

FADE IN:

OPEN ON:

MONTAGE OF VARIOUS SHOTS OF SAN FRANCISCO - DUSK

Over this we hear a recording of Jack Kerouac's poem, San Francisco which is accompanied by a BE-BOP trio. Kerouac's poetry coincides with the various shots of San Francisco.

We

come to a sign for Jack Kerouac Street. We PAN OVER to "THE

CITY LIGHTS BOOKSTORE" and continue along to the ALLEYWAY where there is a large high-contrast black and white sign depicting Jack Kerouac in his famous "I'm looking into the distance, having a brilliant thought" pose...

CHARLIE MACKENZIE, in his late twenties, wearing a flannel shirt and torn jeans, walks INTO THE FRAME, right in front of the picture of Jack Kerouac and inadvertently strikes the

exact same pose. We PULL BACK to reveal that Charlie has a bag of garbage in his right hand, which he deposits in the alleyway. We FOLLOW Charlie into...

INT. CITY LIGHTS BOOKSTORE

We FOLLOW him through the store. By day he is the Assistant Manager, by night he is a poet.

A MAN in his fifties, wearing a beret and a goatee is reading, Charles Bukowski's, Playing The Piano Like a Percussive Instrument, Until Your Fingers Begin To Bleed A Bit.

Charlie takes his place behind the cash register and resumes writing in his handsome leather-bound poetry journal.

CHARLIE

(sotto)

O' SCOTLAND

YOUR SUCKLED TEET OF SHAME

CUSTOMER approaches.

CUSTOMER

Do you have the book On The Road by Jack Kerouac?

Every day there is a steady stream of tourists who come in to get copies of On The Road. Charlie is use to this and without looking up he points to a huge, well marked display of thousands of copies of On The Road. Another TOURIST COUPLE

approach.

TOURIST

Do you have a copy of On The Road by
Jack Kerouac?

Again not looking up, Charlie just points.

TOURIST

Thanks.

EXT. CITY LIGHTS BOOKSTORE - NIGHT

Charlie puts the "CLOSED" sign on the door and proceeds to walk home.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREETS

The sights and the sounds of the city are accentuated by the

BEBOP as he sees life, warts and all. As the streets become

less populated, he can now hear the sounds of his own FOOTSTEPS and, a COUPLE BICKERING. The streets become even more deserted. The night is closing in on him. A cat darts out from an alleyway and startles him. He quickens his pace.

RUMBLINGS make him cross the street to avoid the danger. Headlights of a slow moving car approach from the distance.

Charlie, frightened, turns another corner onto:

HIS STREET

He approaches a 3-story Victorian home, in which he has an apartment on the second floor, he notices a light on in his window. A CRASHING sound from within.

CUT TO:

HANDS

taking papers out of a desk drawer.

CUT TO:

CHARLIE

carefully opening the front door and then gingerly closing it. He reaches for a baseball bat in a nearby umbrella stand.

Sound of BREAKING GLASS from his apartment upstairs.

CUT BACK TO:

SHATTERED PICTURE FRAME

with a photo of Charlie and an angelic blonde.

CUT BACK TO:

CHARLIE

finishing off the last two steps nearing the front door of his apartment, bat raised above his head ready to swing.

CUT TO:

THE HANDS

clasp a jewelry box on the top of the dresser and stuff them into a dufflebag; the jewelry is followed by CD's.

CUT TO:

CHARLIE

pushing open his apartment door in a mock SWAT maneuver, then stealthily stalking toward the sound of the intruder in the bedroom. He stubs his toe on a spring loaded doorstop making a loud metal VITTSWINGGGG's sound. He freezes, terrified.

CUT TO:

THE BEDROOM

where the HANDS, freeze.

CUT BACK TO:

CHARLIE

Like a coiled jungle cat ready to pounce, waits two beats... then springs Samurai style into...

THE BEDROOM

He freezes.

REVERSE ANGLE TO REVEAL

that the HANDS belong to the angelic blonde in the broken picture. It's Charlie's girlfriend, SHERRI.

CHARLIE

Sherri! What are you doing?

SHERRI

I'm leaving you.

CHARLIE

Oh, thank God... I thought you were robbing our own home, because frankly, that's insane. I mean, what could you possibly gain by robbing your own home? I don't mean to meddle, but isn't it better to rob other peoples' homes? Start accumulating their wealth as opposed to just reaccumulating your own wealth.

SHERRI

That's not funny, Charlie. I'm really leaving.

She continues to pack. Charlie tries to unpack her things.

CHARLIE

What?! Just because we had a fight last night?

SHERRI

We've had a fight every night for two months. Ever since I brought up the subject of marriage, you've found fault with everything I do. Why couldn't we have gotten married, Charlie?

CHARLIE

(beat)

I'm too young to get married.
(begins putting her things back)
I'm only twenty-nine and a half. We love living together.

SHERRI

It's been two years now. I need something more.

CHARLIE

See, Sherri, this is frustrating for me, okay. When we first started going out I thought we agreed that we weren't the sort of people who got married.

SHERRI

That's like saying we're not the sort of people who are going to grow old. We're not going to fall into
(MORE)

SHERRI (CONT'D)
that "growing old" trap. Face it,
you've got a problem with
commitment,
Charlie. Take a look at your other
girlfriends. Every time you get
close
to a commitment there's something
wrong with them.

CHARLIE
Hey, I broke up with them for good
reasons.

SHERRI
What about Sandy?

CHARLIE
Sandy was an alcoholic.

SHERRI
No-no-no. You thought she was an
alcoholic. She just drank more than
you drank. What about Jill?

CHARLIE
She hated my family.

SHERRI
You thought she hated your family.
Nobody hates your family. Everybody
loves your family. What about Julie?

CHARLIE
She smelled like soup.

SHERRI
What does that mean?

CHARLIE
She smelled exactly like Campbell's
Beef Vegetable soup. She was dirty,
physically dirty.

SHERRI
Well, Charlie, I wonder what you're
gonna say were my problems? Are you
gonna tell your friends that I was a
junkie, that I wasn't supportive
enough or that I smelled like
relish?
Charlie, I loved you. It could have
worked out.
(she goes to the door)
Think about it.

She leaves.

ANGLE ON - THE BROKEN PICTURE

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - CHARLIE'S CAR - DUSK

Charlie and his best friend, TONY SPILETTI, are out for a night on the town.

Tony is second generation Italian-American with very Mediterranean features. They're listening to Teenage Fan Club. They pass Ghierardeli Square.

CHARLIE

Tony, Teenage Fan Club, they're Scottish you know?

TONY

Oh.

CHARLIE

I had that dream again.

TONY

Oh, is that the one where you suspect that a fat man in a diaper, on a lazy susan has interfered with your plans for the evening?

CHARLIE

No, but I have had that one. No, in this one I'm in love...

TONY

Yeah.

CHARLIE

And I say to myself, 'I've finally found somebody that I'm truly comfortable with.' You know when you're so comfortable that you'll let them put makeup on you to see what you would look like if you were a girl. Anyways you know what I do in the dream next?

TONY

You propose?

CHARLIE

(after a pause)

No. I die.

TONY

But Charlie, you're a normal suburban guy at heart, from a normal suburban
(MORE)

TONY (CONT'D)
 family. Didn't you tell me you
 always
 wanted to get married and have a
 family.

CHARLIE
 Yes, but, I'm afraid, okay? There
 are seven main rites of passage in a
 man's life. Birth, first day of
 school, last day of school.
 Marriage.
 Kids. Retirement. Death. I'm at
 marriage. I'm two rites of passage
 away from death.

TONY
 I'm sorry, I wasn't listening.

Tony is doing three-sixties, scoping out beauties, when suddenly his roving eyes lock on a police car directly behind them. He slouches down into his seat.

TONY
 Christ. It's the cops.

CHARLIE
 Tony, you are a cop.

TONY
 I know. Isn't it awful? I work with
 those guys. They're assholes.

The police car passes.

INT. SPILETTI'S COFFEE HOUSE - NIGHT

Tony and Charlie enter. There is a poet on stage. The club is full of art tarts and college bohemians. They are greeted by the club's owner, GIUSEPPI, an Italian man in his fifties.

TONY
 Salve zio mio.

UNCLE
 Allora? Che catzo fai, Charlie?

CHARLIE
 Hi, Uncle Giuseppi.

UNCLE
 Tony, come' stai bello il tuo pappa
 e' in galera per la terza volta.

Tony's uncle shows them to a table.

UNCLE

I'll have the waitress bring you cappuccino.

CHARLIE

What did your uncle say?

TONY

He says my Dad's back in jail again.

CHARLIE

Ah, I'm sorry, man.

TONY

You know, it's funny I don't even feel related to my parents anymore. I feel like your mom and dad are more like my parents. I feel more Scottish than Italian.

CHARLIE

Tony Spiletti, I don't think you could get more Italian than that. Unless of course your name was Tony Italian Guy.

Charlie checks out the girls in the coffee bar.

CHARLIE

I'm so bummed. Sherri was great, wasn't she? I'm an asshole, aren't I?

TONY

Yes.

CHARLIE

You've got to help me get through this night.

TONY

You've just got to get back on the horse.

The waitress arrives with two cappuccinos in extremely large cups like they have in France.

CHARLIE

Waitress, I'm sorry, there seems to be a mistake. I ordered the large cappuccino.

Two girls at a nearby table, laugh. Charlie and Tony exchange,

"This could be promising." looks.

CHARLIE

(to the girls)

Do you think these cups could be larger? They're practically bowls.

The girls laugh again.

CHARLIE

I feel like I'm having Campbell's Cuppuccino.

TONY

Join us in a cup of coffee? There's enough room?

GIRLS

Sure!

The girls come over.

SUSAN

My name's Susan and this is June. We think you're funny.

TONY

My name's Tony. This is my friend Charlie.

CHARLIE

Look, Tony, I'm going home. See you later, girls.

Tony grabs him and pulls him aside.

TONY

You really don't understand, do you? When a girl comes over to your table and says, 'I think you're funny.' It means you've pretty much been given the keys to the city. Charlie, this is big.

CHARLIE

Perhaps you've confused me with someone who gives a shit. Here's what's gonna happen, Tony. We'll end up going out with them tonight, maybe even home with them. Well go out for two months. Soon she'll move in, we'll be happy, She'll want more of a commitment. I'll be terrified and I'll do something to ruin it. Just like I did with Sherri.

He leaves. Tony is left with the two girls.

JUNE

Poor, guy... He seemed so nice.

TONY

(talking, choked up)

I just broke up with somebody as well. She left me high and dry.

The girls try to comfort him.

INT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT

Three quarters of the furnishings and items have disappeared with Sherri. Charlie sits dejectedly on the floor over his Poetry Journal. He is missing Sherri. We see...

CHARLIE'S FACE

He looks out and is struck by an idea and begins to write.

ANGLE ON THE JOURNAL

I AM LONELY

CHARLIE'S FACE

Again he looks out, finds his inspiration and continues to write

IN THE JOURNAL

IT'S REALLY HARD

CHARLIE'S FACE

A gentle tear rolls down his left cheek. He pauses, then finishes off the stanza.

IN THE JOURNAL

THIS POEM SUCKS

After the last line he scratches out the entire poem. He closes the book and turns on the TV set to CNN to veg out. The show is "What's Cooking! With Burt Wolf."

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET

Charlie is driving in his car. He drives slowly looking for an address. Finds it, slips in to a parking spot in front.

EXT. BUTCHER'S SHOP - MEATS OF THE WORLD

Adorning the front are a "GRAND OPENING" sign and miniature flags of the world. Charlie goes inside.

INT. BUTCHER'S SHOP

It's a small, hip shop selling specialty meats from around the world. Charlie looks around. Suddenly, an attractive woman in her late twenties, wearing a blood-stained smock enters. It is HARRIET MICHAELS. She has a cleaver in one hand and something bloody in the other.

HARRIET

(angry)

Goddamn shoplifter.
(conscious of Charlie's presence; holding up bloody meat)
But I got him!
(smiles)
You're next.

CHARLIE

(backing out the door; terrified)
I've come at a bad time.

HARRIET

No stay!

CHARLIE

No, no, really... Obviously you've got things you have to do. You've got to dismember the rest of his bloody torso. Dig a makeshift shallow grave. Cover the body with quick lime. Really so much to do, so little time and I'm only in the way here, I'm just gonna go. Good luck.

HARRIET

(referring to meat in hand)
Oh, this! Oh, no, this is what he stole. This isn't a piece of him or anything. This is Icelandic Shank.

CHARLIE

I bet it goes well with a nice Chianti. Fittfittfitt.

HARRIET
 (laughs)
 Can I help you?

CHARLIE
 Yes. Do you have haggis?

HARRIET
 Yes, we do. It's over here in our
 Scottish Cuts section. One?

This is a section under glass flying a Scottish flag, with haggis and various cuts of Scottish meat.

CHARLIE
 Yes! I've never been able to find haggis anywhere, except at my parents' house. They're Scottish.

Harriet rounds the counter and wraps up the haggis. Behind her is the large "PRUSSIAN VENISON" sign.

HARRIET
 (ringing up his order)
 That'll be fifteen, seventy-nine.
 Will there be anything else?

CHARLIE
 Yes. I know it's a long shot, but you wouldn't by any chance happen to have any Prussian Venison?

HARRIET
 Now where in the world would I get Prussian Venison?

Charlie's charmed.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET

Charlie is driving along listening to Kerouac. We absorb the flavor of San Francisco as he drives down Lombard Street.

EXT. CHARLIE'S PARENTS' APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

An old crappie apartment building in San Francisco. Charlie's car pulls up. We hear "SATURDAY NIGHT" by the Bay City Rollers.

INT. OUTER HALLWAY OF CHARLIE'S PARENTS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Charlie approaches a door.

CHARLIE
 (calling up)
 Mom, Dad, I'm here.

STUART (O.S.)
 We're in here, son.

The apartment is a shrine to Scotland. Scottish paraphernalia, miniature Scotty dogs, shortbread tins and, on wall, framed pictures depict famous Scotsmen, Sean Connery, Jackie Stewart, Alexander Graham Bell, James Doohan (Scottie from "Star Trek"), Sheena Easton, Billy Connolly.

CHARLIE'S POV - AS WE ENTER THE LIVING ROOM

We see STUART, MAY, TONY, and little WILLIAM, Charlie's fourteen year old little brother all singing:

ALL
 (singing)
 S-A-T-U-R-D-A-Y... NIGHT

STUART
 (noticing Charlie)
 Come give your old man a kiss or
 I'll kick your teeth in.

The group are eating dinner on TV trays. Charlie walks over and turns off the record.

MAY
 Charlie, put on Charlie Pride, would ya? Oh, I love Charlie Pride.
 (begins singing; in thick Scottish accent)
 HEY, DID YOU HAPPEN TO SEE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN THE WORLD...

STUART
 May, shut it.

STUART MACKENZIE is in his late fifties, a butcher, with Coke bottle glasses and thick head of black hair. His red-haired wife, MAY, is in her fifties, attractive with a soft, but tough appearance. Little WILLIAM, has a very large head and a skinny neck. Like Charlie, he was born in America.

Charlie gives his Mom a hug, his father a kiss.

CHARLIE
 Hey, William.

WILLIAM
 (on his stomach on
 the floor; watching
 TV)
 Hey, Charlie.

STUART
 SCORES! MAGIC GOAL!

On the television, Stuart's team, Glasgow Celtic, has scored.

TONY
 Aye -- magic.

STUART
 Let's have a look at the re-play.
 William, move your head. Look at the
 size of that ooy's heed. I'm not
 kidding. It's like an orange on a
 tooth pick.

MAY
 Stuart, you're going to give the boy
 a complex.

STUART
 I'm not kidding. That's a huge
 noggin'. It has it's own weather
 system. It's a virtual planetoid.
 (shouting to William)
 Heed! Move!

We see the re-play of the goal on TV. Tony sits down and May brings over a plate of stew and three types of potatoes, piled very high.

MAY
 Is that enough potatoes, Charlie?

CHARLIE
 Enough to recreate Devil's Tower in
 "Close Encounters".

STUART
 (sniffs the air)
 Do I smell haggis?

CHARLIE
 Aye, you do.

MAY
 (taking it)
 I'll put it in the frig.

Charlie notices Tony reading some papers. He realizes it's

literature from the Lyndon H. LaRouche Society.

CHARLIE

Dad, what are you doing to Tony now?
Why do you abuse his mind like this?

STUART

That's the latest report from Lyndon
H. LaRouche, outlining how the Queen
and the Rothschilds masterminded the
Soviet overthrow, so that they could
reclaim lands they had annexed
during
the Holy Roman Empire.

TONY

(goadng Charlie)
You know a lot of this makes sense.

CHARLIE

I think you're suffering from the
Stockholm Syndrome, where the
hostages
start to relate to their captors.

STUART

Listen, Sonny Jim, it's a known fact
there's a society of the five
wealthiest people in the world,
called
the Pentaverate, who run everything
and meet three times a year at a
secret country mansion in Colorado,
known as "The Meadows."

CHARLIE

(sarcastic)
And that's obviously why we haven't
heard about it in the newspapers.

STUART

(inappropriately angry
& loud)
That's right. They fuckin' own the
papers, smartass. And everything
else. Why do you think Scotland's
not been able to get independence?
Because the Queen the Pentavirate
and those English dome heads in West
Minster won't have it.

CHARLIE

Who are the other members of this
pentaverate?

STUART

The Queen, the Rothchilds, the Gettys, the Vatican, and Colonel Sanders before he went tits up. Oh, I hated the Colonel with his wee beady eyes. And that smug look on his face.

CHARLIE

Dad how can you hate "the Colonel?"

STUART

Because the Colonel puts an addictive chemical in it that makes you crave it fortnightly.

CHARLIE

Interesting... coo-coo

MAY

Would anyone like a juice? Charlie, did I tell you, we bought a Juice Tiger?

CHARLIE

A Juice Tiger?

MAY

Aye, it's a juicer. It's part of my National Enquirer, Garth Brooks diet. Would you like potato juice?

CHARLIE

Thank you, no.

MAY

Sherri's late.

CHARLIE

Yeah, uh, Sherri and I broke up.

MAY

Oh, you didn't. Sherri was the daughter your father was never able to give me.

CHARLIE

I'm just not ready for marriage. I'm twenty-nine and my poems haven't even been published yet.

STUART

But it's not just the poetry is it son? You're afraid if you get
(MORE)

STUART (CONT'D)

married
 you'll lose your muse. Look at me, I
 was a strapping young butcher, at
 the height of my creative powers.
 When it came to de-boning a side of
 beef, there was nobody that could
 touch me. Then I married your
 mother.
 And people would still stand in awe
 as I filleted a shoulder of lamb.

MAY

Maybe it's just as well not to get
 married, look at the news. Where did
 I put it?

STUART

Heed. Move that melon of yours into
 the bathroom and get the paper for
 your mother.

William gets the National Enquirer and brings it back.

CHARLIE

That's not news, Dad. That's
 bullshit.
 I wouldn't wipe my ass with that
 paper.

STUART

What are you talking about? It's the
 fifth highest circulating paper in
 the United States, I'll have you
 know.

MAY

Oh, here it is. Mrs. X. The
 Honeymoon
 Murderer. She marries men under fake
 identities, and then murders them.
 She killed some German martial arts
 expert, and some plumber named Ralph
 Elliot. Her whereabouts are unknown.

There's another goal on the TV set.

STUART

Scores! Two nil. Magic!

TONY

Ah, beautiful goal. We HOLD on the
 TV set.

Time passes. The TV set

CROSS FADES:

TO THE END OF THE GAME

The two teams are shaking hands. And the final scores chyron shows Celtic beating Rangers three nothing. We see Charlie and Tony are leaving. Stuart is blind drunk.

STUART
 (singing Rod Stewart's
 song)
 YOU'RE IN MY EYES, YOU'RE IN MY
 DREAMS...
 YOU'RE CELTIC, UNITED
 AND BABY I'VE DECIDED...

MAY
 Ah, you're steaming.

She meets Charlie and Tony at the door and kisses him good-bye. She turns to kiss Tony, and holds on the kiss far too long.

TONY
 (pulling away)
 See you later, Mrs. MacKenzie.

MAY
 Oh, you've turned into a sexy
 Italian
 bastard.

CHARLIE
 See you later, mom.
 (calling out)
 See you later, Dad.

STUART
 Fine. Go! You've stayed your hour.

Charlie and Tony leave and enter...

THE HALLWAY

where they find William sitting on the stairs waiting for them.

WILLIAM
 Take me with you.

EXT. MEATS OF THE WORLD - LATE AFTERNOON

Charlie's drives by and notices Harriet, who's unwinding the store awning in Dutch national costume. The banner announces "DUTCH WEEK." "MEATS OF THE WORLD SALUTES DUTCH MEAT."

Charlie slows down to look at her. She looks great in her little Dutch costume.

INT. CITY LIGHTS BOOKSTORE - DAY

Charlie is again writing at the counter. Another PERSON enters.

MAN
Excuse me. You wouldn't happen to have...

Charlie again points to the Kerouac section without looking up.

MAN
Thanks.

ON THE PAD

Charlie writes...

OH MEAT MAID,
IF THE CATTLE HAD HAD A CHOICE, THEY
WOULD HAVE SLAUGHTERED
THEMSELVES
WILLINGLY
FOR A CHANCE
TO BE TOUCHED
BY YOUR FINGERS

CUT TO:

CHARLIE'S FACE

She's on his mind.

EXT. MEATS OF THE WORLD

Charlie's car pulls up. The sign reads, "WELSH WEEK"
"MEATS
OF THE WORLD SALUTES WELSH MEATS"

INT. MEATS OF THE WORLD

The store is very busy. There is a line at the meat counter seven people deep. Charlie takes his place at the end of the line.

We see a montage of a persons hands chopping a rack of lamb into lamb chops, and carving meat with surgical efficiency.

HARRIET
 (spotting Charlie in
 the crowd)
 Oh, hi haggis, right?

CHARLIE
 It was a big hit.

HARRIET
 (finishing up with a
 customer)
 I remember you told me you were
 Scottish, but do you really like
 haggis.

CHARLIE
 No. I think it's repellent in every
 way. In fact, I think most Scottish
 cuisine is based on a dare.

Harriet laughs.

HARRIET
 (to the next customer)
 Can I help you?
 (to Charlie)
 Sorry, I'm really busy.

CHARLIE
 Look, um, my dad's a butcher, do you
 need a hand?

HARRIET
 Well, actually, Yes.

Charlie puts on a very stylish butcher smock and crosses
 behind the counter.

HARRIET
 Can you get me four Belgian
 porterhouses? Do you know what a
 porterhouse looks like?

CHARLIE
 I'm meat literate.

Time passes we see a montage of Harriet and Charlie
 serving
 customers. Ending on a customer's POV of Charlie.

CUSTOMER (O.S.)
 Yes, do you have any fresh blubber?

CHARLIE
 I'll check.
 (pause)
 You want blubber, right?

CUSTOMER

Yeah.

We see Charlie's POV of an Eskimo with a "lower forty-eighth" accent.

CUSTOMER

My parents are coming to town. You know how parents are. They'll drive you nuts.

The Eskimo exits, there are no customers left.

HARRIET

Look, I'm really grateful. Can I offer you some meat as payment? Please, help yourself to some meat.

CHARLIE

I'm trying to be a vegetarian.

HARRIET

Trying to be a vegetarian?

CHARLIE

Yeah, the problem is I really love hot-dogs.

HARRIET

I think the meat industry invented hot-dogs to stop people from becoming vegetarians. There's got to be something I can do to repay you.

CHARLIE

You could take me to a nice romantic dinner.

EXT. PIER - NIGHT

Charlie and Harriet are eating hot-dogs. As Charlie puts the relish on, he smells the relish.

CHARLIE

(sniffing the relish)
This reminds me of my ex-girlfriend.

HARRIET

I hate talking about old relationships.

CHARLIE

Then let's not and say we did.

HARRIET
 (she laughs)
 That was easy -- What a nice guy.
 You've probably never done a mean
 thing in your life.

CHARLIE
 You'd be surprised.

HARRIET
 I'd like to hear.
 (to his confused look)
 Name me something bad you've done in
 your life.

CHARLIE
 Are you kidding me?

HARRIET
 No. Did you ever steal anything? You
 ever hit someone?

CHARLIE
 Well, I've been in fights. Let me
 think.

HARRIET
 (as Charlie thinks)
 Not one bad thing, Charlie?

CHARLIE
 Tell me something bad you've done.
 And it better be bad. I mean, evil.

HARRIET
 How evil?

CHARLIE
 Really evil.
 (thinks)
 Like how many people have you
 brutally
 murdered?

HARRIET
 "Brutal" is such a subjective word.
 I mean, what's brutal to one person
 might be totally reasonable to
 another.

Next to them is a German couple, speaking German, looking
 through a coin-operated binocular. He says something which
 causes her to cry.

CHARLIE
 This just reminded her of that scene
 in "Brian's Song".

HARRIET
 Actually, he just proposed to her.
 Those are tears of joy.

She lifts her soda to toast them.

HARRIET
 Prost.

The man and woman smile and nod.

MAN
 Danke, Fraulein.

CHARLIE
 You're very smart. It's a shame I'm
 going to have to destroy you.

HARRIET
 Do bright women intimidate you?

CHARLIE
 No, not at all.

HARRIET
 Really, what do you look for in
 women
 you date?

CHARLIE
 (thinks)
 Well, I know everyone always say
 "sense of humor", but I'd have to go
 with breast size.
 (she laughs)
 How about you? In a guy.

HARRIET
 Income of course, and then...
 (thinks)
 ...savings.

He smiles at her.

CHARLIE
 Me likey how you thinkey.

INT. HARRIET'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The lights turn on, and then they enter a very bohemian apartment. There is artists paraphernalia strewn around. A small bar separates the living area from the kitchen. She smiles and walks off into the kitchen.

HARRIET
 I'll make us some tea.

He checks out her apartment. On the wall there is a huge poster of the BOARDWALK IN ATLANTIC CITY.

CHARLIE

Hey, you know what this apartment needs? A really large oversized poster of Atlantic City.

HARRIET

I used to live there. That's where I had my first supermarket job.

On his way out, he peeks into the bedroom, where he finds a bed that is facing neither parallel nor perpendicular with the wall. It is just kind of "there".

HARRIET (O.S.)

(coming into room)

I only have chamomile. I hope that's all right.

He looks at her and then at the "Oddly-placed" bed.

HARRIET

It's North-South.

(to his confused look)

For health reasons. See... I had this friend, he was a martial arts expert. Anyways, he used to sleep North-South. I don't know... It's a martial arts thing and it just sort of became a habit with me.

CHARLIE

(walking into living room)

You know Scotland has it's own martial arts. It's called FUCKU. It's mostly head butting and kicking people when they're on the ground.

Harriet starts laughing. Then so does Charlie. They lean into each other. Pretty close. Too close even, and when it seems like they're going to kiss, Charlie suddenly gets uncomfortable and looks at his watch.

HARRIET

Late?

CHARLIE

No. No. Not for me.

HARRIET

Who for then?

CHARLIE
Who for then what?

HARRIET
Well, you looked at your watch and
said it wasn't late for you... I
wondered who it was late for.

CHARLIE
Not me. No, Sir. Not here.
(after a pause;
checking watch)
Maybe it is late.

She gets him his coat. He starts to leave.

CHARLIE
Look, the truth is, yes, I had a
great time, and I'd like to kiss
you, but if we do kiss, then we'll
kiss on the couch and if we kiss on
the couch, then we'll kiss in the
bedroom, and once you're in the
bedroom -- Well, the thing is, I
always rush it. And this time I feel
like maybe I should wait. Maybe we
should let it build naturally and
grow, instead of just immediately
spending the night together.

HARRIET
I want to spend the night together.

CHARLIE
(sold)
I have no problem with that.

THE BEDROOM - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

They are both fast asleep. She is curled up in his arms.
Suddenly, she begins to speak.

HARRIET
Yes! Yes!

Charlie's eyes open. He smiles.

HARRIET
Yes Ralph. I will. Ralph.

Charlie's smile fades. He sits up and looks at her. She is
lying completely still on the bed, her eyes closed, and
still
sleep-talking.

HARRIET (O.S.)
Now now Ralph!

CHARLIE
 (waking her)
 Harriet...? Harriet...?
 (as her eyes open)
 You were having a dream, or...? You
 kept saying the name Ralph.

HARRIET
 Ralph?

CHARLIE
 Ralph. I heard you say it.

HARRIET
 (sleepily)
 That's odd. Just today I was
 thinking
 about, her. She's a friend.

CHARLIE
 (starting to leave)
 Is she nice --? Ralph...

HARRIET
 Yeah. She's great.

DISSOLVE INTO:

INT. HARRIET'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Charlie is sleeping alone in the bed, and the sound of
 RUNNING
 WATER is heard off in the distance. His eyes slowly open,
 he
 looks around, remembers where he is. He puts on his shorts
 and walks towards the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

Through the steam we can just make out Harriet in the
 shower
 washing her hair. Charlie walks over.

CHARLIE
 You know... with this drought in
 California total strangers are urged
 to shower together.

He opens the curtain. It's not Harriet. The woman, ROSE,
 calmly looks at him and closes the curtain.

ROSE
 Go away.

CHARLIE
 Oh God. I'm sorry. Jesus. Excuse me.

He backs out of the room.

INT. HALLWAY - HARRIET'S APARTMENT

The door opens and a hurriedly dressed Charlie emerges. Before he gets to the door he once again encounters Rose. She's completely dressed. Even her hair is dry.

CHARLIE

Hi. I'm really sorry. I must have scared the... I'm Harriet's friend, Charlie, and you must be...
(hopefully)
Ralph?

ROSE

I'm Harriet's sister, Rose. And this is Harriet's note.

He reaches for it, but she reads it aloud to him.

ROSE

(reading)
'Dear Charlie, I didn't want to wake you, make yourself at home, thanks for making me smile.' Harriet.

CHARLIE

That's a very nice note.

ROSE

I'll make you some breakfast.

CHARLIE

Gee, I'd love to but I'm running late.

ROSE

What would you say to blueberry pancakes, bacon, fresh squeezed grape juice and Kona coffee?

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Charlie and Rose sit at the table each eating a bowl of dry cereal.

ROSE

I'm sorry I didn't have any of those other things.

CHARLIE

Hey, that stuff'll kill you while
(MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Fruit Loops are light and probably
reasonably high in Fiber. I like
Apple Jacks too.

ROSE
Got 'em.

CHARLIE
So this is your apartment?

Rose starts sketching Charlie.

ROSE
Yes. She's been here the past three
months... ever since she came back
from Miami. I used to visit her
occasionally. She didn't speak of
me?

CHARLIE
(shakes his head, no)
She told me about a martial arts guy
and there was some discussion about
Ralph...

ROSE
She spoke of them...?

CHARLIE
She spoke of the martial arts guy
and screamed about Ralph...

ROSE
(affectionately)
Well, you know Harriet.

CHARLIE
Actually, I really don't.

ROSE
(puzzled)
But you did have sex with her?

CHARLIE
(taken aback)
Hello.

ROSE
Yet you still don't know her.
(contemplates this)
See, that's the problem with sex.
It's not very revealing.

CHARLIE
My, look at the time.

He stands up.

ROSE
(after a pause)
You should be careful, Charlie.

CHARLIE
I am... usually. I just... You should know, this is very unusual that I would do this so soon, in this day and age particularly, but... We just really hit it off. We did. And...

ROSE
I'm gonna go now. I won't tell Harriet that anything happened.

CHARLIE
But... nothing did happen.

ROSE
Exactly. Or she would be jealous. And when she gets jealous, we both know what she's capable of.

CHARLIE
No, we don't. You do, like I said, I just met her.

ROSE
You'll be okay, Charlie. Just be careful.

She leaves. Charlie is baffled.

INT. CITY LIGHTS BOOKSTORE - DAY

As Charlie walks by, FRED, a lanky customer in his late teens is buying a book.

FRED
Hey, Charlie. How you doin'?

CHARLIE
Good. Good. Look, Fred...
(leaning in)
You got a lot of girlfriends, right?
You know any girls named Ralph?

FRED
Ralph? Gee, Charlie. Isn't that a guy's name?

CHARLIE

Well, not necessarily, but... Never mind. Thanks, Fred.

Charlie catches the store manager, PENNY, on her way into her office.

CHARLIE

Hey Penny, I wanted to ask you -- you know some girls named Ralph, right? I mean, that's a girl's name also, isn't it?

PENNY

(confused)

I don't think so, Charlie... Uh...

CHARLIE

(walking away)

Forget it. Thanks.

She walks into her office totally confused.

EXT. DOCKSIDE - ALCATRAZ TOUR KIOSK - MAINLAND - DAY

Tony and Charlie are waiting in line.

AERIAL VIEW OF BOAT

as they travel to the island.

TONY (V.O.)

You know I've lived in this city all my life and I've never been to Alcatraz.

ALCATRAZ

We open on the LOUD BANGING of a CELL DOOR. We find our tour group in the holding area. The PARK RANGER is a beefy man in his late fifties and talks with emotionless, military precision.

PARK RANGER

Hello, everyone I'm a park ranger and I will be leading you on the tour. All the park rangers here at Alcatraz were at one time guards, myself included. My name is John Johnson, but everyone here calls me Vicki. Will you please follow me?

They are led out. We see that Alcatraz is a sinister place.

Cold and unforgiving. The Park Ranger leads them to the center of a cell block.

TONY

You're glowing, Charlie. The man's in love.

CHARLIE

Sssh... Stop it. I'm trying to listen.

PARK RANGER

This is the main cell block area. Home to such famous criminals as Al Capone, Micky Cohen, Joseph "Dutch" Critzer, and Robert Stroud, the famous Bird Man of Alcatraz. Follow me, please.

The Park Ranger leads them past the famous visiting rooms, the mess hall, all the way to the solitary confinement area.

A CELL

PARK RANGER

This is the cell for solitary confinement, that over the years has come to be known as Times Square.

Tony and Charlie are at the back of the tour group.

TONY

So did you and Harriet?... you know...

CHARLIE

(grinning)

Sssh I don't want to talk about it.

TONY

With that look, you don't have to talk about it. The grin alone could get you five to seven years.

CHARLIE

Tony, get your mind out of the gutter. All you need to know is that she's a sweet, kind and loving person.

PARK RANGER

Now this is something none of the other tour guides will tell you. In
(MORE)

PARK RANGER (CONT'D)

this particular cell block Machine Gunn Kelly had, what we call in the prison system, a "bitch." And one day, in a jealous rage, Kelly took a makeshift knife, or "shiv," and cut out his "bitch's" eyes.

CHARLIE

Look, what can I tell you. I'm smitten. I'm in deep smit. I dunno. I just don't wanna talk about it, because then I start analyzing and that's not good for me.

TONY

Good. I think that's good. Just let it happen.

CHARLIE

Exactly. That's what's gonna be different this time. Something strange happens, let it go. It's not my business... Like Ralph. She says Ralph in her sleep.

TONY

Who's Ralph?

CHARLIE

I don't know who Ralph is. Moreover, I don't want to know.

TONY

Good.

PARK RANGER

And as if blinding his "bitch" wasn't enough retribution for Kelly, the next day he and four other inmates took turns pissing into the "bitch's" ocular cavity.

Tony and Charlie look at each other. They're a little queasy.

CHARLIE

Exactly.

(beat)

Tony, I'm happy. Don't let me screw this one up.

INT. EL TORO - IN THE MISSION - DAY

They are eating Bay burrites.

ROSE

Did you have a nice date last night?

HARRIET

Rose, I don't really --

ROSE

He disturbed me while I was naked in the shower this morning.

HARRIET

Yeah, he stayed over?

ROSE

I didn't mind. Charlie and I laughed about it over breakfast.

HARRIET

That's good.

ROSE

He said you had great sex last night.

HARRIET

He did?

(a beat)

Yeah.

ROSE

He seems really stuck on you. I hope for you that it lasts.

HARRIET

Rose he's a sweet, kind and loving person. We like each other, but I don't want to think any further. It's taken me a long time to get back to dating, and I want to take things real steady this time.

ROSE

Well, you can trust me not to tell him anything.

HARRIET

He was quite happy not to talk about the past.

ROSE

I did a sketch of him.

Rose shows the sketch to Harriet.

HARRIET
 (looking at the picture)
 That's good.

ROSE
 Think I've caught him?

HARRIET
 The eyes are good.

ROSE
 Charlie really liked it.

HARRIET
 It's a good likeness.

ROSE
 Boy, I really hope it works out.

HARRIET
 Rose, I don't wanna screw this one
 up.

EXT. HARRIET'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Charlie enters the building, holding a handful of poetry books. He passes a UNIFORMED DELIVERY GUY coming out. The guy nods and Charlie nods back.

INT. HARRIET'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Charlie gets three feet down the hallway. Stops in his tracks and heads back to the front door. He opens it and yells to the delivery guy:

CHARLIE
 Hey, uh... Ralph...?

DELIVERY GUY
 (turning around)
 I'm Gilbert.

CHARLIE
 Shit.

HARRIET'S DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

She opens the door enough to see that she is wearing only a blouse that goes below her hips. She looks fantastic. He hands her the poetry books.

HARRIET
 (teasing him)
 Charlie, they're beautiful. I'll put
 them right in water.

He follows her inside and puts the books on the bureau. He goes over and kisses her.

CHARLIE
You look great.

HARRIET
I was just getting dressed.
(picking up skirt off
couch)
What do you think of this skirt?

CHARLIE
Honestly?
(pulls her close)
I'd leave it off.

HARRIET
So then you think I could go to a
poetry concert like this?

She drops the skirt and stands there. She's fantastic.

CHARLIE
Let's forget the poetry concert.
It's already been nine hours since I
last made love to you.

HARRIET
(smiling; walking
away)
Come on we're meeting your best
friend. I wanna look good. The
second
I go to the ladies room he's gonna
tell you what he really thinks of
me.

He follows her to the bedroom door, constantly trying to kiss her.

HARRIET
Come on, Charlie. We have to be
there
in fifteen minutes.

CHARLIE
(following her into
bedroom)
Fifteen minutes. Perfect.

She closes the door on his face.

CHARLIE
(through door)
Maybe later.

ROSE (O.S.)
I thought of calling you.

CHARLIE
(startled)
Aaaahhh!

Charlie turns on his heel. Rose has appeared out of nowhere.

ROSE
(after a pause)
To warn you, Charlie.
(after a pause)
There are just some things you
should
know, about Harriet.

CHARLIE
About Harriet?

ROSE
About her past.

CHARLIE
I don't wanna know. I mean, look
everyone has some skeletons in their
past. I only care about the future.
Not the past.

ROSE
Here's the thing. I may have to tell
Harriet.

CHARLIE
Tell her what?

ROSE
That we're lovers.

CHARLIE
We're not lovers.

ROSE
I know, and it's a damn shame.

Harriet walks in the room, fully dressed, and fully dazzling.

HARRIET
I hope I'm not interrupting.

CHARLIE
(feeling weird)
No, not at all. We were just talking
about... Rose and I met yesterday,
so...

HARRIET

So I heard.

Harriet hugs Rose and then stands right next to her.

HARRIET

So, don't you think we look alike?

ROSE

Oh, we do not. Harriet was always prettier than me. And a heck of a lot more popular. She always had boyfriends. The only thing I ever got was good grades.

CHARLIE

(slightly uncomfortable)

Good grades are good.

HARRIET

She's just being kind. Show Charlie one of your photographs, Rose. Rose is a great artist.

ROSE

No, Harriet. I don't want to. They're not good.

HARRIET

You're so modest. If I weren't here to brag for you, I just don't know...

(taking out a posterboard from cabinet)

Show it to him, Rose. Do it.

He turns it over and there is a picture there. A collage of unrelated images put together. And it is beautiful.

But it's very abstract. Violent perhaps. Confused definitely.
He likes it.

CHARLIE

It's beautiful...

ROSE

Thanks.

CHARLIE

What is it?

ROSE

I dunno.

CHARLIE

What do you call it?

ROSE

I dunno.

CHARLIE

A lot artists don't like to title their work. They feel it biases the viewer.

ROSE

It is titled. It's called "I dunno".

Charlie looks at it again, then at Rose, then at Harriet. It's all a little bizarre, but in a funny way he feels for Rose. A hidden talented overshadowed by her sister's beauty.

HARRIET

We should get going, Charlie.
Thanks,
Rose... See you later.

ROSE

Bye, Charlie.

CHARLIE

Rose, great to see you. We should all go out together some time. The three of us. That would be great. That would be... interesting.

Charlie and Harriet walk out.

EXT. POETRY FESTIVAL - NIGHT

Charlie and Harriet wait in line with bohemian types and poetry lovers from the suburbs, and all walks of life. Directly behind them are TWO OLD LADIES. The marquee reads:

"POETRY FESTIVAL - TONIGHT ALLEN GINSBERG."

CHARLIE

I think you're going to love Alan Ginsberg. He's great.

HARRIET

Oh, I know all about him.

TONY (O.S.)

Hey Charlie!

Tony is getting out of a cab accompanied by Susan, the girl from Spiletti's Coffee House. He approaches Charlie.

TONY
Sorry we're late.

Tony throws his arms wide open and hugs one of the Little Old Ladies on the other side of Charlie.

TONY
You must be Harriet. I've heard a lot about you.

CHARLIE
(to Tony; re: Harriet)
This is Harriet.

TONY
Oh. Sorry. Of course.
(whispering to Harriet)
I apologize. Charlie described you as much older. And heavier.

HARRIET
(smiling)
Oh, he did...?

CHARLIE
Thank you, Tony. This is my best friend.

TONY
And this is Susan. Charlie, you remember her from Uncle Giuseppe's.

CHARLIE
Yes, I do.

SUSAN
You're funny...

Then she GIGGLES. The girls start inside, Tony lags back with Charlie.

TONY
(whispers to Charlie)
I give Susan one night.

INT. POETRY FESTIVAL - NIGHT

ALLEN GINSBERG is on stage. He is brilliant. Tony, Charlie, and Harriet are all amused. Susan is bored stiff. Charlie is looking at Tony. Tony glances over at Susan and gives Charlie an "Oh, well." look. Then he looks at Harriet and nods in approval of her.

EXT. FISHERMAN'S WHARF - NIGHT

The four of them walk along the wharf. Charlie is at one of those arcade games where you throw bean bags at the puppets and try and knock them down. Charlie knocks two down.

ARCADE MAN
One more and you get your pick.

CHARLIE
(to Harriet)
You do it.

HARRIET
No, Charlie. I'm the worst.

TONY
Come on, you'll be great...

The arcade man turns around to watch. Harriet winds up and throws the bean bag directly into his neck.

ARCADE MAN
Hey!

HARRIET
Sorry... I told you Charlie.

CHARLIE
No, no, you're okay, you're just having control problems.

They both start laughing. He puts his arm around her. In the b.g. the wounded arcade man is being led away by a co-worker.

They continued down the boardwalk stand in front of a House of Horrors.

It looks somewhat run down and Harriet looks questioningly at Charlie.

CHARLIE
I know this is really, really cheesy, but in a way this is one of the places in San Francisco I'm most proud of.

HARRIET
Yeah, let's go in.

Tony nods agreement. Susan looks bored. They go inside the

HOUSE OF HORRORS

it's as low rent as Charlie described. The "KEEPER OF THE THRESHOLD" so described in a poorly written sign, is an overweight man in his late twenties, wearing jeans and a denim jacket and a little bit of scary makeup. He looks like a roadie for the band, KISS. He stands at a podium, smoking and reading a paper. As Charlie, Tony, Harriet and Susan pass the Threshold Keeper, he takes a casual drag of his cigarette, lets out a little smoke and with zero commitment utters:

THRESHOLD KEEPER

Boo.

INT. WAX MUSEUM - DAY

Harriet and Charlie enter Bill's Wax Museum. The OWNER of the wax museum greets them.

OWNER

Hi. I'm Bill, welcome to my wax museum.

They walk over to the exhibits. There are exhibits of Abraham Lincoln, Michael Jackson and Dolly Parton. As they look more closely they notice that the faces are exactly the same as Bill's. They laugh.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Pouring rain. THUNDER. Charlie and Harriet, wrapped in each others arms, walking through the rain.

HARRIET

I feel so safe with you right now. You're never going to leave me, are you? I feel like I could be here forever.

CUT TO:

TIGHT SHOT OF RAIN HITTING CHARLIE'S PANIC-STRICKEN FACE

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

THE REFLECTION OF RAIN ON CHARLIE'S PANIC-STRICKEN FACE

PULL BACK to see Charlie in bed. He lies awake on his side, his back up to Harriet's. She is sound asleep. Suddenly:

HARRIET
 (sleeptalking)
 Ralph! No, Ralph!

Charlie sighs, then just shrugs and tries to fall asleep.
 What can he do.

FADE IN:

INT. CHARLIE'S PARENTS' APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Charlie and Harriet wait outside his parents' door.

CHARLIE
 Well, this is it.

HARRIET
 It'll be fine.

They enter the door.

INT. CHARLIE'S PARENT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

We again move along the hallway. We pass the Scottish wall,
 of fame, Scottie from "Star Trek", Sir Walter Scott, Sir Harry Lauder, Sheena Easton, Al Pacino, Billy Connolly, then
 the CAMERA BACKTRACKS to Pacino, where it HOLDS MOMENTARILY.

CHARLIE
 Mom, Dad, we're here.

May comes up, wearing a fancy country and western outfit.

MAY
 Ah, Charlie is this the wee Harriet.
 Ah, she's beautiful.

HARRIET
 Thank you.

MAY
 She's so sweet. I hope you keep her.
 (calling)
 Stuart, come out here. You tube.

When he comes up, Stuart is wearing only a shirt with his boxer shorts.

STUART
 Ah, it's the wee Harriet.

MAY
 Stuart, put your pants on.

STUART
 Hold your horses.
 (calling to William)
 Heed! Pants!

William comes around the corner with his pants.

CHARLIE
 Dad, what's Al Pacino doing on the
 Scottish wall of fame?

STUART
 Oh, that's for Tony. So, Charlie
 tells me you're a butcher. Let's
 talk meat.

CHARLIE
 Dad, no one wants to talk shop.
 Especially butcher shop.

STUART
 Come here.

Stuart gets him in a half-Nelson.

CHARLIE
 Ah! Dad, dad I have a back zit, man
 it kills.

Charlie struggles to free himself. Stuart turns to greet
 Harriet. As he reaches out his hand.

Totally instinctively, Harriet grabs Stuart's hand and
 twists
 it behind his back. Charlie is startled, as his date has
 just gotten Stuart into a Half-Nelson.

HARRIET
 (releasing his hand)
 I'm sorry. I just... You just
 surprised me. I'm sorry.

STUART
 I like this one Charlie. She's quite
 a filly.

HARRIET
 I'm really embarrassed.

STUART
 Don't be embarrassed about having a
 good strong butcher's grip. Do you
 link your own sausage?

MAY
 Oh, ignore him. Come have a look at
 (MORE)

MAY (CONT'D)
 some photos of Charlie when he was a
 wee'n.

CHARLIE
 Oh Mom, don't start with the
 pictures.

MAY
 Ah, Charlie, lighten up. You've got
 a pickle up your ass.

CHARLIE
 (whispering to Harriet)
 I'm gonna use the bathroom. You be
 okay alone with them?

HARRIET
 (kissing)
 Fine. Don't worry about it. Hurry.

They smile as he leaves the room.

STUART
 Make sure there's paper, Charlie.

Charlie picks up the pace, scared of what he might hear
 next.

MAY
 Make sure you leave the seat down.

CHARLIE
 (shutting her up)
 Ma, just show her the pictures.

STUART
 And light a match.

MAY
 (to Harriet)
 He always leaves the seat up. He's
 gotta learn.

INT. BATHROOM AT PARENTS' - NIGHT

He closes the door, and shakes his head. What can he do?
 Those are his parents. On the wall opposite the toilet is
 a
 well-used dart board with pictures of the Queen Mother and
 Colonel Sanders. Hooked to the magazine caddie is a small
 container of darts.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

May excitedly shows Harriet family photo albums.

MAY

This is Charlie with his Uncle Ecky. He's a policeman in Canada. And our cousins Ruth and Jack. He's just got a restraining order from his wife. She's a lovely girl. This is Billy. He's a member of parliament. He drinks.

HARRIET

What a nice family you have.

CHARLIE IN THE BATHROOM

He doesn't seem in any hurry to leave either. He listens through the door to Harriet enthusiastically looking through old photos.

Charlie glances down at a stack of National Enquirers on the magazine rack. He flips through a few.

He sees one of the absurd headlines: "ALIEN UFO SEX DIET" Charlie shakes his head.

HARRIET (O.S.)

(through door)

Charlie was the cutest baby.

STUART (O.S.)

(through door)

You okay in there, Charlie? You didn't fall in, did you?

CHARLIE

(through door)

Jesus...

Charlie then looks down at another article in the Enquirer and reads:

"WHO'S NEXT FOR MRS. X - THE HONEYMOON KILLER?"

It is the article about Mrs. X -- the axe-murderer who kills her husbands on their honeymoons and then marries again under a different identity.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

May is quickly flipping through a photo album, pointing out pictures of relatives as she goes:

HARRIET
 I can't believe the resemblance
 between you and Charlie, Mrs.
 MacKenzie.

INT. CHARLIE IN THE BATHROOM

With Harriet speaking in the b.g., Charlie continues reading, now absorbed in the article about the 3 victims:

HARRIET (O.S.)
 (through door)
 You have the same smile. It's so
 incredible.

"VICTIM #1 - THE GERMAN MARTIAL ARTS EXPERT FROM MIAMI"

"VICTIM #2 - THE LOUNGE SINGER FROM ATLANTIC CITY"

"VICTIM #3 - THE SAN FRANCISCO PLUMBER - RALPH ELLIOT"

INT. CHARLIE'S CAR - NIGHT - C.U. - HARRIET'S FACE

Sitting in the front seat of Charlie's car, smiling, content, a great meal, a great night out with Charlie and a nice evening with his parents.

Slowly PAN across the front seat to Charlie. A nervous anxious "what the hell am I getting myself into" look on his face.

CHARLIE
 So, that was some move you put on my
 Dad, there. Did you study Karate,
 or...?

HARRIET
 No. Not officially. I dated a guy
 for a while who ran a studio.

CHARLIE
 Oh, the martial arts expert. The
 north-south guy. Here in San
 Francisco?

HARRIET
 Actually, Miami.

He looks straight ahead, trying to act unfazed. But, he's very phased -- his expression is covered in it.

CHARLIE
 Was that before Atlantic City, or
 after?

HARRIET

Oh, that was years ago. Atlantic City was recent. I didn't care for Atlantic City. A town full of gamblers and lounge singers.

He keeps driving.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Charlie walks through the precinct towards Tony's office, holding the National Enquirer in his hand.

DESK SERGEANT

Hey Charlie!

CHARLIE

Is Tony back there?

The Sergeant nods and Charlie heads back to the office.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

CAPTAIN

O.K., Tony. Do you have the K673 form completed yet, that street vendor incident on Powell Street?

TONY

(really bummed)
Yes, Captain.

CAPTAIN

Tony, do you mind my saying that you seem a little down?

TONY

Captain. It's about my work. About being a policeman.

CAPTAIN

Tony, if there's anything wrong, I'm here to listen.

TONY

I know. And that's what's irritating, you're too nice.

CAPTAIN

Too nice!?

TONY

Yes, You're my captain for gods
(MORE)

TONY (CONT'D)

sakes.

You should be constantly on my case, like the captain on Starsky and Hutch.

Once a week you should routinely haul my ass into your office, accuse me of being a maverick and complain to me that you're sick and tired of defending my screwball antics to the commissioner.

CAPTAIN

Well, as you may know, Tony. I don't report to a commissioner. I report to a committee, some of whom are appointed, some elected and the remainder co-opted on a bi-annual basis. A quorum --

TONY

Police work should be all about running around, following up crazy hunches that turn out to be right, going out on a limb.

CAPTAIN

Well Tony, I've never seen it that way. For me police work is all about following procedure and remaining accountable to the general public.

TONY

(exasperated)

Captain! When I joined the police force, I thought I was going to be Serpico and unfortunately I ended up being Toma. I would have settled for Beretta.

CAPTAIN

That's interesting Tony. I'm perturbed that you should be so disillusioned.

Charlie enters.

CHARLIE

Hey, Tony, I gotta talk to you.

CAPTAIN

Oh, hello, Charlie. Look, I'm in the way here. You guys probably have something you want to talk about, and Tony, if you've still got stuff you want to sort out, please, you know where the suggestion box is.

The Captain exits.

CHARLIE

Nice guy. Hey, what's up?

TONY

I'm having doubts about being a cop again. It's not like how it is on cop shows. All I do is fill out papers and reports.

CHARLIE

Let me get this straight, your Captain hasn't threatened to have you up on charges so fast you won't know what hit you?

TONY

No! He's never once said to me that he was going to "throw the book at me so hard it'll knock my ass from here till Tuesday." Anyways what's up?

Charlie pulls out the National Enquirer (the one on MRS. X, the Honeymoon Killer).

CHARLIE

Have you heard of this case? Mrs. X? She murders her husbands on their honeymoons and then changes her identity and marries again.

TONY

I never heard of it. So what?

CHARLIE

Curious, that's all. I read about it, and...

(after a pause)

I think I'm dating Mrs. X.

TONY

(after a pause)

Two words, Charlie. Get therapy. They have doctors that deal specifically with this illness.

CHARLIE

Everything's adding up, Tony. One of the victims was a martial arts expert. Last night at dinner, she put a martial arts move on my dad.

TONY

There about twenty thousand people
in San Francisco who are martial
arts experts. Should I arrest all of
them too?

CHARLIE

If they also say Ralph in their
sleep
I think it'd be a good start.
(showing him paper)
Ralph Elliot. A plumber from San
Francisco. Missing since his
honeymoon.

TONY

You're just getting scared. Like the
dream, you feel Harriet could be the
one, so you start to suspect her of
things, 'cause deep down you're
scared
that if she is the one, you'll
marry,
and marriage to you is death.

CHARLIE

Hey, don't analyze my dreams, okay?
They're my dreams. Analyze your own
dreams.
(a beat)
It's not a marrying thing, Tony.
It's a murdering thing.
(showing him paper)
Harriet lived in Atlantic City,
right?
Well so did this guy, right around
the same time she left town.

TONY

(reading article)
"Larry Leonard, a crooner who made a
name for himself for being able to
sing in six different languages the
song "Only You".
(putting paper down)
Does she know the song "Only You?"

CHARLIE

I don't know. It hasn't come up yet.

TONY

Charlie, move past it. You're
running
your life by the National Enquirer.

CHARLIE

(defensively)

What? It's the fifth highest circulating newspaper in the United States.

(taking paper back)

Mrs. X. Please. Look it up.

COMPUTER ROOM AT POLICE STATION - MINUTES LATER

Charlie and Tony are in the back with KATHY, a stocky black woman in uniform, who works in the files department.

KATHY

There's no record of any deaths. All three of these guys were reported missing around the time of their honeymoon, but so were the wives. No pictures of any of the brides. For all we know they just picked up and moved away.

CHARLIE

And Ralph Elliot, too?

TONY

Charlie, you're talking about three guys over a seven year span. That's hardly news. No deaths. Elopement in this state, as of this day, is still not illegal.

CHARLIE

(re: the article)

Yeah well murder is. And this article says that these men were murdered by the same woman.

KATHY

Mr. MacKenzie, we've found that, most National Enquirer articles are actually based on our own police reports. They take the facts and fabricate a story around them.

TONY

It's true, Charlie. You gotta realize that. I mean, personally, I would lie to you, but Kathy... has this crazy notion of always telling the truth.

(patting his back)

You feel better now?

CHARLIE

It guess so. It's just... if I had a photo of Harriet, I could show it to the relatives or friends of Mrs. X's victims to identify her.

TONY

Charlie, listen to me! There is no Mrs. X! Drop it! Okay?

INT. HALLWAY - HARRIET'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Charlie knocks on the door. Rose answers.

ROSE

(thrilled)

You're back. But Harriet's not here yet.

CHARLIE

Maybe I could wait.

ROSE

Sure. That would be fine.

She then starts to slowly close the door. He props it open with his hand.

CHARLIE

Inside? I was hoping...

ROSE

(letting him in)

I'm glad you asked. I didn't want to be so forward. I mean, if you're waiting inside, then you feel obligated to entertain me and keep up the conversation just to be polite, and really your head might be totally elsewhere and then there's the chance that you would really want to talk and it's me who'd be busy, but in an attempt not to be rude, I sit there and listen to some story that you don't really want to tell and I don't really have time to hear. You know?

CHARLIE

I couldn't agree with you more.

ROSE

I think about a lot of things.

CHARLIE

Look, if you have work to do, you go right ahead.

("ah, here's an angle")

I mean, to tell you the truth, I'd love to see your work.

ROSE

Okay! What would you like me to do?

CHARLIE

No, I don't want to see you work. I was talking about your work. Your photographs. That one that I saw was so, wonderful, and...

ROSE

Harriet's far more talented than I am.

CHARLIE

Well, I'm sure it's so subjective anyway and...

(out of patience)

Rose, show me your photos.

CLOSE ON PHOTOGRAPHS

There are two kinds. Beautiful travel pictures and very erotic black and white portraits of young men and women. All with a slight sadomasochistic quality. At the bottom of every photo is says: "Seasons Greetings".

CHARLIE

Hey, these are some interesting photos here. Very impressive. Nice shots of Sauselito and... some good bondage shots. A lot of people wouldn't think to mix the two subjects, but they're really a natural together.

(new thought)

Hey, you wouldn't happen to have any pictures of Harriet by chance, would you?

ROSE

(re: her cards)

Well, I don't think she'd wanna do this sort of...

CHARLIE

No, no, not that. Just, in general some photos. Any little snapshot would do.

ROSE

I doubt I'd have any. Harriet hates being photographed.

The sound of a key in the door as Harriet enters the apartment.

HARRIET (O.S.)

Rose -- did I see Charlie's car out in front?

ROSE

We're in here, Harriet.

HARRIET

(walking in)

What are you guys doing?

CHARLIE

(covering up)

Oh, nothing. Just looking through some of Rose's work.

ROSE

...Charlie wanted a photo of you.

CHARLIE

And that. That too.

HARRIET

Why of me, Charlie?

CHARLIE

Well, sentimental reasons. Something to remind me of you when we're not together.

She takes him in her arms and gives him a knee buckling kiss.

HARRIET

There, can you remember that?

CHARLIE

Okay, it's just, I was gonna give one to my parents, too, and...

(getting nowhere)

Another time would be fine. It's hardly a matter of life and death.

TV SET - PLAYING THE EVENING NEWS

NEWS ANCHORMAN

(ON TV)

In the news tonight, regarding a Beverly Hills Jeweler, Morris Cohan, who died last week, police are now suspecting that Morris's partner, Lawrence Sachs, may have murdered him with an untraceable poison.

Reveal: we are in...

INT. CHARLIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Charlie is on a Stair Master, as Harriet walks in wearing a robe. The TV is on in the b.g.

CHARLIE

Where you been?

HARRIET

Downstairs. I have a surprise for you.

CHARLIE

Great. I just wanna do a quick twenty minutes on the Stair Master before bed.

Harriet drops her robe, and from over her shoulder we see that Charlie prefers what he sees to working out.

CHARLIE

I'll do forty tomorrow.

HARRIET

(getting into bed)

I got something much healthier for you than that.

She pulls out a milkshake from behind her back.

CHARLIE

What is it?

HARRIET

It's a health shake. Eggs, malt, cinnamon, oranges. It's great. I mixed it up downstairs.

THE TV SET

continues on about poisons and poisoners. Charlie glances at it.

NEWS ANCHORMAN

(ON TV)

Poisoning has become the second leading method of murder in recent years, due to...

Charlie watches the TV, looking a bit disturbed. Harriet offers him the shake.

CHARLIE

Oh, look, I'm full. Dinner and...
No...

HARRIET

You'll like it Charlie.

CHARLIE

No, really, thanks.

HARRIET

(putting it up to his
lips)
You won't try it. I spent twenty
minutes making it.

He takes it. Lifts it to his mouth... then puts it on the table.

CHARLIE

(sniffing it)

Ummm. Smells good. Maybe I'll take
some to the office tomorrow.

(running into bathroom)

I'm gonna brush my teeth. Be right
back.

Charlie goes into the bathroom.

CHARLIE'S BATHROOM

Harriet comes into the bathroom and lays the empty glass down on the counter.

HARRIET

I'm gonna take a quick shower.

Charlie notices the empty glass on the counter.

CHARLIE

Harriet, where did the shake go?

HARRIET

What do you care? I drank it.

(getting into shower)

You could have at least tried it.
You make me feel bad sometimes,
Charlie. I don't know why.

With her in the shower, he sneaks back into the bedroom and checks the trash can. Nothing. Then he runs around the bed to the other trash can. Nothing.

He looks thoroughly confused as she enter the bedroom, wearing a towel. She takes the towel off as she slips underneath the covers. He gets into bed next to her. She gives him a kiss.

HARRIET

Sorry. I'm a little sensitive. You didn't want to drink my milkshake. So what -- right?

NEWS ANCHORMAN

(ON TV)

Regarding the murder between the two partners, we talked to Toxicologist Dr. Show on the issue.

Charlie and Harriet are watching the news show. DOCTOR SHOW is patched in via the Anchorman's close circuit TV.

NEWS ANCHORMAN

(ON TV)

Doctor, is it possible that one could be poisoned with no trace at all?

DOCTOR SHOW

(ON TV)

Certainly. There are plants that grow very commonly in our own backyard that could easily be fermented into poison. Take for instance the...

CHARLIE

(getting nervous; blocking out TV)
Harriet, why don't we shut the light off.

NEWS ANCHORMAN

(ON TV)

Really? And how easy it that to do?

DOCTOR

(ON TV)

Scarily enough, quite simple. You merely take the...

CHARLIE
(blocking out the TV
again)
Maybe we should turn the light back
on. Yeah that's better.

HARRIET
Charlie, what's the matter?

CHARLIE
Nothing.

HARRIET
Charlie...

CHARLIE
Well, it's just...
(re: the TV)
The TV. You can't even watch the
news these days without getting
depressed.

HARRIET
I know, Charlie. And it's not just
that. Look at the things people are
doing. Partners killing each
other...
I mean, you hear a story like that,
and... who can you really trust
these
days?

CHARLIE
What do you mean?

HARRIET
It's like, have you ever stood with
someone at the edge of a cliff, or
the edge of a subway platform, and
you think, just for a split second,
"What if I pushed him?"

CHARLIE
Well, I don't really take the subway
ever, so...

Charlie turns over on his side, she cuddles up behind him.

HARRIET
I'm just making a point of how many
times we trust people with our
lives.
I mean, look at us. If you didn't
trust me, you would never be able to
fall asleep.

CHARLIE

Why do you say that?

HARRIET

Look at you, you're sleeping. Look how vulnerable you are. I mean, I could do anything at that point.

CHARLIE

(nervous)

What could you do?

HARRIET

(sweet and innocent)

Anything. You're lying on your side, asleep, I could... stick a needle in your ear.

CHARLIE

(grabbing his ear at the thought)
Aahhh!

HARRIET

I'm just making a point of what a good relationship we have.
Goodnight,
sweetheart.

He looks very uneasy. She kisses him and shuts off the light.

The moon gives the room an eerie glow.

HARRIET

Well, good night.

CHARLIE

Good night.

She doesn't close her eyes. He's scared to close his.
Pause.

CHARLIE

Well... good night.

HARRIET

(smiling)

Good night.

They both look over at each other. She closes her eyes. He takes a deep breath and then closes his eyes.

And covers his ear with his hand.

INT. BART PLATFORM - DAY

Charlie is on the crowded platform. Next to him is an old

lady with a lot of shopping bags. Three kids on skateboards whiz by and accidentally knock bags out of her hands. Cat toys and cans of cat food go everywhere. Charlie bends down and starts to help her gather her stuff.

LADY

Thank you very much, young man. I've gotta get all this stuff back to my children.

CHARLIE

Your children?

LADY

When I say my children I mean my cats. You see my children moved out years ago, so all I've got is my cats. I have over one hundred of them.

CHARLIE

That's a lot of cats.

HARRIET (O.S.)

Charlie.

Charlie looks up and sees Harriet waving to him from the subway stairs. He waves back and motions. "I'll be there in a second", and continues to help the old lady. She watches from the stairs.

LADY

You see this red toy? That's for the Captain, he's finicky. and this blue one? That's for Marco Polo.

Two train headlights are seen off in the distance.

CHARLIE

Do you have a name for all of your cats?

LADY

Oh, yes.

Charlie glances over at Harriet, who slowly makes her way down the platform towards him.

LADY

Let me see! There's Winston Churchill, Reda Sovine, Thomas Edison, Andrew Carnegie...

The train is getting closer and closer, and so is Harriet.

CHARLIE
...He was Scottish.

Harriet moves forward a step, Charlie moves back a step.

LADY
Wasn't he Irish?

As Harriet seems to get closer Charlie continues to back up, picking up cat toys. Charlie realizes he has no where else to turn. so he side steps down the platform, never stopping his conversation with the lady.

CHARLIE
Actually he was Scottish. Trust me,
I know these things.

Harriet is moving in on him. Charlie steadily makes his way down the platform, feigning accidentally kicking cat food down the platform. The old lady is unsure what is going on, she tries to keep up with him.

LADY
Now that you say it, he was Scotch.

Charlie runs out of platform. Harriet is very close to him. The train is closer, so is Harriet. Charlie lets out a scream.

CHARLIE
Nooooooo!

Charlie is standing at the edge of the platform, Harriet is a good six or seven feet away as the train passes by. Charlie is safe. People are all staring at Charlie curiously, including Harriet and the old lady. Charlie is embarrassed.

CHARLIE
(embarrassed)
Nooooooo, Scotch is a drink. Scots are a people. Sorry, that just always bugged me.

No one knows what is going on.

LADY

I'm sorry, I didn't know it meant so much to you.

CHARLIE

Hi, Harriet.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE BUILDING - DAY

INT. CHRONICLE ANNOUNCEMENTS DESK.

WE SEE A LONG DESK WITH DIFFERENT SIGNS THAT READ; BIRTHS, DEATHS, AND MARRIAGES.

We find Charlie at the marriage counter.

ASSISTANT

Yes, Sir, can I help you?

CHARLIE

I'd like to put in an announcement of my parents forty-fifth wedding anniversary.

ASSISTANT

Sure, it's \$4.50 per word, and you've got a choice of standard or bold.

CHARLIE

Bold, and here, I've written it out.

Charlie looks over to the deaths counter. He overhears two obituary assistants having a conversation.

OBITUARY ASSISTANT #1

Hi, Frank, busy week?

OBITUARY ASSISTANT #2

I've only got two. It's dead around here.

Both assistants laugh. Charlie is mildly bemused.

OBITUARY ASSISTANT #2

Well, I've got this one guy, a tourist. He had a heart attack on a cable car.

OBITUARY ASSISTANT #1

Looks like he left his heart in San Francisco.

MARRIAGE ASSISTANT

Hey, that's a real person you're talking about.

OBITUARY ASSISTANT #1
You're right, I'm sorry.

OBITUARY ASSISTANT #2
Well, there's this other guy Elliot,
Ralph. Plumber, disappeared four
months ago. Body found in a sewer.
(pause)

OBITUARY ASSISTANT #1
(despite himself)
I guess he took his work too
seriously, and his life went down
the drain.

CHARLIE
Did they mention anything about his
wife?

OBITUARY ASSISTANT #1
(crest fallen)
You're right, I feel bad. Point
taken.
I'm mean, these are real people
we're
talking about.

CHARLIE
No, I'm serious. Did he mention the
wife?

OBITUARY ASSISTANT #1
You made your point. I was wrong to
make a joke about a person's life.

CHARLIE
I really want to know about his
wife.

OBITUARY ASSISTANT #1
(crying and shouting)
O.K., you win. I'm a bad, bad
person.

OBITUARY ASSISTANT #2
Frank take it easy.

OBITUARY ASSISTANT #1
No, he's right!
(pounding his head
with his fists)
I'm for shit, I'm one insensitive
asshole.

CHARLIE
Is there any mention of the wife? At
all?

OBITUARY ASSISTANT #1
NO! THERE'S NO MENTION OF THE WIFE!
YOU HAPPY!?

Charlie exits.

EXT. CHRONICLE ANNOUNCEMENT OFFICE - DAY

Charlie stands outside the announcement office, terrified.

INT. MEATS OF THE WORLD

Harriet is talking to a CUSTOMER.

HARRIET

Hi.

CHARLIE

I'm sorry.

(beat)

I think you're a terrific woman.

(beat)

I just don't think we should see each other anymore.

She moves around to Charlie. She lifts his chin so that he is looking directly into her eyes.

HARRIET

Why not? And tell me the truth.

CHARLIE

The truth. Okay. The truth is...

She is so close to him, and so very beautiful, it's distracting.

CHARLIE

The truth is... I'm afraid that you are...

(he can't)

You're going to laugh.

HARRIET

I don't think so.

CHARLIE

Okay... the truth is that I'm afraid you're going to ki... leave me.

HARRIET

I'm going to "cleave you?" What does that mean?

CHARLIE

Leave me. Not "cleave me." Reject
(MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
me. And so I decided to take matters
into my own hands and get it over
with by...

HARRIET
Rejecting me.

CHARLIE
(he feels awful)
Purely preventive... It's not
anything
you've done.

HARRIET
I know that... So why are you
leaving
me?

CHARLIE
(heartbroken)
Harriet, maybe I'm not meant to be
in a relationship.

A single tear runs down her cheek. She brushes it away
quickly.

CHARLIE
I never wanted to hurt you.

HARRIET
You haven't. At least you left early
on.
(she's crying)
So, that's it, then. I've got a lot
of work to do.
(to Customer)
Now, where were we?

Charlie goes.

INT. SPILETTI'S COFFEE HOUSE - NIGHT

Charlie lies on the bar head down. Tony rushes in, looks
around and sees Charlie.

CHARLIE
(without lifting head)
Two hours and four minutes. Tony, I
need you, and two hours and four
minutes later you show up.

TONY
Sorry. I know it was irresponsible
to stay at the drug bust until it
was over, but... What happened?

CHARLIE
 (slowly sitting up)
 I'm gonna tell you, but when I do,
 just say nothing. Don't judge me.
 Just be my friend. Okay?

TONY
 Fine. Okay.

CHARLIE
 I broke up with Harriet.

TONY
 You're an asshole.

CHARLIE
 What's your point?

TONY
 I'm sorry, I just... why?

CHARLIE
 Tony, she's a killer. The...
 everything.

TONY
 But nothing's proven. The only thing
 you're actually sure she did so far
 is she's treated you like a King.

CHARLIE
 I dunno, Tony, I just...

TONY
 Besides, everyone has something
 going
 on with them. I mean, you can't find
 everything in one person. I mean,
 she's bright, she's funny, she's
 independent. So maybe, and it's
 really
 just a maybe, she kills her
 husbands.
 Marriage is give and take, Man. You
 take the good with the bad.

INT. CHARLIE'S BEDROOM - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

Charlie lies in bed. He's writing in his journal. He
 stares
 out into space. Inspired, he writes...

ANGLE ON THE JOURNAL

DON'T BE DISILLUSIONED BY THE
 SCOTTISH SON AS HE FLIES, IN
 BAT-LIKE UNISON

CHARLIE

pauses a moment to reflect, then writes...

ANGLE ON THE JOURNAL

UNTRUST-ING
 UNKNOW-ING
 UNLOV-ING

CHARLIE

Thinks of something else and writes...

ANGLE ON THE JOURNAL

THIS POEM SUCKS

His hand reaches across and scratches it out.

EXT. HAIGHT-ASHBURY STREET - DAY

Charlie is exiting a vintage record store. Suddenly he finds himself face to face with Sherri. She's accompanied by a handsome young man.

SHERRI
 Hey, Charlie.

CHARLIE
 Hi. How're you doing.
 (he glances at her friend)
 Good, huh?

SHERRI
 I'm okay. This is Michael. Michael, this is Charlie MacKenzie.

YOUNG GUY
 I know. Why don't you two talk. I'm going over there to buy some magazines.

He walks over to a magazine stand.

CHARLIE
 That good looking and he can read!

SHERRI
 I'm teaching him. I heard you have a new girlfriend.

CHARLIE
 We broke up. There were problems.

SHERRI
Problems?

CHARLIE
Difficulties.

SHERRI
Let me guess...
(smiles)
She's a murderer.

For a moment, Charlie is too stunned to respond. Then...

CHARLIE
Why did you just say that?

SHERRI
(laughs)
What else is left?

INT. CHARLIE'S BEDROOM - EARLY EVENING

He's on the Stair Master, stepping very lethargically. The TELEPHONE RINGS: He goes to answer.

CHARLIE
Hello...

TONY
(through phone)
Not that it matters anymore, but I thought you should know -- someone just turned themselves in for the murder of Ralph Elliot.

CHARLIE
Really? Did she confess to the other murders?

TONY
Just the plumber so far, but she'll come along.
(after a pause)
A little old lady from Pacific Heights. Said he overcharged her on a leaking sink.

CHARLIE
Really. Leaky sink, huh?

TONY
Anyway, crime to stop. Gotta go.
I'll catch you later.

Tony hangs up. Charlie stops pedaling on the bike. Now he really feels like shit. Harriet's not a killer. Sherri's not

a cheater.

He races out of the bedroom.

Moments later he appears, puts on a pair of pants over his exercise shorts, then races out the door again.

EXT./INT. CHARLIE'S CAR - EARLY EVENING

Charlie races along towards Harriet's house.

EXT. HARRIET'S APARTMENT DOOR - DAY

He races up to the door and starts to bang and knock and ring...

CHARLIE
(through door)
Harriet, it's me, Charlie.

HARRIET (O.S.)
Go away, Charlie.

CHARLIE
I've gotta talk to you, cause I miss you, and I made a mistake... and if you give me another chance I'll change. I will. I promise. I'll get help, or therapy, or... Yeah, that'll be great. Therapy. Even twice a week. I'll check with my insurance to see if I'm covered, but forget that. Harriet...

The chain opens on the door.

HARRIET
You really hurt me.

CHARLIE
I'll make it up to you, can we at least talk.

HARRIET
Sure, talk.

Rose steps up behind Charlie.

ROSE (O.S.)
Hi, Charlie.

CHARLIE
AAAhhhhhh.

ROSE

(as she now proceeds
to be let in by
Harriet)
Trust your first instincts, Charlie.
You never do. It's your big mistake.
That and the haircut.

Once again, baffled by Rose, Charlie touches his hair,
shakes
it off and looks Harriet right in the eye.

CHARLIE

I don't want to lose you.

HARRIET

You didn't lose me. You rejected me.

CHARLIE

I'm unrejecting you.

HARRIET

How do I know you won't reject me
again?

CHARLIE

I love you.

HARRIET

(after a long pause)
I love you. But you blew it,
Charlie,
you blew it.

She goes into the house. Charlie stands there dejected. He
knows he's blown it.

INT. HARRIET'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Harriet is doing a load of laundry consisting of bloodied
work clothes. Suddenly she can hear the sound of MUSIC,
very
loudly.

Annoyed, she goes out her front door to tell her neighbors
off. Just as she's about to knock on the door, she
realizes
it's not the source of the music. At that moment her
neighbor,
who is a STEWARDESS, comes out in nightclothes.

STEWARDESS

I don't mean to be a pain, but I'm a
stewardess, and I have an early
flight
out in the morning. Can you please
keep your music down?

HARRIET

I thought it was coming from here.

STEWARDESS

But someone keeps shouting your name
over and over.

Puzzled, Harriet rushes back to her own balcony.

EXT. HARRIET'S APARTMENT - BALCONY - NIGHT

Harriet rushes out and smiles as she sees the source of
the
noise. Charlie serenades Harriet in the street below,
accompanied by a TRUMPETER with a MUTE, a DOUBLE BASS
PLAYER
AND A GUY ON A SNARE.

CHARLIE

HARRIET, HARRIET HARD-HEARTED
HARBINGER OF HAGGIS
BEAUTIFUL, BEMUSED BELLICOSE BUTCHER
UNTRUST-ING
UNKNOW-ING
UNLOV-ING
HE WANTS YOU BACK HE SCREAMS INTO
THE NIGHT AIR LIKE A FIREMAN GOING
TO A WINDOW THAT HAS NO FIRE EXCEPT
THE PASSION OF HIS HEART
I AM LONELY,
IT'S REALLY HARD
THIS POEM SUCKS

A crowd has gathered in the street and spectators group on
their balconies. They break out into APPLAUSE. Charlie
proudly
takes the applause and bows to Harriet. She throws him a
flower. He's won her back.

INT. BATHTUB - HARRIET'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Romantic with candles surrounding the tub. Harriet and
Charlie
are bathing together. Wherever one of them moves, the
water
extinguishes a candle and Charlie lights it. This is
keeping
him pretty busy.

HARRIET

I've been there for almost a year. I
only planned on stay with her for a
few weeks, but she gets upset every
time I say I'm moving.

CHARLIE

You were close as kids?

HARRIET

I pretty much raised her. You know
the scene. Depressed mother...
withdrawn father.

(she remembers)

My dad was a photographer too.

CHARLIE

Really?

HARRIET

He hated it. Trudging off to those
weddings every Saturday night. Other
people's celebrations he called it.
He said sometimes they didn't even
offer him a glass of soda. He had a
small studio, and every year at
Christmas he'd take a picture of me
and Rose and put it in the window on
a little card that said "Seasons
Greetings." Awful pictures. It's
like... I could see his pain in my
face. Anyway, me and my sister
worked
with our "childhood issues" in
different ways. She became a
photographer and I became phobic
about having my picture taken. It's
quite a family.

CHARLIE

Where are they now? Your parents?

HARRIET

Dead. Car accident.

There is a RING at the door.

ROSE (O.S.)

Harriet, its for you.

INT. HARRIET'S LIVING ROOM

Charlie comes out of the bathroom in a robe.

HARRIET

Charlie, I want you to meet a friend
of mine. Say hi to Ralph.

CHARLIE

(shocked)

Ralph?

A plain looking lady in her thirties, RALPH, is sitting by
the window.

CHARLIE
(delighted)
Oh, like Ralph, the lady carpenter
in Green Acres!

HARRIET
This is Charlie.

CHARLIE
I love you!

RALPH
It's nice to meet you.

CHARLIE
(ecstatic)
Nice? It's more than nice. It's
great
to meet you. It's fantastic to meet
you. I just, I can't tell you how
glad I am. Ralph. Really. I am.

RALPH
Well, thank you, I've heard a lot of
nice things about you too, and...

He rushes over to hug her.

CHARLIE
Oh, Ralphie, I love you.

Swept up in his enthusiasm his towel falls off. Harriet is
shocked, but amused.

HARRIET
I'll leave you guys alone. Have a
great time.

Charlie realizes he is naked. His arms are still wrapped
around Ralph.

CHARLIE
I'm naked, aren't I?

HARRIET
Why, yes, you are.

CHARLIE
I should really get dressed now.

He hurriedly puts his towel back on, bolts to the bedroom
door. Just before he enters, he pauses and turns to Ralph.

CHARLIE
(to Ralph)
Call me.

He leaves.

RALPH
 (to Harriet; a little
 confused)
 Friendly guy.

CUT TO:

A KITCHEN DOOR OPENS...

and Charlie's mother, MAY, shoulders her way through the door, carrying a HAPPY ANNIVERSARY CAKE with a big 45 written on it.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL WE ARE IN:

INT. CHARLIE'S PARENTS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

May and Stuart's 45 year anniversary party. UNCLE ANGUS is at the piano playing "Happy Anniversary" as Charlie's parents, all their friends and Harriet all sit around the piano SINGING:

THE GROUP
 Happy Anniversary to you...
 (Etc.)

The song ends. May and Stuart blow out the candles.

MAY
 Okay, everyone come and get a piece of cake and some milk.

CHARLIE
 Hey Dad, I got an anniversary present for you...

Stuart looks up, and Charlie gets him in a headlock and pins him to the ground.

STUART
 I'm proud of you, son. I'm proud of you.
 (Stuart addresses the group)
 I just wanna propose a toast. To my wife. Forty five years ago today May and I got married. Some of you were there, some of you weren't born yet, some of you are now dead, but... We both said, "I do" and we haven't
 (MORE)

STUART (CONT'D)
 agreed on a single thing since. But,
 I'm glad I married you May cause...
 It could have been worse and
 besides... I still love you.

They kiss and everyone APPLAUDS. Uncle Angus breaks into,
 "Stand By Your Man." May and Stuart start to dance.
 Charlie
 looks at another young couple who are touched by this
 sincere
 display of love. He looks over at Harriet. Stuart and May
 feed each other cake. Charlie approaches Harriet.

CHARLIE
 Harriet, I wanna talk to you.

HARRIET
 Boy, you really made some impression
 with Ralph. She can't get over you.

CHARLIE
 (stalling; nervous)
 I'm just so happy for you to have
 friends like Ralph. What a great
 friend to have.

HARRIET
 Is everything all right, Charlie?
 You're perspiring.

CHARLIE
 Harriet... marry me.

HARRIET
 What?

CHARLIE
 I want to have a wedding. With you.

HARRIET
 No.

CHARLIE
 Please.

HARRIET
 I don't know, Charlie. It's so good
 like it is. Why don't we just live
 together first?

CHARLIE
 Because, I love you and I want you
 to marry me and be with me for 45
 years. I want you to have my
 children,
 (MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

and I want to have your children. I know that sounds like a lot of children, and they might not all get along, but... I'm finally ready to trust you and to make a commitment. Marry me, Harriet, please. Be my wife.

Harriet flinches slightly at the word "Wife", but Charlie is too wrapped up in the moment to notice. Stuart addresses the group.

STUART

I'd like to thank Charlie for throwing us this party. I hope some day you have the same great 45 years that we've had.

People clap and smile. Harriet looks at Charlie. He has tears in his eyes.

HARRIET

Yes.

At first it doesn't register. Then...

CHARLIE

You will?

She smiles.

HARRIET

Let's get married, Charlie.

They kiss.

MAY

(from across room)

Harriet, come here a minute. I want you and Uncle Angus to play a song together.

Harriet and Charlie kiss one last time and she goes to the piano.

Charlie stays in the corner, and Tony comes over.

TONY

Hey, sorry I'm so late. What's happening?

CHARLIE

Nothing. Nothing at all. Just two little things...

(as Tony looks in)

That woman over there in the corner... She's Harriet's friend, and her name is Ralph.

TONY

No shit.

CHARLIE

And secondly... That woman over there...

(Re: Harriet)

That's Harriet, and we're getting married.

TONY

(excited)

Fantastic... What did I tell you. She's a great girl. And the last thing in the world she'd be is a murderer.

And then Harriet begins singing at the piano.

HARRIET

(singing)

ONLY YOU...

CAN MAKE THIS WORLD SEEM RIGHT...

ONLY YOU...

CAN MAKE THIS DARKNESS LIGHT..."

Tony and Charlie look at each other. "Only you?" Then Charlie looks at his bride with confidence.

He walks over and joins her. She sings to him. It's a moment.

INT. JEWELRY STORE - DAY

Charlie and Harriet pick out a diamond ring.

INT. TRAVEL AGENCY

Charlie and Harriet point to brochures of the different cities they could go to on their honeymoon. They decide on a picture of the "DRY CREEK LODGE" in Oregon.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE

They are getting their blood tests back. Harriet looks at

hers, casually. Charlie is nervous. Reluctantly he opens the file and looks at it. He is pleased with the results and does a victory dance.

EXT. SCOTTISH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH - ESTABLISHING

INT. SCOTTISH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Charlie and Harriet are being married. Harriet is in a beautiful wedding gown. Charlie is wearing a kilt. Tony is the best man. He also wears a kilt. Stuart, also kilted, May, the whole family along with a hundred well-wishers are in attendance. The SCOTTISH MINISTER presides. Rose is in a kilt.

SCOTTISH MINISTER

Now, Mr. MacKenzie, if you will take this woman to be your wife, through thick and thin, for better or for worse, please say: "I do"...

CHARLIE

I do...

SCOTTISH MINISTER

Now Harriet, if you will take this man, through good times and bad, for ever and ever, as your husband, please say "I Do"...

Harriet starts to speak; but right before the words come out, she stares into Charlie's eyes and STOPS. Charlie looks nervous. So does the Scottish Minister. So does Tony. So does everyone.

HARRIET

(after a long pause;
finally:)
I do.

SCOTTISH MINISTER

Now Charlie... Kiss the beautiful bride!

Charlie and Harriet kiss. We can see (though Charlie can't) Harriet has a strange unsure expression on her face. Tony notices it though and can't figure it out.

STUART

Let's get pissed.

The wedding march kicks in being played by a drunken Scotsman on BAGPIPES.

INT. RECEPTION HALL

A Scottish accordionist and a Drummer play SCOTLAND THE BRAVE. Some OLDER SCOTTISH AUNTIES are CLAPPING and HOOTING LOUDLY along with the tune. Some young girl COUSINS in traditional Scottish costume, dance the sword dance along to SCOTLAND THE BRAVE.

We pass the buffet which we see is catered by "Meats Of The World." Then we pass a very drunken Stuart in a heated discussion with four other people.

STUART

You know Golden Gate park was designed by a Scotsman, MacClaren, which is who MacClaren park was named after.

The others agree heartily.

May and Tony are dancing. May is dancing uncomfortably close. She keeps sliding her hand down to his ass, which he then has to move back to his shoulder.

Then we come to William, who's reluctantly at the children's table. All his little cousins are queuing up for a chance to feel his head.

We find Charlie in a corner. One of the hooting Scottish aunties is trying to get him to have another Scotch.

AUNTIE MOLLY

(proffering the Scotch)
Charlie, get this down your neck.

CHARLIE

Auntie Molly if I have another one I'll end up underneath the table with my kilt over my head.

Tony joins them.

TONY

Where's Harriet?

CHARLIE

I don't know. Oh, there she is.

She's in the corner by herself looking weird and ominous. She has enough food in front of her for three people.

She eats ravenously and incessantly. Charlie goes over to her.

CHARLIE

A little hungry, were you?

At that moment, a FLASH goes off. Harriet looks up angrily.

HARRIET

What are you...!

Then she realizes it's Rose. She calms down and smiles. Charlie looks at her, a little peculiarly, but Harriet regains her composure.

HARRIET

Sorry. The flash just...

The band kicks into a new dance. A YOUNG BOY comes up to the bagpipe man with a shot of whiskey and whispers into his ear. The bagpipe man stops the song, downs the whiskey and then breaks into Rod Stewart's "IF YOU THINK I'M SEXY." From across the room we hear Stuart singing.

STUART

(full volume; singing)

IF YOU THINK I'M SEXY...
AND YOU WANT MY BODY...
COME ON BABY LET ME KNOW.

Stuart gives the Bagpiper the thumbs up. The young people in the room start to jam, and then one by one the other guests start getting into the swing of things. The bagpipe man continues playing. It is clear that he is far too drunk to play. He slowly keels over, drunk. And as he falls over face first, he lands on his Bagpipes. The bagpipes let out an ATONAL DEFLATING SOUND like the last dying throes of a tortured animal. The BAGPIPE WAIL extends into the next scene.

EXT. HIGH ABOVE COAST - DAY

CHARLIE (V.O.)
Wait 'til you see this place,
Harriet.

INT. CHARLIE'S CAR - DAY

They drive along the beautiful coast. Harriet is still eating.

They're listening to TEENAGE FAN CLUB.

CHARLIE
This is Teenage Fan Club. They're
from Scotland.

HARRIET
They're great.

CHARLIE
We'll have the whole lodge to
ourselves practically.

HARRIET
I can't wait, Charlie.

CHARLIE
I wish you could be me, so you could
know how great it feels to be with
you.

HARRIET
It sounds wonderful

CHARLIE
Do you think that would be a good
line for a poem?

HARRIET
Honestly? It sounds a little
Hallmark.

CHARLIE
Yeah, it's a little Seals and Croft.
I have a habit of sabotaging
relationships, and there were a
million times during me and you that
I could have blown this, and I just
thank God that I didn't...

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Tony is at his desk. The captain kicks open the door,
knocking
Tony's feet off the desk. The captain is now dressed in
suspenders, a loosened tie, and a shirt with pit stains.

CAPTAIN

O.K., Spiletti, I got word from upstairs that you been pokin' your nose into that Ralph Elliot case.

TONY

Yes, Captain.

CAPTAIN

Don't "yes, Captain" me, Spiletti. You're outta line. This is strictly homicide.

TONY

Captain, I got this friend...

CAPTAIN

Friend? Yeah, we all got friends, Spiletti. I'm warning you, Stay away from this one. Back off, Italian boy. You're getting too close to this one.

TONY

Captain, I know what I'm doing. Trust me. What's the news.

CAPTAIN

I can't believe I'm doing this, but that girl who confused to Ralph Elliot's murder also confessed to other murders.

TONY

I knew she would! I knew it!

CAPTAIN

Yeah, apparently she also confessed to killing Abe Lincoln, Julius Caesar, and Warren G. Harding. She's a nut, Spiletti!

TONY

(getting up)
Oh, my god! I gotta go!

CAPTAIN

Yeah, screw this one up Spiletti and you'll be writing parking tickets for the rest of your days.

TONY

I won't let you down, Captain.

Tony exits for a beat, then pokes his head in the doorway.

TONY
That's much better Captain.

CAPTAIN
(nice again)
You think so? Well, thank you very
much.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Tony hurries to his car.

EXT. GAS STATION ALONG THE COAST - DAY

They stop at a gas station with a small mini-mart. As
Charlie
is filling the tank he notices Harriet slipping the key
out
of the ignition before she walks to the mini-mart for more
food.

HARRIET
You want anything?

CHARLIE
Lamb chops, creamed spinach, stuffed
tomatoes and a Hershey Bar.

Harriet arrives at the little Ma and Pa type mini-mart and
smiles to Charlie.

CHARLIE
If they don't have all that, I'll
just take the Hershey bar.

EXT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Tony stands at the door, buzzing the buzzer to no
response.

INT. CHARLIE'S CAR - EARLY EVENING

They are still driving along the coast. Charlie is eating
his Hershey Bar. Harriet's eyes are becoming a bit glazed
now, her movements a little static. She keeps looking
behind
them and out the window.

CHARLIE
What do you keep looking behind us
for?
(joking)
Is someone following you, or...?

HARRIET
They were. I think they're gone.

CHARLIE
 (curious; pausing)
 What do you mean, they were?

HARRIET
 The gas station guy. I thought he was chasing us for a while, but I guess he stopped.

CHARLIE
 The gas station guy? Why would the gas station guy chase us.

HARRIET
 I don't know, Charlie. I guess for not paying.

CHARLIE
 What do you mean not paying? You didn't pay him for the gas.

HARRIET
 I forgot to pay... I didn't want to be away from you for any longer.

CHARLIE
 So, you just left.

HARRIET
 Yes. And you're an accomplice.

He stops mid-bite on his Hershey Bar. He's confused.

CHARLIE
 I'm not sure I understand.

HARRIET
 Look, Charlie, don't you get it? We're a team.

CHARLIE
 (going with it)
 I can play that game. I'll get the next gas station. Like Bonnie & Clyde.

He and Bonnie continue on the winding road and pass a sign that reads: "DRY CREEK LODGE - 40 MILES"

INT. HALLWAY - HARRIET'S APARTMENT - DAY

Tony knocks. No answer. He picks the lock and enters.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Rose is tied up and lying in a pool of blood. Tony stops for

a beat, draws his gun and slowly walks over to her. Just as he gets there, a SHUTTER CLICKS.

ROSE

Oh, hi!

TONY

(practically hysterical)
What is it with the women in your family?

ROSE

I was just doing a murder series in honor of the wedding.

TONY

Hey, this is real blood.

ROSE

Yes, Harriet, give it to me. She's a butcher.

(Tony reacts)

...She owns a butcher shop.

TONY

I need a picture of Harriet.

ROSE

Sorry. No can do.

TONY

You took a picture at the party. I saw it.

ROSE

It didn't come out.

TONY

Look, Rose. I need a photo.

ROSE

The picture didn't come out.

(he waits)

It was unflattering. It made her look ten pounds heavier.

(he waits)

She's my sister.

TONY

She's been implicated in a crime. I need the photo to eliminate her as a suspect.

ROSE

And if she's not innocent. If she's, you know, "quirky?"

TONY
 If she's "quirky" we'll save
 Charlie's
 life.

Rose pulls out a photograph -- Charlie and Harriet.
 Looking
 young and in love.

EXT. DRY CREEK LODGE - LATE IN THE DAY

A beautiful old Colonial Mansion, nestled in the mountains
 and forests of the North-West. Romantic and from another
 day. Charlie and Harriet pull up in front of it.

The Valets open the door for them.

HARRIET
 It's like a castle, Charlie. It's so
 beautiful.

VALET
 Welcome to the Dry Creek. You just
 beat the rainstorm. Two hours later
 and the roads'd probably be closed.

CHARLIE
 Great. If you could help us with the
 luggage, we have these two in the
 back seat and...

As they deal with the luggage, Harriet starts to walk away
 from the hotel, away from the car, rain falling on her
 head.

She walks straight at the CAMERA, so only we can see her
 expression. Her expression is one of simply "losing it".

CHARLIE
 Harriet? What are you doing honey?

Harriet turns around and smiles at Charlie. He smiles
 back.

INT. LOBBY OF DRY CREEK LODGE - EVENING

Charlie and Harriet stand at the desk. Harriet is not
 quite
 paying attention. Her attention span has slipped to none.
 She's fidgety. She looks around suspiciously at everything
 and everyone.

DESK CLERK
 Welcome, Sir. We have you with us
 for four nights, Mr. MacKenzie.
 Dinner
 reservations are at eight-thirty.

CHARLIE

Great. Sounds terrific.

DESK CLERK

Also, you might wanna prepare some candles by the bed. We're expecting the rainstorm to get even worse. We might even lose the power tonight.

CHARLIE

Did you hear that, Harriet? A storm. I can't think of anything more romantic than the two of us trapped in our room in the middle of a rain storm.

(noticing her)

You okay, Harriet?

HARRIET

Just a little head-ache.

(to clerk)

Excuse me, is there a drug store in the hotel? I want to get some aspirin.

DESK CLERK

Right beyond those trees, Ma'm. Anything you need.

HARRIET

Thanks. Don't go anywhere. I'll be right back.

Harriet walks off to the lobby store, backwards, looking at Charlie. Charlie watches her walk off. The Desk Clerk sits staring at Charlie.

DESK CLERK

You think she's really got a head-ache?

CHARLIE

What?

DESK CLERK

Ah, nothing. Here's your key. You're in the Oak Room.

Charlie looks back at the drug store, where Harriet is shopping. She waves to him. Charlie looks back at the Desk Clerk and grabs the key.

CUT TO:

FAX OF THE PHOTO OF CHARLIE & HARRIET

coming out of a fax machine.

INT. WALTER'S PLUMBING - EARLY EVENING

WALTER, the owner of the Plumbing store, dressed in overalls takes the Fax out and then picks up the phone.

WALTER

That's Ralph Elliot's wife, alright.
She had shorter hair in those days.

INT. MARTIAL ARTS STUDIO - NIGHT

MASTER CHO, the new owner of the studio, dressed in a gee, looks at the same fax.

MASTER CHO

(into phone)

Mrs. Richter gain much weight since then, but it's definitely her.

INT. THE LIZARD'S LOUNGE - ATLANTIC CITY

RANDY ROMANO, the owner, talks into the phone, holding up the faxed photo of Charlie and Harriet.

RANDY

That's his little lollipop, alright.
Boy he loved her. I'll tell you, she was a lot of fun. Smart. A doll face to boot.

INT. TONY'S CUBICLE - NIGHT

Tony is on the phone. Kathy, seen before at the police station, stands with him.

TONY

Circuits are out from the storm.

Tony gets to the police station door and opens it. Kathy follows him.

TONY

(to Kathy)

Keep trying the hotel. Tell the chief
I just chartered a plane up to Oregon.

The Police Captain enters.

CAPTAIN

(points to his hair)

See that Spiletti -- A gray hair!
(MORE)

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Every day, Spiletti, I find another one. And that's all due to you. Get out there, and catch me some bad guys!

TONY

Not now, Captain.

CAPTAIN

(nice again)

Sorry.

Tony dashes out of the police station and into his car.

INT. CHARLIE'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A beautiful suite, with a fireplace burning a big stack of wood, with another stack next to it, with an AXE in it.

Music

is playing softly on the stereo. And Charlie and Harriet have just finished making love underneath the covers, illuminated just by the light of the fireplace.

CHARLIE

This is the best honeymoon I could ever imagine, Harriet. If we had to pack and go home right now, I'd still think it was the greatest honeymoon ever.

Harriet doesn't respond. Her head is turned from his.

CHARLIE

Don't you agree, Harriet? Harriet?

He pulls the sheets away from her face to see that she is crying.

CHARLIE

(wiping her tears)

What? What are you crying? What is it?

HARRIET

It's nothing. It's just... I was just thinking... We're married now. And I always wanted to try and have kids, and...

CHARLIE

So do I. Look, there's nothing more I'd like to do than have, kids, or...

HARRIET

It's just, I get scared that certain things will happen, or...

CHARLIE

What are you talking about? You're gonna be a great Mom. I know you will.

HARRIET

It's not that, Charlie.

CHARLIE

What then?

HARRIET

You're gonna laugh.

CHARLIE

Tell me. Of course I'm not gonna laugh. Kids is a big thing. It's hard. I'm sure I have the same fears.

HARRIET

If we have kids, Charlie, things happen. Kids are healthy and fine, and some aren't, and I don't know if I could live with myself if I gave birth to a child with webbed feet.

Charlie stops to think about this. Webbed feet?

CHARLIE

Webbed feet?

HARRIET

You're laughing.

CHARLIE

No, I'm not laughing.

HARRIET

You think that's silly?

CHARLIE

No, no. That's a natural fear. I've thought about that fear.

HARRIET

It really worries me, Charlie.

CHARLIE

(quite confused)
Well, look, they have, doctors -- I assume -- that deal, only with,
(MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

webbed
feet. And, God Forbid, and I'm
talking
strictly hypothetically, should that
happen, we'll find one.

HARRIET

(kissing him; happy
now)
You're the greatest Charlie.

CHARLIE

(confused, to say the
least)
Thanks. We should get ready for
dinner.

EXT./INT. CHARTERED CESSNA - NIGHT

A small plane flies through the clouds. It's just Tony and
DENNIS the pilot.

Dennis never really realizes this is more than a
sightseeing
tour, and constantly points out scenic points along the
way.

DENNIS

Out your left side, you can see the
Sierra Nevada, which is the largest
mountain range west of the
Rockies...

TONY

Great. Rockies. I don't care.
Oregon.
Move.

INT. CHARLIE'S HOTEL ROOM AT DRY CREEK LODGE - NIGHT

Charlie is dressed very sharply in sport coat and tie. He
yells into the bathroom where we can see part of Harriet
from behind.

CHARLIE

You almost ready? The first seating
is in five minutes.

HARRIET

(from other room)
I just wanna look good for you,
Charlie. That's all.

CHARLIE

I'm sure you look great. I'm sure
you look...

Harriet turns the corner, wearing a nice dress. Her hair looks okay. She's wearing perfume. The only problem is, she has two lines of mascara running down her cheeks. She's been crying. Charlie looks curious.

HARRIET
Do I look okay, Charlie?

CHARLIE
Yes. Well...

Charlie points to his own eye.

HARRIET
What's wrong?

CHARLIE
Nothing. You kind of look like Tammy Faye Baker right now.

She looks in the mirror.

HARRIET
Oh, yeah.

She goes back into the bathroom.

EXT. CESSNA - NIGHT

The plane descends towards the runway. The rain comes down hard.

DENNIS (V.O.)
As we prepare to land, we can see off to our left Lake Shanony, which is...

TONY (V.O.)
Just land. Don't worry about Lake Shanony. I don't give a shit about Lake Shanony.

The plane touches down.

EXT. DRY CREEK LODGE - NIGHT

Rain pours fantastically on the gothic castle. Wind blows hard.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
A toast to our new friends, Charlie and Harriet...

INT. BEAUTIFUL FRENCH RESTAURANT IN HOTEL - NIGHT

A beautiful dining room with a small dance floor. Charlie sits at an intimate table for two with Harriet. A small band plays in the b.g., as the BAND LEADER is making the toast. The five or six other couples in the restaurant also hold up their glass.

BAND LEADER
 ...we're honored to be here for this very special day in...

The CONCIERGE at this point interrupts to bring Charlie a TELEPHONE. Everyone stops and watches and waits.

CONCIERGE
 I'm sorry to interrupt, Sir. There's a phone call for you from town.
 (Charlie takes phone)
 They say it's quite urgent.

The toast, as well as the entire room, stops -- almost like an E.F. Hutton commercial, waiting for Charlie's phone call to finish.

CHARLIE
 (curious)
 Hello?

INT. AIRPORT IN OREGON - EARLY EVENING

Tony speaks into the phone frantically.

TONY
 Charlie, you okay?

INTERCUT PHONE CALL

CHARLIE
 Great. Couldn't be better.

TONY
 Charlie, listen to me! It's her! Harriet is Mrs. X! She killed Ralph and the two other men!

Charlie looks up across the table at Harriet who is completely caught up in the event of seeing how long she can keep her hand in the candle before it hurts.

She puts it in, smiles then takes it out. She shakes her hand, and repeats the process.

CHARLIE

(talking softly)

Look, that's great -- it just so happens though, that I met...

(louder than he had hoped)

Ralph, and much to my delight, not only is she alive, but she's female. I thought I told you.

Harriet looks at Charlie, very suspiciously. He looks back at her, and tries to smile, pretending that he is having a pleasant, and completely irrelevant conversation.

TONY

Rose had a picture. It checked out. It's her, Charlie. She is the murderer.

HARRIET

Charlie, your food is getting cold.

Charlie waves "One Minute" to Harriet, as she watches.

CHARLIE

So, what do I do?

TONY

I called the police. All the roads are closed, but they're on their way. In the mean time just...

The line goes DEAD.

CHARLIE

Hello?

(pressing receiver)

Hello?

HARRIET

What's a matter, Charlie?

CHARLIE

(to concierge)

The phone just went dead. I was on the phone and it went dead.

CONCIERGE

That's quite common, sir. I'm sure the lines'll be out in the whole city 'til tomorrow. Enjoy your meal, Sir.

The Concierge takes the phone away. Charlie turns slowly to Harriet, genuinely scared.

HARRIET

What happened, Charlie?

CHARLIE

Nothing... Nothing happened. Just the lines are down. Phone lines.

Suddenly, the band leader continues with his toast.

BAND LEADER

(over microphone)

...so to these two young people, we wish them a long and happy life together and would like to play their song. The Platters -- "Only You".

The band starts to play "Only You".

People APPLAUD. Harriet and Charlie just stare at each other.

He knows.

The older couple at the next table, MR. & MRS. LEVENSTEIN, lean over to their table.

MR. LEVENSTEIN

How about the traditional Bride & Groom dance?

Another couple walks by and pulls them literally out of the their seats and onto the dance floor.

OTHER COUPLE

Come on. It's a tradition.

Charlie finds himself in the middle of the dance floor dancing slowly with Harriet. He's scared out of his mind. The music plays in the background. Harriet smiles strangely at him. He tries to smile back, checking all the Exits, planning an escape.

Then suddenly, call it luckily, MR. LEVENSTEIN, interrupts:

MR. LEVENSTEIN

Excuse me. Could I cut in on your dance?

CHARLIE

Of course. Sure...

Charlie gives her hand away to Mr. Levenstein. He takes Mrs. Levenstein's hand and starts to dance towards the EXIT, when suddenly the ELECTRICITY GOES OUT. The MUSIC is out. The LIGHTS ARE OUT.

In the dimmest of lights provided from the cloud covered moon outside, Charlie runs across the dance floor, fighting for an exit to the outside.

He arrives in someone's arms on his way.

CHARLIE
I need your help! You have to help me! I've married a...!

The LIGHTS GO BACK ON and Charlie is in HARRIET'S ARMS again. Her face is near menacing now. She smiles a very disturbed grin. He doesn't know what to say.

HARRIET
(much too pleasant)
Hello, Charlie.

Charlie and her are squared off. Neither speak. Suddenly both of them are lifted into the air. They look down and see the waiters and busboys picking them up onto chairs, throwing them up in the air again and again. The MUSIC plays along loudly.

Harriet watches Charlie very closely, as Charlie looks scared. Then, the people start to carry them out of the room and down the hallway.

WAITER
Let's take 'em to their room.

CONCIERGE
Yeah, I'm sure they've had enough of these crowds for one night.

CHARLIE
My dinner. I didn't finish my dinner yet.

HARRIET
Smile, Charlie. Act like you're having a good time.

INT. OREGON AIRPORT - SAME/NIGHT

Tony is talking to an attractive young girl behind the airport Rent-A-Car booth.

RENT-A-CAR GIRL

I'm sorry, Sir. The roads are all closed. We can't rent any cars this evening.

TONY

You have to rent me something. I've gotta get up there. My friend's in danger...

INT. CHARLIE & HARRIET'S ROOM - NIGHT

The other hotel guests threw them inside. The room is all made up, the sheets are pulled down, the firewood is cut, the AXE is in the wood.

CONCIERGE

Have a good night, you two.

CHARLIE

Come on in. Stay for a nightcap.

BELLBOY

No, you two wanna be alone. See you.

CHARLIE

(demanding)

Stay for a nightcap!

BELLBOY

Sir, I really don't think I should

CHARLIE

(shouting)

STAY FOR A NIGHTCAP!

The bellboy is frightened and runs away.

CHARLIE

(shouting down the hall after him)

STAY FOR A NIGHTCAP!

Harriet pulls Charlie back into the room, frightened that he's leaving.

HARRIET

Don't go, Charlie.

EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

Tony runs out of the airport terminal where he sees a man in his forties who's just entered his four wheel drive jeep.

TONY
(flashing his badge)
Excuse me, Sir, I'm with the San Francisco Police Department. I'm on official business and I'm afraid I have to commandeer your vehicle.

MAN
(unfazed)
No.

TONY
What do you mean no?!

MAN
I happen to know for a fact that you don't have the power to commandeer my vehicle.

TONY
This is true.
(pause)
Please can I commandeer your vehicle?

MAN
Well, where are you going?

TONY
To The Dry Creek Lodge.

MAN
I'll give you a lift.

TONY
Well, I don't want a lift, I really want to commandeer the vehicle.
Please
just let me commandeer the vehicle.

MAN
Why don't you just let me drive you there? Really, I don't mind, it's on my way.
(pause)

TONY
You're not going to bend on the commandeering thing are you?

MAN

No.

TONY

Well, if we get stopped will you at least let me say that I commandeered the vehicle, but I let you drive?

MAN

I'm uncomfortable with that.

TONY

Please?

MAN

All right.

INT. CHARLES AND HARRIET'S ROOM

Charlie & Harriet are all alone. The voices trail off down the hallway until they disappear. Charlie and Harriet stare at each other. Harriet blocks the door. Charlie looks around the room. The Axe. The Corkscrew. The letter opener. The fountain pen. At this point, everything in the room looks like a potential weapon. Harriet takes the axe.

HARRIET

I heard you on the phone before, Charlie. There's something I've got to tell you.

CHARLIE

(frightened)
Harriet, I...

HARRIET

I've been married before.

CHARLIE

I already know.

HARRIET

About my husbands?

CHARLIE

Yes. And I was meaning to have a word with you. We could get an annulment.

HARRIET

(screams)
AAAhhhhhh!

Suddenly the power goes off again. They're both in the dark.

A scuffle. Charlie has restrained Harriet, throws her in a walk-in closet and locks it. From behind the door, we hear Harriet WAILING. Which continues.

Charlie picks up the axe, looks at it, relieved at his lucky escape. He rushes to the door to escape. He opens it and standing there is Rose.

CHARLIE

Aaaaah, Rose, I never thought I'd be so glad to see you.

Rose smiles. Charlie puts down the axe. The lights flicker back on.

CHARLIE

(going to the phone)
Maybe the phones are working again by now.

He listens for a dial tone. Beside the phone he sees a note.
He starts to read is:

CHARLIE

'Dear, Harriet. I just can't handle the commitment. I'm leaving you.'
Signed, 'Charlie.'

And behind him Rose approaches with the axe raised.

CHARLIE

What the hell is this? I didn't write this?

And at that moment he turns to find the AXE BEING FLUNG THROUGH THE AIR AT his head. He ducks just in time.

CHARLIE

What the fuck?!

She takes another swing and she hits the lamp off the desk and the room is in complete DARKNESS.

ROSE

Charlie. Why did you marry Harriet? I warned you not to marry her, didn't I? I warned all of them. But none of them listened to me. They all went ahead and married her. She's the pretty one. Where's Harriet? What have you done with my sister, Harriet?

CHARLIE
Nothing, Rose.

ROSE
If you've done something to my
sister,
Harriet, I swear to God I'll kill
you.

We stay in Charlie's hip pocket as he tries to get away
from
what he can't see. He stays very silent.

HARRIET
(from the closet)
Where are you, Charlie? What's going
on?

Then Rose strikes a match. She lights a candle and comes
toward him. He looks around. The window is open. And
Charlie
is gone.

INT. COMMANDEERED CAR - NIGHT

Tony and the commandeered man drive through the swampy,
winding road on the way up to the hotel. Tony is drumming
on
the dash.

MAN
Could you stop doing that please?

EXT. CASTLE-LIKE ROUND TOWER/LEDGE OF TOWER - NIGHT

Charlie tightropes along the ledge of the building. The
storm
continues. Rose comes out on the ledge and starts to chase
him. He rounds the bend. Charlie looks into one room and
sees MR. & MRS. LEVENSTEIN there. There's loud OPERA MUSIC
playing in the room

CHARLIE
Call the police!

INT. THE LEVENSTEIN'S ROOM - NIGHT SAME

The Levensteins prepare for bed. Charlie races by their
window. Then Rose races by.

CHARLIE
Call the police!

Mr. Levenstein closes the curtains. He can't hear.

EXT. LEDGE - NIGHT

Charlie races along the slippery ledge, almost falling at several points. Rose then appears on the roof holding the Axe, still.

ROSE

(mostly to herself;
slurring most words)
Charlie, did you like your note? I thought it was pretty accurate. I did all the husbands' notes. I can forge anyone's handwriting, I can write in anyone's style. See, I'm an artist. Harriet isn't an artist. Sure she could get a husband, but she could never have done this. And you know what I'm most proud of?

CHARLIE

What's that, Rose?

ROSE

Harriet never knew. She thought they all just left her. I protected her. She's my sister.

Charlie turns and runs. Rose chases him.

INT. BEDROOM

Tony breaks into the room with his gun drawn.

TONY

(shouting)
Charlie!

HARRIET

(from closet)
Tony, is that you? It's me, Harriet. I'm in here.

Carefully, Tony opens the closet door.

HARRIET

Tony, Rose is trying to kill Charlie. They're out on the ledge.

TONY

(not believing)
Get on the floor and put your hands behind your back.

Harriet willingly goes on the floor.

HARRIET
Sure, anything. You've got to save
Charlie.

Tony slaps cuffs on her and takes her to the window.

INT. BEDROOM

Tony is standing with his back to the window, between it
and
Harriet. She looks out of the window and screams.

HARRIET
Look! It's Charlie!

From Harriet's POV we see Charlie on the ledge edging
along.
He stops in horror when he sees Harriet, glances back to
the
pursuing Rose, and rushes off.

Tony looks behind him out the window. Nobody is there.

TONY
Nice try.

HARRIET
I swear to you... It was Charlie...
Look! Now there's Rose!

Rose looks into the room, with the axe in her hand.

TONY
No you don't.

HARRIET
I beg you... Look! It is Rose.

TONY
Oh no, not again.
(he glances at the
window)
Aaaaah! Rose.

INT. LEVENSTEIN'S WINDOW

There is opera music playing. Charlie rushes by, past the
window. There is a beat and he comes back, staring inside
in
amazement.

REVERSE ANGLE

Mr. Levenstein is in a Viking outfit. Mrs. Levenstein is
in
full Norse Regalia.

INT. LEVENSTEIN'S WINDOW

Charlie gulps and rushes on, hastily pursued by Rose.

INT. THE ROOF

Rose pulls the Axe back and swings, and the momentum of the swing pulls her feet out from under her, and on the slippery icy roof she falls and starts to slide.

Just as she's about to go off the fifty foot high roof, Charlie climbs down the roof. He stands over her. She's about to slip. Her hands are losing strength. Her fingers are slipping. The rain is falling harder and harder.

Charlie walks over to the cage where she's hanging on for life.

He leans down to help her up, but just as he grabs on to her hand, the drainpipe she's holding onto slips.

She is now dangling from the roof, the rain falling harder and harder. Charlie now is nowhere near her. He then gets down on his knees on the roof and starts to climb down the side of the drainpipe to get her.

Rose looks up helplessly at him. Not really asking for his help. Not denying it. She's accepted her fate.

Policemen, ambulances and spectators have gathered below in bunches as Charlie climbs down the drainpipe, he himself hanging on for dear life.

He just reaches out far enough to grab her hand, and just as he does, her drainpipe tears and falls into the crowd below. Charlie, then with all his strength -- his "where has this strength been my whole life" strength -- pulls her up to the roof next to him.

Several policemen make their way onto the roof and come over to where Charlie is detaining Rose. The police take her, handcuff her and cart her away. From the corner of the roof appears Tony.

TONY

I hate to bother you on your honeymoon, Charlie, but...

Charlie looks beyond Tony and sees Harriet standing in the doorway. He goes over and puts his arm around Harriet.

CHARLIE

Thank God. I'm sorry I doubted you,
but I thought you were the killer,
but you were acting pretty strange?

HARRIET

I thought you were going to leave
me, like the others. Thank God they
were just murdered. I thought they
were always leaving me.

Below, Rose is put into a police car and taken off. The
SIRENS
disappear. So do the crowds.

DISSOLVE INTO:

THE SOUND OF A CROWD IN A CLUB:

INT. SPILETTI'S COFFEE HOUSE

Charlie is on stage looking very beatnik. He's reading his
poetry, but we can't hear it. He nods to someone off
stage.

Harriet is in the audience, also looking very beatnik with
their three year old son, STUART, a miniature beatnik
version
of Charlie.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

My dad was right. You don't lose
your muse once you're married.
Nothing
changed, except I gained a great
son, Stuart.

SOUND UP on Charlie's poetry.

CHARLIE

MARRIED MAN
MOST MERRY
AND IN CONCLUSION

CROWD AND CHARLIE

THIS POEM SUCKS.

The crowd goes crazy.

CHARLIE

Thank you very much.

HOUSE MUSIC kicks on. It's Saturday Night by the Bay City
Rollers.

BAY CITY ROLLERS
S-A-T-U-R-D-A-Y NIGHT

Charlie comes off stage and joins his wife and child at their table. He is very happy.

FADE OUT:

THE END