

DUPLEX

by

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OPEN ON

A beautiful, old white house.

NARRATOR

For about \$300,000, you could live here.

We pan across appropriate beauty shots of the house and its grounds.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Built in 1852, this four-bedroom home sits on sixteen wooded acres. It's located just outside

COLON, MICHIGAN

A sign featuring a top hat at the legend, "Magic Capital of the World."

A photo of the very small town with a pick-up driving through it.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Colon, Michigan...

SHOTS OF ENDLESS CORNFIELDS

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Colon is within easy commuting distance of...

COLDWATER, MICHIGAN

A slightly larger of the same small town.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Coldwater, Michigan, which has a bank.

MAP OF THE UNITED STATES

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

If you willing to live a little farther off the beaten track ...

QUICKLY PAN DOWN the map, out of the United States and down, down, to

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

In El Salvador...

EL SALVADOR

(CONTINUED)

Stock non-beauty shots of El Salvador today.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
Which isn't really that war-torn
anymore... Your \$300,000 American
dollars will buy you this...

SPANISH VILLA

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
Ten bedroom villa, complete with
servants and full armed guards.

1950S MANHATTAN

Stock footage/stills from the 50s, featuring crowded
sidewalks.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
But if you're like the millions...

1960S, 1970S AND 1980S MANHATTAN

Stock footage/stills, featuring changing fashions on crowded
sidewalks.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
And millions...

*

MANHATTAN TODAY

Stock footage/stills, featuring crowded sidewalks.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
And millions of people who want to
live on the tiny island of
Manhattan, your \$300,000 will buy
you...

BARE STUDIO APARTMENT

Stills of very small, unimpressive room.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
...this cozy zero bedroom
apartment...

ANOTHER APARTMENT

It's a dark as a cave and lit by a single bare bulb.

(CONTINUED)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
Or this no-garden garden
apartment...

A THIRD APARTMENT

It's a burnt-out shell with plywood over the windows.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
Or this one-bedroom handyman's
dream.

A VERY CROWDED MANHATTAN STREET

Bustling, pushing, a little angry...

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
This is why, every year, thousands
of Manhattan islanders decide to

THE CAMERA suddenly cranes out and flies up, looking down at
the crowd.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
Get out.

We fly out of the city, east across the Hudson.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
They leave in search of...

DISSOLVE TO:

PROSPECT PARK

Assorted beauty shots.

NARRATOR
...wide open spaces...

PARK SLOPE

People chat on the street. Children cavort in playground.

NARRATOR
...friendly natives...

1

EXT. PARK SLOPE - DAY

1

CAMERA SWINGS AROUND and slowly moves toward...

(CONTINUED)

NARRATOR
..and at least four rooms of their
own. A place they can call home.

The camera stops on a unique looking BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
That's their first mistake.

TITLE: "Duplex."

EXT. BROWNSTONE - BACKYARD

HIGH ANGLE LOOKING DOWN

KENNETH
When I told you I had a particular
building [etc.]

3 INT. BROWNSTONE - DAY 3

Real Estate Agent KENNETH, 40s, raspy voice, friendly
demeanor opens the back door, leading in a young couple,
NANCY and ALEX.

KENNETH
Butler's pantry, the old
dumbwaiter...

Alex WHISPERS in Nancy's ear.

ALEX
Remember what we talked about.

NANCY
I know. Poker face.

She nods, 'I got it,' and they move into...

4 THE KITCHEN/PANTRY AREA 4

Kenneth points out various features, not pushing too hard --
letting the place sell itself.

KENNETH
Built-ins, built-ins...

NANCY
Kitchen's a little small.

She glances over to Alex who flashes a quick thumbs-up.

(CONTINUED)

KENNETH

Get rid of this awful divider, you
have an eat-in kitchen. Cozy
fireplace there.

A tiny-squeal escapes from Nancy. Alex mock-admonishes her
with an eyebrow.

KENNETH (CONT'D)

Original glass tiles in all the
fireplaces.

NANCY

Fireplace-es?

PORNOGRAPHIC CLOSE-UPS

A CARESSING PAN of the second fireplace, ornate woodwork,
wainscotting, gadrooning, etc.

KENNETH (O.S.)

Three. This one's tiger-eye maple.
Notice the details, the
wainscotting, gadrooning, all
original...

ON ALEX AND NANCY

She's falling in love.

ALEX

(mouthing)
Gadrooning?

5 THE BEDROOM

5

KENNETH

And over here you have your
library.

Kenneth gestures to an alcove of bookshelves.

ALEX

Wow.

Nancy playfully motions for him to play it cool.

ALEX (CONT'D)

(explaining to Kenneth)
I have a small collection of first
edition novels.

(CONTINUED)

NANCY

Alex is a writer.

KENNETH

Oh, yeah. What kind of stuff?

ALEX

I wrote a novel you've probably never heard of. "Crying in the Sprinkler"

(Kenneth shrugs, doesn't know it)

It's kind of a loosely fictionalized memoir of my childhood.

KENNETH

I'm not much for the coming of age stuff. I love thrillers. Grisham, Koontz. They scare the crap out of me, but it's like I'm addicted to "Goose Bumps." Let's move on.

NANCY

Peacocks, lover!

6

PARLOR/LIVING ROOM

6

The living room is a sight to behold. Huge. Light flooding in. A curved front window area looks out onto the tree-lined street.

Nancy digs her fingers into Alex's arm.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Oh my god.

Alex tries his best to act the level-headed buyer as he notices... yet another hearth.

ALEX

I see, so there is a third fireplace here in the living room.

KENNETH

And over there, you've got a little outcropping, you could make it into anything you want...

(to Alex)

...a writer's nook...

(CONTINUED)

NANCY

A writer's nook! How perfect is that?

(off Alex's look)

I mean, if you like nooks.

Nearby, Alex notices something.

ALEX

Is this a staircase?

He points to a SPIRAL STAIRCASE camouflaged behind several plants. Kenneth walks over.

KENNETH

Yeah. Oh, I thought you realized. This is a duplex.

NANCY

(can't contain herself)

A duplex?! As in two floors for the price of one!

KENNETH

It's right there on the listing sheet.

Alex looks at the sheet in his hand. Sees it in tiny print.

ALEX

Why's it sealed off? Were there a slew of murders up there?

KENNETH

No, it's a massage parlor.

Alex and Nancy are stunned.

KENNETH (CONT'D)

I'm just making fun. There's a sweet old lady who lives upstairs...

NANCY

(not thrilled)

A tenant?

7

INT. BROWNSTONE LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

7

As they climb the stairs, Nancy caresses the bannisters.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

Rent-controlled means we can't kick her out, right?

NANCY

Alex!

KENNETH

It's a legitimate question. You can't evict her. She has to decide to leave or...god forbid... poor thing hasn't been feeling well. She must be a hundred years old.

Kenneth shakes his head, Nancy and Alex joining him. Now on the landing, he knocks loudly on the door.

KENNETH (CONT'D)

Mrs. Connelly?

(to Alex and Nancy)

She's hard of hearing. It may take her a little while to get to the door.

(louder)

Mrs. Connelly?!

SFX: Many locks being opened.

Alex, Nancy and Kenneth wait, exchanging polite looks. Finally, the door creaks open.

BEHIND THE DOOR

Peering out, is MRS. CONNELLY. She's a tiny, frail lady in a housecoat -- with her unblinking expression and lack of make-up, at the moment, she resembles a corpse.

Her face flashes in recognition. She smiles sweetly and speaks with a slight Irish brogue.

MRS. CONNELLY

Kenneth!

KENNETH

There's my favorite girl! How are you feeling today, Mrs. Connelly?

MRS. CONNELLY

I don't feel good, Kenneth.

Nancy peeks over Kenneth's shoulder into the apartment.

(CONTINUED)

KENNETH

I'm sorry to hear that. I've brought by a young couple, who might want to buy the apartment.

Kenneth steps back to reveal Nancy on tip-toe; she drops down quickly and interlocks arms with Alex.

NANCY

Good afternoon, Mrs. Connelly! I'm Nancy Kendricks, and this is my husband, Alex Rose.

ALEX

Hello.

NANCY

Do you mind if we look around?

NANCY'S POV

As Mrs. Connelly speaks, Nancy's gaze drifts over her head. She sees only a sliver of the apartment.

MRS. CONNELLY

Sorry, dear. I don't feel up to it. Nice to see you again, Kenneth.

The door CLOSES on Nancy's face. We hear the door slowly being LOCKED again. Then, we hear Mrs. Connelly coughing, followed by a tiny squeak of sickly despair.

KENNETH

Poor dear.

8

EXT. BROWNSTONE - MOMENTS LATER

8

Alex and Nancy stand on the sidewalk with Kenneth.

KENNETH

I'll tell you right now, there's a lot of heat on this place.
(lowers his voice)
It's gonna be off the market by Monday. Adios.

Kenneth walks away. Alex And Nancy look around, at:

A YOUNG COUPLE walking along, in love.

A MOTHER, pushing a baby carriage.

CHILDREN, laughing in the playground across the street.

(CONTINUED)

IN THE SECOND STORY WINDOW -- Mrs. Connelly sits in a chair, staring blankly out the window. As she coughs...

9 OMITTED

9

A10 INT. NANCY AND ALEX'S EAST VILLAGE STUDIO - NIGHT

A10

It's one room, tidy but crowded. Street noise filters in.

In a cheap IKEA bookshelf, there are several FIRST EDITIONS of various classic novels.

Nancy, Alex, Coop and Celine finish their dinner served on a dining room table a bit too large for the main studio room.

COOP

Three fireplaces! Guys, this place sounds incredible.

NANCY

It is incredible! And, surprisingly, kind of affordable.

ALEX

Well, kind of affordable. It's really at the higher end of our range.

NANCY

It's a little more than we wanted to spend, but when you factor in the duplex...

CELINE

It's a duplex?

ALEX

Well it's not exactly two ...yet...There's an old lady who lives on the second...

NANCY

...floor, but she's...I mean she's older...Old. And her health is...

ALEX

I mean it's Brooklyn, we weren't even thinking of Brooklyn...

From the street, we hear a DRUNK DUDE yelling at a SQUEAKY-VOICED TOUGH GUY.

(CONTINUED)

DRUNK DUDE (O.S.)

I'm gonna kill the shit out of you.

SQUEAKY-VOICED TOUGH GUY (O.S.)

Say that to my face, ass-bag. Say that to my freakin' face.

DRUNK DUDE (O.S.)

I just said it to your face!

Coop looks to Alex, acknowledging the exchange outside.

COOP

Hey Alex, sometimes you just have to "close your eyes and leap off the precipice, unmoved by the daunting growls of the rabid dog named fear".

NANCY

Wow. Who said that?

COOP

I did. I think!

(he chuckles, then gets serious)

Look Alex, if I hadn't taken the leap from student to writer, a detective named Don Piper would still be locked up somewhere in my imagination.

(to Celine)

Ooh, honey, did you bring it?

Celine reaches into her pocketbook, pulls out a copy of Coop's new book: "Murder on the Hudson: A Don Piper Mystery"

COOP (CONT'D)

I wrote you guys a little inscription. It hits bookstores next week.

NANCY

Thank you, Coop.

COOP

(with false modesty)

I'm sure it's not as brilliant as your new book is going to be, but there's a couple of decent metaphors in there.

(CONTINUED)

CELINE

Oh, my gosh , Coop, we forgot to tell them the big news.

NANCY

What is it?

CELINE

We're pregnant!

Celine stands up, revealing a belly-shirt with a stomach to rival Britney Spears'. Nancy and Alex gaze at it in shock.

NANCY

Congratulations! You just found out?

CELINE

(patting her impossibly flat stomach)

No, I'm four months along! Isn't that exciting?!

10	OMITTED	10
11	OMITTED	11
A12	OMITTED.	A12

EXT. ALPHABET CITY – MORNING

A HOMELESS GENTLEMAN sits comfortably in a doorway. He notices something and gets up. As ALEX and NANCY exit, Nancy hands a dollar to the Homeless Gentleman. (She hands out more singles as she walks down the street)

*
*
*

NANCY

I think we should do it.

They pass an alleyway containing a SCRUFFY GENTLEMAN.

SCRUFFY GENTLEMAN

Smoke. Smoke.

ALEX

(re: scruffy gentleman)

What if we want to buy drugs? You won't find this kind of convenience in Brooklyn.

Nancy slaps Alex's shoulder, playfully.

(CONTINUED)

NANCY

We're not going to want to live
here once we start having babies.
(getting excited)
Oh, the upstairs parlor would make
the cutest playroom!

ALEX

I'm not sure I want Mrs. Connelly
coughing on my baby.

NANCY

(offhand)
You know what I mean. Once we have
the whole place.

Nancy preternaturally senses something and abruptly exits.

A PILE OF GARBAGE sits against the side of a building. Nancy
zeroes in on a barely visible object and pulls it out.

Nancy returns to Alex wielding her find triumphantly.

NANCY (CONT'D)

This'll make a great lamp!

ALEX

It is a lamp.

NANCY

And it will be again!
(dreamily)
There are so many wonderful things
we could do with that apartment.

ALEX

I just wish I wasn't so close to
finishing the book...

NANCY

(playfully selling)
What better place to finish that
novel than in your own, Nineteenth
Century oak writer's nook!

ALEX

It is a good nook. And it'd be nice
to not have to write at Starbucks
with the other "novelists"...

NANCY

You deserve a nook of your own.

(CONTINUED)

They have reached the subway stop. We hear a FAMILIAR RUMBLE.

NANCY (CONT'D)

My train.

Nancy kisses Alex. He smiles at her.

ALEX

Okay. Let's do it.

He kisses her, more deeply. Behind them, a HOMELESS WOMAN stands over a grate as the train rushes by underneath. The air blows up her skirt; she holds down the skirt and enjoys the breeze, though the effect is a little different than it was in "Seven Year Itch."

12 EXT. BROWNSTONE - DAY 12 *

A "MURRAY'S MOVERS" moving van is double-parked in the street (the logo -- a smiling Hasid -- the motto: 'We'll take you to the Promised Land'). Several muscular BLACK AND HISPANIC MEN emerge from the van, carrying Alex and Nancy's furniture.

13 INT. BROWNSTONE - DAY 13

-Alex and Nancy, in jeans and sweatshirts, remove stuff from a box -- it's belongings precisely labeled. As Alex unloads, Nancy crosses off matching items on her CHECKLIST.

A15 -Alex takes his rare books from a box, puts them on the library shelves. A15

B15 -MOVERS set a couch down in the living room. Holding another FLOOR-PLAN, Nancy directs the movers to move the couch a foot to the left. Smiles and nods when it's in the perfect place.

15 -In the bedroom, Nancy consults a FLOOR-PLAN she's made up for the room -- hangs a large framed WEDDING PICTURE. The newlyweds running through handfuls of rice. 15

17 INT. APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON 17

Considering they just moved in, almost everything is unpacked and in place. The only problem -- the furniture looks highly insignificant in the grandiose space.

ALEX

I could've sworn we had more stuff.

A19 OMITTED A19

19 INT. BROWNSTONE - SECOND FLOOR LANDING - MOMENTS LATER 19

Nancy KNOCKS LOUDLY on Mrs. Connelly's door. Alex examines the bottle of wine. After a couple of seconds, Nancy knocks EVEN MORE LOUDLY.

We hear the locks all OPEN, as laboriously as before.

20 INT. MRS. CONNELLY'S APARTMENT 20

The door CREAKS open to the end of the chain, and we again see Mrs. Connelly's suspicious eye. Only now it's surrounded by bright blue eye shadow.

NANCY
(a little loudly)
Mrs. Connelly? It's Nancy and
Alex! From downstairs!

MRS. CONNELLY'S EYE (MOUTH O.C.)
Ohhhh. Oh!

She SLAMS the door. We hear the chain being UNHOOKED. She opens the door again. Mrs. Connelly, wearing make-up usually reserved for the wake, stands there in a red satin cheongsam (that mandarin slip dress that was briefly popular 40 years ago) covered with a tiny, pink sweater jacket.

MRS. CONNELLY
Come in! Come in!

NANCY
You have a lovely apartment, Mrs.
Connelly.

ALEX
(offering wine)
We got you a little housewarming
gift.

MRS. CONNELLY
(accepting bottle)
Oh, I don't drink, dear. It's a
sin. I'll open it for you.

Mrs. Connelly goes off to the kitchen.

ALEX
(interesting fact)
Irish Catholics don't drink.

(CONTINUED)

Alex walks toward the bedroom as Nancy takes pictures mentally redecorating.

ALEX (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

NANCY
Taking pictures...

Alex turns and sees

A WALL OF NAUTICAL PARAPHERNALIA

his gaze wanders down to a desk, on which is an ancient harpoon sits.

ALEX

Is slightly taken aback. Then he laughs, and picks up the harpoon.

ALEX
(turning)
Hey, Nancy...

Nancy turns.

ALEX (CONT'D)
(pirate voice)
Blow me down!

The harpoon goes off. It flies by Nancy's head, missing it by inches. It embeds in the wood trim behind her.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Oh God.

Alex rushes frantically to Nancy.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Are you all right?

NANCY
Yeah, I --
(turning)
Oh, God!

She rushes to where the harpoon is embedded. She freaks.

NANCY (CONT'D)
This is original trim!

(CONTINUED)

ALEX
It's okay. We own it.

NANCY
(mortified)
I know!

MRS. CONNELLY (O.S.)
Just two secs!

Panicked, Alex yanks the harpoon out of the wood and struggles to quickly jam it back into the gun. Nancy meanwhile is trying to push together the wood to make the gouge less noticeable. (It's not that big and not in future shots.) She licks her fingers and smooths the splinters down.

Alex rushes to the desk and lays the harpoon gun down, then scurries back to sit on the couch. Nancy rushes in next to him. They both sit there pretending nothing has happened.

Mrs. Connelly returns.

MRS. CONNELLY (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Here we go, sit yourselves down,
I've brought you something to
nibble on.

Mrs. Connelly places a black lacquer tray on the brass-plated glass coffee table.

The tray features a Polynesian dancer, whose toplessness has been strategically covered by a bowl full of Bugles™ and a container of Onion Dip, half empty with numerous Bugle™ strafings in it.

ALEX
Wow, they still make Bugles™.

Mrs. Connelly holds a Bugle™ up to the cage. The bird gently takes it by the tip, and rears its head back.

BIRD
Oh, boy!

ALEX
That's a great parrot you have
there.

MRS. CONNELLY
He's not a parrot, he's a macaw,
dear.
(uncorking the bottle)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MRS. CONNELLY (CONT'D)
I've had Little Dickie for forty
years now. He's named after my
late husband, Richard.

LITTLE DICKIE
Christ have mercy!

As Mrs. Connelly speaks, she drags a Bugle methodically
through the dip. Without saying a word, she sticks it right
under Alex's nose, close enough that her minor hand shake
causes the crusty dip to get on the tip of his nose.

ALEX'S POV

Mrs. Connelly looms over him, selling.

MRS. CONNELLY
It's French onion.

Alex swallows, and smiles.

Mrs. Connelly sits down on the couch, too close to Nancy. She
pats her knees, happily.

MRS. CONNELLY (CONT'D)
There.

NANCY
How are you feeling, Mrs. Connelly?

MRS. CONNELLY
Why do you ask, dear?

NANCY
Because the last time we saw you,
you were quite ill.

MRS. CONNELLY
Oh, I had a bit of a cold. I'm in
fine fettle now. But do tell me
about yourselves. What do you do,
Alan?

ALEX
Alex.

NANCY
Alex is a writer.

MRS. CONNELLY
Oh a writer, I always thought of
that as more of a hobby than a real
job.

(CONTINUED)

NANCY

Alex's first novel was published in hardback and he's about to hand in his second one.

MRS. CONNELLY

What's it about dear?

ALEX

I call it an urban epic. It's about three generations of a family who own a printing press...

MRS. CONNELLY

(interrupting)

Very nice, let me refill that for you.

(indicating the portrait behind her)

Big Dick had the taste too, he was a seaman. The drink took him from me in 1963. We'd been married for **thirty-eight** years.

Nancy and Alex are doing the math in their heads.

MRS. CONNELLY (CONT'D)

(breaking the silence)

So now, tell me, when might you be having children?

Alex finds this question a little forward; Nancy does not.

NANCY

Soon.

ALEX

In a few years.

NANCY

We've talked about two years.

ALEX

(uncomfortable)

Depending.

MRS. CONNELLY

(pouring Alex more wine)

You sound just like Mr. Connelly. We never did have children. And it's too late for me now.

Alex and Nancy contemplate this for a beat. In the same shot:

(CONTINUED)

LITTLE DICKIE

Blow me down!

Panic flashes in Alex's eyes. Nancy covers up.

NANCY

(genuine concern)

Do you have any family at all, Mrs. Connelly?

MRS. CONNELLY

Ah, yes, quite a big family, at one time. My two baby brothers, Mike and Joe, taken in the floods of 23.

LITTLE DICKIE (O.S)

Christ have mercy.

MRS. CONNELLY

My dear sister Lily found herself on the wrong side of a wheat thrasher one St. Kevin's day...

LITTLE DICKIE (O.S)

Christ have mercy.

MRS. CONNELLY

Then poor, sweet Uncle Dennis. He died in prison.

LITTLE DICKIE (O.S)

Christ have mercy.

MRS. CONNELLY

Oh, and Little Nuala... she died horribly.

LITTLE DICKIE (O.S)

Christ have mercy.

MRS. CONNELLY

I'm afraid all I've left is my sister Alcie. No, no. She's dead. Twenty years now.

LITTLE DICKIE (O.S)

Christ have mercy.

NANCY

I am so sorry.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. CONNELLY
Ah, well, it's the Irish way.
They're all up in heaven waiting
for me. Except for Uncle Dennis of
course.
(noticing)
Oh, look at the time. It's getting
so late. Let me show you out.

Mrs. Connelly stands to lead them out. Nancy stands with her, though not ready to leave. As Alex rises, a RUDE NOISE emanates from his chair. Nancy looks at him askance.

MRS. CONNELLY (CONT'D)
Oh...

ALEX
It was the chair.

Nancy gives him a "let's just drop it" look. Instead Alex turns back to the chair and pumps it with his hand, trying to get it to recreate the sound. He turns back to Nancy.

ALEX (CONT'D)
(under breath, urgent)
It was the chair.

LITTLE DICKIE (O.S.)
Oh, boy!

ON MRS. CONNELLY

She smiles serenely.

Alex, Nancy and Mrs. Connelly stand for an awkward moment.

NANCY
You know, Mrs. Connelly we never
really got to see your apartment.
If it's not too much trouble.

MRS. CONNELLY
Oh, it's much too late for that.

She says this as she CLOSES the door in Nancy's face.

21-25 OMIT.

21-25

26 INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

26

Nancy brushes her teeth, while Alex in tee-shirt and boxers, walks in reading a dictionary.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

I knew it. A macaw is a parrot.

He SLAPS the book closed with satisfaction and gets into bed.
Nancy enters from the bathroom

NANCY

As her landlords, aren't we legally entitled to see the back of her apartment? I'm gonna check that out on the internet.

ALEX

How old do you think she is?

NANCY

My guess is she's between 90 and 105. She actually looked pretty good tonight, didn't you think?

ALEX

Yeah, she looked almost... healthy. That's nice.

NANCY

It is nice.

Nancy turns out the light. There's a tiny blaze in the fireplace, bathing them in a flickering glow. Alex's book collection looks great in the library bookshelves. It's paradise.

Alex gives Nancy a kiss. She kisses him back. Rolls on top of him. Things heating up. They're pulling off each other's clothes when... from above...

THE "HAWAII 5-0" THEME song kicks in. Startled, they stop, both LAUGHING as they stare skyward.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - LATER

Alex knocks on the door.

ALEX

Mrs. Connelly! Mrs. Connelly!

MRS. CONNELLY (O.S.)

Huh? Oh, I must have fallen asleep.

ALEX

Could you turn down your TV, Mrs. Connelly?

(CONTINUED)

MRS. CONNELLY (O.S.)
I'll do that, Alan.

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM

Alex climbs back into bed. He and Nancy resume their lovemaking.

Suddenly, the sound of the TV upstairs gets much louder. Alex and Nancy roll over, exasperated.

27 OMITTED 27

28 INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING 28

Nancy and Alex lie face up, bleary-eyed. Another TV show drones through the ceiling. Finally, it's turned off.

THE ALARM CLOCK BUZZES...

29 INT. APARTMENT - PARLOR - MINUTES LATER 29

Nancy is dressed for work, heading out the door. Alex sips a cup of coffee. Both look kinda tired.

NANCY
Bye, honey. Enjoy your nook.

ALEX
I will.

31 INT. APARTMENT - NOOK - MORNING 31

IN A SERIES OF CUTS

Alex prepares for a day of writing.

-He turns on his POWERBOOK.

-He puts on music from a MINI-SYSTEM. He adjusts the volume, first up then down.

-He opens the window a bit.

-He adjusts his chair.

He sits down -- it's perfect. The music, the light, the temperature. And as he forms the perfect sentence in his head... and his fingers press down on the keys...

THE DOORBELL RINGS.

32 BY THE FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER 32

Alex opens the door. Mrs. Connelly stands in the hallway.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. CONNELLY
Good morning, Alex.

ALEX
Good morning, Mrs. Connelly. Can I
help you?

Mrs. Connelly is holding the bottle of wine from last night.

MRS. CONNELLY
I wanted to give this back. I
won't drink it and I thought you
might want it.

ALEX
Oh, well thank you very much. And
if there's anything else I can do
for you, let me know.

Alex closes the door behind her. He notices the bottle is
almost empty. Smiles to himself as he takes a step towards
the kitchen and...

THE DOORBELL RINGS.

Alex swings around, opens the door.

MRS. CONNELLY
There is one thing.

33

INT. MRS. CONNELLY'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

33

Alex stands in the claw-foot tub, listening to the wall.

ALEX
Sorry, I don't hear any banging.

MRS. CONNELLY
It was very distinctive. The pipes
went bang-bang, bangety-bang-bang.
(beat)
Bang-bang.

Alex presses his ear right up against the wall.

ALEX
Well, I'm not hearing any banging
right now, but, if it happens
again, you come right down and get
me, and I'll run up and have a
listen.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. CONNELLY
All right then. It's a deal.

Alex heads back down the hall.

MRS. CONNELLY (CONT'D)
Oh, Alex my dear boy, could you
give me a hand with the trash. We
don't want to be feeding the mice.

ALEX
Sure.

Alex then sees: an impossibly high pile of assorted garbage
bags.

LITTLE DICKIE (O.S.)
Oh, boy!

35 INT. "NYNY" MAGAZINE - ART DEPARTMENT - DAY

35

We PAN across several large framed covers of this weekly
magazine ending up in...

THE ART DEPARTMENT BULLPEN

Nancy is huddled around a FLAT-SCREEN MONITOR at a messy desk
with TARA, 20s, downtown vibe.

ON THE SCREEN -- there's a layout of an article.

TARA
What do you think?

NANCY
It looks good, but maybe you
could...
(working the mouse, moving
things around on-screen)
...lower the pull-quote and shrink
the picture by an eighth so you can
squeeze the text onto one page.

She neatens up the LAYOUT. It looks better.

TARA
You're such a good squeezer, Nancy.

(CONTINUED)

NANCY

That's because until yesterday, I lived in an apartment the size of a small child. Here, check out the new place.

ON HER SCREEN -- DIGITAL PHOTOS of her and Alex's apartment. Many are labelled, both to describe what it is "A WRITER'S NOOK," and to show what's planned, "VELVETY COUCH HERE." Over these visuals, Nancy and Tara chat.

NANCY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

So you walk into the living room slash parlor area... notice all the gadrooning...

TARA (O.S.)

What's gadrooning?

NANCY (O.S.)

I don't exactly know. But we own lots of it.

HERMAN (O.S.)

Ladies! Ladies!

Nancy's boss, HERMAN, enters. He's a perpetually harried, middle-aged man.

HERMAN (CONT'D)

Did you finish the Celebrity Scene page?

NANCY

Tickety boo.

HERMAN

I don't know what that means.

NANCY

You'll have it soon.

As he exits the office...

HERMAN

If you mean soon, say soon. Tickety boo is just confusing for everyone.

He's gone, Nancy and Tara turn back to computer. It's a picture of Alex in the bathtub, a sign pointing to "MR. PEABODY."

(CONTINUED)

TARA (O.S)
Mr. Peabody? Like the cartoon dog?

36 INT. BROWNSTONE - LOBBY - DAY

36

Several overstuffed garbage bags sit in the lobby, waiting to be taken outside. As Alex, dirty and panting, hauls another packed bag down the stairs, it breaks, refuse spilling all over the steps.

Alex bends down, scooping the garbage back into the bag. Without noticing, he picks something up, about to put it in the bag when he realizes it's a pair of RATTY BLOOMERS.

Just then, Mrs. Connelly walks out, with a small trash can.

MRS. CONNELLY
What are you doing with me drawers?

ALEX
(defensive)
What?! No-no, they were in the trash.

MRS. CONNELLY
(mortified)
They most certainly were not. They were... Oh, dear. Hand them back, please.

ALEX
(handing them back)
No, really...

MRS. CONNELLY
We won't speak of it again, Mr. Rose.

She hands him the trash can.

MRS. CONNELLY (CONT'D)
Don't forget to separate the paper from the plastic now.

She heads back upstairs.

MRS. CONNELLY (CONT'D)
(under breath, sounds like:)
Degenerate.

Alex stands helpless in the garbage.

EXT. MIDTOWN — AFTERNOON — ESTABLISHING

A wide, expansive shot drifting toward the plaza of one particular building.

EXT. NYNY BUILDING — ENTRANCE — CONTINUOUS

Several people mill under the eaves of the entrance, smoking. One klatch consists of Nancy, Tara and TERRENCE, a co-worker. (This is the Terrence who appears later at the party. Also, Nancy does not need to be smoking as long the other are).

TERRENCE

So, when do we get to see this mansion of yours?

NANCY

(embarrassed laugh)

It is a mansion, isn't it? Oh my God, are we insane?

TARA

Hey, as long as you can afford it.

NANCY

Barely. Not really. Oops.

Nancy giggles.

TARA

I wouldn't worry about it. I mean, you are getting promoted to Deputy Art Director.

Nancy pretends she has no idea what Tara is talking about.

TERRENCE

Everybody knows, Miss Kendricks.

TARA

And Alex's book will probably make some money...

NANCY

It is so good. And it so great that he has his own place to write now. He's easily distracted.

TERRENCE

And we're coming over when?

(CONTINUED)

NANCY

We're having a housewarming, but first I want to... our old stuff doesn't really live up to space...

TERRENCE

Ka-ching!

NANCY

(swearing oath)

No. It's all going to be flea market or garbage picked.

Behind Nancy, a particularly prickly Herman pushes through the revolving door. He steps up to the three, demanding an explanation with his petulant stance.

TARA

Hey, we're smoking here!

HERMAN

I need "Fashion Finds" and "Street Smarts" before you go home.

Herman stalks back inside. The three share a lip-curling at his expense.

TERRENCE

Honestly. I don't know why I sleep with him.

A38 INT. APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY A38

Alex furiously scrubs his hands with soap.

SFX: APARTMENT BUZZER

38 OMITTED 38

39 EXT. THE BROWNSTONE - NIGHT 39

Nancy bounds up the steps, holding a few shopping bags, passing several stuffed GARBAGE BINS.

40 INT. THE APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 40

Alex is passed out on the bed. The front door opens...

NANCY (O.S.)

Alex?

His eyes pop open, he jumps off the bed, smoothing out the covers. He rubs his eyes, exits into...

41 THE PARLOR/LIVING ROOM AREA

41

NANCY
Hey, handsome.

ALEX
Hey. How was work?

They peck on the lips.

NANCY
Fine. You know, Herman's freaking
out as usual.
(noticing his appearance)
Were you napping?

ALEX
Um, no, I was just reorganizing my
book collection.

NANCY
So... how was the nook? Did you
write like a million pages today?

ALEX
No, more like five or six... words.

NANCY
What happened. It's too sunny?

ALEX
No, our upstairs neighbor kept me
busy with chores most of the day.

NANCY
Really? Maybe you just have to set
some boundaries with her. Tell her
you're working, she'll understand.

ALEX
(noticing her bags)
What's that?

NANCY
Oh! I picked up a couple things on
the way home.
(pulling out a small area-
rug)
It's an area-rug, do you love it?!

ALEX
It doesn't seem to cover much of an
area.

(CONTINUED)

NANCY

It's a runner. It goes in between
the rooms, to tie them together.

She pulls out a small stool.

NANCY (CONT'D)

...this is based on an original
Alvar Aalto design.

ALEX

What is it, a guacamole bowl or
something?

NANCY

No, silly, it's a stool.

ALEX

What are we... Hobbits?

Suddenly, they hear a LOUD BANGING on the second floor.

43

INT. MRS. CONNELLY'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

43

MR. DZERZHINSKY, a large Russian man stands in the tub. The
entire wall has been torn open. He uses a PIPE-WRENCH to
bang in some new copper piping. Nancy and Alex watch,
aghast.

MRS. CONNELLY

(to Nancy)

I told your husband about the
problem this morning. The pipes
were going... bang-bang, bangety-
bang-bang... bang-bang.

MR. DZERZHINSKY

Very dangerous. Whole bathroom
could've exploded.

(handing Alex a bill)

This is for you.

ALEX

(looking at the bill, then
his watch)

You were here three hours?

NANCY

Sweetie, didn't you hear him
banging around up here?

ALEX

I was asleep. I must've missed it.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. CONNELLY
Napping in the middle of the
workday... shameful.

ALEX
Look, I'm not gonna pay for
something I didn't authorize.

MR. DZERZHINSKY
I did the work, my friend. Or, I
can rip the pipes out of the wall.

ALEX
No, no. Just plug it up, I'll get
a check.

44 THE FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

44

Mrs. Connelly talks with Nancy.

MRS. CONNELLY
I begged Mr. Rose to do something
but he wouldn't listen. The whole
apartment was shaking, Nancy. I
was terrified.

NANCY
Next time, you try me at work
before you call for any repairs,
okay? Here's my card.

Nancy hands Mrs. Connelly her card.

Alex stands, waiting for Nancy. He hears a RUDE NOISE O.S.

It's Little Dickie. He stares at Alex. He makes another RUDE
NOISE.

MRS. CONNELLY
Oh, Alex, before I forget, it's the
first of the month.

She patters over to a counter, retrieves a small stack of
money. Counts it out into Alex's palm.

MRS. CONNELLY (CONT'D)
Twenty... forty... fifty... fifty-five...
sixty... sixty-five... seventy... seventy-
five... seventy-six... seventy-seven...
seventy-eight... seventy-nine... eighty-
one... eighty-two...

(CONTINUED)

LITTLE DICKIE

His head is bobbing, keeping count with her.

MRS. CONNELLY (O.S) (CONT'D)
Eighty-three... eighty-four...

LITTLE DICKIE
Eighty-three... Eighty-four...

BACK TO SCENE

MRS. CONNELLY
Eighty-five... eighty-six... eighty-
seven... eighty-eight...

She removes a coin purse from her pocket.

MRS. CONNELLY (CONT'D)
Eight-eight twenty-five... fifty...
seventy-five... eighty-nine dollars...
and twenty-five, thirty-five, forty-
five, fifty cents. Would you like
to count it?

Alex forces a smile.

45	OMITTED	45
46	OMITTED	46
35	OMITTED	35
48	EXT. BROWNSTONE - MORNING	48

A cup of coffee in his hand, Alex walks Nancy down the steps,
to the sidewalk.

NANCY
Remember, if she bothers you, just
lay down the law. Be nice... but
firm. Two positives and then a
negative.

ALEX
I'll try to remember that.

NANCY
Don't wait up, I'm working late,
okay?

ALEX
Okay... I love you.

(CONTINUED)

NANCY

Love you too.

Nancy heads down the street, Alex watches her go.

49 INT. THE APARTMENT - WRITER'S NOOK - MORNING 49

Alex, a pot of coffee next to him, is at his computer. As his fingers land on the keyboard...

THE DOORBELL RINGS.

He gets up, determined.

50 BY THE FRONT DOOR 50

Alex opens it onto Mrs. Connelly.

MRS. CONNELLY

Good morning, Alex.

ALEX

Good morning, Mrs. Connelly.

MRS. CONNELLY

Alex, I wondered if I could ask you a quick question.

ALEX

Now, Mrs. Connelly, let me just take a moment to explain my situation to you. As you know, I'm a writer, and I have a book contract, and an editor, Jean, who expects me to hand in my book in the next three weeks.

MRS. CONNELLY

I see.

ALEX

Well, what that means is that, during the day, even though it may not seem like it, I'm actually at work. It's as if I'm a lawyer at a law-firm. But instead of going to an office, I work from home. So, unless it's an emergency, from 9 to 6, I'm not available. After that, I'd be happy to help you with whatever you want. Okay?

(CONTINUED)

MRS. CONNELLY

I completely understand. And I apologize for bothering you. It's just...

(pulls a copy of a BOOK
from a bag)

I bought your book yesterday, and I wondered if you'd sign it. Of course, if you're too busy, I can come back after business hours.

She hands Alex a copy of his novel, "Crying in the Sprinkler." Alex clearly feels guilty for being such a jerk.

ALEX

No, I'd be happy to sign it. You didn't have to buy it though, I could've given you one.

MRS. CONNELLY

It was money well spent. Just write something I'll be able to treasure for many years to come.

ALEX

Okay.

He opens the book, sees a sticker that reads: **'99 Cents!'** Tries to ignore that, as he inscribes the book.

ALEX (CONT'D)

There you go. I hope you enjoy it.

MRS. CONNELLY

I know I will. Good day.

As she gets to the door, she turns around.

MRS. CONNELLY (CONT'D)

Oh, Alex, I know we just had this discussion, but, well, I was wondering if the firm of Rose and Rose might accompany an old lady to the pharmacy. It's raining like the Devil's dew drops out there and I need to renew my monthlies. Won't take any time at all.

She looks at him with puppy-dog eyes.

52 INT. PHARMACY - DAY

52

Mrs. Connelly counts out each individual pill from a medicine bottle, Alex and a congenial PHARMACIST watching her.

MRS. CONNELLY
Thirty six... thirty seven...
thirty eight...

MAN (O.S.)
Stan, how much for the Nicoderm
packets?

PHARMACIST
\$3.99 a box.

MRS. CONNELLY
Oh, dear, I lost my place.
(then, from the beginning)
One... two... three...

53 INT. SAVINGS BANK - DAY

53

Mrs. Connelly packs pennies into a penny roll.

MRS. CONNELLY
Ninety-six, ninety-seven, ninety
eight, ninety-nine...

We PAN OVER to reveal Alex, next to her, quickly counting out another roll.

55 EXT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

55

Mrs. Connelly is picking grapes off a vine, putting them in a plastic bag.

MRS. CONNELLY
Twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-
three...

Alex, grabs the grapes, starts counting them, quickly.

ALEX
(super-fast)
Twenty-four, twenty-five, twenty-
six, twenty-seven, twenty-eight,
twenty-nine, thirty!
(looks up)
Good?

(CONTINUED)

MRS. CONNELLY

Perfect.

(then, noticing)

Ooh, blueberries.

58 INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

58

Alex and Nancy are in bed together.

NANCY

I thought you were gonna have a talk with her.

ALEX

I did! I was very clear, but she somehow... manipulated me.

NANCY

She manipulated you.

ALEX

She's very crafty. A very crafty, old... lady.

From upstairs, the TV comes on.

59 INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

59

Alex and Nancy are both in a deep, deep sleep. Suddenly, from outside, LOUD CACKLING AND BANGING. Their eyes open.

Without saying a word, they turn to each other, play a quick round of ROCK, PAPER, SCISSORS to see who has to check it out.

60 INT. BROWNSTONE - LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

60

Nancy lost. She peeks her head out the door. Two OLD BIDDIES are lugging large INSTRUMENT CASES up the door.

OLD BIDDY #1

It's a cold one for November.

OLD BIDDY #2

That fat man on the television said we may be getting a 'Nor Easter.

ON HER LANDING -- Mrs. Connelly sees Nancy.

MRS. CONNELLY

Oh, Nancy, good morning! Gertie, Ruth, this is Nancy Kendricks.

(CONTINUED)

BIDDIES

Hello!

NANCY

Are those musical instruments?

MRS. CONNELLY

Yes, we're a brass trio. We've got a big concert at Saint Augustus on Friday.

NANCY

Isn't that nice.

61 INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER 61

Nancy and Alex listen to a cacophony of horns from upstairs.

NANCY

It sounds like "Every Breath You Take."

They sit quietly for a beat.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Let's go shopping.

62 INT. FLEA MARKET - DAY 62

Nancy is walking along when a DEALER calls to her.

DEALER

Do you still want it?

NANCY

Yes.

DEALER

Okay! You win.

She smiles, turns around to retrieve her peacock as Alex finds her, holding a manual typewriter.

NANCY

Hey, what'd you get?

ALEX

A Remington Royal. Fifty bucks.

NANCY

What were they asking?

(CONTINUED)

ALEX
Fifty bucks.

Nancy frowns.

63 OMITTED 63

67 INT. THE APARTMENT - DAY 67

The place is looking great. There's a fire roaring in the living room. Newly purchased pieces are smartly mixed in with the old stuff.

Nancy finishes laying down an antique rug in front of the fire. She and Alex take in their surroundings.

NANCY
I love our home.

ALEX
It looks pretty good.

NANCY
Oh my god, I just realized something. We still haven't christened it.

She kisses him. The two of them fall to the rug, ripping each other's clothes off as we MOVE to the fire and...

DISSOLVE TO:

68 THE FIRE - LATER 68

It's burned down considerably. We PULL away from the fire, just as Nancy rolls off Alex, both in post-coital bliss.

NANCY
(slightly out of breath)
I love... our home.

And as she turns her head, she sees...

MRS. CONNELLY

standing behind the refracted glass of the stairwell, her face spookily distorted.

NANCY (CONT'D)
Ah!

Alex turns his head, sees what Nancy's looking at.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

Oh my god!

They quickly/awkwardly try to cover themselves with their loose clothing as Mrs. Connelly exits the brownstone.

ALEX (CONT'D)

What was she doing?! You think she saw the whole thing?!

NANCY

Ew! I don't know! Did we say anything dirty?!

They hear the front door SLAM SHUT. Alex realizes...

ALEX

Wait, this is my chance. I have to go up there.

NANCY

Why?

A69 ON AN ELECTRONICS STORE BAG - MOMENTS LATER A69

In his tee-shirt and boxers, Alex pulls out "CLAP-MATE!"

NANCY (CONT'D)

What is that?

ALEX

Clap-Mate! You're the lookout. If you see her coming back, knock on the ceiling.

69 INT. MRS. CONNELLY'S APARTMENT - DAY 69

Alex is under Mrs. Connelly's ancient TV like an auto mechanic, installing "CLAP-MATE!"

LITTLE DICKIE

(RUDE NOISE)

ALEX

Shut up!

70 INT. NANCY AND ALEX'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS 70

Her back to the window, Nancy auditions various spots for the antique peacock. Through the window, we see Mrs. Connelly climbing the steps into the Brownstone.

71 INT. MRS. CONNELLY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS 71

Finished, Alex stands up, pulls the power knob -- turning on the TV. A show comes on. He CLAPS TWICE, the TV shuts off.

ALEX
(to himself)
Yes!

Suddenly, THE FRONT DOOR OPENS.

LITTLE DICKIE
Mommy's home!

Panicked, Alex runs to the back of the apartment just as...

Mrs. Connelly enters. She walks over to Little Dickie, opens the leftovers.

MRS. CONNELLY
I brought ya a treat, Dickie. Hot dogs! Lemme give it a wee chew first.

She chews on a piece of frank, reaches her hand into her mouth, feeding Dickie the now-mushy hot-dog.

She heads to the back of the apartment.

72 THE BATHROOM 72

She begins filling the tub.

CLOSE ON

Mrs. Connelly starts to disrobe.

MUSIC: Spandau Ballet's "True."

(ALTS: Bryan Ferry's "Slave to Love," Led Zepplin's "Kashmir," Sade's "Sweetest Taboo," Muddy Waters, "Backdoor Man," Dylan's "Lay Lady Lay," Springsteen's "I'm on Fire," Van Morrison's "Moon Dance.")

Mrs. Connelly's bra falls to the floor. Onto Alex's shoe. We PAN UP to show him crouching next to the claw-foot tub, looking quite panicked.

A pair of ratty bloomers float down, covering the bra. They may very well be the same panties Alex fished out of the garbage, as they have a tiny piece of spaghetti stuck to them.

(CONTINUED)

Alex anxiously shakes the unmentionables off his foot. He tries to crawl under the tub. No room.

We hear the water stop running. The pipes groan. Alex freezes. She's getting in!

INT. NANCY AND ALEX'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Nancy moves the peacock an inch, steps back, satisfied. Then... from upstairs, she hears the pipes groan.

NANCY
Holy crap.

MRS. CONNELLY

steps into the water

ALEX listens in terror as Mrs. Connelly lowers herself into the tub.

MRS. CONNELLY
<low moan of pleasure>

74 OMITTED 74
75 BY THE FRONT DOOR 75

Nancy lets herself in, looking around, nervous.

MRS. CONNELLY'S HAND

Squeezes water onto her stomach with a sponge. The hand presses the sponge to the skin, caressing it, moving downward.

76 OMITTED 76
77 IN THE HALLWAY 77

Nancy tentatively calls out...

NANCY
Mrs. Connelly?

78 IN THE BATHROOM 78

MRS. CONNELLY
Nancy? Oh, it so nice to see you.
I'll make ya a cup of tea.

Nancy cranes her neck -- no Alex. Then, she looks up -- through the frosted glass of the bathroom window, Nancy sees Alex, crouched like a cat on the windowsill.

She breathes a sigh of relief, but then, Alex slips, desperately CLAWING at the frosted window, and he disappears.

MRS. CONNELLY (CONT'D)

Ooh, they're lovely...

80

OMITTED.

80

INT. THE APARTMENT - DAY

Nancy rushes into the apartment.

NANCY

Honey?

ALEX (O.S., FAINT)

Out here!

Nancy rushes to an open window and looks down at

THE BUSHES

Alex is sprawled in a thorny mess of branches, struggling to get out while being pricked at every movement.

NANCY

Baby! Are you okay?

ALEX

What happened to you?! You were supposed to be the lookout!

NANCY

I'm sorry.

(thinking)

What were you doing in Mrs. Connelly's bathroom?

ALEX

(dryly)

It got complicated.

NANCY

(not wanting to push it)

Oh. Oh-kay.

(then)

Hey, I found the perfect spot for Mr. Peacock.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX
That's wonderful, honey.

Alex struggles and gets pricked.

ALEX (CONT'D)
If you could, perhaps, give me a
hand? I'm slowly bleeding to death.

NANCY
Poor baby.

Nancy ducks her head in.

81 INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

81 *

ALEX
All right, ready? Here we go.

Alex CLAPS TWICE. They wait, but nothing happens. He stands up on the bed, raises his hands to the ceiling -- another couple of LOUD CLAPS. The TV remains on.

He jumps on the bed, towards the ceiling, CLAPPING TWICE, LOUDLY...

THE TV SHUTS OFF. Nancy and Alex are thrilled.

ALEX (CONT'D)
It worked!

NANCY
You're a genius!

He hops back into bed -- for once, the room seems incredibly peaceful. As they hold each other, imagining a night of restful sleep...

FROM ABOVE -- they suddenly hear...

CLAP-CLAP. Mrs. Connelly's TV turns back on, the horrible noise of a late-night INFOMERCIAL coming into their bedroom.

ALEX
How the hell did she know?!

NANCY
You didn't leave the box, right?

ON ALEX -- as a wave of realization washes over him.

(CONTINUED)

Then, from above, they hear... CLAP-CLAP. The TV goes off. CLAP-CLAP. The TV goes on. The CLAP-CLAPPING continues, as Alex and Nancy listen to Mrs. Connelly play with her new toy.

A90 OMITTED A90

B90 INT. "NYNY" MAGAZINE - DAY B90

The office is in a state of controlled chaos. Everyone's getting ready for the magazine to go to print.

HERMAN (O.S.)
Royal purple! Not purple purple!

Nancy's phone rings. She picks it up.

NANCY
(into phone)
Nancy Kendricks.

MRS. CONNELLY

Is on the phone, referring to a small card

MRS. CONNELLY (OVER PHONE)
Nancy, it's Mrs. Connelly. Your tenant. I'm calling the number on this card you gave me. Two-one-two...

BACK TO SCENE

HERMAN (O.S.)
Ladies? Emergency!

Nancy motions to Tara to deal with it. Tara exits. Mrs. Connelly can be heard finishing the phone number.

NANCY
Mrs. Connelly, we're printing our magazine today, so things are a little crazy here right now. Did you try Alex?

MRS. CONNELLY

on the phone.

MRS. CONNELLY
I need my laundry picked up. And I'm afraid your Mr. Rose has shown a bit too much interest in my underthings....

BACK TO SCENE

Nancy listens as she tries to work.

MRS. CONNELLY (ON PHONE)
Just the other day...

HERMAN (O.S.)
Hurry! Run!

Tara re-enters, holding a MARKED UP copy of an article.

TARA
(quietly)
Herman's changes on the Restaurant
Hot List. He didn't read it until
this morning.

She hands the article to Nancy, who immediately begins making the changes on her computer as she half-listens to Mrs. Connelly.

HERMAN (O.S)
Nancy, our magazine is going to go
to press in 27 minutes!

NANCY
Okay, thank you, Mrs. Connelly...

Nancy hangs up.

HERMAN
Where's my new Hot List, girls?

Herman enters.

NANCY
I'm almost done!

CLOSE ON PHONE

It starts ringing again.

BACK TO SCENE

HERMAN
Five seconds!

ON NANCY TYPING

As the phone rings, and:

(CONTINUED)

HERMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Tickety boo!

NANCY (O.S.)
Okay, okay...

NANCY (CONT'D)
Coming!

Nancy works in fast-motion. ON HER SCREEN, she drags a FOLDER TO THE TRASH -- ejects the disk, sticks a label on it.

HERMAN
Times up!

Out of breath, Nancy puts the disk in Herman's hands. The phone continues to ring incessantly over the following.

NANCY
Here!

Herman exits.

HERMAN (O.S.)
This is a procrastinator's
paradise!

90 INT. ALEX AND NANCY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

90

Tiny pumpkins and ears of Indian corn on the spiral staircase suggest a Thanksgiving theme. Several HOUSEWARMING GIFTS sit on a table, near hors d'oevres, salads, etc.

Alex shows Coop around.

COOP
I like it, Alex. It's really cute.
What's it, like, eight, nine
hundred square feet?

ALEX
No, it's like eighteen hundred.
Maybe all the fireplaces make it
seem... cozier. We've got three
fireplaces.

A91 IN THE KITCHEN

A91

Nancy gives the still impossibly flat-stomached Celine a tour -- the dividing wall has been removed.

NANCY
So here it is, the third fireplace.

(CONTINUED)

CELINE

This apartment is amazing.

NANCY

I'm so glad that you like it. Phew!

IN THE LIBRARY

JEAN, a tall, handsome woman nurses a white wine.

JEAN

Tell me, how's the ending turning out?

ALEX

It's coming along. I mean, I lost a little time, between the move and getting settled but--

JEAN

Just make sure you turn it in by Wednesday, Alex. Management is being very strict with our mid-level authors.

ALEX

I'm only mid-level?

JEAN

Right now. Of course you won't be after you hand in your masterpiece.

THE LIVING ROOM

Nancy leads Herman, Terrence, Tara and Celine on a tour.

NANCY

We're still replacing a lot of the furniture, but I'm going with a Miller slash Eames look. You love Eames, Terrence.

TERRENCE

Nancy, I just got a new piece!

B91

THE LIVING ROOM

B91

Back on Coop and Alex. They discuss Coop's elephant skin jacket.

Alex looks across the room, where a tough-looking guy in his 40s, CHICK and his curvaceous, busty date, GINGER stand.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

Did you bring that guy?

COOP

Oh, that's Chick. He's the guy who's advising me on the Don Piper mysteries.

ALEX

What, he's a detective or something?

OVER SHOT OF CHICK

COOP (O.S.)

Just the opposite. Drugs, extortion, killing, loan sharking, you name it. Guy's a real dirtbag.

EXISTING SHOT OF ALEX

ALEX (ADR)

You invited a dirtbag to my party?

COOP

Relax, he's very discreet. He's got a perfectly legitimate day job as a cover.

ON CHICK, GINGER, HERMAN, TERRENCE and TARA.

HERMAN

What do you do, Chick?

CHICK

I'm a pornographer.

Everyone smiles and nods, hiding their surprise.

93

INT. BROWNSTONE - SECOND FLOOR LANDING - CONTINUOUS

93

The group walks up the stairs, towards Mrs. Connelly's.

NANCY

She's this funny old Irish lady named Mrs. Connelly. She's playing in a brass ensemble at her church tonight.

They get to Mrs. Connelly's door, Nancy sticking in a key to unlock it.

(CONTINUED)

NANCY (CONT'D)

There's all sorts of incredible details, I mean I can't wait for you guys to see...

Herman and Terrence stick their face in to see:

MRS. CONNELLY

Coming at them with a can of mace.

BACK TO SCENE

A FULL BLAST OF MACE is suddenly sprayed through the door.

MRS. CONNELLY (O.S.)

Intruder!

94 INT. NANCY AND ALEX'S APARTMENT 94

Everyone assembled suddenly hears...

TERRENCE (O.S.)

Aaahhhh!!!

95 BACK ON THE LANDING 95

Terrence clutches his face. Herman, GAGGING, staggers backwards and down the stairs.

NANCY

Herman?

96 EXT. BROWNSTONE - NIGHT 96

An AMBULANCE pulls out. A SQUAD CAR idles in front, lights flashing.

97 INT. BROWNSTONE - SECOND FLOOR LANDING - CONTINUOUS 97

An imposing cop, OFFICER DAN, has his arm around Mrs. Connelly, who looks very much the victim. Alex and Nancy sit on the landing.

In the b.g., the PARTY GUESTS file out.

OFFICER DAN

Being a landlord doesn't give you the right to enter your tenant's premises any time you feel like it.

(CONTINUED)

NANCY

We just wanted to give our friends
a little look-see.

(to Mrs. Connelly)

I thought you were performing at
the church tonight.

MRS. CONNELLY

Heavens no. It's next Friday.
We've got a big week of practice
ahead of us.

Officer Dan re-gains his attention.

OFFICER DAN

You had no right entering in the
first place. You terrified this
poor woman. Mrs. Connelly, you
could press charges if you want to.

ALEX

What?!

MRS. CONNELLY

Oh, no, I don't want to do that.
They're such a nice couple.
(heads into her apartment)
Goodnight, now.

As the door closes, Officer Dan turns back to Alex and Nancy.

OFFICER DAN

(writing a citation)
You got off easy this time, but
I'll be watching you two very
closely.

He hands Alex the citation. Chick and Ginger exit Alex and
Nancy's apartment, Chick motioning for Ginger to wait while
he heads up the stairs.

CHICK

Hey, Alex, right?

ALEX

Yes... Chick?

From his jacket, Chick hands Alex a stack of PORNO DVD'S.

CHICK

I brought you a little housewarming
gift.

(to Nancy)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHICK (CONT'D)
It's all tasteful stuff, you know,
for couples.

NANCY
That's thoughtful.

CHICK
(points to a movie)
My card's inside "Ass Patrol" if
you need some more.

GINGER
I won an award for that one.

99 INT. "NYNY" MAGAZINE - ART DEPARTMENT - MORNING 99

Nancy walks up to her work-station. A yellow POST-IT on her
computer reads: "See me - H."

CLOSE ON HERMAN'S FACE

It's red and puffy and really, really pissed.

100 INT. "NYNY" MAGAZINE - HERMAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 100

ON NANCY -- in shock.

NANCY
That's not fair. She was supposed
to be at church. You can't fire me
because you got Maced.

ON HERMAN -- his arm in a sling, his face red and puffy.

HERMAN
Oh, believe me, I wish that's why I
was firing you.

He throws the Winter Preview issue on his desk.

HERMAN (CONT'D)
Did you happen to see the
Restaurant Hot List?

Nancy opens it to a Post-It-marked page.

ON THE MAGAZINE

One page is taken up with: 'WINTER'S HOTTEST RESTAURANTS.'
There's clearly been a screw-up on the second page because
instead of the Hot List...

THERE'S A DIAGRAM OF NANCY'S PLANS FOR THEIR APARTMENT

(CONTINUED)

In each of the different rooms, there are PHOTOS of Nancy's and Alex's heads, pasted on little cartoon bodies, with silly captions accompanying the pictures.

NANCY
(slowly, stunned)
Oh... my... god...

WE PUNCH in on various images on the page:

Alex at his nook, writing (the caption: '*Great American Novel!*'); Alex and Nancy in bed, cuddling; in the kitchen, cooking (the caption reading '*Yum!*').]

Further down the page, Nancy's vision for Mrs. Connelly's place.

Alex and Nancy with a baby in a nursery (Mrs. Connelly's parlor); Alex, in a home-gym (her bedroom), lifting a barbell like a strongman; Alex and Nancy sit in an antique bathtub, Nancy loafah-ing Alex's back. An arrow points to Alex (the caption, '*Alex!*'); a second arrow points towards his crotch (the caption reads: '*Mr. Peabody!*')

HERMAN
How's Mr. Peabody?!

103

INT. APARTMENT - WRITER'S NOOK - DAY

103

Alex has the magazine opened to the diagram, as he angrily punches in a number on the telephone.

From Mrs. Connelly's apartment, a song -- John McCormick singing "She Moved Through The Fair" plays loudly.

RECEPTIONIST (OVER PHONE)
"NYNY," can I help you?

ALEX
Nancy Kendricks please.

RECEPTIONIST (OVER PHONE)
I'm sorry, Mrs. Kendricks no longer works here.

ALEX
What?

RECEPTIONIST (OVER PHONE)
May I help you with anything else?

Alex hangs up the phone. The music from above, driving him nuts.

(CONTINUED)

OUT THE WINDOW

He notices Mrs. Connelly strolling past with a small MUSICAL INSTRUMENT CASE, Little Dick perched on her shoulder.

JOHN MCCORMICK RECORD

(skipping)

*Till our wedding day... till our
wedding day... till our wedding
day.*

He looks over to the house-keys in a bowl near the front door. Then, his eyes go his desk, where he sees the \$3,000 fine for trespassing.

Alex grabs a broom, using it to BANG on the ceiling several times. Plaster falls, hitting him on the face.

And he momentarily FREAKS-OUT, spastically punching the air in anger and frustration.

104

EXT. THE BROWNSTONE - LATER IN THE DAY

104

Nancy exits a cab with several BOXES of her office possessions. At the same time, Mrs. Connelly returns, stopping Nancy as she walks up the steps.

MRS. CONNELLY

Good evening, Nancy! I left a small grocery list on your tape recording at work. Did you manage to fill it for me?

NANCY

(bewildered but
apologetic)

No, I-

Mrs. Connelly turns away, a little peevish.

MRS. CONNELLY

That's all right. It won't be the first dinner I've missed in my life.

Mrs. Connelly enters the Brownstone, letting the doors CLOSE on Nancy who struggles with her pile of boxes.

105

INT. THE APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

105

Nancy opens the front door, stops short...

NANCY'S POV

(CONTINUED)

Alex is asleep in the fetal position on the couch, the magazine by his side. The McCormick song is still skipping from upstairs.

NANCY

Alex!

He quickly opens his eyes. Sees her dragging in her boxes.

NANCY (CONT'D)

You can't sleep! You have to finish your book! We need money! I got fired!

ALEX

(waking up now)
Yeah, I know. I saw it.

NANCY

You saw it?

ALEX

Now my parents knows my penis is called Mr. Peabody.

NANCY

It wasn't my fault!
(points upstairs)
She had me on the phone while you were napping!

ALEX

I wasn't napping! I told you I was hiding from her! I CAN'T WRITE A GODDAMN THING IN THIS HOUSE! MY BOOK IS DUE ON WEDNESDAY AND I'VE WRITTEN THREE PAGES IN THE LAST SIX WEEKS! WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO IF I DON'T FINISH?! WE HAVE RUNNERS AND ANCHORS AND STOOLS TO PAY FOR! THE WOMAN IS RUINING US! WE'RE SCREWED!

NANCY

Alex it's okay. You just need to get out of the house. Why don't you go write at a Starbucks or something?

ALEX

And you'll stay home alone with her all day? I'm telling you won't be able to take it, Nancy.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ALEX (CONT'D)

I mean, I love you, but I've been there, and I don't think you could take it.

108 OMITTED

108

INT. STARBUCKS - DAY

Alex walks in to a pretty empty Starbucks.

INT. THE APARTMENT - DAY

Nancy is on the phone at her kitchen table -- a list of contacts displayed on the Titanium Powerbook in front of her.

NANCY

I was at "NYNY" for four years, freelance before that and...

SFX: DOORBELL

Nancy rolls her eyes.

INT. BROWNSTONE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Mrs. Connelly rings the bell in an annoying rhythm.

MRS. CONNELLY

Nancy!

109 INT. THE APARTMENT - FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

109

Nancy opens the door and talks to Mrs. Connelly.

NANCY

Good morning, Mrs. Connelly.

MRS. CONNELLY

Well, hello, Nancy. I couldn't help but notice that Alex left the house this morning, while you stayed home. Is everything all right?

NANCY

Actually, I was uh... downsized from my job.

MRS. CONNELLY

Oh, I'm sorry.

NANCY

Is there something... Mrs. Connelly?

(CONTINUED)

MRS. CONNELLY
I guess you could call it
something! I've got somethin' on
display in my kitchen.

Mrs. Connelly flashes Nancy a big smile.

111 INT. MRS. CONNELLY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN 111

There's a small black object on the counter.

NANCY
That's not a mouse dropping. It's a
raisin.

MRS. CONNELLY
(leans in to look)
It's the leavings of a mouse.

NANCY
(losing patience)
It's a raisin.

Nancy matter-of-factly picks up the object and pops it in her
mouth. She gets a very strange look on her face.

MRS. CONNELLY
Oh, I sprayed it with Lysol.

112 INT. NANCY AND ALEX'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 112

Nancy and Alex in bed, Alex types on his Powerbook while
Nancy rants.

NANCY
...and she puts on this sweet face
and pretends to be all innocent.
(imitates Mrs. Connelly)
'Oh, Nancy, come quick, I found the
leavings of a mouse.' Like she
didn't know it was a raisin.

ALEX
(typing)
That's nice sweetie.

She looks over at him, frustrated, as he types furiously, not
paying attention to her.

113 EXT. BROWNSTONE - MORNING 113

It's raining. Alex exits with an umbrella, gives Nancy a
little kiss.

114 INT. STARBUCKS - MORNING 114

Alex enters -- sees that every seat is filled.

115 EXT. TAVERN (THE SLOPE) - MORNING 115

Alex looks in the window -- several REGULARS already into their first drink of the day. He enters.

116 INT. THE SLOPE - CONTINUOUS 116

He walks up to the bar, lays out his Powerbook in front of the world-weary FEMALE BARTENDER

BARTENDER

What can I get you?

ALEX

Look, I have about twelve hours to finish this book I'm writing. Can I just sit here, all day, and work?

BARTENDER

Be my guest.
(points to an OLD MAN,
scribbling in a notebook)
He said the same thing, thirty
seven years ago.

Alex looks over at the old man, PHIL, slightly disturbed.

117 INT. THE APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MORNING 117

Nancy's on the phone, the CLASSIFIED ADS in front of her.

NANCY

...I haven't designed religious
leaflets per se, but I'm sure I'd
be very good at it.
(listens)
One o'clock. Great, I'll see you
then, Rabbi.

Then... from somewhere... AN ECHOEY VOICE.

MRS. CONNELLY (O.S.)

Nancy! Nancy are you down there?!

Nancy looks around -- could it be in her head? But then, her eyes land on THE DUMBWAITER SHAFT.

118 INSIDE THE DUMBWAITER SHAFT 118

(CONTINUED)

Nancy opens it up, looking up. She sees Mrs. Connelly looking down.

NANCY
What is it, Mrs. Connelly?

MRS. CONNELLY
Little Dick is caught in the
dumbwaiter shaft.

NANCY
How did he get--

Suddenly, LITTLE DICK appears out of the darkness... screeching horribly as he ATTACKS NANCY, firmly planting his talons into her hair. It's like something out of "The Birds."

NANCY (CONT'D)
Aahh!

DOWN SHAFT ON NANCY

Being attacked.

MRS. CONNELLY (O.S.)
Stop struggling! It just makes him
angry!

119 THE APARTMENT - SAME

119

Nancy stumbles out of the dumbwaiter shaft, running through the apartment, desperately trying to detach the pecking and squawking Little Dickie from her head.

LITTLE DICKIE
<squawk> Oh, boy! Christ have
mercy!

A120 INT. THE FOYER - SAME

A120

Nancy runs into the foyer with the bird still attached. Mrs. Connelly exits from her apartment.

LITTLE DICKIE
Christ! Christ! <squawk> Oh, boy!

NANCY
Ahhh!!!!!!

Nancy finally manages to rip Little Dick off her head, and the bird flies up to the second floor, where Mrs. Connelly grabs hold of him.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. CONNELLY
(gently stroking Li'l
Dick)

Shame on ya, scaring a helpless
little macaw like that.

120 INT. THE SLOPE - DAY 120

Alex types furiously, a mug of coffee next to him.

121 INT. BROWNSTONE LOBBY - MINUTES LATER 121

Nancy, her face slightly pecked up, exits the apartment in a
JOB INTERVIEW SUIT, carrying her portfolio case. She looks
up, sees Mrs. Connelly exiting her apartment.

MRS. CONNELLY
Oh, Nancy, I was just about to ring
you. I'm afraid there's a bit of a
problem up here.

NANCY
(not so nice)
I'm on my way to a job interview,
Mrs. Connelly. I'll have to take
care of it later.

MRS. CONNELLY
That's okay, I'll just call a
rugman?

NANCY
The what?

Nancy sighs.

122 OMIT 122

123 OMIT 123

124 OMIT 124

125 OMIT 125

126 INT. BAR - NIGHT 126

Alex is typing like a madman. Finally, he POUNDS one more
key, looks up from the screen pumps the air, exultant!

127-141 OMIT 127-141

A142 INT. THE BROWNSTONE - DAY

A142

Her portfolio cases next to her, Nancy quickly hammers nails into the CARPET-RUNNER at the top of the stairs.

MRS. CONNELLY

Nail it down good now, I wouldn't want to slip and break my neck..

NANCY

Nope, you wouldn't want to do that.

Mrs. Connelly leans down.

MRS. CONNELLY

This is the problem area, here..

She rips up a section of nailed-down runner, the nails popping out in succession.

MRS. CONNELLY (CONT'D)

...it's looser than a Dublin whore.

(re: Nancy's hammering)

There ya go, put a little elbow grease into it.

NANCY

Okay, I will.

And in a flash...

Nancy suddenly pushes her down the stairs.

Mrs. Connelly tumbles end over end, until she lands with a THUD at the bottom of the steps.

B142 INT. THE SLOPE - NIGHT

B142

Nancy and Alex sit in a booth -- Alex looking stunned.

ALEX

You threw Mrs. Connelly down the stairs?!

NANCY

No, of course not! But I imagined it! And I liked it! I'm evil. I'm a horrible, horrible person.

ALEX

You're not horrible. That woman has practically ruined our lives.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ALEX (CONT'D)

It's perfectly normal to have thoughts like that. I've even had a couple of harmless ones myself.

142 OMITTED 142
143 OMITTED 143
144 OMITTED 144
145 OMITTED 145
146 THE EAST RIVER - NIGHT 146
ALEX TOSSES the SQUIRMING MRS. CONNELLY IN A SACK INTO THE RIVER.
148 BACK TO THE BAR 148

NANCY

Like what?

ALEX

(casually)

Just, you know, snapping her neck, electrocuting her... Just beating her to death... Decapitating her, drowning her, bludgeoning her, but asphyxiating her first so she didn't feel anything.

NANCY

(smiling)

You're evil too!

A149 EXT. BROWNSTONE - NIGHT A149

Alex and Nancy walk up the steps, hand in hand, Alex carrying his Powerbook.

ALEX

It was incredible. The last sixty pages just poured out of me.

NANCY

Let's open up that really good champagne, have a little celebration.

As they approach the front door, they hear Mrs. Connelly SCREAMING O.S.

B149 INT. BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

B149

They enter the building, see Mrs. Connelly outside her door.

MRS. CONNELLY

Alex, Nancy, come quick! A huge
rat just ran under me cupboard.

Alex and Nancy look at each other.

NANCY

I'll pop the cork.

She smiles at him, he heads upstairs.

C149 INT. MRS. CONNELLY'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

C149

Alex enters the apartment, Mrs. Connelly leading him to her
living room. A fire blazes in her fireplace.

Alex sets his POWERBOOK CASE on her coffee-table, next to the
phone book (which is from 1970).

ALEX

(doesn't believe her at
all)

Well, let's just see if we can't
find this big-bad-rat.

Alex leans down, looks under the cupboard. Sees nothing but
a thick layer of dust.

ALEX (CONT'D)

You sure it wasn't a dust-bunny?
Those things kind of scurry when
you--

MRS. CONNELLY

I saw it with my own two eyes. It
was the size of a cocker spaniel.

ALEX

I'm sorry, I just don't--

MRS. CONNELLY

The rat!

Alex whips his head around -- sees THE SMALLEST MOUSE IN THE
WORLD dart across the room.

(CONTINUED)

Mrs. Connelly reaches towards the coffee-table, grabbing Alex's Powerbook instead of the phone book, hurls it at the scurrying mouse.

The computer crashes to the floor, missing the mouse, but one-hopping RIGHT INTO THE FIREPLACE.

ALEX

No-no-no!

MRS. CONNELLY

Oh, dear, your purse fell into the fire.

Alex fights the fire, trying to get at his computer.

MRS. CONNELLY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Mind now, you're getting ashes on my rug!

D149 INT. BROWNSTONE - STAIRWAY - MOMENTS LATER

D149

His jacket and Powerbook engulfed in flames, Alex flies down the stairs, passing Nancy who opens their door holding a bottle of CHAMPAGNE.

NANCY

Alex?!

ALEX

Door-door-door-door!

She runs to the door, avoiding his flaming hands, shaking the champagne bottle in the process. She opens it as...

E149 EXT. BROWNSTONE NIGHT

E149

...Alex leaps out of the brownstone, trips and lurches forward, the SMOKING COAT/LAPTOP flying out of his hands.

SLOW MOTION -- as the Powerbook soars through the air, landing, not-so-gently on the street -- burnt, but salvageable.

Alex breathes a sigh of relief when... A TOW-TRUCK barrels over the computer, as well as the SUV that it tows.

And as Alex takes this in, horrified. The champagne Nancy is holding opens with a FESTIVE POP.

149 INT. THE APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT 149

Above them, Mrs. Connelly's TV blares. The water stain in the corner of their ceiling continues to grow.

FROM ABOVE

FEMALE NEWSCASTER (O.S.)
...accompanied by nausea and violent diarrhea. Doctors warn that this Indonesian strain of the flu is particularly dangerous and potentially deadly to young children and especially the elderly.

Nancy and Alex watch this silently.

150 INT. BROWNSTONE - LOBBY - MORNING 150

Alex, wearing slacks and a sport-coat walks toward the door.

MRS. CONNELLY
Oh, Mr. Rose.

Alex looks up, sees her at the top of the stairs.

MRS. CONNELLY (CONT'D)
Could you sprinkle some salt on the steps? They're terribly icy.

ALEX
You better not go outside then.

151 EXT. BROWNSTONE - DAY 151

Alex exits. Through the door, we see him take a terrific FALL down the steps.

152-155 OMIT 152-155

A156 INT. FANCY MANHATTAN RESTAURANT - DAY A156

Alex explains his story to Jean, who seems to be buying it, shaking her head in disbelief. .

ALEX
Yes! And then I got it outside, tripped, and a tow-truck ran it over. Followed by an SUV.

JEAN
Alex, no, that is horrible!

(CONTINUED)

ALEX
(chuckling with her)
I know. Can you believe it?

Beat. Then, Jean gets serious.

JEAN
No, I can't. I tried to warn you,
Alex. We're canceling every
contract that's in breach.

ALEX
In breach.

JEAN
I'm sorry, darling. Maybe if you
put as much energy into your work
as you do into excuses, you'd have
made the deadline.
(to waiter)
I'll have the shark. No bones...

EXT. MIDTOWN – CONTINUOUS

Nancy and Tara, in coats and hats, exit a deli which has
various Thanksgiving decorations in its windows; Tara is
carrying a plastic bag with the lunch she has just bought.

TARA
In a way, you're lucky. Herman has
been a superdick since you left.

They begin walking down the street, past mostly successful
people. Perhaps they pass a book store that is plastered with
posters for Coop's latest book.

NANCY
Lucky? I can't find a job, I'm
going to lose my apartment, my
husband and I haven't made love in
weeks. All because of goddamn Mrs.
Connelly...

TARA
(shocked)
Alex is having an affair with Mrs.
Connelly?

NANCY
No! It's just...
(really upset)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NANCY (CONT'D)

All I ever wanted was a nice home,
a couple of bedrooms, clawfoot
bathtub, a day room for a baby...
(realizing)
How can I have a baby with no sex?

TARA

Oh, sweetie, I am so sorry. If
there's anything I can do. I don't
have any money.

NANCY

No, I don't want... But could you
keep an eye out, ask around about a
job?

TARA

(uncomfortable)
Nancy, I don't know... You're
pretty famous, in an infamous kind
of way. Maybe in a couple of years.

Nancy looks doomed. An old woman passes them, COUGHING.

TARA (CONT'D)

I hope I don't get that flu. I've
got so much freelance work to do.
(off Nancy's look)
Sorry.
(lifts up plastic bag)
Would you like half my sandwich?

Nancy thinks about this for a second.

NANCY

Sure.

B156 OMITTED.

B156

C156 INT. SUBWAY CAR - LATE AFTERNOON

C156

A glum Alex is smashed in among commuters. He notices a
WOMAN reading a NEW YORK POST -- the cover reads: "KILLER
FLU STRIKES AGAIN." Alex glances across the car, sees that
there are several EMPTY SEATS next to one VERY SICK-LOOKING
BUSINESSMAN.

Alex stares at the guy, who's coughing, sneezing, shaking his
head in misery.

The subway goes into a tunnel -- the lights shorting out for
a moment. A dark figure moves forward.

(CONTINUED)

The train emerges from the tunnel, heading out to Brooklyn, daylight now filling the car.

Alex stands, facing the very sick-looking businessman.

ALEX
How's it going?

The Businessman coughs. Alex leans in to breathe from it.

The Businessman SNEEZES. Alex swings his face through the mist, in the agonized ecstasy of a martyred saint.

156 INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT 156

Nancy and Alex lie in bed, looking incredibly sick.

NANCY
How do you feel?

ALEX
Like I'm knocking on death's door.

ON MRS. CONNELLY'S DOOR

Knock-knock!

157 INT. MRS. CONNELLY'S APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER 157

Mrs. Connelly opens her front door onto Alex and Nancy, trying, futilely, to look healthy.

MRS. CONNELLY
Oh, look who's here!

NANCY
Hi, Mrs. Connelly!

ALEX
(hitting the 'H')
Happy Thanksgiving.

MRS. CONNELLY
Come in, dears. Are you feeling okay? You both look a bit sallow?

They walk in, casually touching surfaces as they head towards the sitting area. Alex half-stifles a sneeze.

NANCY
No-no, we're fine.

ALEX

We brought you some popcorn.

Seated now, Nancy puts her hand over Mrs. Connelly's, leaning in close to her face.

NANCY

Did you manage to get a little turkey, Mrs. Connelly?

MRS. CONNELLY

I did. That lovely black woman from the Post Office brought me a sumptuous dinner.

ALEX

Wasn't that sweet of her.

Alex smiles at her, rubs his sniffing nose, then, runs that same hand over her armchair.

MRS. CONNELLY

But I'm afraid some of the carcass didn't go down the disposal.

Nancy and Alex suddenly look concerned.

NANCY

That's 'cause you don't have a disposal, Mrs. Connelly.

MRS. CONNELLY

I don't?

158

INT. MRS. CONNELLY'S KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER

158

CLOSE ON THE SINK -- it's a greasy cesspool with skin floating on the surface, glops of turkey bones, mashed potato, cranberry sauce churning in it.

Alex lies under the sink, inexpertly struggling to loosen the elbow joint. Nancy is above the sink, looking down.

BELOW -- the joint suddenly jars loose, and Alex sees a large piece of GELATINOUS FAT lodged in the pipe.

He takes the handle of a wire brush and jabs at the gristle. One, two, three. On the third poke the fat FLIES straight out of the drain and LANDS ON NANCY'S FACE like a jellyfish.

Nancy gags, spits, looks like she's gonna...

BELOW

(CONTINUED)

Alex is delighted.

ALEX

All right!

Alex looks up the pipe.

ALEX'S PIPE POV

Nancy vomit down the drain.

Alex is covered with vomitus.

MRS. CONNELLY

watches this casually.

MRS. CONNELLY

I don't care what ya say, looks to me like you've got some sort of bug. Thank god Officer Dan took me to get a flu shot last week.

160

INT. HOMETOWN REALTY - DAY

160

CLOSE ON A MURAL OF BROOKLYN -- real estate agent Kenneth standing in front of the Brooklyn Bridge, arms extended.

Nancy and Alex sit in front of it, who look horrible.

ALEX

(all business)

How much can we get, Kenneth?

KENNETH

That depends on how much you come down on the price.

(off Alex's stare)

You way overpaid, and what, with that tenant...

NANCY

You said she was a sweet old lady...

KENNETH

I can't imagine saying that.

NANCY

So you're telling us we're stuck with that hell-hole?

(CONTINUED)

KENNETH
Yeah, unless you're willing to take
a huge, huge loss.

ALEX
Huge?

KENNETH
(correcting)
Huge huge.

Alex and Nancy look extremely distressed.

EXT. BROOKLYN - MIDDAY

It's cold and bright. The poles are striped for Christmas.
Alex and Nancy huddle together for warm and comfort.

NANCY
We are so screwed.

ALEX
Yes. We are that.

NANCY
(at wits end)
What are we going to do? We don't
have a "huge, huge" to lose even if
we wanted to. Oh, Alex, what're we
... I mean, we already tried to...
"K" her...

ALEX
(momentarily confused,
then indignant.)
We did not.

Nancy can't believe he would say that.

NANCY
Alex! The flu? We...

She pantomimes wiping her nose with her sleeve as she did
earlier.

Alex lowers his eyes like a very bad little boy.

Nancy and Alex walk silently for a beat.

NANCY (CONT'D)
(eyes welling)
We're horrible!

ALEX

No. No!

NANCY

We're such bad people!

ALEX

No, our brains were infected with super viruses. We were probably legally insane.

NANCY

We've got to make it up to her.

ALEX

(incredulous)

What? I feel bad. But not that bad.

NANCY

(brightening)

Maybe we could buy her a gift, or flowers, a little cake... and just very politely explain our situation... And then we could ask her if she wouldn't mind leaving...

ALEX

Have you ever met this Mrs. Connelly?

NANCY

Okay, well maybe we'll have to beg a little. But nicely.

ALEX

(considers, agrees)

She might go for begging...

CLOSE ON

An open box of Godiva™ chocolates. An elderly thumb pushes deep into one of them.

INT. MRS. CONNELLY'S APARTMENT — PARLOR — CONTINUOUS

Mrs. Connelly frowns, and thumbs another chocolate. Alex and Nancy sit across from her, not looking well.

NANCY

Mrs. Connelly, there's a chart showing what's inside each chocolate.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. CONNELLY
(thumbing a chocolate)
That's all right, dear.

Mrs. Connelly picks up a chocolate apparently to her liking and puts it in her mouth. She makes a face and spits it out into her hand. She places the wet chocolate back into its spot in the box.

ALEX
So, Mrs. Connelly, the reason we...

MRS. CONNELLY
(not listening)
You two are the nicest landlords I've ever had! So many of them were not very nice at all, in the end.

ALEX
You've had a lot of landlords?

MRS. CONNELLY
Gobs and gobs! Ten in the past eight years, if you can believe it.

Mrs. Connelly hands Nancy a photo album. *

MRS. CONNELLY (CONT'D) *
My rogue's gallery, if you will. *

Nancy opens the album, and starts turning the pages. *

ON ALBUM *

It's page after page of young couples like Alex and Nancy. *

BACK TO SCENE *

Nancy and Alex stare as they turn the pages. *

NANCY *
All these people owned this *
apartment and then moved out? *

MRS. CONNELLY *
Well, they didn't all move out. *
Poor Mr. Myer took his own life. *
(entre nous) *
Had money problems. *

ON ALBUM

The procession continues. Some of the couples are in what is clearly sixties and seventies garb.

ON ALEX AND NANCY

Mortified.

MRS. CONNELLY (CONT'D)

Smile!

They look up. They are blinded by a flash of light.

MRS. CONNELLY

Has just taken their picture with a camera.

MRS. CONNELLY (CONT'D)

(delighted)

And now I've got you two!

Alex and Nancy blink, from the flash and in disbelief. Alex turns his head down as he blinks and sees...

THE BOTTOM OF THE BIRD STAND

Is papered with pages from a book. Clearly visible is the page Alex inscribed to Mrs. Connelly, "To my favorite upstairs neighbor..." In that moment, bird shit lands on it.

BACK TO SCENE

ALEX

Is that my novel?

MRS. CONNELLY

I'm sorry, Alan, I couldn't read it. It was filthy dirty.

(to Nancy)

Mr. Connelly hid his dirty books inside the toilet tank.

Nancy squeezes Alex's arm tightly. He swallows his rage.

NANCY

Mrs. Connelly, let me come right to the point: Alex and I are trying to have a baby.

MRS. CONNELLY

(knowing, judgemental)

I saw. In the living room.

(CONTINUED)

NANCY

Right. But the thing is, when we do... have our baby. Well, we're going to need this upstairs.

MRS. CONNELLY

I don't understand, dear.

ALEX

We're willing to pay you. Something.

NANCY

In installments.

MRS. CONNELLY

You want me to leave?

ALEX

Don't you want to be with people who are more... in your demographic?

NANCY

In beautiful, sunny Miami Beach?

MRS. CONNELLY

I'm Irish, dear. I'd sizzle up like a sausage.

ALEX

Then how about the Bronx? It's loaded with Irish people. Right off the boat.

NANCY

Gobs and gobs of them.

MRS. CONNELLY

Oh, you wouldn't catch me in the Bronx after dark. Besides, this is my home. Why, my Mr. Connelly is buried out in the back.

(thinks)

Somewhere.

LITTLE DICKIE

Christ have mercy!

Nancy blinks, stunned. Alex's eyes flit back and forth, desperately, trying to think of...

(CONTINUED)

ALEX
(getting idea)
Home! The emerald isle!
(crappy Irish accent)
Back to the old sod!

Alex does a leprechaun bounce of the head, then realizes he's embarrassing himself and stops. He and Nancy look forlorn.

MRS. CONNELLY
Well, now, there's a thought...

Nancy and Alex are initially more shocked than pleased.

MRS. CONNELLY (CONT'D)
(thinking it through)
I haven't been back home in fifty
years... But I do still have the
old family cottage in Connemara.

With her eyes she indicates a painting/photograph on the wall of what might more properly be called a manor house.

Alex and Nancy regroup and go for the sale.

NANCY
Ireland is so beautiful. Green.

ALEX
And they're in the EU now...

Nancy gives Alex a look. He shrugs. Mrs. Connelly nods her head, smiling...

MRS. CONNELLY
Well, I'd have to give it some
thought...
(thumbing chocolate)
Ooh, a caramel!

Mrs. Connelly pops the chocolate in her mouth.

MRS. CONNELLY (CONT'D)
Most likely they've got television
by now...

NANCY
Oh, I'm sure they do.

ALEX
Color!

Mrs. Connelly's mouth is open as she mulls. Her tongue slowly circumnavigates the chocolate.

Alex and Nancy are on the edge of their seats, their excitement tempered by revulsion.

Mrs. Connelly snaps her mouth shut and nods happily. She's made up her mind.

MRS. CONNELLY
(cheerily)
You know, I've got half a mind to--

Mrs. Connelly suddenly stops talking.

NANCY
Mrs. Connelly?

Mrs. Connelly is turning red. She's CHOKING.

Alex jumps up and hoists Mrs. Connelly out of her chair. He Heimlich's her violently, several times. The chocolate flies out.

ON NANCY

The chocolate splats onto her forehead.

ON ALEX

Relieved, Alex relaxes his grip on Mrs. Connelly. She instantly drops out of frame. We hear a DEAD THUMP.

Nancy drops to Mrs. Connelly's side, feels her neck pulse.

NANCY (CONT'D)
Oh, God!

ALEX
Clear!

Alex slams his fist down on Mrs. Connelly chest, like he's seen on TV.

NANCY
What are you doing?!!

ALEX
CPR.

Nancy pushes Alex away, and starts doing real CPR. Alex looks on helplessly.

(CONTINUED)

NANCY

Give her mouth-to-mouth!

Alex is terrified. But dutifully, he opens Mrs. Connelly's mouth and blows in. He comes up for breath, starts to blow again. Mrs. Connelly eyes snap open. He backs off, startled.

MRS. CONNELLY

What are you doing?

Mrs. Connelly's POV

Alex is at a loss for words. His mouth is also smeared with lipstick.

She looks down. Nancy is straddling her and has her hands on Mrs. Connelly's breasts.

NANCY

You choked on chocolate.

Mrs. Connelly looks as if she's just realized something.

MRS. CONNELLY

Oh.

EXT. PARK SLOPE POLICE STATION – AFTERNOON

INT. PARK SLOPE POLICE STATION – CONTINUOUS

Alex and Nancy sit in front of a desk.

Officer Dan sits on the other side, staring at them. Sitting next to him is Mrs. Connelly.

MRS. CONNELLY

The last thing I remember was eating one of their chocolates, and when I woke, he was having his way and she was holding me down.

Alex goes into an explanation. As he gestures, we see the tips of each of his fingers is inky black.

ALEX

(shit-eating laugh)

She's confused. What –

Officer Dan practically lunges across his desk and grabs Alex's mouth, digging his thumb and forefinger deep into Alex's cheeks.

(CONTINUED)

CLOSE ON

Officer Dan's quite massive face.

OFFICER DAN
You sicken me.

NANCY
There's been a misunderstanding.
Honestly.

OFFICER DAN
Both of you, shut up.

Officer Dan stands, still gripping Alex's face. He leans forward.

OFFICER DAN (CONT'D)
We keep a list of people like you
down here at the station, and
you're on that list now. The Sexual
Predator list.

ALEX
(through pinched face)
<dismissive snort> Sexual predator?

Officer Dan squeezes his face very hard.

NANCY
My husband is not a sexual
predator. I would know.

Alex is not sure how to take that.

MRS. CONNELLY
He stole my drawers once. For
sniffing.

Nancy looks to Alex alarmed. He starts to try to protest, but Officer Dan redirects Alex's attention with a jerk of his face.

OFFICER DAN
If I see you, anywhere, in the
park, loitering in public rest
rooms, approaching a child or
elderly person, or a dog, I will
shoot you.

Officer Dan lets go, and sits down. He picks up the box of Godiva chocolates.

(CONTINUED)

OFFICER DAN (CONT'D)
We're having these tested.

Mrs. Connelly shakes her head scornfully.

MRS. CONNELLY
And to think they want to have
children!

This comment hits Nancy hard.

EXT. PARK SLOPE POLICE STATION - AFTERNOON

Alex and Nancy exit the station house. They are too
devastated and angry to notice the police officers walking
very close by.

ALEX
We should have just let her choke.

NANCY
(realizing they could
have)
Oh, poop!

Nancy and Alex turn to each other.

ALEX
Well, we're not going to make that
mistake again.

164 INT. BROWNSTONE - LOBBY - DAY

164

Mrs. Connelly exits the building, carrying Little Dickie.

Alex and Nancy emerge from their apartment wearing black
sweatsuit ensembles and gloves. Nancy carries some tools.

NANCY
Go, go, go, we don't have much
time.

ALEX
I know, she's running errands.
That only gives us twelve hours.

Nancy pushes him playfully as they head up the stairs, into
her apartment.

165

INT. MRS. CONNELLY'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

165

Alex and Nancy scurry into the apartment, doing recon like commandoes. They both seem hopped up, and not quite in their right minds.

Alex darts about the room, scouting ops. He looks down at:

THE CARPET

With his foot, he scrunches it up a bit, leaving a hazardous bulge.

ALEX

Gives himself a grim thumbs up and moves on.

NANCY

scans the room. Her eyes fall upon a STAND UP LAMP.

NANCY

Bulls-eye.

ALEX

Crouches down next to a TV tray next to Mrs. Connelly's chair. He is unscrewing the top of a salt shaker and pouring it in the sugar bowl.

ALEX

A little salt in the sugar bowl...

NANCY

Is taking apart the lamp. She looks up.

NANCY

Salt in her sugar? What's that going to do?

ALEX

Mulls this.

ALEX

(saving face)

Well. Maybe if she has high blood pressure...

NANCY (O.S.)

Honey, check this out.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

Roger.

Alex turns quickly and rushes to join Nancy, but trips on the carpet and goes down.

NANCY (O.S.)

Alex!

Alex pops back up and continues toward Nancy.

ALEX

I'm all right!

Alex approaches Nancy, who has the lamp mostly dismantled.

ALEX (CONT'D)

You sure you know what you're doing?

NANCY

I wired that desk-lamp in our old apartment.

ALEX

Well, if the shock doesn't kill her...

Alex heads towards the kitchen...

ALEX (CONT'D)

A little bit of gas poisoning should do the trick.

Nancy gives him a thumbs-up, as Alex disappears down the hall.

INTERCUT ALEX AND NANCY

166 -Nancy unscrews a light-bulb. 166

167 -Alex pulls old, greasy trays from the stove's broiler. 167

168 -Nancy pulls out two wires from the lamp -- holding a pair of wire-shredders in her mouth. 168

169 -Alex sticks his head in the broiler, blows out the pilot light. 169

ALEX (CONT'D)

And, out goes the pilot.

(CONTINUED)

170 -Nancy uses the wire-shredders to peel off the protective 170
coating on the lamp's wires.

171 -Alex turns on the oven, hears the familiar HISS of gas. 171

ALEX (CONT'D)
An hour at 375 should do it.

172 -Nancy, holding two LIVE-WIRES in her hand, calls out... 172

NANCY
Did you blow out the pilot for the
burners?

173 Alex looks at the oven-knob, hears the gas escaping, sees ~~the~~
blue-light of the burner pilot just as...

A HUGE FIREBALL ignites in his face...

174 IN THE LIVING ROOM 174

Nancy sees Alex BLOWN BACKWARDS PAST THE LIVING ROOM...

NANCY (CONT'D)
Honey?!

As she cranes her head, she accidentally CONNECTS THE LIVE-
WIRES... SHOCKING HERSELF... her hair standing on end, her
eye-balls POPPING OUT OF THEIR SOCKETS and we...

SMASH CUT TO:

175 INT. THE APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT 175

Alex and Nancy lie in bed, each distinctively fried -- Alex
red-faced and blistered, Nancy's hair a frizzy mess.

She looks up, sees that the water-stain on the ceiling has
grown over their bed.

NANCY
Alex... the stain is dripping on
us.

ALEX
I know. Isn't it soothing?

A DRIP OF WATER lands on his forehead. He closes his eyes in
relief. Then...the water starts coming faster. The drip drip
drip echoes in Alex's mind. The wheels start turning.

176 INT. MRS. CONNELLY'S APARTMENT - DAY 176

Mrs. Connelly opens the door onto Alex, carrying a tool-kit.

ALEX

We've got a big water-stain downstairs, Mrs. Connelly. I need to look at the pipes, okay?

MRS. CONNELLY

What on God's Green Earth happened to your face?

Alex heads to Mrs. Connelly's bathroom.

ALEX

I try to keep a tan in the winter. Nancy says it's flattering.

MRS. CONNELLY

Flatterin'? You look like a roast mutton.

Alex heads into the bathroom.

177-178 OMITTED 177-178

A179 OMITTED A179

179 INT. MRS. CONNELLY'S APARTMENT - LATER 179

Alex has ripped off the temporary piece of wood Dzerzhinsky used to patch up his hole. He has his tools laid out in the tub.

MRS. CONNELLY

How you doin' in there, Mutton-head?

ALEX

Almost done.

IN THE WALL -- using a wrench, he loosens the joint, letting a steady stream of water out of the pipes.

A180 IN SERIES OF DISSOLVES A180

We see the deterioration of the canvas ceiling. During the last dissolve the camera follows the fall to the pots and pans below.

180 OMITTED 180

181 OMITTED 181
182 OMITTED 182
183 OMITTED. 183
184 THE BEDROOM - THAT NIGHT 184

Alex and Nancy under the covers, nervous. Nancy works on her TITANIUM POWERBOOK. From above, we hear muted IRISH DANCE MUSIC.

ALEX

Getting very soggy up there...

Alex gets up to check on the hole in the ceiling.

NANCY

You know, as long as we're putting a hole in the ceiling, this might be a better place for a stair-case. What do you think?

She shows Alex her computer screen -- ON-SCREEN, a new diagram of the apartment.

ALEX

(distracted)

Sure.

BETWEEN FLOORS

Alex's head emerges and looks around with a flashlight.

ALEX (ADR) (CONT'D)

I give these floorboards another week...

BACK TO SCENE

Alex climbs down the ladder.

ALEX (ADR) (CONT'D)

And then it's
(chipper)
"Ding! Ground floor, Mrs.
Connelly!"

He runs out of the room.

NANCY

Where are you going?!

(CONTINUED)

ALEX (OS)
A little insurance.

He comes back with... NANCY'S ANTIQUE PEACOCK -- it's plume of sharp, wrought iron feathers sticking in the air.

He sets it down, right under the ceiling's weak-spot.

NANCY
No, Alex, not Mr. Peacock!

ALEX
Honey, Mr. Peacock is going to have to take one for the team.

A quarter-second later:

185-198 OMITTED. 185-198

199 THE CEILING 199

falls in, bringing wood, plaster and LOUD IRISH MUSIC with it.

Alex and Nancy barely escape being killed.

CLOSE ON MRS. CONNELLY

looking down through the hole in her Riverdance outfit.

MRS. CONNELLY
Jesus, Mary and Joseph! I could've fallen right through.

A214 EXT. THE BROWNSTONE - THAT NIGHT A214

A cop-car and an ambulance idle outside.

B214 INT. THE APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS B214

Officer Dan speaks with Alex. Two PARAMEDICS work on Nancy. The Paramedic lifts her leg, Nancy yelps in pain.

OFFICER DAN
(inspecting the ceiling)
These floorboards have rotted to the core.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

Mrs. Connelly hired this Russian guy to fix the pipes. He left us with all this water damage.

FROM UPSTAIRS -- Mrs. Connelly peeks her head through the hole.

MRS. CONNELLY

With all due respect to Mr. D, Alex, you did come up two days ago to do your handiwork.

OFFICER DAN

That's another fine right there.
(like it's obvious)
You can't plumb without a license in New York City.

ALEX

Plumb? I can't plumb?

Officer Dan casually loops his thumb through his HOLSTER.

OFFICER DAN

Are you trying to sass me, Mr. Rose?

ALEX

Who's sassing? Nobody's sassing.

As Officer Dan speaks, Alex's eyes focus on his GUN...

OFFICER DAN

No, I didn't think so. Cause I know city inspectors who eat slumlords like you for breakfast...

ALEX

Slumlord, that's...

OFFICER DAN

If I were you, I'd fix this ceiling as fast as I damn well could. And... you're gonna buy Mrs. Connelly a new TV. In fact, I'll pick it out for you myself, Mrs. C.

MRS. CONNELLY

Could you put in one of those clappy things as well? Nancy and Alex surprised me with one, it makes my viewing so much easier.

(CONTINUED)

Alex looks up at Mrs. Connelly. She smiles and CLAPS-TWICE.

EXT. CITY - ALLEY - NIGHT

A DRUG DEALER plies his trade. Alex sidles up to him.

DRUG DEALER
Smoke? Mesc? 'Ludes?

ALEX
(under his breath)
Gun?

The drug dealer turns around. He and Alex speak quietly.

SCRUFFY GENTLEMAN
What?

ALEX
Gun. I need to buy a gun. You
know... for shooting.

The drug dealer looks offended.

NANCY (O.S.)
Alex!

Alex turns to see

NANCY

standing next to a beat up car being driven by a GUN DEALER.

NANCY (CONT'D)
I found us a... Un-gay.

Nancy makes a gun shape with her hand. The Gun Dealer rolls his eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER

Alex and Nancy stand with the Gun Dealer behind the car. They both look very nervous. The dealer pops the trunk; it's loaded with guns. Nancy's eyes widen.

GUN DEALER
(suspicious)
You two aren't going on some kind
of wild sex-murder spree, are you?

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

No, no, nothing like that.

(beat)

Do we look like the kind of people
who would go on a spree?

GUN DEALER

You look a little crazy, yes.

NANCY

We've been under a lot of stress.

Alex points into the trunk.

ALEX

How about that?

It's a 44-Magnum, the most powerful handgun on earth.

GUN DEALER

(derisive smile)

Yeah. That's a little too much gun
for you. Here we go.

(displaying gun)

Black Widow, your basic 22-caliber
revolver. Five hundred dollars.

NANCY

It cost half that on the Web!

The gun dealer nonchalantly slams the trunk closed.

ALEX

Five hundred's fine. Cash, right?

The dealer gives him a "what do you think," stare. Alex
counts out almost all of his money and hands it over.

GUN DEALER

Thanks. One last thing: I'm a cop.

Alex and Nancy lose it, crumbling to the ground.

NANCY

Oh, no!

ALEX

You don't understand, we've haven't
slept in months! She killed my
computer! She crippled my wife!

(CONTINUED)

NANCY

We don't make love anymore! And I miss it so much!

The gun dealer cracks a smile.

GUN DEALER

Just fucking with you.

Nancy and Alex get back up, trying to regain their dignity.

GUN DEALER (CONT'D)

(very matter-of-fact)

Okay, now I just gotta give you my standard rap: if you end up in the legal system, and there's even a suggestion I might have been involved, you are dead, your children are dead.

Alex and Nancy get up, SNIFFLING.

ALEX

We don't have any children.
(puts arm around Nancy)
We're trying.

The gun dealer starts to get in his car.

GUN DEALER

Yeah, well good luck with that.

NANCY

Thank you.

GUN DEALER

Don't shoot anybody I wouldn't shoot.

The dealer peels out, spitting garbage at Alex and Nancy.

D214 INT. APARTMENT - PARLOR - NIGHT

D214

CLOSE ON NANCY

NANCY

So it's come to this.

WIDER -- to reveal Nancy and Alex sitting around the kitchen table, a GUN between them. Nancy wears a huge FOOT-CAST.

ALEX

I guess it has.

(CONTINUED)

Nancy picks the gun off the table.

NANCY

I don't think I've ever even held a
gu-

As Alex instinctively raises his hand, THE GUN GOES OFF.

CUT TO BLACK

EXT. PARK SLOPE HOSPITAL - NIGHT

INT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nancy sits by Alex's side, tightly holding his left hand, on a small hospital bed surrounded by a curtained partition. Alex's right hand is bandaged. A hot, young female resident, DR. KANG, nonchalantly briefs him.

DR. KANG

You were very lucky. Your hand deflected the bullet into the soft tissue of your groin. No major organs were damaged.

ALEX

(incredulous)
What are--? It went into my--

DR. KANG

Yes, but it went straight through the meatus. I've seen piercings that were worse.
(dark chuckle)
A lot worse.

NANCY

(worried)
But what about... The other things... Down there.

DR. KANG

(one woman to another)
They were unharmed.

NANCY

So we'll still be able to have children?

DR. KANG

One way or another.

(CONTINUED)

NANCY
Oh, thank God.

Alex shoots Nancy a look.

NANCY (CONT'D)
(again concerned)
So how long will he have to stay in
the hospital?

DR. KANG
(to Alex)
Oh, you can leave any time.
(marking her chart)
I'm going to prescribe an
antibiotic, keep the bandages
fresh, and if there's any pain, a
couple of Advil should take care of
it.

ALEX
(perplexed)
Don't I need, I don't know,
physical therapy or something?

DR. KANG
(smile, eyebrow raise)
No, just, well, you should probably
keep you hands off it for awhile.
(smiling, to Nancy)
Both of you.

Dr. Kang ducks out. Nancy looks at Alex apologetically.

NANCY
Poor Mr. Peabody...

ALEX
(forgiving her)
He took one for the team.

Officer Dan pops in from behind the curtain.

OFFICER DAN
(officious)
I think I've got everything I need
here. We've got the unlicensed gun
charge, and then, pending an
investigation...

(CONTINUED)

NANCY

It was an accident!

OFFICER DAN

It's been my experience that wives do not accidentally shoot their husbands in the penis. And as much as this particular man may deserved it, spousal abuse is a very serious crime in this state. Now, you two have a good night now...

Officer Dan exits. Nancy looks worried, but then Alex's smiling comforts her.

ALEX

He thinks you're abusing me. Well, you did shoot me.

NANCY

(worried)

Oh, honey, I just feel like we're approaching this whole murder thing the wrong way.

ALEX

(indicating crotch with his bandaged hand)

Ya think?!

She gently strokes his wounded hand.

NANCY

(thinking)

Maybe if we kept it simple...

B216 INT. THE DUMBWAITER SHAFT - NIGHT

B216

Alex and Nancy pulls themselves up the dumbwaiter. Alex holds a pillow. They whisper.

ALEX

This is so not simple.

NANCY

Yeah, but you know she triple-chains the front door at night.

As they pull themselves up:

NANCY (CONT'D)

A little more...

(CONTINUED)

ALEX (BACK TO CAMERA)
Hey, is this my pillow?

C216 INT. MRS. CONNELLY'S BEDROOM - MINUTES LATER C216

Nancy and Alex sneak into the bedroom, but there's no Mrs. Connelly.

ALEX
Where is she?

NANCY
Maybe she's in her chair...

D216 IN THE LIVING ROOM D216

Alex and Nancy sneak around, their eyes landing on...

THE CHAIR

It's empty. Then something lights up in the darkness behind it. A match being lit. The flame hovers in the air. After a moment, the red tip of a cigarette glows, illuminating two disembodied eyes, staring sternly.

ALEX
(quietly)
Ah!

MRS. CONNELLY
You caught me. I can't help but
sneak a fag once in a blue moon.

NANCY
(thinking quickly)
Mrs. Connelly, we thought you might
be cold, so we brought you an extra
pillow.

Nancy offers the pillow to Mrs. Connelly, who stands up, edging towards them.

MRS. CONNELLY
Oh, you're so considerate. So
unlike the rest of the landlords.

Mrs. Connelly takes the pillow, then begins leading them away from the front door.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. CONNELLY (CONT'D)
So many have passed through that
downstairs dwelling, but you two, I
just know you're here to stay.

They walk around THE HOLE, which is lined with CAUTION! TAPE.

MRS. CONNELLY (CONT'D)
(pointing out flat-screen)
Officer Dan put in my new
television.

It's a HUGE WIDE-SCREEN PLASMA TV. Neither of them can
believe it.

MRS. CONNELLY (CONT'D)
And he hung these two noise-boxes
behind me chair.

They turn their heads -- the woman's got SURROUND-SOUND.

Mrs. Connelly pushes them down the hallway.

MRS. CONNELLY (CONT'D)
Oh, it's gonna be so wonderful
around here. You lovelies, me,
Officer Dan. We're going to be
one, big happy family.

They're now at the entrance to the dumbwaiter.

MRS. CONNELLY (CONT'D)
(points to the dumbwaiter)
The Irish say it's bad luck to come
in one door and out the other. Has
something to do with the dead...

They're backed against the dumbwaiter. A tiny squawk.

LITTLE DICKIE'S SHADOW

On the wall.

LITTLE DICKIE
Christ have mercy!

ON THE DUMBWAITER

Alex and Nancy are inside it.

MRS. CONNELLY
Goodnight, now.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

Good night.

He closes the dumbwaiter door.

INT. THE APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

E216 There's a large piece of SCAFFOLDING with a tarped-in E216
platform under the ceiling hole. Alex and Nancy lie in bed.

ALEX

That was...without question, the
weirdest seven minutes of my life.

Then, from above they hear: CLAP-CLAP.

And suddenly, in SURROUND SOUND, "The Perfect Storm" begins
to play -- music pounding, Clooney and Wahlberg screaming
over the roaring sea.

F216 The entire bedroom is shaking. Vases fall. Alex's RARE F216
BOOKS plummet from the library shelves.

UPSTAIRS

Mrs. Connelly sits in her chair, watching the movie.

MRS. CONNELLY

(loudly)

Captain Connelly battled waves
twice that size!

The macaw squawks.

C216 DOWNSTAIRS

C216

The noise is deafening. Nancy sweeps up the debris with a
broom and dust-pan.

NANCY

I mean, is it us?! Are we doing
such a bad job of trying to kill
her?!

Their WEDDING PICTURE crashes to the floor, the frame
SHATTERING.

ALEX

No, it's not our fault! We're
dealing with a freak of nature!
Nobody could finish her off!

(CONTINUED)

The PORNO MOVIES from Chick fall off the top of a dresser, landing right next to Nancy. She looks up at Alex...

NANCY
Alex, you said you threw these
away!

ALEX
I did! I don't know how they got
there.

Alex's eyes land on the "Ass Patrol" DVD.

NANCY
Yeah, right.

ALEX
Wait a minute... "Ass Patrol."

NANCY
What?

ALEX
Hand me that "Ass Patrol."

Nancy reluctantly hands Alex "Ass Patrol."

216 EXT. INDUSTRIAL AREA UNDER THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE - DAY 216

A BIG BURGUNDY SEDAN is parked in this remote area. CHICK, the pornographer/hitman is in the driver's seat, Alex riding shotgun. Nancy, leaning over from the back, shows Chick digital photos of Mrs. Connelly's apartment on her TITANIUM POWERBOOK.

NANCY
Now, depending on her mood, she
might be watching TV over here...
or... sneaking a cigarette over in
this area. I realize it's horribly
cluttered, but we're going to go
for a much cleaner look when we--

ALEX
Nancy...

NANCY
Sorry.

CHICK
What's the easiest way into this
hag's place?

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

We've found the dumbwaiter shaft to be very effective.

NANCY

(showing Chick on her computer)

It's really not a difficult climb. We can leave the back door open, you could get in from here.

ALEX

Chick, how much is this going to run us?

CHICK

Twenty-five K.

Alex and Nancy are surprised.

ALEX

Really, because we were thinking something in a different price range.

CHICK

Shoot.

ALEX

We were thinking more like...

Nancy looks to him, encouraging.

ON CHICK

ALEX (O.S.) (CONT'D)

A half K...

CHICK

The bottom line price for wet work is \$25,000 dollars.

ALEX

Okay. When are you gonna do it?

CHICK

I'll do it Thursday night.

NANCY

Christmas Eve?

(CONTINUED)

CHICK

Yeah, I have a function to go to,
then I'll swing by and get it done.

217 OMIT 217

A218 INT. BOOKSTORE - DAY A218

A SIGN advertises a book reading/signing by Cooper Sinclair--
a photo of a cool-looking Coop underneath the sign.

WIDER -- a large group of hip attractive PEOPLE are gathered
in the store to hear Coop read from his Don Piper series.
Alex stands in the back, listening.

COOP

(reading from his book)
Piper grabbed the leash of the only
partner he'd ever known, and the
private eye and his trusty Jack
Russell headed downtown. 'I guess
it's just one of those things worth
killing for, huh, Sonny.'

Coop closes his book, sets it down on the table. The crowd
breaks into wild applause.

MODERATOR

We'll take a five minute break and
come back for Q and A.

B218 OMITTED B218

C218 OMIT C218

AD218 BEHIND A ROW OF BOOKS AD218

Alex and Coop are alone. The crowd is audible in the b.g.

COOP

\$25,000. What the hell do you need
that kind of dough for?

ALEX

Dental surgery. But extensive and
expensive...

ON CHICK

ALEX (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Basically, we're looking at a whole
new lower jaw...

(CONTINUED)

TWO SHOT

ALEX (CONT'D)

...and now with Nancy losing her job and with me losing the book contract, things have gotten pretty desperate and I wouldn't even be asking if it wasn't really serious.

COOP

I can give you the money, Alex.

ALEX

Really?

COOP

But I'm not gonna do it.

(off Alex's look)

You're a good writer, Alex. Get off your butt, and finish your damn book.

ALEX

Coop, I finished my book. The old lady threw it in the fire.

COOP

Alex, I don't know if that happened, I don't know if it didn't. I don't care. You need money, earn it, man. The secret to writing is writing. You know how long it took me to write the last Don Piper book?

ALEX

No, I don't.

COOP

Four days. Three hundred fifty eight pages in ninety six hours. And you can do it, too.

BD218 INT. THE APARTMENT - NIGHT

BD218

Alex enters, steaming. Nancy's there waiting for him.

NANCY

What happened, did you get the money?

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

No, he didn't think I needed it,
but I got a signed first edition
for my collection.

(holds up the book)

Wrote it in four days. You know
how? Listen to this.

(opens to a page)

'Her hair was bright yellow, like
the color of your pee after you
take a multi-vitamin?' Nice
metaphor, asshole! Why don't you
go screw yourself and your stupid
loft, and your pregnant wife who's
gonna have the only baby in the
world to be born with a six-pack,
you freakin' dick!

Alex tries to tear the book apart, but it's a hardcover, so
he can't quite do it. After wrestling with the book for a
few seconds, he chucks it against the wall.

NANCY

Alex, it's okay? We'll get the
money somewhere else.

ALEX

Where are we supposed to get twenty
five thousand dollars in two days.

Alex's eyes fall upon something.

MUSIC: "It's beginning to look a lot like Christmas."

Nancy sees that Alex is looking at **Mr. Peacock**.

Nancy looks sad. Alex looks to her and shrugs.

D218 A SERIES OF DISSOLVES

D218

We see everything they own disappear. The furniture.
Nancy's wedding ring. Alex's rare book collection.
Everything. Then...

E218 IN THE BARE APARTMENT, a Christmas Tree appears. Alex and ~~E218~~
Nancy decorating it.

ALEX

I wonder when he's gonna do it?

(CONTINUED)

NANCY

I don't know. He's got that party
to go to.

ALEX

You think it was a cocktail party,
or more of a dinner thing?

Suddenly, they hear the BACK-DOOR open.

F218 BACK OF THE APARTMENT

F218

Nancy and Alex sneak around the corner -- through the
darkness, they see Chick enter the DUMBWAITER SHAFT.

Chick flips through the cash. Satisfied, he starts to climb
the dumbwaiter.

Then... the front door BUZZER BUZZES. Alex and Nancy look at
each other, concerned.

218 INT. THE BROWNSTONE - FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

218

Alex and Nancy tentatively walk towards the front door. They
open it onto... A GROUP OF YOUNG KIDS, CAROLING.

CAROLERS

*God Bless Ye Merry Gentlemen whose
notice sudden is...*

Nancy and Alex fake-smile for the kids.

A220 INT. MRS. CONNELLY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

A220

*The dumbwaiter opens. Chick is inside, wielding a giant
knife.*

B220 INT. THE BROWNSTONE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

B220

The kids finish the song, and Officer Dan emerges behind
them, holding a box of CHRISTMAS COOKIES.

OFFICER DAN

Good job, kids.

ALEX

Officer Dan!

NANCY

What a pleasant surprise.

He starts heading upstairs.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

Where are you going?

OFFICER DAN

Upstairs to give Mrs. C some holiday cookies.

Nancy and Alex try to block his way.

NANCY

That's okay. We'll bring it to her.

OFFICER DAN

(distrusting)

No, I think I'll bring her the holiday cookies myself. Be right back, kids.

He walks past Nancy and Alex, heading upstairs.

221 INT. MRS. CONNELLY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS 221

Chick enters the parlor. Mrs. Connelly is in her chair, facing away from him. She is fast asleep. Chick shakes his head, smiling. This is too easy.

A223 INT. THE BROWNSTONE - STAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS A223

Officer Dan makes his way up the stairs.

B223 OMITTED B223

C223 OMITTED C223

D223 IN THE FOYER D223

NANCY PUNCHES ALEX ACROSS THE JAW -- HARD.

ALEX

(reeling from the slap)

Ow!

Officer Dan whips his head around.

E223 IN THE APARTMENT E223

Chick hesitates for a moment.

F223 IN THE FOYER F223

Nancy continues pummelling Alex.

(CONTINUED)

She POUNDS and SLAPS him as a stunned Alex tries futilely to defend himself. The CAROLING KIDS are extremely upset -- SEVERAL ARE CRYING.

OFFICER DAN
(running down the stairs)
There are children here! The heck
is wrong with you people?!

He separates Nancy from Alex.

OFFICER DAN (CONT'D)
I knew there was domestic abuse
going on in this house!

The kids still crying.

OFFICER DAN (CONT'D)
(heads outside)
I'm going to come back in about ten
minutes.

And he's gone. Alex and Nancy exchange looks.

IN THE APARTMENT

Hearing the outside door close, Chick starts advancing on Mrs. Connelly, the knife itching in his palm.

He hears something. He turns.

A DARK FIGURE

Flies across the room, looming like a bat.

LITTLE DICKIE
<Squawk>

CHICK

Is spooked. He exhales audibly.

THE DARK FIGURE

lands atop Mrs. Connelly's chair, a raven-like silhouette.

Mrs. Connelly, her back still to Chick, opens her eyes.

MRS. CONNELLY
I knew they'd send a pro.

She swivels in her chair. She has the harpoon in her lap. She shoots it.

INT. ALEX AND NANCY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

They look up, alarmed.

223

UPSTAIRS

223

Chick has a LARGE HARPOON lodged in his shoulder.

CHICK

Aaaahhhh!!! You shot me!

MRS. CONNELLY

I got ya, you brute. Who are you,
bringing a knife to a gun fight!

Chick struggles with the harpoon, and Mrs. Connelly holds tight to the other end. Mrs. Connelly yanks on the gun. The harpoon is yanked around in Chick's chest. He YELPS.

MRS. CONNELLY (CONT'D)

Ah, scream like a man, will ya?

CHICK

recovers his rage. He comes at Mrs. Connelly with the knife.

MRS. CONNELLY

Raises the harpoon gun and shoves the butt into

CHICK'S FACE.

Chick staggers, dropping the knife.

Mrs. Connelly drops the gun, kicks the knife aside with her foot, and adopts a classic bare-knuckled fighter's stance.

Mrs. Connelly rabbit-punches, ducks, weaves, does a 360 and comes back with a roundhouse punch to Chick's chest.

MRS. CONNELLY (CONT'D)

Mr. Connelly was five times the
fighter you are!

CHICK

You bitch!

Chick staggers at Mrs. Connelly like a drunken sailor. She headbutts him.

DOWNSTAIRS

Alex and Nancy are confused, then alarmed when they hear:

MRS. CONNELLY (O.S.)
<scream>

UPSTAIRS

Mrs. Connelly's scream continues but we see neither her nor Chick.

Chick staggers in the frame. Mrs. Connelly is on his upper back, her knees pinned around his ribs. She continues hitting him about the head and face.

MRS. CONNELLY (CONT'D)
If you want to dance with me, you
gotta buy me a drink first!

Chick bends back to throw Mrs. Connelly off. As he does so, Little Dickie swoops in and digs his talons into Chick's crotch.

MRS. CONNELLY (CONT'D)
(laughing)
That's right! Show him a good time,
Dickie boy!

ALEX AND NANCY

Look to each other, befuddled.

BACK UPSTAIRS

Chick writhes with Mrs. Connelly on his head and Little Dickie on his crotch. He falls to his knees, and peels Mrs. Connelly off him.

Mrs. Connelly falls to the ground, but goes into a roll and comes up back on her feet.

Chick bats Little Dickie off him.

Mrs. Connelly wipes a tiny bit of blood off her lip, Dick DeBruiser style.

MRS. CONNELLY (CONT'D)
(deadly calm)
Nobody hits me bird.

Chick starts to stand just Mrs. Connelly kicks him in the face.

(CONTINUED)

Chick staggers backwards into the Christmas Tree, which topples into the fire. The places erupts in flames.

DOWNSTAIRS

Nancy sees:

NANCY

Smoke!

Pouring through the hole in the ceiling.

UPSTAIRS

Chick is on his back, scared.

MRS. CONNELLY

Is lit from below by the flames of the fire. She has Chick's knife. She tosses the knife from palm to palm.

MRS. CONNELLY

Now I'm going to peel your potatoes.

CHICK

Is shitting himself.

MRS. CONNELLY

Comes for him.

THE RUG

Is bunched up. She trips.

MRS. CONNELLY

Loses the knife and falls to the ground, hitting her head.

CHICK

Beats a hasty retreat.

224

OMITTED

224

225

OMITTED.

225

226 THE BROWNSTONE LOBBY

226

Nancy and Alex run out of their apartment, just as... Chick comes bounding down the stairs... beaten bloodied... and now... for the first time...

THEY SEE THE HARPOON IN HIS SHOULDER, still attached to the antique SPEAR-GUN which drags behind him.

Without stopping, Chick runs by the couple, flying out the front door, inadvertently SMASHING THE DOOR-SIDE WINDOWS with the harpoon as he exits.

Nancy and Alex are stunned, wondering what the hell took place up there.

229 UPSTAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

229

They peek in her front door, see Mrs. Connelly lying unconscious -- the fire closing in on her. Little Dick squawks desperately.

MOMENT OF TRUTH. Nancy and Alex look at the fire. At Mrs. Connelly. At Little Dick. Back at each other.

AND THEY RUN OUT OF THE APARTMENT.

We HOLD ON Mrs. Connelly for several LONG BEATS, the flames growing larger... until we:

CUT TO:

FOAM -- SPRAYING THROUGH SMOKE.

230 INT. MRS. CONNELLY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

230

Nancy sprays a small extinguisher, trying to control the flames, heartbroken as she surveys the damage.

A231 ON THE STAIRCASE

A231

Nancy and Alex exit the apartment, Alex holding Mrs. Connelly like a child. Nancy stops short...

NANCY

Wait!

ALEX

What?!

She turns around, heads back into the burning apartment.

231 EXT. THE BROWNSTONE - MOMENTS LATER

231

Alex bursts out of the doorway, carrying the dazed Mrs. Connelly. The flames visible through the bay-window.

A moment later, Nancy runs out of the building, her face black with smoke, CARRYING LITTLE DICKIE in her arms.

MRS. CONNELLY
Little Dickie?

NANCY
Here you go.

Little Dickie doesn't move. Then he comes to life.

LITTLE DICKIE
Oh, boy!

EXT. BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

Fire trucks and police cars surround the place.

OFFICER DAN
I wouldn't have thought you had it
in you...

ALEX
Yeah, well, we were just trying to
help her out...

NANCY
Her and Little Dickie...

OFFICER DAN
Well, I'll just write you out a
citation for the electricity...

ALEX
Thank you. Okay.

MATCH DISSOLVE:

EXT. THE BROWNSTONE - DAY

It's Spring. The sun shines brightly. Kids frolic in the Mommy and Me park.

Alex and Nancy walk down the sidewalk, holding hands. Alex holds a thick manila envelope in his hand.

(CONTINUED)

NANCY
(calling)
Kenneth!

Kenneth waves to them from the front of the brownstone.

A LITTLE LATER

Alex and Nancy sign documents on a car hood.

KENNETH
Two more autographs, and that
should do it.

He slides one last document at them.

KENNETH (CONT'D)
So, how's the new place working
out?

NANCY
It's cute.

ALEX
You think, "Hoboken," but you hop
on the train and in twelve minutes,
you're downtown...

NANCY
Alex finished his novel!

KENNETH
Wonderful!

ALEX
(gesturing with manila
envelope)
You might like this one. It's sort
of an urban thriller...

KENNETH
Ooh, I don't like thrillers.

Kenneth mock-shivers. Alex looks at him strangely. Just then:

A YOUNG COUPLE, the GUNTHERS, emerge from the building. They
are played by CAMERON DIAZ and OWEN WILSON.

MRS. GUNTHER
You didn't lie, Kenneth. It all
looks wonderful.

(CONTINUED)

KENNETH

Did I tell you they'd fix it up, or what? Gunthers, meet Alex and Nancy.

They exchange 'hello's.'

MR. GUNTHER

We cannot thank you enough.

MRS. GUNTHER

This is just a dream house. It's so quiet. Honey, won't this be perfect for your sleep disorder?

MR. GUNTHER

I'm drowsy already.

They all politely laugh.

ALEX

Enjoy.

Kenneth turns to Alex and Nancy.

KENNETH

Now, who wants to go and say hello to my favorite girl?

NANCY

We should get going.

ALEX

(re: envelope)

I promised to get this to my publisher today.

KENNETH

Nonsense. You saved the woman from a burning building. She'd be heartbroken if you left without saying goodbye.

Kenneth grabs Nancy's hand and starts to lead her up the stairs. Alex follows. He gets up a couple of steps, then thinks of something. He walks back down the steps and talks to Mr. Gunther.

ALEX

Could you hold this for me?

He hands Mr. Gunther the envelope, and bounds up the steps to where Nancy is holding open the door.

(CONTINUED)

Mr. Gunther looks at the envelope. Handwritten across the front in large block letters, it reads, "DUPLEX."

INT. MRS. CONNELLY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Kenneth leads Nancy and Alex into the apartment. It's been perfectly redone. Little Dick sits on his perch. They slowly approach Mrs. Connelly.

KENNETH
Mrs. Connelly? I brought you a
surprise!

No response.

KENNETH (CONT'D)
(louder)
Mrs. Connelly!

Nancy and Alex smile knowingly.

ON MRS. CONNELLY

Her eyes are closed.

KENNETH (CONT'D)
(even louder)
Dear-heart, wake up, I brought
company.

ON NANCY AND ALEX -- curious now.

Kenneth leans over, gives Mrs. Connelly a light tap on the cheek.

KENNETH (CONT'D)
Mrs. Connelly?

He shakes her a little harder.

KENNETH (CONT'D)
She's stiff as a board...

NANCY
No, She's just hard of hearing!
Mrs. Connelly!

Nancy CLAPS TWICE -- Mrs. Connelly remains frozen, but the TV turns on, Hawaii Five-0 blasting through the speakers.

Kenneth feels Mrs. Connelly's pulse.

(CONTINUED)

KENNETH
(turns to Alex and Nancy)
She's dead!

Nancy and Alex look totally dumbfounded and fucked.

CUT TO BLACK

*

A BEAT

EXT. BROWNSTONE — DAY

INT. MRS. CONNELLY'S APARTMENT — CONTINUOUS

ON KENNETH -- he sets the three places at the dining table.

KENNETH
You had to see their faces when I
said she was a goner. I swear, I
thought they were gonna pass out
right on the spot.

WIDER -- we now see he's talking to Officer Dan, dressed in a
sweater and slacks -- he ties napkins into decorative knots.

OFFICER DAN
Oh, sweetie, I wish I could've been
there.

A healthy looking Mrs. Connelly enters, setting down a
casserole dish. They all sit around the table.

MRS. CONNELLY
Trust me, it wasn't easy holding my
breath all that time. Next time I
want a bigger cut of your
commission, Kenny.

KENNETH
What are you talking about? We
give you everything, Ma.
(puts his hand over
Officer Dan's)
Danny and I barely have enough left
over for a little cruise to the
Carribean.

MRS. CONNELLY
I'm the one puttin' my caboose on
the line.

(CONTINUED)

KENNETH

Come on, you had it easy with Alex and Nancy. And you'll have the Friedman's out of here in a month. The husband's got a sleep disorder.

MRS. CONNELLY

Oh, goodie.

OFFICER DAN

It can't be any tougher than those last folks.

MRS. CONNELLY

Oh, they were a nice couple. Just a little bit over their heads.

(raising her glass)

To Alan and Nancy.

KENNETH

Alan and Nancy...

We freeze on the photo of Alex and Nancy. It's the one Mrs. Connelly took of them when they tried to buy her out. **They are in total shock.**

*
*

MATCH DISSOLVE:

*

THEIR SIMILARLY SHOCKED FACES

*

PULL OUT:

*

EXT. PROSPECT PARK - DAY - LATER

Alex and Nancy walk **in shock** down a quiet path that would normally be considered a beautiful place to take a stroll. Spotting a bench, they **sit** down.

The couple sit there silently for a beat.

Nancy gets a sad look.

NANCY

She was so full of life!

Another beat. A bird chirps, a squirrel hops by. The city skyline can be seen behind them.

ALEX

You know, we had our differences, but that old lady was...

(searching)

...scrappy.

(CONTINUED)

NANCY
She taught us a lot. About
ourselves.

*
*

ALEX
That when it comes right down to
it, we're not cold-blooded killers.

*
*

NANCY
I feel pretty good about that.

ALEX
Me, too.

A beat.

ALEX (CONT'D)
I'm going to dedicate my book to
Mrs. Connelly.

NANCY
She did inspire you to write it.

Nancy puts her hand on her stomach.

*

NANCY (CONT'D)
Do you think, maybe, we should name
the baby after her?

*
*
*

ALEX
Maybe. Yeah, that would be... nice.

*
*

A beat.

*

NANCY
What's her first name?

*
*

ALEX
(realizing)
I don't know.

*
*
*

Alex puts his arm around Nancy. They look up. We PULL OUT to
a beautiful cityscape.

*
*

MUSIC: "He Moved Through the Fair" by Sinead O'Connor.

*

A CHYRON SCROLLS UP THE SCREEN:

*

*

Alex's Novel,
"My Favorite Upstairs Neighbor,"

*
*

(CONTINUED)

was published that summer.
It sold poorly.

*
*

*

However, Miramax bought
the rights for a nice sum.
They changed the title.

*
*
*

*

That August, Nancy had a
healthy, ten-pound baby boy.
They named him Connelly.

*
*
*

Mrs. Connelly lived another 62 years.

*