

KATH EATS BILL'S POPCORN

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. KATH'S HOUSE -- DAY

The label beneath the door buzzer reads "MAD KATH".

The finger that presses the button belongs to BILL GODFREY.

BUZZ. BUZZ.

Bill wears his tweed jacket with a graceless ease that fails to disguise his athletic good looks. He holds a folded-up newspaper in his left hand.

Steps lead up to the porch where he waits.

The building boasts an elegant, pastel facade.

Bill turns half away and surveys the neighborhood.

A cab on the steeply-angled road in front pulls away.

The house stands on Postcard Row, Alamo Square, San Francisco.

EXT. KATH'S HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

KATH opens the door. Slight of figure, with round glasses and jet black hair, she smiles breezily.

KATH

Good mor --

Bill's boyish smile open-mouth stupefies her. She stares in smitten amazement.

Bill holds out his hand. He looks her up and down.

Kath wears an Austrian Airline flight attendant uniform from the waist up, complete with "MAD KATH" name badge. From the waist down, she's a ballerina. She holds a feather duster.

BILL

I guess you're not the scary homicidal kind of mad. That's reassuring.

KATH

(murmurs)

No, I'm the weird eccentric variety.

Still in a state of transported disbelief, Kath puts her duster to one side and shakes Bill's hand, slowly.

BILL

Bill Godfrey.

BILL (CONT'D)

I've come about the Cortes pistol?

KATH

The pistol? You? But --

(suddenly animated)

Oh, I get it! Soon as you're inside,
you'll take off all your clothes and
sing me Happy Birthday!

BILL

I ... didn't see anything about that
in your ad.

He consults his folded-up newspaper. Yup, looks fine.

KATH

You mean, you're for real?

(winces)

Would it help if I said oops?

BILL

No need, this kind of thing happens
all the time. Maybe not to me, but...

(checks watch)

Of course! February twenty-ninth.
You got a screwy birthday!

KATH

(proudly)

Today is my eighth.

(swings arm wide)

I'm sorry, please come in.

INT. KATH'S HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Bill enters. Kath closes the door behind him with a flounce.

It's a very neat and tidy hallway with no indication at all
that a complete flake owns it.

BILL

My innate survival instincts tell me
that this may just be a bad time.

KATH

No no no. Well, yes. But it can be a
good time.

(smiles)

I'm just confused. Or are you
confused? Someone's confused.

She picks up her feather duster and playfully dusts Bill's
newspaper.

BILL
 (takes in surroundings)
 So much reality, so little time to
 comprehend it...

KATH
 You're definitely here about -- ?
 Yes, of course you are.
 (shakes head)
 I'm sorry, it's just, I've been
 running that ad for seven years, and
 you're the first time it's worked.

BILL
 Seven years? Maybe if you'd put it
 in a newspaper people actually read?

KATH
 (frowns)
 I used The San Francisco World Tidings
 because I wanted someone cultured.

BILL
 You got someone who spent five hours
 hitting Internet search engines.

Kath loses herself in his baby blue eyes again.

BILL
 So, can I see it?

I'm sorry, Kath's mind isn't home right now. May I take a
 message?

Bill CLAPS, once, unhurriedly.

KATH
 (snaps out of it)
 Oh! The pistol! It's in a bank
 downtown. Do you need it like now?

INT. WINDOWLESS ROOM -- DAY

A plain table, three chairs, completely bare walls: it could
 be anything from a nuclear bunker to a police interview room.

Grim, old-style hood CAROLINA cleans his revolver methodically
 and with patience.

Watching, trenchcoated FAST BOY JONES tries to hang cool.
 The older man pays him no heed whatsoever.

FAST BOY
 You're not going to need that.

CAROLINA

You're not going to need the comb in your back pocket, but you're going to take it with you all the same.

FAST BOY

Leo said no guns. When he gets here --

Carolina SNAPS the weapon shut.

INT. KATH'S HALLWAY -- DAY

Bill thumbs through a bunch of ancient legal documents. He stops at a photo of a German-made 1522 wheel-lock handgun.

BILL

Amazing. Even the provenance has provenance. It really was owned by Hernan Cortes.

KATH

Until he traded it for two trained monkeys, yes.

BILL

(straightening papers)
My girlfriend's going to absolutely love it.

KATH

(with mounting horror)
Your ... girlfriend?

BILL

Sure. The pistol is a present for her.

KATH

(baffled)
But... No no no! What does a girl want with a conquistador's pistol?

BILL

You're a girl, why do you have it?

KATH

But I'm mad! No normal woman --
(utterly despondent)
This has all gone wrong wrong wrong.

She hangs her head. Who was she ever kidding?

KATH

(glumly)
OK, let me get changed; I can't go
to the bank dressed like this.

BILL

Well, maybe if it were Halloween.

KATH

You've never tried to drive in ballet
slippers, have you?
(eyes suddenly wide)
Hey! You said girlfriend, not fiancée.
(points at his hand)
Ha! No ring!

She pitter-patters up the steps one at a time, rapidly.

BILL

Not yet.
(sighs)
She's an actress -- maybe you've
heard of her? Cara Braxwell?

Kath turns in a single, fluid movement and pitter-patters
back down.

KATH

An actress?
(appalled)
You couldn't find someone with a
personality of her own?

BILL

When she isn't acting, she's just
the sweetest, and I know she truly
wants to marry me, but when I...
(sadly)
Being married would hurt her career.

INT. ROSALIND'S OFFICE -- DAY

Bitch demon from Hell CARA BRAXWELL stands at an expansive
window, gazing out at the "HOLLYWOOD" sign. She sips a coffee,
careful to avoid any drips on her short-skirted suit.

Behind, at a desk, sits her agent, ROSALIND FREDERIC.
Although older than Cara, they power dress from the same
collection. She holds a pen like it was a cigarette.

ROSALIND

Being unmarried is hurting your
career. If you really want this part,
invest in a husband. Fast.

CARA

(turning)

But every leading man is married.
Even the gay ones are married!

ROSALIND

Exactly my point! Cara, doing sexy
is out; doing sex is in. If you're
married, it means you're mating.

CARA

Casting is next week! Where am I
going to --

(indignantly)

Wait, you're my agent -- you find me
someone!

ROSALIND

I'm not your dating agent.

CARA

You'd still get your ten percent.

Rosalind draws on her cigarette, only to realize it's a pen.

ROSALIND

(annoyed)

I told you to keep a childhood
sweetheart for emergencies like this.

CARA

I do, but I turned him down only
last month. He won't ask again 'til
June or July.

ROSALIND

So? You propose to him.

(astonished)

February twenty-ninth! It's perfect --
today's the traditional day. You can
ask without blowing your image!

CARA

Today? But -- no, he's in San
Francisco! I sent him to buy some
insurance.

ROSALIND

Phone. Today is just too ideal to
miss.

(presses intercom)

Millie? Bring in Miss Braxwell's
contacts file, there's a dear.

INT. KATH'S HALLWAY -- DAY

Kath hurries down the stairs in her new outfit: a green Sergeant Pepper top half with a cowgirl bottom half. Her spurs JANGLE.

Bill looks at a framed document on the wall.

BILL

George Washington spelled color with a 'u'?

(shrugs)

I guess he would have.

(turns)

Isn't this letter worth, maybe, Canada?

KATH

Montreal, perhaps. But I'm incredibly wealthy

(jumps last few steps)

so I don't care.

BILL

The baby doctor dropped you on your head and your parents sued for millions...

KATH

Nothing so complicated. I invented indestructible cotton.

BILL

This would be the indestructible cotton that no-one has ever heard of, right?

Kath skips to a door-side table and carefully stands up a lone birthday card that had fallen flat.

KATH

Yes, that's the stuff. I sold the patent to the garment industry and they keep it secret.

BILL

Because if clothes never wore out, they'd be in real big trouble.

(nods sagely)

Yup! You're mad. Eating pebbles, baying at the moon, Elvis lives mad.

KATH

No no no, let me show you.

KATH (CONT'D)
Is that shirt cotton?

She lifts her glasses to look, then slides into another room.

BILL
I think so, yes. Should I check the --

KATH (O.S.)
Move your tie out of the way.

Bill flips it over his shoulder, just in time for Kath to re-emerge and throw the contents of a chemistry flask straight at his heart.

BILL
(startled)
What the -- I'm soaked! You've --

KATH
It's OK, it'll dry off in moments.
The enzyme causes the polymer to
bond to the cotton fibers, and...
(frowns)
Hey, this shirt is only about ninety
seven percent cotton.

A huge blue stain testifies where the liquid hit.

INT. ROSALIND'S OFFICE -- DAY

Rosalind's P.A. MILLIE MCCAREY stands before her, hugging a note pad defensively. Although dressed down in plain, dark blue, anyone caring to look would see she's very attractive.

Cara stands at the window again, being imperious.

ROSALIND
(patronizingly)
Well you should know. Have you checked
the miscellaneous file?

MILLIE
Yes, Miss Frederic.

ROSALIND
(to Cara)
We must have his number somewhere...

MILLIE
You could try Miss Braxwell's phone,
Miss Frederic. It has a memory of --

ROSALIND
That'll be all, Millie. Go and open
a few envelopes or something.

Millie leaves in a rush of embarrassment.

CARA
(gets out her phone)
I really don't know why you keep her --
she's such an incompetent.

ROSALIND
She comes cheap. She thinks I'll get
her an acting break.

CARA
Find some more as gullible as her
and you could start your own religion.
(limbers up)
OK, just let me get into character...

INT. KATH'S HALLWAY -- DAY

Kath holds Bill's jacket as he removes his shirt. The sight
of all that body distracts her more than somewhat.

BILL
(looks at his chest)
I guess I should be pleased my skin
is still skin color.

He holds his shirt to the light. My, that's one mighty stain.

BILL
Where's the nearest washbasin?

KATH
It won't come out, it's bonded to
the fabric.

BILL
At least let me scrub pitifully at
it until I realize it's hopeless.

KATH
(shrugs)
The bathroom's at the top of the
stairs, but you're wasting your time.

Bill heads on up anyway.

KATH
 (shouts after him)
 Kinetic energy boosts its structural
 integrity. The harder you attack it,
 the more it resists.

INT. ROSALIND'S OFFICE -- DAY

Cara sits on the desk. Rosalind catches herself about to puff on her pen.

ROSALIND
 (irritated)
 Ask immediately. That way, he can't
 possibly say anything that stops you
 wanting to go through with it.

CARA
 Such as
 (imitates Bill)
 Hi, Bill Godfrey.

She presses the dial key.

INT. KATH'S HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

An intensely irritating TUNE warbles from Bill's jacket as Kath hangs it on a peg.

KATH
 (shouts)
 Mr Godfrey?
 (searches jacket)
 Mr Godfrey, your phone --

She cringes. It really is unspeakably annoying.

KATH
 Bill! Your phone is --

INT. KATH'S BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Bill scrubs his shirt with a nail brush in the THUNDERING torrent gushing from the bath's faucet.

BILL
 (with each effort)
 Come. Out. You. Damned. Blue. Alien.
 Spawn.

Every scrub causes a momentary WEIRDNESS in the material.

INT. KATH'S HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Success! Kath finds the phone, but it's even louder out of the jacket pocket.

KATH
(big shout)
Bill!

The grimace-inducing melody continues.

In desperation, Kath presses its answer key.

Blissful silence!

She holds it to her ear and opens her mouth to speak, but --

INT. ROSALIND'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Cara's character completely changes. She's an angel.

CARA
(phone)
William? It's Cara. I -- I have a question for you. No -- don't say a word, just listen. I've decided that I was wrong. My love for you is too strong to set aside for something as silly as a multimillion dollar movie career. It's February twenty-ninth today, and I want to make amends.
(dramatic deep breath)
William, dearest, will you marry me?

INT. KATH'S HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Kath's eyes dart from side to side in panic.

INT. ROSALIND'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Rosalind nods knowingly to Cara. How could Bill possibly resist such pathos?

INT. KATH'S HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Kath looks up the stairs, but sees no sign of Bill.

She composes herself.

KATH
(boldly)
Usted habla Espanol?

INT. ROSALIND'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Cara stares slowly at the phone like it's suddenly turned into a can of soda. She risks putting it back to her ear.

CARA
Okayyy... Yes, I speak Spanish --
hablo Espanol.

INT. KATH'S HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Kath screws up her nose. Rats!

KATH
Parlez-vous Francais, peut-etre?

INT. ROSALIND'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Cara gestures an exaggerated one-armed shrug to Rosalind.

CARA
French? Oui, un peu.
(stops niceness act)
Look, who is this? Get me Bill, you
nobody girl.

INT. KATH'S HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Kath opens her mouth in surprise. No need to be so rude!
She frowns indignantly. So you wanna play hardball?

KATH
Nin hui shuo Hanyu ma?

She waits, expectantly...

...No reply.

KATH
Ha!

She offs the phone in triumph.

INT. ROSALIND'S OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

Cara has the face of someone who's just seen a man walk by with a gecko poking out of his mouth.

Warily, she examines her phone from all angles for clues.

ROSALIND
(impatiently)
So? Did he say yes?

CARA
The United Nations has commandeered
his number.

INT. KATH'S HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Kath glances up the stairs as she furtively removes the SIM
chip from Bill's phone.

BILL (O.S.)
(shouts)
OK, it's hopeless. All I did was
drown my shirt.

Kath replaces the phone in the jacket pocket.

KATH
(shouts)
Give it C.P.R. with my hair dryer.
Hanging on the wall.

INT. WINDOWLESS ROOM -- DAY

The room's one and only door opens. In strides LEO KAMINSKY,
hot-shot programmer and clothes-conscious bran addict.

LEO
(cheerfully)
Everybody set?

CAROLINA
Still sooo confident... This ain't
one of your computer programs, Leo.
Things can go wrong.

LEO
Mr Carolina --

CAROLINA
For the ninetieth time, just Carolina.

LEO
Carolina. I've spent five years
preparing for this day, at a level
of detail you can't hope to
comprehend. My contingency plans are
nested seven layers deep.

FAST BOY
(interrupting)
What if one of us brought --

LEO
 (annoyed)
 You know all you need to know, Fast
 Boy.
 (studies watch)
 Eleven twenty-one ... Now! OK, let's
 do it.

INT. ROSALIND'S OFFICE -- DAY

Millie stoically endures another of Rosalind's tirades.

MILLIE
 But the security expert said that no
 jamming device --

ROSALIND
 Then find me one who doesn't say
 that. I want this building swept.

MILLIE
 But --
 (sighs)
 Yes, Miss Frederic.

CARA
 Meanwhile, I still have to speak to
 my jerk husband-to-be by tomorrow.

ROSALIND
 Do it in person. Fly to San Francisco,
 wait at his hotel.

CARA
 Get real! My detective is snooping
 movie sets in Australia. How am I
 going to know which hotel?

ROSALIND
 (shrugs)
 Ask around?

CARA
 Ask around? Me? That's little people
 stuff! I don't do little people stuff.

ROSALIND
 Borrow Millie. She is little people.

MILLIE
 (horrified)
 Please, Miss Frederic, don't ask me
 to, to -- I have so much to do!

MILLIE (CONT'D)

I have to buy your anniversary card,
write Miss Braxwell's Internet column,
reply to --

CARA

My Internet column!
(inspired)
I'll tell my fans to look out for
Bill! They'll soon track him down.

MILLIE

(with consternation)
Do you think that asking your fans
is really wise, Miss Braxwell?

Cara and Rosalind shoot her identical glances: "peon".

INT. KATH'S HALLWAY -- DAY

Bill walks down the stairs, adjusting his tie so as to conceal
as much of the Great Blue Stain as possible.

Kath sports a large shoulder bag stuffed full like a cushion.

BILL

And when I get back home, I will be
able to burn this shirt?

KATH

"Incinerate" is perhaps a better
word.

She passes Bill his jacket, then opens the front door.

KATH

Was I correct in assuming you didn't
drive here?
(looks downhill)
Your parking brake failed if you
did.

BILL

I took a cab.
(dons jacket)
I'm not insured for cable cars
spilling passengers under my wheels.
(nods towards wall)
Aren't you concerned someone might
want to steal your Washington letter?

KATH

Only for the health of whoever tried.

BILL
 Yet you keep your Cortes pistol in a
 safety deposit box...

Kath hastily ushers Bill outside.

EXT. KATH'S HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Bill waits at the bottom of the steps as Kath locks up.

BILL
 I think you do it because of the
 pistol's value.

Kath joins him.

KATH
 (concerned)
 Am I asking too much?

BILL
 Too much? At twenty K?
 (short laugh)
 The documentation alone must be worth
 fifty! It's way too little.

KATH
 Could you afford more?

She points uphill. The two stroll in that direction.

BILL
 Not without selling my comic book
 collection and one of my internal
 organs.

KATH
 Then it isn't too little, is it?
 (turns, walks backwards)
 My E-type's garaged a block and a
 half away.

EXT. MULTISTORY LOT -- DAY

A sleek, black BMW with smoked-glass windows purrs out onto
 the road.

INT. BMW -- MOMENTS LATER

Fast Boy drives, instinctively weaving the gear shift like
 it was part of his own body. Leo sits alongside, while
 Carolina shares the back seat with three dark, canvas bags.

FAST BOY

Why February twenty-ninth? Why not
March tenth, or June thirty-first?

LEO

So I had four years to find and coach
you morons instead of just one.

CAROLINA

Least I know there's only thirty
days in June...

LEO

(irritated)

Time test. Fast Boy starts.

Fast Boy and Carolina groan in unison.

FAST BOY

Not all of it?

LEO

From when the door shakes.

FAST BOY

(resignedly)

The door shakes twenty times, and
then --

CAROLINA

-- the lights go out for
(with distaste)
seconds ten.

FAST BOY

Two minutes later the fire alarm
nags.

CAROLINA

Then we each have five minutes to
fill our bags.

FAST BOY

Jewels and gems and portable things.

CAROLINA

But interesting papers to Leo we
(grits teeth)
brings.

LEO

(interrupting)

Bonds, banknotes, anything without a
name on it.

FAST BOY

When the lights go again, we make
for the door.

CAROLINA

And act like we've come from an upper
floor.

FAST BOY

We walk to the car then drive slowly
away.

CAROLINA

A perfect heist on a perfect day.

LEO

Excellent!

(claps)

I knew that with rhyme, even stupid --

FAST BOY

(continuing)

To Leo Kaminsky our hats we'll doff.

CAROLINA

But we'll slice him in two if he
rips us off.

LEO

Wh-what?

CAROLINA

(grinning menacingly)

We're sure your intricate plans
contain nothing we wouldn't like...

LEO

They don't! Jeez, there's enough
stashed in there for all of us.

FAST BOY

Have you accounted for the fact that
Carolina is packing?

Carolina shoots him a filthy look.

LEO

(smugly)

He'd better be; I forbade weapons
precisely so he'd bring one.

Carolina's filthy look switches to Leo.

FAST BOY

No fair! Why didn't you manipulate me into bringing a gun?

LEO

Because Mr Carolina is a crack shot, whereas you'd miss at Russian roulette.

(checks watch)

Slow down, we're ahead thirty seconds.

EXT. KATH'S CAR -- DAY

Kath drives her immaculate, yellow E-type Jaguar convertible with the top down.

Occasional passers-by wave cheerily to her, and she waves cheerily to them.

PASSER-BY

(shouts)

Hi, Mad Kath!

INT. KATH'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Bill raises his jacket collar and hugs himself for warmth.

KATH

(shouts back)

Hi! Love to Sam!

BILL

So, you mix your outfits because, what, for variety?

KATH

A wardrobe full of clothes that don't wear out can get pretty boring...

BILL

And it helps with the whole "mad" thing, I guess.

(shivers)

Do you have to take it quite so far, though? I'm freezing here!

KATH

Oh, I'm sorry!

(presses a button)

Indestructible cotton is a magnificent thermal insulator, too.

The E-type's roof unfolds majestically into position.

BILL
(puts down collar)
I wondered why I felt so warm-hearted.

He moves his tie to see if the stain has gone. Sorry, Bill...

KATH
So what sort of actress is your
girlfriend? I don't own a TV,
(waves at a passer-by)
and the San Francisco World Tidings
never mentions her.

BILL
She's a movie actress. Darts of the
Kalahari? Serial Killer Nurse II?
Attack Eagles?
(proudly)
Slingshot Frog Days?

KATH
I don't visit movie theaters either.
(waves again)
Just as well by the sound of things.

BILL
Slingshot Frog Days almost won her
an Oscar. Nomination.

KATH
She's certainly an incredible actress.
It must be how she gets such high
profile roles...

BILL
Intelligence comes into it too.
(off her cynical look)
Knowing what people like, what they
do for fun, who their friends are.
So you can get noticed.

KATH
For one awful moment there, I thought
you were suggesting that movie stars
had brains.

EXT. SKY -- DAY

An airplane leaves LA's fabulous smog way behind.

INT. AIRPLANE -- DAY

Cara sits alone, wearing dark glasses.

She reads a large, glossy magazine. Its front cover boasts a major close-up of her wearing the exact same dark glasses.

Millie appears in the aisle alongside and taps her gently on the arm.

CARA
(lowering glasses)
You touched my clothes...

MILLIE
I came to see if you needed anything.

CARA
Get back to steerage and guard my
computer!

Millie swiftly melts away.

CARA
Really! People could think I regard
you as an equal.

She frowns and pushes back her shades, then thumbs to the next page of her magazine.

Ouch! A paper cut!

INT. KATH'S CAR -- DAY

The car gets a green light and moves off.

BILL
I can't believe you never watch
movies. People like you must cost
the popcorn industry billions.

KATH
Movie-going is a social thing, like
dining out or barracking politicians.
You just can't do it alone.

BILL
And none of the ton of people you've
been waving at might go with you?

KATH
I'm mad. They're my friends, but --
but I'm only their acquaintance.

She smiles at him, apologetically.

BILL
That can't be right, you seem very
endearing to me.

The compliment buoys her, but then she saddens again.

KATH
So how come my only birthday card
was from mom and dad in Maine?
(glances at dashboard)
We'll reach the bank about noon.

EXT. BANK -- DAY

A full cable car trundles downhill, past the imposing facade
of the "SECURE BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO (REBUILT 1906)".

The ornate clock on the front of the building proclaims that
it's now about noon.

EXT. STREET CORNER -- DAY

Leo frowns intently at his watch, while Carolina stares grimly
ahead and Fast Boy glances nervously in all directions.

Each holds a dark, canvas bag.

FAST BOY
We'd look less here if one of the
bags had the other two in it.

LEO
Removing those bags would cost four
seconds of filling time.
(looks up)
OK, cameras are off line. Let's go.

The three march round the corner.

EXT. BANK STREET -- DAY

The full cable car trundles past Kath and Bill as they climb
the steep sidewalk.

BILL
Couldn't you have found somewhere
uphill of the bank to park?

KATH
And have you complain when you came
out carrying a heavy, brass handgun?

Bill looks at her, surprised. He smiles, but Kath decides to
hop-scotch the next few yards and doesn't notice.

They stop outside the bank. The automatic door SWISHES open.

INT. BANK -- CONTINUOUS

Kath and Bill enter.

Fast Boy, Carolina and watch-obsessed Leo mooch about in separate, strategic parts of the lobby.

Kath leads Bill to a retirement-age BANK OFFICIAL standing beside a bored GUARD and a door marked "STAFF ONLY".

KATH

Hi, I phoned earlier?

BANK OFFICIAL

Ah, Dr Ruskind! We've been expecting
(looks her up and
down)
you. This way, please.

He opens the door for Kath and Bill, and follows them through.

Carolina turns just in time to see him disappear. With a COUGH, he catches Leo's eye.

Leo smiles sagely. He pats his slightly-bulging jacket pocket.

INT. VAULT ACCESS -- MOMENTS LATER

The bank official keys a lengthy sequence of numbers into a panel on the vault's impregnable door. Kath and Bill wait.

BANK OFFICIAL

Security has improved immeasurably
since your last visit. We had a new
system installed four years ago.

He smiles smugly as the vault door emits a WHIRRING followed by a CLICK.

KATH

One eight nine three eight one one
eight four one one two one two one
one four two one one eight two zero
one two five.

BANK OFFICIAL

(twitches)
Excuse me?

Badly feigning insouciance, he pulls the vault door open.

KATH
What you just keyed in.

She jumps through.

BILL
(following)
Don't worry, we won't tell.

INT. BANK -- MOMENTS LATER

The front door suddenly opens and closes violently. A CUSTOMER outside barely escapes injury as he tries to enter.

The door continues, rapidly, like a robot applauding.

Clumsily drawing his gun, the security guard runs over to investigate.

Immediately, the three hoods converge on his vacated post.

INT. VAULT -- MOMENTS LATER

The walls use safety deposit boxes for bricks.

Confidently, the official slides a plastic card from his pocket into a slot on the front of Kath's box.

The box rolls it in, CLICKS, then rolls it out again.

BANK OFFICIAL
(removing card)
The system still accepts old-style
keys such as yours. It's very clever.

Kath skeptically inserts her own plastic key into the slot.

BANK OFFICIAL
See?

Instantly, the lights go completely out.

That's completely, utterly OUT.

KATH
What is this "see" of which you speak?

INT. BANK -- MOMENTS LATER

Disgruntled customers SHOUT and COMPLAIN.

The windows afford some light, but the hoods slip through the "STAFF ONLY" door unnoticed.

INT. VAULT CORRIDOR -- CONTINUOUS

Carolina joins the awaiting Leo and Fast Boy. He quietly closes the door behind him.

The corridor plunges into total DARKNESS.

FAST BOY
(murmuring)
Five, six, seven, eight, nine, ...

INT. VAULT -- MOMENTS LATER

The lights COME UP.

Every single safety deposit box emits a CLICK and slides out open from the wall.

BILL
That's one helluva key you have there,
Kath.

The bank official gapes blankly. If he were a 1960s computer, his display would be reading "DOES NOT COMPUTE".

Kath carefully removes the pistol from her safety deposit box, along with its protective swaddling of soft cloth.

The bank official suddenly galvanizes, pounding on the recalcitrant boxes to try cajole them back into their holes.

KATH
(ignoring banker)
This is the best bit!

She gently slides aside the cloth and looks at her reflection in the handgun's pristine, shiny brass barrel.

She pulls a series of imaginative comical faces.

Bill chuckles. She smiles at him, then chuckles too.

INT. VAULT ACCESS -- MOMENTS LATER

The hoods arrive. They see the official helplessly flapping at safety deposit boxes, but Kath and Bill are out of view.

FAST BOY
What's he doing? You didn't plan for
him!

LEO
(entering vault)
I planned for everything.

He freezes.

Fast Boy and Carolina peer through the doorway from behind.

INT. VAULT -- CONTINUOUS

Bill spots the hoods. He's as surprised as they are.

Kath follows his glance and turns to face them.

CAROLINA

Including where we meet Annie Oakley
and John Lennon's love child?

Leo pulls a sparkling new .38 revolver from his pocket.

The bank officer becomes aware of the intruders. Instantly,
he regains his composure, adjusting his tie and giving Kath
a self-assured, calming gesture.

BANK OFFICIAL

Let me deal with this, Dr Ruskind.

He strides clear of the wall and into a dead faint.

CAROLINA

They must be trained to do that...

LEO

Quiet, Carolina!

KATH

North or south?

CAROLINA

(to Leo)

You idiot! You said my name!

LEO

Fast boy, take her gun!

FAST BOY

Now you've said mine!
(to Kath, walking)
He's Leo.

He wrests the antique from Kath's grasp.

LEO

(panicking)

I know I have a contingency for this,
I -- I know I have.

BILL

But this is so traumatic that I've forgotten your name already.

KATH

And I thought he meant Leo was your birth sign, so I never knew it anyway!

Carolina draws his revolver.

LEO

The fire alarm drowns gunshots!
(sweating nervously)
OK, so. When it starts, we kill them.

Bill steps quickly in front of Kath, shielding her with his body. She gazes in wonder.

BILL

(low, to Kath)
If you get out alive, tell Cara I love her.

Kath half-laughs, sadly, then nods.

She surveys the enemy. Carolina exudes menace, Fast Boy exudes cool, and Leo seems about to exude in his pants.

KATH

(low)
Bill, whatever happens, stay absolutely still still still.
(to the hoods)
Hey, which one of you can shoot straightest?

Leo and Carolina exchange glances.

LEO

Him!

CAROLINA

Me!

Kath comes out from behind Bill at Leo's side.

FAST BOY

What a loser!

Kath's eyes blaze at Fast Boy.

Leo consults his watch, then flicks the safety off his gun.

Kath turns her back on him. She slides a hand into her bag.

Bill casts her an indignant, quizzical look, but accepts her "trust me" return glance.

LEO
Hey! Hands in the air!

She takes out a pair of black, cotton gloves and slips them on, then --

DING A DING A DING! The FIRE ALARM!

Carolina instantly SHOTS Bill in the heart, sprawling him backwards to the ground. Was that a RICOCHET?

Moments later, Leo fires THREE BULLETS at Kath. Each one causes a WEIRDNESS on her jacket then ZINGS off somewhere. She's knocked to her hands and knees.

She doesn't collapse, though.

Terrified, Leo EMPTIES his gun on her.

BULLETS fly everywhere. One of them catches Carolina in the arm, making him drop his weapon.

CAROLINA
(clutching wound)
Damn it to hell!

Leo's pistol starts to CLICK. He stops pulling the trigger.

The fire alarm CEASES its din.

Kath lies motionless face-down on the concrete floor.

Leo and Carolina trade highly worried glances.

FAST BOY
Is she ... dead?

To their horror, Kath rolls slowly over and sits up. Ho boy, does she ever look pissed.

KATH
No, but she's very, very mad.

She glances at Bill. His tie is wasted, but there's no blood.

She stands.

Leo and Fast Boy stare in fascinated dread.

CAROLINA
Don't gawk -- hit her!

Leo turns to protest, but Carolina radiates too much ferocity. Determinedly, he punches his hand and advances on Kath.

KATH
 (to Carolina)
 Nice try, Virginia.

She strides forward, casually throwing a jab into Leo's face that downs him like she'd used a mailed fist.

Without a pause, she heads for Carolina's pistol, stepping on his hand just as he reaches it.

FAST BOY
 Somebody switched off the alarm --
 the timers are all screwed!

CAROLINA
 Hit her for chr --

Kath clubs Carolina's neck double-handed, her gloves flashing a WEIRDNESS. He's out cold before he even hits the floor.

KATH
 When my home planet, Krypton, was
 destroyed by an exploding star...

Daintily, she picks up the gun and turns to face Fast Boy. He shrinks back towards the door.

Kath walks purposefully towards him. She stops beside the prostrate bank official, who stirs.

KATH
 Loser, am I? Ha!

Trembling, Fast Boy swiftly points the Cortes pistol at her.

Like Kath is worried... She shakes her head as she reaches to retrieve her treasure.

The lights go OUT.

KATH
 Oh, phooey.

A brief STRUGGLE ensues.

KATH
 Hey!

BANK OFFICIAL
 I've got one! I've -- ow, he's wearing
 spurs! He's -- ow! Ow! Ow!

Fast Boy's running FOOTSTEPS echo his escape.

KATH

If you're looking up 'his' skirt
when the lights come back, think ow
to the power of ten...

INT. BANK -- DAY

Kath fields questions from POLICE OFFICERS while Bill speaks
on a desk phone.

BILL

She's coming here?

INT. ROSALIND'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Rosalind, pen in one hand and phone in the other, shoos away
an ENGINEER trying to scan her for bugs.

ROSALIND

(to phone)

She has something very important to
say to you.

INT. BANK -- CONTINUOUS

BILL

(to phone)

She what? But I'm about to be
interviewed by the police!

(listens)

Nothing, no, I sorta helped stop a
bank robbery.

(listens)

No don't! Tell her ... tell her
I'll meet her at my hotel. The
address is --

INT. ROSALIND'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Rosalind looks in drawers for a pen, before realizing she's
using one as a substitute cigarette.

ROSALIND

(to phone)

Say that again?

(listens and writes)

OK, I'll call her when she's out of
the air.

INT. BANK -- CONTINUOUS

Bill acknowledges an O.S. cop.

BILL
 (to phone)
 Thanks, uh, I gotta go now. There
 are TV news crews here.

INT. ROSALIND'S OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

Rosland hangs up the phone and picks up a TV remote.

ROSALIND
 Move!

The engineer glances back, sees her scowl, and stops bug-scanning a wall-mounted TV.

The screen bursts into life.

It shows reporter DAVE BUTT outside the bank. He sports a wig so bad that the sale must have involved hypnosis. The word "LIVE" appears beneath the station logo in one corner.

BUTT (O.S.)
 ... who subdued two armed robbers,
 but let a third get away.
 (smiles smarmily)
 I'm sure they did their best.

In the background, POLICE OFFICERS escort KATH and BILL from the bank.

Butt puts his finger to his ear and looks over his shoulder.

BUTT (O.S.)
 Hey, here they come now! Let's ask.

EXT. BANK -- CONTINUOUS

Keeping close as they walk towards a squad car, Kath and Bill brim blissfully with mutual admiration.

Ooh, it's starting to happen!

BILL
 -- said I wasn't to move,
 (shrugs)
 so I didn't!

KATH
 (laughing)
 I thought you were unconscious!

BILL
 The way you decked Leo...

BILL (CONT'D)
 (shakes head)
 You're -- you're truly amazing.

INT. ROSALIND'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Rosalind stares in disbelief at the screen.

She peers, writes something down, then looks back attentively.

EXT. BANK -- CONTINUOUS

KATH
 Me? You were willing to act as a
 human shield! I call that --

Butt barges her aside and buttonholes Bill with his mike.

BUTT
 Dr Ruskind? I'm Dave Butt --

BILL
 She's Dr Ruskind, I'm Bill Godfrey.

Butt looks at Kath.

KATH
 Call me Mad Kath.

Butt returns to Bill like Kath was a tree.

BUTT
 So, how dumb do you feel about letting
 one of the bad guys get away?

INT. APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

A grainy TV screen shows Bill. Captions read "BILL GODFREY"
 in yellow and "NEARLY A HERO" in white beneath.

BILL (O.S.)
 Dumb? Kath apprehended two armed
 robbers! They shot at us!

BUTT (O.S.)
 Sure, your dressed-in-the-dark pal
 made the effort, but --

BILL (O.S.)
 (interrupting)
 How can you mock her clothes while
 wearing a live fruit bat on your --

A thrown computer mouse SMASHES the TV screen dead.

The smoking appliance stands before a filthy window, with old newspapers and household garbage strewn all about.

The wall peels with grime. Away from the TV, magazine pictures cling to it. A few pictures. Lots of pictures. Lots and lots of pictures. Lots and lots of pictures, all of Cara Braxwell.

An enormous shrine fills the entire other half of the room.

In the center is a computer, before which sits the skinny, unprepossessing man who is Cara's GREATEST FAN.

GREATEST FAN

So he's my rival for your heart,
Cara?

He turns to the monitor. It displays Cara's web site at the "HELP ME FIND MY SWEETHEART" page, featuring Bill's picture.

Snarling, he puts his hand next to his keyboard for the mouse. Twice. Three times.

He looks, then glances back at the TV. Oh. That's a problem.

INT. POLICE CAR -- DAY

A FEMALE COP buckles up as her partner pulls out into traffic. Kath and Bill sit in the back.

KATH

I figured Carolina would aim for
your heart.

BILL

(feels chest)
It seems to be working just fine.
(glances at her)
Maybe a bit faster than before...

KATH

You looked calm calm calm at the
time.

BILL

I know. Pure, uncomprehending fear.
(off her look)
I saw my reflection in your glasses.

KATH

That happens when you get close...

They share eye contact for a pregnant moment, then hastily break it.

BILL

Yes, well, I guess, so, what happens now?

KATH

After we've made our statements? We should try get back the pistol.

FEMALE COP

Excuse me, Dr Ruskind, but I think you can leave that to us.

KATH

The man called me a loser!

FEMALE COP

We have several detectives working on the case even now.

KATH

(low, defiantly)

I very do not like being called a loser...

EXT. AIRPORT -- DAY

Cara's airplane stands placidly at a terminal.

INT. V.I.P. LOUNGE -- DAY

The plush, well-appointed room comes stocked with a seated RECEPTIONIST, a SECURITY GUARD and no very important people.

Millie struggles towards the waiting Cara, combining speaking on her cell phone with lugging a large laptop.

CARA

Have you finished talking to "yes, Miss Frederic" yet?

MILLIE

(offs the phone)

Yes, Miss Braxwell.

Cara walks briskly to the bar. Millie strains to keep up.

MILLIE

She had rather a lot to say, Miss Braxwell.

The bar's metal grille resists Cara's attempts to raise it.

CARA

Closed! These people must eat lunch!

She heads back to where she and Millie just came from.

CARA
Hurry up, squid-for-muscles!

MILLIE
Your laptop is a little old.
(pants)
Perhaps if you got a new one?

CARA
(dismissively)
If you're finding it too heavy, I'll
delete some big files for you later.

She stops and sits down. Relieved, Millie joins her.

CARA
So do we know where Bill is staying?

MILLIE
Yes, but...
(cautiously)
Miss Frederic said that Mr Godfrey
had helped stop a bank raid.

CARA
(in disbelief)
Bill?
(shrugs)
Okayyy, so I'll be marrying a hero,
that'll look good.

MILLIE
He was on the TV news with a woman
he didn't tell Miss Frederic about.

CARA
A hero soon to die in tragic
circumstances. Even better.

MILLIE
(uncertain)
You are joking, aren't you, Miss
Braxwell?

CARA
Rosalind would have told you the
name of the reporter?

MILLIE
Yes, she did: Dave Butt. How did --

CARA

Pass me my computer. I want to see
what I know about Dave Butt.

INT. POLICE STATION -- DAY

Bill and Kath stand by a desk as San Francisco's Finest mill
around.

Kath spots one of those wall-mounted payphones without which
no police station would be complete.

She glances at Bill. He spots it too, but then looks away.

The female cop appears with a clipboard.

FEMALE COP

OK, Mr Godfrey, if you'd like to
come with me?

Bill and Kath both prepare to follow her.

FEMALE COP

Not you, Dr Ruskind. Take a seat,
and the lieutenant will be along
shortly.

KATH

But I was hoping -- no, wait!

Despite protestations from both Bill and Kath, the officer
gently but firmly leads Bill away.

INT. V.I.P. LOUNGE -- DAY

Cara speaks on her cell phone while some distance behind her
Millie makes friends with the receptionist.

CARA

So I want you to find out who this
woman is and split her off from Bill.
I don't care how you do it, she's in
my way.

INT. TV NEWS ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Leaning back in his chair at the world's untidiest desk,
Dave Butt holds a phone to his ear.

BUTT

(to phone)

OK, as you're a big shot movie star
I'll spell it out.

BUTT (CONT'D)
 (feet on desk)
 That story is one hundred percent
 dead. Understand? Dead. I got
 different people to intimidate now.

INT. V.I.P. LOUNGE -- CONTINUOUS

Cara consults her computer screen.

CARA
 (to phone)
 I know you wear a wig.

INT. TV NEWS ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

BUTT
 (to phone)
 Gee, how did you find that one out?

INT. V.I.P. LOUNGE -- CONTINUOUS

CARA
 (to phone)
 Because...
 (reads from screen)
 Three years ago you made a documentary
 about earthquakes called "It's Not
 My Fault". Your wig gave the make-
 up girl a static electric shock.

INT. TV NEWS ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

BUTT
 (to phone, laughing)
 OK, so maybe you don't watch TV or
 maybe you're just stupid, but everyone
 knows I wear a wig -- it's my
 trademark!

He holds the phone up in the air.

BUTT
 Hey, do I wear a wig, people?

PEOPLE (O.S.)
 Yeah! Sure you do! Yeah, Dave!

BUTT
 (to phone)
 See? What do I care if you tell
 people I wear a wig? Some blackmailer
 you are!

INT. V.I.P. LOUNGE -- CONTINUOUS

CARA
 (to phone)
 I wasn't talking about the one on
 your head.

INT. TV NEWS ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Butt's frozen look of horror resembles that of some
 prehistoric man they just dug out of the ice.

INT. V.I.P. LOUNGE -- MOMENTS LATER

Cara replaces her phone in her bag as Millie steps up.

MILLIE
 Miss Braxwell? Our car has arrived.

CARA
 (standing)
 Good, let's hit whatever pass for
 designer boutiques in this town.

MILLIE
 Boutiques? But Miss --

CARA
 Look, plain-face girl, I don't allow
 Bill female friends and he needs to
 be shown what he'd miss if he got
 one.

MILLIE
 But he said he'd meet us at his hotel!

CARA
 Every police force in the free world
 is understaffed; it'll be hours before
 they're done with him.
 (walks door)
 Plenty of time to buy something
 stunning to wear.

INT. POLICE STATION -- DAY

Bill sits on a bench, arms folded, bored. He looks at his
 watch, and his shoulders droop further.

He perks up as a door opens and a DETECTIVE emerges, shortly
 followed by Kath. The two shake hands.

Kath walks over to Bill.

BILL

(stands)

You got an old time hippie cop, didn't you? One who writes realll slowww...

KATH

It took awhile to explain why I get to wear bulletproof clothes but police officers don't.

BILL

I hope they were suitably impressed.

KATH

Not enough to offer me a lift to my car.

BILL

That's because they fixed us a volunteer driver.

EXT. POLICE STATION -- DAY

A large sign reads "COMMUNITY VOLUNTEER PROGRAM: SO WE DON'T SPEND YOUR TAXES ON TAXIS".

A large, beaten-up convertible waits patiently by the sidewalk.

Kath and Bill round a corner and stop when they spy it.

BILL

I've seen stock cars in better shape.

KATH

(takes his arm)

Now Bill, someone is giving their free time to help us, so let's not be rude about their wreck.

They walk to the car.

Its driver wears dark glasses, a hat and someone else's mustache. OK, OK, so it's Dave Butt in disguise.

KATH

(holds out hand)

Hi! We really appreciate this!

Butt MUMBLES as he shakes her hand, careful to hide his face.

BILL

Helping the police when you could be visiting the junkyard...

Kath elbows him sharply in the ribs. The slight WEIRDNESS that appears on her jacket explains Bill's pained YELP.

They seat themselves at the rear, with Kath behind Butt.

The car moves off.

INT. CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

Still rubbing his rib cage, Bill feels the cold.

BILL

(to Butt)

Excuse me. I know it's not fashionable in these parts, but could you put up the roof, please?

BUTT

Sorry, but it has to be down so my cameraman can get a good shot.

Flamboyantly, he rips off the glasses, hat and half the mustache.

BILL

Nylon hair man!

BUTT

The same. You can thank your girlfriend.

BILL

(confused)

My gir -- you mean Cara?

BUTT

Yes indeedy. She persuaded me to look at your story some more, and hey, guess what I discovered?

He yields the car at a junction at the top of a hill.

BILL

We're due some kind of reward?

BUTT

(laughs)

Like you need it! That half-wit sitting next to you back there is the fourth --

He stops, paralyzed, frozen mid-sentence.

EXT. JUNCTION -- CONTINUOUS

Greatest Fan lowers his blowpipe and watches the car lurch forward.

GREATEST FAN
Damn. A cross wind.

INT. CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

Bill and Kath exchange a glance of "oh-oh" as the car picks up speed like some freaky theme park ride.

BILL
Steer!

SERIES OF SHOTS -- THE RUNAWAY CAR

-- Bill pounces on the parking brake.

-- Kath stands so she can reach the wheel over Butt's inert body.

-- A bounce nearly throws her out onto the road.

-- Bill tugs hard on the parking brake, but to no effect.

-- Kath turns the wheel just in time to avoid a collision with a delivery truck.

-- Bill tries to change gear, but the lever won't shift.

-- HORNS blare as the car kangaroos through red lights.

-- Bill attempts to climb into the front passenger seat.

-- A cruel bounce hurls him out, but he hangs on and hauls himself up.

-- Kath looks on anxiously as more hard bounces nearly toss him onto the asphalt.

-- The car hurtles downhill.

-- Bill tumbles over the passenger door and into the vehicle.

-- Kath swerves past a tourist bus, but up ahead a TV news van blocks the way.

INT. CAR -- CONTINUOUS

KATH
(shouts)
Bill!

Bill drags himself upright and jams his leg down alongside Butt's.

The brakes and tires WAIL in agony.

KATH

Bill!

She closes her eyes and braces for impact.

The car screeches almost to a halt, finally striking the van with only a gentle bump.

EXT. BOTTOM OF HILL -- MOMENTS LATER

A crowd gathers rapidly.

Kath hops out and opens the driver's door. Butt's fixed, frozen form tumbles majestically out like he was a waxwork.

She helps Bill from the vehicle and onto his feet.

BILL

Kath! Are you OK?

(pants)

What steering! You were fantastic!

KATH

Me fantastic?

(short laugh)

You're the one who, who --

Unable to find the words, she plants an impromptu kiss on his mouth.

Almost immediately, she breaks off in shock.

KATH

I'm sorry! I'm sorry sorry sorry!

I shouldn't, I mean --

BILL

(recovering)

Yes, definitely, you ... were fantastic.

(looks up)

Didn't you park someplace near here?

EXT. BOUTIQUE -- DAY

Cara emerges from the high-class store looking as stunning as she promised. Laptop-guarding Millie awaits her.

CARA
This ought to shut down the thinking
part of his brain.

MILLIE
(impressed)
Miss Braxwell! You look --

CARA
(interrupting)
Millie, I don't respect your opinion
so there's no point in giving it.

Millie picks up the laptop, ready to depart, then frowns.
She peers beyond Cara into the boutique, biting her lip.

CARA
Astonishing. Confused people really
do behave like the instructors in
acting class say.

MILLIE
What happened to your old outfit?

CARA
(dismissively)
Oh, I junked it.

MILLIE
(horrified)
But I --

CARA
Call a cab so we can go meet the
soon-to-be Bill Braxwell.

EXT. KATH'S CAR -- DAY

Kath drives the car out onto a main road.

INT. KATH'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Bill looks down. He fidgets with something on his lap.

BILL
I feel real bad about leaving the
reporter like that.

KATH
What were we supposed to do? He was
paralyzed, completely unable to move!

They stop at a junction, adjacent to a trash can.

BILL
Yeah, I guess.

He takes Butt's wig from his lap and bins it.

BILL
His cameraman probably carries a
spare.

The car moves off again.

KATH
If it's OK, could we stop off at a
friend of mine's place? It is on
the way to your hotel.

BILL
Sure -- no need to ask.

KATH
Her name is Guru Louise. She's fun --
you'll like her.

BILL
I guess I should call Cara at some
point, though. Why she came here,
must be important.

Kath reaches surreptitiously inside her jacket pocket and
retrieves something.

KATH
(hesitatingly)
Bill, do you actually love Cara? Or
is it just habit?

BILL
I thought I did, but...
(frowns)
No, I do love her, of course I do!

Kath peeks into her hand, where she holds Bill's SIM chip.
She glances to Bill, sadly.

Bill is staring into the distance.

BILL
I must do!

Slowly, Kath smiles. She re-pockets the chip.

EXT. TAXI -- DAY

The cab bunny-hops through downtown San Francisco.

INT. TAXI -- CONTINUOUS

Cara lounges in the back, Millie endures up front and the DRIVER wonders why he ever thought picking up a movie star was a good idea.

CARA

I hate this city. It has weather.

MILLIE

The view across the bay can be very --

CARA

(interrupting)

If you can see the bridge, it's going to rain. If not, it's already raining.

The taxi SWERVES suddenly.

CARA

(shouted, to driver)

Hey! I thought cable car spills were fair game?

EXT. KATH'S CAR -- DAY

Kath drives through the late 1960s time warp that is Haight-Ashbury.

INT. KATH'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

BILL

So what kind of guru is Guru Louise?

KATH

An electronics guru. She's smart smart smart!

BILL

She checks your cybernetic implants after every use?

KATH

She'll have something that can activate my pistol's transponder.

BILL

Transponder? You mean it's bugged?!

(aghast)

Kath -- you should have told the police!

KATH

The man said I was a loser.

BILL
 But they're paid to catch crooks!
 Wait till their union hears of this.

KATH
 How many times -- ?
 (loudly)
 The man said I was a loser!

BILL
 But --

KATH
 Bill, the whole point of my newspaper
 ad was to forewarn guys that I'm
 weird. Mad Kath. Mad. See?

BILL
 So..?

KATH
 So by replying, didn't it meant you
 were OK with that?

BILL
 (shies away)
 Let's hope Fast Boy hasn't left town
 yet...

INT. PAWNBROKER'S -- DAY

Fast Boy glances nervously around as the obese PAWNBROKER
 examines Kath's pistol through a jeweler's eyepiece.

PAWNBROKER
 Governor of New Spain, 1522.
 (removes eyepiece)
 I'm only a lightweight, I don't have
 this kind of cash.

FAST BOY
 (taking back pistol)
 Know anyone who might?

PAWNBROKER
 (shrugs)
 Antique dealers maybe, import export.
 Try Chinatown. Or eBay.

EXT. GURU LOUISE'S HOUSE -- DAY

Kath pulls up right outside the classy, Victorian building.
 Bill gets the sidewalk.

BILL
 (admires house)
 Now this isn't the home of someone
 who'd mind my using her phone.

KATH
 Guru Louise doesn't have a phone.
 Front row, Woodstock, 1971.

BILL
 So we're talking "as a post" here?

They get out and mount the steps to the front door.

EXT. GURU LOUISE'S DOOR -- CONTINUOUS

Joss sticks burn in mini braziers on the door frame.

The portal creaks mysteriously open, as if of its own accord.

KATH
 Ah, good, she's in!

INT. GURU LOUISE'S HOUSE -- DAY

The room is a riotous mix of psychedelic decor and high-tech equipment. Posters of the Grateful Dead share wall space with circuit diagrams and a signed photo of Linus Torvalds.

Attempting to hook an Apple Mac up to a lava lamp is GURU LOUISE. Plump and middle-aged, she wears clothes that are either ten years ahead of fashion or twenty years behind.

LOUISE
 (looks up)
 Oh, hi Mad Kath! Happy Birthday!

In the following conversation, Kath speaks silently (MOS) with SUBTITLES, so Louise can lip-read but Bill hears nothing.

KATH (MOS)
 Hi, Guru Louise! You remembered!

Bill stares blankly at Kath, then at Louise, then back at Kath.

KATH (MOS)
 Sorry to be a pain, but someone took
 my Cortes pistol and I need a tracker.

LOUISE
 (puts down lamp)
 That was most uncool of them.

LOUISE (CONT'D)
(nods at Bill)
It finally worked?

KATH (MOS)
Louise! Don't say that when he can
hear!
(frowns)
And no, it's all gone wrong wrong
wrong.

Bill continues to look from one to the other, nonplussed.

LOUISE
I knew it would. What you want, you
don't find, it finds you.

KATH
It doesn't even know I exist...

Louise removes a paisley shawl that covers a tea chest. She
fishes around inside, still keeping her eyes on Kath.

LOUISE
So what's the real problem here?

KATH (MOS)
Real problem? What do you..?
(sighs)
I fancy him to pieces, but obviously
he can never feel the same way about
me. And ... he has a girlfriend.

LOUISE
(retrieving tracker)
But?

KATH (MOS)
But?

Louise eyes the tracker. It's shoe-box sized in black, with
three aerials, a green circular display and knobs everywhere.

LOUISE
Why you're here?

KATH (MOS)
But his girlfriend is a complete
asshole! If I could just...
(imploringly)
Louise, I don't know what to do!

LOUISE
 (as they go)
 See you later.

She waves.

EXT. GURU LOUISE'S HOUSE -- DAY

Greatest Fan debubbles a hypodermic needle, his back to the house and Kath's car.

A TEACHER walks past, holding aloft a stick with ribbons on it. A gaggle of teenage SCHOOLCHILDREN follows.

Bill and Kath come down from the door.

EXT. GURU LOUISE'S DOOR -- CONTINUOUS

Kath leads.

 BILL
 But I missed half the conversation!

 KATH
 So? Think of all the millions of
 other conversations going on right
 now that you're missing all of.

She jumps the last two steps.

EXT. GURU LOUISE'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Greatest Fan advances on Bill, crouching curbside to use the children for cover.

Bill pauses beside Kath's vehicle, examining the tracker.

 BILL
 These knobs aren't marked. Which one
 is the self-destruct?

 KATH
 It'll work just fine.
 (gets into car)
 Guru Louise is world class ...

Greatest Fan lunges towards Bill, but makes the mistake of putting his hand heavily on the E-type's body work.

ZAP! BZZZT! A huge electric current courses through him, FLASHING and arcing blue SPARKS everywhere.

Bill joins Kath in the car without noticing the fireworks.

KATH (CONT'D)
... she does all my security.

Kath starts the engine, ending Greatest Fan's skeleton dance torment.

His clothes smolder. He has Van der Graf hair. He stands, syringe raised, fixed-smiling through blackened teeth.

BILL
(turns a tracker knob)
Odd. This seems to be fully charged
all of a sudden.

Kath drives off.

Greatest Fan remains absolutely motionless, small currents occasionally flickering across his body.

The teacher turns, then claps with delight.

TEACHER
Look, children!
(points)
Spontaneous human combustion!

INT. TAXI -- DAY

Angrily, Cara stabs at her phone, then drops it in her bag.

MILLIE
Bad news, Miss Braxwell?

CARA
Dave Butt took a poison dart in the neck. He won't regain autonomous muscle control 'til they fly in the antidote from Namibia.

She reaches into her bag and takes out her phone again.

MILLIE
You're -- you're not going to tell anyone his secret, are you? He only --

CARA
(punching buttons)
I don't think you quite understand how blackmail works, Millie.

INT. KATH'S CAR -- DAY

Kath drives past yet more picturesque buildings.

BILL
I don't get it.
(shakes head)
You achieved a major scientific
breakthrough. How come being called
a loser by a loser bothers you?

KATH
Fast Boy doesn't know I'm not a loser.

BILL
Is the pistol uninsured? Uh, your
patent money ran out -- is that why
you're selling it?

KATH
Not at all. I'm even better at
investment than I am at polymer
chemistry.
(sighs)
It's people I'm no good at.

BILL
Some, you're very good at...

KATH
(frustratedly)
I want -- I'd like, just, just some
recognition. That I'm a person.

BILL
That's one of Cara's faults.
Recognition is a two-way thing.

KATH
(biting lip)
Bill..?

Bill looks spookily through the hole in his tie.

BILL
Yes..?

Kath smiles, but only briefly. She has something on her mind.

KATH
You love Cara, right, and she loves
you, right, but just suppose,
hypothetically --

BILL
Hypothetically...

KATH
 -- suppose she didn't love you, she
 loved someone else, someone who didn't
 love her.

She glances at Bill. He looks like he's OK with this.

BILL
 Still hypothetically...

KATH
 And suppose you had something for
 her that you knew she'd use to get
 off with this someone else.
 (deep breath)
 Would you give it to her?

She smiles, but winces as she does so, ready for his answer.

BILL
 Of course. Self-sacrifice -- that's
 the truest test of love, isn't it?

KATH
 That's what I thought, too.
 (swallows hard)
 Let's find you that pistol, then.

INT. ANTIQUE SHOP -- DAY

Fast Boy waits anxiously as the Oriental ANTIQUARIAN examines the handgun. The shop's glass cabinets showcase strange and exotic objets d'art at strange and exotic prices.

A counter bearing a phone and a till separates the two men. The back wall hides a passage behind a tapestry-like drape.

ANTIQUARIAN
 Marques del valle de Oaxaca.
 (looks up)
 Do you have provenance for this?

FAST BOY
 Have what?

ANTIQUARIAN
 Any record of its history?

FAST BOY
 (instantly suspicious)
 What's it to you?

ANTIQUARIAN

Because if memory serves, the last time this piece came up for auction it fetched half a million dollars.

Fast Boy grins gleefully, unconvincingly affecting disinterest the moment he spots the antiquarian's disapproving look.

FAST BOY

This, er, provenance: what would it look like?

ANTIQUARIAN

Documents -- old letters, bills of sale and so on. Let me just call
(closes eyes)
my associate.

Fast Boy's hand snaps onto the pistol as the antiquarian makes to turn.

The antiquarian smiles apologetically. He releases the handgun and scurries out back, not fully closing the drape.

Fast Boy's gaze alights on the phone next to the till. He peers down the passage and sees the panicked antiquarian stabbing numbers into a cell phone.

Fast Boy backs off, still watching, then turns and runs.

EXT. HOTEL -- DAY

Kath pulls up outside, occupying the spot vacated by a departing Toyota. She and Bill clamber out.

EXT. HOTEL SIDEWALK -- MOMENTS LATER

Eagle-eyed Kath spots a blackened left hand print on the passenger side of her car; she rubs it off using her sleeve.

Bill appeases the watching parking meter with quarters.

KATH

(as Bill joins her)
Thanks!

He stops and looks around.

BILL

Who, me?

KATH

Yes. For feeding the meter monster.

KATH (CONT'D)
(off his blank look)
My, she really does have you trained,
doesn't she?

They enter the hotel.

INT. HOTEL -- CONTINUOUS

Modern decor and furnishings share an uneasy peace with
outmoded architecture, fittings and guests.

They make for the reception desk, which squeezes into a corner
some way from the entrance and integral Coffee Bar Italienne.

KATH
Isn't it a bad idea to call Cara if
you don't have the pistol?

BILL
Yes, but she has this something real
important to say.

Kath stops walking.

KATH
I'll -- I'll wait here and tune the
tracker, then.

BILL
Why not come up to my room? It has
free --
(frowns)
Well it looks like coffee, even if
it does taste of burnt yeast.

Kath turns away so Bill can't see her face. She shakes her
head.

BILL
(concerned)
Kath, are you -- ?

KATH
(faces him, flushed)
Go and make your call. I'm --
(smiles unconvincingly)
I'm happy happy happy for you.

EXT. HOTEL SIDEWALK -- MOMENTS LATER

Cara stands arms folded, waiting for the computer-lugging
Millie to join her. So bored does she wish to appear that
she almost sits on the trunk of the yellow E-type.

Almost.

CARA
 (as Millie arrives)
 Put that down and gesture obscenely
 at the taxi driver.
 (off her look)
 He stopped three feet from the
 sidewalk!

Millie stares where the cab went, then back to Cara.

CARA
 Scaredy-chicken wimp girl...

She sizes up the facade of the building, then disdainfully
 dons her dark glasses.

INT. HOTEL COFFEE BAR -- MOMENTS LATER

Kath sits in the Coffee Bar Italienne section of the lobby.
 She watches sadly as Bill in an elevator closes its doors
 and goes out of sight.

The door behind her opens and in gusts Cara. After a buffeting
 from the backswing, Millie heaves herself through to follow.

Cara chooses a table right in front of the glum Kath,
 completely obscuring her view of pretty much everything.

Millie arrives. She gratefully rests the computer on a chair.

CARA
 I can't propose here. Not in such a
 ghastly, little people hostelry.

MILLIE
 I'll ask if Mr Godfrey is in his
 room, Miss Braxwell.

Kath's ears prick up.

CARA
 And get the name of some classier
 hotel nearby that might yet be willing
 to let him through its doors.

Kath gapes. The gall of the woman!

EXT. TOURIST SHOP -- DAY

Fast Boy carries the pistol hidden inside his trenchcoat.
 Annoyingly, all passers-by stare warily at the bulge it makes.

The shop's sidewalk rack carries a selection of sturdy "I ESCAPED FROM ALCATRAZ" plastic carrier bags. Fast Boy sidles up to it and removes one. The SHOPKEEPER notices.

SHOPKEEPER

How'd you like to pay for that, buddy?

FAST BOY

Do you take lead?

He pulls the handgun and points it in the direction of the shopkeeper and two nearby CUSTOMERS.

FEMALE CUSTOMER

Look out! He's got a ... flute?

SHOPKEEPER

(shaking head)

Could be one of them fancy dope pipes.

MALE CUSTOMER

No, it's a clockwork microphone. I saw one once in Africa.

FAST BOY

What?! It's a gun, you -- !

Disgusted, he shakes his head and runs. Some people just didn't pay attention at victim school.

INT. HOTEL COFFEE BAR -- AFTERNOON

Kath changes chairs so she can see world. Ah, there's Millie, chatting and joking with the guy behind the reception desk.

Oblivious to both, Cara removes a make-up purse from her bag. She places the bag on the floor, takes off her shades, and commences repairs.

Kath glances down and double-takes. Cara's mobile phone sits atop the god knows what else she also carries with her.

Quickly checking that no-one's watching, Kath leans forward and switches the phone off.

One, two, three, four -- done!

She sits up, waits until Cara begins the delicate operation of retracing her lip-liner, then taps her on the shoulder.

KATH

Excuse me?

Cara jerks in surprise.

KATH (CONT'D)
Are you Cara Braxwell?

CARA
Yes. Are you a nobody?

She looks in her mirror. Damn! That's going to need a tissue.

KATH
Sorry, I'm Mad Kath.

She proffers her hand, but to no avail. Cara doesn't do hands.

KATH (CONT'D)
I was just wondering... Why do you
want to marry Bill Godfrey when you
don't love him?

CARA
(startled)
How do you -- ? That was you speaking
in tongues on his phone!

KATH
And that was you lying in English on
yours.

CARA
(returning to make-up)
I need him for a while, until fashions
change.

KATH
But you don't love him!

CARA
So?

She puts down her make-up purse and turns to face her.

CARA
No-one loves him. I'm not depriving
anyone else of his charms, because
he doesn't have any. He's unlovable.

KATH
I --
(surprising herself)
I love him.

CARA
(shrugs)
Oh.

CARA (CONT'D)
(returns to her face)
Isn't it a pity that he loves me,
then?

EXT. HOTEL SIDEWALK -- MOMENTS LATER

A motorbike stops alongside the car behind Kath's. Perched on the pillion seat is a large eagle.

The driver removes his helmet -- it's Greatest Fan. Bike leathers conceal all wounds except for his still-frazzled hair.

He coaxes the eagle onto his forearm and removes its hood, then edges to the sidewalk as if Kath's car were radioactive.

INT. HOTEL COFFEE BAR -- MOMENTS LATER

Millie returns, to find Kath and Cara glaring at each other.

MILLIE
He's in his room, but his phone was
in use.

Cara concedes the staring match and scowls at Millie instead.

CARA
Then you must have dialed the wrong
number. Can't you do --

KATH
(interrupting)
No, she's right, he really was making
a call: to you.
(false innocence)
But oh look, your phone isn't on.

It's lucky Cara doesn't have X-man heat vision, or Kath would be toast.

KATH (CONT'D)
What a shame. Because his number was
engaged, you won't be.

Millie smiles, stopping the instant before Cara casts her a frosty glance.

Behind Kath, Greatest Fan enters the lobby. A BELL HOP immediately accosts him about the eagle, and the pair argue.

MILLIE
(to Kath)
Millie McCarey.

MILLIE (CONT'D)
I'm so pleased to meet you.

KATH
(shakes Millie's hand)
Mad Kath, my pleasure.
(takes tracker)
Sorry I can't chat, but Bill will be
down shortly and I have to divert
Cara here so we can make our escape.

She stands up, walks two paces from Cara, and points at her.

KATH
(shouts)
Hey, everybody! It's Cara Braxwell!

INT. HOTEL -- CONTINUOUS

Silence fills the room. Every single person looks at Cara,
but no-one moves.

Cara's face is stone.

GREATEST FAN
(in disbelief)
No -- it really is Cara Braxwell!

The lobby suddenly ERUPTS in Cara's direction. Loud CHEERS
and WHISTLES accompany the mob's assault.

Kath walks clear, just in time to see Bill emerging from the
elevator.

KATH
Hi Bill! No luck? Let's go then.

She takes him by the arm.

BILL
I left a voice mail. Say --
(watches crowd)
Look -- wait, what's going on?

KATH
Someone giving out free popcorn.
Come on.

They reach the door.

BILL
Free? Maybe we should --

Kath pushes him outside.

INT. HOTEL COFFEE BAR -- CONTINUOUS

Cara struggles free, her clothes shredded by sated fans.

CARA

You toothpicks! He's getting away!

GREATEST FAN

Who is, angel cupcake darling
sweetheart?

CARA

Bill Godfrey, you crazy vulture man.

GREATEST FAN

Off of your web site?

Menacingly, he turns, stroking his eagle.

He stalks to the door.

EXT. HOTEL -- MOMENTS LATER

Engine running, Kath waits for a gap so she can pull out.
Bill, beside her, peers nosily towards the hotel windows.

Greatest Fan arrives to distract him just as Cara and Millie
appear at those very same hotel windows.

INT. HOTEL COFFEE BAR -- MOMENTS LATER

Cara bangs on the glass with an empty styrene coffee cup.

CARA

In quality hotels, they have china.

MILLIE

(watching outside)

Weren't you once in a movie called
Attack Eagles?

EXT. HOTEL -- MOMENTS LATER

Kath forces her way into the traffic and hits the accelerator.

Greatest Fan points at her dramatically.

GREATEST FAN

(shouts)

Attaaaaaack!

He hurls the eagle into the air.

It swoops ninety degrees from where he's pointing and savages some poor TOURIST on a cable car.

Hastily, Greatest Fan mounts his bike and starts it up.

INT. KATH'S CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

Bill turns to face the direction of travel.

BILL

So where in this bizarre city are you taking me now?

KATH

The tracker says Chinatown.

BILL

Let's hope it still says that when we get there.

INT. PHONE BOX -- DAY

Fast Boy runs his finger down the list of "R" names in the telephone directory. He stops at the one and only Dr Ruskind.

He rips the page out, folds it, and turns to leave, smiling in a most evil fashion. If he had a mustache, he'd twirl it.

INT. KATH'S CAR -- DAY

Bill looks at his watch.

BILL

This is really devouring your day. You must have big plans for later.

KATH

It's OK. I usually go to evening classes Fridays, but I can skip this week's. It's only 1978-79.

(off his blank look)

History of the Internet.

BILL

Keep sane. Skip 1980 onwards, too.

KATH

Sane? I keep telling you, I'm --

BILL

-- yes, I know. But -- you're not having a birthday party, then?

KATH

A party?
(shrugs)
Who'd come?

BILL

(smiles)
You sweet thing, you really don't
get it, do you?

EXT. KATH'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

The car slows at the approach of Chinatown.

EXT. ANOTHER TAXI -- DAY

Millie staggers up carrying bags from high-price stores. She struggles to open a rear door.

INT. ANOTHER TAXI -- CONTINUOUS

Cara, on the back seat, eagerly claws through the bags as Millie dumps them beside her. Initial excitement rapidly gives way to scornful contempt.

Millie collapses into the passenger seat next to the female TAXI DRIVER.

CARA

Is this all?

MILLIE

(catching her breath)
My credit card ran out, Miss Braxwell.

CARA

(holds up a jacket)
Cream? Cream is just so six weeks
ago.

MILLIE

I'm sorry, Miss Braxwell, but I don't
really know about these things.

CARA

You're paid to know about them!

MILLIE

(blankly)
I ... don't think I am.

Cara strips off her top. She notices the driver watching her through the rear view mirror.

CARA

What's with you? Never had a major
celebrity undress in your cab before?

TAXI DRIVER

Only politicians.

CARA

This place is full of hillbillies!
(removes ragged blouse)
Stop ogling and take us to Chinatown.

The driver starts up the engine.

MILLIE

How do you know they're in Chinatown,
Miss Braxwell?

CARA

Because Crazy Kath spoke Chinese on
Bill's phone.
(buttons up new blouse)
If she's not there, we'll try
Francetown or Spaintown instead.

EXT. CHINATOWN -- DAY

Kath and Bill wander on foot through the busy streets. Kath
carries the tracker.

They overhear a few snatches of CHINESE CONVERSATION.

BILL

All I understood from that is how
this place got its name.

KATH

Beats me, too. That's Cantonese; I
spent a year of Friday evenings
learning Mandarin.
(hops three times)
I can read it, though. Same weird
characters.

BILL

I'm not averse to weird characters...

KATH

Mandarin was fun! Not as fun as
frisbees or motorcycles, but funner
than the geography of the Great
Barrier Reef.

She stops and turns a knob on the tracker, frowning.

BILL
(seriously)
Close?

KATH
Up ahead.

She points at a clothes shop.

EXT. CLOTHES SHOP -- CONTINUOUS

Fast Boy races out of the shop, his pistol bag and trenchcoat in one hand and a snappy silk jacket in the other.

An angry but out-of-condition SHOP OWNER makes it to the sidewalk before giving up the chase.

SHOP OWNER
(shouting)
Stop him! He stole! He stole!

EXT. CHINATOWN -- CONTINUOUS

Kath and Bill exchange a glance, then rush after Fast Boy.

SERIES OF SHOTS -- THE FIRST CHINATOWN CHASE

-- Fast Boy dashes down the street, passers-by scattering out of his way.

-- Bill leads Kath apace, following in Fast Boy's wake. They see him turn right, into an alley.

-- Fast Boy skids to a halt, blocked by a dead-end. He darts back onto the street.

-- Bill and Kath bear down on him. He throws his trenchcoat at them and runs off again.

-- Bill checks to defeat the trenchcoat. Kath points at Fast Boy cutting through moving traffic to cross the road.

-- Cars brake harshly to avoid hitting Fast Boy. HORNS sound.

-- Bill pulls back Kath as she steps off the sidewalk to follow. A car ZOOMS past that would have hit her if he hadn't.

-- Fast Boy heads up a side-street, shoulder-charging a POLICE OFFICER in the process.

-- A large truck blocks Bill and Kath's view. It pulls to a halt. They run behind it and across the road.

-- Fast Boy ducks into a herbalist's shop, panting.

-- Kath and Bill stand across the street from where they were, looking in all directions. No sign of Fast Boy.

INT. HERBALIST'S -- DAY

Curious jars containing curious parts of curious plants line the walls. A little breathless, Fast Boy picks one up and pretends he can read the Chinese label.

On a stepladder, the HERBALIST removes a top-shelf jar and sniffs at its contents.

Trying to blend in, Fast Boy unwisely does the same.

FAST BOY

Uh, uh, urrrrr!

Ye gods! The smelling salts inside boggle his eyes and stream water out of his every facial orifice.

He slams back the lid and rapidly replaces the jar at arm's length. He pats anxiously his pockets for a Kleenex.

A hand clamps onto his shoulder. It's that of the policeman he slammed past earlier.

EXT. HERBALIST'S -- MOMENTS LATER

Bill and Kath approach. Bill scans faces while Kath faces her scanner.

KATH

Wait, he's moving again.

(looks up)

There!

One hand raised, the other carrying the bag and jacket, Fast Boy emerges from the herbalist's.

The cop follows, gun drawn. He gestures; Fast Boy halts.

Bill and Kath jog over.

KATH

Hi police officer! Hi Fast Boy! Eww!

What happened to you?

POLICE OFFICER

You know this guy?

(as they approach)

Stay back -- he's on amphetamines.

FAST BOY

Hey, no way.

FAST BOY (CONT'D)
(off their looks)
There was a jar full of mace!

The police officer removes a credit card wallet from Fast Boy's back pocket, careful not to touch his greasy comb.

He flips it open like Captain Kirk with a communicator.

KATH
He's a thief, officer. He has my
antique pistol in his bag. See?

She moves her scanner closer to the bag. In response, it emits baby highway patrol SIREN noises.

FAST BOY
Don't listen to her, she's in fancy
dress -- she's nuts!

POLICE OFFICER
Donald "Fast Boy" Jones, you're wanted
downtown for questioning.
(readies cuffs)
And if you think she's nuts, you
haven't seen some of the --

A poison arrow frog SPLATS between his eyes.

He sways a moment, then crumples impressively in a heap.

Kath and Bill look over their shoulders with mounting trepidation.

Greatest Fan sits astride his bike, scowling. Gloved, he pulls another frog from a bag tied to his belt. He loads it into his slingshot.

Kath looks at Bill. Bill looks at Kath.

They bolt!

A second frog WHIZZES past, downing a pedestrian.

Fast Boy races ahead, having bolted somewhat earlier.

Greatest Fan U-turns his bike to follow.

SERIES OF SHOTS -- THE SECOND CHINATOWN CHASE

-- Fast Boy tosses the stolen jacket to one side. He grips the pistol through the bag so he can run faster.

-- Bill and Kath follow at speed. Bill is faster than Kath, but Fast Boy is faster than Bill.

-- A modern-day HIPPIE chick, browsing beads, looks up and SCREAMS.

-- Head-on, Fast Boy has the red-eyed stare of the undead. He WHOOSHES past the hippie.

-- Bill and Kath continue. The scanner slows Kath down. They reach the same hippie and each WHOOSHES past.

-- Fast Boy hurdles a plastic fence guarding street repairs.

-- The hippie looks up the street to see if anyone else is heading her way. A poison arrow frog SPLATS her forehead.

-- Fast Boy makes a left at a junction. He sprints past an arriving taxi.

-- Bill and Kath run either side of the plastic fence.

-- Out of the taxi get Millie and Cara.

EXT. STREET REPAIRS -- MOMENTS LATER

Kath leads, having got the better deal avoiding the fence.

KATH

Short cut!

She heads off down a narrow back street, Bill in tow.

A bald, elderly KUNG FU GUY ducks as a poison arrow frog flies past and THUDS into a wall.

He spins and looks whence it came, raising his hands.

KUNG FU GUY

Hoo-aaa!

The frog hops off the wall and onto his pate. He swoons.

EXT. LARGE SHOP -- MOMENTS LATER

Millie pays the taxi driver while the freshly attired Cara sizes up her full-length reflection in the shop window.

CARA

Little people costume.

She shudders.

Millie joins her. She touches the expensive material of Cara's sleeve in wonder. Cara swiftly pulls her arm away and scowls.

TAXI DRIVER
Hey! What about this mess?
(waves a ragged blouse)
You can't leave it here!

CARA
Then take it elsewhere.
(to Millie)
Why are you peasants all so stupid?

EXT. BUSY STREET -- MOMENTS LATER

Bill and Kath emerge from the back street, panting.

BILL
Which way?

KATH
(twiddles with scanner)
No response. He must be underground.

Behind them sounds the ROAR of a motorbike. They glance back, to see Greatest Fan approaching.

Kath looks worriedly to Bill as he scopes the street.

BILL
(pointing)
There!

They dash across the road towards a restaurant.

INT. RESTAURANT WASHROOM -- DAY

Fast Boy sits recovering his breath on the floor. High above, frosted-glass skylights line the wall at street level.

He removes the pistol from its bag and examines it. He looks down the barrel. He shakes it. He stands.

He fills it with water from a faucet and shakes it again. He empties it into a basin. Something metallic BOUNCES out.

He looks, and smiles. Muahaha!

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT -- DAY

The sunken floor fills with people. A WAITER points Kath and Bill at some stairs leading below.

BILL

I'll go down. Put on your cast iron gloves ready for when he comes out.

EXT. LARGE SHOP -- DAY

Millie follows the glowering Cara out of the shop, back onto the street.

CARA

So if he's not in there, where is he?

MILLIE

Chinatown covers several blocks, Miss Braxwell.

Cara looks up and down the street at the buildings, the people and the signs. She snarls.

A motorcycle pulls up ahead them. The driver ostentatiously removes his helmet, revealing himself to be Greatest Fan.

GREATEST FAN

Cara, my sweet angel honey sugarplum!

CARA

You!

GREATEST FAN

(points)

They're in the restaurant over there.

CARA

What are? Your marbles?

GREATEST FAN

No, the people who did this to me!

Dramatically, he wrenches at the zip of his leather jacket, but it jams. He struggles, but it doesn't want to move.

Millie casts a concerned eye at his bag, which periodically CROAKS.

GREATEST FAN

(giving up)

You'll just have to trust me, it's not pretty. There are scorch marks.

Cara turns away and glances skyward. Give me strength!

CARA

Follow...

She marches towards the restaurant.

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT -- DAY

Kath stands, perusing the menu she holds in her gloved hands.

Before her eyes, the Chinese characters transform into English. "PIG", "OX", "FISH"...

She puts it back as the front door opens and Cara storms in.

Everyone looks up.

Kath's eyes dart. She points at Cara.

KATH

Hey, everybody! It's Cara Braxwell!

Everyone stares at Cara, then at one another.

KATH

(encouragingly)

No, it really is Cara Braxwell.

Chairs SCRAPE back as everyone rises and SURGES forward.

CARA

But this time I came prepared!

Greatest Fan appears, his slingshot loaded.

Everyone hesitates. They want to reach Cara, but they're afraid of being frogged.

Kath steps out in front of them, protectively.

KATH

Put down your weapon. Nice and gently.

Greatest Fan considers.

CARA

She's unarmed. You have a frog!

KATH

(steps forward)

Hand it over and you won't get hurt.

GREATEST FAN

(with menace)

If you want it so bad...

Everyone GASPS as he shoots.

The frog zooms straight at Kath's face, bullet speed! At the last moment, her gloved hand appears and catches it.

KATH
(indignantly)
You could have broken my glasses!

Cara gapes.

Greatest Fan makes to run, then reaches for his bag, then makes to run again, then reaches for his bag again.

Kath hurls her frog like it was a Frisbee, slicing the cord holding Greatest Fan's bag to his belt.

Greatest Fan looks down in panic, then at Kath.

Kath folds her arms and smiles.

KATH
Hey, everybody! It's Cara Braxwell!

The crowd surges forward. Greatest Fan and Cara GULP together.

INT. RESTAURANT WASHROOM -- DAY

Bill kicks open the last stall: empty. He looks around, and spies a newly broken skylight. Damn!

He clambers onto a basin and hauls himself up, careful to avoid the remaining shards of glass.

EXT. RESTAURANT WASHROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Bill flops through the window and into another alleyway.

He stands. No sign of Fast Boy, just a few trash cans.

He checks the trash cans; they're unoccupied.

He runs to the end of the alley, onto the street.

EXT. CHINESE RESTAURANT -- CONTINUOUS

Millie holds open the door of a waiting cab as Cara dashes from the restaurant and dives headlong in.

Millie looks up, to see a running Bill brake hastily.

The two make eye contact. They hold it a moment.

Millie closes Cara's door and gets into the front of the cab. Bill turns his back and puts his hands in his pockets.

The taxi pulls away as hordes of celebrity-obsessed diners give chase. Greatest Fan wheelies off in another direction.

Bill chances a look. He sees Kath appear and bend down to pick something up from the road. He trots over to her.

BILL

There was a skylight.

KATH

(examines crushed bug)

He found the transponder.

(pouts)

Bother bother bother.

Bill gives her a supportive hug, which she readily accepts.

INT. YET ANOTHER TAXI -- DAY

Looking through the back window, Cara satisfies herself that the fans won't catch up. She turns and frowns at Millie.

CARA

Hey! Girl next door! Where to now?

MILLIE

(looking ahead)

Bill's hotel, he has to go back some time. Besides, we left your PC there.

(faces Cara)

They've already had a piece of you, it should be quite safe.

CARA

And you can remove that stupid Internet page. How you persuaded --

Millie turns away again and mouths Cara's remaining words.

CARA (O.S.)

-- me to agree to it I'll never know.

EXT. NOB HILL -- CONTINUOUS

The yet another taxi leaves Chinatown, overtaking Fast Boy's black BMW parked curbside.

INT. BMW -- CONTINUOUS

Fast Boy consults a sheet map spread across the wheel. Between his teeth he grips a pen like a pirate's cutlass.

Awkwardly, he removes the folded-up phone book page from his pocket. He opens it so it's folded just once and reads.

Taking his pen, he underlines Kath's address.

EXT. CHINESE RESTAURANT -- DAY

Kath and Bill walk aimlessly. Kath stuffs her gloves and her tracker into her bag.

BILL

No, only three varieties of poison
dart frog can kill humans.

KATH

So he's not a murderer.
(shakes head)
Nevertheless, those poor people...

BILL

Poor frogs, too. They must have been
stressed to release their toxins,
and it isn't warm or humid enough
for --
(off her look)
Uh, Cara was in a frog movie once.

KATH

She's toxic without being stressed.

Bill glances away, kinda guiltily.

KATH

(tugs his arm)
Bill! Cookies!

She points to a small cookie outlet up ahead.

EXT. T-JUNCTION -- MOMENTS LATER

Greatest Fan looks over his shoulder to ensure that he really
is the only crazed admirer of Cara now in the vicinity.

He pulls over and dismounts his bike. He removes his helmet,
better to examine possible scratches to the fuel tank.

He buffs up the paintwork with his sleeve, and smiles. He
steps back and folds his arms.

Then he spots the eagle shit splattered all down the back.

Wearily, he looks away.

His eyes suddenly narrow. Hey, who's that outside the cookie
shop across the street there?

EXT. COOKIE SHOP -- MOMENTS LATER

Kath bounces enthusiastically at the service window as Bill strolls up alongside.

The customer in front takes her change from the COOKIE VENDOR and leaves.

KATH
What do you fancy? The ginger is usually good good good!

BILL
(reaches for wallet)
I'll just have whatever you're --

KATH
(slaps his hand)
No, silly, I'm paying!

Bill looks at her, then at his money, bemused.

KATH
(to cookie vendor)
One big ginger and one big lemon, please.

She produces her purse.

COOKIE VENDOR
You want a fortune cookie?

KATH
No thanks, I already have a fortune.

She hands the cookie bag to Bill while she pays, then they leave the line.

BILL
(looks inside bag)
Which is for me?

KATH
Whichever you prefer.

Hesitantly, Bill removes a cookie and nibbles it.

KATH
Has no-one ever bought you a cookie before?

BILL
Uh, I'm sure Cara must have at, uh...

KATH
Performing small acts of kindness
would be bad for her career?

BILL
(takes a bite)
Mmm! This is a good cookie!

Kath smiles, and hugs his arm.

KATH
Ooh! Muscles!

She relapses for a moment into gosh-what-a-dreamboat mode.

BILL
Cara sends me to the gym.

KATH
(snapping out of it)
Oh, oh, yes, I wondered why you seemed
so, er, fit.
(sighs)
Cara goes with you, I suppose..?

BILL
No, she has her own personal trainer,
sees him every day. He really loosens
her up, she always comes back glowing.

He takes another bite, then frowns. Hey!

Kath puts her head on his shoulder and smiles, happily.

KATH
This has been my best birthday ever.

BILL
(between chews)
The ones before must have been
absolute stinkers.

She chuckles, but then stops abruptly. She stares into space
ahead, suddenly oblivious to her surroundings.

She releases Bill's arm.

KATH
(distantly)
Why are we here?

BILL
I guess it all started billions of
years ago with the big bang...

KATH
 (animated)
 Why are we in Chinatown?

BILL
 Because Fast Boy came here.

KATH
 And why did Fast Boy come here?

BILL
 (pounds forehead)
 I don't know, too many questions,
 get off my back, I done nothing wrong.

KATH
 He wanted to sell my pistol, but he
 couldn't, could he? Because...
 (takes his hand)
 Ha! I may know where he's gone.

EXT. KATH'S HOUSE -- DAY

Fast Boy skulks around, seeking the best point of entry.

Looking up at the bedroom windows, he walks backwards away
 from the front door and straight into Guru Louise.

LOUISE
 Oh, I'm sorry, I was getting out my
 key.

She takes it from her bag and approaches the door.

LOUISE
 (glances at his mouth)
 Are you a friend of Mad Kath's?

FAST BOY
 Er, why yes, yeah, I'm a friend.

LOUISE
 (opens door)
 You're early. Come back in about an
 hour.

FAST BOY
 (covers mouth)
 Are you deaf?

LOUISE
 Move your hand, dear boy, I'm deaf.

FAST BOY
(uncovers mouth)
Er, see you in an hour, then.

INT. HOTEL -- DAY

Cara strides through the door and slams it. O.S. Millie HOWLS as it strikes, then tumbles through after her.

Cara stands menacingly, hands on hips.

CARA
(shouts)
Hey, everybody! It's Cara Braxwell!

The assorted guests and staff look up, but then immediately return to whatever they were doing before.

Cara nods, content.

CARA
(to Millie)
You change my Interwebnet page site.
I'll wait in Bill's room alone.

MILLIE
How will you persuade him to marry
you now, Miss Braxwell?

CARA
I thought I'd try violence.

She heads grimly for the elevators.

EXT. KATH'S HOUSE -- DAY

Fast Boy sneaks up to a window and peers inside. He spies Louise busying herself in the kitchen a room away.

Slyly, he opens the front door and enters.

INT. KATH'S HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Two cards now adorn the door-side table.

Fast Boy scans around. He takes a step forward, eliciting a loud CREAK from a floorboard.

He winces, but breaks off and smiles. He makes the floorboard CREAK a couple more times.

His eyes alight on the framed Washington letter.

He takes it from the wall, gives it the once over, and grimaces in smug satisfaction.

FAST BOY
(shouts to O.S. Louise)
Provenance!

INT. KATH'S CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

Kath drives through another extended commercial for the San Francisco Tourist Office.

The tracker on Bill's lap emits a Roadrunner-style MEEP MEEP.

KATH
Yes yes yes! He has mush for brains!

INT. BMW -- DAY

Fast Boy sits in the driver's seat. He checks he wasn't followed, then directs his attention to the Washington letter.

Completely unable to maneuver it because of the steering wheel, he shuffles awkwardly over to the passenger side.

The back of the letter's frame bears a sticker with the retro logo of Guru Louise Security Happenings and the message "DANGER! DO NOT BREAK THIS SEAL! NO, I REALLY MEAN IT!"

Confidently, Fast Boy rips the label away.

There is an ever-so-small explosion. PUFF! Something is projected into the air. It expands with a WEIRDNESS.

Fast Boy has just enough time to look mystified before a net of indestructible cotton thread contracts super-fast, snapping his head, hands and upper body against the seat and headrest.

He struggles vainly to move, but the net becomes taut and unyielding. The letter frame digs into his rib cage.

He lets go of the label, but it stays with him.

EXT. ALAMO SQUARE -- DAY

Greatest Fan stops his bike. He watches as Bill and Kath turn a distant corner and walk towards him following the tracker.

He looks behind, where he spots Fast Boy's BMW. He dismounts.

INT. BMW -- MOMENTS LATER

Greatest Fan opens the passenger door.

Fast Boy tries a sudden burst of movement, but to no avail.

GREATEST FAN

And what did you do to offend the
good people of Lilliput?

FAST BOY

(strained)

Cut ... me ... loose.

Greatest Fan notices the pistol poking out from a bag that
lurks by Fast Boy's feet.

GREATEST FAN

Did you take that from a bank today?
You did, didn't you?

FAST BOY

It's ... yours, ... just ... free
... me.

GREATEST FAN

I saw on the TV news.
(picks up pistol)
I think this is intended for Cara.

FAST BOY

It's ... worth ... half ... a ...
million.

GREATEST FAN

(surprised)

Half a million? For an antique
pistol?

(examines it)

That really changes things.

He puts back the handgun and steps away.

FAST BOY

Wait!

GREATEST FAN

This is all going to work out
perfectly.

He closes the door.

EXT. ALAMO SQUARE -- DAY

Kath and Bill pass Greatest Fan's bike.

BILL
Cara's only starred in four movies,
we should be OK.

INT. BMW -- MOMENTS LATER

Bill opens the passenger door.

BILL
Lookee here -- it's Held Fast Boy!

He moves to allow Kath to see.

KATH
So what wording on the sticker would
have stopped you peeling it off?

FAST BOY
Get ... me ... out ... of --

KATH
Unless you keep bolt snippers in the
trunk, that's going to be difficult.
(to Bill)
Hop in, we'll take him to the San
Francisco World Tidings. It's not
far.

BILL
(opens rear door)
They have bolt snippers?

KATH
(opens driver's door)
No, but they have fire axes.

FAST BOY
Argh!

He makes a supreme effort to burst his restraints. They
acknowledge by exhibiting a WEIRDNESS in response.

KATH
(starts engine)
I am so not not not a loser.

EXT. ALAMO SQUARE -- MOMENTS LATER

The BMW pulls away.

Greatest Fan's motorcycle follows a discreet distance behind.

INT. BMW -- DAY

Bill TWANGS on one of the threads holding Fast Boy in place.

BILL
This is cool stuff.

Fast Boy struggles again.

KATH
Don't cut yourself, Fast Boy.

BILL
Why the newspaper and not the police?

KATH
A scoop like this could double their circulation.

BILL
To two?

KATH
Also, letting Guru Louise use indestructible cotton in booby traps breaks the terms of my patent sale.

BILL
So what magic will you use to keep newspaper reporters quiet about it?

Kath smiles, knowingly.

EXT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE -- DAY

The modest building boasts an Art Deco sign reading "SAN FRANCISCO WORLD TIDINGS", with the strap line "BROADENING MINDS SINCE WAY BACK WHEN".

Kath parks right outside the front door.

INT. KATH'S CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

Bill passes Kath her bag, at which she simpers a thank you.

KATH
(to Fast Boy)
Now you'll be OK alone here for a few minutes, won't you?

Fast Boy's eyes say it all...

BILL
What if he tells people you broke
your patent sale agreement?

KATH
By then he'll have no evidence.
Besides,
(opens her door)
if he does, I'm letting the world
know that his name is Donald.

Fast Boy attempts a snarl.

INT. EDITOR'S OFFICE -- DAY

Traditional glass windows separate the office from the adjacent news room. A large, wooden desk holds the Washington letter and the Cortes pistol along with the usual stuff.

Bill and the mustached EDITOR each rest on a large fire axe, watching Kath pick the remaining threads of indestructible cotton from Fast Boy's relieved face.

KATH
(satisfied)
There you go. You're now free to be
imprisoned.

Fast Boy lurches at her, but a pair of handcuffs linked to a radiator restrain him.

KATH
(wagging finger)
Ah ah ah!

She slips the last of the thread into her pocket. She frowns.

She rummages out a handful of thread, from which she teases a transponder. She reaches for her pistol.

KATH
There are so many crooks around these
days...

She drops the transponder down the barrel and shakes it until it stops rattling.

EDITOR
(to Bill)
I'll return these.

He takes Bill's axe.

BILL
I'll -- Hold the door.

He goes behind the editor's desk and picks up the BMW seat from the floor. Looks like Lizzie Borden has been at it.

The editor follows him out.

Kath wheels the editor's executive chair to Fast Boy, who reluctantly settles into it. She herself perches on the desk.

FAST BOY
I gotta know: why do you own a half million dollar antique pistol?

KATH
It's more like two million now, and you don't gotta know.
(bites lip)
But there's someone who does, and when he gets back I'm going to have to tell him...

INT. NEWS ROOM -- DAY

The clock on the wall reads five pm, and the majority of the fifteen or so staff pack their stuff ready to leave.

Bill enters through the main door. A harassed OFFICE JUNIOR stands with her back to him.

OFFICE JUNIOR
So do I run the ad or not?

The eyes of the others are all on Bill, a little alarmed. She turns round and puts her hand to her mouth, blushing.

OFFICE JUNIOR
Oh I'm sorry! I -- I'll be going.

BILL
(curious)
No, wait -- what --

She leaves in a hurry.

BILL
(to room)
What was that all about?

Everyone looks at each other, but no-one vouches an answer.

BILL

Well?

He frowns directly at a nearby older FEMALE REPORTER.

FEMALE REPORTER

(clears throat)

She was wondering if our proprietor
still wanted to run her weekly ad.

BILL

Your proprietor?

He glances across to the office, where Kath describes their
story to the editor using exaggerated acting.

BILL

Kath's your proprietor?

The reporters exchange glances.

FEMALE REPORTER

You didn't know?

BILL

So why not just ask her if she wants
to run her weekly ad?

The reporter swallows hard.

FEMALE REPORTER

OK --

INT. EDITOR'S OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

Kath sees Bill reacting with dismay at what the reporter has
to say.

KATH

Oh, there's Bill back now. Can you
excuse me a moment, I have to --

She puzzles in concern as a very angry Bill stomps over and
throws aside the door.

KATH

Bill?

BILL

(controlled rage)

Is it true that you run your pistol
ad to lure men to your house?

KATH

What? No, it's -- not lure, that's...
One man. I just --
(holds head)
You. I --

BILL

You set me up! You wanted some
innocent guy to toy with, and I fell
right into your trap!

KATH

No, no, it's not like that --
(getting upset)
Well it is, but -- no, you've got it
wrong, I --

BILL

The pistol was just bait!

KATH

But how else was someone like me, it
was, I -- Bill!

FAST BOY

That gun is worth two million bucks.

BILL

(to Fast Boy)
Two million? What?! I can't afford
that!
(to Kath)
You know I don't have --

KATH

(distraught)
No, no! Take it, have it for free,
for nothing!

BILL

(aghast)
You sabotaged my phone!
(off her nods)
You fixed it so I couldn't call Cara!

KATH

(sobs)
Yes, but, but ...

BILL

But what?

KATH

But Cara, she, if I'd ...

KATH (CONT'D)

(cries)

I love you, Bill!

For a moment, Bill softens. He reaches for her hand, but then withdraws, sharply.

BILL

Well I love -- I love Cara!

He takes out his checkbook and starts to write.

BILL (CONT'D)

Here's a check for the original twenty thousand. I'll find the rest

(rips it out)

I don't know, somehow.

Kath stands a pillar of tears. Her eyes closed, her fists bunched together under her chin: she IS distress.

Bill holds out the check.

BILL

Why, Kath? Why?

He can't bear to look, she wrenches at him so much.

BILL

You didn't need to do it. You think you're a nobody, but you're a real somebody. You're a fine, wonderful, caring, beautiful woman! You're genuinely liked --

(his voice cracks)

loved -- by so many people. Why can't you ..?

He shakes his head, cheeks raised in pain.

He puts down the check, picks up the pistol, and heads for the door.

KATH

I'm so sorry sorry sorry. I was going to, to tell you, I ... I know I'm a -- a freak, I ...

She breaks down again.

BILL

I've never met such a manipulative woman in my whole life.

BILL (CONT'D)
(opens door)
I just hope Cara can forgive me.

He leaves.

EXT. NEWS ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

The reporters have all made their escape.

Bill stands with his back to the door. In the office behind him, the editor gives Kath a fatherly hug.

Tears fill Bill's eyes. He slumps back, but then steels himself and heads determinedly for the exit.

EXT. ALAMO SQUARE -- EVENING

A lonely Kath wanders glumly back to her house, Washington letter in one hand and a box of Kleenex in the other. She carries her bag on her shoulder.

Greatest Fan leans against his motorcycle. He sports a tuxedo, which would work if only his hair understood smart.

He stands as Kath approaches.

GREATEST FAN
You'll miss the party.

Kath casts him a withering glance and carries on walking. He falls into step alongside her.

GREATEST FAN
You should be happy, like me.
(of her glare)
That pistol will put Cara on the A
list.

He goes ahead of her and walks backwards.

GREATEST FAN
Her producer collects colonial
antiques. A pistol worth twenty,
twenty five thousand might warm him
to her.
(stumbles a little)
But a half million dollar handgun
will guarantee her the part -- she
won't need Bill Godfrey.

He trips and sprawls. Kath checks, and walks round.

GREATEST FAN

(gets up)

She'll dump him. That'll leave the field clear for me.

He runs to catch up.

GREATEST FAN

And you get your Bill Godfrey back.

Kath stops.

KATH

Look, I'm not feeling so great at the moment. What is it you want?

GREATEST FAN

(deep breath)

Forty thousand dollars for a 900AD Mayan late classic jade pendant.

Kath starts walking again.

GREATEST FAN

"Hearts Don't Lie" -- it's Cara's next movie.

(catches up)

If I can bribe the producer for a bit part, I'll see Cara every day.

KATH

And naturally she'll want to see you.

GREATEST FAN

Or some other star, then.

Kath stops again.

KATH

You're crazy.

GREATEST FAN

(defiantly)

No, you're crazy!

KATH

I'm not crazy!

GREATEST FAN

Prove it!

KATH

I can't prove I'm not crazy!

KATH (CONT'D)
You prove you're not crazy!

Greatest Fan flourishes an envelope from his inside pocket.

GREATEST FAN
(triumphantly)
These are my release papers.

INT. HOTEL -- EVENING

Bill trudges wearily through the door. Newly arriving guests line up at the reception desk. Millie sits at a table in the coffee bar area, working on Cara's laptop hooked to a phone.

Bill spots her and goes over.

INT. HOTEL COFFEE BAR -- MOMENTS LATER

Bill's sudden appearance alongside Millie startles her.

MILLIE
Mr Godfrey!

She swiftly lowers the laptop's screen.

BILL
I guess Cara is in my room?

MILLIE
She made the manager give her a key.

Bill heads for the elevators.

MILLIE
(shouts after him)
Be careful, Mr Godfrey. She's ...
not herself.

INT. BILL'S ROOM -- EVENING

Patiently standing next to the door, Cara grips a trouser press like an Arthurian knight planting a shield.

Upon hearing a key in the lock, she lifts the trouser press high above her head, ready to strike.

Bill opens the door and spots her.

BILL
What have I done to you, my poor,
sweet, dear Cara?

Cara blanks. In the time it takes to put down the trouser press, she becomes her vulnerable, angelic alter-ego.

CARA

Bill! I've been so worried!

Mock tears flow as she hurls herself into his arms.

Bill hugs, but very uneasily.

Cheek to cheek with him, Cara bleats pathos.

She treats herself to a wicked smile.

EXT. KATH'S HOUSE -- EVENING

Kath glances over her shoulder. Greatest Fan lies poleaxed on the path.

She puts down her Washington letter, takes off her gloves, and unlocks the door.

INT. KATH'S HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Kath switches on the light. Dozens and dozens of cards now crown her door-side table.

Frowning in puzzlement, she puts down her bag, rehangs her Washington letter then goes over to the lounge.

INT. KATH'S LOUNGE -- CONTINUOUS

Kath opens the door and the light comes on. Fifty people cram before her.

EVERYONE

Surprise!

Party poppers go off, streamers fly, balloons bob about.

Kath gazes round in dumbfounded bewilderment. She knows everyone there.

LOUISE

Happy birthday, Mad Kath!

She gives Kath a hug and an air kiss.

People cheer, whistle, and SHOUT sundry good wishes.

LOUISE

Come on in, everyone's brought presents.

Kath's face drops.

 LOUISE
 (instantly)
 What's wrong.

The room slowly falls silent.

 KATH (MOS)
 Oh my God. Bill was right.
 (aloud)
 I've been insulting you! I thought
 no-one cared, but you
 (gestures to room)
 you do care, you all care. What must
 you think of me!

 LOUISE
 We think you're the warmest, kindest,
 dearest person that we know.
 (smiles)
 It doesn't matter you don't see it.

 KATH
 (murmurs)
 A two-way thing...
 (to all)
 But -- but I do now.

A very worried expression suddenly appears on her face.

Louise peers round the door, into the hallway. She turns, and with compassion looks Kath straight in the eye.

 LOUISE
 Oh Kath -- you didn't see when someone
 loved you!

INT. BILL'S ROOM -- EVENING

A small TV set and a cramped desk with the pistol on it sandwich Bill beside a gloomy wall.

Cara, next to the bed, performs before him.

 CARA
 And so, William, dearest, will you
 marry me?

Her eyes express five degrees of sincerity more than would those of a person who actually meant it.

BILL

(meekly)

I -- I ...

(momentary frown)

A ring -- do you have a ring?

CARA

(surprised)

A ring?

(looks around)

A ring?

BILL

An engagement ring. You said you'd been planning for this.

CARA

Oh that! Silly Millie must have left it behind.

(laughs)

Please say yes, darling.

BILL

I still have the one I bought last month -- it's right there, next to the phone.

Cara looks. Two feet from her, a small box nestles on the bed-side table between the phone and Bill's dead tie.

BILL

Yes, that's it. Could you pass it here, please?

CARA

Me? It's only there, Bill.

Bill shrugs. He picks up the pistol, then walks across and collects the ring.

He opens the box, nods, closes it, and makes for the door.

CARA

(panicking)

Wait!

He stops, then turns, slowly.

Cara sees her failure confirmed in his eyes.

CARA

OK, so I don't love you. But I'm a little fond of you -- and I know you love me.

BILL
But who are you? You're not an
actress, you're an act!

CARA
Everyone's an act! When are you
ever yourself?

BILL
(thoughtfully)
Today I've been myself...

He opens the door.

CARA
But my future happiness!

BILL
(stops)
Excuse me?

CARA
The gun -- I need the gun.

BILL
It's not loaded.

CARA
It'll get me the lead.
(off his look)
In "Hearts Don't Lie"?

BILL
As, I guess, would marrying me.

He chuckles, bitterly, shaking his head.

He looks at the gun. His face reflects comically in the
shiny brass barrel.

BILL
(gulping tears)
Let me tell you something about love.

The shadow of the rising trouser press falls over him.

INT. KATH'S LOUNGE -- EVENING

Woozily, Greatest Fan opens his eyes. The room gradually
stops spinning and agrees to come into focus.

He sits in an antique chair. Guru Louise rests casually on
the back of another one. He looks around: they're alone.

GREATEST FAN

Who are you?

LOUISE

I'm Guru Louise, who are you?

GREATEST FAN

I'm -- Oh no, you don't find my name out that easily!

LOUISE

(holds up envelope)

Your name is on these psychiatrists' reports.

With dismay, he reaches for his pocket. From it he pulls out a smaller piece of paper that didn't ought to be there.

LOUISE

And also on that check for forty thousand dollars.

(off his look)

She borrowed your wheels.

EXT. HOTEL -- EVENING

The flashing lights of an ambulance illuminate the faces of ghouls awaiting a glimpse of the victim.

Kath SCREECHES Greatest Fan's bike to a halt and springs off. It CLATTERS to the sidewalk as, removing her helmet, she runs to the hotel's main entrance.

An absolutely distraught Millie paces alongside the PARAMEDICS stretchering a barely recognizable Bill to the ambulance.

Kath's face writhes in disbelieving anguish as she witnesses Bill's horrendous head wounds. His blood pools freely.

MILLIE

(to Kath)

You have to stop her -- she's mad!

KATH

Bill! Speak to me!

MILLIE

Miss Braxwell -- she hit him with a trouser press.

Kath tries to get close, but a wide-armed COP stops her.

KATH

Bill!

MILLIE
He told her he loved you.

Kath struggles pitifully, but the COP still holds her back.

With determination, Millie barges into him, allowing Kath to brush past at her expense.

KATH
(serious tears)
Bill! Oh Bill, I --

A paramedic intercedes.

Bill opens a heavily bruised eye.

KATH
No! He wants to say --

The paramedic nods an OK.

BILL
(barely audible)
She has the pistol.

KATH
The --
(realization)
I understand.

She steps out of the professionals' way.

Millie stands alongside, her face wrought with grimness.

The stretcher locks in place and the ambulance doors close.

Kath and Millie exchange a resolute glance. Kath hands Millie the helmet.

INT. FINAL TAXI, PROMISE -- EVENING

Cara bumps about on the back seat as she speaks on her cell phone.

CARA
(to phone)
No, I'm not engaged, this is way better than engaged.
(listens)
I got a two million dollar Hernan Cortes blunderbuss.
(listens)
It's virtually a done deal.

CARA (CONT'D)

(listens)

No, but hire me a lawyer. I'll explain.

EXT. FREEWAY -- EVENING

Greatest Fan's motorcycle with two people aboard weaves assuredly in and out of the heavy traffic.

INT. MOTORCYCLE -- CONTINUOUS

Kath drives, wearing a head scarf as a helmet. Millie sits precariously behind, holding on tightly with one hand while trying to work Kath's tracker using her nose and the other.

MILLIE

I'm not doing this right.

KATH

Can you give me a general direction?

MILLIE

(excitedly)

The airport! She's going to the airport!

Kath speeds up.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO AIRPORT -- EVENING

Cara stands at the drop-off point, resting on the taxi's roof as she writes something.

The impatient DRIVER winds down his window.

CARA

Here.

She passes him the piece of paper she just wrote on.

DRIVER

(reads it)

This is some kind of joke, right?

CARA

I just paid you eight hundred dollars for a thirty dollar taxi ride.

DRIVER

You just tried to pay me a signed magazine cover for a forty dollar taxi ride.

CARA
 Yokel! I'm surprised you can even
 read!

She opens her bag, roots about underneath the pistol,
 discovers some loose greenbacks and throws them at him.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO TERMINAL -- EVENING

Kath and Millie enter, hurriedly. Kath stares intently at
 the readout.

A HEAVILY ARMED COP blocks their way. Kath looks up.

HEAVILY ARMED COP
 You can't use that here.

KATH
 But -- !

Realizing he has a point, she hands it over.

MILLIE
 The V.I.P. lounge -- I know the way.

INT. CORRIDOR TO V.I.P. LOUNGE -- EVENING

The door reads "AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY".

Cara smartens herself up. She brushes at a brown spot on her
 skirt, but it doesn't come off. She notices some more on a
 sleeve. Can't Bill even bleed neatly?

Dismissing the spots, she composes herself and opens the
 door.

INT. V.I.P. LOUNGE -- CONTINUOUS

Although still devoid of very important people, a bored
 BARTENDER joins the receptionist and security guard in making
 the place look busy.

CARA
 (to receptionist)
 Cara Braxwell.

RECEPTIONIST
 (consults a screen)
 You're not --

CARA
 Didn't you hear? Cara Braxwell. Fix
 me a flight to Los Angeles.

INT. CORRIDOR -- MOMENTS LATER

Kath and Millie approach the door at a brisk pace. Kath pulls on her gloves.

MILLIE
They won't let us in.

KATH
We'll see about that.

She opens the door.

INT. V.I.P. LOUNGE -- CONTINUOUS

The receptionist stares at Kath in disbelief.

RECEPTIONIST
Children's entertainers report to
the creche.

KATH
And very important people report
here.
(scans room)
Though I must say your standards
seem low low low today.

RECEPTIONIST
Madam: who exactly are you?

She glances to the security man. He nods and steps forward.

Millie points in the direction of the bar.

KATH
Watch, you're going to find out.

INT. V.I.P. BAR -- MOMENTS LATER

Cara finishes off a large brandy and passes her glass to the unfazed bartender for a refill.

KATH
So how were you planning on carrying
my pistol through the metal detector?

Cara turns, surprised.

CARA
How did you get in here?!
(shouts)
Guard!

KATH

What are you going to do? Ask him to
fetch you a trouser press?

The guard arrives.

SECURITY GUARD

Excuse me, ma'am, --

KATH

(to guard)

How heavy is your gun?

SECURITY GUARD

Heavy? Er, you mean weight or
caliber?

He gets it out.

KATH

(impatiently)

How much does it weigh?

She places her hand palm down on the bar.

KATH

Hit that.

(off his look)

Hit my hand with the butt of your
revolver. Go on!

Very warily, he obliges. Her glove shows a faint WEIRDNESS.

KATH

Not like that! Like this!

She wrenches the gun from him and HAMMERS it on her hand
like she was flattening steel. Huge displays of WEIRDNESS
dance across her glove's surface.

She passes him back the gun, then removes her glove to
demonstrate that her hand still checks out.

KATH

I trust you won't be bothering me
for five minutes or so?

SECURITY GUARD

Spa -- space alien!

He bolts with the speed of a man whose reality just collapsed.

CARA

Cheap special effects.

CARA (CONT'D)
 (sips her new brandy)
 You can have Bill; he's a fair
 exchange for the pistol.
 (sips again)
 Neither fires live ammunition.

KATH
 You just beat the man close to death!

MILLIE
 After he dumped -- that's dumped --
 you.

CARA
 It was self defense. He
 (ham acting)
 he attacked me, he tried to, to...

She dabs an imaginary tear, then snarls in contempt.

KATH
 Too many people know the real you.
 In court --

CARA
 (laughs)
 In court? You think I care about the
 law? I'm rich! Insanely rich. I can
 buy lawyers the size of battleships!

KATH
 Are you the first, second or third
 richest woman in America?

CARA
 (hesitantly)
 No..?

KATH
 You're not richer than me then. I
 can buy battleships the size of
 battleships.

Cara gulps with alarm at her brandy.

CARA
 (recovering)
 You are a nobody. I am a somebody.
 Everyone knows my name.

KATH
 They may know your name, but they
 don't know you.

KATH (CONT'D)

Even you don't know you. There is no you! Your name is all you are!

CARA

And what about your name?
(mockingly)
Mad Kath.

KATH

I'm Dr Katherine Ruskind, and I'm going to eat you whole.

Cara reaches for the brandy bottle, the bartender having prudently vanished.

CARA

Well tra la la. I have friends in higher places than you do, you don't frighten me.

She pours more brandy.

KATH

You have acquaintances, not friends. I have friends.

CARA

Like I care? I know secrets -- no-one's going to desert me.

MILLIE

You have no friends in low places.

She and Kath smile conspiratorially together.

CARA

You're not on her side are you?
(slams bottle down)
Traitor -- you are major, big time fired!

MILLIE

Just because I mislaid your laptop?

CARA

My --

Her face drops.

MILLIE

Not to worry, I backed up all your files. To the Internet.

MILLIE (CONT'D)
 (old pushover self)
 Did I do something wrong, Miss
 Braxwell?

CARA
 Not my -- not my gossip files!

KATH
 You weren't thinking of working in
 movies ever again, were you?

She takes the shell-shocked Cara gently by the elbow and leads her away from the bar.

Millie picks up Cara's bag. She removes the Cortes pistol and holds it out to Kath.

Kath smiles.

KATH
 You know what to do with that.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER -- EVENING

The lights proclaim "HEARTS DON'T LIE".

Crowds in their finery file into the building. A strip reading "PREMIERE" sashes across a door-side poster for the movie, conveniently obscuring the stars' names.

A DOORMAN gets off his radio and holds up his hand: "stop". He draws a velvet rope across the entrance, disappointing the late-arrivers.

INT. MOVIE THEATER -- EVENING

Kath sits in an aisle seat next to Bill and behind Guru Louise. Illuminated only by light from the screen, they watch the movie.

Kath's upper half Elizabeth I bodice (with millstone ruff) contrasts well with her U.C.S.D. cheerleader lower half. She sports new, rimless spectacles.

Bill, immaculate in white tie and cummerbund, bears few remaining signs of his encounter with Cara's trouser press.

Bill holds a tub, which he proffers to Kath.

Kath eats Bill's popcorn.

MILLIE (O.S.)
 Dead!

MILLIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
These delivery firms just get worse
and worse!

AS HIMSELF (O.S.)
You should never order boyfriends
off the Internet.

The audience CHUCKLES.

MILLIE (O.S.)
He's supposed to be fresh-cut
asparagus!

The audience LAUGHS.

KATH
(low, to Bill)
She's very good, isn't she?

BILL
(low)
She's going to have fans fans fans.

KATH
She certainly has brains.

The audience LAUGHS again.

The screen shows the beautiful Millie in dinner party dress attempting to stuff the body of a man back into a crate.

Her co-star, a famous actor AS HIMSELF, ducks as pieces of expanded polystyrene fly everywhere.

The audience LAUGHS once more.

Rosalind Frederic blocks Bill's view as she sorry-oops-excuse-me's to the empty seat next to Louise, going the long way.

ROSALIND
(looks at screen)
Hey, good corpse!

She sits, revealing the body to be played by none other than Greatest Fan.

Millie on the screen tries to lift him, but rips his jacket.

The audience LAUGHS heartily.

ROSALIND
(to Louise)
Do you know if he has an agent?

Louise stares at the screen. Rosalind shrugs.

MILLIE (O.S.)
Substandard stiff!

ROSALIND
(proudly)
Millicent McCarey -- she was once my
P.A..

AS HIMSELF (O.S.)
What a rip-off!

Rosalind puffs happily on a pen.

ROSALIND
(indicates pen)
It's OK, it's just stationery.

Louise's eyes never leave the screen.

ROSALIND
(frowning)
I said --

She pokes Louise's arm.

LOUISE
(startled)
What the --

ROSALIND
(startled)
Jesus!

AUDIENCE
Shh!

They settle down again. Kath looks lovingly at Bill.

A doorbell RINGS O.S..

MILLIE (O.S.)
The guests! Look after him.

AS HIMSELF (O.S.)
Wait -- what shall I do?

The audience LAUGHS.

MILLIE (O.S.)
Kiss him.

KATH
(bites lip)
You think so?

MILLIE (O.S.)
Yes, go on, this bit's boring.

Kath turns and smiles at Millie in the seat behind.

She takes the popcorn box from Bill's mildly protesting hands and slides it to the floor.

AS HIMSELF (O.S.)
A man's body has to be good for
something...

The audience LAUGHS RAUCOUSLY, as Kath and Bill close into a kiss that will last for forever and forever.

FADE OUT: