

UNTITLED

by

KRIS KEMP

Kris Kemp
712 Winters St
West Palm Beach, FL 33405
(561) 255-2545
bicycledays@yahoo.com

EXT. UPPER CLASS NEIGHBORHOOD - EVENING

Ambersville, a small midwestern town. A new-looking Ford Gremlin enters a subdivision of houses. Late eighties music is playing from the radio. The bumpersticker on the car reads: Proud to be class of '89. Storm clouds roll overhead.

INT. JIM'S CAR - EVENING

JIM WHEELER, a skinny 17-year old, wearing a loose-fitting tuxedo and shiny shoes, drives while drumming his fingers on the steering wheel to eighties music.

JIM WHEELER

Hi Natlie.

Jim clears his throat.

(using low voice)

You look like a flower. A wild
flower.

INT. LARGE HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

NATALIE LaSHANE, eighteen, examines herself in the mirror. She's wearing a prom dress with puffy sleeves. She is applying makeup.

Her sister, WENDY LaSHANE, 11, sits quietly on the couch, watching TV. She's engrossed in a documentary about the slaughter of dolphins by commercial tuna fisherman.

Natalie walks in front of Wendy, who's transfixed by the images from the TV.

WENDY

Like PeeWee Herman's wife. If he
has one.

NATALIE

What do you know?

Using an big remote control, Wendy turns up the volume. She leans closer to the TV. She is spellbound.

Natalie continues examining herself in the mirror.

Wendy leans in closer to the TV. A look of concern crosses her face. She watches the grainy footage (captured by animal right's activists) of netted dolphins being slaughtered by commercial tuna fisherman.

EXT. LARGE HOUSE. FRONT YARD - EVENING

Jim Wheeler exits the car and approaches the front door. He takes a deep breath, then knocks.

INT. LARGE HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

A knock is heard on the front door.

A look of concern crosses Wendy's face. She watches the grainy footage (captured by animal right's activists) of netted dolphins being slaughtered.

NATALIE
Mom! I'm leaving!

Natalie opens the front door.

EXT. LARGE HOUSE. FRONT DOOR - EVENING

Jim Wheeler is standing there with a big grin.

JIM WHEELER
Hi Natalie. You look like a -

Natalie pushes past him.

NATALIE
I'm gonna be late.

INT. LARGE HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

As she watches the massacre, the shouts of her sister seem to fade into a whisper. Wendy's lips quiver. A tear forms, then runs down her cheek. Her look of concern is replaced by a look of anger.

Wendy jumps from the couch and storms into the kitchen.

INT. LARGE HOUSE. KITCHEN - EVENING

This kitchen is spacious, with an island in the middle. Wendy climbs onto a chair and begins opening the cupboards. She is on a mission. In the last one, she spots five cans of tuna.

INT. JIM'S CAR - EVENING

Jim and Natalie are in his car. He's driving, glancing at her nervously. She's looking in the mirror, touching her hair. Jim rolls down his window.

NATALIE

My hair.

Natalie sniffs, then makes a sour expression.
Don't tell me. Did you?

JIM

It just happens.

Thunder is heard. It begins to rain.

NATALIE

You're eighteen -

JIM

Seventeen.

NATALIE

Same diff. Can't you control it?

JIM

I guess I'm just nervous.

NATALIE

Don't be. We're not on a date. I'm letting you give me a ride.

Natalie slides away from Jim, sprays perfume on herself. Jim coughs, swatting the air.

EXT. LONELY ROAD - NIGHT

It's raining heavily. A small turtle waddles across the street. Jim's car screeches to a stop. The turtle pulls itself into its shell.

Jim runs out, grabs turtle, returns to car with it.

INT. JIM'S CAR - NIGHT

Jim places turtle in the backseat while Natalie watches, appaled.

NATALIE
What are you doing?

JIM
It's obviously confused.

NATALIE
Uhh, gross.

JIM
Just keep an eye on it, okay? I'm
gonna call him Morp. Get it?

NATALIE
Whatever. I'm gonna be
late. Should've gotten a ride with
Ben.

Jim winces when he hears the word Ben.

EXT. AMBERSVILLE HIGH SCHOOL. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

It's raining outside, a downpour. Jim's car veers into the parking lot of Ambersville High.

Beside the school campus sits the gymnasium, with a vinyl banner that reads: PROM - CLASS OF '89. Crowds of suit-wearing senior high students mill about the gymnasium door, underneath the awning. Limos idle in front. Music can be heard coming from inside.

INT. JIM'S CAR - NIGHT

Natalie's adjusting her hair in the mirror. Jim cuts the engine.

NATALIE
Leave the air on, I'm sweating.

Jim turns on the ignition. The engine sputters.

JIM
I just got this thing.

He revs the engine, turns on the a/c.

JIM (cont'd)
Where's the turtle?

Natalie shrugs indifferently. Jim looks in the backseat, feels his hand underneath the seats.

NATALIE
Something stinks.

Jim looks at Natalie.

EXT. AMBERSVILLE HIGH SCHOOL. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Blackness gives way to light as the hood of Jim's car is opened. Trails of smoke escape. Cautiously, Jim, then Natalie, peek their heads over the engine.

NATALIE
Ugghhh.

Natalie steps away from the car in disgust. Jim lowers his hand into the engine. He pulls out the turtle, it's shell smoldering. Natalie is quickly walking away.

JIM
Where you going?

NATALIE
To be with normal people.

JIM
But you're my date. And they're
(beat)
so boring.

Natalie moves toward a group of seniors standing outside a limo. They welcome her with smiles, hugs.

EXT. AMBERSVILLE HIGH SCHOOL. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Jim trudges through the front school yard toward the gym, cradling the turtle in an old T-shirt. Others run to dodge the rain, but Jim, obvlivious, continues walking.

EXT. AMBERSVILLE HIGH SCHOOL. BEHIND GYM - NIGHT

Jim walks toward the pond behind the gym. He stops at the edge, kneels, and drops the turtle into water near the bank. The turtle plummets to the bottom and drifts away.

JIM
Are you dead, little
turtle? Where'd you go?

SCREEN FADES TO BLACK - 15 YEARS LATER (IN WHITE TEXT)

INT. AMBERSVILLE HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Jim Wheeler, now 32, looks suprisingly young. He's wearing a Pizza Planet shirt, khaki shorts, black socks pulled up to the knees, and worn sneakers. His clothing is stained with dried pizza sauce and a film of white flour. He is unshaven.

On his belt hang two cell phones, one that is scratched up, another that appears new.

Jim is carrying five pizzas in two warmer bags, walking through the a brightly lit hospital corridor. He sees a door and tries it. It is locked.

He continues ahead toward an empty wheelchair. He sets the pizzas onto the wheelchair. He punches buttons on his cellphone.

A nurse is walking toward him.

JIM
(speaking into phone)
I can't find this place. You have
a room -

NURSE
Excuse me. If you wanna talk,
you'll have to go to the staircase.

The nurse points to a sign on the wall with a cellphone with a line through it.

JIM
(to nurse)
Oh sorry.

Jim walks through the door into the stairwell.

JIM (cont'd)
Did you give them my number?

INT. PIZZA PLANET - NIGHT

PAM MARTINEZ, the store manager, a short, broad-shouldered Hispanic woman, has the phone to her shoulder as she kneads out pizza dough.

PAM
Come back. They'll pick it up.

INT. AMBERSVILLE HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Jim returns his cell phone to its holdster. He picks up the pizzas, walks down the hallway. From behind one of the door, partially open, laughter is heard. Jim peeks inside.

Sitting in a hospital bed is an older man, jotting into a notepad, laughing to himself. The man looks a lot like Jim, with 60 years on him. The old man looks up at Jim.

Embarrassed, Jim hurriedly continues down the hall.

EXT. AMBERSVILLE HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Jim carries the pizzas to his car, the same car he drove to the prom, fifteen years earlier. The car looks like it was taken from a junkyard.

His cell phone rings. Jim sets the pizzas on the roof. He answers the cell phone.

JIM
Hello?

INT. PIZZA PLANET - NIGHT

The store is busy. The phones are ringing incessantly. Pam Martinez has a phone in each hand. Pizzas are coming out of the oven. The make line (where pizzas are dressed) is a disaster area.

PAM
Where are you?

JIM (O.S.)
I'm on my way.

PAM
Hurry back. Everyone gone home. You're the last pizza delivery driver.

INT. JIM'S CAR - NIGHT

Jim is driving, drumming his fingers on the steering wheel. Seeing a green light turn yellow, he pushes the gas pedal to the floor. The car sputters.

EXT. AMBERSVILLE STREET, INTERSECTION - NIGHT

A police car slows to a stop at the intersection.

INT. JIM'S CAR - NIGHT

Jim notices the police car and applies the brakes. The tires, bald, squeal as the car slides past the intersection before coming to a stop.

Jim eyes the policeman.

JIM
Ha, ha, ha.
(using Asian accent)
No ticket for you.

The pizzas, which Jim left on the roof, fly off. Some land on the street. Others land on the hood. The last pizza box flies open and the pizza lands sauce-side down on the windshield.

The pepperonis form a smiley face that becomes a sad face as they descend down the windshield.

Jim turns on the windshield wiper fluid, then the wiper blades, which push the pizza toward the side of the car. The pizza falls part-way into the car window, falling onto Jim's lap.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

The cop, watching what happened, smiles as he drives by.

EXT. FANCY RESTAURANT. OUTSIDE DOCK, EMPLOYEE AREA - NIGHT

An upscale restaurant that borders a river or waterway that leads to the ocean. This is the outside dock, near the backdoor to the kitchen, where the restaurant employees hang out. A wooden partition, and a row of plants, separates this area from the outside dining area for the patrons.

WENDY LaSHANE, now 26, is slim, with short dark hair and eyes that sparkle. She's wearing a waitress uniform. She sits on a bucket.

JOSH, a bearded guy in his mid-to-late twenties, stands behind her. He wipes his hands on a dishrag that hangs from his kitchen apron. He's wearing chef pants and a stained v-neck T-shirt.

A shooting star appears. Wendy hits Josh on the shoulder, points at the shooting star. They both watch it.

WENDY
That's a sign.

JOSH
You up for this?

WENDY
C'mon.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT. INSIDE DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Dim lights cast a warm, romantic glow. Well-dressed patrons chat softly over the sounds of live piano music. The wait staff, attentive and polite, circulate like polite vultures.

Wendy LaShane pushes an aquarium of live lobsters between the tables. The water inside the aquarium is a filthy green. Wendy keeps her eyes ahead of her, toward the kitchen doors.

A bejewelled finger belonging to a female customer taps Wendy.

CUSTOMER
Excuse me.

WENDY
Can I help you?

CUSTOMER
(taps aquarium
glass, pointing at fat
lobster)
How much for that one?

WENDY
I believe it's \$75-dollars. I'll
check.

CUSTOMER
That's the one I want.

WENDY
Alright. I'll let your waiter
know, and he'll be right with you.

CUSTOMER
I have my eye on him.

Wendy nods and smiles, then turns pushing the aquarium away.

WENDY
(to herself)
Hope you know how to swim.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Wendy rolls the cart into the kitchen and through the doors into a smaller room that serves as the dishwashing station.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT. DISHWASHING STATION - NIGHT

Dishwashing station is a narrow hallway with a swinging door with round window. Josh is using his fingers to finish off the remains of a half-eaten piece of chocolate cake that sits among a pile of unwashed dishes.

Beside the dishwasher is an aquarium with clean water that sits atop a tray with wheels. Seeing Wendy arrive, Josh helps her pull the cart into the dishwashing area. Josh peers out the door window, then returns to the car.

JOSH
Did John-Paul see you?

WENDY
(shakes her head)

Using tongs, Wendy begins moving the lobsters from the aquarium and placing them onto the counter. Josh cuts the rubber bands that bind their claws, then puts the lobsters into another cleaner aquarium.

They continue doing this. A few lobsters remain in the dirty aquarium ...

COOK'S VOICE (O.S.)
I need that fatty!

JOSH
Alright, hang on. We're - I'm
getting it for you right now!

Josh and Wendy continue to remove the lobsters rubber bands and place them into the aquarium with clean water.

COOK'S VOICE (O.S.)
I need that lobster!

JOSH
He's at the bottom. I'm getting
him for you right now!

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - DISHWASHING STATION - NIGHT

A heavyset cook with a shaved head busts open the swinging door. On his kitchen apron hang tongs and a greasy dishtowel.

He runs into Josh, who's walking out with the fat lobster, thrashing wildly.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

COOK
Knew they shouldn't've hired
you. Stoner.

The cook attempts to take the lobster from Josh.

JOSH
I got him.

COOK
Man, gimme that thing!

The cook carries the lobster toward the microwave steamer. We see from the lobster's point of view, it's claws swinging wildly as it moves among the cooks toward the steel microwave steamer. It's put inside the steamer and the door is closed.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Watching in horror, Josh spots four sautee pans with hot oil sizzling on hot, gas stove. He grabs a nearby lighter, ignites the oil, then knocks the pan to the ground. It flames up near the line cooks.

The nearby cooks throw water on it.

COOK
Stop! I'll get the flour!

Cook runs to get flour. Josh opens the microwave steamer and carries the lobster toward the backdoor.

EXT. FANCY RESTAURANT. OUTSIDE DOCK, EMPLOYEE AREA - NIGHT

Wendy standing beside a safety rail, a three-foot high barrier comprised of thick ropes running through 4 x 4's. She's attempting to tilt the aquarium, dumping the lobsters into the body of water below.

Josh runs toward her and tosses the lobster into the air. It lands with a splash.

Josh joins Wendy, lifting the aquarium over the roped barrier.

The kitchen door slams open. JOHN-PAUL, a short, narrow-shouldered Frenchman, appears in the doorway. He is backlit, like a monster that's discovered its prey. Despite his size, he carries a formidable presence. He is smoking.

JOHN-PAUL
What are you doing?!

JOSH
Freeing the hostages.

WENDY
(overlapping)
Returning them home.

Wendy and Josh struggle to upset the aquarium.

JOHN-PAUL
The price of those lobsters makes
what you're doing
(exhales smoke)
a federal offense.

WENDY
The real offense

With a surge to match her convictions, Wendy and Josh tip the aquarium.

WENDY (cont'd)
is steaming them alive.

The aquarium tips. The lobsters and water, in one giant ball, drop toward the water below.

JOHN-PAUL
This is a joke, right? Where are
the cameras?

JOSH
Behind you. Up in the ceiling.

John-Paul turns around.

EXT. DOCK - NIGHT

Josh and Wendy crawl under the dock, scaling the
trusses. They land in an embankment, then push off in a
waiting canoe.

EXT. WATERWAY - NIGHT

JOSH
Ha, ha, ha. Did you see his
face? It looked like a beet!
(beat)
We should lay low for a while.

WENDY
C'mon.

JOSH
We're still leaving tomorrow,
right?

Wendy looks at Josh.

EXT. TRUCK STOP GAS STATION/STORE - NIGHT

Wendy and Josh are sitting on the outside curb of the truck
stop store, near the entrance. Beside them, sit a duffel
bag and a large backpack.

A steady throng of truckers and travellers exit and enter
the store.

JOSH
That guy looks okay. Go ask him.

WENDY
You ask him.

JOSH
You're a girl. Tell him I'm your
brother. Your deaf brother this
time.

Wendy stands, picks up the duffel bag, and walks toward the trucker who's fueling his rig. Josh watches as she speaks with him. The trucker glances at Josh.

As she continues talking to the trucker, Wendy has both hands in the air like an orchestra conductor. She taps the trucker on the shoulder, then laughs. The trucker looks at Josh, waves him over.

EXT. LUXURY HOUSE - DAY

A beautifully-manicured lawn. A big luxury house. We see all sides of it, including the back screened in patio and pool.

INT. LUXURY HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

We see photos sitting on the kitchen counter. One of Natalie LaShane, appearing to be in her late twenties, with her arm around her husband, Bryce Gallager, at their wedding.

Another photo of Natalie and Bryce hugging in front of the their new house.

INT. LUXURY HOUSE, LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

Natalie Gallager, now 33, is dressed in baggy pants and a T-shirt, stands beside the washing machine, selecting clothes for wash from a nearby laundry basket.

She stops suddenly, bringing a hospital shirt closer to her face, examining it carefully. Turning it over, she smells it.

INT. LUXURY HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAY

Natalie plops on the bed and opens an envelope. She extracts the contents. We see that it's a cell phone bill. She highlights certain numbers.

INT. TV NEWS STATION - EVENING

A flurry of activity as the camera crew readies for the evening news. Natalie, dressed in a business suit, sits at the desk beside another reporter, Don McDougal.

A producer moves, a clipboard in his left hand, walks in front of the camera, holding out his right hand and using his fingers to count off.

PRODUCER

And four, three, two -

The producer moves away from the camera.

DON MCDUGAL

Good evening, I'm Don McDougal -

NATALIE

And I'm Natalie Gallager. Thank you for tuning in tonight.

DON MCDUGAL

Our top story tonight comes from nearby Greenville, where -

His voice fades into white noise. We see a closeup of Natalie's face as tears begin to form in the corners of her eyes.

INT. COSTUME SHOP - EVENING

Inside, the store walls are covered with costumes and masks. All kinds of costumes, disguises, accessories overflow the narrow aisles.

RICK BOTTOM, Jim's friend, a short, stocky fireplug of a man, in his late twenties. He is sitting at the front counter, watching TV.

Jim Wheeler walks into the store. He has the beginnings of a moustache. He's wearing his "Planet Pizza" uniform, which is stained with old pizza sauce and caked in a layer of fine flour. Jim carries a pizza warmer bag in one hand, with a pizza inside.

JIM

I called you earlier. Why didn't you answer?

RICK

Checking the petstore. Mr. Newhouse wants me to watch it for him while he's out of town.

JIM

Is he paying you?

RICK
 He's gonna give me that puppy.
 (beat)
 Why do you have two cell phones?

JIM
 This one has the numbers on it.

Jim puts the warmer bag on the counter and quickly pulls it off, sliding the box of pizza onto the counter.

RICK
 Thanks.
 (beat)
 You're growing a moustache.

JIM
 Makes my teeth look whiter.

Jim smiles widely. Rick looks at him flatly. Jim's phone rings. He looks at it.

RICK
 Wear black lipstick. Then your
 teeth'll look really white.

JIM
 You first.

RICK
 I thought only gay people wore
 moustaches.

JIM
 Do I look gay to you?

RICK
 You'd have to dress better.

The front door opens. Two attractive girls appearing to be in their mid-to-late twenties stroll in. They gaze at the merchandise hanging from the walls.

Jim stands at attention, sticks out his butt. Jim looks at Rick. Rick smiles at Jim. Jim rubs his moustache.

RICK (cont'd)
 Can I help you?

GIRL #1
 I'm looking for something realistic
 looking. No one can know who I am.

RICK
I have the perfect thing.

Rick leads them toward the back. He pulls down a mask. They try a few of them on. They return to the counter with different masks.

JIM
Are we gonna see you on the news?

Jim's cell phone rings. He ignores it.

GIRL #2
What?

JIM
Robbing a bank.

Girl #1 slips hands Rick her credit card. He looks at it, slides it. Types into register. A receipt prints.

GIRL #2
Party tomorrow night.

RICK
Where's it at. I wanna come.

GIRL #2
It's private.

JIM
(to Rick)
I thought you were going to my party.

GIRL #1
(to Girl #2)
Nice moustache.

JIM
I heard that. I started growing facial hair in the fifth grade. My dermatologist said

(BEAT)
it was high levels of testosterone.

Rick, shakes his head in embarrassment. The girls looks at Jim flatly. The girls turn to leave. They walk toward door.

JIM

Wait.

Jim's phone rings. The girls turn.

JIM (cont'd)

You look like a flower. A wild
flower. In my line of business, I
hear about parties all the time -

The beginning of a fart erupts in Jim's pants.

JIM (cont'd)

If you leave me your digits -

The fart sounds like a trumpet blast. The girls look at
each other with faces of disgust.

GIRL #1

Gross.

The girls leave the store.

GIRL #2

Loser.

RICK

You needa do something about that.

JIM

I have this idea.

INT. ASSISTED LIVING FACILITY - DAY

Jim, wearing his pizza uniform, is standing in a hallway, in
front of a door that's partially open.

EDITH (O.S.)

Come in. I'll be right out.

Jim enters the door.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

The inside of this apartment is clean, with a lot of
pictures hanging on one wall.

Jim enters the apartment, sets pizza on nearby table. Jim
looks at pictures on wall. One by one, we see them. Black
and white pictures of a ballet troupe. Several are closeups
of a female ballet dancer.

EDITH WORTHINGTON steps into the room. She's a woman in her mid-to-late sixties, strikingly pretty, with a simmering energy and grace that could power a small town in Nebraska.

EDITH

I used to get roses thrown at my feet.

JIM

This is you?

EDITH

Have I changed that much? I used to get fan mail every week. I was treated like royalty. Men wanted me. Women envied me.

Edith looks in the mirror, adjusts her hair.

(cont)

Now the kids don't even visit.

Edith disappears into the kitchen, returns with a glass of wine, drinks some. She opens the curtains, then moves close to Jim.

EDITH (cont'd)

It's my birthday.

JIM

You said that last week.

EDITH

Don't think you can seduce me. My husband will be here any minute.

JIM

Listen, you're an attractive woman but I'm -

EDITH

Thirty four years strong. And we don't have separate beds. There's a picture of him on the wall.

Edith points at a picture, sitting at the edge of the wall. Jim approaches the picture to get a better look.

Jim looks at the picture. It's a man in a coffin. He's wearing a suit. The picture looks dated. Jim gasps.

EDITH (cont'd)

Isn't he handsome.

JIM
Sure was - is.

INT. ASSISTED LIVING FACILITY, ELEVATOR - DAY

Jim gets in the elevator. Another woman, appearing to be in her sixties, gets in elevator. The elevator doors close.

ELEVATOR WOMAN
You brought food for Edith?

JIM
How'd you know?

ELEVATOR WOMAN
She orders all the time.

JIM
Does she always say it's her birthday.

ELEVATOR WOMAN
As long as I've known her. Someone needs to throw her a party.

EXT. JIM WHEELER'S HOUSE - EVENING

A rundown, two-story, woodframe house 1930's era. The yard is overgrown. A dying flowerbed lines the perimeter of the house. This house, this yard, used to be nice.

A giant wheel rolls into view, crushing the grass. The wheel belongs to a big truck that's parked intself on the lawn. The gate of this truck is peppered with bumperstickers. One by one, we see them.

The first sticker has the outline of a deer head. The second one reads: America: Love it or Leave it! The third one is an American flag sticker. The fourth one reads: Back off city boy." The fifth one reads: I like my turtles swimming in potatoes and onions. The sixth one reads: "Beef - Real Food for Real People."

The truck door opens. A worn construction boot hits the grass.

INT. JIM WHEELER'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Assorted, framed jigsaw puzzles, in all sizes, most of them large, dominate the walls. The furniture is in pristine condition, despite the fact that the style is mid-to-late eighties. One of the reclining sofas has been painted a light blue, the fabric, not the wood.

One puzzle contains pictures of the Wheeler family: Jim Wheeler, Sandra (his mom), Leslie Wheeler (his dad) and Karen (Jim's older sister).

INT. JIM WHEELER'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

An old fashioned kitchen with big windows that look out onto the front yard.

SANDRA WHEELER, Jim's mom, is an attractive woman in her mid fifties. Like Jim, she looks ten years younger than her age. Her hair is pulled back. She wears glasses. She has a no nonsense look to her, but a comforting smile. Her dominating presence makes her appear taller than her 5'4.

DOBBS GENTRY, Sandra's friend, is a tall, tanned fellow in his late forties. His merry disposition belies his stubbornness. He wears blue jeans and a plaid shirt. His gait is best described as a waddle.

Sandra Wheeler and Dobb's Gentry are lighting the candles on a cake--two Pepperidge Farm cakes that sit on top of each other.

Rick opens the freezer, takes two boxes of cheap ice cream, and puts it into a cooler full of ice.

INT. JIM WHEELER'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

An old fashioned dining room with large windows that look out onto the back yard. Jim Wheeler sits at the table.

Sandra Wheeler, Dobbs Gentry, and Rick exit the kitchen.

Sandra Wheeler is carrying a large plate containing two Pepperidge Farm cakes stacked on top of each other. The first one is coconut, the second one is chocolate.

Dobbs has a kitchen towel around an apple pie.

Rick carries out a cooler, filled with ice, containing boxes of ice cream.

SANDRA, DOBBS, RICK
Happy birthday to you -

Jim sits on the living room couch, watching them approach.

RICK
You live in a zoo -

Jim sinks into the couch, as if he's trying to hide, hoping to be swallowed by the sense of familiarity the cushions promise.

From Jim's point of view, we see the trio approach. They advance in slow motion. Even their singing slows to a molasses tempo.

JIM (V.O.)
They should make metal detectors in the back pockets of pants. I'd never have to work again. Just visit people with change-hungry couches. Look at these people. Is this my posse? What am I doing with my life? Shouldn't I have a girlfriend by now? I'm pathetic.

The cake, about to topple over, is laid on the table. The candles spell out: 32.

SANDRA
Jim?

Jim blinks, snapping out of his mild fantasy. He leans forward, blows at the candles. The last candle flickers stubbornly, but finally extinguishes as Jim's about to run out of air.

INT. JIM WHEELER'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Jim, Rick, Sandra, Dobbs sit around the dining room table. A small piece is left of the cake. The ice cream is melting into the ice. The kitchen table is a mess of crumbs and spilled ice cream. A half-eaten apple pie sits in the middle.

SANDRA
and whoever puts the puzzle together the fastest wins a 7-day cruise to the Virgin Islands.

RICK
I can put a puzzle together.

JIM
Rick, it's for professionals.

RICK
I'm a professional.

JIM
(overlapping)
It's a cruise for one?

SANDRA
No.

Sandra shoots Dobbs a knowing smile. Noticing this, Jim glares at Sandra.

DOBBS
32 years old. Not a kid anymore. Still delivering pizzas.

Jim nods.

DOBBS (cont'd)
Why don't you quit that job. Seriously. It's a go nowhere job. You don't wanna be delivering pizzas when you're forty.

JIM
Why not?

DOBBS
My cousin's supervisor at Biggie Mart. They start you at \$7 an hour and you get benefits after -

JIM
(overlapping)
I'm not interested in working at a company that exploits adolescent asians for 30-cents an hour.

DOBBS
Don't start with that socialist BS.

JIM
Besides I don't plan on being here that long.

DOBBS
 (talking with food in mouth)
 Where you going?

JIM
 I'm not sure.

SANDRA
 He's just like his father.

Jim pushes his chair back.

SANDRA (cont'd)
 Where you going?

JIM
 (grabbing plate of pie)
 I'm gonna heat it up.

Sandra grabs the plate from him.

SANDRA
 I'll microwave it. It'll only take
 a second.

JIM
 I'll heat it up, in the
 oven. Microwaves are harmful.

SANDRA
 I don't know where you heard -

JIM
 (overlapping)
 The internet.

DOBBS
 (talking with food in mouth)
 The computer? Boy, you can't
 believe what they say. That's a
 bunch a nonsense.

SANDRA
 (overlapping)
 Anyone can say whatever they want
 on the internet.

JIM
 Did you know that microwaves were
 banned in the former Soviet Union?

DOBBS
 (talking with food in mouth)
 Communist. You can't believe a
 communist.

SANDRA
 The internet's not a reliable
 source of information. Especially
 conspiracy sites.

SANDRA (cont'd)
 (to Dobbs)
 Want your pie heated, too?

Sandra takes a plate of apple pie to the kitchen.

DOBBS
 (to Dobbs)
 Want your pie irradiated?

RICK
 I wanna be radiated. Look at
 me. I'm radiation man.

The microwave is heard whirring to life.

JIM
 (to Rick)
 C'mon Rick, that's not funny.

Sandra returns to the dining room, sits down.

JIM (cont'd)
 I'm serious, though, microwaves are
 harmful. They cook food from the
 inside out. They turn food into a
 non-food, like plastic.

SANDRA
 What do you want me to do?

JIM
 Bury it. The microwave.

RICK
 It'll grow a microwave tree.

DOBBS
 Har, har, har.

A piece of food falls out of Dobb's mouth. Dobbs continues
 to eat with his mouth open.

JIM

What cigarettes were to the nineties, microwaves will be to the zeroes. They need to be banned.

SANDRA

That's what your father used to say.

JIM

He's right. It's true.

SANDRA

And look where it got him.

Stunned at the comment, Jim puts his fork down.

JIM

I can't believe you said that.

SANDRA

Well I'm not going to apologize if that's what you want.

JIM

(to Dobbs)

Can you chew with your mouth closed? Please. Look like a washing machine.

RICK

Heh, heh, heh, heh, heh.

Jim spoons out some ice cream, flicks it at Rick. It lands on his neck.

RICK (cont'd)

Hey! What did you do that for?

JIM

I'm 32. I'm a man. I can do whatever I want.

INT. JIM WHEELER'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Jim, Sandra, Dobbs, and Rick sit around the kitchen table, a clutter of crumbs, melted ice cream, half-eaten apple pie.

Jim rips open a gift.

SANDRA
Don't expect much.

The wrapping falls away to reveal a can of Fix-A-Flat.

SANDRA (cont'd)
You are on the road a lot. This way, you don't have to let a flat tire slow you down.

JIM
This, is practical. Thanks mom.

Jim rips open the second gift. It's a lucky rabbit's foot with a leather string through it.

DOBBS
I caught it myself last season.

RICK
How?

Jim examines the rabbit's foot. There's a bit of blood on it.

DOBBS
I was out of traps and I seen it,
so
(flexing arms)
picked up a big rock and wai -

JIM
That's enough. We get the picture.

DOBBS
You rub it for good luck.

JIM
Should've rubbed its own
foot. Thanks, I guess.

Rick leans under the table and brings up a large brown paper grocery bag, stapled at the top. He slides it toward Jim.

With a smile, Jim opens the bag, sinks his hand inside. He pulls out a very realistic-looking mask of an elderly white man. The nose appears to be botched, with additional plastic hanging from it.

Jim looks at it, starts laughing silently to himself. Rick starts laughing.

RICK
 Heh, heh, heh. What? Heh, heh,
 heh.

Jim slips the mask over his head.

JIM
 (using old man's voice)
 I'd like the senior citizen's
 special. No salt. Makes my
 ankle's swell up.

EXT. POST OFFICE - DAY

Wendy LaShane and Josh are standing on the sidewalk near a post office. They look dishevelled, their hair everywhere, their faces sunburned.

Josh watches as a semi-truck parks across the street. Wendy walks toward the post office.

JOSH
 Where you going?

Wendy holds up envelope.

JOSH (cont'd)
 (pointing at truck)
 Hurry up, there's a ride.

INT. POST OFFICE - DAY

A normal post office interior, decorated with framed sets-of-stamps, postal rules, brochures, new stamp designs. Wendy stands at the counter. A MAIL CLERK approaches.

Wendy slides an envelope toward the mail clerk. The envelope is addressed to Natalie Gallagher, with an ink-penned sketching of wilderness, with two people hiking near a stream.

WENDY
 Stamp.

MAIL CLERK
 Would you like insurance for
 50-cents more?

WENDY

No.

The mail clerk peels off an American flag stamp from a block set.

WENDY (cont'd)

What flavors do you have -

The mail clerk shoots Wendy a curious look.

WENDY (cont'd)

besides the American flag.

The mail clerk's look turns sober. The mail clerk opens a drawer, pulls out assorted block sets of stamps, each containing different artwork.

Wendy's dirty finger lands on a stamp depicting forest wildlife.

INT. POST OFFICE, LOBBY - DAY

A post office lobby, containing machines that sell stamps, mail delivery slots, a wall of post office boxes in small, medium, large sizes.

On the way out of the post office, Wendy passes by a glass encased bulletin board listing "FBI - WANTED". Below are pictures of assorted criminals.

One of the pictures is a grainy, black-and-white picture of Wendy, wearing a hooded sweatshirt and big sunglasses, releasing animals from an animal testing facility.

EXT. UPSCALE GATED COMMUNITY - NIGHT

Jim, dressed in his "Planet Pizza" uniform, stands at the door of a big house. Against his surroundings--an opulent house with a manicured lawn, Jim, with his matty hair, stained shirt, baggy khaki shorts, black socks pulled up to his knees, dirty sneakers, looks like a stain against this man made vision of paradise. A luxury SUV and shiny sports car sit parked in the driveway.

Jim presses the doorbell. An assortment of bells chime. The door opens.

JAKE KENDAL, preppily-dressed, late twenties, standing in side the house, studies Jim's face. He hands Jim some bills.

JAKE
Keep it.

JIM
Thanks. Thanks a lot.

Jim hands Jake the two pizzas. Jake takes them, closes the door. Jim returns toward car. Jake opens the door of the house, puts his hand to his mouth.

JAKE
Hey! Wait a second!

Jim jogs back to the door.

JIM
Everything alright?

JAKE
Aren't you Jim?

JIM
Yeah. How'd you know my name?

JAKE
You don't remember me? Ambersville High. Geometry class. I sat a couple rows behind you.

Jim studies Jake's face.

JIM
Did you have blond hair?

JAKE
I dyed it.

JIM
You always brought your skateboard to class?

JAKE
Yep, that's me.
(extends hand)
Jake Kendall.

JIM
Wow. How long's it been? Like ten years?

JAKE
Everyone looked up to you.

JIM

Really?

JAKE

You were the only senior in ninth grade math. What are you doing now?

JIM

Well, uh, I work here part-time. I'm usually managing the store but tonight we're really busy. But, I'm actually working on

-

JAKE

I used to do that when I was a junior.

JIM

a patent for an idea I have.

JAKE'S WIFE (O.S.)

You're missing the movie!

JAKE

That's my wife. I gotta go. Did you hear about the reunion?

Jake jogs to house, goes inside, jogs back to Jim, hands Jim a flier. Jim looks at the flier.

The flier reads: Ambersville High. Class of '89 Reunion. Below this are the date, the time, with games & prizes. Live deejay playing your favorite 80's classics.

INT. JIM WHEELER'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jim walks into the house. He's wearing his "Planet Pizza" uniform and has three boxes of pizzas with him. Rick is sitting on the couch, watching TV, laughing.

Inside the house, along with the walls of framed jigsaw puzzles, hang animal heads, all kinds of animals. Jim looks at them curiously.

JIM

What's going on with the animal faces?

RICK
Dobbs ran out of space in his
trailer.

JIM
Looks like a redneck version of
"Trading Places".

Jim sits down on the couch. He has a dazed, sober
expression on his face. Rick continues watching TV.

JIM (cont'd)
I never expected to be doing what
I'm doing for a living. Not at my
age.

RICK
Get in line.

Jim grabs the remote, turns off the TV.

RICK (cont'd)
Hey!

Jim hands Rick the high school reunion flyer. We see an
upclose shot of the high school reunion flier. The camera
pulls back. Rick is holding the flyer, sitting on the
living room couch, in front of the TV that's on low volume.

Jim is pacing the living room.

RICK (cont'd)
Are you gonna go?

JIM
No.

RICK
You should go.

JIM
Why? To remind me of how much a
loser I am. You should've seen
that guy's house. And he was in
ninth grade when I was a
senior. My 10 year high school
reunion is in two weeks and it's
embarassing. I'm probably gonna be
delivering pizzas to their hotel
rooms.

RICK

So.

JIM

Look at me. I'm a 32 year old pizza delivery driver. I don't have a girlfriend and I drive a car that's on the verge of exploding.

RICK

I'll help you get a girl. You need to solve that problem of yours first, though.

JIM

Yeah, I have this idea.

RICK

(leans in towards Jim's head)
You've got white hair.

JIM

Thanks. Thanks for pointing that out. Thanks for that vote of confidence.

RICK

I'm just being honest.

Rick starts laughing.

JIM

Everything's a big joke to you, isn't it?

RICK

So, what's your idea?

JIM

Okay, you've heard of pouporri, right?

RICK

Yes.

JIM

I've tried the conventional remedies for gas problems and they don't work. When I get nervous, I fart. So how about a pill that could make my farts smell like flowers. But I need the help of a chemist or a scientist or -

RICK
My uncle's an inventor.

Jim looks at Rick.

RICK (cont'd)
He has commercials. They're on
late at night.

INT. JIM WHEELER'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jim and Rick are plopped on the living room couch watching TV. The TV shows the infommercial advertisement for "The Amazing Taser Fishing Rod", a fishing rod that catches fish and tasers them, so by the time you reel them in, they are cooked and don't flop around.

INT. JIM WHEELER'S CAR - NIGHT

The inside of Jim Wheeler's old Gremlin is littered with junk, empty boxes of Good & Plenty, empty gallon water containers, papers, journals.

Jim is driving. Rick is sitting passenger side.

RICK
Is this car gonna make it?

JIM
Yes. I drive about 500 miles a
night delivering pizzas. Are you
sure your uncle's gonna be there?

RICK
He never leaves?

Jim looks at Rick curiously.

RICK (cont'd)
He's kind of paranoid.

INT. TRUCKER'S CAB - NIGHT

A truck cab. Wendy is sitting in the middle. Josh is sitting beside the window. The TRUCKER, at the wheel, a stout, middleaged man wearing blue jeans and flannel shirt, fiddles with the radio dial.

Josh, wide-eyed, glancing out window, appearing nervous.

JOSH
 (whispers to Wendy)
 We're being followed.

WENDY
 C'mon.

JOSH
 See that car?

Wendy glances in passenger side mirror.

JOSH (cont'd)
 It's been behind us for hours.

The trucker leans his head toward them.

JOSH (cont'd)
 See all those antennas? I can't
 get arrested again. We should
 split up.

WENDY
 Let's wait 'til Ambersville. My
 sister lives there.

EXT. BASE OF MOUNTAIN, DRIVEWAY - MORNING

Jim Wheeler's car is parked at the base of a mountain, in front of a driveway blocked by a gate. The driveway meanders into the woods. Jim leans toward the intercom, says something, the gate opens.

Jim steers the car up the winding path. Large trees line the road. Hidden among their branches are surveillance cameras.

INT. UNCLE LOYD'S CABIN - MORNING

A computer monitor screen follows Jim's car as it bounces up the winding driveway. A Yoo-Hoo with ice on it is placed beside the monitor by a skinny hand.

EXT. MOUNTAIN CLEARING, END OF DRIVEWAY - MORNING

The car reaches the end of the driveway, a small clearing with a rundown mobile home trailer that's been connected to a small wooden cabin, a poor person's addition.

INT. JIM WHEELER'S CAR - MORNING

Jim is staring at the house, with an eyebrow raised in curiosity and fear. Rick is sleeping. Jim pokes Rick. Rick groans groggily.

JIM
This is it?

Rick nods.

INT. UNCLE LOYD'S CABIN - MORNING

A computer monitor focuses on Rick and Jim as they exit Jim's car. Besides the monitor sits the unopened Yoo-hoo. The computer monitor zooms in on Rick.

UNCLE LOYD (O.S.)
Eh, I know you.

The computer monitor focuses on Jim, zooms close, scans his entire body while he walks toward the cabin. On the right side of the screen, statistics appear, listing Jim's physical and mental characteristics, along with personal history.

Another scan of Jim is performed. On the screen, the results of Jim's scan appear: POTENTIAL THREAT ... MINIMAL.

Uncle Loyd's skinny hand grabs the Yoo-hoo, uncaps it, moves it off table. The sound of Uncle Loyd drinking Yoo-hoo is heard.

EXT. UNCLE LOYD'S CABIN - MORNING

Jim and Rick stand outside of the dilapidated mobile home. Jim knocks. The door opens partway.

UNCLE LOYD
Have you been followed?

Jim looks at Rick. Rick looks at Jim.

RICK
(to Jim)
Don't look at me. I was sleeping.

JIM
(to Uncle Loyd)
I don't think so.

Uncle Loyd opens the door. He appears to be in his late forties or early fifties. He looks at the duo suspiciously, then quickly glances behind them, scanning the yard. In a quick motion, he sweeps his arm behind them and pulls them inside. The sound of several locks are heard being locked.

INT. UNCLE LOYD'S CABIN - DAY

Inside, the cabin is completely modern. A large, flat-screened TV hangs on the wall. A computer with a large flat screen monitor sits atop a desk near the kitchen.

UNCLE LOYD

Rick, what do you want this time?

RICK

My friend here has a problem.

UNCLE LOYD

Rick, your friends always have problems. Those are the kind of people you attract--people with problems.

JIM

Whenever I get nervous, I fart, and this ruining my social life.

UNCLE LOYD

Listen kid, if that's the extent of your problems, you should consider yourself blessed.

Uncle Loyd walks them to the door.

UNCLE LOYD (cont'd)

I'm very busy, I have a conference call in two hours and I'm supposed to meet Farrah Faucet for lunch, so

JIM

I have this idea, though. If it works it could make a lot of money.

UNCLE LOYD

Sure you do, kid, you know how -

JIM

You help me make it and I'll give you 50% of the profit.

RICK
What about me?

JIM
(to Rick)
You'll get the other 25% and I'll
get the remaining 25%.

Uncle Loyd stops, looks at watch, looks at Jim.

UNCLE LOYD
You have one minute to pitch this
idea to me. If I like it, I'll
give you 1/2 an hour to discuss of
my time. If not, you'll have to
leave.

JIM
(takes a breath)
Alright, here goes.

INT. TRUCK STOP - DAY

A large truck stop store that sells snacks, trucker's supplies like portable TV's, CB gear, mini-fridges, DVD's, videos, groceries, and has a bank of phones on one side and pay computers with internet access, as well as auto supplies like oil, brake fluid, cleaners, etc.

Wendy is roaming the snacks aisle, casually stuffing junk food into her oversized sweat shirt.

Josh slips a bag of Combo's into his backpack.

The truck driver enters the store, buys a soft drink and box of cookies, then stands in line at the counter.

INT. JIM WHEELER'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM - DAY

Dining room with table and big windows overlooking the backyard. Sandra Wheeler gently places a stop watch on one side of the table. She opens a box of puzzle pieces and dumps them on the table.

She sets the timer. She looks at the puzzle pieces. The stop watch alarm sounds. She begins assembling the puzzle.

INT. UNCLE LOYD'S CABIN - DAY

Uncle Loyd is sitting at a desk in his living room. Rick and Jim are sitting on a couch.

UNCLE LOYD

Let me get this straight. You want me to help you make a pill that will make your farts smell like flowers.

JIM

Yes. My 10 year high school reunion is coming to town in one week.

UNCLE LOYD

Don't go.

JIM

I don't plan to, but I deliver pizzas and I'm probably gonna end up delivering a pizza to some of them at hotels in the area.

(beat)

It'll be embarrassing if I haven't accomplished anything in these last ten years.

UNCLE LOYD

How's making a pill gonna help?

JIM

At least I can say I'm working on patenting a new pill.

UNCLE LOYD

I have two questions. Have you ever been committed? What size straight jacket do you wear?

JIM

I'm sorry I've wasted your time.

Jim gets up to leave.

JIM (cont'd)

C'mon Rick. Let's go.

UNCLE LOYD

Wait. Give me the pitch for this idea.

JIM

Imagine taking a pill that allows your farts to smell like flowers. Floral Farts. With Floral Farts, you'll always come out smelling like roses.

(beat)

What do you think? Could we make it?

UNCLE LOYD

If you have the right ingredients, you can make anything.

EXT. TRAILER BACKYARD - DAY

Jim is standing, blindfolded. Rick is standing beside him, holding his right hand. Uncle Loyd is leaning in close to Jim.

Sitting on the top of a trampoline is the body of a car, complete with seats and seatbelts. The front half and the back section have been cut off. It has no engine.

Beside the trampoline sits an old tapeplayer connected to retro speakers, each a different size. Nearby, sits a car engine, connected to wiring and a battery.

A set of steps leads up to the trampoline to the car door.

UNCLE LOYD

I only have ten minutes, so we have to make this fast. Are you ready?

JIM

Yeah, I guess. Rick, you got my back, right?

RICK

You'll be fine.

Rick walks Jim toward the trampoline.

UNCLE LOYD

(to Rick)

Stop.

Uncle Loyd begins spinning Jim in circles.

JIM

What are you doing? I'm already blindfolded!

UNCLE LOYD

No one can know where this special ingredient is. If you know what direction you're going in, your life could be in danger.

Uncle Loyd stops spinning Jim. Rick walks Jim up the stairs. Uncle Loyd gets in car and buckles Jim's seatbelt.

Uncle Loyd waves for Rick to come to him. Rick does. Uncle Loyd whispers something in Rick's ear. Rick shakes his head, returns to the engine, turning the key in the ignition. It roars to life, rumbling steadily.

Rick turns on the nearby tapeplayer. Loud music erupts. Rick walks to the trampoline.

UNCLE LOYD (cont'd)

(to Jim)

Hang on. It's gonna be a little bumpy.

Rick climbs on trampoline and starts jumping. The car body bounces up and down.

UNCLE LOYD (cont'd)

Whatever you do, keep your arms inside!

Uncle Loyd pretends to drive. Jim holds his arms around himself. Rick jumps on the trampoline. The car bounces wildly.

Uncle Loyd leans out window and looks toward Rick

UNCLE LOYD (cont'd)

We're almost there!

Rick's jumping becomes softer, and after a ten seconds, stops completely. Uncle Loyd gets out of the car, walks to Jim's side, takes his hand, and walks him out.

Uncle Loyd walks Jim around the backyard, turning at sharp angles, while walking in a vicinity of about 1,000 square feet. Uncle Loyd leads Jim to a patch of multi-colored flowers.

UNCLE LOYD (cont'd)

We're here. I'm gonna take off your blindfold. Do not turn around.

Uncle Loyd guides Jim toward the flowers.

JIM
What do I do now?

UNCLE LOYD
This is my special garden. To make
your idea work, you need one of
these.

JIM
Which one?

UNCLE LOYD
The orange one. The other's are
poisonous. I think. Or, is? You
have life insurance?

Uncle Loyd turns to Rick.

UNCLE LOYD (cont'd)
Rick! Start the car!

INT. JIM WHEELER'S CAR - DAY

Jim is driving. Rick is looking out the window, eating
chips. In the backseat is the flower in a special plastic
case, along with a list of ingredients necessary for Floral
Farts.

JIM
Your uncle's crazy.

RICK
I told you he was little paranoid.

JIM
A little? At least we got the
flower.

RICK
The ingredients, too.

INT. JIM WHEELER'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

The kitchen is a mess. Flower remnants, juice stains, and
leftover ingredients litter the room.

An array of ingredients are spread out on the kitchen table
and countertops. Water, honey, molasses, fresh flowers,
vitamins, supplements, fresh herbs, aloe juice.

Jim and Rick are standing at the kitchen countertop, looking at a glass of green liquid. Jim pushes the glass toward Rick.

RICK
I'm not drinking it.

JIM
Think of it as an opportunity. You're like a test pilot. You'll go down in history -

RICK
Yeah right, as a dead person.
(beat)
You should test them on animals.

JIM
Where? Wait a sec. You have the keys to the petstore.

INT. PET STORE - NIGHT

Small pet store. Lined with cages for birds, puppies, reptiles, gerbils, hamsters, puppies, kittens, iguanas, bunny rabbits. Aquariums with snakes, fish.

Frantically, Rick and Jim are adding green liquid, the floral farts concoction, to the pets food dishes. They are lapping up the concoction hungrily.

RICK
They better not die.

JIM
Rick, relax. It's just vitamins and stuff. If anything, they'll be stronger, have better eyesight.

RICK
And their farts'll smell like flowers.

JIM
Exactly. Don't worry. This is gonna be worth a lot of money. You're gonna get a cut.

The animals in one cage start to fight over the liquid.

JIM (cont'd)
See? They know what's good for
them. Instinct.

INT. LUXURY HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Natalie, wearing sweatpants and a T-shirt, sits on a stool at the kitchen counter, typing into a laptop computer. Bryce, her husband, is plopped on the couch, channel-surfing.

NATALIE
You got another call from Eve.
(beat)
Who is she?

BRYCE
She's new.

NATALIE
Why does she have our home number?

BRYCE
She's not too bright. The other
doctors lose their patience.

NATALIE
But why does she need our home
number?

BRYCE
She's not the only one who has it.

NATALIE
I don't want her calling here.

BRYCE
Natalie. We've been over
this. I'm trying to relax okay?

NATALIE
Fine. But I don't want her
calling. Can we agree on
that? You said that compromise is
the glue that holds a relationship
together. I don't -

BRYCE
We've already been over this. Can
you just drop it?!

NATALIE

Why are you yelling at me?

BRYCE

I'm not yelling at you. This is yelling at you! This is my first day off in a month and I'd like to relax. I bust my hump at work. I wasn't just born with a pretty face and a nice body so I could sit in front of a TV camera and read words on a screen for an hour every night.

NATALIE

My job consists of more than -

BRYCE

(overlapping)

And having to fight off stares from all your fans whenever we're at the grocery -

NATALIE

(overlapping)

just reading words from ...

Natalie grabs the remote from Bryce's hand, opens the sliding door and tosses it into the pool. Then, Natalie storms into the bathroom and slams the door.

Bryce walks to bathroom door, starts banging it.

BRYCE

Natalie, open up. Right now.

NATALIE

You're a meanie. I'm not gonna open up until you apologize!

The doorbell rings.

Bryce walks to the door and peers in the peep hole. Through the peephole, we see the fisheye view of Wendy LaShane, Natalie's younger sister, and her friend Josh.

They are both dirty-looking. Their hair is unclean and uncombed. Josh is unshaven. Wendy's holding a bottle of wine in her hand that's half-empty. She's giggling. When Bryce puts his eye to the door, Josh smiles and waves. Wendy waves, giggling.

Bryce opens the door, leaving the chain on, peeking at them.

BRYCE
I don't have any money. Wrong
house. Bye.

Bryce returns to the bathroom door, banging it.

NATALIE
Who's at the door?

BRYCE
Some homeless people. I told 'em
wrong house.

Doorbell rings again, then again. Bryce walks to front
door, opens it, leaving chain on.

BRYCE (cont'd)
You have the wrong house! You have
the wrong neighborhood. If you -

WENDY
I'm here for Natalie.

BRYCE
What do you want?

WENDY
I'm her sister.

EXT. LUXURY HOUSE, FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Wendy and Josh are standing at the front door. The front
door opens and Natalie steps out. Natalie's eyes look like
she's been crying. Natalie leans in to hug Wendy, sniffs,
and hugs her carefully. Josh puts his arms out waiting for
a hug. Natalie looks at him, then looks at Wendy.

NATALIE
What are you doing here?

Wendy shrugs.

WENDY
I was hoping you would let us
crash.

NATALIE
It's midnight.

JOSH
Not in Tokyo.

NATALIE
 Couldn't you have called?

WENDY
 Did you get my letter?

Natalie looks at Josh. Then pulls Wendy aside.

NATALIE
 Who's he?

JOSH
 I'm Josh. I have ears like a fox.

WENDY
 (overlapping)
 He's my bodyguard.

Natalie brings Wendy to the side of the house, further away from Josh.

NATALIE
 It's been three years. And you show up with some homeless guy wanting to spend the night?

JOSH
 I'm not homeless. I'm homefree. I am an intentional couchsurfer.

WENDY
 (to Natalie)
 Wow, you haven't changed.

Wendy walks over to Josh.

WENDY (cont'd)
 Let's go.

Wendy walks away, Josh follows. Natalie watches them, then follows them.

NATALIE
 Wendy! I'll give you a ride.

EXT. MOTEL, OUTSIDE FRONT OFFICE - NIGHT

Wendy and Josh are standing outside a shiny SUV. Natalie is sitting inside the SUV. Natalie counts out some money, then hands it to Wendy.

WENDY

Thanks.

The SUV drives away. Wendy pockets the money. Wendy and Josh walk into the lobby of motel.

INT. MOTEL, LOBBY - NIGHT

Poorly decorated motel lobby. A fat MOTEL CLERK sits behind the counter watching TV. He looks at Wendy and Jim suspiciously.

MOTEL CLERK

Can I help you?

WENDY

Do you have a pool?

MOTEL CLERK

Yeah, but it's closed right now.

JOSH

How much for a room?

MOTEL CLERK

Sixty-five a night. No non-smoking rooms left.

JOSH

It says fifty a night on the sign.

MOTEL CLERK

That's for the non-smoking rooms.

Josh looks at Wendy. Wendy looks at Josh. The motel clerk turns in his chair and continues watching TV.

EXT. MOTEL, POOL - NIGHT

Standing near the pool, Josh and Wendy watch the clerk as he watches the TV set behind the front desk. They creep toward the pool, strip off their clothes, and slip into the water.

They swim around for a few minutes, then quietly climb out of the pool, put on their clothes, don their backpacks, and exit the motel yard.

INT. AMBERSVILLE HOSPITAL, LOBBY - NIGHT

Ambersville Hospital is like most hospitals, only smaller. A small collection of pictures line the wall, consisting of drab portraits of donors, colorful handdrawn artwork by local school students, and generic seascapes.

Jim Wheeler is dressed in his Planet Pizza uniform, the collared shirt that's streaked with pizza sauce stains, a thin film of dust dough, baggy khaki shorts, with black socks pulled up to his knees above destroyed sneakers. He approaches the front desk.

In one hand is his pizza warmer bag. In the other hand is a bag containing a two-liter bottle of soda.

Behind the front desk, sits a CLERK, a grim-looking Indian lady who looks tired, severely depressed, or both.

JIM

(setter warmer bag on counter)
I have a pizza delivery for Eve.

CLERK

Eve?

JIM

Tell her it's Adam. I want my rib back. Ha, ha, ha.

The clerk looks at Jim flatly.

JIM (cont'd)

You know, Adam and Eve, like I'm Adam and, awww, forget it.

CLERK

What department?

JIM

ICU. I see you. Do you see me?

Jim looks directly at camera.

JIM (cont'd)

The pay is bad, but the lithium's free.

The clerk types into the computer. The computer starts printing. The phone rings. She picks it up, listens, puts it on hold, grabs clipboard. Rips printed paper, hands it to Jim. She leaves quickly with clipboard.

INT. AMBERSVILLE HOSPITAL, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jim is walking rapidly down the hallway. He looks at the printout. We see a closeup of the directions. The first line is readable, but the remaining lines are smeared, unreadable.

He tries his cellphone but it doesn't work. He looks around. He enters the stairwell.

INT. AMBERSVILLE HOSPITAL, STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Jim gallops up the stairwell, from floor to floor, until he reaches the exit door to the roof. Jim pushes it open, walks through.

EXT. AMERSVILLE HOSPITAL, ROOF - NIGHT

Jim exits the stairwell door to the rooftop, sets the pizza warmer bag and soda bottle down. He dials his cell phone.

A crash is heard somewhere on the roof. Jim quits dialing. Jim walks in the direction of the sound. Shuffling is heard, then giggling, then heavy breathing and the sound of whispering voices, a male and a female.

Curious, Jim creeps toward the sound, hiding behind the a/c units. He spots a nurse and a doctor fondling each other in the shadows behind a rooftop building.

Spellbound, Jim watches them from behind the a/c unit, crouching down so he won't be seen.

From Jim's vantage point, we see two people, BRYCE GALLAGER, A thirty-something doctor with dirty blond hair, and EVE, a nurse who appears to be in her mid-twenties. They are kissing and holding each other. Bryce is fidgeting with her nurse's uniform.

Jim's cell phone rings. He turns it off, and lays down behind the a/c unit, with his back to the ground.

Bryce buttons his pants and walks toward Jim's hiding spot. Bryce circles the unit and spots Jim, lying with his back on the ground.

JIM

Hi. Sorry to interrupt you, I was looking, I was trying to make a phone call and you can't get cell

(MORE)

JIM (cont'd)
 service so I went to the roof and
 and then I heard a noise and I -

Jim stops talking as he sees Eve jogging toward them. Eve reaches Jim and Bryce, wearing only her panties, and her nurses uniform. Her breasts, swinging liberally, nearly fall out of her uniform.

EVE
 You found me.

Jim, recognizing that he's staring at Eve, looks to the ground, then at Bryce, then at the sky, then at Bryce, then at the sky.

BRYCE
 You ordered it?

Eve shakes her head, smiles.

BRYCE (cont'd)
 I got it. Go put your clothes on.

Eve gives Bryce a kiss on the cheek and walks back to where they were. Bryce pulls out his wallet and hands Jim two twenty-dollar bills.

BRYCE (cont'd)
 Keep it. You didn't see anything
 up here.

Jim nods.

EXT. AMBERSVILLE HOSPITAL, FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Jim exits through the hospital front doors into the parking lot. The place is swarmed with police, FBI and what appears to be the SWAT team. A group of police cars are parked nearby.

In the front yard of the building, adjacent to the hospital, various animals--cats, mice, rabbits, rats--are running around the yard, racing toward a nearby wooded area. They are tagged. Some are disoriented, running in circles.

Jim approaches a cop.

JIM
 What's going on?

COP
 Someone set the animals
 loose. Smashed up the lab. Animal
 rights wackos or something.

INT. JIM'S CAR - NIGHT

Jim slips into his car, tossing the pizza bags in back. He starts the car, backs up, and turns on the radio.

RADIO HOST
 You're a long haul trucker,
 correct?

TRUCKER
 Yes sir. Fifteen years.

RADIO HOST
 And you were driving through a
 rainstorm in New Mexico one night,
 when you had a close
 encounter. You saw a bright light
 and, well tell us what happened
 from there.

Jim squints his eyes, leaning in closer to hear.

TRUCKER
 At first I thought it was a
 helicopter, but the light got so
 bright I couldn't see anything. I
 had to park my rig.

RADIO HOST
 Wow.

TRUCKER
 Then everything cuts off, all
 electrical. I try my CB and it's
 dead. My cell phone, too. The
 light got so bright I couldn't see
 anything, it filled up the
 cab. Then I heard the door open.

The trucker begins breathing heavily. Jim turns his car into a quiet neighborhood street.

RADIO HOST
 Take your time.

TRUCKER

Then I heard the door open, and I
see this creature, all silvery like
with smooth skin, these big eyes,
and

The trucker begins breathing heavily, and sounds as if he's
about to cry. Jim's eyes widen as he listens intently.

TRUCKER (cont'd)

I couldn't move and it reaches out
this finger and touches my stomach.

From the rearview mirror, the figure of someone sits up in
the backseat of Jim's car. Jim, sensing that someone is in
his car, pulls the car over. Jim slowly turns around.

TRUCKER (cont'd)

It put something in me.

Jim sees a girl sitting in the back of his car, eating a
slice of pizza. She's wearing a black, hooded sweatshirt,
and has short hair. Jim shakes, startled.

JIM

Aaaa! What are you doing in my
car?

WENDY

This pizza's cold.

JIM

What are you doing? Who are you?

Wendy continues munching the pizza.

JIM (cont'd)

Get out. Get out! You have five
seconds or I'm calling the
police. And they know me, because
I give them free pizzas.

WENDY

C'mon.

JIM

You will be arrested. You broke
into my car.

WENDY

It was open.

JIM
You stole a pizza.

WENDY
One slice. It's cold anyway.

Jim grabs the box of pizza that's beside Wendy and sits it in the front seat.

JIM
Evidence. One, two, three
Headlights grow brighter in Jim's rear window.

JIM (cont'd)
Is that a cop?

Wendy shows a look of concern. In a quick motion, she pulls the latch on Jim's seat, throwing it down so he falls into her lap. She pulls Jim onto her, kissing him, guiding his hands. At first, Jim fights this enigmatic stranger, then allows her to have her way.

A bright light shines in Jim's exterior rear view mirror and reflects onto Jim and Wendy. The sound of crunching is heard as footsteps grow closer. A flashlight lands on Jim and Wendy. A hand raps on the window.

COP (O.S.)
License and registration.

Jim untangles himself from Wendy, sifts through his glovebox, digs out some folded papers, hands it to cop.

COP
You have a tail light out.

JIM
Yes sir. I'm really sorry
about. Actually, I was gonna get
that fixed tomorrow.

COP
Do you know where you are?

JIM
(to himself)
I thought I did.

COP
(to Wendy)
Do I know you?

Wendy shakes head. The cop eyes Jim.

COP (cont'd)
This your girlfriend.

JIM
Something like that.

COP
I don't like filling out
paperwork. Get that tail light
fixed, alright?

JIM
Yes sir.

INT. JIM'S CAR - NIGHT

Jim's driving, glancing in the rear view mirror. Wendy's sitting in the back quietly, searching through her backpack.

WENDY
Sir?

JIM
I don't know who you think you are,
but you've got a lot of
nerve. What are you doing in my
car? Did you fall asleep or
something?

Jim slows the car as he approaches a stop sign. At the stop sign, Wendy opens the door, jumps out, and runs toward a nearby wooded area. Jim watches her run away into the woods.

JIM (cont'd)
Hey. Wait!

She disappears into the woods. Jim drives off, looks at himself in the mirror, then looks away. He slowly touches his lips.

Jim opens the pizza box. Although one slice is missing, the pizza's been folded together to hide it. It's oval.

Jim shakes his head in frustration, angry, then starts giggling.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

We see the woods, from Wendy's point of view, as she pushes branches away, runs over fallen trees and jumps over obstacles. In her hand is a tactical flashlight, cutting a sharp beam of light ahead. She reaches a clearing where a small tent is pitched.

Cautiously, she shines her lights around the campsite. Looking around, she enters the tent.

INT. TENT - NIGHT

Once inside, Wendy undresses and lays down on her back on her sleeping bag. She places one hand behind her head, eyeing the sky from a screened window. Her other hand moves slowly toward her face. Her fingers touch her lips.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

We see hands pushing away branches as someone approaches the clearing. We hear heavy breathing. The sound of crackling branches is heard beneath footsteps.

INT. TENT - NIGHT

Wendy wakes abruptly, slides herself toward the tent opening, peeks outside toward the sound. The crackling of branches is heard growing louder. Wendy scans the campsite. She grabs her flashlight, turning it on-and-off twice. In the distance, a flashlight flickers on-and-off twice.

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Josh emerges from the woods. He's sweating and scratched from the branches. Wendy's head sticks from the tent opening, watching him.

JOSH

Where'd you go? We were supposed to stick together.

WENDY

I got a ride.

JOSH

I almost got arrested.

wendy examines the actions of a small bug. wendy gathers her backpack, exits the tent, stands, swings backpack on.

JOSH (cont'd)
If I get arrested again, they're not gonna let me out. Why am I even talking to you?

WENDY
You worry too much.

JOSH
You don't worry enough.

Wendy walks away toward the woods.

JOSH (cont'd)
Where are you going?

WENDY
The pet store?

JOSH
Now?

WENDY
Everyone's at the hospital.

Wendy continues walking.

JOSH
Alright. This is the last trip I go on with you. Tomorrow, we're splitting. I'm leaving. I'm going to Oregon.

Wendy continues walking. Josh follows.

JOSH (cont'd)
I'm serious. Tomorrow, I'm leaving. You're on your own.

WENDY
(to herself)
That's what you always say.

EXT. JIM WHEELER'S HOUSE, FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Jim steers car into driveway, parks, opens door. A scrawny cat, with a tag on its ear, scurries from underneath Jim's carseat and jumps out of the car.

Jim grabs a pizza warmer bag, runs after the feline, and catches it with the warmer bag. The cat mews loudly. Jim examines it, noticing a tag on it's ear, and an infection on its neck.

JIM
What'd they do to you?

Jim cradles the cat inside the warmer bag, walks to front door. The cat struggles to get out. Jim crouches down, releases cat. It runs underneath the front porch.

EXT. JIM WHEELER'S HOUSE, FRONT YARD - NIGHT

We see a closeup of the grass beside the front porch. A frisbee, with an open can of tuna in it and several single-serving containers of creamer, is set down on the grass.

We see the silhouette of a the cat, eyeing the meal, running in its direction.

EXT. PET STORE - NIGHT

Wendy and Josh stand at the backdoor of the pet store. Wendy is keeping watch, while Josh uses a crowbar to pop open the door. A snap is heard. The door opens. They enter.

INT. PET STORE - NIGHT

A pet store. Josh and Wendy open the cages, the pets run around in confusion. Wendy uses a key to open the glass cages. Puppies, kittens, hamsters, rabbits, run around the store. The dogs are barking. Wendy and Josh scoot the animals outside. They cradle a puppy and kittens in their arms and run out the back door.

INT. JIM WHEELER'S HOUSE, JIM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jim walks into his room, a sparsely furnished attic space, and turns on a little TV that sits atop milk cartons in the corner. On one side of the room is a couch, with a sleeping bag draped over the the armrest, and a pillow at one end. Jim sits down on the couch.

The TV is on Channel 2 News. An attractive female reporter, Natalie Gallager, stands in front of Ambersville Hospital. Beside her stands a SWAT team member. An SUV with tinted windows is parked nearby.

NATALIE GALLAGER

where eco-terrorists have destroyed thousands of dollars worth of equipment and released several hundred animals. At the moment, the suspects are at large. SWAT team member Gary O'Connell has this to say.

Natalie Gallagher hands the microphone to Gary O'Connell.

GARY O'CONNELL, dressed in a black SWAT outfit, appearing to be in his mid-forties, takes the microphone.

GARY O'CONNELL

These suspects appear to be a group of 2-4 people, two men in their mid-twenties. They are considered armed and dangerous.

Jim leans in closer. The TV flashes to a surveillance camera image of the two suspects, Wendy and Josh, wearing hooded sweatshirts and using a tire iron to smash equipment in an animal testing facility.

(continued)

The work of eco-terrorism is considered a federal offense and there will be a five-thousand dollar reward for information leading to their capture.

The camera zooms in on the faces of Wendy and Josh.

JIM

No way.

Jim stands, starts dialing his cell phone, then stops. He puts the cell phone down. He touches his lips.

EXT. AMBERSVILLE SUBURB - DAY

This suburb lies near a section of woods, the same woods that Wendy disappeared into the last time Jim saw her. Jim, dressed in his "Planet Pizza" uniform, at his car, looks both ways to make sure no one is around. Jim walks briskly toward the woods.

Jim approaches the woods and enters. His cellphone rings. Startled, Jim jumps. He quickly answers.

RICK (O.S.)
You needa get over here.

JIM
Why? What's wrong.

A click is heard as Rick hangs up.

EXT. STRIP MALL, COSTUMES & MORE - DAY

Rick is standing outside the costume shop. We see a closeup of his face. His eyes wide, he's biting his lips. He appears very nervous.

The camera pulls away to reveal Rick standing amidst a crowd of TV news reporters, cops, FBI who are circulating inside and outside the pet shop. Animal Control workers are returning with the released pets.

Jim approaches Rick. Rick looks at Jim carefully.

JIM
What happened?

Rick walks away from the crowd.

RICK
Someone let the pets out next door.

JIM
Are you serious? Someone did that
-

RICK
(overlapping)
At the hospital I know. It's all over the news. They're calling it terrorism. Our fingerprints are everywhere.

JIM
You're not gonna get in trouble. You had keys to the store.

RICK
That's why I'm a suspect.

JIM
Rick. You were watching the store. That's your alibi.

RICK

That's why they're gonna blame me. If I get in trouble, I'm gonna get put away and medicated again.

JIM

If anyone asks anything, just tell them I was walking the pet store with you.

Jim's cell phone rings. Jim looks at it.

JIM (cont'd)

I gotta get back to work.

RICK

Wait up. I gotta show you something.

EXT. STRIP MALL, PARK ACROSS STREET - DAY

Rick walks Jim across the street to a park. We see patches of beautiful, multi-colored flowers dotting the park. They are not in an orderly pattern, but are scattered. We see Jim's beatup sneakers and Rick's shiny black dress shoes among the sea of flowers. The camera slowly pans up to Jim's face.

JIM

Someone finally did some landscaping.

RICK

Heh, heh, heh. We did.

JIM

I don't know what you're talking about but I gotta get to work.

Rick grabs a nearby stick and crouches to the ground. He wiggles the stick beneath the flowers, turning them over. The flowers are growing from a green colored turd.

JIM (cont'd)

It's a turd. So what.

RICK

And where'd the turd come from. The pets that we fed your formula. It makes flowers grow from their poo.

JIM
Rick. It's called fertilizer,
spanish for manure.

RICK
It's that stuff we made.

Jim walks away, heading to his car.

JIM
I gotta go to work.

Rick chases after Jim.

RICK
You try the recipe. I'll bet you
poop flowers.

JIM
I'll bet you fifty bucks that I
don't make a flowerbed.

F.B.I. AGENT (O.S.)
Hey!

An FBI agent, casually dressed, wearing sunglasses,
approaches Jim and Rick.

RICK
(to Jim)
See. I told you.

F.B.I. AGENT
(to Rick)
How you doing? I'm special agent
Gary Bolan. I'd like to ask you a
few questions if you don't mind.

JIM
(to Rick)
I gotta get to work. See you.

Jim walks to his car. On the way, he slows down, noticing
that the patches of flowers aren't in a landscaped pattern.

Jim gets in car, drives away. The FBI agent, who's talking
to Rick and has a notepad in his hand, jots down Jim's
licence plate number.

INT. JIM WHEELER'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jim walks into the living room. His uniform is dirty. Rick is sitting on the living room couch, watching the TV show 'Blind Date', a realty show that follows strangers on a date.

RICK
Thanks for leaving.

JIM
What'd you want me to do. I was working. Sorry. What the cop want?

RICK
He asked me some questions. I told him I was with you that night?

JIM
Aw man. What'd you tell him we were doing?

RICK
Watching TV.

Rick walks into kitchen, returns to living room with measuring cup, full of concoction. He holds it out to Jim.

RICK (cont'd)
C'mon, ha, ha. You said you'd try tonight and if you pooped flowers, you'd give me fifty dollars. That's what you said.

JIM
What are you gonna do? Climb into the sewer?

Rick sets the glass onto a nearby night stand, disappears, returns with five gallon bucket lined with garbage bag. Jim shakes his head.

RICK
You said you'd drink it.

JIM
Fine.

Jim grabs the glass, drinks it all. The green goo forms a moustache on his lips. Jim has a look of disgust on face.

JIM (cont'd)

Happy?

RICK

We have to test it.

JIM

It's gonna take a while.

EXT. DRIVE THRU, MEXICAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Jim and Rick are in Jim's car. Jim's sitting on the driver side, parked in front of the menu/intercom of Mexican restaurant. The drive thru speaker blares static.

Jim leans toward intercom.

JIM

I'd like ten double bean burritos,
a large slushee, a bag of cinammon
twirls, and -

(turning to Rick)

What do you want?

INT. JIM WHEELER'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jim and Rick are sitting in the living room, watching TV. On the coffee table in front of them sits the wrappers from the food they've just eaten. Jim has his eyes half-closed.

Using a remote, Rick is flipping through the channels. He stops at a local news report.

On the TV, Natalie Gallagher, is standing in front of the pet store beside FBI agent Gary Bolan, the one who questioned Rick earlier. It's a broadcast from earlier that day. In the background, Rick can be seen talking to another news reporter.

RICK

Look. There I am!

We see a close up of the TV. Natalie Gallagher is standing in front of the pet store.

NATALIE GALLAGER

The local police an state FBI
agents believe the break-in at
Huntsville Lab and the break in at
Pet World are the work of the same
people

RICK
There's me in the background.

JIM
I see you.

NATALIE GALLAGER
They believe the perpetrators are armed and dangerous, and are offering a cash reward of \$50,000 dollars to anyone with information leading to an arrest.

RICK
I could use \$50,000.

NATALIE GALLAGER
Here is a picture, captured from surveillance camera, of what is believed to be the two suspects in this case.

The picture flashes on the screen. A black-and-white still frame of Wendy and Josh, smashing up the lab facility, setting caged animals free.

Jim gets up from the couch and sits close to the screen. The picture cuts away.

Natalie continues in her newscast, interviewing FBI agent Gary Bolan. Rick is seen in the background, talking with people.

RICK
There I am. In the back. See?

Jim, stunned at the confirmation that Wendy was the girl in the car, is deep in thought. He walks out of the living room and exits the front door.

EXT. JIM WHEELER'S HOUSE, FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Jim walks out to the front porch, sits on chair. Pushes chair back, so that it's tipped on two legs, leaning against wall.

Rick walks out to front porch.

RICK
What's wrong?

Jim nods. A meow is heard from under the porch. Rick stoops to look beneath the porch.

RICK (cont'd)
 Hey kitty. C'mere kitty.
 (to Jim)
 There's a cat down here.

Jim nods. The kitty wanders toward Rick, who grabs it, brings it up to his chest. Rick looks at the tag on the cat's ear.

RICK (cont'd)
 Where'd you get this? Is this from
 the hospital?

JIM
 I need you to keep a secret.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

We see the backs of two FBI agents, parked in a van across the street from Jim Wheeler's house. They are watching the two with binoculars.

Between the FBI agents is a box of donuts and two large cups of coffee. One of them is eating a donut.

Jim is talking to Rick, using his hands, appearing frustrated. Rick is nodding. Then, Rick appears to say something, and Rick and Jim appear to be arguing.

EXT. JIM WHEELER'S HOUSE, FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Jim and Rick are standing there. Jim's rubbing his hand through his head.

RICK
 Where'd she go?

JIM
 That's the funny thing. She
 disappeared into the woods.

RICK
 Like a ghost.

Jim's sweating. Looks pale. Jim clutches his stomach, bends over.

JIM
 Awwwww. Burritos.

Rick runs inside the house. Jim stumbles toward the door. Rick runs out with a bucket lined with a kitchen bag. Rick is blocking the front door.

JIM (cont'd)
Rick, get out of my way.

RICK
This is your toilet.

Jim runs off the front porch, heads toward backyard. Rick follows.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

The two FBI agents sit in the van, with binoculars on Rick and Jim. We see a closeup of the moustache of one of the FBI agents as he eats a Boston Creme donut.

We see their view, through the binoculars as they follow Jim run into the backyard, crouch in a darkened area, pull down his pants.

EXT. VAN - NIGHT

Half-eaten Boston Creme donut is tossed out window.

EXT. JIM WHEELERS BACKYARD - NIGHT

Jim Wheeler is crouched, pants down, arms around knees, as he poops in the backyard. Rick, stunned, is watching him silently with a 5-gallon bucket in his hand.

JIM
What are you doing?! This isn't the olympics.

RICK
You're supposed to poo in the bucket.

JIM
Yeah right. I'm like a hand grenade.
(beat)
You enjoying yourself.

RICK
Huh, huh. Yes.

JIM
Get me some paper.

RICK
If there's flowers growing there
tomorrow, you owe me fifty dollars.

JIM
Fine, whatever.

JIM (cont'd)
Can I have some toilet
paper? Please?

INT. JIM'S CAR - NIGHT

Jim, dressed in his pizza uniform, is driving his car in an anonymous subdivision. It's raining outside. His windshield wipers are old, making it difficult to see.

JIM (O.S.)
Sometimes I feel like I'm the last
pizza delivery driver on
earth. It's an apocalyptic vision.

Outside, the subdivision changes into a different landscape, one of bombed buildings, levelled houses, smashed cars. Groups of people sit amidst the rubble staring at their TVs, as if nothing's happened. A small number of people scatter among the ruins. The sound of a siren is heard.

JIM (O.S.) (cont'd)
As people hear my car rumble into
their neighborhood, where every
neighbor is a hood, as they're
alerted by the screeching belt
that needs replaced, they unglue
themselves from the TV and stumble
outside.

Several dishevelled-looking vagabonds wander toward Jim's car.

JIM (O.S.) (cont'd)
They wander toward me, junkies in
need of a cheese fix.
(beat)
I'm in a gated community, trying to
escape.

Jim's car maneuvers around the vagabonds and heads toward the closed subdivision gate.

JIM (O.S.) (cont'd)
This time, however, the gate is closed. And the two guards, rentacops with bad haircuts, stagger toward me demanding the meat lover's special.

Two rentacops stagger toward Jim's car, rubbing their belly, their hands on their guns.

JIM (O.S.) (cont'd)
It may sound like a nightmare but at least I'm wanted.

Jim accelerates, his car heading for the gates, smashing through. He races down another street toward a light in the distance.

JIM (O.S.) (cont'd)
A friendly planet. A fuel stop for this spaceship.

Jim slows his car, parks at a convenient store.

INT. CONVENIENT STORE - NIGHT

We see a closeup view of old hotdogs on their ferris wheel as they slowly rotate beneath a heat lamp. The camera backs up and we see Jim eyeing them. He grabs a bag of Cheeto's and walks to the slurpee machine.

Jim stops at the slurpee machine, puts Cheetos on shelf. Grabbing a cup, he places it beneath a nozzle, then turns the knob. A bell is heard as the convenience store door opens. He turns around to see who walked in.

It's Wendy LaShane, wearing a hooded sweatshirt, hood over her head, and vanity glasses, tinted orange.

Suprised to see her, but unsure if it is her, Jim does a double take, watching her as she cruises the aisle. Meanwhile, the slurpee flows over the cup and onto his hand. He stops the machine, wipes hand on pants.

Leaving the Cheetos and slurpee behind, Jim walks down the aisle across from the one that Wendy is in, following her, watching her shoplift snacks and other items.

She turns around to reach for something in the aisle facing him. She looks directly at him. Both their eyes meet. Realizing that she's been caught, they stare at each other for a moment. She recognizes that Jim's been watching her.

She looks at him with a blank stare, showing her boldness, her nonchalant toward what's happening. He's the one with a guilty expression.

In a nervous instant, Jim skitaddles to the counter with his Cheetos, grabs the slurpee on the way there.

As he's paying, a chime is heard as the door opens. A cop walks inside. It's the same cop that pulled Jim over that night when he was parked with Wendy.

JIM

Hi.

COP

Hey.

The cop walks toward the back and pours some coffee. Jim looks around for Wendy. As Jim receives his change, another chime is heard as Wendy leaves the store.

INT. JIM'S CAR - NIGHT

Jim gets into his car, puts Cheetos onto passenger seat, drinks some slurpee, starts car.

WENDY (O.S.)

Go.

Jim turns around, looks in backseat. Wendy is lying on backseat, her head staring toward roof of car.

JIM

Where?

WENDY

You're the driver.

INT. JIM'S CAR - NIGHT

Jim's driving, slowly eating Cheetos. He looks in the rearview mirror to see Wendy sit up, then lift her sweatshirt. An avalanche of snacks fall out. Wendy puts them into her backpack.

JIM

So, uh, what's your name?

Jim eats some Cheetos.

JIM (cont'd)
My name's Jim.

WENDY
Stop here.

Jim stops the car near a dark, wooded area. Wendy grabs her backpack, steps outside, walks quickly toward the woods.

JIM
Nice talking with you. Yeah.

Jim continues driving, watching in the rearview mirror as Wendy approaches the woods.

EXT. ROAD NEAR WOODS - NIGHT

Jim slows car, parks on side of road, turns off engine. He exits car, runs toward the area where Wendy entered the woods, following her.

Quietly, Jim follows Wendy's silhouette as she heads deeper into the woods. After about ten seconds of following her, she stops.

Ahead of her, flashlights are moving around her campsite. The lights are held by four cops as they rummage through the tent. Wendy turns and runs right into Jim.

The flashlights from the cops are aimed in their direction, and Wendy and Jim make a mad dash back toward Jim's car. The flashlights from the cops dance behind them.

Wendy and Jim break free from the woods and race toward Jim's car. He jumps inside, starts it, drives off.

The cops exit the woods, but Jim's car is already gone.

INT. JIM'S CAR - NIGHT

Jim and Wendy are silent. Jim's looking in the rearview mirror, eating Cheetos nervously. Wendy is fishing through her backback.

JIM
What was that all about?
(beat)
Look, I'm not gonna tell on you. For releasing the lab animals.
(beat)
(MORE)

JIM (cont'd)

In fact, I wish I had enough guts
to do something like that.

Wendy pulls out an apple from her backpack, peels off
sticker. She puts sticker on dashboard. She rubs apple on
sweatshirt.

Wendy rolls up window to leave a 4-inch gap, places apple on
window, continues rolling up window until apple is sliced
almost through. She rolls window down, grabbing apple and
twisting it to break it in half. She hands one half to Jim.

Jim takes it, looks at her curiously.

JIM (cont'd)

Thanks. Thanks a lot.

Jim takes a bite of the apple.

EXT. PLANET PIZZA STORE - NIGHT

Jim's car pulls up to side of store that's cast in
shadow. Jim is driving. Wendy is in passenger side.

INT. JIM'S CAR - NIGHT

Jim and Wendy in car.

JIM

What are you gonna do? Listen, you
can talk to me. I'm not gonna hurt
you.

(beat)

You're welcome to hang out in the
car. I get off work in a half
hour.

Wendy takes off glasses, looks at Jim blankly.

JIM (cont'd)

Alright.

INT. PLANET PIZZA STORE, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jim is sitting on toilet, flipping through a fashion
magazine. He stops as an ad for men's cologne with a sample
strip attached. He rubs the strip against neck.

Jim gets up from toilet, looks at himself in mirror. Splashes water on his face. Looks at his hair. Leans in closer. Moves his finger around a gray hair.

INT. JIM WHEELER'S CAR - NIGHT

Jim slips into his car, setting a pizza box and two cans of Sprite into the front seat. Wendy is napping in the backseat.

JIM

I made a pizza. My manager was asking about you. I told her your my cousin. I told her you were shy.

Wendy opens pizza. It's a vegan pie. She closes the box.

WENDY

Thank you.

JIM

She speaks. Ha, ha, ha. You're welcome. I figured you were vegan, so no cheese.

Jim starts car and drives off.

INT. JIM WHEELER'S CAR - NIGHT

Jim is driving. Wendy is the backseat, looking out the window.

JIM

Is there some place you need a ride to? I'm going home. You're more than welcome to spend the night.

(beat)

I mean, sleep on the couch.

(beat)

You alright? Do you need some wheat grass or something? What's your name?

(beat, using girl's voice)

My name's Sally. Just kidding. Okay.

INT. JIM WHEELER'S ATTIC ROOM - NIGHT

Jim and Wendy enter the room through a narrow staircase. It's a small room with bare furnishings, a couch against one wall with a sleeping bag on top of it, a small TV sitting on top of milk crates, a duffel bag, boxes of Good & Plenty, an empty bottle of Yoo-hoo.

Jim pulls the sleeping bag off the couch. He grabs a blanket and puts that on the couch, with a travel pillow.

Wendy lays down on the couch, facing toward the backrest. Jim lays down on the sleeping bag, watching her.

Jim scoots toward Wendy and stretches his hand toward her, resting it softly on her shoulder.

WENDY

What are you doing?

JIM

I don't know. Sorry.

Jim retracts his hand, continues watching her.

INT. JIM WHEELER'S ATTIC ROOM - DAY

The window is open. Jim is sleeping. Jim wakes up. He looks around. Wendy is gone. He looks out open window. He walks up to window, looks on roof. He leaves room, runs down stairs. He looks around the house. No one's there.

INT. APARTMENT - EVENING

Edith Worthington's apartment ceiling is covered with helium balloons. The lights are dim. A group of about twenty seniors, friends of Edith, huddle with Jim in the kitchen. Some have party hats and party noisemakers.

JIM

She's coming. Shhh.

The sound of keys is heard jiggling, the door opens. Edith Worthington walks inside. She turns on the lights. The group floods out from the kitchen yelling ...

GROUP

Suprise! Happy Birthday!

EDITH

Ahhh. How did you know? Who did this?

The crowd parts and Jim's standing there, a big smile on his face. She runs up to Jim, grabs his shoulder, kisses him on mouth.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

The birthday party group sits around the apartment, eating cake, talking, laughing, drinking wine, water, juice. A record is playing orchestra music. As the camera moves across the room, we hear different conversations.

On one side of the room, a small crowd, including Jim, are watching Edith dance a ballet piece. They're clapping and encouraging her.

Jim wanders into the kitchen and eyes a bottle of wine. The label date reads 1931. Jim pours some wine, drinks it, smiles. He tops off his cup, returning to the living room to watch Edith dance.

As he drinks and watches Edith dance, he imagines Edith in her mid-twenties. The corner of his mouth turns into a smile, but his eyes seem distant, revealing an undertow of sadness at the passing of time.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Most of the guests have left. Most of the balloons still hug the ceiling. Some of the balloons are floating mid-level. Two couples sit outside on the balcony, chatting. A large moon sits in the distance. The men are smoking cigars.

Frank, a stocky fellow, lays on the couch, snoring. In his hand is the remote control for a TV that's on a low volume. Two ladies sit inside the dining room, talking.

INT. APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

An empty bottle of wine sits atop Edith's bed. Edith is sitting on the bed, holding a wine glass that's half full. Jim is walking around the room, making gestures with his hands. Periodically, he grabs a nearby bottle of wine and drinks some.

JIM

So I shake the gate to make sure they don't have a dog. Nothing happens. So I walk to the front door. As soon as I'm at the door, I hear this growling sound and I look and see this big dog coming toward me from the side of the house.

Jim drinks some wine. When he puts the bottle down, he sees Edith as younger looking.

JIM (cont'd)

So I start running back toward the fence, which is a good dist -

EDITH

Why didn't you go in the house?

JIM

No one answered the door. So I'm running toward the fence with all this food in my hand and this dog is gaining on me. Then another dog comes around from the other side of the house and I'm running toward the gate but it's closed. So I jump and barely clear the fence, but the chicken wings fall to the ground.

EDITH

The dogs ate the chicken.

JIM

Yes. Then the owner arrives home and he's like "I'm starved".

EDITH

He only cared about the pizza.

JIM

Exactly. I tell him he needs to leash his dogs and he's like "I got a sign". Then he points to this sign behind a bush. You can't even see it. Ridiculous.

EDITH

You were almost dinner for the dogs.

JIM

Yeah, tell me about it. But the guy didn't care. And he's like "Where's the wings?" And I point to the yard where the dogs are eating them.

Jim sits on the edge of the bed.

EDITH

Have you ever been to Europe?

JIM

No.

EDITH

You'd like Germany. The people are so full of life.

JIM

I've always wanted to go.

EDITH

Then go.

Jim drinks some more wine, kicks off shoes.

JIM

I will. This wine is really good. Where'd you get it?

Edith pulls a blanket toward herself, needing some comfort, some protection from the memories which Jim's question has triggered. Jim, too drunk to recognize her actions, persists.

JIM (cont'd)

It looks really old. What year is is?

Jim moves closer to Edith. Edith takes a deep breath, as if preparing to go underwater to dredge up the memory.

EDITH

During the war, my husband was sent to Germany. He was a medic. We had only been married for a year.

(beat)

The day after our first anniversary, he left. He didn't come back. After the war, I received this crate, along with his final letter.

Edith walks to the closet. Jim follows her. She uses her feet to pull out a dusty wine crate. They both crouch down. He slides the top back, revealing dusty wine bottles.

JIM

Wow.

EDITH

I never saw him again.

JIM

I'm sorry.

Jim hugs Edith.

EDITH

I remarried, but he doesn't come around much.

JIM

Is that the guy in the picture.

Edith nods.

EDITH

You're a nice young man. Do you have a sweetheart?

JIM

No.

EDITH

Why not? You're very nice. You're handsome.

JIM

Thanks. I think girls like professional guys. I just deliver pizzas. They like a challenge. I'm sensitive. They see that as a weakness.

EDITH

Sensitivity is a gift.

JIM

More girls should be like you.

Edith leans in close to Jim.

EDITH

And love -

Jim drinks some more wine, sees Edith younger.

(cont)
is the final frontier.

Edith leans in towards Jim. Jim closes his eyes.

INT. APARTMENT, BEDROOM - MORNING

A ceiling fan comes into view, spinning slowly above the bed. Boxer shorts hang on the blade. In the bed are Edith, one one side, and Jim behind her. Her shoulders are bare. So are his.

Jim opens his eyes, looks at his surroundings. He notices Edith, asleep beside him. Slowly, he lifts the covers to look at his body. He gasps.

INT. APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Frank, a party guest, is asleep on the couch. He's snoring. Jim, dressed in baggy pants and a wine-stained shirt, his shoes untied, walks past a couch and knocks over a wine glass. It falls the floor, smashing loudly.

Frank wakes up, startled. He eyes Jim curiously. Then, Franks look turns to recognition. He smiles.

FRANK
You're the pizza guy. You threw
the party.

JIM
Yeah.

FRANK
Did you get lucky?

Jim manages a weak smile.

JIM
I hope not.

Jim walks toward door.

FRANK
Maybe she did.

JIM
Don't go there.

INT. JIM WHEELER'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jim walks inside the living room. Rick is sitting on couch, watching TV. Jim's hair is sticking up everywhere.

RICK
Where were you last night?

JIM
At a party.

RICK
Thanks for inviting me.

JIM
You wouldn't have liked it.

RICK
Yeah, right. What would you know?

JIM
It was at a nursing home.
(beat)
Did a girl with short dark hair
come by?

RICK
No. You got a girlfriend?

JIM
No. Just a friend. Are you
spending the night tonight?

RICK
Now you don't want me to spend the
night because you got a
girlfriend? I see how you are.

JIM
Rick, you spend the night every
night and -

RICK
Don't worry.

Rick stands, walks toward door.

(cont)
I won't be here. I'll go home so
my mom can call me retard all
night.

JIM
Rick, you -

Rick leaves, slams door.

INT. PLANET PIZZA STORE, BACKROOM SINK - NIGHT

Jim is washing dishes. Pamela, the store manager, peeks her head into the backroom.

PAMELA
Someone's here for you. A girl.

Jim dries his hands, heads toward the front.

PAMELA (cont'd)
Your girlfriend, no?

Jim smiles.

PAMELA (cont'd)
Tu tiene un novias, es bien,
no? Ha, ha.

INT. PLANET PIZZA STORE - NIGHT

Wendy is sitting near the front door. Jim walks up.

JIM
You alright?

WENDY
Yeah.

JIM
You didn't have to leave. I get
off in about fifteen minutes, if
you wanna wait.

INT. PLANET PIZZA STORE - NIGHT

Pamela is in the office, punching numbers into a computer. Jim sticks his head in the door.

JIM
Is it cool if I leave?

PAMELA
I see you work fast because of the
girl. Aaaaa.

Jim smiles.

(cont)
Wait for me. Two minutes.

INT. JIM WHEELER'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Rick is sleeping on the couch. The front door opens. Wendy and Jim walk inside, close door. Wendy and Jim enter stairs to Jim's upstairs room.

When they walk up stairs, Rick opens eye, leans up on shoulder, watches them.

INT. JIM WHEELER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jim and Wendy enter Jim's attic room. Wendy drops her backpack and walks to the window leading to the roof.

JIM
There's a bathroom downstairs

Wendy slides the window open.
(cont)
if you want to use it.

Wendy crawls out the window onto the roof.

JIM (cont'd)
Well, I'll be back.

Jim opens the door and see's Rick standing there, peeking in on them.

JIM (cont'd)
Rick, what are you doing.

Jim leads Rick down the stairs to the living room.

INT. JIM WHEELER'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jim and Rick are in the living room.

RICK
So that's why you didn't want me here, cuz you have a girlfriend.

JIM
She's not my girlfriend. She's a fugitive. She needs a safe place to stay.

RICK
What'd she do?

JIM
She's the one who released the
animals.

RICK
The one they'll give the \$50,000
reward for?

JIM
Don't even think about it. Just go
back to bed and pretend you never
saw anything. If she knows that
other people know she's here,
she'll leave.

RICK
I have something to show you.

EXT. JIM WHEELER'S HOUSE, BACKYARD - NIGHT

Rick and Jim are standing at the area where Jim defecated
two nights ago. A bunch of flowers are growing.

JIM
Wow.

RICK
I told you.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Wendy is sitting on the roof, facing the backyard. She has
a sketchpad in her hand. She's drawing a picture. There is
a full moon.

Jim crawls onto roof. He has a two cups and a full bottle
of wine in his hand. He sits beside Wendy, holds a cup
out. She takes it. He pours the wine. He pours some for
himself. She drinks. He drinks. She continues
drawing. She drinks more.

WENDY
This tastes good. Where'd you get
it?

JIM
A friend. It's like 50 years old.

Wendy continues drawing. Jim watches the moon.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Wendy's drawing is nearly completed. It's a sketch of her vantage point, the moon, the backyard oak tree with branches silhouetting the moon. The bottle of wine is 1/4 full.

JIM

So, where do you live?

WENDY

Wherever.

JIM

You stay with friends? You just camp?

WENDY

Yeah.

JIM

You don't have a home?

WENDY

What's your point?

JIM

I don't know. Ha, ha.

Jim eyes the sketch.

JIM (cont'd)

You could get paid for that. You know that, don't you.

Jim finishes his wine.

JIM (cont'd)

What's your story? You're an animal rights activist. Check. You hitchhike around. Check. Did you just one day say, 'Hey, I'm gonna drop out and start setting animals free, or' ... I'm just curious is all. I'm not trying to invade -

Wendy looks straight at Jim.

(cont)

your space.

WENDY

Why do you care?

JIM

I don't know. I just do. It takes courage. I couldn't do that.

(beat)

I've been stuck here for the last ten years, chasing some invisible piece of cheese. I've left a couple of times. But I always got sucked back. It's like a giant magnet that can only attract what it doesn't destroy.

WENDY

What are you afraid of?

JIM

I don't know. I -

WENDY

I used to live here.

JIM

You did?

Wendy finishes her wine, then gently lays the cup on the roof. The music starts growing louder. The camera pulls back.

WENDY

Ten years ago. I -

Wendy's voice fades out. Music grows louder. The camera backs up so we see the silhouette of Wendy and Jim talking and a full moon in the background.

INT. JIM WHEELER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jim is crawling into window. He extends hand for Wendy to grab. She ignores his hand and pulls herself through.

JIM

You can sleep on the couch.

Jim unrolls sleeping bag on the floor, lays down. Wendy removes the couch cushions and sets them next to Jim's sleeping bag, then lays down with her back facing him.

Jim reaches his hand, turns off lamp. The moonlight is cutting through the window, falling onto them.

Wendy closes eyes. Slowly, Jim moves his hand toward her shoulder. Ever so slowly, he lays his hand onto her shoulder.

WENDY
What are you doing?

Jim quickly withdraws hand.

JIM
Sorry.

WENDY
Why are you touching me?
(beat)

JIM
Why do I breathe?

Slowly, Jim moves his hand toward her, gently resting it on her shoulder. Wendy gives the glimmer of a smile. They fall asleep.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Across the street from Jim Wheeler's house a van is parked with tinted windows. Two undercover cops sit inside.

COP 1
Think we've got enough to make an arrest?

COP 2
Not yet. We need to get her on tape.

EXT. SUBURB - DAY

Jim Wheeler drives by his former high school. On the bulletin board in large lettering is "Reunion - Class of 95".

EXT. PET STORE - DAY

A few hundred people have gathered outside the pet store, trying to get inside. Police are keeping them orderly.

Natalie Gallagher, standing in front, with a TV camera aimed at her, gives a live report.

NATALIE
Hundreds of people are here today all for the same reason - to buy a pet at Pet World. These aren't any
(MORE)

NATALIE (cont'd)
ordinary pets. According to the owner, their refuse produces flowers. Pet World owner Jay Anderson has been receiving offers on his pets from all over the world, some people offering up to \$8,000 for a puppy that has this ability.

EXT. JIM WHEELER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

An SUV with tinted windows sits across the street from Jim's house. Another SUV rolls toward the house, turning off its lights when a few hundred feet away.

The doors of the SUVs open. Four SWAT team members and the two FBI agents scurry toward the house.

INT. JIM WHEELER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Wendy opens her eyes, lifts Jim's hand from her shoulder and sets it down on the couch cushion. She grabs her backpack and crawls out the window onto the rooftop. She throws her backpack far into the backyard, then climbs down a nearby tree. She grabs her backback and crawls over the neighbor's fence.

EXT. JIM WHEELER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A SWAT team member, in full gear, holds his hand in the air, counting down with his fingers. Him and another team member kick down the door and rush into the living room, flashlight on, guns drawn. Rick is sleeping, wakes up slowly to see a machine gun staring and flashlight staring him in the face.

Two team members search the house. One runs up stairs.

INT. JIM WHEELER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jim wakes up, startled, looks around. Footsteps are heard running up stairs. He sees a handwritten note with a picture on it and grabs it. He crouches down, slides it underneath a crack in the floorboard.

His door is kicked open and the SWAT team members move toward him. He lifts his hands in the air. They pull his hands behind his back, handcuff him.

EXT. JIM WHEELER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jim Wheeler and Rick, both handcuffed, are led outside by SWAT team members and the two FBI agents who put them into the police car and drive away.

INT. BARE ROOM - NIGHT

Jim and Rick are being questioned in separate rooms by the FBI agents. The FBI agents are interrupted by a supervisor, who leads them to the front room, where Uncle Loydd stands with two men in business suits, lawyers.

Jim and Rick are released. They leave with Uncle Loyd and the lawyers

INT. JIM WHEELER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jim Wheeler and Rick are talking to Uncle Loydd. Jim Wheeler gives Uncle Loydd the formula for floral farts. They all shake hands. Uncle Loydd leaves. Rick goes to bed on the living room couch. Jim puts his hand in the floorboard crack and retrieves note from Wendy.

The note reads: Good Morning, Jim, Thanks for letting me crash at your house. I can't stay here. I will be in the woods behind Home Depot for the next day or two. Wendy

EXT. WOODS - EVENING

Jim is searching around woods. He finds a small tent. He crouches down, looks in tent. Someone is approaching him from behind. He turns around. It's Wendy. He hugs her. She stands there, arms to her side, then gives him light hug. They leave in his car.

INT. JIM WHEELER'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Jim, Sandra, and Wendy sit around the dining room table. Dobbs walks into dining room with a pan of steaming casserole in his construction-gloved hands. He sets it down.

JIM

So what's the big announcement?

DOBBS

Let's eat dinner first.

Dobbs sits down.

SANDRA

Why don't you give the blessing,
Jim.

JIM

Okay. Dear God, Thanks for this
food. Thanks for everything. Help
us to help others. In Jesus' Name,
Amen.

We see beneath the kitchen table as Dobbs foot slips out of his boot and his sock begins to play rub Sandra's ankle. Sandra passes around a bowl of vegetables and a bowl of mashed potatoes.

DOBBS

Now for the good stuff.

Dobbs begins to serve steaming portions of casserole. Wendy looks at it curiously.

JIM

What is this anyway? Smells like
fish.

Sandra glares at Jim.

DOBBS

It ain't fish.

JIM

Looks like turkey.

Dobbs ladles a big spoonful for Wendy. She moves her plate away.

DOBBS

I can't reach that far.

JIM

I think that's the point.

Wendy fills her plate with salad and vegetables.

DOBBS

You gotta have protein. That's why
God made animals.

Wendy continues eating in silence, ignoring Dobbs.

JIM

(to Wendy)

Hey you, I'm -

We see the animal heads, trophies of Dobb's hunting trips, decorating the living room and dining room walls.

JIM (cont'd)
(overlapping)
Leave her alone. Please.

DOBBS
You want some birdseed? Does this look like a beak to you? Ha, ha, ha.

We see a closeup of Dobb's moustache. A greasy piece of meat from the casserole he's chewing falls into his moustache, sits there.

JIM
Stop.

DOBBS
Can't she speak for herself.

SANDRA
Dobbs. Someone who won't respond to you isn't worth talking to anyway.

DOBBS
Um, hum. You got that right.

We see Dobbs and Sandra playing footsy. We see the animal head trophies lining the wall. Jim slowly brings a forkful of casserole to his mouth, closing his mouth over it, pulling it off the fork, chewing it slowly. He stops mid-chew, look of concern on his face.

JIM
What is this anyway?

DOBBS
Deer stroganov.

We see Wendy's face reveal a look of horror. We see quick clips from Disney's movie "Bambi", the scene in which the father deer says to his offspring, "You'r mother won't be coming back". Those clips, that line, the animal trophies of a deer head, the casserole are interspersed.

INT. JIM WHEELER'S HOUSE, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Wendy backs up from the table and rushes to the bathroom, where she dry heaves in the sink. She splashes water on her face and, without looking, grabs a towel to dry her face. She doesn't notice but when she removes the towel the towel rack has been replaced by antlers.

She looks in the mirror. She sees a picture of Dobbs in the reflection, a picture of him smiling wide as he stands with a killed animal. She gets sick.

INT. JIM WHEELER'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Sandra and Dobbs continue eating, unruffled by Wendy's departure. Jim leans back in his chair to see if Wendy has emerged from bathroom. Jim plays with his food.

JIM
What's for desert?

SANDRA
Cake. You can wait. Where'd you meet that girl?

JIM
By accident. So what's the big announcement?

Dobbs and Sandra look at each other.

DOBBS
(to Sandra)
Is now alright?

Sandra nods.

DOBBS (cont'd)
Your mom and I are getting married.

Jim looks at both of them. Jim looks at animal heads on the wall. One of them is his mom's head.

JIM
Wow. That is a surprise. Excuse me.

Jim stands, walks to bathroom.

JIM (cont'd)
I'm gonna go see if she's alright.

Jim walks to bathroom, knocks on door lightly. The door is unlocked, then opens. Jim stands outside.

JIM (cont'd)
You alright? Can I come in?

WENDY
No. Yes.

INT. JIM WHEELER'S HOUSE, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jim walks into bathroom. Wendy is sitting on closed toilet, wiping off her face with towel. Jim leans head over sink, splashes water on face.

JIM
I don't know where you're going,
but I need you to help me get out
of here.

INT. PLANET PIZZA - NIGHT

Jim rushes into the store with pizza bags under his arm. He tosses the bags underneath the counter, and eyes the pizzas coming out of the oven.

Phones are ringing. Palm Martinez, the manager, is on the phone taking an order.

PAM
Jim. Get the pizzas.

He slides the spatula beneath the pizzas and moves them to the table, sliding them into pizza boxes, cutting them, then closing the box.

PAM (cont'd)
You need to take that big order.

Jim looks at the sticker on the pizza boxes. It reads: Ambers. H.S. Jim jogs over to Pam. Pam is on the phone.

JIM
I can't take that order. I needa
take the first three. They're
going downtown. Let Vinnie take
that.

PAM
No Jim. You have to. It's
late. Vinnie's car broke down.

JIM
I'm not taking it.

PAM
Why not? You get good tip. You
have to take. You take! Or quit!

INT. JIM'S CAR - NIGHT