

THE NEXT 30 DAYS

An Original Screenplay

By Michael James

SECOND DRAFT
6/17/2004

THE NEXT 30 DAYS

FADE IN:

EXT. B.A.R.T. STATION ENTRANCE - SAN FRANCISCO -- LATE NIGHT

A nearly deserted subway entrance on a blustery night. A set of wide concrete steps lead to an underground rail station, sparsely lit by flickering sodium vapor lights.

The night quiet except for the muffled RUMBLE of a departing train.

The calm is pierced by a trio of naval CADETS, in uniform, ascending the stairway, stumbling. Merry from a long night of partying, they SING, out of tune and definitely without talent.

CADETS
*...I left my heart in San
Francisco...*

They laugh, sing, and carry on, up to street level. Cadet#1 jumps on #2's back and yells out.

CADET#1
I love this city!

Cadet#2 stumbles and nearly falls sideways. He catches his balance in time to barely miss running into...

NIC, pretty, late 20's, with pink and blond hair, bundled up against the cold. She presses tight on the retaining wall to avoid the stumbling Cadets.

CADET#2
Oops! Excuse us!

Impressed by her beauty, Cadet #1 turns as they pass by.

CADET#1
Ahoy pretty lady! Permission to
come aboard!

She smiles politely and avoids eye contact.

Cadet#2 pulls him away.

CADET#1 (CONT'D)

Bon Voyage!

Cadet#2 laughs, he throws his arm across the shoulder of #1. The Cadets sing again as they disappear down the street.

Nic descends the stairs just as several of the lights blink out, pitching the stairway into near total darkness. She pauses.

NIC

Great.

Nic produces a small bottle of pepper spray attached to a set of keys. A sigh, she descends with trepidation.

B.A.R.T. UNDERGROUND STATION

The station is cloaked in the same near darkness as the stairway. Nic makes her way through the shadows, deposits her coin, steps through the turnstile and waits near the ramp.

Her head swivels at every CREAK. Pepper spray held in a tight grip, ready.

The lights flicker on and the ramp is lit completely.

Nic breaths an audible sigh of relief and loosens her grip on the pepper spray. She laughs at her nervousness.

NIC

(to herself)

Calm down Nic, it's just a subway station.

Nic puts away the keys and checks her watch. A quarter to three. She looks down the dark tunnel. A light shines through. Nic smiles.

A train GRINDS to a halt on the ramp. A few stragglers disembark. Nic enters a car near the middle of the train.

B.A.R.T. TRAIN

Nic makes her way to a seat as the doors close. The graffiti laden car is empty except for one male passenger who sits at the far end.

MARTY 30, dressed in a dark full length overcoat and pair of kick ass leather boots, sits with a supreme air of confidence, his looks rugged yet intellectual.

Nic smiles to him, he smiles back. She catches herself in a stare and looks away.

From a forward car, a group of three rough looking TEENAGERS enter Nic and Marty's car.

TODD, the biggest of the three, dressed in a punk style, menacingly swings a chain attached to his pants. He undresses Nic with his eyes and moves in closer.

TOD

What have we got here?

KIPPY, a smaller, wiry teenager, sounds parrot like.

KIPPY

Yeah, what have we got here?

The third teen, a girl, DINA, dark eye makeup and visible tattoos, wears a black hooded sweatshirt with a dragon emblazoned on the front.

DINA

Keep it in your pants Tod! Just see what she's got!

Tod silently mocks Dina as she stands behind him.

DINA (CONT'D)

What was that? I couldn't hear you.

Tod deflates a little, he stops swinging his chain.

TOD

I didn't say nothin'

DINA

That's what I thought...Well ya just gonna stand there dufus?

Tod scowls, then puffs himself up again, reaches behind his back and pulls out a switch blade. He reveals the knife's gleaming blade with a metallic SWISH. He waves it in front of Nic's face.

TOD

C'mon lady, hand over the scratch.

KIPPY

Yeah, c'mon lady! Before we gotta cut ya!

Nic fumbles with her purse. Tod snatches it away.

TOD

I'll take that!

KIPPY

Yeah, we'll take th...

Tod turns to glare at Kippy who whimpers back a few steps.

TOD

How many times have I told you?

Kippy looks like a puppy being scolded

KIPPY

Sorry.

Dina steps forward and reaches for the purse.

DINA

You two nimrods finished?

She yanks the purse from Tod's hands, the contents fly to the ground. Nic's keys slide down the slick metal aisle toward Marty, he stops them with his boot.

The action slows as the teens watch the keys come to a halt under his boot, then size up Marty.

Marty stands up, his leather boots CREAKING in the silence. The teens take a step back. He picks up the keys and examines the bottle of pepper spray.

Dina in a false bravado voice.

DINA (CONT'D)

Hey mister give those back! They belong to the dragons now!

Marty smiles and advances on the teens. They step back, falling in behind Dina.

MARTY

How about giving the pretty lady her purse back?

Nic flashes a smile. In a shaky voice Tod responds.

TOD

You gonna make us?

KIPPY

Yeah, you gonna make us?

Tod elbows Kippy in the gut, he silently mouths "oww".

Marty nearly on top of them.

MARTY

If you insist.

Dina steps forward.

DINA

C'mon dragons it's time to show hero boy how we do things.

Dina slips on a pair of brass knuckles and assumes a boxing stance. Marty moves into her. She lunges at him.

Marty grabs the drawstrings of her hooded sweatshirt and yanks them hard. The hood closes over Dina's face leaving her blinded. Marty ties a quick knot and leaves her to flail about.

DINA (CONT'D)

Hey! Get 'em Tod!

Tod makes a tentative move forward, knife blade outstretched. He waves it back and forth, his feet shuffling. Unsure.

TOD

You want a taste of this?

Marty moves lightning quick, grabs Tod by the collar, twists him around and pulls him in. Marty chops at Tod's knife wielding arm and the blade drops to the ground.

TOD (CONT'D)

Ahhgrh!

Marty has Tod in a head lock, his grip tighter and tighter.

Kippy's eyes go big. With a guttural WAIL, he leaps onto Marty's back.

KIPPY

Let him go! Let him go!

Tod swings wildly trying to loosen from Marty's grip.

TOD

Mmrpmhmm!

Kippy hangs on Marty, trying in vain to get Tod loose.

Dina, blinded by her hood, unsuccessfully navigates the car. She runs directly into one of the metal posts. A loud hollow CLANG, she drops to the ground holding her head.

Marty snaps the plastic ring separating the pepper spray from the keys. He shakes the small bottle and shoves it into Tod's gaping mouth then holds his jaw closed.

Tod's eyes go wide at the HISSING sound of the bottle discharging in his mouth.

A look of severe pain on Tod's face, he wilts in Marty's arms. Marty lets go, Tod drops to the floor with a thud, in the fetal position.

A crazed Kippy flails wildly on Marty's back. Marty backs hard into the subway car's metal wall.

A GASP from Kippy as the air is forced out of him. His crazed look transforms back into the scolded puppy dog.

TRAIN - MOMENTS LATER

A sheepish grin on Kippy's face as the doors close and the train pulls out, leaving the teenagers behind to lick their wounds on the ramp.

Marty turns to the stunned Nic. He gathers her purse from the ground and hands it to her.

NIC

That was....Amazing! Thank you!

Nic stands up to shake his hand.

MARTY

No big deal.

Marty, a devilish grin.

Nic's eyes wantonly gaze into his. Marty takes her hand and pulls her into him. Her bosom tight against his chest.

NIC

What's your name stranger?

MARTY

Martin. Martin Fishburn. You can call me marty.

Nic repeats the name as she draws in for a kiss.

NIC

Marty...Marty...

A voice overlaps.

DR. HONTLY (O.S.)

Marty! MARTY!

We snap into darkness then...

INT. PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - DAY

A typical psychiatrists office, plush furniture, hard woods, diplomas on the wall.

DR. HONTLY, 50's, with metal rimmed glasses and a well kept beard, leans in close, his face just a foot away. He SNAPS his fingers.

DR. HONTLY

Marty!

MARTY FISHBURN, 30, lies on a recliner, eyes closed, lips puckered ready for a kiss.

He looks vaguely like Marty on the train except he's a little skinnier, a lot less confident and most definitely nerdy. Marty is dressed in a 'members only' jacket and a pair of corduroy pants.

Marty's eyes open.

MARTY

Oh..sorry doc...

Marty embarrassed.

Dr. Hontly SIGHS and moves back into his seat.

DR. HONTLY

That's a very lovely story, but we agreed to only discuss real events in these sessions. Did that really happen Marty?

The Doc tilts his head skeptically.

Marty pumps up, about to answer in the affirmative, then thinks better of it and deflates.

MARTY

No. But it could...if I was riding the train and...

Marty's voice trails off. The doctor makes a few quick notes into a file and closes it.

DR. HONTLY

I want you to concentrate on your journal. Write down anything interesting that happens to you during the week.

Marty sits up and removes a pair of glasses from his jacket pocket and puts them on, they complete the nerd-like ensemble.

MARTY

I told you Doc, nothing interesting happens to me. I wish it would, maybe I wouldn't have to come here.

Marty realizes the insult, he stumbles for the words.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Not that it's bad or anything, I mean it's not good but...

The Doctor smiles.

DR. HONTLY

That's fine Marty.
(MORE)

DR. HONTLY (CONT'D)
You shouldn't want to be in here.
You should want to be out there,
living your life.

The Doctor checks a wall clock.

DR. HONTLY (CONT'D)
It seems our time is up for this
week.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Marty emerges through a large wooden doorway into the lobby of the doctors office, lined with empty seats and a few old magazines. In one corner a RECEPTIONIST talks on the telephone.

Marty makes a point to walk past her as he exits, trying to make eye contact. She shifts in her chair. Marty prepares to wave but she never looks his way. He opens the door to leave, makes one last attempt to get her attention, she shifts the other way. Marty SIGHS and walks out.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO CITY STREET - AFTERNOON

A windy afternoon on a busy city street. Marty joins the bustle of the crowd on the sidewalk. He slowly blends into the crowd until we can't distinguish him anymore.

EXT. DARK HORSE COMICS - MORNING

An establishing shot of the Dark Horse Comics building. A classic brick and steel in a trendy Russian Hill neighborhood.

INT. DARK HORSE COMICS

The lobby is decorated Generation X style. Polished steel with black and red accents abound. A RECEPTIONIST sits at a glass desk answering the endless phone calls. A staff of young artist types bustle about.

Straight ahead a long row of cubicles leads to a set of imposing polished steel doors embossed with gold lettering 'Dale Benton, Editor in Chief'. A smaller sign hangs below 'enter at your own risk'.

DALE'S OFFICE

Dale Benton, 35, slightly overweight with dyed black hair and a silver stud earring, he's dressed like a guy trying to hold onto his youth.

Across from him, Marty fidgets nervously with a manila folder in his hand.

Dale is on the phone, he sounds like an MTV commercial.

DALE
(into phone)
Yeah for shizzle. First print is
in 40 days.

Dale nods at Marty and holds out his hand. Marty hands over the folder with a half smile.

DALE (CONT'D)
(into phone)
I got my best illustrators on it
right now. Nah, It'll be bumping,
you can count on that dog.

Dale opens the folder and cringes at the contents. He glares at Marty. Marty clearly distressed, wilts into his seat.

DALE (CONT'D)
Yeah, it's all good.
(beat)
Late.

Dale hangs up. He SIGHS, rubs his eyes, then refocuses on Marty.

DALE (CONT'D)
You got any idea who that was?

Marty cringing, in a timid voice.

MARTY
The publish...

Dale doesn't wait for Marty to finish.

DALE
That was the publisher. The man!
You know what they're askin' for?

Marty timid again.

MARTY
Preliminary sketch...

Dale butts in.

DALE
The preliminary sketches. And
what do I got for their peeps?

Marty points to the folder.

DALE (CONT'D)
Nada!

Marty quickly drops his hand. Dale raises the folder.

DALE (CONT'D)
Dude, this is crap! I ain't feeling
it at all!

Dale vehemently tosses the file into the trash.

DALE (CONT'D)
It needs to be off the hook!

MARTY
But you said...

Dale collects himself.

DALE
Marty, we publish a comic based on
real life...Exciting real life,
interesting real life, not BORING
real life!

Marty nearly melts to the floor.

Dale pulls a cigarette out of a side drawer. He lights it
and takes a long drag. Several times he is about to say
something only to stop and take another drag.

The suspense kills Marty, his nails biting into the soft
wood of the overstuffed chair. His face grimaces at every
near word from Dale.

Finally Dale speaks.

DALE (CONT'D)
I know you can do better than that,
you're my dog.

Dale THUMPS his chest with his right fist.

DALE (CONT'D)
So I'm giving you a second chance.

Marty inflates, the tension in his face lets up some.

DALE (CONT'D)
You've got thirty days. The next
thirty days to come up with
something fat. The bomb!

Marty desperate to get out of the office, lunges forward
out of the seat.

MARTY
Thank you! Thank you Dale...Mr.
Benton. I won't let you down.

OFFICE HALLWAY

Marty exits Dale's office, closing the steel door, Dale yells out.

DALE
Thirty days homey!

The door closes. Marty smiles sheepishly at a passing CO-WORKER.

MARTY'S CUBICLE - LATER

Marty sits in his small cubicle. Posters of new age comic heroes tacked to the cork board walls.

On his desk a half finished scene board depicts a man taking his garbage to the curb and finding a severed hand in it. The man's face filled with surprise.

Marty considers it with a half smile.

MARTY
(to himself)
It's not boring.

With a SIGH, he crumples the board and adds it the pile in the trash can.

He raises a coffee mug for a sip, it's empty.

BREAK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Co-workers, FRED, an overweight 30, and JAMIE, a short unappealing women in her late 20's are getting coffee refills.

NIC, from the subway dream, every bit as pretty and even more desirable than the last time we saw her, joins them.

FRED
You hear what happened to Marty?

Marty, empty mug in hand, stops at the doorway before entering. He leans over to eavesdrop.

NIC
Marty? Isn't that the guy in creative?

JAMIE
Yeah. He gives me the creeps, he's so quiet. Kind of a weirdo.

Nic concerned.

NIC
What happened?

JAMIE

Heard he might not make it through
the month.

FRED

You know what they say about the
quiet ones. Never know what they're
thinking.

(beat)

If he got fired he might come back
with a gun and get some revenge.

Fred makes a gun with his hand and play shoots the women for
emphasis.

They all contemplate the possibility. Nic slaps Fred on the
shoulder and laughs.

NIC

Stop. Just because the guy's quiet
doesn't mean he's a psycho.

JAMIE

Nic's Right.....Marty'd never do
anything like that. He's afraid of
his own shadow!

They laugh.

NIC

You guys are terrible.

Marty pulls away from the door, slunk down and deflated,
empty mug at his side.

MARTY'S CUBICLE - LATER

Marty sits, chin in hand, staring across the office at Nic.

She types on her laptop and talks out of earshot. A laugh
into the phone headset.

STEWART (O.S.)

Shouldn't you be concentrating on
other things?

Snapping Marty out of his trance, he turns to see STEWART,
30 yr old fellow nerd. He nods at Marty's blank scene
sheets on the desk.

STEWART (CONT'D)

Heard Dale ripped up your work,
punched you in the stomach then threw
you out.

Marty half smiles.

MARTY

Yeah something like that.

Stewart mockingly imitates Dale.

STEWART

You're lucky he didn't *bust a cap*
in your ass.

They both smile at the joke.

Marty goes back to staring at Nic.

MARTY

You think she could ever be
interested in a guy like me?

STEWART

Girls like that are never interested
in guys like us, goes against the
law of nature.

MARTY

Which law?

STEWART

The law that says beautiful woman
don't like comic geeks.

Marty sighs. Stewart places a knowing hand on his shoulder.

STEWART (CONT'D)

I'm headed to pick up some issues,
wanna go?

Marty looks at his blank scene sheet.

MARTY

Yeah, what the heck. I'm not
getting anything done around here.

EXT. BAY CITY COMICS - LATER

Marty and Stewart walk out of the Bay City Comic shop,
small plastic bags in hand. The edges of comic books peak
above the plastic. Stewart checks his watch.

STEWART

Oh man, it's two o'clock. We better
get back.

Marty shakes his head.

MARTY

Not me, I'm gonna skip out. I'll
see you tomorrow.

Stewart stands stunned, he watches Marty walk off.

STEWART

Dale isn't going to be too happy!

Not turning around, Marty waves his hand in acknowledgement then blends into the crowd.

EXT. PAC BELL PARK - AFTERNOON

Marty stands at an opening along the first base wall, a viewing window, looking into the ball park, plastic bag in his hands. He watches the game with distracted interest.

The sharp CRACK of the bat. A foul ball is hit out of the park, it lands in the street near him. Bouncing and rolling to a stop.

Marty watches as a group of KIDS jostle for the prize.

A MUSCULAR MAN pushes his way through the throng of kids and emerges with the ball. The kids walk away disappointed while Muscle Man obnoxiously displays it to his group of equally muscled FRIENDS.

Marty watches, his grip on the plastic bag tightening.

A small KID, wearing a fielding glove, walks up to the man.

KID

Hey mister, that's my ball! You took it out of my glove.

Muscle man scowls.

MUSCLE MAN

Get lost kid.

Marty, the cool Marty, has an intense look on his face. He saunters over to the Muscle Man, silently sizes him up.

MUSCLE MAN (CONT'D)

Scram sucker.

The man swings to punch Marty, he ducks and kicks the guy in the groin with his leather boots.

The man drops to the ground with a deep GRUNT. The ball comes loose and rolls to Marty's feet. He picks it up smiling and hands it to the Kid.

The boys face beams as he runs back to his attractive Mother. She smiles suggestively at Marty.

The CRACK of a bat, the ROAR of the crowd.

Marty snaps back to reality, he rubs his eyes.

Marty stands at the small window in the wall, on his feet, velcro strapped tennis shoes not leather boots.

Mr. Muscles poses for pictures with the ball on his flexed arm. The Kid looks on frowning, his oversized glove hanging off his hand. His Mother corrals him, offering comfort.

Marty frowns and turns away.

EXT. MARTY'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

An old three story apartment building in a not so nice Tenderloin district neighborhood. A large neon sign bathes the building in flashing red and blue glow. Lamp light shines through a small third floor window.

INT. MARTY'S APARTMENT

The small one bedroom apartment is dimly lit. Neon light sneaks through the window blinds, flashes of red and blue offer momentary glimpses of the walls, covered by dark comic hero posters and memorabilia, the 'punisher' 'catwoman' 'spawn'.

Strange shadows play across the old wooden floors. Something moves in the dark. A small shape hugs the low walls, moving down the hallway stealthily, black, small and silent.

A door way.

Marty sits at a drafting desk, at work on a scene board.

The door CREAKS open, Marty turns to see a large black cat, WYLIE, enter the room. It saunters to Marty's legs and rubs against them PURRING. He picks the cat up.

MARTY

So what do you think Wylie?

Marty holds Wylie up to the scene board. He's completely disinterested, preferring instead to hop back onto Marty's lap then down to the floor with a half hearted MEOW.

MARTY (CONT'D)

That bad huh?

The scene board depicts a man making a surprise discovery when a slimy monster climbs out of the garbage disposal as he is doing the dishes.

Another MEOW.

MARTY (CONT'D)

I think you're right...I need a break.

INT. MARTY'S APARTMENT -- LATER

Marty puts on his 'members only' jacket and walks through the door locking it behind himself. In a corner, Wylie devours a dish of cat food.

INT. LOU'S LOUNGE - LATER

A dive bar of the worst kind, a smelly, old, and tacky offense on the senses. An old juke box belts out tired bar standards. Questionable looking patrons sit on wooden stools and lean into the bar, hovering above their drinks as if guarding them.

The BARTENDER, a cross between a hardened old sea dog and a walking corpse, works behind the counter. He wears a ball cap that reads in faded white letters 'Bad Ass'. He condenses half eaten bowls of pretzels, dusts some of them off as they fall to the ground and places them back in to the bowls.

Marty walks in soaking wet. His jacket dripping onto the concert floor.

Marty plops down onto an open stool, none of the patrons look up.

The Bartender raises an eyebrow in acknowledgement. With a nod Marty orders a shot of whisky.

The Bartender sets it down with a THUNK along with a full bowl of pretzels.

Classic rock plays in the background. Marty tosses the shot back and signals for another. The Bartender returns with the shot.

MARTY

Bad day.

The Bartender GRUNTS acknowledgement and gets back to his pretzel bowls.

Marty looks around at the half dozen sullen souls occupying the bar top. Seated next to him, a head of long flowing blonde hair.

The head looks up and turns to Marty. It belongs to a woman with skin like old leather and a near toothless grin. Marty returns a nervous smile then pretends as though his drink has him preoccupied.

MONTAGE

A montage of customers entering and leaving the bar, smoking drinking, scowling throughout the night. All the while Marty keeps to himself on his stool.

INT. LOU'S LOUNGE - LATER

Four shot glasses sit empty in front of Marty. He gets up and makes his way to the restroom.

RESTROOM

A filthy, barely functional facility. Layers of old paint try to mask the filth, currently it's color is dark green. Marty uses the urinal. It doesn't flush no matter how many times Marty tries.

He walks to the sink and rinses his hands. No paper towels.

MARTY

Great.

He wipes his hands on his jacket. Looking into the mirror, it's blurry with filth. Marty sighs and uses his jacket sleeve to clean a circular portion.

Marty stares into the mirror, his face looks sullen and grim. He runs cold water onto his hands then lowers his face in. Coming up, he wipes his face with the sleeve of his jacket.

JACK (O.S.)

I've seen a lot of sorry sacks in here, but I gotta say, you take the cake.

Marty jumps at the sound of the stranger's voice. He looks into the mirror and sees a man standing behind him.

JACK, 30ish, well built, rugged good looks with a mysterious quality, wears a black leather coat, black pants, boots and a pair of dark sunglasses. This guy is a stud.

JACK (CONT'D)

That's right I'm talking to you.

Marty looks like he wants to crawl into a hole.

MARTY

I'm...I'm sorry there must be some mistake...I don't think we know each other.

Jack steps forward and checks his hair in the mirror.

JACK

Nope, no mistake, you're definitely the sorriest sack.

Marty turns around and holds up his hands.

MARTY

I'm not looking for any trouble, I'll just pay my tab and leave.

Jack laughs.

JACK

Let me get this straight, a complete stranger insults you, twice, and all you wanna do is leave? C'mon you can do better than that. You can't let me get away with this.

Marty tenses up.

MARTY

No really it's okay, I'll just go.

Marty crabs his way toward the door but Jack cuts him off. Marty swallows hard.

JACK

Aw c'mon, get mad. Aren't you a little pissed that you're dressed like that?

Marty balls up his fists. In a shaky voice.

MARTY

I'm not the one wearing sunglasses at night.

Jack stands silent for a moment, Marty cowers waiting for retaliation.

Jack lets out a hearty laugh.

JACK

Ha! There you go! Now was that really so hard?

Marty is unsure, still tense. Jack takes off the sunglasses.

JACK (CONT'D)

C'mon guy, I was just having some fun with you, no harm right?

Marty loosens up.

MARTY

No harm, I guess.

Jack offers his hand. Marty shakes.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Marty Fishburn.

JACK

Jack.

MARTY
You got a last name?

JACK
Just Jack.

Jack winks and Marty nods.

JACK (CONT'D)
How about you buy me a beer?

Marty looks unsure.

JACK (CONT'D)
What else you gonna do Marty, talk
to the pretzels?

Marty half smiles.

INT. LOU'S LOUNGE - LATER

Empty beer bottles and shot glasses line the bar top. Jack is animatedly telling a story to Marty. Marty's speech is a little slurred.

JACK
...So then I just get the hell outta
there!

MARTY
Wow, that really happened?

JACK
Yup. Down in Chinatown, just a
few nights ago.

Marty contemplates for a moment.

MARTY
You live a pretty interesting life
Jack.

Jack reaches for his beer, It's empty. Marty signals the Bartender.

The old man GRUNTS then ambles to them with a scowl on his face.

MARTY (CONT'D)
Another beer.

The Bartender sighs.

BARTENDER
Ain't you had enough buddy?

Marty nods to Jack.

MARTY

It's for him.

The Bartender scowls.

BARTENDER

C'mon pal, it's time to call it quits.

Marty straightens himself.

MARTY

But I just told you it's not for me, it's for Jack.

The Bartender scowls deeper.

BARTENDER

That's it, lets go.

He begins to walk from behind the bar and toward Marty.

The Bartender grips a surprised Marty by the jacket collar. Jack steps in.

JACK

Get your damn hands off him old man!

Jack rips Marty free. He pushes the Bartender back, his 'Bad Ass' cap falls to the ground. The old man lunges at Marty. He takes a swing and connects with Marty's chin.

Marty's glasses fly off his face, he crumples to the ground with a GROAN. Jack leans down to check on him then rises up in a rage.

JACK (CONT'D)

How about trying that on me!

Jack breaks a beer bottle on the bar and holds the jagged edge toward the old man.

The Bartender backs down and heads for a phone behind the bar.

BARTENDER

Alright, that's it, I'm calling the cops!

Jack drops the bottle to the floor and gathers Marty. He leans him over his shoulder and makes his way out.

JACK

(over his shoulder)
This ain't over old man, we owe you one!

EXT. LOU'S LOUNGE - MOMENTS LATER

Jacks props Marty against the brick wall outside Lou's Lounge. Jack unzips his pants and pees on the wall.

JACK

This is for you Lou.

In the background the distant WAIL of police sirens grows closer.

INT. MARTY'S APARTMENT -- MORNING

A crisp morning. The sounds of traffic and city life filter into the tiny apartment.

BEDROOM

Marty sleeps sprawled out on the bed.

Wylie enters PURRING, he jumps on the bed then rubs across Marty's face.

MARTY

Mmhhh...mmhhh.

Cat hair in his mouth, Marty gags.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Phfft! Uhgrh!

Marty jolts up startling Wylie, he darts out of the room. Marty wipes at his mouth.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Why didn't I get a dog.

A tired Marty rolls out of bed and into the bathroom.

BATHROOM - LATER

Marty, fresh from the shower, draped in a large towel, in front of the steam covered mirror. He wipes a spot clear and leans in.

Marty astonished at the sight of a large bruise and swelling under his left eye. He pokes at it.

MARTY

Oww.

KITCHEN - LATER

Marty dressed in his nerd attire. His glasses taped at the hinge. He picks up his keys on the kitchen counter. There's a note and the 'BAD ASS' hat worn by the Lou's lounge Bartender. The note reads "Got you this souvenir, hope you like it. Jack. P.S. Nice shiner!"

Marty reads the note, lets out a CHUCKLE. His attention turns to the hat. He slowly examines it as if it were a moon rock. A smile. He stuffs the hat into his portfolio case and walks out the door.

INT. BAY CITY COMICS - DAY

A busy morning at the office. Marty walks in. Stares and looks of astonishment as he proudly displays his black eye for all to see. Marty smiles, soaks in the attention.

MARTY'S CUBICLE - LATER

Marty tells last nights story to an enthralled Stewart.

STEWART
...Does it hurt?

Marty gingerly touches the swelling.

MARTY
What do you think?

Stewart acknowledges his stupid question. He shakes his head in admiration.

STEWART
A bar fight. I've always wanted to be in one of those. Breaking chairs, throwing bottles. What was it like?

Marty thinks.

MARTY
Happened kinda fast, I can't remember much. But check this out...

Marty reaches into his portfolio case and pulls out the 'Bad Ass' hat and hands it to Stewart, he reads it.

STEWART
Bad Ass.

Marty a proud smile.

MARTY
It was the bartender's.

Stewart hooked by the story, examines the hat carefully.

STEWART
How'd you get it?

Marty thinks.

MARTY

Don't know. Jack must of went
back and got it.

Stewart hands the hat back. Marty tries it on. He gives
his best steely look.

STEWART

Bad Ass...cool.

Marty enjoys the moment then takes the hat off.

STEWART (CONT'D)

So where'd he go? Does he live
around here?

Marty puts the hat back into his portfolio case.

MARTY

I don't know...maybe.

Stewart gets up. He shakes his head and smiles.

STEWART

Wish I knew a guy like Jack.

BREAK ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

A smiling Marty refills his coffee mug. He catches the
reflection of his black eye in the glass table, takes a
moment to admire it.

NIC (V.O.)

That looks like it hurts.

Marty surprised. Nic stands right behind him. He freezes
up.

NIC (CONT'D)

How'd you get it?

Marty just stares for a moment. Nic waits for an answer.
Marty snaps out of his trance.

MARTY

(nervous)

Last night, bar, Jack.

Nic looks a little confused. She fills her mug with coffee

NIC

Oh. Maybe you should think about
ducking next time.

She smiles. Marty stands stiff.

NIC (CONT'D)

Kidding...

Marty laughs nervously.

MARTY

Oh, okay.

Nic heads for the door.

NIC

I gotta go, hope you feel better.

MARTY

You too.

Nic smiles at his nervousness then walks out. Marty SLAPS himself on the forehead.

MARTY (CONT'D)

You too?! Idiot.

INT. MARTY'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Marty at his drafting desk, works on a scene board.

A CREAK in the other room, he looks up, nothing. Back to work.

A breeze blows in, Marty gets a quick chill, he gets up to close the window. Another CREAK. He freezes.

Marty cautiously rounds the corner to the living room then the kitchen.

KITCHEN

On the kitchen floor, Wylie impatiently pushes his empty food dish around. Marty shakes his head, laughing at his trepidation.

MARTY

Hungry?

Marty pours food in Wylie's dish. The cat PURRS deeply.

BEDROOM

Marty back at the drafting table.

The scene on the board depicts the events of last night, and stars Jack.

JACK (O.S.)

Is that supposed to be me?

Marty jumps out of his skin. Spinning around, a sigh of relief at the sight of Jack.

MARTY

Geez, you gave me a scare!

Jack grins.

JACK
Why so jumpy? Afraid of the big
bad wolf?

Jack plops down onto a couch just behind the drafting table.

MARTY
(embarrassed)
No...sorry. How'd you get in here
anyway?

Jack shrugs his shoulders.

JACK
Door was open?

MARTY
Oh...musta forgot to lock it...what
are you doing here?

Jack looks around the room, he frowns.

JACK
Please don't tell me this is how
you spend Friday nights.

Marty with a sheepish grin.

MARTY
I got all this work to do...there's
a deadline...

Jack stands.

JACK
Boss on your ass huh?

Jack surveys the scene board.

JACK (CONT'D)
No wonder. You need more
excitement.

Marty sighs.

MARTY
That's what he said.

JACK
I got an idea.

Jack stands up and walks to the kitchen. Marty eagerly follows.

MARTY
What?

Jack wipes his leather boots with a dish towel.

JACK

How 'bout I let you hang out with me a few days? Get some material for that comic book of yours.

Marty excited.

MARTY

Really? You wouldn't mind? That'd be super!

Jack puts his strong hand on Marty's shoulder. In a straight voice.

JACK

That's what buddies are for.

Marty beams.

MARTY

Oh man this is gonna be great!

Jack checks his hair in the reflection of stainless steel pot.

JACK

Well don't just stand there, go get ready. The world ain't gonna save itself.

Marty hustles out of the room.

HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER

In the hallway, Marty locks his front door and joins Jack as they walk down the corridor. A scene of complete opposites. Jack rugged, confident, and handsome. Marty frail, fragile and homely.

Marty puts his hand on Jack's shoulder as they walk away, in wonder...

MARTY

A *buddy*...I never had a *buddy* before.

Jack glances at Marty's hand.

JACK

Don't push it.

Marty quickly drops his hand.

MARTY

Sorry...so where to first?

EXT. ALLEYWAY -- LATER

In a darkened alleyway, a shape stands by a dumpster keeping a lookout. From inside the dumpster a voice.

MARTY (O.S.)
This isn't exactly what I had in
mind.

Marty stands up, a frown on his face. Jacks looks around.

JACK
Shhh, keeping looking, it's in
there somewhere.

Marty dives back in, sounds of rummaging.

MARTY (O.S.)
Got it.

He tosses out a canvas bag, it hits the alleyway pavement with a CLANG.

MARTY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Sorry.

Marty climbs out of the dumpster, Jack unzips the bag.

MARTY (CONT'D)
What's in there?

Jack fishes around inside, he pulls something out.

JACK
Here.

Jack hands a black ski mask and a pair of leather gloves to Marty, he looks nervous.

MARTY
What do I need these for?

Jack puts on his own ski mask.

JACK
You're not gonna wimp out now are
you?

Marty thinks for a beat.

MARTY
No...I'll do it.

Marty pulls the mask over his head.

MARTY (CONT'D)
What about your gloves, don't you
need a pair?

JACK
Nah, never been finger printed.
Can't be traced.

Jack grabs the canvas bag and hands it to Marty.

JACK (CONT'D)
Time for phase two.

Jack slinks off into the darkness, leaving a confused and nervous Marty.

MARTY
Phase two?

EXT. WAREHOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Jack and Marty stand in front of a metal door belonging to a large nondescript warehouse. Jack opens the canvas bag and pulls out a small piece of metal. It's a short thin strip about 2 inches long.

Jack pushes the piece of metal between the alarm contacts on the door.

JACK
Magnet...it'll keep the circuit
intact...

Jack reaches for the bag again, this time removing a large set of bolt cutters. He clinches them onto the large padlock on the door. With a GRUNT.

JACK (CONT'D)
...Allowing us to...

The pad lock SNAPS and the door is free. Jack opens it stealthily.

JACK (CONT'D)
...Open the door without the alarm
going off.

Jack grabs the bag and steps through the door, Marty in tow.

INT. WAREHOUSE

The cavernous building is dark.

Jack sets a battery operated alarm clock for five minutes. He places it on the ground as it counts down.

Marty looks around.

MARTY
What is this place?

Jack pulls two flashlights from the bag. He hands one to Marty.

He flips it on, flashing it everywhere. Jack grabs his hand and signals for him to keep it low. Marty nods.

Metal shelves stacked high to the ceiling dominate the building, row after row. Marty heads to a shelf to get a better look.

Cardboard boxes, as far as the flashlight shines. They're plain except for a small label. Marty squints to read it.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Milk?

Jack joins him. Marty pulls down a box, he grunts under it's weight.

JACK

Powdered milk.

Jack points to another shelf.

JACK (CONT'D)

Cereal.

Another shelf

JACK (CONT'D)

Rice.

Another shelf.

JACK (CONT'D)

Canned vegetables.

Marty confused.

MARTY

We broke into a foodbank?

Jack checks on other boxes, he opens several.

JACK

Not just any foodbank...

Jack holds up a labeled box of canned fruits.

JACK (CONT'D)

The IHA food bank.

MARTY

IHA?

Jack sighs.

JACK
International Humanitarian Aid.

Marty really confused.

MARTY
What? Why?

Jack takes a seat on one of the large boxes, he pulls something out of the canvas bag. He motions to the shelves.

JACK
You see all this food?

Marty nods.

JACK (CONT'D)
You know where it comes from?

Before Marty can answer.

JACK (CONT'D)
Our government. They buy surplus stock from farmers and distributors for pennies on the dollar.

Marty still confused.

JACK (CONT'D)
Then they ship this food to other countries.

In his hand, Jack holds a large battery operated lamp, not your average light, something from the military. He sets it down.

JACK (CONT'D)
What about the hungry in this country? The homeless on our streets? You know how much of this food they get?

Marty shrugs his shoulders.

JACK (CONT'D)
Squat...nothing...zilch...

Jack flips a switch on the lamp, it begins to glow softly with a increasing BUZZ.

JACK (CONT'D)
That's why we're here...to help make things a little more...equal.

The lamp on the floor flickers brightly then casts a brilliant glow through the warehouse.

Marty blinks his eyes as they get used to the light.

An awe striking sight. The rows of food are endless, piled high to the ceiling. Boxes everywhere the eye can see.

Marty's jaw drops. Jack lets out a shrill WHISTLE.

A moment of quiet. The WHISTLE is repeated outside the warehouse. A beat.

At the doorway, a surge of sound and people. Poor, homeless, hungry people, young and old. They pile in, one after another. Some carry bags and boxes to fill, others push old rusty shopping carts.

As each person enters the warehouse a look of astonishment and sheer joy.

The warehouse fills with laughter, happiness, and the SQUEAKING of the old cart tires. It's a scene of barely controlled chaos.

Jack sits back, a smile on his face. Marty watches amazed.

MARTY

Holy...

INT. WAREHOUSE - MINUTES LATER

On the floor the alarm clock tics down, 10, 9, 8,...

The warehouse is mostly empty now except for a few homeless scrambling for one last box. In the aisle ways, spilled boxes and cans.

The clock 3, 2, 1...BUZZZZZZ

The remaining homeless stop shopping and make quickly for the exit.

EXT. WAREHOUSE

Marty and Jack run past the long metal walls of the warehouse, in the b.g. the sound of police SIRENS grows closer.

Marty in a full sprint, makes a turn past the building. The sirens now muffled, he slows to a fast walk, out of breath. Jack follows around the corner, he laughs.

JACK

Slow down! I think you're safe
batman.

A smirk.

Marty slows, he looks back nervous.

MARTY

We've gone far enough?

Jack looks back worried.

JACK
(serious)
No, maybe a few more blocks.

Marty takes off. Jack erupts in laughter again.

JACK (CONT'D)
Wait! Stop!

Marty half turns still jogging, he looks back at Jack confused.

JACK (CONT'D)
I was kidding.

Marty stops.

MARTY
Not funny.

Jack chuckles.

JACK
Sorry, couldn't resist.

Marty waits as Jack catches up. They walk together, a stressed look on Marty's face.

JACK (CONT'D)
Hey buck up. What you did tonight
was a good thing.

MARTY
Yeah?

JACK
Of course. Every homeless person
in this city won't go hungry for
weeks because of what you did.
You think about that when you go
to bed tonight.

A pat on the back. Marty sprouts a smile.

MARTY
Yeah I guess that's true.

A spring in his step, his head held a little higher.

Jack smiles.

JACK
Lets celebrate.

EXT. THE DNA LOUNGE - LATE

An establishing shot of a club. A black building, patrons dressed Goth and Punk file in and out. A doorman works the ropes.

INT. THE DNA LOUNGE

Dark, edgy, smoky. Neon and black lights give only a hint of the cyberpunk surroundings. This is neo-culture atmosphere at its thickest. On stage a punk band plays.

Marty turns from the bar top and hands a beer to Jack, he takes a sip of his own.

Stares from passers-by. Marty self conscious.

MARTY

Why are they staring at us?

JACK

Not us...you.

Jack pulls at Marty's members only jacket.

JACK (CONT'D)

You don't exactly blend in.

The goths and punks rule this place. Marty is embarrassed, he fidgets with his jacket then takes a sip of beer doing his best to hide behind the bottle.

Jack removes his cool leather coat. He hands it to Marty.

JACK (CONT'D)

Here take this.

Marty surprised.

MARTY

Thanks.

He excitedly puts on the jacket, it's a bit big but still looks good.

MARTY (CONT'D)

What about you?

Jack sports a plain black t-shirt. From his back pocket he pulls out two metal studded wrist bands and puts them on.

JACK

I think I'll be fine.

Jack motions to a passing customer dressed just like him. Marty nods.

MARTY

Should've know.

On stage the band is at a CRESCENDO, the crowd below is going wild. Dancing surrounds a mosh pit. Jack nods to the action.

JACK

You wanna get in there?

Marty almost coughs up his beer.

MARTY

no! Definitely not.

The mosh pit picks up steam, bodies bounce around. Marty's eyes wide.

MARTY (CONT'D)

I don't know how to do that...

Jack grins. He grabs Marty by the leather jacket.

JACK

C'mon I'll show ya!

Marty is nearly dragged into the dance, a look of sheer terror in his eyes.

Jack lets him go as they enter the edge. Jack backs up then at the beat of the music rushes into Marty, knocking him back.

Marty stumbles, he mouths 'oww'.

Jack motions for Marty to try it himself. Marty hesitates, he looks around, bodies are flying. He shrugs his shoulders and launches himself into Jack.

It's a good hit and Jack stumbles slightly, a look of surprise then a nod and smile of approval. Marty smiles.

At the beat of the music they launch into each other again, Jack gets the better of it and Marty ricochets into the middle of the mosh pit.

Marty comes face to face with serious moshers. They stop for a split second, surprised by Marty's appearance. A uniform smirk flashes across their faces. They move in and bounce Marty like a pinball.

MOSH PIT - MINUTES LATER

Marty bounces into bodies with reckless abandon, a look of near crazed happiness on his face. He moshes everyone. From the corner the largest man in the group steps up, a big grin as he closes in on Marty.

FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Marty bounces down to the floor just outside of the action.
An ear to ear grin.

Just next to him another body hits the floor with a THUNK.
Marty turns, it's...

Nic, she laughs at her sudden appearance. Marty is shocked.

Nic looks to him, a momentary stare.

NIC

Hey! I know you! From work!

Marty shy and sheepish.

BAR TOP - MOMENTS LATER

Marty signals the BARTENDER and he delivers two beers.
Nic is wiping her brow with a napkin. Marty hands her a
beer. She takes it with a deep breath.

NIC

(smiling)

Thanks...Marty right?

Marty surprised she remembered. He nods.

NIC (CONT'D)

How's that black eye?

Marty turns his head to show her his left eye.

NIC (CONT'D)

Hmm, doesn't look too bad...you
trying for new one out there?

Nic nods to the mosh pit. Marty laughs.

MARTY

No...my friend Jack's idea...

Marty scans the crowd to find him, he's nowhere in sight.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Must've went to the bathroom or
something.

Nic eyes Marty.

NIC

You look different...

Marty tugs at the leather jacket.

MARTY

It's the jacket.

Nic still looking.

NIC
No, something else, you look...good.

Marty uncomfortable, he fidgets. A nervous laugh.

MARTY
I've been working out.

Marty flexes his skinny arms for a joke. Nic laughs.

NIC
Yeah, maybe that's it.

Smiles, she looks into his eyes. An uncomfortable silence. Nic breaks the quiet.

NIC (CONT'D)
You wanna have a smoke?

EXT. THE DNA LOUNGE -- MOMENTS LATER

Seated on a concrete ledge on the right of the club entrance, Nic's legs swing. Marty sits stiff.

Nic offers a cigarette to Marty, he takes one after a short hesitation. She leans in close to light it. Marty nearly chokes.

Nic takes a deep drag then raises her head to the sky and exhales the smoke dramatically.

Marty tries to imitate, he takes a deep drag, a coughing fit as the smoke hits his lungs.

Nic smirks.

NIC
Smoke much?

In between coughs.

MARTY
All the time...trying to quit.

She laughs.

NIC
You're funny. I didn't expect that.

Marty ashes his cigarette.

NIC (CONT'D)
At work...

Marty cuts in.

MARTY

I know...Everyone thinks I'm some
weirdo.

Nic shakes her head no and exhales smoke.

NIC

It's just that you're so quiet.
You keep to yourself.

MARTY

I've got friends at work, they're
just not the friends you hang out
with.

Nic smiles.

NIC

Maybe we should change that.

Nic leans over and gives him a peck on the cheek. Marty
floored, he almost forgets to breathe. Nic checks her
punk style wrist watch.

NIC (CONT'D)

Oo...Time for this gal to get home.
Walk me to the train?

Marty unsure.

MARTY

What about Jack? He's still inside
somewhere.

Nic gets up and starts to walk.

NIC

C'mon...he's a big boy
right?...besides you wouldn't let
a poor helpless girl walk alone in
the city at night would you?

Marty is up in a shot.

MARTY

I guess he'll be okay.

Marty scrambles after Nic.

Walking, she rubs her arms to get warmth. Marty takes off
the leather jacket and puts it around her shoulders.

MARTY (CONT'D)

It'll make you look tough.

Nic smiles.

NIC

My hero.

INT. B.A.R.T. UNDERGROUND STATION -- LATER

A train lurches to a stop in front of the waiting Nic and Marty. The doors open. Nic turns to Marty. She takes off the jacket and hands it to him.

NIC

Thanks...I had fun tonight. I think we should do it again.

Nic leans in and plants a quick peck on Marty's lips. He's stunned as Nic steps back into the car and the doors close.

She giggles at him and waves bye when the train starts to pull out. Marty manages to break out of his trance to wave back.

The train pulls out of the station. Marty turns to make his way up the stairs to street level. He walks a few steps. A laugh. He pumps his fists.

MARTY

YES!

INT. MARTY'S APARTMENT -- MORNING

A bright morning. Marty sings in the shower. Laid out on the bed, his perfectly pressed set of nerd clothes, a pin striped long sleeve dress shirt and a pair of cotton slacks.

BEDROOM - MINUTES LATER

Marty enters, towel around his waist. He considers the wardrobe on the bed. With a sweep of his hand he pushes it to the floor. To the closet.

BATHROOM - MINUTES LATER

Marty in a pair of jeans and a dressy t-shirt, fixes his hair, not the usual boring part on the side, this time it's palmaid and a 'messy' do.

Marty reaches for his taped up glasses, decides better of it and pulls a pair of prescription sunglasses out of a drawer, puts them on.

Marty steps back for a full length view in the mirror. The new improved Marty. He smiles.

INT. DARK HORSE COMICS - MORNING

The RECEPTIONIST is juggling multiple tasks. Marty walks in. She glances up to greet him.

RECEPTIONIST

Welcome to Dar...Marty is that
you?

The Receptionist impressed.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

You look different.

MARTY

It's the hair.

Marty continues to his desk. The phones RING mercilessly
as the receptionist watches Marty walk away.

CUBICLE - LATER

Marty works on a scene board of Jack at the IHA warehouse.
He looks up and over toward Nic's desk, she's on the phone.

Nic looks over to Marty, their eyes meet. A smile grows
across her face. She looks away for a second then back
again to see Marty still looking her way, she winks. Marty
smiles.

STEWART (O.S.)

What's that all about?

Stewart sits on the far side of Marty's desk. The spell
broken, Marty turns back to his work.

MARTY

What?

(beat)

It's nothing.

Stewart amazed.

STEWART

Nothing? She was smiling at you
man, I think she even winked!

Marty drawing.

MARTY

We hung out a little last night,
no big deal.

STEWART

You hung out with the hottest woman
we know and it's no big deal...oh
it's a big deal alright...it's
huge! What's she like?

Marty smiles.

MARTY

She's....

Stewart anxiously awaits juicy details.

MARTY (CONT'D)

...cool.

Stewart deflates, disappointed.

STEWART

Cool?

Marty hands him a scene board.

MARTY

Yup. What do you think?

Stewart holds the scene board up to view it, it covers his face.

DALE'S OFFICE - LATER

Across the large desk, Dale reads a scene board that covers his face. Marty waits expectantly. Dale drops the board to his desk, onto a stack of boards all depicting Jack.

Dale stares into Marty, a straight face. An uncomfortable moment for Marty.

DALE

It's the shiznit!

Marty confused.

MARTY

That's good?

Dale breaks into a smile, he nods.

DALE

Yeah, that's good. Where'd you come up with the idea?

Dale hands them back to a beaming Marty. Marty vague.

MARTY

A friend.

Marty stands up.

DALE

Well whatever...just keep 'em coming.

Dale's smile morphs into a glare.

DALE (CONT'D)

You've only got twenty days left.
The clock's ticking dude.

Marty takes the cue to get out. As he opens the door...

DALE (CONT'D)
You look different...

Marty simply points to his new hair-do and walks out.

BREAK ROOM- LATER

The usual group of Co-workers are in the break room,
CONVERSING over a box of crispy creme donuts.

Marty walks in, they quiet down, taken aback by his new
look. Marty nods to them and heads for a coffee refill.
They silently mouth comments to each other.

Nic walks in carrying her empty coffee mug. She smiles at
Marty and joins him.

They share a moment refilling coffee, their hands brush
against each other, smiles, the chemistry is obvious.

The Co-Workers again confused by what they see. Nic turns
to them.

NIC
Hey guys!

Still a little stunned.

CO-WORKERS
(together)
Hey!

Fred snaps out of his disbelief. He steps aside to reveal
the donut box on the counter.

FRED
Say, you guys want own of these?
They're great.

Nic heads over.

NIC
Thanks!

She motions for Marty to join her. He approaches a little
apprehensive.

Only two donuts left, Marty and Nic reach for the same
one, their hands meet. A moments hesitation as they enjoy
the touch. Marty goes for the other.

MARTY
Thank you.

FRED
 No prob. I heard Dale really liked
 your new sketches.

Marty grins.

MARTY
 Yeah, he called them
 (mocking Dale's
 voice)
 'The shiznit'.

FRED
 Is that better than
 (mocking Dale's
 voice)
 'The bomb'?

MARTY
 I'll have to check my official
 'snoop dog' decoder ring.

The tension in the room is diffused, they all laugh. Nic smiles, happy to see Marty at ease.

INT. MARTY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN -- AFTERNOON

Marty opens a can of cat food for the PURRING Wylie, he sets it in a bowl then on the floor, Wylie dives in.

Marty opens the fridge and pulls out two cans of beer, he heads for the living room.

LIVING ROOM

Plops down on the couch in front of the TV. Over his shoulder...

MARTY
 Beer?

On the TV a commercial plays.

TV
 ...at planned parenthood we help you
 make the right decision for you and
 your families future...

Jack enters from the bathroom, he wears a security guard outfit, complete with gun and badge. He sneers at the TV.

JACK
 Sharks.

Marty tosses the beer to him. Jack opens it with a SPLASH.

Marty eyes up his outfit.

MARTY
What's that about?

Jack profiles for him.

JACK
Like it? I got one for you too.
Part of our next adventure.

Marty skeptical.

MARTY
It's not gonna involve any more
breaking and entering is it?

Jack tilts his head.

JACK
Not exactly.

Marty eyes the holster, the butt of a gun pokes out.

MARTY
Geez! Is that real?

Jack smiles, he slips the gun out of the holster.

JACK
Wanna hold it?

Marty apprehensive but also curious.

MARTY
O-okay.

Jack slowly hands it to Marty barrel pointed down, at the last second he flips it with skill, the butt end now facing Marty. His eyes big.

Marty adjusts it in his hand.

MARTY (CONT'D)
It's heavy.

Marty examines it.

MARTY (CONT'D)
Where'd you get it?

JACK
I know a guy.

Marty holds it with both hands, he pretends to aim. He lowers it and tries again, faster this time. A steely look in his eye.

Jack reaches for it.

JACK (CONT'D)
Careful Tex, it's loaded.

Marty uncomfortable again, hands it back quickly.

MARTY
What for?

Jack holsters it.

JACK
Never carry a gun unless you're
prepared to use it.

Jack reaches into his bag and pulls out another gun and hands it to Marty.

JACK (CONT'D)
Here's yours.

Marty takes it. It's too light, he looks down the barrel, a red stopper in it. He frowns.

MARTY
A water gun?

JACK
A water *pistol*. Just keep it in the
holster, no one will know.

Jack tosses a folded pile of security uniform onto Marty's lap.

JACK (CONT'D)
Get dressed, it's getting late.

EXT. BANK - EARLY EVENING

The sun, just setting across the bay, casts long orange shadows. It's a beautiful summer evening. In the streets, the traffic is light.

The Bank's impressive brick and glass walls glow with the setting sun. An EMPLOYEE locks the front doors from the inside and flips the door sign to 'closed'.

ALLEYWAY

Around the corner, an alleyway. Jack stands tight against a brick wall, a pile of boxes blocks him from the view of the rest of the alley. He concentrates on his watch. Marty is just to his left.

JACK
Any second now.

Nothing happens, the alley is dead. Marty waits anxiously, he scans his surroundings. Still nothing happens.

At the alley entrance a large shadow suddenly blocks the sunlight.

Jack tenses up.

JACK (CONT'D)

Right on time.

A constant BEEPING grows louder. It's the reverse warning of a large vehicle.

The dark shadow at the alley entrance gives way to an armored truck. It slowly backs up, It's mammoth frame nearly filling the entire alley. There's just enough clearance to open it's doors.

The truck pulls to a stop at a solid steel door. A GUARD gets out of the passenger side and walks to a buzzer next to the door. He pushes it.

Moments pass. Marty is nervous, fidgety. Jack watches with intensity.

The door opens, a bank Employee greets the Guard with a smile, they exchange words out of ear shot then disappear inside, the door closes.

Jack reaches quickly into his pant leg, a thin metal box about six inches long and two inches wide is taped to his boot, he pulls it off.

The metal strip looks like a flat 'jack in the box'. He hands it carefully to Marty. Hushed tones.

MARTY

Okay..do it now.

Marty surprised.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Why me?

Jack gives him a push from behind.

JACK

Because you're smaller than me,
less for the driver to notice.

Marty scowls at Jack'S logic. He steps out tentatively.

A few steps toward the truck. He presses tight against the wall, trying to keep his frame as small as possible.

Halfway there, Marty turns to Jack.

Jack waves him on.

Marty scampers the rest of the way. He stops by the passenger side rear tires. Marty slides the box just in front of the set of tires. He looks back to Jack, who gives him an approving nod.

Marty flips a small lever and a series of wicked looking metal spikes pop up. Their sharpened edges glisten in the low light. The spikes are hollow in the center. He centers the strip between the tires.

Marty checks the side door, it's still closed, he starts to make his way back.

Slowly, stealthily.

The side door begins to open, Jack's eyes go wide, he frantically waves Marty to come back quicker.

Marty scrambles.

The Bank Employee is the first one out the door, he holds it open for the Guard.

Marty just a few feet away from the safety of the boxes. His foot slips in a puddle. He sprints out.

The Guard senses something in his peripheral, his head turns to Marty's direction. Nothing there.

Jack has a tight grip on a heavy breathing Marty, whom Jack pulled in a just a millisecond before the guard looked.

The Guard turns back to the bank Employee and waves bye. He climbs into the passenger side.

The truck starts forward, silently running over strip forcing the spikes into the tires. The truck pulls away, the strip left behind, a path of spikes missing where the tire ran over them.

The truck lumbers out of the intersection.

Marty gives Jack a quizzical look. Jack smiles.

STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Jack and Marty emerge from the alleyway. A block down the armored truck limps to the curb, it's right side slopping down. The FLAPPING sound of a flat tire. The passenger Guard gets out and checks the back right tires.

He kicks the flats.

Jack and Marty high five.

Further down the street, the outline of Pac Bell park. The ROAR of a crowd. Jack and Marty move swiftly towards it.

EXT. PAC BELL PARK - MINUTES LATER

Two armored car guards approach carrying a canvas deposit bag. It's Marty and Jack. Marty wipes perspiration from his forehead.

They reach the turnstile. The ATTENDANT waves them through. As they pass he checks his watch.

ATTENDANT

You guys are a little late today.

Marty freezes, Jack cool as ever.

JACK

Car trouble.

The Attendant nods knowingly, they walk through with confidence, into the baseball stadium.

INT. PAC BELL PARK -- MOMENTS LATER

Down the mostly empty concourse, the crowd roars at the game's action. Past the souvenir and food booths. Toward the end of the walkway.

A nondescript door, a sign, "Authorized Personnel Only". A security GUARD stands watch at the door. A small palm sized tv in his hand tuned to the game, an earpiece connected to it.

He acknowledges Jack and Marty and opens the door.

The roar of the crowd. The Guard back to his TV as the two walk through.

INNER WALKWAY

An empty concrete walled walkway. The door closes behind them with a CLANG. Their footsteps echo off the blank walls. They reach an area that offers several different hallways.

Jack stops, he opens the canvas deposit bag and pulls out a piece of paper. He unfolds it.

It's a map of the interior of the stadium. Jack puts a finger on where they are now then traces it along the corridor and around corners, he stops at what looks to be a doorway.

JACK

Here.

Jack looks around, scanning the hallway choices.

JACK (CONT'D)

This way.

HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER

The end of a hallway, a steel door with a push bar lock. Jack checks his map.

JACK

This is it.

Marty excited.

JACK (CONT'D)

Go ahead.

Marty a big smile. He rushes over and press down on the push bar unlocking the door.

The sounds of the STREET echo into the hallway space.

EXT. PAC BELL PARK -- CONTINUOUS

Along a large concrete wall, a steel door opens. Marty tentatively sticks his head out. All clear.

He steps out holding the door open with his foot. Down the barren wall a few kids stand peering into the park through a small opening.

Marty WHISTLES to them. Nothing. He tries again. A KID, 10, looks over. Marty waves him over. The Kid unsure. Marty waves to him again.

The Kid approaches slowly.

KID

Yeah?

MARTY

You want a front row seat?

The Kid lights up, a big smile.

KID

For real mister?

MARTY

Right this way.

The Kid turns back to where he was standing.

KID

(calls out)

Hey guys, c'mon they're letting us in.

A stampede of KIDS, inner city kids, poor. They wear old gloves and dirty clothes. They enter yelling, running, jumping into the hallway.

HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The last of the Kids enter, Marty shuts the door from the inside. A hand grabs it just before it completely closes, forcing it open. It's Muscule Man and his Friends. He steps into the door way.

MUSCLE MAN

Don't forget about us pal.

Marty blocks his path.

MARTY

(shaky)

Sorry, kids only!

Marty tries shutting the door. The Man SLAMS his hand on it.

MUSCLE MAN

C'mon rent-a-cop, get out of the way!

His Friends chime in.

FREINDS

Yeah! Let us through man!

Marty tenses up, he doesn't move out of the way.

MUSCLE MAN

Looks like the little guy wants to play rough.

Muscle Man steps to Marty.

Jack appears from the shadows of the hallway, gun drawn. He aims it right at Muscle Man's head. Walking toward him.

JACK

I believe my friend said kids only.
You just missed the cut.

The Muscle Man, eyes wide, backs up, hands in the air. His Friends doing the same.

MUSCLE MAN

Hey, I was just playing around
pal, take it easy.

Jack fakes a lunge toward Muscle Man, caught off guard, he trips on his own legs, a hard fall onto his but.

Jack smiles and closes the door. From behind the closed door.

MUSCLE MAN (CONT'D)

(muffled)

Nutcase!

Marty and Jack laugh.

CONCOURSE -- MINUTES LATER

A door swings open onto the main concourse, kids come running through, heading in all directions, SHOUTS of joy and excitement.

Marty and Jack appear through the doorway, no longer in the guard uniforms, they wear regular clothes.

Jack stops at a trash receptacle. He drops the canvas bag in, the uniforms barely peeking out the top.

They continue down the concourse.

LOWER DECK - MINUTES LATER

A peanut vendor works the crowd. Tossing bags to customers. A SHOUT from above. He launches a bag to the source.

Marty catches the bag. He hands money down. Opening the bag. He and Jack enjoy the sight in front of them.

On the field several Kids run around, security trying in vain to catch them, much to the enjoyment of the crowd who CHEER at every escape.

MONTAGE

Scenes of the Kids in different areas of the park. Some in the stands, others run the concourse, up and down the stairway, some lean over the outfield wall trying for an autograph from the bullpen. Every Kid wears a face a true joy.

EXT. PAC BELL PARK -- NIGHT

The crowd exits the park, in the middle Jack and Marty.

Marty laughs.

MARTY

That was great! Just Awesome!
Those kids are never gonna forget
tonight.

Jack grins.

JACK

That's why we did it.

Marty puts his arm on Jacks shoulder.

MARTY
You're alright Jack.

JACK
Someone's gotta look out for the
little guy.

Jack and Marty continue down the sidewalk.

Just barely recognizable in the belt line under Jack's shirt,
the outline of his gun.

INT. DARK HORSE COMICS - MARTY'S CUBICLE -- DAY

Nic and Stewart sit on Marty's desk as he enthalls them
with the story of the baseball game.

MARTY
...and they're running everywhere,
some of them even got on to field!
The crowd was loving it!!

Nic and Stewart laugh. Stewart shakes his head.

STEWART
That Jack guy is something else,
what a character!

MARTY
Yeah he's something alright...but
listen, you've gotta keep this quiet.
He's planning other things, we can't
afford any trouble.

Fred suddenly leans in.

FRED
What trouble?

The three surprised to see him. Stewart gets up.

STEWART
Marty's hard drive. You know us
nerds, we're so attached to our
computers.

Stewart puts his arm around Fred's shoulder.

STEWART (CONT'D)
Have I shown you my new PDA?

Stewart leads away an unsure co-fred

FRED
Uh..I don't think so.

Stewart over his shoulder as they walk away, he makes like
he is zipping his mouth shut.

STEWART

Well come on! I'll show you my
new router too!

Nic and Marty laugh. A moments silence. Nic swings her
legs beneath the desk.

MARTY

You wanna get out of here, do
something?

NIC

Can we do that?

Marty looks around.

MARTY

Why not. Life's about having fun
right?

Nic smiles, she hops off the desk.

NIC

You're really changing Marty...

She leans down and gives him a peck.

NIC (CONT'D)

And I like it.

EXT. FISHERMAN'S WHARF - TICKET BOOTH -- DAY

The Alcatraz Ferry ticket booth. An ATTENDANT slides two
tickets across the windowed counter.

ATTENDANT

Enjoy.

MARTY (O.S.)

Thanks.

BENCHES -- MOMENTS LATER

Nic sits, a light wind blows through, the sun highlights
her platinum blond and pink hair. She smiles as Marty
approaches tickets in hand.

He takes a seat next to her.

MARTY

You're beautiful.

Nic caught by surprise, she blushes.

NIC

Thank you.

Marty smiles at her blush.

MARTY

Two weeks ago I couldn't speak to you, too shy to even stand next to you....Now I don't want to do anything without you.

Their eyes meet, Nic's going moist. Marty goes in for a kiss. No peck this time, a real kiss.

Marty pulls away in a fit of nervousness.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Sorry, I got carri...

Nic grabs him and pulls him into another kiss.

MONTAGE -- DAY

-Marty and Nic board the Ferry to Alcatraz, arm in arm.

-Marty and Nic take the prison tour. They break off and hide behind a corner for a moment of privacy, they kiss.

-Re-joining with the tour as it comes back around, smiles.

-Feeding the hungry seals at the Wharf, Nic and Marty laugh as the seals do their tricks for food.

-A trip on a cable car up and down the hills of San Francisco.

Going up hill, Marty gets off the cable car and jogs along side, he motions Nic to hurry up, she laughs, he does the 'Rocky' top of the hill celebration, more laughter.

-In Chinatown, a heated barter with an old Chinese woman for a stuffed animal. Nic laughs as Marty gives up and gives her a wad of cash.

They walk down the street arms full of stuffed animals, passing them out to eager kids.

-On top of the Coit Tower overlooking the city. Nic points out sights. Marty afraid to come near the edge, Nic waves him over. No way. She laughs.

-At the fish market, Marty poses for a picture with a fish, he goes in for a fish kiss, it wiggles out of his hand, Marty chases after it.

INT. MARTY'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Marty and Nic enter full of laughter. To the living room.

LIVING ROOM

Marty plops down on the couch with a deep breath. Nic holds her stomach.

NIC
(between laughs)
I gotta pee!

Marty points out the restroom and she heads for it. Marty flips on the TV. It's the Planned Parenthood commercial again, Marty turns down the sound.

Wylie hops onto the couch and begins to vigorously lick Marty, no matter how much Marty pushes him away he comes back.

Nic enters.

NIC (CONT'D)
Looks like someone wants fish for dinner.

Wylie purrs. Nic sits down, she pets him.

NIC (CONT'D)
So tell me more about Jack.

Marty shrugs.

MARTY
What'd you want to know?

Nic pets the purring wylie.

NIC
How'd you meet him?

Marty uncomfortable.

MARTY
At a bar...

Nic frowns.

NIC
What do you really know about him?

MARTY
What do you mean?

NIC
Where's he from, what's he do for a living, where's his family?

Marty shifts, a sigh.

MARTY
Jack doesn't really talk about those types of things, he's just not like that. He's real private.

Nic a half hearted smile, a nod.

NIC

Just be safe okay? I don't want anything to happen to you.

Nic leans in for a passionate kiss. After a minute Marty pulls away, he's nervous again. About to get up...

MARTY

You need anything? Something to drink?

Nic smiles and pulls him back down.

NIC

No.

Marty fidgets under Nic's sultry stare.

NIC (CONT'D)

Relax.

Marty a nervous grin.

MARTY

I'm not...*Experienced*.

Nic leans in.

NIC

I'll be gentle.

They kiss deeply. Nic removes her shirt then Marty's. Kissing she removes her bra then starts on her pants. At the sight of Nic's breast Marty is full of courage, he fights to get his pants off quickly. Nic giggles. They roll to the floor.

Wylie tries to get a few licks in, Marty pushes him off, he MEOWS and leaves the room bored.

BEDROOM - LATER

Marty hangs out over the window ledge, naked. He yells out.

MARTY

I love this city!

Nic laughs in the b.g.

EXT. MARTY'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY -- MORNING

Marty emerges from his front door carrying a bag of trash. He's a new man, a bounce in his step.

Marty nearly trips over Jack. He's splayed out on the hallway floor his head resting on his canvas bag, eyes closed.

MARTY

Je-sus.

Eyes open.

JACK

Good morning.

Marty flabbergasted.

MARTY

What are you doing out here?

JACK

You locked the door.

Marty looks nervously at his door, he tries to keep his voice low.

MARTY

I meant, what are you doing here now?

Jack gets up, gathers his bag.

JACK

We got work to do. A mission of mercy.

Jack heads for Marty's door. Marty steps between him.

MARTY

Can't it wait? I just got up. Maybe we could meet for lunch or something?

Jack looks at him suspiciously.

JACK

You got somebody in there?

He cranes to see in the door. He sniffs. A sly smile.

JACK (CONT'D)

You've got a woman in there, I can smell her. The chick from work?

Marty tries to hide a grin.

JACK (CONT'D)

Let me go in and say hi.

Marty blocks his path.

MARTY

I don't think that's a good idea. ...How 'bout Mel's at ten.

Jack disappointed, he nods.

JACK

Alright...you sure you don't want me to say hi? Chicks dig me.

MARTY

Positive.

Jack shrugs. He turns to head out. Marty hands him the bag of trash.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Take this for me, will ya.

Jack reluctant. He snatches it.

JACK

You're changing pal...I'm not sure I like it.

Jack sulks down the hallway.

MARTY

See ya at ten.

Jack halfheartedly raises a hand in acknowledgement.

BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Nic lies in the bed, face buried in pillows. The sheets only partially covering her. Marty tip toes in.

NIC

(muffled)

Who were you talking to?

Marty startled.

MARTY

Huh? Oh nobody...just myself...you know, singing.

Nic from the pillow.

NIC

I thought I heard two voices.

Marty thinks quickly.

MARTY

It was a duet.

Nic laughs.

MARTY (CONT'D)

I'll let you sing back up if you like.

Marty dives into the bed and under the covers. Nic SQUEALS with delight.

EXT. MEL'S DINER - DAY

An establishing shot of the old venerable Mel's Diner. The parking lot mostly empty.

INT. MEL'S DINER

Marty sits at a booth, a menu in his hands.

Jack plops down.

MARTY
You're late.

Jack places his canvas bag on the table.

JACK
I was doing some surveillance.

Marty hands the menu to Jack, he waves it off.

JACK (CONT'D)
I'm not hungry.

Marty hands over Jack's leather jacket. Jack smiles. He slips it on.

JACK (CONT'D)
That's better.

A WAITRESS, typical diner type, 50's, stops at the booth.

WAITRESS
You ready?

Marty hands her the menu.

MARTY
Yeah, it's just gonna be me ordering, he's not hungry.

The Waitress gives a quick sneer.

WAITRESS
Whatever.

DINER - LATER

A half eaten grilled cheese sandwich and fries have been pushed aside on the table. Marty is leaned over studying a set of 8x10 pictures.

MARTY
I don't know, these guys look pretty tough.

The pictures feature members of a street gang.

JACK

There's a difference between looking tough and being tough. You're not gonna wimp out on me are you Marty? ...I'll do it alone if I have to.

Marty sighs and takes another look at the pictures.

MARTY

No, I'll do it. It's just a bit more serious than what we've done so far.

Jack scoops up the pictures and puts them back in the bag. He takes a bite of the grilled cheese.

JACK

Those were tune ups. This is the big one.

MARTY

What about transportation? We can't use the train.

Jack winks, he waves a set of keys.

JACK

I got it covered.

EXT. PUBLIC PARKING LOT - LATER

Marty and Jack stand in front of a gleaming black Hummer, full body and bumper kit, the truck looks like it's ready to go to war, in style.

JACK

Borrowed it.

Marty nods.

MARTY

Nice touch.

Jack smiles.

JACK

I thought so.

I/E. CHINATOWN STREETS - LATER

Marty drives the Hummer slowly down side streets. Jack focuses on the surroundings. His hand goes out.

JACK

Wait...Stop...go back.

Marty puts the truck in reverse, it glides back.

EXT. OLD WAREHOUSE

Two expensive import cars are parked next to a burned out warehouse. The warehouse door is slightly ajar. RAP MUSIC plays inside one of the cars, a BMW.

Around the corner, ANTOINE, a street gangster, holds a gun at his side. He keeps a lookout.

In the b.g., down the alleyway, the black Hummer slowly backs up. Just the nose peers past the alley wall.

INT. HUMMER

Jack leans over.

JACK

This is it.

He pulls his gun out of waistband. Checks that it's set.

JACK (CONT'D)

You ready?

Marty looks like he's about to have a nervous breakdown, sweat pours off him.

MARTY

Oh yeah.

They get out of the truck and walk towards the alleyway.

EXT. ALLEYWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Nearing the two parked cars. Marty's hands tremble. Jack solid as a rock. He nods to Marty.

Marty steps forward. Louder than usual.

MARTY

(loud)

No, I don't think this is it.

JACK

(loud)

You sure?

ANTOINE, standing guard around the corner, appears suddenly. He looks menacing. The pistol hidden on his side. He growls at Marty.

ANTOINE

What the hell you doing here white boy?!

Marty acts innocent. He approaches.

MARTY

This isn't Fisherman's Wharf is it?

Antoine incredulous.

ANTOINE

What the fuck? You see any water around here?

Marty turns back to Jack, in a 'know it all' tone.

MARTY

Told you.

Jack smiles and shrugs.

ANTOINE

What?

Marty moves in closer.

MARTY

He won't ever stop for directions, we've been driving in circles for three hours.

Antoine irritated.

ANTOINE

Just get your crazy honkey ass out of here.

Marty smiles.

MARTY

We sure will. But first would you mind giving us directions.

Marty pulls a map out of his back pocket and opens it in front of Antoine.

ANTOINE

You for real?!

Marty moves the map right into his face. Marty exasperated.

MARTY

I just don't want to spend another three hours...

Antoine looks to the slightly open warehouse door then the empty alleyway. He sighs.

ANTOINE

Shit.

Pointing to the map.

ANTOINE (CONT'D)

You wanna make a left here, then....

Marty pulls away the map, Jack has his gun pointed into the belly of the antoine.

ANTOINE (CONT'D)

Aw, fuck.

Jack motions for him to turn around. He does reluctantly. Jack brings the butt of the gun down quickly toward the base of Antoine's skull, THUD.

INT. BMW -- MOMENTS LATER

Jack and Marty lie flat in the back of a large expensive BMW. RAP MUSIC plays from the car's radio. Marty bounces his head to the beat. Jack looks at him.

MARTY

It's catchy.

The sound of the warehouse door closing. Moments later a few muffled words. A beat, car doors close and a car starts, a beat later it pulls away.

The passenger door to the BMW Marty and Jack are in, opens. A hand tosses a leather bag onto the back seat.

LEO

(to himself)

Where the fuck is he?

LEO, 40's, overweight but muscular, stands near the car door, shouts toward the alleyway corner.

LEO (CONT'D)

Antoine! Yo! Antoine! Where you at?!

Leo waits a beat, no answer.

LEO (CONT'D)

Fuck. I gotta stop hiring cousins...

Leo slams the door closed and walks down the alley, he calls out Antoine's name.

Jack peeks into the bag. Marty waits anxiously. Jack nods. Marty looks relieved.

EXT. ALLEYWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Marty and Jack run full speed down the alleyway toward the parked Hummer.

EXT. ALLEYWAY

On the other side of the alleyway, Leo discovers Antoine, he lays unconscious under a pile of old cardboard boxes. A moments realization.

Leo runs around the corner just as Jack and Marty disappear around the corner of the alleyway.

LEO

Damn!

I/E. HUMMER -- MOMENTS LATER

Jack and Marty arrive at the Hummer full speed, they nearly plow right into it. Marty fumbles with the key then unlocks the doors. They jump in.

Marty again fumbles the keys, they drop to the floor mat. He scoops them up and gets it started. Marty throws it into gear. Marty out of breath, in a panic.

MARTY

You think he saw us?

Leo's BMW SCREECHES out of the alleyway, heads straight for the Hummer. Leo aims a handgun out the window with his left hand and fires off a few shots, BLAM...BLAM!

JACK

Oh..I'd say he saw us. Now would be a good time to go.

Marty stomps on the accelerator. The cars head toward each other on a collision path. Leo fires off shots. Marty SCREAMS in terror, steps on the gas harder.

The cars bear down on each other. At the last minute, Leo decides not to test to the huge bumper of the Hummer. He swings his BMW to the right just avoiding the collision.

Marty SCREAMS as they pass by. He realizes they didn't crash, the screams morph to SHOUTS of joy.

In the b.g. the BMW swings around and heads after them.

EXT. SIDE STREET -- MOMENTS LATER

A peaceful side street suddenly erupts with the sound of tires SQUEALING and GUNFIRE. The Hummer rounds the corner skidding across the wet pavement. The BMW on it's tail, Leo leans out, squeezes off a few shots.

Marty drives furiously, his hands work the wheel, Jack shouts out directions.

JACK

Left...left...LEFT!

The Hummer turns left.

CALIFORNIA STREET

A main thoroughfare, traffic is heavier here. The Hummer makes the turn cutting off vehicles going through a green light, they CRASH into each other. Marty waves to them.

MARTY

Sorry!

The BMW, close behind, winds in and out of traffic. Leo waves his gun out the window. Pedestrians run for cover.

Traffic is stopped ahead. A stalled old vw beetle, peace signs painted all over it, sits in the middle of the intersection, blocking the way.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Uh oh.

Jack grips his seat belt, he grins.

JACK

Use the bumper!

Marty heads toward the Beetle, it's owner, an old HIPPIE, takes notice. He waves Marty off frantically.

HIPPIE

Stop! Stop!

Marty floors the Hummer. The Hippie's eyes go wide. The Hummer enters the intersection. The Hippie dives for cover.

The Hummer hits the Beetle with it's huge front bumper. The Beetle no match, it's quickly brushed aside in a CRUNCH, totaled.

The Hummer is through the intersection. Marty smiles, adrenaline flows.

The Hippie stands up, he flips the bird to the Hummer.

HIPPIE (CONT'D)

Fascists!

Leo's BMW suddenly comes gunning through the intersection, weaving through the hole the Hummer made. The Hippie dives for cover again.

EXT. MONTGOMERY STREET

The Hummer takes a right onto Montgomery. Too wide, it side swipes a fire hydrant then a mailbox, it rips sheet metal from the sides. Marty grimaces at the sound of RIPPING metal.

MARTY

Who'd you say you borrowed this
from?

JACK

You don't wanna know.

Leo's BMW bears down on them again. He fires more shoots,
they blow out the back window. Marty ducks.

MARTY

Holy...

Marty weaves into and out of traffic with the BMW close
behind.

Jack points to the other side of the four lane road.
There's a median and heavy traffic.

JACK

Cut across here.

MARTY

What? No way!

More shots hit the Hummer. Marty turns hard right and
heads for the spot Jack pointed out.

The Hummer rolls on it's body while it makes the sharp
turn, cuts off cars in the inside lane. Behind them, chain
accidents occur.

It jumps the low median and lands with a hop on the other
side of the thoroughfare. More accidents as cars swerve
to miss the Hummer.

Marty hammers it, the Hummer whips around, now going the
right way.

Amazingly, Leo's BMW also makes the median jump, sparks
flying. He's still right behind them.

Jack spots what he was looking for.

JACK

Turn here!

EXT. SIDE STREET

Back on a relatively quiet side street. Marty guns the Hummer
again and it's engine GROWLS in response. Behind, the BMW
spews steam from under the hood but manages to keep up.

Marty approaches a stop sign. A car with the right-of-
away approaches from his left.

JACK

Go! Go!

Marty pushes the accelerator harder, into the intersection. The car hits the Hummer in the rear and bounces off like a toy. The Hummer continues. Behind, Leo has to swerve sharply to avoid the crashed car.

Leo nearly spins out into a yard, gets it straightened out, and accelerates.

The end of the street looms. A freeway ramp entrance sign. Marty looks at Jack.

MARTY

No way.

Jack smiles. Marty shakes his head, guns the Hummer, heads up the ramp at speed and SCREAMS like a girl.

EXT. 80 FREEWAY

The Hummer screeches up the ramp and into the merge lane, it takes out two cars trying to move over.

MARTY

Whoops!

In the slow lane, the Hummer has to weave and dodge traffic. Leo's BMW makes it up the ramp. Steam heavier, he follows the Hummer.

They race down the freeway, in and out of traffic, horns BLARE, cars swerve into each other.

From the middle lane a highway patrol CRUISER joins in. It's lights blazing and siren WAILING.

They race down the freeway. A stretch of not so crowded lanes. The Cruiser's lights and sirens warn the traffic ahead, they pull out of the way.

The Cruiser accelerates and catches up with the BMW, it does a pit maneuver. The Cruiser forces the BMW to spin then come to a SCREECHING halt.

OFFICERS jump out, guns drawn.

Marty watches in the rear view mirror. He celebrates.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Yeah!

The Hummer continues down the freeway, using the shoulder as a lane.

EXT. 80 FREEWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

The chase well behind now, Marty slows the Hummer. Jack eyes the freeway embankment.

JACK
This is a good spot.

MARTY
What? Pullover?

Jack nods, he gathers the bags.

Marty pulls the Hummer to a quick stop. They both get out.

Jack tosses the bags over the embankment, they hit with a THUNK.

JACK
Lets go.

Marty peers over, it's a near vertical 30 foot drop of rocks and grass, at the bottom scrub brush.

MARTY
Uh uh.

Jack grabs Marty by the collar and pulls him over, they both tumble down. Marty HOWLS.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

At the bottom, Marty and Jack roll to a stop. Marty GROANS as he tries to get up. Jack is up and dusting himself off.

JACK
You okay?

Marty slowly rises.

MARTY
I think so.

He's got red marks, cuts on his arms and hands, and a fresh swelling on his forehead. Jack retrieves the bags

JACK
C'mon we gotta move.

SIDE STREET - MINUTES LATER

Jack and Marty jog down a residential street.

They pull to a stop around a corner. Marty out of breath. Bent over, hands on hips.

MARTY
How much further?

Jack nods at a large brick building just to the left of them.

JACK

This is it.

EXT. MISSION OF MERCY HOME

The building looms over the neighborhood, almost castle like. A not so inviting entrance.

Marty places the bag on the front step, pushes the buzzer and backs away quickly. He joins Jack, they watch from around the corner.

After a few beats, the door opens. A young BOY appears. He wears a dark pair of glasses and a walking stick. He looks out onto the porch.

BOY

Hello?

Nothing.

BOY (CONT'D)

Anyone there? Hello?

His stick brushes the bag in front of him. He bends down. Looking straight ahead, he feels the bag intently. He locates a zipper. He opens it. His hands slip inside.

The boys face quizzical. He digs deeper. A smile appears.

He pulls his hands out. An ear to ear grin. At the top of the bag, fifty dollar bills spill out.

INT. MARTY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM -- LATER

Marty sits on the couch, he winces as Nic cleans one of his cuts. Nic looks concerned.

NIC

Are you gonna tell me what you were doing this time?

On the TV, a news program. A shot of the Mission of Mercy home. Marty turns it up...

TV NEWSANCHOR (O.S.)

...And in other news, the money strapped Mission of Mercy House, a long time charity for disabled and handicapped families, reports that they will not have to close their doors at the end of this month after all, thanks to a large anonymous donation that will help fund the Home's operations for the next few years...

Marty turns down the volume.

NIC

I just don't trust this Jack guy.

Marty smiles, he gives her a peck on the cheek.

MARTY

I don't think you're gonna have to worry about it anymore, Jack and I are done with the escapades.

Nic smiles.

NIC

That's a relief.

INT. BAY CITY COMICS - AFTERNOON

Marty cruises the aisles of the comic store. Shelves of super-heros and villains.

He stops at a particular issue of the Punisher. Marty thumbs through the pages.

The sound of Jack's boots on the linoleum floor.

JACK (O.S.)

...I don't understand.

Marty frustrated, he stuff the comic back into the rack.

MARTY

(sighs)

It's easy, I'm done..we're done. I promised Nic that we were finished, no more *adventures*.

Jack appears from around a magazine rack. He looks more menacing than usual. His face twisted in an attempt to comprehend.

JACK

But you said you wanted an exciting life, you wanted to do things, make a difference.

MARTY

I did. But now I just want my old life back, I want to be with Nic, I don't need the excitement.

Jack tenses up. His eyes squinting.

JACK

Fine...let a woman stop you...but not me...I'm going to finish what we started...there's work to be done...people that need help.

Marty trying to diffuse the situation.

MARTY

Couldn't you just write a check to a charity or something.

Jack furious.

JACK

I don't have time for this...are you coming or not!

Marty SIGHS, his shoulders drop.

MARTY

I can't.

Jack storms off.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Jack! Wait! Don't! Think about it!

Jack is gone.

The CASHIER leans over the register.

CASHIER

Everything okay back there?

Marty waves him off.

INT. MARTY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Nic and Marty sit at the small dining room table. A romantic meal, candles, wine, MUSIC. Marty looks distracted.

NIC

Everything okay?

Marty snaps back to attention.

MARTY

Fine...fine...everything's good.

Marty takes a bite.

MARTY (CONT'D)

It's delicious.

Nic smiles. She takes a bite.

MARTY (CONT'D)

This is nice...I'm so glad you're here.

She reaches across to take his hand.

NIC

Me too.

BATHROOM -- LATER

A candle light bath, bubbles and rose peddles. A bottle of wine lays empty on the floor. Nic straddles Marty in the tub. They kiss deeply. Marty strokes her smooth skin. More kissing. They slip down lower into the tub, heavy breathing.

EXT. ALLEYWAY -- NIGHT

Jack walks down a darkened alleyway. From behind a figure approaches. A gun. Levelled on Jack.

MARTY (O.S.)

Jack look out!

INT. MARTY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Marty jolts up. A dream. He sweats, PANTS. Nic next to him sound asleep, two empty wine glasses on the dresser. The window is open, a breeze blows the curtain.

Marty gets up, to the window, he leans over the sill.

The neon sign flashes, streets deserted, it's late. In the distance, a police siren WAILS.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - LATE NIGHT

The roads are deserted, the only vehicle, a street sweeper.

In the shadows of a tall building, Marty huddles against the cold.

JACK (O.S.)

I knew you'd come. Just in time too.

Jack stands a few feet away, he checks a chronograph watch while he looks up to a third floor office window. Marty shivers.

MARTY

I'm only here because I wanted to be sure you were okay.

Jack stares intently at the window.

JACK

I'm fine. Everything is fine.

Marty looks around.

MARTY

Why are we here?

Jack rummages for something in his jacket pocket, he hands it to Marty.

It's a pamphlet. It reads "Planned Parenthood" A smiling mother embraces her child, joined by a smiling Doctor.

MARTY (CONT'D)

I don't understand...You're pregnant?

Jack scowls.

JACK

This isn't the time for jokes.

Jack points to the third floor office window.

JACK (CONT'D)

There's a shark, a predator, right behind those windows. Operating without regard to the law.

Marty confused.

MARTY

What law?

Jack tenses.

JACK

The most important law of all, Divine Law Marty. *Thou shall not kill*...ever heard of that one.

MARTY

They help people make choices about their future...

Jack furious.

JACK

They're murders! Hiding behind a thin veil. It's not an abortion, It's murder!

Jack so wound up a small tear forms in his eye.

MARTY

But it's legal.

JACK

Just because it's legal doesn't make it right Marty...Tonight I'm pro-choice...and I choose to shut this shop of horrors down....

Marty looks up to the windows. Afraid, worried.

MARTY

What did you do Jack? What's gonna happen.

Jack smiles ominously.

JACK

You're about to see.

Jack checks his chronograph then picks up his canvas bag and steps back.

JACK (CONT'D)

I wouldn't stand there if I were you.

Marty looks at Jack then up to the window then back to a retreating Jack. Marty runs after him.

MARTY

You didn't!

Jack smiles.

JACK

Oh yeah...KABOOM!

Jack finds a suitable place to wait. Marty is stunned.

MARTY

This is wrong Jack! They might be wrong too, but you cant do this...it won't change anything!

Jack steadfast. He checks his watch again.

JACK

Won't it?

Marty looks up. A fluorescent light flickers on in the third story window. Marty's eyes wide. Jack surprised.

JACK (CONT'D)

What's that?

A shape moves in the room, now close to the window. It's a woman with a vacuum. Marty horrified.

MARTY

The cleaning lady! Jack, the cleaning lady is in there!

Jack stunned.

JACK

No..no...they were supposed to be done...they're always done by now.

MARTY

Do something!

Marty in a panic.

JACK

It's too late!

Marty hesitates then starts toward the building.

MARTY

We've gotta do something!

Jack runs after him.

JACK

No! It's too late! Don't Marty!

Marty runs toward the building waving his hands trying in vain to get the woman's attention.

MARTY

Hey! Hey!

Jacks chronological watch BEEPS.

JACK

No!

A moments silence. A COMPRESSION sound then a huge fire ball BLASTS out of the third floor windows. Glass, metal, fire rain down onto the street. Marty and Jack are blown back by the pressure wave.

INT. MARTY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM -- LATER

Nic sleeps on the covers. Strange sounds from the other room. A light BANGING, DRAGGING. Nic wakes up, in a haze she hears the sounds.

No Marty next to her. She's afraid. She's picks up a heavy object from the night stand and makes her way to the kitchen.

KITCHEN

Turns on the light. Nothing there. A BRUSH against the front door, Nic jumps. She cautiously makes her way to the peep hole.

She looks through. Quickly she opens the door.

Marty falls in. His clothing torn and ragged. Cuts and bruises on his legs and back. His face bloody.

NIC

Oh my god!

She picks him up and drags him over to the couch. She rest his head in her lap while she checks his wounds. She's panicked.

NIC (CONT'D)

What happened?! Who did this to you?

Marty fights the pain.

MARTY

I'm okay, just a few cuts.

Nic incredulous.

NIC

You're not okay...you need a hospital!

Marty tries sitting up.

MARTY

No. No hospital...too many questions.

Nic suspicious.

NIC

It was Jack wasn't it?! He was involved! You promised me!

MARTY

I'm sorry....sorry.

BEDROOM - MORNING

Marty sleeps restlessly, sun filters through the curtains on to his body.

Nic gets dressed.

Marty rolls over. He opens his eyes slowly. A MOAN. He props up on the bed. Holding his head. His wounds cleaned up. He focuses on Nic.

MARTY

You're leaving?

Nic gets up and gathers her things.

NIC

Marty, I really care about you...but I won't sit around worrying all day...wondering if you and Jack are gonna make it home alive the next time.

Nic, a tear in her eye. She leans down and gives him a kiss on the head.

NIC (CONT'D)

Bye.

Marty tries getting up.

MARTY

Wait...don't go...It's over...no
more Jack I swear.

Nic is out the door. Marty manages to get to his feet.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Nic wait!

He staggers to the door. The sound of the front door
closing.

INT. B.A.R.T. TRAIN -- DAY

Marty rides the car alone. His face sullen, downtrodden.
It's the old Marty back again. His posture expresses the
defeat.

INT. MEL'S DINER -- AFTERNOON

Marty eats alone at a booth. A half eaten grilled cheese.
A far away look in his eye. A lonely day.

EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON

Marty walks the sidewalk. A light rain begins to fall.
Marty looks up to the sky, he lets the rain fall onto his
face for a moment. He continues on. Blending into the
crowd.

INT. DARK HORSE COMICS - DAY

Another busy day. Two police DETECTIVES exit the lobby and
head out of the front doors just as Marty enters. He gives
them a double take as they pass by.

Marty's body doesn't show much damage from the blast except
for the red swelling on his forehead, everything else is
cover by clothing.

Marty heads to the Receptionist.

MARTY

Why are the cops here?

The Receptionist leans in as if delivering a precious
secret.

RECEPTIONIST

Dale's car was stolen last week,
they think maybe somebody around
here did it. Can you believe that?
A car thief right here in our office.

Marty thinks.

MARTY
They're probably mistaken.

The Receptionist doesn't like Marty's opinion. She sneers and goes back to work.

CUBICLE - LATER

Marty puts the finishing touches on a scene board. He gathers them up.

Marty looks over to Nic's desk. She's on the phone. She looks his way briefly then back to work.

Marty sighs. He stands up and takes the stack of scene boards.

DALE'S OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

Marty drops the stack of boards on Dale's desk.

MARTY
Done.

Dale gathers them up with interest.

DALE
Just in time.

Dale goes through each one.

DALE (CONT'D)
Not bad homey, not bad.
(sarcastic smile)
...I guess you can stay.

No response. Dale puts down the boards. Marty's gone. The door just closing.

Dale, a quizzical look then goes back to the scene boards. A smile.

He flips through a few more. The one with the car chase. He stops. Pulls it closer. The Hummer. His smile fades.

Behind Dale's desk a picture frame 'my baby'. A picture of Dale standing next to a black Hummer, the same Hummer.

CUBICLE

Dale comes around the corner.

DALE (CONT'D)
Marty? Marty?

His desk empty. Dales looks around. No sign of Marty.
To The office in general.

DALE (CONT'D)
Anyone seen Marty?!

No answer. Louder, more forceful.

DALE (CONT'D)
Marty! Anyone seen him?!

From across the room...

CO-FRED
He just left!

Dale's face tightens up, he hits his fist onto to the desk.

DALE
(to himself)
Damn.

In the b.g. Nic watches Dale's frustration.

INT. MARTY'S APARTMENT -- MUCH LATER

A KNOCK on the front door. Nothing. Another KNOCK. Marty appears. He looks stressed, worried. He leans into the peep hole.

Marty's face uneasy. He slumps down the door. A beat. A deep breath. He turns around and opens the door.

Nic walks in. An understanding look on her face. Marty unsure what to do. Nic grabs him into a hug. A tear in her eye.

She pulls away.

NIC
I missed you.

Marty nods, a half smile.

MARTY
I missed you too.

Marty looks nervous, edgy.

NIC
Everything okay?

Marty perks up. He smiles.

MARTY
Now that you're here.

Nic smiles. She leans in for a kiss. Marty cuts it short.

MARTY (CONT'D)
I'm hungry...how bout' we grab
something to eat.

Marty is practically pushing her to the door. Nic stops.

NIC
We've gotta talk.

Marty trying to get out the door again.

MARTY
Sure...we'll eat and talk.

Nic pushes him off.

NIC
Stop...it's serious Marty...we
need to talk now.

Nic heads to the living room. Marty follows, his face
anguished.

LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Nic sits down. Marty flips on the TV, ups the volume.
Nic looks at him. She grabs the remote and turns it off.

NIC
You're acting weird...sure
everything is okay?

Marty fakes a big smile. Nic unsure.

NIC (CONT'D)
O-kay. Anyway, there's something
that you need to know.

Marty very distressed at this point, he sneaks a look at
the his bedroom door, it's closed. Back to Nic.

Nic lets out a half laugh and shakes her head.

NIC (CONT'D)
I know this sounds crazy but...

Marty on the edge.

NIC (CONT'D)
...well...Dale...he thinks...

Nic struggles to say something.

NIC (CONT'D)
...Dale thinks you have something
to do with his car being stolen.

Marty puzzled.

NIC (CONT'D)

I know...I know, its crazy...I told him you'd never do something like that....but he's serious...he wants to call the cops. I asked him to let me talk to you first.

Nic tries to make direct eye contact with Marty.

NIC (CONT'D)

...it's crazy right?

Marty smiles. He nods. Nic relieved. She lets out a small laugh.

NIC (CONT'D)

I know...I told him you'd never do that...he's just so attached to that thing...that hummer...

Marty's eyes wide.

NIC (CONT'D)

Anyway, I thought we could go talk to him...tell him you had nothing to do with it.

Nic notices Marty sweating.

NIC (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

Marty is losing it, more sweating, his eyes big.

A RUSTLING sound from inside the bedroom. Nic looks up.

NIC (CONT'D)

What's that?

Marty worried.

MARTY

Nothing...just wylie...probably hungry...forgot to feed him today.

On cue Wylie enters from the kitchen.

Nic looks at Marty, he avoids eye contact. Another SOUND from the bedroom. Nic gets up. Her smile disappears.

NIC

Is someone in there?

Marty shakes his head no. Nic angry.

NIC (CONT'D)

Jack? Is it Jack?! Let me talk to him!

Nic storms to the door, she opens it.

EXT. PAC BELL PARK - EARLIER

A day game at Pac Bell. Marty is in his usual spot, watching through the small viewing window. A strong hand on his shoulder.

JACK (O.S.)
I knew I find you here.

Marty frowns, he pulls away.

MARTY
What do you want?!

Jack smiles. He puts his arm on Marty's shoulders.

JACK
Just wanted to say hi to my buddy,
that's all.

Marty GUFFAWS and steps out of his arm.

MARTY
Yeah right.

They walk away from the ball park. Silent for a moment, they walk step for step. Jack strong, confident. Marty weak, unsure.

MARTY (CONT'D)
What happened to you the other
night?

Jack thinks.

JACK
I'm not sure, I passed out I think.

Jack eyes Marty up and down.

JACK (CONT'D)
How'd you come out?

Marty pulls back his long shirt sleeve, cuts and bruises.

JACK (CONT'D)
You're a tough one martyr.

A small smile on Marty's face. They continue walking.

EXT. STREET - MINUTES LATER

Marty and Jack walk, a lighter mood. A conversation about favorite super-heros.

MARTY
...Punisher or Spawn?

Jack thinks.

JACK
Punisher definitely. How bout
you?

Marty contemplates. He nods.

MARTY
Punisher.

A beat of silence.

JACK
So what are we gonna do about that
woman?

Marty puzzled.

MARTY
You mean Nic?

Jack's face tightens.

JACK
Yeah...you know she's not gonna
let us hang out...do things.

Marty shows him his arm again.

MARTY
Maybe that's not a bad thing.

Marty laughs. Jack not amused.

JACK
I'm Serious Marty, we're gonna
have to do something. Could you
just tell her to get lost?

Marty incredulous.

MARTY
Jack...I think I might love her.

Jack nods his head. He thinks.

JACK
Okay, we'll just have to figure
out a way to fool her.

Jack stops walking. Marty continues.

MARTY
I can't do that.

Marty looks up, Jack is gone. Marty stops, turns, Jack is a few steps behind him.

Jack stares intently at the parking lot of a large convenience store. Marty walks back to him.

MARTY (CONT'D)

What? What's wrong.

Jack nods to a WOMAN, 40's, soccer mom type, entering the store at a fast pace.

JACK

See her? She just got out of that SUV.

An SUV sits parked crooked as if the driver was in a hurry, in a clearly marked handicapped spot.

MARTY

So?

Jack upset.

JACK

She parked in a handicapped spot. You see her run into the store? She's not handicapped.

Marty thinks.

MARTY

Maybe its the passenger.

Jack leans to get a look into the other side of the SUV.

JACK

Nope, nobody in there, and there's no sticker.

MARTY

What?

JACK

You know, the handicapped sticker on the bumper, or the placard that hangs from the rear view mirror.

Marty shrugs.

MARTY

Okay...so she was in a hurry, it was the closest spot. No big deal.

Jack walks toward the SUV.

JACK

That spot is there for a reason,
someone might need it. Just because
she's in a hurry doesn't give her
a right to break the rules Marty,
everybody has to follow the rules.

Jack continues to the SUV. Marty calls to him, worried.

MARTY

What are you gonna do?!

Jack smiles as he gets closer.

JACK

Teach her a lesson.

Marty frowns. He runs after Jack.

MARTY

Wait Jack, don't!

Too late. Jack is at the SUV, it's huge, a full size. He
peers in. It's still running

JACK

She left it running.

Jack sneers.

JACK (CONT'D)

Look at the size of this thing.

Marty knows what is gonna happen next.

MARTY

Jack no!

Jack opens the door and gets in.

JACK

C'mon Marty.

Marty on the other side.

MARTY

No way.

Jack closes his door. Marty opens the passenger side.

MARTY (CONT'D)

C'mon Jack, get out of there before
she comes back!

Jack admires the interior.

JACK

We'll just teach her a little lesson...drive it down a block or two and park it...just a message, make her think about inconveniencing others...no harm.

Marty reaches in to grab Jack.

MARTY

Bad idea.

The Woman emerges from the store. She stops in her tracks when she sees the guys at her SUV. Stunned for a second.

Jack sees her.

JACK

Get in Marty, we gotta go.

Marty panicky.

MARTY

No, get out Jack! Get out!

The Woman screams.

WOMAN

STOP! NO!

Jack throws the SUV into reverse. It lurches backward. The open passenger door scoops Marty up. He's gonna be run over if he doesn't get in. He gets in.

The Woman runs toward them.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

No!

Jack puts it into drive and SCREECHES out of the lot. Marty hangs on.

MARTY

Whoa!

The SUV pulls into the street quickly with the woman running after it. She YELLS a few more times then runs back to the store.

I/E. STREET -- MOMENTS LATER

A few blocks down Jack slows. Marty ready to jump out the door.

MARTY

Okay...here's good.

Jack doesn't stop.

JACK
We can't leave it now.

Marty alarmed.

MARTY
Why not?!

Jack looks in the rear view mirror.

JACK
She's calling the cops right
now...she saw our faces...It'd be
jail time for us buddy.

Marty terrified.

MARTY
I don't wanna go to jail Jack! I
can't go to jail!

Jack speeds up.

JACK
Don't worry I got a plan.

Marty looks worried.

I/E. GOLDEN GATE PARK - LATER

A remote section of the park. The SUV pulls to a stop near
the shore line. A gently sloping bank to the ocean.

Jack and Marty get out. Jack checks around, no one.

JACK
This looks good.

Marty nervous.

MARTY
You sure this is gonna work?

They both step behind the SUV, grunts, they get it to roll
toward the bank.

JACK
Positive....once they find it, if
they find it, the fingerprints
will be destroyed.

They push more. The SUV catches the slope and begins to
roll on it's own. It hits the water with a SPLASH.

All the way in now. The water slowly creeps up to the lowered
front seat windows. It's over the window sills. The truck
makes a SUCKING sound as the air is pushed out by water.

Something colorful and buoyant pops out from the SUV's window. It bobs on the surface of the water.

MARTY

What's that?

Marty steps closer to get a look. It's a child's rattle.

Marty's eyes wide. His jaw drops.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Oh my god.

He sprints into the water, a mad dash to the sinking SUV, now nearly completely covered.

Jack calls out.

JACK

What?!

Marty scrambles to the open windows. He CHOKES on water as he tries to get in. He can't do it.

He struggles to the back door and manages to wrench it open. The truck about to go under. Marty dives into the back seat.

Moments pass. Bubbles. Strange sounds as the truck settles in the water. Nothing.

Marty breaks the surface of the water with a GASP. He struggles to his feet climbing up the embankment. In his hands he cuddles a young CHILD, maybe 18 months.

The Child struggles for breath, spitting out sea water. Marty makes it up the embankment and drops to his knees, dead tired.

INT. MARTY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - BACK TO THE PRESENT

Nic bursts through the door. Jack stands over the Child, on the bed, trying to keep it distracted and quiet.

Nic flies into the room her mouth agape.

NIC

What have you done?!

She scoops up the Child, it CRIES at the commotion. Marty enters, the sweat pouring off him. He fidgets with his hands.

MARTY

We can explain.

Nic tries rocking the Child quiet, she shoots him a furious look.

NIC
You better start right now.

KITCHEN - LATER

Marty and Jack are in the kitchen. Marty is warming some milk in the microwave. Jack sits at the table.

JACK
I told you to get rid of the woman...now what?

MARTY
What are you talking about?

JACK
Marty wake up, she's gonna take the kid to the police. We're talking grand theft auto, kidnapping, child endangerment. It over for us if she gets out of here.

LIVING ROOM

Nic sits on the couch rocking the baby. She keeps her tone hushed.

NIC
What are you doing in there?

KITCHEN

Marty signals Jack to keep it down.

MARTY
(to nic)
Nothing!

Marty leans into Jack.

MARTY (CONT'D)
What are you saying?

Jack pulls his gun from his waist band.

JACK
I'm saying we can't let her leave.

MARTY
NO!
(hushed)
No. Put that away.

Jack checks that it's loaded, it is.

JACK

We're looking at 20 to life Marty,
you wanna do that kind of time?
Not me.

MARTY

She won't tell on us..I can talk
to her...maybe she'll understand.

Jack gets up.

JACK

I'm not willing to take that chance.

Marty grabs him.

MARTY

No!

Jack and Marty struggle, the gun in Jack's right hand.
Lots of commotion.

JACK

(almost childlike)
I'm not going away!...don't send
me away again!

They wrestle for the gun.

Nic enters carrying the Child.

NIC

What's going on in here?!

EXT. MARTY'S APARTMENT

At the entrance of Marty's apartment building, the
DETECTIVES from earlier at work, verify Marty's name on
mail box.

DETECTIVE#1

(reading)
Marty Fishburn. This is it. 3-C.

He looks to a set of stairs.

DETECTIVE#1 (CONT'D)

This way.

They start up the stairway. A gun SHOT rings out from the
third floor. They stop for a second, draw their guns then
sprint up the stairs.

INT. MARTY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN -- MOMENTS LATER

The Detectives burst through the doorway, guns first, into
the kitchen. Nic lays on the ground dead, a bullet in her
chest.

The Child lays on her crying, blood spilling to the floor.

Detective#2 leans down to check on the Child. Detective#1 continues throughout the house, gun drawn.

BEDROOM

Marty sits holding himself weeping furiously. The window is open, it's curtains flutter in the wind. Detective#1 enters gun drawn.

Marty between sobs.

MARTY

It was Jack...Jack did it...

The Detective notices the open window, he dashes toward it, looking out. Nothing. Jack's gone

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

A withered looking Marty sits fidgeting nervously with the plain wood desk in front of him.

OBSERVATION ROOM

The detectives watch through a two way mirror.

DETECTIVE#1

(shaking his head)

He's sticking to that story.

Detective#2 sneers.

DETECTIVE#2

His buddy Jack did it?

Detective#1 sighs.

DETECTIVE#1

That's the one.

INTERROGATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The door opens, Marty looks expectantly to Detective#1 as he enters.

Detective#1 tosses a canvas bag on the table. Marty surprised.

MARTY

Where'd you find that? It's Jack's!

Detective#1 takes a seat across from Marty, he takes out a cigarette and lights it.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Did you find him? You got him?

Detective#1 takes a puff, exhales. He dumps out the bag.

It contains things from the different capers. The bolt cutters, the map to pac bell park, the 'Bad Ass' hat, Planned Parenthood brochures, and piles and piles of papers that have maps, plans, figure and facts, pictures of the buildings and people Jack and Marty visited.

DETECTIVE#1
You recognize these?

Marty rifles through them, he is astonished at the detail of the maps and plans.

MARTY
These must have been Jack's, his surveillance.

Detective#1 takes another puff.

DETECTIVE#1
We know you did it Marty.

Marty astonished.

MARTY
No...I helped but Jack planned everything and he shot Nic, he said he didn't want to go away again. You've gotta believe me.

Detective#1 leans in close, a menacing look.

DETECTIVE#1
Where's Jack's fingerprints? We've got yours...on everything.

Marty thinks.

MARTY
He said he was never finger printed.

DETECTIVE#1
And his name? All you gave us is Jack.

MARTY
That's all I know, I swear, he never told me his last name.

Detective#1 gets up, he slides the chair in.

DETECTIVE#1
Well you better hope he turns himself in, otherwise it's not looking too good for you.

Marty, pure fear in his eyes.

MARTY

I'm telling you...This stuff...it's
Jack's! Jack's, not mine!

Detective#1 slams his hand down onto the table.

DETECTIVE#1

THERE'S NO JACK IS THERE MARTY?!
NO JACK!

INT. COURTROOM -- DAY

Marty stands in a large courtroom, shackled, in an orange prison jumper. By his side an ATTORNEY, they wait the reading of the verdict.

A robust JUDGE puts on a pair of reading glasses, the court bailiff hands him a small piece of paper. The Judge unfolds the paper, skims it. In a official voice...

JUDGE

We the people find the defendant,
Martin Fishburn, guilty of First
Degree Murder...

The Judge's voice trails off.

Marty's face completely surrenders to his emotions, the Attorney, head down, puts a hand on his shoulder.

I/E - COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

An official Sheriff's Department van speeds down a lonely stretch of road.

Inside a half dozen prisoners wearing the orange jumpers are shackled to their seats.

In the furthest seat back, Marty sits low, his head rests on the seat back.

His eyes nearly closed, a trail of dried tears on his cheeks, looking sleepy. He looks out to the passing country side with a wistful stare.

MARTY

(to himself)
Where are you Jack, you son of a
bitch...

Marty's eyes nearly closed.

MONTAGE

A montage showing Marty at all of the escapades, but there's no Jack, just Marty.

- The first night at Lou's lounge. Marty orders more beers. There's nobody by his side. The bartender hits him in the jaw. Marty gets up a crazy look in his eye, he breaks the bottle on the bar top and chases the bartender back behind the bar. Later Marty pees on the wall.

-Marty talks to a bunch of homeless people, they nod. Marty at the IHA warehouse. He opens the door and goes in. The homeless shop while Marty looks on.

-Marty at a costume store picking out a security uniform. At a firearm store buying a gun. Pointing the gun at the Muscle Man trying to get into Pac Bell Park.

-Marty surveils the drug dealers from afar. Late in the afternoon he searches and finds a hide-a-key on the Dale's Hummer. Marty in the freeway chase by himself.

-Marty works on what looks to be a bomb, he follows the instructions on a plan laid out before him. Marty plants the bomb in a trash can at the planned parenthood office.

-It's Marty that drives the SUV away from the convenience store.

-In his kitchen, Marty, a crazed look in his eye shoots a surprised Nic.

INT. CELL -- NIGHT

Black.

MARTY (O.S.)

Jack!?!...Jack!

Marty jolts up. He's sweating. A bad dream. He rubs his eyes. Calming himself.

Marty's bed jumps, a kick from the bottom bunk.

PRISONER (O.S.)

Shut it Marty! You're dreaming again!

Marty looks around to get his bearings.

MARTY

Just a dream...just a bad dream.

He rolls off the top bunk and steps down to the cold concrete floor. He's in a prison cell. It's dark.

Marty walks to a small steel sink. A metal mirror above it.

Marty stares into the mirror, his face sullen and grim. He runs cold water onto his hands then lowers his face in.

Coming up, Marty wipes his face then clears a space on the dusty mirror. Looking deep inside...

MARTY (CONT'D)

Where are you Jack?

A voice overlaps.

DR. HONTLY (O.S.)

Jack?....Jack?

We snap into darkness then...

INT. PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Hontly's office. Plush furniture, hard woods, diplomas on the wall.

The Doctor leans in close, his face just a foot away. He SNAPS his fingers.

Jack lies on a comfortable looking couch. Dressed in his black leather jacket, black pants and his black boots. His face full of tension.

Jack slowly opens his eyes. A smile grows across his face.

Dr. Hontly pulls away, with a SIGH he plops back down into his chair.

JACK

So what do ya think Doc?

Dr. Hontly makes a few notes into a manila file folder.

DR. HONTLY

I think you've got a great imagination Jack...

Jack sits up, his boots leave small dirt scuffs on the couch's upholstery.

Dr. Hontly looks disdainfully at the scuffs.

DR. HONTLY (CONT'D)

I also think I told you about putting your boots on the couch.

Jack smiles and cleans the scuffs marks with a wipe of his hand.

JACK

You're not gonna turn me? Patient Doctor privilege?

The Doctor doesn't look up, instead he makes a few more notes. An amused look on his face.

DR. HONTLY

Well, I guess I'd have to turn you
in if I thought it was real...

The Doctor looks up, he tilts his head.

JACK

Oh, it's real.

The Doctor looks hard into Jack's eyes. Jack holds his stare
for a moment, then gives in.

JACK (CONT'D)

Alright..alright...I made it up...some
crazy story though don't ya think
Doc?

The Doctor checks the clock on the wall then closes the
folder.

DR. HONTLY

Yes, very entertaining.

(beat)

Looks like our time is up this week.
Remember, I want you to...

Jack gets up.

JACK

...I know, I know.
(mocking the Doc's
voice)

*Write down anything exciting that
happens to you Jack.*

The Doctor smiles. Jack heads for the door. As he opens
it, a smirk on his face.

JACK (CONT'D)

Too bad nothing exciting ever happens
to me.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Jack emerges through the large wooden doorway into the lobby
of the Doctor's office. In one corner, a pretty RECEPTIONIST
talks on the telephone.

She looks up as Jack enters, smiling at him. He smiles
back.

MARTY (O.S.)

How'd it go?

Marty, looking like his usual nerdy self, gets up from his
seat in the otherwise empty waiting area. He joins Jack as
they head toward the door.

JACK

Just like you said...he didn't believe it.

Marty smiles, his arm on Jack's shoulder.

MARTY

Told you buddy.

The receptionist watches as Jack exits, he walks by himself, no Marty.

Jack has a conversation with himself, his arm extended around an imaginary shoulder.

The Receptionist SIGHS, smiles, then goes back to the phone.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Jack and Marty emerge from the office. They move down the busy street, having a conversation out of earshot.

They pass a newspaper vending machine. The newspaper features a picture of a young toddler and a smiling Mom, the woman from the convenience store. The caption "Abducted Child Found Unharmed, Suspect Unknown".

Jack and Marty continue down the street. Marty slowly dissolves away, leaving Jack walking down the street talking to himself. Pedestrians steer out of his way.

Slowly, Jack blends into the crowd.

FADE OUT.