -- oh God -- AWFUL.

I feel like I wanna, you know, rip out my armpit hairs it itches so much. And the prickly needle sensation --

Melissa struggles to force food in her mouth, looks with disdain at her husband. FREEZE FRAME on her disgusted look...

MELISSA (V.O.)

My husband doesn't satisfy me sexually.

MOTION again.

Larry now points with one hand at his armpit, really descriptive, like a Price is Right girl pointing out, with emphasis, an item up for bid...

LARRY

But it's better than before, when I could really just feel the sweat flowing down my body... like the tide or something --

FREEZE FRAME. He looks pathetic.

MELISSA (V.O.)

I don't know that he ever did satisfy me sexually. And, I do know what an orgasm feels like. Back in high school, Jimbo Kovack, the quarterback, used to fuck me raw. But Larry, my husband, Larry's a real sweet guy --

RETURN TO MOTION. Larry displaying his pits. One at a time. Back and forth. Very into it.

LARRY

And, I mean, you could cup your hand under there, and a puddle would develop --

FREEZE.

MELISSA (V.O.)

His penis is just too damn small. I don't feel a fucking thing. I've thought about the possibility of anal intercourse, but how do you ask a nice guy like Larry if he'll fuck you in the ass?

RETURN TO MOTION. Larry has both hands cupped under his armpits, and he looks kinda like a monkey. The BUSBOY approaches, fills their water glasses. He's a Latino kid, not doing a very good job of covering his tattoos...

LARRY

(one of the posse)

Wha's'up brutha? Makin' good on the tip front this, you know, afternoon?

BUSBOY

It's for shit today, man.

LARRY

I feel you. I been there, believe me.

(as busboy leaves)

Keep on hangin' in, bro.

He looks at Melissa, satisfied with himself, then looks at his watch.

LARRY (CONT'D)

We better hurry. Eat up. No more chitchattingdumplingpie. I cannot be late. I will say one final thing, though, cause I've been waiting all day just to say this to you...

(picks up fork, leans in)

I'm no longer sweaty, sweetie...

He LAUGHS uncontrollably. Closes his eyes. Puckers up, waits for a kiss. Still laughing...

MELISSA

I'm leaving you, Larry.

Larry stops laughing abruptly, opens his eyes...

FREEZE FRAME on his stunned look.

MR. CARMICHAEL'S VOICE (V.O.)

Larry Feldman. What a meager, insignificant little, little person.

INT. MR. CARMICHAEL'S OFFICE - DAY

A lavish office. Lots of nice... wood. Other nice things. Many guns. Handguns mostly. Trophies. Deer heads. Fish.

MR. CARMICHAEL, late fifties, sits behind his desk, stogie in his mouth, feet up, cleaning a handgun. He glances out his window at the view of a construction site at a mall across the street.

Larry enters, slumped over, miserable looking. He lingers at the door for a moment after he closes it, dismal, possibly searching for a rock to crawl under.

LARRY

You wanted to see me, sir?

MR. CARMICHAEL

Yes, Larry, I did.



Larry walks over to the desk, stands for a moment, solemn, then extends his hand. They shake. Mr. Carmichael grimaces as Larry, now sitting, wipes his forehead with a handkerchief. Mr. Carmichael pulls out a handkerchief of his own, wipes the hand that just shook Larry's...

FREEZE FRAME on LARRY, sweating, wiping, pathetic...

MR. CARMICHAEL (V.O.)

Yup. Pathetic. First of all, he sweats constantly. It's disgusting. Not only that, but then he's always insisting on shaking my damn hand. Sweaty people shouldn't shake hands. Just like fat people shouldn't do anything whatsoever that results in my seeing them jiggle. Second of all, he doesn't drink. Ever. I don't trust a man who won't take a nip every once in awhile. Just ain't natural.

MOTION. Larry continues wiping.

LARRY

What can I do for you, sir?

MR. CARMICHAEL

(stands, crossing)

How 'bout a drink, Larry?

LARRY

No thank you, sir.

(proudly)

I never drink.

Mr. Carmichael turns, drink in hand, a look of utter hatred in his eyes. The hatred turns to disgust as he watches

LARRY SLOWLY WIPE THE SWEAT FROM HIS FOREHEAD

Mr. Carmichael's lip twitches.

FREEZE ON HIS FACE

MR. CARMICHAEL (V.O.)

I'd have fired him long ago. In fact, I've been searching for a reason for some time. But the guy's one of those real asshole anal types. Always on time. Always has his work done. Actually puts money in the coffee collection fund, every morning. Yup, makes it tough to fire the guy. Plus, he's married to my daughter.

MOTION. Mr. Carmichael sips his bourbon, takes a long, hard drag on his stogie.

MR. CARMICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Melissa tells me you're trying a new prescription deodorant. How's it working?

Larry holds up his arms, -- no sweat rings in his pits.

MR. CARMICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Wonderful. You should rub some on your palms.

LARRY  
You can't rub it on your palms, Mr. Carmichael. Doctor says I might rub my face and dry out my eyes -- shrivel 'em up like raisins --

FREEZE on Larry looking at his palms, sweat rolling down his face.

MR. CARMICHAEL (V.O.)  
Sick little perverted bastard! He can't put it on his palms cause he'll dry out his gonads! Or worse, my daughter!  
(pause)  
Bastard.

MOTION AGAIN as we move from Larry's pathetic gesturing to Mr. Carmichael's brow slowly lowering. Violence on his mind.

MR. CARMICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Do you know why I've asked you in here?

LARRY  
(lowers head)  
You must know about me and Melissa.

MR. CARMICHAEL  
No. What about her? Did you fight? If you hurt her --

LARRY  
I would never, ever --

MR. CARMICHAEL  
(picks up gun)  
There's a very good reason I keep all of my guns loaded at all times. You never know when you'll need to put down a lame, drooling, worthless dog.

LARRY

I would never hurt her, sir. Never. I love her more than anyone's ever loved anybody on this planet. I love her like the ocean tide gently licking, you know, the coastal sands. Softly caressing --

MR. CARMICHAEL

I asked you in here to fire you, Larry.

FREEZE on Larry's stunned reaction.

LARRY (V.O.)

Fuck.

MOTION again as Larry shifts in his chair, starts to say something, can't think of anything to say, starts WHIMPERING. His whimpers deepen, get louder. He starts CRYING. Soon, he's drooling and weeping, wiping his nose with his kerchief.

MR. CARMICHAEL

You were an hour late, Larry. A whole hour late getting back from lunch.

LARRY

(balling)

Oh, please... Oh, please... Please...

MR. CARMICHAEL

Do you have any idea how much can happen in one hour?

LARRY

(sobbing, unintelligible)

Fligotta simpsipander ipsand mota...

He trails off into a spectacle of sobs and slobbering.

INT. OFFICE CUBICLE - DAY

Larry stands at his desk, just finishing up putting his personal belongings into a cardboard box. He softly strokes the picture of Melissa, places it on top.

He's HEAVING like a school child twenty minutes after the child's been spanked. Can't seem to control his erratic breathing... Lower lip trembling... Awful.

A COWORKER pokes his head over the cubicle wall, on the verge of smiling, trying to look sympathetic...

COWORKER

Tough break, Lar. Why do these sorts of things always happen to the nice guys?

The coworker withdraws, lips curling up at the edges, just a glint of a sly fox in his eyes. We...

FREEZE on his devious look.

COWORKER (V.O.)

I wanna fuck his wife.

Larry heaves like a battered high school tuba player.

Trods down the hallway, all of his fellow coworkers staring at him, some of them trying to conceal their laughter. It's obvious he's not the most popular boy in school.

INT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Larry leaves the office area, and the door closes behind him, locks. He stands there for a moment, in the lobby, exasperated.

He remembers something he forgot, fumbles through his pockets, pulls out a key card. He turns to the door, and we are aware of a high security lock system on the door. Larry inserts his card, nothing happens. He tries again. Nothing.

LARRY

(to himself)

They've already changed my super ultra high tech security pass key?

He moans, walks away.

EXT. CARMICHAEL'S BUILDING - DAY

Establishing shot.

Larry walks outside, box in hand, looks pathetic. He stands in front of the building waiting to cross the roundabout driveway to get to the parking lot.

He steps into the driveway. A car honks its horn. He steps back onto the sidewalk. He tries again. A car nearly hits him, lays on its horn, calls him an *asshole*. He waits a moment, tries again. Drops the box. Nearly gets run over.

Pathetic.

EXT. LARRY'S HOUSE - DAY

Suburban.

Larry sits in his car. In the driveway. Just thinking.  
That's all. Been here awhile.

He opens the door, and gets his head caught in the automatic  
seatbelt/noose. Maybe on purpose. He stays there for a  
moment, enjoying the feel of the strap around his neck.

He grabs the cardboard box from the passenger seat, has  
trouble getting it past the seatbelt, struggles, clumsily,  
finally gets it free, throws it out of the car. Its contents  
spill all over the yard.

Larry trods slowly up the path, hardly lifting his feet.

Melissa emerges through the front door, walking toward him  
holding car keys, her purse, a grocery list, a small bag.

LARRY  
(not looking up)  
Please, don't go.

MELISSA  
Larry --

LARRY  
(starting to cry again)  
Oh, please, Melissa! Please... Please,  
don't go. I love you like the spring  
loves the butterfly --

MELISSA  
Larry!

He whimpers, tries to suppress his tears. His lip trembles.

MELISSA (CONT'D)  
I'm not leaving, Larry. I'm just running  
a few errands. I packed my things, and  
I'm gonna go away --

LARRY  
(grabbing her shoulders)  
Oh, Melissa! Please! Please!

She punches him. In the jaw. Hard. Knees him in the gut.

MELISSA  
(finishing)  
I'm gonna go away for the weekend.  
(MORE)

MELISSA (CONT'D)

Just for the weekend. Think things through. I've gotta run some errands first, get some film developed --

LARRY

(doubled over)

What do you need to think about?

MELISSA

The truth is, and I know you won't understand this, Larry...

(cups her heart)

But there's a void.

LARRY

What d'ya mean?

She subconsciously moves her hands from her chest to her abdomen...

MELISSA

There's a void you can't fill. There's places inside me you just can't reach.

LARRY

(covers his eyes, whining)

I don't understand.

MELISSA

I don't understand either. Truth is, I don't know what I want. I want to stay, but I want to go.

(sighs deeply)

I feel as though I'm adrift on a sea of abysmal indifference. I'm teetering at a fulcrum, perfectly balanced, for now. I want to love you, I want to leave you. A perfect balance of indifference. And just one thing, just one countermeasure, could push me in either direction.

LARRY

(really crying)

I don't have a fucking clue what you're talking about. I'm confused and scared.

MELISSA

Can you think of one thing, Larry, just one reason that could make me stay?

LARRY

No. But I can't think of any reason for you to leave either.

MELISSA

Alas, the paradox.

(combs his comb-over  
affectionately)

I look at you with the same eyes that I  
use to watch the Weather Channel, Larry.  
I love you as a person loves scentless  
deodorant that leaves them dry and  
unfulfilled.

LARRY

What?

MELISSA

I need time to ponder the conundrum. I  
need to find one reason that makes me  
decide to leave you. If not, I'll come  
back.

(kisses him on forehead)

I put this all in the note.

INT. LARRY'S KITCHEN - DAY

Larry sits at the kitchen table, elbows resting on the plaid  
tablecloth. He's got about a four page note in one hand, and  
a very large, UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY in the other.

He scratches his armpits, then puts his head down in  
frustration. Across from him, his next door neighbor, JIM  
NELSON, sips a beer.

JIM

Why's she leaving you?

LARRY

I don't know. I don't understand a word  
she says.

JIM

Can I ask you something, Larry? How the  
hell did a girl like Melissa end up with  
a guy like you to begin with?

LARRY

What do you mean?

JIM

Nice guys don't usually get the girl.

LARRY

Nice guys win in the end, Jim, if they're  
persistent. Here. Read this.

Larry hands him the note, and he reads aloud...

JIM (CONT'D)  
 (reading)  
 ...adrift on a sea of abysmal  
 indifference...

LARRY  
 Oh, God! I think that's bad.

JIM  
 Conundrum.  
 (to Larry)  
 Who talks like this? What you should do,  
 Larry, you know, is just circle all the  
 words and phrases that make absolutely no  
 sense, and only read what's left over.

Jim picks up a red pen, sticks his tongue out, circles...

JIM (CONT'D)  
 Countermeasure. Paradoxical. Teetering  
 on a fulcrum. A perfect balance of  
 indifference.

(to Larry)  
 Okay. All the jibberish is circled red.

LARRY  
 What's left?

JIM  
 (reads)  
 I'm leaving you.

Larry slams his head down on the table.

LARRY  
 Oh, God!

Larry bangs his head repeatedly...

JIM  
 Wait. Wait. Wait. There's more. Hold on.  
 (reads)  
 I'm not leaving you.

LARRY  
 That's way better.

JIM  
 Hold on.  
 (reads)  
 I can't decide.



LARRY

Oh, God!

JIM

Does anybody understand your wife?

(off Larry's moaning)

Here, Larry, have a beer.

He holds out a beer.

LARRY

I don't drink, Jim. I've never had a drink with you. We've been neighbors for ten years. Why would you ask me now?

JIM

Jesus Christ, Larry. Blow off some steam, man. Cut loose a little. You're too bottled up.

LARRY

How do you mean?

JIM

Well, for instance, what'd you do when Carmichael fired you?

LARRY

I cried.

JIM

And, what'd you do when Melissa told you she was leaving you?

LARRY

I cried.

JIM

See? You're too nice a guy, Larry. You need to call a few people shithead, tell a few people to fuck off. Flip somebody the bird. Did you flip anyone off when you left the office?

LARRY

No.

JIM

They all hated you. You should've flipped 'em off. Try it. Flip me off.

LARRY

I'm not gonna... I don't wanna --

JIM  
 (flipping him off)  
 Fuck you, Larry! You cock sucking toad!  
 I think you are a meager little  
 insignificant person, and I flip you off  
 accordingly!

He emphasizes his finger flippage, and Larry's lip quivers...

LARRY  
 That's not very nice.

JIM  
 Jesus, Larry. I'm trying to help you.  
 You're too nice a guy!

LARRY  
 You're right. I just can't stand up to  
 people. Will you do me a favor, Jim?

JIM  
 Sure, buddy. Anything.

LARRY  
 Will you help me apply my ultra absorbent  
 extra strength high tech prescription  
 deodorant?

Jim stares at him, mouth pursed, eyes darting back and forth,  
 possibly thinking about running away, finally giving in...

JIM  
 Sure, yeah, okay.

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

Jim stares with horror at some sight, o.s. He holds out the  
 tube of prescription deodorant, SCREAMS like RAMBO applying a  
 dressing to his own wound... and we hear another SCREAM...

Larry, arms outstretched, SCREAMS like a tortured prisoner as  
 smoke rises all around...

JIM  
 I think I see smoke, man! We got a  
 smoker!

LARRY  
 Do the other arm!

JIM  
 No! I won't do it!

LARRY

Do it, Jim! I'm ready!

Jim SCREAMS again, applies the deodorant, looks scared...

LARRY (CONT'D)

Run! Run! Save yourself!

Jim tears out of the bathroom, fear in his eyes, screaming the entire time as he sprints away.

Larry takes off after him, arms outstretched, his arms hitting the sides of the door immediately. He falls over.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Larry has the freezer door open, and holds his arms out in front of the cold air. He has the note in his hands, and tries to decipher it...

LARRY

(reading)

Running some errands. Fine. That makes sense. Packed my stuff. Good. Dropping off film. Okay. I guess she's still trying to decide. Needs a reason to make up her mind. Fine.

A long moment passes as he stands there, soothing himself. Slowly, his expression changes to confusion...

LARRY (CONT'D)

What film?

He closes the freezer door. Walks over to the kitchen table, bends over, arms out, nearly falls, grabs the note, rereads it. Yes, in fact, it says she's getting film developed.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Hmm. I had the camera at work.

He rummages through his cardboard box. Yes, in fact, the camera is in there.

Larry struggles to force his arms, one by one, down to his side, each hand on his hips in an inquisitive posture.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Huh!?

Slowly, his look of confusion turns to recognition. His eyes squint, he bites his lower lip...

LARRY (CONT'D)

Hmmm.

He turns his head, looks in the direction of...

INT. THE BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Two closets. One empty. One containing bad sport coats.

Taped to the closet door is a note. A red pen draws lines through words such as UNEQUIVOCALLY and phrases such as RAMIFICATIONS OF THESE ACTIONS leaving only one phrase...

LARRY, [RED LINE] I WENT THROUGH YOUR CLOSET [MORE RED LINES]

Larry now looks scared.

LARRY

Oh, no. Oh, shit. Oh, God!

He reaches to the top shelf, tosses some things aside, pulls down a shoebox labeled Larry's Private Box.

Larry sits on the bed, opens the box. Pictures of his wife. A few pressed flowers. Poetry. An entire poetry book titled For Melissa. Concert tickets. Vaseline. No film.

Larry looks up, absolute fear in his eyes.

LARRY (CONT'D)

My film.

He raises both arms to his head, runs his fingers through his comb over, yanking at his hair, exposing his red pits.

FREEZE FRAME

MELISSA (V.O.)

I need to find one reason that makes me decide to leave you.

MOTION. Larry lowers his hands to his face, covers his mouth, looks absolutely petrified...

FREEZE FRAME

MR. CARMICHAEL (V.O.)

There's a very good reason I keep all of my guns loaded at all times. You never know when you'll need to put down a lame, drooling, worthless dog.

MOTION

LARRY  
My film!

Larry leaps from his bed, runs toward the door with his arms extended, looks very much like he's playing the *airplane vroom vroom* game. He reaches the door, clips his wings, falls, stands, turns sideways, and runs out of the room.

EXT. LARRY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Larry running, arms out, his keys in one hand, the note in the other. He's now dressed. He gets in his car.

INT. LARRY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

He closes the car door. One arm out the window. He struggles to lower his arm, insert the key.

LARRY  
Oh, God!

He lowers the other arm, painfully, onto the steering wheel.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
Oh, God!

He tears out of the driveway, tires SCREECHING.

INT. LARRY'S CAR - RESIDENTIAL STREETS - DAY

Larry steers the car with one hand, and fully extends the other arm, holding out the note. We see most of the note has been scribbled over in red...

LARRY  
(reads)  
Packed my things... Film developed...  
Oh, God. Where? Where! Here it is!  
Running some errands... at the mall.  
(out window, yelling)  
What fucking mall?!

EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

Larry's car speeding and screeching through the neighborhood as kids ride Bigwheels, adults mow lawns and water flowers, girls jump rope.

They all turn to see Larry's car going about eighty, his left arm fully extended out the window.

The car comes to a corner, cuts through the corner yard, smashing through a mailbox, driving right over a small tree and some bushes. Larry just keeps going, only tire tracks and demolition in his wake.

Jim, now laying out in the sun on a lounge chair, holds a hose, sits up, looks toward Larry's car speeding away.

FREEZE FRAME on Jim's blank look, water frozen in air.

JIM(V.O.)  
You shithead.

MOTION. He lowers the hose.

JIM  
You shithead!

He lays back down, closes his eyes, soaks up the sun.

INT. LARRY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Larry, elbow up, holds a cell phone to his ear.

LARRY  
Come on, Baby Doll, pick up. Come on,  
Sweetie Pie. Pick up your wittle phone.

MELISSA (V.O.)  
Hello, Larry.

LARRY  
Oh, Sweetheart! Oh, I love you so --

MELISSA (V.O.)  
This is a recording, Larry. I knew you'd  
be calling, and I just can't talk to you  
right now. I need ponderous solitude at  
this phase to reflect, to cogitate, to  
hypothesize a solution. I am a branch on  
a sapling, swaying harmoniously with --

Larry hangs up. Looks up. A car at a stop sign immediately in front of him. He SLAMS on the brakes...

EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

Kids playing kickball on the road watch as Larry's car SCREECHES and skids for about forty feet before coming to a stop a quarter inch from the other car's bumper. Smoke everywhere. The kids look on in amazement.

Larry turns, looks at the kids, lets out a high-pitched, whiny, SCREAM...

LARRY

Fuck!

All the kids' mouths drop at once. Larry whimpers, about to cry. He throws the car in reverse, jerks to a stop, throws the car in drive, then SCREECHES around the other car.

FREEZE FRAME on the kids' faces, utter disbelief.

KID (V.O.)

What a great word. Fuck. I'm gonna use it all day long.

MOTION. The kickball game resumes.

INT. LARRY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Larry dials a number on his cell phone again. Waits.

LARRY

Hello? Mr. Carmichael?

MR. CARMICHAEL (V.O.)

Larry. I just spoke to my daughter. She told me everything. She said you didn't do anything to her, but if I find out you did, the next time I see you, you die.

Larry closes his eyes, mouths *shit*.

LARRY

Uh, did she say where she was going, sir?

MR. CARMICHAEL (V.O.)

She's going away. That's all you need --

LARRY

I don't mean this weekend, sir. And, forgive me for interrupting, but did she say where she was going right now?

MR. CARMICHAEL (V.O.)

She's running errands.

LARRY

Where!?! Uh, pardon me, sir. Would you mind telling me where --

MR. CARMICHAEL (V.O.)

Fuck should I know?! She's meeting me later for drinks at Century Mall across the street. But I don't advise your being there, cause if you are, I'll rip out your lower intestine, and use it as a noose to hang you with! No, scratch that, first I'll use it as a whip, then --

Larry hangs up. Turns the wheel... hard.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

His car SKIDS through a high speed 180 degree u-turn, screeching and smoking all the way, and SLAMS into garbage cans on the curbside. The car fishtails away.

INT. LARRY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Larry drives intensely, thoroughly concentrating on the mission at hand.

LARRY

Alright. Okay. Century Mall. No problem. She drives slow. Damn slow.  
(reminiscing)

I always loved that about her.

(back to mission)

Okay. She would've taken the freeway. I'll go through the neighborhoods, cut her off at the pass.

(chuckles)

Cut her off at the pass. How often in life do you get a chance to say that?

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREETS - DAY

Larry's car going eighty miles per hour past picket fences, green lawns, various NEIGHBORS. He nearly misses hitting parked cars and people, and often does hit garbage cans, fences, cats... No, not cats. Forget that bit about the cats.

Well, yeah, screw it. He could run over one cat...

EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

The KICKBALL GAME from before.

A KID kicks a ball, it sails foul...

KID

Fuck! Foul fucking ball!



ANOTHER KID

(singing)  
Fucking foul! Fucking foul!

THIRD KID

Fuck!

FOURTH KID

Oh, fuck. Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck!

The FOURTH KID points to where Larry's car barrels toward them, reckless and out of control, just like Larry. *Sarcasm.*

Just as he's about to careen into every single last kickball playing kid, Larry turns the wheel, hard, swerves past them, into a yard, through a driveway, around a tree, and into the road again. Larry speeds away, never looking back.

KID

(in awe)

Fuck.

EXT. FREEWAY ON RAMP - DAY

Larry's car speeds up the on ramp, and we follow as the car continues about a hundred yards before SKIDDING to a stop in the distance. Smoke rises from the tires.

EXT. FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

The clogged artery that is our nation's freeway system. Traffic doesn't move. Larry's car sits there, smoking, waiting for his turn to move into the flow of things.

INT. LARRY'S CAR - FREEWAY - DAY

Larry looks anxiously at the traffic. Whines.

LARRY

Come on. Please?! Somebody let me in. Please. Drive friendly. Merge with oncoming -- oh, please?! Let me in. Come on, now. Just because I'm not some forceful asshole who cuts in line, shoves his way in, probably gets a girl drunk and takes advantage of her... That's the kind of guy you'll let cut in front of you on the freeway, huh? While the nice guy sits here waiting. Oh, please --

LARRY'S P.O.V.

We see Melissa behind the wheel of an S.U.V. oblivious to the world, applying makeup. Her car slowly drives by, directly in front of Larry.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Melissa! Honeybear! Gumdrop! Melissa!

He's got his head out the window, along with his fully extended arm. He beeps the horn repeatedly.

INT. MELISSA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The radio plays *I Need a Man* as Melissa applies lipstick. She can barely hear anything over the music, let alone Larry's pathetic voice. On the passenger seat are two plane tickets to Jamaica, and the CANISTER OF FILM. Larry's film.

After a moment she becomes aware of Larry's presence at the on ramp just beside her. She turns to see him. He smiles, waves, happy to have gotten her attention.

MELISSA

(to herself)

I'm not doing this with you now, Larry.  
I'm going to get a log in me this weekend, and there's nothing you can do or say about it.

She smiles as she says this, waves back. Then, she pushes the automatic button, and the passenger side window goes up. She turns up the radio. *I Need a Man*... She drives on.

INT. LARRY'S CAR - FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Larry watches her drive away, frustrated. He puts his head back in the car, and lurches forward, trying to get in.

LARRY

Oh, please, come on. Please?!

A few cars go by slowly as Larry pleads with them, desperately trying to pull into traffic.

A sweet GRANDMOTHER in an Oldsmobile pulls up.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Oh, sweet old lady. Please let me in.  
Please?!

He inches forward. The grandmother pulls quickly forward, blocking him. She flips him off as she slowly drives by. Larry looks pathetically at her, begins to whimper.

INT. LARRY'S CAR - FREEWAY- DAY

Larry with his head and arm out the window of his car, going four miles an hour along with traffic. He searches desperately for Melissa's SUV, honks his horn repeatedly.

EXT. MELISSA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The mind muffling sound of cars honking and engines rumbling. No way Larry's meager honks would even stand out at all amid this rumble.

We see Melissa in her car, making *ga ga* eyes at a hot looking STUD in a Corvette. *I Need a Man.*

INT. LARRY'S CAR - FREEWAY - DAY

Larry with both hands on the steering wheel, tongue sticking out a little, concentrating deeply. He looks like he's at Daytona Speedway. He tries to weave in and out of traffic.

LARRY

I got you. I got you. You see my turn signal. You see it. I'm coming over! Let me in your lane. Ahh! I hate you!

EXT. LARRY'S CAR - FREEWAY - DAY

The gentle rumble of the clogged artery. We see Larry's car, going absolutely *nowhere*, weave into one lane, then back, then into another lane. He's moved a total of about six feet.

EXT. MELISSA'S CAR - DAY

Melissa has her window down, and talks seductively to the STUD in the Corvette...

MELISSA

So, I'm going to Jamaica, and I've got an extra ticket. What are you doing this weekend?

In her rearview mirror, we see Larry, *running* between cars, heading straight for her.

LARRY

Sugar Dumpling!

MELISSA

Here comes my husband. Gotta go.

With that, almost magically, traffic starts moving fairly quickly. She takes off, so does the stud, and so does every other car. Larry does an abrupt about face, runs back to...

EXT. LARRY'S CAR - FREEWAY -DAY

Larry's car parked, with flashers on, cars behind it laying on the horn. Larry, arms extended, runs up to it, gets in.

Every single person driving by flips Larry off.

REPEATED FREEZE FRAME on various angry drivers, middle fingers extended, hatred in their eyes.

MOTION. Larry throws the car in drive, floors it, and traffic stops.

EXT. CENTURY MALL PARKING LOT - DAY

A sea of parked cars in a vast mall parking lot. Sunlight glints from metal. Nothing natural anywhere. No trees, grass, or even people. Just metal, concrete, and numbered lamp posts.

Larry, in his car on a hill overlooking the scene, scans the parking lot, searching.

He finds what he's looking for... Melissa's SUV parked near

A FOTOHUT KIOSK

LARRY

Oh, no, no, no!

He floors it.

EXT. PARKING LOT - FOTOHUT KIOSK - DAY

Larry pulls up just as Melissa's SUV pulls away. Unfortunately, there's *nowhere to park*. He circles the lot near the kiosk, desperately searching for one parking spot.

He sees one, and heads for it, but another driver, going the wrong direction, cuts him off and swerves into the space...

LARRY

Oh, come on. Drive friendly!

AN OLD LADY WITH A WALKER

inches her way down the parking lot, keys in hand. She hasn't got a fucking clue where her car is. Larry drives slowly directly behind her.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
 Where you going? Huh? Where's your car?  
 Come on, baby. Come to Papa.

The old lady stops, thinks for a moment, looks around the lot scratching her temple, lifts her walker, does an about face, and walks in the exact opposite direction.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
 You're kidding!

Larry floors it, loops around the lot, and once again comes up directly behind her.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
 Yeah. That's your car right there. How  
 'bout that one? The Buick. Yeah.  
 Where's your car, huh? Where you going?

She stops, thinks again, lifts her walker and once again walks in the opposite direction, right past Larry's car. As she passes by Larry's open window...

LARRY (CONT'D)  
 Fuck you! You senile fucking bitch!

She turns to look at him, absolutely no recognition whatsoever. FREEZE FRAME on her empty, senile gaze...

OLD LADY (V.O.)  
 And mama used to cook the cornbread in  
 the winter time, and there'd be  
 sweetmeats and gravy, and a glorious fire  
 blazing in the cabin. And, hello, Uncle  
 Jester, where have you been? Why you  
 yelling? Have you prepared the pork pie?

MOTION again, as Larry guns the engine, tears away.

EXT. PARKING LOT - FOTOHUT KIOSK - DAY

Larry, anxious, waits as the old lady stops, recognizes something -- Yes! -- She's found her car.

LARRY  
 That's the one! There you go!

He waits as she fumbles for her keys. His knee starts shaking as she drops them.  
 He wipes his sweaty forehead as she SLOWLY molasses her way into the driver's seat. Sits there for a FULL MINUTE doing nothing.

LARRY (CONT'D)

What. Are. You. Doing?

Finally, the car starts up, the brake lights come on, and she backs out of the space, pulls away.

Larry inches forward, and another car swerves into the space.

EXT. FOTOHUT KIOSK - DAY

Arms out, Larry runs up to the kiosk, out of breath, and leans on the window counter. He starts to speak...

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Excuse me, sir. But, there's a line.

He turns to see a WOMAN and MAN in line waiting.

LARRY

I've just got --

MAN

She said there's a line!

Larry nods, lowers his head -- defeated -- and walks to the back of the line behind the man. He stands there, sweating, scratching his armpits, lips and eyes twitching, knee shaking. Very anxious.

The man in front of him turns, looks at him with disgust.

FREEZE.

MAN (V.O.)

Punk.

MOTION. Larry smiles at the man. The man turns away.

EXT. FOTOHUT KIOSK - LATER

Larry waits as the man in front of him speaks with the FotoHut attendant, a fourteen year old girl with pig tails and braces named SHELLY.

A bit about Shelly. She looks so delectably sweet, if she were on a stick, she's be cotton candy. She smiles as she speaks, in spite of her mouthful of metal, and she's got the cutest little dimples. Freckles. Ribbons holding her pigtails in place. Plastic heart earrings. You know the type. You just wanna slap her.

MAN

I just wanted to do something different. I went for the overexposure. I failed. I went for a new lighting concept. I failed. Can you help me, Shelly?

SHELLY

Well, Mr. Simms, there are several special films I can recommend to enlarge a photographer's creative scope. For example, tungsten balanced film used in daylight gives photos a predominantly blue cast. If the film is slightly overexposed, a hard, slightly bleached feel will result in your photography.

Larry whines, sighs, coughs, taps his feet, wipes his head.

The MAN turns to look at him. FREEZE FRAME.

MAN (V.O.)

Punk.

MOTION. He turns back to Shelly.

MAN

Thank you, Shelly. You're really the answer to all my prayers.

SHELLY

No problem whatsoever. I'm glad I could be of assistance in your endeavors of creative exploitation!

The man nods, and leaves. Shelly looks to Larry, who looks about ready to burst. She smiles grandly.

FREEZE FRAME on her bright, cheery face, a sign reading One Hour Developing proudly displayed above her head.

SHELLY (V.O.)

In life, there are rules. The entertainment world answers to the F.C.C. Police officers have internal affairs watching them. Doctors, lawyers, all answer to a judiciary board. Even restaurants have the board of health. Well, I don't want to be a doctor or a lawyer or anything like that. All I want, for the rest of my life, is to be the absolute best FotoHut Kiosk Girl this planet has ever had the privilege of being privy to. That's all I want.

(MORE)

SHELLY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And I, too, must abide by rules. The FotoHut Rules and Regulations Manual is my Bible. And, in it, it distinctly asserts, *no employee shall return film to any party other than that which made the initial deposit.* In life, there are rules.

MOTION AGAIN. Larry smiles and approaches her.

LARRY

Hi. Shelly, right?

SHELLY

Yes, sir. And may I inquire of your name?

LARRY

Larry. Larry Feldman.

SHELLY

Well, hello, Larry! And how may I provide you with optimum service this afternoon?

LARRY

Well, Shelly, I'm having a bit of a problematic day, to tell you the truth.

SHELLY

Let's see if we can't improve it.

LARRY

Thank God. You're exactly the person I need right now. My beloved wife, Melissa Feldman, just deposited a roll of film.

SHELLY

Yes. Melissa Feldman. I have it right here.

She holds up the canister of film. Smiles big.

LARRY

Oh, thank God! So you haven't begun developing it yet?

SHELLY

Not yet. I was with customers. But I'll get that going for you right --

LARRY

No! No, Shelly, that'll be fine. I don't need it developed. I just want it back.



He reaches for the canister. She quickly pulls it away.

SHELLY

I'm sorry, Larry, but only your wife can pick up the film that she deposited.

LARRY

But, it's my film!

SHELLY

I'm sorry. It's the rules. Says so right in the manual.

She holds up the manual.

LARRY

Alright, it's no big deal. It's my wife. She took the film by accident.

SHELLY

Is she around?

LARRY

She's running errands at the mall.

SHELLY

Well, you'll have to get her, Larry. I can only give the film to her --

LARRY

I can't get her!

SHELLY

Oh, no reason to get snappy, sir. It doesn't sound to me like your wife would want me to give this film to you at all.

LARRY

All right. Shelly, please. Please?! Couldn't you break the rule? Just this once? Please?!

SHELLY

I never break the rules, Larry. That's why I'm the best damn FotoHut Kiosk girl this planet has ever seen.

LARRY

Okay. I got you. I'm with you. I'm down with it. I know what you want.

He pulls out a twenty dollar bill, places it on the counter in front of her window. Looks away.

SHELLY

What's that?

LARRY

Andrew Jackson. Andrew Jackson says you'll give me my film back.

SHELLY

Who's Andrew Jackson?

LARRY

He's on the twenty dollar bill, Shelly. I'm using hip lingo --

SHELLY

Nobody knows he's on the twenty dollar bill. Nobody'd get that reference. And, if you're offering me a bribe, it says in the manual, on page 73, that I cannot accept. I earmarked that page, because it was happening so often. People try to get film back all the time, Larry. That's why they made the rule, and that's why I can't give it back to you without your wife's consent. I've turned down way younger men, with full heads of hair, (off twenty dollar bill) offering better presidents.

She retreats inside the bowels of the kiosk, and comes back after a moment sans film canister.

LARRY

What did you do?

SHELLY

I put the film in the machine. It's my job. It'll be developed in exactly an hour. The instruments of fate are set in motion, Larry. Exactly one hour. Now, please step aside, and have a lovely day!

He frantically pushes buttons on his watch, sets the timer to **SIXTY MINUTES**, pushes another button, and it begins counting down... He whimpers. Sniffles. Scratches armpit.

SHELLY (CONT'D)

Please take your Andrew Jackson and step aside, Larry. I have a customer waiting.

Larry looks up at her, just now realizing where he is. He gets his bearings, looks solemn, distraught, like a kid who got a baby seal for Christmas only to have it clubbed.

LARRY

You, you, you, you, you --

SHELLY

Step aside, Larry. I have to do my job.

LARRY

(ascending anger)

You. You. You. You.

SHELLY

Hi! Welcome to FotoHut! How may I provide you with optimum service today?

A WOMAN steps forward, between Larry and Shelly.

WOMAN

I think I may have overexposed my film --

LARRY

You! You! You!

SHELLY

Well, let's just see if I can't make your day a little better.

Larry whimpers. Sniffles. Slides down the side of the kiosk.

CLOSE IN on LARRY'S WATCH... 59:18, 59:17, 59:16...

INT. FOTOHUT KIOSK - DAY

Deep in the dark bowels of the dreaded kiosk, a developing machine has been set into motion. Cranks turn. Gears mesh together. It looks very much like the inner workings of an enormous clock tower, with all the delicate intricacies and elaborate equipment, only way smaller and... not.

DICK MADDEN (V.O.)

Now, Larry had exactly one hour to get that film back, or what he in his mind had built up to be the most treasured thing in his life would be lost forever. One hour. It's amazing how much can happen in just one hour. How a meager little man, when faced with desperation, can be driven to become something else. Just one hour.

EXT. FOTOHUT KIOSK - DAY

Shelly leans against the counter at the window, smiling, enjoying the sunshine, loving her young life, her vitality and youth... pathetic. Larry sits below and to the side, head leaning against the kiosk, hair disheveled, face in hand.

SHELLY

Wow, it's a beautiful day. Hot.

LARRY

You. You. You don't get to talk to me.

SHELLY

What's so important in that film, Larry, that it's making you this upset?

LARRY

Isn't it against the rules to be nosy?

SHELLY

I look at other people's photographs for a living, Larry. They wouldn't hire me unless I was nosy. So what are the pictures of, anyway?

LARRY

Nothing. Pictures of my wife mostly.

SHELLY

And?

LARRY

And, my wife at the beach.

SHELLY

And?

LARRY

My wife and flowers.

SHELLY

And?

LARRY

And one picture of me.

SHELLY

There it is. There's the one. What're you doing in the picture? Ooh-Ooh! I know! You're drinking a pint of jism, huh?

LARRY  
(shocked)

No!

SHELLY  
Oh, wait, wait. Is it one of those  
donkey pictures? Sucking off a donkey?

LARRY  
Oh my God, no!

SHELLY  
Butt reamed by some hairy guy?

LARRY  
How old are you?

SHELLY  
Fourteen.

LARRY  
Why aren't you in school?

SHELLY  
It's summer. Besides. This is all the  
education I need. I've seen it all. So  
you might as well just tell me --

LARRY  
(stands, faces her)  
I know! I'll tell you what. If you give  
me the film back, I'll tell you what the  
picture is.

SHELLY  
Larry, in exactly fifty seven minutes and  
thirty seconds, I'll see for myself what  
the picture is. I've waited longer for  
smut to download on the internet. Much  
raunchier smut at that.

Larry puts his head on the counter, defeated.

LARRY  
I doubt it.

SHELLY  
(raises eyebrow)  
Ooh. You sick little perverted bastard.

A customer approaches, interrupting their conversation.

EXT. FOTOHUT KIOSK - MOMENTS LATER

Larry's completely *slumped* against the kiosk, and Shelly has other people's pictures, other people's perverted pictures, in her hands. She shows them to him one by one.

SHELLY

Are you doing something like this?

It's a naked guy on a broom.

LARRY

No!

SHELLY

What about this?

A guy with icing smeared on his chest.

LARRY

No!

SHELLY

How 'bout this one, here. This is a good one. Ooh. It's a whole series.

All we see is one picture of a bald guy with cheez whiz, then Larry's reaction as Shelly shuffles through the other photos.

LARRY

Can I just have my film back, please?

SHELLY

No.

He slumps even harder against the kiosk.

INT. MALL - DAY

Larry runs through the upper level of the mall, weaving in and out of people, smacking some accidentally with his extended arms, searching for Melissa.

He leans over the rail, looks to the lower level, calls out..

LARRY

Melissa!

He scans the area, doesn't find her, runs on.

INT. FOOD COURT - DAY

Melissa sits in the food court across from a HULKING STUD, looking him up and down like he's taffy.

MELISSA

I'm a newborn in the tree of sexual unfulfillment. I need a sense of closure, of completion. I am an insecure screeching baby bird, clinging to the nest, waiting for the gratification of the worm.

She licks her soda straw seductively...

FREEZE ON THE STUD'S CONFUSED FACE

HULKING STUD (V.O.)

I don't have a clue what she's talking about. Maybe she'll let me take her in the bathroom, lean her against a urinal.

MOTION AGAIN.

MELISSA

Have you ever been to Jamaica?

HULKING STUD

No.

(sexy)

I have to go to the bathroom.

He stands, walks toward the crapper, looks back with batting eyes as he meanders away.

In the distance, we hear Larry's voice calling *Melissa!* *Melissa!* Melissa hears it as well. She turns toward the sound, raises an eye, and quickly stands, marches off in the opposite direction.

INT. MALL - DEPARTMENT STORE - CONTINUOUS

Larry runs through a crowd of people, searching still, and enters a department store.

He runs immediately to the makeup counter, slams into a display, and shakes hands with the very plastic MAKEUP GIRL. She wipes her palms immediately..

MAKE UP GIRL

May I help you, sir?

LARRY

I'm looking for my wife, and I'm wondering if you've seen her. She normally comes in here. Often. I mean, really, really often. She likes to look nice for me, you know --

MAKE UP GIRL

Uh, what's she, what does she --

LARRY

Look like? She's the most beautiful woman on earth.

He's done. That's the only description he offers.

MAKE UP GIRL

Nope. Haven't seen her.

LARRY

Okay, thank you. Oh, wait. Do you have anything for itching? Like a sore, red rash thing, like a thousand prickly needles stabbing at you, painful, yet irritatingly itchy at the same time.

FREEZE on her look.

MAKE UP GIRL (V.O.)

I've had that.

MOTION

MAKE UP GIRL (CONT'D)

Is it for your genitalia?

LARRY

No! God, no. It's for my armpits.

MAKE UP GIRL

Try some callamine lotion. You can get it at the drug store on the first level. Dab it on, gently, ever so gently. Try not to scratch, and use a water based astringent when removing. Again, dabbing. Gently. Gently. Gently.

She motions under her arms, like she's playing a harp or conducting an orchestra or something. Larry nods, thanks her, takes off again yelling for Melissa.



INT. MALL - UPPER LEVEL - DAY

Larry running like a madman, like George Bailey through the streets in It's A Wonderful Life, yelling for his wife.

He pauses only briefly in front of the *Victoria's Secret* window, smiles, forgets himself, scratches his armpits, looks dazed by the pretty lacy underwear, scratches harder, remembers himself, and runs off again.

INT. MALL - LOWER LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

Melissa's stiletto heels clop, clop, clopping against the linoleum floor.

She looks up to see Larry, on the upper level, running in the opposite direction.

Her STILETTOS pick up speed, the clop, clop, clopping intercut with Larry's miserable mating call... a pathetic Stanley Kowalski yelling for his Stella. But not as tough.

INT. MALL - UPPER LEVEL - DAY

Larry running in the opposite direction, runs into a LADY carrying bags, falls, helps her up, helps her pick her things up, apologizes profusely, runs off. Such a nice guy.

INT. MALL - LOWER LEVEL - DAY

CLOP CLOP CLOP...

She's really moving fast now, in the other direction. She looks up, only to see Larry, directly above her, and he sees her as well...

LARRY  
Melissa! Honey!

She stops, nailed. Caught. Thinks for a moment.

She squints her eyes at him, then takes off running. The clop-clopping resumes, but only momentarily. Almost immediately the heels break off, but she just keeps on going.

INT. MALL - UPPER LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

Larry runs along the railing, never taking his eyes off Melissa below him...

LARRY  
Melissa! Melissa, honey! Baby doll!  
Snookie Wookie lemon drop cream pie --

He's got his whole body against the railing, leaning over as he runs along side her, and he *knocks over* various people leaning against the railing... A VERY OLD LADY, A FOUR YEAR-OLD KID with a lollipop, a GUY and GIRL making out...

FREEZE FRAME on the guy and girl as they hit the ground, and just keep on making out, quite happy to be on the floor...

GUY AND GIRL (V.O.)

We should go to the nearest bathroom.

MOTION again as Larry continues along the railing, knocking more people over, yelling down to Melissa...

LARRY

Stay there! Stay right there, honey bunch, I'll come down to woo. Warry's coming for his wovey pooh.

LOWER LEVEL

She keeps on running, pumping her arms, looks like Marion Jones. She even hurdles a bench where an OLD MAN sits.

FREEZE FRAME on her in mid air, hurdling, dress flying up, the old man looking up...

OLD MAN (V.O.)

Beaver shot! I love this mall.

MOTION again as she lands, never breaks stride, desperate to get away.

UPPER LEVEL

Larry runs to the UP ESCALATOR, the down escalator being nowhere in sight, and struggles to go down. Everybody riding up looks angry, elbows him. VARIOUS FREEZE FRAMES of angry escalator riders, all of them calling him an asshole...

Finally he makes it to the

LOWER LEVEL

just as his wife zooms past, puffing her cheeks, sprinting. He immediately chases after her, and she turns a corner, runs to the end of a long hallway, gets into an...

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

The very instant Melissa steps inside the elevator, starts pushing buttons, *that exact moment*, a JANITOR, on fucking cue, places a slippery when wet sign down, starts mopping the hallway leading up to the elevator.

Larry turns the corner, runs toward the elevator as Melissa frantically pushes buttons...

LARRY

Snuggle bottom huggy bear wookie dookie --  
 (slides on wet floor)  
 Oh, Jesus!

She pushes the close button, and the doors start slowly closing as Larry slides toward us, gradually getting closer and closer.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Honey dumpling tweetle birdy bumpkin  
 upside down bundt cake sweetie snookie --

The doors close. All we hear is a loud SLAM!

LARRY (O.S.)

Ow! Oh, my nose! I think I'm bleeding!  
 (terror)  
 I am bleeding! Oh, God!  
 (whimper)  
 Somebody help me...

He trails off into a howling sob. The elevator starts moving. Melissa crosses her arms, looks up, whistles...

ELEVATOR MUSIC

INT. MALL - LOWER LEVEL - DAY

Larry holds his nose, elbows up, runs through the lower level of the mall looking up.

INT. MALL - UPPER LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

The elevator doors open. Melissa steps out. Starts walking quickly through the mall. Suddenly, she stops...

INT. MALL - LOWER LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

Larry, jumping now, trying to see the upper level. He runs for a moment, then stops, slides -- still wet -- right past a drug store. He picks himself up, casually enters.

I might add that Larry is now sweating profusely. Everywhere but his armpits.

INT. MALL - UPPER LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

We see that Melissa has stopped in front of the Victoria's Secret store. She gazes dreamily at the beautiful lacy underwear, her mind racing. She gets a seductive glint in her eyes, casually enters...

INT. MALL - DRUG STORE - DAY

Larry stands in line, holds a bottle of callamine lotion, a bag of cotton balls, a box of band-aids. He's talking to an OLD RUSSIAN WOMAN in a sleeveless moo moo.

LARRY

And, the itching is just -- oh, God -- downright unbelievable. Awful. Red and just really nasty. And, I think the rash may be starting to puss --

FREEZE FRAME on her face.

OLD RUSSIAN WOMAN (V.O.)

I've had this.

MOTION.

OLD RUSSIAN WOMAN (CONT'D)

(thick accent)

On your balls or your ass hole?

LARRY

(shocked)

For crying out loud. My armpits!

OLD RUSSIAN WOMAN

Give me the lotion and cotton.

She takes them, opens the bag of cotton, takes the box of band-aids, looks at them...

OLD RUSSIAN WOMAN (CONT'D)

Baah!

She tosses them aside, shoves two cotton balls up his bloody nose. She dabs a bit of callamine on another cotton ball, and raises her own arm, revealing a red, hairy disgusting pit...

OLD RUSSIAN WOMAN (CONT'D)

You want to dab the lotion gently, very gently, like dis...

She applies the lotion, rubbing pink all over her black, wiry hair. She rubs it well, moving the matted hair around.

Larry stares at her, cotton up his nose, horror on his face.

INT. MALL - VICTORIA'S SECRET - DAY

Melissa stands in a four way mirror, wearing frilly panties and a matching bra, staring at herself sexually.

MELISSA

(to herself, throaty)

You're gonna bottom out with that thing, aren't you? You're gonna ram me like barbarian warriors at the castle mote, thrusting their battering ram against my luscious walls... Ooh. Mr. Ramrod. Try not to make me bleed...

She softly caresses her neck, getting lower, lower, and I'm gonna cut away now, cause this ain't no damn porno. *Perverts.*

INT. MALL - BATHROOM - DAY

Larry stands in front of the mirror, shirt off, dabbing callamine on his pits. It obviously hurts, and he MOANS. His moans almost sound sensual.

INT. MALL - VICTORIA'S SECRET - CONTINUOUS

Outside the dressing area. We hear Melissa's sensual MOANING blending with Larry's.

INT. MALL - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Larry moaning louder as he applies the callamine. He suddenly becomes aware that he's not alone in the bathroom, not the only one making moaning sounds. We vaguely hear the deep, sensual sighs of a STUD in the throes of passion.

INSIDE A STALL

The Hulky Stud from earlier sits on the can, eyes wide, Victoria's Secret catalog in hand...

INT. MALL - VICTORIA'S SECRET - CONTINUOUS

Melissa' moans growing in loudness and passion.

INT. MALL - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Larry leaning his ear against the stall, as the Austrian moans are barely audible. He KNOCKS at the stall door.

## INSIDE THE STALL

The stud stops moving, surprised, shocked. Silence. Another KNOCK at the stall door. He waits.

## ANOTHER KNOCK

comes *not from the door*, but from the stall next door. The Hulky Stud turns to look at the wall, as we

## MOVE TO THE STALL NEXT DOOR

where the guy and girl that Larry knocked over earlier are really going at it, thrusting against the stall wall.

## INT. MALL - OUTSIDE VICTORIA'S SECRET - DAY

Larry, cotton in nose, runs past Victoria's Secret, then once again stops, turns around, and comes back. He gazes at the underwear, just as Melissa exits the store...

LARRY

Melissa, darling!

She runs back inside the store, and Larry follows.

## INSIDE VICTORIA'S SECRET

Melissa, trapped in a corner near a bra rack, turns, cat bearing claws, in heat... Behind her, a sign reads *Victoria's Secret*, but only the word Secret is in frame...

MELISSA

I am not doing this with you right now, Larry! There's some things in life that we just have no control over. Sometimes we just have to extend our arms, suck in the air, relax our bodies, and let the current guide us where it may...

LARRY

I've been searching and searching... Why were you running from me?

MELISSA

I wasn't running from you. I was running from circumstances and probability.

LARRY

So, then, huh -- Why? Weren't you --

MELISSA  
Circumstances and probability, Larry.  
(crosses arms, sighs)  
What is it you want?

LARRY  
I want to go with you, wherever you're  
going. Will you take me with you?

MELISSA  
No. No way. I have to find things, and  
you aren't a component of the search.

LARRY  
(blank stare)  
Will you tell me where you're going?

MELISSA  
That's none of your business.

LARRY  
I'm your husband, damn it!

MELISSA  
Excuse me?!

LARRY  
I'm sorry, baby. I didn't mean that.  
Did I frighten you?

MELISSA  
Yes, Larry. You're frightening me.

LARRY  
So, where are you going? Can I please  
come?

MELISSA  
We just did this. Both questions have  
been pondered and resolved accordingly.  
Now, I am going to finish running my  
errands, go pick up some film I dropped  
off, have a drink with my father, and  
then... I'll call you on Monday.

LARRY  
Well, that's another thing. Why did you  
go through my closet? Why did you take  
that film? It's mine. It's private.

MELISSA  
We're not allowed secrets. We're  
married.

(MORE)

MELISSA (CONT'D)

I went through your things because I was curious, and because I'm a woman. That entitles me.

LARRY

Couldn't you just forget about the film, huh? You could just forget about it, forget about your father, and we could leave right now, you and me. Together.

MELISSA

What's on that film, Larry?

LARRY

Nothing.

MELISSA

Tell me right now. We're married. We're not allowed secrets.

LARRY

Well, then, where're you going this weekend?

MELISSA

I'm allowed secrets. We're not allowed secrets. That's the dynamic.

FREEZE on TWO VICTORIA'S SECRET GIRLS, staring, listening to the whole conversation.

FIRST VICTORIA SECRET GIRL

What a pathetic, little...

SECOND VICTORIA SECRET GIRL

Insignificant loser.

EXT. FOTOHUT KIOSK - DAY

Larry walks to the kiosk, arms outstretched, cotton up his nose, the only part of his body dry from sweat being his armpits. He attempts to comb his hair back over his bald spot, managing, almost, to look presentable.

Shelly stands inside the kiosk window, smiling, very in tune with her place of business. Like she and the kiosk are at one. Like if she would leave to go home, the kiosk would still be around her. Like Lucy at her *psychology stand*...

And Charlie Brown approaches...

LARRY

You have to give me that film back, Shelly.



SHELLY

I can't, Larry. If I can be of further assistance in any other capacity whatsoever, I'll do my ultimate best, but I just can't give you the film.

LARRY

You have to. My wife wants it now more than ever, and --

SHELLY

And what? Why can't your wife see it?

LARRY

If she sees it, she'll divorce me. Okay? Will you please help me? Please?!

SHELLY

I can't do it, Larry, I'm sorry. I can offer guidance --

LARRY

I don't need guidance! I need that film!

SHELLY

Obviously you need guidance, Larry. You have some sort of secret life, some secret perverted life that your wife doesn't know about. What's more, you're afraid to tell her that sometimes you want a dominatrix to shove a zucchini up your ass...

She waits to see if she is, in fact, correct. He shakes his head no, acknowledging the effort.

SHELLY (CONT'D)

Or whatever's on that film. It doesn't matter. What matters is, you can't communicate with your wife.

LARRY

No, I can't. I just had a full conversation with her, and I have no idea what she said.

SHELLY

Maybe you're with the wrong woman.

Shelly puts a sign up that reads *Back in five minutes*, opens the side door...

LARRY

Where're you going?

SHELLY

I need a drink of water. These kiosks don't come equipped with anything. Not even a kitchen sink. Unless, of course, you want to get it for me?

LARRY

No way!

SHELLY

That's what I figured. I'll be...  
(traces sign)  
Back in five minutes.

She closes the window, steps out, puts a pad lock on the side door. Larry looks at her with confusion.

SHELLY (CONT'D)

What?

LARRY

It just looks funny, seeing your body without the kiosk around you. It's surprising. You're smaller than I thought.

SHELLY

I'm fourteen years old, Larry.

LARRY

Yeah, that's surprising, too.

With that, she's off. Larry looks around, immediately goes to the padlock. Jiggles it. No way he's getting in. He circles the kiosk, searching, analyzing, trying to find one way he could break in. Nothing doing. It's airtight.

In the front, next to the window, Larry finds a slot marked Film Dropoff. Just big enough to fit part of his arm into. He struggles, reaches for the developing machine. No way. He's just too big. He looks around the parking lot...

LARRY (CONT'D)

I need... What I need is... Ooh, I need --

He finds what he's searching for, takes off running.

EXT. FOTOHUT KIOSK - DAY

A FOUR YEAR OLD BOY has his arm shoved into the slot. He struggles to reach for the developing machine, gnaw on a LOLLIPOP at the same time. He concentrates, reaches. Larry pushes on the kid from behind. Tries to stuff him through the slot.

We FREEZE on the little kid, lollipop in mouth, face smeared against the window of the kiosk.

FOUR YEAR OLD BOY (V.O.)

(high pitched, child's voice)

I've had my hand shoved in some strange places. Up vending machines. Under doorways. I even have to scratch my grandmother's feet sometimes cause she's too fat to reach 'em. Still, I've always drawn the line at breakin' into FotoHut kiosks. But, when a guy flashes a twenty dollar bill at ya, you'll stick your hand into just about any slot he offers up. Cause let's face it, an Andrew Jackson buys a lot of fuckin' lollipops.

MOTION.

Larry shoves the kid incessantly, smashing him further and further into the slot. But, it's just no use. The kid can't reach. Larry pulls him out, and they stand, face to face.

The kid throws his lollipop on the ground, unwraps another one, tosses it in his mouth like a grifter tossing a cigarette to his lips. The lollipop dangles loosely...

FOUR YEAR OLD BOY (CONT'D)

It's no use, mistah. You need a smaller kid.

LARRY

Yeah, well, thanks for trying, kid. Here. Here's the twenty I promised you. For the effort, you know.

He holds out the Andrew Jackson. The kid stares at it. Shifts his lollipop. Pulls it out.

FOUR YEAR OLD BOY

Nah. Can't take your money.

LARRY

Sure you can. You did your best. You deserve it.

The kid thinks it over. Shoves the lollipop back in.

FOUR YEAR OLD BOY

Nah. I didn't deliver the goods, you don't gotta pay. I got my pride.

LARRY

(disbelief)

How old are you?

FOUR YEAR OLD BOY

Four.

LARRY

Here. Take the money. I'm just gonna drop it on the ground. I'm not gonna pick it up. If you don't take it, someone else will get it.

He drops the twenty. The kid looks at him...

FOUR YEAR OLD BOY

I got my pride.

He steps over the bill, and casually walks away.

Larry watches him, then bends over, picks up the bill. He searches the parking lot, once again finds what he's looking for. He runs in the direction he was looking.

EXT. LOCKSMITH KIOSK - DAY

As Larry approaches the locksmith kiosk, he sees no one manning the window. He gets closer, looks inside, sees a very fat man, CARL, laying on a lounge chair, asleep. Carl has a cigar in his mouth, and with each SNORE he blows a smoke ring. He also has a large lock resting on his chest, partially tampered with:

LARRY

Ah-hem. Hello? Are you the locksmith?

Carl doesn't open his eyes. He snores louder, blows a ring.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Sir? Excuse me?

Nothing. Larry steps back, looks around, frantic...

LARRY (CONT'D)

Ah, man. I hate to wake him. I don't know what I should -- He looks so peaceful, and -- I wouldn't wanna disturb-

Larry coughs subtly, then a little louder. Then he coughs profusely. Carl doesn't wake up.

Larry stands there, tapping his fingers, waiting. Finally, he notices a heavy lock resting on a ledge just inside the kiosk. A quick shift of Larry's elbow, and the lock CRASHES to the floor.

With this, Carl starts, jumps, and wakes up. Immediately, on instinct, he starts tinkering with the lock on his chest.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Sir?

CARL

Eh?

LARRY

Sir, I'll just be honest with you, because I've found that honesty works best in life. I need you to help me break into the FotoHut kiosk across the way, because I need to steal back my own roll of film before my wife sees an incriminating picture and divorces me.

FREEZE on Carl's dazed look as he blows a smoke ring...

CARL (V.O.)

I just don't give a fuck.

MOTION.

LARRY

I'm really not trying to steal money or anything illegal or weird or anything. Will you help me?

CARL

Yeah. Sure.

LARRY

Oh, thank you! Thank you so --

CARL

What kinda lock is it?

LARRY

It's like a, like a pad lock, you know, a pad -- about yay big --

CARL  
(disappointed)  
Eeehhh.

LARRY  
What? Are they difficult?

CARL  
No. They're easy.

He grabs his tool box, exits the kiosk without locking up or anything, walks toward the FotoHut kiosk.

CARL (CONT'D)  
Still, it's somethin'.

EXT. FOTOHUT KIOSK - DAY

Carl, cigar in mouth, walks nonchalantly in a straight line, as Larry, much more eager and spastic in comparison, dances around in stealth mode, scans the parking lot, ducks behind the walls of the kiosk.

Carl walks right up to the lock, pulls out a tool, unlocks it immediately with no problem whatsoever.

LARRY  
You're very good at what you do.

CARL  
Eehh. It's a padlock.

Larry shakes Carl's hand, starts to enter the kiosk when he hears Shelly right behind him. Carl WIPES HIS HAND OFF.

SHELLY  
Wait right there! If you enter that door, you'll be in violation of section thirteen of the penal code. Breaking and entering! I'd be forced to call the cops! You oughta be ashamed of yourself!

LARRY  
I didn't -- I'm sorry --

SHELLY  
Not you. I'd expect this from you, Larry. How could you, Carl?

CARL  
(wiping hand)  
I just don't give a fuck, Shelly.

She gives him the evil eye as she walks past him, enters the kiosk, reemerges at the window. He packs up his tools, walks past her.

SHELLY

You've broken the unwritten code, Carl.

CARL

I really don't give a fuck, Shelly.

SHELLY

You're a disgrace to kiosk workers everywhere. Your kiosk is slovenly and unkempt, you provide awful service, and you keep irregular hours. You oughtta be ashamed of yourself.

CARL

Yeah, well, I'm not. Afternoon.

He's gone.

SHELLY

I'm gonna report him to the union.

LARRY

There's a union?

EXT. FOTOHUT KIOSK - LATER

Larry sits against the kiosk, chin resting on his palms, as Shelly assists a MOTHER holding a child, another child at her ankles. The mother and children are ever-present throughout.

SHELLY

I don't see how anybody could divorce anybody over one photograph.

LARRY

Well, you're a young girl. Someday when you're a bit more experienced, you'll understand.

SHELLY

I'm experienced, Larry. What I'm saying is, it can't be that big of a deal. We've all done sleazy things before. I got double teamed one time. Two basketball players I didn't even know.

LARRY

(not surprised anymore)  
You slut.

SHELLY

Damn right.

LARRY

What was that like?

SHELLY

It was a weird sensation, one at each end like that, pumpin' away. At one point, call it rhythm, call it alignment, hell -- call it serendipity -- they started pumpin' in unison. Weird. I thought they might fuck a vacuum in my stomach. Like I'd implode. Greatest orgasm of my young life.

LARRY

Did you have the braces back then?

SHELLY

No. I've only been wearing these for a year. This was back when I was twelve.

(to Mother)

Thank you, and have an amazing day!

LARRY

You slut.

The mother leaves. Shelly leans forward.

SHELLY

Damn right. Just last week I brought a boy in here, jacked him off while I waited on customers. Nobody saw a thing.

LARRY

Well, now, hey -- There's -- That's gotta be against company policy.

SHELLY

I checked. It says absolutely nothing in the handbook.

(starts sorting photos)

This was nice though, Larry. I feel I really opened up to you. Like we bonded.

LARRY

Can I have my film back?

SHELLY

No.



She disappears inside the kiosk. Larry looks toward the mall, sees a flashing neon sign... *DIVE BAR*.

INT. DIVE BAR - DAY

Larry approaches the bar, looks pretty bad. He removes the cotton from his nose, places it -- bloody -- on the bar.

The BARTENDER approaches. He's a younger guy, late twenties, looks like he'd rather be at the track. Larry shakes his hand, and the bartender looks very uncomfortable. Wipes.

BARTENDER

Drink?

LARRY

No I don't, actually. I never drink. But, this is the worst day of my life, so I figure I should just round out the cliché by getting sloppy drunk.

FREEZE

BARTENDER (V.O.)

I just don't give a fuck, either.

MOTION. Larry sits down.

LARRY

What do you recommend for a guy in my predicament?

BARTENDER

Buddy, it's the middle of the afternoon. You want me to recommend you a drink? I recommend a diet soda. You want me to get you drunk, I'll get you a shot 'a whiskey with a beer back. But I don't recommend it.

LARRY

I'll take that last thing. The whiskey and the beer.

The bartender gets the drinks, takes some of the money from the cash Larry lays down on the bar. Larry looks around, sees only a couple BIKERS playing pool, and, a few seats down from him, a woman, late thirties, sips a bottle of beer. Her name is MARY BETH. She wears jeans and a t-shirt.

DICK MADDEN (V.O.)

Sometimes, in life, in the middle of the harshest turmoil, amidst our greatest struggles, a woman comes along, and just a little light breaks through the clouds.

A little bit about Mary Beth. She's pretty unkempt. Hair loose and long. She brushes it from her eyes often. Last time she wore a dress was her senior prom, all those years back. Only had it on for about three hours, if you know what I mean. Last time she wore lipstick was her father's funeral.

But, still, she's pretty. In some unusual way. You'd see her sitting at the bar, you wouldn't think much at first, but then you'd find yourself unable to stop looking over.

And that smile. If you could be the cause of it, your day has been worthwhile. Mary Beth really grows on ya.

Larry looks over. Mary Beth brushes the hair from her eyes, lifts her bottle of beer to her lips. Just as their eyes lock, we FREEZE on her...

MARY BETH (V.O.)

I've got a medical condition called vulvovaginitis. I know, it sounds like I'd have a twat the size of a Swedish car, but in fact, it's the opposite. My vagina's too small. I have to use a whole tube of KY Jelly just to masturbate with my pinky. Most men think that all women want is a wad of cash and a whole lot of dick. Truth is, what I'm looking for is a real, honest to goodness man. A John Wayne type. A total Neanderthal. Forget about these boy bands and flashy prime time superstar athletes. I want a man who sweats. I want a man who drinks whisky and beer in the middle of the day. I want a man who would run over and destroy anything that got in his path.

(beat)

But, he's gotta have a tiny penis.

MOTION as she slowly smiles at Larry. He does a shot of whiskey. Quickly sucks on his beer.

LARRY

Ooh.

(to bartender)

I'll have another shot please.

Mary Beth's smile grows larger as she hears this.

MARY BETH

You're sweating everywhere but your armpits. That's just not natural.

Larry looks at himself, then at her.

LARRY

I guess I look pretty terrible, huh?

MARY BETH

Not really.

(sips her beer)

Heard you say it's the worst day of your life. How come?

LARRY

There's this film at the FotoHut that's gonna be developed in about a half hour. There's a picture on it. When my wife sees it, she's gonna divorce me.

(downs the whiskey)

And there's this fucking, fucking -- fucking -- kiosk nazi with pigtails and braces, and she's -- and she's a whore!

MARY BETH

Sounds like you're with the wrong woman if your wife's gonna divorce you over a silly photograph.

(to bartender)

Hey Cal, can you get him a shot of whiskey on me?

LARRY

Thank you. I am not with the wrong woman. I love my wife like raindrops love the moonlight. And, she loves me. More than anything, I know that she does. I am the wind to her kite. My wife's confused, but she's in love with me.

INT. MALL - DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

Melissa sits in a shoe store, legs spread, as the SHOE SALESMAN measures her feet. She sighs sensually as he touches her toes, spreads her legs a little further.

MELISSA

Have you ever fallen asleep inside another human being?

FREEZE on his grinning face as he looks up...

SHOE SALESMAN (V.O.)  
Beaver shot. I love this job.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. DIVE BAR - CONTINUOUS

Larry and Mary Beth talking.

MARY BETH  
What's the picture of?

LARRY  
I don't even know your name or, you know,  
anything about you. Why would I tell you  
something that personal? I'm not, I just--

MARY BETH  
Mary Beth.

LARRY  
Oh, well, and I'm Larry.

He holds out his hand. She shakes it, wipes her palm. Smiles.

MARY BETH  
I work construction. We're putting in an  
annex on the other side of the mall.  
Right now, I'm on my break.

LARRY  
You're drinking beer and tequila and  
operating heavy machinery?

MARY BETH  
Yup. I like to drink. I love to drink,  
actually. So now, Larry, you know a  
little about me. Will you tell me?

Larry thinks it over, starts to nod his head.

LARRY  
Okay. You know? I guess I should tell  
someone. I've been, I don't -- I've been  
keeping this inside me for so long.  
Okay. Mary Beth, right? I'll tell you,  
Mary Beth. It's a picture of --

He notices the bartender right there, doing absolutely  
nothing, listening to their entire conversation.

Larry moves over to the seat right next to Mary Beth, leans in, whispers to her. The bartender slowly inches closer to them, listening, until he's leaning against the bar...

BARTENDER

You sick little perverted bastard!

LARRY

Oh, God! You heard that?!

BARTENDER

You sick little --

MARY BETH

Cal, get us another round. Please?

BARTENDER

(walking away)

That's just awful. Awful!

Larry puts his head down on his arms, practically lays on the bar. Mary Beth rubs his back.

MARY BETH

Hey. I've heard worse.

LARRY

Have you? Be honest with me.

MARY BETH

No.

(he puts his head back down)

But now, Larry, when I meet a stranger at a bar in the middle of the afternoon and they tell me their secret, I can tell them I've heard worse.

LARRY

(looks up, confused)

I don't... I don't... I don't --

MARY BETH

You know what you gotta do? You gotta get that film back. You shouldn't be sitting here drinking. If you love a woman, really love a woman, you gotta show her you love her. Do everything in your power to keep her. Demolish that which stands in your way! Get that film back, Larry. At all costs.

LARRY

You know something? You're right!

He jumps up, stumbles backward a little -- tipsy -- and Mary Beth holds him up. The bartender brings their round.

BARTENDER

Of all the things I've heard in my seven years behind the bar, I've never --

MARY BETH

Cal. Please?

Larry drinks his shot, downs his beer as the bartender walks away, muttering...

BARTENDER

Sick little perverted bastard.

LARRY

Thank you, Mary Beth. I'll never forget you.

He plugs up his nose again with the cotton, adjusts his comb over, and bolts out of the bar. The bartender approaches.

BARTENDER

It's amazing that someone that wimpy and meager could be that much of a pervert.

MARY BETH

Yeah. He's kinda cute, though.

Ahh, that smile.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Heavy traffic. In the background, we can just make out the FotoHut kiosk, and Shelly shaking her head as Larry pathetically attempts to cross the street. Can't get up the nerve to jump out in traffic.

He looks at the gas station across the street, his destination. He steps out into the road, steps back. Horns blaring. He steps out again. Nearly gets hit. Steps back. This happens a few times as he timidly steps out, then dives back, out of the way.

Finally, a break in traffic, and he runs timidly, like a scared rabbit, across the street...

EXT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

Larry runs up to the GAS STATION ATTENDANT who sits on a bench tinkering with a greasy auto part. Larry offers his hand, they shake, and both men wipe their palms.

LARRY

Do you have canisters for putting gas into?

FREEZE

GAS STATION ATTENDANT (V.O.)

Nah. Ain't got nothin' like that at a gas station.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Larry crossing the road, back and forth, timidly, elbows out, a canister of gas in each hand. Horns blaring. VARIOUS FREEZE FRAMES of MOTORISTS swearing at him. He looks scared.

EXT. FOTOHUT KIOSK - DAY

Larry stands in line, holding the two canisters of gas, as Shelly -- distracted -- helps other customers.

Finally, it's Larry's turn. He walks up to Shelly, opens the gas, and circles the kiosk dumping gas all over it. He stands in front of her again. Pulls out a lighter.

SHELLY

Larry, I have a cell phone in case of an emergency. I'll call the cops.

LARRY

Better you should call the fire department. Give me that film, Shelly.

SHELLY

I don't want to see you go to jail. You're a nice guy.

LARRY

Yeah? Well, you're not such a nice girl. You're a witch. And I will burn you accordingly! Along with my film.  
(lights the lighter)  
Now, please, give it to me.

SHELLY

All right. I knew this day would come. The ultimate test of my loyalty to the FotoHut corporation. Go ahead, Larry. Do it. I'm willing to burn.

LARRY

You've got to be kidding! A sweaty maniac with cotton up his nose has just dumped gas all over your place of employment, threatening to burn it, and you, and -- how much do you make an hour?

SHELLY

That's not the point.

LARRY

Well, uh, then, okay --What is the point?

SHELLY

Frankly, Larry, I don't think you have the balls.

LARRY

Please don't make me--I'll do it, Shelly.

SHELLY

No you won't. You're not man enough! So, come on. If you're gonna do it, do it. If you're not, then walk away. But hurry up, cause I've got customers waiting behind you!

He turns to see a few SCARED WOMEN.

FREEZE on their terror filled looks...

SCARED WOMEN (V.O.)

Holy shit.

MOTION. Larry turns back to look at Shelly, flame in hand.

SHELLY

Come on! Get on with it! Do it if you're gonna do it, Larry. You slug!

He hesitates. Drops his head. Stands there in a heap, all the confidence he just moments before possessed, drained out of him by this little girl. He is a slug.

LARRY

I can't do it. You're right.

He stands there, lighter still flaming...

SHELLY

Yeah, that's what I thought.



A moment passes before what appears to be water is hurled out from the kiosk, drenching Larry and extinguishing his flame.

Now he really looks pathetic.

LARRY

Where'd you get the water? I thought you said kiosks don't even come with a kitchen sink.

SHELLY

True. But they do provide us with a pot to piss in.

Now he really looks pathetic.

We close in on his watch, dripping with urine, and the countdown continues... 30:37...30:36... 30:35...

INT. FOTOHUT KIOSK - DAY

The bowels of the kiosk. Dark. The Developing Machine in mid-development. Wheels are turning. Cranks are cranking. Gears are meshing. Nothing can stop it.

INT. DIVE BAR - DAY

Larry stands at the bar, drenched, whimpering. Arms fully extended in the air. Cotton up his nose. Not good.

LARRY

The bitch dumped urine on me!

He snuffles. His chest begins to heave. Mary Beth and the bartender, huddled in discussion at one end of the bar, turn to see him begin to cry...

LARRY (CONT'D)

I don't, I just... can't believe...

someone could -- I mean --

(deep sob)

She dumped urine on me!

Mary Beth quickly jumps up, approaches Larry. She cringes as the wall of musky odor hits her.

MARY BETH

Oh, Larry. My God. That kiosk nazi did this to you?

LARRY

She's evil!

BARTENDER

Hey, M.B., I can't be servin' him if he smells like piss. Plus, he's perverted --

MARY BETH

Hey, Cal, for the love of God, just get some towels, wouldja?

Even though she's obviously taken aback by the scent, Mary Beth still manages to put her hands on Larry's shoulders, soothe him like she's his mother...

MARY BETH (CONT'D)

It's alright, Larry. It's not your fault. Come on, come with me.

He's crying hard now, unable to speak, and she brushes a wet, matted strand of hair from his eyes, leads him away.

INT. DIVE BAR - BATHROOM - DAY

Mary Beth stands behind a weeping Larry. She's got his head over the sink, the faucet running. She dries his head with a towel, soaks another towel with cold water, rubs it on the back of his neck. She's a mother soothing a distraught child.

MARY BETH

There, now, Larry. It's not so bad. See? It cleans right off. Let's get this wet shirt off, now.

LARRY

(through sobs)  
I can't! I can't lower my arms. The uric acid had a chemical reaction with my prescription deodorant. It's like cement!

MARY BETH

All right. Okay.

She rips his shirt off. She's done this before. Larry stands there, now in his white undershirt, whimpering...

MARY BETH (CONT'D)

Don't cry.

LARRY

I'm not crying.

He melts into a seizure of blubbering.

MARY BETH

I know. I do. I know. And, it's okay.  
Men can cry every once in awhile.  
There's nothing wrong with that.

She turns him to her. Wipes his face off with the towel.  
Dabs his tears. A tender moment between them. He looks into  
her eyes.

LARRY

I cry all the time. I can't help it. I  
don't know -- sometimes I don't feel like  
a real man.

She smiles. Dries his hair. Combs it over.

MARY BETH

Took a real man to admit to it.

He smiles slightly, begins to calm down. They're very close.  
She pulls the cotton balls out of his nose. Throws them away.

MARY BETH (CONT'D)

You don't need those anymore. You know  
what you do need?

LARRY

What?

MARY BETH

You need to do something powerful.  
Manly. It'll make you feel better.

LARRY

Like what?

MARY BETH

Ever been on a construction site?

LARRY

What could I possibly do at a  
construction site? I can't even put my  
arms down.

He stands there, vulnerable, arms extended straight out at  
his sides...

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Larry, in the exact same pose, wears a construction hard hat. He's got a ridiculous look on his face, and he shakes like an earthquake, hair floppin' everywhere. His face quivers like gelatin on a rollercoaster. We pull back to reveal he

HOLDS A JACKHAMMER.

His outstretched arms are a perfect fit for the tool. But, being the meager wimp that he is, he's having a hell of a time controlling the thing. He yells to Mary Beth behind him.

LARRY  
(yelling over rumble)  
Shut it off!

MARY BETH  
What?

LARRY  
Shut it off! Shut it off!

He really can't control it now, starts jack hammering slabs of concrete he wasn't supposed to jack hammer. She runs after him, reaches for him, trying to help...

MARY BETH  
Hit the -- Larry! -- Just let go of the --

She grabs him, forces his hand to release the throttle. The machine shuts down. Silence.

MARY BETH (CONT'D)  
All you gotta do is let go 'a the handle,  
Larry. It's a safety release.

He's not holding the jackhammer any longer, but Larry still shakes like a cartoon character. Teeth chatterin'... He attempts to form words with his quivering mouth...

LARRY  
Fligotta simpisipander ipsand mota...

His legs shake him in the direction of a BURLY CONSTRUCTION WORKER leaning up against a pickaxe.

MARY BETH  
Larry, calm down.

Larry can't stop himself. It's like a tractor beam. He's having quick seizure bursts that last only a few seconds.

He grabs the burly construction worker, more for support than anything, and a seizure hits! He shakes up against the big, hairy burly guy, hips thrusting into his side...

Then, NOTHING.

Then another seizure hits! Larry looks like a leg-humping terrier on crack. He thrusts his quivering body into the construction worker's rear...

Then, again, NOTHING. Larry pants, out of breath.

ANOTHER SEIZURE! He's got the guy by the shoulders, practically climbing up his back, shaking like a bitch in his arms. FREEZE on the construction worker and Larry, coitus interuptus...

BURLY CONSTRUCTION WORKER (V.O.)

Now, that's what I'm talkin' about.

Yeah. Work dat shit.

MOTION again as the seizure ends. Larry sighs, out of breath, exhausted. He hugs the guy, a bond between them after what they've been through. He pulls back...

LARRY

I'm so -- Wow, what a -- Do you have a cigarette? I'm sorry --

Larry laughs in the same embarrassing way he did right after his sweaty sweetie joke at lunch with his wife.

LARRY (CONT'D)

A cigarette -- I don't smoke --

MARY BETH

Larry!

She grabs him, leads him away.

MARY BETH (CONT'D)

(to construction worker)

I'm sorry, Jack.

BURLY CONSTRUCTION WORKER

No problem whatsoever. Really.

Mary Beth leads Larry over to the jackhammer, picks up the enormous tool, hands it to him.

LARRY

I don't, I'm not -- I don't see the, you know, point of this, Mary Beth.

He's scared of the damn thing.

MARY BETH

There is no point. That's part of being a man. Didn't you ever throw a rock at a window when you were a boy, Larry? Just to watch it break?

LARRY

No way. That's, you know, that's just wrong. Have you?

MARY BETH

Yeah, I have. But that's a whole other... issue.

LARRY

How's come you work construction?

MARY BETH

Women can work construction, too, Larry. Now, turn that thing on.

He listens to her, turns the thing on, and it rumbles to life in his hands. Again, he has a hell of a time controlling it, shaking all over the damn place. The thing's actually guiding him around.

Mary Beth looks at him, soaking wet with sweat, everywhere but his armpits. She contemplates. Hesitates. Then slowly reaches under his arms from behind him. Places her hands on his chest. Guides him.

MARY BETH (CONT'D)

That's it. You gotta feel it. Control it, Larry. Guide it. Don't let it be the boss. You be the boss.

She eases in a little. Gets a little more comfortable. They meld into one unit, her behind him guiding, both of them shaking together. She rubs her fingers over his sweaty chest.

MARY BETH (CONT'D)

Can you feel it, Larry? Feel it ripping through the earth. Ripping into it...

LARRY

Yeah, I feel it! It's fantastic.

The earth and cement shattering at his touch. His arms and body shaking. Her body leaning closer into his. Her hands slowly kneading at his chest. Both of them close their eyes. Almost like they're dancing. Very sensuous.

This continues momentarily. Both of them lost in the rumble.

Larry opens his eyes, smiles...

SCREAMS!!!!

like a barbarian. Loving it. Mary Beth smiles, laughs, opens her eyes as well.

She rests her head against his back. He looks down, notices her hands. Shuts off the jackhammer.

Silence.

They stand there for a moment, still swaying slightly. He slowly reaches down, touches her hands with his, and...

REMOVES THEM FROM HIS CHEST.

He turns to face her.

LARRY (CONT'D)

I'm in love with my wife, Mary Beth.

MARY BETH

I know. I didn't mean --

LARRY

(convincing himself)

We're soul mates. We're the ebb and flow of eternal love. We're the stars in the sky and the shells of the sea and, and...

She looks through him for a moment. He's struggling.

MARY BETH

I know. Really. I'm sorry. I got caught up. I really am sorry.

An uncomfortable moment passes.

MARY BETH (CONT'D)

You know what? You better go get that film back. Are you feeling manly?

He smiles, acknowledging her effort.

LARRY

Yeah. Yeah, I am. I feel very manly.

MARY BETH

Good. I'll give you a ride to the other side of the parking lot. To be honest, I could use a drink.

EXT. FOTOHUT KIOSK - DAY

Shelly finishes up with a customer, motions for the next customer in line. The CUSTOMER in line starts moving forward, but Larry steps in front, cutting him off.

CUSTOMER

Hey, there's a line!

LARRY

Yeah, well, I'm next.

CUSTOMER

Listen, buddy --

LARRY

(turning, screaming)  
Shut the fuck up, shithead! Whoo!

FREEZE on the customer.

CUSTOMER (V.O.)

He's a disheveled madman, soaking wet everywhere but his armpits, reeks of piss and gasoline... I'm gonna let him cut in line.

MOTION as Larry steps forward, leans against the kiosk window. Speaks softly...

LARRY

Gimme the film, Shelly.

SHELLY

No chance in hell, Larry.

LARRY

It's not a game anymore, little girl.

SHELLY

I know it isn't. It hasn't been for awhile. It's a vendetta.

LARRY

Damn right it is.



SHELLY

You've run head first into an immovable object, Larry. Even if the president of FotoHut himself, John Mitchell Corcoran...

She crosses herself.

SHELLY (CONT'D)

...were to come down here, to my kiosk, carrying an official doctrine proclaiming that not only should I give the film back to you, but that by doing so, I'd be immediately and automatically declared sovereign emporess of FotoHut Incorporated, I still wouldn't do it, Larry. If the skies opened up, and the Lord God Almighty spoke directly to me, and told me that if I didn't give you that film, the powers of darkness would consume the planet, and Satan and his minions would rule with an evil so black and tortuous that everything good and pleasant -- including one hour photo developing -- would cease to exist for all of eternity, I'd still, even then, thumb my nose to the Heavens, and flip you the bird, Larry.

(she flips him off)

If I was shot through the temple by an uzi, I'd still find enough strength in my dying, feeble little body to drag my bloodied torso, miles if I needed to, over broken glass, to deliver that photograph into your wife's hands!

LARRY

Why do you despise me like this? I just want my picture back. It's not even that big of a deal!

SHELLY

Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't realize it wasn't a big deal. In that case. Here, let me get that film for ya.

She doesn't move. They stare at each other for a long moment. Two gladiators.

Larry quickly and suddenly reaches both hands inside the kiosk window, grabbing for her.

It almost appears as though she anticipated this maneuver, because with one fluid motion, she reaches above her, and the heavy window comes crashing down on Larry's hands, pinning them down.

He SCREAMS in agony.

LARRY

Aaaahhh! You're breaking my hands! Lift the window! Lift the window!

She stares at him through the window, their faces only a fraction of an inch apart. His eyes widen as he begins to understand true evil in its purest form. She flashes a metal filled smile at him.

She slams the FotoHut Manual against the window, directly in front of his face...

SHELLY

Read the third paragraph on page twenty seven, Larry. Section six, article nine.

LARRY

I can't! Too much pain! Please, Shelly...

SHELLY

Read, Larry.

He reads slowly, agonizingly, struggles to speak...

LARRY

If at any... time... while manning... the kiosk... you feel threatened... physically... it is within your rights... as a FotoHut employee... to take evasive action... of whatever means you deem... to be necessary.

She pulls the book down, replaces it with her face...

SHELLY

Now, I do have that cell phone, Larry --

LARRY

Please, Shelly, please. My hands --

SHELLY

I could call the cops. You are harassing me. You did try to grab me. You did threaten to light me on fire. But I hate cops. All pigs are corrupt and maniacal.

(MORE)

SHELLY (CONT'D)  
I know. Workin' here, believe me, I know.

LARRY  
Please. The pain. The pain --

SHELLY  
So, what kind of evasive action do I deem necessary for trying to put your grubby, sweaty paws on me?

LARRY  
Please --

She waits for a moment. Maybe not going to do anything. Then. She hits a lever that releases the heavy, metal security barrier down on Larry's hands...

We see the customers in line behind him, cringe, and look away as Larry's screams echo throughout the mall parking lot.

LARRY (O.S.)  
AAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!

FREEZE on their cringing faces...

CRINGING CUSTOMERS (V.O.)  
Mental note. Do not reach through the kiosk window.

MOTION again. We still hear Larry screaming, and pull back to a full view of the mall, the construction site, Larry's old building, Mr. Carmichael's office, the Dive Bar, where...

EVERYBODY CAN HEAR LARRY SCREAMING.

INT. DIVE BAR - DAY

Mary Beth looks as though she's deep in thought. Takes a long, hard pull on her beer. Downs a shot. She's lost in some daydream. Slowly she starts to smile.

BARTENDER  
Did you just hear that scream?

MARY BETH  
When?

BARTENDER  
Just now. It sounded like someone was being tortured out in the parking lot.

MARY BETH  
 (concerned)  
 Larry.

She jumps up, only to see the front door to the bar swing open, the blinding whitewash of daylight flooding into the dismal smoky bar. A dark figure stands in the center of the light, arms in the air at his sides.

And Larry walks in.

Arms in the air, both hands broken, so that his

MIDDLE FINGERS ARE EXTENDED.

It looks as though he's flipping everybody off.

MARY BETH (CONT'D)  
 (relieved)  
 Larry.

He crosses slowly through the bar, hands high in the air, middle fingers extended in all their glory. He has an expression on his face that says, *Okay, I've had it.*

He walks past the BIKERS playing pool. They stop playing, look up. The biker who was about to shoot stands upright.

FREEZE on the bikers.

FIRST BIKER (V.O.)  
 Is that fucker flippin' me off?

MOTION as Larry walks a little further. You can almost hear the spurs clanging from his ankles...FREEZE on another biker.

SECOND BIKER (V.O.)  
 He is! That fucker's flippin' us off!  
 Let's beat the everlivin' shit outta him!

MOTION again as Larry continues to stroll through the bar, fingers way up there. FREEZE on a look of **absolute unrestrained defiance** that he shoots to the bikers...

LARRY (V.O.)  
 Come on, punks. I have had it. Here I am. Come get some. Bring it.

MOTION again as the bikers' expressions change slightly. FREEZE on their faces.

THIRD BIKER (V.O.)

Ooh. Smells like piss. Looks pissed.  
Maybe we should just leave this one well  
enough alone.

MOTION again as the bikers turn away from Larry, continue  
their game. The one with the pool cue once again lines up  
his shot. No one has said a word.

Larry walks right up to Mary Beth and Cal, the bartender.

MARY BETH

Larry, what happened?

LARRY

The bitch broke my fingers.

MARY BETH

Oh, God, Larry. I'm so sorry. Do you  
wanna go to the bathroom --

LARRY

What? So I can cry? No. I need a gun.  
The bitch broke my fingers, and now I  
need a gun.

MARY BETH

A what? You're not serious, right?

LARRY

Oh, yeah. I am. Cal, do you keep a gun  
behind the bar?

Cal looks to Mary Beth. She shakes her head no.

BARTENDER

(lying)

No.

LARRY

Shit. I thought you might have one.  
There's that damn waiting period law at  
the gun store which those bastards in  
congress designed specifically for  
situations like this --

MARY BETH

Okay, Larry. You're way out of bounds,  
here. That picture isn't that important.  
It's time to give up.

LARRY

(psychotic)

Oh, it's well past the time to give up.  
That time has come and gone. I just want  
to shoot her.

MARY BETH

Listen, Larry. I've been thinking this  
whole thing over. And, I think the  
reason you wanna get that picture back so  
badly is not because of what you're doing  
in the picture --

BARTENDER

You sick little perverted --

MARY BETH

Cal!

(to Larry)

It's because you're afraid your wife will  
see you for who you really are. Well,  
you shouldn't be afraid of that, Larry.  
If your wife doesn't like who you are --  
who you really are -- then you're with  
the wrong woman.

LARRY

Didn't you hear me? Fuck the picture! I  
just want to shoot her.

MARY BETH

Larry --

LARRY

No. I don't care if my wife sees the  
picture at this point. Fuck it. But if  
she does, it means that little bitch  
FotoHut kiosk nazi whore... wins. And, I  
just can't have that. This is my hour.  
Not hers. I need a gun.

He suddenly gets an idea. Slowly remembers something. Looks  
to the door. Walks over to the doorway. Looks outside.

MARY BETH

Larry. Larry, what are you --

LARRY

I just got an idea.

We see what he's looking at. His old building. Where he  
just got fired earlier that day by Mr. Carmichael.

MARY BETH

Larry, I've got to get back to work.  
I've got to meet with an inspector.

LARRY

Go ahead. I'm fine. I'll be fine.  
Don't worry.

He takes off running out the door.

MARY BETH

Larry?

He's gone.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Larry running through the parking lot, arms up, fingers extended, flipping off the world...

EXT. LOCKSMITH KIOSK - CONTINUOUS

Larry runs up to the locksmith kiosk, finds Carl asleep in his lounge chair, cigar in mouth.

LARRY

Carl! Wake up!

Carl wakes with a start, looks at Larry.

CARL

Why you flippin' me off? I helped you.

LARRY

I need your help again. I need you to help me get a gun so that I can shoot that whore bitch FotoHut kiosk nazi Shelly.

CARL

Yeah. Okay.

Carl immediately gathers his tools.

INT. LARRY'S CAR - DAY

Larry in the driver seat, Carl kneeling in the passenger seat, cigar in mouth, hovering over Larry. He's got a hold of Larry's rigid right arm...

CARL

Ready?

LARRY

Yeah.

Carl pushes down hard on Larry's arm, and we hear a funny noise, then another God- awful SCREAM!!!!

INT. LARRY'S CAR - STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Larry drives, right arm on top of the wheel where Carl forced it, left arm straight out the window, middle finger extended.

Carl sits casually in the passenger seat, cigar in mouth, arms crossed.

VARIOUS FREEZE FRAMES as Larry drives by MOTORISTS and PEDESTRIANS, flipping everybody off.

We get some stunned looks, some angry looks, even some frightened looks, but everybody seems to be asking the same question -- *Is that guy flipping me off?* -- and formulating the same response -- *Bastard!*

Larry slams on the brakes as he hits a traffic jam.

LARRY

Shit! You know, I knew...The building! I knew this would happen! The building's right there, Carl. It's less than a quarter mile from the mall. You could, you know, spit on it from your kiosk!

CARL

I told you. I don't run. Ever. And I only walk in short, fifteen second spurts.

LARRY

Well, great. I don't, you know, have the time for this.

He looks to the other lane, sees an opening, heads for it, but quickly gets cut off.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Oh, please, come on. Drive friendly.

The OLD LADY in the car next to him turns out to be the same senile old lady with the walker from before. FREEZE on her look of astonishment that Larry's flipping her off.



OLD LADY (V.O.)

Just been drivin' round this here roundabout, searchin' for Little Creek Road where Charlie and the boys would take the hounds a'huntin'. And, there you are, Uncle Jester. Why you flippin' me off?

MOTION again. Horns blare. Traffic's going nowhere.

LARRY

Somebody let me in. Come on, please?  
This is an emergency.

An ANGRY MAN pulls alongside Larry, leans out his window.

ANGRY MAN

You got a lot 'a nerve, buddy. Flippin' everybody off like that! Especially that old lady, you asshole!

FREEZE on his angry face.

ANGRY MAN (V.O.)

I flipped her off a half a mile back.  
Senile old goat.

MOTION again as the angry man flips Larry off.

LARRY

This can't be happening! Why does shit like this always gotta happen to me?  
Huh? I'm a nice guy! I've got to get to -- Wait a minute. You know something, Carl? Fuck it.

Larry floors it, SLAMS into the car directly in front of him. Carl casually puts on his seatbelt as Larry throws it in reverse, steps on the gas pedal.

He SLAMS into the car behind him, too, creating more space.

Larry looks at Carl, who casually nods his approval, and the two take off in demolition derby mode, Carl smoking a cigar, Larry flippin' everybody off out his window.

EXT. LARRY'S CAR - TRAFFIC JAM - CONTINUOUS

All we see is a giant middle finger, cigar smoke, and Larry's battered car *creating space*.

He's really non-discriminant... He slams into the sides of trucks with equally the amount of anger he uses to slam into an old lady in a Volkswagen.

Finally, he makes it to the sidewalk where pedestrians dive out of the way, returning the middle finger gesture as he continues on...

EXT. SIDEWALK - WELTON BUILDING - DAY

Larry's old place of employment. He and Carl pull up, on the sidewalk, and Larry SCREECHES to a stop. Puts it in park.

Carl ashes his cigar out the window, shoves it back in his mouth, nods to Larry with approval.

LARRY

Let's go.

Carl grabs his tool box. They both casually exit the car.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

Larry shows Carl the high tech security system used at his former place of employment.

CARL

Wow. That's a beaut. That's a state of the art, Sampson & Covina Model 1600 Security System.

LARRY

Can you do it?

CARL

It ain't no padlock.

Carl reaches into his toolbox, pulls out the exact same tool he used to break into Shelly's padlock.

One quick maneuver, and the outer door to the office opens.

LARRY

You know, you are very good at what you do.

CARL

Eehhh. I'm fairly surprised myself.

INT. OUTER OFFICE - CUBICLES - DAY

Larry walks by his former coworkers, hands held high, flipping them all off proudly. Carl, cigar in mouth, toolbox in hand, strolls casually at Larry's side.

A SERIES OF FREEZE FRAMES in which his former co-workers all ask the same questions... *Is that Larry?... He looks so different!... Is he flipping us off?... Bastard!*

One stunned FEMALE COWORKER, over a FREEZE FRAME, actually mutters...

FEMALE COWORKER (V.O.)  
Larry? He looks almost confident. He actually looks kind of... sexy.

MOTION again, as Larry approaches...

INT. MR. CARMICHAEL'S OUTER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Larry and Carl walk right by MR. CARMICHAEL'S SECRETARY, right up to the door...

MR. CARMICHAEL'S SECRETARY  
Hey, Larry, you can't just barge in there!

LARRY  
I'm sorry, Helen, apparently you didn't see my middle fingers extended in the air, aimed at you, motioning to you with the universal flipping of the bird gesture for you, and everybody else, to fuck off.

Her mouth drops. FREEZE.

MR. CARMICHAEL'S SECRETARY (V.O.)  
I was under the impression he wasn't actually flipping me off, but had in fact accidentally mixed uric acid with prescription deodorant causing his armpits to concretize with his arms stuck in the air and then his hands were broken by a kiosk nazi named Shelly. He's flipping me off?

MOTION again as she picks up the phone...

MR. CARMICHAEL'S SECRETARY (CONT'D)  
In that case...  
(into phone)  
(MORE)

MR. CARMICHAEL'S SECRETARY (CONT'D)  
Mr. Carmichael? Larry's here. Secure  
the outer perimeter.

LARRY AND CARL BY THE DOOR

CARL

Ooh, Larry. This is an Epstein &  
Eckenrod Series Four. It's the most  
sophisticated high tech security system  
ever known to the planet. They use it at  
Fort Knox, the Pentagon, and it's rumored  
to be the lock of choice at Area 51.

LARRY

Can you crack it?

CARL

Yeah. Sure.

He pulls out the same tool. Inserts. The door opens  
immediately. Larry enters.

Carl looks at the tool.

CARL (CONT'D)

Had I known this, I'd have been a very  
rich man a long time ago. Eeehhh. But  
would I be as happy?

He adjusts his cigar, waxing philosophical.

INT. MR. CARMICHAEL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Larry enters, fingers held high. He's in no mood for  
bullshit. Mr. Carmichael cleans one of his pistols.

MR. CARMICHAEL

Aaah, Larry, my dear boy. I was just on  
my way to meet Melissa for a drink. But,  
I'm glad you're here. Now I don't have  
to come looking for you to kill you.

LARRY

I've come for a gun. The biggest one you  
got.

MR. CARMICHAEL

Oh, you'll get a gun. You're gonna be on  
the receiving end --

LARRY

Cut the crap, Carmichael. You don't have  
the fucking gonads.

MR. CARMICHAEL  
Excuse me, Larry?

LARRY  
You heard me. You've been pullin' this shit since me and Melissa started dating. I'd come over the house, you'd be cleaning your sawed off shotgun.

MR. CARMICHAEL  
Get outta my office before I shoot you in the eye. Put you down like a --

LARRY  
You're always threatening! But, they're just empty threats. There's no action behind it. You're one of those fathers that refuses to let go of the image of their daughters as sweet and innocent Daddy's girls. I hate that shit. I flip you off accordingly.

He thrusts his face forward, posing, chin out, punctuating the bird flippage.

MR. CARMICHAEL  
I don't --

LARRY  
I'm not done. I want you to know that just because Melissa and I never had children, doesn't mean we never had sex. We did. A lot. I've fucked your daughter in just about every sick and awful way you've imagined possible. Probably some ways you never thought of. And, I wasn't the first. I most likely won't be the last. She's had more men crammed inside her than one of those circus clown cars.

Mr. Carmichael points the gun at Larry.

MR. CARMICHAEL  
I'll kill you! I'm going to kill you!

LARRY  
No you're not. You don't have the balls to pull that trigger. You --

Mr. Carmichael shuts his eyes, fires three shots...

BANG BANG BANG!!

The window to the outer office SHATTERS. Chaos outside. Workers scream and run for cover. The secretary ducks under her desk.

Carl looks through the shattered window, shrugs his shoulders, gives a look that says, *What the fuck?*

LARRY (CONT'D)

You shot me! You shot me right in the ear! I can't believe it! You shot my ear!

He's bleeding from the ear. He tries to reach for the blood, can't lower his arms...

LARRY (CONT'D)

There's nothing I can do about it! I can't move my arms! Just so you know, I am no longer flipping you off. I am now *holding my arms up in surrender*. I never touched your daughter. She's a virgin!

INT. MALL - DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

Melissa stands in the middle of the department store, new stiletto heels on her feet, only her new Victoria's Secret underwear on her body.

She's dancing around a pole to the delight of a whole slew of smiling DEPARTMENT STORE CLERKS. Some have dollar bills in their hands. One has an Andrew Jackson in his teeth.

MELISSA

Oooh. Offer up that Andrew Jackson as your sacrificial rendering to the god Bacchus, Lord of Revelry, and you can remove my panties with your teeth!

FREEZE on the slobbering CLERKS...

CLERKS (V.O.)

Wonder what she'd do for a Ben Franklin.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. MR. CARMICHAEL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Carmichael looks pale, like he's about to faint. Larry stands with his arms in the air, fingers up.

MR. CARMICHAEL

I tried to kill you! Oh, my God, I actually tried to kill you!

Larry sniffles.

MR. CARMICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Don't cry, Larry.

LARRY  
I'm not crying. My nose itches.  
(to himself)  
Wait. I'm scared out of my mind, and I'm  
not crying.

MR. CARMICHAEL  
Have your Lawyers call mine, Larry.  
We'll settle out of court. No reason for  
a trial. No reason to talk to witnesses.

LARRY  
I don't have a lawyer.

MR. CARMICHAEL  
Good! Good, good, good.

LARRY  
But, I can get one.

MR. CARMICHAEL  
No! No, no, no.

LARRY  
I've been thinking about getting one.  
Especially if Melissa's leaving me --

MR. CARMICHAEL  
She's not leaving you! I'll cut her out  
of the will! And... you can have your  
old job back. With a promotion! I'll  
even give you a stipend. How's a hundred  
thousand dollars a year sound? Anything  
you want! Anything!

LARRY  
Can I have a gun?

MR. CARMICHAEL  
Absolutely. Here. Take this one! It's  
my favorite.

He walks toward Larry holding the gun out.

MR. CARMICHAEL (CONT'D)  
I'll even put a new clip in for you!  
Since I just used three shots.

He reloads the weapon. Holds it out.

LARRY  
Can you put it in my belt? In the front?  
Like John Wayne.

MR. CARMICHAEL  
Certainly, Larry.

He puts it in Larry's pants.

LARRY  
A little more to the left.

MR. CARMICHAEL  
Absolutely.

Larry looks at himself in the mirror. Ear bleeding. Fingers held high. Hair a mess. Soaking wet except for his armpits. Gun in his crotch. He looks, actually, pretty tough.

MR. CARMICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Anything else, Larry?

LARRY  
Yeah. There is just one more thing.  
(softly, shy)  
Would you mind scratching my nose?

Mr. Carmichael scratches tenderly, fatherly, as Larry smiles and wiggles his nose. He nods, and walks out of the office.

INT. MR. CARMICHAEL'S OUTER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Larry walks out, closes the door behind him. He and Carl nod to each other.

LARRY  
Let's go.

And, they're off. Through the outer office where workers quiver under desks, duck behind cubicles, terrified.

Larry and Carl barely notice. Quixote and Sancho off to battle the windmill.

EXT. FOTOHUT KIOSK - DAY

Quiet. Desolate. Bleak.

A ball of tumbleweed blows by the kiosk, meandering with the wind in no particular direction whatsoever.



Shelly's filing her nails. Waiting. She stops filing.  
Senses something. A shift in the environment.

She scans the area. Nothing.

She goes back to her filing, a little more paranoid of her surroundings now. She looks down for a split second, and...

LARRY STEPS INTO VIEW

Squared off. Ten feet away. Ready to rumble.

He's got cotton in his ear, now.

LARRY

I've come for the film, Shelly.

SHELLY

Yeah. I know why you're here. I been waitin'.

LARRY

Ain't leavin' without it.

SHELLY

Didn't expect you would. But I still can't give it up, Larry. Round these parts, some folks call what we got a Mexican Standoff.

Just then, Carl walks by, very casually, right between them. He's got his toolbox and cigar, and he's just sort of be-boppin' back to his kiosk.

LARRY

Okay, hey, thanks then, Carl. I really appreciate your help. I'll call you.

Carl throws his arm up in an acknowledging wave.

SHELLY

You're an absolute disgrace, Carl.

CARL

I just don't give a fuck, Shelly.

He's gone.

Back to the intense standoff.

SHELLY

I see you got yourself a piece.

LARRY

That's right. And, I ain't afraid to use it.

SHELLY

Nah. Guess by now you wouldn't be, wouldja...

LARRY

So, there's really only one question you need to ask yourself, Shelly.

(pause for effect)

Can he actually put his arms down, or would the pain be just too intense?

Larry squints his eyes, concentrates. We can sense an inner struggle happening, but there's no movement whatsoever.

A bead of sweat rolls down his face.

He bites his lower lip, grunts subtly. Finally, we see both of his arms start to quiver. Movement.

Slowly, intensely, shaking the whole way, his arms make their way down to his side. He tries to subdue a pain-filled shrieking whine as this happens, but a little SIGH still escapes him. Tears well in his eyes.

Larry stands there, arms at his sides, but still held out, like a true gunslinger squared off at high noon...

*Dust in the Wind* whistles in the air. Another tumbleweed blows by. He's ready. All someone needs to do is say, Draw!

SHELLY

And I guess, then, there's really only one question you need to ask yourself, Larry.

Shelly pulls out a semi-automatic assault rifle, takes dead aim at Larry's head...

SHELLY (CONT'D)

Does she have a bigger gun?

Larry's arms shoot back up, like a slingshot, as terror grips him. He looks up, remembers his middle fingers...

LARRY

You realize, of course, that I'm not flipping you off, I'm surrendering!

SHELLY  
Get the hell outta here.

LARRY  
I'm slowly walking away. Arms held high.  
No sudden movements...

He's gone. Out of sight.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Mary Beth, in hard hat, talks with a pencil pushing  
INSPECTOR, also in hard hat, along with shirt and tie.

Larry runs up, arms up, out of breath...

LARRY  
Mary Beth, I need your help!

MARY BETH  
Larry, I can't right now. I'm with the  
inspector.

Larry looks at the geeky inspector. Funny, he used to look a  
lot like him. Quite a contrast now. FREEZE.

INSPECTOR  
I am Captain Inspectorrrrr. Protectorrrr  
of justice and liberty! You may call me  
Inspectorrrr!

MOTION. I don't know either. I've lost my mind.

LARRY  
Please. I really need you right now. I  
mean that. I need you.

MARY BETH  
(understanding)  
Okay.

She smiles.

EXT. PARKING LOT - BULLDOZER - DAY

Smoke. Rumble. The mean awesome power of a bulldozer.

Larry driving, left hand extended, flipping off the parking  
lot. Mary Beth sits next to him, helping with the gears and  
levers. She yells over the rumble...

MARY BETH

That's your throttle! Right there! This is your gear shift! Don't crank it too hard cause you'll drop out the engine!

LARRY

What's this?!

MARY BETH

That raises and lowers your blade!

LARRY

The what!?

MARY BETH

The blade!  
(points to front)  
The shovel in front!

LARRY

Oh! Does this baby corner at all?

MARY BETH

Not really!

LARRY

Okay, then. Hold on!

Cars parked in front of him. Not anymore.

How much detail is necessary here I wonder...

BULLDOZER. PARKED CARS.

**Annihilation.**

Larry comes into a clearing near the FotoHut kiosk. He stops the bulldozer. It rumbles beneath them as he turns to her...

LARRY (CONT'D)

This is where you get off, Mary.

MARY BETH

I want to come with you!

LARRY

I gotta ride this one out myself. See where it takes me. Some things a man's gotta do alone.

She nods, understands. She jumps down from the bulldozer, stands there looking up at him...

MARY BETH

Larry, this whole thing... Your wife and--

LARRY

It's not about my wife anymore, Mary Beth.

He leans down, a cowboy leaning down from his horse, and  
KISSES HER.

He pulls back. She smiles. He remounts his steed.

LARRY (CONT'D)

It's a vendetta now.

And he pulls away. Earth shaking beneath him. Middle finger up and extended.

INT. FOTOHUT KIOSK - DAY

The dark evil sanctuary of the kiosk bowels. Shelly senses danger. She stands in front of

THE DEVELOPING MACHINE

its gears still cranking. She smacks it, eager.

SHELLY

Come on. Hurry up.

The kiosk begins to shake. Earthquake? The shaking grows more violent as fate approaches.

Shelly looks around. Fear in her eyes for the first time. She turns back to the machine...

SHELLY (CONT'D)

Come on, come on, come on! Hurry!

The shaking persists. Now we hear the rumble.

EXT. FOTOHUT KIOSK - CONTINUOUS

Shelly emerges at her window to see Larry on his bulldozer fifty feet away, facing her. She levels the rifle at him. Picks up her cell phone...

LARRY

(over rumble)

I guess the question now, Shelly, is...

(pause)

Have you got a bigger bulldozer?

SHELLY

You finally made me do it, Larry. You forced me to call the cops! They usually take about two minutes to get here in situations like this.

LARRY

Situations like this? You gotta be -- This has happened -- You caused this situation, Shelly! You said I had run head first into an immovable object. By being so immovable, you caused me to turn into an unstoppable force!

SHELLY

Bring it, Larry!

We see his watch on his extended arm. Ten seconds. Nine...

LARRY

So I guess there's just one final question. Huh?

(a long pause)

What does happen... when the force meets the object?

She squints her eyes, taking aim. He narrows his as well. Traditional stand off. They nod. Mutual respect. And, then

HIS WRISTWATCH ALARM GOES OFF

Larry lays on the gas, and the bulldozer lunges forward. Shelly fires her weapon, nearly missing Larry's head.

He stumbles to reach for the lever that raises the blade in front of the dozer. It slowly raises, protecting him from her gunfire...

She UNLOADS her entire clip into the bulldozer blade...

Larry struggles to control the lurching machine. He shifts gears frantically, searches for the right levers and knobs...

Shelly reloads, fires frantically, SCREAMS like Rambo...

Larry forces his left arm down, WINCES in pain, grabs the gun in his crotch, returns fire. Tough to do with a broken finger. He struggles to get a good grip on the gun.

Shelly ducks for cover below the window, only the sign reading *One Hour Developing* now visible.

Larry struggles to drive the monster and fire his weapon at the same time. He needs three hands -- unbroken preferably -- one for the steering wheel, one for the gear shifts, one to shoot his gun at the fourteen year old girl in pigtails.

Shelly waits for Larry's shots to riddle the sign above her. Bullets decimate the words *One Hour* -- a symbolic gesture on my behalf, because I know the possibility of this all taking place in one hour is laughable.

The shots cease, she reemerges, spraying hot fire from her boom stick. She tosses MOLATOV COCKTAILS MADE OUT OF DEVELOPING FLUID. His blade catches fire.

Larry hits the wrong gear, the flaming blade begins to lower, exposing him completely. He fumbles for it, but it's too late. Shelly's got him in her sites. He extends his gun, a good offense his only defense now, and fires repeatedly.

She ducks, and waits.

Larry continues to fire, but then his middle finger finally gets the better of him. He drops the gun.

Shelly stands, levels her rifle, and smiles.

SHELLY

Say goodnight, fucker.

She pulls the trigger. Larry flinches. Click. Her clip's empty! No time to reload. The bulldozer's right on top of her. She throws the rifle at him. Larry smiles as she disappears into the kiosk.

INT. FOTOHUT KIOSK - CONTINUOUS

Shelly at the machine as it spits out pictures of Larry's wife.

SHELLY

Come on, come on...

It finishes. She gathers the pictures, stuffs them in one of those FotoHut envelopes, just as the rumbling and shaking build to a climax...

EXT. FOTOHUT KIOSK - CONTINUOUS

Larry raises the blade of the dozer, SCREAMS like a banshee, SLAMS into the kiosk.

It CRUMBLES at the massive brute power of the bulldozer, splinters and falls, like a house of cards tumbling at the touch of a child's finger.

Larry SCREAMS louder, feels the kiosk splinter at his fingertips, sees

SHELLY DIVE FROM THE SIDE DOOR

envelope in hand. She runs.

And Larry tears off after her, a bulldozer chasing a little girl through a mall parking lot. They disappear.

THE AFTERMATH

In the wake of Larry's destruction, the kiosk lays flattened, a pile of bricks and wood, the roof laying on top of nothing.

And, oh yeah, I forgot, there's a line of customers standing around, stunned faces, holding undeveloped film and photographs. One snaps a picture of the devastation.

FREEZE on their stunned faces...

CUSTOMERS (V.O.)

The unstoppable force wins, I guess.

MOTION again as Mary Beth emerges, sees the carnage. She's awe struck. Her sweaty man just destroyed everything in his path, just like she wanted.

MARY BETH

Oh my God, I love him. Lord help me, I love Larry Feldman.

(calling out)

Wait, Larry! I love you!

She takes off running.

EXT. PARKING LOT - THE CHASE - DAY

Smoke rings rise from Carl's Locksmith kiosk as Shelly runs by, envelope in hand. The sounds of gentle snoring are quickly muffled by the rumble of the bulldozer.

Shelly weaves in and out of the lines of parked cars, zig-zagging back and forth in an effort to throw Larry off her trail. It isn't working...

Larry dredges forward in a straight line, not altering his path one inch.



Cars topple, station wagons tumble aside, general mayhem and chaos as cars, vans, trucks all are leveled in his path.

A WOMAN goes to put her keys in her car, only to have it MAULED by Larry and his bulldozer. She stands there, keys in hand, looks up to see the ass end of the bulldozer, and Larry's middle finger... FREEZE on her reaction...

WOMAN (V.O.)

So, that happened...

MOTION again as Shelly runs right by a Mercedes, two poodles barking frantically in the back seat.

Here comes Larry. And he ain't stoppin'.

RICH WOMAN

Oh, my God! My babies! My babies!

The bulldozer is just about to CRUSH the Mercedes when a man, we'll call him GOOD SAMARITAN, jumps in the way, punches through the window, unlocks the door, and the dogs escape. The GOOD SAMARITAN dives out of the way at the last second...

FREEZE.

GOOD SAMARITAN (V.O.)

I was a boy scout, an all American pitcher, prom king, voted most popular three years in a row, community leader, fraternity president, glee club, captain of my office softball team, chairman of the board of trustees, husband of the year, and now I'm a hero.

MOTION again as Larry splatters another car, it's wheel falls off, rolls through the parking lot, and CRASHES into the good samaritan. He SCREAMS out in agony...

And looks up to see Larry's middle finger.

VARIOUS FREEZE FRAMES as onlookers watch the devastation in stunned disbelief. For the first time, none of them have a word to say as their images freeze. Finally, FREEZE on a MAN...

MAN (V.O.)

Our mind's are a-blank.

MOTION again. Shelly scurries into the mall.

Larry topples one last car, and SLAMS into the side of the mall, creating his own entrance. He smiles to himself.

The bulldozer gets caught in the rubble, can go no further. Larry dismounts, gives his horse an adoring and appreciative pat on the engine, and takes off running.

SILENCE.

A few bricks crumble. A hubcap rolls through the parking lot.

SIRENS.

The COPS pull up, about six cruisers, sirens blaring, and they all run into the mall, pistols drawn...

SILENCE. Except for the SIRENS.

Mary Beth runs to the entrance, climbs over the rubble, and runs into the mall.

We pull away to reveal the FOUR YEAR OLD KID from before, sucking on a lollipop, gazing at the devastation and chaos.

He pulls his lollipop out of his mouth...

FOUR YEAR OLD BOY

What the fuck did I miss?

His MOTHER takes him by the hand, hurries him away.

INT. MALL - LOWER LEVEL - DAY

Shelly weaves in and out of people walking through the mall, out of breath.

She opens the envelope, pulls out the pictures, begins fumbling through them. She runs up to strangers, holds up pictures of Melissa...

SHELLY

Have you seen this woman? I'm looking for this woman! Have you seen her?

No one recognizes the picture. Shelly runs on.

INT. MALL - FOOD COURT - CONTINUOUS

Larry runs through the food court hands held high, flipping off the world. This entire sequence should give you, if I'm doing my job right, a kind of feel good, warm and toasty, It's a Wonderful Life, George Bailey running through town, milk and honey kinda feeling...

Two VEGETARIANS, a man and woman, sit across from each other eating tofu...

## VEGETARIAN MAN

Have you ever seen the look in a cow's eyes when it knows it's about to be slaughtered?

## VEGETARIAN WOMAN

I know. I know. It's just horrible. I can't even look at meat. I won't even touch it. I don't want it in the same room as me. That's just the way I feel about it.

FREEZE on them eating their tofu, as Larry, in mid-stride, turns slightly to aim his fingers in their direction...

## LARRY (V.O.)

Fuck you, holier than thou vegetarian people. If God didn't want us to eat meat, why did he make cows so slow and defenseless?

MOTION again, as he runs right by a TacoHut, sees the various TacoHut employees...

FREEZE as he aims his deadly fingers their way...

## LARRY (V.O.)

And, fuck you, TacoHut, for always speaking foreign whenever I order food. One day, I'm gonna learn Spanish, cause I know you're talkin' shit about me!

MOTION again, as the TacoHut EMPLOYEES don't appreciate his gesturing, trail off into a barrage of angry Spanish expletives...

Larry runs out of the food court...

And the COPS run in, in squat formation, guns drawn, YELLING at the top of their lungs...

## COP

Everybody get down! Down! This is the police! On the ground, now!

Anarchy.

Everybody dives for cover. The two vegetarians get on their knees near their table, squealing and whining, and in the course of bedlam, a TacoHut employee topples a pot, sends ground beef catapulting into the court...

And it lands on the vegetarians.

The cops run out of the food court...

And Mary Beth runs through. Everybody on the ground watches her with anticipation as she jogs after the cops, and is gone. The RUSSIAN WOMAN from before, on the ground, hairy armpits exposed...

OLD RUSSIAN WOMAN

What the hell was that bullshit? Reminds me of Moscow. Baaahhh!

She takes a bite of her kielbasi sandwich.

INT. MALL - UPPER LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

Shelly running up to various mall shoppers...

SHELLY

Have you seen this woman?

She flips to another photograph, runs up to another shopper...

SHELLY (CONT'D)

Have you seen this woman? Her name's Melissa Feldman!

She continues running, flips through all the photographs, comes to...

LARRY'S PICTURE.

We just get a brief glance at Larry's overexcited face, then move right to Shelly's dumbfounded look.

She stops running. Her mouth drops to the floor. She can barely speak.

SHELLY (CONT'D)

Larry! You sick little perverted bastard!

She just stands there, staring, like she's driving by a car wreck, unable to look away.

INT. MALL - LOWER LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

Larry searching for Shelly, running by various stores.

He turns slightly to emphasize his flipping off of the *Nutrition and Protein Store*, and the massive BODYBUILDERS standing around and inside it... FREEZE...

LARRY (V.O.)

And, fuck you, Nutrition people, for calling me a pussy cause I don't wanna have muscles everywhere...

MOTION as he runs by *Victoria's Secret*, turns to emphasize the flippage... FREEZE...

LARRY (V.O.)

And, fuck you, hot model girls, for laughing at me behind my back all the time!

MOTION. He runs by *Bath & Wicks*, turns, FREEZE...

LARRY (V.O.)

And, fuck you, incense burnin', hippy candle, fragrant bath assholes, for bein' so fucking corny!

MOTION. He runs by the mall security station, sees MALL SECURITY GUARDS sitting around. FREEZE.

LARRY (V.O.)

Oh. Oh, ho, ho. Mall security. I won't even begin to go into it.

MOTION again. He stops. Turns completely to them, gets a good *fuck off* face, and really lets 'em have it... FREEZE...

LARRY (V.O.)

Fuck you!

MOTION again. He runs on, disappears.

The mall security guards draw their batons, in unison, charge out of the station like arabic warriors on the rampage.

They charge for a moment, and run right into the oncoming cops, weapons drawn. Security guards and cops hit the ground in a mass hysteria tangle of boys in blue...

FREEZE on the cluster of authority...

COP (V.O.)

Let me take a moment to talk to you all about security guards and how much we, the police force, can't stand these idiot imposter band fags of the policing world. All they do is get in our way, and fuck shit up. They're not cops, they never will be cops, and we urge you, as civilians, to defy them.

(MORE)

COP (V.O.) (CONT'D)

We'd shoot them if we thought we could get away with it, and on occasion we have. One time, we shot a whole slew of 'em, dug a hole in the desert, and even took pictures of the entire picnic. Had 'em developed at FotoHut. What are they gonna do about it?

MOTION. Mary Beth runs by the tangled mess of cops and guards, not even stopping to pause.

INT. MALL - UPPER LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

A SMALL CROWD

has developed around Shelly, and they stand there gawking at the picture of Larry, in utter disbelief...

PORNO MAN

I work in the porn industry. Worked my way up from the ground level. Used to mop up the sets afterwards. Now, I'm a producer. Thirty years I've been doin' it. And I never saw nothin' like that.

S&M WOMAN

Oh yeah? Well, I'm an S&M Dominatrix. Used to run a little ranch out in the desert. I've done everything, been everywhere, had everyone. I've never even heard of that.

SWEET OLD LADY

I've done it.

They all turn to look at her.

SWEET OLD LADY (CONT'D)

(off their looks)

I'm seventy seven years old. Bet your sweet ass I've done it!

Larry calls out from a distance...

LARRY

Shelly! Fuck you, Shelly! Fuck you!

Shelly stashes the picture, takes off running.

The S&M Woman points at Larry, recognizes him, calls out...

S&M WOMAN

You sick little perverted bastard!

Larry runs by the crowd, gives a quick turn to flip them off, and runs on...

SHELLY and LARRY

weave in and out of the crowd of people at the mall. Larry runs into a few people, knocks over a few people, knocks over a few displays.

Shelly pulls out the pictures of Melissa, flashes them at people as she runs by. Finally...

SHELLY

Have you seen this woman?

DUDE

Wait, yeah! That's the chick that was putting on the sex show down at Hammond's Department Store. Men's Outerwear.

SHELLY

Thank you!

She starts to run off, then pauses, comes back.

SHELLY (CONT'D)

Hey, check this out.

She pulls out the picture of Larry, shows it to him.

DUDE

Ah, man! That's awful! Just, awful. Quick, throw bleach in my eyes!

SHELLY

Yeah, I know. Disgusting. See that guy?

DUDE

Yeah. Sick little perverted bastard.

SHELLY

He'll be running by any second. Ten bucks if you take him out.

She holds up a ten dollar bill.

DUDE

An Andrew Jackson gets the job done right.

She pulls out a twenty. He takes it.

SHELLY  
 (running off)  
 Thank you.

DUDE  
 My pleasure.

Shelly turns a corner. Sees Hammonds Department Store at the end of the hall, a hundred yards away. She turns back to see

LARRY run past the DUDE who

LEAPS from a BENCH and tackles him.

Larry tries to get up, but the dude has him pinned, and is giving him noogies -- fiercely rubbing the top of his head with his fist.

DUDE (CONT'D)  
 Noogie, noogie, noogie, noogie, noogie --

LARRY  
 Ah! What're you doing?

DUDE  
 Noogie, noogie, noogie, noogie, noogie --

LARRY  
 Get off me!

DUDE  
 Noogie, noogie, noogie, noogie, noogie --

LARRY  
 Are you gonna -- What -- Why -- Will you please explain, at least, why you're --

BACK TO SHELLY

She smiles, and starts running for the department store. She's home free, until...

She comes upon a Sunglass Hut kiosk, and stops.

She gently touches the counter, circles the kiosk, reminiscing. She looks up at the smiling FOURTEEN YEAR OLD BOY, with braces, manning the kiosk...

SHELLY  
 You keep a very nice kiosk.

FOURTEEN YEAR OLD BOY  
 Thank you. I try.



SHELLY

It's very well maintained.

FOURTEEN YEAR OLD BOY

I wipe it with a diaper.

SHELLY

What kinda hours you keep?

FOURTEEN YEAR OLD BOY

Get here at six a.m. Leave around  
midnight.

SHELLY

The mall's only open from eleven to nine.

FOURTEEN YEAR OLD BOY

I know.

Shelly smiles. He smiles. Metal everywhere.

BACK TO LARRY

who is now sitting up, and just looks rather irritated.

DUDE

Noogie, noogie, noogie, noogie, noogie --

LARRY

You know --

DUDE

(interrupting)  
Noogie, noogie, noogie.

LARRY

Who are --

DUDE

(interrupting)  
Noogie, noogie, noogie.

LARRY

Have we --

DUDE

Noogie, noogie, noogie!

BACK TO SHELLY

She and the boy are just gazing into each other's eyes, birds  
singing, harpsichords -- harping -- all that shit.

SHELLY

I really admire your commitment to the kiosk community.

FOURTEEN YEAR OLD BOY

Thank you. I'm actually president of the Kiosk Advancement Society, west chapter.

SHELLY

I love you.

FOURTEEN YEAR OLD BOY

I know.

SHELLY

(solemn)

I actually just lost my kiosk.

FOURTEEN YEAR OLD BOY

Oh. I'm so sorry... Fire?

SHELLY

Bulldozer.

They sigh together, total understanding.

BACK TO LARRY

He tries to speak, but can't get the words out before Dude yells, *Noogie!* -- and rubs his head each time.

Larry sees the cops coming, quickly reaches into his wallet, pulls out a twenty.

LARRY

Andrew Jackson!

FREEZE on Dude looking at the twenty...

DUDE (V.O.)

I'm thirty seven years old and I still live at home with my parents. My mom keeps pestering me to get a job, and I tell her, hey, ma, I got a job. There's a lot of fuckin' money to be made at the mall.

MOTION as he takes the bill, lets Larry up, and Larry takes off running. Stops. Comes back. Gives him another twenty.

LARRY

See the cops? Same deal.

DUDE  
You got it, brutha.

Larry takes off. Dude jumps up on the bench, crouches, waits, LEAPS!

BACK TO SHELLY

Holding hands with the boy.

SHELLY  
You ever let a girl come inside your kiosk?

FOURTEEN YEAR OLD BOY  
No.

SHELLY  
Anything about it in your manual?

FOURTEEN YEAR OLD BOY  
I'll have to check.

She sees Larry in the distance, running toward her. She kisses the boy quickly...

SHELLY  
I'll be back. I love you, babe.

She takes off running.

LARRY  
Shelly! Shelly, fuck you!

He's right on her heels as she weaves around the mall, and the cops are right on his heels, and Dude is on one of the cop's backs, giving him noogies, and they're all heading toward the department store.

Shelly gets there, and runs inside, and the second she does, that very instant, again, on  fucking cue , the JANITOR puts out a slippery when wet sign, starts mopping the floor behind her.

Larry starts sliding first, spinning in circles with his middle fingers extended, slides in slow motion right inside the department store, SLAMS into the perfume & makeup counter.

The COPS slide next, Dude still on one of their backs, giving noogies still as they spin and slide. The security guards slide next, and they all end up in a heap in the department store.

Larry looks over, and sees Melissa, in her underwear, on her back, legs in the air, dancing lustily to the enjoyment of the store clerks, most of whom have their ties around their heads at this point.

A few FREEZE FRAMES of this image.

Shelly walks up to her, hands her the envelope.

SHELLY

Miss Feldman, we had a slight mishap at the FotoHut today, and I just wanted to hand deliver your photos for you.

MELISSA

Thank you. You're certainly a breath of fresh air in a time when so many store clerks seem to wallow in the undercurrent of indifference and mediocrity.

SHELLY

What?

Everyone looks confused.

MELISSA

Thank you.

She places the pictures aside, and goes back to dancing, thrusts her hips to the delight of the clerks.

SHELLY

Excuse me, ma'am? You might want to look at those now. There's a picture in there you really should see.

Larry jumps up, runs toward his wife and Shelly...

LARRY

Melissa!

He's quickly tackled by a cop, handcuffed, hog tied.

Melissa picks up the photos, opens the envelope...

LARRY (CONT'D)

(from the floor)

Melissa, don't!

Melissa slowly pulls out the picture of Larry. We see his exuberant face, then cut away for her reaction...

MELISSA

Larry! My God! You sick little  
perverted bastard!

Larry puts his forehead down on the floor, hard. Defeated.

LARRY

She wins. I can't believe the little  
bitch won.

A few of the guys look at the photo, cringe. They start  
getting dressed...

STORE CLERK

Ahh. I think I'm gonna be sick.

SECOND STORE CLERK

That's just wrong.

MELISSA

Disgusting, Larry.

Shelly smiles, victorious. Larry gets dragged to his feet,  
hauled over to the crowd around his photo.

COP

This your husband, ma'am?

MELISSA

Not anymore.

COP

May I look at the photograph, ma'am?

MELISSA

Why? You need it for evidence?

COP

No ma'am. Just extremely curious.

She holds it out. He leans in, and so does the other cop at  
Larry's side. They both grimace. Like they looked directly  
at the sun.

COP (CONT'D)

Oh, God!

SECOND COP

You sick little perverted bastard!

Pretty soon all the cops and security guards and store clerks and perfume counter girls are gathered around, looking at the picture. With all the cops paying attention to the photo, Dude, who had been handcuffed, casually walks away.

Mr. Carmichael walks in.

MR. CARMICHAEL  
Melissa! What are you doing?

MELISSA  
Daddy!

She quickly ducks behind a display. Fumbles to put on clothing.

STORE CLERK  
(smiling)  
She was giving us a sex show! And she said for fifty bucks, she'd suck every cock in the whole mall!

A cop walks over to Melissa, handcuffs her.

MELISSA  
How'd you find me, Daddy?

MR. CARMICHAEL  
We were supposed to meet for drinks. Everybody was talking about some picture of some sick bastard and some sex show, so I came up to see the picture. And the sex show. Were you the sex show?

MELISSA  
No, Daddy.

All the clerks and cops and security guards nod in unison behind her.

MR. CARMICHAEL  
Melissa! You're out of the will.

COP  
If that's your daughter, than this must be your son in law.

The cop walks over, Larry in tow, and shows Carmichael the photograph.

MR. CARMICHAEL  
You sick little perverted bastard!

COP

Would you like to take him out in the alley, have us hold him while you smack him around a little?

MR. CARMICHAEL

You still do that?

COP

All the time. Sometimes we take pictures.

MR. CARMICHAEL

Yes, thank you, I would... No! No, no, no. I can't. My lawyers have advised me to not touch him again, and to pay him large sums of money.

(to Melissa)

And, you better stay married to the pervert! You're out of the will!

He leaves, muttering...

MR. CARMICHAEL (CONT'D)

Sick little perverted...

COP

(to Larry)

Okay, buddy. Let's go downtown.

Mary Beth walks in.

MARY BETH

Wait! Don't take him away yet!

COP

Who are you?

MARY BETH

I'm the woman who loves him!

COP

You love him?

LARRY

You love me?

COP

Check this out.

He shows her the photograph.

MARY BETH

Ooh, Larry. It's way worse than you described it. You sick...

(slowly smiling)

...little...

(big smile)

...perverted bastard! Can you try this with me?

COP

Ooh. Whatever tickles your tummy, I guess. I must inform you, though, you're in love with a guy with some serious problems. He just --

MARY BETH

I know what he just did. I own the construction company down the street and--

LARRY

You own it?

MARY BETH

Yeah, I own it. And, we're prepared to rebuild damage to the mall and any other damage that was done to the mall parking lot --

SHELLY

Including the kiosk?!

MARY BETH

No fucking way, bitch!

One punch, Mary Beth knocks Shelly out.

MARY BETH (CONT'D)

I hope it rots!

The cop immediately puts Mary Beth in cuffs.

Mary Beth and Larry stand face to face, staring into each other's eyes, hands cuffed behind their backs.

LARRY

You love me?

MARY BETH

Yeah, I do, Larry.



LARRY

I love you, too. Wow. I guess I've never been in love before. Not really. Until now.

They lean in to each other, about to kiss...

And the cops drag them away...

A few more FREEZE FRAMES of the scene, and..

We pull back to see a PHOTOGRAPHER hiding in the shadows, snapping pictures. He turns the camera around to face himself. Snaps a picture of himself. FREEZE on DICK MADDEN'S smiling face.

We slowly dissolve to...

INT. INVESTIGATOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Dick Madden throws the picture of himself onto the desk. It rests among other still frames from previous scenes -- a picture of Larry, of Shelly, Mary Beth, etc...

DICK MADDEN

I took this picture of myself for posterity. I was hired by Melissa Feldman to find one reason for her to divorce her husband. What a day that was. Chased Larry Feldman through neighborhood streets, chased him all over the damn mall, had to stand on the scaffolding outside Carmichael's office to get this picture here... and I watched Larry, like a photograph, slowly develop.

MAN

That's one hell of a story.

DICK MADDEN

Still think one picture can't make a difference?

MAN

No. But he didn't learn anything in the end. He ended up in the same shitty relationship with the same shitty woman.

DICK MADDEN

You really think so?

MAN

(thinks it over)

No. I think he ended up with Mary Beth.

DICK MADDEN

(smiles)

Get outta here, buddy. Take your pictures with you. I'm done with this shit.

The man gathers his pictures. Heads for the door. Stops. Slowly turns.

MAN

What did end up happening to all of them?

EXT. MALL PARKING LOT - DAY

We pan over the mall parking lot, over the wrecked cars, through the glinting metal. In the distance we can see the office building, the construction site... everything looks tranquil, like a cease fire at war time...

DICK MADDEN (V.O.)

I don't know. I sometimes wonder about these people, all of these people, whose souls I captured that afternoon. I wonder what happened to them. I wonder if Carl ever used his magic skeleton key again...

Dude, handcuffed, casually strolls up to Carl's locksmith kiosk, as we find our way heading toward

THE DECIMATED FOTOHUT KIOSK

DICK MADDEN (V.O.)

I wonder if Shelly ever got what was coming to her...

Shelly stands there with her new beau, both of them looking at the wreckage in awe. She's got a black eye.

He drops her hand.

FOURTEEN YEAR OLD BOY

I'm sorry, Shelly, I just can't have a relationship with somebody who would allow a thing like this to happen to a kiosk. Goodbye.

He walks away. Shelly falls to her knees, bemoaning her fate, throws her hands in the air...

SHELLY  
Why, God, why?!

INT. POLICE STATION PHOTOGRAPH AREA - DAY

A Flash of light.

DICK MADDEN (V.O.)  
I wonder how long they spent in jail...

FREEZE on Mary Beth's MUG SHOT, a numbered placard at her chest. The following words appear...

TYPED WORDS  
Released from prison that same night.  
Fifty dollar fine for disorderly conduct,  
minor assault.

Another FLASH. FREEZE on a few security guard mugshots.

TYPED WORDS (CONT'D)  
Obstruction of justice. Thousand dollar  
fine. One month in jail. Taken to the  
woods and beaten profusely.

Another FLASH. FREEZE on one of the COPS mugshot.

TYPED WORDS (CONT'D)  
Corruption. Conspiracy. Extortion.  
Police Brutality. Serving twenty years  
in the same prison as many of his own  
arrests. Up for parole in six months.  
Not expected to make it.

FREEZE on Mr. Carmichael's mugshot.

TYPED WORDS (CONT'D)  
Three years. Animal husbandry and  
bestiality.

FREEZE on Larry.

TYPED WORDS (CONT'D)  
Released on bail that evening. One year  
probation. Destruction of property. 167  
counts. Disorderly conduct. Lewd  
behavior.

FREEZE on Melissa.

## TYPED WORDS (CONT'D)

Sexual Solicitation. Prostitution.  
Disorderly Conduct. Lewd behavior.  
Still in prison.

FREEZE on Shelly

## TYPED WORDS (CONT'D)

Cell mates. Sexual Solicitation.  
Prostitution. Disorderly Conduct. Lewd  
behavior.

FREEZE on a WANTED POSTER of Dude & Carl, like Butch Cassidy  
& The Noogie Kid....

## TYPED WORDS (CONT'D)

Wanted. Ten thousand dollar reward.  
Fleeing from justice. Breaking and  
entering. Dangerous.

INT. LARRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Larry and Mary Beth lay in bed, naked under the covers, and  
he's *absolutely drenched* in sweat. He smiles contentedly as  
she rubs his chest with her fingers, wipes her palms, rubs  
some more...

DICK MADDEN (V.O.)

But most of all, more than anything, I  
wonder what the heck was on that film...

MARY BETH

You're not a man, Larry. You are a jack  
hammer. You rip me apart.

LARRY

I do? I don't hurt you, do I?

MARY BETH

No. Believe me. It's a perfect fit.  
(she sighs, rests her head on  
his chest)

What are you thinking about?

LARRY

Well, I guess, I was just thinking about  
how when you're goin' through life with,  
you know, your head in the clouds, you  
don't realize that the clouds are there  
because it's bad weather. And, how glad  
I am that, in just one hour really, the  
clouds parted, and the light came in.

MARY BETH

That's pretty deep, Larry.

LARRY

I know. I'm a philosopher.

(coy)

And a jack hammer.

MARY BETH

Speaking of that one hour. You know what we haven't done in awhile?

LARRY

What?

MARY BETH

Looked at the picture.

She sits up, rifles under the bed, searching...

LARRY

Oh, I don't --

MARY BETH

Yes, Larry. I wanna look at it.

She pulls out a photo album. Sits on the edge of the bed. From her P.O.V., we watch as the album slowly opens, and Larry's overexuberant, perverted visage dramatically reveals itself. We just get a glimpse, before...

THE ALBUM SLAMS SHUT!

Larry stares directly at us...

LARRY

You know what? Let's make our own pictures.

He picks up a camera, and starts snapping shots of Mary Beth who giggles, reluctant at first, but soon gets into it.

She models for the camera, shows some skin, tosses her hair.

Soon Larry has the camera mounted on a tripod, and jumps on top of her. They both laugh, and as the credits roll, we get

A SERIES OF FREEZE FRAMES

in which Mary Beth and Larry, very much in love, kiss playfully, then passionately, then lovingly...

FADE OUT