I am. The title's a bit tricky, kid. If you're not, you can email me your number below.

SMELL THE COFFEE

by Doug Molitor

A Screenplay

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Property of:

Altadena, P. O. Box 6039
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FADE IN:

SMELL THE COFFEE

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. McConé 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 McConne)
He just told me the filthiest joke.

McConne’s jaw drops.

AHAB
McConne, 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.

McCONNe
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 McConne,
who has knocked the easel aside. Barry does a take.

McCONNe
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?

McConne 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 
namplate)
...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 for 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! McCon 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

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 McCon’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 McCones 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
Riight. 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 smooths 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
McComm 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 McComm...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 McComm.

BARRY
Sam, if McComm knew about this...

BARRY’S POV - in Sam’s mirrored shades, he suddenly sees McComm’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
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)
Godamnit, 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. McConne 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.

McConne 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. 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. McCon, 
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
McCon, 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)
Auuuuugghh!

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
Yeeewwwowww!

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
Owwww!

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 (REDDRESSED) - 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. Berry?

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

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-crusted cat turd. Suspicious, he breaks one, tastes it, spews it out revolted.

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
Aaaaaaaaaa!!

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 NEWSCOPTER 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.

HELIКОPTER 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

HELIICOPTER 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! Wheee!

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)
Whoohoo! 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 --
(qieter, 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 McConé’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, McCon 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)

McCon 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.

AHAh
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.

McCON (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. AHAH 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. McConе 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. McConе 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.

McCon signs and the Messenger departs in the elevator.

McCONE
(calls out)
Murphy! Where are you? I want you on this right now!

McCon 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 eclair 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 McConne’s pants. McConne gasps!

BARRY

Or this?

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

KATY

Daddy!!

MCONE

(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. McConne 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-smeared 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?

McCones 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 McCones)
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, McConce 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)
McConce, you tell Gehry he doesn't get a dime unless the finished building looks exactly like this!

McConce
(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 McConce.

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 McConce - looking around as a rolling sound grows louder.

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

AHAB/McCONNE/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 silencer 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 newscaper 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 McCones)
You too, McCones! Nobody moves till
I finish my pitch!

ON McCones - He's trembling with fear. PAN DOWN McCones'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 McCones 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?

McCones
(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!

McCONÉ
(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.

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

SAM
(turns the gun on McConé)
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, what'samatter, 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 smacking 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
Aaaaaaaaaarrrrrgggghhh!

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

McCONDE
(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 McCon, still trying to get his fingers from under the fallen table.

McCon
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)

Desperate, Sam stomps Barry on his right foot.

BARRY (CONT)
Zilch.

Sam stomps his left foot.

BARRY (CONT)
(bursts into tears)
Owwwwwww! My fooooooot!

Barry bends to grasp his injured toes, just as Sam swings his fist into the side of the building.

SAM
Agggggghhh!

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
Aah! 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 Mc Cone, 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. AHA B 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
Arrrrrrrrggggggghhh!

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! Aaaaauuugggh!

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

Owwwwww!

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 bolts 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 napped 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
Mc Cone? You’re our temp?

Mc CONE
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 McCones legs. He loses his balance.

McCONe
Whooooaa...!

There's a mighty crash OS.

McCONe (CONT, OS)
Auuuuuggh! Damn that's hot!

ON BARRY AND MAIA

They're still kissing like Al and Tipper while McCon 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