

STALLED

Written by

Herb Schultz

PO Box 391  
Saugerties, NY 12477  
(212) 242-4520

FADE IN:

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

A van moving along a dark highway approaches a sign: "Erie 198 miles." Someone has painted an extra "e" on the sign so it actually reads "Eerie".

INT. VAN (MOVING) - NIGHT

An exhausted white man (DICK) in his mid 40s looks over at the sign, then glances down at his dashboard where the fuel gauge needle is just above E.

He proceeds for a few more seconds, passing the bloated carcass of a dead deer sprawled out on the berm. A lighted billboard appears in the distance.

Dick closes in on the billboard. It's an ad for a 24-hour full-service gas station and comfort food restaurant right off the next exit five miles ahead.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The van zooms past the sign. A small animal bolts into the highway from the inky blackness. Dick swerves to avoid it but runs it over instead, issuing a dull THUMP.

DICK (O.C.)

Damn.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Dick pulls into the Gas Station situated in the middle of a huge asphalt lot a few hundred feet from the Restaurant. He parks his van next to a gas pump.

A gaunt, dirty, 20-something gas attendant (CLETUS) with picket-fence teeth, one who could pass for a meth addict or an escapee from Auschwitz, laconically sidles up to the van.

Dick rolls down his window and addresses Cletus. Some moths fly into the van.

DICK

Fill it up with regular.

He immediately rolls up the window.

Cletus presses a button on the pump for ultra premium, shoves in the gas nozzle and locks the trigger.

While the gas flows, he squirts some liquid onto the windshield and wipes it with an oily rag that leaves a residue of opaque streaks.

Dick rolls the window back down and pokes his head out. More moths fly in.

DICK (CONT'D)  
Hey, uh, that's not necessary.  
Really, you don't have to--

Oblivious, Cletus shuffles around to the passenger side and continues to wipe the windshield with the oily rag, leaving more streaks that refract the light into a blurry rainbow. Dick rolls the window up again.

DICK (CONT'D)  
(Mumbles)  
Fucking moron.

While he waits, Dick consults a creased road map then swats away several annoying moths fluttering about his face.

He watches an ambulance - its lights flashing - drive slowly out of the lot, apparently in no hurry.

A CLICK indicates the tank is full. Cletus stuffs the rag into his back pocket and walks around the back of the van.

Cletus's POV: the license plate number.

Cletus removes the nozzle and jams it back into the pump. Dick cracks his window open just enough to pass through his credit card to Cletus.

C.U. of the name on the card: Dick Bagg.

Cletus smirks.

Using an old fashioned credit card imprinter, Cletus runs the handle back and forth across Dick's card, then hands over the paper receipt, the credit card, and a pen plucked from atop his ear.

Dick notices writing on the pen.

C.U. of the pen: "Attorney Jim Primo: Lost a limb? Ring up Jim! 81 GOT-STUMP"

Dick returns the pen and the receipt to Cletus. It's only now that he notices the hair grease that the pen has imparted on his fingers.

Disgusted, Dick wipes his fingers on a napkin. He rolls up the window and starts the van. As he puts the vehicle into gear, Cletus calls out loudly, pointing to the Restaurant in the near distance.

CLETUS

If you're hungry, Mr. Bagg, try the Chicken Goonya. Favorite of every truck driver what comes here. Sincerely, my man. You'll see why.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Dick peers into a paper bag sitting on the passenger seat. Inside the bag: nothing but crumpled wrappers, ketchup packets, and a few flaccid fries. He moves to open the window, but decides against it. Dick replies loudly through the sealed window.

DICK

Thanks for the recommendation, um--

He glances at the Attendant's nametag.

DICK (CONT'D)

--Cletus. I might just give it a try. Thanks.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Cletus wipes the back of his neck with the oily cloth.

CLETUS

No problem, Mr. Bagg.  
(smirking)  
I mean, Mr. Dick.

Dick narrows his eyes at the impudent remark, then drives off toward the Restaurant.

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Dick pulls into a parking space close to the front of the Restaurant which bears little resemblance to the sparkling photo on the billboard. It's darker and bleaker. A flickering neon sign advertising Iron City Beer reads "Iron y Beer".

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Dick dons a sweater, then pushes a button on the dashboard.

As a door on the side of the van slides open, he reaches for an object behind him.

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Dick, sitting in a wheelchair atop a hydraulic lift gate, slowly descends to the cracked pavement. His legs are missing below the knees; the pant legs end in a pair of shoes.

Once settled, he rolls off the lift gate and presses a button on his key fob. The lift gate retracts, and the door slides closed.

With a newspaper on his lap, Dick rolls over cracks and bumps to the entrance of the Restaurant where he reads a hand-written sign with a typo: "Today's Specail - Chicken Goonya served with rice 'n beans."

He proceeds to the door but a step impedes his progress.

Dick struggles to make it past the step only to be confronted by another, taller step. After surmounting the next step, Dick arrives at the door. A WAITER holds the door open.

DICK

Thank you.

(Peeved)

Y'know, the ADA has been in place since 1990.

The Waiter seems confused.

DICK (CONT'D)

The Americans with Disabilities Act? Of 1990. Like 30 years ago.

WAITER

Oh, that.

(beat)

We hardly ever get any cripples comin' here.

Scowling at being referred to as a "cripple", Dick rolls himself into the Restaurant.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The Waiter directs Dick to a table that doesn't quite accommodate his wheelchair, keeping him at a distance. Salt, pepper, ketchup and the like are barely within reach.

The Waiter hands Dick a giant menu. Dick opens the menu, but before he can check out the choices, the Waiter interjects.

WAITER

Can I suggest the Chicken Goonya, sir? Comes with beans 'n rice.

DICK

The sign said it comes with rice 'n beans.

Observing the confused look on the Waiter's face, and concluding he is probably too stupid to get the lame comment, Dick moves on.

DICK (CONT'D)

Never mind.

(beat)

That's the second recommendation I've gotten for it in the past five minutes. What's in it?

WAITER

Well, beans 'n rice, for sure. And chicken.

(beat)

And the special goonya sauce, of course. Wouldn't be Chicken Goonya without the special goonya sauce, right?

Dick hesitates, looking over the menu again. The Waiter presses on with the recommendation.

WAITER (CONT'D)

I'm not sure what's in it. But it's really good.

DICK

Goonya sauce? I've never heard of it. I've traveled a bit. Some exotic places, actually. And I've never heard of it. Is it a local delicacy?

WAITER

I think so. I don't know why it's called goonya.

(MORE)

WAITER (CONT'D)  
 Maybe some Indian thing. They used  
 to live here, y'know.

DICK  
 They used to live everywhere.

WAITER  
 I should probably ask the cook.

Fatigued by his recent experiences with the local talent,  
 Dick snaps the menu shut decisively and hands it back to the  
 Waiter.

DICK  
 You've convinced me, um--

Dick glances at the Waiter's nametag.

DICK (CONT'D)  
 --Boy?  
 (beat)  
 I'll give it a try. I hope it's  
 good. Like really good.

WAITER  
 Just the other day, a customer told  
 me it's to die for. Those were his  
 exact words. He was blind -  
 couldn't see, y'know.  
 (beat)  
 I figured his taste buds was better  
 than the average person, since he  
 was short a sense. Overall,  
 y'know.

DICK  
 Could be a fact, Boy.

The Waiter departs with the menu.

Dick scopes the Restaurant which is fairly large but occupied  
 by no more than a dozen eccentric-looking patrons who will be  
 recognizable later: a burly TRUCK DRIVER drinking shots and  
 beers with a younger long-haired HIPPIE; a rap aficionado  
 with a boom box, a NERD typing on a laptop, a couple of GOTH  
 GIRLS, etc.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT (LATER)

The Waiter delivers Dick his order. Dick chomps on some  
 slimy-looking Chicken Goonya while he reads an article in the  
 center pages of his newspaper; the front page blares a  
 bizarre headline: "THEY WON'T STAY DEAD".

He slurps another forkful of the meal, and for a moment the rice on his plate appears to writhe like a pile of maggots.

He recoils, drops his fork and quickly looks around the Restaurant for a patron who might confirm his observation. No one seems to notice. When he looks again at the plate, the maggots he thought he saw are in fact, rice. Dick hesitantly returns to eating from his now normal-looking food.

INT. RESTAURANT/BAR - NIGHT

A DRUNK in pretty bad shape drinking alone at the Bar hoists his shot glass of booze and calls out to no one in particular.

DRUNK  
 Champagne for my real friends! And  
 real pain for my sham friends!

He downs the shot of brown liquor - clearly not champagne.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Startled by the outburst, Dick looks toward the bar. As no fracas seems imminent, he finishes off his plate of Chicken Goonya. Dick sits back and wipes his mouth, sated. Gulping soda, he resumes reading when his stomach suddenly emits an embarrassing and ominous GROWL. Then another one, louder and longer.

Panicked, fearing the specter of imminent and explosive defecation, Dick rolls his wheelchair urgently toward the nearest Restaurant employee, the Waiter.

DICK  
 (Urgently)  
 Where's the restroom!

The Waiter points to a hallway around the corner of the bar.

WAITER  
 Right over there, sir.

Dick rolls quickly through the Restroom door.

INT. RESTROOM - NIGHT

Inside the Restroom, Dick discovers that his wheelchair doesn't fit into the stall. Another ADA violation. Dick does a quick 180 and rolls back to confront the Waiter.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

DICK  
I can't fit. The stalls... They--

WAITER  
--Like I tol' ya, man: we don't get many cripples comin' here.

DICK  
Is there some other place I can go?

WAITER  
There's an old motel in the back that has a bathroom. It's closed now. The motel, that is. Been for years, but it has a lot of shitters. I know one of 'em is pretty wide.

DICK  
Take me there. Now!

WAITER  
I gotta get the key.

DICK  
Get the key!

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The Waiter leads the way out of the Restaurant toward the MOTEL. Dick follows closely behind, rolling vigorously, arms pushing full tilt. In the near-pitch darkness, the pair arrives at a bumpy pathway.

Trying to be helpful, the Waiter commandeers the handles of Dick's wheelchair in a clumsy attempt to steer it along the pathway.

DICK  
(Forcefully)  
I'm OK. I can handle it.

The Waiter ignores him, and continues to steer the wheelchair hard, bouncing Dick all along the way.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

From his grimace, it's evident Dick fears the imminent evacuation of his bowels - all in the presence of a nitwit Waiter no less;

the kind of jerk who would take great pleasure in retelling the risible fecal disaster to all his co-workers, and to the regular loser diners who relish hearing about the suffering of others.

Finally, Dick reaches the entrance of the Motel, a low-slung decrepit building fronted by overgrown hedges and out-of-control vines. The Waiter unlocks the door, and using a brick, props it open.

INT. MOTEL - NIGHT

The Motel is pitch dark. The Waiter paws around the wall, searching for the light switch.

DICK  
Please, hurry!

The lights come on, flickering incessantly. A few startled, squeaking rats scatter and run out along a wall.

The treasured BATHROOM is down a winding hall.

WAITER  
I'm pretty sure you go down this hallway, make your second right, or maybe third. Then a left after the potted tree. The deader looking one. I think--

DICK  
--Ok, Ok. I got it.

Dick rolls off down the Hallway. The Waiter calls out.

WAITER  
There might be a couple steps along the way.

INT. MOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Dick rushes down the Hallway, makes a right then doubles back when it turns out to be a dead end. He releases a loud wet fart. He gives himself a pep talk.

DICK  
C'mon, c'mon. You can make it, Dick.

He arrives at a pair of dimly lit dead trees in pots. He concludes the second tree seems more dead than its mate.

Dick makes a left past the second tree down another hallway, encountering three steps.

DICK (CONT'D)

Fuuuuck!

Dick backs up, then speeds toward the steps, flying across them all like Evel Knievel. He lands a perfect ten, then rolls quickly to the Bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Dick enters the dark, dank Bathroom. The SOUND of a barely-perceptible GROAN unnoticed by Dick. He flicks on the lights.

Three dented putty-colored stalls scratched and spray-painted with graffiti line the wall across from a stretch of dirty sinks. Litter and puddles of treacly fluids defile the floor. At the near end sits a floor polishing machine positioned in front of a stall.

It's clear the Bathroom hasn't been serviced in a long time.

Dick spots a Stall at the far end - the sole stall sporting a handicap insignia on its door. A boner has been drawn on the stylized handicapped character on the insignia.

Dick opens the stall door and wheels into it.

INT. STALL - NIGHT

Once inside the Stall, Dick slams the door causing the handle to fall off onto the floor. Not in a position to assess the situation at this moment, Dick urgently drops trou and hoists himself off the wheelchair onto the bowl. His truncated legs dangle.

The wheelchair folds up and tips over onto the filthy floor.

Safely on the bowl, Dick winces a moment then expresses the face of post-defecation ecstasy: eyes closed, a faint smile of relief, gentle exhalation.

Relaxing satisfied on the bowl fully evacuated, Dick kills some recovery time by reading from his newspaper.

Just then, the SOUND of the Drunk entering the Bathroom from O.C. Dick observes the shadows of the shuffling feet of the guy from beneath the Stall door. The shadows get closer until the Drunk's feet are visible.

The Drunk violently shakes Dick's locked stall door.

DICK  
It's occupied!

The Drunk continues to shake the door, then steps back. Frustrated, he bellows at the locked stall like the thoroughly drunk fucker he is.

DRUNK (O.S.)  
You ain't got no right to hog that stall! I gotta go!

DICK  
Move on to another stall! There's a bunch of 'em.

DRUNK (O.S.)  
I don't have to prove I am creative! All my pictures are confused!

With that, the Drunk vomits all over the floor right in front of the Stall. The rancid puke oozes under the Stall door, making its chunky way toward the tips of Dick's legs. In a panic, Dick pulls his useless legs away from the nauseating mess.

Dick tosses a section of the newspaper onto the floor to stanch the flow of vomit before it reaches his pant legs.

Unfortunately, he's not swift enough to protect his wheelchair from defilement.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

A moment later, the Drunk barfs once again. More puke streams in under the Stall door. The SOUND of Dick shuffling about as he tries mightily to manage the disgusting effluence.

At last, the Drunk stumbles out of the Bathroom. The SOUND of the door closing.

DICK (O.S.)  
Motherfucker.

INT. STALL - NIGHT

Dick reaches for the toilet paper dispenser to discover every man's worst toilet nightmare: an empty core.

He pulls out the core in the expectation of a full backup roll, but alas the backup is also an empty core.

DICK  
(Mumbling)  
What a fucking night.

Resigned to the absence of toilet paper, Dick balls up a page of his newspaper, wipes his ass with it and tosses it into the toilet. He rips up another page and finishes wiping. He tosses in that page too, and flushes the full toilet - which promptly backs up and overflows treacly brown effluence.

In his disabled state, Dick isn't nimble enough to prevent the soaking of his pants. Nor can he save his wheelchair which lies folded on the floor.

Once the flow from the toilet ceases, Dick pats down his clothing with the last remaining piece of the newspaper - with little meaningful success.

As he attends to his soaked pant legs, Dick hears people O.C. enter the Bathroom. Dick spies two men through the slit between the stall door and the support beam. They might be the Truck Driver and the Hippie he noticed in the Restaurant earlier. Dick hears the SOUNDS of clothing rustling and a zipper pulled down.

HIPPIE (O.S.)  
Oh my god! That's enormous. It's more than my mouth can hold.

TRUCK DRIVER (O.S.)  
That's why they invented throat.

Dick hears the SOUND of the Hippie slurping and gagging, and the Truck Driver moaning.

TRUCK DRIVER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Stand up and pull 'em down.

HIPPIE (O.S.)  
I can't do that. You're too big.

TRUCK DRIVER (O.S.)  
Bend over, Nancy.

HIPPIE (O.S.)  
Just let me suck you off. Please!

Dick hears the Truck Driver scuffling with the Hippie.

HIPPIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Please! No!

The Hippie lets out a horrid SCREAM, followed by audible expressions of pain in sync with the rhythmic GRUNTS of the Truck Driver.

After a moment, Dick hears the whimpering Hippie waddle out the Bathroom door. Glancing down, Dick spots a small puddle of blood on the floor. He GASPS, then quickly covers his mouth.

TRUCK DRIVER (O.S.)  
Hey now. Somebody in there spying  
on me? You like cock?

Silence.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

The Truck Driver hikes up his pants. He steps through the puddle of blood, smearing it with his foot and leaving boot prints.

TRUCK DRIVER  
Come on out of there, bud, and I'll  
show you what I got. Maybe you can  
take it better than that scrawny  
queen.

The Truck Driver shakes the door but he can't open it. Dick hears the SOUND of footsteps moving from the stall door to the side of the Stall.

TRUCK DRIVER (CONT'D)  
You want some of this meat?

INT. STALL - NIGHT

Dick recoils at the unexpected intrusion of a bloody penis poking through a glory hole bored through the wall of his Stall.

DICK  
Get that thing away from me!

TRUCK DRIVER (O.S.)  
(Laughing)  
I see. Not your cup a tea.

DICK  
You wanna lose that limb, Jim?

The Truck Driver retracts his penis and walks out the Bathroom, chuckling.

Dick takes a moment to regain his composure. He pulls on his wet pants and rights his messy wheelchair. As he hoists himself onto the chair, the wheels slip sideways in the slime, throwing Dick to the floor.

Dick paws about the wet, fetid floor attempting to get back on the toilet.

Suddenly, someone O.C. pulls the wheelchair out from under the stall.

DICK (CONT'D)

Hey!

Stunned, Dick reaches for the stall door but alas the handle has been broken off. He picks up the severed handle and tries over and over in vain to reattach it.

Flummoxed and out of breath, Dick struggles to get back on the plugged up toilet. Once settled, he pulls out his cell phone and dials 911.

The lights flicker and shut off for a moment, and during that time of twilight he briefly sees what looks to be a demonic face leering at him from inside the toilet.

DICK (CONT'D)

Ack!

Stunned, Dick drops his phone into the toilet. Panic ensues.

DICK (CONT'D)

No!

The lights flicker back on revealing that the demon's face was nothing more than a crumpled newspaper that bears a passing resemblance to the demon - like the way an amorphous cloud can appear to be a horse.

Dick isn't completely convinced he imagined the face.

Resigned to the inevitable grim task ahead, Dick removes his sweater, slowly rolls up his sleeve, maneuvers onto the floor, holds a deep breath and reluctantly reaches into the toilet to retrieve his submerged cell phone.

As he reaches deeper into the nether regions of the toilet, something pulls on Dick's arm. Or maybe it's siphoning suction. He struggles but the force is too powerful.

Dick's face is now partially submerged in the brackish toilet water. He spits out a mouthful of brown goo as he struggles to catch a breath.

Abruptly, the force recedes, allowing Dick to extract his hand - which holds not a cell phone but a wad of wet newspaper. The clogged toilet flushes down. Dick angrily throws the wad of wet paper at the door of his Stall.

The paper hangs on the door for a moment, then falls to the floor with a SPLAT.

A seriously agitated Dick beats wildly on the door.

DICK (CONT'D)  
(Screaming)  
Help! Help! Anyone! Help me!

Silence.

DICK (CONT'D)  
(Screaming)  
Can anyone out there hear me!?

A soft, raspy voice responds. It's ARTHUR, another prisoner confined to a stall at the far end of the row of shitters.

Arthur is mid-40s, Black, blind, and obviously in a physically weakened state.

ARTHUR (O.S.)  
I can hear you. But I can't help you.

Dick slips off the toilet and peers underneath the stall - a space of just mere inches - into the adjoining stall. He spots two legs with pants pushed down around the ankles.

Dick calls out to his next-stall neighbor.

DICK  
Hey there! Listen up! Can you go out and pry open my door? I'm locked in.

Dick bangs vigorously on the shared Stall wall.

DICK (CONT'D)  
Hey! Please!

ARTHUR (O.S.)  
Don't bother asking. He's... was deaf. Now I'm pretty sure he's dead. I haven't heard a word or a sound from him in two days.

Dick reaches under the stall and shakes one of the legs which causes a corpse to fall to the floor.

DICK  
 Oh shit! He is dead! Jesus  
 Christ!

Dick quickly hoists himself back onto the toilet. Taking a moment to compose himself, Dick calls out to his fellow stall inmate.

DICK (CONT'D)  
 Who are you? What's going on?

ARTHUR (O.S.)  
 I'm nobody. Just a victim like you  
 who's stuck in a stall.  
 (beat)  
 It's been three days - I think.

DICK  
 Three days?

ARTHUR (O.S.)  
 I'm locked in and can't figure a  
 way out. And I'm pretty sure  
 someone is playing head games with  
 me. I swear I heard a wild animal  
 growling at me from inside the  
 toilet last night.  
 (beat)  
 Makes no sense, but neither does my  
 imprisonment in this toilet.

INT. STALL #2 - NIGHT

ARTHUR  
 I'm not sure how much longer I can  
 last.  
 (beat)  
 I was so thirsty I had to drink  
 from the toilet. That was tough.

DICK (O.S.)  
 Jesus. That's ridiculous.

ARTHUR  
 You think that's ridiculous: I  
 also ate the cardboard toilet paper  
 core.

DICK (O.S.)  
 Fuck, there's no way I'm eating a  
 toilet paper core. Or drinking  
 from the toilet. Not on purpose,  
 anyway. Shit.

(MORE)

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

(beat)

And I'm certainly not staying in this shithole for another three minutes, let alone three days. Fuck that.

ARTHUR

That's the same thing I told myself three days ago. A regular Groundhog Day around here.

INT. STALL - NIGHT

ARTHUR (O.S.)

Of course I could be wrong about the timeframe. It's hard to gauge the days and nights when you're blind.

DICK

You're blind? How the hell did you wind up in here? I mean--

INT. STALL #2 - NIGHT

ARTHUR

--Well, being a chump didn't hurt.

(beat)

I answered an ad for a job with a company that catered to disabled people. Supposedly.

(beat)

A dude with the company arranged to meet me at the restaurant here for an interview.

DICK (O.S.)

An interview? At this fucking dump?

ARTHUR

Yeah. What do I know? I just want to work, and they pitched a good story. Accommodations, benefits, cool work that I could do as a blind man.

INT. STALL - NIGHT

DICK

Oh yeah? Like what? Cold calling imbeciles to warn them that the warranty on a car they don't own is about to expire?

Dick chuckles a bit too long.

ARTHUR (O.S.)

Thanks for the vote of confidence, man.

(beat)

No, it wasn't cold calling. I was gonna help people navigate Social Security disability applications. And other government bullshit. Something I know quite a bit about.

DICK

I didn't mean--

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Arthur sits alone, tapping his fingers on the tabletop. The same people who were present when Dick entered the diner at various tables. The Waiter brings Arthur a plate of Chicken Goonya. He stuffs a forkful into his mouth.

ARTHUR (V.O.)

--Makes no difference. The dude never showed. I sat at a table alone for an hour, waiting like an asshole.

END FLASHBACK

INT. STALL - NIGHT

DICK

How did you get to the restaurant? I don't imagine you drove yourself.

ARTHUR (O.S.)

An Uber guy brought me. All paid for by the phantom recruiter.

(beat)

I wouldn't be a prisoner in this shitter if I hadn't eaten that goddamned Chicken Goonya.

(MORE)

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

I was about to call a cab when my bowels nearly exploded. I barely made it here in time.

(beat)

Well, truth be told, I actually sprayed all over the walls. Didn't quite make the seal - seal the deal, if you understand my meaning.

DICK

Oh, shit.

ARTHUR (O.S.)

Exactly.

DICK

I'm a captive here because my wheelchair didn't fit in the stall back in the restaurant bathroom.

ARTHUR (O.S.)

There's a bathroom in the restaurant? Never knew that. The waiter led me out here. Now, I'm even more pissed off.

(beat)

Fuck. Now I wish I'd just shit my pants right then and there in the restaurant. Dump a load of raw sewage on their floor.

(beat)

Serve 'em right.

DICK

I get it. Kinda like that airline passenger who dropped a deuce on the food cart. Talk about making a statement.

ARTHUR (O.S.)

Was that for real?

DICK

Hell, yeah. The dude was some big time company exec. He was seriously wasted. The stewardess cut him off from the booze, so he lost his shit.

ARTHUR (O.S.)

Literally.

INT. STALL #2 - NIGHT

Arthur chuckles at the visual. O.C. the muffled SOUND of a snicker that goes unnoticed by the men in the stalls.

DICK (O.S.)  
What's the story with deaf guy?

ARTHUR  
As soon as I finished shitting my brains out, he called out to me. He sounded like a wounded animal. He was hard to understand--

DICK (O.S.)  
--Wait, if he couldn't hear, how did he know you were there?

ARTHUR  
Apparently, he was gifted at detecting foul odors.

DICK (O.S.)  
Impressive.

ARTHUR  
Although, for all I know he might have thought I was a rhino with diarrhea that just escaped from the zoo.

(beat)  
Anyway, I felt sorry for assaulting his exquisite sense of smell.

DICK (O.S.)  
As you should.

ARTHUR  
I just said I did.  
(beat)  
I found it kinda funny that my rancid bowel movement could have such a profound effect on him.

DICK (O.S.)  
You realize, that might have been his final olfactory experience before going to the grave. Poor fucker.

ARTHUR  
I wouldn't feel too sorry for him.  
(beat)

(MORE)

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Regardless, he recounted how he got into his predicament, which is pretty much the same as you and me: ate a bowl of goonya, wound up on a bowl of porcelain.

INT. STALL - NIGHT

DICK

Clever. You've obviously had lots of free time to come up with that one.

(beat)

Wait, if this guy was deaf, how did you communicate with him? Obviously he couldn't read your lips.

INT. STALL #3 - DAY (FLASHBACK)

DEAF GUY, a slim, thirty-something Latino, taps on the wall shared by Stalls #2 and #3.

ARTHUR (V.O.)

He started tapping on the stall wall in Morse Code.

END FLASHBACK

INT. STALL - NIGHT

DICK

Seriously? You know Morse Code? Dits and dahs and all that ancient shit?

ARTHUR (O.S.)

Yep. You never know when you'll be locked in a shitter with a deaf dude.

DICK

That's amazing. Two guys who know Morse Code stuck in the same bathroom. I bet there are small cities where there aren't two guys who know Morse Code.

(beat)

I'm sensing a pattern here. But what's it all about?

INT. STALL #2 - NIGHT

ARTHUR

It's gotta be some evil plot. I mean, punking customers this way doesn't seem worth so much effort. And so much cruelty.

DICK (O.S.)

Well, so far, each victim we know of has, uh, had a disability.

(beat)

You can't see. Dead guy here couldn't hear. And in case you didn't figure it out, I'm a paraplegic.

ARTHUR

Well, you already told me your wheelchair didn't fit in the stall. So that's one clue. And you did seem to have a trifle bit of trouble maneuvering around in there.

(beat)

I thought maybe you got tangled up in a roll of toilet paper.

(beat)

Funny.

INT. STALL - NIGHT

Dick takes this remark as an insult to his capabilities. He responds indignantly.

DICK

You think that's funny!?  
Motherfuckers stole my wheelchair!

In response, Arthur reacts to what he perceives as a challenge as to which of the two men suffers the greater disability.

ARTHUR (O.S.)

Calm down.

(beat)

At least you can see.

DICK

Oh, fuck you!

ARTHUR (O.S.)

Why did you say "fuck you"?

DICK  
Forget it.

INT. STALL #2 - NIGHT

ARTHUR  
Ah, you think your disability is more severe than mine, don't you.

DICK (O.S.)  
I don't want to talk about it.

ARTHUR  
I can walk around and you can't. I can piss in a urinal and you gotta do it in a bag.

DICK (O.S.)  
I said, I don't want to talk about it. And I don't piss in a bag, for your information.

ARTHUR  
Well, I bet you drove yourself to this fucking dump. And read the menu yourself with your own eyes.

DICK (O.S.)  
I said, I don't want-- I didn't read the menu. I jumped right on the Chicken Goonya.  
(beat)  
That waiter was pretty insistent.  
(beat)  
Fucker.

INT. STALL - NIGHT

Dick looks down at his feet.

DICK  
I bet he's in on the plot.  
(beat)  
Bastard.  
(beat)  
Did you know his name is "Boy"?  
(beat)  
No, I guess you wouldn't.  
(beat)  
What kind of a name is "Boy" anyway? He wasn't even black.

ARTHUR (O.S.)

Are you suggesting "Boy" is an okay name for a Black man?

DICK

No. Shit. That didn't come out right. I just mean that I can't figure out why a guy of any color persuasion would go by the name of "Boy".

(beat)

Unless he was the actual Culture Club dude, which this moron certainly was not.

ARTHUR (O.S.)

I asked for his name. He said, "Boy" and told me it's short for Beauregard.

DICK

Then he should go by "Beau".  
B-E-A-U. Not "Boy". What a jerk.

(beat)

And I still say he's in on the plot.

ARTHUR (O.S.)

Could be. He pushed that Chicken Goonya special pretty hard on me, too.

(beat)

Maybe we each have another disability: being too gullible.

DICK

Look, I didn't want to debate you over which one of us got the bigger shaft up the ass. We both got boned. Are there times when I would trade my wheelchair for a blind man's cane? I suppose so. Maybe you think the opposite. Either way, we both suffer a burden that most people can never understand.

ARTHUR (O.S.)

Totally agree.

(beat)

I forgive you.

DICK  
What? I don't want your  
forgiveness. I'm sorry I said  
"fuck you," but I don't want your  
forgiveness. Or any other  
platitudes from you.

INT. STALL #2 - NIGHT

ARTHUR  
Be cool, man. Consider it dropped.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Rats scurry along the wall. One runs under the Stall. Dick  
SCREAMS. Scuffling noises O.C.

DICK (O.S.)  
Shit! Get away. Goddamned rat,  
get the fuck away from me.

The rat runs out from under the Stall.

ARTHUR (O.S.)  
Are you OK?

DICK (O.S.)  
I think so. Damn, I hope it isn't  
rabid.

INT. STALL #2 - NIGHT

ARTHUR  
Did it bite you?

DICK (O.S.)  
I don't think so.  
(beat)  
Damn, that fucker was big. It  
could feed us both for two days.

ARTHUR  
Stop it. Let's talk about  
something else.

DICK (O.S.)  
Agree. Go ahead.

ARTHUR  
Well, first: what's your name?

INT. STALL - NIGHT

DICK  
Um, it's not important.

ARTHUR (O.S.)  
It is if we're gonna be  
communicating for the time being.  
I'd like to know to whom I am  
speaking.

DICK  
What's your name?

INT. STALL #2 - NIGHT

ARTHUR  
Arthur. Arthur Joseph.

DICK (O.S.)  
What's your last name?

ARTHUR  
It's Arthur Joseph. Period.

DICK (O.S.)  
Oh. OK, Mr. Period.

ARTHUR  
Hardee har har. And you are?

INT. STALL - NIGHT

DICK  
Dick Bagg.  
(beat)  
Don't say it. Don't even stifle a  
snicker. I'm not in the mood.

ARTHUR (O.S.)  
Damn. How'd you survive grade  
school?

DICK  
It wasn't easy, that I can tell  
you. I grew up fast. I was on the  
losing side of fisticuffs quite  
often. And forget about the  
endless prank calls.

(Affecting a snippy tone)  
"Can I talk to your brother,  
Garbage?"

(MORE)

DICK (CONT'D)

(beat)

"Are you related to Harry Bagg?"

ARTHUR (O.S.)

Funny in a juvenile way. But your parents asked for it.

DICK

"Hey dickbag - why haven't you killed yourself?"

ARTHUR (O.S.)

Damn. Well, that's not funny.

(beat)

So, why not go by Rich or Rick, or something less provocative?

DICK

Because my given name is plain old Dick, not Richard - or any variant thereof.

ARTHUR (O.S.)

Dickie?

DICK

Nope. I'm just a Dick. My birth certificate clearly states: Bagg comma Dick.

ARTHUR (O.S.)

You must hate your parents.

DICK

Well, you can't hate someone for sticking you with a burden until you're old enough to realize what they've done to you.

(beat)

And by then, they're split up and out of the picture. And dead, for all I knew.

INT. STALL #2 - NIGHT

ARTHUR

Shit. That's sad.

DICK (O.S.)

Sadness is a passive disease. I won't have it.

(beat)

(MORE)

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

Being Dick Bagg was a heavy burden I suffered through until one day I just decided to embrace the suck.

(beat)

Fuck passive. Dick Bagg is the name I got stuck with? A name I didn't ask for? OK, fuck it. I accept it. I'm Dick Bagg. The Dick Bagg! The one and only fucking Dick Bagg.

(beat)

And anyone who thinks they can own me because my name is ridiculous can all go eat shit - or Chicken Goonya - for all I care. That's my position. Final answer, Regis.

ARTHUR

I get it. And I respect it, Dick. Truly. Like that boy named Sue.

INT. STALL - NIGHT

DICK

I'm so glad you approve, Art.

ARTHUR (O.S.)

Arthur.

(beat)

Now that all that baggage is out of the way, don't you want to know how I became blind?

(beat)

Don't you want to tell me how you became a cripple?

DICK

OK, before we go any further - I am not a cripple. I reject that term. And forget "gimp." To me "gimp" is the same as "nigger".

INT. STALL #2 - NIGHT

ARTHUR

The N-word, huh? That's pretty repulsive, don't you think?

DICK (O.S.)

No worse than "gimp".

ARTHUR  
You mean, the G-word?

DICK (O.S.)  
Ok--

ARTHUR  
--How would you compare "cripple"  
to "nigger"?

DICK (O.S.)  
Well, "cripple" isn't as bad. But  
I would put "cripple" right up  
there with "porch monkey", or  
"spear chucker".

ARTHUR  
"Spear chucker"? What does that  
even mean? Who's chucking spears?

INT. STALL - NIGHT

DICK  
Look, I'm agreeing with you. These  
slurs are all bad. I'm simply  
saying that to me "gimp" equals  
"nigger". The N-word, OK? I hate  
'em both.

ARTHUR (O.S.)  
You must really dislike "Pulp  
Fiction".

A brief pause.

DICK  
Now that you mention it, I actually  
do like that movie.

ARTHUR (O.S.)  
Me too.  
(beat)  
Anyway, I say, "screw the  
conventions". We are what we  
decide we are, right?

DICK  
OK, OK, but let's not get too deep  
into the PC weeds either.

ARTHUR (O.S.)  
Yes. Let's not.  
(beat)

(MORE)

ARTHUR (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
So, tell me, finally, how did you  
become "differently abled"?

DICK  
Really? Oh, fuck it. I was--

Suddenly, the SOUND of someone entering the Bathroom O.C.  
The two prisoners clam up.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

A husky GUARD pushes a wheelbarrow to Stall #3 adjacent to  
Dick's Stall. Wearing thick, rubber gloves, the Guard  
unlocks the door and drags out the body of the DEAF MAN. He  
hoists the corpse into the wheelbarrow, closes the stall  
door, and rolls the wheelbarrow toward the Bathroom exit.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Some rats run along the walls of the Bathroom. One licks at  
the crusty puddle of blood left behind by the Truck Driver.

ARTHUR (O.S.)  
You awake?

DICK (O.S.)  
Yeah. I had the weirdest dream.  
It was like I had been trapped in  
this stall before. I dreamt I  
crawled under the door and got  
stuck. A guard held the leashes of  
two big, barking Dobermans.

ARTHUR (O.S.)  
Jeez. I hope that's not a  
premonition. I'm scared shitless  
of vicious dogs.  
(beat)  
What the hell do you think is going  
on?

DICK (O.S.)  
It feels like we're being tested.  
Tortured. Why?  
(beat)  
I wish I knew. But if it's a test,  
your deaf friend didn't pass it.

ARTHUR (O.S.)  
Clearly not. And he wasn't my  
friend.

INT. STALL #3 - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Looking haggard, Deaf Guy speaks out in a manner that indicates he's never been able to hear since birth. His vocal cadence and pronunciation are distinct from that of a hearing-abled person.

DEAF GUY  
Can you crawl under the stall and  
help me out of here?

ARTHUR (O.S.)  
(In Morse Code, subtitled)  
Negative. Not enough space.

DEAF GUY  
What is this all about?

ARTHUR  
(In Morse Code, subtitled)  
I wish I knew.

DEAF GUY  
You can't see. I can't hear. That  
can't be a coincidence.

ARTHUR  
(In Morse Code, subtitled)  
Probably not.

DEAF GUY  
This has to be punishment for our  
crimes.

ARTHUR  
(In Morse Code, subtitled)  
What crimes?

DEAF GUY  
I don't want to say out loud.  
(In Morse Code, subtitled)  
They must know I'm a pedophile.  
That's why I'm being held here.  
(In English)  
What bad thing did you do?

ARTHUR  
I didn't do anything. I'm not a  
crim--

(MORE)

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
 (In Morse Code, subtitled)  
 Nothing. I'm not a criminal.

DEAF GUY  
 I'm not a criminal either. I just  
 love differently than others.

ARTHUR  
 You molest children, dude.  
 Pedophilia is a crime in everyone's  
 book.  
 (beat)  
 Shit.

Arthur starts to tap out his response in Morse Code, then  
 gives it up.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
 (In Morse Code, subtitled)  
 You molest--  
 (In English)  
 --Ah, fuck it.

Lengthy silence.

DEAF GUY  
 To hell with it. I knew one day  
 they would make me pay. Fuck them  
 all.  
 (beat)  
 And fuck you too!

END FLASHBACK.

INT. STALL #2 - DAY

ARTHUR  
 You never got around to telling me  
 how you got disabled.

DICK (O.S.)  
 Oh, right. I remember it like it  
 was tomorrow.

INT. STALL - DAY

DICK  
 The tenth of August of two thousand  
 and nine in the Arghandab River  
 Valley.  
 (beat)  
 (MORE)

DICK (CONT'D)

That would be in beautiful, lush Afghanistan. "A hot and dusty day full of unknowns," according to some douchebag reporter on the scene.

ARTHUR (O.S.)

1st Battalion, 17th Infantry, right?

DICK

Very good. You're military?

INT. STALL #2 - DAY

ARTHUR

Gulf War, 51st ESB.

(beat)

Expeditionary Signal Battalion.

DICK (O.S.)

I know what ESB is. Are you gonna tell me you were blinded in the signal corps? How's that possible?

(beat)

Were you, like, "blinded by science"?

ARTHUR

In a way, yes. Me and another guy were trying to rig up an emergency patch for a broken power source using a bunch of truck batteries.

(beat)

The whole setup exploded, of course. Talk about acid rain.

DICK (O.S.)

No good deed goes unpunished, as someone once said.

ARTHUR

Neither one of us ever took a course in electrical engineering, obviously. Now I wish I'd known the difference between connecting batteries in serial and in parallel.

(beat)

Can I assume you were blasted by an IED, or some other medieval weapon on that hot and dusty day full of unknowns?

INT. STALL - DAY

DICK

Very logical, Mr. Spock.

(beat)

Y'know, I was the great-grandson, grandson and nephew of military men. My father too, if my uncle wasn't lying about him.

(beat)

I had decided on serving a life-long career in the military. I saw it as a kind of destiny. Then in a flash, an IED shredded my legs.

(beat)

I was first in line to be the adjutant to a high-flying lieutenant general. But the Taliban interrupted all that when they blew off my foot.

ARTHUR (O.S.)

And just when you got it in the door.

DICK

(Chuckling)

Good one. Although it sounds vaguely familiar.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Simultaneously with Dick's chuckling response comes the SOUND of a stifled laugh O.C. over what seems to be a tinny intercom. This time the men hear it.

DICK (O.S.)

(Quietly)

Shh. You know what I think?

ARTHUR (O.S.)

(Quietly)

Yep.

DICK (O.S.)

(Quietly)

Gotta keep the atter-chay ight-lay. Until we figure out a way... you know.

Arthur taps on his wall.

ARTHUR (O.S.)  
(In Morse Code)

... --- ...

DICK (O.S.)  
Hell, even I know that one.

The muffled SOUND of vicious dogs barking O.C.

INT. - STALL #2 - DAY

Arthur responds belatedly.

ARTHUR  
So, how about those Mets?

DICK (O.S.)  
Hah! I'd be a Pirates fan if I  
cared a whit about baseball. Lost  
all interest after the strike.  
That was a wake-up call for me as a  
teenager.

ARTHUR  
Disillusioned, huh? Who'd a thunk  
greedy professional ballplayers  
making millions would pull such a  
stunt?

DICK  
Yeah, I know. Naïve.  
(beat)  
The only sport I follow now - if  
you can call it that - is golf.

ARTHUR  
Is that right? I used to be a  
pretty good golfer until I lost my  
eyes. Like a lot of young guys, I  
got into the game after Tiger Woods  
set the world on fire.

DICK  
A credit to his race.

ARTHUR  
Say what?

DICK  
I'm joking.

Silence.

DICK (CONT'D)  
Seriously, I'm joking.

ARTHUR  
I used to think golf was a bullshit  
past-time for country clubbers and  
redundant middle managers to waste  
time on.

(beat)  
Funny how attitudes change.

DICK (O.S.)  
That's a fact.

ARTHUR  
After I went blind, I tried to play  
with a guide but it didn't work  
out. So many whiffs and duffs.  
Golf is hard enough when you can  
see, let alone doing it sightless.

DICK (O.S.)  
Well, I can appreciate that. I  
worked my ass off in high school  
chipping, and putting all  
afternoon. And driving balls until  
my hands bled. I got myself down  
to an 8 handicap. And just when I  
thought I owned the game, I  
acquired an actual handicap.

ARTHUR  
The inability to play golf is one  
of the biggest disappointments of  
losing my eyesight.

(beat)  
Yeah, I can't drive around anymore,  
but I never liked driving that much  
anyway. And there's always Uber.

(beat)  
I like to read, too, but audiobooks  
are perfectly fine. I lost  
interest in TV, and how many movies  
about robots and comic book heroes  
can you watch? So no big loss  
there.

(beat)  
Yeah, I miss golf. Stupid, I  
suppose, but it's true.

INT. STALL - DAY

DICK  
It's not stupid to me.

A long pause.

ARTHUR (O.S.)  
I think I'm gonna die tonight.

DICK  
What? No. Don't say that.

ARTHUR (O.S.)  
Man was not meant to live by  
cardboard alone. Or something like  
that. It's over. I'm starving.  
(beat)  
These bastards won - and it bothers  
me that I still don't have any idea  
what the game was all about.

DICK  
Neither do I, but don't give up.  
Sustenance is all around us, I  
think. If we indulge our  
imagination.  
(beat)  
Indulge your imagination.

FADE OUT.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

A loud BANG. Followed by the SOUNDS O.C. of Dick shuffling  
about inside his Stall.

INT. STALL #2 - DAY

Startled, Arthur awakens, albeit groggily. He rubs his dirty  
hands over open sores on his arms. He touches his face which  
is sweaty and pimply. He runs his fingers through his greasy  
hair, then sniffs them to his disgust.

ARTHUR  
What are you doing?

INT. STALL - DAY

Sweating, Dick beats down with his shoe in pursuit of a rat he has hemmed in with his sweater. After several whacks, Dick successfully pummels the rat to death.

DICK  
It's not what you think.

ARTHUR (O.S.)  
What do you think I think?

DICK  
That I'm whacking it.

ARTHUR (O.S.)  
If that's how you whack it, I'd hate to see how you lick stamps.

DICK  
Huh?

ARTHUR (O.S.)  
I hope you're pounding a nice juicy steak for me.

DICK  
Not far off, kimosabe. I just wasted a rat. Uh, I mean, a great source of protein. An exotic delicacy. A plump--

ARTHUR (O.S.)  
--Say what?

DICK  
Look, you're suffering from malnutrition. I'm pretty damned hungry myself. Under the circumstances we find ourselves in, it's imperative that you eat something first and not croak.

INT. STALL #2 - DAY

ARTHUR  
So you think you're doing me a solid by offering me a dead rat to eat? I thought you were becoming my friend.

DICK (O.S.)  
Wait, I--

ARTHUR

--Besides, I'm not suffering from malnutrition; it's called starvation. There's a difference, you know. I could eat Kennedy Fried Chicken three times a day - with fries drenched in that tzatziki semen sauce - and still suffer from malnutrition.

DICK (O.S.)

Ok, whatever. I'm not a food guy.

(beat)

Semen sauce?

A long pause.

INT. STALL - DAY

DICK

Just eat it, before you starve to death. I need you and your legs to stay alive for the both of us.

(Quietly)

We need to figure out a plan to get us both out of here. But we gotta do it without such-and-such hearing it?

Dick stuffs the rat carcass into an empty cardboard toilet paper core.

DICK (CONT'D)

Get ready. I'm gonna slide the food over to you that I stuffed inside a toilet paper core.

ARTHUR (O.S.)

I can't do it.

(beat)

I mean I'm sure I can snatch the toilet paper core, but I'll never get a piece of, uh, rat down. Not even a bite. All that fur, and guts. Ugh. I'm gonna puke just thinking about it.

DICK

I get it. But you gotta maintain.

(beat)

Listen, let me doll it up for you.

(beat)

(MORE)

DICK (CONT'D)  
I'll do my best to filet it so you  
don't have to deal with entrails,  
and fur and such. How's that  
sound?

Silence.

DICK (CONT'D)  
I'll take that as a resounding  
"yes".

Dick gingerly picks up the rat carcass and inspects it for a moment. He looks around his environs for some tool that might be usable for fileting the body. He tries the edge of the toilet paper dispenser to no avail. Dick retrieves his car keys from his pocket.

Suddenly, an idea. He looks at the key fob, focusing on the panic button. Dick presses down on it, holding it down as if that will make the alarm louder.

EXT. - RESTAURANT - DAY

A tow truck drives out of the parking lot with Dick's van which, out of range of the key fob transmission, produces no alarm.

INT.- STALL - DAY (LATER)

Dick sits still, listening for the sound of an anti-theft alarm. After a moment, realizing his gambit failed, he tries carving the rat with a key. That also proves unsatisfactory.

Next Dick takes off his belt and sizes up the utility of the buckle as a cutting device. After scraping the rat body with the buckle, he realizes it too is not a viable option.

Still, he gazes at the belt for a bit longer as if contemplating another use for it.

He puts the belt around his neck and pulls it tight before removing it.

Finally, Dick turns his attention to the toilet tank cover.

He lifts off the cover and drops it to the ground causing it to shatter into a bunch of sharp, pointy porcelain shards.

ARTHUR (O.S.)  
What are you doing?

DICK  
Fixing dinner, honey.

With one particularly pointy piece of porcelain Dick scrapes the fur from the rat body, and extrudes the viscera. He cuts the meat into small pieces.

DICK (CONT'D)  
Y'know, this rat doesn't look all that bad. Certainly smells better than Chicken Goonya. I'll tell you what - maybe I'll eat a piece myself first. Think of me as your royal food tester.

ARTHUR (O.S.)  
That's mighty white of you.

DICK  
I'd take that as an insult if I thought you were Black.

ARTHUR (O.S.)  
I appreciate what you're trying to do for me, but eating a rat... I can't do that.

DICK  
You want to starve? Want to be the next corpse wheeled out of here like deaf guy - never knowing what the game was? Why it all happened?

ARTHUR (O.S.)  
Of course not. But eating a rat--

DICK  
--Man up! It's just a--  
(beat)  
--OK. Since you're being a baby, I will eat a chunk, just to show you it can be done.

ARTHUR (O.S.)  
Stop! You don't have to. I'm not royalty; not by a long shot. You don't have to be my food tester.  
(beat)  
I don't want you to be my food tester.  
(beat)  
Are you listening?

With a look of trepidation, Dick tosses a chunk of rat into his mouth, chomps feverishly, and gulps the whole mess down.

For a moment, he looks like he might vomit, but with calm, rhythmic Lamaze-type breathing, he gets past the urge to retch.

ARTHUR (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Did you eat it?

DICK  
(Gagging)  
Tastes... like... chicken.

ARTHUR (O.S.)  
Ugh. Every weird food tastes like chicken. Supposedly.

DICK  
When you think about it, maybe it's chicken and every weird food that tastes like rat.

Dick stuffs the rest of the filleted rat meat inside a toilet paper core.

DICK (CONT'D)  
OK, I'm gonna slide this cardboard core stuffed with the food down to you. Get ready for it.

INT. STALL #2 - DAY

Arthur hunches down on the floor like a hockey goalie, ready to pounce on the core.

ARTHUR  
I guess I'm as ready as any guy with no eyes can be in this situation.

INT. STALL - DAY

Dick shoves the toilet paper core down to Arthur. As Arthur kneels on the wet floor, the core strikes him on his leg and bounces out of the stall by an arm's length. Dick winces at the less-than-desirable outcome.

Arthur (O.S.)  
Shit. Where'd it go?

DICK  
 No big deal. I can see it.  
 (beat)  
 Listen to me: It's just a bit  
 outside your stall. Just reach  
 straight out. You should be able  
 to grab it.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Arthur's hand protrudes out from under his stall. The stuffed toilet paper core rests near the power cord of the floor polisher. The dangerously frayed cord is plugged in.

Arthur paws around, bumping the cord and moving his hand perilously close to the frayed section.

DICK (O.S.)  
 It's just to your left.

Arthur reaches to the right.

DICK (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Your other left!

Arthur latches onto the frayed wire. A bright spark FLASHES and Arthur goes down.

INT. STALL - DAY

DICK  
 What happened? Are you OK?

Other than the faint SOUND of something sizzling, silence.

DICK (CONT'D)  
 What the hell is going on? Say  
 something!

More silence.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

DICK (O.S.)  
 Fuuuuuck!  
 (beat)  
 OK, you motherfuckers. Enough with  
 this shit. It's gone on way too  
 long. Not funny anymore.  
 (beat)  
 (MORE)

DICK (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Come out of your hiding place, you  
cowards! Let me out of this stall  
right fucking now!

INT. STALL - DAY

As seen from above, a sheet of paper spirals slowly from the ceiling into the Stall, landing at Dick's feet. He retrieves the paper and reads its contents.

DICK'S POV of the paper: "You haven't earned it yet".

Dick shakes his head, folds the paper and stuffs it into his pocket.

FADE OUT.

INT. STALL - NIGHT

Dick snoozes on the toilet, drool running down his chin.

He's snapped out of his slumber by the abrupt SHRIEK from Arthur who has suddenly recovered from the electric shock.

ARTHUR (O.S.)  
Whoa! What's happ... oh fuck.  
Where... Shit... I'm, still...  
this fucking stall.

DICK  
Jesus Christ!

ARTHUR (O.S.)  
No, it's just me.

DICK  
You're alive! Risen from the dead!  
And in less than three days. Thank  
god.

ARTHUR (O.S.)  
Are you thanking god because you  
care about me, or because I'm still  
around to help you get out of here?

DICK  
To help us get out of here. Right?  
We gotta work together.

(MORE)

DICK (CONT'D)

I can't run out of here, and if you escaped your stall, you'd just bang into the wall or stumble down a flight of stairs and break your neck.

(beat)

But, yeah, uh, I care about you.

(beat)

How do you feel?

INT. STALL #2 - DAY

ARTHUR

Strangely, the electric shock seems to have shorted some of my circuits. Calmed me down. I don't care anymore.

DICK (O.S.)

You're obviously suffering from a fried brain. And a case of malnutrition.

ARTHUR

Starvation.

DICK (O.S.)

Even better.

(beat)

Look. I mean listen. The toilet paper core I sent your way - the one stuffed with tender, delicious meat of *rattus norvegicus* is still sitting just outside your stall.

(beat)

Reach out carefully. To your left; to your one and only left. Do you understand?

ARTHUR

Yes, I understand.

Arthur paws around a bit, grasps the toilet paper core, and gingerly brings it into his stall. He's unaware the meat is teeming with ants.

Sitting on the toilet Arthur extrudes a piece of the finely filleted rat carcass.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

I still don't think I can do it. And I'm pretty sure rat isn't Kosher. Or Halal for that matter.

DICK (O.S.)

Well, I've never seen it served on a bagel with cream cheese, but it's really not that bad. It's not that much worse than an MRE.

Arthur sniffs the meat and shrugs.

ARTHUR

It doesn't smell too bad.

DICK (O.S.)

Ok. That's a good sign, right? And you can't see it, so you can't tell that it's visually disgusting.

ARTHUR

C'mon, man.

DICK (O.S.)

Pretend it's a tiny piece of really rare venison.

ARTHUR

Keep talking.

INT. STALL - DAY

DICK

I get it that you may not be able to eat it in the conventional way. It is kinda tough and stringy.

ARTHUR (O.S.)

Oh, man.

DICK

Do you remember some time ago that airplane crash in the Andes Mountains? A bunch of the survivors ended up cannibalizing dead passengers to survive. It's gruesome, I know. But it was that or die.

ARTHUR (O.S.)

Yeah, I remember that. 1970s. Rugby team, as I recall.

DICK

Soccer.

ARTHUR (O.S.)

No, I'm pretty sure it was a rugby team on board that plane.

DICK

Whatever. Who fucking cares? Do they even play rugby in the Andes?

ARTHUR (O.S.)

No. Nor soccer, for that matter.

Dick shakes his head.

DICK

Forget all that.

(beat)

The survivors had no way to cook, uh, y'know, or bake the flesh, um, so they swallowed little bits of it with water. They melted snow to make water. Genius, right? Who knew you can make water by melting snow?

(beat)

Anyway, the whole experience for them was kinda like taking a pill. Simple. No taste. Fast. Maybe you can do it that way.

ARTHUR (O.S.)

I don't have any water.

DICK

Um, you're sitting on a couple gallons of it right now. I mean, it's mostly water, right?

ARTHUR

Uh, right.

INT. - STALL #2 - DAY

Arthur removes a small piece of rat flesh from the core and holds it between his index finger and thumb as though it was a piece of, well, rat flesh. He gets off the toilet and kneels in front of it. He crosses himself. Arthur cups some toilet water with his free hand and in one swift motion, places the ant-covered morsel into his mouth, slams some water behind it, and swallows hard. He gags.

ARTHUR

(In Arabic with subtitles)

Oh my god!

DICK (O.S.)  
You speak Arabic?

Arthur gags some more.

ARTHUR  
Give me a minute.

Arthur wipes some beads of sweat from his brow.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
Oh, man - I think there mighta been  
insects crawling on that meat.

DICK (O.S.)  
Look on the upside: extra protein.  
(beat)  
So, you speak Arabic?

Arthur BURPS loudly.

ARTHUR  
Yeah.

INT. STALL - DAY

DICK  
That's good. Really good. Where  
did you learn--

ARTHUR (O.S.)  
--I had months of intensive Arabic  
language training before I deployed  
with the signal corps. I'm  
essentially fluent.

(beat)  
Hasn't come in too handy lately.  
No one I know speaks it, and if I  
ever toss off a phrase or two,  
people look at me like I might be  
wearing a suicide vest.

(beat)  
What about you? What's your skill  
level?

DICK  
I would say a solid 2: limited  
working proficiency. But if you  
include profanities, probably  
closer to a 3.

ARTHUR (O.S.)

Think about it. What are the chances two guys stuck in a shithouse stall would both speak Arabic? Unless we were in Yemen, where I suppose it's a common occurrence.

DICK

Slim at best.

(In Arabic with subtitles)

But, I think we've found a way to make an escape plan without anyone knowing.

ARTHUR (O.S.)

(In Arabic with subtitles)

What's your idea?

DICK

(In Arabic with subtitles)

I have to trick them into opening the stall door for me. Come up with some kind of ruse. Fake my death, maybe.

ARTHUR (O.S.)

And then what?

(In Arabic with subtitles)

Just waltz out the door?

DICK

(In Arabic with subtitles)

I have to figure a way to disable - or, y'know - kill our jailer. At this point, I'm so ready.

INT. STALL #2 - DAY

ARTHUR

I second that emotion.

DICK (O.S.)

(In Arabic with subtitles)

Once I'm out I'll spring you - if I can.

ARTHUR

What do you mean, "if I can"? You gotta help--

DICK (O.S.)  
 (In Arabic with subtitles)  
 --Stop! No English!

ARTHUR  
 (In Arabic with subtitles)  
 Sorry. But you can't leave me  
 here. Please, I'm begging you.

INT. STALL - DAY

DICK  
 OK. No begging. It's beneath you.  
 (In Arabic with subtitles)  
 I'll get you out. Somehow.  
 (beat)  
 I can't run. You can't see. Our  
 plan - whatever it turns out to be -  
 only works if we both get out of  
 our stalls together.

INT. STALL #2 - DAY

ARTHUR  
 (In Arabic with subtitles)  
 Get out of our stalls together.  
 Alive.

FADE OUT.

INT. STALL - NIGHT

Dick snoozes on the toilet. A rat lurks about his feet.

INT. STALL #2 - NIGHT

Arthur lies on the floor asleep, curled around the bowl.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

A young Black man, HIP-HOP strides into the Bathroom, a boom-box on his shoulder playing loud rap music. He enters unoccupied Stall #3 and slams the door hard.

INT. STALL #3 - NIGHT

He sets the boom-box on the lid of the toilet tank, pulls down his pants and squats on the toilet. He BLASTS a fart.

INT. STALL - NIGHT

The noises from Stall #3 waken Dick.

DICK  
 Hey! Hey there!  
 (beat)  
 Turn that thing down!  
 (beat)  
 What are you doing here?

HIP-HOP (O.S.)  
 Say what?

DICK  
 (Loudly)  
 Turn down the music, man.

Hip-Hop lowers the volume on the boom-box.

HIP-HOP (O.S.)  
 OK. Happy now? What the fuck do  
 you want?

DICK  
 Why are you here? How did you get  
 here?

INT. STALL #3 - NIGHT

HIP-HOP  
 Why am I here? Uh, maybe because I  
 gotta take a shit? Why are you  
 here? Looking for a cock in the  
 ass?

DICK (O.S.)  
 No, believe me. Not at all. I've  
 been held prisoner in this stall  
 for more than two days.

HIP-HOP  
 What the fuck are you talking  
 about?

DICK (O.S.)  
 Me and another guy in the stall at  
 the end have been locked in this  
 bathroom for days. I have no idea  
 what the reason is, or who's behind  
 it.

HIP-HOP  
Oh, for fuck's sake--

INT. STALL - NIGHT

DICK  
--It's true.  
(beat)  
Do you have a disability?  
Retardation, maybe?

HIP-HOP (O.S.)  
Listen, motherfucker, I'm perfectly  
normal. Just dropping a deuce, if  
that's any concern of yours.  
(beat)  
Maybe you're retarded and nobody  
told you.

DICK  
Did you eat the Chicken Goonya?

HIP-HOP (O.S.)  
Fuck no. That shit looked nasty.  
I saw some bitch feeding that crap  
to a dude with no arms.  
(beat)  
Disgusting.

INT. STALL #2 - NIGHT

ARTHUR  
A dude with no arms?

HIP-HOP (O.S.)  
Who the fuck is that?

INT. STALL - NIGHT

DICK  
My fellow prisoner. I'm serious.  
We're locked in here.  
(beat)  
So, you have no disability. And  
you didn't eat Chicken Goonya.

HIP-HOP (O.S.)  
You catch on fast for a retard.

ARTHUR (O.S.)  
Stop with the R-word!

DICK

I wonder: are you their next  
prisoner, or will they just let you  
go.

HIP-HOP (O.S.)

I'll let you know as soon as I wipe  
my ass.

INT. STALL #3 - NIGHT

The SOUND of paper rubbing flesh, followed by the SOUND of a  
toilet flushing. Hip-Hop jacks the volume of the boom-box.

DICK (O.S.)

Why did you come out here instead  
of shitting in the restaurant  
bathroom?

HIP-HOP

Some asshole ate too much of that  
chicken shit and blew chunk all  
over the floor. I think the EPA is  
on it's way.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Hip-Hop exits Stall #3.

HIP-HOP

Well, I guess they just let me go.  
Enjoy the evening.

DICK (O.S.)

Wait! Please! Help me get out of  
here.

ARTHUR (O.S.)

Don't go!

HIP-HOP

I don't know what kinda scam you  
perverts are running, but I ain't  
hanging around long enough to find  
out.

ARTHUR (O.S.)

It's not a scam. I'm begging.  
Just give my door a yank. Maybe  
you can break the lock open.

HIP-HOP  
And then what? Give you a yank?  
Go fuck yourself, nigga.

ARTHUR (O.S.)  
Nigga? How do you know I'm black?

Hip-Hop is about to answer when Dick interrupts him.

DICK (O.S.)  
You're black? Why didn't you tell  
me?

INT. STALL #2 - NIGHT

ARTHUR  
I didn't think it was necessary.  
Besides, why didn't you tell me  
you're black?

DICK (O.S.)  
Because I'm not black!

ARTHUR  
OK, then, why didn't you tell me  
you're white?

DICK (O.S.)  
Because it's obvious.

ARTHUR  
Oh, but it's not obvious I'm black.  
That's fucked up.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Hip-Hop washes his hands in the sink.

HIP-HOP  
I'm gonna let you newlyweds sort  
this out.

He dries his hands and heads to the exit.

DICK (O.S.)  
Don't leave! Get help! Please!

HIP-HOP  
You haven't earned it yet.

Hip-Hop tosses a paper towel into the trash can and exits.

INT. STALL - NIGHT

Dick reaches into his pocket.

ARTHUR (O.S.)  
What the hell does that mean?

DICK  
Hang on, bro.

ARTHUR (O.S.)  
So it's 'bro' now?

Dick extracts the piece of paper that had fallen from the ceiling earlier.

DICK  
Black soul man?  
(beat)  
What do you want from me? I should have been more attentive to the patois. I apologize.

ARTHUR (O.S.)  
Forget it. It's not important.

DICK  
A piece of paper fell into my stall from out of nowhere a day or two ago. I can't remember.

ARTHUR (O.S.)  
What did it say?

DICK  
Someone wrote "You haven't earned it yet". Exactly what that jive-ass just told us.

ARTHUR (O.S.)  
More reason to suspect a conspiracy.

DICK  
I don't really need any more proof of a conspiracy.  
(In Arabic with subtitles)  
I think this paper offers a clue on getting out of here. We have to take some bold action to prove to these sadists we're worthy of being released.

(beat)

(MORE)

DICK (CONT'D)  
 Maybe they expect one of us to turn  
 against the other to get out.

INT. STALL #2 - NIGHT

ARTHUR  
 (In Arabic with subtitles)  
 Damn, I hope that's not the case.  
 We gotta help each other, not go  
 rogue. Right?

A moment of uncomfortable silence.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
 Right?

DICK (O.S.)  
 Yeah. Makes sense.

ARTHUR  
 You're not convincing me.

INT. STALL - NIGHT

Dick crumples the piece of paper.

DICK  
 (In Arabic with subtitles)  
 We have to go medieval on these  
 fuckers. They want us to "earn"  
 our way out of this shit situation?  
 Well, I'm ready to go for it.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

In deep darkness, a couple rats lick from a puddle under a sink. The SOUND of Arthur's snoring O.C.

Suddenly, the lights come on, scattering a large pod of cockroaches to the edges of the bathroom. Loud, headbanging music blares.

DICK (O.S.)  
 (Screaming)  
 Fuck you! Fuck all of you!

The lights start to flicker rapidly, creating a stroboscopic effect. A man dressed in a HAZMAT suit enters carrying a tray with two plates of food. It's more Chicken Goonya.

ARTHUR (O.S.)  
What's that smell?

DICK (O.S.)  
Oh fuck! Not Chicken Goonya!

HAZMAT GUY  
Excellent nose my crippled friend.

HAZMAT GUY slides a plate of Chicken Goonya under Arthur's stall door, then one under Dick's stall. The SOUND of Dick grunting O.C.

HAZMAT GUY (CONT'D)  
Chow down, ladies.

Dick pushes the plate of food back out of the stall, a large pile of shit freshly deposited upon it.

DICK (O.S.)  
You chow down, ya fucking dirtbag!

Grossed out, Hazmat Guy steps back.

HAZMAT GUY  
Goddamn animal!

DICK (O.S.)  
I am not a cripple. Remember that while you chomp on my stool.

Hazmat Guy marches to a cabinet, extracts a bottle of bleach, marches back to the Stall door and splashes the bleach liberally onto the defiled plate and into the Stall.

INT. STALL - NIGHT

The bleach flows under the Stall door, soaking Dick's sweater. Dick purposely sops up as much of the bleach into his sweater as he can.

HAZMAT GUY (O.S.)  
Go ahead and starve like your deaf buddy, motherfucker. Fuck if I care.

The SOUND of Hazmat Guy stomping out of the Bathroom, followed by a SLAM of the door. The volume of the headbanging music increases as does the frequency of the stroboscopic lights.

ARTHUR (O.S.)  
 (yelling)  
 I'm not quite sure what you did to  
 piss him off, but I have a pretty  
 good idea.

DICK  
 (yelling)  
 That stinky, huh?

ARTHUR (O.S.)  
 (yelling)  
 Downright foul. Like the sewer  
 backed up.  
 (beat)  
 No wonder he hosed it down.

DICK  
 (yelling, In Arabic with  
 subtitles)  
 He didn't hose it down. He  
 splashed bleach onto the floor. I  
 sopped it up. Tomorrow morning we  
 make our move.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Over the cacophony, Dick screams at his invisible captors.

DICK (O.S.)  
 (yelling)  
 Fuck it! I'm done! You hear me  
 you fucking cretins? I'm sincerely  
 done with this fucked up game! Not  
 gonna take another night of this  
 torture! See you in hell!

INT. STALL - NIGHT

Dick grasps a piece of pointy porcelain, slowly running his  
 thumb along an edge, assessing its sharpness.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

The noise and flickering lights from the prior evening have  
 terminated. All quiet now. Sunlight breaks through the  
 single, tiny, barred window. An upturned plate of uneaten  
 Chicken Goonya sits outside of Stall #2.

ARTHUR (O.S.)  
 You awake?

DICK (O.S.)  
 (Softly, In Arabic with  
 subtitles)  
 Yes. But I'm gonna stay silent.  
 You keep asking for me, though. I  
 won't respond.

ARTHUR (O.S.)  
 What are--

DICK (O.S.)  
 (Softly, but firmly, In  
 Arabic with subtitles)  
 --Shut up. I'm gonna fake my own  
 hanging. Just play along, OK? I  
 want them to think I'm dead.

INT. STALL #2 - DAY

ARTHUR  
 You awake?

Silence.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
 Are you OK?

A longer silence, interrupted momentarily by the SOUND of  
 Dick choking O.C.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
 Can you hear me?  
 (beat)  
 Say something. Knock on the wall  
 if you can hear me.

Silence.

FADE OUT.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Arthur calls out loudly.

ARTHUR (O.S.)  
 Hey! You bastards! I know you're  
 listening. I think the guy in the  
 other stall is dead.  
 (beat)  
 Get in here!  
 (beat)  
 I heard him choking yesterday.  
 (MORE)

ARTHUR (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 He hasn't uttered a word since.  
 (beat)  
 That was more than twelve hours ago. Not a goddamned sound.  
 (beat)  
 Of course, you already know that, don't you.

A long silence other than the drip-drip of a leaky faucet.

ARTHUR (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Are you gonna do something about it? You killed him, you evil fucks. The least you can do is take him out of here. Show him a modicum of respect.  
 (beat)  
 And while you're in here, kill me too. Just show some compassion. I can't take anymore.

INT. STALL #2 - NIGHT

Arthur fidgets with the toilet handle. He alternately rubs his temples and nervously spins the empty toilet paper holder.

Finally, the SOUND of footsteps O.C.

INT. STALL - NIGHT

Perking up as the footsteps get closer, Dick urinates onto his bleach-soaked sweater. He recoils from the pungent odor.

Dick hurriedly fastens his belt around his neck and flops the tail end of the belt loosely over a coat hanger, creating the illusion of self-strangulation.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

The Guard enters the Bathroom pushing a wheelbarrow.

ARTHUR (O.S.)  
 About time, you sick fuck!

GUARD  
 Shut up, Ray Charles. I'll deal with you in a minute.

The Guard parks the wheelbarrow by the Stall door and inserts a key into the lock.

After trying the key a few times to no avail, he produces a tool and vigorously jimmys the door, but still fails to open it.

GUARD (CONT'D)  
 Goddamned handle. Why do they have  
 to make it so hard.

The Guard leaves the Bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

The Guard returns with a reciprocating saw, plugs it into a socket and proceeds to cut into the reluctant stall latch, sparks flying. After a moment, he severs the latch successfully. The Guard places the saw on the floor and opens the door.

Dick appears to the Guard to be dead, lashed by the neck by the belt to the coat hanger. The Guard wags his head in thinly veiled amusement at the dead Dick - another failed captive - and moves casually into the Stall.

INT. STALL - NIGHT

As the Guard hovers over him preparing to lift his "dead" body, Dick lunges forward and forces the bleach-and-ammoniac-urine soaked sweater into his face. He puts a half-nelson on the neck of the struggling Guard and forces his face tightly into the porous, noxious sweater.

The Guard flails and gags as he huffs the poisonous phosgene chemical reaction.

The Guard swings his arms wildly, mostly punching the walls of the stall. Slowly, the swings decrease in intensity. The Guard goes limp. Dick pushes the unconscious Guard out the door, letting him fall to the Bathroom floor. The Guard's eyes are bloodshot and his reddened face peels from chemical burns.

ARTHUR (O.S.)  
 (In Arabic with subtitles)  
 What's happening?

DICK  
 (In Arabic with subtitles)  
 The fucker is unconscious. For  
 now.  
 (beat)  
 Be ready to get out of here.

Dick reaches behind the toilet and retrieves a sharp, pointy piece of broken porcelain. Then he hops off the bowl and crawls out the Stall.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Dick climbs onto the back of the prone Guard. Suddenly, GUARD #2 rushes into the Bathroom from another entrance O.C. on a mission to thwart the ensuing prison break.

Guard #2 grabs Dick by the shoulder, rolling him off the back of the unconscious Guard. With one swift move, Dick stabs Guard #2 in the chest with the porcelain shard. Guard #2 falls back onto the floor, grabbing his chest, leaking blood from his mouth.

INT. STALL #2 - NIGHT

Arthur stands erect, his ear close to the crack between the stall wall and the door.

ARTHUR

What's going on out there.

DICK (O.S.)

Just killing bad guys. You ready to go?

Arthur tucks in his shirt.

ARTHUR

Hell yeah!

(beat)

Wait. Go where? I don't know how to get out of here.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Dick climbs back onto the Guard who begins to rouse.

DICK

I do. But I can't run. Any ideas?

Dick picks up the saw sitting next to the Guard. He squeezes the trigger which activates the reciprocating blade.

The SOUND of the cutting jolts the Guard into a heightened state of consciousness.

Unaware that Dick lies atop him, the Guard haltingly works to right himself. Before he can make any headway, Dick applies the saw blade against the Guard's neck.

DICK (CONT'D)

Uh uh uh. Be still, unless you want me to cut off your ugly head.

Dick pulses the saw next to the Guard's ear.

GUARD

Get the fuck off me, cripple.

ARTHUR (O.S.)

Man, you shouldn't have called him that.

Dick pulses the saw again, this time drawing blood from the side of the Guard's head.

DICK

Listen, asshole. I've actually witnessed a beheading in Iraq.

(beat)

Unpleasant, but like with anything else, a person can become numb to horrors with time.

GUARD

Hold on a min--

DICK

--I've never done it myself, but after these past few days, I think I could pull it off. I even heard of a lawyer - Jim Primo - who might take your case.

(beat)

Although I'm not sure a head is considered a limb.

GUARD

Just relax a--

Guard #2 gurgles and wheezes O.C.

DICK

--You hear that? That's the sound of your buddy selling the Buick.

(beat)

Now, start crawling to the stall at the end.

GUARD  
You won't get away. They'll stop  
you.

DICK  
Why? Because we haven't earned it?

The Guard replies as if the answer is obvious.

GUARD  
Well, yeah. That's what they told  
us.

DICK  
That's what I figured.  
(beat)  
Start crawling!

The Guard does the marine crawl with Dick perched on his back down to Stall #2. Upon arrival, Dick decamps from the Guard's back, still commanding the saw. Dick addresses the Guard.

DICK (CONT'D)  
Sit still. Unless you want to lose  
a body part.

Dick pulses the saw to intimidate the Guard.

Although the blade is no longer pressed against his neck, the Guard raises his hands and feigns submission.

GUARD  
I'll be cool.

Dick crawls with the saw in hand toward Stall #2. With his back to the Guard, Dick positions the saw to cut into the latch. Just then, the Guard lunges at Dick.

The two men struggle for control of the tool. Dick pulls the trigger pulsing the blade close to the Guard's neck. But as a larger man with the use of his legs, the Guard turns the tables, relieving Dick of his tool. As this is going on, Arthur reaches out from under his stall door.

Just as the Guard brings the saw blade close to Dick's face, Arthur ZAPS the Guard with the frayed floor polisher cord.

GUARD (CONT'D)  
Auuughh!

The Guard writhes and falls flat on his face.

ARTHUR (O.S.)  
Please tell me I electrocuted the  
right person.

DICK  
Perfect aim. Are you sure you're  
really blind?

ARTHUR  
Yep, I'm sure. Blind as a bat.  
(beat)  
You sounded like Superman out  
there. Are you sure you're really  
crip-- um.  
(beat)  
Get me out of here!

Dick maneuvers back to the door of Stall #2 and finishes  
cutting through the latch with the saw. Arthur rushes out  
and reaches about in front of him, grasping at air.

DICK  
I'm down here.

Arthur kneels and embraces Dick, then recoils.

ARTHUR  
Oh my god. You smell awful.

DICK  
I know; the chemicals.

ARTHUR  
More like a vomit and shit  
sandwich. Plus chemicals.

DICK  
Great.

ARTHUR  
How do I look?

DICK  
Honestly, like you should be dead.  
(beat)  
And like the best vision I've ever  
seen. Let's get the fuck out of  
here, ASAP!

ARTHUR  
What do we do?

DICK

You're the legs, I'm the eyes. Do you think you can carry me piggyback style?

ARTHUR

I don't know. I lost a lot of weight these past fucked up days.

DICK

So did I. I probably weigh the same as a backpack.

(beat)

You can do it. I'll direct you out of this hellhole. You just run as fast as you can where I tell you to. When we get to the restaurant, we'll bolt in my van. It has a full tank of gas.

ARTHUR

I can't wait.

Dick climbs onto Arthur's back.

DICK

OK. I'm just gonna call out simple commands. Left, right. Straight, stop. Faster, slower. Back up--

ARTHUR

--Do we have time for this?

DICK

Sorry. Walk ahead about five paces then turn right and jog like your life depends on it.

Arthur walks the five paces and turns left.

DICK (CONT'D)

Your other right!

ARTHUR

Damn, I'm sorry. Just really nervous... and scared.

The SOUND of running footsteps coming from the other entrance to the Bathroom.

DICK

And obviously dyslectic!

(beat)

Right face and start running!

The pair head out the door.

INT. MOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

The two men work their way down the winding Motel Hallway, occasionally bumping into the walls.

DICK  
You're doing great. Get ready to  
cut a left.

A gunshot RINGS out. It's Hazmat Guy shooting.

ARTHUR  
Shit! They're shooting at us!

DICK  
Left! Now!

Arthur makes a smooth move to the left. Up ahead are the pair of dead potted trees.

Another gun shot rings out, chipping the wall near the men.

Arthur picks up the pace.

DICK (CONT'D)  
OK. Get ready to slow down and  
make a quick right.

Arthur reduces to a trot.

DICK (CONT'D)  
OK, stop. Turn right and walk  
until I tell you to stop. Then  
crouch down. We have to ditch this  
fucker shooting at us.

Arthur complies.

DICK (CONT'D)  
Stop. Shut up and crouch.

Arthur crouches down behind the potted tree. Hazmat Guy rushes past the tree. He's followed by a running/stumbling Guard, fresh from recovering from electric shock.

After a moment, Hazmat Guy and the Guard vanish into the darkness of the hallway.

ARTHUR  
What's going on!

DICK  
I think we ditched them.

HAZMAT GUY (O.C.)  
Give up you fools while you still  
can. I'll sincerely shoot both of  
you if you don't show yourselves  
right fucking now!

Another gunshot rings out in the distance.

DICK  
Ignore that jerk. Stay focused.  
(beat)  
I'm pretty sure there's a set of  
steps around here that lead to the  
motel exit.  
(beat)  
Get up! Let's move.

Arthur stands up and proceeds out from behind the potted trees with Dick on his back. Dick locates the steps that he had previously vaulted over on his way to his prison stall.

Arthur runs up the steps, and continues down the hallway around a few more obstacles, eventually arriving at the Motel exit.

DICK (CONT'D)  
We're here! The exit. Reach out  
for the handle. It's right in  
front of you. Give it a push.

Arthur gropes around, landing his hands on the door handle. He gives the handle a push, but it won't open. He gives the handle a couple more shoves but the door resists.

ARTHUR  
It must be locked. Now what do we  
do?

Dick looks around the environs, eventually spotting the brick that the Waiter had used to prop open the door earlier.

DICK  
Bend down. Let me off. There's a  
brick here.

Arthur complies, and Dick crawls to retrieve the brick. He flings it into the glass door, but it bounces off. He recovers the brick and tries again to no avail.

ARTHUR  
Give it to me.

Dick retrieves the brick once again and places it into Arthur's outstretched hand.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
Where's my target?

DICK  
One O'clock.

Arthur adjusts his stance, winds up, and fires the brick into the glass door, shattering it into a million pieces.

DICK (CONT'D)  
Fuck yeah! Great arm, man.  
(beat)  
Bend down. I'm climbing back on.

Dick hoists himself onto Arthur's back.

ARTHUR  
Can we get through the broken glass?

Dick assesses the situation. The opening is tight, and it's surrounded by sharp shards of plate glass.

DICK  
I don't know. Looks tight. And sharp.

ARTHUR  
Maybe we should go through separately.

DICK  
Hold on. Step forward a smidge.

Arthur moves closer to the door. Dick spots a set of keys hanging in the lock on the other side.

ECU of the keys: a tag with the phrase: "You earned it"

Dick doesn't notice the tag.

DICK (CONT'D)  
Fucking A! Looks like that asshole waiter... Boy--

ARTHUR  
--Beauregard.

DICK  
Right. Beau-retard--

ARTHUR  
--Just tell me.

DICK  
He left the keys in the lock.

Dick reaches through the broken glass, turns the key, and opens the door. The pair rush out of the Motel.

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

They proceed down the broken asphalt path to the entrance of the Restaurant where they step gingerly into darkness.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The Restaurant is very dark, but the vague outlines of people inside are barely discernable - just not to Dick.

DICK  
Looks like the place is closed.  
It's completely dark. I can't see  
a fucking thing.

ARTHUR  
I thought it was a 24-hours-a-day  
joint. I wonder why it's shut  
down.

DICK  
Maybe the EPA came here for real.

Dick produces his car keys.

DICK (CONT'D)  
I'm gonna start the van. When the  
lights come on I'll be able to  
guide us out of here.

Dick presses a button on the van key fob. Nothing happens. He tries a couple more times.

DICK (CONT'D)  
What the fuck. Where's my van?

ARTHUR  
Maybe they towed it away. Why  
would they leave it in the lot for  
us to escape in?

Arthur shuffles about the floor.

DICK

Fuck! There must be a phone around  
somewhere. We gotta call law  
enforcement.

ARTHUR

Think! We're the victims of an  
elaborate plot to fuck us over.  
There's no way any phone here is  
gonna work.

DICK

Yeah, I have to agree.

Dick scans the dark environs.

DICK (CONT'D)

There's a bar across the room. I  
got an idea.

(beat)

Turn left and head ten paces.

Arthur follows the directions, shuffling hesitantly to avoid  
stumbling, or banging into tables.

INT. RESTAURANT/BAR - NIGHT

Still hanging on to Arthur's back, Dick paws about the bar,  
coming across a dish containing boxes of branded matches.

C.U. on the matchbox: "Try our famous Chicken Goonya!"

DICK

Never again.

ARTHUR

Huh?

DICK

Nothing.

Dick plucks a match from a box.

ARTHUR

What's the plan, White Soul Man?

DICK

I'm gonna set this place on fire.

ARTHUR

Wait! What!?

DICK

That should attract the attention of authorities who aren't part of the conspiracy. With luck they'll come to the rescue in time.

ARTHUR

So, you're gonna burn the place down? With us in it? That's your plan?

DICK

You want someone to rescue us or not? We can't call anybody. We can't outrun these motherfuckers. They're gonna show up any second, bearing arms.

ARTHUR

You're right. Maybe we can find a safe corner to ride it out - at least for a little while.

(beat)

Do it.

Dick lights a match and uses the flame's luminescence to scan the bottles on the shelf. The match burns out; he strikes another. This time he spots a bottle of high-proof Everclear.

DICK

Can you believe they serve grain alcohol in this dump?

ARTHUR

Sure. Makes a great Cosmopolitan.

DICK

If you're Bill Cosby.

Dick splashes the contents of the Everclear onto the top of the bar. He tosses some paper napkins and wooden tooth picks into the puddle.

DICK (CONT'D)

Step back. This may get hot.

Arthur moves back a few feet from the bar.

ARTHUR

Are we too close?

DICK

By my calculations--

ARTHUR

--You made calculations?

DICK

Um, not officially. Basically, when I drop the match, you squat down. The flame should shoot toward the ceiling.

(beat)

And we'll dodge incineration.

(beat)

For a little while. I think.

ARTHUR

Y'know, I was ready to die in that fucking stall. Now, I want to live.

DICK

Me too. Get ready to squat.

Still holding the empty bottle of Everclear by the neck, Dick lights a match and tosses it into the puddle of 190 proof accelerant. A huge WHOOSH of flames brushes the men back.

The ceiling tiles above the bar ignite. The flames illuminate the Truck Driver who bears a fire extinguisher. He dowses the flames with a foamy fire-retardant. Acrid smoke permeates the room, further obscuring the limited vision inside the Restaurant.

Dick smashes the empty bottle of Everclear across the edge of the bar, resulting in a jagged weapon. He darts his head back and forth trying to locate the interloper.

DICK (CONT'D)

Stand down, or I'll cut you up, bitch!

TRUCK DRIVER

Be cool, Dick. Everything's copacetic.

The flames subside and the lights in the Restaurant rise. The SOUND of applause. The men are stunned frozen.

All the people who had been in the Restaurant the day Dick and Arthur first arrived clap enthusiastically. They wear formal attire, and include among others the Hippie, Hip-Hop, the Truck Driver, Cletus and the Waiter.

The CHAIRMAN of a consortium consisting of the people in the Restaurant approaches the men.

CHAIRMAN

Gentlemen, you have earned it.  
Congratulations.

The applause increases as the confused men take stock of the bizarre situation.

Winded, Hazmat Guy jogs through the entrance pointing his weapon at the ceiling, followed by the weary Guard; the Hippie waves them off.

With Hazmat Guy and the Guard gone, the Hippie presents a brand new wheelchair to Dick.

HIPPIE

I'm honored to present you with  
this.

After Dick defiantly wriggles his ass into the wheelchair - flicking the finger to the Hippie - he rolls up close to the Chairman and addresses him sternly.

DICK

You have a lot of explaining to do  
my friend.

ARTHUR

Damn right. What the hell is going  
on?

(beat)

What did we earn?

CHAIRMAN

Great question--

DICK

--I got a better question: why  
shouldn't we press charges against  
you fuckers for kidnapping and  
torturing us? And for intentional  
poisoning by Chicken Goonya?

(beat)

To be followed up by a massive  
trillion dollar punitive lawsuit on  
top of all that? Huh?

(beat)

Because that's gonna be my next  
move.

CHAIRMAN

You should do all of that, Dick.  
And why cap it at a trillion?

(beat)

(MORE)

CHAIRMAN (CONT'D)

Any reasonable person would try -  
assuming they could escape our evil  
clutches.

People in the Restaurant laugh lightly. The men look  
quizzical.

CHAIRMAN (CONT'D)

No offense, Dick, but Arthur asked  
the better question. "What did you  
earn"?

(beat)

But before I go on, please allow me  
to introduce myself.

DICK

Let me guess. You're a man of  
wealth and taste.

CHAIRMAN

Well, that's true, but I'm also  
Chairman of a secretive, select  
consortium dedicated to financing  
experimental - and frankly, radical  
- medical research and development.

(beat)

Everyone here tonight is an  
investor.

Dick points at Cletus, whose teeth are perfect now that he no  
longer wears the prosthetic picket fence teeth from his time  
at the gas pump.

DICK

Wait. Are you telling me that  
hillbilly is an investor? What did  
he invest? A bushel of corn cobs?

CHAIRMAN

Cletus comes from very old money.  
And he hides his Yale pedigree very  
well when called upon.

DICK

Shit.

ARTHUR

I presume the torture you put us  
through these past days was meant  
as a test. Something to do with  
your radical medical research?

CHAIRMAN

I'll explain it all in short order.  
But first, we have to get you two  
cleaned up.

DICK

Good idea. I'm sure I smell like a  
rancid combo of shit, puke,  
chlorine, piss, blood, sweat and  
tears.

ARTHUR

I can confirm that, bud. You reek  
of innumerable bodily fluids.

DICK

Fuck.

CHAIRMAN

After we get you cleaned up and  
into new clothes, we'll bring you  
back for dinner.

(beat)

You men must be famished. We've  
set up a really nice spread catered  
by a nearby five star restaurant.

WAITER

And no, Chicken Goonya is not on  
the menu this evening.

ARTHUR

What about rat?

WAITER

Maybe. Dick showed us some  
culinary possibilities.

DICK

Just take us to the showers.

(beat)

Um, they will be legitimate  
showers, right?

ARTHUR

Promise us no Zyklon B.

HIPPIE

You fellas have a decidedly  
negative opinion of us.

ARTHUR

Promise us!

The Hippie takes Arthur by the arm and leads him and Dick to the promised clean-up.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT (LATER)

Dressed in formal wear like the others, Dick and Arthur sit at a long table covered in white linens and set up with expensive china, silverware and crystal.

Uniformed SERVERS bring food to the table. One Server explains to Arthur what's on his plate, and where the silverware is located. He guides Arthur's hand to the glass of wine in front of him.

Dick starts in on his food, eating rather voraciously.

The Chairman, who sits between the men, addresses them.

CHAIRMAN

We're not focused on preventing or curing stubborn diseases. The world is already awash in dozens of pharmaceutical companies doing just that. Whatever disease they decide to tackle - real or imagined - is driven by the profit motive.

TRUCK DRIVER

We have our money behind innovations designed to reverse the effects of debilitating accidents and congenital defects. Seeking no profit - just the thrill of making it happen.

ARTHUR

Reverse the effects?

TRUCK DRIVER

That's right--

DICK

--Wait a minute. I remember that voice. You're the guy who raped some dude. Then you stuck your, y'know, into that hole--

TRUCK DRIVER

--Just a ruse. What you heard was some inartful scuffling between my colleague and me.

(MORE)

TRUCK DRIVER (CONT'D)

What you saw through the hole was,  
um, a big carrot dipped in some  
kind of red corn-syrup concoction.

DICK

Fuck.

ARTHUR

What do you mean when you say  
"reverse the effects"?

CLETUS

Basically, we strive to return the  
injured person to their original  
and proper functionality. That  
means no prostheses, no gadgets, no  
evidence of repair.

CHAIRMAN

A complete renewal.

DICK

How can you do that?

CHAIRMAN

No one said we could. Yet.

(beat)

But the R&D has been promising.  
Computer models indicate high  
likelihood of success. Experiments  
on animals have yielded solid  
enough results that we're ready to  
try out the techniques on humans.

ARTHUR

Are you saying that we  
(Quotes with fingers)  
"earned" the right to be your  
guinea pigs?

CHAIRMAN

We've already completed several  
successful experiments on guinea  
pigs, so we don't feel the need to  
continue that line of  
investigation.

HIP-HOP

You shouldn't look at this as a  
chance to be a guinea pig. It's  
way bigger than that.

CHAIRMAN

Yes, way bigger.

(beat)

The financial burden involved with what we're trying to do is astronomical.

HIP-HOP

But, to be clear: we have no interest in recovering any expenses from you.

CHAIRMAN

That's right. We're committed to investing 100 percent into this endeavor, and we seek no monetary gain. Yet, we've deemed it necessary to cull the field of candidates down to the truly worthy. Two actually.

DICK

By torturing us?

CHAIRMAN

Essentially, yes. We want to bestow the gift of disability reversal only to those with the greatest will to survive. The ones driven to collaborate and prevail selflessly in the face of horrific adversity.

ARTHUR

I get it. Survival of the least lamest.

(beat)

You say we won. But what about the other victims who didn't cut it?

CHAIRMAN

I wouldn't call them victims, Arthur. We erased the memories of those who didn't cut it. They go on their way oblivious to their time in the stalls. Some time later, we transfer a tidy compensatory sum into their bank accounts. Bitcoins, usually.

DICK

That's very, very fucked up. Not only were my friend and I tortured and humiliated, and forced to eat rat, for god's sake, but we had to fight for our lives. Or was all that commotion staged like the cock in the gloryhole?

(beat)

Because I'm pretty sure I stabbed that guard in the heart. And Arthur electrocuted the other one.

CHAIRMAN

No, those attacks were not staged. The guards - mercenaries, really - were hired to monitor you, and directed to prevent you from escaping. They're not in our consortium. Just expendable help.

HIP-HOP

It was your clever ruse, Dick, and Arthur's electric shock that brought you to this point.

ARTHUR

You made us murderers! What the fuck!

CHAIRMAN

Well, anything you did was clearly in self-defense, Arthur. The guards knew what they signed up for.

ARTHUR

Yeah, but--

CHAIRMAN

--And I've been informed that both gentlemen are recovering nicely in the mobile unit parked out behind the motel. The same unit we use to care for all our candidates. Those who need care, that is.

HIPPIE

The guard you stabbed, Dick, had prepared with a Kevlar vest - that's how much he respected you.

(beat)

(MORE)

## HIPPIE (CONT'D)

And the other guard, Arthur, was hit with a strong but not lethal level of current. You survived it - so did he.

## DICK

But it could have ended up badly for any one of us. That sawzall was the real deal. I was sincerely ready to slice off that guy's head.

(beat)

And I'm pretty sure I fucked him up with the bleach and piss attack.

## TRUCK DRIVER

That was genius. Creating phosgene on the fly.

## CHAIRMAN

I agree. That was unexpected genius. Just one more reason why you made the cut.

(beat)

But getting back to your point--

(beat)

-- uh, what was your point, Dick?

## DICK

I'm saying, regardless of how the whole escapade turned out - dead or alive - you and your consortium in the end are just a bunch of ruthless nihilists.

## TRUCK DRIVER

Nihilists? No. Our methods are unorthodox; no argument there. And cruel. But we stand for something important.

(beat)

Besides, who would appreciate cruelty as a device of motivation more than you two? Men who fought in bloody wars and paid the price of losing a physical ability.

(beat)

The question now is: do you want to reap the rewards?

## ARTHUR

What if we tell you to go to hell, Herr Chairman?

CHAIRMAN

Well, you'd disappoint us, Arthur.

(beat)

And we'd be inclined to give you and Dick the opportunity to experience what hell is truly like so you could tell us all about it before we get there.

(beat)

Frankly, I'm a bit surprised that you're questioning whether it's moral under these relatively benign circumstances to get your sight back. Or that you, Dick, are wobbly - sorry - about getting out of that wheelchair for good.

TRUCK DRIVER

We have other candidates on deck ready to be put to the test. If you don't want to work with us, we just might put you two studs back into your stalls to compete with the new meat.

CLETUS

After a memory erasure, of course. We wouldn't want to unfairly tilt the playing field in your favor.

The Truck Driver adds with a sly grin.

TRUCK DRIVER

Maybe we'll even introduce the Dobermans again. How does that sound?

DICK

Dobermans?

The Chairman stares daggers at the Truck Driver who looks down chastened.

CHAIRMAN

Look, you brave men are in line to benefit from a tremendous opportunity. A monumental life-altering gift - if our work is successful, as I'm confident it will be.

DICK

Dobermans? I remember Dobermans.

(Angrily)

(MORE)

DICK (CONT'D)  
Did you put me through the  
treatment before? Erase my memory  
and force me to go through it all  
over again?

An awkward silence during which time the members of the  
consortium look around at one another.

DICK (CONT'D)  
Well? Did you!?

CHAIRMAN  
The answer is, "maybe", Dick.

DICK  
You motherfuckers!

CHAIRMAN  
I said, "maybe". That implies  
"maybe not". Not a very useful  
word, that "maybe".  
(beat)  
Let's imagine you had escaped and  
left behind your fellow stall mate.  
A blind man you could've easily  
freed. What should we--

ARTHUR  
(Urgently)  
--Wait a min--

CHAIRMAN  
--Some of the investors considered  
that selfish move disqualifying.  
But, since you and he showed such  
pluck during the trial that we  
agreed you should be given another  
chance.

ARTHUR  
--Wait a min--

DICK  
--What else did you do to me that I  
can't remember? Will repressed  
dreams of your torture haunt me in  
the future?

CHAIRMAN  
It's really better you don't know  
the details.

ARTHUR  
Was it me that Dick left behind?

CHAIRMAN

As I said--

DICK

(Angrily)

--Your methods are despicable and reckless! You talk about reversing disabilities while hauling out disabled people in wheelbarrows who died because of your culling techniques--

CLETUS

--The only subject who ever died was the deaf man.

DICK

Big fucking deal! Maybe you think a disabled person is better off dead.

(beat)

As I said before: that's very, very fucked up.

ARTHUR

I demand to know--

The Chairman ignores Arthur.

CHAIRMAN

--We're sorry you feel that way, Dick. We honestly want to help you and Arthur regain your abilities and enable you to live out the rest of your lives as you deserve.

(beat)

But if--

DICK

--Listen. I want to believe you and your story about curing, uh, reversing disabilities. I've fantasized about such things for years.

(beat)

What you've done to us could be the ultimate punking of all time - but you don't seem like the types to waste your time and money on such puerile bullshit. At this point - I'm inclined to believe you. But you better never fuck with Arthur and me again.

(MORE)

DICK (CONT'D)  
 (beat)  
 Now, where do I sign up?

TRUCK DRIVER  
 Bravo!

CHAIRMAN  
 Arthur?

ARTHUR  
 Was I the blind guy Dick blew off?

CHAIRMAN  
 What difference does it make?  
 Unless you want to take a  
 hypothetical grudge to your grave.

HIP-HOP  
 Stop hating on Dick.

Arthur ignores Hip-Hop and addresses the Chairman.

ARTHUR  
 You owe me big time; making me go  
 through your evil process twice.  
 Including a betrayal.  
 (beat)  
 What if I said I demand a huge  
 monetary award from you rich  
 bitches in lieu of your unproven  
 treatment?

CHAIRMAN  
 Hmmm. We never anticipated that  
 request, although I suppose we  
 should have. We always thought  
 someone in your debilitated  
 condition would gladly accept the  
 offer to see again.

CLETUS  
 Arthur has a point. He earned the  
 opportunity to regain his sight.  
 But, you could argue he earned the  
 right to some monetary equivalent  
 of that outcome.

WAITER  
 That's not why we invest in this  
 project - to compensate people we  
 put through the wringer. What's  
 the matter with you?

Cletus shrugs. Dick addresses Arthur.

DICK  
C'mon, Art. Think.

ARTHUR  
Fuck you. And it's Arthur! Are you that dense?  
(beat)  
You left me to rot in that stall. How could you?

DICK  
I honestly don't remember doing that. These pricks are probably perpetrating another mind game on us right now. Some BS test of our loyalty to each other.

ARTHUR  
Good try--

DICK  
--Here and now, let me affirm, in front of these illustrious investors, that I'm now and will always be your loyal friend and companion.  
(beat)  
We've been through hell together, Arthur. If I abandoned you in the past... well I'd be disgusted with myself. But assuming these fuckers are telling the truth, then something good changed in round two. Right?

CHAIRMAN  
I can attest to that, Dick. You changed for the better after the erasure.  
(To Arthur)  
Arthur, don't be too harsh on Dick. It was our mistake to imply you had gone through the treatment before when you, in fact, hadn't.

Huh?

ARTHUR

What?

DICK

CHAIRMAN  
In the end, Dick came through the second time with you, Arthur, who proved the superior co-pilot.

Dick wraps his arm around Arthur's shoulder.

DICK

Once I get my legs back, I'm gonna need a golf partner whose ass I can kick every weekend.

ARTHUR

Yeah, but I could use the payout money.

DICK

Haven't you been paying attention? You're not getting any money. It boils down to this: new eyes, or cold calling nitwits about car warranties.

CLETUS

Or round three in the stall. C'mon, Arthur, take our offer now while you still can.

ARTHUR

Be forewarned, Bagg. If I get my sight back, you'll rue the day you teed it up against me.

(To the Chairman)

Screw it. I'm in too.

The consortium investors applaud once again. The Chairman raises his glass in a toast.

CHAIRMAN

To our first successful reversal. I know it will be epic.

(beat)

And a toast to Dick Bagg and Arthur Joseph for entrusting their care to us in this venture.

People around the table clink glasses. Eating and conversation resume. Servers come and go with ever more trays of gourmet food and fine wine. A small JAZZ BAND plays nondescript smooth music.

Finally, Dick stops eating and addresses the Chairman.

DICK

Tell me something, Mr. Chairman.

Arthur leans into the conversation.

DICK (CONT'D)  
 Why did the deaf guy have to die?  
 Why didn't you just erase his  
 memory and let him go?

The Chairman looks into Dick's eyes, tilts his head slightly,  
 and purses his lips before answering.

CHAIRMAN  
 Ask Arthur.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

INSERT TITLE CARD: FIVE MONTHS LATER

Dick and Arthur, dressed like clueless caricatures of country  
 club duffers, step out of a golf cart. Completely  
 rehabilitated, both men walk to the tee-box free of any  
 mechanical aid or prosthetic device.

Dick flips a tee into the air. It lands on the ground,  
 pointing to Arthur.

ARTHUR  
 Looks like I got the honors.

DICK  
 Show us the way, Black soul man.

ARTHUR  
 My pleasure, Bagg comma Dick.

DICK  
 Just hit the fucking ball.

Arthur tees up a ball and makes his address.

EXT. FAIRWAY - DAY

On the tee, 30 yards in the distance, Arthur drives the ball  
 solidly where it flies over the camera O.C.

FADE OUT.

THE END