

JUST ANOTHER SATURDAY NIGHT

screenplay by  
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Based on the graphic novel  
by  
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FADE IN:

INT. DARK PLACE - NIGHT

MARV, a very large brute with an iron jaw, short hair and wearing a long coat, is falling into nothing.

MARV (V.O)  
Metal screams. Something hits me  
square in the chest. There's no up or  
down. I don't weigh a thing.

EXT. ROCKY HILLSIDE - NIGHT

It's snowing. Marv lands on the cold hillside. He grunts.

MARV (V.O)  
I don't remember a thing.

He gets up and looks around.

MARV (V.O)  
Aw. This doesn't look good at all.

Marv looks at a car wreck. A Police car is lying wrecked on top of another car on the hillside. Gasoline is dripping from the car underneath the Police car.

A DEAD MAN, about twenty, long hair, is lying next to it.

MARV (V.O)  
How did I get here?

Marv approaches the car wreck.

Another DEAD MAN is lying on the hood of the car which is leaking gasoline.

MARV (V.O)  
What have I done-- and why?

He looks at the Police squad car.

MARV (V.O)  
I can't remember for the life of me.  
I must have forgotten to take my  
medicine. When you've got a  
condition, it's bad to forget your  
medicine.

He looks to a large rip in his coat on his right shoulder.

MARV (V.O)  
Caught a bullet. The wound's fresh.  
Maybe an hour old.

He inspects it.

MARV (V.O)

I can't remember how I got it.

He looks up to the road. There's a large gap in the guard rail.

MARV (V.O)

For the life of me, I can't remember.

Marv walks over to the Dead Man lying on the ground and lifts him up by his hair. He reaches into the Dead Man's coat and finds a pack of cigarettes. He reaches into his own coat, pulls out a lighter and lights up a cigarette.

He crouches down and looks at the buildings below.

MARV (V.O)

The projects. Ugly as ever. What the hell am I doing here? I can't remember for the life of me. Take a deep breath. Let it out slow. Relax. Think. Put the pieces together, one by one, the way Lucille's shrink girlfriend taught you to.

He looks at the gasoline dripping from underneath the car.

MARV (V.O)

Relax. Think. It's Saturday...

He blows smoke out of his nostrils.

MARV (V.O)

It's Saturday...

INT. KADIE'S CLUB - NIGHT

A country bar. The place is very sleazy and smoky. But on a stage in the middle of the room there's an angel dancing topless with cowboy boots and a lasso.

NANCY is her name.

MARV (V.O) (CONT'D)

So I must've started the night at Kadie's joint. Watching Nancy.

Among the crowd watching Nancy sits Marv, drinking a glass of beer.

MARV (V.O)

Yeah. Just another Saturday night. Me and all the other losers like me, sucking back the sauce and drooling like fools over Nancy.

Nancy stops dancing.

MARV (V.O)

Nancy wasn't halfway through her gig  
when all of a sudden she stopped  
cold.

Nancy drops the lasso and jumps off the stage.

MARV (V.O) (CONT'D)

Jumped right off the stage. Ran off  
with some old man.

Nancy runs over to HARTIGAN, mid 70's, wearing a long coat, short hair  
with a large scar on his forehead. She runs into his arms and hugs and  
kisses him.

Marv looks at them.

MARV (V.O)

It was the damnedest thing.

EXT. KADIE'S CLUB - ALLEY IN BACK - NIGHT

Marv is sitting on the doorstep of the back door of the establishment.  
He's holding a half empty bottle of booze.

MARV (V.O)

I don't know why, but I felt like a  
balloon with all the air let out.  
Josie at the bar, she must've felt  
sorry for me. She snuck me a bottle.  
On the house.

He empties the bottle.

MARV (V.O)

I was polishing off the last of it  
and wondering what I was gonna do  
with myself when I smelled something  
awful.

Marv gets up and steps around a corner. He sees a DEAD MAN lying on the  
pavement, scorched and disfigured.

MARV (V.O)

Burning hair. Burning meat.

MALE VOICE (O.S)

(screaming)

No!!!

Marv turns around and calmly walks down the alley towards the sound.

MALE VOICE (V.O)

Lay off me. Bastards. Lay off me.

Marv turns around another corner and sees four WELL CLAD BOYS, all in  
their early twenties, standing around a MAN lying on the pavement. One  
of them is pouring gasoline on the man's head, while another one is  
holding him down with his foot. Another one lights up a lighter.

MARV (V.O)  
Like these poor old winos didn't have  
it bad enough already.

The fourth guy kicks the man in his ribs.

MARV (V.O)  
Damn frat boys. Damn rich, spoiled  
brats.

MAN  
Lay off--

The sound of glass breaking.

The frat boys all turn around and sees Marv standing there holding a  
broken bottle.

Frat boy #1 pulls out a gun and points it at Marv.

FRAT BOY #1  
Crawl back into your bottle,  
Bernini-boy.

He fires his gun and hits Marv in his right shoulder. He drops the  
bottle on the pavement which breaks into a thousand pieces.

EXT. ROCKY HILLSIDE - NIGHT

Marv is sitting on the exact same spot as before, looking down at the  
projects. He's still smoking a cigarette.

MARV (V.O)  
Why'd he call me "Bernie"? The  
bullet tore a chunk outta my shoulder  
and knocked me on my butt. The frat  
boys didn't push their luck. They  
made a run for it.

The dead, long-haired frat boy lying by the car wreck twitches.

MARV (V.O)  
At least I know they're bad guys.  
Nothing wrong with killing the bunch  
of them. Hell. It's practically my  
civic duty.

Marv gets up and walks over to the long-haired frat boy.

LONG-HAIRED FRAT BOY  
God-- It hurts.

Marv places his foot on the frat boy's neck and twists it, breaking the  
boy's neck.

Marv takes a puff of his cigarette.

MARV (V.O)  
They made a run for it.

EXT. HILLSIDE ROAD - NIGHT

Marv is clinging on the side of a fast moving car.

MARV (V.O)

I did what any good citizen would do.

The car swings from one side to the other trying to shake Marv off.

A Police car comes driving towards them and Marv jumps over to the hood of it when it passes.

The TWO POLICE OFFICERS inside are startled and surprised. The car swings from one side of the road to the other.

POLICE OFFICER #1

What the hell-- What the hell--

Marv climbs towards the front shield.

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Marv throws himself at the front shield. Both cops scream in terror and surprise.

EXT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Marv breaks through the front shield.

EXT. HILLSIDE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The police car is driving down the road. The two cops are thrown out of the right and left front doors of the car. They both scream in terror.

EXT. ROCKY HILLSIDE - NIGHT

Marv takes a puff of the cigarette and blows smoke out of his nostrils.

MARV (V.O)

That's when I got my idea.

EXT. HILLSIDE ROAD - NIGHT

The police car is chasing the other car down the road at high speed.

MARV (V.O)

If they got back to the university  
out in Sacred Oaks, I'd never catch  
them.

The police car comes up to the side of the other car and bangs into it several times.

MARV (V.O)  
So I banged them around like a hockey  
puck. Cut them off at every turn.

The police car bangs into the other car very hard and it crashes into  
the guard rail, breaking through it. The police car follows.

Marv jumps out before the police car goes over the edge but he falls  
down with it.

MARV (V.O)  
Left them no choice but to head over  
the hill.

EXT. ROCKY HILLSIDE - NIGHT

Marv is looking down at the buildings below.

MARV (V.O)  
To the projects.

He looks at the car wreck and the gasoline pouring out of the bottom of  
one of the cars.

MARV (V.O)  
Two of them left, including that snot  
with the gun who called me "Bernie".  
I could just turn my back and leave  
them here. My old neighbors will take  
care of them but good.

He looks at his cigarette.

MARV (V.O)  
But, hell--

He holds it up in the air.

MARV (V.O)  
Why should they have all the fun?

He flicks it at the car wreck.

The cars blow up in a huge ball of fire and Marv gets thrown down the  
rocky hillside by the blast. He laughs.

He slides down the hillside.

MARV (V.O)  
Settle down. Don't get too exited.  
Not just yet.

EXT. THE PROJECTS - INDUSTRIAL AREA - NIGHT

Marv walks down an alley.

MARV (V.O)  
The projects. I was born here.

EXT. ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

Frat Boy #1 and Frat Boy #2 are crouched down at the edge of the roof looking down on Marv. Frat Boy #1 has his gun drawn.

FRAT BOY #2  
Damn. It's him.

Frat Boy #1 aims his gun at Marv.

Several arrows shoots by them. Frat Boy #1 recoils.

MARV (V.O)  
My old neighborhood. My old  
neighbors.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL AREA - CONTINUOUS

The arrows comes down right by Marv's feet. He keeps cool.

MARV (V.O)  
They let me know they're watching.

Marv makes a signal with his arms.

MARV (V.O)  
I remind them who I am.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL AREA - CONTINUOUS

FRAT BOY #1  
What's he--

EXT. INDUSTRIAL AREA - CONTINUOUS

Marv makes another hand signal.

MARV (V.O)  
I tell them what to do.

FRAT BOY #1 (O.S)  
What--

Sounds of the frat boys screaming in pain.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

The two frat boys are perforated by several arrows. They're both still alive but in a lot of pain.

FRAT BOY #2  
God. Oh, God.

Marv appears. He points to Frat Boy #2.

FRAT BOY #2  
Please. No.

Marv brings his fingers to his own throat and slits it with an imaginary knife.

A noose appears out of nowhere and is placed around Frat Boy #2's neck. He's dragged ten feet into the air by an unseen force. He tries to resist. He dies.

Marv walks over to Frat Boy #1 and picks him up by his hair. Frat Boy #1 looks at his dead friend hanging above him with terror in his eyes.

MARV  
So why'd you call me "Bernie"?

FRAT BOY #1  
What? Oh, God.

Marv holds Frat Boy #1 by his hair with his left hand and raises his right hand in the air.

MARV  
Knife! Just before you shot me. You called me "Bernie". Why'd you call me "Bernie"?

FRAT BOY #1  
Bernini. It's a brand name. That coat you're wearing. It's a Bernini.

A knife lands in Marv's right hand.

MARV  
Thanks for clearing that up.

Marv slits Frat Boy #1's throat.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Marv is leaning against a wall. He takes out a cigarette and lights it.

MARV (V.O)  
Bernini, huh? And one fine coat it is. Somebody must've spent a fortune on it. I wonder who. And while I'm at it--

He looks at his hands. He's wearing gloves.

MARV (V.O)  
Where the heck did I get these gloves? I can't remember for the life of me.

FADE OUT:

THE END