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## Indian Giver: A Screenplay in Three Acts

Brandon R. McKinney

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**INDIAN GIVER:  
A SCREENPLAY IN THREE ACTS**

Brandon R. McKinney, B.A.

An Abstract Presented to the Faculty of the Graduate School of  
Lindenwood University in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements for the  
Degree of Master of Fine Arts

2007

## ABSTRACT

The texts and accompanying media bound herein represent the culmination of an intensive course of study focused on writing for the screen, or screenwriting, and are submitted as partial fulfillment of Lindenwood University's requirements for the degree of master of fine arts.

This culminating project is comprised of a feature-length motion picture screenplay, an accompanying introduction to the author/explanation of the screenplay, and a DVD copy of a televised discussion program (hosted by the author with a professional Hollywood screenwriter as guest) dealing with the craft of screenwriting.

The screenplay, titled Indian Giver, expands on the basic comedic premise of an aging miscreant with numerous vices who is forced into donating one of his kidneys to another man after getting into a drunk-driving accident, then after making the donation, decides that the man is a scoundrel/fraud (worse than even him) and attempts to take back his kidney. This premise is greatly expanded upon as the story develops over the course of three acts. In addition, the reader should also pay close attention to a subplot involving the main character's struggle for redemption in the eyes of his family and friends, which is also developed within the three-act structure. Finally, it is important to note that the final,

completed version of Indian Giver (published herein) is 120 pages in length and strictly adheres to accepted industry standards (not MLA) in regards to issues of formatting

Placed immediately before the screenplay is a brief, 10-page introduction/explanation that will provide the reader with some background information on the author and discuss the evolution of the story, including notes on the characters and several not-so-hidden plot references to American popular culture contained within the screenplay.

The final entry to this project is a DVD copy of an episode of the television discussion program Mixed Media (produced by and broadcast on Lindenwood University's LU-TV26) dealing exclusively with the subject of screenwriting. The DVD contains the episode titled "Paul Guyot: Screenwriter," in which the author (acting as host and interviewer) discusses the craft of screenwriting with Paul Guyot, a professional Hollywood screenwriter with several hit television shows to his credit. The program runs approximately 30 minutes in length, and the enclosed DVD copy should be compatible with most consumer DVD players.

**INDIAN GIVER:  
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Brandon R. McKinney, B.A.

A Culminating Project Presented to the Faculty of the Graduate School of  
Lindenwood University in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements for the  
Degree of Master of Fine Arts

2007

**COMMITTEE IN CHARGE OF CANDIDACY:**

Professor Michael Castro,  
Chairperson and Advisor

Assistant Professor Peter Carlos

## DEDICATION

...To my future children (preferably, legitimate), may the following text serve as proof that their father was once a somewhat lucid member of society... with—believe it or not—an extremely warped sense of humor.

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

Before proceeding into the project proper, it is important to note those responsible for guiding the often cantankerous author during the tumultuous process of writing said project. Their assistance, service, and – above all else – tolerance did not go unnoticed, and thus, will not go “un-thanked” after this brief acknowledgement.

First and foremost, a debt of thanks must be extended to the members of the committee in charge of candidacy, especially Assistant Professor of Communications Peter Carlos. His shrewd comments and suggestions were noted and added to the final version of the screenplay. Also, it is important to note that he graciously relinquished his office for the purpose of printing multiple copies of the work in question.

Next in line for thanks and slightly closer to the heart is the author’s biological cousin and adopted brother, Steven Teson. He served as a sounding board, sympathetic ear, and like mind during the invention and brainstorming process. His contributions helped build the backbone for an eventual screenplay and were therefore, immeasurable.

Last, but certainly not least, a sentimental, token gesture of gratitude must be extended to the author’s many influences, particularly award-winning screenwriter/comedic genius Larry David. His unique brand of “no learning, no hugging” humor served as a constant source of inspiration. Without his shining example, Indian Giver could not exist.



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## INTRODUCTION

A product of countless pop culture influences, Indian Giver appropriately opens with a cinematic homage. Beginning with the opening scene, in which protagonist Monroe Gilley hurls an alarm clock to the floor in homage to Bill Murray in Harold Ramis' award-winning 1993 film Groundhog Day, the entire screenplay can be described as a parade of derivative comedic elements (Murray). That is perfectly okay with its author Brandon R. McKinney. It is to be expected from a screenwriter that can be described as mutant amalgamation of his varied influences.

McKinney began his career at an early age as a hack writer for a fictitious publication produced during a summer school semester at Coverdell Elementary School back in 1994. (Why he voluntarily decided to go to summer school is still a dark, unsolved mystery that surrounds him to this very day.) In the first and only (to date) edition of the The Coverdell Gazette, McKinney published his first and only work of short children's fiction under the derivative title of "The Rotten Egg Man." A shameless rip-off of Jon Scieszka's The Stinky Cheese Man and Other Fairly Stupid Tales (which is itself a rip-off of the timeless fairy tale "The Gingerbread Man" revolving around a lump of stinky cheese that no one chases), "The Rotten Egg Man" tells the bizarre, disturbing tale of a mutant, rotten egg created by a greedy elderly couple for the despicable

purpose of exploiting its deformity in a traveling sideshow carnival (Scieszka). In many ways, the tale is also reminiscent of David Lynch's 1980 film The Elephant Man.

Long before this inauspicious and decidedly weird debut in the field of writing, McKinney displayed a taste for media (books, television, music, and movies) that was... well... slightly off center. Much to the dismay of his parents, McKinney had a somewhat unhealthy obsession with horror and science fiction films. Regardless of whether it was a B-grade disaster or an award-worthy blockbuster, his young mind became mesmerized with the wide array of creatures, monsters, ghouls, ghosts, goblins, and zombies that "dis-graced" the silver screen. More often than not, McKinney tended to lean toward films that had a sense of humor. If that humor tended to lean on the sarcastic side, then so much the better. In particular, Bill Murray's archetypal "lovable asshole" character, displayed to its zenith in the 1984 film Ghost Busters (a mix of comedy and the macabre), greatly appealed to McKinney and has since become a hallmark of his work.

McKinney frequently called upon his cinematic influences during his first venture into the realm of screenwriting. In his senior year at St. Charles West High School, McKinney co-wrote, co-produced, and co-directed two short films (The Bedlam Chronicles and Poonanias: A

Mystical Story About Poonanies) and two television pilots (Magic Minutes and I Hate Grandma) with best friend Elliot Baldini. With the exception of The Bedlam Chronicles (a horror-crime drama), all eventually turned into shocking and mildly offensive works of derivative black comedy. Poonanies was an R-rated version of Mary Poppins focused on ill-behaved cockney chimneysweeps; Magic Minutes satirizes the popular late night talk shows of Conan O'Brien, Jay Leno, and David Letterman; and I Hate Grandma is an over-the-top satire/interpretation of the 1980s situation comedy Mama's Family. These works undoubtedly set a precedent for his future work.

Then, as an undergraduate student at Lindenwood University, McKinney was forced – due to the constraints of his degree program - into becoming a playwright for a semester. Under the ever-tolerant tutelage of seasoned playwright Dr. George Hickenlooper, McKinney produced two one-act plays, Call Waiting and Disposable. Call Waiting deals with the neuroses afflicting a young man who – in a reverse of a common clichéd situation – is waiting for a girl to call him, while Disposable satires the disposable nature of consumer products by equating a broken toaster with an invalid human being. During this period, he spent a great deal of time reading the works of acclaimed screenwriter/playwright/ comedian Woody Allen. His books Three One-Act Plays and Without Feathers proved to be

quite influential. Allen's neurotic, often over-the-top outrageous style can be felt in both Call Waiting and Disposable. In retrospect, however, the work of screenwriter/comedian Larry David, particularly the television situation comedy Seinfeld, and the writings of the late great gonzo journalist Hunter S. Thompson may have had a more profound influence on these works.

Following in the footsteps of comedic idol Bill Murray, McKinney eventually lost himself in the bizarre, often dangerous world of Hunter Thompson and decided to pursue a career in journalism. In time, McKinney became a featured entertainment correspondent for the Suburban Journals family of newspapers. While this decision did momentarily force him to abandon screenwriting, he still honored his storytelling ability and often-bizarre sense of humor.

After completing his undergraduate degree in 2005, McKinney immediately re-enrolled as a graduate student in pursuit of a master of fine arts degree in the field of writing... with a focus on film. This time around, McKinney's sights were firmly concentrated on screenwriting. In his first screenwriting graduate class, McKinney wrote his first feature-length screenplay, an adaptation of the Stephen King short story "The Mist." During this period of writing, McKinney studied the cinematic works of horror idols John Carpenter, Stephen King, George A. Romero for

inspiration. Their undeniable influence is evident in the style and mood of the adaptation. For the screenplay, McKinney ripped much of the prose and dialogue directly from the pen of King and added the desolation, isolation, and hopelessness found in the films of both Carpenter and Romero to produce a truly terrifying entry into the horror genre. Sadly, a major Hollywood director also decided to adapt King's story and beat McKinney to the punch before his award-winning adaptation (the script won a collegiate screenwriting award for "Best Dramatic Script") could see the light of day. McKinney followed up with another King adaptation (a screenplay based on the short story "Cain Rose Up"), but soon abandoned horror adaptations in favor of returning to his first love – black comedy.

Around this time, McKinney began feasting on the collective works (Seinfeld, Sour Grapes, and Curb Your Enthusiasm) of Larry David. David's unique brand of comedy-without-morals mixed with a one-man-versus-the-world mentality greatly appealed to McKinney, prompting him to adapt a David web blog, "The Roving Thoughts of a Liberal Insomniac," into a short screenplay. Its completion inspired to McKinney to write an original feature-length screenplay that combined David's mentality with a Murray's archetypal lovable asshole. After the short, Seinfeld-esque Table For Four, Bullet For One, McKinney struck

gold with Finders Weepers, a story about a cursed object that ruins a promising young man's life, and set the stage for his next project, Indian Giver.

Larry David, however, was not the sole initial inspiration for Indian Giver. The source for the screenplay's basic dramatic premise evolved from a short-run Saturday Night Live sketch from the early nineties. In a sketch titled "All Things Scottish," a contentious Scotsman Stuart Rankin (played by Mike Meyers) reunites with his estranged brother Ronnie Rankin (played by Keifer Sutherland) only to challenge him to a fight after Ronnie asks to have a drink with Stuart. When asked why he wants to fight his brother, Stuart responds by telling those involved that he donated a kidney to his "piss-steaming drunk" brother, who "drinks like a fish" and is going to "ruin" his kidney. Stuart then threatens that he might "take it back." It is from this basic premise – a man who donates his kidney only to change his mind and try to take it back – that the overall plot of Indian Giver evolved ("Keifer Sutherland").

After deciding on the premise, the title Indian Giver (named after the politically-incorrect expression) came about quite naturally, as did the decision to make the antagonist a Native American. Two separate Seinfeld episodes then helped to influence the overall plot of the developing screenplay. "The Cigar Store Indian" (episode in which Jerry offends

Elaine's Native American friend) served as inspiration to use humor associated with the politically-incorrect expression and make the antagonist, Whispering Wind, a faux Native American ("The Cigar Store Indian"). "The Heart Attack" (episode in which George seeks out the treatment of a holistic healer) served as the inspiration for the antagonist's profession - a holistic healer ("The Heart Attack").

True to form, Monroe Gilley, the protagonist of Indian Giver, is a loveable asshole with an Irish name. Also true to form, Gilley appears as an amalgamation of several of McKinney's comedic influences. Several of Gilley's smart, sarcastic retorts are reminiscent of classic Bill Murray. His confrontational manner and inability to let even small transgressions pass without repercussions can be traced to Larry David (more appropriately, his alter ego on the pseudo-reality comedy Curb Your Enthusiasm). While he exhibits mannerisms and personality traits of several celebrities, Monroe Gilley is a part written solely with hard-living comedian Ron White firmly in mind. Based on standup specials such as They Call Me Tater Salad and You Can't Fix Stupid, White proved himself to be the right man for the job... and the only man that could get away with some of the off-color humor.

With the main players and basic dramatic premise in place, the job of fleshing out a plot in three acts was charged to screenwriting authority



Syd Field. Following the guidelines outlined in his influential book Screenplay: The Foundations of Screenwriting, A Step-by-Step Guide from Concept to Finished Script, the plot of Indian Giver follows Gilley as his quest for redemption and justice evolves and changes within the parameters of the basic three-act structure for screenplays.

In the opening act, or “setup,” Gilley is introduced to the audience as an aging scoundrel with numerous personal addictions/demons. Within this act, Gilley makes a number of poor decisions, meets up and runs afoul of Whispering Wind, and gets into a near fatal drunken automobile accident. The accident serves as the first major plot point that sets Gilley on his eventual course of action (Field 10).

The second act, or “confrontation,” follows Gilley’s life after the accident, in which he is pressured into donating his kidney to Whispering Wind and turning his miserable life around. He does this only to discover that Whispering Wind (a man he personally knows to be a cheat/fraud) gets all the credit... and press, which ultimately infuriates Gilley and affects his recovery. The second act ends with the second major plot point, in which Gilley decides to take legal action against Whispering Wind by suing him for the “figurative” return of his kidney in the form of a large cash award (Field 11-12).

Gilley's bizarre journey concludes in the third act, or "resolution." In this last segment, the basic dramatic question concerning whether or not Gilley will redeem himself and find justice is answered and the action is resolved. The answer – of course – will not be revealed in this introduction. That shall remain ambiguous until each individual reader discovers the answer over the course of reading the entire screenplay (Field 12-17).

Before this introduction is concluded, it is important to add a few more insightful notes on Indian Giver. They are as follows:

The reader will note that there are a few notations concerning music related to specific scenes and/or montages. While the writer does reserve some artistic freedom for an eventual director, the soundtrack is intended to be mostly instrumental – particularly an upbeat jazz score. Most of the music noted in the finished screenplay (including "Calcutta" and "Cherry Pink and Apple Blossom White") comes from the instrumental compilation Instrumental Legends. The author believes - Larry David - that upbeat music can make even the most dire, disastrous situations seem "okay," or acceptable for the audience.

It is impossible to note all of the popular culture references (including a nod to John Cleese in the 1988 film A Fish Called Wanda)

that are embedded in the finished script. That is left for the reader to discover. Suffice to say there are quite a few waiting to be discovered.

Many may call Indian Giver derivative, and the author will not deter them. Containing numerous pop references and elements that evoke other works, Indian Giver is derivative, but it is also unique success. It is a repackaging of tried and true comedic techniques and plot elements that forms a fresh hybrid. That, and of course, Indian Giver is also quite humorous.

As for the future of Brandon R. McKinney, the screenwriter will – if the past is any indication - evolve as his influences evolve. There are a couple ideas currently percolating in his mind. The first, under the working title “Dressing Down,” involves two male friends who take turns masquerading as the other’s fictitious girlfriend in order to make women jealous and thus, interested in them. The second, under the working title “Scoff Law,” is a semi-autobiographical tale centering on a noted scofflaw who falls in love with a beautiful female police cadet. These works are currently unpublished, but as this published text proves, they are – in fact - McKinney’s ideas and can not be stolen or co-opted without his approval.

With that said... enjoy Indian Giver!

**INDIAN GIVER**

**Screenplay by Brandon R. McKinney**

Brandon R. McKinney

brmckinney82@hotmail.com

Third Draft, February 2007

FADE IN:

INT. NEIGHBORS' HOME, BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Open on the glowing red display of a digital alarm clock.  
It reads 6:59 a.m.

As the camera zooms out, the clock slowly becomes the central set piece in a bedroom that is the earthly equivalent of a black hole in outer space.

A tiny amount of sunlight sneaks in through the dark curtains that cover a window near the bed. The curtains gently FLAP in a light breeze.

The digital display changes from 6:59 to 7:00 a.m.

A PIERCING ELECTRONIC ALARM.

A large lump stirs under a pile of blankets on the bed.

After several seconds, a quivering hand emerges and SLAPS at the adjoining nightstand in a feeble search for the clock.

The hand finally comes in contact with the clock. It inspects the clock's entire surface before grasping it tightly, lifting it high, and hurling it to the floor with deadly force.

It EXPLODES on the hardwood floor.

The GARBLED ALARM fades into oblivion.

Several seconds pass before the blankets are thrown from the bed, revealing the puffy, haggard face of MONROE GILLEY - late forties to early fifties with, despite his current appearance, certain boyish good looks.

Wearing a wrinkled suit, he slowly sits up on the edge of the bed. He wipes away the beads of sweat caked on his brow, then carefully rubs his sunken, blood-shot eyes with yellow, nicotine-stained fingers.

He removes his fingers from his eyes and stares at the shattered remains of the clock.

GILLEY

Shit.

INT. NEIGHBORS' HOME, BATHROOM - MORNING

Amidst clouds of rising steam and the SPRAY of water, Gilley showers in a darkened bathroom. Behind the glass shower doors, he appears as a mere silhouette.

Gilley stops showering and stands still. The SPRAY dies.

Just then, the bathroom door CREAKS open as MRS. BROWN - late sixties to early seventies and wearing a terry cloth bathroom, fuzzy slippers, and curlers in her white hair - shuffles in toward the sink.

Half asleep and completely unaware of the naked stranger showering behind her, she flips on a small light over the faucet, RUNS THE WATER, and begins BRUSHING her teeth.

The shower door CRACKS open and a dripping forearm darts out and fumbles about the empty towel rack above the toilet.

GILLEY  
(muffled)  
Shit.

The shower door slides open on its tracks.

Gilley - naked and wet - steps out of the shower, behind Mrs. Brown, and into the reflection of a mirror above the sink.

Mrs. Brown looks up. Her eyes and mouth grow wide as she makes eye contact with Gilley through the mirror.

She SCREAMS, spitting toothpaste onto its surface.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. NEIGHBORS' HOME, HALLWAY - MORNING

Gilley staggers out through the bathroom door and BANGS into the wall, knocking down several framed photographs. He catches one of an attractive young woman and hides his shame.

Mrs. Brown - disheveled and shaking with fear/anger - emerges from the bathroom pointing the business end of a plunger at Gilley's chest.

Using the plunger as if it were a cattle prod, she repeatedly lunges at him as he tries to knock it away.

GILLEY  
Whoa! Listen, lady! Drop the  
plunger! Hey! I don't know where  
that's been!

Mrs. Brown looks down at the photograph covering Gilley.

MRS. BROWN  
My granddaughter? Drop that picture!

Gilley grabs the plunger, stops fighting, and feigns confusion.

GILLEY  
Is that a come-on?

MRS. BROWN

How dare you, you...you...pervert!  
Drop the picture!

She rips the plunger free and resumes poking Gilley as he desperately tries to swat it away.

GILLEY

Drop that plunger!

Just then, MR. BROWN - late sixties to early seventies and wearing a robe and flannel pajamas - sprints around the corner with a shotgun in hand.

He quickly advances on them with the gun's barrel aimed squarely at Gilley.

MR. BROWN

Get back, Ethyl! You dirty son of a bitch, I'll blow your goddamn head off if you so much as...

Mr. Brown's expression slowly changes from that of rage to confusion as he comes closer. He slows his pursuit and lowers the gun. He stops, pulls his spectacles out from the breast pocket of his pajamas, and puts them on.

MR. BROWN (CONT'D)

...Gilley? Is that you?

GILLEY

Mr. Brown. Yeah...uh...I'd shake your hand, but as you can see, mine are kind of full.

Mr. Brown sets his shotgun down against the wall.

He takes off his robe and tosses it to Gilley.

MR. BROWN

Here. Put that on...and hand me my granddaughter, please.

Gilley wraps himself in the robe, then hands the photograph to Mr. Brown.

Mrs. Brown drops the plunger, intercepts the photograph, and clutches it against her bosom. She then buries her face in Mr. Brown's chest.

He hugs her tightly as she as SOBS uncontrollably.

MR. BROWN (CONT'D)

Would you please tell me what's going on here?

GILLEY

Well, last night...you see...I thought some hooligans...some crazy neighborhood kids...changed the locks...so, I had to go in through the window and...the funny thing is...

MR. BROWN

...You thought...this...was your house?

GILLEY

(playing dumb)  
It's not?

MR. BROWN

No. It's not.

Gilley SIGHS.

GILLEY

Oh. So...what's for breakfast?

EXT. NEIGHBORS' HOME, FRONT PORCH - LATE MORNING

The screen storm door swings wide as a disheveled Gilley - fully dressed in his rumpled suit - backs out onto the porch.

The door SLAMS shut behind him in the face of the Browns, who stand in the doorway.

GILLEY

So...I'll owe you for the clock...and the robe. And...I guess that's still a "no" on the continental breakfast, Mrs. Brown?

She runs away from the door. SOBS are audible in the background.

MR. BROWN

(visibly irritated)  
Go home, Monroe. And for God's sake...get some rest.

Mr. Brown frowns, steps back, and SLAMS the front door.

A VIBRATING SOUND as Gilley's pocket glows.

He fishes in his pocket, pulls out a cell phone, flips up the display, and begins reading a text message.

It reads: "U R LATE. WHERE R U? LARRY."

He stuffs the phone in his jacket's breast pocket and SIGHS.



EXT. FRONT YARD/STREET - LATE MORNING

RUN TITLES AND PEPPY JAZZ MUSIC (Similar to theme from "Man with the Golden Arm" or Ray Coniff's "Alley Cat")... \*

A bright sun hangs overhead as Gilley stumbles down the porch steps and jogs down the sidewalk toward the street.

A middle-class suburban neighborhood comes into view in the background as he races across the street to a black SUV, which is carelessly parked diagonally across the curb - touching both grass and pavement.

EXT. HIGHWAY - LATE MORNING

Quick shot of Gilley's SUV flying down the highway as it weaves in and out of four lanes of traffic on its way into the city.

INT. GILLEY'S SUV - LATE MORNING

Gilley sits slumped in the driver's seat with one hand on the wheel and the other rubbing his forehead.

An annoying CELL PHONE RING TONE.

Gilley WINCES in pain, reaches into his breast pocket, and pulls out the phone.

GILLEY  
What?

TRACI (O.S.)  
Dad?

GILLEY  
Who wants to know?

TRACI (O.S.)  
Uh...your daughter.

GILLEY  
Traci. Hey. What's up?

INT. TRACI'S HOME, KITCHEN - EARLY AFTERNOON

TRACI - late teens and slightly resembling Gilley - leans against the counter of a small kitchenette in an average middle-class home. She holds the phone between her chin and shoulder, twirling the chord with her index finger.

TRACI  
Drama! It's such a big day!

GILLEY (O.S.)  
Yeah. I bet.

TRACI

When are you driving in?

INT. GILLEY'S SUV - LATE MORNING

Gilley sits with a dumbfounded look on his face.

GILLEY

Huh? What are you talking about?

TRACI (O.S.)

Uh...hello? Don't you know what day it is?

GILLEY

Sure. Wednesday?

INT. TRACI'S HOME, KITCHEN - EARLY AFTERNOON

Traci stands with a mixed look of anger and confusion.

TRACI

No.

GILLEY (O.S.)

Wow. It sure feels like a Wednesday. You know how certain days have a feel to them. I'm really feeling Wednesday here. Something just keeps saying "Wednesday," but live and learn--

TRACI

--C'mon, Dad! It's my birthday!

INT. GILLEY'S SUV - LATE MORNING

Gilley rolls his eyes and SIGHS.

GILLEY

Of course! I know that! What? Did you think I...forgot?

TRACI (O.S.)

Well...I never know about you anymore.

GILLEY

Don't worry. You're present's in the mail, sweetie.

INT. TRACI'S HOME, KITCHEN - EARLY AFTERNOON

Traci's eyes grow wide as she SIGHS in disgust.

TRACI

You mean you're not coming? But the party, I wanted--

GILLEY (O.S.)  
--Uh...well...I can't, babe. I have to do a set at the club tonight.

TRACI  
Yeah. It's always something.

INT. GILLEY'S SUV - LATE MORNING

GILLEY  
Hey! Your present didn't pay for itself. Believe me.  
(pause)  
Listen. I wish I could be there. I really do, but I know you'll have the best birthday a fifteen-year-old ever had, okay?

INT. TRACI'S HOME, KITCHEN - EARLY AFTERNOON

Traci GASPS.

TRACI  
Dad, I'm sixteen! Sweet sixteen! It's only the biggest day in a girl's life! Stop kidding around! Wait...you actually did forget, didn't you?

Tears immediately start welling up in her eyes.

INT. GILLEY'S SUV - LATE MORNING

Gilley SIGHS.

INT. TRACI'S HOME, KITCHEN - EARLY AFTERNOON

Tears are now streaming down her face.

GILLEY (O.S.)  
No. No way. How could I forget that?

TRACI  
Then...you're coming...to the party?

GILLEY (O.S.)  
Of course. I was just teasing...uh...OH MY GOD!

Traci SNIFFS and wipes away her tears.

TRACI  
What?

INT. GILLEY'S SUV - LATE MORNING

Gilley now holds the phone between his chin and shoulder as he rubs his forehead with his now free hand.

GILLEY

Some guy on a bike! A cyclist! He just darted out!

Gilley continues to drive - without evidence of an accident.

TRACI (O.S.)

Oh, my God! What happened?

GILLEY

Well, he was riding out in the street...with traffic. You know how I hate that. They never give you enough room. They're never going fast enough. I mean, streets are made for driving, right? But God forbid you don't share the road. You know, I'm thinking of writing a letter--

TRACI (O.S.)

--Is he okay?

GILLEY

Yeah. I think I just stunned him. Don't worry. It's nothing a steel plate and a couple hundred stitches can't fix.

(pause)

Listen, I gotta go. The cops and paramedics just arrived. I gotta...

INT. TRACI'S HOME, KITCHEN - EARLY AFTERNOON

Traci stands with a tissue to her moist eyes.

TRACI

...Oh, go ahead. My God!

INT. GILLEY'S SUV - LATE MORNING

GILLEY

...Yeah. So..with everything...I might not make it tonight. Anyway. Happy birthday.

TRACI (O.S.)

What? Daddy!

He flips the phone shut, throws it into the passenger's seat, and continues driving.

EXT. CAFE/RESTAURANT - EARLY AFTERNOON

...TITLES AND MUSIC END.

Establishing shot of a trendy restaurant with an outdoor dining area. It appears to be located in downtown Phoenix.

A steady stream of cars passes by on the street directly in front of the outdoor dining area.

Among them is Gilley's SUV. It skids over to the curb from the outside lane, cutting off another vehicle in the process.

The enraged driver HONKS his horn in protest.

INT. RESTAURANT - EARLY AFTERNOON

A table near a picture window with a view of the street/outdoor dining area.

DR. LARRY FIELDING - a handsome, impeccably-dressed man in his late forties (relatively same age as Gilley, but looks much younger) - sits and waits at the table as a WAITER - a snide, effeminate metrosexual in his late twenties - glides over and places a cup of coffee in front of him.

At the same time, Gilley can be seen stumbling through the wrought-iron tables and chairs in the outdoor dining area on his way to the door. He knocks over an umbrella above one of the tables and staggers out of view. His disappearance is quickly followed by the sound of someone VOMITING VIOLENTLY.

The waiter and Fielding both perk up and look out the window. They see nothing.

Gilley stumbles in behind them, flops down at the table in the chair opposite Fielding, and wipes his mouth with the back of his hand.

Fielding turns around and regards Gilley...and his appearance. He does not appear to be surprised.

FIELDING

Good morning, Monroe. Or should I say, "Good afternoon?"

GILLEY

Well, it isn't good...whatever it is.

The waiter turns around and regards Gilley with surprise and confusion. He's not quite sure what to say.

WAITER

Uh...hello, sir. What can I--?

GILLEY

--I'll have a Coke.

WAITER

And to eat?

GILLEY

No food. Coke.

Gilley gives the waiter a "brush-off" gesture with his hand.

GILLEY (CONT'D)

Somebody made a mess outside. You better have a look at that.

The waiter glares at Gilley, then turns and walks away.

Fielding stares coldly at Gilley and shakes his head.

FIELDING

A Coke? Balancing your depressants with stimulants?

(pause)

I guess you had another...rough night.

GILLEY

Yeah. And one hell of a morning. You don't even know the half of it. You see, it started--

FIELDING

--Stop right there. I don't need details.

Gilley appears hurt...emotionally.

GILLEY

What? Come on now. You're a psychiatrist. You're paid to listen to details. Isn't that your professional duty or something?

Fielding SIGHS.

FIELDING

Yes, but I'm your *friend* - not your psychiatrist. I'm off the clock.

GILLEY

Larry, how long have we been friends?

FIELDING

Long enough.

GILLEY

Okay.

(MORE)

GILLEY (CONT'D)

Then answer me this question: What's the point of having a friend for a psychiatrist if he can't help you with your problems?

FIELDING

I can't treat you. It's a conflict of interest. How many times must I tell you?

GILLEY

Several. I guess.

Fielding shakes his head and takes a sip of his coffee.

FIELDING

Changing the subject, how's Traci? If I remember correctly, it's about time for another birthday, isn't it?

GILLEY

On the money as usual, Doc.

Fielding smiles.

FIELDING

Really? When is it?

GILLEY

Today.

Fielding frowns.

FIELDING

I don't even want to know what you're doing hanging around in town today, so I'll just move on to the next question. What did you get her?

GILLEY

Well, the proper question, mind you, is what...will...I get her.

FIELDING

You forgot? You forgot your own daughter's - your only child's - birthday?

GILLEY

She's my only *legitimate* child, and no, I didn't forget. I just somehow misplaced her birthday in my head. I've got bad filing up there. Don't say *forgot*. *Forgot* sounds like...

FIELDING

...Poor parenting? Neglect?

GILLEY

Hey! You're not my psychiatrist!  
So, stop analyzing me, will ya?

FIELDING

Okay. But, as a friend, I'm telling  
you to seek professional help, sort  
out the bad filing, and get your  
life in order. Now!

GILLEY

You think I'm in...disarray?

Fielding LAUGHS - without humor.

FIELDING

The drinking? The gambling? The  
women? You've got to grow up  
sometime. You can't keep living  
this drunken, anti-social, Peter Pan  
lifestyle. It will catch up with  
you sooner or later.

GILLEY

Listen. If I wanted to be nagged to  
death, I would have stayed with  
Traci's mother. Thank you very much.

FIELDING

That brings up a good point. It's  
already killed your marriage. Why  
don't you quit before it kills you?

Gilley drops his head into his hands and rubs his forehead.

GILLEY

Give it a rest, will ya? I'm hung  
over here!

The waiter strolls over with a tray of food and beverages.

He places a series of plates in front of Fielding.

WAITER

Here you are, Dr. Fielding.

FIELDING

Thank you.

The waiter slams a glass of Coke down in front of Gilley.

WAITER

Can I get you...gentleman anything  
else?



Gilley looks over at Fielding's plate of runny eggs and lets out a small BELCH.

GILLEY  
Yeah. A barf bag.

The waiter smirks at Gilley.

WAITER  
Why? The plants outside seemed to work just fine earlier.

Fielding jumps in and defuses the situation.

FIELDING  
That'll be all. Thank you.

The waiter nods curtly and stomps away.

GILLEY  
The nerve of that guy! Accusing me of making that mess!

FIELDING  
Well, you did. Didn't you?

GILLEY  
How'd you know?

Fielding shakes his head and begins cutting up his eggs.

FIELDING  
It's quickly becoming your modus operandi.

Gilley lowers his head, and the pair sits in silence for several seconds.

GILLEY  
So, you really think I have a problem?

FIELDING  
Yes. I do.

GILLEY  
Fine. Then, what should I--

FIELDING  
--See a psychiatrist.

GILLEY  
Why can't--

FIELDING  
--Not me!

GILLEY

Alright. Then set me up with one of your wonderful colleagues.

FIELDING

No. Not again. They want nothing to do with you.

GILLEY

And might I ask why?

FIELDING

Well, you did refer to them as...what was it..."overpaid highway robbers."

GILLEY

Okay. Let's not rehash the past.

(pause)

Isn't there anyone else? You know, somebody new? Perhaps, someone more accommodating? Somebody cheap?

FIELDING

Well, I've heard a lot of buzz about this new guy...but I really don't think you're...suited for him.

GILLEY

Why the hell not? I wear a suit. Look.

He gestures toward his rumpled suit.

FIELDING

Yes. And it's a lovely, wrinkled one at that, but that's not what I mean.

GILLEY

What exactly do you mean?

FIELDING

You see, he's a healer - a Native American healer.

GILLEY

I've got no qualms with the red man. You know that.

FIELDING

Yes, but he offers a lot of holistic, new-age techniques.

GILLEY

So?

FIELDING

Let's just say I don't think you'd be very open to his...methods.

GILLEY

I'll be the judge of that. I'm quickly becoming interested in this guy. You got one of his cards?

Fielding SIGHS, reaches into his pocket, and pulls out a business card.

He slides it across the table to Gilley.

Gilley picks up the card, studies it, and SNICKERS.

GILLEY (CONT'D)

(reading)

Whispering Wind? Explore the innermost workings of the human soul? Be one with the cosmos? Sounds like a load of--

FIELDING

--See? I didn't expect you'd be very receptive to his--

Gilley looks up from the card at Fielding.

GILLEY

--No. Probably not. But this guy just might be a goldmine for material.

Fielding shakes his head.

FIELDING

So you're still not serious about seeking help?

GILLEY

I don't need any help. I'm just a free spirit...and...

FIELDING

...an alcoholic with dependency issues?

GILLEY

No. I'm a social drinker. The problem is I'm just really social.

Gilley watches as Fielding scoops up a fork full of eggs.

He slowly turns green and WINCES.

GILLEY (CONT'D)

Hey! Do you have to eat that shit  
in front of me? It looks like an  
Oompa Loompa blew his nose.

Fielding shakes his head and pushes his plate away.

Gilley smiles and takes a drink of his Coke.

EXT. SHOPPING MALL - AFTERNOON

Establishing shot of an indoor shopping mall and its  
accompanying parking lot.

Several cars circle the crowded lot looking for a spot.

INT. SHOPPING MALL, CLOTHING STORE - AFTERNOON

A trendy clothing store geared toward young girls (I.E.  
Hollister). A series of brightly-colored lights bathe the  
room in a neon glow. POP MUSIC blares in the background.

Gilley maneuvers around various racks of strappy dresses,  
ripped jeans, and halter-tops with a dazed look on his face.

He seems more interested in the other female shoppers,  
especially one well-endowed young lady across from him.

She drops a bra, leans down to pick it up, and exposes her  
ample cleavage.

Gilley's jaw practically hits the floor.

While he is engaged in this display, a SALESGIRL - early  
twenties with a tight body - skips up and stands before him.

She notices him staring and CLEARS HER THROAT...LOUDLY.

Gilley breaks his trance and faces her.

SALESGIRL

Can I - like - help you?

He smiles back at her with a definite gleam in his eyes.

GILLEY

Oh...I'm sure you can, honey.

He quickly eyes her up and down.

GILLEY (CONT'D)

As it turns out, I'm looking for a  
gift. Something special for a very  
special young lady.

SALESGIRL

Awww! That's - like - so cute!  
You're buying something for your  
daughter!

She grabs him by the arm and pulls him over to a clothing  
rack.

SALESGIRL (CONT'D)

I've got - like - just the thing  
over here. I think--

Gilley frowns and pulls away from her grasp.

GILLEY

--Wait! Who says it's for my  
daughter?

She stops and looks confused.

SALESGIRL

Oh. I'm sorry. Your granddaughter?

GILLEY

Hell! I don't look that old, do I?

SALESGIRL

Your niece?

GILLEY

No! As it turns out...it's for my...  
girlfriend.

SALESGIRL

Oh. Then, I suggest you go to another  
store, sir.

She thinks to herself for a few seconds.

SALESGIRL (CONT'D)

I think K-Mart has got its new Jaclyn  
Smith line in. My mom - like - just  
loves that stuff.

Gilley shakes his head emphatically.

GILLEY

No! She can wear this over-priced  
crap!

SALESGIRL

No offense, sir, but women her age  
usually don't--

A look of righteous indignation floods over Gilley's face.

GILLEY

--What if I told you she was twenty-seven? What would you say to that?

The salesgirl LAUGHS and playfully smacks him on the arm.

SALESGIRL

Oh, you're silly!

She skips away.

Standing rigid, Gilley continues to glare at her as she goes.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE INSIDE JOKE - NIGHT

Establishing shot of a nightclub located deep in the city.

It boasts a large sign that bears the club's name.

INT. THE INSIDE JOKE, STAGE - NIGHT

The setup should be reminiscent of famous comedy clubs such as the Funny Bone, Catch a Rising Star, or the Comedy Store.

Under the glare of a spotlight with microphone in one hand and cigarette in the other, Gilley stands before an audience.

GILLEY

...So she - like - skips away...the little bitch.

With the spotlight following his every move, he skips across the stage in a humorous imitation of the salesgirl.

GILLEY (CONT'D)

(In a breathy voice)

Like, see you later, sir. Thanks for shopping!

He stops, shakes his head, and storms back to the center of the stage.

GILLEY (CONT'D)

So then, I - like - got all pissed.

(pause)

Now folks, I'm no Orlando Bloom or Johnny Depp or whatever prissy-looking guy you gals find irresistible, but I still consider myself a fairly good-looking guy...

A female voice SCREAMS out something in approval of his looks.

GILLEY (CONT'D)

Yeah! That's right! Thank you, kitten.

(pause)

Now, I know I could get a woman that young. In fact, I woke up with one a couple of nights ago - that's how I figured the whole thing out. Anyway, back to my story...so, I leave the store and patrol the mall, hitting on every young thing in sight to validate my beliefs...so I can - like - stroll back into that store and - like - show that salesgirl up. But, to make a long story short, it led to a nasty encounter with some security guards...and I'm never allowed back in that particular mall again.

The audience LAUGHS.

GILLEY (CONT'D)

Here's another thing: Like, what is with young girls and "like?"

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Whooo! I'd - like - fuck you!

GILLEY

Excuse me! Who said that?

Gilley eyes widen as he scans the crowd.

His eyes land on a group of rowdy young women.

GILLEY (CONT'D)

Stop the show! Jerry! Throw a spotlight on the crowd!

Gilley points at them.

GILLEY (CONT'D)

Over here!

The spotlight falls on the women. Surrounded by a variety of vulgar party favors that are common at a bachelorette party and wearing T-shirts emblazoned with Greek letters, they are drinking, slobbering, and falling over each other.

GILLEY (CONT'D)

Ah! Looks like a sorority party. That's cute. Now, back to business. Which one of you cuties said it? C'mon. Fess up.

A SORORITY GIRL - an attractive blue-eyed blonde in her late teens to early twenties with a model's appearance - quickly raises her hand.

GILLEY (CONT'D)

You? Stand up and let me get a good look at ya.

She stands up, and Gilley eyes her like a piece of meat.

GILLEY (CONT'D)

Yeah. You're a pretty one. So...did you mean what you said?

She makes eye contact, lowers her chin, and nods seductively.

GILLEY (CONT'D)

Okay. Now we're getting somewhere. How old are ya?

SORORITY GIRL

Twenty-two, baby! Whoo!

Gilley nods and looks quickly from side to side before returning to her.

GILLEY

You - like - wanna go back to that store with me?

The audience erupts into LAUGHTER.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SORORITY HOUSE, DORM ROOM - EARLY MORNING

A typical messy dorm room - complete with posters on the walls and mini-fridge.

Gilley stirs under the covers in the bed near the far corner of the room.

His eyes open and quickly search the parameters of the room.

GILLEY

Oh...shit. Not again.

He looks over at the blonde sleeping next to him and smirks.

GILLEY (CONT'D)

Not bad. Well...good morning and goodbye, babe.

He starts to climb out of the bed, but she - still asleep - rolls over, hugs him, and MOANS with pleasure.

Someone KNOCKS on the door.



FATHER'S VOICE

Good morning, sleepyhead! It's Daddy,  
darling. Are you decent?

Gilley looks up at the door with a look of intense fear.

GILLEY

Shit!

FATHER'S VOICE

What's that, dear?

GILLEY

(impersonating the  
daughter)

The shits. I'm sick. Come back  
later.

FATHER'S VOICE

Don't worry. I'll take care of you.

Gilley wearing only a pair of jockey shorts - jumps out of  
bed and searches the room.

GILLEY

(under his breath)

Yeah. I bet.

He runs over and shakes the girl awake.

SORORITY GIRL

What's going on? Who are you?

GILLEY

The guy you had sex with last night.  
That's not important. We have a real  
problem here.

She sits up in bed and rubs her head.

SORORITY GIRL

What?

Another KNOCK on the door.

FATHER'S VOICE

Honey? C'mon. Let me in.

GILLEY

Daddy's home.

He stoops down and quickly looks under the bed.

GILLEY (CONT'D)

Where the hell are my pants?

She - topless, but wearing panties - jumps up, runs over to the door, and puts her back against it.

YOUNG GIRL

Hold on, Daddy. I'll be with you in just a second.

FATHER'S VOICE

What's going on? Are you sick?

She immediately starts COUGHING.

SORORITY GIRL

Yeah. I'm not feeling so well. It might be contagious. I don't want to infect--

FATHER'S VOICE

--I'm not worried about it. Let me in.

SORORITY GIRL

I don't think I can make it to the door.

FATHER'S VOICE

Don't worry. I'll go get the housemother to let me in.

SORORITY GIRL

Really! That's not necessary!

The sound of HEAVY FOOTFALLS quickly grows softer and fades away as he leaves.

She leaves the door, runs to the window, and forces it open.

SORORITY GIRL (CONT'D)

Listen, you gotta get the hell outta here!

She races over to Gilley, grabs him, and starts dragging him toward the window.

GILLEY

No. I gotta find my fucking pants!

She throws him against the window frame and runs over to the foot of the bed.

She stoops down, sticks her arm under the bed, and pulls out various articles of clothing.

GILLEY (CONT'D)

Just out of curiosity, how big is your father? What? About five-four, one-fifty? Skinny guy?

She pulls the last article - his pants - out, wads the clothing into a large ball, and runs back over to him.

SORORITY GIRL

Try six-seven, two-fifty. Oh, yeah.  
He...uh...used to be a...Green Beret.

GILLEY

But he's skinny, right?

The sound of HEAVY FOOTFALLS (distinctly two sets) quickly grows in volume as the father and housemother arrive.

FATHER'S VOICE

Don't worry. We're here, sweetie.

Gilley and the girl stare at each other with frightened eyes.

The doorknob shakes and turns slightly, but does not open.

They SIGH in relief.

HOUSEMOTHER'S VOICE

Sorry. Wrong key.

The doorknob turns again.

They hug each other in fear.

The door swings open, revealing the backlit, shadowy figures of a hefty woman and a rather large, muscle-bound man.

The two groups (Gilley/girl and silhouettes) stare at each other in silence for several seconds.

The father's silhouette stomps into the room and points a shaking index finger at Gilley.

Gilley and the girl quickly pull apart.

FATHER'S VOICE

You! You are a dead man, buddy boy!

GILLEY

And you must be...the Incredible Hulk. That's funny. I'd thought you be greener.

The girl shoves the wadded ball of clothing into his stomach.

SORORITY GIRL

Well...thanks for a lovely evening.

Gilley sits down on the windowsill, sticks one leg out, and turns around.

GILLEY  
So...should I call you or...

MALE VOICE  
That's it!

He stomps toward Gilley.

SORORITY GIRL  
Get the hell outta here!

She pushes him out the window.

He flips head over feet out the window.

A THUD - quickly followed by a LOW GROAN - can be heard shortly thereafter.

EXT. SORORITY HOUSE, FRONT YARD - MORNING

The lawn in front of a two-story house in a suburban, campus neighborhood.

Gilley hops on one leg as he struggles to pull his pants up.

After several awkward attempts, he manages to get them pulled up and buttoned.

He sprints down the lawn toward his SUV, which is parked next to the curb.

He runs to the driver's door, fishes in his pockets for the keys, and unlocks it.

Just then, the front door to the sorority house flies open, revealing the backlit figure of the girl's father standing in the doorway with what appears to be a large, blunt object (possibly a bat) clutched in his hand.

Gilley looks up and SHUDDERS. He then quickly throws the rest of his clothing over on the passenger's seat of the SUV and jumps inside, slamming the door behind him.

INT. GILLEY'S SUV - MORNING

Gilley quickly REVS THE ENGINE and shifts the SUV into drive.

He looks up in the rearview mirror and sees the man running up to the back window with the object raised above his head.

The back window suddenly EXPLODES behind him.

He steps down on the accelerator. The TIRES SCREECH.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

With tires burning, the SUV SCREECHES away from the curb and down the street.

As the sun ascends above the scene, the backlit, mysterious figure of the father watches it go. He shakes the blunt object in the air and SHOUTS a barrage of various OBSCENITIES.

INT. GILLEY'S SUV - MORNING

Gilley stares out the windshield with a tired, beaten expression etched on his face.

He looks up in the rearview mirror and notices the hole in the back window.

He SIGHS and stares back through the windshield with the same pitiable expression.

He rubs his head and hears FIELDING'S VOICE.

FIELDING'S VOICE

...You desperately need to get your life in order. The drinking? The gambling? The women? You've got to grow up sometime. You can't keep living this drunken, anti-social, Peter Pan lifestyle...

Gilley looks over at the pile of clothes sitting on the passenger's seat.

He notices something sticking out of it.

He reaches over and pulls out a business card.

He holds it to his face and studies the printing. It's Whispering Wind's card.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DESERT ROAD - LATE AFTERNOON

Gilley's SUV tears down a deserted gravel road on the outskirts of town.

A small homestead housed in the barren desert slowly rises up from the horizon. It's little more than a silver Airstream camper/trailer hooked to a rusty, weather-beaten pickup truck.

Two ferocious BARKING dogs are chained to a nearby cactus.

The SUV pulls in next to the truck. The ENGINE dies.

Gilley opens the door and steps out under the blistering rays of a waning afternoon sun.

He looks over at the BARKING dogs. They are now foaming at the mouth as they repeatedly jump into the air, trying to lunge at Gilley.

He first appears frightened...until he observes that the chains attached to the cactus keep them at bay.

Gilley strolls up to the trailer, puts one foot on the small fold-out steps, and KNOCKS on the heavy metal door.

The door opens after several seconds. WHISPERING WIND - a decidedly white male in his late twenties to early thirties dressed in jeans and a T-shirt - stands behind it.

Gilley - appearing visibly confused - steps back.

WHISPERING WIND

Can I help you, friend?

GILLEY

No. I mean...yeah. Is this Whispering Wind's place?

WHISPERING WIND

Yes.

GILLEY

Oh. Okay. May I see him?

WHISPERING WIND

You do.

GILLEY

Huh? Wait a minute. I'm looking for Whispering Wind, the...uh..."holistic healer."

WHISPERING WIND

Then, you've found him. Come inside, friend.

Gilley appears skeptical, but nevertheless, follows him inside.

Whispering Wind closes the door behind them.

INT. WHISPERING WIND'S TRAILER, LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

A makeshift "living room-area" in complete disarray.

Visibly uncomfortable, Gilley sits facing Whispering Wind on a soiled couch.

Whispering Wind takes a sip from the coffee cup that sits in his hand.

WHISPERING WIND

Are you sure I can't offer you some herbal tea...mister...?

GILLEY

Uh...Wopat. Alvin Wopat...and no, I don't want any. Thanks.

WHISPERING WIND

So, tell me, Mr. Wopat, what brings you out here this afternoon?

GILLEY

Listen, Mr. Wind--

WHISPERING WIND

--It's just Whispering Wind.

GILLEY

Whatever. Listen, I think I've seen enough. Thank you.

He stands up from the couch and walks toward the door.

Whispering Wind follows closely behind him.

WHISPERING WIND

Hold on. Where are you going?

GILLEY

Home. This has been one giant mistake.

WHISPERING WIND

Mistake? Mr. Wopat--

GILLEY

--Call me Alvin.

WHISPERING WIND

Alvin, there are no mistakes. The spirits never make mistakes.

GILLEY

Fine. There's no mistake. Let's just say...this is not what I...expected.

WHISPERING WIND

What did you expect?

GILLEY

I don't know. Some feathers. Some beads. You know, a wise, old Indian--

WHISPERING WIND

--We prefer Native American.

GILLEY

Yeah. Okay. Native American.  
Indian. Whatever. The point is you  
don't look like either.

WHISPERING WIND

Don't allow appearances to fool you.  
It is unwise to be so quick to judge.

GILLEY

I'm sorry, Whispering Weirdo. That's  
kind of my M-O. Adios.

Gilley jumps up and puts his hand on the doorknob

Whispering Wind grabs his arm at the elbow.

GILLEY (CONT'D)

You're crossing the line here, buddy!  
Listen, I don't want to get physical.

WHISPERING WIND

On the contrary, I'm offering you a  
world of solutions and the chance to  
open your senses to a whole new world  
of experiences that you dare not  
dream.

Gilley rolls his eyes and curtly jerks his arm away from  
Whispering Wind's grasp.

GILLEY

Thanks. I'm flattered, but my saloon  
doors don't swing both ways.

Whispering Wind LAUGHS.

WHISPERING WIND

I assure you, your sexuality has  
nothing to do with the matter.

GILLEY

I'm not worried about *mine*.

WHISPERING WIND

You misunderstand me. I'm trying to  
offer you a free trial session...to  
see if I can't earn your confidence  
in my abilities.

GILLEY

I don't know. I think  
I'll...wait...did you say free?

EXT. DESERT - EARLY EVENING

An empty patch of dirt with rock formations in the background.



Gilley sits Indian-style on the ground as the sun descends behind him.

Whispering Wind stands behind him with his arms outstretched to the sky.

GILLEY

I don't know about all this. First off, I don't think I'll be able to get back out of this position--

WHISPERING WIND

--Please close your mouth and open your mind.

Gilley SIGHS.

WHISPERING WIND (CONT'D)

Now...close your eyes.

Gilley rolls his eyes before closing them.

WHISPERING WIND (CONT'D)

I want you to picture yourself in place of maximum relaxation. A sandy beach. A lush rainforest...

GILLEY

(under his breath)  
...A titty bar?

WHISPERING WIND

What was that?

GILLEY

Uh...a sandy...rainforest. I'm there.  
I. Am. There.

Whispering Wind stands dumbfounded for a few quick seconds, shakes his head, and regains his composure and focus.

WHISPERING WIND

Are you in a state of absolute contentment and relaxation?

GILLEY

Yes...master.

Gilley SNICKERS to himself.

Whispering Wind frowns.

WHISPERING WIND

Okay. We'll begin anyway.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DESERT - EARLY EVENING

A SERIES OF SHOTS IN EXTENDED MONTAGE

A. Gilley practicing tae-chi under Whispering Wind's direction.

B. Whispering Wind ringing a small bell at various spots on Gilley's body. Gilley has his eyes closed, but he continually peeks to observe the position of the bell. When Whispering Wind moves below the waist, Gilley remarks, "Hey, keep it above the belt, buddy!"

C. Whispering Wind forcefully commands Gilley to SCREAM the word "shakra." He offers words of encouragement (I.E. "Release the pent-up aggression.") after each utterance of the word.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Gilley - with eyes closed - is again seated in the Indian-style/Buddha position.

Whispering Wind has regained his place behind Gilley with his hands to the sky.

WHISPERING WIND

Now we're leaving that place of  
absolute relaxation and contentment  
as we - sadly - must return to the  
realm of reality.

Gilley smiles.

GILLEY

(under his breath)  
Finally.

WHISPERING WIND

We're coming back in  
three...two...one...

He SNAPS his fingers.

WHISPERING WIND (CONT'D)

Awake, Alvin, and rise.

Gilley opens his eyes, staggers to his feet, and faces Whispering Wind.

WHISPERING WIND (CONT'D)

How do you feel?

GILLEY

Weird.

WHISPERING WIND

Well, it's often a jarring experience when one makes direct contact with the gods.

GILLEY

I thought they were spirits.

WHISPERING WIND

They are...one and the same.

GILLEY

Whatever.

Gilley starts to walk away.

WHISPERING WIND

Wait! Where are you going? No feedback?

Gilley stops, turns around, and opens his mouth.

EXT. PARK - EARLY AFTERNOON

The setup resembles Central Park - except in Arizona.

The blistering rays of an afternoon sun bake Gilley and Fielding as they jog together on a concrete sidewalk.

Appearing to be in tip-top shape, Fielding stays more than a few steps ahead of a sweat-drenched Gilley - who appears to be struggling to breathe behind him.

Fielding turns his head back to Gilley.

FIELDING

So?

GILLEY

(breathing heavily)

What?

FIELDING

What did you tell him?

GILLEY

Let's just say "crock of shit" wasn't exactly the answer he had in mind.

FIELDING

You told him that?

GILLEY

Yep. I may have added "complete waste of time."

Fielding SIGHS.

FIELDING

You didn't.

Gilley LAUGHS.

GILLEY

I did.

FIELDING

What did he say to that?

GILLEY

Not much.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Gilley and Whispering Wind stand facing each other under a starry night sky in the reflected glow of a large moon like wild-west outlaws preparing for a duel.

WHISPERING WIND

(irritated)

That's...okay. You are entitled to your opinion.

GILLEY

Fine. See ya later.

Gilley starts to walk away.

Whispering Wind grabs him by the shoulder and stops him.

Gilley turns around and squares off with him.

GILLEY (CONT'D)

You *really* gotta stop doing that.

WHISPERING WIND

You must first settle your bill.

GILLEY

What bill? It's free. There's no bill.

WHISPERING WIND

No. I told you I would provide you with a free trial session.

GILLEY

Yeah. That's what I just had - a free trial session.

Whispering Wind wags his index finger in Gilley's face.

WHISPERING WIND

You had one free trial session. You remember the tae-chi?

GILLEY

Yeah. Unfortunately, I do.

WHISPERING WIND

You see, that was free. You still owe for the supplemental sessions.

GILLEY

Supplemental sessions?

WHISPERING WIND

I asked if you wanted to go on. You laughed and said you did.

Gilley wags his index finger in Whispering Wind's face.

GILLEY

Yeah, because I thought it was free.

Whispering Wind shakes his head.

GILLEY (CONT'D)

You made it sound free, and it probably was...until I punctured your ego.

(pause)

What? Are you an Indian Give--?

Whispering Wind's face suddenly fills with rage.

WHISPERING WIND

--What did you say?

GILLEY

Nothing. Calm down, Tonto. What do I owe? Five bucks a session. Ten total?

WHISPERING WIND

The standard rate is fifty per session. Considering that, your total bill comes to one-hundred dollars cash...then there's, of course, there's always the option to tip.

GILLEY

A hundred bucks! For that bullshit? You must be out of what little mind you have. I'm not paying it. So, go ahead...sick your spirits...or gods...or whatever the hell you want to call 'em on me.

EXT. PARK - EARLY AFTERNOON

Fielding and Gilley continue to jog through the park.

Fielding slows down, allowing Gilley to catch up.

FIELDING

So, did he sick 'em on you?

GILLEY

Yeah.

FIELDING

Really? The spirits?

GILLEY

No. The dogs. He untied them from the cactus and told them to "kill."

FIELDING

Jesus! What did you do?

GILLEY

Ran like hell.

FIELDING

Well, at least you have new material for your act.

GILLEY

What did I tell you? Goldmine.

FIELDING

That's wonderful. But it doesn't exactly fix your problems.

(pause)

Are you planning on seeing a real psychiatrist?

GILLEY

Isn't that what I'm doing right now?

FIELDING

Let's not go through this again.

Gilley starts WHEEZING and staggers off the path toward a park bench.

Fielding jogs in place and watches as Gilley falls on the bench.

Fielding frowns, shakes his head, and jogs over to him.

FIELDING (CONT'D)

Get back up. It's good for you.

GILLEY

(out of breath)

Can't. May...cause...death.

FIELDING  
C'mon. Look at you. You need help.

GILLEY  
Fine. Help me up.

Fielding pulls Gilley to his feet.

FIELDING  
That's not the kind of help I had in mind.

GILLEY  
Listen, Larry, I've tried everything. Maybe there is no saving me. Maybe I am what I am. Maybe I'm beyond help.

He pats Gilley on the back, and the pair slowly resumes jogging.

FIELDING  
You know, there are support groups.

GILLEY  
Not my style.

FIELDING  
Not much is.

GILLEY  
Listen. All I really need is...an opportunity.

FIELDING  
Opportunity? What are you talking about?

GILLEY  
You know, a chance to make a change. A life-altering experience. An epiphany - like the kind those folks on the talk shows have. Man, if I had one of those, then I'd change my damnable ways and put my life back on the straight and narrow. I just need something to get the ball rolling.

FIELDING  
Can I hold you to that?

GILLEY  
Sure. Why not? But I haven't had an epiphany in...well...my entire life.

FIELDING

Sounds to me like you're overdue.  
Let's shake on it.

GILLEY

Sure.

They shake hands and continue running.

FADE OUT:

SOUND OF CELL PHONE RINGING.

FADE IN:

EXT. GILLEY'S SUV - EARLY EVENING

Sitting in the driver's seat and wearing his performance suit, Gilley frees one hand from the steering wheel, reaches down to the console, and picks up the phone.

GILLEY

Yeah. Hello?

TRACI (O.S.)

Is this your idea of a joke?

GILLEY

What? Who is this?

INT. TRACI'S HOME, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Staring at box of clothing, Traci stands rigid with anger.

TRACI

It's your daughter! Or do you remember that you have one?

INT. GILLEY'S SUV - EARLY EVENING

GILLEY

Sure, I remember. You're Traci, right?

TRACI (O.S.)

Good. At least you remember my name. Other than that, you don't know a damn thing about me.

GILLEY

What are you talking about?

INT. TRACI'S HOME, KITCHEN - NIGHT

TRACI

It's like we're strangers!



INT. GILLEY'S SUV - EARLY EVENING

GILLEY

How can you say that? I remembered your birthday, didn't I? You got my gift. Right?

INT. TRACI'S HOME, KITCHEN - NIGHT

TRACI

Yeah. I got it.

GILLEY (O.S.)

There you go. See?

TRACI

Yeah. Too bad I'm not a middle-aged housewife.

INT. GILLEY'S SUV - EARLY EVENING

Gilley appears surprised.

GILLEY

Huh?

TRACI (O.S.)

Jaclyn Smith? K-Mart?

Beads of sweat form on Gilley's forehead.

GILLEY

What's wrong with that? I'll have you know, the salesgirl strongly recommended--

INT. TRACI'S HOME, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Traci SIGHS in frustration.

TRACI

--I'm sixteen! I wouldn't be caught dead in that crap!

GILLEY (O.S.)

Hey! You don't know what I went through to get that.

TRACI

Okay. Fine. It doesn't matter. I don't plan to inconvenience you ever again.

INT. GILLEY'S SUV - EARLY EVENING

A look of absolute dread floods over Gilley's face.

GILLEY

What are you talking about? It's no inconvenience! Well...it is, but--

INT. TRACI'S HOME, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Traci glances back at the handsome couple - in their late forties - that now stands behind her.

TRACI

--Mom's marrying Thomas.

INT. GILLEY'S SUV - EARLY EVENING

GILLEY

Cheryl's marrying that piece of shit?

INT. TRACI'S HOME, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Tears well up in Traci's eyes.

TRACI

He's not a piece of shit! He's more of a father than you. At least he came to my party.

Thomas, the man, races up and takes her by the shoulders.

GILLEY (O.S.)

Hey! That's not fair. He's not your--

TRACI

--Don't worry. You're off the hook for the whole "Dad" thing. See ya.

She hangs up the receiver and buries her face in Thomas' chest.

INT. GILLEY'S SUV - EARLY EVENING

Gilley still has the phone up to his ear.

GILLEY

Hey! This isn't over! We can work this out! Traci! Traci!

He sits in silence for several seconds before throwing down the phone and PUNCHING the steering wheel in disgust.

GILLEY (CONT'D)

Now what?

CUT TO:

INT. THE INSIDE JOKE, BAR - NIGHT

The bar at the back of the audience, opposite the stage.

Gilley - his hair unkempt, his eyes blood shot - sits slumped on a stool.

Empty tumblers and shot glasses sit scattered across the bar in front of him.

MITZY - an unattractive female comedian in her early thirties - stands on the stage behind him performing for a moderate crowd.

Gilley slurps down the remaining drops of alcohol in his glass. He then SLAMS the glass down on the bar with authority.

GILLEY

Mike! Another round down here!

MIKE - a well-dressed, mustachioed bartender in his late forties - walks over with three full shot glasses in tow.

He places them on the bar in front of Gilley and SIGHS.

MIKE

Don't you think you've had enough?

Gilley glares up at him.

GILLEY

(slurring his words)  
Hell no! Why, my friends and I are just getting warmed up.

MIKE

Friends?

GILLEY

Yeah. Don't you see 'em?

Mike shakes his head.

GILLEY (CONT'D)

Well, I guess I'll have to introduce you. First, there's me, Monroe. Then there's...

He picks up the first shot glass.

GILLEY (CONT'D)

...my old buddy Jack Daniels.

He gulps it down, then picks up the second shot glass.

GILLEY (CONT'D)

Then, there's my good friend Jim  
Beam.

He gulps it down, then picks up the third shot glass.

GILLEY (CONT'D)

Last, but not least, there's Johnnie  
Walker, my insurance agent.

He gulps it down.

Mike shakes his head.

MIKE

You better slow down. You go on  
after Mitzy up there.

Mike points up at the stage.

Gilley glances back behind him, then back at Mike.

GILLEY

You know something? I can't stand a  
female comic. All female stand-ups  
suck. Nothing but vagina jokes and  
bits about their periods. Who cares?

Gilley staggers to his feet.

GILLEY (CONT'D)

Hey! Mitzy! Get off the stage! No  
one wants to hear how heavy your  
flow is tonight!

Mike places a hand on Gilley's shoulder.

MIKE

Hey! Monroe! Leave her alone, will  
ya?

Gilley shrugs off Mike's hand and advice.

He staggers up the main aisle toward the stage.

GILLEY

Hey! Bitchy! Enough is enough!  
Make like your tits, and sag on down!

Mitzy rolls here eyes and gestures the audience's attention  
toward Gilley.

MITZY

Everyone, I'm sure you know our  
resident misogynist and drunkard,  
Monroe Gilley.

(MORE)

MITZY (CONT'D)

The only reason he hates woman so much is because he's impotent. And he's impotent because he drinks. It's a vicious cycle. Let's all pity him.

The audience LAUGHS.

GILLEY

Apparently, it's not as vicious as your cycle. Honestly. Where do you come up with your material? I guess it just comes out with the rest of the flow. And guess what? Just like where it comes from, it always stinks!

Audience offers up a mix of GASPS and LAUGHTER.

MITZY

That's it! I'm sick and tired of your frat-boy mentality!

She drops the microphone, hops off the stage, and marches toward Gilley.

Gilley turns to the audience.

GILLEY

Don't worry. I have a rule about never hitting women. Fortunately for me, she doesn't look like one.

A stumble-bum Gilley struggles to raise his fists as he tries to square off with her.

Gilley throws the first shot - a careless, poorly-place right.

Mitzy ducks and connects with an upper-cut that sends Gilley crashing back through a table.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE INSIDE JOKE, ALLEY - NIGHT

The back door swings wide in a typical, dingy back alley.

A couple of large bouncers hurl Gilley out onto the pavement.

He lies motionless for several seconds.

He stumbles to his feet and falls into a row of garbage cans.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Gilley's SUV speeds down a dark, deserted two-lane highway.

INT. GILLEY'S SUV - NIGHT

Gilley sways in the driver's seat as he blindly stares through the windshield.

A cyclist appears in glow of the headlights. He's riding in the center of the lane.

GILLEY  
Cyclists! I hate cyclists!

Gilley lays on the HORN.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The SUV's HORN blows a second time.

The cyclist refuses to move.

The SUV swings wide into the other lane.

It first appears to be passing the cyclist. But, it slows down just beside him.

INT. GILLEY'S SUV - NIGHT

Gilley rolls down the side passenger window.

GILLEY  
Hey, dickhead! Get off the road!

The CYCLIST - late twenties in a spandex body suit - turns to face Gilley.

CYCLIST  
Fuck you! You don't own the road!

GILLEY  
Bullshit! Move outta the way! The road's made for gas-powered, motor vehicles! Ever heard of 'em?

The cyclist looks up and points at the road ahead.

CYCLIST  
You mean like that?

GILLEY  
Huh?

INT. GILLEY'S SUV - NIGHT

Gilley looks up as the glow of headlights shows on his sweat-drenched forehead.

GILLEY

Oh...

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The cyclist quickly pulls off onto the shoulder.

A weather-beaten pickup truck enters the frame with the HORN blowing.

INT. GILLEY'S SUV - NIGHT

His eyes grow wide as the HORN grows louder.

GILLEY

...Shit.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

SUPERIMPOSE over shot: ONE MONTH LATER.

The setup resembles a small private room at an average, run-of-the-mill hospital.

Gilley - a battered, bruised, and heavily bandaged - lies in the bed. Tubes run in and out of his body. One of his legs is elevated in traction. His eyes are closed.

A large cabinet filled with electronic medical equipment TICKS, BEEPS, and BUZZES as it monitors his vitals.

NURSE CYNDI - late twenties and attractive - enters the room with clipboard in hand and strolls over to the equipment.

She observes the instruments and makes some brief notations.

Gilley GROANS softly.

She stops writing and slowly turns to face him.

INT. GILLEY'S POV - LATE AFTERNOON

Gilley's eyes open to the fuzzy image of Cyndi hovering over him.

NURSE CYNDI

My God! You're awake!

GILLEY

(groggily)

No shit.

(pause)

Wait! I'm not in the wrong house...am I?

NURSE CYNDI

Heavens no! You're right where you need to be.

GILLEY

Oh.

(pause)

Wait! You don't have an angry husband, jealous fiancé, or something...do you?

NURSE CYNDI

No. As a matter of fact, I'm single.

Gilley SIGHS.

GILLEY

Is this...heaven?

Cyndi LAUGHS.

NURSE CYNDI

Heaven? Hardly.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Gilley raises his head and WINCES in pain.

He scans the room - viewing the equipment and his own battered body - with squinty, half-open eyes.

GILLEY

Oh. So, this is what hell looks like. Who are you? Satan?

Cyndi shakes her head and LAUGHS playfully.

NURSE CYNDI

Mr. Gilley, you're in a room at St. Ambrose General. I'm your nurse, Cyndi.

Gilley's eyes widen and slowly zero in on her chest.

GILLEY

Well, if looks could kill...

(pause)

So, what time is my sponge bath? You did say you were single. Right?



Still smiling, she wags her finger at Gilley.

NURSE

Well, you definitely live up to your reputation. He warned me about you.

GILLEY

Who?

NURSE CYNDI

Your doctor. Dr. Fielding. You know, you're acting pretty frisky for a guy who's just come out of a coma.

Cyndi turns away from the bed and walks over to the door.

Gilley LAUGHS and shakes his head.

GILLEY

First off, he's not my doctor, and don't let him hear you calling him that. And second...coma! What coma?

NURSE CYNDI

(talking to someone  
outside the door)

Dr. Fielding, he's finally awake.

Fielding suddenly appears in the doorframe next to the nurse.

GILLEY

Larry! What the hell's going on here? What's all this garbage about a coma?

FIELDING

Calm down, Monroe!

(to Cyndi)

Will you please excuse us, Cyndi?

NURSE CYNDI

Of course, Dr. Fielding.

(to Gilley)

Glad you're awake...and feeling frisky, Mr. Gilley.

She turns to walk out the door.

GILLEY

Wait! Where are you going?

NURSE CYNDI

Don't worry. I'll be back to check your vitals. It'll give you two a chance to catch up.

She winks at Gilley, turns, and walks out into the hallway.

He watches her go with hungry eyes.

GILLEY

Oh. I'd love to catch up with that.  
(to Fielding)  
Did you get a good look at that ass?

Fielding SLAMS the door shut with authority.

FIELDING

Enough! Shut up!

GILLEY

Hey! Is that anyway to talk to a man who just came out of a coma?

FIELDING

You've finally done it this time!

GILLEY

Done what?

FIELDING

Screwed things up - royally. You want to know why you're here?

GILLEY

That would be nice, I guess.

Fielding holds up a manila file folder stuffed with paper.

FIELDING

Well, according to the police report...

GILLEY

Police. Oh...shit.

FIELDING

...and the information provided by some cyclist...

GILLEY

That asshole. I remember him. You know, he shouldn't have been riding--

FIELDING

--Shut it! It states that you were driving into oncoming traffic in order to verbally assault this cyclist when you crashed head on into a pickup truck rounding a corner--

Gilley shakes his head.

GILLEY

--That's bullshit! I didn't assault--

FIELDING

--and you were drunk!

GILLEY

I only had a couple drinks. I swear!

FIELDING

According to the information compiled by the team of doctors that attended to you and your...victim, your blood-alcohol level was three times the legal limit.

GILLEY

Oh. I see. I suppose it was a...bit more than a couple.

Fielding tosses the folder into a nearby chair and points an accusatory finger at Gilley.

FIELDING

This is no joke! You're in a hell of a lot of trouble here, Monroe! The cops have been waiting for you to wake up, so they can arrest you...unless...

GILLEY

Unless? Unless what? Are you saying that I can I somehow get out of this?

FIELDING

There's another part to this sordid affair. Apparently, the accident and the circumstances surrounding the accident...and victim, has generated a great deal of interest from the media.

GILLEY

What circumstances? And why do you keep bringing up a victim? It was accident, right? There are no victims in an accident. That's why they call it an accident. I mean...I didn't...kill anyone, did I?

FIELDING

No. Not yet. But he's in bad shape.

GILLEY

What's wrong with him?

FIELDING

Well. Miraculously, he didn't sustain too many injuries, except one to his kidney.

GILLEY

Kidney?

FIELDING

Yes. Apparently, the turn signal severed from the drive shaft in the accident and somehow punctured his left kidney. Now, he desperately needs a transplant or he's going to die.

GILLEY

Why does he need a transplant? What about the other one? Those things still come in pairs, or did I miss something?

FIELDING

He doesn't have another one. He already donated his other kidney to a family member, you idiot!

GILLEY

That's a shame. But what does any of this have to do with the police, the media, or those "circumstances" you were babbling about?

FIELDING

Well, as it turns out...you're a perfect match to act as donor.

GILLEY

No thanks. I'm not the giving kind.

FIELDING

You may change your mind when you consider the circumstances.

GILLEY

Again with the circumstances? Why don't you just come out with it already?

FIELDING

Okay. He needs a kidney, and you have one. There was an accident, and you were at fault. You were driving drunk. The police got involved. Then, the media got involved.

(MORE)

FIELDING (CONT'D)

Then, the public got into it. The public, media, and police then came together--

GILLEY

--How'd they all get together?

FIELDING

Opinion polls. Random surveys. Call-in shows. Listen, it doesn't matter how they came together. They did. And it didn't take them long to come up with an idea that appealed to everyone.

GILLEY

I'm all ears.

Fielding grabs a chair, slides it near the bed, and sits down next to Gilley.

FIELDING

Here it is: You give the victim one of your kidneys. The public's happy. The media's happy. And the police then consider you donating your kidney to be time served and community service. In other words...

GILLEY

...I get off Scot-free.

FIELDING

Only if you give him your kidney.

GILLEY

Him? Who is this guy - excuse me - victim, anyway?

FIELDING

Well, that brings me to another one of the circumstances involved. You're an average WASP - a white Anglo-Saxon Protestant.

GILLEY

Thanks for pointing that out.

FIELDING

And...he is a...Native American.

GILLEY

So?

FIELDING

So...the media views it as a white man giving something back to a Native American after the white man has taken so much.

GILLEY

So...we're talking about some sort of...reparations deal?

FIELDING

I guess you could call it that. Or, you could call it making amends for what you did.

GILLEY

I prefer reparations. It sounds a tad bit classier.

FIELDING

So...will you do it?

GILLEY

Maybe.

(pause)

First, tell me a little about this guy. I feel like I should know something about him if he's going to have a part of me inside him.

Fielding smirks.

GILLEY (CONT'D)

Don't you snicker! I didn't mean it like that!

FIELDING

That's not it. As it turns out, you...already know him.

GILLEY

What are you talking about? I don't know any Native Americans...except...

FIELDING

Whispering Wind?

GILLEY

NO! No way! Out of the question! Call the cops. Tell Bubba I got dibs on top bunk.

FIELDING

You don't mean that.

GILLEY

I most certainly do! Screw him!  
He's no Indian!

FIELDING

Native American.

GILLEY

He's neither! He's a phony. He's  
nothing but...an Indian giver!

FIELDING

Hey. Watch it.

GILLEY

No. He gave me a so-called free  
trial session, and then he took back  
the free part after I made fun of  
him. I don't have to worry about  
being P-C here. He's white...and  
he's an Indian giver. He's a white  
Indian-giving fraud...and I think he  
might be gay.

FIELDING

That would only help his case.

GILLEY

Fine! He's not gay. But he is a  
phony...and a jerk, and I'm not giving  
him anything. Besides, like I said,  
I'm not the giving kind.

FIELDING

Well, I guess that settles it. I'll  
go inform the police of your decision.

Fielding turns toward the door just as Cyndi strolls back in  
with an anxious look on her face.

NURSE CYNDI

Well, I'm back. Did you miss me?

GILLEY

Terribly.

Cyndi smiles and turns to Fielding.

NURSE CYNDI

So...did you tell him?

FIELDING

Of course.

Cyndi glances back at Gilley, smiles, and returns to Fielding.

NURSE CYNDI

He's going to do it, isn't he? The girls are all betting on what he'll say.

FIELDING

Well...actually...he...

NURSE CYNDI

I mean, a few gals said they didn't think he'd do it. But, I just told them how a warm, charming, and...

She winks at Gilley.

NURSE CYNDI (CONT'D)

...cute guy like that couldn't help but do it. Oh, I just think giving men are so damn sexy. Don't you?

FIELDING

I guess. Unfortunately...he said--

GILLEY

--He said...he'd consider it.

Cyndi and Fielding both turn and regard Gilley with surprise.

GILLEY (CONT'D)

Obviously, if it were up to me alone, I'd do it right now. I've always been the giving kind. But, of course, I have to discuss this with my family first.

NURSE CYNDI

I didn't know you have a family. You're...married?

GILLEY

I was married. But, that's all in the past now. I do have a daughter, and I'd definitely like to discuss this with her before I--

NURSE CYNDI

--That's strange. Why haven't they visited?

GILLEY

Long story. C'mere, and I'll tell you all about it.

He pats the side of the bed.

She runs over to the bed, sits down, and takes his hand.



GILLEY (CONT'D)

Let me start from the beginning.  
You see, as a giving man, I've made  
many sacrifices...

Fielding SIGHS and shakes his head.

FIELDING

Yeah. Right.

He turns and walks out the door into the hallway.

EXT. HOSPITAL - LATE NIGHT

Shot of St. Ambrose General Hospital's facade at night.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATE NIGHT

It's dark and eerily quiet - except for the constant BEEPS,  
BUZZES, and TICKS of the medical monitoring instruments.

Gilley lies in bed. His chest rises and falls as he sleeps.

The door swings wide, cutting a sharp beam of yellow light  
in the darkness.

An ominous silhouette suddenly appears in the doorframe.

Gilley grows restless in bed.

INT. GILLEY'S POV - LATE NIGHT

Gilley's eyes open and focus on the open doorway.

GILLEY

(groggily)

Hello? Who's there?

He sits up and scans the room. Everything appears fine.

He lies back down, rolls slightly to his side, and comes  
face to face with Whispering Wind.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Gilley opens his mouth to scream. Whispering Wind covers  
it.

Whispering Wind - with wild eyes and a shark's grin - appears  
deranged.

WHISPERING WIND

Don't scream! Just stay calm, and  
let me get what I came for. Then,  
I'll be on my way. Now, are you  
going to scream if I take my hand  
away?

Gilley shakes his head.

Whispering Wind slowly removes his hand.

GILLEY

What the hell do you want?

WHISPERING WIND

Why, your kidney, of course.

GILLEY

Well...you can't have it. I've made my decision.

WHISPERING WIND

I appreciate your decision, but you don't understand.

Whispering Wind reaches into his back pocket.

GILLEY

What?

WHISPERING WIND

You owe me, and I'm here to collect.

GILLEY

Is this about the hundred bucks?  
Fine. Done. I'll just call the bank...

Whispering Wind pulls out a scalpel.

Gilley eyes grow wide with fear.

Whispering Wind smiles.

WHISPERING WIND

I'm not here for the hundred bucks.

GILLEY

Wuh...what?

WHISPERING WIND

I'm here for your kidney.

He holds the scalpel over Gilley's abdomen.

GILLEY

Listen. We can work this out. Wait!

The blade slowly descends, cutting through the hospital gown and into Gilley's flesh.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Gilley sits up in bed and SCREAMS out at the top of his lungs.  
The door to his room bursts open and in runs Cyndi.

NURSE CYNDI

Mr. Gilley? My God! What's the matter?

He continues to SCREAM.

She runs to him, grabs his shoulders, and shakes him violently.

He stops SCREAMING, regains his senses, and SIGHS.

GILLEY

Thank god. Just a dream.

She hugs him gently. His face is near her bosom.

NURSE CYNDI

Poor baby! It's okay now. Was it about the operation?

GILLEY

I guess you could say that.

She pulls away from him abruptly and stares at his face with bright, glowing eyes.

NURSE CYNDI

Then, you've decided to go through with it?

GILLEY

Well...I wouldn't...

She pulls him close to her bosom again, strokes his hair, and rocks him gently.

NURSE CYNDI

I knew you would! Don't worry!  
You're just nervous. You'll be fine,  
you wonderful...giving...sexy man!

GILLEY

I don't understand. I'm not...did you say sexy?

Cyndi pulls away and looks him square in the eye.

NURSE CYNDI

Yes. I did.

Gilley's eyes light up. A sly smile forms on his face.

GILLEY

Do you think I'm ready for a  
little...physical therapy?

Cyndi rips the tubes from his body.

NURSE CYNDI

Oh. I think you're ready.

They suddenly grab each other in a passionate embrace.

EXT. HOSPITAL - MORNING

Shot of St. Ambrose General Hospital's facade in daylight.

Cars and vans circle the parking lot looking for spaces.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - MORNING

The room is covered in flower arrangements and gift baskets.

A uniformed DELIVERYMAN enters the room with a large vase filled with flowers as Gilley stirs in his bed.

His eyes open and focus on the deliveryman.

GILLEY

Hey. What are you doing?

DELIVERYMAN

Just delivering another gift from  
your supporters, Mr. Gilley.

GILLEY

Oh. Okay.

DELIVERYMAN

By the way, on a personal note, I  
think what you're doing is great.

Gilley looks confused.

GILLEY

Thanks. I guess.

Fielding enters the room with a bright smile on his face.

FIELDING

Well, good morning. How do you feel?

GILLEY

Fine. Hey! You'll never believe  
what happened last night.

FIELDING

I know. I'm really proud of you.

GILLEY

Thanks...but I didn't think you'd be this excited.

FIELDING

I really am amazed that you decided to go through with the operation. It's a major leap for you as a person--

Gilley sits straight up in bed. Anger flows over his face.

GILLEY

--Who says I'm going through with the transplant?

FIELDING

Why the nurse...Cyndi, of course. You did talk to her last night...didn't you?

Gilley smirks.

GILLEY

Well...we did more than that.

The deliveryman sneaks up behind Fielding with an interested look on his face.

FIELDING

I'm not talking about that. Wait. You mean, you had...

He turns and observes the deliveryman eavesdropping.

FIELDING (CONT'D)

(to deliveryman)

Could you excuse us, please?

The deliveryman lowers his head and walks out of the room.

GILLEY

I'm telling you, man. I nailed her.

FIELDING

And you told her you were going through with the operation in the process, right?

GILLEY

I suppose I let her think that. I would have said anything to get into her pants.

Fielding shakes his head.

FIELDING

...Oh...no.

GILLEY

Yeah. I know. I lied. I guess I'll have to come clean and tell her I'm not going through with it.

FIELDING

No. You're going through with it.

GILLEY

No. I'm not.

FIELDING

Oh, yes you are! You don't understand. Little Miss Cyndi told everyone at the hospital that you are.

GILLEY

That bitch!

FIELDING

They told the police and the media. The news has swept the country. Everyone thinks you're going to give Whispering Wind your kidney. It's the top story of the day.

GILLEY

I don't believe it.

FIELDING

What do you think all these flowers and gifts are for?

GILLEY

I thought they were from my fans. You know, people from the clubs.

FIELDING

Monroe, you're expected to go through with the transplant today. In fact, you're scheduled to give a press conference in an hour, in which you'll sign the medical consent forms and answer questions from the media.

GILLEY

You're joking.

FIELDING

Fine. Can you get up?

Gilley smiles.

GILLEY

I sure could last night.

Gilley slides to the edge of the bed, plops himself in a nearby wheelchair, and rolls over to the window.

EXT. PARKING LOT (GILLEY'S POV) - MORNING

A makeshift tent covers a large stage containing a lectern. The stage is surrounded by a sea of empty folding chairs. The chairs are surrounded by a wall of television news vans. Production professionals scurry back and forth in the process of setting up cameras, lights, and microphones.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - MORNING

Gilley stares up at Fielding with a fearful look on his face.

GILLEY

This is bad. Really bad. What should we do? How do we get out of this?

FIELDING

You mean, how do you get out of this? After all, you got yourself into it.

GILLEY

Fine. How do I get out of this?

FIELDING

I don't know. Maybe you don't want to get out of this.

GILLEY

What are you talking about? Of course, I do.

FIELDING

No. I think this is your so-called opportunity. You know, the opportunity to change your life. An opportunity - like the kind those folks on the talk shows always get, remember?

GILLEY

I was just bullshitting you.

FIELDING

You promised me. We shook on it.

Gilley turns and starts rolling away from the window.

GILLEY

I promise people a lot of things.

(MORE)

GILLEY (CONT'D)

I promised my daughter I'd come to her birthday party, and that didn't happen, did it?

FIELDING

Funny you should say that.

Gilley stops.

GILLEY

Why?

FIELDING

Because Traci and Cheryl are driving in for the surgery.

Gilley turns around and faces Fielding.

GILLEY

Really? Why?

Fielding walks toward Gilley.

FIELDING

Because they're concerned. Because they think you've turned over a new leaf. Because I called them this morning and told them you had...because, at the time, I thought you had. Monroe, this is a chance to reclaim your family and your life. Don't squander it.

GILLEY

Don't care. I'm not giving that man my kidney. He doesn't deserve it. It's all a matter of principle.

Fielding SIGHS and points out the window.

FIELDING

Fine. You tell them that.

GILLEY

No problem. I'll just go out there and tell them the operation's off...and that'll be that.

FIELDING

You think it'll be that easy?

GILLEY

Sure. Why not?

CUT TO:



EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

A SERIES OF SHOTS IN EXTEND MONTAGE

Set to PEPPY JAZZ MUSIC (Similar to "Calcutta").

Note: Gilley always appears as a deer caught in the headlights.

A. An orderly wheels Gilley out into the press tent and under the hot glare of television lights. Cameras and microphones are thrust into his face as the orderly wheels him up the ramp leading to the stage.

B. Gilley sits next to the podium as the HOSPITAL DIRECTOR - a hefty man in his late fifties dressed in a suit - delivers a speech at the lectern, in which he describes Gilley as "wonderful," "caring," "a kind and decent human being," "an example to us all," and various other adjectives and/or appropriate terms of endearment.

C. Gilley blindly signs the consent/release forms with a stupid, empty grin on his face. The crowd, press, and hospital brass give him a standing ovation upon completion.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

CONTINUE EXTENDED MONTAGE

D. Gilley is wheeled into the hospital reception area, where the staff including Cyndi - gives him a standing ovation mixed with blown kisses and thumbs up.

E. Gilley rides on a hospital gurney down a long hall with a gas mask covering his face. Fielding, Cheryl, and Traci run alongside the orderly with looks of approval on their faces. They stop and wave as the orderly and Gilley continue down a long hallway. They reach the end of the hallway and disappear behind two swinging doors with the words "OPERATING ROOM" etched on them.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. SIDEWALK - AFTERNOON

SUPERIMPOSE (briefly) over action: SIX MONTHS LATER.

Open on a busy sidewalk. It's a warm, sunny afternoon. Various storefronts occupy one side. A busy thoroughfare occupies the other.

ANGLE ON Gilley and Traci as they stroll along holding hands and sipping coffee.

TRACI  
I can't believe it.

GILLEY  
What?

TRACI  
You. You're just so  
completely...different.

Gilley shrugs.

GILLEY  
Now, don't get me wrong, I think  
change is good, but I'm not so sure  
I like being called...completely  
different.

TRACI  
It's a good thing. It's a compliment.  
I mean, look at you. You're actually  
drinking coffee...instead of...

GILLEY  
...Booze?

TRACI  
Yeah. You know, it's funny, and I  
know this is a terrible thing to  
say, but I think drinking and driving  
that night just might have been the  
best thing that ever happened to  
you.

Gilley LAUGHS.

GILLEY  
Get out of here, will ya?

TRACI  
No. I'm serious. You've really  
turned your life around.

GILLEY  
For the better, right?

TRACI  
Of course. It's a miracle.

She stops and hugs him. He hugs her back.

He looks up at the storefront behind them. It's a bookstore.

GILLEY  
Hey! Look where we are.

She turns away and stares at the storefront.

GILLEY (CONT'D)

Why don't we head inside, and you can get that new CD you've been bugging me about for the last few weeks. After all, you'll need something to play in the CD player of your new car.

TRACI

I know. I can't wait! When do we pick it up from the dealership?

GILLEY

Should be another couple weeks.

(pause)

Anyway, what the hell's that group called again? Demonic Deviants? Pirates of Pasteurization? Archie and the Jugheads?

TRACI

It's Only and the Oddities. Nice try, though.

They turn and walk toward the door.

GILLEY

Speaking of the Archies, who do you think was better looking? Betty or Veronica?

TRACI

Who are the Archies?

GILLEY

(ignoring her question)

You see, Betty is pretty in the sense that she's the traditional buxom blonde, but Veronica, she's raven-haired and mysterious. And I bet she's a real demon in the sack.

TRACI

Eww! Gross! I guess some things never change.

Gilley holds open the door for Traci. They walk inside.

INT. BOOKSTORE, ENTRANCE - AFTERNOON

The setup is a trendy multimedia bookstore (I.E. Borders).

They stand together at the entrance near the periodicals.

Traci scans the store, while Gilley appears lost in thought.

GILLEY

I guess it's sort of like the old "Three's Company" question: Janet or Chrissy? Now, I know everyone thinks Suzanne Somers is wonderful, but I really think Joyce DeWitt...

TRACI

...Yeah. That's great. Anyway, I'm gonna run over to the music section. Are you gonna come with, or do you want to stay here and dream about Veronica DeWitt or whatever her name is?

Gilley LAUGHS.

GILLEY

Okay. I get the picture. You go ahead. I'm gonna stay here and peruse the magazines.

TRACI

Fine. Just as long as you're not perusing the girlie magazines.

GILLEY

Who? Me? C'mon! Don't be silly.

TRACI

Whatever. I'll meet you back here. Later.

Gilley nods as Traci turns and walks away.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BOOKSTORE, MAGAZINE RACK - AFTERNOON

Holding a magazine, Gilley stands next to a rack filled with various periodicals.

He's reading what appears to be a very interesting article. He then turns the magazine vertical. A large centerfold flips out. His eyes light up.

A SALESMAN walks up behind Gilley and taps him on the shoulder.

Gilley jumps.

SALESMAN

Excuse me, sir.

Gilley turns around.

GILLEY

Yes.

SALESMAN

Did you need some...help?

GILLEY

Uh...no. Thanks. I'm fine.

The salesman shakes his head and walks away. Gilley puts his head down, folds up the magazine, sticks it back in its cellophane, and places it on the rack.

He looks down at the watch on his wrist and starts to walk away. He suddenly stops, noticing something on the far end of the rack. He snatches a newspaper from the rack and stares at it with wide eyes.

The headline of a small article reads: "LOCAL NATIVE AMERICAN AUTHORS INSPIRATIONAL NOVEL."

He rolls the paper up and walks away.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BOOKSTORE, AISLE - AFTERNOON

Gilley slowly walks alongside a tall shelf filled with books while scanning the spines of each tome with his eyes.

He reaches the end of the aisle and bumps into a large cardboard standee of Whispering Wind.

It reads: "WHISPERING WIND - SAVED BY THE SPIRITS: THE INSPIRATIONAL JOURNEY OF A NATIVE AMERICAN HEALER."

A caption bubble below the main headline reads: "MEET THE AUTHOR IN PERSON THIS SATURDAY NIGHT FROM 5-9 PM IN THE CAFÉ."

He stares at the standee with a raised eyebrow, then reaches above it and pulls out a book - one of Whispering Wind's - from the shelf. He opens it and starts reading.

After several seconds, Traci turns the corner of the aisle and comes into view behind Gilley. She holds a CD in her hand.

TRACI

There you are! I thought you were going to be in the magazines?

Gilley continues reading. He does not look up.

TRACI (CONT'D)

So, what are you doing over here?

(pause)

Um...Hello?

Gilley finally looks up and notices Traci.

GILLEY  
Oh. Hey. Did you say something?

TRACI  
Earth to Dad! What are you looking at?

GILLEY  
Oh. Just some book.

Gilley closes the book and motions to put it on the shelf.

Traci snatches it out of his hands.

TRACI  
Whispering Wind? Isn't that the guy who got your kidney?

GILLEY  
Yeah. That's him.  
(pause)  
Let's go. I got a show to do tonight.

Traci looks over at the cardboard standee.

TRACI  
Hey! We should stop by on Saturday. I'd like to meet him...and thank him.

Gilley appears surprised and angry.

GILLEY  
Thank him? For what?

TRACI  
For giving me back my Daddy.

She hugs him.

GILLEY  
You know...he should be thanking--

TRACI  
--And to think, if you hadn't hit him, we wouldn't be together right now. Anyway, I'd really like to meet him. Can we go?

GILLEY  
Yeah...well...we'll see.  
(pause)  
You got your CD?

Traci holds it up in her hand.

GILLEY (CONT'D)

Good. Let's go.

EXT. BOOKSTORE - EARLY EVENING

Shot of the bookstore's facade during early evening hours.

INT. BOOKSTORE, CHECKOUT - EARLY EVENING

Gilley and Traci stand second in a long line of shoppers waiting at the registers. The line resembles that at any bank.

Two checkers stand at two of four available registers.

One of the checkers - a young woman - finishes with her customer and motions for the next shopper in line - a woman in front of Gilley and Traci - to come forward.

Gilley watches her walk up to the register with a copy of Whispering Wind's book in her hand.

TRACI

Would it kill them to get a few more employees up here?

Gilley looks away from the woman and turns to Traci.

TRACI (CONT'D)

It's like they don't want you to leave or something.

GILLEY

The world's an ass-backward place.

The other CHECKER - an elderly, bespectacled female - finishes with her customer and waves Gilley and Traci up.

Traci tosses the CD up onto the counter.

ELDERLY CHECKER

Good evening. This all for you?

TRACI

Yep.

Gilley looks down at the counter and finds a flier promoting Whispering Wind's new book near the register.

GILLEY

You're really doing it up for this Whispering Wind guy, aren't you?

ELDERLY CHECKER

Yes. Well...I guess so, sir.

GILLEY

Is his book any good?

ELDERLY CHECKER

My yes! It's just wonderful!

GILLEY

Really?

ELDERLY CHECKER

It's so inspiring. Just thinking about all those people he's helped--

The YOUNG CHECKER runs over and interrupts.

The elderly checker stops in mid sentence and turns to face her younger colleague.

YOUNG CHECKER

--Can you - like - help me with a return?

The elderly checker turns to face Traci and Gilley.

ELDERLY CHECKER

You'll have to excuse me for a moment.

The checkers walk away together.

Gilley stands rigid with a frown etched on his face.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE INSIDE JOKE - NIGHT

Shot of The Inside Joke's facade at night.

INT. THE INSIDE JOKE, STAGE - NIGHT

Gilley stands on stage with a microphone in hand.

The audience - in silhouette - sits in front of him.

GILLEY

I hate waiting in checkout lines. Don't get me wrong. I hate waiting in lines period. But, I especially hate checkout lines. I don't care where you're at, there's always only two checkers working at two of fifteen registers. They could hire more help. They could. But they'd rather make you wait. Why? Because, they're elitists. Power-tripping elitists.

(MORE)



GILLEY (CONT'D)

(pause)

So, I propose a simple strategy -  
revenge. Revenge. Pure and simple.  
Always bring a jar of pennies or  
change to the store in preparation  
for when you finally earn the honor  
of being checked out. Then, it's  
revenge time. You make them wait  
while you count...

Gilley looks up and notices a large group of people standing  
in front of a television set in the bar/lounge area. They  
are not paying attention to him.

GILLEY (CONT'D)

...Hey! Excuse me, folks. I take  
it you're not interested in my topical  
discussion?

The crowd doesn't move. They're focused on the television.

GILLEY (CONT'D)

Interesting. Can't hear me, huh?  
Deaf as well as rude?

They don't respond.

GILLEY (CONT'D)

Fine. Now I'm curious. What could  
be so damn intriguing? What could  
captivate these poor souls to such  
an extent that they are forced to  
ignore me? Well...let's find out!

He drops the microphone, jumps off the stage, and stomps  
off.

The audience responds with INCOHERENT BABBLE.

INT. THE INSIDE JOKE, LOUNGE - NIGHT

Gilley reaches the crowd of people around the television  
set.

GILLEY

Hey! What's all the fuss about?

He pushes his way through them and looks at the television.

Whispering Wind is shown seated behind a microphone at a  
large table surrounded by copies of his book.

GILLEY (CONT'D)

What the hell is this?

One of them turns to Gilley.

TV VIEWER #1  
It's Whispering Wind's first media  
press conference. He's promoting  
his new book.

TV VIEWER #2  
It's really good. Have you read it?

GILLEY  
No.

Several of the other viewers turn around in surprise.

TV VIEWER #3  
You mean you haven't read it?

GILLEY  
No. That's usually what "no" means.

TV VIEWER #2  
Well, you should.

TV VIEWER #1  
It's really good.

GILLEY  
So I've been told.

TV VIEWER #3  
It's about his life's journey and  
mission to help those in need. It's  
a must read.

GILLEY  
Really?

The viewers nod and return their attention to the television.  
Gilley stands dumfounded, watching Whispering Wind on screen.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHASE FIELD - NIGHT

Establishing shot of Chase Field's (home of Arizona  
Diamondbacks) facade.

EXT. CHASE FIELD, SEATING AREA - NIGHT

Gilley and Fielding sit together in the stands near the aisle.

FIELDING  
What did you do then?

GILLEY

Cut the act short and bought a copy of his book. Everyone just kept going on and on about how freaking inspirational it is, so I had to judge for myself.

FIELDING

Well...what's the verdict? What's it all about?

GILLEY

Well, I'm not exactly sure. He drones on about a lot of things - mostly about helping people. There's also something about cheating death and belief in the spirits or some other stupid, phony nonsense.

FIELDING

You mean you didn't actually read it?

GILLEY

I just scanned for my name.

Fielding throws Gilley a confused look.

GILLEY (CONT'D)

I bought the E-version of the book and searched the text for my name...and found nothing. Nada. Not one cursory mention of how I almost took his life. Nothing about the kidney. Where's my press? Where's the gratitude?

FIELDING

Sounds to me like you have some unfinished, personal business with this man.

GILLEY

You're damn right! I want some recognition. Everybody seems to just love this guy. He's everywhere these days. He even has a stupid book signing here in town this weekend.

FIELDING

Well...maybe you should go and tie up some loose ends.

GILLEY

Yeah.

(MORE)

GILLEY (CONT'D)

Normally, I wouldn't be caught dead there - supporting that phony son of a bitch, but Traci sure is hell-bent on going. She wants to thank him, you know, for changing me, although--

FIELDING

--I can understand that. He is partially responsible for--

GILLEY

--What the hell are you talking about? He didn't change me! I changed me! Can't I get credit for anything anymore? I mean...

The audience erupts into APPLAUSE as a big play takes place on the field.

A BEER VENDOR climbs up the steps in the aisle.

His SHOUTS become audible in the distance and grow louder.

BEER VENDOR

Beer here! Beer man! Ice-cold beer!

He eventually stops near Fielding and Gilley.

BEER VENDOR (CONT'D)

You guys look thirsty. Can I fix you up with a beer?

Gilley shakes his head and waves him off.

GILLEY

Anyway, I think I've made a huge turnaround here.

FIELDING

You have. You weren't even tempted by the beer. I'm impressed, but you still need to get some professional treat--

GILLEY

--Thank you. I'm being a good boy.

FIELDING

I know. Just make sure you keep trying. Also, as part of your newfound lease on life, I think it might be a good idea to go to that signing and clear the air with Whispering Wind.

GILLEY

Why? So he can be a phony pain-in-the-ass, and I can get pissed off?

FIELDING

No. So you can confront him, get some closure, and reduce the animosity you feel towards him. It's obviously eating you up inside.

Gilley shakes his head.

FIELDING (CONT'D)

Look at it this way, it's a chance for you to let bygones be bygones...and look like the bigger man in front of Traci.

GILLEY

I don't know. Maybe...I'll just let it go. Forget he even exists.

FIELDING

That would be very big of you...but I don't think you can...

Just then, the crowd around them stands up and begins to SHOUT.

Gilley quickly looks up, jumps up, and snags a foul ball out of the air.

GILLEY

Hey! How do you like that? A foul ball.

Fielding smiles and points up in the air.

FIELDING

Look! You're on the big screen.

Gilley looks up and sees himself on the large screen. He flexes his muscles for the camera and pumps his fist - the one containing the ball - into the air in celebration of his catch.

He turns back to Fielding.

GILLEY

I was just about to say it's Budweiser time...but that would be the old Gilley talking.

FIELDING

Wait. Isn't the correct expression "Miller time?"

GILLEY

Yeah, but I don't care for Miller.  
C'mon. You know I grew up in St.  
Louis.

Fielding LAUGHS and nods.

Gilley looks back up at the screen just as his image is replaced by that of Whispering Wind. It's an advertisement promoting his new book.

Gilley's face fills with rage. He quickly scans the stands and locates the beer vendor.

GILLEY (CONT'D)

Hey! Buddy! Beer over here!

Fielding yanks Gilley down into his seat.

FIELDING

What do you think you're doing?

GILLEY

Preparing for a date.

FIELDING

What? What date?

GILLEY

With destiny. The book signing.  
Saturday.

FIELDING

I don't think it's going to pan out  
as I envisioned, is it?

Gilley shakes his head.

The vendor makes his way over as Gilley reaches for his wallet.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOOKSTORE - EVENING

Shot of the bookstore's facade during early evening hours.

It's the same store Traci and Gilley previously visited; however, this time, a long line of people stretches outside the door and down the sidewalk.

INT. BOOKSTORE, CAFÉ - EVENING

Gilley and Traci stand near the top of a long line leading up to Whispering Wind.

Whispering Wind sits behind a large table with a black marker in hand. He signs copies of his book and visits with his fans under the flash of cameras.

TRACI

Oh! I just can't wait to meet him!

GILLEY

Yeah. Me too.

The fans in front of them walk up, get their copies signed, and vacate the area.

Gilley and Traci walk up together; however, Traci jumps ahead of Gilley and runs up to the table first with a copy of Whispering Wind's book in hand.

Whispering Wind looks up, regards her beauty, and smiles.

WHISPERING WIND

Why, hello there, young lady. Who should I make it out to?

He opens the front cover.

TRACI

Traci. With an "I."

Whispering Wind speaks as he writes.

WHISPERING WIND

Okay. Dear Traci - with an "I."

Traci smiles.

WHISPERING WIND (CONT'D)

To...my prettiest...

Traci GIGGLES.

WHISPERING WIND (CONT'D)

...young fan. Spiritually yours...Whispering Wind.

He closes the book and hands it back to her.

WHISPERING WIND (CONT'D)

There you are.

TRACI

Thank you.

(pause)

Excuse me, but I'm here with my father, and I just want to...uh...thank you for...changing him. In fact, I think you may have saved his life.

WHISPERING WIND

Well, the spirits and I have helped countless folks across this great land of ours.

TRACI

Well, this was a...special case.

Traci steps out of the way and reveals Gilley.

Whispering Wind stares at him with a phony, confused look.

Gilley steps forward and tosses a computer print-out of the book's title page on the table.

GILLEY

Remember me?

WHISPERING WIND

No. Not really. I'm sorry. Should I?

GILLEY

Yes. You should. You see we're sort of...connected. I gave you--

Whispering Wind observes the printed title page.

WHISPERING WIND

--Oh. I see you Xeroxed the title page. How quaint.

Gilley leans down and comes eye to eye with him.

GILLEY

Not as quaint as my kidney, huh? How's that working out for you?

The television reporters, photographers, and other media personnel perk up.

Whispering Wind looks into Gilley's eyes and smiles.

WHISPERING WIND

Oh. Yes. How could I forget your face, Mr. Wopat?

GILLEY

No. It's Gilley. You know damn well--

WHISPERING WIND

--Yes. It is Gilley, but I first met you as Alvin Wopat. Remember?

He looks away from Gilley and addresses the crowd and media.



## WHISPERING WIND (CONT'D)

Everyone. Please. Allow me to explain. Perhaps, you may remember Mr. Gilley from the news regarding my accident and accompanying emergency surgery.

The crowd GROANS and BOOS.

## WHISPERING WIND (CONT'D)

Now. Now. Be kind. The gods do ask us to be forgiving.

(pause)

Now, for those of you who aren't familiar with Mr. Gilley, he came to me some time ago asking for help with his...tragic personal addictions. I tried to treat him - even offered him a free session...

## GILLEY

(under his breath)

Yeah. Free. Right.

## WHISPERING WIND

...Still blinded by the mists of his addictions, he ridiculed me...and the gods...then left without paying...

Gilley jumps up and holds out his hands to the crowd.

## GILLEY

That's a boldfaced lie! He made it seem free, then reneged. He's nothing but a dirty Indian...

The crowd GASPS.

## WHISPERING WIND

Well. Go on, Mr. Gilley. What were you about to call me?

Gilley starts to sweat. His eyes grow wide.

## GILLEY

Nothing.

## WHISPERING WIND

It sounds to me like you were referring to me as a man who gives something to someone, and then attempts to take it back because he is upset with the outcome of that transaction. I believe there is a stereotypical, clichéd, racist term to for that. Why, Mr. Gilley, are you trying to call me an Indian giver?

Traci jumps up and runs over to Gilley.

TRACI

Dad! How can you say that?

GILLEY

I didn't say anything...yet.

The crowd begins to BOO and HISS as they advance on him.

Whispering Wind holds out his palms and subdues them.

WHISPERING WIND

Hold on. Let's hear the whole story first. Then, you can judge.

(pause)

So, he refused to pay the money he owed me and left. But, it didn't end there. The gods decided to bring us together one more time in the form of a terrible car accident. Mr. Gilley here was drinking and driving when he struck my truck head-on. My kidney was destroyed beyond repair. My only kidney. You see, I already donated the other one to an ailing family member. You can read all about that episode in the book. Anyway, thankfully, the gods persuaded Mr. Gilley to donate his kidney.

GILLEY

Bullshit! The gods didn't persuade me. The police did!

WHISPERING WIND

The gods come in many forms, Mr. Gilley. Now, the point of his whole affair is...forgiveness and balance. All debts are now paid, and the gods - and I - have forgiven him for his transgressions and have helped him turn his life around.

(to Traci)

Isn't that true, dear?

Tears well up in Traci's eyes.

TRACI

Yes. It's true. He's a different man. And it's all thanks to you!

The crowd erupts into APPLAUSE.

GILLEY

Traci? What are you saying? He didn't--

WHISPERING WIND

--No. He's right. I didn't. The gods are responsible. I can't take the credit.

GILLEY

That's right! The gods are...wait...no!

Gilley's comment goes unnoticed as the audience SHOUTS out in disagreement with Whispering Wind's previous claim.

CROWD

No! You are! You are!

Whispering Wind smiles and slowly nods.

WHISPERING WIND

Well, perhaps, I played a small role in his recovery.

TRACI

You saved his life! Thank you!  
Thank you!

She runs behind the table and hugs Whispering Wind.

The crowd erupts into DEAFENING APPLAUSE as flash bulbs pop.

Gilley sinks into the background as the crowd rushes the table.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHASE FIELD - AFTERNOON

Shot of Chase Field's facade in the afternoon.

INT. CHASE FIELD, SEATING AREA - AFTERNOON

Fielding nervously checks his watch as he sits next to an empty seat in the stands.

After several seconds, Gilley appears from under the overhang and climbs down the steps with a beer in his hand.

GILLEY

Hey there, old buddy. Wow! These sure are some nice seats.

Fielding looks up and notices Gilley.

FIELDING

They're the same seats as last time. You know that!

(MORE)

FIELDING (CONT'D)

(pause)

Where were you? They're about to  
the throw out the opening pitch,  
and...

Fielding notices the beer in Gilley's hand.

FIELDING (CONT'D)

...what the hell is that?

Gilley sits down in the empty seat next to Fielding and takes  
a sip of beer.

GILLEY

A beer. Why? You want one?

FIELDING

No. And you don't either.

Fielding tries to snatch it away. Gilley pushes him away.

GILLEY

I can still have one every now and  
then.

FIELDING

No. You can't. You're an  
alcoholic...and you need--

GILLEY

--to blow off some steam, especially  
after last night.

Fielding regains his calm demeanor and looks inquisitively  
at Gilley.

FIELDING

Ah. Yes. Your date with destiny.  
I saw it on the late news.

(pause)

So, how do you feel about what  
happened?

GILLEY

How do you think? He's a flim-flam  
artist. A fraud. He's got everyone  
snowed. Worst of all, he even fleeced  
my daughter. And you wanna know  
what the worst part of all is?

FIELDING

What?

GILLEY

He didn't even say "thank you."

(MORE)

GILLEY (CONT'D)

Not one word of thanks. No "gee thanks for the kidney and saving my life and all." Nothing.

FIELDING

And this bothers you?

GILLEY

Don't you get all psychiatric with me, Doc! I'm pissed. I was raised to say "thank you" when anybody gives me anything. Why, it's so ingrained, I even say "thank you" when somebody gives me the fucking finger!

(pause)

There's no gratitude with this guy. Him and his spirits...or gods...or whatever take credit for everything - even my turnaround.

Fielding looks over at him.

Gilley takes another drink of his beer.

FIELDING

Yeah. What happened to that turnaround?

GILLEY

I go out and do this great, noble deed to make up for my sordid past, and this Indian-giving bozo ends up getting all my press. Why? Because he's a so-called "victim?" Because he's helped so many people? Because he's Native American? Huh. The man's as white as a snowflake.

FIELDING

Sounds to me like you're being just a tad bit jealous...and spiteful.

GILLEY

No. I'm not. It's justifiable rage. That's all.

FIELDING

Listen. I was wrong about confronting him. You need to cut off all contact. You need to focus on yourself and those around you. You need to just drop it. Can you do that?

GILLEY

I guess, but I can't stand giving in when I know I'm right. It's the principle of the thing.

FIELDING

Don't think of it as giving in. Think of it as...being the better person.

GILLEY

Fine. You're right. He's a phony. Eventually he'll be revealed to be a fraud. I mean, how long can all this hoopla last?

FIELDING

So, you're going to drop it?

GILLEY

Yeah. I guess so. Sure.

The sound of an ANNOUNCER'S VOICE interrupts them.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

Hey, fans! Please direct your attention to the field for tonight's ceremonial opening pitch.

Fielding and Gilley adjust in their seats and face the field.

Whispering Wind walks out of the dugout to the pitcher's mound.

Gilley's eyes grow wide.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Tossing out tonight's opening pitch...local author and spiritual guru...Whispering Wind.

Whispering Wind smiles and waves to the crowd.

They respond with thunderous APPLAUSE.

Fielding turns to Gilley with a worried expression.

Gilley sits with a stupid, false grin carved on his face. He suddenly looks up and SHOUTS.

GILLEY

Hey! Beer here! Over here!

Gilley points to himself and nods.

FIELDING

Are you still going to drop it?

Gilley keeps nodding with the dumb grin on his face.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

A SERIES OF SHOTS/SCENES IN EXTENDED MONTAGE FASHION

Set to the tune of "Cherry Pink and Apple Blossom White."

A. EXT. DESERT, WHISPERING WIND'S PLACE - MORNING

The skeleton of what will be a large mansion stands near the old Airstream trailer on Whispering Wind's desert homestead.

A red convertible is parked in place of the pickup.

A fenced-in area for the dogs sits in place of the cactus.

Whispering Wind talks with several contractors and construction workers as they survey the mansion-in-progress.

Gilley crouches behind his SUV in the distance. He takes several pictures of the scene with a miniature spy camera.

A tractor trailer filled with horses drives into view.

B. EXT. MANSION - MORNING

The front door to a luxurious mansion swings open.

A businessman appears, kisses a beautiful woman (presumably, his wife), and walks out the door toward a pristine BMW car.

He jumps in, REVS THE ENGINE, and pulls away.

Gilley hides in the vegetation surrounding the home.

Whispering Wind's convertible creeps out of the vegetation from a dirt road and pulls up near the back of the house.

He jumps out, looks over his shoulders, and skips out of sight.

C. INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Beneath the white silk sheets of the bed, Whispering Wind is engaged in a sex act with the same beautiful woman who previously kissed the businessman.

As we slowly tilt up, the partially-obscured figure of a man (closely resembling Gilley) is revealed standing behind the thin white curtains of the window.

He leans in the direction of a narrow gap in the curtains.

A wide eyeball suddenly appears in the gap. It is quickly replaced by the dark, hollow pupil of the camera's lens.

The bright flash from the camera bathes the entire scene in a blinding light.

D. EXT. RACE TRACK - AFTERNOON

Amidst of a crowd of shady characters, Whispering Wind leans against the railing separating the audience from the track.

A horse race is in progress.

Along with the others, he CHEERS as the pack of horses turns the corner and gallops toward them.

As Whispering Wind frantically CHEERS and CLAPS, a single horse breaks away from the pack and crosses the finish line.

Whispering Wind throws his hands in the air in celebration as those around him hang their heads and CURSE their fate.

After completing his victory dance, Whispering Wind turns to them and begins collecting wads of cash.

The camera tilts up from the action and lands on Gilley. He slowly takes the camera down from his eyes, smiles, and begins writing in a small, reporter's-style note pad.

E. EXT. STABLE - AFTERNOON

Whispering Wind stands under the overhang, petting a horse.

A jockey - with briefcase in hand - walks out of the shadows.

Whispering Wind extends his hand. The jockey accepts it.

They both look over their shoulders as Whispering Wind covertly slips a packet of syringes and a wad of money from under his shirt into the jockey's briefcase.

As the camera slowly tilts up toward the sky, Gilley is revealed to be lying on the roof. His head hangs over the edge with a wide-eyed expression on his face.

F. EXT. BACK ALLEY - TWILIGHT

Whispering Wind walks down a dark alley as a mysterious stranger in an overcoat strolls toward him.

They meet in the middle, stopping near some garbage cans.

Without exchanging a single word, they turn toward the cans.

Whispering Wind spreads a stack of bills on the lid of one.



The stranger drops a large plastic bag filled with white powder (presumably cocaine) on another.

Whispering Wind opens the bag, licks his index finger, and plunges it into the powder. He then pulls it out and licks his finger again - depositing the powder on his tongue.

He rolls it around, waits, and then nods at the stranger.

The stranger collects the money.

Whispering Wind collects the bag.

Still maintaining silence, they turn, part ways, and walk back the way they came.

After several seconds, the lid of one of the cans suddenly POPS open, revealing Gilley's shrouded face beneath it. He smiles with devilish glee.

#### E. INT. RESTROOM - NIGHT

Whispering Wind stands at the sink with the stall behind him.

Using a razor blade, he separates a large mound of cocaine into four white lines on the counter next to the sink.

He looks up and stares into the mirror for several seconds.

He takes a deep breath, dips down, and SNORTS a couple lines before returning to the mirror with white powder on his nose.

He dips down and SNORTS again, taking in the remaining lines.

He returns to the mirror, carefully adjusts his hair, wipes his nose, and smiles.

He dusts off the counter, turns, and walks out.

The door to the stall suddenly opens revealing Gilley.

He scans the bathroom, runs up to the sink, inspects it, and jots down several notes on this pad.

#### F. INT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

With several bills stuffed in his mouth and hands, Whispering Wind stands near the foot of the stage as a gaggle of beautiful women shake and gyrate before him.

A beautiful blonde stripper skips to the foot of the stage, leans down, and exposes her cleavage to the rowdy bunch.

Whispering Wind quickly seizes the opportunity and stuffs a wad of bills deep into the woman's bra.

Behind them, Gilley turns around on his bar stool with his spy camera covering his face and snaps a photo.

The flash prompts a couple large bouncers to advance on him. They carry a kicking and SCREAMING Gilley to the door.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

The setup is a small office with large bookshelves filled with legal tomes.

LIONEL OSBOURNE - late forties to early fifties with a rodent's face and a pencil-thin mustache - sits behind a desk covered in various photographs.

The photos depict Whispering Wind in various compromising/illegal situations.

Gilley is seated before Osbourne - only the back of Gilley's head is visible.

GILLEY

Well...do I have a case, Mr. Osbourne?

OSBOURNE

Barring the passage of certain legislation outlawing so-called "frivolous lawsuits" or "tort abuse," I most definitely think you have a very strong case, Mr. Gilley.

GILLEY

Really? You think so?

OSBOURNE

Most assuredly. After we're finished with this guy, you'll own that new mansion he's building. You'll even own that pretty new convertible. He'll be lucky to hold onto the trailer.

GILLEY

Really? How much we talking here?

Osbourne raises an eyebrow.

OSBOURNE

A couple million...if not more.

GILLEY

That much?

OSBOURNE

Your sacrifice and mental anguish doesn't come cheap, Mr. Gilley. Besides, with the scratch he's pulling down, he can definitely afford it. The way I look at it, he owes you at least half of the money he's made since the transplant. Fair's fair.

GILLEY

At last, someone who sees it my way.  
(pause)  
I guess this means you'll take the case?

OSBOURNE

Just leave everything to me. You get busying planning.

GILLEY

Planning what?

OSBOURNE

Why, planning how you're gonna spend all his money, of course.

A sly smile flashes across Osbourne's face.

Gilley LAUGHS.

Darkness slowly envelops the entire scene.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. THE INSIDE JOKE - NIGHT

Shot of The Inside Joke's facade on a busy night.

INT. THE INSIDE JOKE, STAGE - NIGHT

A sea of smiling, slightly intoxicated faces stare anxiously up at the microphone stand and wooden stool that occupy the stage with restrained anticipation.

Just then, HAL GREEN - a rotund, balding gentleman in his late fifties appearing as any hack comedian past his prime - suddenly swaggers onto the stage, grabs the microphone, and dives right into his tired emcee routine.

GREEN

Alright! Who's ready to laugh?

The audience - sitting in silence with blank, expressionless faces - fails to respond.

GREEN (CONT'D)

Okay.

(pause)

Anyway, I'm your emcee for the evening. Hal Green, the man who makes jokes gleam.

He has the nerve to throw up tacky jazz hands when he says "gleam."

This fails to yield a response from the audience, which begins to grow restless.

Green notes this as he nervously tugs on his collar. Nevertheless, he soldiers on.

GREEN (CONT'D)

Let me tell ya, folks. Seems like there sure are a lot of gay-themed shows on television these days. In fact, a new gay sitcom was just announced today. It's called, "Leave It, It's Beaver."

A HECKLER calls out from the darkness.

HECKLER (O.S.)

You suck! Get on with it all ready!

GREEN

I bet that's what his wife says. Huh? Am I right, folks?

The audience now responds with a chorus of muffled BOOS.

GREEN (CONT'D)

(hurried; without  
enthusiasm)

Fine. Have it your way. Here he is...you know him, you love him...master observationalist - I still don't know what that means - Monroe Gilley.

INT. THE INSIDE JOKE, BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Gilley stands near the edge of stage as the audience erupts into APPLAUSE.

He smirks as Green stomps past him with his head down.

INT. THE INSIDE JOKE, STAGE - NIGHT

Gilley - with a cigarette dangling from his lips and a highball in his hand - salutes the crowd as he saunters across the stage to the microphone.

He sets his drink down on the stool, adjusts the microphone, and scans the crowd.

GILLEY

Thank you. Hey, thanks a lot...

The audience APPLAUSE slowly dies down.

GILLEY (CONT'D)

...Yeah. Thanks for putting up with old Hal. I honestly don't give a shit what you think of me. But old Hal...he's a fixture at this club...and the poster boy for elderly euthanasia.

Audience LAUGHS.

GILLEY (CONT'D)

Anyway, thanks for the welcome. Seriously. Thank you.

He points at a single audience member, thanking them. He then proceeds to point at several others in rapid succession, thanking them in kind as he goes.

GILLEY (CONT'D)

Thank you. Thank you. And...thank you.

He stops pointing and settles into his act.

GILLEY (CONT'D)

I really mean that. Not enough people do. There's no gratitude in this country anymore. What happened? Not enough "thank you's" out there.

(pause)

Let me tell you a story. I went out on a date with this girl. Mildly pretty. Certainly nothing special. Anyway, I take her out to dinner. I'm talking the works. We had appetizers, soup and salad, entree, desert, and drinks. I take out to some trendy club afterward. Spend more money. To make a long story short, I did it up for this chick...and then, at the end of the night...she stiffs me. Nothing.

(pause)

Now, I'm not talking about sex or anything. Although, I didn't get any. Remarkably, I wasn't upset about that. Dismayed...maybe...but not upset.

(MORE)

GILLEY (CONT'D)

The bitch didn't thank me once over the course of our entire date! And, I'm convinced that she is - in reality - an asexual alien from outer space sent to earth to drive men crazy. The anti-"Femalien."

Audience LAUGHS.

GILLEY (CONT'D)

Anybody seen that movie? "Femalien?"  
Anybody?

(pause)

I didn't think so. But, you should. It's a great softcore romp...

In the back, a small group of audience members suddenly jumps up and congregates near the big-screen television in the lounge area - which Gilley notes.

GILLEY (CONT'D)

Not again. You people!

He shakes his head in utter disgust and shakes his fist at the congregation.

GILLEY (CONT'D)

Anyway, back to the topic at hand. We're not just talking about gratitude, people. We're also talking about courtesy - something some of your fellow audience members don't seem to possess.

(pause)

But that's okay. It's time to bring them the message.

Gilley drops the microphone, jumps down from the stage, and walks through the crowd with camera following him.

GILLEY (CONT'D)

Well, hello, folks! I take it...

Gilley's eyes drift over to the television.

The evening news is shown on the screen. The ANCHOR - a bespectacled, heavily made-up female in her early forties - sits behind a news desk.

An over-the-shoulder graphic containing the profile shots of both Gilley and Whispering Wind hangs above her right shoulder. The graphic depicts them in a head-to-head face-off. Below this - in bold, ominous type - are the words "FRAUD LAWSUIT."

## ANCHOR

Fans of beloved author and inspirational speaker Whispering Wind were outraged today at the announcement of a pending...unusual lawsuit against the self-proclaimed spiritual healer.

The anchor is replaced on screen by the image of Lionel Osbourne walking down the steps of a courthouse while being pursued by the media.

## ANCHOR (CONT'D)

Lionel Osbourne, attorney for the plaintiff, left city hall after a press conference announcing that Whispering Wind was served with papers accusing him of malicious fraud and misrepresentation.

(pause)

And this time around, the controversial attorney has an equally-controversial client - one Monroe Gilley.

An unflattering police mug shot of Gilley suddenly fills the screen. His eyes are bloodshot and glazed. Blood drains from his swollen, flared nostrils.

Several members of the congregation glance back at Gilley.

Gilley's eyes grow wide as beads of sweat form on his forehead.

## ANCHOR (CONT'D)

Gilley, a local comedian who recently donated a kidney to Whispering Wind following a drunk-driving accident that involved the two, claims that he gave the organ under quote - "false pretenses" and is seeking the return of his kidney in the form of a monetary award for his quote - "pain, suffering, and resulting distrust in Native Americans and the whole of humanity."

Members of the congregation GRUMBLE and clench their fists.

Gilley GULPS.

His full-screen picture is replaced by the image of the anchor.

## ANCHOR (CONT'D)

A noted scoff-law with a lengthy police record, Gilley was determined to be intoxicated at the time of the accident that resulted in Whispering Wind's need for a transplant and reluctantly relinquished his kidney in lieu of serving jail time.

(pause)

Proceedings for the case are set to begin this Friday. We'll bring you more details as they become available. Now, on a personal, editorial note...

She removes her glasses and stares coldly at the camera.

## ANCHOR (CONT'D)

...Mr. Gilley, I and the vast majority of Whispering Wind's supporters find your actions to be morally reprehensible and utterly disgusting. I hope God has mercy on your pitiable soul...because the rest of civilized society certainly will not.

Her frown is now quickly replaced by a phony made-for-TV smile.

## ANCHOR (CONT'D)

Now, in other news...

The congregation slowly turns around and faces Gilley.

Appearing angry and violent, they resemble a lynch mob out of any classic monster movie. They advance on Gilley.

He throws his palms out to fend them off.

## GILLEY

Whoa! Wait! Listen! I'm sure you can see the humor in this...

He falls to the floor as the mob overtakes him.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE INSIDE JOKE, BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

The solid metal door to the club swings wide as Gilley stumbles out. Clawed, torn, and shredded by the mob, his once cleaned and pressed suit now appears in tatters.

He SLAMS the door behind him, placing his back against it.

A dark shadow appears in the alleyway. Its appearance is heralded by the sound of HEAVY FOOTFALLS on WET PAVEMENT.



Gilley's eyes scan the alley and connect with the figure.

GILLEY  
Who...Who's there?

The dark figure moves out of the shadows and under the dim glow of a lantern-style streetlight hanging out from one of the buildings. It's Fielding.

FIELDING  
Tell me it isn't true, Monroe. Tell me it isn't true.

Gilley races away from the door and over to Fielding.

GILLEY  
Listen. I gotta get out of here.

He cranes his head toward the street beyond the alley.

GILLEY (CONT'D)  
You parked close by?

Fielding gives Gilley the once over and notes his state of complete disarray.

FIELDING  
So. It is true. You're really behind this absurdity.

GILLEY  
What are you talking about?

FIELDING  
Your cockamamie lawsuit. What's all this about? I thought you and Whispering Wind were finished. I mean, just days ago, I thought you agreed to drop it.

GILLEY  
Yeah. Of course. And I still plan to.

FIELDING  
Okay. When? With the lawsuit and all--

GILLEY  
--That's how I'm going to drop it.

Fielding's face wrinkles in a look of intense confusion.

FIELDING  
I obviously don't follow.

GILLEY

The lawsuit. That's how I'm gonna drop...the bomb on Whispering Wind.

Fielding SIGHS in dismay.

GILLEY (CONT'D)

Larry, he must pay for his crimes.

FIELDING

What crimes?

GILLEY

Crimes against society...and the like. I must have restitution. I must have...my...

FIELDING

...kidney back?

GILLEY

Yes.

FIELDING

But you gave it to him. There's no way in hell you're going to--

GILLEY

--Yes, I gave it to him. And, since giving it to him, I have become dissatisfied with the outcome of that little transaction and demand reparations. So...I'm taking my kidney back...in a figurative sense.

FIELDING

Wait! So you're telling me you gave him the kidney...then decided you were unhappy and wanted it back in the form of cash money. My God, Monroe! That's extortion! Plus, it sounds to me like you're acting like an--

GILLEY

--Indian giver!

FIELDING

I don't like to use that term, but...yes.

GILLEY

Precisely! I am. I'm an Indian giver.

FIELDING

What?! But you detest...uh...so-called Indian givers. Why become one?

GILLEY

Revenge. The way I figure it, one bad turn deserves another. He reneged on his verbal contract with me. So, I'm simply doing the same thing...albeit on a much grander scale. Mr. Whispering Wind is about to get a taste of his own medicine.

FIELDING

Why? Why can't you just let it go?

GILLEY

It's too late for that now. He's a bad man. A very bad man...and he must be exposed to the public for what he is - a phony...and an Indian giver.

FIELDING

You know, you're not exactly a pillar of--

GILLEY

--He's got it coming to him, that ungrateful bastard. You'll see.

FIELDING

You'll never win. You're insane. This whole case is insanity. Pure insanity!

Gilley looks nervously back at the door.

He tugs on Fielding's arm and starts to walk away.

GILLEY

No. Insanity is sticking around here. They'll be out here any second...

He is interrupted by the RING TONE of his cell phone.

GILLEY (CONT'D)

Excuse me, will ya?

Fielding rolls his eyes.

Gilley pulls out his phone and looks at the display.

GILLEY (CONT'D)

Oh shit! It's Traci. Here.

He shoves the phone at Fielding.

GILLEY (CONT'D)  
Talk to her. Tell I'm dead. Tell her I joined the priesthood. Tell her I joined Scientology. Tell her something!

Fielding shakes his head.

FIELDING  
I don't think so. You made your bed. You lie in it.

Gilley opens the phone and holds it up to his ear.

GILLEY  
(feigning a Hispanic accent)  
Hola.

TRACI (O.S.)  
How dare you! I can't believe it! You haven't changed a bit, you inconsiderate, self-centered, sick slime ball!

GILLEY  
Lo siento. No habla ingles.

Fielding shakes his head and slowly backs away from Gilley.

TRACI (O.S.)  
I have no father!

GILLEY  
Uh...taco...burrito...chimi-changa...mucho gusto...

The door swings open, relieving a mob of angry patrons.

GILLEY (CONT'D)  
...Adios.

He closes the phone.

GILLEY (CONT'D)  
Let's get out of here!

He turns to the spot where Larry was previously standing.

GILLEY (CONT'D)  
Larry? Larry?!

The fuming patrons explode out of the door and rush Gilley.

He SCREAMS like a girl and takes off running.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPORTS BAR - EARLY EVENING

Shot of a sports bar's facade located deep in the city.

A mustachioed man - wearing a trench coat, hat, and shades - slides down the sidewalk, furtively looks from side to side, and enters the bar.

INT. SPORTS BAR - EARLY EVENING

A long bar lined with stools occupied by various patrons.

Osbourne sits on a stool in the center of the group. An empty one stands next to his. He causally sips from the highball glass in his hand.

The mustachioed man walks up behind him and taps him on the shoulder.

Osbourne turns around and regards the man with a single raised eyebrow - not realizing the man is actually Gilley in disguise.

GILLEY

This seat taken, big boy?

OSBOURNE

Uh...yeah. I'm waiting on someone...

Gilley ignores the comment and sits down.

Osbourne appears visibly uncomfortable and somewhat annoyed.

OSBOURNE (CONT'D)

Hey! Listen, buddy. I'm not interested. I don't swing--

GILLEY

--Not even for a respected client?

Gilley lifts up the glasses with one hand and pulls back half of the mustache with the other - exposing his true identity.

Osbourne's eyes grow wide with recognition.

OSBOURNE

My God! Gilley? Is that really you?

Gilley puts his index finger to his lips.

GILLEY

Shhh. Not so loud.

Gilley sits down on the stool next to Osbourne.

OSBOURNE

What's with horrible the disguise?

GILLEY

Well, thanks to your little press conference, the whole damn town is now out for my blood.

OSBOURNE

Oh, c'mon. It can't be *that* bad.

GILLEY

No?

Gilley rolls up one of his shirtsleeves, exposing a dark bruise left from what appears to be a particularly vicious bite.

OSBOURNE

Jesus! What the hell is that?

GILLEY

What does it look like? Someone bit me!

OSBOURNE

Who?

GILLEY

Some little old lady at the supermarket. I was standing in line, waiting to checkout, just perusing the new issues of the tabloids, when this old blue-haired broad standing in front of me turned around and sank her teeth in.

Osbourne struggles to choke back his LAUGHTER.

OSBOURNE

Really. Did she say anything?

GILLEY

She snarled something. I couldn't make it out. Then, she pushed me.

OSBOURNE

(trying to fend off  
laughter)

She pushed you? How?

GILLEY

Like this.

Gilley gently shoves Osbourne with open palms.

OSBOURNE

What did you do?

GILLEY

I shoved her back.

Osbourne can no longer contain it. He breaks into mild, restrained LAUGHTER.

GILLEY (CONT'D)

(sarcastically)

Yeah. It's real funny!

OSBOURNE

I'm sorry. Please continue. What did she do then?

GILLEY

She sank her teeth in.

OSBOURNE

Were they real...or dentures?

GILLEY

I'm sorry. You know, I didn't get a real good look at them. But I can tell you that the pain was real.

Osbourne now bursts into unrestrained LAUGHTER.

Gilley jumps up from the stool.

GILLEY (CONT'D)

I'm glad you find it so damn funny. I'll tell you what's funny. I thought I paid for a professional attorney. One that conducts himself in a professional manner...

Gilley starts to walk away.

Osbourne catches him by the arm and hauls him back.

OSBOURNE

C'mon back. I'm sorry, Monroe. You're right. Sit down.

Gilley SIGHS and sits back down.

OSBOURNE (CONT'D)

You okay now? Can I get you something?

GILLEY

Just a bourbon. I'm trying to cut back.

Osbourne looks in the direction of the bartender.

OSBOURNE

(to bartender)

Hey! Charlie! Bourbon down here...on my tab.

He looks back at Gilley.

OSBOURNE (CONT'D)

There. I'll get you a drink to make up for it.

GILLEY

Thanks, but I'd rather know why I'm here. What's up?

Just then, JUDGE ARTHUR COX - a tall, stern-looking man in his early fifties wearing a three-piece suit - struts into the establishment. An aura of nobility surrounds him.

Osbourne taps Gilley on the shoulder and points toward Cox.

OSBOURNE

That's what's up. That's your ticket to victory.

Gilley turns and watches as Cox walks past the bar to a booth in the back. He throws the bartender a salute as he goes.

Gilley turns back to Osbourne.

GILLEY

Who's that?

OSBOURNE

That's Arthur Cox. Judge Arthur Cox.

GILLEY

So?

The bartender walks over and sits a tumbler filled with iced bourbon on the counter in front of Gilley.

Gilley nods, takes the drink in hand, and tosses back a sip.

OSBOURNE

I take it you've never heard of him?

Gilley stares intently at Cox for several seconds.



GILLEY

No. But he looks vaguely familiar.

OSBOURNE

You've probably seen him on the news.

GILLEY

No. I swear I've seen him somewhere before. I hate when this happens. It's really gonna bug me. Where did I see him before?

OSBOURNE

It's not important. Anyway, Cox is only the best judge in the state. The best judge money can buy, that is.

Gilley's eyes suddenly perk up.

GILLEY

Really?

OSBOURNE

Yes. And it just so happens that he'll be hearing your case.

GILLEY

I see. How much is it going to cost me? What's it going take for him to see things my way?

OSBOURNE

Nothing.

Gilley's face wrinkles in confusion.

GILLEY

Nothing?

OSBOURNE

Not one penny. You see, we have something better than money.

GILLEY

What could be better than money?

Osbourne reaches down into the leather satchel sitting next to his stool and pulls out a large manila folder.

He tosses it onto the bar in front of Gilley.

OSBOURNE

Information.

Gilley reaches down and opens the folder - revealing a collection of scandalous photos of Whispering Wind and a woman.

A sly, evil smile flashes across his face.

GILLEY

I see you've also done some homework.

He points to the woman in one of the photographs.

GILLEY (CONT'D)

His wife?

Osbourne shakes his head.

OSBOURNE

No. His mistress. It's just as good.

GILLEY

How 'bout that? Whispering Wind's been throwing cock in the other Mrs. Cox.

They turn to each other and LAUGH HEARTILY for several seconds.

Osbourne SLAPS Gilley on the shoulder.

OSBOURNE

C'mon. Let's go secure you a decision.

They jump down from their stools and walk toward Cox.

EXT. COURTHOUSE, STEPS - AFTERNOON

Shot of stone steps leading up to a majestic courthouse.

A sea of various media personnel crowds the sides of the steps leading up to the massive wooden doors to the main building.

Flashbulbs continually pop as parties involved in the case fight their way through the media on their way to the top.

INT. COURTHOUSE, FOURIER - AFTERNOON

A cavernous room just outside the main courtroom.

Gilley - wearing a suit and tie (with tie loosened and hanging down from his collar) - paces nervously in a secluded corner of the room removed from the prying eyes of the media.

He holds his cell phone up to his ear.

He hears the sound of FIELDING'S VOICE.

FIELDING (O.S.)  
Hello, Monroe.

GILLEY  
Where the hell are you?

INT. FIELDING'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Holding a cell phone up to his ear, Fielding sits behind a desk covered in the case files of various patients.

FIELDING  
The office. I have a job to do,  
Monroe.

INT. COURTHOUSE, FOURIER - AFTERNOON

GILLEY  
Yeah. And your job is to be here  
supporting me in my quest.

INT. FIELDING'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

FIELDING  
What? Your quest for foolishness?

GILLEY (O.S.)  
So you refuse to support me? Some  
friend you are.

Fielding SIGHS.

FIELDING  
I'm your friend, and I support  
you...but I'm not going to support  
actions that I believe to be totally  
asinine and completely immature.

INT. COURTHOUSE, FOURIER - AFTERNOON

GILLEY  
Fine. If you're not with me, then  
you're against me. Bye.

He closes the phone with authority and stomps off.

INT. FIELDING'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Fielding takes the phone down from his ear and SIGHS.

INT. COURTHOUSE, COURTROOM - AFTERNOON

A sprawling courtroom lined with pews leading up to a large gate that separates the gallery from the actual courtroom.

Behind the gate, Lionel Osbourne stands next to another man - presumably, another attorney - dressed in a business suit. They are engaged in a rather one-sided conversation. The attorney speaks (inaudible) while Osbourne nods his head.

The attorney hands Osbourne a manila folder, which he opens. Osbourne's eyes grow wide and his head suddenly hangs forward.

The doors to the courtroom burst open as Gilley struts in.

The attorney slaps a visibly dejected Osbourne on the back.

The attorney walks over to the defendant's's podium and sits down next to Whispering Wind. They look at Osbourne and LAUGH.

Gilley glares at Whispering Wind as he opens the gate and walks over to the plaintiff's podium where Osbourne now sits slumped in a chair.

GILLEY

So...we ready to kiss some ass and take some names?

Osbourne looks up and seems surprised to see Gilley.

OSBOURNE

Huh? What did you say?

GILLEY

I asked if we're ready to make some quick cash. Well...are we?

OSBOURNE

I...I...don't think so.

Gilley's joyous, smug expression suddenly changes to that of anger and confusion.

GILLEY

What? You...don't think so?

OSBOURNE

No. I know so.

GILLEY

What the hell are you talking about?

OSBOURNE

Looks like Whispering Wind and his lawyer did some homework as well.

Osbourne tosses the manila folder to Gilley.

He grabs it and flips it open.

His eyes grow wide as he collapses into a chair near the podium.

Behind him, the doors to the courtroom swing wide and remain open as a crowd of curious spectators - including Traci, Cheryl, Thomas, Mitzy, the waiter from the restaurant, Cyndi, the Browns, and an army of Whispering Wind's supporters - and media personnel file in and take their seats.

Up front, the color drains out of Gilley's face as he stares at several prurient pictures depicting him acting in a lascivious manner with the sorority girl from the club.

Gilley puts down the pictures and looks up at Osbourne. His face briefly regains its previous defiant, hopeful expression.

GILLEY

So I was fooling around with some girl at the club. So what?

OSBOURNE

Do you know anything about her?

GILLEY

No. Other than she now has one large, pissed-off Daddy.

(pause)

Uh oh. I knew he looked a little too familiar.

OSBOURNE

Say hello to Julie Cox. The judge's daughter. And say goodbye to our case.

GILLEY

I see.

(pause)

Hey! But we have pictures of his Whispering Wind and the mistress! The mistress!

OSBOURNE

Who do you think carries more weight? Daughter or mistress?

The color drains back out of Gilley's face. It does not return.

GILLEY

I don't suppose he's seen these?

OSBOURNE

He has. This morning.

GILLEY

That's not good.

(pause)

You think he would have remembered me.

OSBOURNE

What? Who?

GILLEY

Judge Cox. When he met me the other day. I can't believe he didn't remember me. I mean, I didn't see his face, but I could have sworn he saw me. Am I really that forgettable?

Osbourne shakes his head.

OSBOURNE

Shut up.

The BAILIFF enters and walks to the center of the courtroom.

BAILIFF

All rise.

Osbourne staggers to his feet next to Gilley as everyone in the courtroom stands.

BAILIFF (CONT'D)

The honorable Judge Arthur Cox presiding...

The door behind the bench opens and in walks Cox.

Now wearing his robe, he takes his seat in a large chair behind the judge's bench.

COX

Please, be seated.

They take their seats.

The bailiff walks over the judge and hands him the case file.

BAILIFF

Parties have already been sworn in, Judge.

COX

Thank you, Robert.

He reviews the papers in silence, then looks up.

COX (CONT'D)

Ah...I see we have the matter of Monroe Gilley versus Whispering Wind. The kidney case, isn't it? Well, this shouldn't take long.

With that, Cox looks over and glares at Gilley.

Gilley sinks in his chair.

Cox then turns his gaze to Osbourne, who looks like he's ready to vomit.

COX (CONT'D)

Mr. Osbourne, attorney for the plaintiff, would care to make your opening statement and tells us what this is all about?

Osbourne stumbles to his feet and steps behind the podium.

OSBOURNE

Um...your honor, in light of recent...evidence, I can no longer act on my client's behalf--

Gilley jumps up from his chair and shouts at Osbourne.

GILLEY

--What the hell are you doing? What do you mean you can't act--

Judge Cox BANGS his gavel with thunderous force.

COX

--Quiet! Sit down this instant, Mr. Gilley, or this will be over before it's even begun.

He looks over at the bailiff.

COX (CONT'D)

Robert, fine Mr. Gilley five thousand dollars in contempt of court.

He turns back to Osbourne.

COX (CONT'D)

Continue, counselor. You were saying that you can't adequately represent your client...

OSBOURNE

Yes, sir. I can't adequately represent...no...I refuse to represent my client in light of...

COX

...Recent damaging evidence that negates Mr. Gilley's claim.

Gilley stands up again.

GILLEY

Objection, your honor! You're leading the attorney!

Cox SMACKS his gavel again and glares at Gilley.

COX

Shut up! That's now ten thousand in contempt. You want to make it twenty?

Gilley SIGHS and sits back down.

Cox turns back to Osbourne.

COX (CONT'D)

Thank you, counselor. You're excused. I think I get the picture.

Osbourne walks away and sits down next to Gilley.

He turns and pantomimes an apology, but Gilley refuses to look at him.

COX (CONT'D)

Well, in light of recent events, I'm dismissing this case, and I'm fining Mr. Gilley an additional fifty-thousand dollars for wasting everyone's time with this nonsense. That's a total of sixty-thousand dollars, payable to city hall. Court's adjourned.

Cox BANGS his gavel one final time.

The spectators burst into APPLAUSE.

The media immediately rushes Whispering Wind and his lawyer.

Judge Cox gets up, smirks at Gilley, and walks away.

The bailiff runs to the front of the courtroom.

BAILIFF

All rise.

It's pointless - everyone is already on their feet.

Osbourne turns to Gilley.



## OSBOURNE

Monroe, I'm sorry. I truly am, but I have my reputation to think of. I had to look out for myself. You see, I...

Gilley gets up, waves him off, and walks away.

Osbourne watches him go as he slips by the media.

Gilley walks up the aisle and is subject to the disapproving looks and words of his family, friends, and associates.

They wag their fingers and shake their heads at him.

Gilley reaches the end of the courtroom and notices Fielding standing near the doors.

Fielding SIGHS and shakes his head (as if to say "I told you so."). He turns and walks out.

Gilley prepares to follow him out, but he's stopped by the sound of Whispering Wind's voice.

## WHISPERING WIND

Hey! Gilley!

Gilley turns around and looks at Whispering Wind.

Whispering Wind stands on top of a chair, placing his head and shoulders above the sea of media.

## WHISPERING WIND (CONT'D)

Nice try, Indian giver!

He erupts into maniacal and victorious LAUGHTER.

Gilley simply turns and walks out of the courtroom.

EXT. COURTHOUSE STEPS, STREET - EARLY EVENING

A lonely, beaten man, Gilley stumbles down the steps and crosses the street.

He walks over to a small store bearing the title of "LIQUOR & CIGS" and enters.

Through the windows, we can see Gilley as he walks over to a rack, grabs a bottle, and approaches the counter. He pays for it and walks back out the door.

He unscrews the top off a bottle of whiskey, takes a swig, and takes off down the sidewalk as the sun descends into the horizon in front of him.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. GILLEY'S TRAILER - LATE AFTERNOON

Establishing shot of crummy, rundown trailer - not unlike Whispering Wind's - standing on the outskirts of town.

SUPERIMPOSE over shot: SIX MONTHS LATER

INT. GILLEY'S TRAILER, BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Gilley lies - passed out - in a bed covered in empty bottles.

A KNOCK ON THE DOOR.

Gilley - now bearded and appearing haggard - stirs, knocking bottles off the bed.

They SHATTER on the floor with a loud CRASH.

INT. GILLEY'S TRAILER, FRONT DOOR - LATE AFTERNOON

Gilley - wearing nothing but a soiled "wife-beater" undershirt and boxer shorts with an afghan draped around him like a cape - stumbles toward the door.

He opens the main door, revealing Fielding on the other side of the screen door.

GILLEY

What the fuck do you want?

FIELDING

We need to talk, Monroe.

EXT. GILLEY'S TRAILER, PORCH - LATE AFTERNOON

GILLEY

Well...I'm sort of busy right now.  
Can you come back later...when I  
have more time?

FIELDING

It's important. It's good news.  
Can I come in?

Gilley SIGHS.

GILLEY

Okay. Let me tidy up a bit first.

He closes the door.

Fielding remains standing.

A series of loud CRASHES is audible behind the door.

Several seconds pass in silence, then the door opens.

GILLEY (CONT'D)

Come on in. Make yourself at home.

Fielding starts to step up into the trailer.

Gilley puts out an open palm and stops him.

GILLEY (CONT'D)

Hey! Wipe your feet! I keep a clean house, goddamn it!

Fielding rolls his eyes, steps back, wipes his feet, and steps inside.

INT. GILLEY'S TRAILER, LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Gilley and Fielding walk into the "living room" of the trailer.

Despite Gilley's apparent efforts at "tidying up," it's a pigpen. Bottles are still strewn over every piece of furniture.

GILLEY

Why don't you have a seat?

FIELDING

I would if I could. There doesn't seem to be any place...

GILLEY

...Here. I'll take care of that.

With that, Gilley pops open a window.

He walks over to the couch, gathers up a collection of bottles in his hands, and hurls them out the window.

GILLEY (CONT'D)

There you are. Have a seat.

FIELDING

Thanks.

Fielding sits down.

GILLEY

So...to what do I owe the honor of this visit?

FIELDING

Have you been watching the news?

GILLEY

No...I haven't gotten around to it.  
Like I said, I've been real busy  
around here.

FIELDING

You've been busy drinking.

GILLEY

Well...at least I'm keeping busy.

FIELDING

Monroe, I'm here to tell you it's  
time to get your life in order.

GILLEY

Why?

FIELDING

Well...for starters...your health--

GILLEY

--I've heard that already. Try again.

FIELDING

Okay. How about this? You've finally  
gotten your wish.

GILLEY

What? You're going to be my  
psychiatrist?

FIELDING

No. Whispering Wind has been exposed  
as a fraud. No one - not everyone -  
hates you anymore. All - most - is  
forgiven.

GILLEY

Really? Who exposed him? Osbourne?  
Cox?

FIELDING

I did.

Gilley appears surprised.

He quickly clears off a chair to sit on, which he does.

GILLEY

You? But how? Scandalous pics?  
Wire tapping?

FIELDING

No. I read his book.

GILLEY

Huh?

FIELDING

I read his book and found that seventy-five percent of the material was lifted from books by other psychologists and authors. The other twenty-five percent was full of grossly-embellished facts from real life.

GILLEY

I told you.

FIELDING

You did. And I took your story to the media...along with the facts.

GILLEY

Really?

FIELDING

Well...what are friends for?

GILLEY

Wow. I guess I was wrong about you.

FIELDING

Well, I wasn't completely right about you. But I am completely right about you needing to turn your life around and get out of this funk.

GILLEY

Why should I?

FIELDING

Why shouldn't you? The world is ready to accept you. You're famous, Monroe. They realize you were right about Whispering Wind...and the media's dying to get a hold of you. Why, the biggest talk show hosts in the country are willing to pay out the nose to get you on as a guest.

GILLEY

Famous? Really? It's finally come.

FIELDING

What?

GILLEY

My opportunity, my dear Fielding.  
My life-changing opportunity.

(MORE)

GILLEY (CONT'D)

You know, like the kind those folks  
on those crazy talks shows get.  
Now, I'm gonna get mine!

Fielding rolls his eyes.

FIELDING

Whatever it takes. You have you're  
pick of all the big names. Oprah?  
Larry King? Limbaugh? Dr. Phil?  
Maury?

Gilley shakes his head.

GILLEY

There's only one show for me.

INT. "STERN SHOW" STUDIO - MORNING

The setup resembles the studio for the "The Howard Stern  
Show."

HOWARD STERN - wearing headphones - sits behind a microphone  
at a desk opposite his guest, CANDY CREVIS - a beautiful  
porno actress in her early twenties.

Sitting on a couch in front of her own microphone, she is  
barely dressed and closely resembles the real life equivalent  
of a walking, talking Barbie doll.

ROBIN QUIVERS and ARTIE LANGE are visible sitting at their  
separate studio booths on Stern's left. Artie appears to be  
intoxicated.

HOWARD

Okay. We'll promote your book  
if...you take your top off. What do  
you say?

CANDY

Sure.

She reaches back to undue the tie to the bra she's wearing  
as a top. It falls down and exposes her more than ample  
breasts (obviously fake) for all to see.

HOWARD

Nice. Hey! I'm getting excited  
here.

ROBIN

Oh, c'mon! Candy, you have to have  
back problems. That's a lot of  
weight.

ARTIE

It's an occupational hazard. She has to have nice big targets for the money shots. Am I right?

HOWARD

I concur, Robin.

(pause)

Wow. I just lost my train of thought.

ROBIN

The book. We're running out of time.

HOWARD

Yeah. Okay. The book is called...what?

CANDY

It's called "Tits and Cunt: It's All Just Candy to Me." Available where books are sold. It's mostly a biography, along with some stories about working in the business.

HOWARD

Any stories involving hot girl-on-girl lesbo action?

CANDY

You bet.

HOWARD

Nice! Before you go. I have to ask. You like anal?

She winks.

CANDY

What do you think?

HOWARD

I knew it. Okay. That's Candy Crevis. The book is--

ARTIE

--Hey! Sweetie! Ever fuck trannies?

She smiles politely, takes off her headphones, and walks out.

HOWARD

Artie! Don't you ever interrupt me!

They start to bicker back in forth.

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

Gilley and Fielding stand next to the studio door alongside GARY DELL'ABATE, Stern's longtime assistant.

GARY

Okay. You guys are on deck.

(pause)

As soon as they stop arguing, that is. After all that's what the fans pay to hear.

Candy strolls through the door.

Gilley eyes her up and down, then stops her.

GILLEY

Candy Crevis! Well...hello! I must say that I'm a huge fan of yours.

CANDY

Monroe Gilley! I saw you last week at Catch a Rising Star in New York. I thought you were so cute!

GILLEY

Yeah. But did you think I was funny?

CANDY

Cute is better than funny.

She steps up and kisses him passionately - with tongue.

CANDY (CONT'D)

I'm in town for the week. Give me call. We'll have some fun.

She looks over at Gary.

CANDY (CONT'D)

Gary has my number.

Gary nods.

She walks down the hallway.

Heads - mostly male heads - turn as she goes.

Gilley stands with a dumbfounded look on his face.

Gary walks over and nudges him.

GARY

Hey. You're up.



INT. "STERN SHOW" STUDIO - MORNING

Gilley and Fielding - along with Gary - walk in through the studio door and over to the couch.

Gary quickly makes sure they have microphones and headphones.

HOWARD

And now, in walks the man everyone used to love to hate, Monroe Gilley...and the Howard K. Stern - to his Anna Nicole Smith, Dr. Larry Fielding. Who is he? Your psychiatrist?

Gary finishes getting them set up.

GILLEY

No. He is a psychiatrist, but he's not mine. He's my best friend...and my new manager-slash-life coach.

FIELDING

Yes. I refuse to treat him because of our friendship. Besides, he's utterly incorrigible.

HOWARD

Like Artie.

Artie throws his hands in the air.

ARTIE

WHAAAAA! Like Artie?

HOWARD

So, everybody in the whole country hates you - excuse me - they did hate you. Now, everybody seems to want a piece of you. What gives?

GILLEY

I'm the lovable asshole. Everybody loves the loveable asshole. Like Artie.

ARTIE

WHAAAAA! Screw all of you!

Artie throws down his headphones and walks out of the studio.

Gary chases after him.

GARY

Artie. Hey, Artie! C'mon, man!

HOWARD

Don't mind him. His brain is permanently pickled.

ROBIN

So, Monroe, since being vindicated, how has your life changed?

GILLEY

Well, I think Fielding can answer that. He's responsible for the vindication, and I'm all about giving credit where credit is due. Hi, Whispering Wind...wherever you are!

FIELDING

Well, Robin. I think it's given him the courage to change...for the better. He's stopped drinking, mended fences, and his career has skyrocketed as a result.

ROBIN

So, have you made peace with your estranged daughter?

GILLEY

You could say that. After I bought her car...and spent some quality time. Yeah, I think we're well on the path to a normal father-daughter relationship. I even bought her Sirius Satellite Radio for her car, so she can listen to the show. I know she's listening today, and I just wanna say, "I love you, Traci, and I'll never miss any more milestones."

HOWARD

Milestones?

GILLEY

She knows I what I'm talking about.

HOWARD

I hear she's pretty hot. Is she legal?

Gilley LAUGHS.

GILLEY

No. You better watch it, asshole!

ROBIN

That's right! Don't take any of his shit.

HOWARD

That's right! This guy's got balls. Anyone who sues for the - what was it? - "figurative" return of a bodily organ has got guts.

Gilley wags a finger at Stern.

GILLEY

Unless, he's suing for his actual guts.

ROBIN

Anyway, back to your career. How has it skyrocketed?

GILLEY

I've got gigs at clubs and casinos around the country, and recently, I just published my biography. Uh...can I promote it...or do you wanna see my balls or something?

HOWARD

No. I already know you have balls. We don't need to see them.

ROBIN

Speak for yourself.

HOWARD

Well! You must also have a way with women.

GILLEY

Hey! What can I say? It's all in the book.

Gilley reaches down and picks up a copy of his book.

The book depicts Gilley in a Native American headdress with the title: "YES, I'M AN INDIAN GIVER. SO WHAT?"

GILLEY (CONT'D)

The book is called "Yes, I'm an Indian Giver. So What?" Available where books are sold. But, I must admit that the title doesn't top that of Candy's book.

HOWARD

We're running out of time, but back to your apparent way with women?

GILLEY

That's my secret. You have to buy the book.

HOWARD  
Any erotic anecdotes?

GILLEY  
In the book.

HOWARD  
Okay. That just about does it--

Just then, Gary runs through the door and interrupts.

GARY  
--Wait! Before you let him go, I gotta tell you what happened between him and Candy before he came in.

HOWARD  
What? Did she knee him in the groin or something?

GARY  
No. She walked up to him, stuck her tongue down his throat, and told him to call her.

HOWARD  
Wait a minute! She gave you her number?

GILLEY  
No. She told Gary to give it to me.

HOWARD  
Gary! Tell me you didn't give him the number!

GARY  
I didn't.

HOWARD  
Good. Don't. Not until he tells us a few war stories with women. And I'm talking details. No dirt. No number. Put the show on hold, Gary. Gilley's gotta dish.

Gilley shrugs and LAUGHS.

GILLEY  
Okay. You got a free hour?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Gilley and Fielding walk down the hallway alongside Gary.

GARY

That was some great stuff back there.  
Howard loved it.

GILLEY

Really? Think so?

GARY

Sure. I know him, and he loved it.  
Before you go, let me go get Candy's  
number. Hey, but you gotta promise  
to come on the show and run down the  
date...if there is one, okay?

GILLEY

Sure. Why not?

Gary jogs down the hallway.

FIELDING

Well, I guess you better get going  
or you'll--

The studio door bursts open as Stern sprints down the hallway.

HOWARD

Hey! Hold on a second!

He races up to them.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

I've only got a few seconds, but I  
had to talk to you. Listen man,  
that was some great shit back there.  
I gotta get you back on the show.

GILLEY

Yeah. I know. You want me to talk  
about any encounters I have with  
Candy. Gary told me all about it.

HOWARD

No. Fuck that, man. I want you on  
in a permanent slot.

GILLEY

What?

HOWARD

C'mon. We both know Artie's washed  
up. I want you in his spot. What  
do you say?

GILLEY

I say...sure. Why not? As long as  
the show doesn't interfere with my...

Gilley suddenly looks down at his watch.

GILLEY (CONT'D)  
Shit! I'm late for A-A!

HOWARD  
Listen. Think about it. I'll have Gary call and fill you in on all the details.

GILLEY  
Sounds good.

HOWARD/GILLEY  
I gotta run.

They both turn and run away from each other - Howard to the studio and Gilley down the hallway.

Fielding remains standing as Gary walks up with a piece of paper.

GARY  
Here's the number.

FIELDING  
Thanks.

Gary jogs down the hallway to the studio, leaving Larry.

GARY  
Great job! Hope to see you again!

FIELDING  
I'm sure you will.

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER, PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

A generic building with a large, half-empty parking lot.

Gilley's SUV flies into the lot and SCREECHES into space near the front of the building.

His front bumper knocks over a bike stand.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER, CONFERENCE ROOM - AFTERNOON

An empty conference room with a circle of chairs - occupied by various Alcoholics Anonymous members - in the center.

AA MEMBER #1  
Well...Let's go ahead and start the meeting. Hi. I'm Jared.

GROUP  
Hi, Jared.

AA MEMBER #1

I'm an alcoholic, and I'm proud to say that I've been sober now for six months.

The group CLAPS.

AA MEMBER #1 (CONT'D)

The past few months have been rough, but--

Just then, Gilley bursts through the door, stands in the doorway, and responds as if on cue.

GILLEY

Hello! I'm Monroe. I'm late...and I'm an Indian giver.

HARD CUT TO BLACK:

THE END.

Screenwriting Discussion (DVD)

(Enclosed is a copy of the "Paul Guyot: Screenwriter" episode of Mixed Media, in which the host (Brandon R. McKinney) discusses the craft of screenwriting with professional Hollywood screenwriter Paul Guyot.)

McKinney, Brandon R., perf. "Paul Guyot: Screenwriter." Mixed Media.  
Dir. Ed Voss. Lindenwood University, 2006.

Approximate Runtime: 30 minutes.





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