

Skin

by

Michael L. Fawcett

1861 9th St., Unit B
Los Osos CA 93402
mfawcett@calpoly.edu
(805) 534-1229

FADE IN:

MONTAGE

Old, leathery arms, legs and faces, in bedrooms, bathrooms, and at a beach, being slathered with skin cream, sun tan lotion, or sun screen.

Middle-aged arms, legs, and faces undergoing the same treatment.

Young, beautiful arms, legs, and faces undergoing the same treatment.

A beautiful, swan-necked woman in early twenties looks into a mirror as she messages a dot of face cream into each of her cheek bones.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

From one end of a long, empty corridor, EVELYN CRANOR approaches. She walks stiffly with a cane, yet appears to be in her early forties.

INT. CORRIDOR

She approaches and enters a large archway with the sign "DERMATOLOGY" above it.

INT. WAITING ROOM

Several patients sit reading magazines. Evelyn approaches receptionist's window.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

DR. MARCUS GREEN works on the back of a middle-aged MALE PATIENT. He wears latex gloves. Early 30s and handsome.

Close by, a tray with instruments and a syringe.

SMALL DISCOLORATION

on man's back.

The doctor takes a scalpel from the tray.

SCALPEL

as it cuts around the discoloration, blood welling up, the doctor's other hand blotting the blood with a gauze pad.

MALE PATIENT

This thing gonna kill me, doc?

MARC

A small, very shallow melanoma.
You're going to be fine. But you'll
need a total body check every three
months for a year.

MALE PATIENT

Too many days on the beach.

MARC

Not to mention your Celtic origins,
Mr. McKenzie.

MR. MCKENZIE (MALE PATIENT)

Shitty skin.

MARC

Real shitty skin.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - LATER

Marc and DR. ELIZABETH "LIBBY" BLACK look at a clipboard.

They are bewildered.

Libby is late 20s and drop-dead gorgeous.

EVELYN (O.S.)

(irritated)

I know what's puzzling you.

EVELYN'S FACE

She looks mid-forties.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

That I'm eighty-four.

BACK TO SCENE

Libby takes Evelyn's chin in her hand and tilts her head up.

Evelyn flashes a smile of gleaming teeth.

EVELYN (CONT'D)
Veneers. But my skin is the real thing.

LIBBY
Amazing. How?

EVELYN
Secret formula. Used it for sixty years.

MARC
Secret formula?

EVELYN
You two specialize in the regeneration of aging skin. I've followed your brief but meteoric careers. My appointment was to astound you. Pass my secret on to you.

INT. CORRIDOR - LATER

Marc and Libby walk together.

MARC
Miss Chicago, Libby?

LIBBY
Only been in L.A. for two weeks.

MARC
Haven't seen you since your welcome party.

LIBBY
After what we just witnessed you'll be seeing a lot of me.

MARC
Tomorrow at seven?

LIBBY
Seven.

MARC
Her house isn't far.

LIBBY
Like fifty miles in L.A. speak?

MARC
Sixty tops.

EXT. HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

A YOUNG WOMAN, 25, answers the door. She's dressed in a man's tuxedo. Her hair is short and swept back.

YOUNG WOMAN
You must be Doctors Green and
Black. Welcome. I'm Gregg.

INT. FOYER

GREGG (YOUNG WOMAN)
Follow me, please. Evelyn's in the
kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN

Evelyn stands at an island on which sits an electric hot plate with a double boiler.

Gregg pours two glasses of wine from a bottle on the counter and hands them to Libby and Marc.

She pours herself a stiff, neat drink from a bottle of scotch.

GREGG
A ten-year old Gevrey-Chambertin
Pinot Noir. Enjoy.

She sweeps out of the room with her drink.

Marc and Libby clink their glasses appreciatively

EVELYN
Want to show you my favorite
recipe.

She takes a small square of a waxy-looking substance and puts it into the double broiler.

EVELYN (CONT'D)
One ounce world's finest bees wax.

Pours a clear liquid from a beaker into the double broiler.

EVELYN (CONT'D)
Two cups sweet almond oil.

Stirs at the mixture.

EVELYN (CONT'D)
The wax melts quickly.

Measures something into a small beaker from a decorative
cruet.

EVELYN (CONT'D)
One hundred milliliters rose water.

LIBBY
(droll)
You're making us hungry.

EVELYN
(yelling)
Gregg, get us all some Humboldt Fog
and crackers.

Reaches for a small bottle and carefully unscrews its cap.

Hands it to Libby.

Libby sniffs it carefully.

LIBBY
Haunting.

She hands the bottle to Marc, who also sniffs it.

MARC
Myrrh?

EVELYN
Good guess. Doctor Black?

LIBBY
No idea.

Evelyn draws a small quantity from the bottle into a pipette.

EVELYN
Pour fin, sixteen drops of
frankincense.

The doctors exchange approving looks.

LIBBY
(incredulous)
This is the secret to your amazing
skin?

EVELYN

Oh, my dear, no. Just an inexpensive high quality skin cream.

INT. DEN - NIGHT

A comfortable room with lots of books.

At one end a portable movie screen and in the center a small table upon which sits an old 8 mm. movie projector.

EVELYN CRANOR

Took me half an hour to thread the damn thing.

Evelyn sits beside the projector and the doctors on either side of her.

Gregg dims the lights.

Evelyn starts the projector.

INSERT - MOVIE SCREEN

Amateurish b/w shots and pans of an elegant 17th Century building.

EVELYN (O.S.)

(French)

L'hôpital Saint Louis.

(English)

Saint Louis Hospital in Paris. Founded in 1618 during an outbreak of the plague. Still going, greatly expanded of course. For the last two-hundred years it's specialized in dermatology. My husband Peter did most of his research there.

MARC (O.S.)

When was this film taken?

EVELYN (O.S.)

Nineteen fifty-two.

Two men in white lab coats stand before a laboratory bench mugging for the camera.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

My husband's on the left. The other man is Dr. Lazlo Zarkoff, his research partner.

(MORE)

EVELYN (CONT'D)
(to husband)
Oh, Peter, I miss you still.

Her husband stirs at something in a large beaker.

He makes the face of a mad scientist.

Zarkoff walks around in b.g. bent over like Igor in a Frankenstein film.

EVELYN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
These two came up with my magic skin potion. I began using it the year this film was shot.

Zarkoff as Igor fills the screen.

EVELYN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Lazlo Zarkoff killed Peter.

LIBBY (O.S.)
Killed your husband?

EVELYN (O.S.)
Never could prove it, of course.

MARC (O.S.)
Why would he kill your husband?

EVELYN (O.S.)
Peter wanted the potion for humanity. Zarkoff wanted it for himself. To get rich. Which he is doing as we speak.

LIBBY (O.S.)
He's alive and still working?

Peter and Evelyn stand on a sidewalk and begin walking.

They follow the sidewalk just past the camera.

Evelyn tilts her head and bats her eyes at the camera as they walk past.

EVELYN (O.S.)
Alive but not well. Owns a spa called Solimar in Northern California.

MARC (O.S.)
I know Solimar. A fountain of youth for the filthy rich.

Peter and Evelyn sit at an outdoor cafe in a park, smoking and sipping at small glasses of something.

Peter and Evelyn stand with their arms around each other smiling for the camera.

BACK TO SCENE

EVELYN

It's still painful for me. Bring up the lights, Gregg.

The lights come up.

Evelyn turns off the projector.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

The four sit in a comfortable couch arrangement before a small fire in a stone fireplace.

EVELYN

Peter fell off a tour boat in the Seine. On a bitterly cold winter day. Hardly any tourists so no witnesses. Zarkoff said he was clowning around and lost his balance.

LIBBY

Wasn't there an investigation?

EVELYN

Oh, they recovered his body. An autopsy said he drowned. Actually it dawned on me only later that Zarkoff had murdered him. Peter had no use for boats or water. He could barely swim. By then, Zarkoff had returned to the States.

MARC

And Zarkoff now owns Solimar.

EVELYN

BabySkin.

LIBBY

BabySkin?

EVELYN

BabySkin is what his employees call him. Behind his back of course.

GREGG

He started using the potion when Evelyn did.

EVELYN

In his early nineties now. Tools around in a customized wheelchair.
(sarcastic)
Has skin as soft as a baby's bottom.

MARC

Christ!

EVELYN

Lazlo Zarkoff is an evil man.

LIBBY

Something out of a sci-fi film.

EVELYN CRANOR

Worse.

LIBBY

You still haven't told us the secret of your young skin.

Evelyn gets up and walks over to a small painting on the wall.

It folds to one side to reveal a safe.

She quickly dials the combination and pulls out an envelope.

She hands the envelope to Libby.

EVELYN

The formula. A list of all the ingredients and where I purchase them. Also instructions how to make it.

MARC

Why do you want to publicize this now?

EVELYN

Making the potion's a bitch. Worse, you have to administer it as an on-going series of intracutaneous injections. Most people couldn't tolerate them. And it's frightfully expensive. Thank God Peter was born with a silver spoon.

(MORE)

EVELYN (CONT'D)

(pause)

Gregg, bring another bottle of the
Gevrey and some syringes.

Gregg gets up a little unsteadily and heads for the kitchen.

LIBBY

Why didn't Dr. Zarkoff create a
topical version of the potion?

Evelyn makes sure Gregg is out of the room.

EVELYN

After years of research, he's
started a trial version on one of
his clients at Solimar.

MARC

How do you know this?

EVELYN

BabySkin's secretary is an old
friend of mine. Keeps me up on his
every move.

(pause)

Two Solimar employees recently went
missing. She suspects BabySkin had
them killed to keep them quiet
about something or because he
feared they were going to cop the
formula.

LIBBY

We're in the midst of a murder
mystery.

EVELYN

I want to avenge my husband's
death. Put Lazlo Zarkoff in prison
for the rest of his life however
brief that may be.

Gregg returns with a tray that holds a bottle of the Pinot,
three glasses, a small crimp vial, a bottle of rubbing
alcohol, cotton swabs, and several syringes in sterile
packaging.

While Gregg pours the wine, Evelyn quickly swabs her upper
arm with alcohol, removes a syringe from its package, and
draws it full of the medicine.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

The needle's very short very thin
but it's still a needle.

(MORE)

EVELYN (CONT'D)

I put several ccs in at one inch intervals.

She deftly injects the potion over the area of her upper arm as if she were filling individual chocolate cream candies with a liqueur.

EVELYN CRANOR

I was a nurse for years. A plus since every part of the body, including the face, hands and feet has to be injected every three months.

MARC

How does it work?

EVELYN CRANOR

To be honest, I forgot what Peter told me. I know it maintains one's elastin and collagen at the level of a thirty-year old.

LIBBY

Can it restore old skin?

EVELYN CRANOR

Four elderly Parisian friends of ours showed remarkable results after a year. But we never did a controlled study.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOLIMAR - DAY

The large Spanish Colonial Revival complex stands on an enormous hill overlooking the Pacific Ocean.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A conference table surrounded by comfortable chairs, in one of which sits a Solimar employee, as if at attention.

He wears a tailored suit.

Double doors open and BABYSKIN comes barreling through in a large, gizmo-laden, custom wheel chair.

It has everything: computer, large monitor, smart phone, iPad, TV, speedometer, small refrigerator, PA system, air brakes, and a collection of various lotions and creams.

A rifle with a telescopic sight rests on a rack in the rear.

BabySkin is a ninety-year old man in the skin of a prepubescent girl.

Yet a skin with a florescent-light prison pallor.

He has a full head of transplanted hair combed back in a severe silver pompadour.

He always speaks through the PA system, his voice edgy with a mechanical resonance.

He is a living horror.

The AIR BRAKES emit a PSSS as his chair comes to a halt.

BABYSKIN

(to the room)

The meeting starts in five minutes
and the only person here is
Bagdasarian.

BAGDASARIAN'S FACE

holds a self-congratulatory smirk.

BACK TO SCENE

BabySkin stabs twice at his phone.

BABYSKIN (CONT'D)

God-dammit. All of you get down
here now. I'm flying to the City in
one hour.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Five men and five women sit around the table.

They are not comfortable in the presence of BabySkin.

By BabySkin's side sits his long-suffering secretary, BEVERLY WOOD, 60-ish, who channels the fay quirkiness of, say, an Elsa Lanchester.

She records the meeting on a stenotype device.

BABYSKIN

Why is it that Bagdasarian is the
only one at Solimar who can
anticipate a meeting?

BabySkin runs his rheumy eyes over the assembly.

Bagdasarian displays pleasure in his employer's praise and schadenfreude for the discomfiture of his fellow employees.

BABYSKIN (CONT'D)

Bob, what've you got for us?

Bagdasarian plucks a sheaf of crisp papers from his brief case and lays them on the table.

BAGDASARIAN (BOB)

Although Solimar continues to enjoy robust financial health, I regret to point out that this month's revenues are essentially like those of the past five months. Unchanged...

BABYSKIN

Well that is god-damned old news and bad new news.

The PA emits a squeal of feedback.

One of the men raises his hand timidly.

BABYSKIN (CONT'D)

(impatient)

What is it, Martin?

MARTIN

Dr. Zarkoff, at last month's meeting you hinted that Solimar might soon introduce a startling medical innovation into its treatment program.

BABYSKIN (DR. KARLOFF)

I didn't hint, I hoped that we could do this.

MARTIN

(cowed)

You hoped that --

BABYSKIN

Martin, your sycophancy makes me want to vomit.

(pause)

That medical innovation will soon become available to some of our clients.

BabySkin steers his chair toward the two big doors, that open magically as if to his secret command.

Abruptly, he swings the chair toward the board members.

BABYSKIN (CONT'D)

Remember --

A squeal of feedback cuts him off.

BABYSKIN (CONT'D)

Christ! Mayberg, will you ever figure out how to stop this fucking feedback?

MAYBERG, dressed in a spotless mechanic's blue overalls, squirms in his seat.

MAYBERG

Sorry, Dr. Zarkoff, I'll reposition the speakers this afternoon. If that doesn't solve the problem, I'll adjust the EQ, take a little off the top --

BABYSKIN

Enough!

(pause)

I'm beginning to suspect your engineering degree is something more akin to a trade school welding certificate.

(pause)

Remember, Solimar is not only the nation's most expensive spa. We are the only one that guarantees results. And for forty years no one has every complained.

(ranting)

Except that rich bitch Christie McCrystal from Cupertino.

(pause)

No one from her family ever sets a foot in Solimar again. Not even a fifth cousin on her uncle's side. Not if the person carried in a suitcase of one-thousand dollar bills.

(pause)

One day Solimar will be more famous than all the Marienbads, Franzenbads and Karlsbads put together.

He speeds his chair through the double doors.

INT. LABORATORY - NIGHT

Marc and Libby stand on either side of DR. MILTON DAVIES, 45, bald, stout and resourceful.

They are in an aseptic lab. All wear scrubs, surgical masks and caps, and latex gloves.

Dr. Davies slowly pours something from a graduated cylinder into a volumetric flask.

DR. DAVIES

A wonder Cranor never got a serious infection from all the years of injections or from a contaminated batch of the therapeutic.

LIBBY

Don't underestimate Evelyn Cranor.

DR. DAVIES

In its simplicity, the therapeutic's brilliant. I can only guess at its pharmacodynamics. The retinol and the hyaluronic acid nourish new collagen development, of course. Something obviously boosts their bioavailability.

MARC

Thanks again for your help. I have trouble making a Cosmopolitan.

DR. DAVIES

You're treating me to Mahgreb and the lamb and the belly dancer?

LIBBY

For sure.

Dr. Davies carefully pours the contents of two other graduated cylinders into the flask.

DR. DAVIES

Voilà Cranor's injectable.

He pours the contents of the flask into a series of small vials standing in a rack.

He caps them with an electric crimping tool.

DR. DAVIES (CONT'D)
Sterile and injectable.

LIBBY
To think Eve has been making this
stuff and injecting it for sixty
years.

MARC
Bless her heart.

LIBBY
She deserves to look forty at
eighty-four.

INT. LABORATORY - LATER

The three doctors hold bottles of beer.

LIBBY
The truth, Milton. Would you inject
this shit over the next thirty
years to have the pliable skin of a
young man?

Dr. Davies finishes his beer with a long swig.

DR. DAVIES
Look at me. I'm a brainy, geeky guy
who's never had a girlfriend. What
would I ever need young skin for?

LIBBY
is suddenly moved and puts her hand over her mouth.
Marc sees this.

LIBBY
Milt, don't beat yourself up.

Dr. Davies gathers his things.
He walks toward the door, pauses, and turns.

DR. DAVIES
I'm forty-five, guys. And I've had
sex fewer times than that.

LIBBY
cannot say anything.

Dr. Davies smiles to release Marc and Libby from their unease.

He raises his arms.

DR. DAVIES (CONT'D)
Hey, I might get lucky with the belly dancer.

He leaves the laboratory.

Libby looks at Marc with an expression of there but for the grace of God go I.

INT. BAR - DAY

CORNISH TENNYSON, 45, sits in a comfortable chair at a small table. Natty, arty, indolent.

A waiter sits a Bloody Mary in front of him and a glass of neat whiskey in front of another person who sits O.S.

He sips at his drink.

CORNISH
They make them absolutely from scratch. Topped off with just a nose of freshly ground pepper.
(pause)
So, do you have anything?
(pause)
You haven't had much for a couple of months now.

GREGG

sits opposite Cornish. She wears men's trousers, a button-down sweater and a tie.

GREGG
Eve gave the formula for the injectable to two dermatologists. A Dr. Black and a Dr. Green.

Cornish leans forward.

CORNISH
The kind of thing we've been waiting for. Colorful to boot.

GREGG
They'll no doubt try to make a batch. Beyond that I can't say.
(MORE)

GREGG (CONT'D)

Eve has something else in mind for them to do, I'm sure. She doesn't always include me in her confidences.

Cornish slides an envelope toward Gregg.

CORNISH

Good work.

Gregg looks at Cornish without expression as she folds the envelope and puts it into a shoulder bag.

INT. CONVERTIBLE - DAY

Marc and Libby are on a coastal highway, Libby at the wheel.

They wear dark glasses and casual clothing.

Pacific Ocean in b.g.

LIBBY

Once we're settled in at Solimar, Beverly will contact us.

MARC

Beverly, Babyskin's secretary.

Libby nods.

LIBBY

I asked Eve what our week at Solimar is costing her. She said if we knew we wouldn't go.

MARC

Then gives us each five-thousand in cash.

LIBBY

"Revenge never was so sweet, so cheap." Her words.

MARC

Posing as clients at Solimar we steal the formula for the topical version of the potion.

LIBBY

Exactly.

MARC

How do we do that?

LIBBY

Find out where BabySkin keeps it,
take it during the night.

MARC

A person could get killed doing
that.

LIBBY

Where's your spirit of adventure?

MARC

Used it up the day I bungee jumped
on my thirtieth birthday.

LIBBY

Think what this skin therapeutic
means for humankind.

MARC

Do we really need eighty-year old
women who look forty? Isn't one
Raquel Welch enough?

LIBBY

Then think how important it is to
put Lazlo Zarkoff behind bars.

MARC

Patience. Before long Lazlo Zarkoff
will be a ninety-something corpse
who looks forty.

EXT. PIER - DAY

People stroll on an old wooden pier.

INT. PIER RESTAURANT - DAY

Marc and Libby enjoy a seafood lunch.

Through the big windows of the restaurant are blue sky and
blue sea and boats.

LIBBY

These fish and chips are to die
for.

MARC

Not to mention the skin potion.

LIBBY

Dr. Zarkoff is older than both of us put together. We can handle him.

MARC

He's got his own handlers I'm sure. It's them I'm worried about.

LIBBY

We'll steer clear of them.

MARC

Come on, Libby. BabySkin may have killed three men by now. Committing your first murder is like earning your first million. It's hard. After that each one gets easier.

Libby looks at Marc through her wine glass.

LIBBY

Two glasses of wine I'm realizing how attractive you are.

MARC

It takes two?

LIBBY

Sorry. I'm being unprofessional.

MARC

Maybe after two bottles I'd consider stealing the skin formula. "Consider" stealing it.

LIBBY

Stick with me, Marcus. I'll have you doing Black Ops inside Kaiser Permanente.

EXT. SOLIMAR - ENTRANCE - DAY

Marc pulls his convertible up to the entrance.

He pops the trunk.

A BELL CAPTAIN, in white suit and captain's hat, opens the door for Libby, and the two doctors get out.

A muscle man in white chinos and white polo shirt gets in the driver's seat while his apparent twin takes suitcases out of the trunk.

BELL CAPTAIN
 You must be Miss Gloria Gray and
 Mr. Robert Brown. Welcome to
 Solimar.

The two doctors look at each other impressed.

LIBBY
 We are.

BELL CAPTAIN
 They're expecting you in reception.

INT. SOLIMAR - RECEPTION - DAY

A RECEPTIONIST in a white suit walks toward the two doctors,
 her hand extended.

RECEPTIONIST
 Welcome, to Solimar. I'm Stanlee
 Smith.
 (to Libby)
 You must be Gloria Gray
 (to Marc)
 and Bob Brown.

INT. RECEPTION DESK - MOMENTS LATER

Marc and Libby sit opposite the receptionist.

STANLEE (RECEPTIONIST)
 You're here for a week on the Open
 Plan.

LIBBY
 Thought we might as well pull out
 all the stops.

STANLEE
 It is a lot more expensive. But
 there's no other spa in America
 like Solimar.

LIBBY
 So live it up.

STANLEE
 Exactly. All of Solimar's services
 are at your disposal including all
 medical consultations and all food
 and beverages.

(MORE)

STANLEE (CONT'D)
Gratuities for all servers and technicians are included. If you wish you can always give them something extra.

INT. GUEST COTTAGE - DAY

Marc hands a ten to one of the muscled clones in white chinos and polo shirt.

BELL HOP
Thank you very much.

He bows shallowly and exits.

LIBBY
I thought tips were already included.

MARC
Force of habit.

Libby walks through the cottage.

There are two bedrooms and a living area with a fireplace and a balcony overlooking the ocean.

Very modern, very white.

EXT. BALCONY

The doctors look out on the ocean.

MARC
We're going to steal something from a wall safe in this mega-million dollar compound?

Libby suddenly puts her hand over her mouth.

LIBBY
Oh, no!

MARC
(alarmed)
What is it?

LIBBY
I forgot to pack our black ski masks.

She laughs.

Marc shakes his head in exasperation.

EXT. SOLIMAR - SMOKING AREA - DAY

DR. JOSEF MANGEL exits building onto a small patio enclosed by semi-tropical greenery.

Sixty-ish, bald, with a Van Dyke, wearing wire glasses with round lenses and an old-fashioned, 1930s-era surgeon's gown that is dramatically bloody.

Sauve, debonair, European.

He takes a silver cigarette case from a pant's pocket, extracts a cigarette, which he taps on the case, and lights it with a small silver lighter.

He inhales with obvious satisfaction and blows smoke up at a palm tree.

EXT. SOLIMAR - GARDENS - PATHWAY - NEXT DAY

The Solimar grounds are splendid.

Marc and Libby walk slowly, taking it all in.

They see two men, TONY "SLACKS" ROMANO and ANASTAS "MEGATRON" POLSKI (both 40s) walk briskly by them on a pathway that runs parallel to theirs.

SLACKS is a small, tough guy in racetrack habiliment, slacks and a sport coat, with a nervous intelligence.

He looks annoyed to be in the presence of Megatron.

Megatron, an enormous mauler with gorilla intelligence, moves along as if powered by some kind of inner motor.

MARC (O.S.)

Dig the Raymond Chandler heavies.

BACK TO SCENE

LIBBY

Bet you those two are BabySkin's goons.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

The short one better have a high I.Q.

INT. TREATMENT ROOM - DAY

A WOMAN lies under a sheet on a treatment table.

An attractive, young COSMETICIAN applies gel to the woman's face with a brush.

COSMETICIAN

The procedure is painless, the gel numbs your skin.

WOMAN

The down time?

COSMETICIAN

Red and blistery tomorrow. By day four only a little redness on your cheeks.

WOMAN

Anything to get rid of the rosacea.

COSMETICIAN

After your fourth treatment it'll be ninety percent gone. And your skin will have produced a significant amount of new collagen. Ta da! Softer, smoother more evenly pigmented skin.

INT. TREATMENT ROOM

The woman now has small white plastic discs over her eyes.

The Cosmetician wears, on the other hand, an enormous pair of what look to be welder's goggles.

She wields a photo facial wand.

COSMETICIAN

The tip of the light guide will feel cold on your skin.

She touches the wand to the woman's forehead, moving left to right.

Then she goes down her nose and onto either cheek.

Every time the wand touches the woman's skin a light flashes.

COSMETICIAN (CONT'D)

Your facial tissue absorbs the energy of these pulses of intense light. That promotes collagen growth.

WOMAN

Absolutely no pain.

COSMETICIAN

Good because photo rejuvenation absolutely works.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Three giggly WOMEN with red, blistery faces walk down a corridor.

WOMAN #1

My friend Cindy went to a...

She makes "quotation" marks with her fingers.

WOMAN #1 (CONT'D)

... "cheaper" spa last month. She was a beet for a week.

WOMAN #2

Solimar gives you more gain with less pain.

WOMAN #3

Totally.

The women cross paths with an elderly wealthy couple attired in comfortable spa clothing.

The couple stares uncomfortably at the women's red faces.

They continues walking.

Pass a door with a sign.

INSERT - SIGN

"BRAZILIAN WAX/CERA BRASILEIRA"

BACK TO SCENE

From behind the door come a series of exclamations.

FEMALE SPA GUEST (V.O.)
 Jesus! Easy! Owww! Ohhh! Lord, have
 mercy!

The couple looks back toward the door and then at each other with troubled expressions.

They walk on as quickly as they can.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

A spa employee in suit and heels carrying a folder clips along.

As she approaches the door she glances at it and hurries her walk.

INSERT - SIGN

"BRAZILIAN WAX/CERA BRASILEIRA"

BACK TO SCENE

A series of exclamations coming from behind the door cause her to accelerate into a controlled run. She has heard this all before.

FEMALE SPA GUEST (V.O.)
 Eeeeyaoowww! That should be
 against international law!
 Eeeeyaoowww!

INT. TREATMENT ROOM - DAY

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN in a white robe lies on her back on a massage table.

A SVELTE ESTHETICIAN sits behind her and gently rubs something into her face.

SVELTE ESTHETICIAN
 I'm rubbing one of Solimar's
 proprietary serums into your skin.
 It contains natto gum, which is
 rich in hyaluronic acid. To boost
 collagen production.

She takes a sheet of paper on which is a large piece of gold leaf.

Lays it over the woman's face, then peels off the paper backing. Foil has eye holes and a nasal opening.

Quickly molds leaf to the woman's face.

SVELTE ESTHETICIAN (CONT'D)
Cleopatra always slept with a gold
mask on her face.

Paints the gold leaf with serum.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
My face feels warm.

Esthetician #1 massages the gold leaf into the woman's face.

SVELTE ESTHETICIAN
Your skin cells resist the gold's
penetration so actually produce
more skin cells. Faster than the
normal twenty-eight day period.
Gold also destroys free radicals
and slows collagen depletion.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
Gold is an anti-inflammatory.

SVELTE ESTHETICIAN
Absolutely. Although you have some
nasolabial lines, you'll hardly
notice them after the procedure.

INT. TREATMENT ROOM - DAY

Libby lies on her back on massage table, nude except for
towels over her breasts and pubic area.

A HEFTY ESTHETICIAN takes a white substance from a ceramic
bowl and smears it along one of Libby's legs.

HEFTY ESTHETICIAN
This morning I'm giving you what we
call a Salt Glow.

She begins working the substance back and forth on Libby's
leg.

LIBBY (GLORIA)
It will make me... what?

HEFTY ESTHETICIAN
(patting her leg)
Why, Miss Gray, it will make you
glow.

She continues to massage Libby's leg.

HEFTY ESTHETICIAN (CONT'D)

Sea salt and rubbing oil with citrus aromatics. The ultimate exfoliation treatment.

INT. TREATMENT ROOM - LATER

Libby lies on her stomach as Hefty Esthetician smears the salt rub over her shoulders.

LIBBY

The warm oil is divine.

INT. TREATMENT ROOM - LATER

Hefty Esthetician pulls a six-headed shower bar away from the wall and positions it over Libby.

HEFTY ESTHETICIAN

Now everybody's favorite. The Vichy shower. Close peepers please.

Hefty Esthetician turns on the shower and Libby almost disappears under the spray.

LIBBY

I could start every day this way.

HEFTY ESTHETICIAN

People in the world do. Many of them Solimar clients.

EXT. SOLIMAR GARDENS - BENCH - DAY

Marc and Libby sit near a concrete pathway.

Libby writes a post card.

LIBBY

Sis will be green with envy when she gets this.

Marc looks at a map of Solimar.

MARC

We may be dead with bullets when they get us.

(re: map)

Listen to this. "Solimar covers more than two-hundred fifty acres, some of it woodland."

Libby puts her hand to her brow as a sun visor.

LIBBY

I think that's BabySkin coming this way in his custom chair.

Marc turns.

They see BabySkin coming down the path.

BACK TO SCENE

Near Marc and Libby, three Solimar employees, I.D. tags around their neck, walk on the path.

BabySkin pulls up behind them.

His voice resonates over his PA.

BABYSKIN

Move your asses, people.

The three employees step to one side to let BabySkin pass.

He powers by them indifferent to their chagrin.

LIBBY

What an asshole!

A sign is attached to the rear of Zarkoff's chair.

INSERT - SIGN

"I GAVE \$431,289 TO CHARITY LAST YEAR."

INT. SOLIMAR - ENTRANCE - DAY

An energetic, SHORT MAN enters followed by two assistants.

Man is mid-60s, gold chains, show business.

His assistants are younger.

An intense blonde in a pant suit with a cell phone to her ear.

A rotund man carrying a bulky, leather briefcase.

Short Man walks up to Stanlee in reception.

SHORT MAN

I'm here for the mani-pedi.

STANLEE

You must be Mr. Duchin. They told me you'd be funny.

INT. SOLIMAR - RECEPTION - DAY

Duchin sits opposite Stanlee.

He constantly fidgets.

His assistants stand in b.g.

STANLEE

Dr. Mangel will see you tomorrow at 10:00 a.m.

She hands him a packet.

STANLEE (CONT'D)

Here is your Solimar packet which includes a map of the facility.

Duchin holds it over his head and his blonde assistant quickly comes to take it from his hand.

A muscled clone in white chinos and polo shirt has come up to Duchin's chair.

STANLEE (CONT'D)

Chris will show you to your rooms.

INT. SOLIMAR LOBBY - DAY

Chris, pushing a luggage cart, leads Duchin and his two-person entourage across the lobby.

DUCHIN

rehearses old one liners.

SHORT MAN (DUCHIN)

A Jewish woman had two chickens. One got sick, so she made chicken soup out of the other one to help the sick one get well.

DUCHIN

Before getting on a plane, I told the ticket lady, "Send one of my bags to New York, another to Los Angeles, and another to Miami." "We can't do that!" she said. I told her, "You did it last week!"

Two EMPLOYEES, a man and a women, watch Duchin do stand-up as he walks, his two acolytes close behind him.

BACK TO SCENE

MAN EMPLOYEE (O.S.)

Hey, I know that guy. He's Danny Duchin, the comic.

WOMAN EMPLOYEE (O.S.)

Haven't heard about him in years. Must be here for a career makeover.

MAN EMPLOYEE (O.S.)

He's talking to himself. Maybe he should have gone to a sanitorium.

INT. CORRIDOR - NEXT DAY

Duchin looks for Dr. Mangel's office.

He walks up to a SURGICAL NURSE in blue scrubs coming down the corridor.

DUCHIN

I got the Amish flu. At first I got a little horse. Later I got a little buggy.

She is taken aback.

DUCHIN (CONT'D)

Excuse me. I'm looking for a Dr. Dangle, Angle, Jangle, Tangle, Wangle...

SURGICAL NURSE

Dr. Mangel. Down the hall. Turn right.

Duchin takes a couple of steps and then stops and looks back.

DUCHIN

Mangel? I hope he's not a plastic surgeon.

INT. DR. MANGEL'S WAITING ROOM - DAY

Duchin no sooner takes a seat in the empty waiting room when a NURSE comes out a door.

Beautiful, statuesque and dressed in a retro nurse's uniform with long sleeves and cuffs and a bib apron that crisscrosses her back.

A small triangular hat pinned to her hair.

She hands Duchin a masonite clipboard painted in red.

NURSE

Good morning, Mr. Duchin. Would you be so kind to fill out this form.

DUCHIN

How many doctors does it take to change a light bulb?

The nurse is momentarily taken aback.

DUCHIN (CONT'D)

Only one, but he has to have a nurse to tell him which end to screw in.

She smiles, then covers her mouth with a hand as she leaves the room.

INT. DR. MANGEL'S OFFICE - LATER

An elegant room in Art Deco.

Duchin sits fidgeting opposite Dr. Mangel.

DR. MANGEL

Mr. Duchin, please stand and look me in the eye and slowly widen your eyes.

Duchin stands.

DUCHIN

A doctor is the only man who can tell a woman to take off all her clothes and then send a bill to her husband.

Dr. Mangel smiles briefly.

DUCHIN (CONT'D)

I'm a quick delivery comic. I'll be laid up here a few days without any gigs. Gotta run two-hundred old one-liners a day. To keep my chops up.

DUCHIN

looks at Dr. Mangel and slowly widens his eyes.

MANGEL

picks up the gold scalpel and holds it between his forefingers as he studies Duchin's face.

DUCHIN (CONT'D)

You gonna do it right here with the gold scalpel?

DR. MANGEL

You'll need a forehead lift along with the eyelid reduction for the best effect.

Dr. Mangel looks at the form on the red clipboard.

DR. MANGEL (CONT'D)

You're sixty-six. Your neck and jowls are good for sixty-six.

DUCHIN

What are we talking the eyes and forehead?

DR. MANGEL

Eighteen thousand.

DUCHIN

Christ, that's a lotta jokes. What with the Solimar package we're talking twenty-four thousand.

DR. MANGEL

Solimar is not a Motel 6.

DUCHIN

A man rushes into a doctor's office, shouting: "Doctor, I think I'm shrinking! The doctor calmly responds: "Now settle down. You'll just have to be a little patient."

Dr. Mangel gets up and goes over to Duchin.

He fiddles with his eyelids and pulls up his brow.

DUCHIN (CONT'D)

If a doctor doctors a doctor would
the doctor doctoring the doctor
doctor the doctor the way he wants
to doctor or the way the doctor
wants to doctor?

Dr. Mangel has found something on the scalp above Duchin's ear.

DUCHIN (CONT'D)

A very obese man walks into a
doctor's office. He says --

DR. MANGEL

Mr. Duchin, if you could stop your
constant talking for a moment.

DUCHIN

What? What?

DR. MANGEL

Mr. Duchin, you have what appears
to be a rather large melanoma above
your right ear. You were obviously
unaware of it because there is no
way you could have noticed it.

DUCHIN

Christ, a melanoma?

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - LATER

Dr. Mangel has just finished a biopsy of Duchin's suspected melanoma.

He places a vial with the biopsy specimen on the instrument tray.

Duchin is nervous.

DR. MANGEL

I'll get this diagnosed this
afternoon.

DUCHIN

It tests malignant, then what?

DR. MANGEL

You'll be in surgery first thing
tomorrow morning.

DUCHIN
 Maybe it's not malignant.

DR. MANGEL
 I can almost guarantee that it will be malignant. Still, we need to know exactly what kind of melanoma we're dealing with.

DUCHIN
 Is this fucking thing gonna kill me? I come in for an eye job and go out with terminal cancer.

There's a quick KNOCK on the DOOR.

Dr. Mangel's nurse pokes her head into the room.

NURSE
 Dr. Spiegleman can see Mr. Duchin tomorrow at 8:00 sharp.

DR. MANGEL
 Thank you, Janice.

DUCHIN
 "Eight-o'clock sharp." Is that an inside joke?

DR. MANGEL
 Dr. Spiegleman's office is only a couple of miles down the road. An hotel employee will meet you in the lobby at 7:30 and drive you there.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Duchin looks into a mirror, trying to see the small bandage that Dr. Mangel has put over the biopsy site.

DR. MANGEL
 To answer your earlier question. The doctor doctoring the doctor will doctor the way he wants to doctor.

Duchin seems confused and then realizes that Dr. Mangel has answered his doctor joke question.

DUCHIN
 (preoccupied)
 Thanks, Dr. Mangel. Thanks.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Duchin looks devastated.

He looks around and then produces a cigarette.

He lights it with a small lighter and blows smoke angrily.

DUCHIN
(aloud to himself)
Duchin, maybe you are washed up
after all.

INT. BABYSKIN'S OFFICE - DAY

The office is expansive with an ocean view.

BabySkin sits behind a large desk, a sour look on his face.

Beverly enters the room.

BEVERLY
Here's the file you wanted, doctor.

BABYSKIN
Why does it take you ten minutes to
get from your office to mine?

BEVERLY
I'm sorry, Dr. Zarkoff, I didn't
realize it did.

BABYSKIN
You come to my office three times a
day on average. That is fifteen
times a week. Some sixty times a
month. At ten minutes a trip that
is six-hundred minutes a month that
you spend en route to my office.
Ten fucking hours a month you spend
walking to my office!

BEVERLY
Yes, doctor.

BABYSKIN
If I placed a series of vacuum
sweepers along your route, you
could vacuum the whole god-damned
building every month with the time
you spend lollygagging about.

Beverly takes a long breath.

BEVERLY

Yes, doctor.

BABYSKIN

Get some jogging shoes and lose some weight. Shave a minute or two off your travel time. Tempest est pecunia. Time is money. And believe you me my time is getting short. Ninety-two. Need all the time I can get. And I'll be damned if I'm going to let you steal what little time I have left a minute at a time because you're so god-damned slow you couldn't outrun a three-legged tortoise. Do I make myself clear or do you have a problem with your ears as well?

BEVERLY

Yes, doctor.

BABYSKIN

You do have a problem with your ears?

BEVERLY

No. You do make yourself clear.

Babyskin looks confused.

INT. EXERCISE ROOM - MIRRORED WALL - DAY

Narcissistic, ripped, personal trainer BRANDO BIXBY, 35, stands before mirrors, striking poses, talking to imaginary reporters.

BRANDO

My girl friend would be Miss Sweden except a member of the selection committee didn't like big breasts.

Listening to, answering questions.

BRANDO (CONT'D)

Not modeling. She's going straight to the screen. My latest film? I play the Matt Damon character's P. T.

Flexes biceps.

BRANDO (CONT'D)
 Paramount. All my films have been
 with Paramount.

Points to imaginary reporter.

BRANDO (CONT'D)
 What do I drive? Women crazy, what
 else?
 (beat)
 Just took delivery of a new BMW.
 Dark blue. Loaded. Like a snub-nose
 .38.

Points to another.

BRANDO (CONT'D)
 Ego problem? Perdone, pal. What I
 got is aplomb. And it ain't what
 little Jack Horner pulled outta his
 pie.

Libby, wearing a pastel sweat suit, enters a door that is
 behind Brando.

Brando turns and flashes a smile of preternaturally white
 teeth.

BRANDO (CONT'D)
 Wait, don't tell me... You gotta
 be... Gloria!

LIBBY (GLORIA)
 Hi.

Brando walks over to her; hugs her a little too long.

BRANDO
 Brando Bixby. At your service.

He peers at her, tenderly touches her face near an eye.

BRANDO (CONT'D)
 You need juice.

He tows her over to a table with a big motor juicer and
 baskets of assorted fruits and vegetables.

LIBBY (GLORIA)
 Solimar is so cutting edge juice
 seems almost quaint.

BRANDO

(droll)

It ain't.

(beat)

Juice attracts your body's toxins.
I put you through a series of
routines you sweat out the toxins.

He flexes his bicep.

BRANDO (CONT'D)

See that?

LIBBY (GLORIA)

(mustering enthusiasm)

Wow.

BRANDO

Go on, feel it.

Libby (Gloria) gives it a quick pinch.

BRANDO (CONT'D)

Juice.

LIBBY (GLORIA)

Juice?

BRANDO

Juice. I hardly take anything else.

He begins running fruit through the machine: a banana, a slice of pineapple, an apple, etc.

Libby (Gloria) tries to look interested.

INT. JUICE TABLE

Brando clinks his glass of juice against Libby's (Gloria's).

BRANDO (CONT'D)

Here's juice in your eye.

He quickly dispatches his. Libby (Gloria) takes a careful swallow of hers.

LIBBY (GLORIA)

Out, damned toxins! Out!

INT. EXERCISE ROOM - LATER

Libby (Gloria) lies on a bench and slowly presses a barbell, breathing exaggeratedly.

Brando stands over her counting.

BRANDO
Thirteen, fourteen, and fifteen.
Good job, Gloria.

He helps her replace the barbell on its support.

Libby (Gloria) sits up.

LIBBY (GLORIA)
So, Brando, tell me about your
eccentric boss and his souped-up
wheelchair.

BRANDO
Baby -- ? Dr. Zarkoff?

LIBBY (GLORIA)
Is he a hard ass?

Brando looks around the room and leans toward Libby (Gloria).

BRANDO
Hard as nails. I stay clear of him.
Doubt he knows I exist.

LIBBY (GLORIA)
He must offer amazing treatments.
People don't spend thousands a day
without believing they look and
feel younger.

BRANDO
Hey, Dr. Josef Mangel. No better
plastic surgeon in the world. Don't
pass on a consultation with him.
It's part of your package.

LIBBY (GLORIA)
What about skin treatments?

Brando sits beside Libby (Gloria) on the bench.

BRANDO
Hush hush? I once P.T.-ed a lady
from back east. Off and on for
almost a year.
(pause)
(MORE)

BRANDO (CONT'D)
 One day it hits me. Middle-aged
 Mrs. Mars is starting to look hot.

LIBBY (GLORIA)
 Was she getting some kind of
 injections?

BRANDO
 All I know is I say something to
 her like 'Mrs. Mars, your skin is
 looking beautiful.' She looks at me
 dead serious and says 'Brando,
 don't ever mention my skin again.
 To me or to anyone.'

INT. GUEST COTTAGE - DOOR - DAY

RHYTHMIC, SHARP RAP on the door.

Marc opens the door.

He sees a perky, pony-tailed WOMAN in a designer sweat suit.

WOMAN
 Hi, Bob. I'm Destiny. Your P. T.

EXT. ASPHALT ROAD - DAY

Marc (Bob) and Destiny jog briskly.

DESTINY (WOMAN)
 We'll take a breather at the
 turnout ahead.

Marc (Bob) is not enjoying the pace.

DESTINY (CONT'D)
 You move your arms too much. Keep
 them closer to your torso.

MARC (BOB)
 (huffing)
 This road work lead to a boxing
 match later in the week?

DESTINY
 (no sense of humor)
 We don't allow physical contact
 sports at Solimar.

EXT. TURNOUT - DAY

Destiny stands looking at the Pacific in the b.g., while running softly in place.

Marc (Bob) is bent over, hands on his knees, breathing heavily.

MARC (BOB)
(between breaths)
My mother wants to come to Solimar.
Says they do wonders for skin.

DESTINY
We offer any number of moisturizing
and exfoliation rubs.

MARC (BOB)
Her friend Mildred came here off
and on for ten months and ended up
looking twenty years younger.
Mildred said she couldn't or
wouldn't tell my mother anything.

DESTINY
People, some well-known, spend a
lot of money here. They come
because we deliver. Why would they
reveal what happens to them?

MARC (BOB)
Some kind of skin injection?

Destiny's face hardens.

DESTINY
I won't discuss Solimar procedures,
Bob. I'm strictly forbidden to.
Besides, only a few specialists are
privy to our proprietary
procedures. The front desk can tell
your mother if she can get whatever
Mildred did.

Marc (Bob) holds up his hands.

MARC (BOB)
Just asking.

He begins to jog back to Solimar.

EXT. SOLIMAR GARDENS - BENCH - DAY

Marc and Libby prepare notes.

MARC
Did Brando have any information?

LIBBY
Brando's a win-win guy.

MARC
Oh?

LIBBY
One. BabySkin has been injecting
some Solimar patients for at least
a year. On an oath of secrecy.

MARC
I inferred as much when Destiny
bristled at my questions.

LIBBY
Two. Feel that.

Libby flexes her bicep.

Marc puts his hand on her biceps.

LIBBY (CONT'D)
Juice.

MARC
Juice?

Libby suddenly puts her arms around Marc and kisses him
warmly on the mouth.

Marc is pleasantly surprised.

LIBBY
When the Solimar caper is over we
should begin playing doctor.

Marc can't believe Libby has been so forward.

He smiles shyly.

MARC
I am past due for my physical.

EXT. SOLIMAR GARDENS - PATHWAY - DAY

Marc and Libby stroll about admiring the grounds. Libby takes Marc's hand in hers.

They stop by some purple flowers.

LIBBY
Know what these are called?

MARC
I'm limited to roses and daffodils.

LIBBY
Lilies of the Nile.

MARC
Now I'm a three flower man.

BEVERLY (O.S.)
Hello, Gloria Gray and Bob Brown.

Marc and Libby look in the direction of the voice.

They see Beverly, BabySkin's secretary, sitting on a bench.

They quickly approach her.

MARC
Beverly Wood?

LIBBY
We were wondering when you would
contact us.

She stands and holds out her arms.

There is a conspiratorial warmth to their hugs.

BEVERLY
We can talk in my office.

INT. PATIO BAR - DAY

Four women in their fifties sit at a table with exotic-looking drinks.

Each has had cosmetic surgery at Solimar.

They are as soldiers horribly wounded on a battlefield now cleaned up, doctored and stitched back together.

AUBREY DANIELS is the Invisible Man, wearing old-fashioned dark glasses, her head wound about with gauze bandages.

KIPPY NOVAK could be a near-fatal victim of domestic abuse, her eyes blackened and cheeks and lips swollen to twice their size.

CAMILLA FRANKLIN is bright red of face and arms and has both hands heavily bandaged, as if she had fallen headlong into a campfire.

PORTIA FAIRCHILD sits rigidly, her entire torso wrapped in surgical dressing.

Four women in high spirits, soon to be back on top of their game, relishing their new roles as sliced and diced plastic surgery patients.

Kippy gingerly puts her lips to the two straws of her drink and takes a careful pull.

KIPPY

A rare day I have trouble getting
my lips around the straws of a
Zombie.

She laughs shallowly and painfully.

KIPPY (CONT'D)

And please kiss my ass and not my
cheeks.

PORTIA

In two weeks, Kippy, you're going
to look so hot.

CAMILLA

When do we get to see your new
bosom, Portia?

AUBREY

(to Portia)

Tell us again what Phil said at the
party.

PORTIA

"Just one of Portia's tits'll cost
more than my Porsche."

They all squeal with delight.

PORTIA (CONT'D)

He doesn't know about the lipo yet.

AUBREY

(as Phil)

"If only I could get a tax deduction for Portia's liposuction."

PORTIA

You're all such devils.

(to Camilla)

Do your face and arms hurt terribly?

CAMILLA

I convinced Dr. Mangel that I needed a double-dose of photo facial because we'll be in Monaco for at least three months. Buying a cliff-side villa. The red tape!

KIPPY

What in God's name did the doctor do to your hands?

CAMILLA

He tucked them.

Aubrey looks around at all the women.

AUBREY

Tucked them?

CAMILLA

A hand lift, sillies.

Kippy raises up her hands.

KIPPY

My hands are beginning to look like my mother's. I'm making an appointment with The Mangler tomorrow.

INT. PATIO BAR - DAY

Beverly, Marc, and Libby walk into the bar area.

BEVERLY

My office is in the next building.

She brings their party to a halt.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

At that table sit future sculptures
of our Dr. Josef Mangel.

Aubrey, Kippy, Camilla, and Portia talk and laugh.

LIBBY

Your preeminent cosmetic surgeon?

BEVERLY

An eccentric genius on the cutting
edge of his field, pun intended.
The girls love the way he
dramatically bandages them up like
in old movies.

The three pass the table where the four women sit.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

You ladies look like you're on the
mend.

KIPPY

Even though we've been cut to the
bone we're keeping our chins up.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

The room is large and tastefully furnished.

Beverly sits behind her desk, the doctors in chairs opposite
her.

BEVERLY

No watchful eyes here.

Marc looks around the room.

MARC

Sure there isn't a bug?

BEVERLY

It's secure. Karzoff and his people
have never been in this office. I
do my Karzoff work in Karzoff's
office.

LIBBY

We know he's been injecting some
patients for over a year.

BEVERLY

That's right.

MARC

And the topical version?

BEVERLY

He's testing it on one of our clients.

LIBBY

How do you know?

BEVERLY

Zarkoff left her patient profile on his desk. I took a peek.

MARC

How long's she been using it?

BEVERLY

Nine months.

LIBBY

Who is she?

BEVERLY

Dana Masters. From Palo Alto.

MARC

Can you get pre-treatment pictures of her?

BEVERLY

That would be difficult.

MARC

We see her in person we ascertain if the topical's working.

BEVERLY

The formula for the topical's in his wall safe.

LIBBY

If the topical's working, we steal the formula. Turn Zarkoff into the State Medical Board. Injecting patients with an unapproved therapeutic. It's too late to charge him in the death of Peter Cranor, but Eve will have her revenge. He'll be ruined.

BEVERLY

Anyone at Solimar who knows anything about the missing employees will squeal at the first twist of his arm.

MARC

And the world will have a new life-changing therapeutic.

LIBBY

Imagine an oral version that restores elastin throughout one's body.

MARC

(doing Rod Serling)

That's the signpost up ahead -- your next stop, the Fountain of Youth!

LIBBY

Out of curiosity, Beverly, why does BabySkin have a high-powered rifle on the back of his wheel chair?

Beverly's eyes widen and she looks skyward.

BEVERLY

(very slowly)

Oh, for the occasional condor.

EXT. SOLIMAR - ENTRANCE - DAY

Marc and Libby wait, pretending to look at a map.

MARC

If the topical's working, Dana Masters should look to be in her forties.

LIBBY

Hot forties.

A limo pulls up.

The door man lets out a man resembling Frank Lloyd Wright in his dotage. He carries a cane.

DOOR MAN

Welcome to Solimar, Mr. Pennyman.

MR. PENNYMAN
(not hearing)
What'd you say?

EXT. SOLIMAR - ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

A small sports car screeches to a stop and a woman gets quickly out.

She is hot.

The door man bows to her.

DOOR MAN
Welcome to Solimar, Mrs. Masters.

Dana Masters strikes a pose, hands on hip, and gives the building a once over.

DANA MASTERS
My fountain of youth...

EXT. SOLIMAR GARDENS - PATHWAY - DAY

Marc and Libby walk along a path.

MARC
Beverly says there's a way into
BabySkin's office.

LIBBY
So what? We don't have the
combination to his safe.

Marc takes Libby's hand.

RACK FOCUS TO hillock where BabySkin sits in his chair observing the two doctors through a pair of binoculars.

INT. BABYSKIN'S OFFICE - DAY

BabySkin sits behind his desk. He is agitated.

Slacks and Megatron sit opposite him.

Megatron sits motionless, eyes closed, as if he had died in his seat.

BABYSKIN

I knew I'd seen her before.
Beautiful woman like that stays
with you.

SLACKS

Where?

BABYSKIN

A photo in one of the trades.
Cosmetic Dermatology maybe.

SLACKS

You recognized her here at Solimar?

BABYSKIN

Gloria Gray is no Solimar patient.
She's Dr. Elizabeth Black, a hot to
trot dermatologist in skin
regeneration.

(pause)

And I'll bet the young man with her
is Marcus Greene, another
regeneration poobah.

SLACKS

Eve Cranor gave them the formula
for the injectable.

BABYSKIN

Should have pushed that god-damned
Evelyn Cranor into the Seine as
well.

SLACKS

What do you mean?

BABYSKIN

Never mind.

SLACKS

Why'd they come to Solimar?

BABYSKIN

To get my formula for the topical.

SLACKS

How could they even know about it?

BABYSKIN

They couldn't.

BabySkin frowns in thought.

BABYSKIN (CONT'D)
Unless someone leaked information.
(pause)
Megatron? Are you following any of
this?

Megatron continues to sit motionless.

BABYSKIN (CONT'D)
Megatron!

Megatron looks at BabySkin.

MEGATRON
Yeah, boss?

BABYSKIN
Are you following any of what is
being said here?

MEGATRON
No, boss.

BabySkin affects mock patience with Megatron.

BABYSKIN
Megatron, may I ask you something?

MEGATRON
Sure, boss.

BABYSKIN
What are you thinking about right
now?

Megatron concentrates and then looks at BabySkin.

MEGATRON
Apple pie.

BABYSKIN
Apple pie...

MEGATRON
Yeah, boss.

BABYSKIN
Apple pie all day long?

MEGATRON
Most of the day. The apple pie
Charlie makes in his restaurant
downstairs.

BABYSKIN
Apple pie, all day long.

MEGATRON
This morning I thought about my
turtle George.

BABYSKIN
Oh, my, Megatron, this is getting
interesting.

MEGATRON
When I was little I had a turtle
named George.

BABYSKIN
Where is George now, Megatron?

MEGATRON
In heaven.

BabySkin holds his palms out toward Megatron.

BABYSKIN
Whoa, Megatron, let's not get into
theology.

MEGATRON
I slept on him one night.

BabySkin puts his face in his hands.

BABYSKIN
(serious again)
Slacks, send for Melanie Myers.

SLACKS
You got it.

BABYSKIN
And take Megatron out for some
fresh air. It couldn't hurt.
(pause)
Or could it?

Slacks stands and makes a quick gesture with his arm as if he
were getting a large dog off a sofa.

SLACKS
Let's go, Megatron.

Megatron gets up mechanically and walks to the door.

Slacks follows him, turns toward BabySkin and gives him a two-finger salute.

INT. DR. MANGEL'S OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Mangel (60) sits behind his immaculate desk. He wears a 1930's style suit.

Opposite him sits Libby.

DR. MANGEL
Thank you for coming, Miss
Gray.

LIBBY (MISS GRAY)
The pleasure is mine. I've seen
your patients on the grounds. They
revere your work.

DR. MANGEL
That pleases me.

LIBBY
With your penchant for Thirties'
fashion I expected you'd wear one
of those old fashioned head
mirrors.

Dr. Mangel smiles indulgently at Libby.

DR. MANGEL
My taste and style may be the 1930s
but my technique is the latest
coming out of the best surgeries of
Prague, Budapest and Beverly Hills.

He picks up a gold-plated scalpel lying on his desk and holds it between his two index fingers.

DR. MANGEL (CONT'D)
I am a sculptor of flesh.

THE SCALPEL

LIBBY'S FACE

as she contemplates what Dr. Mangel is doing.

LIBBY (MISS GRAY)
I don't think I'm a candidate for
cosmetic surgery. I'm twenty-nine.

MANGEL'S FACE

as he studies Libby's face.

DR. MANGEL

Yes. Your face is lovely. But gravity... it pulls us all down. Tiny nasolabial and melomental folds and orbital troughs. That's how it creeps in. Get on this early. Frequent, small surgeries, not dramatic whole face lifts that make one look like Howdy Doody. You'll be stunning into your late sixties.

LIBBY

Do I want to be stunning in my late sixties?

DR. MANGEL

If you owned a vintage 1936 Mercedes Benz 540K convertible, would you let it fall to ruin? I think not. You would spend whatever necessary to keep it in top form.

LIBBY

A persuasive analogy.

DR. MANGEL

Would you mind walking across the room and back?

Libby does this, a little self-consciously, while Dr. Mangel studies her carefully.

She sits back down.

DR. MANGEL (CONT'D)

You are most extraordinarily attractive.

Libby's body language shows her appreciation.

He studies her face for a moment.

DR. MANGEL (CONT'D)

Another year or two a pinch of botox, yes?

LIBBY

I'm glad you didn't suggest a breast augmentation.

DR. MANGEL

Bespoil your willowy-ness? Heavens
no. I never interfere with willowy-
ness. It's the finest trait a woman
can have.

EXT. CLIFF - HEDGE - DAY

A single-lane paved road follows the contours of the cliff.

A GARDENER clips at the hedge.

He is startled by a PSSS SOUND and turns.

He sees BabySkin in his wheel chair. Beside him stands
Megatron.

BACK TO SCENE

GARDENER

(nervous)

Dr. Zarkoff, you startled me.

BABYSKIN

We startled Joe, Megatron.

MEGATRON

(not understanding)

Startled?

BABYSKIN

Christ, Megatron. Did you even make
it out of the third grade?

MEGATRON

(ashamed)

No.

BABYSKIN

So help me I'm enrolling you in
Palomar Elementary next fall.

MEGATRON

Yes, boss.

BabySkin turns his attention back to Joe the gardener.

BABYSKIN

Joe, I am sorry to hear you've been
referring to me as "BabySkin".

Joe is dumbstruck with fear.

JOE (GARDENER)

Oh, no, Dr. Zarkoff. I would never use that word with anyone.

BABYSKIN

Security's got you using the word six times. Didn't know there's a camera in the ceiling of the mower garage, did you?

JOE

Believe me, Dr. Zarkoff, I would never --

BabySkin gestures to Megatron to slap Joe around.

Megatron, misinterpreting BabySkin, walks over to Joe, picks him up, holds him momentarily over his head, and then throws him over the hedge and the cliff.

From O.S. Joe lets out a Doppler-like, end-of-life SCREAM.

BABYSKIN

What did you just do?

Megatron walks back to BabySkin.

MEGATRON

Gee, boss, I thought you wanted me to throw Joe over the cliff.

BABYSKIN

I brought you to scare him before I fired him.

MEGATRON

Sorry, boss. Want me to go down and get him?

BABYSKIN

That's enough for today.

(pause)

I'll have Slacks get rid of the body. He's the only person I can trust around here.

EXT. SOLIMAR - RESTAURANT - DAY

Beverly leads Marc and Libby up to an open door.

A sign on the outer wall reads "Chez Capucine".

They enter.

INT. RESTAURANT

Intimate, chic, eight tables elegantly set.

WOMAN in suit stands by one of them with a clipboard in her hand.

BEVERLY

Hi, Janice. Big night?

JANICE (WOMAN)

Booked for two sittings.

BEVERLY

(to doctors)

Chez Capucine is classic French. On either side: Charlie's, terrific American diner fare, and Windsong, for our clients on strict diets.

They go into kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN

The three chefs of the three restaurants prepare the evening meal.

CHARLES, of Charlie's, puts ingredients for a meat loaf into a large stainless steel bowl.

Mid-30s, wholesome, rugged.

GEOFFREY, mid-30s, of Windsong, prepares a muffin mix with natural ingredients from a row of containers.

Thin, intense, looks undernourished.

French chef CAPUCINE, 30, stirs at a large sauce pan as she pours in two quarts of heavy cream.

Insouciant, attractive, her hair tied up with a bandana the colors of the French flag.

The sleeves of her chef's jacket rolled up to reveal smooth, flawless arms.

CAPUCINE

(in French)

Yvette, I need ten egg yokes please.

Yvette reaches for a bowl of eggs and begins separating them.

YVETTE
 (in French)
 Yes, chef. Ten egg yolks.

GEOFFREY
 Capucine, the cream and egg yokes
 undo in a minute the good I build
 up in a client in a week.

CAPUCINE
 (heavy accent)
 Our famous blanquette de veau.
 White veal.

GEOFFREY
 You killed a cute little calf to
 boot.

CAPUCINE
 'To boot'? What is 'to boot'?

CHARLIE
 'To boot' means 'also' or 'as
 well'.

CAPUCINE
 When I kill a little calf it make
 me want to have sex.

CHARLIE
 I slay calves, Capucine.

It's apparent the three chefs engage in this banter all the
 time.

CAPUCINE
 (in French)
 American men are such children.

YVETTE
 (in French)
 True. But every country has its
 faults, doesn't it?

CAPUCINE
 (in French)
 Of course. French men are too
 short.

Beverly motions for the two doctors to follow her.

BEVERLY
 I can listen to Capucine all day
 long.

(MORE)

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

(whispers)

You don't have to go through the kitchen but it's quicker and you won't be seen.

Beverly continues down to a short hallway and then out a door into a corridor.

She turns right and after some twenty yards comes to a door on her left.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

This door hasn't been used since they redid Zarkoff's office fifteen years ago. Opens into what's now a storage area for his office. I'll get you both a key.

LIBBY

What kind of wall safe?

BEVERLY

Behind a reproduction of a Norman Rockwell painting you'll recognize. Three number combination. That's all I know.

MARC

Might as well be in Fort Knox.

INT. CHEZ CAPUCINE - NIGHT

Marc and Libby sit with glasses of wine.

LIBBY

Glad they squeezed us in.

Marc leans toward Libby.

MARC

When the squeeze into BabySkin's office?

LIBBY

We need the combination.

MARC

Beverly says she can't get it.

LIBBY

Ninety percent of people who own safes keep the combination on something close by the safe.

(MORE)

LIBBY (CONT'D)
 Inside a book, a 3 x 5 card under
 the pen set, wherever. A pile of
 possibilities.

MARC
 BabySkin doesn't strike me as a
 jotter downer.

Their waiter brings a tray with their plates and sets it on a
 fold out caddy.

WAITER
 Deux blanquettes de veau.

He sets the plates before them.

WAITER (CONT'D)
 (in French)
 Is there anything else I can bring
 you?

LIBBY
 (to Marc)
 Anything else?

MARC
 Two more glasses of wine?

LIBBY
 (in French)
 Two more glasses of wine, please.

WAITER
 Naturellement, madmoiselle.

The waiter leaves.

MARC
 I'm impressed.

LIBBY
 A winter in Paris.

INT. CHEZ CAPUCINE - LATER

The doctors are on the last of their blanquette.

MARC
 The truth never heard of blanquette
 de veau 'til this morning. It's
 awesome.

LIBBY
Haven't had it since Paris.
(pause)
You can do a blanquette with Swiss
chard as well.

MARC
What's Swiss chard?

LIBBY
What's Swiss chard? Doctor?

They look up.

CAPUCINE

is standing at their table.

She wears a royal purple chef's outfit and a small white
toque.

CAPUCINE
C'est tout satisfaisant?

LIBBY
Delicieuse.

MARC
Sa - tis - fai - sant.

CAPUCINE
Tres bien.

She walks away.

Libby suddenly puts her fork down.

LIBBY
I know where the combination is.

MARC
Capucine has it?

Libby gives him a look.

EXT. SOLIMAR GARDENS - PATHWAY - NEXT DAY

Marc and Libby, in dark glasses, walk quickly along.

He wears a baseball cap, she a scarf.

LIBBY
BabySkin parks his chair up ahead
when he's not using it.

Marc points.

MARC
There.

CHAIR

stands in a small parking area fifty yards ahead.

LIBBY
Keep on as if we were just
strolling.

Their walking becomes self-conscious.

EXT. SMALL PRIVATE PARKING AREA - DAY

As they approach the chair, they both look around them.

They walk behind the chair.

They contemplate the sign on the back of the chair, which
reads: "I gave \$431,289 to charity last year."

BACK TO SCENE

Libby writes the numbers in a small note pad.

LIBBY
Betcha this is the combination.

MARC
Hide something in plain sight.

INT. CHARLIE'S - BOOTH - DAY

Marc and Libby sit in a booth at Charlie's holding plastic
encased menus.

An old-fashioned diner.

A JUKE BOX PLAYS an oldie from the 1950s.

Each booth also has its own tabletop jukebox selectors.

Libby is absorbed by the menu.

LIBBY
 Meatloaf. Short Ribs. Baked
 Chicken. Macaroni and Cheese.

MARC
 And no descriptive come-ons.

LIBBY
 Here's one: "Our organic, free-
 range chickens grow up in the salt-
 laced air near the Pacific and
 scratch for worms in rich six-foot
 deep loam."

MARC
 Where?

LIBBY
 Just kidding.

Libby caresses Marc's cheek.

LIBBY (CONT'D)
 Beverly said this place produces
 some of the best food you will ever
 eat.

She looks toward a man seated at a nearby table.

She motions to Marc that he should look over his shoulder.

They see Megatron slowly but steadily putting away a large
 slice of apple pie.

When he takes a bite he chews it as if contemplating a
 complex idea hanging from an invisible thread above the empty
 chair opposite him.

Two more plates of pie are lined up.

BACK TO SCENE

LIBBY (CONT'D)
 The baked chicken for me.

MARC
 And I the short ribs.

INT. CHARLIE'S - BOOTH - LATER

Marc and Libby are half-way through their entrees.

LIBBY

Sorry, Capucine. My last meal
before the guillotine will be this
chicken.

MARC

I'll have these short ribs
providing Capucine is operating the
guillotine.

LIBBY

I saw the way you looked at her.

A waiter has gone over to Megatron's table.

He sits two brown paper bags tied up with colorful ribbon on
the table.

WAITER

One order mac and cheese and one
meatloaf. Is there anything else I
can get for you, Mr. Polski?

Megatron shakes his head and says nothing. He puts a sawbuck
in the waiter's hand.

WAITER (CONT'D)

Thank you very much, Mr. Polski.

Megatron gets up, forgetting to pick up the paper bags as he
walks away.

The waiter grabs them.

WAITER (CONT'D)

Your take-out, Mr. Polski.

Megatron turns.

The waiter holds out the bags to him.

Megatron takes them as if he had never seen them before.

WAITER (CONT'D)

Your take-out.

LIBBY

A hunch he's not Solimar's CPA.

INT. SOLIMAR - LECTURE ROOM - DAY

Twenty women of varying ages await the appearance of the
speaker.

Marc and Libby sit just behind them.

A YOUNG MAN, who may be not as young as he looks, walks to a lectern.

He looks out over the small assembly.

YOUNG MAN
Good morning, ladies --

He spots Marc.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)
and one gentleman.

Several of the women turn around and smile toward Marc.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)
I'm Dr. Kevin Brand.
(pause)
I want to talk to you this morning
about skin.
(runs eyes over women)
Your skin.

Libby whispers to Marc.

LIBBY
He's on the potion.

DR. BRAND (YOUNG MAN)
Your outer skin, your epidermis, is
a protective sheet over your
dermis, your mattress. And seventy
percent of your dermis is made up
of two things: collagen and
elastin.

He flashes a Power Point slide onto a screen showing the epidermis and the dermis with its collagen and elastin fibers.

DR. BRAND (CONT'D)
Collagen accounts for thirty-
percent of your body's protein.
Collagen is what gives your skin
its strength and flexibility. Our
bodies produce less collagen over
time. That's why our skin becomes
leathery and wrinkled.

He flashes a slide of a woman's wrinkled, saggy arm.

DR. BRAND (CONT'D)

Elastin is what gives our skin its elasticity. After puberty our bodies no longer make elastin. Our elastin begins to break down in our thirties and eventually becomes too depleted to allow mature skin to repair itself. In a word, our skin loses its elasticity.

He flashes a slide of a graph depicting elastin depletion over thirty years.

DR. BRAND (CONT'D)

For a hundred years dermatologists have sought, in vain, for a way to restore collagen production in the dermis to youthful levels. For a hundred years dermatologists have sought, in vain, to revive elastin growth in the dermis.

He flashes the slide of the wrinkled, saggy arm.

DR. BRAND (CONT'D)

That is, until now.

(pause)

Look at this arm after one year of Solimar's therapeutic treatment.

He flashes a slide of a tight, young arm.

The audience AD LIBS its amazement.

DR. BRAND (CONT'D)

Which arm do you prefer?

He flashes the slide of the wrinkled, saggy arm.

DR. BRAND (CONT'D)

That one?

He flashes the slide of the tight, young arm.

DR. BRAND (CONT'D)

Or this one?

AUDIENCE

(ad libs)

This one!/The young one!

Dr. Brand holds up a sheaf of forms and envelopes and gestures to the image of the young arm.

DR. BRAND
You want this one?

AUDIENCE
(ad libs)
Yes!/This one!

DR. BRAND
Then fill in your name and e-mail
on these forms, sign the
confidentiality clause, and put
them in the envelopes.

He steps in front of the lectern and hushes the audience with his hands.

DR. BRAND (CONT'D)
All this is highly confidential. I
trust none of you will discuss with
friends or with family what you
have seen here today.

He hands the bundle of stationary and envelopes to one of the women nearest him. She begins handing them out.

Another woman raises her hand.

WOMAN
How much does it cost?

DR. BRAND
Ma'am, what would it be worth to
you to have back the skin you had
when you were in your thirties?

WOMAN'S FACE

as the magical possibility flickers across it.

INT. WINDSONG - BOOTH - DAY

Marc and Libby sit in a booth with Beverly.

The restaurant is minimalist: bamboo, tropical plants, wind chimes of several kinds tinkle and click.

BEVERLY
I can spare ten minutes here. No
one would think of looking for me
in Windsong.

ZEPHYR, their waitress, has served Marc and Libby a juice they have never heard of.

Two small cocktail glasses contain the amber-hued liquid.

ZEPHYR

Like I said, it's called noni. From the fruit of the Morinda citrifolia. Anti-inflammatory, anti-oxidant, anti-bacterial and anti-fungal. It also has immunestimulatory effects. I. e., it prevents abnormal growths.

BEVERLY

Libby, my eyesight isn't 20-20, but I see no growths on you.

LIBBY

Don't believe everything you see.

MARC

Smells like vomitus.

ZEPHYR

It's like wine. You learn to like it.

Libby takes a careful sip.

LIBBY

Zephyr, this is god-awful.

Marc takes a careful sip.

MARC

Mmm... Tastes like vomitus too.

ZEPHYR

Some people mix it with grape juice. But I think that dilutes its pharmacological benefits.

LIBBY

Bring us something like guava juice.

BEVERLY

For me a small glass of freshly squeezed orange juice.

Zephyr turns and leaves.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

Eight o'clock tonight. The chefs are cool with your coming through the kitchen. Just promise me this.

(MORE)

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

If the combination doesn't work
don't try to find it in the
vicinity of the wall safe. You're
caught God knows what happens to
you.

LIBBY

We won't.

MARC

Can't wait to get out of there
already.

Zephyr returns with the three juices and menus.

Marc and Libby pick up menus.

Beverly quickly kills her orange juice.

BEVERLY

Stick with things like muffins and
waffles. You'll be fine.

She slides out of the booth.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

Good luck. Remember, this is for
Evelyn and Peter, especially Peter.

She walks quickly out of the restaurant.

LIBBY

Listen to this. The Windsong Muffin
has no gluten, no sugar, no oil, no
salt, no egg.

MARC

No flavor.

LIBBY

Don't muff your chance at a muffin
adventure.

She takes Marc's hand in hers and kisses it.

INT. SOLIMAR - RECEPTION - DAY

MELANIE MYERS, mid-20s, the-girl-next-door pretty, enters the
lobby.

Tastefully and casually dressed, a large purse over her
shoulder.

STANLEE (O.S.)
Hi, Melanie!

Melanie turns.

MYERS
Stanlee!

Melanie walks over to Stanlee and the two hug and air kiss.

STANLEE
You've been in France, haven't you?

MYERS
Mais oui. Just got back last week.
Hey, I'm in a rush. Maybe a coffee
later.

STANLEE
Great. You're in your usual room.

Melanie continues walking.

INT. ELEVATOR AREA

Melanie pushes the UP button of an elevator.

When the elevator door opens, a young couple comes out.

They exchange smiles with Melanie

Melanie enters, hits a button, and the doors close.

EXT. SOLIMAR - ARBOR - DAY

An assembly of chairs and tables under a latticework
structure.

Libby, in a tennis outfit, sits reading a magazine, her
tennis racket lying on a small table.

Danny Duchin walks slowly by.

He's returned from Dr. Spiegelman's surgery.

There's a large dressing above his ear.

He looks ill, stressed.

DUCHIN

(half-heartedly)

What's the difference between a photocopier and the flu? One makes facsimiles; the other makes sick families.

(beat)

What's the difference between Democracy and Feudalism? With Feudalism it's your count that votes.

(beat)

Why is honey so expensive in Brazil? Because there's only one B in Brazil. Oh, boy.

He sits across from Libby and begins to touch the dressing and then look at his hand.

Libby looks at him.

Duchin sees her looking at him.

DUCHIN (CONT'D)

(re: dressing)

Is this thing bleeding?

Libby gets up and gives his head the once over and sits back down.

LIBBY

Not that I can see.

Duchin is still obsessed with his dressing.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

Looks like Dr. Mangel took a whack at you.

DUCHIN

Mangel's supposed to circumsise my eyelids he sends me to Spiegelman who takes off half my head.

LIBBY

You seem upset.

DUCHIN

I couldn't see the damn thing.

LIBBY

I'm a dermatologist by the way.

DUCHIN
 (being funny)
 That may be so but you're not
 entitled to a whack.

LIBBY
 Did you get the results?

DUCHIN
 Melanoma. They said they got all of
 it.
 (funny worried)
 They said they got all of it.

LIBBY
 Tell me a joke, Mr. Duchin. It'll
 relax you.

DUCHIN
 You know who I am?

LIBBY
 My father's a big fan of yours.

DUCHIN
 Your father. I mighta known.

LIBBY
 You are very funny.

Duchin looks off and shakes his head.

When he turns back to Libby he's Danny Duchin.

DUCHIN
 My doctor diagnosed me with
 shingles and then tried to sell me
 aluminum siding.

(beat)

My doctor said to me: "Get
 undressed." "Take me out a few
 times first," I told him.

(beat)

I asked my doctor if he had
 anything for my liver.
 "What about some onions?" he
 answered.

(beat)

In high school football the coach
 kept me on the bench all year. On
 the last game of the season, the
 crowd was yelling "We want Duchin,
 we want Duchin." The coach says,
 "Duchin, go see what they want."

Libby laughs.

Marc walks up to them while Libby is still laughing.

He wears shorts and carries a tennis racket.

LIBBY

Marc, this is Danny Duchin.

MARC

Don't I know you?

DUCHIN

Get outta here.

INT. BABYSKIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Melanie sits comfortably across from BabySkin's desk.

BABYSKIN

You try my little Left Bank restaurant?

MYERS

It closed forty years ago.

BABYSKIN

Time flies.

(pause)

Everything go O.K. in Paris?

MYERS

Lazlo, you know I never talk business.

BABYSKIN

But you appreciate my business.

MYERS

Girl has to make a living.

BABYSKIN

There's a young couple here could make real trouble for me.

MYERS

Maybe the couple I just saw on the elevator.

BABYSKIN

They leave Friday morning. Highway south from here is very windy. Do it there maybe.

Myers seems amused at BabySkin's suggestion.

MYERS

Windy highway?

BABYSKIN

Just not near here.

MYERS

Four dead people with ties to Solimar? You're planting red flags in your lawn.

BABYSKIN

I have no alternative.

MYERS

On such short notice, it's one-hundred twenty-five thousand.

BABYSKIN

Bob Brown and Gloria Gray. Real names are Dr. Elizabeth Black and Dr. Marc Green. He drives --

MYERS

Doctors? Another red flag. One-hundred fifty-thousand.

BABYSKIN

You're killing me, Melanie.

MYERS

I'm saving your ninety-something old ass.

BABYSKIN

He drives a red Audi Spyder convertible.

MYERS

Windy road? That Spyder has 550 horsepower. I drive a fucking Miata.

BABYSKIN

Take this.

He tosses a manila envelope to Myers.

BABYSKIN (CONT'D)

You get the balance when it's done.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Marc and Libby walk quickly through the kitchen.

A couple of employees see them but are absorbed with their cleaning.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Marc and Libby move slowly along the hallway.

Each carries a small flashlight.

INT. DOOR - NIGHT

Marc carefully inserts his key into the lock.

He looks at Libby.

She urges him on with a nod of her head.

Marc opens the door slowly and both enter the storeroom.

They shut the door.

INT. STOREROOM - NIGHT

The flashlight beams reveal shelves of office supplies, etc.

A DOOR OPENS in the adjoining office. Voices.

MAN'S VOICE

Can't this wait 'til tomorrow?

WOMAN'S VOICE

Lazlo has no use for tomorrows.

MAN'S VOICE

Where is it?

WOMAN'S VOICE

In a red box in the supply room.

The door to the supply room opens and someone switches on the fluorescent lights.

It's Gregg.

Followed by Cornish Tennyson.

They both see the red box on a shelf and step to it.

Behind them Marc and Libby, statues, totally exposed.

CORNISH

Isn't showing your face at Solimar
a bit risky?

GREGG

My face is the reason I'm here.

CORNISH

Mangel?

GREGG

One of the perks of my job.

They exit the closet and turn off the light.

Their voices are indistinct. A DOOR OPENS and CLOSES.

Libby and Marc turn on their flashlights and enter the office.

INT. BABYSKIN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

An entryway light has been left on. It barely illuminates the office.

Libby and Marc move past a desk and toward the wall.

In the beam of their lights they see the print of Rockwell's Doctor and the Doll.

INSERT - PAINTING

An old-fashioned family physician listens to the heart of a young girl's rag doll with his stethoscope.

BACK TO SCENE

Marc folds it back against the wall to reveal the safe.

He holds up the combination and Libby begins dialing it.

They are both nervous.

Libby looks at Marc when she has finished entering the combination.

The door won't open.

She enters the combination again.

The door opens.

There are only a few papers in the safe and several bound stacks of currency.

The papers tremble in Libby's hands as she looks through them.

LIBBY

Bingo!

She puts the formula in a pocket of her jacket.

CORNISH (O.S.)

Bongo!

They turn and see Cornish Tennyson holding a gun with a silencer.

CORNISH (CONT'D)

Of all the unmitigated effrontery!
If you hadn't just sentenced
yourselves to death I would treat
you to a round of drinks. Haven't
seen balls like this since Dylan
went electric at Newport.

MARCUS

We'll take you up on the drinks.

Cornish hits a button on his cell.

CORNISH

Shut up.

(beat)

Gregg. Just surprised the two
doctors going through Zarkoff's
safe.

He listens.

CORNISH (CONT'D)

Good idea.

He puts his phone in his jacket pocket.

CORNISH (CONT'D)

I'm locking you two in the bathroom
until morning.

EXT. SMALL PRIVATE PARKING AREA - NIGHT

BabySkin's chair sits by a curb in the empty lot.

Someone walks up to it.

It's Beverly.

She looks around carefully, then pulls out a large pair of pruning shears from under her jacket.

She kneels by the chair and looks under it with a small flashlight.

Sees the hose connecting the compressor to the air brakes.

BACK TO SCENE

She reaches under the chair with the shears.

SHEARS

cut the hose.

BACK TO SCENE

Beverly stands.

She slips the shears beneath her jacket and briskly walks away.

EXT. SOLIMAR GROUNDS - PATHWAY - NEXT DAY

Marc and Libby walk along a pathway Cornish and Gregg just behind them.

LIBBY

Not a thought about double-crossing Evelyn.

GREGG

Be quiet or I'll have Cornish shoot your friend in the back of the knee.

Marc gives Libby a look as she walks, her eyes narrowed in anger.

EXT. BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Mangel sips a cup of coffee as he looks over the new day.

He sees four distant figures on a path.

Quickly he looks through a telescope that stands on the balcony.

He sees Libby TELESCOPE POV.

He sees Cornish and Gregg TELESCOPE POV.

BACK TO SCENE

His face shows alarm and then, after a moment, registers a decision.

EXT. SOLIMAR GROUNDS - PATHWAY - DAY

Mark and Libby continue to walk, Cornish and Gregg just behind them.

They turn a corner.

Brando Bixby comes abreast of them and spots Libby.

BRANDO

Gloria!

Libby is quick on her feet.

LIBBY

Hey, Brando. How's your friend Mrs. Mars?

BRANDO

She's...

(thinking)

... she's just fine.

The four continue on.

Brando reflects on what Libby just told him and slows to a stop.

He looks after the quartet.

Sensing something is not right, he begins to follow them.

EXT. BUILDING - DAY

Brando looks around the corner of a building.

He sees Gloria (Libby) and Marc being led into another building.

As soon as they are out of sight he follows them.

EXT. BUILDING - DAY

Brando enters the building to continue his tail of Gregg and Tennyson.

INT. BUILDING - DAY

Brando looks down a corridor.

Gloria (Libby) and Marc are led through a door.

Brando approaches the door.

He sees a sign.

INSERT - SIGN

"BRAZILIAN WAX/CERA BRASILEIRA"

INT. BRAZILIAN WAX SALON - DAY

Tennyson leads Libby and Marc across the salon into a smaller back room.

TENNYSON

Tie them to a chair.

INT. BACK ROOM - LATER

Marc is tied to a chair which is tied to a treatment table.

Gregg finishes tying up Libby the same way.

Tennyson expertly lays pieces of duct tape over their mouths.

WOMAN (O.S.)

(in Brazilian Portuguese)

You promised an hour ago.

(in heavily accented
English)

You promised an hour ago.

The woman is 50ish and wears a clinician's uniform.

She is disheveled and has a wild look.

WOMAN (VALENTINA) (CONT'D)

(imitating Tennyson)

Don't you worry, Valentina, you'll
get your candy.

Tennyson points a finger at Valentina.

TENNYSON

Keep whining I'll flush your candy
down the toilet.

Valentina clutches the door jamb and looks daggers at
Tennyson.

EXT. DOOR - DAY

Tennyson and Gregg exit the treatment room.

TENNYSON

We'll squeeze in a drink at the
patio bar before your appointment.
See you in ten minutes.

GREGG

I need to freshen up.

They take off in opposite directions.

INT. BABYSKIN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

BabySkin is deep in thought.

Tennyson comes into the office and sits opposite Babyskin's
desk.

TENNYSON

Things are all tied up.

BABYSKIN

Just when we're ready to take
Solimar to a new level with the
introduction of the topical, these
two pillars of the greater good
show up.

TENNYSON

They're not going anywhere now.

BabySkin takes a large porcelain jar from a compartment on
his chair.

BABYSKIN

Valentina?

TENNYSON

Pretty looney.

BABYSKIN

She up for a serious job?

TENNYSON

She'd paint the Carquinez Bridge
for a fix.

BABYSKIN

Have her slather our two meddlers
with this numbing cream. It's got
enough benzocaine and lidocaine for
an elephant. They'll be dead in an
hour. Weight down the bodies and
toss them off the boat.

Tennyson gets up and heads for the door.

BABYSKIN (CONT'D)

Tennyson?

TENNYSON

Yes, Dr. Zarkoff.

BABYSKIN

Have Valentina give both our goody-
two-shoes a full Brazilian before
applying the numbing cream.

INT. DR. MANGEL'S OFFICE - DAY

Gregg sits opposite Dr. Mangel at his desk.

DR. MANGEL

Young lady, you are wiser than your
years.

GREGG

Dr. Karzoff said he would comp my
consultation...

DR. MANGEL

And you thought well why not?

GREGG

Exactly.

DR. MANGEL

You have a lovely face.

(beat)

And we will keep it that way.

(casually)

I believe I saw you walking with
Gloria Gray this morning.

Gregg looks Dr. Mandel in the eye for several beats without saying anything, then:

GREGG

She and her friend wanted a
backstage look at Solimar.

DR. MANGEL

Gloria's an extraordinarily lovely
woman.

Gregg continues looking at the doctor.

GREGG

Ever so ever lovely.

Dr. Mangel clicks the intercom on his desk.

DR. MANGEL

Janice, accompany Ms. McKay to a
consultation room.

(to Gregg)

I can get a closer look at you
there.

INT. CONSULTATION ROOM - DAY

Gregg wears a green surgery scrub top and sits on an
examination table.

Dr. Mangel stands at a counter behind her.

DR. MANGEL

Lie back on the table, Ms. McKay.
This will only take a minute.

Gregg lies back on the table.

Dr. Mangel moves closer to her.

DR. MANGEL (CONT'D)

Close your eyes and relax your face
as much as possible.

Gregg closes her eyes.

DR. MANGEL (CONT'D)

Do you use an exfoliant?

GREGG

Occasionally.

Dr. Mangel takes something from under a white towel on a nearby tray.

HIS HAND

holds an old-fashioned hypodermic needle.

He brings it close to her neck.

DR. MANGEL
A deep cleansing soap?

GREGG
Yes.

DR. MANGEL
Keep your eyes closed. I'm going to
hit you with a bright light.

When the needle goes into her neck Gregg's eyes open wide and she gasps.

She is out like a light.

DR. MANGEL (CONT'D)
Pleasant dreams.

INT. DR. MANGEL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Mangel picks up his phone and punches in a number.

DR. MANGEL
Please listen carefully. I am Dr.
Josef Mangel at Solimar. Two of our
clients -- a Gloria Gray and a
Robert Brown -- have been taken
somewhere and are, I fear, marked
for death. Send as many men as you
can spare and quickly.

He listens.

DR. MANGEL (CONT'D)
If you insist on playing Twenty
Question the very real possibility
of their deaths will fall squarely
on your department.

Listens.

DR. MANGEL (CONT'D)
I will be in my office.

As he hangs up, his nurse comes into the office.

NURSE (JANICE)
Carol Wright is ready for her
procedure.

Dr. Mangel frowns and looks at his watch.

DR. MANGEL
Very well.

INT. BRAZILIAN WAX SALON - BACK ROOM - DAY

Libby and Marc are tied to treatment tables. They are nude
under appropriately placed towels.

MARC
This is getting close to how I
envisioned things turning out.

LIBBY
I was too cocksure. I'm sorry.

Valentina sticks her head around the doorjamb.

VALENTINA
(Brazilian Portuguese)
Hello, my friends!

She steps into the room, executing several samba steps.

She's been administered something because she's relaxed, even
slightly unsteady.

She carries a pail of pink wax into which she rhythmically
dips a brush.

VALENTINA (CONT'D)
(B. Portuguese)
Lookie what Valentina has for you!

She moves closer to Libby and Marc, another series of samba
steps.

VALENTINA (CONT'D)
(B. Portuguese)
I'ma gonna paint your little girl
and little boy parts. I'ma gonna
make you both so smooth and pretty!

MARC
Much worse than I had envisioned
actually.

LIBBY
Valentina, can we talk?

VALENTINA
(English)
You can talka to me while Ia paint
your little girl parts.

Valentina moves toward Libby's midsection.

Libby's face contorts with disgust.

VALENTINA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(English)
It not hurt. Tickle a little.
Maybe.

LIBBY
For Christ's sake.

MARC
What we little girls and boys go
through to be smooth and pretty.

LIBBY
Shut up, Marc.

Valentina begins to samba toward Marc.

VALENTINA
(B. Portuguese)
Painting little boy parts is my
favorite thing.

MARC
I don't want to know what she just
said.

Marc's pained expression tells us Valentina is doing her
favorite thing.

Valentina hums a samba melody while she works.

VALENTINA (O.S.)
La di dah di dum. La di dah di dum.

INT. BACK ROOM - LATER

Libby and Marc are still tied to the treatment tables.

Libby is crying.

LIBBY

We lost the formula for the
topical. And now I lost my --

MARC

You're smooth and pretty.

Valentina comes into the room with the jar of numbing cream.
She is flying higher than even before.

She puts the jar between Libby's ankles, produces a brush and
begins to paint Libby's feet.

LIBBY

What in the hell are you doing?

VALENTINA

(English)

Smooth and pretty, smooth and
pretty.

MARC

Smooth and pretty hell. That's
laser anesthetic!

LIBBY

(screaming)

Get away from me!

Libby tries without success to kick away the jar, kick away
Valentina.

Just then the door opens and Brando barges in.

BRANDO

(re: Libby)

Gloria!

LIBBY

This bitch is trying to kill us!

Brando grabs at Valentina and she, as quickly, pulls out a
stiletto, sticking Brando in his shoulder.

Brando yells and decks Valentina with a right cross.

MARC

Watch out!

Brando turns to see Tennyson with a chair raised above his
head.

Tennyson brings the chair down but Brando moves quickly to
one side.

The chair only grazes him.

Brando is quickly on Tennyson and a quick succession of punches leaves him motionless on the floor.

MARC (CONT'D)
Good work, Brando!

LIBBY
Look in Tennyson's coat pocket.
There's a formula.

Brando quickly finds the sheet of paper.

LIBBY (CONT'D)
Put it under my shoes.

Brando goes over to the chairs where their clothes are draped and puts the formula under Libby's shoes.

LIBBY (CONT'D)
You're our hero, Brando!

Brando is beside himself with pride and success.

MARC
How's the shoulder?

BRANDO
Couple of stitches and a sling for
a couple of days. It'll be fine.
Frankly, I'm not a knife fighting
kind of guy.

LIBBY
We've got to see Beverly Wood.

BRANDO
Guy gets eight hours, follows an
aerobic regimen, takes mainly
juice, he's ready for this sort of
thing.

EXT. SMALL PRIVATE PARKING AREA - DAY

BabySkin pokes along with his walker, an African-American
MALE NURSE by his side.

BABYSKIN
Black skin may offer protection
from the sun but it's inferior to
white skin when it comes to
scarring.

MALE NURSE
(mechanical)
Yes, doctor.

Male Nurse helps BabySkin into his chair.

BABYSKIN
Careful, that is my arthritic hand!
I've told you a hundred times.

MALE NURSE
Yes, doctor.

BABYSKIN
Have Mr. Romano meet me at my
office.

MALE NURSE
Yes, doctor.

Male Nurse takes out his cell phone and hits a number.

BabySkin eases the chair onto a section of paved road.

He sees the driveway that leads to his office.

BACK TO SCENE

He brakes for the driveway but nothing happens.

His chair begins to accelerate.

The chair is going too fast for BabySkin to make the turn
into the driveway.

BABYSKIN
Son of a Democrat!

EXT. PAVED ROAD - DAY

The chair is gaining speed.

BabySkin looks down at the speedometer.

He sees the needle registering 30 miles per hour.

BACK TO SCENE

His face is frozen in a rictus of panic.

He applies the HANDBRAKES.

They make a SHRIEKING CHATTER, smoke rising up from the wheels.

Suddenly they EXPLODE off the wheels of the chair.

BabySkin grabs his smart phone and stabs a key.

BABYSKIN

Highway Patrol? I'm in an out of control wheelchair heading down Las Brisas Avenue toward Highway One! Get a cruiser up here!

(listens)

Five minutes? In five minutes I will be at the bottom of the Pacific Ocean. Get them here now and I mean now.

He tosses his phone aside and types rapidly at his computer keyboard.

INSERT - COMPUTER SCREEN

Beverly appears, wearing a headset.

SECRETARY

Good morning, Dr. Zarkoff.

BABYSKIN (O.S.)

My chair is careening down Las Brisas out of control. Tell Megatron to get in a car and come stop me. If he uses the south exit he may be able to catch up to me. He's going to have to get on it now or I'm toast.

SECRETARY

I'm going to have to put you on hold for a second, Dr. Zarkoff.

Now there is no sound.

Beverly takes a leisurely bite of a bear claw and an equally leisurely sip of her coffee.

BACK TO SCENE

BABYSKIN

On hold? I'm in a run away wheel chair, you god-damned bitch.

He looks at his speedometer.

He sees the needle vibrating at seventy mph.

BACK TO SCENE

METALLIC WHINE WHEEL CHAIR makes at seventy mph.

BabySkin stabs at his phone.

INT. SOLIMAR - MAINTENANCE - DAY

Megatron answers his cellphone.

INTERCUT telephone conversation.

MEGATRON

Anastas.

BABYSKIN

Megatron, my chair is out of control on Las Brisas

MEGATRON

I hear wind.

BABYSKIN

I'm going seventy miles an hour.

MEGATRON

Your chair can do seventy?

BABYSKIN

You idiot. I have no brakes and I'm going down Las Brisas toward the highway.

MEGATRON

Being on Las Brisas without brakes could be risky. I would come back to your office SAP.

BABYSKIN

Get in a car and get down here.

MEGATRON

Your chair will never fit into a car.

BABYSKIN

Use your car to stop me.

MEGATRON

How would I do that?

BABYSKIN

When you see me coming get up to speed and then slow down until my chair touches the back of your car.

MEGATRON

But its bumper ain't got a hitch. Wait, I think the blue Chevy truck's got a hitch.

(over his shoulder)

Mick, does the blue Chevy truck have a --

BABYSKIN

Jesus.

Beverly is on the screen again with sound.

INSERT - COMPUTER SCREEN

SECRETARY

Megatron isn't answering his phone.

BABYSKIN

Of course he's not answering his phone. He's looking for a truck with a trailer hitch.

SECRETARY

I don't understand.

BABYSKIN

Understand this, you incompetent bitch. You're fired.

SECRETARY

FYI, BabySkin. I'm the bitch who cut the hose to your air brakes.

BabySkin begins to let out a long, slow scream of frustration.

EXT. HIGHWAY - HIGHWAY PATROL CAR - DAY

Patrol car races along the sea cliff hugging the highway toward its intersection with Las Brisas Avenue.

INT. HIGHWAY PATROL CAR - DAY

Two officers are in the front seat.

OFFICER #1 (DRIVER)
My first runaway wheel chair.

OFFICER #2
Coming to Las Brisas now.

They can now hear BabySkin's O.S. PROTRACTED SCREAM over the chair's PA system.

They see BabySkin's chair race across Highway One, hit a guard rail head-on, and BabySkin, screaming all the while, arc out over the Pacific.

BACK TO SCENE

Officer #2 turns to driver and makes a "he just sailed right out there" movement with his hand.

OFFICER #1

D'ya see how he just sailed out there?

EXT. SOLIMAR - GREENSWARD - DAY

Law enforcement personnel interview and arrest people.

HP officers #1 and #2 talk to Beverly.

Officer #1 makes the "he just sailed right out there" gesture to Beverly, who shakes her head in mock sorrow.

BEVERLY
Just sailed right out there, huh?

OFFICER #1
Sailed right out there.

OFFICER #2
His brakes must have failed.

BEVERLY
Air brakes.

OFFICER #1
Air brakes on a wheel chair?

BEVERLY
Dr. Zarkoff loved that customized chair.

Officer #2 takes in the other law enforcement personnel around them.

OFFICER #2

Looks like some nefarious activity
has been going on at Solimar.

BEVERLY

I refuse to believe Baby- Dr.
Zarkoff was involved in any
illegalities.

EXT. GREENSWARD - DAY

Two sheriff's deputies take Slacks and Megatron into custody.

MEGATRON

Who's Miranda? Does she work in the
gym?

SLACKS

(sotto to Megatron)
Stop talking, Megatron. You'll dig
us in deeper.

DEPUTY #1

What is your name, sir?

SLACKS

Anthony Romano but my friends in
law enforcement call me Slacks.

DEPUTY #2

(re: Megatron's question)
Miranda vs. Arizona.

MEGATRON

Miranda wouldn't have a chance
against Arizona. Never heard of
'em.

SLACKS

Megatron, your stupidity is
unfathomable.

DEPUTY #1

Maybe he should go back to school.

MEGATRON

Next fall I'll be in the third
grade at Palomar Elementary.

DEPUTY #2

Is Solimar a front for a mental
institution?

SLACKS

Please, officers. Take me away from
this block of granite.

EXT. GREENSWARD - DAY

TALL DETECTIVE interviews Brando.

Brando has his arm in a sling.

BRANDO

Like I said, I was suspicious.
Gloria hanging with two of
Babyskin's people?

TALL DETECTIVE

Did you realize the risk you were
taking?

BRANDO

Slouching on the sofa is taking a
risk. Gobbling snacks laced with
corn syrup is taking a risk.

TALL DETECTIVE

You're a personal trainer here?

BRANDO

When I'm not doing a movie.

TALL DETECTIVE

You do martial arts?

BRANDO

Taking out the hop head nurse and
that fop Tennyson just came natural

Brando flexes his biceps.

BRANDO (CONT'D)

Feel that.

The Tall Detective perfunctorily touches his biceps.

BRANDO (CONT'D)

Juice.

TALL DETECTIVE

Come again?

BRANDO

Juice. That's all I take.
(beat)

(MORE)

BRANDO (CONT'D)
Hey, how 'bout I whip us up a
coupla glasses?

EXT. SOLIMAR - GREENSWARD - DAY

Melanie Myers walks in a business-like gait until she comes to the greensward area.

Seeing the assembly of law enforcement personnel questioning Solimar employees, she slows and quickly takes an oblique path that skirts the expanse of grass.

She passes near a detective who is finishing questioning an employee.

DETECTIVE
Excuse me, miss. Are you an
employee of Solimar?

Myers breaks into a smile and stops.

MYERS
An occasional client.

DETECTIVE
That's good too. Could I have your
name and a phone? Maybe you could
help us out.

She smoothly hands him a business card.

MYERS
I know exfoliation and botox
needles but this looks like the
night they raided Minsky's.

DETECTIVE
Trying to sort the good guys from
the bad guys.

MYERS
Call me any time, sir.

Myers smiles and waves fingers at the detective as she walks away.

Her faces registers, "Okay, Melanie, you got Lazlo's envelope full of cash, so let's put some distance between us and Solimar."

EXT. GREENSWARD - DAY

SHORT DETECTIVE interviews Dr. Mangel.

The doctor's surgery gown is dramatically bloody.

SHORT DETECTIVE
(re: bloody gown)
Did you dismember someone today?

Dr. Mangel deftly lights one of the cigarettes from his silver case.

DR. MANGEL
The blood on my gown? Most of my patients revel in the drama of their surgeries.

SHORT DETECTIVE
So you give them drama.

DR. MANGEL
Miss Carol Wright welcomed seeing this bloody gown when her Versed wore off.

SHORT DETECTIVE
It didn't alarm her?

DR. MANGEL
Made her feel she did the right thing in opting for the procedure.

SHORT DETECTIVE
How did you know Gloria Gray was in imminent danger?

DR. MANGEL
One keeps one's eyes and ears open in a place like Solimar.

SHORT DETECTIVE
Lot of money around here.

DR. MANGEL
Show people a lot of money they break the rules

SHORT DETECTIVE
(re: all the law enforcement)
Maybe break a lot of them.

DR. MANGEL

For the last two years I paid special attention to patients who were comped by Dr. Zarkoff.

SHORT DETECTIVE

Come up with damning evidence on any?

DR. MANGEL

Learned Cornish Tennyson does Zarkoff's dirty laundry.

SHORT DETECTIVE

The woman we found unconscious in your office?

DR. MANGEL

Lovely Gregg McKay. All I know is she works for Lazlo Zarkoff.

SHORT DETECTIVE

And?

DR. MANGEL

My little grape vine told me Zarkoff was having remarkable results with a therapeutic and would do anything to keep it all for himself.

EXT. GREENSWARD - DAY

Danny Duchin has had his eyes done and his forehead lifted.

Dr. Mangel has given him an outrageously large bandage for his head and black-lensed welding goggles for his eyes.

The sliced and diced Camilla, Portia, Kippy, and Aubrey surround him with recently discovered devotion.

The women and Duchin move very slowly because of their surgeries and dressings.

They carry elaborate tropical libations.

DUCHIN

Two potatoes are standing on a corner. How do you tell who's the prostitute? The one that says "Idaho".

The four women howl with laughter.

Two POLICEMEN standing nearby look at each other.

POLICEMAN #1

Is this place a frigging loony bin?

POLICEMAN #2

Some people have too much money if you ask me.

DUCHIN

An Arab guy and a Jewish guy cross paths on a public street. Jewish guy asks "How are ya?" Arab guy says "Falafel." Jewish guy says "Salami tell you how I feel."

The four women howl with laughter again.

DUCHIN (CONT'D)

My wife and I always hold hands. If I let go, she shops.

The four laugh.

DUCHIN (CONT'D)

My wife will buy anything marked down. Last year she bought an escalator.

The four laugh.

DUCHIN (CONT'D)

By the way, escalators never break down. They just become stairs.

The four laugh.

DUCHIN (CONT'D)

Whadda you call a Miami gynecologist?

The women are rapt.

DUCHIN (CONT'D)

So, whadda you call a Miami gynecologist?

The women are more rapt.

DUCHIN (CONT'D)

A spreader of old wives' tails.

The women go into hysterics, falling on the ground laughing, although it is painful for them because of their surgeries.

EXT. PATIO BAR - NEXT DAY

Marc, Libby and Beverly sit with lattes and croissants.

LIBBY
I didn't get us killed after all.

MARC
Just smooth and pretty.

Libby squirms in her chair.

LIBBY
Raw.

BEVERLY
The sixty-four dollar question is
will Solimar survive without the
bad guys?

Marc turns to Beverly.

MARC
That was really something about
BabySkin's chair.

Libby also turns to her.

Beverly says nothing.

She sips her latte and with her other hand makes the "he just sailed right out there" gesture.

Libby and Marc look at each other in amazement.

LIBBY
Just think of what the topical
therapeutic will do for people.

MARC
You'll look great into your
nineties.

He reaches across the table and takes Libby's hand in his.

CUT TO BLACK:

THE END

