



**DANCE  
MAN**

## **DANCE MAN**

The story of a guy named Joe, his guardian  
Lefty and three ladies of various means and  
talents.

written by

J. F. Robinson

December 14th, 2020  
8th draft

JFRobinson@ZapPictures.com  
213 308 0550  
Registered with the WGAw

"Why do I watch and re-watch old Hollywood Musicals? Because of the blissful unreality of it all, the snappy dialog, fearless characters, blazing dancing and narrative music touches something very real in all of us. Optimism, especially the brand dispensed by the Hollywood Musical, is America's narcotic. It is what sets us apart from every other country in the world."

Studs Terkel

"Dance is the art form most like film, it is human, visual, linear and able to speak truth abstractly. It plays out in time & space and feeds our ears and our eyes. Why dance has been mostly banned from film for the last 30 years is beyond comprehension."

Barry Keyes  
"Lost in the Movies"

"Dancers are cheap. Make more musicals."

Memo from L.B. Mayer

DANCE MAN

DARKNESS...

And a SWINGING SET OF BONGOS rides a BLARING BRASS SECTION...

NOW, FADE UP TO:

A BIG DAMN PENCIL

It's a little blurry...

NOW IT COMES TOGETHER - we are on:

EXT. A BIG CITY AVENUE - LOS ANGELES (KOREATOWN) - DAY

A GIANT DISPLAY PENCIL in a storefront window. RISING OVER THE MUSIC we HEAR the sound of VOICES (English, Spanish, Korean) and a distant SIREN. We hear:

A MAN'S VOICE (OC)

Don't get up, man - ambulance com'n.

THE PAVEMENT

Flat on his back is A MAN NAMED JOE, battered & handsome in an off-beat way. BLOOD is just started to trickle out of his nose and an ear. BONGOS are still playing... staccato like the fluttering of his eyelids. He's trying to focus on the BIG DAMN PENCIL in the store window.

JOE

PENCIL...

Joe touches his nose, looks at the blood and lays back on the pavement. An AMBULANCE arrives and a FEMALE PARAMEDIC kneels over him. She puts on latex gloves with a calm detachment.

PARAMEDIC

Anyone see what happened?

A MAN'S VOICE (OC)

A white pickup truck hit 'em & took off.

A PAIR OF HANDS holds a SMASHED MOBILE PHONE -- the heavy-duty kind messengers carry -- it's been RUN OVER.

A MAN'S VOICE (OC) (cont'd)

The bleeding guy's phone....

*NOTE: Something is slightly UNREAL about this world -- it's the same cluttered, frantic LA, but something's DIFFERENT. MUSIC everywhere, everything has a RHYTHM. Maybe the COLORS are too vivid, the LIGHT peculiar, the SOUNDS sharpened. This is not the real world, it's a world tinged with the glow of a vintage movie musical.*

EXT. BUILDING NEARBY - A SMALL BALCONY ABOVE - CONTINUOUS

A WOMAN is standing on the balcony watching the scene below. Her name is MARIAN - she's pretty with intelligent eyes but with a wary toughness underneath.

Now we realize the MUSIC is coming out of the DOORWAY behind her. TWO YOUNG GIRLS wearing leotards come out to see what has happened on the street. Marian shoos them inside and follows them. A sign on the building says "DANCE LESSONS - THIRD FLOOR".

EXT. THE STREET - CONTINUOUS

JOE'S FACE as he is loaded onto the gurney -- his blurry eyes rest on:

ANOTHER DAMN PENCIL - This one is normal-sized, with teeth marks all over it. It slowly taps on a SEXY KNEE -- which is attached to long legs extending from a rather tacky mini-skirt.

The 20-something WOMAN IN THE MINI-SKIRT has the cool and oddly disjointed fashion sense of a recent immigrant. She is ANGEL. She's sexy, in a get-the-hell-away-from-me kind of way. Sitting on a bus bench, she watches the scene like a owl watches an unwary rabbit.

JOE'S EYES are LOCKED ON THE PENCIL as she continues to tap it on her knee. He's rolled into the ambulance.

JOE

...Pencil...

THE AMBULANCE PULLS AWAY - Angel is off the bench in a flash, pushing through the crowd towards an OBJECT on the street. It's a MAN'S WALLET, as yet unnoticed. In a dancer's seamless move, she dips and PICKS UP THE WALLET and disappears into the crowd.

CLOSE, THE PAVEMENT - A METAL CASE CLIPBOARD. On the front is a sticker, it reads: ANGELES MESSENGER SERVICE. As we watch, a TRUCK TIRE runs over it. The clipboard is flung into the gutter and flies open.

The contents scatter -- some receipts and many pages of drawing paper, covered with SKETCHES and DOODLES -- also at least a dozen PENCILS of different lengths, colors and types.

EXT. AN ALLEY - DAY

A DUMPSTER - Angel rifles through the wallet, holding the chewed-up pencil in her teeth. She pockets some CASH and tosses the wallet in the dumpster. She starts to walk away, then STOPS. She returns to the dumpster and climbs up, fishing out the wallet. She looks at Joe's face on his license. She tucks the wallet into her coat. As she LEAVES THE FRAME, CAMERA PUSHES IN ON an apartment building behind her.

INT. A PLUSH KOREATOWN APARTMENT - DAY

A GLAMOROUS ASIAN WOMAN is curled up in a big leather chair. She's wearing last-night's little black dress. A MAN'S HAND extends to her. She is CRYING now, as she reluctantly hands him something glistening and beautiful -- A PAIR OF JADE SUNGLASSES.

CAMERA FOLLOWS THE MAN'S HANDS as they polish the jade with a yellow silk handkerchief (we don't see his face). He tucks the glasses in the breast pocket of his suit as he walks away.

EXT. DOWNSTAIRS/STREET - A BLACK TOWN CAR

The door is opened to reveal expensive shoes and tight, stockinged legs. A WOMAN'S HANDS, manicured with long, sharp nails, take the JADE SUNGLASSES offered her. We see her face only after she has put them on. She is KIKI, an exotic-looking Asian woman who is the victor in the drama that unfolded upstairs. Her hair is rolled into a bun, China-doll style. Holding it together are two LACQUERED PENCILS.

THE AMBULANCE PASSES. The Town Car's door closes and FOLLOWS.

INT. THE DANCE STUDIO - DAY

A RECORD PLAYER - a needle touching down - a MAMBO plays.

MARIAN is leading a HANDFUL OF GIRLS in ballet class. In addition, a mixed gaggle of ELDERLY BALLROOM DANCERS float around to the MAMBO. Two classes in one.

MARIAN

Okay, girls... third position. Demi-Plié.

A ANCIENT MAN glides by, twirling a TALL PALE WOMAN.

MARIAN (cont'd)

Beautiful Mr. Castinaras, MUCH improved... and glide... and glide.

Marian picks up a clipboard and checks off something. She uses a PENCIL that she wears on a string around her neck.

MARIAN (cont'd)

Mambo everyone.. Cha-cha's up next.

Another dance instructor, the flamboyant SEÑOR FLOUNCE (AKA MARCO) approaches.

SEÑOR FLOUNCE

You're coming tonight...

MARIAN

I'm booked.

SEÑOR FLOUNCE

You are NOT.

MARIAN

Okay, I don't have a date.

SEÑOR FLOUNCE

Come anyway, don't give him the satisfaction.

(to the students)

I see SLOPPY... Glide, glide...

MUSIC UP, AS WE CUT TO:

EXT. AN AVENUE - THE AMBULANCE - TRAVELING - DAY

A FLURRY OF BONGOS pushes the MAMBO ONWARD - and the FLASHING LIGHTS of the ambulance seem to be in rhythm with the music. CAMERA MOVES UP THE SIDE OF THE AMBULANCE, to the top. There, we see a MAN'S FEET, DANCING ON THE ROOF ON THE MOVING AMBULANCE.

REVEAL - LEFTY, An unkept, ageless and otherworldly man is actually DANCING ON THE TOP OF THE MOVING AMBULANCE. The wind whips his overcoat. His mambo is pretty great, considering he is dancing on a moving vehicle. He reflects both an authoritative and a gentle quality. The dance is heavenly.

CLOSE - HIS FEET as it repeats a combination...

INT. BACK OF THE AMBULANCE - CONTINUOUS

JOE - laid out in the ambulance, his EYES CLOSED.

ANGLE ON HIS FEET - they are dancing too - repeating the same combination as Lefty's feet on the roof.

JOE'S EYES OPEN. He looks up. TAP-TAP-TAP. He hears Lefty dancing up there. He looks at the paramedic who is filling out some paperwork, she doesn't seem to hear it.

EXT. THE AMBULANCE - CONTINUOUS

Lefty dances -- then DIPS, leaning WAY back as the ambulance flies under a low bridge.

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

Joe looks down at his dancing feet, it's like he has no control over them. He tries to SIT UP, but the PARAMEDIC casually pushes him back down.

PARAMEDIC

No, no...

He looks down at his feet, they keep dancing. He closes his eyes... this is all a very bad dream.

Then, Joe opens his eyes, with a start...

JOE'S POV: Now LEFTY is sitting next to him, smiling. Joe looks at the PARAMEDIC, now on her phone. She doesn't seem to notice Lefty. Lefty leans over, reaching out to grab Joe.

EXT. THE AMBULANCE & STREET - TRAVELING - DAY

The TOWN CAR is following close behind the ambulance. Kiki is in the back seat, still wearing the jade sunglasses.

VIEW FROM THE TOWN CAR - TO THE BACK OF THE AMBULANCE

The DOORS to the back of the Ambulance BURST OPEN. There is JOE, fear in his eyes. He waves his arms like a madman, trying to keep his balance. The PARAMEDIC is reaching for him. But where is LEFTY? He's nowhere to be seen.

The AMBULANCE SUDDENLY SLAMS ON THE BRAKES, tossing Joe BACK INTO THE AMBULANCE. Then, the Town Car, following too close, CRASHES into the Ambulance's back end. The IMPACT sends JOE FLYING BACK - FACE FIRST - SPLATT! - right onto the TOWN CAR'S WINDSHIELD.

THE TOWN CAR

KIKI GASPS as JOE'S FACE is PLASTERED AGAINST THE GLASS. Somehow, Joe smiles, dazed. Kiki raises her sunglasses. She smiles back.

Both the Ambulance and Town Car come to a stop.

EXT. SIDEWALK - A MOMENT LATER

JOE - LAYING ON THE SIDEWALK. He's flat on his back, again. He opens his eyes to see Kiki bending over him. She's got those DAMN LACQUERED PENCILS in her hair.

KIKI  
Hey baby - you okay?

He reaches for those PENCILS -- like a kid to candy.

KIKI (cont'd)  
Uh-uh... no TOUCHING.

THE AMBULANCE - The Paramedic is getting her equipment together to tend to JOE. She and the DRIVER look to see,

JOE - He is getting to his feet, but as if he is being LIFTED UP by someone from behind. But no one is there.

JOE is now UP -- and staring into Kiki's eyes with a dazed look on his face. Something CLICKS. There is MUSIC. Joe takes her in his arms. She's surprised, but goes with it. THEY DANCE on the sidewalk, and everything behind him, the whole world... BLURS. They dance long enough for Kiki to say:

KIKI (cont'd)  
You dance GOOD!

The Paramedic and Ambulance Driver stand watching -- react.

THE CAR - Kiki's Driver notices SOMETHING -- something stuck in the wipers of the Town Car.

KIKI & JOE DANCING -- cumulating in a grand movement that has Kiki twirling off like a top -- she lands in the Paramedic's arms, who falls back with her onto the stretcher.

STREET - THE DRIVER - That thing he found in the wipers - it's JOE'S KEYS. He hands the keys to Kiki. It's a KEY FOB is a big cut-out word, "JOE". She sits up and looks around for Joe... but he has disappeared. A BUS pulls away from the bus stop across the street...

and Kiki just catches Joe -- he is looking back at her from inside the bus as it drives away.

KIKI (cont'd)  
Just another Joe.

INT. THE BUS, DOWN THE BLOCK - DAY

LEFTY and JOE sit together. Joe rubs his head, trying to pull himself together.

JOE'S POV -- he looks next to him where we know Lefty should be, there is no one there. He looks out the window, then back. Lefty is sort of there now, but blurry. Joe rubs his head again.

THE TWO OF THEM -- Joe covers his eyes, then opens one eye at a time. He looks through the right eye, then the left, then the right eye again.

JOE'S POV -- we see that through the left eye, Lefty is there, through the right eye, a kind of blurry ghost-like image.

A WOMAN ON THE BUS watches Joe. To her, he is sitting next to an empty seat. She watches, reacts.

JOE'S POV -- we see Lefty through the left eye.

LEFTY  
Peek-a-Boo!

EXT. STREET - BUS STOP - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

The bus pulls away, leaving FRAME, revealing LEFTY and JOE. Joe's eyes are closed again. He's rubbing his head. Joe opens one eye.

LEFTY  
Still here.

Joe closes his eye. He breathes deeply. Then SLOWLY opens one eye.

LEFTY (cont'd)  
Still here.

Joe closes his eye. He breathes deeply AGAIN.

LEFTY (cont'd)  
Nice foxtrot back there by the way.

A FLYER GUY walks by, sticks a flyer in Joe and Lefty's hands. Joe doesn't seem to notice, Lefty looks over the flyer he was handed.

JOE  
Who are YOU?

He looks at Lefty. Lefty stops reading the flyer.

LEFTY  
An old friend, we never formally met  
Joe realizing....

JOE  
You know me? Who ARE you? Who am I?  
Lefty takes a breath. Contemplates.

LEFTY  
Uhhh... look at your left elbow.  
Joe studies the strange man. Should he run away? Trust Him? Hit him?

LEFTY (cont'd)  
It's disorienting, I'm sure. But I'm your only friend right now.  
Joe stares at him.. Huh?

LEFTY (cont'd)  
Can you think of another friend? Go ahead.  
We see that Joe can't -- he's drawing a blank.

LEFTY (cont'd)  
Right now you can't think of a single friend, or enemy or brother or sister or boss or co-worker or mother or father...

Joe is starting to freak.

LEFTY (cont'd)  
Oh you HAVE them, but they are locked away in a small box your head. You have no memory of anyone or anything about yourself.  
(BEAT)  
...The left elbow.

Joe looks. A long faint SCAR curls around his elbow.

LEFTY (cont'd)  
 Eddie Fritzges and you messing around  
 in seventh grade. Gunston Middle  
 School. You fell off the ladder in  
 wood shop... landed on the lathe.

Joe just stares at the scar.

LEFTY (cont'd)  
 See, THAT you remember...  
 (BEAT)  
 My advice... do you want it?

JOE  
 I really have no idea. Yes?

LEFTY  
 This will all work together for good...  
 Don't worry about what's ahead. Just  
 keep dancing. Worry only that you are  
 going to miss what's here, now.

And for some reason Joe looks at the FLYER, still in his hand.

CLOSE, THE FLYER - There is an ILLUSTRATION OF A PENCIL next to the words: "PLEASE NOTE". Below that, the flyer reads: "50% OFF PRIVATE DANCE LESSONS THIS WEEK: LATIN - SWING - BALLROOM".

Joe looks up as if to heaven - there, swinging above his head the SIGN seen before, it says, "DANCE LESSONS - THIRD FLOOR".

JOE  
 Dance lessons...

LEFTY  
 ...Third floor

Joe walks towards the door, Lefty follows. They pass a dirty LINCOLN CONTINENTAL parked by the curb. CAMERA HOLDS on the Lincoln.

INT. THE LINCOLN - CONTINUOUS

ANGEL (the girl who took the wallet) sits in the backseat, between TWO UNPLEASANT MEN. One is a gorilla of sorts, and the other an steely weasel of a man. The weasel is MOOCHY, the Gorilla, PONG.

Angel removes a SMALL WAD OF CASH from her bra and hands it to MOOCHY. He scowls as he counts it.

ANGEL  
It's SOMETHING...

MOOCHY  
It's NOTHING.

He slides his hands between her thighs. But he's not copping a feel... he's after the CASH tucked in her hose.

MOOCHY (cont'd)  
BINGO!  
(finds more cash)  
HERE IT IS. Angel, I'm hurt. You tried to deceive me Owww, it's my FEELINGS.

Pong actually CHUCKLES... that Moochy is a funny guy.

ANGEL  
How do I eat?

MOOCHY  
Look at that beautiful face... "How do I eat?" All this face has to do is smile and money flies outa guys' pockets.

ANGEL  
I'm feeding TWO people.

MOOCHY  
THAT... is YOUR problem.

ANGEL  
LET ME OUT, I must get to work.

Pong opens to door to let her out. Moochy hands him a ten dollar bill.

MOOCHY  
Hey PONG... here, go see Angel at work and get yourself a dance -- she needs the business.

More GOONISH LAUGHTER. Angel glares at them as she has to crawl over the gorilla while tugging down her miniskirt. She flips them off and slams the door. Laughter seeps out of the Lincoln as it pulls away. She takes her chewed up pencil from behind her ear and THROWS IT AT THE CAR, cursing in another language. After a defeated moment, she steps into the street and retrieves the pencil.

Turning, she notices something in the GUTTER. It's one of JOES' PENCIL DRAWINGS from the clipboard.

There are also BITS OF SMASHED PENCILS in the gutter. She picks up a drawing up, looks at it. It seems as if she intends to keep it, but she loses interest. Angel crumples it up and drops it back in the gutter, she steps across the street.

INT. THE 3RD FLOOR DOOR TO THE DANCE STUDIO - DAY

Joe stops at the closed DOOR. He lays his hands on it as if it is a sacred thing. He looks at Lefty. The DANCE MUSIC is pulsing behind it. He feels it in his fingers.

JOE

Exciting...

He means THE ANTICIPATION - maybe SOMETHING GOOD on the other side. Joe's expression changes. He FEELS something. He reaches in his pocket and produces a \$100 bill.

JOE (cont'd)

Sometimes it's good to be run over by a truck.

Joe takes a deep breath, and opens the door.

INT. THE DANCE STUDIO - DAY

Joe and Lefty push themselves through the wall of music and students towards the dance floor. Joe looks around the room with wonder.

THE DANCE FLOOR

Marian has finished her ballet class and the little girls are scattering. The MUSIC changes to a CHA-CHA-CHA tune featuring more BONGOS. Marian sees Joe coming (and ONLY Joe, Lefty is not seen). She wonders: Who is this guy? A nutcase or a customer with MONEY?

Joe hands her the "private lessons" flyer. He takes the bill from his pocket, folds it and hands it to her. It is the HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL. Marian unfolds and looks at it, then slips it in the pocket of her blouse.

Then, JOE TAKES HER IN HIS ARMS and they DANCE.

If words could describe this dance, you'd see them here...

But that's impossible. Let's just say the sun comes up in Marian's eyes as they dance... and it's been a long, cold winter's night. They stop as the BONGO MUSIC ENDS, with Marian's heart in her throat. All she can say is:

MARIAN  
You've got a lot to learn.

And just now WE SEE that a blurry Lefty is by their side,  
but only for a moment.

JOE  
Okay?

MARIAN  
(still swirling)  
Tomorrow -- we'll start.

Joe can only smile at her.

MARIAN (cont'd)  
My name is Marian.

JOE  
Marian?

MARIAN  
You know, like the Librarian?

JOE  
(has no idea)  
Ohhh...

He notices the PENCIL ON A STRING that is hanging from her neck. To  
her, he seems to be staring at her cleavage.

MARIAN  
Hello? Up periscope.

JOE  
...Like your pencil.

MARIAN  
Thanks... I've had compliments.

JOE  
When do you open?

MARIAN  
Early.

She nods, slightly.

JOE  
See you early.

Joe smiles and walks away, parting the silent sea of tutu-clad girls  
who have gathered around. As Marian watches him go, a smile grows.

As he leaves, SEÑOR FLOUNCE approaches her.

SEÑOR FLOUNCE  
 You FOUND him -- a perfect partner. And  
 he dances Latin like an angel. And  
 STRAIGHT.. Oooooh!!

MARIAN  
 (looking after him)  
 He's just a student.

EXT. THE STREET - A CURB - DUSK

The street is jammed with traffic. Joe and Lefty sit on the curb like two kids. Joe COVERS HIS EYES, then opens them.

JOE  
 I still see you.

LEFTY  
 I see you too.

JOE  
 Are you a good witch or a bad witch?

LEFTY  
 (laughs)  
 Oh, yeah... got it.

JOE  
 Who AM I?

LEFTY  
 You... are Joe.

JOE  
 Joe.

And as Joe contemplates the fullness of his Joe-hood, a screaming POLICE CAR FLIES by, inches from their feet in the gutter, SIRENS BLARING. It doesn't phase them.

JOE (cont'd)  
 Joe...

LEFTY  
 Yeah. It's not bad.

JOE  
 It's plain.

LEFTY

Sure.

JOE

"Joe"... Okay. I like it.

LEFTY

That's good.

JOE

But, I must have a house or someplace I live. A friend. Job. Family. Parking Tickets.

Lefty shrugs.

JOE (cont'd)

I try to remember, but then I just hear that music. Do you hear the music?

He doesn't seem to.

JOE (cont'd)

And then I want to dance and then I don't remember ANYTHING.

LEFTY

Some people pay money for that feeling.

JOE

Who am I?

LEFTY

You're YOU. Or, on your way there.

JOE

I know you know...

LEFTY

That's one of the rules - I can't ENLIGHTEN -- just ACCOMPANY. They spell this stuff out.

Joe sighs and lays back on the dirty sidewalk like a country boy would lay in a meadow. The people on the street need to step over and around him. Joe looks up to the sky, and there above him is:

A BILLBOARD

It's gleaming in the last of the day's sun. It is for a nightclub show.

Smiling down from the sign is KIKI'S FACE, and in her hair, the lacquered pencils. Underneath her, it reads: "NIGHTLY AT JADE! (THE NIGHTCLUB) - WESTERN AVE."

TRANSITION TO:

INT. A KOREATOWN NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Loud MUSIC. Seated at a table in front of the stage is a motionless rock of a man, in a suit and sunglasses. He's MR. SWEET, (Asian, stocky, 50-something) and he stoically sips a drink in a tall, tall glass. We notice the YELLOW HANDKERCHIEF in his breast pocket. He's the Man that gave Kiki the jade sunglasses earlier.

WIDER, THE NIGHTCLUB

It's bustling, gaudy, full of people and noise. Like a HOLLYWOOD SUPPER CLUB from days gone by.

THE STAGE

The MUSIC starts, the curtain opens and a SPOTLIGHT hits the JADE GLASSES on Kiki, alone on the stage in a sequined dress in front of a velvet curtain. She sings:

KIKI  
*I'll say goodbye to love, No one ever  
cared if I should live or die...*

And another SPOTLIGHT hits the BAND, who blasts into a Asian Surf-Guitar version of the old CARPENTERS SONG. The CURTAIN OPENS and a gaggle of DANCERS BURST ON-STAGE.

A big BOLLYWOOD MEETS K-POP DANCE NUMBER ensues. Kiki enthusiastically performs with a robust, but mechanical fervor. Her style shows more determination than talent.

EXT. NIGHTCLUB, THE LINE TO GET IN - CONTINUOUS

There is a long line and the Carpenter/Surf/Bollywood music is leaking out into the street. Joe and Lefty walk up and stand in the back of a long line. But the new, Who-The-Hell-Am-I Joe is not the kind of man who waits in line. Oh no. He reaches into his pocket and finds another crisp \$100 bill. It gets him (and Lefty) right in.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Joe and Lefty are seated right in front.

ONSTAGE - Kiki is being CARRIED AROUND THE STAGE, Marylin-like, by a pack of BOY-DANCERS. She slides out of their hands and most of her dress stays with them, revealing a lot more of Kiki for the BIG FINALE, just a few feet from Joe's smiling face.

CLOSE, MR. SWEET - He watches Kiki, his face like granite. We notice his EYES MIGRATE to ANOTHER FIGURE on stage.

MR. SWEET'S POV - A CUTE YOUNG CHORUS GIRL, younger than Kiki. She dances a with a natural, sexy style.

CLOSE, KIKI - She NOTICES Sweet's distraction...

THE STAGE - THE BIG FINALE - Lots of MANIC TWIRLING & HIP GRINDING. Kiki ends up aloft by the boys as she hits her last, dramatic note.

THE AUDIENCE - Most APPLAUD, mildly, but others are engrossed in conversation, or rolling dice at their tables.

THE STAGE - Kiki removes the jade glasses and acknowledges the APPLAUSE and SEES JOE. She throws him a WINK.

Sweet notices THE WINK, and looks around for the recipient.

INT. BACKSTAGE, KIKI'S DRESSING ROOM DOOR - NIGHT

Joe find's himself knocking on Kiki's door. Lefty is beside him now, smoking a CIGAR.

KIKI  
Come in darling...

Joe slips Lefty a look... Life is GOOD. Joe pushes the door open with a bit of attitude. There is Kiki, lounging in her bra and panties. The jade glasses are on the table.

KIKI (cont'd)  
You are not Sweet!

JOE  
I am JOE.

KIKI  
...sweet...

JOE  
No, I am NOT Sweet.

KIKI  
(calculated giggle)  
You are SO sweet.

You are man who jumped on my  
windshield. And DANCED with me.

Kiki pushes a drawer CLOSED, inside it are JOE'S KEYS.

EXT. THE CLUB - NIGHT

Mr. Sweet is laying down a twenty for the waiter who is  
clearing his table.

WAITER  
Thank you Mr. Sweet.

INT. KIKI'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Joe is just standing there, being Joe. From Kiki's point  
of view -- Lefty is nowhere to be seen. In OUR VIEW, Lefty  
has found a spot in a corner where he is re-lighting his  
cigar.

KIKI  
Do you SMELL SMOKE?

JOE  
...No.

KIKI  
What you bring Kiki?

JOE  
What you need?

Kiki stares at him for a silent moment. Possibilities  
abound. They both STARE at each other, like rivals.  
Finally she pulls up a STOOL in front of Joe and RESTS BOTH  
FEET ON IT.

KIKI  
Don't you smell smoke?

Joe looks sideways at Lefty as he pulls up a chair. Lefty  
shrugs. Joe seems to KNOWS WHAT TO DO with the petite feet  
presented to him. Joe rolls up his sleeves and set to  
work. He takes one of KIKI'S FEET and starts to MASSAGE  
it.

KIKI (cont'd)  
Oh my, GOOD JOE...

JOE  
Maybe I am a masseuse?

LEFTY  
You mean a "masseur"

KIKI  
Someone here? Who you talking?

JOE  
I'm just trying to figure some stuff out.

KIKI  
What -- you still funny from smash on car? Let me see your hands.

She holds his hands in hers.

KIKI (cont'd)  
These not massage hands, too weak, no muscle.

JOE  
Ohh.

KIKI  
See here?

She's looking closely at his cuticles and fingernails.

KIKI (cont'd)  
What's this?. See marks?

We can SEE the small marks on his hands.

KIKI (cont'd)  
That pencil, color pencil too. Red, green. You pencil boy.

She leans back and slides her feet DEEP IN HIS LAP.

KIKI (cont'd)  
But okay massage too.

INT. BACKSTAGE, KIKI'S DRESSING ROOM DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Sweet is approaching Kiki's door, the sound of Kiki's voice stops him.

KIKI (OC)  
Good Joey... GOOD!

He listens, then turns and angry, LEAVES.

INT. KIKI'S DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lefty takes another puff of the cigar. Kiki is stringing out a long set of GUTTURAL MOANS, her face covered with a HERMÉS SCARF. Joe is pressing hard, rubbing little circles in the arch of her foot. A MOVEMENT captures Lefty's attention, a SMALL VIDEO CAMERA hidden in a box high on a shelf, is whirring and pointing at Joe.

INT. SECURITY ROOM, THE NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Mr. Sweet is unhappily looking at a TV MONITOR, which is focused on Joe's clueless face.

INT. KIKI'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Joe STANDS ABRUPTLY, as if LIFTED OUT OF HIS CHAIR by an invisible force.

JOE

Gotta go.

KIKI

(under the scarf)

Huh?

JOE

I enjoyed our time together.

KIKI

You are LEAVING?

Kiki is a wreck, peeking out of the side of the scarf, suffering the effects of *massagus-interuptus*.

JOE

Oh, one last thing. Do you know who I am?

KIKI

Joe?

Yeah, but not the information he was looking for. He reaches into his pocket and hands her a hundred dollar bill. She doesn't get it. Joe and Lefty EXIT out of the side door. Kiki casually tosses the money in the drawer with Joe's keys.

KIKI (cont'd)

(sing-song)

Joey, Joey, where you go?  
Come see me again I know.

EXT. THE ALLEY BEHIND THE NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

A dark alley, Joe & Lefty appear from a back door.

JOE  
Now where?

The ANSWER COMES AT THEM out of the shadows. It's the Goons, MOOCHY and PONG. From their point of view, it's Joe only. They GRAB JOE, DRAG HIM AROUND the corner and throw him in the OPEN TRUNK of the Lincoln and slam it shut.

INT. THE TRUNK OF THE LINCOLN

Lefty is on top of Joe.

LEFTY  
This is uncomfortable.

JOE  
HELLO out there... I THINK THERE IS A MISUNDERSTANDING. Can you let us out?

INT. THE LINCOLN - TRAVELING

As Moochy backs up.

PONG  
Let "US" out?

MOOCHY  
Fuk'n wacko.

The Lincoln takes off down the darkened street

INT. THE TRUNK OF THE LINCOLN

JOE STARTS POUNDING on the side of the trunk -- Lefty starts TAPPING A FRANTIC RHYTHM with his feet.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Thumping DANCE TRACK up, the car seems to DANCING as it goes.

INT. THE LINCOLN - TRAVELING

PONG  
What the FUCK!

He SLAMS ON THE BRAKES, and there is a LOUD THUD as Joe and Lefty SLAM AGAINST THE SIDE OF THE TRUNK.

MOOCHY

Heh.

Pong SLAMS ON THE BRAKES AGAIN. They both laugh. Then more TAPPING -- more BRAKE SLAMMING and THUMPING and TAPPING.

EXT. TRAVELING - THE LINCOLN

As the dance continues, tapping-braking-thumping-laughing and then tapping again, bravely.

INT. CASA AMORE DANCE CLUB - NIGHT

It's the last of the old-style, dime-a-dance places, except the price is now twenty bucks. Angel is standing against the wall, with much trashier make-up than before. She is smoking a cigarette under a sign that says "No Smoking". A KOREAN BUSINESS-GUY walks up to her and hands her a TICKET. She drops the cigarette and steps on it and turns on a smile.

BUSINESS GUY DANCER

(flat)

I like you.

ANGEL

(flatter)

I really like you.

And away they DANCE. She leads - with a precise and almost regal grace about her. Business Guy tries to keep up as Angel zones out.

EXT. THE ALLEY BY CASA AMORE - NIGHT

Pong pulls the Lincoln in the Alley, punching the brakes.

MOOCHY

SHUT (slam) THE (slam) FUCK (slam) UP.

PONG

Both of ya!

He and Moochy get out. They laugh as they enter the side door. A tiny ELDERLY WOMAN has been watching everything. She wanders up to the Lincoln, leans close to listen. The TAPPING STARTS AGAIN, almost scaring her to death.

INT. CASA AMORE DANCE CLUB

Angel is just finishing a dance with a short SALVADORIAN MAN (MUSIC: "Who Will The Next Fool Be", Bobby Bland). The man has nestled his head snuggly between Angel's breasts. He reluctantly removes it as the MUSIC ENDS. He turns to leave, but Angel taps him on his shoulder and gives him the eye. He reaches into his pocket and hands her a GREASY ONE DOLLAR BILL.

ANGEL

That was worth more than one dollar. I have a wet spot from your drool.

Indeed she does. Mr. Salvador sheepishly hands her another dollar and slinks away.

ANGEL (cont'd)

(to herself)

That's only a dollar a tit.

She arranges her bra and checks out the merchandise -- they are worth way more a a buck each.

She sees MOOCHY and PONG eyeing her. They walk over and TAKE THE TWO BUCKS FROM HER HAND.

PONG

...Interest.

MOOCHY

(seeing it's only two)

Jeezus, ya gotta start rubbing up against these guys are something. This is pathetic.

ANGEL

Leave me alone -- I have until tomorrow to pay... You're scaring away the fish.

MOOCHY

Mr. Sweet has asked me to communicate a new INCENTIVE in his deal for you. You can work off your granny's gambling tab, and what you owe in immigration services and fees up at HIS ESTABLISHMENT in the Brentwood vicinity. AND he'll make sure the rent on your & Granny's apartment gets paid.

PONG

That's a nice bonus.

ANGEL

I'll pass. I talked to a girl who is still there, 2 years later.

PONG

It's a classy place.

MOOCHY

He didn't pay you and Granny's way over from the old country to be nice.

ANGEL

That's what he told me at the time.

PONG

(trying to be helpful)

It's much better class of gentleman up there, than these losers.

MOOCHY

That's for fuck'n sure.

ANGEL

Yeah, but all I gotta do is DANCE with these guys.

EXT. THE ALLEY BY CASA AMORE - NIGHT

The TRUNK-TAPPING is now a full-blown CONCERTO. The Small Woman is dancing some kind of folk dance to the beat. As the dancing continues, she makes her way to the driver's window, which is partially unrolled.

INT. CASA AMORE DANCE CLUB

Pong is DANCING with Angel. Despite his girth, he's actually a good dancer. Moochy watches, occasionally giving menacing looks to the patrons.

EXT. THE ALLEY BY CASA AMORE

The woman has pulled a MILK CRATE up to the Lincoln. She steps on top of it, still bobbing to the tapping. Now she's got a little shim-sham going. Because she is so tiny, her ARM CAN SLIP INTO THE CRACK and UNLOCK the door. She opens it and the CAR ALARM SOUNDS. People walking by pay no notice. The Woman finds the TRUNK RELEASE and POPS IT OPEN. The TAPPING STOPS. Joe emerges alone, adjusts himself, and HANDS THE WOMAN A HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL. He walks down the sidewalk. Then, he stops, turns around, and GIVES ANOTHER HUNDRED and kisses her on the cheek.

INT. CASA AMORE DANCE CLUB

The song ends and Pong hands Angel a twenty. He winks at her. He and Moochy leave. She shudders.

EXT. THE ALLEY BY CASA AMORE

The Lincoln's horn is still blasting and the blinkers going. The trunk is open. Moochy and Pong rush up to the car.

MOOCHY

Shit!

The Small Woman is watching them. Moochy notices.

EXT. THE FRONT OF CASA AMORE - CONTINUOUS

Joe sees the sign - and the sign blinking, "DANCING".

EXT. THE ALLEY BY CASA AMORE - CONTINUOUS

Moochy has approached the old lady.

MOOCHY

Hey, lady -- did you see someone get out of this trunk?

She eyes them, motionless.

MOOCHY (cont'd)

A guy, out of the trunk, where did he go?

SMALL LADY

*No habla ingles.*

Moochy peels off a TWENTY DOLLAR BILL, waves it in front of her face.

MOOCHY

Does THIS help yer English?

She POINTS DOWN THE STREET, AWAY from the club. He hands her the bill and the rush to the car. They TEAR OFF in the direction she pointed.

INT. CASA AMORE DANCE CLUB

Angel is sitting at a table, doodling on the face of Andrew Jackson on the twenty Pong gave here. She's using another chewed-up pencil. A MAN comes and stands in front of her. She looks up and gives the man her WORKING SMILE, but drops it when SHE SEES WHO IT IS.

JOE  
Nice pencil.

ANGEL  
Yeah.

Angel is good at keeping her thoughts to herself. Joe doesn't have a clue she recognizes her.

JOE  
Would you like to dance?

ANGEL  
It costs fifty dollars.

Joe holds up a HUNDRED. Angel smiles again.

ANGEL (cont'd)  
I'd be delighted.

A SAMBA starts and Joe takes her in his arms. They twirl and fly between the pairs of stooped-over customers and their partners. Angel is not leading, for once. Her face reflects a mixture of confusion, caution and rapture. It's as if the dance is untying her internal knots, one by one.

The floor clears to let them go. The LIGHTS SEEM TO DIM and they are alone in a SPOTLIGHT. Then the MUSIC ENDS and the flat dull light of the dance hall returns. Angel catches her breath.

ANGEL (cont'd)  
I owe you a second.

JOE  
I can't.

ANGEL  
You dance good for a cop.

JOE  
I'm a cop?

ANGEL  
You are wearing cop shoes. They only sell them to cops.

JOE  
How do you know?

Joe takes off a shoe in the middle of the dance floor and examines it. There inside the tongue is the brand and the words "Exclusively for Law Enforcement Officers".

JOE (cont'd)  
I am a Cop. "Joe the Cop".  
(listening to himself)  
That's unimaginative.

ANGEL  
Most of life is, I'm discovering.

JOE  
(after considering)  
Why do you work here?

ANGEL  
I have an important debt to repay.

JOE  
Huh...

ANGEL  
Only eight thousand, five hundred dollars... Well, four hundred now.

JOE  
(as if the thought is being  
pushed on him)  
CAN I HELP?

ANGEL  
Do you have eight thousand, four hundred dollars?

Joe pulls another \$100 out of his pocket.

JOE  
I can only do this one at a time for some reason... When I look in there, there's nothing but an old button and lint.

ANGEL  
(taking the bill)  
Every little bit helps.

She kisses him on the cheek.

JOE  
Eight thousand THREE hundred.

Now all of a sudden, WE SEE LEFTY -- he wraps his arms around Joe.

JOE (cont'd)  
I gotta go.

ANGEL  
But I owe you more dances.

And Joe leaves, awkwardly, as if being dragged out.

EXT. TACO TRUCK - A STREET IN KOREATOWN - NIGHT

As Joe and Lefty stand waiting for their order.

LEFTY  
I TOLD YOU your name was Joe... Joseph.  
A good name.

The COOK places two orders of tacos in the window. Joe grabs them.

JOE  
(between bites)  
So I'm Joe the artistic Cop. Girls seem to like me, especially when I give them hundred dollar bills or massage their feet. And I can dance good. How can a cop know how to dance like I do?

LEFTY  
That's temporary, probably. You lose something, you get something.

Joe sees something AHEAD.

DOWN THE STREET - A GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

A WHITE PICKUP TRUCK is getting gas.

THE SIDEWALK - Joe squints at it.

JOE  
Hey...

Joe STARTS RUNNING after the truck, right down the MIDDLE OF THE STREET. He takes a bite of the taco as he runs, then drops it in the street.

## THE STREET - GAS STATION

As Joe gets close, the PICKUP IS PULLING OUT and makes a TURN ONTO THE FREEWAY. He's lost it.

JOE

HEY! HEY!

A HORN BLARES behind him from a nondescript SEDAN. He's still in the MIDDLE OF THE STREET. He TURNS AND SEES...

A WOMAN'S VOICE

Get out of the way, moron!

Joe looks. It's MARIAN driving, her hair up and wearing a nice dress. She recognizes him, horrified. Joe walks up to her window.

JOE

That's the pickup that ran into me.

MARIAN

Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't know it was you. ...It what?

JOE

Hello.

MARIAN

Are you okay? Ran over you?

Joe notices LEFTY sitting in the back seat. He's finishing his taco.

JOE

Can I get a ride?

MARIAN

To where?

Joe has no idea.

## INT. MARIAN'S CAR - TRAVELING - NIGHT

JOE

I don't want you to go out of your way.

Joe notices a small FIGURINE on Marian's dashboard. It is a COUPLE DANCING, the man in a tux, the woman in evening gown.

MARIAN

Oh, no problem...

Joe shoots Lefty a look in the back seat. Lefty makes a "Come on, Get it rolling" kind of hand-signal to him.

JOE

Uhh... You look nice. You are all dressed up.

MARIAN

It's the "Dance Teachers Association Ball" - kind of, a party thing. Work. I'm way late. I was going to go, then I wasn't, then I was, then I didn't have anything to wear...

JOE

(Interested)

Will there be dancing there?

EXT. A HOLLYWOOD CLUB - NIGHT

Marian, Joe and Lefty get out of the car and a VALET gets in. Marian remembers something and grabs a bag out of the back seat. She takes a cheap sports jacket out of the bag, pulls off the tags and hands it to Joe. He puts it on.

MARIAN

You look good.

JOE

Thanks. I like the jacket.

MARIAN

(smoothing his hair)

It was the least I could do, since I am dragging you here.

Their eyes meet... just for a moment.

INT. HOLLYWOOD CLUB - NIGHT

LATIN MUSIC IS RAGING and a lot of people are trying to out-style each other on the dance floor.

MARIAN

See... DANCING.

They sit in a booth. Marian looks across the room. She waves at Señor Flounce, in a spectacular outfit with feathers.

Joe looks around too -- that BALLROOM COUPLE tearing up the dance floor -- Isn't that LEFTY DANCING with a spicy CUBAN GIRL? But his view is blocked by the arrival of Flounce.

SEÑOR FLOUNCE

Where have you been? And WHO is THIS?  
I saw you at the studio today, I'm  
Marco. Stage name: "Señor Flounce".  
You dance so GOOD.

MARIAN

This is Joe.

SEÑOR FLOUNCE

Joe...

JOE

I'm a cop.

Flounce wonders exactly what Joe MEANS by that.

MARIAN

A cop?

Marian's attention is drawn off-screen. She stiffens. A man (CLINT, 30's) and his SEXPOT DATE (MONICA, 20's) wander over to the table.

CLINT

Marian, fashionably late as always.

MARIAN

Clint...

CLINT

This is Monica, Monica -- Marian. She  
and I were partners -- LONG days past.

SEÑOR FLOUNCE

You mean last summer?

MONICA

(to Marian)  
Hello.

CLINT

You aren't competing anymore, are you  
dear?

Awkward and painful silence, then, Joe to the rescue.

JOE

Are you kidding?

Clint eyes him.

JOE (cont'd)  
We've been practicing.

MARIAN  
No, we really just started.

SEÑOR FLOUNCE  
These two are MARVELOUS.

MARIAN  
...just learning the basics...

SEÑOR FLOUNCE  
They can kick your ass, Clinty. He's a  
cop. A fucking dancing cop.

Challenge is in the air. Flounce runs off to the DJ.  
Marian has the look of a drowning woman. SILENCE -- then a  
DRUM-TRACK fills the air.

SEÑOR FLOUNCE (cont'd)  
(on the PA)  
CHALLENGE DANCE Boys and Girls, give  
them room...

Clint and Monica float onto the floor, do that elaborate  
ballroom dancing bow/curtsey thing.

SEÑOR FLOUNCE (cont'd)  
..the TANGO!

MARIAN  
Oh, god... NO.

SEÑOR FLOUNCE  
(on the PA)  
First, CLINT AND MONIQUE.

MONICA  
(correcting him)  
Monica!

MUSIC STARTS. Clint grabs Monica, twirls her and they start  
the TANGO. They throw combinations together effortlessly,  
in razor sharp synchronicity. Marian sinks watching them.

MARIAN  
We CAN'T.

She is abruptly grabbed by Joe, he holds her tight and  
looks into her eyes. A look that seems to pour confidence  
into her.

SEÑOR FLOUNCE  
 MARIAN AND HER NEW PARTNER - JOE!

So... what's a TANGO, Joe wonders. He takes Marian in his arms, and steps out on faith. He starts slowly, followed by deep lunges and graceful turns, moving with elegance & a measured eroticism. Marian is astonished. Fear gone, she blossoms on the dance floor. They turn and dip and seem to defy gravity in a dance that is spontaneous and soulful. Marian is going for it, and on her face we see a mixture of amazement and steely determination.

CLINT IS WATCHING THEM, and he cranks up the speed and degree of difficulty. He and Monica are full of snap, attitude and flash -- all the things that wins dance contests.

BACK TO MARIAN AND JOE -- the go into overdrive, spinning fluid and spontaneous combination of TANGO-MEETS-FLAMENCO style. Marian is radiant. Their danced is natural, sexy, glamorous and full of joy. THEN THINGS GET CRAZY. Joe LEADS HER UP A CHAIR AND ONTO A TABLE-TOP.

CLINT  
 You CAN'T do that! NOT allowed!

Joe SPINS MARIAN and she floats from TABLE TOP TO TABLE TOP like she's hopping on rocks across a stream. CAMERA FLASHES ripple through the crowd. As the MUSIC SWELLS, Joe FLINGS MARIAN ON A SERVING CART and she TWIRLS on the top of it as THE CART ROLLS ACROSS THE DANCE FLOOR. He makes sure he is there to CATCH HER as the cart slams into the railing and she SPINS IN THE AIR and LANDS INTO HIS ARMS. She beams as the crowd erupts in CHEERS.

A WOMAN - LOOKING AT HER DIGITAL CAMERA

There in the picture of Joe flinging Marian through the air is the BLURRY FIGURE OF LEFTY helping Marian soar.

SMASH CUT TO:

MARIAN'S LAUGHING FACE

Her hand covers her lips to cover a mouth full of PIE.  
 She's sitting in:

INT. COFFEE SHOP (HOLLYWOOD) - NIGHT

MARIAN  
 Delicious -- Oh, DELICIOUS... The look  
 on Clint's face.

Joe and Marian are sitting at a booth. Joe has a "what's next" look on his face. Marian is floating on clouds.

MARIAN (cont'd)  
I felt absolutely weightless.  
LOVE that feeling.

She crams a another slice of pie in her mouth. She looks at him and realizes something.

MARIAN (cont'd)  
I really owe you a thank you.

JOE  
Naw.

MARIAN  
Thank you.

Marian take a moment to study this creature. Joe's attention is diverted by a PENCIL dangling from a string near the cashier. His mind is churning.

MARIAN (cont'd)  
So, does your wife like to dance?

JOE  
Am I married?

MARIAN  
You're married.

Joe dwells on this -- this IS news.

MARIAN (cont'd)  
Yeah, I just got that "clang" sound in my head like a steel door closing. I KNOW that sound. It's 100% accurate.

JOE  
Oh.

MARIAN  
"CLANG"... meet a new guy that is interesting... "CLANG". Meet a straight man who can dance, without telltale signs of infectious diseases or criminal record... "CLANG". If there was a game show for picking married guys out of a lineup, I'd be rich.

JOE  
So, you like married guys?

MARIAN

Not on purpose. Obviously something is miswired.

JOE

But I have no ring.

MARIAN

I noticed. But there is a faint dent.

Close on Joe's hands. Yes, there's the dent on his ring finger.

MARIAN (cont'd)

Happens to me a lot.

Why does Joe feel like he has done something wrong? He takes a step back.

JOE

Well, look, you are a fantastic Dance Teacher. Look what you taught me in ONE lesson.

MARIAN

Yeah, I must be DAMN good. One lesson? You're a better dancer than I am.

Joe misses the complement as his attention has wandered again. He is staring at the PENCIL at the cashier again. This is not lost on Marian. Time to put the squeeze on this guy.

MARIAN (cont'd)

So. You really DON'T KNOW you are married... or is that just a "cute" thing you do?

JOE

I told you I got hit by a pickup truck, right?

MARIAN

Uh huh.

JOE

Things are still -- a little CLOUDY.

MARIAN

You should be in a hospital, then.

This reasoning is making Joe squirm. Joe notices the COOK behind the opening to the kitchen. It's LEFTY. He puts two PLATES under the heat lamps and RINGS A BELL.

JOE  
Can you excuse me?

Joe LEAVES. Marian tries get a HOLD OF HERSELF.

INT. THE COFFEE SHOP'S KITCHEN

Lefty is flipping burgers, chopping and frying things, getting a kick out of being a cook. Joe ENTERS.

LEFTY  
I CAN'T discuss this now, table  
eighteen just sent their wet burrito  
back, guess it was too wet.

ANGLE ON A BURRITO so covered in sauce it looks like a submarine.

JOE  
Guess what I just learned?

LEFTY  
(chopping meat)  
...and there has to be BEANS and RICE  
in a proper burrito, does he think a  
steak burrito is full of just steak?  
For this price? PLEASE.

JOE  
I found out from a woman who doesn't  
even know me, that I'm married? You  
couldn't have told me that?

LEFTY  
(relenting)  
...Four years.

JOE  
KIDS?

Lefty makes the ZIPPED-MOUTH motion.

JOE (cont'd)  
YOU ARE SUPPOSED TO BE HELPING ME!

LEFTY  
I AM helping you. In ways you don't  
see. Can you HELP ME for a change?  
You can take the fries out, they're  
done.

Joe lifts the fries out of the fryer.

LEFTY (cont'd)  
 There are RULES you know... I could have  
 straightened you out years ago if I could  
 have just given you a list. This  
 intervention business is highly  
 regulated.

Lefty gets a BAG OF FROZEN POTATOES and hands it to Joe.  
 Joe fumbles around starting the next batch of fries.

LEFTY (cont'd)  
 People eat a lot of fried potatoes in  
 this berg.  
 (back to topic)  
 You have to understand -- you must do  
 it all YOURSELF. Make your own  
 choices. We don't do robots.

JOE  
 So, why can I even SEE you and TALK to  
 you...  
 (thinking it through)  
 This is a dream right? A dream?

Joe looks around, finds a fork. He JABS it into his own  
 arm.

JOE (cont'd)  
 OOWWW!

LEFTY  
 It is NOT a dream.  
 (looking at Joe's punctured arm)  
 If it was a dream you'd be hearing  
 wisdom from Babe Ruth or a two headed  
 green thing or someone cool like that.  
 I can't appear in dreams either --  
 another department completely.

JOE  
 (remembering)  
 ...The two headed green thing...  
 That guy IS cool!

INT. TABLE, COFFEE SHOP

Joe rejoins a worried Marian.

MARIAN  
 Everything okay?

JOE  
I thought I knew someone in the  
kitchen.

MARIAN  
(seeing the fork marks)  
Yeow! What happened?

JOE  
I thought I was dreaming.

Marian NODS... god, he's strange. But SO CUTE.

JOE (cont'd)  
Do you dream?

MARIAN  
Sometimes.

JOE  
Ever dream about a TWO HEADED GREEN  
THING that tells you what to do?

MARIAN  
No, I usually get advice from BABE  
RUTH.

JOE  
...Right....

MARIAN  
But he's wearing TIGHTS.

A MANICURED HAND with dragon-like nails touches Joe's  
shoulder. It's KIKI, in a skimpy outfit with the pencils  
in her hair, like before. She scoots Joe over and SITS  
NEXT TO HIM. She has a CARTON OF FOOD to go.

KIKI  
Joey Boom-Boom, where you GO? Leave me  
like THAT?

Joe is a taken aback, he notices her Town Car outside.

JOE  
I had a party to go to.

KIKI  
You leave me SO lonely.  
(off Marian's look)  
I like their burritos here, don't you?

MARIAN  
 (coldly)  
 I'm a pie girl.

JOE  
 Oh, this is Marian -- my dancing  
 teacher. This is, uh, who ARE you?

KIKI  
 Kiki, just Kiki. Everyone know Kiki.

JOE  
 I was in a traffic accident with her.

MARIAN  
 The white pickup?

JOE  
 No, the accident AFTER that one.

KIKI  
 He dance so GOOD. You teach him?

MARIAN  
 God it's late. I have had too much  
 pie.

KIKI  
 You teach him dance like that?

JOE  
 Yes, WOW. Straightened me right out.

KIKI  
 I know Joey. He don't know much about  
 Joey. Just a little funny after  
 accident.

JOE  
 Did you know I'm married?

KIKI  
 Oh YES. Ha! Anyone see that.

JOE  
 Can you tell how many kids I have?

MARIAN  
 (she's had enough)  
 I gotta go.

And SHE DOES. Right up, out of the booth and out of the  
 door and into her car. Joe TRIES TO GET UP but Kiki BLOCKS  
 HIM.

JOE  
 MARIAN...

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - A PRIVATE ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Joe and Kiki ride quietly. The elevator is gilded and overdone. She wears the JADE GLASSES.

JOE  
 You said you know a lot more  
 about me.

Kiki says nothing, but pulls the lacquer pencils out of her hair and shakes it out. She puts one pencil in her mouth and POKES THE OTHER ONE provocatively into Joe's chest.

KIKI  
 No talk Joey Boom-Boom.

JOE  
 JOE, not Joey...

The elevator OPENS UP to:

INT. A GRAND APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

It's decorated in a Shanghai Whorehouse-meets-Donald Trump motif. Kiki pushes Joe backwards with the pencil until he falls onto a gilded couch. She grabs a remote control from a coffee table.

KIKI  
 Time for ACTION Joey Boom-Boom.  
 CHOP CHOP.

She puts the pencil in her mouth and wiggles her way over to the fireplace and SETS IT ABLAZE with the remote. She fires up a PLASMA TV with the same remote, and a MUSIC VIDEO (STARRING HER) STARTS PLAYING. She comes back to him seductively, straddles his outstretched legs, slowly takes the pencil out of her mouth.

KIKI (cont'd)  
 Can you make me better dance than this?

JOE  
 (watching the screen)  
 Uhhh...

ON SCREEN - Kiki is enthusiastically shaking and grinding and thrusting, but more like a ROBOT than a sexy woman.

JOE (cont'd)

I guess.

KIKI

I don't have much brain, but I'm  
focused.

Suddenly, A SOUND. The LIGHTS START TURNING ON, and the  
elevator starts to MOVE.

KIKI (cont'd)

Shit. Sweet. He's EARLY.

She YANKS JOE off the sofa and THROWS HIM through a nearby  
door.

INT. SWEET LIBRARY

Joe is rushed in THE DARKENED ROOM. It's "like" a library,  
but there are RACKS OF CLOTHES as well. And a bed. He  
BUMPS into SOMETHING as he backs up. It is a BIG LOG, like  
a CHOPPING BLOCK, with a massive LUMBERJACK AXE stuck in  
it. It's surrounded by BODY PARTS.

Joe nearly jumps out of his skin -- then he realizes, it's  
CHOPPED-UP MANNEQUIN PARTS -- arms, legs, torsos, even  
mannequin heads SPLIT IN TWO, still smiling.

He goes to hide in a closet and a PILE OF MANNEQUINS TUMBLE  
OUT -- he tries to MUFFLE their fall, frantically shoving  
them back in and closing the door.

NOW WHERE? He sees a giant WICKER BASKET, only partially  
containing dirty laundry. He pulls out a embroidered pair  
of SILK BOXERS and some wadded-up TOWELS. He shudders and  
reluctantly squeezes himself in the basket.

JOE'S VIEW, THROUGH THE WICKER

KIKI AND MR. SWEET ENTER. Sweet walks to the valet by his  
bed, takes off his suit jacket and puts on a SMOKING  
JACKET. Kiki is just standing, watching. She shows no sign  
of concern about Joe's whereabouts or for that matter, the  
AXE or the GENERAL DISMEMBERMENT littering the floor.  
SWEET PICKS UP THE AXE and gives Kiki a look. He TOUCHES  
the sharp edge of the axe and giggles.

CLOSE, JOE - He's on the verge of a complete panic  
meltdown.

JOE'S VIEW - He sees Sweet go to the end of the bed, and  
LIGHT A CIGARETTE.

IN FRONT OF HIM, Kiki starts to TAKE OFF HER CLOTHES. When she is down to her bra , stockings and thong, she GRABS THE AXE. Sweet swells with anticipation. She places a MANNEQUIN HEAD ON THE CHOPPING BLOCK. Takes a dainty step back, growls at Sweet. SHE CHOPS - CLEAVING IT NICELY.

SWEET TREMBLES, as his hand raises the cigarette to his mouth.

Kiki moves on, swiftly removing a gesturing hand from it's wrist with another CHOP. Kiki puts HER LEG ON THE LOG and slowly ROLLS DOWN A STOCKING. Sweet looks like he is starting to sweat.

Sweet pulls a SMILING MANNEQUIN VICTIM to the chopping block, and is instructed by Kiki to HOLD IT JUST SO on the log, his TREMBLING HANDS too close for comfort. A WHACK INTO THE DUMMY'S FACE sends Sweet into a SPUTTERING GLEE. He counts his fingers, delighted.

This goes on... we see it through the wicker. More WHACKING and GIGGLING.

Then things get QUIET. There are some muffled sounds, vague SLURPING NOISES. A GRUNT and a few steps.

Looking through the wicker, he sees SWEET'S LEGS, STAGGERING strangely around the room. He's heading for the basket.

A THUMP as something HEAVY is set on top of the basket. It's KIKI'S ASS. She is wrapped around Sweet and his legs are right in front of Joe's face. Then THE TROUSERS DROP. It's getting NASTY out there.

This FREAKS JOE OUT, who starts POUNDING ON THE BASKET. This seems to give Sweet more pleasure. The harder JOE POUNDS the more SWEET LIKES IT.

Joe starts ROCKING the basket, and PUSHES IT OVER, Kiki and Sweet FALL TO THE GROUND. Sweet SQUEALS with delight.

SWEET

He, he... Naughty Girl...

Joe crawls out of the basket. Kiki has an inscrutable smile on her lips. Sweet is trying to get up, his pants around his ankles. He is SIGHTLESS, due to a ridiculous FUZZY PINK SLEEP MASK he is wearing. Sweet reaches out -- he's trying to find Kiki.

Kiki and Joe exchange glances. Kiki wafts over to Sweet, just out of his reach, and teases him by TOUCHING HIS ARM.

Sweet SNIFFS like a dog. Kiki gets close and SLAPS Sweet in the cheek, playfully. Sweet SNORTS.

SWEET (cont'd)  
Kiki... my moist puppy. Daddy has a bone.

REACTION, JOE. "Moist puppy?" That's disturbing. Kiki dodges his reaches, SLAPS HIM AGAIN, HARDER.

SWEET (cont'd)  
(giggling)  
KIKI... Mr. Sweet has a Sweet for you.  
Take my Sweet, Happy. Sweet Happy.

Kiki encourages him with a murmur, and trails around him. He can SMELL HER and grasps the air. SHE FINALLY HIDES BEHIND JOE. Sweet is coming his way, swiveling his hips Elvis-style as he REACHES OUT.

SWEET(cont'd)  
(moving closer & closer to Joe)  
Daddy wants his little doggy give him obedience. Give Daddy... GIVE TO DADDY.

Joe gives Daddy a MASSIVE PUNCH IN THE FACE sending him SPRAWLING BACK into the litter of dismembered dummies. Kiki runs towards Sweet and smooths out his disheveled hair. She takes off the mask and kisses him. Sweet is OUT.

JOE  
(surprised)  
Is he okay?

But Kiki is DIGGING through Sweet's POCKETS. She pulls out a BIG WAD OF CASH, all hundreds & fifties. She rises and slips the wad of cash in JOE'S shirt pocket. She plants a big kiss on him.

JOE (cont'd)  
Gotta run...

KIKI  
You teach me DANCE, I paid.

JOE  
Not NOW... Later.

KIKI  
HOLD ON.

She runs to her PURSE, pulls something out and with her back to him, slips it in her CLEAVAGE. She comes back to Joe.

KIKI (cont'd)  
I HAVE to make better dance -- or my sweet, Sweet lose interest.

JOE  
In you?

KIKI  
YES... it can happen, believe me.  
Despite THIS.

She means her stunning body.

JOE  
(trying to leave)  
Let's set a date... I'll call you.

Kiki SHAKES HER BOOBS a bit, whatever she put there make a muffled CLINKING. Joe looks.

KIKI  
Present for you, Joey Boom-Boom.

He hesitates, then reaches between her breasts and fishes them out -- Kiki enjoys his embarrassment.

JOE'S HANDS: It's his KEYS, the fob reads "JOE". He's thrilled.

JOE  
I owe you...

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

LEFTY IS THERE as he steps in.

LEFTY  
What's up Joe?

JOE  
NOW you turn up.

LEFTY  
I was around.

Joe jingles the KEYS in front of Lefty's face.

JOE  
 WELL, Mister-I-can't-help-you, look at  
 THIS. I OWN a CAR - look at that, AND  
 something locked with a MASTER  
 PADLOCK... and something that needs a  
 tiny key, and this looks like the KEY  
 TO A DOOR, a place to LIVE. HAH!

LEFTY  
 What's the hurry?

JOE  
 (not listening)  
 If I knew where my HOUSE was, I'd go  
 straight to bed.

LEFTY  
 What if it's BAD?

JOE  
 What?

LEFTY  
 Your LIFE.

Joe considers this. He rubs his head, notices the wad of  
 bills in his shirt pocket.

JOE  
 ...But I do have THIS  
 (shows him the wad of cash)  
 PAID IN ADVANCE. I am now a Dance Teacher.

Joe shoves the money in his BACK POCKET.

EXT. KOREATOWN STREET (CASA AMORE) -- NIGHT

Joe is walking quickly, Lefty follows behind.

JOE  
 I'm not talking to you.

LEFTY  
 I CAN'T tell you.

JOE  
 Don't hear you anymore.

LEFTY  
 You aren't FINISHED.

JOE  
 No, the night's just getting started.  
 Let's see. I've been KIDNAPPED, almost  
 SUFFOCATED in the trunk of a car, sent  
 FLYING out of the back of an  
 ambulance...

LEFTY  
 ...look on the bright side...

JOE  
 ...had a close encounter with a  
 FORNICATING ASIAN CRIME LORD... plus  
 the MOCK DISMEMBERMENTS... that was  
 insightful...

LEFTY  
 ... those were DUMMIES! An ALLEGORY!

They have wandered by the now-closing CASA AMORE dance club, which turns out to be on the ground floor of Sweet's apartment building. ANGEL is leaving through a back door, and sees Joe, from her view, YELLING AT NOBODY.

JOE  
 Where do I live? Huh? Address, Zip  
 Code... HUH? No? Then Shut Up and  
 LEAVE ME IN PEACE.

ANGEL  
 Uh, Hi.

Joe looks at her. She climbs on an beat up, old ITALIAN SCOOTER, puts on a helmet & goggles. There is nothing to say really, at least nothing immediately comes to mind.

ANGEL (cont'd)  
 You really don't know where you live?

JOE  
 Not really.

ANGEL  
 That must be liberating.

JOE  
 Yeah.

ANGEL  
 My name is Angel.

JOE  
 I'm Joe.

Awkward silence.

JOE (cont'd)  
Is that a Vespa?

ANGEL  
Lambretta. Vespas are for little girls.

EXT. CITY STREETS KOREATOWN - SCOOTER - NIGHT

JOE RIDES ON THE BACK OF ANGEL'S SCOOTER, as she blasts through the STREETS OF KOREATOWN, past the karaoke joints, noodle shops and all-night barbecue parlors. Lefty is nowhere to be seen.

They fly through the streets, swerving around traffic - like giddy kids on a Schwinn... one that goes 40 miles per hour.

EXT. SIDEWALK KOREATOWN - NIGHT

ANGEL'S SCOOTER roars from the street, up ONTO THE SIDEWALK. Korean girls in short shorts do a high-heel scramble to get out of the way.

Under her goggles - Angel is smiling. Joe is HOLDING ON FOR DEAR LIFE... face LOCKED IN FEAR.

THE SIDEWALK

Some of the kids are snapping PHOTOS on their PHONES as the scooter whizzes by, now SLALOMING BETWEEN THE TRASH CANS AND BUS STOP SIGNS. Angel's PHONE BEEPS -- it's on a chain around her neck, she lifts it to her face to read it - while DRIVING WITH HER RIGHT HAND. She opens a TEXT MESSAGE.

JOE  
CAN YOU DO THAT SOME OTHER TIME?

She ignores him, starts TEXTING a reply with one hand. Joe reaches out, trying to help her steer.

AHEAD, THE SIDEWALK

A big, BIG TEEN -- gangbanger-wannabe, Dodger cap, baggy pants, shaved head -- is on the sidewalk. He's got headphones on and DOESN'T HEAR THE SCOOTER COMING. There is a cement LIGHT-POLE and some NEWSPAPER BOXES on the sidewalk ahead, BLOCKING THE WAY -- SHE'S NOT GOING TO FIT BETWEEN THEM.

THE SCOOTER - ANGEL is finishing her text. JOE SHOUTS. ANGEL LOOKS UP, sees the BIG KID, drops the phone and puts two fingers in her mouth - SHE RIPS A LOUD WHISTLE.

THE SIDEWALK - The Big Kid TURNS AT THE PIERCING WHISTLE, and as he does -- like slipping through the gates of a turnstile -- the SCOOTER ZIPS THROUGH, just BRUSHING THE KID, who spins and then, FLIPS HER OFF -- but where's his CAP?

THE SCOOTER - JOE trying the cap on for size... He nabbed it from his head as they went by. IT'S HUGE. Angel laughs.

WIDER, THE STREET - ANGEL & JOE careen off the sidewalk and blast across four lanes of traffic, disappearing into a SIDE STREET ALLEY.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - KOREATOWN - NIGHT

The scooter slips through a small opening where a gate has been forced open. She and Joe go down towards the lower levels, ramp after ramp into the depths of the cement-walled garage. As they descend -- there is GLOWING LIGHT coming from the lowest level, and the thump-thump of DEEP HOUSE MUSIC.

INT. BOTTOM LEVEL, PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

We've come on an underground "scene".

There is a collection of all kinds of PEOPLE, CARS & MOTORBIKES are arranged in a CIRCLE, their LIGHTS ALL TURNED ON towards the middle of the circle. A HUGE SOUND SYSTEM is set up... power cables running to a massive COUP DEVILLE with yellow headlights. ANGEL GLIDES INTO AN OPEN SPACE in the circle and keeps her headlight on like the others. She takes her helmet off and sits, waiting like the others. Joe is trying to absorb the scene and figure out what's next.

THE PEOPLE -- ASIAN BOYS with attitude, icy cool BLACK TEENS, hot LATIN KIDS dressed up, some pairs of JAPANESE GIRLS.

CLOSE ON A DJ IN THE BACK OF AN EL CAMINO - He cuts the current track and drops a needle on a vinyl record. A FAT, SWIRLING BEAT BOOMS out of the speakers on the truck -- filling the marrow of their bones.

THE CIRCLE

Someone turns the HEADLIGHTS of a car ON and OFF. It starts a PATTERN, like a WAVE at a stadium or SOME KIND OF LIGHT-DANCE. Angel joins in -- intently counting the beats and flicking her SCOOTER LIGHT ON AND OFF with precision.

The LIGHTS CIRCLE AND CIRCLE and then become more complex, CIRCLING BACK ON THEMSELVES, making patterns of surreal, RHYTHMIC LIGHT PULSES in the dark, damp garage. All the vehicles lights are involved in the dance, except for the DeVille, which has odd yellow headlights that stay on the entire time.

THEN - THE MUSIC CHANGES - And one of the ASIAN B-BOYS CUTS AWAY and steps into the circle and STARTS DANCING SOLO, a joint-wracking collection of jerks and flips in time to the beat. He's putting everything he has into it. After eight bars, he steps out, and a smokin' LATIN GIRL steps in -- HER DANCE is completely different, all hips and hair, HIP-HOP MEETS SALSA.

In turn, ONE DANCES AFTER ANOTHER, sometimes in pairs, and when the crowd likes it, THEY HONK THEIR HORNS, barely heard over the wall of music.

ANGEL IS READY. She tugs at her clothes, waits for the right moment - then STEPS INTO THE RING.

CLOSE, ANGEL - She opens her eyes, a deep breath - determined.

HER POV - The LIGHTS: round and round and round and...

ANGEL DANCES - Powerfully, razor-sharp, yet with TOTAL ABANDON. The style IS AN ECLECTIC MIX, STREET with BALLET'S GRACE, and it takes your breath away.

JOE watches. He sees everyone else watching her as well.

ANGEL'S DANCES ENDS. THE MUSIC STOPS The appreciative sound of CAR HORNS fill the garage. Joe honks the SCOOTER HORN, and CLAPS. Angel allows her self a whisp of a smile.

THE CIRCLE -- everyone who danced now COMES INTO THE CIRCLE. The all line up and look at the DeVille.

INSIDE THE DEVILLE - Behind giant shades and a floppy pimp-hat, a MAN watches the dancers as they line up in front of the car. He's the judge. A LONG BEAT - SILENCE - then the man starts HONKING the DeVille's horn - SHORT HONKS - A CODE.

THE DANCERS

CAMERA MOVES WITH THE HONKS down the line of dancers -  
 FIRST HONK - THE LATIN GIRL... SECOND HONK - the ASIAN  
 BOY... THIRD HONK - A HIP BLACK GUY... FOURTH HONK - ANGEL.

There is a POLICE-STYLE SPOTLIGHT on the side of the car.  
 The light beam waves across the dancers. It STOPS on  
 Angel.

By the REACTION of everyone else, this MEANS SHE WON. The  
 dancers congratulate Angel.

THE DEVILLE - The man in the pimp hat ROLLS OPEN the MOON-  
 ROOF.

SOMETHING SMALL & ROUND FLIES UP & OUT OF IT.... FLIPPING  
 END OVER END IN SLOW MOTION - heading towards Angel. She  
 CATCHES IT in one hand.

HER HAND - It is a small plastic capsule, like what comes  
 out of a gumball machine. Inside is a HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL.  
 Joe sees it, his eyes NARROW.

Angel gives a nod to the man and he nods back. She walks  
 over to Joe and shows him.

ANGEL

Only eight thousand TWO HUNDRED to go.

JOE

That was... GREAT.

Now, we HEAR A SIREN from above. Bedlam. Everyone  
 scatters. CARS peeling out, roaring up the ramp.

Angel starts her scooter... Joe has his EYE ON THE MAN in  
 the pimp hat.

JOE (cont'd)

Wait a minute...

THE DEVILLE - Is that... LEFTY? Meanwhile -- the SIREN is  
 getting closer.

THE SCOOTER

ANGEL

Go, Joe. JOE, LET'S GO!

JOE

Go ahead - I see someone I know...

She looks after him, then tears out - up the ramp.

THE DEVILLE - It IS Lefty. He pulls the HAT LOWER OVER HIS FACE, as Joe runs up to the car window.

JOE (cont'd)  
I KNOW it's YOU.

LEFTY  
(affecting a weird voice)  
How can I help you?

EXT. THE GARAGE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

A COP CAR IS PULLING UP. Angel's scooter JUST CLEARS THE GATE, slipping by the bumper, and away in the alley. One of the COPS grabs the PA mic.

INT. BOTTOM GARAGE - NIGHT

JOE  
I thought no one could see you but ME.

LEFTY  
"Visible Disguises" are allowed under certain situations to secondary persons. Plus, I wanted to give you a chance to apologize.

The COPS' VOICE CRACKLES on the PA system from above.

COP'S VOICE  
This is the POLICE - you are TRESPASSING.

JOE  
PERFECT!

LEFTY  
I got it handled - hop in.

Lefty starts the DeVille as JOE DIVES INTO THE BACK SEAT via the open window. The DeVille roars off, up the ramp.

THE GARAGE RAMP -- Its one of those spiral-ramps. Lefty is pushing maximum speed, DRIFTING THE WHEELS as the DeVille goes round and round.

JOE  
I CAN'T DIE without knowing WHO I AM!

INT. GARAGE GATE - NIGHT

The cops are out of the car. They hear the constant SQUEALING OF TIRES coming up the ramp... they run to GET BACK IN THE CAR.

THE RAMP - The DeVille explodes out of the ramp... and slams to a stop as Lefty SEES the COP CAR.

LEFTY

Uh oh...

Joe is struggling to get up off the floor in the back seat.

JOE

What?

Lefty SLAMS THE CAR IN REVERSE -- and heads back down the ramp -- BACKWARDS.

THE COPS - They look like they have SEEN A GHOST.

THE COP'S POV - There is NO ONE DRIVING THE DEVILLE -- as it blasts BACKWARDS DOWN the exit ramp.

THE COPS are FREAKED. The driver puts the car in drive, STARTS THE SIREN. The PASSENGER-SIDE COP gets on the RADIO.

COP

WE NEED BACKUP...

INSIDE THE DEVILLE - Joe is still in the back seat -- looking out of the rear window in terror as the CAR SQUEALS AND SLIDES DOWN THE RAMP.

JOE

HOLY MOTHER...

LEFTY

No need...

THE RAMP - The cop car is coming FAST DOWN THE RAMP afterwards the DeVille -- in a moment they ARE NOSE TO NOSE... BOTH CARS squealing down and down the twisting ramp.

THE COPS - They are not sure they are SEEING what they are SEEING.

COP

Do you... SEE A DRIVER?

(picks up the mic)

How's that BACKUP coming?

THE COP'S POV - THE DEVILLE - There is NO ONE DRIVING IT. They can see JOE IN THE BACK SEAT -- frantically waving his arms.

INT. THE BOTTOM LEVEL OF THE GARAGE

The Deville SLAMS into the bottom level.

SPARKS SPRAYING from under the car.

The COP CAR FOLLOWS - SWERVING to avoid the Deville.

The Deville DOING WILD DONUT SPINS like a whirling dervish -- SMOKE everywhere. Still looks like NO ONE IS DRIVING.

The Deville comes CLOSER and CLOSER to the cop car. The cop car backs into a corner to avoid GETTING HIT.

INSIDE THE DEVILLE

LEFTY

NOW!

Lefty SLAMS ON THE BRAKES, jams it into reverse and SPEEDS BACKWARDS UP THE RAMP. The cop car follows.

JOE

Oh man -- I'm gonna PUKE -- STOP, STOP!

THE COPS' VIEW OF THE DEVILLE

They see Joe's twisted face in the back seat -- then... POW! - HE BLOWS VOMIT all over the BACK OF REAR WINDOW.

INSIDE THE DEVILLE

Lefty is trying to look through the rear window.

LEFTY

HEY -- I CAN'T SEE!

THE CARS - NOSE TO NOSE NOW -- DEVILLE is still going backwards. The SQUEALING is unbearable. Fenders GRINDING AGAINST THE RAMP WALLS creating showers of SPARKS AND SMOKE.

THE TOP LEVEL OF THE GARAGE

The DEVILLE BLASTS OUT OF THE RAMP, BACKWARDS.

It pulls a 180 degree SPIN and HEADS FOR THE GATE.

Joe is SLAMMED TO THE FLOOR -- MORE RETCHING.

THE GATE -- is NOW BLOCKED by A SECOND COP CAR. Two cops are standing by it, GUNS DRAWN.

LEFTY (cont'd)  
YABA DABBA DO!

Lefty SLAMS THE DEVILLE HARD INTO THE SECOND COP CAR -- the COPS SCATTER but the car only budes a few feet.

Now it is a DEMOLITION DERBY -- the DEVILLE BACKS UP AND SLAMS INTO THE FIRST COP CAR BEHIND IT -- then he spins away, careening around the garage, doing donuts.

INSIDE - Lefty driving, GIGGLING in delight.

Now the first cop car SLAMS INTO THE DEVILLE. Lefty floors it. SMOKE from BURNING RUBBER is filling the garage.

DRIVER COP  
(into the mic)  
TAKE HIM OUT!

COP  
TAKE WHO OUT?

The MELEE CONTINUES -- the cars SMASHING INTO ONE ANOTHER. The DeVille still appears DRIVERLESS. The cops on foot START SHOOTING ANYWAY...

THE DEVILLE - MULTIPLE GUNSHOTS - GLASS SHATTERING everywhere as the FRONT AND BACK WINDOW OF THE DEVILLE ARE SHOT OUT.

JOE  
HOLY SHIT!!!!

Now the COPS ARE AIMING FOR THE TIRES. They FLATTEN THEM ONE BY ONE.

Finally, the DeVille COMES TO A STOP. All four cops run over to it with their guns drawn.

INSIDE - there is ONLY JOE, cowering on floor of the backseat -- COVERED WITH VOMIT.

JOE'S POV - FOUR GUNS are AIMED AT HIS HEAD.

INT. THE GATE TO THE GARAGE - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Joe is thrown roughly against the hood of the second cop car. These are not happy police officers. They start to CUFF HIM.

THE DEVILLE - IT ROARS TO LIFE. Despite the blown-out tires -- it COMES DIRECTLY AT THE COP CAR.

One of the Cops looks at the DEVILLE KEYS in his hand.

COP II  
But I got the KEYS!

THE COPS SCATTER AS THE DRIVERLESS CAR COMES AT THEM.

They leave joe with handcuffs on - he TURNS - SEES THE DEVILLE COMING AT HIM and JUMPS, butt-first, on the hood of the cop car -- HE FRANTICALLY SCOOTs UP THE WINDSHIELD to tbeef like a giant inch-worm.

JOE  
IT'S ME!

By the time the DEVILLE HITS THE FRONT OF THE COP CAR, Joe has squirmed his way to the TRUNK. THE IMPACT LAUNCHES HIM IN THE AIR.

JOE LANDS IN A CRUMPLE IN THE ALLEY -- several yards away. He opens his eyes and looks -- so far, no cops are following. The DeVille is still going -- smashing everything.

Joe JUMPS UP and RUNS AWKWARDLY DOWN THE ALLEY at top speed, hands cuffed behind him.

EXT. A RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

Joe keeps running, turns the corner out of the alley and up the street. The street is lined with small four-plex apartment buildings. Joe HEARS another SIREN coming.

EXT. A DRIVEWAY & FOUR-PLEX - NIGHT

Joe dashes up a driveway and hides behind a car. THE TWO SMASHED-UP COP CARS FLY PAST HIM on the street. SIRENS trail off Joe stands up and looks down the street. It's QUIET. He smiles. Something on the car's dash catches his eye.

THE DASH OF THE CAR - It is the figurine of the TWO DANCERS. The ones he saw in Marian's car.

THE DOOR OF THE BUILDING - Joe is squinting, trying to read the names on the mailboxes. He finds the one he is looking for and finds the buzzer for that apartment. After a few clumsy tries, he RINGS IT with his CHIN.

INT. MARIAN'S BEDROOM

Marian is asleep -- the buzzer RINGS and RINGS AGAIN. Finally she opens an eye and looks at the clock. It says "3.33 am". She groans and gets up.

EXT. THE APARTMENT DOORWAY

He voices comes out of a small speaker.

MARIAN'S VOICE  
Who is it?

JOE  
Hey Marian, it's Joe.

MARIAN'S VOICE  
Who?

JOE  
Your DANCE PARTNER. Remember - the  
TEACHER'S BALL? Pie? You said I was  
married?

INT. MARIAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

At the intercom...

MARIAN  
Joe?

JOE'S VOICE  
Yeah, Me.

MARIAN  
Joe, do you know what time it is?

JOE'S VOICE  
No, I can't see my watch - what time is  
it?

MARIAN  
It's LATE Joe, VERY LATE -- it's the  
time that people usually sleep. It's  
the time I usually sleep. So that's  
what I'm going to do. Go back to  
sleep.

EXT. THE APARTMENT DOORWAY - NIGHT

JOE

Yeah, well, you see -- I need a favor.  
I would like to come in if I can...  
just for a few minutes.

MARIAN

How did you FIND me? You are so  
totally weirding me out right now.

JOE

Happy accident! I saw your car as I  
was running down the street.

INT. MARIAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

MARIAN

(To herself)

He saw my car as he was "running down  
the street." At 3.30 In the morning.

JOE'S VOICE

Uhh... I won't be too much trouble...

Marian stalls -- trying to decide. She would be nuts to let  
him in. She taps a PENCIL, puts it behind her ear.

JOE'S VOICE (cont'd)

I'm not a Psycho... I'm uh, just  
confused.

She screws up her courage (or stupidity)... and PUSHES THE  
BUTTON to let him.

MARIAN

(to herself)

Oh shit -- what am I doing?

INT. MARIAN'S DOOR - NIGHT

Joe at the door as DOOR OPENS JUST A CRACK, with the safety  
chain on. We only see Marian's eye.

HER POV - THROUGH THE CRACK

Joe is a complete and total mess, his clothes dirty and  
ripped.

MARIAN

What HAPPENED to you?

JOE  
Oh, hard night.

MARIAN  
Where's your Kiki-friend?

JOE  
I don't know - probably with her  
boyfriend.

Marian takes off the chain and opens the door. It's clear that vomit is matted all over his hair and clothes. The STENCH hits her.

MARIAN  
Oh.. WHAT'S THAT SMELL?

Joe slips in to the apartment, the PENCIL behind her ear catching his eye. Marian shuts the door. The apartment is smallish, homey, neat.

MARIAN (cont'd)  
(seeing behind him)  
You have HANDCUFFS on?

JOE  
It's not what it looks like...

MARIAN  
What do YOU think it looks like?

JOE  
That I am somehow DANGEROUS or  
UNBALANCED?

MARIAN  
(studying him)  
ARE YOU DRUNK?

JOE  
No.

She eyes him for a moment, calculating the risk. She takes the pencil out from behind her ear and BITES IT. Joe's eyes are locked on the pencil and her mouth. She turns and goes to a closet -- and returns with a giant BOLT CUTTER.

JOE (cont'd)  
What's that?

MARIAN  
Just turn around...

He does.

MARIAN (cont'd)  
Put out your hands...

JOE  
Where did you get that?

MARIAN  
I work part-time...  
(grabbing the chain of the  
cuffs with the bolt cutter)  
...at the Mini-Storage. We have to use  
these all the time to cut off locks.

She's pushing hard -- the CHAIN IS CUT with a CLICK.

MARIAN (cont'd)  
You don't think I can live on what I  
make as a dance teacher, do you?

Now FREE, Joe rubs his wrists. Life is getting better.

JOE  
THANK YOU...

MARIAN  
Get in the shower, you smell like puke.  
I'll wash your clothes. I'll get you a  
trash bag to put them in -- I'm NOT  
touching them.

JOE  
Thanks...

MARIAN  
Just so I know -- that's YOUR PUKE? Or  
some third-party puke?

JOE  
Mine. Motion sickness.

INT. MARIAN'S APARTMENT - 20 MINUTES LATER - NIGHT

THE WASHING MACHINE - Marian is taking Joe's clean clothes from the washer and putting them in the dryer. She comes to Joe's pants, and notices SOMETHING sticking out of the BACK POCKET.

CLOSE, THE PANTS -- it's MONEY -- lots of it. THOUSANDS of dollars worth. It's the roll Kiki gave him that she took off Sweet.

MARIAN - THIS is unexpected. She hesitates for a moment, then puts the money in her purse which sits nearby. She looks towards the living room to check on Joe.

THE LIVING ROOM - Joe is sitting on her couch, wearing a WOMAN'S BATHROBE and eating a SANDWICH. The cut handcuffs are still attached. Marian joins him, sitting in a chair nearby.

MARIAN

Okay... let's hear it.

JOE

What?

MARIAN

What? We can start with the gallon of vomit all over you -- or maybe the handcuffs. Or why you look like you have been dragged behind a bus.

JOE

Look, I don't want to lie to you.

MARIAN

That's comforting.

BEAT. BEAT. She's waiting - WAITING.

JOE

I DON'T want to lie to you!

MARIAN

Meaning... you won't say ANYTHING?

JOE

Did I tell you I found my keys?

MARIAN

Are you... brain damaged?

JOE

Wait, did you see them in my pocket? I got them after I left the coffee shop. Kiki had them.

MARIAN

How did SHE get them...

JOE

I think when I fell out of the ambulance. Did you see them?

MARIAN

Keys?

JOE

Yeah, it says "JOE"...

MARIAN

I didn't find any KEYS... Are you missing anything else?

He nervously jumps up and goes to the dryer -- opens it. Pulls out his pants. He feels the pants... then frantically digs through the pockets.

JOE

Did you take them out? I gotta have those keys, they are my only CLUE.

MARIAN

There weren't any keys...

JOE

ARE YOU SURE?

MARIAN

YES... Is that ALL you are missing?

JOE

CRAP... THE CAR. I bet I lost them in THE CAR...

QUICK CUT TO:

EXT. THE ALLEY BEHIND THE PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Marian sticks her head around the corner.

DOWN THE ALLEY - A POLICE TOW TRUCK is chaining up the battered DeVille, ready to TOW IT.

THE CORNER - Marian pulls back, Joe is with her, now in his normal (but damp) clothes.

MARIAN

(whispering)

They are towing it - you DROVE that thing?

JOE

No. I was in the back seat screaming and throwing up.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

The TOW TRUCK turns onto the street, pulling the DeVille.  
It heads up the street.

MARIAN'S CAR - Marian and Joe are in the car.

JOE  
There it goes.

They turn the corner and follow the tow truck.

As they get closer to it - Marian notices the bullet holes  
and shot-out windows.

MARIAN  
Did someone SHOOT at you?

JOE  
Sorta.

MARIAN  
Like the POLICE maybe?

JOE  
LOOK -- RED LIGHT.

The tow truck has stopped at a red light. Marian's car  
stops behind it. Joe JUMPS OUT OF THE CAR and RUNS TOWARDS  
THE DEVILLE.

THE TRUCK CAB - The driver is clueless - OPERA MUSIC up  
loud.

Just as he approaches the window, the LIGHT TURNS TO GREEN.  
And the TOW TRUCK TAKES OFF. Joe RUNS BACK to Marian's car  
and jumps back in.

JOE (cont'd)  
FOLLOW THAT CAR!

Marian steps on the gas.

JOE (cont'd)  
I always wanted to say that.

The tow truck is blasting down the empty street. She  
follows the truck, eyeing Joe all the time.

The tow truck stops at another RED LIGHT. This time Joe  
gets out and SPRINTS to the DeVille, DIVING IN the rear  
passenger-side window. But he is only HALFWAY IN -- his  
ass and legs sticking out of the window when the light  
turns.

MARIAN  
Get in, GET IN...

The light turns green and the truck ROARS OFF -- Joe is still squirming at the window. Marian follows closely - occasionally she sees JOE'S LEGS flailing from the window. OPERA MUSIC continues, punctuating the action.

The truck takes a FAST LEFT TURN -- Joe is SLUNG OUTWARD from the DeVille, BARELY HOLDING ONTO THE WINDOW as his LEGS FLY THROUGH THE AIR.

MARIAN - sees him - SPEEDS UP.

MARIAN (cont'd)  
GET IN!

The truck straightens out and Joe finally scrambles in the back seat. He waves at Marian through the back window.

MARIAN (cont'd)  
(talking to herself)  
Yes, you cute little moron -- get the keys. Quick.

Joe disappears for a while, occasionally we see his foot as he is head-first under the seat. THEN - SUCCESS! He shows the keys to her through (what was) the back window.

MARIAN (cont'd)  
(seeing something ahead)  
GET OUT! JUMP!

She is motioning wildly to him. We SEE what she is frantic about...

EXT. THE POLICE POUND - NIGHT

THE TRUCKS PULLS INTO THE POLICE POUND... with Joe still in the back seat. The GATES CLOSE behind the car, and Marian is left sitting outside.

INT. THE BACK OF THE DEVILLE - POLICE POUND - NIGHT

Joe is peeking out of the window, as the car is towed into the barbed-wire enclosure and up a ramp to the top level of the complex. The driver backs the DeVille into a slot. Joe hides on the floor as the driver unhooks the car and drives away.

EXT. THE STREET OUTSIDE THE POUND

Marian is circling the fence, looking for signs of Joe.

INT. THE POUND OFFICE

The TOW TRUCK DRIVER enters the office, he holds the door open for a fidgety PIT BULL to exit...

TOW TRUCK DRIVER  
Go ahead Chopper. Get to work.

The massive dog scurries out the door.

EXT. THE POUND - THE DEVILLE

At the DeVille, Joe is standing on the trunk, leaning against the chain link fence.

HIS VIEW OF THE STREET

He sees Marian's car, just passing. He WHISTLES.

MARIAN'S CAR - Marian hears the WHISTLE. She leans out of the window, LOOKS UP and sees Joe standing on the hood.

INSIDE THE POUND'S FENCE

Joe waves at Marian below. He surveys the fence for a way out. The fence is chain-link, with BARBED WIRE at the top, like a concentration camp. He looks around for something to help him and finds a TATTERED BLUE PLASTIC TARP half-falling off another car.

He gets back on the hood and folds the tarp and throws it over his shoulder. He STARTS CLIMBING.

When he gets to the BARBED WIRE, he takes the TARP and FLINGS IT OVER THE TOP. He starts to move up, using the tarp as a shield against the barbs. He inches up, sprawled out in an increasingly AWKWARD POSITION, legs sprawled apart.

This tarp idea is proving to be moronic. The barbs are sticking through the tarp, and into his hands, legs and clothes. Then Joe HEARS A SOUND, a BREATHING SOUND.

BELOW - THERE IS CHOPPER - the PIT BULL. He is sitting quietly on the hood of the DeVille -- staring at Joe's ass -  
- and WAITING.

JOE SEES THE DOG and intensifies his efforts to get over the fence. He is getting cut and scraped pretty badly on the way.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE POUND - MARIAN'S CAR

Marian is still looking up out of the passenger's window at Joe, stuck on the fence. But she doesn't see the dog.

MARIAN  
What the hell...

A PATROL CAR pulls up next to her. The PATROLMAN rolls down his window, watching Marian. She quickly pretends to be getting something out of her purse on the floor.

PATROLMAN  
Everything alright?

MARIAN  
Ohh... Yeah, just dropped my phone.  
Must be under the seat.

PATROLMAN  
Shouldn't be talking and driving anyway  
Ma'am. It's the Law.

MARIAN  
Right you are -- thank you -- I'll just  
be leaving.

Marian puts the car in gear and starts to pull away...

MARIAN (cont'd)  
(to herself)  
"Ma'am"? What happened to "Miss"?

EXT. THE FENCE OF THE POUND - NIGHT

Joe is frozen -- watching the police car below.

JOE'S POV, THE STREET BELOW - The patrolman is now out of the car with a flashlight - looking around the gutter and street where Marian's car was.

CHOPPER - the dog is sniffing upwards at Joe. He lifts up on his back legs and strains towards him - SNIFFING at his BUTT.

JOE ON THE FENCE - Dividing his frantic looks between the PIT BULL inches from his ass and the COP below.

THE STREET - The patrolman finally gets back in the car and drives slowly off.

ON THE FENCE - When the PATROL CAR is out of sight - Joe doubles his efforts to get over the top. He only gets into a bigger and bigger tangled mess.

FRUSTRATED, with a MANIC BURST OF ENERGY Joe powers a leg up and over the barbed wire, JAMMING A BARB deep in his hand.

JOE  
Aaiihhhhee!

JOE LETS GO OF THE FENCE -- DOWN HE GOES. But his FOOT CATCHES in the barbed wire, LEAVING HIM HANGING UPSIDE DOWN.

JOE IS FACE TO FACE WITH CHOPPER. He closes his eyes, bracing for the mauling to come... CHOPPER SITS THERE, studying him.

Chopper gives him a SLIGHT SNIFF -- then offers a SMALL LICK on Joe's nose.

TRANSITION TO:

EXT. THE SKY OVER LOS ANGELES - POLICE POUND - DAWN

Dawn comes creeping in over the Police Pound.

INT. THE DEVILLE - THE BACK SEAT - DAY

Joe is ASLEEP in the back seat.

CHOPPER is asleep too, curled up on top of Joe. Tatters of the blue tarp are his blanket.

Joe is quite a sight... scratched up, unshaven, dirty, broken glass everywhere... and spittle drooling out of a corner of his mouth. In one hand he holds the keys which say "JOE". With the other, he HUGS CHOPPER.

A SOUND - A SHARP WHISTLE.

A MAN'S VOICE (OC)  
CHOPPER...

CHOPPER BOLTS AWAKE, jumps off Joe and out the broken back window of the car, STEPPING HARD ON JOE'S CROTCH as he does.

JOE

Oofff!

LEFTY POPS UP from the front seat, he rubs his eyes.

LEFTY

Okay already... Can't a guy get some sleep?

JOE

How long have you been here?

Thinking, realizing...

JOE (cont'd)

Thanks for the dog-thing last night.

LEFTY

Don't mention it.

JOE

I found my keys.

He holds them up. They are on a big chain around his neck, Bling-Style.

JOE (cont'd)

I found this cool chain too.

LEFTY

It looks pretty sharp on you.

JOE

How do we get out of here?

LEFTY

I thought you were not talking to me.

JOE

Ha.

LEFTY

"Lefty, help me, How do we get out of here?" "Help me, Help me, Help me" NOW I am appreciated.

JOE

Shut-UP...

ENT. THE GATE OF THE CAR POUND - EARLY MORNING

Lefty is walking -- Joe reluctantly following. Lefty's plan seems to be to simply walk out. Joe pushes up his handcuff bracelets up under his shirt-sleeves.

CHOPPER is near the gate, eating his breakfast from a bowl.

LEFTY  
(to the dog)  
Morning...

As they get closer to the gate, a TOW TRUCK ARRIVES, pulling in another car. The GATE SLIDES OPEN and Joe and Lefty easily walk out. No one notices them but the driver and Chopper, and neither seem to care.

INT. TABLE, COFFEE SHOP - EARLY MORNING

Joe and Lefty are back at the Coffee Shop. Both are digging into their PIES.

LEFTY  
So, let's recap. You my friend, are on a glorious journey, as I said.

JOE  
(mouthful of pie)  
Uh, huh.

LEFTY  
How I envy you!

JOE  
You must be joking.

LEFTY  
How I admire you on this journey of self-discovery!

JOE  
Just stop.

LEFTY  
...You seem unhappy.

JOE  
(swallowing)  
Well... I don't know my last name, address, age, place of birth, wife, parents, siblings (if any). Am I poor or rich? No idea. Am I successful or a loser? Who knows?

I am told that I am a cop, a married  
guy I draw pictures. I dance.

LEFTY

You know, a lot of that stuff can drag  
you down... Barnacles.

JOE

Barnacles?

LEFTY

Yeah, they grow on the side of a ship  
and slow it down. Sometimes they have  
to be chipped off, one by one.

JOE

In addition, I know one unbalanced  
woman who needs dancing lessons and has  
an evil boyfriend. I am acquainted  
with a foreign girl who needs a lot of  
money and has unsavory connections and  
another dance teacher who... well, does  
not seem to be inclined to harm me in  
any way that is, uh, readily apparent.

LEFTY

You know, NO ONE really knows who they  
are. It's a giant scavenger-hunt for  
our real identity.

JOE

But they know their address.

LEFTY

But most people don't know WHY they are  
here, or what possible reason they have  
for existing. They are just swept  
along by the flow, they let life happen  
to them, instead of creating their  
life.

JOE

(has had enough)

I need something SOLID to stand on!

LEFTY

NOTHING is solid. There is all this  
space around atoms that you can almost  
see through.

He makes a FIST and SLAMS IT on the table.

LEFTY (cont'd)

THAT's an illusion too.

JOE

I don't even know why I am talking to you.

LEFTY

What most people think of 'solid' is illusion. Illusion boxes up the mind... success or failure, good or bad, smart or stupid, jock or nerd, white or black, beautiful or ugly, poor or rich, sexy or repulsive, free or slave. These things are not real. What you CREATE is real.

This seems only to depress Joe.

JOE

(under his breath)

That's the stupidest thing I've ever heard.

LEFTY

YES! Isn't it wonderful?

Lefty takes a big bite of pie.

EXT. THE POLICE CAR POUND - MORNING

Marian is driving around the pound, looking up at the top level for Joe. She stops and takes a pair of binoculars, and scans the cars.

EXT. THE GRIFFITH OBSERVATORY - MORNING

Angel is looking off towards the light pouring into the LA basin. She's smoking a cigarette.

INT. SWEET'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

Kiki is sprawled out on the bed, wearing an elaborate sleep mask. She is alone in the bed, except for the mannequin body parts littered everywhere. Suddenly, SHE SITS UP, as if coming out of a dream. She tears off the sleeping mask, revealing a crazed look, even for her.

KIKI

Joey Boom-Boom...

INT. THE COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

Joe is scraping the last of the berry filling off his plate.

LEFTY  
Joe?

JOE  
Yeah.

LEFTY  
Do you have money?

Joe reaches into his back pocket. NOTHING.

JOE  
Hmmp. Must have fallen out somewhere.

LEFTY  
Maybe Chopper ate it.

He searches all his pockets. He REACHES INTO HIS FRONT POCKET SEVERAL TIMES -- expecting to PULL OUT A HUNDRED. It's NOT working.

Joe looks at Lefty -- Lefty SHRUGS.

Joe sits back, scratches under one of his handcuffs. He picks up the CHECK from the table, studies it, concerned.

NEAR THE COFFEE STATION - A YOUNGER WAITRESS talks to an OLDER WAITRESS.

YOUNGER WAITRESS  
Did you see the crazy guy with the handcuffs?

OLDER WAITRESS  
What?

YOUNGER WAITRESS  
Table six. Ordered four slices of pie for himself. Two milks.

OLDER WAITRESS  
Every day, a new nut-job.  
(looking over her shoulder)  
Uhh.. Table six?

THEIR POV - Joe & Lefty's table is EMPTY -- only 4 plates and 2 glasses.

THE WAITRESSES - The Older Waitress picks up the phone-intercom handset, pushes a button.

OLDER WAITRESS (cont'd)  
D-N-D on SIX...

EXT. THE COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

Lefty and Joe are hauling ass, running down the street and around the corner.

INT, THE DANCE STUDIO - MORNING

Marian has Joe's 100 dollar bill. She marks on it with counterfeit marker. Yup, it's real.

INT. ANGEL'S APARTMENT - MORNING

She has just come in the door, exhausted, she sets her bag down. An OLD LADIES VOICE says something in Russian from the bedroom and Angel answers in Russian. She burrows into the couch with a girly "princess" pillow and an airline blanket.

INT. KIKI'S BEDROOM - MORNING

She has a cup of tea and has started putting on her makeup.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

Joe and Lefty are sitting on a bus bench. The SAME bus bench that Angel sat on at the beginning of the story. Both are staring at the street, the SPOT WHERE JOE WAS HIT. They just sit, and look.

Joe stares at the GIANT PENCIL in the store window, the same one he noticed after the accident.

CLOSER, THE BIG PENCIL - The tip is pointing up and to the side. Joe follows the direction the pencil is pointing. His gaze lifts up to...

JOE'S POV - Marian's dance studio. There is MUSIC leaking out into the street.

JOE  
I'm doing this on my own.

LEFTY  
Okay Chief.

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE STREET - CONTINUOUS

It's PONG & MOOCHY, sitting drinking coffee in the LINCOLN parked at the curb. Pong nudges Moochy.

THEIR POV - Joe is walking towards Marian's studio building.

INT. THE DANCE STUDIO - DAY

Marian is alone, standing in front of a mirror in the middle of the floor. She has tap shoes on, and the pencil-on-a-string around her neck. She walks to an iPod and pushes "play." MUSIC fills the room. She goes back to her place and starts TAPPING. Simple combinations, then faster and faster -- now furiously dancing --lifting herself to another place.

THE DOOR - It's JOE. He enters and hears the sound. He sees Marian dancing. He watches.

MARIAN - She's really tearing it up now. She spins and sees something that makes her YELP.

JOE - He JUMPS. It's him she has screamed at, but it scares the crap out of him too.

JOE  
WHAT!

MARIAN  
You scared the shit out of me.

JOE  
Remember? You said come early.

He shows the keys-on-a-chain to her.

MARIAN  
You got 'em... "Joe".

JOE  
Thanks for your help.

MARIAN  
I waited... but the cops chased me off.

JOE  
Had some trouble getting out.

MARIAN

Okay... come on out here.

He does. He looks in the mirror at Marian and him standing side by side. They fit together.

MARIAN (cont'd)

You smell like a dog. And I just washed those clothes! (she smiles)  
Okay, try this.

She does a simple TAP STEP. He does it perfectly. She shows him something harder. He does it better than she does. This irks her. She ramps it up, throwing harder and harder routines at him. It accelerates into a major tap-battle. He keeps up with everything she dishes out. Finally, Marian launches into a manic, transcendental combination of tap dance. She finishes, triumphantly, gasping for breath. There is APPLAUSE. She turns and YELPS (again).

WATCHING THEM - Moochy and Pong are clapping, menacingly.

MOOCHY

I think I wanna learn how to dance.

He tries to tap a bit.

PONG

Me too. Like a happy, happy butterfly.

MOOCHY

(to Joe)

Oh, FRED! We've been looking for you.  
You have an appointment.

PONG

Can't be missed.

They move to surround Joe. Marian flares.

MARIAN

You guys get out of here. I'm gonna call the Police.

Moochy notices Joe's handcuff-bracelets.

MOOCHY

Please do, Ginger. I'm sure Fred here would love to give the police back their handcuffs. I seen these. Police issue only.

Marian gets her cell phone and starts dialing.

MARIAN  
I'm calling the police NOW.

MOOCHY  
(moving towards her)  
Now listen GINGER - I think you should  
come along with us and keep tabs on  
your boyfriend here. He could get in  
trouble.

Marian look at Joe. She can tell by the look on his face  
this is serious. Joe scans the room -- no LEFTY.

INT. THE LINCOLN - TRAVELING - DAY

Moochy is driving, Pong is in the back seat, with Joe in  
the middle and Marian at the other door.

JOE  
(as tough guy)  
Okay... you can let her out at the  
corner.

They LAUGH.

MARIAN  
Where are we going?

MOOCHY  
RELAX.

Joe is frantically SCHEMING. Time to be heroic. The car  
comes to stop at a light.

JOE  
Okay, GO, GO, GO...

Joe jumps up -- REACHES FOR THE DOOR HANDLE by Marian. HE  
YANKS HARD ON THE HANDLE.

JOE (cont'd)  
RUN MARIAN! RUN!

But NOTHING... the DOOR WON'T OPEN. Joe slumps back in his  
seat.

MARIAN  
I tried that...

PONG  
Door doesn't work from the inside.

MOOCHY  
Oh yeah, we gotta get that fixed.

LAUGHTER. And after a moment...

PONG  
(sniffing)  
Who had DOG for breakfast?

EXT. THE NIGHTCLUB - DAY

We see the sign on the roof that says "JADE! (THE NIGHTCLUB)" and a picture of Kiki's face with the jade sunglasses on. The LINCOLN pulls up and into the back.

INT. THE LINCOLN - TRAVELING

Joe is looking out at the building.

JOE  
(under his breath)  
...Sweet...

Marian gives him a look... "sweet"?

INT. THE NIGHTCLUB - DAY

The four enter the empty nightclub. Chairs are turned up on tables. In the wash of the fluorescence work lights, the glamour of the place is gone. Pong pulls some chairs off the table and gestures to Joe and Marian to sit.

They sit next to each other, facing the stage, the goons behind them.

THE STAGE

Poking out from the edge of the curtain, is KIKI.

KIKI  
Joey Boom-Boom!. You come for lesson!  
(seeing Marian)  
And OKAY -- bring assistant too.

Marian is BEWILDERED. Joe is TRYING TO THINK.

KIKI (cont'd)  
Moochy -- good job, bring JOE quick.

MOOCHY  
Not a problem Miss K. Glad too.

KIKI  
 (to Joe)  
 Moochy and Pong on Sweet's payroll, but  
 mine too! And I pay MORE. Ha,Ha.

MOOCHY  
 That's right Miss K. -- You tha' Man.

Kiki' face hardens. She's not up on Moochy's slang.

KIKI  
 I AM NO MAN!

She grabs her boobs with both hands, to illustrate.

MOOCHY  
 No Miss K. My bad. You're hot.

Pong chuckles under his breath.

KIKI  
 You shut up. Joe and assistant girl,  
 come up here. Must have new routine  
 for tonight. Too much competition.

Joe and Marian rise, still a bit dazed. Kiki sees Joe's  
 handcuffs.

KIKI (cont'd)  
 What's that. Handcuff?

JOE  
 Uhh, yeah...

KIKI  
 YOU KINKY TOO? I figured!

JOE  
 Well...

KIKI  
 You can't teach dance with that --  
 Moochy -- get those off Joe.

MOOCHY  
 Yes Ma'am.

Joe and Marian walk up the stairs to the stage.

MARIAN  
 (quietly, to Joe)  
 Is this REAL?

JOE  
 She already PAID... a big wad of money.  
 Which I LOST.

And THAT registers on Marian.

Back on the floor, PONG HEARS SOMETHING.

INT. THE STAGE DOOR TO THE NIGHTCLUB - DAY

There is a continued KNOCKING on the door. Pong opens it.  
 There is ANGEL, looking doomed.

PONG  
 Just who we was going hunt'n for next.

He grabs her by the arm and drags her in.

ANGEL  
 Hey -- I came on my own! -- I got a  
 payment. Hands off,  
 (in Russian)  
 ASSHOLE.

INT. THE NIGHTCLUB STAGE - DAY

Joe and Marian are sitting in chairs downstage -- looking  
 at Kiki upstage.

KIKI  
 I show you some of dance -- then you  
 fix.  
 (looking to the back of the house)  
 GARY -- YOU THERE? READY? PLAY!

And the MUSIC STARTS. The Bolly-Surf "Goodbye to Love" as  
 before, at the DANCING PART. Kiki narrates.

KIKI (cont'd)  
 And here... sing, sing - big men carry  
 Kiki out - around, around... put down  
 here.

And she goes into HER DANCE. Marian's eyes widen a bit...

THE SIDE OF THE STAGE

PONG LEADS ANGEL IN. Kiki sees her. So does Joe.

KIKI (cont'd)  
 Stop Music, stop MUSIC. GARY - I SAY  
 STOP!

The music stops.

KIKI (cont'd)  
WHO THIS GIRL?

JOE  
(before Pong can speak)  
... MY OTHER ASSISTANT. Angel, you are  
LATE, GET UP HERE.

ANGEL  
Sorry Joe.

PONG  
But...

KIKI  
(to Pong)  
SHUT UP! Get up here, girl - you make  
me start dance again.

MARIAN  
(half-voice, to Joe)  
How many women do you HAVE? Leave some  
for the others why don't you?

Angel comes up on stage, stands behind Joe. She and Marian  
TRADE GLANCES.

KIKI  
PLAY GARY... PLAY!!!

Pong takes a table at the back.

PONG  
Whatever...

Kiki finds her place, THE MUSIC STARTS AGAIN.

KIKI  
I come out -- beautiful sexy costume,  
boys, boys, boys CARRY -- Jade  
glasses... then WHISH -- Dress comes  
OFF -- Tiny sexy clothes, boobies push  
up HIGH -- Sing Sing -- Dance Dance.

Now it's ANGEL'S TURN to stare.

MARIAN SUDDENLY STANDS - She moves towards Kiki.

MARIAN  
Wait, wait... let's start THERE working  
on the first part.

JOE  
EXACTLY -- working on the first part...  
That's what I said.

Kiki stops, and actually LISTENS. The MUSIC STOPS.

MARIAN  
Kiki, what do you want this dance to  
BE?

KIKI  
Better.

MARIAN  
No, more detail please...

KIKI  
Sexy -- sexy for Sweet. He starting to  
look everywhere.

MARIAN  
Is that a guy? Mr. Sweet... So really,  
the dance is for one guy?

KIKI  
It always is.

MARIAN  
Okay -- what is he like?

KIKI  
He WEIRD - but rich.

MARIAN  
Okay... Well, you say the dance needs to  
be more SEXY -- I mean you have a  
beautiful face, a tremendous body, sexy  
clothes... you probably sing like an  
angel.

KIKI  
That's right -- you got it.

MARIAN  
So, let's find what is missing.

KIKI  
I dance with Joey when he hit my car...  
I feel DIFFERENT -- very sexy...

MARIAN  
Okay, well, he has that effect on  
girls.

(giving Joe a look)  
How did he make you feel, exactly?

KIKI  
Well... Easy. Relax, no worries.

MARIAN  
EXACTLY. You have to BE YOURSELF to appeal to the opposite sex. Have a CENTER -- relaxed and confident -- you can't try too hard. Now, what's this "competition" like?

KIKI  
Young. She looks like she is hardly trying. I see the man's eyes go to her. Over and over!

MARIAN  
Young, huh? Well, let's get you ready to kick her ass.

Angel can't hold it back any longer. She asks Kiki.

ANGEL  
Why do you shake your tits like that?  
Like there are ants on them and you are trying to shake them off?

KIKI  
How do YOU shake tits?

Angel does a few shimmies for her - SUPERBLY. A shimmy that would sear the paint off a Buick.

KIKI (cont'd)  
You GOOD... you like that Joe?

Joe has DEFINITELY been watching... but he glances at Marian.

JOE  
Uhh, well... yes, very uh, fluid.  
Natural.

MARIAN  
That's what I am saying. Natural. Sex is the most natural thing in the world.

ANGEL  
It can be UN-NATURAL too.

MARIAN

Well, people KEEP MAKING BABIES. Can't get more natural than that.

Joe doesn't exactly know WHAT to do. The ESTROGEN is flying every which-way.

KIKI

(to Angel)

You teach me SHAKE.

Angel moves to stand right in front of Kiki.

ANGEL

Okay - SLOWLY FIRST...

She starts a slow shaking of her shoulders -- Kiki follows.

ANGEL (cont'd)

Just a little FLING, to the right and a little FLING to the left... swing it, flow, smooth...

THE BACK OF THE HOUSE

Moochy is there with a big ring of keys and lock-picks.

MOOCHY

Hey, Dance-Boy.

Joe turns - tearing his eyes away from the lesson.

MOOCHY (cont'd)

Le'me get them bracelets off ya.

Joe goes to the back of the house where Moochy is seated at a table. Moochy's eyes are on the women. Joe puts out his arms.

MOOCHY (cont'd)

You gotta pretty slick deal going there, huh? Lucky Fucking Bastard.

JOE

(looking back at the girls)

Could be worse.

MOOCHY

(about the cuffs)

Oh yeah, piece of cake... These are the easiest kind.

Moochy is going through the keys, trying each one.

ON STAGE

Kiki is now running through a combination -- a complicated mish-mash of shakes and jerks and pelvic thrusts. Angel and Marian stand side by side, watching. Their expressions say it all.

MARIAN

Wait. This combination is pretty  
COMPLICATED.

Angel starts STRETCHING, crossing her legs at the knee and bending over to put both hands FLAT ON THE FLOOR. This is NOT an amateur stretch.

ANGEL

(as she stretches)  
And not sexy.

MARIAN

Why don't we try something simple?

Kiki stops, out of breath. Marian whispers to Angel.

MARIAN (cont'd)

Where'd you learn THAT?

ANGEL

Vaganova school. Petersburg.

Obviously this means something to Marian.

MARIAN

Wow.

ANGEL

I got kicked out for being too fat.  
And I grew THESE.

Meaning her breasts.

KIKI

(wanting attention)  
...Simple like WHAT?

ANGEL

How about a walk?

MARIAN

Yeah, slow things down -- just a WALK  
to the edge of stage.

KIKI

What is sexy about a walk?

MARIAN  
I'll show you.

Marian sets herself center stage and starts to walk -- hips shifting, swaying, all the right jiggles... She is a sex kitten. This definitely has Joe's attention from the back of the room.

MARIAN (cont'd)  
(as she walks)  
This is "The Marilyn"... but it may be too fast.  
(she stands on her toes as she walks)  
Of course, it needs high heels.

Marian reaches the end of the stage and stops with a flourish. Shooting a RED-HOT LOOK to the back of the house.

KIKI  
GOOD!

Marian lopes back to center stage, ten years younger.

MARIAN  
Another one. This is "The Catwalk"...

She pouts her lips & does a spot-on MODEL WALK - crossing each step, shoulders with attitude, arms dangling & a blank look. She shifts her hips at the stage's edge and tosses her hair.

ANGEL  
Bravo!

MARIAN  
Might be a little high-brow.

Marian skips back to her start-mark.

MARIAN (cont'd)  
One more, "The Lingerie". This is guaranteed. Only use in extreme situations.... and SMALL DOSES.

Marian, kicks her shoes off, takes a breath, transforms and slowly WALKS. She is every teenage boy's dream.

What a WALK. Silky & vulnerable - like a ripe peach and the Delta blues lick melded into one luscious, feminine thing.

THE FLOOR - Moochy and Joe are watching, FROZEN. Moochy has a key in a cuff and with a SNAP, it FLIPS UP & OPEN... FIRMLY.

JOE

Wow.

Marian has stopped on the stage's edge, hips thrust forward, she slowly runs a hand through her hair.... MAGIC.

KIKI

Most excellent!

Even Angel is impressed.

THE BACK OF THE HOUSE - A small gang of cooks and busboys have gathered. They stare - hoping no one busts them.

THE STAGE - Marian snaps out of character, and walks back to the women, just her plain old self.

MARIAN

Angel, show her some...

Angel smiles and takes her place.

ANGEL

I call this, "Just Shut Up".

She struts across the stage, part bouncy Teen-Dream, part Punk Rock.

MARIAN

That I CANNOT do...

She gives a fierce, catlike toss of her head at the edge.

MOOCHY'S TABLE - The group of men has grown. They BREAK INTO APPLAUSE.

THE STAGE - Angel bows. Marian nudges Kiki.

MARIAN (cont'd)

It's only A WALK. And any of those men would KILL for her right now.

Angel shrugs and slouches back to center stage.

ANGEL

One more, I don't have a name for this in English.

Angel starts another walk - completely different, voluptuous, innocent, submissive, like she is being PULLED FORWARD against her will... and LOVES IT.

MOOCHY'S TABLE - Joe and Moochy are rendered immobile.

JOE

I have a name - "The JAILBAIT".

THE STAGE - Angel tops it off with a bit of the shimmy she does so well. A moment of SILENCE -- Then even MORE APPLAUSE.

MOOCHY'S TABLE

Amid the clapping, Moochy hears a PHONE RING. He gets up.

THE STAGE

KIKI

I wanna learn that.

MARIAN

Okay, well first, shoulder's back...

KIKI

WAIT.

(to the back of the house)

YOU BOYS! GET TO WORK! OR SWEET WILL FIX YOU GOOD!

MOOCHY'S TABLE - The men SCATTER into the woodwork. Pong walks back in.

MOOCHY

(to the stage)

Hey, sorry to interrupt Miss K, but Mister Sweet is on the phone for you.

THE STAGE

KIKI

(to the girls)

Hold on... I'll be back.

Kiki walks by Joe still sitting. She tells him,

KIKI (cont'd)

Without THEM, you NOTHING.

Right now, Joe is happy to be "nothing". He stands up and walks to Angel and Marian. He shows them his cuff-less arms.

Kiki EXITS. There is something soft in Angels eyes as she watches Joe. She opens her small purse and digs around. Meanwhile, Marian has something on her mind.

MARIAN

Joe, I have something important I wanted to...

Before Marian can finish, Angel seems to TWIST HER ANKLE and falls against Joe. She CURSES in Russian.

ANGEL'S HAND - As she tries to stand, Joe helping her, one hand deftly slips JOE'S WALLET into his back pocket. Like a REVERSE PICKPOCKET.

MARIAN (cont'd)

Are you OKAY?

JOE

What happened?

ANGEL

I'm a clumsy, stupid cow. I'm fine, excuse me, just need to make a phone call.

Angel moves a distance away, pulls out her PHONE and pretends to make a call. She steals glances at Joe.

JOE

What were you going to say?

MARIAN

Well, you would NOT believe what I found in the bottom of my washing machine last night...

Marian pulls the WAD OF CASH out of a hiding place.

MARIAN (cont'd)

I found it, and I hate to say it, but. I was worried, well, that you might be a CRIMINAL or something. You know, HANDCUFFS and the CAR...

JOE

I thought I was a cop?

MARIAN

Well, you can be a cop and a crook at the same time.

JOE

Really?

Joe takes the money. He rifles through it. Big bills, every one. He stares at it.

The money has not escaped ANGEL'S ATTENTION. She pretends to talk and watches all the same.

JOE (cont'd)

Uh, you know. This is really NOT my money. I mean Kiki gave it to me for the lesson, but it wasn't hers, exactly.

Angel has finished her "call". She wanders up to them.

ANGEL

Ohh. That's a lot of money.

JOE

Yeah, It's not really my money. It's really Mr. Sweet's money.

MARIAN

How is that?

JOE

Well, Kiki took it from him, after I punched him in the face.

MARIAN

So, you fought an Asian Crime Lord? Over Kiki?

JOE

No! Well, not really, he was blindfolded you see, and he I think he thought the punch came from Kiki. He didn't know I was in her apartment. But I'm not 100% sure on that.

MARIAN

(totally lost)  
Makes sense...

ANGEL

(repeating what Kiki said)  
Weird, but RICH.

Joe just LOOKS at the money.

JOE

So I guess I should give it back to Sweet.  
(he thinks)  
...Technically.

Marian and Angel look at each other.

JOE (cont'd)  
 (to Angel)  
 Maybe YOU could give it back to him  
 for me.

ANGEL  
 How much is it?

JOE  
 Eight thousand, five hundred....

Now Angel and Joe share a look.

MARIAN  
 ... and sixty.  
 (catching herself)  
 About.

ANGEL  
 (glowing)  
 I guess I could.

He HANDS THE MONEY TO ANGEL. She shoves it her purse, and puts two fingers in her mouth -- she makes an ear-splitting WHISTLE.

THE BACK OF THE HOUSE

Moochy is smoking a cigarette. He JUMPS at the sound.

THE STAGE

ANGEL (cont'd)  
 Hey Moochy -- I gotta the money for Mr.  
 Sweet.

And joyous, she skips off towards him.

Marian moves close to Joe, her eyes interrogating him. After a sweet moment...

JOE  
 Good deed...

She believes him.

MARIAN  
 You are so goofy.  
 (smiles)  
 I like goofy.

She playfully slaps him on the butt. And notices something.

MARIAN (cont'd)  
I thought you said you lost your wallet?

JOE  
What?

Joe feels his back pocket. He JUMPS.

JOE (cont'd)  
Wallet! WALLET! It's like MAGIC!

MOOCHY'S TABLE - Angel is counting out the money to Moochy. She turns and smiles towards the stage.

MOOCHY  
What's the story on that guy anyway?

ANGEL  
They call him Joey Boom-Boom. He's crazy...

CLOSE, ANGEL - Ignoring Moochy, she smiles broadly. Her eyes are clear and happy.

ANGEL (cont'd)  
...totally crazy.

THE STAGE - Joe is running around holding the wallet with both hands like he has found the Holy Grail.

MARIAN  
So... OPEN IT.

Joe can hardly breathe, he's hyperventilating.

JOE  
I can't. I'm terrified.

MARIAN  
Are you serious?

JOE  
Wait. I have a pretty slick deal here. I have almost no worries -- at the present moment. Why ruin it?

MARIAN  
But your LIFE.

Joe HAS to open it. He closes his eyes. The wallet opens. Finally, he PEEKS.

JOE

Look, MONEY. I earned my own MONEY.

He pulls out a few bills that Angel had replaced.

MARIAN

Yes...

JOE

Okay.. A credit card. I HAVE CREDIT.  
A MAJOR FINANCIAL INSTITUTION TRUSTS  
ME. I'm not a complete loser.

(reading)

JOE OBOWSKI. Okay. I can handle that.

MARIAN

Obowski...

He turns the card over, holding it like a sacred relic.

JOE

My SIGNATURE! A little spazzy. No  
problem. At least I can write.

MARIAN

That's great... is there a licence?

Joe pulls out another card.

JOE

Wait... here it says... I AM PART OF A  
CLUB. A SPECIAL CLUB OF SOME SORT.  
THE AMERICAN AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION.  
Probably means I can drive. They don't  
take anyone in these kind of clubs.

MARIAN

DRIVERS LICENCE...

JOE has found it - raises it aloft.

JOE

The STATE OF CALIFORNIA... DMV. Sex...  
"M". Hair: B-R-N...

MARIAN

The ADDRESS!

JOE

"JOE M. OBOWSKI, 3347 EARHART AVENUE.  
LOS ANGELES, 90045.

He thinks. This is momentous.

JOE (cont'd)  
I wonder what the "M" stands for. I  
hope it's not Melvin, or Milhouse,  
or...

MARIAN  
I KNOW THAT STREET. It's near the  
airport.

Joe just looks at her... NOW WHAT?

MARIAN (cont'd)  
Might as well get it over with.

She grabs Joe by the arm and pulls him after her, towards  
the front door.

MOOCHY'S TABLE

They pass Angel, still COUNTING OUT MONEY with Moochy.

MARIAN (cont'd)  
(to Angel)  
You got Kiki...

ANGEL  
Right.  
(to Moochy)  
Eight thousand FOUR HUNDRED, eight  
thousand, FIVE HUNDRED.

She tosses the rest of the wad at Moochy.

ANGEL (cont'd)  
And a little somethin' somethin' for  
you.

CUT TO:

EXT. EARHART AVENUE - MARIAN'S CAR - DAY

Marian and Joe are in the car, reading the addresses.

JOE  
I think that's it.

THE HOUSE

It's a modest little house with a garage, right in the LAX  
flight path. A JET ROARS overhead.

THE CAR

Joe is breathing hard. Marian pulls to the curb.

MARIAN  
Go, Joe M. Obowski.

Joe nods, steels himself and just gets out of the car and walks towards the house. Marian rolls down the window to call after him.

MARIAN (cont'd)  
I'll stay for a little bit, just in case.

JOE  
Marian.

MARIAN  
Yes?

JOE  
What if I don't like it?

Marian can't answer that. Another JET ROARS above them.

MARIAN  
(calling to him)  
JOE M. OBOWSKI - EMBRACE YOUR  
DESTINY...

Joe gives a little wave.

EXT. THE EARHART HOUSE - DAY

Joe stops at the door. He reaches out and turns the door knob. Holy shit... IT OPENS.

INT. THE EARHART HOUSE - DAY

He enters a slightly girly LIVING ROOM. He shuts the door behind him.

A WOMAN'S VOICE (OC)  
WHO IS IT?

CLOSE, JOE - It's a sexy feminine voice. That makes him smile.

JOE  
...IT'S JOE...

THE ROOM - A WOMAN ENTERS

She's blonde, lots of eyeliner, kinda sexy, with piercing eyes. We'll just call her THE WOMAN. She looks at him, smiles... then her eyes fill with fury.

THE WOMAN  
ABOUT FUCKING TIME! I've been just waiting. I told you I have an appointment in the Valley this afternoon.

Joe just watches her.

THE WOMAN (cont'd)  
You have NO RESPECT for other people's time, do you? It's all about YOU, isn't it?

JOE`  
I was in an accident... I didn't...

THE WOMAN  
... oh, I've heard THAT one before.

She pushes a CARDBOARD BOX towards him with her foot. It is STUFFED FULL of clothes and knick-knacks.

THE WOMAN (cont'd)  
This is the last of your crap. From the back of the closet and behind the sofa and I don't know where else.

Joe bends over, pulls out an COP SHIRT from the box.

JOE  
...uh, I wore THIS?...

THE BOX - under the shirt -- BONGOS. There is also lots of art supplies. He reads the PATCH on the SHIRT.

JOE (cont'd)  
City of Angels Security...

THE WOMAN  
Why do you still have that shirt? They fired you months ago.

JOE  
No reason.

THE WOMAN  
I see you FORGOT the PAPERS.

JOE

Uh.

THE WOMAN

The FINAL DIVORCE PAPERS. The whole reason you were supposed to come over -- three hours ago. I know your lawyer sent them to you.

JOE

No, I...

THE WOMAN

Oh SHUT UP. I KNEW you would do this so I have an extra set.

She picks up a folder with papers from the coffee table, and a pen too.

THE WOMAN (cont'd)

You know what the lawyers charge you to make an extra set? -- like sixty bucks. I'm not paying for that. Sign it.

She hands him the pen. Joe sits on the floor, using the cardboard box as a desk. He leafs through the paperwork. Finally he says,

JOE

What about the kids?

THE WOMAN

WHAT KIDS? You mean the CATS? I get the cats, get your own fucking cats.

The faintest of smiles crosses Joe's lips.

JOE

So, if I sign these papers. We are divorced?

THE WOMAN

Yes.

JOE

I will never see you again?

THE WOMAN

I wouldn't come snooping around here after Marcus moves in.

Joe's smile broadens. He uncaps the pen.

EXT. THE EARHART HOUSE - DAY

Joe walks out, carrying the box.

MARIAN'S CAR

She's still there. Her heart jumps in her throat.

Joe opens the back door, puts the box in the back seat. He closes the door, gets in the front. LONG MOMENT of QUIET, then,

JOE  
That woman is extremely angry.

MARIAN  
(trying to be cool)  
Maybe you were an asshole.

JOE  
Maybe...

Marian, turns, looks over her shoulder.

THE GARAGE DOOR - is OPENING.

MARIAN'S CAR

MARIAN  
LOOK, here she comes...

Joe turns and looks.

THE GARAGE - A WHITE PICKUP (THE White Pickup that tried to run him over) backs out, The Woman driving.

THE STREET - The Pickup backs into the street, and going forward. PULLS UP NEXT TO MARIAN'S CAR. The passenger window rolls down.

The Woman stares and JOE, then MARIAN, then JOE. She snarls,

WOMAN  
Okay.. Right! Perfect.  
(to Marian)  
I hope you know what your getting.

Whatever that means. She DRIVES AWAY. Joe and Marian just sit there for a moment. A PLANE ROARS overhead punctuating the moment.

JOE  
My ex-wife. No kids. Cats. She gets  
the cats.

Joe takes the BONGOS out of the box. He PLAYS a riff on  
them.

MARIAN  
You CAN play.

JOE  
And look here.

He pulls out the security guard shirt.

JOE (cont'd)  
I am a fired security guard, NOT a cop.

Marian smiles. Joe looks around, expecting to see Lefty  
somewhere.

MARIAN  
What?

JOE  
Oh, nothing.

Joe takes out his wallet and shows her the bills inside.

JOE (cont'd)  
I have to pay for some pie.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Through the window we see Joe and Marian eating pie. Joe  
is animated, telling a story. Marian is laughing.

SMASH CUT TO:

MR. SWEET'S BLANK FACE. We are in...

INT. THE NIGHTCLUB - SOME TIME LATER - NIGHT

Sweet, with a couple of SENIOR ASIAN MEN in suits, walk  
through the crowd. MUSIC is LOUD. Following behind is  
Moochy. They sit in the front row. Waiters swarm over them.  
There is the BUZZ in the air.

IN FRONT OF THE STAGE - Marian, Angel and Joe are walking  
past the front row. They see Mr. Sweet ahead.

MARIAN'S VOICE  
Good evening, Mr. Sweet.

SWEET  
Good evening.

ANGEL  
You are going to LIKE it...

SWEET  
Good evening Mr. Joey.

JOE  
Hi. Sir.

As they pass, Sweet turns to the Senior Asian Man beside him. In a low voice, he says,

SWEET  
Miss Kiki's dance trainer and  
assistants...  
(and to make it clear)  
Homosexual.

The Man nods.

INT. BACKSTAGE - THE CHORUS ROOM - NIGHT

The CUTE YOUNG CHORUS GIRL sits in a chair, distraught. The room is empty except for PONG, who is sitting on a chair in front of the door, reading the PAPER.

CUTE YOUNG CHORUS GIRL  
I am supposed to be ON STAGE, RIGHT  
NOW.

Pong turns the page, ignoring her. The girl is in TEARS.

CUTE YOUNG CHORUS GIRL (cont'd)  
I'm gonna get FIRED.

She follows with a long string of obscenities in some language. Pong rubs his nose, and keeps reading.

INT. THE NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Joe, Marian and Angel sit in the back of the house.

THE STAGE

The MUSIC STARTS. Curtains part. Illuminated by a single spotlight, the male dancers part, revealing a MOTIONLESS KIKI calmly singing the Jerome Kern tune:

KIKI  
*I'll be hard to handle,  
 I promise you that.  
 Now just be a dear, and  
 scam outa here, 'cause  
 I'm gonna raise Cain*

Then, KIKI WALKS... yes, she's got "THE LINGERIE" down pat.

THE BACK OF THE ROOM - Angel jumps to her feet.

ANGEL  
 Wooo - woooo!

THE STAGE - Kiki is at the edge of the stage - singing straight to Sweet. She's pouring in on...

KIKI  
*I have faults, to be specific,  
 in a temper, Oooh, I'm terrific!  
 I throw chairs and tables... and  
 I never miss!*

CLOSE, SWEET - Is that the crack of a smile? The Senior Asian Man nudges him. Gives Sweet A NOD OF APPROVAL. Oh, YEAH... Sweet's THE MAN.

THE STAGE - Kiki is tearing it up. She's GREAT. Confident, strong, vibrant... and yes, SEXY in a new human way.

THE BACK OF THE ROOM - All three are ROCKING OUT. Marian is half-doing the choreography in her seat, as if leading Kiki on-stage.

ANGEL  
 (to Joe)  
 SEXY??

JOE  
 YOU DID IT!

He nudges and smiles to Marian. They share an almost father-mother look at Angel. She is smiling and dancing in her seat like a teenager.

CLOSE, JOE as he looks HARD AT THE STAGE.

THE STAGE - Faintly, we see LEFTY'S OUTLINE. He "dances" with Kiki.

His image becomes stronger and stronger to Joe's eyes. So THAT'S why she is so brilliant. They dance together wonderfully.

JOE & MARIAN

JOE (cont'd)  
(knowing)  
She's pretty damn good...

THE STAGE

The number is just REACHING ITS CLIMAX...

JOE SEES THE OUTLINE OF LEFTY ON THE STAGE -- "helping" Kiki in the BIG FINISH. The NUMBER ENDS.

There are EXPLOSIONS of CONFETTI... TWO GIANT MARIONETTE-TYPE PUPPETS DESCEND TO THE STAGE, they "dance" with Kiki as an encore.

BUT WAIT, these Marionettes are made from the BODY PARTS OF THE CHOPPED-UP MANNEQUINS.

CLOSE, KIKI - She gives a KNOWING SMILE to Sweet in the front row.

CLOSE, SWEET - He's UNDONE. His face cracks in to a brief spasm of ECSTASY... his EYES roll slightly BACK.

THE STAGE - Kiki knows she SHE'S GOT HIM, now for the *COUP DE GRACE*.

As the MUSIC PEAKS, A Boy-Dancer hands Kiki an AXE.

Kiki wildly starts HACKING AND CHOPPING the mannequins, as if channeling a twisted Pete Townshend.

The BODY PARTS go flying EVERYWHERE... including a SEVERED HEAD that skitters off the stage and INTO SWEET'S LAP.

THE BACK - Marian is cringing.

MARIAN  
This WASN'T MY idea...

ANGEL  
"Weird, but Rich"

THE STAGE - LEFTY IS FULLY VISIBLE NOW (to Joe). He is in full-out ROCKSTAR MODE, careening across the stage, kicking and throwing body-parts.

He ROLLS ON THE FLOOR WITH A HEAD AND TORSO, and if he was struggling to subdue it.

CLOSE, KIKI - She BELTS OUT the LAST NOTE of the encore and FREEZES. The CROWD APPLAUDS WILDLY.

SWEET - He is standing, clapping. He makes sure his cronies are too.

THE STAGE - Lefty rises slowly to his feet, his hair wild. He bows deeply and WAVES TO JOE in the back.

JOE - He is standing, clapping. He LAUGHS and points at Lefty.

THE STAGE - Lefty POINTS BACK -- and WINKS.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

CREDIT ROLL - and UNDER the roll,

EXT. A CITY STREET & SIDEWALK - DAY

The setting is old-school break-dancing. Cardboard is laid flat on the sidewalk, boom-box nearby. A crowd of hard core inter-city types surround the LONE DANCER.

CAMERA MOVES IN and the crowd parts, revealing the DANCER as LEFTY... doing to other worldly gyrations and spins. The kids are cheering him on.

THEN, he STOPS and MARIAN jumps in, tag team style, with a blazing tap-soft-shoe-hip-hop combination.

THEN she is replaced by ANGEL - who combines some hard-core street moves with a ballet leap...

FINALLY JOE slides in and Angel exits. He does a unique routine, interrupted by a spazz-style combination that, well defies description.

THIS SORT OF THING CONTINUES until everyone in the theater leaves.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END