

STREAKER

An Original Screenplay

by Lee McCaulla

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STREAKER

FADE IN:

EXT. THRIFT SHOP - NASHVILLE - AFTERNOON

A flickering neon sign dangles in the window of a rustic-looking thrift shop. The sign reads: Open. An old Italian scooter sits propped by the entrance.

An ATTRACTIVE YOUNG GIRL, 23, saunters towards the shop. The girl glides past the scooter and peeks into the window.

GIRL'S POV

in the window: MARK WILLIS, a dark and demure, but not unattractive fellow in his mid-twenties dusts off a stack of old clothes.

ON GIRL

She smiles, then darts inside the shop with a hopeful expression.

INT. THRIFT SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Used clothing and collectables line the shelves. Mark tenses up as the girl steps through the entrance, turning back to his work.

While browsing, the girl sends Mark a few glances, but he pays her no mind. She finds a sultry-looking outfit among the sundries and takes it over to Mark.

GIRL

I'd like to try this on.

The girl smiles at him, a sensual look in her eyes. Mark appears skittish.

INT. THRIFT SHOP - DRESSING AREA - MOMENTS LATER

A full length mirror hangs on the wall. The girl emerges from a small changing room wearing the outfit.

It compliments her slender physique. She advances towards Mark with a wanton eye.

GIRL

Fasten this, would you?

The girl turns around. Her outfit exposes the soft, supple flesh of her back.

GIRL

Careful not to rip anything.

Mark looks petrified. Tiny beads of sweat form upon his brow.

GIRL

Here. Let me...

The girl guides his trembling hand into the back of her dress. She closes her eyes, smiling. As his hand slips deeper, Mark looks more and more terrified.

GIRL

Whoops!

The girl thrusts Mark's hand towards her chest. He jumps back aghast and stumbles out of the room. The girl looks concerned.

INT. THRIFT SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Mark stands behind the counter, panic-stricken. The girl crosses over to Mark and stops. She tosses her items down on the counter. Mark scans the merchandise, unable to look at her.

MARK

Thirteen-fifty.

The girl hands him a set of bills. He rings up the purchase and bags her items. The girl grabs her stuff and slips out of the store with a troubled look. Mark closes the register, taking a few deep breaths. He wipes his forehead and returns to work.

EXT. THRIFT SHOP - DUSK

Mark locks up the shop and approaches the scooter. He pops the seat open, takes out a helmet, and places it on his head before hopping onto the back of the bike and scooting away.

EXT. CITY STREET - DUSK

Mark pulls his scooter up to a stoplight. An attractive YOUNG WOMAN driving a BMW waits in the lane beside him. She turns to see Mark and blows him a kiss. Mark looks ill. The woman's interest begins to wane. The light changes and she drives away. A heavyhearted Mark steers his scooter off in a different direction.

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

An old sofa stands flush with one wall. An old violin hangs on another wall, illuminated by special track lighting. An old record player and some albums sit just beneath it. On an end table lies an old rotary phone with a tangled up cord. A vintage television set, along with an outdated VCR sit cluttered in one corner. A set of glass doors lead out to a balcony. A small kitchen, a bedroom, and a bathroom connect through other doorways. Mark lumbers in. He stops to gaze upon the old violin and smiles.

INSERT VIOLIN:

The finish looks weathered and cracked. Tiny cobwebs hang between the strings.

ON MARK

Mark's hand glides across the surface of the old violin.

MARK  
Magnificent.

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Mark steps into the kitchen and crosses to an old refrigerator. He opens it.

MARK'S POV

in the fridge: A case of two beer bottles sit on one of the racks. The other racks look barren.

ON SCENE

Mark pops open one of the bottles, takes a swig, and closes the fridge. He reaches for one of his cabinets and opens it.

MARK'S POV

in the cabinet: Numerous boxes of macaroni and cheese take up all the space.

ON SCENE

Mark prepares the dish, mixing the ingredients in a bowl.

He sets the table, lights a candle, and sits down to eat. An empty chair sits across from him. Mark's expression becomes wistful. He rises, crossing to leave the kitchen. Mark returns with the old violin, placing it into the empty chair.

MARK

(lifting his bottle)

To solitude.

Mark finishes off the beer, sits back down, and continues eating. He stares at the old violin. Mark goes to pick it up, takes his seat, and PLAYS a somber, yet flawless little tune. When he stops, tears fill his eyes and he sobs.

A pebble STRIKES the outside of his apartment. Mark looks up. Another stone STRIKES again, harder than before. Alarmed, Mark looks around the room, wielding the violin like a weapon.

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mark sneaks into the living room, frightened and wary. A third pebble RAPS again. Mark shudders. He glances over to the set of glass balcony doors.

MARK'S POV

out the glass doors: A large rock sails through the air straight towards him.

ON SCENE

Mark falls to the floor, covering his head. Glass SPEWS everywhere as the rock pierces through the balcony doors. Mark gets up. He places the violin back on the wall, and runs out to the balcony.

EXT. GARDEN BALCONY - MOMENTS LATER

Various pieces of foliage adorn this place. Mark peers over the balcony to the garden below.

MARK'S POV

GREG DEREK, an angular-looking gentleman in his early thirties, stands within view. A large fountain with a statue of Cupid BUBBLES nearby. Greg looks up with a guilty expression.

GREG  
(pointing to the  
statue)  
He did it.

ON MARK

Mark gives a sigh of relief and a smile, shaking his head.

INT. MARK'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mark sweeps up pieces of broken glass from off the floor. Greg steps in from the kitchen holding the last of Mark's beer. He BELCHES.

GREG  
Sorry about the glass.

MARK  
It's okay. I'm just glad it  
was you.

Greg probes around the room. He comes upon the old violin and stops.

GREG  
Nice. I forgot how much you  
worship these things.

MARK  
Thanks. I'm having it restored  
in a couple weeks.

Greg puts on an old jazz album. It hisses and pops as the needle glides across the surface.

GREG  
So how's it going with what's  
her name?

MARK  
I never called her.

GREG  
Excuse me?

Mark looks ashamed, silent.

GREG  
You're gay.

Mark's expression thwarts that idea. He turns away.

GREG  
Then you're smoking crack. She  
was incredible.

MARK  
Well, I'm sorry. That's just  
not my style.

GREG  
You know, Mark, I'm curious.  
What is your style?

The old rotary phone RINGS.

MARK  
Could you answer that?

Greg falls into thought. He crosses to the phone and stops.

GREG

Yeah, I'll answer that. I don't think you even know what your style is! I think your heart's been stepped on so many times, it's rigid. I think your mind creates all these terrible scenarios, and when an opportunity finally presents itself, you freak out! And personally, as your friend, I think you're in need of a serious lay.

MARK

Why do I even bother to call you that?

GREG

I don't know.

Greg picks up the receiver and the RINGING stops. He grimaces at the knotted up telephone cord, attempting to undo it.

GREG

Rat's Nest Incorporated.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. OLD VOLKSWAGON - NIGHT

DANA INGRAM, a thirty year-old hippie with soft dark hair and a gentle face, steers through rush hour traffic. Cell phone pinched between her ear and shoulder.

DANA

(into the phone)

It's me.

Greg keeps tinkering with the knotted-up telephone cord.

GREG

Happy Birthday, love!



DANA

Thanks hon! So, am I coming over or what?

GREG

Lemme check.

(a beat)

Mark, is Dana coming over or are you gonna go crawl under a rock?

DANA

Don't tease him, sweetie. He's a Virgo. It's his nature.

GREG

Oh, for Pete's sake! Drop the astrological crap, will ya? He knows I'm just joking.

Mark nods, holding up a couple of video tapes.

GREG

Yeah, come on over. We can watch a movie or something.

DANA

Greg!!! It's my birthday! I want to go out tonight, hon. I want to go dancing!!!

Greg turns to face Mark.

GREG

She wants to go out.

Mark rolls his eyes in disgust. He presses his ear against the receiver.

GREG

(to Dana)

Where do you want to go?

DANA

I don't know...

(a beat)

(MORE)

DANA (CONT'D)  
Why don't you guys meet me at  
The Spike and Rail?

Mark shakes his head and steps away.

GREG  
(into the phone)  
Mark doesn't want to come.

DANA  
Listen, you tell Mark that no  
is not an option this time.  
Tell him he's coming or else!

GREG  
Mark, she really wants you to  
come.

Mark shrugs it off and departs to the kitchen.

GREG  
He says he's not coming.

INT. MARK'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mark steps into the kitchen.

DANA (O.S.)  
(filtered)  
Look, go grab his sorry white  
ass and drag him to the club!  
He needs this!

Mark opens the fridge.

GREG (O.S.)  
Dude, you need this! It's her  
birthday for crying out loud!

MARK'S POV

in the fridge: the empty beer case has toppled over.

ON SCENE

Mark collapses against the door, defeated.

GREG (O.S.)  
Come on, man! It'll be good  
for you!

INT. MARK'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mark trudges over to Greg with the empty beer case, a fierce look in his eye.

GREG  
(into the phone)  
Hold on a minute, babe.

Greg places the receiver against his chest. Mark holds up the empty beer case.

MARK  
Would you like to sample one  
of our fine pies?

Greg looks Mark in the eye, gripping him at the shoulder.

GREG  
Come with us on this  
adventure, and I will buy you  
beer beyond your wildest  
dreams.

Mark appears intrigued.

INT. THE SPIKE AND RAIL - NIGHT

Images and paraphernalia from the railroad era surround the entire club. Sawdust covers the floor. On a small stage a live BLUEGRASS BAND attempts to play MUSIC. YOUNG PEOPLE swarm about the dance floor.

Mark and Greg step into the club. They stop to study the landscape. Greg smiles. Mark looks uncomfortable.

GREG  
Come on.

Greg and Mark cross over to the bar.

INT. BAR AREA - SPIKE AND RAIL - MOMENTS LATER

A BARTENDER stands before a neon-lit cluster of alcoholic beverages. Greg and Mark step up to him and order some beers. They turn around, looking about the club.

GREG AND MARK'S POV

Dana waves from across the dance floor, Margarita in hand.

ON SCENE

Dana crosses over to the guys and stops.

DANA  
You made it!!!

She gives Mark a big hug before kissing Greg, wrapping her arms around him. Greg reaches into his coat pocket and hands Dana an envelope.

GREG  
Happy Birthday, sweetie.

DANA  
(taking the envelope)  
Awww. Thanks hon!

MARK  
So which one is this?

DANA  
The big three-oh.  
(to Greg)  
Should I open this now?

Greg nods. Dana rips the envelope open. The card depicts a buff naked man popping out of a large birthday cake. She slaps Greg on the arm.

DANA  
Oh! You're awful!

Greg has a wicked grin on his face.

GREG  
Mark picked it out.

MARK  
No, I didn't.

Greg laughs. The guys grab their beers and the three of them cross over to the seating area.

INT. SEATING AREA - SPIKE AND RAIL - MOMENTS LATER

Mark, Greg, and Dana sit down at an empty table. A WAITRESS, dressed in a cute-looking railroad outfit, comes by to check their order.

WAITRESS  
Everything okay here?

GREG  
Another Margarita and some nachos for the birthday girl.

Dana blushes. The waitress grins, takes the order, and walks away. Dana puts her card down on the table, sipping from her Margarita. The music changes to an UPBEAT TUNE. She looks over to Mark.

DANA  
Come dance with me, Mark!

Mark turns away.

MARK  
You guys go ahead.

DANA  
Oh... all right.

Dana takes a giant gulp from the last of her Margarita.

DANA  
(to Greg)  
Come on, slick.

She yanks Greg by the arm and out onto the dance floor.

MARK'S POV

on the dance floor: Greg and Dana dance together.

ON SCENE

Mark's expression becomes wistful, full of longing.

The sound of a FIDDLE, somewhat OUT OF TUNE, RESONATES in the distance. Mark perks up. He turns to look in the direction of the band.

MARK'S POV

on the stage: A clumsy-looking fiddle player, CINDI KACZYNSKI, 23, takes her solo down center stage. Try as she might, her botched performance has little potential. The crowd begins to stir.

ON SCENE

Intrigued, Mark rises from his seat and steps in her direction.

INT. DANCE FLOOR - SPIKE AND RAIL - MOMENTS LATER

Mark presses through the crowd of people and stops to gaze on Cindi. He smiles.

Cindi attacks the fiddle with poor precision. Her moves seem awkward, unprofessional. Cindi drops her bow, and scrambles to pick it up. The crowd looks concerned. Cindi jumps back into the music as best she can. Her face begins to perspire.

Mark looks spellbound. When the MUSIC STOPS, Cindi backs into one of the stage microphones. It falls over by accident, sending a loud THUD through the speaker system. Cindi curses. The crowd disperses. Cindi steps away in frustration with the rest of the band.

INT. SEATING AREA - SPIKE AND RAIL - MOMENTS LATER

Greg and Dana return to their seats. Fresh drinks and nachos lie waiting on the table.

DANA  
Where's Mark?

Greg shrugs. They look around the club for their friend.  
Greg turns, staring across the dance floor.

GREG

Over here.

Dana turns to look in the same direction.

GREG AND DANA'S POV

on the dance floor: Mark remains stationary, transfixed  
on Cindi. She looks enraged as she locks away her  
fiddle.

ON SCENE

Greg and Dana look to each other with curious  
expressions, then cross over to Mark.

INT. DANCE FLOOR - SPIKE AND RAIL - MOMENTS LATER

Mark seems hypnotized, beyond smitten. Greg and Dana  
approach him from behind and stop. Mark's enamored state  
gets their attention.

GREG

What's the matter?

Mark nods toward the stage.

MARK, GREG, and DANA'S POV

on the stage: Cindi has started arguing with the rest of  
the band, near tears.

ON SCENE

Dana seems impressed.

DANA

Cute.

(a beat)

Welcome to The Spike and Rail,  
Mark.

The three of them shuffle back towards their seat.

INT. SEATING AREA - SPIKE AND RAIL - MOMENTS LATER

Dana munches on the nachos. She and the guys observe Cindi with a curious eye.

MARK, GREG, AND DANA'S POV

on stage: Cindi climbs down from the stage and storms over to the bar. Her face still seems bitter.

on bar: The bartender hands Cindi a strawberry daiquiri and she sips on it. An attractive but somewhat tipsy gentleman, JAKE GANNON, late twenties, steps up to Cindi in a ten gallon hat. He attempts to flirt, but Cindi turns him down cold. Jake steps away, tipping his hat with a cordial expression.

ON SCENE

Greg appears astonished.

GREG  
Crash... and... burn!

Mark looks hopeful.

MARK  
Greg, could you go talk to her  
for me? You're a natural.

Greg throws down his napkin, frustrated.

GREG  
I don't believe this!  
(a beat)  
You're still the same old  
coward, fifteen years later.  
(a beat)  
The same old chicken-shit who  
lived next door.  
(a beat)  
Jesus! Get a grip, man! Life  
is great!

Mark's fearful face becomes angry.



MARK

Look, women want ass holes,  
okay? Not nice guys.

DANA

That's not true!

The men's faces beg to differ.

DANA

The problem most people fail  
to recognize in their dating  
relationships is they continue  
to seek out partners of  
incompatible signs.

Greg rolls his eyes.

DANA

It's true! Look at the  
statistics!

Mark's intense expression remains focused on Cindi. Dana  
shakes her head.

DANA

He's got it bad.

Greg appears to be getting an idea.

GREG

How bad?

MARK

Huh?

GREG

How bad do you want to meet  
that chick?

MARK

I'll do anything.

Greg sighs with disbelief.

MARK

Anything!

Greg looks around the room, glancing down at the table.

GREG'S POV

on the table: Dana's birthday card with the naked man  
flashes back at Greg.

ON SCENE

A smile stretches across Greg's face.

GREG

Take off all your clothes and  
run around naked.

Dana looks stunned. Mark rubs his jaw.

MARK

In public?

GREG

Right.

Mark thinks to himself for a moment.

MARK

I can do that.

GREG

(almost laughing)

Bullshit!

(a beat)

That chick's number could be  
burned in your brain and you  
wouldn't have the balls to use  
it. What makes you think  
you've got the guts to streak?

MARK

You don't believe me?

GREG

Fuck no, I don't believe  
you!!!

MARK

Look, I'm not kidding. I'm  
into this!

Greg's face turns cold with disbelief, but Mark's remains firm, sincere.

GREG  
You're a loon.

MARK  
Dude, I am into this!

Greg appears deep in thought.

GREG  
You would streak just to get a chick's phone number?

MARK  
For hers, I would streak. Yes.

GREG  
And you'll do this in broad daylight?

Mark looks reflective, uncertain.

GREG  
See, you're full of it. Just like I said.

MARK  
Wait a minute. I'm thinking.

Mark looks to Dana. She gives a helpless shrug. Mark turns back to Greg.

MARK  
Okay. I'll do it.  
(a beat)  
One time. Around the block.  
When no one is looking.

GREG  
What?

MARK  
Right. Three o'clock in the morning while everybody's still asleep.

GREG

Oh no! That's not streaking.  
That's wussing! People have to  
see this, man!

Mark seems determined. Greg's facial expression changes  
from rebellion to compliance.

GREG

I want this on film.

MARK

Deal.

Mark extends his hand and the two of them shake on it.

GREG

All right.  
(a beat)  
Watch closely and take notes.

Greg gathers his composure, rising to his feet. He downs  
the last of his beer and pads over to Cindi.

MARK AND DANA'S POV

Greg and Cindi begin to talk. She looks hostile, then  
flattered as their conversation deepens. Greg takes out  
a napkin and a pen, hell bent on his mission. Cindi  
seems reluctant, upset. Jake stumbles up to Greg with a  
menacing eye and taps him on the shoulder.

JAKE

She doesn't want to talk.

Greg looks puzzled with an honest expression.

GREG

It's cool, man. It's cool.

Greg turns back to Cindi, but Jake pushes him away with  
great force. Greg pushes him back. Jake and Greg wrestle  
to the floor. Cindi slips away.

ON SCENE

Mark and Dana leap from their seats and run over to the  
bar.

INT. BAR AREA - SPIKE AND RAIL - MOMENTS LATER

Jake and Greg exchange hard, fast PUNCHES. An astonished crowd surrounds them. Their fighting intensifies among broken bits of glass and spilled beer. Jake sends Greg a THUNDEROUS KICK to the groin and he collapses to the floor.

FOUR LARGE BOUNCERS swarm around Jake and Greg. They grab them by the armpits and escort them out of the club.

Mark and Dana chase after them.

EXT. THE SPIKE AND RAIL - NIGHT

A renovated old train station with neon lights beckon for business. A sign atop the entrance reads: The Spike and Rail. The bouncers step outside the entrance, tossing Jake and Greg into the street.

BOUNCER

Thank you, ladies. Hurry back  
to see us.

The bouncers step back inside the club. Mark and Dana rush over to Greg, helping him to his feet. Jake glares at the three of them before barging off into the night. Dana looks to her boyfriend. A bloody discharge trickles down his chin.

DANA

Lovely.  
(a beat)  
Let's get him back to my  
place.

Mark and Dana carry Greg off in the opposite direction.

INT. DANA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Earth tones and plant life add to the spirit of the room. Various cooking utensils hang above the stove.

Mark sits at the table drinking some ice water. Greg lies on the floor, his head in Dana's lap. She dabs at his swollen mouth with an ice pack.

MARK  
Is there anything I can --

GREG  
Shut up!

Mark flinches. After an awkward silence, he rises from his seat.

MARK  
Guess I'll see you guys later.  
(to Dana)  
Happy Birthday, Dana.

Dana smiles. Mark crosses over to the door.

GREG  
You know what Aristotle said  
about success, right Mark?

Mark stops, turning to face his friend.

GREG  
He said... "Those who act  
receive the prizes".

Mark inches back inside, puzzled.

MARK  
Those guys hit you pretty  
hard, didn't they?

Greg produces a crumpled paper napkin from out of his pocket.

INSERT NAPKIN:

Handwriting on the napkin reads: Cindi phone# 333-4554.

ON SCENE

Mark steps closer, but Greg stuffs the napkin back into his pocket. Dana looks astonished. Mark's eyes go wide.

MARK  
No way.

Greg smiles wide with victory.

INT. MARK'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Greg spreads a map out onto the table. Dana and Mark look over his shoulder.

MARK (V.O.)  
All right. What do I have to  
do again?

INSERT MAP:

Greg highlights a square-shaped path in bright yellow along one of the blocks.

GREG (V.O.)  
Your goal, as previously  
discussed, is to streak. One  
time... all the way around the  
block... and back into your  
apartment, without fail.

INT. DISCOUNT WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Dana pushes an empty shopping cart down the aisle. Mark and Greg stroll behind her, looking over a checklist of different items.

INSERT SHOPPING CART:

Several unmarked boxes land into the shopping cart.

GREG (V.O.)  
From the moment you shed your  
skin, there's no turning back.  
If you chicken out, even just  
once, then the deal is off.

MARK (V.O.)  
Got it.

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The bedroom looks smallish and dark. A myriad of candles illuminate the chamber.

Dana teaches Mark how to meditate. She demonstrates various Yoga and Tai Chi techniques. Mark studies her every move, following along as best he can.

GREG (V.O.)

Take the time to ready  
yourself; mentally,  
physically, spiritually. The  
will to succeed is important,  
Mark, but the will to prepare  
is everything.

MARK (V.O.)

How will you be able to see  
me?

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dana unpacks a large pair of black binoculars.

GREG (V.O.)

The binoculars are German  
engineered, equipped with only  
the finest night vision  
available. At two and a half  
pounds, they're coupled with a  
fifty-six millimeter zoom  
lens.

Dana peers through the binoculars.

DANA'S POV

through the binoculars: The lights go out. Mark's face  
glows a creepy phosphorous green.

GREG (V.O.)

Sorry, Mark. You can run, but  
you can't hide.

EXT. MARK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Greg and Dana sneak out of a Tudor-style apartment  
building. Dressed in black jumpsuits, they each carry a  
set of walkie-talkies, a video camera, and a pair of  
black binoculars. They rush off down the street in  
separate directions.

MARK (V.O.)

Where will you be during all  
of this?



GREG (V.O.)  
Dana and I will serve as your  
lookout. We'll both set up at  
separate stations around the  
block. One at every other  
corner.

EXT. STREET CORNER WITH TALL TREE - MOMENTS LATER

Greg climbs up a big tree.

GREG (V.O.)  
I'll stake out at the top of  
the large oak tree...

EXT. STREET CORNER WITH BUSHES - MOMENTS LATER

Dana squeezes into some bushes.

GREG (V.O.)  
...while Dana hides in the  
bushes on the first corner.

MARK (V.O.)  
Interesting.

GREG (V.O.)  
Just remember, Mark. No  
streaking, no phone number.  
It's all up to you from here.

INT. TOP OF TALL TREE - MOMENTS LATER

Greg has a clear view of the block. He takes out his  
walkie-talkie and turns it on.

GREG  
(into the walkie-  
talkie)  
You there, Dana?

DANA  
(filtered)  
Yep.

GREG  
Mark, can you hear me?

MARK  
(filtered)  
Roger that.

Greg scans the block with his binoculars. He lowers the scopes and powers up the video camera before grabbing the walkie-talkie again.

GREG  
(into the walkie-talkie)  
Okay, gang. Looks like the coast is clear. You're set for take off, Mark, whenever you want.

EXT. MARK'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Crickets CHIRP in the night. Mark steps out of his apartment in a long dark overcoat. A wireless headset adorns his crown. He looks terrified. His knees tremble, bare feet turned inward. After a moment, Mark turns and trots back inside. The door SLAMS shut behind him.

INT. TOP OF TALL TREE - MOMENTS LATER

Greg laughs.

GREG  
Ha ha! I knew it!

INT. BUSHES - MOMENTS LATER

Dana shakes her head.

INT. MARK'S KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Mark rummages through one of his cabinets.

MARK'S POV

in the cabinet: A bottle of Tennessee Whisky sits unopened near an empty shot glass.

ON MARK

Mark opens the Whiskey. He fills the shot glass, gulping the liquor down fast. Mark gasps, eyes watering. He puts down the shot glass and stumbles to the door.

INT. TOP OF TALL TREE - MOMENTS LATER

Greg looks curious.

INT. BUSHES - MOMENTS LATER

Dana seems impatient.

EXT. MARK'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Mark re-emerges from his apartment, calmer than before. Taking a deep breath, he closes his eyes. The overcoat shoots away from Mark's body and he leaps out into the street.

EXT. MARK'S STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Mark runs down the street naked. He puffs as he runs with a terrified expression.

INT. TOP OF TALL TREE - MOMENTS LATER

Greg looks through the video camera with a stupefied expression.

INT. BUSHES - MOMENTS LATER

Dana stares through her binoculars with a bewildered look.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - ONE BLOCK AWAY - MOMENTS LATER

A milk truck drives down the dark street.

INT. TOP OF TALL TREE - MOMENTS LATER

Greg spots the milk truck through his binoculars.

GREG

(into the walkie-  
talkie)

You've got a milkman, at the  
corner of Wilson and Kent.

EXT. MARK'S STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Mark panics, clasping onto his headset.

MARK  
Are you bullshitting me!?!

Greg's laughter BILLOWS out from Mark's headset.

GREG (V.O.)  
(filtered)  
Afraid not, chief.

EXT. STREET CORNER WITH BUSHES - MOMENTS LATER

Mark dives into the bushes and Dana screams. Mark screams back at Dana. The bushes wiggle back and forth.

DANA (O.S.)  
Get out!!!

MARK (O.S.)  
Ow! Sorry! Sorry!

The milk truck turns the corner, driving past the shrub. Mark climbs out of the bushes and runs away.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - ONE BLOCK AWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Mark streaks down the road, panting as he goes. His feet trip up and he tumbles to the concrete.

INT. BUSHES - MOMENTS LATER

Dana sees Mark fall.

DANA  
Oh no!

INT. TOP OF TALL TREE - MOMENTS LATER

Greg grabs his walkie-talkie.

GREG  
(into the walkie-talkie)  
What happened?

INT. BUSHES - MOMENTS LATER

Dana grabs her walkie-talkie.

DANA  
(into the walkie-  
talkie)  
He fell.

INT. TOP OF TALL TREE - MOMENTS LATER

Greg laughs out loud.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - ONE BLOCK AWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Mark gets up off the asphalt. He puts his headset back on and continues streaking.

INT. OLD STATION WAGON - MOMENTS LATER

A NEWSPAPER DELIVERYMAN, half-asleep, drives an old station wagon. He hurls newspapers out the window of his vehicle, one after the other.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - ONE BLOCK AWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Mark continues streaking. Just ahead, the newspaper man's station wagon turns the second corner to face him. Mark stops. He makes a mad leap into an open garage.

INT. OPEN GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Mark stands frozen in the darkness of the garage. As the newspaper man drives by, he tosses a paper into the garage. It hits Mark by accident.

MARK  
Umphhh!!!

The deliveryman drives off. Mark limps out of the garage.

EXT. YET ANOTHER STREET - TWO BLOCKS AWAY - NIGHT

Mark turns the second corner and crosses into a yard. A VICIOUS-LOOKING DOG leaps out of the shadows, BARKING at him. Mark jumps back from the restrained beast, startled.

MARK  
Shhhh!!! Shhhh!!!

A porch light kicks on and Mark streaks away.

INT. TOP OF TALL TREE - MOMENTS LATER

Greg points the video camera down at Mark as he streaks beneath him.

GREG  
Ladies and gentlemen, Mark  
Willis. Six times world  
champion. Will he hold the  
title?

EXT. STREET - THREE BLOCKS AWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Mark turns the third corner. He streaks through some yards and out into the street. Motion-sensitive lights flick on behind him. Mark dashes away. His expression changes from fear to sheer delight. Mark lifts his arms up high into the air.

MARK  
Wahoo!!!

EXT. MARK'S STREET - DAWN

Mark has made it all the way around the block, his apartment door just within view.

EXT. MARK'S APARTMENT - DAWN

The overcoat lies waiting on the ground. Mark grabs it and slips back inside his apartment.

INT. MARK'S LIVING ROOM - DAWN

Mark dons the long overcoat and lumbers towards the sofa, trying to catch his breath. After a moment, Greg and Dana storm through the door.

GREG  
Dude! Congrats!

DANA  
You did it!

Mark nods his head. He falls to the sofa, exhausted but elated. Greg seems proud. Dana looks down at Mark's feet.

INSERT MARK'S FEET:

Blood oozes out from one of Mark's big toes.

ON SCENE

Dana winces. She rushes to examine Mark's foot. He has drifted into a strange, silent daze.

DANA

Oh good. It's not that deep. I think I've got some stuff in my purse.

Dana runs out of the room. Greg looks to his friend.

GREG

Damn proud of you, Mark.

Mark remains entranced. Dana returns with some ointment and some bandages. She kneels, tending to Mark's wound. Greg looks back to his friend.

GREG

Here.

Greg reproduces Cindi's phone number from out of his pocket and hands it over to Mark. Without even looking at it, Mark rips the napkin up into tiny pieces and scatters them about the floor. Greg and Dana look shocked. A new kind of madness swells in Mark's eyes.

MARK

Again.

Greg and Dana glare at their friend with great concern.

INT. CINDI'S LOFT - DAY

This all-in-one studio apartment has exposed brick walls and high ceilings. Pieces of sheet music lie scattered about the floor. A beautiful fiddle of extraordinary craftsmanship sits propped between a chair and a music stand.

Large posters of renowned bluegrass artists decorate the walls. A wrought iron bed sits just beneath a tall window sill.

An alarm clock RINGS beside the bed on a small night stand. Cindi's hand reaches out from under the covers. Her fingers probe for the alarm and find it, SILENCING the dreadful noise. Cindi curls back into the comfort of her bed. Her clock teeters on the edge of the night stand and topples to the ground. A few seconds later, the alarm RINGS again.

INT. CINDI'S LOFT - DAY

Cindi practices away on her fiddle with great intensity. Her skills seem rather green. From time to time, she stops in frustration. No matter how hard she tries, she can't get it right. Each time she begins, her face looks more obsessed with finding perfection. Her telephone RINGS, but she hangs up on the call. Cindi attacks the instrument again, but the phone RINGS another time. Cindi takes the phone off the hook. With every stroke of her bow, the music gets worse and worse. Her eyes reveal a most unhappy spirit. Her pitiful music soon slows and stops. Cindi stares into space. She puts down the fiddle and looks around the room with a hopeless expression. She pulls her knees up to her chin in a fetal position. Tears well up in her eyes. She looks lonesome, adrift, insecure.

A loud knocking sound BOOMS from the front door. Cindi looks startled, unsure. After a moment, the knocking BOOMS again. She stands, knocking over her music stand and her fiddle in the process. Cindi scurries to stand them back up, then storms over to the foyer.

INT. CINDI'S FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Cindi trudges towards the door. More loud knocking THUMPS away from outside.

CINDI  
Just a minute!

Cindi peeks through the eye hole.



CINDI'S POV

out the eyehole: A DELIVERY WOMAN chews on some bubble gum. She holds a small package and a clipboard.

DELIVERY WOMAN  
Special delivery!

ON SCENE

Cindi wipes her eyes. She unfastens the dead bolt, sighs, and opens the door. The delivery woman thrusts her clipboard into Cindi's face.

DELIVERY WOMAN  
Sign here please.

Cindi signs her name on the tablet and takes the package. The delivery woman trots off. Cindi closes the door.

INT. CINDI'S KITCHEN AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Cindi steps into the kitchen and stops. She removes a small card from the outside of the package.

CINDI  
(reading the card)  
Shall I compare thee to a  
summer's day? Thou art more  
lovely and more temperate.

Cindi eyeballs the package with curiosity. She opens it, digging through several layers of tissue paper. The package looks empty. Cindi's face turns sardonic. She tosses the empty package into a pile of similar-looking empty packages, all cluttered around her wastebasket.

INT. CINDI'S BATHROOM - DAY

Cindi stands before the mirror in a waitress uniform. Her expression looks bleak. She ties up her hair and puts on some lipstick. Her hand slips, smearing the lipstick down her face.

CINDI  
More lovely and more  
temperate.

Cindi wipes her face off and turns to leave. She runs into the bathroom door.

CINDI

Ow!

EXT. DANA'S BACKYARD - DAY

Dana meditates by a swimming pool in a two-piece bathing suit. Her legs crossed, eyes closed, palms turned upward. A quiet mantra MURMURS from her lips.

Greg enters the backyard wearing a pair of swim trunks, carrying suntan lotion and an ice chest. He sneaks up to Dana. Greg places an ice cold beer against Dana's inner thigh. She screams, jumping out of her trance. Greg chuckles.

EXT. DANA'S BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Greg and Dana sit by the pool in lounge chairs drinking beer and soaking up some sun.

DANA

So how's work going?

GREG

All right, I guess. I go to trial later this week. And Steve keeps bugging me about his stupid 10k charity bull shit again.

DANA

You're going to run?

GREG

I don't know. I suppose. Steve's just gonna win the damn thing anyway, like he does every year.

Greg takes a long sip from his beer.

DANA

Hey, don't be so certain.

(a beat)

(MORE)

DANA (CONT'D)  
Hope likes to travel in  
strange packages. Often when  
we least expect it.

Greg lingers for a moment on Dana's comment. Mark enters  
through the gate wearing a t-shirt and a bathing suit. A  
large towel hangs around his neck.

GREG  
It's the man!

DANA  
Hi Mark.

Mark takes a couple of quick bows and sits down beside  
them.

GREG  
(to Mark)  
Heads up.

Greg tosses Mark a beer from out of his cooler. Mark  
catches the beer and pops it open, taking a long drink.  
Greg looks intrigued. Dana seems astonished.

GREG  
Hey guys! Wait till you see  
the videotapes! The part where  
Mark falls and busts his ass?  
My God! I was spitting up  
blood from laughing so hard!

MARK  
Not to worry.  
(a beat)  
My skills will improve with  
time and practice.

Greg and Dana look to each other, stunned.

GREG  
Dude, it's cool. You don't  
have to keep --

MARK  
I know.  
(a beat)  
I want to though.

DANA

Why?

Mark seems drugged.

MARK

It's hard to explain. I feel different. Like I've never felt before. And it feels pretty good.

GREG

I don't believe this.

MARK

It's true. For the very first time in my life, I feel free.

DANA

(winking)

I think he's found his calling, hon.

MARK

Yes. You should try it sometime. It's liberating.

GREG

Okay. Joke's over man. You proved your point.

MARK

(a beat)

I thought you wanted me to streak.

GREG

I did. But I didn't think you'd actually go through with it. Just celebrate the victory with us, dude!

Greg and Dana sip from their beverages. Mark rises, finishing the last of his beer in one gulp. He gets down on all fours and stretches. Greg and Dana look mystified.

GREG

What the hell are you doing?

Mark stands. He takes out the wireless headset from underneath his towel and places it on his head. He looks to his friends with an eager expression.

GREG

Oh no.

Mark jolts out of the backyard.

GREG

Shit!

Greg goes chasing after his friend. Dana giggles as she runs after the boys.

EXT. DANA'S FRONT YARD - MOMENTS LATER

Mark dashes towards the street, throwing away his towel. Greg and Dana jump him. They pull him back towards Dana's house, face down in the grass. Mark screams.

INT. DINER - DAY

A gritty-looking counter runs all the way down one side of the diner. Hamburgers SIZZLE on a grill. A few CUSTOMERS eat at the counter, seated on tall round stools. Vinyl booths butt against a long glass window. In the window, hand-painted lettering reads: Ed's Diner.

Jake steps into the diner. He sits in one of the empty booths and skims through a menu.

Cindi appears from the kitchen with an order of food. She sees Jake and stops, her mouth gaping. Cindi steps away to study him, and collides with another WAITRESS. They almost drop their plates before going about their duties. Cindi delivers her order, then crosses to Jake's booth. She looks apprehensive, yet intrigued.

CINDI

What do you want?

Jake turns to Cindi with a spoony look, then buries his face back into the menu. Cindi looks nervous.

CINDI  
I'll come back.

Cindi turns and steps away from the table.

JAKE  
(without looking up)  
Shall I compare thee to a  
summer's day? Thou art more  
lovely and more temperate.

Cindi halts, heart pounding. She turns to face Jake with an astonished look. Cindi sits down across from him. Jake's face remains glued to the menu.

CINDI  
It's you.  
(a beat)  
All those empty packages.  
(a beat)  
You're the one who's been  
sending them.

Jake lowers the menu. He takes Cindi's hand and looks into her eyes.

JAKE  
I was wondering... hoping...  
would you like to have dinner  
with me sometime?

Cindi looks dumbfounded.

INT. LAW FIRM HALLWAY - DAY

A simple office hallway stretches past several office doors. Greg marches down the hall. He wears a sloppy tweed coat with slacks and a tie. A leather briefcase dangles in one hand. A few of Greg's CO-WORKERS greet him as he passes. Greg stops at one of the doors. The name plate reads: Greg Derek, Attorney At Law. STEVE NEWMAN, a handsome, pretentious-looking individual in his early thirties, passes out some flyers.

STEVE  
(holding up a flyer)  
Greg baby! 10k run this  
weekend?

Greg sighs, turning away without answering. Steve sees Greg's fierce expression. He crosses over to Greg and stops.

STEVE

Am I sensing some tension  
here, Greg?

(a beat)

I think I sense tension. Where  
is this coming from?

Greg turns to Steve. They exchange hateful glares. Greg's phone RINGS inside his office. He fumbles with his keys, dropping them. The two of them stare at each other again. Steve starts to reach for the keys, but Greg reaches down instead. Before Greg can get them, Steve brushes the keys away with his foot and walks off.

STEVE

Oops.

Greg looks bitter. He yanks up his keys and unlocks the door to his office.

INT. GREG'S OFFICE - DAY

Steve's picture hangs fastened to a dartboard on the back of Greg's door. Several darts decorate his face like a bizarre form of acupuncture. A glass window overlooks the street outside.

Greg bolts through the door and the RINGING stops. He runs to the phone, picking up the receiver.

GREG

(into the phone, out  
of breath)

Greg Derek.

Greg appears upset.

GREG

Argghhh!

Greg SLAMS down the phone. He opens his briefcase, sorting through some papers. An attractive FEMALE CO-WORKER glides past his door. Greg sees her and crosses to the door.

GREG'S POV

down the hall: The female co-worker strolls off into the distance. Her figure commands the eye.

ON GREG

Greg smiles. His phone RINGS again and he leaps to answer it.

GREG

Shit!

(into the phone)

Greg Derek.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

The room looks white and sterile-looking. Doctors and nurses scurry about. Dana holds a phone against her ear. She wears a pair of scrubs.

DANA

(into the phone)

Hey.

Greg breaks away from girl watching.

GREG

Hey babe!

DANA

Did I call at a bad time?

GREG

No! Not at all! Just getting back from lunch.

DANA

Cool. Me too.

(a beat)

Hey, when you get home tonight could you check and see if I left my cell phone?

GREG

Oh yeah... you did actually.



DANA

Good. Where was it?

GREG

Coffee table I think?

DANA

Hmmm. Thought so. I'll come pick it up after my shift tonight, if that's okay.

GREG

Sure. No problem.

DANA

How is he?

GREG

Who Mark? Oh, he's just pulling our legs.

DANA

That kinda scared me, you know? Seeing him like that and all. So not like a Virgo!

GREG

He'll be fine.

DANA

I swear, that was the craziest stunt we've ever pulled!

GREG

I know. I'm still digesting it myself.

DANA

You don't think we've like... awakened a sleeping demon or something here?

GREG

Nah. The guy's a total puss. I'm just glad to see him breaking out for a change.

DANA  
One can hope.

GREG  
Listen, I hate to cut this  
short, but I need to get back  
to work.

Greg looks back over his shoulder towards the door.

DANA  
Don't sweat it. I'll see you  
when I come pick up the phone.

GREG  
Sure thing. Thanks love.

DANA  
Okay. Bye.

They hang up their phones. Greg crosses to the door, but  
the phone RINGS a third time.

GREG  
Christ Almighty!!!

Greg turns back to the phone, answering it.

GREG  
(into the phone)  
Greg Derek!

DAVID (V.O.)  
(filtered)  
Greg, it's David.

GREG  
Dave! I thought that might be  
you.

DAVID (V.O.)  
(filtered)  
What time is the meeting?

GREG  
Let's see... two-thirty? No...  
three o'clock.

DAVID (V.O.)  
(filtered)  
Are you sure about that?

GREG  
Uh-huh. Three o'clock.

DAVID (V.O.)  
(filtered)  
Well, listen... your client  
has been bugging the hell out  
of me. Some sort of nonsense  
about how we have to pick up  
the exhibits ourselves and  
that they won't be ready until  
three-thirty? Now what the  
hell is that about?

GREG  
You've got me. I'm his  
attorney, not his mother.

DAVID (V.O.)  
(filtered)  
That's what I told him... the  
photographs were his  
responsibility. If they don't  
arrive on time, then it's not  
our problem.

Greg glances out the window.

GREG'S POV

out the window: Mark stands naked in the office parking  
lot. He spreads his arms apart, smiling wide.

ON GREG

Greg presses his face against the window in disbelief.

GREG  
Oh, dear God.

DAVID (V.O.)  
(filtered)  
What? What'd I do this time?

GREG

Um. Nothing. Nothing. Listen,  
I'll have to call you later,  
Dave. I gotta go right now.  
Thanks!

DAVID (V.O.)

(filtered)

Well, okay. But we still need  
to --

Greg hangs up the phone and dashes out of the office.

INT. LAW FIRM HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Greg runs for the stairwell, colliding with several of  
the co-workers.

EXT. LAW FIRM PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Mark stands behind one of the cars with a euphoric  
expression. Greg stomps over to him, throwing his tweed  
jacket around Mark's waist.

GREG

Dude! Have you fucking lost  
it? I work here for Christ's  
sake!!!

Greg escorts Mark over to his Volvo.

GREG

Where are your clothes?

Greg opens the passenger door, pushing Mark inside. Greg  
SLAMS the door shut and storms around to the other side  
of the car, climbing into the driver's seat.

INT. GREG'S VOLVO - MOVING - MOMENTS LATER

Greg steers the car with a furious expression. Mark  
gazes ahead in a blissful daze. As he drives, Greg looks  
down to Mark's feet.

INSERT MARK'S FEET:

Mark wears an old pair of sneakers.

INT. FRENCH RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Satin drapes hang from tall windows. Fine china and ornate glassware brandish the tables. In the center of the restaurant, COUPLES dance together on a marble floor. Classical music PLAYS in the background.

Jake and Cindi sit at one of the tables, dressed to kill. Their meal looks exquisite. Jake pours some wine.

JAKE  
(lifting his glass)  
To new beginnings.

They toast, sipping from the wine.

CINDI  
So Jake... you never answered  
my question.

Jake looks curious, taking a bite from his food.

CINDI  
All the empty packages. Why  
did you send them to me?

Jake pauses before answering.

JAKE  
Oh yes. The packages. Weren't  
they... mysterious?

Jake takes another sip from his wine. Cindi seems perplexed.

CINDI  
Usually when someone goes to  
that much trouble, there's  
something special inside.

JAKE  
Oh, but there was. Didn't you  
get it?

Cindi looks confused.

JAKE

The air! It's our most  
precious resource! You take  
away our food... our water...  
man can live for days. But if  
you take away our air... we'd  
all be dead within minutes.

Jake takes another bite from his food, a strange look in  
his eyes.

CINDI

Gee. I never quite thought of  
it like that. Thank you... for  
sending me all that... air.

A PRETTY YOUNG WOMAN breezes past their table and Jake's  
eyes wander. Cindi seems confused. She CLEARS her throat  
and Jake snaps back. He stands, offering Cindi his hand.

JAKE

Dance with me, Cindi.

CINDI

Shouldn't we finish dinner?

JAKE

It can wait.

Cindi puts down her silverware and follows Jake onto the  
dance floor. She trips over herself, almost falling  
down.

INT. DANCE FLOOR - FRENCH RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

Jake takes Cindi into his arms, dancing with her.  
Cindi's poise looks stiff, ungraceful. As they struggle  
through the dance, Cindi steps on Jake's foot by  
accident.

CINDI

Sorry.

JAKE

Um... yeah. So... what is it  
do you do again?

Cindi looks offended.

CINDI  
Waitress by day. Fiddle player  
by night. Remember?

JAKE  
(laughing)  
Oh, that's right!

CINDI  
What about you?

JAKE  
International communications.  
(a beat)  
Here... let me show you this  
little move I picked up down  
in San Antonio.

Cindi gets dipped and spun. After a few moments, she  
appears dizzy, helpless.

CINDI  
Interesting.

JAKE  
Yeah?  
(a beat)  
How about this?

Jake slides his hand down from Cindi's waist to her  
fanny and grabs it. She gasps. Jake chuckles.

JAKE  
Nice.

Cindi looks terrified. Jake leans in to kiss her and she  
pulls away.

CINDI  
Wait...

JAKE  
What?

CINDI  
I can't do this.

JAKE

Why not?

CINDI

(looking to her  
watch)

I... have to go now. I'm  
sorry. I have to go practice  
my fiddle.

JAKE

But...

CINDI

Sorry.

Cindi staggers toward the exit, leaving Jake stranded on  
the dance floor.

INT. GREG'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Several bookshelves decorate the room. A plush leather  
sofa sits in one corner. In front of the sofa, a cell  
phone blinks on an old coffee table.

Dana steps into the dark, quiet room. She crosses to the  
coffee table and stops, picking up the phone. Dana  
presses some buttons on the phone and drops it into her  
purse. She glances around the room.

DANA

Greg?

(a beat)

Anybody home?

Dana steps out of the room.

INT. GREG'S HOUSE - STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER

Dana casts a strange shadow on the wall as she climbs up  
the staircase.

DANA

Hello?



INT. GREG'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The top of the stairwell levels off. A door, half-closed, waits at the end of the hall. Soft, warm light and a faint moaning sound EMANATE from behind the door.

Dana steps into the hallway. She creeps closer to the door, suspicious.

INT. GREG'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Dana opens the bedroom door.

DANA'S POV

in the bedroom: A giant four poster bed towers inside the room. Mark stands fastened to the bed wearing a pair of boxers, his hands tied back with rope to each of the head posts. A gag covers his mouth. Greg sits back in a chair beside the bed with a watchful eye. They look to Dana as the door opens.

ON SCENE

Dana steps into the bedroom, taken aback.

DANA

(to Greg)

How come you never ask me to do any of this stuff?

Greg runs to Dana's side. Mark GRUNTS.

GREG

He's flipped out.

DANA

What???

GREG

Showed up outside my office...

DANA

No...

Dana crosses over the side of the bed. Greg follows her.

GREG

I think we should call that therapist you told me about.

DANA

You think?

Mark pulls at his restraints, a crazed look in his eyes. The entire bed shakes, but the ropes seem tight and secure. Greg and Dana jump back. Mark spits the gag out of his mouth.

MARK

Untie me!

Dana creeps closer to the bed.

DANA

Mark?

MARK

I'm having withdrawals.

Mark looks fervent.

GREG

Jesus Christ.

DANA

Mark, you need help.

MARK

No! I need nature! Freedom!

GREG

Dude, you could have called that chick by now and settled this whole thing.

MARK

I don't need her.

(a beat)

I don't need anybody! All I need is my pecker in the wind and my butt in the sun. Now get... me... outta here!

Greg looks to his friend with a hopeless expression.

GREG

What the hell have you been  
smoking, man? Cause they don't  
need to be selling that shit  
on the street.

Mark attempts to break away again, spooking his friends  
once more. The ropes come loose and Mark escapes from  
the bed. He leaps for the door, but Greg pins him down.  
Dana runs out of the room. Mark and Greg wrestle.

INT. GREG'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Dana runs for the front door.

INT. GREG'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mark and Greg continue wrestling on the bedroom floor.

EXT. GREG'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Dana sprints over to her VW. She opens the trunk and  
sorts through a bag full of items.

INT. GREG'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Greg holds Mark in a helpless position. Dana enters the  
room holding a large syringe. She holds it up to the  
light and squirts some fluid out it.

GREG

What the heck is that?

DANA

Sodium pentothal.

Mark sees the needle and screams.

MARK

No!!!

DANA

Don't worry, Mark. You'll  
sleep like a baby.

Greg struggles to keep his friend pinned down as Dana  
approaches.

She pulls down Mark's boxers and jabs the needle into his bare fanny. Mark screams. Dana injects the sedative and Mark's eyes become heavy.

MARK  
Fascists!

Mark drifts into a quiet sleep. Greg and Dana place him on the bed, relieved.

DANA  
I'll call Dr. Xano.

INT. XANO'S OFFICE - DAY

The room looks stylized and dark. Mark lies on a black leather sofa, bathed in an eerie green light. A vacant chair waits beside him. A large bookshelf and a desk also stand in the room. DOCTOR NATHAN XANO, a mysterious figure in his mid-forties, enters from the back of the room holding a small note pad. He crosses to Mark and stops.

XANO  
Hello, Mark.

Mark looks spooked.

XANO  
It's nice to finally meet you.  
(a beat)  
I'm Nathan Xano.

Xano extends his hand, but Mark looks reticent. Xano's hand falls back to his side. He takes a seat in the vacant chair.

XANO  
It must be nice to have  
friends like Dana. Some of my  
colleagues are very impressed  
with the work she's been  
doing. Very reliable young  
woman.

Xano takes out a pencil, turning through his note pad to find a blank page.

XANO

Well then. What can I do for  
you today, Mark? Hmmm? What  
seems to be the problem?

Mark keeps silent, a bit on edge.

XANO

It's okay. You can talk to me.  
I promise not to hurt you.

Xano smiles with kindness. After a moment, Mark looks  
up.

MARK

My friends think I'm crazy.

Xano raises a curious eyebrow.

XANO

Your friends think you're  
crazy.

Xano jots down a few words.

XANO

Now why on Earth do you  
suppose they think that?

Mark seems reluctant. He closes his eyes.

MARK

I... have... an addiction...  
to something.

XANO

I see.

Xano scratches his forehead, rising from the chair. He  
walks over to the bookshelf, taking a thick book from  
off the top row. He thumbs through it several times  
before stopping on a page.

XANO

Hmmm.

(a beat)

Interesting.

(a beat)

(MORE)

XANO (CONT'D)  
According to Webster's,  
addiction and insanity have  
two separate meanings.

Xano SLAMS the book shut and places it back on the  
shelf. He glances over to Mark.

XANO  
Addiction does not make one  
crazy...

Xano takes his seat again, eyes aflame.

XANO  
...we make ourselves crazy.

Mark remains silent, watchful. Xano picks up his note  
pad.

XANO  
So... tell me about this vice  
of yours.

Mark won't speak.

XANO  
There, there. You can trust  
me. What's the fixation?  
Crime? Drugs? Sex?

MARK  
Streaking.

Xano's face stretches longer.

MARK  
I've found a powerful,  
irresistible urge to take off  
my clothes and expose myself  
to the entire world.  
(a beat)  
I've never experienced  
anything quite like it.

Mark looks over to Xano, uneasy.

XANO

I... think... you've...  
definitely come to the right  
place, Mark. Now... relax for  
me please. Just for a moment.  
I need you to answer some more  
questions for me.

Xano gulps, turning to a clean page. Mark situates  
himself on the sofa.

XANO

Okay. So... what is it you do  
for a living, Mark?

MARK

Discount retail.

XANO

Do you enjoy that line of  
work?

MARK

Yes, very much.

XANO

Damn, you are crazy.

Mark reacts with surprise.

XANO

Just kidding.

Mark sighs with relief. Xano scribbles some more notes  
down in his pad.

XANO

How would you describe your  
relationship with your  
parents?

MARK

Okay, I guess.

Xano continues taking notes.

XANO  
Have you experienced any  
traumatic events?

MARK  
Who hasn't?

XANO  
I mean recently.

MARK  
Well, there was this girl...

Xano looks up from his note pad, interested.

MARK  
...nothing ever happened  
though.

XANO  
Why not?

Mark struggles to answer, a frustrated look on his face.

XANO  
(a beat)  
What happened between you and  
this girl that seemed so  
traumatic?

Mark still won't answer.

XANO  
You feel paralyzed?

Mark looks frustrated again.

MARK  
Yes. Look, can we change the  
subject?

XANO  
Mark, you told me a moment ago  
that you came here today  
because your friends think  
you're crazy, correct?



MARK

Well, Dana drove me over.

XANO

I'm aware of that. But what about you?

(a beat)

Do you think you're crazy?

Mark remains hushed. He looks away, unable to answer the question.

XANO

Why do you have to streak so much, Mark?

MARK

Because it brings me pleasure.

XANO

Surely there are other hobbies? Other goals?

Mark thinks for a moment.

MARK

Not like this one.

Xano sighs. He puts down the note pad.

XANO

Mark... you may not like what I have to say, but I think you should hear this.

(a beat)

I can't solve your problems for you. I can only help you diagnose them.

Mark looks back over to Xano with an intense expression.

XANO

But I do think you should lower these defenses you've built up. You're choosing your own fears here.

(a beat)

(MORE)

XANO (CONT'D)  
Extra sessions will tell us  
more, but for God's sake, man,  
you've got to stop running  
around naked!

Mark sits up, defensive.

MARK  
But streaking is my mission.  
My passion!

XANO  
Your subconscious may be  
telling you that, Mark, but it  
really isn't. For some reason,  
your mind chooses to  
circumvent the greater good.  
Streaking isn't your passion.  
(a beat)  
It's your escape from the  
passion.

Mark gets up, dazed.

MARK  
I've had enough of this.

Mark scampers towards the exit.

XANO  
Mark?

Mark storms away.

XANO  
Mark, wait. I'm trying to  
help.

MARK  
You're trying to destroy me,  
you quack! I'm gonna do what I  
wanna do with my life!

Mark SLAMS the door. Xano leans back in his chair. A  
weary sigh escapes his mouth.

INT. XANO'S WAITING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A television hangs high in one corner of the room. A magazine rack sits between two of the chairs. Dana sits in one of the chairs reading.

Xano's receptionist, JANICE CHAMBERS, sits behind a lectern doing paperwork.

Mark jolts through the waiting room and out the building. Dana looks up with a startled expression and chases after him. Janice looks concerned.

EXT. XANO'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Mark runs down the street. He sheds his clothing, one piece at a time. His pace quickens, eyes filled with fury and passion. Dana lumbers behind him. Unable to catch up, she stops. Her eyes fill with worry.

INT. GREG'S OFFICE - LATER

Greg sits at his desk, reading a book on Plato. Steve pokes his head inside the door holding a flyer. Greg's face becomes sullen.

STEVE

Knock! Knock!

GREG

Steve.

STEVE

Greg baby! Did I give you a flyer?

GREG

Yes, Steve. You gave me a flyer.

STEVE

Thought so. Just checking.

Greg returns to his reading with a sour expression. Steve sees this and steps closer.

STEVE

Listen, Greg. Can I have a word?

Greg looks up. Steve fudges closer, his flyer held high.

STEVE

Look. I know you don't wanna do this. You never have. I also happen to know you throw darts at my picture.

(a beat)

Just remember. There is but one truth. I shall come home the victor of the 10k, as always.

(another beat)

It's all a matter of where our passions lie, Greg. Yours is to... read philosophy. Mine is to make partner. Ciao Gregory! Easy on the starch!

Steve goes away, closing the door behind him. Greg wears a look of disdain before picking up a dart and throwing it at Steve's picture. The dart bounces off the back of the dartboard and lands on the floor. Greg looks frustrated. He glances out the window.

GREG'S POV

out the window: Mark runs down the street naked.

ON GREG

Greg's face goes wide.

GREG

Bastard!

INT. LAW FIRM HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Steve hands out more flyers to the co-workers. Greg dashes into the room. He almost collides with Steve's group before running out.

STEVE

Hey, there we go, Greg!  
Getting in some practice, I  
see! That's the spirit! Ha,  
ha, ha!

(to his co-workers)  
Doesn't stand a chance.

EXT. LAW FIRM PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Greg runs over to his car, scrambling to turn on his cell phone. He climbs into the Volvo and drives after Mark, who streaks off in the distance.

INT. GREG'S VOLVO - MOVING - MOMENTS LATER

Greg dials a number on his cell phone, pursuing Mark from behind.

DANA (V.O.)

(filtered)

Hi, this is Dana. Leave me a  
message and I'll call you  
back. Thanks.

Dana's answering service BEEPS.

GREG

(into the phone)

Hey, it's me. He's at it  
again. Meet me at his place  
when you get this. I'm gonna  
see if I can stop him. He's  
headed south on Patterson.

Greg turns off his phone and tosses it into the passenger seat.

EXT. GREG'S VOLVO - MOVING - MOMENTS LATER

The Volvo accelerates, pulling up along side Mark. The window rolls down and Greg sticks his head out.

GREG

Get in the car!!!

Mark stays focused on streaking, without looking over.

GREG  
Mark! Get in the car! This  
isn't funny.

Mark salutes his friend. Aghast, Greg HONKS his horn.

GREG  
You're crazy!!!

Mark streaks ahead of the vehicle.

EXT. CLOSED ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Greg's Volvo speeds up, passing in front of Mark.

A construction sign at the end of the road reads:  
Warning, Closed Road Ahead. Behind it, a large concrete  
wall prevents further passage.

INT. GREG'S VOLVO - MOMENTS LATER

Greg keeps his eye on Mark through the rearview mirror.  
He sees the construction sign in front of him, but not  
in time to stop. Greg SCREECHES his brakes hard.

EXT. CLOSED ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

The volvo CRASHES through the sign. Greg swerves the car  
around. It stops within inches of the concrete wall.  
Mark leaps onto the Volvo, propelling himself over the  
wall and out of sight.

INT. GREG'S VOLVO - MOMENTS LATER

Greg looks mystified.

GREG  
Crazy.

INT. BOOKSTORE - LATER

Bookshelves seem to stretch forever. Several BOOKWORMS  
sit scattered about the store, engrossed in their  
reading.

Down one aisle, a MOROSE-LOOKING GIRL peeks through a  
book on male anatomy. Mark scurries by. The girl remains  
focused on her book. Mark glides past her again. She  
looks over, seeing nothing.

Mark streaks past the girl a third time. She sees Mark's fanny streaking out the store and smiles.

INT. LAUNDROMAT - LATER

Several laundry units fill the room. A YOUNG LADY removes pieces of clothing from one of the dryers, tossing them into a basket. Mark streaks into the room, catching a bra. He tosses the bra back to her and runs out. The lady looks astonished.

INT. DENTIST'S OFFICE - LATER

A MAN reclines in a high-tech dental chair. His face looks worried. A beautiful DENTAL HYGIENIST cleans his teeth, smiling back at him. The hygienist looks out the window and sees Mark streaking. Her tool grinds into the man's gums. Blood seeps out of his mouth. He screams.

INT. BEAUTY SHOP - LATER

A group of SPINSTERS sit captive with large plastic hair dryers around their heads. Mark runs past the salon window and one SPINSTER sees him. She pries away from her seat.

SPINSTER

Melba, come look at this.

MELBA rambles over to see Mark streaking off into the distance.

MELBA

Oh, my word.

The other ladies step over, crowding around the window with a flabbergasted look.

INT. POST OFFICE - LATER

Several CUSTOMERS stand in line sealing envelopes and licking stamps. Mark streaks by. The customers gape, stamps all stuck to their tongues.

INT. GYMNASIUM - LATER

A bunch of MEATHEADS lift weights. Mark streaks past the gym window. One heavy man, MR. JACOBS, sees him go by. Jacobs loses control of his routine, falling backward.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - LATER

A CROWD OF BOHEMIANS congregate outside the shop, drinking coffee and writing poetry. Mark jolts past. The bohemians flash peace signs. Mark smiles, returning the gesture.

INT. DINER - LATER

Cindi wipes down a table and Mark streaks past the diner. Cindi jumps back with a startled expression.

CINDI

Oh, my gosh!

Cindi seems intrigued, then bursts out laughing.

EXT. OUTDOOR WEDDING - LATER

A PRIEST stands at the altar holding a large Bible. Before him, a young BRIDE AND GROOM wait with eager faces and a small WEDDING PARTY. Several GUESTS weep with joy from the pews. Off to one side, A VIDEOGRAPHER tapes the ceremony.

PRIEST

Dearly beloved. We are gathered here today to celebrate the union of Tom and Stacey. If any man, for any reason, feels this couple should not be wed in Holy Matrimony, let him speak now... or forever hold his...

Mark stands behind the congregation, covering up his privates. He lifts his hands up high into the air.

MARK

Blessed are the poor in spirit! The kingdom of heaven is theirs!

Everyone turns around. The bride faints. Mark streaks away. A chaotic moment ensues.



EXT. BILLBOARD - LATER

Mark streaks beneath a large billboard, depicting a racy clothing ad. A slogan on the ad reads: Take it off.

EXT. CITY HALL - LATER

Mark streaks past the Mayor's office. Giant American flags wave atop the building and along the sidewalk. Mark grabs one of the flags as he passes, lifting it into the wind.

INT. ALL GIRL'S SCHOOL - HISTORY CLASS - LATER

A large glass window overlooks the school courtyard. An ODDBALL INSTRUCTOR stands before a long blackboard. A group of TEENAGE GIRLS sit at their desks, bored.

INSTRUCTOR

Picking up from yesterday's  
lesson on Lady Godiva and her  
famous ride.

The students open their books.

INSTRUCTOR

As you may recall, both Godiva  
and her husband were extremely  
religious people...

The instructor draws a cross on the blackboard. The students sigh, rolling their eyes.

EXT. ALL GIRL'S SCHOOL - MOMENTS LATER

Mark streaks up to the school.

INT. ALL GIRL'S SCHOOL - HISTORY CLASS - MOMENTS LATER

Mark streaks through the courtyard, just outside the window. The girls turn to see him. Some squint. Others stand. A few smile. One looks repulsed.

INSTRUCTOR

And so, on the appointed day,  
Godiva rode straight through  
the marketplace with a  
composed expression;

(MORE)

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)  
completely unashamed of her  
nudity. And as a result, all  
local taxes were abolished.

(a beat)  
Any questions?

The girls all raise their hands. The instructor looks surprised by their sudden surge of interest.

EXT. RUGBY FIELD - LATER

Two teams of RUGBY PLAYERS kick a ball about the field. Mark streaks into their game, getting mud all over him. He intercepts the ball, and scores the first point. The players CHEER. They each tear off their uniforms and streak about the field.

EXT. CAR WASH ENTRANCE - LATER

Several dirty cars wait in line at the entrance. Mark streaks past the cars and into the wash, still covered in mud.

INT. CAR WASH - MOMENTS LATER

Mark gets odd looks from some of the CUSTOMERS.

EXT. CAR WASH EXIT - MOMENTS LATER

Mark emerges squeaky clean out the other side of the wash.

EXT. ROLLER COASTER - MOVING - MOMENTS LATER

A roller coaster zooms about on a curvy track. Mark sits in the first car, his arms held up in the air. A TEENAGE BOY sits next to him with a perplexed smile.

INT. FINE ART MUSEUM - DAY

A wide variety of pieces from Picasso to Seraut cover the walls. A replica of the Statue of David stands on display in the center of the gallery. A FEMALE TOUR GUIDE leads a group of ASIAN TOURISTS into the exhibit. The tourists encircle the statue with large black cameras.

## TOUR GUIDE

And here we have a replica of  
The Statue of David. The  
original was first sculpted in  
1501 by an artist named...  
um... Michelangelo.

The tourists look apathetic. The guide continues with  
her presentation, unsure of the group before her.

## TOUR GUIDE

For three years, he carved  
away at the marble, bringing  
forth his own unique vision.  
(a beat)  
Notice David's right hand,  
which is disproportionately  
large, symbolizing his courage  
and power.

The tourists remain uninspired. The guide looks  
frustrated.

## TOUR GUIDE

Now, Michelangelo's 'David' is  
different from other  
depictions of the biblical  
hero. For he believed this was  
David's greatest moment of  
courage. Yes, David could have  
run away. He could have given  
in to his fear. But instead he  
stood firmly, bravely facing  
his challenger with the gawky  
stature of a youth on the  
brink of manhood.

Mark storms into the gallery. He streaks behind the tour  
guide without her noticing. The tourists lift their  
cameras. Their flashbulbs IGNITE, blinding but elating  
the guide.

## TOUR GUIDE

Oh... Thank you. Thank you.

INT. XANO'S OFFICE - END OF DAY

A PATIENT lies on the sofa, his face turned away. Dr. Xano sits in the chair beside him holding the note pad and pencil.

XANO

So, what can I do for you  
today, Mr. Jacobs? Hmmm? What  
seems to be the problem?

The patient remains silent.

XANO

It's okay, Mr. Jacobs. You can  
talk to me. I promise not to  
hurt you.

The patient turns around, quaking with anxiety. His face belongs to the same man who fell down at the gym.

JACOBS

I... have... an addiction...  
to something.

XANO

I see... and what sort of  
addiction are we talking about  
here Mr. Jacobs?

JACOBS

(a beat)  
Streaking.

Xano looks confounded.

XANO

I see... and how long have we  
been having this... obsession,  
Mr. Jacobs?

JACOBS

(whimpering)  
Just today.

Xano seems concerned.

XANO

I... think... you've...  
definitely come to the right  
place, Mr. Jacobs. Now relax  
for me please. Just for a  
moment. I need you to answer  
some more questions for me.

Xano's speakerphone BUZZES.

JANICE

(filtered)

Dr. Xano, could you come into  
the waiting room?

XANO

Not now, Janice. I'm with a  
patient.

JANICE

(filtered)

I think you should come out  
here doctor.

Xano sighs.

XANO

Can it wait? We're in the  
middle of a session here.

JANICE

(filtered)

I'm sorry, sir. I don't think  
this can wait. I... think you  
should come out here.

Xano looks to his client with an apologetic face.

XANO

Would you excuse me please,  
Mr. Jacobs? I'll only be a  
moment.

Jacobs nods to the doctor and settles back onto the  
sofa. Xano gets up and crosses to the door.

INT. XANO'S WAITING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Xano steps into the waiting room.

XANO'S POV

in the waiting room: A number of CLIENTS stand crammed elbow to elbow. Among the group a rugby player, Melba, the spinsters, the dental hygienist, the laundromat lady, and OTHERS all look troubled.

ON SCENE

The doctor looks weary with disbelief. Janice seems overwhelmed.

EXT. LOVER'S LAKE - NIGHT

Cindi sits at the edge of a lake practicing on her fiddle, her frustration ever present. The music sounds LOUD and AWFUL. She just can't find a groove.

In the distance, a YOUNG COUPLE stroll by. Cindi stops playing and glances over to look at the couple.

CINDI'S POV

on couple: The couple embrace, then walk away hand in hand.

ON CINDI

Cindi looks pensive. She peeks down at her fiddle and sighs. She twirls the instrument in her hands before tearing back into her music.

INT. MARK'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dana paces about the room, sipping on some tea. Greg reclines on Mark's sofa, playing with the old violin. Dana crosses to the window. She peers out into the night with a worried expression.

DANA

I feel so guilty. I should  
never have sent him to see  
Nathan.

GREG

You didn't know this would happen.

DANA

You think he'll be okay?

GREG

Look, why don't you just sit down? He has to come back sooner or later. Even streakers need their rest.

Dana sighs. Her worried face stares out the window again. No sign of Mark. She sobs. Greg puts down the violin and goes to comfort her.

GREG

Come on, babe.

Dana snuggles into Greg's arms. He cradles her with care from behind. She takes a deep breath, more relaxed.

DANA

Mmmmm. How do you do that?

GREG

Do what?

DANA

Make me feel so... secure. Like everything's gonna be okay. No matter what happens.

GREG

Six figure income, babe. Who wouldn't?

Dana giggles at his joke.

DANA

Silly. How do you do it?

He hugs her again from behind. Dana turns to look at him. Their eyes meet and they smile at one another.

DANA

You're amazing.

GREG

I'm an ass.

DANA

I know. But you're still amazing.

GREG

So... women do want ass holes, don't they?

Dana gives a cute shrug and smiles.

DANA

Depends on the ass hole.

They lean in to kiss. Before their lips can meet, the front door bursts open. Greg and Dana jump back. Mark storms into the room, gasping like a madman.

GREG

Dude, we've been worried sick!

Mark stalks about the room. Greg and Dana seem frightened, yet relieved. Mark turns to them, holding his hands up high in the air.

MARK

I have seen the Promised Land!

Greg rubs his forehead. Dana's face collapses in her hands. Mark puts his arms down.

MARK

I think I made the evening news.

GREG

No way.

MARK

Channel Seven. Ten O'clock.

Greg looks down at his watch.

GREG

It's nine-thirty now.



DANA

Hey! Let's order out!

GREG

Great idea! How about that  
Indian place?

DANA

Good call!!!

Greg runs over to the phone. He rediscovers the tangled-up telephone cord. It appears to be getting worse. Dana glances over to Mark with a smirk.

DANA

Would you please go put something on?

Mark retreats to his room.

GREG

(struggling with the  
cord)

Damn this thing!!!

EXT. MARK'S STREET - NIGHT

A small pickup truck maneuvers along the road. The map light inside the vehicle looks on. The driver, an INDIAN MAN, squints in all directions. He pulls the truck up to Mark's apartment and stops.

INT. PICKUP - NIGHT

The Indian man looks down at the map, then back to Mark's apartment. In the passenger seat beside him lies an order of food.

EXT. MARK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The Indian man gets out of his truck with the food, and walks up to Mark's doorstep. He RINGS the doorbell. No one responds. He RINGS the bell a second time.

INDIAN MAN

India Palace!

The Indian man RINGS the bell a third time. Greg answers the door, out of breath.

GREG  
Sorry. What's the damage?

INDIAN MAN  
Twenty-seven ninety-five.

Mark steps into the doorway naked. A towel hangs around his neck, his hair sopping wet. The Indian man's eyes go wide.

MARK  
Want me to cover this?

GREG  
Nah. I've got it.

Mark steps away. The Indian man looks frigid.

GREG  
Keep the change.

Greg pays the man and smiles, closing the door. The Indian man stands frozen with a perplexed look.

INT. XANO'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Xano appears bleary eyed, exhausted. Melba, the woman from the beauty salon, lies on the sofa with a worried face.

XANO  
I think you definitely came to the right place. Just remember everything we've talked about tonight. I'm sure your temptation to streak will pass in a few days.

Melba nods. She rises from the sofa and walks out of the room, closing the door behind her. Xano looks to his watch, fatigued. He rubs his forehead and sighs before BUZZING Janice.

XANO  
Who's next, Janice?

The speaker remains silent. Xano presses the BUZZER again.

XANO  
Janice? Who's next?

JANICE (V.O.)  
(a beat)  
Me sir.

Xano seems surprised.

XANO  
You?

JANICE (V.O.)  
I'm afraid so, sir.

Xano looks dizzy, confused.

XANO  
What's wrong, Janice?

JANICE (V.O.)  
It's hard to explain, sir.  
I... I'm scared to say.

XANO  
It's okay, Janice. You can  
talk to me. What seems to be  
the problem?

JANICE (V.O.)  
(a beat)  
I've been having these...  
feelings, sir.

Xano looks perplexed and weary.

XANO  
What kind of feelings, Janice?

JANICE (V.O.)  
Sir, it's my clothes. I...  
want to take them off, sir. I  
want to streak! I honestly  
don't know what's come over  
me.

Xano gets frustrated, slamming his note pad down on the desk.

XANO

Why can't you people just put  
a stop to this nonsense? You  
don't... need... to streak!  
End of story! Streaking is  
immoral and obscene. And in  
case you aren't aware, Miss  
Chambers, it's against the  
law!

(a beat)

Now these desires you have are  
being driven by evil demons  
which thrive off your  
anxieties. Demons that only  
you have the power to dismiss!  
If you can't put an end to  
this, Miss Chambers, I...

Xano stops talking to look at the silent speaker.

XANO

Miss Chambers?

(a beat)

Miss Chambers, can you hear  
me?

Still no answer. Xano turns and storms out of his office.

INT. XANO'S WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Xano bursts into the lobby with a furious expression. A trail of women's clothes, spread about the floor, lead all the way out the front entrance. Xano follows the trail to the door and stops.

XANO'S POV

out the waiting room: Janice Chambers streaks off into the night, gleeful.

ON XANO

Xano looks sundered, broken.

INT. MARK'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

An impatient Mark sits on the edge of the sofa wearing jeans and an old t-shirt. Dana sits opposite him. Empty plates with traces of Indian food sit on the floor. Greg enters from the kitchen wearing a pair of sunglasses.

GREG

Is it on yet?

DANA

Still more commercials.

MARK

I can't believe they're running me last.

DANA

They do that on purpose, you know.

MARK

It's been thirty minutes already!

Greg sits down between Mark and Dana, who stare at his sunglasses with a mystified expression.

GREG

In case they actually show footage of your white ass.

Mark jabs Greg in the ribs.

DANA

I bet they censor that part.

MARK

Oh God, I hope not.

The evening news begins to roll.

DANA

Okay... Shhh! It's starting!

The group snaps to an alert state.

INSERT TV NEWS LIVE:

The television displays Channel Seven's DAVE GREEN, seated at the news desk.

DAVE GREEN  
Our final story for the evening...

Mark appears bitter.

DAVE GREEN  
...reports have been coming in from all over the city of a local exhibitionist. Yes, you heard right. Described as a Caucasian male in his mid-twenties, the nudist ran about all day long in various public places, wearing nothing more than an old pair of sneakers.

INSERT SHELBY PARK LIVE:

The television shows a reporter, CLAUDIA STARR, waiting for her cue. Her face flooded with light. RACHEL THOMAS, a woman in her late thirties, stands beside Claudia. THREE CHILDREN huddle around her.

DAVE GREEN (V.O.)  
Channel Seven's Claudia Starr is live at Shelby Park with more on this story. Claudia, what do you have for us?

CLAUDIA STARR  
Yes, Dave. I'm standing here with Rachel Thomas. She's a self-employed mother of three. Just one of the many victims from today's streaking stunt.

MARK  
Victims?

CLAUDIA STARR  
Rachel, what do you have to say about all this?

RACHEL THOMAS

Well, I think this is a disgrace to our community. My children... were playing right over there... and they saw the whole thing!!!

The three children jump up and down, CHEERING with great enthusiasm. Claudia places her palm over her earpiece, stepping away.

CLAUDIA STARR

Now David, we also got to speak with Mr. Tony Goldman. He's the President of the International Association of Naturalists. Here's his take on today's shocking events.

INT. STUDY - DAY

TONY GOLDMAN sits behind a large desk. The window behind him depicts a peaceful landscape of forest green.

GOLDMAN

Streaking is an art form unto itself. It's refreshing. Life affirming. This man is simply making a statement. I say more power to him.

INSERT SHELBY PARK LIVE:

Claudia turns away from the mobile monitor.

CLAUDIA STARR

We were also able to obtain some video footage taken by local residents with their home video cameras. At this time, we'd like to warn our viewers. Some of the content you're about to watch may not be suitable for small children, so please use discretion.

INSERT HOME VIDEO STREAKING FOOTAGE:

Mark streaks through various public places, his privates blurred out with large black squares. PEOPLE react in different ways.

INT. XANO'S WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Xano picks up Janice's clothes from off the floor. He turns to see Mark's news report on the television and goes pale, falling to the floor.

INT. BOHEMIAN BUNGALOW - NIGHT

The bohemians CHEER as Mark's story unfolds on their television set.

INT. CINDI'S LOFT - NIGHT

Cindi practices on her fiddle with extreme intensity. Her small television flickers nearby. When her eyes catch a glimpse of Mark's news story, she breaks her fiddle and several of the strings by accident. She shrieks, then looms in closer to the television for a better look. A captivated expression covers her face.

INT. MARK'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Greg takes off his sunglasses. Dana cracks up with laughter. Mark looks livid.

MARK

They covered up my ass!!!

INSERT BIBLICAL ARTWORK:

Biblical artwork depicting St. Francis of Assisi glides across the screen.

CLAUDIA STARR (V.O.)

Some are even likening this character to a modern day St. Francis, who around 1200 A.D., ran naked through the streets preaching scripture.



INSERT WEDDING VIDEO:

Footage rolls from the wedding. It shows the chaotic moment when Mark held up his hands, quoted the book of Matthew, and ran away.

CLAUDIA STARR (V.O.)

Thus far, however, the latest incarnation of this legendary figure shows no signs of repenting for his actions.

INSERT PRIEST INTERVIEW:

The priest looks repentant. A Channel Seven News microphone points straight at his mouth. The bride sobs in the background behind him.

PRIEST

The Devil likes to have his way with us, to be sure. We can only pray that this man finds peace with what troubles him through the love of our Holy Father.

The bride stomps up to him, make-up streaming down her face. The family attempts to restrain her without success. She pushes the priest out of the way.

BRIDE

(screaming into the camera)

Listen to me, you lunatic! If I ever find you, whoever you are, I'll kill you! Understand? I swear I'll kill you!

The bride collapses in tears. Her family rallies around her.

CLAUDIA STARR (V.O.)

Though the identity of the stalker is still unknown, authorities report --

The television set goes black.

INT. MARK'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Greg lowers the TV remote. He leaps from the sofa, staring at his friends.

GREG

I am a genius. Yes! Truly a  
Genius!

Dana looks wry. Mark seems unimpressed. Greg looks to Mark, pointing at him.

GREG

You! Tomorrow! The Annual 10k  
run!

They look at Greg with a puzzled expression.

GREG

You know! That stupid event  
the firm has every year. It's  
the perfect venue for  
something like this!

Dana buries her head in her arms.

DANA

Oh God.

GREG

Dude, you must do this!

DANA

Exactly what are you hoping to  
accomplish here, Greg?

Greg takes a breath before speaking.

GREG

Steve Newman. Just once in my  
life I'd like to see him  
cringe! And it's not the fact  
that he always wins. It's his  
attitude about the damn thing.  
I swear he thinks he's God's  
gift to charity or something.

(MORE)

GREG (CONT'D)  
If you streak at this year's  
10k, it would be the ultimate  
slap in the face. The ultimate  
streak!

Mark doesn't have to think it over for very long.

MARK  
Sure. I'll do it.

GREG  
You mean it?

MARK  
I will streak beside a train  
and I will streak out in the  
rain.

Greg looks to his friend with sick eye.

MARK  
I will streak from here to  
there. I will streak most  
anywhere.

GREG  
Yes, but do you like green  
eggs?  
(a beat)  
Never mind.

MARK  
What time tomorrow?

GREG  
Eight a.m. But we need to be  
ready by six-thirty.

MARK  
Sounds like a plan.

Mark and Greg shake hands, smiling.

DANA  
You guys are both nuts.

EXT. CENTENNIAL PARK - DAY

The park looks green and spacious. A host of LAWYERS stand about in clusters. They each wear numbered outfits and stretch their legs. Some drink bottled water. Steve steps up to a podium holding a giant pair of scissors. A large red ribbon hangs behind him. Steve sends a cold stare to Greg, who returns the look with an evil grin. Mark stands behind Dana in a long hooded jacket.

STEVE

Hello everyone! Thank you for coming! It's my honor to officiate this event, once again, and for such a great cause. I trust you all got your flyer?

The group looks dismal.

STEVE

Okay. What can I say? You rock, guys! You rock! Okay. Well... without further ado... let the race begin!

Steve CUTS the ribbon. A canon MISFIRES. A band PLAYS some God-awful music. Everyone lumbers to their starting positions. Greg and Steve share another hateful glance. A starting pistol FIRES and the runners stride out into the road.

EXT. ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

The hoard of runners jog together down a cobblestone road. Mark stays hidden among the center of the group, running with Greg and Dana.

As expected, Steve jolts out into the lead. He wears a proud smile, strutting his stuff.

Greg and Dana give Mark his cue.

Mark loses the hooded garment, emerging from the crowd naked. He approaches Steve from behind. The runners look shocked. As Mark takes the lead, Steve grovels. He tries to catch up with Mark, but can't. Mark beams. Greg cackles. The runners seem amused.

CLAUDIA STARR from Channel Seven sees all this and gathers her CREW. They run up alongside Mark as he streaks. Claudia shoves her microphone into Mark's face.

CLAUDIA  
Sir, what's your name?

MARK  
Mark Willis.

CLAUDIA  
Why are you doing this, Mark?

MARK  
Because... it's the ultimate  
act of bravery and freedom!

Mark streaks away. The runners expressions all change from amusement to admiration.

EXT. MAIN STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Mark streaks down a main road. Different PEOPLE look on from the sidewalk. One YOUNG FELLOW holds out some paper, pleading for Mark's autograph.

The runners expressions change from admiration to liberation. They peel off their shirts, tossing them into the air.

A set of POLICE CARS appear from out of nowhere. They chase after Mark, SIRENS ABLAZE. Mark seems upset. Steve looks reassured. Dana seems disheartened. Greg sighs, shaking his head.

EXT. GRITTY ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

The dark, filthy alley has exposed red brick and slimy green moss. Mark streaks into it, a dead end. The police cars block the entrance. OFFICERS leap from their vehicles and swarm around Mark at the back of the alley.

SQUAD CAR SPEAKER  
Don't move! You're under  
arrest for indecent exposure!

They throw Mark to the ground, cuffing him from behind. The LEAD OFFICER reads him his rights.

Mark looks uncomfortable. They cover his body in a long white sheet and toss him into one of the squad cars.

Several policemen hold Greg and Dana at bay. The sound of a thunderstorm ROLLS off in the distance.

INT. BACK SEAT OF SQUAD CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Mark looks defeated, tears welling up in his eyes. He sends a cruel stare to Greg and Dana. Their guilty faces stare back at him as rain beats down around them. The squad car whisks Mark away.

INT. JAIL CELL - DAY

Mark broods behind the bars of a harsh-looking cell, his body still wrapped in the long white sheet. Traces of soot and minor scratches cover his face. Curled up in the corner next to him lies a PRISONER, SNORING out loud. Mark looks agitated.

MARK

Could you keep it down?

Mark's cell mate does not respond.

MARK

(louder)

Hey!

The prisoner continues sleeping. Mark pokes at him, over and over, until the man jumps to life.

PRISONER

Who the fuck do you think you  
are, ass hole?

Mark pulls away. The prisoner examines his new cell mate. Something seems familiar.

PRISONER

Hey...

(a beat)

...you're that streaker guy,  
aren't you?

Mark nods with embarrassment. The prisoner laughs out loud. He circles around the cell, jumping up and down.

PRISONER

You are! You are! Woo hoo!  
They got the streaker! In my  
cell! That's right! My cell!  
Streaker boy! Streaker boy!

The prisoner's laughter subsides.

PRISONER

Why the hell you doing this,  
man?

Mark turns away.

MARK

You wouldn't understand.

PRISONER

Bull shit! You haven't walked  
a mile in my shoes, mother  
fucker! Now give a brother a  
chance. Why the hell you  
streaking around like this?

Mark thinks for a moment.

MARK

Ever have a passion for  
something?

PRISONER

Hell no.

MARK

See, that's my point. You  
wouldn't understand.

PRISONER

Shiiiiit!!!

MARK

Ever been in love?

PRISONER

No.

MARK

Ever knock off a liquor store?

PRISONER

Many times!

MARK

It's like that.

The prisoner nods. He gives Mark a queer look.

PRISONER

You like to pack that fudge,  
don't you?

Mark's sighs with frustration.

MARK

Since when does sexual  
orientation have anything to  
do with streaking?

PRISONER

So you do pack fudge?

Mark shakes his head.

MARK

Believe it or not, I actually  
started doing this to meet a  
woman.

PRISONER

No shit! What happened?

Mark thinks for another moment.

MARK

I don't know.  
(a beat)  
I guess my passion for  
streaking got the best of me.

The prisoner gives Mark a very strange look.

PRISONER

You are one fucked up mother  
fucker. You know that?

Mark laughs.



MARK

So what'd they nail you for?

PRISONER

Shit! I'll tell you what they nailed me for. A crime... I did not... commit! That's what! Goddamn justice system. You know, they should just take that word out, cause there ain't no justice anymore. Just the Goddamn system!

MARK

Could be worse.

PRISONER

Shit. Did they, or did they not, nail your ass for flapping around that tiny white knob?

MARK

They nailed me.

PRISONER

That's right. And they'll nail you again if you keep on.

Mark thinks again.

MARK

But streaking... is different.

PRISONER

No, it's not. You're disrupting the peace, ass hole! Just like the rest of us!

MARK

It's an art form.

PRISONER

Art form my ass! Look at me mother fucker!

(MORE)

PRISONER (CONT'D)  
Wanna see how gracefully I can  
knock off some old woman? Now  
that's what I call an art  
form! And these bastards gonna  
put me away for this shit?  
Hell yeah they will!

MARK  
Believe it or not, I think  
streaking may have helped me  
conquer some fears.

PRISONER  
What fears?

A FEMALE SECURITY GUARD strolls from down the hall,  
passing their cell. She sends Mark a vicious look. Mark  
looks away, uncomfortable. The prisoner seems confused.

PRISONER  
The cops?

Mark shakes his head.

MARK  
Women.

The prisoner laughs out loud again.

PRISONER  
Quit pulling my leg. I thought  
you started doing this just to  
meet a woman?

MARK  
I did. But I was too afraid to  
do anything about it.

PRISONER  
And you went off on some  
streakin' tangent instead?

Mark looks down, embarrassed. The prisoner whimpers with  
disbelief and leans into Mark's ear.

PRISONER  
Listen up, streaker boy.

Mark looks up.

PRISONER

They will nail you again. And again, and again if you keep on. Bitches ain't that bad, son, but streakin's against the law. Get back on the Goddamn train. Hate to think what I'd do if I saw your naked ass in my jail cell again.

The prisoner winks at him and smiles. Mark nods. His face seems more mature. After a moment, the female security guard returns from down the hall. The guard approaches their cell, unlocking it. The cell door swings open.

SECURITY GUARD

Bail's been dropped. You're free to go.

The prisoner looks eager.

SECURITY GUARD

(to the prisoner)

Not you.

The prisoner looks disgruntled. Mark stands, clutching onto his sheet.

MARK

Well... thanks for all the good advice.

The prisoner turns to face his cell mate.

PRISONER

Luck to you, streaker boy!

They shake hands.

PRISONER

Don't get too carried away with that passion of yours now.

MARK

I won't.

Mark smiles again. The prisoner gives him a thumbs-up. Mark steps out of the cell. The guard closes the door and locks it. The prisoner watches as Mark and the guard march out of the confinement area.

PRISONER  
(yelling)  
Remember, they'll nail you  
again if you keep on! Goddamn  
system!

When Mark and the guard close the door behind them, the rooms stills. The prisoner crawls back into the corner of his cell.

PRISONER  
Goddamn system.

INT. JAILHOUSE LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

The guard leads Mark into the lobby. Greg and Dana sit on a bench with careworn expressions. Mark stares back with a chilled expression.

INT. JAILHOUSE HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Mark pads toward the entrance, still wrapped up in the long white sheet. Greg and Dana lumber in front of him with solemn faces.

EXT. JAILHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The old jailhouse towers above a series of long granite steps. Statues of Lady Justice surround the building. Members of the MEDIA gather along the steps with cameras and microphones. Greg's Volvo waits parked at the curb.

Mark, Greg, and Dana emerge from the jailhouse. The crowd comes alive. Cameras FLASH all around them. Greg and Dana squeeze Mark into the Volvo, then climb in after him.

INT. GREG'S VOLVO - OUTSIDE JAILHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Mark stares off into space, bitter. Greg and Dana look to their friend.

GREG  
(breaking the ice)  
Jesus, don't they give you  
guys clothes in these places?

MARK  
(a beat)  
Just take me home.

Greg cranks the engine and they drive off.

INT. MARK'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Greg leans against the counter drinking a cocktail. Dana sits at the table. Her face craves reconciliation. Mark steps into the kitchen wearing jeans and a loose shirt. He pours himself some juice, glaring at Greg.

GREG  
Here...

Greg produces a familiar-looking piece of crumpled napkin, tattered and taped back together. He hands it over to Mark.

INSERT NAPKIN:

The handwriting reads: Cindi phone# 333-4554.

ON SCENE

Mark looks up to his friend, still upset.

MARK  
You think this is supposed to  
solve everything?

Mark tosses the napkin away and lumbers out to the balcony, climbing up onto the roof. Greg runs his hands through his hair and sighs. He shoots down the rest of his drink and pours himself another. Dana sends him a concerned look.

GREG  
He'll get over it.

EXT. MARK'S ROOF - MOMENTS LATER

The roof has a spectacular view. The city below twinkles like stars. The moon above looks full, pink, and bright. Mark gazes up in thought, his legs dangling over the crest of the roof. Dana climbs up from the balcony and crosses to sit beside him.

DANA

Looks like you've really stirred things up.

MARK

Society needs a good stirring every now and then. Keeps things interesting.

(a beat)

Where's Greg?

DANA

Downstairs.

MARK

He's right, you know.

Dana looks at him with an curious eye.

MARK

He's a jerk, but he's right. I've been avoiding this problem for years and it's screwing up my whole life. I have to do something about it.

Dana thinks to herself for a moment.

DANA

Have you ever kissed a girl before, Mark?

Mark looks surprised.

MARK

What sorta question is that?

Mark turns away.

MARK

Of course I've kissed a girl.

Dana doesn't seem to believe him.

DANA

Kiss me then.

Mark turns to look at her with a shocked expression.

DANA

Go ahead. I dare you.

Mark trembles with anxiety. Dana leans in for the kill, but he pulls away. She gives a soft laugh.

DANA

So you mean to tell me, you  
can run around naked all day  
in front of total strangers.  
But when a girl tries to kiss  
you, you get queasy? What's  
wrong with this picture?

MARK

You have a boyfriend,  
remember?

Dana smiles. She looks to make sure Greg isn't watching, then turns back to Mark.

DANA

Don't worry about him.

Mark looks nervous. Dana gazes into his eyes with a gentle, caring expression. Her lips caress his sweaty cheek and Mark comes alive. Dana takes his lips into her own. He squirms and shakes, eyes wide open. Dana pulls away.

DANA

Liar.

Mark looks down with an embarrassed face.

MARK

I did kiss a girl once.

Dana smiles at him, lifting his chin.

DANA

Here... open wide and go slow.

They kiss, long and slow. Each move seems better than the one before. Mark's hands begin to wander.

DANA

Okay, watch the hands.

MARK

Sorry. Sorry.

DANA

It's all right.

They kiss again. It builds. A genuine, expressive kiss like never before takes place between them. They seem to enjoy it, perhaps a little too much. Dana pulls away.

DANA

Easy there, cowboy.

Mark looks drunk, dizzy with delight. Dana grabs him by the shoulders, shaking him back to reality.

DANA

You okay?

Mark nods.

DANA

Whew... fast learner.

They laugh, turning to fix their gaze upon the moon.

MARK

So... you still think I'm crazy?

DANA

Who cares what I think?

(a beat)

And no. I don't think you're crazy.



MARK

Really?

Dana nods.

DANA

I think you're very brave.

Mark appears flattered.

DANA

Trust me. Greg could never  
have done what you did. No way  
in hell.

They give each other a hug.

DANA

Come on. Let's go call this  
fiddle player of yours.

Dana turns and crosses to the balcony.

MARK

Hey Dana?

Dana stops, turning to look back at Mark.

MARK

Thanks.

Dana smiles, extending her hand. She and Mark climb down  
to the balcony.

INT. MARK'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

The old rotary telephone lies waiting on Mark's end  
table. Mark crosses to the phone and stops, napkin in  
hand. He takes a few deep breaths.

Greg and Dana look on from the kitchen.

Mark picks up the receiver. It lifts away from the  
device and glides up to his ear with ease, the telephone  
cord no longer entangled. Mark looks surprised and  
confident. He dials Cindi's number. A phone RINGS on the  
other end of the line.

MARK  
(to Greg and Dana)  
It's ringing.

The ringing STOPS.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. OLD FACTORY - MOMENTS LATER

A middle-aged ASIAN MAN presses a phone against his ear.  
Behind him, a group of IMMIGRANT WORKERS toil away on a  
crude assembly line.

ASIAN MAN  
(in broken English)  
Hello?

MARK  
Yes, hi there. Can I speak to  
Cindi please?

ASIAN MAN  
(a beat)  
Ah... no... no Cindi here.

Mark looks down at the napkin.

MARK  
Oh, um... is this 333-4554?

ASIAN MAN  
Ah... yes, yes. This is the  
packing plant. Who do you  
need?

Mark looks confused.

MARK  
Yes, I'm trying to reach  
Cindi? Is she there?

ASIAN MAN  
Ah... no. I'm not Cindi. This  
is the packing plant.

MARK  
A packing plant?

The Asian man seems frustrated.

ASIAN MAN  
You don't have the right  
number!

The man SLAMS down the receiver and goes back to work.

INT. MARK'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mark studies the phone with a perplexed eye. A DIAL TONE flows out from the earpiece. He hangs up the phone, heavyhearted.

INT. MARK'S KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Greg and Dana sit up as Mark steps into the kitchen.

MARK  
It's not the right number.

GREG  
Are you sure?

MARK  
I'm positive. Some Chinese  
guy.

DANA  
Why don't you try again? Maybe  
you just dialed it wrong.

Mark turns to look at the phone. He turns back to Dana and nods.

INT. MARK'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mark crosses to the phone and stops. He picks up the receiver, dialing the number again. It RINGS on the other end of the line.

ASIAN MAN  
(filtered)  
Hel--

The phone goes dead. Mark looks up. A finger presses down on the receptacle. Greg stands by the phone with a sinister-looking grin.

He lifts his finger from off the device. Taking the receiver away from Mark he puts it back down on the receptacle. Mark appears puzzled. Dana looks confused. Greg gives a soft chuckle. Mark's expression puts it all together.

MARK  
(holding up the  
napkin)  
You fabricated this.

Greg buckles over with laughter, nodding. Dana looks sick. Mark tosses away the napkin.

MARK  
Ass hole!

Greg's laughter subsides.

GREG  
I'm sorry man. I couldn't  
resist.

MARK  
It's not funny.

GREG  
Don't sweat it. The streaking  
was classic! I have to give  
you credit sometimes.

Mark becomes very quiet. Tears build up in his eyes.

GREG  
Hey... you can't deny the good  
this has done. Without  
question, the best thing you  
could have asked for. Admit  
it! I gave you something to  
shoot for. I brought you out  
of your shell!

MARK  
No... Cindi gave me something  
to shoot for. Cindi brought me  
out of my shell. You just like  
to see other people suffer.

Greg crosses to his friend and stops.

GREG

That's not true. I want to see you succeed.

MARK

Right. I have a prison record now, Greg! A prison record!!!

Mark turns to step away, but Greg restrains him.

GREG

Mark... if a man constantly aspires, is he not elevated?

Mark listens with hesitation.

GREG

Failure isn't final. Heroes are made in the hour of defeat! Those who dare to fail miserably, can achieve greatly!

Tears stream down Mark's face. He lowers his head. Greg lifts his chin, looking him square in the eye. He hands Mark some Kleenex. Mark blows his nose, wipes the tears, and smiles. They embrace like brothers. Mark steps away. He turns back to his friend, his fist in recoil. He decks Greg hard across the face with a good clean PUNCH. Greg drops to the floor. Dana rushes to his side. After a moment, Mark leans down beside him. Blood streams out from Greg's upper lip.

MARK

You okay?

GREG

(wailing)

Yeah.

Mark pats him on the shoulder and stands.

MARK

Good. I'll see you guys later.

GREG

Okay.

MARK

Yep.

GREG

Nice shot by the way.

MARK (O.S.)

Thank you.

EXT. CITY STREET - MORNING

Mark cruises down the street on his scooter, an old violin case strapped onto his back. He pulls up to the stoplight. The same young woman in the BMW waits in the lane beside him. Mark blows her a kiss. She can't believe her eyes. Mark drives off when the light changes, leaving her agape.

INT. MUSIC SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

An assortment of musical instruments, both new and used, take up most of the space. A sign reads: Restorations Our Specialty. A tiny bell RINGS as the front door opens. Mark steps in through the entrance, the old violin case tucked under his arm.

A silver-haired SHOPKEEPER in round spectacles and a dirty smock emerges from the back of the shop. Mark crosses over to him and stops, placing the violin case down on the counter. The shopkeeper looks down at the case, then back to Mark.

SHOPKEEPER

Open it.

Mark creaks the case open. The shopkeeper peers at the old violin through his spectacles.

SHOPKEEPER

How old?

MARK

Not sure. I found it a couple months ago at a swap meet.

The shopkeeper holds it up. He turns a few of the pegs and glides his fingers along the surface.

SHOPKEEPER  
I can fix it.

MARK  
How much?

The shopkeeper chuckles.

SHOPKEEPER  
Too much.

The shopkeeper closes the violin case. Mark looks saddened.

MARK  
I'll think about it.

The shopkeeper nods. Mark retreats down one of the aisles.

The tiny bell RINGS again and Cindi steps into the shop. She carries her broken fiddle underneath her arm, almost dropping it. Cindi crosses to the shopkeeper then stops.

CINDI  
(holding up her  
fiddle)  
Am I smooth or what?

The shopkeeper takes the broken instrument into his hands, looking it over, and sighs.

SHOPKEEPER  
Fiddle players.

ON MARK

Mark peers around the aisle. He looks at Cindi with a stunned expression.

CINDI (O.S.)  
Will I need to leave it with  
you, or...?

SHOPKEEPER (O.S.)  
(a beat)  
Don't think so. New set of  
strings.

(MORE)

SHOPKEEPER (CONT'D)  
Maybe a slight adjustment.  
Should be good as new.

CINDI (O.S.)  
Oh excellent! I was sorta  
worried, you know?

Mark steps away.

ON SCENE

The shopkeeper smiles at Cindi.

SHOPKEEPER  
Give me a few minutes.

Cindi nods as the shopkeeper departs with her fiddle.

Cindi steps down one of the aisles, and browses over some of the instruments. She discovers one of the violins on display. She takes it up, places it against her chest, and draws back the bow. Cindi attempts to play the instrument. The intense, wretched sound of the violin SCREAMS throughout the shop.

ON MARK

Mark grimaces, almost laughing.

ON SCENE

As Cindi continues with the violin, Mark storms in her direction.

MARK  
What do you think you're  
doing!?!

Cindi stops, a startled look on her face.

MARK  
Strings are the most elegant  
of instruments! Nothing  
compares to their charm or  
simplicity! Especially the  
violin!



Mark takes the instrument away from her. Cindi's face changes from fear to embarrassment. He places the instrument back down on the shelf.

CINDI

(a beat)

Do you?

MARK

Pardon?

CINDI

Do you play?

Mark thinks before answering her question.

MARK

Oh yes.

Mark turns and walks away, a small grin on his face. Cindi looks curious. She follows him from behind, then hurries to walk along side him. Cindi's expression lingers on Mark. He notices her stare and they stop.

MARK

What?

CINDI

Nothing.

MARK

No... what?

CINDI

(a beat)

Could you... um... give me  
some pointers?

Mark selects a violin from off the shelf and helps Cindi position it beneath her chin. She fumbles as he demonstrates a few of the basics. After the brief tutorial, she begins to improve. Cindi completes the song on her own. Still not perfect, but the best she's ever done. Cindi looks accomplished, open, at peace. Mark turns and walks away again. Focused on Mark, Cindi puts down the instrument. She rushes over to walk beside him.

CINDI  
Where do I know you from?

MARK  
You wouldn't believe me.

CINDI  
Try me.

They stop walking.

MARK  
I don't think you really want  
to know.

CINDI  
Yes, I do.

The shopkeeper steps out from the back with Cindi's  
fiddle, good as new.

MARK  
Seriously?

CINDI  
Yes. Seriously.

Mark steps back. Without warning, he drops his pants.  
Cindi's eyes go wide. The shopkeeper stands breathless.

MARK  
Ring a bell?

EXT. BISTRO - LATER

Mark tells Cindi his story. She seems touched,  
entertained, surprised. She spills her drink on their  
lunch. Cindi looks embarrassed. Mark scowls at her, then  
they laugh.

EXT. PARK - LATER

Mark and Cindi kiss. She seems impressed. She kisses him  
again, deeper.

EXT. ON BACK OF MARK'S SCOOTER - MOVING - LATER

Mark and Cindi scoot down the street. The wind races over them as they go.

CINDI  
No one's ever done that for me  
before.

MARK  
What's that?

CINDI  
Streaked to get my phone  
number!

MARK  
You must be pretty special  
then.

CINDI  
Yeah?

MARK  
I don't take off my clothes  
for just anybody.

CINDI  
Better not.

Cindi smiles. She clutches onto Mark as they scoot off into the sunset.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

The office looks warm and inviting. A THERAPIST, early-sixties, sits in a big leather chair. He leans back, hands clasped together.

THERAPIST  
So, what can I do for you  
today? Hmmm? What seems to be  
the problem?

The patient remains silent, unseen.

## THERAPIST

There, there. It's okay. You  
can talk to me. I promise not  
to hurt you.

The body of Dr. Nathan Xano trembles on the sofa. He  
looks horrific. Dilated pupils, a five o'clock shadow,  
and a sloppy hairstyle all add to his pasty complexion.  
He swallows hard.

## XANO

I have reason to believe I'm  
suffering from an obsessive-  
compulsive disorder. I've  
never experienced anything  
quite like it.

Xano unbuttons his shirt. He turns to glare at the  
therapist with a helpless expression.

## THERAPIST

Yes, I think you've definitely  
come to the right place,  
Nathan. Now, relax for me  
please. Just for a moment. I  
need you to answer some more  
questions for me.

FADE OUT:

THE END