

# LOCKUP

---

Story & Screenplay

by

Jon Christopher, J.D.

Based on a True Story

(More or Less)

Copyright © 2023 by [The] Jon Christopher Living Trust

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical including photocopying, recording, or any information storage and retrieval system known or yet to be invented on this or any other planet without permission in writing (Good luck with that).

—The lawyers

Exceptions exist for competent, smartly dressed Reviewers of books who wish to quote brief passages in connection with an effusively friendly review written in acceptable prose, observing the Elements of Style and Rules of Construction, whether in a magazine, newspaper, or broadcast.

--The Editors

Library of Congress Catalog Card Information

Title: LOCKUP

Author: Jon Christopher, J.D. (1948--)

Genres:

Fiction/ Comedy/ Gallows Humor

Paperback/ Perfect Binding

ASIN: B0C2SPYXQR

Author's Contact Information

c/o

misty.bay.books@gmail.com

Misty Bay Books

P.O. Box 992

Ojai, California, 93024

Edition: 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3

Dedicated With Gratitude

to the

GREAT THAT

From Which

All Things Originate

&

All Things Return

# A GLOSSARY OF TERMS

EXT. = Exterior. A scene shot outdoors.

INT. = Interior. A scene shot indoors.

V.O. = VOICE OVER. A character speaks, as would a Narrator, without simultaneously appearing on the screen.

Example:

CAPTAIN KIRK  
This is the Captain's log of the Starship  
Enterprise...

O.S. = OFF SCREEN. Sound heard but the source(s) of the sound is not visible on screen.

Example:

EXT. SWAMP - DAY

We see an escaped convict attempting to escape through a Louisiana swamp.

Sound of hounds BARKING O.S.

(beat) = a slight pause in a Character's dialogue while speaking.

Example:

RUDYARD KIPLING  
This is the hour of pride and power--  
(beat)  
Of talon, tusk, and claw....

SCREEN DARK:

SUPERIMPOSE:

*"I never saw a wild thing sorry for itself.  
A small bird will drop frozen, dead  
From a bough  
Without ever feeling sorry for itself."*

--D.H. Lawrence

FADE IN:

EXT. COUNTY JAIL - DAWN

Operated by the Sheriff's Department, the County Jail is a multistory concrete edifice dedicated to Twenty-First-Century law enforcement in California.

On the roof of the building is an abundance of high-tech communication equipment. Rotating cameras surveil the surrounding parking lot comprising acres of asphalt with minimal landscaping.

In stark contrast to the monolithic structure that staff and residents call "Lockup," salmon-pink and gold-colored CLOUDS herald the dawn.

Except for a TAXI parked with its engine off, the parking lot appears deserted.

A TAXI DRIVER (East Indian, 30) sips coffee, reads a "girly" Magazine, and smokes a cigarette.

A SONGBIRD sits atop one of the many video cameras fastened to the Jail. The songbird's melodious CHIRPING accompanies the appearance of the SUN.

A YOUNG MAN (20) runs for his life across the parking lot. He stumbles, falls, gets up, and runs.

YOUNG MAN

Hey! Taxi! Start the engine!

SIX, fierce-looking HOODLUMS (20s) pursue the Young Man like hounds on a rabbit.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)

Start the damn car, you moron!

The Driver sees his prospective fare and the self-styled mob that is descending on the Young Man.

The Driver tosses his newspaper aside, flings his coffee and cigarette out the window, and starts the taxi.

TAXI DRIVER  
 (East Indian accent)  
 Oh, hell no!  
 (Shouts)  
 Sorry, dude! I'm out of here!

The Driver SPEEDS off, BURNING rubber across the parking lot.

YOUNG MAN  
 Hey! I'm the guy who called for a taxi!  
 (Hysterical) )  
 Come back!

Panting for breath, the Young Man stops to rest. He looks back, over his shoulder, at the Six who almost have him.

COUNTY LOCKUP [WESTERN EXPOSURE]

JOHN DOE (White, 70s) departs the jail from a nondescript steel door that serves as a SIDE EXIT for "released detainees." He wears a soiled white T-shirt, a pair of faded Levis, and sneakers minus laces.

Doe looks eastward. He takes a deep breath and smiles at the SUN.

With longish white hair and a white beard reaching past his chest, Doe possesses the severe look of a slightly deranged 19th century Bible-thumping Evangelist.

JOHN DOE (VOICE-OVER)  
 Jail is a writer's paradise. I'm not kidding. A cornucopia of colorful characters, right out of Central Casting.

The Young Man's attackers overtake him. They kick, and hammer him with their fists.

The Young Man tries (unsuccessfully) to fend off blows to his face and head.

YOUNG MAN  
 Stop! It wasn't me! I swear to God!  
 I didn't rat on anyone!

Face bleeding the Young Man collapses to his hands and knees. After being kicked repeatedly, the Young Man falls over onto his side.

John Doe enters the immediate environs of the parking lot.

JOHN DOE (V.O.)

The Third Floor of the building behind me is reserved for the worst of the worst who are waiting to be transferred to one of California's thirty Correctional facilities, which is the polite way of saying, state prison.

The Six Attackers take turns hitting and kicking the Young Man.

JOHN DOE (V.O. CONT'D)

Last I heard, California, alone, has two-hundred-thousand men, and women, behind bars, costing the taxpayers twenty-eight thousand dollars per year, per prisoner.

HOODLUM NO. 1

Hold him down and give me a blade! I'm gonna cut this little faggot's balls off.

Attackers hold the Young Man down.

JOHN DOE (V.O.)

And that doesn't count the nine thousand men and women shipped out of California each year to private prisons in Arizona and Oklahoma.

BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM(S) [as] Hoodlum-1 castrates the Young Man.

Finished mutilating the "snitch," the Six spit on their victim as he bleeds-out.

Off to one side, fifty yards away, are a dozen large freight TRUCKS and high-end recreational vehicles.

Tennis shoes flopping up and down, Doe hastens toward the Young Man writhing on the blood-soaked ground.

JOHN DOE

(shouting at the  
attackers)

What in God's name have you done!?

Surprised, the Attackers scatter. The knife-wielding Thug turns and faces Doe.

Doe assumes a defensive karate stance.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)  
(Screaming)  
Cut! Cut!

A FEMALE FILM DIRECTOR (White, 40s) and a diverse FILM CREW emerge from hiding places throughout the parking lot.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)  
Someone tell me what the snap just happened?!

The Director's FEMALE ASSISTANT (Asian, 20s), and a FEMALE SCRIPT SUPERVISOR (Black, 20s) exchange bewildered looks.

ASSISTANT  
Sorry, Kate, I haven't a clue.

SCRIPT SUPERVISOR  
Me neither, Kate. The old man isn't in the script.

DIRECTOR  
No shit!

The Director quicksteps toward Doe. She gets in his face; they stand nose to nose.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)  
Hey! *Old man of the Sea!* Whoever you are, what are you doing in my movie!?

JOHN DOE  
Hey! *Lady Macbeth!* What are YOU doing in *my* movie?

DIRECTOR  
(Dumbstruck)  
What the--? Security! Escort this effing idiot off the set!

A hefty, three-hundred-pound MALE SECURITY GUARD (White, 30) comes loping toward the Director.

HUFFING, and PUFFING, the Security Guard clutches a half-eaten jelly roll.



DIRECTOR (CONT'D)  
 Stop stuffing your effing face,  
 Clyde, and escort this disturbed  
 person off my set.

SECURITY GUARD  
 Sure thing, Miss Bigelow.

JOHN DOE  
 No need to escort me, Clyde. I'm  
 going. But put a hand on me, and  
 I'll bite your fat jelly-covered  
 fingers off.

Buffaloed by Doe's response, Clyde steps back. Actor-1 smirks  
 at Doe's posturing; if, indeed, it is posturing.

ACTOR-1  
 Take care of yourself, old timer.

JOHN DOE  
 Thanks.  
 (beat)  
 By the way, you were very  
 convincing. Very scary.

ACTOR-1  
 I appreciate that, buddy.

DIRECTOR (ONE EYE ON DOE)  
 All right, people. Let's do it  
 again. And I want those trees moved  
 a little more to the right.  
 (Screams)  
 No! You morons! Not *your* right. *My*  
 right!

MOANING and GROANING from the Film Crew.

Doe kneels beside the Young Man. His pants remain down around  
 his ankles, he is spattered with fake blood. Meanwhile an SFX  
 TECHNICIAN (Latina female, 20s), wipes the Young Man clean in  
 preparation for the "next take."

Doe winks at the SFX Tech. The SFX Tech smiles and winks.

JOHN DOE  
 (To the Young Man)  
 Sorry I ruined your scene, pal. I  
 truly thought they were cutting  
 your balls off.

YOUNG MAN

Thanks for nothing, you old fart.  
Please! Go away. Ruin someone  
else's day.

John Doe walks away:

JOHN DOE (V.O.)

Right about now you might be  
wondering what an old guy like me  
is doing in an otherwise deserted  
parking lot outside the County Jail  
at six-thirty on a Saturday morning  
while most of the Western  
Hemisphere is snoring, drooling,  
farting, and dreaming in posture-  
perfect beds, or jogging to  
Starbucks for a triple Espresso  
Mocha Latte with chocolate mint  
sprinkles.

(beat) )

Meanwhile, a whole lot of other  
folks are shivering in their cars,  
or flat on their backs, on  
cardboard mats, in alleys too  
filthy for rats to inhabit.

(beat)

I'll get to all that. But right  
now, I have a bus to catch--Bus  
number Sixteen, to Ojai.

MUSIC UP: Bob Dylan's *"A Series of Dreams."*

John Doe forms his hands into fists and raises them defiantly  
toward the cameras on the exterior of County Jail.

Visible around Doe's wrists are nicks and bruises. He lowers  
his hands, stands, and walks in a westerly direction. Behind  
him, the SUN also rises.

Lace-less tennis shoes flip-flopping like clown shoes, Doe  
hastens over an ocean of asphalt with a sublime look pasted  
on his face.

Doe walks on, but abruptly stops when he observes a tiny  
YELLOW FLOWER growing through a crack in the asphalt.

Doe looks around warily; he gets on his hands and knees.

JOHN DOE

Don't worry. I won't pick you. Not  
after all you've had to do to reach  
the light.

(beat) )

(MORE)

JOHN DOE (CONT'D)

Did you know one of your names is  
*Two-Flower Cynthia?*

(beat)

Botanists call you *Krigiabi Flora*.

(Sympathetically)

I know, I know. But you ought to  
hear the names they give their  
kids.

(beat)

I accept you as you are, Cynthia,  
because you accept who you are,  
without complaint, and to me,  
that's all that matters.

The flower provides a tiny speck of life in an otherwise  
lifeless man-made environment.

JOHN DOE (V.O.)

A French poet, Charles Pierre  
Baudelaire once wrote:

(beat )

*"What strange phenomena we find in  
a great city. All we need do is  
stroll about with our eyes open.  
Life swarms with innocent monsters.*

(beat) )

Screw it! Forget Baudelaire, forget  
what he said. Life swarms with  
monsters--

(beat)

Period.

CRANE SHOT: CAMERA RISES SLOWLY ON JOHN DOE AND THE FLOWER.

SUPERIMPOSE: Twelve hours earlier..

INT. GAS STATION/ CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Doe is inside. He removes a burrito from a microwave oven.

A FEMALE CASHIER (Chicana, 50), watches Doe's every move with  
suspicion.

EXT. GAS STATION/ CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Doe's beat-up, unwashed decades-old minivan (M-V) is stopped  
in front of a gasoline pump.

A brand-new ESCALADE drives up to the gasoline pump across  
from Doe's Van.

THREE FEMALE CHEERLEADERS (17) are in the Escalade.

Driver (Cheerleader-1) gets OUT and begins fueling the Escalade.

The other Two Cheerleaders exit.

The last girl out holds an empty, plastic, two-liter soft-drink container. She places it inside a TRASH RECEPTACLE.

Doe exits the store. He sees Girl No. 3 place the empty plastic container in the trash.

Doe lingers around the trash receptacle. Making certain he isn't observed, he reaches one hand into the receptacle all the way to his armpit.

Cheerleadr-1 finishes fueling the Escalade. She sees Doe bending awkwardly to one side.

JOHN DOE

That's a nice car, young lady.  
Great night for a drive.

CHEERLEADER-1

(Rolls her eyes)  
Whatever, Grandpa.

JOHN DOE

Yeah, right.  
(beat)  
Hey! Go, Rangers!

Cheerleader-1 appears momentarily taken aback.

JOHN DOE (CONT'D)

(Grins)  
Class of 'Sixty-Six.

Eyeing Doe warily, the Cheerleaders get back into the Escalade and drive OFF.

Doe retrieves the empty plastic container and drops it to the ground behind him. He removes the lid on the trash receptacle and rummages for more recyclables.

A CAR stops for gasoline. The MOTORIST (Male, 60s) gets out.

He sees Doe scavenging for recyclables. Disgusted, the Motorist shakes his head.

JOHN DOE (V.O.)

The dirty looks that come my way  
don't bother me. I, too, was once  
handsome, young, and strong, like  
Phlebas, the Phoenician.

(MORE)

JOHN DOE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(beat)

That was before my fall. Now, I am simply another spec, a miniscule part of the flotsam and jetsam that characterizes a crumbling civilization, one that aspired to greatness but, like me, was never all that civilized.

Sound of a car REAR-ENDING another car on the far side of the street fronting the gas station.

BOTH DRIVERS (Males) get out SHOUTING; they abruptly engage in a fistfight.

TRAFFIC comes to a SCREECHING HALT. A CROWD gathers.

Doe clutches the containers he's accumulated.

A JEEP drives up and parks. TWO TEENAGERS get out and go inside the store.

Sound of men YELLING from across the street as bystanders attempt to break up the fight. More fist fights erupt.

A loud sound of knuckles RAPPING on the Store's plate glass window.

Doe sees the Cashier glaring at him. She moves her head side-to-side as if to say: "No, no, no, damn Gringo!"

Doe holds his arms full of recyclables up for her to see:

JOHN DOE

Hey! I can get ten to twelve cents a pound for this stuff.

The Cashier continues shaking her head and hurling daggers with her eyes.

JOHN DOE (CONT'D)

All right! All right.

The cashier gives Doe the skunk eye. Sound of a police SIREN.

Doe puts the recyclables into a 'hefty bag' in the back of his minivan.

The Cashier lifts her hands and brushes them together, suggesting to Doe: "Good riddance."

Doe gets into his old, beat-up Minivan and drives OFF.

EXT. ROAD OVERLOOKING OJAI, CA - NIGHT

The road dead-ends at the GATED ENTRANCE to Howard Hughes' former Prep School: Thatcher.

Visible are LIGHTS from the village below, three miles away.

EXT. MINIVAN - NIGHT

Parked on an easement, Doe's Mini Van (M-V) faces north, twenty yards from the gated entrance to the school.

It is a hot, humid summer night. The air is still. The moon is FULL.

The windows are down, the hatchback in the rear is raised in the hope of catching a breeze.

OFF THE FULL MOON

INT. MINIVAN - NIGHT

MOONLIGHT highlights beads of perspiration on Doe's face.

A coyote HOWLS in the distance; followed by SILENCE.

JOHN DOE (V.O.)

Eight years on the road and I'm beginning to think this isn't so bad. It's more like being--

(beat) )

Well... like being a sea tortoise on land.

(beat)

But with one, notable drawback: not having fixed roots or a predictable routine can mess with your head--if you allow it.

(beat)

For example, learning to sleep with one eye and one ear open isn't truly sleeping at all. And, yet, now and again, I dream--

(beat)

Maybe it's the part of me with one eye closed that's getting some sleep.

Sound of a coyote CRYING OUT.

JOHN DOE (V.O. CONT'D)

Lots of folks can't do it--be alone, I mean.

(beat) )

All-in-one. That's where the word alone comes from. Not to seem pedantic, but most folks don't know that and have a warped view as to what the word means. To be alone means to be whole. Integrated. Complete.

(beat) )

When we feel lonely it's because we think some part of us is missing, as if holding on to it is beyond our control. That's when life can get a little crazy.

Again, the coyote CRIES OUT, closer to Doe's vehicle.

JOHN DOE (V.O. CONT'D) (CONT'D)

We tell ourselves that if we just had that new car, that perfect body, that perfect house, or that perfect person, we'd be whole again.

(beat) )

Complete bullshit. It's an illusion. So, rather than do the interior work necessary on ourselves, what's needed to get back to being *all-in-one*, we covet, consume and satiate ourselves with distractions.

(beat) )

Toys, mostly. Folks of this sort have only one creed: "*Those who die with the most toys win!*"

(beat)

I never grokked the allure of such a vacuous philosophy, one so void of substance, with no hint of what it means to live a felt life.

(beat) )

Then, again, perhaps it's out of ignorance--mine! Or because of a lack of ambition--my own, maybe.

(beat)

From the time I was eleven years old, I knew unequivocally what I wanted to do with my life. It boiled down to one thing, and one thing only: to write, and write well.

Sound of the coyote HOWLING.

JOHN DOE (V.O. CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
 These are just thoughts. They come  
 one after another. Like boxcars on  
 a train, with no particular  
 destination.  
 (beat)  
 I honestly believe if you can find  
 just one person in your life who  
*gets you*, who can really *see* what  
 you see, or *hear*, what you hear,  
 they will make life all the more  
 worthwhile. But that's just me:  
 (beat)  
 A simple man with simple needs.

Sounds of a coyote pack YIPPING and YAPPING as they close on  
 their prey.

JOHN DOE (V.O., CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
 It's hard to beat the sound of  
 rain, pelting the roof of my van  
 when the sky cries.  
 (beat)  
 Or the piercing yelp of a coyote,  
 late in the night, searching for  
 its mate, or maybe for a rabbit--  
 poor rabbit.  
 (beat)  
 Nature, in all Her raw, untamed  
 beauty.  
 (beat)  
 Nothing man-made compares to Her,  
 except, maybe, a thermonuclear  
 explosion. But even that pales to  
 insignificance when Mother Earth  
 conjures something spectacular for  
 us--the two-legged fleas infesting  
 her fur.

Doe pushes himself up on one elbow and stares out the back.

His eyes are blinded by what looks like a TRAIN LIGHT coming  
 straight toward his vehicle.

More or less blind, and trying to shield his eyes, Doe  
 remains on his side as the LIGHT advances: CLOSER, and  
 CLOSER.

The Intruder reaches the rear of Doe's van; then proceeds to  
 stick his head inside.

When the LIGHT is perhaps three-feet from Doe's face--



JOHN DOE (CONT'D)  
 You must have a death-wish.

The Intruder quickly pulls back and DEPARTS around Doe's van  
 (On the driver's side).

The Intruder continues north past the entrance to the  
 preparatory school, before the LIGHT goes OUT OF VIEW.

Doe swallows two pills from a PRESCRIPTION CONTAINER.

JOHN DOE (V.O.)  
 That's what I meant when I said  
 being homeless can mess with your  
 head. It's because of idiots like  
 the one that just invaded my space  
 that homeless folks learn early on:  
 a little paranoia can be a  
 lifesaver.

A CAR DRIVES past; its HEADLIGHTS illuminate Doe's face.

JOHN DOE (V.O. CONT'D)  
 So now I lie here trying to think  
 of something pleasant. Anything to  
 take my mind off that cretin with  
 the train light strapped to his  
 head.  
 (beat)  
 I've ruled out the possibility it  
 was a woman. A woman wouldn't be  
 that reckless, which is to say,  
 stupid.  
 (beat)  
 That's it, John. Think about women.  
 Dive deep into *La mer des*  
*souvenirs*, the Sea of Memories; and  
 summon something rich to cool your  
 fevered brow on this hot mid-summer  
 night.

CARS drive past. HEADLIGHTS illuminate the inside of Doe's  
 Mini Van.

Doe pushes up onto one elbow and looks north where he sees  
 the same BLINDING LIGHT approaching his van once again.

The Intruder doesn't cross the road to put distance between  
 himself and Doe; rather, he walks straight at Doe's vehicle.

JOHN DOE (CONT'D)  
 Really? Again?  
 (beat)  
 Screw this!

Doe scoots on his butt to the open hatchback and remains seated, his bare feet touching the ground.

Doe places a MACHETE on the REAR BUMPER as the Intruder draws abreast of Doe's M-V.

JOHN DOE (CONT'D)  
 Hey! Asshole! Where do you get off  
 sticking your head inside my van?

Rather than walk past the Van, or turn the headlamp off, the Intruder attempts to blind Doe again, by looking straight at him.

INTRUDER  
 (British accent)  
 You don't own this road.

JOHN DOE  
 True. I don't. But that's got  
 nothing to do with you trespassing  
 by sticking your head inside my  
 vehicle.

INTRUDER  
 That's the trouble with you bloody  
 Yanks.  
 (beat)  
 You think you can intimidate the  
 whole bloody world by being  
 aggressive!

JOHN DOE  
 Look, you moron. If you think we're  
 so bad, get your thumb-sucking self-  
 back to your perfect little island.

INTRUDER  
 Yeah? Well, what are you going to  
 do with that machete, old man? Cut  
 my head off? Stab me?

JOHN DOE  
 As much as I'd like to shove it up  
 your arse-- no. But now would be a  
 good time for you to go your way,  
 and I'll go back to sleep.  
 (beat)  
 We can chalk this up to a full moon  
 and let it go at that.

INTRUDER

Tell you what old man: why don't  
you put that machete away, then  
we'll see what's-what.

JOHN DOE

What? Put it away? Are you crazy?  
Aren't you afraid of the bears?  
There are bears around here, buddy--  
(beat)  
Although they usually come early  
Wednesday mornings when you people  
put your trash out for collection.

INTRUDER

Bollocks! You're daft, old man!

JOHN DOE

Maybe so. But understand this, you  
limey bastard, threaten me again  
and I will defend myself, with  
talon, tooth, and harsh language.

INTRUDER

Oh will you now, old man? Let's  
just see about that.

The Englishman advances step by step: ten feet, seven feet,  
four feet—

JOHN DOE

(Mimicking Hannibal  
Lector)  
Okie Dokie.

Doe stands, grasps the handle of the machete in his right  
hand and holds it downward at his side.

JOHN DOE (CONT'D)

Final warning, John Bull: No  
closer!

The Intruder stops.

INTRUDER

This isn't the end of it, old man.  
I'm letting the whole town know  
you're up here.

JOHN DOE

Look, you Pond-hopping wanker, I was living in this valley long before your mother dropped you on your head. But, go ahead. Do your worst!

The Intruder departs south, back the way he came.

Doe stands outside his M-V. In the moonlight he can see the Intruder approach a car full of young folks who are hanging out a hundred yards south of Doe's vehicle.

Doe watches the Intruder turn his headlamp OFF and point north, in Doe's direction.

Doe places the machete inside the M-V, crawls inside, and lowers the hatchback.

FULL MOON

The ominous sound of a helicopter's blades SWOOSHING through the night sky.

HELICOPTER - NIGHT

A helicopter HOVERS over the vicinity where Doe is parked.

The Helicopter's SPOTLIGHT ILLUMINATES the exterior of Doe's vehicle.

INT. JOHN DOE'S M-V - NIGHT

Sound of vehicles approaching as their tires BITE-DOWN on gravel off-road.

The interior of Doe's M-V is ILLUMINATED by HEADLIGHTS, SPOTLIGHTS, and FLASHING RED and BLUE LIGHTS.

EXT. OFF ROAD - NIGHT

TWO Sheriffs' SUVs park behind Doe's M-V.

An AMBULANCE drives INTO VIEW and PARKS on the other side of the road, opposite Doe's vehicle, with its LIGHTS FLASHING.

DEPUTY-1

You! In the van. Come out with your hands up! Palms together! Fingers laced.

JOHN DOE  
I need to put my shoes on.

DEPUTY-1  
What?

JOHN DOE  
I don't have my shoes on. They're outside my van. How about I put them on, and *then*, put my hands up and lace my fingers together?

LONG PAUSE.

DEPUTY-1  
Yeah. Okay. Put your shoes on!

JOHN DOE  
Would you mind dimming the lights?  
I can't see.

DEPUTY-1  
Shut up, and get out of your vehicle.

DEPUTY-2  
Yeah. Shut up and get out of the car! Don't make us come in there after you.

DEPUTY-1  
(To DEPUTY-2)  
I got this, Brad.

DEPUTY-2  
Sorry, Doug. My bad.

DEPUTY-1  
You. In the van-- Machete Man! You got thirty seconds to get out of your vehicle.

JOHN DOE  
Okay. Just don't shoot. I'm going to open the door. Don't shoot!

DEPUTY-1  
Get out nice and slow.

JOHN DOE  
Okay, Lawman. Here I come. Nice and show. Don't shoot.

DEPUTY-1  
Stop saying that!

Doe lifts the hatchback OPEN.

JOHN DOE  
Okay, well, don't shoe.

HELICOPTER PILOT  
(Using a BULL HORN) )  
You want us to hang around, Doug?

DEPUTY-1  
No thanks, Pete. We got this.

The Helicopter DEPARTS.

PARAMEDIC  
(To the deputies)  
Hey! Doug! Should we wait around?  
Just in case?

JOHN DOE  
In case of *what*?

DEPUTY-1  
(To Doe)  
Shut up!  
(To Paramedic) )  
Nah. Go ahead, Ralph. Me and Brad  
got this.

The Paramedic gives the Deputy a "Thumb's up" and drives OFF.

Outside his M-V, Doe holds his hands up, palms together,  
fingers laced.

JOHN DOE  
May I put my shoes on now?

DEPUTY-1  
No! I changed my mind. Where's the  
machete? Did you hide it?

JOHN DOE  
Why would I hide it?

Deputies 1 and 2 exchange looks.

DEPUTY-1  
Okay, smart ass, where is it?

JOHN DOE  
It's right here.

Doe reaches for the machete. Simultaneously, the Two Deputies draw their pistols and assume a firing stance.

DEPUTY-1

Keep your effing hands where we can effing see them or we will effing shoot you!

DEPUTY-2

Yeah. We'll effing shoot you!

DEPUTY-1

Brad! I got this.

DEPUTY-2

Right. Sorry, Doug.

DEPUTY-1

Okay, old man. Walk slowly toward me.

JOHN DOE

How else am I going to walk? I don't have shoes on!

DEPUTY-2

Yeah, well, just don't try anything funny.

JOHN DOE

Like, what? Walking on my hands?

DEPUTY-1

Shut up and come toward us, Machete Man!

JOHN DOE

Seriously? *Machete Man*?

DEPUTY-2

My wife just texted me. That's what the people in the East End are calling you on the Ojai Community Midnight Forum.

JOHN DOE

The Community, *what*?

DEPUTY-1

Shut up and walk.

DEPUTY-2

Yeah. Shut up and walk.

JOHN DOE  
(To himself)  
This just gets better and better.

A TELEVISION COMMUNICATIONS VAN approaches and CHURNS gravel as it comes to a full STOP behind the Sheriff's Vehicles.

A diminutive WOMAN REPORTER (Asian, 20s) gets out of the van with a microphone. Her CAMERAMAN (Black male, 20s) hurries after her.

REPORTER  
(To DEPUTY-2)  
Is it him, Deputy? Did you get the Machete Man?

DEPUTY-2  
Sure did, Connie. Me and Doug.

DEPUTY-1  
(Patting Doe down)  
Driver's License?

JOHN DOE  
Right back pocket.

DEPUTY-1  
Anything else? Anything that can hurt me?

JOHN DOE  
Like what--the truth?

DEPUTY-1  
Keep it up, Machete Man, and you'll be getting my boot up your ass.  
(Examines Doe's Driver's License)  
This expires in five days, Doe.

JOHN DOE  
You don't say?

DEPUTY-2  
(To the Reporter)  
Better stand back, Connie, until we get the bracelets on him.

The Reporter signals to her Cameraman. He begins videotaping as she fluffs her hair in preparation for her "on-the-scene" report.



REPORTER

(Videotaping commences)

Thanks to the fast-acting response from the East End community and the Ojai Police Department, Ojai's notorious Machete Man is now in custody.

JOHN DOE

(To himself)

Oh, Mama, can this really be the end?

REPORTER

Hold on, the Machete Man just broke his silence. What was it you just said, old man? How does it feel, now that you've been apprehended?

JOHN DOE

Your tits are crooked.

REPORTER

Huh?

The Reporter looks down, awkwardly juggles and adjusts her breasts in her brassiere.

DEPUTY-1

Shut up, Doe! Don't talk to Connie like that!

REPORTER

(To the Cameraman)

Get in close, Robbie. Sounds like the Machete Man's resisting arrest.

Doe looks straight at the camera.

JOHN DOE

The only thing I'm resisting, America, is abject stupidity.

DEPUTY-2

Maybe we should Tase him, Doug?

DEPUTY-1

Turn around, Doe.

Doe turns around. Deputy-1 CLAPS steel handcuffs on Doe's wrists.

Deputy-2 shines his FLASHLIGHT on Doe's belongings, stacked outside the back of the M-V:

There is an ice chest and a box of dry goods, a hefty bag half-filled with empty cans and plastic containers.

Deputy 2 turns Doe's vehicle inside-out, presumably searching it for the machete.

Deputy-2 finds the MACHETE.

He tosses Doe's CAR KEYS on the roof of the M-V; then takes the machete to his patrol car.

The News Van's DRIVER (Latino, 50) gets out.

DRIVER

Hey! Connie! A tour bus just collided with an Amtrak train in Ventura. The C-H-P say bodies are scattered everywhere.

The Reporter looks at "Robbie," the Cameraman, and draws a finger across her throat.

The Cameraman ceases filming Doe (now in cuffs).

REPORTER

(To herself)

Good bye, *Ojai!* Hello *Edward R. Morrow* Award.

(beat)

We are so out of here, Robbie!

(To the Deputies)

Good work, boys.

The Reporter and Cameraman hasten to the van and get inside.

The van CHURNS gravel as it DEPARTS.

DEPUTY-1

Take a seat on the bumper, Doe. I want you to tell me what happened here tonight.

JOHN DOE

Are you familiar with the *Castle Doctrine?*

DEPUTY-1

*Jesus on a bed of nails,* Doe! Just tell me what happened.

JOHN DOE

Okay. Do you know anything about the *Stand Your Ground* Rule?

DEPUTY-1

I swear to God, Doe. Either you start answering my questions, or I'll impound your car, and everything inside.

JOHN DOE

Look, Deputy. That whining thumb sucker who called nine-one-one, challenged me to fight. He took off when he saw I was prepared to defend myself.

DEPUTY-2

With a machete?

JOHN DOE

More or less. Sure. Why not?

DEPUTY-1

For the record, Doe, it was the Englishman's wife who called Nine-One-One, and reported you.

JOHN DOE

Reported me? Reported me for *what!*? She wasn't there to see what happened. I'm being framed.

DEPUTY-2

Yeah, well, whatever. The Watch Sergeant says we should go ahead and arrest you for violating *Section Four-Seventeen* of the California Penal Code.

JOHN DOE

That's brandishing a dangerous weapon in a rude, hostile, or threatening manner.

DEPUTY-1

Good guess! Are you a lawyer, or something?

JOHN DOE

Yes--in recovery.

DEPUTY-1

Whatever. In any case, you'll be booked, then let out on your own recognizance early tomorrow morning, unless you want to post twenty-thousand dollar jail bond when we reach lockup.

JOHN DOE

Hey! Fellas! I hate to break the news, but I acted in self-defense. Why not arrest the Englishman, instead? He started it.

DEPUTY-2

That's for someone in the District Attorney's office to decide.

JOHN DOE

The District Attorney!? Those rat bastards are as corrupt as prosecutors come? Piranha! Every stinking, sock-sucking one of them! And that includes the females working under that little prick, what's-his-name.

DEPUTY-2

(Snickers)

If you can't do the time, don't do the crime.

JOHN DOE

What--? Seriously, Deputy?

DEPUTY-2

I gotta roll, Doug. I put Doe's machete in your trunk.

DEPUTY-1

Copy that, Brad. Okay, I'll take the old man to lockup.

DEPUTY-2

Hey! I almost forgot. Ojai P-D has an arrestee for delivery to the Psych Ward at County General. They're asking if you can swing by and deliver him.

DEPUTY-1

Yeah. I guess so.

DEPUTY-2

Okay, partner. See you down the road.

Deputy 2 gets inside his vehicle and DRIVES OFF churning gravel, and BURNING RUBBER south, down the deserted road leading away from the Prep School.

JOHN DOE

You're a prick-- you know that, don't you?

DEPUTY-1

Yeah? Well, Doe, a prick is the best part of a man--  
(beat)  
Or didn't you get the memo?

INT. SHERIFF'S VEHICLE - NIGHT

Doe is put into the back seat, along with his sneakers. The deputy puts his vehicle into reverse.

Deputy-1 BURNS rubber down the road away from the entrance to the Prep School.

EXT. OJAI POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Deputy-1 pulls up to the station and parks.

Wearing a "Haz-Mat" suit, a POLICE SERGEANT EXITS from the station escorting a TRANSSEXUAL, named MARISSA (20s, Puerto Rican) who is cuffed and shackled.

Marissa wears white, skin-tight short-shorts, sequined patent leather knee-high platform-boots, a bright pink tube-top, falsies, and a dime-sized costume ruby over her belly button.

Marissa has on lipstick, mascara, glitter on her cheeks, false eyelashes, and black nail polish.

She struggles to walk without tripping while spewing OBSCENITIES in Spanish in a shrill falsetto voice.

Around her head, Marissa wears a yellow bandana, and has gaudy costume jewelry on her fingers.

Additionally, Marissa has numerous "piercings": eyes, ears, nose, lips, and eyebrows.

MARISSA

(Wailing)

You don't understand, Sergeant Mesa. I can't go to jail.

SERGEANT MESA

Look, Bride of Frankenstein, you should've thought about that before you took your cock out.

MARISSA

(Indignant)

I prefer to be called by my real name, Sergeant Mesa. You may have the right to arrest me for having my cock out, but that doesn't give you the right to insult me when I don't.

SERGEANT MESA

Stop spitting at me, Princess, and I'll stop insulting you.

DEPUTY-1

You've got to be shitting me, Sergeant! That's what I'm transferring to Lockup?

SERGEANT MESA

Luck of the draw, Doug. He's all yours.

DEPUTY-1

(To Marissa)

You spit even once, Gonzalez, you little freak, and I'll shove my flashlight down your throat.

MARISSA

I've had bigger. And for your information, Mister big-shot, I'm a *who*, not a *this* or a *that*, with real feelings, just like you and Sergeant Mesa.

Rendered momentarily speechless, the Sergeant and the Deputy look at each other.

DEPUTY-1/SERGEANT MESA

(Shout in unison)

*Shut up!*

INT. SHERIFF'S VEHICLE - NIGHT

Deputy-1 drives away from the station with Doe and Marissa. Both are handcuffed and sit side-by-side, in the back seat.

MARISSA

(To Doe)

I love your beard. You remind me of Gandalf, or maybe Charlton Heston in *The Ten Commandments*, maybe even a little bit like, oh, yeah, I see it now, like Doc, in *Snow White and the Seven Dwarves*. I can't make up my mind which.

(beat)

I'm Marissa, by the way. I'm originally from West Hollywood, by way of Fresno and parts of the San Joaquin Valley.

(beat)

What's your name, sweetie?

JOHN DOE

Doe. John Doe.

MUSIC: First shrill NOTES from Morricone's "*The Good, the Bad and the Ugly*" theme.

JOHN DOE (CONT'D)

((Winces))

Did you hear that, Marissa?

MARISSA

(Puzzled)

Did I hear what, John?

JOHN DOE

(Retreats to his thoughts)

Nothing. Never mind.

MARISSA

No worries. Sometimes I hear things that aren't really there also.

(beat)

You know something, John, you look like a 'John'.

JOHN DOE

Really?

DEPUTY-1

(Eyes visible in the rearview mirror)

Shut up, you two!

MARISSA

(Whispers)

Oh, no. I didn't mean *that* kind of 'John'. Most Johns I know are quiet and serious and a little anal, but still, they're somehow decent guys.

(beat)

Do you know what I mean?

JOHN DOE

More, or less.

MARISSA

Okay. Good.

DEPUTY-1

Shut up back there, before I tase your asses!

MARISSA

Sounds scrumptious, Deputy Rhinegold.

JOHN DOE

Do you know this deputy?

MARISSA

Everybody on the street knows Deputy Rhinegold.

(beat)

Isn't that right, Doug?

DEPUTY-1

You want me to pepper-spray you again, you little shit?

MARISSA

And all this time I thought you didn't remember me, deputy.

(beat)

Do you live in Ojai, John?

JOHN DOE

I did. And from time to time I still do.

(beat)

The nomads of North Africa have a saying, Marissa: that if you travel faster than the fastest camel, you need to rest and let your soul catch up.

MARISSA

I love that!



JOHN DOE

Yes, well, Ojai has always been  
that way for me--

(beat)

An oasis, more or less, a place  
where one can rest and hope their  
soul catches up.

MARISSA

That's deep, John.

DEPUTY-1

Deep, as far as bullshit goes.

MARISSA

Don't listen to him, John. Deputy  
Rhinegold isn't well.

DEPUTY-1

Don't push it, you little faggot.  
Don't push it.

JOHN DOE

She heard you the first time,  
deputy.

MARISSA

I'm homeless, John. I wasn't until  
my sister's boyfriend threw me out.  
My sister's going to have a baby  
any day now and they need the extra  
room.

(beat)

I'm cool with it.

Visible in the REARVIEW MIRROR, the Deputy's eyes look  
strained, about to explode.

On a road laden with curves and sharp turns, Marissa looks  
out her side window.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

Hey! Deputy Rhinegold! This isn't  
the way to County Lockup!

DEPUTY-1

(Snickers)

Yeah, well, sunshine, we're taking  
the scenic route tonight. My treat.

MARISSA

(Looks at Doe)

Rhinegold can be such a prick!

DEPUTY-1  
I heard that!

JOHN DOE  
She didn't say anything, Deputy.  
Forget it.

DEPUTY-1  
Maybe I will. Maybe I won't. But  
don't be a butting-in, Doe. It  
ain't polite.

JOHN DOE  
(Under his breath)  
This just gets better and better.

EXT. CREEK ROAD - NIGHT

A twisting, two-lane road suitable for filming *"The Legend of Sleepy Hollow."*

Deputy-1's vehicle comes INTO VIEW at breakneck speed.

The Deputy is using both lanes to navigate the road's twists and turns.

INT. DEPUTY'S VEHICLE -NIGHT

In the back seat, hands cuffed behind their back, Doe and Marissa are jostled in the extreme.

The Deputy eventually reaches an ON-RAMP to the FREEWAY.

After several harrowing minutes, Doe and Marissa look at each other. Marissa frowns.

JOHN DOE  
You, okay?

MARISSA  
No. I bit my tongue.

JOHN DOE  
Ouch!

MARISSA  
I'll be okay.  
(beat) )  
John?

JOHN DOE  
Yeah?

MARISSA  
Can I know why they arrested you?

JOHN DOE  
You ready for this?

Marissa nods.

MARISSA  
They said I was too damn handsome  
for my own good.

MARISSA (CONT'D)  
(Laughs)  
No. Really.

JOHN DOE  
Violation of Penal Code Section,  
Four-One-Seven:  
(beat)  
Brandishing a deadly weapon in a  
rude, hostile, or threatening  
manner.

MARISSA  
O-M-G! Me, too! This is so sexy,  
John. Wanna know why?

JOHN DOE  
I'm all ears. But you have to  
whisper because Deputy Rhinegold is  
secretly taping us.

DEPUTY-1  
Am, not!

JOHN DOE  
Are, too!

DEPUTY-1  
Am, not!

JOHN DOE  
Are, too!

DEPUTY-1  
Prove it, Doe, or shut it.

MARISSA  
(Frustrated)  
John, I wanna tell you how I got  
arrested tonight.

JOHN DOE

Go ahead.

MARISSA

(Whispers)

I was holding my cock straight out in front of me, minding my own business, waiting my turn, when a vice-cop arrested me for brandishing a dangerous weapon.

JOHN DOE

(Whispers)

For holding your cock?

Marissa nods. Tears flood her eyes.

MARISSA

(Whispers)

The cop was really cute and looked like an ordinary guy who was there to watch, but as soon as I put tiny razors on it, he said my cock became a dangerous weapon, and because I had it in my hands, I was brandishing it in a rude manner.

(beat)

Can you believe that S-H-I-T?

JOHN DOE

Marissa, after what's happened tonight, I'm inclined to believe anything.

MARISSA

(Whispers)

Give some of these guys a gun and a badge and they turn into Robocop.

DEPUTY-1

Stop whispering, you perverts.  
We're almost at County.

MARISSA

(Panics)

I can't go to County. Don't take me there!

DEPUTY-1

Tough titty, Tin Lizzie! I'm not taking you to my place!

(Laughs)

MARISSA  
You don't understand, Deputy  
Rhinegold--  
(beat)  
I can't go to County!

Marissa SOBS uncontrollably.

DEPUTY-1  
Dammit, Gonzalez, cool it. Why  
can't you go there?

MARISSA  
Because--  
(beat)  
I don't have any panties on!

Doe stares at his feet to keep from laughing.

DEPUTY-1  
Are you fricking taking a dump on  
me, Gonzalez!?

Unable to restrain himself, Doe SNICKERS.

JOHN DOE  
Sorry, boys and girls. My bad.

MARISSA  
(Between SOBS)  
No, Deputy Rhinegold. It's the  
truth. Want to see?

DEPUTY-1  
No! Frick, no! Now stop balling,  
Gonzalez. They'll issue you  
underwear as soon as we get there.

MARISSA  
(Stops sobbing)  
Really? They *will*?

DEPUTY-1  
Yeah. So, relax!

MARISSA  
Bikinis? Boxers? Or, Tightly-  
Whiteys?

DEPUTY-1  
You cocky little shit!

JOHN DOE  
It's a valid question, deputy.

DEPUTY-1

Shut up, Doe! Mind your own bee's wax.

MARISSA

I don't really need Bikinis, and Boxers have that weird opening in front, so it's hard to keep the elephant in the jungle, if you catch my drift. I prefer Tightly-Whiteys.

JOHN DOE

Good choice, Marissa.

MARISSA

O-M-G, John! Are you wearing Tightly-Whiteys?

JOHN DOE

I don't always wear underwear, but when I do, I prefer Tightly-Whiteys.  
(beat)  
Stay tight, America.

DEPUTY-1

You two make me wanna puke. That's it, Doe! We're here. Say goodbye to your boyfriend.

MARISSA

What about me? I thought I was going to lockup.

DEPUTY-1

County Jail? Oh, hell, no! County Psych Ward? Hell, yes.

JOHN DOE

(Interjects)  
That's good news, Marissa.

MARISSA

It is?

JOHN DOE

Of course it is. You'll have a nice big bed with clean pressed sheets. You'll get three nutritious meals a day. Excellent Jell-O, nice doctors, and Philippine nurses, to care for you. It'll be like being on vacation at a spa--

(MORE)

JOHN DOE (CONT'D)

(beat)  
More or less.

MARISSA

Gosh. I didn't think of that.

Deputy-1 STOPS his vehicle outside the main entrance to the County Jail and PARKS.

Rhinegold gets out and opens the rear door.

Awash with greenish light cast by streetlamps, LOCKUP looms dark and forbidding, a modern-day colossus of architectural nihilism.

DEPUTY-1

Let's go, Doe.  
(Assists Doe out of the  
vehicle)

MARISSA

I love you, John Doe!

JOHN DOE

Keep your chin up, young lady.  
You're going to be fine.

DEPUTY-1

In case you didn't notice, Doe,  
he's a she.  
(beat)  
Now hold still. No funny business.

JOHN DOE

Funny, like Harpo Marx funny? Or  
something else funny?

Deputy-1 removes Doe's cuffs. Doe puts his sneakers on.

DEPUTY-1

Now that I think about it, Doe,  
maybe I should take you to the  
Psych Ward with Gonzalez.

JOHN DOE

I'm pretty certain the food and  
accommodations will be a damn sight  
better at the Psych Ward, than  
where I'm going.

DEPUTY-1

You're about to find out, old man.

MARISSA  
 (Her head out the window)  
 I love you, John Doe. I'll never  
 forget you!

With his left hand, Doe pats his heart and with his right-  
 hand blows Marissa a kiss.

DEPUTY-1  
 (Under his breath)  
 Christ, I'll be happy when this  
 night's over.

JOHN DOE  
 Never put happiness on hold,  
 Deputy. It might not come around  
 again.

DEPUTY-1  
 Shut up, Doe. Let's go. March!

INT. LOCKUP/BOOKING STATION - NIGHT

The "Booking" station is compartmentalized into distinct  
 areas, each area serving a different function:

There are three holding cells, a medical screening area, a  
 fingerprinting and photography section, a "Booking" area for  
 logging personal belongings, and a shower section used for  
 delousing detainees.

AREA NO.1: WAITING ROOM

Deputy-1 escorts Doe inside; he points to a metal bench  
 against a wall. Everything except the concrete floor is  
 painted a drab green.

DEPUTY-1  
 Take a seat, Doe.

Doe sits. Deputy-1 sits at an elevated desk with a computer  
 on top and begins processing [the] "paperwork" relating to  
 John Doe's arrest.

Doe looks around at his new surroundings.

JOHN DOE  
 This place needs something, Doug.

DEPUTY-1  
 Yeah--? Like, what?



JOHN DOE

Well, to start with, it could use a fresh coat of paint. I suggest Benjamin Moore's *October Mist*. It'll lift the mood around here.

DEPUTY-1

Jesus, Doe, Shut up so I can finish and get out of here.

JOHN DOE

There must be a woman involved.

DEPUTY-1

That's none of your business.

JOHN DOE

Are you and Sherry having carnal relations?

DEPUTY-1

What the--  
(beat)  
How do you know her name?

JOHN DOE

Just a wild guess.  
(beat)  
So, are you and Sherry doing it?

Deputy-1 shakes his head; ignores Doe, and continues typing.

Also present are SEVEN black-clad OFFICERS (Five men, two women) of the Sheriff's elite ANTI-GANG UNIT.

They finish checking their weapons and are about to deploy.

All the officers of the Gang Unit resemble the actor, Vin Diesel, with shaved heads, shiny and wet with perspiration, and their biceps bulging, including those of the two Women. a

JOHN DOE (CONT'D)

(Stands and shouts)

Hey! How come you kids all look like Vin Diesel!?

Needle across the album SCREECHING sound [As] every head of the Gang unit WHIPS AROUND, eyes fixed on John Doe.

Doe shrugs innocently.

Hurling Daggers with their eyes at Doe, the Gang Unit DEPARTS.

DEPUTY-1

Jesus, Doe! Sit down, before you  
get shot!

JOHN DOE

Are you saying I'm not safe here?

Deputy-1 ignores Doe's question; he finishes typing and  
stands.

DEPUTY-1

Okay, I'm out of here. Try to keep  
your mouth shut, Doe, and you may  
just live to see tomorrow.

JOHN DOE

What about your handcuffs? Don't  
you need them?

DEPUTY-1

Nah! My girlfriend's got a ton of  
cuffs--

(Proceeds out the  
entrance) )

Good luck, smart ass.

Doe sits. He looks up at a large WALL CLOCK. The time reads  
2335 hours (11:35).

Doe sighs, and rests his head on his knees.

JOHN DOE (V.O.)

I'm beginning to wonder if maybe  
this is a dream--

(beat)

A gastrointestinal sequence of  
metaphorical imagery triggered by  
what I ate earlier during a sleep-  
deprived state of consciousness.

(beat)

Dreams are a rollercoaster of  
imagery, coupled to our own  
emotional software, and woven into  
a loosely formed dreamscape. A  
dreamscape where, from behind the  
curtain, the great Oz processes  
junk accumulated from--

(beat)

Well, from however far back in  
temporal time the Dream Spinner  
dares to reach. Whatever else one  
wants to believe, I can't help but  
think dreams are a gateway to a  
parallel universe.

Sound of an ambulance SIREN close by.

JOHN DOE (V.O. CONT'D)

Never a good sound, unless you believe, "help is on the way." Interesting that those who study the workings of the mind are the first to admit that the purpose of dreams is a subject far from understood.

JOHN DOE (CONT'D)

Philosophers, academicians, witch doctors, seers, psychics, flimflam artists, religious quacks, the barber, and the girl who makes pizzas have all weighed-in as to the nature of dreams; yet no one really knows *why* we dream.

(beat)

Like William Goldman said about the Hollywood Movie Industry: "Nobody knows anything."

(beat)

I do know this much: bad dreams, scary dreams, dreams where you're flying high, or stuck in the mud, even run-of-the-mill wet dreams, they all come to a screeching halt when the alarm clock goes off.

The ELECTRONIC DOOR leading in and out of the Waiting Room opens with a mind-jarring THUDDING sound.

One of the jailers, DEPUTY RISER (White, 25), appears. Riser does NOT look like Vin Diesel or anyone even less appealing.

A gym rat with a Napoleon complex, Riser struts like the diminutive and sadistic correctional officer, Percy Wetmore, in: "*The Green Mile*."

Even Riser's buzzcut is identical to Percy Wetmore's, including an excessive use of Brylcreem.

RISER

(Shouts)

Stand up, and turn around.

JOHN DOE

I can't very well stand *down* and turn around-- Now, can I?

(Stands)

Riser removes Doe's handcuffs. Doe looks at Riser's NAMETAG.

RISER  
Do *not* mess with me, old man.

JOHN DOE  
Never entered my mind, Deputy  
Rooster.

RISER  
(Shouts)  
*Riser, dick wad! Deputy Riser!*

JOHN DOE  
And so it shall be.

RISER  
You're a cocky old fart, aren't  
you?

JOHN DOE  
I'm not going to answer that.

Deputy Riser slaps a yellow Taser GUN on his belt.

RISER  
See this, old man? It's a Taser.  
Model X-Two-hundred with dual  
lasers, and a pulse calibration  
system that delivers an exact  
amount of electrical charge where  
aimed.

(beat)  
It re-calibrates every twenty  
seconds. I can bring down an  
elephant with this baby.

JOHN DOE  
Does it come in other colors?

RISER  
Is that supposed to be a joke!?

JOHN DOE  
Not at all. Tasers would make great  
treats for the kids on Halloween.

RISER  
That's sick. Now shut up, and walk.

JOHN DOE  
Are we going somewhere nice?

RISER  
You're a real wise guy, aren't you,  
old man?

JOHN DOE  
Just trying to keep things light,  
Deputy.

RISER  
Well, don't! Give your mouth a  
rest.

AREA TWO: PAT DOWN & CELL ASSIGNMENT

Doe enters Area Number Two.

Sheriff's Deputies, C-H-P Officers, and City Police, all stand around conversing while the MEN they have arrested are being processed.

Off to one side, Doe sees two numbered JAIL CELLS, each with a hardened plastic window in a reinforced-steel door.

Oxygen reaches each cell through a half-inch space between the floor and the door.

What air conditioning there is, is for the comfort of the Jailers, outside the cells.

Doe sees a tall, clean-cut MALE (20s, YU YUE) inside Cell No. 6.

Yu stands at the window observing what's taking place between Doe and Riser.

There is a THIRD, un-numbered jail cell that is dark in a sinister way but appears unoccupied.

Opposite these three jail cells is a wall that has a broad yellow "caution" stripe, painted on it.

JOHN DOE  
Hey! Do these floors get cleaned? I mean really scrubbed, like with industrial-grade bleach, and Lysol?

RISER  
Swear to gawd, Doe, keep it up and I will Tase your worthless ass.

Riser gives Doe what equals to a second pat-down.

JOHN DOE  
No need for that. The deputy who brought me here already frisked me.

Riser reaches around Doe and feels Doe's crotch. Doe turns his head to the right and COUGHS, repeats it to the left.

RISER

This ain't a physical, you dumb  
ass!

JOHN DOE

Could've fooled me.

SLOW MOTION SHOT:

From across the room, and exhibiting a form of comic book sexuality, comes DOCTOR BUTTERWORT (Germanic female, 40s).

UP MUSIC: Wagner's "*Flight of the Valkyries*."

With Doctor Butterwort, is her nondescript female MEDICAL ASSISTANT (25). Both women wear crisp white lab coats.

The doctor carries a black, leather riding crop, and has a stethoscope around her neck; her assistant holds a clipboard and has thick, horn-rimmed glasses low on her nose.

The Doctor's Assistant also holds a blood pressure monitor or blood pressure gauge.

Much to the pleasure of the men, Doctor Butterwort wears stiletto heels supporting long, shapely legs. She has platinum hair, a Jessica Rabbit figure, and full red lips.

DOWN MUSIC/ CAMERA BACK TO SPEED:

RISER

(To Doe)

Lift your shirt up to your  
shoulders, old man.

JOHN DOE

I can't very well lift my shirt  
down--

(beat)

Now can I?

RISER

I swear on dead Aunt Milly's  
titties, Doe; you're cruising for a  
bruising.

JOHN DOE

(Doe lifts his shirt)

Have at it.

The Doctor and her Assistant stop in front of Doe.

Doctor Butterwort (pronounced, butter-vert) places her stethoscope variously on Doe's upper torso.

JOHN DOE (CONT'D)  
Please, Doc, no fat jokes.

RISER  
Shut it, Doe!

DR. BUTTERWORT  
(Thick, German accent)  
I don't mind, Deputy Riser. Mister Doe seems harmless enough. You're harmless, aren't you, Mister Doe?

JOHN DOE  
(Speaks German)  
*Ganz sicher, Frau Doktor*  
(Subtitles)  
Most definitely, Doctor.

Amazed to hear Doe speak German, the Doctor lowers her stethoscope.

DOCTOR BUTTERWORT  
You can lower your arms now, Mister Doe.  
(beat)  
You speak *Deutsch* quite well! I'm impressed.

She looks Doe up and down. Her eyes fix on Doe's crotch where it becomes obvious--Doe has an ERECTION.

DOCTOR BUTTERWORT (CONT'D)  
Very impressed.  
(beat)  
Please, *Herr Doe*. Say something else in *Deutsch*. It reminds me of my childhood home in Bavaria.

JOHN DOE  
I know very little *Deutsch, Frau Doktor*. Just enough to order coffee, find the train station, that kind of thing.

DR. BUTTERWORT  
*Bitte, Herr Doe: Bitte, bitte, bitte.*  
(Subtitles)  
Please, Mister Doe: Please, please, please.

JOHN DOE  
 (Sighs)  
 Very well, Frau Doctor.  
 (beat)  
*Viel wie für Fellatio?*  
 (Subtitles)  
 How much for a blowjob?

LONG PAUSE.

[As] Butterwort erupts in a fit of LAUGHTER.

DR. BUTTERWORT  
 You are a very naughty American  
 boy, Mister Doe!

JOHN DOE  
 (Shrugs)  
 That's me, all right.

Deputy Riser and the Medical Assistant exchange baffled looks.

DOCTOR BUTTERWORT  
 Do you ever feel suicidal?

JOHN DOE (CONT'D)  
 All the time.

DR. BUTTERWORT  
 Truly?

JOHN DOE  
 Well, if one regards each new day  
 as a fresh start, a new beginning,  
 which I do, and not simply as a  
 continuation of days gone before,  
 one must, of necessity, have a  
 reason to go on--yes? A reason to  
 live.

(beat)  
 And where there is no discernible  
 reason, no *raison d'être*, no  
 purpose, if you will, such that one  
 cannot assign a worthwhile meaning  
 to one's own existence, one should  
 consider suicide, if only as a  
 merciful act to benefit oneself.  
 Would you not agree?

SFX SHOT: Doctor Butterworts jaw drops to the floor with a CLANG, leaving her mouth grotesquely elongated and agape.



JOHN DOE (CONT'D)  
 Hey! I'm kidding, *Frau Doctor*. I  
 intend to ride this bus to the end  
 of the line.

Doctor Butterwort's jaw SNAPS shut, restoring her face to an  
 otherwise normal appearance.

DOCTOR BUTTERWORT  
 (Confused)  
 Bus--?

JOHN DOE  
 Sorry. I often use a common form of  
 transportation such as a bus as a  
 metaphor for life: meaning, well,  
 you know: existence, being,  
 aliveness, creation, sentience,  
 living, or--

Doctor Butterwort clasps her hands over Doe's mouth, muffling  
 him.

DR. BUTTERWORT  
 (Butterwort looks at  
 Deputy Riser)  
 Be sure you confiscate Mister Doe's  
 shoelaces before putting him into a  
 cell.

RISER  
 I sure will, Doctor Butterwart.

DR. BUTTERWORT  
 (Glowers at Riser)  
 It's pronounced, VERT! Butter-VERT  
 (Faces Doe)  
 Do you use illegal drugs?

JOHN DOE  
 Do you have any?

DR. BUTTERWORT  
 You are a very funny man, Mister  
 Doe.

JOHN DOE  
 Funny, as in a weird kind of funny?  
 Or funny as in a ha-ha kind of  
 funny?

DR. BUTTERWORT  
 Why, both, I should think.

JOHN DOE

Yes, well, I do try to keep things light in my world, whenever, and wherever I feel darkness encroaching upon it.

RISER

(Looks at his watch)

Would it be possible, Doctor, to hurry this along?

DR. BUTTERWORT

Refrain from telling me how to do my job, you terrible little man.

RISER

Sorry, Doctor. It's just that it's Friday night, and there's a full moon out, and things are going to get really busy in here.

(beat)

And that could be anytime now.

DR. BUTTERWORT

Very well, Deputy Riser. You've made your point. Are you taking any prescription drugs, Herr Doe?

JOHN DOE

Eighty milligrams of aspirin every morning with my coffee, and a Danish. At lunch, I take a pinch of Spanish Fly, and wash it down with a Dirty Martini and three olives.

Riser snickers: he looks at Butterwort's Assistant, winks, and pumps his fist up-and-down.

The Assistant rolls her eyes and looks away.

DOCTOR BUTTERWORT

Do you ever have feelings of paranoia, *Herr Doe*?

JOHN DOE

Paranoia--?

Face pressed against the reinforced window in the door of Cell-6, the young Chinese Man remains staring at John Doe.

DOCTOR BUTTERWORT

A feeling that strangers are watching your every move?

JOHN DOE  
On occasion, I suppose.

DOCTOR BUTTERWORT  
Interesting. Any other  
prescriptions?

JOHN DOE  
At bedtime I take two Valium and an  
anti-depressant: unless I'm  
anticipating sexual congress.  
(beat)  
In which case, I skip the Valium,  
take an anti-depressant, and two  
Viagra.

DR. BUTTERWORT  
Interesting, *Herr Doe*; you take an  
anti-depressant, prior to coitus.

JOHN DOE  
Why, yes! Of Course. Aren't you  
ever depressed after sex?

DR. BUTTERWORT  
Well, now that you mention it. I  
suppose I do experience a feeling  
of--

The Doctor struggles to find just the right word in English:

JOHN DOE  
*Ennui*, perhaps? Sorrow? Despair?  
(beat)  
In a word, after your partners come  
and go, are you left feeling  
*unerfullt*--  
(beat)  
Unfulfilled?

DR. BUTTERWORT  
(In German)  
*Ja! Ja! Unerfullt!*

ASSISTANT  
Excuse me, Doctor Butterwort, but  
we are running a little late.

DR. BUTTERWORT  
Yes, yes. Very well. Stick out your  
tongue, *Herr Doe*. All the way,  
please.

Riser leans close to the Assistant.

RISER

(Softly)

Have you ever seen the doctor ask a  
perp to stick his tongue out?

Befuddled, the Assistant moves her head side to side, "no."

Doe sticks his tongue out, moves it side to side, then up and  
down.

DR. BUTTERWORT

Faster, damn you! Like your life  
depends on it!

SFX SHOT: Doe moves his tongue around the compass of his  
mouth with all the verve of a Gatling gun.

DR. BUTTERWORT (CONT'D)

Excellent! Excellent. That will do.

(Looks at Deputy Riser)

You can take Mister Doe to Cell-6,  
Deputy.

(Winks at Doe; speaks in  
German)

*Bis wir uns wiedersehen, Herr Doe.*

JOHN DOE

Sure, Doc!

(Speaks German)

*Bis wir uns wiedersehen.*

(English subtitles)

Until we meet again.

Butterwort and her Assistant walk OFF.

EXT./INT. CELL-SIX

Deputy Riser OPENS the door, shoves Doe forward.

RISER

Here's a piece of advice, old man.  
Play nice, with your new friends,  
and you might see the sunrise,  
*manaña.*

(beat)

That's Meskin--it means, tomorrow.

JOHN DOE

(Squints at Riser's  
nametag)

Damn fine of you to pass that on,  
Deputy Rooster.

RISER  
*Riser, asshole! Deputy Riser!*

Riser SLAMS the door closed.

Built to hold four adults, the cell, including Doe, now has SIX fully grown Detainees.

Each cell is five-feet wide, by nine-feet in length, with the far end devoted to a metal toilet and wash basin concealed by a waist-high, cinder block, privacy screen.

There is a wooden bench, six feet in length that was built to seat four posture-perfect male adults, shoulder to shoulder.

Lying unconscious on the bench, and occupying every inch of available space, is a LATINO MALE (30s), wearing a straitjacket and LEG IRONS.

His face is a puffy mass of cuts and bruises. Barefoot, and clad in bloodstained shorts, his legs are covered with TATTOOS depicting every imaginable religious symbol along with a TATTOO of *Jennifer Lopez* in the buff.

None of the Detainees display an inclination to waken the sleeping giant on the bench.

A second LATINO MALE (20s) is sleeping on the concrete floor.

A third LATINO MALE (30s) tries to rest by leaning on the two-foot high, cinderblock privacy screen in front of the toilet bowl.

A disconsolate redhaired white yuppie named KELLY (late 20s) sits on the floor with his thumb in his mouth, rocking side-to-side.

Doe steps in front of Kelly, gently extracts Kelly's thumb.

JOHN DOE  
 (Softly)  
 Keep that up, sonny-boy, and you'll soon find yourself in a world of hurt, every which way. Trust me on that.

Bleary-eyed, mentally vacant, Kelly looks around, nods, then sits on his hands.

JOHN DOE (CONT'D)  
 (Softly)  
 There you go.

Doe steps away from Kelly, stands alongside the young Chinese man.

Doe and Yu Yue watch the arrival of a new batch of Detainees (mixed races, various ages, some drunk, some not).

JOHN DOE (CONT'D)  
Mind if I share the view

Yu Yue responds with a dumb blank stare.

JOHN DOE (CONT'D)  
Ah! Forgive me.  
(Speaking "simplified  
Chinese")  
*Jieyi wo kan, er ni gua huzi ni de  
tui yu dangqing?*

Yu Yue looks at Doe.

YU YUE  
Knock yourself out, Grandfather,  
but I have to tell you: your  
Chinese, sucks.

JOHN DOE  
Really? I was asking if you knew  
the time.

YU YUE  
Not even close. You should have  
said: *Ni zhi dao xian zai ji dian  
le ma?*  
(beat)  
Instead, you asked if you could  
shave my legs, using creamy egg  
whites.

JOHN DOE  
(Aghast)  
No, way!

YU YUE  
Way, Grandfather. No worries. Most  
round-eyes don't give a shit about  
speaking anything but English. And  
most don't even speak English well.

JOHN DOE  
I agree. What's with the fella  
wearing the straitjacket? Do you  
know?

YU YUE

Only what I overheard when I first got here. He crashed a birthday party his ex was having for her new boyfriend.

JOHN DOE

So, they put him in a straitjacket? Incredible.

YU YUE

Yeah, well, apparently, he took a chainsaw with him to the party.

JOHN DOE

(Winks)

You mean, *allegedly*.

YU YUE

Yeah. Right. *Allegedly*.

JOHN DOE

What about the others?

YU YUE

No idea, except the white guy who was sucking his thumb is close to losing it.

JOHN DOE

I concur. How about you? Are you, okay?

YU YUE

Pretty much, I guess.

JOHN DOE

If you don't mind my asking, what brings you to this storied place?

YU YUE

I don't mind. I totaled my Dad's Mercedes tonight. The C-H-P arrested me for driving under the influence.

JOHN DOE

Ouch! Well, at least you're alive.

YU YUE

Yeah. Until word reaches the General.

JOHN DOE  
Sounds ominous, young man--? The  
General?

YU YUE  
My father. In China.

JOHN DOE  
Would you like to talk about it? In  
Chinese, perhaps?

Yu Yue laughs but clearly in pain, he clutches his rib cage.  
Yu Yue slowly unbends to his full height.

YU YUE  
Sorry. I got banged up in the  
crash.

JOHN DOE  
Did you tell Jessica Rabbit?

YU YUE  
Who?

JOHN DOE  
The Ice Queen with the riding crop,  
wearing Italian stiletto heels--  
(beat)  
Doctor Butterwort.

YU YUE  
(Grimaces)  
Please, Grandfather. No more. It  
hurts to laugh.

JOHN DOE  
Very well, henceforth, we'll have  
no levity or regard for mirth in  
this cell.  
(beat)  
By the way, young man, your English  
is impeccable. Are you in school  
here?

YU YUE  
Not here. Santa Cruz. The  
university.

JOHN DOE  
Ah! Of course you are! Go, *Banana  
Slugs!*



YU YUE

Yeah, Go, Banana Slugs! I don't know why we even have a mascot. Since Santa Cruz doesn't have an athletic department, or ever host athletic events.

JOHN DOE

So, I've heard. Just bull dykes, everywhere you look. I need to get up there and set things straight.

YU YUE

(Grabs his stomach)  
Please, no more!

JOHN DOE

My bad!  
(beat)  
Let's introduce ourselves, shall we?

YU YUE

My name is Yu Yue.

JOHN DOE

My name is Doe. John Doe.

MUSIC: First few, shrill notes from "*the Good, the Bad, and the Ugly*" theme.

JOHN DOE (CONT'D)

((Looks around))  
Did you hear that?

YU YUE

Hear, what?

JOHN DOE

Never mind.  
(beat)  
However tonight plays out, Yu Yue, it's been a pleasure.

YU YUE

Except for my bruised ribs, and my probable expulsion from the University of Santa Cruz---

JOHN DOE

Go, Banana Slugs!

YU YUE

Yeah, right. Add to that the probability of my family disowning me, the pleasure's been all mine.

JOHN DOE

(looking side to side)  
I don't see a clock.

YU YUE

It's between one and two.

JOHN DOE

That feels about right.

Escorting a DRUNK BUM (shabbily dressed, 50s), Deputy Riser glares at Doe.

YU YUE

Looks like you've made an enemy, Grandfather.

JOHN DOE

It would seem so, my exceedingly polite young friend: you, who have risked all to come to this foreign shore from across the wide, dare I say, treacherous, Whale Road.

YU YUE

(Chuckles softly)  
You're too much, Grandfather.

JOHN DOE

Kind of you to say so, Yu. I do, however, happen to agree.

Riser holds a mug raised chest-high so Doe and Yu Yue will get a good look at it.

RISER

(Taunting Doe)  
This is my second cup of hot chocolate tonight and it tastes mighty good. Mighty good!  
(SMACKS his lips)  
Too bad, fellas. But perps don't get hot chocolate.  
(LAUGHS and walks OFF)

Like the character-actor, *Lee Van Cleef* in many a Spaghetti Western, Doe's eyes narrow into slits, projecting malicious intent with laser-like focus.

YU YUE  
What are you doing, Grandfather?

JOHN DOE  
I'm giving Deputy Rooster my  
patented *Death Stare*.

YU YUE  
You *patented* a look?

JOHN DOE  
No, but I've been meaning to patent  
it.

YU YUE  
Does it work?

JOHN DOE  
What--? My *Death Stare*?

YU YUE  
Yes. Seriously. Does it work?

JOHN DOE  
We're about to find out, O handsome  
Sojourner from the Orient.

Doe and Yu Yue position their faces close to the window.

Kelly, the young white Yuppie, gets up off the floor looking  
more composed than before, and stands behind Yu Yue.

KELLY  
(Whispers)  
What's going on?

YU YUE  
(Whispers)  
Grandfather is giving Deputy Riser  
his *Death Stare*.

KELLY  
(Whispers)  
By the way: I'm Kelly.

YU YUE  
(Whispers)  
Not the best place to meet, but  
nice to meet you, Kelly, I'm Yu  
Yue.

KELLY  
(Whispers)  
Are you Chinese?

YU YUE  
 (Whispers)  
 What gave me away?

JOHN DOE  
 Gentlemen, please. I need to focus.

Kelly presses a finger to his lips and slinks back.

FINGERPRINTING/ PHOTO SECTION

An area contiguous to Cell-6 and the other two "holding cells."

Riser and the Drunk approach DEPUTY ELLIS (Black, 20s) in charge of fingerprinting and photographing new detainees.

DRUNK  
 (Teetering)  
 I gotta pee, Boss.

RISER  
 Shut up!  
 (Removes the Drunk's  
 handcuffs)  
 He's all yours, Ellis.

DRUNK  
 (Grabs his crotch and  
 squeezes)  
 I gotta pee!

ELLIS  
 You feeling okay, Riser?

Riser's face is now ashen, sweat runs down his face.

RISER  
 Yeah. Sure. Why?

ELLIS  
 Because you look terrible. Like  
 maybe you have what Auntie Mae in  
 Mississippi calls *Delta Fever*.

DRUNK  
 I ain't kidding. I got to pee bad,  
 Boss!

ELLIS  
 Okay, okay, but don't call me  
 "Boss." Let's get you to a toilet.

OUTSIDE CELL-6

Riser pauses to check his watch. His face is a deathly white and beads of sweat continue rolling down his face.

Riser looks toward Cell-6, the mug he is holding drops from his hand, SHATTERS on the floor.

Foam bubbles from Riser's mouth; he staggers to his knees, then onto his side, and starts convulsing.

BACK TO: CELL-6

YU YUE

It worked, Grandfather! Your death stare works!

JOHN DOE

Hot damn! How about that!  
(BANGS on the cell door)

YU YUE

What are you doing?

JOHN DOE

I'm getting that little shitz-ka help before he chokes on his own toxicity.

OUTSIDE CELL-6

Deputy Ellis hurries INTO VIEW; he sees Riser writhing on the floor.

ELLIS

(Shouts)  
We have an Officer down! I say again: Officer down outside cell-six! Somebody call Butterwort!

JOHN DOE

(Shouts)  
Rooster will be dead before Doctor Butterball gets here. Let me out. I can save the little prick!

Ellis comes over to the cell door window. Yu Yue and Kelly step back.

ELLIS

You a doctor, or something?

JOHN DOE  
Affirmative, deputy Ellis.

ELLIS  
You better not be joking me, Doe.  
(Shouts)  
Open Six!

JOHN DOE  
Joking? Nah. I kid a lot, but I  
draw the line at joking.

Sudden JARRING sound of the cell door's LOCKING MECHANISM.

Doe steps out of the cell, stretches, then rotates his head  
like a punch-drunk boxer entering "the ring."

OUTSIDE CELL-6

SEVERAL DEPUTIES stand around Riser, watching him convulse  
while foam bubbles from Riser's mouth.

JOHN DOE  
Okay, fellas, step back please.

The deputies defer and step back, out of Doe's way.

JOHN DOE (CONT'D)  
I need a pair of needlepoint  
pliers. And be quick about it,  
before he chokes to death.

A LATINO DEPUTY (20s) hurries OFF.

Doctor Butterwort arrives on the scene, along with her  
Assistant.

ASSISTANT  
Get back! Everyone!

The Deputies back away.

DOCTOR BUTTERWORT  
What is wrong with Deputy Riser?  
And why is Mister Doe not in his  
cell?

DEPUTY ELLIS  
We didn't know what to do when  
Riser went down. Doe said he's a  
doctor, so—

BUTTERWORT  
Is that right, Mister Doe?

Doe nods.

JOHN DOE  
But, feel free to take over.

Seeing the foam spilling from Riser's mouth, Butterwort recoils.

BUTTERWORT  
*Nein. Nein. Nein! Sie sehen aus,  
als hätten sie die Situation unter  
Kontrolle, Herr Doktor.*  
(Subtitles)  
No. No. No! It looks like you have  
the situation under control Doctor.

Doe looks at the deputies standing around.

JOHN DOE  
I need needlepoint pliers, *now!*

BUTTERWORT  
What are you going to do, *Herr  
Doktor?*

JOHN DOE  
Riser's choking on his tongue,  
which is causing a gastronomical  
dispersion of gas and vomit upward  
through his esophagus.

Latino Deputy returns with needlepoint pliers in hand; holds them out to Doe.

LATINO DEPUTY  
I need the pliers back, old man.  
They're my uncle Reuben's, and I  
gotta give them back.

JOHN DOE  
(Nods)  
I understand, Deputy.  
(Looks up at Butterwort) )  
A little assistance here?

Butterwort looks at her Assistant, flicks her head toward Doe.

Reluctantly, the Assistant kneels beside Doe and Riser.

ASSISTANT  
What do you want me to do?

JOHN DOE  
I want you on top.

ASSISTANT  
Excuse me?

JOHN DOE  
I want you to tilt Rooster's head  
back.

The Assistant's hands glide over Riser's head.

ASSISTANT  
I can't, Doctor. There's too much  
grease in his hair.

JOHN DOE  
Okay hook his nostrils with your  
fingers, then yank his head back.

ASSISTANT  
Excuse me?

JOHN DOE  
Look, lady, I can't be excusing you  
all night. Tilt his head back, and  
hold it there.

The Assistant does as told.

Doe takes the pliers; inserts them into Riser's mouth.

Gaining a purchase on Riser's tongue, he slowly pulls ON  
Riser's tongue.

SFX SHOT: Doe pulls Riser's tongue a freakishly long way out  
of his mouth.

BACK TO SCENE:

Riser GASPS. Doe releases Riser's tongue then hands the  
pliers to the Latino Deputy.

JOHN DOE (CONT'D)  
(Stands)  
Thanks. They worked great.

The Latino Deputy eyes the pliers warily.

LATINO DEPUTY  
Are these still good?



JOHN DOE  
You afraid of catching something?

LATINO DEPUTY  
Well, yeah.

JOHN DOE  
Man up, deputy. You'll be fine.  
Just don't lick your fingers.

BUTTERWORT  
That was marvelous, *Herr Doktor*.  
Where did you study medicine? I  
mean, before you turned to a life  
of crime.

JOHN DOE  
Nowhere. I'm not that kind of  
doctor, Doctor.

DEPUTY ELLIS  
I swear to God, Doctor Butterwort,  
Doe said he was a doctor.

JOHN DOE  
I am a doctor. A *Juris Doctor*, to  
be precise.

BUTTERWORT  
(Disgusted) )  
Cuff and shackle Herr Doe, Deputy,  
and place him back in Cell Six.

JOHN DOE  
That's a wee bit severe, don't you  
think? Considering I just saved a  
man's life.

BUTTERWORT  
(Slaps her free hand with  
the riding crop)  
Silence!  
(To Deputy Ellis)  
Do it!

Butterwort goes OFF.

Deputy Ellis takes Doe by the arm and leads him toward—

## FINGERPRINTING / MUGSHOT STATION

DEPUTY ELLIS

Dammit, Doe! You didn't say you were a lawyer.

JOHN DOE

You're right, Deputy. You should probably cuff and shackle me. God knows I deserve worse.

DEPUTY ELLIS

Nope. Not on my watch. You saved Riser's life.

(beat)

Screw Butterwort.

JOHN DOE

Hah! Is not a man stupid? I'm a man! So, I freely admit; I have given it some thought.

DEPUTY ELLIS

We need to get some pictures taken, Mister Doe.

Deputy Ellis positions Doe with his back to a wall that delineates "feet and inches."

JOHN DOE

Does my hair look okay, Deputy Ellis?

DEPUTY ELLIS

Your hair looks fine.

JOHN DOE

Are you sure? I've seen Nick Nolte's mugshot.

DEPUTY ELLIS

Everyone on the Internet's seen it!

JOHN DOE

Exactly! I don't want mine looking like his, or Charlie Sheen's for that matter, or Tom Hanks' or Glen Campbell's, for pity's sake, or Robert Downey's, Mickey Rourke's, Jack Nicholson's, and certainly not Paris Hilton's.

DEPUTY ELLIS

Are you done?

JOHN DOE  
I think so. But just for the  
moment.

Deputy Ellis takes a "full frontal" picture of John Doe.

DEPUTY ELLIS  
Okay, Mister Doe, let's get your  
right profile.

JOHN DOE  
Could you possibly photograph my  
left side instead, Deputy Ellis? My  
right-side profile is--  
(beat) )  
Well, *doo-doo*.

DEPUTY ELLIS  
Mister Doe--?

JOHN DOE  
Deputy Ellis--?

DEPUTY ELLIS  
It's been a long day in here and  
it's going to get busier around  
midnight. I could do with your  
cooperation right about now.

LONG PAUSE:

JOHN DOE  
Very well, Deputy. Have it your  
way.

Doe gets his right and left profile shots taken in short  
order.

JOHN DOE (CONT'D)  
Now what?

DEPUTY ELLIS  
We need your fingerprints and D-N-  
A. You're going into the National  
Crime Data Base.

FINGERPRINTING STATION:

Deputy Ellis proceeds to "swab" the inside of Doe's mouth for  
his D-N-A, then begins capturing Doe's fingerprints.

JOHN DOE (V. O.)

For those of you at home who don't know, let me tell you what being "in the system" means.

(beat)

It means once you're back on the street, wherever you go, your "arrest record" travels with you. Apply for a job with a reputable company and they'll want to know if you've ever been arrested. If so, were you convicted of a crime? Whatever you answer, they'll finish off the interview with 'Okay, we'll keep your application on file.' The point is, once you're in the system, you're screwed every which way for the rest of your unnatural life.

DEPUTY ELLIS

Okay. Let's get you over to see Deputy Toussaint at the Booking Station.

JOHN DOE: (V. O. CONT'D)

Once you're in the System you'll be reamed from every imaginable direction, and in ways you *can't* imagine. Twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, three-hundred and sixty-five days a year, not counting Leap Year, the System will have you bare-ass over a barrel of hungry monkeys, and that's no guano.

TORTURED SCREAMS from a DARK CELL adjacent to the Booking Station gets Doe's momentary attention.

The screaming STOPS!

JOHN DOE (V.O. CONT'D)

Don't get me started on how many folks are falsely accused and arrested every year, or who end up serving time for a crime they never committed.

(beat) )

And people I meet laugh or wonder why I call myself, a recovering lawyer.

As they approach the "Booking Station," Doe sees the straight-jacketed Mexican from Cell-6 being taken out of the cell in a wheel chair.

He is unconscious, held tilted back, drool trickling off his chin down his neck.

JOHN DOE (CONT'D)  
Where's Mister Big going, Deputy?

DEPUTY ELLIS  
He's being transported to the  
Hospital for the criminally insane  
in Atascadero.

JOHN DOE  
That can't be good.

DEPUTY ELLIS  
Nope.

JOHN DOE  
That's where they took Sarah  
Connor.

DEPUTY ELLIS  
Who?

JOHN DOE  
Sarah Connor. John Connor's mother.  
From the sequel to the first  
*Terminator* movie.  
(beat)  
Remember?

DEPUTY ELLIS  
Hey! That's right.

BOOKING STATION.

Deputy Ellis escorts Doe to the Booking Station and points to the entry door. The room is enclosed by large panes of glass.

Cameras on the wall capture what is taking place in that section of the jail.

Doe goes into the Booking Station and stops in front of a counter with an open window.

In charge of "Booking," DEPUTY TOUSSAINT (white, heavy-set Cajun, 50s) sits on an elevated chair behind the counter.

Toussaint wears spectacles low on the bridge of his nose.

DEPUTY TOUSSAINT

Name?

JOHN DOE

(Puzzled)

It's on the paperwork in front of you, Deputy Toussaint.

DEPUTY TOUSSAINT

You're a real wise guy, aren't you, Mister Doe?

(beat)

I tell you what: I'm going to ask once more, and if I hear anything other than your name, I'm going to come around this counter with my nightstick and give you a hickory shampoo.

(beat)

Got it?

JOHN DOE

Got it.

DEPUTY TOUSSAINT

Atta boy! Now then, what's your effing name?

JOHN DOE

Doe. John Doe.

MUSIC: First few, shrill notes from: *"The Good, the Bad. And the Ugly"* theme.

JOHN DOE (CONT'D)

Did you hear that?

DEPUTY TOUSSAINT

Yeah! You said your name's Doe. John Doe.

(beat)

Focus, Doe! Focus!

JOHN DOE

Okay, Deputy Toussaint, I'm back.

DEPUTY TOUSSAINT

Date of birth?

JOHN DOE

Today's date, please?

DEPUTY TOUSSAINT  
 (puzzled)  
 The twenty-ninth of August.

JOHN DOE  
 Use it for my D-O-B. I'm feeling  
 born again, Deputy Toussaint.  
 Halleluiah! August twenty-ninth in  
 the Year of Insanity, Two-Thousand-  
 Whatever it is.

DEPUTY TOUSSAINT  
 I am so tempted to climb over the  
 counter and beat the living shit  
 out of you.

JOHN DOE  
 Deputy Riser expressed similar  
 sentiments. How's he doing?

DEPUTY TOUSSAINT  
 It ain't gonna work, Doe. Don't be  
 trying any of that Yankee Hoodoo  
 Voodoo shit with me you crazy loon!

JOHN DOE  
 Wouldn't dream of it, Deputy  
 Toussaint.

Deputy Toussaint removes his reading glasses, wipes away  
 perspiration dripping from his face and forehead.

DEPUTY TOUSSAINT  
 Give me your height. Weight. Eye  
 color. Hair color, and Race.

JOHN DOE  
 In any particular order, Deputy  
 Toussaint?

DEPUTY TOUSSAINT  
 Consider this your final warning,  
 Doe.

JOHN DOE  
 Height. Seventy-three inches, or  
 one-hundred and eighty-three  
 centimeters, if you're using the  
 metric system.  
 (beat)  
 Weight. One-hundred and eighty  
 pounds. That's eighty-four-point-  
 six kilograms.  
 (beat)

(MORE)

JOHN DOE (CONT'D)

Eyes? Green, like the sea after a storm.

(beat)

Hair? White as the ashes from a crematorium oven. Race? Caucasian.

DEPUTY TOUSSAINT

Color of your socks?

JOHN DOE

Not wearing any.

DEPUTY TOUSSAINT

Color of your underwear?

JOHN DOE

Not wearing any.

DEPUTY TOUSSAINT

You're one queer duck. You know that, Doe?

JOHN DOE

You've haven't even scratched the surface, Deputy Toussaint.

DEPUTY TOUSSAINT

I'll tell you something else, boy. You'll be lucky if you get out of here tomorrow with all your teeth intact.

JOHN DOE

I yanked my crowns out, Deputy Toussaint, back when gold first climbed to fifteen-hundred dollars an ounce.

Deputy Toussaint slides a paper over the counter through an opening in the Plexi glass.

DEPUTY TOUSSAINT

It's a list of everything you had on you when you were brought in.

(beat)

Read it over. If it looks right, sign and date it at the bottom.

JOHN DOE

Got a pen?



DEPUTY TOUSSAINT

I'm using a computer, you dumb, son  
of a bitch!

(beat)

Now get out of my Booking Station!

JOHN DOE

(Mimicking Hannibal  
Lector)

Toodle loo, Deputy Toussaint, who  
lives at one-three-three Throwback  
Road, in nearby Santa Paula, who  
has three grown daughters: Trisha,  
Misha, and Krisha, all of whom are  
married now, albeit unhappily.

DEPUTY TOUSSAINT

Up yours, John Doe! Any of the  
deputies working here could have  
given you that information.

JOHN DOE

I suppose so, Deputy Toussaint. But  
you might want to ask yourself,  
"Why?" Why would they do that?

Deputy Toussaint grabs a stapler and is about to throw it at  
Doe when the jail LIGHTS flicker on-and-off, followed by  
thunder CRASHING.

The color drains from Toussaint's face; he lowers the  
stapler.

Deputy Ellis INTO VIEW:

DEPUTY ELLIS

(To Doe)

We're moving you to a different  
cell in a few minutes.

JOHN DOE

And well you should. Conditions in  
Cell-6 are deplorable, Deputy  
Ellis.

DEPUTY ELLIS

The conditions are deplorable but  
each time I mention it, I get  
reprimanded.

JOHN DOE

Okay, forget it.

EXT./INT. CELL-6

DOOR to Cell-6 OPENS. Yu Yue steps back. Doe goes inside.

The Cell DOOR CLOSES with a THUD.

Yu Yue grins, nods at Doe.

JOHN DOE  
(In Latin)  
*Veni. Vidi. Vici.*

They step to the cell door window and look out in time to see:

PARAMEDICS wheeling Deputy Riser away on a gurney.

Somehow sensing Doe's eyes on him, Riser lifts his head, looks at Doe, and points:

RISER  
(Deranged)  
His eyes! Doe did it with his eyes.  
Don't look at him!

PARAMEDIC NO. 1  
Relax, buddy. We'll have you at the  
hospital in nothing flat.

There are now four Detainees: Doe, Yu Yue, Kelly, and a DETAINEE (Latino, 20s) passed-out on the concrete floor.

The Yuppie, Kelly, sits on the bench holding his shirt over his nose.

Doe bends over the Detainee on the floor; sniffs and makes an ugly face.

JOHN DOE  
This poor bastard stinks. Anyone  
check to see if he's alive?

YU YUE  
I'm not going to touch him. Why  
don't you try your Death Stare in  
reverse? See what happens?

JOHN DOE  
A *reverse* Death Stare?

YU YUE  
Precisely.

OHN DOE

An intriguing idea, Yu. The most intriguing idea to take up occupancy in my head in a long, long time. Thank you.

Yu Yue turns away from the window and sits beside Kelly on the bench.

KELLY

Actually, Yu, *that* sounds creepy.

YU YUE

(Air quotes)

No. *Creepy* is what Doe did to Deputy Riser.

KELLY

I Can't argue with that, You're right.

(beat)

I'm so freaking screwed, Yu.

YU YUE

Welcome to the club, Kelly. Everybody here feels that way, except for Grandfather over there.

KELLY

Why do you call Doe, Grandfather? Is that what he told you to call him?

YU YUE

Absolutely not. Confucianism is still a mainstay in Chinese culture. It teaches us to respect our parents, to obey their wishes, and to venerate our ancestors.

(beat)

It also teaches us to respect our elders, and regard them as vessels of wisdom and knowledge. Knowledge they have gained over a lifetime of experience.

KELLY

My old man was a bum, right up to the day his liver turned to gooh and he died.

(beat)

(MORE)

KELLY (CONT'D)

All I remember of my pop was him slugging down a six-pack a night and beating me and my mom anytime his mood got mean.

(beat)

But my grandfather: he truly cared about me and mom. He used to take me fishing, and he'd tell me stories. Sometimes about his experiences, or fighting in Vietnam. Gramps was my best friend.

On his way to the urinal, Doe steps over the passed-out Detainee on the floor.

JOHN DOE

(To Kelly)

I'm sure you're innocent, young man, but what did a clean-cut, fella like yourself do to get thrown into this rat hole?

Sound of Doe PISSING into the metal toilet.

JOHN DOE (CONT'D)

By the way, does your wife know you're in here?

KELLY

How do you know I have a wife?

Doe Returns to the area of the bench.

JOHN DOE

(Points)

Probably the ring.

KELLY

(looks at his ring-finger)

Oh! Right. No, my wife has no idea. She thinks I'm at a Bachelor Party, for my cousin, which I was, but so was an undercover, D-E-A agent.

(beat)

I can't very well say I'm innocent.

JOHN DOE

Well, hell, son, don't say you're guilty, not while you're in here. What's your wife's name?

KELLY

Mary.

Doe points to THREE TELEPHONES mounted on the wall opposite the bench.

JOHN DOE  
Call her! And I mean, right *now*!  
Better that Mary hears the truth  
from you, rather than some well-  
intentioned pal of yours.

YU YUE  
The phones in here don't work,  
Grandfather.

JOHN DOE  
There's three of them and you're  
telling me not one of them works!?

KELLY  
For real, Mister Doe. None of them.

Yu Yue shrugs.

JOHN DOE  
(Amazed)  
How believably surreal!

YU YUE  
True, that, Grandfather. Whatever  
it means.

Doe presses his face against the window and BEATS on the door.

JOHN DOE  
(Shouts)  
Hey! Machine Gun Kelly wants his  
phone call! You hear me!? He's  
entitled to make one phone call,  
you troglodytes!

A muscular young DEPUTY named ANDREWS approaches and punches the hardened plastic behind which is Doe's animated face.

The window holds.

ANDREWS  
Shut up, you old busy-body and  
behave yourself! Kelly will get his  
call!

Andrews walks OFF.

Doe turns toward Yu Yue and Kelly and shakes his head in disgust.

KELLY

The worst part is, we've got our first kid on the way. I was just trying to make some extra money to cover expenses after Mary has the baby.

JOHN DOE

What kind of work do you do?

KELLY

I sell Life Insurance.

(beat)

Or I did.

(beat)

I am so screwed. Soon as my boss hears about my arrest, I won't be selling anything. I just thought I could do a one-time deal and Mary and I would be set--

(beat)

But the guy I was doing the deal with, is an undercover cop, and-

JOHN DOE

(Interrupting) )

Stop! Not another word. They've got the whole place wired! Besides, the dead guy on the floor is probably listening.

YU YUE

For real?

JOHN DOE

Yes. Mums the word, here on out. No admissions of guilt. Remember, even walls have ears.

YU YUE

I think I heard that once in a movie.

JOHN DOE

Walt Disney's animated, Nineteen Fifty-Nine feature film, *Sleeping Beauty*.

YU YUE

Oh, yeah, now I remember. I wasn't born yet when that came out.

JOHN DOE

Yes, and it'll be around long after  
we're dust.

YU YUE

You're probably right.

JOHN DOE

Don't think me immodest, Yu, but I  
am right. Certain works of art:  
*Sleeping Beauty*, *Beethoven's Ode to  
Joy*, Rodin's exquisite sculpture,  
*The Thinker*

(beat)

Even a mint condition, *Nineteen-  
Sixty-Four*, *Ford Mustang*. They're  
all Classics? Why? Because they  
possess an enduring form of beauty.

(beat)

And, *that's* what makes them  
timeless: Philistines, fads, and  
the Kardashians, notwithstanding.

KELLY

What's a Philistine?

JOHN DOE

Someone mentally on par with the  
Kardashians, but without their F-U  
money.

YU YUE

What you just said reminds me of an  
Art History Professor I had at  
Santa Cruz. She was okay, I guess,  
and knew her stuff, but her  
obsession with abstract art kept  
her aloof, distant, and  
unapproachable.

(beat)

Even the lesbians running the  
iniversity gave up trying to bed  
her.

JOHN DOE

She's not there to be a friend to  
her students, Yu Yue. She's there  
to teach, pure and simple; she's  
there to impart her understanding  
and knowledge of art to hungry  
young unsullied minds eager to  
learn, but having few of those, she  
strives to do what she can.

YU YUE  
 Okay, Grandfather, so riddle me  
 this: what is--

A furious Kettle drum ROLL precedes Yu's question! The roll  
 STOPS!

YU YUE (CONT'D)  
 Art?

JOHN DOE  
 I don't have a clue. But like  
 Justice Potter Stewart said, when  
 he was asked to define *obscenity*:  
 (beat)  
*I can't say, but I know it when I  
 see it.*

YU YUE  
 Interesting.

JOHN DOE  
 When Pablo Picasso was asked: what  
 made art; he replied: *Anything an  
 artist spits is art.*

YU YUE  
 I don't agree, Grandfather. Picasso  
 was okay, I guess. And I like his  
 painting, *Guernica*, because it says  
 something profound about the horror  
 of war, and he said it without  
 using words. But, I don't agree  
 with what you say, he said, about  
 art.

JOHN DOE  
 Pablo would be the first to  
 congratulate you for disagreeing  
 with him Yu.

A sudden look of absolute horror comes over Doe.

YU YUE  
 What's wrong, Grandfather? You look  
 like an old goat who just swallowed  
 a fur ball.

JOHN DOE  
 Serves me right, Yu, for trying to  
 think of a word--in English-- that  
 rhymes with orange.



KELLY

Any word?

YU YUE

Grandfather said, a word in  
*English*.

KELLY

Oh. Right.

JOHN DOE

That's okay, Kelly. You've got a  
lot on your mind. Tell you what. If  
you can find a word in English that  
rhymes with *orange*, keep it to  
yourself, because Miriam Webster  
Dictionary will pay a million bucks  
for it. No questions asked.

KELLY

For real?

JOHN DOE

Yep.

KELLY

A million bucks won't make any of  
this go away. I'm so screwed. My  
life is ruined. Why was I so  
stupid?

YU YUE

Confucius say *Desperate men do  
stupid-ass things*.

KELLY

Yeah, well, he got that right. What  
do you think I should I do, Mister  
Doe?

JOHN DOE

For starters, Mister Kelly, I'd  
say: man-up.

KELLY

(Looks at Yu Yue)

Ouch!

Yu Yue shrugs.

INT./EXT CELL NO. 6

Door OPENS.

ANDREWS

John Doe. Yu Yue. Lace your fingers together behind your back and follow me.

Doe and Yue step outside the cell; Doe shouts (to Kelly):

JOHN DOE

Keep your chin up, kid. This, too, will pass.

Sound of the cell door THUDDING shut.

YU YUE

(Standing behind Doe) )

His life is over. He won't see his kid being born. His wife will probably divorce him. He's going to lose everything he has, and you tell him to--

(beat)

Keep his chin up?

(beat)

What the heck, Grandfather?

JOHN DOE

You gotta have heart, Yu, miles and miles of heart--

(beat)

Or is it hope? You gotta have hope, miles and miles of hope!?

YU YUE

You've lost me.

JOHN DOE

Kelly might know a thing or two about selling Life Insurance, Yu, but he doesn't know squat about life.

(beat)

Besides, when a man's drowning, the right thing to do is to toss him a rope.

(beat)

That was my way of tossing Kelly a rope--

(beat)

A lifeline, if you will.

YU YUE

Not much of a rope, if you ask me.

JOHN DOE

Fair enough, Yu. And let me first say, I greatly value your opinion. But--

(beat)

--as to the "rope" I tossed to Kelly, it was tailored, not to mine but to Kelly's present grasp of reality--

(beat)

--his own reality.

YU YUE

I'm not certain I follow.

JOHN DOE

I could have told Kelly his only task is to do consciously what the plant does unconsciously--

(beat)

Grow!

YU YUE

Did Confucius say that?

JOHN DOE

No. It was a German philosopher: Schopenhauer. Maybe Goethe. Definitely not Nietzsche, Kant or Hegel. Those three were haters; they didn't give a rat's ass about anything other than their contemplative inquiry into the absence of meaning in life.

(beat)

Now that I think better on it, Yu, I believe plants do consciously grow. They must.

(beat)

Damn me, if life doesn't give us but a single imperative--

(beat)

Survive! Why didn't I see it sooner, Yu? For the life of me, why? Why!?

YU YUE

Perhaps because YOU'RE still growing?

Doe spins around, grabs Yu Yue, LAUGHS, and hugs him.

JOHN DOE

Well, beat a turd with a stick!  
Yes, Yu! You nailed it! I'm STILL  
growing. Halleluiah!

(Shouts)

I'm still growing!

CLOSE UP: CELL WINDOW

Cell-3 is dark and appears deserted. Suddenly--

--a scarred, sweat-drenched FACE of a BLACK MAN lurches INTO  
VIEW.

He POUNDS on the reinforced plastic window to get Doe's  
attention.

BLACK MAN

(Speaking Pigeon English)

I saw what you did to the deputy,  
old man, I saw everything. It was  
beautiful.

(beat)

I knew you'd be coming tonight; I  
saw it in my dreams. Sure, as  
you're standing there now.

(Speaking Swahili)

*Hakuna Kitu wiwi nyeupe mashetani  
Wanaweza kufanya kwangu inaweza  
kuzuia ukweli.*

(beat)

*Kuwaambia, John Doe Kuwaambia kuta  
nne hawana gereza kufanya kitu,  
wala pasi manacles kufunga nafisi  
ya mwanadamu.*

(English subtitles)

Nothing these devils do to me will  
suppress the truth. Tell them, John  
Doe. Tell them that four walls do  
not a prison make, nor can iron  
manacles bind a man's soul.

JOHN DOE

(Speaking Swahili)

*Hakika maneno yako ni maneno ya  
kweli. Kukaa imara. Soul wa mama  
Africa kozi kupitia mishipa yako.  
Moyo wa simba annakaa ndani yenu.  
Utakuwa huru tena.*

(English subtitles)

Your words are words of truth. Stay  
strong. The soul of Mother Africa  
courses through your veins.

(MORE)

JOHN DOE (CONT'D)  
 The heart of a lion resides inside  
 you, Cinque. You will be free  
 again!

The black man LAUGHS, dances-in-place, and SINGS an African  
 SONG.

Deputy Andrews INTO VIEW.

ANDREWS  
 What the hell is going on!? Shut up  
 everybody!  
 (beat)  
 Are you supposed to be some kind of  
 one-man, United Nations now, Doe!?

MUSIC UP: French national anthem: *La Marseillaise*.

JOHN DOE  
 (Shouts in French) )  
*Là où je ressens de l'injustice, je  
 dois crier "Liberté, Égalité,  
 Fraternity!*  
 (Subtitles)  
 Where I feel injustice, I must cry  
 out: liberty! Equality! Fraternity!

OVERHEAD LIGHTS inside the jail FLICKER-ON and OFF,  
 accompanied by the CRASHING of thunder--

BOOKING ROOM

Fearful, Deputy Toussaint cowers underneath the counter  
 clutching a CRUCIFIX he wears on a chain around his neck

BACK TO:

DOE

SILENCE descends. The LIGHTING returns to normal.

DOE  
 (shouts)  
 Okay! Did everybody see and hear  
 that!?

The blood drains from Deputy Andrew's face. He looks with  
 trepidation at John Doe, and raises his hand.

ANDREWS  
 Okay, that was weird.  
 (beat)  
 (MORE)

ANDREWS (CONT'D)  
 Let's go, men. Follow me. No  
 talking.

Deadpan responses from Doe and Yu Yue: Nothing to suggest  
 they've raised a "white flag" of surrender to the lockup!

ANDREWS (CONT'D)  
 Right.

Leading "the Way," Andrews walks OFF.

YU YUE  
 (Whispers)  
 Should I be afraid of you,  
 Grandfather?

JOHN DOE  
 Absolutely not!

EXT./INT. CELL NO 4

Deputy Andrews OPENS the door. Averting his eyes, he waves  
 Doe and Yu Yue INSIDE.

THREE WHITE MEN and ONE LATINO sit on a bench, another LATINO  
 (40) stands at the back of the cell.

On the bench, sitting closest to the door, is an emaciated,  
 DRUG ADDICT named MIKEY (White, late 20s).

Mostly skin and bones, Mikey is barefoot and has a T-shirt  
 torn into a wet rag on top of his head to cool himself. The  
 swim trunks he wears are baggy enough to accommodate a two-  
 hundred-pound man.

Mikey springs up when Doe enters.

MIKEY  
 Here, Santa. Sit here.

JOHN DOE  
 You want the bench, Yu?

MIKEY  
 No! It's for you, Santa, not your  
 elf.

YU YUE  
 (To Mikey)  
 Relax. The elf doesn't want it.  
 (To Doe)  
 I'm good.

JOHN DOE  
 (Nods to Mikey/ sits)  
 Much appreciated, young man.

Doe sits on the bench.

Mikey grasps the swim trunks with one hand and arranges them in such a way as to conceal his testicles.

Moving like a puppet whose strings are being pulled every which way, Mikey moves to the back of the cell beside the urinal.

Yu Yue leans against the wall, looks around, rolls his eyes and sighs.

A HIPPY (White, dreadlocks, 20s) looks at Doe:

HIPPY  
 He told me he was in here by  
 himself over twelve hours without  
 anything to eat.  
 (beat)  
 That was six hours ago. I think.  
 Hard to guess the time in here.

YU YUE  
 What's wrong with him?

HIPPY  
 Tweaker. Says the cops picked him  
 up at Surfers' Point after a four-  
 day binge on crystal meth. Guess  
 you can tell his brain is pretty  
 much fried.

YU YUE  
 Why isn't he in a hospital?

HIPPY  
 Costs the County less to let him go  
 through withdrawals here.

YU YUE  
 Couldn't he die?

HIPPY  
 I don't know. I guess so.

JOHN DOE  
 Mikey's already dead.  
 (Louder) )  
 Aren't you, Mikey?

MIKEY (O.S.)

Yeah.

HIPPY

How did you know his name?

JOHN DOE

Just a wild guess.

YU YUE

(Softly, to himself)

Here we go again.

Led by Deputy Andrews, TWO DEPUTIES appear outside the cell.

Andrews OPENS the cell door.

The Two Deputies step forward escorting a leather-clad bearded BIKER (White, 6'6" tall, in his 30s).

The Biker is too tall and too broad to enter straight-up. The Deputies have to gently lower the Biker's head, and nudge him forward.

A GANGBANGER (Latino, 20s) sitting next to Doe, sees what's entering the cell. The Gangbanger hops up and relocates himself to the far back of the cell, near Mikey and the urinal.

Head shaved, dripping sweat, the Biker's visible body parts are a mass of tattoos: Iron Crosses, and Swastikas.

The Biker staggers to the vacated space on the bench, and sits. Doe remains on the bench, nearest to the door.

BIKER

(To Doe)

I mainlined too much horse tonight,  
brother.

JOHN DOE

Bummer.

BIKER

Yeah. Crash and burn time.

While the Biker rocks back and forth, sweat seeps from every his brow to his nose to his beard.

Except for Doe and Yu, the others watch the Biker's every move with trepidation.

Yu Yue takes "it all" in, with a bemused expression on his face.



The Biker rocks back and forth; then, abruptly stops.

With the back of his hand, he wipes SNOT from his nose, lips, and chin.

He looks at Doe:

BIKER (CONT'D)  
What do you think of Donald Trump?

Sound of a Horse NEIGHING.

The Biker's moment of lucidity evaporates; he rocks side-to-side, eyes-closed before dropping a massive right-hand, palm down on top of Doe's knee.

The Biker groans, his eyes open. He looks at Doe.

BIKER (CONT'D)  
Did I just put my hand on your leg?

JOHN DOE  
Yes, Road Warrior. You most certainly did.

BIKER  
Sorry, old dude. I was dreaming about my ol' lady.

JOHN DOE  
Any port in a storm.

EXT./INT. CELL-4

The cell door OPENS.

Deputy Andrews enters with the same Two Deputies as before.

ANDREWS  
Come on, Frank. We're not charging you with Possession, after all. We're moving you to the Infirmary to detox.

The Biker lurches to his feet.

BIKER  
Cool. They got some great drugs up there.

HIPPY

(To Andrews) )

Hey! What about Mikey in back? He should be in the infirmary, too.

ANDREWS

You a doctor?

HIPPY

No, but--

ANDREWS

(Interrupting)

So, shut up already!  
(SHUTS door)

JOHN DOE

(To Yu)

What's Mikey doing?

YU YUE

Same as he was before. Dunking his shirt in the toilet.

JOHN DOE

Okay.

HIPPY

Anyone got an idea what time it is?

JOHN DOE

Yu Yue might. I think he's a Virgo. They're good at reckoning time.

The Others (except for Mikey) look at Yu Yue.

YU YUE

(Shrugs)

It feels like four in the morning, more or less.

The fierce-looking LATINO GANG BANGER who retreated to the back of the cell when the Biker entered, looks over at Doe:

GANG BANGER

(Spanish accent)

How come you're so calm, old timer?  
(beat)

Like when that big-ass, drugged-out crazy biker was pawing you.

Doe scans the faces of his cell mates.

Even Mikey pops-up from behind the privacy wall to hear Doe's answer.

JOHN DOE  
I guess because I'm not afraid.

GANG BANGER  
Say, again, *viejo*?

JOHN DOE  
Well, when you think about it: what can they do to us, that they haven't done already?  
(beat )  
They can't cook us and eat us. That would be against the law.

LONG PAUSE.

Suddenly, the others erupt with LAUGHTER, even Mikey.

Attracted by the raucous sound of inmate LAUGHTER, Deputy Andrew's FACE appears outside the cell window.

Everyone inside the cell [except for Doe and Yu Yue] is LAUGHING hysterically.

MIKEY  
Hey, everybody! We got our own Goldfish in a bowl.

Much to Deputy Andrew's displeasure, Mikey's comment perpetuates the LAUGHTER.

ANDREWS  
Knock that shit off before we come in there and Tase every effing one of you.

Andrew's threat makes the Detainees laugh harder.

Doe gets up and confronts Andrews at the window.

JOHN DOE  
If you'd give these men something to eat, it would settle them down.

Doe returns to the bench and sits. Andrews goes OFF.

The mood inside the cell has changed. The vibe is light. The tension undone.

JOHN DOE (CONT'D)  
 (To the Gang Banger)  
 Mind if I ask why you're here?

GANG BANGER  
 Hell, no, old man. I don't mind:  
 the cops are saying me and my  
 homies capped some drug dealer in  
 Santa Paula tonight.

HIPPY  
 Did you?

GANG BANGER  
 Hey! Don't be asking me that kind  
 of shit, white boy!

HIPPY  
 Oh, man, you're right! I forgot!  
 Sorry, man. Really. Totally, my  
 bad!

EXT. CELL-4

Accompanied by Deputy Andrews, TWO TRUSTEES (Detainees) come  
 INTO VIEW pushing a food cart.

Andrews OPENS the cell door.

INT. CELL-4

ANDREWS  
 Ramirez! Sanchez! Nunes! Come on  
 out of there. You're being  
 relocated to Simi Valley.

GANG BANGER  
 Hey, Boss. We ain't ate yet.

ANDREWS  
 Too bad, so sad. Now get a move on.  
*Andale! Andale!* Hands behind your  
 back.

The Gang Banger and the Two Latinos move toward the door.

GANG BANGER  
 (To Doe)  
 Take care of yourself, old timer.  
 And thanks for the laughter.

JOHN DOE  
My pleasure, young man.

The Three Detainees EXIT. Deputy Andrews SLAMS the door shut.

A Trustee looks into the cell through the window:

TRUSTEE  
Chow time, fellas.

HIPPY  
Hey, everybody! Food train's here.

TRUSTEE-1  
How many?

HIPPY  
(Looks around)  
There's four of us.

The Trustee slides four trays through an opening at the bottom of the door.

The Hippy hands Doe and Yu Yue each a tray.

On each tray are grits, some watery, refried beans, a hard biscuit, and a slice of orange and a Dixie cup of instant milk.

Doe takes the wedge of orange from his tray.

JOHN DOE  
Mikey can have the rest of mine.

YU YUE  
Mine, too.  
(Removes the orange from  
his tray)  
Except for this.

HIPPY  
Hey, Mikey! There are extra eats if  
you want them?

Mikey takes the trays from Doe and Yue and scampers back to the urinal.

HIPPY (CONT'D)  
The food isn't so bad, once you  
take a few bites.

YU YUE  
I'll take your word for that.

HIPPY

So, do you know all that Bruce Lee  
shit?

YU YUE

Why? Because I'm Chinese?

HIPPY

I guess so. Sorry, dude. I wasn't  
trying to be rude. Just trying to  
make conversation while we eat.

JOHN DOE

Yu knows that.

(beat)

But speaking of *Kung Fu*, it  
translates into the English word:  
*task*. So, in theory, one can  
perfect themselves through their *Kung  
Fu*, whatever their chosen task may  
be.

HIPPY

That's pretty cool.

JOHN DOE

It is, indeed. A florist can  
practice *Kung fu*, so, too, can a  
factory worker. It all depends on  
the amount of focus and  
consciousness they bring to what  
they're doing.

HIPPY

So, a guy welding some gnarly stuff  
on top of a bridge five-hundred  
feet off the ground can be doing  
*Kung fu*?

JOHN DOE

He could be, yes. So, also, a  
potter or a sculptor. Even a ditch  
digger. It's up to the individual  
and how they approach their chosen  
task.

HIPPY

Wow. I didn't know any of that.

YU YUE

Most Round Eyes don't. But to  
answer your question-- yes, I  
practice *kung fu*.

(MORE)

YU YUE (CONT'D)

I do it as meditation, and for its application as a martial art. Except, in China, we call it *Wushu* and there are many styles one can study.

The cell door OPENS.

Deputy Andrews ushers THREE [new] DETAINEES inside:

A detainee named Raj (Southeast Asian, 20s) enters with bare feet, a buzz cut, and a TATTOO on one arm identifying him as a soldier with the army's 82nd Airborne Division.

Raj is followed by DAVID (White, 20s) dressed all in black, Gothic style, and sports blue spikes in a modified Mohawk.

The third Detainee is a LATINO named REYNALDO (mid-30s). Reynaldo struts unselfconsciously into the cell.

Like Tony Soprano, Reynaldo projects an image of supreme self-confidence. He wears a green silk shirt, green slacks, and black patent leather loafers. Perfect for Friday Night Salsa.

Reynaldo nods to one and all then takes a seat on the bench.

David leans against the wall, alongside Yu Yue.

Raj finds a place on the bench and sits.

DAVID

(To Yu Yue)

I'm David.

YU YUE

Yu.

DAVID

Uh, dude, I just told you: it's *David*.

JOHN DOE

You misunderstand, young man. His *name* is Yu. Yu Yue. From China.

DAVID

Ah, shit!

(To Yu)

I'm sorry, man.

YU YUE

No worries.

RAJ  
 (To David)  
 Hey, man, if you would rather sit,  
 I'll trade places.

DAVID  
 No thanks, dude. I'm still too  
 wired to do anything but stand.

RAJ  
 (Looks around the cell) )  
 Hey, everybody. I'm Raj.

HIPPY  
 I'm called, Snakes.

REYNALDO  
 'Cuz of them gold dread locks  
 growing out of your head?

HIPPY  
 Yeah. Something like that, I guess.  
 Who are you?

REYNALDO  
 (Looks around)  
 Listen up, cell dudes. I'm  
 Reynaldo: Colonia's first Son of  
 Fun, and Salsa King of the Five  
 Points. But you can call me, Rey.  
 It's Spanish for King, so it's all  
 good.  
 (Looks at John Doe) )  
 How about you, old dude? You look a  
 little frayed around the edges. You  
 remember who you are?  
 (Winks)

Mikey pops-up from behind the privacy wall.

MIKEY  
 He's the Santa I saw in my dream.

Surprised by Mikey, Reynaldo leaps to his feet.

REYNALDO  
*Que chingados!* What is it!?!)

YU YUE  
 (Chuckles)  
 That's Mikey. He likes it back  
 there.



JOHN DOE  
 He's harmless.  
 (beat)  
 It's okay, Mikey, go back to what  
 you were doing.

Mikey disappears behind the privacy wall.

REYNALDO  
 Yeah, well, okay, but tell Skeletor  
 to stay away from me. He looks like  
 death warmed over.

JOHN DOE  
 He *is* death warmed over, Rey.

REYNALDO  
 (turns to David)  
 What did they get you for? Bad  
 hair!?  
 (Laughs)

DAVID  
 No, dude. They arrested me for D-U-  
 I. I was asleep in my truck when  
 they busted me, but--

HIPPY  
 (Interjecting)  
 Damn! Let me guess? You left your  
 keys in the ignition?

DAVID  
 Yeah, you're right. I did.

[DAVID'S FLASHBACK] EXT. BEAN FIELD - NIGHT

Drunk and far from asleep, David guns his El Camino around  
 the bean field in circles, tearing up row, after of row of  
 planted beans.

TWO C-H-P vehicles arrive on the scene. David leaps out of  
 his car and runs.

A LADY C-H-P OFFICER gives chase, tackles David, and cuffs  
 him.

[FLASHBACK ENDS. BACK TO CELL-4]

HIPPY  
 Oh, man! Huge mistake. You got to  
 remember to take your keys out of  
 the ignition.

DAVID

Yeah. I should've. That's good to know. What about you? Why are you here?

HIPPY

Me? The cops busted me in Oxnard. I wasn't doing nothing. Just standing outside the Peppermint Rino Lounge.

REYNALDO

Was you outside whacking-off in the bushes?

HIPPY

No! Oh, hell, no!

[HIPPIY'S FLASHBACK] EXT. PARKING LOT OF A STRIP JOINT - NIGHT

The Hippy jumps on the hood of a BMW driven by a YOUNG WOMAN (Black, in her late 20s), accompanied by a GIRLFRIEND (Asian, late 20s), as they attempt to depart.

The Hippy is clearly inebriated.

HIPPY

Which of you bitches wants to marry me!?

YOUNG BLACK WOMAN

Hey! Shithead! Get off my car before you scratch the paint!

YOUNG ASIAN WOMAN

Now! Or we're calling the cops!

The Driver's Asian Girlfriend takes out her cell phone.

The Hippy unzips his pants, takes out his penis and pees on the windshield.

[END FLASHBACK. BACK TO: CELL-4]

HIPPY

I was just hanging around, smoking a doobie when the cops arrived. When I refused to give them my name they busted me for obstructing officers in the performance of their duties.

REYNALDO

For real?

HIPPY

Yeah. Man. For real.

REYNALDO

(To Raj) )

How come you ain't wearing shoes  
and socks?

HIPPY

(To Raj) )

Yeah. The floors in here are  
cesspools of contamination, man.  
Take a good look. You'll see stuff  
moving down there.

(beat)

Like microbes, and shit.

(beat)

I'm telling you guys; this place is  
Fungus City.

RAJ

The cops confiscated my shoes as  
evidence. Shit! Now, I gotta worry  
about taking an effing jailhouse  
fungus back to New York with me.

HIPPY

What did they bust you for?

RAJ

I came out here to meet with some  
of my Airborne buddies. But before  
we could link-up, I got drunk out-  
of-my-mind and broke some stuff.

[RAJ'S FLASHBACK EXT. NIGHTCLUB -NIGHT]

Drunk and defiant, Raj is forcibly ejected from the club by  
THREE muscular BOUNCERS.

RAJ

Yeah, well, screw you. I wasn't  
having fun, anyway.

BOUNCER NO. 1

Beat it, buddy! You're eighty-  
sixed!

The Bouncers remain on the sidewalk as Raj staggers OFF.

ELSEWHERE ON THE STREET:

Raj pushes his way angrily through a CROWD of TOURISTS; he stops beside a brand new, unattended, CORVETTE convertible.

In the presence of SEVERAL TOURISTS, Raj sidekicks the driver's outside mirror completely off a new Corvette.

TOURIST-1

(Raises a "Smart Phone")

Hey! Asshole! Now you're toast!

Raj staggers along the street until a Police car SCREECHES to a STOP in front of him with LIGHTS FLASHING.

[FLASHBACK ENDS: BACK TO CELL-4]

RAJ

I got caught on video kicking the side mirror off some dude's new Corvette.

REYNALDO

Messing with another's dude's wheels? That ain't cool. No way, now how!

HIPPY

Ah, man, a new Corvette! That's sacra religious.

RAJ

I know, I know. I messed up, big time. Now I'll miss my flight home Sunday because I have to appear in court on Monday.

REYNALDO

True, that.

JOHN DOE

(To Raj)

Thank you for your service, young man. That you served in Iraq and Afghanistan will possibly mitigate in your favor when you stand before the judge.

RAJ

Thank you, sir, but how did you know I was in Iraq and Afghanistan?

JOHN DOE

Easy. You're Airborne. Besides,  
don't Rangers lead the way. You're  
the first to put the hurt on the  
bad guys. Right?

LONG PAUSE.

RAJ

Yeah. I guess we are.  
(Looks at Yu Yue)  
How about you?

YU YUE

I got a D-U -I.

[YU YUE'S FLASHBACK: EXT. ROAD IN SANTA BARBARA -NIGHT]

Yu Yue drives his Father's Mercedes Benz deluxe model. He lifts a Tequila bottle to his lips to drink and blows-past a stop light. Yu barely avoids striking another car.

Yu swerves, loses control, and crashes the car, flipping it several times.

The Benz catches on FIRE. Yu Tue is trapped.

Intervening PASSERS-BY bravely save Yu's life when they pull him free of the BURNING wreckage.

[FLASHBACK ENDS: BACK TO CELL-4]

DAVID

Oh, shit. You, too. Sorry to hear that, man.

YU YUE (SHRUGS)

It could have been a lot worse.

JOHN DOE

And yet, this night, too, shall pass, gentlemen.

REYNALDO

I suppose you all want to know what I did to get my ass thrown into the slammer tonight?

Mikey's head pops-up from behind the brick privacy wall.

REYNALDO (CONT'D)

Dig this. I was strutting my stuff  
at the Pink Poodle and the *chica* I  
had my eye on was looking good--

(beat)

I mean, she was *smoking*.

(beat)

And by the looks she was giving me,  
I knew the bitch wanted me too, not  
the *pendejo* who was dancing with  
her, and shit.

(beat)

Then I see this *cabron* lace her  
drink with Roofie, without her  
seeing; so I go over, grab her  
drink, and toss it on the floor.  
Then I popped that prick good.  
Right on the chin. Laid him out  
cold.

[REYNALDO'S FLASHBACK: SALSA CLUB -NIGHT]

SALSA Music BLARES. The dance floor is packed with SALSA  
DANCERS having a great time.

Reynaldo sees a vivacious, attractive YOUNG WOMAN (Latina,  
20s) dancing with her HUSBAND, an older Latino gentleman  
(40s).

Both husband and wife are exceedingly good dancers.

REYNALDO

(To himself)

You're definitely what I want  
tonight, baby.

Reynaldo pushes his way through the dancers and grabs hold of  
the YOUNG WOMAN.

REYNALDO (CONT'D)

Ditch the old man, baby. Let's show  
these people how to Salsa.

YOUNG WOMAN

He's my husband, asshole!

Not holding back, the woman's husband strikes Reynaldo on the  
jaw, knocking Reynaldo over onto his back, unconscious.

[FLASHBACK ENDS: BACK TO CELL-4]

REYNALDO

The cops came. I told them what that asshole was trying to do, but because the evidence was in her drink and ended up on the floor, they busted me, instead.

(beat)

I guess it's what I get for trying to be a hero--

(beat)

Right?

JOHN DOE

Indubitably.

REYNALDO

Say, what, old man?

JOHN DOE

Indubitably: without a doubt.

(beat)

It's what you get for trying to be a hero.

(Winks)

REYNALDO

Yeah, well, that's what I just said.

Yu Yue looks away, clearly put off by Reynaldo's demeanor.

YU YUE

The things we do for love.

REYNALDO

No shit!

(Looks at Doe)

What about you, old man? What did they bust you for? You try to boost a pint of gin from the local Speedy-Mart?

(Winks)

JOHN DOE

Nope.

(beat)

Bran-dish-ing.

REYNALDO

Whoa, old man. That's some serious shit. You flash a gun at somebody?

JOHN DOE  
 (Lamprooning *Machismo*)  
 No, hombre. It was a *ma-che-te*!

REYNALDO  
 (His eyes widen)  
 Ah! A *machete*? Good choice. One of  
 my favorites.  
 (beat)  
 So, did you slice the guy guts out?  
 No! Wait! My bad! Don't answer  
 that. Even walls have ears.

Mikey pops-up, and anxiously scans the walls of the cell;  
 then drops behind the privacy wall.

Yu Yue looks at Doe and grins.

REYNALDO (CONT'D)  
 Hey, I ain't joking.

YU YUE  
 We know you're not joking. We were  
 discussing walls and ears earlier.

REYNALDO  
 For real?

JOHN DOE  
 Yes, for real.  
 (Turns to Raj)  
 Make sure you soak your feet in  
 bleach as soon as you get out of  
 here. Then see a doctor, a-s-a-p.

RAJ  
 Thank you, sir. I will.

DAVID  
 Hey. Speaking of doctors. What do  
 you guys think of that German lady,  
 Doctor Butter-wart?

RAJ  
 I wasn't paying much attention. I  
 was too drunk when I got here to  
 notice.

DAVID  
 I thought she was hot. Really! I  
 mean--  
 (beat)  
 She's old enough to be my mom, for  
 sure, but so what?

(MORE)



DAVID (CONT'D)  
 (Scans the faces around  
 him)  
 She's kinda hot. Right?

HIPPY  
 She does have a serious rack.

JOHN DOE  
 (To David)  
 Sounds to me, young man, like you  
 were sprayed.

Yu Yue LAUGHS then immediately clutches his ribs and  
 grimaces.

JOHN DOE (CONT'D)  
 Still hurt?

Yu Yue nods and takes a deep breath.

DAVID  
 Sprayed with what?

JOHN DOE  
 Pheromones, I'm afraid.

DAVID  
 What?

Yu Yue is making a heroic effort not to laugh.

JOHN DOE  
 You may have a slight case of P-P.  
 (beat)  
 Pheromone poisoning

REYNALDO  
 Say again, old man.

JOHN DOE  
 I'm afraid you've got a touch of P-  
 P, too, my Latin friend. You likely  
 contracted it last night at the  
 Pink Poodle.

(beat)  
 Such are the perils of a Strip Mall  
 Casanova.

REYNALDO  
 Hold on! Hold on. Cassa—who?

JOHN DOE

*Cassa-nova!* A legendary lover, so adept at love making that the mere mention of his name made women tremble and go weak in their knees.

Yu Yue covers his ears to keep from laughing.

REYNALDO

(Enjoying the comparison)  
Okay. I can dig it. That sounds like me. But what about this--  
(beat)  
P-P shit?

Apparently keen on hearing Doe answer, Mikey's head slowly lifts above the privacy wall.

JOHN DOE

It's a temporary disruption of brain chemistry. In a mild instance, the male contracts what some refer to as *puppy love*. In more serious cases, he becomes irrational: fixating on the woman who sprayed him.

(beat)

He may start reading poetry, and *What-Women-Really-Want* books; as though she were his one true love.

(beat)

The woman, of course, doesn't have a clue as to what's happening until she realizes she's being stalked--

(beat)

First, with poems and flowers, maybe even chocolates; then come handwritten declarations of everlasting love, and anonymous emojis on her Instagram page.

(beat)

They're may even be some Sexting, him sending her dick pics. Like Anthony Weiner, or Brett Favre did before their wives caught them. Other than acting goofy, it's hard to predict with specificity how a male in the throes of P-P will act.

RAJ

Oh, man, I have *totally* been there.

JOHN DOE  
 We all have, barefoot warrior  
 friend. We all have.

Thinking Doe has finished, Yu Yue lowers his hands from his ears.

Mikey's head drops behind the privacy wall.

JOHN DOE (CONT'D)  
 But it can get uglier.

Still in pain, and determined not to laugh, Yu Yue clasps his hands again over his ears.

Mikey's head pops up from behind the privacy wall.

JOHN DOE (CONT'D)  
 Much uglier. It all depends on how  
 many pheromone molecules were able  
 to latch-on to your nasal hair,  
 before snaking their way to your  
 brain--  
 (beat)  
 That's where they nest and  
 incubate.

REYNALDO  
 Now that's *pinche* ugly, old timer.

JOHN DOE  
 I agree. In most societies, acute  
 cases of pheromone poisoning often  
 lead to marriage, but it's like  
 that here, marriage followed by a  
 nasty divorce, all within the first  
 three years.  
 (beat)  
 It's all an integral part of Mother  
 Nature's game, my friend.  
 (beat)  
 She always has one eye on Tomorrow.

REYNALDO  
 (Laughs)  
 Okay, gramps—if you say so.

YU YUE  
 (Tersely)  
 His name's not "Gramps." It's not  
 "old man," or "old timer." It's  
 Mister, or Sir, or Grandfather.  
 (beat)  
 Got it!?

Reynaldo is momentarily taken aback by Yu Yue's earnestness.

REYNALDO  
Chill out, China man.

YU YUE  
Hey! You chill out, asshole!

Yu Yue takes a step away from the wall toward Reynaldo.

Reynaldo stands, hands formed into fists.

John Doe lurches to his feet; positions himself between Reynaldo and Yu.

JOHN DOE  
Hey! Enough. Cease fire, both of you. It's late. We're exhausted. We all want out of here. And we will be--  
(beat)  
Eventually. So, let's be civil and keep the peace. Okay?  
(Looks at Yu Yue )  
Okay, Yu?

YU YUE  
Okay.  
(leans back on the wall)

REYNALDO  
Okay, okay. From now on I'll call you, *Abuelo*. Sounds a little gay, but, hey! So, what!?

JOHN DOE  
I appreciate that, Rey.  
(beat)  
Okay, where was I?

MIKEY (O.S.)  
Pheromones up the nose!

JOHN DOE  
Right. Thanks, Mikey.

RAJ  
Is there a cure for it?

DAVID  
Yeah. Any cure?

JOHN DOE

Sorry to say, gentlemen, there is no known antidote for P-P.

REYNALDO

So, once we got it, we're doomed.

JOHN DOE

Yes. More, or less.

HIPPY

Is there anything that can lessen its effects?

JOHN DOE

In point of fact, there is. Green tea works best; however, fermented coastal kelp found only in the Channel Islands is effective in mitigating long-term effects of Pheromone Poisoning.

(beat)

The trick is to drink six, six-ounce, cups of it, before every sexual encounter; or, in the alternative, eight cups if you exceed three sexual fantasies a day.

REYNALDO

I think *Abuelo* must be a brujo.

YU YUE

A what?

JOHN DOE

*Brujo* is the Spanish equivalent of Witch Doctor.

YU YUE

(Chuckles)

That sounds right.

DAVID

This is serious, dude. Sometimes, like when I'm stoned, I fantasize for hours.

JOHN DOE

Ah! And do you watch a lot of porn?

DAVID

Yeah. Even in my cubicle at work.

REYNALDO

Seriously, dude? What kind of work do you do?

DAVID

I freelance as a systems analyst for a video software company.

RAJ

I don't really have time to fantasize, but I do, every chance I get, unless, like I said, we're out on patrol, or I'm being shot at.

JOHN DOE

(To David) )

Do you have difficulty sustaining relationships with women?

DAVID

No. I don't think so. Not really. On average I'd say they last about nine, nine-and-a-half weeks.

JOHN DOE

If you don't mind me asking, David, what kind of woman attracts you?

DAVID

It used to be the girl next door type. Now, the freakier they are, the better I like them.

HIPPY

Ditto that. Especially if they wax.

JOHN DOE

(To David) )

When you say, "the freakier the better," do you mean women with tattoos and piercings, those kind of thing?

HIPPY

I guess I do. Why? Does it mean I'm weird, or possibly something bad?

JOHN DOE

A little weird perhaps, but nothing bad; still, you can blame your attraction for freaky girls on the excessive amount of porn you watch. The two are absolutely related.

DAVID

I don't get the connection

RAJ

Me, neither.

REYNALDO

This is getting good.

JOHN DOE

I have a theory, that the present fad for tattoos and piercings among females, fourteen to fifty, is nothing less than a desperate cry for attention.

(beat)

I would also assert that the self-mutilation of the female body is integrally related to the proliferation of the porn industry.

(beat)

Porn has become so mainstream, one can't avoid it. Sex sells! It's everywhere. In Everything. Period.

RAJ

So—?

JOHN DOE

Pornography, you see, has demystified the female anatomy, robbing it of the allure and stranglehold it once held on the male psyche.

(beat)

High School girls and other young women are trying to make themselves more appealing by making their bodies what they think will be, more interesting to males, or other females even.

(beat)

Depending on one's point of view, they do this by desecrating, or adorning, their bodies with ink and precious metals.

REYNALDO

*Madre Dios!* I wish my little sister could hear this.

The Hippy looks at the *Guns & Roses* tattoo on one of his arms.

JOHN DOE

The same psychological compulsion  
applies to males.

(beat)

Think about it, gentlemen. What is  
more pleasing to the eye: the bull,  
or the heifer? The stallion, or the  
mare? The male peacock, with its  
dazzling array of colors, or the  
bland Pea Hen?

(beat)

Everywhere in Nature, we see the  
same dance played out.

REYNALDO

(Looks at Yu Yue)

He really knows his shit, doesn't  
he?

YU YUE

Yes, he really does.

REYNALDO

Hey, man, I'm sorry about earlier.

YU YUE

Me, too. It's all good. Forget  
about it.

RAJ

(To Doe)

It all comes down to screwing--

(beat)

Right? What guys do to get pussy.

JOHN DOE

Yes, in a manner of speaking, it  
ultimately comes down to that.

REYNALDO

So, when I strut my stuff at the  
Salsa Club, I'm not doing it  
because I love Salsa, I'm doing it  
to get laid?

JOHN DOE

Bingo! Salsa, Tango, Lap dancing,  
Slam dancing, Ballroom dancing: any  
kind of dancing you can think of  
is, in truth, a ritualized form of  
mating dance.



REYNALDO  
It's all just *Dirty Dancing*  
straight to the bank.

Mikey pops-up from behind the privacy wall.

MIKEY  
I tried selling my spunk at a bank  
once.

HIPPY  
You went to a sperm bank?

MIKEY  
No. Wells Fargo.

Except for Doe and Yu Yue, the Others LAUGH.

JOHN DOE  
Good on you, Mikey. That's thinking  
outside the box.

MIKEY  
Yeah, but they threw me out, and  
called the cops.

JOHN DOE  
Okay, well, next time, take your  
spunk to Bank of America; they're  
much more liberal, much more  
progressive.

MIKEY  
Okay. Thanks, Santa. I will.

Yu Yue looks at Doe, rolls his eyes. Doe shrugs.

RAJ  
I don't get it. Men have been  
wearing tattoos for years.  
Centuries, even.

JOHN DOE  
That's right. Indigenous peoples  
from Africa to Australia have been  
tattooing themselves for a thousand  
years, and for some of the very  
same reasons.

(beat)  
When Western Man started exploring  
the Seven Seas in earnest, mariners  
saw tattoos on many of the men they  
encountered, and they liked what  
they saw.

MIKEY (O.S)  
The native men?

YU YUE  
(Exasperated) )  
No, Mikey. The tattoos! They liked  
the *tattoos* they saw.

MIKEY  
Oh.

Mikey drops behind the privacy wall.

JOHN DOE  
Centuries ago, sailors and whalers  
were a rare breed; they still are.  
But way back then, they knew  
tattoos set them apart from the  
common sort of man who lived on  
land, and, perchance, might also  
catch the eye of the fairer sex.

MIKEY (O.S.)  
Women!

JOHN DOE  
Yes. Women! For purposes of  
procreation; Which, in turn,  
guarantees the survival of the  
family, the tribe, the society, and  
so forth, and so on, until the  
bottom drops out and humankind goes  
the way of Memorex, and the Dodo.

REYNALDO  
Okay, okay, Abuelo, but what has  
any of this to do with pheromone  
poisoning?

JOHN DOE  
Excellent question, Rey. P-P is  
Mother Nature's Back-Up plan.  
(beat  
You see, Nature abhors a vacuum,  
and will always seek to fill it.

MIKEY (O.S.)  
My mom hates to vacuum.

JOHN DOE  
And that's your mom's prerogative,  
Mikey--

(beat)

(MORE)

JOHN DOE (CONT'D)

This is America, by God, and hating to vacuum is every woman's absolute right!

LONG PAUSE.

JOHN DOE

As I was saying: Pheromone poisoning is Nature's way of making tattoos, perfumes, and edible panties irrelevant. Why, you ask? Because, in the final analysis, as far as Nature's concerned, those man-made things are merely gimmicks and gimmicks are and always will be, unreliable.

(beat)

Otherwise, you'd see seventy-year-old women wearing fishnet stockings, stiletto heels and pushup bras at Starbucks every morning.

REYNALDO

See? Didn't I tell you? Abuelo knows his shit. I called it right; he's a brujo.

JOHN DOE

Thank you, Rey. That's kind of you to say. But there's a greater irony in play, because males, you see, are expendable, fungible, we're a dime a dozen.

(beat)

And when it comes down to it, most women don't like men; then, again, most women can't stand other women.

(beat)

They certainly pretend to, all right, but deep down, competition among females is fierce, sometimes deadly, a perpetual cat fight.

(beat)

They do, however, find men useful, amusing, and easy to manipulate. Ergo, Pheromone poisoning is simply Nature's way of guaranteeing successive generations of idiots willing to take out the trash and make late-night runs to the local convenience store to buy feminine hygiene products.

(MORE)

JOHN DOE (CONT'D)

(beat)

That's it. That's all this mad, mad world of ours has ever been about, my friends.

DAVID

Oh, man, that's depressing.

JOHN DOE

It is what it is, gentlemen.

DAVID

Yeah, well it still sucks.

JOHN DOE

Truly.

Doe scans the faces around him. Pensive now, exhausted, some stare at the floor, others at the ceiling.

JOHN DOE (V.O.)

We sit quietly for the next few hours, waiting for dawn, when our jailors will cut some of us loose on O-R; our *own recognizance*, our promise to appear before the court on a date specified.

(beat)

As for me? I'll plead Not Guilty. I've got too much Irish in me to go down without a fight.

(beat)

But what happens in court won't be about me. At issue, is whether the so-called homeless have the same rights and privileges as folks living inside four walls with roofs over their heads, hot water, and in-door plumbing.

(beat)

In other words, do homeless men and women have the same rights as everybody else in this country?

(beat)

Do they have a right to privacy. Do they have a right to defend themselves? Or do they forgo such constitutionally guaranteed rights along with the little things so many take for granted, like being treated with courtesy, and respect, especially by those we pay to protect and serve society with honor and integrity?

EXT./INT. CELL-4

Deputy Andrews OPENS the cell door.

ANDREWS  
Come on, old man. Time to go.

Doe goes around the cell, fist-bumping his former cell mates.

JOHN DOE  
(To Mikey)  
I'll let your mom know you're okay.

Lastly, he comes to Yu Yue.

YU YUE  
I'm really glad we met,  
Grandfather.

JOHN DOE  
It's been a privilege sharing a  
cell during this time of bondage,  
Yu. Good luck, my friend.  
(Hugs Yu)

ANDREWS  
Come on, come on, let's go.

HALLWAY OUTSIDE CELL-4

ANDREWS  
By the way, old man, there's  
something going on in the parking  
lot this morning that doesn't  
concern you so stay the hell away.

JOHN DOE  
Okie-Dokie.

Doe and Andrews good-naturedly fist-bump in parting.

EXT. MUNICIPAL BUS EXCHANGE - DAY

BUS No. 16 appears.

There are only a FEW PEOPLE waiting to board.

BUS NO. 16

Waiting first in line for NO. 16 bus are TWO TEENAGERS with  
SKATEBOARDS.

Behind the Skate Boarders is an OLD MAN, and an OLD WOMAN (Latinos, 70s).

Sound of a cane TAPPING on cement.

Doe sees a blind CHINESE WOMAN (20s) approaching with a white, red-tipped cane in hand, and carrying a sack of groceries.

She loses control of the bag. It falls to the ground, some of the contents spill out.

JOHN DOE  
I'll get your groceries, Miss.

Doe retrieves the spilled ITEMS from the pavement and returns them to the bag.

MOO SHU LIN  
(Soft Chinese accent) )  
Thank you, sir, you're most kind.

JOHN DOE  
My pleasure, Miss—?

MOO SHU LIN  
(Extends a hand)  
Moo Shu. My name is Moo Shu Lin.

JOHN DOE  
(Shakes her hand) )  
Nice to meet you, Miss Lin. My name  
is Doe. John Doe.

MUSIC: First few, shrill notes from "*The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly*" theme.

Pleasantly startled, but still smiling, Moo Shu's head tilts skyward.

MOO SHU LIN  
Did you hear that, John Doe?

JOHN DOE  
All the time, Miss Lin.

MOO SHU LIN  
Please, call me Moo Shu.

JOHN DOE  
Then you must call me John.

The BUS DRIVER (black female, 50s) approaches. She eyes Doe warily.

BUS DRIVER  
Good morning, Moo Shu.

MOO SHU LIN  
Good morning, Peggy.

Bus Driver glances at the bag of groceries in Doe's arms.

BUS DRIVER  
I'll take those.

JOHN DOE  
Of course.  
(Hands bag to the Driver)

The Bus Driver takes Moo Shu Lin by one arm.

BUS DRIVER  
Come on, Sweetie. Let's get you on board.

MOO SHU LIN  
Will you be boarding, John?

JOHN DOE  
Moo Shu, I wouldn't miss this bus for the world.

Doe watches the Bus Driver escort Moo Shu Lin aboard the bus.

JOHN DOE (V. O. CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
A French philosopher named Proust once remarked: *The real voyage of discovery consists not in seeking new lands, but in seeing with new eyes.*

(beat)  
Proust also said *If a little dreaming is dangerous, the cure for it is not to dream less, but to dream more, to dream all the time.*

UP MUSIC: Bob Dylan's "A Series of Dreams."

Bus 16 drives OFF.

FADE TO BLACK.

**THE END**

