

GO TO 12

a screenplay by

Glenn Gers

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FOR EDUCATIONAL USE ONLY

Valuable Illusions, Inc.
Writingforscreens@gmail.com

All I got left to give, baby, is up

- Ani DeFranco

IN THE DARK

GEORGE

There's so much anger in the world.

(Pause)

There's so much anger in our lives.

FADE IN:

EXT. LOS ANGELES - STREET - NIGHT

A bus shelter glows on a darkened boulevard. On the poster, lit-up from within:

GEORGE FLEMING: 40ish, in an Armani suit, impeccably groomed, looking directly at you.

*Behind him is a background of small gray words: **anger fear despair helplessness conflict...etc.** Over this, in bright bold-colored letters:*

GET BEYOND IT

GO TO 12!

Below George is an array of Go To 12! books, CDs, audio-tapes and videocassettes.

Nearby, a brand-new Jaguar idles at the curb, headlights off.

Behind the wheel is George Fleming, in person.

But he's not talking. He's just staring across the street.

GEORGE (O.S.)

Road rage. Job rage. Love rage.
Boiling in our hearts. Blinding
us. Poisoning us. Burning up our
souls.

GEORGE'S POV - THE SAME TIME

A row of storefronts. Inside the floor-to-ceiling glass façade of the High-End Audio Store, the OWNER locks-up.

GEORGE (O.S.)

You're stressed-out and numb.
You're at a Third-Level Paralistic
State. You might go up to
Amblative or down to Agonistic -
but anywhere you go from Level

(MORE)

GEORGE (O.S.) (cont'd)
Three is not going to take you
where you want to be. Right?

AUDIENCE (O.S.)
Right!

The Store Owner switches off everything except the burglar
lights, and disappears into an inner office.

INT. GEORGE'S CAR - DIRECTLY AFTER

George stares at the darkened store.

GEORGE (O.S.)
Okay. So what do you do?
(Beat)
You Find Your Dynamic Float.
(Beat)
You've got to Check Yourself - and
get up past the Sixth Level.
Personic solutions are just not
gonna make it: you're going to need
to Hollow Out. Remember: you don't
just solve the problem - you
Dissolve the Problem. Tha-

- the encouraging, confident voice cuts out as George,
without taking his eyes off the store, ejects the CD.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - STREET - DIRECTLY AFTER

The CD frisbees out of the Jaguar's window.

George pulls into the middle of the boulevard - and stops.

Cars veer around him, honking angrily. He backs up half-a-
block, causing more veering and honking.

Then he drives forward.

Fast.

The Jaguar cuts recklessly across the oncoming traffic -

- drives up over the curb and into -

INT. AUDIO STORE - DIRECTLY AFTER

- a snowstorm of glass - metal screeching and bending - slim
costly components flying -

- the Jaguar tears through a flimsy interior wall -

INT. AUDIO STORE - OFFICE - DIRECTLY AFTER

- exposing the Store Owner and an attractive WOMAN IN HER LATE-30S - half-naked on a leather sofa -

- caught *in flagrante automotivo*.

The Jaguar drives past them -

- and smashes to an abrupt stop, front end crumpled against the building's back wall.

INT. AUDIO STORE - LATER

Sparks fly as FIREMEN cut George out of the wreckage.

Emergency Vehicle lights whirl. Out on the sidewalk, GAWKERS and NEWS CREWS murmur in the glare of floodlights.

George is calm - trapped behind the wheel, lost in thought, bleeding from a minor cut on the head.

His eyes are on The Woman, who sits on the sofa with the Store Owner - wrapped in EMS blankets, their clothes lost in a sea of shattered glass underfoot. They are shaken but unharmed.

The Woman meets George's gaze with loathing for a moment, then goes back to talking to police.

George just keeps staring at her.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WASH-O-MAT - BATHROOM - DAY

A toilet stuffed with a grayish sludge of paper towels.

A title is superimposed:

THREE YEARS LATER

George stands over it with a heavy-duty plunger.

He's dark around the eyes; it's been a while since his last haircut; his clothing is cheap and frayed. He shaves only once a week and it never seems to have been today.

As George reluctantly begins to plunge -

- a noise distracts him: a violent metal slamming sound.

INT. WASH-O-MAT - MAIN ROOM - SOON AFTER

A wall of battered driers and an island of washers under a stained acoustical-tile ceiling. Plastic benches are bolted to the floor along two walls of plate glass, beyond which is a corner-strip-mall parking lot.

An ANGRY MAN is banging something against a Detergent Vending Machine set into the wall near a door marked MANAGER.

George walks up behind him, clears his throat.

The Angry Man turns angrily, realizes who George is. He brandishes his weapon - a little box of detergent. He rips it open so George can see: the pale blue powder inside has, with time and humidity, fused into a brick.

ANGRY MAN

I put in a dollar! Now what the fuck am I supposed to do?!

The Angry Man immediately returns to bashing the box against the machine.

GEORGE

I have the key.

The Angry Man ignores him. George jingles a large keyring hanging from a chain hooked to his belt loop.

GEORGE

I have the key.

The Angry Man keeps furiously slamming the box against the machine in a rhythm of rage more satisfying than help could ever be.

George watches a moment, then nods. He walks away, to the front door. The slamming goes on.

EXT. WASH-O-MAT - DIRECTLY AFTER

George steps out to inhale some heated, smoggy air. Surveys an array of fast-food joints, mailbox services, donut shops.

He notices a little Geo Metro parked facing him. The right-front fender has been bashed-in, with a big X of tape holding the headlight in place.

Behind the wheel, LILA MATHIAS, mid-30s, African-American, is eating lunch and watching George.

George meets her gaze. Smiles politely.

She stares at him, expressionless.

Unnerved, George looks away. He watches the traffic a second, then looks back at her.

Mathias is still staring at him.

LITTLE OLD LADY (O.S.)

Excuse me.

George turns to find a LITTLE OLD LADY behind him in the Wash-O-Mat doorway. Her lipstick goes way beyond her lips, her eyebrows are painted over heavy powder.

With a last glance at Mathias, George returns to the Wash-O-Mat.

Mathias keeps watching.

INT. WASH-O-MAT -DIRECTLY AFTER

The Little Old Lady jerks her head. George looks over at:

A DRUG-ZOMBIE guy, sitting on the plastic bench, elbows on his knees, staring into space.

The Old Lady waits. George doesn't understand.

GEORGE

What?

LITTLE OLD LADY

He's watching my laundry.

GEORGE

I'll talk to him.

INT. WASH-O-MAT - BENCHES - DIRECTLY AFTER

George sits next to the Drug Zombie, whose eyes are locked on the suds and garments slopping against the porthole in the washer all during:

GEORGE

Excuse me.

(Beat)

Are you...doing any laundry? Here?

DRUG ZOMBIE

No.

GEORGE

Could you not watch this laundry?

Beat.

DRUG ZOMBIE

What if it's trying to tell me
something important?

INT. WASH-O-MAT - BY THE OFFICE - DIRECTLY AFTER

George comes back to the Little Old Lady.

GEORGE

You've only got about four minutes
left. Why don't we just let him
watch it?

LITTLE OLD LADY

What's your name?

GEORGE

George. Fleming.

OLD LADY

All right, George Fleming.

George watches her walk stiffly to a sign posted on the wall:
IF YOU HAVE ANY QUESTIONS OR PROBLEMS CALL (323) 873-7257.
She takes a notebook out of her purse and copies the number.

George nods, as he did with the Angry Man.

He looks out through the smeary glass to the parking lot.

The space where Mathias was parked is now empty.

George can't decide if that's reassuring or not.

EXT. GEORGE'S STREET - EVENING

George steps off a fume-spewing RTD bus.

As he walks toward his seedy apartment building, he stops.

Parked outside is the Geo Metro with the taped headlight.

Troubled, George goes into his building.

INT. GEORGE'S HALLWAY - SOON AFTER

George comes up the stairs to find the SUPER waiting outside the open door to his apartment. NEIGHBORS watch from their doorways, curious.

He comes to look in.

INT. GEORGE'S APT. - DIRECTLY AFTER

One bare room: a narrow bed, a dresser, a chair, a card table. A row of paperbacks on the windowsill. A single plate and bowl on a dish-rack in the kitchenette.

George steps in from the hallway, watches Lila Mathias searching the closet.

GEORGE

Can I - help you?

She flashes a badge, hardly looking at him. Takes her time searching, then comes out. Gives him a long once-over.

MATHIAS

You don't have much stuff.

GEORGE

No.

MATHIAS

How the mighty have fallen, huh?

George tries to smile politely but makes no reply.

(We'll see The Smile again: there's usually a pause first, then - no teeth, sort of a wince.)

MATHIAS

Where were you last Thursday night?

GEORGE

I was here.

MATHIAS

Alone?

GEORGE

Yes.

MATHIAS

Have you got any other place of residence? A storage unit? Anything like that?

GEORGE

No.

Beat.

MATHIAS

What about May 4th? Afternoon.
Know what you were doing?

GEORGE

No. But I do more or less the same
thing every day: I work from 6 am
to 8 pm and then I come home. Can
you tell me what this is about?

Beat.

MATHIAS

The name Coralynn Daniels mean
anything to you?

GEORGE

(Slight hesitation)

No.

MATHIAS

Edmond Ortega? Naomi Alper?
Craig Wilett?

GEORGE

No.

MATHIAS

No.

She lets the silence drag out a bit. Then she flips open her
notebook, scribbles a number.

MATHIAS

Tell you what. Any time you think
of anything you might want to tell
me -

She tears the page out, hands it to George on her way out.

INT. GEORGE'S HALLWAY - DIRECTLY AFTER

George comes to his doorway and watches Mathias go down the
stairs.

Like he wants to say more. But he doesn't.

George realizes the Super and Neighbors are staring. He shuts his door.

INT. GEORGE'S APARTMENT

George finds a pen, sits at the table and writes on the back of Mathias's notebook page.

Then he just sits, staring at it:

CLOSE-UP - GEORGE'S LIST

Coralynn Daniels
Edmond Ortega
Naomi Alper
Craig Wilett

INT. COURT ROOM - VOIR DIRE (FLASHBACK)

CORALYNN DANIELS in the jury box, with a panel of POSSIBLE JURORS. She is stout, elderly, African-American.

D.A.

Could you please tell us your name,
and the neighborhood where you
live?

DANIELS

Coralynn Daniels. Inglewood.

INT. HALL OF RECORDS - THE NEXT DAY

George makes a check mark on his list, turns a page of the thick bound court transcript in front of him.

INT. COURT ROOM - VOIR DIRE (FLASHBACK)

In the jury box: EDMOND ORTEGA, 40ish, copier repairman.

ORTEGA

Edmond Ortega.

INT. HALL OF RECORDS - DIRECTLY AFTER

George reluctantly makes another check mark on his list.

INT. COURT ROOM - VOIR DIRE (FLASHBACK)

In the jury box: NAOMI ALPER, 30ish, nurse.

ALPER
Naomi Alper.

INT. COURT ROOM - VOIR DIRE (FLASHBACK)

In the jury box: CRAIG WILLETT, 20ish, executive assistant.

WILLETT
Craig Willett.

CLOSE-UP - GEORGE'S LIST

As he makes a check next to "Craig Willett":

Coralynn Daniels √
Edmond Ortega √
Naomi Alper √
Craig Wilett √
Russell Ardolino
Victor Contreras
Lydia Chung
Trish Costello
Bill Dawkins
Dolly Koplowitz
Carlos Lopez
Edem Nahas

INT. COURT ROOM - JURY SELECTION (FLASHBACK)

We see the full JURY, addressed by the JUDGE.

JUDGE
Ladies and gentlemen, you have been
selected as the jury in the case of
the State of California Versus
George Fleming.
(Beat)
Mr. Fleming is charged with
attempted murder.
(Beat)
I'm sure you've noticed Mr. Fleming
does not have an attorney at his
table with him. Against this
court's advice, Mr. Fleming has
(MORE)

JUDGE (cont'd)
decided to act as his own counsel.
That is his right. You are not to
infer anything about his possible
guilt or innocence from this
decision.

George - well-dressed, well-groomed - sits alone at the
Defense table.

INT. HALL OF RECORDS - DAY

George is staring a thousand yards beyond the transcript.

BIKER
Hey. 'scuse me.

Startled, George looks up at a balding overweight
mustaschio'd BIKER with his own transcript and legal pads
tucked under one arm.

BIKER
You're that guy, right? "Jump a
Level" - "Float your boat" or some
shit. Am I right?

GEORGE
Yeah.

The Biker sticks out his hand. As George shakes it:

BIKER
My ex-old-lady had all your stuff.
She had the book, the video, the
tape for the car. She was, like -
converted, y'know? Working her way
up the levels. Said Nine was a
bitch. Could not get past Nine.

George gives him The Smile. The Biker takes him in.

BIKER
What the hell happened to you?

Beat.

GEORGE
Would you excuse me?

He shuts the transcript and stands, pocketing his list.

BIKER
Sure, man. Vaya Con Dios.
(Brightly, pleased with
(MORE))

BIKER (cont'd)
himself:)
Vaya Con 12!

George gives him The Smile again, turns away -
- stops.

Mathias is waiting, watching.

CLOSE UP - A XEROXED NEWS CLIPPING - LATER

As Mathias lays it on a Formica table-top. A paragraph,
buried in the Local News - enlarged:

INGLEWOOD WOMAN FOUND DEAD

MATHIAS (O.S.)
Coralynn Daniels, age 70:

INT. GREASY SPOON - BOOTH - SOON AFTER

George frowns, reading, troubled.

MATHIAS
Single gunshot to the head, May
4th. Looked like a suicide.
Except:

She grimly lays out three more xeroxed clippings:

ECHO PARK FIRE KILLS 1

MATHIAS
Edmond Ortega: burned to death,
April 16th. Apparently smoking in
bed.

NURSE SHOT DEAD IN WESTWOOD PARKING LOT

MATHIAS
Naomi Alper: shot four times in the
chest during a robbery, March 9th.

SANTA MONICA HIT-AND-RUN KILLS MAN, 27

MATHIAS
Craig Willett, last Thursday night.

George stares at the xeroxed clippings -

- their cumulative effect washing over him, cold and scary.

He looks up at Mathias, confused and worried - and then, seeing her expression, finally catches up.

GEORGE

You think I did this?!

MATHIAS

I know you did this, George.

GEORGE

I did not.

MATHIAS

Do you have any idea of the statistical impossibility? This kind of death rate in a randomly-selected group of twelve people?

(Beat)

You're good, George. Smart. First glance: ordinary meaningless unrelated tragedies.

GEORGE

I'm the first person everyone would look at! Do you think I'm insane?

MATHIAS

Well, you told everyone you were.

George looks at Mathias, horrified. Remembering:

INT. COURT ROOM - OPENING STATEMENTS (FLASHBACK)

George addressing the Jury:

GEORGE

I did drive my car into the High End Audio Store. But I am not guilty of attempted murder.

INT. GREASY SPOON - THE SAME TIME

GEORGE

My defense was temporary insanity.

MATHIAS

Which the jury did not buy.

(Beat)

(MORE)

MATHIAS (cont'd)

And now they're paying for it, huh George? One by one.

GEORGE

No.

MATHIAS

Oh, yeah.

(Beat)

These people took everything from you. Eighteen months in prison - you come out: no money, no wife, no house, no halo.

(Beat)

The only thing you had left was the choice of whether to go rampage or serial.

GEORGE

You don't understand. You don't know me. I am not the sort of person who could - ever -

MATHIAS

St. Gordon's Theological?

GEORGE

(Goes pale)

Oh - God.

MATHIAS

Your prosecutor didn't bother to dig it up, because he had such an easy case with just the facts.

(Consults notes:)

You were thrown out of St. Gordon's Theological Seminary in your first year for punching out a professor. Father Bingham.

George looks down at the table, uncomfortable.

GEORGE

That...was...

MATHIAS

I do know you, George.

(Beat)

I've watched all your videos and read all your books. I talked to your court-appointed Anger Management Counselor. I talked to your ex-wife and your former employees.

(MORE)

MATHIAS (cont'd)

(Beat)

Everybody says you were a saint.

Mathias lets this hang for a second - George silent, scared.

MATHIAS

But we know the truth, don't we?
You and me. About this "saint"
business.

(Beat)

We know that Go To 12! was all a
lie.

George would be reeling if he wasn't sitting down. Shakily:

GEORGE

No.

MATHIAS

No?

She gives him another long, contemptuous once-over. Stands,
taking money from her wallet:

MATHIAS

Look at yourself, George. Look at
your life.

(Beat)

You need to confess.

Mathias tosses the money on the check and goes out.

EXT. GREASY SPOON - SOON AFTER

George follows Mathias out on to the street:

GEORGE

Wait! Hey - excuse me - wait!
Please!

She stops unlocking her Geo, turns.

GEORGE

This has got to be - somebody -
doing this. To me.

MATHIAS

Who?

GEORGE

I don't know!

Mathias shrugs. Gets into her car and drives away.

Leaving George on the dark street. Alone. Remembering.

INT. COURT ROOM - OPENING STATEMENTS (FLASHBACK)

The Jury waits, expectantly.

George sits alone at the Defense table, preparing himself. Stands and comes to address them.

GEORGE

I did drive my car into the High End Audio Store. But I am not guilty of attempted murder.

(Beat)

The truth is: I lost my mind. I flipped out. I went nuts. Circumstances rendered me temporarily insane.

George walks along the Jury Box as he talks - meeting the Jurors' eyes, earnest, convincing. He's good at this.

GEORGE

In the voir dire, some of you said you know my work, but you don't think it will influence your ability to judge. And I'm glad about that. I don't want it to influence your judgement.

(Beat)

But I do want you to know I've spent years creating a system to help people rise above conflict. To get beyond anger. That's what Go To 12! is all about.

Juror DOLLY KOPLOWITZ - early 40s, a remarkably pretty, perfectly coiffed-and-polished example of that Los Angeles art form, the Trophy Wife -

- winks at George.

George falters a second, then collects himself.

GEORGE

Maybe some of you think it's absurd. A lot of people do. They make fun of my catch-phrases and the Levels. I don't mind. They're silly - but they work. You remember them. You "get" them.

(Beat. Very sincere:)

I've devoted myself to teaching

(MORE)

GEORGE (cont'd)

this system, because I believe in it. I live by it. That's who I am. And what my case really comes down to is this:

(Beat)

Do you really think I'm the kind of guy who would attempt to murder someone?

GEORGE'S POV - THE JURY (FLASHBACK)

Twelve faces in two rows of six. The image freezes.

"X"s are hand-drawn across the faces of Daniels, Ortega, Alper and Wilett -

CLOSE-UP - GEORGE'S LIST - THE NEXT DAY

- as George's pen makes an X through the names of the four dead jurors.

INT. WASH-O-MAT - OFFICE - THE SAME TIME

A tiny windowless room with tools and supplies jammed on crude industrial shelving, a broken fan, papers pinned to the cheap walls.

George sits at his beat-up desk, staring at the list.

Something occurs to him.

INT. MATHIAS'S HOUSE - SOON AFTER

Mathias is watching a Go To 12! video in the living room of a bland one-bedroom, with a gas fireplace, shapeless leather sofa, "entertainment center" bookcase.

As George, on TV, earnest and confident, explains his system -

- we see that a good portion of the room has been turned into a creepy sort of workspace-shrine:

The walls are covered with crime-scene photos, diagrams, lists, clippings, tabloid headlines. It's a museum of Georgeology, a Science Fair Project of his rise-and-fall.

Her cell-phone rings. She mutes the TV and answers:

MATHIAS

Mathias.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. WASH-O-MAT - MAIN ROOM - THE SAME TIME

George is on a pay phone by the vending machines.

GEORGE

What about the trial transcripts?

MATHIAS

George?

GEORGE

Yes.

MATHIAS

What about the trial transcripts?

GEORGE

You have to fill out a form at the Hall of Records to look at them. Whoever's doing this to me probably went there. Did you check?

MATHIAS

Yeah, somebody pulled a copy about six months ago.

GEORGE

Who was it?

MATHIAS

It was you, George. Nice try, though.

(Beat)

You should try not to steer me toward things that actually incriminate you.

GEORGE

Somebody forged my signature.

MATHIAS

Uh-huh.

GEORGE

I'm telling you - I'm being framed!

MATHIAS

By who?!

Struggling pause. Reluctantly:

GEORGE

What about my ex-wife?

MATHIAS

Alibi. Air-tight. Likewise her new husband, Mr. Stereo. And neither one has been paying anybody to do anything they can't explain.

(Patiently:)

You work alone. You live alone. You've cut yourself off from everyone you ever knew. Nobody cares enough about you now to frame you, George.

He grimaces, but doesn't argue the point.

MATHIAS

Find me someone who hates you and we'll talk.

She hangs up.

INT. WASH-O-MAT - MAIN ROOM - DIRECTLY AFTER

George slowly hangs up the pay phone, lost in thought.

He feels eyes on him. Looks across the Wash-O-Mat:

The Little Old Lady sits on a bench, glaring at him.

George meets her gaze.

GEORGE

Where were you last Thursday?

She huffs and picks up a discarded newspaper - opens it, holding it up like a screen.

George frowns.

The back page is a full-page ad for Target: a hip young model doing a wild dance against a background of red Target-logos.

George comes over to the Little Old Lady - takes the newspaper, ignoring her bluster -

- studying the back page.

INT. MATHIAS'S HOUSE - THE SAME TIME

She is glimpsed in the kitchen, but we stay in the living room - moving in on the desk.

Near her gun, badge and cuffs -

- the last little rectangle of her cell-phone's "battery life" blinks off.

INT. POLICE STATION - LATER THAT DAY

The traditional DESK SERGEANT and bulletin boards; the classic flow of COPS, VICTIMS, CUFFED SUSPECTS.

George enters, carrying the newspaper.

SERGEANT

Help you?

GEORGE

I'm trying to contact a detective, about a homicide investigation, but her cell phone is turned off. I don't know-

SERGEANT

(Picking up phone)

What's her name?

GEORGE

Lila Mathias.

SERGEANT

(Dials. Into phone:)

Hey. Got a guy here needs to locate one of your people, Lila -
(Glances at George:)

GEORGE

- Mathias -

SERGEANT

- Mathias. Yeah. Detective. In Homicide. Mathias. Yeah.

The Sergeant listens. Gets a strange expression. Keeps listening - his eyes on George.

INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - LATER THAT DAY

George sits facing a 50ish, crew-cut CAPTAIN in an office full of framed citations, trophies, flags, pictures of ceremonies, etc.

The Captain is skimming a file, formal, uncomfortable. Nods. Looks up at George.

CAPTAIN

The first thing I want to say here is something personal.

George nods politely, getting The Smile ready.

CAPTAIN

You know - maybe better than anyone - how easy it is to fuck up your own life.

Not what George expected; The Smile is extra-polite. The Captain holds up a palm, Mr. Reasonable:

CAPTAIN

Far as I'm concerned, you served your time and paid your debt to society. And what you did before: somebody wants to sell horse-shit and people want to buy it - that's the American way.

Beat. George nods, trying to appear grateful.

CAPTAIN

I'm just asking you to try and be - sensitive.

George nods again, lost. Waits.

CAPTAIN

This woman you've been speaking to is not a police officer.

George stares.

GEORGE

I'm - sorry?

CAPTAIN

(Reading from file)

Up until about two months ago, she was a quality-control inspector at a poultry factory.

(Beat)

(MORE)

CAPTAIN (cont'd)
Her grandmother, Coralynn Daniels,
was on your jury.

GEORGE
Oh, God.

The Captain nods. Reading:

CAPTAIN
Two months ago, Coralynn Daniels
shot herself. Ms. Mathias refuses
to believe that. There's nothing
our detectives can do. We have no
evidence it was anything other than
a suicide.

(Grimaces)
Ms. Mathias starts looking into
stuff herself. Stumbles on the
fact that other people from a jury
her grandmother was on three years
ago are also recently dead.

He grimaces, shuts the folder, sets it aside. Sighs.

CAPTAIN
Everybody always wants it to be a
serial killer. We don't want to
look at a human life wiped off the
face of the earth because of a
drunk at the wheel or a moron with
a handgun. It always has to be an
evil genius.

(Sincerely, confiding:)
This woman is upset.
(Beat)
I'm having her arrested. Gonna try
and scare some sense into her.
We're getting a court order, keeps
her 500 feet away from you at all
times.

(Beat)
If she breaks that order - don't do
anything about it yourself. You
call us. Okay?

Long pause. George wrestles with the fact that his world,
already upside-down, has just done a loop-the-loop.

GEORGE
What if she's right?

Pause.

CAPTAIN

What if you are a serial killer?

GEORGE

No: what if I'm being set up to
look like one?

He lays the newspaper with the Target ad on the desk.

CAPTAIN

Because...you won't buy yourself
new clothes.

GEORGE

What if one particular juror is the
target? Somebody who wants to kill
one of them might have realized
they could bury their murder in a
series that would obviously get
blamed on me.

Pause.

CAPTAIN

What's the matter, Mr. Fleming?
You miss having a lot of attention
paid to you?

GEORGE

There is something wrong with this
many people from the same jury
dying so close together.

CAPTAIN

Celebrities go in threes all the
time.

GEORGE

You need to warn the rest of the
jurors. Just in case.

CAPTAIN

We investigated. It's four
unrelated incidents. This woman
already went to all the jurors and
scared the hell out of them. I've
got detectives out right now
telling everybody it's okay. You
want me to turn that around again?
"Just in case"?

GEORGE

What if it's real?

The Captain studies George a second.

CAPTAIN
My advice? Next trial, get
yourself a lawyer.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS - LATER THAT DAY

Sweltering hot. George walks up a steep twisty road of big houses behind big gates. There are no sidewalks.

George breathes heavily. Patches of sweat darken his shirt.

Stops at a gate, checks his list. Presses the intercom button. While waiting, he tries somewhat hopelessly to groom himself.

DON (ON INTERCOM)
Yeah, who?

GEORGE
My name is George Fleming. I need
to speak with Dolly Koplowitz.

Pause. The gate swings open.

EXT. KOPLOWITZ HOME - SOON AFTER

George wanders into the courtyard of a magnificent home.

We glimpse a pool, a guest cottage. A big silver Mercedes and a bright-yellow Porsche Boxster are parked in the drive.

The front door opens and DON KOPLOWITZ steps out.

Don is in his late 50s, and despite the bank account, the tan, the caps and the expensive haircut - he remains a guy who had to buy a beautiful wife.

He is carrying a big shiny chrome-plated .45 automatic.

DON
It's not smart, coming to our door
like this.

GEORGE
You know who I am.

DON
My wife has nothing to say to you.

GEORGE

I just need a moment of her time.
You and your enormous gun are
welcome to hear everything I have
to say.

DON

I don't think so.
(Beat)
Where's your car?

GEORGE

They took away my license.

DON

You mean - just because you tried
to use your last one as a murder
weapon?

Dolly comes out behind Don. Even just hanging around the
house, she's gorgeous and perfectly "done."

DOLLY

For God's sake, Don.

GEORGE

Hi.

DOLLY

Hi.

DON

Four people are already dead.

GEORGE

I just need to explain what I think
is going on. It's important.

DOLLY

Don.

DON

(To George)
How did you get here, taxi?

GEORGE

No. I walked, from the bus.

DON

Geez - I feel badly. That's gonna
make it hard for you to get away.

(Beat)

I already called 911. I may have
said you were an "intruder."

Dolly sighs and comes past Don, toward George and the yellow Boxster.

DOLLY

You can be such an asshole,
sometimes.

(To George)

Come on - I'll drive you.

INT. DOLLY'S CAR - SOON AFTER

Dolly drives them down the steep crooked street.

They pass a bunch of police cars racing up, sirens and lights going. Dolly waves, fingers fluttering, as they pass - and the COPS wave back. After:

DOLLY

Where am I taking you?

GEORGE

I can get the bus at Wilshire.

DOLLY

I'm not driving you to a bus stop.
That's dumb. I'll take you where
you're going.

GEORGE

No.

(Beat)

Thank you.

Dolly glances at him. Drives a moment.

DOLLY

I'm sorry about Don.

GEORGE

He's just looking out for you.

DOLLY

I think you made his day, actually.
No bigger kick for a lawyer than
taking the law into his own hands.

GEORGE

He's a lawyer?

DOLLY

You've never heard of Don
Koplowitz? Vanity Fair featured
(MORE)

DOLLY (cont'd)
him in a cover photo of Disgusting
Famous Celebrity-Divorce Attorneys.

GEORGE
I try not to have that much to do
with lawyers.

DOLLY
Right. So I recall.

Awkward silence.

DOLLY
I'm sorry about finding you guilty
and everything.

He just shrugs, eyes averted.

DOLLY
I mean - of course, you were, you
know.

The Smile appears on George's heartbroken face. Dolly,
driving, doesn't notice.

DOLLY
Is it true they offered you a plea-
bargain for time served and you
turned it down?

GEORGE
Yeah.

DOLLY
What on earth were you thinking?

GEORGE
Mainly that I was not guilty.

DOLLY
You didn't even really try to prove
your own case! I mean - what was
all that nonsense about attempted
suicide?

GEORGE
How do you know I wasn't trying to
kill myself?

DOLLY
You were wearing your seatbelt.

Another awkward silence.

DOLLY

I'm sorry. You can just tell me to shut up.

GEORGE

No, it's - interesting.

DOLLY

Not really your favorite topic of conversation, though, is it?

GEORGE

No.

DOLLY

I just wanted to tell you, then. It was very frustrating to not be able to ask you anything directly, or tell you what we were thinking.

GEORGE

Is that why you winked at me?

DOLLY

What?

GEORGE

When I was making my opening statement. You winked at me.

DOLLY

I did?

GEORGE

Yes.

Pause.

DOLLY

I don't remember. I'm sorry.

(Beat)

Are you sure?

GEORGE

Positive.

DOLLY

Oh God, please don't tell me this is one of those things you spent all your time in prison thinking about that got you through.

Silence. George is somewhat embarrassed. Dolly is, too.

DOLLY
I may have had something in my eye.

GEORGE
No big deal.

Pause. Dolly pulls over to the curb:

DOLLY
Wilshire Boulevard.
(Beat)
Are you sure -

GEORGE
Yeah. Thank you.

They look at each other.

GEORGE
Listen: I'm not killing people from
the jury. But it's possible
somebody is. Someone with
something to gain from the death of
one of you.

DOLLY
I'll be careful.

GEORGE
You have to be more than careful.
You have to think about whether
you're the one.

Taken aback, Dolly nods. Beat.

DOLLY
What are you going to do?

GEORGE
Try and warn the others.

Beat.

DOLLY
You be careful, too - okay?

George and Dolly look at each other. They have a lot more
they want to say.

They don't say it. He gets out of the car.

EXT. VICTOR CONTRERAS'S STREET - DUSK

A street of run-down lawns and close-together houses.

George consults his list, finds Victor Contreras's house.

The doorbell button is broken. He knocks.

GEORGE

Hello? Mr. Contreras?

Knocks again, louder. No response.

He starts to scribble a note, but then stops -

- at the faint sound of a struggle and glass breaking inside.

EXT. SIDE OF CONTRERAS'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

George goes to the corner of the house and looks down the narrow concrete walkway between it and the one next to it.

The walkway is divided by a cinderblock wall, making it even narrower. It's cluttered with rusty folding chairs, empty bottles, junk.

George walks along it, peeks in a side window.

The room within is empty.

George listens intently. Moves to try to see more -

SPLAT!

- VICTOR CONTRERAS, (50ish), comes flying at the window, bloody and frantic-eyed -

- slamming himself against the glass like one of those suction-cupped Garfield dolls - mouth moving, pleading something inarticulate and awful.

George - shocked - jumps backward - falling over a plastic bag full of cans and bottles awaiting recycling.

As he does, rubber-gloved hands grab Contreras and pull him violently away from the window -

- and we meet JERGENS and JOHNSON:

Each is 30ish, wearing a coverall jumpsuit, wraparound clear plastic goggles, heavy-duty rubber gloves, a plastic shower cap and plastic booties over his shoes.

Jergens murders Contreras in the background as Johnson stays in the window -

- looking out at George.

GEORGE

Uh-oh.

George is frozen for a second, watching Johnson try to raise the window. It's locked. As Johnson looks for the latch -

- George scrambles to his feet and runs down the narrow walkway, toward the backyard -

EXT. CONTRERAS' BACKYARD - DIRECTLY AFTER

A cluttered concrete space surrounded by six-foot cinderblock walls. Low-strung laundry lines, automobile parts.

George clambers up a teetering pile of milk crates -

- as Johnson steps out the back door, carrying a large pistol with a silencer.

George flips himself over the wall into the neighbor's backyard, kicking down the milk crates behind him.

EXT. BACKYARD #2 - DIRECTLY AFTER

George bounces off a corrugated-plastic shed roof and down into the next yard.

The house has gates on its doors and windows, and the wall to the alley is topped with razor-wire.

George hears Johnson piling the milk crates back up -

- and climbs over the wood fence into the next house's -

EXT. PICNIC BACKYARD - DIRECTLY AFTER

Carpeted with astroturf, furnished with a redwood picnic table, a propane grill -

- and two pit bulls.

GEORGE

Whoops!

They charge at him, barking and snarling ferociously.

George hastily leaps up on the picnic table. He pulls the big closed umbrella out of a hole in the center of the table and swings it at the dogs -

- one clamps his teeth on the umbrella and won't let go.

George swings the umbrella with the dog on it - hitting the other dog with the umbrella-dog -

- as Johnson's head and shoulders appear over the fence. He's still in his shower cap, goggles.

Johnson points his silencer -

- George stares, paralyzed -

- there's a pfft -

- and the pit bull scrambling up on the table yelps and tumbles to the astroturf, dead.

Johnson turns his gun on the dog still clinging to the umbrella -

- pfft!

George stares at Johnson, breathless.

Johnson climbs over the fence, firing at the padlock on the backyard's alley-gate. It splinters, falling off the hasp.

JOHNSON

Go.

George hesitates, confused. Johnson points the gun at him.

JOHNSON

Now!

George jumps down and stumbles out the alley gate.

EXT. ALLEY - DIRECTLY AFTER

George stops in the alley, among the trash cans.

Looks back at Johnson collecting the dead dogs. Johnson glances at George, fires - pfft! -

- and chips fly out of the concrete by George's feet.

George runs.

EXT. SIDE OF CONTRERAS'S HOUSE - LATER

Two UNIFORM COPS walk cautiously along the narrow walkway toward the window, guns drawn.

George follows, waiting as they signal him to stay back -
- then coming forward as they discover:

No sign of anything unusual, inside or out.

GEORGE

I'm telling you: they killed him.
There was blood all over the place.

COP

There's no blood now.

GEORGE

They -
(Beat)
Okay: a couple of houses down -
they shot two dogs.

EXT. DOG-OWNER'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - SOON AFTER

The DOG OWNER is in the doorway, looking out at George and the Cops.

DOG OWNER

I'm sorry. I don't have any dogs.

GEORGE

He's lying!

DOG OWNER

Excuse me?!

GEORGE

He's scared! Or - they paid him
off!

DOG OWNER

You calling me a liar?!

GEORGE

(Confused)
Yes. I just said that!

DOG OWNER

(To the Cops)
What the fuck is this, you let some
raggedy-ass jerk come to my door -

GEORGE

(To Cops)

I will bet you: if we go in there,
we'll find dog food. There will be
chew-toys. And leashes.

Beat. The Cops look at the Dog Owner.

DOG OWNER

He's probably thinking about - I
used to have dogs. But I sent 'em
to live with my sister in Barstow.
Where they can run arou-

GEORGE

They shot the dogs! An hour ago -
two men - in - rubber gloves - and -
hair-things -

COP

Mister - I'm going to have to ask
you to calm down -

GEORGE

Shower caps! Is what they're
called -

George moves closer to the door, trying to peek inside -

GEORGE

And they had little - booties -
over their shoes -

The Cops grab George, pulling him back toward the sidewalk -

COP

Whoa! Mister: ease up - right now -

GEORGE

They killed the man next door!

George pulls away from them, angrily - backs off, palms up.
They glare at him. A warning:

COP

Count to ten.

George stares. Frustrated. Furious.

INT. CAFÉ - SUNSET PLAZA - THE NEXT AFTERNOON

Dolly follows a Hostess to a table where George waits.

Though he's shaved, he's still uneasy and out-of-place. He stands as she approaches, but she waves him back into his seat, sitting opposite.

GEORGE
Thank you for meeting me.

DOLLY
If you don't mind my saying so, you don't look so good.

GEORGE
It's been a rough week.

DOLLY
You look more than a week's worth.

Beat. George reluctantly acknowledges it, moves on:

GEORGE
They killed another juror yesterday. Victor Contreras. Two professional hit men. I saw them. But when I brought the police - there was no trace. No body. Nothing.

Thoughtful pause.

DOLLY
How do you know they were professional?

GEORGE
Well: I didn't see their pay-stubs. But they seemed to be very...adept.

Another pause. Dolly nods opens her bag, takes out an iPhone.

DOLLY
So we have to figure out which one of twelve possible targets is the real intended victim.

George is surprised she's just plunging in, but goes with it:

GEORGE
Not twelve. We can rule out everybody who's already dead. They shot a couple of dogs to make sure I could get away. If the real target was already dead - they wouldn't need me out on the loose.
(MORE)

GEORGE (cont'd)

(Beat)

I figure they'll leave evidence
leading the police to me when
they're done.

DOLLY

Or they could just stage your
suicide. That would work even
better.

George hadn't thought of that. She watches him realize he's
in as much danger as she is.

DOLLY

Okay: so it's down to...

GEORGE

Seven.

DOLLY

We need names, addresses and phone
numbers.

George fishes the list from his pocket, hands it over.

Dolly gets busy entering info. After a moment, she becomes
aware he's watching. Without looking up:

DOLLY

What?

GEORGE

You believe me.

DOLLY

Of course I believe you.

GEORGE

I'm...just...very...

He gropes for the word - grateful? Relieved? (In love.)

DOLLY

(Busy working)

Don't you know? Trophy wives are
the great untapped energy source of
the 21st century. Give me anything
where I can make a lot of lists.

GEORGE

Well. Nonetheless - I'm -

BIANCA (O.S.)
Dolly Koplowitz, you lying little
vixen! "Oh I have to take the dog
to the vet - "

Dolly looks up as BIANCA, another trophy wife, approaches the
table behind George:

DOLLY
Bianca! I thought you were guys
were meeting at Campanille.

BIANCA
Sharon had her allergist and
Dierdre is coming from spinning, so
we moved it here.

Bianca looks at George brightly, expecting an introduction.
Her expression suddenly changes.

BIANCA
Oh my God.

DOLLY
This is George Fleming.

GEORGE
Hi.

Bianca looks back and forth from him to Dolly.

BIANCA
I think this is so great.
(To George:)
I remember before the trial, she
had never even heard of you. Which
I could not believe.

DOLLY
Bianca.

BIANCA
And then of course during the
trial, she's calling me up every
night, and saying "Bianca -"

DOLLY
Bianca.

Bianca shuts up, startled by the tone.

DOLLY
You can't talk to anyone about
this.

BIANCA
Of course not.

DOLLY
I'm serious.

BIANCA
(Gestures across her lips)
Zip-locked. Sealed for you
protection. I swear.

Dolly gives her a threatening look, and Bianca nods. Begins to back away, knowing she's dismissed. But then, to George:

BIANCA
I only got to Five. At the weekend
retreat in San Diego. You were
amazing. But my sister in Boston
was at Eleven.

George gives her The Smile. Bianca notes Dolly's glare.

BIANCA
I just think this is so great.

Walking away, behind George, Bianca puts a mimed phone to her ear, mouths: "Call me!" Dolly nods, reluctant.

When she's gone, Dolly sighs and looks down. Then she returns her attention to George, putting on a slightly forced optimistic expression.

DOLLY
No big deal.

GEORGE
Where does your husband think you
are?

DOLLY
Day spa.
(Beat)
Can we get the check?

GEORGE
We didn't order anything.

DOLLY
Oh.
(As she stands:)
Am I a cheap date, or what?

INT. GEORGE'S APARTMENT - LATER

George unlocks the door and lets Dolly in.

She looks around at the drab blank walls, the lonely chair, narrow bed and folding table. Uncomfortable silence.

DOLLY

Well...good. The first thing to do is always clear a space in which you can work. You've done that.

He offers her the chair. She declines, preferring to pace the room, checking out its few amenities.

GEORGE

Can I ask you something?

DOLLY

Sure.

GEORGE

Why aren't you scared of me?

DOLLY

Stun gun.

GEORGE

What?

She casually takes a stun-gun from her purse.

DOLLY

Don wanted to buy me a real gun, but I said no.

GEORGE

Ah.

DOLLY

(As she puts it away)
So - we have seven surviving jurors.

GEORGE

(Checks his list)
Ardolino - Chung - Costello -
Dawkins - Koplowitz -

- he nods slightly at her, and she gives a half-curtsy -

GEORGE

- Lopez - and Nahas.

DOLLY

How do we figure out which one is the target?

GEORGE

We figure out why. Who in their life has a motive to make them dead?

(Pause)

For example, in your case...

DOLLY

You think it could be Don.

GEORGE

He's the most obvious possibility.

DOLLY

It's not him.

GEORGE

You know what they say: it's always the person you least suspect.

DOLLY

The person I least suspect is you.

Beat. Patient, condescending:

GEORGE

Sometimes people think their marriage is great. But then all of a sudden things turn around - and you realize you may never have actually known what was going on in the other person's mind.

DOLLY

And then you get into your car...

George winces, and backs off the topic. Pause.

DOLLY

Don doesn't have any reason to want me out of the way...because he can already do whatever he wants.

(beat)

He has affairs all the time.

(Beat)

You don't start out with an - "agreement." People work these things out between themselves. In private, over time.

GEORGE

I'm sorry.

DOLLY

I'm actually very useful. I think I help keep the other girls at a distance. "Sorry, honey - I can't get serious. I'm married."

GEORGE

And what do you get?

Pause.

DOLLY

You're kidding, right?

The whole conversation has gotten very awkward.

DOLLY

It's not Don. Can we move along?

GEORGE

(Consulting list again)
That leaves Ardolino, Chung,
Costello, Dawkins, Lopez and
Nahas.

(Pause)

Do you remember anything about any
of them?

DOLLY

Not really. Nahas was a jerk. I
sort of liked Alper.

(Shrugs)

It was three years ago.

Thoughtful silence.

DOLLY

I did wink at you.

GEORGE

What?

DOLLY

Yesterday I said I didn't remember.
But I was lying.

(Beat)

I knew it was mistake the minute I
did it.

(Beat)

I was just trying to say: "We hear
(MORE)"

DOLLY (cont'd)
you." I always wanted to tell you
that.

He nods.

DOLLY
I also wanted to just yell at you:
"Get a clue!" It was like you
deliberately didn't want to
understand what was going on. You
made it all personal. Like your
defense wasn't really temporary
insanity, it was: "I'm not a bad
guy." And you're not!

(Beat)

Unfortunately, that wasn't what we
were being asked to vote on.

(Beat)

You put us in a really crappy
position.

GEORGE
Sorry. I didn't realize it was so
difficult for you.

Pause.

DOLLY
Was it bad? Prison.

GEORGE
Assuming I don't get arrested again
in the Third World, it was the
single worst thing that will ever
happen to me.

DOLLY
You're supposed to say, "No, it
wasn't too bad." And then make a
joke about license plates or
something.

GEORGE
No, it was horrible.

Pause.

DOLLY
Well - now I feel really guilty.

GEORGE
Don't.

They are looking at each other. The air is electric.

DOLLY
I think I have to.
(Beat)
The only other choice is
temporarily insane.

He smiles. She smiles.

She looks around, breaking the spell, picking up her purse:

DOLLY
Listen, I'm gonna go. I'll pick up
some index cards and stuff, so we
can organize our information.
(Going to the door)
Can we meet here again tomorrow,
around ten?

George nods, watching her go out. She looks back in from the
hall as she closes the door behind her -

- and winks.

EXT. GEORGE'S BUILDING - SOON AFTER

Dolly goes to her car. As she gets in -
- we see Mathias, parked down the block.

INT. MATHIAS'S CAR - THE SAME TIME

Mathias watches Dolly. Expressionless.

FADE OUT

INT. WASH-O-MAT - EARLY THE NEXT MORNING

George is on the floor, trying to get something that has
rolled under a dryer.

He sees a pair of thousand-dollar shoes and the cuffs of a
three-thousand-dollar suit walking briskly toward him.

As George gets to his feet -

- Don Koplowitz grabs him by the shirt-front and pushes him
backwards, along the row of washers and into the office.

INT. WASH-O-MAT - OFFICE - DIRECTLY AFTER

Don smashes George back against the wall. Holds him there.

GEORGE

I'm not trying to kill your wife.

DON

I don't care what you're trying to do with my wife! Whatever it is, forget it - or I promise you I'll make your life a miserable fucking torment of hell.

Pause.

GEORGE

As opposed to what it is now?

Don lets him go, backs up a step, smoothing his suit. Looks around the cramped armpit of an office.

DON

Sometimes she gets it into her head to do something like rescue a mangy three-legged mutt from the side of the freeway. Spent months talking to every vet in Beverly Hills about fitting it with a prosthetic leg. Gonna have a Hollywood toupee-stylist match the dog's hair on the artificial leg. Turns out the dog is fine with three legs.

(Beat)

She has these...spasms of sympathy.

Don pauses, glancing at George to make sure he understands the allegorical nature of this anecdote. George waits.

DON

She can't have kids, did you know that?

GEORGE

No, I didn't.

DON

She lived on the streets for a year or two. Back when.

(Beat)

She's polished herself up - but underneath, this is still a girl who ran away from a trailer park in Texas at fifteen after her fourth

(MORE)

DON (cont'd)

"stepfather" put the moves on her.

(Beat)

She says the baby thing doesn't matter, but I think it does. I'm not there that much. Maybe she thinks I don't love her any more. But I do.

GEORGE

Then possibly you should stop sleeping with other women.

Don gives George a long, slow, dangerous look.

DON

You no longer have All The Answers.

(Beat)

I looked into you. And your Twelve Steps.

GEORGE

Levels.

DON

I don't mind if she indulges herself in some nonsense. We all have our things that we do.

(Beat)

But she and I have a life together. It's not perfect. But it's worked for the past nine years, and you have no business in it.

GEORGE

I'm just trying to keep her from being murdered.

DON

Don't.

GEORGE

I beg your pardon?

DON

Let's say for the sake of argument you're not the maniac killing people from that jury.

(Beat)

Is she safe with you? Can you protect her? She gets in trouble - what are you gonna do - hop on a bus and rush right over?

George grimaces. Don is sincere:

DON
She's my wife. I take care of her.

George says nothing. But he nods.

Don nods back, walks out.

George watches him go. Looks at his watch.

INT. GEORGE'S HALLWAY - SOON AFTER

Dolly, pacing outside George's door, checks her watch.

She turns as George comes up the stairs.

DOLLY
Oh - hey!

GEORGE
Hi.

George stands an uncomfortable distance away down the hall.

GEORGE
Sorry. I was - held up.

Dolly picks up the vibe right away. Nods, polite - letting him get to it.

DOLLY
I was getting worried.

Awkward pause.

INT. GEORGE'S APT. - THE SAME TIME

Jergens and Johnson move silently toward the door - listening to the voices outside.

They are wearing their "efficient killing outfits": coveralls, booties, goggles, etc. Jergens holds a pistol, Johnson holds rope.

INT. GEORGE'S HALLWAY - THE SAME TIME

GEORGE
Listen.
(Beat)
I don't think it's such a good idea
for you to be too involved in this.
(MORE)

GEORGE (cont'd)
I think maybe I ought to do this
next step alone.

Pause.

DOLLY
Don got to you, didn't he?

Pause.

GEORGE
He actually does love you, in his
own way.

DOLLY
I told you.

INT. GEORGE'S APT. - THE SAME TIME

Jergens and Johnson listen to the silence in the hallway.

INT. GEORGE'S HALLWAY - THE SAME TIME

George and Dolly look into each other's eyes across a couple
yards of shabby hallway. They could be on a train platform
in the rain.

GEORGE
It's probably better. For
everyone.

Long pause.

DOLLY
Yeah.

But neither one moves.

DOLLY
Well - at least we can cross Don
off the suspects list.

GEORGE
Moving right along.
(Beat)
Thank you.

DOLLY
You, too.

GEORGE
For what?

DOLLY
I don't know.

GEORGE
Okay.

Beat.

DOLLY
You take care of yourself, George.

GEORGE
You too.

She walks toward him. He lets her go past and down the stairs.

As she does, without turning back, she holds up a hand, fluttering the fingers.

George stands in the empty hallway. Listening to the street door open and close. Letting it sink in.

Then he takes the list from his pocket and starts down the steps himself.

INT. GEORGE'S APT. - THE SAME TIME

Jergens' and Johnson's eyes meet across the closed doorway as they listen to the retreating footsteps -

- pissed off.

EXT. LYDIA CHUNG'S HALLWAY - LATER

The door opens and LYDIA CHUNG looks out at George through the inch-wide space allowed by the chain.

GEORGE
Hi. I don't know if you remem-

Lydia Chung slams the door shut and locks the deadbolt.

EXT. PAY PHONE - LATER

GEORGE
- all right, yes, I understand.
But can you give her a message?
Just tell her I am not a serial
killer.

(MORE)

GEORGE (cont'd)

(Beat)

S-E-R-I-A-

EXT. CHURCH STEPS - THE NEXT DAY

George is being given the bum's-rush by two NUNS -

GEORGE

Can you just tell Father Ardolino -

EXT. SIDEWALK MAGAZINE STAND - LATER

George is backing away -

- trying to calm EDEM NAHAS, the burly owner, who is brandishing a baseball bat.

EXT. COSTELLO REALTY - LATER

George studies the office from across the street: posters in the windows feature a head-shot of TRISH COSTELLO and the slogan "Trish Can Make Your Dream Home Come True!"

HOMELESS PERSON

Hey. Mister.

George turns to find a rag-wrapped HOMELESS PERSON with an overloaded shopping cart. He nods, reaches into his pocket -

HOMELESS PERSON

Nah, that's okay - could you just sign this for me?

The Homeless Person holds out a filthy paperback copy of Go To 12! with a smiling, confident George on the cover.

George stares a second - then takes it. As he signs:

HOMELESS PERSON

I'm at Seven.

George hands back the book. Gives The Smile.

Then they both turn, hearing:

Police Cars skidding to a stop in front of the realty office. FOUR COPS emerge -

- as Trish Costello steps out of her office and points. The Cops turn, following the finger, to -

EXT. STREET - THE SAME TIME

The Homeless Person, now alone.

He raises his hands. And then hastily points down the alley where George ran.

INT. DONUT SHOP - THE NEXT DAY

George sits in a booth by a window, disguised in a wig and a stick-on gunslinger moustache, aviator sunglasses, cheap garish clothes.

He's looking at Edem Nahas's magazine stand, across the street.

Dolly slides into the seat opposite, setting down a donut and a big soft-leather shoulder bag.

DOLLY

What the hell are you wearing?

Beat. Staring at her.

GEORGE

How did you find me?

DOLLY

You mean - how did I know you weren't Starsky or Hutch?

As George sighs, pulls off the shades and wig:

DOLLY

You're not at work. You need to warn the other jurors. Process of elimination.

(Looks out the window)

Edem Nahas, right?

GEORGE

Yeah.

George is taking her in. Glad she's back. She watches, amused.

DOLLY

You didn't really think I was going to let you and Don decide what I do, did you?

Beat. Before he can get mushy - Dolly looks out again:

DOLLY
Getting anything on Nahas?

GEORGE
He sells a lot of magazines.

DOLLY
Maybe. But not enough to cover his
gambling debts.

GEORGE
What?

Dolly smiles, pulls a stack of file folders from her bag and sets them in front of him:

DOLLY
Don works with private
investigators all the time. I got
a number from his secretary.

CLOSE-UP - THE FILES

As George flips through: one for each Juror, extremely detailed, including copies of documents, investigator's reports, surveillance photos.

GEORGE (O.S.)
How did you explain why you wanted
these?

DOLLY (O.S.)
I didn't. If you write a big
enough check, you don't have to.

INT. DONUT SHOP - (RESUME)

George looks up from the files.

GEORGE
This stuff is - amazing.

They look at each a long moment. A little too long.

The subject is changing. But neither can say anything.

Dolly reaches across the table and pulls his moustache off -

GEORGE
Ow!

DOLLY

Listen.

(Beat)

I don't cheat on my husband.

Long pause. Eyes on each other.

GEORGE

Well: that makes two of us, then.

DOLLY

I'm serious.

(Beat)

I know it's stupid. I know I could. Technically, and - maybe, kind of, even - morally.

(Beat)

But I won't do it.

Pause.

GEORGE

Are you waiting for me to argue?

DOLLY

No!

(Beat)

I'm just -

She sighs. Fools with the sprinkles on her donut.

DOLLY

I don't know.

(Beat)

Maybe I'm just afraid of losing my job.

GEORGE

I don't think so.

(Beat)

I think you've got a code of honor.

(Beat)

And you take your work seriously.

She studies him, wry. Appreciative.

DOLLY

Don't forget the heart of gold.

GEORGE

How could I?

They keep looking at each other. Beat. Dolly pushes the donut aside.

DOLLY

Let's get to work, before I eat this.

EXT. DONUT SHOP - SOON AFTER

As George and Dolly come out and get into her car:

GEORGE

How are you so sure Nahas isn't the target? He's in over his head with bookies and loansharks.

DOLLY

Exactly. He's in over his head with bookies and loansharks.

GEORGE

I guess we'll both keep saying it: he's in over his head with bookies and loansharks.

DOLLY

It's too elaborate. Bookies and loansharks just whack you. Better for business if everybody knows it happened and why.

(Off George's look:)

What, they didn't teach you that in college?

INT. MATHIAS'S CAR - DOWN THE BLOCK - CONTINUOUS

Mathias watches Dolly and George drive away in the yellow Boxster.

She pulls her battered Metro into the traffic, following. Grim, expressionless.

INT. DOLLY'S CAR - LATER

Parked across from a shabby auto-body shop, Dolly and George read pages from the file and observe CARLOS LOPEZ at work.

DOLLY

Mr. Lopez here appears to be having an affair with his wife's sister.

GEORGE

So that gives his wife a motive.

DOLLY

Ya think?

GEORGE

But he's not the target.

DOLLY

Because...?

GEORGE

She can't afford it.

(Re: file)

She works at a supermarket. No way she can hire two hit men for a half-dozen murders. That's got to cost real money.

Beat. Studying him.

DOLLY

You're smart.

GEORGE

Thank you.

DOLLY

You would make a good TV detective. The fallen self-help guru with a lot of quirks. A TV detective has to have quirks.

(Beat)

Of course - so does a serial killer.

Silence. The Smile.

DOLLY

Sorry. Maybe I shouldn't make jokes.

GEORGE

No, it's fine.

DOLLY

Yeah - but of course, you don't express anger, so I don't know if I can believe you.

GEORGE

I express anger.

She gives him an amused, skeptical glance, starts the car.

INT. CHURCH - LATER

A dark, old-fashioned place with lots of arches and stained glass. George and Dolly sit in the back, watching FATHER ARDOLINO at work. They study the file and whisper:

DOLLY

I think we can cross this one off the list.

GEORGE

You never know. Maybe he did something scandalous and the Church is trying to cover it up.

DOLLY

Or maybe God is mad at him.

GEORGE

God's too busy taking out his vengeance on me.

DOLLY

You think that's God?

He looks up from the file at her.

She gives an innocent look, slides out to the aisle. He follows.

EXT. CHURCH STEPS - DIRECTLY AFTER

They come out, blinking in the daylight. As Dolly puts on her sunglasses:

GEORGE

You know, I do express anger.

DOLLY

What?

GEORGE

Before. You said, "You don't express anger, so I don't know if I can believe you."

DOLLY

And you've been thinking about it since then without saying anything?

GEORGE

I just express it - carefully.

DOLLY

Once every ten years. With a vehicle.

(Beat)

Just kidding.

GEORGE

You know what Freud said about jokes.

DOLLY

What?

GEORGE

They're how we release unexpressed anger.

Dolly looks at George - whose turn it is to look innocent and walk away after the good line.

She follows him toward the car, pleased.

EXT. CAFE - 3RD STREET PROMENADE - LATER

George and Dolly sip coffee at one outdoor cafe, reading files and observing LYDIA CHUNG, who is serving drinks at another.

GEORGE

(Reading)

Actress-slash-waitress, happily married to a bartender-slash-musician. No money, no enemies.

Dolly nods absently, reading another file. George sighs, sets his aside:

GEORGE

What does it say about us that we're disappointed when we locate an individual nobody wants to kill?

DOLLY

Well - don't worry about it, Dawkins is juicy enough for two:
(Showing him the file:)
He used to work for an aerospace company, and he says they stole some fuel formula he invented.

GEORGE

(Reading)

That's motive.

DOLLY

He's taking them to court for three
hundred million dollars.

George looks up at her, startled.

DOLLY & GEORGE

That's money.

Dolly gets out her cell phone.

INT. DAWKINS' MOTOR HOME - LATER

A fantastically cluttered RV. Dawkins is an all-out loon.

DAWKINS

- invasion of privacy, the
numerological conspiracy to imply I
had taken more sick days than
allotted by the bean-sprouting
worms of the Pontiflex Corporation.

(Beat)

I'm sorry: did I say "bean-
sprouting"?

George and Dolly nod, wide-eyed. Aghast. Trapped.

DAWKINS

I meant bean-counting.

(Shuffles papers)

I lost my place. I'll start again
from the beginning -

GEORGE & DOLLY

No! No - thank you - that's okay,
we got the overall - picture -

INT. DOLLY'S CAR - LATER

They're parked across from Costello Realty. Worn out,
dispirited.

DOLLY

(Reading the last file:)

She has restraining orders out on
an ex-boyfriend and he's some kind
of computer geek.

George nods, looking out...thoughtful.

GEORGE
She's not really the last potential
target, you know.

DOLLY
(Sifting folders)
Ardolino - Chung - Costello -
Dawkins - Lopez - Nahas. Am I
missing something?

GEORGE
Koplowitz.
(Beat)
Just because it's not Don doesn't
mean it isn't you.

Dolly considers this, doubtful.

GEORGE
Who else do you know? What else do
you do?
(Beat)
Tell me about your life.

Dolly sighs, gets her iPhone out with a look that says,
"You're gonna be sorry..."

DOLLY
I have about two hundred friends,
none of whom I really like. But
they don't know that, so...no
motive there.
(Reads grudgingly:)
Last week: Charity luncheon.
Charity auction. Charity board
meeting. Got waxed. Had my hair
cut and colored. Yoga class.
Worked out with my trainer. Got my
teeth whitened. Saw my therapist.
Saw my nutritionist.
(Looks at him)
There's nothing here - what do you
say we stop before I decide I
deserve to be killed?

GEORGE
You're not really looking.

Dolly hisses, exasperated.

DOLLY
That's because what I see is a
shallow, wasteful orgy of
consumption to compensate for
(MORE)

DOLLY (cont'd)
marrying a man who uses me to
deflect other bimbos. You want to
look at that - you look.

She hands George the phone and collects her purse, getting
out of the car:

DOLLY
I'm gonna talk to Trish Costello.
After we both come up with nothing -
we'll go get drunk.

George nods, distracted. Something she said has clicked in
his mind. Absently:

GEORGE
Okay.

Dolly shuts the door and crosses the street.

George doesn't watch her disappear into Costello Realty.

He's too busy searching in the iPhone.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE COSTELLO REALTY - CONTINUOUS

From her Metro parked down the block, Mathias watches George
scribbling a note, setting it on the Boxster's steering
wheel, and getting out.

He walks away down the street, not noticing her.

And she starts up her car to follow...not noticing -

- behind her, further down the block:

Jergens and Johnson watch and wait in a parked car. Patient,
calm, professional.

INT. DON'S OFFICE - LATER

Don stands by the windows, looking out at Los Angeles
sprawled below, the lowering sun.

An ASSISTANT shows George in, shuts the door.

DON
This had better be real.

GEORGE
It is.
(Beat)
(MORE)

GEORGE (cont'd)

I need to know about your extra-marital affairs.

Don just snorts a laugh.

GEORGE

Dolly said something to me. She said: she was useful to you. A built-in escape-hatch: you keep your distance, break things off when you want. Because you're a married man.

DON

Okay: this is the last time we're gonna speak, and the last time you're gonna have anyth-

GEORGE

What if one of your girlfriends decided to remove that obstacle?

Doubt and fear enter Don's face for the first time.

DON

Jesus.

He walks to the window, but he's not seeing the view.

DON

When did the murders start?

GEORGE

About two months ago.

Don shuts his eyes, shakes his head, looks down.

DON

Shit.

It's like someone has let the air out of him.

DON

Sabrina Munson.

He looks at George. Shaken. Confiding. Confessing.

DON

She's this - kid. Daughter of a big movie producer. She cuts my hair.

(Beat)

We start seeing each other, and then I begin to get the feeling I'm

(MORE)

DON (cont'd)

gonna come home one day and find a rabbit on the stove. She keeps talking about breaking me and Dolly up. I tried to end it - and she starts coming to the office - phone calls to my house in the middle of the night.

(Beat)

I tried to buy her off. Which was stupid, because she's got a trust fund bigger than the national debt. I offered to set her up in her own salon. She got real quiet, said it was great idea. Said she'd look around for a space. And then I never heard from her again.

(Beat)

That was about four months ago.

EXT. COSTELLO REALTY - LATER

Dolly comes out and slows, concerned, when she sees George is not in the Boxster.

She unlocks it - sees the note on the steering wheel. Reads:

CLOSE-UP - THE NOTE

I think I'm on to something - but I need to check it out alone.
I'll be at the Wash-O-Mat to lock up at 8pm.
Meet me there!
- g

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - SUNSET

George gets out of a taxi and surveys a steep street of eclectic, expensive gated homes.

He checks the address on a slip of paper, goes to a gate, presses the intercom button, waits.

SABRINA (ON INTERCOM)

Hello?

GEORGE

Registered letter for Sabrina
Munson.

Little pause. The gate unlocks with a buzz.

EXT. SABRINA'S HOUSE - SOON AFTER

As George walks toward the front door, it opens and SABRINA MUNSON steps out: mid-20s, pretty with a disturbing undertone of bitterness, sexy with an edge of resentment.

She watches George approach, wary.

SABRINA
What the hell is this?

GEORGE
Sabrina Munson?

Beat.

SABRINA
No. I'm Florence, her room-mate.
Sabrina's out.

Beat.

GEORGE
Will she be back soon?

SABRINA
She's out of town. For six weeks.
(Beat)
What's with the "registered letter"
shit?

GEORGE
I didn't think you'd let me in if
you knew it was me.

SABRINA
Like I know who you are?

GEORGE
I think you do.
(Beat)
Sabrina.

SABRINA
I just told you, I'm not -

GEORGE
The question is: why do you know
who I am and why are yo-

Sabrina steps back and tries to close the door -

- but George lunges forward, getting an arm and leg inside -

INT. SABRINA'S HOUSE - FOYER - DIRECTLY AFTER

- wincing as Sabrina smashes the door on them -

GEORGE

Ow - don't make this worse -

SABRINA

- I'm calling the cops -

- she keeps smashing her shoulder against the door as George keeps trying to push it open, all during -

GEORGE

- good! Ow!

SABRINA

- get out of my door -

GEORGE

- let me in and we can call the cops together -

SABRINA

- are you a fucking lunatic?!

GEORGE

- are you afraid to call the cops?!

SABRINA

- I'm afraid to let you in while I call the cops -

GEORGE

- I need to make sure you call the cops -

SABRINA

- I promise you I'll call the cops -

- Sabrina hip-checks the door hard and George, fed up -

- furiously throws his weight against the door -

- knocking her sprawling as he falls in through the doorway -

GEORGE

Whoops - I'm sorry -

SABRINA

- I'm gonna kill you -

- she's scrambling into the living room, George following.

INT. SABRINA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DIRECTLY AFTER

He dodges a wildly-swung lamp and grabs her clumsily, wrestling her - trying to figure out how to restrain her -

GEORGE
- would you cut it out?!

SABRINA
(Clawing at his face)
- fuck you -

GEORGE
Just stop! STOP!

SABRINA
- son of bitch -

- George tries to push her back into an armchair but she fights and they both fall over it on to the floor -

- knocking over an end-table - George gets rougher, pins her face-down -

GEORGE
It's OVER! Listen to me! IT'S
OVER! I know about you and Don!

Beat. She stops struggling.

SABRINA
Me and Don?!
(Confused pause)
Don Koplowitz?

GEORGE
And Don knows, too. So it's over.

Beat.

SABRINA
What the fuck are you talking
about?!

Pause. Slightly uneasy:

GEORGE
Are you Sabrina Munson?

SABRINA
Yes! Jesus! YES! OKAY?! I'M
SABRINA MUNSON! AND I'M SORRY!
OKAY?!

(Beat)

(MORE)

SABRINA (cont'd)
I'm sorry! It was a long time ago!
Keep the damn money!

Pause.

GEORGE
What money?

SABRINA
When I tried to get my money back!
(Beat)
For the stupid seminars!

George stares down at the young woman he's holding pressed face-first on the carpet. Trying to re-organize his mind.

GEORGE
For...Go To 12?

SABRINA
Three fucking weekends and I still ended up at Two! And you just keep telling me to float up over my parents and dissolve everything!
(Beat)
You don't remember me?

George slowly gets off Sabrina and crawls away.

He sits on the floor with his back against a wall, watching her sit up. She stares at him.

SABRINA
I paid fifteen-hundred dollars for a private session - and you don't even know who I am?!

George shakes his head, stricken.

She sighs, goes to check her face in a mirror:

SABRINA
I got pissed off, and I wrote some letters. To your office.

GEORGE
(Winces)
Threatening me?

SABRINA
I was gonna go on Oprah and say you raped me.
(Beat)
Next thing I know the police are
(MORE)

SABRINA (cont'd)
coming to my house. Lawyers are
calling my parents.

Long pause.

GEORGE
I'm sorry. There were people who -
handled that sort of thing.

SABRINA
Then you show up here, with some
shit about a registered letter -
and I remembered how you tried to
kill your wife.

George grimaces, shakes his head. He looks at the floor a
long moment. Then up at Sabrina.

GEORGE
I'm - really sorry.

SABRINA
You should be.

GEORGE
I am.

SABRINA
What the hell does any of this have
to do with Don Koplowitz?

Beat.

GEORGE
Nothing. Forget it.
(Takes a deep breath)
I'm sorry I couldn't help you.
Back then.

Pause.

SABRINA
Gonna give back my money?

GEORGE
No.
(Pause)
I just - came here to apologize.

Beat.

SABRINA
For something you didn't know
about?

Beat.

GEORGE

Yeah.

EXT. SABRINA'S STREET - SOON AFTER

George lets himself out of the gate and just stands in the street for a moment. Shaken. Lost in thought, memory.

A car horn toots.

He looks: Mathias is parked down the street a bit.

She waves him over.

INT. MATHIAS'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Mathias rolls down the passenger-side window as George comes over and leans tiredly in.

GEORGE

It's been kind of a rough day.

She puts a gun to his forehead.

George doesn't move.

GEORGE

Perfect.

MATHIAS

Turn around. Slowly. Hands behind your back, in through the window.

He hesitates - then does as she asks.

INT. SABRINA'S HOUSE - THE SAME TIME

Sabrina frowns, watching the monitor of her home-security system:

The hidden camera pointed at the gate also shows George, down the sidewalk a bit, standing with his back to Mathias - having his hands cuffed behind him through the car window.

Mathias forces him into the car and drives off.

EXT. WASH-O-MAT - SOON AFTER

Fluorescent light spills through the big windows of the nearly-empty Wash-O-Mat, into the darkening parking lot.

Dolly parks her yellow Boxster, gets out.

INT. WASH-O-MAT - DIRECTLY AFTER

As Dolly enters, the Little Old Lady pushes a Wash-O-Mat cart toward her.

LITTLE OLD LADY

You can use my dryer if you want -
there's still six minutes left.
But I wouldn't. Just saw a rat. A
big mother.

Dolly nods politely and watches the Little Old Lady wrestle the cart's eight-foot-pole out through the doors. She rattles off into the evening.

Leaving the Wash-O-Mat empty.

Dolly goes to the door marked MANAGER, knocks. It opens slightly.

DOLLY

George?

She pushes it open further.

The tiny Manager's Office is empty.

Dolly turns at the sound of the street doors pushing open.

Jergens comes in.

He gives Dolly a brief smile, which she returns. Neither the least bit sincere.

Dolly watches Jergens go to the island of washers, dig into his pocket for quarters, feed them into a machine.

He isn't carrying any laundry.

He shoves in the little metal tray and the washer starts filling. He moves to the next machine over, begins putting quarters in the tray.

Dolly watches.

She notices he's wearing rubber surgical gloves.

Jergens looks up after shoving in the second tray and starting the second washer - gives Dolly another brief smile.

Dolly returns it.

He continues on to a third washer.

Dolly uneasily backs up to the Manager's Office.

INT. WASH-O-MAT - MANAGER'S OFFICE - DIRECTLY AFTER

Dolly steps into the cramped windowless office, and shuts the door. Locks it.

She checks the desk: a clutter of papers, screwdrivers, junk. No phone.

She opens her purse, gets out her iPhone, dials.

OPERATOR (ON PHONE)
9-1-1 Emergency.

DOLLY
I need the police.

OPERATOR (ON PHONE)
What is your emergency?

DOLLY
I'm in a laundromat. There's a man here who I think is going to try to kill me.

OPERATOR (ON PHONE)
Does he have a weapon?

DOLLY
I don't know. I think so.

OPERATOR (ON PHONE)
Did you see a weapon?

DOLLY
No. But he's wearing rubber gloves and he's putting money in all the machines even though he doesn't have any laundry.

OPERATOR (ON PHONE)
Did this man threaten you?

DOLLY
Not directly.

OPERATOR (ON PHONE)
How did he threaten you?

DOLLY
He just has kind of an - attitude.
(Realizing how it sounds)
Oh my God. He's got a gun. And
he's coming at me! He's pointing
the gun at me! Please! Send the
police! Quickly! Before he shoots
me!

Pause.

OPERATOR
Ma'am?
(Beat)
That was not very convincing.
(Beat)
Would you like a referral to a
mental health hotline?

DOLLY
Yeah, thank you, that would be very
helpful.

She hangs up on the Operator. Exhales.

She frowns at the dim sound of screeching metal outside.

Unlocks the door and peeks out.

DOLLY'S POV - THROUGH THE DOOR

The lights have been shut off in the main room.

Johnson is outside the plate-glass doors - pulling the rusty,
screeching burglar gates closed.

He snaps a shiny new padlock on them, locking her in.

DOLLY
Uh-oh.

Jergens lifts a rubber-gloved hand in farewell, walks away
into the night.

Dolly looks down -

- at water rapidly spilling across the dirty linoleum floor.

Her eyes follow the flow back:

The washers have been moved apart and their hoses cut. Water pumps vigorously out of them.

Dolly stays in the doorway. Looking around the Wash-O-Mat, listening to the washing machines, thinking.

BANG!

- Dolly jumps, startled -

- at a shower of sparks exploding from the jimmyed-open power junction box, set low on the far wall, as the water swirls into it.

It continues popping and sizzling loudly, lighting up that corner of the room with acrid smoking bursts of high-voltage arc-light.

DOLLY

Ah-huh.

She takes a deep breath, glances at the deadly water swirling rapidly toward her -

- steps back into the tiny Manager's Office.

INT. WASH-O-MAT - MANAGER'S OFFICE - THE SAME TIME

Dolly surveys the situation:

No window. No other door. No rubber wading boots.

Water begins to spill over the threshold, creeping towards her feet.

Dolly hastily climbs up on to the wooden desk - knocking her purse off as she does.

It falls into the water. With the iPhone in it.

She sighs. Looks around. Looks up.

Acoustic-tile drop ceiling.

She reaches up, pushes it. The tile moves. She grips the metal strut and tests, hanging from it.

It holds.

Dolly kicks away the desk-top clutter, reaches down to pull up the chair and set it on the desk.

It's a rolling chair.

She grimaces, climbs unsteadily up on to it.

She pushes aside the ceiling tile -

- as the casters roll to the edge of the desk.

Dolly freezes, trying to balance - head and shoulders up in the ceiling struts, feet on the chair -

- as it rolls off the edge of the desk -

- and Dolly hastily pulls herself up into:

INT. WASH-O-MAT - CEILING - CONTINUOUS

A dim crawl-space between the acoustic tiles and the actual ceiling. It's full of cobwebs and white flaky stuff.

Breathless with the effort, Dolly struggles up into it.

Lying there, she surveys a dark narrow landscape of struts and tiles.

Light filters in through a slotted vent in the distance.

She wriggles toward it.

The struts creak. But she's making progress -

- until the big-mother rat comes skittering along the tiles right at her.

She freezes.

It stops a foot or two from her face, beady-eyed and twitching.

Dolly stares.

She reaches out and slams her hand on the tiles in front of it - which break, dumping the rat -

- Dolly watches it fall -

- exploding with a squeal and a spray of sparks in the electrified water -

DOLLY

Hah!

- except all of a sudden the tiles and struts give way under her, too -

INT. WASH-O-MAT - CONTINUOUS

- and Dolly falls through the ceiling -

- hanging on to the struts as broken tiles crumble and tumble around her -

- her expensive shoes dangling a few feet above the deadly water and the smoking rat.

She stares down.

Hangs there a moment, gasping, gathering her strength.

DOLLY

Five fucking days a week in the
fucking gym. If you can't do this -

She begins kicking and struggling mightily - cursing fluently, determined -

- and slowly, awkwardly - but surely, she manages to pull herself back up into the ceiling.

INT. FAST-FOOD JOINT - SOON AFTER

FRY-COOKS and PATRONS look up, startled -

- as a slotted vent up in the ceiling falls out, clattering to the floor.

Dolly looks down at them through the hole.

INT. MATHIAS' APARTMENT - THE SAME TIME

Mathias is handcuffing George with one wrist on each side of the iron "log" concealing the gas-jets in her fireplace.

She nods, backs away, sets her pistol on an end table.

George watches with increasing apprehension as Mathias collects items from around the apartment, laying them out near him:

A serrated knife. An ice-pick. Pliers. Kitchen matches. Salt. Bleach. A golf club. Plastic bags.

GEORGE

So...what's the plan, here?

MATHIAS

I'm going to torture you, George.

She says it in a calm, detached way, unfolding a plastic drop-cloth.

MATHIAS

I'm going to make you confess.

She kneels to spread it on the floor by George.

GEORGE

I can't confess to what I haven't done.

MATHIAS

Let's see what you say in a few more hours.

George watches her frown at the set-up. Something's missing.

MATHIAS

Ah.

As she goes to get whatever it is, George keeps talking:

GEORGE

I've never understood torture.

MATHIAS

No?

GEORGE

It doesn't make sense. How can you believe what someone says when they'll say anything to stop the pain?

Mathias shrugs, returning with a sewing kit. As she adds a packet of needles and a spool of thread to the implements:

MATHIAS

It'll make me feel better.

GEORGE

I don't think it will.

MATHIAS

Well - you're wrong.

She kneels by him, encouraging, urgent, sincere:

MATHIAS

Might even make you feel better, too, George. This is your chance to let it all out. Nobody's gonna
(MORE)

MATHIAS (cont'd)
know. Except me. And I already
know.

GEORGE
Lila -

MATHIAS
Don't use my name, George. It just
pisses me off.

GEORGE
What happens after I confess?

She looks in his eyes - crazy in her calm. She stands,
begins to unbutton her cuffs and her shirt during:

MATHIAS
Conviction. And then sentencing.
(Beat)
We have the death penalty in this
house.
(beat)
A friend of mine's gonna let me
borrow his boat. After.
(Gestures to the bedroom)
I gotta change into clothes I can
throw away later.

GEORGE
Lila?

She stops at the door to the dark bedroom, irritated.

GEORGE
You can still turn back.

Kneeling handcuffed to a fireplace, George tries his most
urgent, passionate Go-To-12 intensity:

GEORGE
I know you're hurting. I know
what's happened is terribly unfair.
You've had an irreparable loss.
(Beat)
But the things we do in anger -

MATHIAS
- feel really good, George!
Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord!
I'm gonna feel like a Goddess!
(Beat)
Nobody will listen to me, George.
Nobody will help me. My dad was a
rumor, and my mom was a drunk - and
(MORE)

MATHIAS (cont'd)

the only person who ever took care of me was my grandmother. She was a good, innocent, harmless old woman - and somebody put a gun against her head and pulled the trigger!

GEORGE

I know.

MATHIAS

Damn right you know.

GEORGE

No. I saw them - I want to get them as m-

MATHIAS

Shit, George - give it up! I'm not buying some elaborate invisible secret scheme to frame poor George -

- Johnson appears in the dark doorway behind her -

MATHIAS

- starring two big bad professional killers that nobody but you has ever seen -

GEORGE

Mathias!

- bringing a pair of handcuffs down over her head, yanking them back tight to strangle her -

GEORGE

NO!

- George bangs the cuff chain against the pipes, trying to break free -

- as Mathias struggles, shocked, grappling back at Johnson - but he's bigger and stronger -

GEORGE

Let her go!

- Mathias fumbles with the pistol in Johnson's shoulder holster -

JOHNSON

No way bitch -

- his hands are busy, so he slams her sideways - smashing her into a bookshelf, knocking stuff over -
- both of them falling to the floor -
- Johnson's silenced-pistol slipping from Mathias' grasp, clattering on the floor -
- George yelling in frustration -
- as Johnson and Mathias thrash clumsily around the room in a death-wrestle -
- Mathias managing to break free and lunge for her gun on the end table -
- but Johnson yanks her away -
- Mathias kicks the end table - knocking it over - sending her gun spinning across the floor toward George -

JOHNSON
Don't, George!

- but he's busy garroting Mathias - who's getting weaker -
- and George stretches out his foot towards the gun -
- it's just out of his reach - he grunts and strains -

JOHNSON
Shit!

- Johnson lets go of Mathias, who collapses to the floor, gasping -
- Johnson scrambling toward Mathias' gun -
- as George's foot snags it -
- but Johnson snatches it away.

George yells, furious - kicking, slamming his chains against the pipe -

- as Johnson turns with it -

GEORGE
NO! -

- to Mathias as she tries to get to her feet -

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

She is thrown back against the wall, falling shocked and helpless, shot in the chest.

George stares, horrified.

She slides down to the floor, leaning back against the blood-smearred wall, eyes wide.

Johnson watches, too - to make sure she's neutralized.

She stares at them. Silence.

JOHNSON

I'm gonna need your prints on the gun, George.

George looks at Johnson, who turns away from Mathias. Johnson moves toward George, smoking gun in his hand.

JOHNSON

Don't make this difficult, because it's gonna happen one way or ano-

Pfft!

Johnson jerks, hit from behind, and collapses in front of George. Dead.

Mathias, propped up against the wall across the room, weakly sets aside Johnson's silenced pistol.

She looks at George. Bloody. Unable to move.

And he looks at her. Heartbroken. Chained.

With a great deal of effort, Mathias reaches into her pocket. Pulls something out. Flicks her fingers -

- something skitters across the floor to George.

Cuff keys.

He stares at them. Then back to Mathias. Eyes filling with tears.

Because she's dead.

EXT. WASH-O-MAT - PARKING LOT - LATER

Floodlights illuminate COPS conferring with each other, DWP WORKERS in hardhats and hip-waders coming and going through the Wash-O-Mat doors.

Safely off to one side, Don and Dolly watch as they talk:

DON
Where do you think he went?

DOLLY
I don't know.
(Beat)
But he'll call me.

Don gives her a thoughtful look. She meets it.

DOLLY
Nothing has gone on between us. If
you were wondering.

Don nods. Carefully, edging toward a difficult subject:

DON
Do you know what he was doing after
he left you?

DOLLY
No.
(Beat)
But he wasn't arranging this - if
that's what you're thinking.

Don looks down, with a little exhalation of a laugh.

DON
No. It wasn't.
(sadly)
I've been neglecting you, haven't
I?

Dolly looks at him, surprised.

DOLLY
Yeah.
(Beat)
But -

DON
Don't.

She watches him wrestle with the words. Finally:

DON
Look: I'm not going to promise you
something I can't deliver, like not
being me any more.
(Beat)
(MORE)

DON (cont'd)
But maybe we should try some kind
of couples counselling.

Pause. Startled, uncertain, grateful - Dolly nods.

DOLLY
That would be good.

DON
Yeah.
(Beat)
I think so too.
(Beat)
I've got some depositions tomorrow
morning. But then you and I should
get the hell out of town, 'til this
insanity is over. Spend some time
together.

INT. DON'S CAR - LATER

Don is driving them in silence up the dark twisty street to
their house.

He slows at their gate. As they sit watching it slide open:

DON
He was talking to Sabrina Munson.

DOLLY
What?

DON
That's where George went this
afternoon. He came to me. And I
told him about Sabrina.

Dolly waits. This is very difficult, but he goes on:

DON
This crazy bitch I had a thing
with.
(Beat)
She might want you dead.
(Beat)
George figured it out.
(Beat)
I never thought - that she...I've
always been - careful. Not to -
bring anything home.

Beat.

DOLLY

I know.

He studies the wheel. Ashamed. Awkward silence.

DOLLY

Let's save a little something for therapy, huh? We don't want get over everything all at once.

Don looks at her, and she smiles, gentle. He smiles back - pained and grateful -

- then turns to drive them in through the gate -

- until Dolly gasps, Don braking -

- as George staggers in front of the car, worn and blood-stained, holding up his palms, lit by the headlights.

INT. DON & DOLLY'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Beautifully furnished, decorated with abstract art - most notably a six-foot-by-six-foot corrugated white-glass monolith in a white-tiled pool with water trickling endlessly down the surface.

Don paces, cordless phone to his ear.

DON

Yeah. Uh-huh. Uh-huh.

George watches, cleaned up, ill-at-ease in their home.

Dolly, across the room at the bar, holds up a bottle of single-malt and a glass.

George shakes his head. Dolly pours herself a drink.

DON

(Into phone)

Okay. Yeah. This goes in the favor bank, Richie. I mean it. Something breaks - you'll let me know? 'kay. Thanks, buddy. Bye.

(Hangs up. To George:)

How much of that did you get?

GEORGE

They identified the guy at Mathias's.

DON

A real hard-case, long rap sheet, all violent. Cell-phone in his pocket shows lot of calls to and from Sabrina Munson. So they got a warrant.

(Beat)

But she's gone. Apparently, after you left she burned a bunch of papers and took off. Cops are trying to track her with credit cards.

He holds up a palm, going over to the bar:

DON

You're not out of the woods. You left fingerprints in both places. It looks like Sabrina hit the road - but they haven't ruled-out that you made it look that way.

Don gets the single-malt, holds it up to George - who shakes his head. Don pours himself a drink during:

DON

I'm gonna call a lawyer I know, handles criminal cases. His name is Fred Leaming. He's top-notch. Tomorrow morning, he can take you in to talk with the police.

(Beat)

For tonight, you should stay here with us. In the guest house.

(To Dolly)

If it's okay with you.

Beat. Dolly looks Don. Then at George. Then at Don.

DOLLY

Sure.

GEORGE

I really don't think it's necessary.

DON

There's still another hit-man out there.

GEORGE

I'll be fine. I'll go to a hotel or something.

DON

We've got a state-of-the-art security system. I'm gonna call the company and have them put two guys in a car by the gate.

George hesitates.

DOLLY

It's a good idea.

He meets her eyes. Then looks at Don. Uncertain:

GEORGE

Okay. Thanks.

DON

Good. You can stay as long as you need to. We'll be gone, tomorrow afternoon.

DOLLY

We will?

DON

I was serious before. I'm clearing my calendar until this is over. How does Paris sound?

Beat.

DOLLY

Wonderful.

Don nods, pleased. Drinks. Awkward pause. George moves toward the doors.

GEORGE

Well - I ought to - let you guys...

DON

Yeah. Listen - once you're in, don't come out. The system has motion detectors. We'll have Armed Response guys right outside -

GEORGE

I'm going right to sleep.

Don nods. The unspoken accepted.

George nods too. His eyes meet Dolly's, ever-so-briefly. He doesn't let them linger.

GEORGE

Thank you.
(Beat)
Goodnight.

Dolly watches George go out.

INT. GUEST HOUSE - LATER

George is lying on the bed, still dressed, with most of the lights out. Sipping a drink at last, listening to the ice clink, staring into the dark.

There's a knock on the door.

George goes to open it. Dolly is outside, restored to her usual perfection...sexy night version.

GEORGE

I thought there were motion detectors.

DOLLY

I know the codes.

George nods.

DOLLY

May I come in?

George steps back. She comes in, shuts the door behind her. She walks around, as if she didn't decorate the place. He watches her, staying very still.

When the silence is more or less unbearable:

DOLLY

We sleep in separate bedrooms.

GEORGE

Ah.

Pause.

DOLLY

You have everything you need?

GEORGE

There's no chocolate mint on the pillow.

Pause.

DOLLY
You know what I notice? How we
keep not-sleeping with each other.

GEORGE
Yeah. I noticed that, too.
(Beat)
Too bad we're so damn good, huh?

DOLLY
(Double meaning intended)
I am good, George.

Pause.

GEORGE
You want to hear something dumb?

DOLLY
Not really.

GEORGE
One of the things I love most about
you is that you won't cheat on Don.

Pause.

DOLLY
Did you say "love"?

GEORGE
No.

DOLLY
That's a relief.
(Beat)
That would make things very
complicated.

They just keep looking at each other. Aching. Staying
apart.

She goes to the door.

DOLLY
Goodnight, George.

GEORGE
Goodnight.

He watches her go.

INT. DINING ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Dolly sits staring into space, sad, thoughtful. A cup of coffee gone cold and an untouched healthy breakfast on the table in front of her - along with Don's chrome .45.

She "wakes" as George enters.

 GEORGE
Morning.

 DOLLY
Hi.

Awkward pause. She gets up, begins collecting her dishes -

 DOLLY
There's breakfast stuff for you in
the kitchen, if you want.

 GEORGE
Thanks. I saw.
 (Beat)
Where's Don?

 DOLLY
Depositions.

 GEORGE
And then you're going to Paris.

 DOLLY
Yeah.

Beat. They stand looking at each other.

The intercom buzzes, breaking the spell. Dolly looks at it -
hands piled with dishes.

 DOLLY
Could you?

George goes to the intercom - figures out buttons, into it:

 GEORGE
Yes?

 VOICE ON INTERCOM
Fred Leaming.

George glances at Dolly.

 DOLLY
Your lawyer.

George remembers, pushes the gate button. Then stands looking at Dolly holding the plates. Awkward beat.

GEORGE

Maybe I shouldn't leave you here alone.

DOLLY

I'm fine.
(Re: the gun)
Don left me the Terminator.

Beat.

GEORGE

Dolly, last night - I said -

DOLLY

We both said a lot of things.

GEORGE

No: I was wrong.
(Urgently:)
Don's a great guy. And he's got everything. And I have nothing. And I'm -
(Beat)
I'm not a saint. I may not even be a good person.
(Beat)
But I would be good for you.
(Beat)
And you should leave him - for me.

Dolly looks at him with enormous relief -

GEORGE

But before you say anything - I have to tell you something else.

Beat. As hard as it has been: this is harder.

GEORGE

I'm -
(Beat)
I did it.
(Beat)
I kept saying it wasn't me - but it really was.

Pause.

DOLLY
Are you telling me you killed all
those people? Because if you are,
it's a really bad -

GEORGE
No. I was guilty. At the trial.
I wasn't temporarily insane. I was
angry.

Beat.

DOLLY
I know.

GEORGE
I didn't.

DOLLY
Yeah, you did.

Beat. George smiles, rueful.

GEORGE
Yeah. I did.
(Beat)
Will you marry me?

Dolly smiles, too. Still holding the dishes -
- which suddenly explode in her hands -
- making her jump back -
- as George whirls around -
- to see Jergens in the next room, wearing his coveralls,
plastic booties and cap, surgical gloves, goggles - firing
his silenced pistol through the doorway - pfft! pfft!
- bullets slamming into the walls around Dolly -
- as she runs through the door into the kitchen -
- and George grabs the chrome .45 off the table -
- turning to fire it at Jergens - BOOM! - then diving into
the kitchen, slamming the door.

INT. KITCHEN - THE SAME TIME

George locks the door as Dolly grabs the phone from the wall -
listens, grim -

DOLLY

It's dead.

Bullets come right through the kitchen door - ricocheting off the copper pots - Pfft-clang! Pfft-clang! -

DOLLY

Shit!

She hastily ducks behind the cooking-island -

- George joins her, firing back at the door - BOOM! BOOM! -

- Dolly and George both flinching at the noise -

- but the only holes in the heavy wood coming in, as Jergens returns fire through the door - Pfft! Pfft! -

- glass spraying above them, cabinets splintering.

George frowns, looks at Dolly, thoughtful.

GEORGE

You said Don gave you this gun?

Dolly nods. Staring at George -

- who points the gun at the floor by his foot and fires -

BOOM!

But no bullet-hit. As they finally get it -

- Pfft! Pfft! The cabinets above them blow open, cooking supplies rain down -

GEORGE

Run.

DOLLY

No -

GEORGE

- Go! Trust me!

He fires the .45 for effect - BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! - as he shoves her toward the other door and -

- Pfft! Pfft! Pfft! - bullets chew up the locked door around the knob.

Dolly reluctant scrambles out -

- as George grabs a carving knife from a block and dives back behind the cooking island -

- Pfft! Pfft! Pfft! Pfft! - the door-frame by the lock splinters more and George flinches -

- bullets thudding around him, blowing open drawers, sending kitchen implements flying past his ducked head.

INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jergens methodically ejects his clips and reloads his two silenced pistols.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Gasping, George looks around the island at the splintered door, the damaged lock -

- then down at his knife. Realizing it might as well be a basting brush.

He looks desperately around the kitchen, at the bullet-pocked refrigerator, the blasted-open cabinets -

- the cooking supplies and ingredients scattered on the floor.

INT. DEN - CONTINUOUS

Don's manly enclave, done up as a fake-English library.

Dolly runs in, looking for a weapon. Grabs an ornate letter-opener off the desk, turns -

- and stops. Staring at:

A suit of armor, standing by the door.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Pfft! Pfft! Pfft! A barrage of bullets shred the door -

- and Jergens kicks it open, guns smoking, ready.

Silence.

Jergens steps in, cautiously, his shoes crunching on debris.

George is gone.

But on the floor, drops of bright red blood.

Jergens follows them out the other door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SOON AFTER

Jergens edges in, guns raised.

It's empty and still, except for the gurgling glass-and-water sculpture.

Jergens turns 360°, silent, alert -

- stops.

Looking at the six-foot-by-six-foot water-sculpture. Threads of red in the water trickling down the white corrugated-glass surface.

Jergens smiles - Pfft! Pftt! Pfft! Pftt! Pfft!

- shattering the glass, which falls away, revealing - like a magician's trick -

- no one there.

Jergens sees the little plastic bottle of red food coloring in bottom of the white tile pool -

- just as George comes up behind him with the fireplace poker raised -

- Jergens trying to turn - the poker hissing as George swings it -

- the iron breaking Jergens' raised arm - the other gun firing Pfft! -

- the bullet shattering a window -

- as George swings again - the poker thudding - Jergens reeling back - George connecting again -

- Jergens falling and George bringing the poker down on him.

Dolly appears in the doorway, carrying a huge broad-sword.

George stands over Jergens, blood-splattered, eyes fixed on the hit-man's inert form, trembling, poker raised, ready.

DOLLY

George?

GEORGE
Time of death.

Beat. She checks her watch.

DOLLY
I don't know. About 9:17.

George lowers the poker, breathing heavily. Looks at her.

GEORGE
No. The reason Don didn't have
this guy come finish me here last
night: he needed an alibi. For
your time of death.

INT. DON'S OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

A deposition in a glass-walled conference room.

Don sits on one side of the table with the WIFE and HARVEY,
an associate. TWO OPPOSITION LAWYERS and the HUSBAND face
them. At the end of the table, a STENOGRAPHER is at work.

DON
When you bought the Palm Springs
house, did you explicitly state
that -

Don stops - startled, looking through the glass wall -

- as Dolly and George, carrying Jergens's silenced pistol,
come along the hall and into the room.

People start to react, but George points the gun at Don.

GEORGE
Everybody stays where they are.

Everybody, of course, does.

GEORGE
I need you to give me your expert
legal opinion.

DON
Are you out of your fucking mind?!

GEORGE
Exactly. That's the question. But
first:
(To Stenographer)
(MORE)

GEORGE (cont'd)
I'm going to ask you to keep
transcribing, is that okay?

The Stenographer nods, terrified.

GEORGE
Good.
(To Don)
Here's the thing. I just beat a
man to death with a fireplace poker
at your house.

OPPOSING LAWYER
Jesus.

GEORGE
I think you hired him to kill your
wife. But maybe I'm crazy. Maybe
that's not what was going on.

DON
You are crazy! I hired men to
protect my wife.

George nods, grim. Gun still aimed.

GEORGE
Yeah. I was afraid of that.
(Beat)
I was afraid my mind was completely
losing its grip on reality -

DON
You're a fucking maniac!

GEORGE
- as well as any ability to tell
the difference between right and
wrong.
(Beat)
In which case: I can kill you, and
all they'll do is put me in a
mental institution. Right?

Don stares at George - beginning to get the game.

HARVEY
Yes.

DON
Shut up, Harvey.

GEORGE
So you see how it's sort of a
trickier question than it
originally seemed, don't you?

DON
Yeah.

GEORGE
On the one hand - if I'm not crazy:
you hired men to kill your wife.
On the other hand - if I am crazy:
then I can kill you.

Don stares at George, burning.

GEORGE
Am I crazy?

DON
This will never hold up in court.

GEORGE
Maybe it's an indication of my
mental state, but I just - don't -
care.

(Beat)
I'm asking you again.
(Beat)
Am I crazy, or did you hire the men
who killed seven innocent people?

DON
You're crazy.

George points the gun at Don's face and cocks it.

GEORGE
Good.

DON
No! No.
(Beat)
You're not crazy.

GEORGE
You hired those men to kill your
wife?

Silence. Finally - furious, scornful:

DON
What was I gonna do - get a
divorce?
(MORE)

DON (cont'd)

(Grimaces)

She'd have every other divorce attorney in town lining up! Get a chance to take me down, make a reputation. Even if they couldn't break the pre-nup, they'd drag me through the system just for the fun of it.

DOLLY

You found someone else.

Don shrugs. Isn't it obvious?

DON

Sabrina.

GEORGE

She was never at my lectures. You called while I was on my way over. Told her what to say.

DON

She used to take acting classes.

Dolly comes toward him, boiling.

DOLLY

You never even asked. I would have let you go, you stupid - putz.

Don looks at her, cold. Honest.

DON

Couldn't take the chance.

George nods. Uncocks the gun. To the Stenographer:

GEORGE

Did you get all that?

STENOGRAPHER

(Nods, tight)

Do you need the earlier stuff about the Cranfield divorce?

George shakes his head. Don stands - advancing on George:

DON

It's inadmissible, you sick fuck!
It's coerced! Everybody saw that!

George raises the gun to stop him. It works.

GEORGE

You can explain that to the police
when they get here.

(To Harvey)

Safe to assume someone called?

Harvey nods. George gestures Don back to his seat.

Don refuses to move. George shrugs. Keeps the gun on him.

DOLLY

You're not going to kill him?

GEORGE

I can't.

Dolly scowls. She rummages in her purse, moving toward Don -

DON

Don't even think abo-

- and "stun-guns" him in the testicles.

He folds over with a silent scream, and Dolly steps back calmly to get out of the way as he falls to the floor, curled-up and moaning.

Putting the stun-gun back, she turns to George.

DOLLY

Once we both make bail - we need to
go to an expensive hotel and make
love about twelve times in a row.

GEORGE

Okay.

(Beat)

Twelve is probably more than I -

DOLLY

- shut up -

GEORGE

- okay.

INT. SANTA MONICA - BY THE PIER - MONTHS LATER

George and Dolly stroll away from the Hot Dog On A Stick stand, with hot dogs on sticks.

Time has passed. He is somewhat better-groomed; she is somewhat less-well-groomed.

GEORGE

- but it's really a corn-dog on a stick.

DOLLY

It doesn't sound as interesting. A corn-dog on a stick sort of makes sense. But a hot dog on a -

- a woman TOURIST comes up to George, with a copy of Go To 12! and a pen.

TOURIST

Excuse me - Mr. Fleming? Would you mind?

George hesitates - but Dolly gives him a look: *why not?*

He hands Dolly his hot dog, takes the Tourist's book and pen. As he's signing:

TOURIST

Can I ask you something?

GEORGE

(Reluctantly)

Sure.

TOURIST

What happens if you skip Levels? Every time I try to hollow out and find a dynamic float - I kind of go right up to a Ninth-Level Musative State. And I feel good. But my husband says I'm being totally passive-aggressive. So what do I do?

Pause. George hands back the book and pen.

GEORGE

I don't know.

TOURIST

What do you mean - you don't know?

GEORGE

I mean: I don't know what you should do.

TOURIST

You wrote the book.

GEORGE
Is your husband mentioned in the
book?

TOURIST
Well - no.

George gives the Tourist a look: *well, then?*

The Tourist, confused but not ungrateful, nods and backs away
to re-join her waiting FRIENDS.

Dolly hands George back his hot dog. As they walk toward the
bustling Pier:

DOLLY
That was great.

GEORGE
Yeah, it was brilliant.

DOLLY
No - really. You should do another
book.

GEORGE
And say what? "Don't listen to
me"?

DOLLY
Yes! It was great: "I don't know."

GEORGE
Gonna be a short book.

DOLLY
Not really - there's a lot of
things you don't know.

GEORGE
Thank you, so much.

DOLLY
No - I'm serious. Tell people
there's no easy answer. That's
completely inspirational. You
should do it.

GEORGE
It's your idea - you do it.

DOLLY
I'm not famous. Who cares if some
nobody says they don't know. But
(MORE)

DOLLY (cont'd)
if you said it - did you see the
look on her face?!

And as they dissolve, unsolved, into the crowd -

GEORGE
Dolly -

DOLLY
You can call it Start At One.
Really - I can see this being a
really big thing -

- we let them go.

- The End -