

"HYPNOTHERAPY"

BY

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HYPNOTHERAPY

FADE IN:

INT. PRIVATE OFFICE - EARLY AFTERNOON - JANUARY 1994

As SOOTHING HYPNOTIC MUSIC plays in the b.g., we gaze out an office window at the peaceful main street of Plattsmouth, Nebraska.

There's snow everywhere, and some of the shops have Christmas decorations. A restored RED 69 FIREBIRD sits just outside.

The window frosts up now, just as three joking teenage boys hurry past on the sidewalk. And we PULL BACK to meet

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

He sighs, and turns to study the office interior.

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

Bruce turns, walks toward another area of the room. To

Plump, 50ish MRS. FISHER, reclined in a recliner. Motionless, in a hypnotic trance.

As he strolls to her, Bruce begins to speak - in a calm but clearly indifferent tone:

BRUCE

Can you repeat that for me please,
Mrs. Fisher?

MRS. FISHER

I eat only for re-energizing.

BRUCE

(stopping beside her)

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

MRS. FISHER

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

BRUCE

Yes, good. And when your husband
kisses you at night, what do you do?

And Mrs. Fisher's face becomes animated now, almost as if
she's possessed. And she SNARLS in rage:

MRS. FISHER

I chomp my teeth like vice grips on
his fat nose! Until it bleeds!

BRUCE

Yes, good. He has it coming.

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

BRUCE

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

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

INSERT - A FRAMED COLOR PHOTO:

Bruce a few years earlier, in high school graduation cap and
gown. Standing with his adopted Dad (white, 65, long gray
hair tied in a ponytail).

END INSERT

He reaches into the box, grabs the photo.

BRUCE

Okay, one. You feel yourself start-

He pauses - studying the photo, wistful. Sets it down.

BRUCE

Start to- You, uh...

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

He smiles. Then sets that photo down, too, and

Closes his eyes. After a bit reopens them, with a snap.

BRUCE

Okay. Change of plans, ma'am.
 When Judge Fisher kisses you, you
 kiss him back. Warmly.
 (eyes tearing up)
 And tell him you love him.

He turns and looks around his near empty office. And sighs.

BRUCE

Can you repeat that, Mrs. Fisher?

EXT. BRUCE'S OFFICE, PLATTSMOUTH, NEB. - 20 MINUTES LATER

The street seen from the window earlier. Cold, windswept,
 almost deserted. A pickup truck cruises slowly past.

Bruce and Mrs. Fisher stand talking on the sidewalk, next to
 the Firebird. Dressed in warm-looking winter clothes.

MRS. FISHER

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

BRUCE

Okay. Great. I appreciate it...
 And thank you for sticking with me
 so long, Mrs. Fisher. I'm really
 sorry you didn't lose more weight.

MRS. FISHER

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

She turns and strolls off down the sidewalk, until a friend
 hurries from a beauty salon a few shops down, greets her
 noisily and drags her inside.

Bruce watches them, then turns and peers up at the simply
 painted wooden sign above his office door. Which reads

SHMALTZ & SON: HYPNOTHERAPISTS.

INT. THE FIREBIRD - ONE HOUR LATER

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

The light changes, and he regains composure and drives on.

EXT. THE FIREBIRD - CONTINUOUS

The "SHMALTZ & SON" sign protruding from its trunk, the Firebird cruises past a highway restaurant/motel/filling station complex, and exits the frame.

EXT. HIGHWAY RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Two men stand outside the restaurant. PETEY, 35, is cocky and tightly wound, with long hair and glasses. RAY, 40ish, has ramrod posture and seems on permanent alert.

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

PETEY

What is it now, General? Jesus!

And Ray reaches into the ashtray beside them and pulls an empty matchbook from it. Ponders the cover:

INSERT - MATCHBOOK COVER, ON WHICH ARE PRINTED THE WORDS:

"Larry's Greenfront, Seattle, WA"

END INSERT

RAY

Do we want them to know there was someone from Seattle here today?

Shoving the matchbook into a pocket, he turns to watch as...

A bus pulls off the highway, into the motel parking lot.

He checks his watch and nods in satisfaction. Then:

RAY

Okay social worker, get on out there.

And Petey turns and strides to a nondescript sedan parked a few feet away. Climbs in and starts the engine. As

Ray watches him, then turns to ponder the distant bus.

EXT. THE BUS - SHORTLY AFTERWARD

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

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

.

MONTE

One for the casinos. Welcome aboard,
sir.

INT. THE BUS - MOMENTS LATER

Ray pushes down the aisle, past excited fellow passengers.

He passes a tough-looking 30ish bodyguard type, seated with a FRAGILE BUT SMILING 75ISH MAN in a 1970s era suit.

Taking an empty aisle seat near the rear of the bus, Ray nods to the cheerful, 50ish LADY in gaudy clothes by the window.

LADY

Are you feeling lucky today? I am!

Ray snorts, scrunches into his seat and shuts his eyes.

EXT. U.S. HIGHWAY 6 - EARLY EVENING

The bus cruises down the highway in light traffic for a bit, until it finally slows and...

Turns off - onto a snow-covered dirt section road where a waiting man pulls a portable traffic barrier aside.

A man whom a closer look reveals to be... Petey.

And as the bus climbs the sloping road to vanish over a hill, Petey pulls the barrier back in place and runs after it.

Exhaling clouds of vapor, his feet CRUNCHING snow.

He reaches the top of the hill and stops, to stare down the road below. Which descends for 100 yards, then levels off for 100 more yards before rising again.

The bus is parked on the level section. Passengers scramble out its door, their distant voices indistinct but agitated.

Petey sighs, then reaches into his belt and pulls out...

A .45 caliber handgun.

EXT. - THE BUS - MOMENTS LATER

Ray, the last passenger, hurries out onto the snow-covered road, followed by Monte.

.

MONTE

Highway Patrol radioed me there's a
bomb on the bus, ordered us to stop.
Away from the bus, folks! This way,
please. It could go off any minute!

And he turns and strides toward the next rise. As we hear
Ray's voice, explaining things for any doubters:

RAY (O.S.)

They bomb abortion clinics! Guess
us gamblers are fair game now, too.

When suddenly, from over the rise ahead...

Two ski-masked men stride out, wielding Uzis! ADAM (35 and
thin) and SHORTY (40, stocky and not very tall).

And Monte pulls a mask over his face, and a pistol from his
belt. Turns, and FIRES into the air! To everyone's shock.

MONTE

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

He glowers around at the frightened passengers' faces.

MONTE

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

And at the rear of the crowd, someone erupts now in fury:

RAY

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

CRACKK!!!

And we REVERSE TO PETEY. In a black ski mask now. Standing
holding his smoking gun, glaring at Ray.

Whose chest oozes blood, as he falls lifeless to the ground.

MONTE

Dumb ass! We have zero qualms about
shooting dumb asses, people. Okay?
In fact, we kind of enjoy it. Now,
down on your stomachs! Everyone!

And then, after they comply:

MONTE

Arms and legs outstretched! Out-the-fuck-stretched, I said! Goddamit!

Everyone is soon lying down in the snow, limbs out-the-fuck-stretched. As Monte looks them over quickly, counting them.

MONTE

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

And he leans over and begins jabbing people with his pistol:

MONTE

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

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

MONTE

Okay, great. Now I want you folks to all step this way, please.
(stepping back several feet)
Good. Okay, stop! Now, we gotta do this fast, okay? So we can get out of this fucking cold.

He raises his voice and looks toward the other passengers, peering up at him from the ground:

MONTE

And the rest of you listen up, too! Because you'll be doing the same damn thing in just a moment.
(pausing)
Now, like I said, we got to do this fast. Fast!!! Everyone understand? I'm gonna give you all one minute - that's all; just one fucking minute ... to remove all your clothes.
(pausing)
All of your clothes, you all got me? Panties, bras, ladies - those, too!

The lady in the gaudy clothes, Ray's ex-seat partner, is among those standing. She stares at Ray's body and sobs.

MONTE

Girdles, the whole nine yards. Take off every item of clothing. Watches, rings, necklaces. Everything! Take over a minute, sixty fucking seconds, people, you get a bullet in the face. And it's too cold for that shit today.

(pausing)

Okay, everyone ready? Starting: now!

He FIRES into the air, and the passengers scramble to strip.

EXT. - THE BUS - A FEW MINUTES LATER

There are 24 naked gamblers standing beside it. Shivering, exhaling thick clouds of vapor.

Shorty herds 12 more naked passengers to join the first 24. One being the bodyguard we saw in the bus earlier.

Who looks back in anxiety now, to the seven still-clothed passengers lying spread-eagled in the snow.

Supervised by Monte. While, behind *him*...

Adam and Petey go through the naked people's clothing and money belts with flashlights - finding tons of cash, which they toss into two plastic bags with everyone's jewelry.

MONTE

Okay, last group! Up on your feet, farmers! Let's go!

And they stand. One is the fragile 75ish man in his 1970s suit. Another a tall, 25ish BLACK MAN in a bright yellow nylon jacket. Who is intoxicated.

MONTE

You got one minute, people, to strip your asses bare. One fucking minute! Or else. Ready? Starting now!

And as the others hurriedly strip, the old man removes his coat easily, but starts to struggle with his shirt buttons.

Petey stands up now and steps toward him, watching tensely.

But then starts, and stares at the drunk black man. Steps closer and peers down at the man's coat on the ground.

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

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

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

Adam. Who turns, checks Eddie out with widening eyes, and then laughs, too. Before spinning back to his task.

By now six of the final group are naked, their possessions lying on the ground before them. But

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

Monte looks up from his watch at him, and explodes:

MONTE

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

(to Petey)

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

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

BACK AT THE BUS, the bodyguard whimpers and steps forward, only to find Shorty's assault rifle pointed at him. As

Petey prepares another brutal kick, but... stops. Stares down at the man - convulsed, coughing blood on his dentures in the snow below.

Petey spins to glare at Shorty, who waves him to continue. But when Petey turns reluctantly to do so, he finds...

Eddie staggering toward him.

EDDIE

You leave that poor old man alone, white boy. Don't, I'm a fuck you-

And Monte is suddenly blocking Eddie's path - his pistol to Eddie's nose. As Eddie gapes back at him.

MONTE

Do something.

And as Eddie backs slowly away, behind him we see...

Ray. Springing to his feet! Ski-masked now, and wielding an Uzi. As the passengers at the bus MURMUR in shock.

Eddie holds Monte's eyes a second longer, and then turns to rejoin the group, muttering. As

Petey crouches and slips the medal from the old man's neck.

OLD MAN

No, please. It ain't worth nothing!

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

PETEY

Still a fucking puss, huh, Eddie?

And as Eddie stares confusedly at him, Petey throws his arms over his head - cringing and mock whimpering:

PETEY

No más! No más! You pussy!

Then stalks away to rejoin Adam. As Ray points his Uzi to select two from among the five other newly nude passengers:

RAY

Okay, you and you! Pick that old bastard up and get him in the bus.

The two of them do so, shepherded by Ray, while Monte ushers the other four passengers back to join the main group.

And Petey glances at Shorty, who shakes his head back at him in exasperation. As we...

FADE OUT

INSERT - A RAND MCNALLY U.S. MAP, WITH THE CITY OF "SEATTLE" CIRCLED IN INK ON IT

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

BRUCE (O.S.)

Eeney!

And we PULL BACK on the map, to see the entire west coast. San Francisco, Los Angeles and San Diego are also circled.

And now a dart SLAMS into the Pacific Ocean, just off L.A.

BRUCE (O.S.)

Meeney! Sorry sharks. And dolphins?

END INSERT, as we PULL BACK to find ourselves in...

INT. BRUCE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Holding a dart, Bruce aims and cocks his arm. Throws and
It hits the map near Portland, as:

BRUCE
Moe! Miney's in Omaha, Elizabeth.

This last bit addressed to...

An elderly German Shepherd, who looks up from the floor at
him, wagging her tail.

Bruce ponders the map, frowning, just as the last dart sags
and drops to the floor. He steps over to flop down on...

His bed, in the center of the room.

It's a spacious, neatly kept room. A desk with a computer on
it sits in one corner, a large jam-packed bookcase nearby.

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

A framed photo of a 10-year-old Bruce, seated behind his Dad
on a restored 44 Indian Chief motorcycle. Laughing.

Bruce sits up suddenly, stands and steps to that photo. He
lifts it from its hook on the wall, and carries it to his
desk chair, which he plops into and gazes down at the photo.

Pulling a handkerchief out, he wipes some specks of dust from
the frame. Then ponders the photo again, somberly.

BRUCE
So where am I supposed to go, Dad?

And with a playful smile then he looks upward. Heavenward.

BRUCE
I don't know how things work up
there, but if they let you talk to
God sometimes, can you ask him to
please give me some sort of sign?

EXT. THE BUSJACKING SITE - ONE HOUR LATER

Four squad cars and an ambulance have arrived. Outraged
passengers mill around waiting to talk with deputies.

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

SHERIFF
Stripped em down to their birthday suits, yep! And it is cold out here.
(listening)
Five of em, looks like. The driver and one passenger, and the rest were here waiting. With assault rifles.
(listening)
The FBI? Better tell the casinos first, shouldn't we? It's their bus!

He's interrupted by a female voice shouting "Sonny," as

A young WOMAN DEPUTY runs to him, holding out a matchbook.

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

WOMAN DEPUTY
Found it on the ground over there.

Turning to point to the area near the bus where Ray fell after Petey "shot" him.

And as the sheriff studies the matchbook, we CLOSE ON the name "Larry's Greenfront, Seattle, WA" on its cover. As...

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

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

The sheriff sits talking on the phone behind his desk, on which a name plate says "Sheriff A. Jurgensen."

Photos of a younger sheriff in the Army clutter the walls.

SHERIFF
Well, heck! So I guess you go in and ask em about any customers who-

He pauses as his office door opens, and his middle-aged secretary leans in. Bruce visible behind her.

The sheriff gestures Bruce in, and into a nearby chair.

SHERIFF

-any of their patrons who like to rob buses. And go to the fights.

He listens a moment and laughs. As a curious Bruce watches.

SHERIFF

"No más! No más!" That's what ole Robert Duran said when he quit that fight with Leonard. It's Spanish, means "no more, no more!"

(excited)

Yep, and so this kid Eddie, he says he quit in a fight like that once. Two years ago in the Golden Gloves. In Seattle, Clem! You see?

(irritated)

Well, and that matchbook wasn't none of them passengers', neither. So-

(listening)

Fifty grand, yep. That's what they say it's worth, if we smoke em out.

(happy)

Okay, great! Call me after you do!

He hangs up the phone, thoughtfully. Then turns to stare sternly at Bruce.

BRUCE

Okay, I'm all closed down now.

The sheriff nods. Sternly.

BRUCE

Bankrupted Dad's business in eight months. Fast, huh? Only reason I made it that long was Judge Fisher's wife. Feeling guilty cause of her-

SHERIFF

Yep. She's a good woman.

(pondering sternly)

And you're leaving town? Cause like I say, no one here wants you around no more, Bruce. Not the way you-

BRUCE

(grudgingly)

Yes, Sheriff J. I'm leaving town.

Nodding, the sheriff stands now and inspects his shave in a mirror on the wall.

SHERIFF

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

He turns to smile at Bruce. Whose face is darkening in rage,
so he shrugs and returns to his mirror.

SHERIFF

Person I was just on the phone with?
My cousin Clem, in Seattle. Says
there's loads of work out there.

Bruce stares back up at him, sourly. But then nods.

INT. FIREBIRD (TRUNK) - MORNING

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

Bruce peers in after it now, and then SLAMS the trunk.

EXT. NEBRASKA COUNTRYSIDE - MORNING

He stands beside the Firebird - its exhaust fumes swirling
around him and off up toward the stratosphere.

In blue jeans and a black leather jacket, holding a backpack.
Elizabeth gazing tail-waggingly up at him.

Outside a small house - on an isolated snow-covered ranch.

He watches now as 50ish Hispanic LILA descends the ranchhouse
steps, a squirming white kitten in her arms.

He sighs, then turns to take a last look around.

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

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

Near the back of the house a sheet of canvas covers what is
presumably a backhoe. Beyond it, in the rear of the house,
chickens scamper around a partly visible chicken coop.

Bruce kneels now and hugs his dog - tears in his eyes:

.

BRUCE

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

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

BRUCE

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

Then smiles at Lila - who hugs him, kisses his cheek, stuffs a roll of bills into his jacket, and pushes him to his car.

BRUCE

Oh no, Lila. I already owe you f-

LILA

You're your papa's son, Bruce. You'll pay me back when you can.

EXT. COUNTY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

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

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

PATTY

Oh, shit! Cover your ears, Ken!

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

Ken glares at the car, then starts to run after it as fast as he can! BARKING just like a dog as his furious SCREAMING girlfriend pursues:

PATTY

Corn Flakes! Cheerios, goddamit!

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

BRUCE

Rice Krispies!

And Ken halts instantly in his tracks, slumps down onto his knees. Gasping for breath, but no longer barking.

As a winded Patty stops beside him, and snarls up at Bruce:

PATTY

You worthless prick, Brucie! Jesus!

BRUCE

Oh! Yeah, I'm the prick. I see.

(to Ken)

So, Scooby Doo! Can you explain to
Patty what we learned here today?

Ken peers up at him, still gasping for breath. Then turns to address Patty - in a cheery, TV salesman's voice:

KEN

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

His eyes widen in shock then, at having spoken these words, and he throws a hand over his mouth.

Bruce studies them both and nods, satisfied. Then pulls his head inside the car, shifts into gear and ROARS off. As

Patty straightens, scrambles onto the road, flips a middle finger after him, and screams:

PATTY

Psycho! This is why no one wanted
to play with you when we was kids!

EXT. STATE HIGHWAY 75 / NORTHBOUND - 30 MINUTES LATER

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

INT. - THE FIREBIRD - CONTINUOUS

Bruce turns on the radio:

RADIO NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

- Hamas now claiming responsibility
for the latest suicide bombings in
Israel, that took the lives yester-

Frowning, he switches to the cassette player instead.

BRUCE

Suicide bombings, Christ! What a
world.

And now Selena BELTS OUT some Tex-Mex.

EXT. I-80 WESTBOUND - LATER

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

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

Bruce exits a 7-Eleven with a bag of groceries, walks across the busy lot to his car. Tossing his car keys up in the air and catching them with one hand from above as they fall.

And looking around he sees, on a bench to one side...

A young couple sharing a cup of coffee. Smiling at each other, in serious love. As...

A MOTHER and father pass with their SON (5, metal braces on both legs), who clutches two plastic Transformer toys:

SON

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

MOTHER

Well, Santa loves you, Anthony. He
knows what a wonderful boy you are!

SON

Well, I certainly try to be one!

Bruce ponders them. Shaking his head in disgust, mutters:

BRUCE

Santa, huh, idiot! How old are you?

EXT. I-80 WESTBOUND - LATE AFTERNOON

The Firebird cruises over now hilly terrain.

INT. FIREBIRD - NIGHT

A carton of milk between his legs, Bruce eats a sandwich. He switches from his tape player to the radio:

RADIO NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

-tycoon battling cancer in a Seattle
Hospital. Van Self is best known f-

Bruce turns the radio off. Peers out at the road ahead, illuminated by his headlights. Yawns as he drives on.

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

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

Brutal MU HON, 15, holds a child's replica Brazil national soccer team jersey bearing the number 10 and name "Pele."

Five members of his gang, ages 8 to 12, watch. As two grip a shirtless Bruce, 5 - his face bruised, shaking with SOBS.

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

MU HON

Santa Claus? There's no Santa Claus,
you little son-of-a-bitch. The nuns
gave you these. And you're giving
them to me. Thanks.

(reconsidering)

Or should I let you keep em?

He takes a Brazilian team cap and a Hershey bar from another boy and hands them and the shirt to Bruce, who stops crying.

MU HON

The new boy! Well, this ain't the
state orphanage, I run things here.

And he SMASHES Bruce in the belly - knocking him to his knees, wailing. Then returns Bruce's presents to the other boy.

MU HON

You're an orphan, new boy! You know
what an orphan is? Garbage. No one
wants you! You're garbage, got it?

He pauses a moment, and then starts to unzip his fly.

MU HON

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

GANG MEMBER (O.S.)

No, Mu Hon. Watchman Choi's coming!

Mu Hon glares at the boy, who peers out the door. He grabs Bruce's cap, and slaps it back into place on Bruce's head.

MU HON (O.S.)

Son of a bitch! Guess all I have
for you tonight is this, new boy.
(in pidgin English)

Merry Christmas! Ho, ho, ho!

And a stream of urine begins to rain down into Bruce's face.

END OF FLASHBACK. RESUME TO PRESENT:

INT. THE FIREBIRD - MORNING

Bruce sits up, tears in his eyes. He's wrapped in a blanket, shivering in the rear seat. His alarm clock is RINGING on the floor below, and Bruce turns it off.

Then curls back up under his blanket, in a fetal position.

EXT. I-80 REST AREA - CONTINUOUS

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

Travelers stroll between their vehicles and the restrooms.

AN HOUR LATER, AND

All vehicles except Bruce's Firebird have changed.

ANOTHER HOUR LATER, AND

The Firebird sits among all different vehicles again. As

On a table nearby, Bruce does handstand pushups, watched by several other travelers who "ooh" and "ah" at it.

When he's finished he strides to his car, doing his key toss routine along the way. Gets in and starts the engine.

EXT. SEATTLE SKYLINE - ESTABLISHING SHOT - AFTERNOON

From Capital Hill. Swedish Medical Center in the foreground.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Spacious luxury. A suite for the terminally ill filthy rich.

A 30ish male SECRETARY enters, trailed by Petey. No glasses now and his hair cut short. Carrying a briefcase.

SECRETARY

Well, he is getting stronger. Don't worry. He can talk a bit.

As the two men start across the room, for the bed beside the window, they pass Shorty - just leaving on his way to the door. And he and Petey exchange scowls.

The bed occupant's eyes flutter open as they approach. His face lit by the sun:

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

PETEY

Hello, Uncle Henry.

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

Petey opens his briefcase, when Henry growls "stop!" His voice weak and raspy but imperious. Used to obedience.

He stares coldly at Petey and then, in a WHEEZING voice:

HENRY

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

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

PETEY

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

HENRY

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

He opens the bag and removes that child's award medal Petey took from the old man during the busjacking. Ponders it in delight a moment, swinging it on its chain above him.

Until he finally sets it down. And then, his eyes narrowing:

HENRY

All these years I've tried to be a mentor to you. My sister's son...
(exploding in rage)
Get back down to the shelter, boy!
With the rest of them losers.

And he turns toward the window, as Petey gapes in dismay.

EXT. NOISY SHOPPING MALL CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

A man in hardhat and work gloves operates a backhoe, watched by a foreman type, 50ish, gripping a clipboard.

Other machines - bulldozers, graders, a crawl crane - are in operation in the background, and the NOISE is deafening.

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

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

And as the background noise fades...

JURGY (V.O.)

Twenty bucks an hour, huh? Nice.
That's a lot more than I average.

EXT. 1ST AVENUE, SEATTLE - LATE AFTERNOON

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

A happy Bruce, in sport coat, tie, etc., stands looking at JURGY (45ish, resembles her sheriff cousin, wears her hair close-cropped under a Portland Trailblazers cap).

A sign over a stairway door in the building behind them says "Clementine Jurgenson, P. I."

JURGY

In my business it's feast or famine.

Bruce nods, just as...

Tall, filthy Native American FRED, 40, staggers drunkenly up to them - his hand out in a fund-raising attempt, but-

JURGY

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

And so Fred alters course and stumbles away, muttering.

JURGY

Sonny tell you about that bus job?

BRUCE

No, but it was all over the news.

JURGY

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

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

JURGY

Mostly losers hang out there, though. Wouldn't think they could hijack an abandoned wheelbarrow.

(sighing)

Don't seem to be any big boxing fans among them, either...

She laughs, frustrated. Then shrugs and holds out her hand:

JURGY

Hey, I'm glad you stopped by, Bruce.

And as they shake, she smiles - studying him thoughtfully.

JURGY

I remember when Elden and Fay brung you home, from Korea. You didn't trust no one. Your first Christmas there I tried to look at one of your presents and, heck! You bit me!

Bruce smiles uneasily at this. Then shrugs - embarrassed.

EXT. SOUTH WASHINGTON ST. - SOON AFTERWORDS

The south side of the street, below 1st Ave. Bruce strides down the sidewalk toward his parked car.

Beside him is a line of homeless, stretching to and up into a 5-story brick building at the end of the block. Miserable people, many of them, but many joke and laugh animatedly.

Nearing his car, Bruce is accosted by short, bearded, 50ish DOBBS - a drunken wino with a humorous glint in his eyes:

DOBBS

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

Bruce stops, pulls some change from his pocket, and hands it to Dobbs. Who takes it, winks at him, and staggers away.

Smiling, Bruce watches him go - past three other panhandlers who now begun to hurry toward... Bruce.

And so Bruce bends and hurriedly opens his car door. When-

TRUNESH (O.S.)

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

And Bruce peers up to see...

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

A FIFTH. Who is stark raving gorgeous! Despite the black patch over one eye. In her early 20s, bursting with life.

Grabbing her obese friend for support, she reaches up under her skirt now and, a leg at a time... steps from her panties. Then holds them out to him:

TRUNESH

Like a little sniff... Yuppie?

Which is a bit shocking to Bruce, but he handles it well:

BRUCE

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

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

A panhandler arrives: A 40ISH WOMAN. Shabbier than she'd need to be to land a part in a zombie flick. Sobbing:

ZOMBIE

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

Bruce stares at her - the matted hair, the missing teeth.

And not finding her credible mother-of-the year material, he jumps into his car. SLAMS and locks the door.

And as she and the other panhandlers BANG on his windshield, starts the engine, rams the car into gear, and RUMBLES away. Glared after by a contemptuous Trunesh:

TRUNESH

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

EXT. SEATTLE WATERFRONT - ESTABLISHING SHOT - NIGHT

From Elliot Bay. The waterfront along Alaskan Way from the Washington Street Pier to Myrtle Edwards Park.

EXT. MYRTLE EDWARDS PARK / PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

The Firebird on the side of the lot near the water. A few other cars parked here and there. No life in view except

Bruce. Doing handstand pushups on the pavement by his car.

INT. THE FIREBIRD - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Bruce opens the glove box and pulls his alarm clock out. He moves to set the alarm, but stops. The clock reads 5:13.

He frowns, holds it to his ear. Turns it over and removes the battery, reinserts it and listens again. Still nothing.

BRUCE

All out of batteries, too. Dammit!

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

Two unkempt, tough-looking CAR THIEVES, both about 30, stand outside the store door, smoking.

CAR THIEF 1

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

As Bruce's Firebird pulls in off the street now, and RUMBLES to a stop in front of them.

And Bruce jumps out, wearing a long-sleeved shirt and no coat, and starts for the store entrance. Flips his keys into the air and catches them. Then tries it again, but-

Car Thief 1 leaps and snatches them! And as Bruce gapes at him, tosses them to Car Thief 2:

CAR THIEF 1

Start the car.

And as Thief 2 does that, Thief 1 maneuvers between Bruce and the car. Pulling out and flicking open a switchblade.

Bruce stares at the knife, wide-eyed. But then looks up and into the thief's eyes. Relaxed now, his voice soothing:

BRUCE

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

And for a moment, the thief does start to shiver, grips his arms in a huddle up reflex. But then... relaxes.

Looks Bruce up and down, and then snorts with contempt:

CAR THIEF 1

No I'm not cold, Obi-Wan. But you gonna be!

And he feints a charge - which Bruce jerks back to avoid and trips on the curb outside the store. And falls.

And with a laugh Thief 1 runs and jumps in the Firebird, and his partner throws it into gear and PEELS OUT from the lot.

As Bruce sprints after them. Desperately, screaming:

BRUCE

No! You, you... you hate to drive!

Until he ties up finally and stops. To gasp after his car:

BRUCE

You want to walk!

And out the passenger window, as the car roars away, Thief 1 leans out, chortles and screams... "Idiot!"

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

A SHORT WHILE LATER, AND...

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

BRUCE

Nebraska, yeah. No, I- Who knows their plate number?... No, I don't have an address, I- wait! You can call me at the 7-11 here. Hold on.

Letting the phone hang he trots into the store, pulling his arms around himself. Shivering.

INSERT - TV SCREEN - CONTINUOUS

A middle-aged REPORTER addresses the camera from in front of Swedish Medical Center.

A photo of Henry occupies one corner, and a caption at screen bottom reads "Lumber Titan Van Self Critical."

REPORTER

And the vigil goes on for the great man, the gravely ill 76-year-old, a Seattle original, who may or may not have been given one more reprieve, depending upon the results of last week's surgery. Results that, staff here say, only time will make clear.

(pausing)

At Swedish Hospital for KIRO-TV News, this is Bill Hines reporting.

END INSERT, as we PULL BACK to find that the TV...

INT. THE 7-ELEVEN - CONTINUOUS

... sits on a raised shelf behind the checkout counter.

As the 30ish CLERK clicks it off and turns to Bruce, glaring at him from the opposite side of the counter.

CLERK

Well, it's almost 11, sir. And this is a 7-Eleven. I need to close.

Bruce stares at him helplessly, then turns for the door.

MONTAGE:

- Bruce trudging southward along desolate Alaskan Way.

- Trudging, Bruce sees lights and hears MUSIC from up Yesler Way. He lopes across Alaskan Way toward Yesler.

- Music BOOMS from a club as Bruce passes Pioneer Square Park. Partiers and homeless dot the sidewalks.

- A girl sees him and giggles drunkenly - "Hey! Bruce Lee." As her date assumes a karate stance, Bruce hurries on by.

- Bruce nears a pay phone at the foot of Cherry Street. He stops to pull his loose change from his pocket - 87 cents.

- Bruce on the phone now, starting to lose it:

BRUCE

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

The dial tone BLARES, and Bruce glowers at the receiver. He jerks his arm back in the air now, impulsively, gripping the phone to slam it against... whatever.

But then his shoulders slump, and he lowers it and hangs up.

END MONTAGE

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

He peers up Cherry Street finally, at the 76-story Columbia Center looming above everything.

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

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

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

He jumps up, hurries over and stoops to grab it. When-

LEO (O.S.)

I wouldn't do that, my friend!

And Bruce jerks around to see LEO, a gloomy-looking man of 40 or so, wearing an expensive leather jacket and jeans.

Leaning against a wall on a portable chair. His top-quality backpack on the ground beside him.

LEO

It could be full of bugs... Crab lice, you know? You get one on you, say goodbye to the neighborhood! Pick that filthy thing up if you want, but-

BRUCE

Well, I'm freezing to death! Jesus!

Leo nods - studying Bruce. The panic and shame on his face, the shivering, the tense shifting of weight from leg to leg.

Bruce glances at the blanket again then shrugs, giving up.

Leo pulls a pack of Top Tobacco from his coat. He rolls a cigarette, lights it, and takes a long drag. Then, leaning against the wall, exhales slowly. And:

LEO
 So what happened, my friend? Here
 you are shivering to death. Exactly
 how long have you been homeless?

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

Leo takes another long drag and considers this. And then:

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

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

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

EXT. CHERRY ST. / 200 BLOCK - SOON AFTERWARDS

Leo and Bruce plodding down the dark, deserted sidewalk.

LEO
 I know they have an empty bed. The
 question is whether they'll let us
 in this late at night.

BRUCE
 It's not like a... a shelter. Is it?

Leo snorts and walks on. As Bruce hesitates for a moment,
 frowning, but then follows.

As, meanwhile, up the street behind them...

The enormous Columbia Center building looms over it all.

EXT. COLUMBIA CENTER, PENTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON a brightly lit window, where a dark figure stands.

INT. COLUMBIA CENTER, PENTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The figure is Petey. A glass of champagne in his hand as he
 gloomily ponders his reflection in the window.

He's in the study of a huge apartment. Minimalist elegance in cold blacks, whites and grays. To one side: a Nautilus machine, a punching bag and a stationary bicycle.

Suddenly, the sounds of a party (including a live band with a famous singer (Deborah Harry, perhaps?)) intrude, and—

Petey turns to see Adam entering - the blaring colors of an extravagant birthday party visible out the door behind him.

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

ADAM

Petey'll be out in a second, girls.

A drunken 35ish yuppie peers in now, spots Petey and shouts:

DRUNK YUPPIE

Hey, Van Self! Happy birthday, Bud!

And Adam pulls the door shut. Then, smiling, pours himself a glass of champagne and raises it.

ADAM

Happy 35th, Pete.

But... no response. And so Adam strolls to Petey and clinks his glass. And Petey looks at him - teary-eyed:

PETEY

He fucked me, Adam. Again! My own independent income, the day I turn 35. He promised! I'm supposed to be able to quit that stupid job.

And he spins in sudden rage, hurls his glass and it

SHATTERS against the wall. Right beside...

A portrait of Uncle Henry in a three-piece suit. Smiling as he stands with a world globe under his arm like a basketball.

PETEY

This fucking penthouse is supposed to be mine today, Adam!

He closes his eyes, to calm down. Then pulls a handkerchief out and hurries to the painting and wipes champagne from it.

ADAM

At least he paid for a great party!

Pausing in his cleaning, Petey turns back to Adam and sighs.

PETEY

Man, I wonder sometimes if he's not just gonna fuck me over. Give it all to the Libertarians at the last minute, you know? He just hates the thought of me getting it all.

ADAM

He'll give it to you; you're family.

(beat)

Just... on Sunday, Pete? Be selfish, okay? Beat this guy to a bloody pulp, like he wants. To inherit 20 billion dollars? Hell! I'd beat my own Mom to death for half that.

Petey scowls at this, then spins back to inspect the portrait.

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

Against a chorus of SNORING we can see, in dim light from an outside corridor...

Two rows of bunk beds lining opposite walls. And suddenly

The lights switch on, revealing...

A fully clothed Bruce, sleeping in a bottom bunk with the label 22B fixed to its end. And as he turns from the glare-

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

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

COTTON

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

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

But THORNTON, 60ish and white, just sits in bed - furious:

THORNTON

Why do you treat us like this, Cotton?

COTTON

Excuse me? Treat you like what?

THORNTON

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

COTTON

(sighing)

Look, it's Wednesday, and that's
cleanup day. And I can't clean up
with you human beings in the way.

Muttering, Thornton stands up and lights a cigarette. As
Cotton locates Bruce - seated staring forlornly about him:

COTTON

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

Bruce takes his boots from wooden locker 22B beside his bunk,
pulls them on. Hesitates, then starts across the dorm for
Leo - who is just now turning from his own locker.

BRUCE

Say, Leo. Could you tell me where-

LEO

Stop! Whoa! I didn't say I was
adopting you. Do you see those?

He points downward, at Bruce's boots, and a stunned Bruce
peers down, then looks back up at Leo. Not getting it.

LEO

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

And he spins and strides from the dorm and out a stairwell
door just outside. As Bruce stares after him, hurt.

Thornton shakes his head in contempt at Leo's behavior. Then
starts COUGHING violently. As

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

BRUCE

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

COTTON

Program Office. Oh-nine-hundred.

Bruce starts to object, but... stops. He pulls his change from his pocket and stares down at it - 62 cents.

And we PULL AWAY from him now, backwards through the dorm to the dorm window, and then OUT THROUGH IT to find that

The dorm is on the 4th floor of that 5-story brick building the homeless were lined up outside the day before. As

Several men exit its ground-floor entrance below, out into the early morning darkness. And

We CLOSE ON that entrance now, and the sign over it with an image of a mariner's compass and the words "Compass Center."

EXT. PIONEER SQUARE PARK - 3 HOURS LATER

A cold, sunny morning. Pedestrian and vehicular traffic all around, and in the distance we see...

Dobbs. Joking with a young couple in business wear, as the girl takes a dollar from her bag and hands it to him.

And then, smiling, pulls her boyfriend away along the street. The two holding hands - laughing, obviously madly in love.

THORNTON (O.S.)

Kids are in love. Look at em!

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

Bruce. Leaned over, head in hands. Shivering. Dejected.

THORNTON

I used to live for that feeling. God!

BRUCE

Love? That's just chemicals in your brain.

THORNTON

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

And Bruce forgets his gloom, to stare at him in surprise.

THORNTON

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

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

THORNTON

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

(remembering, wistful)

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

He pauses, his expression turning from wistful to practical.

THORNTON

Now, what are you going to say to this angel when you get her alone? "Gee, you sure do arouse the chemicals in my brain"? Please!

Bruce stares at him, as if at a madman. As Thornton smiles and nods back, before breaking into violent COUGHING.

EXT. OCCIDENTAL AVE. - AN HOUR LATER

Bruce and Thornton trudge south toward Washington Street.

THORNTON

Okay, so they fired you. Which I woulda done, too, by the way, you didn't show up your first day of work for me. So get another job.

BRUCE

I have 3 dollars and 37 cents... on me. How am I supposed to get a job if the incompetent

(exploding)

Seattle police can't find my car!?

Thornton tries to reply, but starts COUGHING instead. As

Bruce turns to study the display window of a building they pass. A shabby coat with a \$6 price tag its featured item.

He peers up at the "Goodwill Thrift Store" sign overhead. Then around at the warmly dressed passersby, and shivers.

THORNTON

There's day jobs. Unloading trucks,
yard work once spring's here. What
you do first, though, you get down
to the vampire's and sell some blood.

(off Bruce's horror)

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

They've reached Washington St. now, and turn westward on it,
toward the waterfront. When suddenly—

WHAM! A body crashes into the building before them. Leo's
body. Now sporting a black eye and a bloody nose.

Pursuing him the ARBITRAGER - a tall, mid-30ish white man in
a 3-piece suit and power tie. Plus his 15-year-old nephew.

ARBITRAGER

I know what you are fucker, and I'm
glad you're on the street! And you
can't do that shit down here, either.

Passersby are stopped all around watching. Nearby, two
15ish-looking girls are horrified:

15-YEAR-OLD GIRL

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

And now the bully grabs Leo again, and Bruce edges forward.
But stops when the man turns to glare at him.

Glancing quickly around then, Bruce sees...

The man's briefcase, on the sidewalk beside the building.
And so he smiles and starts to speak - calmly, soothingly:

BRUCE

You've been working hard. You are
so tired. You don't want to fight.

The Arbitrageur releases Leo, and straightens up to glower at
Bruce. But Thornton is pulling Bruce away down the street:

THORNTON

What are you doing? That piece of
crap deserves every ass kicking he
can get!

(beat)

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

EXT. COMPASS CENTER - 2 MINUTES LATER

Thornton and Bruce trudge toward the front steps. Where all of a sudden Petey steps out the door. Lighting a cigarette.

PETEY

Hey, how you guys doing?

THORNTON

Great, Pete! Got to see that piece of crap Leo gettin his ass kicked.

He turns and points two blocks back up the street, where

The Arbitrager's nephew kicks Leo in the back now, twice, and then spits on him. To Petey's amusement:

PETEY

Leo the child molester. Cut off by his own, high-society friends.

(pondering)

Well, sort of high-society, I guess...

He takes a deep drag and exhales. Then peers around, looking for someone. As Thornton introduces him to Bruce:

THORNTON

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

(off Petey's disinterest)

Well, best go make our reservations.

Petey murmurs "mmmm," and Thornton and Bruce climb past him and vanish inside. As Petey peers around again.

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

And he flicks his half-smoked cigarette away. Smirking as they all scramble to get to it first.

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

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

Bruce chowing down at a table across from Thornton and EVE, his feisty-looking elderly girlfriend.

THORNTON

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

Bruce stops eating and stares at him. Not understanding.

THORNTON

I'm all out of chemicals, man! I used em all. Probably never get to enjoy that amazing feeling of falling in love again. It's tragic.

(beat)

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

EVE

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

At which the two share a look of mock anger, before bursting into laughter. When suddenly—

TRUNESH (O.S.)

Well, well, well! Look who's dining at the mission!

And she's sneering down at Bruce, meal tray in hand. As her three friends (one obese, one veiled) move off to find seats.

TRUNESH

So what, Mummy and Daddy throw you out the house, Yuppie?

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

IN THE BACKGROUND, we spot...

Petey. Eating in the separate staff area, together with...

Rotund black MARTINE, thin white JEFFREY, and a pretty white woman with layered light brown hair whose t-shirt identifies her as "The Bellevue Bullet." All of them late 20ish.

Petey looks up, to stare with interest across the room at

Trunesh. Smirking down at Bruce, and then strolling away.

And we CLOSE BACK ON Bruce, and his new friends. Thornton smiling admiringly after Trunesh, while Eve scowls:

EVE

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

INT. COMPASS CENTER / PROGRAM OFFICE - AFTERNOON

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

Martine sits at one of the desks. Filling out paperwork.

Jeffrey stands looking out the open Program Office window, beside him a computer printout of names with assigned monetary amounts, a receipt book, and a metal cashbox. As

A line of men and women with various incapacities (physical, mental, or sometimes both) step up to the window to...

Sign for and receive small allowances of money from Jeffrey.

In the back are three private offices. In one of which we see Petey, talking with a tough-looking 30ish white man.

He puts his arm around that man now, smiling, and walks him out into the office proper.

PETEY

Look, if you still don't think it's alcoholism ruining your life, Mark, then here, I'll buy you your next mother-fucking bottle myself.

And he pulls a ten-dollar bill from his wallet and holds it out. And Mark stares at it - his eyes wide. Weakening.

PETEY

Do what you gotta do, man. We only live once.

And Mark breaks down and snatches the bill. Mumbling "thank you" then, he rushes out the door next to the office window. And as Martine shakes her head in disapproval, Petey laughs:

PETEY

Oh, come on, Martine. No way he's desperate enough to quit yet. You wanna help these people, you gotta meet them where they are first!

MARTINE

How you've managed to keep this job for three whole years is a-

PETEY

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

He steps to a white board beside the mailbox grid, on which the 56 male residents' names are written. Studies it, and:

PETEY

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

Martine shrugs, not knowing. But then Jeffrey turns briefly:

JEFFREY

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

Petey nods at this information, weighing it. Then laughs.

INT. TEENAGE GIRL'S BEDROOM

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

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

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

ANGELA

These Buds're for you, Mr. Monsoon!

And the scene freezes, to become...

A COLOR PHOTOGRAPH. And...

FLAMES curl the photo's lower left corner, as it shrinks to occupy less and less of the frame. To reveal, in the b.g....

INT. COMPASS CENTER / 4TH FLOOR LOUNGE - EVENING

Bruce. Seated on a couch peering gloomily around.

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

Four men (two black, one WHITE, one HISPANIC) play a loud game of spades at the table, in the center of the room.

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

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

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

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

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

He twists it now, to read the message on its back before the flames erase it:

INSERT - FEMININE HANDWRITING ON REVERSE SIDE OF PHOTO:

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

Your Angela

END INSERT

Dropping the photo into the ashtray, Leo stands, lifts his backpack from the floor, and exits the room. The stairwell door is then heard OPENING off-screen, and SLAMMING closed.

Meanwhile, one of the crackheads begins to toss spit wads at Manic - to Manic's evident unease.

And PONTIUS (40ish and black, dressed in work clothes) looks up from the newspaper he's reading, to study Bruce.

PONTIUS

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

BRUCE

And chase cars when they drive by?
Some of you, yeah.
(snapping his fingers)
Not most of you. Not right away.

And as one card player deals a new hand now, another - 30ish blond pothead JOHN - turns toward Bruce and smirks:

JOHN

So the Hilton sold out?

Bruce stares at him, not comprehending.

JOHN

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

BRUCE

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

He nods, as he studies John. Then, suddenly:

BRUCE

Watch out, they can see your cards!

JOHN

What? Bullshit!

Which it is, too; John hasn't turned his cards over. But as he does so now, he pulls them close to his chest and glowers suspiciously around at the other players.

And as Bruce smirks, another of the players, JIMMY (Mexican-American, 30, long scar on one cheek), turns to him:

JIMMY

Hey, can you hypnotize me so I don't
wanna drink anymore, Bro?

(off Bruce's look of
distrust)

I don't think I can stand going to
AA the rest of my life!

BRUCE

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

(studying Jimmy)

But you look like you're doing good.

Jimmy shrugs. And then the elevator is heard arriving, and a loud man's voice (DON's; we'll meet him later) RINGS OUT:

DON (O.S.)

You have a nice night now, Richard!

The elevator door SHUTS, and female VOICES recede upward as

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

CHRIS

Well, hey. What's wrong, Richard?

RICHARD

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

(off Chris's confusion)

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

And he stomps off to his dorm, sobbing. As Chris stands with a sigh and follows. And the card players all crack up:

JOHN
I'm Tabitha! Christ, what a nuthouse!

BLACK CARDPLAYER
When's he cuttin' em off? Ooh!

Pontius looks up from his newspaper. Glares at the spitwad-throwing CRACKHEAD, and snarls:

PONTIUS
Still tormenting the poor and weak,
are you?

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

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

The crackhead glares back, scornful but nervous. He stands then, and addresses his taller, pretty boy-looking friend:

CRACKHEAD
Tired old losers! Let's go, Tone.
(no response)
Come on, man! I got a idea...

Tone stands, and they storm from the dorm and down the stairs.

PONTIUS
A idea! Like sellin your friend's
ass to some freak for a rock.
(then, yawning)
Well, Christ. Time for bed, I guess.

And he stands, trudges from the lounge toward his dorm wing, as several men wish him "Good Night, Pontius." While

Bruce looks around - disconsolate. Checking out his fellow homeless. Slowly, from face to character-flawed face. As

Manic SOLILOQUIZES off screen - rapid, barely intelligible:

MANIC (O.S.)
I think; therefore I am. Okay, fine.
But beyond that then, what?

Bruce shakes his head sadly. As Manic pauses, then laughs:

MANIC (O.S.)

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

(beat)

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

(thoughtful)

To... to torment me out of my head,
I guess, so kudos to you on that,
because it is absolutely working...

As Manic laughs sadly, Bruce buries his head in his hands.

INT. PLASMA CENTER - THE FOLLOWING MORNING

CLOSE ON: A tourniquetted arm being sanitized. And now a
hand slides a needle into the vein, and we PULL BACK as

A middle-aged red-haired NURSE undoes the tourniquet, of a
man lying on one of many beds in a busy plasma center ward.

NURSE

Okay, sir. You can start pumping.

And he makes a fist, then releases it - pumping blood down a
plastic tube toward a small bag at the side of the bed. As

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

Bruce. Entering the front door to the center's reception
area. And as we CLOSE ON him, he stares around glumly at...

BRUCE'S POV: The reception counter first, behind it a cheery,
30ish woman receptionist, bent over some paperwork.

And then over the room divider at the beds visible in the
donation area. Occupied by a wide diversity of people in
different stages of the blood plasma donation process.

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

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

BRUCE

Shouldn't I get more than 7 bucks
if I'm saving people's lives?

The receptionist looks up at him with a quizzical smile. At which Bruce scowls for a second, but then shrugs resignedly and rolls up a sleeve:

BRUCE

Never mind. So how many gallons do you guys want? I need a coat.

She laughs at this, and after a moment he does, too.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT TERMINAL 1 - DAY

A hectic morning. Arriving business passengers, an excited stewardess and pilot hand-in-hand waving for a cab, a noisy swarm of middle school students and their teachers.

CLOSE ON: The terminal doors. As Petey and Adam stride out of them together, carrying suit bags and briefcases.

A horn HONKS, a van pulls to the curve, and Ray smiles out the window and gestures back to the side door.

INT. THE VAN - A BIT LATER

Petey, Adam and Shorty seated in back. We catch a glimpse as well of Monte up front, driving with Ray seated beside him.

All five men wearing army uniforms. Ray's that of a captain.

Petey stares at his hands for a moment - clenching them into fists, then relaxing them. He looks up suddenly, at Shorty:

PETEY

So Shorty, you smell what I do? A sneaky little... short fucking rat?

SHORTY

(chuckling)

I'm not here to rat on you, Petey, we're taping this one. Mr. Van Self insists.

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

Three floors of red brick and ivy, with a guard booth at the entry gate. A sign above the gate identifies the facility.

The van cruises past the home, turns at the next corner, and parks. As meanwhile, across the street from it...

Parishioners swarm from a church where mass has just ended.

The team climb out and march back toward the officers' home. Shorty lugging a suitcase, Petey a briefcase.

PETEY

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

INSERT: A TV SCREEN, SHOWING CAMCORDER FOOTAGE:

The poor old fuck with Alzheimer's stands by his bed in his pajamas. He is late-70ish, clean shaven, dignified.

Photos from his distinguished career decorate the room. In most the GENERAL is older, but in one he is a happy 35ish newlywed - in uniform beside his beautiful beaming bride.

He smiles now at Petey, whose back is to the camera:

GENERAL

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

PETEY

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

The general gazes at Petey expectantly. And suddenly

Petey lunges forward! SMASHING the general in the jaw with his fist. Rocking his head and knocking him onto the bed.

PETEY

No one! And that means no one...

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

PETEY

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

END INSERT and REVERSE ONTO...

Henry in his hospital bed, eyes riveted to the TV before him. His condition worse than before, but he's loving the show.

HENRY

You no good, cocksucking Army trash!

RE-INSERT TV SCREEN, as...

The general tries to escape across the bed, SOBBING in panic, but Petey drags him back. Echoing Henry's exact same words:

PETEY

You no good, cocksucking Army trash!

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

The general throws the clock at him now, but Petey ducks and it flies straight at us, knocks the camera to the floor.

And all we can do is hear THUDS as Petey punches the general several more times. Hard. GRUNTING with exertion each time.

END INSERT and REVERSE ONTO...

Henry again. Listening in fascination, the drool dripping slowly from his chin.

And now we REVERSE TO the screen, as Petey lifts the camera back onto its tripod. GASPING, his eyes wild as he stares at us. The general motionless on the bed behind him.

PETEY

There! You satisfied, Uncle Henry?

And we REVERSE again ONTO...

Henry. Wheezing, his glassy eyes fixed on the TV. As he raises the remote and clicks it off.

HENRY

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

And we PULL BACK to discover Petey, Adam and Shorty standing nearby, watching him.

HENRY

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

(amused)

Course, I didn't puke my guts out afterward then, neither.

Petey glares in anger at Shorty. Then turns back to Henry:

PETEY

Well, I didn't beat him to death-

HENRY

Get out, both of you! Let me enjoy
this moment alone with my nephew.
(as Shorty and Adam leave)
Man's 78, Pete. Almost my age. No
way he survives that kind of beating!

He wheeze-laughs with delight at this. And then...

HENRY

Oh, and by the way you can quit
your job at the shelter now. Son.

Petey stares at him - unsure whether this is good or bad.

HENRY

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

Petey smiles, shaking his head as if to clear defective ears.

HENRY

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

Petey just stares back at him, in shock.

HENRY

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

INT. A NEW APARTMENT - AFTERNOON - THE NEXT WEEK

SALVADOR (45ish, stocky, Hispanic) lies on a couch beside an
interior wall. Deep in a peaceful hypnotic trance.

PULLING BACK, we see that the apartment is being moved into.
Displaced furniture, household appliances, taped up cardboard
boxes cover the wooden floors. As

BRUCE (O.S.)

Just help me get there for a week,
I'll rent a car my first check.

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

BRUCE

Sir, I operate all this stuff. The backhoe, the crane... Got lots of experience with explosives, too, so-
 (dial tone)
 So you don't care. Fuck!

He sighs, steps to the couch and puts the phone in Salvador's hand, folding the man's fingers around it. Then turns to

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

BRUCE

Ready to move that fridge, Jimmy?

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

EXT. - THE APARTMENT BUILDING - A SHORT WHILE LATER

From an outdoor stairway between the 2nd and 3rd floors, we see a moving van at the curb before the building. On its side the legend "Gomez Moving." As...

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

And now here's Jimmy, gripping the other end as he follows.

The fridge is heavy; it's only a few steps to the 3rd floor landing, but they have to stop twice to catch their breaths.

They finally reach the landing, and set the appliance down beside the open apartment door. Then step away.

And as Jimmy lights a cigarette, Bruce stalks around in a circle, twisting his body to relieve his back. Angry:

BRUCE

First day in Seattle I get a job. But now, Jesus! Three ads for heavy equipment operators this week, and no one'll give me a chance. Why is it so hard for the cops to find a red Firebird-?

JIMMY

Maybe cause it's in Mexico by now?

Bruce shakes his head with a scowl.

INT. THE APARTMENT - FIVE MINUTES LATER

As Jimmy removes the protective padding from the fridge, Bruce grabs a chair and sits down beside Salvador.

JIMMY

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

BRUCE

In an emergency, yeah. Well, I don't snap my fingers, I shout the name of some, er... breakfast cereal.

For Salvador, it's Captain Crunch.

(laughing)

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

(frowning)

Or that's what my Dad said. Myself, I'm not much into treating people.

JIMMY

You're treating Salvador's back.

BRUCE

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

JIMMY

Yeah, I dunno why he won't...

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

BRUCE

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

(pausing)

Now we've all worked hard today, and there's just a little bit left to finish up. And so I'm going to count from 1 up to 5 now, as you-

He suddenly stops here, though, as... a young couple bounce through the door into the room.

Carrying a box of pizza and followed by their two children. All gazing around eagerly.

THE WIFE

You're almost done! Great! Hey,
we brought you guys some pizza!

BRUCE

(turning back to Salvador)
Our clients are here. Earlier than
expected, Captain Crunch!

And Salvador's eyes snap open. He sits up and then stands,
smiling contentedly as he rubs his back. And then:

SALVADOR

Folks, there's just a little bit
left to finish up. And then me
and the boys would love some pizza!

EXT. COMPASS CENTER - LATE AFTERNOON

A crowd watches an ambulance parked outside the center, as...

The Gomez Movers van pulls up at the curb across the street.
Near where THREE YOUNG HISPANICS stand joking. And

Bruce, Jimmy and Salvador climb from the cab, Bruce in that
\$6 coat from the Goodwill.

SALVADOR

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

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

SALVADOR

Eight hours at 10 bucks per. That's
eighty dollars each, boys.

JIMMY

Okay, Bro, thanks. See you back
down here tomorrow then. Oh 6:30.

Salvador nods, turns, jumps back in the van and drives off,
as Bruce and Jimmy gaze after him in exhaustion.

BRUCE

Man! My back's killing me now-

YOUNG HISPANIC

Ten bucks an hour? Yo, that old
fool don't pay us no more than five!

JIMMY

He pays us ten, Bro. Me and Bruce.

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

Two attendants push a stretcher into the ambulance. On it Trunesh's obese friend, wearing a respiratory mask. As

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

JIMMY

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

BRUCE

Maybe. That's hard to predict.

INT. COMPASS CENTER / 1ST FLOOR LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Diverse homeless occupy sofas along the lobby's east and west walls - reading, dozing, smoking, etc.

The front door opens now, and Jimmy and Bruce enter and plod across the lobby toward...

Overweight, mid-50ish DON. Sitting on a tall stool below the elevator access ramp at the far end of the lobby.

To Don's left is the Program Office - its staff entry door open but its client consultation window closed for the day.

Beside the Program Office, a passage leads off to an unseen area of the first floor (the male residents' TV lounge).

Seeing Jimmy and Bruce approach, Don stands and shouts "GOING UP!" and four men hurry from the TV lounge to board. One of them, 60ish-looking CHARLIE, is stumbling drunk.

DON

You been drinking, Charlie?

Charlie shakes his head no, and Don lets him wobble aboard the ancient birdcage elevator. Then steps in after him.

INT. 4TH FLOOR / LOUNGE - THAT EVENING

A crowd similar to before: Pontius and Thornton, Jimmy and the same three others playing a loud game of cards. As

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

The mean crackhead flicks spitwads at him. As

Two 20ish-looking Mexican illegal immigrants talk in Spanish about finding work. And as

Thornton previews his death for fat, jovial 60ish BROOKLYN:

THORNTON

Pretty obvious how I'm going, Brook.
Ma and Pop both died of cancer. And
the way I smoke?

Brooklyn ponders this, as we hear the elevator arrive off-screen. And then:

BROOKLYN

(in a Brooklyn accent)
Heart attack's taking me, Thornton.
For sure. Either that or, uh...

As Bruce enters now, carrying an open pint of milk and a shopping bag. Which he reaches into, and pulls out...

A pair of new work gloves. Then tosses them to Jimmy, who laughs as he examines them:

JIMMY

Yeah, Bruce, you're right. These'll
help a lot.

THORNTON

(chuckling)
Another day, another couple bucks
closer to that used car, eh Bruce?
(back to Brooklyn)
Either your heart or what, Brooklyn?

BROOKLYN

Well, I've slowed down, Thorny.
CIA could catch up with me any time,
you know? And if they ever do, uh...

Many lounge occupants stop what they're doing - curious to learn what the CIA will do if they catch Brooklyn. And

Brooklyn mimes a slash across his throat, and everyone laughs.

BLACK CARDPLAYER

Man! You and the CIA!

Now John takes a chain with a marijuana leaf pendant on it from his neck and turns to Bruce, swings it back and forth:

JOHN

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

Pontius peers up from his paper at Bruce, curious about how he'll respond. As Jimmy stands, snorting:

JIMMY

Well I'm getting sleepy. Gotta go!
(to Bruce)
You better crash pretty soon, too, Bro. Six a.m. comes real early!

But as he turns to leave the lounge, John suddenly erupts:

JOHN

Come on, Jim! Why you finding this guy work? You asked him to help you, and what was it? "I don't do that no more. I do construction—"

JIMMY

Guess he has his reasons, Bro.

Exasperated, John turns and makes a squinty, buck-toothed Chinaman face at Bruce. Who ponders him, and then:

BRUCE

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

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

Bruce drinks some milk. And notices Pontius and Thornton chuckling together at how he put John in his place.

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

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

Bruce and his DAD, who turn and lug the boxes away.

DAD

You wanna do something "big," huh? You do know Bruce Lee's fights were all planned out? Before they even bought the film for those cameras.

Bruce snorts. Apparently already aware of this.

DAD
 Try that stuff in real life... hello
 early funeral ceremony. Or if you're
 a bit less lucky, hello wheelchair.

EXT. A SHADY AREA - A LITTLE LATER

In the shade of a mud-spattered road grader, father and son
 eat from their lunchboxes. Apart from the other workers.

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

BRUCE
 What "folks"? Lazy old farm women?

DAD
 Sure, why not? Everyone needs help
 sometime. You do, too.
 (pondering)
 You're not one of those people who
 only take, are you? Never give a
 thing back? Except poison. Only
 time those idiots make the world a
 better place is when they leave it!

Bruce stares at him - taken aback by this.

DAD
 Just wanna be sure you have skills
 the world needs, Bruce. I won't
 be around for you forever, you know.

And we CLOSE ON Bruce, pondering this in sorrow. When-

A STREAM OF WATER hits him in the face! And he turns to see
 his Dad several yards away now, spraying him with a hose.

DAD
 Something to wash that sandwich down
 with, Bruce?

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

END OF DREAM. RESUME TO PRESENT:

BRUCE (V.O.)
 WHAT THE-!?!

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

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

Charlie, the drunk man Don let up earlier, is beside Bruce's bunk, apparently believing it to be the nearest urinal.

Bruce jumps up, pushes Charlie away and then sidekicks him in the chest - knocking him SQUAWKING on the floor.

And as Chris runs into the dorm with his flashlight, many of the overhead lights come on all at once.

Most of the dorm occupants are awake now - glaring at Bruce and the CURSING old man on the floor.

THORNTON (O.S.)

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

EXT. COMPASS CENTER - SOON AFTERWARD

BLAM!!! Bruce flies out the front door - furious. Trailed by LES, the nervous-looking 60ish night elevator operator:

LES

I know how you feel, but the regs!
Can't let you back in till morning...

Bruce stops and spins back toward him, fists clenched. But then turns and stomps off up the sidewalk. As

Fred and Mark stumble from the wall to try to panhandle Bruce, but when he glares daggers at them back off.

A bit farther on then he sees a trash can - which he stomps to and kicks over, knocking garbage onto the street.

EXT. 1ST & WASHINGTON - MOMENTS LATER

As usual, LOUD CLUB MUSIC and drunken partygoers abound.

Bruce reaches the corner and stops, looks down in disgust at his freshly urinated-on apparel. When-

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Let me guess. Someone mistook your
bed for the urinal.

And Bruce spins to see...

Leo. Leaning against a building wall on his portable chair. His backpack sitting beside him. Smoking.

LEO
That can happen. Get em to switch
you to a top bunk.
(and then, casually)
A red 69 Firebird, right? Nebraska
plates?

And Bruce gapes at him - trembling, not daring to respond.

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

BRUCE
When?! Where's the Yesler Tavern?

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

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

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

BRUCE
Ready? For what, to hang yourself?

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

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

Bruce takes a moment to refocus on his own problem. Then:

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

EXT. YESLER TAVERN - SHORTLY THEREAFTER

LAUGHING, the car thieves and their DATE (30, too thin) exit the tavern and head across the street toward the Firebird.

Car Thief 1 in Bruce's sport coat, the car a coat of filth.

DATE
(giggling)
Why don't you wash your car?

BRUCE (O.S.)
Because it's not their car. Could I
have my keys, partner?

And he steps suddenly between the thieves and his car. To their momentary shock, but then:

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

And he reaches into his pocket, and whips out...

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

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

And as their date flees, the thieves maneuver between Bruce and his car. Cold and determined, their fists clenched:

CAR THIEF 1
Ain't your car no more, punk. Now
get out of here before we hurt you.

Bruce glances down at his pants, as a drop of urine drips slowly off them onto the sidewalk. When suddenly-

Car Thief 1 feints a charge, and-

Bruce explodes! Knocking the man to the ground with a jump reverse spin kick. Then spinning to attack Car Thief 2.

While various drunken passersby hurry over to watch.

As a martial artist Bruce is more Shmaltz than Lee, but what he lacks in skill he makes up for with sheer panic. The car thieves fight back, but they are drunk and overmatched.

Finally Bruce lands another kick to Car Thief 1's head and the man collapses, to lie MOANING on the ground. As

Bruce jumps after Car Thief 2, trying to crawl off in terror. KO's him with a head kick, and glares down at him. But-

Car Thief 1 has crawled to the car now, and struggles to his feet. Pulls the keys from his pocket, only to find-

A .38 special in his face.

LEO

May I have those keys, please?

And the terrified man hands over the keys, turns and... WHAM!
Gets knocked into Na Na Land by Bruce's right foot.

Bruce stomps around in a circle then, the adrenalin raging
through his body. Stops to glare down at Thief 1, and

Kicks him hard a few more times:

BRUCE

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

(scowling)

I shoulda done this the first time.

He catches himself then, and turns to glare at...

Leo. Who quickly hands him his car keys. Which Bruce grabs,
and ponders for a moment as he calms down. Then

Steps to the car, opens the passenger side door and reaches
up under the seat. Laughing with relief, pulls out

A roll of bills! Then sadly surveys...

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

He straightens up, still breathing hard. Teary-eyed, smiles
and pats Leo on the shoulder:

BRUCE

Man, thank you! I just- Wow! You
saved my life! You really- Man!

(suddenly incredulous)

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

Leo stares back at him for a moment, but doesn't answer.

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

The door closed, Leo and Bruce the sole occupants. Seated
across the card table from each other.

Bruce back in his blue jeans and black leather jacket.

LEO

A child molester! Who told you that?

He struggles for a moment to control his anger. Then sighs:

LEO

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

(bitter)

Wrap your head around that! Because I am talking really young children. Six, seven... That's who you should be rousting. Damn pedophiles!

Bruce's eyes narrow at this, and Leo sighs.

LEO

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

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

LEO

You guys still use pocket watches?

BRUCE

This was my Dad's.

(off Leo's nod)

Okay, then... just lie down on your back on the sofa there, Leo. Take your shoes off first, if you want.

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

BRUCE

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

Leo complies, and Bruce dangles his watch above his chest and begins his induction - his voice calm and soothing:

BRUCE

I want you to look at my watch, Leo. Stare intently at my watch. Don't let your eyes leave it for a second. Stare very deeply and steadily at my watch. And I want you to take three long, deep breaths.

Leo stares intently up at Bruce's watch - his chest heaving.

AS, IN THE HALLWAY OUTSIDE...

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

INT. COMPASS CENTER / 1ST FLOOR LOBBY - 12:55 P.M.

IN SLOW MOTION, with the AUDIO MUTED for this scene...

A ONE-HUNDRED-DOLLAR BILL sails on an upward arc in the air.

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

As, below this small flying fortune...

Twenty or so faces stare up, tracking its trajectory. Faces belonging to the mentally disabled, substance abusing and elderly men and women who visit the Program Office each day.

The elevator operator Don among them.

Greed on their faces, they maneuver for position, for when all of these 100-dollar bills finally fall.

One tall young man jumps, stretching an arm as high as he can. And his hand closes around several bills, and

BEDLAM! We've got our audio back, in other words.

We're at FULL SPEED again, too. And as the bills fall...

The people scramble and push and punch each other to jump and seize as many as they possibly can. As

PETEY (O.S.)

Ho, ho, ho! Merry last day of work
in this fucking hole for me, my
homeless confreres!

And through the crowd we spot...

Petey by the Program Office door. In a tuxedo, gripping a shopping bag. Which he reaches into now, and hurls another fistful of bills into the air.

And men are racing past him from the TV lounge, to join in the free-for-all. As, across the lobby...

The stairwell door opens, and out step

.

Trunesh and Leo. To stare bewildered at the chaos, then shrug and stride purposefully for the door. As

PETEY

Trunesh! Hey, I got a present for you, girl.

And he tries to push toward them, but the crowd swallows him. As Trunesh snorts contemptuously and

Follows Leo, who holds the door open for her - smiling.

And as a group of excited homeless push past them into the lobby, Trunesh and Leo squeeze out of it.

EXT. COMPASS CENTER - CONTINUOUS

They descend the steps and turn west for Elliott Bay. Leo pointing across Alaskan Way toward the Washington St. Pier:

LEO

He's over there, see?

EXT. ELLIOT BAY / WASHINGTON ST. PIER - 3 MINUTES LATER

On a bench under the sun, a newspaper want ads section flutters in the breeze - three ads circled in black ink.

And we hear the approaching sound of a radio news REPORT:

RADIO NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

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

Which fades as an elderly black man carrying a transistor radio strolls past along the sidewalk.

Strenuous GRUNTS drown it out, too, as we PULL BACK to see

Bruce. Doing handstand pushups beside the bench.

TRUNESH (O.S.)

Hey, I heard what you did for Leo.

He does three more pushups, then lowers himself to his knees. Glances at his wristwatch and stands - panting.

Finally looks at her. Expressionless.

TRUNESH

That hypnotherapy. You know, trying to help him. That was so sweet! I never seen Leo all happy like this.

BRUCE

Oh... Yeah, I gave him a pick-me-up. That's what my dad used to call it. It'll wear off pretty quick; I only hypnotized him once.

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

She giggles and inserts a finger up one nostril!

Which gets a smile from him. But he picks up his paper then and steps past her - en route to the Compass:

BRUCE

Yeah. Well, I have to go now, miss-

TRUNESH

Trunesh. Can you help me... Bruce?

He stops and turns. Reluctantly, but also perhaps thrilled.

TRUNESH

Please? I'm worried about Debra. Leo says you help people lose weight.

BRUCE

Helped people lose weight, I told him. And I hated it.

(pausing)

Look, I've gotta find a job, okay?

And she steps to him now, and gently takes his arm. Which he reacts to by immediately but gently removing her hand.

BRUCE

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

TRUNESH

(laughing)

Look, I apologize for that. I'm the bitch. Sometimes. Well, okay... usually. Forgive me?

(no response)

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

BRUCE

Oh yeah, I can imagine. A Japanese guy, right?

TRUNESH

No, black... I heard you're Korean.

Bruce didn't expect this, and he looks away, embarrassed.

TRUNESH

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

INT. COMPASS CENTER / 4TH FLOOR - NIGHT

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

He finishes and then carries them into the lounge. Where...

John stands. His jeans down to his ankles. Holding one arm straight out with a vacant smile.

Among the lounge occupants Leo, Pontius and other regulars. Three playing cards, as John's place at the table is empty.

PONTIUS

Man, that is some serious voodoo!

LEO

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

BRUCE

Nah, he's just really suggestible. I can't- Most people have to want to be hypnotized. At first, anyway.

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

LEO

Doesn't pay to get on your bad side, does it? Probably best you don't have any spare time left to help me.

Upsetting Bruce, whose lips press together now as he levels out the edges of his laundry.

LEO

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

And Bruce spins to face Leo, who stares soberly back at him. Then Bruce looks around the room at the other occupants:

BRUCE
What? You guys don't think he has
this coming?

But nobody answers except Jimmy and Pontius, who only shrug. And so Bruce sighs and removes his laundry from John's arm.

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

And after John does these things, Bruce maneuvers him back to his chair. And then, after first winking at Leo, he...

Gives John a wedgie! And as everyone laughs, Leo scowls and stomps from the room. To Bruce's bewilderment. But

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

And Bruce shrugs and pushes John down into his chair. Then steps back and intones the magic cereal name of the day:

BRUCE
Fruit Loops!

And John snaps out of his trance, looks around with a smile.

INT. DUSTY, OUT-OF-USE BARBERSHOP - LATE MORNING

DEBRA (Trunesh's obese friend) lies on a barber chair. Her eyes shut, her face calm. Hypnotized.

She's 25ish, dressed in jeans, a blouse and a pseudo leather jacket that are all much too tight,

Unlike in Nebraska, Bruce's voice reveals some concern now:

BRUCE (O.S.)
Number three. More and more awake.
Completely rejuvenated in every way.
(pausing)
Four. Your eyes feel like they've
been bathed in cool spring water...

And we PULL BACK to find him standing a few feet away. Paused as he turns to casually survey the shop.

BRUCE'S POV: It's ancient. Recently cleaned but still dusty. Three barber chairs sit side-by-side, and framed photos of actors and athletes from the 60s and 70s clutter the walls.

Bruce shrugs, amused. Then turns back to Debra to finish:

BRUCE

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

Debra opens her eyes, stretches, and turns to smile at Bruce.

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

Bruce locks the door, as Debra chatters happily beside him:

DEBRA

It's lunchtime? Really? Doesn't feel like it, I'm not hungry at all, sir. Think I'll just take me a nice long walk.

Bruce laughs - pleased. She laughs, too, and pulls a sealed envelope from her coat.

DEBRA

Tru told me to give you this. Can't give you it herself, she at school.

BRUCE

(staring at the envelope)
School...

His name is scrawled on the front, and when he turns it over there's a red lipstick imprint of a woman's lips.

FADE OUT

LEO (V.O.)

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

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

They're part of a group of residents seated around an old TV, watching the afternoon news. Leo glaring at Bruce, furious.

He jumps up finally and stalks away to a distant empty chair, muttering. As Thornton snorts after him, contemptuous.

And then Thornton swivels around in his chair, to Bruce:

THORNTON

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

Bruce nods yes, in uncertainty and guilt.

THORNTON

Interesting girl. Gets a little
money from her accident, enough to
rent a place for a while. But she
decides to go to school instead.

(beat)

If she'd start dancing again she'd
be fine. And they beg her to come
back, call her all the time. But
no, she won't do it, so now she's-

A sudden SCREAM cuts him off here. A man's scream, of anger
and pain - from a nearby chair:

OLD BLACK MAN (O.S.)

Why they always hurt the kids!?!

He's 60ish - paunchy and grizzled, dressed in coveralls and
a plaid shirt under a heavy denim jacket. On his head is a
beat-up red hardhat.

He's gaping at the TV, where a reporter stands outside a
gutted school bus. The caption at screen bottom reading:

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

TV NEWS REPORTER

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

The report continues, but everyone is staring at the old man
now - as he rocks back and forth in his chair, sobbing:

OLD BLACK MAN

We sposed to protect our children,
people. Give em a chance to live!

Thornton shakes his head sadly and turns back to Bruce. Just
as, suddenly-

Leo stomps back across the room to Bruce, wild-eyed, the pent-up saliva flying as he screams down at him:

LEO

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

(off Bruce's shock)

I've taught you gooks. You really like our school system, don't you?

(laughing)

You come over here, study hard, get into our Ivy League universities.

He pauses, reflecting. And then his tone turns more bitter:

LEO

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

(laughing)

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

He snorts.

LEO

Because you're superior, aren't you? We're destined to be your servants someday, right? You arrogant gooks.

Bruce stares at him, in curiosity that outweighs his anger.

BRUCE

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

LEO

(in a demonic voice)

Beelzebub, fucker! The Bold!

BRUCE

Uh-huh... I see. Well you really—

And Leo suddenly spits in Bruce's face! And then:

LEO

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

WHAM!!! He's against the wall. Bruce's hands around his throat as Bruce glares at him in sudden fury.

LEO

Did he kick drunks when they were unconscious, too?

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

BRUCE

Wow, a guy who needs parts therapy!

Frowning. And then, since no one has a clue what he means:

BRUCE

Everyone has different parts. Lots of different "I"s - not just one. Today "I" quit drinking for good, but then tomorrow "I" get drunk as a skunk. That's two different "I"s of mine, see, who can't agree. And in some people sometimes, one part, one "I" - which the other "I"s may not even know about - does crazy stuff that ruins the person's life. And so... parts therapy!

He pauses, sighs as he reflects on this:

BRUCE

Which my dad was gonna teach me...
(pondering)
Although there is this guy here in Seattle Dad used to talk about. Charlie, umm- Nah, he'd be too old-

THORNTON

Well there's no therapeuting that anyway. Pedophiles can't be cured.
(nodding toward the TV)
That's who they should be blowing up!

BRUCE

Well, Leo says he's not a pedophile-

THORNTON

And you believe him? You're so naive! What else is he gonna say?
(thoughtfully)
Nah, Bruce, he's one of 'em. You can tell just by looking at him.

Bruce stares at him, thoughtful. Then turns toward the TV, where reporters are interviewing witnesses now. As...

OLD BLACK MAN
We sposed to protect our children,
people! What are we without them?

And as he ponders the man, Bruce wipes the spit from his face

EXT. PIONEER SQUARE PARK, THE BARBERSHOP - DAY

A drizzly day. Leo stands against the building wall, close to the barbershop door. Keeping dry as he watches...

An innocent-looking TEENAGE GIRL on the sidewalk near him, holding an umbrella and looking all around - impatient. Each time she turns his way, Leo averts his eyes.

And when she turns now and strides toward him, Leo blanches.

TEENAGE GIRL
Hey, perv. You got the time?

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

She curses. Then smiles at him haltingly. Then stomps off. Leo watching her go, when he sees...

The Arbitrager and his nephew, strolling his way. And as the Arbitrager kicks a bottle from two winos on a bench several feet away, Leo hides his face. And-

BANG!! From somewhere nearby a car backfires. And when Leo spins back, shaken, the bad guys are gone. But:

BRUCE (O.S.)
The important thing's not what you
weigh, Debra; it's how you feel.

And Debra emerges from the barbershop door - very happy:

DEBRA
Oh, I feel great! Unbelievable.
You have a good day, sir. Hi, Leo!

Leo nods, and as she walks away Bruce appears. And the two men stare uneasily at each other. Until finally...

Bruce reaches a decision. Looks around to be sure no one is watching, then gestures for Leo to hurry inside.

INT. THE BARBERSHOP - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Leo and Bruce sit on barber chairs swiveled so they face each other. Mutually distrustful.

LEO

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

BRUCE

No, but if you really want me to do this then I need to know. I get that you have this obsession. But are you really, honest-to-God suicidal, too?

LEO

(sighing)

Okay... yes, that is the plan. I've lost everything I did have to live for. So no, no more of that respect that makes calamity of so long life in me, if you know what I mean?

Bruce's vacant stare says that he doesn't, and Leo laughs.

LEO

They don't teach Shakespeare in Nebraska?

He pauses, reflecting. Then stands, to peer around the shop at the assorted photos on the walls. Then steps to one, of:

Natalie Wood, stepping from that lake in "The Great Race." Which Leo reaches out to absently brush the dust from now.

LEO

Angela, the young lady I got fired over, she came on to me. I never did a thing; I never have. But they found all these photos she sent me, in my desk.

Meandering back toward Bruce, he laughs again - more bitterly.

LEO

Good-bye 15 years of focused effort, making sure my kids did learn about Shakespeare. That's this world!

(angry)

And why stay, if that's what this world has for me? So, am I suicidal?

He pauses, reflecting. Then shakes his head with a sigh:

LEO

Yes... I want to die. It's just a question of when. Although... what you did for me the other day, ah... well, I'm not dead yet, so why not?

He plops back down in his chair. And Bruce smiles, pulls out his pocket watch.

BRUCE

Okay. Thank you for being so open.
(pondering, then...)
One more thing. About those rich guys you saw, at that party last year. Abusing those little boys?

Leo looks confused by this, and Bruce's voice softens:

BRUCE

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

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

LEO

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

(pondering)

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

BRUCE

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

LEO

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

And he starts to stand, incensed, but Bruce smiles calmly and talks him down:

BRUCE

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

INT. COMPASS CENTER / 4TH FLOOR DORM - EARLY AFTERNOON

Bruce lying on his back in a top bunk. Dreaming, it seems, a slight smile spreading across his face.

But now his alarm clock RINGS, and Bruce sits up. Snatches the clock from his locker and switches it off.

He looks around. Most of the other bunks are empty, although some old guy dozing in one is masturbating under his blanket.

Bruce shakes his head at this. And then stretches and yawns.

INT. THE STAIRWELL - SOON AFTERWARDS

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

TRUNESH (O.S.)

Hi, Bruce!

And he turns to see her descending the stairs above. She giggles and takes his arm, and he pulls away - distrustful.

TRUNESH

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

Bruce starts down the steps - blushing. Making her laugh:

TRUNESH

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

They bound down one flight of stairs, and she grabs his arm and stops him. Smiling innocently.

TRUNESH

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

BRUCE

(slowly, but resolutely)
I can't, Trunesh, I have to go fill out some paperwork, I got my job back. Had to beg em for it, and I am not screwing this up again—

TRUNESH

Girl can't wake up. Every job she get they fire her ass the first day. You can fix that, right?

INT. COMPASS CENTER / 1ST FLOOR LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

A line of elderly, mentally unwell and substance abusing men and women extends from the Program Office window across the lobby to the building's front entrance. As...

Bruce BANGS out the stairwell door, pursued by Trunesh:

TRUNESH

Well, if you don't start till next week, come on! You can really make a difference here, Bruce.

(snarling)

Unlike some so-called counselors I know, helpin' addicts stay addicts!

(beat)

Gotta go now, Bruce. Talk later?

And Bruce turns to see her glaring across the lobby, at...

Petey. Who sees her, then disengages from John, Jimmy and Thornton and starts her way.

And as Bruce strides for the door, Trunesh pulls a thick envelope from her purse and turns to Petey:

TRUNESH

I told you to quit stalking me, man!
And you can take your fucking money back, too! I don't need it.

EXT. COMPASS CENTER - MOMENTS LATER

Bruce steps out the door and into a crowd. All looking across the street, to where...

A drunken Fred waves a broken wine bottle at the Arbitrager, facing him in a kung fu stance. His nephew a few feet away.

BRUCE

(striding across to them)

Excuse me. Guys?

ARBITRAGER

Mind your own business - faggot!

BRUCE

(hesitating, then...)

Hey, what is that, is that kung fu?
Cause I mean, taekwondo's way better.
Would you like me to show you?

And the Arbitrager backs away from Fred and ponders Bruce, intrigued. As Bruce turns to Fred:

BRUCE
Drop the bottle, okay, Fred? Go see
who's over at the Compass.

FRED
That guy's a asshole!

He lowers his bottle, though, and Bruce pushes him off down the sidewalk. Then turns, as the Arbitrager pounds his chest.

ARBITRAGER
I got one hell of a lot of pent-up
hostility in here, zipperhead!
Which I was gonna take out on the
old bum there. Fucking garbage.
(laughing)
But this'll be cool, too. It'll be
like beating the shit out of that
faggot Bruce Lee.

And the two square off, and immediately Bruce lands a flying reverse spin kick - staggering the Arbitrager, but...

ARBITRAGER
Gook motherfucker! That weak ass
taekwondo won't get it.

He removes the jacket of his three-piece suit then, hands it to his nephew. Then snarls and attacks.

And, this being an atypical type of fairy tale, it is soon clear that he is both too big and too skilled for Bruce.

Bruce fights gamely, but takes a brutal beating. And soon one of his punches HITS A BUILDING WALL, and now he's down to his left hand only.

Finally the Arbitrager grabs Bruce's head, and jerks it down into a series of vicious knee strikes. Then shoves him away.

And as Bruces slides down the wall, his nose gushing blood...

Trunesh is suddenly between them! But the Arbitrager grabs her and throws her to his nephew:

ARBITRAGER
Keep this bitch away from me, Terry!

But as Terry moves to grab Trunesh, he gets grabbed instead:

.

PETEY

Hey how you doing, trailer park?

And he punches the boy in the solar plexus, knocking the wind from him. Then, removing his jacket, strolls for the uncle.

ARBITRAGER

Oh, no! Not a social worker! I'm quivering to fucking death.

PETEY

Interesting suit you wearing there, Bud. No one told you K-Mart sucks?

Whereupon the two square off. And Petey, being unbeknownst to all a former Golden Gloves prodigy...

... beats the Arbitrager into a quivering, bloody pulp. In a stirring display of ferocity lasting roughly two minutes.

After which he turns proudly toward

Trunesh. Only to find her busy tending Bruce. Whereupon he whirls in rage, to glare back down at the Arbitrager:

PETEY

Quitting already? No más, no más?
Get up, pussy! You're a disgrace
to the financial services industry!

But the Arbitrager is in no mind to continue. So Petey spins and stalks away. Turns onto Alaskan Way and vanishes.

Gaped after by everyone, including...

Bruce. Gripping his right hand in agony, but with a mix of awe and curiosity on his face nonetheless.

And as diverse homeless gather, chattering in excitement, Trunesh glares up the street at...

The nephew, helping his uncle limp toward 1st Avenue.

TRUNESH

Yeah, you better get the fuck out of here, you yuppie cunts!

And everyone jeers. Before then gradually waxing reflective:

PONTIUS

Looks like Peter used to be a fighter.

JIMMY

Sure goddam does, Bro! And he's
rich, too, real name's Van Self.
What the hell's he doing down here?

Bruce ponders this all, slowly, then turns to ponder Trunesh.

INT. JURGY'S OFFICE - LATER

Packed with green plants, and a restless Siamese cat. Bruce stands in front of Jurgy's desk as she studies her notes.

JURGY

No más, no más, huh? Yep, exactly
what that bus robber said.

(thoughtful)

Interesting. And he's a boxer, eh?
Meaning that if the Golden Gloves
come to town, he might go to watch.

BRUCE

And I guess after work he likes to
go to that restaurant, Larry's?
Always takes one of the alcoholics
with him, so he can get em drunk.
Some kind of reverse psychology, I-

JURGY

Okay. But he's not Peter Van Self.
Henry's heir? Boy went to Harvard,
he'd never work at the Compass
Center. That family's not a real
socially conscious pack of assholes.

(chuckling)

And he sure the hell doesn't need to
rob a casino bus. In Nebraska?

(beat)

I'm on it now, though. So I'll find
out who he is, and we'll split the
reward. Sound good to you, Bruce?

BRUCE

Okay. And I, well, I couldn't get
his address, Jurgy, but here's this.

As he pulls a worn wallet-size photo from his shirt pocket for her, with his left hand. And she stares down at:

INSERT - PHOTO OF A SMILING, NUDE PETEY - HIS MUSCLES FLEXED

She chuckles and turns the photo over to see

NEAT CURSIVE INK HANDWRITING:

"Trunesh! Check out the bod, Babe! Then call me for a good time: 362-7669"

END INSERT

JURGY

Boy sure is crazy enough, ain't he?

Her cat jumps up onto her lap now, and she shoos it off:

JURGY

Get down, Moochie. Come on.

(then, pondering Bruce)

You better get that hand checked out, Bruce. Sure looks broke to me.

EXT. 1ST AVE. - DAY

Bruce and Trunesh walk north toward Main St. Trunesh eating oranges from a bag and dropping the peels on the sidewalk. Bruce's broken right hand in a cast.

TRUNESH

I was hospitalized more than four months, man. Had to stop using. And then I decided I wanted to live.

They pass a woman waiting at a bus stop by the curb, a baby in a carrier on her back. And...

Trunesh plumps a piece of orange in the baby's mouth, to the baby's delight. As Bruce laughs and they walk on:

TRUNESH

Ain't life a bitch? Gotta lose a eye before you can fucking see.

BRUCE

Yeah, but I don't know. Accounting?

TRUNESH

Hey, I used to rock at math. Thank God my brain still works.

Bruce nods. But then looks at her, doubtfully. So Trunesh scowls, and strides to a nearby public phone:

TRUNESH

Well, it's either that or this!

And she lifts the yellow pages and quickly finds a certain page. Which she rips out and pushes into Bruce's hand:

INSERT - YELLOW PAGE HEADLINED "BARS, CLUBS & PUBS / ADULT":

An ad for a club named "Angelic L'il Devils" fills half the page. It has a photo of Trunesh on stage doing a pole dance. Barely scantily clad, smiling provocatively. No eye patch.

END INSERT

BRUCE

Hmmm. So that's you, huh? Wow!

TRUNESH

I quit two years ago. Lazy pricks
coulda found some other girl's
picture to use, wouldn't you think?

And she snatches the page, rips and rolls it up into a ball. Then stomps to the curb and flings it down a sewer grate.

After which they walk on again, as she continues:

TRUNESH

And in the hospital I swore I'd
never do that shit again! Dancing,
letting men touch my body for
money. I don't care how much, it's
degrading to me as a human being.

Bruce nods slowly. Then stops, ponders the shop that they're passing. "Larry's Greenfront" reads the sign in its window.

EXT. LARRY'S GREENFRONT - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Petey strides down the sidewalk to the restaurant, pursued by a harried-looking 45ISH MAN with a bulging briefcase.

PETEY

Well, you can bring me "up to speed"
here. Over beers and some of the
most totally fucking mouthwatering
pizza since... ever!

And he yanks the door open and enters. But suddenly stops!

PETEY'S POV: Trunesh and Bruce sitting at a corner table.

He considers them a moment, in stunned anger. Then turns and pushes out past his employee - to stomp off along the street.

SECRETARY

No, wait! Mr. Van Self! We have to finish this today!

INT. LARRY'S GREENFRONT - CONTINUOUS

Over cokes, Trunesh studies a photo of 15-year old Bruce and his dad - both in *taekwondo* gear, with black belts. Smiling.

TRUNESH

He looks like a nice man.

Their pizza arrives, and they devour a slice each. And then:

BRUCE

Funny thing is, he'd never wanted kids. It was my adopted Mom's idea. And he just worshipped her, so...

(sighing)

Then a few months after I got there she got lung cancer. And he had to bring me up himself for 17 years.

(tearing up)

He worked really hard at it, too.

Trunesh pats Bruce's hand consolingly.

EXT. WATERFRONT PARK - LATER

As the sun sets over Elliot Bay, couples roam here and there. Joking, marveling at the sunset, holding hands, etc.

Bruce and Trunesh strolling along the sidewalk, too.

BRUCE

What's more important than your own child, Trunesh?! How could she let me go through all that? She shoulda done whatever it took to keep me!

(beat)

Whatever it took!

Trunesh ponders this in silence for a bit, as they approach Bruce's parked Firebird. And finally sighs:

TRUNESH

I never knew my real folks, either, Baby. Guess my mom probably tried to keep me. Life is hard sometimes. There's some shit you can't control.

BRUCE

You're too nice to her. Look what happened. You had to drop out of school, you got addicted to drugs... messed your body up cause some coke head thinks he's Dale Earnhardt...

They stop beside the car, and Bruce opens the passenger door. Then turns, and... Trunesh is crying:

TRUNESH

No. I did those things to myself.

Bruce helps Trunesh inside. Smiling down at her, moved.

INT. THE BARBERSHOP - DAY

COLLEEN (25, white and stocky) reclines on a chair in a trance, as Bruce does his hypnotherapeutic thing:

BRUCE

And when your alarm goes off, how do you feel, Colleen?

COLLEEN

Awake and alert. Jumping to get out there and work my butt to the bone!

BRUCE

Good, Colleen. And why is that?

COLLEEN

Because I'm a valuable woman. The world needs me. The world wants me!

Behind Bruce, the barbershop door opens and Trunesh glides in, wearing a backpack. To stand and watch, smiling.

BRUCE

That's right, you're a very valuable woman. The world wants you!

He notices Trunesh, and waves his cast hand to greet her.

BRUCE

And now I'm going to count from one up to five, Colleen, to wake you. And as I do, your conscious mind forgets everything that I have said. Your subconscious mind, however, remembers it all.

INT. THE BARBERSHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Colleen and Trunesh hug, as Bruce stands nearby smiling. The shop around them is noticeably cleaner than before.

COLLEEN

Wow! I feel so good, Tru. And I'm so excited about this job!

TRUNESH

Well, that's wonderful, Baby! I know you can do it.

The hug ends, and Trunesh turns to smile at Bruce. And then suddenly pulls the pack from her back.

COLLEEN

Oh, did you have class today, Tru?

As she opens the bag and fumbles inside it, Trunesh nods:

TRUNESH

Accounting and Business English. Ain't as fun as they sound, though!

She pulls a gift-wrapped book from her backpack, and stands there with it - hesitant. Until

Colleen blushes, then with a smile departs. Whereupon

TRUNESH

Wow! You're amazing, Bruce! Thank you so much for this. Really. I— well... here. Do you like to read?

Embarrassed, Bruce fumbles with the wrapping. Having trouble because of his cast. As Trunesh watches intently.

He unwraps and turns the book front cover up. Revealing it to be Covey's *The Seven Habits of Highly Effective People*.

BRUCE

(pondering it)

Hmm. Habit One, don't punch brick walls. Not if you wanna make any money working in construction.

(laughing)

Habit Two, don't let beautiful girls talk you into helping all of their friends.

He smiles at her, but she looks away. To his exasperation:

BRUCE
Oh come on, Tru! You said no more-

TRUNESH
Well, some guys asked me- Hey, did
you just tell me I'm beautiful?

Bruce frowns, flustered, as the shop door swings open and a
breathless Debra bounces in. To smile at them in excitement.

DEBRA
Eight pounds so far, guys! Thank
you both. And this is for you, sir...

As she pushes a \$5 bill at Bruce. Who tries to refuse, but-

DEBRA
Honey, you gotta get paid! What you
doin for people? I know this ain't
even enough, but I don't got no job...

Bruce looks helplessly at Trunesh, and she laughs.

INT. THE BARBERSHOP - LATER

In a QUICK MONTAGE, a series of hands push wrinkled, small
value bills into Bruce's hand. Until he finally receives-

A 2-gallon can of gasoline.

And we PULL BACK to see a confused Bruce gaping at the short,
plump 30ish KLEPTO. Who grins back at him.

KLEPTO
Siphoned it myself. Tru said you
was worried about payin' for gas.
You use premium, right?

BRUCE
Well yeah, but I, uh-

KLEPTO
No way I'm goin back to prison, man.
Okay? So can you help me or not?
(off Bruce's puzzlement)
I'm a klepto, okay? A kleptomaniac?

INT. THE BARBERSHOP - DAY

Bruce strolls about the shop, while giving instructions to
the hypnotized Klepto in a barber chair behind him:

BRUCE

From this time on you take pride in
paying for all the things you want.
And why is that, by the way, Tommy?

KLEPTO

Because only taking never makes me
happy. I am happy only when I give
back to Life, too. As much as I can!

Bruce stops to mull this over. Peers up at a Jimi Hendrix
photo on the wall. Winks at Jimi, chuckling:

BRUCE

I'm starting to sound like my Dad.

He strolls back to ponder Klepto, whom we CLOSE ON now.

BRUCE (O.S.)

Yes. You are a valuable man, Tommy.
And valuable—

MONTAGE [INT. - THE BARBERSHOP - VARIOUS TIMES OF DAY]:

Bruce's off-screen instructions continue, their tone growing
steadily more enthused - to a flow of serene-faced clients
reclining in the chair:

BRUCE (O.S.)

(to Colleen)

—women do not let people who depend
on them down. And everybody at work
loves you, because they know they
can trust you. And when your alarm
goes off in the morning

(to Thornton)

you take a long, deep breath of
fresh air. And are amazed at how
wonderful your lungs feel these days.

(to Debra)

And from this time on, you eat only
when you truly need re-energizing.
Can you repeat that for me, please,

END MONTAGE and REVERSE TO Bruce's sincere face, as he says:

BRUCE

Dierdre?

And we PULL BACK to find black, bespectacled DIERDRE in the
chair. Trunesh's friend who has so far always been veiled.

Her veil removed to one shoulder now, revealing an attractive face marred by a slight but still evident cleft lip.

DIERDRE

I take pride in my own unique beauty!

BRUCE

Yes. You are a beautiful, confident woman. And anyone calling you names?

DIERDRE

Anyone calling me names doesn't know any better. I feel sorry for them.

Bruce turns and strolls away now - murmuring to himself:

BRUCE

Yep, continuing to sound like Dad.

He stops before a framed black and white photo on the wall, of an early Miss Black America pageant winner. Whom we

ZOOM ON - smiling shyly, gripping her flowers and a plaque.

And as her face fills the frame, we DISSOLVE onto Dierdre's tranquil face once again.

BRUCE (O.S.)

The world is a beautiful place, Dee.
And you make it even more beautiful!

And we REVERSE TO Bruce's own face now - moved to tears.

BRUCE

Okay, repeat that please, everyone.

And we REVERSE TO Jimmy, Mark and Fred - lying in trances on the three barber chairs. Replying together:

THREE ALCOHOLICS

I am a non-drinker! I do not drink!

BRUCE

That's right. Very good, you guys.
And I'm going to count from one up
to five now, to wake you. And as I do...

EXT. MYRTLE EDWARDS PARK / PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The Firebird parked near the water, engine RUNNING. A few other cars parked nearby. A young couple hurries past.

INT. THE FIREBIRD - CONTINUOUS

As the engine RUMBLES, Bruce sits frowning at an upset Leo in the passenger seat beside him.

BRUCE

Nightmares? Little b-boys?

LEO

Yes, I'm at that party, with those pedos. And I open this door, and they have them locked up in there.

(remembering, horrified)

And then I turn away, and I... I...

And he stops, overcome. Tears in his eyes. As Bruce studies him uneasily. But when Leo notices his unease, he laughs:

LEO

Hey, don't get me wrong. I'm happy now; way happier than before. And you've stopped me obsessing over th-

Bruce twists in his seat and taps Leo softly on the forehead, and Leo's eyes shut instantly as he falls into a trance.

BRUCE

That's good, deeper and deeper. You feel so good, Leo, so relaxed. As you picture yourself outside that room now, where those little boys are being held. And you step into that room, and bring them all back out. And hurry as you lead them down the hall, to the rear entrance.

(beat)

It is really important that you do all this, Leo. You are the right man, in the right place, to save these poor boys. And you are very proud of yourself because you do it. Can you repeat that for me, please?

LEO

I am very proud of myself because I save these poor boys.

Bruce ponders him thoughtfully, then nods in satisfaction.

CUT TO:

A FEW MINUTES LATER, AND...

BRUCE'S POV: The stuffed Garfield dangles from his rearview mirror. And now he turns from it, to ponder

Leo, who is attentive and alert - obviously awakened from his trance. And Bruce pats his arm, soothingly:

BRUCE

Nightmares aren't any fun. I know.
But just hang in there Leo, okay?
Therapy doesn't always go perfect.

LEO

Ly. It doesn't go perfect-ly.
(sighing)
Well, at least my eyes feel like
they've been bathed in cool spring
water. That's nice.

He pauses, opens his mouth as if to add something, but then just nods to Bruce. Then turns and climbs from the car, as

We REVERSE TO Bruce, watching in concern as Leo walks away.

Finally he sighs, shifts the car into gear to back from his space. When suddenly, in the rearview mirror, we see

Two figures dashing this way! And-

SMASH!!! The driver's window shatters, covering Bruce with glass. And as his foot slips off the clutch, the car stalls.

And Bruce gapes out the window in shock now, at

Two men in ski masks standing outside.

Monte pointing a steel pipe at Bruce's face, while Ray grips the baseball bat he just used on Bruce's window.

RAY

Get out of Seattle, fucker! Now!

And-

THUNK! He pile-drives the bat end between Bruce's eyes.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. PIONEER SQUARE PARK - AFTERNOON - ONE WEEK LATER

The typical afternoon crowd - tourists, pedestrians, local workers. The homeless demographic well-represented as well.

And we PAN TO... Dobbs. Drunk as always. Wobbling to and past us, his eyes on a target somewhere to our rear:

DOBBS

Excuse me, partners, but do you think you could stake a fellow American to just thirty-five cents?

And we turn and see a touristy middle-aged couple laugh, and hurriedly turn away from him. To Dobbs's mock indignation:

DOBBS

Okay. Just forty-five cents, then!

And he staggers after them. Exiting the frame as he passes

Petey and Trunesh. Seated on a bench several yards from the barbershop - a bouquet of red roses resting between them.

Trunesh pondering in exasperation the gift-wrapped box on her lap she's just opened. Inside it a new lavender Birkin bag.

TRUNESH

I already told you, boy. I. Ain't. Interested.

PETEY

I know it's breaking your heart, let me fix it for you.

Trunesh studies him - the puppy dog-like sincerity evident in his expression. And she finally scowls:

TRUNESH

Look, man: I been hit on by con men my whole life, okay? And you ain-

PETEY

(smiling)

The bag is real, Tru. Take it up to the Bon and check. It is a Birkin!

He stands. Gestures down at his gaudy designer clothes:

PETEY

All of this stuff is real, Trunesh. I came into huge money. You know that.

He pulls up a sleeve now, to reveal a diamond-encrusted Rolex on his wrist. As his face turns all puppy dog-like again.

PETHEY

Which I really want to share with you, Baby! I mean, I can't even sleep anymore I can't get you out of my mind. So beautiful. Looking all pissed at me, like now.

Trunesh laughs, and stops looking pissed. Frowns instead.

PETHEY

Oh, come on. This isn't fair. I love you, girl. And I have all the money you need to be happy!

(irritated)

I mean, I could just grab you now, haul you away. But okay, I'll wait a little more. Enjoy the bag.

And he spins, and trudges sadly off across the park. As

Trunesh stands, to also leave. But hesitates and turns back to her gifts. Scowls and takes the Birkin from its box.

Leaving the rest on the bench, she turns and saunters to the barbershop. Just as its door opens, and out steps...

Zombie, the 40ish panhandler woman Bruce met earlier.

Who has undergone a startling makeover. She's well-groomed, for one thing. With no missing teeth anymore, either.

Plus, in a just slightly out-of-date business suit that fits her perfectly... she appears quite well-dressed, too.

TRUNESH

Zombie? Is that y-? Baby, you look beautif-

ZOMBIE

Zombie!? Is that what you low-lifes have been calling me? Whoa, funny!

She looks Trunesh over for a moment in disdain. Then smirks:

ZOMBIE

Nice bag, Captain Lap Dancing Crack Ho the Pirate!

And she struts away. Trunesh glaring after her.

AS, ACROSS THE PARK...

A limousine pulls up to the curb where Petey waits. And a chauffeur jumps out and hurries around to open the door.

Petey leans forward to get in. Then pauses, straightens and turns back to shout:

PETEY

Hey, Tru! Bet you've never ridden-

But Trunesh is nowhere to be seen, just the barbershop door swinging shut behind her.

Peter ponders this in fury, then turns back to his limo.

When he suddenly sees, sitting on a bench nearby, staring at him with interest - notebook and pen in hand...

A different kind of femme fatale. 45ish and short-haired, dressed like a man and wearing a Portland Trailblazers hat.

PETEY

What are you looking at, Butch?

And he spins away with a snarl, to climb into his limo.

And as the chauffeur hurries to the driver's side, Jurgy considers this insult calmly. And finally laughs. As

TRUNESH (O.S.)

My poor, poor babies! They still miss their mommy!

INT. THE BARBERSHOP - CONTINUOUS

And here's Trunesh - mimicking Zombie for Bruce, as he sits on a barber chair with *The Seven Habits* open on his lap.

While HYPNOTIC MUSIC PLAYS from a boom box on the sink.

He has a bandaged nose, and two ugly bruises on his forehead. On the plus side, the cast on his hand is a new, softer one.

BRUCE

How was I supposed to know she'd be just as bad after she sobered up?

TRUNESH

What "just as bad"? Bitch worse!
(chuckling)

Best for the rest of us some people always stay fucked up, I guess...

BRUCE
(somberly)
Yeah. Or if they die. Some people.

Trunesh backs away now and studies him - shocked, unsure what he meant. Which embarrasses Bruce, who stands.

BRUCE
Well, she'll probably be out there drinking again in a week. Half of these guys are gonna be back doing exactly what they were doing before.

Seeing alarm on Trunesh's face at this, Bruce reassures her:

BRUCE
No, I mean, I think your friends oughta be okay: Debra, Dierdre... Call if you think they need to talk to me, we can do it over the phone. A collect call's no problem, I'll have money.

TRUNESH
From selling the family farm...

Bruce nods ruefully. Then turns off the radio, lifts it and heads for the door.

BRUCE
Come on, let's get out of here.

He stops then, gazes appreciatively around at the shop - the photos on the walls, the barber chairs.

BRUCE
Oh, and tell your friend thank you for me. This place worked perfectly.

Trunesh hesitates a moment, deciding something. Then bounces to Bruce, and takes the boom box from him.

She sets it on a table, turns the radio on and scans through stations until she finds, just starting:

"Bidi Bidi Bom Bom," by Selena.

And then, swaying back to Bruce, she slips her hand over his belt buckle and partly down his pants.

Drags him back to the barber chair he just left. Which she pushes him back down into. And then unbuckles his belt!

TRUNESH

You know what I think, Bruce? I think you don't really want to go back to no Nee-fucking-braska.

And she steps back, to gaze down at him. Then repeats her stepping from her panties routine. Flings them aside and As Bruce gulps in awe, sways sensually in to close the deal.

FADE TO BLACK

ASSEMBLED VOICES (O.S.)

Cheese!

As, simultaneously... a camera flash FLASHES! And...

INT. COMPASS CENTER / 1ST FLOOR LOBBY - NIGHT

Posed for a photo op on a sofa along one wall, as pop music BOOMS on someone's radio in the background, we find...

Dierdre, Debra, Colleen, the Klepto, Thornton, Jimmy and Mark - surrounding Bruce and Trunesh. All smiling.

Trunesh wearing a waitress uniform under her jacket. As A finger obscures the upper righthand corner of the frame.

LEO (O.S.)

Okay. That should do it.

And the group breaks up, and we find we've been seeing them through a 35mm camera viewfinder, as Leo lowers the device.

And as he steps forward to hand it to Bruce, we follow Jimmy and Colleen - strolling off toward the elevator:

COLLEEN

Two months sober? Well, you want a job? They're hiring at my company, Jim. Six bucks per. I know I can get you on, Bro, they love me there!

And now we hear Don shout "GOING UP!", and three men hurry from the TV lounge to also board the elevator. As

Dierdre and Debra (who's lost tons) smile at Bruce, then turn and hurry onto the elevator, too.

And as the elevator ascends, Thornton sidles over to Bruce:

.

THORNTON

Don't worry, Bruce. You gave us a chance. It's up to us now what we do with it, right? Or not...

As he indicates

Fred, sitting sharing a bottle of wine in a paper sack with two other winos. Babbling drunkenly to them:

FRED

I am a non-drinker! I do not drink!

Bruce shakes his head at this, frowning, when suddenly—

CRACKHEAD (O.S.)

Ain't nobody down here they got any goddam where else to go. Why these motherfuckers think he got to stay?

And all spin to see the Crackhead - who has just stepped in the front door. Accompanied by John.

CRACKHEAD (O.S.)

Yeah, get on back yo' home, Bruce!

And he smiles now, and circles Bruce - his hands making weird kung fu-like movements. Until he suddenly SHRIEKS, and...

Attacks Bruce in a series of weird kung fu head kicks! Which keep Bruce busy blocking them for several seconds until

They finish. And then exchange high fives, laughing.

BRUCE

God, you could be good, Michael! I—

And Michael's smile disappears, and he backs away.

CRACKHEAD

Don't lecture me, man. When I want to quit this shit, I will. Ah-ight?

And he stalks off to the TV lounge. As John shakes his head amused, nods to Bruce, and heads over to await the elevator.

Bruce sighs and looks around the lounge - at its boisterous mix of homeless and men's dorm residents.

Beside the door is Klepto, in a security guard's uniform. Expounding to Tabitha the taxi driver, who now has breasts:

KLEPTO

They don't care if I did time. They
like my attitude so they hired me!

Bruce turns then to locate

Leo - off by himself in a corner. Practicing raising his
glass in a toast, it seems.

And then someone grabs his arm, and Bruce turns to discover
Trunesh gazing soulfully up at him.

TRUNESH

Me in Nebraska! Nah, Bruce, uh-uh,
my school's here... My new, lowest
paying service sector job ever, too!
(looking at her watch)
Which I'm gonna be fucking late for,
man!

BRUCE

We've got schools; I'm gonna go to
one. Restaurants, too, I've heard...

TRUNESH

Call me when you're gonna fix your
car tomorrow, okay? I'll help.

And she smiles and punches him in the arm. Then turns and
hurries to and out the door. Whereupon...

THORNTON (O.S.)

She's sure got those chemicals in
your brain bubbling, huh, Bruce?

And Bruce turns to him, nods thoughtfully and smiles.

EXT. COMPASS CENTER / ALASKAN WAY SIDE - THE NEXT MORNING

The Firebird's driver's side door is open, with its lining
removed. Bruce sits on the ground, attaching a new window.

He tightens one bolt, then another. When suddenly-

Two shadows move in his direction across the pavement! And
Bruce starts, in panic. And spins to look up at...

Don. Carrying a large bag of garbage to the nearby dumpster.

And as Don passes again, enroute back to the Compass, Bruce
tightens one final window bolt. When-

LEO (O.S.)

Bruce! Here you are! I'd like you
to meet my wife Theresa!

And Bruce looks up to find Leo a dozen feet away - wedging
his backpack into the trunk of a late model 4-door.

Beside him an attractive 40ISH WOMAN in business attire.

Bruce stands. Brushes the dirt from his pants, then steps
warily toward the two.

Who seem to actually be *four*, because two children (a boy, 10,
and girl, 12) wave at him now from the car's rear window.

THERESA

(taking Bruce's hand)

Bruce! I am so happy to meet you!
Thank you so much for helping Leo!

BRUCE

Well, I... it's my pleasure. I-I-

LEO

Not a great conversationalist, is
he? Hey, Bruce, we've got to run!

And as Theresa smiles again and turns to go, he summarizes:

LEO

We're back together. No more urges,
Bruce. I have more important things
to do with my life!

(beat)

But I'll still be down tonight, for
our last session. Wouldn't miss it
for the world, my friend.

And he turns and starts for his car. But then turns back:

LEO

Hey, what I said about your dad that
time? I didn't mean it, I'm sorry.
I don't always... respond well to
stress. Will you forgive me, Bruce?

(pondering)

He had to have been a wonderful man,
to raise a son like you...

And he turns again, gets into his car and drives off. As
Bruce gapes after him in dismay.

A FEW MINUTES LATER, AND...

As he finishes reinstalling the driver's door lining, Bruce mutters to himself in agitation:

BRUCE
 Goddammit, why didn't he tell me he
 has a wife and kids?
 (beat)
 You better be there tonight, Leo!

And he stands, as we see two shadows approach - outside of Bruce's range of view.

BRUCE
 Fuck! Fuck, fuck, fuck-

And a hand grabs his shoulder. Spins him violently around so that he is once again face-to-face with...

Monte and Ray. Unmasked this time. Both gripping the same weapons as before. Monte's eyebrows raised quizzically:

MONTE
 Fuck?

But Bruce is ready for them. He executes a *taekwondo* escape move and spins free. Then ducks down to reach into his car with his left hand, and pulls out...

Leo's .38! Which he spins back around to point at them. To Monte's and Ray's mock terror, as they raise their hands.

BRUCE
 Okay, idiots, Q and A time. Why
 do you want me out of Seattle? I
 don't even know you, either one of-

MONTE
 Cause we don't like farmers, farmer.
 Go back to Nebraska and plant shit.

BRUCE
 Seriously? Well... I am going back,
 can't work with a broken hand. But
 I go when I want, understand? So
 just back off you two, okay? Jesus!

And Ray and Monte exchange shrugs, as if accepting his point. Before Monte reaches behind his back and pulls out

A silenced handgun! And directs it at Bruce's face.

Then starts to edge sideways, away from Ray. With a quick glance at Bruce's cast, before eyeing Bruce's .38 again.

MONTE

Correct me if I'm wrong, Bruce, but that's not the hand you usually use when you shoot people, is it?

And it's all a bit much to process. Confused, Bruce takes a step backward, his gun following Monte, uncertainly. And-

BAM!!! Ray smashes Bruce in the temple with the end of his baseball bat, knocking him unconscious.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. A WAREHOUSE SOMEWHERE - AFTERNOON

In fading light entering through the building's windows...

Bruce kneels on the floor. In his briefs only. His head drooping forward, his arms raised behind him. As

We hear a door open, and bright overhead lights FLASH ON. And Trunesh's voice gasps:

TRUNESH (O.S.)

What? You motherfuckers let him go!

And as we PULL BACK, Trunesh flies into the frame to Bruce.

Whose arms are shackled to the wall behind him. The only reason he's not on his face on the cement floor.

There's another man in shackles a few feet to Bruce's left. Similarly attired and kneeling, but facing the wall.

Trunesh falls to her knees, lifts and strokes Bruce's face:

TRUNESH

Bruce! Are you okay? Baby, come on. Wake up!

Adam arrives with a stool now. And Trunesh scowls but helps him to get Bruce seated and lean him against the wall.

Which seems to begin to revive Bruce: his eyes sag open.

BRUCE

Tru? Here to help me fix my car?

And she smiles at him, the tears snaking down her cheeks.

A FEW MINUTES LATER, AND

As Adam talks on his cellphone in the b.g., a frustrated Trunesh works to coax Bruce back to his senses:

TRUNESH

Leo? I didn't even know you were treating him-

BRUCE

No it was our secret, Leo's and mine. And Leo's wife's now, too, I guess...

TRUNESH

But so what he got a family? Don't make no difference. Damn, Bru-!

BRUCE

Yeah, it makes a difference. A big-

TRUNESH

(lowering her voice)

We got serious shit to worry about, Baby. These fuckers crazy!

And Bruce stares at her, more alert now. He jerks his arms, in growing surprise. One, and then the other. And then he twists around, to find that...

His shackles are attached to the wall behind him.

He darts a suspicious look at Trunesh. Then struggles to his feet, and gapes around in confusion to see...

A boxing ring, on the opposite side of the warehouse. Around it punching bags, weight training gear, and lockers.

Two faded Golden Gloves fight posters on the wall beside it.

Closer to Bruce... a pair of cots, a refrigerator, a large-screen TV-VCR setup, a shower stall, and a few chairs.

BRUCE

What the hell is-? Where are w-?

He peers at the man beside him, who is filthy. Motionless, too, except for the faint rise and fall of his ribcage.

Bruce looks toward the closed main door then, at...

Two touring Harleys parked before it. Then at Adam, on his phone. Then back at Trunesh, as he starts to be scared:

BRUCE
Hey, what is all this, Trunesh?

She hesitates, clearly agitated. But then finally:

TRUNESH
Well, Peter... boy won't take "hell
the fuck no you prick" for an answer-

But she has to stop now, as Adam strides from the background and hands her his cellphone:

ADAM
Seafirst Bank - 1st and Washington.

She glances at Bruce, shame-faced. Then hurries off, with a trembling "hello?" into the phone, and exits the warehouse.

As Adam watches, and then turns to Bruce. To kick the stool away - beyond Bruce's reach. Furious.

Bruce studies him for a moment, intrigued, and then sighs:

BRUCE
Seafirst Bank? What does she-?

ADAM
You doofus, that bitch is a hooker!

BRUCE
No, she's not!

But then he notes how Adam's eyelids are flickering, as he stares in fury off into some imagined distance. And so:

BRUCE
Hmm, but you obviously think she is.
And it makes you mad. Sooo mad...

ADAM
It makes me so mad!

He steps to a switch on the wall then, and the lights go out.

And we hear him exit and close a side door, leaving Bruce in near darkness. Jerking on his shackles in despair.

INT. THE WAREHOUSE - THAT EVENING

BRUCE'S POV: All darkness; his eyes are shut. As a faint male voice intrudes, growing quickly clearer and louder:

PETEY (O.S.)
 Come on, little man. Time to meet
 your Daddy. Wake up. Atta fella!

And as his eyes slowly open, Bruce finds his field of view
 completely occupied by

Petey's face! Inches from his own. Smiling coldly at him.

And we PULL BACK to find that...

Bruce is seated straddling Petey's lap. His shackled arms
 outstretched behind him.

Peter sitting on that stool - dressed in a Hugh Hefneresque
 evening robe, slippers and silk pajamas. Looking relaxed.

PETEY
 My uncle used to sit me on his lap
 like this when I was a little punk.
 How's it feel?

Bruce stares at him without answering, and Petey laughs and
 nods toward the other shackled man beside them.

PETEY
 Shorty there, he just loves it!

He strokes Bruce's chest gently, momentarily lost in thought.

PETEY
 So, Bruce. Why do you think that
 judge let those two kids off?

And he glances over his shoulder now at Ray. Standing a
 few feet away watching, along with Adam.

PETEY
 See there's these two high school
 boys. Brad and Jeremy, right?

He turns back to Bruce for confirmation, but Bruce just
 stares back, befuddled.

PETEY
 Oh yeah, I know all about you. I'm
 an orphan, too, by the way. My
 uncle, the great man, he saw to that.
 (then, to Ray again)
 Back in Plattsmouth, Nebraska, Ray.
 Bruce's home. If you've ever heard
 of that shithole.

Ray shrugs, noncommittally.

PETEY

And so one day Brad and Jeremy are
playing hooky, right?

CLOSE ON: Bruce's face, as his eyes narrow. Remembering:

FLASHBACK: [EXT. CASS COUNTY HIGH SCHOOL - DAY]

A 16-year-old boy in hip-hop style clothes fiddles with the engine under the open hood of a yellow school bus.

PETEY (V.O.)

And they decide to hotwire themselves
their very own school bus!

The boy steps back and looks up through the bus windshield at his friend, inside. Gives him a thumbs up, and...

His friend looks down and tries the ignition. And the bus engine ROARS to life.

EXT. CASS COUNTY HIGHWAY - LATER

Under a bright spring sky, the school bus ROARS up a grade. In the center of the road.

PETEY (V.O.)

Young rascals. Drunk on their asses!

INT. THE BUS - CONTINUOUS

Heavy metal BLARES on the radio as the driver swills from a bottle of Jack Daniels. Tilts his head back and WHOOPS!

Then twists to hand it to his friend, in the seat by the door.

Then swings clumsily back to his driver's task. Just in time to see, cruising over the ridge toward them (in its own lane, for all the good that does)...

An old blue Ford pickup. With Bruce's Dad behind the wheel, gazing in sad resignation at fate hurtling his way.

PETEY (V.O.)

And poor Bruce here, he can't for
the life of him understand how his
Dad's killers could be out of jail
even before the goll darn funeral!

EXT. CASS COUNTY CEMETARY - DAY

An open-air funeral ceremony under the spring sun. The two boys side-by-side in a second row, all bruised and bandaged up. Looking so so sad, until

They both snicker. And two blonde girls their age turn from the row ahead to glare at them, but then also snicker.

As, over beside the coffin... a crushed Bruce quietly sobs.

END OF FLASHBACK. RESUME TO PRESENT:

Petey casually pulls a cell phone from his pocket. Frowns at the cellphone screen, then opens and barks into the phone:

PETEY
I told you I'm not to be disturbed,
Audrey... No, I'm—
(listening, alarmed)
Well, fuck the board! Who do they—?

And he jumps up, throwing Bruce off onto the floor. Wincing in pain as his arms get nearly ripped from their sockets.

PETEY
Yes I know what "publicly traded"
means. They're still my companies!
(beat)
Okay, today's what - Thursday?

Information that Bruce's ears suddenly prick up at.

PETEY
I'll talk to em on Monday, okay?
(beat)
And no, we're not firing my security
team, Audrey. I kinda like how they
can't stop me from sneaking out.

Bruce struggles to his feet now. Peers pensively at Adam and Ray, who both scowl back.

He looks toward the boxing ring. Where Monte is scrounging through the lockers near it. When—

PETEY (O.S.)
Why didn't you go on back home when
I gave you the chance, Bruce?

And Bruce turns to find Petey back. Minus the cellphone now.

PETEY

I'm rich, you dumb shit. Like Brad and Jeremy's parents, times a zillion. And I love this girl! Your bumpkin ass never had a chance!

BRUCE

No, of course not. And so that's why you need to run me out of town.

PETEY

You're distracting her, smartass!

And he steps to Bruce and SLAMS him hard in the solar plexus. Knocking Bruce wheezing to his knees. But not for long, as...

BRUCE

So you been to Plattsmouth, Peter? You seem to know a lot about it.

PETEY

(taken slightly aback)

Nope, don't get out to the midlands much. I'm in timber, and salmon fishing. But I know what happened to you there.

And as Bruce stares back at him, Monte rejoins the group, happily gripping a worn old football he has found. When-

BRUCE

It's getting really cold! You're starting to shiver.

PETEY

(snorting)

Yeah, right. That shit might work on some weak-minded homeless fucks. But not on any of us, it won't.

And they all glare at Bruce. Although Adam pulls his arms around himself, shivering slightly. To Bruce's relief.

Petey turns then, and leads Ray and Monte toward the side door as Adam steps to the light switch.

BRUCE

You come to see me tomorrow, alone!

PETEY

Will do. Got me a date now, though!

And Adam looks in confusion at Bruce. Before turning and flipping the warehouse lights off.

EXT. CASCADE MOUNTAIN LOGGING CAMP - THE NEXT AFTERNOON

An abandoned camp, overrun with weeds. The rusted cast-iron script atop the entry gate reading "Van Self Lumber."

Birds SING and swoop through the air all around. As

Passing through the gate, we see a slight hill ahead, which rises past a small house and up another 50 yards to a half-visible warehouse at the top of the hill.

Parked just below the house is Bruce's Firebird, along with a gold Mercedes Benz and a late model Jeep Cherokee.

To one side from this parking lot, a clearing stretches 100 yards to the edge of the thick forest enveloping the camp.

And now, under a sunny spring sky...

Trunesh steps from the house, carrying a plate of sausages and eggs and a pint of milk, and heads for the warehouse.

And as a motorcycle engine begins to ROAR, we CUT TO:

INT. THE WAREHOUSE - SHORTLY THEREAFTER

Ray and Monte. Adjusting the timing on one of the touring Harleys, which have California plates.

Ray listens a bit and nods, indicating the job to be complete, and Monte turns off the engine. And as we PULL BACK on them-

BRUCE

WHAT?!?

And in the b.g., Bruce kicks the plate from Trunesh's hands.

BRUCE

You told me you're done with that!

Trunesh looks at the plate and its contents scattered across the floor. Tears in her eyes. As Bruce mimics her voice:

BRUCE

"I'll never let a man touch my body for money again. It's degrading to me as a human-"

And Trunesh explodes:

TRUNESH
Well, I didn't fuck him, Brucie, if
that's what you think! Only man I
fucked the last three years is you.

And as Bruce reddens at this, Monte and Ray both laugh. And—

PETEY (O.S.)
ARGHHH!!!

AS, INSIDE THE HOUSE NOW...

Petey is on his feet, furious, staring at Bruce and Trunesh's
images on a wide CCTV screen. As Adam watches him, alarmed.

Nearby is a bank of eight smaller screens, monitoring various
areas of the camp and the dirt road leading to it. And...

Petey grabs it now, and flings it onto its side: CRASHHH!!!

And then spins to the still-upright large screen. On which:

TRUNESH
Hey, fuck you! You woulda done the
same damn thing yourself, Bruce. A
million dollars for a blow job?

AS, BACK LIVE IN THE WAREHOUSE...

MONTE
A million dollars?! Boy's so crazy!

And Ray drags Monte to the door now. Gripping his football.

TRUNESH
That ain't just money, Bruce; it's
a whole new life!

And she glares at Bruce, then turns to Ray and Monte, stopped
before the warehouse door needing a good glaring at, too.

And we CLOSE ON her impassioned eyes now. Glaring into the
camera. Almost as if addressing us, the movie-going public:

TRUNESH
Like all y'all wouldn't go down on
a man in one motherfuckin second
he "love" you so much he give you
a million bucks for it! Tax free.

MONTE

Yeah. Think of all the mouthwash
you could buy!

At which Ray SNORTS, then drags Monte from the warehouse.

Silence now, as emotions adjust to the new reality. Bruce
looks for something to kick, but then... sighs.

BRUCE

I know I'm nothing special, Trunesh.
But I'm not garbage, either. Okay?
I make the world a better place.

(pondering)

They drove me here in my car, right?

(off her hesitation)

Do me a favor? Go out and take that
idiotic cat off my mirror, will you?

And she scowls at him, then spins and stomps toward the door.

BRUCE

Do whatever you want with it. Keep
it, throw it in the trash; I could
care less... Give it a blow job!

INT. THE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Petey and Adam stare at the CCTV screen, where Trunesh stomps
toward the camera and disappears.

Furious, Petey points the remote controller, and the screen
goes black. While...

A red warning light blinks on the overturned CCTV bank, but
from their angle can't be seen.

Adam gazes at Petey, who is clearly heartbroken. He ruffles
Petey's hair, as a lover might. As

Walking by the house window outside, Trunesh flips them off.

EXT. THE "PARKING LOT" - MOMENTS LATER

As Trunesh stomps down the hill to the Firebird, we see Ray
in the b.g. Gripping the football, as Monte races across
the clearing for a pass:

MONTE

Hail Mary, Cap! Fling that sucker!

And Ray lofts a long wobbly pass, that Monte races under like a deer - to haul in elegantly. Laughing with delight.

MONTE

Good arm, Cap! You still got it!

Loping back, he fires a perfect spiral to Ray. As

Trunesh reaches the Firebird and jerks the door open. Then leans in and rips Garfield from Bruce's mirror. As

In the background, Monte races for another long bomb. And-

CRACK! A gunshot rings out.

And the ball flops to earth at Monte's feet, punctured. As everyone spins now to see...

Six gangsters with guns at the gate. And-

CRACK! Another gunshot. And Monte slumps onto his knees, clutching his stomach in shock.

INT. THE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Turning from the window, Petey yanks his cellphone from his pocket. Lobs it to Adam and gestures toward the warehouse:

PETEY

Lock that place up and call for help!
Now, Adam! Go! Run!

And he charges to the door. Past a painting on the wall, of

A smiling 50ish Uncle Henry. In lumberjack gear, an axe in his hand. Standing on top of a huge fallen redwood.

EXT. THE GATE - MOMENTS LATER

Watched by the 50ish-looking HITSQUAD LEADER, one man points an assault rifle at Ray - whose hands are behind his head.

Two more have Monte. One, whom we recall as that old man's bodyguard during the bus heist, lifts Monte's face to compare it with a photo he's holding. And then shouts:

BODYGUARD

Okay, we got Monte!

Whereupon the leader nods, and...

.

BANG! The second man holding Monte shoots him in the head.

AS, MEANWHILE...

Petey is in front of Trunesh, shielding her as he backs her up the hill. Instructing her in a low voice:

PETEY

Get up to the warehouse. Adam'll-

CRACK!! And Trunesh's head jerks and she falls to the ground behind Petey. Who spins and gapes down tenderly at her.

Then turns slowly, teary-eyed and in gathering fury, and-

CRACK!! Blood oozes from a hole in his chest. And as Petey slumps to the ground forever...

A GRIM-FACED MAN beside the leader inhales the smoke from the muzzle of his sniper's rifle.

And now the leader is strolling to Ray, raising his .45.

RAY

So what, my ex-wife send you ladies?

HITSQUAD LEADER

(amused)

No, nothing like that, Ray. You fucked with the beloved father of the wrong underworld crime figure!

And as Ray nods in resignation, the man SHOOTs him between the eyes. And is watching Ray's body fall when-

GRIM FACE

Okay, there goes the gay friend!

And he points up the hill, to where...

Adam is scampering to the warehouse door. But-

CRACK! And only Adam's upper body makes it inside.

The man who had been guarding Ray lowers his assault rifle now, satisfied, and Grim Face turns back to the leader:

GRIM FACE

You want we should go see if there's anyone else up there?

The leader looks around, pensive - at the bodies nearby, at the warehouse, and then at the brooding forest. And laughs:

LEADER

Nah, hey you know what? Fuck Dodge.
They probably already did Shorty
themselves anyway. Let's boogie.

And he turns and leads his crew toward the gate. Just as...

Jurgy hurries through it. And then peers around unhappily at the carnage, and worriedly at Bruce's Firebird.

LEADER

Don't worry, ma'am. We didn't shoot
any Koreans.

Turning to the nerdish SIXTH MAN, he nods back at the house:

LEADER

He wasn't in the house?

SIXTH MAN

No, but there's two rooms I didn't
look in. Kinda busy getting all
their video footage, you know?

Patting the bag of video tapes on a strap over his shoulder.

LEADER

(to Jurgy)

So he may be in there. Be careful,
ma'am; looks like you were right
there's no security, but be careful.

And he turns, and leads his men quickly out the gate. As

Jurgy draws a handgun. Then hurries from body to body - Ray to Monte to Petey, to Trunesh. Garfield lying beside her.

Peering at Trunesh, Jurgy shakes her head sadly. Then

JURGY

Okay, don't touch anything, Jurgy!

And, bent over to make herself a more elusive target, she runs up to and vanishes into the house.

Whereupon, miracle of miracles... Trunesh sits up!

Groaning, removes her eye patch and gapes at the hole in it. Then reaches for her false eye, to feel for the bullet.

EXT. THE HOUSE - THREE MINUTES LATER

Jurgy reemerges. Looking confused and frustrated.

JURGY

Where the heck are you, Bruce?

She peers up the hill at the warehouse, and starts that way. Bent over again. And about halfway up, decides to call out:

JURGY

Hey, Bru-!

Just as, in the distance behind her suddenly-

The Firebird's engine ROARS! And Jurgy spins, and runs back downhill toward the gate in time to see...

The Firebird vanishing through it in a cloud of dust.

JURGY

Well dammit to heck, Bruce! I was gonna ask you for a ride.

She peers around in dismay again, then hurries for the gate:

EXT. WAREHOUSE - ONE HALF-HOUR LATER

Adam lies facedown in the doorway. Flies buzzing around the bloody hole in his back.

And as we CLOSE ON him, a voice within the building becomes slowly audible (albeit indistinct yet).

And Adam's right arm moves! And inches slowly back along the ground. A ring of keys in his hand. As we move past him...

INTO THE WAREHOUSE.

Where Bruce stands in his shackles, peering toward the door as he tries to talk Adam out of dying for just a bit longer:

BRUCE

Yes, you are a strong, capable man.
And you know it's only a flesh wound.

(pausing)

And so you dig way down deep inside yourself, Adam, and find strength you never knew you had. And you draw your arm back now, as farrrrrr back as it will go...

And we see Adam staring at Bruce and trying to do just this.

BRUCE

And you heave those keys here to me!
With every ounce of energy in your
body! Every last ounce! Now, Adam!

And, with a hoarse WHIMPER of pain, Adam does this and

The keys sail through the air - in SLOW MOTION. As Bruce watches them, desperation in his eyes. Until...

They land. And SKID across the floor to come to a stop just beyond Bruce's reach. Slightly closer to Shorty, in fact.

BRUCE

Fuck! Way to go, Adam. God dammit!

And he stretches a foot out - and strains against his chains to stretch it further out. Millimeter by millimeter. Arms threatening to burst from their sockets behind him.

But while his foot gets tantalizingly close to the keys, he Can't. Quite. Reach them. But suddenly-

A different foot stretches out to them! Shorty's. And kicks them, weakly. And they're within Bruce's reach now.

He peers down at the key ring, and the four different keys on it. Then gawks at Shorty - twisted gazing back at him.

SHORTY

The big gray one.

Bruce isolates that key with his toes. Then slumps back down against the wall, his shackled arms bearing the full weight of his hanging body as he...

Grips the key between his two big toes and curls his legs to his chest, twisting so his feet reach his left wrist. And-

The keys slip loose and FALL! And Bruce cries in despair:

BRUCE

A little help here, God? If this
is even possible...

And he tries it all again. And then again, and finally fits the key into the lock. And is able to twist it, and...

The shackle opens and Bruce's arm is free!

He unlocks the other shackle by hand then, and quickly frees Shorty, too. And after making sure Shorty can stand...

BRUCE

Wow. I thought you were... umm-

SHORTY

No, I'll be okay. Maybe. I hope.

Bruce limps over to where his clothes are lying, by the wall. And as he hurriedly dresses, Shorty kneels and uncovers...

A steel safe in the floor. And then works the combination:

SHORTY

Shouldna spoke the combination, you stupid bastards!

BRUCE

Where are we? Up in the mountains?

SHORTY

A couple hours north of Seattle.
Skagit County.

Bruce pulls his Dad's pocket watch out, studies it. Then:

BRUCE

A couple-? How many hours - two?

SHORTY

Well, uh... yeah, I guess. About.

Bruce groans in anguish. Then spins suddenly, to ponder...

The Harley Ray was setting the timing on earlier. When-

SHORTY (O.S.)

Here, Bruce! Need a hundred grand?

And Bruce turns to find a cloth bag flying at him. Which he drops, of course. And peering down then sees...

Two bundles of \$100 bills spilt onto the ground beside it.

BRUCE

Uh... yeah, okay. Thanks.

MONTAGE:

- Bruce steers the Harley out the lumber camp gate. From behind we watch him speed off along the dusty dirt road.

- Bruce BLASTS down a tree-lined gravel road.

- As Bruce ROARS down a small-town street on his Harley, he sees a sign saying that I-5 South to Seattle is just ahead.

END MONTAGE

EXT. LAKE FOREST PARK - AN HOUR LATER, ABOUT 6:30 P.M.

A taxi stops at the sidewalk, discharges a man in a tuxedo. Who, when he turns from the cab, we see to be...

Leo. Who checks his watch, then strolls down the sidewalk.

EXT. I-5 SOUTHBOUND - CONTINUOUS

Bruce ROARS south on his Harley, as the sun begins to set. Slowing as he catches up to some heavy traffic congestion.

He passes a sign that says Seattle is 30 miles ahead.

He pulls his Dad's watch out, checks it with a frown, then hits the gas. BLASTS around the traffic on the right-hand shoulder.

EXT. SMALL CONVENTION HALL - ABOUT 7:00 P.M.

Men in tuxedos pass a uniformed GUARD to enter the hall. The guard turns back from the door, and sees Leo approaching.

GUARD

Are you a mentor, sir?

LEO

Yes, I am. The name is Leo. M.?

INT. THE CONVENTION HALL - MOMENTS LATER

LEO'S POV: Two long dining tables sit in front of the speakers' dais, as a live jazz quartet plays in one corner.

A banner above the dais reads "Mentors Anonymous - North Seattle Chapter / 23rd Annual Founders Day Weekend Retreat".

Thirty or so tuxedo-wearing men (of all races, and mostly 40 years old or above) mingle, mixed drinks in their hands.

An ENTHUSIASTIC MAN Leo's age strides from the crowd to him:

GRANT

Leo! I'm so glad you could make it.
How are you?

LEO

Fine, Grant. I'm just fine.

GRANT

And you're back with Theresa again!
That is so great. Congratulations!

LEO

Thanks, Grant. I still can't find
gainful employment, oddly enough...

GRANT

You will. One day at a time, eh?

He laughs, then looks around at the jubilant crowd. Beaming.

GRANT

We are going to have a great time
this weekend! Wait till you see
these kids. One boy, we got him
out of Trinidad. Skin like silk!

Two OLDER MEN have overheard and swoop in now to join them,
excited. Leo wrings his hands - excited, too:

LEO

How many treats do we get this year?

OLDER PEDO 1

A lot! Ten. Mmmm... We thought
after last year, well we only had
four, and it got kind of-

GRANT

(looking around, warily)
Embarrassing! Some people are just...

LEO

Yes... How many mentors are coming?

OLDER PEDO 1

30? 35? Not everyone's here yet.

OLDER PEDO 2

I haven't slept the whole last month,
I've been so excited. The wife
thinks there's something wrong with
me. Ha! If she only knew, eh?

And as they all laugh, the CHAIRMAN (50ish and imposing) steps to the dais and grabs the mike:

CHAIRMAN
Gentlemen! Ten minutes to launch.
Let's begin finding our seats, okay?

Nodding to Grant, Leo heads for the stairs to the 2nd floor:

LEO
I'd better visit the restroom first.

EXT. I-5 SOUTHBOUND - CONTINUOUS

Bruce on his Harley - its lights on in the dusk. The Lake Forest Park sign rushes up, and he swings over to exit.

INT. CONVENTION HALL / SECOND FLOOR - A BIT LATER

A uniformed guard standing outside a closed door peers down at his watch, bored. When suddenly-

THUNK!!! And his face goes blank as he slumps to the floor. Revealing behind him...

Leo. Lowering a red fire extinguisher to the ground. Before then opening the door, to peer cautiously in. And then laugh as he hurries inside:

LEO
Hi, guys! Are you ready to go home?

EXT. LAKE FOREST PARK - CONTINUOUS

In the dark now, Bruce jets toward a four-way intersection, arriving just as the light turns red and

He shoots through! And, swerving to barely avoid two cars, one a police squad car, ROARS off down the street.

INT. CONVENTION HALL / 1ST FLOOR - SHORTLY THEREAFTER

Happy men still settling into their seats. When suddenly

Leo strides to the head of the table nearest the dais. To snatch up a wine glass and RAP LOUDLY on it with a spoon.

He waits as the crowd comes to grudging attention, and then:

.

LEO

Gentlemen! Good evening. Allow me to introduce myself first. My name is Leo, and I am in point of fact not a pedophile. I apologize for that.

He pauses - a distant look on his face. And then smiles.

LEO

But I am proud to be here, and I thank my sponsor Grant for inviting me. My life has been rough lately, and Grant has been... there for me.

(laughing)

Inviting me here to do despicable things with you tonight! Take a bow, Grant. You are a true friend!

Polite, confused applause. Grant stands - smiling uneasily.

LEO

But enough. Let me in conclusion invite you to all please lift your glasses now, and join me in a toast.

(then, as all comply)

To burning forever in hell, those of us who deserve it, for our sins!

And he slaps his glass down and pulls his tuxedo jacket open. To reveal, to everyone else's considerable disappointment...

A gazillion sticks of dynamite, strapped to his torso!

EXT. THE CONVENTION HALL - CONTINUOUS

As one late arriver hurries past the guard into the hall...

Ten boys (ages 6 to 10, wearing sexy female underwear) dash around the corner of the building and toward the street.

GUARD

What the f-?! Hey! Hey, stop!

But now the ROAR of a Harley engine grows, over the sound of pursuing POLICE SIRENS, and he gapes down the street at...

Bruce. Racing this way. ROARING past the boys and jumping the curb, then jetting up the long walkway toward the hall.

But then suddenly... slowing.

BRUCE

Man, I'm too late, I- Oh, Gawwwd!

And we see it was just a fleeting bout of weakness. As

Bruce floors the bike again and ROARS for the door. Which the guard steps in front of - his arms across his chest.

INT. THE CONVENTION HALL - CONTINUOUS

The shocked conventioners don't dare move - except for those now furtively inching their chairs away from Leo.

As, with a smile, Leo raises the detonator in his hand. And his thumb pushes slowly down on its trigger, and-

CRASHHHH!!!

Guess whose Harley's coming to dinner! The guard affixed to its front wheel cover.

As Bruce SCREAMS in abject, blood-curdling terror:

BRUCE

Cocoa Puffs, Leo! Cocoa Puffs!

And SLAMS into the nearest dining table. Annihilating it and sending himself, the guard, the bike, and the table occupants HURTLING in all directions. As

A stunned Leo gapes around the hall. And then down - from the detonator in his hand to the explosives around his body.

When suddenly-

Three police officers burst through the door into the hall. Badges raised and handguns drawn.

EXT. THE CONVENTION HALL - LATER

Police and ambulance sirens and flashing lights. The crime scene roped off to keep spectators at bay.

Bruce struggles to sit. He's on the convention hall lawn, on a stretcher. An ATTENDANT putting his leg in traction. He's got a huge gash in one cheek, and it's seeping blood.

He gazes in awe now, at his obviously very broken leg.

ATTENDANT

Bastards! Lurking in our very midst.
You're a true hero, mister!

(beat)

Is that enough morphine for you?

Bruce nods, and now his eyes start to wander and he sees...

Two police pull the blustering chairman from a tree. After which his eyes wander again, to...

The ten boys freed by Leo! Talking to police beside some squad cars. With Leo standing nearby gaping at them.

One of the younger boys runs to Leo now, and gives him a long hug. And Leo turns to peer in disbelief at...

Bruce. Who looks away - shamefaced. Before passing out:

BRUCE

I'm so sorry, Leo. I'm Beelzebub...

And we CLOSE ON his Dad's now shattered old pocket watch on the ground beside him. And then, slowly...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MARTIAL ARTS PRACTICE FACILITY - AFTERNOON

WACK! A bare foot in white *taekwondo* pants hitting a board held in place by two sets of hands. As we PULL BACK and...

A 14-YEAR OLD BOY falls to the mat, having executed a solid jump reverse spin kick - but not broken the board he kicked.

And the 15 tough-looking boys watching (ages six to 17, of all races, wearing *taekwondo* outfits) erupt in JEERS. When-

BRUCE (O.S.)

Wait a sec, are you guys kidding?!
Come on! Melvin, that was great!

And all turn to Bruce, as he strides to them. Also in white *taekwondo* gear, except that he has a black belt.

He has a fresh scar down one cheek and walks with a limp, too.

MELVIN

Thanks for saying so, Mr. Shmaltz.
But I know it wasn't.

BRUCE

What?! Look what you did - a 360 degree spin and you hit the board! Wow! Didn't break it, but you sure softened it for the next guy. Boys.

The boys holding the board raise it again, and Bruce SNAPS it with a quick knife-hand jab.

MELVIN

I can't do this shit! I'm garbage-

And now Bruce is mad. And he grabs Melvin by the shoulders, to glare down into his eyes, as he slowly calms back down.

BRUCE

Don't you say- Don't you ever even think that! You are a wonderful, incredible human being, Melvin. All of you boys are! Do you hear me?

They all MUTTER assent, but do not sound convinced.

BRUCE

Being an orphan... well, hey, it's nothing we did wrong! What's this "poor little me, I'm garbage" crap? Let's not feel sorry for ourselves, okay? We're fine. God gave us this amazing opportunity to... live. To check this world out, see what we can do here...

He pauses, letting his words sink in. Then sighs.

BRUCE

And I mean, you're luckier being orphans than you would be with some poor kids' parents bringing you up. Seriously. Feel sorry for them!

He pauses to stare at the boys. Not all are convinced, but Melvin's face indicates at least wavering optimism.

BRUCE

Okay, let's shut it down for today.

He leads them through a formal class closing routine then, and they break up and head for their lockers. When...

Rob (an older boy) grabs ANDY (a boy of 6). Spins him around, and runs his tongue sensuously up Andy's cheek.

Andy breaks free and looks in alarm at Bruce. Who smiles:

BRUCE
It wore off. Hit him again, Andy.

And so Andy points an index finger into Rob's eyes, and barks the magic words "Ruffles have ridges." Whereupon...

Rob stumbles against the wall, then slips to the floor and rolls up in a fetal position, WHIMPERING.

As Bruce shakes his head with a frown:

BRUCE
Gonna try to help you live a good
life too, Rob. If you'll let me...

EXT. BRUCE'S HOUSE - ESTABLISHING SHOT - NIGHT

The Roadrunner parked in the Firebird's former place. Lights on inside the freshly-painted residence.

INT. BRUCE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bruce typing at his computer. Open facedown near him on the desk is the book *History of Psychology*, by David Hothersall.

LILA (O.S.)
(from another room)
Hurry up, Chico! You know I don't
take out no garbage.

Bruce turns to frown at Elizabeth, lying on the floor nearby wagging her tail. Before hollering back in reply:

BRUCE
Okay, I got it, Lila. Just a sec!

He types a couple more words, then stops to study the screen. Then moves his mouse to "print" and clicks.

And his printer discharges 20 pages of an academic paper, the final page bearing the title "Federn's Theory of the Ego."

Further down that page the author is identified as a certain Bruce Shmaltz - a student in a History of Psychology class it would seem, in the Fall Quarter of 1994.

Bruce turns now, and reaches across his desk to grab...

A color photo, taken that last night at the Compass. He smiles, touches the finger in the upper corner with his own.

BRUCE
Alright, Leo!

Then spins to Elizabeth, mimics an excited radio newscaster:

BRUCE
This tragic news just in, folks. It seems there's some garbage that hasn't been taken out yet! Oh, my Gawd, it sounds like a job for
(pausing for effect)
Garbage Taker Outer! And his faithful four-legged companion - Assistant Garbage Taker Outer!

And, LAUGHING and BARKING, the two superheroes exit the room.

EXT. THE HOUSE - A LITTLE LATER

Bruce below the porch steps, bent over stroking Elizabeth's ears. He straightens, inhales contentedly and gazes up at...

The stars above. But then lowers his eyes, to peer at...

A distant set of car lights on the highway. Which slow and turn onto his long drive. And then bump along the drive in his direction until, as the car nears the house...

Its horn HONKS - the "Shave and a Haircut" couplet. Exciting Elizabeth, transfixing Bruce.

The car stops finally, a few feet away. And Bruce steps toward it, zombielike, as...

Lila peers from one window of the house behind him.

The car lights go off - to reveal a stuffed Barney dangling from the rearview mirror. Of a red 69 Firebird, of course.

The driver's side door of which swings open now, and

Trunesh hops out! In a pink eye patch and designer clothes. Bounces to Bruce and hugs him, as Elizabeth goes bonkers.

TRUNESH
Bruce! I am so happy to see you!

She crouches down then, and strokes Elizabeth lovingly:

TRUNESH

Hi, Baby! You must be Elizabeth!
 (standing again)
 Try driving 2,000 miles with only
 one eye, Bruce! God damn!

When suddenly-

CREAK, the car's passenger door opens, and

A little boy, age 5, climbs slowly out. Followed by his TWIN
 SISTER. The boy wearing a Seattle Supersonics cap and Gary
 Payton jersey.

And as they approach, shyly, Bruce stares at Trunesh. In
 slowly dawning realization, then guilt. And she laughs:

TRUNESH

My babies. Michelle and Magellan.

MICHELLE

Mommy, are we in Nebraska yet? I
 gotta take a dump!

TRUNESH

(embarrassed)

I'm trying to teach em to say "go
 poddy" like white folks do. The
 shit they teach em in that fff...
 rigging orphanage!

(smiling)

So do you have indoor plumbing out
 here, Bruce? Or is that just in
 the major urban centers of Nebraska?

Bruce laughs. Tears in his eyes, stoops to smile at the kids.

BRUCE

Yeah, come on. Do you guys like
 irritating little white kittens?

Michelle nods "yes" - very seriously. At which Bruce stands.

He ushers them all ahead of him toward the front door. And
 as they go, Magellan takes hold of Bruce's hand.

In so doing providing us our cue to...

FADE TO BLACK.

- THE END -