

Bored to Death: Don't Shoot the Messenger

John Morin

San Francisco State University

jwmorin@mail.sfsu.edu

Synopsis

Facing eviction, a lack of work and the recent loss of his girlfriend, unlicensed private detective Jonathan Ames, disguised as a bicycle messenger, attempts to sneak into a high-profile production office in the hopes of tracking down a screenplay based on his friend's comic book.

Bored to Death:
Don't Shoot the Messenger

TV Spec - 1/2 hour

INT. JONATHAN AMES'S APARTMENT -- BROOKLYN, NY -- DAY,
AFTERNOON

Jonathan is slumped in an armchair. The room is dark. Blue-white glow of the television reflects on his face. He has a five o'clock shadow and dark circles under his eyes. He is drinking straight from a bottle of white wine and watching the Kevin Bacon film "Quicksilver".

KEVIN BACON (ON T.V.)
I know it's not supposed to be
this way, but I can't let you go!

Jonathan mouths the words and takes a big slug from the wine bottle. He looks over at a photo on his desk of him and Suzanne.

JONATHAN
Suzanne loved Kevin Bacon...

There is a loud knocking at the door. Jonathan sighs.

RAY
(O.S. From the hallway)
Jonathan? Are you in there?

Ray knocks loudly again.

JONATHAN
Alright, alright, I'm coming.

Jonathan mutes the television and opens the door, wine bottle in hand. Ray pushes past him into the apartment.

RAY
Here, this was on your door.

Ray hands Jonathan an eviction notice.

JONATHAN
What? No! Eviction? It's only
been... well, yeah, I guess it's
been over a month. This is awful.

RAY
Are you drinking? It's barely noon.

JONATHAN
Yeah, but I haven't slept in days,
and, you know, Suzanne. No matter
what I do, I can't forget...

(CONTINUED)

RAY

Good.

Ray grabs the wine bottle and drinks heavily. Jonathan isn't bothered.

JONATHAN

Uhh, make yourself at home.

RAY

Yeah, thanks. I've got some terrible news. Leah threw me out again.

JONATHAN

Wait, YOU have bad news? I'm being evicted, I'm flat broke and I haven't worked a case in over a month.

RAY

(Ignoring Jonathan)

She says I'm fat, lazy and that I don't provide anything for her or the girls.

JONATHAN

Ray, you are NOT lazy.

Ray looks down at his beer gut.

JONATHAN

You're always working on your comic and the last few issues have been great.

The two plop down in front of the television. Jonathan unmutes the Kevin Bacon movie and lights a joint, which he hands to Ray. Ray opens Jonathan's laptop.

RAY

(Sincerely)

Thanks, Jonathan, that means a lot coming from you. I've been looking for some positive reinforcement ever since the latest issue of Super Ray was panned as "bizarre" and "perverted".

JONATHAN

Well, it did have a gigantic half-man half-herpes sore with twenty-six penis-tentacle arms as the villain.

(CONTINUED)

RAY
(Annoyed)
That was a metaphor, Jonathan!

Ray types "Super Ray" into the search engine.

RAY
Maybe I can find some positive
reviews of Super Ray on this
message board and forward them to
Leah to make her... OH MY GOD!

Ray jumps up and the laptop flies across the room to the
chair where Jonathan is sitting, hitting him in the chest.

JONATHAN
Jesus Christ, Ray! What's your
problem?

RAY
(Ecstatic)
Super Ray... comic.. movie...
picture...

JONATHAN
What are you talking about?

The laptop shows a blurry image: a script title page reading
Super Ray.

RAY
(Upset)
They're trying to make a movie out
of MY comic and they didn't consult
ME? I feel like wreaking something!

JONATHAN
Havoc?

RAY
(Taking a pull from the
joint.)
Not havoc, but something.

JONATHAN
It says here the photo was taken at
Parachute Production's offices in
downtown Manhattan.

Ray grabs the wine bottle and starts pacing with the bottle
in one hand, joint in the other.

(CONTINUED)

RAY

We've got to go down there! I need to find out who is behind this and put a stop to it, or get involved. One or the other. I'm fine with either, but I guess I'd prefer to be involved. They need to pay me for this!

JONATHAN

Wait, what do you mean "we"? Why am I involved in this?

RAY

Because you're my best friend and you want to help me get Leah back by proving that I'm not just a pot-smoking, wasteoid drunk.

Ray gingerly places the wine bottle and joint down on Jonathan's desk.

JONATHAN

I know, but c'mon, Ray, we both know I'm a busy man. What with my heavy caseload and the novel I'm working on.

RAY

You don't have any casework and you're not working on your novel! You're sitting in your underwear getting drunk in the middle of the day watching stupid Kevin Bacon dance around on a stupid bicycle!

JONATHAN

I'm doing research! And besides, Kevin Bacon is not stupid. Suzanne loves Kevin Bacon.

RAY

Forget about Suzanne! And forget about Kevin Bacon... except in Footloose. I love that movie.

JONATHAN

Me too. He's so light on his feet and...

(Slumps in his chair.)

You're right, I don't have any work, but I can't go with you. I'm too depressed.

(CONTINUED)

Ray moves around the apartment throwing open all the curtains. Jonathan shields his eyes.

RAY

I won't let this happen to my best friend. I can't let you spiral down this shitty, poo-covered, diarrhea-stained toilet bowl that has become your life. You have to do this for yourself... and me... well, mostly me... but also for yourself!

JONATHAN

Sorry, Ray, I just need more time to wallow.

RAY

(Coyly)

I'll give you twenty percent of my movie earnings.

JONATHAN

Deal. But how are we going to get into that production company's office?

Jonathan and Ray look at each other and then at the television. We follow their gaze and see Kevin Bacon, dressed as bike messenger, riding through traffic.

RAY

Of course! We'll dress up like stupid Kevin Bacon in that stupid movie and sneak into the production offices.

JONATHAN

Wait a minute, I'm the private detective here. I'll come up with something. Well, actually, I guess that's pretty good.

Jonathan grabs his cellphone, dials a number.

JONATHAN

I'll call George, he gets his pot delivered by a messenger service. Maybe we can use one of their messengers to get us in to the offices.

INT. GEORGE CHRISTOPHER'S PENTHOUSE APARTMENT -- NEW YORK CITY -- DAY, CONTINUOUS

GEORGE sits in a modern lounge chair that matches the rest of his impeccably decorated apartment. New-Age music plays. He wears an elegant bathrobe. George is rich, but not stiff. He is smoking pot from a vaporizer. His cellphone rings and he gropes blindly for it, knocking over a bottle of Kombucha onto the rug.

GEORGE

Oh no.

George is too stoned to be upset. He answers the ringing cellphone. Split screen.

GEORGE

This better be good. You just made me spill my Kombucha.

JONATHAN

Oh, hi George, sorry about that. It wasn't the kind with the seeds was it?

George dabs at the spill with the arm of his bathrobe.

GEORGE

No, no, it was the regular kind... I know they're supposed to be good for you, but those little seeds always get caught in my teeth and... (snapping out of his haze) Wait, why did I call you?

JONATHAN

Well, I called you, George.

GEORGE

(Resting back in his chair.)
That's right. What can I do for you, Jonathan?

JONATHAN

Are you still using that pot delivery service?

GEORGE

Yes, in fact, the guy is on his way over here right now.

(CONTINUED)

JONATHAN

Right now?!? Ok, ok. Ray and I are heading to you... don't leave.

GEORGE

(Taking a big hit from the vaporizer and putting his feet up on the ottoman.)

Don't worry. I'm not going anywhere.

Jonathan hangs up his cellphone. Just George now. He leans back in his chair, feet up, relaxing. The doorbell rings.

GEORGE

(Calling out.)

Who is it?

MESSENGER

(O.S. Hesitant.)

Delivery.

GEORGE

Oh, yes yes yes. Be right there.

George opens the door and we see a MESSENGER in the doorway; Dirty, tattoos, crazy hair.

MESSENGER

Ah, Mr. Jefferson? George Jefferson?

GEORGE

(Cracking himself up.)

That's right. That's me. Movin' on up!

The Messenger produces a small brown paper sack from his messenger bag.

MESSENGER

Alright, Mr. Jefferson, well this must be yours. It's a hundred and twenty bucks.

GEORGE

(Pats the pockets of his bathrobe.)

Alright, my good man, let me just see here.

George is taking his sweet time.

(CONTINUED)

MESSENGER

Come on man, I don't have all day.
I've got a whole bunch more
deliveries to make.

GEORGE

Well, it seems I don't currently
have any cash on me. Is there any
way that I could owe you for next
time? I mean, you know where I
live.

MESSENGER

It's not like that. I need your
money to buy more product, which
I'm then going to deliver downtown
and I'm in kind of a rush.

GEORGE

I guess I could go to the ATM.

MESSENGER

I don't have time for that. I need
to get the rest of this stuff
downtown ASAP or I'll lose some of
my best customers.

GEORGE

Is there anything I can do to make
this work?

The Messenger looks around the apartment, and then begins to
take off his bag.

MESSENGER

Yeah, there is one way we can
handle this.

George looks up at the Messenger with a "well, what are we
going to do" kind of expression.

EXT. OF GEORGE'S APARTMENT BUILDING. DAY

We see George, dressed as a bike messenger, ride off into
traffic on a bicycle as a taxi pulls up. Jonathan and Ray
jump out, enter the building.

INT. GEORGE'S APARTMENT BUILDING. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jonathan and Ray walk down the hall and knock on the door of George's apartment. No answer.

JONATHAN

(Impatient. Knocking again.)

George? Hello?

(To Ray)

Maybe he got lost in the walk-in closet again and thinks he's in Narnia.

RAY

(Wistfully)

Wish I could go to Narnia.

Jonathan pulls his trusty lock-pick from his coat pocket and goes to work on the door. Being a detective, he pops the lock in no time and the two enter.

INT. GEORGE CHRISTOPHER'S APARTMENT -- DAY, CONTINUOUS

Jonathan and Ray enter George's apartment to find the Messenger sitting in George's chair, feet up on the ottoman, wearing George's bathrobe and slippers. He is very stoned and in the same position we saw George in earlier.

RAY

(Baffled. Angry.)

George? Oh my god, he DID go to Narnia. And he's been replaced by a filthy, hobo, drifter impersonator.

Ray runs over and grabs the Messenger by the bathrobe, shaking him.

RAY

Where is George? What have you done with him? And where is Aslan?

(Calling out.)

ASLAN!

The Messenger shakes himself free. Jonathan calms down the situation by snapping into private detective mode.

JONATHAN

Easy now, Ray. Let's not overreact.

Jonathan grabs the Messenger by his bathrobe.
(Very gumshoe, noir-esque.)

(CONTINUED)

JONATHAN

Now I'm gonna start asking questions, and you're gonna start giving me some answers. Where's George?

MESSENGER

Never heard of him.

JONATHAN

(Snapping out of his detective bit.)

But you're sitting in his chair, smoking his pot and wearing his bathrobe.

MESSENGER

(Coyly.)

That might be true, but who's asking?

JONATHAN

I'm Jonathan Ames, private detective, and this is my associate Raymond Hueston. We're good friends of George Christopher's and we need to -

MESSENGER

I don't know any George Christopher. This is George Jefferson's place. Now you better get out of here before I call the cops.

RAY

(Laughing.)

George Jefferson? Movin' on up!

JONATHAN

Listen here, his name is George Christopher and we're friends of his. Now we both know that a marijuana delivery man is not going to call the cops. So, tell us where George is.

MESSENGER

While that normally would be true, I certainly CAN call the cops... I don't have any product on me. I gave my bike, my bag and all my product to George Jefferson to deliver for me.

(CONTINUED)

RAY

Jonathan, the Jeffersons live on the East Side! That's not far from here!

JONATHAN

(Ignoring Ray, to Messenger)

So, George is out delivering your pot for you? Any idea where he's heading?

MESSENGER

Yeah, he's following this manifest.

The Messenger hands Jonathan a copy of his manifest. Jonathan scans the manifest and then quickly turns to Ray.

JONATHAN

(Ecstatic)

Ray! He's heading for the Parachute Productions office!

MESSENGER

(Interjecting)

Yea, I deliver there once a week to the head producer, Adam Rosen. We always talk about comics, he's quite a collector. He sold me a few old trade paperbacks a while back and...

RAY

And he's a goddamn thief!

MESSENGER

Wait, those were your books?

Ray snatches the manifest and attempts to tear it in half, ala Super Ray, but only succeeds in slightly ripping the edges.

RAY

Just one of them, and Super Ray is going to get it back.

JONATHAN

Ray, we kind of needed that manifest.

MESSENGER

(Wide-eyed and stoked.)

You're Super Ray?! That's my favorite comic! I loved the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MESSENGER (cont'd)
gigantic half-man half-herpes sore
with twenty-six penis-tentacle
arms.

RAY
Thank you, that was a metaphor.

MESSENGER
My buddy owns a bike shop over on
Seventy-Ninth. He'll set you up so
you can roll up on that office
building without being fingered.
Once you're inside, take the
freight elevator up to the
twenty-eighth floor.

JONATHAN
Thanks. Let's go Ray. If we hurry,
we can make it to that office, meet
George and have him distract the
producer while we look for that
script.

RAY
(To Messenger)
You're just going to hang out here?

MESSENGER
(Taking a big hit from the
vaporizer.)
Mr. Jefferson told me not to leave
til Wheezy and Lionel get back.

Jonathan and Ray look at each other and shrug, hurrying out
the door.

EXT. MANHATTAN, NYC -- DAY

Montage: Jonathan and Ray get equipped at the bike shop.
They attempt to ride their bicycles for the first time.

Ray rides straight into a trash can.

Jonathan is passed by two little girls on bikes. They look
back at him and laugh as he struggles to stay upright.

Jonathan and Ray ride out into traffic, barely missing a
taxi cab, who honks continuously at them and curses.

EXT. DOWNTOWN OFFICE BUILDING -- MANHATTAN, NYC -- DAY, LATE AFTERNOON.

Jonathan and Ray arrive, out of breath. Through the glass-front doors of the office building, we see a Security Guard sitting behind a desk looking stern. He glares out the door at Jonathan and Ray.

JONATHAN

Wow, I haven't ridden a bicycle that fast since the time I got chased out of the school yard by a group of third graders.

RAY

School can be hard on a young boy.

JONATHAN

(Wiping sweat.)

No, it was last week. I was trying to track down a missing big wheel.

Jonathan and Ray peer in at the Security Guard.

RAY

I'm having second thoughts. This isn't going to work. How are we going to get past him?

JONATHAN

We're going to use our disguises, Ray. Have some faith. I'm a semi-professional, unlicensed private detective. This is what I do for a living. We just have to believe that we're bike messengers, and everyone else will too.

RAY

You mean like this?

Ray puts a "don't-fuck-with-me" look on his face and yells into the passing traffic, flipping off cars.

RAY

Fuck you, yuppie assholes!

JONATHAN

That's the spirit. Let's go. We'll be in and out in ten minutes. No one will even know we're here.

(CONTINUED)

They lock their bikes and enter like they own the place. Jonathan looks the Security Guard in the eye and begins drumming on the desk with his fingers.

JONATHAN

We're going up to the twenty-eighth fl...

Jonathan is cut off by a UPS GUY, carrying multiple boxes, who stops in his tracks.

UPS GUY

Hey! Jonathan Ames, private detective! You helped my sister catch her husband cheating.

Thinking fast, Ray jumps in.

RAY

That's right, I'm Jonathan Ames and I have some questions for you, sir, about the disappearance of your sister.

Ray grabs the UPS Guy roughly by the arm.

UPS GUY

What are you talking about? She ain't missing, she works at a hair salon on eighty-fourth street. I was just there making a delivery.

RAY

And that's what you'd like us to believe isn't it? Security! Escort this man out of here.

The Security Guard comes around from his desk.

SECURITY GUARD

What the hell is going on here? You guys take this outside.

Ray pulls the UPS Guy out the front door, with the Security Guard behind them. Jonathan takes the opportunity to sneak towards the freight elevator. He slides through the doors just as the Security Guard turns around.

INT. DOWNTOWN OFFICE BUILDING -- FREIGHT ELEVATOR -
CONTINUOUS

As the doors close we hear the Security Guard yelling for Jonathan to stop. Jonathan looks around the elevator where a flier catches his eye. It reads: **Messenger Alley Cat Race. 5:00pm Sharp! Leaves from JFK Plaza.**

JONATHAN
(To himself)
That's right across the street from
here.

Jonathan puts the flier in his pocket as the elevator doors ding.

INT. PARACHUTE PRODUCTIONS LOBBY -- CONTINUOUS

Jonathan exits the elevator moving towards the front desk where a disinterested, overly-sassy RECEPTIONIST sits staring at his cellphone, texting furiously.

JONATHAN
(Looking at his torn/ripped up
manifest.)
Hi, I have a delivery for Adam
Rosen.

RECEPTIONIST
(Without looking up)
And who are you?

JONATHAN
(Proudly)
I'm George Jefferson.

The Receptionist glances up from his phone with raised eyebrows.

RECEPTIONIST
All the way to the end, last door
on your left.

Jonathan walks down the hall. The Receptionist watches him suspiciously and dials the phone.

INT. PARACHUTE PRODUCTIONS -- OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Jonathan moves past cubicles. Office workers talk into telephones and pound on keyboards. He turns corner and we see Suzanne working. Her head snaps to attention. Did she just see what she think she saw? She pushes her chair back and rises.

INT. PARACHUTE PRODUCTIONS -- HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Jonathan arrives at a door labeled: Adam Rosen, Executive Producer. Just as he raises his hand to knock on the door -

SUZANNE

Jonathan?

Jonathan stops mid knock, and spins around.

JONATHAN

Suzanne? What are you doing here?

SUZANNE

I was about to ask you the same thing. Are you working as a bike messenger?

JONATHAN

Ah, yes... but... it's for my novel. I'm doing research.

SUZANNE

(Skeptical)

So, you're researching the role of a bike messenger for a novel? I didn't think you even knew how to ride a bike.

JONATHAN

They say you never forget, but actually I needed Ray to hold the back of my seat for the first few tries.

Jonathan's radio chimes and Ray's voice comes through.

RAY

(O.S. Radio)

Jonathan? Are you there? The security guard is headed up towards you on the twenty-eighth floor. You have to get that script and get out of there!

(CONTINUED)

Suzanne gives Jonathan a look, and he turns down the radio.

SUZANNE

Jonathan, what the hell are you doing here? This is where I work. You can't just show up dressed like Kevin Bacon and... if anyone finds out that I know you, I can get fired. Do you realize that? I'm calling security. You're trespassing. In this office and in my life.

JONATHAN

Please, please don't. I swear, I didn't know you worked here. I was just trying to help out Ray.

Adam Rosen's office door opens. Suzanne and Jonathan are stunned to see George, dressed as a messenger and ADAM ROSEN (mid-30's well-dressed, business casual, creative type) emerge in a cloud of smoke. They are laughing.

Adam Rosen shakes hands with George.

ADAM ROSEN

Well, George Jefferson, you've got some great stuff there. I'll see you again next week?

GEORGE

Absolutely, and thanks again for the reading material.

ADAM ROSEN

Of course, you let me know what you think. But be careful, it's my only copy.

George turns to see Jonathan and Suzanne, wide-eyed. From down the hall comes the Receptionist and the Security Guard.

JONATHAN

Ah, George?

GEORGE

Jonathan?

RECEPTIONIST

(Pointing.)

That's him, right there.

(CONTINUED)

SECURITY GUARD
Which one of you is George
Jefferson?

Jonathan and George both put their hands up.

SUZANNE
(Looking at Jonathan.)
George Jefferson?

GEORGE
(To Security Guard.)
Don't shoot the messenger?

JONATHAN
(To George.)
We've got to move on up and out of
here.

Jonathan grabs George's arm. They sprint across the office,
chased by the Security Guard.

GEORGE
See you next week, Mr. Rosen! Hi,
Suzanne!

Suzanne gives a weak wave. Adam Rosen stands in his office
doorway, smiling. The Receptionist begins texting again.

ADAM ROSEN
George Jefferson. I love that guy.

INT. PARACHUTE PRODUCTIONS LOBBY -- CONTINUOUS

Jonathan and George come running out of the offices and into
the lobby with the Security Guard in hot pursuit.

INT. DOWNTOWN OFFICE BUILDING -- STAIRWELL -- CONTINUOUS

Montage: Jonathan and George fling open a door marked Stairs
and begin spiraling their way down the 28 floors... this
obviously will take them a while.

The Security Guard is moving down the stairs after them. All
three of them must stop and take a breather as they are
running down.

JONATHAN
(Into his radio.)
Ray, we're coming out. Get the
bikes ready, it's going to be a
fast exit.

INT. DOWNTOWN OFFICE BUILDING -- LOBBY

The lobby is busy, the end of the work day. Office workers exit the elevators orderly like lines of ants returning to the hive. This is interrupted as a door flies open, and Jonathan and George come bolting out. Jonathan grabs a large modern art sculpture and shoves it in front of the door to the stairwell.

GEORGE

(To the frightened office workers.)

No need to worry, we're bike messengers.

We see the Security Guard struggling to open the stairwell door, blocked by the sculpture. This leaves just enough time for Jonathan and George to get out the front doors.

EXT. DOWNTOWN OFFICE BUILDING -- MANHATTAN, NYC -- EVENING
-- CONTINUOUS

Ray is in front of the building, straddling his bicycle and eating a large cotton candy. Sounds of police sirens are coming closer. George unlocks his bike. In the street, we see twenty or thirty messengers charging through heavy Manhattan rush hour traffic, heading uptown.

RAY

Did you get it? Where is it?
Where's the script?

JONATHAN

No time for that now, we've got to go!

RAY

(Pointing to the messengers.)
What's that?

JONATHAN

(Pulling the flier from his pocket.)
Alley cat! Let's go!

Sirens blare and police cruisers rush up. Jonathan, Ray and George push off into traffic as the Security Guard come out the front doors, gesturing wildly towards the police.

Jonathan, George and Ray merge into the pack of bike messengers riding hard and fast through traffic. Police cars are screaming towards them, sirens blaring.

(CONTINUED)

Montage: "Welcome to the Jungle" by Guns 'n' Roses plays.

Jonathan, George and Ray weave through traffic.

Ray, riding fast, still holding his cotton candy, he takes a bite.

George, laughing, steers out of the way of a taxi that cuts him off.

The pursuing police cars get closer as the pack of riders, runs red lights and stop signs. They cross into Times Square and into a major traffic jam that leaves the police stranded in a sea of cars. We see the riders weaving their way through the stopped traffic, making their get away.

INT. GEORGE'S APARTMENT BUILDING. HALLWAY

George, Jonathan and Ray walk down the hallway out of breath, laughing and relieved.

GEORGE

Did you see the look on that cop's face? I can't believe we made it through! That was so much fun. And here all along I thought bike messengers were drug addicted, wastoid, losers.

George opens the door. Inside, the Messenger is still wearing George's bathrobe, slumped in a chair. Fast food wrappers, empty beer cans and cigarette butts litter the floor.

JONATHAN

Don't speak too soon.

RAY

What a disgusting pig.

Ray pulls a piece of cotton candy from his beard and eats it.

Jonathan, George and Ray enter the apartment and the Messenger wakes up.

GEORGE

What did you do to my place?

MESSENGER

I'm sorry, Mr. Jefferson. I must have blacked out.

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE

Stop calling me that! I asked you
to watch the place, not destroy it.
Get the hell out of here.

The Messenger stumbles towards the door.

MESSENGER

Alright. Did you make the drops and
get my money?

GEORGE

Yes, here's the hundred and twenty
I owe you, but I'm keeping the rest
of your inventory as payment for
the apartment.

MESSENGER

Fine, but I get to keep the
bathrobe.

We see that the bathrobe is covered in stains, disgusting.
George reaches into his bag and removes a large bag of
marijuana.

GEORGE

Deal. Your bike is downstairs.

The Messenger grabs his belongings and heads towards the
door.

MESSENGER

Via con dios, compadres.

The Messenger exits. Jonathan, Ray and George plop down,
exhausted. George fires up the vaporizer and they all take
turns taking hits.

JONATHAN

Well, we made it out of there alive
and didn't get arrested.

RAY

(Dejected)

So, does that mean you didn't get
the script?

JONATHAN

Ah, I'm sorry Ray. It was just too
hectic in there with security after
us. I didn't have time. I ran into
Suzanne, she works there! I was so
close and then she spotted me.

(CONTINUED)

RAY

Oh well, maybe it's for the best.
Maybe I don't deserve Leah after
all.

Ray begins picking at the left over food. He is a comfort eater. Jonathan puts his arm around him to console him.

JONATHAN

Don't say that, Ray. Leah loves
you. She just loses sight of how
talented you are. We'll find a way
to get that script, and -

GEORGE

Script? Oh yea! Adam Rosen gave me
his only copy to read. I'm not sure
where it went though. He's a big
fan of comics, you know, and -

RAY

What? He gave you a script? Super
Ray! Where is it? You had it and
lost it? That script was my only
hope of getting Leah back.

George looks around his trashed apartment, puzzled.

GEORGE

I had it when we left the office. I
must have put it in my messenger
ba...

EXT. OF GEORGE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

The Messenger, wearing George's bathrobe, swings his leg
over his bicycle, puts a cigarette in his mouth and reaches
into his messenger bag for a lighter. He finds a script
inside, pulls it out and without looking at the cover,
tosses it into the back of an open garbage truck and rides
off into traffic. Close up on the script in the garbage
truck, which reads: **The Adventures of Super Ray.**

THE END