I Hope I Do

by
Greg Shouse
FADE IN:

EXT. SARA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A cozy two-bedroom bungalow on a tree-lined street. A newer Jetta pulls into the driveway and comes to a stop. JAKE BREWER, late 20s, boyishly handsome with a cartoonist’s permanently ink stained fingers, emerges.

Jake's seat belt catches in the door frame, leaving the dome light of his car on as he strides toward the

FRONT DOOR

Jake fingers the front door BUZZER and a moment later SARA QUILL swings the door open, cocking first her head and then an eyebrow at Jake. Sara is a kindergarten teacher in her mid 20s with the kind of breezy beauty that other women will spend thousands on in this city but never achieve.

SARA
What are you doing here, numb nuts?

JAKE
Nice, Sara. You talk like that in front of your kindergartners?

SARA
Occasionally on Mondays. Now, I asked you a question.

JAKE
You had me staying over at your brothers. I spent the first three hours saying "uh huh" as he laid out the success of his new multi-level internet marketing campaigns and then "mmm hmm" in the following two when we discussed how his new Ping Zings have dramatically improved his game. Hence, when he wasn't looking I was forced to accidentally drop a half dozen Ambien into his non-caffinated, non-alcoholic beverage.

(looking into distance)
Not that I wanted to, but it had to be done.

SARA
Awesome, so instead of Mark walking me down the aisle tomorrow I get to carry him.

(CONTINUED)
JAKE
Remember, lift with the legs, not the back.

Sara punches Jake in the shoulder.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Ow.

SARA
Thanks for the tip. Now, just so I'm clear Jake, when me, my mom, and my sister all reminded you earlier today that it's bad luck for the groom to see the bride the night before the wedding and told you that under no circumstances were you to show up here, what part didn't you get?

JAKE
To be honest, pretty much all of it. To begin with, the concept of luck is ridiculous. What most people refer to as luck is simply random chance. Add to that the whole notion of it being unlucky for a groom to see his bride before the wedding dates back to when marriages were arranged and women were considered property and what you end up with is a big pile of antiquated sexist supernatural silliness. So, can I come in?

SARA
No Jake, you may not... You might not believe in luck but I do. I was actually feeling pretty lucky until you showed up. For Christ sake, it's one night. Why even chance it? That's just dumb.

JAKE
Fine, advocate away on behalf of antiquated sexist supernatural silliness. Only problem is technically this is the night before our wedding and I have officially seen you.

(MORE)
Eyeballs - Sara. So, whatever backwoods voodoo, Mr. Mojo Risin' curse there was to be incurred has already occurred. Except, wait it hasn't, because luck doesn't exist.

SARA
You're positive on that?

JAKE
If you'd like I'm willing to back it up with further psychological, scientific, and mathematical constructs.

SARA
You could do that. Or, if you'll just shut the fuck up, you can come in.

Jake smiles as he mimes zipping his lips shut and throwing away the key. He then squeezes past Sara who sighs in exasperation and pulls the front door shut.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jake snatches a beer from the fridge, wielding a magnetic bottle opener, popping the top and sending it soaring into the trash in one fluid movement. He twirls the opener and CLICKS it's magnetic strip back onto the fridge as Sara enters.

SARA
You know you can sling quite a load of quasi-intelligent-sounding bullshit for someone who makes his living scribbling squiggles for the funny papers.

JAKE
One of the many benefits of a job that only takes five minutes a day - plenty of free time for wikipedia research.

SARA
You do realize wikipedia isn't considered by most to be the be-all-end-all of reliable information?
Sara grabs a glass from the cupboard and pours herself some water from the fridge spout.

JAKE
Hey, don't go knocking wiki. That's where I learned about that alphabet oral trick you like so much.

SARA
(sips water, then:)
Well then, I take it back. Wikipedia is the bee's knees.

JAKE
And you're the cat's pjs for saying so, toots.

SARA
Why thanks, sailor... So, speaking of men who proliferate venereal disease, how was your bachelor party?

JAKE
You know, the usual.

SARA
Some poor young girl with a sad childhood degrading herself for you and your collection of simian friends?

JAKE
No way!... Two poor young girls with sad childhoods going to town on each other with hot wax and drilldos. (makes drilldo noises)
You know - classy.

SARA
And you actually enjoyed this?

Sara shakes her head and moves into the

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sara slips over to the couch and pulls out a stack of Kindergartners worksheets from a bag with lines drawn between different animals and their corresponding sounds. She sits and "grades" them with either happy or sad faces as Jake enters and leans against a bookcase.
JAKE
The sight of two women whose only job requirement is to look good naked, pretending to be lesbians, grinding up on each other like two otters fighting over an abalone, and then breaking out the high-intensity-pussy-pleasuring-power-tools - not at all. I just soldiered through it for the sake of the other guys.

SARA
Commendable, really.

JAKE
I thought so.

Jakes slinks over and takes a seat next to Sara on the couch.

SARA
God, we're getting married tomorrow, I can't believe I never asked this.
    (dripping with sex)
After it's been a couple years and we're settled in, would that ever be something you'd be into? You know, me, you, another woman?

JAKE
I, um, well--

SARA
--Cuz it's never gonna happen. Just thought you should know on the basis of full disclosure.

JAKE
(little boy pouting)
Okay. That was officially mean.

Sara cracks up.

JAKE (CONT'D)
So where are your mom and sister anyway? I thought they'd be over here.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

SARA
They were until they started fighting over whether I should wear my hair up or down and the great veil or no veil debate. Booted 'em.

JAKE
If I get a vote which I realize I pretty much haven't since I said the words "will you marry me", I vote hair up, veil.

SARA
Down no veil it is.

JAKE
Just thought you'd want something to cover up your bloodshot eyes after I keep you up late tonight.

Jake smiles at Sara and raises his eyebrows. Sara gives Jake a look and then just walks out of the room laughing.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sara lies in bed reading a travel brochure on a resort in the Virgin Islands. WE HEAR THE FAUCET SHUT OFF IN THE BATHROOM and Jake steps into the bedroom and crawls in next to her.

JAKE
I know what you were doing. The whole laughing and walking out of the room thing. You were hoping I'd do what I normally do - take it as a challenge and come in here and rock your world so hard you'd be strolling around all day tomorrow with the kind of completely relaxed and glowing look only a woman who's been totally sated by the Jakester has.

SARA
Darn, you caught me, Jakester.

JAKE
Well, you hurt my feelings and you can just forget about it.

(MORE)
CONTINUED:

JAKE (CONT'D)
I now plan on saving myself for the honeymoon where girl you best start preparing yourself now cuz I'm going to go all kinds of Jet Li avenging the deaths of his entire family and his dog up on your booty.

SARA
(points to brochure)
Neat. And after that we can go para-sailing.

JAKE
(excited about the idea)
Cool! Cuz that whole Jet Li thing shouldn't take more than like five minutes. And I've never been para-sailing!

Sara chuckles.

SARA
(sweetly)
You make me laugh.

Jake leans over and they kiss softly. Sara kisses back for a moment, then breaks and slips a finger over Jake's lips.

SARA (CONT'D)
But you're still not getting lucky tonight.

JAKE
Well then, it's a good thing for me I don't believe in luck.

Jake leans in toward Sara again. Sara turns away, reaching for the light on her end table.

SARA
And a bad thing for you that I do.

Sara shuts off the light and shuts down Jake.

EXT. SARA'S HOUSE - MORNING

Birds chirp and the sprinklers sprinkle.
INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Jake sits at the kitchen table in his wedding tux, carefully sipping his morning coffee. He HEARS THE CLICK OF HEELS and turns to see

SARA WALKING TOWARD HIM IN SLOW MOTION. The way the morning light is shining through her hair and in her beautiful dress, she could be an angel. FULL SPEED.

SARA
Figured since you already blew the good luck thing, you could at least let me know how I look.

JAKE
(a whisper)
Wow.

SARA
Wow?

JAKE
Well, before you came in I was worried about getting my bow tie straight but now I realize I'd have to light myself on fire for anyone to be looking at me.

SARA
(smiles)
Glad I could help.

JAKE
I should go.

Jake stands and backs his way out of the kitchen, still stunned by Sara's beauty in her dress.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Wow.

EXT. JAKE AND SARA'S HOUSE - DAY

Jake strides down the front walk, a smile on his face. It's knocked off by the SLAP of a newspaper. Jake shakes his head and bends to pick it up.

JAKE
Thank you.

WIDER as a 12 year-old PAPER GIRL, swings her bike around and rides up to Jake.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

PAPER GIRL
Sorry. You okay?

JAKE
I'll live.

PAPER GIRL
You going to the prom or something?

JAKE
(laughs)
No. I'm getting married today.

PAPER GIRL
To the lady that lives here?

JAKE
Sure am.

PAPER GIRL
You're lucky. She's pretty.

JAKE
Nothing to do with luck. But thanks.

PAPER GIRL
You don't seem like you're all that to me.

JAKE
I didn't mean it like that. But thanks again. I just meant I don't believe in luck.

PAPER GIRL
You should. You're gonna need it. Over half of all marriages end in divorce. But if the sex is good, it should last for a few years anyway. That's what I heard my mom say about my uncle... I'm assuming that's why you're here even though (chastising tone) it is bad luck to see the bride before the wedding.

JAKE
That's really none of your business. How old are you anyway?
CONTINUED: (2)

PAPER GIRL
I didn't say it was. I said I was assuming. And I'm twelve.

JAKE
Well, for you information, Little Miss Mouthy, you're wrong. We didn't do anything last night and we've been saving ourselves for marriage just like you should.

PAPER GIRL
Listen, you seem okay. But please don't condescend to me. It's not nice... I'd wish you luck but since you don't believe in it, guess I'll just be seeing ya.

The Paper Girl pedals off leaving Jake looking like he's been hit between the eyes with a baseball bat. He shakes it off and then strides over to

JAKE'S JETTA

Jake notices the open door but hops inside anyway. He puts his keys in the ignition and tries to start it. It WHINES BUT WON'T TURN OVER. Jake pounds on the steering wheel.

JAKE
Fuckity-fuck-fuck-shitty-shit-fuck!

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sara is sitting on the couch as Jake enters, pulling a suitcase behind him.

SARA
Forget something?

JAKE
Not to get my seat belt jammed in the door frame, leaving the inside light of my car on and killing the battery.

SARA
Better call a cab.

JAKE
The limo should be here to pick you up any minute. Why can't I just go with you?
Because I'd prefer my whole family didn't know you spent the night after my mom and sister told you to stay away. No need for everyone to know what a jerk I'm marrying.

Like they need further conformation? They've met me. (off Sara's look)

If it matters that much to you just drop me off a block away, okay?

Fine. But do me a favor. Lose all that crap you've got in your pockets. It's making your tux hang funny.

Alright, but I already told you, no one's going to be looking at me.

I will.

Jake empties his cell phone, wallet, Pez, a roll of quarters, a broken pocket watch, and a lot more, into his bag.

Sara watches in confused awe as the process seemingly goes on forever.

Sara and Jake sit next to each other on the couch in silence for a moment before she grabs Jake's wrist and checks his watch.

God, where's the damn limo already?

Yeah, he's only got five minutes left to be on time so he can get us to the church two and a half hours before our wedding. (dripping with sarcasm)

I think we should start to panic.
SARA
Jake, could you please just be on my side in hoping this wedding will go perfectly?

JAKE
Hey, I'm always on your side. And I'll hope. I'll even pray if you want me to, but there's no way that's going to happen.

SARA
Yeah, since you jinxed us by showing up last night.

JAKE
No, because in real life nothing ever does. Maybe your aunt Sophie will break a heal and trip when she gets up to sing or it'll rain at the reception or you'll keep looking at me that way, grab a knife out of the kitchen and stab me in the face in the next two minutes. My point, before you go Ginsu, is that all I need to make today perfect is you loving me enough to marry me.

SARA
(a beat)
Fuck you.

JAKE
Fuck me?

SARA
Yes, fuck you. You always do that. You drive me crazy, pointing out and picking on my neuroses and then you say shit like that.

JAKE
Shit like what?

SARA
The most beautiful and romantic thing I've ever heard. See, cuz now I have to marry you even if today is a total disaster. You tricked me. You're a bastard.
CONTINUED: (2)

JAKE
Am I at least a cute bastard?

Jake grins and raises and eyebrow. Sara grins back despite herself and then jumps up when the DOORBELL BUZZES.

SARA
Come on.

Jake takes his time, but finally rises.

EXT. JAKE AND SARA'S HOUSE - DAY

Jake stands with GEORGE POPOVICH at the back of a limo parked behind his car in the driveway, helping George load four bags into the trunk.

GEORGE
You guys going on a long honeymoon?

JAKE
A week. The little bag there is mine. Feel free to mention to Sara that she might have overpacked.

GEORGE
Not a chance. I've been married eight months myself. My wife brings more than this for a weekend... I hope this won't affect my tip, but you're kind of a jerk, sir. If your Sara's anything like my Laura, I'd lose a nut for saying something like that.

JAKE
You probably would have. But it'd have been fun for me to watch.

GEORGE
See, just a little bit of a jerk, sir. Just a little bit.

JAKE
I apologize. Jake Brewer.

GEORGE
(shaking hands)
George Popovich... Two rules, Jake. One: nobody messes with my car. And two: nobody messes with my passengers.

(CONTINUED)
JAKE
Not a problem. And good to know.

INT. LIMO - TRAVELING - DAY

George is behind the wheel, Jake and Sara holding hands in the back seat.

GEORGE
Days like this I really love my job. Drunken kids going to prom I could take or leave, but a nice couple like you two about to start their lives together - it's really great. And I want you to know not to pay any attention to that garbage people talk about marriage these days. I can tell you from experience, it's the best.

JAKE
No offence. But you did tell me you've only been married for like eight months?

GEORGE
Eight perfect months. Before I met my wife, I was a mess. Drinking too much, looking for trouble, and I had a real weight problem.

JAKE
The hell you say.

GEORGE
I know, hard to believe. Every other woman I was ever with eventually ended up giving me crap over it. Not Laura. She really loves me for who I am. Once we were together, not having the stress of worrying she was judging me or gonna leave me over my weight, I started to eat less. Then I started going on walks like she does, just to be with her, and I've lost like fifty pounds. I feel like I did back in High School, like a sleek panther.

George looks over his shoulder at Jake and Sara and makes a panther growl and claws toward them, cracking them up.

(CONTINUED)
Okay, a large sleek panther, but a sleek panther none the less... You want to see her?

SARA
Sure.

George pulls out his wallet and holds it over his shoulder open to a picture of LAURA, 30s, a plus-sized beauty.

SARA (CONT'D)
She's gorgeous.

JAKE
Looks like you got yourself a winner man.

GEORGE
Don't I know it. I'm telling you, our love is going to last forever.  
(to picture)  
Look at you, Laura. You've got me blabbering on like a sappy greeting card.

SARA
We think it's sweet. Don't we?

JAKE
(trying not to laugh)
Yeah, sure.

Sara elbows Jake and George puts away his wallet.

SARA
That's weird. The woman in the passenger seat of that car that just passed looked just like her.

GEORGE
(unsure)
Not possible. Laura said she was staying around the house today doing laundry.

George speeds up and pulls along side a beat up Toyota Corolla.

GEORGE'S POV - Laura sits next to a HANDSOME BLACK MAN who drives.  

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Jesus, that is her... What the hell is my Laura doing in that car with that guy?

SARA
Maybe he's an old friend?

GEORGE
I know all of her old friends and he ain't none of them.

SARA
Someone she works with?

GEORGE
(makes BUZZER NOISE, getting upset)
But thanks for playing.

EXT. WEST ADAMS - DAY

The limo makes a turn off a normal looking street onto one Ice Cube would avoid.

INT. LIMO - TRAVELING - DAY

JAKE
I hate to be a pain, but you kinda sorta missed the turn toward the church.

GEORGE
You don't want to be a pain, huh?
Then do me a favor and just sit there and shut the fuck up or I swear to Jimmity Christ I will do us all, including you, her, me, and my cheating whore of a wife all in one big fiery fucking explosion!

LATER

George looks crazed, his fingers digging into the steering wheel. In the back seat, Sara and Jake anxiously whisper back and forth.

SARA
We're getting kind of far away from the church. Ask him to pull over and let us out.
CONTINUED:

JAKE
Look around. You want him to let us out here?

Sara looks out her window.

Sara's POV - HOMELESS MEN hang around outside a liquor store.

Jake peers out his window.

Jake's POV - of Graffiti strewn businesses and homes.

Sara's POV - of a HO huffing into a plastic bag.

Jake's POV - of A FIVE-YEAR-OLD smoking and flashing a gun.

Jake and Sara exchange a "no way" look.

EXT. WRONG SIDE OF 10 FREEWAY (WEST ADAMS) - DAY

Shoes are strewn by their laces over phone lines. We BOOM DOWN from the shoes to the limo driving past.

INT. LIMO - TRAVELING - DAY

Sara and Jake continue their nervous whispering.

SARA
Well, you can at least say something to him.

JAKE
Yeah, I'd love to.
(more to himself)
Go ahead Jake, pet the cobra.
Sure, I'll pet the cobra.

Jake leans forward.

JAKE (CONT'D)
George, I want you to know I can understand that you're upset.

GEORGE
(doesn't give a shit)
Thanks.

JAKE
But let's be reasonable. You said yourself how much Laura loves you. I'm sure there's a perfectly good explanation why she's in that car with that guy.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

GEORGE
They fuck every time I go to work, and this is one of those times?

JAKe
That, or something else. The point is wouldn't it be better to just finish your job, drive us to the church, and then talk about it with her after you get home and have a little time to cool down?

GEORGE
They're pulling over.

George pulls the limo to the curb.

GEORGE'S POV - the Corolla is parked in front of an apartment building.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Please don't let her go into that apartment building with him.
Please do not let her go into that apartment building with him.

GEORGE'S POV - the Handsome Black Man and Laura stride into the apartment building.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Well then...
(suddenly very nice)
I apologize to you both for bringing you here. I'm usually a very proficient and reliable driver. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have some humans to kill.

George reaches over and opens the glove box, pulling out a 9mm pistol. He then opens the driver's door and exits.

Jake and Sara look to each other.

SARA
What should we do?

JAKe
Well, we could wait here for him to get done inside and then decide to eliminate witnesses.

Jake points back and forth between himself and Sara.
CONTINUED: (2)

JAKE (CONT'D)

Or WE COULD RUN!!!

EXT. DENKER ST. AND 36TH PLACE - DAY

Jake and Sara haul ass away from the limo, their wedding attire not making for the best running gear.

EXT. 36TH PLACE - TWO BLOCKS AWAY - DAY

Jake and Sara continue running until Sara grabs Jake's arm to stop him.

SARA

Wait... Chances are he's just going to go in there and find out there's nothing going on. They've only been married for eight months, why would she have married him in the first place if she was going to cheat on him already?

JAKE

That's a good point. And he did seem really nice before he saw his wife with that other guy. I know he was talking crazy but I don't think he'd really be capable of--

--BANG! BANG! BANG! Three shots ring out. Sara and Jake's eyes bug out at each other and they take off like track stars.

EXT. WEST ADAMS - DAY

Jake and Sara don't look back as they wind their way haphazardly through this run-down neighborhood.

EXT. HARVARD AND ADAMS - DAY

Jake and Sara continue running for a moment until Sara has had all the running she can take. She doubles over, gasping for air.

SARA

Jake, stop!

Jake circles back to Sara.

SARA (CONT'D)

Do you even know where we are?
Farther away from the homicidal madman with the gun than we used to be?

I think we're far enough. Use your cell phone and call the cops.

I would if someone didn't tell me it was ruining the lines of my tux. I got nothing! No cell phone! No wallet! Nothing! And look at us. We're in the middle of Kill Whitey-ville!

Hey, that's kind of racist.

Not as racist as that!

Jake points out the large "Kill Whitey" graffiti on the wall behind them.

Okay. Point taken. Now let's just stay focused. All we have to do is find a pay-phone and we can call the police.

And spend the next twelve hours answering their questions and miss our wedding?

Not if we make an anonymous tip and then call a cab to pick us up.

Okay, that's smart. I would have never thought of that.

I know. That's why I said it.

And that's why I love you.
SARA
Save the mushy stuff, will you? We've got a wedding to get to. Let's go.

Jake follows Sara as she continues down the street.

JAKE
You do realize the irony of your last statement?

SARA
(sarcastic)
No. My last statement was: 'Let's go?' I don't see any irony in that.

Jake smirks. She got him. They continue on.

JAKE
You know, if we survive this, we're going to have a really great story to tell.

SARA
About how you showed up the night before our wedding, jinxed us, and we ended up with a shit-house-rat-crazy limo driver?

JAKE
The one thing has nothing to do with the other.

SARA
Well, if it's not bad luck, then it must be someone's fault. I wonder, who could it be?

JAKE
I don't know, maybe the person who pointed out our limo driver's wife with another man?

SARA
That's not fair. If you had seen her you would have done the same thing.

JAKE
Probably. All I'm saying is it wasn't luck. We both made decisions that have led us here.

(MORE)
CONTINUED: (3)

JAKE (CONT'D)
I made the little mistake of hiring
the cheapest limo company available
and you made the monumental mistake
of pointing out that the driver for
said company has or rather had a
two-timing floozie with wheels on
her heels for a wife. But like you
said, let's stay focused. I think
I see a bodega on the next corner.
They might have a phone.

Sara pauses to give Jake the stink-eye, then quick steps it
to catch up to him.

EXT. BODEGA 36ST AND WESTERN AVE - DAY

Jake and Sara stand outside a seedy bodega. Jake picks up
the receiver of a pay phone and holds it to his ear.

JAKE
Bad news is no dial tone. Really
bad news is I may now have ear
herpes.

(freaking out)
It's freakin' wet!

Jake hangs up the phone and rubs his ear with the shoulder of
his jacket.

SARA
Wet? That's disgusting. Why would
it be wet? What could it be?

JAKE
Don't know. Don't want to think
about it. Let's try inside.

Jake and Sara both shudder back and forth for a moment,
almost like it's a contest to see who can be more disgusted.
They then head into

INT. BODEGA - DAY

Jake and Sara stride up to the counter where a CLERK of
indeterminable origin resides.

JAKE
Hi, we were wondering if you have a
phone?

CLERK
Phone outside. You want Marlboro?

(CONTINUED)
JAKE
That one's broken. So could we maybe use your phone if you have one?

CLERK
No Marlboro?

JAKE
No, I want phone.

CLERK
Phone outside. Buy or leave. Marlboro?

JAKE
Fine. I'll buy a pack of Marlboros if you'll just let us use your phone.

CLERK
Five fifty.

JAKE
To use the phone?

CLERK
(getting testy)
Marlboro five fifty!

JAKE
Okay, fine. Marlboro five fifty...
(checks pockets)
Wait, I don't have any money on me, but--

CLERK
Get out of store! This no library!

JAKE
What was I reading? Library? This is a fucking emergency and we just need to use your fucking phone, okay? You understand? Emergency? We're getting married and this guy maybe shot some people. You understand?!

CLERK
I understand emergency having fuck--you--man! Fuck out store now, fuck shiter!

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

JAKE
Fuck shitter? You're the fuck shitter! You're not fucking listening! We need a phone to call the police - PO-LICE. Get it?

The Clerk raises a fist.

CLERK
Get it good I no fuck shit you up big time, someone of bitch!

SARA
Jake, calm down.

JAKE
Me?!

SARA
Sir, please, we've witnessed a possible murder and we need to call the police. Would that be okay?

CLERK
Marlboro Light?

EXT. WESTERN AVE - DAY

Sara and Jake stride away from the bodega.

SARA
Why do you always have to be so confrontational with people?

JAKE
The Marlboro Man started it. And it's not like your approach struck gold, Marlboro Light.

SARA
"He started it." You know what I do for a living and that's what you're going with?

JAKE
Hey, don't you always teach your kids about sharing? He wasn't sharing his phone, so it's on him. So there. Na, nanny, na na, let's find another freakin' phone.
SARA
It shouldn't be that hard. Why don't we just knock on someone's door?

In the background, the limo with George behind the wheel pulls up to the intersection and stops at the light.

JAKE
Sara, I think it's really sweet how you always think the best of people but I'd prefer not to be sodomized both pre and post mortuam. That's just how I roll.

SARA
You're being redic--

JAKE
--It's the limo! Come on!

Jake grabs Sara's hand and pulls her down an ALLEYWAY (7TH AND LEELAND)
running along the back of a group of storefronts.

SARA
Did he see us?

Jake pulls at a door to one of the back storerooms. Locked.

JAKE
I don't know.

Jake tries the next door and it opens.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Quick, get in here before he does for sure!

Jake and Sara whip their way into

INT. STOREROOM - DAY

Jake and Sara nervously catch their breath inside the door. Jake peaks out and takes a last look.

SARA
Is he coming?
JAKE
No. I don't think he saw us.
We're safe.

CLICK, CLICK, CLICK, CLICK. Jake and Sara turn to see four fully cocked guns pointing at them. A coke deal is going down. Four men stand at a table, two on either side, and two kilos of blow and a briefcase full of money between them.

The two on the left are FRANK WHITE and DRAKE "SMITTY" SMITS. Frank is the boss, equal parts crazy and smart, with cold eyes and a Texas accent. Smitty is Frank's brother-in-law and is too stupid and good-natured goofy to be here if it wasn't for nepotism. On the right are the James brothers, DEX and DEVON. They'd both shoot you just so they could bet on how long it took you to die.

FRANK
Hey Smitty, do you think it might have been a good idea to lock that door after you let in Dex and Devon?

SMITTY
I thought I did.

FRANK
Then why am I staring at the top of a wedding cake?

SMITTY
(shrugs)
I don't know. Why?

FRANK
Go bring 'em over here!

Smitty heads over to Jake and Sara.

FRANK (CONT'D)
And lock the fucking door this time!

Sara and Jake are frozen with fear. They whisper to each other.

SARA
I'm going to die on my wedding day.

JAKE
No, you're not. Just stay calm and whatever I do, play along.

(CONTINUED)
Dex reaches for the briefcase full of money.

DEX
I'm not feeling this, Frank. This was supposed to go down simple. Not simple anymore, so we out.

Frank turns his gun from Jake and Sara over to Dex.

FRANK
No one's going anywhere. We have something to sell. You have something to buy. Nothing's changed. We'll have a little pleasant conversation with our new friends and then we'll conclude our business.

DEX
That sounds a-ight. But it sound better without that motherfucking gun in my face.

FRANK
Sorry about that. In Texas pointing a gun at someone is a sign of affection.

Devon aims his gun at Frank's belly.

DEVON
Show your love for someone besides my brother.

FRANK
Done.

Frank turns his gun on Jake and Sara as Smitty leads them over to the table.

JAKE
Hi there. You're obviously really busy here. And we were just on our way to our wedding, so we wouldn't want to take up anymore of your time. Let's go, honey.

Jake grabs Sara by the hand and starts to walk away.

FRANK
Hold it.
JAKE
Oh, oh, I see. You're probably worried that we're gonna tell someone about— you know— (gestures to drugs) all this. But we wouldn't do that. We'd only be hurting ourselves. Cuz we love cocaine, looooove it, isn't that right?

SARA
(afraid)
Oh yeah, I can't get enough of it.

JAKE
(nervous laugh)
Who can, right? That is cocaine?

FRANK
Sure is. And in that case, why don't you have a little pre-wedding party? Smitty, cut out a couple nice fat lines for um, your names?

JAKE
Jake and Sara.

FRANK
Jake and Sara. How sweet.

SMITTY
You got it.

FRANK
You two kids can show our friends they're getting their money's worth, you being such nose candy aficionados and such.

JAKE
Well, normally we'd just Dust Buster those up the old schnozzolas but like I said we're getting married and we really need to be getting--

DEX
--Do it, bitch.

DAREN
Or die.

Daren puts the barrel of his gun on Jake's temple.
JAKE
On the other hand, what's a wedding
if not a celebration. So let's get
this party started.

Jake bends over and does a line. He comes up and looks like
he stuck his finger in a wall socket.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Jizzing Jonas Brothers! Agh!
Goddamn!... I love it! Good shit,
man. Especially like the part when
it rolls down your throat like now.

Jake tries to compose himself as chokes on the coke dripping
down his esophagus.

DAREN
Now your bitch.

JAKE
Hey, I don't see any need for name
calling.

Darren puts his gun back on Jake's temple.

JAKE (CONT'D)
You heard the man, bitch! Gack up
that snow!

Sara gives Jake a look and then bends and snorts her line.
She stands back up looking fire-place-poker-in-the-booty
stunned and rubs at her nose.

SARA
Owie, owie, owie!

FRANK
What's that?

JAKE
She's saying oui, oui, oui! It's
French for yes, yes, yes.

SARA
Yes, yes, yes, wonderful.

FRANK
That's what I like to hear. Now
that I know they're cool, why don't
we all have a little fun.
DEX
That wasn't part of the deal.

FRANK
We haven't done business before, so it just became part of the deal. Unless your law enforcement career prohibits it?

DEX
Fuck you man, whatever. But we weighting what you take out and ain't paying for your little party.

FRANK
I wouldn't have it any other way. Now let's get rowdy.

Frank grabs a remote control off the table and points it at a stereo over in the corner.

MUSIC MONTAGE

-- Frank, Smitty, Daren, and Dex all do lines of their own.

-- Daren and Dex dance in sandwich formation with Sara who is pretending pretty well to be enjoying herself.

SARA
You guys are really good dancers. (off Darren slapping her ass)
Yeah, slap that bootie. Whoo!

-- Jake does another line.

-- Smitty and Jake waltz as Darren and Dex continue getting busy with Sara.

-- Sara sits in a chair and Frank reaches under her dress.

FRANK
Where is that garter belt? I can't seem to find it. Wait, there it is. I got it!

-- Frank pulls out a pair of panties.

FRANK (CONT'D)
It's a great gag. People love it.
CONTINUED: (6)

SARA
Yeah. But could I have my panties back now, please?

FRANK
Yeah, sorry darling. It's better to plan ahead and stick a pair up your sleeve.

-- Everyone is lined up and doing a conga. They make their way to the table, do a line, then move to the back of the line.

-- In order, Sara, Jake, Frank, Smitty, Daren, and Dex all fall to the floor and lean their backs against the same wall. We DOLLY down the line taking in their coked-out expressions.

END MONTAGE

INT. STOREROOM - DAY

Jake and Sara stand on the right side of the table with Darren and Dex, Frank and Smitty across from them.

DAREN
Alright so this dudes wife and him been married for a while and she comes in and goes: I had this dream they were auctioning off dicks. The long ones and the thick ones went for ten bucks and the long and thick ones like mine for twenty.

DEX
Okay, now I know this is a bullshit story.

DAREN
Want me to finish?

(off Dex's proceed look)
Thank you. So the husband, he goes: how about the ones like mine? And she's: they gave those little fuckers away for free. So the husband's all: I had a dream too. They were auctioning off pussies. The cute ones went for ten bucks and the tight ones twenty. So she's all: How much were the one's like mine? And he's: bitch, please, that's where they held the auction!

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Everyone cracks up – Jake and Sara nervously so.

    FRANK
    (still chuckling)
    I haven't had this much fun since I
    was back in
    (to Smitty)
    Abilene.

Smitty nods and then Frank and he pull their guns and shoot Darren and Dex in their heads.

    SARA
    (gasping for air)
    Jesus... You, you just killed
    them... Why?

    FRANK
    Relax. Have a look at this.

Frank pulls out a wallet and flips it open revealing a badge.

    JAKE
    You're a cop?

    FRANK
    Narcotics officer.

    JAKE
    But you're allowed to just shoot
    people like that?

    FRANK
    Not really. See, Smitty here and I
    cooked up this idea after I caught
    him doing this deal with these
    Mexicans a few months back. What
    was I gonna do, bust him? He's my
    brother-in-law. Anyway, I borrow a
    little product from evidence. He
    sets up the deals. And the rest
    you saw first hand. We clean up
    this city of drug dealers and make
    a tidy profit. It's win-win.

    SMITTY
    At least for us.

    JAKE
    Well we didn't really know them.
    Plus we're so fucked up right now I
    don't think we'll remember any of
    this tomorrow.
FRANK
I can pretty much goddamn guarantee that.

JAKE
But you're a cop.

FRANK
Narcotics officer. And I didn't say I was a good one. Sorry kids. Wrong place, wrong time.

SARA
You know what? The hell with it. If I'm going to die on my wedding day in this gloomy, dirty place, then I'm at least going to have some more fun first.

Sara leans forward and acts like she's going to do some more coke.

FRANK
That's the spirit. (to Jake)
Why don't you have yourself another bump too. Consider it our little going away present.

Sara grabs both kilos of coke and throws them into Frank and Smitty's faces. She then turns and pulls Jake with her as she plows for the door.

Frank and Smitty both cough up mouthfuls of coke and wipe at their faces, then proceed to shoot at Jake and Sara.

They can't really see and miss wildly at first but as Jake and Sara near the door a cinder block explodes right next to them. They scream and book ass through the door.

FRANK (CONT'D)
What are you looking at! I got this. Go get 'em!

Smitty continues to wipe the coke from his face and clothes as he races for the door.

EXT. ALLEYWAY (7TH AND LEELAND) - DAY

Jake and Sara run like their lives depend on it, which they do. Jake spots another alleyway between the buildings.
CONTINUED:

JAKE
This way!

Sara follows Jake down the
BLIND ALLEYWAY

They sprint past two dumpsters to the end of the alley to
find a chain link fence with barb wire in their way.

JAKE
Shit!

Jake reverses direction and Sara follows. Jake stops at the
first dumpster they passed and slams the top open.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Quick, get in.

SARA
This is a two thousand dollar hand-
embroidered wedding dress. I am
not climbing into a dumpster.

JAKE
Would you rather die?

SARA
Possibly.

Just then, a bullet whizzes past Jake's head and hits the
wall beside him. He and Sara scream and duck down behind the
dumpster.

JAKE
(frustrated and scared)
Damnit, what are we gonna do?
Think. Think. Fucking think,
Jake... I'm so sorry I made you
come down here.

SARA
You didn't make me do anything.
And I'm sorry I yelled at you.
This is really it, isn't it? Jake,
I love you.

JAKE
I love you too.

Jake finds a broken two-by-four wedged under the dumpster to
keep it from moving and pulls it out.
CONTINUED:

   JAKE (CONT'D)
   Hold on. Stay low and move that way.

Jake and Sara slide along the wall toward another dumpster.

Smitty, gun out, prowls down the alley. He reaches the dumpster where Jake and Sara were and jumps, leveling his gun at them... but they're not there.

Jake springs up from behind the next dumpster and charges Smitty, breaking the two-by-four over the back of Smitty's head. Smitty is stunned but still on his feet.

   SMITTY
   That really fucking hurt.

Smitty starts to turn his gun on Jake but Jake grabs his arm and tackles him against the alleyway wall. They struggle and a shot is fired, the ricochet nearly hitting Sara.

Jake continues to pound Smitty's arm into the wall and the gun comes free of Smitty's hand. A hand that Smitty now balls into a fist and uses to beat the hell out of Jake.

As Jake falls to his knees and Smitty is about to unload on him with another right Sara jumps between them, holding Smitty's gun.

   SARA
   Stop!

   SMITTY
   Hold on, little girl. We both know you don't have it in you to kill anyone. So why don't you just hand that gun back over to me?

   SARA
   You really think you can mess with a woman on her wedding day and get away with it?

Sara lowers the gun and pulls the trigger. BANG!

   SMITTY
   Agh! She shot me in the balls! She shot me in the fucking balls!

Smitty grabs said appendages, falling to his knees, as Sara helps Jake to his feet and they hobble back out the blind alleyway.
SMITTY (CONT'D)
You bitch! Agh!

Jake finally is moving under his own power. He looks to Sara as they continue.

JAKE
I know he was trying to kill us. But shooting a guy in the nuts? You know that's wrong, right?

SARA
It worked didn't it?

JAKE
Of course it worked. And I'm not saying you didn't do good. I'm just saying you could have shot him in the leg or something.

SARA
I was aiming for his leg.

JAKE
Oh, never mind then.
(over his shoulder to Smitty)
It's alright. She was aiming for your leg.

SMITTY
Fuck you!

Smitty gives Jake and Sara the finger with his right hand while grasping his bloody package with his left.

EXT. 7TH STREET - DAY

Jake and Sara emerge from the alleyway and stride down the street.

JAKE
We've got to get out of here before that Frank guy finds out we're not dead.

SARA
You know, when I was a little girl and I dreamed about my wedding day, I was never on a coke bender being chased by multiple murdering psychopaths with guns!

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JAKE
Are you saying you don't want to get married anymore?

SARA
No. I'm venting. (gesturing with gun) Am I not allowed to vent?

JAKE
Yes, please, vent away. Vent your little heart out. Just don't vent me with that thing.

Sara notices the gun in her hand.

SARA
God, I hate guns!

Sara quickly bends and tosses the piece into a storm drain.

JAKE
I'm not a big fan either but we might have needed that?

SARA
(coked out speed) For what? I can see downtown from here - about fifteen miles away. The church is only five miles more. Fifteen plus five is twenty. At six minutes a mile we can totally sprint and still make it with (checks Jake's watch) forty three minutes to spare! Let's go!

Sara starts to sprint, but Jake grabs her arm.

JAKE
Sara, Sara! I'm having simultaneous thoughts about that idea. One is we can totally do that! And the other is that that's the coke talking and our hearts would probably explode out of our chests within the first mile.

There's a RUMBLING SOUND in the distance.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Did you hear that? It's the redline. It'll take us downtown.

(CONTINUED)
SARA
So, can we go now?

JAKE
Yeah, yeah. Just not at a heart exiting body pace?

Sara and Jake take off jogging.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

Smitty stumbles over to Frank who pops open the trunk of his Cadi.

SMITTY
I'm not going in the trunk!

FRANK
Grab the beach towel. I don't want you bleeding all over my interior. This is a fucking lease.

INT. FRANK'S CADILLAC - MOMENTS LATER

Frank is behind the wheel, on a cell phone.

FRANK
(on phone)
I want all eyes looking for them. Snitches, everyone. But I get the call and no one touches them but me.

Smitty opens the passenger door and places a Little Mermaid beach towel on the seat, then climbs inside and pulls his door shut.

SMITTY
I need a hospital.

FRANK
What you need is a another bullet right between your eyes letting those two get away - and with your gun?
(shakes his head)
I swear if you weren't my wife's brother...

We HEAR SMITTY LOWER HIS TRACK SUIT PANTS and he begins to cry.

(CONTINUED)
FRANK (CONT'D)
Christ almighty, stop the blubbering. Which one did she get?

SMITTY
Neither. Through and through right between them.

FRANK
Then it's just a flesh wound. Man up and sew yourself up. There's a surgical needle and thread in the glove box.

SMITTY
Sew myself up? Flesh wound? I've got a hole in either side of my nuts! And it's ball flesh. My ball flesh!

Frank starts up the Cadi and pulls down the alleyway.

FRANK
You're such a fucking baby. I swear I can't believe I gotta deal with this shit. I thought you'd want a little payback but--

SMITTY
--I do! And okay. But just drive slow, okay?

Smitty pulls out a surgical needle and thread from the glove box.

FRANK
You got it.

EXT. LEELAND STREET - DAY

The Cadi BURNS RUBBER AND BOTTOMS OUT coming out of the alleyway, and we HEAR SMITTY SCREAM IN PAIN.

EXT. OLYMPIC AND WESTMORELAND - DAY

Jake and Sara jog along. MELISSA, a speed-walking-woman dressed in full gear, cuts in front of them and continues on her way. Jake picks up his pace to catch up to her.

JAKE
Hey there. Hi.
MELISSA
I HAVE PEPPER SPRAY!

SARA
No. No. He's not a mugger. We're getting married and we're sort of in trouble.

JAKE
I notice you have a cell phone. Could we borrow it?

MELISSA
So you can pawn it and buy more drugs? I think not.

JAKE
We're not on drugs.

MELISSA
(laughs)
You're talking to an expert, okay? Get some help and then try speed walking like me. It's an awesome natural high.

SARA
Okay, we are on drugs. But we were forced to take them.

MELISSA
Lying even to yourself. Been there. Hopefully you'll hit bottom before you end up sucking random dick down at the airport for five bucks a pop like I did.

JAKE
For one? Five dollars?!
Seriously? And for two, just give me your damn phone!

Jake reaches for Melissa's phone. She claps down her hand on top of his to keep him from pulling it free and then pulls out her pepper spray and nails Jake.

Jake falls to his knees, SCREAMING and wiping his eyes. Sara bends down to comfort him and Jake starts balling as Melissa power-walks away.

SARA
Jake, are you okay?

(CONTINUED)
JAKE
Yeah, I'm just trying to cry harder on purpose because I read somewhere it helps clear out the pepper spray. And because I'm imagining a future sucking random dick at the airport for five bucks a pop. Please promise you'll never let me do cocaine again?

Jake balls even harder and Sara rubs his back and then helps him to his feet.

SARA
Come on, we've got to keep moving.

JAKE
Yeah. You're right.

Jake starts to run off and Sara catches up to him and pulls him away from running into a street sign just in time.

EXT. KOREA TOWN EAST OF WESTMORELAND - DAY

Jake and Sara are jogging along, sweat pouring down both their faces.

JAKE
My eyes are starting to only burn like I poured McDonald's coffee directly on them instead of like I rested them on the sun, so I don't want to complain but... (gasps for breath) is it bad that the inside of my mouth tastes like pennies?

SARA
I passed pennies five minutes ago. All I taste now is feathers from the angel of death.

JAKE
Look, there's a guy washing his car.

EXT. MIKE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Jake and Sara arrive at Mike's Prius. MIKE, mid 30s, wearing a polo shirt and khakis, looks very much like a good-natured businessman on his day off.
JAKE
Hi. We were on our way to our wedding and our limo driver went a little crazy and ditched us. Is there any way we could use your phone to call a cab?

MIKE
That sounds awful. And I'd really like to help but the phone's inside and mother has the keys to the house.

SARA
Is she not around?

MIKE
No. She went shopping. Won't be back for quite awhile I'm afraid.

JAKE
Well, I know this is a lot to ask. But could you maybe give us a ride?

MIKE
I'd be glad to.

JAKE
Awesome.

SARA
Thank you so much.

Jake pulls on the back door of the Prius. It's locked.

MIKE
Oh, no. We can't take this car. Mother says I'm not allowed after my incident at Bear Stearns.

SARA
Incident?

MIKE
I'd devoted my life to that company. Had all my money wrapped up in company stock. So when things turned bad I sort of lost it. The standoff lasted until I fell asleep. But hey, don't worry. That's been ages. And we can take my other vehicle. It's this way.
Mike leads Jake and Sara up the driveway to a refrigerator box decorated like a rocket ship. He climbs inside.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Climb on in. We can get to where you're going in no time in my rocket ship.

JAKE
That's okay. I just remembered we're not even supposed to be getting married today. It's tomorrow.

SARA
Silly us.

MIKE
Well then, have fun at your wedding tomorrow. I'm off to the gumdrop forest! Whee!

We HOLD ON Jake and Sara as they walk away dejected and then we enter

EXT. ROCKET SHIP - MIKE'S FANTASY - DAY

Mike, through use of a BLUE SCREEN, flies high above the clouds in his rocket ship.

MIKE
Gumdrop forest here I come!

EXT. MIKE'S HOUSE - REALITY - DAY

We see that Mike isn't going anywhere in his rocket ship.

INT. FRANK'S CADILAC - TRAVELING - DAY

Frank is behind the wheel. Smitty, in agony, is still trying to stitch up his sack in the passenger seat. They hit a pothole and Smitty's bloody hand, wearing surgical gloves and holding the needle and thread, SHOOTS INTO FRAME.

SMITTY
Agh! Could you please watch the potholes? I'm looking like Edward Scissor Nuts over here.

FRANK
Just keep your eyes open and your trap shut and watch for them.
SMITTY
You know, I've lost a lot of blood here. There's a good chance I could die. You might want to be a little nicer to me.

FRANK
You're right. You know there's some novocaine in that other canister in the glove box there. Might help numb you up.

SMITTY
You tell me this now?! I'm almost done!

FRANK
Must have slipped my mind. If you're upset with me, why don't you pull out your piece and shoot me? Oh, that's right, cuz you let Ken swipe it and then let Barbi blast you in the nuts with it.

Frank purposely hits another pothole and Smitty SCREAMS as his BLOODY HAND FLIES BACK INTO FRAME.

EXT. KOREA TOWN - DAY

Jake and Sara are both dragging ass, their hands on top of their heads sucking wind.

VOICE (O.S.)
Hey you! You guys in the wedding stuff!

Jake and Sara's POV - of SEAN waving to them from the open driver's door of a Miata across the street.

SEAN
Could you give me a hand?

Jake and Sara force themselves across the street.

JAKE
I don't know. Could you give us one? You got a cell phone?

SEAN
No. Bastards canceled my service just cuz I missed eight lousy payments.
JAKE
Perfect.

SARA
Our limo broke down and we've been running for what seems like ten miles.

SEAN
I'm having car trouble too. That's why I called you over here. I need a push. But if you help me get it started, it might be a little tight, but I'll take you wherever you want to go.

JAKE
Sure. Okay.

Sara and Jake move to the back of the Miata.

SARA
Back here?

SEAN
Yeah. And just push your asses off when I say go.

Sean climbs into the Miata. He puts it in neutral and releases the parking break, then hops into the door frame. Sean starts to push himself and yells:

SEAN (CONT'D)
Go!

Jake and Sara push with all they have but it's not much.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Come on, just a little faster. Little faster. Little faster I said!

SARA
We're trying!

Jake and Sara redouble their effort and the Miata picks up a little speed.

SEAN
That's it! That's it! Keep pushing! Yeah!

Sean jumps behind the wheel, pops the clutch, and zooms off.

(CONTINUED)
Jake and Sara gasp for breath, their hands on their knees as a huge SCARY-LOOKING DUDE who wears a leg brace and uses a cane emerges from the building behind them.

SCARY-LOOKING DUDE
What the fuck did you just do?

JAKE
We just gave that guy a push start.

SCARY-LOOKING DUDE
In my car! You dumb shits just helped him steal my fucking car!

SARA
Really?

SCARY-LOOKING DUDE
Yes, fucking really.

JAKE
(shrugs, weakly)
Sorry.

SCARY-LOOKING DUDE
You're gonna be sorry. Come here!

SARA
(to Jake, near tears)
More running?

JAKE
(whimpering)
Yeah.

Jake and Sara dart across the street from the Scary-Looking Dude who you wouldn't want to let get a hold of you, but who doesn't move too well.

The Scary-Looking Dude hobbles after them but can see they're going to get away, so he throws his cane at them.

The cane CLANKS right behind Jake and Sara's feet and they keep booking.

EXT. MACARTHUR PARK - DAY

Jake and Sara run through MacArthur Park, passing a ROBOT DANCER in gold face paint and a tux performing for a small crowd.
EXT. MACARTHUR PARK SUBWAY ENTRANCE - DAY

Jake and Sara scurry down a subway entrance, looking near death.

JAKE
We made it.

SARA
Yeah, there should be a police man or at least some sort of city worker here that can help us.

Jake pauses. Sara notices and waits for him as he shuffles down the three steps separating them to join her.

JAKE
I'm thinking maybe going to the cops right now isn't the move.

SARA
We witnessed people being murdered!

An AVERAGE GUY walks past on his way into the station.

JAKE
(covering)
You're right, gas prices are murder! That's why I take the train!... I know. I was there, remember? They were murdered by the police. And let's not forget they weren't exactly sweethearts. Remember the guns pointed at our heads?

SARA
We still have to tell someone.

JAKE
I agree. I just think going to the cops when we're fucked off our asses on sweet lady cain A and B don't know if they'll be friends of theirs is a good idea. I say we stick with your previous anonymous tip idea after a couple days straight of making love on a white sand beach from the safety of a different country.

(CONTINUED)
SARA
The Virgin Islands aren't technically a different country. They're still US soil.

JAKE
Wow, that's an incredibly pertinent piece of information given our current predicament. Thank you.

SARA
You're an asshole.

JAKE
Fine, I'm an asshole. But do you get my point?

Jake nods aggressively at Sara and she finally gives him a little nod back.

INT. SUBWAY TURNSTYLES - DAY

Passengers swipe their Metro cards and move onto the platform as a female, African-American, security guard, TAMMY, watches over them. Jake and Sara arrive and approach her.

JAKE
Hi. We're in a bit of a situation. We're running late for our wedding and we left our wallets in the limo which broke down. Do you think there's any way you could just let us through?

TAMMY
Oh no, white folks in trouble. Just a minute while I put on my Super Hero cape.

Tammy doesn't put on a cape. She just gives Jake and Sara a blank "I don't give a shit" look.

SARA
We know we're asking a lot. But couldn't you please reconsider? It's our wedding day and we'll come back and pay after the wedding.

TAMMY
Well, when you put it like that. Sure.

(CONTINUED)
SARA
Thank you.

TAMMY
You'll just have to do one thing for me first. Come over to my house and explain to my kids Shandra and LeTrel why mommy got fired, there's nothing to eat, and the lights are off again. I know you're from downtown. Always trying to trick me with this shit. Your little friends watching on their camera? Hi there, fuckers.

Tammy waves to a ceiling camera.

SARA
We're not from downtown.

TAMMY
That's just what the people from downtown say. I may have been born on a Wednesday but it wasn't last Wednesday. Using the old wedding ploy to try to gain my sympathies, that's low.

Jake turns to the people moving though the turnstyles.

JAKE
Could any of you lend us a few bucks? We're trying to get to--

TAMMY
--Stop right there. That's aggressive panhandling and it's a crime. Keep it up and I'm calling for an officer.

SARA
What are we going to do?

JAKE
I think I have an idea. Come on.

Jake pulls Sara toward the exit.

Jake points to a ROBOT DANCER in gold face paint and a tux not unlike his own.
EXT. MACARTHUR PARK - DAY

Jake and Sara join the small crowd watching as the Robot Dancer they passed earlier puts on his show.

JAKE
Come on.

Jake and Sara move next to the Robot Dancer and put on their own, much worse, robot dance show.

The Robot Dancer gets angry and motions for them to go away, then ups his game and busts some incredible dance moves.

JAKE (CONT'D)
We're going to have to up the ante.

SARA
What do you mean "up the ante"?

Jake leans over and whispers something in Sara's ear.

MOMENTS LATER

Jake and Sara robot walk toward each other. When they speak it's with robotic voices.

JAKE
Come here, robot bride. I want to make nasty robot love to you.

This catches the crowds attention and they start watching Jake and Sara instead of the Robot Dancer. Sara reaches Jake and he puts his hands on her shoulders and forces her to her knees where she mimes fellating him.

JAKE (CONT'D)
That's it. Suck my huge robot cock, you robot whore.

ANGLE ON: a very interested YOUNG BOY in the crowd.

SARA
My robot mouth is getting sore from your giant robot knob.

JAKE
Time to begin rear docking procedure.

(CONTINUED)
Jake moves to his knees and spins Sara around. He then commences mimed doggy-style with the occasional robotic ass slap.

SARA
Oh great robot creator, yes. Your bolt has entered my gasket. Gasket is dripping wet with internal fluids.

JAKE
Who's your robot daddy?

SARA
You are.

JAKE
I said who is your robot daddy?

SARA
You are!

TWO LOWLIFE GUYS are among the people watching.

LOWLIFE GUY #1
Fuckin' twisted!

LOWLIFE GUY #2
Yeah, fucking plow that robot bride, robot dude!

The Lowlife Guys high five.

The Robot Dancer sees this and that no one is watching him anymore. He picks up his dollar-bill-filled hat and angrily walks away.

Sara and Jake are still humping away, though he's now moved into the more powerful standing doggy position.

JAKE
I love your tight little robot gasket.

SARA
And I love your huge robot bolt. Nearing sensory overload.

JAKE
Me too. Where do you want it, robot ass or face?
A large guy in a HAWAIIAN SHIRT is watching the action. He pulls out a cell phone and takes a picture.

INT. FRANK'S CADILAC - TRAVELING - DAY

Frank's cell phone CHIMES WITH A SILLY RING TONE and he pulls it out.

CLOSE ON: a picture of Jake and Sara getting busy at the park.

Frank grunts and cuts his wheel.

FRANK
Looks like they jumped the honeymoon over in MacArthur Park.

EXT. KOREA TOWN STREET - DAY

Frank swings a U-turn and guns his Cadi.

EXT. MACARTHUR PARK - DAY

Jake mimes pulling out as both Sara and he shudder with their robot orgasms and then pass out on the grass. As the crowd starts to disperse Jake scoops up the money they left.

INT. METRO RAIL AUTOMATED TICKETER - DAY

Sara watches as Jake feeds money into the Metro Pass machine.

SARA
Seventy two dollars? This world is sick.

JAKE
Come on. It wasn't that bad. I would have thought I'd have to talk you into some partial nudity to make this much.

SARA
Why me? Why not you?

JAKE
(robot voice)
Because, sadly, you are the only one who wants to see my robot junk.

INT. FRANK'S CADILAC - PARKED OUTSIDE SUBWAY ENTRANCE - DAY

Frank reaches for his backup piece in his ankle holster. He hands it to Smitty.

(CONTINUED)
FRANK
Here. Do your best not to lose this one.

Smitty smiles a "thank you" and they jump out of the Cadi.

INT. METRO RAIL AUTOMATED TICKETER - DAY

Two Metro Passes spit out of the machine. Jake grabs them and notices something out of the corner of his eye.

Frank And Smitty hobble down the entrance. Smitty has a large blood stain on the front of his track suit and grits his teeth with each step.

Jake grabs Sara's hand and pulls her quickly toward the turnstiles.

Frank spots them and pulls Smitty down the steps faster, making him scream and hold his crotch.

INT. SUBWAY TURNSTYLES - DAY

Jake smiles at Tammy as he and Sara slide their metro cards and enter the platform.

Frank and Smitty are on their heals. Smitty starts to reach into the back of his track suit for his gun but Frank grabs his arm.

FRANK
There's cameras down here idiot.

Smitty groans as he puts a leg up, trying to hop the turnstiles.

TAMMY
What do you think you're doing?

FRANK
Nothing. He's just stretching. The doctor said it'd help with the seepage from his vasectomy.

TAMMY
That's nasty.

FRANK
(whispers)
Come on. We'll get them at the next stop.

(CONTINUED)
SMITTY'S POV – Jake and Sara look back as they hurry onto a train.

Smitty cries out as he pulls his leg down. He then quicksteps it to catch up to Frank who heads for the exit.

SMITTY
Could you slow down? I think I popped a stitch.

Frank ignores Smitty and keeps speeding for the exit. Smitty grits it out to catch up with him.

INT. SUBWAY CAR – DAY

Jake and Sara fall into two open seats.

SARA
(mimics Jake)
I don't think calling the cops is the right move.

JAKE
It wasn't. For all we know he could have said we killed those guys. Your finger prints are on that gun you threw down the gutter.

SARA
Shit.

JAKE
Shit is right.

The subway car starts and pulls away.

SARA
Well, what's the right move now? Catching a little nap before we get off at the next stop and let them shoot holes in us?

JAKE
That's not gonna happen.

SARA
And you know this how? Your psychic abilities?

(CONTINUED)
JAKE
No. I know there's no way they'll beat us to the next stop because of the one and only one reliable thing LA has to offer.

SARA
What's that?

EXT. WILSHIRE BLVD - DAY
Frank and Smitty sit in the Cadi, trapped in gridlock. Frank hits his horn.

INT. FRANK'S CADILAC - DAY

FRANK
Motherfucker! Why is it every time I want to kill someone in this city I have to kill someone in this city to get there!

INT. SUBWAY - TRAVELING - DAY
Sara looks unsure.

SARA
So even if they don't beat us there. Then what?

JAKE

Sara crinkles her brow, considering Jake's words as JANE DOE, a Middle-Eastern young woman with a neo-hippy vibe approaches.

JANE
Anyone sitting here?

SARA
Go ahead.

JANE
You two do a marathon wedding or something?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JAKE
No. Not married yet. Limo broke down so we ran here so we could still try to make it.

JANE
That bites ass. Here. Want some bottled water?

Jane reaches inside her bag and pulls out a large bottled water, handing it to Jake.

JAKE
Yes. Thank you.

Jake opens the water and passes it to Sara who takes a big drink then hands it back.

SARA
Thank you so much. What's your name?

JANE
Jane. Or at least as far as I know.

JAKE
You don't know your own name?

JANE
Retrograde amnesia. They tell me I was hit by a very large truck over near UCLA about a year ago. Luckily I can't remember that either. When I woke up in the hospital I was registered as Jane Doe, so I decided to keep it.

JAKE

JANE
I've always thought Jane was a pretty name or at least I think I did and a doe is a deer so that's nice. Plus I like to pretend that my real name was Fatima Fatassenstein. So, Jane Doe is a marked improvement.

SARA
So you're okay now?
JANE
Except for not being able to remember anything past a year ago. And I sometimes get these migraines, but my doctor's cool and hooked me up with this medical marijuana dispensary. That's where I'm coming from. The doctor. Not the dispensary. Not holding.

SARA
That's okay. We've had enough drugs today.

JAKE
She's kidding.

JANE
You two do seem a little amped up but I figured it was just wedding day jitters. When is it?

JAKE
(checking watch)
Little over an hour if we make it.

JANE
Where?

SARA
1st Presbyterian in Echo Park.

JANE
You should be fine. If you want I only live a couple blocks from the next stop. We could walk to my place. You could clean up a little and I'd even help you out with cab money if you need it. I'd hate for you to miss your own wedding.

JAKE
We're fine for money.

SARA
But we'd really appreciate that.

JAKE
Yeah-yeah. After the day we've had that would be... Are you sure that truck didn't take you out and you're not an angel?
JANE
Doubtful. Never thought of angels as liking to get baked, eat cereal straight from the box, and zone on Cartoon Network. And before I ran into you two, that was the plan.

JAKE
Putting all that on hold is for two total strangers is fairly angelic in my book.

JANE
(shrugs)
Everyone was so nice to me after my accident. I've just been trying to pay it back in little ways here and there.

INT/EXT. CIVIC CENTER SUBWAY TUNNEL - DAY

Jake and Sara and their new friend Jane climb up the steps leading out of the subway.

JANE
Before we get to my place I should explain about my roommate Christopher. He suffered a head injury too. My physical therapist hooked us up. I look after him and get free rent.

JAKE
So is he not all there or...

JANE
Yes and no. He's pretty normal except he's terrified to leave the apartment. Afraid something's going to fall out of the sky and hit him on the head.

SARA
How'd he get injured?

JANE
Something fell out of the sky and hit him on the head. One of those thin metal bars off a building. It messed with his brain in a way that he's incredibly happy all the time. Like scary happy. And he has no sense of moral appropriateness.

(CONTINUED)
Before I left this morning he told me my tits looked nice today. I'm so used to it now I just said thanks and left. But I figured you should know... This way.

Jane points to the right and Jake and Sara follow her out of the tunnel and onto

EXT. HILL STREET/1ST STREET/GRAND AVE - DAY

SARA
I don't mean to pry but do your doctors think you'll ever get your memory back?

JANE
I don't know. I never thought to ask. (laughs)
No. Yeah. I was just talking to my neurologist about that. They say in most cases people regain some memories over time. And others everything comes back all at once. Which I find kind of scary. Your life flashing before your eyes. Isn't that supposed to happen when you die? Creepy. Anyway, it's been almost a year and all I've ever got were these flashes of people yelling at me. He thinks I might be repressing my former life. Wants me to see a shrink. But screw that. I'm pretty happy with my life now. Why would I want to purposely remember the way my life was if it sucked?

Jane has noticed Jake peering around as she's been talking.

JANE (CONT'D)
Something wrong?

JAKE
No. Just admiring the neighborhood. We close?

JANE
(points up the block)
Yeah. It's right up here...
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JANE (CONT'D)
Seriously though, all I need is a
decent boyfriend and a car and I'd
be set.

SARA
I'm sure you'll find one.

JANE
I'm sure I will too. Just trying
to decide on leasing or buying.

SARA
I meant a boyfriend.

JANE
So did I.

SARA
Come on. You're cute. Tell her
she's cute.

JAKE
You are cute.

JANE
Thanks. But so far my Craigslist
ad: 420 friendly, pleasantly plump,
retrograde amnesiac queen of the
fertile crescent seeks hot stud –
has yielded me zero studs. Anyhow,
mercifully changing the subject, I
never asked – what do you guys do?

SARA
I teach kindergarten at Sunnyside
Elementary and Jake's an artist.

JAKE
Artist is pushing it. I draw a
cartoon strip. Furrious Anger?

JANE
The one with the kitten and the
puppy. Fumbely and Dumbely.

JAKE
Fumbley and Mumbely. But, yeah,
that's the one.

JANE
Mumbely, right. I don't get the
paper regularly but they're funny.

(MORE)
I like how the kitten's always in a murderously bad mood when she wakes up. I can relate.

JAKe
Thanks. It's no Family Circus but I try.

SARA
What about you?

JANE
Nothing that cool. I've just been answering phones and doing clerk type stuff for this environmental non-profit. I've been thinking about going back to school but since I can't remember ever going I'm afraid they'd make me start at the beginning. But you seem alright. Maybe it wouldn't be so bad. You have any extra room in your class?

SARA
(laughs)
Sure. I'd gladly trade you for Bobby McCallister if they'd let me.

JANE
Bobby a little terror or something?

SARA
Just over active in a young Charlie Manson kind of way.

JANE
Well, this is my building.

Jake, Sara, and Jane arrive in front of Jane's building where a wannabe hipster GREGG leans against the wall with a guitar slung over his shoulder.

JANE (CONT'D)
Hi, Gregg.

GREGG
Oh, hey Jane. The Jehovah's Witnesses have been sending people by every day. So I've been writing some new songs to be ready for them. Check it out.

(MORE)
(CONTINUED: (3))

**GREGG (CONT'D)**

(singing and playing
guitar a la "He's Got The
Whole World In His
Hands")

He's got the whole world, in his
claws. He's got the whole world,
in his claws. I say Satan's got
the whole world, in his claws. And
that's why I love him.

**JANE**

Somehow I don't think they'll
appreciate it.

**GREGG**

You're probably right. But my art
demands truth. What up with these
guys?

**JANE**

This is Jake and Sara. They're
getting married and their limo
broke down so I'm helping them out.

**GREGG**

Cool. Lates.

Jane gives Gregg a nod and leads Jake and Sara inside as
Gregg goes back to his singing.

**GREGG (CONT'D)**

He's got the little bitty babies,
in his claws. He's got the little
bitty babies, in his claws. He's
got the little bitty babies, in his
claws. And that's why abortion
rocks!

**INT. JANE'S GRAND AVE APPARTMENT - DAY**

Jane opens the front door and heads inside with Jake and Sara
to find CHRISTOPHER, lanky and wide eyed, watching cartoons
on the couch. For a guy in his late 20s he looks like his
mother dressed him and cut his hair.

**CHRISTOPHER**

(overly excited)

Hi, Jane. You brought new people.
Hi, new people. I'm Christopher.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JANE
This is Jake and Sara. I met them on the train and they ran into a little bit of trouble so I said they could use our bathroom and phone.

CHRISTOPHER
Sure. Go ahead. You're getting married, aren't you? I can tell from the clothes.

JAKE
That's the plan.

CHRISTOPHER
That's so cool. That means you'll be fucking later. Fucking is awesome. I like to do it all the time. Well, mainly with myself because I don't like to go out and Jane won't let me near her pussy.

JANE
Christopher, remember when we talked about how you should watch your language when we have company?

CHRISTOPHER
I sure do. We were watching Battlestar Galactica. And right after I went into my room and jacked off thinking about Starbuck and blew a huge load all over my belly. It was awesome!

Jake cracks up and gets a look from the ladies for it.

JAKE
What? He's funny.

JANE
I guess it just gets a little less funny when you live with it every day. Anyway, the bathroom's down the hall and the phone's right over here.

JAKE
(to Sara)
You go on. I'll call for the cab.

Sara moves for the hall and Jake the phone.
EXT. 1ST STREET - DAY

A HOMELESS MAN sits on the front steps of a building, sipping on a forty ounce beer in a brown bag. Frank's Cadi pulls up across from him and Frank powers his window down and flips open his wallet to his badge.

FRANK
You seen a couple dressed for a wedding come by here?

HOMELESS MAN
Yeah.
(pointing down the street)
They went down that way... What'd they do?

FRANK
They're wanted for slicing up and eating a skelly dirtbag. So you should probably
(gesture up the street)
go that way.

Frank slams the Cadi in gear and peels away.

INT. JANE'S GRAND AVE APARTMENT - DAY

Jake peers out a window, down the three floors, to the street below and then dials on a portable phone. Jane and Christopher sit on the couch, watching Cartoon Network with the volume down low.

JAKE
(on phone)
Yeah, I need a cab as soon as you can get it here...
(to Jane)
What's the address?

JANE
112 North Grand Avenue, number 306.

JAKE
112 North Grand Avenue, number 306... About how long?... Great.

EXT. JANE'S GRAND AVE APARTMENT - DAY

Gregg is where he was, singing and playing his guitar, with a very tight-knit Jehovah's Witness, KIPLEIGH, standing in front of him holding a copy of The Watchtower.

(CONTINUED)
GREGG
Satan row the boat ashore, hallelujah. Satan row the boat ashore, hallelujah. Sister suck his devil cock, hallelujah. Sister suck his devil cock, hallelujah.

KIPLEIGH
You're trying to get my goat. But I'm a good Christian and that won't happen.

GREGG
You have a goat? I could sacrifice it to Beelzebub, my evil lord and master. That would be sweet.

KIPLEIGH
I'm not buying it. There's no way you could possibly really be a Satanist.

GREGG
Sure there is. It's easy. You know – drugs and booze and fornication? All the things that make life worth living? Satan wants us all to partake in them as much as we can. Plus that whole headache of buying Christmas presents, gone. Satan's an evil miracle worker I tell you. Now what do you say we jump up to my place, do an eight-ball, fuck like bunnies, never see each other again, and make my god proud? Sound good?

KIPLEIGH
I now see that you are beyond redemption. And therefore I refuse to stand here any longer and let you mock my faith.

Kipleigh walks away.

GREGG
What about my faith?
(yelling after her)
You're breaking the devil's heart!

Gregg snickers to himself as Frank's Cadi pulls up to the curb in front of him. Smitty powers down his window.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

SMITTY
Hey you, you seen a couple dressed
for a wedding?

GREGG
Who wants to know, DiMaggio?

Frank pulls out his badge and flashes it at Gregg.

GREGG (CONT'D)
Oh, a badge. I'm trembling.

Frank draws his gun and levels it at Gregg.

GREGG (CONT'D)
(fast)
They're in 303. Code to get in the
building is 4928.

INT. JANE'S GRAND AVE APARTMENT - DAY

Jake is still over by the window as Sara emerges from the
hall looking like she did when Jake first saw her.

CHRISTOPHER
Sara, you look really nice.

SARA
Thank you, Christopher.

CHRISTOPHER
(to Jake)
I bet you're really going to like
fucking her now.

JAKE
Yes, yes I am.

SARA
(same tone)
No, no you're not.

CHRISTOPHER
Oh, face. She totally slammed you.
And on your wedding day. Ha, ha, ha.

JAKE
Cab should be here soon. Look out
for it? I'm going to go wash my...

Jake peers out the window.
CONTINUED:

JAKE'S POV – Jake see's Frank and Smitty heading inside and Gregg bolting away from the building.

EXT. JANE'S GRAND AVE APPARTMENT – DAY

Jake looks like he's about to swallow his tongue.

JAKE
Shit! Fuck! It's Frank and Smitty! They're downstairs!

JANE
Who are Frank and Smitty?

JAKE
Frank's a dirty cop and Smitty's his brother--

SARA
--Brother in law.

JAKE
The point is they want to kill us. Sorry we didn’t mention that earlier, didn’t want to frighten you. But we've got to get out of here, like now!

CHRISTOPHER
I can't leave. Jane, tell them.

JAKE
Not you, just us. Is there a back way or...?

JANE
Why do they want to kill you?

SARA
Because we saw them kill two drug dealers.

JANE
Aren't they supposed to do that?

SARA
Not in cold blood and steal their money.

JAKE
So like back stairway or...
CONTINUED:

JANE
There's a fire escape. I'll show you.

Jane moves for the door and Sara and Jake follow.

CHRISTOPHER
You're leaving me?

JANE
Lock the door and don't let anyone in.

CHRISTOPHER
(huge smile)
Okay. Have fun. Hope you guys don't get killed. Having metal shoot through your head really sucks. And I know.

Jane, Sara, and Jake move through the door and Christopher locks it behind them.

INT. JANE'S BUILDING - DAY
Frank and Smitty dash up the stairs, their guns out.

FRANK
Would you keep up?

SMITTY
I should shoot you in the balls and see how fast you climb these stairs.

Frank turns to Smitty.

FRANK
Go ahead.
(grabbing himself)
They're right here.

Smitty levels his gun at Frank's crotch, then drops his arm.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Now move your ass.

Frank grabs Smitty by the collar and flings him further up the stairs.
EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - DAY

Jake and Jane wait one floor down for Sara who carefully plods down the thin metal steps.

JAKE
Sara, this is supposed to be a getaway. The point is to get away?

SARA
You try climbing down a fire escape in a wedding dress and heels!

JAKE
I will for our anniversary. I promise. Just please.

Jake waves for Sara to move and she picks up the pace, tripping and falling into his arms.

JAKE (CONT'D)
That's better.

Sara stares daggers.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE JANE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Smitty and Frank stride up to Jane's door.

SMITTY
This is it. 303.

Smitty starts to knock but Frank grabs his hand and then smacks him on the back of his head.

FRANK
What were you planning on saying - candy gram? Land shark?

Frank takes a step back and then kicks open the door.

INT. JANE'S APARTMENT - DAY

The door EXPLODES in a mess of splintering wood and lock parts. Frank and Smitty draw their guns and survey the situation.

Christopher stands in the middle of the room. He smiles and waves.

(CONTINUED)
CHRISTOPHER
Hi, you're probably Frank and
Smitty, huh? I'm guessing from the
guns.

Frank and Smitty exchange a "what's-with-this-guy" look. And
then Frank motions with his head.

FRANK
Go check it out.

Smitty moves down the hall and then quickly returns.

SMITTY
It's just him. They're gone.

Frank grabs Christopher by his collar and puts the barrel of
his gun under Christopher's chin.

FRANK
Where'd they go?

CHRISTOPHER
Where'd who go?

FRANK
You know who.

CHRISTOPHER
I do?

FRANK
Listen retard, you got about two
seconds to tell me where Jake and
Sara are.

CHRISTOPHER
I'm not retarded. I suffered a
head injury. There's a difference.
And retarded isn't a nice word
anyway.

FRANK
How about I'm gonna blow what's
left of your fucking brains all
over this wall? Those nice words?

CHRISTOPHER
They sure aren't.

FRANK
Tell me where they are!
Christopher
I don't know where they are. They left.

Frank
When?

Christopher
What time is it now?

Frank takes a breath, frustrated.

Frank
Just tell me one thing: did they leave more than five minutes ago?

Christopher
No.

Frank
And which way did they go?

Christopher
You said just tell me one thing and I told you. And now you want to know something else? That's not fair.

Frank
Fair?! Where'd they go!

Frank cocks his gun.

Christopher
The one thing that I definitely know for sure is they didn't take the fire escape.

Frank breathes a sigh of relief.

Frank
Thank you.
(to Smitty)
Fire escape.

Frank lets go of Christopher and he and Smitty move for the door. When they're almost there, Frank turns around and raises his gun.

Frank (CONT'D)
I know it's not fair. But just one more thing.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (3)

Frank fires.

Christopher is hit in the head and knocked off his feet.

Frank and Smitty cut out the door, Smitty pulling it closed behind him.

INT. THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

Smitty has his head out the open window leading to the fire escape.

SMITTY
Gone.

FRANK
Can't have gotten far.

Smitty starts to climb through the window.

Frank turns and heads for the stairwell.

FRANK (CONT'D)
We'll take the car, idiot.

Smitty catches up and walks at his side.

SMITTY
Why do you always have to belittle me? And why did you have to kill that kid back there?

FRANK
He knew our names. Who knows what else they told him. Why do you give a rat's ass anyway?

SMITTY
He was all messed up. It just seems wrong. Nobody would have believed him anyway.

FRANK
They wouldn't have to if I don't get the coke back in lockup before shift change in a couple hours.

INT. JANE'S APPARTMENT - DAY

Christopher looks dead. Blood trickles from a wound at his hair-line. Suddenly he sits upright and a second later his perpetual smile returns.

(CONTINUED)
CHRISTOPHER
(happy, even for him)
The way it attracts metal, my head
must be a motherfucking magnet...
Ow, ow, 911.

Christopher slides himself toward the phone, holding his bleeding head.

EXT. CORNER OF TEMPLE STREET AND GRAND AVE - DAY

Jake and Sara run slightly ahead of Jane. They round a corner and Jake pulls on Sara's arm to stop her. He then holds out his arms to slow Jane as she runs into him.

JAKE
Whoa, Jane. Thanks for getting us out of there but I think you should go your own way now. They don't know that you're with us and it'd be better for you if you weren't if they find us.

JANE
Thanks for thinking about me but there's a police sub station only two blocks this way. Come on.

Jane darts across the street in the direction she pointed. Jake and Sara start to move after her when they HEAR AN ENGINE ROAR.

Jane looks toward the sound and her eyes flash wide.

JANE (CONT'D)
Not again.

JANE'S POV - Frank guns his Cadi right for her.

The Cadi hits Jane, sending her tumbling like a rag doll to a stop in the center of the street.

INT. FRANK'S CADILAC - DAY

Frank watches Sara and Jake run to Jane's aid. He opens his door and climbs out, then leans back inside.

FRANK
Smitty, pop the trunk.
EXT. FRANK'S CADILAC - DAY

Smitty peers down into the trunk of Frank's Cadi, a twisted grin on his lips.

SMITTY
Everyone comfortable in there?

SMITTY'S POV - Jake, Sara, and Jane are all stuffed in the trunk, looking very uncomfortable, except Jane who looks dead.

JAKE AND SARA
No!

SMITTY
Good!... Shoot me in the balls.

Smitty SLAMS the trunk shut.

FRANK
Drop me off my place so I can cut the coke up with some filler to make up for what that bitch threw in our faces and then take 'em up into the hills where we went that time and take care of 'em.

SMITTY
The rag-head too?

FRANK
No, her you should take immediately to the hospital so she can be looked at. Shit yes, the rag-head too!

Smitty moves for the driver's side and Frank the passenger's.

SMITTY
I was just asking.

FRANK
Brains must be leaking out of that hole in your sack.

INT. FRANK'S CADILAC - TRUNK - TRAVELING - DAY

We're in DARKNESS and HEAR grunting and squirming noises.

SARA
Ow, Jake, what are you doing?
JAKE
Just a minute. Here.

Jake CLICK ON A PEN LIGHT and he and Sara's faces are illuminated.

SARA
Where'd you get that?

JAKE
Jane's bag.

SARA
She alive?

JAKE
I can feel her breathing.

SARA
We've got to get out of here.

JAKE
Really? I was thinking a couch, some nice soft lighting, maybe put a hot tub in the corner.

SARA
We're in the trunk of a car on our way to die and you're making jokes?

JAKE
It's how I deal with stress.

SARA
It's how you deal with everything.

JAKE
That's not true.

SARA
Say by some miracle we don't die in the next five minutes and eventually had a kid, but they have some sort of deformity--

JAKE
--Third eye?

SARA
Whatever. You would probably make a joke out of it.

(CONTINUED)
JAKE
Well if we had a kid with a club foot I would like to call him Cassidy.

SARA
Why?

JAKE
Hop-a-long Cassidy?

SARA
Exactly! See!

JAKE
A girl with a a third arm growing out of her back we could call Handy Mandy.

SARA
Jake!

JAKE
What? Just because I choose to make light of bad situations doesn't mean I'm making less of them. You tell me, what would be better for a kid like that? Having parents who prepare him or her for the sting of how cruel the world is or being the kind of parents who'd pretend there's nothing wrong? What extra arm? You're perfect just the way God made you, honey. Now don't forget your third mitten.

SARA
Just forget I said anything. It's pointless. In your mind I'm sure we're dead already.

JAKE
Why would you say that?

SARA
Because it'd take a miracle to get us out of this. And there's no way someone who doesn't even believe in luck could believe in something like that.
EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

Smitty maneuvers Frank's Cadi slowly down a dirt road at the top of a Hollywood hillside. He pulls to a stop, climbs out, and moves to the back of the car.

JAKE AND SARA'S POV - of Smitty opening the trunk with his gun drawn on them.

SMITTY
Hi there.

WIDER as Smitty backs up and motions with his gun.

SMITTY (CONT'D)
Slowly, one at a time, get out. And I want to see your hands.

Sara climbs out first, followed by Jake.

SMITTY (CONT'D)
I am so going to enjoy this. Over against the side of the hill.

Jake and Sara back toward the side of the hill, their hands up.

SARA
I'm sorry about shooting you in your, you know--

SMITTY
Balls?!

SARA
Right. But you were trying to kill us.

SMITTY
And now I'm gonna succeed.

Suddenly, JANE SPRINGS UP FROM THE TRUNK, leaping into the air and letting out a TREMENDOUS MIDDLE-EASTERN WAR CRY.

JAKE
La-la-la-la-la-la-laaaaa!

She flies through the air and lands on Smitty's back.

SMITTY
Son of a bitch! Get off me!
Smitty tries to reach back to shoot her. He gets a shot off but it goes straight up. Jane grabs his gun-filled hand and smashes it into the side of Smitty's head.

Smitty falls to his knees, loosing the gun which falls to his side.

Jane puts one hand under Smitty's chin and the other on the back of his head and twists, SNAPPING SMITTY'S NECK WITH A SICKENING CRUNCH.

Smitty wilts to the ground, dead.

Jane stands over his corpse with a crazed look in her eyes.

SARA
Jane?... Um, Jane?

Jane snaps out of her "killer trance", looking down at Smitty like she doesn't know what's going on.

JANE
Holy crap, what, what did I just do?

JAKE
I think you Chuck Norrised the shit out of Smitty there and then snapped his neck like a twig?

JANE
I didn't mean to. Oh, this is bad. I remember who I am. I'm a Taliban sleeper agent: Fahima Al Nabul, infidel death merchant. I was supposed to use stuff from the science labs to blow up UCLA. That's what I was doing there. (breaking into tears) But I don't want to be a death merchant. I love people. I can't believe I just killed a man. For the love of God, I'm a member of PETA!

Sara crosses over to Jane.

SARA
Jane or Fahima, it's alright. You don't have to be a death merchant. Nobody knows but us and we won't tell anyone.

(MORE)
And who cares who you used to be? You are who you are now. That's what's important.

JANE
You feel that way too?

JAKE
(nervous)
Yeah. Sure.

JANE
Thank you.

Jane throws her arms around Sara. After they break, Jane reaches into the trunk and pulls out her bag. She fishes inside and pulls out a joint and a lighter.

JANE (CONT'D)
I've got a lot to figure out. So I think I'm just going to hang out here for a while.

Jane lights her joint.

JANE (CONT'D)
But you two should get to your wedding. Take the car and, could you um, take him too? He's kind of bumming me out.

JAKE
(soft, a little afraid)
Uh-huh. Sure thing.

Jane wonders off and Jake lifts Smitty's body, dumping him into the trunk.

INT. FRANK'S CADILAC - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Sara is in the passenger seat as Jake climbs behind the wheel and shuts his door. They're both pale and in shock.

JAKE
What the fuck was that?

SARA
A miracle?

JAKE
I wouldn't say that.
SARA
Then what would you call it?

JAKE
I don't know. A balancing out? Given who we are the odds of us accidentally running into the middle of a drug deal are through the roof. The chances that we'd be saved from the repercussions of that situation by a pot smoking hippy Taliban sleeper agent I'm guessing are right up there too. So, yeah, balance.

Jake holds his hands out gesturing balance.

SARA
Balance? I can't believe how full of shit you are. There's no logical reason we should be alive. And instead of marveling in the fact that we're not dead, and how we're not, you want to act like that back there is something you see every day.

JAKE
Sara, we don't really have time to fight about this. Our wedding starts in
  (checks watch)
less than half an hour.

SARA
I don't know if I want to marry someone who doesn't believe in any sort of magic or mystery in the world. Especially when it's staring them right in the face. At the very least why can't you admit how lucky we just were?

JAKE
I don't believe it was luck. Because you know I don't believe in luck. But that doesn't mean I don't believe in any magic or mystery in the world.

SARA
So what type of magic or mystery do you believe in?
CONTINUED: (2)

JAKE
Why don't you let me tell you on the way to the church? If you still feel the same way when we get there, you can go in and tell everyone the wedding's off. But at least that way I'll know you're safe?

Sara gives Jake a gentle, acquiescing nod and he fires up the Cadi and pulls away.

INT. FRANK'S CADILAC - TRAVELING - MINUTES LATER - DAY

Jake steers the Cadi through Hollywood streets.

SARA
So?

JAKE
You know my dad died when I was twelve.

SARA
I knew you were young. You don't like to talk about it much.

JAKE
Probably because I don't think I dealt with it very well. Kind of turned me into a smart ass. Don't know if you've noticed?... Anyhow, he was a high school science teacher and from the time I can remember he was always telling me there are patterns and an order to everything in the universe, even if we can't recognize or see them. So that's why when people talk about things like luck or fate I'm not just going to join in.

SARA
Because you'd feel like you were betraying his memory.

JAKE
Something like that. But like I said, that doesn't mean I don't believe this world isn't full of magic. Do you remember the first time we met?
CONTINUED:

SARA
The laundromat?

INT. LAUNDROMAT - DAY

Jake loads a dryer with a months worth of clothes. He finishes and pops quarters into the slot, starting the dryer.

A few dryers down, Sara loads a nice selection of frilly under-things. Jake notices but darts his eyes away, not wanting to seem pervy as Sara moves to the change machine and tries to slip in a dollar. No luck.

Sara slides back over to Jake, holding out her dollar.

SARA
You wouldn't happen to have any extra quarters?

JAKE
I might but it'll cost you.

SARA
More than a dollar for four quarters?

JAKE
A cup of coffee at the place around the corner while we wait for our clothes to dry?

SARA
Hmm, wet underwear or take a chance on random laundromat dude?

JAKE
Take your time. I can understand. It's a tough decision.

Sara smirks and shoves her dollar at Jake who takes it and then gives her four quarters. Sara uses them to start her dryer and then saunters with Jake over to the door. He opens it for her and she smiles.

SARA
Thanks.

Jake follows Sara out and the door closes behind him.

INT. FRANK'S CADILAC - TRAVELING - DAY

Sara looks over to Jake, perplexed.
SARA
What about that was magical? I needed quarters and you blackmailed me.

JAKE
I'd hardly call it blackmail. But check this out. One: I never used to do laundry during the day. Two: I never would bring my own quarters. I just happened to that day. And three: you were wearing a pink sun dress.

SARA
The dress was magical?

JAKE
Yes, because it reminded me of one my third grade teacher Miss Winter used to wear. There's no way you could have know that or that she was my favorite teacher growing up. And then we're having coffee and what do you tell me you do for a living--

SARA
--I'm a teacher--

JAKE
--It blew my mind. It may not seem like it to you. But finding a beautiful, kind, giving woman in this city who just happened to need quarters that I just happened to have and who looked amazing in a pink sun dress was a miracle to me. And that's just the start. Do you remember what we did a couple weeks later after dinner at that Thai place?

INT. SARA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jake and Sara hump like bunnies, under the covers.

SARA
Yes! Yes! Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me harder! Agh!
INT. FRANK'S CADILAC - TRAVELING - DAY

SARA
You're saying that was a miracle?

JAKE
I found my performance and how hard you came to be quite miraculous. But no, I meant afterward.

INT. SARA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jake spoons into Sara's back, holding her tight.

JAKE (V.O.)
You were the first woman I was ever with that afterward I wasn't thinking about how fast I could get out of there.

INT. FRANK'S CADILAC - TRAVELING - DAY

Jake turns to Sara to make sure she sees he means this:

JAKE
Because I was in love with you. Everything leading up to and since that moment has been magic to me. It's not something I can explain with reason or define with logic. It's just something that happened and I felt.

Sara looks over at Jake. She gasps and her eyes widen.

SARA
Jakel

SARA'S POV - Frank, behind the wheel of a Crown Victoria, is seconds from plowing it right into Jake's door. We CUT TO BLACK and HEAR THE GRATING METAL-ON-METAL CRASH.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD STREET - DAY

Sara falls out of the passenger door of Frank's wrecked Cadi, followed by Jake. They're both dazed. As they start to get their bearings, Frank pops up from around the front of his Cadi.

FRANK
LoJack, ya fucknutos. Now where's Smitty?
CONTINUED:

Frank takes a step toward them and cocks his gun.

    FRANK (CONT'D)
    I asked you a fucking question.

Jake motions to the truck of the Cadi which has popped open from the impact. Frank moves over to it, keeping his eye on Jake and Sara who move back to let him through.

FRANK'S POV – Of Smitty's dead body.

    FRANK (CONT'D)
    Oh Jesus, fuck me with a rattlesnake.
    (to Smitty)
    You were one useless son bitch.
    (to Jake and Sara)
    But he was also family. My wife is gonna hit the fucking roof. But at least I'm gonna be able to console her with the fact that the people responsible for this are dead.

Frank lifts his gun to aim it at Sara.

    JAKE
    Wait. It wasn't us.

    FRANK
    I suppose you're gonna tell me it was that sand bitch who I ran over doing forty? I don't give a shit either way. And don't you worry. I'll find her and she'll be joining you real soon.

Frank lifts his gun and aims at Jake this time. BANG!

Jake looks confused as to why he's not dead.

REVERSE ANGLE on Frank to reveal he has a bullet hole in the center of his head. As Frank falls to his knees, we SHIFT FOCUS to a HAND HOLDING A GUN behind him and then WIDEN OUT to reveal the owner of the gun: GEORGE the limo driver!

    SARA
    (emotionally exhausted)
    Please don't kill us.

    GEORGE
    Kill you. I'm pretty sure I just saved your lives. Why would I want to kill you?

(CONTINUED)
JAKE
The whole I've got humans to kill thing earlier?

GEORGE
That wasn't directed at the two of you and it was just a stupid mistake. Green eyed monster got the best of me.

SARA
So you didn't shoot anyone?

GEORGE
Not till now. Who exactly did I shoot by the way?

JAKE
He was a cop but he's dirty. But we heard shots at that apartment.

GEORGE
I shot the door off the hinges. And then I go inside and Laura's negotiating with this guy to buy an autographed Jim Brown helmet for my birthday. Originally from Cleveland. Big Browns fan. Now, if you don't mind you've got a wedding to get to and I'd kind of like to get some distance between me and the dead officer of the law I just executed. Limo's right there.

George points behind himself.

JAKE
George, you really are a reliable and proficient limo driver.

GEORGE
Two rules. One: nobody messes with my car. And two: nobody messes with my passengers.

Sara quickly bends and picks up Frank's gun as George tucks his into the back of his pants.

JAKE
Sara, what are you doing? You hate guns.
SARA
True. But if anyone tries to stop us before we say "I do", they're gonna suck on my metal cock.

JAKE
Jesus Sara...
(serious)
That's the most romantic thing I've ever heard.

GEORGE (O.S.)
Come on.

CLOSE UP: of Sara tucking Frank's gun into her garter belt.

Jake and Sara then stride quickly for the limo. Jake gets Sara's door and then races over to the other side and hops inside.

ANGLE BEHIND LIMO - as it pulls away. We see Jake and Sara look into each other's eyes and kiss passionately and SLOWLY DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. VIRGIN ISLANDS - BEACH - DAY

CLOSE ON: a small table filled with tropical drinks. A hand reaches for one and we WIDEN OUT TO REVEAL: it belongs to Jake who is lounged out next to Sara on matching beach chairs.

JAKE
Mrs. Brewer, could you rub a little more lotion into my shoulders?

SARA
I'd be delighted, Mr. Brewer.

Sara snags a bottle of sun tan lotion from a bag at her feet, pours some into her hands, and rubs Jake's shoulders.

JAKE
I was just doing the Mrs. Brewer thing cuz it's new to you. Since I became a man, I've always been Mr. Brewer.

SARA
Since you've became a man? So since last Tuesday then?

JAKE
Around that time.

(CONTINUED)
Sara squirts some more lotion into her hand and it PLOPS out and shoots down her arm.

SARA (a little too upset)
Damnit!

JAKE
Hey, it's just lotion. You still seem a little tense. Look around. I know technically it's still US soil, but I think we're pretty safe.

SARA
Yeah, I guess so.

JAKE
I know so. I told you I talked to George and he said he took care of that gun you threw down the gutter.

SARA
I know. I just still have this horrible feeling that someone is going to pop up and get us.

Jake spins around and rubs Sara's shoulders, looking into her eyes.

JAKE (gentle tone as he rubs)
Shhh. No one is going to get us, okay? Just listen to the ocean. Isn't that nice?

SARA (smiles)
Very nice.

Jake leans in to kiss Sara but before their lips can touch Christopher, in a Speedo and with a bandage on his head, pops up between them.

CHRISTOPHER
We found you!

Jake and Sara let out STARTLED SCREAMS.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)
It's just me - Christopher! Hi. Hi.
Christopher waves with his enormous smile in place.

WIDER as Jane moves in behind Christopher and puts a hand on his shoulder.

JANE
Christopher, you startled them.

SARA
What are you guys doing here?

CHRISTOPHER
I wanted to thank you.

JAKE
For what?

CHRISTOPHER
If it wasn't for you two bringing those bad men to our apartment, I'd still be afraid to go outside. But look at me.

Christopher runs around in circles laughing, then plops back down where he was.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)
Getting shot by them made me realize you don't even have to go outside to have metal shoot through your head. And the doctors said if I didn't already have the Titanium plate in my head that deflected that bullet, I'd be dead. How lucky is that?

SARA
It wasn't luck. Luck doesn't exist. It was just a series of random occurrences that came out in your favor. Right, Jake?

JAKE
I don't know. Sounds pretty lucky to me.

SARA
You jerk!

Sara playfully hits Jake on the shoulder.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (3)

CHRISTOPHER
No, Jake's right. It was super
lucky because now I can finally
enjoy the money I got from the
settlement from that construction
company. Like coming to places
like this. Look at all this sand.
This is awesome!

Christopher runs around and then Superman's onto the sand and rolls around.

SARA
(to Jane)
How are you doing?

JANE
Much better now that I'm finally
sure who I am. Jane Doe, nice to
meet you.

Jane offers her hand and Sara shakes it, followed by Jake.

SARA
Nice to meet you too, Jane Doe.

ANGLE ON Christopher who has moved a few feet away and humps the sand.

CHRISTOPHER
Man, this feels really good. You
guys should try it!

JANE
Christopher!

Jake cracks up and the girls give him a look like last time, but this time they join in his laughter. Jake picks up his glass and holds it up. Sara grabs hers and they toast with a CLINK and we PULL UP AND AWAY and

FADE OUT:

The End.