

"SO I MARRIED AN AXE MURDERER"

Screenplay by

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**SHOOTING DRAFT**

**FADE IN:**

**OPEN ON:**

**MONTAGE OF VARIOUS SHOTS OF SAN FRANCISCO - DUSK**

Over this we hear a recording of Jack Kerouac's poem, San Francisco which is accompanied by a BE-BOP trio. Kerouac's poetry coincides with the various shots of San Francisco. We come to a sign for Jack Kerouac Street. We PAN OVER to "THE CITY LIGHTS BOOKSTORE" and continue along to the ALLEYWAY where there is a large high-contrast black and white sign depicting Jack Kerouac in his famous "I'm looking into the distance, having a brilliant thought" pose...

CHARLIE MACKENZIE, in his late twenties, wearing a flannel shirt and torn jeans, walks INTO THE FRAME, right in front of the picture of Jack Kerouac and inadvertently strikes the exact same pose. We PULL BACK to reveal that Charlie has a bag of garbage in his right hand, which he deposits in the alleyway. We FOLLOW Charlie into...

**INT. CITY LIGHTS BOOKSTORE**

We FOLLOW him through the store. By day he is the Assistant Manager, by night he is a poet.

A MAN in his fifties, wearing a beret and a goatee is reading, Charles Bukowski's, Playing The Piano Like a Percussive Instrument, Until Your Fingers Begin To Bleed A Bit.

Charlie takes his place behind the cash register and resumes writing in his handsome leather-bound poetry journal.

**CHARLIE**  
(sotto)  
**O' SCOTLAND**  
**YOUR SUCKLED TEET OF SHAME**

CUSTOMER approaches.

**CUSTOMER**  
Do you have the book On The Road by  
Jack Kerouac?

Every day there is a steady stream of tourists who come in to get copies of On The Road. Charlie is use to this and without looking up he points to a huge, well marked display of thousands of copies of On The Road. Another TOURIST COUPLE approach.

**TOURIST**  
Do you have a copy of On The Road by  
Jack Kerouac?

Again not looking up, Charlie just points.

**TOURIST**  
Thanks.

**EXT. CITY LIGHTS BOOKSTORE - NIGHT**

Charlie puts the "CLOSED" sign on the door and proceeds to walk home.

**EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREETS**

The sights and the sounds of the city are accentuated by the BEBOP as he sees life, warts and all. As the streets become less populated, he can now hear the sounds of his own FOOTSTEPS and, a COUPLE BICKERING. The streets become even more deserted. The night is closing in on him. A cat darts out from an alleyway and startles him. He quickens his pace. RUMBLINGS make him cross the street to avoid the danger. Headlights of a slow moving car approach from the distance. Charlie, frightened, turns another corner onto:

**HIS STREET**

He approaches a 3-story Victorian home, in which he has an apartment on the second floor, he notices a light on in his window. A CRASHING sound from within.

**CUT TO:**

**HANDS**

taking papers out of a desk drawer.

**CUT TO:**

**CHARLIE**

carefully opening the front door and then gingerly closing it. He reaches for a baseball bat in a nearby umbrella stand. Sound of BREAKING GLASS from his apartment upstairs.

**CUT BACK TO:**

**SHATTERED PICTURE FRAME**

with a photo of Charlie and an angelic blonde.

**CUT BACK TO:**

**CHARLIE**

finishing off the last two steps nearing the front door of his apartment, bat raised above his head ready to swing.

**CUT TO:**

**THE HANDS**

clasp a jewelry box on the top of the dresser and stuff them into a dufflebag; the jewelry is followed by CD's.

**CUT TO:**

**CHARLIE**

pushing open his apartment door in a mock SWAT maneuver,

then stealthily stalking toward the sound of the intruder in the bedroom. He stubs his toe on a spring loaded doorstop making a loud metal VITTSWINGGGG's sound. He freezes, terrified.

**CUT TO:**

**THE BEDROOM**

where the HANDS, freeze.

**CUT BACK TO:**

**CHARLIE**

Like a coiled jungle cat ready to pounce, waits two beats... then springs Samurai style into...

**THE BEDROOM**

He freezes.

**REVERSE ANGLE TO REVEAL**

that the HANDS belong to the angelic blonde in the broken picture. It's Charlie's girlfriend, SHERRI.

**CHARLIE**

Sherrri! What are you doing?

**SHERRI**

I'm leaving you.

**CHARLIE**

Oh, thank God... I thought you were robbing our own home, because frankly, that's insane. I mean, what could you possibly gain by robbing your own home? I don't mean to meddle, but isn't it better to rob other peoples' homes? Start accumulating their wealth as opposed to just reaccumulating your own wealth.

**SHERRI**

That's not funny, Charlie. I'm really leaving.

She continues to pack. Charlie tries to unpack her things.

**CHARLIE**

What?! Just because we had a fight last night?

**SHERRI**

We've had a fight every night for two months. Ever since I brought up the subject of marriage, you've found fault with everything I do. Why couldn't we have gotten married, Charlie?

**CHARLIE**

(beat)

I'm too young to get married.

(begins putting her things back)

I'm only twenty-nine and a half. We love living together.

**SHERRI**

It's been two years now. I need something more.

**CHARLIE**

See, Sherri, this is frustrating for me, okay. When we first started going out I thought we agreed that we weren't the sort of people who got married.

**SHERRI**

That's like saying we're not the sort of people who are going to grow old. We're not going to fall into that "growing old" trap. Face it, you've got a problem with commitment, Charlie. Take a look at your other

girlfriends. Every time you get close to a commitment there's something wrong with them.

**CHARLIE**

Hey, I broke up with them for good reasons.

**SHERRI**

What about Sandy?

**CHARLIE**

Sandy was an alcoholic.

**SHERRI**

No-no-no. You thought she was an alcoholic. She just drank more than you drank. What about Jill?

**CHARLIE**

She hated my family.

**SHERRI**

You thought she hated your family. Nobody hates your family. Everybody loves your family. What about Julie?

**CHARLIE**

She smelled like soup.

**SHERRI**

What does that mean?

**CHARLIE**

She smelled exactly like Campbell's Beef Vegetable soup. She was dirty, physically dirty.

**SHERRI**

Well, Charlie, I wonder what you're gonna say were my problems? Are you gonna tell your friends that I was a junkie, that I wasn't supportive enough or that I smelled like relish?

Charlie, I loved you. It could have worked out.

(she goes to the door)

Think about it.

She leaves.

## **ANGLE ON - THE BROKEN PICTURE**

### **EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - CHARLIE'S CAR - DUSK**

Charlie and his best friend, TONY SPILETTI, are out for a night on the town.

Tony is second generation Italian-American with very Mediterranean features. They're listening to Teenage Fan Club. They pass Ghierardeli Square.

#### **CHARLIE**

Tony, Teenage Fan Club, they're Scottish you know?

#### **TONY**

Oh.

#### **CHARLIE**

I had that dream again.

#### **TONY**

Oh, is that the one where you suspect that a fat man in a diaper, on a lazy susan has interfered with your plans for the evening?

#### **CHARLIE**

No, but I have had that one. No, in this one I'm in love...

#### **TONY**

Yeah.

#### **CHARLIE**

And I say to myself, 'I've finally found somebody that I'm truly

comfortable with.' You know when you're so comfortable that you'll let them put makeup on you to see what you would look like if you were a girl. Anyways you know what I do in the dream next?

**TONY**

You propose?

**CHARLIE**

(after a pause)

No. I die.

**TONY**

But Charlie, you're a normal suburban guy at heart, from a normal suburban family. Didn't you tell me you always wanted to get married and have a family.

**CHARLIE**

Yes, but, I'm afraid, okay? There are seven main rites of passage in a man's life. Birth, first day of school, last day of school. Marriage. Kids. Retirement. Death. I'm at marriage. I'm two rites of passage away from death.

**TONY**

I'm sorry, I wasn't listening.

Tony is doing three-sixties, scoping out beauties, when suddenly his roving eyes lock on a police car directly behind them. He slouches down into his seat.

**TONY**

Christ. It's the cops.

**CHARLIE**

Tony, you are a cop.

**TONY**

I know. Isn't it awful? I work with those guys. They're assholes.

The police car passes.

### **INT. SPILETTI'S COFFEE HOUSE - NIGHT**

Tony and Charlie enter. There is a poet on stage. The club is full of art tarts and college bohemians. They are greeted by the club's owner, GIUSEPPI, an Italian man in his fifties.

**TONY**

Salve zio mio.

**UNCLE**

Allora? Che catzo fai, Charlie?

**CHARLIE**

Hi, Uncle Giuseppi.

**UNCLE**

Tony, come' stai bello il tuo pappa e' in galera per la terza volta.

Tony's uncle shows them to a table.

**UNCLE**

I'll have the waitress bring you cappuccino.

**CHARLIE**

What did your uncle say?

**TONY**

He says my Dad's back in jail again.

**CHARLIE**

Ah, I'm sorry, man.

**TONY**

You know, it's funny I don't even feel related to my parents anymore. I feel like your mom and dad are more like my parents. I feel more

Scottish than Italian.

**CHARLIE**

Tony Spiletti, I don't think you could get more Italian than that. Unless of course your name was Tony Italian Guy.

Charlie checks out the girls in the coffee bar.

**CHARLIE**

I'm so bummed. Sherri was great, wasn't she? I'm an asshole, aren't I?

**TONY**

Yes.

**CHARLIE**

You've got to help me get through this night.

**TONY**

You've just got to get back on the horse.

The waitress arrives with two cappuccinos in extremely large cups like they have in France.

**CHARLIE**

Waitress, I'm sorry, there seems to be a mistake. I ordered the large cappuccino.

Two girls at a nearby table, laugh. Charlie and Tony exchange, "This could be promising." looks.

**CHARLIE**

(to the girls)

Do you think these cups could be larger? They're practically bowls.

The girls laugh again.

**CHARLIE**

I feel like I'm having Campbell's  
Cappuccino.

**TONY**

Join us in a cup of coffee? There's  
enough room?

**GIRLS**

Sure!

The girls come over.

**SUSAN**

My name's Susan and this is June. We  
think you're funny.

**TONY**

My name's Tony. This is my friend  
Charlie.

**CHARLIE**

Look, Tony, I'm going home. See you  
later, girls.

Tony grabs him and pulls him aside.

**TONY**

You really don't understand, do you?  
When a girl comes over to your table  
and says, 'I think you're funny.' It  
means you've pretty much been given  
the keys to the city. Charlie, this  
is big.

**CHARLIE**

Perhaps you've confused me with  
someone who gives a shit. Here's  
what's gonna happen, Tony. We'll end  
up going out with them tonight, maybe  
even home with them. Well go out for  
two months. Soon she'll move in,  
we'll be happy, She'll want more of  
a commitment. I'll be terrified and

I'll do something to ruin it. Just  
like I did with Sherri.

He leaves. Tony is left with the two girls.

### **JUNE**

Poor, guy... He seemed so nice.

### **TONY**

(talking, choked up)

I just broke up with somebody as  
well. She left me high and dry.

The girls try to comfort him.

### **INT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT**

Three quarters of the furnishings and items have disappeared  
with Sherri. Charlie sits dejectedly on the floor over his  
Poetry Journal. He is missing Sherri. We see...

### **CHARLIE'S FACE**

He looks out and is struck by an idea and begins to write.

### **ANGLE ON THE JOURNAL**

### **I AM LONELY**

### **CHARLIE'S FACE**

Again he looks out, finds his inspiration and continues to  
write

### **IN THE JOURNAL**

### **IT'S REALLY HARD**

### **CHARLIE'S FACE**

A gentle tear rolls down his left cheek. He pauses, then  
finishes off the stanza.

### **IN THE JOURNAL**

## **THIS POEM SUCKS**

After the last line he scratches out the entire poem. He closes the book and turns on the TV set to CNN to veg out. The show is "What's Cooking! With Burt Wolf."

### **EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET**

Charlie is driving in his car. He drives slowly looking for an address. Finds it, slips in to a parking spot in front.

### **EXT. BUTCHER'S SHOP - MEATS OF THE WORLD**

Adorning the front are a "GRAND OPENING" sign and miniature flags of the world. Charlie goes inside.

### **INT. BUTCHER'S SHOP**

It's a small, hip shop selling specialty meats from around the world. Charlie looks around. Suddenly, an attractive woman in her late twenties, wearing a blood-stained smock enters. It is HARRIET MICHAELS. She has a cleaver in one hand and something bloody in the other.

#### **HARRIET**

(angry)  
Goddamn shoplifter.  
(conscious of Charlie's  
presence; holding up  
bloody meat)  
But I got him!  
(smiles)  
You're next.

#### **CHARLIE**

(backing out the door;  
terrified)  
I've come at a bad time.

#### **HARRIET**

No stay!

#### **CHARLIE**

No, no, really... Obviously you've got things you have to do. You've got to dismember the rest of his bloody torso. Dig a makeshift shallow grave. Cover the body with quick lime. Really so much to do, so little time and I'm only in the way here, I'm just gonna go. Good luck.

**HARRIET**

(referring to meat in hand)

Oh, this! Oh, no, this is what he stole. This isn't a piece of him or anything. This is Icelandic Shank.

**CHARLIE**

I bet it goes well with a nice Chianti. Fittfittfitt.

**HARRIET**

(laughs)

Can I help you?

**CHARLIE**

Yes. Do you have haggis?

**HARRIET**

Yes, we do. It's over here in our Scottish Cuts section. One?

This is a section under glass flying a Scottish flag, with haggis and various cuts of Scottish meat.

**CHARLIE**

Yes! I've never been able to find haggis anywhere, except at my parents' house. They're Scottish.

Harriet rounds the counter and wraps up the haggis. Behind her is the large "PRUSSIAN VENISON" sign.

**HARRIET**

(ringing up his order)

That'll be fifteen, seventy-nine.  
Will there be anything else?

**CHARLIE**

Yes. I know it's a long shot, but  
you wouldn't by any chance happen to  
have any Prussian Venison?

**HARRIET**

Now where in the world would I get  
Prussian Venison?

Charlie's charmed.

**EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET**

Charlie is driving along listening to Kerouac. We absorb the  
flavor of San Francisco as he drives down Lombard Street.

**EXT. CHARLIE'S PARENTS' APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT**

An old crappie apartment building in San Francisco. Charlie's  
car pulls up. We hear "SATURDAY NIGHT" by the Bay City  
Rollers.

**INT. OUTER HALLWAY OF CHARLIE'S PARENTS' APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Charlie approaches a door.

**CHARLIE**

(calling up)

Mom, Dad, I'm here.

**STUART (O.S.)**

We're in here, son.

The apartment is a shrine to Scotland. Scottish paraphernalia,  
miniature Scotty dogs, shortbread tins and, on wall, framed  
pictures depict famous Scotsmen, Sean Connery, Jackie Stewart,  
Alexander Graham Bell, James Doohan (Scottie from "Star  
Trek"), Sheena Easton, Billy Connolly.

**CHARLIE'S POV - AS WE ENTER THE LIVING ROOM**

We see STUART, MAY, TONY, and little WILLIAM, Charlie's fourteen year old little brother all singing:

**ALL**  
(singing)  
**S-A-T-U-R-D-A-Y... NIGHT**

**STUART**  
(noticing Charlie)  
Come give your old man a kiss or  
I'll kick your teeth in.

The group are eating dinner on TV trays. Charlie walks over and turns off the record.

**MAY**  
Charlie, put on Charlie Pride, would  
ya? Oh, I love Charlie Pride.  
(begins singing; in  
thick Scottish accent)  
**HEY, DID YOU HAPPEN TO SEE THE MOST  
BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN THE WORLD...**

**STUART**  
May, shut it.

STUART MACKENZIE is in his late fifties, a butcher, with Coke bottle glasses and thick head of black hair. His red-haired wife, MAY, is in her fifties, attractive with a soft, but tough appearance. Little WILLIAM, has a very large head and a skinny neck. Like Charlie, he was born in America.

Charlie gives his Mom a hug, his father a kiss.

**CHARLIE**  
Hey, William.

**WILLIAM**  
(on his stomach on  
the floor; watching  
**TV**)  
Hey, Charlie.

**STUART**

**SCORES! MAGIC GOAL!**

On the television, Stuart's team, Glasgow Celtic, has scored.

**TONY**

Aye -- magic.

**STUART**

Let's have a look at the re-play.  
William, move your head. Look at the  
size of that ooy's heed. I'm not  
kidding. It's like an orange on a  
tooth pick.

**MAY**

Stuart, you're going to give the boy  
a complex.

**STUART**

I'm not kidding. That's a huge  
noggin'. It has it's own weather  
system. It's a virtual planetoid.  
(shouting to William)  
Heed! Move!

We see the re-play of the goal on TV. Tony sits down and May  
brings over a plate of stew and three types of potatoes,  
piled very high.

**MAY**

Is that enough potatoes, Charlie?

**CHARLIE**

Enough to recreate Devil's Tower in  
"Close Encounters".

**STUART**

(sniffs the air)  
Do I smell haggis?

**CHARLIE**

Aye, you do.

**MAY**

(taking it)  
I'll put it in the frig.

Charlie notices Tony reading some papers. He realizes it's literature from the Lyndon H. LaRouche Society.

**CHARLIE**

Dad, what are you doing to Tony now?  
Why do you abuse his mind like this?

**STUART**

That's the latest report from Lyndon H. LaRouche, outlining how the Queen and the Rothschilds masterminded the Soviet overthrow, so that they could reclaim lands they had annexed during the Holy Roman Empire.

**TONY**

(goaded Charlie)  
You know a lot of this makes sense.

**CHARLIE**

I think you're suffering from the Stockholm Syndrome, where the hostages start to relate to their captors.

**STUART**

Listen, Sonny Jim, it's a known fact there's a society of the five wealthiest people in the world, called the Pentaverate, who run everything and meet three times a year at a secret country mansion in Colorado, known as "The Meadows."

**CHARLIE**

(sarcastic)  
And that's obviously why we haven't heard about it in the newspapers.

**STUART**

(inappropriately angry  
& loud)

That's right. They fuckin' own the papers, smartass. And everything else. Why do you think Scotland's not been able to get independence? Because the Queen the Pentavirate and those English dome heads in West Minster won't have it.

**CHARLIE**

Who are the other members of this pentaverate?

**STUART**

The Queen, the Rothchilds, the Gettys, the Vatican, and Colonel Sanders before he went tits up. Oh, I hated the Colonel with his wee beady eyes. And that smug look on his face.

**CHARLIE**

Dad how can you hate "the Colonel?"

**STUART**

Because the Colonel puts an addictive chemical in it that makes you crave it fortnightly.

**CHARLIE**

Interesting... coo-coo

**MAY**

Would anyone like a juice? Charlie, did I tell you, we bought a Juice Tiger?

**CHARLIE**

A Juice Tiger?

**MAY**

Aye, it's a juicer. It's part of my National Enquirer, Garth Brooks diet. Would you like potato juice?

**CHARLIE**

Thank you, no.

**MAY**

Sherri's late.

**CHARLIE**

Yeah, uh, Sherri and I broke up.

**MAY**

Oh, you didn't. Sherri was the daughter your father was never able to give me.

**CHARLIE**

I'm just not ready for marriage. I'm twenty-nine and my poems haven't even been published yet.

**STUART**

But it's not just the poetry is it son? You're afraid if you get married you'll lose your muse. Look at me, I was a strapping young butcher, at the height of my creative powers. When it came to de-boning a side of beef, there was nobody that could touch me. Then I married your mother. And people would still stand in awe as I filleted a shoulder of lamb.

**MAY**

Maybe it's just as well not to get married, look at the news. Where did I put it?

**STUART**

Heed. Move that melon of yours into the bathroom and get the paper for your mother.

William gets the National Enquirer and brings it back.

**CHARLIE**

That's not news, Dad. That's bullshit.

I wouldn't wipe my ass with that paper.

**STUART**

What are you talking about? It's the fifth highest circulating paper in the United States, I'll have you know.

**MAY**

Oh, here it is. Mrs. X. The Honeymoon Murderer. She marries men under fake identities, and then murders them. She killed some German martial arts expert, and some plumber named Ralph Elliot. Her whereabouts are unknown.

There's another goal on the TV set.

**STUART**

Scores! Two nil. Magic!

**TONY**

Ah, beautiful goal. We HOLD on the TV set.

Time passes. The TV set

**CROSS FADES:**

**TO THE END OF THE GAME**

The two teams are shaking hands. And the final scores chyron shows Celtic beating Rangers three nothing. We see Charlie and Tony are leaving. Stuart is blind drunk.

**STUART**

(singing Rod Stewart's song)

**YOU'RE IN MY EYES, YOU'RE IN MY DREAMS...  
YOU'RE CELTIC, UNITED  
AND BABY I'VE DECIDED...**

**MAY**

Ah, you're steaming.

She meets Charlie and Tony at the door and kisses him good-bye. She turns to kiss Tony, and holds on the kiss far too long.

**TONY**

(pulling away)

See you later, Mrs. MacKenzie.

**MAY**

Oh, you've turned into a sexy Italian bastard.

**CHARLIE**

See you later, mom.

(calling out)

See you later, Dad.

**STUART**

Fine. Go! You've stayed your hour.

Charlie and Tony leave and enter...

**THE HALLWAY**

where they find William sitting on the stairs waiting for them.

**WILLIAM**

Take me with you.

**EXT. MEATS OF THE WORLD - LATE AFTERNOON**

Charlie's drives by and notices Harriet, who's unwinding the store awning in Dutch national costume. The banner announces **"DUTCH WEEK." "MEATS OF THE WORLD SALUTES DUTCH MEAT."**

Charlie slows down to look at her. She looks great in her little Dutch costume.

**INT. CITY LIGHTS BOOKSTORE - DAY**

Charlie is again writing at the counter. Another PERSON enters.

**MAN**

Excuse me. You wouldn't happen to have...

Charlie again points to the Kerouac section without looking up.

**MAN**

Thanks.

**ON THE PAD**

Charlie writes...

**OH MEAT MAID,  
IF THE CATTLE HAD HAD A CHOICE, THEY WOULD HAVE SLAUGHTERED  
THEMSELVES  
WILLINGLY  
FOR A CHANCE  
TO BE TOUCHED  
BY YOUR FINGERS**

**CUT TO:**

**CHARLIE'S FACE**

She's on his mind.

**EXT. MEATS OF THE WORLD**

Charlie's car pulls up. The sign reads, "WELSH WEEK" "MEATS  
**OF THE WORLD SALUTES WELSH MEATS"**

**INT. MEATS OF THE WORLD**

The store is very busy. There is a line at the meat counter seven people deep. Charlie takes his place at the end of the line.

We see a montage of a persons hands chopping a rack of lamb into lamb chops, and carving meat with surgical efficiency.

**HARRIET**

(spotting Charlie in  
the crowd)  
Oh, hi haggis, right?

**CHARLIE**

It was a big hit.

**HARRIET**

(finishing up with a  
customer)  
I remember you told me you were  
Scottish, but do you really like  
haggis.

**CHARLIE**

No. I think it's repellent in every  
way. In fact, I think most Scottish  
cuisine is based on a dare.

Harriet laughs.

**HARRIET**

(to the next customer)  
Can I help you?  
(to Charlie)  
Sorry, I'm really busy.

**CHARLIE**

Look, um, my dad's a butcher, do you  
need a hand?

**HARRIET**

Well, actually, Yes.

Charlie puts on a very stylish butcher smock and crosses  
behind the counter.

**HARRIET**

Can you get me four Belgian  
porterhouses? Do you know what a  
porterhouse looks like?

**CHARLIE**

I'm meat literate.

Time passes we see a montage of Harriet and Charlie serving customers. Ending on a customer's POV of Charlie.

**CUSTOMER (O.S.)**

Yes, do you have any fresh blubber?

**CHARLIE**

I'll check.

(pause)

You want blubber, right?

**CUSTOMER**

Yeah.

We see Charlie's POV of an Eskimo with a "lower forty-eighth" accent.

**CUSTOMER**

My parents are coming to town. You know how parents are. They'll drive you nuts.

The Eskimo exits, there are no customers left.

**HARRIET**

Look, I'm really grateful. Can I offer you some meat as payment? Please, help yourself to some meat.

**CHARLIE**

I'm trying to be a vegetarian.

**HARRIET**

Trying to be a vegetarian?

**CHARLIE**

Yeah, the problem is I really love hot-dogs.

**HARRIET**

I think the meat industry invented

hot-dogs to stop people from becoming vegetarians. There's got to be something I can do to repay you.

**CHARLIE**

You could take me to a nice romantic dinner.

**EXT. PIER - NIGHT**

Charlie and Harriet are eating hot-dogs. As Charlie puts the relish on, he smells the relish.

**CHARLIE**

(sniffing the relish)

This reminds me of my ex-girlfriend.

**HARRIET**

I hate talking about old relationships.

**CHARLIE**

Then let's not and say we did.

**HARRIET**

(she laughs)

That was easy -- What a nice guy. You've probably never done a mean thing in your life.

**CHARLIE**

You'd be surprised.

**HARRIET**

I'd like to hear.

(to his confused look)

Name me something bad you've done in your life.

**CHARLIE**

Are you kidding me?

**HARRIET**

No. Did you ever steal anything? You

ever hit someone?

**CHARLIE**

Well, I've been in fights. Let me think.

**HARRIET**

(as Charlie thinks)

Not one bad thing, Charlie?

**CHARLIE**

Tell me something bad you've done. And it better be bad. I mean, evil.

**HARRIET**

How evil?

**CHARLIE**

Really evil.

(thinks)

Like how many people have you brutally murdered?

**HARRIET**

"Brutal" is such a subjective word. I mean, what's brutal to one person might be totally reasonable to another.

Next to them is a German couple, speaking German, looking through a coin-operated binocular. He says something which causes her to cry.

**CHARLIE**

This just reminded her of that scene in "Brian's Song".

**HARRIET**

Actually, he just proposed to her. Those are tears of joy.

She lifts her soda to toast them.

**HARRIET**

Prost.

The man and woman smile and nod.

**MAN**

Danke, Fraulein.

**CHARLIE**

You're very smart. It's a shame I'm going to have to destroy you.

**HARRIET**

Do bright women intimidate you?

**CHARLIE**

No, not at all.

**HARRIET**

Really, what do you look for in women you date?

**CHARLIE**

(thinks)

Well, I know everyone always say "sense of humor", but I'd have to go with breast size.

(she laughs)

How about you? In a guy.

**HARRIET**

Income of course, and then...

(thinks)

...savings.

He smiles at her.

**CHARLIE**

Me likey how you thinkey.

#### **INT. HARRIET'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

The lights turn on, and then they enter a very bohemian apartment. There is artists paraphernalia strewn around. A small bar separates the living area from the kitchen. She

smiles and walks off into the kitchen.

**HARRIET**

I'll make us some tea.

He checks out her apartment. On the wall there is a huge poster of the BOARDWALK IN ATLANTIC CITY.

**CHARLIE**

Hey, you know what this apartment needs? A really large oversized poster of Atlantic City.

**HARRIET**

I used to live there. That's where I had my first supermarket job.

On his way out, he peeks into the bedroom, where he finds a bed that is facing neither parallel nor perpendicular with the wall. It is just kind of "there".

**HARRIET (O.S.)**

(coming into room)

I only have chamomile. I hope that's all right.

He looks at her and then at the "Oddly-placed" bed.

**HARRIET**

It's North-South.

(to his confused look)

For health reasons. See... I had this friend, he was a martial arts expert. Anyways, he used to sleep North-South. I don't know... It's a martial arts thing and it just sort of became a habit with me.

**CHARLIE**

(walking into living room)

You know Scotland has it's own martial arts. It's called FUCKU. It's mostly head butting and kicking people when

they're on the ground.

Harriet starts laughing. Then so does Charlie. They lean into each other. Pretty close. Too close even, and when it seems like they're going to kiss, Charlie suddenly gets uncomfortable and looks at his watch.

**HARRIET**

Late?

**CHARLIE**

No. No. Not for me.

**HARRIET**

Who for then?

**CHARLIE**

Who for then what?

**HARRIET**

Well, you looked at your watch and said it wasn't late for you... I wondered who it was late for.

**CHARLIE**

Not me. No, Sir. Not here.

(after a pause;  
checking watch)

Maybe it is late.

She gets him his coat. He starts to leave.

**CHARLIE**

Look, the truth is, yes, I had a great time, and I'd like to kiss you, but if we do kiss, then we'll kiss on the couch and if we kiss on the couch, then we'll kiss in the bedroom, and once you're in the bedroom -- Well, the thing is, I always rush it. And this time I feel like maybe I should wait. Maybe we should let it build naturally and grow, instead of just immediately

spending the night together.

**HARRIET**

I want to spend the night together.

**CHARLIE**

(sold)

I have no problem with that.

### **THE BEDROOM - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT**

They are both fast asleep. She is curled up in his arms. Suddenly, she begins to speak.

**HARRIET**

Yes! Yes!

Charlie's eyes open. He smiles.

**HARRIET**

Yes Ralph. I will. Ralph.

Charlie's smile fades. He sits up and looks at her. She is lying completely still on the bed, her eyes closed, and still sleep-talking.

**HARRIET (O.S.)**

Now now Ralph!

**CHARLIE**

(waking her)

Harriet...? Harriet...?

(as her eyes open)

You were having a dream, or...? You kept saying the name Ralph.

**HARRIET**

Ralph?

**CHARLIE**

Ralph. I heard you say it.

**HARRIET**

(sleepily)

That's odd. Just today I was thinking about, her. She's a friend.

**CHARLIE**

(starting to leave)  
Is she nice --? Ralph...

**HARRIET**

Yeah. She's great.

**DISSOLVE INTO:**

**INT. HARRIET'S BEDROOM - MORNING**

Charlie is sleeping alone in the bed, and the sound of RUNNING WATER is heard off in the distance. His eyes slowly open, he looks around, remembers where he is. He puts on his shorts and walks towards the bathroom.

**INT. BATHROOM - MORNING**

Through the steam we can just make out Harriet in the shower washing her hair. Charlie walks over.

**CHARLIE**

You know... with this drought in California total strangers are urged to shower together.

He opens the curtain. It's not Harriet. The woman, ROSE, calmly looks at him and closes the curtain.

**ROSE**

Go away.

**CHARLIE**

Oh God. I'm sorry. Jesus. Excuse me.

He backs out of the room.

**INT. HALLWAY - HARRIET'S APARTMENT**

The door opens and a hurriedly dressed Charlie emerges. Before he gets to the door he once again encounters Rose. She's

completely dressed. Even her hair is dry.

**CHARLIE**

Hi. I'm really sorry. I must have  
scared the... I'm Harriet's friend,  
Charlie, and you must be...  
(hopefully)  
Ralph?

**ROSE**

I'm Harriet's sister, Rose. And this  
is Harriet's note.

He reaches for it, but she reads it aloud to him.

**ROSE**

(reading)  
'Dear Charlie, I didn't want to wake  
you, make yourself at home, thanks  
for making me smile.' Harriet.

**CHARLIE**

That's a very nice note.

**ROSE**

I'll make you some breakfast.

**CHARLIE**

Gee, I'd love to but I'm running  
late.

**ROSE**

What would you say to blueberry  
pancakes, bacon, fresh squeezed grape  
juice and Kona coffee?

**INT. KITCHEN - LATER**

Charlie and Rose sit at the table each eating a bowl of dry  
cereal.

**ROSE**

I'm sorry I didn't have any of those  
other things.

**CHARLIE**

Hey, that stuff'll kill you while  
Fruit Loops are light and probably  
reasonably high in Fiber. I like  
Apple Jacks too.

**ROSE**

Got 'em.

**CHARLIE**

So this is your apartment?

Rose starts sketching Charlie.

**ROSE**

Yes. She's been here the past three  
months... ever since she came back  
from Miami. I used to visit her  
occasionally. She didn't speak of  
me?

**CHARLIE**

(shakes his head, no)

She told me about a martial arts guy  
and there was some discussion about  
Ralph...

**ROSE**

She spoke of them...?

**CHARLIE**

She spoke of the martial arts guy  
and screamed about Ralph...

**ROSE**

(affectionately)

Well, you know Harriet.

**CHARLIE**

Actually, I really don't.

**ROSE**

(puzzled)

But you did have sex with her?

**CHARLIE**

(taken aback)

Hello.

**ROSE**

Yet you still don't know her.

(contemplates this)

See, that's the problem with sex.

It's not very revealing.

**CHARLIE**

My, look at the time.

He stands up.

**ROSE**

(after a pause)

You should be careful, Charlie.

**CHARLIE**

I am... usually. I just... You should know, this is very unusual that I would do this so soon, in this day and age particularly, but... We just really hit it off. We did. And...

**ROSE**

I'm gonna go now. I won't tell Harriet that anything happened.

**CHARLIE**

But... nothing did happen.

**ROSE**

Exactly. Or she would be jealous. And when she gets jealous, we both know what she's capable of.

**CHARLIE**

No, we don't. You do, like I said, I just met her.

**ROSE**

You'll be okay, Charlie. Just be careful.

She leaves. Charlie is baffled.

**INT. CITY LIGHTS BOOKSTORE - DAY**

As Charlie walks by, FRED, a lanky customer in his late teens is buying a book.

**FRED**

Hey, Charlie. How you doin'?

**CHARLIE**

Good. Good. Look, Fred...

(leaning in)

You got a lot of girlfriends, right?

You know any girls named Ralph?

**FRED**

Ralph? Gee, Charlie. Isn't that a guy's name?

**CHARLIE**

Well, not necessarily, but... Never mind. Thanks, Fred.

Charlie catches the store manager, PENNY, on her way into her office.

**CHARLIE**

Hey Penny, I wanted to ask you -- you know some girls named Ralph, right? I mean, that's a girl's name also, isn't it?

**PENNY**

(confused)

I don't think so, Charlie... Uh...

**CHARLIE**

(walking away)

Forget it. Thanks.

She walks into her office totally confused.

**EXT. DOCKSIDE - ALCATRAZ TOUR KIOSK - MAINLAND - DAY**

Tony and Charlie are waiting in line.

**AERIAL VIEW OF BOAT**

as they travel to the island.

**TONY (V.O.)**

You know I've lived in this city all  
my life and I've never been to  
Alcatraz.

**ALCATRAZ**

We open on the LOUD BANGING of a CELL DOOR. We find our tour  
group in the holding area. The PARK RANGER is a beefy man in  
his late fifties and talks with emotionless, military  
precision.

**PARK RANGER**

Hello, everyone I'm a park ranger  
and I will be leading you on the  
tour. All the park rangers here at  
Alcatraz were at one time guards,  
myself included. My name is John  
Johnson, but everyone here calls me  
Vicki. Will you please follow me?

They are led out. We see that Alcatraz is a sinister place.  
Cold and unforgiving. The Park Ranger leads them to the center  
of a cell block.

**TONY**

You're glowing, Charlie. The man's  
in love.

**CHARLIE**

Sssh... Stop it. I'm trying to listen.

**PARK RANGER**

This is the main cell block area.  
Home to such famous criminals as Al  
Capone, Micky Cohen, Joseph "Dutch"  
Critzler, and Robert Stroud, the famous  
Bird Man of Alcatraz. Follow me,  
please.

The Park Ranger leads them past the famous visiting rooms,  
the mess hall, all the way to the solitary confinement area.

## **A CELL**

### **PARK RANGER**

This is the cell for solitary  
confinement, that over the years has  
come to be known as Times Square.

Tony and Charlie are at the back of the tour group.

### **TONY**

So did you and Harriet?... you know...

### **CHARLIE**

(grinning)

Sssh I don't want to talk about it.

### **TONY**

With that look, you don't have to  
talk about it. The grin alone could  
get you five to seven years.

### **CHARLIE**

Tony, get your mind out of the gutter.  
All you need to know is that she's a  
sweet, kind and loving person.

### **PARK RANGER**

Now this is something none of the  
other tour guides will tell you. In  
this particular cell block Machine  
Gunn Kelly had, what we call in the  
prison system, a "bitch." And one  
day, in a jealous rage, Kelly took a  
makeshift knife, or "shiv," and cut

out his "bitch's" eyes.

**CHARLIE**

Look, what can I tell you. I'm smitten. I'm in deep smit. I dunno. I just don't wanna talk about it, because then I start analyzing and that's not good for me.

**TONY**

Good. I think that's good. Just let it happen.

**CHARLIE**

Exactly. That's what's gonna be different this time. Something strange happens, let it go. It's not my business... Like Ralph. She says Ralph in her sleep.

**TONY**

Who's Ralph?

**CHARLIE**

I don't know who Ralph is. Moreover, I don't want to know.

**TONY**

Good.

**PARK RANGER**

And as if blinding his "bitch" wasn't enough retribution for Kelly, the next day he and four other inmates took turns pissing into the "bitch's" ocular cavity.

Tony and Charlie look at each other. They're a little queasy.

**CHARLIE**

Exactly.

(beat)

Tony, I'm happy. Don't let me screw this one up.

**INT. EL TORO - IN THE MISSION - DAY**

They are eating Bay burrites.

**ROSE**

Did you have a nice date last night?

**HARRIET**

Rose, I don't really --

**ROSE**

He disturbed me while I was naked in the shower this morning.

**HARRIET**

Yeah, he stayed over?

**ROSE**

I didn't mind. Charlie and I laughed about it over breakfast.

**HARRIET**

That's good.

**ROSE**

He said you had great sex last night.

**HARRIET**

He did?

(a beat)

Yeah.

**ROSE**

He seems really stuck on you. I hope for you that it lasts.

**HARRIET**

Rose he's a sweet, kind and loving person. We like each other, but I don't want to think any further. It's taken me a long time to get back to dating, and I want to take things real steady this time.

**ROSE**

Well, you can trust me not to tell him anything.

**HARRIET**

He was quite happy not to talk about the past.

**ROSE**

I did a sketch of him.

Rose shows the sketch to Harriet.

**HARRIET**

(looking at the picture)  
That's good.

**ROSE**

Think I've caught him?

**HARRIET**

The eyes are good.

**ROSE**

Charlie really liked it.

**HARRIET**

It's a good likeness.

**ROSE**

Boy, I really hope it works out.

**HARRIET**

Rose, I don't wanna screw this one up.

**EXT. HARRIET'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY**

Charlie enters the building, holding a handful of poetry books. He passes a UNIFORMED DELIVERY GUY coming out. The guy nods and Charlie nods back.

**INT. HARRIET'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS**

Charlie gets three feet down the hallway. Stops in his tracks and heads back to the front door. He opens it and yells to the delivery guy:

**CHARLIE**

Hey, uh... Ralph...?

**DELIVERY GUY**

(turning around)

I'm Gilbert.

**CHARLIE**

Shit.

### **HARRIET'S DOOR - MOMENTS LATER**

She opens the door enough to see that she is wearing only a blouse that goes below her hips. She looks fantastic. He hands her the poetry books.

**HARRIET**

(teasing him)

Charlie, they're beautiful. I'll put them right in water.

He follows her inside and puts the books on the bureau. He goes over and kisses her.

**CHARLIE**

You look great.

**HARRIET**

I was just getting dressed.

(picking up skirt off couch)

What do you think of this skirt?

**CHARLIE**

Honestly?

(pulls her close)

I'd leave it off.

**HARRIET**

So then you think I could go to a  
poetry concert like this?

She drops the skirt and stands there. She's fantastic.

**CHARLIE**

Let's forget the poetry concert.  
It's already been nine hours since I  
last made love to you.

**HARRIET**

(smiling; walking  
away)

Come on we're meeting your best  
friend. I wanna look good. The second  
I go to the ladies room he's gonna  
tell you what he really thinks of  
me.

He follows her to the bedroom door, constantly trying to  
kiss her.

**HARRIET**

Come on, Charlie. We have to be there  
in fifteen minutes.

**CHARLIE**

(following her into  
bedroom)  
Fifteen minutes. Perfect.

She closes the door on his face.

**CHARLIE**

(through door)  
Maybe later.

**ROSE (O.S.)**

I thought of calling you.

**CHARLIE**

(startled)  
Aaaahhh!

Charlie turns on his heel. Rose has appeared out of nowhere.

**ROSE**

(after a pause)

To warn you, Charlie.

(after a pause)

There are just some things you should know, about Harriet.

**CHARLIE**

About Harriet?

**ROSE**

About her past.

**CHARLIE**

I don't wanna know. I mean, look everyone has some skeletons in their past. I only care about the future. Not the past.

**ROSE**

Here's the thing. I may have to tell Harriet.

**CHARLIE**

Tell her what?

**ROSE**

That we're lovers.

**CHARLIE**

We're not lovers.

**ROSE**

I know, and it's a damn shame.

Harriet walks in the room, fully dressed, and fully dazzling.

**HARRIET**

I hope I'm not interrupting.

**CHARLIE**

(feeling weird)

No, not at all. We were just talking about... Rose and I met yesterday, so...

**HARRIET**

So I heard.

Harriet hugs Rose and then stands right next to her.

**HARRIET**

So, don't you think we look alike?

**ROSE**

Oh, we do not. Harriet was always prettier than me. And a heck of a lot more popular. She always had boyfriends. The only thing I ever got was good grades.

**CHARLIE**

(slightly uncomfortable)

Good grades are good.

**HARRIET**

She's just being kind. Show Charlie one of your photographs, Rose. Rose is a great artist.

**ROSE**

No, Harriet. I don't want to. They're not good.

**HARRIET**

You're so modest. If I weren't here to brag for you, I just don't know...

(taking out a posterboard from cabinet)

Show it to him, Rose. Do it.

He turns it over and there is a picture there. A collage of unrelated images put together. And it is beautiful.

But it's very abstract. Violent perhaps. Confused definitely.

He likes it.

**CHARLIE**

It's beautiful...

**ROSE**

Thanks.

**CHARLIE**

What is it?

**ROSE**

I dunno.

**CHARLIE**

What do you call it?

**ROSE**

I dunno.

**CHARLIE**

A lot artists don't like to title their work. They feel it biases the viewer.

**ROSE**

It is titled. It's called "I dunno".

Charlie looks at it again, then at Rose, then at Harriet. It's all a little bizarre, but in a funny way he feels for Rose. A hidden talented overshadowed by her sister's beauty.

**HARRIET**

We should get going, Charlie. Thanks, Rose... See you later.

**ROSE**

Bye, Charlie.

**CHARLIE**

Rose, great to see you. We should all go out together some time. The three of us. That would be great. That would be... interesting.

Charlie and Harriet walk out.

**EXT. POETRY FESTIVAL - NIGHT**

Charlie and Harriet wait in line with bohemian types and poetry lovers from the suburbs, and all walks of life. Directly behind them are TWO OLD LADIES. The marquee reads: **"POETRY FESTIVAL - TONIGHT ALLEN GINSBERG."**

**CHARLIE**

I think you're going to love Alan Ginsberg. He's great.

**HARRIET**

Oh, I know all about him.

**TONY (O.S.)**

Hey Charlie!

Tony is getting out of a cab accompanied by Susan, the girl from Spiletti's Coffee House. He approaches Charlie.

**TONY**

Sorry we're late.

Tony throws his arms wide open and hugs one of the Little Old Ladies on the other side of Charlie.

**TONY**

You must be Harriet. I've heard a lot about you.

**CHARLIE**

(to Tony; re: Harriet)  
This is Harriet.

**TONY**

Oh. Sorry. Of course.  
(whispering to Harriet)  
I apologize. Charlie described you as much older. And heavier.

**HARRIET**

(smiling)  
Oh, he did...?

**CHARLIE**

Thank you, Tony. This is my best friend.

**TONY**

And this is Susan. Charlie, you remember her from Uncle Giuseppe's.

**CHARLIE**

Yes, I do.

**SUSAN**

You're funny...

Then she GIGGLES. The girls start inside, Tony lags back with Charlie.

**TONY**

(whispers to Charlie)  
I give Susan one night.

**INT. POETRY FESTIVAL - NIGHT**

ALLEN GINSBERG is on stage. He is brilliant. Tony, Charlie, and Harriet are all amused. Susan is bored stiff. Charlie is looking at Tony. Tony glances over at Susan and gives Charlie an "Oh, well." look. Then he looks at Harriet and nods in approval of her.

**EXT. FISHERMAN'S WHARF - NIGHT**

The four of them walk along the wharf. Charlie is at one of those arcade games where you throw bean bags at the puppets and try and knock them down. Charlie knocks two down.

**ARCADE MAN**

One more and you get your pick.

**CHARLIE**

(to Harriet)  
You do it.

**HARRIET**

No, Charlie. I'm the worst.

**TONY**

Come on, you'll be great...

The arcade man turns around to watch. Harriet winds up and throws the bean bag directly into his neck.

**ARCADE MAN**

Hey!

**HARRIET**

Sorry... I told you Charlie.

**CHARLIE**

No, no, you're okay, you're just having control problems.

They both start laughing. He puts his arm around her. In the b.g. the wounded arcade man is being led away by a co-worker.

They continued down the boardwalk stand in front of a House of Horrors.

It looks somewhat run down and Harriet looks questioningly at Charlie.

**CHARLIE**

I know this is really, really cheesy, but in a way this is one of the places in San Francisco I'm most proud of.

**HARRIET**

Yeah, let's go in.

Tony nods agreement. Susan looks bored. They go inside the

**HOUSE OF HORRORS**

it's as low rent as Charlie described. The "KEEPER OF THE THRESHOLD" so described in a poorly written sign, is an overweight man in his late twenties, wearing jeans and a

denim jacket and a little bit of scary makeup. He looks like a roadie for the band, KISS. He stands at a podium, smoking and reading a paper. As Charlie, Tony, Harriet and Susan pass the Threshold Keeper, he takes a casual drag of his cigarette, lets out a little smoke and with zero commitment utters:

**THRESHOLD KEEPER**

Boo.

**INT. WAX MUSEUM - DAY**

Harriet and Charlie enter Bill's Wax Museum. The OWNER of the wax museum greets them.

**OWNER**

Hi. I'm Bill, welcome to my wax museum.

They walk over to the exhibits. There are exhibits of Abraham Lincoln, Michael Jackson and Dolly Parton. As they look more closely they notice that the faces are exactly the same as Bill's. They laugh.

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

Pouring rain. THUNDER. Charlie and Harriet, wrapped in each others arms, walking through the rain.

**HARRIET**

I feel so safe with you right now.  
You're never going to leave me, are you? I feel like I could be here forever.

**CUT TO:**

**TIGHT SHOT OF RAIN HITTING CHARLIE'S PANIC-STRICKEN FACE**

**MATCH DISSOLVE TO:**

**THE REFLECTION OF RAIN ON CHARLIE'S PANIC-STRICKEN FACE**

PULL BACK to see Charlie in bed. He lies awake on his side,

his back up to Harriet's. She is sound asleep. Suddenly:

**HARRIET**  
(sleeptalking)  
Ralph! No, Ralph!

Charlie sighs, then just shrugs and tries to fall asleep.  
What can he do.

**FADE IN:**

**INT. CHARLIE'S PARENTS' APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Charlie and Harriet wait outside his parents' door.

**CHARLIE**  
Well, this is it.

**HARRIET**  
It'll be fine.

They enter the door.

**INT. CHARLIE'S PARENT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

We again move along the hallway. We pass the Scottish wall, of fame, Scottie from "Star Trek", Sir Walter Scott, Sir Harry Lauder, Sheena Easton, Al Pacino, Billy Connolly, then the CAMERA BACKTRACKS to Pacino, where it HOLDS MOMENTARILY.

**CHARLIE**  
Mom, Dad, we're here.

May comes up, wearing a fancy country and western outfit.

**MAY**  
Ah, Charlie is this the wee Harriet.  
Ah, she's beautiful.

**HARRIET**  
Thank you.

**MAY**  
She's so sweet. I hope you keep her.

(calling)  
Stuart, come out here. You tube.

When he comes up, Stuart is wearing only a shirt with his  
boxer shorts.

**STUART**  
Ah, it's the wee Harriet.

**MAY**  
Stuart, put your pants on.

**STUART**  
Hold your horses.  
(calling to William)  
Heed! Pants!

William comes around the corner with his pants.

**CHARLIE**  
Dad, what's Al Pacino doing on the  
Scottish wall of fame?

**STUART**  
Oh, that's for Tony. So, Charlie  
tells me you're a butcher. Let's  
talk meat.

**CHARLIE**  
Dad, no one wants to talk shop.  
Especially butcher shop.

**STUART**  
Come here.

Stuart gets him in a half-Nelson.

**CHARLIE**  
Ah! Dad, dad I have a back zit, man  
it kills.

Charlie struggles to free himself. Stuart turns to greet  
Harriet. As he reaches out his hand.

Totally instinctively, Harriet grabs Stuart's hand and twists it behind his back. Charlie is startled, as his date has just gotten Stuart into a Half-Nelson.

**HARRIET**

(releasing his hand)  
I'm sorry. I just... You just surprised me. I'm sorry.

**STUART**

I like this one Charlie. She's quite a filly.

**HARRIET**

I'm really embarrassed.

**STUART**

Don't be embarrassed about having a good strong butcher's grip. Do you link your own sausage?

**MAY**

Oh, ignore him. Come have a look at some photos of Charlie when he was a wee'n.

**CHARLIE**

Oh Mom, don't start with the pictures.

**MAY**

Ah, Charlie, lighten up. You've got a pickle up your ass.

**CHARLIE**

(whispering to Harriet)  
I'm gonna use the bathroom. You be okay alone with them?

**HARRIET**

(kissing)  
Fine. Don't worry about it. Hurry.

They smile as he leaves the room.

**STUART**

Make sure there's paper, Charlie.

Charlie picks up the pace, scared of what he might hear next.

**MAY**

Make sure you leave the seat down.

**CHARLIE**

(shutting her up)

Ma, just show her the pictures.

**STUART**

And light a match.

**MAY**

(to Harriet)

He always leaves the seat up. He's gotta learn.

**INT. BATHROOM AT PARENTS' - NIGHT**

He closes the door, and shakes his head. What can he do? Those are his parents. On the wall opposite the toilet is a well-used dart board with pictures of the Queen Mother and Colonel Sanders. Hooked to the magazine caddie is a small container of darts.

**INT. THE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

May excitedly shows Harriet family photo albums.

**MAY**

This is Charlie with his Uncle Ecky. He's a policeman in Canada. And our cousins Ruth and Jack. He's just got a restraining order from his wife. She's a lovely girl. This is Billy. He's a member of parliament. He drinks.

**HARRIET**

What a nice family you have.

## **CHARLIE IN THE BATHROOM**

He doesn't seem in any hurry to leave either. He listens through the door to Harriet enthusiastically looking through old photos.

Charlie glances down at a stack of National Enquirers on the magazine rack. He flips through a few.

He sees one of the absurd headlines: "ALIEN UFO SEX DIET"  
Charlie shakes his head.

### **HARRIET (O.S.)**

(through door)

Charlie was the cutest baby.

### **STUART (O.S.)**

(through door)

You okay in there, Charlie? You didn't  
fall in, did you?

### **CHARLIE**

(through door)

Jesus...

Charlie then looks down at another article in the Enquirer  
and reads:

### **"WHO'S NEXT FOR MRS. X - THE HONEYMOON KILLER?"**

It is the article about Mrs. X -- the axe-murderer who kills  
her husbands on their honeymoons and then marries again under  
a different identity.

## **IN THE LIVING ROOM**

May is quickly flipping through a photo album, pointing out  
pictures of relatives as she goes:

### **HARRIET**

I can't believe the resemblance  
between you and Charlie, Mrs.  
MacKenzie.

## **INT. CHARLIE IN THE BATHROOM**

With Harriet speaking in the b.g., Charlie continues reading, now absorbed in the article about the 3 victims:

**HARRIET (O.S.)**

(through door)

You have the same smile. It's so incredible.

**"VICTIM #1 - THE GERMAN MARTIAL ARTS EXPERT FROM MIAMI"**

**"VICTIM #2 - THE LOUNGE SINGER FROM ATLANTIC CITY"**

**"VICTIM #3 - THE SAN FRANCISCO PLUMBER - RALPH ELLIOT"**

## **INT. CHARLIE'S CAR - NIGHT - C.U. - HARRIET'S FACE**

Sitting in the front seat of Charlie's car, smiling, content, a great meal, a great night out with Charlie and a nice evening with his parents.

Slowly PAN across the front seat to Charlie. A nervous anxious "what the hell am I getting myself into" look on his face.

**CHARLIE**

So, that was some move you put on my Dad, there. Did you study Karate, or...?

**HARRIET**

No. Not officially. I dated a guy for a while who ran a studio.

**CHARLIE**

Oh, the martial arts expert. The north-south guy. Here in San Francisco?

**HARRIET**

Actually, Miami.

He looks straight ahead, trying to act unfazed. But, he's very phased -- his expression is covered in it.

**CHARLIE**

Was that before Atlantic City, or after?

**HARRIET**

Oh, that was years ago. Atlantic City was recent. I didn't care for Atlantic City. A town full of gamblers and lounge singers.

He keeps driving.

**INT. POLICE STATION - DAY**

Charlie walks through the precinct towards Tony's office, holding the National Enquirer in his hand.

**DESK SERGEANT**

Hey Charlie!

**CHARLIE**

Is Tony back there?

The Sergeant nods and Charlie heads back to the office.

**INT. POLICE STATION - DAY**

**CAPTAIN**

O.K., Tony. Do you have the K673 form completed yet, that street vendor incident on Powell Street?

**TONY**

(really bummed)  
Yes, Captain.

**CAPTAIN**

Tony, do you mind my saying that you seem a little down?

**TONY**

Captain. It's about my work. About being a policeman.

**CAPTAIN**

Tony, if there's anything wrong, I'm here to listen.

**TONY**

I know. And that's what's irritating, you're too nice.

**CAPTAIN**

Too nice!?

**TONY**

Yes, You're my captain for gods sakes. You should be constantly on my case, like the captain on Starsky and Hutch. Once a week you should routinely haul my ass into your office, accuse me of being a maverick and complain to me that you're sick and tired of defending my screwball antics to the commissioner.

**CAPTAIN**

Well, as you may know, Tony. I don't report to a commissioner. I report to a committee, some of whom are appointed, some elected and the remainder co-opted on a bi-annual basis. A quorum --

**TONY**

Police work should be all about running around, following up crazy hunches that turn out to be right, going out on a limb.

**CAPTAIN**

Well Tony, I've never seen it that way. For me police work is all about following procedure and remaining accountable to the general public.

**TONY**

(exasperated)  
Captain! When I joined the police force, I thought I was going to be Serpico and unfortunately I ended up being Toma. I would have settled for Beretta.

**CAPTAIN**

That's interesting Tony. I'm perturbed that you should be so disillusioned.

Charlie enters.

**CHARLIE**

Hey, Tony, I gotta talk to you.

**CAPTAIN**

Oh, hello, Charlie. Look, I'm in the way here. You guys probably have something you want to talk about, and Tony, if you've still got stuff you want to sort out, please, you know where the suggestion box is.

The Captain exits.

**CHARLIE**

Nice guy. Hey, what's up?

**TONY**

I'm having doubts about being a cop again. It's not like how it is on cop shows. All I do is fill out papers and reports.

**CHARLIE**

Let me get this straight, your Captain hasn't threatened to have you up on charges so fast you won't know what hit you?

**TONY**

No! He's never once said to me that he was going to "throw the book at

me so hard it'll knock my ass from here till Tuesday." Anyways what's up?

Charlie pulls out the National Enquirer (the one on MRS. X, the Honeymoon Killer).

**CHARLIE**

Have you heard of this case? Mrs. X? She murders her husbands on their honeymoons and then changes her identity and marries again.

**TONY**

I never heard of it. So what?

**CHARLIE**

Curious, that's all. I read about it, and...

(after a pause)

I think I'm dating Mrs. X.

**TONY**

(after a pause)

Two words, Charlie. Get therapy. They have doctors that deal specifically with this illness.

**CHARLIE**

Everything's adding up, Tony. One of the victims was a martial arts expert. Last night at dinner, she put a martial arts move on my dad.

**TONY**

There about twenty thousand people in San Francisco who are martial arts experts. Should I arrest all of them too?

**CHARLIE**

If they also say Ralph in their sleep I think it'd be a good start.

(showing him paper)

Ralph Elliot. A plumber from San Francisco. Missing since his honeymoon.

**TONY**

You're just getting scared. Like the dream, you feel Harriet could be the one, so you start to suspect her of things, 'cause deep down you're scared that if she is the one, you'll marry, and marriage to you is death.

**CHARLIE**

Hey, don't analyze my dreams, okay? They're my dreams. Analyze your own dreams.

(a beat)

It's not a marrying thing, Tony.

It's a murdering thing.

(showing him paper)

Harriet lived in Atlantic City, right?

Well so did this guy, right around the same time she left town.

**TONY**

(reading article)

"Larry Leonard, a crooner who made a name for himself for being able to sing in six different languages the song "Only You".

(putting paper down)

Does she know the song "Only You?"

**CHARLIE**

I don't know. It hasn't come up yet.

**TONY**

Charlie, move past it. You're running your life by the National Enquirer.

**CHARLIE**

(defensively)

What? It's the fifth highest circulating newspaper in the United

States.  
(taking paper back)  
Mrs. X. Please. Look it up.

## **COMPUTER ROOM AT POLICE STATION - MINUTES LATER**

Charlie and Tony are in the back with KATHY, a stocky black woman in uniform, who works in the files department.

### **KATHY**

There's no record of any deaths. All three of these guys were reported missing around the time of their honeymoon, but so were the wives. No pictures of any of the brides. For all we know they just picked up and moved away.

### **CHARLIE**

And Ralph Elliot, too?

### **TONY**

Charlie, you're talking about three guys over a seven year span. That's hardly news. No deaths. Elopement in this state, as of this day, is still not illegal.

### **CHARLIE**

(re: the article)  
Yeah well murder is. And this article says that these men were murdered by the same woman.

### **KATHY**

Mr. MacKenzie, we've found that, most National Enquirer articles are actually based on our own police reports. They take the facts and fabricate a story around them.

### **TONY**

It's true, Charlie. You gotta realize that. I mean, personally, I would

lie to you, but Kathy... has this crazy notion of always telling the truth.

(patting his back)  
You feel better now?

**CHARLIE**

It guess so. It's just... if I had a photo of Harriet, I could show it to the relatives or friends of Mrs. X's victims to identify her.

**TONY**

Charlie, listen to me! There is no Mrs. X! Drop it! Okay?

**INT. HALLWAY - HARRIET'S APARTMENT - EVENING**

Charlie knocks on the door. Rose answers.

**ROSE**

(thrilled)  
You're back. But Harriet's not here yet.

**CHARLIE**

Maybe I could wait.

**ROSE**

Sure. That would be fine.

She then starts to slowly close the door. He props it open with his hand.

**CHARLIE**

Inside? I was hoping...

**ROSE**

(letting him in)  
I'm glad you asked. I didn't want to be so forward. I mean, if you're waiting inside, then you feel obligated to entertain me and keep up the conversation just to be polite,

and really your head might be totally elsewhere and then there's the chance that you would really want to talk and it's me who'd be busy, but in an attempt not to be rude, I sit there and listen to some story that you don't really want to tell and I don't really have time to hear. You know?

**CHARLIE**

I couldn't agree with you more.

**ROSE**

I think about a lot of things.

**CHARLIE**

Look, if you have work to do, you go right ahead.

("ah, here's an angle")

I mean, to tell you the truth, I'd love to see your work.

**ROSE**

Okay! What would you like me to do?

**CHARLIE**

No, I don't want to see you work. I was talking about your work. Your photographs. That one that I saw was so, wonderful, and...

**ROSE**

Harriet's far more talented than I am.

**CHARLIE**

Well, I'm sure it's so subjective anyway and...

(out of patience)

Rose, show me your photos.

**CLOSE ON PHOTOGRAPHS**

There are two kinds. Beautiful travel pictures and very erotic

black and white portraits of young men and women. All with a slight sadomasochistic quality. At the bottom of every photo is says: "Seasons Greetings".

**CHARLIE**

Hey, these are some interesting photos here. Very impressive. Nice shots of Sauselito and... some good bondage shots. A lot of people wouldn't think to mix the two subjects, but they're really a natural together.

(new thought)

Hey, you wouldn't happen to have any pictures of Harriet by chance, would you?

**ROSE**

(re: her cards)

Well, I don't think she'd wanna do this sort of...

**CHARLIE**

No, no, not that. Just, in general some photos. Any little snapshot would do.

**ROSE**

I doubt I'd have any. Harriet hates being photographed.

The sound of a key in the door as Harriet enters the apartment.

**HARRIET (O.S.)**

Rose -- did I see Charlie's car out in front?

**ROSE**

We're in here, Harriet.

**HARRIET**

(walking in)

What are you guys doing?

**CHARLIE**

(covering up)  
Oh, nothing. Just looking through  
some of Rose's work.

**ROSE**

...Charlie wanted a photo of you.

**CHARLIE**

And that. That too.

**HARRIET**

Why of me, Charlie?

**CHARLIE**

Well, sentimental reasons. Something  
to remind me of you when we're not  
together.

She takes him in her arms and gives him a knee buckling kiss.

**HARRIET**

There, can you remember that?

**CHARLIE**

Okay, it's just, I was gonna give  
one to my parents, too, and...  
(getting nowhere)  
Another time would be fine. It's  
hardly a matter of life and death.

## **TV SET - PLAYING THE EVENING NEWS**

**NEWS ANCHORMAN**

**(ON TV)**

In the news tonight, regarding a  
Beverly Hills Jeweler, Morris Cohan,  
who died last week, police are now  
suspecting that Morris's partner,  
Lawrence Sachs, may have murdered  
him with an untraceable poison.

Reveal: we are in...

## **INT. CHARLIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Charlie is on a Stair Master, as Harriet walks in wearing a robe. The TV is on in the b.g.

**CHARLIE**

Where you been?

**HARRIET**

Downstairs. I have a surprise for you.

**CHARLIE**

Great. I just wanna do a quick twenty minutes on the Stair Master before bed.

Harriet drops her robe, and from over her shoulder we see that Charlie prefers what he sees to working out.

**CHARLIE**

I'll do forty tomorrow.

**HARRIET**

(getting into bed)

I got something much healthier for you than that.

She pulls out a milkshake from behind her back.

**CHARLIE**

What is it?

**HARRIET**

It's a health shake. Eggs, malt, cinnamon, oranges. It's great. I mixed it up downstairs.

## **THE TV SET**

continues on about poisons and poisoners. Charlie glances at it.

**NEWS ANCHORMAN**

**(ON TV)**

Poisoning has become the second leading method of murder in recent years, due to...

Charlie watches the TV, looking a bit disturbed. Harriet offers him the shake.

**CHARLIE**

Oh, look, I'm full. Dinner and...  
No...

**HARRIET**

You'll like it Charlie.

**CHARLIE**

No, really, thanks.

**HARRIET**

(putting it up to his  
lips)  
You won't try it. I spent twenty minutes making it.

He takes it. Lifts it to his mouth... then puts it on the table.

**CHARLIE**

(sniffing it)  
Ummm. Smells good. Maybe I'll take some to the office tomorrow.  
(running into bathroom)  
I'm gonna brush my teeth. Be right back.

Charlie goes into the bathroom.

**CHARLIE'S BATHROOM**

Harriet comes into the bathroom and lays the empty glass down on the counter.

**HARRIET**

I'm gonna take a quick shower.

Charlie notices the empty glass on the counter.

**CHARLIE**

Harriet, where did the shake go?

**HARRIET**

What do you care? I drank it.

(getting into shower)

You could have at least tried it.

You make me feel bad sometimes,

Charlie. I don't know why.

With her in the shower, he sneaks back into the bedroom and checks the trash can. Nothing. Then he runs around the bed to the other trash can. Nothing.

He looks thoroughly confused as she enter the bedroom, wearing a towel. She takes the towel off as she slips underneath the covers. He gets into bed next to her. She gives him a kiss.

**HARRIET**

Sorry. I'm a little sensitive. You didn't want to drink my milkshake. So what -- right?

**NEWS ANCHORMAN**

**(ON TV)**

Regarding the murder between the two partners, we talked to Toxicologist Dr. Show on the issue.

Charlie and Harriet are watching the news show. DOCTOR SHOW is patched in via the Anchorman's close circuit TV.

**NEWS ANCHORMAN**

**(ON TV)**

Doctor, is it possible that one could be poisoned with no trace at all?

**DOCTOR SHOW**

**(ON TV)**

Certainly. There are plants that grow very commonly in our own backyard

that could easily be fermented into  
poison. Take for instance the...

**CHARLIE**

(getting nervous;

blocking out TV)

Harriet, why don't we shut the light  
off.

**NEWS ANCHORMAN**

**(ON TV)**

Really? And how easy it that to do?

**DOCTOR**

**(ON TV)**

Scarily enough, quite simple. You  
merely take the...

**CHARLIE**

(blocking out the TV

again)

Maybe we should turn the light back  
on. Yeah that's better.

**HARRIET**

Charlie, what's the matter?

**CHARLIE**

Nothing.

**HARRIET**

Charlie...

**CHARLIE**

Well, it's just...

(re: the TV)

The TV. You can't even watch the  
news these days without getting  
depressed.

**HARRIET**

I know, Charlie. And it's not just  
that. Look at the things people are  
doing. Partners killing each other...

I mean, you hear a story like that,  
and... who can you really trust these  
days?

**CHARLIE**

What do you mean?

**HARRIET**

It's like, have you ever stood with  
someone at the edge of a cliff, or  
the edge of a subway platform, and  
you think, just for a split second,  
"What if I pushed him?"

**CHARLIE**

Well, I don't really take the subway  
ever, so...

Charlie turns over on his side, she cuddles up behind him.

**HARRIET**

I'm just making a point of how many  
times we trust people with our lives.  
I mean, look at us. If you didn't  
trust me, you would never be able to  
fall asleep.

**CHARLIE**

Why do you say that?

**HARRIET**

Look at you, you're sleeping. Look  
how vulnerable you are. I mean, I  
could do anything at that point.

**CHARLIE**

(nervous)

What could you do?

**HARRIET**

(sweet and innocent)

Anything. You're lying on your side,  
asleep, I could... stick a needle in  
your ear.

**CHARLIE**

(grabbing his ear at  
the thought)  
Aahhh!

**HARRIET**

I'm just making a point of what a  
good relationship we have. Goodnight,  
sweetheart.

He looks very uneasy. She kisses him and shuts off the light.  
The moon gives the room an eerie glow.

**HARRIET**

Well, good night.

**CHARLIE**

Good night.

She doesn't close her eyes. He's scared to close his. Pause.

**CHARLIE**

Well... good night.

**HARRIET**

(smiling)  
Good night.

They both look over at each other. She closes her eyes. He  
takes a deep breath and then closes his eyes.

And covers his ear with his hand.

#### **INT. BART PLATFORM - DAY**

Charlie is on the crowded platform. Next to him is an old  
lady with a lot of shopping bags. Three kids on skateboards  
whiz by and accidentally knock bags out of her hands. Cat  
toys and cans of cat food go everywhere. Charlie bends down  
and starts to help her gather her stuff.

**LADY**

Thank you very much, young man. I've

gotta get all this stuff back to my children.

**CHARLIE**

Your children?

**LADY**

When I say my children I mean my cats. You see my children moved out years ago, so all I've got is my cats. I have over one hundred of them.

**CHARLIE**

That's a lot of cats.

**HARRIET (O.S.)**

Charlie.

Charlie looks up and sees Harriet waving to him from the subway stairs. He waves back and motions. "I'll be there in a second", and continues to help the old lady. She watches from the stairs.

**LADY**

You see this red toy? That's for the Captain, he's finicky. and this blue one? That's for Marco Polo.

Two train headlights are seen off in the distance.

**CHARLIE**

Do you have a name for all of your cats?

**LADY**

Oh, yes.

Charlie glances over at Harriet, who slowly makes her way down the platform towards him.

**LADY**

Let me see! There's Winston Churchill, Reda Sovine, Thomas Edison, Andrew

Carnegie...

The train is getting closer and closer, and so is Harriet.

**CHARLIE**

...He was Scottish.

Harriet moves forward a step, Charlie moves back a step.

**LADY**

Wasn't he Irish?

As Harriet seems to get closer Charlie continues to back up, picking up cat toys. Charlie realizes he has nowhere else to turn. So he side steps down the platform, never stopping his conversation with the lady.

**CHARLIE**

Actually he was Scottish. Trust me,  
I know these things.

Harriet is moving in on him. Charlie steadily makes his way down the platform, feigning accidentally kicking cat food down the platform. The old lady is unsure what is going on, she tries to keep up with him.

**LADY**

Now that you say it, he was Scotch.

Charlie runs out of platform. Harriet is very close to him. The train is closer, so is Harriet. Charlie lets out a scream.

**CHARLIE**

Noooooooo!

Charlie is standing at the edge of the platform, Harriet is a good six or seven feet away as the train passes by. Charlie is safe. People are all staring at Charlie curiously, including Harriet and the old lady. Charlie is embarrassed.

**CHARLIE**

(embarrassed)

Noooooooo, Scotch is a drink. Scots  
are a people. Sorry, that just always

bugged me.

No one knows what is going on.

**LADY**

I'm sorry, I didn't know it meant so much to you.

**CHARLIE**

Hi, Harriet.

**EXT. SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE BUILDING - DAY**

**INT. CHRONICLE ANNOUNCEMENTS DESK.**

**WE SEE A LONG DESK WITH DIFFERENT SIGNS THAT READ; BIRTHS, DEATHS, AND MARRIAGES.**

We find Charlie at the marriage counter.

**ASSISTANT**

Yes, Sir, can I help you?

**CHARLIE**

I'd like to put in an announcement of my parents forty-fifth wedding anniversary.

**ASSISTANT**

Sure, it's \$4.50 per word, and you've got a choice of standard or bold.

**CHARLIE**

Bold, and here, I've written it out.

Charlie looks over to the deaths counter. He overhears two obituary assistants having a conversation.

**OBITUARY ASSISTANT #1**

Hi, Frank, busy week?

**OBITUARY ASSISTANT #2**

I've only got two. It's dead around here.

Both assistants laugh. Charlie is mildly bemused.

**OBITUARY ASSISTANT #2**

Well, I've got this one guy, a tourist. He had a heart attack on a cable car.

**OBITUARY ASSISTANT #1**

Looks like he left his heart in San Francisco.

**MARRIAGE ASSISTANT**

Hey, that's a real person you're talking about.

**OBITUARY ASSISTANT #1**

You're right, I'm sorry.

**OBITUARY ASSISTANT #2**

Well, there's this other guy Elliot, Ralph. Plumber, disappeared four months ago. Body found in a sewer.  
(pause)

**OBITUARY ASSISTANT #1**

(despite himself)

I guess he took his work too seriously, and his life went down the drain.

**CHARLIE**

Did they mention anything about his wife?

**OBITUARY ASSISTANT #1**

(crest fallen)

You're right, I feel bad. Point taken. I'm mean, these are real people we're talking about.

**CHARLIE**

No, I'm serious. Did he mention the wife?

**OBITUARY ASSISTANT #1**

You made your point. I was wrong to make a joke about a person's life.

**CHARLIE**

I really want to know about his wife.

**OBITUARY ASSISTANT #1**

(crying and shouting)

O.K., you win. I'm a bad, bad person.

**OBITUARY ASSISTANT #2**

Frank take it easy.

**OBITUARY ASSISTANT #1**

No, he's right!

(pounding his head  
with his fists)

I'm for shit, I'm one insensitive asshole.

**CHARLIE**

Is there any mention of the wife? At all?

**OBITUARY ASSISTANT #1**

**NO! THERE'S NO MENTION OF THE WIFE!  
YOU HAPPY!?**

Charlie exits.

**EXT. CHRONICLE ANNOUNCEMENT OFFICE - DAY**

Charlie stands outside the announcement office, terrified.

**INT. MEATS OF THE WORLD**

Harriet is talking to a CUSTOMER.

**HARRIET**

Hi.

**CHARLIE**

I'm sorry.  
(beat)  
I think you're a terrific woman.  
(beat)  
I just don't think we should see  
each other anymore.

She moves around to Charlie. She lifts his chin so that he  
is looking directly into her eyes.

**HARRIET**

Why not? And tell me the truth.

**CHARLIE**

The truth. Okay. The truth is...

She is so close to him, and so very beautiful, it's  
distracting.

**CHARLIE**

The truth is... I'm afraid that you  
are...  
(he can't)  
You're going to laugh.

**HARRIET**

I don't think so.

**CHARLIE**

Okay... the truth is that I'm afraid  
you're going to ki... leave me.

**HARRIET**

I'm going to "cleave you?" What does  
that mean?

**CHARLIE**

Leave me. Not "cleave me." Reject  
me. And so I decided to take matters  
into my own hands and get it over  
with by...

**HARRIET**

Rejecting me.

**CHARLIE**

(he feels awful)

Purely preventive... It's not anything you've done.

**HARRIET**

I know that... So why are you leaving me?

**CHARLIE**

(heartbroken)

Harriet, maybe I'm not meant to be in a relationship.

A single tear runs down her cheek. She brushes it away quickly.

**CHARLIE**

I never wanted to hurt you.

**HARRIET**

You haven't. At least you left early on.

(she's crying)

So, that's it, then. I've got a lot of work to do.

(to Customer)

Now, where were we?

Charlie goes.

#### **INT. SPILETTI'S COFFEE HOUSE - NIGHT**

Charlie lies on the bar head down. Tony rushes in, looks around and sees Charlie.

**CHARLIE**

(without lifting head)

Two hours and four minutes. Tony, I need you, and two hours and four minutes later you show up.

**TONY**

Sorry. I know it was irresponsible to stay at the drug bust until it was over, but... What happened?

**CHARLIE**

(slowly sitting up)

I'm gonna tell you, but when I do, just say nothing. Don't judge me. Just be my friend. Okay?

**TONY**

Fine. Okay.

**CHARLIE**

I broke up with Harriet.

**TONY**

You're an asshole.

**CHARLIE**

What's your point?

**TONY**

I'm sorry, I just... why?

**CHARLIE**

Tony, she's a killer. The... everything.

**TONY**

But nothing's proven. The only thing you're actually sure she did so far is she's treated you like a King.

**CHARLIE**

I dunno, Tony, I just...

**TONY**

Besides, everyone has something going on with them. I mean, you can't find everything in one person. I mean, she's bright, she's funny, she's independent. So maybe, and it's really just a maybe, she kills her husbands.

Marriage is give and take, Man. You  
take the good with the bad.

**INT. CHARLIE'S BEDROOM - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT**

Charlie lies in bed. He's writing in his journal. He stares  
out into space. Inspired, he writes...

**ANGLE ON THE JOURNAL**

**DON'T BE DISILLUSIONED BY THE SCOTTISH SON AS HE FLIES, IN  
BAT-LIKE UNISON**

**CHARLIE**

pauses a moment to reflect, then writes...

**ANGLE ON THE JOURNAL**

**UNTRUST-ING  
UNKNOW-ING  
UNLOV-ING**

**CHARLIE**

Thinks of something else and writes...

**ANGLE ON THE JOURNAL**

**THIS POEM SUCKS**

His hand reaches across and scratches it out.

**EXT. HAIGHT-ASHBURY STREET - DAY**

Charlie is exiting a vintage record store. Suddenly he finds  
himself face to face with Sherri. She's accompanied by a  
handsome young man.

**SHERRI**

Hey, Charlie.

**CHARLIE**

Hi. How're you doing.

(he glances at her  
friend)  
Good, huh?

**SHERRI**

I'm okay. This is Michael. Michael,  
this is Charlie MacKenzie.

**YOUNG GUY**

I know. Why don't you two talk. I'm  
going over there to buy some  
magazines.

He walks over to a magazine stand.

**CHARLIE**

That good looking and he can read!

**SHERRI**

I'm teaching him. I heard you have a  
new girlfriend.

**CHARLIE**

We broke up. There were problems.

**SHERRI**

Problems?

**CHARLIE**

Difficulties.

**SHERRI**

Let me guess...  
(smiles)  
She's a murderer.

For a moment, Charlie is too stunned to respond. Then...

**CHARLIE**

Why did you just say that?

**SHERRI**

(laughs)  
What else is left?

**INT. CHARLIE'S BEDROOM - EARLY EVENING**

He's on the Stair Master, stepping very lethargically. The TELEPHONE RINGS: He goes to answer.

**CHARLIE**

Hello...

**TONY**

(through phone)

Not that it matters anymore, but I thought you should know -- someone just turned themselves in for the murder of Ralph Elliot.

**CHARLIE**

Really? Did she confess to the other murders?

**TONY**

Just the plumber so far, but she'll come along.

(after a pause)

A little old lady from Pacific Heights. Said he overcharged her on a leaking sink.

**CHARLIE**

Really. Leaky sink, huh?

**TONY**

Anyway, crime to stop. Gotta go. I'll catch you later.

Tony hangs up. Charlie stops pedaling on the bike. Now he really feels like shit. Harriet's not a killer. Sherri's not a cheater.

He races out of the bedroom.

Moments later he appears, puts on a pair of pants over his exercise shorts, then races out the door again.

**EXT./INT. CHARLIE'S CAR - EARLY EVENING**

Charlie races along towards Harriet's house.

**EXT. HARRIET'S APARTMENT DOOR - DAY**

He races up to the door and starts to bang and knock and ring...

**CHARLIE**

(through door)

Harriet, it's me, Charlie.

**HARRIET (O.S.)**

Go away, Charlie.

**CHARLIE**

I've gotta talk to you, cause I miss you, and I made a mistake... and if you give me another chance I'll change. I will. I promise. I'll get help, or therapy, or... Yeah, that'll be great. Therapy. Even twice a week. I'll check with my insurance to see if I'm covered, but forget that. Harriet...

The chain opens on the door.

**HARRIET**

You really hurt me.

**CHARLIE**

I'll make it up to you, can we at least talk.

**HARRIET**

Sure, talk.

Rose steps up behind Charlie.

**ROSE (O.S.)**

Hi, Charlie.

**CHARLIE**

AAAhhhhhh.

**ROSE**

(as she now proceeds  
to be let in by  
Harriet)

Trust your first instincts, Charlie.  
You never do. It's your big mistake.  
That and the haircut.

Once again, baffled by Rose, Charlie touches his hair, shakes it off and looks Harriet right in the eye.

**CHARLIE**

I don't want to lose you.

**HARRIET**

You didn't lose me. You rejected me.

**CHARLIE**

I'm unrejecting you.

**HARRIET**

How do I know you won't reject me  
again?

**CHARLIE**

I love you.

**HARRIET**

(after a long pause)  
I love you. But you blew it, Charlie,  
you blew it.

She goes into the house. Charlie stands there dejected. He knows he's blown it.

#### **INT. HARRIET'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Harriet is doing a load of laundry consisting of bloodied work clothes. Suddenly she can hear the sound of MUSIC, very loudly.

Annoyed, she goes out her front door to tell her neighbors off. Just as she's about to knock on the door, she realizes it's not the source of the music. At that moment her neighbor, who is a STEWARDESS, comes out in nightclothes.

**STEWARDESS**

I don't mean to be a pain, but I'm a stewardess, and I have an early flight out in the morning. Can you please keep your music down?

**HARRIET**

I thought it was coming from here.

**STEWARDESS**

But someone keeps shouting your name over and over.

Puzzled, Harriet rushes back to her own balcony.

**EXT. HARRIET'S APARTMENT - BALCONY - NIGHT**

Harriet rushes out and smiles as she sees the source of the noise. Charlie serenades Harriet in the street below, accompanied by a TRUMPETER with a MUTE, a DOUBLE BASS PLAYER AND A GUY ON A SNARE.

**CHARLIE**

**HARRIET, HARRIET HARD-HEARTED  
HARBINGER OF HAGGIS  
BEAUTIFUL, BEMUSED BELLICOSE BUTCHER  
UNTRUST-ING  
UNKNOW-ING  
UNLOV-ING  
HE WANTS YOU BACK HE SCREAMS INTO  
THE NIGHT AIR LIKE A FIREMAN GOING  
TO A WINDOW THAT HAS NO FIRE EXCEPT  
THE PASSION OF HIS HEART  
I AM LONELY,  
IT'S REALLY HARD  
THIS POEM SUCKS**

A crowd has gathered in the street and spectators group on their balconies. They break out into APPLAUSE. Charlie proudly

takes the applause and bows to Harriet. She throws him a flower. He's won her back.

### **INT. BATHTUB - HARRIET'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Romantic with candles surrounding the tub. Harriet and Charlie are bathing together. Wherever one of them moves, the water extinguishes a candle and Charlie lights it. This is keeping him pretty busy.

#### **HARRIET**

I've been there for almost a year. I only planned on stay with her for a few weeks, but she gets upset every time I say I'm moving.

#### **CHARLIE**

You were close as kids?

#### **HARRIET**

I pretty much raised her. You know the scene. Depressed mother... withdrawn father.

(she remembers)

My dad was a photographer too.

#### **CHARLIE**

Really?

#### **HARRIET**

He hated it. Trudging off to those weddings every Saturday night. Other people's celebrations he called it. He said sometimes they didn't even offer him a glass of soda. He had a small studio, and every year at Christmas he'd take a picture of me and Rose and put it in the window on a little card that said "Seasons Greetings." Awful pictures. It's like... I could see his pain in my face. Anyway, me and my sister worked with our "childhood issues" in different ways. She became a

photographer and I became phobic about having my picture taken. It's quite a family.

**CHARLIE**

Where are they now? Your parents?

**HARRIET**

Dead. Car accident.

There is a RING at the door.

**ROSE (O.S.)**

Harriet, its for you.

#### **INT. HARRIET'S LIVING ROOM**

Charlie comes out of the bathroom in a robe.

**HARRIET**

Charlie, I want you to meet a friend of mine. Say hi to Ralph.

**CHARLIE**

(shocked)

Ralph?

A plain looking lady in her thirties, RALPH, is sitting by the window.

**CHARLIE**

(delighted)

Oh, like Ralph, the lady carpenter in Green Acres!

**HARRIET**

This is Charlie.

**CHARLIE**

I love you!

**RALPH**

It's nice to meet you.

**CHARLIE**

(ecstatic)

Nice? It's more than nice. It's great to meet you. It's fantastic to meet you. I just, I can't tell you how glad I am. Ralph. Really. I am.

**RALPH**

Well, thank you, I've heard a lot of nice things about you too, and...

He rushes over to hug her.

**CHARLIE**

Oh, Ralphie, I love you.

Swept up in his enthusiasm his towel falls off. Harriet is shocked, but amused.

**HARRIET**

I'll leave you guys alone. Have a great time.

Charlie realizes he is naked. His arms are still wrapped around Ralph.

**CHARLIE**

I'm naked, aren't I?

**HARRIET**

Why, yes, you are.

**CHARLIE**

I should really get dressed now.

He hurriedly puts his towel back on, bolts to the bedroom door. Just before he enters, he pauses and turns to Ralph.

**CHARLIE**

(to Ralph)

Call me.

He leaves.

**RALPH**

(to Harriet; a little  
confused)  
Friendly guy.

**CUT TO:**

**A KITCHEN DOOR OPENS...**

and Charlie's mother, MAY, shoulders her way through the door, carrying a HAPPY ANNIVERSARY CAKE with a big 45 written on it.

**PULL BACK TO REVEAL WE ARE IN:**

**INT. CHARLIE'S PARENTS' APARTMENT - NIGHT**

May and Stuart's 45 year anniversary party. UNCLE ANGUS is at the piano playing "Happy Anniversary" as Charlie's parents, all their friends and Harriet all sit around the piano

**SINGING:**

**THE GROUP**

Happy Anniversary to you...  
(Etc.)

The song ends. May and Stuart blow out the candles.

**MAY**

Okay, everyone come and get a piece of cake and some milk.

**CHARLIE**

Hey Dad, I got an anniversary present for you...

Stuart looks up, and Charlie gets him in a headlock and pins him to the ground.

**STUART**

I'm proud of you, son. I'm proud of you.  
(Stuart addresses the group)

I just wanna propose a toast. To my wife. Forty five years ago today May and I got married. Some of you were there, some of you weren't born yet, some of you are now dead, but... We both said, "I do" and we haven't agreed on a single thing since. But, I'm glad I married you May cause... It could have been worse and besides... I still love you.

They kiss and everyone APPLAUDS. Uncle Angus breaks into, "Stand By Your Man." May and Stuart start to dance. Charlie looks at another young couple who are touched by this sincere display of love. He looks over at Harriet. Stuart and May feed each other cake. Charlie approaches Harriet.

**CHARLIE**

Harriet, I wanna talk to you.

**HARRIET**

Boy, you really made some impression with Ralph. She can't get over you.

**CHARLIE**

(stalling; nervous)

I'm just so happy for you to have friends like Ralph. What a great friend to have.

**HARRIET**

Is everything all right, Charlie?  
You're perspiring.

**CHARLIE**

Harriet... marry me.

**HARRIET**

What?

**CHARLIE**

I want to have a wedding. With you.

**HARRIET**

No.

**CHARLIE**

Please.

**HARRIET**

I don't know, Charlie. It's so good like it is. Why don't we just live together first?

**CHARLIE**

Because, I love you and I want you to marry me and be with me for 45 years. I want you to have my children, and I want to have your children. I know that sounds like a lot of children, and they might not all get along, but... I'm finally ready to trust you and to make a commitment. Marry me, Harriet, please. Be my wife.

Harriet flinches slightly at the word "Wife", but Charlie is too wrapped up in the moment to notice. Stuart addresses the group.

**STUART**

I'd like to thank Charlie for throwing us this party. I hope some day you have the same great 45 years that we've had.

People clap and smile. Harriet looks at Charlie. He has tears in his eyes.

**HARRIET**

Yes.

At first it doesn't register. Then...

**CHARLIE**

You will?

She smiles.

**HARRIET**

Let's get married, Charlie.

They kiss.

**MAY**

(from across room)

Harriet, come here a minute. I want you and Uncle Angus to play a song together.

Harriet and Charlie kiss one last time and she goes to the piano.

Charlie stays in the corner, and Tony comes over.

**TONY**

Hey, sorry I'm so late. What's happening?

**CHARLIE**

Nothing. Nothing at all. Just two little things...

(as Tony looks in)

That woman over there in the corner... She's Harriet's friend, and her name is Ralph.

**TONY**

No shit.

**CHARLIE**

And secondly... That woman over there...

(Re: Harriet)

That's Harriet, and we're getting married.

**TONY**

(excited)

Fantastic... What did I tell you. She's a great girl. And the last thing in the world she'd be is a

murderer.

And then Harriet begins singing at the piano.

**HARRIET**

(singing)

**ONLY YOU...**

**CAN MAKE THIS WORLD SEEM RIGHT...**

**ONLY YOU...**

**CAN MAKE THIS DARKNESS LIGHT..."**

Tony and Charlie look at each other. "Only you?" Then Charlie looks at his bride with confidence.

He walks over and joins her. She sings to him. It's a moment.

**INT. JEWELRY STORE - DAY**

Charlie and Harriet pick out a diamond ring.

**INT. TRAVEL AGENCY**

Charlie and Harriet point to brochures of the different cities they could go to on their honeymoon. They decide on a picture of the "DRY CREEK LODGE" in Oregon.

**INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE**

They are getting their blood tests back. Harriet looks at hers, casually. Charlie is nervous. Reluctantly he opens the file and looks at it. He is pleased with the results and does a victory dance.

**EXT. SCOTTISH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH - ESTABLISHING**

**INT. SCOTTISH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH**

Charlie and Harriet are being married. Harriet is in a beautiful wedding gown. Charlie is wearing a kilt. Tony is the best man. He also wears a kilt. Stuart, also kilted, May, the whole family along with a hundred well-wishers are in attendance. The SCOTTISH MINISTER presides. Rose is in a kilt.

**SCOTTISH MINISTER**

Now, Mr. MacKenzie, if you will take this woman to be your wife, through thick and thin, for better or for worse, please say: "I do"...

**CHARLIE**

I do...

**SCOTTISH MINISTER**

Now Harriet, if you will take this man, through good times and bad, for ever and ever, as your husband, please say "I Do"...

Harriet starts to speak; but right before the words come out, she stares into Charlie's eyes and STOPS. Charlie looks nervous. So does the Scottish Minister. So does Tony. So does everyone.

**HARRIET**

(after a long pause;  
finally:)

I do.

**SCOTTISH MINISTER**

Now Charlie... Kiss the beautiful bride!

Charlie and Harriet kiss. We can see (though Charlie can't) Harriet has a strange unsure expression on her face. Tony notices it though and can't figure it out.

**STUART**

Let's get pissed.

The wedding march kicks in being played by a drunken Scotsman on BAGPIPES.

**INT. RECEPTION HALL**

A Scottish accordionist and a Drummer play SCOTLAND THE BRAVE. Some OLDER SCOTTISH AUNTIES are CLAPPING and HOOTING LOUDLY along with the tune. Some young girl COUSINS in traditional

Scottish costume, dance the sword dance along to SCOTLAND  
**THE BRAVE.**

We pass the buffet which we see is catered by "Meats Of The World." Then we pass a very drunken Stuart in a heated discussion with four other people.

**STUART**

You know Golden Gate park was designed  
by a Scotsman, MacClaren, which is  
who MacClaren park was named after.

The others agree heartily.

May and Tony are dancing. May is dancing uncomfortably close.  
She keeps sliding her hand down to his ass, which he then  
has to move back to his shoulder.

Then we come to William, who's reluctantly at the children's  
table. All his little cousins are queuing up for a chance to  
feel his head.

We find Charlie in a corner. One of the hooting Scottish  
aunties is trying to get him to have another Scotch.

**AUNTIE MOLLY**

(proffering the Scotch)

Charlie, get this down your neck.

**CHARLIE**

Auntie Molly if I have another one  
I'll end up underneath the table  
with my kilt over my head.

Tony joins them.

**TONY**

Where's Harriet?

**CHARLIE**

I don't know. Oh, there she is.

She's in the corner by herself looking weird and ominous.  
She has enough food in front of her for three people.

She eats ravenously and incessantly. Charlie goes over to her.

**CHARLIE**

A little hungry, were you?

At that moment, a FLASH goes off. Harriet looks up angrily.

**HARRIET**

What are you...!

Then she realizes it's Rose. She calms down and smiles. Charlie looks at her, a little peculiarly, but Harriet regains her composure.

**HARRIET**

Sorry. The flash just...

The band kicks into a new dance. A YOUNG BOY comes up to the bagpipe man with a shot of whiskey and whispers into his ear. The bagpipe man stops the song, downs the whiskey and then breaks into Rod Stewart's "IF YOU THINK I'M SEXY." From across the room we hear Stuart singing.

**STUART**

(full volume; singing)

**IF YOU THINK I'M SEXY...  
AND YOU WANT MY BODY...  
COME ON BABY LET ME KNOW.**

Stuart gives the Bagpiper the thumbs up. The young people in the room start to jam, and then one by one the other guests start getting into the swing of things. The bagpipe man continues playing. It is clear that he is far too drunk to play. He slowly keels over, drunk. And as he falls over face first, he lands on his Bagpipes. The bagpipes let out an ATONAL DEFLATING SOUND like the last dying throes of a tortured animal. The BAGPIPE WAIL extends into the next scene.

**EXT. HIGH ABOVE COAST - DAY**

**CHARLIE (V.O.)**

Wait 'til you see this place, Harriet.

**INT. CHARLIE'S CAR - DAY**

They drive along the beautiful coast. Harriet is still eating.  
They're listening to TEENAGE FAN CLUB.

**CHARLIE**

This is Teenage Fan Club. They're  
from Scotland.

**HARRIET**

They're great.

**CHARLIE**

We'll have the whole lodge to  
ourselves practically.

**HARRIET**

I can't wait, Charlie.

**CHARLIE**

I wish you could be me, so you could  
know how great it feels to be with  
you.

**HARRIET**

It sounds wonderful

**CHARLIE**

Do you think that would be a good  
line for a poem?

**HARRIET**

Honestly? It sounds a little Hallmark.

**CHARLIE**

Yeah, it's a little Seals and Croft.  
I have a habit of sabotaging  
relationships, and there were a  
million times during me and you that  
I could have blown this, and I just  
thank God that I didn't...

**INT. POLICE STATION - DAY**

Tony is at his desk. The captain kicks open the door, knocking Tony's feet off the desk. The captain is now dressed in suspenders, a loosened tie, and a shirt with pit stains.

**CAPTAIN**

O.K., Spiletti, I got word from upstairs that you been pokin' your nose into that Ralph Elliot case.

**TONY**

Yes, Captain.

**CAPTAIN**

Don't "yes, Captain" me, Spiletti. You're outta line. This is strictly homicide.

**TONY**

Captain, I got this friend...

**CAPTAIN**

Friend? Yeah, we all got friends, Spiletti. I'm warning you, Stay away from this one. Back off, Italian boy. You're getting too close to this one.

**TONY**

Captain, I know what I'm doing. Trust me. What's the news.

**CAPTAIN**

I can't believe I'm doing this, but that girl who confused to Ralph Elliot's murder also confessed to other murders.

**TONY**

I knew she would! I knew it!

**CAPTAIN**

Yeah, apparently she also confessed to killing Abe Lincoln, Julius Caesar,

and Warren G. Harding. She's a nut,  
Spiletti!

**TONY**

(getting up)  
Oh, my god! I gotta go!

**CAPTAIN**

Yeah, screw this one up Spiletti and  
you'll be writing parking tickets  
for the rest of your days.

**TONY**

I won't let you down, Captain.

Tony exits for a beat, then pokes his head in the doorway.

**TONY**

That's much better Captain.

**CAPTAIN**

(nice again)  
You think so? Well, thank you very  
much.

#### **EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY**

Tony hurries to his car.

#### **EXT. GAS STATION ALONG THE COAST - DAY**

They stop at a gas station with a small mini-mart. As Charlie  
is filling the tank he notices Harriet slipping the key out  
of the ignition before she walks to the mini-mart for more  
food.

**HARRIET**

You want anything?

**CHARLIE**

Lamb chops, creamed spinach, stuffed  
tomatoes and a Hershey Bar.

Harriet arrives at the little Ma and Pa type mini-mart and

smiles to Charlie.

**CHARLIE**

If they don't have all that, I'll  
just take the Hershey bar.

**EXT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY**

Tony stands at the door, buzzing the buzzer to no response.

**INT. CHARLIE'S CAR - EARLY EVENING**

They are still driving along the coast. Charlie is eating his Hershey Bar. Harriet's eyes are becoming a bit glazed now, her movements a little static. She keeps looking behind them and out the window.

**CHARLIE**

What do you keep looking behind us  
for?

(joking)

Is someone following you, or...?

**HARRIET**

They were. I think they're gone.

**CHARLIE**

(curious; pausing)

What do you mean, they were?

**HARRIET**

The gas station guy. I thought he  
was chasing us for a while, but I  
guess he stopped.

**CHARLIE**

The gas station guy? Why would the  
gas station guy chase us.

**HARRIET**

I don't know, Charlie. I guess for  
not paying.

**CHARLIE**

What do you mean not paying? You didn't pay him for the gas.

**HARRIET**

I forgot to pay... I didn't want to be away from you for any longer.

**CHARLIE**

So, you just left.

**HARRIET**

Yes. And you're an accomplice.

He stops mid-bite on his Hershey Bar. He's confused.

**CHARLIE**

I'm not sure I understand.

**HARRIET**

Look, Charlie, don't you get it? We're a team.

**CHARLIE**

(going with it)

I can play that game. I'll get the next gas station. Like Bonnie & Clyde.

He and Bonnie continue on the winding road and pass a sign that reads: "DRY CREEK LODGE - 40 MILES"

**INT. HALLWAY - HARRIET'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Tony knocks. No answer. He picks the lock and enters.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Rose is tied up and lying in a pool of blood. Tony stops for a beat, draws his gun and slowly walks over to her. Just as he gets there, a SHUTTER CLICKS.

**ROSE**

Oh, hi!

**TONY**

(practically hysterical)  
What is it with the women in your family?

**ROSE**

I was just doing a murder series in honor of the wedding.

**TONY**

Hey, this is real blood.

**ROSE**

Yes, Harriet, give it to me. She's a butcher.

(Tony reacts)

...She owns a butcher shop.

**TONY**

I need a picture of Harriet.

**ROSE**

Sorry. No can do.

**TONY**

You took a picture at the party. I saw it.

**ROSE**

It didn't come out.

**TONY**

Look, Rose. I need a photo.

**ROSE**

The picture didn't come out.

(he waits)

It was unflattering. In made her look ten pounds heavier.

(he waits)

She's my sister.

**TONY**

She's been implicated in a crime. I need the photo to eliminate her as a

suspect.

**ROSE**

And if she's not innocent. If she's,  
you know, "quirky?"

**TONY**

If she's "quirky" we'll save Charlie's  
life.

Rose pulls out a photograph -- Charlie and Harriet. Looking  
young and in love.

**EXT. DRY CREEK LODGE - LATE IN THE DAY**

A beautiful old Colonial Mansion, nestled in the mountains  
and forests of the North-West. Romantic and from another  
day. Charlie and Harriet pull up in front of it.

The Valets open the door for them.

**HARRIET**

It's like a castle, Charlie. It's so  
beautiful.

**VALET**

Welcome to the Dry Creek. You just  
beat the rainstorm. Two hours later  
and the roads'd probably be closed.

**CHARLIE**

Great. If you could help us with the  
luggage, we have these two in the  
back seat and...

As they deal with the luggage, Harriet starts to walk away  
from the hotel, away from the car, rain falling on her head.  
She walks straight at the CAMERA, so only we can see her  
expression. Her expression is one of simply "losing it".

**CHARLIE**

Harriet? What are you doing honey?

Harriet turns around and smiles at Charlie. He smiles back.

## **INT. LOBBY OF DRY CREEK LODGE - EVENING**

Charlie and Harriet stand at the desk. Harriet is not quite paying attention. Her attention span has slipped to none. She's fidgety. She looks around suspiciously at everything and everyone.

### **DESK CLERK**

Welcome, Sir. We have you with us for four nights, Mr. MacKenzie. Dinner reservations are at eight-thirty.

### **CHARLIE**

Great. Sounds terrific.

### **DESK CLERK**

Also, you might wanna prepare some candles by the bed. We're expecting the rainstorm to get even worse. We might even lose the power tonight.

### **CHARLIE**

Did you hear that, Harriet? A storm. I can't think of anything more romantic than the two of us trapped in our room in the middle of a rain storm.

(noticing her)

You okay, Harriet?

### **HARRIET**

Just a little head-ache.

(to clerk)

Excuse me, is there a drug store in the hotel? I want to get some aspirin.

### **DESK CLERK**

Right beyond those trees, Ma'm. Anything you need.

### **HARRIET**

Thanks. Don't go anywhere. I'll be right back.

Harriet walks off to the lobby store, backwards, looking at Charlie. Charlie watches her walk off. The Desk Clerk sits staring at Charlie.

**DESK CLERK**

You think she's really got a headache?

**CHARLIE**

What?

**DESK CLERK**

Ah, nothing. Here's your key. You're in the Oak Room.

Charlie looks back at the drug store, where Harriet is shopping. She waves to him. Charlie looks back at the Desk Clerk and grabs the key.

**CUT TO:**

**FAX OF THE PHOTO OF CHARLIE & HARRIET**

coming out of a fax machine.

**INT. WALTER'S PLUMBING - EARLY EVENING**

WALTER, the owner of the Plumbing store, dressed in overalls takes the Fax out and then picks up the phone.

**WALTER**

That's Ralph Elliot's wife, alright.  
She had shorter hair in those days.

**INT. MARTIAL ARTS STUDIO - NIGHT**

MASTER CHO, the new owner of the studio, dressed in a gee, looks at the same fax.

**MASTER CHO**

(into phone)  
Mrs. Richter gain much weight since then, but it's definitely her.

**INT. THE LIZARD'S LOUNGE - ATLANTIC CITY**

RANDY ROMANO, the owner, talks into the phone, holding up the faxed photo of Charlie and Harriet.

**RANDY**

That's his little lollipop, alright.  
Boy he loved her. I'll tell you, she  
was a lot of fun. Smart. A doll face  
to boot.

**INT. TONY'S CUBICLE - NIGHT**

Tony is on the phone. Kathy, seen before at the police station, stands with him.

**TONY**

Circuits are out from the storm.

Tony gets to the police station door and opens it. Kathy follows him.

**TONY**

(to Kathy)

Keep trying the hotel. Tell the chief  
I just chartered a plane up to Oregon.

The Police Captain enters.

**CAPTAIN**

(points to his hair)

See that Spiletti -- A gray hair!  
Every day, Spiletti, I find another  
one. And that's all due to you. Get  
out there, and catch me some bad  
guys!

**TONY**

Not now, Captain.

**CAPTAIN**

(nice again)

Sorry.

Tony dashes out of the police station and into his car.

### **INT. CHARLIE'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

A beautiful suite, with a fireplace burning a big stack of wood, with another stack next to it, with an AXE in it. Music is playing softly on the stereo. And Charlie and Harriet have just finished making love underneath the covers, illuminated just by the light of the fireplace.

#### **CHARLIE**

This is the best honeymoon I could ever imagine, Harriet. If we had to pack and go home right now, I'd still think it was the greatest honeymoon ever.

Harriet doesn't respond. Her head is turned from his.

#### **CHARLIE**

Don't you agree, Harriet? Harriet?

He pulls the sheets away from her face to see that she is crying.

#### **CHARLIE**

(wiping her tears)

What? What are you crying? What is it?

#### **HARRIET**

It's nothing. It's just... I was just thinking... We're married now. And I always wanted to try and have kids, and...

#### **CHARLIE**

So do I. Look, there's nothing more I'd like to do than have, kids, or...

#### **HARRIET**

It's just, I get scared that certain things will happen, or...

**CHARLIE**

What are you talking about? You're gonna be a great Mom. I know you will.

**HARRIET**

It's not that, Charlie.

**CHARLIE**

What then?

**HARRIET**

You're gonna laugh.

**CHARLIE**

Tell me. Of course I'm not gonna laugh. Kids is a big thing. It's hard. I'm sure I have the same fears.

**HARRIET**

If we have kids, Charlie, things happen. Kids are healthy and fine, and some aren't, and I don't know if I could live with myself if I gave birth to a child with webbed feet.

Charlie stops to think about this. Webbed feet?

**CHARLIE**

Webbed feet?

**HARRIET**

You're laughing.

**CHARLIE**

No, I'm not laughing.

**HARRIET**

You think that's silly?

**CHARLIE**

No, no. That's a natural fear. I've thought about that fear.

**HARRIET**

It really worries me, Charlie.

**CHARLIE**

(quite confused)

Well, look, they have, doctors -- I assume -- that deal, only with, webbed feet. And, God Forbid, and I'm talking strictly hypothetically, should that happen, we'll find one.

**HARRIET**

(kissing him; happy now)

You're the greatest Charlie.

**CHARLIE**

(confused, to say the least)

Thanks. We should get ready for dinner.

**EXT./INT. CHARTERED CESSNA - NIGHT**

A small plane flies through the clouds. It's just Tony and DENNIS the pilot.

Dennis never really realizes this is more than a sightseeing tour, and constantly points out scenic points along the way.

**DENNIS**

Out your left side, you can see the Sierra Nevada, which is the largest mountain range west of the Rockies...

**TONY**

Great. Rockies. I don't care. Oregon. Move.

**INT. CHARLIE'S HOTEL ROOM AT DRY CREEK LODGE - NIGHT**

Charlie is dressed very sharply in sport coat and tie. He yells into the bathroom where we can see part of Harriet

from behind.

**CHARLIE**

You almost ready? The first seating  
is in five minutes.

**HARRIET**

(from other room)

I just wanna look good for you,  
Charlie. That's all.

**CHARLIE**

I'm sure you look great. I'm sure  
you look...

Harriet turns the corner, wearing a nice dress. Her hair  
looks okay. She's wearing perfume. The only problem is, she  
has two lines of mascara running down her cheeks. She's been  
crying. Charlie looks curious.

**HARRIET**

Do I look okay, Charlie?

**CHARLIE**

Yes. Well...

Charlie points to his own eye.

**HARRIET**

What's wrong?

**CHARLIE**

Nothing. You kind of look like Tammy  
Faye Baker right now.

She looks in the mirror.

**HARRIET**

Oh, yeah.

She goes back into the bathroom.

**EXT. CESSNA - NIGHT**

The plane descends towards the runway. The rain comes down hard.

**DENNIS (V.O.)**

As we prepare to land, we can see off to our left Lake Shanony, which is...

**TONY (V.O.)**

Just land. Don't worry about Lake Shanony. I don't give a shit about Lake Shanony.

The plane touches down.

**EXT. DRY CREEK LODGE - NIGHT**

Rain pours fantastically on the gothic castle. Wind blows hard.

**MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)**

A toast to our new friends, Charlie and Harriet...

**INT. BEAUTIFUL FRENCH RESTAURANT IN HOTEL - NIGHT**

A beautiful dining room with a small dance floor. Charlie sits at an intimate table for two with Harriet. A small band plays in the b.g., as the BAND LEADER is making the toast. The five or six other couples in the restaurant also hold up their glass.

**BAND LEADER**

...we're honored to be here for this very special day in...

The CONCIERGE at this point interrupts to bring Charlie a TELEPHONE. Everyone stops and watches and waits.

**CONCIERGE**

I'm sorry to interrupt, Sir. There's a phone call for you from town.  
(Charlie takes phone)  
They say it's quite urgent.

The toast, as well as the entire room, stops -- almost like an E.F. Hutton commercial, waiting for Charlie's phone call to finish.

**CHARLIE**

(curious)

Hello?

**INT. AIRPORT IN OREGON - EARLY EVENING**

Tony speaks into the phone frantically.

**TONY**

Charlie, you okay?

**INTERCUT PHONE CALL**

**CHARLIE**

Great. Couldn't be better.

**TONY**

Charlie, listen to me! It's her!  
Harriet is Mrs. X! She killed Ralph  
and the two other men!

Charlie looks up across the table at Harriet who is completely caught up in the event of seeing how long she can keep her hand in the candle before it hurts.

She puts it in, smiles then takes it out. She shakes her hand, and repeats the process.

**CHARLIE**

(talking softly)

Look, that's great -- it just so happens though, that I met...

(louder than he had hoped)

Ralph, and much to my delight, not only is she alive, but she's female. I thought I told you.

Harriet looks at Charlie, very suspiciously. He looks back

at her, and tries to smile, pretending that he is having a pleasant, and completely irrelevant conversation.

**TONY**

Rose had a picture. It checked out.  
It's her, Charlie. She is the  
murderer.

**HARRIET**

Charlie, your food is getting cold.

Charlie waves "One Minute" to Harriet, as she watches.

**CHARLIE**

So, what do I do?

**TONY**

I called the police. All the roads  
are closed, but they're on their  
way. In the mean time just...

The line goes DEAD.

**CHARLIE**

Hello?  
(pressing receiver)  
Hello?

**HARRIET**

What's a matter, Charlie?

**CHARLIE**

(to concierge)  
The phone just went dead. I was on  
the phone and it went dead.

**CONCIERGE**

That's quite common, sir. I'm sure  
the lines'll be out in the whole  
city 'til tomorrow. Enjoy your meal,  
Sir.

The Concierge takes the phone away. Charlie turns slowly to Harriet, genuinely scared.

**HARRIET**

What happened, Charlie?

**CHARLIE**

Nothing... Nothing happened. Just  
the lines are down. Phone lines.

Suddenly, the band leader continues with his toast.

**BAND LEADER**

(over microphone)

...so to these two young people, we  
wish them a long and happy life  
together and would like to play their  
song. The Platters -- "Only You".

The band starts to play "Only You".

People APPLAUD. Harriet and Charlie just stare at each other.  
He knows.

The older couple at the next table, MR. & MRS. LEVENSTEIN,  
lean over to their table.

**MR. LEVENSTEIN**

How about the traditional Bride &  
Groom dance?

Another couple walks by and pulls them literally out of the  
their seats and onto the dance floor.

**OTHER COUPLE**

Come on. It's a tradition.

Charlie finds himself in the middle of the dance floor dancing  
slowly with Harriet. He's scared out of his mind. The music  
plays in the background. Harriet smiles strangely at him. He  
tries to smile back, checking all the Exits, planning an  
escape.

Then suddenly, call it luckily, MR. LEVENSTEIN, interrupts:

**MR. LEVENSTEIN**

Excuse me. Could I cut in on your dance?

**CHARLIE**

Of course. Sure...

Charlie gives her hand away to Mr. Levenstein. He takes Mrs. Levenstein's hand and starts to dance towards the EXIT, when suddenly the ELECTRICITY GOES OUT. The MUSIC is out. The **LIGHTS ARE OUT.**

In the dimmest of lights provided from the cloud covered moon outside, Charlie runs across the dance floor, fighting for an exit to the outside.

He arrives in someone's arms on his way.

**CHARLIE**

I need your help! You have to help me! I've married a...!

The LIGHTS GO BACK ON and Charlie is in HARRIET'S ARMS again. Her face is near menacing now. She smiles a very disturbed grin. He doesn't know what to say.

**HARRIET**

(much too pleasant)  
Hello, Charlie.

Charlie and her are squared off. Neither speak. Suddenly both of them are lifted into the air. They look down and see the waiters and busboys picking them up onto chairs, throwing them up in the air again and again. The MUSIC plays along loudly.

Harriet watches Charlie very closely, as Charlie looks scared. Then, the people start to carry them out of the room and down the hallway.

**WAITER**

Let's take 'em to their room.

**CONCIERGE**

Yeah, I'm sure they've had enough of

these crowds for one night.

**CHARLIE**

My dinner. I didn't finish my dinner yet.

**HARRIET**

Smile, Charlie. Act like you're having a good time.

**INT. OREGON AIRPORT - SAME/NIGHT**

Tony is talking to an attractive young girl behind the airport Rent-A-Car booth.

**RENT-A-CAR GIRL**

I'm sorry, Sir. The roads are all closed. We can't rent any cars this evening.

**TONY**

You have to rent me something. I've gotta get up there. My friend's in danger...

**INT. CHARLIE & HARRIET'S ROOM - NIGHT**

The other hotel guests threw them inside. The room is all made up, the sheets are pulled down, the firewood is cut, the AXE is in the wood.

**CONCIERGE**

Have a good night, you two.

**CHARLIE**

Come on in. Stay for a nightcap.

**BELLBOY**

No, you two wanna be alone. See you.

**CHARLIE**

(demanding)  
Stay for a nightcap!

**BELLBOY**

Sir, I really don't think I should

**CHARLIE**

(shouting)

**STAY FOR A NIGHTCAP!**

The bellboy is frightened and runs away.

**CHARLIE**

(shouting down the  
hall after him)

**STAY FOR A NIGHTCAP!**

Harriet pulls Charlie back into the room, frightened that he's leaving.

**HARRIET**

Don't go, Charlie.

**EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT**

Tony runs out of the airport terminal where he sees a man in his forties who's just entered his four wheel drive jeep.

**TONY**

(flashing his badge)

Excuse me, Sir, I'm with the San Francisco Police Department. I'm on official business and I'm afraid I have to commandeer your vehicle.

**MAN**

(unfazed)

No.

**TONY**

What do you mean no?!

**MAN**

I happen to know for a fact that you don't have the power to commandeer my vehicle.

**TONY**

This is true.

(pause)

Please can I commandeer your vehicle?

**MAN**

Well, where are you going?

**TONY**

To The Dry Creek Lodge.

**MAN**

I'll give you a lift.

**TONY**

Well, I don't want a lift, I really want to commandeer the vehicle. Please just let me commandeer the vehicle.

**MAN**

Why don't you just let me drive you there? Really, I don't mind, it's on my way.

(pause)

**TONY**

You're not going to bend on the commandeering thing are you?

**MAN**

No.

**TONY**

Well, if we get stopped will you at least let me say that I commandeered the vehicle, but I let you drive?

**MAN**

I'm uncomfortable with that.

**TONY**

Please?

**MAN**

All right.

## **INT. CHARLES AND HARRIET'S ROOM**

Charlie & Harriet are all alone. The voices trail off down the hallway until they disappear. Charlie and Harriet stare at each other. Harriet blocks the door. Charlie looks around the room. The Axe. The Corkscrew. The letter opener. The fountain pen. At this point, everything in the room looks like a potential weapon. Harriet takes the axe.

### **HARRIET**

I heard you on the phone before,  
Charlie. There's something I've got  
to tell you.

### **CHARLIE**

(frightened)  
Harriet, I...

### **HARRIET**

I've been married before.

### **CHARLIE**

I already know.

### **HARRIET**

About my husbands?

### **CHARLIE**

Yes. And I was meaning to have a  
word with you. We could get an  
annulment.

### **HARRIET**

(screams)  
AAAhhhhhh!

Suddenly the power goes off again. They're both in the dark. A scuffle. Charlie has restrained Harriet, throws her in a walk-in closet and locks it. From behind the door, we hear Harriet WAILING. Which continues.

Charlie picks up the axe, looks at it, relieved at his lucky

escape. He rushes to the door to escape. He opens it and standing there is Rose.

**CHARLIE**

Aaaaah, Rose, I never thought I'd be so glad to see you.

Rose smiles. Charlie puts down the axe. The lights flicker back on.

**CHARLIE**

(going to the phone)  
Maybe the phones are working again by now.

He listens for a dial tone. Beside the phone he sees a note. He starts to read is:

**CHARLIE**

'Dear, Harriet. I just can't handle the commitment. I'm leaving you.'  
Signed, 'Charlie.'

And behind him Rose approaches with the axe raised.

**CHARLIE**

What the hell is this? I didn't write this?

And at that moment he turns to find the AXE BEING FLUNG THROUGH THE AIR AT his head. He ducks just in time.

**CHARLIE**

What the fuck?!

She takes another swing and she hits the lamp off the desk and the room is in complete DARKNESS.

**ROSE**

Charlie. Why did you marry Harriet? I warned you not to marry her, didn't I? I warned all of them. But none of them listened to me. They all went ahead and married her. She's the

pretty one. Where's Harriet? What have you done with my sister, Harriet?

**CHARLIE**

Nothing, Rose.

**ROSE**

If you've done something to my sister, Harriet, I swear to God I'll kill you.

We stay in Charlie's hip pocket as he tries to get away from what he can't see. He stays very silent.

**HARRIET**

(from the closet)

Where are you, Charlie? What's going on?

Then Rose strikes a match. She lights a candle and comes toward him. He looks around. The window is open. And Charlie is gone.

#### **INT. COMMANDEERED CAR - NIGHT**

Tony and the commandeered man drive through the swampy, winding road on the way up to the hotel. Tony is drumming on the dash.

**MAN**

Could you stop doing that please?

#### **EXT. CASTLE-LIKE ROUND TOWER/LEDGE OF TOWER - NIGHT**

Charlie tightropes along the ledge of the building. The storm continues. Rose comes out on the ledge and starts to chase him. He rounds the bend. Charlie looks into one room and sees MR. & MRS. LEVENSTEIN there. There's loud OPERA MUSIC playing in the room

**CHARLIE**

Call the police!

#### **INT. THE LEVENSTEIN'S ROOM - NIGHT SAME**

The Levensteins prepare for bed. Charlie races by their window. Then Rose races by.

**CHARLIE**

Call the police!

Mr. Levenstein closes the curtains. He can't hear.

**EXT. LEDGE - NIGHT**

Charlie races along the slippery ledge, almost falling at several points. Rose then appears on the roof holding the Axe, still.

**ROSE**

(mostly to herself;  
slurring most words)

Charlie, did you like your note? I thought it was pretty accurate. I did all the husbands' notes. I can forge anyone's handwriting, I can write in anyone's style. See, I'm an artist. Harriet isn't an artist. Sure she could get a husband, but she could never have done this. And you know what I'm most proud of?

**CHARLIE**

What's that, Rose?

**ROSE**

Harriet never knew. She thought they all just left her. I protected her. She's my sister.

Charlie turns and runs. Rose chases him.

**INT. BEDROOM**

Tony breaks into the room with his gun drawn.

**TONY**

(shouting)

Charlie!

**HARRIET**

(from closet)

Tony, is that you? It's me, Harriet.  
I'm in here.

Carefully, Tony opens the closet door.

**HARRIET**

Tony, Rose is trying to kill Charlie.  
They're out on the ledge.

**TONY**

(not believing)

Get on the floor and put your hands  
behind your back.

Harriet willingly goes on the floor.

**HARRIET**

Sure, anything. You've got to save  
Charlie.

Tony slaps cuffs on her and takes her to the window.

## **INT. BEDROOM**

Tony is standing with his back to the window, between it and  
Harriet. She looks out of the window and screams.

**HARRIET**

Look! It's Charlie!

From Harriet's POV we see Charlie on the ledge edging along.  
He stops in horror when he sees Harriet, glances back to the  
pursuing Rose, and rushes off.

Tony looks behind him out the window. Nobody is there.

**TONY**

Nice try.

**HARRIET**

I swear to you... It was Charlie...  
Look! Now there's Rose!

Rose looks into the room, with the axe in her hand.

**TONY**

No you don't.

**HARRIET**

I beg you... Look! It is Rose.

**TONY**

Oh no, not again.  
(he glances at the  
window)  
Aaaaah! Rose.

#### **INT. LEVENSTEIN'S WINDOW**

There is opera music playing. Charlie rushes by, past the window. There is a beat and he comes back, staring inside in amazement.

#### **REVERSE ANGLE**

Mr. Levenstein is in a Viking outfit. Mrs. Levenstein is in full Norse Regalia.

#### **INT. LEVENSTEIN'S WINDOW**

Charlie gulps and rushes on, hastily pursued by Rose.

#### **INT. THE ROOF**

Rose pulls the Axe back and swings, and the momentum of the swing pulls her feet out from under her, and on the slippery icy roof she falls and starts to slide.

Just as she's about to go off the fifty foot high roof, Charlie climbs down the roof. He stands over her. She's about to slip. Her hands are losing strength. Her fingers are slipping. The rain is falling harder and harder.

Charlie walks over to the cage where she's hanging on for

life.

He leans down to help her up, but just as he grabs on to her hand, the drainpipe she's holding onto slips.

She is now dangling from the roof, the rain falling harder and harder. Charlie now is nowhere near her. He then gets down on his knees on the roof and starts to climb down the side of the drainpipe to get her.

Rose looks up helplessly at him. Not really asking for his help. Not denying it. She's accepted her fate.

Policemen, ambulances and spectators have gathered below in bunches as Charlie climbs down the drainpipe, he himself hanging on for dear life.

He just reaches out far enough to grab her hand, and just as he does, her drainpipe tears and falls into the crowd below. Charlie, then with all his strength -- his "where has this strength been my whole life" strength -- pulls her up to the roof next to him.

Several policemen make their way onto the roof and come over to where Charlie is detaining Rose. The police take her, handcuff her and cart her away. From the corner of the roof appears Tony.

**TONY**

I hate to bother you on your  
honeymoon, Charlie, but...

Charlie looks beyond Tony and sees Harriet standing in the doorway. He goes over and puts his arm around Harriet.

**CHARLIE**

Thank God. I'm sorry I doubted you,  
but I thought you were the killer,  
but you were acting pretty strange?

**HARRIET**

I thought you were going to leave  
me, like the others. Thank God they  
were just murdered. I thought they

were always leaving me.

Below, Rose is put into a police car and taken off. The SIRENS disappear. So do the crowds.

**DISSOLVE INTO:**

**THE SOUND OF A CROWD IN A CLUB:**

**INT. SPILETTI'S COFFEE HOUSE**

Charlie is on stage looking very beatnik. He's reading his poetry, but we can't hear it. He nods to someone off stage. Harriet is in the audience, also looking very beatnik with their three year old son, STUART, a miniature beatnik version of Charlie.

**CHARLIE (V.O.)**

My dad was right. You don't lose your muse once you're married. Nothing changed, except I gained a great son, Stuart.

SOUND UP on Charlie's poetry.

**CHARLIE  
MARRIED MAN  
MOST MERRY  
AND IN CONCLUSION**

**CROWD AND CHARLIE  
THIS POEM SUCKS.**

The crowd goes crazy.

**CHARLIE**

Thank you very much.

HOUSE MUSIC kicks on. It's Saturday Night by the Bay City Rollers.

**BAY CITY ROLLERS  
S-A-T-U-R-D-A-Y NIGHT**

Charlie comes off stage and joins his wife and child at their table. He is very happy.

**FADE OUT:**

**THE END**