

I Hope I Do

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FADE IN:

EXT. SARA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A cozy two-bedroom bungalow on a tree-lined street. A newer Jetta pulls into the driveway and comes to a stop. JAKE BREWER, late 20s, boyishly handsome with a cartoonist's permanently ink stained fingers, emerges.

Jake's seat belt catches in the door frame, leaving the dome light of his car on as he strides toward the

FRONT DOOR

Jake fingers the front door BUZZER and a moment later SARA QUILL swings the door open, cocking first her head and then an eyebrow at Jake. Sara is a kindergarten teacher in her mid 20s with the kind of breezy beauty that other women will spend thousands on in this city but never achieve.

SARA

What are you doing here, numb nuts?

JAKE

Nice, Sara. You talk like that in front of your kindergartners?

SARA

Occasionally on Mondays. Now, I asked you a question.

JAKE

You had me staying over at your brothers. I spent the first three hours saying "uh huh" as he laid out the success of his new multi-level internet marketing campaigns and then "mmm hmm" in the following two when we discussed how his new Ping Zings have dramatically improved his game. Hence, when he wasn't looking I was forced to accidentally drop a half dozen Ambien into his non-caffinated, non-alcoholic beverage.

(looking into distance)

Not that I wanted to, but it had to be done.

SARA

Awesome, so instead of Mark walking me down the aisle tomorrow I get to carry him.

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JAKE

Remember, lift with the legs, not the back.

Sara punches Jake in the shoulder.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Ow.

SARA

Thanks for the tip. Now, just so I'm clear Jake, when me, my mom, and my sister all reminded you earlier today that it's bad luck for the groom to see the bride the night before the wedding and told you that under no circumstances were you to show up here, what part didn't you get?

JAKE

To be honest, pretty much all of it. To begin with, the concept of luck is ridiculous. What most people refer to as luck is simply random chance. Add to that the whole notion of it being *unlucky* for a groom to see his bride before the wedding dates back to when marriages were arranged and women were considered property and what you end up with is a big pile of antiquated sexist supernatural silliness. So, can I come in?

SARA

No Jake, you may not... You might not believe in luck but I do. I was actually feeling pretty lucky until you showed up. For Christ sake, it's one night. Why even chance it? That's just dumb.

JAKE

Fine, advocate away on behalf of antiquated sexist supernatural silliness. Only problem is technically this is the night before our wedding and *I have officially seen you.*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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JAKE (CONT'D)
 (pointing to eyes then
 Sara)

Eyeballs - Sara. So, whatever
 backwoods voodoo, Mr. Mojo Risin'
 curse there was to be incurred has
 already *occurred*. Except, wait it
 hasn't, because luck doesn't exist.

SARA
 You're positive on that?

JAKE
 If you'd like I'm willing to back
 it up with further psychological,
 scientific, and mathematical
 constructs.

SARA
 You could do that. Or, if you'll
 just shut the fuck up, you can come
 in.

Jake smiles as he mimes zipping his lips shut and throwing
 away the key. He then squeezes past Sara who sighs in
 exasperation and pulls the front door shut.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jake snatches a beer from the fridge, wielding a magnetic
 bottle opener, popping the top and sending it soaring into
 the trash in one fluid movement. He twirls the opener and
 CLICKS it's magnetic strip back onto the fridge as Sara
 enters.

SARA
 You know you can sling quite a load
 of quasi-intelligent-sounding
 bullshit for someone who makes his
 living scribbling squiggles for the
 funny papers.

JAKE
 One of the many benefits of a job
 that only takes five minutes a day -
 plenty of free time for wikipedia
 research.

SARA
 You do realize wikipedia isn't
 considered by most to be the be-all-
 end-all of reliable information?

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Sara grabs a glass from the cupboard and pours herself some water from the fridge spout.

JAKE

Hey, don't go knocking wiki.
That's where I learned about that
alphabet oral trick you like so
much.

SARA

(sips water, then:)
Well then, I take it back.
Wikipedia is the bee's knees.

JAKE

And you're the cat's pjs for saying
so, toots.

SARA

Why thanks, sailor... So, speaking
of men who proliferate venereal
disease, how was your bachelor
party?

JAKE

You know, the usual.

SARA

Some poor young girl with a sad
childhood degrading herself for you
and your collection of simian
friends?

JAKE

No way!... Two poor young girls
with sad childhoods going to town
on each other with hot wax and
drilldos.

(makes drilldo noises)

You know - classy.

SARA

And you actually enjoyed this?

Sara shakes her head and moves into the

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sara slips over to the couch and pulls out a stack of
Kindergartners worksheets from a bag with lines drawn between
different animals and their corresponding sounds. She sits
and "grades" them with either happy or sad faces as Jake
enters and leans against a bookcase.

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JAKE

The sight of two women whose only job requirement is to look good naked, pretending to be lesbians, grinding up on each other like two otters fighting over an abalone, and then breaking out the high-intensity-pussy-pleasuring-power-tools - not at all. I just soldiered through it for the sake of the other guys.

SARA

Commendable, really.

JAKE

I thought so.

Jakes slinks over and takes a seat next to Sara on the couch.

SARA

God, we're getting married tomorrow, I can't believe I never asked this.

(dripping with sex)

After it's been a couple years and we're settled in, would that ever be something you'd be into? You know, me, you, another woman?

JAKE

I, um, well--

SARA

--Cuz it's never gonna happen. Just thought you should know on the basis of full disclosure.

JAKE

(little boy pouting)

Okay. That was officially mean.

Sara cracks up.

JAKE (CONT'D)

So where are your mom and sister anyway? I thought they'd be over here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SARA

They were until they started fighting over whether I should wear my hair up or down and the great veil or no veil debate. Booted 'em.

JAKE

If I get a vote which I realize I pretty much haven't since I said the words "will you marry me", I vote hair up, veil.

SARA

Down no veil it is.

JAKE

Just thought you'd want something to cover up your bloodshot eyes after I keep you up late tonight.

Jake smiles at Sara and raises his eyebrows. Sara gives Jake a look and then just walks out of the room laughing.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sara lies in bed reading a travel brochure on a resort in the Virgin Islands. WE HEAR THE FAUCET SHUT OFF IN THE BATHROOM and Jake steps into the bedroom and crawls in next to her.

JAKE

I know what you were doing. The whole laughing and walking out of the room thing. You were hoping I'd do what I normally do - take it as a challenge and come in here and rock your world so hard you'd be strolling around all day tomorrow with the kind of completely relaxed and glowing look only a woman who's been totally sated by the Jakester has.

SARA

Darn, you caught me, Jakester.

JAKE

Well, you hurt my feelings and you can just forget about it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE (CONT'D)

I now plan on saving myself for the honeymoon where girl you best start preparing yourself now cuz I'm going to go all kinds of Jet Li avenging the deaths of his entire family and his dog up on your booty.

SARA

(points to brochure)

Neat. And after that we can go para-sailing.

JAKE

(excited about the idea)

Cool! Cuz that whole Jet Li thing shouldn't take more than like five minutes. And I've never been para-sailing!

Sara chuckles.

SARA

(sweetly)

You make me laugh.

Jake leans over and they kiss softly. Sara kisses back for a moment, then breaks and slips a finger over Jake's lips.

SARA (CONT'D)

But you're still not getting lucky tonight.

JAKE

Well then, it's a good thing for me I don't believe in luck.

Jake leans in toward Sara again. Sara turns away, reaching for the light on her end table.

SARA

And a bad thing for you that I do.

Sara shuts off the light and shuts down Jake.

EXT. SARA'S HOUSE - MORNING

Birds chirp and the sprinklers sprinkle.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Jake sits at the kitchen table in his wedding tux, carefully sipping his morning coffee. He HEARS THE CLICK OF HEELS and turns to see

SARA WALKING TOWARD HIM IN SLOW MOTION. The way the morning light is shining through her hair and in her beautiful dress, she could be an angel. FULL SPEED.

SARA
 Figured since you already blew the good luck thing, you could at least let me know how I look.

JAKE
 (a whisper)
 Wow.

SARA
 Wow?

JAKE
 Well, before you came in I was worried about getting my bow tie straight but now I realize I'd have to light myself on fire for anyone to be looking at me.

SARA
 (smiles)
 Glad I could help.

JAKE
 I should go.

Jake stands and backs his way out of the kitchen, still stunned by Sara's beauty in her dress.

JAKE (CONT'D)
 Wow.

EXT. JAKE AND SARA'S HOUSE - DAY

Jake strides down the front walk, a smile on his face. It's knocked off by the SLAP of a newspaper. Jake shakes his head and bends to pick it up.

JAKE
 Thank you.

WIDER as a 12 year-old PAPER GIRL, swings her bike around and rides up to Jake.

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PAPER GIRL
Sorry. You okay?

JAKE
I'll live.

PAPER GIRL
You going to the prom or something?

JAKE
(laughs)
No. I'm getting married today.

PAPER GIRL
To the lady that lives here?

JAKE
Sure am.

PAPER GIRL
You're lucky. She's pretty.

JAKE
Nothing to do with luck. But
thanks.

PAPER GIRL
You don't seem like you're all that
to me.

JAKE
I didn't mean it like that. But
thanks again. I just meant I don't
believe in luck.

PAPER GIRL
You should. You're gonna need it.
Over half of all marriages end in
divorce. But if the sex is good,
it should last for a few years
anyway. That's what I heard my mom
say about my uncle... I'm assuming
that's why you're here even though
(chastising tone)
it is bad luck to see the bride
before the wedding.

JAKE
That's really none of your
business. How old are you anyway?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PAPER GIRL

I didn't say it was. I said I was assuming. And I'm twelve.

JAKE

Well, for you information, Little Miss Mouthy, you're wrong. We didn't do anything last night and we've been saving ourselves for marriage just like you should.

PAPER GIRL

Listen, you seem okay. But please don't condescend to me. It's not nice... I'd wish you luck but since you don't believe in it, guess I'll just be seeing ya.

The Paper Girl pedals off leaving Jake looking like he's been hit between the eyes with a baseball bat. He shakes it off and then strides over to

JAKE'S JETTA

Jake notices the open door but hops inside anyway. He puts his keys in the ignition and tries to start it. It WHINES BUT WON'T TURN OVER. Jake pounds on the steering wheel.

JAKE

Fuckity-fuck-fuck-shitty-shit-fuck!

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sara is sitting on the couch as Jake enters, pulling a suitcase behind him.

SARA

Forget something?

JAKE

Not to get my seat belt jammed in the door frame, leaving the inside light of my car on and killing the battery.

SARA

Better call a cab.

JAKE

The limo should be here to pick you up any minute. Why can't I just go with you?

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CONTINUED:

SARA

Because I'd prefer my whole family didn't know you spent the night after my mom and sister told you to stay away. No need for everyone to know what a jerk I'm marrying.

JAKE

Like they need further conformation? They've met me.
(off Sara's look)
If it matters that much to you just drop me off a block away, okay?

SARA

Fine. But do me a favor. Lose all that crap you've got in your pockets. It's making your tux hang funny.

JAKE

Alright, but I already told you, no one's going to be looking at me.

SARA

I will.

Jake empties his cell phone, wallet, Pez, a roll of quarters, a broken pocket watch, and a lot more, into his bag.

Sara watches in confused awe as the process seemingly goes on forever.

LATER

Sara and Jake sit next to each other on the couch in silence for a moment before she grabs Jake's wrist and checks his watch.

SARA

God, where's the damn limo already?

JAKE

Yeah, he's only got five minutes left to be on time so he can get us to the church two and a half hours before our wedding.
(dripping with sarcasm)
I think we should start to panic.

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SARA

Jake, could you please just be on my side in hoping this wedding will go perfectly?

JAKE

Hey, I'm always on your side. And I'll hope. I'll even pray if you want me to, but there's no way that's going to happen.

SARA

Yeah, since you jinxed us by showing up last night.

JAKE

No, because in real life nothing ever does. Maybe your aunt Sophie will break a heel and trip when she gets up to sing or it'll rain at the reception or you'll keep looking at me that way, grab a knife out of the kitchen and stab me in the face in the next two minutes. My point, before you go Ginsu, is that all I need to make today perfect is you loving me enough to marry me.

SARA

(a beat)

Fuck you.

JAKE

Fuck me?

SARA

Yes, fuck you. You always do that. You drive me crazy, pointing out and picking on my neuroses and then you say shit like that.

JAKE

Shit like what?

SARA

The most beautiful and romantic thing I've ever heard. See, cuz now I have to marry you even if today is a total disaster. You tricked me. You're a bastard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAKE

Am I at least a cute bastard?

Jake grins and raises an eyebrow. Sara grins back despite herself and then jumps up when the DOORBELL BUZZES.

SARA

Come on.

Jake takes his time, but finally rises.

EXT. JAKE AND SARA'S HOUSE - DAY

Jake stands with GEORGE POPOVICH at the back of a limo parked behind his car in the driveway, helping George load four bags into the trunk.

GEORGE

You guys going on a long honeymoon?

JAKE

A week. The little bag there is mine. Feel free to mention to Sara that she might have overpacked.

GEORGE

Not a chance. I've been married eight months myself. My wife brings more than this for a weekend... I hope this won't affect my tip, but you're kind of a jerk, sir. If your Sara's anything like my Laura, I'd lose a nut for saying something like that.

JAKE

You probably would have. But it'd have been fun for me to watch.

GEORGE

See, just a little bit of a jerk, sir. Just a little bit.

JAKE

I apologize. Jake Brewer.

GEORGE

(shaking hands)

George Popovich... Two rules, Jake. One: nobody messes with my car. And two: nobody messes with my passengers.

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CONTINUED:

JAKE

Not a problem. And good to know.

INT. LIMO - TRAVELING - DAY

George is behind the wheel, Jake and Sara holding hands in the back seat.

GEORGE

Days like this I really love my job. Drunken kids going to prom I could take or leave, but a nice couple like you two about to start their lives together - it's really great. And I want you to know not to pay any attention to that garbage people talk about marriage these days. I can tell you from experience, it's the best.

JAKE

No offence. But you did tell me you've only been married for like eight months?

GEORGE

Eight perfect months. Before I met my wife, I was a mess. Drinking too much, looking for trouble, and I had a real weight problem.

JAKE

The hell you say.

GEORGE

I know, hard to believe. Every other woman I was ever with eventually ended up giving me crap over it. Not Laura. She really loves me for who I am. Once we were together, not having the stress of worrying she was judging me or gonna leave me over my weight, I started to eat less. Then I started going on walks like she does, just to be with her, and I've lost like fifty pounds. I feel like I did back in High School, like a sleek panther.

George looks over his shoulder at Jake and Sara and makes a panther growl and claws toward them, cracking them up.

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GEORGE (CONT'D)

Okay, a large sleek panther, but a sleek panther none the less... You want to see her?

SARA

Sure.

George pulls out his wallet and holds it over his shoulder open to a picture of LAURA, 30s, a plus-sized beauty.

SARA (CONT'D)

She's gorgeous.

JAKE

Looks like you got yourself a winner man.

GEORGE

Don't I know it. I'm telling you, our love is going to last forever.

(to picture)

Look at you, Laura. You've got me blabbering on like a sappy greeting card.

SARA

We think it's sweet. Don't we?

JAKE

(trying not to laugh)

Yeah, sure.

Sara elbows Jake and George puts away his wallet.

SARA

That's weird. The woman in the passenger seat of that car that just passed looked just like her.

GEORGE

(unsure)

Not possible. Laura said she was staying around the house today doing laundry.

George speeds up and pulls along side a beat up Toyota Corolla.

GEORGE'S POV - Laura sits next to a HANDSOME BLACK MAN who drives.

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GEORGE (CONT'D)

Jesus, that is her... What the hell is my Laura doing in that car with that guy?

SARA

Maybe he's an old friend?

GEORGE

I know all of her old friends and he ain't none of them.

SARA

Someone she works with?

GEORGE

(makes BUZZER NOISE,
getting upset)

But thanks for playing.

EXT. WEST ADAMS - DAY

The limo makes a turn off a normal looking street onto one Ice Cube would avoid.

INT. LIMO - TRAVELING - DAY

JAKE

I hate to be a pain, but you kinda sorta missed the turn toward the church.

GEORGE

You don't want to be a pain, huh? Then do me a favor and just sit there and shut the fuck up or I swear to Jimmity Christ I will do us all, including you, her, me, and my cheating whore of a wife all in one big fiery fucking explosion!

LATER

George looks crazed, his fingers digging into the steering wheel. In the back seat, Sara and Jake anxiously whisper back and forth.

SARA

We're getting kind of far away from the church. Ask him to pull over and let us out.

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CONTINUED:

JAKE

Look around. You want him to let us out here?

Sara looks out her window.

Sara's POV - HOMELESS MEN hang around outside a liquor store.

Jake peers out his window.

Jake's POV - of Graffiti strewn businesses and homes.

Sara's POV - of a HO huffing into a plastic bag.

Jake's POV - of A FIVE-YEAR-OLD smoking and flashing a gun.

Jake and Sara exchange a "no way" look.

EXT. WRONG SIDE OF 10 FREEWAY (WEST ADAMS) - DAY

Shoes are strewn by their laces over phone lines. We BOOM DOWN from the shoes to the limo driving past.

INT. LIMO - TRAVELING - DAY

Sara and Jake continue their nervous whispering.

SARA

Well, you can at least say something to him.

JAKE

Yeah, I'd love to.
(more to himself)
Go ahead Jake, pet the cobra.
Sure, I'll pet the cobra.

Jake leans forward.

JAKE (CONT'D)

George, I want you to know I can understand that you're upset.

GEORGE

(doesn't give a shit)
Thanks.

JAKE

But let's be reasonable. You said yourself how much Laura loves you. I'm sure there's a perfectly good explanation why she's in that car with that guy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE

They fuck every time I go to work,
and this is one of those times?

JAKE

That, or something else. The point
is wouldn't it be better to just
finish your job, drive us to the
church, and then talk about it with
her after you get home and have a
little time to cool down?

GEORGE

They're pulling over.

George pulls the limo to the curb.

GEORGE'S POV - the Corolla is parked in front of an apartment
building.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Please don't let her go into that
apartment building with him.
Please do not let her go into that
apartment building with him.

GEORGE'S POV - the Handsome Black Man and Laura stride into
the apartment building.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Well then...
(suddenly very nice)
I apologize to you both for
bringing you here. I'm usually a
very proficient and reliable
driver. Now, if you'll excuse me,
I have some humans to kill.

George reaches over and opens the glove box, pulling out a
9mm pistol. He then opens the driver's door and exits.

Jake and Sara look to each other.

SARA

What should we do?

JAKE

Well, we could wait here for him to
get done inside and then decide to
eliminate witnesses.

Jake points back and forth between himself and Sara.

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CONTINUED: (2)

JAKE (CONT'D)
Or WE COULD RUN!!!

EXT. DENKER ST. AND 36TH PLACE - DAY

Jake and Sara haul ass away from the limo, their wedding attire not making for the best running gear.

EXT. 36TH PLACE - TWO BLOCKS AWAY - DAY

Jake and Sara continue running until Sara grabs Jake's arm to stop him.

SARA
Wait... Chances are he's just going to go in there and find out there's nothing going on. They've only been married for eight months, why would she have married him in the first place if she was going to cheat on him already?

JAKE
That's a good point. And he did seem really nice before he saw his wife with that other guy. I know he was talking crazy but I don't think he'd really be capable of--

--BANG! BANG! BANG! Three shots ring out. Sara and Jake's eyes bug out at each other and they take off like track stars.

EXT. WEST ADAMS - DAY

Jake and Sara don't look back as they wind their way haphazardly through this run-down neighborhood.

EXT. HARVARD AND ADAMS - DAY

Jake and Sara continue running for a moment until Sara has had all the running she can take. She doubles over, gasping for air.

SARA
Jake, stop!

Jake circles back to Sara.

SARA (CONT'D)
Do you even know where we are?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE

Farther away from the homicidal madman with the gun than we used to be?

SARA

I think we're far enough. Use your cell phone and call the cops.

JAKE

I would if someone didn't tell me it was ruining the lines of my tux. I got nothing! No cell phone! No wallet! Nothing! And look at us. We're in the middle of Kill Whiteyville!

SARA

Hey, that's kind of racist.

JAKE

Not as racist as that!

Jake points out the large "Kill Whitey" graffiti on the wall behind them.

SARA

Okay. Point taken. Now let's just stay focused. All we have to do is find a pay-phone and we can call the police.

JAKE

And spend the next twelve hours answering their questions and miss our wedding?

SARA

Not if we make an anonymous tip and then call a cab to pick us up.

JAKE

Okay, that's smart. I would have never thought of that.

SARA

I know. That's why I said it.

JAKE

And that's why I love you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SARA

Save the mushy stuff, will you?
We've got a wedding to get to.
Let's go.

Jake follows Sara as she continues down the street.

JAKE

You do realize the irony of your
last statement?

SARA

(sarcastic)

No. My last statement was: 'Let's
go?' I don't see any irony in
that.

Jake smirks. She got him. They continue on.

JAKE

You know, if we survive this, we're
going to have a really great story
to tell.

SARA

About how you showed up the night
before our wedding, jinxed us, and
we ended up with a shit-house-rat-
crazy limo driver?

JAKE

The one thing has nothing to do
with the other.

SARA

Well, if it's not bad luck, then it
must be someone's fault. I wonder,
who could it be?

JAKE

I don't know, maybe the person who
pointed out our limo driver's wife
with another man?

SARA

That's not fair. If you had seen
her you would have done the same
thing.

JAKE

Probably. All I'm saying is it
wasn't luck. We both made
decisions that have led us here.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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JAKE (CONT'D)

I made the little mistake of hiring the cheapest limo company available and you made the monumental mistake of pointing out that the driver for said company has or rather had a two-timing floozie with wheels on her heels for a wife. But like you said, let's stay focused. I think I see a bodega on the next corner. They might have a phone.

Sara pauses to give Jake the stink-eye, then quick steps it to catch up to him.

EXT. BODEGA 36ST AND WESTERN AVE - DAY

Jake and Sara stand outside a seedy bodega. Jake picks up the receiver of a pay phone and holds it to his ear.

JAKE

Bad news is no dial tone. Really bad news is I may now have ear herpes.

(freaking out)

It's freakin' wet!

Jake hangs up the phone and rubs his ear with the shoulder of his jacket.

SARA

Wet? That's disgusting. Why would it be wet? What could it be?

JAKE

Don't know. Don't want to think about it. Let's try inside.

Jake and Sara both shudder back and forth for a moment, almost like it's a contest to see who can be more disgusted. They then head into

INT. BODEGA - DAY

Jake and Sara stride up to the counter where a CLERK of indeterminate origin resides.

JAKE

Hi, we were wondering if you have a phone?

CLERK

Phone outside. You want Marlboro?

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CONTINUED:

JAKE

That one's broken. So could we maybe use your phone if you have one?

CLERK

No Marlboro?

JAKE

No, I want phone.

CLERK

Phone outside. Buy or leave. Marlboro?

JAKE

Fine. I'll buy a pack of Marlboros if you'll just let us use your phone.

CLERK

Five fifty.

JAKE

To use the phone?

CLERK

(getting testy)
Marlboro five fifty!

JAKE

Okay, fine. Marlboro five fifty...
(checks pockets)
Wait, I don't have any money on me, but--

CLERK

Get out of store! This no library!

JAKE

What was I reading? Library? This is a fucking emergency and we just need to use your fucking phone, okay? You understand? Emergency? We're getting married and this guy maybe shot some people. You understand?!

CLERK

I understand emergency having fuck-you-man! Fuck out store now, fuck shiter!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAKE

Fuck shitter? You're the fuck
shitter! You're not fucking
listening! We need a phone to call
the police - PO-LICE. Get it?

The Clerk raises a fist.

CLERK

Get it good I no fuck shit you up
big time, someone of bitch!

SARA

Jake, calm down.

JAKE

Me?!

SARA

Sir, please, we've witnessed a
possible murder and we need to call
the police. Would that be okay?

CLERK

Marlboro Light?

EXT. WESTERN AVE - DAY

Sara and Jake stride away from the bodega.

SARA

Why do you always have to be so
confrontational with people?

JAKE

The Marlboro Man started it. And
it's not like your approach struck
gold, Marlboro Light.

SARA

"He started it." You know what I
do for a living and that's what
you're going with?

JAKE

Hey, don't you always teach your
kids about sharing? He wasn't
sharing his phone, so it's on him.
So there. Na, nanny, na na, let's
find another freakin' phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARA

It shouldn't be that hard. Why don't we just knock on someone's door?

In the background, the limo with George behind the wheel pulls up to the intersection and stops at the light.

JAKE

Sara, I think it's really sweet how you always think the best of people but I'd prefer not to be sodomized both pre and post mortuum. That's just how I roll.

SARA

You're being redic--

JAKE

--It's the limo! Come on!

Jake grabs Sara's hand and pulls her down an

ALLEYWAY (7TH AND LEE LAND)

running along the back of a group of storefronts.

SARA

Did he see us?

Jake pulls at a door to one of the back storerooms. Locked.

JAKE

I don't know.

Jake tries the next door and it opens.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Quick, get in here before he does for sure!

Jake and Sara whip their way into

INT. STOREROOM - DAY

Jake and Sara nervously catch their breath inside the door. Jake peeks out and takes a last look.

SARA

Is he coming?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE

No. I don't think he saw us.
We're safe.

CLICK, CLICK, CLICK, CLICK. Jake and Sara turn to see four fully cocked guns pointing at them. A coke deal is going down. Four men stand at a table, two on either side, and two kilos of blow and a briefcase full of money between them.

The two on the left are FRANK WHITE and DRAKE "SMITTY" SMITS. Frank is the boss, equal parts crazy and smart, with cold eyes and a Texas accent. Smitty is Frank's brother-in-law and is too stupid and good-natured goofy to be here if it wasn't for nepotism. On the right are the James brothers, DEX and DEVON. They'd both shoot you just so they could bet on how long it took you to die.

FRANK

Hey Smitty, do you think it might have been a good idea to lock that door after you let in Dex and Devon?

SMITTY

I thought I did.

FRANK

Then why am I staring at the top of a wedding cake?

SMITTY

(shrugs)
I don't know. Why?

FRANK

Go bring 'em over here!

Smitty heads over to Jake and Sara.

FRANK (CONT'D)

And lock the fucking door this time!

Sara and Jake are frozen with fear. They whisper to each other.

SARA

I'm going to die on my wedding day.

JAKE

No, you're not. Just stay calm and whatever I do, play along.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Dex reaches for the briefcase full of money.

DEX

I'm not feeling this, Frank. This was supposed to go down simple. Not simple anymore, so we out.

Frank turns his gun from Jake and Sara over to Dex.

FRANK

No one's going anywhere. We have something to sell. You have something to buy. Nothing's changed. We'll have a little pleasant conversation with our new friends and then we'll conclude our business.

DEX

That sounds a-ight. But it sound better without that motherfucking gun in my face.

FRANK

Sorry about that. In Texas pointing a gun at someone is a sign of affection.

Devon aims his gun at Frank's belly.

DEVON

Show your love for someone besides my brother.

FRANK

Done.

Frank turns his gun on Jake and Sara as Smitty leads them over to the table.

JAKE

Hi there. You're obviously really busy here. And we were just on our way to our wedding, so we wouldn't want to take up anymore of your time. Let's go, honey.

Jake grabs Sara by the hand and starts to walk away.

FRANK

Hold it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JAKE

Oh, oh, I see. You're probably worried that we're gonna tell someone about - you know -
(gestures to drugs)
all this. But we wouldn't do that. We'd only be hurting ourselves. Cuz we love cocaine, loooooove it, isn't that right?

SARA

(afraid)
Oh yeah, I can't get enough of it.

JAKE

(nervous laugh)
Who can, right? That is cocaine?

FRANK

Sure is. And in that case, why don't you have a little pre-wedding party? Smitty, cut out a couple nice fat lines for um, your names?

JAKE

Jake and Sara.

FRANK

Jake and Sara. How sweet.

SMITTY

You got it.

FRANK

You two kids can show our friends they're getting their money's worth, you being such nose candy aficionados and such.

JAKE

Well, normally we'd just Dust Buster those up the old schnozollas but like I said we're getting married and we really need to be getting--

DEX

--Do it, bitch.

DAREN

Or die.

Daren puts the barrel of his gun on Jake's temple.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JAKE

On the other hand, what's a wedding
if not a celebration. So let's get
this party started.

Jake bends over and does a line. He comes up and looks like
he stuck his finger in a wall socket.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Jizzing Jonas Brothers! Agh!
Goddamn!... I love it! Good shit,
man. Especially like the part when
it rolls down your throat like now.

Jake tries to compose himself as chokes on the coke dripping
down his esophagus.

DAREN

Now your bitch.

JAKE

Hey, I don't see any need for name
calling.

Darren puts his gun back on Jake's temple.

JAKE (CONT'D)

You heard the man, bitch! Gack up
that snow!

Sara gives Jake a look and then bends and snorts her line.
She stands back up looking fire-place-poker-in-the-booty
stunned and rubs at her nose.

SARA

Owie, owie, owie!

FRANK

What's that?

JAKE

She's saying oui, oui, oui! It's
French for yes, yes, yes.

SARA

Yes, yes, yes, wonderful.

FRANK

That's what I like to hear. Now
that I know they're cool, why don't
we all have a little fun.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

DEX

That wasn't part of the deal.

FRANK

We haven't done business before, so
it just became part of the deal.
Unless your law enforcement career
prohibits it?

DEX

Fuck you man, whatever. But we
weighting what you take out and
ain't paying for your little party.

FRANK

I wouldn't have it any other way.
Now let's get rowdy.

Frank grabs a remote control off the table and points it at a
stereo over in the corner.

MUSIC MONTAGE

-- Frank, Smitty, Daren, and Dex all do lines of their own.

-- Daren and Dex dance in sandwich formation with Sara who
is pretending pretty well to be enjoying herself.

SARA

You guys are really good dancers.
(off Darren slapping her
ass)
Yeah, slap that bootie. Whoo!

-- Jake does another line.

-- Smitty and Jake waltz as Darren and Dex continue getting
busy with Sara.

-- Sara sits in a chair and Frank reaches under her dress.

FRANK

Where is that garter belt? I can't
seem to find it. Wait, there it
is. I got it!

-- Frank pulls out a pair of panties.

FRANK (CONT'D)

It's a great gag. People love it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

SARA

Yeah. But could I have my panties back now, please?

FRANK

Yeah, sorry darling. It's better to plan ahead and stick a pair up your sleeve.

-- Everyone is lined up and doing a conga. They make their way to the table, do a line, then move to the back of the line.

-- In order, Sara, Jake, Frank, Smitty, Daren, and Dex all fall to the floor and lean their backs against the same wall. We DOLLY down the line taking in their coked-out expressions.

END MONTAGE

INT. STOREROOM - DAY

Jake and Sara stand on the right side of the table with Darren and Dex, Frank and Smitty across from them.

DAREN

Alright so this dudes wife and him been married for a while and she comes in and goes: I had this dream they were auctioning off dicks. The long ones and the thick ones went for ten bucks and the long and thick ones like mine for twenty.

DEX

Okay, now I know this is a bullshit story.

DAREN

Want me to finish?
 (off Dex's proceed look)
 Thank you. So the husband, he goes: how about the ones like mine? And she's: they gave those little fuckers away for free. So the husband's all: I had a dream too. They were auctioning off pussies. The cute ones went for ten bucks and the tight ones twenty. So she's all: How much were the one's like mine? And he's: bitch, please, that's where they held the auction!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Everyone cracks up - Jake and Sara nervously so.

FRANK
(still chuckling)
I haven't had this much fun since I
was back in
(to Smitty)
Abilene.

Smitty nods and then Frank and he pull their guns and shoot
Darren and Dex in their heads.

SARA
(gasping for air)
Jesus... You, you just killed
them... Why?

FRANK
Relax. Have a look at this.

Frank pulls out a wallet and flips it open revealing a badge.

JAKE
You're a cop?

FRANK
Narcotics officer.

JAKE
But you're allowed to just shoot
people like that?

FRANK
Not really. See, Smitty here and I
cooked up this idea after I caught
him doing this deal with these
Mexicans a few months back. What
was I gonna do, bust him? He's my
brother-in-law. Anyway, I borrow a
little product from evidence. He
sets up the deals. And the rest
you saw first hand. We clean up
this city of drug dealers and make
a tidy profit. It's win-win.

SMITTY
At least for us.

JAKE
Well we didn't really know them.
Plus we're so fucked up right now I
don't think we'll remember any of
this tomorrow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FRANK

I can pretty much goddamn guarantee that.

JAKE

But you're a cop.

FRANK

Narcotics officer. And I didn't say I was a good one. Sorry kids. Wrong place, wrong time.

SARA

You know what? The hell with it. If I'm going to die on my wedding day in this gloomy, dirty place, then I'm at least going to have some more fun first.

Sara leans forward and acts like she's going to do some more coke.

FRANK

That's the spirit.
(to Jake)
Why don't you have yourself another bump too. Consider it our little going away present.

Sara grabs both kilos of coke and throws them into Frank and Smitty's faces. She then turns and pulls Jake with her as she plows for the door.

Frank and Smitty both cough up mouthfuls of coke and wipe at their faces, then proceed to shoot at Jake and Sara.

They can't really see and miss wildly at first but as Jake and Sara near the door a cinder block explodes right next to them. They scream and book ass through the door.

FRANK (CONT'D)

What are you looking at! I got this. Go get 'em!

Smitty continues to wipe the coke from his face and clothes as he races for the door.

EXT. ALLEYWAY (7TH AND LEELAND) - DAY

Jake and Sara run like their lives depend on it, which they do. Jake spots another alleyway between the buildings.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE

This way!

Sara follows Jake down the

BLIND ALLEYWAY

They sprint past two dumpsters to the end of the alley to find a chain link fence with barb wire in their way.

JAKE

Shit!

Jake reverses direction and Sara follows. Jake stops at the first dumpster they passed and slams the top open.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Quick, get in.

SARA

This is a two thousand dollar hand-embroidered wedding dress. I am not climbing into a dumpster.

JAKE

Would you rather die?

SARA

Possibly.

Just then, a bullet whizzes past Jake's head and hits the wall beside him. He and Sara scream and duck down behind the dumpster.

JAKE

(frustrated and scared)

Damnit, what are we gonna do? Think. Think. Fucking think, Jake... I'm so sorry I made you come down here.

SARA

You didn't make me do anything. And I'm sorry I yelled at you. This is really it, isn't it? Jake, I love you.

JAKE

I love you too.

Jake finds a broken two-by-four wedged under the dumpster to keep it from moving and pulls it out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE (CONT'D)

Hold on. Stay low and move that way.

Jake and Sara slide along the wall toward another dumpster.

Smitty, gun out, prowls down the alley. He reaches the dumpster where Jake and Sara were and jumps, leveling his gun at them... but they're not there.

Jake springs up from behind the next dumpster and charges Smitty, breaking the two-by-four over the back of Smitty's head. Smitty is stunned but still on his feet.

SMITTY

That really fucking hurt.

Smitty starts to turn his gun on Jake but Jake grabs his arm and tackles him against the alleyway wall. They struggle and a shot is fired, the ricochet nearly hitting Sara.

Jake continues to pound Smitty's arm into the wall and the gun comes free of Smitty's hand. A hand that Smitty now balls into a fist and uses to beat the hell out of Jake.

As Jake falls to his knees and Smitty is about to unload on him with another right Sara jumps between them, holding Smitty's gun.

SARA

Stop!

SMITTY

Hold on, little girl. We both know you don't have it in you to kill anyone. So why don't you just hand that gun back over to me?

SARA

You really think you can mess with a woman on her wedding day and get away with it?

Sara lowers the gun and pulls the trigger. BANG!

SMITTY

Agh! She shot me in the balls!
She shot me in the fucking balls!

Smitty grabs said appendages, falling to his knees, as Sara helps Jake to his feet and they hobble back out the blind alleyway.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SMITTY (CONT'D)

You bitch! Agh!

Jake finally is moving under his own power. He looks to Sara as they continue.

JAKE

I know he was trying to kill us.
But shooting a guy in the nuts?
You know that's wrong, right?

SARA

It worked didn't it?

JAKE

Of course it worked. And I'm not
saying you didn't do good. I'm
just saying you could have shot him
in the leg or something.

SARA

I was aiming for his leg.

JAKE

Oh, never mind then.
(over his shoulder to
Smitty)
It's alright. She was aiming for
your leg.

SMITTY

Fuck you!

Smitty gives Jake and Sara the finger with his right hand while grasping his bloody package with his left.

EXT. 7TH STREET - DAY

Jake and Sara emerge from the alleyway and stride down the street.

JAKE

We've got to get out of here before
that Frank guy finds out we're not
dead.

SARA

You know, when I was a little girl
and I dreamed about my wedding day,
I was never on a coke bender being
chased by multiple murdering
psychopaths with guns!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE

Are you saying you don't want to get married anymore?

SARA

No. I'm venting.
(gesturing with gun)
Am I not allowed to vent?

JAKE

Yes, please, vent away. Vent your little heart out. Just don't vent me with that thing.

Sara notices the gun in her hand.

SARA

God, I hate guns!

Sara quickly bends and tosses the piece into a storm drain.

JAKE

I'm not a big fan either but we might have needed that?

SARA

(coked out speed)
For what? I can see downtown from here - about fifteen miles away. The church is only five miles more. Fifteen plus five is twenty. At six minutes a mile we can totally sprint and still make it with
(checks Jake's watch)
forty three minutes to spare!
Let's go!

Sara starts to sprint, but Jake grabs her arm.

JAKE

Sara, Sara! I'm having simultaneous thoughts about that idea. One is we can totally do that! And the other is that that's the coke talking and our hearts would probably explode out of our chests within the first mile.

There's a RUMBLING SOUND in the distance.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Did you hear that? It's the redline. It'll take us downtown.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SARA
So, can we go now?

JAKE
Yeah, yeah. Just not at a heart
exiting body pace?

Sara and Jake take off jogging.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

Smitty stumbles over to Frank who pops open the trunk of his Cadi.

SMITTY
I'm not going in the trunk!

FRANK
Grab the beach towel. I don't want
you bleeding all over my interior.
This is a fucking lease.

INT. FRANK'S CADILLAC - MOMENTS LATER

Frank is behind the wheel, on a cell phone.

FRANK
(on phone)
I want all eyes looking for them.
Snitches, everyone. But I get the
call and no one touches them but
me.

Smitty opens the passenger door and places a Little Mermaid beach towel on the seat, then climbs inside and pulls his door shut.

SMITTY
I need a hospital.

FRANK
What you need is a another bullet
right between your eyes letting
those two get away - and with your
gun?

(shakes his head)
I swear if you weren't my wife's
brother...

We HEAR SMITTY LOWER HIS TRACK SUIT PANTS and he begins to cry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK (CONT'D)

Christ almighty, stop the blubbering. Which one did she get?

SMITTY

Neither. Through and through right between them.

FRANK

Then it's just a flesh wound. Man up and sew yourself up. There's a surgical needle and thread in the glove box.

SMITTY

Sew myself up? Flesh wound? I've got a hole in either side of my nuts! And it's ball flesh. My ball flesh!

Frank starts up the Cadi and pulls down the alleyway.

FRANK

You're such a fucking baby. I swear I can't believe I gotta deal with this shit. I thought you'd want a little payback but--

SMITTY

--I do! And okay. But just drive slow, okay?

Smitty pulls out a surgical needle and thread from the glove box.

FRANK

You got it.

EXT. LEELAND STREET - DAY

The Cadi BURNS RUBBER AND BOTTOMS OUT coming out of the alleyway, and we HEAR SMITTY SCREAM IN PAIN.

EXT. OLYMPIC AND WESTMORELAND - DAY

Jake and Sara jog along. MELISSA, a speed-walking-woman dressed in full gear, cuts in front of them and continues on her way. Jake picks up his pace to catch up to her.

JAKE

Hey there. Hi.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MELISSA
I HAVE PEPPER SPRAY!

SARA
No. No. He's not a mugger. We're getting married and we're sort of in trouble.

JAKE
I notice you have a cell phone. Could we borrow it?

MELISSA
So you can pawn it and buy more drugs? I think not.

JAKE
We're not on drugs.

MELISSA
(laughs)
You're talking to an expert, okay? Get some help and then try speed walking like me. It's an awesome natural high.

SARA
Okay, we are on drugs. But we were forced to take them.

MELISSA
Lying even to yourself. Been there. Hopefully you'll hit bottom before you end up sucking random dick down at the airport for five bucks a pop like I did.

JAKE
For one? Five dollars?! Seriously? And for two, just give me your damn phone!

Jake reaches for Melissa's phone. She claps down her hand on top of his to keep him from pulling it free and then pulls out her pepper spray and nails Jake.

Jake falls to his knees, SCREAMING and wiping his eyes. Sara bends down to comfort him and Jake starts balling as Melissa power-walks away.

SARA
Jake, are you okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAKE

Yeah, I'm just trying to cry harder on purpose because I read somewhere it helps clear out the pepper spray. And because I'm imagining a future sucking random dick at the airport for five bucks a pop. Please promise you'll never let me do cocaine again?

Jake balls even harder and Sara rubs his back and then helps him to his feet.

SARA

Come on, we've got to keep moving.

JAKE

Yeah. You're right.

Jake starts to run off and Sara catches up to him and pulls him away from running into a street sign just in time.

EXT. KOREA TOWN EAST OF WESTMORELAND - DAY

Jake and Sara are jogging along, sweat pouring down both their faces.

JAKE

My eyes are starting to only burn like I poured McDonald's coffee directly on them instead of like I rested them on the sun, so I don't want to complain but...

(gasps for breath)

is it bad that the inside of my mouth tastes like pennies?

SARA

I passed pennies five minutes ago. All I taste now is feathers from the angel of death.

JAKE

Look, there's a guy washing his car.

EXT. MIKE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Jake and Sara arrive at Mike's Prius. MIKE, mid 30s, wearing a polo shirt and khakis, looks very much like a good-natured businessman on his day off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE

Hi. We were on our way to our wedding and our limo driver went a little crazy and ditched us. Is there any way we could use your phone to call a cab?

MIKE

That sounds awful. And I'd really like to help but the phone's inside and mother has the keys to the house.

SARA

Is she not around?

MIKE

No. She went shopping. Won't be back for quite awhile I'm afraid.

JAKE

Well, I know this is a lot to ask. But could you maybe give us a ride?

MIKE

I'd be glad to.

JAKE

Awesome.

SARA

Thank you so much.

Jake pulls on the back door of the Prius. It's locked.

MIKE

Oh, no. We can't take this car. Mother says I'm not allowed after my incident at Bear Stearns.

SARA

Incident?

MIKE

I'd devoted my life to that company. Had all my money wrapped up in company stock. So when things turned bad I sort of lost it. The standoff lasted until I fell asleep. But hey, don't worry. That's been ages. And we can take my other vehicle. It's this way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Mike leads Jake and Sara up the driveway to a refrigerator box decorated like a rocket ship. He climbs inside.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Climb on in. We can get to where you're going in no time in my rocket ship.

JAKE

That's okay. I just remembered we're not even supposed to be getting married today. It's tomorrow.

SARA

Silly us.

MIKE

Well then, have fun at your wedding tomorrow. I'm off to the gumdrop forest! Whee!

We HOLD ON Jake and Sara as they walk away dejected and then we enter

EXT. ROCKET SHIP - MIKE'S FANTASY - DAY

Mike, through use of a BLUE SCREEN, flies high above the clouds in his rocket ship.

MIKE

Gumdrop forest here I come!

EXT. MIKE'S HOUSE - REALITY - DAY

We see that Mike isn't going anywhere in his rocket ship.

INT. FRANK'S CADILAC - TRAVELING - DAY

Frank is behind the wheel. Smitty, in agony, is still trying to stitch up his sack in the passenger seat. They hit a pothole and Smitty's bloody hand, wearing surgical gloves and holding the needle and thread, SHOTS INTO FRAME.

SMITTY

Agh! Could you please watch the potholes? I'm looking like Edward Scissor Nuts over here.

FRANK

Just keep your eyes open and your trap shut and watch for them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SMITTY

You know, I've lost a lot of blood here. There's a good chance I could die. You might want to be a little nicer to me.

FRANK

You're right. You know there's some novocaine in that other canister in the glove box there. Might help numb you up.

SMITTY

You tell me this now?! I'm almost done!

FRANK

Must have slipped my mind. If you're upset with me, why don't you pull out your piece and shoot me? Oh, that's right, cuz you let Ken swipe it and then let Barbi blast you in the nuts with it.

Frank purposely hits another pothole and Smitty SCREAMS as his BLOODY HAND FLIES BACK INTO FRAME.

EXT. KOREA TOWN - DAY

Jake and Sara are both dragging ass, their hands on top of their heads sucking wind.

VOICE (O.S.)

Hey you! You guys in the wedding stuff!

Jake and Sara's POV - of SEAN waving to them from the open driver's door of a Miata across the street.

SEAN

Could you give me a hand?

Jake and Sara force themselves across the street.

JAKE

I don't know. Could you give us one? You got a cell phone?

SEAN

No. Bastards canceled my service just cuz I missed eight lousy payments.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE

Perfect.

SARA

Our limo broke down and we've been running for what seems like ten miles.

SEAN

I'm having car trouble too. That's why I called you over here. I need a push. But if you help me get it started, it might be a little tight, but I'll take you wherever you want to go.

JAKE

Sure. Okay.

Sara and Jake move to the back of the Miata.

SARA

Back here?

SEAN

Yeah. And just push your asses off when I say go.

Sean climbs into the Miata. He puts it in neutral and releases the parking break, then hops into the door frame. Sean starts to push himself and yells:

SEAN (CONT'D)

Go!

Jake and Sara push with all they have but it's not much.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Come on, just a little faster. Little faster. Little faster I said!

SARA

We're trying!

Jake and Sara redouble their effort and the Miata picks up a little speed.

SEAN

That's it! That's it! Keep pushing! Yeah!

Sean jumps behind the wheel, pops the clutch, and zooms off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Jake and Sara gasp for breath, their hands on their knees as a huge SCARY-LOOKING DUDE who wears a leg brace and uses a cane emerges from the building behind them.

SCARY-LOOKING DUDE
What the fuck did you just do?

JAKE
We just gave that guy a push start.

SCARY-LOOKING DUDE
In my car! You dumb shits just helped him steal my fucking car!

SARA
Really?

SCARY-LOOKING DUDE
Yes, fucking really.

JAKE
(shrugs, weakly)
Sorry.

SCARY-LOOKING DUDE
You're gonna be sorry. Come here!

SARA
(to Jake, near tears)
More running?

JAKE
(whimpering)
Yeah.

Jake and Sara dart across the street from the Scary-Looking Dude who you wouldn't want to let get a hold of you, but who doesn't move too well.

The Scary-Looking Dude hobbles after them but can see they're going to get away, so he throws his cane at them.

The cane CLANKS right behind Jake and Sara's feet and they keep booking.

EXT. MACARTHUR PARK - DAY

Jake and Sara run through MacArthur Park, passing a ROBOT DANCER in gold face paint and a tux performing for a small crowd.

EXT. MACARTHUR PARK SUBWAY ENTRANCE - DAY

Jake and Sara scurry down a subway entrance, looking near death.

JAKE

We made it.

SARA

Yeah, there should be a police man
or at least some sort of city
worker here that can help us.

Jake pauses. Sara notices and waits for him as he shuffles down the three steps separating them to join her.

JAKE

I'm thinking maybe going to the
cops right now isn't the move.

SARA

We witnessed people being murdered!

An AVERAGE GUY walks past on his way into the station.

JAKE

(covering)

You're right, gas prices are
murder! That's why I take the
train!... I know. I was there,
remember? They were murdered by
the police. And let's not forget
they weren't exactly sweethearts.
Remember the guns pointed at our
heads?

SARA

We still have to tell someone.

JAKE

I agree. I just think going to the
cops when we're fucked off our
asses on sweet lady cain A and B
don't know if they'll be friends of
theirs is a good idea. I say we
stick with your previous anonymous
tip idea after a couple days
straight of making love on a white
sand beach from the safety of a
different country.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARA

The Virgin Islands aren't technically a different country. They're still US soil.

JAKE

Wow, that's an incredibly pertinent piece of information given our current predicament. Thank you.

SARA

You're an asshole.

JAKE

Fine, I'm an asshole. But do you get my point?

Jake nods aggressively at Sara and she finally gives him a little nod back.

INT. SUBWAY TURNSTYLES - DAY

Passengers swipe their Metro cards and move onto the platform as a female, African-American, security guard, TAMMY, watches over them. Jake and Sara arrive and approach her.

JAKE

Hi. We're in a bit of a situation. We're running late for our wedding and we left our wallets in the limo which broke down. Do you think there's any way you could just let us through?

TAMMY

Oh no, white folks in trouble. Just a minute while I put on my Super Hero cape.

Tammy doesn't put on a cape. She just gives Jake and Sara a blank "I don't give a shit" look.

SARA

We know we're asking a lot. But couldn't you please reconsider? It's our wedding day and we'll come back and pay after the wedding.

TAMMY

Well, when you put it like that. Sure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARA

Thank you.

TAMMY

You'll just have to do one thing for me first. Come over to my house and explain to my kids Shandra and LeTrel why mommy got fired, there's nothing to eat, and the lights are off again. I know you're from downtown. Always trying to trick me with this shit. Your little friends watching on their camera? Hi there, fuckers.

Tammy waves to a ceiling camera.

SARA

We're not from downtown.

TAMMY

That's just what the people from downtown say. I may have been born on a Wednesday but it wasn't last Wednesday. Using the old wedding ploy to try to gain my sympathies, that's low.

Jake turns to the people moving through the turnstiles.

JAKE

Could any of you lend us a few bucks? We're trying to get to--

TAMMY

--Stop right there. That's aggressive panhandling and it's a crime. Keep it up and I'm calling for an officer.

SARA

What are we going to do?

JAKE

I think I have an idea. Come on.

Jake pulls Sara toward the exit.

Jake points to a ROBOT DANCER in gold face paint and a tux not unlike his own.

EXT. MACARTHUR PARK - DAY

Jake and Sara join the small crowd watching as the Robot Dancer they passed earlier puts on his show.

JAKE

Come on.

Jake and Sara move next to the Robot Dancer and put on their own, much worse, robot dance show.

The Robot Dancer gets angry and motions for them to go away, then ups his game and busts some incredible dance moves.

JAKE (CONT'D)

We're going to have to up the ante.

SARA

What do you mean "up the ante"?

Jake leans over and whispers something in Sara's ear.

MOMENTS LATER

Jake and Sara robot walk toward each other. When they speak it's with robotic voices.

JAKE

Come here, robot bride. I want to make nasty robot love to you.

This catches the crowds attention and they start watching Jake and Sara instead of the Robot Dancer. Sara reaches Jake and he puts his hands on her shoulders and forces her to her knees where she mimes fellating him.

JAKE (CONT'D)

That's it. Suck my huge robot cock, you robot whore.

ANGLE ON: a very interested YOUNG BOY in the crowd.

SARA

My robot mouth is getting sore from your giant robot knob.

JAKE

Time to begin rear docking procedure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jake moves to his knees and spins Sara around. He then commences mimed doggy-style with the occasional robotic ass slap.

SARA

Oh great robot creator, yes. Your bolt has entered my gasket. Gasket is dripping wet with internal fluids.

JAKE

Who's your robot daddy?

SARA

You are.

JAKE

I said who is your robot daddy?

SARA

You are!

TWO LOWLIFE GUYS are among the people watching.

LOWLIFE GUY #1

Fuckin' twisted!

LOWLIFE GUY #2

Yeah, fucking plow that robot bride, robot dude!

The Lowlife Guys high five.

The Robot Dancer sees this and that no one is watching him anymore. He picks up his dollar-bill-filled hat and angrily walks away.

Sara and Jake are still humping away, though he's now moved into the more powerful standing doggy position.

JAKE

I love your tight little robot gasket.

SARA

And I love your huge robot bolt. Nearing sensory overload.

JAKE

Me too. Where do you want it, robot ass or face?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

A large guy in a HAWAIIAN SHIRT is watching the action. He pulls out a cell phone and takes a picture.

INT. FRANK'S CADILAC - TRAVELING - DAY

Frank's cell phone CHIMES WITH A SILLY RING TONE and he pulls it out.

CLOSE ON: a picture of Jake and Sara getting busy at the park.

Frank grunts and cuts his wheel.

FRANK

Looks like they jumped the honeymoon over in MacArthur Park.

EXT. KOREA TOWN STREET - DAY

Frank swings a U-turn and guns his Cadi.

EXT. MACARTHUR PARK - DAY

Jake mimes pulling out as both Sara and he shudder with their robot orgasms and then pass out on the grass. As the crowd starts to disperse Jake scoops up the money they left.

INT. METRO RAIL AUTOMATED TICKETER - DAY

Sara watches as Jake feeds money into the Metro Pass machine.

SARA

Seventy two dollars? This world is sick.

JAKE

Come on. It wasn't that bad. I would have thought I'd have to talk you into some partial nudity to make this much.

SARA

Why me? Why not you?

JAKE

(robot voice)

Because, sadly, you are the only one who wants to see my robot junk.

INT. FRANK'S CADILAC - PARKED OUTSIDE SUBWAY ENTRANCE - DAY

Frank reaches for his backup piece in his ankle holster. He hands it to Smitty.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK

Here. Do your best not to lose
this one.

Smitty smiles a "thank you" and they jump out of the Cadi.

INT. METRO RAIL AUTOMATED TICKETER - DAY

Two Metro Passes spit out of the machine. Jake grabs them
and notices something out of the corner of his eye.

Frank And Smitty hobble down the entrance. Smitty has a
large blood stain on the front of his track suit and grits
his teeth with each step.

Jake grabs Sara's hand and pulls her quickly toward the
turnstyles.

Frank spots them and pulls Smitty down the steps faster,
making him scream and hold his crotch.

INT. SUBWAY TURNSTYLES - DAY

Jake smiles at Tammy as he and Sara slide their metro cards
and enter the platform.

Frank and Smitty are on their heels. Smitty starts to reach
into the back of his track suit for his gun but Frank grabs
his arm.

FRANK

There's cameras down here idiot.

Smitty groans as he puts a leg up, trying to hop the
turnstyles.

TAMMY

What do you think you're doing?

FRANK

Nothing. He's just stretching.
The doctor said it'd help with the
seepage from his vasectomy.

TAMMY

That's nasty.

FRANK

(whispers)
Come on. We'll get them at the
next stop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SMITTY'S POV - Jake and Sara look back as they hurry onto a train.

Smitty cries out as he pulls his leg down. He then quicksteps it to catch up to Frank who heads for the exit.

SMITTY
Could you slow down? I think I
popped a stitch.

Frank ignores Smitty and keeps speeding for the exit. Smitty grits it out to catch up with him.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - DAY

Jake and Sara fall into two open seats.

SARA
(mimics Jake)
I don't think calling the cops is
the right move.

JAKE
It wasn't. For all we know he
could have said we killed those
guys. Your finger prints are on
that gun you threw down the gutter.

SARA
Shit.

JAKE
Shit is right.

The subway car starts and pulls away.

SARA
Well, what's the right move now?
Catching a little nap before we get
off at the next stop and let them
shoot holes in us?

JAKE
That's not gonna happen.

SARA
And you know this how? Your
psychic abilities?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE

No. I know there's no way they'll beat us to the next stop because of the one and only one reliable thing LA has to offer.

SARA

What's that?

EXT. WILSHIRE BLVD - DAY

Frank and Smitty sit in the Cadi, trapped in gridlock. Frank hits his horn.

INT. FRANK'S CADILAC - DAY

FRANK

Motherfucker! Why is it every time I want to kill someone in this city I have to kill someone in this city to get there!

INT. SUBWAY - TRAVELING - DAY

Sara looks unsure.

SARA

So even if they don't beat us there. Then what?

JAKE

Then nothing. Wedding. Reception. Dancing. Drinking. Rubbery chicken. Plane flight. Goodbye, bad guys. Hello, Virgin Islands. Sir, would you like another piña colada? No, I'd love another piña colada.

Sara crinkles her brow, considering Jake's words as JANE DOE, a Middle-Eastern young woman with a neo-hippy vibe approaches.

JANE

Anyone sitting here?

SARA

Go ahead.

JANE

You two do a marathon wedding or something?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE

No. Not married yet. Limo broke down so we ran here so we could still try to make it.

JANE

That bites ass. Here. Want some bottled water?

Jane reaches inside her bag and pulls out a large bottled water, handing it to Jake.

JAKE

Yes. Thank you.

Jake opens the water and passes it to Sara who takes a big drink then hands it back.

SARA

Thank you so much. What's your name?

JANE

Jane. Or at least as far as I know.

JAKE

You don't know your own name?

JANE

Retrograde amnesia. They tell me I was hit by a very large truck over near UCLA about a year ago. Luckily I can't remember that either. When I woke up in the hospital I was registered as Jane Doe, so I decided to keep it.

JAKE

That's kind of cool. Weird. But cool.

JANE

I've always thought Jane was a pretty name or at least I think I did and a doe is a deer so that's nice. Plus I like to pretend that my real name was Fatima Fatassenstein. So, Jane Doe is a marked improvement.

SARA

So you're okay now?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JANE

Except for not being able to remember anything past a year ago. And I sometimes get these migraines, but my doctor's cool and hooked me up with this medical marijuana dispensary. That's where I'm coming from. The doctor. Not the dispensary. Not holding.

SARA

That's okay. We've had enough drugs today.

JAKE

She's kidding.

JANE

You two do seem a little amped up but I figured it was just wedding day jitters. When is it?

JAKE

(checking watch)
Little over an hour if we make it.

JANE

Where?

SARA

1st Presbyterian in Echo Park.

JANE

You should be fine. If you want I only live a couple blocks from the next stop. We could walk to my place. You could clean up a little and I'd even help you out with cab money if you need it. I'd hate for you to miss your own wedding.

JAKE

We're fine for money.

SARA

But we'd really appreciate that.

JAKE

Yeah-yeah. After the day we've had that would be... Are you sure that truck didn't take you out and you're not an angel?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JANE

Doubtful. Never thought of angels as liking to get baked, eat cereal straight from the box, and zone on Cartoon Network. And before I ran into you two, that was the plan.

JAKE

Putting all that on hold is for two total strangers is fairly angelic in my book.

JANE

(shrugs)

Everyone was so nice to me after my accident. I've just been trying to pay it back in little ways here and there.

INT/EXT. CIVIC CENTER SUBWAY TUNNEL - DAY

Jake and Sara and their new friend Jane climb up the steps leading out of the subway.

JANE

Before we get to my place I should explain about my roommate Christopher. He suffered a head injury too. My physical therapist hooked us up. I look after him and get free rent.

JAKE

So is he not all there or...

JANE

Yes and no. He's pretty normal except he's terrified to leave the apartment. Afraid something's going to fall out of the sky and hit him on the head.

SARA

How'd he get injured?

JANE

Something fell out of the sky and hit him on the head. One of those thin metal bars off a building. It messed with his brain in a way that he's incredibly happy all the time. Like scary happy. And he has no sense of moral appropriateness.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANE (CONT'D)

Before I left this morning he told me my tits looked nice today. I'm so used to it now I just said thanks and left. But I figured you should know... This way.

Jane points to the right and Jake and Sara follow her out of the tunnel and onto

EXT. HILL STREET/1ST STREET/GRAND AVE - DAY

SARA

I don't mean to pry but do your doctors think you'll ever get your memory back?

JANE

I don't know. I never thought to ask.

(laughs)

No. Yeah. I was just talking to my neurologist about that. They say in most cases people regain some memories over time. And others everything comes back all at once. Which I find kind of scary. Your life flashing before your eyes. Isn't that supposed to happen when you die? Creepy. Anyway, it's been almost a year and all I've ever got were these flashes of people yelling at me. He thinks I might be repressing my former life. Wants me to see a shrink. But screw that. I'm pretty happy with my life now. Why would I want to purposely remember the way my life was if it sucked?

Jane has noticed Jake peering around as she's been talking.

JANE (CONT'D)

Something wrong?

JAKE

No. Just admiring the neighborhood. We close?

JANE

(points up the block)

Yeah. It's right up here...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANE (CONT'D)

Seriously though, all I need is a decent boyfriend and a car and I'd be set.

SARA

I'm sure you'll find one.

JANE

I'm sure I will too. Just trying to decide on leasing or buying.

SARA

I meant a boyfriend.

JANE

So did I.

SARA

Come on. You're cute. Tell her she's cute.

JAKE

You are cute.

JANE

Thanks. But so far my Craigslist ad: 420 friendly, pleasantly plump, retrograde amnesiac queen of the fertile crescent seeks hot stud - has yielded me zero studs. Anyhow, mercifully changing the subject, I never asked - what do you guys do?

SARA

I teach kindergarten at Sunnyside Elementary and Jake's an artist.

JAKE

Artist is pushing it. I draw a cartoon strip. Furrious Anger?

JANE

The one with the kitten and the puppy. Fumbely and Dumbely.

JAKE

Fumbley and Mumbely. But, yeah, that's the one.

JANE

Mumbely, right. I don't get the paper regularly but they're funny.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JANE (CONT'D)

I like how the kitten's always in a murderously bad mood when she wakes up. I can relate.

JAKE

Thanks. It's no Family Circus but I try.

SARA

What about you?

JANE

Nothing that cool. I've just been answering phones and doing clerk type stuff for this environmental non-profit. I've been thinking about going back to school but since I can't remember ever going I'm afraid they'd make me start at the beginning. But you seem alright. Maybe it wouldn't be so bad. You have any extra room in your class?

SARA

(laughs)

Sure. I'd gladly trade you for Bobby McCallister if they'd let me.

JANE

Bobby a little terror or something?

SARA

Just over active in a young Charlie Manson kind of way.

JANE

Well, this is my building.

Jake, Sara, and Jane arrive in front of Jane's building where a wannabe hipster GREGG leans against the wall with a guitar slung over his shoulder.

JANE (CONT'D)

Hi, Gregg.

GREGG

Oh, hey Jane. The Jehovah's Witnesses have been sending people by every day. So I've been writing some new songs to be ready for them. Check it out.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GREGG (CONT'D)
 (singing and playing
 guitar a`la "He's Got The
 Whole World In His
 Hands")

He's got the whole world, in his
 claws. He's got the whole world,
 in his claws. I say Satan's got
 the whole world, in his claws. And
 that's why I love him.

JANE
 Somehow I don't think they'll
 appreciate it.

GREGG
 You're probably right. But my art
 demands truth. What up with these
 guys?

JANE
 This is Jake and Sara. They're
 getting married and their limo
 broke down so I'm helping them out.

GREGG
 Cool. Lates.

Jane gives Gregg a nod and leads Jake and Sara inside as
 Gregg goes back to his singing.

GREGG (CONT'D)
 He's got the little bitty babies,
 in his claws. He's got the little
 bitty babies, in his claws. He's
 got the little bitty babies, in his
 claws. And that's why abortion
 rocks!

INT. JANE'S GRAND AVE APPARTMENT - DAY

Jane opens the front door and heads inside with Jake and Sara
 to find CHRISTOPHER, lanky and wide eyed, watching cartoons
 on the couch. For a guy in his late 20s he looks like his
 mother dressed him and cut his hair.

CHRISTOPHER
 (overly excited)
 Hi, Jane. You brought new people.
 Hi, new people. I'm Christopher.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANE

This is Jake and Sara. I met them on the train and they ran into a little bit of trouble so I said they could use our bathroom and phone.

CHRISTOPHER

Sure. Go ahead. You're getting married, aren't you? I can tell from the clothes.

JAKE

That's the plan.

CHRISTOPHER

That's so cool. That means you'll be fucking later. Fucking is awesome. I like to do it all the time. Well, mainly with myself because I don't like to go out and Jane won't let me near her pussy.

JANE

Christopher, remember when we talked about how you should watch your language when we have company?

CHRISTOPHER

I sure do. We were watching Battlestar Galactica. And right after I went into my room and jacked off thinking about Starbuck and blew a huge load all over my belly. It was awesome!

Jake cracks up and gets a look from the ladies for it.

JAKE

What? He's funny.

JANE

I guess it just gets a little less funny when you live with it every day. Anyway, the bathroom's down the hall and the phone's right over here.

JAKE

(to Sara)

You go on. I'll call for the cab.

Sara moves for the hall and Jake the phone.

EXT. 1ST STEET - DAY

A HOMELESS MAN sits on the front steps of a building, sipping on a forty ounce beer in a brown bag. Frank's Cadi pulls up across from him and Frank powers his window down and flips open his wallet to his badge.

FRANK

You seen a couple dressed for a wedding come by here?

HOMELESS MAN

Yeah.

(pointing down the street)

They went down that way... What'd they do?

FRANK

They're wanted for slicing up and eating a skelly dirtbag. So you should probably

(gesture up the street)

go that way.

Frank slams the Cadi in gear and peels away.

INT. JANE'S GRAND AVE APPARTMENT - DAY

Jake peers out a window, down the three floors, to the street below and then dials on a portable phone. Jane and Christopher sit on the couch, watching Cartoon Network with the volume down low.

JAKE

(on phone)

Yeah, I need a cab as soon as you can get it here...

(to Jane)

What's the address?

JANE

112 North Grand Avenue, number 306.

JAKE

112 North Grand Avenue, number 306... About how long?... Great.

EXT. JANE'S GRAND AVE APPARTMENT - DAY

Gregg is where he was, singing and playing his guitar, with a very tight-knit Jehovah's Witness, KIPLEIGH, standing in front of him holding a copy of The Watchtower.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GREGG

Satan row the boat ashore,
hallelujah. Satan row the boat
ashore, hallelujah. Sister suck
his devil cock, hallelujah. Sister
suck his devil cock, hallelujah.

KIPLEIGH

You're trying to get my goat. But
I'm a good Christian and that won't
happen.

GREGG

You have a goat? I could sacrifice
it to Beelzebub, my evil lord and
master. That would be sweet.

KIPLEIGH

I'm not buying it. There's no way
you could possibly really be a
Satanist.

GREGG

Sure there is. It's easy. You
know - drugs and booze and
fornication? All the things that
make life worth living? Satan
wants us all to partake in them as
much as we can. Plus that whole
headache of buying Christmas
presents, gone. Satan's an evil
miracle worker I tell you. Now
what do you say we jump up to my
place, do an eight-ball, fuck like
bunnies, never see each other
again, and make my god proud?
Sound good?

KIPLEIGH

I now see that you are beyond
redemption. And therefore I refuse
to stand here any longer and let
you mock my faith.

Kipleigh walks away.

GREGG

What about my faith?
(yelling after her)
You're breaking the devil's heart!

Gregg snickers to himself as Frank's Cadi pulls up to the
curb in front of him. Smitty powers down his window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SMITTY

Hey you, you seen a couple dressed
for a wedding?

GREGG

Who wants to know, DiMaggio?

Frank pulls out his badge and flashes it at Gregg.

GREGG (CONT'D)

Oh, a badge. I'm trembling.

Frank draws his gun and levels it at Gregg.

GREGG (CONT'D)

(fast)

They're in 303. Code to get in the
building is 4928.

INT. JANE'S GRAND AVE APARTMENT - DAY

Jake is still over by the window as Sara emerges from the
hall looking like she did when Jake first saw her.

CHRISTOPHER

Sara, you look really nice.

SARA

Thank you, Christopher.

CHRISTOPHER

(to Jake)

I bet you're really going to like
fucking her now.

JAKE

Yes, yes I am.

SARA

(same tone)

No, no you're not.

CHRISTOPHER

Oh, face. She totally slammed you.
And on your wedding day. Ha, ha,
ha.

JAKE

Cab should be here soon. Look out
for it? I'm going to go wash my...

Jake peers out the window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE'S POV - Jake see's Frank and Smitty heading inside and Gregg bolting away from the building.

EXT. JANE'S GRAND AVE APPARTMENT - DAY

Jake looks like he's about to swallow his tongue.

JAKE

Shit! Fuck! It's Frank and Smitty! They're downstairs!

JANE

Who are Frank and Smitty?

JAKE

Frank's a dirty cop and Smitty's his brother--

SARA

--Brother in law.

JAKE

The point is they want to kill us. Sorry we didn't mention that earlier, didn't want to frighten you. But we've got to get out of here, like now!

CHRISTOPHER

I can't leave. Jane, tell them.

JAKE

Not you, just us. Is there a back way or...?

JANE

Why do they want to kill you?

SARA

Because we saw them kill two drug dealers.

JANE

Aren't they supposed to do that?

SARA

Not in cold blood and steal their money.

JAKE

So like back stairway or...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANE

There's a fire escape. I'll show you.

Jane moves for the door and Sara and Jake follow.

CHRISTOPHER

You're leaving me?

JANE

Lock the door and don't let anyone in.

CHRISTOPHER

(huge smile)

Okay. Have fun. Hope you guys don't get killed. Having metal shoot through your head really sucks. And I know.

Jane, Sara, and Jake move through the door and Christopher locks it behind them.

INT. JANE'S BUILDING - DAY

Frank and Smitty dash up the stairs, their guns out.

FRANK

Would you keep up?

SMITTY

I should shoot you in the balls and see how fast you climb these stairs.

Frank turns to Smitty.

FRANK

Go ahead.
(grabbing himself)
They're right here.

Smitty levels his gun at Frank's crotch, then drops his arm.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Now move your ass.

Frank grabs Smitty by the collar and flings him further up the stairs.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - DAY

Jake and Jane wait one floor down for Sara who carefully plods down the thin metal steps.

JAKE

Sara, this is supposed to be a
getaway. The point is to get away?

SARA

You try climbing down a fire escape
in a wedding dress and heels!

JAKE

I will for our anniversary. I
promise. Just please.

Jake waves for Sara to move and she picks up the pace, tripping and falling into his arms.

JAKE (CONT'D)

That's better.

Sara stares daggers.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE JANE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Smitty and Frank stride up to Jane's door.

SMITTY

This is it. 303.

Smitty starts to knock but Frank grabs his hand and then smacks him on the back of his head.

FRANK

What were you planning on saying -
candy gram? Land shark?

Frank takes a step back and then kicks open the door.

INT. JANE'S APPARTMENT - DAY

The door EXPLODES in a mess of splintering wood and lock parts. Frank and Smitty draw their guns and survey the situation.

Christopher stands in the middle of the room. He smiles and waves.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRISTOPHER

Hi, you're probably Frank and Smitty, huh? I'm guessing from the guns.

Frank and Smitty exchange a "what's-with-this-guy" look. And then Frank motions with his head.

FRANK

Go check it out.

Smitty moves down the hall and then quickly returns.

SMITTY

It's just him. They're gone.

Frank grabs Christopher by his collar and puts the barrel of his gun under Christopher's chin.

FRANK

Where'd they go?

CHRISTOPHER

Where'd who go?

FRANK

You know who.

CHRISTOPHER

I do?

FRANK

Listen retard, you got about two seconds to tell me where Jake and Sara are.

CHRISTOPHER

I'm not retarded. I suffered a head injury. There's a difference. And retarded isn't a nice word anyway.

FRANK

How about I'm gonna blow what's left of your fucking brains all over this wall? Those nice words?

CHRISTOPHER

They sure aren't.

FRANK

Tell me where they are!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHRISTOPHER

I don't know where they are. They left.

FRANK

When?

CHRISTOPHER

What time is it now?

Frank takes a breath, frustrated.

FRANK

Just tell me one thing: did they leave more than five minutes ago?

CHRISTOPHER

No.

FRANK

And which way did they go?

CHRISTOPHER

You said just tell me one thing and I told you. And now you want to know something else? That's not fair.

FRANK

Fair?! Where'd they go!

Frank cocks his gun.

CHRISTOPHER

The one thing that I definitely know for sure is they didn't take the fire escape.

Frank breathes a sigh of relief.

FRANK

Thank you.
(to Smitty)
Fire escape.

Frank lets go of Christopher and he and Smitty move for the door. When they're almost there, Frank turns around and raises his gun.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I know it's not fair. But just one more thing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Frank fires.

Christopher is hit in the head and knocked off his feet.

Frank and Smitty cut out the door, Smitty pulling it closed behind him.

INT. THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

Smitty has his head out the open window leading to the fire escape.

SMITTY

Gone.

FRANK

Can't have gotten far.

Smitty starts to climb through the window.

Frank turns and heads for the stairwell.

FRANK (CONT'D)

We'll take the car, idiot.

Smitty catches up and walks at his side.

SMITTY

Why do you always have to belittle me? And why did you have to kill that kid back there?

FRANK

He knew our names. Who knows what else they told him. Why do you give a rat's ass anyway?

SMITTY

He was all messed up. It just seems wrong. Nobody would have believed him anyway.

FRANK

They wouldn't have to if I don't get the coke back in lockup before shift change in a couple hours.

INT. JANE'S APPARTMENT - DAY

Christopher looks dead. Blood trickles from a wound at his hair-line. Suddenly he sits upright and a second later his perpetual smile returns.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRISTOPHER

(happy, even for him)

The way it attracts metal, my head
must be a motherfucking magnet...

Ow, ow, 911.

Christopher slides himself toward the phone, holding his
bleeding head.

EXT. CORNER OF TEMPLE STREET AND GRAND AVE - DAY

Jake and Sara run slightly ahead of Jane. They round a
corner and Jake pulls on Sara's arm to stop her. He then
holds out his arms to slow Jane as she runs into him.

JAKE

Whoa, Jane. Thanks for getting us
out of there but I think you should
go your own way now. They don't
know that you're with us and it'd
be better for you if you weren't if
they find us.

JANE

Thanks for thinking about me but
there's a police sub station only
(points)
two blocks this way. Come on.

Jane darts across the street in the direction she pointed.
Jake and Sara start to move after her when they HEAR AN
ENGINE ROAR.

Jane looks toward the sound and her eyes flash wide.

JANE (CONT'D)

Not again.

JANE'S POV - Frank guns his Cadi right for her.

The Cadi hits Jane, sending her tumbling like a rag doll to a
stop in the center of the street.

INT. FRANK'S CADILAC - DAY

Frank watches Sara and Jake run to Jane's aid. He opens his
door and climbs out, then leans back inside.

FRANK

Smitty, pop the trunk.

EXT. FRANK'S CADILAC - DAY

Smitty peers down into the trunk of Frank's Cadi, a twisted grin on his lips.

SMITTY

Everyone comfortable in there?

SMITTY'S POV - Jake, Sara, and Jane are all stuffed in the trunk, looking very uncomfortable, except Jane who looks dead.

JAKE AND SARA

No!

SMITTY

Good!... Shoot me in the balls.

Smitty SLAMS the trunk shut.

FRANK

Drop me off my place so I can cut the coke up with some filler to make up for what that bitch threw in our faces and then take 'em up into the hills where we went that time and take care of 'em.

SMITTY

The rag-head too?

FRANK

No, her you should take immediately to the hospital so she can be looked at. Shit yes, the rag-head too!

Smitty moves for the driver's side and Frank the passenger's.

SMITTY

I was just asking.

FRANK

Brains must be leaking out of that hole in your sack.

INT. FRANK'S CADILAC - TRUNK - TRAVELING - DAY

We're in DARKNESS and HEAR grunting and squirming noises.

SARA

Ow, Jake, what are you doing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE
Just a minute. Here.

Jake CLICK ON A PEN LIGHT and he and Sara's faces are illuminated.

SARA
Where'd you get that?

JAKE
Jane's bag.

SARA
She alive?

JAKE
I can feel her breathing.

SARA
We've got to get out of here.

JAKE
Really? I was thinking a couch,
some nice soft lighting, maybe put
a hot tub in the corner.

SARA
We're in the trunk of a car on our
way to die and you're making jokes?

JAKE
It's how I deal with stress.

SARA
It's how you deal with everything.

JAKE
That's not true.

SARA
Say by some miracle we don't die in
the next five minutes and
eventually had a kid, but they have
some sort of deformity--

JAKE
--Third eye?

SARA
Whatever. You would probably make
a joke out of it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAKE

Well if we had a kid with a club foot I would like to call him Cassidy.

SARA

Why?

JAKE

Hop-a-long Cassidy?

SARA

Exactly! See!

JAKE

A girl with a a third arm growing out of her back we could call Handy Mandy.

SARA

Jake!

JAKE

What? Just because I choose to make light of bad situations doesn't mean I'm making less of them. You tell me, what would be better for a kid like that? Having parents who prepare him or her for the sting of how cruel the world is or being the kind of parents who'd pretend there's nothing wrong? What extra arm? You're perfect just the way God made you, honey. Now don't forget your third mitten.

SARA

Just forget I said anything. It's pointless. In your mind I'm sure we're dead already.

JAKE

Why would you say that?

SARA

Because it'd take a miracle to get us out of this. And there's no way someone who doesn't even believe in luck could believe in something like that.

EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

Smitty maneuvers Frank's Cadi slowly down a dirt road at the top of a Hollywood hillside. He pulls to a stop, climbs out, and moves to the back of the car.

JAKE AND SARA'S POV - of Smitty opening the trunk with his gun drawn on them.

SMITTY

Hi there.

WIDER as Smitty backs up and motions with his gun.

SMITTY (CONT'D)

Slowly, one at a time, get out.
And I want to see your hands.

Sara climbs out first, followed by Jake.

SMITTY (CONT'D)

I am so going to enjoy this. Over
against the side of the hill.

Jake and Sara back toward the side of the hill, their hands up.

SARA

I'm sorry about shooting you in
your, you know--

SMITTY

Balls?!

SARA

Right. But you were trying to kill
us.

SMITTY

And now I'm gonna succeed.

Suddenly, JANE SPRINGS UP FROM THE TRUNK, leaping into the air and letting out a TREMENDOUS MIDDLE-EASTERN WAR CRY.

JAKE

La-la-la-la-la-la-laaaa!

She flies through the air and lands on Smitty's back.

SMITTY

Son of a bitch! Get off me!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Smitty tries to reach back to shoot her. He gets a shot off but it goes straight up. Jane grabs his gun-filled hand and smashes it into the side of Smitty's head.

Smitty falls to his knees, loosing the gun which falls to his side.

Jane puts one hand under Smitty's chin and the other on the back of his head and twists, SNAPPING SMITTY'S NECK WITH A SICKENING CRUNCH.

Smitty wilts to the ground, dead.

Jane stands over his corpse with a crazed look in her eyes.

SARA

Jane?... Um, Jane?

Jane snaps out of her "killer trance", looking down at Smitty like she doesn't know what's going on.

JANE

Holy crap, what, what did I just do?

JAKE

I think you Chuck Norrised the shit out of Smitty there and then snapped his neck like a twig?

JANE

I didn't mean to. Oh, this is bad. I remember who I am. I'm a Taliban sleeper agent: Fahima Al Nabul, infidel death merchant. I was supposed to use stuff from the science labs to blow up UCLA. That's what I was doing there.

(breaking into tears)

But I don't want to be a death merchant. I love people. I can't believe I just killed a man. For the love of God, I'm a member of PETA!

Sara crosses over to Jane.

SARA

Jane or Fahima, it's alright. You don't have to be a death merchant. Nobody knows but us and we won't tell anyone.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SARA (CONT'D)

And who cares who you used to be?
You are who you are now. That's
what's important.

JANE

You feel that way too?

JAKE

(nervous)
Yeah. Sure.

JANE

Thank you.

Jane throws her arms around Sara. After they break, Jane reaches into the trunk and pulls out her bag. She fishes inside and pulls out a joint and a lighter.

JANE (CONT'D)

I've got a lot to figure out. So I
think I'm just going to hang out
here for a while.

Jane lights her joint.

JANE (CONT'D)

But you two should get to your
wedding. Take the car and, could
you um, take him too? He's kind of
bumming me out.

JAKE

(soft, a little afraid)
Uh-huh. Sure thing.

Jane wonders off and Jake lifts Smitty's body, dumping him into the trunk.

INT. FRANK'S CADILAC - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Sara is in the passenger seat as Jake climbs behind the wheel and shuts his door. They're both pale and in shock.

JAKE

What the fuck was that?

SARA

A miracle?

JAKE

I wouldn't say that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARA

Then what would you call it?

JAKE

I don't know. A balancing act? Given who we are the odds of us accidentally running into the middle of a drug deal are through the roof. The chances that we'd be saved from the repercussions of that situation by a pot smoking hippy Taliban sleeper agent I'm guessing are right up there too. So, yeah, balance.

Jake holds his hands out gesturing balance.

SARA

Balance? I can't believe how full of shit you are. There's no logical reason we should be alive. And instead of marveling in the fact that we're not dead, and how we're not, you want to act like that back there is something you see every day.

JAKE

Sara, we don't really have time to fight about this. Our wedding starts in
(checks watch)
less than half an hour.

SARA

I don't know if I want to marry someone who doesn't believe in any sort of magic or mystery in the world. Especially when it's staring them right in the face. At the very least why can't you admit how lucky we just were?

JAKE

I don't believe it was luck. Because you know I don't believe in luck. But that doesn't mean I don't believe in any magic or mystery in the world.

SARA

So what type of magic or mystery do you believe in?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAKE

Why don't you let me tell you on the way to the church? If you still feel the same way when we get there, you can go in and tell everyone the wedding's off. But at least that way I'll know you're safe?

Sara gives Jake a gentle, acquiescing nod and he fires up the Cadi and pulls away.

INT. FRANK'S CADILAC - TRAVELING - MINUTES LATER - DAY

Jake steers the Cadi through Hollywood streets.

SARA

So?

JAKE

You know my dad died when I was twelve.

SARA

I knew you were young. You don't like to talk about it much.

JAKE

Probably because I don't think I dealt with it very well. Kind of turned me into a smart ass. Don't know if you've noticed?... Anyway, he was a high school science teacher and from the time I can remember he was always telling me there are patterns and an order to everything in the universe, even if we can't recognize or see them. So that's why when people talk about things like luck or fate I'm not just going to join in.

SARA

Because you'd feel like you were betraying his memory.

JAKE

Something like that. But like I said, that doesn't mean I don't believe this world isn't full of magic. Do you remember the first time we met?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARA
The laundromat?

INT. LAUNDROMAT - DAY

Jake loads a dryer with a months worth of clothes. He finishes and pops quarters into the slot, starting the dryer.

A few dryers down, Sara loads a nice selection of frilly under-things. Jake notices but darts his eyes away, not wanting to seem pervy as Sara moves to the change machine and tries to slip in a dollar. No luck.

Sara slides back over to Jake, holding out her dollar.

SARA
You wouldn't happen to have any extra quarters?

JAKE
I might but it'll cost you.

SARA
More than a dollar for four quarters?

JAKE
A cup of coffee at the place around the corner while we wait for our clothes to dry?

SARA
Hmm, wet underwear or take a chance on random laundromat dude?

JAKE
Take your time. I can understand. It's a tough decision.

Sara smirks and shoves her dollar at Jake who takes it and then gives her four quarters. Sara uses them to start her dryer and then saunters with Jake over to the door. He opens it for her and she smiles.

SARA
Thanks.

Jake follows Sara out and the door closes behind him.

INT. FRANK'S CADILAC - TRAVELING - DAY

Sara looks over to Jake, perplexed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARA

What about that was magical? I needed quarters and you blackmailed me.

JAKE

I'd hardly call it blackmail. But check this out. One: I never used to do laundry during the day. Two: I never would bring my own quarters. I just happened to that day. And three: you were wearing a pink sun dress.

SARA

The dress was magical?

JAKE

Yes, because it reminded me of one my third grade teacher Miss Winter used to wear. There's no way you could have know that or that she was my favorite teacher growing up. And then we're having coffee and what do you tell me you do for a living--

SARA

--I'm a teacher--

JAKE

--It blew my mind. It may not seem like it to you. But finding a beautiful, kind, giving woman in this city who just happened to need quarters that I just happened to have and who looked amazing in a pink sun dress was a miracle to me. And that's just the start. Do you remember what we did a couple weeks later after dinner at that Thai place?

INT. SARA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jake and Sara hump like bunnies, under the covers.

SARA

Yes! Yes! Fuck me! Fuck me!
Fuck me harder! Agh!

INT. FRANK'S CADILAC - TRAVELING - DAY

SARA
You're saying that was a miracle?

JAKE
I found my performance and how hard
you came to be quite miraculous.
But no, I meant afterward.

INT. SARA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jake spoons into Sara's back, holding her tight.

JAKE (V.O.)
You were the first woman I was ever
with that afterward I wasn't
thinking about how fast I could get
out of there.

INT. FRANK'S CADILAC - TRAVELING - DAY

Jake turns to Sara to make sure she sees he means this:

JAKE
Because I was in love with you.
Everything leading up to and since
that moment has been magic to me.
It's not something I can explain
with reason or define with logic.
It's just something that happened
and I felt.

Sara looks over at Jake. She gasps and her eyes widen.

SARA
Jake!

SARA'S POV - Frank, behind the wheel of a Crown Victoria, is
seconds from plowing it right into Jake's door. We CUT TO
BLACK and HEAR THE GRATING METAL-ON-METAL CRASH.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD STREET - DAY

Sara falls out of the passenger door of Frank's wrecked Cadi,
followed by Jake. They're both dazed. As they start to get
their bearings, Frank pops up from around the front of his
Cadi.

FRANK
LoJack, ya fucknuts. Now where's
Smitty?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Frank takes a step toward them and cocks his gun.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I asked you a fucking question.

Jake motions to the truck of the Cadi which has popped open from the impact. Frank moves over to it, keeping his eye on Jake and Sara who move back to let him through.

FRANK'S POV - Of Smitty's dead body.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Oh Jesus, fuck me with a rattlesnake.

(to Smitty)

You were one useless son bitch.

(to Jake and Sara)

But he was also family. My wife is gonna hit the fucking roof. But at least I'm gonna be able to console her with the fact that the people responsible for this are dead.

Frank lifts his gun to aim it at Sara.

JAKE

Wait. It wasn't us.

FRANK

I suppose you're gonna tell me it was that sand bitch who I ran over doing forty? I don't give a shit either way. And don't you worry. I'll find her and she'll be joining you real soon.

Frank lifts his gun and aims at Jake this time. BANG!

Jake looks confused as to why he's not dead.

REVERSE ANGLE on Frank to reveal he has a bullet hole in the center of his head. As Frank falls to his knees, we SHIFT FOCUS to a HAND HOLDING A GUN behind him and then WIDEN OUT to reveal the owner of the gun: GEORGE the limo driver!

SARA

(emotionally exhausted)

Please don't kill us.

GEORGE

Kill you. I'm pretty sure I just saved your lives. Why would I want to kill you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAKE

The whole I've got humans to kill thing earlier?

GEORGE

That wasn't directed at the two of you and it was just a stupid mistake. Green eyed monster got the best of me.

SARA

So you didn't shoot anyone?

GEORGE

Not till now. Who exactly did I shoot by the way?

JAKE

He was a cop but he's dirty. But we heard shots at that apartment.

GEORGE

I shot the door off the hinges. And then I go inside and Laura's negotiating with this guy to buy an autographed Jim Brown helmet for my birthday. Originally from Cleveland. Big Browns fan. Now, if you don't mind you've got a wedding to get to and I'd kind of like to get some distance between me and the dead officer of the law I just executed. Limo's right there.

George points behind himself.

JAKE

George, you really are a reliable and proficient limo driver.

GEORGE

Two rules. One: nobody messes with my car. And two: nobody messes with my passengers.

Sara quickly bends and picks up Frank's gun as George tucks his into the back of his pants.

JAKE

Sara, what are you doing? You hate guns.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SARA

True. But if anyone tries to stop us before we say "I do", they're gonna suck on my metal cock.

JAKE

Jesus Sara...
(serious)
That's the most romantic thing I've ever heard.

GEORGE (O.S.)

Come on.

CLOSE UP: of Sara tucking Frank's gun into her garter belt.

Jake and Sara then stride quickly for the limo. Jake gets Sara's door and then races over to the other side and hops inside.

ANGLE BEHIND LIMO - as it pulls away. We see Jake and Sara look into each other's eyes and kiss passionately and SLOWLY DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. VIRGIN ISLANDS - BEACH - DAY

CLOSE ON: a small table filled with tropical drinks. A hand reaches for one and we WIDEN OUT TO REVEAL: it belongs to Jake who is lounged out next to Sara on matching beach chairs.

JAKE

Mrs. Brewer, could you rub a little more lotion into my shoulders?

SARA

I'd be delighted, Mr. Brewer.

Sara snags a bottle of sun tan lotion from a bag at her feet, pours some into her hands, and rubs Jake's shoulders.

JAKE

I was just doing the Mrs. Brewer thing cuz it's new to you. Since I became a man, I've always been Mr. Brewer.

SARA

Since you've become a man? So since last Tuesday then?

JAKE

Around that time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sara squirts some more lotion into her hand and it PLOPS out and shoots down her arm.

SARA
(a little too upset)
Damn it!

JAKE
Hey, it's just lotion. You still seem a little tense. Look around. I know technically it's still US soil, but I think we're pretty safe.

SARA
Yeah, I guess so.

JAKE
I know so. I told you I talked to George and he said he took care of that gun you threw down the gutter.

SARA
I know. I just still have this horrible feeling that someone is going to pop up and get us.

Jake spins around and rubs Sara's shoulders, looking into her eyes.

JAKE
(gentle tone as he rubs)
Shhh. No one is going to get us, okay? Just listen to the ocean. Isn't that nice?

SARA
(smiles)
Very nice.

Jake leans in to kiss Sara but before their lips can touch Christopher, in a Speedo and with a bandage on his head, pops up between them.

CHRISTOPHER
We found you!

Jake and Sara let out STARTLED SCREAMS.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)
It's just me - Christopher! Hi.
Hi.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Christopher waves with his enormous smile in place.

WIDER as Jane moves in behind Christopher and puts a hand on his shoulder.

JANE
Christopher, you startled them.

SARA
What are you guys doing here?

CHRISTOPHER
I wanted to thank you.

JAKE
For what?

CHRISTOPHER
If it wasn't for you two bringing those bad men to our apartment, I'd still be afraid to go outside. But look at me.

Christopher runs around in circles laughing, then plops back down where he was.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)
Getting shot by them made me realize you don't even have to go outside to have metal shoot through your head. And the doctors said if I didn't already have the Titanium plate in my head that deflected that bullet, I'd be dead. How lucky is that?

SARA
It wasn't luck. Luck doesn't exist. It was just a series of random occurrences that came out in your favor. Right, Jake?

JAKE
I don't know. Sounds pretty lucky to me.

SARA
You jerk!

Sara playfully hit's Jake on the shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CHRISTOPHER

No, Jake's right. It was super lucky because now I can finally enjoy the money I got from the settlement from that construction company. Like coming to places like this. Look at all this sand. This is awesome!

Christopher runs around and then Superman's onto the sand and rolls around.

SARA

(to Jane)

How are you doing?

JANE

Much better now that I'm finally sure who I am. Jane Doe, nice to meet you.

Jane offers her hand and Sara shakes it, followed by Jake.

SARA

Nice to meet you too, Jane Doe.

ANGLE ON Christopher who has moved a few feet away and humps the sand.

CHRISTOPHER

Man, this feels really good. You guys should try it!

JANE

Christopher!

Jake cracks up and the girls give him a look like last time, but this time they join in his laughter. Jake picks up his glass and holds it up. Sara grabs hers and they toast with a CLINK and we PULL UP AND AWAY and

FADE OUT:

The End.