Klausner/Levy Project

Screenplay by

Josh Klausner

SECOND DRAFT
June 11, 2008

FADE IN:

INT. BACHELOR APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT

A modest city bedroom. Suitcases and half-unpacked boxes sit on one side of the room. Someone's moving in.

In his bathrobe, PHIL FOSTER, a good looking guy in his mid-20's, hums to himself as he looks through stacks of WEDDING PICTURES organized all over the bed. Just as he finishes up a pile and starts another, beautiful CLARA FOSTER, in a bathrobe too, jumps across his lap.

PHIL
Hey, hey! Careful Clara! You were the one who told me not to mess up the precious picture piles!

She gives him a long, slow kiss.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Mmm. Minty fresh.

CLARA
That was nice.

PHIL
It was nice.

CLARA
Hey from now on when you change the toilet paper, could you just make sure it rolls out?

PHIL
(chuckles)
Wow! She moves in and the honeymoon's over!

CLARA
Oh, believe me, we're just getting started, Phil.

PHIL
(reaches into picture pile)
Look at this one of your Mom with me. I mean that woman can't contain her love!

ON the wedding picture: RUTH, Clara's mother, stands stiffly next to Phil with an expression like she's ankle deep in a manure bin.

CLARA
(laughs)
She just takes a while to warm up. You guys are gonna be best buddies. You picked a favorite of us yet?

Phil finds the picture, handing it to Clara.

CLARA (CONT'D)
That's exactly the one I picked!

Clara leans the photo on the night stand next to the bed. It's a PORTRAIT OF THEM FROM THEIR WEDDING. They look joyous, excited. A young couple with the world in front of them.

PHIL
Man, I wish I was them.

Phil kisses the back of Clara's neck, but her smile fades as she stares at the picture. He notices.

PHIL (CONT'D)
What is it?

CLARA
I just... when I was growing up my Mom and Dad had a picture just like this. Now they can't even acknowledge each other.

Phil sympathetically gives her a squeeze.

CLARA (CONT'D)
Let's always remember to have some time that's just for the two of us. No matter what else comes up in our lives - if it's work or friends or when we have kids-

PHIL
We're having kids? With an "S"?
(Clara laughs)
OK fine. But I promise you it's never gonna happen to us.

CLARA
Yeah, we'll see if you'll be saying that when I'm long in the tooth.

PHIL
You'll be even hotter long toothed. Right now to be honest Clara they're a little stumpy.

CLARA
(giggles)
Oh really?

As Phil climbs on top and kisses her, he reaches over and turns off the light. Suddenly, we hear the piles of pictures SLIDE OFF THE BED and hit the ground. Beat.

CLARA (CONT'D)
Phil. Tell me it wasn't the pictures.

PHIL
It wasn't the pictures.

CLARA
You know how long that took?

PHIL
We'll fix the picture piles, Clara.
We've got all the time in the world.
From now on everything's gonna be just
about us.

Suddenly, a YOUNG VOICE breaks through the darkness.

OLLIE (V.O.)
MOM!

The Talking Head's "Once in a Lifetime" kicks in.

INT. PHIL AND CLARA'S BEDROOM 7 YEARS LATER - MORNING

Next to the framed wedding picture of Phil and Clara, an ALARM CLOCK on a side table reads 6:45 am.

OLLIE (O.S.)
Mo-om!

It's SEVEN YEARS LATER as Phil and Clara stir and groan in bed. Clara has the comforter WRAPPED ALL AROUND HER while Phil lies uncovered next to her in his boxers and a T-shirt. Without saying a word, they rise out of each side of their beds and sleepily march in opposite directions across their suburban bedroom- Clara down the hall and Phil to the bathroom.

OLLIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Mom! Mom! Mom!

CLARA
I'm coming, Ollie!

INT. OLLIE'S ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

As the Talking Heads song continues, Clara makes Ollie's bed while OLLIE, 5, plays with LEGOs on the floor. Phil, showered and dressed in a suit, walks quickly past the doorway carrying a briefcase, his eyes glued to a stack of PAPERS in his hand.

CLARA
Uh Phil?

Phil doubles back, still looking at the papers.

PHIL
Yep?

CLARA
I need to switch. I've got an open house.

Phil obviously doesn't want to be bothered right now, but contains it.

PHIL
Really?

CLARA
Yeah. Really.

As Clara walks quickly past him, Phil claps his hands together.

PHIL
OK, so I say today we go for the slacker look - cool yet approachable.

OLLIE
Yeah, well Mom says <u>that</u>.

Ollie points to a PREPPIE OUTFIT laid out on a chair.

PHIL
Oh. Well... that's cool too!

INT. PHIL AND CLARA'S BEDROOM/BATHROOM - SAME

The Talking Heads song continues as Clara walks quickly through the bedroom. She lets out a YELP as her shin SMASHES INTO PHIL'S DRESSER DRAWER - he's left them open.

She kicks them closed and limps to the bathroom, then stops in the doorway. WATER covers the floor. Grabbing a towel, she tosses it down and shimmies to the mirror. As she picks up her toothbrush, she notices it's WET as well.

CLARA
Ech. <u>Mine</u>.

She re-rolls the toothpaste from the bottom up and starts brushing when she sees the sink - a Jackson Pollock of razor hairs and bits of toothpaste.

Disgusted, Clara reaches for the Kleenex box, only to discover it's EMPTY. She tosses the box in the trash and shimmies on the towel to get some toilet paper.

Seeing the roll, she sighs as she takes it out of the holder, turns it around and puts it back so it ROLLS OUT.

As the CREDITS END, the Talking Heads song fades...

INT. KITCHEN

Phil, pen in hand, is focused again on his papers as Ollie, now in the preppie outfit, watches him and waits at the table. Phil finally notices.

PHIL
What?

OLLIE
Breakfast?

PHIL
(hopping up)
Oh. Yeah, sorry. Your Dad's a boob today. What's it gonna be?

Ollie peers down the hallway to see if there's any sign of his Mom.

OLLIE
How about... some Captain Crunch?

Phil gets an idea and writes it down quickly.

PHIL
(distracted)
Huh?

OLLIE
Captain Crunch? The cereal?

PHIL
Uh... yeah. Sure.

Phil grabs the Captain Crunch cereal box out of the cupboard and starts toward the table when Clara, dressed in a suit, comes into the room and spots it.

CLARA
Ah ah ah... what's that Ollie? You had a bowl yesterday.

OLLIE
But Dad already said yeah sure.

Clara glances at Phil.

PHIL
Uh, that's not how I said it. I said it like
(sarcastic)
(MORE)

PHIL (CONT'D)
Yeah, sure! You know it's only one bowl a day-

CLARA
(correcting him)
A week.

PHIL
One bowl a day a week.

Clara, eyebrows raised, eyes the Captain Crunch already in Phil's hand. Phil shakes the carton at Ollie.

PHIL (CONT'D)
This is not for you today!

CLARA
(chuckles)
Yeah right.

PHIL
(shrugs)
Worth a try.

CLARA
Did you get his lunch together?

PHIL
Oh. Whoops.

CLARA
(sighs)
You just get his breakfast and I'll do it.

As Phil takes out some Special K and pours milk for Ollie and a glass for himself, he finishes the carton. Peeking back over his shoulder, he sees Clara's dialing with the phone to her ear as she readies Ollie's lunch. He stealthily pours the TINIEST BIT of milk back, quickly returning the carton to the fridge.

CLARA (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Hey Jane? I'm getting a late start but I'll be there as soon as I can.

PHIL
Sorry I dropped the ball. It's this Quarterly Report to Mr. Rivers today. You know how he freaks me out with all of his mixed animal metaphors that I don't understand-

CLARA
(focusing on Ollie's lunch)
Ollie, do you want a banana?

PHIL
Did you hear me?

CLARA
(not looking at him)
Uh huh. He freaks you out with his mixed animal metaphors that you don't understand. Banana Ollie?

PHIL
(beat)
So I should probably get going. With the highway construction it takes forever to get downtown these days.

CLARA
OK. Have a good day.

Phil kisses her on the cheek and Clara absently wipes it off. He looks at her strangely. Noticing, Clara quickly kisses Phil on the cheek.

CLARA (CONT'D)
Sorry. Your mouth was still all milky.

PHIL
Sorry for the milky mouth.

He heads out. With a sigh, Clara spots Phil's left his dirty glass on the counter. She cleans it in the sink, then gets the carton out of the fridge to put some milk in her own coffee. A DRIBBLE comes out. Shaking her head, she tosses the carton in the trash.

EXT. FRONT OF FOSTER'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

As Phil exits the front door and heads to the carport next to the house, his overly cheery neighbor CHAZ picks a newspaper off his lawn.

CHAZ (O.S.)
Well, well! We're up bright and early, aren't we!

PHIL
Yes we are!
(under his breath)
Just like you say to me every morning.

Reaching the carport, Phil scoots between his car and Clara's. He tries to open his driver's door, but Clara's car is parked TOO CLOSE and the door only opens a few inches. He tries to SQUEEZE IN, but ends up GETTING STUCK halfway.

PHIL (CONT'D)
OW! OW! OW!

Dislodging himself, Phil sidesteps between the cars and peers around the other side of Clara's. TONS of room. Shaking his head, Phil crosses to his car's passenger side. OPEN HOUSE BANNERS piled in the garage block the front passenger door. Frustrated, Phil hops in the rear and grunts as he climbs diagonally over to the driver's seat.

HONKING.

EXT. EISENHOWER HIGHWAY - A LITTLE LATER

The Eisenhower Highway is a parking lot as ROAD CONSTRUCTION blocks 3 out of 4 lanes. In the middle of it, Phil checks his watch, frustrated. Peering out his window, he looks at a billboard of a smiling older man in slick suit and construction hat. The sign reads MAYOR DIGGS APPRECIATES YOUR PATIENCE WHILE WE BUILD OUR HIGHWAY TO THE FUTURE! Phil scowls, then checks his watch.

EXT. STREET

Clara and JANE, another sharply dressed realtor in her 30's, walk down the street putting up OPEN HOUSE ARROW SIGNS on the sidewalk.

JANE
His name's Juan and he's some kind of Spanish, I think. He knows all these exclusive, underground places downtown. It's so exciting. And in bed...
(whispers)
I never knew I could still get my leg back that far.

CLARA
Too much information, Jane.

INT. OPEN HOUSE

Clara and Jane speak loudly to each other as they each move quickly around different parts of the vacant home, cleaning and inspecting.

JANE
The divorce was the best thing that ever happened to me. Seriously. You know that great nervous feeling in your stomach? Where you don't know what's going to happen next?

On her way down the hall, Clara spots a mark up ahead on the wall. She reaches into her large purse and pulls out a mini-409 mister and a rag. With the aim of a SHARPSHOOTER, she sprays ahead, wiping the mark as she passes.

JANE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
With Larry, I lost that. Everything had just become routine, you know? Boring.

Jane's words hit Clara close to home. Passing on through the kitchen, Clara notices that the REFRIGERATOR makes a weird, loud buzzing noise.

JANE (CONT'D)
But now, all of a sudden I'm alive again!

CLARA
Good for you, Jane.

Clara takes out her frustration on the fridge, kicking the side and silencing it.

CLARA (CONT'D)
Good for you.

INT. FRONT HALLWAY - A LITTLE LATER

Clara and Jane sit on the floor, stapling together prospectuses.

JANE
There's this great restaurant downtown we went to the other night that you guys would love. Most amazing view of the city. You guys should check it out on your next date night.

CLARA
(focusing on stapling)
Yeah, well, maybe. We don't really have those that much anymore.

JANE
You guys don't have date nights?

CLARA
(shrugs)
You know, we're pretty tired all the time between work and Ollie. And some of the shows on TV these days are really great.

JANE
Ah. I see.

They staple in silence for a second. Jane and Clara look at each other.

CLARA
I know that's really lame.

JANE
So it's Phil?

CLARA
(sighs)
No, it's not Phil. It's the both of us. I don't know. It just... happened.

JANE
So why don't you change it? All you have to do is stir things up and have one great, sexy, exciting night again.

CLARA
I guess. Maybe.

JANE
Not maybe. Tonight.

CLARA
Nah. Tonight's no good.

JANE
Why not? Seriously think about it. What's really gonna be more important tonight than that?

Clara takes this in. Jane's right.

INT. CHICAGO MERCANTILE EXCHANGE

Checking his watch, Phil shakes his head as he rushes through the large bullpen of the Chicago Mercantile Exchange. In the pits all around him, BUYERS and SELLERS scream out their orders.

INT. MR. RIVERS' OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

In a dark wood office with STUFFED ANIMAL HEADS lining the walls, a young, smartly dressed man in his 20's, GEORGE, quietly goes through a binder with MR. RIVERS, 60, at the older man's desk. As Phil bursts in they both look over.

PHIL
I'm sorry I'm late. The construction on the highways is insane these days!

MR. RIVERS
Don't worry about it, Phil. It's fine. Catch your breath.

George gives Mr. Rivers an ornate, pal-sy handshake, then heads out with the binder, nodding at Phil. Phil nods back warily, then takes out his binder, ready to launch into his report.

MR. RIVERS (CONT'D)
Uh, Phil. Listen, before we start... I've been thinking... this next quarter we need to venture into open tundra. Start really ripping the meat.

PHIL
(beat, trying to decipher)
Uh. OK. You mean... take the fund in a more high risk direction?

MR. RIVERS
Yeah. That's what I said.

PHIL
Sure. OK, fine. I can work up some higher risk options and come back tomorrow.

MR. RIVERS
(clears throat)
OK. The thing is Phil, tomorrow I want George to give me his thoughts on where we need to be hunting too.

PHIL
Oh.

MR. RIVERS
It's nothing personal.

PHIL
(beat)
So let me get this straight. You're telling me that tomorrow I'm going to have to interview for the job I already have? Against George?

MR. RIVERS
I wouldn't put it like that. I just need our pack leader to be more like... like a momma kangaroo. Ya get me?

PHIL
Kinda.
(beat)
Actually, no. Not really at all.

MR. RIVERS
The blind baby kangaroo opens its mouth and knows its momma's teat is just always there, ready to suckle. But at the same time, momma kangaroo's still a wild, dangerous creature.

PHIL
Sorry. Still not totally getting you.

MR. RIVERS
I've had a wife and a family. Three of them. It's hard to stay the fastest cheetah when you need to mind the pack, Phil. George lives in the city, doesn't have a family to worry about. He can rip the meat.

PHIL
Listen, Mr. Rivers. I don't need to... I was ripping big bloody hunks of meat and eating them like tartare when George was still... in the jungle!

MR. RIVERS
(beat)
What does that mean?

PHIL
I can't be demoted, Mr. Rivers. I just can't.

MR. RIVERS
Listen, nothing's set. It's just I gotta say that lately your leadership on this has felt a little... well... tame.

PHIL
(getting up)
That's all you needed to say, Mr. Rivers! I'll see you tomorrow.

Determined, Phil marches out of Mr. River's office.

EXT. SCHOOL

Clara talks on her cellphone as she picks up Ollie from school.

CLARA
So it's OK if we drop him off at 7? Our reservation's at 7:45.

She passes another MOTHER desperately searching for a Kleenex for her BOY with snot dripping from his nose.

Without breaking stride, Clara reaches into her purse and hands the grateful mother a tissue, then takes out a mini-bottle of Purell and cleans her hands.

CLARA (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Thanks Mom. I really appreciate it.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
Mrs. Foster?

Clara turns to see Ollie's teacher, the tight buttoned MRS. CARDIGAN, 45, walking toward her in the parking lot.

CLARA
Oh, that's Ollie's teacher. I'll see you later.

Clara hangs up her phone and greets Mrs. Cardigan with a warm smile.

CLARA (CONT'D)
I've been meaning to tell you that you can just call me Clara, Mrs. Cardigan.

MRS. CARDIGAN
I'd prefer Mrs. Foster. Boundaries matter.

CLARA
OK...

MRS. CARDIGAN
Can we speak a moment? Alone?

CLARA
Sure, sure. Ollie, go to the car.

As Ollie does, Clara turns back to Mrs. Cardigan.

CLARA (CONT'D)
Is everything OK?

MRS. CARDIGAN
Well, I'm afraid not. Oliver's been antagonizing the girls in the class a great deal lately. Especially Jenny Diggs.

CLARA
Really? Oh no. Why do you think that's happening?

MRS. CARDIGAN
I'm going to leave that to you and your husband to figure out. But beyond that, his overall attitude these days is just... sub par.
(MORE)

MRS. CARDIGAN (CONT'D)
His penmanship is sloppy. He lacks motivation and tries to just "get by" on assignments. You know, this is a very competitive school, Mrs. Foster. In my opinion, maybe you should consider whether this is really the right environment for him.

CLARA
(beat, stunned)
Uh... wow. OK.

Mrs. Cardigan starts away. Clara climbs into the car, watching Mrs. Cardigan.

CLARA (CONT'D)
(under her breath)
Wow. What a bitch.

OLLIE
Did you just call Mrs. Cardigan a bitch?

CLARA
(remembering Ollie's in the back)
No.

OLLIE
Yeah you did.

CLARA
I didn't. I really didn't.

Clara quickly pulls out.

EXT. CAR PORT - LATER

Phil SQUEEZES out of his drivers seat with folders full of RESEARCH. As he walks toward the house he spots the TONS of room on the other side of Clara's car and shakes his head.

PHIL
Unbelievable!

INT. OLLIE'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Still carrying his research, Phil peeks in on Ollie, who packs a suitcase.

PHIL
Hey buddy. Finally moving out? I gotta tell you it's about time.

OLLIE
I'm going to Nana's tonight.

PHIL
On a school night? Why?

OLLIE
(shrugs)
Mom says you guys are going out.

PHIL
Tonight? What? No.
(calls out)
Clara?

INT. PHIL AND CLARA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Phil marches into the bedroom.

PHIL
Clara? Cl-

He stops in the doorway as he spots her. Made up in an evening dress in front of a full length mirror, Clara looks STUNNING as she finishes putting an earring on.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Wow. Wow.

Clara turns and smiles.

CLARA
I thought I could take you out to celebrate you finally getting that report in. A romantic dinner downtown like the old days, and then...
(raises her eyebrows)
Ollie's going to stay at Mom's so we have the house all to ourselves. All night.

PHIL
Wow... It sounds... great.

CLARA
Great!

She turns back and continues getting ready.

PHIL
It's just... is there any chance we could take a rain check?

CLARA
(turns)
A "rain check"?

PHIL
Yeah. Unfortunately I really need to do a bit of work tonight.

CLARA
I thought all the cramming was for this report today. Did something go wrong?

PHIL
(beat)
Uh, no. Nothing like that. I just decided I could play with it a little more. Make it a little better.

Clara takes him in a moment.

CLARA
Oh. OK.

Controlling herself, Clara starts putting her jewelry back in the case.

PHIL
Listen, I'm sorry...

CLARA
You don't need to apologize, Phil.

PHIL
Listen, if I had more warning-

CLARA
Then something else would have come up. You know it. That's the thing, Phil. We used to do things on the spur of the moment all the time. Even after Ollie was born. Now we never do anything together.

They stare at each other, then Phil breaks it.

PHIL
Listen... any other night.

CLARA
OK. Maybe another time. Let me just get out of this and call my Mom then.

As Clara heads into the closet, Phil looks after her, feeling terrible. About to leave, he notices that around the room, Clara's SET UP CANDLES in anticipation of their romantic night. He looks down again at the papers in his hand and sucks in, conflicted.

INT. CLOSET - MOMENTS LATER

As Clara starts to take her dress off, Phil scoots past her, humming to himself. She looks over to see him choosing a tie and jacket from his side. Clara looks at him, still unsure.

PHIL
That dress really wasn't playing fair, Clara.

With a smile, Clara watches Phil tie his tie.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Well get a move on, girl!

She zips her dress back up.

A DOORBELL RINGS.

INT. RUTH'S FRONT DOOR

RUTH, Clara's mother, opens her front door and brightens.

RUTH
(to Clara and Ollie)
Hey sweeties.
(suddenly cold)
Phil.

PHIL
Ruth.

RUTH
Nana rented us a special treat tonight before bed, Ollie! The Wizard of Oz!

PHIL
Wow. Wizard of Oz. Don't you think that's a little scary for a 5 year old?

RUTH
(not looking at him)
No, Phil, I don't.

PHIL
OK... not so sure about that.

RUTH
I am.

PHIL
Clara? What do you think?

RUTH
(putting her pressure on)
Yeah, Clara. What do you think?

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE

Phil's flustered as he and Clara head out the door towards Phil's car.

CLARA
I'm sorry, Phil. I just felt like she's doing us a favor tonight.

PHIL
It's fine. Fine.

Just as they climb into the car, Clara stops.

CLARA
You know, I should pee before we go.

PHIL
(beat)
OK. Sure.

As Clara runs back to Ruth's house, Phil plops down in the driver's seat.

PHIL (CONT'D)
I'll just wait in the car as you go back inside to pee. Again.

EXT. EISENHOWER PARKWAY - SUNSET

As the sun sets, Phil and Clara sit in BUMPER TO BUMPER TRAFFIC. It extends for MILES toward the center of the city.

INT. CAR - SAME

Phil turns on the air conditioner and adjusts the vents.

PHIL
You gotta almost feel sorry for Mayor Diggs. Tries to widen all the highways to get reelected, but all everyone's going to remember when it's time to vote is all this mess.

Clara shivers.

CLARA
You're hot?

PHIL
Yeah. That's why I turned on the air.

CLARA
Oh.

Clara shuts the passenger side vents which causes AIR to GUST out of Phil's vents, into his face. He glances at Clara, oblivious, then reaches over and turns down the air.

CLARA (CONT'D)
You know, Mrs. Cardigan told me today that Ollie's been antagonizing his daughter.

PHIL
Antagonizing? How does a five year old "antagonize?" I'm sure she wouldn't have mentioned it if it wasn't "the Mayor's daughter."

CLARA
She also went on that Ollie's penmanship's sloppy and he's not motivated enough.

PHIL
(trying to make a joke of it)
Got all my best traits, huh?

He looks over to see that Clara looks out of the window, not responding - a response in itself. He sucks in.

PHIL (CONT'D)
I think he's fine.

CLARA
She actually had the gall to suggest we should think about sending him somewhere else.

PHIL
Maybe she's right if the school has that kind of attitude.

Clara's about to object but stops herself and takes a breath, playing affectionately with the back of Phil's hair.

CLARA
You know what? All we ever end up talking about is Ollie or work. Let's just focus on <u>us</u> tonight.

PHIL
(smiles)
Great. I'm all for that.

Beat. They sit in silence in the traffic.

CLARA
So what are you thinking about?

PHIL
Right now? Traffic.

CLARA
Oh. Well, I heard this unbelievable story from Jane today.

PHIL
Yeah?

CLARA
She has this old classmate who went into labor with her second child the other day. She's totally healthy and everything's normal with the pregnancy. So she goes into labor and walks into the emergency room, and the second the nurses and attendants see her come in, they go into a panic and start yelling AMA! AMA! AMA!

PHIL
What's AMA?

CLARA
Advanced Maternal Age!

PHIL
(chuckles)
No! You've got to be joking me!

CLARA
I kid you not!

PHIL
That's unbelievable!

CLARA
I know.

Beat. Clara looks out the window.

CLARA (CONT'D)
The funny thing is she's my age, actually.

Suddenly, Phil's smile fades as he realizes the possible ulterior motive.

PHIL
Huh.

Clara picks up on his change and figures out what he's thinking. A bit flustered, she opens her vents again. Phil looks over at her.

PHIL (CONT'D)
I thought you were cold.

CLARA
I was, but then you turned it down and I got hot.

PHIL
But I turned it down because... you see when you open and close your vents it makes my... never mind.

Phil reaches over and turns up the air again. Tapping his fingers on the wheel with a sigh, he gets fed up, suddenly veering the car to the shoulder and speeding toward the exit.

CLARA
What are you doing?

PHIL
I'm just gonna take a shortcut.

CLARA
Phil, please don't. You think they're shortcuts but they always take longer. And we're already-

PHIL
Clara, please just trust me, OK?

They zoom ahead for a moment in silence. Frustrated, Clara shuts her vents, once again sending a POWERFUL GUST OF COLD AIR onto Phil's face. Biting his tongue, he just leaves it blowing on him as they drive.

INT. THE SIGNATURE ROOM

Phil and Clara rush off the elevator and enter the Signature Restaurant on the 95th Floor of the John Hancock Center, with dramatic sweeping views over the skyline of downtown Chicago and Lake Michigan.

PHIL
I promise you it wouldn't have been any faster. I promise!

CLARA
OK, Phil. Will you just tell them we're here? I'm gonna go pee.

PHIL
Now?

CLARA
What?

PHIL
Nothing.

As Clara hurries off, Phil, shaking his head, makes his way through the crowds to the SUPERMODEL HOSTESS.

SUPERMODEL HOSTESS
Good evening. Welcome to the Signature Room.

PHIL
Thanks. The name is Foster.

SUPERMODEL HOSTESS
Foster... Oh, I'm sorry. We just had to give away your table.

PHIL
You gave away our table? We're just ten minutes late!

SUPERMODEL HOSTESS
(dead serious)
Actually, you're 11 minutes late.

PHIL
(stunned)
OK. But don't you guys have, like, some kind of grace period or something?

SUPERMODEL HOSTESS
We have an eight minute grace period.

PHIL
You have an eight minute grace period? How did you come up with an <u>eight</u> minute grace period?

SUPERMODEL HOSTESS
(shrugs)
I just work here, sir.

PHIL
So what if someone's <u>9</u> minutes late?

SUPERMODEL HOSTESS
We're allowed to give a two minute grace on the grace.

PHIL
OK. Which adds up to ten minutes! We're 11 minutes late. That's just one minute later than the grace on the grace.

SUPERMODEL HOSTESS
I'm sorry sir, but management specifically said no grace on the grace on the grace. After ten minutes, we send a host around calling your name and if there's no answer, we give the table away. Sorry.

PHIL
So how long's the wait for another table?

SUPERMODEL HOSTESS
Well, let's see...

Phil looks on as the Supermodel Hostess runs her finger down a LONG LIST OF WRITE-IN NAMES. As she turns to the next page...

PHIL
Oh boy.

INT. WOMEN'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Even the bathroom has sweeping views of Chicago. As Clara leaves a bathroom stall, she notices a NERVOUS YOUNG WOMAN washing her face over and over.

A knock and a SLICK LOOKING MAN quickly peeks his head in the Women's room.

SLICK LOOKING MAN
We've gotta leave now.
(spotting Clara)
Whoops. Sorry.

CLARA
It's OK.

The Nervous Woman quickly leaves the bathroom with the Man. Clara looks after them a second, then washes her hands.

INT. BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Clara finds Phil at the bar, downing handfuls of peanuts.

CLARA
How long until they seat us?

PHIL
Two hours. They gave away our reservation. Peanut?

CLARA
What?!? Did you tell them that we hit traffic?

PHIL
They wouldn't care, Clara. If they call your name at the bar and you don't answer, they give your table away. So how about a nut?

A YOUNG HOST (not the Hostess) mills around the bar.

YOUNG HOST
GALE PARTY?

Clara sighs, frustrated.

CLARA
I mean, did you try something like telling her it was our anniversary, or my birthday, or slipping her some money-

PHIL
Oh, I see. Lying and graft were the answer!

Clara shakes her head, then notices the YOUNG HOST searching for the party and starts focusing on him instead of Phil as she thinks.

YOUNG HOST
GALE PARTY?

PHIL
I'm sure if you had been there instead of peeing again you would have done it better.

YOUNG HOST
GALE PARTY?

CLARA
(watching host)
Uh huh.

PHIL
You're not even listening to me, are you?

CLARA
(repeats, still watching)
Yeah I am. You're sure if I had been there instead of peeing again I would have done it better.

PHIL
Clara, just because you can repeat the words I say doesn't mean you're-

YOUNG HOST
LAST CALL! GALE-

CLARA
Sorry! We're right here!

PHIL
Wait. What are you doing?

CLARA
Shhh!

The Young Host approaches.

YOUNG HOST
Gale party of three?

CLARA
The third's running a little late. We're going to start without them.

YOUNG HOST
Great. Follow me.

Phil shoots Clara a look, but she ignores it. He falls into line after her as she follows the Young Host to the restaurant.

INT. ANOTHER PART OF THE SIGNATURE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Phil shields his face as they pass the Supermodel Hostess at the Greeting Station. The Young Host leads them to a secluded table right by the windows - THE BEST TABLE IN THE RESTAURANT.

YOUNG HOST
(handing them menus)
Enjoy your dinner.

The Young Host leaves.

CLARA
See? Was that so hard to do, Phil? Not bad to be the Gales, eh?

Clara opens her menu as Phil looks nervously around the restaurant.

CLARA (CONT'D)
Look Phil! It's white truffle season! I'm totally doing it!

PHIL
We can't do this, Clara.

CLARA
I'm taking you out.

PHIL
Not the truffles.
(dead serious)
This is stealing.

CLARA
(chuckles)
Stealing? You're kidding, right.

PHIL
We're not the Gales.

CLARA
So? You said yourself - if you don't answer at the bar they give your table away.

PHIL
Well, what if they show up now?

CLARA
We'll get spanked?

PHIL
I'm serious!

CLARA
(sighs sadly)
I don't know. What if they do, Phil?

Clara picks up her menu and reads, shaking her head.

PHIL
What?

CLARA
It's just... I don't know. You used to be the one who would think up stuff like this all the time.

This hits Phil. He takes in his wife reading the menu for a beat.

PHIL
You know what? You're absolutely right.

Clara lowers her menu and they look at each other for what feels like the first time tonight.

PHIL (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, Mrs. Gale.

CLARA
(smiles)
It's OK, Mr. Gale. And might I add you look very handsome tonight?

PHIL
You're not looking too shabby yourself, Mrs. Gale.

GRUFF VOICE (O.S.)
Mr. Gale?

They turn, surprised, to see TWO BURLY MEN in suits at their table. The Older of the two politely speaks to them.

OLDER BURLY MAN
We need to have a word with you both.

CLARA
What's this about?

OLDER BURLY MAN
I think you know what this is about. If you could please come with us.

PHIL
Why can't we talk here?

OLDER BURLY MAN
(beat, smiles)
I think it would save everyone a lot of embarrassment.
(gestures with hand)
Please...

The Younger Burly Man comes behind Clara's chair to pull it out. Getting up, Phil shoots Clara an "I told you so" look as he follows the Older Burly Man through the restaurant toward the kitchen doors, the Younger Burly Man walking behind them with Clara.

INT. BACK KITCHEN AREA - MOMENTS LATER

The Burly Man leads them through the kitchen. A WAITER stops, surprised.

WAITER
Can I help you?

OLDER BURLY MAN
Nah. We're fine. Thanks.

Walking to the rear service elevator, the Older Burly Man pushes the down button. The elevator opens.

PHIL
Whoa. Wait a minute. Where are we going?

OLDER BURLY MAN
Get in, please.

The Younger Burly Man coming up behind them crowds them into the elevator.

CLARA
Hey! Jesus!

The elevator doors shut and the Older Burly Man pushes the G Floor then nods to his partner. They reach in their pockets.

PHIL
Listen, this is all getting out of hand, OK? I admit we maybe did something a teeny bit wrong, but-

Suddenly, they grab Phil and Clara, putting HANDKERCHIEFS over their noses and mouths. Phil and Clara yell and struggle for a moment, then PASS OUT.

INT. CLOSEUP ON PHIL'S NOSE

An AMMONIA STICK waves back and forth under Phil's nose and he startles awake, disoriented, to see he's TIED TO A CHAIR in the middle of a GIGANTIC MEAT LOCKER. A VIDEO CAMERA on a tripod aims at their faces and across the room, the Younger Burly Man sorts through items from Clara's purse and Phil's wallet scattered all over the table.

PHIL
Whoa. What the hell is this?

Tied in the chair next to him, Clara jumps as the Older Burly Man waves the stick under her nose.

CLARA
Ah!
(freaked)
Phil?!? What's going on?

PHIL
I don't know.

A VOICE speaks from a speakerphone on the table.

SPEAKERPHONE
The chloroform may make you feel dizzy for a few moments, but it will go away.

Phil takes in what's going on, freaked.

PHIL
Listen... you can just have all our money, OK? Whatever's there, it's yours. We're not looking to cause problems or put up any kind fight. We'll just walk away and not report anything, OK? All we want is for you to let us go unharmed.

SPEAKERPHONE
We need to discuss your little stunt tonight first, Mr. and Mrs. "Gale." Or should we say... what is it Harry?

HARRY, the Younger Burly Man reads Phil and Clara's IDs, which he's grabbed off of them.

HARRY
Phil and Clara Foster.

PHIL
(beat)
That's what this is all about?

SPEAKERPHONE
What else would it be about, Mr. Foster?

PHIL
(beat)
Wait. This a joke, right? Some funny little bald guy's gonna jump out and scare us and say, "Gotcha!" or something? OK, where is he? Where's that guy?

SPEAKERPHONE
You think this is a joke?

Phil looks at the faces of the two thugs. No one's joking.

PHIL
(stunned)
No. Are you insane?!? You don't drug people and tie them up for that! This is- I just- I hope you know this is gonna go <u>way</u> <u>beyond</u> a shitty review in Zagat! I'm seriously pissed off!

INT. DARK BACK ROOM

SHADOWY FIGURE talks on a phone as he looks at a screen showing Phil and Clara in chairs.

SPEAKERPHONE
Yes. Well, I'm a little upset as well, Mr. Foster. And confused. It would help me to know why a couple like the two of you would try to pull something like this.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Phil's now getting <u>really</u> annoyed.

PHIL
You must be kidding! Like a million people don't do it every single night of the week! This is unbelievable! I'm just in shock here!

Harry and Frank look at each other, puzzled.

SPEAKERPHONE
I enjoy your humor, Mr. Foster. Now why don't you start by telling me how you got into the Rainbow to set it up-

PHIL
"Into the Rainbow?" What the hell's that? Restaurant code?

SPEAKERPHONE
-and then you can tell me where the photos are that you arranged to bring tonight.

PHIL
Photos?

Clara figures out what's happened.

CLARA
Wait a minute. I think there's been a really big mistake here. We're not the Gales.

SPEAKERPHONE
We know you're not the Gales.

PHIL
They know we're not the Gales. Don't you get it!

CLARA
No, Phil. I think they think we're actually "the Gales" who made the reservation tonight.

PHIL
(realizing)
Ohhhhhh. Oh. No. She's right. We're not those Gales. You've got the wrong people. Really.

SPEAKERPHONE
Then why were you two at the Gales' table, Mr. Foster?

PHIL
OK, listen, what happened is we lost our reservation and when the host came around yelling the Gales' name and no one answered, my wife said that we were them. I swear on my life to you that's what happened.

SPEAKERPHONE
You're saying you just took someone else's reservation you didn't know? That's what you want me to believe?

PHIL
I know that seems really weird. Listen, I agree, that's what I said to her.

FRANK
One problem with your story. When I came over to the table - and you guys were all alone - you were still calling each other Gale.

PHIL
That was just... we were... no, you don't understand...

SPEAKERPHONE
We'll need to move things along, Frank.

With a nod, Frank reaches into his pockets, slowly taking out a GUN and a handful of BULLETS. He loads the gun as Phil and Clara watch.

PHIL
Wait a minute. What's going on?

CLARA
I don't like this, Phil. I don't like this.

Clicking the loaded gun, Frank and Harry both come toward Phil and Clara.

SPEAKERPHONE
If in ten seconds you don't tell us where the photos are, you lose a knee, Mr. Foster. Ten more seconds, you lose another. Then we go to your wife.

PHIL
Please! You can't do this! We're not lying!

SPEAKERPHONE
One... two... three... four...

Frank clicks the loaded gun at Phil's knee.

PHIL
Oh Jesus. Don't do it!

SPEAKERPHONE
Five... six... seven... eight...

PHIL
Jesus!

CLARA
OK FINE! FINE! YOU WIN! YOU CAN HAVE THE GODDAMN PHOTOS!

Everyone looks over. Phil's surprised.

CLARA (CONT'D)
But we can't just tell you where they are. We have to take you to them.

EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - A LITTLE LATER

In the middle of the deserted warehouse district, Clara and Phil exit the meat packing plant behind Frank, who carries Clara's purse, Harry holding a gun as he follows them. As they head toward a Towncar, Frank throws the keys back to Harry.

FRANK
You drive with her in front.

PHIL
(whispers)
So what's your plan here?

CLARA
(whispers)
I don't have a plan Phil.

PHIL
(whispers)
You don't have a plan?

CLARA
(whispers)
No. I was just trying to keep our knees for the time being.

PHIL
(whispers)
Well, if we end up in that car with them we're as good as dead.

FRANK
Quiet!

CLARA
(whispers)
Well, any time you want to help...

PHIL
(whispers)
What's that supposed to mean?

FRANK
I said quiet!

They continue walking toward the Towncar, Phil thinking hard. Suddenly, his expression changes and he starts weaving dizzily, putting his hand to his forehead.

CLARA
Phil?

He drops to the ground.

PHIL
Whoa.

CLARA
Phil? What is it?

PHIL
I'm... not feeling so great....

HARRY
What's wrong with him?

CLARA
I don't know.

PHIL
(breathing hard)
I didn't... eat dinner and when I don't my blood sugar... Hypoglycemic...

CLARA
You're not hypoglycemic.

Phil shoots Clara a quick LOOK OF DEATH.

CLARA (CONT'D)
(catching on)
You're diabetic! You never get the terms right, Phil! Oh no! This is bad, guys.

PHIL
I just can't... go any further.

Harry and Frank look at each other, not sure what to do.

HARRY
Should we call Mr. Stockton?

FRANK
Don't say his name, you idiot!

HARRY
Sorry! I was just-

FRANK
We'll just throw him in the back and have her show us.

They move over to pick up Phil. Clara thinks fast.

CLARA
Wait! In my purse there's a Luna Bar. If you give it to me I can find it for him.

With a sigh, Frank hands Clara her purse. She rummages inside...

... and quickly WHIPS OUT her MINI 409 SPRAY, spritzing Frank right in the eyes. With a shriek, he falls back grabbing his face and dropping his gun. Clara makes a dash and grabs it. As Frank blindly lunges after her, she KNEES HIM IN THE BALLS. He collapses on the ground, whimpering in pain. She spins and points the gun at Harry.

CLARA (CONT'D)
Drop the gun and the keys.

PHIL
Whoa! Clara! Wow!

Harry drops them, raising his hands. Phil gets up and grabs the gun and keys, then awkwardly hits Harry as hard as he can on the back of the neck with the butt of the gun.

Harry looks at him, confused.

HARRY
Ow! Why, man?

PHIL
Sorry. I was trying to knock you out.

HARRY
Why?

PHIL
I thought that's what you do when-

CLARA
Phil! Just c'mon!

PHIL
(rushing off)
Sorry.

Befuddled, Phil meets Clara at the car and they climb in and speed away.

PHIL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
OK, let me just start from the very beginning...

INT. POLICE STATION INTERVIEW ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Phil excitedly chatters next to Clara at a table in an interrogation room in the police station. Across the table, a YOUNG POLICE OFFICER takes their statement.

PHIL
We got to the restaurant late because we hit all this traffic on the highway-

CLARA
Or the shortcut.

PHIL
What?

CLARA
(shrugs)
I just think we might have made it on time if we stayed on the highway. Your shortcuts end up being long cuts most of the time.

PHIL
(beat)
OK, are you going to tell the Policeman or and I gonna tell him?

CLARA
You can tell him.

PHIL
Because you always interrupt me when I try to tell stories, and every time you do it disrupts my flow.

CLARA
Fine, you tell it. I won't say another word.

PHIL
Fine.
(beat)
See, now I've totally lost where I was.

CLARA AND YOUNG POLICEMAN
You got to the restaurant late-

PHIL
Yeah. Even using my shortcut which, by the way, <u>was</u> a shortcut - and they gave away our reservation. So we were at the bar and the host was calling out for these other people over and over-

CLARA
Which is what they do right before they cancel a reservation anyway.

PHIL
I thought you said you weren't going to interrupt me, Clara.

CLARA
I just want him to understand we weren't really "stealing" someone else's reservation.

Across the table, the Young Police Officer, eyebrows raised, watches Phil and Clara volley back and forth.

PHIL
Do you think he really cares, Clara? We were just kidnapped, CHLOROFORMED and almost shot! I don't think he's going to turn around and book us for reservation theft! Am I right?

YOUNG POLICE OFFICER
Please. Go on.

PHIL
So all of a sudden Clara yells out that we're these other people.

YOUNG POLICEMAN
(surprised)
You just took someone else's reservation?

PHIL
Yeah. I know! Even the guy on the speakerphone couldn't believe it!

CLARA
You two kinda bonded over that, didn't you?

PHIL
We didn't "bond" over it. I'm just saying, speakerphone guy obviously thought it was weird to do.

YOUNG POLICEMAN
Guys, you lost me. We were in the restaurant.

CLARA
(ignoring him)
Ah, you mean the speakerphone guy who's kidnapped and drugged us thinks it's weird to do so it's weird to do?

YOUNG POLICEMAN
Guys?

CLARA
You're new "buddy."

PHIL
Oh c'mon!

CLARA
And we found out speakerphone guy's name, Phil. It's Mr. Stockton.

The Young Policeman looks up, interested.

OFFICER
Mr. Stockton? Whoa. Hold on a minute.

The Officer dials an extension on the phone.

OFFICER (CONT'D)
Lieutenant Manning? Weird story. Have a couple in here who claim to have escaped a kidnapping this evening and the name Stockton came up. OK. Will do.

He hangs up.

OFFICER (CONT'D)
Lieutenant Manning likes to be notified when there's anything involving Mr. Stockton.

PHIL
Wait. So you already know about this guy? You know who he is?

A knock at the door and a handsome man in his late 40's, LIEUTENANT MANNING, enters the room with a smile. He reaches over and shakes their hands.

LIEUTENANT MANNING
How do you do. Lieutenant Manning.

The Officer offers him his note pad.

LIEUTENANT MANNING
(CONT'D)
Nah, as long as they're here might as well get everything from the horse's mouth, right?

As the Officer heads out of the room, Lieutenant Manning sidles down into his seat.

LIEUTENANT MANNING
(CONT'D)
Can I get you guys anything to drink? Coffee? Water? Maybe a shot or two of whiskey?

PHIL
That sounds more like it.

LIEUTENANT MANNING
So why don't you tell me all about your incident with Mr. Stockton.

PHIL
You tell it, Clara.

CLARA
Oh, don't be like that, Phil. Please.

LIEUTENANT MANNING
Guys... you've obviously been through something traumatic tonight. Thankfully it's over and you're both safe and sound. Maybe you should cut each other a little bit more of a break.

Phil and Clara look at each other, each letting out air. Manning's right.

PHIL
Seriously, Clara. You tell him.

CLARA
Well, we never actually "met" Mr. Stockton.
(MORE)

CLARA (CONT'D)
He was in another room on a speakerphone where these guys who kidnapped us took us. But he was obviously the one pulling the strings.

PHIL
Who is this Stockton guy anyway?

LIEUTENANT MANNING
(writing)
Let me fill you in on all that later. Now, why would he have wanted to kidnap you two?

CLARA
Honestly, you wouldn't believe this, but it's because we sat down at the wrong table tonight for dinner.

LIEUTENANT MANNING
(looks up, interested)
Really? The wrong table?

CLARA
We pretended to be someone else who didn't show up for their reservations. My idea. And it turned out that these people must have something this Mr. Stockton wants.

LIEUTENANT MANNING
Do you know what?

CLARA
(shrugs)
Photos.

Lieutenant looks up, interested, then writes again.

LIEUTENANT MANNING
That's all you know?

Phil and Clara look at each other. Nod.

LIEUTENANT MANNING
(CONT'D)
OK. I'm just confused about one thing. When you took this other reservation, how did you know for sure that the real Gales weren't going to show up late?

CLARA
(beat)
Excuse me?

LIEUTENANT MANNING
How were you so sure the Gales weren't going to show up if you don't know them at all?

Clara looks down at the table, furrowing her brow.

PHIL
Clara?

CLARA
Sorry. I... I lost my train of thought.

PHIL
Well, I can pick things up then.

Phil notices Clara giving him a LOOK.

PHIL (CONT'D)
What? Why are you looking at me like that?

CLARA
(intensifying the look)
I'm not looking at you like anything.

He doesn't pick up on it. Shrugs.

PHIL
OK, well, I had the same question for her when we sat down, which she thought was crazy-

Rubbing her forehead, Clara KICKS Phil's leg HARD under the table.

PHIL (CONT'D)
OW! Jesus!

Clara stink-eyes Phil AGAIN, trying to get the message across.

PHIL (CONT'D)
And there's that look again!

CLARA
No look! No. Looking. At all.

RINGING. Lieutenant Manning reaches into his jacket pocket and checks the number on the cellphone. He hops up.

LIEUTENANT MANNING
Can you excuse me a moment?

Lieutenant Manning gets up and exits the room. Clara goes to the window in the door and watches him walk down the hall to his office as he talks on the phone. Phil puts his leg on the table, pulling up his pant leg to inspect.

PHIL
OK, I'm not dense, Clara. That was not an accident and if those weren't looks-

CLARA
Phil, we're in trouble.

PHIL
What are you talking about?

CLARA
He's in on this. He's got something to do with it.

PHIL
The police guy? Clara, that's totally paranoid-

CLARA
I never told him about the Gales.

PHIL
What do you mean?

CLARA
He said, "How did you know the Gales weren't coming." I never told him that was the name of the reservation we took.

PHIL
Well, maybe I said it to the other guy.

CLARA
He didn't take the other guy's notes, Phil. Remember?

It hits Phil as well.

PHIL
Oh God.

CLARA
How do we get out of here?

INT. MANNING'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Manning talks in his office.

LIEUTENANT MANNING
Uh huh. I know you don't. It will be contained. Right now.

Hanging up the phone, Manning walks quickly back through the police station to the interview room. He stops in the doorway...

...it's EMPTY. Confused, he turns to an OFFICER outside at the desk.

LIEUTENANT MANNING
(CONT'D)
Where'd they go?

OFFICER
They said you were done with them.

Manning walks quickly back to his office.

Sitting behind his desk, Manning enters a password on his computer and starts typing out an ALL POINTS BULLETIN.

We are CLOSE UP on the computer screen as the words come up ...

ALL LOCAL AND FEDERAL LAW ENFORCEMENT... PHIL AND CLARA FOSTER... FUGITIVES FROM JUSTICE... ARMED AND DANGEROUS.

INT. TOWNCAR - LATER

Clara drives as Phil scans the rearview mirror from the passenger seat.

CLARA
We can't just go to another police station, Phil! We don't know how big this is! It might not just be Manning!

PHIL
Well then we're screwed! Who do we go to? The FBI? The CIA?

CLARA
(shakes head)
They're not going to believe us over a Police Lieutenant!
(realizing)
Shit. This is their car, Phil. We gotta lose it too.

Searching the street, Clara spots a OPEN PARKING SPACE. She whips the wheel around, trying to parallel park into the space.

PHIL
You've got it, Clara. Spin it back now!

CLARA
Phil, just let me do it, OK?

She spins too late and too severely, hitting the curb.

CLARA (CONT'D)
Dammit! I hate this!

PHIL
It's all right. You just should have spun it when I told you to.

Flustered, she pulls back out and tries again.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Now turn! Quick!

CLARA
Would you stop it? You're stressing me out!

Angry, Clara whips the car back into the spot, NAILING the car behind them and setting off a loud CAR ALARM WITH FLASHING LIGHTS.

Hearing the alarm, a LARGE MAN rushes out of a restaurant nearby, looking at them.

LARGE MAN
Hey! You just hit my car!

The Large Man stomps toward them.

PHIL
Run!

Phil and Clara get out of the car and run away on foot. The Large Man marches over and inspects his bumper, then yells after them.

LARGE MAN
Assholes!

EXT. ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

They catch their breath in the alley.

PHIL
OK. So we've got no car. They know where we live. So where can we-
(realizes something)
Oh shit.

Clara's eyes go wide as it hits her as well.

CLARA
Ollie.

Phil takes out his cellphone and quickly dials, listening as Ruth PICKS UP.

RUTH (PHONE)
Hello?

Suddenly, GUNSHOTS RING OUT over the phone.

PHIL
Oh God! Ruth! Is everything OK?

RUTH (PHONE)
No it's not, Phil!

PHIL
What's wrong?

INT. RUTH'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Feet up, Ruth eats Fiddle Faddle as she watches an action-packed CHASE SCENE on TV.

RUTH
It's CSI night! Call after 11!

Ruth hangs up the phone, shaking her head, and takes another mouthful of Fiddle Faddle.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Phil looks at the phone, incredulous.

CLARA
What's wrong?

PHIL
(stunned)
It's CSI night.

CLARA
What? Just call her again and tell her what's happened!

Phil dials the number again. Ruth picks up.

PHIL
Ruth, I need you to listen. We've got a situation here-

INT. RUTH'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

RUTH
We sure do Phil! We sure do!

Ruth slams the phone down and pulls out the phone cord so she won't be bothered again.

EXT. ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Clara tries on her phone, then hangs up, frustrated.

CLARA
Great, Phil. Now she's not picking up at all!

PHIL
You think this is my fault, don't you?

CLARA
(sighs)
No. I just don't know why you two can't get along is all.

PHIL
You know, your Mom shows me no respect, Clara. And you just pretend like it isn't happening.

CLARA
So you think it's my fault. Listen, Phil. Every single other boyfriend I ever dated got along with her just-
(realizing)
Wait a minute! Holbrooke Peterson!

PHIL
What?

Clara starts looking through her purse for her phone.

CLARA
Holbrooke Peterson does something hush hush with the FBI! I think he even lives down here.

PHIL
Holbrooke Peterson? You mean the tongue guy?

CLARA
What?

PHIL
Holbrooke was your prom date who you said had the really long tongue, right?

CLARA
(giggles)
Oh yeah.
(catching herself, shrugs casually)
Uh, yeah... something like that...

She finds her phone and dials.

PHIL
Since when have you been in touch with Holbrooke Peterson?

CLARA
(shrugs)
We found each other on Facebook.

PHIL
Facebook? I didn't know you were on Facebook!

CLARA
It's a networking thing for work. Everyone's on Facebook.

PHIL
Oh yeah? Who else are you "in touch" with on Facebook?

CLARA
(into phone)
Hello? Holbrooke? Thank God you're there. It's Clara Foster...

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER THAT NIGHT

HOLBROOKE PETERSON, a thoroughbred of a man in his mid-30's, opens the door to his candlelit apartment with a smile to find Phil and Clara.

HOLBROOKE
Wow! Clara! You look exactly the same!

CLARA
So do you!

He gives her a big, tight hug, lifting her a little.

HOLBROOKE
Mmmm. You feel exactly the same too.

Phil double-takes. Did he hear him right?

CLARA
This is my husband, Phil.

HOLBROOKE
Ah! The man who actually landed Clara.

Holbrooke gives Phil the up and down with a winning smile and holds out his hand.

HOLBROOKE (CONT'D)
Philly Cheese Steak. Nice to meet you.

PHIL
Um... yeah... I don't go by... it's just Phil. Nice to meet you, too.

HOLBROOKE
Well, c'mon in. If you don't mind, take off your shoes.

CLARA
Oh. Sure.

HOLBROOKE
Cuts down on the cleaning. Which cuts down on the use of all those chemicals and plastics, blah blah blah. Reduces my CF.

PHIL
CF?

HOLBROOKE
Carbon footprint.

PHIL
Oh. The environmental thing.

HOLBROOKE
(chuckles)
Yeah, the "environmental thing," Phil.

As they walk into the apartment in their socks, they notice the whole place is filled with reclaimed and recycled furniture and LIT WITH CANDLES.

CLARA
How beautiful. Oh, the candles... Did we interrupt something-

HOLBROOKE
Oh, no. I just took myself off the grid a few weeks ago.

PHIL
The grid?

HOLBROOKE
Power grid. I actually have a negative carbon footprint now. Making up for, you know, all you "Phil"-i-stines in the suburbs.

Holbrooke chuckles. Phil's about to say something when a look from Clara reminds him to bite his lip. Holbrooke gestures to some cardboard furniture.

HOLBROOKE (CONT'D)
So have a seat.

Holbrooke starts to sit down himself, then makes a show of taking a LARGE GUN out of his shoulder holster and putting it on the table.

PHIL
Whoa. You carry that around at home?

HOLBROOKE
Yeah. I'm supposed to sleep with her under my pillow.
(shrugs)
Wish I didn't have to, but I just see it as... I carry the weight so citizens like yourselves don't have to.

CLARA
It's so funny. I always knew you'd end up doing something in public service.

HOLBROOKE
(shrugs humbly)
I don't know. That's just how I roll.

Phil looks to Clara - can you get a load of this guy, but Clara's focused on Holbrooke.

HOLBROOKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Yeah, unfortunately, Terrence Stockton is not a man you want to get on the wrong side of.

INT. HOLBROOKE'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Phil watches as Holbrooke licks the salt allllll the way around his Margarita glass with his extra long tongue. Clara listens intently, eating some jicama slices from a platter on the table in front of them.

HOLBROOKE
He's like a *Nicaraguan* turtle - keeps his head deep in his shell unless he absolutely has to stick it out. Those photos must be really important to him.
(MORE)

HOLBROOKE (CONT'D)
(noticing)
More *jicama*, Clara? And sure no *Margarita* to calm your nerves?

CLARA
No thanks, I'm fine.

Holbrooke picks up the plate and Margarita glass, then crosses to his INDOOR COMPOSTER, adding the extra liquid and scraps.

CLARA (CONT'D)
What does Stockton do?

HOLBROOKE
Officially, he runs a bunch of these exclusive private clubs downtown where his high powered friends go to let their hair down. Has one place called Le Passage, another called The Rainbow-

CLARA
The Rainbow! Stockton asked how we got in there to set things up!

HOLBROOKE
(nods)
Interesting. I've had some of my guys looking into Stockton for years, but nothing ever sticks to him. He's very careful - ties up his loose ends and covers his tracks. But with this... he might have accidentally left himself open.
(beat)
The thing we need to do now is keep you two safe. I'm going to call the office, put you under some protection until we figure out the best game plan.

CLARA
Should we be worried about our son?

HOLBROOKE
(shakes his head)
Wouldn't be Stockton's pattern to risk making this any larger than it is. Where is he?

CLARA
He's staying at my mother's.

HOLBROOKE
(smiles warmly)
Aw, how is Ruth? Always thought the world of her.

CLARA
And she of you.

As it comes out of her mouth, Clara realizes and guiltily looks over at Phil BRISTLING. Holbrooke goes to a pile of already used sheets of paper and picks one up along with a pen.

HOLBROOKE
I'll just need your full names and your socials so I can get the paperwork started at the bureau. Not yours, Clara. Know that by heart.

Both Phil and Clara are taken aback.

HOLBROOKE (CONT'D)
(chuckles)
Just kidding. But I'm sure Phil-a-buster knows 'em both, right?

Phil looks on both sides of the paper Holbrooke hands him.

PHIL
Uh... there's already writing all over this.

HOLBROOKE
(big eyed)
Does another tree <u>really</u> need to die for me to get your socials, Phil?

Phil bites his tongue yet again, squeezing the writing into a side of the paper.

HOLBROOKE (CONT'D)
So just one kid, guys? What's keeping you? Clocks ticking Clara - tickety tock tock.

PHIL
(writing)
Yeah, well, that's a topic for another-

HOLBROOKE
It's just that by now, you and I woulda had a whole brood.

PHIL
(under his breath)
That's... charming.

Phil scoots the paper back to Holbrooke, who squints and dramatically turns it sideways.

HOLBROOKE
Whew! Paging Dr. Illegible, Dr. Illegible to Emergency!

Holbrooke and Clara burst into laughter. Phil is stonefaced.

HOLBROOKE (CONT'D)
L.O.L., right?
(thinking he doesn't understand)
It's because you're writing's hard to read, Phil, and everyone knows how when doctors write things down-

PHIL
No. Yeah. I get it.

Holbrooke makes a big show of putting his gun back in his holster as he gets up.

HOLBROOKE
We'll have you stay at the bureau for the night. Safer for you.

CLARA
Thank you so much, Holbrooke.
(sighs, relieved)
I feel like we're in good hands for the first time tonight.

As Holbrooke goes into the other room to call, Clara lets out a sigh of relief then notices Phil's mood.

CLARA (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

PHIL
I don't know. Maybe I should have had one of Holbrooke's *Neeegeragwwan maaaarrrrghereeeeetas.*

INT. CAR - LATER

With Clara and Holbrooke in the front seat and Phil crammed in the back, they pull up and park at the FBI building.

PHIL
It smells like french fries back here.

HOLBROOKE
Car runs on cooking oil. I just go around to restaurants and recycle their old fry oil.

CLARA
Wow!

Phil's really had enough with this guy.

PHIL
Your goodness... where does it end?

Clara shoots Phil a look in the back, but Holbrooke doesn't get his sarcasm.

HOLBROOKE
(shrugs)
How I roll. Now for some reason they wanted us to come in the back entrance.

He makes a big show of putting his gun back in his shoulder strap before getting out of the car.

INT. FBI WINDOW

Through the window, we see Holbrooke, Phil, and Clara walking toward the back of the building.

In the foreground, A SHADOWY GUY watches them, then whispers into his walkie.

SHADOWY GUY
Positions.

INT. FBI BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Holbrooke uses a KEYCARD on his keychain with a flourish to enter the rear of the building, then leads Phil and Clara through the doors. Suddenly he stops and Phil and Clara FREEZE behind them.

At the other end of the hallway, an FBI UNIT in bulletproof gear trains their weapons on the three of them. AGENT #1 in the center, obviously the agent in charge, yells to them.

AGENT #1
Continue slowly down the hallway. No sudden movements. Are they armed, Peterson?

HOLBROOKE
Uh, no...

PHIL
What the hell's going on?

HOLBROOKE
I don't know.

PHIL
Well, tell them to stand down.

HOLBROOKE
Uh...

PHIL
Tell your men to stand down, Holbrooke.

AGENT #1
His men?

The Agents look at each other and chuckle.

AGENT #2
What do you want us to do, Holbrooke? Reformat our hard drives?

AGENT #3
Our badass I.T. guy!

The laughter builds.

CLARA
I.T. guy?

HOLBROOKE
OK... I'm not the "I.T. guy." I help out with computer questions out of kindness! But see if that happens anymore, Harold!

AGENT #1
Alright, enough. Point is, Agent Peterson scored tonight. When I typed in those socials, an APB shot up with a whole laundry list on these guys.

PHIL
What?

CLARA
That crooked cop did it! It's a lie!

AGENT #1
It's your booking, Peterson. We're just here to back you up.

CLARA
Holbrooke...

Holbrooke looks nervously between the Agents and Phil and Clara. He turns to them, taking Clara's arm.

HOLBROOKE
Listen guys. I'll just book you and then tomorrow we can straighten the whole-

CLARA
(pulling arm away)
What? Oh no you're not!

Oooohs from the Agents.

AGENT #3
You just gonna take that, Peterson?

HOLBROOKE
(pressured)
All right. Didn't want to have to-

Holbrooke reaches into his holster to whip out his gun...

...but BOBBLES it and it falls to the ground, right at Phil's feet. Looking down, Phil instinctively GRABS IT, holding the gun to Holbrooke's head.

PHIL
All right! Nobody move or he gets it!

Clara's STUNNED. The Agents look at each other, but don't seem overly concerned.

AGENT #1
Holbrooke has a gun? Why does he even <u>have</u> a gun?

HOLBROOKE
(to Phil)
Listen, man. I'm not that important. I'm really not. I'm not the IT guy but I'm just one step above him! No reason to do something rash, all right?

AGENT #3
You think it's even loaded?

AGENT #2
I don't.

HOLBROOKE
(freaked)
It's loaded, guys! It's loaded!

PHIL
I'm not screwing around!

HOLBROOKE
He's not screwing around! He's not screwing around!

Pulling a terrified Holbrooke, Phil and Clara back toward the rear exit of the building. They try the door, but it's locked.

PHIL
Keycard.

HOLBROOKE
What?

A FEW FBI AGENTS
He wants your keycard.

PHIL
Thanks. He and I, the communication isn't great...

Getting the keychain from Holbrooke, Phil uses the keycard then lets it fall to the floor as the door unlocks and they back outside.

EXT. FBI BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Phil and Clara back away, keeping Holbrooke between them and the agents. Through the door, Agents slowly creep down the hallway after them, guns trained.

HOLBROOKE
Seriously, Phil. I'm a bad shield. I promise.

CLARA
Wow, Phil!

Phil feels a little pumped up with Clara's praise.

PHIL
Just give me your car keys, Holbrooke. When we're about to drive off we'll let you go.

HOLBROOKE
Uh, they were on the keychain.

PHIL
What?

HOLBROOKE
The keychain you dropped with the keycard inside. The keys were on that.

And so the hero falls...

PHIL
Shit.

CLARA
Dammit, we'll never outrun them.

Searching around, Phil eyes the KEYCARD PANEL outside the entrance. He aims the gun and FIRES, MISSING BADLY. Both he and Holbrooke cover their ears.

HOLBROOKE
AH!

PHIL
YOW! Man is that loud!

As the Agents run toward the door, Clara quickly grabs the gun from Phil and shoots, nailing the lock.

PHIL (CONT'D)
(stunned, looks at her)
How are you so good at that?

The Agents try the door, but are LOCKED IN. Agent #1 tells his men to stand back and tries shooting the glass, but it's BULLETPROOF. He gestures and all the Agents rush around to the front.

CLARA
We gotta get going! Quick!

PHIL
Where?

They both look around, unsure.

HOLBROOKE
Across the bridge a few blocks down that street there's an entrance to the Green Line subway. Get on it and you can get anywhere in this city.

Phil and Clara look at him, confused.

PHIL
Aren't you supposed to be our hostage?

HOLBROOKE
(sighs)
Whatever. I don't know. Sure. What's the difference? I'm never gonna get out from behind that desk now anyway. I lost my gun! I dropped it in front of everybody!

PHIL
It wasn't so much of a drop. It was more of a... bobble.

CLARA
Yeah, a bobble's not as bad...

HOLBROOKE
Listen, if you just leave me here I can tell them you ran the other way. It'll buy you time to get there. And maybe I can work on clearing all this up for you.

Phil and Clara look at each other, then start to run away. Suddenly Phil stops, thinking.

CLARA
What?

PHIL
Let me have the gun.

As Clara gives it to him, Phil quickly runs back and hands it to Holbrooke

PHIL (CONT'D)
Here. Tell them you got it back from us.

Holbrooke takes back his gun, grateful.

HOLBROOKE
Thanks, Phil.

As Phil runs back, Clara takes in the nice gesture of her husband.

EXT. STREET TO BRIDGE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

A lit up raucous PARTY BOAT in a canal starts to pass under a roadway bridge up ahead as Phil and Clara, trying to stay in the shadows, walk quickly toward it. Phil glances back over their shoulders - the road is DESERTED.

PHIL
It's just on the other side of that bridge. I think we're going to make it.

He notices Clara looking at him.

PHIL (CONT'D)
What?

CLARA
Nothing. That was just nice of you, back there.
(beat)
This is crazy, but you know what I'm reminded of right now?

PHIL
The Bourne Identity?

CLARA
I'm talking about <u>right</u> now. When we used to walk home late at night after going downtown to the clubs. We couldn't ever find a cab, remember? We'd grab those "healthy" dogs and cheese fries at the Weiner's Circle and go to the Adler Planetarium to watch the sunrise.

PHIL
Where I held your hand for the first time.

CLARA
I can't believe we used to stay up all night like that.

PHIL
It's because we could sleep 'til noon.

CLARA
(smiles slyly)
If I remember correctly, we weren't always "sleeping."

Beat as they share the moment together, walking.

PHIL
I just don't understand when we got so... I don't know...

CLARA
Old.

PHIL
No, I was thinking numb. When did we become one of those couples that we used to look at in restaurants back then and think were so sad?

CLARA
We're not that bad, Phil. I just think we haven't been that honest with each other recently.

Phil doesn't understand.

CLARA (CONT'D)
Not big things. Just little things that keep adding up and putting this thing between us.
(beat)
Like the fact I know you never want to talk about us having this other baby.

PHIL
It's not that I don't want another kid, Clara. It's just... I used to be the whole pie with you. And now with Ollie and your work, I'm barely even a piece of the pie anymore. I'm, like, maybe a pecan on a piece of the pie! So part of me's not jumping at the chance of having the little pecan I have left of your attention going into some new baby's mouth!

CLARA
But that's crazy, Phil. When you're home you're the one who seems like your hardly even there! It's all about your work. Believe me, if you-

Clara suddenly notices a POLICE CAR, lights off, drive past them over the bridge.

CLARA (CONT'D)
Shit!

PHIL
I think we're OK. Just play cool and keep walking.

The patrol car continues across and down the street. Phil and Clara breathe a sigh of relief.

Then suddenly, a few blocks down, BRAKE LIGHTS. The patrol car turns around and TURNS ON ITS LIGHTS, zooming back toward them.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Now you can say shit.

Phil looks around - they're in the middle of the bridge with no place to run. Then he notices the lit up PARTY BOAT coming out the other side of the bridge beneath them.

PHIL (CONT'D)
If we jump it's only a few feet.

CLARA
What? Are you high? No way.

But looking again at the patrol car speeding toward them, Phil grabs Clara and dashes for the side of the bridge.

CLARA (CONT'D)
AH!

As she's YANKED OVER THE SIDE, Clara CLUTCHES onto the railing. With Phil hanging onto her other arm, they DANGLE above the water and the boat.

CLARA (CONT'D)
Ahhh! Are you CRAZY!?!

PHIL
Let go, Clara!

CLARA
No!

A GROUP of DRUNKEN PARTIERS on the boat, spotting them, cheer below. Some even take FLASH PICTURES. Phil looks down - if they don't let go soon they're literally going to miss the boat.

PHIL
Let go or I'm going to tickle you!

CLARA
(dead serious)
No you're not, Phil. We have a rule! No tickling. I'm not-

He reaches up and TICKLES Clara under her arm. She giggles.

CLARA (CONT'D)
(laughing)
Ah! Stop it, Phil! Ah! It's not funny! I mean- Stop it! Ah!

Clara can't hold on any longer...

EXT. BOAT

They land - THUMP! - onto the top deck of the boat, both groaning as they roll back and forth while the Drunken Partiers CHEER and FLASH PHOTOS.

PHIL
Ow! I think I broke my butt.

CLARA
OW! OW! Dammit, Phil! What's our rule about tickling?

PHIL
I'm sorry! I didn't do it for pleasure!

CLARA
What is our rule?

PHIL
(blandly recites)
"It's only funny if it's funny for the both of us."

CLARA
Right! And guess what? It wasn't funny for me, Phil!

Clara gets up and storms off, clutching her arm. Walking down the side of the boat, she passes a MAN down on one knee in front of an EXCITED WOMAN, who nods, accepting his proposal.

CLARA (CONT'D)
(marching past)
Big mistake!

They look at her, stunned.

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE BOAT - MOMENTS LATER

Phil limps along, finally finding Clara alone and calmed down, looking out over the rear of the boat. He comes next to her. Beat.

PHIL
How's your elbow?

CLARA
(sighs)
It's OK. How's your butt?

PHIL
Well, for jumping off a bridge onto a moving boat, not so bad.
(shakes head)
I can't even fucking believe this is happening to us.

CLARA
You know, we're kind of running out of options.

PHIL
Maybe we could just hide or something until this all blows over.

CLARA
What makes you think it ever will?

PHIL
Then maybe we should just turn ourselves in.

CLARA
(sighs)
Imagine what it's going to be like for Ollie when everyone hears about this tomorrow. I bet our pictures are going to be all over the papers.

Phil nods, gazing out. Then suddenly an idea comes to him.

PHIL
Wait. What if we found the pictures?

CLARA
What do you mean?

PHIL
These pictures that everyone's after. If we could get them we'd have some kind of bargaining chip to get out of this.

CLARA
But then we'd have to find the Gales. We don't know anything about them.

PHIL
(thinks)
Except.... the Rainbow.

CLARA
(catching on)
The pictures have something to do with that place!

PHIL
Yeah, but even so, Holbrooke said these clubs are so secret you have to know where they are and how to get in-

Clara rummages through her purse and grabs her phone, dialing, then notices Phil looking out, shaking his head.

CLARA
What?

PHIL
You're not listening to me again!

CLARA
"You have to know where they are and how to get in-"

PHIL
That's great. Clara wanna cracker?

CLARA
I'm calling because of what you said, Phil. I know who can help us.

Clara dials the number.

CLARA (CONT'D)
Hey Jane, it's Clara.
(listens)
Where am I?
(beat, looks around)
I'm... I'm on a party cruise around Chicago. Oh yeah. It is turning into quite a night. Listen, we need to go to this club called the Rainbow later. Do you know how we can get in?

Clara looks at Phil, excited, and nods as she plugs her ear and listens. Phil watches her until he notices the boat IS TURNING. He looks around the side.

A slew of POLICE CARS on the shore. He taps Clara.

PHIL
Clara....

Clara turns and looks.

CLARA
Oh shoot. You know what Jane? I've actually gotta jump off right now.

INT. TOUR BOAT - LATER

POLICE swarm all over the tour boat, checking every compartment. A DRUNKEN PARTIER shows Lieutenant Manning SNAPSHOTS of Phil and Clara landing, groaning, and arguing on the back of his digital camera. A POLICEMAN comes up to Manning and shakes his head.

LIEUTENANT MANNING
Check again.

Manning pockets the camera and starts to walk away.

PARTIER
Hey! That's mine, man!

LIEUTENANT MANNING
Evidence.

The Partier mumbles "Asshole" as he stumbles off.

Manning sighs and looks out over the water.

EXT. STREET - LATER

It's WINDY and COLD as Phil and Clara, soaked, squeak and slosh down the street. Clara, missing one heel, dumps water out of her purse as she checks her cellphone.

CLARA
Mine's totally shot too.

PHIL
You got the info from her though, right?

CLARA
Yeah, but we can't get in looking like this, Phil.

PHIL
I don't think we have a choice. Not a big shopping hour.

They walk past the 24 CHICAGO FITNESS CENTER, lights blazing. Windows show machines filled with young HARDBODIES working out.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Now if we wanted to do a little cardio, on the other hand. Who knew that many people worked out at 1 in the morning?

Clara thinks a moment, then stops in her tracks and looks back up at the building.

PHIL (CONT'D)
You wanna do a little cardio?

Clara smirks at him, then Phil, thinking, gets it. He shakes his head.

PHIL (CONT'D)
OK, now that's scary. You know you're starting to think like a real criminal? You know that, don't you?

Clara waggles her eyebrows. We hear Devo's "Secret Agent Man" over a MONTAGE.

INT. 24 HOUR FITNESS CENTER - MONTAGE

- Phil and Clara walk up to the front counter, where the GYM GREETER boredly watches TV. They say something and the Greeter waves them through without looking up. As they hurry on, the Greeter's TV goes to a PROMO TEASER for the local late night news: a SNAPSHOT of Phil and Clara from the boat with a caption that reads: BONNIE AND CLOD?!?

- In the MEN'S LOCKER ROOM, Phil pulls at the COMBINATION LOCKS, searching for an open locker. Unable to find one, he picks up a bench to throw it at them when TWO JOCKS in workout clothes walk in and look at him strangely as he holds the bench. Phil moves the bench back and forth, pretending it's part of his EXERCISE ROUTINE.

- In the WOMEN'S LOCKER ROOM, Clara, wrapped in a towel, blows out her hair at the mirror. An ATTRACTIVE THIN WOMAN walks behind her toward the showers and they smile at each other in the mirror. As the THIN WOMAN disappears behind the shower glass, Clara makes a MAD DASH for the lockers.

- Back in the MEN'S LOCKER ROOM, Phil lingers as a MAN IN A DARK SUIT undresses, getting ready to work out. As the man is about to lock his locker, Phil rushes up to him, excitedly telling him something and pointing outside. The man, confused, exits, and Phil MOVES IN, quickly undressing.

- The Attractive Thin Woman comes back to her locker and opens it. Her face drops. Inside hang CLARA'S DRIPPING CLOTHES.

- OUTSIDE THE GYM, Phil, looking slick in a colored shirt and black suit, walks quickly around the corner, then stops, stunned. Clara, waiting for him with her hair blown out and in a tight fitting RED FLAPPER DRESS with RED HEELS, looks AMAZING. From her expression, she feels the same about Phil.

EXT. ALLEY - LATER

Looking both ways, Phil and Clara walk nervously down a dark, derelict alley.

PHIL
Down here?

JANE
It's what she said.

PHIL
And if you die, does Jane get your commission on the open house?

Up ahead, a TWO SHADY LOOKING CHARACTERS huddle near a bunch of GARBAGE CANS watching them, a SMALL FIRE nearby. Nervously, Clara approaches.

CLARA
Excuse me?

The Men shoot her a fierce look.

CLARA (CONT'D)
Um... do you know which is the way back to Kansas?

They eye her, then inspect Phil up and down. One of them LUNGES, and Phil jumps back...

... but he's moving aside some trash cans, revealing a RAINBOW COLORED STAIRWAY going down.

SHADY GUY #1
Welcome to the Rainbow.

INT. THE RAINBOW - LATER

Reaching the bottom of the stairway, Phil and Clara, amazed, take in THE RAINBOW.

It's a CAVERNOUS ABANDONED SUBWAY STATION that's been converted into a GLAMOROUS CLUB. The place is PACKED with an elite looking CROWD. Everything in the room - the carpet, the tapestries, the clothes of the waitstaff - is EMERALD GREEN.

Phil and Clara nod at each other then separate, disappearing into the mix.

INT. ANOTHER PART OF THE RAINBOW - SAME

Phil looks around, amazed as he wanders between BLACKJACK and BACCARAT tables, where well-to-do OLDER guests gamble large sums of money, fast looking WOMEN cheering them on.

VOICE (O.S.)
If you wanna be pissed at anyone about it, be pissed at Stockton....

Hearing the name, Phil spots a BALDING MAN talking to 2 other MEN at one of the tables. He lingers closer.

BALDING MAN
You know, rumor is he's behind the whole mess. Raking it in on both ends.

MAN #1
What do you mean?

BALDING MAN
Hush hush shell companies he owns. One of them hires all the construction inspectors. Another he's got rents all the construction equipment. The more one slows things down with violations, the more the other takes to the bank.

The Balding Man leans in and speaks more quietly, causing Phil to lean in even more.

BALDING MAN (CONT'D)
My guess is he's trying to screw up Mayor Diggs' reelection. Imagine what someone like him could do if he got someone less "squeaky clean" in the Mansion.

The Balding Man suddenly notices Phil listening. Phil pastes on an excited face.

PHIL
It is you! Gale, right?

BALDING MAN
What?

PHIL
Sorry. From the side... confused you with somebody else.

Phil quickly moves on.

INT. ANOTHER PART OF THE RAINBOW - SAME

Clara talks to a BUSY BARTENDER at the bar as he scrambles to fill drink orders.

BARTENDER
Don't really get many names.

CLARA
Thanks anyway.

With a sigh, Clara starts away from the bar, when she FREEZES.

Through the crowd, FRANK and HARRY walk right toward her - but they haven't seen her yet. Clara spots the KITCHEN DOORS nearby and rushes through.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Clara peeks out through the double door windows. Frank and Harry continue through the crowd, unaware.

VOICE (O.S.)
Watch it!

Clara quickly hugs a large bulletin board covered with pictures and time schedules as a WAITER carries a large tray of food past her.

As she moves off the wall, some papers drop. Clara pins them back on, when something else on the bulletin board catches her eye...

...Among all the snapshots of staff scattered on the bulletin board is a picture of a backyard party with a whole group of laughing young people, and the middle of the picture, smiling at the camera....

...is THE NERVOUS WOMAN FROM THE SIGNATURE ROOM BATHROOM.

Clara pulls the picture off the wall. She catches a WAITRESS coming back through the double doors.

CLARA
Excuse me. Does she work here?

WAITRESS
Dora? I guess she still does. Hasn't been showing up lately, though.

CLARA
Do you know where I can find her?

WAITRESS
You could try back tomorrow, see if she-

CLARA
No. I need to find her tonight.

WAITRESS
Did you try Ray's place?

CLARA
Ray?

WAITRESS
That sleazebag boyfriend of hers. He's got that place a few blocks from here where he used to throw those after work parties.

CLARA
Do you remember where it is?

INT. ANOTHER PART OF THE RAINBOW

Phil scans the crowds, back and forth.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Phil!

Hearing his name, Phil nervously turns. MR. RIVERS and GEORGE stand together in a corner.

PHIL
(to himself)
Shit.

MR. RIVERS
This is a surprise! What are you doing down here?

PHIL
Uh... well, same thing as you guys, I would guess. Working those "extra hours," right?

CLARA (O.S.)
Phil!

Clara, looking amazing in her red flapper dress, weeds through the crowd. Mr. Rivers and George take her in, obviously impressed.

CLARA (CONT'D)
Phil, we gotta go. I found out where-

PHIL
(interrupting)
Clara, you remember Mr. Rivers?

Clara suddenly notices Phil's boss.

CLARA
Oh. Oh. Yeah.

GEORGE
And I'm George.

CLARA
Sorry, but I've got to steal him. We've gotta be somewhere else right now.

MR. RIVERS
At 2 in the morning? Where are you guys headed?

PHIL
(beat)
I'm sorry, Mr. Rivers. We really can't talk about it.

Phil and Clara move off quickly through the crowd as Mr. Rivers watches the handsome, dressed up couple, intrigued.

MR. RIVERS
Phil Foster with places to go he can't talk about at 2 in the morning.
(thoughtful)
(MORE)

MR. RIVERS (CONT'D)
You know what makes kangaroos so damn dangerous, George? They look so sweet and tame, so you forget they're wild animals. Lethal when they want to be.

George, not fully understanding, chuckles and holds out his hand for another handshake, but Mr. Rivers, still watching Phil, LEAVES HIM HANGING.

INT. CLOSEUP ON A TV MONITOR

A TV MONITOR IMAGE of Phil and Clara making their way through the crowd to the exit.

In the dark room, Frank and Harry look expectantly to the well dressed man in a dark suit, who absently twirls with two metal balls in his hand.

MR. STOCKTON
See where they take you.

EXT. RUN DOWN ROW HOUSE - A LITTLE LATER

Phil and Clara knock on the door of a the deserted looking row house. No answer. Clara tries the door...

PHIL
That never really-

...it OPENS. She shoots Phil a look.

PHIL (CONT'D)
OK. Never mind.

Phil and Clara inch inside.

INT. RUN DOWN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

As they start down the dark hallway to the living room, Phil hunches over, hugging the wall.

CLARA
Why are you bent over like that?

PHIL
I'm sneaking.

CLARA
But why don't you just walk normally and quietly?

PHIL
This is the way I sneak. You sneak in your way and I'll sneak in mine, OK?

CLARA
(shrugs)
OK. Fine. I was just asking.

Clara walks quietly behind crouching Phil. Reaching the living room, they spot TWO PACKED SUITCASES on the couch. Suddenly, the DOOR SLAMS behind them and RAY holds a gun to Phil's head, DORA nervously next to him.

RAY
Talk! Who are you?

PHIL
You know, that's like the 5th gun I've had to my head tonight! Just lower that thing and cool it, OK?

Off guard from Phil's reaction, Ray, confused, does.

DORA
She was in the bathroom at the restaurant!

RAY
Who are you?

PHIL
Who are we? Good question! Well, everybody thinks we're "the Gales" because we were lucky enough to take your reservation tonight!

RAY
(confused)
What? Why would you take our reservation?

Phil shoots Clara a look.

CLARA
Don't.

RAY
Both of you. Stand over there in the corner. Dammit Dora, where's your goddamn brother? He was supposed to be here an hour ago!

DORA
I don't know, Ray. He's not answering his phone.

RAY
Yeah, well, if these guys found us, how long do you think it's gonna take the other guys? We're dead! DEAD!

CLARA
Excuse me.

In the corner, Clara raises her hand. Ray eyes her strangely.

CLARA (CONT'D)
Sorry. I have to pee.

RAY
(flustered)
You have to pee? Now?

Clara nods. Phil shrugs.

PHIL
That's my wife.

Flustered, Ray waves Dora to take Clara.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dora talks to Clara as she washes her face in the sink.

DORA
You must just think I'm awful.

CLARA
I don't think anything about you. I just want this to be over.

DORA
Ray saw Mr. Stockton making all this money blackmailing people at the club. When he found out who was interested in me... he said it would be so easy. We'd never have to work again.

RAY (O.S.)
HOW LONG DOES IT TAKE TO PEE, GUYS?!?

DORA
We're coming!

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

Ray peeks nervously out of the window, searching the street.

PHIL
Listen, it looks like things didn't turn out the way you planned, but I think all Stockton wants is his pictures back. As soon as he gets them I bet-

RAY
Stockton's pictures? You think they're Stockton's pictures?
(smirks)
You really have no idea what you've gotten into, do you?

BOOM! The window SHATTERS and Ray and Phil hit the deck. As Ray starts blindly firing back, Phil crawls on his knees and elbows across the floor toward the bathroom.

CLARA (O.S.)
PHIL?!?!

PHIL
I'm OK! I'm OK!

Ray spots Phil crawling away and gets up, turning to him.

RAY
Hey! Get-

Suddenly, Ray is SHOT IN THE ARM through the window. He drops to the ground in pain, yelling and clutching his arm.

RAY (CONT'D)
Ahh!

Phil crabs along even faster.

INT. BATHROOM

Clara rushes to the bathroom door, pulling Phil inside and locking it.

As Clara focuses on Phil, Dora thinks fast, taking an ENVELOPE out of her purse and putting it into Clara's without them seeing.

CLARA
Oh God! Are you hit?

PHIL
No... just... a little... winded... that... crawling's... tough... on the core...

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

As Harry kicks the gun away from Ray, moaning on the floor, Frank comes to the bathroom door. He lightly raps on it, then speaks softly.

FRANK
How about you guys let me in before someone gets really hurt?

INT. BATHROOM

Dora quickly opens the window and gestures for Phil and Clara to climb through. Just as they squeeze outside...

BAM! The door handle's BLOWN OFF and Frank kicks the door in. He grabs Dora, rushing toward the window, but Phil and Clara are GONE.

FRANK
Dammit!

Frank eyes Dora, then SHOOTS HER IN THE FOOT, sending her screaming to the ground in pain.

FRANK(CONT'D)
You stay put.

He hurries back through the house.

EXT. FRONT OF RUN DOWN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Phil and Clara sprint to the street as a BUICK pulls up in front and a confused looking CHUBBY GUY steps out.

CHUBBY GUY
Hey? Which is 357 Maple Street?

PHIL
You're Dora's brother?

CHUBBY GUY
Who are you?

PHIL
You're late!

CHUBBY GUY
OK sorry! The roads are all screwed up with all this construction-

BOOM! They wince as a SHOT hits the rearview mirror of the car. All three spin to see Frank aiming his gun and marching toward them, Harry right behind him.

CHUBBY GUY (CONT'D)
Hey!

Phil quickly pushes Dora's brother aside as he and Clara hop into the Buick and PEEL OUT.

Frank and Harry SPRINT for their Towncar down the block.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Phil screeches the car around the corner.

CLARA
Phil! Careful!

Phil WHIPS the car around another bend.

CLARA (CONT'D)
Please, Phil! It's not going to do any good if you-

PHIL
(taking another sharp turn)
Clara! Please! Just leave the driving to me, OK?!? I know what I'm-

SMASH! - they HIT something head-on, SHATTERING the windshield.

Shaking glass off himself, Phil peers forward. They're face to face - nose to nose - with another broken windshield. In the driver's seat of a SOUPED UP HONDA with fiber-optic colored lights, a YOUNG BLACK DUDE stares at them in shock.

BLACK DUDE
No no no. Tell me you did <u>not</u> just do that.

PHIL
Shit!

The Black Dude gets out of his car to inspect, head in hands.

BLACK DUDE
Oh, man! You did <u>not</u> just do that! Whew, you gonna be payin' for this!

PHIL
I owe you one.

Phil throws the car into reverse, but his tires just screech smoke, the wheels spinning in place.

Looking out his window toward the front, Phil sees that THE SMASHED FRONT GRILL OF THEIR CAR HAS INTERLOCKED WITH THE SMASHED FRONT GRILL OF THE BLACK DUDE'S HONDA.

The Black Dude comes toward him.

BLACK DUDE
Oh no no no. You're gonna get outta this car and hand me over a license and some insurance. We gonna do this right. Man, I think I got whiplash and shit.

A SCREECH. Phil looks back to see FRANK AND HARRY'S TOWNCAR coming around the corner.

PHIL
Shit.

Thinking fast, Phil jumps out of his car and hops into the Black Dude's souped up Honda.

BLACK DUDE
Hey! HEY! What do you think you're doing?

The Black Dude chases after him, trying the driver's door, but Phil's LOCKED it. Phil yells to Clara.

PHIL
PUT IT IN REVERSE AND GUN IT, CLARA!

CLARA
What? That's insane!

Frank and Harry's car SPEEDS TOWARDS THEM. It will smash into them in seconds...

PHIL
I KNOW IT IS! BUT DO IT!

Freaked, Clara hops to the driver's seat and switches to reverse, and guns it. At the same moment, Phil steps on the gas.

The Black Dude, hanging onto the driver's door, SCREAMS as he's THROWN ONTO THE HOOD. The conjoined cars SHIMMY SHAMMY BACKWARD, just in time to dodge the Towncar. The Black Dude scrambles for his life through the windshield into the passenger's seat next to Phil.

BLACK DUDE
JESUS CHRIST! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?!!

PHIL
NOW PUT IT IN DRIVE!

CLARA
Huh?

BLACK DUDE
JESUS! JESUS!

PHIL
PUT IT IN DRIVE NOW!

CLARA
Phil, this is-

BLACK DUDE
JESUS JESUS!

PHIL
DO IT!
(to Black Dude)
AND YOU! CUT THE JESUS!

Mumbling angrily, Clara puts her car in drive and steps on it. Their cars lurch then burn asphalt as the wheels smoke and speed up in the OTHER DIRECTION. They race past Frank again, who angrily whips the Towncar around in pursuit.

Looking over his shoulder, Phil tries to steer their conjoined cars down the middle of the street, but he and Clara are out of sync and their attached cars veer wildly back and forth. They hit the curb at an angle and KNOCK DOWN a whole row of mailboxes until Phil spins his wheel, getting them back into the street.

BLACK DUDE
Just let me out, OK? You can have it!
You can have it!

PHIL
(ignoring him)
DAMMIT! TRY TO KEEP IT STRAIGHT CLARA!

CLARA
STOP YELLING AT ME!

PHIL
I'm not yelling! I'm just talking in an very animated voice!

Looking back over his shoulder again, Phil sees they're approaching the large intersection with Michigan Avenue.

PHIL (CONT'D)
OK, now when I say so, spin your wheel!
(beat)
NOW!

On his command, Clara spins her wheel sharply to the right, but it's the wrong way and their cars JACK-KNIFE across the road. An ONCOMING SUV honks desperately.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Ahhhh! Other way! Other way!

Flustered, Clara WHIPS her wheel in the other direction, and their two cars tilt up on four wheels (out of eight), barely screeching past.

Landing again and taking in a deep breath, Phil shoots her a pissed off look.

CLARA
What? You just said spin the wheel, Phil! You didn't say which way.

PHIL
Yes I did!

CLARA
No you didn't!

BLACK DUDE
She's right! You didn't!

CLARA
(vindicated)
God! Thank you! Can we take him home? I need him!

Both Phil and the Black Dude sees that the Towncar's turned onto Michigan Avenue and is still right behind them.

BLACK DUDE
Aw man!

PHIL
(to Clara)
I say our best chance is to reverse again, then use both engines to floor it as fast as we can all the way down Michigan.

CLARA
<u>Why</u> stay on Michigan?

PHIL
Why stay on Michigan? Because it's a wider street.

CLARA
It's also a busier street! I think it would be better to try to branch off.

PHIL
(sighs)
Why do you have a problem with every route I take?

Flustered, Phil turns to the Black Dude next to him to commiserate, unaware that his STEERING WHEEL DRIFTS.

PHIL (CONT'D)
She does this wherever we go! Every time!

Phil doesn't notice the LIGHTS GROWING BRIGHTER behind him.

CLARA
PHIL!

LOUD HONNNNNNNKKKKKK. Phil and the Black Dude look over their shoulders to see they're heading straight for a DELIVERY TRUCK.

PHIL, CLARA AND BLACK DUDE
AHHHH!

Phil SPINS the wheel sharply and they go SIDEWAYS, jumping the curb and soaring into MILLENNIUM PARK.

In their car following them, Frank and Harry's mouths drop.

EXT. MCCORMICK ICE RINK

The conjoined cars sail across the grass and SMASH THROUGH a barrier, landing on the MCCORMICK ICE RINK.

Their cars PINWHEEL OUT OF CONTROL across the ice. Phil, Clara, and the Black Dude are all WIDE EYED as the world is a SPINNING BLUR around them.

Finally, they hit the other side. Getting his bearings, Phil sees the Towncar has entered the park after them. He searches where to go next, then spots something.

PHIL
Clara! Reverse it, keep it straight and put your foot to the floor. Give it everything!

Clara reverses and Phil puts the car in drive and floors it. The car goes faster... faster...

BLACK DUDE
Oooh. I really wouldn't be doing that.

CLARA
Doing what? What are you doing?!?

Clara glances over her shoulder. Their heading straight toward a CONCRETE STAIRWAY.

CLARA (CONT'D)
Oh God.

PHIL
Just trust me!

The conjoined cars HIT the steps and their wheels SMOKE as the TWO ENGINES POWER TOGETHER ALL THE WAY UP THE STAIRWAY!

The Towncar tries the follow them, but its single engine doesn't have enough power. Swearing under his breath, Frank reverses back down the steps.

EXT. CLOUD GATE

Phil and the Black Guy both look back over their shoulders as they speed by Anish Kapoor's large metallic CLOUD GATE. No sign of the Towncar. The Black Guy holds up his hand for Phil.

BLACK DUDE
Ha HA! That last move was wicked, man. Wicked.

They try to give each other a fancy handshake, but Phil, the WHITEST MAN EVER, muddles it up.

PHIL
Sorry.

BLACK DUDE
It's cool.

CLARA
(spotting something)
They're back.

They peek again over their shoulders. The Towncar's driven around and is now BACK ON THEIR TAILS.

BLACK DUDE
Jesus! What the hell are you guys in trouble for?

PHIL
(sighs)
Tonight... you name it.

EXT. GREAT LAWN

Phil and Clara's conjoined cars barrel across the grass of the Great Lawn in Millennium park, then SPIN onto Columbus Drive, the Towncar giving chase.

EXT. COLUMBUS DRIVE

Phil peeks back over his shoulder then sighs, looking at Clara.

PHIL
Can we just try to work together at this?

CLARA
Phil-

PHIL
I'm not blaming you. Please?

Clara nods.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Now whatever direction I give you, take your normal version of it and tone it down like 85 percent, OK?

CLARA
Down 85 percent. Fine.

PHIL
OK. Small left. Now!

Clara breathes deeply and turns her wheel slightly left. They ZOOM around the corner.

PHIL (CONT'D)
(looking back)
Yes! That was awesome! Perfect, Clara! Now give me a medium right. Do it!

She does and they veer sharply and perfectly onto another street.

CLARA
Yes!

BLACK DUDE
Now we're cooking with fire!

PHIL
Now tiny left!

CLARA
(having fun)
You got it!

They make the slightest turn.

PHIL
Yes!
(spotting something ahead)
No.

BLACK DUDE
Oh no.

CLARA
What?

Clara turns around to look. LIGHTS FLASH as a BARRIER comes down across the road - A DRAWBRIDGE ahead is slowly rising.

Phil looks behind - the Towncar's got them closed in. The Black Dude peeks back as well, then turns to Phil.

BLACK DUDE
I say we can pop you guys up and over.

PHIL
Huh?

CLARA
Excuse me? What are you talking about, "pop you guys up and over?"

BLACK DUDE
You climb over, then we both reverse it and leadfoot the motherfuckers. Send you flying over the top.

CLARA
What? No!

Sucking in a breath, Phil hands control of the car back to the Black Dude. As the conjoined cars zoom toward the drawbridge, Phil CRAWLS ON THE ATTACHED HOODS FROM ONE WINDSHIELD TO THE OTHER, sitting next to Clara.

CLARA (CONT'D)
Phil, don't even think of it.

PHIL
We can do it, Clara.

CLARA
No, Phil. We can't! It's suicide!

BLACK DUDE
Here we go now... One... two... THREE!

CLARA
NO!

But Phil reaches over and switches the gear to reverse, stepping on Clara's foot to GUN IT.

CLARA (CONT'D)
AHHHH!

The two cars SMOKE as their wheels spin in opposite directions, then DISLODGE. Phil and Clara's car flies in reverse UP ONE SIDE OF THE DIAGONAL DRAWBRIDGE....

...and LANDS SPINNING IN A FLURRY OF SPARKS OVER ON THE OTHER SIDE, causing AIR BAGS to deploy all around Phil and Clara.

The Black Dude spins his steering wheel, jack-knifing his Honda across the road, and PUTS ON HIS SEAT BELT. Frank and Harry's eyes go wide as Frank jams on his brakes, but the Towncar CRASHES right into the Honda.

Through his broken window, the Black Dude grins at Frank and Harry.

BLACK DUDE
Hope you all got insurance.

Hitting a button, he starts a FIBER-OPTIC LIGHT SHOW on his Honda.

INT. PHIL AND CLARA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

As their car comes to a SMOKING, SPINNING STOP in the middle of the deserted road, Phil sandwiched in air bags, catches his breath.

PHIL
(invigorated)
We did it! We did it!

A DOOR SLAM. Phil moves an air bag aside to see Clara MARCHING AWAY down the street.

EXT. OTHER SIDE OF THE BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Phil rushes after Clara, trying to catch up.

PHIL
Where are you going?

CLARA
I want to make sure that at least one of our son's parents survives tonight!

PHIL
What?

CLARA
You almost just got us killed!

PHIL
I see. I almost got us killed. Forget about the people chasing and shooting at us all night long because of the reservation you stole.

CLARA
There's a difference between fleeing from people shooting at you and knowingly driving a car in reverse over an open drawbridge!

PHIL
Unbelievable! You know, all you complain about is that I don't take risks anymore. Then the second I do, you get mad at me for doing it! I can't win with you!

CLARA
Poor Phil! You have it so bad, don't you!

PHIL
Oh, you have no idea! Every single day from the moment we wake up you're bossy, disapproving, inconsiderate-

CLARA
I'm inconsiderate? I'M INCONSIDERATE?!? Have you ever seen our bathroom in the morning after Tsunami Phil's blown through? The floor! The sink! You use my toothbrush.

PHIL
What's the difference? Afraid you're gonna get my cooties?

CLARA
I want my own toothbrush, Phil! Sue me! And how many years have I asked you to do a simple thing like put the toilet paper in right?

PHIL
Listen to yourself! You have problems with how I put in the toilet paper!

CLARA
Because under makes no sense, Phil! Under makes no sense! When it's under it doesn't pull off right! It just keeps spinning and spinning and doesn't cascade properly!

(MORE)

CLARA (CONT'D)
After ten years of asking you to have it roll the right way, you still can't do it!

PHIL
Yeah, how about the fact that I have not woken up with our comforter over me once in those 10 years! You steal the whole thing away from me every night and mummify yourself.

CLARA
What? Phil, I do not "steal" the comforter. It just happens when we're-

PHIL
(points at her)
Bullshit. Bull-shit.

CLARA
Don't you point that at me!

PHIL
I see your hook leg lock maneuver. Don't think I don't!
(illustrating)
You wrap that leg around and lock the comforter down then reeeeel it in so I can't pull it at all.

CLARA
I do not leg lock the comforter!

PHIL
Oh yes you do!

CLARA
You think I don't know your little tricks? Where you leave like half a thimble of milk in the carton and put it back in the fridge so you don't have to be the one to "finish" it and replace it?

PHIL
You're right. I do that. You know why I do that, Clara?

CLARA
Because you don't want to haul your lazy ass to the market to buy it yourself!

PHIL
Because I'm afraid to! God forbid I get the wrong kind of grass-fed bio homogenized whatever and meet your wrath! You're like the Nutrition Nazi.
(MORE)

PHIL (CONT'D)
And I've got to be your little Nutrition Nazi Goebbels because we have to be this "united front" with Ollie! What's wrong if he eats two bowls of Captain Sugar instead of one? Or if his handwriting isn't perfect? Or if he goes to school for one day not dressed like Finneas J. Nerdo!

CLARA
Poor Phil. I feel so sorry for you. It must be hard having to be the cool fun parent while I get to be the one who makes sure our child's fed, clothed and SURVIVES!

PHIL
How would you even know? You don't give me or anyone else a chance! You're so goddamn controlling! You've got to be Wonder Woman, keeping everyone in line, looking down on them from her fancy Wonder Woman plane and controlling everything with all her wonder superpowers! You paint yourself as this victim but you get off on being the superlady!

CLARA
Urgh! You know <u>why</u> sometimes I don't pay attention to you, Phil? Because you give me a headache!

Clara angrily rummages through her purse then lets out a frustrated sigh.

PHIL
What? No aspirin in the <u>wonderpurse</u>? How could it be?

Clara, furious, HURLS her purse at Phil's head. He ducks and the contents spill all over the road.

CLARA
Screw you, Phil!

PHIL
Yeah, fine! Sure! Screw me! Even if I survive tonight I'm screwed all around anyway! Screwed with you! Screwed with my job!

CLARA
What are you talking about, screwed with your job?

PHIL
I was supposed to spend all tonight figuring out a new brilliant plan for the fund so George wouldn't take it over tomorrow. Doesn't look like that's gonna happen!

CLARA
Why didn't you tell me?

PHIL
I don't know, Clara. Maybe because I didn't want you chiming in on how Mr. Rivers was right. He wants the new guy for all the reasons you complain about me! Someone who doesn't "play it safe." Someone who'll "take a risk."

CLARA
I can't believe that's what you think I'd do.

PHIL
Yeah, well...
(beat)
You know, when you set up this whole "magical" night, in that dress... I got this glimmer that it was going to be like it used to be with us. But... I don't know. I guess we're just not those people anymore.

CLARA
(beat)
I guess we're not.

Shaking his head, Phil turns and walks away down the street. Clara, trying to hold it together, bends down and starts to gather the items from her purse, when something catches his eye. She picks up the MANILA ENVELOPE that Dora put in her bag.

EXT. ROADWAY - MOMENTS LATER

As Phil walks along, Clara comes running up behind him.

CLARA
Phil! Phil!

She steps in front of him, trying to catch her breath.

PHIL
I think we said all that needs to be said right now, Clara.

Panting, Clara holds out the manila envelope.

CLARA
This... this... this...

PHIL
What?

CLARA
(panting)
Side cramp.... Wow.

She hands Phil the manila envelope and bends down, trying to stop her cramp. Confused, Phil opens it and looks at the pictures inside. His brow furrows.

PHIL
What is it?

Clara looks over his shoulder, shakes her head and TURNS THE PICTURE THE OTHER WAY AROUND. Phil's eyes go wide.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Oh jeez. It's... it's...

CLARA
It's the Mayor.

Phil looks at Clara, taking it all in.

PHIL (V.O.)
I bet this didn't have anything to do with Stockton at first.

EXT. DESERTED STREETS - LATER

Phil and Clara walk quickly down the street as they piece things together.

PHIL
The Mayor must have gone to Stockton's club one night. He saw Dora working there and obviously gave some sign that he was interested.

CLARA
So much for "Mr. Squeaky Clean."

PHIL
Her sleazy boyfriend Ray finds out and convinces her to take him up on it so they could photograph it and blackmail him.

CLARA
They knew it was an election year and he would have to pay them whatever they asked.

PHIL
But somehow Stockton found out about the photos too and wanted that power over the mayor himself.

CLARA
So he sent his guys to the restaurant to intercept the Gales and get the photos.

PHIL
But Ray and Dora spotted them and bailed before the Mayor even had a chance to show up.

Phil thinks. He snaps his fingers.

CLARA
What?

PHIL
If we could find some way to get in touch with the Mayor directly, without anyone else knowing, there actually might be a way out of this for us.

Clara thinks for a moment. A light comes to her eyes.

CLARA
We can.

INT. DOORMAN BUILDING - LATER THAT NIGHT

Phil and Clara walk into the lobby of the doorman building and start toward the elevator, straight past the NIGHT DOORMAN.

DOORMAN
Whoa whoa whoa. Where do you think you're going?

CLARA
Oh, we're guests of Apartment 605.

The Doorman picks up the phone to call the apartment.

DOORMAN
And you are?

Clara looks at him in shock.

CLARA
Are you crazy? It's 4 in the morning! We were just out for dinner. Trust me.

DOORMAN
I'm not really allowed to just let you up there.

CLARA
Please. Just look at us!

The Doorman looks at Phil and Clara - a white, well dressed suburban couple.

DOORMAN
OK. Yeah. Go ahead.

The elevator door opens and they get inside.

PHIL
Have a nice night.

DOORMAN
You too.

INT. ELEVATOR

As the elevator doors close, Phil and Clara look at each other, then simultaneously slip PAPER BAGS with EYE and MOUTH HOLES over their heads.

INT. MRS. CARDIGAN'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Mrs. Cardigan, in her frilly nightgown with her eyemask pulled up on her forehead, walks through her dark living room toward the POUNDING on her front door.

PHIL (O.S.)
(through door)
GAS LEAK LADY! OPEN UP!

MRS. CARDIGAN
All right. All-

As Mrs. Cardigan opens the door, Phil and Clara, in their masks, BUM RUSH her. Screaming, Cardigan dodges, running back to her desk. Phil and Clara give chase, but Cardigan grabs a LARGE METAL YARDSTICK and starts WHOPPING PHIL over and over on his paper bag head, screaming the whole time.

MRS. CARDIGAN (CONT'D)
AHHHHH!

PHIL
OW! OW! OW!

Clara grabs her from behind, bringing her down. Phil rubs his paper bag head.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Jesus!

INT. CARDIGAN'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Having put Cardigan's eyemask back over her eyes, Clara, bag off, holds Cardigan in a chair as Phil comes back into the living room holding two spools of FUZZY YARN.

PHIL
I can't find any rope. Only yarn.

CLARA
Yarn? Fine. Just use that. I'll start looking.

Phil gets to work, wrapping the yarn over and over, tying Cardigan's arms to the back of the chair, while Clara searches Cardigan's desk.

MRS. CARDIGAN
You two weren't very prepared.

PHIL
Excuse me?

MRS. CARDIGAN
You should have been more prepared. Thought ahead and brought the rope with you.

PHIL
OK, why don't you lay off the critiquing.

MRS. CARDIGAN
It's not a critique. It's a fact.

PHIL
Oh is it a fact?

MRS. CARDIGAN
Yes. Wrong word choice.

PHIL
Wrong word choice? Unbelievable! Well, let me throw a little word choice "correction" your way.

CLARA
Partner!

PHIL
Five year old kids can't be "antagonistic."

CLARA
Partner!

Phil looks over. Clara makes the "Cut it out" gesture across her throat.

CLARA (CONT'D)
If you're done tying her up, come over and help.

Phil crosses the room and starts going through notebooks on the desk.

MRS. CARDIGAN
The name's Cardigan, not Rockefeller, if you haven't figured it out yet! What idiots!

PHIL
You must be such a positive influence on our youth.

MRS. CARDIGAN
You're one to talk!

CLARA
Partner!
(to Cardigan)
Listen, lady, just sit tight and we'll be out of here before you know it.

Phil picks up and flips quickly through a notebook, when he spots something and doubles back, starting to read. His brow furrows.

Clara, deep in her own workbook, suddenly brightens.

CLARA (CONT'D)
Got it!

She notices Phil's expression.

CLARA (CONT'D)
What?

He hands the book to Clara to read. She does and darkens.

CLARA (CONT'D)
Oliver told her he's being mean to Jenny Briggs because... he says he wants to marry her?

PHIL
(nods)
And that's what married people do.

As this hits them, Phil and Clara look at each other, then at Mrs. Cardigan, blindfolded in the living room.

MRS. CARDIGAN
(sarcastic)
What's wrong over there? No "crown jewels" yet?

CLARA
Let's make the call.

INT. MAYOR REYNOLD'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The PHONE RINGS in Mayor Reynold's bedroom. He hops up and peers at the clock - 4:30 am - then at the caller ID. CARDIGAN, L. He looks over at his wife who snores loudly with earplugs in, then picks up the phone, confused.

MAYOR DIGGS
(into phone)
Lucy? Is everything OK?

INT. CARDIGAN'S APARTMENT - SAME

On the phone in Cardigan's office, Phil is confused.

PHIL
Lucy? Who's Lucy?

MRS. CARDIGAN
I'm Lucy.

CLARA
(stunned)
You and the Mayor are on a first name basis?

MRS. CARDIGAN
You're calling our Mayor in the middle of the night?
(yells)
I had nothing to do with this Charlie!

CLARA
Charlie?!? Lucy!?!? What happened to "boundaries matter?" Huh? What happened to that, bitch?

PHIL
Hey "partner." How about <u>you</u> put a sock in it now.

MAYOR DIGGS
(phone)
Who is this?

PHIL
You don't know me, Mr. Mayor, but I've recently come into possession of something that you were supposed to get from the Gales tonight.

Silence on the line.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Hello?

MAYOR DIGGS (PHONE)
(clears throat)
And?

PHIL
And whether you realize it or not, we ended up doing you a favor. You see, this man named Mr. Stockton - I don't know if you know him-

MAYOR DIGGS (PHONE)
I know who he is.

PHIL
Well, he tried to steal the photos from the Gales. He's even got cops on his payroll helping him out. We think he was planning to sabotage your re-election.

MAYOR DIGGS (PHONE)
So what do you want for them?

PHIL
What do we want?

Phil looks at Clara.

PHIL (CONT'D)
We just want our lives back. We want to go home, Mr. Mayor.

INT. MAYOR'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Mayor looks over nervously as his wife stirs. She goes back to snoring and he whispers into the phone again.

MAYOR DIGGS
That's it?

PHIL (PHONE)
That's it.

Mayor Diggs breathes out and rubs his forehead.

MAYOR DIGGS
If you really can get me... what I was supposed to receive earlier without this getting out, I promise you I'll take care of your safety.

PHIL (PHONE)
But now the police think that-

MAYOR DIGGS
Trust me. Get me the photos and he won't be bothering you again.

INT. CARDIGAN'S OFFICE

Clara sees Phil furrow his brow, confused.

CLARA
What is it?

Phil's concentrating hard on something. Thinking.

MAYOR DIGGS (PHONE)
Hello?

PHIL
Uh... yeah. We'll meet you at the Adler Planetarium in 1 hour. Come alone.

INT. MAYOR'S BEDROOM

The Mayor rubs his forehead.

MAYOR DIGGS
Of course. And... thank you.

Click. The Mayor hangs up the phone and quietly leaves the bedroom.

INT. MAYOR REYNOLD'S HOME OFFICE

Downing a glass of scotch, the Mayor sits at his desk and lets out a sigh of relief. Beat. He picks up his desk phone and dials.

MAYOR DIGGS (PHONE)
We dodged a bullet. They called me.

INT. STOCKTON'S BACK ROOM - SAME

Mr. Stockton sits at his desk, staring at a blueish monitor screen.

MR. STOCKTON
Interesting.

ON STOCKTON'S MONITOR in front of him we see that Frank and Harry hold a wounded Ray and Dora in the meat locker.

MAYOR DIGGS (PHONE)
They thought you were stealing the photos from the Gales to try to blackmail me yourself.

MR. STOCKTON
Did they, now? That's great.

MAYOR DIGGS (PHONE)
They're going to meet me in an hour with them. Alone.

MR. STOCKTON
It just keeps getting better.

EXT. ADLER PLANETARIUM - LATER

Phil and Clara sit silently on the steps of the beautiful, old Alder Planetarium looking at dawn hitting the CHICAGO SKYLINE.

CLARA
Man, I love this city. Always have.

PHIL
When was the last time we watched the sunrise together?

CLARA
Probably the last time we were here.

PHIL
(thinks)
Nope. It wasn't. It was the morning that Ollie was born.

CLARA
(smiles)
You're right. The morning Ollie was born.

They look at each other, remembering.

CLARA (CONT'D)
Man, I'm starving!

PHIL
Me too.
(pause)
Sorry you never got your truffles.

Clara reaches into her purse.

CLARA
Who needs white truffles when you've got a lemon zest Luna bar.

Clara breaks it in two and hands half to Phil. They click the halves together, toasting each other, then silently chew, looking out. Phil shakes his head and starts GIGGLING.

CLARA (CONT'D)
What?

PHIL
(giggling)
OK, what happened to us tonight? What the hell are we doing here?

Clara starts laughing too.

CLARA
It's not funny.

PHIL
No, I know it's not funny. It's not funny at all.

CLARA
Then why are you laughing?

PHIL
Why are you laughing?

They're both cracking up... then Phil notices a moment later that Clara's laughter has turned to TEARS.

PHIL (CONT'D)
What? We're gonna be OK, Clara.

CLARA
No. It's not that. Just... this is nice. Right now.
(tears up again)
You don't understand... I really don't want to be Wonder Woman, Phil! I don't! At all!
(sobs)
You don't see that this whole time I'm flying in a glass plane! In a <u>glass plane</u>!

PHIL
(beat)
Uh, OK, but I think Wonder Woman actually flies an <u>invisible</u> plane, not a <u>glass</u> plane.

This makes Clara break into a bigger round of sobs.

CLARA
You see! It isn't even there at all! I don't even have a plane! No plane! I'm running on fumes!

PHIL
You're not running on fumes, Clara.

CLARA
I'm not trying to be uptight, or controlling! Or a nutrition....

PHIL
Nazi.

CLARA
Nazi! I'm just trying the only way I know how to keep everything from falling apart!

PHIL
It won't fall apart. And I really can help whenever you feel like it is. With Ollie. Whatever. You just never act like you need me to.

CLARA
That's because as it is you see us as a distraction from your work!

PHIL
You think I see you guys as a distraction? God no, Clara.
(shakes head)
You don't understand... I have this wife who does everything better than anyone I've ever known. And the greatest son. You want to know why I obsess so much about my stupid job? Because I want to feel like... like I can do something good enough to deserve someone like you. I mean, I look at you and I just don't stack up.

CLARA
That's crazy, Phil. You do. You're a good man. You're the best man I know.

PHIL
I'll never be the guy who remembers to always put toilet paper on the right way.

CLARA
I don't think I would really want to be with that guy, Phil. I just... want us to be on the same team again.

As Clara sniffles, Phil takes this in for a beat. He nods.

PHIL
Listen, you know what I said before, about not being the people we used to be?

CLARA
Phil, we were angry-

PHIL
No, Clara. It's true. We're not. And I know I'm going to drive you crazy again, and you're definitely going to drive me crazy. But I wouldn't want to do it with anybody else.

He hugs her tight.

PHIL (CONT'D)
We had a good fight tonight, didn't we?

CLARA
Yeah, we did. You know the worst part about not talking about all this recently?

PHIL
What?

CLARA
We missed out on a lot of make up sex. And our make up sex woulda rocked!

PHIL
You think?

CLARA
Oh yeah.

Phil smiles, when he spots something behind Clara.

MAYOR DIGGS looks both ways as he walks from his car in the parking lot toward them.

PHIL
Here we go.
(beat)
Tell me now. Do you need to pee?

CLARA
I'll hold it.

They get up and start walking down the steps to meet him.

EXT. BOTTOM OF STEPS - MOMENTS LATER

Phil and Clara meet the Mayor at the bottom of the steps. Clara takes the manila envelope out of her purse, handing it to him.

PHIL
This is what you're looking for. I've written down our information inside.

MAYOR DIGGS
And that's it?

PHIL
That's it. We're going home now.

The Mayor nods, and Phil and Clara start walking past him toward the parking lot. Mayor Diggs stays behind, nervously tapping the envelope in his hand.

As Phil and Clara get halfway to the lot, ALL THE MAYOR'S CAR DOORS OPEN, and Manning, Frank, Harry, and Mr. Stockton climb out. Frank and Harry pop the trunk and grab SHEETS OF CLEAR PLASTIC. Phil's eyes go wide.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Oh God. Run, Clara!

Phil and Clara start to run, when a GUNSHOT hits the ground in front of them. They turn, when ANOTHER SHOT rings out.

LIEUTENANT MANNING
The next one won't be a warning shot.

They look over to see Manning training a gun as he and Stockton walk toward them, Harry and Frank behind with the plastic.

MR. STOCKTON
(to Harry and Frank)
Let's do it over there.

Harry and Frank quickly throw the plastic sheets down on the grass nearby.

MAYOR DIGGS
I'm going to wait in the car, if you don't mind.

MR. STOCKTON
Sure thing, Mr. Mayor.

As Mayor Diggs starts to walk back to the parking lot, he opens the manila envelope. Manning gestures for Phil and Clara to walk to the plastic sheets.

PHIL
Please. Please don't do this.

LIEUTENANT MANNING
Over there.

PHIL
Please! We have a child!

LIEUTENANT MANNING
I said over there!

PHIL
(begging)
Just me then, OK? I promise you she's not going to say anything! Please! We have a child!

LIEUTENANT MANNING
Last time I'm going to say it.

Resigned, Phil and Clara sadly look at each other, then walk to stand in front of the plastic on the ground.

LIEUTENANT MANNING
(CONT'D)
On your knees.

Phil, scared, holds out his hand to Clara. She takes it, looking back at him and they kneel in front of the plastic, side by side.

Mr. Stockton nods to Lieutenant Manning, who checks his gun.

MAYOR DIGGS (O.S.)
What the hell is this?!?

Mr. Stockton and Lieutenant Manning turn. Mayor Diggs sifts through pages of DOCUMENTS that were in the Manila Envelope.

PHIL
We really were planning to give you the pictures, Mr. Mayor. That is, until you were so casual about is not needing to worry about the cop who was after us. That made me a little suspicious because I never told you <u>which</u> cop it was.

CLARA
Then we got to talking and realized how dumb we were.
(MORE)

CLARA (CONT'D)
If you came on to some waitress at the Rainbow, you must have felt pretty darn comfortable there.

PHIL
Which meant Stockton was probably your buddy.

MR. STOCKTON
Where are the pictures?

PHIL
But we were still confused, because if you guys are buddies, how do you explain the Falconwood Corporation?

Mr. Stockton's face blanches.

MR. STOCKTON
They're obviously not going to tell us! Just shoot them!

MAYOR DIGGS
Wait. I've heard that name. What's the Falconwood Corporation?

PHIL
Runs the hiring of inspectors for the Department of Highways in Chicago. You know, the ones who have been finding all those violations?

MR. STOCKTON
Manning! I said shoot them!

LIEUTENANT MANNING
I work for the Mayor, Terrence.

MAYOR DIGGS
Why do you keep interrupting, Terrence?

PHIL
Maybe because according to the paperwork you've got there, he owns Falconwood.

CLARA
Not only that, you'll see in those other pages that he also owns a company called Eurostruct - which rents the city all of its construction equipment.

MR. STOCKTON
Frank, Harry!

Frank and Harry reach for their guns, but Manning turns his gun on them.

PHIL
The more violations Falconwood finds, the longer Eurostruct rents the equipment. That turns into big bucks, Mr. Mayor. I'm sure that's not a moral problem for you, but he's kind of screwing you in an election year, isn't he? Some of us are pretty pissed off about the roads.

Mayor Diggs flips through the documents, taking it all in.

MAYOR DIGGS
You did this to me? I don't get it, Terrence. Why? How much do you need? I have the Lieutenant here watch your back on all of your gambling clubs-

MR. STOCKTON
Oh, do you mean the ones that you gamble at? Where I cover your debts? Those clubs?

MAYOR DIGGS
I slipped your company 5 no-bid foreclosed buildings for a dollar each downtown.

MR. STOCKTON
You think that pays for what I do for you? The girls I have to pay off? The jet charters? And let's not even get into your "re-election fund"! Let's not even go there!

PHIL
(shakes head)
Listen to them.

Stockton angrily pulls his own the gun out of his jacket pocket, shoving it against the back of Phil's neck.

MR. STOCKTON
How did you get this? How?

HOLBROOKE (O.S.)
That would be from me.

Mr. Stockton and the others turn around to see HOLBROOKE PETERSON, brandishing his gun and looking like the FBI AGENT he always wanted to be, leading a pack of other AGENTS as they SWARM OUT OF THE PLANETARIUM AND DOWN THE STEPS.

HOLBROOKE (CONT'D)
FBI! Drop it!

Manning tried to object, pulling out his badge.

HOLBROOKE (CONT'D)
Yeah, yeah. I know all about you, buddy.

With a smile Phil and Clara get up, disconnecting the WIRES under their clothing. Seeing them hand over the wires to Holbrooke, it hits Mayor Diggs what he's just revealed.

MAYOR DIGGS
Aw fuck.

PHIL
(shrugs)
Makes you feel any better, I wasn't gonna vote for you anyway.

CLARA
Me either.

EXT. FRONT OF PHIL AND CLARA'S HOUSE - MORNING

As Holbrooke drops Phil and Clara off in front of their house, his BLACKBERRY buzzes and he checks it.

CLARA
Everything OK?

HOLBROOKE
Yeah. They just need me downtown in half an hour for a news conference with the Deputy Mayor. Want it for the morning shows.

PHIL
Don't think they're going to be calling you the IT guy anymore.

HOLBROOKE
Listen guys, I feel weird about not even acknowledging you two.

CLARA
Don't.

HOLBROOKE
But you should be up there with me. You handed this whole case to me.

PHIL
(smiles, winks)
Yeah, well, that's how we roll.

They get out of the car and start up the driveway.

EXT. DOORSTEP - DAWN

As Clara opens the front door, Phil slowly bends down, picking up the morning paper.

CHAZ (O.S.)
Hey hey! Up bright and early, aren't we!

Phil looks over to see his overly cheery neighbor Chaz in his jogging suit. He smiles, appreciating Chaz for the first time.

PHIL
Yep. We sure are.

As he joins Clara on the doorstep, they take each other in.

CLARA
You have your presentation in a few hours.

PHIL
(shrugs)
Yeah. You know, I think I'm gonna be OK.

CLARA
I had a good time tonight.

PHIL
Yeah. Me too. It was fun.

CLARA
It was.

PHIL
So... let's do this again sometime?

CLARA
(smile)
I'd like that.

For the first time the whole night, THEY KISS. Interlocking fingers, they head inside, closing their front door behind them.

FADE OUT.

THE END