

"Nonetheless, Hitherto, Thereafter"

by

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FADE IN:

JULIE FREEMAN (28) finishes setting the videocamera on the tripod, hits the record button, then runs around and sits down in front of the lens. She fixes her hair, takes a breath, then looks straight into the lens. She's slightly manic - and she knows it - so she tries to be as calm and appear as lucid and focused as possible.

JULIE

Julie Freeman, Anthropology  
Department. This is my  
dissertation.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN

CREDITS ROLL

Over montage of a rural college town -

Strip malls

Dive Bars

Campus laundromat

Internet cafes

Record stores

Pawn shops

THE CREDITS END on this humongous monstrosity of a MALL. It's totally out of place in this town - it looks like a beached ocean liner in the middle of a sprawling village. You can see it for miles and miles - the Galleria times ten. Every useless fast food chain represented in the "Food Court" and the anchors would be stores like JCPenny, Marshals, Mays and finally... MACY'S.

END

INT. JULIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Like every other student on any Monday morning, Julie gets her books together and puts them in her knapsack. She lives in typical off-campus graduate housing - a decrepit shack surrounded by similar tenements.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Julie is kinda boppy and vivacious and seems like she's really slumming it by living in this type of shithole with her fellow grungy impoverished grad students.

EXT. JULIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Julie exits her building and heads towards campus.

EXT. CAMPUS - DAY

We follow Julie on a MONTAGE of her daily routine through campus while she speaks V.O.:

JULIE (V.O.)

OK, well maybe I should start at the beginning... I'm ABD - I know that sounds like some kinda neurological disease but all it means is All But Dissertation. That means that I completed all of my coursework and passed my orals and filled out all of the forms to graduate and start my life as a contributing member of adult society in America... well, everything but that silly little dissertation... and I've kinda been here for a few too many years so I petitioned and asked if I could submit a documentary video as my dissertation and my chair - Doctor Bernstein -

INSERT STODGY DOCTOR BERNSTEIN SITTING BEHIND HIS DESK SMOKING A PIPE

JULIE

Well, since nobody wants me to spend another twelve years here, Doc B fought for me so that I wouldn't have to write some silly 400 page monolith on the lint found in some Ubangi Tribesman's bellybutton laden with words such as "Nonetheless," "Hitherto" and "Thereafter".... so...

(beat)

HERE WE GO!

End Montage of Julie walking through campus and going to classes, etc.

CUT TO:

INT. JULIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Julie speaking into the videocamera.

JULIE

OK, so first I wanted to do something on the institution of marriage in Western Culture. I mean, it seemed like a good idea back in the dark ages when the average life expectancy was THIRTY! But now that it's 72 for men and 77 for women it doesn't seem like we were meant to mate for life. At least not for such a long life. So I was going to try to find a culture that had RENEWABLE marriage contracts - like renting with an option to buy - where you would RENEGOTIATE your marriage every year.

(play acting)

"Honey, I'd like you to leave the toilet seat down more next year."

"Yes, dear, and could I get two hot meals per week, please?"

(back to normal voice)

I thought that some of those 60s revolutionaries in communes would have thought of this but I guess they haven't so I'm not going to do a dissertation on them.

INSERT IMAGES OF NEWSPAPERS WITH HORRIFIC TITLES - "Innocent Mother of three raped and murdered"

JULIE (CONT'D)

(continuing)

Then I wanted to study the number of murders reported per page in the newspapers from 100 years ago until today.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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JULIE (CONT'D)

Y'see, I have a theory about this: my theory is that newspaper readers and people who watch the five o'clock news actually subconsciously THRIVE on hearing about local atrocities. Nobody will admit it, but the closer the better. Because when you get home from work you say to yourself, "Well, another oppressively boring day at the meat factory, my boyfriend didn't call, I have no plans tonight, I have some wicked cold sore inside my lip that could be herpes and there's some kinda green blister on my toe that's freakin' killing me!" And then you flip on the news and hear about the girl two doors down who got raped and murdered while you were at your shit job and you say to yourself, "Well, my life sucks and that frozen dinner will probably give me diarrhea but... but... AT LEAST I DIDN'T GET RAPED AND KILLED TODAY!"

(beat)

Yeah, well, Doctor B nixed that dissertation topic pretty quickly. Said that there was no way to study the unconscious and no way to study "schadenfreude" - that's a German word that means "taking glee in the pain of others." A really unseemly human quality and I can't have an ugly topic so...

INSERT VIDEOS OF FOOTBALL AND BASKETBALL TEAMS IN THEIR UNIFORMS THEN SHOTS OF GANGS SUCH AS CRIPS AND BLOODS WEARING THEIR COLORS AND MAKING THEIR VARIOUS HANDSIGNALS

JULIE

(continuing)

Then I was thinking about doing something on Modern Tribal Affiliations, how the ancient tribal groupings of Sumaria and Judah have translated into contemporary groupings such as the Knicks, Lakers, Crips and Bloods.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIE (CONT'D)

But Doctor B thought that it would be construed as racist since I'm just a dumb honkie and really couldn't inconspicuously infiltrate those groups to conduct research...

INSERT SHOT OF JULIE DRESSED IN A "GHETTO CHIC" KNICKS OUTFIT MIMICKING VARIOUS GANG HANDSIGNALS

JULIE

(continuing; thinking for a beat)

OK, so how about this: the disenfranchisement of our youth - like high school kids. How the Internet and television and cell phones breed alienation by giving a false sense of affinity grouping. I mean, kids think that they have friends but their friends are really just colorful ones and zeros bounced off some satellite pulsing on a monitor or phone.

Julie starts pulling out cables and all sorts of apparatus from a little bag next to her.

JULIE (CONT'D)

OK, so my brother, Bob...

Insert photo of BROTHER BOB, 22

JULIE (CONT'D)

... Was a film studies major and my father...

Insert photo of FATHER

JULIE (CONT'D)

(continuing)

... Got him a video camera for graduation thinking that Bob would take the initiative and shoot weddings and bar-mitzvahs and funeral on weekends to pay back some of his student loans but Bob isn't that... motivated.

Insert Bob passed out on his sofa with a still smoking BONG next to him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIE (CONT'D)

Bob, did however manage to "acquire" from his department this lens that fits conveniently into a hat. It's got a little transmitter and sends a signal back to this tiny dv camera and it will enable me to go deep into youth culture and find out what's really going on.

Julie inserts the lens into a weird polka dot hat - kinda like a third eye - and then flips a switch that turns it on. The angle reverses and shows the videocamera on the tripod. Flip - and it's back on Julie.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Cool. OK, so, I'm just going to cruise downtown and infiltrate the last glowing bastion of Americana... THE MALL.

CLOSE UP ON THE BEHEMOTH ITSELF, THE MALL

Reverse angle on Julie driving in her old Ford Escort.

EXT. MALL - DAY

Julie parks her car and heads inside.

JULIE

I figured that it would be relatively easy to find a job since I already have a college degree and actually had a 3.8 gpa and I had been a national merit scholar and president of my senior class in high school and valedictorian at college. Julie heads inside the mall.

INT. MALL - DAY

MONTAGE OF JULIE WITH VARIOUS HUMAN RESOURCES OFFICERS

At the end of each scene Julie pushes her resume across the table and the HR, glances at it for a millisecond, and says one of the follow two lines:

HR PERSON 1

HR PERSON 2

You're overqualified.

You're underexperienced.

HR PERSON 3

HR PERSON 4

You're overqualified.

You're underexperienced.

EXT. MALL - DAY

Julie walks back to her car dejected.

JULIE (V.O.)

So I decided to call this minor league baseball player I met at a sushi bar last summer who told me that he earned some extra money as a perfume model at the mall.

CUT TO:

INT. JULIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Julie dials the phone.

JULIE (INTO PHONE)

Hello, Bob?

(beat)

This is Julie... we met at Gringo's...

(beat)

No, not last week...

CUT TO:

INT. GRINGO'S - NIGHT

Julie is sitting at a table in this bizarre Mexican sushi bar when BOB (24) enters.

She waves to him - he has no idea who she is. He slowly figures out that she must be Julie and heads over to the table.

BOB

Julie?

JULIE

Hey! Great to see you!

BOB

Yeah...?

CUT TO:



INT. MALL - DAY

Julie walks proudly to her new job at the mall.

JULIE (V.O.)

Anyway, to make a long story short, Bob hooked me up with the Erngiglio Zumalee distributor who was in fact looking for a new Perfume Model - and she didn't even ask to see a resume! She just asked if I had a criminal record and we kinda laughed about it as if it were a joke.

INT. MACY'S - DAY

Julie walks through the cosmetic department towards the fragrance department.

As she approaches the counter she flips the switch on the video camera with the lens in her hat.

VIDEO CAMERA'S POV: a popourri of colors and lights as Julie heads for the Erngiglio Zumalee display.

Standing there smiling is MADISON (30).

MADISON

Hi, welcome to Erngiglio Zumalee!  
Can I help you?

FREEZE ON MADISON'S FAKE SMILE

JULIE (V.O.)

OK, before we get started on my dissertation on the disenfranchised youth in America let me just introduce you to the percipients - that's just a big word for the people I'll be studying.

INSERT VIDEO CLIP OF MADISON

She speaks dead into the camera (not unlike the kids in the classroom in "Annie Hall"):

MADISON

I like... "STUFF."

The camera just lingers on her oblivious smile and make-up covered face - apparently not one functioning brain cell in her pretty little head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIE (V.O.)  
What kind of "stuff?"

MADISON (HAPPILY)  
Oh, all kinds of "stuff!"  
(beat)  
Lipsticks and rouges and earrings  
and blouses and perfume and... I  
dunno - "STUFF!"

JULIE  
That's Madison. She likes "stuff."  
She works the Erngiglio Zumalee  
counter here. Technically, she's  
my boss.

INSERT VIDEO CLIP OF MUTE BOY (32)

He speaks dead into the camera.

MUTE BOY  
Human beings are idiots.

The camera just lingers on his bitter snarl.

JULIE (V.O.)  
Would you care to elaborate on  
that?

Mute Boy thinks for a beat.

MUTE BOY  
No.  
(beat)  
It speaks for itself.

Mute Boy walks away from the camera.

JULIE (V.O.)  
That's Mute Boy. Actually his name  
is Johnston Cornish but everyone  
around hear calls him Mute Boy  
because he doesn't speak much and  
he looks young for his age. He's  
the head of security but he hates  
his job. Pretty much hates  
everything. Except music. He  
LOVES music.

INSERT VIDEO CLIP OF ELIZABETH KENNEDY, aka Lizzy K. She  
speaks dead into the camera.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIZZY K  
Sugar, Caffeine, Nicotine and  
Chocolate: those are the four food  
groups for most Americans. WE ARE  
ALL JUNKIES!

JULIE (V.O.)  
That's Lizzy K, Elizabeth Kennedy -  
yes, of the Kennedy family. Blew  
through her trust and her family  
cut her off because she is a...

INSERT VIDEO CLIP OF CARLYLE

She speaks dead into the camera.

CARLYLE  
CRACKHEAD! CRACKHEAD MOTHERFUCKER!

Carlyle is surly, honest and frank - kinda like Janeane  
Garofalo.

CARLYLE (CONT'D)  
(continuing)  
But hey, there's gotta be alot of  
pressure when you're a  
TRUSTIFAREAN! All your brothers  
graduate Magna Cum Laude from  
Harvard and end up dead or in Club  
Fed - what's a white girl to do but  
smoke some CRACK?!

JULIE (V.O.)  
OK, so that's Carlyle. She speaks  
her mind. She's writing a book but  
needs to earn rent money so she  
works here. She's hates Lizzy  
because if she'd had Lizzy's money  
she'd be the next Virginia Woolf -  
or so she claims.

INSERT PHOTO OF CARLYLE AND MICKEY

JULIE (V.O.)  
(continuing)  
Her boyfriend Mickey is a drummer  
and he's responsible for food  
money. If he doesn't work, they  
don't eat. They fly very low to  
the ground.

INSERT VIDEO CLIP OF WHEEZER

He speaks dead into the camera:

WHEEZER  
People are weird.

JULIE (V.O.)  
That's Wheezer. He's undercover security. But since he weighs 300 pounds and couldn't fit into any of the clothes in the store he's not as inconspicuous as he should be. And he can't really sneak up on anybody because he's got a deviated septum so he wheezes like a Rhinoceros. I think they kinda hired him as a joke, the way they put empty police cars on the side of the highway, so that people slow down for two or three seconds...

INSERT VIDEO CLIP OF PHILLIPE (28)

He speaks dead into the camera - in a heavy FRENCH accent:

PHILLIPE  
Oui, I have been here now for many many years!

JULIE  
That's Phillipe. He's never been out of the country. Doesn't even have a passport. But he loves French movies. And so does his boyfriend. They go into Victoria's Secret every week and blow their paychecks on French maids outfits - well, actually, they just pick out the outfits and then send one of the girls back there to buy them. I guess this town isn't as liberal as I thought it was - but, hey, whatever people do on their own time is their business.

INSERT VIDEO CLIP OF CLAUDETTE (45)

She speaks dead into the camera:

CONTINUED:

CLAUDETTE

America is America. I'm Canadian and if my husband didn't have such a good job then we would move back to Canada immediately.

JULIE (V.O.)

That's Lifer - well, her name is Claudette but she's been here longer than anyone so everyone calls her Lifer - but not to her face. And if her husband has such a great job then what the hell is she doing on her feet for forty hours a week???

CUT TO:

INT. JULIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Julie speaks into the camera.

JULIE

So I guess I didn't find what I was looking for... I thought I was going to find the disenfranchised youth of America - high school kids - working at these shit jobs in the mall. But instead everyone there is OLDER THAN ME! And everyone has a college degree. Even Madison managed to graduate from some community college. And Carlyle has an MFA in writing. They've all been fooled by the myth of America, that we live in a meritocracy where all talented people will eventually rise to take their fair share of the pie...

(beat)

Anyway, I'm revising my dissertation topic and Doctor B is cool with it.

INSERT SHOT OF DOCTOR B ROLLING HIS EYES

JULIE

(continuing)

Actually, I'm going to be like Jane Goodall, one of the pioneers of contemporary anthropology - you know, the one who followed around the monkeys in the jungle for all those years. Yeah, Sigourney Weaver played her in that "Gorillas in the Mist" movie. I wonder who they're going to get to play me???

INSERT SHOTS OF UMA THURMAN, NICOLE KIDMAN, AND SCARLETT JOHANNSON

CUT TO:

INT. MACY'S - DAY

Julie walks around with a perfume bottle. Madison is behind her at the counter.

Julie approaches a CUSTOMER.

JULIE

Hi, would you like to try the new Erngiglio Zumalee perfume?

The Customer just walks by Julie as if she were invisible. She approaches another Customer - a teenage GIRL yapping into a cell phone.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Hi, would you like to try the new exciting Erngiglio Zumalee perfume?

The Girl laughs at her and then files a report into her cell phone as she walks off.

GIRL

No, just some retarded bitch who wants to spray shit on me...

Julie hears this and raises her eyebrows. She heads back over to Madison at the counter.

JULIE

Hi Madison - is there anything I'm supposed to do... I mean, is there anything I'm doing wrong?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Madison is tying ribbon into bows at the counter.

MADISON

Did you say something?

Madison obviously can't do two things at once. Carlyle comes from the adjacent counter and rescues Julie.

CARLYLE

Here. I'll show you.

She grabs the perfume from Julie and walks up to the nearest customer. Carlyle starts spraying even before she reaches the OLD WOMAN.

CARLYLE (CONT'D)

(continuing)

Try some perfume. It will make your thighs taste like Ben and Jerry's Cherry Garcia ice cream and turn your impotent freakshow-of-a-husband into a savage wilderbeast. RAAHHHH!

She sprays some more shit on the Old Woman who scurries frantically away. Carlyle and Julie laugh together. Carlyle looks up into one of the cameras, smiles then gives the camera the bird. Julie is kinda mortified - she can't believe Carlyle's irreverence.

CARLYLE (CONT'D)

(continuing)

Don't worry, it's just Mute Boy.

JULIE

Mute Boy?

Julie looks up curiously at the camera.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Carlyle and Julie sit in a booth.

Carlyle launches into a rant.

CARLYLE

It's about disillusionment, the way we all were brought up to think that our lives were going to turn out and now look at us. We've all just ridden our personal escalators up to our own level of mediocrity.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLYLE (CONT'D)

Where's our generation's Picasso?  
Where's our generation's Mozart?  
Where's our generation's Virginia  
Woolf? I mean, for godssakes, I  
work in the fucking mall!

Julie looks on sympathetically.

CARLYLE (CONT'D)

(continuing)

So what's your story?

Julie thinks up a lie - it's too early to trust anyone.

JULIE

Well, actually, I'm a doctoral  
student in anthropology. I just -  
uhmm - need to make some money to  
keep up on my student loans.

CARLYLE

Too bad you're not writing on  
complete dysfunctionality in the  
workplace. I mean, everyone is so  
estranged, there's no community, no  
"all for one and one for all..."  
it's just a bunch of back-stabbing  
opportunistic freaks who are trying  
to escape as quickly as possible.  
It's like a freakin' prison.  
NOBODY WANTS TO BE HERE.  
NOBODY WANTS TO BE DOING WHAT  
THEY'RE DOING. NOBODY WANTS TO BE  
EARNING THEIR LIVING THE WAY  
THEY'RE EARNING THEY'RE LIVING.  
EVERYONE THINKS THEY'RE TOO GOOD  
TO WORK HERE. We're all a bunch of  
malcontents.

Julie's eyes light up - like here's her new thesis.

CARLYLE (CONT'D)

(continuing)

Which is why everyone is on Prozac  
and Paxil and all the other shit  
that people take. Except Lizzy K.  
She doesn't bother with the Coca  
Light. She goes straight to the  
Coke.

JULIE

Does she really...?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

CARLYLE

Chase the dragon? Every hour on the hour.

JULIE

It's unbelievable.

CARLYLE

I know. Did she not get the memo??  
"Crack is Whack!"

The girls laugh.

CARLYLE (CONT'D)

(continuing)

Seriously, what's unbelievable is that this chick has had everything in the entire universe handed to her on a silver platter and she went and traded it in for a silver spoon! She's a crackHEAD and if she didn't have that last iota of self-esteem she'd be a crackWHORE! But then someone in her family would just call up a Skakel have her taken out. I mean, the closest thing we have to an aristocracy in America and they're all a bunch of murderers, rapists, and drug addicts. We're living in a sad sad time.

Julie looks at her watch.

JULIE

And on that note... breaks over.

CARLYLE

Nobody cares when we get back, nobody has any integrity. The only reason Mute Boy even has his job is because he refuses to bullshit with anyone - even me. He's the only one I respect in the whole godforsaken place!

Julie raises her eyebrows with curiosity.

CUT TO:

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

Mute Boy sits behind a console of monitors. He has tiny earpieces in his ears and he's kinda just glancing here and there occasionally but really concentrating on whatever is going on through the headphones. Tapping his fingers on his legs as if he were playing various instruments.

Julie enters.

JULIE  
Hello? I'm Julie from Erngiglio  
Zumalee.

No response.

JULIE (CONT'D)  
(continuing)  
Hello? Hello?

She walks over and taps him. Mute Boy startles, pulls the earplugs from his ears. We catch a moment of the extremely intense music he's playing before he reaches down and shuts his mp3 player off.

JULIE (CONT'D)  
Hi, I'm Julie from Erngiglio  
Zumalee.

He nods. She stands there awkwardly. He really just doesn't care about her.

JULIE (CONT'D)  
(continuing)  
Ahh... don't I have to check-in  
or something?

He nods no.

JULIE (CONT'D)  
(continuing)  
Ahh... you want me to sign  
something or wear a badge?

He shrugs his shoulders. He really doesn't give a fuck.

JULIE (CONT'D)  
(continuing)  
Check my bag?

MUTE BOY  
What for? Steal something?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIE

No.  
(beat)  
Believe me?

Mute Boy just shakes his head - he doesn't have time for games. He turns back to his monitors and mp3 player.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Got a name?

MUTE BOY

Yeah.

He just stands there. Her face drops.

JULIE

Well, what is it?

MUTE BOY

Johnston. But unless you see someone blatantly shoving something in their pocket then you'll probably have little to say to me - OK?

She turns to leave and then turns back.

JULIE

You know it differentiates us from the animals - don't you?

MUTE BOY

What does?

JULIE

Language.

MUTE BOY

So what? Most of what people say is bullshit.

JULIE

Yes, well, that's one perspective on interpersonal communications.

(beat)

But personally, I don't know how I'd get along if I couldn't speak.

MUTE BOY

You'd get along just fine, just fine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Wheezer enters carrying a bunch of shopping bags as if he were just picking out some presents for the old lady. He crashes his fat ass into a chair and between wheezes manages to make a few partial sentence.

WHEEZER (HAPPILY)

Did you see that old hag switching tags in dressing room five?

MUTE BOY

Yeah. Bulgarian, first generation American. She's just a runner.

JULIE

What's a runner?

WHEEZER

That's classified information. Who are you?

JULIE

Julie.

WHEEZER

Perfume model - right?

JULIE

How did you know?

Mute Boy and Wheezer role their eyes.

WHEEZER

Because I know we didn't hire anyone new so you must have been sent here from the outside. You go to the university - right?

JULIE

Yes.

WHEEZER

You'll last about three weeks. You're used to sitting at a desk; you'll never last on your feet all day - not in those shoes, at least.

Wheezer and Mute Boy laugh.

JULIE

It's my first day. I'll get new shoes. Don't worry about me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MUTE BOY

Is there anything else you needed?

This is Mute Boy's way of saying "get the fuck out of my office." Julie understands.

JULIE

Nice meeting you both.

She turns to leave and Mute Boy and Wheezer are happy that she's out of their lair.

CUT TO:

INT. PERFUME COUNTER - DAY

Julie walks back to her position.

JULIE (V.O.)

Not the warm fuzzy camaraderie I expected but it definitely confirms my thesis about the disenfranchisement of today's youth - even if everyone here is thirty...

Madison points towards a group of FOREIGNERS meaning that Julie should approach them. Julie heads towards them.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Hi... would you like to try some...

They start rambling in another language and scurry off as if Julie has the Bubonic Plague. She may as well be cold-calling housewives at dinner time trying to get them to change their long-distance service. Julie turns back to Madison and shrugs her shoulders. Julie heads over towards Phillipe's counter.

Phillipe is wearing a overly tailored suit and has his hair slicked back and various configurations of finely manicured facial hair. His skin is overly radiant and his nails, eyebrows and everything else make him look like he just walked out of a Sunday New York Times Magazine METROSEXUAL Special Pull-Out.

JULIE (CONT'D)

(continuing)

Hi, I'm Julie. Erngiglio Zumalee.

PHILLIPE

Bonjour.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIE

Vous etes francais? J'ai etudiee  
le francais pendant trois ans!  
(subtitled: You're French?  
I studied French for 3  
years!)

Phillipe is lost.

PHILLIPE

Oui.  
(beat)  
Oui.  
(beat)  
Can I help you with something?

JULIE

Just wanted to say 'hi', introduce  
myself...

PHILLIPE (SMILING)

Well, you did it.

Julie doesn't know what to say.

JULIE

Right. Ok, then... I'd better get  
back to work...

PHILLIPE

Au revoir!

Julie forces a smile and scampers off.

JULIE (V.O.)

Right, so... that's was genuinely  
bizarre.... a full-grown man  
living in fantasy land... tres  
tres beezarre!

She spots Claudette at another counter and moseys over  
towards her with a big smile. She has witnessed Phillipe and  
Julie's interaction and consoles Julie.

CLAUDETTE

Oh, don't mind him. He's just  
angry because his boyfriend had sex  
with someone else last night.

JULIE

Ach! That's awful!  
(beat)  
How would you know such a thing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLAUDETTE

Because he told me on the way to work. Ever since he lost his license - DUI - I have to hear his bullshit every morning in the car. He lives in a condo down the street from our house so I'm the lucky one who gets to drive him to work. I'm Claudette.

JULIE

I'm Julie.

Handshake.

JULIE (CONT'D)

(continuing)

Have you been here a long time?

CLAUDETTE

Not so long... the turnover rate is so high that anyone who has been here more than six months they start calling "Lifer."

JULIE

Oh... I didn't know...

CLAUDETTE

Didn't know what?

JULIE

That you knew.

Claudette kinda frowns and shrugs it off.

CLAUDETTE

In some places the people who have been there the longest are respected, they have seniority... but not here. Here everyone knows that a monkey could do this job so it doesn't matter how smart the monkey is, they just want to make sure that the monkey shows up on time. So that's what I do.

JULIE

You make it sound so glum.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CLAUDETTE

It could be alot worse. That's what these kids don't realize, that's what they don't realize when they're making that ever-crucial decision between the new Fendi and Louis Vuitton handbag or new Lexus or BMW. I think I'm the only one who works here who has been out of the country.

JULIE

Well, Lizzy K probably spent a spring break or two in the Swiss Alps...

They chuckle.

CLAUDETTE

That's not traveling. I'm talking about walking through the hills of Burma, going on a Safari where you're the only white person within 500 miles, scuba diving in the Great Barrier reef...

JULIE

You've done all that?

CLAUDETTE

My parents thought it was important to show their children the world so every summer we went on an adventure.

JULIE

Most of the people around here haven't even seen the Grand Canyon, I bet.

CLAUDETTE (SARCASTICALLY)

Probably not. But why travel when you can see it all on the television?

JULIE

Or at least that's what they think...

A MAN approaches Claudette and Julie. He's carrying a little brown paper bag. He smiles at Claudette lovingly and she smiles back at him.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (4)

RON

Hi dear... I brought your lunch...

Claudette kisses him and takes the bag.

CLAUDETTE

That's so sweet. This is Julie,  
the new perfume model.

RON

Nice to meet you!

Julie sees Madison frowning that Julie isn't approaching  
customers.

JULIE

Nice to meet you too. Well, I'd  
better shove off - I'll talk to you  
later, Claudette.

Julie heads towards some high school students who must have  
just gotten out of school.

JULIE (CONT'D)

(continuing)

Hi, would you young ladies like to  
try the new Erngiglio Zumalee  
perfume?

GIRL

Sure. Got any free samples?

JULIE

No, sorry.

The Girls high-tail it out of there and Julie turns to  
Madison and shrugs her shoulders as we...

CUT TO:

INT. JULIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Julie speaks into the video camera.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIE

OK, so everything was going fine and I was gathering little tidbits of information just like a diligent field worker, until a few weeks later when Lizzy K asked me to have coffee with her...

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Slightly gaunt and drawn, crackhead Lizzy K speaks intensely to Julie.

LIZZY

OK, so listen: we're all getting screwed by this mega-corporation - no health insurance, shit wages, ungodly hours - and we're going to fight back.

Julie raises her eyebrows.

JULIE

Strike?

LIZZY

No, that's too simple. And it doesn't work any more. We're going to hit them where it hurts, we're going to take them downtown.

JULIE

Who is?

LIZZY

Let's just say me and a few friends of mine.

JULIE

What's your plan?

LIZZY

First we need to know if we can trust you, are you one of them or are you one of us?

JULIE

Does Carlyle know about this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIZZY

You get information on a need to know basis. It's better for everyone that way.

JULIE

Got it.

LIZZY

And what's with that ridiculous hat?

Julie gets nervous. Lizzy tries to grab it off her head and Julie leans back.

LIZZY (CONT'D)

(continuing)

I'm only joking - lighten up. You're not a cop - are you?

JULIE

No, I'm not a cop.

LIZZY

Cause you can't lie, if you're a cop then you gotta tell me.

JULIE

Have you had alot experience with the police, Liz?

Lizzy starts to get up.

LIZZY

I'm out.

JULIE

I told you, I'm not a freakin' cop!

LIZZY

OK! Don't get your panties all bunched up... jeez...

Lizzy sits back down as both women take a breath and reassess the situation.

LIZZY (CONT'D)

(continuing)

Here's the deal. I have the ability to help you pay off all of your student loans in the next month.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Julie raises her eyebrows - this is interesting.

LIZZY (CONT'D)  
(continuing)  
What do you say to that?

JULIE  
I'm still here, aren't I?

We end on Julie's face as we...

CUT TO:

INT. JULIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Julie speaks into the camera.

JULIE  
It was then that Lizzy K told me about their plan to steal hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of merchandise in a single day. She already had several "fences" set up that would give them fifty cents on the dollar for whatever she could bring them. Half of the stuff would be spread out on Ebay and the top-dollar brand names would be shipped to the Philippines and Eastern Europe where they would be sold through the local mafias. It was going to be an inside job and the only thing left that was needed was either distract Mute Boy and Wheezer or cut them in on it. But they didn't know how to approach either of them.

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Lizzy K continues her sales pitch.

LIZZY  
We noticed that Mute Boy has the hots for you so...

JULIE  
He hates me! Are you crazy?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIZZY

My mental state is not a part of  
the equation!!!

(beat)

Face it: Mute Boy loves you -  
you're the only one he talks to.

JULIE

No way.

LIZZY

And he's always pointing the camera  
on you wherever you pedal your  
wares so...

JULIE

You're delirious. He hasn't said  
two words to me since the first  
day.

LIZZY

Listen, we need you to suss out the  
security situation. Everyone else  
involved knows their job and we're  
ready to go. It's a sure thing.  
All of the pieces are in place. So  
if you can deliver Mute Boy and  
Wheezer then we'll cut you in on  
it.

JULIE

And if not?

LIZZY

Then this conversation never took  
place.

JULIE

I'll think about it.

CUT TO:

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

Mute Boy is behind the controls when Julie meekly enters.

JULIE (V.O.)

OK, so my dissertation as well as  
my life were getting more and more  
interesting by the second as I went  
to visit Mute Boy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mute Boy has been following her on the monitors so he spins around when she enters. He takes his earphones out.

MUTE BOY

That couple you sprayed at 10:13  
this morning lifted a dustpan from  
housewares.

JULIE

Somebody stole a dustpan?

MUTE BOY

If it's not tied down, people will  
steal anything.

Mute Boy shuts off his mp3 player.

JULIE

So what's the music you're always  
listening to?

MUTE BOY

Guitar solos.

JULIE

Guitar solos? I don't get it.

MUTE BOY

I think that guitar solos are the  
purist form of expression. They  
communicate pure emotion. All that  
angst and frustration sublimated  
into soaring melodies.

Julie is shocked - this is more that Mute Boy has ever said  
to anyone.

MUTE BOY (CONT'D)

(continuing)

The greatest invention of the 20th  
century won't go down as the space  
shuttle or computer or atom bomb.  
It's recorded music, the ability to  
hear something more than once, to  
really sink your teeth into the  
tone and pitch of a harmony.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MUTE BOY (CONT'D)

People take it for granted everyday because we're surrounded by music but think about what it would have taken 150 years ago to hear music: you'd have to travel to the nearest city and then sit in some wooden chair and worry about your horse outside getting stolen. Now we just flick a switch and our ears are filled with billions and billions of voices and tones and flavors and sounds and emotions. It's amazing.

Julie sits.

JULIE

So you play an instrument?

MUTE BOY

Guitar, piano, bass... I spent all my money building a home studio but so did hundreds of thousands of other people - so nobody recorded there but me. One day I woke up and realized that I had no money left for food. I got a job as a nightwatchman so I wouldn't have to deal with anyone. But because I don't say much everyone thinks I'm really serious about my job. So in less than a year I was promoted and now I'm head of security for the whole store. They like me so much that they asked me to move to the corporate headquarters but I can't move my studio. It's a joke. I couldn't care less about this store. I just want to play music.

Julie smiles. He has said exactly the right thing.

JULIE

Listen, why don't you let me check out your studio tonight? There's something I want to talk to you about...

Mute Boy is all ears as we...

CUT TO:

INT. STUDIO - NIGHT

Mute Boy shows Julie around his home studio - which is in a shed in the back of a small home.

JULIE (V.O.)

So I guess Lizzy K was kinda right - I mean, Mute Boy, for some odd reason, really does talk to me... and I guess it was smart of her to have me go talk to him... he really is quite anti-social to everyone else... hmmm....

MUTE BOY

I was listening to Lizzy K last week...

JULIE

There are microphones in the store too?

MUTE BOY

You didn't know? Yeah, there are cardioid boom microphones attached to all the cameras. They don't work great but I have really good ears. Anyway, I heard Lizzy telling you her theory about the four food groups - caffeine, nicotine, alcohol and sugar - and I think she's right. I mean, if you listen to guitar solos from all those 15 year olds cranked up and drunk and high, the solos are magical. I mean, I wouldn't want to go for a Sunday drive with Michael Schenker but I'll listen to him solo any day.

JULIE

Who's Michael Schenker?

MUTE BOY

One of the best guitar players of all time. He was only 17 years old when he recorded his best stuff. Really smooth tone - played a flying V most of the time - completely drunk - used a lot of dorian scales like Miles Davis - here, listen:

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

He puts on a Michael Schenker solo and they listen for a few seconds. He shuts it off.

JULIE

Wow... I never realized... That's pretty cool.

MUTE BOY

So what did you want to talk to me about?

JULIE

Well...

MUTE BOY

It's not about one of Lizzy K's brilliant ideas - is it?

We end on Julie's dumfounded face as we...

CUT TO:

INT. MUTE BOY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mute Boy draws a corporate hierarchy for Julie.

MUTE BOY

OK, Mister Chips is the store manager.

JULIE

That's not his real name - is it?

INSERT SHOT OF MISTER CHIPS WEARING A SUIT AND LOOKING KINDA CORPORATE

MUTE BOY

Walter Chips, but I think even his mother calls him Mister. He's a straight arrow type guy - doesn't tolerate any bullshit and can smell a liar a mile away. I've watched him interrogate people to the point where they're doing cavity searches on themselves.

JULIE

That may be more information than I need to know.

He writes down a name under Mister Chips and circles it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MUTE BOY

Under Mister Chips is Barney Rubble.

JULIE

Barney Rubble?

INSERT SHOT OF BARNEY RUBBLE, A GEEK IN A SPORTSCOAT

MUTE BOY

We call him that because he named his kids Coco and Bamam.

JULIE

You're joking.

He shakes his head 'no'.

MUTE BOY

He's the assistant store manager and he's not as ruthless as Mister Chips but I wouldn't want him as a cellmate if things turned out that way - know what I mean?

JULIE

Gotcha.

Mute Boy continues to diagram the hierarchy.

MUTE BOY

Then there's Barney Fife.

JULIE

Barney Rubble and Barney Fife?

INSERT SHOT OF BARNEY FIFE

MUTE BOY

Yeah, we call her Barney Fife because she's such a whiner, every time she opens her mouth you want to smack it shut. She drinks 18 cups of coffee a day and the blood vessels by the sides of her eyes pulse through her head like the Mississippi River.

JULIE

OK, so Barney Fife is a woman...?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MUTE BOY

Yes, but we think she probably  
looked better when she was a man.

JULIE

What are you talking about?

Mute Boy hesitates for a beat.

MUTE BOY

Chicks with dicks - you've never  
seen one?

JULIE

Don't be ridiculous. You're not  
serious - are you?

MUTE BOY

I know where all the cameras are  
hidden - do you?

JULIE

You're telling me that she used to  
be a man?

Mute Boy fingers his own adam's apple.

MUTE BOY

It's the last operation, the adam's  
apple. Just take a look the next  
time she's around you. She's got a  
willy, doesn't sit down to pee,  
Wheezer told me...

JULIE

OK... great. Let's just move  
on...

CUT TO:

INT. JULIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Julie speaks into the camera.

JULIE

Mute Boy told me that on the third  
Sunday on every month Mister Chips,  
Barney Rubble and Barney Fife have  
lunch at Snootie's in the food  
court...

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Julie relays the information to Lizzy K.

JULIE

They eat from 12:30 until 2 and it's the only time during the month when all three of them are out of the store. Every month Mister Chips comes in, pats Wheezer on the back, and says, "Man the fort, son," and then they leave.

LIZZY

Good work! This is excellent work!  
(beat)  
Oh shit!

JULIE

What?

LIZZY

The third Sunday of the month is this Sunday - just two days away! Is Mute Boy in?

JULIE

I think that we may be able to convince him to turn a blind eye.

LIZZY

What about Wheezer?

JULIE

Firstly his name is Carson, so if you want to get on his good side then you may want to stop calling him "Wheezer."

LIZZY

I never called him Wheezer to his face.

Julie points up towards the sky.

JULIE

Microphones, all over. They hear EVERYTHING. Mute Boy and Wheezer - they know every thought you've ever had.

LIZZY

No way!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIE

Trust me, Mute Boy knows when a mouse farts in that store.

LIZZY

Goddamn! You've done good work, Jules. You can kiss those student loans bye-bye come Monday!

They shake hands and head out.

CUT TO:

INT. LIZZY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Julie enters and Lizzy escorts her into the living room of this small decrepit home/crack den.

Sitting there are Carlyle and her boyfriend MICK, Madison, Phillipe, ARGENTINA, SANDY, WALTER and BETH.

Julie can't believe her eyes. She smiles and heads over towards Carlyle to say hello.

JULIE (WHISPERING)

I thought you hated her.

CARLYLE (WHISPERING)

I do. But business is business.

Lizzy K cracks open cheap beer and hands it to Julie, then cracks open another one for herself. She takes a wicked deep drag of her cigarette then sits down. Julies sits down next to her. On the other side of the room are a couple of skeavy looking low-life FOREIGNERS - Lizzy most likely met them through her dealer.

LIZZY

Julie, this is Mick, Carlyle's boyfriend, this is Argentina from Accessories, Sandy from Cosmetics, Walter from Luggage, and Beth from Jewelry.

JULIE

Where's Lifer?

MADISON

She wasn't interested.

LIZZY

Said something about being happy with her place in the world...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Everyone chuckles.

LIZZY (CONT'D)  
 (continuing)  
 Doesn't matter: Sunday is her day  
 off. She goes to Church!

Everyone laughs again. After a beat Julie turns back to Madison.

JULIE  
 Jeez Madison, I didn't expect to  
 find you here...

MADISON  
 My credit cards are all maxed  
 out... I owe \$115,000...

JULIE  
 Because of the "STUFF" - right?

MADISON  
 I have no idea. It's like it just  
 appeared one day.

Julie says hello to Phillipe who doesn't look particularly happy to be there.

PHILLIPE  
 Bonjour.

JULIE  
 Comment ca va?

PHILLIPE  
 Comme ci, comme ca...

That's all the French he knows. Julie nods towards the odd looking immigrants, KONSTANTINOPLE, SLETNABOV, and PEACH.

LIZZY  
 And this is Konny all the way from  
 Bulgaria, Sletnabov from the former  
 Yugoslavia and weighing in at 110  
 pounds all the way from the  
 Philippines is Peach!  
 (beat)  
 All of them are going to put in  
 their orders and they are going to  
 help us carry the merchandise out  
 of the store and sell it.

The three foreigners nod in agreement.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LIZZY (CONT'D)

(continuing)

And Mick here is going to drive his truck up to the employee entrance to help move the merchandise to its new home. All of us are scheduled to work on Sunday, which is ideal - and Julie is here to tell us why.

All eyes are on Julie.

JULIE

OK, so... Mute Boy - or Johnston - has confirmed that the three store managers are going to lunch on Sunday at 12:30 for their regular meeting. He doesn't think Wheezer would be interested in our little adventure - seeing as his father is a probation officer and Wheezer hopes some day to follow in his father's footsteps - so Mute Boy says that he can send Wheezer out to pick up their lunch at whatever time we want him to...

LIZZY

Excellent!

Everyone nods happily in agreement.

LIZZY (CONT'D)

(continuing)

So then Sunday it is!

All of them raise their beers and toast.

ALL

Sunday it is!

Julie looks at all of her new friends curiously - she and Carlyle exchange glances as we...

CUT TO:

INT. JULIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Julie speaks into the camera.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIE

OK, so I guess I should put my dissertation on hold for a little while so that I'm not generating evidence that could be used against anyone if something goes wrong... but really, there's not much that can go wrong, Lizzy K seems to have everything worked out so... Julie clicks off the camera as we....

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Julie enters and sees Carlyle sitting alone writing. She gets a coffee and then sits with her.

Carlyle throws down her pen.

CARLYLE

This is so fucked.

JULIE

What is?

CARLYLE

Stealing.

JULIE

So then why are you doing it?

CARLYLE

I need the money. Well, I think it's really about all kinds of resentment I feel towards the store, too. Sometimes I'd rather be assembling Nike sneakers in a sweatshop in Malaysia...

BARNEY RUBBLE and BARNEY FIFE enter the coffee shop and get coffee. They're kinda hucking it up together. Julie puts her fingers to her lips to shhhh Carlyle who looks at Rubble and Fife and understands. Rubble and Fife look over at Carlyle and Julie and their faces drop - as if they don't want to be seen in public together, as if they're hiding something. They get their coffee quickly and then Rubble shakes hands with Fife - awkwardly - and exits. Fife puts some cream and sugar in her extra-large coffee and comes over to Julie and Carlyle.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

BARNEY FIFE

Carlyle, we noticed that you're taking an extra 8 to 10 minutes on your lunch breaks....

Carlyle's face drops. She can't believe that anyone cares.

CLOSE ON BARNEY FIFE'S ADAM APPLE

CARLYLE

Ah... maybe just once. It won't happen again, "Ma'am."

Julie is mesmerized by the Adam's Apple on this "woman" - she can't help staring at it.

Barney Fife sticks out her hand.

BARNEY FIFE

I'm Kathryn, the Assistant Store Manager. You are...?

Julie is now staring at the pulsing varicose veins popping out on the sides of Barney Fife's eyes.

BARNEY FIFE (CONT'D)

(continuing)

I've seen you around the store...

JULIE

Oh... I'm Julie... from Erngiglio Zumalee... perfume model...

BARNEY FIFE

Where's your badge?

JULIE (FISHING)

Ahhh... it must've fallen off...? I'll get another one from...

BARNEY FIFE

See Johnston in Security. And don't let it happen again. Carlyle, I'm docking your pay two hours for the lunch tardies. Next time I'll just fire you - OK, Shakespeare?

Carlyle calmly closes her journal and gets up. She knows if she says anything smart her job is toast so she eats her words.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLYLE  
Thank you, "Ma'am."

Carlyle brushes by Barney Fife and exits. Julie starts to get up.

BARNEY FIFE  
We don't condone fraternizing  
between employees and outside reps -  
you never know what they might be  
up to...

JULIE  
Sorry.

BARNEY FIFE  
Go see Johnston NOW.

Julie exits and Fife pours some more sugar in her coffee as we...

CUT TO:

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

Julie knocks and enters. Mute Boy is sitting there. She shuts the door.

JULIE  
Now I know what you mean about  
Barney Fife.

Mute Boy fingers his own Adam's Apple.

JULIE (CONT'D)  
(continuing)  
Yeah, well, besides that she's got  
some issues.

MUTE BOY  
If somebody snipped my wee-wee off  
I'd have some issues, too.

They cringe, then chuckle.

JULIE  
She said I needed a badge.

MUTE BOY  
We ran out of badges months ago and  
she knows it. I ordered them from  
corporate and never got them.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MUTE BOY (CONT'D)

If she bothers you again just send her to me.

JULIE

Cool. Thanks. Carlyle and Mick and I are going to play some pool tonight. Wanna come?

MUTE BOY

I dunno...

JULIE

Just think about it... I'll call you later...

CUT TO:

INT. MACY'S - DAY

Julie strolls around the store and notices all of the gangster foreigners - KONSTANTINOPLE, SLETNABOV, and PEACH - "shopping" - picking out items, taking down notes on them, looking at prices, etc. She looks over to Lizzy K who gives her a conspiratorial look. Then she looks over to Madison who nervously looks away.

Julie looks over towards Phillipe who walks away. Everyone is getting kinda nervous as the big day approaches.

Julie looks around for somebody to spray and sees MISTER CHIPS coming right for her.

MISTER CHIPS

Julie, come with me, please.

Julie follows him over to Madison's counter. Madison perks up.

MADISON

Hello, Mister Chips!

MISTER CHIPS

Madison, where is your representative's name tag?

MADISON

Ahhh... I thought she was going to get one from upstairs...?

MISTER CHIPS

Do you have any idea how important it is that we know who is in the store at all times?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MADISON

I thought that Mute Boy was...

MISTER CHIPS

Who?

MADISON (CORRECTING HERSELF)

Johnston, in security.

JULIE

Sir, I went up there and Johnston told me that he ordered new tags from corporate but that they haven't come in yet.

MISTER CHIPS (TO MADISON)

How many hours a week is Julie here?

MADISON

Uhhh...

JULIE

I'm a student at the university, so I've been putting in about twenty hours a week, sir.

MISTER CHIPS

OK then, I'll have a permanent store nametag made up for you until we get the temporary ones in.

JULIE

Thank you, sir.

Mister Chips is about to walk away, then he turns back to Madison.

MISTER CHIPS

And Madison:

MADISON

Yes, sir?

MISTER CHIPS

There are fingerprints all over your display counter! Clean that up now!

MADISON

Yes, sir!

Mister Chips storms off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JULIE  
What's up his ass?

MADISON  
Maybe he knows about...

Julie shhhhs her.

She looks over to Phillipe, Argentina, Sandy, Walter, Beth and Lifer manning their respective counters and each pretending to mind his or her own business. Julie shakes her head as we...

CUT TO:

INT. POOL HALL - NIGHT

Carlyle and Julie shoot pool while Mick nurses a beer at the bar.

CARLYLE  
I'm just excited to be able to have  
free time so that I can write...  
and I heard the food isn't bad in  
jail either.

She's kinda wrecked. Julie giggles. Mute Boy enters and approaches them.

JULIE  
Hey there, have you met Mick?

Mick and Mute Boy shake hands.

JULIE (CONT'D)  
(continuing)  
Mick's the drummer for Angus  
Crowbar; Mute Boy has an incredible  
studio. He loves guitarists...  
tell him about that guy you played  
for me...

MUTE BOY (TO MICK)  
She didn't know who Michael  
Schenker was.

MICK  
That's ridiculous! How could she  
not know who Michael Schenker is???  
The Scorpions! U.F.O.!

OK, they've officially bonded; they head back to the bar to get beers. Julie and Carlyle continue their game.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIE

He wants to get his demo to Moby.  
He says that only Moby will "get"  
what he's doing.

CARLYLE

So just call him.

JULIE

You just don't call Moby. I mean,  
he's probably not listed in the  
phone book.

CARLYLE

He's got a little health food  
restaurant right below Little Italy  
in New York City...

JULIE

How do you know that?

CARLYLE

My college roommate's brother's  
girlfriend eats there all the time.

JULIE

Does she know him?

CARLYLE

I guess so. I mean, he eats there  
too probably.

Julie shouts over to Mute Boy.

JULIE

Hey Mute Boy, I have an idea...

CUT TO:

EXT. POOL HALL - NIGHT

Julie and Mute Boy sit on the steps.

MUTE BOY

I couldn't, that's why.

JULIE

Why not?

MUTE BOY

Because...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIE

OK then, I'll do it. We'll go to New York and I'll bring my Ipod and we'll go to his restaurant and make him listen to your song.

MUTE BOY (SARCASTICALLY)

Oh that's a good idea! First we rob Macy's, then maybe steal a car, drive to New York and kidnap Moby! I'm in! Count me in!!!

JULIE

Just give me the fucking CD. Never send a boy to do a woman's job. I'll get your music to Moby.

Mute Boy is skeptical - and rightly so.

CUT TO:

INT. JULIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Julie speaks into the camera.

JULIE

OK, so that night I slept with Mute Boy - I just jumped him - and... yeah... probably not essential information for my dissertation... well, actually, it may even contradict my thesis... the one about alienation... wait- a-second - so what's my thesis again???

Julie just sits there confused as we...

CUT TO:

INT. STUDIO - NIGHT

Julie and Mute Boy finish having passionate sex on the console of Mute Boy's studio. Mute Boy is an animal - screaming, yelling, pulling hair, biting, - really, just like a wild animal. Julie has obviously not gotten like this in a long time - or maybe even ever.

JULIE

Jesus! I'm going to be sore from here until Thursday...

MUTE BOY

Sorry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She's still trying to regain her breath, as if she just ran a marathon.

JULIE

No, don't say anything. Just be Mute Boy... don't say anything.

Mute Boy nods - he understands. They crash back into each other's arms as we...

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. MACY'S - DAY

The CAMERA moves around showing all of the essential players - Madison, Argentina, Sandy, Walter, Beth, Carlyle - all standing at their respective counters.

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

OK, so Lizzy's plan was relatively simple...

Insert shots of players as they perform their specific tasks.

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

(continuing)

On Saturday Sletnabov bought a huge set of trunks from Samuel in Luggage. Paid cash for them. But he wasn't going to take them; he was going to tell Samuel that he would come back with a truck on Sunday at 1 to pick up the trunks since he couldn't carry them himself and they wouldn't fit in his car. Samuel had like thirty kids so we knew he couldn't risk losing his job so Lizzy didn't let him in on the action.

INSERT shot of Sletnabov paying SAMUEL cash for a set of trunks. Walter looks on. Julie walks around with her perfume pretending to look for customers.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

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

(continuing)

In the meantime, Konny and Peach were going to "shop" for jewelry at Argentina's counter, expensive perfumes at Sandy's counter, and designer handbags at Beth's counter. Argentina, Sandy and Beth would give the goods to Konny and Peach who said that they would pay for them when they were done "shopping".

INSERT Konny and Peach taking armfuls of merchandise from various counters.

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

(continuing)

Konny and Peach didn't mind being on camera because they had no criminal records here in the states and they were going back to their respective homelands with the merchandise right afterwards.

Konny and Peach approach Madison and Phillipe's counters for some more "shopping".

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

(continuing)

Every few minutes they would go back to Walter in Luggage and Walter would make sure that Wheezer and Mute Boy weren't looking then he would turn his back and give them the signal.

Walter looks up at the camera - no red light - and then watches Wheezer walk away in the distance. Then he scratches his shoulder and leaves the department going into housewares for a moment.

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

(continuing)

So none of the employees were actually doing anything illegal... we were all just doing our jobs...

Konny and Peach quickly unload their arms into the trunks that Sletnabov put away for Sunday.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

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

(continuing)

And this went on until the five trunks were packed to the gills with diamonds, furs, two thousand dollar purses and handbags, leather jackets - you name it - half the store was in those trunks by the time we closed on Saturday night. So nobody was going to actually steal anything until Sunday when Lifer, Wheezer and the three stooges were gone and the coast was clear.

INSERT Lizzy nervously biting her nails, watching Konny and Peach "shop."

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

(continuing)

Technically, when any of the security devices go off Wheezer is supposed to stop the customer, make sure it's an honest mistake of the security tag accidentally being left on, and then make a report to Mute Boy who's supposed to log a report that corresponds with the video tapes.

INSERT Wheezer stopping an old innocent lady who has set off the alarm. He checks her bag and the receipt and lets her go.

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

(continuing)

Upstairs in security Mute Boy has ten video cameras and cassettes operating at all times. The tapes roll for 24 hours straight and then copy over themselves, erasing whatever happened the previous day. Whenever a security alarm goes off Mute Boy is supposed to make sure that the cameras in the front of the store are capturing everything that's going on up there. If it looks important than he's supposed to pull and save the tapes.

(beat)

By Sunday at 12:30, everything was in place.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MONTAGE of Carlyle wiping fingerprints off her counter Peach sitting outside the store holding a Record Store bag and drinking a coffee Mick backed up to the employee entrance in his pick-up truck Argentina helping a customer at her counter Konny and Sletnabov smoking fiendishly behind Mick's truck Walter in Luggage standing near the trunks Beth rearranging her inventory to conceal a large hole in the display where 30 handbags stood yesterday Sandy rearranging perfume bottle to conceal a hole in the display Madison nervously standing behind her counter - suddenly she signals to Julie to cover her counter and dashes off. Julie walking around with her perfume bottles - she spots Madison and knows something is wrong Mute Boy and Wheezer in the Security Room watching the monitors - they watch Madison leave her counter Mister Chips in his office; he looks at his watch and gets up.

CUT TO:

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

Mute Boy and Wheezer are watching the monitors when Mister Chips, Barney Rubble and Barney Fife poke their heads in the door.

The clock reads 12:30 exactly.

Mister Chips comes in all the way and pats Wheezer on the back.

MISTER CHIPS

"Man the fort, son!"

Wheezer gives him a little salute and the three chiefs take off for Snootie's.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Madison is in a stall in the bathroom throwing up when Julie enters. She hears the wretched noises that dainty Madison is making and rushes over.

JULIE

Madison, open up, it's me, Julie!

Madison unlocks the door. Her make-up is smeared all over her face and there's some puke in her hair and on her cheek - kinda like Linda Blair in "The Exorcist."

MADISON

I can't go through with it, I can't go through with it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Julie falls off and smacks her, knocking her backwards. She trips over the toilet and crashes into the corner of the stall, stunned.

MADISON (CONT'D)

(continuing)

Jesus, what'd you do that for???

JULIE

I'm sorry, I'm so sorry... but you've got to get a grip on yourself... this can't be happening now!

MADISON

I promise I'll never shop again... I'll give back all the "stuff"... I don't want to go to jail... I won't last a day...

JULIE

Madison, nobody is going to jail... nobody is actually doing anything! We're just here "working" like any other Sunday... and tomorrow we'll get a little bonus... that's all...

She caresses Madison and starts to wipe the make-up off her face.

JULIE (CONT'D)

(continuing)

Now pull yourself together and go out there and sell some perfume... it will all be over soon... I promise you, nothing can go wrong... Lizzy has it all worked out...

Suddenly behind them Lizzy kicks in the door like John Wayne and pulls Madison up to her feet by her collar.

LIZZY

I knew this was going to happen. I didn't even want to let you in on this... if you fuck things up I promise I'll kill you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LIZZY (CONT'D)

We have a good thing going here and you are the weakest link, so for the benefit of the group - the group which I assembled - I'm letting it be known that if anything goes wrong that I will hunt you down and kill you, Madison Hartley.

Madison is shocked stiff with fear.

LIZZY (CONT'D)

(continuing)

Now get your ass out there and look pretty!

She lets Madison down.

She turns to Julie.

LIZZY (CONT'D)

(continuing)

You too, Professor!

Lizzy exits, Julie follows her, and Madison begins to fix herself up in the mirror as we...

CUT TO:

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

Mute Boy turns to Wheezer.

MUTE BOY

There was something wrong with my door when I got in this morning... like somebody tried to get in during the night... I'm going to go over last nights' tapes...

Mute Boy flicks some switches on his control board to turn off some of the store monitors for an hour and watch the closing tapes from last night.

MUTE BOY (CONT'D)

(continuing)

Could you run out and get some lunch for us?

WHEEZER

Sure. What do you want?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MUTE BOY  
How about Sizzler?

WHEEZER  
That's so far away! And I'd have  
to wait in the salad bar line... I  
wouldn't even get back in time.

Yes, Mute Boy is trying to get rid of Wheezer for an hour.

MUTE BOY  
OK, then how about Pizza Boy?

WHEEZER  
Pizza Boy or Pizza Man? Cause  
Pizza Man is right here in the food  
court but Pizza Boy is all the way  
down the street...

MUTE BOY  
I hate Pizza Man.

WHEEZER  
I'd have to pull my car out of the  
lot - Johnny may try to charge me  
twice...

MUTE BOY  
Just do it - I'll pay.

Mute Boy pulls some money out of his pocket. Meanwhile up on  
the monitor two blurry figures enter the bathroom.

WHEEZER (POINTING TO MONITOR)  
Hey, isn't that Barney Rubble and  
Barney Fife???

MUTE BOY  
What would they be doing in the  
store after hours?

Mute Boy turns to the monitor; his face drops.

WHEEZER  
Oh my god! And Barney Rubble's  
married!

MUTE BOY  
I thought you said that Barney Fife  
was a man?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WHEEZER

You're the one whose always talking  
about her Adam's Apple!

They watch on the fuzzy black and white monitor as Barney Rubble and Barney Fife proceed to rip each other's clothes off in the bathroom stall and proceed to have wild sex over and around the toilet.

WHEEZER (CONT'D)

(continuing)

That is so gross.

(beat)

People are weird.

MUTE BOY

Human beings are idiots.

Mute Boy looks up at the clock and recomposes himself: 12:40. He shoves the money at Wheezer. Then he shuts off the video and pulls the cassette tape out of the machine.

WHEEZER

What are you going to do with it?

MUTE BOY

Do with what?

WHEEZER

The tape you just took out?

MUTE BOY

What tape?

WHEEZER

Oh I get it. You want to pretend  
like we never saw it.

MUTE BOY

Saw what?

WHEEZER

Right, OK.

He's not the sharpest tool in the shed but he finally gets it.

MUTE BOY

Pizza BOY, not Pizza Man. Lunch is  
on me today so get two large pies  
with everything on them and some  
drinks and I want a big salad too.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

WHEEZER

Sure thing, boss.

Wheezer takes the money and takes off. Mute Boy tucks the tape into his personal bag and puts a fresh tape into the machine.

JULIE (V.O.)

OK, so after Mister Chips, Barney Rubble, Barney Fife and Wheezer were gone and the coast was clear, at exactly twelve fifty...

Mute Boy watches Wheezer on the monitor to make sure that he leaves the store. Mute Boy breathes a sigh of relief.

WHEEZER (V.O.)

You want regular or diet Shasta?

Mute Boy grabs his walkie-talkie and speaks into it.

MUTE BOY

Regular.

WHEEZER (V.O.)

You don't think it's too sweet?

MUTE BOY

Ah... OK... diet...

WHEEZER (V.O.)

But that tastes like chemicals...

MUTE BOY

I don't freakin' care! Just get anything!!!

Mute Boy throws down the walkie-talkie as we...

CUT TO:

INT. MALL - DAY

Peach heads towards the entrance to Macy's.

JULIE (V.O.)

... Peach was going to enter the store and...

Peach drops her bag carrying a single compact disk and as she goes down to pick it up she kicks it past and under the security sensors.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

When she gets to the other side she picks it up. Lizzy watches on proudly from her counter. Julie is still mulling around the store with perfume.

JULIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 (continuing)  
 ... pretend to shop for exactly  
 ten minutes...

Peach looks around, sprays herself with some perfume, tries some make-up on, etc.

JULIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 (continuing)  
 She was carrying one compact disk  
 along with the receipt from the  
 Record Store down the hall. The  
 Record Store was the only other  
 store in the mall whose security  
 sensors operated on the same  
 frequency as ours. So at exactly  
 one o'clock Peach would  
 intentionally set off the security  
 alarm at the front door.

Peach exits the store and all of the ALARMS START BLARING. Peach just turns around and stands there innocently.

CUT TO:

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

Mute Boy does exactly like he is supposed to and points all of the cameras to record what's going on in the front of the store.

CUT TO:

EXT. MACY'S - DAY

Sletnabov and Konny wait by the back door.

Mick is in the truck.

Suddenly the employee entrance flies open - it Lizzy.

LIZZY  
 C'mon guys, let's go!

She lets them in.

INT. MACY'S - DAY

While the sirens are still going, Slet and Konny enter through the back and head quickly towards the Luggage Department where Walter is waiting for them.

Lizzy heads back towards her counter.

JULIE (V.O.)

So Slet and Konny were going to nonchalantly pick up the trunks holding the loot and load them into Mick's truck while...

CUT BACK TO:

INT. Macy's - DAY

Peach is still standing there holding up her bag - she's really standing dead in between two sensors to make sure that the alarm keeps going off.

Finally, Madison - whose counter is closest to the front door nervously approaches Peach and does some really bad acting.

MADISON

Do you mind if I look in your bag  
ma'am?

Meanwhile other customers are starting to look at Peach which makes Madison even more nervous.

PEACH

Go right ahead.

Lizzy looks on intently.

Madison pulls out the disk and the receipt, inspects them and holds them up towards the cameras to signal to Mute Boy that all is OK.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

Mute Boy nods at the monitors and after a moment finally shuts off the alarm.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. MALL - DAY

Slet and Konny drag the last trunk past the rear sensors and towards Mick's van - the last trunk must weigh 500 pounds because these two huge guys are having a really hard time even budging it.

JULIE (V.O.)  
But right at that point things  
started to take a turn for the  
worse...

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

Mute Boy looks at the monitor and sees Mister Chips rapidly approaching the store.

MUTE BOY  
Oh shit!

He leaps up from his desk and heads out.

CUT TO:

INT. MALL - DAY

Just as Madison is done with Peach, Mister Chips and Lifer as well as Barney Rubble and Barney Fife come up and approach her from outside the store.

MISTER CHIPS  
Excuse me, ma'am, can I have a word  
with you?

Barney Rubble and Barney Fife flank her so there's no escape.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. MACY'S - DAY

Madison, Lizzy, Argentina, Beth, and Julie's faces drop all at once - they can't believe their eyes.

And what the hell is Lifer doing with Mister Chips, Barney Rubble and Barney Fife???

Mister Chips leads Peach back into the store. Lifer is right behind them.

CLAUDETTE  
Yes sir, she's the one from  
yesterday who didn't bring the  
Hermes scarf back to my counter.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAUDETTE (CONT'D)

Mister Chips turns towards Peach,  
who speaks in a strange Asian  
accent.

MISTER CHIPS

What did you do with the scarf,  
Miss?

PEACH

I put it back - didn't want it.

Everyone including Peach is starting to freak out. Lizzy moves closer and Julie and Argentina look as if they're watching their own lives go right into the toilet.

MISTER CHIPS

Please check to see if it's there,  
Claudette.

Lifer walks towards the display as Mute Boy heads past her towards Mister Chips.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. MALL - DAY

As Slet and Konny try to lift the trunk into Mick's truck, Wheezer nonchalantly approaches juggling two pizzas and a few bags of drinks, chips, salads, etc. He notices Mick in the driver's seat of the truck which is backed up to the employee entrance.

Mick gets really nervous.

WHEELER

Hey Mick, waiting for Carlyle?

MICK

Uh... yeah.

Wheezer tries to look at his watch without spilling all the pizza and shit.

WHEELER

Isn't it a little early? What - is  
she sick?

MICK

Uh... yeah, sick...

Wheezer looks over into the parking lot and spots Carlyle's beat up car with some kinda "Make love, not war" bumper sticker.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WHEEZER

Hey, isn't that her car over there?

Wheezer starts to realize that something fishy is going on. Just then there's a huge BOOM as Slet and Konny drop the 500 pound trunk to the ground. Konny starts howling in pain:

KONNY

My toe, my toe!!! You stupid asshole!!! You dropped it on my toe!!!

Wheezer drops the pizzas and runs around the back of the truck to find... Slet and Konny and the five trunks, one on which is damaged and slightly ajar on the ground. Wheezer slowly lifts up the top as Mick, Slet and Konny look on. He closes the top and wheezes a deep breath. He looks at Mick who just kinda stands there trying to look innocent.

WHEEZER

Can I see a receipt, please?

Slet fishes in his pocket and pulls out the receipt. Wheezer inspects it.

WHEEZER (CONT'D)

(continuing)

This is for the trunks.

(beat)

What about for the weights?

Slet, Konny and Mick look at each other in amazement.

MICK

Weights? What weights?

Wheezer opens the trunk and displays 500 pounds worth of dumbbells, barbells and weights.

WHEEZER

Jeez, Mick, what did you think - that I was some sorta idiot? That you could just take the weights like that without paying for them???!!!

MICK

I... didn't know... I was just letting them use my van...

Konny and Slet inspect the weights and look at each other. They're not very happy. Wheezer takes out his one pair of handcuffs and his walkie-talkie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WHEEZER (INTO WALKIE-TALKIE)  
 Roger Johnston, this is zero-  
 niner, we've got an eight-fifty-  
 two at the rear entrance - copy?

No answer.

WHEEZER (CONT'D)  
 Johnston, this is zero-niner, we've  
 got an eight-fifty-two at the rear  
 entrance - copy???

Suddenly Slet pulls out a snub nose .38 pistol from his  
 ankle.

SLET  
 Put talkie down.

Wheezzer does what he says as we...

CUT BACK TO:

INT. Macy's - DAY

Mute Boy approaches Mister Chips.

MISTER CHIPS  
 What are you doing here?! Where  
 the hell is Carson?!

MUTE BOY  
 He went to get lunch, sir. What's  
 going on here?

MISTER CHIPS  
 Claudette spotted this young woman  
 yesterday and told me about it on  
 the way out last night. Claudette  
 has some kinda sixth sense or  
 something...

MUTE BOY  
 Right.

MISTER CHIPS  
 And you have it all on tape so  
 there will be no mistakes made.

Claudette walks Peach over to the counter looks through the  
 Hermes scarves.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. MALL - DAY

Mick is freaking out about the gun.

MICK

Oh man, that's not cool - he didn't  
do anything... just put the gun  
away...

SLET

SHUT FACE!

He points the gun at Mick who almost shits himself.

MICK

I didn't sign up for this!!! I  
didn't sign up for this, man!!!

Wheezer drops the handcuffs to the ground and startles Slet who suddenly turns back towards him and inadvertently squeezes the trigger. There's a small cap explosion and a flag drops from the barrel of the gun which says "Bang". Slet is embarrassed. He turns to Konny and tries to explain.

SLET

Fucking five day waiting period!  
Nothing is as easy as it used to  
be!

KONNY

You asshole!

Wheezer lunges towards Slet and Konny and they RUN away. Wheezer chases them. Mick thinks fast and runs around to the back of the truck and yanks the other four trunks out and let's them crash to the ground. Wheezer continues to chase Slet and Konny.

WHEEZER

Stop! Stop!

But it's not London, they're not going to actually listen unless Wheezer threatens to blow their heads off, which he can't do since he's not armed.

Mick runs around the truck, jumps into the driver's seat and peels out. Wheezer finally gives up and starts to head back towards the trunks. In his van, Mick high-tails it out of the parking lot and is gone.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. MACY'S - DAY

Everyone is watching intensely as Lifer inspects the scarves. Barney Rubble and Barney Fife block Peach from leaving.

CLAUDETTE

I know I had thirty-six scarves out yesterday and I sold four so... twenty-nine, thirty, thirty-one, thirty-two

(embarrassed)

They're all here.

(beat)

But I swear, Mister Chips, I saw this woman with a man yesterday just gathering and gathering things from all over the store.

Barney Rubble and Barney Fife look at each other.

MISTER CHIPS

Something funny is going on and I'm going to find out what it is right now.

He turns to Mute Boy.

MUTE BOY

Should I take us to Def-Con 5, Mister Chips?

Mister Chips' face drops.

MISTER CHIPS

You're fired, Johnston. Give me your badge right now. I won't stand for insubordination. I don't care what seniority you have!

Mute Boy hands him his badge without thinking twice about it.

MISTER CHIPS (CONT'D)

(continuing)

And tell that tub-of-lard Wheezer he can pack his bags too.

MUTE BOY

His name is Carson. And you can tell him your fucking self.

Mister Chips can't believe his ears.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Mute Boy and Julie exchange glances and he takes off before Chips can say anything else. Mister Chips regains his composure then peruses the room scrutinizing everyone: Madison, then Argentina, then Walter, then Beth, then Julie, then Lizzy who just stands there - mostly likely high - pretending to be oblivious. Claudette turns to Julie.

CLAUDETTE

I just came in for a little shopping and when I saw this woman I grabbed Mister Chips from the food court and dragged him in here...

JULIE

What happened to church???

CUT BACK TO:

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

Mute Boy enters and grabs his bag. He starts to head out but just as he turns in pops Wheezer.

WHEEZER

Where the hell have you been? I've been calling on the walkie-talkie!

MUTE BOY

We had a situation up front.

WHEEZER

Well, we had a situation in back too.

MUTE BOY

It doesn't matter: Mister Chips fired us. I'm really sorry.

WHEEZER

What???

MUTE BOY

He just freaked out - there's nothing we can do.

Wheezer crashes into a chair - he looks like he's about to cry.

WHEEZER

You know how hard I looked to find this job?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MUTE BOY

C'mon, we gotta clear out.

WHEEZER

Nobody wants to hire fat people...  
and I don't know if you ever  
noticed but can't seem stop this  
wheezing... none of the  
medications work. I was unemployed  
for a year before I found this  
job... what am I going to do now?

MUTE BOY

It'll be OK. C'mon, let's go.

Wheezzer gets up.

WHEEZER

So I guess it doesn't matter that I  
caught Carlyle's boyfriend stealing  
a bunch of weights...

MUTE BOY

What?

WHEEZER

Yeah, the guy had like five trunks  
of weights...

MUTE BOY

Weights???

WHEEZER

Yeah, I dragged them inside by the  
back door.

MUTE BOY

Listen, go down and make a list of  
all the contents of those trunks.  
I'll meet you down there in a  
minute.

WHEEZER

But...

MUTE BOY

Just do it!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Mute Boy has a thought. As soon as Wheezer is gone Mute Boy walks over and quickly pops the 10 tapes from the video recorders that hold the last 24 hours of store monitors. He replaces them with blank tapes and heads out.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. MACY'S - DAY

Mister Chips has finished sizing up everyone.

He smiles knowingly and immediately heads towards Madison - who nearly faints.

Lizzy tries to intercept him but to no avail.

LIZZY

Ah, sir, can I....

MISTER CHIPS

Madison, I'd like to see you in my office. NOW.

MADISON

But...

MISTER CHIPS

Have your perfume model watch your counter. Follow me.

Madison motions to Julie and then follows Mister Chips.

Lizzy gives her best "I'll kill you if you squeal" look.

MISTER CHIPS (CONT'D)

(continuing)

Everyone else get back to work.  
Now!

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. MACY'S - DAY

Wheezer drags the last trunk in as Barney Rubble and Barney Fife exit the back door and approach him.

Barney Fife goes over to the pizzas and shit that are strewn all over the ground where Mick's van was.

BARNEY FIFE

Is this yours, Carson?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WHEEZER

I lost my appetite.

Barney Fife and Barney Rubble head back for the door - but not before Mute Boy exits carrying his bag. He looks them dead in the eyes. Then he looks at the trunks stacked up in the doorway. He opens one: weights. He can't believe his eyes.

BARNEY RUBBLE

What's with the trunks, Johnston?

MUTE BOY

You're going to have to ask Mister Chips. I don't work here any more.

BARNEY FIFE

How sad.

Barney Rubble and Barney Fife wink to each other conspiratorially as they enter the building.

MUTE BOY

C'mon, Carson, we're outta here.

They head off.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. MACY'S OFFICES - DAY

Lizzy paces around the hallway by Mister Chips office.

The door opens and Madison exits crying. Lizzy grabs Madison and drags her away.

LIZZY

You didn't say anything - right?

But Madison is too distraught to reply. From behind her Mister Chips pops his head out with a smile.

MISTER CHIPS

Miss Kennedy. My office. Now.

Lizzy releases Madison and turns around to Mister Chips with a huge fake smile.

LIZZY

How can I help you, Mister Chips?

CUT BACK TO:

INT. JULIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Julie speaks into the camera.

JULIE

OK, so my dissertation is starting to resemble one of those psychology experiments in the 70s that went awry like the Stanford Prison Experiment where everyone ended up losing their minds and there are twenty years of lawsuits... Anyway, Madison - through her tears - just blabbered her way through the interrogation and inadvertently failed to reveal any vital information. Kennedy - in the tradition of her namesake - stood up for her rights as an American citizen:

CUT BACK TO:

INT. MISTER CHIPS' OFFICE - DAY

Lizzy slams her badge down on Mister Chips' desk.

LIZZY

You can go fuck yourself you fucking fascist!

Lizzy storms out while Mister Chips sits there in complete disbelief.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. MACY'S - DAY

Julie turns to Madison.

JULIE (TO MADISON)

So what happened???

Madison nods shhhh as Barney Rubble and Barney Fife approach them.

BARNEY FIFE

We've just spoken with Erngiglio Zumalee himself.

MADISON

On Sunday?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BARNEY FIFE

In Italy it's almost Monday.  
 Anyway, he doesn't want his name  
 tarnished so I'm letting you know  
 that you're going to have to find a  
 new perfume model. Julie, you're  
 fired.

JULIE

Fine.

Julie hands her badge to Madison.

JULIE (CONT'D)

(continuing)

Ciao. Arrivederci.

Julie exits.

BARNEY FIFE

Madison, you're on probation until  
 we sort everything out...

Barney Rubble and Barney Fife are enjoying wielding whatever  
 power they have. Barney Rubble turns Argentina and Beth.

BARNEY RUBBLE

That goes for all of you too.  
 We're watching you... beware.

CUT TO:

EXT. MALL - DAY

Julie walks to her car.

JULIE (V.O.)

So Madison, Phillippe, Argentina,  
 Walter, and Beth got to keep their  
 jobs but they needed a scapegoat so  
 I got the boot. Lizzy voted  
 herself off the island and Lifer -  
 of course - got a raise.

CUT TO:

INT. JULIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Julie lies on her bed staring at the ceiling while the video  
 camera tapes her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIE (THINKING ALOUD)

So I guess that my dissertation is taking on a life of its own... something to do with greed and resentment... power versus authority... love... grasps at empowerment... adolescent angst manifesting itself later in life... disenfranchisement... I dunno...  
 (beat)  
 I guess I'll figure it out later...

She hits a remote control to switch off the video recorder as we...

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Julie meets Carlyle for a beer.

JULIE

So what do you think we should do now?

CARLYLE

I have no idea. The whole situation is so fucked up. Mick almost broke up with me for getting him into this mess. I mean, Wheezer saw him with the trunks in his van for godssakes!

JULIE

It's all bad.

CARLYLE

I was planning on quitting today so I could write full-time and now I don't even know how I'm going to pay the rent. We all risked five years in prison and nobody is going to make a fucking penny on this. Lizzy K is going to be out on main street peddling her wares tomorrow.

Lizzy enters and comes over to them. She sits down and orders a beer with a hand motion.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIZZY

Well, the good news is that Slet, Konny and Peach had non-exchangeable, non-refundable tickets, so they're out of our hair. Upset that they're leaving empty-handed but there was nothing they could do about it.

(beat)

I still can't figure out who fucked us.

CARLYLE

It doesn't matter - it's all just like a bad dream.

LIZZY

We need to figure out a plan. We need to get to the bottom of this.

JULIE

How about "stay out of jail" - does that sound like a good plan?

CARLYLE

How novel! I never thought of that one!

LIZZY

Listen, nobody double-crosses a Kennedy! I'm sure that it wasn't Slet and Konny because I took them to the airport myself and they left with just carry-ons, so I have no idea who double-crossed us but I'm going to...

CARLYLE

You listen and you listen good, you stupid CRACKHEAD: it's over, you're going to let it go, we're just going to move on with our lives and resign ourselves to our personal levels of mediocrity!!! If you jeopardize my mediocre life one more time I'm going to bury you in Arlington just like the rest of your godforsaken family!!! Maybe you can intimidate Madison and the others but I've got nothing to lose, so don't try me!

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

JULIE

Ladies - a little decorum, a little decorum.

CARLYLE

Shut it, Julie.

LIZZY

But Carlyle...

CARLYLE

But nothing! No more of your stupid plans. And I don't care which backstabbing motherfucker put all the merchandise back! I'm just going to work in the mall and try to earn an honest living and not do anything stupid! Got it?

She nods.

CARLYLE (CONT'D)

(continuing)

Good.

JULIE

She's right. There's nothing we can do. We should consider ourselves lucky the police haven't hauled us downtown already.

The girls drink away their sorrows as we...

CUT TO:

INT. STUDIO - NIGHT

Julie enters and Mute Boy is in front of his computer and monitors going over the tapes that he took on the way out.

JULIE

I still can't believe that the trunks were full of weights. It's not possible.

MUTE BOY

I saw them with my own eyes.

JULIE

So then what happened to all the stuff that Konny and Peach put in them on Saturday?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MUTE BOY

I have no idea.

Mute Boy stops the image on Barney Fife and Barney Rubble having sex in the bathroom.

JULIE

Oh my god! What are they doing?

MUTE BOY

That's why I took the tapes... in case we ever needs anything against those two retards... we can just send a little package to Barney Rubble's wife...

Julie laughs...

JULIE

I can't believe it.

MUTE BOY

Disgusting, yet true.

JULIE

Wait-a-second... this is from last night?

MUTE BOY

Uh-huh.

JULIE

After the trunks were all loaded up?

MUTE BOY

Saturday night, no better time to get freaky.

JULIE

Do you have the other tapes from last night after closing?

MUTE BOY

Right here.

He picks up his bag with the videocassettes.

LATER

Mute Boy and Julie are blurry-eyed from watching hours and hours of nothing happening in the store.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MUTE BOY (CONT'D)  
 (continuing)  
 It's like an Andy Warhol movie...

JULIE  
 Wait a second. There it is!

She points to the monitor.

JULIE (CONT'D)  
 (continuing)  
 Oh my god.

On the monitor, Barney Rubble and Barney Fife are having passionate sex in the shoe department.

MUTE BOY  
 I can't believe it. Those freaks.  
 Look what they're doing with those shoes...

She looks at the time code.

JULIE  
 Put in the bedding department tape  
 for a few minutes later...

He puts it in and fast forwards the tape.

JULIE (CONT'D)  
 I think I know exactly what they're  
 doing.

After a minute there it is: Barney Rubble and Barney Fife having sex on the display bedding.

JULIE (CONT'D)  
 (continuing)  
 They're having sex in every  
 department in the store.

MUTE BOY  
 What the hell for?

JULIE  
 BECAUSE THEY CAN!  
 (beat)  
 They have the keys to the emerald  
 city and we don't and they know we  
 don't. They're taunting us.

MUTE BOY  
 What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JULIE

It's a psychopathological display of ownership. Go to the children's department.

MUTE BOY

No, they couldn't have. That's just gross.

Mute Boy switches tapes. As sure as sin, Barney Rubble and Barney Fife are throwing each other around the children's section.

MUTE BOY (CONT'D)

(continuing)

That's just wrong. That's just all kinds of wrong.

Now, go to Luggage. Mute Boy switches the tapes and fast forwards. After a minute, there it is:

BARNEY RUBBLE AND BARNEY FIFE DOING IT ON THE TRUNKS - ALL OVER THE TRUNKS.

JULIE

(continuing)

OK, now slow it down to normal speed.

Mute Boy slows down the tape. After a few seconds, Barney Rubble lifts Barney Fife up off the trunk - but she's caught and the lid opens with her.

JULIE (CONT'D)

(continuing)

Yeah, they knew about it...

Both of them stand there in amazement at the contents.

JULIE (CONT'D)

(continuing)

OK, now put in the sporting goods department for a few minutes after that.

Mute Boy does it.

MUTE BOY

There they are, taking the weights out from the stock room...

JULIE

And they put all our stuff back...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MUTE BOY

Which explains Lifer's Hermes scarf... those communists!

JULIE

Well at least Peach was able to walk off scot free and not take us all down...

(beat)

We need to edit together these tapes to show exactly what Barney Rubble and Barney Fife did during the night.

MUTE BOY

Yeah, at the very least I'm going to use these tapes to help Wheezer get his job back.

She kisses him on the forehead - he's really turned out to be quite a gem, very compassionate.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. JULIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Julie speaks into the video camera.

JULIE

So as you can see my dissertation is moving right along... I think it's going to be about deception in corporate America, the breakdown of family values and how that lack of common ethics manifests itself in the workplace... I dunno...

She clicks the camera off.

CUT TO:

INT. JULIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Julie sits in front of her computer editing. There's a knock on the door.

JULIE

Come in.

Mute Boy enters and Julie is glad to see him. They kiss.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIE (CONT'D)  
 (continuing)  
 You finished already?

MUTE BOY  
 Uh-huh.

He slides a CD into Julie's computer and they watch it all in fast forward - kinda like the threesome scene from "A Clockwork Orange."

MUTE BOY (CONT'D)  
 (continuing)  
 This is really just the Reader's Digest version, nobody could sit through the thing... OK, so here they are doing it in every department... in housewares Barney Fife knocked a set of glasses off a display... so here's a clip of Juan cleaning that up the next morning...

Julie laughs.

MUTE BOY (CONT'D)  
 (continuing)  
 And there they are finding the trunks, putting the merchandise back, and then - the piece de resistance - them trying to break into the security office - they didn't know that I changed the door code last week, obviously they don't read my memos, those assholes - and then Barney Rubble resetting the alarm system, which gave Barney Fife exactly one second to move past the rear sensors with whatever goodies they swiped for themselves. It's all here on video.

JULIE  
 You think they swiped stuff, those hypocrites?

MUTE BOY  
 The system rebooted so I have no idea what they actually took but I'm sure they'll be able to pin it on somebody else since they're in charge of keeping track of the inventory.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MUTE BOY (CONT'D)

These are not exactly boy scouts  
that we're dealing with here,  
nobody is looking to get a good  
samaritan award...

The phone rings and Julie answers it.

JULIE (INTO PHONE)

Hello? Hi Lizzy.

(beat)

OK, I'll call you back.

Julie hangs up and turns back to her computer.

MUTE BOY

What are you doing?

JULIE

A search for Xavier Diamonds. She  
punches in Xavier Diamonds.

MUTE BOY

I didn't know you were in the  
market.

JULIE

Lizzy said she was surfing and  
found some weird stuff on Ebay.

A list comes up on the screen.

JULIE (CONT'D)

(continuing)

Look. All entered in the last  
twenty four hours. And all by  
"happycouple."

MUTE BOY

So?

JULIE

Now I'll put in Fendi bags. She  
punches in Fendi.

A list comes up on the screen.

JULIE (CONT'D)

(continuing)

Oh my god! Three bags - all new -  
all listed by happycouple.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MUTE BOY

So what? Who is it? Slet and Konny??? Peach??? How did they get the stuff out of the store? They didn't have keys, they couldn't have been there after hours...

JULIE

No, it's not them. Lizzy told me that Slet and Konny had over 100 Ebay accounts set up to get rid of the merchandise... and they're all out of the country now anyway. It's definitely not Slet, Konny and Peach.

MUTE BOY

Then who is it?

Julie points over to the television on which is a frozen image of Barney Rubble and Barney Fife having sex in the perfume department.

JULIE

I'll call Lizzy and tell her to bid up the prices on all of "happycouples" merchandise... since she won't have to pay for it anyway... it's all stolen merchandise...

(beat)

We're going to get Barney Rubble and Barney Fife and we're going to teach them a lesson! And we're going to get Wheezer his job back - just call him and tell him to note all of the items on Ebay that look like they were stolen from our store...

Julie and Mute Boy hug as we...

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. BARNEY RUBBLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Outside Barney Rubble's house lurks Mick's van.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Barney Rubble soon pulls up in his Cutlass Supreme. Lizzy, Carlyle, Mute Boy and Julie jump out of the van as he shuts his door.

BARNEY RUBBLE  
What are you doing here?

Mute Boy holds up the tape.

LIZZY  
We were going to talk to your wife about what you were doing Saturday night?

BARNEY RUBBLE  
Saturday night she took the kids to a movie and I was at home watching TV.

JULIE  
Was that before or after you fucked Barney Fife in the store bathroom...?

LIZZY  
And bedding?

CARLYLE  
And housewares?

LIZZY  
And luggage?

JULIE  
And childrens?

MUTE BOY  
Childrens was wrong, Barney Rubble.

BARNEY RUBBLE  
That's not my name, Johnston, and you know it. And I have no idea what you're talking about.

MUTE BOY  
Then you won't mind us showing this video to your wife.

The door opens and out steps MRS. BARNEY RUBBLE.

BARNEY RUBBLE  
It's OK, dear, tell Bambam and Coco I'll be right in.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BARNEY RUBBLE (CONT'D)  
 (to Lizzy)  
 What do you want?

LIZZY  
 Get in the van.

He has no choice - he shouts up to his wife.

BARNEY RUBBLE  
 There's an emergency at the store,  
 honey, I'll be back in a little  
 bit. Sorry.

He heads into the van. They get in and Mick pulls out as  
 we...

CUT TO:

INT. BARNEY FIFE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Frightened but trying to hide it, Barney Rubble and Barney  
 Fife sit next to each other while Lizzy, Mute Boy, Mick,  
 Carlyle, and Julie sit across from them.

BARNEY FIFE  
 What we have seems to be somewhat  
 of a Mexican standoff...

LIZZY  
 How do you figure?

BARNEY FIFE  
 Well, we know that somebody loaded  
 five trunks worth of merchandise  
 and put them in back to be picked  
 up at a later time...

BARNEY RUBBLE  
 And from the expressions on your  
 faces... it was probably you guys.

LIZZY  
 We have no idea what you're talking  
 about. And if you're going to  
 accuse us of stealing merchandise  
 then you better be able to prove  
 it.

JULIE  
 And we weren't the idiots who put  
 stolen merchandise up on Ebay  
 yesterday either.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Barney Fife and Barney Rubble look at each other.

LIZZY

So the way it looks to me is that whatever you morons could carry you snuck out the back door after getting a nice workout putting back the rest of the merchandise and loading down the trunks with weights...

BARNEY FIFE

You may have a video of us "having a little fun" after hours but I guarantee you that you don't have one second of us stealing even a pencil from that store.

MUTE BOY

Then who is the "happycouple"????

Barney Fife and Barney Rubble shake their heads.

BARNEY FIFE

Let's cut to the chase? What do you want?

MUTE BOY

Firstly, Wheezer not only gets his job back but he gets my job too if he wants it.

BARNEY RUBBLE

You want us to make Wheezer head of security?

MUTE BOY

Effective immediately.

MICK

And Carlyle gets health insurance and a raise and you skimmed her on a Christmas bonus last year so you'd better make up for that too.

LIZZY

And we want a cut of all the diamonds and Fendi bags you sell on Ebay.

BARNEY FIFE

I told you, we didn't steal anything!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MUTE BOY

Then who is happycouple???

BARNEY FIFE

I have no idea what you're talking about.

BARNEY RUBBLE

Listen, you kids shouldn't push your luck. You were stealing hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of merchandise which is a felony.

BARNEY FIFE

And the courts around here don't take kindly to inside jobs like the one you were trying to pull off.

BARNEY RUBBLE

So why don't you hand over that DVD, we'll give Wheezer, Julie and Lizzy their jobs back and we'll all pretend like this never happened...

MICK

And health insurance for Carlyle.

BARNEY FIFE

Done.

They all look at each other: it's a deal. Mute Boy throws the tape to Barney Fife who catches it as Lizzy, Julie, Mick and Mute Boy get up to leave.

LIZZY

I don't want my McJob back.

JULIE

Yeah, thanks for the offer but no thanks.

They exit as we...

CUT TO:

INT. JULIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Julie speaks into the video camera.

JULIE

So at the end of the day nothing really came of our big adventure...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIE (CONT'D)

I ended up doing my dissertation on "Castrated Alpha Males and Sexual Deviance in the Workplace" and even Doctor B was impressed with my video documentary.

INSERT SHOT OF DOCTOR B WATCHING BARNEY FIFE AND BARNEY RUBBLE HAVING SEX ALL OVER THE STORE - HE'S RIVETED BY THE VIDEO

JULIE

(continuing)

Carlyle finished her book on disillusionment and I convinced Lizzy to come back to school and take the one class she needed to finish her degree.

INSERT LIZZY SITTING IN THE FIRST ROW OF A CLASS THAT JULIE IS TEACHING

JULIE

(continuing)

Carlyle and I even performed a little intervention and got Lizzy to start going to meetings and give up some of her old "friends."

INSERT LIZZY IN A NARCOTICS ANONYMOUS MEETING FLANKED BY JULIE AND CARLYLE

JULIE

(continuing)

Wheezer was made head of security and the first thing he did was crack the stolen merchandise on Ebay case.

CUT TO:

INT. MACY'S - DAY

Wheezer looks on proudly as two POLICEMEN and Mister Chips escort Lifer and her husband Ron in handcuffs from the store.

JULIE (V.O.)

It turns out that the only one who had been stealing was Lifer! She would remove the tags, put the merchandise in a bag and then have her husband pick it up when he stopped by to give her lunch.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Wheezer even found out that she had  
 been doing it for years - no wonder  
 why she liked working there so  
 much!

INSERT SHOT OF LIFER AND RON BEING PUT IN JAIL AS WE...

CUT TO:

EXT. LOWER MANHATTAN - DAY

Mute Boy drives a rental car as Julie navigates.

JULIE  
 Stop, stop - it's right there.

Mute boy pulls over.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - DAY

Mute Boy peers out at the little restaurant tucked into Mott  
 Street in Lower Manhattan.

MUTE BOY  
 You're sure about this.

JULIE  
 We came all this way. Give me the  
 CD.

MUTE BOY  
 You're just going to walk in there  
 and give my CD to Moby?

JULIE  
 You said that he's the only one  
 who'll understand what you're  
 trying to do.

MUTE BOY  
 Yeah but...

JULIE  
 But nothing. Give me the CD.

He hands her the CD. She kisses him.

JULIE (CONT'D)  
 (continuing)  
 Wish me luck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MUTE BOY

Good luck.

Julie gets out and heads across the street. Julie goes into the store and Mute Boy waits there impatiently, nervously.

After a moment Julie pops back out confidently. She approaches the car.

MUTE BOY (CONT'D)

(continuing)

Is he there?

JULIE

Ah-ha.

MUTE BOY

Did you give him the CD?

JULIE

Yep.

MUTE BOY

What did he say?

JULIE

He wanted to know if we wanted to have lunch with him.

MUTE BOY

You're joking.

JULIE

I'm not. Get out of the car.  
Let's get something to eat.

MUTE BOY

With Moby?

JULIE

With Moby.

This is a dream come true for Mute Boy. They walk happily arm and arm across the street as we...

FADE OUT.

The end