

"MR HYPNOTHERAFASCIST"

BY

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FADE IN:

INT. PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY - JANUARY 1994

As SOOTHING HYPNOTIC MUSIC plays, we gaze out a window at the peaceful main street of Plattsmouth, Nebraska.

Snow everywhere, some of the shops with Christmas decorations still. A restored RED 69 FIREBIRD sits just outside.

The window frosts up now, and we PULL BACK to meet

BRUCE, whose breath is frosting it up. An ethnic Korean, 25, Bruce Lee haircut. Sport coat, slacks and tie.

He sighs, turns to study the office interior.

BRUCE'S POV: A desk and chair, stacks of boxes, a rolled-up carpet against one of four bare walls.... He's moving out.

He turns and walks toward another area of the room. To

Plump, 50ish MRS. FISHER, motionless in a recliner.

As he strolls over beside her, Bruce speaks - in a calm but clearly UNINTERESTED tone of voice:

BRUCE

Can you repeat that for me please,
ma'am?

MRS. FISHER

I eat only for re-energizing.

BRUCE

Yes. You are a beautiful, confident woman. And so when you feel lonely, or depressed, or bored, or stressed out... what do you eat?

MRS. FISHER

Nothing! I'm too busy taking action to solve the problem.

BRUCE

Yes, good. And when Judge Fisher kisses you at night, what do you do?

The woman's face turns animated now, as she SNARLS in rage:

.

MRS. FISHER
I push him away and spit in his
face. The corrupt bastard!

BRUCE
(interested now)
Yes, good. Cause that's what he is.

Smiling, he turns and strolls to the boxes. And her face
becomes serene as he continues:

BRUCE
And I think we're done, Mrs. Fisher.
So I'm going to count from 1 up to
5 now, to wake you. And as I do,
your conscious mind forgets all
that I've said. Your subconscious
mind, though, remembers everything.

He pauses, peers down into one of the boxes at...

INSERT - A FRAMED COLOR PHOTO:

Bruce at 18, in high school graduation cap and gown. With
his adopted Dad (white, 65, long gray hair in a ponytail).

END INSERT

He reaches into the box, lifts the photo.

BRUCE
Okay, one. You feel yourself start-
(pondering the photo)
Start to- You, umm...

He finds another photo - of himself at about age 6, with his
Dad and some woman. He glowering, they both beaming.

He smiles. Sets that photo down too, and closes his eyes.
After a bit reopens them, with a snap.

BRUCE
Okay. Change of plans, ma'am.
When your husband kisses you at
night, you kiss him back. Gentle.
(eyes tearing up)
And tell him you love him.

He turns and looks around his almost empty office. Sighs.

BRUCE
Can you repeat that please, ma'am?

EXT. BRUCE'S OFFICE - 20 MINUTES LATER

The street seen from the window earlier - cold, windswept.
A pickup truck cruises slowly past.

Bruce and Mrs. Fisher on the sidewalk near the Firebird.

MRS. FISHER

Well, if you're anywhere near L.A.
I know they'd love to see you. I'll
call you tonight with their number.

BRUCE

Okay, great. I appreciate it, Mrs.
Fisher.

(beat)

And, umm... well, I'm really sorry
you didn't lose more weight.

MRS. FISHER

You're a good boy, Bruce. You'll
find something you enjoy doing.

She strolls off. Stops at a beauty salon a few shops down,
waves at someone inside and hurries in.

As Bruce peers up at the simply painted wooden sign over his
office door. Which says

SHMALTZ & SON: HYPNOTHERAPISTS.

INT. THE FIREBIRD - ONE HOUR LATER

Stopped at a highway red light, Bruce rests his head on his
steering wheel, dejectedly. The car is packed with boxes.

The light changes, and he drives on.

EXT. THE FIREBIRD - CONTINUOUS

The "SHMALTZ & SON" sign protruding from its trunk, the car
cruises past a highway restaurant/gas station complex.

EXT. HIGHWAY RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Two men stand outside the restaurant. PETEY, 35, is cocky
and tightly wound, with long hair and glasses.

RAY, 40ish, has RAMROD POSTURE and seems on constant alert.

.

Exhaling smoke from a just-lit cigarette, Petey glares at Ray.

PETEEY
God! What is it now, General?

Ray reaches into the ashtray and pulls an empty matchbook out. Scowls at the cover:

INSERT - MATCHBOOK COVER, WITH THE PRINTED WORDS:

"Larry's Greenfront, Seattle, WA"

END INSERT

RAY
Do we want 'em to know there was
someone from Seattle here today?
These guys?

He shoves the matchbook into a pocket, and turns to view
The motel parking lot. As a bus pulls in off the highway.
He checks his watch and nods. Then:

RAY
Alright, see you later.

And Petey sighs, and strides to an old sedan parked nearby.

EXT. THE BUS - SHORTLY AFTERWARD

A sign on the windshield says "COUNCIL BLUFFS CASINO SPECIAL."

A tall 40ish Native American stands by the door - MONTE, the driver. He nods as Ray hands him his ticket:

MONTE
One for the casinos. Welcome aboard,
sir.

INT. THE BUS - MOMENTS LATER

Ray pushes down the aisle, past excited fellow passengers.

He passes a tough-looking 30ish bodyguard type, seated with
a fragile but smiling 75ISH MAN in a 1970s era suit.

He finds an aisle seat near the back, nods to the 50ish lady
by the window. Reclines in his seat and shuts his eyes.

.

EXT. U.S. HIGHWAY 6 - EARLY EVENING

The bus cruises down the highway in light traffic for a bit, then finally slows and turns off onto

A snow-covered section road. Where a man pulls a portable traffic barrier aside. And we see that it's Petey.

EXT. SECTION ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The bus passes and climbs the road to vanish over a hill.

PETEY

Okay, Uncle Henry! I've got this...

And he pulls the barrier back in place and runs after the bus. Exhaling clouds of vapor, his feet CRUNCHING snow.

EXT. THE BUS - SHORTLY AFTERWARD

The bus grinds to a stop on a flat piece of road. Passengers scramble from it, their VOICES agitated.

Ray the last one out onto the snow-covered ground. As:

MONTE

That's right, NSP says we got a bomb!
Away from the bus, folks! Before it
blows!

He strides toward the next rise, some 30 yards away, and all follow. As Ray tries to make sense of this:

RAY (O.S.)

Bomb a busload of gamblers? Crazy
Religious Right!

When suddenly, striding over the rise toward them...

Two ski-masked men with Uzis! ADAM (35, slim) and SHORTY (40, stocky, not very tall).

Monte pulls a mask over his face now, and a pistol from his belt. Turns and FIRES into the air!

MONTE

Okay, people. News flash! There is
no bomb! I repeat: no fucking bomb!
What this is is a robbery, gamblers!
A robbery. We're taking your money!

.

He peers around at the shocked faces.

MONTE

Take a moment to let it sink in,
farmers: you are being robbed! So-

At the rear of the crowd, someone ERUPTS in fury:

RAY (O.S.)

You pricks ain't gettin' my money!
I worked hard for this, you bast-

CRACKK!!!

And Ray collapses to the ground, chest oozing blood. As
Petey, also ski-masked, glares over his smoking .38 at him.

MONTE

Dumb ass! We have zero qualms about
shooting dumb asses, people... In
fact, we kind of enjoy it. Now,
down on your stomachs! Everyone!
(and after
they comply)
Arms and legs outstretched! Out-the-
fuck-stretched, I said! Goddamit!

And everyone is soon lying in the snow, limbs extended.

MONTE

Okay, good. Now the people I touch
in the front here, I want you folks
to stand right back up. Okay?

He leans over, begins jabbing people with his gun:

MONTE

You, sir. Up! You, too, ma'am.
(glaring at slim Adam)
Help me out, Mr. Gamma: those three
over there! Okay, you too, miss.
Up, please. Hurry! And you, sir.

Twelve passengers are standing. He counts them again, then:

MONTE

Okay, now we gotta do this fast,
okay? Fast! Cause it's gonna get
fucking cold.

The lady who Ray sat beside stares at Ray's body and sobs.

.

EXT. - THE BUS - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Twenty-four passengers stand beside it now, and they're all
NAKED! Shivering hard, exhaling clouds of vapor.

While, off to one side...

Petey and slim Adam go through the people's possessions,
tossing their cash and jewelry into plastic bags. As

Shorty herds 12 more nudes to the bus. One the bodyguard we
saw inside the bus earlier. Who

Peers back toward the last seven, as they finally stand:

One the fragile 75ish man in his 1970s suit. Another a tall
BLACK MAN, 25, in a yellow nylon jacket, who is very drunk.

MONTE

Folks got one minute, to strip your
asses bare or else. Starting now!

And as the others hurriedly strip, the old man removes his
coat, but then struggles with his shirt buttons. As

Petey stands and steps toward him, tense. Then starts, peers
at the drunk man instead. And his jacket on the ground:

Red block letters on its back say "OMAHA BOXING CLUB."

Petey bends down, flips the coat over to reveal the cursive
letters chest-high on its front - "Eddie W."

And he laughs, lifts his mask and WHISTLES, to...

Slim Adam. Who turns, checks Eddie out with widening eyes,
and laughs, too. Before spinning back to work.

Six of the final group are fully naked by now. But

The old man is still in his shorts. In addition to the worn,
cheap-looking child's AWARD MEDAL on a chain around his neck.

MONTE

I said one minute, old timer! Or
fucking else, I said.

(to Petey)

Mr. Delta! Show this piece of farm
trash some fucking else.

.

And Petey stomps to the man and... KICKS him in the belly.
And after he collapses, in the ribs. As

BACK AT THE BUS...

The man's bodyguard WHIMPERS and steps forward, but stops
when Shorty points his Uzi at him. As

Petey prepares another kick, but stops. Stares down at

The old man. Coughing blood on his dentures in the snow.

He glares at Shorty, who waves him to go on. And when Petey
shakes his head no... waves more insistently - Do it!

But when Petey finally nods and turns to comply... Eddie is
stumbling toward him:

EDDIE

Leave that old man alone, white boy.
Don't I'ma fuck you up-

But Monte blocks Eddie's path - his pistol in Eddie's face.

MONTE

Fuck me up!

And Eddie stumbles back, terrified. As behind him...

The supposedly dead Ray springs to his feet! Masked and
wielding an Uzi. To the passengers' shock. As

Petey crouches and pulls the chain from the old man's neck.

75ISH MAN

No, please. It ain't worth nothing!

Petey snorts. Jams the chain in his pocket and scowls at
the man. Then turns, and stomps over to Eddie instead:

PETEY

Still a fucking puss, huh, Eddie?

And as Eddie gapes back, confused, Petey throws his arms over
his head - cringing and mock whimpering:

PETEY

"No más! No más!" Fucking pussy!

Then stalks away to rejoin Adam. With a defiant glance at
Shorty, who shakes his head in disapproval.

.

INSERT - A MAP, THE CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO CIRCLED ON IT

A dart THWAPS into place within that circle now, as:

BRUCE (O.S.)

Eeney!

And we PULL BACK, to see the entire west coast. Seattle, Portland and Los Angeles also circled in ink. As

A dart THUDS into the Pacific Ocean near L.A.

BRUCE (O.S.)

Meeney! Sorry sharks. And dolphins?

INT. BRUCE'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Holding a dart, Bruce eyes the map on the wall. Throws and THWAP! It lands in the Seattle circle.

BRUCE

Moe! No Miney, Elizabeth. We're out of darts.

(mock snarling)

We don't need Miney anyway, do we?

As he flops cheerfully down on the floor, beside... an aging German Shepherd, who wags her tail happily.

He kisses her forehead lovingly, massages her ears. Then

Looks up, to peer sadly around his neatly kept room:

A desk with a computer on it sits in one corner, a packed bookcase nearby.

On the walls: Bruce Lee, *Back to the Future*, and 1992 Olympic marathon winning Hwang Young-Cho posters. Some nun-chucks, too, slung over a nail. Plus...

A framed photo of Bruce, age 10, with his Dad on an old Indian Chief motorcycle. Laughing.

Bruce walks over and gazes at that photo. Wipes some specks of dust from the frame.

BRUCE

Whadda you think, Dad - San Francisco?

(glancing at the map)

Or Seattle? Probably not LA, huh?

.

EXT. THE BUSJACKING SITE - EVENING

Four squad cars and an ambulance here. Outraged passengers wait to talk with deputies.

In the foreground is SHERIFF JURGENSEN (55ish; large and gruff), speaking into his walkie talkie. Amused:

SHERIFF
Stripped em down to their birthday suits, yep! And it is cold out here.

He listens for a moment, and then:

SHERIFF
Five of em, looks like. The driver and one passenger, and the rest was hanging out here waiting. With assault rifles—

A voice shouts "Sonny," and a WOMAN DEPUTY runs up, holding a matchbook.

SHERIFF
Phil, I'll have to get back to you.
(taking the matchbook)
What's this?

WOMAN DEPUTY
Found it on the ground over there.

Pointing to where Ray fell by the bus after Petey shot him.

The sheriff studies the matchbook, with the name "Larry's Greenfront, Seattle, WA" on its cover.

SHERIFF (V.O.)
It's just down the street from you?
Larry's Greenfront? No kidding!

INT. CASS COUNTY SHERIFF'S OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY

The sheriff sits behind his desk, talking on the phone.

A name plate on the desk says "Sheriff A. Jurgensen," and photos of a younger sheriff in the Army clutter the walls.

SHERIFF
Well, heck! So I guess you go in and ask em about any of their customers who go to the fights—

He pauses now, as... his secretary leans through the office door. Bruce visible behind her.

He gestures Bruce in, to a nearby chair. Returns to his call and laughs. As a curious Bruce watches.

SHERIFF

"No más! No más!" What ole Robert Duran said when he quit that fight with Leonard. It's Spanish, means...
(smiling at Bruce)
What's that mean, Bruce? You musta-

BRUCE

(sourly)
No more.

SHERIFF

(back into the phone)
It means "no more, no more!"
(excited)
Yep, and so this boy Eddie, he says he quit a fight like that once.
Two years ago in the Golden Gloves in Seattle, Clem! You see?

He listens, shakes his head in irritation.

SHERIFF

Well, and that matchbook wasn't none of them passengers', neither. So-
(listening, happily)
Okay, great! Call me when you do!

He hangs up, thoughtfully. Turns to gaze at Bruce - sternly.

BRUCE

Alright, I'm all closed down now.
(beat)
Bankrupted Dad's business in just eight months! Pretty fast, huh?
And I only made it that long cause Judge Fisher's wife feels so guilty about-

SHERIFF

Yep. She's a good woman.
(pondering sternly)
And you're leaving town? Cause like I said, no one wants you around no more, Bruce.

BRUCE

No, cause I'm not a murderer. If I
was one, then "Cool, can you stay?"—
(off the sheriff's
warning scowl)
Yes, Sheriff J, I'm leaving town.

SHERIFF

You're welcome back when your head's
on straight. Nobody that don't
get how you feel. Poor ole Elden...

He tries a smile on Bruce. Who nods back, expressionless.

SHERIFF

Person I was on the phone with, my
cousin Clem? Says there's tons of
work in Seattle.

INT. FIREBIRD (TRUNK) - MORNING

As the car's engine RUMBLES, a suitcase sails in out of the
blue sky above, lands with a THUD.

Bruce peers in after it, then SLAMS the trunk.

EXT. BRUCE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Outside a small house on an isolated snow-covered ranch, as
exhaust fumes swirl upward...

Bruce (jeans, black leather coat) checks his tires. When—

LILA (O.S.)

When your head's on straight, he
said? The sheriff.

And Bruce pauses in mid tire-check, to turn and see...

LILA (Hispanic, 50ish), descending the ranchhouse steps with
a squirming white kitten in her arms.

BRUCE

Yep. Which it already is on, right?
Straight? Cause I know right from
wrong. And I'm not scared to say it.

LILA

No, you're not... That es la verdad.

Bruce checks the final tire, then stands and looks around:

Close by, a painted sign says "SHMALTZ & SON - AUTO RESTORAL, BACKHOE." A handwritten one near it "Eggs, \$1/dozen."

Two restored 60s muscle cars (a GTO and a Roadrunner) sit to one side - "For Sale" signs on their windshields.

BRUCE

No work for me here now, though. So okay... Seattle.

LILA

It's a nice place.

BRUCE

Yeah... kind of a long drive. Can't wait to see the Pacific Ocean...

LILA

You'll make some good friends, I- maybe even a good girlfr-

BRUCE

I don't need good friends, Lila. Just a good job.

He glances toward the back of the house, at a backhoe under some canvas. Beyond it, chickens and a partly visible coop.

BRUCE

I am not letting em take Dad's farm!

LILA

Well, I've got the next two months, Chico, you hear me?

BRUCE

No, Lila, I'll sleep in my car if I-

LILA

No, you're gonna get you a room your first paycheck. Como un human being.

Bruce nods. Kneels to hug his dog - warmly, teary-eyed:

BRUCE

Take care of this place till I get back, will you Elizabeth? I love you, you're a really wonderful dog.

He stands then, strokes Lila's kitten's head. Choking up:

BRUCE
Don't be too irritating while I'm
gone, Catmandu! Please?

Then smiles at Lila - who hugs him, kisses his cheek, jams
a ROLL OF BILLS in his coat and pushes him toward his car.

BRUCE
Oh no, Lila. I already owe you so-

LILA
You're your papa's son, Bruce.
You'll pay me back when you can.
(beat)
But no more of that... jugando
con people's cabezas! You hear me?
You could really hurt someone.

Bruce chuckles and nods okay, then turns for his car.

EXT. COUNTY ROAD - 20 MINUTES LATER

Their snowmobiles stopped by the road, handsome KEN and buxom
PATTY, both 25ish, frolic in the snow.

When suddenly... Patty starts, and peers down the road.

PATTY
Oh, no! Cover your ears, Ken!

But it's too late. The Firebird ROARS past, its horn HONKING
the "Shave and a Haircut" couplet. And

Ken glares at the car, then races after it as fast as he can!
BARKING like a dog as his SCREAMING girlfriend pursues:

PATTY
Corn Flakes! Cheerios, goddamit!

The Firebird slows to a stop, then RUMBLES back to them. As
Bruce leans out his window and shouts:

BRUCE
Grapenut Flakes!

And Ken halts in his tracks, slumps to his knees. Gasping.
As Patty stops beside him and snarls up at Bruce:

PATTY
You worthless prick, Brucie!

.

BRUCE
Oh, yeah, I'm the prick.
(to Ken)
Hey Scooby Doo! Can you share with
Patty what we learned here today?

And Ken, still breathless, turns to Patty in a cheery voice:

KEN
Racism is bad, Patty. Let's not be
poopy little racists anymore, okay?

His eyes widen then, in shock at having said this, and he
throws a hand over his mouth.

Bruce nods, shifts his car into gear and ROARS away. As
Patty climbs onto the road and flips him a middle finger:

PATTY
Psycho!

EXT. STATE HIGHWAY 75 / NORTHBOUND - 10 MINUTES LATER

A roadside sign reads "Leaving friendly Cass County. Please
come back soon!" The Firebird ROARS past it.

INT. - THE FIREBIRD - CONTINUOUS

Bruce turns on the radio:

RADIO NEWSCASTER (V.O.)
- Hamas now claiming responsibility
for the latest suicide bombing in
Israel, that took the lives yester-

And he scowls, switches to his tapes for some mid-80s rock.

EXT. I-80 WESTBOUND - EARLY AFTERNOON

Flatlands. The Firebird ROARS past someone's station wagon.

EXT. 7-ELEVEN PARKING LOT, JUST OFF I-80 - LATER

Bruce carries a bag of groceries across the lot to his car.

Tossing his car keys in the air and catching them with his
hand from above as they fall. As

.

On a bench to one side... a young couple share a cup of coffee. Laughing, deeply in love. As

Another couple pass with their SON (5, metal braces on both legs) - excitedly clutching two plastic Transformer toys:

SON
Santa's the best! I never expected
Bugly and Iguanas!

Bruce ponders the boy, then shakes his head in irritation.

EXT. I-80 WESTBOUND, WYOMING - LATE AFTERNOON

The Firebird cruises over now hilly terrain.

INT. FIREBIRD - NIGHT

Bruce eating as he drives, a carton of milk between his legs.

RADIO NEWSCASTER (V.O.)
-tycoon battling cancer in a Seattle
hospital. Van Self is best known f-

He turns the radio off. Peers out at the road ahead, lit up by his headlights. Yawns.

DREAM FLASHBACK: [INT. - KOREAN ORPHANAGE / 1974 - DAY]

A rundown communal bathroom, with Asian-style floor toilets.

Brutal MU HON, 15, holds a child's Brazil national soccer team jersey. Number 10, name "Pele."

Five of his gang, ages 8 to 12, watch. Two others grip a shirtless Bruce, 5, who shakes with SOBS.

Mu Hon addresses Bruce IN KOREAN (with English subtitles):

MU HON
There's no Santa Claus, you little
bastard, the nuns gave you these.
And you're giving em to me. Thanks.
(reconsidering)
Or should I let you keep em?

He takes a Brazil team cap from another boy, offers it and the shirt to Bruce - who stops crying. But then-

.

He SMASHES Bruce in the belly - knocking him to his knees, crying again. Returns Bruce's presents to the other boy.

MU HON

You're an orphan, new boy! You're garbage, got it? No one wants you!

BRUCE

No, Mu Hon! My Mommy's coming for me.

MU HON

Oh, I see.

(agreeably, but then...)

Pull his pants down, guys, hurry!
Got your Santa Claus for you right here, fucker!

As he starts to unzip his fly. When suddenly, down the hallway outside the bathroom—

The sounds of A DOOR OPENING, and FOOTSTEPS.

And Mu Hon grabs the cap, slaps it back onto Bruce's head.

MU HON

Shit, Watchman Choi! Guess all I got for you now is this, new boy.
(in pidgin English)
Merry Christmas! Ho, ho, ho!

And a stream of urine rains down on Bruce's face.

END OF FLASHBACK. RETURN TO PRESENT:

INT. THE FIREBIRD - MORNING

Bruce sits up, tears in his eyes. He's wrapped in a blanket, shivering in the rear seat. As

His alarm clock RINGS on the floor. He turns it off, curls up under his blanket in a fetal position.

EXT. I-80 REST AREA, WYOMING - CONTINUOUS

It's a sunny morning, the snow-covered Rocky Mountains an imposing presence in the b.g. beyond Bruce's parked car.

Travelers stroll between their vehicles and the restrooms.

.

AN HOUR LATER, AND

All vehicles except Bruce's Firebird have changed. As...

Bruce does handstand pushups on a nearby table, watched by other travelers who "ooh" and "ah."

He finishes and strides to his car, doing his key toss trick along the way. Jumps in, and the engine ROARS.

EXT. SEATTLE SKYLINE - ESTABLISHING SHOT - AFTERNOON

From Capital Hill. Swedish Medical Center in the foreground.

INT. LUXURY HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A HARRIED MALE SECRETARY enters, trailed by the bus robber Petey. No glasses now and short hair. Carrying a briefcase.

HARRIED SECRETARY

Well, he is getting stronger. Don't worry, Peter, he can talk a little.

They stride across the room to the bed by the window. Past the just-departing Shorty, who Petey scowls at.

The bed occupant's eyes flutter open as they approach:

HENRY VAN SELF, a frail 75. Hairless and withered - tubes protruding from various orifices.

PETEY

Hello, Uncle Henry.

He halts at a respectful distance, but Henry's eyes indicate the chair by the bed so he advances and sits.

He opens his briefcase, smiling, but Henry growls "stop!" His voice weak and RASPY but imperious.

UNCLE HENRY

Some drug addict nigger! No way you could choose to just ignore that.

Petey pulls a small bag from the case, hands it to Henry.

PETEY

Oh come on, Uncle Henry! I got you your Boy Wonder Kindergartner of the Millenium medal back. Jesus Chr-

.

UNCLE HENRY

You shut your sarcastic mouth! I wanted that no good wop piece of shit fucked up too! I know I've taught you how to do that.

He pulls from the bag the child's medal worn by that old man on the bus. Swings it happily on its chain above him.

Until he finally sets it down. Then explodes in rage:

UNCLE HENRY

Get back down to the mission, boy!
With the rest of them losers.

And as he turns away to the window, Petey looks crushed.

EXT. NOISY SHOPPING MALL CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

A man in a hardhat operates a backhoe, watched by a foreman.

Other machines in operation in the background - bulldozers, backhoes, a crawler crane. The NOISE is deafening.

The backhoe bucket swings to the side, drops a load of dirt into a dump truck. Then swings back down to the ground.

The cab door opens, and Bruce hops out. Removes his hat and strides to the foreman - who shakes his hand, pleased.

FADE OUT

EXT. 1ST AVENUE, SEATTLE - LATE AFTERNOON

The east side of the road, just north of Washington Street. The pedestrian traffic includes several homeless.

A happy Bruce listens to Sheriff J's cousin JURGY - 45, her hair close-cropped under a Portland Trailblazers cap:

JURGY

Twenty bucks an hour, huh? Nice.
That's a lot more than I average.
In my business it's feast or famine.

Bruce nods at a sign over a stairway door in the building behind them, which says "Clementine Jurgenson, P. I."

BRUCE

Yeah, but you're a private eye,
Jurgy. That is so cool! I never-

.

And as Jurgy snorts at this and shakes her head...

Tall, filthy Native American FRED, 40, staggers drunkenly up to them, his hand out for funding, but-

JURGY

You don't wanna choke to death on a fist, Chief, I recommend you back off!

And so Fred stumbles away again, muttering. And then:

JURGY

Sonny tell you about that bus job?

BRUCE

No, but it was all over the news.

JURGY

Well, one of those guys left a matchbook behind, come from right down there - Larry's Greenfront.

As she points southward - across the street one block down.

JURGY

Mostly losers hang out there, though; couldn't hijack a rusty wheelbarrow.

She laughs in frustration. Then holds out her hand:

JURGY

Thank you for stopping by, Bruce.
(as they shake)
I remember when Elden and Joy brung you home, from Korea. You didn't trust no one.

BRUCE

Yeah... so they all tell me.

JURGY

Your first Christmas there I tried to look at one of your presents and heck! You bit me!

Bruce manages an uneasy smile at this, embarrassed.

EXT. SOUTH WASHINGTON ST. - SOON AFTERWARD

Bruce strides down the sidewalk toward his car. Alongside

.

A line of homeless people - stretching to a 5-story brick building at the end of the block.

Some of them miserable but lots of laughing and joking, too.

Near his car, Bruce meets short, bearded, 50ish DOBBS - a drunk but clean wino with a humorous glint in his eyes:

DOBBS

Excuse me partner. I know it sounds like a line from a Bogart movie, but could you stake a fellow American to just thirty-five cents?

BRUCE

Umm... yeah, sure. Why not?

He hands it over, and Dobbs winks and staggers off. Past

Three other panhandlers. Who saw this and start Bruce's way. Scaring him, so he hurries to open his car door. When-

TRUNESH (O.S.)

So what kinky shit bring you down to Skid Row, Lover?

And he peers over to see

Five young women in the soup line, watching him. One obese, one wearing a Muslimlike veil, two others, and...

A FIFTH. Who is GORGEOUS! Despite the black patch over one eye. In her early 20s, overflowing with life.

Who, grabbing a friend for support, reaches under her skirt and then, one leg at a time...

Removes her panties! And holds them out to him:

TRUNESH

Like a sniff... Yuppie?

Which is just a bit of a shock, but Bruce rolls with it:

BRUCE

Ahhh, well... no thank you, I'm actually trying to quit. Miss.

Taking Trunesh aback, but her friends erupt in GUFFAWS. As

A panhandler arrives: A 40ISH WOMAN, shabbier than she'd have to be for a part in a zombie flick. SOBBING:

.

ZOMBIE

I just need enough for a bus ticket
home to Vancouver, sir. My poor,
poor babies! They miss their mommy!

Bruce gapes at her - the matted hair, the absent teeth. And-

Jumps in his car. SLAMS the door!

And as she and the other panhandlers BANG on his windshield,
starts it up and RUMBLES away. As

TRUNESH

Yeah, run back to your coke and your
hot tub, bitch. Don't need your ass
down here!

EXT. SEATTLE WATERFRONT - NIGHT

From Elliot Bay. The waterfront along Alaskan Way before
Myrtle Edwards Park. The Space Needle visible in the b.g.

EXT. MYRTLE EDWARDS PARK / PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

The Firebird parked by the water. A few other cars here and
there, but no signs of life anywhere except

Bruce. His hands on the railing, gazing out at Elliot Bay.

INT. THE FIREBIRD - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Bruce opens the glove box and grabs his alarm clock. Moves
to set the alarm, but stops. The clock reads 2:13.

He frowns, holds it to his ear. Takes the battery out, then
reinserts it and tries again. Still nothing.

Shrugs, resignedly. Shoves his key back in the ignition.

EXT. A 7-ELEVEN IN BELLTOWN - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Two unkempt CAR THIEVES, 30ish, near the entrance smoking.

CAR THIEF 1

Fuck this city! I ain't- Oh, wowser!

As Bruce's Firebird RUMBLES in off the street and parks.

.

Bruce jumps out, no coat, heads for the store. Tosses his keys up and catches them, then tries it again but—

Car Thief 1 intercepts! Flips them to Car Thief 2:

CAR THIEF 1
Start 'er up!

And as Thief 2 does that, Thief 1 steps between Bruce and the car. Flicking open a switchblade.

Which Bruce stares at. Then looks up into the thief's eyes. Calm, his voice soothing:

BRUCE
You're cold. My God! It's freezing.

And for a moment the thief does start to shiver. But then relaxes. Looks Bruce up and down, and snorts:

CAR THIEF 1
No I ain't cold, Obi-Wan. But you gonna be!

And he feints a charge - which Bruce jumps back to avoid and TRIPS, on a parking curb.

And Thief 1 jumps laughing into the car, which his partner throws into gear and PEELS OUT from the lot.

As Bruce sprints after them. Screaming, desperate:

BRUCE
No, wait! Stop! I need my car!

As Thief 1 leans out the window, and screams... "Idiot!"

And the horn HONKS - "A shave and a haircut: two bits."

A SHORT WHILE LATER, AND...

Bruce gasps into a public phone near a corner of the store:

BRUCE
Nebraska, yeah. No, I— Who knows their plate number?... No, no address yet, I— but you can call me at the 7-Eleven here! Hold on.

Dropping the phone, he hurries to the store entrance but—

.

It's locked! A "Sorry, we're Closed" sign in the window. As the store lights go out.

And Bruce can only stare at the sign helplessly.

MONTAGE:

- Bruce trudging southward along deserted Alaskan Way.

- Trudging, Bruce sees lights and hears MUSIC on Yesler Way. He lopes across the road toward them.

- Music BOOMS from the clubs as Bruce passes Pioneer Square Park. Partiers and homeless crowd the sidewalks.

- Bruce on a pay phone at Cherry and 1st, and he's pissed:

BRUCE

My fault? Whose car did I steal?
Are the cops here just as fucking
incompetent as they-!

The dial tone BLARES and Bruce jerks his arm back, to slam the phone in fury against... whatever.

But then lowers it and hangs up.

END MONTAGE

Tears in his eyes, he looks around - at the dark streets to the north, then the more well-lit Pioneer Square area.

He peers up Cherry Street, at the 76-story Columbia Center.

EXT. 4TH AVE. & CHERRY ST. - A LITTLE LATER

Bruce shivers on a bench on a murky, covered patio outside of City Hall. The odd car WHOOSHING past on the street.

Three young black men enter the far background, LAUGHING, and Bruce turns to watch them. Then spots a blanket in a corner.

He jumps up, hurries over to grab it, and-

LEO (O.S.)

I wouldn't advise that, my friend!

And Bruce spins to see LEO - 40ish, GLOOMY, expensive coat.

Leaning against a wall on a portable chair. His expensive backpack on the ground beside him.

.

LEO
It could be full of bugs, you know?
Crab lice. Pick that filthy thing
up if you want, but—

BRUCE
Well, I'm freezing to death! Jesus!

Leo nods, studies Bruce. The panicked face, the shivering,
the tense shifting of weight from leg to leg.

He pulls out a pack of Top Tobacco. Rolls a smoke, takes a
long drag. Then, leaning back, exhales slowly.

LEO
So what happened, my friend? How
long have you been homeless?

BRUCE
I'm not homeless, they stole my car.

LEO
Oh... your car. Not what most of
us would consider a "home," is it?

He stands, folds his chair and jams it into his pack.

LEO
Okay, let's get you out of this cold.
(extending a hand)
Leo Monsoon. I'm, ah... not exactly
homeless either.

EXT. CHERRY ST. / 200 BLOCK - SOON AFTERWARD

Leo and Bruce plod down the dark, deserted sidewalk.

BRUCE
It's not like a sh-sh... shelter,
is it?

Leo snorts and walks on. As Bruce stops to consider, then
shrugs and follows. While, up the street behind them...

The enormous Columbia Center looms over it all.

EXT. COLUMBIA CENTER, PENTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON: A dark figure standing at a brightly lit window.

INT. COLUMBIA CENTER, PENTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

It's bus robber Petey. A glass in his hand as he looks out.

The huge room is elegant in blacks, whites and grays. On one side a Nautilus, a stationary bike, and a heavy bag.

Suddenly the BLARE of a live band, and Petey turns to see

Slim Adam entering. The bright colors of an extravagant party visible out the door behind him.

Two sexy girls try to enter too, but Adam pushes them away:

ADAM

Petey'll be out in a second, girls.

He pulls the door shut. Pours himself a glass of champagne.

ADAM

Happy 35th, Pete!

But... no response. And so Adam strides to Petey and CLINKS their glasses. Whereupon:

PETEY

He fucked me, Adam. Again! My own independent income, the day I turn 35. He promised!

He spins in sudden rage, and hurls his glass and it

SHATTERS against the wall! Right beside...

A portrait of Uncle Henry. In a three-piece suit, grinning as he holds a world globe under his arm like a basketball.

PETEY

This fucking penthouse is supposed to be mine now! I'm supposed to be able to quit that stupid job.

He closes his eyes, calms down. Pulls out a handkerchief, and hurries to the painting to wipe it clean.

ADAM

At least he paid for a great party!

PETEY

Man, sometimes I wonder if he's not gonna just give it all away at the last minute, to the Libertarians or-

.

ADAM
He'll give it to you; you're family.
(smiling)
Just... on Sunday, Pete? Be selfish,
beat this guy to a bloody pulp. To
inherit 5 billion dollars? I'd
beat my Mom to death for half that.

INT. COMPASS CENTER / 4TH FLOOR DORM - 7 A.M.

Against a chorus of SNORING, dim light from an outside hall illuminates... two rows of bunk beds lining opposite walls.

And now the overhead lights switch on! Revealing

A fully clothed Bruce, asleep in a bottom bunk with the tag 22B fixed to its end. Who turns from the glare, and—

BANG! BANG! BANG! Metal on metal, loud and grating.

As COTTON (45ish, premature white hair) stands in the center of the dorm — banging two metal garbage can lids together.

COTTON
Get up sleepy heads, let's go! Men
got ten minutes to clear the dorm!

Many bunks are empty, and occupants of the rest are either dressing or stumbling from the dorm to the bathroom.

But THORNTON (60, SMOKER'S COUGH) just sits in bed, furious:

THORNTON
Why do you treat us like this, Cotton?

COTTON
Excuse me? Treat you like what?

THORNTON
Like we're not even human beings,
man! Banging those fucking things.

COTTON
Look, it's Wednesday... and that's
cleanup day. And I can't clean
this place up for you human beings
if you're in the way.

Muttering, Thornton stands and lights a cigarette. As

Cotton locates Bruce — seated staring curiously around:

.

COTTON
22B, Shmaltz. Intake interview in
the Program Office. Oh-nine-hundred.

Bruce nods. Takes his boots from wooden locker 22B by his
bunk. Pulls them on, then steps across the dorm toward

Gloomy Leo - who is closing his own locker.

BRUCE
Say, Leo. Could you tell me where-

LEO
Whoa! Stop! Did I say I was
adopting you? Do you see those?

He points downward, at Bruce's boots. And Bruce peers down,
then back up at Leo. Confused.

LEO
Your own two feet. Stand on them,
my friend.

And he strides from the dorm and out a stairwell door. As

Thornton scowls after him. Then erupts in COUGHING. As

Bruce turns to Cotton - who is pulling sheets from the beds
and tossing them in a pile on the floor.

BRUCE
Excuse me, sir, is there a phone I
can use? I have to tell my boss-

COTTON
Program Office. Oh-nine-hundred.

Bruce starts to object, but... stops. Pulls out his change
and stares forlornly down at it - 62 cents. As

We PULL AWAY, backwards through the dorm to the dorm window.

Then out into the early morning dark, to find that...

The dorm is on the 4th floor of that building the homeless
were lined up outside yesterday. As

A trickle of men exit its ground-floor entrance below. As

We CLOSE ON that entrance. The sign above it has an image
of a mariner's compass and the words "Compass Center."

.

EXT. PIONEER SQUARE PARK - THREE HOURS LATER

A cold, sunny morning. The pedestrian and vehicular traffic brisk. In the distance we see

Dobbs, the Bogart line stealer. Joking with a young couple in business wear as the woman hands him a dollar.

She pulls her man away then, and they lock eyes and laugh.

THORNTON (O.S.)

Kids are in love. Look at em! I
used to live for that feeling. God!

And we PULL BACK to see Thornton the cougher, seated at one end of a cast-iron bench. Looking toward the other end, at

The shivering Bruce. Who shakes his head as he peers back:

BRUCE

Love? Just chemicals in your brain.

THORNTON

Oh, wow! Is life in Nebraska really
that depressing these days?

(off Bruce's surprise)

I hear things. Welcome to Seattle,
by the way. My name's Thornton.

He holds out a hand and they shake. Then produces a pack of cigarettes, and after Bruce declines lights one up himself.

THORNTON

Don't get me wrong. Maybe love is
just chemicals in your brain. But
wow! You meet this girl, right?
And KABLAM! You can't sleep... you
can't concentrate at work...

He looks wistful as he continues, remembering:

THORNTON

And everyone thinks you're crazy
because sometimes you just laugh
out loud, like a goofball. Her
face jumps into your head, and
suddenly life is just... heaven!

BRUCE

Yeah, I feel that way about my dog
sometimes.

THORNTON

(amused)

Yeah, dogs are great... But to get back to a species you can actually mate with, what're you gonna say to this angel when you get her alone? "Gee, the chemicals in my brain are reacting a lot to you"? Puh-lease!

He smiles at Bruce. Then erupts in violent COUGHING.

EXT. OCCIDENTAL AVE. - AN HOUR LATER

Bruce and Thornton trudge south toward Washington Street.

THORNTON

Okay, well I woulda fired you, too, you didn't show up your first day of work for me. So get another job.

BRUCE

I have 3 dollars and 12 cents. How am I supposed to get a job if the incompetent
(exploding)
Seattle police can't find my car!?

Thornton breaks into a COUGHING fit and can't reply. So

Bruce turns to study a display window as they pass. A well-worn coat with a \$6 price tag its featured item.

Shivering, he peers up at the "Goodwill Thrift Store" sign.

THORNTON

There's day jobs. Unloading trucks, yardwork once spring comes- But what you do first, you get down to the vampire's and sell some blood.
(off Bruce's horror)

Well, didn't you just say you're flat ass broke? That's seven easy bucks!

They reach Washington St., and turn toward the bay. When-

THWHOP! A body slams into the building before them. Gloomy Leo's body, with a black eye and a bloody nose now.

Beating him up the ARBITRAGER - a tall, mid-30ish white man in a 3-piece suit.

.

ARBITRAGER

I know what you are fucker, and you
deserve to be on the streets! And
you can't do that shit down here, either.

The beating continues, as people stop all around to watch.
Two 15-year-old girls are crying:

15-YEAR-OLD GIRL

He didn't do anything, mister. He
just asked us about our school-

Bruce takes a deep breath. Then steps forward to intervene,
but Thornton grabs his arm:

THORNTON

Whoa! What are you doing?

BRUCE

Well, he could really hurt him-

THORNTON

Please. That piece of crap deserves
every ass kicking he can get!

(beat)

Come on, I'll buy you lunch. Damn!

Bruce jerks free, still hoping to help Leo. But then sees

Jurgy in her T'Blazers cap, watching the fight. So he turns
his face to prevent her seeing him, and follows Thornton.

EXT. COMPASS CENTER - TWO MINUTES LATER

Thornton and Bruce reach the front steps, just as... Petey
steps out the door. Lighting a cigarette.

PETEY

Hey how's it going, guys?

THORNTON

Good, Pete! Got to see that piece
of crap Leo get his ass kicked.

He points back up the street two blocks, where the Arbitrager
spits on Leo and finally walks away.

PETEY

Leo the child molester! Cut off by
his own, high-society friends...
Well, sort of high-society anyway.

He takes a deep drag and peers around, looking for someone.

THORNTON

Peter's one of the counselors. He's
what you call an iconoclast.

(off Petey's disinterest)

Well, better go buy our tickets.

Petey murmurs "mmmm," and Thornton and Bruce vanish inside.

He takes another drag. Then ponders several homeless on the sidewalk. Watching him.

He flicks his half-smoked cigarette away. Smirks as they all scramble to get to it first.

INT. COMPASS CENTER / 2ND FLOOR CAFETERIA - AROUND NOON

Cheap folding tables and chairs in a packed, NOISY cafeteria.

Bruce eating hungrily at a table with Thornton and his feisty elderly girlfriend, EVE.

THORNTON

Yeah, I'm pretty much all chemicaled
out at this age.

Bruce stops eating and frowns at him. Didn't catch that.

THORNTON

I used up all my chemicals, man!
Probably never fall in love again...

(chuckling)

But on the plus side, not being all
fucked up on chemicals I can see
women way more clearly now, as they
truly are. Isn't that right, Eve?

EVE

Well, umm... yes, that's 100 percent
correct, Bruce. He really does
believe he can see women clearly.

The two share a look of mock anger, then laugh. Just as—

TRUNESH (O.S.)

Well, well! Look who dining at
the mission!

And the gorgeous one peers down at Bruce, meal tray in hand.
As her obese and veiled friends move off to find seats.

.

TRUNESH

So what, Mommy and Daddy throw you
out the house, Yuppie? For porkin'
a bad class of girl?

Bruce averts his eyes - unable to deal with this. As

IN THE BACKGROUND, we spot...

Petey. Eating in the separate area for staff, along with...

Rotund black MARTINE, thin white JEFFREY, and a pretty woman
with layered blond hair whose t-shirt identifies her as "The
Bellevue Bullet." All of them early 30s.

Petey frowns as he stares across the room at

Trunesh. Who smirks at Bruce, then strolls away. As

Thornton smiles after her between COUGHS, and Eve scowls:

EVE

Hey, don't pay any attention to her,
Bruce. Pole dancing little strumpet!

INT. COMPASS CENTER / PROGRAM OFFICE - AFTERNOON

A large central office. Two desks sit face-to-face against
one wall, and there's an old hotel-style grid of mail boxes
embedded in the opposite wall.

Rotund Martine sits at one desk, doing paperwork. As

Thin Jeffrey stands at the open office window, with a metal
cashbox, a computer printout, and a receipt book. As

Variously disabled men and women step to the window outside,
to sign for small sums of money from Jeffrey.

In the back are three private offices, in one of which

Petey talks with a tough-looking white man, 30ish. As they
walk out into the office proper:

PETEY

God! If you still don't think it's
alcohol ruining your life, Mark,
then here, I'll buy you your next
mother-fucking bottle myself.

He pulls a ten-dollar bill from his wallet, holds it out.

.

PETHEY

Do what you gotta do, man, it's okay.

And Mark hesitates, then snatches the bill. Mumbling "thank you," rushes out the door beside the office window.

And as Martine shakes her head in disapproval, Petey scowls:

PETHEY

Oh, come on, Martine. No way he's desperate enough to quit yet.

MARTINE

How you've managed to keep this job for two whole years is such a—

PETHEY

Friends in high places, Martine. I can't get fired. Sadly for us all...

He steps to a white board beside the mailboxes, on which the male residents' names are written. Studies it, and then:

PETHEY

So, this Bruce Shmaltz guy. What's his ism? He's not a crackhead...

JEFFREY

Dumb shitism? First day in town this dumb shit got his car stolen.

Petey nods at this information, then laughs cheerfully.

INT. TEENAGE GIRL'S BEDROOM - DAY

Stunning ANGELA, 17, strikes poses in bed, in a bra and thong.

Each pose is followed by a FLASH and the CLICK of a camera shutter, and the scene freezes in place for an instant.

Undoing her bra, Angela strikes her most alluring pose yet:

ANGELA

These Buds're for you, Mr. Monsoon!

And the scene freezes, to become...

A COLOR PHOTOGRAPH. And

FLAMES curl its lower left corner, as it shrinks to occupy less and less of the frame. Revealing, in the b.g....

.

INT. COMPASS CENTER / 4TH FLOOR LOUNGE - EVENING

Bruce. Seated on a couch peering around him with interest.

BRUCE'S POV: The men's floor lounge is 15 feet square. It is furnished with chairs, two couches, a bookcase, a table in room center, and a small corner desk.

Four men play a loud game of spades at the table.

Several others are scattered around - including two young black cokeheads, smoking and murmuring excitedly. As

MANIC, 50ish, babbles to himself in a corner chair.

Seated at the desk is the counselor CHRIS (slim, 35, white). Equipped with a flashlight, plug-in phone and logbook.

Across the room, holding that burning photo, sits...

Gloomy Leo. His face a truckwreck. Despondent in a worn armchair, as he dangles the photo over a large metal ashtray.

He twists it, to read the note on the back before it's gone:

INSERT - FEMININE HANDWRITING ON REVERSE SIDE OF PHOTO:

Don't fantasize about me when you're
with your wife, Mr. Stiffy Pants!

Your Angela

END INSERT

Dropping the now black photo into the ashtray, Leo stands. Picks up his backpack and leaves the room. And

We hear the stairwell door OPEN off-screen, then SLAM shut.

As one cokehead begins to toss spit wads at Manic. And

PONTIUS (black, 40ish, working man clothes) looks up from his newspaper, to study Bruce.

PONTIUS

So, Bruce Lee! You "used to be" a
hypnotist. Can you make us all bark
like dogs when you say "Cat!"?

BRUCE

Some of you, yeah. Probably.

.

And as one card player deals a new hand now, another - long blond-haired POTHEAD JOHN, 30 - turns to Bruce and smirks:

JOHN

So the Hilton sold out?

(off Bruce's confusion)

No, I'm just sayin, Dude. We don't get too many Japs staying here.

BRUCE

Oh... Japs. Right. How about Americans, you ever get any of them?

He nods, studying John. Then, suddenly:

BRUCE

Careful, they can see your cards!

JOHN

What? Bullshit!

Which it was; John hadn't turned his cards over. But as he does, he pulls them close and glowers at the other players.

Another player, JIMMY (Mexican-American, 30, long SCAR ON ONE CHEEK), turns to Bruce:

JIMMY

Hey, can you hypnotize me so I don't wanna drink no more, Bro?

(off Bruce's look of distrust)

Don't think I can deal goin' to AA the rest of my life!

BRUCE

Well, I don't really do that stuff anymore. I'm in construction.

(studying Jimmy)

But you look like you're doing good.

Jimmy shrugs. And we hear the ELEVATOR ARRIVE off-screen, and a man's voice RINGS OUT:

DON (O.S.)

You have a nice night now, Richard!

The elevator door SHUTS, and FEMALE VOICES recede upward as

RICHARD enters. White, 40ish, effeminate. Wearing a Yellow Cab driver's uniform and... weeping.

CHRIS

Well, hey. What's wrong, Richard?

RICHARD

You're supposed to be the counselor,
Chris. Why don't you know?

(off Chris's confusion)

I'm not Richard anymore, I'm Tabitha!

And he runs off to his dorm, sobbing. As Chris SIGHS and follows, while the card players CRACK UP:

JOHN

I'm Tabitha! Christ, what a nuthouse!

(beat)

When's he choppin' em off? Ooh!

And now Pontius glares at the COKEHEAD spitwadding Manic:

PONTIUS

Still tormenting the poor and weak.

COKEHEAD

Tormenting the-? Motherfucker, I
am the poor! And-

PONTIUS

You'll be the dead you call me
"motherfucker" again, boy! Now, I
told you - let that man be!

The cokehead glares back, scornful but nervous. He stands, turning to his taller, pretty boy-looking friend:

COKEHEAD

Tired old losers! Let's go, Tone.

(no response)

Come on, man! I got a idea...

And the two storm from the room and down the stairs.

PONTIUS

A idea! Like sellin your friend's
ass to some freak for a rock.

He breaks into a broad yawn then, and gets to his feet:

PONTIUS

Well, Christ. Better call it a day.

And he trudges from the lounge for his dorm, to several calls of "Good night, Pontius." While

.

Bruce looks around - despondent now. As

Manic SOLILOQUIZES off screen - rapid, barely intelligible:

MANIC (O.S.)

I think; therefore I am. Okay, fine.
But beyond that then, what?

(laughing)

I mean, if that's all that's certain,
then well, okay, we could all be
equivalent little incomplete souls.
In one joint universal consciousness.

(beat)

Or you, you evil old genius, you
could have created this whole charade.

Bruce buries his head in his hands. As Manic pauses, then:

MANIC (O.S.)

And if you did, then can you please
send some aliens down to abduct me?
These earthlings are just tiresome!

And Bruce's head lifts at this - a WTF? look on his face.

INT. PLASMA CENTER - THE NEXT MORNING

CLOSE ON: The crook of a tourniquetted arm being sanitized.
And then a hand slides a needle into the vein, and

A NURSE (red hair, 45, cheerful) undoes the tourniquet, of a
man on a bed in a busy plasma center ward.

NURSE

Okay, sir. You can start pumping.

And he makes a fist, then releases it - sending blood down
the plastic tube attached to the needle in his arm, to a
small bag at the side of his bed. As

In the b.g., over a 5-foot-high room divider, we see...

Bruce. Entering the center, to stare gloomily around at

BRUCE'S POV: The reception counter first, behind it a 30ish
woman talking cheerfully on the phone.

And then the beds in the donation area. Full of people in
various stages of the plasma donating process.

A sign on the divider wall says "Thank You for Saving Lives!"

.

Below it, another says payment is "\$7 per donation," with a "\$20 bonus for 8th donation in a month".

Bruce ponders all of this, then shakes his head "no way" and turns to leave. When suddenly—

The gorgeous, eye-patched Trunesh strolls around the corner from the donation area. Counting her 27 dollars. And:

TRUNESH

Well look what the cat squeezed out!
We meet again, Yuppie. Fate, I guess—

BRUCE

(angry)

Nope, just part of God hating me. I
dunno why, but here I am - in Hell.

And he spins and steps to the counter, rolling up a sleeve for the receptionist smiling brightly up at him:

BRUCE

Okay, so how many gallons do you
folks want? I need a coat.

As Trunesh watches him, and then suddenly EXPLODES:

TRUNESH

Well at least he let you keep both
eyes! Crybaby yuppie bitch!

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT TERMINAL 1 - DAY

A hectic morning. Arriving business passengers, a swarm of noisy junior high students with their teachers, etc. As...

Petey and slim Adam emerge, carrying suitcases. And

A HONKING van pulls up, and ramrod Ray smiles out at them.

INT. THE VAN - THE NEXT DAY

The bus heist team is back together! Petey, Adam and Shorty in back, Monte and Ray up front. Monte driving again.

MONTE

Nah, don't got none of my old unis...
Course I never got made no officer.

They're all in army uniforms. Ray's that of a captain.

.

Petey tense. Stares at his hands - clenching them into fists, then relaxing them. Until he suddenly looks up, at Shorty:

PETEY

So Shorty, you smell it too? Some sneaky little... short fucking rat?

SHORTY

No reason to rat on you this time, Petey, it'll all be on tape.

EXT. RETIRED U.S. ARMY OFFICERS' HOME, OAKLAND, CA - LATER

Three floors of red brick and ivy, a guard booth at the gate. The van glides by, turns at the next corner and parks.

And as parishioners swarm from a church across the street...

The team head for the facility. Shorty carrying a briefcase.

PETEY

Some poor old fuck with Alzheimer's. Jesus fucking Christ Almighty!

INSERT: A TV SCREEN, SHOWING CAMCORDER FOOTAGE:

The poor old fuck referred to, a retired GENERAL, stands by his bed in his pajamas. 70ish, clean shaven, dignified.

Photos from a distinguished career adorn the room. In one he's a beaming 35ish newlywed, in uniform by his happy bride.

The man smiles at Petey, whose back is to the camera:

GENERAL

Van Self? No, that sounds familiar but I don't- Maybe my wife could-
(looking around, sadly)
I don't know where she is right now-

PETEY

It doesn't matter. But he did ask me to deliver you a message, General.

The general gazes at him expectantly. And suddenly-

WHAM! Petey hits him in the jaw, knocking him onto his bed.

PETEY

No one! And that means no one...

.

As he SMASHES him again, and there's blood everywhere now:

PETETY
Runs off with Henry Van Self's girl
and gets away with it!

REVERSE ONTO...

Uncle Henry in his hospital bed, eyes riveted to his TV.

UNCLE HENRY
You no good, cocksucking Army trash!

REVERSE TO...

The screen, as the general tries to escape across the bed,
SOBBING. But Petey drags him back, echoing Henry:

PETETY
You no good, cocksucking Army trash!

The general swings a clock radio at Petey, breaks his nose.
But Petey just laughs.

He throws the radio at him now, but Petey ducks and it flies
straight at us, knocks the camera to the floor.

And all we can do is hear THUDS as Petey punches the general
over and over. Hard. GRUNTING with exertion.

REVERSE ONTO...

Uncle Henry again. Listening in fascination as he drools.

REVERSE TO...

The screen, as Petey lifts the camera back in place. GASPING,
eyes wild. The general unmoving on the bed behind him.

PETETY
There! You satisfied, Uncle Henry?

REVERSE ONTO... Uncle Henry. Wheezing, he clicks the TV off.

UNCLE HENRY
Damn right I'm satisfied! Thirty-
five years I've waited for that.

INT. LUXURY HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Petey, slim Adam and Shorty all stand at Henry's bedside.

.

UNCLE HENRY

I remember the first time I beat a man to death with my bare hands.

(amused)

Of course, I didn't puke my guts out afterward.

Petey glares at Shorty. Then turns back to Henry:

PETEY

Well, I didn't beat him to death—

UNCLE HENRY

Get out, both of you! Let me enjoy this moment alone with my nephew.

And then, as Shorty and Adam leave:

UNCLE HENRY

Man's 70, Pete. Almost my age. No way he survives that beating!

(wheeze-laughing)

Oh, and you can quit your job at the mission now. Son.

(off Petey's smile)

You've learned what I'd hoped. That you really don't want to be poor, do you? Even if it takes beating your own father to death to avoid it!

PETEY

W-what? No, I—

UNCLE HENRY

(glaring at the TV)

Knock my baby sister up, and then decide she's not up to your patrician standards. You fuck!

(off Petey's shock)

That's right, boy, you've got patrician blood in you. On you now, too!

FADE TO BLACK

INT. A NEWLY RENTED APARTMENT - DAY

The apartment is being moved into. Displaced furniture, appliances, cardboard boxes cover the wooden floors.

SALVADOR (45ish, burly, Hispanic) lies on a couch against a wall. Deep in a hypnotic trance. As

BRUCE (O.S.)
Just help me get there for a week,
I'll rent a car my first check.

And here's Bruce by the front window. Studying a want ads section while arguing into a cellphone:

BRUCE
Sir I operate the backhoe, the crane...
Handled lots of explosives, too, so-
(DIAL TONE)
So you don't care. Dammit!

He sighs, steps to the couch and folds Salvador's fingers around the phone. Then turns to

Scar-faced Jimmy - seated screwing legs on a dinner table. Like Bruce, his clothes, face and hands are grimy.

BRUCE
Ready to get that fridge, Jimmy?

Jimmy looks up, smiles and shakes his head "no."

EXT. THE APARTMENT BUILDING - A SHORT WHILE LATER

From an outdoor stairway we see a moving van parked before the building, on its side the legend "Gomez Moving." As

Bruce appears. Gripping one end of a large refrigerator as he climbs backward up the stairs.

Followed by Jimmy, gripping the other end.

The fridge is heavy; they have to stop twice before reaching the next landing, where they set it down by the open door.

And as Jimmy smokes, Bruce twists to ease his back. Angry:

BRUCE
Why is it so hard to find a red
Firebird-?

JIMMY
Maybe cause it's in Mexico by now?

INT. THE APARTMENT - FIVE MINUTES LATER

As Jimmy removes the protective padding from the fridge, Bruce sits down beside Salvador.

JIMMY

Can't you just, like... snap your fingers and wake him up?

BRUCE

In an emergency, yeah. Well, I don't snap my fingers, I shout the name of some... cereal. For Salvador, it's Captain, ahh... C-R-U-N-C-H.

(frowning)

Soft and gradual works way better, though, if you're treating people.

(beat)

Or that's what my Dad says. Myself, I'm not much of a people treater.

JIMMY

You treatin' Salvador's back.

BRUCE

Nah, just helping him with the pain while he rests it. He needs to see a doctor—

Bruce turns back to Salvador and, in a firm but calm voice:

BRUCE

Your back feels fantastic, Salvador. The pain is almost gone now. And the less pain you feel, the more thankful you are for us boys. We're such valuable workers!

(pausing)

And I'm going to count from 1 up to 5 now, to wake you. And as I do, your conscious mind forgets all that I've said. One, you feel the energy flowing back into your body...

EXT. COMPASS CENTER - LATE AFTERNOON

An ambulance parked before the center in a crowd. As

The Gomez Movers van pulls up across the street.

Bruce, Jimmy and Salvador climb out, Bruce in that \$6 coat from the Goodwill, which is too small for him.

SALVADOR

God, I am thankful for you boys!
You're such valuable workers.

And he pulls out a roll of 20-dollar bills, counts and hands four bills to each of them:

SALVADOR
Eight hours at 10 bucks. That's
eighty dollars both, boys.

JIMMY
Okay, Bro, thanks. Next job you
got, you know where to find us.

Salvador laughs, gets back in the van and drives off.

BRUCE
Really nice guy. Kinda heavy jobs...

JIMMY
Sure likin' this 10 bucks an hour,
though, Bruce. Stead of that 5 he
usually pay!

And they turn and trudge across the street now, just as...

Two EMTs push a stretcher into the ambulance. On it is
Trunesh's obese friend, in a respiratory mask. As

Trunesh and her other friends watch, red-eyed from crying.

JIMMY
Girl won't chill with the piggin'
out, damn! But I guess maybe she
will now, though, after this.

BRUCE
Maybe. That's hard to predict.

INT. COMPASS CENTER / 1ST FLOOR LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Diverse homeless occupy the lobby's sofas and chairs - dozing,
reading, smoking, etc. As

Jimmy and Bruce stride across the lobby, toward

DON, 55, tall and overweight, seated on a stool beside the
elevator access ramp.

To Don's left is the Program Office - its door open but its
consultation window now shut.

Beside the office, a passage leads off to an unseen area of
the first floor (the TV lounge).

.

Don shouts "GOING UP!" and four men hurry from that passage to board. ONE OF THEM, 60ish, can barely walk.

DON
You been drinking, Charlie?

Charlie shakes his head no, and wobbles aboard the ancient birdcage elevator. As

Trunesh and her veiled friend run across the lobby to board.

INT. THE ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

As the elevator ascends, Trunesh and her friend sob. When suddenly... a calm, soothing voice:

BRUCE
It's gonna be alright. She'll be fine. So just relax now, and-

TRUNESH
(raising her hand)
Not another fucking word! Got it?

And Bruce stares back at her in shock, his mouth closing.

INT. 4TH FLOOR LOUNGE - THAT EVENING

A crowd similar to before: working man Pontius and coughing Thornton, Jimmy and the same other three card players. As

A short bespectacled man with IDD, 25ish, twists a length of wire into various shapes, fascinated. As

The mean cokehead flicks spitwads at him. As

Two 20ish Mexicans talk in Spanish about finding work. And

Thornton smokes and talks with fat, jovial 60ish BROOKLYN:

THORNTON
Pretty obvious how I'm going, Brook.
Ma and Pa both died of cancer. And
wow! The way I smoke?

Brooklyn ponders this. And then, in a Brooklyn accent:

BROOKLYN
Heart attack's takin' me out, Thorny.
For definite. Either that or, uh...

.

He pauses, as we hear the elevator arrive off screen, and Don say "You have a nice night, Bruce!"

And Bruce enters, carrying a shopping bag and an open pint carton of milk. Reaches into the bag and pulls out

A pair of new work gloves. Tosses them to an amused Jimmy:

JIMMY

Thanks, Bruce, I'll give em a try!

THORNTON

(between coughs)

Another day, another couple bucks closer to that used car, eh Bruce?

(back to Brooklyn)

Either your heart or what, Brooklyn?

BROOKLYN

Well, I've slowed down, Thorny. A lot. CIA could catch up to me any time, you know? And if they do, well...

People stop what they're doing - curious to learn what the CIA will do if they catch Brooklyn. Who

Mimes a slash of his throat, and everyone laughs.

PONTIUS

Man! You and the CIA!

Pothhead John takes a chain with a marijuana leaf pendant on it from his neck now, and swings it back and forth at Bruce:

JOHN

Look at me, Hop Ching! You are getting sleepy! Motherfuckin sleepy!

Pontius peers up at Bruce, curious how he'll respond. As Jimmy snorts and stands:

JIMMY

Well I'm gettin' sleepy. Hard day!
(to Bruce)

You better crash soon, too, Bro.
Might have somethin' else tomorrow.

And as he turns then to leave, John erupts:

JOHN

Come on, Jim! Why you givin' this guy work? Shittin' on your friends?

JIMMY
Cause they like him, Bro. He's a
valuable worker.

BRUCE
(dryly)
Yeah, what did the other guy say -
"No wonder the Japs kick our ass"?

JIMMY
Ole Mr. Crane. It was a complement!

BRUCE
Yeah. No, I know it was. I know...

John SNORTS, makes a squinty, buck-toothed Chinaman face at
Bruce. Who smiles back, and then:

BRUCE
God your tooth hurts, John! Owwww!
It kills you to even talk idiotic.

And John snaps his mouth shut, rubs his jaw in pain. As

Bruce swills some milk. Then notices Pontius and Thornton
chuckling together at his handling of John.

DREAM FLASHBACK: [EXT. HIGHWAY CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY]

A busy worksite under the bright sun. Two men in the back of
a truck hand boxes labeled "DYNAMITE" down to...

Bruce and his DAD, who lug the boxes away.

DAD
Something "big," huh? Heroic! You
know Bruce Lee's fights were all
planned out in advance. Try that
stuff for real... hello, wheelchair.

EXT. A SHADY AREA - A LITTLE LATER

Beside a muddy road grader, father and son eat their lunches.

DAD
What's wrong with helping folks out
with their eating disorders?

BRUCE
Lazy old farm women? Come on, Dad!

.

DAD

Well, why not? Everyone needs help
sometime. You do, too.

(pondering)

You're not one of those people who
only take, are you? Never give a
thing back? Just poison. Only
time those idiots make the world a
better place is when they leave it!

BRUCE

What? When they die, you mean?

DAD

Just wanna be sure you have skills
the world needs...

Bruce ponders this sadly. When suddenly—

A STREAM OF WATER hits him in the face! And he sees his Dad
a few feet away, spraying him with a hose.

DAD

Something to wash that sandwich down
with, Bruce?

Laughing, Bruce tries to avoid the spray but can't. And—

END OF DREAM. RESUME TO PRESENT:

BRUCE (V.O.)

WHAT THE-!?!

INT. MEN'S DORM - 11:30 P.M.

He wakes up in his bunk, to find that the hose water was in
reality a stream of... urine!

Charlie, the drunk man Don let up earlier, stands by Bruce's
bunk, apparently believing it the nearest urinal.

Bruce jumps up and kicks Charlie in the chest - knocking him
SQUAWKING to the floor.

And as counselor Chris runs in, the overhead dorm lights go
on. Most men awake now, glaring at Bruce and the old man.

THORNTON (O.S.)

How'd he get up here? That prick's
as drunk as a fucking skunk!

EXT. COMPASS CENTER - SOON AFTERWARD

BLAM!!! Bruce flies out the door. Stomps away in fury.

Tall filthy Fred and Petey's client Mark stumble over to panhandle him, but back off on his murderous glare.

He kicks a trash can over, and all the garbage spills out.

EXT. 1ST & WASHINGTON - MOMENTS LATER

LOUD CLUB MUSIC and drunken partygoers abound.

Bruce reaches the corner, glares down at his very urinated-in attire. When-

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Let me guess. Someone mistook you
for the urinal.

And Bruce spins to see...

Gloomy Leo. Leaning against a wall on his chair. Smoking.

LEO

That can happen. Ask 'em to switch
you to a top bunk.

(and then, casually)

A red Firebird, right? Nebraska
plates?

And Bruce gapes back at him - trembling.

LEO

I just saw it. Two guys and a girl
got out and went in the Yesler
Tavern. They looked pretty violent.

BRUCE

Where's the Yesler Tavern?

LEO

I'll show you. Better let me get
you something first.

He starts pulling gear from his pack, piles it on his chair.
First a length of rope, a hangman's noose at its end.

LEO

For if I ever get the courage up. I
want to be ready.

.

BRUCE
Ready? For what, to hang yourself?

Leo pulls out a .38 special now, offers it to Bruce.

LEO
Or shoot myself; depends how I feel.
I've got a box of bullets somewhere—

BRUCE
I don't need a gun. Let's go.

EXT. YESLER TAVERN - SHORTLY THEREAFTER

LAUGHING, the thieves cross the street toward the Firebird.

CAR THIEF 1
Fuck that bitch! Ain't even got a—

BRUCE (O.S.)
Could I have my keys back, idiots?

Stepping in front of his car. To their brief shock, but:

CAR THIEF 1
Oh, yeah. Sorry, pal. Just a sec—

As he reaches into his pocket, and WHIPS OUT...

A knife! In a powerful arc that only fails to transform
Bruce's face forever because—

He jumps back just in time. His eyes saucers, terrified.

CAR THIEF 1
Ain't your car no more, punk! Get
outa here before we hurt you.

And he feints a charge, just like before, and—

Bruce explodes! Knocking him to the ground with a spin kick.
Then turns to attack Car Thief 2.

While drunken passersby hurry over to watch.

As a martial artist Bruce is more Shmaltz than Lee, but he's
got sheer panic on his side and the drunks are overmatched.

Finally he lands another kick to Car Thief 1's head and the
man collapses, MOANING. As

.

Bruce jumps after Car Thief 2, who is crawling off in terror. KOs him with a head kick. But—

Car Thief 1 is back up. Pulls out the keys, only to find—
A .38 special in his face.

LEO

May I have those keys, please?

The terrified man hands them over, and... WHAM! Bruce KOs his dumb ass, too.

And then kicks him again. And again - hard. Snarling:

BRUCE

Now you feel cold, asshole, so cold...

Until he controls himself finally, and spins to glare at...

Leo. Who hands him his keys. Which Bruce ponders, then

Opens the passenger door and reaches under the seat. Laughs as he pulls out

A roll of bills! And then sadly surveys...

BRUCE'S POV: The interior of his car, which is a total mess.

He straightens up, still breathing hard. Smiles at Leo:

BRUCE

Man, thank you! You saved my li—

(suddenly incredulous)

Jeez, are you serious about killing yourself? I mean, why?

INT. COMPASS CENTER / 4TH FLOOR LOUNGE - AN HOUR LATER

Leo and Bruce the sole occupants, across the table from each other. Bruce in his blue jeans and black leather jacket.

LEO

A child molester? Oh, these people!

(then, with a sigh)

No, that term doesn't fit me. There are people— I got invited to this party last year, and those guys... some of them real pillars of society.

His anger gives way to bitterness:

.

LEO
Wrap your head around that! Because
I am talking really young children.
Eight, nine... That's who you should
be rousting. The filthy pedophiles!

BRUCE
Yeah, I'm with you on that!

LEO
I have this... weakness, for teenage
girls. 15, 16, 17? I'm just...
attracted to them, I can't help it.
I've never done anything, that'd be
unfair to them. Hasn't stopped the
world from... disappearing me.

Bruce nods. And then pulls out... an ancient pocket watch.

LEO
Do you guys still use pocket watches?

BRUCE
This was my Dad's.
(off Leo's nod)
Okay, then... just lie down on your
back on the sofa there, Leo. Take
your shoes off first, if you want.

Leo slips them off, stretches hesitantly out on the couch.

BRUCE
Yes, like that. Good. And just try
to relax, okay? Relax all your body.

Bruce dangles his watch above Leo and, in a soothing voice:

BRUCE
Just look at my watch, Leo. Stare
very very intently at my watch. As
you take three long, deep breaths.

Leo stares intently up at Bruce's watch - breathing deeply.

AS, IN THE HALLWAY OUTSIDE...

Chris sits in a chair reading, while two residents smoke.

INT. COMPASS CENTER / 1ST FLOOR LOBBY - DAY

A ONE-HUNDRED-DOLLAR BILL sails upward through the air.

.

Trailed by another! Then several more, and then a flotilla of 100-dollar bills.

As, below this small flying fortune...

Faces stare up. Faces of the substance abusing, mentally derailed and elderly clients of the Program Office.

The elevator operator Don among them. Hungrily awaiting the bills' descent.

One tall young man jumps now, and grabs several bills. And as the rest of the money falls...

People scramble and push to seize as much as they can. As

PETEY (O.S.)
Ho, ho, ho! Merry last day of work
in this fucking shithole for me, my
homeless confreres!

And through the crowd we spot...

Petey by the office door, wearing a tuxedo. Reaching into a bag and hurling more bills aloft. As

Men race past him from the TV lounge passage, for theirs.

As, across the lobby, the stairwell door opens and out step

Gorgeous Trunesh and Leo. Who shrug at the chaos and stride for the door. When

PETEY
Tru! Got something for you, girl.

And he tries to push their way, but the crowd swallows him. As Trunesh snorts contemptuously.

EXT. COMPASS CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Trunesh and Leo descend the steps and turn for Elliott Bay. Leo smiles and points toward the Washington Street Pier.

EXT. WASHINGTON ST. PIER - FIVE MINUTES LATER

On a sunny bench, a want ads section flutters in the breeze, three ads circled in black. As

The sound of a radio news REPORT approaches:

.

RADIO NEWSCASTER (V.O.)
 -all to his reclusive nephew Peter
 Van Self. Who, while a Harvard MBA,
 is said to have had no experience
 at all in the day-to-day operations-

Fading as an older man with a transistor radio strolls past.
 Strenuous GRUNTS drown it out, too, and we PULL BACK to see
 Bruce, doing handstand pushups beside the bench. When-

TRUNESH (O.S.)
 Leo tole me whatcha did for him.

And he does three more, then lowers himself to his knees.
 Glances at his wristwatch, stands... finally looks at her.

TRUNESH
 That hypnotherapy? I never seen
 Leo all happy like this.

BRUCE
 Oh... Yeah, I gave him a pick-me-up;
 that's what my Dad used to call it.
 It'll wear off pretty quick.

He stares at her awhile. Too long. She's just so gorgeous,
 standing there beaming back at him. Until

She inserts a finger up one nostril, and giggles.

Getting a smile out of him. But then he grabs his paper and
 steps past her - toward the Compass:

BRUCE
 Okay. Well, have a nice day, miss-

TRUNESH
 Trunesh. Can you help me... Bruce?
 (as he slows)
 Please? I'm worried about Debra.
 Leo say you help people lose weight.

BRUCE
 Helped people lose weight, I told
 him. And I hated it.
 (turning back)
 Look, I've gotta find a job, okay?

She tries to take his arm, and he gently removes her hand.

BRUCE

I owe all this money, okay? I need a place to stay... I'm a yuppie bitch-

TRUNESH

Hey, I apologize for that. I'm the bitch... sometime. Forgive me?

(no response)

See, I thought- Well, you looked like this guy I used to know-

BRUCE

Yeah, I bet. A Japanese guy, right?

TRUNESH

No... black. And aren't you Korean?

Bruce didn't expect this and looks away - embarrassed.

TRUNESH

Anyway, you ain't like that jerk at all. You so hell more... mature!

INT. COMPASS CENTER / 4TH FLOOR - NIGHT

Bruce at the long communal sink in the hallway outside the lounge, ringing out wet socks and a pair of briefs.

He turns now, and carries them into the lounge. Where

Pothead John stands - his jeans down to his ankles! Holding one arm straight out before him with a vacant smile.

Leo and working man Pontius among those here. Scarface Jimmy and two others play cards, John's place at the table empty.

PONTIUS

Man, that is some serious voodoo!

LEO

You're selling yourself short, Bruce. You are one hell of a therapist!

BRUCE

Nah, he's just really suggestible.

He starts hanging his laundry on John's arm to dry.

LEO

It doesn't pay to get on your bad side, does it?

Bruce frowns, as he levels out the edges of his laundry.

LEO
You're using your training to get
revenge, my friend. It's unethical!

And Bruce spins to face Leo, who glares back. And so Bruce looks around, to check with everyone else:

BRUCE
What? Don't you guys think he has
this coming?

Nobody responds except Jimmy and Pontius, who only shrug.

And so Bruce sighs and removes his laundry from John's arm:

BRUCE
Jeez! Okay. Put your arm down,
racist. And pull your pants up.

He walks John to his chair then. Winks at Leo, and...

Gives John a wedgie! Amusing the others, but Leo stomps disgusted from the room. To Bruce's surprise.

PONTIUS
Fuck him if he can't take a joke.

Bruce pushes John into his chair, then steps back and says:

BRUCE
Fruit Loops!

And John is suddenly fully alert, smiling happily.

INT. OUT-OF-USE BARBERSHOP - LATE MORNING

DEBRA (Trunesh's obese friend, 25ish) lies in a barber chair. Eyes shut, face calm. Hypnotized.

Unlike in Nebraska, Bruce sounds like he truly cares now:

BRUCE (O.S.)
Four. Your eyes feel like they've
been bathed in cool spring water...

PULL BACK, to find him paused to survey the ancient shop:

Recently cleaned but still dusty. Three barber chairs side-by-side, photos of 60s and 70s celebrities on the walls.

.

BRUCE

Number five. Wide awake now. Open your eyes. Stretch! Take a long, deep breath... and feel wonderful!

Debra opens her eyes, stretches, and smiles at Bruce.

EXT. THE BARBERSHOP, PIONEER SQUARE PARK - A BIT LATER

As Bruce locks the door, Debra bubbles happily beside him:

DEBRA

It's lunchtime, really? I ain't hungry at all, sir. Think I'ma just go for a nice long walk.

BRUCE

Excellent idea, Debra! That's it!

She laughs, and pulls a sealed envelope from her coat.

DEBRA

Tru tole me give you this. Can't give you herself, she in school.

BRUCE

School...

He peers down at his name scrawled on the front, and when he turns it over a red lipstick imprint of a woman's lips.

LEO (V.O.)

Hey, would you not talk to me, Mr. Hypnotherafascist? About anything?

INT. COMPASS CENTER / 1ST FLOOR TV LOUNGE - AFTERNOON

They're among a group watching the news on an old TV. Leo glaring at Bruce, furious.

He jumps up and stalks off to a distant chair. As Thornton snorts in contempt, coughs a bit, and then:

THORNTON

She's going to Seattle Central, Bruce. Accounting, she says. She really paid you fifty bucks?

BRUCE

She tried to; I'm not taking it.

THORNTON

Really interesting girl. Gets a little money from her accident, enough to rent a nice place. But no, she's gonna go to school.

(coughs a bit,
and then...)

If she'd dance again she'd be ok—

But he's cut off here by a man's SCREAM, of anger and pain:

MANIC (O.S.)

Why do we always hurt the children?!

As he gapes at the TV, where a reporter stands by a gutted school bus. The caption below reading:

"Breaking News: 23 Dead in Tel Aviv School Bus Bombing."

TV NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)

No one seems to know exactly what transpired en route, but Israeli sources are calling it one more in an ongoing wave of suicide bombings—

MANIC

We're sposed to protect the children, people. Give em a chance to live!

As he rocks back and forth in his chair, sobbing.

Thornton nods in sympathy, then turns back to Bruce. When—

LEO (O.S.)

So you don't like racists, is that it, bumpkin? Well, let me set you straight on something. It is you... gooks who are the racists!

As Leo stomps back over, wild-eyed. BARKS down at Bruce:

LEO

I've taught you gooks. You come over here, don't do a thing but study. To get into our Ivy League schools.

(beat)

Keep yourselves segregated from us so we don't... infect you.

(laughing)

Except when you need help explaining to your landlord that that stench coming from your room is your "food."

THORNTON

Okay, that's about enough, Chester—

LEO

Chester!? Says the nobody who ogles
Trunesh's ass every single time she
walks by. You dirty old... turdball!

Bruce stares at him, in curiosity outweighing his anger:

BRUCE

Wow. I haven't seen this part of
you before. What name do you go by?

LEO

(in a husky voice)

Beelzebub, fucker! The Bold!

And he SPITS in Bruce's face!

LEO

And that heroic dad of yours? Just
sounds like some selfish redneck
faggot to me. Help who he wants—

WHAM!!! He's against the wall. Bruce's hands at his throat.

LEO

Did he kick drunks when they were
unconscious, too?

But then Bruce catches himself, calms down and releases Leo.
Who strolls laughing from the lounge. And:

BRUCE

Wow, a guy who needs parts therapy!

Frowning. And then, to clarify for all the vacant stares:

BRUCE

Everyone has different parts. Lots
of different "I"s - not just one.

BROOKLYN

Different "I"s? Whaddaya mean?

BRUCE

Okay, today "I" quit drinking, right?
Forever, "I" swear! But tomorrow you
see me and "I'm" drunk as a skunk.
That's two different "I"s of mine,
who feel different about drinking.

BROOKLYN

Hmm, I never looked at it like that.

BRUCE

It doesn't usually matter, I guess...
But in some people, sometimes, one
part, one "I" - like old Beelzebub
there maybe, I don't know - does
crazy stuff that ruins the person's
life. And so... parts therapy!

He pauses, sighs as he reflects on this:

BRUCE

Which my Dad was gonna teach me.

(beat)

Although there is this guy here in
Seattle Dad knows... Charlie, uh-

THORNTON

Well, but there's no therapeuting
pedophiles anyway, Bruce.

(nodding toward the TV)

That's who they should be blowing up!

BRUCE

Well, Leo says he's not a pedophile-

THORNTON

And you believe him? You're so
naive! What else is he gonna say?

Bruce ponders this, wiping the spit from his face. As

MANIC

We've got to protect the children,
people! What are we without them?

And Bruce looks at Manic now and ponders his words, too.

EXT. PIONEER SQUARE PARK - DAY

A drizzly day. Leo stands near the barbershop door, against
a wall. Keeping dry while he watches...

A TEENAGE GIRL, looking around restlessly under an umbrella.
Each time she turns his way, Leo averts his eyes.

And when she strides toward him now, Leo blanches.

.

TEENAGE GIRL

Hey, perv. You got the time?

LEO

I, uh... sure, Princess. Five to 11.

She curses. Smiles at him haltingly then stomps off. And—

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Damn, you let that go?

And Leo turns to see - stepping his way, sizing him up...

A PERVERT. Mid-30s, cheap sport coat, careless grooming.

PERVERT

You look... well off. You could be
pounding that young thing up the
tight little hole of your choice at
this very moment, as we speak!

LEO

(in his husky voice)

Yeah? Well, then we wouldn't be
speaking, would we? Moron.

(and then, softly to himself)

And I wouldn't be me...

He turns glumly from the man, to gape instead at...

The Arbitrager bully. Kicking a bottle from some winos on a
bench nearby, before turning his way.

And so Leo hides his face. And—

BANG!! A car backfires, somewhere near. And when Leo spins
back, shaken, both villains are gone. But

BRUCE (O.S.)

The important thing's not what you
weigh, Debra; it's how you feel.

As Debra steps from the barbershop, right in front of Leo.

DEBRA

Oh, I feel unbelievable! You have
a wonderful day, sir. Hi, Leo!

She walks off, and Bruce appears. Ponders Leo a bit, then

Decides. Looks around to make sure no one is watching, and
gestures for Leo to hurry inside.

.

INT. THE BARBERSHOP - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Seated on chairs facing each other. Mutually distrustful.

LEO

Why? Do you want to be the
beneficiary of my life insurance?

BRUCE

No, but if you want me to do this I
need to know. You have an obsession,
yeah. But are you suicidal, too?

LEO

Well, okay... yes. No more of the
respect that makes calamity of so
long life in me, you know?

Bruce's vacant look says he doesn't, and so Leo laughs.

LEO

They don't teach Shakespeare in
Nebraska?

BRUCE

Romeo and Juliet?
(trying to remember)
Hark, who's that in the window?

Leo nods. Peers around at the photos on the walls. Stands
and strolls over to ponder one, of...

Natalie Wood, stepping from that lake in "The Great Race."

LEO

Angela, the young lady I got fired
over? I never did a thing. But
they found these photos she sent me.
(bitterly)
Good-bye 15 years of focus making
sure my kids do know the Bard.
That's this world! So am I suicidal?

Meandering back to Bruce, he shakes his head with a sigh:

LEO

Yes... I want to die. Don't try to
"save" me, I'm not here for that;
I'd just like to feel a little more...
comfortable while I am still alive.

He plops down in his chair. And Bruce pulls out his watch.

.

BRUCE

One more thing. About those rich
creeps you saw, at that party last
year. Abusing those little boys?

(off Leo's confusion)

Well, I mean: if you're really not
one of them, why, um- well, why go?

Leo glares back at him. Shakes his head sadly, hurt.

LEO

Last year? Because I didn't know who
they were. When I found out, I ran.

(pondering)

This year? Well, if I were to go
again, it would be because they at
least treat me like a human being.

BRUCE

Okay, but maybe there's one part of
you that is attracted to little—?

LEO

No, there isn't! Cripes! I see
this was a great idea.

And he starts to stand, incensed, but Bruce smiles calmly:

BRUCE

Sorry about that question, Leo, I
had to ask. Forget it, okay?
And just lean back and relax.
Let's get you feeling good again.

Leo nods, grudgingly, and then sinks back down in his chair.

INT. COMPASS CENTER / 4TH FLOOR DORM - DAY

Bruce napping in a top bunk, when his alarm clock RINGS. He
sits up and shuts it off. Yawns and stretches.

INT. THE STAIRWELL - SOON AFTERWARDS

Bruce steps out the fourth-floor door and starts down. When—

TRUNESH (O.S.)

Hi, Bruce!

And she's descending the stairs above. Takes his arm but he
pulls away - distrustful.

.

TRUNESH

What? Oh, come on, I ain't gonna ask for nothing else. I just, well... I kinda like you, Bruce.

(as he blushes)

"Kinda," I said. Goddam, farm boy!

They bound down some stairs, and she grabs his arm again:

TRUNESH

But do you think you could help one more person, Bruce? She really—

BRUCE

I can't, Trunesh, hafta go fill out some paperwork. I got my job back.

TRUNESH

Really? That's great, man! I know how much you wanted that.

BRUCE

Nice people; Seattle is full of em.
(reflecting)

Said I sound like I have my head on straight, so... a second chance.
And I am not blowing it this time!

He stops on a landing. Smiles at her as he swivels his head back and forth in various directions. Then in a circle:

BRUCE

My head sure feels like it's bolted on straight. Not off center, is it? Cause of some... stripped threads or—

TRUNESH

Girl can't wake up. Every job she get they fire her ass the first day. You can fix that, right?

INT. COMPASS CENTER / 1ST FLOOR LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

A line of clients before the Program Office window. As Bruce BANGS out the stairwell door, pursued by Trunesh:

TRUNESH

Well, if you don't start till next week, come on! You can really make a difference here, Bruce.

Bruce slows, moved by her words somehow. But when he turns to reply, she's glaring across the lobby at...

TRUNESH

Unlike some so-called counselors I
know... keepin' addicts addicted!

... Petey. Who disengages from pothead John, scarface Jimmy and Thornton the cougher, and starts her way.

And as Bruce heads for the door, Trunesh pulls out a thick envelope and stomps toward Petey:

TRUNESH

I told you quit stalking me, man!
And take your fucking money back!
I don't want it.

EXT. COMPASS CENTER - MOMENTS LATER

Bruce steps out into a crowd, gaping across the street at...

Tall, filthy, drunken Fred. Waving a broken bottle at the Arbitrager bully, who faces him in a kung fu stance.

And so Bruce curses and strides across the street to them:

BRUCE

Excuse me. Guys?

ARBITRAGER

Mind your own business - faggot!

Giving Bruce pause for a moment, but then he laughs:

BRUCE

Hey, what is that, is that kung fu?
Cause, umm, taekwondo's way better.
Would you like me to show you?

And the man steps back and ponders Bruce, intrigued.

BRUCE

Drop the bottle, okay, Fred? Go see
who's over at the Compass.

FRED

That guy's a asshole!

Bruce takes Fred's bottle and pushes him toward the Compass. Then turns, as the Arbitrager pounds his chest.

.

ARBITRAGER

I got one hell of a lot of pent-up hostility in here, zipperhead!

Which I was gonna take out on the ole Chief there. Fucking garbage.

(laughing)

But this'll be cool, too. It'll be like beating the shit out of that faggot Bruce Lee.

The two square off, and Bruce lands an immediate reverse spin kick - staggering the Arbitrager. But

ARBITRAGER

Gook pussy! That weak ass taekwondo won't get it.

He removes the jacket of his three-piece suit, folds and lays it by the wall. And then attacks.

And it is soon clear that he is both too big and too skilled.

Bruce tries hard, but takes a beating. And when one of his punches HITS A BUILDING WALL, he's down to his left hand only.

Finally the Arbitrager grabs Bruce's head, and jerks it down into a series of vicious knee strikes.

And as Bruces slides down the wall, his nose gushing blood...

Trunesh is between them! And the Arbitrager hurls her away:

ARBITRAGER

Keep out of this - cunt!

But Petey is there, too, and catches her so she doesn't fall:

PETEY

You okay, Tru? I've got this, huh?

And then, removing his jacket, he strolls for the Arbitrager.

ARBITRAGER

Oh, no! Not a social worker! I'm quivering to fucking death.

PETEY

Interesting suit you got on there, Tooly. No one tell you K-Mart sucks?

And then the two square off. And Petey, unbeknownst to all a former local Golden Gloves prodigy...

... beats the Arbitrager to a pulp. In a stirring display of ferocity lasting roughly a minute.

After which he turns proudly toward

Trunesh. But she's busy tending Bruce. And so he whirls in rage back to the Arbitrager:

PETEY

Quitting already? No más, no más?
Get up, pussy! You disgrace to
the financial services industry!

But the man can't continue. And so Petey stalks off, turns onto Alaskan Way and vanishes.

Gaped after by everyone. Including

Bruce. Gripping his right hand in pain, but with curiosity and awe on his face nonetheless.

And as excited people gather now, Trunesh glares at...

The Arbitrager, limping up the street toward 1st Avenue.

TRUNESH

You better get the fuck outa here!

And everyone JEERS. Before some then turn reflective:

PONTIUS

Looks like Pete used to be a fighter.

JIMMY

(word slurringly drunk)
Sure goddam do, Bro! And he's
rich too, real name's Van Self.
What the hell he doin' down here?

INT. JURGY'S OFFICE - LATER

Packed with green plants and a restless Siamese cat. Jurgy in her T-Blazers cap, checking her notes as Bruce watches.

JURGY

"No más, no más"? Yep, just what
that bus robber said too.

(thoughtful)

Interesting. And he's a boxer, huh?
Meaning if the Golden Gloves come
to town, he might go watch.

BRUCE

And I guess after work he likes to go to that restaurant, Larry's? Always takes one of the alcoholics with him, some kind of reverse psy-

JURGY

And does he smoke?

(off Bruce's nod)

Okay! But he's not Peter Van Self. Henry's heir? Boy went to Harvard, he'd never work at the Compass Center. Family's not a real socially conscious pack of assholes.

BRUCE

And if he's that rich, why rob a bus?

JURGY

In Nebraska, yeah. Exactly...

(beat)

But I'm on it now. So I'll find out who he really is, and we can split the reward. Sound good to you, Bruce?

BRUCE

Real good! Thanks, Jurgy. And umm, well you want his phone number?

As he hands a photo to her, and she peers down to see:

INSERT - PHOTO OF A SMILING, NUDE PETEY - HIS MUSCLES FLEXED

She snorts, then turns the photo over to see

NEAT CURSIVE INK HANDWRITING:

"Trunesh! Check out the bod, Babe! Then call me: 362-7669"

END INSERT

JURGY

Boy sure is crazy enough, ain't he?

Her cat jumps up onto her lap now, and she shoos it off:

JURGY

Get down, Moochie. I'll feed you.

(then, studying Bruce)

Better get that hand checked out, Bruce. Sure looks broke to me.

EXT. 1ST AVENUE - DAY

Bruce and Trunesh walk toward Main St. Trunesh sharing a bag of oranges with Bruce, whose right hand is in a cast.

TRUNESH

I was in the hospital four months,
man. Had to stop using. And then
I decided I wanted to live.

They pass a woman at a bus stop, a baby on her back. And

Trunesh plumps a piece of orange in the baby's mouth, to its
delight. As they walk on.

TRUNESH

Ain't life ironic? You gotta lose
a eye before you can fucking see.

BRUCE

Yeah, but I don't know. Accounting?

TRUNESH

Hey, I used to rock at math. Thank
God my brain still work good.
(off Bruce's look
of doubt)
Well, it's either that or this!

As she strides to a public phone, grabs the yellow pages
and rips one page out for him:

INSERT - YELLOW PAGE HEADLINED "BARS, CLUBS & PUBS / ADULT":

An ad for a club named "Angelic L'il Devils" fills half the
page. Featuring a photo of Trunesh doing a pole dance.

Barely scantily clad, smiling provocatively. No eye patch.

END INSERT

BRUCE

Hmmm. So that was you, huh? Cool!

TRUNESH

I quit two years ago. Lazy pricks
coulda found some other girl's
picture to use, don't you think?

As she flings the page down a sewer grate. And they walk on.

.

TRUNESH

And in the hospital I swore I ain't
a do that shit no more! Let men
touch my body for money. I don't
care how much, it's degrading to me
as a human being.

Bruce nods. Then ponders the shop they're passing - "Larry's
Greenfront" says the sign in its window.

EXT. LARRY'S GREENFRONT - A LITTLE LATER

Petey strides toward Larry's, pursued by his uncle's harried
male secretary and his briefcase.

PETEY

Well, you can bring me "up to speed"
here. Over beers and some of the-

As he yanks the door open, but stops - stunned to see Bruce
and Trunesh sitting together at a corner table!

He spins. Pushes past his employee and stomps angrily away.

INT. LARRY'S GREENFRONT - CONTINUOUS

Over cokes, Trunesh studies a photo of 15-year-old Bruce and
his dad - smiling in their black-belted taekwondo outfits.

TRUNESH

He looks like a nice man.

Their pizza arrives, and they devour a slice each. Then:

BRUCE

Funny thing is, he'd never wanted
kids, that was my adopted Mom. And
he just worshipped her, so...
(sighing)
Then a few months after I got there
she got lung cancer. And he had
to bring me up himself for 17 years.

He tears up at this thought, and Trunesh pats his hand.

EXT. WATERFRONT PARK - LATER

As the sun sets on Elliot Bay, Bruce and Trunesh walk among
the couples holding hands and marveling at its beauty.

.

BRUCE

What's more important than your own kid?! She shoulda done whatever it took to keep me! Whatever it took!

Trunesh ponders this as they walk on, then finally sighs:

TRUNESH

I never knew my real folks neither, Baby. Guess my mom probally tried to keep me. Life hard sometime, there's shit you can't control.

BRUCE

You're too nice to her. Look what happened - you had to drop out of school, you got addicted to drugs... messed your body up cause some coke head thinks he's Dale Earnhardt...

They're at the Firebird now, and Bruce opens the passenger door for her. But when he turns... Trunesh is crying:

TRUNESH

No. I did those things to me.

Moved, Bruce starts to reach out to her... but pulls back.

INT. THE BARBERSHOP - DAY

Bruce taking a hand broom to dust the pictures on the wall. The shop noticeably cleaner now.

The shop door opens and Trunesh enters, wearing a backpack.

BRUCE

Hi, Trunesh! Colleen just left. For the Compass, she said.

TRUNESH

Yeah, I saw her outside. She really excited about that job.

BRUCE

Yeah... So you had school today?

TRUNESH

Accounting and Business English. Ain't as fun as they sound, though!

As she removes her pack, and pulls out a gift-wrapped book.

.

TRUNESH

Thank you so much for this, Bruce!
I, um— Here, you read in Nebraska?

He scowls. And she laughs and steps deep into his personal space for an instant, gazing up at him. Then pulls back:

TRUNESH

Just fucking with you. Open it.

It's not easy with his cast, but Bruce finally unwraps it: Covey's *The Seven Habits of Highly Effective People*.

He stares down at it, unsure what to say. Finally laughs:

BRUCE

Habit One, don't punch brick walls.
Not if you wanna make any money in construction.

(thoughtful)

Habit Two, don't let beautiful girls talk you into helping all of their friends.

He winks at her, but she looks away. To his exasperation:

BRUCE

Oh come on, Tru! You said no more—

TRUNESH

Well, some guys asked me— Hey, did you just tell me I'm beautiful? You know what that does to me?

BRUCE

Makes you feel good, like all girls? Except in your case it's true?

Trunesh frowns, not sure exactly what he's saying. When—

The shop door opens and a breathless Debra bounces in:

DEBRA

Eight pounds so far, y'all! Thank you both. And this is for you, sir...

Pushing a \$5 bill at Bruce. Who tries to refuse it, but—

DEBRA

Honey, you gotta get paid! What you doin' for people? I know this ain't even enough, but I don't got no job...

Bruce looks helplessly at Trunesh, and she laughs.

INT. THE BARBERSHOP - CONTINUOUS

In a QUICK MONTAGE, people's hands push small denomination bills into Bruce's. Until he finally receives...

A 2-gallon can of gasoline.

And Bruce stares at the short, plump, grinning 30ish KLEPTO.

KLEPTO
Siphoned it myself. Tru say you
worried about payin' for gas. You
use premium, right?

BRUCE
Well yeah, but I, uh-

KLEPTO
No way I'm goin back to prison, man.
Okay? So can you help me or not?
(off Bruce's frown)
I'm a klepto, okay? A kleptomaniac?

INT. THE BARBERSHOP - DAY

Bruce walks about instructing Klepto, in a trance in a chair:

BRUCE
From this time on you take pride in
paying for all the things you want.
And why is that, Tommy?

KLEPTO
Because just taking never makes me
happy. I'm only happy when I give
back to Life, too.

Bruce stops to mull this over. Peers up at a Jimi Hendrix poster on the wall, winks at Jimi:

BRUCE
I'm starting to sound like my Dad.

He strolls back to ponder Klepto, whom we CLOSE ON now.

BRUCE (O.S.)
Yes. You are a valuable man, Tommy.
And valuable-

MONTAGE [INT. - THE BARBERSHOP - VARIOUS TIMES OF DAY]:

Bruce talks on, GROWING STEADILY MORE ENTHUSED, to a flow of serene clients in the chair - next a stocky white woman, 25:

BRUCE (O.S.)

-women do not let people who depend
on them down. And everyone at work
loves you, Colleen, cause they
know they can trust you. So when
your alarm goes off in the morning
(to Thornton)
you take a long, deep breath of
fresh air. And are amazed at how
wonderful your lungs feel these days.
(to Debra)
And from this time on, you eat only
when you truly need re-energizing.
Can you repeat that for me, please,

REVERSE TO Bruce's sincere face, as he says:

BRUCE

Dierdre?

As we PULL BACK to find Trunesh's veiled FRIEND in the chair.
Veil off now, her attractive face marred by a mild cleft lip.

DIERDRE

I take pride in my own unique beauty!

BRUCE

Yes. You are a beautiful, confident
woman. And anyone calling you names?

DIERDRE

Anyone calling me names doesn't know
any better. I feel sorry for them.

Bruce turns away - murmurs to himself:

BRUCE

Yep, continuing to sound like Dad.
(turning back)
The world is a beautiful place, Dee.
And you make it even more beautiful!

CLOSE ON Bruce's face now, as he's moved to tears.

BRUCE

Can you repeat that please, everyone?

REVERSE TO scarface Jimmy, alky Mark and filthy Fred - lying in trances in the three barber chairs. Replying in unison:

THREE ALCOHOLICS

I am a non-drinker! I do not drink!

BRUCE

That's right. Very good, you guys.
And I'm going to count from one up
to five now, to wake you. And as I do...

EXT. MYRTLE EDWARDS PARK / PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The Firebird parked alone near the water, engine RUMBLING.

INT. THE FIREBIRD - CONTINUOUS

Bruce frowns at the very upset Leo in the passenger seat.

BRUCE

Nightmares? Little b-boys?

LEO

Yes, I'm at that party, with those
creeps. And I open this door, and
they have them locked up in there.
(remembering, horrified)
And then I turn away, and... I run.

He stops, tears in his eyes. As Bruce studies him, worried.

LEO

Hey, don't get me wrong. I'm happy
now; way happier than before. And-

Bruce taps him softly on the forehead, and Leo's eyes shut instantly as he drops into a trance.

BRUCE

That's good, deeper and deeper. You
feel so good, Leo, so relaxed. As
you picture yourself outside that
room, where those little boys are
being held. And you step into that
room now, and bring them all back
out. And hurry as you lead them
down the hall, to the back entrance.

He pauses to let Leo's subconscious absorb it all. Then:

.

BRUCE

It is a wonderful thing you do, Leo.
You are the right man, in the right
place, to save these poor boys.
And you are very proud of yourself
because you do. Can you repeat that?

LEO

I am very proud of myself because I
save these poor boys.

Bruce studies him, then nods slowly in satisfaction.

A FEW MINUTES LATER, AND...

Bruce ponders the stuffed Garfield hanging from his rearview
mirror. Then turns to

Leo, who is now fully attentive and alert.

BRUCE

Nightmares aren't any fun. I know.
But just hang in there Leo, okay?
Therapy doesn't always go perfect.

LEO

Ly. It doesn't go perfect-ly.

He pauses as if to add something, then just nods. Climbs
from the car and walks off, as

Bruce watches him go. Then shifts the car into gear, and-

SMASH!!! The driver's window shatters, covering him with
glass. As the car stalls.

And Bruce gapes out the window now at

Two ski-masked one-time bus robbers: Monte gripping a steel
pipe, Ray the baseball bat he just used on Bruce's window.

RAY

Get out of Seattle, fucker! Now!

THUNK! He pile-drives the bat end between Bruce's eyes.

CUT TO BLACK

EXT. PIONEER SQUARE PARK - AFTERNOON

The typical afternoon crowd - tourists, local workers. The
homeless demographic well-represented, too.

.

Dobbs/Bogart wobbles past, his eyes on a target to our rear:

DOBBS

Excuse me, partners, but could you
stake a fellow American to just
thirty-five cents?

And we turn to see a middle-aged touristy couple laugh, but
turn hurriedly away. To Dobbs's mock indignation:

DOBBS

Okay. Just forty-five cents, then!

As he staggers after them. Past...

Petey and Trunesh, seated on a bench near the barbershop. A
bouquet of red roses between them.

Trunesh perusing the lavender Birkin bag in a box on her lap.

PETEY

I know it's breaking your heart, let
me fix it for you.

TRUNESH

You? Like you always "fixed it" for
people at the Compass.

PETEY

Well, I wasn't in love with them.
(beat)

The bag is real, Tru. Take it up to
the Bon and check. It's a Birkin.

He stands. Gestures down at his designer clothes:

PETEY

All this is real. I came into huge
money, you know that.
(beat)

Which I wanna share with you, Baby!
I mean, I can't even sleep anymore
I can't get you out of my mind.

TRUNESH

No? Well try harder, cause I don't
wanna be there.

PETEY

Oh, come on. This isn't fair. I
love you, Tru. And I have all the
money you need to be happy!

TRUNESH
Money! It ain't about money, Peter!

PETHEY
Psychobabble! Everything's about money.

TRUNESH
Oh, yeah? So you rich, right? The richest boy in Seattle... Are you happy?

PETHEY
(taken aback)
Well, almost...
(stiffly)
But okay, I can wait a little longer.
Enjoy the bag.

And he spins and stalks angrily off. Whereupon

Trunesh sets the box down, starts to leave. But falters and turns back. Scowling, grabs the Birkin.

Leaving the rest, saunters to the barbershop. Just as its door opens, and out steps

Zombie, the panhandling woman Bruce met his first day here.

Who has really changed! She's well-groomed, no absent teeth. Plus, in a slightly out-of-date business suit that fits her perfectly... she is well-dressed, too.

TRUNESH
Zombie, is that y-? Baby, you look beautiful-

ZOMBIE
Zombie!? Is that what you low-lifes have been calling me? Whoa, funny!

She looks Trunesh over for a moment in disdain. Then smirks:

ZOMBIE
Nice bag, Captain Lap Dancing Crack
Ho the Pirate!

AS, ACROSS THE PARK...

A limousine pulls up for Petey. And as the driver hurries to open the door, Petey turns to call out to Trunesh. But

.

One heel is all of her he sees, inside the barbershop. And as the door swings shut, that vanishes, too.

Which Petey ponders in fury, then turns to his limo. When he sees, seated on a bench nearby...

Jurgy, in her Portland Trailblazers cap. Studying him with interest - notebook and pen in hand.

PETEY

What are you looking at, Butch?

And he spins, jumps into his limo, and it drives off. As Jurgy considers the insult calmly, and finally laughs.

TRUNESH (O.S.)

My poor, poor babies! They still miss their mommy!

INT. THE BARBERSHOP - CONTINUOUS

Trunesh mimics Zombie for Bruce, who sits in a chair with *The Seven Habits* on his lap. Looking really depressed.

His nose bandaged, and ugly bruises on his forehead. As

HYPNOTIC MUSIC PLAYS from a boom box on the table.

TRUNESH

Best for the rest of us some people always stay fucked up, I guess...

(then, guiltily...)

No, what am I saying?

BRUCE

Well, she'll probably be out there again in a week. A lot of these folks seem pretty set in their ways.

And then, seeing Trunesh's alarm, he reassures her:

BRUCE

No, I think your friends oughta be good: Debra, Dierdre... Call if you think they need help, we can do it by phone. A collect call's fine, I'll have money.

TRUNESH

From selling the family farm...

BRUCE

Yep, like I swore I'd never do, ever!
I'd die first. Fucking loser—

TRUNESH

Don't say that.

BRUCE

Why not? God thinks I'm a loser.
Sending those two idiots to smash
my face in for no reason.

(bitterly)

"Get out of Seattle, fucker!" If
that wasn't God talking to me, I'm

(lightening up a bit)

Bozo the Clown... 's... cousin.

TRUNESH

Okay... whose name is...?

BRUCE

Well... Bruce. The Clown.

TRUNESH

Well, I still think you better keep
doing hypnotherapy. You do it so
goo— so well. And you can make
real money back there, you licensed.

BRUCE

Nah... Gotta say I have actually
enjoyed it, though, helping people.
Yeah... it's been a lot of fun...

He stands, grabbing his radio. Then gazes around at the shop.

BRUCE

So tell your friend thank you. This
place worked out perfectly.

Trunesh hesitates. Then snatches his radio and sets it on
the table. Scans stations to find a romantic song. Then:

TRUNESH

So do I still look... good, to you?

BRUCE

On a scale of one to ten? I dunno,
maybe like about... a million?

She beams at this. Pushes him back into his chair. Then
does that stepping from her panties trick, as Bruce laughs:

BRUCE

Hey, I'm suddenly feeling better.

She tosses them aside, sways sensually in to close the deal.

ASSEMBLED VOICES (V.O.)

Cheese!

As, simultaneously... a camera flash FLASHES! And...

INT. COMPASS CENTER / 1ST FLOOR LOBBY - NIGHT

Posed for a photo on a sofa along one wall, we find...

Dierdre, Debra, COLLEEN, the Klepto, Thornton, Jimmy and Mark - surrounding Bruce and Trunesh. All smiling.

Trunesh wearing a waitress uniform under her jacket. As

A finger obscures one upper corner of the frame. And

LEO (O.S.)

Okay. That should do it.

The group breaks up, and we find we've been watching through a 35mm camera viewfinder, as Leo lowers the device.

And we follow Jimmy and stocky Colleen now, to the elevator:

COLLEEN

Two months sober? Yeah I can get you on, Bro. They love me there!

Don shouts "GOING UP!", and veillless Dierdre and nearly-thin Debra smile at Bruce and hurry aboard. And then...

Turn giggling to SING for him - a takeoff on an old Lulu hit:

DEBRA & DIERDRE

How do you thank someone, who has taken you from Twinkies to legumes?

And as they vanish upward, Thornton sidles over to Bruce:

THORNTON

Wow! Guess they saw the movie, too.
(beat)

But yeah, no need to worry, Bruce.
You gave us a chance. It's up to us what we do with it now. Or not...

Nodding at... Fred, sitting sharing a bottle in a paper bag with two other winos. Babbling drunkenly to them:

FRED

I am a non-drinker! I do not drink!

When suddenly the stairwell door opens, and out stumble...

The Pot and Cokeheads, both wearing heavy backpacks as they head for the lobby entrance. With broad smiles for Bruce.

BRUCE

Unloading trucks again?

JOHN

For a couple weeks. When you leavin?

BRUCE

Day after tomorrow? You guys take care, huh? John, Michael...

He holds his hand out and they shake. And then the two men tramp to and out the door, their words growing ever fainter:

JOHN

Good guy, but whenever I see him my fuckin tooth starts to hurt.

COKEHEAD (O.S.)

Oh, it does? Freaky. Fruit Loops!

JOHN (O.S.)

Froo what-? Hey, it stopped-!

Bruce looks around the lobby - at its NOISY mix of homeless and men's and women's dorm residents.

Klepto, in a security guard's uniform, laughing with Tabitha the taxi driver, who now has breasts.

Leo, meanwhile, is alone in a corner - raising an imagined glass in a toast, it looks like. As-

Bruce's arm is grabbed, and he finds Trunesh gazing at him.

TRUNESH

Me in Nebraska! Nah, Bruce, uh-uh, my school here... My new, lowest paying service sector job ever, too! (glancing at her watch) Which I'ma be fucking late for, man!

BRUCE

We've got schools; I'm gonna go to one. Restaurants, too, I heard...

TRUNESH

Call me when you fixin' your car tomorrow, okay? I'ma help.

She hits him in the arm, smiles and runs out the door. As

THORNTON

So whadda you tell her she's doing to those chemicals in your brain?

And Bruce smiles at this, but doesn't elaborate.

EXT. COMPASS CENTER / ALASKAN WAY SIDE - MORNING

The Firebird's driver's side door open, its lining removed. Bruce tightens a bolt securing his new window, when—

Two shadows move his way across the pavement! And Bruce starts, in sudden fear. Twists to look up at

Don. Carrying a large bag of garbage to the dumpster.

Relieved, Bruce turns back to tighten another bolt. And—

LEO (O.S.)

Bruce! Here you are! I'd like you to meet my wife, Helen!

And Bruce looks up to find Leo pushing his backpack into the trunk of a late model 4-door.

Beside him an ATTRACTIVE WOMAN in business attire, 30ish.

And when Bruce steps warily toward them, he also sees...

A boy, 10, and girl, 12, waving at him from inside the car.

HELEN

Bruce! I am so happy to meet you! Thank you so much for helping Leo!

BRUCE

Well, I... it's my pleasure. I, um—

LEO

Not a great conversationalist, is he? Hey, Bruce, we've got to run!

And as Helen smiles and walks away, he summarizes:

LEO
So I'm back sleeping on the couch.
And it's... fine, actually. She's
just using me as I use her, my clog.

BRUCE
Your clog...

LEO
All's Well That Ends Well...

And Bruce frowns, no idea that Leo is referring to a play here. Thinking "It hasn't all ended yet, Leo!"

LEO
No more urges, Bruce! I have more
important things to do with my life.
But I'll still be down tonight, my
friend, for our last session.
(with disappointment)
Since you're leaving...

And he starts for his car. But then turns back:

LEO
Hey, what I said about your dad that
time? I didn't mean it, I'm sorry.
I don't always... respond well to
stress.
(pondering)
He had to have been a wonderful man,
to raise a son like you...

And he turns and leaves. As Bruce nods in confusion.

A FEW MINUTES LATER, AND...

As he finishes reinstalling the door lining:

BRUCE
Goddammit, why didn't he tell me he
has a wife and kids?
(and then, guiltily)
And why didn't I ask?!
(pondering)
Guess my head wasn't on straight,
was it? Then...

He stands, just as two shadows approach - outside his view.

BRUCE

But okay, we can fix it tonight. And
still save those poor boys, I think—

When a hand grabs and spins him around, to again face...

Monte the driver and ramrod posture Ray. Unmasked now, same
weapons as before. Monte's eyebrows raised quizzically:

MONTE

What poor boys?

But Bruce is ready for them. Uses a *taekwondo* move to spin
free, then reaches into his car for...

Leo's .38! Which he points at them. To their mock terror.

BRUCE

Okay, idiots, Q and A time. Why
do you want me out of Seattle? I
don't even know either one of y—

MONTE

Cause we don't like farmers, farmer!
Go back to Nebraska and plant shit.

BRUCE

Seriously? Well... I am going back,
But I go when I say, got it? So
just back off you two, okay? Jeez!

Ray and Monte exchange nods, as if persuaded. Before Monte
reaches behind his back for

A silenced handgun! Which he directs at Bruce's face.

And then edges sideways, away from Ray. With a quick glance
at Bruce's cast, before considering his .38 again.

MONTE

Correct me if I'm wrong, Bruce, but
that's not the hand you usually use
when you shoot people, is it?

Bruce steps back, uncertainly, his gun following Monte. And—

BAM!!! Ray knocks him unconscious with his bat!

INT. A WAREHOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

In dim light coming through the warehouse windows, we see...

.

Bruce. Kneeling on the cement floor, in his briefs only. Head drooping forward, arms raised behind him. As

TRUNESH (O.S.)

What? You motherfuckers let him go!

The overhead lights FLASH ON, and she flies to Bruce.

Whose arms are shackled to the wall behind him. The only reason he's not on his face on the floor.

There's another shackled man beside him, facing the wall and seemingly unconscious.

TRUNESH

Bruce! Are you okay? Baby wake up!

Slim Adam arrives with a stool now. And Trunesh scowls, but helps him get Bruce seated. As he peers back groggily:

BRUCE

Window's already done, Tru. Got somethin' else I gotta do now...

She smiles back, tears in her eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

A FEW MINUTES LATER, WHEN...

TRUNESH

Leo? I didn't even know you was treatin' him—

BRUCE

No it was our secret, Leo's and mine. And Leo's wife's, I guess...

TRUNESH

But so what he got a family? We got serious shit to worry about, Baby. These fuckers crazy!

Bruce stares at her. Jerks his arms, in growing surprise. Then twists to stare at his shackles.

He struggles to stand, gapes around and sees...

A boxing ring on the opposite side of the warehouse. Around it punching bags, weight training gear, and lockers.

Closer to him... a pair of cots, a refrigerator, a large-screen TV-VCR setup, a shower stall, and some chairs.

.

He peers at the man beside him, who is filthy. Motionless, too, except for the faint rise and fall of his ribcage.

His eyes move then to the closed main door, and... the two touring Harleys parked before it.

Then to Adam, talking on a cordless phone nearby.

BRUCE

Hey, what the-? What is all this, Trunesh?

TRUNESH

Well, Peter... boy won't take hell the fuck no you prick for an answer-

But she has to stop, as Adam comes and hands her his phone:

ADAM

Seafirst Bank - 1st and Washington?

She glances at Bruce, shame-faced. Then hurries off, with a trembling "hello?" into the phone, and disappears.

As Adam turns, kicks the stool out of Bruce's reach. In a sudden burst of fury that kicks Bruce's interest, too:

BRUCE

Seafirst Bank? What's she-?

ADAM

Doofus, that bitch is a hooker!

As he glares in fury off to nowhere, his eyelids flickering.

BRUCE

What? No, she isn't!

(pondering)

Hmm, but you obviously think she is.

And it makes you mad. Sooo mad...

ADAM

It makes me sooo mad!

He steps to a switch on the wall, turns the lights out, and we hear him EXIT through a side door.

INT. THE WAREHOUSE - EVENING

BRUCE'S POV: All black, his eyes being closed. As a faint male VOICE intrudes, growing quickly clearer and louder:

.

PETHEY (O.S.)
 Come on, little guy. Time to meet
 your Daddy. Wake up. Atta fella!

And Bruce opens his eyes, to find his field of view full of
 Petey's face! Inches from his own, smiling coldly. As
 We PULL BACK to find Bruce seated straddling Petey's lap,
 on a stool. Shackled arms stretched out behind him.
 Petey in Hugh Hefneresque robe, slippers and silk pajamas.

PETHEY
 My uncle used to sit me on his lap
 like this when I was a little punk.
 How's it feel?
 (nodding at the
 other shackled man)
 Shorty there, he just loves it!

He strokes Bruce's chest gently, and then:

PETHEY
 So, Bruce. Why do you think the
 judge let those boys off?

He glances over his shoulder at Ray. Watching with Adam.

PETHEY
 See there's these two high school
 boys. Brad and Jeremy, right?

Turning back to Bruce, who stares at him, befuddled.

PETHEY
 Oh yeah, I know all about you. I'm
 an orphan, too, by the way. My
 uncle, the great man, he saw to that.

BRUCE
You went to Harvard?

PETHEY
 And you've heard of Harvard! Yeah
 I did, fucker. With honors.
 (turning back to Ray)
 Back in Plattsmouth, Nebraska, Ray.
 Bruce's home. If you've ever heard
 of that fucking shithole.

Ray shrugs, non-committal. And Petey resumes the story:

PETHEY

And so one day Brad and Jeremy are
playing hooky. Right Bruce?

CLOSE ON: Bruce's face, as his eyes narrow. Remembering:

FLASHBACK: [EXT. CASS COUNTY HIGH SCHOOL - DAY]

A 16-year-old boy in hip-hop clothes leans under the hood
of a yellow school bus.

PETHEY (V.O.)

And they decide to hotwire themselves
their very own school bus!

The boy steps back, smiles up at his friend inside the bus.
Who tries the ignition, and the vehicle ROARS to life.

EXT. CASS COUNTY HIGHWAY - LATER

Under a bright spring sky, the bus ROARS up a grade. In the
middle of the road.

PETHEY (V.O.)

Young rascals. Drunk on their asses!

INT. THE BUS - CONTINUOUS

As heavy metal BLARES, the driver swills a bottle of Jack
Daniels. And WHOOPS!

Twists to hand the Jack to his friend, in the door seat.

Turns back to see, cruising over the ridge toward them...

An old blue Ford pickup. Bruce's Dad at the wheel, gazing
sadly at fate hurtling his way.

PETHEY (V.O.)

And poor Bruce here, he can't for
the life of him understand how his
Dad's killers could be out of jail
even before the goll durn funeral!

EXT. CASS COUNTY CEMETARY - DAY

An open-air funeral. The two boys side-by-side in a second
row, bruised and bandaged up. Looking so so sad, until

.

They both snicker. And two girls their age turn from the row ahead to glare at them, but then also snicker.

As, over beside the coffin... a crushed Bruce quietly sobs.

END OF FLASHBACK. RETURN TO PRESENT:

Petey pulls the cordless phone from his pocket. Frowns at the screen, then opens and barks into it:

PETHEY
I told you I'm not to be disturbed,
Audrey... No, I'm—
(listening, alarmed)
Well, fuck the board! Who do they—?

He jumps up, throwing Bruce off. Nearly ripping his arms from their sockets.

PETHEY
Yes I know what "publicly traded"
means. They're still my companies!
(listening)
Okay then, today's what - Thursday?

Information that Bruce's ears prick up at.

PETHEY
I'll talk to 'em on Monday, okay?
(beat)
And no, we're not firing my security
team, Audrey. I kinda like how they
can't stop me from living life!

Bruce struggles to his feet. Peers at Adam and Ray, who scowl back. Then across the room at...

Monte. Scrounging through the lockers by the boxing ring.

And now Petey is back:

PETHEY
Why didn't you go back home when I
gave you the chance, Bruce?
(beat)
I'm rich, you dumb shit. Like Brad
and Jeremy's parents, times a
million. And I love this girl!

BRUCE
Trunesh...

PETHEY

Your bumpkin ass never had a chance!

BRUCE

No, of course not. So you better
run me out of town ASAP.

PETHEY

You were distracting her, smartass!

And he SLAMS Bruce in the solar plexus. Knocking him to his knees, gasping. But only for a moment, before:

BRUCE

So you been to Plattsmouth, Peter?
You seem to know a lot about it.

Petey taken slightly aback by this, but plays it off well:

PETHEY

Nope, don't get out to the midlands
much. I'm in timber, and salmon.
But I know what happened to you there.

BRUCE

You do? So then you know those kids
didn't mean to kill my Dad. Never
even dreamed it could happen, little
shits! They'll grow up... one day;
God knows it's taking me some time.

(beat)

When are you gonna grow up... sir?
Mr. Van Self? You'll be happier—

PETHEY

God! You guys and your psychobabble.
What makes you think I'm not happy?

Bruce snorts. Nods at his shackles, then at Shorty.

BRUCE

All this? Reminds me of me, right
after my Dad died.

(laughs)

This one guy - used to pick on me
in school, call me names... I had
him chasing my car barking "Arf!
Arf! Arf!" like a dog every time I
drove by.

He looks around again. At his shackles, then at Shorty.

BRUCE
And I guess what you're doing is
worse. So cut it out, huh? Jeez!

Petey just stares back at him, shakes his head amused.

And now Monte joins the group, happily gripping a worn football. And everyone ponders Bruce in silence. Until—

BRUCE
It's getting really cold! You're
starting to shiver.

PETEY
Yeah, right. That shit might work
on some weak-minded homeless fucks.

Adam pulls his arms in, though, shivering slightly.

BRUCE
You come to see me tomorrow, alone!

PETEY
Will do! Got a date now, though.

And he heads for the door, followed by Ray and Monte. As Adam stares at Bruce, uncertainly. Then cuts the lights.

EXT. CASCADE MOUNTAIN LOGGING CAMP - AFTERNOON

Long out of use, overrun with weeds. Rusted iron script atop a gate reads "Van Self Lumber."

Just inside the gate begins a slight slope. It rises past a small house and up 50 yards to a half-visible warehouse.

Bruce's Firebird is parked below the house, beside a gold Mercedes Benz and a late model Jeep Cherokee.

To one side of this parking area, a clearing stretches 50 yards to the edge of the forest enveloping the camp.

And now, under a sunny spring sky, as the swallows SING and SWOOP joyously through the air...

Trunesh steps from the house, carrying a plate of lunch and a pint carton of milk, and turns for the warehouse. As

A motorcycle engine ROARS.

.

INT. THE WAREHOUSE - SHORTLY THEREAFTER

Ray and Monte adjusting the timing on one of the Harleys.
Monte listens then nods, and Ray shuts the bike off. When—

BRUCE
WHAT?!?

In the b.g., Bruce kicks the plate from Trunesh's hands.

And then, as she gapes down at the food on the floor:

BRUCE
You told me you're done with that!
(beat)
"I'll never let a man touch my body
for money again. It's degrading—"

TRUNESH
(exploding)
Well, I didn't fuck him, Brucie, if
that's whatchu afraid of! Only man
I fucked the last 3 years is you.

And as Bruce reddens at this—

PETEY (O.S.)
ARGHHH!!!

AND, INSIDE THE HOUSE...

Petey is on his feet, gaping at Bruce's and Trunesh's images
on a wide CCTV screen. As Adam watches him, alarmed.

Nearby is a bank of eight smaller screens, monitoring various
areas of the camp and the dirt road leading to it. Which

Petey grabs now, and flings onto its side: CRASHHH!!!

AS, BACK LIVE IN THE WAREHOUSE...

TRUNESH
Hey, fuck you! You woulda done the
same damn thing yourself, Bruce. A
million dollars for just a blow job?

MONTE
A million bucks?! Boy's in love!

TRUNESH
That ain't just money, Bruce; it's
a whole new life!

She glares at Bruce, and then Ray and Monte at the warehouse door - Monte gripping his football.

CLOSE ON her impassioned eyes now. Glaring into the camera:

TRUNESH

Like all y'all wouldn't go down on
a man in one motherfuckin second
he "love" you so much he give you
a million bucks for it! Tax free.

MONTE

Yeah. Think of all the mouthwash
you could buy!

To which Ray SNORTS, and drags Monte from the building. As
Bruce struggles with his emotions for a moment, and then:

BRUCE

They brought my car here, right?
(off her hesitation)
Do me a favor? Go out and take that
idiot cat off my mirror?

At which she scowls. Then spins and stomps toward the door.

BRUCE

Do whatever you want with it. Keep
it, throw it in the trash; I could
care less... Give it a blow job!

INT. THE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Petey and Adam stare at the CCTV screen, as Trunesh's image
stomps toward them and disappears.

Petey hits the remote, and the screen goes black. As

Adam steps over to him then, and ruffles his hair. As

A red warning light blinks on the overturned CCTV bank, but
from their angle can't be seen.

EXT. THE PARKING AREA - MOMENTS LATER

While Trunesh stomps to Bruce's car, we see Ray in the b.g.,
gripping the football as Monte races across the clearing:

.

MONTE

Hail Mary, Cap! Fling that sucker!

And Ray lofts a long wobbly pass, which Monte races under to haul in elegantly. Laughing with delight:

MONTE

Good arm, Cap! You still got it!

Loping back, he fires a perfect spiral to Ray. As

Trunesh jerks the Firebird's door open. Leans in and rips Garfield from Bruce's mirror. As

Behind her, Monte races under another pass. And—

CRACK!!! A gunshot!

And the ball flops to earth at Monte's feet, punctured. As everyone spins now to see...

Six gangsters with guns at the gate. And—

CRACK!!! Monte falls to his knees, clutching his stomach.

INT. THE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Turning from the window, Petey yanks out his phone. Lobs it to Adam and gestures toward the warehouse:

PETEY

Lock that place up and call for
help! Now, Adam! Go, run! RUNNNN!

And he charges to the door. Past a painting on the wall, of

A smiling Uncle Henry, 50ish. In lumberjack gear, an axe in one hand. Standing atop a huge fallen redwood.

EXT. THE GATE - MOMENTS LATER

Watched by the HITSQUAD LEADER, 50, one man points an Uzi at Ray - whose hands are behind his head.

Two more have Monte. One, that old man's BODYGUARD during the bus heist, checks Monte's face against a photo. And:

BODYGUARD

Okay, we got Monte!

.

Whereupon the leader nods, and...

BANG! The other man holding Monte shoots him in the head.

AS, MEANWHILE...

Petey shields Trunesh as they back up the hill.

PETEY

Get up to the warehouse. Adam'll-

CRACK!! Trunesh's head jerks and she collapses behind Petey.

Who spins to gape down at her, then turns back in fury, and-

CRACK!! Blood explodes from his chest as he collapses, too.

As a GRIM-FACED MAN beside the leader inhales the smoke from the muzzle of his sniper's rifle.

And now the leader strolls to Ray, raising a handgun.

RAY

So what, my ex-wife send you ladies?

HITSQUAD LEADER

No, nothing like that, Ray. You all fucked with the beloved papa of the wrong underworld crime figure!

Ray nods, and the man SHOOTs him between the eyes. When-

GRIM FACE

And there's the gay friend!

Pointing up the hill, at Adam racing to the warehouse. But-

CRACK-CRACK-CRACK! And Adam only makes it halfway inside, as the man who'd been guarding Ray lowers his Uzi.

GRIM FACE

You want we go look up there?

This to the leader. Who peers around now - at the warehouse, the dead bodies, the brooding forest. And laughs:

HITSQUAD LEADER

Nah, hey you know what? Fuck Dodge. They probably did Shorty themselves already anyhow. Let's vamanos.

And he turns and leads them all to the gate. Just as...

Jurgy hurries through it. Ponders Bruce's car worriedly, then gapes around uneasily at the carnage.

JURGY
Jesus... are you guys happy now?

HITSQUAD LEADER
The boss will be... But don't worry,
ma'am, we didn't shoot any Koreans.

Turning to the nerdish SIXTH MAN, he nods back at the house:

HITSQUAD LEADER
He wasn't in the house?

SIXTH MAN
No, but I didn't look in two of the
rooms. Kinda busy getting all their
video footage, you know?

Patting the bag of tapes on a strap over his shoulder.

HITSQUAD LEADER
So he may be in there. Be careful,
ma'am; looks like you were right
there's no security, but... just be
careful.

And he turns, leads his men quickly out the gate. As

Jurgy draws a handgun. Then hurries from body to body - Ray
to Monte to Petey, to Trunesh and Garfield. And then...

JURGY
Okay, don't touch anything, Jurgy!

... bent over to foil any sniper, she runs back to the house.

Whereupon, miracle of miracles... Trunesh sits up!

GROANING, removes her eye patch and gapes at the hole in it.

EXT. THE HOUSE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Jurgy reemerges. Peers up the hill at the warehouse. Starts
that way, and about halfway up calls out:

JURGY
Hey, Bru—!

When, down the hill behind her, the Firebird's engine ROARS!

.

And Jurgy spins and races back for the gate, only to see the Firebird vanish through it in a cloud of dust.

JURGY

Well dammit to heck, Bruce! I was
gonna ask you for a ride.

She peers around in dismay again, then hurries out the gate.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - ONE HALF-HOUR LATER

Adam facedown in the doorway. Flies buzz around the bloody hole in his back. As

A VOICE from within the building becomes slowly audible.

And Adam's right arm moves! Inching back along the ground, a ring of keys in his hand. As

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Bruce peers at Adam, and tries to motivate the dying man:

BRUCE

Yes, you are a strong, capable man.
And you know it's only a flesh wound.
(pausing)
And so you dig deep inside yourself,
Adam, and find strength you never
knew you had. And you draw your arm
back, as farrrr as it will go...

Adam stares at Bruce, and draws his arm far back.

BRUCE

And you heave those keys here to me!
With every ounce of energy in your
body! Every last ounce! NOW, Adam!

And, with a hoarse WHIMPER of agony, Adam does this and

The keys sail through the air. Bruce gaping at them until...

They land. SKID across the floor to stop by him and Shorty.

BRUCE

Thank you, Adam! You are amazing!

And he stretches a foot out - as far as it can go. Strains against his chains as his shoulder sockets scream.

.

But he... Can't. Quite. Reach the keys. Until suddenly—
Shorty kicks them, weakly. And now it's at Bruce's feet — the
key ring. With its four different keys.

SHORTY
The big gray one.

And Bruce leans back against the wall, shackled arms bearing
the full weight of his hanging body as...

He grips the key with his two big toes. Curls his legs to
his chest, twisting so his feet reach his left wrist. And—
The keys slip loose and FALL! And Bruce cries out for help:

BRUCE
A little help here! Subconscious?

He tries it again. Then again. And finally manages to fit
the key in the lock. Twists it, and

His arm is free!

He unlocks the other shackle, then quickly frees Shorty too.

BRUCE
Wow. I thought you were... umm—

SHORTY
Oh, I'll be okay. Maybe. I hope.

Shorty limps to the shower stall, turns the water on and
gulps what seems like gallons. As

Bruce finds a cup, fills it with water and hurries to Adam:

BRUCE
Hang in there, Adam. I'm coming.

But when he kneels down beside him, Adam is clearly gone. A
contented look on his face, however.

SHORTY
Dead, is he? Damn flesh wounds!

Somberly, Bruce strides to the wall where his clothes lie.
He quickly dresses, while Shorty kneels and uncovers...

A steel safe in the floor. Enters the combination, as

.

BRUCE (O.S.)
Where are we? Up in the mountains?

SHORTY
A couple hours north of Seattle,
yeah. Skagit County.

BRUCE
(checking his Dad's watch)
A couple-? How many hours - two?

Shorty nods yes, and Bruce scowls. Then spins, to ponder...

The Harley Monte was setting the timing on earlier. As-

SHORTY (O.S.)
Hey, Bruce! Want a hundred grand?

And Bruce turns to see a cloth bag flying his way. Which
he drops, and when he peers down at it on the ground sees

Two bundles of \$100 bills spilt out beside it.

BRUCE
Uh... yeah. Thank you, Shorty.

MONTAGE:

- Bruce steers the Harley out the camp gate. Speeds off on
the dusty dirt road.

- Bruce BLASTS down a tree-lined paved road.

- ROARING down a small-town street, he sees a sign for I-5
South to Seattle.

END MONTAGE

EXT. LAKE FOREST PARK - 6:30 P.M.

A taxi stops to let a man out - Leo. Wearing a nice tuxedo.
He checks his watch and heads down the sidewalk.

EXT. I-5 SOUTHBOUND - CONTINUOUS

Bruce ROARS south. Slowing as the traffic gets congested.

He passes a sign saying that Seattle is 50 miles ahead.

Checks his watch, and hits the gas. RACES down the shoulder
passing cars. Barely avoids one swerving out to do the same.

.

EXT. CONVENTION HALL - ABOUT 7:00 P.M.

Tuxedoed men stride up the walk to check in with a uniformed GUARD and enter. Leo among them.

INT. CONVENTION HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Two long dining tables before the speakers' dais, as a live jazz quartet PLAYS in one corner.

A banner above the dais reads "Mentors Anonymous - North Seattle Chapter / 23rd Annual Founders Day Weekend Retreat".

Thirty tuxedo-clad men (40s and over, all races) mingle. As

An ENTHUSIASTIC MAN Leo's age strides to him from the crowd:

GRANT

Leo! I'm so glad you could make it.
How are you?

LEO

Fine, Grant. I'm just fine.

GRANT

And you're back with Helen again!
That is so great. Congratulations!

LEO

Thanks, Grant. I still can't find
gainful employment, puzzlingly...

GRANT

You will. One day at a time, eh?

He laughs, then looks around at the jubilant crowd.

GRANT

We are going to have a great time
this weekend! Wait till you see
these boys!

Two OLDER MEN swoop in to join them now, excited.

LEO

How many treats do we get this year?

OLDER PEDO

Ten! We thought after last year...
Well, we only had four and it got-

GRANT
(looking around, warily)
Embarrassing! Some people are just...

LEO
Yes... And how many mentors are we?

GRANT
30? 35? Not everyone's here yet.

OLDER PEDO
I haven't slept the whole last month,
I've been so excited. The wife
thinks there's something wrong with
me!

As they laugh, the CHAIRMAN (50s, imposing) ascends the dais:

CHAIRMAN
Gentlemen! Ten minutes to launch.
Let's begin finding our seats.

LEO
(nodding to Grant)
I'd better visit the restroom first.

EXT. I-5 SOUTHBOUND - CONTINUOUS

Bruce on his Harley, lights on in the dusk. The LAKE FOREST
PARK sign rushes up and he exits.

INT. CONVENTION HALL / SECOND FLOOR - A BIT LATER

A guard before a CLOSED DOOR eyes his watch, bored. When—
THUNK!!! And his face goes blank as he slumps to the floor.
Revealing behind him...

Leo, lowering a fire extinguisher. He opens the door then,
peers cautiously inside and laughs:

LEO
Hi, guys! Are you ready to go home?

EXT. LAKE FOREST PARK - CONTINUOUS

It's dark now, and Bruce jets up to a four-way intersection
as the light turns red, and

.

SHOOTS through! Swerves to avoid two cars, one a police squad car, and ROARS off down the street.

INT. CONVENTION HALL / 1ST FLOOR - SHORTLY AFTERWARD

Happy men settling into their seats. When—

Leo strides to the head of the table nearest the dais. Grabs a wine glass and RAPS on it with a spoon.

Waits as the crowd comes to attention, and then:

LEO

Gentlemen! Good evening. My name is Leo. And I am in point of fact not a pedophile. I apologize for that.

He pauses - a distant look on his face. Then smiles.

LEO

But I am proud to be here. And I thank my sponsor Grant for inviting me. My life has been rough lately, and Grant has been... there for me.

He ponders, then laughs:

LEO

Inviting me here to do despicable things with you tonight! Take a bow, Grant. You are a true friend!

Polite, confused applause. Grant stands, smiling uneasily.

LEO

But enough. Let me in conclusion invite you to all lift your glasses now, and join me in a toast.

(then, as all comply)

To burning forever in Hell, those of us who deserve it, for our sins!

Pulling his jacket open to reveal, to everyone's dismay...

A gazillion sticks of dynamite, strapped to his torso!

EXT. CONVENTION HALL - CONTINUOUS

As one late arriver hurries past the guard into the hall...

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Ten boys (ages 8 to 12, in their underwear) dash around the corner of the building toward the street.

GUARD
What the f-?! Hey! Hey, stop!

As a Harley engine ROARS, over the sound of pursuing POLICE SIRENS, and...

Bruce races his way. Past the boys, jumping the curb to jet up the walkway for the hall.

When he suddenly... slows. In momentary doubt:

BRUCE
I'm too late, it'll kill me too if-
Oh, Gawwwwwwww!

And he floors it and ROARS for the guard blocking the door.

INT. THE CONVENTION HALL - CONTINUOUS

The shocked "mentors" inch their chairs away from Leo. Who smiles and slowly squeezes his detonator's trigger, when-

CRASHHHH!!!

The Harley bursts through the door! The guard affixed to its front wheel cover. As

Bruce SCREAMS, in abject, blood-curdling terror:

BRUCE
Cocoa Puffs, Leo! Cocoa Puffs!

And SLAMS into a table. Demolishing it as he, the guard and the table occupants HURTLE in all directions. As

Leo gapes at the detonator, then the explosives on his body. And suddenly-

Three police officers BURST into the hall. Handguns raised.

EXT. CONVENTION HALL - LATER

Police and ambulance SIRENS and flashing lights. The crime scene roped off to keep the curious at bay.

Bruce on the lawn, an EMT putting his leg in traction. A huge gash in one cheek seeping blood.

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He struggles to sit, gapes in awe at his very broken leg.
And then his eyes wander, past...

Two cops pulling the blustering chairman from a tree. To...

The ten boys freed by Leo! Talking to police by some squad cars. As Leo stands nearby gaping at them.

And now one boy runs and hugs Leo. Who turns to peer at Bruce. Who looks away shamefaced, before passing out:

BRUCE

I am so sorry, Leo. I'm Beelzebub...

CLOSE ON: His Dad's shattered watch on the ground nearby.

INT. MARTIAL ARTS FACILITY - AFTERNOON

WACK! A bare foot in white *taekwondo* pants kicks a board held by two sets of hands. And

A 14-YEAR OLD BOY falls to the mat, the board unbroken.

As 15 tough-looking boys watching (ages 6 to 17, all races, wearing *taekwondo* outfits) erupt in JEERS. But—

BRUCE (O.S.)

Wait a sec, are you guys serious?!
Come on! Melvin, that was great!

And Bruce strides to them. In *taekwondo* gear also, except that he has a black belt.

He has a fresh scar down one cheek and walks with a limp, too.

MELVIN

Thank you for saying so, Mr. Shmaltz.
But I know it wasn't.

BRUCE

What?! Look what you did - a 360 degree spin and you hit the board!
Wow! Didn't break it, but you sure softened it for the next guy. Boys.

They raise the board, and he SNAPS it with a knife-hand jab.

MELVIN

I can't do this shit! I'm garbage.
God hates me—

Triggering Bruce! Who grabs Melvin by the shoulders, and glares at him as he gradually calms himself down.

BRUCE

Don't you say— Don't you ever even think that! You are a wonderful, amazing human being, Melvin. All of you boys are! Do you hear me?

They all MUTTER assent, but don't sound so convinced.

BRUCE

Being an orphan... well, hey, it's nothing we did wrong, what's this "poor little me, I'm garbage" crap? We're fine. God gave us this amazing opportunity to... live. To see what we can do in this world. Which is... well, almost anything. If we can just learn self-control.

He pauses, letting his words sink in. Then laughs, happily:

BRUCE

It's true, it's true! I didn't believe it either, but it's true!

He looks around. Not all buy it, but Melvin's face shows at least wavering optimism.

BRUCE

Okay, let's shut it down for today.

He leads them through a class closing routine, and then they head for their lockers. When—

Rob, 17, grabs ANDY, 6. Runs his tongue up Andy's cheek.

And Andy breaks free, looks in alarm at Bruce. Who smiles:

BRUCE

It wore off. Hit him again, Andy.

And Andy points a finger at Rob, and barks the magic words:

ANDY

Ruffles have ridges!

Whereupon Rob stumbles against the wall, slips to the floor in a fetal position, WHIMPERING. As

Bruce ponders Rob with a frown. Unsure what to do with him.

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EXT. BRUCE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lights on in the FRESHLY-PAINTED residence. The Roadrunner in the Firebird's former spot.

INT. BRUCE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bruce typing at his computer. Open facedown beside him the book *History of Psychology*, by Hothersall. When—

LILA (O.S.)
(from another room)
Hurry up, Chico! You know I don't
take out no basura.

Bruce turns to frown at Elizabeth, lying nearby. Yells back:

BRUCE
Okay, I got it, Lila. Un momento!

He types a few more words, rereads them then clicks "print."

And out come 20 pages of an academic paper - the final page bearing the title "Federn's Theory of the Ego."

Further down the page the author is given as Bruce Shmaltz, a History of Psychology student, Fall Quarter 1994.

Bruce turns then, reaches across his desk to grab...

A framed color photo - of him and his clients, taken that last night at the Compass.

He smiles, taps the finger in the upper corner with his own.

BRUCE
Hey Leo, what's up? Seattle's hero!

Then spins to Elizabeth, voices an excited radio newscaster:

BRUCE
This tragic news just in, folks.
There's some garbage that hasn't
been taken out yet! Oh, my God,
this sounds like a job for
(pausing for effect)
Garbage Taker Outer! And his
faithful four-legged companion -
Assistant Garbage Taker Outer!

And, LAUGHING and BARKING, the two taker outers exit the room.

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EXT. BRUCE'S HOUSE - A LITTLE LATER

Bruce by the porch, rubbing Elizabeth's ears. He straightens, gazes up at the stars.

But then lowers his eyes, to peer at...

A distant set of car lights on the highway. Which turn now onto his long drive. And bump his way for a while until

The car's horn HONKS - "A shave and a haircut: two bits." Exciting Elizabeth, transfixing Bruce.

The car finally stops, and Bruce stumbles toward it. As

Lila peers out a window of the house behind him.

The headlights go off - revealing a stuffed Barney hanging from the rearview mirror. Of a red 69 Firebird, of course.

The driver's side door of which swings open, and...

Trunesh hops out! Her eye patch pink now. Bounces to Bruce and hugs him, as Elizabeth goes BONKERS:

TRUNESH

Bruce! I am so happy to see you!

She crouches then, hugs and strokes Elizabeth lovingly:

TRUNESH

Hi, Baby! You must be Elizabeth!

(standing again)

Try driving 2,000 miles with only one eye, man! God damn!

When suddenly-

CREEAKK! The car's passenger door opens, and out climbs

A 5-year-old BOY, wearing a Seattle Supersonics cap and Gary Payton No. 20 jersey. Followed by his TWIN SISTER.

And as they shyly approach, Bruce stares at Trunesh. In slow realization, then guilt. And she laughs:

TRUNESH

My babies. Miracle and Magellan.

MIRACLE

Mommy, are we in Nebraska yet? I gotta take a dum-

.

But Trunesh raises a hand, frowning, and Miracle rephrases:

MIRACLE

I have to go potty.

TRUNESH

The shit they teach em in that fff...
rigging orphanage!

(smiling)

So do you have indoor plumbing out
here, Bruce? Or is that just in
the major urban centers of Nebraska?

Bruce laughs. Tears in his eyes, stoops to smile at the kids.

BRUCE

Yeah, come on. Do you guys like
irritating little white kittens?

Miracle nods "yes" - very seriously.

BRUCE

Then you're in for a treat,
Miracle.

He ushers them ahead of him toward the front door. Where
Lila bursts NOISILY out to greet the girls:

LILA

Eres Trunesh, si? Welcome! I am
Lila, Bruce's auntie. And who is
this beautiful young lady?

And as the women engage, Magellan peers up at Bruce.

MAGELLAN

Do you believe in Santa Claus?
Boys at the orphanage said that's
bullshit.

BRUCE

Really good question, Magellan. I
did have my doubts... about Santa.
(chuckling)
But I think I'm coming around.

Magellan laughs happily at this. Then grabs Bruce's hand
as they walk on and enter the house.

- THE END -