URBAN FOLLIES

"The road less traveled probably has more potholes."

by Robin Lee

URBAN FOLLIES "The road less traveled probably has more potholes."

ACT I:

FADE IN:

EXT. ESTABLISHING CITY STREET - MORNING

PEDESTRIANS are hurrying to and fro in the dizzying morning rush hour.

On top of a metal subway grate, an OLD WINO awakes to the new day.

SUBWAY TRAINS RUMBLE FROM BELOW

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Let's try a stab at honesty shall we? We're all going to work too early, for too little pay, to jobs that don't really matter. All of us deserve a seat as much as the next guy. But sometimes, that outcome doesn't fall in our favor and the seating is limited. when we walk, run, saunter, stumble or crawl into a subway car or bus, please take a moment to look at your options. A brief moment to internalize the situation before you. I have to stress brevity in this self reflection because the people waiting behind you will, given the opportunity, kill you with anything they can get their hands on.

(Beat)

The choice you must ponder is between standing for awhile or taking the seat between two people who are already seated, drinking their coffee and happily reading their papers. Please take that special moment to consider your body mass. We've all taken high school physics. At least those of us fortunate to go to schools in communities with a solvent tax base. No one is fooling Archimedes here.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D) If you decide that you must be rude anyway, realize that you should be the one to lean forward the whole trip in order to provide oxygen to everyone you've inconvenienced... not the other way around. I would never assume that sitting in your lap was an option so I expect the same courtesy. Have a nice day.

PEDESTRIANS are hurrying to and fro in the dizzying morning rush hour. On top of a metal grate, an OLD WINO awakes to the new day.

The Old Wino grabs his breakfast from the top of a garbage can: a half cup of discarded coffee and the remnants of an eaten donut.

The Old Wino wipe clean and pockets the empty coffee cup.

A CITY BUS

AD PLACARD ON CITY BUS WITH WHITE LETTERING: NOT A DROP TO DRINK

EXT. STREET - VESTIBULE OF CITY BANK - MOMENTS LATER

The Old Wino stands inside the bank in the doorway.

A WELL DRESSED YOUNG COUPLE: A MAN AND A WOMAN walk to the bank's entrance.

Before the MAN can pull out his ATM card to unlock the door, the Old Wino opens the door with a greeting, as though he worked for the bank.

The Man and his FEMALE COMPANION breeze by the Old Dirty Wino as though the door opened by itself.

When the Man finishes his transaction at the ATM machine, the Old Wino forces them to acknowledge his presence by standing partial in their way.

The WOMAN grimaces with disdain.

OLD WINO

Could your spare some change, Sir? Ma'am??

The Man and the Woman uncomfortably ignore the Old Wino.

The Old Wino moves out of their way as the Young Couple dash past him out of the bank.

OLD WINO (CONT'D) You dropped something.

The Man and the Woman stop and turn around.

OLD WINO (CONT'D) Oh you heard that!

The Two sheepishly hurry off down the street.

SHOW CREDIT CRAWL

EXT. SUBWAY STATION - AFTERNOON

The Old Wino stands near the entrance panhandling unsuccessfully for money.

He holds an empty, paper coffee cup for any contributions--ignored by all.

THREE YOUNG MEN with instruments: a guitar, a flute and a bongo drum, set up near the Old Wino and begin playing music.

A RAIN OF DOLLARS falls into a cardboard box in front of the Musicians.

The WOMAN with a Kazoo lays her green shopping bag open in front of their makeshift set-up.

She plays a tune.

A RAIN OF COINS falls into the Kazoo artist's bag.

The Old Wino watches all in frustration.

AN ELDERLY FEMALE MIME slowly waltzes over to the melody of the music.

The Mime annoys everyone listening to the music but manages to "wrangle" a few dollars out of the crowd.

The Old Wino desperately tries to get attention from the crowd forming, playing on their sympathy.

The Female Mine begins to mimic the Old Wino to get even more money from the crowd.

Disgusted the Old Wino, walks away stuffing his paper coffee cup in his pocket.

Shoulda learnt how to play an instrument back in the day.

(Beat)

Naw should kicked that Mine. That would gotten me a least a dollar. At least....

EXT. DESERTED ALLEY - LATE AFTERNOON

The Old Wino enters the alley, grabs a milk crate and sets it up right to sit upon. He looks around at the garbage around him and sweeps some of it away from his milk crate.

He finds another milk crate and sets it beside the first one.

He pulls a paper coffee cup from his pocket. He blows the lint from out of it.

EXT. DESERTED ALLEY - NIGHT

Under a street light, the Old Wino sits impatiently with his clean paper coffee cup waiting for someone.

THE PROFESSOR, a middle-age African-American man wearing a jacket, sweater and twill pants and carrying a cloth briefcase enters the alley.

The Professor is a scholar of English literature and the arts up at the community college, which looms in the distance over looking the alley.

PROFESSOR

I don't know how these students graduate from high school. None of the miscreants even knew what a haiku was!

OLD WINO

Young people do their own things these days. That they do.

(Beat)

I was wondering why you were taking so long with the drinks?

PROFESSOR

I may decide to open it now. I may wait until later and drink it by myself. When you buy it then you can decide when and where to drink it.

Don't be like that, Cousin. Don't be like that.

The Professor holds the bottle in the brown bag up in front of the Old Wino's face.

PROFESSOR

You can't wait to get it in your mouth, feel it going down your throat, making you feel warm inside. Look at you shaking, you need this wine so bad, don't you? Don't you?

The Old Wino turns his back on the Professor. He tries to steady himself to rise from the milk crate. He slowly rises.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

Don't you?

The Old Wino turns hopefully towards the Professor. He smiles.

OLD WINO

I wouldn't mind a small one.

The Professor smiles back and opens the wine bottle. He takes a large swig from the bottle.

When he finishes, he wipes his mouth with a handkerchief from his jacket pocket and holds the bottle out to his drinking companion.

The Old Wino reaches out for it.

Suddenly, the Professor pulls it back and hides the bottle under his jacket when he hears a POLICE SIREN whiz by.

A series of police cars flash by with lights and SIRENS BLASTING.

PROFESSOR

You know, that there is the biggest gang in the city.

OLD WINO

Sure enough.

PROFESSOR

Protect and serve my ass. They only look out for themselves.

You ain't wrong there. They always busting me 'bout where I rest my bones for a spell.

PROFESSOR

It's no different for you and me.

The Old Wino looks off in the street still watching for police cars which are long gone.

The Professor, deep in thought, looks at the Old Wino.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

I'm sorry Old Folks here I go talking on and on...

The Professor pulls the bottle out from under his jacket cautiously.

OLD WINO

You got much to deal with being a busy man, I'm sure. Pay no mind 'bout me.

The Professor looks curiously at the Old Wino. With his arm outstretched, he hands the bottle over to the Old Wino.

The Old Wine steadies his paper cup on his knee while he reaches out for the bottle.

Just when the Old Wino is about to take the bottle from him, the Professor deliberately lets the bottle go-

THE BOTTLE falls slowly-

Shocked the Old Wino tries to catch the bottle.

SMASH, glass and wine everywhere.

OLD WINO (CONT'D)

What's wrong with you? I thought we was friends?

PROFESSOR

The wine is fizzling your brain you old fool! We share a harmless little vice not a relationship.

(Beat)

A vice to which you don't contribute a thing.

The Old Wino breathes heavy then pushes the Professor hard into the ground.

The Professor tosses and turns away from the blur of fists striking him.

Blood oozes from the Professor's mouth mixing with the spilled wine on the ground.

Ashamed, the Old Wino stops punching the Professor and backs away.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)
Help me Old Folks! Please.
There's devilment at my job and it just got into me.

The Old Wino hesitates. He stands and looks around to see if there are any witnesses. He looks down the street away from the alley-

PROFESSOR (CONT'D) Help an old... friend.

The Old Wino reluctantly extends his hand to help the Professor to his feet.

The wily Professor bites the Old Wino's hand instead.

The Old Wino sinks to this knees in pain holding his bitten hand.

Deep teeth marks on the back of the Old Wino's hand.

The Professor slams the Old Wino across his back dropping him to the ground.

Angered, the Old Wino hugs the Professor's legs and rolls his body over them to bring the Professor back to the ground.

The Old Wino and the Professor tear at each other's clothes.

The Old Wino grabs a metro card and a few dollars from the Professors' torn jacket pockets.

The Professor tries to get his money back but the Old Wino shoves his hands away as he scrambles to his feet.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D) Help me you-- damn you!

(Recites)

Ice tastes bitter... in the mouth of a rat... quenching his thirst.

The Professor looks up aghast.

PROFESSOR

Basho. Matsuo Basho. How... how do you know his work?

The Old Wino hurries off into the night leaving the Professor laying in the blood and wine cocktail in a deserted alley.

OLD WINO

Haiku's are best recited - sharing wine.

FADE TO BLUE DENIM:

END OF ACT I

ACT II:

BACK POCKET OF BLUE JEANS WITH WHITE LETTERING: HAROLD

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - FOLLOWING DAY

Harold leaves the building, wearing neatly pressed blue jeans, perfectly shaped Afro, wearing gloves and carrying a rather large gift package.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Harold walks many blocks past a few subway stations.

EXT. BUS STOP - MOMENTS LATER

He stands waiting for a bus. To Harold's dismay, the first bus is covered with graffiti.

The FEMALE BUS DRIVER opens the bus door at looks at Harold who refuses to embark with negative shake of his head.

The Female Bus Driver rolls her eyes, closes the door and drives off.

A puff of dirty exhaust smoke.

Harold wears a blue respirator over his nose and mouth looking down the street for the next bus.

INT. BUS - DAY

Harold gets on the bus and dips his METRO CARD.

Harold wipes his gloved finger on a seat and one adjacent to it. He inspects the clean gloved digit.

Satisfied, Harold sits down and places the large package on the seat next to him.

The bus pulls away from the bus stop.

INT. BUS - THE NEXT BUS STOP

A VERY FAT LADY carrying a magazine gets on the bus. She walks straight to the seat with the package besides Harold.

FAT LADY Would you mind moving the package?

HAROLD

What?

FAT LADY

Would you mind moving the package so I can sit down?

Harold looks around the bus. It is completely empty, except for himself and the Fat Lady.

HAROLD

There are plenty of seats.

FAT LADY

I paid my fare and I can sit anywhere I want. So just move that package so I can sit down.

(Beat)

You can't take two seats for one fare.

Harold grudgingly moves the package to other empty seat beside him. The Fat Lady squeezes into the seat next to him.

After she has settled herself, Harold gets up and moves to another seat.

The Fat Lady stares at him, shrugs her shoulders, and proceeds to read her magazine.

Harold glares at her then looks out the window at the city speeding by.

INT. BUS - MOVING AND CROWDED - CONTINUOUS

MONTAGE - HAROLD MOVES MANY TIMES

-- As PASSENGERS get on the bus, Harold must move is large package out of the empty seat next to him.

-- All the seats were filled and Harold, with his large package on his lap, has to resentfully, stay put.

BACK TO SCENE

A TALL THIN MAN standing directly in front of Harold is reading an extremely long newspaper.

Every time the bus abruptly stops, Harold's nose is slightly scratched by the newspaper.

Harold grimaces.

Harold puts his foot on top of the Thin Man's foot and pressed down as hard as he can while he keeping his eyes closed.

The Thin Man BELLOWS, pulling his foot out from under Harold's. He glares at the supposedly sleeping Harold.

Harold wears a smirk under his closed eyes.

A COUGH

Harold quickly opens his eyes he looks up.

The Thin Man, standing in front of him, begins to COUGH.

The Thin Man tries to stifle the sounds coming from his throat while trying to read the newspaper.

The COUGHS, frequent and louder, seem to come from the very depths of the Thin Man's chest.

Someone else starts COUGHING.

Harold looks around.

More COUGHING sounds.

Harold, his eyes darting about the bus, sweats profusely.

With a struggle Harold gets up from his seat violently pushing his large package past FELLOW STRAPHANGERS.

THIN MAN

(Coughs)

Say buddy, watch your step.

ANDROGENOUS FEMALE WITH ART PORTFOLIO

(Coughs)

Excuse you!

Harold shoves her out of his way, making his way to the front of the bus.

ELDERLY WOMAN

(Coughs)

I'm getting' off at the next stop. There's no need to push!

Harold pushes her on top of a seated TEENAGE MALE PASSENGER. THE TEENAGER violently pushes the Elderly Woman off of him.

MALE TEENAGER

Hey, what's wrong with you?

ELDERLY WOMAN

I didn't intentionally fall on you.

MALE TEENAGER

Stand on your own two damn feet.

Falling' all over me.

ELDERLY WOMAN

It's not my fault.

MALE TEENAGER

You need to check yourself.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Didn't your mother teach you any manners?

MALE TEENAGER

(Coughs)

If you can't stand up without falling, I got two words for you - nursing home.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Who are you to tell me where I should be?

The Teenage Boy jumps up with a menacing mien.

The Old Wino quickly slides into the vacated seat.

MALE TEENAGER

Hey, what you think you're doing?

OLD WINO

You got up. So you blow the seat.

MALE TEENAGER

You better get up!

ELDERLY WOMAN

You should of kept your A-double scribble in the seat. Jumping bad with me! I'm ready for you.

The Elderly Woman abruptly produces a large knife from out of a deep pocket in her coat. Nearby PASSENGERS move away from her.

The Teenaged Male is startled.

ELDERLY WOMAN (CONT'D) I didn't stutter. What'd you get up for?

The Elderly Woman points the knife at the YOUNG MAN.

MALE TEENAGER

This old woman is crazy!

BUS DRIVER

Always on my shift.

(Beat)

Oh, shut up. You didn't have to be so rude. And, you, ma'am, put that knife away before you hurt yourself.

ELDERLY WOMAN

(Coughs)

I know how to handle my business.

Ignoring the ruckus, Harold finally reaches the front of the bus as the Bus Driver stops.

RED LIGHT

HAROLD

Would you mind letting me off here?

BUS DRIVER

I can only let you off at a designated bus stop. Please stand behind the white line.

Every Passenger is COUGHING: Loud, deep, barking COUGHS

Harold feels faint.

RED LIGHT

HAROLD

I can't stay on this bus.

BUS DRIVER

Please stand behind the white line.

RED LIGHT

The COUGHING continues-

HAROLD

Can't you hear it?

(Beat)

I need to get off this bus now.

BUS DRIVER

You need to stand behind the white line. I'll be glad to let you off at the next stop.

(Beat)

And, the rest of you folks back there settle down and act like you got some sense.

More COUGHING-

HAROLD

Are you going to open that door?

The Bus Driver ignores him.

Harold reaches over the Bus Driver and tries to grab the lever that opens the doors.

MONTAGE -- STRUGGLES

-- A struggle between Harold and the Bus Driver

-- The Elderly Woman with the knife, was still clashing with the Young Man.

END MONTAGE ON GREEN LIGHT

FAT LADY

Throw that crazy bastard off the bus.

The Bus Driver, agitated, opens the door and kicks Harold off the bus with his big black boot.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Harold hits the street with a loud THUD.

INT. BUS - DAY

The Bus Driver dusts off his hands, pushes the lever to close the bus door and stands up, facing the interior of the bus. BUS DRIVER

(Yells)
Now I want quiet on this bus or I'll sit here!

The Bus Driver glares at the Elderly Woman who quickly puts her knife away.

The Bus Driver sits down at the steering wheel, cautiously pulls off-

-COUGHING.

EXT. ANOTHER BUS STOP - DAY

A GRAFFITI DECORATED BUS pulls away from the bus stop.

Harold, now wearing a blue respirator, looks down the block waiting for another bus.

FADE TO BLUE:

END OF ACT II

ACT III:

INT. SUBWAY STATION - PLATFORM - THE DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY

A BLUEISH-GRAY MAN drawn with long narrow fingers, a long narrow head with a thin goat-like goatee and dark sunglasses beats on a tall bongo drum settled between his crossed legs.

Large silver coins are tossed into a hat in front of him.

A VERY FAT-PEAR SHAPED WOMAN waits impatiently for the train. She stares menacingly at the drumming man as he plays a Beat on his bongo drum.

She frowns.

The rolls of fat on her face almost bury her eyes in a deep crevice of pink skin.

AN ERASER rubs out the deep folds in her forehead. A pencil tip shades in the shadows of her face.

STATIC OF A PA SYSTEM

TRAIN CONDUCTOR (V. O.) Attention passengers! Please be careful of the moving platform.

A HAND HOLDING THE PENCIL

AD PLACARD OF A BOOK ENTITLED: **THE DOLLAR WAR** SITS ABOVE THE ANDROGENOUS FEMALE WITH THE ART PORTFOLIO BAG RESTING BESIDE HER FEET.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - PLATFORM - DAY

THE ARTIST, a young androgenous looking Female with an art portfolio bag seen earlier on the bus, is chewing gum, sketching on a small art pad with a 3B pencil, loiters on the subway platform.

THE ARTIST'S HAND

-drawing a picture of a comic book hero flying beside a speeding train.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - DAY

The train races through the dark tunnel lit by multicolored lights.

A sleeping MAN snores loudly.

THE ARTIST'S HAND

-drawing a picture of the man sleeping siting opposite her.

TWO PANHANDLERS enter the car from opposite ends.

THE ELECTRONIC WHIZ OF A CHILD'S TOY

PANHANDLER #1

(Bad Chinese accent)

Battery, one dollar. One dollar.

PANHANDLER #2

Excuse me ladies and gentleman. I apologize for disturbing anyone this afternoon. My name is Tyrone Jenkins. I'm selling candy not for no basketball team uniforms but for myself to keep me out of trouble and put some money in my pocket.

(Beat)

I got candy for a dollar. All I got left is Saturn bars and - F & G's dark or milk with pecans.

PANHANDLER #2 (CONT'D)

TYRONE JENKINS

(Bad Chinese accent)

One dollar-

-Saturn Bars-

PANHANDLER #1 (Bad Chinese accent)
One dollar-

TYRONE JENKINS
-help keep me off the streets
and outta trouble.

The Female Artist watches passengers hand out dollars for batteries and to feed their munchies as though at a tennis match.

As both Panhandlers approach her she pulls a folded dollar out of her drawing pad and holds it up in the air.

The Two Panhandlers reach her at the same time and both grab the dollar: A three-way tug of war.

The train screeches to a halt.

TRAIN CONDUCTOR (V. O.)

(Monotone with loud PA

reverb)

Attention passengers. Due to a sick passenger in the train at the next station. We have red signals.

(MORE)

TRAIN CONDUCTOR (V. O.) (CONT'D)

(Beat)

We should be moving shortly.

TYRONE JENKINS

Thank you Sir, um Miss. What you want?

PANHANDLER #1

(Bad Chinese accent)

Double AA? Double AA?

TYRONE JENKINS

Excuse me but the lady here was handing me the dollar.

PANHANDLER #1

(Bad Chinese accent)

No. He want battery. Okay? Okay.

TYRONE JENKINS

I think you are mistaken. She clearly-

PANHANDLER #1

(Bad Chinese accent)

You no trick me! He want battery. You dirty homeless people-

TYRONE JENKINS

Homeless?!? I ain't homeless

(Beat)

And you ain't Chinese! You White!

TRAIN CONDUCTOR (V. O.)

(Monotone with loud PA

reverb)

Attention passengers. Due to passengers in the train at the next station trying to throw the sick passenger off the train... we are experiencing some delays.

(Beat)

We should be moving shortly.

SOME PASSENGERS GROAN

PANHANDLER #1

(Bad Chinese accent)

I here first.

TYRONE JENKINS

You still ain't Chinese.

The train lurches forward again then stops.

TRAIN CONDUCTOR (V. O.)

(Monotone with loud PA

reverb)

Attention passengers. Due to police action in the train at the next station we are experiencing some delays.

(Beat)

We should be moving shortly.

TYRONE JENKINS

Miss weren't you offering the donation to me?

Panhandler #1 pushes Panhandler #2 away from Troy.

TYRONE JENKINS (CONT'D)

Don't put your hands on me!

The train starts moving.

Panhandler #1 pushes Panhandler #2 again.

ANDROGENOUS FEMALE WITH ART PORTFOLIO BAG

All I wanted was some change.

The train pulls into the station. The Panhandlers are shoving each other.

TRAIN CONDUCTOR (V. O.)

(Monotone with loud PA

reverb)

Bowling Place. Please watch the closing doors.

The Artist puts her dollar back in her pocket and exits the train.

The train doors closing is repeatedly aborted while the two panhandlers attempt to forcibly remove the each other from the train car.

As the Artist walks away, behind her the two Panhandlers continue fighting-

-CANDIES AND BATTERIES ARE PROJECTILES.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - PLATFORM - DAY

A well dressed young Couple: A MAN carrying a briefcase and his girlfriend WOMAN rush to use the turnstile to catch the train in the station.

The Woman gets through and waits at the train platform for her boyfriend.

The Man struggles with his metro card in the turnstile, then he knocks the Artist aside to catch the train and his girlfriend.

Annoyed the Artist turns to face them: she pantomimes the doors closing in their faces. The Man uses his briefcase to hold the train doors open.

The train doors rapidly open and close onto the Man's briefcase.

The Artist smiles to herself, turns to exits through the turnstiles.

Behind her, the Man and his girlfriend watch his briefcase goes on to their destination without them.

MAN

We're gonna have to hit an ATM somewhere...

FADE TO BLUE:

END OF ACT III:

COLD CLOSING ACT:

EXT. ESTABLISHING BUS STOP - AFTERNOON

Two attractive young women, WINIFRED, GERTRUDE and their DAUGHTERS are running to catch a bus at a deserted bus stop before it drives off.

Winifred, a petite woman, drags the TWO LITTLE GIRLS behind her. Gertrude lumbers after them holding her very pregnant stomach.

WINIFRED

(Yells)

Bus driver, wait!

The same Bus Driver from earlier coughs clearing his throat. He pops a cough drop in his mouth as he waits.

BUS DRIVER

You know I wouldn't leave four such lovely young women behind.

Winifred giggles "like a Geisha", ushering the two girls onto the bus.

A moment later, Gertrude reaches the bus.

GERTRUDE

Thank you.

INT. BUS - MOMENTS LATER

While there are no passengers standing, there are four vacant seats. Three in the extreme back of the bus and one seat in the middle of the bus next to the INEBRIATED AND DISHEVELED PROFESSOR, we met earlier.

Wearing a jacket with torn pockets, he slouches over with his arm spread over the empty seat next to him. His eyes are half closed.

Winifred, her daughter and Gertrude's daughter head to the back of the bus and sit down.

Gertrude sits next to the Professor.

The Professor straightens up as he senses Gertrude's presence.

The bus pulls off.

The Professor Man begins to lean on her. His weight is imposing and Gertrude begins to fidget

The Professor opens his eyes and turns and glares at Gertrude who tries to move away from him, but the seating area is too small.

PROFESSOR

You don't want no one to touch you? Then Move.

The PASSENGER that was sitting on the back seat next to Gertrude's daughter leaves.

Gertrude gets up and makes her way to the back of the bus. The Professor staggers to his feet.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

Think you too good to sit next to me. Well, I'm coming back there and give you something to move for.

RED LIGHT

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

Too disrespectful. That's your problem.

The Professor staggers to the back of the bus where Gertrude, Winifred and the TWO GIRLS are sitting.

Gertrude's rubs her stomach nervously. HER DAUGHTER nervously clutches her hand.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

You scared little girl?

The Professor glares at Winifred.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

You think she's too good to sit next to me? Huh??? Well when I finish with you, you'll wish you never got on this damn bus.

With that remark, Winifred pulls out a fancy looking black Beretta with a long extension attached to it and points it at the Professor.

WINIFRED

(Softly)

Go back- to your seat.

The Professor stares at-

-THE SLEEK METALLIC GUN.

Gertrude and HER DAUGHTER stare at Winifred in amazement. WINIFRED'S DAUGHTER smiles proudly.

The Professor looks at Winifred holding the gun then he turns and quickly staggers up to the front of the bus.

Winifred quickly puts the Beretta back into her coat pocket.

PROFESSOR

Bus driver! Bus driver! They got guns back there!

RED LIGHT

The Bus Driver, slightly coughing and clearing his throat, ignores the Professor.

The Professor grabs the Bus Driver's arm. The Bus Driver pushes him away.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

They gonna shoot us. Call the cops!

The Bus Driver sniffs the air near the Professor.

BUS DRIVER

Be quiet and sit down you old drunk!

PROFESSOR

My liquor makes me sharp and I tell you they getting ready to shoot us back there! Pretending to be mothers and they carrying guns.

The Bus Driver turns and looks at Winifred and pregnant Gertrude and their two little girls:

All innocence.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

Doesn't anybody got a cell phone on this damn bus? Call the police. They could be terrorists for godsake!

The few Passengers on the bus stop discretely hide their cell phones.

The Bus Driver opens the door.

GREEN LIGHT

BUS DRIVER

Get off.

PROFESSOR

Man, I tell you those two women back there have guns. Signal for the po-lice.

(Beat)

You can do it on the front of the bus.

BUS DRIVER

Get off. Do you hear me? Get off!

PROFESSOR

They gonna shoot you all. Serves you right!

The Professor jumps off the bus.

The Bus Driver closes the door and drives off.

GERTRUDE

(whispers to Winifred)
I didn't know you carried a gun.
 (Beat)

You weren't going to shoot that man, were you? I mean... everyone on the bus would have heard the shot.

WINIFRED

Girl this has a silencer on it. He would have slumped over and everyone would have thought the bastard passed out from too much drinking. Cased closed.

GERTRUDE

I've been meaning to ask: What is it that you do?

EXT. BUS - CONTINUOUS

Through the rear window, two Women sit and talk as the bus moves down the city cavern into the distance.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

To the person who broke into my Sea Foam green 1984 Chrysler Lebaron parked on the corner of White and West Street, the one with the rust on the passenger door panel? As I was parking it, I noticed broken glass on the sidewalk and thought "the lightning never strikes the same spot twice."

(Beat)

I appreciate your efforts to minimize my inconvenience given that you probably come from a disadvantaged background and you may have an addiction or two. You only broke the rear passenger small window, so even in the cold weather there are no drafts reaching the front seats, so I appreciate the effort. You took my GPS system which was a considerable help because it didn't allow me to update the maps and truth be told I didn't read the manual that came with it to learn how to do that. Thank you for giving me a reason to get a much better one. I will admittedly miss my \$25 in spare change. That took me two years to accumulate. Oh well. Overall, I wish all car burglars were as decent as you. Cheers.

FADE OUT:

END OF EPISODE