

Steve-O Buys Ugly Houses

FADE IN:

BACKROADS - DAY

A sports car blazes along a sandy dirt road.

A cloud of dust rises behind it.

Car slams on the brakes.

INT. SPORTS CAR - MOMENTS LATER

STEVE-O stares at his cell phone.

INSERT: Cell phone

It reads OUT OF RANGE, then ENTERING SERVICE AREA.

STEVE-O

YES!

He spies something up ahead.

STEVE-O

Oh-oh. Pit stop.

Steve-O stops the car and opens the passenger door from inside.

An alligator stands beside the passenger door and hisses.

STEVE-O

(to alligator)

Yeah. Same here. Got a tasty treat for you sweetheart! Fresh off the derelicts farm. Have at it.

He pushes the box of meat out in front of the alligator and tears away.

STEVE-O

You're welcome!

Steve-O looks back at his phone and scrolls for a number, then dials.

STEVE-O

Come on, where is it? Where is it?

EXT. INTERSTATE - MOMENTS LATER

Steve-O plows onto the interstate.

Advice from a motivational CD blares at him.

TAPE

You can't let things like that stop you. You have to forge ahead and move on to see the fortune that is coming into being. You need to imagine it. You need to taste it...to feel it...you need to realize your potential at every moment and live up to that potential.

Steve-O glances at traffic and tries dialing his phone. He sees the name in the menu - DOCTOR BENNETT - and dials.

TAPE

...and when you find yourself in a quandary, should you turn right, should you go left, what do you do? Ask yourself, what would a winner do? A winner moves on through the challenge before him and perseveres.

INT. STEVE-O'S HOUSE - LATE MORNING

BLAKEY, robed, baseball cap, flips pancakes onto a plate.

Steve-O rushes in.

BLAKEY

Steve-O. Here, try this.

Steve-O takes the plate and eats with vigor.

STEVE-O

What? Oh - Hey! That's good!  
(takes another bite)  
That's really good.

He sits down. Blakey pours coffee and juice.

BLAKEY

I infused the middle with sour cream, yogurt and honey.

STEVE-O  
It's killer. Speaking of which I  
just saw a dead body.

BLAKEY  
Really? Did it talk to you?

STEVE-O  
No. Not a ghost. A dead body.  
There was a body hanging up on a  
wall in that shack you sent me out  
to look at.

BLAKEY  
Hey man, your ex called.

STEVE-O  
Did you hear what I said? A dead  
body. I saw a dead person.

BLAKEY  
If they don't talk they're just not  
that interesting. She said to send  
money.

STEVE-O  
She has a name, you know. You can  
call her Starr. When you say "ex"  
it just doesn't sound right.  
Besides, she's not my ex yet.

BLAKEY  
So the one person in the world who  
uprooted your life, beat you down,  
insulted you constantly, dumped you  
and took half of what you own and  
is still taking from you, by the  
way, you reward by using her given  
name? I think it would do you some  
good if you started referring to  
her with one syllable. Ex.

STEVE-O  
Thanks for helping me relive my  
entire marriage with such a vivid  
snapshot.

BLAKEY  
Don't mention it. Least I can do  
for my favorite Metrosexual.

Blakey sits down with his pancakes and eats.

STEVE-O  
What did you call me?

BLAKEY  
Metro. You're Metrosexual.

STEVE-O  
What the hell does that mean?

BLAKEY  
It means you act kind of gay but  
you're not.

STEVE-O  
I don't act gay!

BLAKEY  
Of course you don't. Not totally.  
Just a little.

STEVE-O  
What are you talking about?

BLAKEY  
You take care of yourself. I read  
it in Cosmo.

STEVE-O  
You read Cosmo?

BLAKEY  
At the chiropractors. The chicks  
in that magazine rock. It's like  
soft porn. A Metro is a straight  
guy with gay tendencies. You know,  
perfect hair, always cleaned and  
pressed, keeps up on his nails.

STEVE-O  
So what's wrong with being neat.

BLAKEY  
Nothing. It's Metro.

STEVE-O  
I think I should call Beck.

BLAKEY  
Reggie Beck? What for?

STEVE-O  
To report the dead body.

BLAKEY

Might not be a bad idea, since he's a cop and everything.

STEVE-O

What have you got going today?

BLAKEY

There's a motocross tournament on ESPN that starts in about an hour.

STEVE-O

Okay. Would you happen to have anything productive planned?

BLAKEY

No. Why? You want to go do something?

STEVE-O

Remind me again why I let you live here.

BLAKEY

I'm your best friend since kindergarten and I'm an awesome chef. Besides, you love food, *and* you loved kindergarten. And let's not forget that I am the singular force that brings balance to your life. Without me, you would be wickedly alone and wandering around in the world, simply flipping properties for a living, and then doing what with your money? Just giving it all to The Ex. Letting me live here with you creates a fantastic symbiosis that other people, try as they might, never get to achieve or relish in their lifetimes. My presence is not only a mere facet of your existence. I am like a functioning organic compound to you, much like living yeast is to sourdough. My capacity is not only to contribute to your growth, but indeed, to bring you to life.

(MORE)

BLAKEY(cont'd)

So as you step out that door every day chasing the meager existence that is your own, you are able to step back and break free of the monotony perpetuated by society and breath freely in your own house and not be crushed by your own stupidity because I won't let you.

STEVE-O

Are you done?

BLAKEY

I think that was succinct, don't you?

The phone on the wall rings. Blakey stands to answer it.

BLAKEY

Billy Buys Houses. How can I help you?

STEVE-O

Stop that! It's not Billy Buys Houses! Start saying Steve-O!

BLAKEY

(to Steve-O)

Billy has a better ring to it.

(into phone)

Beck? Hi man. How are you doing? Yeah, he's right here. We were just talking about you.

Steve-O bolts up and takes the phone from Blakey.

DESOLATE FIELD - DAY

DRIVER backs up the bulldozer after demolishing the shed.

He spies something.

He shuts off the bulldozer and jumps down to inspect it.

A bloody leg juts out from the rubble.

LATER

Police cars surround the scene.

Police tape is draped around the demolished buildings.

A body bag is hoisted into the coroner's van.

DETECTIVE REGGIE BECK (36) somewhat heavy with a long, bushy mustache that droops to his chin interviews the driver.

BECK  
Don't you usually check the  
buildings before you demolish them?

DRIVER  
What for? People usually don't  
just sit around inside abandoned  
buildings, especially when the  
blade starts coming through the  
wall.

BECK  
Okay, so who told you to knock  
these things down?

The Driver produces Steve-O's card.

DRIVER  
This guy.

INSERT: CARD  
If you're selling - I might be buying!  
*Any property considered!*  
Steve-O Williams  
Real Estate Investor  
Indian Rocks Beach Florida  
727-577-8242

BECK  
Steve-O? When's the last time you  
saw him?

DRIVER  
Couple hours ago. Real suspicious  
too, now that you mention it. I  
offered to fix the place up for a  
fair price and he wouldn't go for  
it. Said tear it down.

EXT. STEVE-O'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Steve-O opens the front door enthusiastically.

STEVE-O  
Reggie!

BECK  
Steve-O! How's it going?



STEVE-O  
Great, come on in.

INT. STEVE-O'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Steve-O ushers in Beck and his partner TRIXIE MCGEE (25) cute, perky, short, brunette, smart glasses.

STEVE-O  
How's the cops and robbers deal working out? Still catching bad guys instead of bullets?

BECK  
So far, so good. Steve-O. This is my partner, Trix McGee.

STEVE-O  
Trix McGee?

TRIX  
Trixie.

BLAKEY  
So you're named after a breakfast cereal?  
(to Beck)  
Does she come with a prize?

TRIX  
Does he know why we're here?

INT. STEVE-O'S KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Trix, Beck, and Steve-O sit at the kitchen table.

Blakey pours tea for everyone.

STEVE-O  
I can't believe it. I just bought the place last week.

BECK  
And you never looked inside?

STEVE-O  
No. I bought it for the land. Didn't matter what was inside. Knocking it down was the plan all along.

BECK

So, the place is completely cordoned off until our investigation is complete. You can't go in there.

STEVE-O

Sure, of course. But like, for how long do you think?

BECK

It depends Steve, sometimes this stuff, we get it figured out right away, sometimes not so fast. I just can't give you an answer on that yet.

BLAKEY

Do you think maybe it's an Indian burial ground? You know, maybe it's one of those mounds where they used to bury people.

BECK

I don't think so Blake.

TRIX

This person wasn't buried.

BLAKEY

But did they have a headdress on or anything? Like moccasins?

TRIX

Is he serious?

BECK

He is.

Steve-O zones out, ignoring them, lost on his own train of thought.

STEVE-O

If it were an Indian burial mound I could sell it to the state for archaeological preservation and I wouldn't even have to build anything on it.

BLAKEY

Better yet, you could get your own grant and charge admission.

BECK  
Admission for what?

BLAKEY  
I don't know - dig for your own  
fossils, find some petroglyphs -  
like Disney World for people who -  
dig stuff? Maybe?

Beck nods in agreement and turns to Trix.

BECK  
Guess we should get going.

STEVE-O  
But wait. I didn't even get to  
tell you about the body I found.

BECK  
What body?

STEVE-O  
I found a body in a shed. It was  
hanging on a wall. Well, I didn't  
find it - find it - I'm pretty sure  
the guy that took me there knew  
there was a body inside.

BECK  
What guy?

STEVE-O  
This guy - hillbilly - named  
Charlie. I went to go buy his  
house.

EXT. SHACK PORCH - DAY

Steve-O stares down the barrel of a shotgun held by CHARLIE.

Steve-O reacts with a smile, as if he expected to be faced  
with a shotgun. He raises his arms and speaks slowly.

STEVE-O  
Hey, partner! How y'all doin? I'm  
Steve-O.

CHARLIE  
You're who?

Steve-O reaches into his pocket for a business card and holds  
it out for Charlie.

STEVE-O  
Steve-O. We talked on the phone.

CHARLIE  
When?

STEVE-O  
The other day.

CHARLIE  
Are you sure? How do I know you're not a revenuer?

STEVE-O  
A revenuer? No, I'm Steve-O.  
Billy Buys Houses? Here's my card.

Charlie lowers his gun and takes the card.

CHARLIE  
What's the O stand for?

STEVE-O  
Well . . . nothing. It's just Steve-O.

Charlie is very skeptical. He reads the card and gets in Steve-O's face.

CHARLIE  
Who's Billy?

STEVE-O  
Billy . . . Billy is just a name.  
It's the name of the company. It's short for Williams. My name is Steve Williams, so we named the company Billy Buys Houses, but you can call me Steve-O.

CHARLIE  
Boy - You been out in the sun fer quite a spell, ain't ya? You ain't makin' no sense at all. Where did you come from?

STEVE-O  
Indian Rocks Beach.

CHARLIE  
You walked all the way here from the beach?

(MORE)

CHARLIE(cont'd)

That's pret' near forty miles! No wonder yer loopy! Well, come on in, get yerself some shade.

INT. SHACK - CONTINUOUS

Inside the cottage Steve-O reacts to a foul stench, but says nothing. There are 40 pound boxes of meat almost everywhere, spoiled in the stagnant room. They are marked USDA 100% BEEF. Flies are everywhere.

CHARLIE

You can go ahead, sit down anywhere.

Steve-O immediately inspects the house, but can't get past the boxes of meat.

STEVE-O

What's you're name?

CHARLIE

Charlie. But I don't have an extra letter.

STEVE-O

Huh? Charlie. This is an interesting little place you have here, but . . . what is all this? These boxes . . . .

CHARLIE

Oh. That's just meat. It's spoiled.

STEVE-O

(confused)

Okay.

(beat)

Why?

Charlie ignores him and yells out the back screen door.

CHARLIE

Justine! Get in here! We got comp'ny! Come say Hello!

EXT. BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

JUSTINE, 40's, hangs laundry. Barefoot in short-shorts and a tank top, nice body, but not the most pleasant face.

JUSTINE

What?

CHARLIE

I said get in here! This fella  
needs help. He got the sunstroke.

INT. STEVE-O'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Blakey stares at the untouched beverages.

BLAKEY

Don't you want any tea?

TRIX

No thank you.

STEVE-O

You sure? Blakey makes excellent  
tea.

BLAKEY

Something else, maybe, a mojito?

TRIX

You make mojitos?

BECK

He makes awesome mojitos. But,  
Steve-O, what about this other  
body?

INT. SHACK - MOMENTS LATER

Steve-O sits in a chair across from Justine.

STEVE-O (V.O.)

I just thought it was going to be a  
simple real estate transaction.

JUSTINE

Where did you come from?

CHARLIE

This here's Mr. O. From the beach.

STEVE-O

Steve-O.

JUSTINE

Steve, OH, my!

She immediately strokes his arm lightly and gets closer.

STEVE-O  
And you are . . . ?

JUSTINE  
Justine.  
(salaciously)  
And you're just-in-ti-ime for  
Justine time. You know?

CHARLIE  
Get the man a drink Justine, he  
just walked forty miles.

INT. STEVE-O'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Beck interrogates.

BECK  
You walked?

STEVE-O  
I had to.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

Steve-O's car gets stuck in the sand.

STEVE-O (V.O.)  
I was stuck.

He spins his wheels for a moment, then gets out of the car  
and looks down the deserted road in each direction.

He looks at his cell phone and it reads "No Service".

VOICE (V.O.)  
Just go as far to the end of the  
road as you can and park the car  
and you walk for a spell.

STEVE-O (V.O.)  
How far is that?

VOICE (V.O.)  
Til you get here.

He starts walking.

Steve-0 sees a truck barreling toward him. He stands in the middle of the road and waves his arms to flag it down to help.

The truck does not slow down.

The horn blasts.

Steve-0 jumps out of the way into the saw grass.

The truck bounces past quickly.

Steve-0 looks up from the grass and sand in disbelief. He gets up and dusts off the sand and pulls thorns from his clothes and hands.

STEVE-0

Ow.

He checks his phone again for service.

He hears the motivational tape in his head.

TAPE (V.O.)

Ask yourself, what would a winner do? A winner moves on through the challenge before him and perseveres.

He moves ahead. Soon, Steve-0 soaked with sweat, shoos mosquitos away under the hot Florida sun.

He looks up ahead and sees a swampy area with big cypress trees.

STEVE-0

Finally, some shade. I'm a winner.

Steve-0 gets into the shade and a huge alligator emerges and takes a step toward him, hissing.

Steve-0 freezes.

STEVE-0

Ha-Hello?

The alligator hisses again.

Steve-0 looks both ways.

The alligator hisses again.



Steve-O pulls his cell phone out of his pocket. No service. He pulls out his Palm Pilot. He puts it away. He pulls out a stack of business cards.

STEVE-O

Hey, boy!

The alligator hisses.

STEVE-O

Okay! So you're a girl! How would I know! Go get it!

Steve-O throws the stack of business cards into the wind and runs in the opposite direction. The alligator reacts to the business cards and ignores Steve-O.

Steve-O slumps along the dirt road.

Steve-O finds the shack. Flies buzz around.

STEVE-O

Finally!

He approaches the house and knocks on the door. There is no answer. He knocks again. No answer.

STEVE-O

Hello?

He looks inside the screen door. He sees no one. He can hear flies buzzing around.

STEVE-O

Anybody home?

He hears a recoil and a click. A shotgun barrel points at him.

CHARLIE

Who wants to know?

STEVE-O (V.O.)

As soon as I found the place, I just wanted to get out of there.

INT. SHACK - LATER

Charlie sits down on a pile of newspapers that is strewn across a sofa.

CHARLIE  
Don't you want to sit down?

Steve-O looks around.

STEVE-O  
Really, I'm fine. So how much are  
you asking?

CHARLIE  
For what?

Justine returns with the drinks and hands one to each of  
them. She speaks softly to Steve-O.

Charlie obviously doesn't hear or notice her advances.

JUSTINE  
I don't charge for that anymore,  
Hon'. Here. Have a drink.

STEVE-O  
Thanks.

Steve-O knocks back the drink and immediately spits it out  
and gags. He turns red.

STEVE-O  
WHAT IS THAT!

JUSTINE  
You ain't never had lightning?

CHARLIE  
That's pure cane shine, boy! Best  
in the swamp.

Steve-O can't stop gagging.

JUSTINE  
You okay?

CHARLIE  
Better get him some water, Justine.

Justine goes for water.

STEVE-O  
Cane shine? You mean like sugar  
cane?

CHARLIE

Well, what else would you do with  
sugar cane?

STEVE-O

Make rum?

CHARLIE

Rum? I look Porta Rican to you?

STEVE-O

No, look, let's get down to  
business.

Justine hands Steve-O water, he drinks. It tastes funny. He  
spits it back into the glass.

Justine returns to hang on his arm and stays there.

Steve-O just accepts it.

STEVE-O

Thank you. This is a little - I  
don't know - you wouldn't happen to  
have any bottl- never mind. Look,  
I hate to be blunt, but I just need  
to know how much you want.

CHARLIE

You like it? Didn't really seem  
like you did from the look on your  
face.

STEVE-O

I'm a flipper, Charlie. I'm not  
here to fall in love, I'm just  
going to do what I need to and turn  
her over to somebody else.

JUSTINE

That sounds really good. I'm not  
looking for love either, but I like  
getting turned over more than once.

CHARLIE

Justine, leave the man alone now.  
We is talkin' business.

Justine steps back to the front door.

JUSTINE

I'll just be right outside. Don't  
run off, now.

Justine exits.

CHARLIE

Now we can take care of business.  
So how much do you want?

STEVE-O

I just asked you that.

CHARLIE

Boy, you are plumb loco. How are  
we s'pose to negoshyate if'n you  
keep askin' my questions.

STEVE-O

Okay, let me put it this way,  
Charlie. How much is the whole  
thing worth? Meat and all.

CHARLIE

What do you want the meat fer?  
It's spoiled.

STEVE-O

Whatever. How much for everything?

CHARLIE

Everything? Ain't nobody ever  
wanted to buy all of it before.  
(ponders)  
How much are you thinkin'?

Steve-O looks around the place.

STEVE-O

I'll give you thirty-five.

CHARLIE

Thirty-five?  
(beat)  
Whatchyou mean? Thirty-five?

STEVE-O

Thirty-five thousand is a generous  
offer, Charlie. I don't think  
you're going to do better than  
that.

CHARLIE

For all of it? Thirty-five  
thousand dollars?

STEVE-O  
Thirty-five thousand.

CHARLIE  
But you want the meat, too?

STEVE-O  
Sure, whatever.

Charlie's face lights up.

CHARLIE  
Well, I'll drink to that! Mr. O.  
You has got yourself a deal! At  
that rate, I'll even throw in the  
still!

INT. STEVE-O'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Beck stands to leave. Trix follows.

BECK  
Great story Steve-O, but we really  
need to go.

STEVE-O  
But I never got to the part about  
the body.

BECK  
Maybe another time. I'll let you  
know what we come up with on the  
body we did find. In the meantime,  
just do me a favor and leave that  
property alone. It's been great to  
see you. You too, Blake.

BLAKEY  
(to Trix)  
Nice to meet you.

TRIX  
Nice to meet you.

BLAKEY  
Maybe we could go out some time.  
Like on a date.

TRIX  
Huh?

BLAKEY

You know, food, wine, fun. No guns, no handcuffs. Unless that's like a requirement.

BECK

So, Steve-O - you and Starr? Not the fairy tale ending, huh?

STEVE-O

Well, her sister Cinderella isn't doing too bad. Divorce will be final someday, I guess. I see her almost every day. Starr does my decorating.

BLAKEY

(to Trix)

So, what about bumper cars. You like bumper cars?

I/E. TRIXIE'S CAR / CITY STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

Trix barrels through traffic darting in and out like she's chasing somebody.

Beck hangs on for his life with both hands.

They talk in calm conversational tone.

TRIX

Those guys are weird.

BECK

Those are my buds.

TRIX

So you grew up with them? Where?

BECK

Right around here.

Trix winds around a corner. Beck leans into it.

TRIX

What's with his boyfriend - Blake? He asked me out.

BECK

Blake's not his boyfriend! They're best friends! They're not gay!

TRIX  
 Seriously? That guy Steve-O, he's  
 not gay?

BECK  
 No! Why would you think that?

TRIX  
 House is awfully neat, don't you  
 think?

She winds a corner and the hubcap flies off.

BECK  
 So? You lost another one.

TRIX  
 Damn? Again? I'm just saying,  
 neat house, soft spoken, live in  
 houseboy who's his best friend.  
 Adds up to gay.

BECK  
 Give me a break. He's rich. He's  
 a salesman, a smooth talker. Knows  
 how to handle money, that's all.  
 He's a good guy.

FLASHBACK - AERIAL VIEW - DAY

A bulldozer approaches a small house in a desolate field.

DESOLATE FIELD - CONTINUOUS

The bulldozer rolls into the wall of the dilapidated house  
 and commences demolition.

DESOLATE FIELD - LATER

The building is completely demolished.

The bulldozer wheels around and the DRIVER (50's), a crusty  
 old man in overalls and a big hat shuts off the engine as  
 Steve-O rolls up.

Through his sunglasses, Steve-O glares at the accomplishment  
 and approaches the Driver.

DRIVER

Well, there it is. Tore to the ground. Just the way you want it.

STEVE-O

Okay. But what about that?

Steve-O points to a smaller shack a hundred feet away.

DRIVER

What about it?

STEVE-O

Aren't you going to knock it down too?

DRIVER

What for? There's nothing wrong with it.

STEVE-O

It's in the way. We're going to build a new house here.

DRIVER

Still make a good little garage. All it needs is some caulk and a new coat of paint. It'll be good as new.

STEVE-O

I don't want it to be good as new. I want it to be gone.

DRIVER

Sure would be a shame to knock down a perfectly good building. You could still build your house and use that one for storage.

STEVE-O

I don't need storage. I need open space. Land. Terra firma.

DRIVER

Who?

STEVE-O

Can you just please knock it down?



DRIVER  
Sure you don't want me to fix it up  
for you. Wouldn't cost much. I'd  
charge you a fair deal.

Steve-O rolls his eyes and decides to negotiate.

STEVE-O  
Okay, how much?

DRIVER  
Well, I was looking at it, like I  
said, wouldn't take much work -

STEVE-O  
How much!

DRIVER  
Figure, oh, I'd do it for \$750.  
Plus materials.

STEVE-O  
\$750? Come on, you've got to give  
me a better deal than that. What's  
your best price?

The old man looks at the building, scratches his head and  
grits his teeth.

DRIVER  
Well, I guess I could go \$500.  
Plus materials.

STEVE-O  
\$500? Really? And you'll fix it  
as good as new?

DRIVER  
Oh, you bet! It'll look nice. Any  
color you like.

Steve-O considers this briefly.

STEVE-O  
So how much to knock it down?

DRIVER  
For that? Fifty dollars.

STEVE-O  
It's a deal. Knock it down.

Steve-O hops back into his car and drives off.

The Driver starts the tractor.

INT. SHED - CONTINUOUS

A body hangs on the wall. The tractor blade approaches the window.

EXT. CITY STREETS - MONTAGE

Steve-O drives down country roads and into city traffic.

He rolls onto a bustling freeway and onto a causeway and zips past every car.

Past some posh beach-front homes he rolls up into the driveway of his lavish bungalow.

EXT. STEVE-O'S HOUSE - DAY

Parked in his driveway is new Jaguar convertible.

A temporary license tag flaps in the breeze.

Steve-O eyes this curiously and proceeds toward his front door.

He shakes his head and opens the door.

INT. STEVE-O'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Inside he can hear STARR (30) talking on the phone.

He rolls his head back in agony and walks toward the sound of her voice with a look that is a mix of glee and dread.

STARR (O.S.)  
 Absolutely. Oh, of course. Of  
 course. It's essential.

Steve-O winds around the corner and sees her looking out the window at the beach.

Suddenly aware of his presence she spins around to face him. She is a flawless beauty dressed in a weird lemon chiffon-lace dress that has a matching hat and veil.

STARR  
 (into phone)  
 Absolutely. That'll be great.  
 (MORE)

STARR(cont'd)

Yes, and don't skimp on the glue.  
I don't want wallpaper peeling off  
in a week. Okay, bye.

STEVE-O

Did a Munchkin die?

STARR

Where have you been? I've been  
waiting for over an hour. I need a  
check!

STEVE-O

There's something I only used to  
hear once a day. What's it for?

STARR

Expenses. Do I have to explain  
everything to you?

STEVE-O

Not everything. But how many  
butterflies did they have to kill  
to make that dress?

STARR

Don't start with me, this is an  
original  
(pronounced POO-TAHN-ESZ-  
KA)  
Putanesca.

STEVE-O

So Kleenex has a store in the mall  
now? That's nice.

STARR

How can you be so successful and so  
ignorant at the same time?

STEVE-O

You mean how am I able to make  
money flipping houses in this  
economy and still be dumb enough to  
marry you?

Starr cocks her head and ponders this.

STEVE-O (CONT'D)

One things for sure, I'm not dumb  
enough to let you see the books  
again.

STARR

If I need to see your books, I'll just open the safe and fax the pages to my attorney. How much do you plan on making on this house anyway?

STEVE-O

I'm not selling *this* house. I live here. What do you need a check for?

STARR

Let's see, for the blinds at the new four-plex, to pay the painter for that little office building, to get staging furniture for the house in Boca Vista, and maybe a little something for me. The list goes on and on.

Steve-O produces a checkbook from his breast pocket.

STEVE-O

Fine. How much do you need?

STARR

Just sign it. I'll think of something.

STEVE-O

No. I'm not falling for that again. I'll write you four checks.

STARR

Four?

STEVE-O

Yeah, one for the furniture, one for the painter, one for the blinds, and one for you. So tell me how much.

STARR

Okay, the blinds are sixteen-hundred, the painter needs forty-five hundred, and the furniture should be about two grand.

Steve-O starts writing checks.

STEVE-O

And how much do you need?

STARR

Steve-O, I'm impressed, counting every cent, you're not so dumb after all, are you?

STEVE-O

Remind me again why we're getting divorced.

STARR

I mean, you may not be able to count cards, but at least you know enough to have me decorate your buildings.

STEVE-O

So, what's your point Starr?

STARR

Essentially I think you know how to make money in an autistic type of way, you know, like Rain-Man. You buy dumpy crack houses no one would want and turn them into money. It's really amazing!

STEVE-O

So who do I make these out to?

STARR

Just leave the names blank and I'll ask the contractors how they need them. Oh, and on that fourth check, don't fill in the amount yet because I don't know how much it will be.

STEVE-O

Okay. Here you go.

Steve-O signs the last check and hands the stack over to Starr.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Steve-O drives. He listens to a motivational CD.

He parks in a swanky neighborhood and sets the alarm.

He wears a Rolex and Hugo Boss suit. He enters a salon.

INT. SALON - CONTINUOUS

The proprietor, MIMI (30's) short chubby blond, greets him from the first chair where she shaves a man's head.

MIMI  
Steve-O! What are you up to?

STEVE-O  
I have an appointment with  
Danielle.

MIMI  
You do? For what?

STEVE-O  
Ears.

MIMI  
Let me see.

Steve-O leans in for Mimi to examine his ears.

MIMI  
You're not getting them waxed again  
are you?

STEVE-O  
(sarcastically)  
Yeah.

MIMI  
They're naked little piglets.  
There's nothing to wax.

STEVE-O  
You're just not looking close  
enough.

She looks again.

MIMI  
You mean this?

Mimi plucks a single hair from his ear.

STEVE-O  
OW!

MIMI  
There you go. That'll be \$35.

STEVE-O  
Thirty-five dollars?

MIMI  
Okay, \$17.50. It was just one ear.

STEVE-O  
Am I bleeding? I think you ripped  
my skin off.

MIMI  
You're not bleeding. Baby. Did  
you talk to Natalie?

STEVE-O  
No, why?

MIMI  
She was in here today. She wants  
you to call her.

Steve-O immediately flips open his phone and starts dialing.

STEVE-O  
Really? I wonder if she sold that  
house.

INT. REAL ESTATE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

NATALIE SCHAEFER, (32) sits at her desk.

NATALIE  
Natalie here.

STEVE-O (V.O.)  
Natalie? Steve-0! What's up?

NATALIE  
What do you mean?

STEVE-O (V.O.)  
I'm at the salon. Mimi said you  
wanted to talk to me.

NATALIE  
About what?

STEVE-O (V.O.)  
I don't know.

NATALIE  
You're at the salon? Is she there?

STEVE-O (V.O.)

Yeah.

NATALIE

Let me talk to her.

INT. SALON - CONTINUOUS

Steve-O hands the phone to Mimi.

STEVE-O

She wants to talk to you.

MIMI

Hey, girlfriend! Whatchya doing?  
Ha. Really? Really? Oh, that's  
awesome. Yeah, sure. When? Okay.  
Yeah, we can do that. No problem.  
Alright. Thanks. Yeah, looking  
forward to it. Okay, see you then.  
Okay, bye.

She hangs up the phone and hands it to Steve-O.

STEVE-O

What did she say?

MIMI

Oh nothing.

STEVE-O

I thought she wanted to talk to me.

Steve-O immediately re-dials his phone.

STEVE-O

Natalie?

NATALIE (V.O.)

Who is this?

STEVE-O

Steve-O!

NATALIE (V.O.)

What do you want?

STEVE-O

Mimi said you wanted to talk to me.

NATALIE (V.O.)

About what?



STEVE-O  
I don't know.

NATALIE (V.O.)  
Is she there? Put her on.

Steve-O hands the phone to Mimi.

STEVE-O  
Here, it's for you.

MIMI  
Yeah?  
(beat)  
Ha-ha-ha-ha. And he falls for it  
every time? That's classic! Ha-ha-  
ha! You're silly. Okay, bye!

Mimi hands the phone back to Steve-O.

STEVE-O  
What did she say?

MIMI  
Nothing.

INT. SALON - MOMENTS LATER

A manicurist work on Steve-O's nails. A big, burly, biker  
with tattoos sits beside him also having his nails done.

BIKER  
Still flipping houses then?

STEVE-O  
That's what pays the bills, pal.

BIKER  
You're not flipped out yet?

STEVE-O  
Flipped out? Me? No way! If  
there's a property out there that  
needs to find a new home, I'm your  
guy! Say, do you mind if I ask you  
something?

BIKER

You know, when people have to ask first if they're going to mind if you ask a question, that's usually a cue that the question is going to be offensive in some way. But since you asked nicely, go ahead, offend away.

STEVE-O

Okay, thanks. Do you consider yourself Metrosexual?

The biker gives him a blank look.

A moment of silence like the biker will rip his head off.

BIKER

No. I consider myself gay. You're Metrosexual.

Another long, drawn out moment of silence as the biker stares him down.

STEVE-O

Okay. You're not going to kick my ass or anything now are you?

BIKER

No.

STEVE-O

Oh, all right. Thanks.

BIKER

Don't mention it.

STEVE-O

At least you don't think I'm gay.

INT. MORGUE - DAY

Trix and Beck listen intently to the CORONER (40) a thin balding man, as they walk through the morgue.

BECK

You couldn't determine a cause of death? How come?

CORONER

Because once you get hamburger out of a meat grinder it's hard to tell what part of the cow it belonged to. You bring me bits and pieces to work with and that's what you end up with.

BECK

Then how do you know it was murder?

CORONER

Call it a hunch. Wrists were tied together. Missing person. Viola. Murder.

TRIX

Okay, so where is he?

CORONER

Trust me, you do *not* want to see this.

TRIX

Oh, but I do.

CORONER

(to Beck)

What about you?

BECK

Me? Hell, no. Bodies are her thing.

CORONER

Serious? You really want to see?

Trix smiles mischievously.

CORONER

Okay, but it's definitely not pretty.

The Coroner goes to a cabinet and slides it open.

A sheet cover the remains.

CORONER

These are just parts, you know.

TRIX

I know.

CORONER

Have at it.

The Coroner turns around and joins Beck a few feet away while Trix uncovers the remains.

The men keep their back to Trix and the cadaver.

Trix smiles.

TRIX

Cool.

The men wince and acknowledge each others distaste.

BECK

So you know who he is? How?

CORONER

Dental records. The skull was intact. His name is Scott Hayes.

BECK

Scott Hayes?

Trix puts on latex gloves and delightedly pokes at the remains.

The Coroner hands a report to Beck. Beck thumbs through it.

CORONER

Scott Emery Hayes. Disappeared on February 22nd. Worked at a nursing home.

TRIX

Hey. These things here - are these arteries?

The Coroner answers without turning around.

CORONER

Could be. Let me know when you find the magic decoder ring.

(to Beck)

Missing Persons already came down and filed their report, but when you bulldoze a crime scene, it's kind of hard to get a clue.

BECK

I know this guy.

Trix adjusts the focus on her camera phone.

The men hear the click and notice the flash behind them.

CORONER

You do? Hey! Did you just take a picture with your phone?

TRIX

Just one.

BECK

Trixie!

I/E. TRIXIE'S CAR / CITY STREETS

Trix drives through the Police Station Parking Lot and searches for an open spot.

TRIX

How do you know him?

BECK

Known him my whole life.

Beck reminisces about their early days together.

Steve-O, Beck, and Blakey (all 15), ride skateboards down neighborhood streets.

Beck stocks shelves. Blakey cooks. Steve-O waits tables. The trio enjoys a skate park and the beach. They play 80's video games at an arcade.

SCOTT HAYES (16), long hair, unlit cigarette in his lips plays a game.

BECK (V.O.)

When we were kids, we used to run the streets - like all kids do. I worked in a grocery store. Steve-O and Blakey worked in the restaurant next door. We all went to the same school. Me and those guys - we did everything together. Skate park. Beach. Video games. One guy we knew - Scott - he was a video master. He could blow anyone away on anything. Donkey-Kong, Ms. Pac-Man, Frogger. Absolute genius. Hit a million on Asteroids. Scott hung around with us, too.

(MORE)

BECK(cont'd)

He was wild, Scott. Crazy guy.  
There was this one corner lot where  
we played baseball, and right next  
door, there was this guy named  
Daffy.

A DOZEN BOYS play baseball.

TRIX (V.O.)

Daffy?

A neat little house next to the vacant lot has daffodils  
neatly planted all around.

**DAFFY is viewed in extreme close-up, torso shots and from  
extremely far away to avoid exact identification.**

DAFFY steps onto his porch in his underwear and yells at the  
kids.

BECK (V.O.)

He grew daffodils in his yard, so  
we called him Daffy. He would yell  
out the window at us to shut up.  
Scott used to yell right back at  
him.

SCOTT

You shut up!

BECK (V.O.)

We pulled all kinds of terrible  
pranks on that guy.

The boys push a tiny Volkswagen Rabbit down the street.

A garden hose is wedged into the window of the VW Rabbit.

Daffy opens his car door and is deluged with water pouring  
out.

A baseball flies over a fence and crushes a row of daffodils.

Daffy scowls and picks up the ball.

Scott on Daffy's porch.

The door slams in his face.

BECK (V.O.)

One day a baseball went over his  
fence and Daffy decided to keep it.

(MORE)

BECK(cont'd)

Tried to get the ball back, but Daffy and Scott decided to go to war instead. So that's when the pranks started.

INT. PSYCHOLOGISTS OFFICE - DAY

Steve-O sits upright on a sofa, continuing the story for his therapist.

DOCTOR BENNETT (50) takes notes.

STEVE-O

We were just playing baseball.

DOCTOR BENNETT

I know Steve-O.

MONTAGE - FLASHBACK

Daffy sits with a baseball bat.

STEVE-O (V.O.)

Scott was the worst of all. He got the truly bright idea. He's the one who decided to bounce the baseball over the fence again.

Scott sends a baseball flying into Daffy's yard.

Daffy retrieves it.

STEVE-O (V.O.)

Scott was the one throwing them. We just watched.

Daffy puts on a catchers mitt.

BECK (V.O.)

Scott was especially mean.

SCOTT

Ready for another one?

Scott holds an egg and whips it over the fence.

Blinding sun in Daffy's eyes.

Daffy takes an egg in the face.

Daffy wipes his face, grabs the baseball bat and runs after the boys.

The boys scatter and Daffy goes after Scott.

Scott runs around a corner.

Daffy follows.

BECK (V.O.)

We all split up and Daffy went  
after Scott. It was pretty damn  
funny at the time.

INT. PSYCHOLOGISTS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Steve-O lies back in the classic observational position.

DOCTOR BENNETT

But that wasn't the worst thing you  
kids did?

STEVE-O

No, we did something way worse.  
But it was an accident really.

FLASHBACK

Snow on the palm trees.

Kids throw snowballs. A furious fun fight breaks out.

STEVE-O (V.O.)

Do you remember when it snowed  
here? Only time we ever saw snow  
in Tampa Bay. Freak storm. Only  
time I ever threw a snowball.

A school BUS DRIVER tries to maneuver on the slick street.

School bus pulls up to the stop and the door pops open.

Ten kids hurl snowballs at the Driver and run.

I/E. POLICE STATION PARKING LOT - DAY

Beck and Trixie walk to the station building steps.

BECK

It was freaking hilarious.



TRIX  
Pelting an old lady with snowballs  
is hilarious?

BECK  
Perspective. You had to be there  
at the time. Besides, she wasn't  
that old.

FLASHBACK

The Bus Driver sneezes.

The Bus Driver sits in a hospital bed.

BECK (V.O.)  
Sad thing was she got pneumonia.

INT. PSYCHOLOGISTS OFFICE

Steve-O continues the story.

STEVE-O  
We were kids. How were we supposed  
to know she would get pneumonia?

FLASHBACK

Steve-O, Beck, Blakey, Scott, and three other boys stand  
before a judge.

BECK (V.O.)  
So we all wound up in juvie.

The boys take turns on the stand explaining their roles.

The judge takes notes.

BECK (V.O.)  
Since we threw the snowballs and  
put her in the hospital we got  
sentenced to washing all the school  
buses.

Kids wash school buses.

INT. PSYCHOLOGISTS OFFICE

Steve-O continues.

STEVE-O  
But that's not the end of the  
story.

FLASHBACK

A hearse leads a funeral procession of school buses.

STEVE-O (V.O.)  
A week later, no sooner did we  
finish washing thirty or forty  
school buses, but the lady dies.

INT. POLICE STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Beck and Trix arrive at their desks and sit.

BECK  
But it wasn't pneumonia that killed  
her.

FLASHBACK

Driver sleeps in her hospital bed.

Daffy sits in a chair beside her.

He gently touches her forehead.

INT. POLICE STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Trix listens intently.

BECK  
It was Daffy. For what ever  
reason, that crazy ass guy went to  
the hospital and killed her in her  
hospital bed.

TRIX  
How?

INT. HOUSE UNDER CONSTRUCTION - DAY

CHAMPAGNE (30) Starr's sister and equal in beauty, wears  
jeans, T-shirt and safety goggles, slams a sledgehammer into  
a wall.

She wipes sweat off her brow and stops to take a drink of water.

She swings again and tears a hole in the wall.

Steve-O looks through from the other side.

STEVE-O  
Is it safe to come in?

Champagne smiles at the sight of Steve-O.

CHAMP  
Hey, you.

Steve-O steps carefully through the rubble, keeping his hands in his pockets, sure not to touch anything.

STEVE-O  
Hey, yourself. How's it going in here? Don't you have any help?

CHAMP  
Now I do. Here, grab a hammer.

Champ pretends she is about to toss the sledgehammer to him and Steve-O jumps to get out of the way.

She laughs.

STEVE-O  
Whoa! Thought you were really going to throw that thing for a second. I didn't know who they were go to send to . . .

She laughs again, louder.

CHAMP  
Steve-O!

Steve-O stares at her curiously.

STEVE-O  
Do I know you?

She peels off her goggles.

CHAMP  
You better. I'll have to whack you with this thing if you don't.

Sudden recognition hits Steve-O.

STEVE-O

Champ! Is that you? I thought I recognized you! I mean you looked, familiar, because of . . .

CHAMP

You mean you recognize my body? You should. You've been married to it for three years, but that one belongs to my sister. Come here you!

Champ drops the hammer and pushes over the debris to grab Steve-O for a big hug and kiss.

He humbly accepts and pats her lightly instead of the big hug she gives him because she is filthy dirty.

STEVE-O

Oh, okay. Hi. You're, uh, sweaty.

CHAMP

Work'll do that to you.

STEVE-O

What are you doing here?

CHAMP

Starr told me you needed some help, so I came down to do a little demo. Nothing like busting drywall to get the blood flowing. So, Starr says you own half of Florida these days.

STEVE-O

Well, not that much.

CHAMP

Do you really own like fifty houses?

STEVE-O

More like a hundred fifty. Give or take.

CHAMP

A hundred fifty houses? Are you serious?

Steve-O nods happily.

STEVE-O

What I do.

EXT. PUTANESCA'S MANSION BALCONY - DAY

PUTANESCA (35) tall, thin with short, bright, unnaturally reddish hair, wears a Putanesca original - a flowing white dress that billows in the wind on the deck overlooking the ocean. PUTANESCA sports big sunglasses and the dress blows up and overhead revealing a slip and manly physique underneath.

ROYLAND (30) handsome, smart glasses, barefoot, dressed in pastels, brings a drink with an umbrella in the glass.

ROYLAND

Your drink, Dame Putanesca.

Putanesca speaks like a woman with a Dutch accent, and may be one, it's hard to tell.

PUTANESCA

Thank you, my dear Royland. What is it?

ROYLAND

A White Russian. No Kahlua. With a twist of lime. As requested.

PUTANESCA

Excellent.

(sipping)

Oh, that's delicious. I'm so glad I fixed the recipe. They were so horrible before.

ROYLAND

Starr Williams is here to see you. Shall I bring her in?

PUTANESCA

Of course! Of course! Bring me my Starr!

Royland motions into the house and Starr steps out onto the balcony. Starr wears neon green hot pants and a red blazer, so she looks like a hot elf.

PUTANESCA

Starr!

STARR

Putanesca!

They faux cheek kiss.

PUTANESCA

I didn't expect to see you today.  
Royland, bring Starr a drink.  
Would you like a White Russian?  
I've reinvented them.

STARR

Roy boy really knows how to rip up  
the vodka, so - yeah!  
(to Royland)  
No cream and a little more lime  
this time? Thanks.

Putanesca speaks excitedly and reacts to Starr's descriptions  
like a child with a puppy.

PUTANESCA

So my Starr has uncovered my  
bungalow. Tell me more. Where is  
it?

STARR

Puty, you are going to love it. It  
was an old slave masters house on  
the edge of the Everglades. It  
even has an authentic whipping  
post. On a hundred acres of  
pristine wilderness about 10 miles  
from Coral Springs.

PUTANESCA

(magically)  
Coral Springs.

STARR

Yes. Steve-0 recently discovered  
it and I had him acquire it just  
*for you*. Essentially, it's  
Victorian. But we are going to  
completely refurbish it, and while  
we retain the outside personality  
of years past, the interior will be  
a statement for the future. Every  
modern convenience and contrivance  
available will be installed.

PUTANESCA

A swimming pool?

STARR

Of course, it's essential.

PUTANESCA

Of course! You know I do not swim - because I could drown. But it is imperative for Putanesca to be entertained.

Royland brings Starr another drink and places it on a coaster on the table between them.

PUTANESCA

Royland? Do you feel like taking a swim?

ROYLAND

Yes, Dame Putanesca.

Royland peels off his shirt and drops his pants, stripping to his Speedo, revealing his muscular, trim build and dives into the pool.

PUTANESCA

I think you would like doing laps.

Royland nods and swims. Putanesca watches happily.

PUTANESCA

Ah! When will we see my bungalow?

STARR

It will be a while . . .

Putanesca looks sad.

STARR

But not too long.

Putanesca smiles again.

STARR

Refurbishment - construction - permits. These things take time to make everything right. But of course it will not come to life until the day you move in, Puty. Essentially, you will have the premiere South Florida residence that will become the benchmark of our culture for the next generation. So, essentially, we can't rush it.

PUTANESCA

The list of properties that you show me - this one is the best one, yah?

STARR

Oh, yah.

PUTANESCA

Good.

(to Royland)

Royland, float on your back for Putanesca.

Royland floats on his back.

PUTANESCA

Yah. Good.

EXT. HOUSE UNDER CONSTRUCTION - DAY

Steve-O stands beside his car smiling at Champ.

STEVE-O

You really are opposite sides of the same coin.

CHAMP

You mean me and Starr?

STEVE-O

Starr would never bash down a wall with a sledgehammer.

CHAMP

Neither would you.

STEVE-O

Well, that's true. Not unless I had to - like if I was trapped inside a building or something. So where are you staying? With Starr?

CHAMP

No, I have some snowbird friends who let me crash at their place. They're gone right now. Starr doesn't even know I'm here yet.

STEVE-O

No? You going to call her?



CHAMP  
I suppose. That would be the  
sisterly thing to do.

Steve-O steps into his car.

STEVE-O  
Does she even know you're working  
for her?

CHAMP  
Yeah, she told me how to find this  
place.

STEVE-O  
Oh, okay.

CHAMP  
What? Did you think I materialized  
from thin air and just decided to  
smash up this house at random?

Steve-O puts on his sunglasses.

STEVE-O  
No, I just - say, you didn't see  
anything inside there did you?  
Anything unusual?

CHAMP  
Like what?

STEVE-O  
Well, was there anything you would  
call unusual inside?

CHAMP  
No. Why? What are you looking  
for?

STEVE-O  
Nothing. Forget it.

Steve-O starts the car.

CHAMP  
What are you doing later?

STEVE-O  
Hanging with Blakey, probably.

CHAMP  
Where?

STEVE-O  
Richard's. Bar on the beach.

CHAMP  
Maybe I'll see you.

STEVE-O  
Give me a call.

Steve-O drives off.

INT. STEVE-O'S HOUSE - EVENING

Blakey holds two shirts up to his chest. One is a plain blue collarless, the other is Hawaiian print.

BLAKEY  
Steve-O. Which one goes with these pants, you think? The blue?

STEVE-O  
Who am I? Design King? Blake, pick out your own shirt.

BLAKEY  
But you're so good at it.

STEVE-O  
I am not going to dress you. Just wear one. If you really can't decide wear them both.

I/E. RICHARDS BEACH DECK - LATER

Blakey and Steve-O sit on tall bar stools shucking and eating oysters.

Blakey wears both shirts, the blue one buttoned up and the Hawaiian hangs loose over it, the combination fits well.

Steve-O sports a big bib.

BLAKEY  
Champagne is working for you now?

STEVE-O  
In a sense. Starr hired her.

BLAKEY  
And why is your Ex working for you? Have you figured that one out yet?

STEVE-O

Starr is not my Ex. Not yet. She works for me because she excels at interior decor. If I'm going to hand over half of what I own to her when our divorce is final, might as well let her work for it.

BLAKEY

How can you be so nonchalant about your divorce? Where's the fire, man? Aren't you upset? Don't you want to get angry and call her derogatory names that children shouldn't hear?

STEVE-O

On the contrary. I married her because I loved her, probably still do, that's what Doctor Bennett has me thinking. The most important thing I ever walked out of business school with was that you don't get emotionally attached to your money. Starr considers us business partners at this point and that's fine by me, pal. We don't share a bed anymore so my emotional investment is zero. Besides - I refuse to be one of those sorry-ass guys who whines about how his *Ex* ruined his life and makes the focus of every conversation about how he screwed up, begging for analysis from every person he meets. Guys like that just need to take a Fluffer down to Jamaica for a weekend and get on with their lives.

BLAKEY

Is that what you did?

Steve-O wrestles an oyster he can't shuck.

STEVE-O

No, but I thought about it.

BLAKEY

Don't know any Fluffers do you?

STEVE-O  
 No. That's why I go to a  
 psychiatrist. If you can't get  
 closure, get a prescription.  
 Blakey, I'm a man that doesn't need  
 a woman to validate my decisions.  
 I do things for myself.

Steve-O passes the troublesome oyster to Blakey.

STEVE-O  
 Can you open this?

Steve-O shucks it effortlessly.

Mimi appears next to their table.

MIMI  
 Hey Steve-O, how's it going?

STEVE-O  
 Hey Mimi! Want an oyster?

Blakey holds out a half shell to her.

BLAKEY  
 Freshly shucked.

MIMI  
 No thanks, I don't do oysters.

BLAKEY  
 Why not?

MIMI  
 Because they're live animals.

BLAKEY  
 Yeah, but not for long. Plus -  
 they make you horny.

Blakey slides one down his gullet.

MIMI  
 Good for you. Try not to get  
 carpal-tunnel.

Blakey examines his hands.

STEVE-O  
 Hey, what did Natalie want to tell  
 me before?

MIMI

I don't know. Why don't you ask her.

STEVE-O

I would, but she's not answering her phone.

MIMI

Can't explain that. Hey - I'm meeting people in a minute, so I'll see you later.

STEVE-O

See you Mimi.

BLAKEY

Later, Mimi.

MIMI

Oscar. Felix.

Mimi leaves.

BLAKEY

I didn't know you could get carpal-tunnel from shucking oysters.

Champ enters the bar and looks around. Steve-O spots her and waves her over to the table.

STEVE-O

Champagne! Over here!

Champ acknowledges him with a smile and bounces over.

She greets Steve-O with a kiss on the cheek.

CHAMP

Hey fellas! How y'all doing?

She pulls up a stool and joins them.

STEVE-O

Fantastic.

BLAKEY

How's it going Champ?

CHAMP

I am just so glad to be out of Atlanta.

BLAKEY

I bet.

CHAMP

The heat is just outrageous.  
Scalding. I think I'm going to  
move down here. You got the ocean  
breezes, these beautiful tropical  
plants. This is nice.

Starr appears at the table and sits down between Steve-O and  
Champ.

A waitress delivers a bottle of champagne with four glasses,  
uncorks it and pours.

WAITRESS

Your champagne, sir.

STEVE-O

Champagne? What champagne?

Starr takes a glass and sips.

STARR

Excellent.  
(to Blakey, sarcastically)  
Nice outfit.

BLAKEY

Steve-O picked it out.

EXT. OLD VACANT HOUSE - EVENING

A Hummer with a magnetized realtor sign on its door sits in  
the driveway. Natalie leans against it. She looks at her  
watch. Her cell phone rings.

NATALIE

Oh, hi! Yes, I'm right here  
waiting. No, it's not too late,  
it's fine. Ten minutes? No  
problem.

I/E. RICHARDS BEACH DECK - MOMENTS LATER

Steve-O, Blakey, Starr, and Champagne all shuck oysters.

BLAKEY

What I can't figure out is why  
aren't there any good cancer jokes.

CHAMP

Is he for real?

STEVE-O  
If he ran on batteries I would have  
sold him by now, trust me.

STARR  
Blakey, do you have a girlfriend?

BLAKEY  
Nope.

STARR  
Ever wonder why?

STEVE-O  
Blakey goes on dates.

CHAMP  
But not with women with life-  
threatening diseases?

BLAKEY  
Oh, hell no.

STEVE-O  
Or single mothers.

BLAKEY  
I don't have anything against  
single Moms. Kids are the problem.

The women look at him in disbelief.

Steve-O shucks another oyster.

STEVE-O  
Tell them about the girl you took  
to Chez Valspar.

BLAKEY  
Oh - that wasn't even my fault!

FLASHBACK

Blakey and BLAKEY'S DATE dine in a nice restaurant.

The waiter lifts the lid on a tureen to reveal lobsters.

His date smiles delightedly while Blakey reaches over to  
slightly pick up a lobster as if to animate it.

BLAKEY  
 (funny voice)  
 Hey Marvin, where's the tank? The  
 last thing I remember it was really  
 hot.  
 (other lobster, different  
 voice)  
 I don't know man, but what's that  
 smell?

Under the table, Blakey presses the button on a can of Fart  
 Spray.

Blakey's Date's laughter quickly turns to disgust.

BLAKEY'S DATE  
 Oh! Oh, my. Oh God!

She stands and backs away. Blakey laughs hysterically.

BLAKEY'S DATE  
 Oh, God, what is that?

Blakey holds up the can for her to see.

She covers her mouth and nose and backs away.

Other restaurant patrons follow suit.

Blakey laughs more.

I/E. RICHARDS BEACH DECK - CONTINUOUS

Blakey defends himself.

BLAKEY  
 What? It was funny!

STARR  
 'Fraid not.

BLAKEY  
 Steve-O, tell the truth. That's  
 funny, right?

STEVE-O  
 Yeah, if you're five and girls are  
 icky.

STARR  
 Have you never learned anything  
 from Steve-O?



BLAKEY

Like what?

STARR

Like how to treat a woman on a date.

BLAKEY

I've seen plenty of porno, believe me. I know what to do on a date.

STARR

I don't know if it's the combination of shellfish and alcohol or what, but I feel rather charitable tonight.

BLAKEY

Do I need to remind you? Your soon to be Ex, my best friend, is two feet away and he can hear you. Besides, I don't do high maintenance either.

STARR

Blakey! Just be quiet and listen! Steve-O. Go pick up a woman.

They stare at Starr silently for a second.

STEVE-O

Say again?

STARR

You need to teach Blakey how to pick up a woman. How to be - not Blakey. I mean, what about just calling yourself Blake?

BLAKEY

My Grandma calls me Blakey.

STARR

Steve-O can pick up any woman in the bar.

CHAMP

He can?

He can?

BLAKEY

STARR

He can. Steve-O can pick up any woman, any where, any time.

(MORE)

STARR(cont'd)

If he can get me to marry him, he  
can teach you to not be a dweeb.

CHAMP

But you're getting divorced.

STARR

That's exit strategy, it has  
nothing to do with hooking up.  
Steve-O, show 'em how it's done.

Another brief silence and looks of wonder from Champ and  
Blakey.

STEVE-O

Okay. Which one?

They scan the bar for a single woman and zero in on a  
beautiful girl partially facing away from them.

CHAMP

What about her?

STEVE-O

Do you think she noticed us all  
sitting together?

CHAMP

Maybe. I don't know.

BLAKEY

She's really pretty.

STARR

Go for it. Get her phone number.

Steve-O rises confidently and walks around the bar.

CHAMP

What exactly is the purpose of this  
exercise?

STARR

Essentially, it's to confirm that I  
can get Steve-O to do any thing,  
any where, any time.

CHAMP

Can he really pick up any woman?

Starr nods "yes".

STARR

Watch.

Steve-O glides through the bar and wedges himself between SUMMER (30), the woman they picked and another patron. He smiles lightly at her and calls to the bartender, KEVIN.

STEVE-O

Kevin.

KEVIN

Yes, sir, Mr. Williams? Captain and Coke?

STEVE-O

Why not?  
(to Summer)  
Hi.

SUMMER

Hi.

Kevin delivers the drink.

STEVE-O

Thanks, Kev.

Steve-O takes a sip and a silent moment to size her up.

STEVE-O

I need to know something, can I ask you a question?

Summer looks at him curiously.

SUMMER

Okay.

STEVE-O

Do you know any good pick up lines?

SUMMER

Excuse me?

STEVE-O

That's not what I meant to say. See, I'm meeting somebody here. It's a blind date.

SUMMER

Oh, I don't think it's me.

STEVE-O

Oh, no! No. I know it's not you. My friend is setting me up. I'm here early. Just a little nervous.

(MORE)

STEVE-O(cont'd)

Don't really know what to say. How to break the ice. So I guess not pick up lines - but conversation starters.

SUMMER

'What do you do?' is always a good one. That usually gets things going.

STEVE-O

Of course. What am I thinking? So what do you do?

EXT. OLD VACANT HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

A car pulls up and parks. A man and woman emerge.

Natalie greets them and leads them up to the house.

WOMAN

I'm sorry it took us so long.

NATALIE

Oh, no worries. No worries at all.

Natalie unlocks the door to usher them in. They start moving in different directions around the house. The woman walks away to explore.

MAN

Why would they demolish this place? It doesn't look so bad.

NATALIE

It is a hundred years old. Quite simply, it would take a labor of love to restore it. The land is an untapped treasure. Four acres is hard to find this close to the beach.

The woman opens doors.

WOMAN

I love these huge closets!

NATALIE

I know. Aren't they lovely? This place does have a lot of potential if you want to put the work into it.

(MORE)

NATALIE(cont'd)

The owner, he's a flipper, is basically selling this for a quick profit on the land. He wants to get it rezoned for commercial use, but since there's no guarantee of that, I know he doesn't want to wait for. . .

The woman screams.

Natalie and the man dash around the corner to her.

A body hangs on the wall of a closet.

Arms tied together.

Plastic shopping bag covers the head.

Natalie and the couple look horrified.

MAN

My God!

I/E. RICHARDS BEACH DECK - MOMENTS LATER

Steve-O and Summer laugh together.

Summer hands him a card with her number on it.

STEVE-O

Thanks. I'll call you.

Steve-O's cell phone rings and he looks to see who it is.

The cell phone reads NATALIE.

He silences it.

SUMMER

Popular guy. Is that your friend?

STEVE-O

No. It's just work. This might actually be important.

SUMMER

Take it.

STEVE-O

(into phone)

Hey, Natalie, what's . . . What? Hold up. Slow down. Where?

EXT. OLD VACANT HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Steve-O's car skids in the dirt.

He steps out and approaches yellow police tape barricades and the flashing lights of patrol vehicles surrounding the property.

A coroners van backs up to the front steps.

Policemen search with flashlights.

A worried Natalie spots him.

NATALIE

Steve-O!

Steve-O approaches her only to be stopped by UNDERWOOD, a tough-looking cop flanked by Trix and Beck.

UNDERWOOD

Steve Williams?

STEVE-O

What happened?

UNDERWOOD

Miss Schaefer, will you come over here please?

Natalie steps over quickly.

Underwood stares them down instantly.

UNDERWOOD

What is your relationship?

STEVE-O

Natalie is my realtor.

Underwood glares at Natalie.

NATALIE

He buys houses and I sell them.

UNDERWOOD

When was the last time you were here?

Steve-O and Natalie hesitate.

UNDERWOOD  
Mr. Williams?

Steve-O shakes his head.

STEVE-O  
Here? You mean at this house?

UNDERWOOD  
Correct. At this house.

Steve-O looks at the house and wonders.

STEVE-O  
Uh - I'm not really sure if I've  
ever been here before.

UNDERWOOD  
You own this place?

STEVE-O  
If she says I do, then I do.

NATALIE  
He does.

UNDERWOOD  
You own this place and you've never  
been here before?

STEVE-O  
Maybe.

UNDERWOOD  
Do you normally buy houses without  
looking at them?

STEVE-O  
Sometimes. I buy houses every day.

UNDERWOOD  
How many houses do you own?

STEVE-O  
I - I don't know.

NATALIE  
At last count Steve-O had 289  
properties.

STEVE-O  
I do?

BECK  
He does?

TRIX  
He does?

UNDERWOOD  
And you are a personal acquaintance  
of Detective Beck here?

STEVE-O  
Yeah, I know Reggie real good.

Underwood steps up to Steve-O and gets in his face. Steve-O  
backs up a little, clearly intimidated.

UNDERWOOD  
I want you to tell me one thing.  
Who is that?

Steve-O looks around in every direction.

STEVE-O  
Who is who?

UNDERWOOD  
(shouting)  
Who is that? Right there!

Underwood points at the body bag being loaded into the  
coroners van.

INT. MORGUE - LATER

A body bag lies on a gurney in a dark room.

Bright lights suddenly flood the room.

The Coroner leads a small procession through the swinging  
double doors. He is followed by Beck, then Underwood, Steve-  
O, Natalie and finally, Trix.

CORONER  
You sure we have to do this now?

UNDERWOOD  
Yes. Right now.

CORONER  
I like to be able to process the  
body first, you know, catalog  
everything before people start  
trying to make an ID.



UNDERWOOD  
I'm sure the deceased will get over  
it.

They surround the body.

The coroner unzips the bag to reveal the man inside.

Natalie and the men all shudder and wince.

Trix stares curiously.

UNDERWOOD  
(to Steve-O)  
Do you know him?

STEVE-O  
No. I don't know who he is.

UNDERWOOD  
(to Natalie)  
How about you?

She shakes her head.

BECK  
I do. At least, I think I do. He  
looks familiar to me.

UNDERWOOD  
How familiar?

BECK  
I don't know. Not sure.

INT. MUNICIPAL HALLWAYS - MOMENTS LATER

Steve-O and Natalie stand near an exit door opposite Beck,  
Trix and Underwood.

STEVE-O  
So, is that it?

BECK  
We'll call you if we have any more  
questions Steve.

STEVE-O  
Okay. Night.

Steve-O and Natalie leave. Natalie clutches his arm.

The law officers move down the opposite hall.

UNDERWOOD

Your boy, Steve-O - what's your gut say?

BECK

My gut says good things.

TRIX

Mine too.

UNDERWOOD

Make it three. But I think somebody wants to screw him with a royal pipe cleaner. We've got way more going on here than coincidence. Somebody has it in for your boy.

TRIX

I'll get a list of what he owns. If he bought any foreclosures, that could make some enemies.

UNDERWOOD

Fine, but here's what bugs me -

Underwood stops to face Beck.

UNDERWOOD

You know Steve-O. You know the first stiff. Now you recognize the second stiff. Why is that, Beck? Who is he?

INT. PUTANESCA'S MANSION - DAY

Putanesca paces around barefoot on a marble floor.

Starr wears a silly striped lederhosen style outfit and sits uncomfortably sunken into a papa-san chair. She struggles constantly to get comfortable.

PUTANESCA

I am telling you. There is a spy. Some one or some thing is telling the magazines about Putanesca before Putanesca tells the magazines.

STARR

Puty, I'm not so sure that there is anything to tell really, is there? I mean aren't you just being paranoid?

PUTANESCA

Some *one* or some *thing*.

STARR

How can it be some *thing*?

PUTANESCA

A camera. From the satellite, looking to see my next creation and steal Putanesca's ideas before the thought is even completed.

STARR

I don't know. . .

PUTANESCA

What about the strapless mid-level pumps? And the hoody with the kangaroo pocket? I design these things, no? And ten seconds later, I see the same styles on the commercials while I am watching Millionaire? Yesterday, a man gets the question for \$250,000 and he has only the fifty-fifty and the phone a friends and they go to commercial and what do they show? My double polka dot inside the polka dot on the dress in red and white, like I designed it!

STARR

Was it a Target commercial?

PUTANESCA

Yes! You see how they steal from Putanesca? I do not even have an opportunity to design it myself and already, it is for sale! And these despicable newspapers. . .

STARR

Tabloids.

Putanesca picks up a stack of tabloids from the table and holds each one for Starr to see as Putanesca reads the headlines.

PUTANESCA

Yes, these tabloids with all the lies - Putanesca from Pluto? Putanesca - Man or Woman? What stupid question is that? It is obvious, no?

STARR

(confused)  
Okay.

PUTANESCA

Putanesca To Adopt Russian Baby. What would I do with a Russian baby? I don't even speak Russian.

STARR

All celebrities have this. You just have to ignore them.

Royland enters with a plate of chocolates.

PUTANESCA

The only one I can trust to not tell stories to the papers is my Royland.

ROYLAND

Snack? Dame Putanesca?

PUTANESCA

Thank you Royland. And you, of course, my Starr.

Royland stands at attention holding the plate while Putanesca paces by and takes a piece of chocolate and bites daintily.

Starr struggles to stand up.

PUTANESCA

I am telling you, not only do they steal my ideas, but they tell everything to the tabloid. Where Putanesca will be. When I will be there. Always with the cameras and the microphones.

STARR

I'm sure that's just a coincidence.

PUTANESCA

I think next they will want to kill me.

STARR  
I don't think so Puty. Nobody  
wants to kill you.

Starr falls out of the chair.

PUTANESCA  
Are you not comfortable?

INT. SALON - DAY

Mimi does Champ's hair.

Starr sits nearby for a manicure. She wears a mango colored  
smock with a big yellow bow on the stomach.

MIMI  
Putanesca Paranoid? So is that the  
next headline we're going to see?

STARR  
Well, sh-, he-, uh, Putanesca just  
gets some crazy ideas sometimes.

MIMI  
You have to admit - they write a  
lot about ol' Puty. But who would  
want to kill Putanesca? And why?

STARR  
Nobody. He-, sh-, that's what I'm  
saying - paranoid for no good  
reason. Just thinks somebody is  
out to get him . . . her.

MIMI  
Some people are just that way.

CHAMP  
Okay, I'm confused. Why is this  
person so popular anyway?

MIMI  
Putanesca? Are you kidding? He-  
She creates the most fab fashions  
in the world. And Starr gets to  
wear everything first. That's a  
Puty you're wearing now isn't it  
Starr?

STARR

Of course. Essentially, it's an evening gown, but it's the fun kind that you can wear while shopping.

The dress drapes around her all the way to the floor and makes her look like she is covered with a bedspread.

MIMI

Coolness. So, you and Steve-O get Putanesca all set up at the new pad?

STARR

Not yet. We're starting inside today.

(to Champ)

Champ, after your hair is done I'll drop you off there to tear out the wall for the rumpus room.

MIMI

Rumpus room? What do you do in a rumpus room.

STARR

I don't know, but Puty wants one.

MIMI

(upset)

Wait a minute! Am I fixing your hair to go and smash out walls?

CHAMP

Don't worry, I always put a bandana on before I start.

Natalie enters the salon.

NATALIE

Hello everyone.

MIMI

Natalie! How are you doing?

STARR

Are you okay?

NATALIE

Oh, yes, I'm fine. Really, I'm over it. It was disturbing, of course, but really. It is over and done and I am very glad.

MIMI  
So you actually found a dead body?  
I mean, you saw it?

Natalie takes a seat.

NATALIE  
Yes, the house was going to be  
demolished, but it had some curb  
appeal and these people wanted to  
see it. Otherwise I never would  
have gone inside.

MIMI  
So who was it?

STARR  
They don't know.

NATALIE  
He was tied up with a plastic  
grocery bag pulled over his head.

A moment of silence. The women glare at Natalie.

NATALIE  
In a word, it was frightful.

INT. POLICE STATION - HOMICIDE - DAY

Beck sits at his desk staring at a computer screen.

Trix approaches with file in hand.

TRIX  
Latest victim - Mark Brooks.

Beck rips the file away.

BECK  
Mark Brooks? You're kidding.

TRIX  
You know him?

Beck glares at the photo.

BECK  
Yeah, I know him. Not for twenty  
years, but - yeah.

FLASHBACK

KIDS throw snowballs at the Bus Driver.

INT. POLICE STATION - HOMICIDE - DAY

Beck reminisces.

BECK  
Everybody knew him.

TRIX  
Steve-O too?

INT. PSYCHOLOGISTS OFFICE - DAY

Steve-O paces before Doctor Bennett, who sits calmly at his desk.

STEVE-O  
I can't believe it happened again.  
Again! And he was just lying  
there, on the slab, as they say.  
It was creepy. Natalie was just -  
a wreck. She said she wasn't going  
to sleep, she was just going to  
stay up all night drinking herbal  
tea. That can't be good for you.

DOCTOR BENNETT  
So what are you going to do now?

STEVE-O  
Go to work I guess. There's a  
property I need to go out to today.  
It's a long drive.

Doctor Bennett stands, approaches Steve-O, puts his hand on Steve-O's shoulder and stops his frantic pace.

DOCTOR BENNETT  
That sounds like a good idea. You  
should go for a drive, think things  
through. Forget about all this  
craziness and just wait and see  
what the police say. Remember,  
these dead people don't have  
anything to do with you, that's  
what we call a coincidence.



STEVE-O

Even though they were both tied up and strangled and their bodies were dumped on my property? And I happen to know one of them?

DOCTOR BENNETT

So, it's a big coincidence. Why let that spoil your day?

STEVE-O

You know what? You're right. Thanks, Doctor Bennett.

DOCTOR BENNETT

Now, take that fancy car of yours and go rip it up out there on the turnpike. Run it smack into a wall. That's what really clears the head.

EXT. INTERSTATE EXIT - CONTINUOUS

Steve-O drives off the interstate. A motivational tape blares incessantly.

TAPE (V.O.)

Just relax Steve-O. Think about the fortune that is coming into being. Imagine it. Taste it . . . feel it . . . you need to realize your potential at every moment and live up to that potential. Don't worry about dying. Death is part of life. Remember, these dead people don't have anything to do with you, that's what we call a coincidence.

Steve-O drives down a deserted stretch of old pavement.

He comes to an old overgrown intersection.

TAPE (V.O.)

. . . and when you find yourself in a quandary, should you turn right, should you go left, what do you do? Ask yourself, what would a winner do? A winner moves on through the challenge before him and perseveres.

He drives forward.

Steve-O pulls up to

PUTANESCA'S BUNGALOW

Steve-O steps out of his car and stands there to stare at it.

STEVE-O  
And this will be for our strange  
and mysterious friend Putanesca.

INT. POLICE STATION - HOMICIDE - DAY

Underwood stands before Trix and Beck.

UNDERWOOD  
Bring him in.

Beck pulls up Steve-O on his cell phone and dials.

BECK  
Straight to voice mail.

UNDERWOOD  
Find him.

INT. PUTANESCA'S BUNGALOW - MOMENTS LATER

Steve-O surveys the construction.

He pulls out his cell phone and goes to make a call.

He dials and hears nothing. Looks again.

STEVE-O  
Should have known.

INSERT: PHONE

Cell phone shows NO SERVICE.

INT. STEVE-O'S HOUSE - LATER

Blakey wears a snorkel mask while he cuts onions.

Doorbell rings.

Blakey answers the door holding a knife.

Beck and Trix.

BLAKEY  
Hey, man. What's up?

BECK  
Mind if we come in?

BLAKEY  
Come on in.

They step inside.

TRIX  
Mind lowering your weapon?

BLAKEY  
Weapon? I'm shaving onions.

TRIX  
Scuba diving too?

Blakey peels off his mask and holds the knife by the blade.

BLAKEY  
What's going on Reggie?

BECK  
Where's Steve-O? We need to talk.

BLAKEY  
I don't know. Haven't seen him all day. What happened?

BECK  
Remember Mark Brooks?

BLAKEY  
Mark Brooks? Mark Brooks . . . you mean from the neighborhood Mark Brooks? What about him?

EXT. STEVE-O'S STREET - LATER

Blakey stands in Steve-O's driveway and waves to Beck and Trix as they pull away from Steve-O's house.

Steve-O rounds the corner toward his house.

The cars drive toward each other.

INT. TRIXIE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Trix hits the emergency lights.

TRIX  
There he is.

She pops the siren.

Steve-O pulls over.

STEVE-O  
Hi guys.

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

Steve-O sits alone at a table.

Behind the mirrored glass, Beck and Trix watch him.

Underwood enters behind them.

Another detective, TYLER (30), follows Underwood.

UNDERWOOD  
What's he said so far?

TRIX  
We didn't ask him anything. We're  
waiting for you.

UNDERWOOD  
Good, because there's been a  
development.

Tyler places files on the table before them as if he were  
dealing cards.

BECK  
Another body?

TYLER  
No. But somebody's missing.

BECK  
Who?

UNDERWOOD  
A friend of his wife's. Putanesca.

EXT. PUTANESCA'S MANSION BALCONY - DAY

Royland explains to a POLICE OFFICER.

ROYLAND

Dame Putanesca would never go out alone. She is like a frightened puppy.

POLICE OFFICER

How long has she been missing?

ROYLAND

Since this morning - I go for a run - I come back, she is gone.

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

Steve-O sits across from Underwood and Trix.

Beck watches through the glass.

UNDERWOOD

You looked right at him - you said you didn't know him.

STEVE-O

I didn't. I do now - now that you told me who he was. Reggie didn't recognize him either.

UNDERWOOD

Why would *two*, count 'em *two* of your childhood chums wind up dead on *two* of your properties inside a week?

STEVE-O

I - have no idea. How should I know?

Beck enters.

UNDERWOOD

I told you to stay outside.

BECK

Captain - please. Steve-O. The other day - you were telling us a story about a body on a wall.

STEVE-O  
Right, those crazy hillbillies.

BECK  
Forget about Scott. Forget about  
Mark Brooks. Just tell us about  
that right now.

STEVE-O  
Oh, yeah. I almost forgot. I  
meant to tell you.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

ED, 30s, a skinny scruffy man with a cigarette permanently  
dangling from his lip, drives his tow truck up to Steve-O's  
Porsche. He hoists it up.

EXT. SHACK PORCH - MOMENTS LATER

Steve-O and Charlie are now the best of friends. They sit in  
rocking chairs on the porch and smoke cigars.

CHARLIE  
Mr. O, that is one fine, smooth-  
smokin' cee-gar. Where'd you say  
they was from?

STEVE-O  
Trinidad and Tobago.

Steve-O blows a smoke ring at the end of "Tobago".

CHARLIE  
I don't know them streets. Is that  
near Highway 41?

STEVE-O  
It's just south of Grenada.

CHARLIE  
Oh, the suburbs!

Justine appears at the edge of the porch. She carries a  
blanket and pillows. She looks up at Steve-O through the  
railing.

JUSTINE  
Oh, Steve-O? Can you help me do  
something in the back of my van?  
(MORE)

JUSTINE(cont'd)

I'd really love to show you something.

Steve-O rises from his chair.

He looks in horror down the road.

The tow truck drags his car through the sand.

Steve-O bolts off the porch, Charlie and Justine follow.

Ed brings the truck to a stop and gets out.

STEVE-O

Hey, dude! What are you doing to my car?

ED

It was stuck in the road.

STEVE-O

I know that. I left it there!

CHARLIE

He's loopy. He got sunstroked.

ED

Probly a good thing you ain't drivin' then.

Steve-O looks all the way down the road at the trail left by his car, like a turtle trail on the beach.

STEVE-O

Why did you move my car?

ED

It was right in the middle of the road. Had to move it to get by.

Charlie inspects the vehicle.

CHARLIE

Ain't got no back seat, huh? This one a' them foreign things? Like a Yugo? Probly only got three cylinders, right?

STEVE-O

It's got ten cylinders! It's a Porsche!

CHARLIE

Ten cylinders?

(to Ed, in disbelief)

I told ya he was loopy. I hope  
this check is good.

Charlie holds the check up to the light.

ED

Check for what Pa?

CHARLIE

Mr. O. here bought our whole stock!  
I think yer gonna hafta make more'n  
one trip to get it all home, what  
with no back seat. Or come back  
with a panel truck. I reckon we  
got about sixty er seventy cases,  
give er take.

STEVE-O

Cases of what?

CHARLIE

Firewater, son! My famous cane  
shine! You said you wanted to buy  
the whole lot.

STEVE-O

No I didn't.

CHARLIE

Then what's this check for \$35,000  
for?

STEVE-O

The house!

CHARLIE

The house!

ED

The house!

JUSTINE

The house! Daddy, are we going  
back to the trailer park?

ED

This time I want my own room.

Steve-O, Charlie, Justine and Ed all talk at once.

Ed is truly frustrated and Justine is confused.



STEVE-O  
 Now, look, I am not here to  
 buy moonshine!

ED  
 (to Charlie)  
 You know the probation  
 officer ain't going to like  
 it if we move again.

JUSTINE  
 What about all the meat?

CHARLIE  
 All right, now calm down!  
 Everybody just hold on!  
 Quiet! Be quiet! He bought  
 the meat, too.

They all shut up.

JUSTINE  
 If he takes all the meat, what're  
 we gonna do for bait?

CHARLIE  
 Justine, shush. Now you go  
 outside.

JUSTINE  
 (sexy, to Steve-O)  
 I'll be in the van. Waiting.

ED  
 (to Charlie)  
 You know what's gonna happen if we  
 gotta have neighbors again!

CHARLIE  
 Ed, you go sit down.

Ed, frustrated, sits and lights a cigarette and mumbles to  
 himself.

ED  
 (quietly)  
 Ridiculous. Waste of time. Ain't  
 no point . . .

STEVE-O  
 Look, this was obviously a big  
 misunderstanding. If you're not  
 selling the place, fine. I'll just  
 take my check back, and I'll be on  
 my way.

CHARLIE  
 Now, you just hold on there, Mr. O.  
 I believe we made a deal.

STEVE-O  
Deal? We didn't make any deal.

ED  
I found that car fair and square!

CHARLIE  
Ed! Shush!  
(to Steve-O)  
Oh yes we did! You shook on it.  
You gave me yer check, we even  
smoked fancy cee-gars from the  
suburban tabaccy shop! You kept  
yer end, now I'm a gonna keep mine.  
Ed! Help Mr. O. load up some o'  
them cases so's he can git goin'.

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Underwood looks annoyed.

Trixie looks skeptical.

Beck looks impatient and embarrassed.

BECK  
Steve-O! Get to the part about the  
body.

STEVE-O  
I am. You have to hear the whole  
story or it won't make sense.

EXT. SHACK - MOMENTS LATER

Ed leads Steve-O out the back door and around the side.

They walk past the van where Justine's dirty bare feet hang  
out the window.

JUSTINE (O.C.)  
(sing-songy)  
Oh - Steve-O! I just remodeled the  
back of the van real nice! Want to  
see?

Ed ignores her and Steve-O looks at her toes wiggle as they  
go past.

They go to shed. Ed opens the door and they enter.

ED

Well, here it is. I shouldn't tell you this, but you actually got a real bargain. Especially since he threw in the meat.

Steve-0 just looks confused. He looks inside and sees milk crates full of corked brown jugs and more boxes of rotting meat.

Ed picks up a jug and dusts it off.

ED

This right here is grade-A, superfine, cane lightning. Gotta be careful with it or it'll burn you a new one, leave you out to dry, know what I mean? Probly work in your car and boost your octane, you want it to.

In the shadows, Steve-0 sees a body hung on the wall.

STEVE-0

What is that?

ED

Oh, that guy is dead. He's just hanging up in there. That's all.

Steve-0 bolts!

He runs past Justine.

She pops up, disappointed to see him run away.

JUSTINE

Oh, Steve-0!

Steve-0 gets to his car which is now parked and pointed in the direction he came from.

Charlie stands beside the car.

It is loaded with a box of rotting meat.

Steve-0 gets in the car and starts it.

CHARLIE

I think ye can fit another box on this one.

He looks at Charlie, flabbergasted and puzzled.

CHARLIE  
Ain't ye gonna take any shine?

He pauses a moment, regains his composure and starts the car.

STEVE-O  
I think I'm good! Tell you what,  
I'll go to forty if you throw in  
the house.

Justine and Ed march toward him.

Steve-O thrusts a business card into Charlie's hand.

STEVE-O  
Let me know.

Steve-O peels out and kicks up sand.

Justine runs out toward them with Ed close behind.

They stand together and stare down the road.

Steve-O bashes his car on the dips and potholes.

CHARLIE  
He's loopy.

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Underwood takes over.

UNDERWOOD  
Okay. So tell me this - why was  
there a body hanging on that wall?

STEVE-O  
I don't know.

UNDERWOOD  
Did you put it there?

STEVE-O  
No.

UNDERWOOD  
Who is it?

STEVE-O  
How in the world would I know that?

UNDERWOOD

When you saw this body hanging up on the wall, why didn't you report it right away?

STEVE-O

I did! I tried to. You guys were asking me about Scott. Then we started talking about burial mounds. I guess I lost track.

UNDERWOOD

Burial mounds?

BECK

Indian burial mounds. Steve-O. Can you take us out to this place with the -

STEVE-O

Hillbillies? Sure.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

Trix drives to the shack.

A marked police car follows.

INT. TRIXIE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Steve-O sits in the back seat with Underwood.

Trix drives and Beck rides shotgun.

STEVE-O

Remember, when we get there, these guys carry guns.

UNDERWOOD

So do we.

EXT. PUTANESCA'S BUNGALOW - DAY

An old colonial mansion looms at the end of a long driveway amidst an abandoned moss laden orange grove.

Starr drives. Champ sits shotgun.

They roll up the driveway and park in front.

CHAMP

This is where Putanesca lives?

They exit the vehicle and walk up the steps.

Champ marvels at the facade.

STARR

Not yet. Not until we fix it.

CHAMP

This place is creepy. It looks like a haunted house.

STARR

Oh, please. It's no more haunted -

The door creaks open as they approach. They jump back.

STARR

Okay! That's creepy!

Starr lifts her foot and kicks the door open.

STARR

Hello!

INT. PUTANESCA'S BUNGALOW - CONTINUOUS

They enter and look in every direction.

CHAMP

Should we look for bodies first?

STARR

(disturbed)

NO! We're not looking for bodies!  
We're remodeling.

CHAMP

What if we find a body?

STARR

Do you want to find a body? I don't. So stop talking about bodies.

I/E. TRIXIE'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Steve-0 and the cops pull up to the shack.

They survey the hillbillies.

EXT. SHACK

Charlie stands near the bottom step holding his shotgun by the barrel.

Ed stands behind him.

Justine carries a box of meat.

INT. TRIXIE'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Steve-O assesses the situation.

STEVE-O  
You should let me do the talking.

UNDERWOOD  
Naturally.

EXT. SHACK - CONTINUOUS

Underwood pops out of the car and points his revolver at them.

UNDERWOOD  
Drop your weapon!

Beck and Trix follow suit and take aim.

Charlie complies, setting his shotgun on the ground and kicking it away.

Justine drops the meat.

Ed looks around confused, pops his cigarette in his mouth and raises his arms.

ED  
What'd we do this time?

Steve-O steps out of the car.

CHARLIE  
Mr. O? I was wonderin' when you was gonna come back. Looks like you got more room in that vehicle, but you folks is going to have to set stuff in yer laps.

INT. PUTANESCA'S BUNGALOW - MOMENTS LATER

Champ carries a sledgehammer and other tools and drops them on the floor.

Starr marks walls with a bright yellow wax marker. She draws the outline of a doorway with X's and columns.

CHAMP

Is that the rumpus room?

STARR

No, that's going to be the bar. The rumpus room is in the back. We need to take out these sections and leave the support beams.

Champ digs through her tool bucket.

CHAMP

We forgot to get saw blades.

STARR

That's right, we never stopped! Well, how about if I run out and get those, and bring back some lunch?

CHAMP

Already getting out of work, huh?

STARR

Hey, I'm buying lunch! What do you want to eat?

Champ empties a box of the last blade and hands the box to Starr.

CHAMP

Anything. Get these exact saw blades. Nothing else works.

Starr takes the box and heads for the door.

STARR

Okay. Oh, and if Steve-0 shows up with a check, just tell him to make it out to you.

CHAMP

For how much?



STARR  
 For as much as you want. Mi  
 alimony es su alimony.

Starr exits and starts down the steps, then turns back and sticks her head in the door.

STARR  
 You sure you don't mind being left  
 alone here?

CHAMP  
 I'm fine, go. I'll probably be  
 done by the time you get back.

Starr exits again.

EXT. SHACK - CONTINUOUS

The police holster their weapons.

Underwood escorts Steve-O up to Charlie.

CHARLIE  
 I thought you was green the first  
 time you was here, but can I tell  
 you somethin, Mr. O?  
 (whispers)  
 Not really the best idea to bring  
 the police wich you when you's  
 buyin' moonshine.

UNDERWOOD  
 Where's the body?

STEVE-O  
 Over there. In that shed.

Underwood nods to Beck and Trix.

They go to the shed.

TWO UNIFORMED OFFICERS stand nearby.

Ed and Justine stand still.

INT. SHED - CONTINUOUS

Beck and Trix creak open the door.

Their eyes widen in amazement. They gasp.

A body hangs on the wall, tied at the wrists, plastic bag over head.

BECK

Wow.

EXT. SHACK - CONTINUOUS

Underwood watches his detectives and their reactions.

They walk back calmly.

UNDERWOOD

Well?

Beck goes straight to Steve-O and takes him by the arm.

BECK

Arrest them.

The officers brandish handcuffs and move in on the others.

ED

Aw! Dang it!

CHARLIE

This ain't the right way to do  
business Mr. O.

Beck opens the door to the back seat of the squad car.

BECK

(to Steve-O)

Get in the car.

STEVE-O

Did you see it?

BECK

(shouts)

Get in the car!

INT. TRUCK - DAY

Putanesca is gagged and blindfolded. Hands tied behind back.

Cowers like a scared little girl.

A man with a menacing VOICE remains unseen.

VOICE (O.C.)  
 (shouts)  
 Get in the car! In the back! Lie  
 down!

Putanesca cries.

Putanesca climbs over the seat and lies down on the crew cab  
 floor.

The man with the VOICE climbs into the drivers side, starts  
 the truck and drives.

VOICE (O.C.)  
 Shut up. Stop whimpering. I know  
 who you are. What you did. I'll  
 show you.

INT. POLICE CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Beck interrogates Steve-O.

BECK  
 Where's Putanesca?

STEVE-O  
 There's a question clear out of  
 left field. Putanesca? Wh-why?

BECK  
 Putanesca is missing.

STEVE-O  
 Okay. News to me. What's that got  
 to do with anything?

BECK  
 You know Putanesca, right?

STEVE-O  
 Starr does. It's her friend.

BECK  
 I mean, you know who Putanesca is?

STEVE-O  
 Putanesca is . . . Putanesca, I  
 guess. What - what are you talking  
 about?

BECK  
 Putanesca is Peter Rissinovich.

Steve-O blinks with recognition.

STEVE-O

And I know that name because?

BECK

Tenth grade. Peter Rissinovich went to our school. Just like all these guys that coincidentally, have turned into bodies showing up on your properties, Steve-O. Now, I don't know what's going on, but it's go to stop. You got to tell me everything you know about Putanesca right now.

STEVE-O

Peter Rissinovich? Didn't he play football?

BECK

Quarterback.

STEVE-O

Wasn't he pretty popular?

BECK

Prom king. Class president.

STEVE-O

Didn't he have all kinds of chicks? Wasn't he like some babe magnet?

BECK

Yup. And now he is Putanesca.

Steve-O is flabbergasted.

STEVE-O

Well I didn't that coming.

INT. TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

The truck stops. Putanesca hears the man climbing out.

VOICE (O.C.)

Wait right here Peter. Don't try anything foolish.

INT. PUTANESCA'S BUNGALOW - MOMENTS LATER

Champ walks along the wall with a stud finder with the bright yellow wax marker.

She writes "stud" and draws two vertical lines every time it beeps.

Eyes peer through a dirty window at her.

EXT. SHACK PORCH - MOMENTS LATER

Several other police cars at the scene.

Coroners van parked near the shed cordoned off with police tape.

The hillbillies sit on the steps with their hands cuffed behind them.

Underwood paces.

UNIFORMED OFFICERS stand guard.

Trix interrogates.

TRIX

So what you're telling me is that this guy drove up here, you caught him placing a dead body on the wall of your shed and he gave you fifty dollars to leave it there until he came back for it later.

CHARLIE

Yes'm. That's the whole story right there.

TRIX

Who was this guy?

CHARLIE

I didn't really catch his name.

FLASHBACK - DIRT ROAD

Steve-0 sees a truck barreling toward him. He stands in the middle of the road and waves his arms to flag it down to help.

The truck does not slow down.

The horn blasts.

Steve-O jumps out of the way into the saw grass.

The truck bounces past quickly.

EXT. SHACK PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Trix interrogates.

TRIX

What's the deal with all this meat?

CHARLIE

It's spoiled.

JUSTINE

We use it for bait.

ED

But it don't work.

UNDERWOOD

And you make moonshine?

CHARLIE

Cane shine son. Best you ever set  
yer tongue to.

Underwood shakes his head and takes a deep breath like a man  
trying to sober up.

UNDERWOOD

You may be the stupidest people I  
have ever met.

(to Uniformed Officer)

Officer, please escort them  
downtown. Read them their rights.

They all stand up.

ED

What's the charges?

UNDERWOOD

How about we spin a little wheel  
and see where it lands?

INT. PUTANESCA'S BUNGALOW - MOMENTS LATER

Champ turns the corner, startled to see DOCTOR BENNETT holding a shovel.

She jumps.

Doctor Bennett smiles.

DOCTOR BENNETT  
I'm sorry. I didn't mean to  
frighten you.

CHAMP  
Can I help you?

DOCTOR BENNETT  
No. I am doing just fine, thank  
you. I am doing some gardening.  
Do you also work for Dame  
Putanesca?

CHAMP  
Dame Put - Oh, you work for  
Putanesca!

DOCTOR BENNETT  
Yes, of course. And you are?

CHAMP  
(nervous)  
Champagne. Champ. You can call me  
Champ.

DOCTOR BENNETT  
What is that device you have?

CHAMP  
Oh this? This is a stud finder.

DOCTOR BENNETT  
(snickering)  
A stud finder? Does it work?

CHAMP  
Not that kind. The studs in the  
wall.

DOCTOR BENNETT  
Of course, I'm kidding. I didn't  
see a car. How did you get here?

CHAMP  
Starr dropped me off.

DOCTOR BENNETT  
Of course! You are Starr's sister!  
She tells Dame Putanesca many  
wonderful things about you.

CHAMP  
You know Starr?

DOCTOR BENNETT  
Of course. I know everything.

EXT. POLICE STATION PARKING LOT - DAY

The squad cars doors pop open and OFFICERS escort the  
hillbillies out.

Beck and Steve-O exit the other vehicle ten feet away.

CHARLIE  
Mr. O? I thought about your offer.  
I'll take it.

STEVE-O  
What offer?

CHARLIE  
Forty thousand for the whole she-  
bang. Meat, house and everything.  
I'll take it.

The OFFICERS lead Charlie away.

STEVE-O  
He's loopy.

Beck and Steve-O head into the station.

EXT. PUTANESCA'S BUNGALOW - MOMENTS LATER

Starr pulls up beside Doctor Bennett's truck.

She grabs a bag of to-go food and drinks and gets out of her  
car.

She stands a foot away.

STARR  
Who's truck is this?



She examines the truck.

INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Putanesca hears her and screams through the gag.

EXT. PUTANESCA'S BUNGALOW - CONTINUOUS

Starr hears nothing.

She takes the food and heads toward the house.

INT. PUTANESCA'S BUNGALOW - CONTINUOUS

Champ is gagged and tied to a stud through a hole in the wall.

She hears Starr enter.

STARR (O.S.)  
Champ! You upstairs?

Champ tries to scream through the gag.

MAIN ROOM

Starr walks through the house.

STARR  
Champ?

She stops to listen. Hears nothing.

She turns around startled to see

Crazy-eyed Doctor Bennett standing there.

DOCTOR BENNETT  
You must be Starr.

INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Putanesca freaks out and screams.

Breaks the wrist bindings and rips off the blindfold.

Wrestles the gag out of his mouth and climbs out of the truck.

A scream issues from inside the bungalow.

Putanesca dashes to the house.

INT. PUTANESCA'S BUNGALOW - CONTINUOUS

Starr runs from Doctor Bennett.

Fast food is strewn across the floor.

He grabs her and holds her by the neck and arms. He drags her into the room where Champ is tied up.

Champ screams through her gag.

STARR

Let me go!

DOCTOR BENNETT

Stop it now! Calm down.  
Everything is going to be all  
right.

WHACK!

Putanesca slams Doctor Bennett with the shovel and down he goes.

STARR

Puty?

PUTANESCA

Starr.

She rushes to Putanesca for a passionate kiss.

Champ looks stunned. She shouts through the gag.

CHAMP

HHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

INT. POLICE STATION - HOMICIDE

Beck and Trix sit at their desks with Steve-O between them.

BECK

You really do get into some wild  
and wacky stuff don't you Steve-O?

STEVE-O

Tell me about it.

BECK

Still not making sense that we know all these people. Can you think of any connection?

STEVE-0

No. I keep racking my brain, but I got nothing.

TRIX

Kind of like your friend Blakey.

Tyler bursts in.

TYLER

Underwood needs you down in holding. And bring him with you.

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Starr and Champ sit behind different panes of glass giving statements to different police DETECTIVES.

Steve-0 sees them as he walks past.

STEVE-0

What are they doing here?

Underwood points at a door with a little window.

Steve-0 looks inside.

A disheveled Putanesca gives a statement to another DETECTIVE.

STEVE-0

Putanesca? I don't understand.

UNDERWOOD

We're going to have a little high school reunion here in a couple of minutes. I'm guessing he was the prom queen.

STEVE-0

King actually.

LARGE INTERROGATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Putanesca, Starr, Champ, Steve-0, and Beck sit in a line of chairs on one side of the room opposite the glass.

Putanesca and Starr hold hands.

Putanesca wears smeared lipstick and a ripped dress.

STEVE-O

Peter?

PUTANESCA

Hi Steve-O.

STEVE-O

Sorry, didn't recognize you. You look good.

UNDERWOOD

Okay. Now that I've got the student council assembled, which one of you spray-painted the back of the gym? Never mind. Mr. Beck, you and Mr. Williams and Mr. Rissinovich here all go to the same school - do I have that right?

BECK

Right.

UNDERWOOD

And you two ladies? Where do you go to school?

STARR

We don't go too sch-

CHAMP

Atlanta Central.

Underwood lays out photos on the table like playing cards.

UNDERWOOD

Thanks for playing along. Now, three of your classmates have been missing home room. Mr. Hayes. Mr. Brooks. And Mr. I don't know.

They look closely at the photo of the dead man.

PUTANESCA

That's Barry Dawson.

Beck picks it up.

BECK

That is Barry Dawson.

STEVE-O

It is?

UNDERWOOD

You sure?

They all stare at it closely and nod affirmatively.

BECK

He's the one from the shed?

UNDERWOOD

And the principal ain't happy, let me tell you. Now, somebody is going to go to detention this weekend - I can feel it! What I want to know is why these guys all died the same way on your property, Mr. Williams.

STEVE-O

Well, I didn't do it.

UNDERWOOD

That's what they all say. So if you didn't do it, who did?

POLICE STATION - HOMICIDE

Charlie, Ed, and Justine stand handcuffed.

They react to somebody on the other side of a glass wall.

CHARLIE

Yup, that's him alright.

ED

That's the feller. Never come back like he said he would.

LARGE INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The lights flicker on in the room on the other side of the glass.

UNDERWOOD

Could it be this guy?

Trix and Tyler lead a straightjacketed Doctor Bennett into that room.

Doctor Bennett has a huge bandage on his head.

Putanesca, Starr and Champ shudder.

Steve-0 stands.

STEVE-0  
Doctor Bennett?

Beck stands.

BECK  
Steve-0. That's Daffy!

Putanesca stands.

PUTANESCA  
Daffy?

MIRRORED INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

DAFFY stares at the mirror.

Trix stays in one corner of the room and Tyler takes the other.

DAFFY approaches the mirror.

DAFFY  
Are they in there? They are -

LARGE INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The group watch Daffy approach.

His voice resonates eerily through the speaker.

DAFFY  
(speaker)  
Aren't they?

He puts his face up to the glass and laughs.

DAFFY  
Hello.

UNDERWOOD  
(soft tone)  
Now, how do you all know this guy?

BECK  
He killed the bus driver. I  
thought he was locked up.

STEVE-O  
(whispers)  
Can he hear us?

BECK  
No.

STEVE-O  
He's my psychiatrist.

UNDERWOOD  
He's no psychiatrist. He's an  
escaped mental patient.

STEVE-O  
I've been seeing him for two years.

UNDERWOOD  
Been loose for three.

STEVE-O  
He sold me motivational CDs.

PUTANESCA  
He kidnapped me. Why?

DAFFY  
(speaker)  
You're in there -

MIRRORED INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Daffy breathes on the mirror.

DAFFY  
Aren't you Steve-O? And your buddy  
Peter. Putanesca.

LARGE INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

They back up a little.

DAFFY  
(speaker)  
And Reggie Beck. Detective Reggie  
Beck. How ya doing kids?  
(MORE)

DAFFY(cont'd)

Want to play some baseball? Going  
to be hard with half a team.

STEVE-O

(softly)  
Why did he do this?

DAFFY

(speaker)  
Is someone asking why? Why?  
That's a good question! Why?

MIRRORED INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Daffy leans on the mirror.

DAFFY

Why did you throw snowballs at my  
girlfriend? Why did you do that?  
Why were you such mean kids?  
(sadder)  
She got so sick. She was in pain.

LARGE INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

They watch Daffy slowly slip to the floor.

DAFFY

(speaker)  
So much pain. She didn't want to  
suffer. She wanted more pills, so  
I gave them to her. She went to  
sleep. You damn kids. Why were  
you so mean?

Daffy hits the floor.

Beck and Steve-O peer down at him.

EXT. RICHARDS BEACH DECK - MORNING

Steve-O and Blakey talk over coffee.

BLAKEY

Daffy? The guy who stole all our  
gloves and bats and stuff?

STEVE-O

Yup. One and the same. I didn't  
even know it was him.



BLAKEY

You never have been able to  
remember a face to save your life.

STEVE-O

Been counseling me for two years.

BLAKEY

You said all that positive  
reinforcement helped make you rich.

STEVE-O

But he was going to kill us.

BLAKEY

Take the good with the bad.

STEVE-O

I should have known. Always  
focused on my childhood. Asking me  
how to get everywhere.

FLASHBACK - DOCTORS OFFICE

Doctor Bennett has a huge street map unfolded on the desk.

Steve-O and Doctor Bennett lean over it.

DOCTOR BENNETT

You take this road right here?

STEVE-O

Right. It's pretty far out there.  
Killer location. Remote. Why do  
you want to know?

DOCTOR BENNETT

Just curious. I love maps.

EXT. RICHARDS BEACH DECK - MORNING

Blakey and Steve-O talk.

BLAKEY

Starr's going to sign divorce  
papers?

STEVE-O

Yup. She's moving in with  
Putanesca.

(MORE)

STEVE-O(cont'd)

Broke his pool boys heart. Heard they're looking for a new one.

BLAKEY

Starr really knows how to pick 'em doesn't she? What's Champ doing?

STEVE-O

Going back home.

BLAKEY

So what's next?

STEVE-O

Business as usual, I guess.

BLAKEY

Going to find a new psychiatrist?

STEVE-O

Already got an appointment.

FLASHBACK - RICHARDS BEACH DECK

Steve-O meets Summer.

STEVE-O

So what do you do?

SUMMER

I'm a psychiatrist.

STEVE-O

Well, we all need a little help now and then don't we?

I/E. RICHARDS BEACH DECK - MORNING

Blakey stands to leave.

STEVE-O

Where you going?

BLAKEY

I have a date.

STEVE-O

You do? Who's the lucky girl?

INT. SALON - LATER

Blakey enters the salon and approaches Mimi.

BLAKEY  
Ready to try your first oyster?

Mimi smiles.

MIMI  
I don't know. As long as you  
promise I won't get sick.

BLAKEY  
If you do, I'll clean it up.

Putanesca enters the salon and steps up to Mimi and Blakey.

PUTANESCA  
I have an appointment to be waxed  
thoroughly so I will be smooth.

MIMI  
Oh, that's right. Let me have  
Geraldine get a room ready for you.  
This will only take a minute.  
(to Blakey)  
Be right back.

Putanesca and Blakey stand side by side for a silent moment.

Putanesca studies Blakey's physique.

Blakey smiles back.

PUTANESCA  
You have the countenance of a  
mixologist. What do you know how  
to do with alcohol?

BLAKEY  
I make kick-ass mojitos.

PUTANESCA  
Mojitos? Do you know how to cook?

BLAKEY  
Do I know how to cook? Are you  
kidding? I'm a fabulous cook! I  
can make anything.

PUTANESCA

Anything?

BLAKEY

I can take a lemon, banana leaves,  
a fish and a coconut and make a  
gourmet Mayan Ceviche that will  
rock your world.

Putanesca smiles.

PUTANESCA

Do you know how to swim?

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The Hillbillies stand before the JUDGE.

JUDGE

Bail is set at \$10,000 each for a  
total of \$30,000. Can you post  
bail?

CHARLIE

Yes, sir. If'n you can cash a  
check.

JUDGE

Pay the bailiff on your way out.  
Case dismissed.

The judge slams a gavel.

FADE TO BLACK.