

I am  
Thank you for the read. Kind,  
If you're the note-making kind,  
I attached a SASE.  
If not, you can email or phone  
the number below.

Doug

SMELL THE COFFEE

A Screenplay

by

Doug Molitor

Property of:

Doug Molitor  
P. O. Box 6039  
Altadena, CA 91003-6039

(626) 797-5659  
doug.molitor@pagebbs.com

SMELL THE COFFEE

FADE IN:

EXT. SECOND STREET OFFICE BLDG - DAY

An old-fashioned 12-story building in downtown L.A.

INT. BUILDING LOBBY - DAY

BARRY MURPHY, 24, emerges from the long line at a chain store called AHAB'S COFFEE. He's not exactly your Alpha Male but he inhales the aroma of his coffee with a confident, "today's my big day" look. He punches the elevator button.

INT. AHAB OFFICE LOBBY - DAY (MINUTES LATER)

The top floor is the richly paneled corporate headquarters of Ahab's Coffee. Barry makes his way to his office.

INT. BARRY'S OFFICE - DAY

Barry pulls charts marked "e-Coff-e" out of his center desk drawer (ESTABLISH: the metal drawer rolls very easily.) CLARK McCONE, 38, his hulking, type-A (for Asshole) boss strides in. Barry hides the cards behind him.

McCONE

Oh, Mr. Murphy, I hope we didn't get you in too early. It's just that the owner of the whole goddamn company is waiting.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Barry and everyone else settle. At the head of a long table sits ARMIN AHAB, 48, the well-fed founder in a thousand-dollar suit, gold jewelry, reeking of fresh-brewed money.

AHAB

First off, I want everyone to see the design for our new headquarters.

Ahab unveils the model, a building shaped like a coffee cup, complete with wavy towers meant to suggest rising steam.

McCONE/OTHER COWORKERS

Brilliant/Inspired/His best yet!

Barry, who was looking at his charts, looks over, and bursts out LAUGHING. Then he sees he's the only one. McCone shoots him a murderous look. Ahab looks peeved.

AHAB

That's a Frank Gehry design.

BARRY

Oh, I wasn't laughing at that.  
(grins, indicates McCone)  
He just told me the filthiest joke.

McCone's jaw drops.

AHAB

McCone, who the hell is this guy?

BARRY

(pumps Ahab's hand)  
Barry Murphy, Mr. Ahab. The guy  
who's about to put you in the  
Billionaire's Club.  
(whips his chart-cards  
onto an easel)  
Each day the average Ahab's  
customer waits four minutes for a  
coffee, six minutes for an  
espresso, and eight for a latte.

McCONE

I'm calling security.

BARRY

They'll take longer than a latte.  
Now, what if Ahab's could cut each  
customer's wait to under a minute?

AHAB

That's impossible.

BARRY

(reveals the next card)  
Not with e-Coff-e. Every regular  
customer is enrolled by e-mail.  
Coffee preference, arrival time,  
credit card number. Their coffee's  
ready and paid for the minute they  
walk in. The result?

Barry whips that card away...to reveal the enraged McCone,  
who has knocked the easel aside. Barry does a take.

McCONE

Murphy, did I or did I not tell you  
this idea had to go through channels?

BARRY

If you can't remember, how do you  
expect me to?

McCone rips Barry's charts in two. Barry is startled.

McCONE

For 4 years you've tried to showboat your way to the top. And today you get your big promotion. Report to the shop in the lobby. You're now VP in charge of coffee stirrers.

A ripple of SNICKERS run through the others in the meeting. Deflated, Barry turns to slink out. Then he pauses.

BARRY

Wait a minute. I don't have to take this.

(turns back to McCone)

McCone, you're a waste of skin. You don't have good ideas, or any ideas. You only exist to put down people who do. You're the kind of guy who boos at the Special Olympics.

McCONE

Oh, like I'm the only one?

BARRY

Give me my graphics, Clark.

McCone rips the charts in half again, into quarters.

McCONE

That's Mr. McCone, asshole.

Barry karate-kicks McCone in the stomach. As McCone doubles over, Barry walks behind him.

BARRY

That's Mr. Foot, asshole.

Barry drop-kicks McCone's ass right into the planter. He lies there covered in dirt. Ahab leaps to his feet.

AHAB

Kid, not only do you got brass balls, but e-Coff-e is the best idea I ever heard in my life! I'm giving you ten million for it!

Ahab opens a briefcase full of cash. A sexy BRUNETTE (we don't see her face) runs to Barry. He bends her back in a long kiss as his Coworkers leap to their feet CHEERING. He straightens, modestly acknowledges their applause.

BARRY

Thanks a lot. Now, there's only one other thing I'd like to do...

Barry opens a window and steps out onto the building ledge. Suddenly he's trembling, anxious...he shuts his eyes.

AHAB

What are you doing out there?!

BARRY

(chanting to himself)

I can't get hurt. I can't get hurt.

EXT. BUILDING - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Barry makes a perfect swan-dive off the 12th floor. Everyone rushes to the window to watch him fall -- but Barry pulls out of the dive (CUE DREAMING MUSIC) flies across the city.

EXT. PERSHING SQUARE - DAY

Swooping low, Barry scatters a flock of pigeons. A CRACKHEAD smoking his pipe sees Barry fly overhead. The Crackhead blinks in disbelief, then stares at his crack pipe.

CRACKHEAD

Goddamn! Never again!

He hurls his crack pipe away. He waits exactly two seconds, while his forehead starts pouring sweat.

CRACKHEAD (CONT)

Ah, who the fuck am I kidding?

He scrambles to retrieve the pipe. As he does, two more CRACKHEADS dive for it. Fisticuffs ensue.

AERIAL VIEWS - BARRY OVER DOWNTOWN

Barry zooms over Union Station, waving to arriving train passengers, waving at the schoolkids lined up at Olvera Street. Everyone waves back merrily as he wheels westward.

EXT. THE WILTERN THEATER - DAY

Barry zooms over the blue terracotta tower. Below him are some CONCERTGOERS (gorgeous women, dressed to the nines).

BARRY

It's too nice a day to wear black, ladies!

Barry waves his hand. A RAY OF EFX transforms their clothes into a rainbow of thong bikinis. They react with delight:

CONCERTGOERS

Hi, Barry! We love you!

EXT. LA BREA TARPITS - DAY

Barry flies over the Page Museum, as tourists cheer. But after he passes, a large BUBBLE rises up from the Tar Pits. Then another. And suddenly, a huge PTERODACTYL the size of a Lear Jet bursts out of the muck with a terrifying SCREECH. It flaps its scaly wings and takes to the air!

ANGLE ON BARRY

He looks behind him, and does a massive take.

BARRY

Oh, God, no! Not again!

Barry now starts frantically breaststroking through the sky, trying to pick up speed. The Pterodactyl is closing fast!

BARRY (CONT)

Go away! Leave me alone! Shoo!

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD. - DAY

Barry zooms in and out of the buildings along Hollywood Blvd trying to shake the Pterodactyl. He waves his hand at it:

BARRY (CONT)

Change! Be something else!

(Barry points o.s.)

Hey, look out, it's Mothra!

But the Pterodactyl keeps coming closer and closer, snapping at his heels. Barry swoops down into the crowd.

EXT. GRAUMAN'S CHINESE THEATER - DAY

Barry is nowhere to be seen. A TOURIST (Minnesota accent) in a long souvenir T-shirt and straw hat is snapping pictures of the stars' footprints with a disposable camera.

TOURIST

Geez, wouldja lookit dat? Dere's  
Marilyn Monroe, and Charlton  
Heston, you betcha.

(then, bewildered at a  
huge slab of wet cement)

And dat must be for Shaquille  
O'Neal.

SPLOSH! The Pterodactyl's giant clawed foot THUDS down in soupy fresh cement. A wave of concrete sloshes away the "tourist's" hat, revealing Barry. He tries to run, but the Pterodactyl sprays him with its white-hot breath, drying the cement instantly, immobilizing Barry in a running pose.

BARRY (CONT)  
No! NO! This isn't happening!

The Pterodactyl's jaws grab Barry, and snap him free of the hardened concrete.

BARRY (CONT)  
(screaming)  
This is just a dreeeeeeeam!

As its jaws close on Barry with a sickening CRUNCH...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - MALIBU - DAY

Barry sits bolt upright in bed, sweating. He looks out the French doors: The beach is empty, the sky a perfect blue.

BARRY (CONT)  
Jesus. I was almost eaten alive.

VOICE  
(a sexy purr)  
I'm just getting started.

A shape rises up from under the sheets -- it's KARIN PRESTON, 24, blonde, willowy supermodel type.

BARRY  
Oh, Karin, thank God.

KARIN  
Poor Barry. Another nightmare?  
Karin make it all better.

She kisses away his cares. Then she straddles him, and they start to make love. She starts to moan in ecstasy, her moans become screams, then her screams become a LOUD, ANNOYING BUZZ. Barry covers his ears.

BARRY  
What are you doing? Stop it! Shut up!  
(he grabs her head in both hands)  
Shut up!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BARRY'S OFFICE - DAY (DREAM SEQUENCE ENDS)

Barry is leaning back in his chair at his desk. He's holding a BUZZING radio-clock in his hands -- and suddenly awake. He looks around at his cramped closet of an office.

BARRY (CONT)

Oh, God. The one nightmare I can't wake up from.

He shuts off the radio, ending the BUZZ. There's a KNOCK.

NEW ANGLE - INCLUDE KARIN

as she pushes open his door, her arms full of files. She's a vision in white silk, but her manner is polite, distant.

KARIN

Excuse me, uh...  
(she glances at the door nameplate)  
...Barry. I hate to arouse you from your little nap...

BARRY

No, no, you didn't arouse me.

Barry rolls his chair back. But clearly he is aroused, since he drags open his center desk drawer without using his hands. Karin blinks, not quite sure what just happened. Barry quickly rolls back to his desk, closing the drawer.

KARIN

O-kay. Just be aware, an alarm clock at your desk is a dead giveaway. McCone fired the last guy he caught sleeping at lunchtime.

Barry drops the clock radio into his open briefcase.

BARRY

Say no more. Thanks, Karin.

Karin turns to go, but a few files slip. She's barely got them by her fingertips.

KARIN

Oh, Barry, be a love and give me a hand?

Barry eagerly rolls back his chair...dragging open the center drawer again. Embarrassed, he grabs the drawer, as if he'd opened it with his hands. Karin stares at him.

BARRY

Uh, I'd love to, but I have...uh... Slow Back Syndrome.

KARIN

Slow Back Syndrome?

BARRY

Yeah. It'll be about five minutes before I can stand up.

KARIN

Whatever. (turns, exasperated)  
Lloyd, be a darling and...?

LLOYD, 24, Asian, rushes to grab the files. They move o.s. Once Karin is gone, Barry turns a lever that lowers his chair with a QUIET HISS. Now he's low enough to clear the drawer bottom. He stands, grabs a paperback book to cover the bulge in his pants, and sits back in his chair.

MAIA SUAREZ, 23, a zaftig, funny Latina who dresses in jeans and oversized sweaters enters and goes right to Barry's file cabinet. From their informality you know they're just buds.

MAIA

'Scuse me, just need a file...

Maia bends to open the bottom drawer. For the first time, he notices she has a butt like Jennifer Lopez.

BARRY

(under his breath)

Whoa!

-- as the paperback leaps off his crotch. He catches it in midair just as Maia turns around. He presses it down on his lap, trying to look casual. Maia lifts an eyebrow.

MAIA

You working late again tonight?

BARRY

Yeah. More taste-testing for the meeting with Ahab tomorrow.

PAN TO coffee urns marked #30 to #53 on his desk. He picks up #39 but his hand shakes so much he has to put it down.

MAIA

You're drinking way too much coffee.  
I think you're sleep-deprived.

BARRY

What makes that say you?  
(he sips from a mug)  
Ow!

MAIA

That was your pencil mug. Barry,  
let me stay and help you.

BARRY

No, no. It could be my chance to spend time alone with Karin.

MAIA

For Karin, you have to spend a lot more than time.

BARRY

OK, I get it, she likes rich guys. But I won't always be broke.

MAIA

(changing the subject)

Good. So...whatcha reading?

She sits on his desk and plucks the book off his lap. He rolls under the desk, quick. We see the cover as Maia reads:

MAIA (CONT)

"I Love Lucid Dreaming: 100 Steps To Taking Control of Your Life While You Sleep"? What step are you on?

BARRY

Step one. I bought the book.

(off her look)

Actually, I was working on some of the exercises over lunch.

MAIA

Like the screaming exercise? I heard that one all the way from the elevator.

(dryly)

Where does the lucid part come in?

BARRY

Ever had a dream where you suddenly realized "Hey, this is a dream"?

MAIA

Sure. Around the time Brad Pitt crawled to my door on his knees begging forgiveness, it dawned on me.

BARRY

That was a lucid dream. This book tells you how to use the awareness that you're dreaming, to make anything you want happen next.

Barry reaches for the book, but Maia keeps hold of it.

MAIA

So like, I forgive Brad and make him  
take me to Hawaii. The problem is,  
when I wake up, he's still married.

BARRY

Maia, with lucid dreaming, you  
could have Brad Pitt every night.

MAIA

You are seriously creeping me out.

BARRY

Or have a different star each time.  
Or do anything you want.

MAIA

You really need a hobby. Didn't you  
tell me you used to rollerblade?

BARRY

(rolls his eyes)  
When I was, like, 15.

MAIA

OK. But you're in the company  
karate class?

BARRY

Where my only hope is to get a  
black belt in bowing.

MAIA

So what are you saying, that your  
dreams are better than your life?

BARRY

*Duh!* McCone can't shoot down my  
ideas, I'm successful, rich, Karin  
loves me...and I can fly.

(as she turns away,  
biting her lip)

What's so funny?

MAIA

You, flying. You're terrified of  
heights. You asked for an office  
with no windows.

As Maia points, PAN TO the chart that blocks his window.

BARRY

I'm not that bad.

Maia whips out a postcard from her sweater pocket.

MAIA

Did I show you the card Mom sent me  
from the Grand Canyon?

BARRY'S POV OF THE POSTCARD - a steep downward view.  
EERIE ORGAN STING. Just like in *Vertigo*, the canyon floor  
zooms deeper as he stares at it.

BARRY - shuts his eyes, grabs the desk for support.

BARRY

I'm OK. Just a little dizzy spell.

MAIA

(trying not to laugh)  
I'm sorry, that was a dirty trick.

BARRY

Damn right.

MAIA

Barry, wake up and smell the  
coffee. You don't need to fly. You  
just need to stand up to McCone.

BARRY

You're confusing fantasy with real  
life, where I can get fired.

MAIA

You know, for a smart guy, you miss  
a lot. Your e-Coff-e idea is great!  
Pitch it to some other company.

BARRY

Get real, Maia. It took me a long  
time to get in the door here.

MAIA

Barry, if you want something to  
happen, then believe it will and be  
ready... 'cause I think everybody  
gets one lucky day where all the  
pieces fall into place.

BARRY

OK. You believe in fate, or  
coincidence, or whatever. Me, I  
believe in enjoying my dreams.

MAIA

If they're so enjoyable, why were you screaming?

BARRY

(sighs)

Well, every time I try flying, this damn pterodactyl shows up and eats me alive. Then I wake up.

MAIA

See? You can't control your dreams!

BARRY

But I do! Before I flew, I dreamed about the meeting tomorrow. I took charge, I kicked McCone's ass. It was perfect...and it felt just like real life! And the book says, once you dream it, you can do it.

MAIA

Unless you get so into dreaming you start to think *that's* reality.

BARRY

No. I *always* know it's a dream. I only messed up by trying to fly. The book says you should choose a level of reality and stick with it. The great thing is, when the pterodactyl caught me, I didn't wake up -- I took control, and shifted to an even better dream!

MAIA

About what?

BARRY

Well...take your dream about Brad Pitt, and substitute Karin.

A dreamy smile comes over Barry as he recalls it. He rolls back in his chair, dragging the center drawer open again.

MAIA

Karin. You are so typical.

BARRY

Why are so down on Karin?

MAIA

'Cause it all came so easy to her.

BARRY

You think it was easy for her  
growing up with a body like that?

MAIA

You mean like she blossomed early,  
with boobs so big she wore nothing  
but baggy clothes to get through 7th  
grade without being harassed?

BARRY

That's what I mean. Poor Karin.

MAIA

I'm talking about my older sister.  
Karin got her boobs for her 18th  
birthday.

BARRY

Oh. (beat) Is your sister seeing  
anyone?

She tosses his book back -- it hits him in the diaphragm.

MAIA

I have work to do. Don't get up.

Maia marches out. Barry is wondering what the hell that was  
about when McCone leans in.

McCONE

My office. Now.

BARRY

(glances at his lap)  
OK, be there in a sec.

McCONE

Not a sec, now. Move your ass!

McCone exits. Barry rises and follows, bent over and  
holding his book over his crotch.

ANGLE ON CORRIDOR

While McCone walks on, Barry crosses into another office.

INT. AUDIO-VIDEO ROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

A dimly-lit warren of shelves and equipment with cables  
running everywhere. Barry peers into the gloom.

BARRY

Sam? You in here?

Suddenly SAM RIVERS, 45, steps out of the shadows, right in front of Barry. He's overweight, shaves his head, and wears mirrored shades indoors. Barry clutches his pounding heart.

BARRY (CONT)

Jesus! Don't sneak up like that!

SAM

I was standing right here. But I train my eyes to see in the dark... while you choose to be a victim.

BARRY

Ri-ight. Look, can I see that Dr. Laura tape of yours?

SAM

The brave little lady takes on the barbarians eating away at our culture? Damn, Barry, maybe there's hope for you yet.

Sam pulls a cassette from a rack and slaps it in a VCR. It's Dr. Laura Schlesinger "helping" a caller.

DR. LAURA (ON TV)

Listen, jerk. You made a choice to have sex with a stranger. So you got a disease and your genitals fell off. Boo-hoo. Take it like a man. Next caller!

SAM

(admiringly)

She's like a breath of fresh air.

Barry straightens up and smoothes out his pants.

BARRY

Or a cold shower.

(off Sam's look)

A *refreshing* cold shower.

SAM

But people put her down. Too bad the liberal press and the bleeding heart courts and the jack-booted feds and the traitorous Congress and the Ivy League commies and the Hollywood homos and the Jew bankers...

(he pauses, lost)

Damn, I was leading up to something.

BARRY

That you think Dr. Laura's pretty?

SAM

God, yeah. I wrote her a hundred letters. But she's awful busy.

(opens a drawer)

Speaking of pretty, take a look at this beauty.

Sam hands something to Barry. Barry almost drops it when he realizes it's a pistol.

BARRY

Holy God! Sam, you can't have a gun in here!

SAM

The Second Amendment says I can.

BARRY

McCone doesn't believe in the First Amendment. And you know how paranoid he is about workplace violence!

SAM

(an odd tone)

Oh, he's not paranoid. I really do hate his guts.

Barry casts an eye around Sam's office. Sam has framed pictures of guns, and taped-up newsphotos of politicians, stars...and McCone...with targets drawn on their foreheads.

BARRY

I'm starting to understand why he put in a metal detector downstairs.

SAM

Don't worry, I'm not crazy.

(then, manic)

See, this baby's all ceramic. I can take it on a plane if I want!

Behind Barry, the door opens -- it's McCone.

BARRY

Sam, if McCone knew about this...

BARRY'S POV - in Sam's mirrored shades, he suddenly sees McCone's reflection behind him! Barry thinks fast:

BARRY (CONT)

...it'd ruin his surprise party!

INSERT - BARRY'S POCKET

Barry shoves the pistol into his pants pocket.

BACK TO SHOT as Barry now turns and feigns surprise.

BARRY (CONT)

Gee, Clark, you didn't hear what we were saying just then, did you?

McCONE

A, you know goddamn well I don't allow office parties; B, my birthday is six months away; and C, the only surprise would be if either of you turd-polishers still has a job then.

SAM

What's that supposed to mean, boss?

McCONE

It means that tape you dubbed for Maia had a little featurette at the end, starring you, in your militia fatigues on a hunting trip.

SAM

(to himself, vexed)  
Damn, I breached security.

McCONE

Don't ever take company tapes for your own use. What in hell were you hunting anyway? What's "long pig"?

SAM

Someday I'll take you hunting, and you can find out.

BARRY

I'll just be going...

McCONE

I'm not done with you yet.

Barry leans against the door to hide the bulge of the gun.

SAM

My last boss came to regret firing me.

McCONE

(scornful)  
Maybe we should call him and ask if he'd like you back, wherever that was.

SAM  
(darkly)  
The post office. But he's not  
there anymore. No one is.

A vein in Sam's temple starts to throb. Barry gulps, and slips out. McCone still doesn't get the message. He plucks Sam's mirrored shades away.

McCONE  
Take those off when you talk to me.  
Why do you keep it so dark in here?

McCone flicks the fluorescent lights ON.

SAM  
(covers his eyes)  
Arrgghh!

Now McCone sees the newsphotos and framed pictures of guns. It finally dawns on him Sam might be a bit unbalanced. He flicks the lights OFF.

McCONE  
Uh, naturally, I don't make these  
decisions. I'll try to square things  
for you with Personnel. Here.

McCone hands Sam back his shades. Sam just glowers at him as McCone backs out of the room.

INT. BARRY'S OFFICE - DAY

Barry enters, the gun barrel bulging lewdly in his pants. He starts to remove it but McCone enters. Barry hurries to sit behind his desk as McCone shuts the door.

BARRY  
W-what can I do for you, Clark?

McCONE  
I've decided it's time I delegated  
more authority to you.

BARRY  
Great! What do I do first?

McCONE  
Fire Sam Rivers.

BARRY  
(leaps up)  
What?!

McCONE  
 (off Barry's bulging pants)  
 Whoa, easy, tiger. I misjudged you.  
 (leans close, confiding)  
 You're not the only one who gets a  
 woody from firing people.

BARRY  
 B-but that's not my job!

McCONE  
 It is now. I'm making you VP of  
 Personnel.

BARRY  
 Do I get a raise? Or at least a  
 big insurance policy?

McCONE  
 No, but I tell you what...if Sam's  
 ass isn't out of here in half an  
 hour, yours will be.

INT. CORRIDOR (CONTINUOUS)

Maia pauses by Barry's door, eavesdropping.

BARRY (OS, MUFFLED)  
 Wait a minute. If I do this, then  
 you have to let me pitch e-Coff-e  
 to Mr. Ahab tomorrow.

Maia silently mouths "Yesss!" to herself.

McCONE (OS, MUFFLED)  
 Godammit, we're discussing a celebrity  
 endorsement, period. You even show your  
 face in that meeting and you'll be so  
 close behind Sam in the unemployment  
 line they'll think you're a couple Log  
 Cabin Republicans. Got me?

Maia waits tensely, hoping Barry will stand firm.

BARRY (OS, MUFFLED)  
 (at last, resigned)  
 Yeah, yeah. I got you.

Maia slumps, disappointed, and moves off. Now KATY McCONE,  
 10, cute but spoiled, comes up to Barry's door.

McCONE (OS, MUFFLED)  
 Good. If I ever hear the word "e-  
 Coff-e" again, you will be so fu--

Katy enters. McCone instantly cleans up his language.

McCONE (CONT)  
--funny that the everyone will be  
laughing at you.  
(to Katy)  
Hi, sugarbear! You found Daddy!

KATY  
You promised I could watch someone  
get fired. This blows. I wish I  
was back at camp.

McCONE  
Daddy'll fire someone for you  
tomorrow.  
(to Barry, pointedly)  
Or maybe in a few minutes.

McCone walks Katy out.

INT. AUDIO-VIDEO ROOM - DAY (MINUTES LATER)

Barry TAPS timidly on the door and enters. Sam stands there  
swigging Ripple wine, staring glumly at his photos.

BARRY  
Sam? How's it going?

Barry sneaks a look into Sam's open desk drawer: Nothing.

SAM  
What do you want?

BARRY  
You know what? I think this place  
is getting you down.

SAM  
Tell me about it.

BARRY  
(frisking Sam's coat on  
the door hook)  
What you need is a change. Take  
some time off. Read. Travel.  
Maybe start stalking Dr. Laura.

SAM  
I can't take time off. I'm one  
paycheck from living on the street.

BARRY  
Yeah. Me too.

Barry throws a sympathetic arm around Sam's shoulder, uses it to pat down his shirt, then runs it down to Sam's waist.

BARRY (CONT)

But the government has a neat program that'll help you buy groceries while you're on sabbatical...

Sam stiffens, and pushes Barry's arm away.

SAM

I don't want any damn food stamps! Sabbatical my ass -- you came here to fire me.

BARRY

Fire you? Oh, no, no, no, no...  
(as Sam backs him into a corner)  
...well, maybe. H-how would you feel about that?

SAM

It's not your decision. I don't hold it against you.

BARRY

(jubilant)  
Really? That's great! I'm so --  
(catches himself)  
-- so bummed about this. Want help cleaning out your desk?

SAM

I'd like to be alone.

BARRY

You got it.

Barry is almost out the door when Sam speaks:

SAM

Barry...my gun?

BARRY

(turns, hands it to him)  
Right. Forgot I had it.

Barry turns to go...until he hears Sam eject the magazine.

SAM

Barry...where are my bullets?

BARRY

Oh, I meant to tell you, I was in the restroom, and I accidentally dropped them in the toilet. And then I accidentally flushed them. About six times.

SAM

(mildly)

Thanks for being honest.

INT. CORRIDOR (CONTINUOUS)

Barry exits Sam's room, glancing nervously behind him. He passes a WORKMAN on a stepladder, replacing a fluorescent tube. Barry brushes the tube, which falls on the bottom step and explodes with a POP! Barry jumps a foot!

BARRY

Jesus!

Barry feels himself, realizes he wasn't shot. Then he looks down at his pants, dismayed, and runs into the men's room.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - DAY (TEN MINUTES LATER)

Barry is rinsing out his shorts in the sink. He wrings them out, then pulls his suit pants off the WHIRRING hand dryer, hooks his shorts on its nozzle and presses the button.

INT. ELEVATOR LOBBY - DAY (MINUTES LATER)

Barry emerges from the men's room, pants dry again. McCone, Maia and Karin are watching SECURITY escort Sam and his box of personal effects to the elevator. Sam hands Barry his open wine bottle.

SAM

Finish this for me, Barry.

BARRY

Th-thanks.

SAM

McCone, I'll see you in hell.

BARRY

(sotto to Maia)

I thought he wasn't coming in tomorrow.

As the elevator closes Sam glowers, the vein in his temple throbbing. The Workman drops another fluorescent tube -- BANG! Barry jumps again --

BARRY  
Gaaaaaaah!

KARIN (OS)  
Auuuugghh!

WIDEN TO SHOW Barry splashed red wine on Karin's white silk outfit. If looks could kill, she'd have him in Forest Lawn.

INT. EMPTY OFFICE - DAY (AFTER 5 PM)

An unused, carpeted office (with the Ahab's logo on the wall) is where Barry, Lloyd, and a few other COWORKERS with black or brown belts are lined up in karate robes. Barry is the only one in class with white belt. They bow to their sensei HAROLD, 51, a gray-haired black man of much gravitas.

HAROLD  
All right. Everyone pair up with someone at your level. We'll work on self-defense moves.

Everyone pairs up immediately, leaving Barry odd man out. Harold takes Barry aside, puts an arm around his shoulder.

BARRY  
I'd do better in this class if I had another novice to practice with.

HAROLD  
Everyone in this class was once a beginner, just like you.

BARRY  
Yeah, but how many have been a beginner for four years?

HAROLD  
Karate is not about the time you put in, Barry. It's about your mind. You got to have confidence.

There's a KNOCK. Harold goes to the door. McCone puts his head in, and they exchange a few inaudible words.

HAROLD (CONT)  
Barry, I found you a partner, who should be on your level.

Barry brightens...until the door opens and Katy walks in.

BARRY  
Thanks, Harold. This does wonders for my confidence.

HAROLD  
Pretend you're mugging her.

Barry and Katy bow to each other. Barry grabs her shoulders.

KATY  
Don't be too rough, OK?

BARRY  
Aw, don't worry. Jeez, why couldn't you stay at camp, riding ponies and stitching wallets?

KATY  
It's not that kind of camp. It's karate camp.

BARRY  
Huh?

KATY  
Heee-YAAAH!

She breaks his hold and unleashes a flurry of karate chops.

ON HAROLD - his cell phone BEEPS. He turns away to talk.

HAROLD  
Hi, baby...say what?!

ON BARRY - vainly trying to block Katy's punches.

BARRY  
Not so hard, dammit!

Katy drop-kicks his stomach, propelling him into the wall. She starts using him as a punching bag.

KATY  
My (chop)...daddy (punch)...says  
(chop)...it's (kick)...not (punch)  
...nice (kick)...to (chop)...swear!

Katy seizes Barry's arm and hurls him over her shoulder.

BARRY  
Yeeooooowww!

ON HAROLD - too involved to notice as Barry lands hard in the b.g.

HAROLD  
Baby, who the hell are you gonna believe, me or your damn sister?

ON BARRY - staggering to his feet.

KATY  
C'mon, really try to hurt me!

BARRY  
O-kay! Oh look, there's daddy!  
(when she looks, he bear-  
hugs her from behind)  
Get outta this one, ya little brat!

Katy swings her feet up, clamps them around Barry's neck.

BARRY  
Owww!

KATY  
Heee-YAAAH!

Katy's feet yank Barry's head downward. He somersaults forward and ends up with her standing with feet on his neck.

ON HAROLD - still on the phone. From OS we hear fist IMPACTS, body THUDS, fabric RIPPING, a table COLLAPSING.

KATY (OS)  
Hep! Hah! Yeee-AAAH!

BARRY (OS)  
Ooof! Ungh! Somebody help me!

HAROLD  
I don't even like your sister!  
She's got that weird-looking tattoo  
on her nipple.

Barry backs into FRAME holding a chair for protection. Katy kicks it into splinters.

HAROLD (CONT)  
You told me about it...didn't you?

Katy grabs Barry's lapels and flips him o.s.

BARRY (OS)  
Whooooaaah!

A CRASH of glass OS.

HAROLD  
Well, fine! We'll settle this like  
adults...on Jerry Springer!

Harold hangs up, seething. Barry comes flying into him.

INT. ELEVATOR LOBBY - DAY (20 MINUTES LATER)

Back in street clothes, Barry limps to the elevator, aching.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

The doors SLIDE SHUT. It descends to the 10th floor and DINGS. Into the elevator steps DR. PARKINS, 33, black.

BARRY

Hey, Dr. Parkins.

DR. PARKINS

Hi, Barry. What happened to you?

BARRY

Got beat up by a ten-year-old girl.

DR. PARKINS

Hahaha! That's a good one. Hey, you get my message about your appointment tomorrow?

BARRY

No. I just beeped my machine. There weren't any calls.

PARKINS

Well, don't forget. I got to charge you for a missed appointment. Especially a root canal.

Suddenly, Parkins is seized with a VIOLENT FULL-BODY TIC. Barry instinctively touches his jaw, terrified.

BARRY

R-right, root canal. Uh, how's your Tourette's Syndrome these days?

PARKINS

(defensive)

Fine! My new meds suppress it completely. Except when I'm stressed.

BARRY

I was just thinking I might switch to a dentist who's closer to me.

PARKINS

I work two floors below you!  
(twitches uncontrollably)  
Is this because I have Tourette's ...or because I'm black? I'm a damn good dentist, Barry!

BARRY  
 (guiltily)  
 I know, I know. I'll be there.

PARKINS  
 (his tics calming down)  
 Good. Don't worry, I'll take my  
 meds right before we start.

BARRY  
 Have lots of Novocain on hand, OK?

PARKINS  
 You bet.

The doors open. Reassured, Barry steps out.

PARKINS (CONT)  
 COCKSUCKER!!!

EXT. BROADWAY STREET GARAGE - NIGHT

Barry's battered compact reaches the street. A STREET PERSON starts to "wash" his windshield. Barry fumbles for a dollar.

BARRY  
 No, no, thanks, here, here...

All he has is a five. He shoves it at the Street Person, but it's too late -- his windshield is smeared mess.

EXT. BARRY'S APARTMENT BLDG - HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT

In 1920 it was a handsome brick edifice. Now it's a trash-strewn, graffiti-covered, barbwire-encircled dump. Barry pulls up to the gate in his old compact and puts a card key in the slot. Nothing. Then he sees the sign taped on the gate: CITY OF LOS ANGELES - TEMPORARY NO PARKING 8/1-8/4.

BARRY  
 Damn! Why didn't they warn us?

Barry sees a car just around the corner pull out from the curb. He GUNS his engine, BURNS RUBBER backward and cranks his wheel for a 180-degree spin. He beats another car to the space. He gets out, makes a sheepish wave to them.

BARRY (CONT)  
 Sorry, didn't see you.

They bounce a coke can off his head and ZOOM off. Barry winces, and rubs his head as he walks back to his building.

BARRY (CONT)

Street parking half a block from my place. My luck must be changing.

In the b.g., a THIEF runs up, slim-jims his way into Barry's car. Before Barry reaches his front door, the Thief hotwires the car and ROARS off. Barry's too bone-weary to notice.

INT. BARRY'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

BEGIN CLOSE on Barry's answerphone, reading 3 calls. PENNY, his scruffy black cat is batting at a cockroach atop the answerphone. Penny hits the Play button.

MAIA (VO, MACHINE)

Barry, it's Maia. Listen, if you want to get together, or if you just want to talk, call me, OK?

Penny bats the Erase button. BOOP! The counter goes to 2.

COORDINATOR (MALE) (VO, MACHINE)

Congratulations, Barry Murphy!  
You've qualified to fly to New York  
and compete on Who Wants To Be a  
Millionaire. But you have to call  
us before --

Penny bats the Erase button again. BOOP! Down to 1.

JILL (VO, PHONE)

Mr. Murphy, it's Jill. It's the  
*fifth* time I've called, please  
confirm with me. We're shooting  
the movie at your building starting  
tomorrow. We'll pay you \$600 cash  
to get a hotel room. Our Production  
Assistant will be by at seven  
tomorrow with your money.

Penny bats it again. BOOP! The counter goes to "0". Now Barry enters, pulling an Eviction Notice off the door.

BARRY (CONT)

Another eviction notice?! I'm only  
4 weeks late! Doesn't he remember  
this is the month I sell blood?

(checks his machine)

Damn. Nobody ever calls me.

(Penny nuzzles his hand,  
PURRING)

Good thing I have you, Penny.

Barry carries Penny over and opens the curtains. A LOUD HELICOPTER circles OS, its SPOTLIGHT illuminating his view of a hellhole Hollywood back alley. Barry tosses his coat and pants on a chair. Next door he can hear an angry COUPLE fighting and dishes SHATTERING. Farther off are GUNSHOTS and SIRENS. Exhausted, Barry flops back on the bed.

BARRY (CONT)

I'll get up and get your dinner,  
Penny. Just let me rest my eyes.

Barry closes his eyes...and they stay shut. SUPERIMPOSE a MATCHING SHOT of Dreaming Barry, flying through the clouds. Sleeping Barry smiles. Then the helicopter's SPOTLIGHT rakes through the window, shining right in Sleeping Barry's face. HELICOPTER SFX CONTINUE UNDER DREAM SEQUENCE as we

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SKY - DAY (**BARRY'S DREAM**)

Dreaming Barry is flying, but he winces at the brightness of a light in his eyes. His eyebrows start to SMOLDER.

BARRY (CONT)

Ow! What is that?

WIDEN OUT to show Barry is flying right towards the Pterodactyl, whose eyes are now emitting WHITE-HOT LASER RAYS. Barry puts out his hands, and turns around in midair.

BARRY (CONT)

Get outta my dream! You're not real!

The Pterodactyl's eye-lasers now SCORCH his butt.

BARRY (CONT)

You can't--OW!-- hurt me! I can  
change you into--OW, dammit! OW!!

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BARRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (**DREAM SEQUENCE ENDS**)

Barry lies on his bed, writhing in his nightmare.

CROSS-FADE TO:

INT. BARRY'S APARTMENT - DAY (NEXT MORNING)

BAM!-BAM!-BAM! Pounding forces Barry to stumble bleary-eyed to the door. A PRODUCTION ASST. pushes a clipboard at him.

PRODUCTION ASST.

Sign here.

Barry signs with the wrong end of the pen. The P.A. turns it around for him. Then he hands Barry six crisp \$100 bills.

PRODUCTION ASST. (CONT)

You need to be outta here by eight.

Barry has nodded off standing up. The P.A. shuts the door, semi-waking Barry. He shoves the bills into his coat on the chair, then falls back in bed. He SNORES blissfully for 3 seconds until his clock-radio goes off. Barry leaps from bed, goes to the sink, splashes water on his face, drops on the floor for some quick pushups. Now he's up!

INT. BARRY'S APARTMENT - DAY (HOUR LATER)

Barry, shaved and dressed, scoops poop from Penny's box into a paper bag. There's another distant GUNSHOT and a SIREN.

BARRY

I hate Hollywood, Penny.

(he dons his suit coat)

I don't blame Karin. What woman would respect a guy who lives like this? I wish I was a success.

Maybe then she'd love me. At least

I'd live in a decent neighborhood.

With a decent car. And money.

Barry feels his pocket, pulls out the \$600. CUE EERIE MUSIC.

BARRY (CONT)

Where did this come from? I thought I dreamed someone at the door was handing out money. But why...?

(checks watch -- no time to puzzle this out)

C'mon, gotta drop you at the vet.

Penny tries to make a run for it but he's already got her.

EXT. BARRY'S APARTMENT BLDG (REDRESSED) - DAY

BEGIN on a well-stocked craft service table. PAN TO show Barry's street now looks like Park Avenue: SET DRESSERS and GRIPS clean up the last bits of trash, do a final touch-up on fresh paint, bring in planters and park fancy cars. EXTRAS (dressed as doormen, and trendy neighbors) mill around. JILL, the 2nd Asst. Director (cute and young), is on her cell phone.

JILL

Bobby, the street's all dressed, but the lighting crew isn't here.

INT. LIMO - TRAVELING - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

BOBBY (DIRECTOR)  
Yeah, the first location was a bitch. We'll be there by lunch.

JILL (VO, PHONE)  
Who'd we get to play Jim?

BOBBY  
Talk about a last-minute miracle -- we got Arthur Berry!

JILL (VO, PHONE)  
Arthur Berry! I've never seen him but they say he's a genius!

BOBBY  
It was a major coup. His one-man show just closed on Broadway. He's bummed out, and he's never done a film, so make him feel like a movie star. And get him used to the car.

EXT. BARRY'S APARTMENT BLDG (CONTINUOUS)

JILL  
You got it.

Jill's back is to Barry; she doesn't see him exit the building with Penny in her cat-carrier, and the cat poop bag. Barry gets halfway to the corner, then it hits him -- he looks all around at the transformed street. EERIE MUSIC.

BARRY  
What the hell?! Where's the trash?  
Where's the graffiti?  
(sees the empty curb  
where he parked his car)  
Where's my car?

Barry rushes to the corner. He kicks a pole, frustrated.

BARRY (CONT)  
They finally stole it! Goddammit, I almost left it in the garage on Broadway...I coulda taken the subway!  
(he's hyperventilating)  
Wait, calm down. I'm sleep-deprived. I'm disoriented.  
(beat)  
I'm talking to myself.  
(looks back)  
Maybe I parked in my space after all.

Barry hurries back to his building. He keeps doing TAKES at each well-dressed Extra or fancy car he passes. Jill spots him as he runs into the garage (whose gate is now open.)

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Barry runs up to his space...and finds a gleaming red Ferrari convertible. He smacks himself on the forehead.

BARRY  
No. Stupid, stupid! Why didn't I  
keep it on Broadway?

Jill and JOE, an assistant walk up. Joe has two coffee cups.

JILL  
(sympathetic)  
Mr. Barry?

BARRY  
Um...I'm Barry. Do I know you?

JILL  
I'm Jill. Want some coffee?

Joe holds out a cup. Puzzled, Barry takes it.

BARRY  
OK...thanks.  
(takes a sip, winces)  
This is Ahab's Kona Java, isn't it?  
Boy, I shouldn't say this, but this  
stuff is really acidic.

JILL  
Sorry. How about a latte?

BARRY  
(bewildered)  
That'd be great.

Joe exchanges cups with Barry.

JILL  
I heard you liked lattes. Now,  
what would you like to nosh on?

BARRY  
(half-joking)  
I don't suppose you have any  
English toffee bars on you?

JILL  
You can have anything you want.

JOE  
(dashing off)  
Saw some on the table.

JILL  
(peers into cat-carrier)  
And who's this?

BARRY  
This is Penny. Listen, I haven't had a lot of sleep. Am I losing my mind? Why am I suddenly in a rich neighborhood? Where's my car?

JILL  
This is it.

BARRY  
This? A Ferrari? You're kidding.

JILL  
Not at all. Want to try it out?

MORE EERIE MUSIC. Barry stares at her in disbelief. Joe runs in with a sack of toffee bars that he holds out to Barry. Now a big smile of realization breaks across Barry's face.

BARRY  
Oh, I'm so slow! This is a dream! That's why I'm getting everything I ask for. This is my dream!

JILL  
Of course it's your dream. You worked hard to get here, and we want it to be a great experience.

BARRY  
Oh, man...am I gonna have fun. What do I do first?

JILL  
(hands him the keys)  
Why don't you take it for a spin?

BARRY  
All right!

Barry sets Penny's carrier (and bag) in the passenger seat, his latte in the cupholder, and gets in. He starts it up. Jill leans over and buckles the cat-carrier in.

JILL  
Better buckle up, Mr. Berry.

BARRY  
It's not Mister. Just Barry. But  
you're right. Gotta keep it real.

Barry buckles up, backs out of his space.

JILL  
(fawning, to Joe)  
"Berry." Like Cher. Madonna. The  
real stars only need one name.

JOE  
(remembering the toffee)  
Hey! Uh, Berry!

Joe runs up and manages to toss the bag on the passenger  
floorboard as Barry pulls out onto the street.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Barry cranks up heavy metal on the radio as he pulls onto  
the Boulevard and revs it up to 40...50... 60...! He cuts  
in and out of traffic like a maniac, chuckling with glee.

BARRY  
This is so tight!

Barry opens the bag beside him and inhales its aroma. He  
gags and drops it.

BARRY (CONT)  
Penny! This is your damn cat poop!

Penny MEOWS her innocence. Barry looks around on the seat.

BARRY (CONT)  
Where'd that guy put my toffee?  
(holds up his hand)  
OK...chapter five says if you can  
see your hand, you can manipulate  
the dream.

Barry grabs the cat-poop bag.

BARRY (CONT)  
Presto-changeo, you are now toffee  
bars!

Barry is about to dump the bag's contents into his mouth,  
but a SIREN WAILS behind him. He looks in the mirror.

INSERT - MIRROR

A MOTORCYCLE COP follows Barry with flashing lights.

## BACK ON BARRY

BARRY  
Aw, crap!

Barry looks at his speedometer -- he's doing 65. He slams on his brakes, dropping his speed to 30. Everything on the seat (except Penny) flies onto the floorboard. The Cop swerves to keep from rear-ending him and pulls up alongside.

COP  
Real cute! *Pull over!*

## ANGLE AT CURB

Barry stops. He fumbles for his license as the Cop walks up.

COP (CONT)  
Let me guess. Your cat's pregnant and you were rushing her to the kitty hospital.

BARRY  
(forced laugh)  
There goes that excuse.

Barry's stomach gurgles. He reaches for a toffee bar in his sack and pops it in his mouth.

COP  
(suspicious)  
What are you eating?

Nervous, Barry drops the bag on the floor.

BARRY  
J-just toffee bars. Try one.

He fumbles for the sack, finds one and hands it to the Cop. Then ZOOM IN on Barry's face, as he realizes:

BARRY (CONT)  
(to Penny)  
Of course it's toffee. I just transformed it. I keep forgetting this is a dream!  
(looks at the Cop)  
And I've always wanted to do *this*.  
(flips him off)  
Hey, Ponch -- eat me!

Barry GUNS it and BURNS RUBBER out into traffic, laughing hysterically.

ANGLE ON COP

COP  
 (grabs radio)  
 6 Mary Queen 15. Need backup east-  
 bound Hollywood at Highland.  
 Narcotics suspect, tried to eat the  
 evidence. Looks like hash.

He reaches in the sack, pulls out a sand-crust-ed cat turd.  
 Suspicious, he breaks one, tastes it, spews it out revolt-ed.

COP (CONT)  
*You sick son of a bitch!*

The furious Cop remounts and takes off, SIREN WAILING.

ANGLE ON BARRY - IN TRAFFIC

as he ZOOMS down the Boulevard, laughing and waving bye-bye  
 over his shoulder at the Cop. Another cop car swerves in  
 from a side street and joins the chase.

ON COP - IN TRAFFIC

COP (CONT)  
 (into radio)  
 Save a piece of him for me!

ANGLE ON BARRY

BARRY  
 Aw, he has my toffee. Well, I can  
 make some more.

Barry waggles his fingers magically, reaches down, and  
 quickly finds the bag with the toffee bars.

BARRY (CONT)  
 And here it is!

He munches happily as he weaves through traffic at 90 mph.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Jill checks her watch.

JILL  
 One of us should've ridden with him.  
 He might have made a wrong turn.

ARTHUR BERRY, 33, British, morose, looking only vaguely like  
 Barry (in jeans and old sweater) walks up to Jill and Joe.

ARTHUR  
Where do you want me?

JILL  
(contemptuous glance)  
I don't deal with the extras,  
sweetie. Report to wardrobe.

ARTHUR  
I left Broadway for this?! You  
don't treat Arthur Berry like some  
bloody extra!  
(pulls out cell phone)  
I'm calling my agent! I quit!

Arthur stalks out. Jill and Joe exchange a look, then stare  
at the space where the Ferrari once was...as the magnitude  
of their mistake sinks in.

JILL  
Aaaaaaaa!!

EXT. SUNSET BLVD. (SILVER LAKE) - DAY

Barry weaves through heavy traffic, taking insane chances.

ANGLE IN CAR

Barry turns on the radio, and gets a traffic report.

HELICOPTER REPORTER (VO, RADIO)  
For those of you just joining us,  
watch out...we have another high-  
speed chase in progress...

BARRY  
Not another one. Don't those  
idiots know they can't get away?

HELICOPTER REPORTER (VO, RADIO)  
...eastbound Sunset at Silver Lake.

Barry looks back, and sees five cop cars with FLASHING  
STROBES are now behind the Motorcycle Cop.

BARRY  
(realizing, delighted)  
Oh, it's me! I've always wanted to  
be in one of these!

Barry looks up and sees a helicopter overhead.

TV NEWSCHOPPER SHOT - HIGH ANGLE down on Barry - he grins  
and waves up at them, as he nearly hits a bus.

INT. TV NEWS SET - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Barry, still looking up and waving, is SUPERED in the lower part of the frame. The male and female ANCHORS shake their heads in amazement.

FEMALE ANCHOR (BRENDA)  
Paul, I've seen brazen criminals  
before but this guy takes the cake!

MALE ANCHOR (PAUL)  
I wouldn't want to be in his shoes  
when the LAPD catches up to him.

FEMALE ANCHOR  
(chuckles)  
Ouch!

EXT. SUNSET BLVD. INTERSECTION - DAY

Barry swerves around a gasoline truck, still laughing.

HELICOPTER REPORTER (VO, RADIO)  
Looks like the end of this chase.  
There's a red light up ahead with  
traffic stopped in both directions!

Barry has to brake. Both lanes ahead of him are stopped at a light. The sidewalks are packed (lots of PEDESTRIANS and VENDORS) and the opposing lanes are jammed. The Motorcycle Cop zooms between the lanes, closing fast! Barry unbuckles.

BARRY  
Well, Penny, guess it's flying time.

Then Barry notices a C-note sticking out of his coat pocket.

BARRY (CONT)  
Or better yet...!

Barry stands up on the convertible's front seat and shows a hundred to the PEDESTRIANS.

BARRY (CONT)  
Who wants a hundred bucks?

Barry balls it up and throws it behind the car. Instantly, Pedestrians plunge into the gridlocked intersection after it. Barry throws another, and another.

DRIVERS leap from their cars. The motorcycle Cop is almost to him! But the PASSENGER of a BMW behind Barry throws open his door. The Cop hits it and flies off his motorcycle into a fruit stand, headfirst in a crate of tomatoes. The light turns green, the car ahead of Barry moves, and he turns right onto a freeway onramp. The tomato-drenched Cop rushes back to his motorcycle...to find it trampled by the mob.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

Barry ZOOMS along the right shoulder, passing the rush hour traffic. Four cop cars are in hot pursuit. They all zoom onto the southbound Harbor Freeway.

ANGLE ON BIG-RIG TRUCKER - ON OFFRAMP

HELICOPTER REPORTER (VO, RADIO)\_  
He's getting off at Second Street!  
We're going to lose visual contact  
in the tunnel...

The Trucker double-takes at seeing Barry coming up fast in his rear-view mirror.

TRUCKER  
That's the guy! Oh, no, you don't,  
you sumbitch!

The Trucker swerves his rig this way and that on the offramp, blocking Barry.

ON BARRY

He whips the Ferrari left and right, trying to pass the truck, cackling in delight.

BARRY  
Whoooh! Look out! Wheeee!

ON COPS IN PURSUIT

COP #2  
What's that idiot trucker doing?

INT. SECOND STREET TUNNEL - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

The Trucker weaves to and fro BLARING his horn. Two WORKERS carrying a thick sheet of plywood along the sidewalk drop it and run -- it falls against a sign. The Trucker jackknifes his rig, blocking all but 6 feet on the tunnel's right side.

ANGLE ON BARRY AND PENNY

Penny HISSES in alarm at what's coming.

BARRY (CONT)

Chill, Penny. I've done this a zillion times at VideoWorld!

Barry drives his right wheels right up the plywood "ramp" and now they're on the tunnel wall. He's driving sideways! The plywood falls to the sidewalk and the pursuing cop cars all SKID to a halt, smashing fenders against the big rig.

EXT. SECOND STREET TUNNEL - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Barry emerges balanced sideways on his left wheels. He rolls down Second Street like this, laughing all the way. Penny, sideways in her carrier, is beyond meowing.

EXT. SECOND STREET BLDG - DAY

The Ferrari is starting to overbalance. It finally flips over onto its rollbar, coming to a halt upside-down in front of Barry's office building. Barry unbuckles himself, then Penny's carrier. He's exhilarated, as if he just got off a roller coaster.

BARRY (CONT)

Whoooh! That was awesome!

(to Penny)

Want to do it again?

CAT-BARF spurts from the carrier. Barry takes Penny out.

BARRY (CONT)

Oops. Another time. I gotta do this meeting anyway. Shall we fly up?

Barry steps back, like Superman preparing to leap a tall building. Then a pterodactyl flies right by his face!

BARRY (CONT)

Gaah!

WIDEN to reveal a MOM dragging her BOY down the street as he tries to fly his pterodactyl kite. Barry looks up, worried.

BARRY (CONT)

Let's not ruin this one just yet.

Penny takes this opportunity to leap from Barry's arms. Barry turns around, but can't see where she landed.

BARRY

Penny? Well, I guess you can fly.

Barry walks toward the building. PAN UP to the branches of a ficus in a nearby planter, where Penny has taken refuge.

INT. BUILDING LOBBY - DAY

Barry enters the lobby. DICK, 64, the security guard is asleep at his kiosk, SNORING. Something catches Barry's eye, and he grins like a kid in a candy shop. He yanks off his confining tie and hurls it away...then runs into Morrie's Sporting Goods store on one side of the lobby.

Out on the street in the b.g., a police copter now ZOOMS low and starts circling. There's 45 seconds of frenzied activity as cop cars race up with SIRENS WAILING and COPS leap out with guns drawn to surround the flipped Ferrari.

Barry emerges from the sporting goods store in bright red jersey and shorts, a really gaudy helmet and rollerblades. This sets off the store's THEFT ALARM (a PIERCING SHRIEK) but Barry is already zooming into one of the two elevators.

The moment the elevator closes, an LAPD SERGEANT runs in with gun drawn. As soon as he reaches the security desk, an EAR-SPLITTING metal detector ALARM RINGS. Dick the guard finally awakens and pulls his gun. [NOTE: The next lines are delivered at top volume over two loud alarms, at top speed, overlapping each other so no one can concentrate.]

DICK

Hey! Drop the gun or I call the cops!

SERGEANT

I am a cop!

DICK

WHAT?

SERGEANT

I AM A COP, YOU MORON! DID A GUY IN A GRAY SUIT JUST RUN IN HERE?

DICK

UH, SOMEONE MIGHTA COME IN...!

MORRIE, 69, the mustached owner runs out of his sporting goods store.

MORRIE

DICK, A GUY JUST SKATED ON ME WITHOUT PAYING! CALL THE COPS!

DICK

HE'S A COP!

MORRIE

THAT'S WHAT I CALL SERVICE!

SERGEANT  
SHUT UP!

MORRIE  
(offended)  
HEY!

SERGEANT  
SHUT OFF THAT ALARM!

DICK  
WHICH ALARM?

MORRIE  
I HAD A SHOPLIFTER! WHAT ARE YOU,  
SENILE?

SERGEANT  
I SAID SHUT UP! NOW, WAS HE  
WEARING A GRAY SUIT?

MORRIE  
NO! HE WAS WEARING A RED JERSEY  
AND SHORTS...!

SERGEANT  
WILL YOU SHUT UP?!

MORRIE  
WILL YOU MAKE UP YOUR MIND?!

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Barry's elevator stops on the 5th floor. A JANITOR enters the elevator, but Barry stops the door from closing, transfixed by what he sees. (UPTempo MUSIC from OS.)

INT. 5TH FLOOR LOBBY - BARRY'S POV - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Beyond a planter, he can see the glass door of an aerobics studio. Inside, half a dozen gorgeous PLAYMATE types are dancing, stretching, thrusting...working up a sweat. So is Barry. He skates out of the elevator, which departs.

BARRY  
Oh, God, I've been trying to have  
this one for years. The Girls  
Locker Room Dream.  
(looks at his hand, then  
touches his chest)  
I am now invisible.

Barry opens the door, and glides in.

## INT. AEROBICS STUDIO - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Barry sees PLAYMATE #1 brushing her hair before a wooden frame. From his angle, he can't see her face, and he's behind her. Now he pauses, unsure if he really is invisible. But she departs without even looking back at him. He goes up to the wooden frame and looks into it.

## BARRY'S POV - GLASS WINDOW

The framed glass shows only a white wall, just like the wall behind Barry. It looks as if he's staring into a mirror -- and has no reflection.

BARRY  
(whispers to himself)  
It works!

Barry eagerly skates in through the door marked Locker Room. A moment later, a RECEPTIONIST lifts her head and looks out through the window.

RECEPTIONIST  
Is someone there?

## INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Barry rolls as silently as possible into the locker room. PLAYMATES #1 and #2 are down to their Victoria's Secret lingerie. Neither is looking in Barry's direction.

PLAYMATE #2  
This bra is getting really tight.  
I think I need to go up to a D.

PLAYMATE #1  
Here, try on mine.

Barry is enraptured. Suddenly a towel is flung at him from o.s. He turns as we hear a shower start up o.s. WIDEN OUT to show Barry's aroused again: The towel is hanging from his pants as if on a peg. Barry quietly glides toward the showers. The instant he's OUT OF FRAME, Playmate #2 suddenly turns toward where he just was.

PLAYMATE #2  
That's funny...

## ANGLE ON SHOWERS

PLAYMATE #3 luxuriates under a warm shower head, letting the water hit her full in the face. Without opening her eyes, she reaches for the soap. Barry picks up the bar and playfully moving it in ghostly corkscrews, carries it to her. But the gag is lost on her; she never opens her eyes.

PLAYMATE #3

Thanks, hon.

PLAYMATE #4 walks up behind Barry. She's toweling her face off, not looking where she's going. Barry is so busy gaping at Playmate #3 that he doesn't hear her. Playmate #4 bumps into him. Barry is sent rolling toward the toilets, arms windmilling frantically. By some miracle, he doesn't fall, but grabs the edge of a stall and whips out of sight the instant before she removes the towel from her face.

PLAYMATE #4

Who was that?

## ANGLE ON BARRY

He peers around the stall. All the Playmates are showering or toweling off now. He looks enraptured. He skates out in the middle of them. He's died and gone to heaven. They all turn toward him at once -- and take no notice. Barry looks around, paralyzed by his choices.

BARRY

Man, where do I start?

Instantly, all the Playmates start SCREAMING in horror! Barry panics and bolts out of the locker room.

## INT. AEROBICS STUDIO

Barry ZOOM past the Receptionist's window and out the door. She looks up a second too late to see him.

## INT. 5TH FLOOR LOBBY (CONTINUOUS)

Barry zooms into the elevator as it opens -- passing the Janitor. As the doors close on Barry, the Janitor looks puzzled, then moves the planter back to where it's supposed to be. This exposes the sign outside the Aerobics Studio:

"THE HEFNER FOUNDATION FOR BLIND YOUNG WOMEN"

## INT. LOCKER ROOM (CONTINUOUS)

The Receptionist is checking the room out as the Playmates huddle, grumbling. Playmate #1 shouts out angrily:

PLAYMATE #1  
Damn it, Hef, was that you again?

RECEPTIONIST  
He's gone now. I don't care if he  
is paying for your eye operations  
-- that was wrong!

INT. ELEVATOR CAR - DAY

Barry catches his breath. He smacks his forehead, angry.

BARRY  
Invisibility! Stupid! I got to  
remember, stick to one level of  
reality or I'm gonna ruin everything.  
(a deep breath)  
OK, this is about the meeting. Once  
I dream it, I can do it.

INT. BUILDING LOBBY - DAY

With a dozen Cops swarming through the lobby barking orders  
into their radios, both ALARMS RINGING/SHRIEKING, and Dick,  
Morrie and the Sergeant all yelling, it's pandemonium.

SERGEANT  
SHUT THE DAMN ALARM OFF!

MORRIE  
WHICH ONE, HIS OR MINE?

SERGEANT  
BOTH OF THEM! ALL OF THEM!

Morrie goes to his shop. His ALARM stops. Dick fumbles  
under the desk and the metal detector ALARM cuts off.

SERGEANT  
THANK --  
(quieter, teeth clenched)  
Thank you.

Plainclothes CAPTAIN ED STURGES, 58, strides up.

CAPTAIN  
What's the situation?

SERGEANT  
Chopper lost visual contact. The  
suspect probably entered one of the  
buildings on this block.

PULL BACK to feature Sam, stealing over to the stairwell door. He's dressed in camouflage fatigues, and carries a heavy duffel bag. He quietly slips into the stairwell.

CAPTAIN (OS)

All right, seal them all off while we form search teams. No one gets in or out without clearance from me.

SAM

(grins, relieved)  
That gives me plenty of time.

INT. STAIRWELL (GROUND FLOOR) - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Sam silently shuts the door and unzips his duffel bag, revealing a small arsenal of pistols, automatic rifles and ammo magazines. He pulls out a chain and starts looping it through the door handle and around a thick water pipe beside it, as he glares up the stairs with a look of pure malice.

INT. BUILDING LOBBY (CONTINUOUS)

SERGEANT

(to other Cops)  
All right, you heard him. Let's secure the rear entrance.

The Sergeant and another Cop march toward the elevator. The METAL DETECTOR ALARM goes off again. Dick taps his keyboard.

SERGEANT (CONT)

I TOLD YOU TO SHUT OFF THAT ALARM!

DICK

WHAT?

MORRIE

SHUT IT OFF, HE SAYS!

DICK

I CAN'T SHUT IT OFF, IT'S ALL  
COMPUTERIZED! IT RESETS ITSELF!

SERGEANT

THEN UN-SET IT!

DICK

I'M TRYING! I FORGOT THE CODE!

MORRIE

YOU ARE GETTING SENILE!

DICK  
AW, BITE ME, MORRIE! WITH ALL THIS  
NOISE I CAN'T HEAR MYSELF THINK!

MORRIE  
BELIEVE ME, YOU'RE NOT MISSING A  
THING!  
(as Dick picks up phone)  
SO WHO ARE YOU CALLING?

DICK  
MY GRANDSON! HE'S A COMPUTER WHIZ!

MORRIE  
LET ME ASK HIM ABOUT MY DATABASE!

The Sergeant fights the urge to shoot them both.

INT. AHAB OFFICE LOBBY - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Karin's desk guards the entrance to McCone's office. Karin  
(in a stunning burgundy outfit) stops Maia as she passes by.

KARIN  
Maia, you think Mr. Ahab will like  
this dress on me?

MAIA  
Probably like it better off you.

KARIN  
It wouldn't kill you to wear  
something a little more flattering.  
You always look like you're peeking  
out of a pup tent.

MAIA  
(ignores that)  
Karin, Ahab's been married four  
times. Would you even give him a  
second thought if he wasn't rich?

KARIN  
(alarmed)  
Why? What have you heard?

MAIA  
Nothing.

KARIN  
Don't scare me like that. Hey,  
listen for my phone a sec.

MAIA

Sure.

Karin goes into the adjacent coffee room. With a DING! the elevator opens. Barry skates out and starts circling Maia.

BARRY

Hi, Maia!

MAIA

Uh, we haven't had casual Fridays here since, like, ever.

BARRY

(still circling)

I know. I got so sick of that suit and tie that I threw 'em away!

MAIA

And paid good money for that getup?

BARRY

(chuckles, realizing)

Actually, I forgot to pay. No wonder the owner was yelling.

MAIA

Barry, did you get any sleep at all last night? Are you having some kind of breakdown?

(she grabs hold of him)

Stop it, I'm gonna hurl.

She glances around, then pulls him in her office.

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

At the 3rd floor, Sam is climbing the stairs with his duffel bag and a look of grim determination.

INT. MAIA'S OFFICE - DAY

Maia closes the door as Barry skates over to her desk, and looks in her coffee cup.

BARRY

Water? Ah-ah-ah! You're not drinking Ahab's coffee!

MAIA

Of course not. That stuff is battery acid. Have you forgotten today is the big meeting with Ahab?

BARRY

I know! And when I wake up in the morning, I'll know just what to do in the real one!

MAIA

The real one? When you wake up? Oh, my God...Barry, do you think this is a dream?

BARRY

Of course it is!

MAIA

(gasps)  
You're not going to fly, are you?

BARRY

Would you like me to?

MAIA

No! Barry, listen carefully to me. You are not dreaming. You are awake. This is real.

BARRY

Don't be ridiculous! Don't you think I can tell the difference between a dream and reality?

MAIA

Not anymore!  
(sinks into her chair,  
head in hands)  
Ohhh, I knew it. That stupid lucid dreaming made you flip out.

BARRY

You know how I knew?  
(he pulls out three \$100 bills)  
The first thing I did was stick my hand in my pocket -- and out came \$600. I sure as hell haven't had \$600 in one hand since I started working here!

MAIA

Somebody must have given them to you and you forgot.

BARRY

(sarcastic)

Right. And when I went outside and my whole block was changed, why was that? Hey, maybe they were... shooting a movie! And no one told me. But why would they give me a latte and a Ferrari to drive? Oh, I got it! They thought I was a famous star! But how did I turn Penny's cat poop into a candy bar?

MAIA

There must be *some* explanation. And by the way, you only have \$300.

BARRY

I threw the other 300 away.

MAIA

What?!

BARRY

I had to do something to get the cops off my tail.

MAIA

The *cops*?

BARRY

It was either that or fly away. I mean, I was doing 90 down Sunset...

MAIA

Oh my God, oh my God...!

BARRY

I came off the freeway on two wheels and flipped the Ferrari -- Penny and I walked away without a scratch. How likely is that in real life? How could I walk through a shower room full of beautiful women without anyone seeing me?

MAIA

*You did what?!*

BARRY

Oh, wait, I know...they were all blind! Does that sound remotely possible, Maia? That many coincidences in a row?

MAIA  
(stunned)  
Why did you walk through the shower  
room?

BARRY  
I'm a guy! That's the kind of  
stuff we dream about!

Fuming, Maia reaches for her cup of water.

MAIA  
It might turn out to be a wet  
dream.

BARRY  
I know, that's why I stopped.  
Because I want to do this meeting  
right. Confident, like I feel right  
now. Once I dream it...I can do it.

She was about to dash water in his face, but something in  
his manner impresses her.

BARRY (CONT)  
(chucks her chin, fondly)  
Maia, you're the only person in the  
world I would spend time explaining  
things to when you're a character in  
my dream. But I gotta do that  
meeting before my alarm goes off.

MAIA  
(checks her watch, her  
mind racing)  
Yeah...I figure you have fifteen  
minutes to make the pitch of your  
life. Because you're gonna need a  
lot of money for lawyers.

BARRY  
What do you mean?

MAIA  
(jumps up, resolved)  
Barry, there's only one explanation  
for all these coincidences...this  
is your day. So you're gonna go  
into that meeting and take charge.  
You're going sell Mr. Ahab on  
e-Coff-e. But I want your solemn  
word -- no flying, no magic, and no  
violence of any kind. Promise?

BARRY

OK. This is so strange, though. You're a character in my dream who knows I'm dreaming...and gives me advice about it? Only you, Maia.

MAIA

Well...I'm just flattered that you're dreaming about me. Now go get your e-Coff-e materials.

BARRY

Right --

Barry starts to turn around but his rollerblade catches on her computer cord and he stumbles back, falling into her chair and banging his elbow on the corner of her desk.

BARRY (CONT)

Ow! Dang, I hit my funnybone!  
(then a chilling thought)  
Wait a second...I've never heard of anyone getting hurt in a dream.

MAIA

(quickly)  
Sure they do. Happens to me all the time.

BARRY

It's never happened to me...

Barry just sits at the desk, confused. Maia climbs on her desk, kneels in front of him and grabs him by his shoulders.

MAIA

Barry, is there something that could happen right now, that would prove this is a dream?  
(before he can say it)  
Not flying! But something that would never happen in a million years in reality?

Maia looks at him, searching his eyes. She leans closer.

BARRY

Maybe. It's funny...I don't remember you in my dreams about the office. There is a dynamite brunette whose face I can never see, but --

Maia grabs him and gives him the longest, steamiest kiss we can have in a PG-13 movie. Finally, she lets him up for air.

MAIA  
Now, would I have done that in real  
life?

BARRY  
(a squawk)  
No.

Maia hops off the desk and rolls him back in his chair...  
this time opening her center drawer.

BARRY (CONT)  
Wait, let's do some more of that.

MAIA  
Picture Dr. Laura in black leather.

He looks at his lap, dismayed. She can now close her drawer.

BARRY  
Awww...why'd you do that?

MAIA  
This isn't gonna be that kind of dream.

BARRY  
Why not?

MAIA  
(pulls him to his feet)  
Cause you just washed your sheets.  
Now get out there and sell yourself!

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

At the 7th floor, Sam is red-faced, breathing hard, still  
grimly determined but climbing the stairs rather slower.

INT. AHAB OFFICE LOBBY - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Maia pushes Barry toward his office. He tries to brake:

BARRY  
Maia, I don't need this meeting.

ANGLE ON DOORWAY TO COFFEE ROOM

Curious, Karin leans out the doorway. At seeing Barry, she  
rolls her eyes and disappears back into the coffee room.

BARRY (CONT, OS)  
Let's just have fun. Here --  
(snaps fingers)  
I just inherited 50 million bucks.

Karin instantly reappears in the doorway, eavesdropping.  
Could he be serious?

ANGLE ON MAIA AND BARRY

MAIA  
(nods, humoring him)  
Congratulations. That means you  
have nothing to lose...selling Ahab  
will be a moral victory.

CLOSE ON KARIN

KARIN  
(sotto, to herself)  
Selling Ahab? Since when does he  
own it?

BACK ON BARRY AND MAIA

BARRY  
A moral victory. It does sound fun.

MAIA  
I'll get the projector. You get  
your graphics.

BARRY  
Cool.

Maia exits. Karin emerges and teasingly confronts Barry.

KARIN  
Hi, Barry. You know, McCone is  
going to hate your outfit.

BARRY  
Ooh, look at me tremble.  
(noticing)  
Whoa, speaking of outfits...  
burgundy is definitely your color.

KARIN  
I figured it's the only color to  
wear around you.

BARRY  
Oh, yeah, your white dress. Sorry.  
Here, buy yourself another one.

Barry hands her \$300, winks, and skates off. Astounded,  
Karin holds the bills up to the light, checking the  
watermark. Her phone rings, and she answers, distracted.

KARIN  
Ahab's Coffee.

DICK (VO, PHONE)  
This is building security. Has anyone come onto your floor wearing a gray suit?

KARIN  
Not since I got here.  
(calls down the hall)  
Hey, Maia, did a guy in a gray suit come in while you were at the desk?

MAIA (OS, DISTANT)  
Nope!

KARIN  
Why do you ask?

DICK (VO, PHONE)  
There was a high-speed pursuit from Hollywood to here. The guy totaled his Ferrari right out front! It's all over TV!

KARIN  
His Ferrari? I-I gotta go...

Karin hangs up and hurries into McCone's office.

INT. MCCONE'S OFFICE - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Karin opens the credenza and turns on the TV. We see the news Anchors from before.

MALE ANCHOR (TV)  
We'll rejoin the President's live address about the deadly asteroid headed our way. But first, here's another look at that incredible freeway chase just minutes ago!

EXT. SUNSET BLVD. - DAY (REPLAY HELICOPTER FOOTAGE)

ZOOM IN on Barry, laughing as he shows a \$100 bill to the crowd, then starts throwing them in the street. Now he thumbs his nose at the approaching cops and takes off.

INT. MCCONE'S OFFICE (CONTINUOUS)

KARIN  
Shit. He really did inherit 50 mil!

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

McCone and Katy are slathering cream cheese on bagels.

KATY

Daddy, please tell me who's the big star that's coming!

McCONE

Sorry, sugarbear. Top secret. Only Daddy and Mr. Ahab know that.

KATY

Is it Justin from 'N Sync?

McCONE

Who?

KATY

(a disgusted sigh)  
Daddy, you have issues.

Ahab enters and gets himself a pastry.

AHAB

Morning, Clark. What's this million dollar idea you want to pitch me?

McCONE

I'll present it in the meeting. I call it e-Coff-e.

INT. BARRY'S OFFICE - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Barry has his graphics, but before he can leave Karin walks in, closing the door behind her. She has shed her jacket to emphasize her clingy top. She hands Barry back his money.

KARIN

Barry, that was sweet, but I don't want your money.

BARRY

I must be dreaming.

Karin moves in on Barry.

KARIN

People have such a wrong idea about me. I'm not materialistic. I just want to marry a nice guy.

BARRY

That shouldn't be hard.

She presses her body against his.

KARIN  
But it *is* hard. Very hard.

BARRY  
Tell me about it. But I've got  
something I have to do just now.

He tries to get past her, but she isn't letting go.

KARIN  
You're so determined. It's like  
I'm seeing you for the first time.

She kisses him passionately.

BARRY  
(around her lips)  
Karin...I...look...wait...

He valiantly resists for about ten seconds but he's only human. He starts kissing back. She pulls him to the floor.

BARRY (CONT)  
Here go my sheets.

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

At the 10th floor, Sam looks close to a coronary. He's panting, purple-faced, crawling up the steps, dragging his bag behind him. Sweat is pouring off him.

SAM  
I'm outta shape...good thing...I'm  
killing myself...when this is over.

INT. BARRY'S OFFICE - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Karin's dress is off, she's straddling Barry, pulling down his shorts. Suddenly there's a POUNDING on the door.

McCONE (OS)  
Murphy, where the hell's the model?  
My meeting is in five minutes!

KARIN  
(hisses to herself)  
Damn it!  
(going for all the  
marbles)  
Barry, if you want me, you have to  
marry me. Today.

BARRY

A wedding, now? Oh, for God's sake, is this turning into one of those crazy things where my mother shows up and she's the President?

KARIN

I mean it, Barry. I know you want me. It's now or never.

BARRY

OK, fine, whatever. A wedding.

Karin leaps up and slips her dress back on. Barry's trying to unsnag his shorts from his skates.

BARRY (CONT)

Great. Tomorrow I'm gonna have such a case of blue-balls...

KARIN

(smugly)

Not after a honeymoon with me. We'll take my car. We can be in Vegas in five hours.

BARRY

Vegas? I'd wake up before we got to Barstow. Let's fly.

KARIN

Perfect!

Karin opens the door, but Barry takes her hand, leads her to his window and opens it. Before he can pull her outside --

MAIA (OS)

Barry?

ANGLE FEATURING MAIA - IN THE DOORWAY

Karin shakes her hair back, smoothes her dress, and is instantly presentable. She's had a lot of practice. Barry, on the other hand, might as well wear a sign saying "I've been ravished." Maia is shocked. Tears come to her eyes.

MAIA (CONT)

You bastard.

Maia turns and stalks off. Barry stares after her, confused.

KARIN

(nuzzling his neck)

Now...where were we?

BARRY

Karin...I'm about 98 percent sure this is just a great dream. And I'm in no hurry to wake up. But for some reason Maia is in it. I wouldn't even dream of hurting her feelings. And if there's any chance I'm not asleep...I gotta talk to her.

KARIN

(pulling him close)  
I'm not stopping you. But how about a good-bye kiss before you go?

BARRY

If I did that...I wouldn't go.

To Karin's surprise, Barry disentangles himself and exits.

INT. AHAB OFFICE LOBBY - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Barry skates into the lobby.

BARRY (CONT)

Maia?

She's nowhere to be seen. He checks her office.

BARRY (CONT)

Maia?

Barry skates over to the stairwell door and opens it.

BARRY (CONT)

Maia?

INT. STAIRWELL (12TH FLOOR) - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

ANGLE FROM BEHIND BARRY on Sam, sitting on the steps, breathing hard from an oxygen mask (attached to a tank in his bag.) Arrayed about him are weapons and ammo magazines.

BARRY (CONT)

Oh, hi, Sam.

Barry closes the door, then what he saw sinks in. He reopens it, angry.

BARRY (CONT)

No. No, damn it! I refuse to have you in my dream. It's weird enough. You are no longer here!

He gestures magically at Sam then SLAMS the stairwell door.

CLOSE ON SAM

SAM  
 (still panting, amazed)  
 And they...call me a psycho!

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM (CONTINUOUS)

Ahab enters. Lloyd and other Coworkers ad-lib greetings.  
 McCone brings Karin over as Katy stands by.

McCONE  
 Mr. Ahab, you remember my  
 assistant, Karin?

AHAB  
 Yes, I think so. Nice dress.

KARIN  
 Thanks. I love your suit.

AHAB  
 Two thousand bucks, you'd better  
 love it.  
 (to McCone)  
 Clark, Frank Gehry sent over his  
 model of our new headquarters. Why  
 isn't it in here?

McCONE  
 I'll get Murphy on it, sir.

As McCone exits, Ahab sidles closer to Karin, murmuring.

AHAB  
 How about tonight?

KARIN  
 (looks around for Barry)  
 Um...I might have other plans.

AHAB  
 Great. Who am I supposed to screw,  
 my wife?

INT. AHAB OFFICE LOBBY (CONTINUOUS)

As McCone stomps out into the lobby, the elevator opens and  
 a MESSENGER rolls out a cart covered with a cloth. McCone  
 lifts the cloth, revealing a typical Gehryesque whimsy.

McCONE  
 Here's the model! Where the hell  
 have you been with this?

MESSENGER

I hadda get through like fifty cops  
downstairs. Sign here.

McCone signs and the Messenger departs in the elevator.

McCONE

(calls out)

Murphy! Where are you? I want you  
on this right now!

McCone puts the cloth back on and strides into Barry's  
office. Abruptly, Barry zooms around the other corner,  
into the model. He's on it all right, with a LOUD CRUNCH.  
He CRUNCHES a couple of more parts getting up.

BARRY

Ungh. What the hell is this?

Just then, Maia emerges from the ladies room. She sees  
Barry, and heads right back in.

BARRY (CONT)

Maia, wait!

Barry skates into the ladies room. McCone storms out of  
Barry's empty office, muttering darkly.

McCONE

He is so fired.

McCone rolls the model into the conference room himself.

INT. LADIES ROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Maia stares at Barry in outrage.

MAIA

You can't be in here!

BARRY

Why not?

MRS. AHAB, 36, and high-maintenance, exits past Barry,  
alarmed.

BARRY (CONT)

Hi, Mrs. Ahab. Next time light a  
match, OK?

Maia rushes out after Mrs. Ahab.

BARRY

Maia, please, we gotta talk.

INT. AHAB OFFICE LOBBY (CONTINUOUS)

Barry follows Maia toward the conference room.

MAIA

There's nothing to talk about. I had the stupid idea I could help you. But now I see nothing can help you.

BARRY

You're wrong. I want you in there when I make this pitch. It won't mean a thing if you're not there.

MAIA

Barry, you are in no shape to pitch anything! Go home and sleep it off...or wake up...or whatever!

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM (CONTINUOUS)

Barry skates into the meeting on Maia's heels.

BARRY

Why are you so mad at me?

MAIA

That's the worst part! How can I be mad at you for something you're doing in your dream?

BARRY

Aha! So you agree this is a dream!

MAIA

I do nothing of the sort!

BARRY

Maia, if I was awake, could I get away with this?

Barry picks up a gooey chocolate éclair and rubs it all over Ahab's suit.

AHAB

(making a fist)

Why, you --?!

MRS. AHAB

(restrains him, fearful)

Armin, no! That's the freak who was in the ladies room!

BARRY

Or this?

Barry pours a pitcher of iced tea down McCone's pants.  
McCone gasps!

BARRY

Or this?

Barry dumps a tub of cream cheese on Katy's head.

KATY

Daddy!!

McCONE

(ready to deck Barry)  
You son of a bitch!

Katy can't see Barry step aside. So she karate-kicks her  
daddy in the groin. McCone collapses with a groan.

MAIA

Barry...!

Maia grabs Barry and drags him out to the lobby.

INT. AHAB OFFICE LOBBY (CONTINUOUS)

An empty elevator is closing.

MAIA (CONT)

I'll tell them you haven't been  
sleeping. Now for the last time...

With her last ounce of strength, Maia rolls Barry into it.

MAIA (CONT)

This is not a dream -- go home!

INT. ELEVATOR (CONTINUOUS)

Barry hits the wall. The doors close and the car descends.

BARRY

I still haven't pitched my idea  
yet! OK, elevator, turn around.

He gestures magically at the controls. It keeps descending.

BARRY (CONT)

W-why isn't this working?

He rubs the back of his head where he hit the elevator wall.

BARRY (CONT)

Ow. Man, I sure *hope* this is a dream. If it isn't...

(he thinks back)

...ohhhh, am I in trouble. Damn, I should've read the whole book, and I'd know for sure. Maia's right, I can't tell the difference anymore!

(then, recalling)

Oh, shit. Sam! If I'm really awake...then he's really there! I gotta go back!

(stabs buttons, frantic)

Come on, come on...

Barry drops to his knees, puts his hands together.

BARRY (CONT)

Oh, please, God, let this be a dream. If this is just a dream, give me a sign!

The elevator doors open.

BARRY'S POV

Out of the BLINDING SUNLIGHT in the lobby steps...CHARLTON HESTON. We hear a snatch of ANGELIC CHOIR. Barry gets up, so relieved he could cry.

BARRY (CONT)

Oh, man, this *is* a dream!

HESTON

(politely)

Thank you. Going up?

BARRY

You bet your ass!

Barry pushes the button and the doors close. PAN DOWN as Penny streaks across the lobby and into the elevator. Neither Barry nor Heston notice her.

INT. BUILDING LOBBY (CONTINUOUS)

The ANGELIC CHOIR continues as Dick fumbles with his keyboard and his manual.

MORRIE

Little early for the Christmas Muzak, Dick.

DICK  
Bite me, Morrie.

Dick taps a key. The CHOIR cuts out, replaced by the METAL DETECTOR ALARM. Everyone covers their ears.

INT. ELEVATOR (CONTINUOUS)

Barry keeps grinning at Heston.

BARRY  
Charlton Heston. This is perfect.  
I've seen all your movies. Ten  
Commandments. Planet of the Apes.  
I loved when you saw the Statue of  
Liberty in the sand...can you say  
the lines for me, what you said?

HESTON  
Do you have any idea how many times  
people ask me for that? It's  
getting a trifle old.

BARRY  
Aw, please.

HESTON  
Listen, Mister...?

BARRY  
(puts out his hand)  
Murphy, Barry Murphy.  
(then)  
But I don't want to be just a fan.  
I got it! We're best friends.

Barry gestures magically at Heston. Heston takes a step away from Barry and concentrates on the floor indicator.

BARRY (CONT)  
So Chuck...are you packing heat?

HESTON  
Naturally. Why do you ask?

BARRY  
No reason. But if this dream gets  
dull later, I've got someone I want  
you to meet.

Heston moves as far away from Barry as possible, slips his hand into his jacket and clicks off the safety on his gun.

INT. AHAB OFFICE LOBBY - DAY

The elevator opens. Heston can't step out fast enough. Karin and Maia are there to greet him.

KARIN

Mr. Heston, I'm Karin Preston. I'm so honored to meet you.

Heston notices as Penny dashes out of the elevator...right across his path.

HESTON

Good thing I'm not superstitious.

Karin escorts Heston toward the conference room.

FEATURING BARRY

Maia puts her arms across the elevator entrance, blocking him from exiting.

MAIA

What are you doing back here?

PANNING WITH KARIN AND HESTON

KARIN

I loved Ben-Hur. And your Planet of the Apes movies. Do you own a piece of those?

HESTON

As a matter of fact, I do.

Karin slips her arm into Heston's as they enter the conference room.

ON BARRY AND MAIA as he keeps trying to skate out and she keeps rolling him back.

BARRY

...and then Charlton Heston walks in?? If that doesn't prove I'm dreaming...

MAIA

He's here about endorsing Ahab's Coffee! If you go in there, Ahab will have you arrested!

BARRY

I can handle a little sales resistance.

Barry gestures magically toward the conference room.

BARRY (CONT)

There. Ahab's coat is clean again.  
Now I promise, no flying, no  
violence, and no more magic!

(he ducks and skates  
under her arm)

Well, maybe one little trick.

But Barry skates into Lloyd. As they grapple, Maia gets to the conference room first.

MAIA

Lloyd, call security, tell them  
he's drunk!

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM (CONTINUOUS)

Maia pulls the door shut and locks it. PAN TO Ahab, wearing an unspoiled suit coat. Maia's jaw drops in amazement.

MRS. AHAB

Good thing you bought two of these.

Mrs. Ahab picks up Ahab's other, chocolate-smearred coat and hangs it in the washroom. Maia relaxes.

MAIA

(to herself, relieved)  
He's got *me* doing it.

Heston manages to disentangle his arm from Karin's.

McCONE

Mr. Heston, I'm Clark McCone.

McCone puts out his hand. Heston lifts an eyebrow at seeing McCone's pants, drenched with iced tea.

McCONE (CONT)

Just a little accident with the  
catering tray.

(gives a nervous laugh,  
which makes his groin  
hurt again)

Oww.

AHAB

How about something? Bagel and  
cream cheese?

Heston looks at Katy, who has a lot of the cream cheese still in her hair.

HESTON  
I'll pass, thank you.

KATY  
So you're a star? What would I  
have seen you in?

McCone winces, embarrassed.

HESTON  
(patiently)  
Well, you might have seen me play  
Moses in a movie they run every  
Easter.

KATY  
(withering scorn)  
Prince of Egypt? That's a cartoon.  
You do cartoon voices?

HESTON  
(checks his watch)  
I have a meeting with a director  
this afternoon. Could we...?

AHAB  
Sure, sure.  
(sotto to McCone)  
Lose the brat!

INT. AHAB'S LOBBY (CONTINUOUS)

Barry tugs on the locked door. Lloyd grabs the desk phone.

LLOYD  
If you're not out of here in three  
seconds, man, I'm dropping a dime  
on you. One. Two.

Barry looks OS, gets an idea, and skates out of shot.

LLOYD (CONT)  
Three.

Lloyd looks back. WIDEN TO REVEAL Barry is gone. Lloyd  
hangs up, relieved. A sudden breeze from OS lifts the  
papers on the desk. Then a black cat lopes by.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM (CONTINUOUS)

AHAB  
Chuck, you're going to be among the  
first people to see Frank Gehry's  
design for Ahab's new headquarters.

Ahab whips off the cloth: It's a grotesquely squashed wreck. Sipping orange juice, McCone chokes and SPRAYS the back of Heston's neck. Everyone else stares at it for a long beat.

AHAB  
(finally)  
I love it.

COWORKERS  
Brilliant/Inspired/His best yet!

AHAB  
(exuberant)  
McCone, you tell Gehry he doesn't get a dime unless the finished building looks exactly like this!

McCONE  
(paling visibly)  
Uh...you got it, boss.

AHAB  
Now let's talk turkey, Chuck.  
Ahab's Coffee wants you as our celebrity endorser.

Heston, still mopping the back of his neck with a napkin, moves to a seat far from McCone.

HESTON  
Well, I'm delighted you asked. You understand I will have to try your product as I don't endorse anything I don't actually use myself.

AHAB  
Sure, sure. Miss Suarez, would you do the honors?

ON McCONE - looking around as a ROLLING sound grows louder.

McCONE  
What's that sound?

Behind him on the ledge outside the window, Barry skates by.

ANGLE ON MAIA

She takes a carafe off the warmer and starts pouring Heston a mug of coffee. Suddenly she freezes, aghast at seeing Barry skating on the ledge outside, with his e-Coff-e cards.

MAIA  
(a SHRIEK!)

She pours the coffee in Heston's lap. He leaps up.

HESTON  
Damn you! *Damn you!*

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

BARRY  
Yeah, that's the line! I loved  
that line!

Ahab, McCone, Maia, Mrs. Ahab and various Coworkers rush to the windows and raise them, all shouting at once.

AHAB/McCONE/MAIA/COWORKERS  
Are you crazy?/Get off there!/  
Barry, please!/Look out!

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - ON HESTON AND KARIN

Karin recovers from her shock, and starts jotting frantically on her legal pad. Heston looks all around.

HESTON  
Would someone get me a towel?

KARIN  
(preoccupied, points)  
There's a washroom in there.

Grimacing in pain, Heston limps to the adjacent washroom.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING (CONTINUOUS)

Barry is now skating back and forth, forwards and even backwards on the ledge, holding up his e-Coff-e cards; there's a pretty stiff wind out here.

BARRY  
May I have a few minutes, Mr. Ahab?

AHAB  
Anything, just come in! If you fall,  
my premiums go through the roof!

BARRY  
I think I'll get more of your  
attention out here. Do you know the  
average Ahab customer spends four  
minutes waiting for coffee, six for  
espresso, and eight for a latte?

Skating backwards, one of Barry's skates goes off the edge, but Barry smoothly transitions to land on his other foot. Ahab and the rest GASP in horror.

BARRY (CONT)

I know, it's startling. Think of the wasted productivity! Now would you believe me if I said Ahab's could cut that wait to under a minute, per customer?

Barry's first card blows out of his hand. He reaches, trying to get it, and nearly overbalances.

AHAB

Nooooo!

Unconcerned, Barry grabs a cornice stone to steady himself.

BARRY

Of course you don't. But that's because you haven't heard my e-Coff-e plan.

Barry holds up a card with "e-Coff-e" and bullet points underneath. The WIND GROWS LOUDER, and the card catches it like a sail. He's so busy putting a finger on each bullet point that he doesn't notice that he's rolling backward towards the corner of the building. Everyone's freaking, but Barry ignores their screams.

BARRY (CONT)

Every regular customer is enrolled by e-mail. Your coffee preference, arrival time, credit card number.

MAIA

Barry, watch out!

BARRY

You're right, Maia. Credit card numbers can be stolen. But the transaction will be secure and the integrity of Ahab Corporation is...

MAIA

Behind you!

BARRY

Exactly! Backing you 100 percent!

Barry tosses the card away, so he stops rolling a millimeter before he goes over the edge. He looks behind him and grins.

BARRY  
Whoa, don't want to do my big  
finish yet!

MAIA  
(leans out, panicked)  
Barry, I didn't mean what I said  
before. Please, just come in!

Suddenly, Maia is yanked away from the window and Karin is  
there, holding out her legal pad and her pen.

KARIN  
Remember when you said you'd marry  
me? Could you just initial this  
interim inheritance agreement?

INT. AHAB'S OFFICE LOBBY (CONTINUOUS)

Penny jumps on the open window, sniffs the air, and MEOWS.  
She saunters out onto the ledge.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM (CONTINUOUS)

AHAB  
Somebody call the cops!

McCONE  
(re his cell phone)  
I'm on with them.

AHAB  
Good. When you're done, tell me  
why's he pitching this e-Coff-e  
thing. I thought it was *your* idea.

McCONE  
It is.  
(sotto, into cell phone)  
Bring snipers. He's armed!

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Barry is really showing off, skating on one foot.

BARRY  
Now, our customers won't go into  
anything like this with their...  
(with a corny look, he  
shuts his eyes)  
...eyes closed, will they?

Penny wanders around the corner and sits at Barry's feet,  
gazing up at her owner with bland curiosity.

BARRY (CONT)

But they don't have to! With e-Coff-e, you can change or cancel your order anytime, via e-mail.

Barry's skates roll right toward Penny's tail -- at the last second, she switches it out of his path.

AHAB/MAIA/COWORKERS  
(a collective GASP!)

BARRY

(opens his eyes)

Unbelievable, isn't it? All you do is flash your e-Coff-e Card, the scanner reads the bar-code, and your coffee is in your hand! And what are Ahab's Internet costs per customer?

MAIA

Barry, it's Penny!

BARRY

That's right, about a penny a day!

Barry halts, putting his skate-brake down on Penny's tail. Penny YOWLS and Barry leaps up, startled.

BARRY (CONT)

Gaaaaaaah!

He lands badly, skates flailing, arms windmilling...and falls off the ledge.

MAIA

BARRY!!!

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - 11TH FLOOR - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Barry lands on an empty window washer platform. One cable SNAPS, that end drops another story, and Barry slides to the end of the platform.

ANGLE ON PENNY

Watching from the ledge, she decides to take a bath.

ANGLE ON PLATFORM

The dangling platform twists on its cable in the wind, swinging around then whacking hard against the building. Barry is propelled off the platform, right through a window.

INT. DR. PARKINS' OPERATING ROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

With a MIGHTY CRASH Barry lands atop a tray full of syringes, instruments and dental cement.

CLOSER ON BARRY - syringes protruding everywhere. He lands on his back, driving in the syringe plungers, injecting him.

WIDER - Barry rolls over on his face, unconscious. Dr. Parkins rushes into the room.

DR. PARKINS

What in the name of --

(he turns Barry over)

Oh my God, it's Barry Murphy!

(shouts OS)

Anita! Anita!! Call 911!

Barry has empty syringes protruding from his buttocks, his arms, his legs...Dr. Parkins pulls them out. He turns Barry over and removes another two more from Barry's cheeks, and one each from his chest, his stomach, and his right ankle.

DR. PARKINS (CONT)

Oh, man. The only thing he missed was his left foot!

Parkins sees pink cement all over Barry's skates.

DR. PARKINS (CONT)

Anita, there's dental cement everywhere! And he's bleeding!

Barry's jersey is slashed and he has thin gashes on his forehead and neck which are starting to bleed. Parkins opens a drawer and gets out band-aids.

DR. PARKINS (CONT)

Anita! Where are you??

(no reply)

Aw, hell.

He finishes applying the band-aids and rushes into his office. From OS we hear Dr. Parkins dialing 911. Now Barry comes to, shakes his head, and sits up.

BARRY

Whoa, that was better than the car chase! Gotta do that again.

(feels his left ankle)

Hmph. Why's my left foot sore?

Barry gets up and skates out of the operating room.

DR. PARKINS (OS, DISTANT)  
 Yes, I need paramedics at the  
 Second Street Building...!

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Barry skates past ANITA, 23, Parkins' ditzy assistant, as she comes in with her cup of Ahab's.

ANITA  
 Hi, Mr. Murphy. Don't forget your  
 appointment's at eleven!

BARRY  
 (laughs)  
 Like I'm gonna dream about a root  
 canal!

And he's out the door. A beat later Dr. Parkins rushes out.

DR. PARKINS  
 Where the hell were you?

ANITA  
 In line for coffee. Relax. I just  
 reminded Mr. Murphy about --

DR. PARKINS  
 He left?!

Parkins looks into the door to his OPERATING ROOM, and his full-body twitches come back with a vengeance.

DR. PARKINS (CONT)  
 GODDAM STUPID BITCH!

ANITA  
 (hands him his pills)  
 Someone needs to take his meds.

DR. PARKINS  
*I did, you stupid bitch!*

ANITA  
 Doctor!

DR. PARKINS  
 In case it escaped your notice, the  
 man just fell through a plate glass  
 window!

ANITA  
 Well, he looked fine. He wasn't in  
 any pain.

DR. PARKINS  
 Why *would* he be, with a day's  
 supply of Novocain in him??

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM WASHROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

The door is closed. Heston, unaware of the scene outside,  
 is scrubbing his pants with a damp towel.

HESTON  
 (to himself)  
 What do they *put* in this coffee?  
 It's eating a hole in my pants!

INT. AHAB'S OFFICE LOBBY (CONTINUOUS)

McCone leads Katy to an elevator. Maia is on a phone, upset.

MAIA  
 Yes, right through the window!

KATY  
 But Daddy...

McCONE  
 You saw the man fall, sugarbear.  
 Nothing else interesting is going  
 to happen. Just wait downstairs  
 with Dick the guard.

He reaches in and pushes a button. The elevator closes.

INT. ELEVATOR (CONTINUOUS)

KATY  
 Like hell.

She pushes the 10th floor button.

INT. TENTH FLOOR LOBBY - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Barry skates into the elevator and it goes up. A moment  
 later the other elevator opens and Katy steps out. She goes  
 over to the stairwell door and tiptoes back up.

INT. AHAB'S OFFICE LOBBY (CONTINUOUS)

Ahab leans out of the conference room.

AHAB  
 McCone, this meeting isn't over!

McCONE  
 Yes, sir.

INT. STAIRWELL - 12TH FLOOR (CONTINUOUS)

Katy gets to the door, sees Sam's oxygen mask lying on the floor. She tries to open the door, but it won't budge. She sighs, irritated, and heads back down.

INT. AHAB OFFICE LOBBY (CONTINUOUS)

MAIA

(into phone)

Right, he's on the tenth floor!

She hangs up, heads for the elevator. McCone grabs her arm.

McCONE

Where do you think you're going?

MAIA

I have to see if Barry's all right!

A soft POP! and the telephone between them explodes. They whirl to see Sam standing at the stairwell door -- it's chained. He levels a silenced pistol in one hand and carries his duffel bag in the other.

SAM

Hey, McCone...time for *your* performance review!

MAIA/McCONE

(SCREAMS!)

Sam's shots hit the desk and the door as they dive back into the conference room door and lock it. Sam walks up, lethally calm. He pushes the elevator button, and it opens. He reaches in and SNAPS the button to OFF, then with a few more SOFT POPS shoots out the control panel. As he does this, Barry arrives in the other elevator. Sam emerges from the first elevator. He watches bemused as Barry skates into his office, unaware. Sam disables the other elevator.

INT. BARRY'S OFFICE (CONTINUOUS)

Barry goes to his desk and opens his center drawer.

BARRY

I know I left that chart here...

INT. BUILDING - GROUND FLOOR LOBBY (CONTINUOUS)

The Captain shuts his cell phone and turns to the Sergeant.

CAPTAIN

We checked the newscopter tape.  
The suspect definitely ran in this  
building. Pull all units back here  
and search it floor-by-floor.

SERGEANT

Yes sir.  
(into his com radio)  
All units report to Second Street  
Building.

The Sergeant strides to the elevators where other Cops wait.

COP #2

Sarge, the elevators don't respond.

SERGEANT

Take the stairs.

The Cops rush over, and yank in vain on the door.

COP #2

He chained it from the inside!

SERGEANT

Get some axes! The sporting goods  
store.

MORRIE

Lucky for you, camping equipment's  
on special!

The Sergeant and the Cops run into the store just off the  
lobby, grab axes from a campsite display and run out. The  
shoplifter alarm goes off with its EAR-SPLITTING SHRIEK.  
The Sergeant draws his gun and BLASTS the alarm sensor.

INT. AHAB OFFICE LOBBY (CONTINUOUS)

With his chart, Barry skates to the conference room. The  
lock is all shot-up, still smoking. Barry looks puzzled.

BARRY

I bet that's some powerful dream  
symbolism. I should ask a shrink  
what it means.

Barry pushes the door open and enters.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

ANGLE FROM BEHIND BARRY as he steps in. Everyone gapes in  
his direction, petrified. Not even Maia is happy to see him.

AHAB  
You fool!

BARRY  
(points at Ahab,  
commanding)  
Quiet!  
(points at McCone)  
You too, McCone! Nobody moves till  
I finish my pitch!

ON McCONE - He's trembling with fear. PAN DOWN McCone's leg, to where Penny sits...and an amber pool has formed.

ON BARRY

BARRY (CONT)  
(grossed out)  
Oh, man. I hope that was you,  
Penny. Does anyone else need to  
go? Raise your hand.

Barry pushes the door shut, revealing what his audience has been staring at: Sam, his pistol trained on the room, his finger to his lips for silence. Barry holds up his chart.

BARRY (CONT)  
Mr. Ahab, my final chart shows the  
projected first-year profits from  
just one store using e-Coff-e.  
(he grins)  
Thank you for your time. Any  
questions?

Barry gets no response -- Maia, Karin, Ahab, and McCone just gape at Sam (behind Barry) in terror. Mrs. Ahab's eyes roll up and she faints.

BARRY (CONT)  
Damn, that was a pitch.  
(puzzled)  
It's OK to applaud now.  
(to Maia and Karin)  
Isn't anyone going to kiss me?

McCONE  
(bursts into tears)

BARRY  
I didn't mean you.

SAM (OS)  
Don't take it personally, Barry.  
People get that way before they die.

BARRY

(whirls to face Sam)

Sam?! Dammit, I specifically said you aren't in this dream!

SAM

Looks like your dream just turned into a nightmare.

BARRY

(sarcastic)

Wow, what a reversal of the metaphor. Didn't see that one coming.

(off Sam's look)

OK, since you're here, I might as well get a few things off my chest.

SAM

Don't worry, Barry. You're the only one here who ever had a kind word for me...so I won't kill you.

KARIN

(holds up her hand)

If it's not too late, I'd like to say a kind word -- blowjob!

McCONE

(whimpering)

That goes double for me!

AHAB

You want money? Let us go and you can name your price!

SAM

OK. Ten million.

AHAB

(gulps)

How about five, with stock options?

SAM

It's tempting...

(then, grins)

Nah, I'm kidding. You're all dead.

McCONE

Let me live...I'll swear you killed them in self-defense!

SAM

(turns the gun on McCone)

You disgust me.

Barry steps in front of the gun.

BARRY

Give me that before I beat the crap out of you, you pathetic creep.

MAIA

Barry, he's going to let you go. Don't say anything to make him mad!

BARRY

Sammy-boy's way past mad. He's all the way to drooling maniac.

SAM

What did you call me?

BARRY

Aw, whatsamatter, go deaf listening to Nazi talkradio? How you gonna hear those black helicopters coming?

(he makes chopper sounds)

The vein in Sam's head starts throbbing again.

SAM

I thought you were different.

BARRY

No, you're different, you freak. You're so in love with guns you can't possibly have a working dick.

Sam's vein goes into overdrive. Maia grabs Barry.

MAIA

Barry, this isn't a DREAM!

She SLAPS him as hard as she can. Barry just grins at her. Maia's hand is killing her.

MAIA (CONT)

Owww!

BARRY

I told you I can't get hurt in my own dream.

Incredulous, Maia tries socking him all over, his arms, his chest, his stomach. Barry just shrugs.

BARRY (CONT)

See?

SAM  
Here, let me.

Sam pistol-whips Barry, knocking him to the floor.

MAIA  
NO!

Barry gets up, bleeding from the mouth, with the beginnings of a huge bruise on his jaw -- but still grinning.

BARRY  
Didn't feel a thing. OK, enough playing around, now I mop the floor with you.  
(licks his bleeding lip)  
What's that funny taste?  
(spits a tooth into his hand, examines it)  
Ooh, I *did* need a root canal.

SAM  
(aiming at Barry's heart)  
See if you feel this.

Maia suddenly shoves Sam's silencer pistol, and his SHOT goes wide, just grazing Barry's left arm.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM WASHROOM (CONTINUOUS)

Heston, patiently drying his pants by standing in front of the LOUD WHIRRING hand-dryer, hears none of this.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM (CONTINUOUS)

Sam shoves Maia away. She knocks over the catering cart and falls behind it. Barry looks at the hole in his jersey.

BARRY  
Nope, still nothing. And now, you're gonna pay for pushing Maia.

Barry makes a fist...then sees blood trickling down his arm.

BARRY (CONT)  
Eu, gross.  
(gestures magically at wound)  
Stop bleeding.

Sam aims point-blank at Barry's head.

ANGLE ON WASHROOM DOOR

Heston enters. Sam lowers his pistol, amazed.

SAM  
Hey, aren't you...?

Heston immediately sizes up the situation, draws his .44 Magnum and FIRES at Sam, who dives behind another steel cart just in time. Sam SHOOTs back. Heston takes cover in the washroom doorway, returning fire. Everyone else -- except Barry -- SCREAMS and hits the floor.

HESTON  
(exulting)  
Fifty years I've waited for  
something like this!

FEATURING BARRY

Barry is still vainly waving his hand, trying to fix his bleeding arm, as bullets BLAST the light fixture next to him, the table in front of him, the wall behind him.

BARRY  
OK, this is getting too weird. I  
want to wake up now.  
(shakes his head)  
C'mon, wake up!

Barry bends forward to reach a pitcher of ice water -- as he does one of Sam's shots splits his skating helmet, which falls off in two pieces. Barry splashes ice water on his face -- it doesn't work.

BARRY (CONT)  
Pffppppp!  
(he looks around)  
Damn, I'm still asleep?

Barry grabs a coffee urn. A shot EXPLODES the bottom.

INSERT - BARRY'S LEFT SKATE - steaming coffee runs into it.

BACK ON BARRY

BARRY  
(his eyes widen)  
OWWW! God, that burns! OW-OW-OW!

Barry hops around YELPING in pain then freezes, realizing:

BARRY (CONT)  
Oh, shit! I am awake! This is  
real!

Sam turns to Barry. Barry vaults across the heavy oak table, grabs the rim, and pulls it over on its side. WHAM!

McCONE  
Aaaaaaaarrrrggghh!

The table has landed on McCone's fingers. But the rest of Barry's coworkers are grateful to have a barrier between them and Sam. Sam's firefight with Heston continues.

ANGLE ON PENNY

curled up in an overturned wastebasket, asleep.

ANGLE ON HESTON

Sam's bullet explodes the wood by Heston's face.

HESTON  
Ungh!

Heston wipes the debris from his eye.

ANGLE ON SAM

SAM  
What's wrong, Heston? Shell eject  
in your face?

HESTON  
You wish. Just a wood chip.  
(he FIRES back)

SAM  
You sure? Happens a lot with those  
Desert Eagles.  
(he FIRES again)

HESTON  
Not with the right brand of brass.  
I use Fiocchi cartridges.

SAM  
Speaking of cartridges, your Eagle  
.44 has seven to a magazine, right?

Sam peeks over the top of the cart, but ducks as Heston FIRES, showering Sam with shredded bagels.

HESTON  
Eight. And if I'm not mistaken,  
you're using a Ruger MkII. I hate  
to think how much that subsonic  
ammo is costing you.

Heston pops out his magazine, and slaps in a new one.

SAM

Naah, I use regular ammo. The RSB silencer has a ported barrel that reduces it to subsonic.

(shoots out a light near Heston)

See? Quieter than a pellet gun.

HESTON

Maybe you're ashamed of the sound of your own gun. I'm not.

Sam takes offense. He tosses his Ruger in the bag and pulls out a machine gun pistol.

SAM

You wanna hear noise?

Sam rakes the room with machine-gun fire.

ANGLE ON BARRY, AHAB, COWORKERS BEHIND TABLE

McCONE

(whimpering)

Get this off my fingers, you moron!

BARRY

(sotto, concerned)

Where's Maia?

AHAB

I don't know! Do you have a cell phone?

BARRY

On what you pay? Where's yours?

AHAB

He took them! And he wrecked the elevators -- we're trapped!

ANGLE ON HESTON - IN WASHROOM

A bullet RICOCHETS off Heston's .44. He tries to move the action...it's jammed. Heston pats himself down, frustrated.

HESTON

(under his breath)

Damn! Left the Uzi in my trunk.

ANGLE ON BARRY AND KARIN

Barry crawls to Karin at the end of the table, and hands her a coffee urn.

BARRY

(sotto)

Karin, make a distraction so I can rush Sam. Count five, then throw this behind him.

KARIN

One question first -- are you really worth fifty million dollars?

BARRY

(a bitter chuckle)

You kidding? After everything I did today, I won't even have a job. Unless you count making license plates.

KARIN

Thanks.

(shoves the urn at him)

And drop dead.

Karin flattens, covering her head. Barry stares at her.

BARRY

(angry...at himself)

I'm so stupid. I took me a long time. But finally, I wake up.

(as he prepares to throw the urn himself)

Where are the damn cops?

INT. BUILDING LOBBY (CONTINUOUS)

Cops are chopping down the stairwell door as a SWAT TEAM armed to the teeth stand ready. The Sergeant rushes up to the SWAT LEADER, holding Barry's gray suit coat.

SERGEANT

Suspect changed clothes. He's now wearing red jersey and shorts, and rollerblades.

SWAT LEADER

*Rollerblades?*

SERGEANT

We got 911 calls. He's running amok on the 12th floor. Shots fired.

The SWAT LEADER checks his ammo. The Cops finish chopping through the door.

SWAT LEADER

OK! Move move move!  
 (as the SWAT team charges  
 upstairs)  
 We're dealing with a maniac. Get  
 ready to take him out!

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM (CONTINUOUS) - BARRY BEHIND TABLE

After a burst of gunfire, Barry peeks over the edge. Sam is looking over at Heston. Barry is to Sam's right. He tenses, ready to rush Sam from the right...and hurls the coffee urn to Sam's left.

ON LIGHT FIXTURE - as the urn arcs high, grazing a heavy light globe, which falls.

ON BARRY - He leaps up to rush Sam -- and the globe crashes on his head. Barry sinks back behind the table, dazed.

ON SAM - Distracted by the CRASH, Sam doesn't see Maia dash out from her overturned cart. She snatches Sam's duffel bag and with all her might, flings it out the window.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING (10TH FLOOR) (CONTINUOUS)

The duffel bag falls down the dangling window-washer platform. Its strap snags on a bolt on the lower end.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM (CONTINUOUS)

Maia dives back behind her cart as Sam OPENS FIRE.

SAM

You bitch!

ON MAIA - she scrunches down in terror as rapid-fire bullets pock the steel cart. Finally Sam's magazine runs out.

FAVORING SAM

Maia looks up. She'll never make it to the overturned table, but the open window is right beside her. She scrambles out onto the ledge. Sam sees her.

SAM

You're dead, fat girl!

Sam reaches for another magazine...but it's spent. He's out of bullets! He crawls out on the ledge after her. Ahab looks over the table, and sees Sam has left.

AHAB

He's gone, run for your lives!

Ahab, Mrs. Ahab, Karin and the other Coworkers seize the chance to flee. The only ones left are Heston, still trying to unjam his pistol; Barry, still lying dazed; and McCone, still trying to get his fingers from under the fallen table.

McCONE  
Don't leave me!

Barry shakes off his daze. He recalls where he is.

BARRY  
Maia?

Dead silence. Barry looks over the table, terrified.

BARRY (CONT)  
Maia?! Where are you??

HESTON  
(straining at pistol)  
She's on the ledge...and so is he!

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - 12TH FLOOR (CONTINUOUS)

Barry looks out, and sees Sam edging towards Maia. He looks down.

BARRY'S POV - ON GROUND

The ground, 12 floors below, now ZOOMS EVEN FURTHER AWAY as Barry's vertigo kicks in.

BACK ON BARRY - he shuts his eyes, dizzy.

BARRY  
Oh, nonononono...

MAIA (OS)  
*Barry!*

Barry opens his eyes.

ANGLE ON LEDGE Maia edges her way along the building. Sam is slowly gaining on her.

BARRY  
Hang on, Maia, I'm coming!

He puts one foot out the window, then recalls he's wearing rollerblades. He tries to peel the pink dental cement off the buckles, but it's no use.

BARRY (CONT)  
When am I gonna catch a break?

HESTON  
(grabs his arm)  
You have vertigo. I'll go.

BARRY  
You're 76 years old.

HESTON  
You're wearing roller skates.

BARRY  
I just woke up to something else  
...Maia's the brunette in my  
dreams. She's the woman I love.

HESTON  
You are wearing *roller skates*.

BARRY  
And you're the only one who can  
work the gun.

HESTON  
Whose fault is that? But...you  
have a point.  
(the action slips a bit)  
Almost got it. Leave me a clear shot.

Barry climbs out. He happens to glance across the street.

BARRY'S POV - BUILDING ACROSS STREET

ZOOM IN on a huge billboard with a Pterodactyl, advertising  
"RODAN...A ROLAND EMMERICH FILM."

BACK ON BARRY

BARRY  
YEOW!

Barry is jolted, his skates shoot in different directions.  
Only Heston's quick grab keeps him from falling.

BARRY  
Th-thanks...

HESTON  
That's it. I'm coming out.

BARRY  
I'm fine, just fix your gun!  
(to Rodan billboard)  
I'm not scared of you anymore!

Barry, no longer the confident dreamer, is shaking with terror. Still he forces himself to wobble along the ledge. Heston goes back to work on his gun, muttering to himself:

HESTON (CONT)  
 (mutters to himself)  
 If I were ten years younger...

BARRY  
 I know, you'd b-b-be out here.

HESTON  
 (as he works on the gun)  
 That goes without saying. But I'd  
 also take another stab at Macbeth.  
 God, what a marvelous part.

ANGLE ON LEDGE

Maia reaches the corner of the building. A decorative cornice makes it near-impossible to round the corner. Maia tries to slide past it -- and snags the back of her sweater. She can't move! Sam is about to catch up with her.

SAM  
 I'm taking *someone* with me. And  
 since you ratted me out to  
 McCone...

Sam grabs for her. Maia kicks at him.

MAIA  
 Leave me alone!

BARRY (OS)  
 You heard her, Sam!

NEW ANGLE - Sam turns to see the American flag waving in the wind gusts. CUE INSPIRING MUSIC as from behind the flag emerges Barry, looking determined...if awfully wobbly.

SAM  
 (bursts into laughter)  
 You really want to take me on?

Barry goes into karate stance:

BARRY  
 I'm required to warn you I am a  
 karate expert. First warning,  
 second warning, third w--mph!

Sam punches Barry hard in the stomach. Barry rolls backward. He grabs the rope of the flagpole to keep from tumbling over the edge, and comes skating back.

BARRY (CONT)  
 Didn't feel a thing.

Barry grabs Sam. Sam punches him in the mouth.

BARRY (CONT)  
 Not there either.

Now he and Sam trade punches to their noses, jaws, stomachs, kidneys. Sam grunts in pain at each of Barry's blows, but Barry doesn't react to Sam's.

BARRY (CONT)  
 (each time he's hit)  
 You're wasting your time. Nope.  
 Nada. Huh-uh.

Desperate, Sam stomps Barry on his right foot.

BARRY (CONT)  
 Zilch.

Sam stomps his left foot.

BARRY (CONT)  
 (bursts into tears)  
 Owwwwwww! My fooot!

Barry bends to grasp his injured toes, just as Sam swings his fist into the side of the building.

SAM  
 Aggggghhh!

Sam kicks Barry, who rolls back onto the flagpole. This time, Barry gets tangled in the wind-whipped flag. After a few seconds, he RIPS free -- this time wrapped in the flag. He can't see a thing. He's rolling toward the edge!

MAIA  
 Barry, turn left!

At the last second, Barry turns. Now he's headed for Sam again, skating blind. Maia strains, but can't free her sweater. Sam braces himself to shove Barry off.

MAIA (CONT)  
 (desperate)  
 Hey, Sam, check these out!

Sam turns, as Maia wriggles out of her sweater. She's down to her bra -- her breasts are huge! Sam is transfixed.

SAM  
Judas Priest!

WHAM! Flag-wrapped Barry skates into Sam. Both fall and roll off the ledge, but manage to grasp the edge.

MAIA  
(she SCREAMS!)

They now dangle 12 stories above the street. Sam tries to kick Barry as they hang there. Barry kicks back.

EXT. SECOND STREET BLDG - GROUND FLOOR (CONTINUOUS)

Now standing outside, the Sergeant points up the ledge and passes The Captain his binoculars.

SERGEANT  
Captain Sturges, look!

CAPTAIN  
Oh, my sweet Lord!  
(turns the focus knob)  
She's built like Dolly Parton!

SERGEANT  
Not her, sir. The two men hanging  
by their fingers.

CAPTAIN  
(shifts his gaze)  
Oh. Yeah.  
(last quick look at Maia)  
Wow!  
(back on the men)  
Tell the Fire Department to get an  
airbag set up! Who's the one in  
camouflage?

SERGEANT  
We don't know, but the suspect is  
trying to push him off!

CAPTAIN  
Can we land a chopper on the roof?

SERGEANT  
We're trying. Not much clearance  
and the wind gusts are bad.

EXT. BUILDING ROOF - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

BEGIN ON window washer's buckets, squeegees, and a long roll of rope ladder, not tied to anything. A SWAT helicopter fights wind gusts, trying to land on the obstructed rooftop. Backwash from its rotors blows the buckets away; the rope ladder blows across the roof, unrolling as it goes.

EXT. SECOND STREET BLDG - GROUND FLOOR (CONTINUOUS)

SERGEANT

With this wind, our best bet is a sniper shot from the lower floor. He'll be in place in a minute.

CAPTAIN

Hang on, soldier. Help is coming.

EXT. BUILDING - 12TH FLOOR (CONTINUOUS)

Maia unwraps the flag from Barry's face as he hangs there.

BARRY

Thanks! I --

(he sees her breasts)

Holy cow!

(instantly)

I didn't mean that the way it came out. But Maia...! Are you sure I'm not dreaming?

Hanging beside him, Sam grabs onto Barry and tries to peel his fingers off the ledge. Maia bangs on Sam's fingers.

INT. TENTH FLOOR LOBBY (CONTINUOUS)

The SWAT Leader rushes Parkins and Anita to the stairwell.

SWAT LEADER

Don't stop till you get to the lobby. We have a crazed gunman loose!

PARKINS

ASSHOLE!

Parkins does a huge facial twitch. The SWAT Leader shoots him a suspicious look, but lets him go, then rushes down the hall. After a beat, Katy emerges from another hallway.

KATY

(fascinated)

A crazy gunman?

EXT. BUILDING - 12TH FLOOR (CONTINUOUS)\_

Sam pries Barry's fingers loose. They fall. Maia SCREAMS!

ANGLE ON WINDOW WASHER PLATFORM

Barry and Sam land on the dangling platform. Barry sees Sam's duffel bag full of guns snagged on the lower end of the platform. Sam starts clambering down toward them.

BARRY

Oh, no, you don't!

Barry skates past Sam down the sloping platform. He nearly falls off the end, but he manages to get to the bag first.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM (CONTINUOUS)

Heston presses his jammed Magnum against the fallen table with all his might, crunching McCone's fingers worse.

McCONE

Owwwww!

HESTON

Are you still here?  
 (lifts table so McCone  
 can free his fingers)  
 Now give me a hand!

McCONE

Yeah, right. I'm getting out  
 before anything else happens to me!

McCone leaps over the fallen table and runs for the door. He slips on cream-cheese on the slick floor, and lands flat on his back...unconscious and blocking the door.

SNIPER'S POV - TELESCOPIC SIGHT ON BARRY WITH GUNS

Barry is trying to figure out how to work a pistol from the bag as Sam lowers himself down the platform. Suddenly, a RED LASER DOT appears on Barry's chest. Barry notices, and freaks out, trying to brush it off as if it were a bug.

BARRY

Aaah! What's that? Is it poisonous?

INT. DR. PARKINS' OPERATING ROOM (CONTINUOUS)

A SWAT SNIPER with a laser-sighted rifle is ready.

SNIPER

Target in sight. Awaiting orders.

INT. AHAB OFFICE LOBBY (CONTINUOUS)

The SWAT Team chops through the chained stairwell door to reach Ahab and the others. SWAT Leader is on his com-link.

SWAT LEADER  
We've freed the hostages!

A SWAT COP tries to open the conference room, but McCone's unconscious form is wedged between the door and a chair.

SWAT COP  
There's so many bodies we can't get through the door!

SWAT LEADER  
(face darkens in fury)  
The bastard!  
(into com-link)  
Take your best shot. Grease the creep in the red shirt!

AHAB  
Are you crazy? The guy in the militia suit was trying to kill us!

SWAT LEADER  
Cancel that order!

INT. DR. PARKINS' OPERATING ROOM (CONTINUOUS)

SWAT SNIPER  
(listening to com-link)  
Understood...I take out the guy in the camouflage.

The Sniper re-aims his gun.

EXT. BUILDING - SNIPER'S TELESCOPIC SIGHT POV

He has a clear shot at Sam who's atop Barry, strangling him with one hand, his other prying the gun from Barry's hand.

SWAT SNIPER (OS)  
I have the target.

INT. DR. PARKINS' OPERATING ROOM (CONTINUOUS)

As the Sniper aims at Sam, Katy tiptoes up behind him.

SWAT LEADER (VO, COM-LINK)  
Now!

KATY  
Heee-YAAAH!

Katy kicks the Sniper's gun up. It FIRES into the ceiling.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM (CONTINUOUS)

The bullet rips through the floor beside McCone, shredding the fabric across the seat of his pants. That wakes him up.

McCONE  
Auuuggghhh! My ass!

INT. DR. PARKINS' OPERATING ROOM (CONTINUOUS)

Katy kicks the Sniper's groin. He gasps, sinks to his knees.

KATY (CONT)  
Take that, you crazy gunman! Haah!

Her next kick sends his helmet (with com-link) flying.

SWAT LEADER (VO, COM-LINK)  
Fire! Do you hear me?

EXT. BUILDING - DAY

Sam is choking the life out of Barry. In the window beyond, Katy flips the Sniper head over heels.

INT. AHAB OFFICE LOBBY (CONTINUOUS)

SWAT LEADER  
What the hell is going on down there?

From the com-link come Katy's karate-cries, grunts of pain from the Sniper, BODY BLOWS, furniture BREAKING, etc.

SWAT LEADER (CONT)  
Back to the tenth floor, move!

The SWAT Team race back to the stairwell.

EXT. BUILDING - DAY

Barry's turning purple. Sam forces him to drop the pistol. It falls. Suddenly, Penny jumps onto Sam's shoulder.

BARRY  
(strangled voice)  
That's it, Penny, bite him!  
Scratch his eyes out!

Instead, Penny sits on Sam's shoulder and plays with the leather tether of Sam's sunglasses.

BARRY (CONT)

Oh, you stupid cat!

But it gives him an idea! With his last strength, Barry reaches up and yanks Sam's sunglasses off. Sam throws an arm over his eyes like Dracula greeting the dawn.

SAM

Arrrrrrrrrgggggggghhh!

Penny leaps off Sam and onto the ledge. She looks bored. Then COPTER MOTORS grow louder overhead. Barry looks up.

BARRY'S POV - SWAT HELICOPTER

Barry can see the copter battling the winds, trying to land on the building, and what looks like a rope ladder hanging from under it. It's dangling over the building edge beside the disabled window washer platform.

ANGLE ON BARRY

As he leaps up, waving his arms to the copter.

BARRY

Maia, we're saved!

HIGH ANGLE FROM ROOF

The rope ladder, alas, is not tied to anything, it's just being blown over the edge by the backwash of the helicopter.

ANGLE ON BARRY

Barry reaches out...he's just inches from the ladder...he grabs it. At that moment Sam, groping blindly, grabs him. Barry is torn between death on the platform and death on the rope ladder. At last he breaks free of Sam and leaps onto the ladder. He promptly falls another 20 feet, until the end of the falling rope ladder snags on the platform.

Sam, squinting against the daylight, reaches down and feels the tension on the rope ladder -- he realizes where Barry is. He pulls a huge knife from a scabbard in his boot and starts sawing on the rope.

BARRY

Aaaaa!

Barry starts climbing back up as fast as he can.

## ANGLE ON HESTON AT WINDOW

He's pressing his .44 Magnum on the window ledge of the building, trying to loosen it.

HESTON  
C'mon, c'mon!

Maia frantically edges back to the window.

MAIA  
Mr. Heston, the coffee urn!

Heston grabs the urn and tosses it to Maia. She turns to Barry below her:

MAIA  
Barry, catch!

## BARRY ON ROPE LADDER

Barry catches the urn. He's four feet below Sam, but he can't get any closer because of the knife. Sam has almost cut the rope clean through. Barry tears off the lid of the urn and hurls the coffee into Sam's face. Sam reacts startled, then starts to laugh.

SAM  
Hahahaha! You loser! That coffee's cold!  
(he laughs more...then  
squints one eye in pain)  
But oh my God, it's like battery acid! My eye! Aaaaauugggh!

Sam drops the knife and puts his hand to his eye. Then, furious, he leans way forward and reaches for a laser-sighted pistol in his bag. Barry pushes the bag strap off the bolt. Sam tries to grab it, overbalances and falls.

## BARRY'S POV ON SAM

Sam and his weapons fall toward the just-deployed airbag on the plaza below. Sam grips the laser-sighted pistol. With his one good eye, as he falls he takes aim at Barry.

## ANGLE ON BARRY

as the RED LASER DOT moves up Barry's body toward his head.

## ANGLE ON HESTON

Frustrated, Heston bangs his .44 on the stone side of the building.

HESTON  
 Damn you, damn you!

ANGLE ON SAM - SLOW MOTION

as he nears the airbag, steadying his gun, ready to fire.

ANGLE ON BARRY - SLOW MOTION

as the RED LASER SIGHT reaches the bridge of his nose.

ON HESTON

One last blow on the stone, and his .44 DISCHARGES downward.

SLOW MOTION SHOT

of the bullet hitting the airbag, just before Sam does.

EXT. SECOND STREET BLDG - GROUND FLOOR (CONTINUOUS)

The bag deflates dramatically. The crowd gapes.

CROWD  
 (a sympathetic moan)

WIPE TO:

INT. AHAB OFFICE LOBBY - DAY (MINUTES LATER)

The Captain is there with Barry and Maia.

CAPTAIN  
 You are going to need a good  
 lawyer, Mr. Murphy. But given what  
 you did out there, and everything  
 Ms. Suarez told us, I expect the  
 D.A. will drop all charges.  
 Especially since no one was killed.  
 (then, into com-line)  
 Or was he?

EXT. SECOND STREET BLDG - GROUND FLOOR (CONTINUOUS)

Paramedics work on Sam, lying on the deflated air bag.

PARAMEDIC  
 No, he's alive. Don't ask me how.  
 This man has literally broken every  
 bone in his body, except one.

EXT. BUILDING - 10TH FLOOR - DAY

Penny jumps in Dr. Parkins' broken window, brushing the abandoned coffee urn as she goes. It falls off.

EXT. SECOND STREET BLDG - GROUND FLOOR (CONTINUOUS)

VOICE

Look out!

Everyone jumps back as the coffee urn falls from above and bounces off Sam's little toe. There's an audible CRUNCH.

SAM

Owwwww!

PARAMEDIC

(into com-line)

Hey, clean sweep!

INT. AHAB'S OFFICE LOBBY (CONTINUOUS)

Barry notices Maia slipping away into the crowd.

BARRY

Excuse me...

Barry hurries after Maia.

BARRY

Maia, wait.

Maia turns. Barry can't help but stare at her chest again.

MAIA

(impatient)

Yes, they're real. I'm real. It's not a dream.

BARRY

So the story about your sister..?

MAIA

I don't have a sister. That was me. I never told you because...I wanted you in love with me. Not with these. Now it's too late.

BARRY

I didn't know you *had* those. But I did realize you're the girl I see in my dreams. And I knew I couldn't live without you. You said yourself heights scare the crap out of me. Only one thing could've gotten me out there after you...I love you.

MAIA

(she wants to believe)  
And you did that knowing it wasn't a dream?

BARRY

If you don't believe me, check my underwear.

Heston winces at that line, but with tears of joy, Maia throws her arms around Barry and they kiss.

KARIN

(wistful)  
*That's* what I call romance.

HESTON

(dismayed)  
Do you? I was thinking of directing *Romeo and Juliet* next year. Maybe it's a lost cause.

The Captain throws an arm around Heston, takes him aside.

CAPTAIN

Mr. Heston, I'd see anything you did. *Planet of the Apes* was brilliant. I don't just mean it had great lines or made a lot of money. It was *about* something.

HESTON

(relieved)  
Thank you. You're the third person today who's praised the film, but the first who really understood its importance.

CAPTAIN

That last scene was such a stunner!  
(Heston nods, flattered)  
I mean, this planet full of monkeys builds a statue of liberty that looks just like ours! What are the odds?

Heston sighs, and starts looking for an escape route.

ANGLE ON McCONE AND AHAB

Barry and Maia walk arm and arm over to where an EMT is splinting McCone's fingers and another is bandaging his butt. Two Cops lead a struggling Katy off in handcuffs.

KATY

Lemme go, you lousy pigs! I didn't do anything!

McCONE

I'll get you the best lawyer money can buy, sugarbear!

AHAB

How are you going to do that on unemployment, you freakin' coward?  
(turns to Barry)  
You, on the other hand, are a real hero with balls of brass! You got a job for life, kid.

BARRY

So you're sold on e-Coff-e?

AHAB

Are you kidding? That's the worst idea I ever heard in my life.

BARRY

(prepared to be modest)  
Well, I --  
(a take)  
What?

AHAB

Nothing personal, but it sucks.

BARRY

You know what? The hell with you, Ahab. I quit! In 12 months, I'll be bigger than you!

Ahab gapes...and Maia grins proudly...as Barry walks out.

WHITE OUT TO:

EXT. TROPICAL RESORT - DAY (ONE YEAR LATER) **(DREAM)**

SOOTHING MUSIC drifts down from the cabana and GENTLE SURF up from the shore as Barry lies sunbathing on a beach towel, beside the incredible bronzed body of Karin. She sits up, yawns and stretches.

KARIN

Barry, darling, I know you gave me a thousand this morning. But I need another thousand.

Barry bolt upright in a panic.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY **(DREAM ENDS)**

Barry, sitting on the floor, awakens with a start. He's wearing an apron and sweating.

BARRY

Auuugggh!

(as he gets his bearings)

Oh, man, I had that nightmare again, about Karin on the beach! But I was able to wake up immediately.

Maia leans over the counter from above. She's sweating too.

MAIA

Barry, we've got customers! I need coffee stirrers and another latte!

BARRY

Sorry, I nodded off. I was up late. Didn't think we'd be working today.

Barry shakes himself awake and leaps up.

ANGLE ON COUNTER

Anita and Dr. Parkins flash their e-Coff-e cards. PAN OVER to a computer screen which registers their usual order. Maia hands them their cups, already made.

MAIA

You guys are later than usual. Just email us if you want a new pickup time.

DR. PARKINS

(sips coffee)

Naah, it's fine.

ANITA  
We'd have been on time if he'd  
listened to me.

DR. PARKINS  
(teasing her)  
Bitch, bitch, bitch.

ANITA  
Take your meds and shut up.

They link arms and head off...past a logo that reads:

Barry & Maia's  
e-COFF-e

ANGLE ON BARRY AND MAIA

BARRY  
They make a nice couple.

MAIA  
So will we, as soon as we get a day  
off.

BARRY  
Who knew we'd have all three  
employees call in sick? When the  
heck does that temp show up?

Barry skates out from behind the counter. He's on roller  
blades, delivering a tray of coffees to a table.

MAIA  
(a funny smile)  
He, uh, he already showed up. He's  
just having trouble getting used to  
the skates.

BARRY  
Tough, it's our trademark. We don't  
make you wait like the other guy.

He sets down the coffees for Dick and Morrie.

MORRIE  
You're telling me? I've made more  
investing in your store than I ever  
did in mine.

DICK  
Wonder why that was.

Morrie shoots Dick a look.

EXT. BUILDING LOBBY - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Barry & Maia's e-COFF-e is where Morrie's Sporting Goods used to be. It's doing a land-office business, with a line that is never long but constantly being added to.

PAN OVER to Ahab's Coffee, where the line is half of what it used to be...and standing as still as an oil painting, while one employee foams some milk. Several CUSTOMERS look over at Barry & Maia's in exasperation, then walk over.

CUSTOMER

Excuse me, how do we enroll in this e-Coff-e thing?

MAIA

(hands them forms)  
It's real simple.

ANGLE ON ENTRANCE

Ahab enters, arm in arm with Karin, now dressed as Trophy Wife #5. He sees more customers defect from Ahab's to Barry & Maia's. Ahab storms over to Barry and Maia's counter.

AHAB

Let's cut to the chase. I'm prepared to double my offer for this little firm of yours.

BARRY

Ten million, not a penny less.

AHAB

(turning purple)  
Ten mil -- for three lousy stores?

MAIA

Four. And by next year, who knows?

AHAB

I can't afford ten million! I'm still paying Frank Gehry for my new headquarters.

KARIN

We saw it yesterday. It's stunning.

AHAB

(gloomily)  
It looks like someone fell on it.  
What the hell was I thinking?

The temp employee comes wobbling out on skates. It's McCone, carrying a jar of coffee stirrers.

BARRY  
McCone? You're our temp?

McCONE  
Uh, hi, Murph -- Mr. Murphy.  
Thanks for giving me this chance.  
I won't let you down.

Barry turns to Maia, who winks at him.

AHAB  
Don't be a fool, Murphy. Look at  
you, busting your ass. You said by  
now you'd be bigger than me.

Maia skates out from behind the counter. She's hugely pregnant -- triplets at the least.

MAIA  
Well, one of us is.

BARRY  
By the way, get a load of this. Is  
that product placement, or what?

Barry points to a wall poster OS. Karin and Ahab look at it...whatever it is, they hate it.

KARIN  
You're both nuts.

MAIA  
Nice seeing you, Mrs. Ahab.

Maia hands a pot of coffee to McCone and helps him skate over to a table.

AHAB  
C'mon, Karin.

Ahab stomps off toward the elevator. Karin lingers with Barry. She looks more gorgeous than ever.

KARIN  
(sotto to Barry)  
Call me sometime.

BARRY  
(grins)  
In your dreams.

Barry skates over to Maia and they kiss.

CLOSE ON PENNY

as she rubs up against McCone's legs. He loses his balance.

McCONE  
Whooooaa...!

There's a mighty crash OS.

McCONE (CONT, OS)  
Auuuuugh! Damn that's hot!

ON BARRY AND MAIA

They're still kissing like Al and Tipper while McCone in the b.g. is dumping ice water on himself.

PAN FROM from this cozy scene to an EXTREME CLOSE-UP of the poster: It shows a coffee mug with the *Barry & Maia's e-COFF-e* logo. ZOOM OUT to show the poster is advertising "RODAN II... Starring CHARLTON HESTON." Heston is depicted amid the ruins of Los Angeles, holding the coffee mug in one hand, as a giant Pterodactyl flies over his head. He's clenching his other fist at the creature, and we can just tell he's yelling "Damn you! Damn you!"

FADE OUT.

THE END