

NEXT SUMMER... MONEY REALLY DOES GROW ON TREES!

MALCOLM MCCREE

&

THE MONEY TREE

Screenplay by

Ryan Belenzon

Story by

Ryan Belenzon

&

Jeffrey Gelber

Contact:

Lindsay Williams

THE GOTHAM GROUP

SLAM IN ON:

A LIVE VIDEO FEED --

Of a guy with really great teeth. If TED MCMANUS hadn't been fired, he'd probably still be hosting a gameshow somewhere...

EXT. MALCOLM'S HOUSE - MAGIC HOUR (VIDEO FEED)

The shoddy one story is covered in snow and icicles. Grey clouds hold the last remnants of daylight. It's serene.

TED MCMANUS

Jesus Johnny Christ! I'm freezin'
my pecker off here. Couldn't find
a winner in Palm-friggin'-Springs?

CAMERAMAN (O.S.)

Uh, Mr. McManus. We're live.

It's like a switch is thrown. Ted McManus is ALL SMILES...

TED MCMANUS (INTO CAMERA)

The prize patrol is here in
Columbus, Ohio where one lucky
individual will join Super Bowl
champions the Cleveland Browns in
today's winner circle.

Ted heads up the driveway toward a RAISED FRONT PORCH. An ASSISTANT follows, holding a BULKY CHECK and BALLOONS.

McManus waits for the CAMERAMAN to get in position before knocking. No answer. He looks INTO CAMERA. Knocks again...

MALCOLM (O.S.)

I'm coming. Hold your horses.

The door swings open on:

MALCOLM MCCREE -- Early thirties and good looking if he hadn't just been dumped, Malcolm is the type of guy you'd like to see actually win one of these contests...

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Ted McManus!? Oh my god ohmygod!

TED MCMANUS

On behalf of American Publisher's
Sweepstakes, I'd like to award you
this check...

-- Ted swipes the giant check from his assistant --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TED MCMANUS (CONT'D)
...for ten million dollars!

Malcolm LEAPS in the air, spinning. He DANCES for joy.

MALCOLM
Ten million dollars! Wow, this...
I was down man, really down.

Exuberant, Malcolm grabs the check from Ted McManus's hands.
Notes the name on it: Douglas Soesbe.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
I mean, you're gonna have to change
the name here 'cause Doug lives
down the street. But...

TED MCMANUS
Wait... You're not Douglas Soesbe?

INT. CROWDED BAR - SAME

Patrons drink, eat pretzels, chat animatedly. On a
TELEVISION above the bar we're watching the LIVE FEED--

MALCOLM (ON TELEVISION)
No. My name's Malcolm. Malcolm
McCree.

The bar goes dead quiet. All attention now on Ted McManus...

Who reaches into his pocket, removing a yellow POST-IT NOTE
with the number 9066 hastily scrawled in black marker.

INT. QUALCOMM STADIUM - SAME

80,000 fans, enthralled by McManus and Malcolm "Not-Doug-
Soesbe" McCree live...

ON THE JUMBOTRON --

Ted looks from the post-it note up at the address: 9066.
Then, realizing his MISTAKE, he flips the note to: 9906.

ON THE FIELD --

The winning COACH stands drenched in Gatorade. Two hulking
linemen hold an empty COOLER, busy watching the screen...

TED MCMANUS (ON JUMBOTRON)
Yeah. That's my bad.

EXT. MALCOLM'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - SECONDS LATER

Ted McManus is in a TUG-OF-WAR with Malcolm over the ten million dollar fake check.

TED MCMANUS

Let go!

MALCOLM

I deserve this. I DESERVE THIS!

TED MCMANUS

You don't deserve anything! Not this. Not even Daisy! You're a poor loser!

Malcolm stops tugging on the check. How the hell does Ted know about Daisy?

TED MCMANUS (CONT'D)

That's why Daisy dumped you!

McManus barely has time to register Malcolm's FIST heading straight for his nose. The PUNCH sends Ted McManus...

FLYING BACK

Airborne off the porch. As McManus sails through the air--

SARAH (PRE-LAP)

Mr. McCree...

INT. ALTMAN MIDDLE SCHOOL - HISTORY CLASSROOM - DAY (REALITY)

SARAH, a lumpish twelve year old in a losing battle with acne, stares intently at her history teacher...

SARAH

Mr. McCree!

...Malcolm McCree SNAPS out of his daydream, looking up from an American Publisher's Sweepstakes LETTER claiming:

"Malcolm McCree... You're A Winner!"

MALCOLM

Huh? What?

Malcolm looks around at his ROWDY class of 8th graders, a veritable hodgepodge of color and creed. Everybody is talking, some throw things. A cabal of girls in the back have even congregated around a SEVENTEEN magazine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALCOLM

Hey! HEY!

The class QUIETS down, looking to their teacher.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

You're supposed to be taking a
test! Eyes on your own papers.

The kids begrudgingly comply. ISAAC REED, a walking ad for
FUBU, has to get the last word in:

ISAAC

Don't blame us. Looked like you
were in a damn coma or something.

Malcolm checks the CLOCK: 11:45:36... 11:45:37...

TICK-TOCK: 11:57:58... 11:57:59...

Malcolm rises behind his desk.

MALCOLM

Alright. Pencils down. Pass your
tests forward. Now that wasn't so
bad, was it?

The kids hand their TESTS to the student in front. They
begin to pack their bags.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

For homework, I want you to read
pages 224 through 259. And this
time, let's try and actually read
it.

The class GROANS. Malcolm does his best *Capraesque* appeal:

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Guys, it's history. It's exciting.
And tonight's assignment is all
about scandal and corruption!

ISAAC

Why should we care? History...
It's in the past.

Isaac's friends high five him, laughing. Malcolm sits on his
desk, holding his teacher's text like it's a holy tome.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALCOLM

But the past, Isaac, tends to repeat itself. That's why we teach this stuff, so future generations can learn from previous mis...

THE BELL RINGS -- Cutting off Malcolm. The kids rise, barely even acknowledging their teacher's presence. Isaac is last out the door. He points to the pile of tests, snickering...

ISAAC

Looks like someone's gonna be here late!

Malcolm sits in his chair, head back.

MALCOLM

Delicious.

INT. CAFETERIA - LUNCHTIME

Loud, crowded and chaotic. Kids run around. Throw things. In the back, TEACHERS fill up several tables. They do their best to ignore the cacophony.

Malcolm pushes his tray over to REX, a tattooed bear of a man with PRISON SCARS behind the counter serving today's gruel.

MALCOLM

Rex.

REX

McCree. What's up?

MALCOLM

Not my 401K.

REX

I knew a guy in the joint who talked like you. He hung himself with his bed linens.

(beat; jovial)

Turkey tidbits or chicken crispitos?

Malcolm shrugs. Rex shovels breaded cubes of turkey onto a plate, nodding knowingly at Malcolm's distant behavior:

REX (CONT'D)

Ah, Daisy. I feel 'ya. When my cellmate got sent upstate for shivving a guy over a game of

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REX (CONT'D)
teatherball, 'warden told me: "Put
the bitch out of your mind." It's
good advice, Malcolm. Forget her.

A beautiful WOMAN, the kind of teacher every 8th grade boy
dreams about, saunters past Malcolm carrying her tray...

WOMAN
Hey, Malcolm.

MALCOLM
Hey... Daisy.

Malcolm watches his ex-girlfriend DAISY WISE sit down at
another table with two female teachers. To Rex:

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
That's gonna be easier said than
done.

INT. COPY ROOM - DAY

Malcolm stands at the copy machine, losing himself in the
repetitive light flashing back and forth across the wall. He
munches on a PINK MARSHMALLOW SNOWBALL, his snack of choice.

PRINCIPAL RICHARD MULLIKEN (30's) enters. Even his own
mother calls him a Dick behind his insipid back...

PRINCIPAL DICK
Almost done?

MALCOLM
Just need a few more minutes, Dick.

PRINCIPAL DICK
You know, I'd prefer it if you'd
call me Principal Mulliken.

No response. Dick sets his STACK OF PAPERS down on the
counter. The whir of the copy machine underscores--

PRINCIPAL DICK (CONT'D)
Malcolm, I sense you're harboring
resentment over the fact that I got
this job... and you did not.

MALCOLM
Didn't you and the Superintendant
room together in college?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRINCIPAL DICK
Dartmouth is not a college.
(beat)
It's a university.

Dick stares at his expensive, precision European WRISTWATCH.
He hands Malcolm the stack of papers on his way out...

EXT. ALTMAN MIDDLE SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

One car -- an old Volvo -- in a sea of empty spaces. Malcolm approaches, tie undone, UMBRELLA out.

He unlocks the driver side door but it's JAMMED. A gust of WIND causes his cheap umbrella to fold inside out, soaking Malcolm as he pulls on the car handle. Finally...

The door FLIES OPEN, sending Malcolm tumbling into a puddle of water. Frustrated, he tosses the cheap umbrella aside.

INT. THIRSTY EAR TAVERN - NIGHT

A dim, half-full bar. In the corner booth, three young CAREER WOMEN laugh loudly. Malcolm, at the bar, turns away from them, his attention on a TELEVISION showing--

A NIGHTLY NEWS GRAPHIC of tonight's winning Lotto numbers.

Malcolm crumples up a LOTTERY TICKET and deposits it in his empty beer mug. A MAILMAN waddles to the bar, taking a seat beside Malcolm. On and off the job, JERRY BRACK is postal.

JERRY
How come you didn't check on me?

MALCOLM
In the bathroom?

JERRY
I thought you'd be a little more worried. I was in there for a solid twenty-eight minutes. Did you know, one in every seven thousand people dies on the shitter? All that pushing.

MALCOLM
I'll take those odds.

Jerry notices the crumpled lottery ticket.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JERRY

No numbers?

MALCOLM

There's always next time. 'Course I haven't gotten a single number in four months. I feel like I'm on the world's worst losing streak.

JERRY

The promotion, the lottery. That thing you got on your, ya know...

Malcolm shoots Jerry a glare. It's like talking to a child.

MALCOLM

What? No! Daisy!

JERRY

You didn't lose her, Malcolm. You're on a break. And I'm on a break from hearing about it.

MALCOLM

A girl like that. What she ever saw in me, I'll never know.

JERRY

It's a mystery for the ages.

Malcolm looks back at the table of career women, now chatting with two svelte SUITS... six-figure salaries are a turn on.

MALCOLM

She could have any guy she wanted. Maybe this "break" is her way of saying it's time to move on to a man who can actually provide.

JERRY

You know what your problem is? You embrace depression. Take my job, for example. I only stick with it 'cause someday I know a giant meteor will fall from the sky and crush all my co-workers... I live for that day.

(beat)

Now ya see? Gotta look on the bright side of things!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MALCOLM

I can't afford to look on the
bright side. Not with my job.

Malcolm dumps the crumpled lottery ticket from the beer cup
into his hand. Staring at it.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Don't you wish you didn't have to
think about money anymore? The
problems that would solve? No more
caring about getting promoted. No
more worrying about whether a
girl's out of your league. No more
sitting in soaked underwear at a
two-bit bar drinking cheap beer,
putting all your dreams in a soggy
lottery ticket.

He takes the crumpled ticket and tosses it into a garbage can
behind the bar. Swish.

JERRY

Well let me run to the car and grab
my time machine. We'll go back,
kick your college counselor in the
balls.

Malcolm laughs, patting Jerry on the shoulder as...

One of the career gals from the booth approaches the bar.
Jerry notices, nudging Malcolm into saying something.

MALCOLM

Uh. Hi.

SASCHA

Hey.

Silence. Sascha stares after the bartender. Jerry has to
elbow Malcolm hard in the ribs.

MALCOLM

I'm Malcolm.

SASCHA

Sascha.

(beat)

What do you do, Malcolm?

The way she's looking at his shirt and tie, you know she's
thinking businessman, lawyer. Anything but...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MALCOLM

I teach 8th grade history.

Sascha's face falls. Not a great answer.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Can I, um, buy you a drink?

SASCHA

I don't know, can you?

Giggling, Sascha walks over to one of the six-figure Suits.

JERRY

Look at you. Getting back in the saddle!

EXT/EST. MALCOLM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The same house we saw in the opening, except more ramshackle. It sits back on a grassy patch of land. The neighbors are spread out. This place was probably nice... Once.

It's raining heavily now. So heavily, in fact, that a SHINGLE blows off the roof and smashes to the ground.

INT. MALCOLM'S HOUSE - SAME

The layout is loft style, with the entry hall, kitchen and living room all open and connected. Furnishings are sparse. A hall leads off to the bedroom and bath.

The front door unlocks and Malcolm wipes his feet. He sets his bag down next to a bookshelf, where he quietly admires:

TROPHIES, PICTURES, PLAQUES

All of which seem to be in recognition of EXCELLENCE IN TEACHING. A FRAMED PICTURE of Malcolm and Daisy holding up teaching commendations sits in the center.

Malcolm picks up the picture and rubs his hand over the glass. Remembering the good ol' days...

DISSOLVE TO:

VIDEO IMAGES of children running around at recess, learning happily in INTIMATE classroom settings.

SOOTHING VOICE (V.O.)

...as state assemblyman he has increased education spending by
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOOTHING VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
seventeen percent. Because today's
children are our greatest hope.

A distinguished POLITICIAN, late thirties, has his shirt-sleeves rolled up, one leg on a chair in front of a CHALK BOARD, talking to several excited youngsters.

SOOTHING VOICE (CONT'D)
This election day, vote Scott
Scotterson for Congress. Do it for
the children.

SUPER: SCOTT SCOTTERSON FOR CONGRESS. PULL BACK --

OFF A TELEVISION. Malcolm lays on his couch in the living room. He rolls his eyes at the saccharine commercial.

Flipping channels, Malcolm finds one playing WEST SIDE STORY:

PUERTO RICANS (ON TELEVISION)
I like to be in America
Okay by me in America!
Ev'rything free in America
For a small fee in America!

Exhausted from another long day, the REFLECTION of Bernstein & Sondheim's Capitalistic debate dances over Malcolm's drooping eyes. As soon as his lids close...

Drip. Drip. Drip.

A LEAK has formed in the ceiling, splattering to the wood floor in perfect rhythm to the "West Side Story" ballet...

INT. LIVING ROOM - HOURS LATER

The television now displays a late night INFOMERCIAL. We still hear the *Drip... Drip...* of the water leak.

Malcolm, a puddle of drool staining the couch pillow, slowly awakens. He sits up, setting his feet down. SPLASH.

THE HARDWOOD FLOOR IS FLOODED

SIGHING, Malcolm splatters through the water, unsure what to do. He stands under the leak, pants soaked, looking up--

CRASH!

The soggy floor GIVES without notice under Malcolm's WEIGHT. Malcolm DROPS up to his waist, creating a perfect HOLE in the floor. *Drip...* The leak now lands SPLAT on Malcolm's head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And then it doesn't. Malcolm looks. The leak has STOPPED.

MALCOLM
Delicious.

EXT. ALTMAN MIDDLE SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - MORNING

Thermos of coffee in hand, Malcolm gets out of his clunker of a car. As he heads for the back entrance, a brand spankin' new blue BMW pulls into a spot marked RESERVED.

Principal Dick gets out of the car looking like he thinks he looks like a million bucks. Malcolm gapes. Dick notices--

PRINCIPAL DICK
Like the new car? I just came into some cash. She's a beaut. Here... Touch it.

MALCOLM
I don't need to touch it.

PRINCIPAL DICK
Touch the car, McCree.

Malcolm touches the car. And with that, Dick walks away. Then, as an afterthought--

PRINCIPAL DICK (CONT'D)
Oh, and Malcolm. We've got a local news crew coming to do a story on the new building. Stop by my office after that.
(beat)
And you can stop touching my car.

Malcolm removes his hand, biting his tongue.

SCOTT (PRE-LAP)
Education isn't just about tests and numbers and percentiles...

EXT. ALTMAN MIDDLE SCHOOL - FIELD - MORNING

SCOTT SCOTTERSON, state assemblyman by day, Captain Arrogant by night, speaks INTO THE CAMERA of a local news crew.

SCOTT
The only way to assure the peace of our great nation is by making certain our future, our children,
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCOTT (CONT'D)
are the best and brightest in the
world.

Scott touches his ear. We realize he's doing a VIDEO INTERVIEW on location. Behind Scott, about fifty students watch quietly. Daisy hangs off to the side with her class. Principal Dick hovers behind the NEWS CAMERAMAN.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Correct, April. It's been my job these past four years as chair of the Ohio Education Commission to allocate our resources to the most needy schools. Like here at Altman Middle, where we've recently apportioned the funds for a brand new science and math center. It is imperative we build public trust in public schools.

Standing a distance away are Malcolm and his class. Malcolm watches Daisy, then glances over to Scott. Skeptical.

MALCOLM
Richie Rich probably sends his kids to some boarding school.

Malcolm goes back to eyeing Daisy. As if feeling his gaze, she turns and waves on habit. Malcolm smiles bashfully...

ON SCOTT --

SCOTT
(beat; holding earpiece)
Yes, I am originally from Arizona. Scott Scotterson of the Scottsdale Scottersons. Got a nice ring to it. But you know what has an even better ring? Congressman Scotterson! Right kids?

Scott looks to the select kids behind him. Principal Dick is giving the kids the THUMBS UP sign. The kids halfheartedly obey, thumbs in the air. Scott laughs like only the rich can when they're shitting on the poor. Malcolm shakes his head.

INT. PRINCIPAL DICK'S OFFICE - LATER

Malcolm waits in the office, scanning the walls. Sees Dick's DIPLOMA from Dartmouth. Notices he also has a framed picture from ten years earlier of all the brothers in ALPHA TAU EPSILON fraternity, Beta chapter.

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CONTINUED:

Principal Dick enters holding a rolled-up newspaper, adjusting his belt buckle.

PRINCIPAL DICK
Let's simply rip this Band-Aid off.

Malcolm sits up. This doesn't sound good at all.

PRINCIPAL DICK (CONT'D)
As you're well aware, the school board and teacher's union have been in ongoing negotiations for several months. They've reached a new agreement. I wanted to let you know -- personally -- that your salary... is being rolled back.

MALCOLM
What!? I'm the first person here and the last one to leave. I need more money, not less!

PRINCIPAL DICK
Well, per the agreement, all Caucasian male teachers with fewer than twelve years experience will have to shoulder the burden.

MALCOLM
You've got to... Less than twelve years? I've been a teacher for 11 years, ten months!

Dick LOVES this part of the job.

PRINCIPAL DICK
I know.

INT. HALLWAY - OUTSIDE DAISY'S CLASSROOM - LATER

Through the glass door pane, Daisy grades tests at her desk. Malcolm AIMLESSLY wanders past her door. He stops...

INT. SCIENCE CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

Daisy looks up from grading and sees Malcolm outside.

He comes in, sitting down at one of the too-small STUDENT DESKS, STUNNED silent from his meeting with Dick.

Daisy sighs, setting down her pen next to a CELLPHONE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAISY

We're taking a break, Malcolm.
That means we're not supposed to be
talking.

Malcolm stares off, eyes unfocused. Beat.

MALCOLM

I love these rules. Who invented
these rules? Is there a book or
instruction manual that perhaps I
could purchase informing me of
these rules?

DAISY

Malcolm...

MALCOLM

This is insane. We teach 8th
grade. We all shouldn't be acting
like we're still in it!

It's directed at Principal Dick's behavior as much as it is
Daisy's. Daisy moves over to a neighboring student desk...

DAISY

I just need time to think. You
said you understood.

MALCOLM

I lied. I don't understand. What
do you need to think about? What
could possibly be causing you
reservations?

She debates whether to answer.

DAISY

Alright, look. Here's the
problem...

MALCOLM

--It's the future, isn't it?

DAISY

Well, yeah. But let me...

Daisy's cellphone RINGS the theme from "Reading Rainbow."

MALCOLM

You can answer it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DAISY
No, let it ring.

Beat... as they let it finish ringing. Malcolm is now calmer, his voice is softer.

MALCOLM
Ever since you started here,
there've been only two reasons to
get up in the morning. It's not
the kids... sure, back when I
started, but now they couldn't care
less, 'matter how hard I try. No,
the only two reasons were my
paycheck. Ha!
(beat)
And you. And for the past two
weeks since we've been taking this
"break" I've been...

--Daisy's cellphone rings again... *Reading Rainbow!*

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
OH, FOR GOD'S SAKE!

Waist too big, Malcolm STRUGGLES from the tiny desk, carrying it several feet before SQUEEZING out. He grabs Daisy's cell:

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
Hello... No, this is her phone.
(long beat)
Yeah. Okay. I'll tell her.

Malcolm puts the phone back. Daisy looks concerned.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
That was your date for tonight.

DAISY
Malcolm...

He throws his palms out, a consolatory gesture.

MALCOLM
It's okay. I'm fine. I understand
now. Your reservations at Le'Amor
are at eight.

DAISY
It's nothing like that. I'm just
having dinner with someone. It's
perfectly friendly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Malcolm's heading for the door, HEARTBROKEN.

MALCOLM

I get it, Daisy. I get what this break is. You know what? I'm... I'm glad. You want a guy who can take you to the most expensive restaurant in town. That's what you deserve. You're worth it.

He opens the door but turns back --

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

You're gonna probably wanna go business casual.

Daisy watches Malcolm go...

INT. HISTORY CLASSROOM - DAY

Malcolm stands at the chalkboard, SCRATCHING IT...

Though he has a zen-like look -- eyes closed -- the entire class COVERS their ears in pain. Then, out of his "zone":

MALCOLM

Still no one? No one can tell me why October 29th, 1929 is considered important? I'll give you a hint. Something bad began on that day.

The entire class is blank. Malcolm sighs and writes out:

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

The... great... depression. "Black Tuesday." Kind of like today.

The door to the classroom opens and Isaac, too cool for school, strides in with pants sagging. Gangsta style.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Isaac, why are you twenty minutes late?

ISAAC

Does it matter? I miss anything?

Malcolm puts his piece of white chalk down. He starts chuckling, a demented smile on his face...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALCOLM

Show of hands. Who wants to be here?

Nobody raises their hands.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

That's what I thought. Now, who doesn't want to be here?

He actually raises his hand!

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Don't be shy. You either wanna be here or you don't.

Isaac raises his hand. Slowly, one by one, the kids follow their leader until they all have their hands RAISED.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

We've got one thing in common.

Malcolm strides around the desks like Monty Hall:

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Lets make a deal. If you don't want to learn, I'm not gonna try to teach you. There's no reason...

He gets right in poor Sarah's face.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

All our lives are just one massive disappointment after another anyhow.

The students are SHOCKED at Malcolm's breakdown. As Malcolm goes back to his desk, he passes Isaac--

ISAAC

Damn. Hate to see what'd happen if I was twenty-five minutes late!

The class laughs, grateful for the humor.

ON MALCOLM -- At his desk, laughter the last thing he needs right now. Slowly, it disappears until we are MOS...

Malcolm picks up the "You're a Winner!" sweepstakes letter, revealing a PILE OF GRADED PAPERS. The top-most of which has a big red 'A' next to the author's name--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ISAAC REED. Malcolm looks from the 'A' to the A-hole student... This kid is wasting so much potential.

The laughter CRASHES back onto the soundtrack. Malcolm takes one look at what his life's become and unceremoniously DUMPS the "You're a Winner!" letter in the trash.

PRE-LAP: A SHRILL *BEEEEEEEEEP*...

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER

HIGH ABOVE the entire school, a blight on the cityscape. That shrill noise blazing even up here. Like a car alarm...

EXT. MALCOLM'S VOLVO - CONTINUOUS

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD, the car looks empty. *BEEEEEEEEEE*...

The sound STOPS just as Malcolm RISES into view in the driver seat. His head was on the CAR HORN.

He takes in the school, Principal Dick's new Beemer, then makes a decision. Keys in the ignition...

Malcolm puts the car in reverse and sputters out of the parking lot. Today, he's the first one to leave.

INT/EXT. MALCOLM'S VOLVO - MOVING - DAY

Malcolm heads down a FOUR LANE STREET. His engine coughs to get through a YELLOW LIGHT but doesn't make it.

Meanwhile, a PORSCHE 911 in the next lane (with a HOT CHICK in the passenger seat) zooms through at the last second.

MOMENTS LATER -- The light turns green. Malcolm puts the car in gear but this thing does zero to 30 in about fourteen seconds. Cars ZIP past in the left lane.

He reaches the next green light... and it turns yellow. Knowing better, Malcolm stops. In the left lane a LEXUS CONVERTIBLE (with TWO hot girls) powers through just in time.

Malcolm seethes as he waits through another RED LIGHT.

FINALLY... The light turns green. About fifty feet away from the NEXT LIGHT, Malcolm decides to throttle the car. He's DETERMINED to make this green light. Determined...

BOOM!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The ENGINE BACKFIRES and Malcolm's acceleration dies. His momentum pushes him just to the edge of the CROSSWALK at the exact same moment the light turns red. Of course...

In the left lane, a STRETCH LIMO with about EIGHT gorgeous women hanging from various windows blithely disregards safety and shoots through the intersection.

Malcolm leans back and looks out the window at a...

SILVER PLATTER SHOP-N-GO

On the sign above the convenience store, a cartoon butler carries a tray of champagne glasses...

INT. SILVER PLATTER SHOP-N-GO - LATER

The door CHIMES as Malcolm enters. The place is empty. Malcolm looks around for the cashier, shrugs and starts grabbing junk food.

At the counter, he grabs his usual marshmallow snowballs.

MALCOLM

Hello?

Malcolm checks the back room to get help.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Anybody around?

SANJIT (O.S.)

Hello, my friend. How may I help you?

A handsome Indian man appears behind the counter. Malcolm looks around, trying to figure out where he came from.

MALCOLM

Um. I just need this rung up.

SANJIT

My name is Sanjit. You come in often?

MALCOLM

No. First time.

SANJIT

Can I interest you in a lottery ticket, my friend? This week's jackpot is \$8.7 million.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Malcolm hands Sanjit his CREDIT CARD.

MALCOLM
Sure, why...

He stops. A sudden realization:

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
Actually, no. Forget it. What's
the point? I was born to envy.

While SANJIT rings up the other purchases...

SANJIT
You know, my friend, I respect
that. You're a man who does not
care whether he is wealthy in
money, am I correct? Only... I'm
guessing, wealthy in love and
respect.

MALCOLM
You're 0 for 3.

Sanjit slides the credit card... the machine BEEPS.

SANJIT
Oh, my friend. I'm terribly sorry.

The machine flashes: DECLINED.

MALCOLM
How much was all my stuff?

SANJIT
Eight dollars and seventeen cents,
my friend.

MALCOLM
My card was declined for eight
dollars and seventeen cents?

SANJIT
I apologize in advance.

Sanjit takes SCISSORS to Malcolm's credit card. But instead
of cutting it into pieces, he cuts out a tiny VISA DOLPHIN.

SANJIT (CONT'D)
I find it makes people less angry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Sanjit hands over the remnant of the credit card. Malcolm digs into his pocket, looking for cash. He has none.

MALCOLM

Forget it. Just my luck.

Malcolm stuffs his pockets back into his pants and heads for the door. Sanjit calls after him:

SANJIT

My friend, you know what I do for you? I give you ticket on Sanjit.

Sanjit goes to the lottery machine and prints out a ticket.

MALCOLM

Really, it's okay. I don't need...

SANJIT

--No! It is fine. You my friend.

Malcolm smiles, accepting the lottery ticket. As he's walking out, Malcolm notes the numbers on the LOTTERY TICKET:

1 2 3 4 5 (MEGA NUMBER) 6

MALCOLM

You've got to be kidding me.

The bell chimes as Malcolm opens the door.

SANJIT

I feel you going to be lucky, my friend!

MALCOLM

0 for 4.

EXT. SILVER PLATTER SHOP-N-GO - CONTINUOUS

Malcolm takes another look at the lottery ticket. Scoffs. He turns to a crazy HOMELESS LADY stationed outside.

MALCOLM

You want a lottery ticket?

HOMELESS LADY

I don't gamble.
(to imaginary moose)
More gumdrops, moose!

INT. MALCOLM'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Malcolm lounges on his ratty sofa. He pours himself a shot of cheap rum as a NEWS TEAM report ON THE TELEVISION --

MALE ANCHOR (ON TELEVISION)

There's a common product in your house right now... And it might kill you. We'll let you know what it is in a moment.

An open pack of snowballs on Malcolm's coffee table sit next to a common bottle of WINDEX and a DURACELL battery... Huh.

FEMALE ANCHOR (ON TELEVISION)

And stay tuned for tonight's lotto drawing after these commercials.

THE NEWS CUTS TO --

The Scott Scotterson CAMPAIGN AD from before, opening with a powerful shot of Scott at the CAPITOL BUILDING in Washington.

SCOTT (ON TELEVISION)

I'm Scott Scotterson and I approve this message.

ON MALCOLM, shooting off the sofa...

MALCOLM

Bathroom break!

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A TOILET FLUSHES (OS) and Malcolm trudges back to the living room right as the news comes back from commercial--

FEMALE ANCHOR (ON TELEVISION)

We go live now to Rachel Olson-Trapp at lottery headquarters.

AT LOTTERY HQ, perky redhead RACHEL OLSON-TRAPP stands beside a familiar lottery machine with WHITE BALLS bouncing around.

RACHEL (ON TELEVISION)

Good evening. Tonight's jackpot is \$8.7 million. Good luck!

She hits a button on the machine and the first ball pops up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACHEL (CONT'D)
 And the first number is... one.
 How appropriate.

Back on the sofa, Malcolm barely registers the first number.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
 The second number is... It's a two.
 Wow. So far we have one and two.
 In that order.

Malcolm takes notice as he sips his drink. The third white ball pops up and Rachel grabs it. She is noticeably speechless. The number is: 3.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
 Um. The third number is... three!

At three, Malcolm really pays attention. He finds the lottery ticket in his pocket. Waits for ball #4. It's...

RACHEL (CONT'D)
 A four!? You've got to be... is
 this a joke?

Rachel looks off to the wings of the studio for an answer.

Malcolm -- with four numbers -- gets right up to the screen. Kneeling, he holds his ticket so very tightly, praying...

RACHEL (CONT'D)
 Okay. Here comes number... five.
 Ladies and gentlemen, I assure you
 this has not been rigged.

Shaking, Malcolm's eyes are seconds from popping out of his skull. The final ball shoots up:

RACHEL (CONT'D)
 And the Mega number for this week's
 Mega Millions is... SIX--

...Malcolm goes APESHIT. He whoops and hollers...

RACHEL (CONT'D)
 --TEEN! Sixteen! Wow. That would
 have been something.

As this registers, Malcolm stops cheering. He turns back to the TV, where a GRAPHIC displays the winning numbers:

1 2 3 4 5 (MEGA NUMBER) 16

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Malcolm sways, the light from the newscast dancing over his now catatonic figure. Slowly... ever so slowly... he turns his attention to the lottery ticket in his hand--

MALCOLM

You got me. SIX... teen. Boy, you got me! Wasn't enough to take away my pay, my self respect, my girlfriend.

(beat)

Now you have to steal my soul.

He crumples the orange ticket. Closes his eyes.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

I could have bought a better life.

Malcolm grabs the bottle of rum, downs the final drops and alioops the ticket into the gaping hole in the floor.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Swish.

And with that, the alcohol takes over and he PASSES OUT, hitting the hardwood floor.

Drip. Drip.

On the ceiling, the pesky LEAK has once again returned. Water drips straight into the Malcolm-size hole in the floor.

PUSH INTO THE HOLE... Closer... CLOSER... Until we're swallowed in its BLACKNESS... *Drip... Drip...*

EXT. MALCOLM'S HOUSE - MORNING

The sun rises over the McCree homestead.

INT. MALCOLM'S HOUSE - SAME

ON MALCOLM, still passed out. He stirs, brushing something GREEN from his hair. His eyes flutter.

Gathering his bearings, he stands. A nebulous shape 5 feet tall is OUT OF FOCUS behind him. Eyes glazed, Malcolm walks--

Into the kitchen. He turns the coffee pot on, yawns.

EXT. MALCOLM'S HOUSE - LATER

Malcolm walks down to the street to grab his newspaper. He waves to an elderly couple, THE BROPHYS, walking their dog.

INT. MALCOLM'S HOUSE - LATER

Malcolm pours himself a cup of coffee, engaged in the comedic antics of Marmaduke. On his way toward the bathroom hallway, he GLANCES INTO THE LIVING ROOM before disappearing. Beat...

MALCOLM SCREAMS IN PAIN (OS)

When he emerges from the hall, his entire front is DOUSED in scalding coffee. Malcolm spilt the drink because he's...

Stricken. Dumbfounded. Floored. Three things that all mean the same thing... and describe Malcolm's reaction to--

A MONEY TREE

In his living room. Five feet tall, a twisted creation like something out of Dr. Seuss. Its thick trunk extends OUT OF THE HOLE in the floor along with serpentine ROOTS and VINES.

The amber morning sunlight from the windows transpires through four hundred eyes, all belonging to...

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

Malcolm staggers forward, plucking from the vine not a leaf but a ONE-HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL. Holy shit.

MALCOLM

No way.

Just to make sure he's not dreaming, Malcolm SMACKS himself across the cheek. Nope. He's not dreaming.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Is this a joke? Hello?

He spins around, looking at the walls and ceiling.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Are there like hidden cameras here?
Jerry!

Silence. Malcolm looks closely at the bill's SERIAL NUMBER:

CH 1 2 3 4 5 6 1 2 A

Malcolm reacts to the numeric order.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

One, two, three...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Quickly, he springs up and plucks another bill off the tree. The letters and last two numbers are different but...

1 2 3 4 5 6

-- Remain the same. As Malcolm realizes what this means...

SLAM CUT TO:

INT. SILVER PLATTER SHOP-N-GO - MORNING

A Latino with slicked back hair, CESAR, sits behind the counter reading *Forbes Magazine*. The bell CHIMES as Malcolm storms in looking and acting like a Texas tornado.

MALCOLM

Where's the guy who was here yesterday? At like two o'clock. Indian.

CESAR

What are you talking about, man? I was the only one on yesterday.

Malcolm is losing his patience. He's wild eyed.

MALCOLM

I came in and this guy gave me a lottery ticket on the house. I need to talk to him.

CESAR

Man, you weren't in yesterday. And we don't give away no lotto tickets. You feeling okay?

Malcolm is speechless. He searches the store for answers.

CESAR (CONT'D)

You gonna buy something?

Snapping out of his trance, Malcolm grabs a package of marshmallow snowballs.

MALCOLM

Just these.

Cesar rings up the total: \$1.28.

CESAR

Buck twenty-eight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Malcolm rummages in his pocket and removes one of the tree's hundred dollar bills. He hands it to Cesar, who stares at Malcolm like he really has gone nuts. Malcolm notices...

MALCOLM

I need change.

Cesar looks at the bill, which curiously still has a little bit of BRANCH attached to it. Pulling it off, Cesar grabs--

AN IODINE COUNTERFEIT PEN

ON MALCOLM, gulp. TIME SLOWS DOWN as Cesar uncaps the pen.

A BEAD OF SWEAT drips down Malcolm's forehead...

The pen tip arcs through the air, stabbing at the bill...

Malcolm closes his eyes. Tight...

EXT. SILVER PLATTER LIQUOR - DAY

...And opens them. He stands in the parking lot, marshmallow snowballs in hand. Casually, he tears out a pink confection.

And it HITS HIM. He just bought this with money from a money tree. Tickled with joyful laughter, Malcolm holds his CHANGE above his head and cheers. Off the windblown greenbacks...

DISSOLVE TO:

AN AMERICAN FLAG

Flapping in the breeze in front of a...

EXT/EST. POST OFFICE - DAY

Neither rain, nor sleet, nor cannibals...

INT. POST OFFICE - TELLER WINDOW - DAY

Malcolm approaches a chipper, chubby POST LADY busy moving boxes marked 'FRAGILE' from the counter to a cart.

MALCOLM

Excuse me.

POST LADY

One moment, sir!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALCOLM

Can you just tell me where I can
find Jerry Brack?

CRASH... As the post lady DROPS a box. GLASS SHATTERS.
She's no longer cheery. In fact, she's downright SCARED.

POST LADY

Jerry Brack? Oh, he's on a break.
We don't disturb Jerry when he's on
a break.

EXT. POST OFFICE - LOADING RAMP - DAY

Jerry smokes a cigarette and reads MODERN MATURITY magazine,
feet dangling over the edge of the ramp. Malcolm appears.

MALCOLM

Jerry! Jerry, something amazing
has happened?

JERRY

You're pregnant?

MALCOLM

I need to show you something.

Jerry takes a long drag...

JERRY

I'm sorta working here, buddy.

Malcolm fishes in his pocket and hands Jerry a hundred bucks.

MALCOLM

Look.

Jerry is unimpressed.

JERRY

So? I find those in birthday cards
all the time.

Jerry's boss, LANCE, comes out and nervously interrupts:

LANCE

Jerry, your break was up...

JERRY

(exploding)
DON'T YOU SEE I'M TALKING TO
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JERRY (CONT'D)
SOMEONE, LANCE!? God, you make me
so tense. SO TENSE!

LANCE
I'm really sorry, Jerry. We're
just short staffed as it is.

Jerry throws his cigarette over the ramp and STOMPS over to his manager. The lit cig lands in the back of a MAIL TRUCK.

JERRY
Lance. My friend here is having
what seems to be an emotional
crisis, I don't know, I can't tell
these things. But if you keep
interrupting...

Jerry drops something. He bends down to pick it up. It's a wallet-size MEMBERSHIP CARD.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Oh, look at that. At this exact
moment in the conversation, I seem
to have accidentally dropped my
membership card for the National
Rifle Association... Fascinating.

Lance cautiously backs away. Then turns and runs. Jerry returns to Malcolm, totally cool. Neither notice the PLUME OF SMOKE drifting from the back of the mail truck.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Okay. I'm free for the day. How
long's this gonna take?

MALCOLM
I'll pay for your time.

Jerry shrugs, following Malcolm. As they leave, the truck Jerry flicked his cigarette into BURSTS INTO FLAMES.

EXT. POST OFFICE - PARKING LOT - DAY

Jerry and Malcolm spy a beautiful red CORVETTE COUPE. They ignore the FIRE ALARM blaring from inside the post office.

JERRY
Where's your car?

Malcolm takes his remote key and UNLOCKS the corvette.

OFF JERRY, incredulous...

INT. MALCOLM'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The man-sized money tree takes center stage. It might actually have grown a little since the morning.

Malcolm and Jerry stand in respectful silence, ogling the tree and its tens of thousands of dollars.

JERRY

Your gardener is a genius!

Malcolm plucks a bill and hands it to Jerry for inspection.

JERRY (CONT'D)

How is this possible? You have a money tree growing out of a hole in your living room floor.

MALCOLM

I don't know. All I know is yesterday, I threw a lotto ticket down that hole and today...

He motions to the incredible tree before them.

JERRY

How fast does it grow back?

MALCOLM

I picked it clean this morning.

PRE-LAP: The *POP* of a cork...

INT. THIRSTY EAR TAVERN - NIGHT

Champagne all around! Malcolm and Jerry (still in his mailman attire) hold court in the main booth. Beautiful women hover nearby. Drinks tonight are on Malcolm.

MALCOLM

Another round for everyone!

The clientele CHEER. Malcolm and Jerry toast as Sascha, the bitchy career gal who rejected Malcolm, comes over to the booth. Her blouse top is salaciously unbuttoned.

SASCHA

Remember me?

Malcolm does remember. Yet he smiles, offering her a seat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SASCHA (CONT'D)
Wanna buy me that drink now?

MALCOLM
Sure. What'll you have?

SASCHA
Grey Goose and tonic.

Malcolm signals to a cocktail waitress.

MALCOLM
Can I get a bottle of your cheapest
beer for the lady here?
(to Sascha)
Sorry. I'm just a poor school
teacher.

The CROWD OF PEOPLE nearby all raise their glasses:

CROWD OF PEOPLE
To the school teacher!

SLAM CUT TO:

MALCOLM -- Hair blowing in the wind. WIDEN to reveal he's
standing out the SUNROOF in the back of a massive...

EXT. HUMMER LIMO - MOVING - NIGHT

Malcolm downs a flute of champagne and throws it aside...

INT. HUMMER LIMO - CONTINUOUS

Malcolm sits back as a beautiful woman hands him another
glass of bubbly. There are a dozen other women in the car,
all from the bar. Laughing, drinking. High on life.

IN SHARP CONTRAST TO:

EXT. ALTMAN MIDDLE SCHOOL - MORNING

The Hummer limo pulls up to the front steps. Malcolm gets
out wearing dark sunglasses, rubbing his temple. The driver
hands him a bottle of water and two aspirin.

MALCOLM
Thanks.

INT. ALTMAN MIDDLE SCHOOL - HALLWAY - MORNING

SLOW-MO -- The doors to the school SWING OPEN and Malcolm, enshrouded by brilliant white light, marches in to an intensely cool GUITAR RIFF.

Kids at their lockers watch, in awe. This teacher, their teacher, coming to work... late? And looking like this?

ON ISSAC, rolling his eyes, SLAMMING his locker shut...

END SLOW-MO -- The NOISE of the locker aggravates Malcolm's migraine. He grabs his head and GROANS in pain.

INT. PRINCIPAL DICK'S OFFICE - MORNING

Principal Dick speaks into his age-old P.A. MICROPHONE:

PRINCIPAL DICK
 Good morning, students. This is
 Principal Mulliken with your daily
 announcements. I'd like to begin--

Dick is INTERRUPTED by commotion in his outer office.

SECRETARY (O.S.)
 You can't go in there!

The office door opens. Malcolm confronts principal Dick.

MALCOLM
 Hello, Dick.

PRINCIPAL DICK
 What do you think you're doing,
 McCree? And where were you
 yesterday...?

INT. SCIENCE CLASSROOM - SAME

Daisy and her students listen over the P.A. SYSTEM...

PRINCIPAL DICK (V.O.)
 You did not have an excused
 absence!

INT. PRINCIPAL DICK'S OFFICE - SAME

Principal Dick waits for Malcolm to say something.

PRINCIPAL DICK
 Just get out of my office!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Malcolm instead UNZIPS HIS PANTS.

INT. GYM - SAME

Students pause in the middle of ROPE CLIMBING to listen...

PRINCIPAL DICK (V.O.)

What are you...? No!

OVER THE P.A. comes the GUSHING sound of a steady stream of what can only be URINE. As it engulfs the microphone the--

ENTIRE SYSTEM SHORTS

OFF A KID losing grip of his rope and FALLING ten feet...

INT. PRINCIPAL DICK'S OFFICE - SAME

Malcolm zips his fly. Principal Dick COWERS in the corner.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

With a newfound spring to his hung-over step, Malcolm walks through the hall like a badass. Until --

HE SPOTS DAISY, standing outside her classroom. Their eyes meet. She's confused. He's torn.

MALCOLM

I just quit.

DAISY

We heard. Did you quit because...

MALCOLM

Like I said, you, the paycheck.
Those were the reasons I stayed.

DAISY

So that's it? What about your
students? Those kids need you.

MALCOLM

I'm tired of trying to motivate
them to be something they know
they'll never be.

DAISY

Maybe it's because they had a
teacher who stopped believing in
them. They need a role model.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALCOLM

Yes they do. And now I'm gonna go
be one.

(sarcastic)

Oh, by the way. How was your date?

On the verge of tears, Daisy runs into her class. Malcolm debates whether to follow when a KID walks by...

KID

That your car outside, Mr. McCree?

Malcolm stares after Daisy. Slowly, he turns to the kid.

MALCOLM

Yeah.

As the kid nods his approval, Malcolm makes up his mind. He rubs a hand through his hair, adjusts the sunglasses. Grins.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Damn right it is.

MUSIC UP: "Money (That's What I Want)" by The Beatles...

INT. UPSCALE TAILOR STORE - DAY (MONTAGE)

Malcolm acts like he owns the place. BRIEFCASE in hand, he takes off his cool shades. A TAILOR greets him.

INT. HAIR SALON - DAY (MONTAGE)

Snip, snip. A flamboyantly dressed STYLIST molds and clips away maniacally at Malcolm's head of hair.

INT. JEWELRY STORE - DAY (MONTAGE)

A CLERK hands Malcolm a gorgeous Italian WATCH -- Heavier and more expensive than Principal Dick's. Malcolm approves.

INT. UPSCALE TAILOR STORE - DAY (MONTAGE)

The tailor measures Malcolm's legs, arms, waist, etc.

INT. BEAUTY SPA - DAY (MONTAGE)

Malcolm is getting a full-blown FACIAL. As a hot towel is laid over his face...

INT. NEIMAN MARCUS - DAY (MONTAGE)

Malcolm points at various clothes. Behind him, three STORE EMPLOYEES grab item after item after item.

INT. UPSCALE TAILOR STORE - DAY (MONTAGE)

Malcolm tries on his new suit. He looks incredible.

Satisfied, Malcolm throws his briefcase on the counter. Inside are stacks of hundred dollar bills. The tailor GASPS.

INT. MALCOLM'S HOUSE - DAY (MONTAGE)

Glowing from his facial, his hair perfectly combed, Malcolm plugs in an INDUSTRIAL STRENGTH VACUUM. He turns it on and directs the nozel at the money tree, now seven feet tall.

Money ZIPS through the air as it's sucked into the machine.

INT. RITZ-CARLTON - DAY (MONTAGE)

Half a dozen BELLHOPS trail Malcolm into the lobby, hauling his substantial luggage.

INT. RITZ-CARLTON - MALCOLM'S SUITE - DAY (MONTAGE)

The door opens on the hotel's most magnificent suite. Opulent, incredibly appointed, with a tremendous view... Malcolm takes a deep breath, inhaling yummy hotel air.

EXT. JAGUAR DEALERSHIP - DAY (MONTAGE)

Malcolm trades in the keys to his brand new Corvette for a brand new silver JAGUAR XK8. Gunning the engine...

INT. DENTIST'S OFFICE - DAY (MONTAGE)

...Meshes with the sound of a DRILL. The DENTIST blocks our view of Malcolm until he finishes and... Voilà!

Malcolm now has the WHITEST set of chompers ever.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - NIGHT (MONTAGE)

Jerry sits across from Malcolm, bibs tied around their necks. Malcolm actually has his fork and knife held up at the ready.

A WAITER wheels over a cart with a silver dish on top. He whips off the cover revealing the BIGGEST LOBSTER EVER.

INT. MALCOLM'S HOUSE - DAY (MONTAGE)

Malcolm stacks rows and rows of cash into a GIANT FORT.

EXT. BUCKEYE LAKE - DAY (MONTAGE)

A shiny SPEEDBOAT skims across the lake in a wide arc, spraying water into the air to create a beautiful RAINBOW.

Wearing white sunglasses, white sailor's cap... white everything, Malcolm commands the boat through the harbor.

INT. MALCOLM'S SUITE - BEDROOM - DAY (MONTAGE)

Laying on the four-poster bed in a white terry cloth robe, Malcolm watches late night television on a giant PLASMA TV.

Rubbing his eyes, he uses the remote to flip the TV off. Then he lays back, looking at the ceiling where...

A SECOND PLASMA TV

Hangs for his viewing pleasure. Malcolm clicks this TV off.

INT. OHIO THEATER - TENTH ROW CENTER - NIGHT (MONTAGE)

Malcolm and Jerry wear tuxedos and listen as the COLUMBUS SYMPHONY plays an orchestral accompaniment of "Money (That's What I Want)" in perfect sync with The Beatles song...

EXT. MERCEDES DEALERSHIP - DAY (MONTAGE)

Keychain dangling, Malcolm drops the keys to his Jaguar into the hand of a SALESMAN, who trades him the set for a new...

MERCEDES SL500 ROADSTER

INT. MERCEDES SL500 - DAY (MONTAGE)

Malcolm pulls to a stop at a RED LIGHT. In the next lane, Principal Dick sings along to his BMW's stereo...

Malcolm notices Dick. Dick notices Malcolm. Their eyes narrow. They turn to the stoplight --

IT TURNS GREEN... And they're off. RACING down the street, teeth gritted. They're approaching the next intersection...

THE LIGHT TURNS YELLOW

Malcolm guns the car and MAKES IT THROUGH but Dick is forced to BREAK, narrowly avoiding SLAMMING into oncoming traffic.

INT. ART DEALERSHIP - DAY (MONTAGE)

Malcolm and a DEALER stare off-screen at a painting. After a second, Malcolm nods his head. He wants it. REVERSE TO --

ANDY WARHOL'S famous painting of DOLLAR SIGNS, entitled: \$\$\$.

INT. MALCOLM'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY (MONTAGE)

The money tree is now eight feet tall. Malcolm stands at the top of a LADDER, picking the last bill from the tree. He admires it with a grandiose grin as --

THE SONG AND MONTAGE COME TO AN END...

INT. MALCOLM'S SUITE - LIVING ROOM - ANOTHER DAY

Malcolm sits on the floor in his bath robe, open to reveal his (professionally tanned) chest. He munches on a pink snowball while watching TELEVISED GOLF. WIDEN OUT--

To show that Malcolm is SURROUNDED by packages of snowballs.

ANNOUNCER (ON TELEVISION)

(sotto)

It doesn't get more exciting than this.

ONSCREEN, a golfer lines up a twenty foot putt. The crowd is silent. The golfer hits the ball... and sinks it.

ANNOUNCER (ON TELEVISION) (CONT'D)

I can't believe we're bearing witness to the second coming of Christ in the form of the greatest golfer ever!

OFF MALCOLM, munching away, curious...

EXT/EST. BROOKHAVEN COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

Rich people with nothing better to do meander about the grounds of the Tudor style CLUBHOUSE.

J. TALBOT FARNSWORTH (PRE-LAP)

Mr. McCree, you must understand...

INT. CLUBHOUSE - GENERAL MANAGER'S OFFICE - SAME

Malcolm sits in a thousand dollar chair in front of a ten-thousand dollar desk. J. TALBOT FARNSWORTH (50), sneers over an eighty-dollar MONOCLE as he reviews Malcolm's application.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

J. TALBOT FARNSWORTH (CONT'D)
 Brookhaven is the most prestigious
 country club in all of Ohio. We
 have a waiting list the size of a
 phonebook. And frankly, nobody
 here has ever heard of you and we
 question whether you could even pay
 the \$31,000 initiation fee.

Having expected this, Malcolm hoists his briefcase onto
 Farnsworth's desk, knocking aside a paper weight.

J. TALBOT FARNSWORTH (CONT'D)
 What is this?

Malcolm opens the briefcase, which practically GLOWS GREEN
 from all the moola inside. Farnsworth takes one look...

J. TALBOT FARNSWORTH (CONT'D)
 Welcome to the club!

EXT. CLUBHOUSE - TERRACE - ANOTHER DAY

Teaming with old people enjoying brunch. Malcolm and Jerry
 have their own table. Jerry picks at his golf shirt.

JERRY
 I feel like... like a WASP.

MALCOLM
 Feels good, doesn't it?

Jerry motions to the fancy SALMON BENEDICT on his plate.

JERRY
 This is golf food! I'm eating golf
 food. I ask for lox and this is
 what I get. Christ. Just give me
 a six-dollar hot dog in the right
 field bleachers, I'm happy.

MALCOLM
 I know, I know.

JERRY
 You're just so busy, what with your
 boat and your helicopter...

MALCOLM
 I rent the helicopter. There is a
 huge financial difference.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JERRY

Fine. But three weeks, you're slumming it with me on opening day.

MALCOLM

Have I ever missed an opening day for the Reds in seventeen years?

Malcolm notices a pair of breasts... excuse us, a pair of eyes staring from another table. This is MIRANDA DUNAWAY, God's gift to erections in a tennis top and skirt.

JERRY

(re: Salmon Benedict)

Taste this, Malcolm. Does this not taste anti-Semitic?

A VOICE over the country club's P.A. SYSTEM:

VOICE (V.O.)

McCree party. Please make your way to the starting tee.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - 1ST HOLE - DAY

A GOLF CART zips up to the starting tee. Malcolm and Jerry get out and grab their GOLFBAGS full of high end clubs.

Already waiting at the tee, TWO MEN have their backs to us. Malcolm approaches as the taller guy finishes a story--

GUY

...Then I took her back to my office and introduced her to the staff, if you know what I mean!

The other guy laughs. They turn to Malcolm. Instantly, we recognize Scott Scotterson as the taller guy. His companion is RIDLEY SMYTHE, a textbook putz in a Dartmouth sweater.

SCOTT

You must be McCree. You're new here, am I right?

MALCOLM

I just joined.

SCOTT

Fantastic. You'll love it. Name's Scott Scotterson. Of the Scottsdale Scottersons. Here, you
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCOTT (CONT'D)
and your hairy friend over there...
have a button.

He hands over two *Scotterson For Congress* CAMPAIGN BUTTONS.
Jerry is still struggling by the golf cart with his bag.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
This is my old college pal Ridley
Smythe.

Malcolm shakes Ridley's hand... clearly, Malcolm KNOWS this
man. Jerry comes over, golf bag over his shoulder. As
Malcolm introduces Jerry to the other men...

CUT TO:

MOMENTS LATER -- Malcolm pulls his DRIVER out of the golfbag.
It has a fluffy protective cover bedazzled with crystals.

JERRY
Isn't that the asshole politician
you were telling me about?

MALCOLM
And his accomplice over there is
the superintendent of schools.

JERRY
Wow, high class. Good thing I told
them I invented the boomerang.

Scott walks over, carrying a pencil and score card.

SCOTT
Gentlemen. I'll just need to know
what your handicaps are.

JERRY
I have trouble reading.

OFF SCOTT -- That's not what he meant...

EXT. 6TH HOLE - ROUGH - DAY

Jerry's ball rests behind a tree far off the fairway.
Malcolm, Scott and Ridley all stand behind him.

Jerry gets ready with a 5-IRON, swings and hits--

DIRT

As he follows through, it all comes FLYING BACK in his face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RIDLEY

That was eight. And this is only a par three.

Scott and Ridley laugh. Malcolm and Jerry just take it.

EXT. 9TH HOLE - TEE - DAY

Ridley puts a tee and golfball into the ground. He straightens his back and takes a few practice swings. Then he brings the DRIVER down... *CRACK* as the club connects.

The ball sails through the air, falling smack on the fairway.

Malcolm's up next. Directly behind him:

SCOTT

Remember. You're only down thirty-nine strokes. Now's the time for your big comeback.

Ridley and Scott laugh. Again. Malcolm ignores them. Sets up to swing. Jerry runs over, simmering with anger.

JERRY

Hey. Put this on.

He holds up a small bottle of MOISTURIZER.

MALCOLM

What good is that gonna do?

JERRY

It'll make your hands smell like God damn blueberries. Just put it on.

Jerry squeezes some goo into Malcolm's hand, then turns and heads back to the golfcart. A smile CREEPS over his face.

ON MALCOLM, bringing the driver up, down, up, down... He's ready to swing. Grabbing the club tight, he WHIPS IT BACK --

AND IT SLIPS FROM HIS HAND

Turning end-over-end through the air on a COLLISION COURSE with Scott Scotterson's purdy face. *THWACK!*

Malcolm cringes. Ridley rushes to Scott's side. Jerry smiles happily as he meanders over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JERRY (CONT'D)

I'm pretty sure unconsciousness
means you're gonna have to forfeit.

(beat)

Hey Malcolm! We won!

EXT. CLUBHOUSE - DAY

PARAMEDICS cart Scott Scotterson through a crowd of ONLOOKERS.
Jerry and Malcolm stand near the front, unfazed.

PARAMEDIC

Make way, people.

The crowd parts. As Malcolm steps back, he finds himself
beside mega-babe Miranda, who was eyeing him up earlier.

MIRANDA

What happened?

MALCOLM

Oh, a branch broke. Hit him right
in the eye.

The paramedics wheel Scott up to the ambulance. One of
Scott's eyes is BANDAGED but he can still see Malcolm.

SCOTT

You sonofabitch! I will end you,
McCree!

MIRANDA

What did he say?

MALCOLM

He said, "Thanks for saving me." I
carried him back to the clubhouse.

Miranda touches Malcolm's bicep, pushing out her chest.

MIRANDA

Look how strong you are.

Jerry rolls his eyes. Malcolm is flattered.

MALCOLM

Well... uh, I own a gym.

MIRANDA

That's so hot.

INT. JAKE'S GYM - AFTERNOON

The health conscious lift weights, run on treadmills. At the front desk, a RECEPTIONIST puts on her best salesgirl smile as Malcolm enters the lobby, briefcase in tow.

RECEPTIONIST

Good afternoon, sir. Are you interested in getting a membership?

MALCOLM

No. I need to buy this place.

EXT. MALCOLM'S GYM - EVENING

Workers remove the large sign above the entrance that says: JAKE'S GYM. Malcolm oversees as they lift a new sign --

MALCOLM'S GYM

-- Into place. He smiles, gives a thumbs up. Miranda approaches along the sidewalk, clad in a skimpy dress.

MALCOLM

Heeeeey... perfect timing.

Miranda looks at the gym. Malcolm's Gym.

MIRANDA

Wow. So this is your place?

MALCOLM

It is now. Hungry?

INT. LE'AMOR RISTORANTE - NIGHT

Near a gurgling waterfall, Malcolm and Miranda eat their appetizers. FYI-- She's not wearing any underwear.

MALCOLM

You enjoying your salad?

Malcolm can't help but notice her boobs. They're awesome.

MIRANDA

It's good. How are your crabcakes?

MALCOLM

They're so big.

Snapping out of it, Malcolm stops looking at Miranda's chest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
So what do you do, Miranda?

Miranda sets her fork down. Dabs her eye. Suddenly, she looks mournful.

MIRANDA
I'm... a widow.

MALCOLM
I didn't realize... I'm sorry.
You're so young. It must've been tragic.

MIRANDA
Not really.
(suddenly upbeat)
What do you do? Other than own a gym.

Malcolm doesn't have a good answer...

MALCOLM
What else do I do? Good question.
(beat; stares at fork)
Utensils. I'm in the, uh, cutlery business.

MIRANDA
Oooo. That's exciting.

MALCOLM
It is?

MIRANDA
I find spoons sexy. Do you spoon?
Or just fork?

Malcolm grabs a passing waiter:

MALCOLM
Check please.

INT. MALCOLM'S GYM - NIGHT

TRACK ALONG a row of treadmills, the 9-to-5 set blowing off steam. Jogging on the last treadmill is Daisy.

EXT. MALCOLM'S GYM - NIGHT

Daisy exits the bustling business with her gym bag. She glances over her shoulder, catching sight of the NEW SIGN over the entrance: MALCOLM'S GYM.

Huh. Since when has it been called that?

INT. RITZ-CARLTON - MALCOLM'S SUITE - NIGHT

Malcolm opens the door and leads Miranda in. She looks around the place in appropriate awe.

MIRANDA

You actually live in a hotel?

MALCOLM

Yeah, well, I have a tree growing in my living roo--

Miranda doesn't let him finish, JUMPING HIM, sending the two falling onto the couch. Malcolm quickly removes a crushed package of snowballs from under his ass just as--

Miranda removes her shirt, fake boobs about to burst from her bra. She takes a DEEP BREATH and attacks Malcolm. Olympic-style foreplay ensues. But staying family-friendly we...

CUT TO:

THE BIGGEST SMILE EVER...

EXT. 1ST STREET - DAY

...On the face of Malcolm McCree. If you woke up that morning next to Miranda, you'd be just as happy.

EXT. 1ST STREET - TOY STORE - DAY

A YOUNG BOY, no older than seven, points through the shop window at a shiny red bike. It calls to him.

YOUNG BOY

But Mom! I want it!

His MOTHER leans down and grabs her son's hand, right as Malcolm STROLLS by...

MOTHER

Sweetie, money doesn't grow on trees.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Malcolm laughs to himself. He turns into an alley...

INT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Taking a detour, Malcolm cuts toward MAIN STREET. He's halfway there when--

A SHADOW

Blocks his path. Worried, Malcolm turns back but is blocked by a YOUNG HOODLUM. The hoodlum flips open a SWITCHBLADE.

Malcolm tries to run but more hoodlums emerge out of the shadows. Some even HANG off of fire escapes. Oddly, they all look like they're dressed straight out of 1957...

FAMILIAR MUSIC HITS

A violin, sharp, staccato. The group of hoodlums -- and Malcolm -- react as if they can HEAR THE MUSIC. Suddenly...

THEY ALL DANCE

In JEROME ROBBINS STYLE, they sidestep and SNAP THEIR FINGERS. The choreographed group BURSTS OUT onto...

EXT. MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Where POLICE have blocked off one square block from traffic. Hundreds of SPECTATORS stand behind BLOCKADES.

Live on Main Street, Malcolm and twelve dancers are performing the "Prologue" ballet from the subconsciously ingrained WEST SIDE STORY.

The crowd, including Jerry, is more confused than amused.

And then, dear god, the SINGING starts --

MALCOLM

*When you're a Jet,
You're a Jet all the way
From your first cigarette
To your last dyin' day...*

ON THE SIDEWALK, a BORED REPORTER broadcasts live --

BORED REPORTER

Jonathan, I'm standing here on Main Street where police have cordoned off a one-block radius...

INT. DAISY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - SAME

Daisy grades papers while the NEWS plays on her TV.

BORED REPORTER (ON TELEVISION)

...So that local man Malcolm
McCree, with clearly too much time
and money on his hands, can
recreate the opening number of
"West Side Story" for weirded out
locals.

Daisy glances up, recognizing Malcolm... SHOCKED. This is very unlike the depressed man she knew.

INT. SCOTTERSON FOR CONGRESS - SCOTT'S OFFICE - SAME

Every inch of available wall space is covered in red, white and blue signs for Scott's campaign.

Seated at his desk -- his right eye covered in a BANDAGE -- Scott watches the news story with a fire in his... eye.

INT. HAIR SALON - SAME

Miranda has her nails painted, more interested in herself than the news story playing on a nearby TV.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

The "JETS" are reaching the end of their number:

MALCOLM & DANCERS

*Here come the Jets,
Yeah! And we're gonna beat
Ev'ry last buggin' gang
On the whole buggin' street!
On the whole! Ever! Mother!
Lovin'! Streeeeeeet! Yeah!*

The dancers STRIKE A POSE and the music ends.

EXT. MAIN STREET - SIDEWALK - LATER

Malcolm is surrounded by a handful of well-wishers. He shakes hands with a dancer. As they disperse, Malcolm sees--

SANJIT

Standing at the back of the group, clapping. He's dressed in street clothes and a touristy camera hangs around his neck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It takes a second for his presence to dawn on Malcolm before:

MALCOLM
IT'S YOU!

SANJIT
Good to see you too, my friend.

Malcolm rushes over and pulls Sanjit over to an alcove.

MALCOLM
Who are you?

SANJIT
My name is Sanjit. I already told
you this, my friend.

MALCOLM
Then what are you? Are you like a
genie?

Sanjit laughs.

SANJIT
You know, that was quite a pleasant
performance. *When you a Jet you
the top cat in town...*

MALCOLM
Where did the money tree come from?

SANJIT
Money tree? My friend, I don't
know what that is.
(beat)
But if I did... I can see you are
putting your money to good use.

Malcolm gets defensive.

MALCOLM
I've worked my butt off for years
with no reward. I've earned it!

SANJIT
Whatever you say, my friend. If
you think this is noble, go right
ahead.

MALCOLM
It's my money. I'M GOING TO ENJOY
IT!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The small group of people leftover stare at Malcolm like he's nuts. That's because when he turns back...

SANJIT IS ALREADY GONE

INT. MALCOLM'S HOUSE - DAY

The money tree has GROWN, it's branches touching the ceiling. It's now almost too big for the living room to contain it.

In a small open area, the couch has been moved aside to make room for a GIANT PILE OF MONEY. Suddenly...

MALCOLM DIVES

Right into the pile, like a kid in autumn. He lies on his back, arms outstretched, swaddled in cash. His mantra:

MALCOLM
I'm going to enjoy it!

PRE-LAP: Scratching and popping, like from an old LP. An ANNOUNCER with classic 1920's style nasal intonation says:

ANNOUNCER (PRE-LAP)
News On The March!

CUT TO:

A BLACK-&-WHITE GRAPHIC FOR: *NEWS ON THE MARCH!*

Though this NEWSREEL looks like it's eighty years old, all locations are obviously still PRESENT DAY...

EXT. MUSEUM OF ART - RED CARPET - NIGHT (NEWSREEL FOOTAGE)

IN GRAINY OLD-TIME B&W, Malcolm exits a limousine.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
There's a new playboy out on the town. And he's all the talk of high society...

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT (NEWSREEL FOOTAGE)

In a tux, Malcolm dances the jitterbug to a swingin' band.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Whether he's out dancing...

EXT. RITZ-CARLTON - POOL - DAY (NEWSREEL FOOTAGE)

Malcolm does a cannonball into the gorgeous swimming pool.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Or just enjoying a leisurely
swim...

EXT. MUSUEM OF ART - RED CARPET - NIGHT (NEWSREEL FOOTAGE)

The PAPARAZZI take Malcolm's picture.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Malcolm McCree certainly has taken
this town by storm!

A FLASHBULB POPS. The image FREEZES into a STILL PHOTO...

PULL BACK:

OFF A NEWSPAPER, the society section. We're in--

INT. ALTMAN MIDDLE SCHOOL - TEACHER'S LOUNGE - DAY

Daisy reads the article under the very flattering picture of Malcolm. The headline: WHO IS MALCOLM MCCREE?

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Who is Malcolm McCree?

Daisy just can't escape Malcolm's name. And it's getting clear from her face, when she sees how happy Malcolm looks -- That she misses him...

BACK TO THE NEWSREEL:

EXT. BANK - FRONT STEPS - DAY (NEWSREEL FOOTAGE)

Carrying his briefcase and wearing a FEDORA, Malcolm runs down to his waiting car and driver.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
How did he make his fortune?
Nobody seems to know. But one
thing's for sure...

EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK - COASTER STATION - DAY (NEWSREEL FOOTAGE)

Malcolm and Jerry are the only two people waiting for the rollercoaster. They sit in the front car and buckle up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
He does know how to spend it!

EXT. ROLLERCOASTER - MOVING - DAY (NEWSREEL FOOTAGE)

The coaster crests the top of the first hill and PLUNGES down. Malcolm has his arms up, screaming. Jerry looks like he's gonna be sick.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Be it renting out an amusement park!

INT. ARTIST'S STUDIO - DAY (NEWSREEL FOOTAGE)

Malcolm is posed with his chin on his fist just like Auguste Rodin's statue of THE THINKER.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
ART!

The B&W footage JUMPS -- To a SCULPTOR chiseling Malcolm's likeness into a pure block of MARBLE. They're identical.

EXT. AFRICAN PLANE - SUNSET (NEWSREEL FOOTAGE)

Malcolm and his NATIVE GUIDE stand near their 4x4 truck holding BINOCULARS, staring off at the majestic VISTA.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Or exotic travel!

BINOCULAR POV -- Of TWO ZEBRAS nuzzling each other...

FOOTAGE JUMPS -- TWO ELEPHANTS wrap their trunks together...

FOOTAGE JUMPS -- Malcolm watches with a hint of melancholy. All this wild animal husbandry has him thinking...

EXT. ST. THOMAS - BEACH - DAY (NEWSREEL FOOTAGE)

On a lounge chair, Malcolm stares out at the crashing waves.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Yes... When you're rich, the whole world is your oyster!

A local WAITRESS brings Malcolm a piña colada. He smiles. The waitress WAVES into camera, her movement JERKY.

ON MALCOLM, noticing her NAMETAG: Daisy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And what about the dames?

EXT. ANIMATED FOREST - DAY (NEWSREEL FOOTAGE)

A CEL-ANIMATED CUPID loads his bow and shoots an arrow, which explodes into a thousand tiny hearts.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
After painfully ending a two year,
three month and six day
relationship with an unknown
mystery woman...

EXT. FIELD - DAY (NEWSREEL FOOTAGE)

An intensely graceful HORSE trots past. Malcolm wears equestrian attire, literally back in the saddle.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Rumors abound over McCree's
supposed love interests...

EXT. OUTDOOR CAFE - DAY (NEWSREEL FOOTAGE)

PAPARAZZI FOOTAGE from across the street of lunch with Miranda. Even from far away, Malcolm looks uninterested.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
He's been seen out and about with
the voluptuous Miranda Dunaway...

STOCK FOOTAGE OF --

BETTE DAVIS smiling into a moving-picture camera circa 1935.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
But he's also been linked with
silver screen ingenue Bette Davis.
Va va VOOM!

EXT. AIRPORT - PRIVATE JET - DAY (NEWSREEL FOOTAGE)

Malcolm boards a LEARJET. He turns and waves.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
They say money can't buy happiness.
But in the case of Malcolm McCree,
they were wrong!

PULL BACK:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OFF A PROJECTION SCREEN in a--

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

The footage of Malcolm entering the jet onscreen CUTS TO:

THE NEWS ON THE MARCH LOGO

Continue to PULL BACK to a MICROPHONE in the center of the room. A mouth leans in:

ANNOUNCER

This has been *News On The March!*

The Announcer's mouth belongs to... MALCOLM! He's pinching his nose to get the necessary nasal voice.

MALCOLM/ANNOUNCER

An RKO-Radio production.

The footage on the screen behind Malcolm ENDS and becomes random images from a 16mm FILM TAIL.

Setting his script down, Malcolm turns to a SOUND MIXER on the other side of a glass partition.

MALCOLM

I can get this burned to DVD,
right?

INT. MIXING BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

The geeky SOUND GUY nods in answer to Malcolm's question. He's wearing giant headphones, so he can't hear--

MALCOLM'S CELL PHONE

Ringing on the mixing table next to Malcolm's car keys.

INT. DAISY'S APARTMENT - SAME

Daisy holds a phone to her ear, listening as it RINGS. She HANGS UP just as it goes to VOICEMAIL...

ANSWERING MACHINE (PRE-LAP)

New message...

INT. MALCOLM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

An ANSWERING MACHINE sits on the counter amidst vines that encroach from the living room. The house has been OVERRUN.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REX (ON MACHINE)

Hey, man. It's Rex, from the school cafeteria. Haven't seen you in awhile, kinda wish you'd drop by. I don't know, lets go out, grab some Appletinis.

ON MALCOLM, a black DUFFEL BAG slung over his shoulder. He hits DELETE on the machine. The next message plays:

MORTY (ON MACHINE)

Malcolm! It's your second cousin Morty... *Hiiiiii*. So I heard you've come into some money. Listen, I've got a business proposal I think you might--

Malcolm rolls his eyes and hits DELETE ALL. With bag full of cash in tow, he heads for the door when the --

SHATTER... Of a window causes him to spin around.

EXT. MALCOLM'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Malcolm comes around the side to discover a BRANCH of the money tree has BROKEN THROUGH a window. It's that OVERGROWN.

Down at the street, the elderly Brophy couple walk their dog. Malcolm waves, as if nothing's wrong... but there clearly is:

MALCOLM

Delicious.

EXT. MALCOLM'S HOUSE - ANOTHER DAY

WORKERS cart tools from a *SECURITY DEPOT* van in the driveway. Malcolm speaks with a British ALARM EXPERT...

ALARM EXPERT

I don't quite understand, Mr. McCree. Your home itself seems to be more or less... a shack.

MALCOLM

Yeah?

They head up the front porch...

INT. MALCOLM'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Workers have begun to replace the front door and windows with titanium enforced counterparts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALARM EXPERT

I ask because not even the FBI can
break through the TR-480 system.
As such... why do you want one?

MALCOLM

I don't. I want two.

ALARM EXPERT

Well Christmas has indeed come
early, Mr. McCree!

Malcolm pats him on the back, then admires all the workers in
his home with a toothy grin. REVERSE TO:

THE MONEY TREE -- Picked clean, the branches "disguised" with
ornaments, tinsel and lights. The workers give this GIANT
CHRISTMAS TREE nary a second glance.

MALCOLM/ANNOUNCER (PRE-LAP)

They say money can't buy
happiness...

INT. RITZ-CARLTON - MALCOLM'S SUITE - NIGHT

Malcolm's *News On The March* VIDEO plays on one of the many
plasma screens in the living room.

MALCOLM/ANNOUNCER (ON TELEVISION)

But in the case of Malcolm McCree,
they were wrong!

ON JERRY, by the sofa, watching this egocentric piece of
fluff with two-parts worry to every one-part awe.

JERRY

How bored are you?

Malcolm flips off the TV, a gentle gleam to his eyes.

MALCOLM

You're just jealous 'cause Bette
Davis is into me and not you.

Jerry reaches for a GIANT cup of coffee --

JERRY

Man, it's 4:30 in the morning. I'm
not in the mood. Why am I here?

Malcolm hands Jerry an industrial GAS MASK.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALCOLM

You're gonna want this.

EXT. MCKINLEY PARK - DAWN

A DUMP TRUCK backs up to a giant ABOVE GROUND POOL... the kind kids have in their yard if their yard is Wrigley Field.

Malcolm and Jerry stand a fair distance away, watching the proceedings through their gas masks.

JERRY (FILTERED)

You're sick, you know that?

The dump truck releases its cargo into the giant pool... a cargo of HORSE MANURE.

The sound of DIESEL ENGINES causes Jerry to turn around --

A DOZEN MORE DUMP TRUCKS

Are headed their way, leaving TREAD MARKS in the damp grass.

EXT. MCKINLEY PARK - EARLY MORNING

The pool is now FILLED TO THE BRIM with steaming manure. Malcolm stands on a platform by the pool with a duffel bag...

MIXING CASH

Into the pool of watery shit. A WIDER ANGLE shows a thousand green specs floating above and below the entire surface.

INT. BENTLEY CONTINENTAL GT - MOVING - MORNING

Malcolm drives his new GREY BENTLEY down a side street. Jerry's in the passenger seat chugging down more coffee.

JERRY

Malcolm, why are you doing this?
There has got to be a better way to
spend your money.

Consciously ignoring the remark:

MALCOLM

Let me ask you a question.
(beat)

How much would it cost to get you
to sleep with me?

Jerry CHOKES ON his coffee...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JERRY

Are you serious? That's disgusting.

(beat)

I won't even look at you naked for less than ten thousand.

MALCOLM

See. Everyone has a price. Today, we're gonna have a little fun with that.

EXT. SIDE STREET - CONTINUOUS

Taking a right, the Bentley heads for a PRIVATE AIRPORT.

CRANE UP to a BILLBOARD. It's very simple -- Black lettering on a white background:

McKINLEY PARK -- Saturday -- FREE MONEY

INT/EXT. HELICOPTER - OVER MCKINLEY PARK - DAY

Malcolm, Jerry and an awfully confused PILOT watch from 200-ft. up as a MASS OF PEOPLE swim through the pool of manure... And more are showing up every minute.

DOWN BELOW --

Too many people have crowded into the pool, causing the sides to CRUMPLE. The entire pool of excrement BURSTS like a dam.

JERRY

Alright, I have to admit. This's a little fun.

Jerry turns to get Malcolm's reaction... but Malcolm's looking out the OTHER side of the helicopter at--

A FIELD OF DAISIES

The white flowers make up a beautiful section of McKinley Park. And Malcolm can't tear his eyes away.

JERRY (CONT'D)

You okay?

MALCOLM

Yeah. I'm fine.

But he's not. He's clearly not. There's a SECRET behind his insane spending that he isn't telling Jerry.

EXT. MCKINLEY PARK - AFTERNOON

Cleaning crews wear orange jumpsuits as they spray the ground, removing the debris from Malcolm's "experiment."

Pinching his nose, Scott Scotterson (still bandaged) tours the sight with a buff African American, DETECTIVE MORGAN.

SCOTT

How the hell did someone get away with this?

DETECTIVE MORGAN

The responsible party has already agreed to pay for cleanup. He also had all the necessary permits...

Scott stops, yelling right in Morgan's face--

SCOTT

They have permits for filling a pool with manure!?

DETECTIVE MORGAN

Apparently the right people at city hall were paid off. There's nothing we can do.

SCOTT

I'm in the middle of an election... The last thing I need is this horse shit!

(beat)

Who did this? I want his name.

Morgan consults his notes:

DETECTIVE MORGAN

His name's McCree, sir. Malcolm McCree.

OFF SCOTT -- Clenching his fists, furious...

INT. RECORD STORE - DAY

Malcolm walks down an aisle, occasionally grabbing a CD and tossing it into a SHOPPING CART full of music and DVD's.

JERRY (O.S.)

WHERE IT AT, BITCH!?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jerry comes up the aisle in his postman uniform. Malcolm smiles, removing a TICKET from his jacket.

JERRY (CONT'D)
 OooooWeee!
 (beat)
 OPENING DAY!!!

An OLD LADY looks at some classical music nearby. Jerry gets right up in her face:

JERRY (CONT'D)
 Tomorrow I'm gettin' shitfaced,
 sweetheart!
 (re: her CD choice)
 Yeah! I dig the Bach!

MALCOLM
 I don't think I've ever seen you
 this excited for a baseball game.

JERRY
 That's because this is the first
 baseball game where you and I are
 sitting right behind home plate!
 (to the old lady)
 SCORE!

The old lady swings her purse, hitting Jerry in the face. She scoots off as Jerry massages his jaw...

JERRY (CONT'D)
 That's my cue. I gotta get back to
 work. I will see you mañana...

MALCOLM
 Seriously. Just quit already.
 We've got enough money.

Jerry pockets the opening day ticket.

JERRY
 You know I'll never quit... I'm
 like Kevin Costner. I'm the
 motherfuckin' postman.

INT. RECORD STORE - REGISTER - LATER

Malcolm pushes over his shopping cart. The STORE CLERK can't believe all the CD's he has to scan. Malcolm SNIFFS the air:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALCOLM

What's that smell?

STORE CLERK

Man, for some reason, all the cash
we've been getting smells like
deuce.

The clerk begins ringing up the CD's. Meanwhile --

A RENT-A-COP watches a mirrored DOME in the corner,
reflecting a young kid slipping a CD into his jacket pocket.

ON MALCOLM, handing the clerk his credit card -- a BLACK AMEX
-- as he's BUMPED by the young shoplifter trying to leave.

As the kid heads for the door...

RENT-A-COP

Son, I need to see your jacket.

The kid turns around... it's a familiar face. Isaac Reed.

ISAAC

Why I gotta show you my jacket?

The guard forcibly opens the jacket, spilling out four CD's
onto the floor.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

Shit.

RENT-A-COP

(into walkie-talkie)

I've got a shoplifter at store
entrance. Notify the police.

BY THE REGISTER, Malcolm recognizes Isaac...

MALCOLM

Hey! Hey! He's with me.

RENT-A-COP

Excuse me?

ON ISAAC, shocked at his former teacher coming to the rescue.

MALCOLM

Isaac, I told you to throw the CD's
you wanted in my cart.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Malcolm motions to the MASSIVE amount of CD's he's buying.
The rent-a-cop doesn't want to offend a major customer.

EXT. RECORD STORE - PARKING LOT - DAY

Isaac helps Malcolm carry his EIGHT BAGS of merchandise.

ISAAC
Thanks for that... back there.

MALCOLM
Shouldn't you be in school?

ISAAC
Probably.

Isaac notices they're approaching the most expensive car his young eyes have ever seen, a new FERRARI SUPERAMERICA.

ISAAC (CONT'D)
Is this your ride? For real? What the hell you doin' now?

MALCOLM
I went on Jeopardy. Did real well. Maybe if you stay in school, you can afford one someday too.

For a moment, Isaac looks at Malcolm in a new light. But only for a moment:

ISAAC
Or I could just become a rapper.

MALCOLM
Granted. But I'm still taking you back to class...

OFF ISAAC -- At least he'll get to ride in a Ferrari...

INT. ALTMAN MIDDLE SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

Malcolm escorts Isaac down the hall.

MALCOLM
What do you have now?

ISAAC
Science.

Malcolm STOPS walking. Isaac turns back:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ISAAC (CONT'D)
There a problem?

INT. ALTMAN MIDDLE SCHOOL - GYM - DAY

The gym has been converted for a school wide SCIENCE FAIR. Kids huddle around their projects. In one of the rows, Daisy advises a YOUNG GIRL working on a common BAKING SODA VOLCANO.

Malcolm comes in behind Isaac...

MALCOLM
Alright. Well, this is probably good enough.

Isaac smirks. He sees right through Malcolm.

ISAAC
Chill. She totally misses you.

MALCOLM
What? I don't know...

ISAAC
It's obvious.

BY THE MINI VOLCANO --

Daisy demonstrates for the young girl what to mix...

In the next row, Malcolm watches from behind a display on ROCKETS. He accidently knocks the experiment, igniting --

A HOMEMADE ROCKET

Which SHOOTS into the rafters, spiralling around the gym...

Daisy turns at the sound, surprised to see her ex-boyfriend.

Malcolm tries to fix the rocket display as Daisy comes over to face him. She can't hide her pleasure at seeing him...

DAISY
What are you doing here?

MALCOLM
I, uh. I like rockets. This is definitely first-rate science.

Behind him, the rocket ZOOMS PAST out of control. Somewhere, the rocket's YOUNG DESIGNER is really upset:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

 YOUNG DESIGNER (O.S.)
My rocket!

Malcolm tries to ignore the commotion he's caused --

 MALCOLM
So how are you?

 DAISY
Fighting a constant battle. You
know how it is.
 (beat)
I saw you on the news, in the
paper. Mr. Suddenly Wealthy, it
seems. What have you been up to?

 MALCOLM
Uh. Well, I'm actually an inventor
now. Thought I'd stop by and steal
some ideas.

Daisy laughs, playing along.

 DAISY
Oh yeah? What'd you invent.

 MALCOLM
Shoes that fit on either foot. No
longer will we be a slave to left,
right footwear.

 DAISY
 (laughing)
Well, that's a great idea. I'd
love to hear more about it.

 YOUNG GIRL (O.S.)
Ms. Wise! Look! It's working!

ANGLE ON -- The mini volcano. Malcolm and Daisy watch it
BUBBLE with baking soda goodness. A perfect METAPHOR...

EXT. MALCOLM'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DAY

Malcolm steps up to the front door where the newly-installed
TR-480 ALARM KEYPAD flashes. Malcolm types in a FIVE DIGIT
CODE and a MECHANICAL WHIR emanates from inside the house.

The reinforced door opens and Malcolm heads inside...

INT. MALCOLM'S HOUSE - DAY

Every window has been fortified against possible break-in. Security cameras hang from the ceiling.

But more importantly, the money tree is pushing against every wall, it's grown so damn much. It's like a jungle of cash...

ON MALCOLM, stuffing two large duffel bags full of bills. He barely even glances at the tree... But we do...

THE TOP OF THE TREE -- Braces against the ceiling, forming the tiniest SPIDERWEB CRACK...

INT. MALCOLM'S HOUSE - ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

A MOUSE scurries past along a wooden plank...

CRACK -- A splinter of wood FRACTURES, drawing the mouse's attention. Through the tiny opening, the mouse watches as a BRANCH of the money tree, before our very eyes...

GROWS INTO THE ATTIC

EXT. MALCOLM'S HOUSE - LATER

Malcolm exits his front door carrying two large duffel bags. He hits a button on the alarm keypad, locking the house down.

CAMERA POV -- A high powered lens from a hundred yard away SNAPS pictures of Malcolm carrying the bags...

ON A BLACK VAN --

Parked down the street. A sneering, scary lug -- FREDDY BRIN -- lowers his CAMERA and rolls up the driver's side window.

EXT/EST. WASHINGTON, D.C. - TREASURY BUILDING - DAY

Flying up and over the dome of the U.S. Capitol, the massive Greek Revival structure appears just off the Potomac.

INT. TREASURY BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

An AIDE runs down the marble hall, frantic, clutching a RED MANILA ENVELOPE. He pushes through a giant OAK DOORWAY...

INT. OUTER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The aide attempts to breeze past a SECRETARY...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SECRETARY

Mr. Davis, he's on with the...

Davis holds up the red envelope. The secretary immediately waves him through into the inner sanctum...

THROUGH THE DOORWAY Davis blocks our view of somebody at a desk. He hands this somebody the red envelope.

DAVIS

It's finally happened, sir.

(beat)

The perfect counterfeit.

As the doors shut, we reveal this office belongs to the --

SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY

SLAM CUT TO:

INT. CASUAL RESTAURANT - NIGHT

For the first time in weeks, Malcolm is dressed down to match the atmosphere as he catches up with Daisy.

MALCOLM

...And well, turns out I have a long-lost rich uncle. Now I'm just enjoying myself. Trying to figure out the next stage of my life.

DAISY

That's incredible. I'm really amazed. You seem so different.

(beat)

Almost like you were back when we first met.

Malcolm nervously covers:

MALCOLM

I can afford Prozac now.

(changing subject)

So... Are you still seeing that guy from before?

DAISY

What guy?

MALCOLM

What guy... Okay. You wanna go that route. I'm not prying.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAISY

I'm not... I went out with him a few times. I'm not seeing anyone.

MALCOLM

Oh. I'm sorry.

Malcolm reaches for his glass of sparkling water --

DAISY

No you're not. What about you? All that money, the women must be throwing themselves at you.

-- And he practically CHOKES on an ice cube.

MALCOLM

Uh, throwing? Ju... no. No throwing.

DAISY

I'm sorry to hear that.

MALCOLM

No you're not.

They stare into each others' eyes for both the first and the millionth time --

INT. PRIUS - MOVING - NIGHT

Malcolm's GPS consul BEEPS as he approaches Daisy's apartment complex. He pulls to a stop at the curb.

MALCOLM

I'm glad we got to catch up.

DAISY

Me too.

Malcolm nods. And keeps nodding. It's what you do at that awkward end-of-date moment. You nod.

MALCOLM

So how about...

DAISY

So I'm gonna...

MALCOLM

You go ahead.

DAISY

I've got grading to do otherwise I'd say you should come up but...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALCOLM

-- No, no, I can't come up anyhow.
I've got, uh, various and sundry...
things in need of execution.

DAISY

Okay.

They hug clumsily, Malcolm encumbered by his seat belt.

MALCOLM

I'll see you later.

She gets out of the car and heads up the walkway. Malcolm stares off at her, captivated, before tearing his eyes away. With a SIGH, he looks at his watch...

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Time to get a new car.

EXT. DAISY'S APT. BUILDING - SAME

As Malcolm drives off, Daisy watches him go... a clear sense of longing overtakes her.

INT. MALCOLM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

It's madness in here. The money tree has grown so large it's almost impossible to move around without ducking.

Sitting under the tree, Malcolm plays with a flashlight. He flips through a PHOTO ALBUM of him with Daisy.

DEEP VOICE (O.S.)

Malcolm.

Hearing his name, Malcolm understandably FREAKS OUT...

MALCOLM

Who's there? Who said that?

DEEP VOICE (O.S.)

I did.

Malcolm swings the flashlight toward the voice. It lands on a hundred-dollar bill. There, in the center, waving--

IS BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

He smiles, fatherly. Malcolm SCREAMS and crawls away, only to back into a branch FULL OF TALKING BENJAMINS:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BENJAMIN FRANKLINS

Please keep it down.

MALCOLM

What the hell is happening to me?

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN #2

If you still love her, what are you waiting...

MALCOLM

-- I don't know...

ALL THE BENJAMIN FRANKLINS

Never interrupt the man who
invented electricity!

Another BILL starts talking...

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN #3

Stop being such a redcoat and go
tell her how you feel. We all know
the only reason you're spending us
so foolishly is in a vain attempt
at pushing Daisy from your mind.

MALCOLM

How did you know that?

Several more Founding Fathers roll their eyes, ignoring him:

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN #4

He's such a John Adams.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN #5

Oh, he absolutely is!

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN #6

He even combs his hair like John
Adams!

Malcolm curls up in a ball, scared.

MALCOLM

I'm going insane.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN #7

Or you're asleep, you idiot!

SLAM CUT TO:

INT. MALCOLM'S HOUSE - NIGHT (REALITY)

Malcolm STARTLES awake, flashlight at his side, photo album on his lap. He checks to make sure no bills are talking.

Determined by his subconscious prodding, Malcolm pushes branches of cash aside as he heads for the door. On his way out, he passes his shelf of trophies and awards...

HOLD ON -- The shelf, focusing on the picture of Malcolm and Daisy at a teacher's conference, holding plaques aloft.

In the dark moonlight, vines GROW over the shelf, snagging the picture, wrapping around everything in sight.

Like a beast expanding, the money tree is TAKING OVER.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Malcolm's new car (we've run out of car names) speeds down the street as ANOTHER CAR heads the opposite direction.

FOLLOW that other car...

EXT. MALCOLM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

...As it pulls in front. Out steps Daisy. She's holding a picture of her and Malcolm, gathering resolve...

VOICE (O.S.)
You looking for McCree?

Daisy spins, reaching into her purse for a can of MACE.

DAISY
Stay back!

A FIGURE stands in the shadows. It steps forward to reveal trench-coated photographer Freddy Brin. Daisy steps away.

FREDDY
Don't worry about me. Your ex is
staying at the Ritz. Suite 1604.

Unnerved by this cryptic man, Daisy gets back in her car. Freddy watches her go, then reaches into his coat, pulling out a TUPPERWARE CONTAINER of meatloaf... Which he fumbles --

The container HITS the ground but the lid remains closed.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
Tupperware.

EXT. DAISY'S APT. BUILDING - NIGHT

BIZZZZ -- Malcolm presses the BUZZER for Daisy's apartment. No answer. He sighs in frustration and heads for his car.

MALCOLM

Delicious.

INT. RITZ-CARLTON - LOBBY - NIGHT

Daisy heads to the elevators, catching one just as it closes. Malcolm arrives seconds later, grabbing the next elevator.

INT. 16TH FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Daisy finds suite 1604. She takes a breath and KNOCKS.

Surprisingly, the door opens. Standing before us wearing the next Academy Award winner for "Best Lingerie" is --

MIRANDA, who looks about as shocked as Daisy.

MIRANDA

Who are you?

DAISY

Who are you? Where's Malcolm?

MIRANDA

I'm Malcolm's girlfriend.

Daisy tries to recover from the blow.

DAISY

Oh. Um. Actually, I have the wrong room. Different Malcolm.

Miranda shuts the door. Daisy stomps back to the elevators, where she bumps right into Malcolm himself...

MALCOLM

Daisy! I'm so glad...

She SLAPS him across the cheek.

DAISY

You lied to me!

She storms to the elevators, pressing the down call button.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALCOLM

What's wrong? I just came from your apartment. I need to tell you something.

DAISY

How about starting with telling me who that naked woman in your room is?

Malcolm's face falls. He forgot about Miranda:

MALCOLM

Oh, God. Wednesday.

DAISY

To think I spent the past months missing you. You're even worse than before.

MALCOLM

What's that supposed to mean? Look at you...

(beat)

I was right, wasn't I? You dumped me 'cause you can't stand being with a nobody.

Daisy almost laughs. Almost.

DAISY

You think I broke up with you because you didn't have money? Is that what you really think?

MALCOLM

What else could I think? Now that I'm rich you want me back!

DAISY

I broke up with you because you were miserable. You constantly complained how things would be better if only you were rich. I couldn't take it anymore. Because, Malcolm, you might not realize it, but if your life was so terrible, what does that say about our relationship? What does that say about how I made you feel?

Malcolm is speechless. He never thought this through...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The elevator opens. Daisy steps in. Before the doors close:

DAISY (CONT'D)
I finally saw you were happy.
That's why I wanted you back. So
go be happy with your money,
Malcolm.

CLANG... the doors shut.

INT. MALCOLM'S SUITE - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Despondent, Malcolm finds Miranda laying on his bed, waiting in next to nothing. Candles light the room. She PURRS:

MIRANDA
Hey, studmuffin. I'm gonna do
things to you that are illegal in
all forty-four states.

Malcolm tosses his bulging wallet on the nightstand.

MALCOLM
There are fifty. And leave.

Miranda, in a huff, gathers her things and quickly gets dressed. Malcolm ignores her for the MINIBAR...

INT. MALCOLM'S SUITE - DAY

Malcolm's cell phone rests in a pile of MINIBAR BOTTLES, marshmallow snowballs and CRUMPLED pictures of him and Daisy.

Amidst all this madness, Malcolm lies asleep on the carpet...

BANGING... Wakes him up. He stirs. Opens the suite door.

OUT IN THE HALL --

A BELLHOP holds a cordless telephone.

BELLHOP
A call for you, sir. Says it's
urgent and your room line is off
the hook.

Malcolm rubs his eyes and takes the phone.

MALCOLM
Hello?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JERRY (V.O.)
Turn on channel four.

Click. Jerry hung up. Malcolm hands the phone back.

BELLHOP
Will there be anything else?

MALCOLM
Yeah. I'm pretty sure I broke the
bidet.

Malcolm SLAMS the door... and grabs the TV remote. He flips on the main plasma TV to channel four. ONSCREEN --

A BASEBALL GAME, in progress. Cincinnati vs. Houston.

Malcolm puts his head in his hands... then fumbles around for his cell. Looks at the LCD: 49 Missed Calls.

Scrolling through, they're all from Jerry. Crap... Crap... Crap... He forgot opening day.

BASEBALL ANNOUNCER #1 (ON TELEVISION)
Looks like there's some commotion
behind home plate, Bob.

BASEBALL ANNOUNCER #2 (ON TELEVISION)
Is that a mailman?

Malcolm turns back to the screen to see Jerry SCREAMING. He holds up a sign that says: We love you Ken!

Then he flips it over: Where the fuck are you?

Jerry holds up his left arm... he's wearing a FOAM HAND, middle finger EXTENDED.

BASEBALL ANNOUNCER #2 (CONT'D)
Oh... that's just not right.

Malcolm watches the television as security escort Jerry away from his seat. His cell phone VIBRATES in his hand.

MIRANDA'S CALLING. Malcolm sighs and flips open the phone...

INT. CONDO BUILDING - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Malcolm wears a tuxedo while Miranda wears half a dress.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIRANDA

I'm surprised you agreed to come.
After the other night, wasn't sure
you even wanted to see me again.

MALCOLM

Yeah, well. You're the only person
who still takes my calls.

(beat)

Now, explain to me why I needed to
bring ten thousand dollars?

MIRANDA

For dinner.

DING! The elevator stops on the 18th floor.

MALCOLM

What the hell are we eating?
Condor?

The doors open on a spectacular CONDO. Taking up an entire
floor, the residence could probably house half of New Mexico.

It's swirling with the affluent and elite. Malcolm's eyes
fall on a giant banner: CAMPAIGN FOR A RICHER TOMORROW.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

What kind of dinner is this?

VOLUNTEER (O.S.)

Excuse me. Will you be paying by
check or credit card?

Malcolm turns to a VOLUNTEER sitting at a fold-up table just
beside the private elevator.

MALCOLM

...Cash.

INT. CONDO - SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

Miranda drags Malcolm over toward a couple, and by "couple"
we mean the crypt-keeper and his super hot bimbo.

MIRANDA

I want you to meet my best friend
in the world.

KIKI (the bimbo) turns and SQUEALS, hugging Miranda. Then
she hugs Malcolm, her FAKE BREASTS wrapping around his neck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIKI

Oh my god! Miranda has told me so much about you!

MIRANDA

Malcolm, this is Kiki Schwartzbaum and her husband Sal.

SAL

Hellooo...

Malcolm watches in disgust as Sal's DENTURES fall out of his mouth and hit the floor. Nobody motions to pick them up.

MALCOLM

Holy shit! I mean... here.

Grabbing a napkin off a nearby table, he picks up the teeth.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about my reaction.

KIKI

Oh don't worry, hotbuns. He can't hear a damn thing anyhow.

A BUTLER enters to announce:

BUTLER

Dinner is served.

INT. CONDO - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The long dining room seats about forty guests. A wait staff pours wine. At the head of the table a man *PINGS* his glass --

IRVING HALCOURT is still somehow handsome after 65 grueling years of privilege. It's hard out here for a pimp.

IRVING HALCOURT

Ladies and gentlemen, my name is Irving Halcourt and I'm grateful to welcome you into my home. Tonight, we've all joined together in support of a cause. The foundation of our country is being weakened. Because our bedrock -- our future -- is our children. And we are failing them.

Malcolm looks up from his lap. This rhetoric is familiar.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IRVING HALCOURT (CONT'D)

I've had the privilege to know the man-of-the-hour for several years. My being in the construction business, our paths have often crossed. He has been a true friend and a gracious civil servant. I am proud to introduce the reason we've all gathered here. The next congressman from the state of Ohio.

(beat)

Mr. Scott Scotterson!

Scott walks in and shakes Irving's hand. He turns to show his eye is covered in an EYE PATCH from his golf injury.

Malcolm knocks over a glass of water in SURPRISE. The water runs onto the person next to him...

Sal Schwartzbaum. Sal looks down, like Droopy the Dog:

SAL

I wet myself.

BACK ON SCOTT --

SCOTT

Thank you, Irv. I'm going to keep this short. It's not easy running for Congress. It takes a lot of money and you're bound to hit a few pot holes along the way...

Scott points to his eye patch. Scattered laughter.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

But with your help, we'll make the most of what this community has to offer. I believe that children are our future, teach them well and let them lead the way. Along those lines, I'd like to introduce my date for the evening. I've been pursuing this prize tuna for the past several months and she finally took the bait.

Scott laughs along with the audience. What a charmer.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

As an 8th grade science teacher, she embodies the spirit of this

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SCOTT (CONT'D)
 campaign. Please direct your
 applause toward her this evening.
 Daisy Wise! Come on, stand up.

The table applauds as Daisy stands at the end of the table.
 She was obscured from Malcolm, but he can sure see her now.

MALCOLM
 NO!

The entire table looks to Malcolm and in that instant, he
 catches Daisy's eyes. Oh, and Scott's eye. Singular.

ON MALCOLM, ignoring SAL'S HEAD as it *THUDS* into the plate
 beside him. Kiki turns and sees her DEAD HUSBAND.

KIKI
 Oh my God!

She looks despondent... All attention is now on her and Sal.

IRVING HALCOURT
 Is he dead?

Barely able to contain her excitement through fake tears:

KIKI
 Yes!

EXT. CONDO BUILDING - NIGHT

The guests from the dinner have gathered in silent vigil as
 the PARAMEDICS cart a BODY BAG into a parked ambulance.

Scott and Daisy stand with Halcourt, who's distressed more
 over the ruined meal than the dead guest.

IRVING HALCOURT
 We need to have a word.

Irving pulls Scott aside:

SCOTT
 You don't think anyone's gonna ask
 for their money back...?

Daisy is left alone as Scott moves out of earshot. She looks
 over to the bereaved...

ON KIKI -- Sniffling in the cold air. Miranda has an arm
 around her, consoling.

Malcolm stands a few feet back, feeling bad for Kiki.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Miranda steps over to Malcolm. She isn't upset in the least.

MALCOLM

Is she gonna be okay?

MIRANDA

Totally.

...An off-putting answer. Malcolm watches his breath condense in the night air. Miranda SIGHS...

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

I remember when my first husband died. It took like four months before they read the will. Goddamn kids got almost everything.

MALCOLM

What are you talking about?

MIRANDA

All Sal's bank accounts are already in Kiki's name. She's so lucky.

Malcolm's eyes burrow through Miranda. He's actually able to look past the glossy veneer into the soulless interior.

MALCOLM

We're breaking up.

And he walks away. That's it. No argument, no nothing.

MIRANDA

Malcolm? Malcolm!?

She starts crying. A guest, thinking she's upset over Sal's death, motions to comfort her. When she turns, we realize the guest is Ridley Smythe, superintendant of schools.

A wealthy, single man... For Miranda, it's the quickest cure.

ON MALCOLM --

Approaching Daisy. He comes at her from the side...

MALCOLM

You are such a hypocrite.

DAISY

I don't want to talk to you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MALCOLM

You get mad at me for dating
someone else and all along you were
seeing that schmuck.

Daisy turns, angry:

DAISY

First off, I went out with Scott
once or twice as friends. This is
our first date.

MALCOLM

Wait... He's the one who called you
that day, isn't he?

DAISY

--Secondly, that "schmuck" has done
nothing but work tirelessly to help
the kids in our school. He's the
reason we're getting a new
building. I don't see you doing a
damn thing with your money.

From over Malcolm's shoulder:

SCOTT (O.S.)

Is this guy bothering you?

Malcolm comes eye to eye with eye-patched Scotterson.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing here!?

MALCOLM

Apparently contributing to your
campaign, matey.

Scott's about to pick a fight. Regarding his eye patch:

SCOTT

You're the reason I have this...
and if I catch you anywhere near my
girlfriend again, I will end you.

MALCOLM

Arrrrr you threatening me?

Scott winds up to punch Malcolm... but Irving grabs Scott's
arm. Backs him off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

IRVING HALCOURT

The last thing we need after
tonight is a picture in the papers
of you assaulting a guest.

(beat)

I believe this young man was just
leaving.

Malcolm brushes off his jacket. He turns to Daisy, who
shakes her head, embarrassed at his behavior.

So Malcolm trudges off. Alone.

MALCOLM (PRE-LAP)

If there's one thing money can't
buy, it's the cure for loneliness.

INT. RITZ-CARLTON - MALCOLM'S SUITE - DAY

Malcolm sits on the floor, surrounded by commandeered
pillows. Unshaven, his eyes BLOODSHOT. On the phone:

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

My best friend won't talk to me
since he was tasered on live
television. My ex-girlfriend is
dating the world's biggest
douchebag.

(beat)

And I've run out of things to buy.
I think through all this, you've
been my only friend.

Beat.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

Sir, I'm just the front desk. This
isn't really what we're here for.

MALCOLM

I just wanna talk.

FRONT DESK (V.O.)

Is there anything I can actually do
for you, Mr. McCree?

Malcolm sighs, moping. IN THE BACKGROUND, on the plasma TV --

SOOTHING VOICE (ON TELEVISION)

...as state assemblyman he has
increased education spending by
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOOTHING VOICE (ON TELEVISION) (CONT'D)
seventeen percent. Because today's
children are our greatest hope.

PUSH IN on Malcolm as he turns to the soothing voice.

SOOTHING VOICE (CONT'D)
This election day, vote Scott
Scotterson for Congress. Do it for
the children.

Malcolm's face scrunches in anger.

FRONT DESK (V.O.)
Sir?

MALCOLM
Actually. Can you get me the
number for a private investigator?

INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Deserted. Ugly orange lights crisscross support beams,
creating long and abundant areas of SHADOW.

Malcolm stands in a parking spot, checking his watch.

FOOTSTEPS echo off the cavernous concrete. Malcolm spins.
He can't tell where they're coming from. But then they stop.

MALCOLM
Hello?

FREDDY (O.S.)
Tupperware.

Malcolm whips around to see a trench coated man standing in
shadow by Malcolm's new LAMBORGHINI. All very DEEP THROAT.

We can't see his face -- private eyes have a tendency to keep
just out of the light. But we can see his hands holding a
tupperware container of food. This P.I. is hungry.

MALCOLM
Mr. Brin? Freddy Brin?

FREDDY
...Keeps food fresher, longer.
Greatest invention of the 20th
century tupperware is, 'ya ask me.

Freddy Brin steps into the light with a DOSSIER. This man,
who was following Malcolm around, is now his private eye.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALCOLM

Thank you for doing this on such short notice. Everyone says you're the best P.I. in town.

FREDDY

They're right. So here's what I got on Scott Scotterson. He was already pretty thoroughly vetted, but lets just say some unknown facts were easier to come by than expected. I had an in...

Freddy hands over the folder of documents. Malcolm flips through the pages of notes and photos --

FREDDY (CONT'D)

You wanted dirt, well -- It'd never hold up in court, but there's definitely something fishy. About two months ago, the Scotterson campaign was on the verge of collapse. Then all of a sudden... it wasn't. Contributions flooded in.

MALCOLM

And that's odd?

FREDDY

You bet. There's no evidence linking the rebound to anything specific. The only major news piece I could find from around the time is this.

Freddy reaches into his jacket pocket and removes a PORTABLE DVD PLAYER. He turns it on and presses PLAY.

ON THE PORTABLE DVD PLAYER --

Scott Scotterson talks outside Altman Middle School. We've seen this interview already...

SCOTT (ON DVD PLAYER)

...here at Altman middle school, where we've recently apportioned the funds for a brand new science and math center. It is imperative we build public trust in public schools.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

OFF MALCOLM -- The gears in his head turning...

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Malcolm's bright yellow Lamborghini rockets out of the garage onto a city street.

INT/EXT. MALCOLM'S LAMBORGHINI - NIGHT

Malcolm weaves in and out of traffic as he drives like a madman, twisting, turning and accelerating until...

EXT. ALTMAN MIDDLE SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The Lamborghini skids to a stop. Even at night, barely lit, the school looks in disrepair.

Hopping from his car, Malcolm runs to where a chain-link fence blocks the future site of the Science & Math Center.

Malcolm finds a CAUTION SIGN tied to the fence. Below it, the building notice, where the construction company is clearly listed: HALCOURT CONSTRUCTION.

MALCOLM

He paid him off!

EXT. DAISY'S APT. BUILDING - NIGHT

Malcolm runs up the front walkway, the file on Scotterson tucked under his arm. He grabs the door as a tenant exits...

INT. DAISY'S APT. BUILDING - HALL - NIGHT

Malcolm rushes to Daisy's door. He knocks loudly.

MALCOLM

Daisy! He's a fraud! Open up.

The door opens... but it's not Daisy, it's-- SCOTT!

SCOTT

Who's a fraud?

MALCOLM

Where's Daisy?

SCOTT

The shower.

Malcolm pokes his head and tries to maneuver inside but Scott puts his hand up and pushes Malcolm back into the hall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCOTT (CONT'D)

You just don't know when to quit,
do you?

MALCOLM

I know everything. I know
Halcourt's paying you off in
exchange for contract rights.

SCOTT

And?

And what? Malcolm just stares, confused...

SCOTT (CONT'D)

So I'm taking money. The kids are
still getting a new building. It's
win-win...

MALCOLM

Yeah... but if you gave Halcourt
the rights without open bidding,
it's also illegal.

Scott actually laughs. He's so confident it's scary...

SCOTT

Where's your proof?

Malcolm seethes. He doesn't have proof, but he knows --

SCOTT (CONT'D)

And you wanna talk about illegal?
Lets have a little pow-wow.

(beat)

What the hell you got goin' on in
your house, McCree?

Malcolm's eyes go wide...

SCOTT (CONT'D)

You go from being a nothing school
teacher to an overnight
millionaire, people might get
curious. Going in and out of your
house at all hours with giant black
duffelbags? Raises eyebrows. I
wonder what Daisy would say if she
saw the pictures I have?

MALCOLM

You had me followed?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Scott notices the file in Malcolm's hand.

SCOTT

May I?

Malcolm debates, then hands over the file. He gauges Scott's almost NON-REACTION to the material.

SCOTT

Apparently we use the same private eye. Freddy Brin... he's a good guy, not very loyal, turns out. And what's with the tupperware?

(beat)

Oh, you hear of these rumors? The ones saying the treasury department's in town investigating a counterfeit ring?

Malcolm gulps... He hadn't heard this...

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Seems a few months ago -- around the time you quit, I imagine -- counterfeit c-notes started circulating here in Columbus. As State Assemblyman, I was fully briefed on the matter.

(beat)

So tell me... what's in the house, Malcolm?

Scott knows he has Malcolm by the balls.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I know you want to tell me to stay away from Daisy. I know you're pissed. But the fact is, buddy boy, you go to the press with what you think you've found -- proof or no proof... I'll call my Fed pals and they'll turn your house inside out so fast you won't be able to say "mutually assured destruction."

Scott pats Malcolm on the shoulder. Damn... he's ice cold.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I better get back in. But here, have another button.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Scott hands Malcolm a SCOTTERSON FOR CONGRESS campaign button before SLAMMING Daisy's front door in his face.

INT. POST OFFICE - DAY

Malcolm heads for a door marked: EMPLOYEES ONLY. The chubby post lady from before bursts out, shaking and sweating...

MALCOLM

Excuse me, is Jerry back there?

The post lady SHRINKS away from Malcolm...

POST LADY

Don't go back there. He's angry.

(beat)

You wouldn't like him when he's angry.

Malcolm goes through the door anyway.

INT. POST OFFICE - SORTING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Malcolm makes his way through the boxes and carts full of mail until he finds Jerry, sitting on his ass reading TEEN PEOPLE and eating a marshmallow snowball. It's their thing.

MALCOLM

Hi.

Jerry doesn't look away from his magazine.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, okay? I let the money go to my head and I forgot about what was important. I get it.

Jerry reaches into the pocket and grabs the second snowball.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

I need someone to talk to. It's about Daisy.

(beat)

What do you want from me, Jerome? Huh? You want me to beg? Want me to get on my knees?

He gets on his knees beside Jerry...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

I'm sorry! I'm a jackass. A grade-
A jackass with a side of jackass
sauce.

Jerry glances over and looks SURPRISED to see Malcolm. He reaches up and removes TINY EARPHONES attached to an iPod. He didn't hear a word Malcolm said...

JERRY

Oh... How long 'ya been here?
D'you come to apologize?

MALCOLM

Well, yeah.

JERRY

That's big of you, man. Accepted.
Now what are you doin' on the
floor? Get up, come on!

Lance, the cowering manager and Jerry's boss, comes over --

LANCE

Hey... Jerry and Jerry's friend.
Um, hey. There's a pile of mail
that we really need to get sorted.

JERRY

Lance. Mind comin' over here real
quick?

Lance gulps and comes over.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Closer... Closer.

Jerry leans into Lance's ear and whispers something. Whatever he says, it MAKES LANCE CRY and run away.

OFF MALCOLM -- What the heck was that...?

INT. MAIL TRUCK - DAY

Malcolm sits next to Jerry. They each have Frappichinos.

JERRY

So what you're saying is, if you
try to expose Scotterson he'll call
the Feds on your money tree?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALCOLM

He actually thinks I'm the kingpin
of a massive counterfeit ring. But
you have the gist.

JERRY

Are you thinking of doing this
'cause the dipshit's dating your
ex... or 'cause he's cheating the
kids?

Malcolm raises binoculars and looks out the windshield.

MALCOLM

50-50.
(beat; off Jerry)
60-40.

EXT. MAIL TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

The mail truck sits innocently on the street. Malcolm stares
through his binoculars at --

An OFFICE BUILDING, five stories tall, busy with activity.
He's staking out the corporate home of HALCOURT CONSTRUCTION.

TIME DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HALCOURT CONSTRUCTION OFFICES - NIGHT

Empty and deserted, the mail truck and bustle are long gone.

Through the GLASS DOORS of the lobby, a fat SECURITY GUARD
shines his flashlight, making his rounds. Just outside --

A FIGURE IN BLACK

Runs GAWKILY past, avoiding detection...

ALONG THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING --

The black-clothed man, we'll call him Malcolm McCree, drops
down behind a bush and removes his black BACKPACK. He
removes an ultra high-tech UTILITY BELT and GRAPPLING HOOK.

Malcolm SPINS the hook and RELEASES... the hook flies toward
the roof five-stories up but MISSES, instead CRASHING through
a window on the fourth story. Oops.

Checking to make sure the coast is clear, Malcolm attaches
the LINE from the grappling hook to his utility belt. He
hits a button and a small motor WHIRS as Malcolm RISES...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Two stories up SOMETHING JAMS and Malcolm is left hanging.

MALCOLM

Delicious.

BELOW -- The security guard turns the corner, only a few feet beneath Malcolm, who's trying to hold his breath...

The guard's foot is inches from BROKEN GLASS. SWEAT pools on Malcolm's shoe-polish-smearred face. Then, mercifully...

The guard moves on, allowing Malcolm's heart to beat again. With the belt broken, he's forced to start climbing...

INT. HALCOURT CONSTRUCTION - 4TH FLOOR OFFICE - NIGHT

The WINDOW is shattered, the grappling hook embedded into the wall. Malcolm pulls himself in and brushes off his outfit.

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Malcolm takes the stairwell up one flight...

INT. 5TH FLOOR - EXECUTIVE LOBBY - NIGHT

A reception area welcomes those to the topmost floor of Halcourt Construction. On each hallway leading to the executive suites, large GLASS DOORS have locked into place. A LASER GRID crisscrosses the ground on the opposite side.

A flashing ALARM KIOSK rests beside one door. Malcolm pulls out an expensive looking PALM DECODER from his backpack. He attaches it to the kiosk and the decoder starts BEEPING...

The computer panel on the alarm SHORT CIRCUITS and melts, DISARMING the lasers on the other side of the door.

EXT. HALCOURT CONSTRUCTION OFFICES - NIGHT

The security guard comes back around from smoking his cigarette. He notices the SHATTERED GLASS on the ground.

Shining his flashlight above, he sees the BROKEN WINDOW...

INT. 5TH FLOOR - OUTSIDE IRVING HALCOURT'S OFFICE - SAME

Malcolm puts a LARGE WAD of what looks like silly putty on the doorknob to an office with Irving's name on the front.

He takes a few steps back and pulls out a DETONATOR. He presses down... and nothing happens. Malcolm WHACKS it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALCOLM

Oh come on. You were expensive!

Realizing it's useless, Malcolm pockets the detonator and goes to examine the doorknob. He removes a fancy looking LOCKPICK from his utility belt and pushes it into the lock...

But the door SWINGS OPEN. It was unlocked.

INT. IRVING HALCOURT'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Malcolm quickly moves through the opulent office to the COMPUTER. He hits a key and the monitor lights up with:

PASSWORD: ??????????

MALCOLM

Balls.

He scrounges through his backpack, looking for something, ANYTHING he can use. Frustrated, Malcolm looks up and...

Right below the monitor, on a yellow POST-IT NOTE:

Password: SexLord18

Malcolm types that in. The familiar Window's Desktop opens.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Thank you, Sex Lord.

He types in a search: Altman Middle

Several files pop-up. Malcolm clicks on one. It's an INTERNAL BUDGET SPREADSHEET (Altman Middle School)... He scans down... A line catches his eye, marked MISCELLANEOUS:

\$250,000 (SS), \$150,000 (RS), \$75,000 (RM)

Malcolm clicks down to the bottom, where the total building cost comes out to: \$8,705,240.00

Below that, under FEE: \$15,000,000

Below that, next to PROFIT: \$6,294,760

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Jesus...

Malcolm hits PRINT on the computer just as --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SECURITY GUARD (O.S.)
Hello! Who's there?

JUST OUTSIDE THE OFFICE --

The overweight security guard, out of breath from checking every floor, approaches Irving's office, hand on his BILLY CLUB. The light from the computer shines through the door--

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)
Mr. Halcourt? Is that you?

The security guard is about to push the door wide open when--

MALCOLM (O.S.)
(imitating Halcourt)
Don't come in.

The idiot security guard looks confused...

SECURITY GUARD
What? Sir, there's broken glass everywhere outside. I think somebody tried to break in!

MALCOLM (O.S.)
That's terrible news. Maybe you should go clean it up.

SECURITY GUARD
What are you doing here so late?

MALCOLM (O.S.)
(after a beat)
I'm having an affair.

SECURITY GUARD
Sir?

MALCOLM (O.S.)
My mistress, she likes it kinky. Don't come in. We're naked. I'm standing here in the nude, my old, wrinkly member flapping in the breeze.

(beat)
Of course, you could join us!

SECURITY GUARD
No, that's okay sir. I should clean up that glass.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The security guard backs away...

BEHIND THE DESK, Malcolm hides, back against the mahogany.

MALCOLM

Ooo... baby. That's how daddy
likes it!

Checking over the desk to make sure the guard has gone,
Malcolm grabs the PRINTOUT...

INT. 5TH FLOOR - EXECUTIVE LOBBY - NIGHT

Malcolm sneaks in, searching for the guard. He's not around.
Malcolm presses the elevator CALL BUTTON...

And then waits. A burglar, waiting for the elevator.

Ding! It arrives, the doors opening on --

THE SECURITY GUARD

Malcolm musters his courage, nods hello and steps on the
elevator just as the clueless guard steps off...

SECURITY GUARD

Evening.

Malcolm quickly presses the button for the first floor. As
the doors close, the guard spins around, REALIZING --

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

STOP!

But the doors shut even as the guard fumbles for his RADIO.

EXT. HALCOURT CONSTRUCTION OFFICES - NIGHT

BURSTING out of an emergency exit, Malcolm runs toward a pair
of TRUCK HEADLIGHTS, hopping on board his getaway vehicle.

As he does, the BROKEN DETONATOR falls out of his pocket...

INT/EXT. MAIL TRUCK - MOVING - NIGHT

Settling into the passenger seat, Malcolm smiles at Jerry,
who's also dressed entirely in black. For no good reason.

As they drive away, they don't notice an office on the 5th
floor of Halcourt construction...

EXPLODE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In a shower of glass and heat. Guess the detonator worked.

PRE-LAP: A MARCHING BAND plays a lavish FANFARE...

EXT. ALTMAN MIDDLE SCHOOL - FIELD - DAY

FOLLOW a procession of 40 young musicians during the GROUND-BREAKING CEREMONY for the new Science and Math Building...

A RAISED STAGE stands erected in front of the future site and PRESS are positioned in front of about two hundred FOLDING CHAIRS full of bored kids.

TELEVISION CAMERAS film the marching band in their opulent uniforms. On stage, Scott Scotterson sits beside Ridley Smythe, Principal Mulliken and Irving Halcourt, listening...

RIDLEY

How delightful! I didn't know you had a marching band.

PRINCIPAL DICK

We don't. I hired them from a private school.

As Scotterson claps along to the familiar march, Detective Morgan addresses him and Halcourt from the back of the stage.

DETECTIVE MORGAN

Sir, there's no sign of him.

IRVING HALCOURT

The son-of-a-bitch blew up my office. He'll be here.

DETECTIVE MORGAN

We'll keep an eye out.

Detective Morgan leaves. Irving leans into Scott's ear:

IRVING HALCOURT

If this McCree fellow shows up with actual proof, we're ruined.

SCOTT

You need to stop worrying. Malcolm McCree shows up... he's ruined.

Scott smiles out at the press, catching the eye of someone special in the audience... Daisy. She smiles and waves back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IN THE AUDIENCE, a few seats away from Daisy, Isaac sits with his buddies, goofing off. His FRIEND pokes him...

ISAAC'S FRIEND
Check out those two tall kids.

ISAAC
Man, they suck!

ON THE MARCHING BAND --

Two tall kids are completely OUT OF TUNE with the rest of the band... Because they're actually JERRY and MALCOLM.

Jerry bangs a drum, Malcolm blows a clarinet, randomly PUMPING his fist in the air. The song comes to an END but Malcolm and Jerry KEEP PLAYING. Band members glare.

ON STAGE, Scott Scotterson steps to the mic, ignoring the two rogue band members:

SCOTT
Ladies and gentlemen, members of the press, and students of Altman Middle School. It is my tremendous pleasure -- nay, honor -- to be here for the groundbreaking of--

Scott stops when he notices the two band members have BROKEN OFF from the rest of the pack and are making their way...

UP ONTO THE STAGE... where he realizes one is Malcolm!

SCOTT (CONT'D)
You!

MALCOLM
Me!

PRINCIPAL DICK
McCree?

Malcolm pushes his way to the mic, removing his ridiculous feathered hat. Jerry stands beside him, warding off Scott with his drum sticks like they were weapons...

MALCOLM
Hey everybody. You all know me. I used to teach here before I became insanely rich.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

In the audience, Daisy actually stands in shock. Isaac is just as surprised, too --

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

I'm here today to put a stop to the charade these men are pulling.

(acknowledging his
marching band outfit...)

They'll stand up here and act like they care about the kids when all they really care about is an easy buck.

(beat)

And I know a thing or two about easy bucks. I used to think that's what I wanted in life. But when you don't earn your money like these jerkoffs, it becomes meaningless. Money blinds you to the important things. Like true friendship...

He glances over at Jerry --

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Or true love.

He looks at Daisy --

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

We never stop to think about things we take for granted. Water, marshmallow snowballs. And when money becomes like that, it can lead to only one thing: greed. Because when we don't earn something, we think nothing of taking more and more of it. That's what these men are doing.

A BALDING REPORTER stands up...

REPORTER

What the hell are you talking about?

Scott Scotterson pushes forward past Jerry onstage.

SCOTT

Shut up, McCree. Leave now or I will end you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MALCOLM

I don't even know what that means.

Scott has no choice but to back off and signal to two police officers, who run up onstage...

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Before you arrest me, I want everyone to see this. I have here an envelope containing the top-secret internal building budget proposed by Irving Halcourt...

Malcolm points to Irving... but Irving is nowhere to be seen.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

This budget includes secret payoffs to Scott Scotterson, school superintendant Ridley Smythe and this school's own principal, Dick.

He hands the envelope to the balding reporter...

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

I give you this evidence, balding reporter... because despite the threats these men have made against me, there are more important things than money.

Scotterson pushes forward, grabbing the mic. Principal Dick is signaling to the marching band to play... anything!

SCOTT

Hear this from me. This man's allegations are absurd and whatever he has in that envelope is an obvious fabrication.

The band gets their act together and begins a ROUSING MARCH.

MALCOLM

Scott. What'd you major in at your Ivy League college?

SCOTT

What?

MALCOLM

Should have majored in history. 'Cause all you politicians make the same mistakes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Malcolm pats Jerry and they head over to the awaiting officers, turning themselves in.

In the press corp, every reporter JUMPS UP, shouting...

EXT. ALTMAN MIDDLE SCHOOL - SIDE BUILDING - SAME

The marching band can be heard off in the distance as Irving Halcourt SNEAKS around a corner, trying to escape...

But instead he comes face to face with Isaac and a dozen other students we recognize from Malcolm's class...

ISAAC

I guess you hadn't heard.
Stealing's wrong.

Irving turns around to flee the way he came, instead BUMPING INTO Rex-the-lunch-guy and his giant muscles.

REX

Hey, cutie!

Irving SCREAMS...

INT. JAIL CELL - AFTERNOON

Malcolm and Jerry sit passively in their tiny holding cell, still dressed like they're in a middle school marching band.

JERRY

So if girls with big boobs work at
Hooters, where do guys with one leg
work?

Malcolm simply stares at the ceiling.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Ihop.

FOOTSTEPS outside clatter on the cement. A COP escorts an imposing man over, unlocking the bars. Everything about this man exudes POWER, from his suit to his deep voice --

SECRETARY DOBSON

My name is Lewis Dobson. I'm
Secretary of the Treasury of the
United States. And you two are
coming with me.

INT. TOWNCAR - MOVING - AFTERNOON

Jerry and Malcolm sit across from SECRETARY DOBSON and his aide Davis. Malcolm doesn't know what to make of this...

SECRETARY DOBSON

I wanted to meet you from the first moment I heard about what you did.

MALCOLM

Um... okay.

SECRETARY DOBSON

Incredible work. The perfect counterfeit.

JERRY

Yeah, about that.

Dobson turns to Jerry...

SECRETARY DOBSON

And you must be his accomplice. If Scott Scotterson hadn't tipped us off, I doubt we'd ever have found you two. Looks like you'll all be sharing a cell together.

The car comes to a stop.

SECRETARY DOBSON (CONT'D)

We're here.

EXT. MALCOLM'S HOUSE - TWILIGHT

Dozens of police, FBI and SECRET SERVICE officials are gathered on the large front lawn of Malcolm's FORTIFIED home.

Dobson escorts Malcolm and Jerry up the front porch, where an ELECTRONICS EXPERT is trying to beat the complex alarm.

SECRETARY DOBSON

Forget it. It's a TR-480.
(to Malcolm)
We need the code.

Malcolm acquiesces, stepping forward. FBI agents are ready to raid the house as Malcolm's code appears on a RED LCD:

D A I S Y

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The house WHIRS to life as metal retracts from all the windows and the reinforced front door opens on it's own.

The officials BURST in... Dobson at the forefront.

INT. MALCOLM'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

And the entire convoy FREEZES at the jungle inside. One agent even drops his gun at the sight of...

THE MONEY TREE

So big now it's actually caused FISSURES where the branches have pushed up against the walls and roof.

SECRETARY DOBSON
Mother of mercy.

He RUBS his eyes before taking a second gander...

SECRETARY DOBSON (CONT'D)
This can't be.

Malcolm and Jerry are pushed into the house by an officer. They watch Dobson step over to a low-hanging branch that curves up toward the ceiling. Dobson pulls the branch down --

And stares at the row of GROWING MONEY...

He lets go of the branch and it SPRINGS back up to the ceiling, where the top CONNECTS, creating a...

TINY CRACK

That slowly spiderwebs along the entire roof, meeting up with the other crack formed by the tree's growth into the attic.

SECRETARY DOBSON (CONT'D)
I want this money plucked and
examined. Then torch the place.

As the men go to work, Malcolm looks up... sees the growing crack and taps Jerry, who also notices.

JERRY
Hey, guys.

Nobody listens. They're too busy doing their job...

JERRY (CONT'D)
HELLO, PEOPLE!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dobson hears Jerry. He comes over, confused and angry:

SECRETARY DOBSON

What do you want?

Malcolm points to the roof, where pieces of white spackle start falling to the ground...

SECRETARY DOBSON (CONT'D)

Everybody out!

Suddenly, it's BEDLAM as every government employee drops what they're doing and looks up --

THE CEILING

Is falling away in chunks now. Wherever a tree branch is applying pressure, the roof is breaking away...

EXT. MALCOLM'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A steady stream of hysteric officials run from the house. Malcolm and Jerry hop down off the porch.

But Malcolm stops. Turns back...

JERRY

Forget the money! It's not worth it!

Malcolm pulls away, disappearing back inside. The house begins CRUMBLING, the eastern wall cracking under pressure. Branches BURST out, exploding the wall, toppling the roof.

Jerry and the government officials hold their breath. Then --

MALCOLM APPEARS

Holding something in his hand as he LEAPS off the front porch mere milliseconds before...

THE ENTIRE HOUSE COLLAPSES

In a plume of dust and pulverized wood. All that's left behind is a pile of RUBBLE and a GIANT MONEY TREE...

Unencumbered by walls, the money tree has sprung up to its true height of TWENTY-FIVE FEET. It towers over everyone --

The Feds take in the EPIC SIGHT, unsure what to do. On the street, the old Brophys (and their dog) look on in shock.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ON MALCOLM -- Helped to his feet by a relieved Jerry, who leans down and picks up the PICTURE of Malcolm and Daisy that sat framed on Malcolm's trophy shelf.

That's what Malcolm went back inside for.

JERRY (CONT'D)

This probably isn't the best time to tell you I had a copy of that picture.

Malcolm isn't listening. He's noticed something odd.

A BREEZE

Has arrived, seemingly out of nowhere. Malcolm feels it fan his hair... Watches as it RUSTLES Dobson's overcoat... Then turns to see it blowing through the branches.

And it PICKS UP, blowing HARDER now, really giving it to the money tree as hundred-dollar bills FLAP in the wind...

THEN COME FREE

A few at first, but then the entire tree sheds its LEAVES OF CASH to the wind. Dobson and his underlings can do nothing but stare as a million bucks in cash takes FLIGHT...

FLOATING UP over the neighboring houses into the setting sun on a jetstream of wind that dies as quickly as it appeared.

Malcolm turns to his destroyed home. All that's left now are a scraggly growth of branches that SHRIVEL UP and turn BLACK.

The tree is dead.

DISSOLVE TO:

A NEWSCAST --

The bored reporter who covered Malcolm's *West Side Story* dance stands outside an ORPHANAGE, definitely not bored.

NOT BORED REPORTER

The money, totalling some forty-thousand dollars, seemingly blew in off the wind before finding its way through the windows of this local orphanage. This is the twenty-third such report local officials have received, though authorities

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NOT BORED REPORTER (CONT'D)
are clueless as to where the cash
is coming from.

IN THE NEWS STUDIO --

The male/female newsanchor team that reported on the winning
lottery numbers smile at the story.

FEMALE ANCHOR
A strange but heartwarming story.

MALE ANCHOR
In other news, indictments have
been handed down by a grand jury
charging former Dartmouth
fraternity brothers Scott
Scotterson, Ridley Smythe and
Richard Mulliken with multiple
counts of fraud.

B-ROLL FOOTAGE of the arraignment of the above-mentioned
crooks; entering the courthouse, etc... When we see footage
of Irving Halcourt, he looks BEATEN to a pulp --

MALE ANCHOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
These men, along with industrialist
Irving Halcourt, are embroiled in a
scandal that has rocked the state
government, leading to wide scale
reform...

-- CLICK... as the TELEVISION turns off, leaving us in...

BLACKNESS

FADE IN:

EXT. ALTMAN MIDDLE SCHOOL - FIELD - DAY

An ISLAND OF DIRT amongst a sea of grass is all that remains
of the once future site of the science and math building.

INT. SCIENCE CLASSROOM - DAY

Daisy has CHALK in hand. She draws on the front board and
addresses the class --

DAISY
...And as the ATP transpirates the
outer membrane...

-- A tiny TAP interrupts her from the window. She continues:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAISY (CONT'D)
Where it is then absorbed by...

ANOTHER TAP. Confused, Daisy sets the chalk down and --

CRASH

The entire window SHATTERS as a LARGE ROCK flies through into the classroom. Students scramble from their desks...

DAISY (CONT'D)
Everyone, it's okay.

She heads to the window, sticking her head out --

EXT. ALTMAN MIDDLE SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

DOWN BELOW, Malcolm waves. He holds several rocks in hand.

MALCOLM
Hi.

DAISY
You broke my window!

MALCOLM
Sorry. I don't know why I keep doing that.

DAISY
What do you want?

Malcolm sets the rocks down.

MALCOLM
I want you. You said that all my money was making me selfish... Well, I thought after what I did, you'd see I've changed. I'm not that guy anymore, Daisy.

DAISY
What you did, Malcolm, is destroy any hope these kids have of getting a better education.

Malcolm is struck, confused --

MALCOLM
What... I don't... I helped them! They were being cheated!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAISY

And now there's no building! You might have exposed a crook but now all the funds have been tied up for review. It's going to be years before we even see another cent!

MALCOLM

I... I didn't...

DAISY

You didn't think. The only reason you exposed Scott is jealousy.

MALCOLM

But... Scott's a cock!

A few seventh graders walk past just as Malcolm says that...

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

I meant, uh... like a rooster.
Like a barnyard animal.

Malcolm looks back up at Daisy's window... but she's no longer there. With a heavy heart, he turns to leave.

As Malcolm walks away, his gaze falls on the EMPTY FIELD...

His step shortens. He has an idea.

As ELO'S "Don't Bring Me Down" kicks into high gear...

EXT. MALCOLM'S GYM - DAY (MONTAGE)

Malcolm shakes hands with a scrawny ARAB MAN. Behind them, a NEW SIGN is hoisted up over the entrance... YANOOSH'S GYM.

INT. RITZ-CARLTON - MALCOLM'S SUITE - DAY (MONTAGE)

MOVING MEN escort every item Malcolm owns out of the suite, including a garish, gold KING'S THRONE...

Jerry supervisors. He turns to Malcolm, who's TIED TO A CHAIR, struggling to stop this exodus of his possessions.

INT. AUCTION HOUSE - DAY (MONTAGE)

A tall, elderly AUCTIONEER displays the gold throne to a diverse crowd of rich folk...

--In the wings, Malcolm dabs his eyes with an embroidered SILK HANDKERCHIEF...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

--The auctioneer takes bids for an embroidered silk handkerchief, STILL WET...

--The MARBLE STATUE of Malcolm posing like Rodin's *The Thinker* is wheeled onstage... A BIDDING WAR between an OIL BARRON and country-club head J. Talbot Farnsworth erupts...

--Two women in SUNGLASSES and SHAWLS like Jackie Kennedy flirt with the Oil Barron as he admires his new statue...

--On display next is the original Andy Warhol PAINTING...

--Then a massive collection of 1500 MICRO-MACHINES...

--The two women in sunglasses are CATFIGHTING in the audience as the Oil Barron watches on, frightened. In the melee, the glasses and shawls fly off, revealing Kiki and Miranda...

--An ANIMAL TRAINER parades around a live CAMEL...

--The next item up for bidding is a MEDIEVAL TORTURE RACK...

--Finally, the auctioneer opens bidding on an enormous box filled to the brim with MARSHMALLOW SNOWBALLS.

EXT. AUCTION HOUSE - AFTERNOON

The doors to the austere building BURST open and Malcolm and Jerry exit... DEJECTED...

In Malcolm's hand is a CHECK... and it clearly isn't enough.

MALCOLM

All that and we're still short!

JERRY

I'm sorry man. How much we talkin'.

MALCOLM

We need another three hundred grand.

Malcolm sits down on the concrete steps leading down to the sidewalk. Jerry takes a seat beside him. Beat --

JERRY

Out of curiosity. We just sold your car. How we getting home?

That's the least of Malcolm's worries. He plops his head in his hands, only looking up when --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A LIMOUSINE

Pulls in front of the auction house. Jerry and Malcolm watch as the passenger in the back flings open the door...

The perfectly-coiffed GOLDEN HAIR is the first thing seen --

IT'S DONALD (uh, we mean RONALD) TRUMP

And Ronald Trump does not look happy. To the OFF-SCREEN driver, through the partition...

RONALD TRUMP

I told you not to take the seventy-one highway. Look how late we are!
(beat; pointing)
You're fired.

DRIVER (O.S.)

Sir, I don't work for you.

RONALD TRUMP

Your little speech has touched my heart. You're not fired.

Trump steps out of the limo, heading for the steps when he notices Malcolm and Jerry, AGOG...

RONALD TRUMP (CONT'D)

Did I miss the auction?

JERRY

You're... You're...

MALCOLM & JERRY

The Ronald!

The Ronald nods. He knows who he is.

MALCOLM

What are you doing here?

RONALD TRUMP

I never miss a good auction. Of course, if we hadn't taken highway seventy-one like I said...

(beat)

I'm over it.

He turns to leave but stops, looking back...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RONALD TRUMP (CONT'D)

Can I ask why you two are so
sullen, gloomy, downtrodden?

MALCOLM

I was auctioning all my stuff to
try and raise funds for a school
building and, well, we didn't make
enough.

RONALD TRUMP

How much you short?

MALCOLM

Too much.

Trump nods, mulling this info over --

RONALD TRUMP

I'm gonna put it another way. Let
me ask you a question.

Beat... It takes a moment, but somehow, Malcolm already KNOWS
what the question will be.

RONALD TRUMP (CONT'D)

How much to get you two to sleep
together?

Malcolm and Jerry stare straight at Ronald. They barely even
need to think:

MALCOLM & JERRY

Three hundred thousand.

Trump debates. Nods his approval.

RONALD TRUMP

Sounds good. Lets get in the car.

Malcolm and Jerry don't stand. They thought he was joking.

RONALD TRUMP (CONT'D)

What? You thought I was joking?
You want the money, get in the car.

Reluctantly, the two best friends come down the steps over to
the limo. Just as The Ronald is about to get in, he mugs --

RONALD TRUMP (CONT'D)

I'm messin' with yous! It's just
something rich people do.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Malcolm and Jerry breathe with relief.

RONALD TRUMP (CONT'D)
 Anyhow. You say this three hundred
 g's is for a good cause?

Off Malcolm's nod, Trump pulls out his CHECKBOOK and writes a \$300,000 check. Malcolm accepts the generous offer.

RONALD TRUMP (CONT'D)
 Good luck with your foofy building.

Ronald Trump gets in the back seat and slams the door.

INT. LIMOUSINE - CONTINUOUS

The Ronald settles in. He looks up front to the driver, who we still haven't seen...

RONALD TRUMP
 Jeeves! Back to the airport!
 And you take highway seventy-one,
 so help me!

ON THE DRIVER, leaning his elbow over the divide. The driver is none other than Sanjit.

SANJIT
 Whatever you say, my friend.

EXT. AUCTION HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Malcolm and Jerry watch the limo pull away.

JERRY
 I want you to know I wouldn't have
 actually gone through with it.

MALCOLM
 Yeah, you would.

INT. ALTMAN MIDDLE SCHOOL - SCIENCE CLASSROOM - DAY

Daisy is once again teaching her class. She walks down a row, overseeing the students as they DISSECT A FROG...

GIRL
 Ms. Wise? What's happening
 outside?

Daisy looks over, unsure. She steps to the newly fixed window and opens it. CONSTRUCTION SOUNDS enter the class...

EXT. ALTMAN MIDDLE SCHOOL - FIELD - DAY

BULLDOZERS and TRUCKS carrying supplies have taken over the field. Construction workers prepare to lay foundation.

Malcolm wears a HARD HAT and goes over plans with a CONSTRUCTION FOREMAN. He steps away when Daisy approaches.

MALCOLM

Hi.

DAISY

Did you do this?

MALCOLM

Yes.

DAISY

To try and win me back?

MALCOLM

No. I did it for them.

Malcolm points to the hundred STUDENTS who have now gathered outside. Daisy's eyes water... She can't believe this.

IN THE CROWD OF KIDS, Isaac stands near the front. Malcolm notices, WINKING. Isaac winks back...

Daisy looks from the kids to the construction. Then she meets Malcolm's gaze...

Her smile is charged with electricity as she EMBRACES HIM. She sees he's finally changed. He finally knows what really matters. And he's HAPPY because of it...

PULL BACK -- Off Daisy and Malcolm's passionate kiss...

As we witness the BIRTH OF A BUILDING. And a future.

ABOVE... Something FLUTTERS in the clear blue sky. It floats on the breeze. As the wind brings it closer, we see it's--

A ONE HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL

And as it BLOWS PAST...

FADE TO BLACK.