

Barbicide

by  
Chris Poché

OUTSIDE AN ITALIAN HILL TOWN, grapes burst from vines, tomatoes grow ripe before our eyes, the rolling hills shimmer with green. Gleeful children run through the valley and beautiful women walk down the road singing, their arms loaded with fresh bread.

A glistening Alpha Romeo convertible appears on the road. At the wheel is a young man wearing a barber's smock, a pocket comb in his pocket.

This is JIMMY ATTUSO. He is dreaming.

In the passenger seat is a ravishing young woman, dressed like an heiress. She flirts and LAUGHS and snuggles into Jimmy's chest. He LAUGHS with joy.

She produces a huge jug of wine and pours it into his mouth, then into her own. Wine SPLASHES all over them. They LAUGH. RRRRRR - Jimmy GUNS the PURRING Italian engine.

SMASH CUT TO:

CLOSE ON JIMMY'S FACE, in a daze.

PULL OUT to see that Jimmy is in his barber's smock, alone in his barber shop, staring at a faded poster of the Italian hill town from his daydream. Across it is the phrase, "Discover Italy".

JIMMY (V.O.)

Being a barber is pretty much being nothing. It's not completely bad, like being a garbage collector or a copier repairman.

The room is all tile, mirrors and disrepair, an unused manicure sink in the back. The counter is lined with jars of blue Barbicide Disinfectant, Bay Rum, scissors and combs.

JIMMY (V.O.)

But it's not good, either, like being a surgeon or a pilot. I guess the closest thing to the mediocrity of being a barber is being a bus driver.

There is an antique picture of immigrant men in hats in front of a barber shop and there's a calendar that is many years out of date.

JIMMY (V.O.)

At least they get a change of scenery.

Jimmy SIGHS, flips the sign from "CLOSED" to "OPEN" and unlocks the door.

EXT. JIMMY A'S BARBER SHOP, OAK STREET - MORNING

The lettering on the glass says "JIMMY A'S" in faded paint. Under it, "*Even You Can Be Beautiful*". It's the same barber shop that the immigrant men stood in front of in the old picture. It's just a lot older.

INT. JIMMY A'S BARBER SHOP - DAY

A YOUNG MAN sits in the chair, never looking up from his phone. Jimmy runs a comb through his hair.

JIMMY

How about... a number four on the sides, finger-length on top.

YOUNG MAN

Uh, yeah. That sounds good.

A voice croaks from across the room.

LOUD VOICE (O.S.)

The Number Four Soft Clipper Fade.  
That's a good choice, man.

The loud voice belongs to POOK, a useless young man who hangs around the shop. He leans back in his chair.

POOK

Yeah, very good choice. Since that's what you gonna get anyhow.

The Young Man looks around - every head in the shop has the same cut, even Jimmy's.

JIMMY

That's not true. I'm qualified to do other cuts. Lots of them.

POOK

Right - you the barber, Jimmy A. So how about you tell the man a joke. Barbers tell jokes.

JIMMY

Barbers cut hair. I'm not qualified to tell jokes, right?

Jimmy looks at the young man, hoping for an out. But the Young Man just miles expectantly.

YOUNG MAN

Bring it.

SNIP, SNIP - Jimmy goes to work.

JIMMY

Yeah. So, um, a guy takes a date back to his place. At the door, he takes his key out. The girl scoots around him, leans in, and looks at the lock. So, the guy says, "What are you doing?"

We HEAR THE JOKE TOLD OVER A SERIES OF HAIRCUTS, all the same, over the course of the day.

JIMMY

(to a different head)  
She says, "I'm watching how you put the key in."  
(and a different head)  
"See, if you just jam it in there, I know you're selfish in bed and I'm not interested."  
(and still another head)  
"And if you have to poke around to find the hole, I know you're clumsy in bed, and I'm not interested."

LATE THAT AFTERNOON, different head, Jimmy SNIPS away, soldiers through the joke.

JIMMY

"So," she says, "let's see what you do to get a lock to open."

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

At the bar is a different barber, who looks a lot like Jimmy. Surrounded by even more barbers, PHIL CAMPO is all smiles and energy.

PHIL CAMPO

So! The guy is frickin' paralyzed, right?!

(MORE)

PHIL CAMPO (CONT'D)

He knows that how he approaches this lock, in this moment, will determine whether he gets any ass from this smokin' hottie or goes home to stroke alone. So, the guy, he thinks about it a second, and then he leans down...

(dramatic pause...

big grin)

...and lllllicks it.

Phil drags his tongue out as he says it, relishing the punch line.

UPROARIOUS LAUGHTER from the assembled barbers.

PHIL CAMPO

He licks the lock!

Even MORE LAUGHTER.

BACK IN THE SHOP, Jimmy pauses, tongue out, having also finished the joke. Crickets. Then the SKINNY YOUNG MAN in the chair laughs halfheartedly.

Jimmy dusts his neck.

JIMMY

Have I told you that one?

The young man shrugs.

SKINNY YOUNG MAN

It's still pretty funny.

POOK

No, it ain't. It's nasty. You ain't s'posed to put your tongue on no woman like that.

JIMMY

It's just a joke, Pook.

Jimmy hands the young man a mirror to check the back.

POOK

Well, you need a new joke. It ain't even funny and it's nasty. See, I know a lot more about women than you do, Jimmy. You don't know shit. How many women you been with? Huh? I'll tell you how many - one.

Jimmy absentmindedly spins his wedding ring - its true.

JIMMY (V.O.)  
That would be Ariel, my child  
bride.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - EVENING

On the coffee table are candles, crystals, a bone, a stone with a hole in it and a hunk of wood wrapped in copper wire. The air is heavy with incense.

Jimmy's wife, ARIEL is on the sofa, eyes closed.

JIMMY (V.O.)  
She wasn't like this when we got married. But, a lot has happened since then. We sort of had a whole life in the time most people go to college. Now I'm pretty sure we're crazy old folks and we're just waiting for everyone else to catch up.

Jimmy stands, in a cheap grey suit, waiting impatiently by the door, holding a grocery store bouquet of daisies.

JIMMY  
This seems like a pretty long medita--

ARIEL  
Sh.

JIMMY  
Ariel--

ARIEL  
Sh.

JIMMY  
Oh, come on. Please?

Ariel opens her eyes. They are earnest and sweet and a little crazed.

ARIEL  
I can't.

JIMMY  
It's her birthday.

ARIEL'S HANDS grip the sofa cushions very tightly.

ARIEL

I know what day it is, Jimmy. I know that. I'm just very fragile right now.

JIMMY

You're always very fragile.

ARIEL

Please don't pressure me.

JIMMY

It's a car, Ariel - I'm not asking you to get on the space shuttle.

ARIEL

It goes too fast. And it has wheels. You know how nauseated a blind person gets in a moving vehicle.

JIMMY

Then have the surgery so you won't be a blind person. You heard Dr. Cummings - she said she can fix it. Outpatient. No cutting.

ARIEL

Dr. Cummings practices Western Medicine. She gets paid to say things like that.

JIMMY

That doesn't make her wrong. Alright, look - please just come with me - I'll drive slow. I'll stop whenever you need.

ARIEL

I can't Jimmy. Okay? It's like you being afraid of flying.

JIMMY

Lots of people are afraid of flying. Nobody's afraid to ride in a car.

ARIEL

I am.

Jimmy steps toward her.

JIMMY

I'll pick you up and carry you?

JIMMY (V.O.)  
I'm not and she knows it.

He closes in.

ARIEL  
You gonna make me go? Against my  
will? Are you seriously going to  
do that?

She waits. But Jimmy stops, his shoulders droop.

ARIEL  
I'll tell you what - as soon as I  
finish my release, I'll fix us  
something to eat. Okay? Then you  
can go.

She closes her eyes to finish her meditation. He sighs.

JIMMY (V.O.)  
If she ever actually found  
release, I'd have to clean her off  
the walls. But, at least she  
tries.

EXT. JIMMY AND ARIEL'S HOUSE - EVENING

Jimmy sits in his Sentra, the flowers on the seat next to  
him. When he turns the key - nothing.

JIMMY  
Shit.

He grabs a loose ignition wire, touches it to a bare  
metal spot on the steering column, then turns the key.  
SPARKS fly and the car ROARS to life.

EXT. ENTRY GATES, LAKE LAWN CEMETERY - EVENING

Jimmy's car approaches the gates and drives through,  
disappearing into the vast suburban cemetery.

EXT. STREETCAR TRACKS, CARROLLTON AVE - NIGHT

Barbers pile off the streetcar, LAUGHING and carrying on.  
Among them is Phil Campo, who always seems to be the  
center of attention.

INT. THE TAP ROOM BAR - NIGHT

Conventioneering barbers sit in clumps around the room.



Jimmy sits alone at the bar in his grey suit. The bartender, DEREK, sets a beer in front of him.

DEREK

You're wearing a suit.

JIMMY

Yep. I had something to do.

DEREK

You're not gonna hang out with all your brothers? It's a convention. I think everyone in here is a barber.

Jimmy SHRUGS, sips his beer. Then someone catches his eye.

A woman sitting at a table with friends, LAUGHING. *It's the girl from Jimmy's dream.* This is KRISTIE KAVANAGH. Jimmy is transfixed.

JIMMY

That's Kristie Kavanagh.

DEREK

You know Kristie?

JIMMY

She was a year ahead of me in school.

DEREK

Did you guys go out?

JIMMY

Nah.

DEREK

Why not?

JIMMY

Well, because that would have required walking up and talking to her, which... is not what I did.

DEREK

We all make our choices.

JIMMY

I've never made a choice in my life.

Jimmy sips his beer, watches the girl of his dreams LAUGH with her friends.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JIMMY A'S BARBER SHOP - DAY

Jimmy is finishing up a cut for JOHNNY CARR. Same age as Jimmy, but smarmy.

JOHNNY CARR

Thanks for fitting me in, Jimbo.  
I have three appointments this  
afternoon...

(smarmy smile)

And one of them is actually about  
insurance. Ha!

Jimmy does not like Johnny Carr.

JIMMY

Three, huh? Wow.

JOHNNY CARR

It's all in the kiss, dude. I  
practice the art of the lip. And  
it does require practice.

POOK

Practice? How you practice  
kissing?

JOHNNY CARR

I got a CPR dummy. Plus, I read  
those romance books that only  
women read, where they describe  
everything is super detail...

SOUND FADES. As Johnny speaks, Jimmy's attention turns to the *Discover Italy* poster. For an instant, it looks like Jimmy and Kristie are driving through it.

Jimmy BLINKS and is back in the shop.

JOHNNY CARR

So, then I thought, why spend all  
my time learning to make dovetail  
joints or swinging a golf club or  
some crap like that when I could  
spend it learning to make women  
voluntarily take their clothes  
off?

POOK

Damn! Damn, damn, damn! Why didn't I think of that? Damn, that's smart! You hear that shit, Jimmy? He practices kissing! Gets any woman he wants. Is that some smart shit or what?

JIMMY

Yep. Very smart...

Jimmy looks back up at the poster, but Kristie is not there.

CUT TO:

INT. THE TAP ROOM BAR - NIGHT

Jimmy sits at the same spot in the bar, but Kristie isn't there. He sighs, finishes a beer, orders another.

CUT TO:

EXT. JIMMY A'S BARBER SHOP - WEE HOURS

The street is empty, the businesses all closed. Jimmy, half drunk, struggles to get the key in the lock.

O.S., WHISTLING.

IN THE GLASS, Jimmy sees the reflection of a man across the street. Jimmy turns and looks

ACROSS THE STREET, where Phil Campo, WHISTLES as he walks. He notices Jimmy, stops.

PHIL CAMPO

Hey. Westin's that way?

JIMMY

Yeah. About six blocks.

PHIL CAMPO

Thanks.

The two men realize how much alike they look - same size and build, nearly matching clothes, the same Number Four Soft Clipper Fade.

PHIL CAMPO

That your shop?

JIMMY

Yeah.

PHIL CAMPO

Nice. I like the old shops.

Jimmy shrugs, Phil waves and moves along. Jimmy turns and finally manages to get the key in the lock.

INT. JIMMY A'S BARBER SHOP - WEE HOURS

In the dark shop, Jimmy tosses his keys on the counter, flops into his chair, leans it back.

JIMMY (V.O.)

There's too much tile in here. It always feels like I'm in a giant toilet. My grandfather laid all this tile when he opened the shop. He left Sicily to sell vegetables from a cart, then work on the wharf until he could open this place. He left an island in the Mediterranean to come here and work in a toilet and give people the same haircut over and over and he loved it. Go figure.

Jimmy closes his eyes.

BLAM! A gunshot, from very nearby. BLAM!! Another. Jimmy hits the floor, crawls to the window and peers through the venetian blinds.

THROUGH THE WINDOW, Phil Campo staggers around, wounded. The shadow of A MUGGER hops into a dark car.

INSIDE, Jimmy stares through the blinds, stunned.

OUTSIDE, Phil lurches off the curb and WHAM!!! is hit by the escaping car and dragged a few feet on his face before he is deposited at the curb. The car speeds away.

INSIDE, Jimmy stares.

EXT. OAK STREET - WEE HOURS

The street is deserted. Phil's body lies crumpled in a puddle of streetlight, his belongings scattered.

In the middle of the road, Jimmy's shadow approaches.

One of Phil's SHOES lays on its side in the street. Jimmy's identical shoes step past it, over Phil's POCKET COMB.

A Canadian PASSPORT is splayed on the ground. Jimmy takes a few more tentative steps.

Next to the body, is Phil's WALLET, emptied of cash and tossed to the curb.

Jimmy picks up the passport and wallet, looks at Phil. Jimmy can tell, though he can't quite see, that Phil is mangled beyond recognition.

After a long moment, a wallet drops back to the ground next to the body. But not the passport. The street is silent.

INT. JIMMY A'S BARBER SHOP - WEE HOURS

The shop is empty, but a dim line of light is visible under the bathroom door. Water DRIPS.

INT. BATHROOM, JIMMY A'S BARBER SHOP - WEE HOURS

The tiny bathroom is mostly dark. Lined up on the vanity are scissors, trimmers, Barbicide, hair dye, a towel, peroxide, tweezers and a razor. Jimmy's hands reach for the dye.

O.S., a SIREN.

A dye paste is mixed and lifted with a brush.

O.S., the SIREN gets closer.

Fresh blades CLICK into the trimmers. A drop of oil lands on the blades.

O.S., the SIREN arrives across the street, then falls SILENT. Car doors SLAM.

RRRRRRR! The trimmers come to life.

ON THE FLOOR, a big hunk of hair lands softly on the tile. Then another.

EXT. OAK STREET - WEE HOURS

Policemen mill about, examining the scene and the body.

A cop picks up the wallet, opens it, glances back at the shop, then down the street.

ON THE OPEN WALLET - a driver's license. "James Anthony Attuso, III."

INT. BATHROOM, JIMMY A'S BARBER SHOP - WEE HOURS

IN THE MIRROR, Jimmy is drastically changed - bald, his beard gone, his eyebrows plucked thin and dyed blonde. He's wearing an ill-fitting sweater.

A TAP, TAP on the shop door. Jimmy flattens against the door, terrified. He waits, breathing heavily in the dark.

TAP! TAP! TAP!!! Then MURMURING. Jimmy closes his eyes. After a beat, he hears the sound of hard shoes stepping away. Only then can he open his eyes and breathe.

EXT. OAK STREET - WEE HOURS

The last two cops get in their car.

IN THE SHOP, Jimmy watches through the blinds as Phil's body is loaded into an ambulance.

Jimmy pulls off his watch.

He takes out all the money from the till.

He shoves Phil's PASSPORT and WALLET in his pocket.

He takes out one of the many pairs of sunglasses left by customers, slaps them on, looks in the glass again. He adjusts his posture and squints - he is nearly unrecognizable.

EXT. ALLEY, OAK STREET - PRE DAWN

Jimmy slips out and vanishes into the fading darkness.

EXT. CARROLLTON AVENUE - EARLY MORNING

Jimmy skulks down the sidewalk of the awakening street. He hangs in the shadows, glances at himself in shop windows now and then, moving along purposefully toward

EXT. SOUL DADDY FASHIONS, CARROLLTON AVENUE - MORNING

IN THE WINDOW, Jimmy's reflection stares at the array of fire engine red suits, canary yellow shirts, big hats and gold jewelry all draped with casual cool over dark brown mannequins.

BEHIND HIM, a young man in a pin stripe suit approaches, JANGLING keys. This is AMIR.

INT. SOUL DADDY FASHIONS - MORNING

Jimmy touches the cuffs of a suit.

JIMMY

I just need a new look.

Amir takes Jimmy by the arm.

AMIR

Yes, of course, of course, of course. New looks are my thing. Your best friend in the world won't even recognize you.

JIMMY

Perfect.

Amir moves Jimmy toward a set of mirrors around a carpeted platform.

AMIR

I bet is there a pretty lady involved in this new thinking, huh? Yes?

Jimmy NODS, steps onto the platform.

AMIR

Of course, of course. Sure. You want to look amazing for her.

JIMMY

Yeah.

AMIR

Knock her socks right off. Okay. So... what kind of look?

Together, they examine Jimmy in the five mirrors.

JIMMY

I don't know.

AMIR

Dream, my friend.

JIMMY

(to his reflection)  
Dream. Well...

(MORE)

JIMMY (CONT'D)

whenever I see, you know, black guys dressed up, like, to go out, they always look great. Right? Really sharp and everything. I just never thought I never could pull it off...

AMIR

You can pull it right off.

JIMMY

Yeah?

AMIR

Sure! Like a black guy!

JIMMY

Like a black guy.

AMIR

Of course, like a black guy. That's my thing!

LATER -

OVER MUSIC, Jimmy acquires the look. He

- rifles through the inventory with Amir
- pulls on shrimp colored socks
- examines a pair of white loafers

QUICK SHOTS in the ARRAY OF MIRRORS, Jimmy in

- a yellow linen shorts-and-shirt combo, wicker slippers and a gold chain...
- a silk shirt, huge pleated pants and a white snap-brim cap...
- a pin-striped three-piece suit with a pumpkin colored shirt...

Amir puts an arm around Jimmy as they look in the mirrors. Jimmy sports huge sunglasses, a three-piece electric blue suit with a Nehru collar, pumpkin shirt with matching pocket square and shiny faux-leather half boots. He looks different, alright.

JIMMY

How much for all of this?



AMIR  
(calculating)  
This is only... six hundred  
seventy five. And tax.

JIMMY  
Whoa.

Jimmy takes out the cash he took from the shop, counts it  
- it's about all he has.

AMIR  
But what a bargain, my friend!  
That suit is the tits.

JIMMY  
It is the tits, isn't it?

AMIR  
Definitely the tits. And you, my  
friend - are a new man.

Jimmy grins into the mirrors.

EXT. CARROLLTON AVENUE - LATE MORNING

Jimmy struts down the sidewalk in the suit, swinging his  
Soul Daddy Fashions bag. His head glistens in the sun.  
Grinning, he runs to catch the approaching streetcar.

EXT. DOWNTOWN SIDEWALK, NEW ORLEANS - DAY

BLINK, BLINK - the flashers on a POLICE CAR blink as it  
moves very slowly down the street, holding up a line of  
traffic.

IN THE SIDEWALK, Ariel walks slowly, feeling her way to

EXT. FIFTH DISTRICT POLICE STATION - DAY

Ariel trudges up the steps.

INT. CORRIDOR, POLICE STATION - DAY

The DUTY OFFICER steps down the bustling hallway. Behind  
him, Ariel follows, hand on the wall.

The Duty Officer stops, puts his hand on the door. The  
sign on it says, "MORGUE".

DUTY OFFICER

Mrs. Attuso...

(beat)

This is gonna be hard to look at.

She SHRUGS. He opens the door.

INT. MORGUE - DAY

He pulls back the sheet and Jimmy's former look-a-like, Phil Campo, lies stretched out on the gurney. His head is turned away from us, but the Duty Officer WINCES at the sight.

Ariel doesn't wince, though - she SQUINTS. And, since she can't see, she SNIFFS.

SNIFF. She takes in the familiar mixture of Bay Rum, Barbicide and powder.

SNIFF! She sticks her face right up to the big, white smock and SNIFFS hard. Then she strokes the material of the smock, drops her head on the chest.

DUTY OFFICER

Mrs. Attuso? Are you sure it's  
him?

A tiny SQUEAK of air escapes her. She's sure.

INT. CITY BUS - DAY

Jimmy sits against the window, looking at his reflection in the glass. Nearby sits an OLD LADY.

JIMMY

(to an Old lady)

Excuse me? Ma'am? What you  
think my name would be? If you  
had to guess?

She shrugs. Jimmy looks hard at his reflection.

INT. JIMMY'S HOUSE - DAY

Ariel is sitting on the sofa - no candles, no incense.

JIMMY (O.S.)

Do I look like a Doug? Doug  
Garrison.

Ariel stares like a zombie into empty space.

JIMMY (O.S.)  
Steven? Carl. Louis?

IN THE MORGUE, Phil Campo's body is carefully wrapped in a sheet.

JIMMY (O.S.)  
Kevin. Wesley...? Wesley.

ON THE BUS, Jimmy keeps talking to the Old Lady.

JIMMY  
Could you try this out for me?  
Call me Wesley.

OLD LADY  
How ya doing, Wes?

JIMMY  
Not 'Wes'... 'Wesley'.

OLD LADY  
How ya doing, Wesley?

JIMMY  
Fine, thanks.

OLD LADY  
Huh. I always liked "Tracy" for a man.

Jimmy looks at her - Tracy?

OLD LADY  
Women love it. You men got no idea what women really like. Hell, you don't even try to learn about us.

Jimmy suddenly looks insecure, thinks of Johnny Carr.

JIMMY  
Could I kiss you? Just for practice?

The Old Lady SHRUGS.

EXT. LAWN, JIMMY'S HOUSE - EVENING

Jimmy sneaks toward the side of the house.

BETWEEN TWO HOUSES, he works his way past the thorny holly bushes.

JIMMY

Ow!

And over a fence. WHUMP!

JIMMY

Ooof!

He dusts off the new suit, steps toward

EXT. PATIO, JIMMY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jimmy slowly, slowly opens the back door and slips through.

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INT. DEN, JIMMY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

He drops to his hands and knees, shuts the door silently behind him, then CRAWLS, commando style, behind the sofa Ariel is sitting on. He makes it to the

HALLWAY. He ducks back down, crawls.

He looks back to be sure Ariel hasn't heard him.

INT. BEDROOM, JIMMY AND ARIEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jimmy opens the armoire, reaches up into the top, behind some sweaters, and retrieves a wooden cigar box. He nervously opens it.

IN THE BOX is shoe polish, a rag, a pocket knife, some papers and memorabilia and...

MONEY. Four wrapped stacks of bills - a lot of money. Jimmy takes the money and puts the box away.

He takes two steps, stops, thinking. After a SIGH, he tosses one of the packs of bills on the dresser for Ariel.

He takes two more steps, stops, tosses another pack of bills on the dresser, pockets the rest, then drops to his knees to sneak out.

EXT. JIMMY AND ARIEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jimmy skulks to his car, parked in the driveway. He stops - he has an idea.

INT. JIMMY'S GARAGE - EVENING

Jimmy quietly places a reciprocating saw, a hammer, a file, some spray paint and an extension cord into a plastic milk crate.

EXT. DRIVEWAY, JIMMY'S AND ARIEL'S HOUSE - EVENING

He sneaks up to the car, opens the door, tosses his Soul Daddy bag and the tools inside.

He quietly shoves the car down the driveway and into the street, hops in. From the steering column, SPARKS fly, then VROOM! The engine fires up and the car speeds off.

INT. POLICE STATION - EVENING

Three barbers sit with an officer. The officer takes notes as the barbers talk.

A barber shoves a brochure across the table - it's from the barber's convention. On the back is a picture of the association's president, Phil Campo.

The barbers tug at their clothes, describing what the missing Phil was wearing. The officer writes down "smock".

O.S. CRASH!

EXT. ALLEY, OAK STREET - NIGHT

Jimmy holds a large hammer over his head, aiming at his car. SMASH! He takes out a window.

All around him, the tiny fragments of the shattered side windows litter the ground, reflecting the light. He brings the hammer down on the back glass of the Sentra.

SMASH!! The glass SHATTERS. SMASH! SMASH! SMASH!

GRRR! The GROWLING reciprocating saw chews into metal, sawing the roof pillars.

MOMENTS LATER, Jimmy shoves a length of pipe under the roof PRIES it off. It CRASHES to the ground.

TACK, TACK, TACK - he shakes a can of spray paint.

SSSSSS!! A BURST of red appears on the tired brown paint of the Sentra.

EXT. EARHART EXPRESSWAY -DAY

RRRR!! A red car comes into frame, roaring down the highway. A badly painted red car with a stolen Florida license plate.

PULL OUT - Jimmy's Sentra is now a red convertible. It's a version of Jimmy's dream. Except the convertible's a mutilated old Nissan and Jimmy is bald and wearing an electric blue suit.

And, unlike the dream, he's alone. But not for long.

JIMMY

Whaaa-haaah!!

GRRM!! He guns the engine.

EXT. PARKING LOT, BELLEMONT MALL - DAY

The Sentra wheels into the lot and whips into a parking spot.

INT. BELLEMONT MALL - DAY

Jimmy heads through the crowded, well-lit mall, striding directly, if anxiously, toward his goal -

THE DEPARTMENT STORE MAKE-UP COUNTER -

He stops and looks at it in awe, a dreamy oasis of beauty in a sea of suburban shoppers. And working the middle of it, in a haze of perfume, is Kristie Kavanagh.

Jimmy swallows hard, takes a breath and steps up to the counter. And then he stands there like a nervous teenager.

KRISTIE

Hey. Can I help you?

Jimmy has been waiting his whole life to say this.

But he can't speak.

He's sweating.

She waits...

He looks at her.

She waits...

KRISTIE

Can? I? Help? You?

JIMMY

Go to dinner with me tonight.

Kristie steps back, susses him up... weird dyed eyebrows, an electric blue suit, very nervous. She likes it.

KRISTIE

Okay.

What?! Jimmy is stunned. All those years of fantasy and anxiety and she says, "Okay"? Just like that? He grins a HUGE GRIN.

JIMMY

Okay. Okay. So, I'll be here hen the mall closes. Great. Right here.

He turns to leave.

KRISTIE

FYI? I'm Kristie.

JIMMY

Yeah. I mean, oh. Nice to meet you. I'm Wesley. Wesley James.

EXT. CANAL STREET - NIGHT

GRRRRRR!!! Jimmy's Sentra races down the street, another version of his dream. Top down (off) and now...

Kristie Kavanagh by his side! Of course, she's slightly older than in his dream and she's not nuzzled against him. And the flowers he bought her at the grocery are being destroyed by the wind. And an old Burger King wrapper flutters off the floor of the car and wraps around his face before flying into the breeze, but still...

EXT. MANDINA'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

IN THE WINDOW, Jimmy and Kristie are at a table, LAUGHING.

KRISTIE

Oh, yeah? Five bucks says I can eat the biggest one. No teeth.

JIMMY

No way you can do that.

KRISTIE

Ten bucks.

JIMMY

You're on.

She SLURPS a huge oyster from its shell, washes it down with a swallow of beer - the hottest thing Jimmy's ever seen. She grabs another big one, extends it. He slurps it up, swallows. Sort of.

HUUUGH!! He heaves it back up, shooting it across the table. It SPLATS onto her neck. A silent beat then...

She CRACKS UP LAUGHING, almost unable to breathe.

KRISTIE

Yes!! Ten bucks, mister!

He loves her.

EXT. MANDINA'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Kristie and Jimmy exit the restaurant, still laughing.

KRISTIE

So? What now? Wanna do something?

JIMMY

You have no idea.

KRISTIE

What do you wanna do?

It's a question he's never really had to answer. Then, out of nowhere, an idea. Jimmy GRINS.

EXT. BEHIND THE LEVEE, UNDER THE BRIDGE - NIGHT

Jimmy and Kristie sneak toward the base of the huge structure that holds up the bridge.

KRISTIE

You never did this?

JIMMY

Nope.

At the structure, they see, a few feet off the ground, the bottom of an access ladder.

KRISTIE

You go first.



Jimmy leaps and grabs the bottom of the ladder, pulls himself up. He scales the ladder, trembling with excitement. And terror. FIFTY FEET UP, he arrives at a landing made of steel grating and climbs on.

KRISTIE

Throw me your pants!

JIMMY

What?!

KRISTIE

Throw me your jeans. I can't climb in this skirt!

Jimmy grins, undoes his belt, is about to toss his pants down when he remembers - Phil's wallet. He takes it, shoves it in his underwear and tosses his pants down.

After a beat, Kristie appears on the landing, pulls his jeans off from under her skirt and steps past him onto the catwalk suspended under the bridge.

FROM THE GROUND, they are specks in the dark crawling out and up, past the levee and over the Mississippi.

ON THE CATWALK, Jimmy walks carefully, holding tightly to the rail. His foot slips and he slides halfway under the rail before he catches himself.

JIMMY

AAAHHH!!! FUCK!!!

He dangles over the dark water, looking down.

JIMMY

SHIT!!!!

KRISTIE

Wesley!!

She hurries toward him as he pulls himself back onto the catwalk, panting, but COMPLETELY EXHILARATED.

KRISTIE

Oh, Jesus.

JIMMY

FUCK! Fuck, fuck, fuck!  
(looking down)  
I almost fell in! I almost fell  
in the Mississippi River!!!

He is terrified, yet GRINNING.

KRISTIE

We better stop here.

JIMMY

Nuh-uh. All the way.

They slowly make their way to the very center of the bridge, high above the churning Mississippi River.

They sit close, feet dangling over the edge. Ships pass silently below, cars RUMBLE above.

Jimmy looks down as a massive ship passes below, ten stories high and so close he could almost touch it.

KRISTIE

Well, Wesley - what do you think?

JIMMY

I think this is... this might be the best moment of my life.

KRISTIE

Well, it's about to get a little better.

From her bra she produces a joint and sparks it up. He looks terrified. But she takes a deep hit and passes it. Jimmy smokes, then COUGHS, then lays down on the catwalk, his face pressed to the open grating, his arms outstretched like he's flying.

Kristie smiles at him. Jimmy looks at her, bathed in the bridge's light, the wind blowing her hair around.

KRISTIE

So, what do you do, Wesley James?  
And please don't say sales rep.  
It's always sales rep.

Oops. He forgot to think of this.

JIMMY

I'm a... pilot.

KRISTIE

You're a sales rep.

JIMMY

No, I'm not. Swear.

KRISTIE

(smiling)  
Wow. A pilot. That's a real thing. That's actually interesting.

(MORE)

KRISTIE (CONT'D)

I'm surprised the view from here seems so special, you know, after flying planes all the time.

JIMMY

Yeah. It's not just the view that's interesting.

KRISTIE

Stop it. I'm dull.

JIMMY

(getting stoned)  
No. No - you're amazing.

KRISTIE

Dull.

JIMMY

Shut up. Seriously, you're like... you're fucking amazing.

He leans in, full of love and cannabis, ready to kiss her deeply and passionately. He is an inch away when

KRISTIE

OH!! Something interesting did happen to me, though. Wanna hear? So, that guy that got killed on Oak Street? With his face torn off? Well, just a few nights before it happened, he was asking this bartender I know a bunch of questions - about me. Me! That is just creepy weird, isn't it?

JIMMY

Wha... the, uh - yeah. What guy?

KRISTIE

This guy, a barber, got killed on Magazine Street. They're saying it was a robbery, but get this - he didn't have a face! It was ripped right off!

(Jimmy recoils)

I'm thinking Russian mob, right? They always cut off the face. And the hands, too. For fingerprints. And they pull the teeth, so the victim can't be identified with dental records.

(Jimmys starting to pant now)

(MORE)

KRISTIE (CONT'D)

Sometimes, they just lop off the whole head. Easier, I guess. Let's decide it was the mob. Pretty crazy, huh? Why the hell was he asking about me?

JIMMY

Yeah. Who knows? Coincidence, probably. Just a curious guy.

KRISTIE

How the hell does someone lose a face?! Of course, it doesn't matter nowadays even if they cut the head off.

(beat)

If things get fishy, the cops can always dig up the body and get a DNA sample. Can't hide shit these days.

JIMMY

DNA?

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME, TORONTO - NIGHT

A perfectly manicured suburban house and lawn featuring ceramic squirrels and birdbaths, plus a faux-antique wooden barber pole.

There are many cars in the driveway and on the street.

A happy sign in the yard near the door says, "The Campo's".

THROUGH THE WINDOW, the family is visible, sitting around the table. Lying on the table is a photo of Phil Campo.

Phil's wife, TRISHA, comforts her daughter, MYRA (8).

The house is full of family and friends. Light passes over them from outside as yet another car arrives outside - a taxi. It HONKS. Trisha stands, grabs a suitcase.

INT. JIMMY'S TOPLESS CAR - NIGHT

RRRR!!! Jimmy drives in a panic, PASSING a car on a curve, going as fast as he can, still stoned out of his mind.

EXT. JIMMY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jimmy's car stops a few houses down. He hops out and sneaks back toward his house, disappearing again BETWEEN THE TWO HOUSES. We hear him...

Pass the holly bushes, again...

JIMMY (O.S.)

Ow! Dammit!

Climb the fence, again... WHUMP!

JIMMY (O.S.)

Shit.

EXT. PATIO, JIMMY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jimmy slowly, slowly opens the door and creeps inside. Ariel is at her place on the sofa, surrounded by candles, like she hasn't moved since he left.

INT. KITCHEN, JIMMY AND ARIEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

ON THE FLOOR, Jimmy crawls into the dimly lit kitchen. He stands and starts hurriedly rifling through the papers piled in drifts on the counter, trying to be silent. But...

Stoned as he is, the bag of pretzels calls out to him. He grabs a few and tries to crunch quietly, but they're pretty crunchy.

He rummages as he munches until he finds what he was searching for - a legal pad. He tears off a sheet, finds a pen. He tries to write - nothing. The pen's no good. He digs around, finds another - also bad. Dammit. But the third pen writes.

CLOSE ON THE PAPER, Jimmy writes:

*Last Will and Testament  
I, James Anthony Attuso III, wish  
for my body be cremated.  
Signed:  
James Anthony Attuso, III.*

He scrawls his signature on it, lays it on the table.

O.S. - slippers softly PAD, PAD, PAD. He freezes.  
Louder - PAD, PAD, PAD. He turns slowly --

Ariel is standing *about a foot away*, holding an empty cup.

He freezes, holds his breath, pretzels sticking out of his mouth. She pauses, SNIFFS, then turns and gets some ice from the freezer.

Jimmy still doesn't breathe. She passes him again, inches away, heading out of the kitchen.

Then she stops. SNIFF.

Jimmy stands perfectly still, breath held, counting on her blindness and the darkness to hide him.

But she SNIFFS again, steps closer.

He closes his eyes, tries to blend into the wall, still holding his breath. He begins to turn red. She SNIFFS, then leans in very close to him. She reaches out and touches his chest.

JIMMY  
(exhaling)  
D'ahhhhhhh!!

Chewed pretzel flies from his mouth as his eyes POP open.

ARIEL  
AHHHHHHH!!!!

She stumbles backward, terrified. Papers fly, dishes CLATTER to the ground.

JIMMY  
Ariel!

ARIEL  
Get away from me!

She throws her cup at him, falls to the ground, grabs a dustpan, pulls the little whisk broom out and makes a cross with them, holding it up at Jimmy like he's a vampire.

ARIEL  
Back! Back, spirit!

JIMMY  
I'm not a ghost!

She stops, SHAKES uncontrollably. She's scared to death.

JIMMY  
I'm not. Just calm down. I-- I'm not, you just... I'm not real. I mean, you're just, you know, just--

He glances at her candles and crystals, her ceramic angels and her dream catchers - and takes his only shot.

JIMMY

I'm an angel.

Blink, blink.

ARIEL

An angel?

She gets to her feet, looks toward him in awe, tears filling her eyes.

ARIEL

Angels are real?

JIMMY

Yeah.

ARIEL

Oh God, oh, God, oh God... I knew it.

She takes his face in her hands and gives him a KISS.

ARIEL

An angel. You - came across. For me.

(beat)

My guardian angel.

Jimmy can not believe she's buying this.

JIMMY

Yes.

She pets him like a baby. Then suddenly looks very serious.

ARIEL

Have you seen her?

Jimmy is caught off guard.

JIMMY

I, uh... I'm not supposed to tell you anything.

Ariel smiles sadly.

ARIEL

Of course.

JIMMY

She's fine, Ariel.

Ariel almost crumples again, but sniffs it up and changes the subject, talks like this happens every day.

ARIEL

So, I'm, uh - waiting on the funeral 'til next Monday, since the shops are closed and I figured all the other barbers might come. I guess you know that. Do you know stuff?

JIMMY

Yeah... no casket, Ariel. You can't put that body in the plot.

ARIEL

But we bought three plots so--

JIMMY

No. Don't put that body there. You have to cremate it.

ARIEL

But, we agreed - our animal beings return to nourish the Earth. Dust to dust.

JIMMY

Yeah, but it's, you know, ashes to ashes. For me.

Ariel's confused, but she nods.

ARIEL

Is that what you came to tell me?

JIMMY

Yeah.

He holds up the will.

JIMMY

It's right here in case you don't remember all this in the morning.

ARIEL

So, it's like a dream? I won't remember?

JIMMY

You might.

ARIEL

But you'll be here, right? You're my angel.



JIMMY

I don't know if I can--

She SQUEAKS in misery, looks at him like a heartbroken child.

JIMMY

Okay. Okay, but - you might not be able to see me, alright? Or hear me or anything, either. But, you know, I'll be around. Alright?

ARIEL

Watching out for me?

JIMMY

Yes. Watching out for you.

Ariel smiles, half crying, touches him on the cheek.

O.S. - KA-THUCK!

EXT. CARROLLTON AVENUE - DAY

KA-THUCK! A staple gun tacks a flyer to a phone pole.

ON THE FLYER - the photo of Phil Campo. Under it:

"Missing: Phillip Thomas Campo,  
31, of Toronto. Please call (289)  
555-1087 with any information."

The flyers are being put up by Phil's wife, Trisha, who is accompanied by her daughter, Myra. They walk to the next pole - KA-THUCK! KA-THUCK! - tack up another flyer.

EXT. KRISTIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Kristie is in the doorway, facing Jimmy, who stands on the steps.

KRISTIE

I don't know. You seemed like you were in a pretty big hurry to get rid of me the other night. Kyle says you're bipolar.

JIMMY

Who's Kyle?

KRISTIE

A friend...

JIMMY

I'm not bipolar. It was the weed.  
(off her look)  
Alright, alright - I just realized  
that I needed to get rid of  
some... body. So I could be with  
you.

KRISTIE

And that 'somebody' is gone? For  
good?

JIMMY

Oh, yeah.

SMASH CUT TO:

IN A DARK CHAMBER -

Rests Phil Campo's thick body, wrapped in a sheet.

FOOM! Flames fill the chamber, setting the body ablaze.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY 11 - DAY

VROOOM!! Jimmy drives down Highway 11 through the  
marshes. The little engine ROARS as Jimmy pushes it.  
Kristie loves it, holds her big flowered hat onto her  
head.

QUICK SHOTS -

Jimmy, in his various black-guy outfits, has a blast with  
Kristie, treating her like a proper girlfriend and  
displaying her like a trophy - just as he always dreamed.

ON A SWAMP TOUR - Jimmy and Kristie goof around like  
kids.

IN A ROAD-SIDE BAR - they drink and laugh with a bunch of  
good old boys.

OUTSIDE OF A ROAD-SIDE BAR - Kristie pulls a joint out of  
her bra and lights it. Jimmy's eyes light up.

BACK ON THE HIGHWAY - they zoom along happily, stoned and  
laughing, Kristie in her flowered sun hat, in yet a  
better re-creation of the dream.

Then, in the distance, SIRENS. Jimmy hits the brakes in  
a panic. The car slows.

JIMMY

Fuck!

KRISTIE

Uh-oh. Lot of tickets?

JIMMY

Something like that.

KRISTIE

Of course. Pilots are all speed freaks. Hang on.

Kristie grabs the wheel, starts to climb over him, the car still doing about 30 MPH.

He slips under her and into the passenger's seat as she crawls awkwardly and dangerously behind the wheel. SQUEAL - they SWERVE around in the road, BUBUBUBUM - over all the warning bumps, very nearly plunging into the swamp. They correct course just as

BEHIND THEM -

A State Police cruiser comes into view, FLASHING its headlights.

IN THE CONVERTIBLE, Kristie is behind the wheel, concentrating hard. Jimmy sits in the passenger's seat, wearing the big flowered sun hat.

The cruiser speeds up, FLASHES its headlights again, then SPEEDS AROUND THEM.

They watch as the cop car disappears around the curve in front of them. As soon as he's gone, RELIEF! Yes!

JIMMY

Ahhh-hahah!!! Yes!!! Yes!!!

Kristie slows the car to a stop and they dissolve in a fit of GIGGLES. Jimmy SCREAMS loudly, looks at Kristie in awe.

Then he leaps on her like a schoolboy and kisses her, knocking the sun hat from his head.

INT. BEDROOM, KRISTIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kristie has Jimmy pressed against the wall with her mouth. His eyes are wide open. He has never, ever had a kiss like this. When Kristie comes up for air...

JIMMY

You got no idea how long I been waiting for that.

KRISTIE

Well, I was starting to wonder - it's been two days.

She pulls away and grins. Jimmy instinctively CLICKS off the light.

PITCH DARKNESS. ZIIIIPP, the SNAP of snaps, the CLICK of clasps, an unexplained THUD. Lips SMACKING in kisses.

JIMMY

(in the dark)

I, uh, I was in a very... complicated relationship until, uh, recently, and it's been a while since we, since I, um, did--

KRISTIE

(in the dark)

Shut up.

CLICK! She turns the light back on. She is in Victoria's Secret, high and low. Jimmy is breathless at the sight of her.

KRISTIE

You know what they say - the best way to get over the last lover is to get under the next one.

JIMMY

Under?

She grabs him. Suddenly self-conscious, he CLICKS the light off again. Kristie CLICKS it right back on.

KRISTIE

I spent a lot of money on this stuff - don't you wanna see it?

JIMMY

Yes I do.

She leans in and speaks into his mouth.

KRISTIE

I want to see you, too. I wanna look at you when we make love.

Jimmy's SQUEAKS.

She kisses his chest as she unbuttons his shirt. If she could see his face, she'd see how inexperienced he is.

Reduced quickly to his boxers, he does what he knows. He gently shoves her onto the bed and slides clumsily on top of her, going for the standard approach.

She GIGGLES.

KRISTIE

We're not in a hurry.

She grabs his head and gently tries to push it south. He doesn't get the hint, which leaves her just awkwardly shoving on his bald head. She pushes harder, but he just looks perplexed. She gently slaps the top of his head, then really shoves him.

JIMMY

Right - the lock.

KRISTIE

The what?

JIMMY

Nothing.

He slides out of view. Kristie's eyes roll back. Then they POP open.

KRISTIE

Ow! Not that yet.

JIMMY

Sorry. I--

KRISTIE

<gasp> Yeah.

(eyes fluttering)

Right there.

(eyes open)

Wait, back to the -- not so...

yeah.

(eyes fluttering

again)

Oh, just like that. Just like--

where are you--?

(pause)

Higher.

(pause)

No higher up. It's at the top.

She grabs his head and forces it where she wants it.

KRISTIE

There you go. Like a kitty  
drinking from a saucer.

She relaxes her face and begins to smile.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BEDROOM, KRISTIE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Jimmy and Kristie lay in a deep snuggle. Her phone  
RINGS. She reluctantly looks at it, thinks...

KRISTIE

It's Kyle.

JIMMY

Tell him I'm not bipolar.

KRISTIE

Okay.

(answering phone)

He's not bipolar.

(pause)

Oh, laying around in bed. Feeling  
satisfied. Why?

(sitting up)

Oh, my God. Yes. Yes, yes I  
wanna go! I gotta see this.

(pause)

See you there. Bye.

She turns to Jimmy with a mischievous grin.

KRISTIE

Time to get up! We have a little  
stop to make on the way out of  
town.

EXT. DRIVEWAY, KRISTIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

Jimmy fiddles with the ignition wire. RRR!! The engine  
coughs to life.

KRISTIE

Did you make this car?

JIMMY

Yep.

He wraps his arm around her as the car pulls away from  
the building.

EXT. SIDE ENTRANCE, OUR LADY OF HOPE CHURCH - DAY

Jimmy pulls the car into a parallel spot.

THE FRONT OF THE CHURCH. Jimmy and Kristie arrive to find KYLE, ANNA and CHELLIE, Kristie's three best friends in the whole, wide world.

ANNA

So, this is him?

KRISTIE

This is. Wesley, this is Anna and Kyle and Chellie. Guys, this is Wesley.

KYLE

We'll talk later. Let's go in.

JIMMY

So, you guys all go to church together? Like Bible study or something.

They all LAUGH, head for the church. Kristie grins, throws an arm around Jimmy.

They are all the way to the doors before Jimmy notices the BLACK CARS.

Then the message board by the front door - "FUNERAL SERVICE, JAMES ANTHONY ATTUSO III, 10 AM". Jimmy is about to enter his own funeral.

He stops in his tracks.

JIMMY

What are we doing here?

KRISTIE

This is the guy that was asking about me. We want to see if the Russians are here.

Kyle pantomimes a beheading and they all LAUGH.

KRISTIE

Don't you wanna see what's up?

JIMMY

It's a funeral. I can't just-- we can't just go in there. That's kinda rude, isn't it? His family and his friends will be there.

Anna and Kyle and Chellie all glance at Kristie, like - who's the dud? Christie looks very disappointed. Embarrassed even.

KRISTIE

Wesley?

INT. OUR LADY OF HOPE CHURCH - MORNING

It's dark and deathly silent. There is the requisite sad organ music and a lot of candles.

Jimmy, Kristie and her friends slip inside. Jimmy hesitates, but Kristie pulls him along. As they go, they WHISPER.

CHELLIE

*Okay, this is a sadly under-attended funeral.*

ANNA

*Yeah, they're gonna be glad we're here.*

UP FRONT, it's just Pook and two or three other men. Maybe ten people in all.

They walk a few pews in, still in the back corner of the chapel.

KYLE

*I thought he was a barber. Don't they know everybody?*

KRISTIE

*If this was my stylist's funeral, there'd be a thousand people here.*

Jimmy looks around at the empty church. Kristie tugs him into a pew. Jimmy can barely breathe.

UP FRONT, the priest huddles with Pook, who walks toward the altar.

KRISTIE

(loud whisper)

*I was hoping his wife would be here. Derek, my bartender friend, says she's some kinda shut. This guy knocked her up when they were kids, they got married and she pretty much never left the house again.*



ANNA

*I bet he beat her.*

CHELLIE

*Probably had bruises and that's why she never went out.*

KYLE

*Oooo - he probably kept her locked in the house, growing five inch fingernails and eating cat food.*

JIMMY

*Sh.*

CHELLIE

*Well, I'm glad she didn't come to his funeral. Asshole.*

JIMMY

*Shut up.*

KRISTIE

*(re the altar)  
Cremated! I knew it. No evidence.*

ON THE ALTAR, a pair of scissors, a trimmer, his framed Barber's License and a comb have been arranged around the little cardboard urn.

CHELLIE

*No nothing. No family pictures, no flowers. Just a box of ashes and a bunch of stuff you can get at Sally Beauty Supply for thirty bucks.*

Pook arrives at the lectern.

POOK

*Ahem. God bless ya'll. Jimmy A was a good man. He was, uh, nice to everybody. And, uh, he cut everybody's hair the same. Same haircut, same jokes. For everybody.*

*(long pause)*

*So, we gonna all miss him. Um...*

*(excruciatingly long pause)*

*That's, uh...*

*(looking up)*

*Good-bye, Jimmy A.*

*(to the church)*

*God bless ya'll.*

Pook steps away from the mic and ambles off to take a seat, his footsteps echoing in the empty church.

Kristie turns to Jimmy with a smirk and sees -

Jimmy, his eyes filled with tears, his chin quivering, explodes in SOBS. He tries to hold them in, HEAVING and SNIFFING and SQUEAKING.

Kristie and her friends exchange looks - WTF?

He stands, hurries down the pew, turns and marches quickly down the center aisle, leaving as fast as he can. But--

WHOOSH! The front door opens with a blinding wash of light and there, right in front of him, is a silhouette.

As his eyes adjust and focus, he sees

Ariel. She's there. And she is completely transformed - dressed beautifully, hair done and wearing a little make-up. Tasteful and stunning.

She walks right up the aisle toward the stunned Jimmy.

As she passes him, she slows down, SNIFFS. Nobody else recognizes the bald guy in the shadows, but Ariel can smell her guardian angel anywhere. She smiles, WINKS at him.

ARIEL

(whispering)

*Hey, angel.*

But Jimmy is the one seeing an apparition.

EXT. OUR LADY OF HOPE CHURCH - DAY

Kristie walks out and finds Jimmy alone on the sidewalk.

KRISTIE

Holy shit! It was her! I never expected her to look like that. She's a hottie.

Jimmy is lost in thought.

JIMMY

Yeah.

Anna, Kyle and Chellie step from the church.

ANNN

Everything okay out here?

KYLE

Bueno. We ready to go? Ladies,  
do you think your slots will be  
hot tonight?

ANNA

You're gross.

They set off, but as they go, Jimmy looks back at the church and SMILES.

INT. CASINO - NIGHT

- AT A SLOT MACHINE, Jimmy sips a bad drink. A few machines down, Kristie pulls the handle and SQUEALS. DINGDINGDINGDINGDING - she hit. Jimmy just stares ahead at his machine, lost in thought.

- AT THE CRAPS TABLE, Kristie, Kyle and Anna LAUGH as Chellie throws dice. They are drunk, obnoxious, and having a blast.

- IN THE CAFE, they all stuff their faces as Kristie talks incessantly at her full drunken volume. Jimmy listens distractedly.

-IN THE HOTEL ROOM, Jimmy listens with disgust as, O.S. - WRAAAGH!!! - Kristie throws up in the bathroom. The toilet FLUSHES. WRAAAAAGH!! More throwing up, another FLUSH. The sound of TOOTHBRUSHING.

When she enters the room in her trusty Victoria's Secret wear, Jimmy quickly pretends to be asleep.

MOMENTS LATER, Kristie is out cold on the bed next. After a beat, Jimmy gets up and slips his pants on.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JIMMY AND ARIEL'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Jimmy slips in to find Ariel sleeping. A sound machine plays SOOTHING NEW-AGE MUSIC.

On the night stand is the cardboard urn with Jimmy's name on it. He picks up the urn, smiles at a lipstick print on the label where she has kissed it. In the moonlight through the window, Ariel is beautiful.

She opens her eyes, SNIFFS.

ARIEL

Jimmy?

He doesn't try to hide this time.

JIMMY

Hey.

ARIEL

So, is this what angels do? Watch people sleep?

JIMMY

Sometimes.

ARIEL

(sitting up)

I thought I wasn't gonna see you.

JIMMY

I just wanted to tell you...  
thanks again for coming to the  
funeral. I know it was a long  
walk.

Ariel SHRUGS.

JIMMY

You looked very pretty.

ARIEL

Really? You really think so?

JIMMY

I heard you described as a  
'hottie'. Or maybe that was just  
me thinking out loud.

Ariel looks at him with real longing.

ARIEL

Can you stay? For a little bit?

EXT. PATIO, JIMMY AND ARIEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jimmy and Ariel are playing Domino's on the picnic table,  
surrounded by burning Tiki Torches. They're DOUBLED OVER  
LAUGHING.

ARIEL

Stop it! (laughing) God, twenty-  
twenty vision and I was still the  
worst manicurist in history. I  
stunk!

They erupt in MORE LAUGHTER.

ARIEL

I never told you this, but one time I was looking at you so much, I filed Mr. Gordon's nails down to the meat. It was a bloodbath. He was so pissed!

They GIGGLE. Jimmy looks at her like he hasn't seen her in years. She feels the domino's to count the dimples.

ARIEL

I was so crazy for you.

JIMMY

I know.

ARIEL

You were crazy about me, too. Crazy about my big butt, at least.

Jimmy CHUCKLES, nods.

JIMMY

That's not all I liked.  
(beat)  
Fuck, we were kids.

Ariel smiles flirtatiously at him.

ARIEL

It was fun.

Jimmy's smile goes stale.

JIMMY

It was.

Ariel looks away, tears flooding her eyes.

ARIEL

So, I forgot to ask you - where do you want me to put your ashes?

JIMMY

Oh. Uh, I don't know. Just, someplace nice I guess.

Ariel smiles across the table at her angel.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - WEE HOURS

ON THE TABLE is a stack of flyers with Phil's picture, several sagging bouquets of flowers and a pile of room service dishes.

Trisha Campo is asleep on the bed in her clothes, next to her sleeping daughter.

INT. CASINO HOTEL ROOM - WEE HOURS

Kristie is also asleep, sprawled sideways across the bed.

INT. JIMMY A'S BARBER SHOP - WEE HOURS

Jimmy is asleep, too, in his reclined barber chair.

EXT. JIMMY AND ARIEL'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

Sunlight streams through the window as Ariel, dressed and ready to go, steps out of the front door with the little cardboard urn.

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

HISSSS! The bus pulls up.

ARIEL

Wheels.

She takes a frightened step toward the bus door, urn in hand. She breathes deeply, hesitates at the door.

BUS DRIVER

You getting on or what?

Ariel nods, takes a deep breath looks skyward...

ARIEL

Alright. You with me, big guy?  
Here we go.

She shakes like a leaf, but she steps

ON THE BUS

VROOM!! She's nearly knocked down as the bus LURCHES into gear. The urn is knocked forward, but she just catches it. As the bus rumbles along, Ariel feels her way blindly to a seat.

She sits and cradles the ashes. She's terrified - but she did it.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUS STOP, BAYOU ST. JOHN - DAY

HISSSS! The bus pulls to a stop and the doors open. Ariel steps out and is left in a cloud of diesel dust.

Across the street is Bayou St. John - a long still body of water with a buffer of neat grass and a busy city street along each side.

ARIEL  
(to the ashes)  
I haven't been here since our  
first date.

A passerby notices the woman speaking into a cardboard urn.

ARIEL  
(whispering)  
What do you think, Attuso?

She looks skyward, waits for a sign - nothing.

ARIEL  
Is this alright? Can you give me  
a sign or something?

She squints each way, steps into the road and is nearly hit by a car. It has to SWERVE at the last second avoid her.

She steps over to the bayou and squints into it. Up close, it's less lovely. Patches of light brown foam, styrofoam cups, a plastic bag and several plastic bottles. Hmmm...

She opens the urn, looks around. Cars ZOOM by behind her.

ARIEL  
(skyward)  
Well?

She looks back down, unsure.

She SNIFFS - wrinkles her nose, squints into the water again...

By the gurgling drain, between the oil slick and the litter, a dead turtle floats belly-up.

EXT. KRISTIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jimmy stands on the stoop. Kristie is in the doorway looking pretty rough, a cigarette dangling from her lips.

JIMMY

Look, I'm sorry I--

KRISTIE

Disappeared again?

JIMMY

Yeah.

KRISTIE

You seem nice, Wesley. But something isn't quite right.

JIMMY

I just have a slightly complicated situation at the moment.

KRISTIE

Yeah. I don't really do complicated situations.

JIMMY

Look, can't we just go out tonight. I won't go anywhere. I swear.

She steps around, toward her car.

KRISTIE

I have to work tonight.

JIMMY

Tonight?

KRISTIE

Yes, tonight, I have a second job. At Rick's in the Quarter.

JIMMY

At--? You're a stripper?

KRISTIE

I'm a cashier. Mostly. That a problem for you?

JIMMY

No. I don't know.

She opens her car door.

KRISTIE

I gotta go.



JIMMY

Wait. I came to tell you something. I, uh - I don't think we should see each other anymore.

KRISTIE

Oh, fuck off.

She hops in the car, SQUEALS away.

JIMMY

It's not because you're a stripper!

A neighbor looks over.

JIMMY

She's mostly a cashier.

EXT. JIMMY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jimmy's 'convertible' pulls up a few houses from his - still best not to raise suspicions. Jimmy hops out, holding flowers, looking like a guy going on a date.

He steps toward his house. But...

IN HIS DRIVEWAY - a Hyundai Tiburon, the world's cheapest, tackiest "sports car". On the side, a magnet advertising 'Johnny Carr Insurance Co.' featuring the smug smile of Johnny Carr, The Practice Kisser.

Jimmy marches over to the Tiburon and KICKS it - WHEEP! WHEEP! WHEEP! - the alarm goes off.

He steps into the shadows. Johnny comes running out. Jimmy slips into the house.

INSIDE -

Jimmy stands over Ariel.

ARIEL

Oh. Hey, angel.

JIMMY

What's Johnny Carr doing here?

ARIEL

He's our insurance guy.

JIMMY

It's eight thirty.

ARIEL

He works late, I guess.

JIMMY

(grinning)

Can you get rid of him?

(presenting the  
flowers)

Let's just hang out and--

(noticing)

You're dressed.

ARIEL

(blurting)

It was just dinner.

JIMMY

What?

ARIEL

Johnny takes all his bereaving clients to dinner. We just went to Liuzza's. You were there, right? You saw. I didn't even kiss him.

JIMMY

Kiss him? Why would you--

(realizing)

The kiss. The fucking kiss! The one he practices?! Are you kidding me?! You were one of his appointments?

ARIEL

No! Not since you--

JIMMY

"Not since I..." what? Since I died?

She looks down. Her lips quiver.

ARIEL

Jimmy.

O.S. The front door CREAKS open, SLAMS shut.

JOHNNY CARR (O.S.)

Happens all the time.

Johnny enters, keys in hand.

JOHNNY CARR

That's the problem with having an exotic car - everybody wants it.

(MORE)

JOHNNY CARR (CONT'D)

(beat)

Now - where were we?

(noticing)

Did I bring those?

He points to the flowers on the sofa.

Ariel squints around for Jimmy - he's gone.

O.S. - CRASH! Then... WHEEP! WHEEP! WHEEP! - Johnny's car alarm.

EXT. JIMMY AND ARIEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

WHEEP! WHEEP! WHEEP! Johnny stares at his car. The side window is smashed. Johnny looks around.

JOHNNY CARR

(to the street)

MY DAD IS A COP!!

INT. JIMMY A'S BARBER SHOP - NIGHT

Jimmy slips back into the only place he can think to go - the shop.

He sits in his old chair - he has no idea what to do. And then he sees it, across the room in a spot of street light - THE POSTER.

"Discover Italy"...

EXT. RICK'S CAFE - WEE HOURS

Kristie exits the club, bedraggled. Jimmy is waiting for her.

KRISTIE

What the fuck do you want?

JIMMY

I want you to go to Italy with me.  
Like - go there and stay.

KRISTIE

You want me to move to Italy with you?

JIMMY

Tomorrow.

KRISTIE

Leave. Me. Alone.

She walks off. He shouts after her.

JIMMY

You want to die here? Like this?

She stops.

JIMMY

You want to spend your whole life  
selling perfume and splitting tips  
with hookers?

She looks at him.

JIMMY

I've never done anything. I've  
never been anywhere. I'm going to  
Italy. You coming?

Off her look

EXT. MAGAZINE STREET - DAY

Jimmy hurries down the sidewalk, hustling toward an ATM  
SIGN.

EXT. PARKING LOT, MINI MART - DAY

He steps into the parking lot, abruptly comes face to  
face with

Phil Campo, smiling at him from a flyer on a phone pole.  
KA-THUNK! A final staple is fired into the flyer by

Trisha Campo. She slips the staple gun into a backpack  
full of flyers, takes her daughter's hand and nearly  
slams into Jimmy when she turns around.

JIMMY

Sorry. I'm--  
(realizing)  
I am so sorry.

MYRA CAMPO

That's my daddy.

She reflexively hands Jimmy a flyer.

TRISHA CAMPO

He's missing and we need to find  
him. Even if he's... we need to  
find him. Thanks.

She hurries off, leaving a stunned Jimmy holding the flyer. Jimmy shouts after her.

JIMMY

Excuse me?

She turns back.

JIMMY

(to Myra)

How old are you?

MYRA CAMPO

What?

JIMMY

How old are you?

TRISHA CAMPO

She's eight.

Jimmy nods. Trisha looks at him curiously, then hurries off again.

Jimmy looks at the flyer, at smiling Phil, SIGHS, pulls himself together.

EXT. MINI MART - DAY

At the ATM in front of the convenience store, Jimmy slides Phil's card in the slot. He reads the four digit code scrawled on the back of Phil's Rotary Club card and keys it in. It takes.

JIMMY

(sotto)

Never keep your password in your wallet, Phil.

As the machine works, Jimmy looks into the SECURITY CAMERA lurking behind his reflection.

JIMMY

I didn't kill him.

When the screen shows his options, he takes the highest cash withdrawal - \$200.00.

QUICK SHOTS - as Jimmy takes \$200.00 out of several cash machines.

INT. STUDENT DISCOUNT TRAVEL SERVICE - EVENING

The last of a dying breed, a seedy little travel office near campus.

A TRAVEL AGENT enters, slipping tickets into an envelope.

TRAVEL AGENT

Mr. Campo?

Jimmy does not look up, being unused to responding to that name. He flips through Phil's wallet.

TRAVEL AGENT

Mr. Campo?  
(beat)  
Sir?!

Jimmy looks up - realizes he's the only one in the office. The travel agent extends the envelope as Jimmy tucks Phil's wallet away.

EXT. PATIO, JIMMY'S HOUSE - WEE HOURS

Jimmy slips across the patio, pulls on the patio door - it's locked.

JIMMY

What the hell?

He goes around to the trash cans, lifts a brick, takes the hidden key.

INT. DEN, JIMMY'S HOUSE - WEE HOURS

Jimmy stands in the doorway, takes in the scene.

The house is clean.

JIMMY

Ariel?

He walks down the hallway, KNOCKS on the bathroom door.

JIMMY

Ariel?

Nothing. He goes into the

BEDROOM, which is not only clean, but weirdly so. The bed is made.

JIMMY

Ariel?!

He looks all around, looks in the closet. It's half empty - half of Ariel's clothes are gone.

Jimmy storms back through the house.

JIMMY

Ariel? WHERE THE HELL ARE YOU?!

IN THE LIVING ROOM, the TV is off.

JIMMY

Ariel?!!

Jimmy looks around at the house - what the hell is going on here?

JIMMY

HAVE FUN WITH JOHNNY CARR, OKAY?  
BECAUSE I AM OUT OF HERE! NO MORE  
JIMMY, NO MORE ANGEL! I'M DONE!!  
GONE!

(beat)

Ariel?!!!

The house is silent except for the sound of Jimmy's labored breath.

Ariel is gone.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE, BANK - NIGHT

CHIKA,CHIKA,CHIKA - a series of grainy ATM SNAPSHOTS come out of a printer. Each has Phil's account number, plus a time stamp on it. Each photo is of Jimmy.

EXT. KRISTIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - PRE-DAWN

Jimmy's car pulls up.

Kristie sits, bleary-eyed, on the steps with a cup of coffee.

JIMMY

Come on!

Kristie picks up her backpack and walks to the car.

KRISTIE

This is ridiculous.

She tosses her suitcase in.

KRISTIE

We're seven hours early.

JIMMY

I want to get there and get through security.

KRISTIE

I didn't think pilots had to go through security.

JIMY

What does that--? I mean, I don't. If I don't want. But you do.

She climbs in. He drops the car in gear. Kristie squints at him.

KRISTIE

Wait a minute...

JIMMY

What now?

Kristie leans in, examining him in the street light. She GIGGLES.

KRISTIE

You dye your eyebrows.

JIMMY

What?

KRISTIE

You dye your eyebrows blonde! Are they prematurely grey?

She rubs his head.

KRISTIE

This stubble doesn't look grey.

JIMMY

Stubble?

Heflips the visor down - no mirror. He grabs the rearview mirror, examines the black roots of his eyebrows, rubs the black razor stubble on his head.

JIMMY

Shit. Do you bleach your hair?

KRISTIE

You saw the carpet, Wesley - you know it does not match the drapes.

JIMMY

Do you have any bleach?



KRISTIE

I don't bleach it myself.

EXT. ALLEY, OAK STREET - DAWN

Jimmy's car is in the alley behind the shop. He gets out. She follows.

KRISTIE

Where are you getting hair bleach?

Nothing's open yet.

(getting out of the  
car)

There's a twenty-four hour

Walgreen's over on--

JIMMY

Wait here.

EXT. SIDEWALK IN FRONT OF JIMMY A'S - DAWN

The street is quiet. Jimmy sneaks, keys in hand - then stops in his tracks.

There it is - his life sentence. "Jimmy A's".

JIMMY

Fuck that. Not any more.

He stomps up to the glass. SCRATCH, SCRATCH - he starts scraping his name off with his keys.

It doesn't come off easily. He looks around, picks up a flattened beer can, tries again - SCRATCH, SCRATCH.

He leans in, scratches as hard as he can. WHAM! WHAM! He strikes the letters with the can. HE SCRAPES AS HARD AS HE CAN, folding the can in half.

The paint is barely coming off. He throws the can on the ground.

Then he takes out his lighter. CLICK!

He starts burning the letters of his name off.

JIMMY

I'm dead. I'm taking my name off  
this God-forsaken hunk of shit...

FFZZZP - the "J" curls up, bubbles, then... the "i" and the first "m" distort and SIZZLE.

JIMMY

That's right. No more Jimmy A...

Then the second "m" FLARES up, scorching the paint on the window frame. The paint on the window jamb SIZZLES and BLISTERS.

He tries to pat it out, but the glass reaches the flash point for the paint and - FOOMP!!! - all the lettering starts melting and smoking. Then the trim paint SCORCHES and blisters, too. A spark hits the decorative fringe of the old canvas awning.

JIMMY

Uh-oh...

FOOMP!! The canvas awning BURSTS INTO FLAMES.

Jimmy steps back into the street, looks up in horror- the building is catching fire.

JIMMY

Oh, shit.

Jimmy steps all the way across the street, stares at the GROWING BLAZE and the disappearing barber shop. And suddenly

A HUGE GRIN spreads across his face. Then he busts out LAUGHING.

O.S., in the distance, SIRENS.

Kristie appears.

KRISTIE

Wow. What the-- (GASP!) This is where that guy worked! The guy who got his face torn off! This might really be mob stuff...

This makes Jimmy LAUGH even harder. A small crowd begins to gather.

FIRE TRUCKS appear and begin to battle the blaze.

POOK (O.S.)

Shit, man.

Jimmy immediately recognizes that voice. Uh-oh. He quickly slips around Kristie, positioning her in between himself and Pook. He peeks around her - yep, it's Pook.

POOK

My sweater's in there.

KRISTIE

Was.

Pook nods.

POOK

S'alright. I got another sweater.  
A damned shame about the place,  
though. Damned shame.

Jimmy peeks around Kristie, looks at Pook.

POOK

It used to be nice. At least 'til  
lil' Jimmy A got it. He ain't  
never fixed nothing, never did  
shit.

Pook watches the fire and the firemen.

KRISTIE

I heard he was kind of a freak.

JIMMY

What?

POOK

Nah. Not really. He was good,  
deep down. The thing about Jimmy  
A, though...

(re the fire)

This here's about how it went with  
him.

Jimmy pokes his head around Kristie a little.

JIMMY

Never caught a break, did he?

POOK

Caught a break? Shit. That boy  
had everything handed to him,  
brah, gift wrapped from God - know  
what I'm saying? He got that  
barber shop right there from his  
daddy. He got a house, too. Oh,  
yeah, got a house when his mother-  
in-law died. A nice house. And  
that girl he married? God dropped  
that girl right in this barber  
shop for him. Prettiest little  
thing you ever seen. And a  
sweetheart, too. Fragile, you  
know, but real sweet. They was  
too young and got some bad luck,  
but he got more than most.

(MORE)

POOK (CONT'D)

(looking up at the  
fire)

All God's gifts went wasted. It's  
a shame. A damned shame.

SOUND FADES as Jimmy stands for a long time, lit by the glow of the fire, watching the shop succumb to the flames.

INT. JIMMY'S CAR, AIRLINE HIGHWAY - MORNING

As they race down the highway, Kristie takes a can of shaving foam, disposable razors and hair dye from a Walgreen's bag.

EXT. RIVER ROAD - MORNING

Jimmy's convertible sails down the empty road.

IN THE CAR, his head is slathered with shaving foam. Kristie shaves it.

JIMMY

Ow!

KRISTIE

Well stop hitting all the bumps!

INT. POLICE STATION CORRIDOR - DAY

The ATM surveillance photo of Jimmy is posted on the bulletin board.

INT. JIMMY'S CAR, RIVER ROAD - DAY

Jimmy drives with his right eye closed as Kristie swabs his brow with hair bleach.

KRISTIE

This is pretty weird, Wesley.

JIMMY

I just wanna look good for Italy.  
That's weird?

KRISTIE

Yep.

Kristie flops back in her seat.

JIMMY

What time is it?

Kristie checks her watch.

KRISTIE

9:47. Good thing we left early.

Jimmy GUNS the engine.

Then, raindrops. They SPLATTER the windshield, signalling one of those only-in-South-Louisiana instant thunderstorms.

KA-BOOM! Thunder rumbles. The last shaving foam runs down Jimmy's neck in the rain. Then the sky opens up and the rain pounds them.

KRISTIE

Put up the top!

JIMMY

Top?!

She looks around at the hacked-up edge of the car where he cut the roof off.

KRISTIE

Oh, shit!

They hunker under the windshield, hiding from the rain, but the water is everywhere. It runs down the glass, over the dash, down the steering column... and onto the exposed ignition wiring. ZZzzzT! ZT! - sparks and a tiny puff of smoke.

The car's radio and engine FALL SILENT. The car is dead.

JIMMY

Fuck!!

KRISTIE

I told you to fix those wires...

Jimmy GLARES at her.

KRISTIE

I did.

The car comes to a stop on the roadside. Jimmy gets out, grabs their bags.

JIMMY

Come on.

Kristie steps out of the car, SNAPS a heel off in the gravel.

KRISTIE

Dammit. Okay, this isn't fun any more.

JIMMY

Come on.

He starts walking down the road in the rain, his Soul Daddy bag in one hand, her suitcase in the other.

KRISTIE

I'm not walking all the way to the airport! Are you nuts? We can just wait and go tomorrow.

Jimmy keeps walking.

JIMMY

I can't.

Kristie limps to catch up.

KRISTIE

Why not?!

JIMMY

Because I'm Mr. Carpe Diem, that's why. Making my own decisions and living large! I mean, look at me! Dressed up, got my convertible, tickets to Italy, a pocket full of money and a redhead who just won't leave me alone!

KRISTIE

I will happily leave you alone.

JIMMY

I'm sorry. I just really, really want this and I sort of have to do it right now. Come on. It'll be fun.

Jimmy walks on.

Kristie hears a CAR ENGINE, turns and sees

A POLICE CAR coming down the road. She waves her arms.

KRISTIE

Thank God. HEY!!

Jimmy turns, sees Kristie flagging down the cop car.

JIMMY

No! NO!!

He grabs her arm, spins her around.

JIMMY

We can walk.

KRISTIE

You can walk. A free trip to  
Italy ain't worth this.

She turns back toward the approaching car. Jimmy grabs  
her harder.

JIMMY

Let him go by!

KRISTIE

Why are you so afraid of cops?  
<GASP> And dye your eyebrows?  
And keep disappearing... And the  
fire!! You're not a pilot!

She begins waving frantically.

KRISTIE

You're the mob!

JIMMY

I'm not the mob!

KRISTIE

(to the cop car)  
OVER HERE!! HELP!! OVER HERE!!  
STOP!!

The cop slows down.

JIMMY

Oh, shit...

The cop pulls over.

JIMMY

Just don't say my name. Please.

Off Kristie's look...

THE POLICE CAR stops. The door opens. OFFICER CARR gets  
out.

OFFICER CARR

You two alright?

JIMMY

Fine, thanks.

KRISTIE

We are not. Our - his - car broke down so we're walking to the airport.

She starts making spazzy eye-gestures at the Officer, motioning awkwardly toward Jimmy.

OFFICER CARR

Is something wrong, m'am?

KRISTIE

No.

She redoubles her jerky eye-pointing at Jimmy.

OFFICER CARR

Can I see some I.D. please?

Kristie whips her driver's license out. Jimmy stalls, slowly putting his hand on his (Phil's) wallet.

The Officer puts his hand out.

OFFICER CARR

Sir?

JIMMY

I, uh... I don't have it on me.

OFFICER CARR

You're going to the airport without any identification?

JIMMY

(cornered)

Oh, yeah. It's right here.

He hands over Phil's driver's license. Officer Carr takes it, looks at it. He looks at Jimmy.

OFFICER CARR

(to Jimmy)

Stay right here.

(to Kristie)

You go over there, please. Do not move.

With them safely separated, Officer Carr gets back in the car.

INT. POLICE CAR, ROADSIDE - DAY

Officer Carr punches Jimmy and Kristie's info into the car's computer.



## ON THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

Jimmy and Kristie glare at each other. After a moment, the police car's door opens. Officer Carr gets out, UNSNAPS his holster and places his hand near his gun.

OFFICER CARR

Can you step over to the car sir?

Jimmy walks over to the passenger side of the car.

OFFICER CARR

You wanna tell me your real name?

KRISTIE

(shouting)

WESLEY JAMES! IT'S WESLEY JAMES!

Jimmy glares at her, then locks eyes with Officer Carr.

JIMMY

I didn't hurt anybody. I didn't.  
I just wanted to do something.

OFFICER CARR

Hands on the car.

Jimmy turns and places his palms on the car.

And then the passenger window of the cop car rolls down. There, looking right at Jimmy is

Ariel. Jimmy is speechless. What the...?

KRISTIE

Holy shit!

OFFICER CARR

(to Kristie)

You stay there!

Ariel SNIFFS, squints around.

ARIEL

(whispering to Jimmy)

Hey, angel. I knew you'd be around.

KRISTIE

Angel?

ARIEL

Mr. Carr, what's going on.

OFFICER CARR

Stay in the car, Ariel.

Jimmy is still stunned speechless.

Ariel leans out the window to talk to him.

OFFICER CARR  
Stay in the car, please!

ARIEL  
(to Jimmy)  
That's Mr. Carr - Johnny's dad.  
He was taking me to the airport.

JIMMY  
The airport?

Jimmy straightens up. WHAM!! Officer Carr shoves him back against the car.

JIMMY  
OW!

ARIEL  
Mr. Carr!

OFFICER CARR  
(to Ariel)  
You know this guy?

ARIEL  
Of course I know him.

Officer Carr struggles to put the cuffs on Jimmy.

JIMMY  
You can fly now?!! Are wings more natural than wheels?!!

OFFICER CARR  
Hold still!  
(to Ariel)  
Well, then you know a murder suspect.  
(to Jimmy)  
Wesley--? What was it?

KRISTIE  
JAMES! WESLEY JAMES!

Ariel gets out of the car.

OFFICER CARR  
Stay in the car!

ARIEL  
He's not Wesley James.

OFFICER CARR

Ariel, please.

(to Jimmy)

Wesley James, you are under  
arrest. You have --

(to Ariel)

Back in the car!

(to Jimmy)

You have the right to remain--

ARIEL

(to Jimmy)

What's going on? Why can he  
handcuff you?

Officer Carr leans into him.

OFFICER CARR

You have the right to remain  
silent, anything--

JIMMY

Ariel - there's a woman - Trisha -  
you need to call her.

Officer Carr pushes Jimmy again. Jimmy twists, lands  
face down on the road with Officer Carr on his back.

ARIEL

Stop it!

KRISTIE

He's in the mob!

Kristie is dutifully standing where she was told, but  
she's hopping with excitement.

ARIEL

(re Kristie)

Who is that woman? Mr. Carr, get  
off of him!

OFFICER CARR

Ariel, please!

(to Jimmy)

Wesley James, you have the right--

ARIEL

He's not Wesley James!

KRISTIE

Yes he is! And he killed that  
barber and sliced his face off!

Officer Carr looks up at Ariel.

OFFICER CARR

He killed Jimmy Attuso?

KRISTIE

Yeah! That's the one. He did it!

ARIEL

No he didn't.

JIMMY

No! I-- OOF!

Officer Carr SHOVES his knee into Jimmy's back.

JIMMY

Ow!

Ariel is very confused. Kristie is horrified and... aroused?

KRISTIE

(under her breath)

I did a murderer...

OFFICER CARR

Wesley James, you are under arrest.

CLOSE ON Jimmy's face, pressed into the wet gravel, hands cuffed behind him.

OFFICER CARR (O.S.)

You have the right to remain silent.

JIMMY'S POV - he can only see Ariel, hands pressed to her face in fear and confusion.

OFFICER CARR (O.S.)

Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law.

CLOSE ON JIMMY'S FACE - he's done.

OFFICER CARR (O.S.)

You have the right--

JIMMY

I'M NOT WESLEY JAMES!!

REGULAR POV - Jimmy, still held down, comes clean.

JIMMY

I'm Jimmy A! Look at me. I'm James Anthony Attuso the Third.

Everyone stops.

JIMMY

I'm sorry, Ariel. I'm not an  
angel. I'm not even dead.

Ariel GASPS. Officer Carr eases up, letting Jimmy sit up  
a little.

KRISTIE

Seriously? I was sleeping with a  
barber?

ARIEL

Sleeping with?

JIMMY

I'm sorry, Ariel. I'm sorry. I  
don't know what I was thinking, I  
just... did it.

Ariel looks terribly hurt.

ARIEL

Was it that bad?

JIMMY

Yeah. It was.

Ariel starts SOBBING.

OFFICER CARR

(to Jimmy)

Where's Philip Campo?

JIMMY

(to Officer Carr)

He's dead. Can you let me up a  
second, please? Just a second.

Officer Carr lets him up.

Jimmy stands and faces Ariel, angry with himself and  
ashamed to the point of tears.

JIMMY

Ariel, I was miserable. And so  
were you. But it wasn't your  
fault. It wasn't. I don't blame  
you for anything. I never--

Jimmy turns on Officer Carr.

JIMMY

You tell Johnny he'd better take  
care of her.

ARIEL

Johnny Carr's not taking care of me.

JIMMY

No? I've been gone ten days, Ariel and he's got you dressed, riding in cars? Going to dinner? Going to the airport?!

ARIEL

That's not about Johnny. I quit that other stuff with him. I don't even like him. He was just going to Italy with me because I can't see and he can write it off his taxes or something. That's all. The reason I could do things had nothing to do with Johnny Carr - it was because I had an angel.

(beat)

Because I had you.

Jimmy thinks about this. Then...

JIMMY

You're going to Italy?

She reaches in her big purse and produces the urn.

ARIEL

You said to put 'em somewhere nice. So I was takin' 'em to Italy.

Jimmy is stunned.

ARIEL

I know you always wanted to go.

She starts to CRY.

ARIEL

I'm sorry you never got to go, Jimmy.

JIMMY

Ariel.

ARIEL

So I thought at least when you were dead, you--

Then Ariel realizes, looks at the urn like the contents are radioactive.

ARIEL

Who is this?!

JIMMY

(to Officer Carr)  
That's Phil Campo.

THUNK. Ariel drops the urn on the ground - only a little bit of Phil spills out.

OFFICER CARR

Those are human remains?!

KRISTIE

You killed him!

SLAM! Officer Carr shoves Jimmy against the car again.

JIMMY

Ow!

KRISTIE

(re the ashes)  
He killed him and cut off his face!

JIMMY

I didn't kill anybody! And it wasn't cut off, it was scraped!

WHAM! Officer Carr shoves him again.

OFFICER CARR

Jimmy Attuso, you are under arrest.

Ariel begins to revert back to her old, scared self. She looks at the urn on the ground, backs away from it.

OFFICER CARR

You have the right--

JIMMY

Ariel!

OFFICER CARR

You have the right to remain silent. Anything--

JIMMY

The ashes, Ariel! Take the ashes to Trisha Campo! It's Phil's wife!

OFFICER CARR

(to Jimmy)

SHUT UP! Jimmy Attuso, you are under arrest. You have the right to remain silent. Anything you--

ARIEL

Officer Carr?

OFFICER CARR

Let me finish this! If he didn't kill anybody, fine - but he did something.

Ariel sniffs up a sob, then walks slowly and clumsily toward Officer Carr.

OFFICER CARR

For the last time... Jimmy Attuso, you are under arrest. You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law. You have the right to speak to--

JIMMY

I'm sorry, Ariel!

OFFICER CARR

You have the right to speak to an attorney and have one present during questioning. If you cannot afford an attorney, one will be provided for you.

Just as Officer Carr's about to shove Jimmy in the car.

ARIEL

Officer Carr?

OFFICER CARR

(pissed)  
What?!

She GRABS at Officer Carr to steady herself.

OFFICER CARR

Okay, okay, it's okay. I'm sorry. This must be very difficult for you. Let me just call this in and I'll get someone to come get you.

Ariel SLUMPS against him.



OFFICER CARR

It's okay. Just back up. It's okay.

He grabs her around the shoulder to steady her.

ARIEL

It's not okay.

She takes a step back from Officer Carr...

... and raises HIS GUN.

KRISTIE

AHHHHH!!!!

OFFICER CARR

What are you doing?!

ARIEL

Let him go.

She squints hard trying to keep a bead on Officer Carr.

KRISTIE

Holy shit! It's all a set up!  
She's in on the whole thing.

JIMMY

Shut up, Kristie!

OFFICER CARR

(to Ariel)  
Don't do this.

ARIEL

LET HIM GO!

Officer Carr grabs his keys, begins unlocking Jimmy.

JIMMY

Uh, Ariel? What are you... what  
are you doing here?

ARIEL

I'm taking you to Italy.

Over Jimmy's look...

RRRRRR!!! - the roar of a six-liter Police Interceptor V8  
engine at full throttle.

EXT. RIVER ROAD - DAY

RRRRRR!!! In yet another version of Jimmy's dream, he and Ariel speed down the road - this time in OFFICER CARR'S COP CAR.

IN THE CAR - Ariel is plastered against the seat, gripping the door handle for all she's worth.

EXT. RIVER ROAD - DAY

Officer Carr and Kristie have been handcuffed to a barbed wire fence.

KRISTIE

I bet he killed Wesley James, too, whoever that is, and stole his identity! Wow - I did a serial killer!

Officer Carr looks at her like she's a complete idiot.

EXT. RIVER ROAD - DAY

Jimmy drives like a bat out of hell, speeding toward the airport.

SCREEECH!! He slams on the brakes, sending both of their heads snapping forward, then backward as they stop.

The car idles in the middle of the road. Ariel squints up at Jimmy, who is just sitting there.

ARIEL

What are you doing?

JIMMY

I'm sorry. I should have gotten on one knee, got you a real ring, carried you over the threshold - all of that junk. I did it, but I didn't do it. I didn't do anything.

ARIEL

It's okay.

JIMMY

No. All those years, on Nicole's birthday - I never went. I drove into the cemetery and drove right back out. I never went and saw her. Not once.

He chokes up.

JIMMY

Because I blamed her. I blamed her for everything. I blamed her for getting conceived and making us get married and then for dying and leaving us all screwed up.

(weeping)

She was a little baby. How can I blame a baby for all that?

Ariel looks away as he sobs quietly.

EXT. RIVER ROAD, DAY

In the bushes and tall grass, handcuffed to the barbed wire fence, Kristie struggles pointlessly, sending a barb in to Officer Carr's neck.

OFFICER CARR

Stop it!

IN THE DISTANCE, a car. She and Officer Carr both shout.

KRISTIE

HELP!!!

OFFICER CARR

OVER HERE! STOP!!

KRISTIE

OFFICER DOWN! OFFICER DOWN!

OFFICER CARR

I'm not down!

The car passes.

KRISTIE

STOP YOU ASSHOLE!!

The car keeps going.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The police car flies down the road.

EXT. ENTRY GATES, LAKE LAWN CEMETERY - DAY

The police car drives through the gates.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Jimmy and Ariel kneel silently at a headstone. The inscription reads - "*Nicole Louise Attuso. Age 3 weeks. God has taken our angel home.*"

They kneel silently for a long minute. Ariel runs her fingers over the inscription, then takes Jimmy's hand and squeezes it.

O.S. - the police radio CRACKLES. After a beat, Jimmy SNIFFS it up, raises his head.

JIMMY

We better go.

Ariel nods, stands.

AT THE POLICE CAR, Jimmy turns Ariel around and kisses her. She smiles at him. He kisses her again. This time, it's a proper kiss, lingering and sweet.

ARIEL

That was nice.

JIMMY

Yeah?

ARIEL

Yeah.

JIMMY

I'm gonna work on that. I'm gonna practice. You just wait.

O.S. -- RRRR!!

EXT. RIVER ROAD - DAY

RRRRR!!! It's the sound of a big cop-car engine and a man who's free.

JIMMY

Whahhhhhhha!

Jimmy is driving like a Formula One driver, big grin plastered on his face.

ARIEL

Uh, how fast are we going?

JIMMY

Very.

EXT. RIVER ROAD - DAY

Officer Carr is examining the way the barbed wire is attached to the fence.

KRISTIE

I mean, I knew there was something weird about him. I knew that right off. Maybe that was why I went along with him, sort of unconsciously investigating him.

OFFICER CARR

Okay, we gotta both throw ourselves that way and try to pull this staple out of the post.

KRISTIE

I shoulda dove out the car when I saw he dyed his eyebrows, but--

OFFICER CARR

Hey! You wanna help here? On three, jump that way. One, two, three!

They leap, Officer Carr leaping much harder than Kristie, and land in a heap in the tall grass. The staple POPS free. Of course, the wire is still fastened to the posts further down the fence.

EXT. LOUIS ARMSTRONG INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

The police car roars up to the airport.

INT. POLICE CAR, AIRPORT - DAY

Jimmy leans in, the car SQUEALS up to the parking garage entrance gate.

He pushes a button. The machine ejects a ticket.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE, AIRPORT - DAY

The cop car SQUEALS up to the elevator, parks in the loading zone. Jimmy and Ariel get out. Jimmy grabs Ariel's hand, pulls her toward the elevator.

INT. SUSPENDED WALKWAY - DAY

Jimmy leads Ariel through the enclosed walkway between the garage and the airport.

INT. LOUIS ARMSTRONG INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Ariel and Jimmy walk through the main ticketing floor.

JIMMY

Don't stop until you get to the plane. Just act natural when you show your boarding pass.

Ariel stops.

JIMMY

What?

ARIEL

Johnny has my boarding pass. He was supposed to meet me here.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - DAY

Johnny over-kisses a woman good-bye.

JOHNNY CARR

I have to go - I'm late for a plane.

Another over-performed kiss. Then he checks his watch and hurries to the Tiburon, glares at the plastic taped over the missing window.

EXT. RIVER ROAD - DAY

Officer Carr and Kristie run and limp down the road, handcuffed together and all scratched up from freeing themselves from the barbed wire.

KRISTIE

I bet I'm gonna end up on the news. I'm surprised he didn't kill me.

OFFICER CARR

So am I.

INT. TICKET COUNTER, ARMSTRONG INTL. AIRPORT - DAY

Jimmy waits anxiously on a bench as Ariel steps away from the ticket counter.

ARIEL

They can't reissue and it's sold out.

(MORE)

ARIEL (CONT'D)

American has something for  
tomorrow that goes through London.  
Maybe we should go there instead.

Jimmy thinks.

JIMMY

We don't have 'til tomorrow.  
(beat)  
Where's he meeting you?

INT. AIRPORT BAR - DAY

Ariel and Jimmy sit at the bar. Jimmy looks at the  
clock, looks around again.

ARIEL

He was supposed to be here.

A TSA OFFICER leads a dog into the bar. The dog SNIFFS  
the trash can, moves on. Jimmy watches. This suddenly  
seems impossible.

Jimmy sets the urn of ashes on the bar in front of them.

He takes out Phil's wallet, opens it to a PHOTO OF A  
YOUNG WOMAN.

JIMMY

You can tell a lot about a man by  
looking in his wallet. Look at  
this - pictures, membership  
cards...

(showing a photo)

This is his wife, Tricia. And  
this is his daughter - she's about  
the age Nicole would be.

(and a card)

President of the Ontario Barber's  
Congress, Past President of the  
Rotary Club...

(beat)

My grandfather was like this.  
Proud of everything he did. And  
what did he do? He sold cabbages  
until he could open that crappy  
little barber shop. But he loved  
it. You know why?

She shakes her head.

JIMMY

Because it was his. Because he  
chose it.

(MORE)

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I never wanted anything I had  
because I never chose anything.  
Not even you.

(she looks down)

But I'd choose you now. I would.  
I would chose you.

He stands up.

JIMMY

Just tell everyone it was my  
fault, you were in grief and  
confused and being lied to.  
That's all true.

ARIEL

Jimmy...

JIMMY

I never even carried a picture of  
you.

(handing her the  
wallet)

You deserve a guy with a wallet  
like this.

ARIEL

Don't you leave me, goddamit.

JIMMY

I love you, Ariel.

And he walks into the crowd, leaving her all alone.

ARIEL

Jimmy!

EXT. PARKING LOT, AIRPORT - DAY

Kristie and Officer Carr run up to the guard shack at the  
parking garage and yell at the guard.

OFFICER CARR

N.O.P.D! I'm N.O.P.D. Get on the  
radio.

INT. SECURITY LINE, AIRPORT - DAY

Jimmy, terrified and heartbroken, moves slowly toward the  
x-ray machine and the screeners. He fully expects to be  
detained and arrested.



INT. AIRPORT BAR - DAY

Ariel sits at the bar, a drink in front of her. A man approaches her from behind.

MAN'S DEEP VOICE (O.S.)

Excuse me, M'am - but I'll need to ask you to come with me.

Ariel goes stiff.

JOHNNY CARR

(fake deep voice)

You may need to be thoroughly frisked.

(he LAUGHS)

Kidding!

ARIEL

(realizing)

Johnny.

He grins, holds out the boarding passes.

Off Ariel's look

IN THE SECURITY LINE, Jimmy waits.

IN THE GUARD SHACK, the guard looks at Officer Carr's badge and listens to him talk.

IN THE AIRPORT BAR, Ariel stands to go with Johnny.

JOHNNY CARR

Let me just take a quick whiz.

He sets his stuff on the bar and leaves. Ariel looks at Johnny's little man purse. When she's sure he's gone, she opens it and sticks her face to try and see inside. Boarding passes, passport, breath mints... until she finds his wallet. She takes it out and squints closely at it.

INT. SECURITY LINE, AIRPORT - DAY

At the front of the line, the screener listens to a report on the headset, nods, writes on a list. This is not lost on Jimmy.

INT. AIRPORT BAR - DAY

Johnny returns from the rest room, sees Ariel putting his wallet back in his man purse.

JOHNNY CARR

What are you doing?

ARIEL

(busted)

Sorry. I'm sorry. You can just... tell a lot about a man from his wallet.

JOHNNY CARR

What did you learn?

ARIEL

You're a good guy.

JOHNNY CARR

Really?

Off Johnny's look of surprise

EXT. LOUIS ARMSTRONG INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Kristie and Officer Carr are driven toward the front of the building in a BEEPING security cart.

INT. AIRPORT CONCOURSE - DAY

Ariel and Johnny hurry through the crowd. She stops.

ARIEL

I gotta pee.

JOHNNY CARR

Why didn't you go when I went? If the plane leaves, we'll never get a refund.

ARIEL

I'll hurry.

JOHNNY CARR

They'll just give us sky miles!

ARIEL

I'll hurry!

She hands him the urn.

ARIEL

Hang on to this and be very careful with it. And wait right here. Don't move - I get lost easily.

She leaves him there awkwardly holding the ashes as she wanders through one of the big door-less entrances to the Ladies' Room.

He waits. And waits. BEEP! BEEP! The crowd parts. Johnny looks up to see a transport cart coming through. On the front is Officer Carr.

OFFICER CARR

Stop!

JOHNNY CARR

Dad? I thought you were just dropping her off.

Officer Carr jumps out. We can't hear them, but Officer Carr is obviously telling the story. Johnny blanches, then points to the Ladies Room.

INT. AIRPORT LADIES' ROOM - DAY

Three female TSA Officers in tactical gear storm into the ladies' room, KNOCKING on stalls and checking I.D.'s.

INT. AIRPORT CONCOURSE - DAY

Johnny sits on a bench, holding the ashes, waiting for Ariel to be arrested in the toilet.

INT. SECURITY LINE, AIRPORT - DAY

There are three people in front of Jimmy, emptying their pockets and taking off their shoes.

TSA agents compare the name on every boarding pass to a typed list.

ON THE LIST - mostly Arabic names, but at the bottom is "Phillip Thomas Campo". Under it, "James Anthony Attuso III" and "Wesley James" have been written in by hand.

IN LINE, Jimmy moves a step closer as the person in front of him loads her things onto the conveyor. He is only a few feet away from certain capture.

WHAM! A brass pole falls to the ground, taking the velvet rope with it and CRASHING down another pole, scaring the wits out of Jimmy. He glances back...

ARIEL (O.S.)

(loud whisper)

Jimmy?! Jimmy?!

Jimmy looks - nobody. Then he looks down...

ON THE FLOOR, Ariel is tangled in the rope.

ARIEL  
(loud whisper)  
Jimmy?

Jimmy scrambles, pulls her off the floor.

JIMMY  
What the hell are you doing?

ARIEL  
I told you - I'm going to Italy  
with my husband.  
(loudly)  
My husband, Johnny.

She holds up two boarding passes, plus a passport. He opens it - it's Johnny Carr's passport.

JIMMY  
Wow. How'd you--? I don't look  
anything like Johnny.

ARIEL  
Not at all?

INT. AIRPORT CONCOURSE - DAY

The TSA Security team exits the Ladies' Room.

TSA SECURITY OFFICER  
She's not in there.

OFFICER CARR  
She must have slipped out the  
other side when Johnny wasn't  
looking.

KRISTIE  
She's very cunning, that one.  
Very cunning.

Off Johnny's look

NEAR THE CHECKPOINT, Ariel squints at the big poster with images of all the forbidden items. She freezes.

ARIEL  
Uh-oh.

Jimmy turns. Ariel opens her purse wide. He looks in.

IN THE PURSE - Officer Carr's gun.

Jimmy GASPS, looks around.

TSA SCREENER

Move up, please. Close the line.

Jimmy looks around frantically. He spies a very small Asian woman with a big shopping bag set just outside the ropes.

TSA SCREENER

Next? Let's move, please.

Jimmy turns and quickly snatches the gun, drops it into the Asian lady's bag, waits for the potential BANG. Nothing.

JIMMY

(to Ariel)

Definitely going to hell now.

Jimmy throws his bag on the belt, turns and hands the screener Johnny's boarding pass and passport.

The screener compares Jimmy's documents to the list. Then he looks at Jimmy.

ARIEL

I tried to give him my eyebrow pencil, but he's too stubborn. He has cancer. We're hoping to get him to Italy to see his mother before...

Ariel clutches Jimmy.

ARIEL

(to Jimmy)

It's okay, *Johnny*. It's okay, baby. You look fine.

(urging the screener)

Don't he look fine?

The screener hesitates, looks at Jimmy, his eyes narrowing.

SCREENER

Sir?

Jimmy looks up - this is it.

SCREENER

My momma had cancer. Good luck.

JIMMY

Thank you.

He stamps the boarding pass, hands Jimmy his documents back and lets him through, then lets Ariel through. As they hurry off--

ARIEL

(over her shoulder to  
the screener)

Sorry about your mom!

Jimmy looks at Ariel in wonder.

JIMMY

You are unbelievable.

She GRINS as they scurry toward the gate.

INT. AIRPORT SECURITY OFFICE -

Johnny and Kristie sit in the office. Security officers run in and out, hoping for word about Jimmy/Phil/Wesley.

Kristie leans over to Johnny.

KRISTIE

(re the urn)

That's the dead guy in there.

He nods.

KRISTIE

Can I look at him?

Johnny CLICKS the urn open so Kristie can look inside. She looks in.

KRISTIE

Oooo... look at this.

Then she reaches in and pulls out

PHIL'S WALLET.

She taps it on the desk to knock the ashes off, then opens it.

KRISTIE

You can learn a lot by looking in  
a man's wallet.

Johnny's eye's open wide, realizing...

He unzips his man purse, looks inside...

SECURITY OFFICER

(into mic)

Don't worry about the gates - he  
can't get past the screeners.

JOHNNY CARR

Yes he can.

INT. AIRPORT GATE - DAY

Ariel and Jimmy run/stumble as fast as they can toward  
the gate. They round the corner and

The gate area is completely empty. They're late.

JIMMY

Fuck!

He grabs Ariel's hand and pulls her past the ropes and to

THE JETWAY, where they see the

AIRPLANE DOOR, still open.

JIMMY

Come on!

Ariel stumbles, panting, behind him.

IN THE CONCOURSE, the BEEPING security cart speeds toward  
the gate.

IN THE JETWAY, Jimmy and Ariel are only feet from the  
plane. The Attendant steps up to close the door.

JIMMY

WAIT!!!! WE'RE COMING!

In the B.G. - BEEP! BEEP! - the cart is getting closer.

Jimmy runs up as the Attendant holds the door open.

ATTENDANT

Hurry, please.

Jimmy steps onto the plane. Ariel does not. Jimmy looks  
back.

Ariel is frozen. Her face tense, tears in her eyes.

JIMMY

Ariel?

O.S. - BEEP!BEEP!BEEP!

ARIEL

I can't. I'm sorry, but I was s'posed have an angel with me on this thing. That's what was s'posed to-- oh, my God! There is no way I can get on an airplane!

JIMMY

Ariel?! I'm the one afraid of planes! I can barely breathe!

ARIEL

Can't do it.

She backs away from the door.

But this time, Jimmy sweeps her into his arms.

ARIEL

AHHH!!

JIMMY

I will pick you up and carry you.

She grabs him around the neck in gratitude.

BEEP!BEEP!BEEP! The cart is fast approaching.

Jimmy steps carries her over the threshold like a bride.

WHAP! Her head smacks against the opening.

ARIEL

OW!

JIMMY

Sorry.

They disappear into the plane.

ARIEL (O.S.)

Let me outta here!

JIMMY (O.S.)

SHUT THE DOOR!

The attendant shuts the door.

AT THE UN-MANNED DESK, the cart arrives -  
BEEP!BEEP!BEEP!BEEP!BEEP!BEEP!

The desk phone is BUZZING pointlessly. Just as the attendant steps out of the jetway, the security team runs into it.



IN THE JETWAY, the dark tunnel walkway is bathed in light as the plane pulls away. The security team runs to the end and watches the jet taxi away.

INT. AIRPORT SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

Johnny, Kristie and Officer Carr are being questioned by the Security Captain.

SECURITY CAPTAIN

So, that's it? The woman swiped your boarding pass and the guy stole an ATM card?

OFFICER CARR

She took my service weapon!

SECURITY CAPTAIN

Did she fire it?

OFFICER CARR

No.

SECURITY CAPTAIN

And did he kill the guy? The Campo guy?

OFFICER CARR

I don't think so.

SECURITY CAPTAIN

So, they stole a gun and took eight hundred bucks from a dead man.

OFFICER CARR

Yes.

JOHNNY CARR

Of course, she paid twelve hundred dollars for the same man's cremation. So, technically, his family owes her four hundred bucks.

OFFICER CARR

(to Kristie)

Didn't you say he burned down his own barber shop?

KRISTIE

Yes! Yes he did!

SECURITY CAPTAIN

You saw him?

KRISTIE

No.

The Security Captain looks over to a TSA Officer.

TSA OFFICER

Do we really want to do a turn-around on an international flight and go to lockdown on the whole airport for the kind of shit half the teenagers in America do every weekend?

SECURITY CAPTAIN

I think we have to. Stop the plane.

The TSA Officer nods, raises his radio to his mouth to speak.

WHHHAN!! WHHHAN!! WHHHAN!! WHHHAN!! WHHHAN!! - an excruciatingly loud klaxon sounds.

TSA OFFICER

Shit! What now?

The Security Captain's radio crackles to life.

SECURITY RADIO

RED! RED! C2 SCANNER IS RED!

IN A FLASH, The Security Captain, the TSA Officer and all the other security personnel bolt for the door.

AT THE SECURITY CHECKPOINT

The X-RAY SCREEN shows a big shoulder bag with the silhouette of a GUN clearly visible.

WHAM! The little old Asian woman is SHOVED against the wall, hands pinned behind her back.

EXT. AIRPORT RUNWAY - DAY

The big plane REVS the engines and shoots forward, picking up speed until the wheels leave the ground.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

The plane's at altitude. Ariel is plastered to her seat back. Jimmy, in the window seat, peers out at the ocean.

Ariel's eyes are closed as tightly as possible.

Jimmy takes her hand and squeezes it.

EXT. SKY - EVENING

Jimmy's face is visible from the window of the plane, grinning out at the world.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. CURVING STREET, ITALIAN HILL TOWN - DAY

A dilapidated old Alpha Romeo convertible sputters into view. At the wheel is Jimmy A. At his side is Ariel. He's wearing his barber clothes again.

It's a nearly perfect version of his dream. And it's real.

The car pulls into town and stops in front of a row of shops. One of them has its sign painted on the glass in English: "*Jimmy A's - Even You Can Be Beautiful*".

INT. JIMMY A'S BARBER SHOP, ITALIAN HILL TOWN - DAY

Jimmy and Ariel open the shop. It's humble, but well cared for. Ariel sits at the manicure sink wearing her apron.

There's a poster on the wall - a view of New Orleans.

Jimmy has a YOUNG ITALIAN MAN in the barber chair getting the Jimmy A Special.

JIMMY

So, the fella thinks about it,  
then-- I dunno the word in  
Italian.

Jimmy pantomimes a key and lock, sticks out his tongue and licks.

JIMMY

Licks. He, you know--  
(drawing out his  
tongue)  
Licks? Right? He licks the lock!  
Get it?

The Young Italian Man hesitates, then gets it. He GIGGLES. Then Jimmy GIGGLES. Then Ariel SNORTS and all three of them dissolve into a fit of hysterical LAUGHTER.

FADE TO BLACK.