

MARTY SUPREME

BY

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[Cue Tears for Fears' 'Change']

INT. NORKIN SHOES - STOCKROOM - LOWER EAST SIDE, NYC

C.U. of a shoe box. MARTY MAUSER [23, lanky, glasses] dumps out a pair of size 9 shoes onto the floor, replaces them with a size 8. Track with him and out of the stockroom, up the stairs...

INT. NORKIN SHOES - BACK AREA - CONTINUOUS

...past his uncle, MURRAY NORKIN [60s], seen through a glass windowed office, and...

INT. NORKIN SHOES - MAIN FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

...onto the main floor of the store. Push-in on a reverse shot of a seated CUSTOMER [40s, female, overweight].

MARTY

Ms. Maryanne! You're in luck. Last pair.

MARTY gets down on one knee and tries to cram the CUSTOMER's foot into the low-heeled shoe. The CUSTOMER winces in pain.

Text on screen: NEW YORK, 1952

[End of Tears for Fears cue]

CUSTOMER

These are a 9?

MARTY

Yeah, this brand runs really small...It's annoying, it's like they're sized for dolls.

CUSTOMER

They're too tight. Do you have 'em in a bigger size?

MARTY

No, not in a Kerrybrooke.

MARTY gets up and grabs a different shoe off the display rack.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Have you ever tried Vitality?
Better make, more trustworthy, been
around longer.

CUSTOMER

How much are they?

MARTY

Well in the long run, they're the
same as the Kerrybrookes.

CUSTOMER

Long run?

MARTY

They'll last twice as long. It's a
matter of \$11 now versus \$7.50
twice. Do the math and they're
actually cheaper.

The door opens and a YOUNG WOMAN enters [20s, frizzy hair,
ethnic-Jewish]. MARTY takes note as she approaches another
salesman, LLOYD [30s, blonde, doughy, non-ethnic].

LLOYD

Can I help you?

YOUNG WOMAN

Yeah, I bought a pair of shoes here
the other day...

The CUSTOMER tries the new shoe on and models them in front
of a floor mirror. MARTY steps back.

MARTY

These look much nicer around the
ankle.

LLOYD

Marty!

MARTY

Yep?

LLOYD

This woman says she bought a pair
of shoes from you?

MARTY looks at the YOUNG WOMAN.

MARTY

Oh yeah, you bought the brown Mary
Janes. How are they?

YOUNG WOMAN

Great. If you remember, I wore them out the store.

MARTY

I don't, but ok.

YOUNG WOMAN

Well, I left my old ones here.

MARTY

Hmmm. What did they look like?

YOUNG WOMAN

Two-toned pumps...Matrix ones.

MARTY

I don't recall seeing those.

YOUNG WOMAN

They were wing-tipped...

MARTY

(to LLOYD)

You see anything like that?

LLOYD shakes his head.

YOUNG WOMAN

Is it possible you maybe put them in one of the boxes of the other shoes I was trying on and restocked them?

MARTY

I don't see how. What else were you trying on?

YOUNG WOMAN

There were a bunch. I'm a 6.

MARTY

I can't go searching through every size 6. You remember which brands?

YOUNG WOMAN

If I saw the boxes, I'd probably be able to recognize them.

CUSTOMER

Excuse me.

MARTY
 (to CUSTOMER)
 I'm sorry. You mind if my colleague
 helps you out for a minute?
 (to LLOYD)
 Can you handle this?

LLOYD
 Sure.

MARTY gets up.

MARTY
 (to YOUNG WOMAN, put out)
 Follow me.

MARTY leads the YOUNG WOMAN towards the back room.

INT. NORKIN SHOES - BACK AREA - CONTINUOUS

As they get close to the back office, MARTY silently gestures
 for her to stop and wait.

MARTY
 Shhh!

Through the window, MARTY can see MURRAY searching his desk,
 sandwich in hand. He turns and makes eye contact with MARTY.

MURRAY
 Marty. Come in here.

MARTY enters, annoyed, leaving the YOUNG WOMAN in the hall.

INT. NORKIN SHOES - MURRAY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

MURRAY
 Here. I got you something.

MURRAY draws a business card out of a box and hands it over.
 It reads: "NORKIN SHOES -- FAMILY FOOTWEAR -- NEVER-ENDING
 SOLES".

MURRAY (CONT'D)
 Flip it over.

The back-side reads: "MARTY MAUSER -- MANAGER".

MARTY
 Manager? Come on, Murray.

MURRAY

Be excited. It's a promotion. Just maybe don't mention it to Lloyd just yet.

MARTY

Look, I've been very clear. No disrespect to you, you've built something really commendable here, and it's been good for me to see it up close. But I'm just not a shoe salesman. It's not me, it's not my function.

MURRAY

We don't need to have this conversation now.

MARTY

It's not gonna change. Once I'm back from my trip, that's it, I'm not coming here anymore. Speaking of which, you think we can settle up?

MURRAY

We'll deal with it at closing.

MARTY

But I was planning on going to the travel agent on my lunch break.

MURRAY

Sure, I give you the money now and you won't come back after your lunch break.

MARTY

Aw c'mon. You think I would do that?

MURRAY

Yes. I said we'll take care of it at closing.

MURRAY turns back to his magazine. MARTY waits a beat, then exits.

INT. NORKIN SHOES - BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

He silently beckons the YOUNG WOMAN to come. She ducks and scuttles on her knees past the office window. They descend the stairs.

INT. NORKIN SHOES - STOCKROOM - CONTINUOUS

MARTY and the YOUNG WOMAN -- his girlfriend, RACHEL MIZLER -- stumble into the stockroom making out. It's sloppy. passionate. Between kisses...

RACHEL
Sorry, my place is off limits
today, Ira's home sick.

MARTY
(pulling away)
Whoa, whoa! I can't get sick!

RACHEL
No, no, it's food poisoning.

MARTY
You sure?

RACHEL pulls him back into her. They start kissing again.

[Cue Alphaville's 'Forever Young']

MARTY hikes up Rachel's skirt, rips off her garter belt, slips his hands between her legs, pushing her against a wall of shoeboxes. He spins her around. They begin to have sex.

MARTY (CONT'D)
(whispering in her ear)
I wish I could hide you in my
luggage.

RACHEL
(whispering)
I wanna come with you so bad.

CUT TO BLACK:

Thousands of writhing sperm enter the frame, racing towards a large white ovum. They surround the egg, each fighting for entry, until one finally breaks through. In slow-motion, the egg begins to drift and rotate, revealing the words "MARTY SUPREME - MADE IN AMERICA" screen-printed on its surface.

The egg makes contact with a hard green surface, bouncing off it and sailing past a series of soft-focus shapes in the background. The shapes slowly begin to take form. They are human faces in states of great excitement. The egg then makes contact with another hard surface -- a ping pong racket -- and the moment it does, it's launched over a net at blistering speed.

[End of Alphaville cue]

INT. LAWRENCE'S PING PONG PARLOR - CONTINUOUS

MARTY - stripped to a sleeveless undershirt, dripping in sweat - practices table tennis opposite his friend WALLY [20s, Harlem native]. Excited onlookers follow the ball with their eyes. One of them, DION [30s, heavysset] roots for MARTY with awed enthusiasm. LAWRENCE [60s, Barbadian] oversees the training.

LAWRENCE

Fore-hand.. Forehand... Forehand...
Backhand... backhand... backhand...

MARTY looks demonic. He smashes the ball again and again, forcing WALLY to back up to the wall.

A telephone rings. The camera pushes into a phone booth as a MISFIT [typical Lawrence's weirdo] answers it.

MISFIT

Yeah, hold on...Marty!...MARTY!!

MARTY

WHAT???!!?

MISFIT

Phone!

MARTY

Tell him...
(smashing)
I left 20 minutes ago, that I'm
(smashing)
already on my way back to the
store.

MISFIT

It's a her.

The ball hits the top of MARTY's paddle, flies upwards, hits the ceiling and bounces to the floor. DION runs to retrieve it.

MARTY

GODDAMMIT! SHIT!!
(at self)
DAMMIT!!!
(to WALLY)
The white shirt threw me off.

WALLY

You stupid bitch.

MARTY

It did. I can't see the white shirt
against the white ball.

WALLY

Fuck you.

MARTY

Take it off!

INT. PHONE BOOTH - MOMENTS LATER

MARTY enters the booth and picks up the receiver.

MARTY

Yeah?

JUDY (PHONE)

It's Judy. Your mother, she's very
sick.

MARTY

Oh yeah?

JUDY (PHONE)

She's lost color in her face, she's
speaking nonsense. You should come
home. She's asking for you.

MARTY

(oddly indifferent)
Maybe call an ambulance then.

JUDY (PHONE)

And who's going to go with her?

MARTY

You I guess, since you're so
invested.

JUDY (PHONE)

Hold on.

MARTY waits, looks down. Zoom into the Marty Supreme ball in
his hand.

INT. JUDY'S APARTMENT - LOWER EAST SIDE - SAME TIME

JUDY [70s] has her hand cupped over the phone. Marty's MOM
[40s, high-strung] stands in the threshold of the front door.

JUDY
 (whispering)
 He's not buying it. The little
 shit.

MOM
 (whispering)
 Tell him I passed out.

JUDY un-cups her hand from the receiver.

JUDY
 (loud)
 Oh Christ- she what???
 (into phone)
 She just lost consciousness, you
 need to come home *now*.

In the hallway, behind MOM, RACHEL walks up the stairs carrying groceries. She takes note of the situation and continues up.

INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - 2 FLOORS UP - MOMENTS LATER

RACHEL rushes into her apartment and beelines for the phone. Her husband -- IRA -- calls out weakly from the bedroom.

IRA (O.S.)
 Hello?

RACHEL
 One second.

RACHEL carefully picks up the receiver. It's a party-line, allowing her to eavesdrop on JUDY's conversation downstairs.

JUDY (PHONE)
 -sure, I'll take her to the ER and
 wait for God knows how long and *you*
 can give my husband his medicines
 and massage his legs all night-

MARTY (PHONE)
 Oh just put her on the phone
 already.

JUDY (PHONE)
 I told you, she passed out!

RACHEL
(into phone)
Don't listen to them! They're
lying!

JUDY (PHONE)
GET OFF THE LINE! IT'S OCCUPIED!

RACHEL quickly hangs up as IRA [late 20s, stocky] comes to
the doorframe -- clearly unwell.

IRA
Who's lying?

RACHEL
Oh, Judy. She said she would be off
the phone an hour ago.
(beat)
I got you some broth.

IRA reaches his hand inside the bag.

IRA
It's ice cold.

RACHEL
Sorry, there was a long line at the
shop.

IRA
Oh yeah? Is that what they'll say
if I call down and ask?

RACHEL
Be my guest. You gotta get Judy off
the line first.

IRA picks up the receiver.

IRA
(angrily)
Get off the phone!

INT. HARDWARE STORE - MIDTOWN - SOON

DION keeps watch while MARTY grabs a can of spray paint off a
shelf and paints a ping pong ball orange.

INT. GALANIS OFFICE - SOON

MARTY and DION sit across from DION's father CHRISTOPHER GALANIS [60s, stocky]. MARTY is moving a white ping pong ball across a white piece of paper.

MARTY

Ok, this is a normal IATT approved ball. Try to follow the white ball against the white. See how your eyes get lost?

GALANIS follows the ball with his eyes. MARTY then does the same thing with the orange-painted ball.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Now try it with the orange ball. You're already following it way better. See how his eyes are looking?

DION

Yeah!

MARTY puts the ball down.

MARTY

Right now, in the world of table tennis, you're obliged to wear black just so you can follow the ball.

(to DION)

Show him the Esquire article.

DION places a magazine on the table, open to a picture of a professional table-tennis player dressed in black.

MARTY (CONT'D)

That's Ted Bailey, last year's world champ. I've already beat him. See how he's wearing all black? Now show him the Jack Kramer spread.

DION quickly shuffles to a huge profile on American tennis player, Jack Kramer, wearing all white.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Now what's the difference?

GALANIS

He's wearing white.

MARTY

See how classy Kramer looks? To me that's class-

GALANIS

A custom ball like that is going to cost a lot more though-

DION

I know math, dad. I'm not stupid.

GALANIS

But what's it gonna cost?

DION

We can't cheap out on this! It's the Marty Supreme Ball not the Marty Normal Ball.

MARTY

It's gonna be nominal, Mr. Galanis-

GALANIS

I don't know. I want a coffee. Dion, go get me one.

DION

Just ask Nancy to get you a coffee.

GALANIS

She's busy. Get me the coffee.

DION

We're talking like men about business-

GALANIS

(raising his voice)
Get me the damn coffee!

The room falls silent. Humiliated, DION get up and exits the room.

GALANIS (CONT'D)

(gravely)

Look, my son...He's limited. He's thirty years old, he's still living at home. I'm happy that he has something to do but-

MARTY

Something to do? This is a legitimate career opportunity for him.

GALANIS

My point is that there are limits to what I'm willing to spend.

MARTY

So stick with the white then. But I'm telling you, you're gonna regret it.

GALANIS

Maybe.

MARTY

I wouldn't be here trying to involve you in something that I didn't believe in. And I know it's hard to believe, but this game fills stadiums overseas. And it's only a matter of time before it fills stadiums in the United States too. Before I'm staring at you from the cover of a Wheaties box.

EXT. ORCHARD STREET - DUSK

We track with MARTY as he runs across 3rd Street, scarfing down a hot dog.

GALANIS (V.O.)

I don't know anything about this business.

MARTY (V.O.)

That's why you have to trust me.

He arrives at Norkin Shoes, tries the door. It's locked.

MARTY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

This time next week I'll be the first American to take the British Open. That'll slide me into the #1 ranking spot for the World Championship. Life is gonna cover it, they have to. Look's definitely gonna cover it. The guy there, he loves me. They all love me. I'm telling you, I am uniquely positioned to be the face of the entire sport in the U.S.

MARTY looks into the shop. The place is empty, closed for the night. He then spies LLOYD coming out from the back areas carrying some shoe boxes. MARTY bangs on the door.

Annoyed, LLOYD places the boxes on the counter, walks over and lets him in.

INT. NORKIN SHOES - MAIN FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

LLOYD
I'm closing up.

MARTY
I can see that. I'm just here to
speak to my uncle.

LLOYD
He left.

LLOYD heads to the register. MARTY follows.

MARTY
What?! For the day?

LLOYD
He had to take your mother to the
hospital.

MARTY
Oh for crying out- She's not sick!

LLOYD stares dispassionately.

MARTY (CONT'D)
He owes me money. We're supposed to
settle up.

LLOYD
Maybe you should've thought about
that before you took a 5 hour
lunch.

MARTY
Oh shut up.

LLOYD pulls the drawer from the till and heads to the back room. MARTY quickly grabs the phone and dials.

MOM (PHONE)
Hello?

MARTY
Sounds like you're feeling a lot
better.

MOM (PHONE)
Yeah no thanks to you.

MARTY

Enough. You with Murray?

MOM (PHONE)

No. I think he left for his trip.

MARTY

Trip!? What *trip*!?!

MOM (PHONE)

He's taking Esther to Kutchers for the weekend, which I'll add he was willing to cancel out of concern for me.

MARTY

He's supposed to give me my money for my flight!

MOM (PHONE)

I don't know anything about that.

MARTY

Of course you do! It's the only reason I agreed to work here.

MOM (PHONE)

That's strictly between you and him.

MARTY

Oh so I guess it's just a coincidence that he skips town the exact time he's supposed to pay me.

MOM (PHONE)

I have no idea what you're implying-

MARTY

I'm not *implying* anything. I'm saying he's a fucking snake.

MOM (PHONE)

You watch your mouth. That man pays our rent and puts food on our table.

MARTY

You know what this is? This is sabotage. You're *sabotaging* me.

MOM (PHONE)

Oh you wanna talk sabotage? YOU'RE SABOTAGING YOUR WHOLE LIFE YOU BUM--

MARTY hangs up on her and heads to the back room.

INT. NORKIN SHOES - BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The second MARTY enters the room, LLOYD swings the safe shut and spins the combo.

MARTY
What was that?

LLOYD
What?

MARTY laughs in disbelief.

MARTY
You think I'm gonna rob you?

LLOYD
Sorry, just a reflex.

MARTY
If I wanted to rob you you'd be
dead. I just came in here to grab
my suit.

MARTY removes a suit from the closet and slings it over his arm.

MARTY (CONT'D)
You know, I bought this
specifically for my trip.

LLOYD
Not sure why a person needs a suit
to play ping pong, but ok.

MARTY
Lemme explain something to you,
Lloyd. This was a business trip. Do
you know what *business* is, Lloyd?

LLOYD
Guess not.

MARTY lingers by Murray's desk. He quickly reaches into Murray's desk drawer, pulls out a gun and points it at LLOYD.

MARTY
All I want is the 700 dollars that
Murray owes me.

LLOYD
Oh yeah? Or what?

MARTY
Or I'll shoot you in the leg.

LLOYD
No you won't.

MARTY
You sure about that?

LLOYD
You shoot me in the leg and you're going to be spending the next few years in jail.

MARTY
Maybe I'll shoot you in the head instead.

LLOYD
You're not gonna do that either.

MARTY
Look, I just want what I was promised to me. Not a penny more. I'm gonna be coming home with 10 times this amount in prize money. Turn the other cheek and I'll give you an even hundred when I get back.

LLOYD
Not interested.

MARTY
Lloyd, let's get deep for a second...We both know you'd love nothing more than to see my ass get canned. You're 1000 times more responsible than me and still, check this out...

MARTY fishes out the Norkin Shoes business card and hands it to him. LLOYD picks it up and reads: "MARTY MAUSER -- MANAGER".

MARTY (CONT'D)
I'm gonna be your *boss*. How unfair is that? I could fire you whenever I want.

He's got LLOYD's attention now.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Look, I'm *actually* pointing a gun at you. I'm *actually* threatening to use it. These are facts. My fingerprints are all over this thing. It's a legit robbery, like any other. So open the safe, lemme take what I'm owed, and you can call Murray, tell him exactly what happened, get me fired, press charges, whatever the fuck you want. Ok?

CUT TO:

The camera pushes into a C.U. of a safe dial being turned.

[Cue Peter Gabriel's 'I Have the Touch']

EXT. 20,000 FEET IN THE AIR

A Pan American propeller plane soars through the sky.

INT. AIRPLANE - FIRST CLASS - DUSK

MARTY sips coke from a glass, chewing ice. He peers out the window at a lightning storm raging in distant clouds.

INT. LONDON CENTRAL HOSTEL - NIGHT

MARTY carries his luggage down the hallway of a run-down dormitory. Two men in towels pass from the opposite direction, clearly recognizing him. MARTY greets them coolly. Text on screen: LONDON

MARTY gets to his room and opens the door. The dingy room contains four occupied bunk beds. A NORWEGIAN is lying on his back, reading a dog-eared copy of Rimbaud's '*A Season in Hell*' by flashlight.

MARTY

We don't even get our own rooms!?

NORWEGIAN just stares.

MARTY (CONT'D)

And it's freezing in here.

NORWEGIAN points to a coin-operated machine affixed to the wall.

FRENCHMAN

Heat costs 10 p.

A rat jumps up from under the bed and snatches a sandwich from a plate balanced on the NORWEGIAN's chest.

INT. WEMBLEY STADIUM - DAY

Every player competing in the British Open stands in pyramid formation. A PHOTOGRAPHER readies a large studio portrait camera. Zoom in on MARTY. He takes note of 3 Japanese players and nudges the man next to him, BÉLA KLETZKI [late 30s, Hungarian]

MARTY

Check it out.

BÉLA

Yeah, Japan sent a team this year.

MARTY

What about the travel ban?

BÉLA

They must have lifted it.

MARTY stares at the Japanese players. They look poised, austere.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Ok paddles up...And on the count of 3...

MARTY smiles ear to ear. *FLASH*

[End of Peter Gabriel cue]

INT. WEMBLEY STADIUM - DAY

An exhibition floor bifurcated into 12 sections arranged for tournament-style table tennis, all manned by players from around the world. Text on screen: ROUND 1

Marty trades ferocious shots with his first opponent [text on screen: AMIT VISHWAKARMA, INDIA, RANKING: 21]. After an intense rally, MARTY smashes an impossible-to-return shot [text on screen: MARTY MAUSER, USA, RANKING: 2].

The scoreboard flips from 20 to 21. MARTY shakes hands with AMIT. He notices the crowds have largely gathered by a table on the other side of the hall.

Marty makes his way across the room, toweling his face and neck. Arriving, he watches a frustrated British player [text on screen: TED BAILEY, UNITED KINGDOM, RANKING: 1] struggling against a Japanese opponent who has barely broken a sweat [text on screen: KOTO ENDO, JAPAN, UNRANKED]. MARTY quietly addresses a SPECTATOR.

MARTY

Where are we?

SPECTATOR

3rd game. Bailey's getting slaughtered.

ECU of ENDO'S paddle. It looks different from the others, a thick piece of soft-rubber affixed to its surface. Eerily, it emits no sound when it makes contact with the ball.

MARTY

What is that thing?

SPECTATOR

I don't know.

MARTY

It's silent.

SPECTATOR

Like a ghost.

CU of ball spinning off Bailey's racket seemingly defying physics.

INT. WEMBLEY STADIUM - DAY

Text on screen: ROUND 3. MARTY plays with great flair against a man in his 30s [text on screen: VLADIMÍR SEBEK, CZECHOSLOVAKIA, RANKING: 12]. MARTY wins several points in a row.

INT. WEMBLEY STADIUM - IATT OFFICE - DAY

A stern looking MARTY, sweaty from game play, makes his way into a large busy office. He makes a beeline for RAM SETHI, the head of the International Association of Table Tennis .

MARTY

Ram Sethi, right?

SETHI

I'm on the phone.

MARTY
I see that. Marty Mauser.

SETHI
Yes, I know who you are.

MARTY
I'm sure you do.

SETHI
(into phone)
Would you mind holding?
(to MARTY, annoyed)
Can I help you with something?

MARTY
I'm curious, where you staying
while you're in town?

SETHI
Excuse me.

MARTY
I am asking you what hotel you're
staying at.

SETHI
Well, all of the IATT
representatives are stationed at
the Ritz.

MARTY
That's what I heard. And you think
that's ok?

SETHI
I'm not sure what you're-

MARTY
Don't give me that. Have you seen
where you've put me?

SETHI
We offer complimentary housing to
all of our players, Mr. Mauser. And
as far as I know, you are the only
one to complain.

MARTY
Cause I'm not everyone. You know
perfectly well what an American win
is going to do for the future of
this sport. I'm good for table
tennis, Mr. Sethi!

SETHI

Then perhaps you should appeal to the USTTA for something better.

MARTY

Is that a joke!? There *is* no USTTA. It's two guys and a desk.

SETHI

I'm finding this whole exchange highly offensive.

MARTY

Yeah? You know what's really offensive? Making your star player huddle in a *rat's ass*.

INT. RITZ HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

A press junket is underway in the elegant lobby of the Ritz Hotel. MARTY holds court, seated with a group of reporters.

REPORTER 1

This is a nice hotel, the IATT covers accommodations?

MARTY

Only for their star players.

REPORTER 1

Is that right? How many are there?

MARTY

Star players? I don't know. I haven't seen any others around, so one.

REPORTER 2

What about Ted Bailey?

MARTY

What about him? He lost. He's already out of the competition.

REPORTER 2

That's the Japanese player who beat him?

MARTY

Yeah, annihilated him. Ted's blaming it on this new bat the guy's playing with.

REPORTER 2

New bat?

MARTY

It's like a sponge. It absorbs contact and shoots it back out at you. A lot of players are whining about it, trying to get it banned. It's annoying. I hate crybabies.

REPORTER 3

Any nerves going into the semi's against Kletzki tomorrow?

MARTY

You're kidding right?

REPORTER 3

He has quite the reputation.

MARTY

Listen, I'm basically gonna do to Kletzki what Auschwitz couldn't...
(pause for effect)
I'm gonna finish the job.

The REPORTERS laugh uncomfortably.

MARTY (CONT'D)

It's ok guys, I'm Jewish, I can say that. In fact, I'm Hitler's worst nightmare.

REPORTER 3

And why's that?

MARTY

Just look at me. I'm here. I'm on top. I'm the ultimate product of Hitler's defeat.

The REPORTERS jot in their notepads.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Yeah, write that down.

REPORTER 1

Tell us a bit about your background.

MARTY does a fake cartoonish snore. The group laughs.

MARTY

But seriously, my mother died in childbirth, my father was a compulsive loser who abandoned me when I was 2. I got stuck in the city orphanage system til I was 16-

REPORTER 1 and 2 talk quietly to each other 'Look, that's Kay Stone isn't it?'..'Who?' 'Kay Stone, the actress, that's her I think' etc.

MARTY (CONT'D)

-where they shuttled me from one hellhole to the next. Naturally, that led to some trouble with the law...

(to REPORTERS 1 and 2,
noticing they're not
paying attention)

Excuse me.

REPORTER 2

Sorry. Kay Stone is over there checking in.

MARTY and the other reporters watch a wealthy couple in their 50s -- MILTON and KAY ROCKWELL -- cross the lobby, a bellhop trailing them with a cart full of expensive luggage.

MARTY

Who's that?

REPORTER 2

The movie actress. From the 30s.

MARTY glances over. Clearly he's never heard of her. KAY makes brief eye contact with him as she heads to the front desk.

MARTY

Next question.

INT. RITZ HOTEL - ROYAL SUITE - MORNING

MARTY sits on the bed in a lavish suite, phone receiver pressed to his ear. He's wearing a plush robe, newspapers and room service trays splayed out in front him. He sips fresh squeezed juice.

KAY (PHONE)

Yes?

MARTY
Kay?

KAY (PHONE)
Speaking.

MARTY
It's Marty Mauser, I'm in the Royal Suite. I saw you in the lobby yesterday.

KAY (PHONE)
Ok.

MARTY
I was being interviewed. We made eye contact.

KAY (PHONE)
Sorry, I don't recall.

MARTY
Well, I'm a huge admirer.

KAY (PHONE)
Can I help you with something?

MARTY
Maybe. I just ordered one of everything off the room service menu and there's no way I'll be able to eat it myself.

KAY (PHONE)
You're inviting me to your room?

MARTY
Yeah.

KAY (PHONE)
How about I send my husband up?

MARTY
Sure, I'll leave the door open for him and I'll come down to you.

KAY (PHONE)
Goodbye.

MARTY
Wait, wait, wait.

Pause.

KAY

What?

MARTY

I want to keep talking.

KAY

Why?

MARTY

Cause I've never talked to an actual movie star before.

KAY (PHONE)

Well now you have. Hope it's all you imagined it to be.

MARTY picks an apple up off a tray, walks around tossing it to himself.

MARTY

You got the Daily Mail on you?

KAY (PHONE)

(a beat, looking around)

Uh, yes. Why?

MARTY

Open it to page 12.

INT. RITZ HOTEL - DOVER SUITE - SAME TIME

KAY opens the newspaper and flips to an article from the previous day's junket: headline "THE CHOSEN ONE?", accompanied by a photograph of MARTY, glasses off, holding the Marty Supreme prototype next to his face.

KAY

This is you?

MARTY (PHONE)

That's right.

KAY

You play ping pong?

MARTY (PHONE)

Table tennis, yeah. I'm here competing in the British Open.

KAY

How old are you?

MARTY (PHONE)

23.

KAY starts absentmindedly filling in 'hair' on a photo of a bald man in the newspaper with a Rockwell Roller pen.

KAY

23!? I bet you can't name one movie I was in.

MARTY (PHONE)

What makes you say that?

KAY

Cause I stopped acting before you were even born.

MARTY (PHONE)

Really? That's interesting. Why'd you stop?

MILTON steps out of the bathroom, towel around his waist, his neck bleeding from a shaving nick.

MILTON

Did you shave your legs with my razor again?

KAY

No.

MARTY (PHONE)

Who's that your husband?

MILTON

Well then someone must've snuck into our room in the middle of the night and chopped wood with it.

KAY

I'm on the phone.

MILTON

With who?

KAY

Debbie.

MILTON, annoyed, walks back into the bathroom.

MARTY (PHONE)

Is he gone?

KAY

Yes.

MARTY

Great. So why'd you give up acting?
Let's talk about that. Don't you
miss it?

KAY

I'm hanging up for real now.

MARTY (PHONE)

You should come see me play at
Wembley tomorrow.

KAY

Yeah, that's not happening.

MARTY (PHONE)

C'mon, you can watch me dethrone
the number one ranked player in the
world.

KAY

I'm not free.

MARTY (PHONE)

Why, what do you have going on?

KAY

My husband is holding a big
promotional event if you must know.

MARTY (PHONE)

Promoting what?

KAY

Pens.

MARTY (PHONE)

Pens!?

KAY

Yes.

MARTY (PHONE)

He's a pen salesman?

KAY

Actually, he owns Rockwell Ink.

MARTY

Oh. I know Rockwell ink. What's the
event?

KAY
He's hired Agatha Christie to sign
her new book at Hatchards.

A beat.

MARTY (PHONE)
Sorry but that sounds really
boring.

KAY hangs up on him. She stares down at the newspaper. The
phone rings again.

KAY
(annoyed)
What?

MARTY
Sorry. One last question. Does your
room face the street or the
courtyard?

KAY
Why?

MARTY
Just answer the question.

KAY
I don't know, the courtyard.

MARTY (PHONE)
Ok, do me a favor and go look out
the window.

KAY sighs, gets up and walks to the window.

MARTY (CONT'D)
What floor are you on?

KAY
Third.

MARTY
Ok. See the open window? With a
bowl of fruit on the table?

KAY
Mmm hmmm.

MARTY (PHONE)

If I can make an apple appear in that fruit bowl, you blow off your rendezvous with Miss Marple and come watch me play.

KAY

I'm not agreeing to this.

MARTY (PHONE)

Well I'm doing it anyway. Keep your eye on the bowl...In 3...2...1...

An apple rockets through the air from somewhere above, flies into the open window and lands in the bowl, knocking the other fruit onto the floor. A woman about KAY's age runs into the kitchen.

MARTY (PHONE) (CONT'D)

I'll leave a ticket at the box office.

Click MARTY hangs up. The woman in the window across the street turns and makes eye contact with KAY.

INT. WEMBLEY STADIUM - LATER

Tracking shot with KAY as she makes her way through the arena, taken aback by the throngs of spectators watching the game. Text on screen: SEMIFINALS

She gets to her seat and fixes her attention on MARTY, who stands at a table at the center of the arena floor, locked in a heated rally against BÉLA KLETZKI [text on screen: BÉLA KLETZKI, HUNGARY, RANKING: 5] MARTY finishes the point with a smash. The arena applauds. KAY looks around, then turns back to MARTY as he runs his hand through his hair and fixes his glasses.

It's now match point, with MARTY leading 20 - 9. MARTY gives a quick wink to BÉLA. BÉLA serves. MARTY does an elegant spin and returns the ball behind his back. Collectively the crowd lets out a gasp. BÉLA immediately returns the ball behind his own back, generating scattered laughs and applause. Feeding off the attention, MARTY leaps up high and flamboyantly returns the ball between his legs. BÉLA mimics the move. The crowd jumps to its feet cheering. KAY takes it all in, clearly in a world she doesn't understand.

A shot of ENDO and the Japanese team watching attentively. A shot of SETHI, clearly not amused. MARTY nonchalantly flicks the ball off the sole of his right foot. BÉLA does the same. The ball sails back high, close to the net.

MARTY leans forward, takes a deep breath and blows hard into the ball, sending it back gently. BÉLA takes the cue and slams it past MARTY, who makes no effort to return it. The crowd erupts.

MARTY places his finger to his lips, quieting the arena. KAY watches on bated breath. BÉLA intentionally serves into the net, forfeiting the point. BÉLA and MARTY raise their hands and bow.

INT. RITZ HOTEL - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

MARTY and BÉLA sit at a table in the hotel restaurant.

MARTY

Get whatever you want. Don't even look at the prices.

BÉLA

What are you gonna get?

MARTY

The beef Wellington. And the caviar tasting plate.

BÉLA

Ok, I'll get that too. I want to keep talking about the Globetrotters though.

MARTY

I told you, I'm not interested.

BÉLA

But why? It's good money. We'd get to travel all over the world-

MARTY

Performing trick shots while people get up to use the bathroom. That sounds good to you? Where's the waiter?

MARTY scans the room, sees the MAITRE D, waves him over. Behind the MAITRE D he sees KAY seated with her husband and approx 10 others on the other side of the restaurant.

The MAITRE D approaches.

MAITRE D

Can I help you, sir?

MARTY
We'd like to order.

MAITRE D
I'll inform your waiter.

MARTY
Hang on. I'm going to be taking
care of the Rockwell tab tonight.
Put it on my room.

MAITRE D
Very well. Should I let Mr.
Rockwell know?

MARTY
Of course. And don't take no for an
answer.

MARTY watches the MAITRE D head towards MILTON's table. MARTY
keeps his eyes on BÉLA.

MARTY (CONT'D)
Look at me, keep talking.

BÉLA
Who is that?

MARTY
Some bozo. Ok, you can look over,
but be subtle about it. What's he
doing?

BÉLA looks and sees the MAITRE D in conversation with MILTON.
MILTON turns to look toward's MARTY'S table.

BÉLA
He's looking at us.

MARTY
Talk casually.

BÉLA
I think you should reconsider. We'd
make a great team.

MARTY darts a glance over to KAY, who's now looking at him.

MARTY
Come on. The Harlem Globetrotters?
You're not serious.

BÉLA
Is there something I don't know?

MARTY

Some of the greatest athletes on the planet, reduced to acting like circus clowns. It's pathetic. What's he doing now?

BÉLA

(glancing)

He's walking towards us. It would give us steady work, all the way up to the Championship.

MARTY

No offense, Béla, but I'm on a different path.

MILTON arrives at their table.

MILTON

I'm sorry, do I know you?

MARTY

I don't think so.

MARTY glances over at KAY watching them.

MILTON

And you want to pay for my dinner?

MARTY

If that's ok.

MILTON

May I ask why?

MARTY

Do I need a reason?

MILTON

Let me rephrase that. What is it that you want?

MARTY

I don't want anything. Just consider it my small way of saying thank you.

MILTON

Thank me for what exactly?

MARTY

For all of your products. I mean where would we be without pens?

A pause.

MILTON

You know, I have many talents but the one I'm most proud of is the ability to smell *bullshit* from a mile away-

MARTY

What? I'm being completely sincere.

MILTON

Right.

(beat)

So where in the States are you from?

MARTY

New York.

MILTON

Us as well. And what do you do if you don't mind me asking?

MARTY

I'm a professional athlete.

MILTON

Interesting. What sport?

MARTY

Table Tennis.

MILTON

Table Tennis? That's a sport?

MARTY

Of course. I'm here representing the U.S. in the British Open. In fact, tomorrow is the finals. I'll be facing off against Japan in front of a sold out crowd at Wembley.

MILTON

There's a Japanese team?

MARTY

That's what I just said.

MILTON

They lifted the travel ban for *table tennis*?

MARTY

Sure. Table tennis happens to be the fastest growing sport in the Asias. Oh, you'll like this. You know what they call their grip?

MILTON

Excuse me?

MARTY

The way the Japanese hold their rackets. They call it 'pen holder'. You can have that by the way.

MILTON

Have it for *what*?

MARTY

I don't know. For an advertisement or something. Like I said, table tennis is a phenomenon over there. Shit, I'm being rude. This is my associate Béla Kletzki.

They shake hands.

MILTON

You play table tennis as well I presume.

MARTY

Béla was the World Champion from 35 to 39. I beat him earlier today.

MILTON notices the tattoo on BÉLA's forearm.

MILTON

I see you were in one of the camps.

BÉLA

Yes, Auschwitz-Birkenau. Why do you ask?

MILTON

My son lost his life liberating you.

BÉLA

I'm sorry for your loss.

MARTY

Wait, I thought you were liberated by the Soviets?

BÉLA

We were.

MILTON

I wasn't being *literal*. My son was stationed in the South Pacific.

MARTY

What happened to him?

MILTON

What do you mean? He was killed.

MARTY

Well, if its any consolation, I'll be dropping a third atom bomb on their heads tomorrow.

MILTON

Yes, I'm sure it will bring his mother great comfort to hear you're playing ping pong in his honor.

MARTY

I'm glad. Béla here used to defuse bombs for the Nazis. Tell him the story you told me, with the bees.

MILTON

My guests are waiting.

MARTY

Hang on, you're gonna love this.

BÉLA

Ok, well, when I first got to the camp, this was in Dachau not Auschwitz, I was put into housing.

MARTY looks over to KAY. They hold intense, unbroken eye contact.

BÉLA (CONT'D)

Lucky for me one officer recognized me. He had seen me play at the World Championships in 1936 in Prague. This guy was a real fan. He began to set up games for me and him and the other guards. Then he moved me to an office where they taught me how to dismantle SC bombs-

MILTON

Wait, you're telling me they let
you live cause you play ping pong?

BÉLA

They respected my skills.

EXT. AUSCHWITZ-BIRKENAU - 1944 - DAY

BÉLA sits by the edge of the woods -- a barbed wire fencing
visible in the distance -- hunched over a small 50kg bomb.

BÉLA (V.O.)

So each morning they'd send me into
the woods with the bombs, on the
outskirts of the camp, where I'd
only be a danger to myself. I
discovered I could finish the job
in twenty minutes time, so I'd
spend the rest of the day fiddling
about, pretending that they were
still active. One time-

BÉLA notices several bees. He gets up and begins to follow
them.

EXT. WOODS - 1944 - SOON AFTER

BÉLA (V.O.)

-I followed a honey bee to its hive-

BÉLA is standing on his tip-toes blowing cigarette smoke into
the hive, forcing the bees to evacuate. BÉLA casually swats
them away, bearing the stings with grim stoicism.

BÉLA (V.O.)

-and smoked all the bees out. I
broke it open and smeared the honey
all over my body. And later-

INT. AUSCHWITZ-BIRKENAU - BUNKER - 1944 - NIGHT

BÉLA lifts his shirt over his head. Prisoners crowd around
BÉLA, greedily licking his naked chest and arms, struggling
to gain real-estate on his body.

BÉLA (V.O.)

-that night, I let all my bunkmates
lick the honey off of me for
nourishment.

INT. RITZ HOTEL - TOP FLOOR - MIDDLE OF NIGHT

MARTY (V.O.)
Isn't that the most romantic thing
you've ever heard?

KAY exits the elevator, approaches the Royal Suite and knocks. MARTY answers in his underwear, no glasses. A pregnant pause. She has a feral look in her eye. He steps aside. She enters the room.

INT. RITZ HOTEL - ROYAL SUITE - CONTINUOUS

KAY moves further into the room. MARTY follows. She turns around, maintaining intense eye contact with him. MARTY approaches, removes her coat. She has nothing on but undergarments. They collapse onto the bed. Slow zoom into the mirror on the opposite wall, as MARTY stares at himself admiringly while she climbs on top of him.

INT. WEMBLEY STADIUM - DAY

A coin flip. MARTY loses. First serve goes to Endo. MARTY assumes his place at the table.

Text on screen: FINALS

The stadium is packed, standing room only. SETHI, BÉLA, BAILEY, all clap from their respective seats.

Text on screen: GAME 1

ENDO serves. The ball zooms past MARTY, he doesn't even make contact with it. ENDO serves again, sending the ball to MARTY's forehand. MARTY gives it back at 100-miles-plus. ENDO returns it at such blinding speed that MARTY can't get it back over the net.

With increasing shock and embarrassment, MARTY loses the first 5 points in a row.

INT. WEMBLEY STADIUM - SOON

The score 6-2, ENDO. The crowd is completely silent.

Text on screen: GAME 2

MARTY's natural elan has faded, replaced by manic focus. He's smashing every single return with the maximum power he can harness.

Given the sponge's ability to absorb force and double it on return, MARTY's only hope is to hit the ball so hard ENDO won't be able to make contact with it. MARTY wins two points this way.

MILTON and several of his executives enter the arena and take their seats.

ENDO runs over to his coach, who speaks sternly to him. MARTY snaps his fingers at an official.

MARTY

Hey, hey hey! What's that shit?!
There's no talking now!

ENDO trots back to the table. MARTY serves. ENDO starts sending the ball back to MARTY's backhand, knowing that MARTY can't produce the same power from a backhand. MARTY loses the point.

MILTON watches stone-faced.

INT. WEMBLEY STADIUM - SOON

The score is 18-15, ENDO. Text on screen: GAME 3

MARTY has reversed his strategy, hitting the ball with almost no power. The softness drastically reduces the effectiveness of the sponge, but it makes the rallies monotonous. ENDO's approach is to simply wait out MARTY's patience...19-17...20-17. Match point.

After a tedious rally, MARTY loses patience and goes in for a kill shot. The ball comes back like lightning, MARTY sends it into the net. It's over. The cup goes to ENDO. The house jumps to its feet, with the exception of MILTON and his associates, who remain seated, talking to one another. MARTY loses all composure.

MARTY

THIS IS COMPLETE AND UTTER
BULLSHIT!

Photo flashes are going off in rapid succession.

MARTY (CONT'D)

REMATCH! I WANT A REMATCH! WITH A
STANDARD LEAGUE HARD BAT, RIGHT
NOW!

All attention is on ENDO. A trophy is being brought out.

MARTY (CONT'D)
 (to officials, yelling)
 WHAT IF I SHOWED UP WITH A
 MECHANICAL ARM, HUH!?! OR HOW BOUT
 I PUT GLUE ON THE FUCKING BALL?!?
 WOULD THAT BE KOSHER!?!? HE'S A
 FUCKING CHEATER! I PLAY REAL TABLE
 TENNIS! REAL TABLE TENNIS!

The cheers rise to a deafening roar. MARTY smashes the table with his racket, damaging both. MILTON laughs. Another bulb flash. FREEZE FRAME on MARTY's blown-out enraged face.

Diegetic sound drops out, except for the audible crackle of an optical track, followed by tinny orchestral music played in a military-march style...

CUT TO:

The 'Japan Film Corporation' logo appears on screen, in black & white, followed by a title card in Japanese characters.

Translation: Japan Wins the 19th British Table Tennis Open

A NARRATOR speaks in Japanese over 16mm footage of the tournament at Wembley. Note: all of the narration is subtitled in English.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 For the first time since the end of
 the Pacific War, a Japanese athlete
 has triumphed on the world stage.
 His name is Koto Endo.

Footage of ENDO winning points against various players.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 This underdog from Japan brought
 shame to the American frontrunner,
 beating him three games in a row.

Footage of ENDO winning the final point against MARTY and MARTY's post-loss tantrum.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 It is reported that one hundred
 thousand people awaited his return
 to Tokyo.

Massive throngs of Japanese civilians cheer on ENDO as he's driven past them waving.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
However, Mr. Endo says he is
returning home, not a hero, but a
humble craftsman.

Footage of ENDO in his workshop, methodically disassembling a
spring-driven clock.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
At the age of 16, Mr. Endo lost his
hearing during the Great Tokyo Air
Raid.

Footage of war torn Tokyo -- a vast landscape of charred
rubble and twisted metal.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Without the distraction of sound,
he tuned himself to the rhythm of
the game.

Footage of ENDO practicing table tennis in a gymnasium.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
And so, with the entire table
tennis community turning its
attention to Japan, Tokyo has been
chosen to host this year's World
Championship.

Footage detailing the construction of a brand new exhibition
center in the rehabilitated Tokyo city center.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
The American will surely return,
desperate to reclaim his pride.

Footage of a MARTY at Wembley, assuming his place at the
table opposite ENDO.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
But Koto Endo will not step onto
the court alone. Behind him, 84
million souls join hands with the
determination of a nation reborn

Footage of ENDO -- stoic, determined -- preparing to serve.

EXT. 5TH ARRONDISSEMENT - PARIS - DAY

MARTY walks down a busy street bordering the Seine.

Text on screen: PARIS

He approaches a restaurant and enters...

INT. LARUE - PARIS - DAY

...into a large dining room with wrap-around windows overlooking both the Seine and Notre-Dame. MARTY approaches the MAÎTRE D'.

MARTY
(speaks no French)
Hey. I'm here to see Milton
Rockwell.

MAÎTRE D'
Pardonne-moi?

MARTY
Milton...ROCK...WELL...Reservation.

The MAITRE D' reads a logbook in front of him.

INT. LARUE - DINING ROOM - AFTER

Tracking shot: a waiter brings a tray of soup and a salad to MILTON and MARTY's table. MILTON is in the midst of showing off an expensive watch to MARTY. He hands it to MARTY as the soup is placed in front of him.

MARTY
(looking at watch)
Gorgeous. What's this, custom
crystal?

MILTON
Of course. Try it on. You can wear
it while you eat. I've always
thought that the watch makes the
man. I wear two because I can.
(looking down to salad,
upset... to waiter)
Excuse Moi..
(waiter turns around)
I ordered a salade Lyonnaise. I
don't know what this is, but can
you take it away and bring me the
right one? Merci.
(waiter removes food from
table, turning to MARTY)
I wanted to thank you in person for
introducing me to the world of
table tennis. Who knew?

((MORE))

MILTON (CONT'D)

It's quite the phenomenon in the
Asias, particularly in Japan.

MARTY

(strapping on watch)
That's what I was trying to tell
you.

MILTON

In fact, we're thinking of
incorporating it into some
promotional events over there.

MARTY

Table tennis? How so?

MARTY salts his soup and then takes a huge spoonful. A pause.
MILTON studies him.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Go on.

MILTON

You know, if you were here
interviewing for an executive
position at my company I'd be
telling you to leave.

MARTY instinctively wipes his face with his napkin.

MARTY

I got something on my face?

MILTON

You salted your soup without
tasting it first.

MARTY is at a rare loss for words.

MILTON (CONT'D)

Anyway, we've been floating the
idea of staging a public exhibition
between you and Endo, timed around
the World Championship, to
capitalize on all the media
attention. I assume you'll be
attending?

MARTY

You kidding? It's literally all I
think about.

MILTON

Perfect. We can offer you a fee of 1000 dollars. Accommodations at the Tokyo Imperial. If you're planning on leaving from New York, you'd have the option of joining me on my plane. You would be traveling in style-

MARTY

Well, we can negotiate my price later. I'm thinking aloud here but would this event happen before or after the tournament?

MILTON

About a week before.

MARTY

Sorry, but no, it would have to be after. I can't face off against the guy in public before it actually counts. Drama is very important to me.

MILTON

Let's not get hung up on specifics. Right now I'm just trying to gauge if this is something you're open to.

MARTY

Sure, I'm open. I'm open to any opportunity to show off my talents. Speaking of which, you don't have to worry, cause I'm gonna obliterate him this time.

MILTON

Well, hold on. I want to be clear about your role here. This is strictly a promotional event, it's not a competition. The point is to entertain the Japanese people, so that they buy pens, you understand? What you do at the tournament is your own business. Here, you'll play a few games, make a show of it, but you can't play better than him.

MARTY

What? You want me to lose?

MILTON

One second...

MILTON pulls out a Japanese magazine and opens to an article about Marty's defeat in London. MARTY flips through it, aghast, stopping on a photo of him with his head in his hands in a state of anguish.

MILTON (CONT'D)

You realize, you've made Endo a symbol of national pride-

MARTY

You think this makes me want to lose? This makes me wanna *win!*

MILTON

Sometimes when you lose, you're a winner. Let me explain-

MARTY

I'm a million times better than Endo.

MILTON

I couldn't care less. What I'm presenting here is theater.

MARTY

But it'll look real to the people watching, correct?

MILTON

I think you're-

MARTY

Just answer the question. Yes or no.

MILTON

(annoyed)

It'll look real in the way actors on a stage look real.

MARTY

But when you watch an actor on a stage you *know* it's pretend.

(definitively)

No. Uh uh. There's no way.

MILTON

Really?

MARTY

Yes, *really*. I'm not about to throw my reputation in the trash for you.

MILTON

Your reputation?

MARTY

Yes my reputation.

MILTON

Aren't you currently in town performing in some kind of vaudeville circus act?

MARTY

What do you mean? What does that have to do with anything!?

MILTON

You're the half-time show.

MARTY

(defensively)

For the Harlem Globetrotters! The finest athletes on the planet! I've probably played in front of 80,000 people since January-

MILTON

Alright, let's stop. I can see our thinking is too far apart.

MARTY

(unbuckling the watch)

Yeah, try worlds apart.

(hands over the watch)

Here.

MILTON

Thanks. It looked stolen on your wrist anyway.

MARTY

Fuck you.

MILTON laughs.

MARTY (CONT'D)

That's funny to you?

MILTON

You're funny to me.

MARTY

You know what's funny to me? That you want to entertain the Japanese so badly, and meanwhile, they murdered your son. That's funny to me.

MILTON's entire disposition stiffens. A tense pause.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Look, that came out a little stronger than I intended-

MILTON

We're done. I'd like you to leave.

MARTY

You hit a nerve, I hit a nerve. We're even now.

MILTON

GET OUT!

MARTY switches gears.

MARTY

Actually, no. I believe you owe me a meal.

MARTY reaches for the shaker and adds salt to his soup.

[Cue The Korgis' 'Everybody's Gotta Learn Sometime']

EXT. AUDITORIUM - BOSNIA - EVENING

'Sweet Georgia Brown' blasts over the PA. The Globetrotters are in full slapstick mode, playing in an outdoor stadium in the rain.

Text on screen: SARAJEVO

C.U. of a greasy MC introducing the half-time show in Bosnian. MARTY and BÉLA run out onto the court, big fake theatrical smiles, giant spot tracking their movements. The crowd is unenthusiastic.

MARTY and BÉLA assume their positions at a ping pong table and begin to hit balls with various-sized pots and pans, playing out the notes of 'Twinkle Twinkle Little Star'.

INT. AUDITORIUM - GREECE - DAY

MARTY and BÉLA sit on the floor of a basketball court playing ping pong at a novelty miniature table.

Text on screen: ATHENS

EXT. AMPHITHEATER - MOROCCO - NIGHT

MARTY and BÉLA entertain the crowd with a choreographed multi-ball rally. Five balls fly in the air in looping arcs.

Text on screen: TANGIER

EXT. PYRAMIDS - EGYPT - DAY

The Globetrotters sit on camels at the Giza pyramid complex while a photographer takes pictures of them.

We zoom past them to MARTY and BÉLA, standing at the base of one of the pyramids. MARTY is chiseling away at a cornerstone with a pocketknife.

Text on screen: CAIRO

A piece of stone breaks free in MARTY's hand.

INT. MID-SIZED ARENA - FRANCE - NIGHT

A packed house. MARTY stands at the ping pong table. An MC makes an introduction in French. A spotlight roams around the arena floor, landing on MAURICE, a sea lion wearing a ruff. The crowd goes bananas. A trainer leads MAURICE to the table. It hops up on a pedestal and is fed a fish.

Text on screen: PARIS

A drum roll. MARTY serves the ball. MAURICE returns it with its flipper. MARTY loses the point on purpose.

A wild burst of uproarious laughter and applause from the audience. MARTY forces a smile, but behind it, the humiliation settles deep.

INT. TENEMENT BUILDING - LOWER EAST SIDE - AFTERNOON

MARTY -- bedraggled from travel -- enters the shitty ground floor entryway to his building with his luggage.

Text on screen: NEW YORK

[End of Korgis cue]

INT. TENEMENT BUILDING - LOWER EAST SIDE - AFTERNOON

MARTY lugs his suitcase up a narrow flight of stairs. As he rounds his landing, JUDY exits his apartment. She is surprised to see him.

JUDY

Uh, hello.

MARTY passes her, saying nothing. He takes out his keys and opens the door to his apartment.

INT. MAUSER APARTMENT - MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MOM, standing in the kitchenette, freezes at the sight of him. MARTY walks straight to his room avoiding eye-contact.

INT. MAUSER APARTMENT - MARTY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MARTY enters his bedroom. It's spare, neatly kept - one wall dedicated to newspaper clippings, ribbons and trophies. He places his suitcase on the single bed next to a rubber-banded bundle of mail. He notices a near-empty glass of juice on his desk, grabs it and exits.

INT. MAUSER APARTMENT - MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MARTY walks the glass to the sink.

MARTY

Please don't eat or drink in my room. It attracts bugs.

MOM

I only go in there to clean.

MARTY washes the glass thoroughly.

MOM (CONT'D)

How are you?

MARTY

Fine.

MOM

You don't seem very happy to see me.

MARTY

And you don't seem happy to see me.

MOM

Of course I'm happy to see you. I thought you were dead.

MARTY

No you didn't. Did my trophy arrive?

MOM

What trophy?

MARTY

My winning trophy from London. I had it shipped here.

MOM

All your mail is on your bed.

MARTY

Ok, I'll check the post office.

MARTY pours himself a glass of orange juice from a can, drinks it in one go. MOM watches, clearly on tenterhooks.

MOM

So you're gonna be staying here?

MARTY

(pointedly)

Is that not ok? Don't worry, I'm only in town for a few weeks.

MOM

Don't be stupid.

(beat)

What's in a few weeks?

MARTY

The World Championship.

MOM

Oh. And where's that happening?

MARTY

Tokyo.

MOM

Tokyo Japan?!

MARTY
Are you asking me if Tokyo is in
Japan?

A beat.

MOM
You look tired.

MARTY
Yeah, that's cause I just traveled
half-way around the world. I was
working. I was making money.

MARTY heads back to his room. We wait with MOM.

MOM
(calling out)
Why don't you go and take a long
hot shower while the whole
building's at work...I have some
chicken, if you want that.

MARTY returns with a ribboned box in his hand.

MARTY
I got you something.

MARTY hands her the box. She opens it. Inside, a jagged
stone.

MARTY (CONT'D)
It's from an original Egyptian
pyramid.

MOM stares down at it blankly.

MARTY (CONT'D)
(proudly)
We built that!

INT. TENEMENT BUILDING - BATHROOM - LATER

A cramped bathroom filled with steam. MARTY rigorously soaps
his face in the shower. A bubble forms in his mouth and then
pops.

INT. TENEMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - AFTER

MARTY exits the bathroom -- a towel around his waist -- and
heads back to his apartment.

Nosey neighbors linger in the hallway. They exchange awkward glances with MARTY as he passes.

INT. MAUSER APARTMENT - MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MARTY enters. A uniformed COP is there waiting for him.

MARTY
Can I help you?

The COP approaches with handcuffs.

COP
Turn around and put your hands
behind your back.

MARTY
What???

COP
I SAID TURN AROUND AND PUT YOUR
HANDS BEHIND YOUR BACK!

The COP forcefully turns MARTY around and begins to handcuff him.

COP (CONT'D)
You're under arrest for armed
robbery.

MURRAY comes out of the bedroom.

MARTY
Murray! What's going- Where's my
mom?

MURRAY
I told her to leave.

MARTY
You told her- What the fuck is
going on here!?

COP
Watch your mouth.

MURRAY
(to COP)
Sal, give us a second.

MARTY
Sal!? You know this guy?

MURRAY

Go into the bedroom. Close the door. I wanna talk to him alone.

The COP enters the bedroom, closes the door.

MARTY

That was my money, that you *owed* me-

MURRAY

No. It was mine, and you stole it at gunpoint.

MARTY

No, no, no. You promised me that money for my trip. We both know that.

MURRAY

And what happened on your trip?

MARTY

What do you-

MURRAY

You lost! So was it worth it?

MARTY

No, I didn't. I was cheated against-

MURRAY

Stop. How many times have I-

MARTY

Oh gimme a break, don't start with that shit.

MURRAY

Answer the question. How many times have I picked up the phone in the middle of the night, come down and bailed you out.

MARTY

Hey, I've never once asked you for help.

MURRAY

Well, I did. And now you're gonna be a big boy.

MARTY

A "*big boy*"!?!

MURRAY

Yes. A big boy. Look, I'm not going to be able to support your mother forever-

MARTY

You won't have to!

MURRAY

Oh no? Cuz why? You're going to step up and take care of her?

MARTY

Oh, I'm gonna step up on a level you can't even imagine. She'll be living on Fifth Avenue with an elevator and man inside who takes you up-

MURRAY

That's enough. I'm laying out two options here...

(beat)

First one is, you to come back to the shop. This time no bullshit. You take it seriously, I give you more responsibility. Truth be told, you're an amazing salesman-

MARTY

I could sell shoes to an amputee, so what!? What's the other option?

MURRAY

I press charges for armed robbery, with Lloyd as a witness, and you go to jail.

MARTY

You're not doing that.

MURRAY

Oh no? We'll see about that.

MARTY

Hey! Sal!

The COP steps out from the bedroom.

COP

What?

INT. MAUSER APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MARTY

How much is he paying you?

COP

What's that?

MARTY

You heard me.

MURRAY

That's enough Marty!

MARTY

No! How much is my uncle paying you to scare me?

COP

Excuse me?

MARTY

Cause whatever it is, I'll double it for you to suck my dick.

COP

What did you just say to me?!?

The COP gets right in MARTY's face. MARTY winces.

MARTY

Ugh, brush your teeth. What'd you, gargle diarrhea-

The COP slaps him across the face.

MURRAY

Hey, hey hey!!

MARTY

He hit me, Murray! He hit me!

MURRAY

(to COP)

He's crazy, don't listen to him, everything's settled, we've got it all worked out.

(pulls a wad of cash from his inside pocket)

See? He's agreed to pay me back the money-

MARTY

Wait, where'd you get that?

MURRAY
From your luggage.

MARTY flips out, lunges at MURRAY.

MARTY
ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND?! THAT'S
MY MONEY FOR JAPAN!!! YOU HAVE NO
FUCKING RIGHT TO--

The COP violently yanks him back towards the front door.

COP
That's it. We're going downtown.

MARTY
No! No! Stop! I'll stop! Murray!
Help!

MURRAY
Apologize to him right now!

MARTY
Ok, ok. I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

MURRAY
You gonna behave?

MARTY
Yes.

MURRAY
Ok...Here's what were gonna do.
You're gonna get dressed. We're
gonna meet your mother at the
Garden Cafe. And we're gonna have a
nice family meal together, put all
this nonsense behind us.

MARTY
Ok.

MURRAY
(to COP)
Take the cuffs off.

COP
You sure?

The COP removes the handcuffs.

MURRAY
Ok, go get dressed. I love you.

MARTY enters his bedroom and shuts the door.

COP
You're nephew's a real piece of
shit.

MURRAY
(to COP)
Sorry about that. Here...
(draws a bill from the
roll of cash)
Take an extra 10.

COP
Alright...So Garden Cafe, huh?
What'choo getting?

MURRAY
The pastrami, what else?

COP
Pastrami, meh.

MURRAY
Why, what do you get?

COP
Roast beef.

MURRAY
(laughing)
Roast beef!? Goyishe cop!

EXT. TENEMENT BUILDING - FIRE ESCAPE - MOMENTS LATER

MARTY steps out of his bedroom window and starts descending.

INT. MAUSER APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

MURRAY knocks on the door.

MURRAY
Marty, lets go.
(pause)
Marty?

MURRAY goes to open the door.

MURRAY (CONT'D)
That's enough. Come open this door.

Pause. The COP rams the door open. It's empty. The COP runs to an open window that leads to a fire escape. He pops his head out and sees MARTY climbing down below. He pulls himself in from the window and rushes to the living and out the window.

COP
(yelling below)
FRANKIE!!!

EXT. STREET - LOWER EAST SIDE - CONTINUOUS

COP 2, seated behind the wheel of a police car parked below, pokes his head out the window.

COP 1
HE'S COMING DOWN THE SCAPE!

COP 2 turns his head to sees MARTY throw his duffle bag down to the sidewalk. They make eye contact.

COP 2
Oh shit.

MARTY breaks into a sprint. COP 2 drives in reverse after MARTY.

MARTY races down the block as the squad car smashes into a fruit stand filled with watermelons.

EXT. ESSEX STREET - LOWER EAST SIDE - MOMENTS LATER

MARTY runs like hell, skirting pedestrians.

He runs right past IRA, not even noticing him. IRA looks and sees the COP turn the corner now on foot.

MARTY continues his sprint down the block. On a dime, he slows himself down to a walk and...

INT. ESSEX STREET PETS - LOWER EAST SIDE - MOMENTS LATER

...casually enters a large pet store. Behind a rabbit enclosure, RACHEL tends to a MOM and her DAUGHTER. She looks over the enclosure at MARTY, shocked to see him.

MARTY
Hey... Can I use the phone?

RACHEL
Uh, sure.

MARTY walks to the counter, picks up the phone, dials.

MARTY

(into phone)

Wally...Yeah, I just landed...Stop.
Do me a favor, call my house
and...Let me talk...I need you to
call my house and tell my mom that
you just got off the phone with me,
you're supposed to meet me at
Lawrence's, but you're running
late...

He shifts his attention to RACHEL and in doing so notices she is *very pregnant*. She notices that he notices.

MARTY (CONT'D)

You working tonight?...Great, meet
me at the Halsey on 28th, bring the
cab and as much cash as you can get
your hands on...Yeah...No, I wanna
try that place in Jersey that Quinn
was talking about...Wally, it's
hours away, no one's gonna
recognize me out there...Just- I'll
see you in a bit, ok?

MARTY hangs up, agitated.

MOM CUSTOMER

Can we hold her?... Miss?

RACHEL

Oh, sorry. Yes.

She opens the case and passes the rabbit to them.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

One minute, I'll be right back.

She approaches MARTY.

MARTY

I really don't have a lot of time
right now. Is there a way out the
back?

She walks to the back room. MARTY follows.

INT. ESSEX STREET PETS - BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She closes the door behind them.

RACHEL
Aren't you going to say something?

MARTY
Uh... Congratulations?

RACHEL
Congratulations?! Are you- I've
been trying to get in touch with
you for 8 months!!

MARTY
I wouldn't know. I've-

RACHEL
I left a million messages with your
service!

MARTY
Look, I can see what you're trying
to do and it's not gonna work.

RACHEL
Excuse me?

MARTY
It's not mine, Rachel.

RACHEL
It is *absolutely* yours.

MARTY
I pull out, does Ira pull out!?!

RACHEL
What are you saying-

MARTY
It's a simple question, just answer
it yes or no.

RACHEL begins to cry.

MARTY looks to the back door, then to RACHEL who cries in her
hands. He brings her in close, embracing her.

MARTY (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. I'm all messed up...

MARTY kisses her head. She cries into his shoulder.

MARTY (CONT'D)
I lost in London by the way.

IRA suddenly enters the back area, out of breath. RACHEL quickly pulls away from MARTY and wipes the tears off her face.

IRA
What's this?

RACHEL
Marty's father just died. I was
consoling him.

IRA
Bullshit.

MARTY
Ira, this is my friend since I was
8 years old.

IRA
Am I talking to you!?

MARTY
Now you are.

RACHEL
Marty, don't-

IRA
No. Keep going. I'll rip that
unibrow right off his fucking
forehead.

MARTY
You wanna get physical with me?
Like an ape?

A pause. IRA stares him down, then does a sudden about-face and storms out of the shop.

RACHEL
Oh god, this is gonna be a whole
thing now, you have no idea.

Through the glass, they see IRA yelling down the street.

IRA
HEY!!! OVER HERE! HE'S IN HERE!!!

MARTY
GOD DAMMIT!

RACHEL
What's going on?

MARTY

I gotta go! We'll talk later.

MARTY rushes to a back window, it's jammed shut.

RACHEL

No, here.

RACHEL opens a side door. MARTY dashes out.

EXT. COMMUNAL BACKYARDS/ALLEYWAYS - CONTINUOUS

MARTY flies down a flight of stairs and through an alley, leading to a small backyard boxed-in by 9' concrete walls.

He vaults himself up one of the walls and onto a narrow walkway. He scuttles across the walkway, looking for a place to jump down. It's 8 foot drop to the backyard of a Chinese food restaurant.

MARTY hesitates, then jumps into a pile of garbage bags to break his fall. He quickly conceals himself under the garbage.

COP 2 appears on the walkway above. He barks questions to a few CHINESE COOKS smoking cigarettes nearby. They either don't know or pretend to not know English.

MARTY stays completely still under mounds of rotten trash.

INT. HALSEY HOTEL - LOBBY - LATER

A bloodied BEAT-UP MAN pleads into a payphone.

BEAT-UP MAN

Look, it'll be the last time, I
promise...To the Western
Union...Come on, Ma...I'm having a
very rare day...Hang on, I need to
add time...

BEAT-UP MAN looks over and sees MARTY waiting in the lobby.

BEAT-UP MAN (CONT'D)

Excuse me, sir.

MARTY

(already annoyed)
What?

BEAT-UP MAN

You got a nickel?

MARTY

No.

WALLY (O.S.)

Hey! Stupid!

MARTY turns and sees WALLY -- dressed in a cabbie's uniform -- entering the hotel. MARTY heads towards him. They embrace.

WALLY (CONT'D)

Damn, you smell disgusting. Like rotten fish.

MARTY

Yeah, I know. I need to get a room and hose off before we split. Come.

They approach a DESK CLERK seated behind a cage.

MARTY (CONT'D)

How much for a room for the night?

DESK CLERK

4 dollars.

MARTY

(to WALLY)

Lemme get 4 bucks.

WALLY

(opening wallet)

I'm just letting you know, we only got 10 to play with.

MARTY

10?? What kinda money we gonna make off that?!

WALLY

You fucking call me with no notice. I just paid rent today! I got kids!

MARTY

(to DESK CLERK)

Can you give me anything cheaper? I don't care what it looks like.

DESK CLERK

There's a room on the 5th floor, but you can't use the shower-

MARTY

How much?

DESK CLERK

2.50

MARTY

That's fine.

MISHKIN [60s, seedy hulking presence] interrupts. He's got a German Shepherd on a leash with dogshit caked in its fur. WALLY backs away from the dog.

MISHKIN

Gimme my key.

DESK CLERK grabs it off the hook.

DESK CLERK

What's that smell?

MISHKIN

He had a little accident.

DESK CLERK

It smells like shit.

MISHKIN

You smell like shit, Jimmy.

BEAT-UP MAN

(into phone, speeding up
his speech)

Ma ma ma, please they're gonna
disconnect us, please just send the
money, you have the address.

INT. HALSEY HOTEL - ROOM 503 - BATHROOM - AFTER

C.U. of running faucet. MARTY checks the water temperature with his hand. Note: The bathtub is buttressed by a series of wooden stints holding it in place.

MARTY

I'm telling you, there's no way.

WALLY (O.S.)

When's she due?

MARTY

How should I know? All I know is
it's not mine.

WALLY (O.S.)

You wear a raincoat?

INT. ROOM 503 - MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

WALLY, fully reclined on a chair, flips through MARTY'S mail.

MARTY (O.S.)
I don't need one.

WALLY
What, you shoot blanks?

MARTY (O.S.)
You kidding? I have super sperm,
and I shoot far.

WALLY laughs.

WALLY
Sounds to me like you're gonna be a
daddy.

MARTY steps into the room and begins to pull clothing from his duffle bag.

MARTY
Do you know what continence is
Wally?

WALLY
(fucking with him)
No, and I don't care.

Pulls a pair of pants from the bag. WALLY opens a letter.

MARTY
Every time I take a piss, I pull
back, hold my urine in and count to
ten Mississippi. That's how you
build up the muscle. Nothing gets
through unless I want it to.
(noticing WALLY)
Are you going through my mail???

WALLY
Yeah.

MARTY
Gimme that. What's wrong with you?

MARTY puts the mail in his bag and re-enters the bathroom.

INT. ROOM 503 - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

MARTY removes his towel and gets into the tub.

WALLY (O.S.)
What's the Ritz?

MARTY
Why?

INT. ROOM 503 - MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

C.U. of letter. It's an itemized bill from the IATT, stating that MARTY's application for the World Championship has been denied, and cannot be approved until his balance of \$1,480 is remitted.

WALLY
Cuz you got a bill here for 1,500 dollars.

INT. ROOM 503 - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

MARTY
What!?!

WALLY enters the bathroom with the letter.

WALLY
It's from the IATT. They banned your little white ass!

MARTY
(bolting upright)
Gimme that!

The floorboards suddenly give way.

INT. ROOM 403 - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The tub splits the crossbeams, severs pipes, and plummets to the floor of the bathroom below. It lands on MISHKIN, in the midst of giving his DOG a bath. MARTY is violently tossed to the floor. Water and huge hunks of plaster rain down.

The fallen tub has landed upright, pinning MISHKIN's arm and shoulder. Blood pools into the water. He screams.

MISHKIN
AHHHHH! MY ARM! MY FUCKING ARM!

The DOG' is trapped underneath the fallen tub. It thrashes trying to get out. MISHKIN struggles to free himself. MARTY sits in a daze. WALLY's face appears in the ceiling-hole above.

WALLY
Holy shit. Marty! MARTY! You
alright?

MARTY checks himself.

MARTY
(confused)
I-I think so.

MISHKIN
Please. Get this offa me!

MARTY turns to see MISHKIN pinned under the tub behind him.

MARTY
Oh my god.
(to WALLY)
CALL AN AMBULANCE!

MARTY hops out from the tub.

MARTY (CONT'D)
(to MISHKIN)
Hold still. I'm gonna try to move
it.

MISHKIN
My dog...He's gonna drown.

MARTY sees the dog trying to escape from under the tub. It's barking. MARTY tries to lift the fallen tub. The raining water makes it hard to get a grip. He takes a deep breath and manages to lift the tub by inches.

MARTY
(great strain)
Slide out, quick!

MISHKIN gets his arm free. The DOG jumps out, starts circling the bathroom in a panic, crying.

MISHKIN
Help him.

MARTY notices MISHKIN's arm. It's badly broken, bone exposed, gushing blood.

MARTY
Your arm.

MISHKIN
(looking)
I think I'm gonna pass out.

MARTY

Hang on.

MARTY takes off MISHKIN's belt and loops it like a tourniquet around his arm. MARTY cinches the belt. MISHKIN shrieks. The DOG meanwhile is still circling the room.

MISHKIN

Here, here, come, good boy.

Someone starts pounding on the door.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

YOU ALRIGHT IN THERE!?!

INT. 5TH FLOOR HALLWAY - SOON

TRACKING SHOT: MARTY rushes down the hallway wrapped in a towel and enters his room.

WALLY

You good?

MARTY

No, I'm not *good*.

INT. ROOM 503 - CONTINUOUS

MARTY walks to the bathroom grabs his glasses and rushes to his luggage and begins to pack in a hurry.

WALLY

I mean, you hurt? That was crazy.

MARTY starts to get dressed.

MARTY

I'm getting our money back.

WALLY

Let's just get out of here.

MARTY

Fuck that, we need that money.

WALLY

It's 2 dollars and fifty cents.
It's not worth the noise.

MARTY

Forget about 2.50, I'm asking for
way more than that.

INT. 4TH FLOOR - HALLWAY - SOON

The elevator door opens. MARTY and WALLY exit. The hall is flooded. Seedy hotel guests loiter outside their doors, some are laying towels at the bottom of the doorframes to stop the water from entering.

MARTY

(to WALLY)

Wait here.

MARTY enters the room.

INT. ROOM 403 - MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MARTY beelines for the bathroom. A WORKER is precariously balanced on top of the tub, trying to redirect the broken pipe spouting water. The DESK CLERK stands cautiously below guiding the WORKER through a maze of pipes.

DESK CLERK

Take your sock off and stuff it in
there.

WORKER

You wanna switch? You take your
sock off.

MARTY

Hey! I-

DESK CLERK

You! I told you not to use the
fucking bath!

MARTY

What're you talking about?! No you
didn't!

DESK CLERK

Don't even start.

MARTY

I'm not the one who rented the
room. I could have broken my neck!

DESK CLERK

That can still happen!

MARTY

Are you threatening me!?!

DESK CLERK

Yeah, I am!

A SECOND WORKER appears in the hole up above.

SECOND WORKER

The basement is locked.

DESK CLERK

Goddammit! Who's got the key?

SECOND WORKER

I don't know. Stan is looking for an axe.

MARTY

Look, I want my money back for the room, and also reimbursement for all my shit that got ruined.

DESK CLERK

Are you serious!?

Two EMTs with a stretcher enter the room and peer into the bathroom.

DESK CLERK (CONT'D)

Oh, good, you're here.

The DESK CLERK rushes past MARTY and directs them towards the bedroom, where MISHKIN lies in a puddle of blood on the bed. MARTY follows him to the bedroom and lingers in the doorway.

DESK CLERK (CONT'D)

It's his arm. He's lost a ton of blood.

MISHKIN panics as they begin to transfer him onto the stretcher.

MISHKIN

(in immense pain)

Wait! What about my dog!?

The dog circles in a panic, barking, crying...etc.

EMT

Stay calm. Don't move.

MISHKIN

Stop!

(to DESK CLERK)

I need someone to take him to the vet.

DESK CLERK

I told you, we don't have anyone free.

MISHKIN

He could have internal bleeding. The tub crashed on him.

DESK CLERK

He seems fine.

MISHKIN

A friend of mine got hit by a car and he seemed fine and then he died 10 hours later.

DESK CLERK

I have to wait for the fire department.

MISHKIN

(to MARTY)

You. Please. You gotta help me.

MARTY

I'm sorry. I-

MISHKIN

I just need someone to drop him at my vet. That's it.

MARTY

I can't-

MISHKIN

He needs to be looked at.

MARTY

I'll get fired, I'm already late for work-

MISHKIN

I'll pay you double, triple what you make. I don't care. Please. This dog is my whole family.

MARTY

Shit...Where's the vet located?

MISHKIN

13th and 1st. Just pound on the door until he answers.

EMT

Sir, you gotta stop moving.

MISHKIN

Open up my bag.

MARTY reaches for the satchel, opens it. It's LOADED with cash.

MISHKIN (CONT'D)

Count out 50 for yourself, take another 50 for the vet. Let him know I'll be there as soon as I can.

MARTY starts counting out 5 and 10s.

MISHKIN (CONT'D)

(fighting to stay
conscious)

You're a fucking mensch, kid.

INT. TAXI CAB - LINCOLN TUNNEL - SOON

Tunnel lights whip hypnotically past the dashboard. WALLY drives. The DOG paces back and forth on the back seat wheezing. MARTY is pouring bourbon from a flask onto a paper cup of ice-cream.

WALLY

He seems weird. We should just turn around and bring him to the vet. Fifty dollars is more than enough to play with.

MARTY finishes pouring and extends the cup to the DOG. It sniffs at it and then ventures a lick, then another.

MARTY

Yeah, you know what's more than fifty? A hundred! We can clean house tonight.

WALLY

Don't be greedy you Jewish motherfucker.

MARTY

You saw the fine! We gotta do this every night for the next two weeks or I'm fucked, that's it, no Japan.

WALLY

I'm not taking off work for two weeks.

MARTY

Can we just stay in the moment?

MARTY pours more bourbon into the cup. WALLY notices.

WALLY

Easy, that's my shit.

The DOG greedily laps up the bourbon and ice cream.

MARTY

(to DOG)

Yeah, that's a good boy.

The DOG starts to choke.

WALLY

He sounds terrible, maybe loosen up the collar.

MARTY leans over, unbuckles the dog's collar.

MARTY

He'll be fine. We'll drop him at vet on the way back. What's a couple hours?

MARTY reads the name on the dog tag.

MARTY (CONT'D)

"Moses"...Wow.

INT. BOWLERO - CRANBURY, NEW JERSEY - LATER

MARTY enters a crowded bowling alley and crosses the room, passing occupied lanes and clusters of ping pong tables. He stops in front of a table where WALLY -- both nostrils stuffed with toilet paper -- is playing against TERRY [early 20s, blonde].

INT. BOWLERO - TABLE 1 - CONTINUOUS

MARTY stands by the side of the table and watches WALLY play.
WALLY loses a point.

TERRY
That's 17 to 6.

WALLY
My serve.

TERRY hits the ball to WALLY. WALLY sends a serve off the back edge. ROGER [20s, beady-eyed, cocky] calls from an adjacent table.

ROGER
Who wants next?

MARTY
I'll take it if no one's got it.

MARTY approaches the table and picks up a paddle.

INT. BOWLERO - TABLE 3 - CONTINUOUS

ROGER
It's a dollar a game.

MARTY
Let's rally first.

ROGER
Nah, put up or shut up.

MARTY fishes a dollar from his pocket and displays it. ROGER does the same.

ROGER (CONT'D)
I serve.

ROGER serves. MARTY fumbles to return it, misses.

MARTY
Do-over. I wasn't ready.

ROGER
1-0.

Meanwhile, TERRY smashes a ball past WALLY.

TERRY
Game.

INT. BOWLERO - TABLE 1 - CONTINUOUS

WALLY pulls the fat money roll from his jacket pocket and peels off a bill.

WALLY

Here.

TERRY

Keep it. You've had a bad enough night as it is.

WALLY

Nah, fair's fair.

TERRY

I shoulda spotted you a least 5 points anyway.

WALLY

Thanks.

WALLY wipes his brow and takes a seat next to a CLARK KENT type.

CLARK

What's up with your nose?

WALLY

Got jumped by a fare.

CLARK

Fare?

WALLY

Yeah, I'm a cab driver. I drive the guy all the way from Manhattan. Second we pull over, he punches the back of my head, grabs my money and books.

CLARK

Looks like it got ugly.

WALLY

Yeah, I caught up with him, beat his ass, took my roll back, and then I took what he had.

CLARK

Well I'd be careful. You'll wind up losing it here. Not everyone's as nice as Terry.

WALLY
Who's the best guy here?

CLARK
(pointing at ROGER)
Roger. Stay away from him.

They watch MARTY and ROGER play. MARTY is holding the paddle amateurishly, like a hammer. He performs a wild slam. The ball has no chance of hitting the table. ROGER stops it from flying astray with his racket.

MARTY
Hit your racket, my point.

ROGER
What're you talking about?

MARTY
You gotta let it fall off the table. Use your paddle, counts as a hit, my point.
(to group)
That's a known rule.

ROGER
That's ridiculous.

MARTY
It's called cheating.

ROGER
Fine, take the point. 4-1. Serve.

MARTY attempts an overcomplicated serve. It falls into the net.

MARTY
Shit!

ROGER
5-1.

MARTY serves again, this time connecting. They rally.

TRISH (O.S.)
ROGER!!!...ROGER!!!!

ROGER looks over to TRISH -- his girlfriend, standing across the room by the lanes -- and misses.

TRISH (CONT'D)
OUR LANE IS READY! THEY'RE GONNA GIVE IT AWAY.

ROGER begrudgingly throws his racket on the table.

ROGER
I gotta go.

MARTY
You forfeit? Gimme my dollar.

ROGER
I was destroying you. You're being spared.

MARTY
Bullshit.

ROGER runs off to join TRISH.

MARTY (CONT'D)
Hey!
(beat)
Screw it. Who wants next?

WALLY
I'll play.

MARTY hits the ball over the net to WALLY before he gets to the table. WALLY spastically rushes to return it. They struggle to keep a sustained rally going. MARTY smashes the ball, missing the table and hitting WALLY in the neck.

WALLY (CONT'D)
What the hell, man!?!

MARTY laughs. CLARK and others watch.

MARTY
Pull out your dollar.

WALLY
Fuck you, how bout 5?

MARTY
You don't have money like that.

WALLY pulls the cash roll from his pocket.

MARTY (CONT'D)
Wow. You must have mugged someone.

WALLY
Why don't you put your money where your mouth is?

MARTY

How bout I put my penis where your
mouth is?

MARTY fishes out 5 bucks.

WALLY

(to CLARK)

Hey, you mind holding?

CLARK takes 5 dollars from each of them.

MARTY

(gesturing to ROGER at his
lane)

I hope I can trust you more than
that asshole over there.

MARTY grabs a ball and lowers his hands below the table.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Pick a hand.

WALLY points to the left hand. MARTY raises it above the
table, the ball in hand. WALLY's serve. They engage in a
sloppy rally.

INT. BOWLERO - LANE 5 - LATER

STRIKE! Pins fly in every direction. A bowling ball barrels
down the return alley and rises up into the carousel. ROGER
looks over to the tables and sees a large crowd gathered
around MARTY and WALLY's game.

ROGER

(to TRISH)

I'll be back before my next turn.

Track with ROGER as he makes his way to the tables.

INT. BOWLERO - TABLE 3 - CONTINUOUS

ROGER addresses a READHEADED guy at the back of the crowd.

ROGER

What's going on?

READHEAD

Match point. Colored guy's bout to
lose all his money.

WALLY and MARTY are drenched in sweat. WALLY's ball goes long.

WALLY
That grazed the edge. I heard it.

MARTY
No way.

WALLY
I saw it change direction!

MARTY
Nope, didn't touch. Pay up.

CLARK looks sympathetically towards WALLY.

MARTY (CONT'D)
See what happens when you talk
shit? It stinks doesn't it?

CLARK hands the winnings over to MARTY. WALLY pities himself.

WALLY
Lemme keep a few dollars for gas
money...please.

MARTY
Absolutely not. You shoulda thought
of that when you placed the bets.

WALLY
How'm I supposed to get back to the
city?

MARTY
(counting money)
I dunno. Walk.

WALLY puts on his cabbie hat and jacket. CLARK calls out to
ROGER.

CLARK
Roger! Come. Play him for this
guy's gas money.

ROGER steps up.

ROGER
Yeah, sure.

MARTY
You? Nah you're too good. Plus
you're a welcher.

ROGER
I'll spot you 4 points.

MARTY
Fine. 40 bucks.

ROGER
What? I don't have that.

MARTY
(mocking)
"Put up or shut up"

ROGER
(to group)
Who's got cash?

MARTY readies himself to play while CLARK works his way around the room collecting wads of cash.

INT. TAXI CAB - CRANBURY, NJ - LATER

High excitement. WALLY surfs the radio dial while MARTY counts up their winnings. MOSES paces around the back seat.

MARTY
Two hundred, two-oh-five, two-ten,
two-eleven, two-twelve...

WALLY lands on Fats Domino's "The Fat Man". MARTY sings along.

MARTY (CONT'D)
They calllllll me the fat man!

WALLY
Cuzzz I weigh 200 pounds.

MARTY
Three hundred, three-oh-five...

WALLY lets out an ecstatic scream as Fats launches into his vocal solo. He slows the cab down to a crawl, throws it into neutral and hops out onto the road -- the vehicle now moving without a driver. WALLY begins to dance in a crazy acrobatic style in perfect rhythm with the tune.

FATS DOMINO (RADIO)
WAH WAAAAAH WAH WAH WAAAAAH WAH...

MARTY jumps out the passenger side and begins to dance as well. They exchange glances, dancing in unison, keeping pace with the cab.

MOSES looks left and right, roused by their energy. WALLY notices the gas station up ahead. None of its lights are on.

WALLY
It's closed!

WALLY hops back into the cab. MARTY does the same.

WALLY (CONT'D)
(turning off radio)
I fucking told you we shoulda got gas before.

MARTY
We'll get it at the next town.

WALLY
That's like 20 minutes away!

MARTY
Shit...Just pull in.

The cab glides into the darkened station.

EXT. SUNRAY GAS - SERVICE STATION

A cinderblock smashes through a plate glass door.

EXT. SUNWAY GAS - SERVICE STATION

A hand flips a red toggle switch marked "PUMPS".

EXT. SUNRAY GAS - CONTINUOUS

The pump lights go on. WALLY is finishing counting their winnings in the cab.

WALLY
(to MOSES)
Yeah, now we're fucking with our pants off.

MARTY jogs over to the pump and begins to fuel.

WALLY (CONT'D)
430 total.

MARTY
(to MOSES)
Who's a good boy?
(to WALLY)
(MORE)

MARTY (CONT'D)

His breathing's better. We might not even need to give anything to the vet.

The sound of a roaring engine growing in the distance. MARTY and WALLY pause. Its gets louder and louder until a pick-up truck whizzes by the station. The men from Bowlero are packed into it and on the truck bed. ROGER makes eye-contact with MARTY as they pass. The driver jams on the brakes, causing it to skid.

WALLY

Get in!!!!

MARTY pulls the nozzle from the fuel tank but it's too late -- the pick-up peels into the station. ROGER (a club in his hand), CLARK, TERRY, REDHEAD, etc. pile out. WALLY quickly locks the front and back driver's side doors.

REDHEAD

Yeah, that's him.

MARTY

Who?

ROGER

Don't gimme that. You're Marty Mauser.

MARTY

I have no idea what you're talking about.

CLARK

(to WALLY)

And lemme guess, you're just giving him a ride?

MARTY

I'm covering his gas money. He's driving me-

WALLY

Yeah, I'm a cab driver you dumbass.

CLARK

(trying the locked door)

Get out of the car n*gg*r!

The following action happens in a flash: CLARK shoves his arm through the open window and grabs for WALLY'S throat. WALLY tries to fight him off with his left hand, while keeping the cash in his right hand as far away from the action as possible. The rest of the gang crowd in on MARTY.

He douses them all with gasoline. They fall over, gagging. ROGER smashes the back window with his club, reaches in and pries the cash from WALLY's hand. MOSES bites ROGER, breaking skin. ROGER recoils, the cash falling to the backseat.

WALLY turns the engine over. MARTY hops in the passenger seat. The cab fishtails out and smashes into a lamp post.

The passenger door flies open from the impact, flinging MOSES and the cash out of the cab. The lamp post falls to the ground. The fixture explodes.

MARTY

Wally! The dog!!!

WALLY

(livid)

I TOLD YOU THIS WAS GONNA HAPPEN!!
I'M FUCKED! I'M GONNA LOSE MY JOB,
YOU UNDERSTAND THAT!!? UNLIKE YOU I
NEED TO FUCKING WORK FOR A LIVING!
I HAVE REAL RESPONSIBILITIES!

Through the back windshield, MARTY watches MOSES run onto a dirt field, getting smaller and smaller until he's swallowed by the darkness.

[Cue Public Image Limited's 'The Order of Death']

EXT. POTATO FIELD - CONTINUOUS

MOSES runs like mad, breathing hard, tongue flapping, kicking up clouds of dust in the moonlight. We punch into his eyes.

PUBLIC IMAGE LIMITED [SOUNDTRACK]

*This is what you want, this is what
you get...This is what you want,
this is what you get...*

EXT. LAWRENCE'S - 53RD AND BROADWAY - AFTER

The damaged cab pulls up in front of Lawrence's. MARTY gets out.

MARTY

I'm really sorry-

WALLY

Close the door.

WALLY angrily drives off. A beat. MARTY enters the building.

INT. LAWRENCE'S PING PONG PARLOR - STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

Track with MARTY up a flight of narrow stairs and into the parlor.

INT. LAWRENCE'S PING PONG PARLOR - CONTINUOUS

The place is packed, smoky, teeming with misfits, young and old. MARTY is greeted with stares of shocked recognition -- no one here has seen him since his loss in England. MARTY gives courtesy smiles, trying to maintain his dignity, as he approaches the cage.

MARTY

Hey-

MAN IN CAGE

(looking up, realizing
it's MARTY)

Marty!!! How you doing, man? I'm so
sorry about London.

MARTY

It's alright. Lawrence around?

MAN IN CAGE

I think he's in the back.

MARTY heads towards the back of the parlor, greeted with more stares and glances. He spies LAWRENCE at a table giving training lessons, wielding a straightened coat hanger with a ping pong ball affixed to the end.

MARTY

Hey.

LAWRENCE

Marty! One second.

(to trainee)

Topspin. You're hitting it across
the head. Just a swipe.

MARTY

You think I can crash here tonight?

LAWRENCE

Listen, there's a lady waiting for
you-

MARTY

What? Who?

LAWRENCE

She's pregnant. Very upset. I told her she can wait in my office.

MARTY rushes through the parlor to the office.

[End of Public Image Limited cue]

INT. BACK OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

MARTY enters. RACHEL jumps up from a chair. She's got a suitcase by her feet and a black eye.

RACHEL

I'm sorry...I didn't want to...I don't wanna bother you-

MARTY

What the hell happened to your eye?!

RACHEL

I- I had nowhere else to go. He just started yelling, and pushing me, he grabbed my shirt. There was nothing I-

MARTY

Calm down. It's ok. You're ok.

She rushes into his arms and buries her face in his shoulder.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Fucking animal.

INT. MAUSER APARTMENT - MARTY'S ROOM - AFTER

MARTY quietly raises the window and enters his bedroom from the fire-escape. He notices his MOM sleeping in his bed -- on top of the blanket in a fetal position. He quietly opens his closet and removes a suit and his suitcase. He then grabs a table tennis trophy off a shelf, holding the brass figurine like a handle, and exits the room.

INT. MAUSER APARTMENT - MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

He moves through the apartment.

MOM (O.S.)

(softly)

Hello?

MARTY picks up his pace and leaves through the front door.

INT. TENEMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY AND STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

MARTY walks down a flight of stairs, puts his luggage down, and pounds on a door.

IRA (O.S.)
(muffled)
Rachel?...Rachel, answer the door...

MARTY
Ira. Open up. It's Marty.

A pause. IRA opens the door. MARTY immediately bashes his face with the base of the trophy, sending him to the ground.

MARTY (CONT'D)
Shame on you!

MARTY exits the apartment and heads down the stairs.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - SOON

MARTY and RACHEL are seated together in a sparsely populated train car. Each with luggage by their side. He's got his arm around her, her head in his lap.

INT. DION'S APARTMENT - PETER COOPER VILLAGE - SOON

DION opens the front door. MARTY enters with RACHEL. DION is immediately thrown by her presence.

MARTY
Thanks, Dion. I really appreciate this. This is my sister Rachel by the way. Rachel this is my buddy and business partner Dion.

RACHEL nods to DION.

DION
Uh, hi.

MARTY
Her place got flooded and she needs to crash here just for the night, that's ok, right?

DION

Um...

MARTY

I can't have her exposed to mold and spores. She's not gonna get in the way of our work, don't worry.

DION

I'm not supposed to have people over.

MARTY

Dee, come on. She's eight months pregnant.

A long pause.

DION

Ok, fine.

They follow DION into the apartment.

DION (CONT'D)

You just gotta be outta here before my parents get back from Florida.

MARTY

No problem...We should really take advantage of this time we have together, really firm up our business plan. That way when your father gets back he'll see how organized we are.

DION

I don't know. He's pretty upset. You left us with all this inventory for 8 months.

MARTY

It's fine. In a few weeks, I'm gonna take the Championship and we'll be right back on track.

DION

The balls are in here.

He opens the door to a small room. They enter.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

A dozen cardboard boxes branded with 'HALEX' stamps are stacked against the wall.

MARTY

This is them? Oh my god.

RACHEL takes a seat on a bed while MARTY excitedly opens up a box. Inside of it are hundreds of orange Marty Supreme balls.

MARTY (CONT'D)

You did the orange!?

DION

Yeah, I was able to find someone who could color the celluloid for-

MARTY

How?

DION

Money. That's why my dad is so mad. We're invested in you.

MARTY

Check it out, Rachel.

He hands a ball to her.

DION

Hang on, I did a mock-up of the packaging too.

DION grabs a rectangular box from the desk. It has a pen-drawn portrait of Marty on the left, and immaculate hand-lettering on the right: MARTY SUPREME -- THE OFFICIAL MARTY MAUSER CHAMPIONSHIP TABLE TENNIS BALL. ORANGE SPHERES - NEVER WEAR BLACK AGAIN.

MARTY

Orange spheres...you came up with that?

DION

Yeah, pretty good, right?

MARTY

Good? Dion, I don't even think you realize what you're capable of. And you drew this? It's absolutely stunning.

DION

Thanks.

MARTY

It's *inspired*.

(to RACHEL)

Incredible, right?

RACHEL spins the ball in her hand to the Marty Supreme logo.

RACHEL

(flatly)

Yeah, it's really nice.

MARTY

So this is your room?

DION

Nah, it's my younger brother's. He moved out-

MARTY

So it's free then. Lemme get my sister situated, I'll be out in a second.

DION pauses and exits.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Special guy. You might not know it by looking at him.

RACHEL sits down on the bed. A pause. MARTY sits next to her.

MARTY (CONT'D)

This feels pretty comfortable.

RACHEL

So you're gonna go out there?

MARTY

Yeah. I really need to get my head together, make a plan for tomorrow.

RACHEL

A plan for what?

MARTY

I don't know. There's a rich guy who offered me a job. I should hit him up.

RACHEL

What kind of job?

MARTY
Doesn't matter. Just to get to
Japan.

RACHEL
Can I help?

MARTY
Nah, you get some rest.

MARTY walks to the door. Hesitates a beat.

MARTY (CONT'D)
You need anything? You hungry?

RACHEL
No.

A beat.

MARTY
You're ok, right?

RACHEL
I'm ok.

MARTY exits. Hold on RACHEL.

INT. DION'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

MARTY has the telephone receiver pressed to his ear.

RECEPTIONIST (PHONE)
Good morning, Rockwell Ink.

MARTY
Yes, Milton Rockwell please.

RECEPTIONIST (PHONE)
He's not in, can I take a message?

MARTY
Oh, do you know when you're
expecting him?

DION interrupts with a plate of bacon and eggs in his hand,
places it in front of MARTY.

RECEPTIONIST (PHONE)
He's working off site today. Again,
can I take a message?

MARTY

(to DION)

Make something for my sister too,
for when she wakes up.

(into phone)

I'm sorry. Off site where?

RECEPTIONIST (PHONE)

(growing annoyed)

Would you like to leave a message
or not?

MARTY

Well, I'm a friend of his- I fought
in his son's battalion. I was
supposed to have breakfast with him
this morning but I messed up and
overslept.

EXT. THEATER DISTRICT - SOON

MARTY walks down 45th street towards the Morosco Theater.

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)

I see.

MARTY (V.O.)

Yeah, I have some of his letters
and personal belongings. I'm only
in town for the day. I guess I can
always mail 'em-

He tries the main doors. They're locked.

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)

No, no, wait. Try giving a call
over to the Morosco Theater. He
should be there until noon.

A worker exits through a nearby service door wheeling a
dolly. MARTY catches the door before it closes and enters.

INT. MOROSCO THEATER - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

MARTY walks down a long rugged hallway -- scuffed concrete
floors, brick walls, dim fluorescent light -- and through a
door on his right.

INT. MOROSCO THEATER - BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

MARTY enters the backstage area. The light is dim. The area is lined with lighting equipment, props and set pieces. A stagehand turns to look at him. MARTY sends him a confident nod.

He continues past an elaborate rigging system and finds himself in the wings, stage right. Immediately, he sees KAY performing on stage, wearing a brown wig. MARTY looks out to the mostly-empty theater. The first few rows are occupied by key personnel -- the DIRECTOR, the PUBLICIST, etc. MILTON is not among them.

MARTY turns his attention to the rehearsal. The scene is set in a restaurant kitchen. A MOTHER [played by Kay] is quarreling with her teenage SON. The argument grows heated. A SUITOR [50s] enters from the opposite wing. The SUITOR slaps the SON across the face. The SON grabs a knife and stabs the SUITOR. MOTHER screams. SON tries to escape through a backdoor but the door won't budge. NOTE: the actor playing 'SON' is named TROY.

TROY
(breaking character)
It's locked!

DIRECTOR
Oh, for crying out loud.

TROY
You gotta be *kidding* me!!

DIRECTOR
It's fine. Will someone run around
and see what's going on there?

MARTY continues to watch KAY closely.

TROY
(to KAY)
I was really feeling it too.

KAY
Actually, you were stepping all
over me.

TROY
Was I? I thought we had a good
rhythm going.

KAY
It's like watching someone jerk off
with no lubricant.

(MORE)

KAY (CONT'D)
 (snapping fingers)
 Glenn! Can we do something about
 this?

DIRECTOR
 We're working on it.

KAY
 (pointing to TROY)
 No, I mean *this*!

DIRECTOR
 Let's all take 5. Troy, go get your
 script, I want to see what you have
 scribbled on there.

KAY storms to the side of the stage and snatches her show
 book and reading glasses from her ASSISTANT. She sits down on
 folding chair -- just a few feet from MARTY -- and begins
 angrily reviewing pages.

KAY
 (to ASSISTANT)
 See? He jumped this line and this
 line.

MARTY approaches.

MARTY
 Hey... Kay.

KAY looks up from her book, blankly.

MARTY (CONT'D)
 It's me. Marty Mauser...We met in
 London.

KAY
 What are you doing here?

MARTY
 Oh, I got a friend in the
 stagehand's union. I was just
 dropping something off for him and-

KAY
 You watched that?

MARTY
 Uh, I hope that's ok...I can't
 believe you're acting again.

KAY

Oh, that wasn't acting. I wasn't allowed to act.

MARTY

Yeah, that looked frustrating for you. What's the deal with that guy?

KAY

Oh don't get me started.

MARTY

You were running circles around him.

KAY

Stays up 3 days in a row cause his *character* is supposed to be tired. It's obnoxious.

MARTY

If he's so committed, why didn't he just punch his hand through the screen and unlock it from the other side? Why'd he stop the scene?

KAY listens intently.

MARTY (CONT'D)

That's what I would have done.

KAY

(calling out)
Glenn!...GLENN!

GLENN, in the midst of talking to TROY, looks over.

KAY (CONT'D)

We need to talk.

GLENN

What?

KAY

What what?! He's ruining the scene.

GLENN

Kay, please. Let's not over-react.

KAY

(gesturing at MARTY)
This kid understands the part better than he does.

TROY
Excuse me!?

GLENN
(to TROY)
One second.

KAY
(to MARTY)
Tell him what you just told me.

MARTY
Nah. I was only-

KAY
No tell him.

MARTY
(to TROY)
Well, I was just saying you didn't
really seem like you were that in
it is all.

GLENN
Who is this?

KAY
He's nobody. That's the point.

MARTY
Also, come on, only little kids
hold a knife like that.

MARTY crosses to the table, picks up the prop knife.

MARTY (CONT'D)
(to TROY, demonstrating)
See how my wrist is square to the
blade? The way you're doing it-

TROY
It's not a street fight.

MARTY
Well, ok, if you're going for phony
at least do it with some flair.
Like this...

MARTY lays the knife down across a fork. In one motion, he bangs on the prongs of the fork, vaults the knife into the air, catches it and lunges at TROY, the fake blade retracting into his neck.

TROY
HEY! CUT IT OUT!

MARTY looks over to KAY, who barks out a mean laugh.

GLENN
Ok that's enough. Thank you for the tutorial.

Over GLENN's shoulder, MARTY notices MILTON and the show's PRODUCTION MANAGER walking past a door by the side of the stage.

GLENN (CONT'D)
I think we can continue without you now.

MARTY
No sweat. I was just leaving.

MARTY turns to KAY...

MARTY (CONT'D)
Best of luck.

...and hurries through the side door after MILTON. KAY stares after him.

INT. MOROSCO THEATER - AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

MARTY follows MILTON and the PRODUCTION MANAGER down a long hallway.

MILTON
-it's a story about poor people yet somehow every set has to cost 5 grand!? Explain that.

PRODUCTION MANAGER
Kay approves all the-

MILTON
At this rate, the show could sell out every night and *still* lose money.

PRODUCTION MANAGER
She keeps saying "spare no expense"-

MILTON
And your job is to say *no*.

MARTY catches up, waits for an opportunity to interrupt.

PRODUCTION MANAGER

I do. But then she goes directly to each department-

MILTON

Look, if you can't manage her I'll find someone else who can. Understood?

MARTY

Uh, Mr. Rockwell.

MILTON turns around, shocked at the sight of him.

MILTON

What are you doing here?

MARTY

I was hoping to get a word-

MILTON

Did you call my office and tell them you were friends with my son?

MARTY

Uh, yes, but-

MILTON angrily storms towards the exit.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Wait. Hang on!

MILTON exits the theater, where a chauffeured Cadillac awaits him by the curb. MARTY follows him out.

EXT. MOROSCO THEATER - CONTINUOUS

MARTY

Mr. Rockwell! Hold up. Can we just talk for a second?

MILTON

We have nothing to talk about.

The chauffeur opens the car door for him.

MARTY

I want to revisit our conversation... about Japan.

MILTON

(stopping)
Oh really?

MARTY

Yes. I've reconsidered. I want to do it.

MILTON

Well that's interesting. I seem to recall you having some concerns about your reputation.

MARTY

No, I know. I consulted with my agent. He thinks it's a good thing, that it'll actually make my win at the Championship *more* dramatic.

MILTON

Is that right?

MARTY

He even scolded me, said I was being way too precious with myself. Anyway, my fee is 1,500 and I'll take you up on that flight you offered-

MILTON

I'm about to start *gagging* on the bullshit.

MARTY

I'm being completely straight-

MILTON

I refuse to be a resource for you, Marty. The answer is no.

MARTY

But why? You yourself said-

MILTON

The event is next week. Other arrangements have been made. Goodbye.

MILTON steps into the car. The chauffeur heads around to the driver's side. MARTY raps his knuckles on the window.

MARTY

Mr. Rockwell...
 (knock knock)
 Please....
 (knock knock)
 Mr. Rockwell...

MILTON
 (voice muffled through the
 glass)
 What!

MARTY
 Look, let's be pragmatists for a
 second. Put your personal feelings
 about me aside. You and I both know
 the kind of value I'd bring to an
 event with Endo on his home turf.
 You said so yourself. I'm like a
 stick of dynamite over there.
 Whatever other plans you've made,
 they're going to pale in
 comparison...

A pause.

MARTY (CONT'D)
 Can we just sit and talk about this
 reasonably for 2 minutes? There's
 more than enough common ground
 here.

Another pause.

MILTON
 Fine, get in the car.

MARTY
 Thank you!

MARTY runs around to the passenger side. MILTON motions to
 the driver and the car takes off. MARTY runs alongside it,
 banging on the window, until he can't keep up.

MARTY (CONT'D)
 SON OF A BITCH! YOU WOULDN'T EVEN
 HAVE THE IDEA IF IT WASN'T FOR ME!!

The car continues down the street.

Hold a few beats on MARTY, stewing. He steps back on the curb
 and realizes that Kay's ASSISTANT has been standing there,
 uncomfortable, waiting to speak with him.

MARTY (CONT'D)
 What!

ASSISTANT
 Um, Ms. Stone would like to have
 lunch with you.

INT. EDISON HOTEL - BATHROOM - DAY

MARTY and KAY are having sex in the shower. She bites his tongue, holds it between her teeth. He turns her around, grabs hold of her shoulder and, using his other hand, delicately unclasps her expensive-looking necklace. It slides down the drain.

INT. EDISON HOTEL - BEDROOM - SOON

KAY gets dressed. MARTY, lying back on the bed, watches her.

MARTY

When can I see you again?

KAY

No idea. We open Friday.

MARTY

I can just stay here and be on call.

KAY

(not amused)

My husband leaves for Japan the morning after the opening. I should have more freedom then.

MARTY

(carefully, testing)

Oh yeah? What's he doing there?

KAY

No idea. We don't talk.

(seeing time on clock)

Shit, I'm so late. And they're going to have to redo my hair and makeup now too.

MARTY

Who cares? You're the star. They work for you.

KAY continues dressing herself.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Gotta feel pretty great to be doing it again, no?

KAY

I never should have stopped in the first place.

MARTY

Why did you? Cuz of his money? I mean, you must've been doing pretty well for yourself.

KAY

(tersely)

I wanted security. Then I got pregnant. And he pressured me. And I settled.

KAY fixes her makeup in the mirror.

MARTY

Well, you're clearly making up for lost time now. Good for you. And it sounds to me like he's paying you back with interest.

KAY

(sharply)

Who is?

MARTY

Your husband. He's funding your whole show, right?

KAY

Where'd you get that idea?

MARTY

I overheard him complaining about it in the lobby.

KAY

Well he can go fuck himself.

MARTY

Completely. What you should do is leach every penny out of him, assume your rightful place as the biggest star on the planet, and then rub it in his smug little face.

KAY

I'm not exactly looking for life advice from you.

MARTY

All I'm saying is you clearly never needed him in the first place...Now with me, I don't want anyone's help.

(MORE)

MARTY (CONT'D)

I have do it entirely on my own,
purely on the basis of my talent,
or else it's like, the success
won't count.

KAY

That's very easy to say.

MARTY

It might be easy to say but it's
sure not easy to do. I mean, you
know that. That's why you cashed
out.

KAY exhales sharply, offended.

KAY

Tell me, do you make money at this
little table tennis thing?

MARTY

Not yet.

KAY

So then how do you live?

MARTY

With the confidence that if I
believe in myself the money's gonna
follow. Ultimately, my struggle
isn't even *about* money.

KAY

But specifically, how do you pay
rent?

MARTY

I don't.

KAY

You're dodging the question.

MARTY

I'm not sure what you're-

KAY

How did you buy food today?

MARTY

Honestly? I was planning on
ordering room service the second
you leave.

KAY

Cute. And what happens if things don't work out for you? What then?

MARTY

That doesn't even enter my consciousness.

KAY

Well maybe it should.

MARTY

No offense but you're starting to sound like my mom.

KAY

And you sound like a *child*.

MARTY

Oh yeah? Clearly I'm old enough.

KAY

Meaning?

MARTY

I'm old enough to fuck you in a hotel room in the middle of your big comeback.

KAY exits the room, slamming the door behind her.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Break a leg.

Hold a beat on MARTY's face.

INT. EDISON HOTEL - BATHROOM - DAY

A hotel CUSTODIAN is using a plumber's snake to dredge up the contents of the shower drain. MARTY stands in the doorframe, on the telephone.

MARTY

(into phone)

That's cause I was away, I only just received the letter yesterday....No, I understand...

(MORE)

MARTY (CONT'D)

Just let Mr. Sethi know that a cashier's check for the full amount of the fine is already in the mail...Of course, I just didn't want anyone thinking that I wasn't going to be in attendance, I will be at the Championship!

The CUSTODIAN pulls a massive clump of stagnant hair from the drain, KAY's necklace dangling from the end of it.

MARTY (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Hang on.

(to CUSTODIAN)

Yesssss!!!!!! If my wife was here right now she'd be kissing you all over.

CUSTODIAN

Yeah, what she look like?

INT. UNCLE SAM'S PAWN SHOP - MIDTOWN - SOON

C.U. of necklace through a loupe. The PROPRIETOR examines it.

PROPRIETOR

This isn't real.

MARTY

Not real? It belongs to a millionaire. I watched it come off her neck.

PROPRIETOR

I don't care where it came from. It's garbage. Costume jewelry.

MARTY

Costume jewelry?

PROPRIETOR

I'll give you 2 bucks for it.

MARTY

FUCK!

Slow zoom into MARTY as he buries his head in his hands. The sound of a telephone ringing through a receiver rises on the soundtrack.

DION (V.O.)

Hello?

MARTY (V.O.)
Dee, it's me-

DION (V.O.)
(angry)
Where have you been!?! The plan was
for us to make a list of
distributors, my dad lands tonight!

MARTY (V.O.)
Ok, ok, you're right. I'm heading
back now to give you my undivided
attention. Lemme just talk to my
sister for a second.

EXT. CRANBURY NEW JERSEY - LATE AFTERNOON

MARTY drives the Galanis' Kaiser on a rural road flanked by
farmland, RACHEL in the passenger seat.

DION (V.O.)
Hang on....RACHEL! MARTY'S ON THE
PHONE!

A pause.

RACHEL (V.O.)
Hi.

MARTY (PHONE)
(all business)
Listen, there's a dog collar in my
jacket pocket, go grab it. I know a
guy who lost a dog out in Jersey.
He'll pay a big reward.

RACHEL (V.O.)
Uh, ok.

MARTY (V.O.)
Also, there's a set of car keys in
a bowl on the telephone table by
the front door. You see em?

SUNRAY GAS becomes visible up ahead. An "OUT OF SERVICE" sign
hangs on the pump.

RACHEL (V.O.)
Uh...yeah.

MARTY (V.O.)

Take the keys and meet me
downstairs in the garage. And make
sure Dion doesn't see you do it.

RACHEL (V.O.)

Hang on...Hey Dion, would you mind
going down to the store and getting
me some ginger? I'm having really
bad morning sickness.

DION (V.O.)

(barely audible, standing
far from the phone)
Isn't it the afternoon?

MARTY pulls the car into the gas station. RACHEL gets out
with MOSES' dog collar in hand and walks towards the service
station. An ATTENDANT comes out.

ATTENDANT

Sorry, station's closed.

RACHEL

Oh, I'm not looking for service.
Did you happen to see a stray dog
running around here?

ATTENDANT

Nah, sorry. When you lose it?

RACHEL

Uh, a few days ago.

ATTENDANT

Maybe try the pound.

RACHEL

You kidding, I've called every
shelter in a 15 mile radius.

ATTENDANT

Sorry, can't help you.

RACHEL walks back to the car and gets in.

INT. KAISER - CONTINUOUS

MARTY

What'd he say?

RACHEL

Nothing.

MARTY notices a shitty clapboard house situated on a plot of farmland in the distance -- the only visible house in the area.

MARTY
Let's try that place.

EXT. HOFF'S FARM - CRANBURY - SOON

The car drives drives down a long gravel driveway towards the house. MARTY hops out of the car, steps up on a rotting porch and knocks. No answer. A dog starts barking from inside. He knocks again. The barking continues. A beat. MARTY steps off the porch and calls out to RACHEL.

MARTY
I'll be right back.

MARTY follows the barking to the back of the house. He stops in front of a small window and peers inside. MARTY immediately sees MOSES. He taps on the glass. MOSES runs up to the window, barking aggressively.

INT. KAISER - SAME TIME

RACHEL is cruising the radio dial when she sees MARTY walking towards her. MARTY stops by the passenger side window.

MARTY
He's here.

RACHEL
Oh, wow. Great.

MARTY
Yeah, I'm gonna break into the house and grab him.

RACHEL
Are you sure? Why don't we just wait for someone to come home?

MARTY
That could be hours! We gotta return the car. Just keep your eyes trained on the road. If you see someone pull in, give two quick honks. Got it?

RACHEL
Uh, ok.

Tracking shot with MARTY as he trots to the side of the house. He walks onto a side porch and tries the screen door. It's locked. MARTY looks around, punches his hand through the screen, unlatches it from the inside, and enters.

INT. HOFF'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

MARTY enters into a dining room. The place is disgusting - a rundown hoarder's hell. MOSES runs into the room and barks.

MARTY

Here boy. Come...Moses, come.

MOSES continues to bark angrily. MARTY approaches cautiously.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Calm down. It's ok. I'm gonna take you home.

There's no collar, no way to grab him. MOSES growls as he gets closer, then lunges to bite. MARTY whips his hand back just in time to avoid getting bitten.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Oh come on.

INT. KAISER - SAME TIME

A beat-up pick-up truck pulls into the drive way. RACHEL immediately honks the horn several times. HOFF [60s, bedraggled, dirty clothes] pulls up behind her -- blocking the Kaiser in -- and steps out, confused to see a fancy car and a woman on his property. RACHEL leans out the window.

RACHEL

Hello sir. Sorry to bother you, we're looking for a lost dog.

HOFF

Oh yeah?

EXT. HOFF'S FARM - CONTINUOUS

MARTY runs over from the back of the property, smiling.

MARTY

Ah, hey! I'm so glad you're back. I think you found my dog.

HOFF

You're trespassing.

MARTY

Oh, sorry about that. We lost him yesterday, been looking everywhere.

HOFF

I got no idea what you're talking about.

MARTY

The dog that you found. It's mine.

HOFF

I didn't find any dog.

A beat.

MARTY

Uh, you sure about that?

HOFF

Yeah, I'm sure. Are you sure?

Pause.

MARTY

Thing is, I know for a fact you have the dog I'm looking for. I looked in your window.

HOFF

You were looking in my window?!

MARTY

It's kind of a good thing I did, no?

HOFF

That's my dog of 8 years.

MARTY

There's no way that's true.

HOFF

Get the hell off my property before I call the police.

MARTY

I'm the one who should be calling the police.

HOFF

What, you wanna see him up close?

MARTY
Yes, I do actually.

HOFF steps onto the porch, enters the house. A beat. MARTY looks over to RACHEL and shrugs. HOFF returns with single barrel shotgun by his side.

HOFF
I see your k*ke nose peer through my window again, I'm shooting it off.

MARTY
Are you serious!?!

RACHEL
MARTY, GET IN THE CAR!

MARTY
No! This is ridiculous. I'm not leaving without the dog!

HOFF shoots the shotgun into the dirt.

RACHEL
(hitting the horn)
MARTY! NOW!

HOFF pulls another shell from his pocket.

HOFF
(starting to load it)
Like I said, next time it's going to your face.

MARTY lunges, grabbing the barrel of the shotgun with both hands. It's hot. It burns.

MARTY
Ahhh!

MARTY won't let go. They tussle. HOFF throws MARTY to the ground.

INT. KAISER - CONTINUOUS

In a panic, RACHEL slides to the driver's seat, turns the engine and guns it towards MARTY. She beelines towards the front of the house, barely in control of the car. She plows into HOFF. He rolls off the windshield, cracking it, and onto the ground.

EXT. HOFF'S FARM - CONTINUOUS

The car crashes into the front porch, splintering stairs and knocking one of the support beams over. MARTY dashes into the passenger side of the car while a dazed HOFF scrambles for the shotgun.

INT. KAISER - CONTINUOUS

MARTY

Go! Go! Hit the gas! Floor it!

The car races down the driveway towards a cornfield. HOFF fires the shotgun, shattering the rear window. The car drives straight into the cornfield, stalks hammering against metal like a storm of green shrapnel.

RACHEL turns to MARTY and flashes a crazed, electric smile.

EXT. USED CAR LOT - LATER

Night has fallen. MARTY and RACHEL are crammed in a telephone booth. RACHEL is dialing the number off the dog collar. A few rings and...

MISHKIN (PHONE)

Hello.

RACHEL

Hi, sorry but did you lose a dog named Moses?

MISHKIN (PHONE)

Yeah, why?

RACHEL

Cause I just found him.

MISHKIN (PHONE)

For real? Where?

RACHEL

In New Jersey.

MISHKIN (PHONE)

Jersey?! How'd he get to Jersey?

RACHEL

No clue. My sister and I pulled over to this boarded-up gas station to switch seats and he was there in the parking lot.

MISHKIN (PHONE)
How is he?

RACHEL
Oh, he's a sweetie.

MISHKIN (PHONE)
How's his breathing?

RACHEL
Fine I think. We're trying to get him to eat. Does he have any favorite foods?

MARTY grows impatient.

MARTY
(whispering)
The money.

MISHKIN (PHONE)
He likes corn on the cob. Gimme your address, I'll come now.

RACHEL
Well...That's the thing.

A pause.

MISHKIN (PHONE)
The thing?

RACHEL
It's just...in situations like this, it's kind of customary to give the person a reward, no?

MISHKIN (PHONE)
Yeah, fine. How much you have in mind?

RACHEL cups her hand over the receiver and turns to MARTY.

RACHEL
(whispering)
It's too much.

MARTY
(whispering)
The guy's fucking loaded. Go on, say it.

RACHEL

I was thinking 2000 dollars would be fair.

MISHKIN (PHONE)

You're joking, right?

RACHEL

Look, and I know this isn't your problem, but I'm about to have a baby, and I got no husband, no job. I really have to look after myself right now.

MARTY nods approvingly.

MISHKIN (PHONE)

You realize I got the dog for *free* at the pound.

RACHEL

Hmmm. That's kinda the wrong way to think about it.

MISHKIN (PHONE)

Yeah? How'm I supposed to think about it?

RACHEL

Well let's just say I'm not calling about a dog. Let's say I'm calling about your mother. And I'm a doctor telling you I need to do emergency surgery or she's gonna die. Are you gonna refuse the surgery because you got your mother for free?

MARTY rolls his eyes and throws his hands up at the sky.

MISHKIN (PHONE)

That's the stupidest fucking thing I ever heard.

RACHEL

I guess you don't know anything about love then.

A pause.

MISHKIN (PHONE)

Forget it. Gimme your address. I'll bring the cash right now.

RACHEL
Sorry but no.

MISHKIN (PHONE)
No?!

RACHEL
No! Again, it's not your fault, you sound like a very nice person-

MISHKIN (PHONE)
Well I'm not a nice person!

RACHEL
-but I've been ripped off in the past and I'm not about to let that happen again, so we're gonna have to find a way to get me the money first.

MISHKIN (PHONE)
Right. And how do you propose we do that?

RACHEL
Easy, you put it in a knapsack, and then leave it with the lost and found at the-

MISHKIN (PHONE)
Listen to me you fucking dumb bitch-

MARTY
Hang up. Just hang up.

MISHKIN (PHONE)
-you're not getting a red fucking cent without me laying my eyes on him, you understand me!?!

RACHEL
Fine. How bout I just donate him to medical science instead? How'd you like-

MARTY reaches over, disengages the call and then starts pacing around the car lot. RACHEL follows.

MARTY
I should have known better. That was never going to work.

RACHEL
I'm sorry.

MARTY

It's not your fault. It was a terrible idea. It was moronic.

RACHEL

Calm down....What color is the dog?

MARTY

(annoyed)

I dunno, brown. Why?

RACHEL

Cause my boss knows all the local breeders, and maybe we can get a similar one and the owner won't be able to tell the difference-

MARTY

He's not going to be able to recognize his *own dog*?

RACHEL

Well maybe not right away.

MARTY

(supremely annoyed)

You realize I should be practicing my game right now, right?! Instead of making a mockery of my life in a used car lot making *prank calls*.

INT. DION'S APARTMENT - PETER COOPER VILLAGE - LATE NIGHT

C.U. of a deadbolt, sound of keys jingling, the bolt turns. MARTY and RACHEL quietly enter the apartment. They're intercepted by DION.

DION

(angry, whispering)

What are you doing!?

MARTY

Sorry, we got held up-

DION

Keep your voice down. My parents are sleeping.

MARTY

They're back?

DION

I told you that! Where's dad's car!?

MARTY

It's in the garage. Look, I can explain-

DION

(to RACHEL)
You tricked me!

RACHEL

No I didn't-

DION

You lying little- You sent me to the store-

RACHEL

I have no idea what you're talking about!

MARTY

(to RACHEL)
SHHHH!

RACHEL

TELL HIM TO SHHH!

DION

Keep your voices down!

MARTY

Look, it's not her fault. Obviously, I told her to take the keys.

DION

Yeah, well I was supposed to pick them up from the airport! I had to pretend to be sick. They had to take a taxi-

MARTY

Did he notice the car was missing?

DION

No, but-

MARTY

(normal volume)
Then maybe calm the hell down.

DION

Lower your voice!

MARTY
You're the one making a scene.

DIO
Gimme those!

DION snatches the car keys from MARTY's hand.

MARTY
Look, I need to be honest with you.
We got into a little fender bender-

DION
What!?

MARTY
It's not a big deal. I'll cover the
damages.

DION
How? When?

MARTY
Look, let's all get some rest. I'll
smooth everything out with your
father over breakfast-

DION
What!? You're not staying here!

MARTY
What do you mean?

DION
You need to go right now!

MARTY
It's the middle of the night, Dion.

MARTY stares at DION, who is unable to make eye contact.

MARTY (CONT'D)
Can we just talk about this?

DION
I'm sorry. I- I can't.

MARTY
You can't what, *talk*?

A beat.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Fine.

(to RACHEL)

Come. Get your things.

MARTY and RACHEL walk into the bedroom...

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

...and start gathering their things. DION stands in the doorway, keeping watch.

MARTY

You have any idea what I've been through today?

DION

I told you, I can't talk to you.

MARTY

Wow. Must be great, being born with a silver spoon in your mouth. Meanwhile, some of us have to actually go out and *work* for a living.

DION silently stares at MARTY and RACHEL while they pack.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Hey, would you mind looking over at the wall or something? It's creeping me out.

RACHEL bursts into tears.

RACHEL

Where we gonna go? We have nowhere to go.

MARTY

See what you're doing?

(to DION)

Throw a pregnant woman out on the street in the dead of night? Your brain is recording this right now, Dion. It's gonna live on in your conscience.

RACHEL continues to sob hysterically. MARTY walks to the door...

MARTY (CONT'D)

Can I have a moment with my sister please?

DION

Just keep her voice down.

MARTY

I'm trying.

...and closes it on DION. RACHEL immediately stops crying.

RACHEL

Seriously though, where are we gonna go?

MARTY notices that her black eye is now streaked and runny.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

What?

A pause. He grows deadly serious.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Marty?

(beat)

You're scaring me.

He runs his index finger along her cheek and then shows her the yellow and black makeup on the end of it.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I- I'm sorry, I- I can explain.

MARTY

No. No talking.

RACHEL

It's not my fault. I didn't know what to do-

MARTY

See how calm I am? That's not going to last. I need you to get out of here.

RACHEL

You don't understand-

MARTY

You realize this is exactly the kind of shit my mother pulls on me? I mean, how could you of all people do this to me!?

RACHEL snaps.

RACHEL
(yelling)
How I could do this to you!?! How
about what you're doing to *me*,
huh!?! Have you ever once-

MARTY
SHHHHH!

RACHEL
SHUSH YOURSELF, YOU NARCISSISTIC
PRICK!

DION opens the door in a panic.

DION
Quiet! You're gonna wake my-

RACHEL
(yelling)
Enough with your fucking parents.
Aren't you like 30 years old?!
(to MARTY)
You realize I'm due in 4 weeks?!
(to DION)
And it's his baby!

DION'S father calls from the other room.

GALANIS (O.S.)
DION?!

MARTY
Now look what you did!

RACHEL
Oh who the fuck cares? I'm leaving
anyway.

DION
(calling out)
UH, SORRY DAD. JUST GOT SOME
FRIENDS OVER.

GALANIS stomps down the hall and into the room.

GALANIS
What's going on here!?

DION
It's not my fault! They won't
leave!

MARTY adopts an incredibly friendly demeanor.

MARTY

Hey, Mr. Galanis! Just picking up some Supreme samples for a meeting with Spalding first thing in the morning. Tell him Dee.

DION

Uh...

MARTY

Jesus, speak up.

GALANIS

I don't care what he has to say. I want you out of my house!

MARTY

Hang on a sec-

GALANIS

Wasting my money, wasting my son's time, taking advantage of him-

MARTY

Taking advantage?! How? By giving him an amazing business opportunity?

GALANIS

You call this business!?

MARTY

Yes, I do as a matter of fact. You give Dion money, I give him *meaning*.

DION finally loses it. He charges through the room, grabs a box of Marty Supreme balls and dumps it out the window.

EXT. PETER COOPER VILLAGE - CONTINUOUS

Wide shot of Peter Cooper Village. A thousand ping pong balls rain down onto the street.

INT. PETER COOPER VILLAGE - ELEVATOR - SOON

MARTY and RACHEL ride the elevator down in silence. They reach the lobby and step out.

INT. PETER COOPER VILLAGE - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

MARTY walks ahead of her, then whips around.

MARTY

I want to tell you something and it's not intended to be mean.

(beat)

I have a purpose. You don't. And if you think that's some kind of blessing it's not. It puts me at a huge life disadvantage. It means I have an obligation to see a very specific thing through...and with that obligation comes sacrifice.

(beat)

My life is the product of the choices I've been forced to make to see this specific thing through. Yours is the result of, what?, just making it up as you go along? That's how you are. It's not how I am.

RACHEL nods, a hangdog expression on her face.

MARTY (CONT'D)

You're responsible for the shitty choices you've made. You can't pawn them off onto me.

RACHEL

I understand.

MARTY

How much you make a year at the pet store?

RACHEL

Uh, about twelve hundred dollars.

MARTY

Well in case you've forgotten, I have a *week* to make *fifteen hundred dollars* and that doesn't even include airfare...I need to focus right now. I can't have any distractions.

RACHEL

I'm really sorry.

MARTY

It goes without saying that I'm in no position to settle down. If you're really serious about leaving your husband, I'm not gonna abandon you. We'll do the research, find you a maternity home, they'll take you in, take care of all the hospital shit, ensure the baby gets placed in a good family-

RACHEL shakes her head no.

MARTY (CONT'D)

No?

RACHEL

(quietly)

No.

MARTY

Just go home, Rachel.

RACHEL

But...what am I gonna say?

MARTY starts heading towards the door.

MARTY

You'll figure it out. Seriously, go home.

MARTY exits the building. Hold on RACHEL's face.

INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - LOWER EAST SIDE - AFTER

RACHEL enters her apartment. She crosses through the darkness to the bedroom, where she sees IRA asleep on the bed. She approaches, stands over him. His eyes closed. His face bruised and swollen.

RACHEL

Ira...Ira...

A pause.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Ira. Wake up.

He opens his eyes, the rest of his body remaining entirely still.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
It's not your baby.

IRA stares blankly.

[Cue New Order's 'Perfect Kiss']

INT. LAWRENCE'S PING PONG PARLOR - NIGHT

MARTY plays table tennis with great ferocity. SMASH after SMASH after SMASH.

INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

IRA is in a blind rage. He pulls down a shelf. Picks up a sewing machine, throws it, blowing a hole in the wall.

INT. LAWRENCE'S PING PONG PARLOR - NIGHT

MARTY -- drenched in sweat -- practices his defense with a series of relentless, almost mechanized undercuts. Camera zooms into an extreme close-up of his eyes.

INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - DAWN

IRA rages, spewing invectives about Marty and Rachel. He dumps a dresser drawer full of women's clothing onto a piece of open luggage on the bed. He slams the luggage shut and carries it to the front door to throw it into the hall. When he opens it, a group of concerned neighbors are waiting out in the hall, including JUDY and Marty's MOM.

IRA
What!?

JUDY
(angry)
What's going on in here? Do we need to call the police?

IRA notices MOM.

IRA
(yelling back into the apartment, sarcastic)
Rachel! Its your new mother-in-law.
(to MOM)
Congratulations, Mrs. Mauser.
You're gonna be a grandmother.

MOM
 (very confused)
 What!?!

IRA tosses the luggage into the hall.

IRA
 Here. She's your problem now.

RACHEL rushes to the door, supremely embarrassed.

RACHEL
 I'm sorry. We'll keep it down.

MOM
 Do you need help?

RACHEL
 I'm fine. I promise.

RACHEL closes the door on her/them.

INT. LAWRENCE'S PING PONG PARLOR - DAWN

LAWRENCE says goodbye and leaves. Tracking shot with MARTY in profile as he moves to the cage and flips off the lights one at a time. The house goes dark. We continue to track with MARTY in silhouette as he makes his way to Lawrence's office. He plops down on the couch and stares at a large cut-out standee of himself leaning against the wall behind Lawrence's desk. It says, "Marty Mauser -- the pride of Lawrences".

[End of New Order cue]

EXT. SEWARD PARK - SOON AFTER

RACHEL stands in the middle of the crowded park, waiting. She spots two men -- MISHKIN and MITCH -- approaching. MISHKIN has his arm in a cast and sling.

MISHKIN
 You Rachel?

RACHEL
 You're Ezra?

MISHKIN
 Where is he?

RACHEL
 Give me the money and then I'll
 bring him out.

MISHKIN

I'm not starting with this again.

RACHEL

This is getting annoying. I can just walk away right now, you know?

MISHKIN

Either you show me the dog or we're going to have a problem-

RACHEL

Just so you know, I'm not alone.

MISHKIN

Is that right?

RACHEL

Yes. I have people watching.

MISHKIN

I don't give a shit who's watching. You're not getting a penny till I see my dog.

RACHEL pulls the collar from her bag and shows it to MISHKIN.

RACHEL

He's literally across the street. Like I said, I'm just looking to be paid for my time and effort.

MISHKIN reaches into his breast pocket and pulls out an envelope. He opens it, exposing a stack of cash.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Hang on.

They follow her to a payphone. She drops a nickel in and dials. MISHKIN watches her closely.

BARTENDER [PHONE]

Blarney Stone.

RACHEL

Hi, it's me.

BARTENDER [PHONE]

Who's me?

RACHEL

You can bring the dog out now.

BARTENDER [PHONE]
 Yeah, what happened? You said you'd
 be right back. The dog pissed all
 over the floor-

RACHEL
 Great. Walk him outside, we're
 ready.

BARTENDER [PHONE]
 I'm working. I can't just step-

She hangs up.

RACHEL
 Ok, look over there, to the Blarney
 Stone.

They all look over to a bar across the street.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
 Give it a second.

A BARTENDER exits the bar with a German Shepherd on a leash.
 He looks to his left and right, clearly annoyed.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
 There he is. He'll hand you the dog
 once I call and say we're all
 squared up.

MISHKIN
 Fuck you.

MISHKIN storms off. MITCH follows.

RACHEL
 Hey! HEY!... What about my money???

RACHEL chases after them.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
 GIMME MY MONEY!

They ignore her, picking up speed.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
 STOP!! THIEF!! THOSE TWO GUYS STOLE
 MY PURSE!!

People in the park turn their heads.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
 SOMEBODY! HELP ME!

A concerned BYSTANDER gets in MISHKIN's way.

BYSTANDER

Stop!

MISHKIN steamrolls past him. The BYSTANDER grabs MITCH and throws him to the ground.

MITCH

HEY!

The BYSTANDER presses his knee against MITCH's chest.

MITCH (CONT'D)

GET THE HELL OFFA ME!

BYSTANDER

You wanna steal from a pregnant woman, huh?!

MITCH

She's lying! She took my friend's dog.

BYSTANDER

SOMEONE CALL THE POLICE!

RACHEL stands frozen. A concerned citizen runs to the payphone. She sees MISHKIN nearing the edge of the park, almost at the dog. She turns around, heading off in the opposite direction.

BYSTANDER (CONT'D)

Lady! It's ok, come back!

MITCH pulls out a gun. The BYSTANDER immediately backs away. MITCH gets up, catches up with RACHEL. He grabs her by the collar, ripping her dress, exposing her pregnant belly. BYSTANDERS pause in fear, MITCH points his gun in their direction.

MITCH

Stay back!

EXT. EDGE OF PARK - SAME TIME

Tracking shot with MISHKIN as he races towards MOSES. The BARTENDER, seeing his angry expression, backs up.

BARTENDER

Whoa whoah-

MISHKIN realizes immediately that the dog is not MOSES.

MISHKIN

What the fuck is this?!

He grabs the BARTENDER by the throat.

MISHKIN (CONT'D)

Answer me!

The BARTENDER drops the leash. The dog runs into traffic. The BARTENDER flails his arms, punches MISHKIN in the head. MISHKIN pulls out a knife and stabs him.

INT. MOROSCO THEATER - DRESSING ROOM - DAY

KAY is seated in front of her dressing room mirror signing thank you notes to cast and crew. There's a knock at the door.

KAY

Yes, what is it?

The door opens. It's MARTY.

KAY (CONT'D)

(coldly)

What are you doing here?

MARTY

It's 12:30. I was wondering if maybe you wanted to take lunch?

KAY

Out of the question, we open tonight.

MARTY

Oh. Well, I was hoping you could maybe steal away for an hour.

KAY

No.

MARTY

Can I step in for a second then? I wanted to talk to you about something.

KAY

I'm very busy.

MARTY

It'll just take a second.

MARTY closes the door behind him. She's annoyed. He grows visibly awkward.

MARTY (CONT'D)
Um....I feel kind of nervous
talking about this-

KAY
(impatiently)
What!?

MARTY
Alright...

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out the necklace.

MARTY (CONT'D)
I stole this from you, ok, and I
want to return it.

Kay stares incredulously at the necklace.

MARTY (CONT'D)
My plan was to sell it and never
see you again...but I can't stop
thinking about you. And I can't-

KAY starts laughing snidely.

MARTY (CONT'D)
What?

KAY
You're aware that's costume
jewelry, right?

MARTY
(feigning surprise)
Costume jewelry?

KAY
Yeah, from the production.

A beat.

MARTY
(closing eyes)
I'm such an idiot.

KAY
What happened to doing it all on
your own, huh?

MARTY

(deliberately avoiding eye
contact)

I know. I'm completely full of
shit. I was in a tight spot, and I
needed some money, and it was
wrong. I'm flat broke, I have the
World Championship in a week, I
have no way to get there, I got no
resources, no options. I got no one
looking out for me, Kay.

(beat)

Which isn't your problem. Which is
why I'm returning it.

A beat.

KAY

You know what I think?

MARTY

What?

KAY

I think you came here looking for a
hand out.

MARTY

What? No!

KAY

Stop. I think you went to sell it
and discovered it was junk. And now
you've come here with some
ridiculous strategy to get me to
have some sympathy and open my
wallet.

MARTY

You think I would insult your
intelligence like that?

KAY

You're not gonna stop? You're gonna
keep going?

MARTY

Stop what? I'm just being myself.

KAY

You're being yourself!?!

MARTY

I'm telling you the truth. I stole from you and I feel bad about it-

KAY

You're wasting your energy. I don't care. I would've stolen from me too.

MERLE -- her publicist -- knocks and enters simultaneously.

MERLE

Kay- Oh, I'm sorry, I'm interrupting something.

KAY

He was just leaving. This is Martin, my friend Carol's son. This is Merle, my publicist.

MERLE

Hello.

KAY

Martin wants to be an actor. Unfortunately he's not very good.

MERLE

(to MARTY)

Well, Broadway needs ushers too.

KAY

What's going on with the seating?

MERLE

It's taken care of. Milton is sending all of his employees, it's like a company mandate.

KAY

And that's supposed to make me feel good?

MERLE

Honey, it's going to be a full house. Isn't that the point?

KAY

Yeah, full of boring morons.

MERLE

Well, no. Fred Astaire is coming. And you got-

MARTY

Uh, I should get out of your hair.

KAY

Merle, make sure he has a seat for tonight.

MARTY

Really?

KAY

Sure.

MERLE

Oh, you are in for such a treat, young man! When you see this lady perform, you're gonna feel like you got your cock sucked off by an industrial vacuum cleaner.

KAY bursts out laughing.

KAY

Merle!

INT. MOROSCO THEATER - BOX OFFICE - SHOWTIME

C.U. an envelope labeled 'Marty Mauser' is passed through the slot. He opens the envelope. Inside is a single ticket and a note that reads: "*Marty, Meet me in Central Park, across 960 Fifth Ave, at midnight. Kay*"

INT. MOROSCO THEATER - SOON

MARTY is seated near the back of the house, amongst a group of ROCKWELL EMPLOYEES. Others in the section have taken note of FRED ASTAIRE, who is being led by an usher from a door by the side of the stage.

ROCKWELL EMPLOYEE

I wonder how much he got paid to attend.

MARTY looks over, sees ASTAIRE, then notices MILTON walking right behind him. MARTY watches MILTON take his seat.

The lights begin to dim, the house quiets. The curtain rises on the front exterior of a weed-covered two-story frame house. The paint is peeling and faded, revealing the weather-beaten wood beneath. The porch is sagging under the weight of time, and the railing is loose, with missing spindles. Silence, and then...

TROY (OFF STAGE)
TAKE YOUR STINKIN' SEATS!

A chair comes flying onto the stage from a second story window, crashing to the floor and breaking. KAY comes running out onto the porch in a rage.

KAY (FROM STAGE)
Have you lost your damn mind!? We
do not throw things in this house!

The audience applauds her entrance. KAY looks energized, alive. TROY appears on the 2nd floor balcony.

TROY
(dripping with sarcasm)
Oh, I was just practicing my aim,
mama. You always said I should
shoot for the stars.

MARTY watches, transfixed.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - JUST PAST MIDNIGHT

Tracking shot. KAY approaches MARTY, who is waiting by a park bench. She pulls him by the hand to an archway tunnel, enveloping them in darkness. She kisses him, wrapping her tongue around his.

KAY
I have something for you.

KAY pulls an expensive diamond necklace out from her pocket.

KAY (CONT'D)
Turn around.

MARTY
What's this?

KAY clasps the necklace around his neck.

KAY
Every year my husband gets me a
piece of jewelry for our
anniversary, from Van Cleef,
Cartier...I have 25 of them, one
for each year of misery.

MARTY looks down at the diamonds glinting in the moonlight.

KAY (CONT'D)

That should cover your trip and then some.

MARTY

I don't know what to say.

KAY

Shut up. Wearing them makes me feel like shit.

MARTY pushes her against the wall of the tunnel and starts kissing her lips, then down to her neck and upper chest. KAY looks over to her left and sees a man walking a dog.

KAY (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Stop, stop.

EXT. GREAT LAWN - SOON

KAY and MARTY fall down onto the grass, kissing. She pushes MARTY's head down between her legs, hiking up her skirt. MARTY starts rubbing the bridge of his nose against her. KAY grits her teeth. Her back arches. A PATROLMAN suddenly shines a flashlight over the field.

KAY

(whispering)

Shit shit shit.

MARTY

(whispering)

Lay still. Don't move.

The beam of light passes over them, MARTY's face still pressed between her legs. The beam of light returns and holds on them.

PATROLMAN 1

STAND UP!...I SEE YOU!

MARTY

(whispering)

On the count of 3, we get up and run.

KAY

I can't do that-

PATROLMAN 1

I SAID STAND UP!

MARTY

1...2...3.

They both spring up, MARTY pulls KAY by the hand. PATROLMAN 1 blows his whistle. PATROLMAN 2 appears from the opposite direction and reaches them quickly.

PATROLMAN 2

Put your hands where I can see 'em.

MARTY

Oh come on.

KAY

What??? No, no, no. We-

PATROLMAN 2

Ma'am. Turn around.

KAY grows incredibly flustered, turns around.

MARTY

It's not what you think. She lost an earring in the grass.

PATROLMAN 1 arrives.

KAY

Officer, he was just helping me find my earring. Maybe we can use your flashlight?

PATROLMAN 1

I see two earrings in your ears.

KAY

No, no, not this one- There was another earring, from before.

MARTY

This was another pair of earrings from earlier in the day.

PATROLMAN 1

Holy crap. I know you. You're Kay Stone.

KAY

Oh my god. This is not happening.

PATROLMAN 1

I know exactly who you are.

PATROLMAN 2 puts MARTY in handcuffs.

MARTY

Oh come on. Are you serious?!

PATROLMAN 2 takes out another set of cuffs. KAY grows hysterical.

KAY

Please! Just let me go home. It'll never happen again, I promise.

PATROLMAN 2

It doesn't work that way, ma'am.

KAY

I'll grab my wallet, and get you some cash. For putting you out.

MARTY

Please Officer. She's gonna go home and get you cash!

KAY

I'll come right back. You have my word.

The PATROLMEN exchange glances.

PATROLMAN 2

(to MARTY)

You got ID?

MARTY

No.

PATROLMAN 1 pats him down, notices the necklace.

PATROLMAN 1

Oh wow. Look at this. That's a really nice necklace.

KAY

Take it! It's yours!

EXT. FIFTH AVENUE - SOON

KAY and MARTY rush down the block, the necklace no longer around his neck.

MARTY

Uh, do you think you can go grab me another necklace?

KAY

Are you serious? I can't even
believe this.

MARTY

You said they mean nothing to you.
It'll just take you a couple
minutes.

KAY

I've been gone for more than half'n
hour. I can't go up and come right
back down.

MARTY

But you offered to do that for the
cops.

KAY

People are wondering where I've- My
mother is up there!

MARTY

What if I come up and wait in the
hall?

KAY

Do *not* do that! You hear me?!
(turning to reflection)
Jesus, my hair.

MARTY

Hold on...
(he smooths her hair,
removes grass from it)
There. You look fine.
(beat)
Please. You have 25 of 'em.

KAY

Goddammit. Fine. Just wait here. Do
not come up.

Tracking shot with KAY. She passes the entrance to the lobby
and heads to the service entrance instead. A uniformed member
of the the kitchen staff is having a cigarette out front.

KAY (CONT'D)

Do not smoke in front of the
building.

She enters.

INT. 870 FIFTH AVENUE - MOMENTS LATER

KAY passes through the staff quarters and into the party. The place is packed, filled with live music, loud drunken conversation, etc. MILTON approaches, annoyed.

MILTON

Where on earth have you been?
Everyone's looking for you.

KAY

I was taking a moment for myself. I didn't realize I needed a permission slip.

MILTON

I put this whole thing on for you and you're making me look like an idiot.

KAY

Oh gawd.

MILTON

Merle is on the phone with the New York Times. A printer is going to read him the review.

KAY spies MERLE across the room waving her over excitedly. Her whole face lights up. She runs across the room to him and presses her ear up to the phone receiver.

EXT. 870 FIFTH AVENUE - AFTER

MARTY looks at his watch. KAY has not come down and he has grown impatient. He paces in front of the building. A pack of PARTYGOERS approach. MARTY blends in with them as they enter the lobby.

INT. 870 FIFTH AVENUE - 2ND FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

MARTY ascends a wide marble stairwell with the group. A large group of EXITING PARTYGOERS are coming down the stairs from the opposite direction.

EXITING PARTYGOER

Party's over.

PARTYGOER

What?! We just got here.

EXITING PARTYGOER
We're being asked to leave.

MARTY worms his way past them, continuing up the stairs to the next landing.

The party is thinning out, people finding their coats, waiting to use the bathroom, etc. The whole vibe is muted, not festive.

MARTY cautiously wanders down a hall. He passes a band packing up their instruments. He turns down another hallway, sees MILTON seated in a large den.

He avoids detection and takes the stairs another flight up.

INT. 870 FIFTH AVENUE - 3RD FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

At the next landing, he hears a muffled din of voices emanating from behind a closed door. He approaches and knocks. A high society WOMAN answers.

MARTY
Hey, um, is Kay in there?

WOMAN
This is not a good time.

MARTY
Can I just speak to her? Tell her-

WOMAN
I said this isn't a good time.

She closes the door. MARTY arches his neck and catches a glimpse of KAY -- crying hysterically -- as the door shuts on him.

MARTY stands in a state of utter desolation. Finally, he turns around, descends the stairs...

INT. 870 FIFTH AVENUE - 2RD FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

...and walks into the den. MILTON is seated with a group of well-groomed middle aged men, conversing, eating, drinking whiskey. The vibe is jocular, relaxed -- a stark contrast to the dour mood coating the rest of the apartment.

MARTY
Excuse me.

MILTON turns around.

MILTON

Oh you gotta be kidding me.

MARTY

I'm sorry to disturb you-

MILTON

How did you get in my house?

MARTY

(totally denuded)

Please give me another chance, Mr. Rockwell. I am on my hands and knees. I need a ride to Japan and I need 1500 dollars so that I can compete in the Championship. I need this job very badly. I am begging you. I will work for you. I will lose. I will work under you without any personal point of view apart from making your event a success.

MILTON shakes his head.

MILTON

We don't get second chances in life, Marty. I offered you the job and you said no.

MARTY

I was impulsive. I realize that.

MILTON

And?

MARTY

And I copped an attitude with you. I was rude. And over-confident-

MILTON

And?

MARTY

And it won't happen again! Please just give me another chance, Mr. Rockwell.

A beat.

MILTON

What do you guy's think? Should I give the little shit another chance?

His friend's look highly amused. MARTY gets down on his knees in total supplication.

MARTY

Please! I'm throwing myself at your mercy. I am humbling myself-

MILTON

You're making me sick! Stand up.

MARTY quickly gets up.

MARTY

I'm begging you. I'll do anything.

A beat.

MILTON

Anything?

MARTY

Anything!

MILTON

Ok. Go to my study, two doors down on your right. There's some promotional samples on my desk. Grab the paddle.

INT. 870 FIFTH AVENUE - STUDY - MOMENTS LATER

MARTY enters the study and heads to the desk. He picks up a sponge racket with the Rockwell Ink logo screen-printed on it.

168A INT. 870 FIFTH AVENUE - DEN - MOMENTS LATER

168A

MARTY re-enters the den with the paddle. MILTON is now standing. The others look like they're fighting to stifle laughter.

MILTON

Ah Marty, gimme the paddle.

MARTY hands it to him. MILTON examines it admiringly.

MILTON (CONT'D)

Ok, so here's what I want you to do. I want you to bend over that chair and drop your pants.

The men laugh.

MARTY

For real?

MILTON

You've been a really a bad boy and now you're going to get a spanking.

MARTY looks at the other men, then to MILTON.

MARTY

Oh come on.

MILTON

You want to get to Japan don't you?

MARTY

Yes but-

MILTON

Well, that's what it's going to take.

A beat. MARTY processes.

MARTY

So to be clear, you're going to bring me to Japan and then compensate me.

MILTON

Correct. We leave from Laguardia at 8am.

MARTY

Uh, do I need a ticket?

MILTON

It's *my* plane.

MARTY

And how do I know you're going to honor this?

MILTON

You don't. You have no power here.

MARTY turns around, unbuckles his pants, peels back his underwear enough to expose his ass, then steadies himself by placing his palms against the wall.

MARTY

Ok. I'm ready.

MILTON
I'll go first.

MARTY
(losing his cool)
First!?!)

MILTON
I'm kidding.

MILTON winds up, playfully, prolonging the moment. MARTY braces himself. All the 'fun' suddenly drains from MILTON's face.

MILTON (CONT'D)
This one's for my son.

He strikes MARTY's ass as hard as he possibly can.

INT. SUBWAY - AFTER

A numb MARTY leans against the window of the subway car -- light flitting past him as he sinks deeper into dejection.

INT. LAWRENCE'S PING PONG PARLOR - LATERN

MARTY enters the parlor and approaches LAWRENCE in the cage.

MARTY
Hey.

LAWRENCE
Marty! There's a guy on 10 who's looking for a lesson if you're interested.

MARTY
Nah, I'm actually hoping I can take over the office and crash. I gotta flight in the morning.

LAWRENCE
Flight?

MARTY
Yeah, I take off for Japan at 8.

LAWRENCE
You're going?! That's fantastic!

MARTY
Yeah.

LAWRENCE
You don't seem excited?

MARTY
No, it's good. I'm good.

LAWRENCE
Oh, by the way, Wally's looking for you.

MARTY
(lighting up)
He's here?

MARTY scans the room, sees WALLY playing near the back of the parlor. He's suddenly interrupted by MISHKIN and MITCH.

MISHKIN
(dead calm)
Hey. How you doing?

MARTY rolls with it.

MARTY
Oh wow. It's so nice to see you.
You know, I've been trying to get
in touch with you

MISHKIN
Oh yeah?

MARTY
Yeah. I was wondering how your
dog's doing. By the time I dropped
him at the vet his breathing was a
lot better.

MISHKIN
How bout we just cut the bullshit.

MARTY
What do you mean? I was honestly
concerned.

MISHKIN
Listen, I got your girl waiting
downstairs in the car-

MARTY
Who?...Rachel?!

MISHKIN
She says my dog's out in Jersey and
that you know the address.

MARTY

Alright. I can explain.

MISHKIN

You can do it on the ride out.
We're going. Now.

MARTY, processing, looks over to WALLY, still playing.

MARTY

Alright. Just gimme a second. I
need to say a quick something to my
friend.

MISHKIN

(oddly calm)
Sure, go ahead.

MARTY

Uh, thanks. I'll be right back.

MISHKIN

Oh, I'm not gonna be here.

MARTY

What do you mean?

MISHKIN

I'll be down at the car, taking a
hammer to your girl's stomach.

A pause. WALLY happens to turn around, notices MARTY.

WALLY

YO! MOUSE!

MARTY holds eye contact, gives him a half smile.

MISHKIN

Come on. Let's go.

MISHKIN and MITCH lead MARTY out of the parlor. WALLY watches
them go, confused.

INT. NASH AMBASSADOR - CRANBURY, NJ - LATER

MISHKIN's car drives along a dark rural road. REUBEN drives.
MISHKIN sits in the passenger seat. MARTY and RACHEL exchange
glances, crammed in the back with MITCH. RACHEL looks both
frightened and ashamed. The mood in the car is quiet, tense.
Noticing the gas station up ahead, MARTY leans up to the
front.

MARTY

Ok, that's it. It's gonna be the first left after the station.

The car drives past the gas station and turns down the private road to the farmhouse. It pulls up to THE house and stops. MISHKIN and MITCH get out of the car.

MISHKIN

Come on. Let's go.

MARTY steps out.

MISHKIN (CONT'D)

Reuben, you wait in the car.

MARTY and MISHKIN, MITCH head towards the house, leaving RACHEL inside with REUBEN.

REUBEN

Sit tight.

EXT. HOFF'S FARM - CONTINUOUS

Everything is quiet, no lights on. They step up onto the damaged porch.

MISHKIN

Go on. Knock.

MARTY steps forward and knocks on the door. Barking immediately becomes audible from inside the house. MISHKIN lights up.

MISHKIN (CONT'D)

That's my dog!

MARTY

See? I told you.

MISHKIN

Knock louder.

MARTY knocks again.

INT. NASH AMBASSADOR - CRANBURY, NJ - CONTINUOUS

RACHEL watches from the back seat.

REUBEN

(to himself)

I hate that fuckin' mutt.

EXT. HOFF'S FARM - CONTINUOUS

MISHKIN, agitated, rushes to the door and knocks himself.

MISHKIN
OPEN UP!!!

The barking gets louder. MITCH walks to a front window and peers into the house.

MISHKIN (CONT'D)
You see anything?

MITCH
Nah.

A rifle shot suddenly shatters the glass, hitting MITCH in the face. MOSES starts barking like crazy. MARTY falls to the ground covering his head. MISHKIN pulls a gun from his belt and, crouching, pulls MITCH's body away from the window.

MISHKIN
REUBEN!!!

More rifle shots from inside the house. The front window of the Ambassador shatters. RACHEL screams.

MISHKIN stands next to the window, extending his arm and shooting blindly into it. A shot from inside blasts through the frame of the house, blowing a chunk out of the wood and striking MISHKIN in the chest.

MARTY makes a run for the car. He opens the back passenger door. RACHEL is lying flat, her blouse shredded, shoulder stained red from a gnarly open wound. REUBEN is slumped at the wheel, choking on blood. She's in shock, a crazed expression on her face.

MARTY
(in a panic)
Oh my god, oh my god. Rachel, are you ok? Say something!?

RACHEL
(gasping for air)
I'm bleeding, I'm bleeding.

MARTY
It's ok, it's ok.

RACHEL
Go get the money...It's in his pocket.

MARTY

Who?

RACHEL

(screaming)

THE MONEY! IT'S IN HIS INSIDE
POCKET!

MARTY quickly darts back to the porch. The shooting has stopped. MISHKIN is flat on his back, lying in a pool of blood.

MARTY starts rifling through MISHKIN's pockets, turning them inside out. He pulls the envelope from MISHKIN's coat pocket.

MISHKIN

(softly)

Motherfucker.

MARTY fans out the cash -- the majority of it is cut-out pages from a pornographic magazine.

He hears the sound of MOSES crying from inside the house. MARTY gets up and looks through the shattered window. He sees HOFF lying prostrate, with MOSES circling his body.

HOFF (O.S.)

(barely audible)

Help... me....

MARTY runs to the car and jumps in.

INT. NASH AMBASSADOR - CONTINUOUS

MARTY turns the engine and pulls out. RACHEL's breathing is short and labored.

RACHEL

You got it?

MARTY

Yeah, all good. Just stay still,
don't talk.

RACHEL

You can go now. You can go on your
trip.

MARTY

You did amazing. You're amazing.

INT. BELLEVUE HOSPITAL - ER - LATER

RACHEL is rushed on a gurney by a NURSE and an orderly. MARTY holds her hand.

NURSE
When's her due date?

MARTY
Uh, 4 weeks I think-

RACHEL
(in a panic)
Why!?! Is the baby ok!?!

NURSE
Everything is fine. Just relax.
(to MARTY)
You're the husband?

MARTY
Uh, I'm a friend.

They reach a set of double doors.

NURSE
Okay. Time to say goodbye.

RACHEL
No! Don't leave!

MARTY
They're saying I can't come-

NURSE
He'll be right outside.

RACHEL
(screaming)
MARTY!

MARTY lets go of her hand as she's wheeled away. RACHEL begins to hyperventilate. MARTY watches her recede down the hall.

NURSE (O.S.)
Deep breaths. Count to 4 on the way
in, hold for 4...

Push-in on MARTY's face.

INT. HANEDA AIRPORT - JAPAN - MORNING

A private plane with the Rockwell Ink logo emblazoned on its side gleams on the tarmac - polished aluminum catching the morning light.

The plane door swings open. A stewardess, crisp in her uniform, leans out, her smile practiced and precise.

STEWARDESS

Welcome to Japan, Mr. Rockwell.

MILTON steps out first and descends the mobile staircase. Behind him emerge a series of Rockwell executives.

MARTY appears next. He pauses at the top of the staircase, eyes wide. A smile spreads across his face - part awe, part disbelief.

Down below, a contingent of Japanese businessmen, aides and translators wait in neat formation, bowing as the Americans descend.

They usher MARTY and the rest of the group to a convoy of sedans.

EXT. JAPANESE COUNTRYSIDE - SOON

The convoy drives through a rural area, about an hour outside of Tokyo. Modest wooden houses sit close to the road - sloped tile roofs, smoke drifting from low stone chimneys. A few villagers pause in doorways to watch the cars pass.

Americanized Japanese big-band music creeps into the soundtrack...

EXT. UENO PARK AMPHITHEATER - DAY

An 8-piece jazz band plays at the side of a clamshell in the Ueno Park Amphitheater.

The bleachers are packed with hundreds of Japanese spectators. Rockwell Ink banners and signage are strung everywhere, as well as giant murals of Koto Endo.

The perimeter of the venue is lined with booths handing out Rockwell t-shirts, novelty paddles, and offering demonstrations of the Rockwell Roller ballpoint pen.

On the stage sits a single ping pong table. ENDO stands next to it, in the midst of having his picture taken with a Japanese teenager in front of a Rockwell Roller display.

A huge banner hanging over them reads, "WIN A POINT, WIN A PEN" -- in both Japanese and English.

A new challenger steps onto the stage. ENDO serves. The ball bounces off the opponent's racket at a perplexing angle. Point lost. The crowd responds with a mixture of laughter and awe. A ballboy retrieves the ball. The challenger bows. The photographer takes their picture.

The next challenger approaches the table.

INT. UENO PARK AMPHITHEATER - LEFT OF STAGE

MARTY is 10th in line, a hat pulled down low over his brow to hide his identity. He looks towards the stage and watches another challenger lose a point.

To his right he sees an entire section devoted to the press -- photographers, cameramen, reporters. Nearby, sits a large group of uniformed American G.I.s. A decorated U.S. GENERAL is speaking with MILTON.

A humiliating mural of MARTY losing in London, his head in his hands, hangs nearby. MARTY stares at it.

A Japanese SHOW WORKER approaches and quietly addresses him.

SHOW WORKER

(in broken English)

Mr. Rockwell does not want to begin yet. He asks that you please go to the back of the line.

MARTY

How much longer is this gonna be?

SHOW WORKER

Mr. Rockwell says the back of the line.

We track with MARTY to the end of a very long line of contestants. The line peters out by an alley of concession stands. He spies an official IATT booth, and then sees RAM SETHI carrying a plate of food to a nearby table.

EXT. UENO PARK AMPHITHEATER - CONCESSION STANDS - SOON

MARTY approaches SETHI, now seated at a table with a group of IATT officials.

MARTY

Mr. Sethi.

SETHI looks up, his expression hardening on sight.

MARTY (CONT'D)

It's me. Marty.

(lifts hat up slightly to
expose his face)

I'm so happy to see you here. I'm
surprised actually.

SETHI

(unmoved)

And why would that be?

MARTY

I don't know. I-

SETHI

You realize we do have a tournament
to promote.

MARTY

Right, no, of course. That makes
sense.

(gingerly)

So, uh, then you know of my
involvement in today's event?

SETHI

(matter of fact)

I do.

MARTY

Oh, great. Just so you know, I'm
only doing this to pay off my fine.
In fact, I was planning on coming
to see you first thing tomorrow to
do exactly that.

SETHI

I'm happy to hear it.

A beat. It's hard to read SETHI's disposition.

MARTY

Listen, I owe you an apology.

SETHI just stares.

MARTY (CONT'D)

I acted like a jackass in London. I
realize that, it was wrong of me.
You had every right to take
offense.

SETHI

There is such a thing as a code of courtesy, Mr. Mauser.

MARTY

I know. It's just...I don't get government assistance like the other players. It's every man for himself where I come from, and that does something to a person. It creates a whole mindset, it's almost like I don't have control-

SETHI

I'm really not interested in excuses.

MARTY

It's not an excuse. My point is, I'm going to pay off my fine and proceed with a much better attitude. That's a promise.

(beat)

In fact, if you see me being rude up there today, just know, this all scripted, I'm gonna lose 21-14. It's theater. So don't judge. You'll be seeing the real me, the polite me, next week.

SETHI

(confused)

Next week?

MARTY

Yeah, at the Championship.

SETHI

You're not participating in the Championship.

MARTY

What?

SETHI

I said you're not competing this year.

MARTY

Uh, I'm confused. I'm going to have the money. That's why I'm doing the event. Come, let's go find Mr. Rockwell. You'll hear it straight from his mouth.

SETHI

The tournament is less than two weeks away. The bracketing has already been set.

MARTY

So we'll redo the bracketing. There's plenty of time.

SETHI

I'm *not* about to pull apart the entire schedule for the benefit of one entitled American.

MARTY

(pleading)

Mr. Sethi. Look at me. I'm here! I came all this way! I'm in Japan! I don't think you realize how difficult that was.

SETHI

You haven't come far enough I'm afraid.

MARTY cannot believe what he's hearing.

MARTY

What?

SETHI

You have wasted your time.

MARTY

Why are you doing this me?

SETHI looks over to his associates, then back.

SETHI

Because I don't like you.

EXT. UENO PARK AMPHITHEATER - BY THE STAGE - AFTER

MARTY, lost in pensive thought, is now next in line. On the stage a challenger loses a point to ENDO and gets his picture taken.

It's now MARTY's turn. He darts his eyes over to MILTON. MILTON nods.

MARTY walks to the center of the stage and braces himself. Suddenly, he pulls off his hat and tosses it into the crowd.

With big overblown gestures, he points to his image on the mural, and then to himself. Confusion begins to set in.

MILTON scans the amphitheater, watching the public as they begin to recognize MARTY -- "Marty Mauser-san" "Sore ga Amerika champion desu", etc. The ANNOUNCER introduces MARTY to the audience, who 'oos' and 'ahhs'. MARTY speaks into the microphone.

MARTY
(melodramatically)
It is I, Marty Mauser! I have
travelled a great many miles to the
land of Japan to challenge my
nemesis Endo!

The ANNOUNCER translates for the audience. They go wild. Photographers rush forward. Flash bulbs go off. ENDO waits for the fervor to die down and then says something in Japanese to the ANNOUNCER.

MARTY (CONT'D)
What's he saying?

ANNOUNCER
He wants to remind you that you
came here on your own volition. And
that you are interrupting the
event.

MARTY
Well tell him I'm not leaving until
he plays me.

MILTON smiles, enjoying the spectacle. The ANNOUNCER translates into the mic and confers with ENDO.

ANNOUNCER
(to MARTY, into mic)
He says he does not want to
embarrass you any further.

MARTY
Oh, I am beyond embarrassment.
(yelling to the crowd)
Listen everyone! Your hero is a
chicken!

MARTY starts clucking like a chicken, riling up the crowd. The ANNOUNCER communicates with ENDO.

MARTY (CONT'D)

And he's a fraud too! Take his
paddle away and you'd all be
winning pens!

A beat.

ANNOUNCER

Mr. Endo senshu agrees to the
match, on the condition that the
loser will kiss a pig in front of
the entire audience.

MARTY

(genuinely surprised)
A pig?

MARTY whips his head over to MILTON. MILTON sends him a shit-
eating grin.

ANNOUNCER

He says if you're going to act like
a pig, he will happily mate you
with one.

MARTY removes his jacket as the ANNOUNCER translates ENDO's
comments about the pig to the audience. The entire crowd
bursts into uproarious laughter.

EXT. UENO PARK AMPHITHEATER - LATER

A pack of kids rush through the concession booths and into
the amphitheater, where MARTY and ENDO are battling on the
stage. The place is packed. Spirits are high.

ENDO is up 19 - 14.

ENDO serves. MARTY counters with a short return. ENDO rushes
forward nearly hitting the table, pushing the ball back over
the net. MARTY feigns getting his foot caught in a mic cable
on the floor and loses the point.

MARTY

(acting the heel)
Who put this chord in the way,
huh!?! I could have broken my
ankle! Move this!

MILTON is taking great pleasure in MARTY's performance. The
scoreboard switches to 20 - 14. Game point.

ENDO serves with as much spin as he can muster. MARTY
counters with a swooping undercut.

The ball sails over the net by just a few centimeters. The entire crowd "oooh's." They rally back and forth. ENDO goads MARTY into a smash by lobbing the ball high. MARTY swings hard, overshoots, and misses the table by a foot.

The crowd jumps up onto their feet, erupting in applause. MILTON stands up and joins them. The G.I.s clap politely, unenthusiastically. Press rush onto the stage for photographs.

The ANNOUNCER declares ENDO the winner of the game and launches into a speech. The audience cheers loudly. MARTY approaches a SHOW WORKER who speaks English.

MARTY (CONT'D)
 (to SHOW WORKER)
 What's he saying?

SHOW WORKER
 He's giving cheers to our champion.

The ANNOUNCER keeps speaking.

SHOW WORKER (CONT'D)
 Now he is calling to the stage a special guest.

ANNOUNCER
 Ra-mu Se-ti kaitcho desu!

SHOW WORKER
 Mr. Ram Sethi.

MARTY watches SETHI enter from the side of the stage and take the microphone.

SETHI
 (in slow English)
 Good afternoon Tokyo. And thank you Mr. Rockwell for hosting such a fabulous event.

MILTON smiles and waves.

SETHI (CONT'D)
 Let's all give Mr. Endo another warm round of applause for allowing us all to observe his brilliance.

The ANNOUNCER quickly translates for the audience. The audience applauds.

SETHI (CONT'D)

Today's event is but a taste of what's to come at next week's World Championship, where some of the world's finest athletes will be competing against your home town hero, Koto Endo-san.

The ANNOUNCER translates. MARTY looks to ENDO, then to MILTON.

SETHI (CONT'D)

But let's not delay the ceremony any further. It's time to bring on Agu the pig and watch the American plant a kiss on him.

After a small drum roll, two farmers wheel out an enormous pig on a rolling platform. The crowd roars in delight. MARTY takes it all in, the tension on his face coiling tighter with every passing second, until...

MARTY

WAIT...WAIT...WAIT...

The ANNOUNCER pauses.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Tell Endo we should play a real game! Go ahead. Tell him I want to play a game that isn't a sham.

ENDO looks to the ANNOUNCER, who refuses to translate, then to MILTON, who looks supremely annoyed.

MARTY (CONT'D)

(turning to SHOW WORKER)

You! Tell the audience that that was staged. That I want to play him in a real game. Go, translate that.

The G.I.s near the front of the stage listen with interest. MILTON confers angrily with his executives.

SHOW WORKER 2

I'm sorry, I cannot do that for you.

MARTY turns directly to the audience.

MARTY

(yelling)

That entire game was staged! It was fake! A fake game!

(MORE)

MARTY (CONT'D)

Neither of us were playing to the best of our abilities! Who wants to see us play a real game!?!

(slowly)

A... REAL... GAME...

One of Milton's EXECUTIVES approaches the base of the stage.

EXECUTIVE

(loudly)

Ok, that's enough. There're a lot of people here that would still like a turn for a pen.

(to ANNOUNCER)

Let's move on. Someone tell him to move the show on.

An English-speaking Japanese man in the audience stands up and translates loudly for the crowd. Outrage begins to spread. They begin to chant for a real game.

Meanwhile, MARTY turns to ENDO.

MARTY

C'mon, you're gonna side with them? An American company selling their product on your back? Really? You want to be a mascot? We're not mascots, we're real athletes.

ENDO can't understand him. He beckons the SHOW WORKER over for translation. MARTY keeps speaking, looking directly into ENDO's eyes.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Look, I'm not going to be competing in the Championship. This is it for me. Please. It's a stupid pen event. It's shameful for both of us. Let's give it meaning. Let's really play. Please.

SHOW WORKER translates. The crowd continues to chant. ENDO and MARTY hold eye contact. ENDO acquiesces with a curt nod.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Yes? Yes. He says yes.

(turning to the crowd)

HE SAYS YES!

The crowd breaks into thunderous cheers. The ANNOUNCER turns towards MILTON, who has little choice but to reluctantly wave the game on.

MARTY takes off his jacket. The scoreboard is reset to 0 - 0.

ENDO picks up a ball and shuffles it in his hands under the table.

MARTY (CONT'D)
(pointing)
Left.

ENDO lifts up the ball in his right hand and throws it to MARTY.

MARTY (CONT'D)
No, no, no. I don't want charity.
Your serve.

ENDO serves. A hard fought point that Endo wins. 1 - 0. The crowd goes wild. ENDO tries a chop serve. MARTY chops back. MARTY goes for a kill, misjudges his strength and loses the point. 2 - 0. Again, the crowd erupts. A group of uniformed cheerleaders perform an elaborate clapping cheer in unison.

ENDO serves. MARTY pushes the serve back lightly. ENDO smashes to MARTY's forehand. MARTY tires ENDO out and crosses for a winner. 2 - 1. The audience falls quiet, save for the G.I.s, who cheer.

ENDO, upset with the loss, grows more focused. He serves. MARTY employs a different tactic, instead of attacking, he slice-chops a long sailing return. ENDO smashes. Again MARTY sails the ball back over with a slice-chop. They trade slices until MARTY flips to an offensive turn and wins the point. 2 - 2.

The G.I.s jump to their feet hollering "LET'S GO MARTY!" MILTON does not look happy.

EXT. UENO PARK AMPHITHEATER - LATER

It's standing room only now, people packed into the amphitheater like canned sardines.

The score is 17 - 17.

ENDO and MARTY are both drenched in sweat, stripped down to their undershirts. Tensions are high. MILTON watches with stoic intensity.

ENDO serves. MARTY pushes the serve back lightly. ENDO smashes to MARTY's forehand. MARTY takes a defensive approach, chopping and slicing, forcing ENDO into an error. He takes the point. 17 - 18. The crowd look dejected. MILTON gets up out of his seat.

ENDO takes a moment to consult with his coach. MARTY pulls his shirt up to his face and towels off with it, then heads to the side of the stage for a glass of water.

MILTON approaches him, squeezing past various attendants.

MILTON

Excuse me. Sumimasen. Sumimasen.

MARTY

You can save your breath. I already know I'm not getting paid.

MILTON

Yes, win or lose, you get nothing. And you can forget about getting a ride home on my plane.

MARTY

I'm not expecting a thing from you. So unless you're planning on shutting down the event, we have nothing to discuss.

MILTON

Oh yeah? It's really that straightforward, huh?

MARTY

To me it is.

MILTON

You know Marty, this is all fabulous. And fantastically entertaining...But you and I made an agreement. We have a contract. And we sealed it with a paddle.

MARTY

I really need to focus right now.

MILTON looks MARTY right in the eye. He speaks at a casual pace but with searing intensity.

MILTON

I have no interest in trying to control you. But it's important that you know the stakes here. I was born in 1601. I'm a vampire. I've met a lot of Marty Mauser's over the centuries. Some of them crossed me. They weren't straight, they weren't honest. And those are the one's that are still here.

(MORE)

MILTON (CONT'D)

They're not happy but they're still here. Do you understand what I'm saying?

Marty remains quiet. The conversation seems to be taking place on some very fine-tuned existential plane.

MILTON (CONT'D)

Well you should really think about it. Cause if you win, you're going to be here forever too. And you won't be happy, Marty. You won't ever be happy.

The cheerleaders clap for ENDO to return to the table. MILTON heads back to his seat.

The two players returns to the table and take a beat to center themselves. ENDO serves. They trade forehands. MARTY can't keep up. He faults into the net. 18 - 18.

MILTON takes his seat as the crowd roars around him.

ENDO serves to MARTY's backhand. MARTY chop-slices the ball, floating long towards the back causing ENDO to do the same. ENDO attacks. MARTY lobs to ENDO who smashes. MARTY smashes a counter court shot back, winning the point. 18 - 19.

MARTY

There we go!

ENDO serves with an expression carved from stone, every motion measured. After a long rally, ENDO wins, tying the game at 19 - 19. The crowd explodes. SETHI, standing among them, smiles to himself.

ENDO waits for the cheering to die before his next serve. They engage in a series of cross table shots. MARTY has ENDO running back and forth, it seems as though MARTY is in complete control until he faults and goes down. The crowd jumps to their feet. 20 - 19. Game point!

The crowd begins to chant ENDO's name. The synchronized clappers launch into a new cheer. MILTON just stares. ENDO serves. MARTY returns it with an offensive forehand. They trade forehands until one of ENDO's shots hits the net - the crowd gasps - the ball bounces short off the net and onto MARTY's side of the table. MARTY dives, reaches the ball just before it hits the floor. The ball just makes it onto ENDO's side and rolls out. MARTY's point. 20 - 20.

MARTY lets out a big scream and confidently runs his hands through his hair. The G.I.s let out a massive sigh of relief. The rest of the crowd falls silent.

The ANNOUNCER talks into the mic. The Rockwell EXECUTIVE translates for MILTON.

EXECUTIVE

Gotta win by two.

Service changes to MARTY. After another drawn out point. MARTY is able to endure and win it. The G.I.s jump to their feet! It's 20 - 21. Marty's first game point. He collects the ball and takes a moment to breathe.

MARTY looks to MILTON, then to SETHI. He approaches the table, readies himself. ENDO and MARTY exchange a long look.

MARTY serves a very complicated spin. ENDO's return looks long, but hits the end of the table, clipping it. MARTY is able to catch the ball and snake it back. It lands with such intense spin that it bounces in an unpredictable way. ENDO pushes the ball back lightly and the point regulates itself into a series of forehand and backhand chop exchanges. The two stay lockstep in a defensive position. Who's going to switch to offense first? MARTY makes his move and sends a forehand smash across the table. ENDO is just able to catch the ball, but places a perfect kill shot for MARTY. MARTY smashes.

MARTY has won the game, 20 - 22. He drops to the floor and covers his eyes with his hands. The G.I.s go absolutely ape. MILTON sits still as stone, his eyes smoldering. The energy in the rest of the amphitheater has completely drained out, replaced by palpable silence. The crowd looks utterly disconsolate.

MARTY stands up and approaches ENDO. ENDO puts out his hand, but MARTY pulls him in for a hug.

MARTY

Great game. Thank you. Best of luck at the Championship. I hope you win.

(to ANNOUNCER)

Tell him I said best of luck at the Championship.

MARTY, drenched in sweat, out of breath, turns to face the crowd. His eyes slowly glaze over, as if his life's dream is being washed off his face in real time.

The tinny buzz of an international ring tone rises on the soundtrack...

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Bellevue hospital.

MARTY (V.O.)

Hi, yes. I'm looking to be connected with a patient, Rachel Mizler? She might have already been discharged.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Do you know what floor she's on?

MARTY (V.O.)

Uh, she'd be in recovery, from surgery, wherever you keep patients like that.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Please hold.

EXT. YOKOTA AIR BASE - AIRFIELD - NIGHT

A U.S. Army jeep drives MARTY through a sprawling military base in the pouring rain. The jeep drives onto a tarmac, where a large transport aircraft is being readied for take-off.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Ok, it looks like she was was moved to the maternity floor last-

MARTY (V.O.)

Maternity floor!?! She's not due for weeks.

MARTY runs out of the jeep holding his luggage over his head to block the rain, and climbs onto the plane.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

I don't know the details-

MARTY (V.O.)

Is she ok!?! Did she have the baby!?

INT. DC-4 AIRPLANE - CONTINUOUS

MARTY steps aboard and takes a seat. The cabin is packed with uniformed soldiers and other military personnel. Spirits are extremely high -- these men are returning home after years of foreign service.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

This is all the information that I have, that she was rushed to the-

MARTY (V.O.)
Rushed!?! I thought you said
"moved"!?!

OPERATOR (V.O.)
(tersely)
Will you calm down.

MARTY (V.O.)
Just put me through to the
maternity ward please.

INT. STEWART AIR NATIONAL GUARD BASE - HUDSON, NY - DAY

MARTY walks briskly through the terminal, passing soldiers as they reunite with their wives and families.

INT. BELLEVUE HOSPITAL - MATERNITY WARD - SOON

MARTY runs out of the elevator and past the NURSE's station.

NURSE
Excuse me, sir. You need to sign in-

MARTY
(not stopping)
It's ok, I'm the father.

MARTY rushes down the hallway, scanning the room numbers. In a waiting area down the hall he sees his MOM seated with members of Rachel's family. They turn towards him, none of them looking happy to see him. MARTY gives MOM a curt nod and continues down the hall. He finds room 613 and bursts in.

INT. MATERNITY WARD - ROOM 613 - CONTINUOUS

The room is crowded with beds occupied by women in postpartum recovery. He sees RACHEL -- sound asleep on the other side of the room -- and closes the door behind him. It's an oddly anticlimactic moment.

He quietly approaches RACHEL's bed. Her hair is a greasy tangled mess, dark circles under her eyes, her lower lip hanging slack. He gently cups his hands to her forehead, leans down and kisses it. She stirs ever-so-slightly, letting out a soft unintelligible mumble. Her eyes open...

MARTY
Shhh...shhhh...Rest...I'm here. I'm
not going anywhere.

...and then close. MARTY stares down at her placid face.

INT. MATERNITY WARD - NURSERY - SOON

MARTY approaches the nursery windows. He stops and scans the babies in their respective bassinets. He finds the one marked "Mizler".

A NURSE is stationed on the other side of the glass. MARTY knocks on the window and points to the baby. She wheels the bassinet up close.

MARTY stares at the baby. It stretches one arm out as the opposite arm bends up at the elbow. It lets out a tiny, painless cry. MARTY suddenly bursts into tears, sobbing uncontrollably, like a dam has broken.

[Cue Tears For Fears' 'Everybody Wants to Rule The World']

THE END