

INT. DAY - POTTERY SHOP - HOLLYWOOD, CA - SPRING TIME

Pottery wheels spin rapidly as muddy hands twist to keep up with the shaping of new bowls. Marco leaps from seat to seat leaning over to help his students mold rotating clay art.

CLAIRE THOMPSON
I will never learn how to be a
potter! I'm all deformed thumbs and a
couple of big toes.

Marco sets the speed to low. He secures a ball of clay on the wheel head for her. He rubs Claire's hands gently.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Claire, my friend. Keep the speed
slow until you have developed some
skill. This is only your first class.

Marco is sprayed across his face by watery clay. He stumbles to help the next student.

MARGARET SULLIVAN
The clumpy clay won't stay center on
the friggin wheel, Marco!

The wheel head is spinning rapidly, and spraying the entire class with clay and water. Marco presses the off button.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Margie, keep the wheel set at low
speed. Allow your hands to rise and
fall with the circulating clay.

MARGARET SULLIVAN
I wish I could find a man to feel the
circles of my clay.

The class laughs.

MARCO FRANKLIN
This is a pottery class, Margie, not
speed dating.

Margaret wraps her chubby hands around the rotating clay.

MARGARET SULLIVAN
Maybe if I sit on this wheel I can
lose some weight, huh?

Marco secures her hands as she cradles the clay. Margaret examines Marco's touch. He guides her hands up and down the clay slowly so she can feel the rhythm of formation.

Cont'd

MARGARET SULLIVAN (cont'd)
Marco, honey, I haven't been this
close to a good-looking man for
years. For your own safety, you
better let me take over from here.

All the ladies giggle.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Okay. Remember, slow and steady wins
the pottery race.

MARGARET SULLIVAN
Oh, boy, those words sound inviting.

Shaking his head, Marco moves over to help Claire.

MARCO FRANKLIN
That's it! You've got it.

CLAIRE THOMPSON
I want some of what Margie wants.

Marco rushes into the supply room and carries out clay.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Just for conversation sake, how many
of you ladies are single?

They all raise a muddy hand.

SWATI JOHN
Why Marco, are you single? You are
handsome, do you have money?

The Ladies gaze at one another while shaping clay.

MARGARET SULLIVAN
You gonna answer the woman, Marco?

Marco divides up clay between his students.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Yes! I am single. Yes, I have money.
Yes, I am your teacher. So please
focus on the shaping clay.

MARGARET SULLIVAN
Honey, I need some reshaping!

CUT TO:

INT. THAT NIGHT - POTTERY SHOP

A well dressed gentleman enters Marco's shop.

JOHN STEELE
Hello, Marco. No class tonight?

Marco finishes sweeping the floor.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Hello, John, last class ended half hour ago! The room was packed.

John sits at a table and begins eating pizza.

JOHN STEELE
Forgive me for eating in front of you, Marco. I missed lunch.

Marco displays the thumbs up.

JOHN STEELE (cont'd)
My wife loves the pottery you sent over to our house. I stopped by to pay you. How much do I owe ya?

Marco prints out the receipt and gives it to John.

MARCO FRANKLIN
John, has your dealership received the new Porsche sports model?

John sips his drink and wipes his mouth.

JOHN STEELE
Sure we have. Are you interested in leasing one? I can get you in at a low rate, Marco.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Thanks! I am wondering if you can please help me in another way?

John chugs more soda then wipes his mouth again.

JOHN STEELE
What's on your mind, kid?

Marco studies John's receipt while revealing the Porsche brochure. He gleams through it. John finishes eating his dinner, then gets up and walks to the barrel and discards his trash. He surveys the pottery shop for a few moments, then cautiously avoids stacks of clay before sitting.

JOHN STEELE (cont'd)
How can I help you, Marco?

A smile from Marco suggests John has his attention.

MARCO FRANKLIN
I just wanted you to first finish
your dinner.

JOHN STEELE
Thank You!

MARCO FRANKLIN
John, instead of you paying me for
all the recent work I have done for
you folks, shipping, etc. How about
you give me a car to use for a year?
Can you do that? Please?

John ponders Marco's request.

JOHN STEELE
Well, I don't know about giving you
one. I guess I could loan you one for
the year. And you stamp me a "No
Charge" for your work, right?

Marco extends his hand and John shakes it firmly.

MARCO FRANKLIN
John, you are the brightest bulb on
the tree. Yes, free of charge!

JOHN STEELE
Well, it's settled then. Come by and
pick out any car you want. I'll have
my people get all the documents in
order. You should have the car in
about a day.

Marco stamps the receipt then hands it to John. The two men
raise a toast together.

MARCO FRANKLIN
I, of course, will provide any art
you may need for your home.

JOHN STEELE
Let's keep it a secret, Marco.

Marco presses an index finger against his lips.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY - NEXT DAY - RODEO DRIVE - BEVERLY HILLS

Marco is well dressed and casually walks in and out of busy clothing shops. In one store a slender pretty sales woman holding a price gun and clipboard, approaches Marco.

JEYA GHANDI

Hello, sir. I am Jeya! May I please
be of some assistance to you?

Marco removes his flashy sunglasses and gazes into the tall young woman's soothing eyes.

MARCO FRANKLIN

I'm very busy today as you can
imagine, but I will be happy to sign
a paper for you.

Marco reaches for her clipboard, then autographs a paper.

JEYA GHANDI

I'm sorry, sir. I'm afraid I don't
understand.

She extends the paper back to him.

MARCO FRANKLIN

Keep it! It's my autograph, darling.
I usually have a stampede of
followers behind me. Today must be my
lucky day ... and yours, of course.

Jeya raises an eyebrow.

JEYA GHANDI

Who are you?

Marco steps over to the Italian suits display.

MARCO FRANKLIN

I'm a very wealthy and influential
figure in the industry.

JEYA GHANDI

What industry is that, sir?

Marco circles the fine clothing racks.

MARCO FRANKLIN

You have a lovely accent and a very
pretty face. Please inform me as to
where you are from, dear lady?

Cont'd

JEYA GHANDI

I am from India! And thank you for the kind words. Can I help you with a suit today? Oh, and thanks for your autograph also. I don't get out to the movies often, so please forgive me, sir.

Marco nods his head with a grin. He walks over to Jeya and extends his hand to her. She reaches to him. He slowly raises her hand while memorizing her eyes, and he gently kisses the back of her hand, gingerly returning it to her.

She reacts humbly.

JEYA GHANDI (cont'd)

Why thank you, sir. I'm single!

Marco inspects his glittering watch.

MARCO FRANKLIN

Forgive me, dear lady. May I have your card please? I'm late for the office. When do you work?

Jeya reaches for two business cards.

JEYA GHANDI

Here you are! My hours are on the card. Do you have a card for me?

Marco frantically searches his pockets as he nervously motions his way toward the doors. Jeya watches him fumble about like a clown.

MARCO FRANKLIN

Forgive me, my dear. I am without contact information today. I shall stop by again to see you. Good day!

Jeya smiles and waves bye. She watches him through the large store windows as he walks away and enters his car. She slowly turns to another sales clerk.

JEYA GHANDI

That's very odd. For a man in the movie industry, his hands are very rough and strong.

CUT TO:

INT. SAME NIGHT - MARCO'S HOME

Marco tosses on the sofa while waiting for his dinner to be delivered from an upscale Italian restaurant. He notices lights in the driveway as they shine through his picture window. He watches a young man exit the rumbling sports car, and walk towards his front door.

The doorbell echos. Marco remains on the leather sofa. The doorbell rings again. A few firm knocks on the door, and Marco finally greets the man. Marco is wearing an elegant robe, and sophisticated slippers.

MARCO FRANKLIN

Oh, hello! I'm terribly sorry to have kept you. My butler must be indisposed of at this moment.

The young driver surveys the modest cape-style home.

DRIVER

Butler, sir?

Marco reaches for something as the driver watches him. He brings into view a large plate.

MARCO FRANKLIN

Would you please place the food on this plate, young man?

The neatly dressed driver is completely surprised by Marco's unexpected request.

DRIVER

Oh sure, my pleasure, sir.

Marco withdraws the lavish cigarette from his mouth. All the food is placed on the tray. Marco then removes a pen from the pocket of his robe. Marco begins to autograph his name on the carton which the food was delivered in. The driver remains still.

DRIVER (cont'd)

Forty dollars please, sir!

Marco places the cash in the man's tanned palm.

MARCO FRANKLIN

I try not to give out autographs when at home, it seems so tacky. But I also despise being rude.

The driver counts the money.

Cont'd

DRIVER

Please excuse me, sir. But, who are you? I don't recognize you. I'm very sorry!

Marco drags deeply on the cigarette before speaking.

MARCO FRANKLIN

I am a very busy man within this industry and maybe you have forgotten me. I understand with all the glamour spreading about town. No worries!

The driver stuffs the cash into a pocket.

DRIVER

Well, thanks for the forty dollars.

Marco stands in the threshold staring at the driver.

MARCO FRANKLIN

Yes!

DRIVER

Well sir, it is a long drive out here, and I thought ...

Marco interrupts the driver.

MARCO FRANKLIN

Young man, are you trying to ask me for a tip?

The driver begins walking away.

DRIVER

Good evening, sir!

MARCO FRANKLIN

Wait, just a moment!

The driver turns to face Marco. As the driver stands there holding the empty carton, Marco begins writing his name on the young man's hand.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)

There you are, a handsome tip. Show that to everyone at work!

The driver reflects upon the signature on his hand, then departs without saying another word.

Cont'd

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)
 These millennials are quite the
 selfish group. Perhaps serving the
 nation would build character?

Marco enters the home and closes the door.

CUT TO:

INT. SAME NIGHT - LATER - ITALIAN RESTAURANT

The driver enters the back door and a coworker is sitting
 there on a milk crate.

AMY
 Did you get a tip?

He chuckles, and tosses the carton at her feet.

AMY (cont'd)
 I'm sorry. I guess it's none of my
 business. My bad.

The driver points to the carton.

AMY (cont'd)
 Yeah. That's our delivery carton. So?

DRIVER
 Look more closely.

She closely examines the carton.

AMY
 Who's Marco Franklin?

Then he shows her the back side of his hand.

AMY (cont'd)
 Who's Marco Franklin?

She lifts her hands in the air.

DRIVER
 That's my tip!

She snickers, then gives him a dollar.

CUT TO:

INT. THE NEXT DAY - LANDSCAPING COMPANY.

Marco casually strolls the overstocked shop admiring many exterior decor pieces.

OWNER MIKE
Hello! May I help you?

Marco is wearing his colorful shorts and vintage watch as he gently replies to the man.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Yes, you can help me please! I see you desperately lack pottery in your store. Quite a shame.

The owner rests his paperwork on a stand and extends a hand, as Marco graciously accepts.

OWNER MIKE
I'm Mike! Yes, I apologize for not having pottery to offer you. It is a craft few are well trained in, and I cannot find any at an affordable price, in order to pass along the savings to my customers.

Marco bows slightly.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Nice to think of your customers. I believe I have a solution for you my good man.

OWNER MIKE
I can't wait to hear it!

Marco points to an empty display section.

MARCO FRANKLIN
I am a potter by trade.

Mike's face illuminates.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)
I will supply you with various works of art for your faithful patrons. All I require of you and your team is to finely manicure my home property at no fee. I of course will not charge you a penny for any pottery.

Mike steps over to the empty display section.

Cont'd

OWNER MIKE

You can provide me with enough clay
art to fill this area of my shop?

Marco rests his hand on Mike's shoulder.

MARCO FRANKLIN

Indeed I can, my friend!

OWNER MIKE

You have yourself a deal, sir. I'm
sorry, I did not get your name.

Marco reaches for a pen. He signs his name on Mike's sleeve.
Mike adjusts his head to read his arm.

OWNER MIKE (cont'd)

Marco Franklin?

MARCO FRANKLIN

Yes! The pleasure is mine.

Marco writes his address and directions as to what needs to
be done at his property.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)

Tomorrow you will receive a delivery
from me. All paperwork will be
included. "No Charge" will be stamped
on the receipt.

OWNER MIKE

Sorry, please forgive me ... who are
you, exactly?

Marco sighs.

MARCO FRANKLIN

I do loath my name in lights, you
know. In time you will realize who I
am. Until then, business as usual.

The two men shake hands again.

OWNER MIKE

Thank you for stopping by. We will
beautify your home!

Marco smiles and exits the rustic shop.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE NEXT DAY - FRONT DOOR - MARCO'S HOUSE.

Marco's friend Phil is ringing the doorbell. Phil runs around the house to search out back. Hearing a noise, he runs back to the front door to find Marco holding two cups of fresh coffee in his callused hands.

PHIL STEWART
For me? Aw, you shouldn't have.

Phil is a detective for the Los Angeles Police Dept.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Phil, these surprise visits are getting to be unpopular with me. What am I suppose to say to my fans if the police are always present?

Phil sips his coffee while sitting on a sofa eating a muffin over a napkin.

PHIL STEWART
You don't have any fans. Oh, thank you for the coffee and muffin!

Marco taps his cup repeatedly.

PHIL STEWART (cont'd)
Marco, why do you suffer like this? You are not a famous man. You are not wealthy. And where did you get that Porsche in your driveway?

Marco's groans.

MARCO FRANKLIN
The vehicle belongs to me. Must we discuss this atrocious subject?

Phil is wiping his mouth from eating.

PHIL STEWART
You have a great little pottery business, and you are earning a good living. Why be anything else?

Marco rests his coffee on the table.

MARCO FRANKLIN
I have to be true to my fan base.

Phil reaches for another muffin, then leans back. Marco's large-pawed cat leaps up on the sofa next to Phil.

Cont'd

PHIL STEWART

Well hello, Mittens! I cannot give you chocolate, sorry.

Marco surveys Phil's interaction with Mittens.

MARCO FRANKLIN

You surely have an undying devotion for animals.

Phil is affectionate with Mittens.

PHIL STEWART

I do! They are therapeutic. Which is a perfect word to summarize my visit. Marco, I demand you see a psychiatrist! Your behavior is unhealthy and bizarre. Now I have been trying to get you into this great doctor the dept has, and you continue to masterfully elude me.

Marco now reaches for a muffin.

MARCO FRANKLIN

I'm quite healthy, you know. Everyone is allowed their eccentricities.

Marco picks apart the muffin while gazing at Phil.

PHIL STEWART

No! Your actions far exceed everyday eccentricities. Please, Marco. Just a short half-hour visit. You cannot continue going about life masquerading as a movie star. You are my friend and I love you. Now, when are you free? I'm very worried about you!

Marco's frustrations leads him towards the door. Phil follows Marco. Phil gently places Mittens at his feet. The cat runs off.

PHIL STEWART (cont'd)

Okay, buddy! I reached out again, and you refused me. This is not over and done with. I won't allow a friend to destroy himself. I'm watching you!

CUT TO:

INT - THE NEXT DAY - POTTERY SHOP

Marco is setting up the pottery wheels for the morning class. He reaches for his steamy coffee, chugging it a few times. He turns towards the door.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Good morning! Welcome to my studio. I
am happy you could attend my class.

Students begin entering the shop and shaking hands with Marco. One woman eyes him up closely.

PEACE
Hello, my name is Peace!

Marco leans into her and holds a hand to his ear.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Peace? As in no war?

The woman reveals a peace tattoo on her upper chest.

PEACE
Exactly! My parents thought it would
be a good name to have.

Another woman introduces herself.

DANCER
My name is Dancer. As in Fred
Astaire, you know.

Marco smiles at the middle-aged woman.

MARCO FRANKLIN
A unique name I must declare.

Marco turns as he feels a soft touch on his back.

MOAN
My name is Moan. What's up?

MARCO FRANKLIN
Excuse me, do you mean, Mona?

She shakes her head with a seductive smile.

MOAN
Nope! I mean, Moan! As in, Ah, Oh,
Uh, Mmm.

Marco assists the extremely young lady to her seat.

Cont'd

Marco stands at the head of the class.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Thank you again for enrolling in my
pottery class. I hope you find it as
relaxing as I do.

Moan raises her hand.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)
Yes, Moan.

She adjusts herself in her chair.

MOAN
I heard pottery is, like, orgasmic.

All the ladies blush.

MARCO FRANKLIN
It can be, how you say, exciting.

PEACE
That's close enough for me, honey.

Moan unbuttons her shirt and removes it, leaving nothing but
a tank top on.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Excuse me, young lady!

Bearing a commanding tone, Marco points to Moan.

MOAN
Oh, you forgot my name already?

Moan frowns.

MARCO FRANKLIN
I would kindly ask you to please
place your shirt back on.

Moan peers around the room at the other seated students.

MOAN
Why? Only women here.

Marco clears his throat.

MARCO FRANKLIN
I am a gentleman. Please, please!

Cont'd

Marco twirls his finger at her shirt.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)
Thank You, Moan!

MOAN
I understand, Teach. You wouldn't be able to conduct the class with my genetics peering at you.

The ladies blush again.

DANCER
It's nice to be young!

The class ends and the ladies leave. Marco practically rushes them out. He paces the shop, talking to himself.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Where do these women come from! Two classes and all are single and wired with supercharged estrogen levels. I better have someone sit in on my classes to protect me!

Marco jogs across the street for lunch. While in line, many people are looking at the various foods.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)
Hi, how do you do?

The people shake his hand but don't say their names. He asks for a pen and paper from a notepad a woman is carrying. He signs his name and returns both paper and pen.

STRANGER
Who are you?

Marco appears disappointed.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Oh, dear! I work in the industry and know most people seek attention from famous people like me. That's my Porsche right out there.

The women stare out the window and chuckle, then make their orders as Marco walks out the door. He peers back inside to see the women laughing. He gets into his car and revs the engine a few times. People curiously stare at him while passing. He leaves his car and walks back into his shop.

Cont'd in POTTERY SHOP - LATER - SAME DAY

The second class of the day ends near dinner time. Marco returns to the same restaurant. He places his order, gets his food, and searches for a secluded booth. He relaxes in a corner by himself.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)
I just love these cheeseburgers!

A tattooed hand reaches past him and grabs some fries off his plate. He looks up in surprise.

MOAN
I love cheeseburgers too, and fries!

She sits down across from Marco, and eats his food.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Pardon me! What are you doing?

Moan's jaws are moving but she is not speaking.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)
Are you hungry, Moan? Do you have money? Did you eat today?

She slides his plate over to herself.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)
Young lady ...

Moan interrupts him.

MOAN
You know my name, use it!

Marco scowls at Moan.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Is this going to happen again at some point in my near lifetime?

MOAN
Maybe. What's it to ya?

Marco storms back to the busy counter. He orders another dinner. He grabs his dinner and rushes back to the table, staring down at Moan.

MARCO FRANKLIN
I will refund your money fully.
Please don't return to my shop!

Cont'd

Moan continues chewing his dinner as he speaks to her.

MOAN
Thanks for dinner, Teach!

Marco quickly walks away.

MOAN (cont'd)
See ya at the next class.

Marco turns back, and walks to her.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Listen Moan, or sigh, or cosmic
orgasm, whatever your name is ...
please leave me alone!

Marco rushes out the door and stops at his car where two people are standing. They both have Chihuahuas. Marco removes a pen he has and writes his name on both dogs collars. The man and woman are mortified.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)
I'm in the industry and fame gave me
a love for animals.

They read the collars, then look at Marco.

TWO PEOPLE WALKING DOGS
Who are you?

Marco shakes their hands and retreats to the back entrance of his shop, where he enters as the phone is ringing.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Pottery Palace, Marco speaking.

PHIL
Hey Marco, it's Phil. How are ya,
buddy?

MARCO FRANKLIN
You should have just been here. Some
psycho, athletic, pretty young lady,
from one of my classes, just stole my
dinner from me, and woofed it down
like a hungry bear, in front of me!

PHIL
Sounds so, L.A.

Cont'd

MARCO FRANKLIN
Listen Phil, I'm in a hurry ... can I
help you?

A pause on the phone.

PHIL
Yes, you can help me, by helping
yourself, Marco.

Marco tightens with frustration.

MARCO FRANKLIN
I do not desire to exhume this
conversation again. Bye!

Marco slams the receiver down.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)
(Whispers to self)
Why does this man think I am crazy?

After dinner, Marco locks up shop and drives home. He stops
at a busy intersection where a black Lamborghini pulls up
next to him. A man stares out his window over at Marco.

MAN IN LAMBO
Sweet ride, brah!

MARCO FRANKLIN
Thanks! I'm in the industry and
people always complement my cars.

Marco quickly puts his car in park and rushes to the Lambo.
The other man acts startled. Marco rapidly writes his name
on a mirror, and rushes back into his car.

MAN IN LAMBO
Dude, what the heck!

Marco yells out the window while driving away.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Lil soap and water, bro!

Marco pulls into his driveway. He notices his yard has been
transformed. He runs around back gleaming. He enters the
home and relaxes before going to sleep.

CUT TO:

INT. THE NEXT DAY - MALL - AFTERNOON

Marco wanders the mall wearing a dress shirt and sport coat, with a colorful lapel pin. His pocket square radiates lovely hues with vibrant dots. His khakis are tan, and his shoes shimmer a butterscotch tone. Everyone admires his fashionable tastes as they turn to take a photo of him.

A crowd of young teenagers can't stop laughing as he approaches them.

MARCO FRANKLIN

Ah, good day, my youthful admirers.

The kids look about at one another.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)

It's not often I get away from the demanding life of the bright lights, so I thought I would treat you to a friendly visit.

The young crowd is baffled.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)

Yes, it is a treacherous schedule I keep for my fans, but a selfless sacrifice I am willing to endure.

RANDOM GIRL

Who are you?

Marco removes a marker from his coat and signs his name on her cell phone cover. She looks at it and shows her friends. They all snicker.

RANDOM GIRL (cont'd)

Like, are you someone important?

Marco listens respectfully and replies graciously.

MARCO FRANKLIN

Yes, dear child. As are we all. I, simply more than most!

RANDOM GIRL

Well, excuse me for taking up space on planet earth.

Marco slightly bows and continues his journey in the mall. He notices an elderly woman sitting by herself drinking a beverage. He sits next to her and smiles.

Cont'd

MARCO FRANKLIN
How do you do, madam?

ELDERLY WOMAN
Hello, young man. I am well, thank you for asking.

MARCO FRANKLIN
I would like to offer you something as a gift.

The woman turns to him and listens.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)
You know the struggles of the famous, it's a daunting lifestyle.

Marco writes his name on her paper cup.

ELDERLY WOMAN
Who the hell are you? If you give me your phone number next, I'll call a cop. Try a dating service or a night club ... I'm done with that kinky stuff for one life.

MARCO FRANKLIN
I'm afraid you misunderstand.

The woman stares into Marco's eyes.

ELDERLY WOMAN
I'm afraid you misunderstand me.
HELP! POLICE!

Her broken voice alerts the entire mall. Marco quickly flees. Security runs over to the excited woman. Marco is grabbed from behind, and quickly turned around.

PHIL
Marco, what the hell is going on here? Why is that woman screaming!

Marco is relieved to see Phil.

MARCO FRANKLIN
I was just making conversation with the dear lady.

Security approaches Marco and Phil. Phil reveals his badge, and the guards disperse.

Cont'd

PHIL
You autographed her coffee cup!

Marco shrugs his shoulders.

MARCO FRANKLIN
I try to oblige my followers.

Phil turns and twists in anger.

PHIL
That's it, Marco! You need help,
desperately! You are no more famous
than I am. You must see a doctor.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Opinions vary my friend. Good day!

Marco turns away from Phil. Marco finds his way into a children's store. The store overflows with excited and loud kids. One child sits at a large table. He has a wide chocolate stain on his face, and his chin is covered in marshmallow, as he focuses on Marco.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)
Hasn't anyone taught you to respect
yourself, young man?

Marco removes the spoon from the child's sundae and uses it to write his name on the table. The child, not more than eight or nine years old, reads the name.

MESSY CHILD
Who are you?

Marco cleans the child's face and walks away. He notices Phil rapidly placing his cell phone in his pocket. Marco stops by a barrel to wipe his hands.

MARCO FRANKLIN
(Talks in whisper)
I'm afraid this generation of misfits
will be the downfall of our society.
Imagine, a child alone with a
disgusting face of splattered
chocolate and marshmallow. Such
potential parents should consider
birth control remedies.

CUT TO:

INT. THAT NIGHT - MARCO'S HOUSE

The phone startles Marco at 11 P.M.

MARCO FRANKLIN

Hello!

He adjusts himself in bed, and turns the speaker on.

MARCO'S MOM

Hi, honey, it's Mom. Sorry to wake you, sweetie. Your Aunt Kitty passed on an hour ago.

Marco lowers his head.

MARCO FRANKLIN

I'm so sorry, Mom! Your only sister.

Marco switches the phone to the other ear.

MARCO'S MOM

Thank you, dear. Yes, she was over 80 years old, A long life. Anyway, I am told you need to be at the reading of the will in her attorney's office, tomorrow afternoon at 2 P.M.

Marco sits up straight.

MARCO FRANKLIN

Why me?

MARCO'S MOM

Just be there. Night, love ya!

MARCO FRANKLIN

Night, Mom. Love you!

Marco uses the rest room and then sits in bed for a while staring at the ceiling.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)

(Talks loud to self)

I wonder why I am wanted at the will reading. We were close, but I thought she would leave everything to Mom.

Marco falls back to sleep. The next morning he awakes and eats breakfast. He selects a formal suit for the meeting at the attorney's office.

CUT TO:

INT. THAT DAY - AFTERNOON - ATTORNEYS OFFICE

Marco and others fidget while waiting to be addressed by the lawyers. Finally two well dressed men enter the elaborate office setting.

ATTORNEY STONE

Good day, everyone! Thank you for making the time to appear today. Please sign this log to verify you were here at this reading.

Marco leaps from his seat and is the first to sign the ledger.

MARCO FRANKLIN

That's me! Marco Franklin!

Marco holds up the ledger for all to see.

ATTORNEY STONE

Yes, thank you, Mr. Franklin.

The others sign as well. One by one the lawyers read what is being willed to each family member. Marco notices he is being cruelly stared at, as he is the last to be mentioned.

ATTORNEY STONE (cont'd)

Marco Franklin. Your Aunt Katherine has left you the sum of \$500,000.

The crowd sighs loudly! Marco received far more than anyone else. There is some protest. The lawyers assure everyone, all matters are legal and final. Marco is the last to leave the office.

ATTORNEY STONE (cont'd)

Mr. Franklin, congratulations! What are your plans with so much money?

Marco ponders a moment.

MARCO FRANKLIN

Sir, is this money taxable?

The lawyers chuckle.

ATTORNEY STONE

Not in the least. Enjoy!

They shake hands and Marco leaves the office.

CUT TO:

INT. SAME DAY - CAR - TWENTY MINUTES LATER.

Marco is sporting a smile that eludes no one.

MARCO FRANKLIN

(Talks aloud)

Now I can buy the home I always
wanted and deserve! I am wealthy, I
am famous! Yes! Thanks Aunt Kitty!

Marco slows for a red light. His cell rings. He answers and
puts it on speaker.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)

Hello!

MARCO'S MOM

Hi, honey, did you make it to the
will reading?

MARCO FRANKLIN

Sure did! Where were you? I didn't
see you there.

MARCO'S MOM

I wasn't mentioned in the will. Aunt
Kitty wanted you to have the most of
what she earned over her life.

Marco sighs and clears his face.

MARCO FRANKLIN

That was very sweet of her, Mom.

MARCO'S MOM

Well, anyway, the wake is tonight,
Donald's Funeral Home, and the
funeral in a few days. It's an early
wake. Ends at 6 p.m. We can go to
dinner afterwards. See you then.

MARCO FRANKLIN

Okay! Bye Mom.

Marco drives back home. A neighbor stops him. The two men
shake hands and smile.

NEIGHBOR ROB

Marco, sorry your aunt passed on.

Marco nods, a thanks. He then walks inside and naps.

CUT TO:

INT. THAT NIGHT - FUNERAL HOME

Three wakes are being conducted in the funeral home. Marco makes various trips into the other two family rooms to introduce himself to everyone. He patiently stands in line to pay his respects. Marco is the very last to view the deceased in every room.

MARCO FRANKLIN

I'm very sorry for your loss.

The family members shake his hand and extend a warm embrace to Marco. He goes out of his way to hug everyone.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)

It is difficult for me to get away even under these circumstances. You know how it can be when production and budgets clash.

The family is confused.

FAMILY MEMBER

Who are you?

Marco smiles and excuses himself! He returns to his Aunt's wake in the other room.

FAMILY MEMBER (cont'd)

Who is Marco Franklin? He wrote his name on Uncle Jerald's hand.

They all walk over to the casket and gaze at the hand.

FAMILY MEMBER (cont'd)

Must have been a close friend of his.

They break apart and mingle about the room. In the other room a crowd gathers near the casket of Melody Sills.

ELDERLY WIDOWER

Who's the wise guy?

Everyone turns and stares at the elder gentleman.

ELDERLY WIDOWER (cont'd)

Who's Marco Franklin, and why is his name on my dear dead Melody's cheek?

A young family member walks over to the senior man. He stares at the woman's cheek. He looks at the other cheek and back at the elderly man.

Cont'd

YOUNG FAMILY MEMBER
Maybe she had a boyfriend, buddy!

The elderly man wobbles on his cane and points his deformed finger at the younger man.

ELDERLY WIDOWER
I was her only love for 65 years!
Someone here is playing a joke on me.

YOUNG FAMILY MEMBER
Anyway, she's going to be buried tomorrow. What's the problem?

The widower touches her cheek.

ELDERLY WIDOWER
She's not going to be buried with another man's name on her cheek.

YOUNG FAMILY MEMBER
Well, at least it's the cheek of her face, huh!

The elderly man rubs the name but it won't come off. The funeral home director consoles the man, as visitors continue to flow into the bustling parlor.

ELDERLY WIDOWER
Close the casket! I won't have my bride shamed forever.

A long line waits to see the body. The widower takes a pen and writes his name on his wife's forehead. She now has two names written on her face. Everyone passes the body and stalls for a few seconds. They look puzzled and stare at one another. People shrug and reach for a pen.

VISITOR
I've never been to a wake where the deceased has names written on their face. Must be some new cultural thing. Times are changing I guess.

The man removes a pen from his coat and writes his name on the woman's other cheek. He greets people as he leaves the busy parlor. People are moving towards the body and talking to each other. One man cleans his glasses. He then signs his name on the woman's nose.

The husband views his wife again, she has ten names on her.

Cont'd

He is furious and calls the director over to clean her face. As they both stand there gazing at all the names, another man approaches to pay his respects. He too stares at the woman's face in surprise.

VISITOR TWO

Well, I'm not well traveled you know,
but if this is the way you folks do
it, far be it for me to insult your
traditions and customs.

The man reaches for a pen, then signs his name on the woman's right eyelid. The widower freaks out. The visitor pats him on the shoulder.

VISITOR TWO (cont'd)

I understand your pain, I lost my
dear grandmother recently.

The man walks away. The wake ends with the woman having more than twenty names written on her face.

FUNERAL HOME DIRECTOR

Maybe I can charge a small fee for
this new emotional bonding ritual!

The funeral director walks into the other services to peer at the other bodies. He notices a name on the man's hand.

FUNERAL HOME DIRECTOR (cont'd)

Wow! I think this is great. For two
dollars, send your loved one into
eternity with your name on them, so
you can be connected forever. Only
two dollars. Mourners will eat it up
like candy.

While no one is looking, he signs the man's other hand. He leaves a bowl and two dollars at the end of the casket, with a little sign in it.

"For two dollars, write your name on your loved one. Be with them in the hereafter."

When the service ends and all have left, the director has earned more than one hundred dollars cash. He pockets the cash and stores away the bodies for the night. He does the same thing at the funeral. People line up to pay two dollars, and sign the coffin, earning him hundreds.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. THE NEXT DAY - MARCO'S HOUSE/POTTERY SHOP

Marco checks his online bank account. He smiles.

MARCO FRANKLIN

(Talks to self)

Yes! The check cleared. Five-hundred grand! I have to buy a house soon!

He leaves the house on a sunny day for his shop. Marco reaches the front door of his shop where he sees Moan standing smoking a cigarette in the sun light.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)

Moan, I'm willing to dissolve our dispute. Please come in.

They both walk into the shop. Moan closes the door.

MOAN

I wasn't aware we had a dispute between us.

Marco extends his hand. She shakes it.

MARCO FRANKLIN

No hard feelings I guess.

MOAN

None that aroused me, Teach.

Moan walks over to a wheel, turns it on, sits down, loads clay onto the center. Marco observes her.

MARCO FRANKLIN

I'm in a very good mood today, Moan. I have been willed, 500 grand! It was a very nice gesture.

MOAN

Marry me!

Marco sits across from her.

MOAN (cont'd)

Please!

MARCO FRANKLIN

Please, what?

MOAN

Marry me!

Cont'd

Marco puts his head in his hands shaking them.

MARCO FRANKLIN
It's sounds like a lot of money, but
it is not!

Moan sips her coffee and stares at Marco.

MOAN
It's enough for me! I do!

MARCO FRANKLIN
You do what?

MOAN
I do! Take you to be my lawfully
wedded husband!

MARCO FRANKLIN
I'm thinking I made a mistake letting
you in today!

Moan nods her head with a sinister grin.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)
Please finish your project and leave.
I am very busy today.

Later Moan prepares to leave the shop.

MOAN
I'm really a nice lady. I just have a
few curves in my character that need
reshaping.

Marco very slowly examines her figure.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Your curves are perfect. As far your
reshaping ...

Marco points to the door.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)
Good day!

She turns and leaves quietly. Marco locks the door, and
pulls down the shade. He sits and searches the web. He
spends part of the day with a class. He has a list of
information next to him while eating some chips.

Cont'd

A strong knock on the door startles Marco. He walks over to peek out the shade. He opens the door.

PHIL
Thanks for letting me in, buddy!

MARCO FRANKLIN
Have I done something wrong, officer?

Phil chuckles and pats Marco on the back.

PHIL
Honestly? Where do I begin!

Marco moves past Phil looking down at the floor.

PHIL (cont'd)
Ah, c'mon, Marco! I'm just kidding.
You are not a lawbreaker. Well,
except for the laws of common
decency.

Marco looks at him with contempt.

MARCO FRANKLIN
I beg your pardon, sir!

PHIL
Marco, have you been to any wakes or
funerals recently?

Marco is silent.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Of course, my Aunt Kitty passed. You
were there as well.

PHIL
Yes, I was. But I did not write my
name on any bodies.

Marco stands quietly.

PHIL (cont'd)
It's on your face, my friend! I may
find a law somewhere, but...I guess I
can let it pass from a Police point
of view. But, it does suggest a very
odd behavioral pattern. How about we
see that shrink soon?

Cont'd

Marco walks over to the door.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Good day, Phillip!

Phil stands still for a few seconds. Then he casually walks to the door, standing next to Marco.

PHIL
Marco, you planning to buy a house?

Marco looks back at the laptop.

PHIL (cont'd)
Yeah, it's my job to notice things.

Marco extends his arm out the door towards the street.

MARCO FRANKLIN
There is a city of crime to notice
out there ... indulge yourself!

Phil leaves the shop and quickly turns before the door closes.

PHIL
I got both eyes on you, buddy. I only
want to help, ya know.

Marco secures the door, leaving himself inside alone.

MARCO FRANKLIN
(Talks aloud)
I wonder if I can complain against
this emotionally unbalanced poor
fellow? Seems a horror to have to
drag himself through life being so
busy with the affairs of others.

Marco types a lot while house searching. He pauses for a moment to study a website.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)
(talks aloud)
I must be careful. This overgrown
Sherlock Holmes may dismantle my
destiny of being famous. There is
always a jealous soul out there.

CUT TO:

INT. THAT NIGHT - MARCO'S HOUSE

Marco prepares a peanut butter and jelly sandwich. He examines it closely before biting.

MARCO FRANKLIN

(Talks aloud)

My childhood friend, we have been through valleys together, but I must say soon I will require your nourishment no longer.

He eats the sandwich and drinks orange juice. He opens his laptop again and types for a few seconds.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)

Realtor World, ah ... I love you! Find me a home all will be insanely jealous over.

Marco sits and rubs his eyes. Looking around the room he begins to nod off.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)

Okay, I'll try one more page of listings and then off to bed.

He brings the laptop closer to his eyes.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)

Marvelous! A forgotten foreclosure.

He marvels at the listing. He scrolls up and down the page many times.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)

This is it, my home of homes!

He picks up his cell and makes a call.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)

Hello, yes, is the house on Fountain St. still available? Ah, thank you! When can I come by to see it, please?

He raises a fist in the air and smiles.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)

I'll see you in the morning at nine thirty. Thank you!

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY - THE NEXT DAY - FOUNTAIN ST. WITH REALTOR.

Marco and the Realtor exit their cars. They meet at the front door of the house.

REALTOR JANE
Mr. Franklin?

Marco reaches for her hand.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Yes, good morning!

Jane smiles, shaking his hand firmly.

REALTOR JANE
Good Morning to you as well, sir!

She opens the door for them. Marco's eyes absorb the potential he sees within the spacious foyer.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Are these marble pillars?

Jane rubs the pillars with her hand.

REALTOR JANE
Why yes they are, Mr. Franklin.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Please call me Marco.

She extends another smile.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)
How long has this house been on the market?

Jane flips through her stack of paperwork.

REALTOR JANE
Exactly ninety days.

MARCO FRANKLIN
May we walk around please?

REALTOR JANE
Of course! I'm here to help you.

They walk in and out of every room in the house.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY - OUTSIDE THE HOUSE ON FOUNTAIN ST.

Jane locks the door and walks with Marco to the cars.

REALTOR JANE
Well, Marco. What do you think?

Marco surveys the entire mansion once more.

MARCO FRANKLIN
I do!

Jane breaks into strong laughter.

REALTOR JANE
I wish I could find a man to say
those words to me.

Marco remains silent. He offers his business card.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Are there any bids on the house now?

REALTOR JANE
No! Would you like to make one?

Marco turns to gaze the house again.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Let me first speak with my realtor.

She gives Marco her business card.

REALTOR JANE
Call me anytime Marco, anytime!

Marco tucks the card in his sports coat. He opens her car door as she smiles widely.

REALTOR JANE (cont'd)
You are a gentleman, Marco.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Traits my dear departed dad taught
me. I'm actually on the way to the
cemetery to place roses on his grave.

REALTOR JANE
Aren't you a darling. I'm sorry for
your loss. Call me, Marco!

CUT TO:

INT. DAY - LATER THE SAME DAY - POTTERY SHOP.

Marco is celebrating in the shop.

MARCO FRANKLIN
(Talks a loud)
This house is a gem among jewels!

A few gentle knocks vibrate the door. Marco walks to the door and opens it quickly.

REALTOR JANE
Hi Marco! I was thinking. I was somewhat rude earlier when I did not mention my aunt's death a few months ago. I wanted you to know I was felling your pain of loss as well.

Marco leans on the door.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Huh? Oh, of course. No, not at all! Business first. But thank you for thinking of me.

The phone rings. Marco excuses himself.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)
Hello, Pottery Palace, Marco speaking.

The phone is on speaker, and a man's voice echoes.

VOICE ON PHONE
Hi, son! How are you?

Marco slams the phone down.

REALTOR JANE
Di - did, someone just call you son?

Marco waves both his hands.

MARCO FRANKLIN
You know how it is in L.A., weirdo's all over calling you all kinds of names. What's a guy to do?

She smirks in agreement. The phone rings again and again but Marco doesn't answer it. Marco shuffles Jane outside.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY - OUTSIDE THE POTTERY SHOP - A FEW MINUTES LATER.

MARCO FRANKLIN

It's a very busy time, Jane. Can I help you?

She raises the flowers in her hands.

REALTOR JANE

I thought I would go with you to the cemetery and place flowers on my aunt's grave. It is the Monument Resting Place, isn't it?

Marco is completely flustered.

MARCO FRANKLIN

Yes, why yes it is! But ah, ah ... I have already been. I'm sorry.

Jane's looks crestfallen.

REALTOR JANE

Okay, no problem. I did make it a surprise on you. What was your dad's name? I can place some of my flowers on his grave also, while I'm there.

Marco hesitates.

MARCO FRANKLIN

Th - Thank You! Actually my family likes to keep this a private matter. You understand.

Jane shakes his hand.

REALTOR JANE

Yes, I do understand. Sorry to barge in on you.

MARCO FRANKLIN

No, no! I'll be in touch soon.

She smiles and walks to her car. She looks back. Marco quickly walks to her car and opens the door.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)

Please drive safely!

Jane smiles and pulls out into traffic, driving away.

CUT TO:

INT. THAT NIGHT - MARCO'S HOUSE.

Marco reluctantly picks up the phone, and slowly sinks a finger into the dial.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Hello, Jane!

He presses speaker phone.

REALTOR JANE
Hi, Marco! Nice of you to call.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Thanks! So, Jane, the house on Fountain St. is listed for \$400k. Also, the house has been on the market for ninety days.

REALTOR JANE
Yes, that is correct.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Well, it is somewhat of a rehab too. I like the house a lot, so I am going to offer you \$250k.

Jane laughs loudly.

REALTOR JANE
Please excuse me! I'm sorry, Marco, the owners won't accept that offer.

Marco mumbles.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Very well, thanks for your help. Goodbye, Jane!

Marco hangs up the phone. Moments later the phone rings.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)
Hi, Jane! How are you?

REALTOR JANE
Marco, that is a very low-ball offer.

MARCO FRANKLIN
That's all I'm willing to pay!

Marco hangs up the phone again.

CUT TO:

INT. THE NEXT DAY - POTTERY SHOP - MORNING

Marco sips his coffee reading Jane's business card repeatedly, and staring at the phone. It rings!

MARCO FRANKLIN
Marco Franklin speaking.

REALTOR JANE
Hi, Marco, it's Jane. How are you?

MARCO FRANKLIN
I'm fine, thanks! Any good news?

REALTOR JANE
I'm fine, too!

Marco makes a face at the phone.

REALTOR JANE (cont'd)
I can do \$350k, that's the best deal
you are going to get.

Marco slams down the phone. The phone rings again.

REALTOR JANE (cont'd)
Marco, can we please be professional?

MARCO FRANKLIN
Yes, we can! \$250k, no more!

He slams the phone down again. Jane calls back shortly.

REALTOR JANE
Hi Marco, I got the owners to come
down some more.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Yes, my ears are wide open!

REALTOR JANE
\$300k!

Marco slams down the phone. His cell phone makes a text sound. He reads it and laughs.

MARCO FRANKLIN
(Talks aloud)
Yeah, right. I'm greedy! I won't buy
it if you don't lower the price to my
liking. It's my money!

CUT TO:

INT. DAY - THE NEXT DAY - MARCO'S HOUSE. MORNING

The phone rings and Marco sits and listens to it. He delights in his coffee. Finally he decides to answer it. He expresses frustration.

MARCO FRANKLIN

Jane, I am a busy man and I don't have time for games! I gave you my price and I won't budge!

REALTOR JANE

Marco, relax! The owners have agreed to your price of \$250k.

Marco claps his hands vigorously.

REALTOR JANE (cont'd)

There is one stipulation though.

Marco hesitates.

MARCO FRANKLIN

Yes?

REALTOR JANE

You have to agree to clean out the house at your cost.

Marco slams down the phone. It rings again.

REALTOR JANE (cont'd)

Marco, you are far different in business than you are in personal life I can see.

MARCO FRANKLIN

Business makes the world revolve. I will not clean it out at my cost. I am already looking for another home. The owner has to pay that fee, not me, no way!

REALTOR JANE

I'll call you later.

Later the phone rings.

REALTOR JANE (cont'd)

You got a deal, Marco.

Marco rejoices.

Cont'd

MARCO FRANKLIN
No more surprises, right?

REALTOR JANE
None! Why are you singing?

MARCO FRANKLIN
They pay for my realtor fees. They pay all taxes and everything owed on it. I pay nothing to no one except the house, \$250k ... right?

REALTOR JANE
Correct!

MARCO FRANKLIN
Good! I will have my attorney review my desires. I sing when I'm happy!

REALTOR JANE
Marco, you hustled me out of a great commission. I could have used the money, Marco.

MARCO FRANKLIN
If you were hustled in your life, it wasn't by me, sugar!

REALTOR JANE
Anyway, come by with your lawyer to sign the papers in a few days.

Marco slams down the phone without saying goodbye.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY - POTTERY SHOP

Days later all papers have been signed and Marco plans to move in soon. Jane stops by the shop to see Marco.

REALTOR JANE
I'm sorry we struggled on the business end of things.

Marco walks her to the door and escorts her out. He walks back inside and closes the door, drawing the shade.

CUT TO:

INT. THAT NIGHT - MARCO'S HOUSE - DINNER

Marco opens his laptop resting it on a clay table.

MARCO FRANKLIN

(Talks aloud)

Now I have my house! I need to
renovate it, and then fill it with
servants. Where do I find servants?

Marco scratches his head a few times as he paces the room.
He moves quickly for the laptop. His fingers begin beating
the keys.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)

It's a shot in the dark, but worth
it. Maybe it will work.

After more research he retires for the night. As he lays in
bed, the doorbell rings. He sits up. He hears nothing. He
lays back down. The doorbell rings again, but twice now. He
walks into a room where he can clearly view the front door.
Stepping into the next room he sneaks to the window.

He slightly pulls the curtains over a bit more and stares
down from the dark room. He sees Jane standing at the door.
He runs down the stairs and whisks open the door.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)

What the hell are you doing here?

Jane extends some flowers to him. Marco looks at them and
back at her.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)

What are these? Jane, it's past
eleven at night. Are you crazy!

Jane moves closer to Marco. She leans into Marco and kisses
him gently on the lips.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)

Thank You, now goodnight!

Marco turns to close the door. Jane darts into the house
with him.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)

Get the hell out! I'm reporting you
to your boss. This is highly
unethical behavior.

Jane just stares at him with a lustful penetration.

Cont'd

REALTOR JANE

Oh, unethical behavior? You mean like telling me your father died, but he is really still alive? That kind of unethical behavior?

Marco stands quietly. He cannot look at Jane. Finally he faces her firmly.

MARCO FRANKLIN

This is my home. You are not welcome!

Jane places the flowers in a vase near the door. Marco watches in disbelief.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)

Jane, please get out of my house!

REALTOR JANE

Take me to bed, Marco!

Marco circles the room in a tantrum.

MARCO FRANKLIN

What? Are you insane? Get out!

Jane begins to undress before him. Marco covers his eyes.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)

That's it! I'm calling the police!

Jane stands there in her undergarments.

REALTOR JANE

Go ahead, call the police! Explain to them why you dragged me into your house and tried to rape me!

Marco's outrage boils.

MARCO FRANKLIN

You're out of your frigging mind!

REALTOR JANE

Explain that to the police as I stand here nearly naked, and I can cry on the spot too. I'm a woman, after all!

Marco throws the phone down. Jane completely undresses and slowly steps up to Marco. Wrapping her long arms around him, she passionately kisses him as he tries to separate.

Cont'd

REALTOR JANE (cont'd)
Still wanna make that call?

Marco storms upstairs. He turns at the top and yells down to her.

MARCO FRANKLIN
You, madam, may sleep in the guest room. It is located next to the kitchen. Goodnight!

Marco slams his bedroom door closed and locks it. Jane picks up her clothes and walks into the guest room.

In the early morning hours Jane is in the kitchen as Marco reluctantly walks in.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)
Please get out of my house, and my life! And please, put on some clothes!

Jane is in her panties and bra.

REALTOR JANE
Oh these, they're just like wearing a bathing suit.

Marco shakes his head at her.

MARCO FRANKLIN
This isn't the beach, get out now!

Marco is standing there with a knife in his hand as he focuses on Jane.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)
You are making me crazy! GET OUT!

He raises the knife. Jane stands still. She turns to the stove to finish cooking breakfast. Marco throws the knife across the room, bouncing it off a cluttered wall.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)
WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?

REALTOR JANE
I DO!

Marco places his hands on his head.

Cont'd

MARCO FRANKLIN
I scream, and you're still here.

Jane puts her food on the plate.

REALTOR JANE
Are you hungry?

MARCO FRANKLIN
I have an insatiable appetite for you
to remove yourself from my life!

Jane sits down, eats her food and opens the paper.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)
Jane, I am speaking to you. Get the
fuck out of my house, you crazy
bitch. Now!

Jane flips the papers and continues reading.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)
Alright, alright.

She looks up at him.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)
I'll eat these two eggs and toast. If
I have to deal with you, I'm going to
need to be well nourished.

REALTOR JANE
I know a place in Vegas that does
those weekend marriages.

Marco begins to choke on his food. Jane watches him. He
chokes a few times. Jane doesn't move. Finally Marco is fine
and clears his throat.

MARCO FRANKLIN
You want me to marry you, and you
won't even help me when I'm choking!

REALTOR JANE
Marco, I despise drama.

Marco rushes out of the kitchen. Jane doesn't move. Later he
returns to grab his coffee and he leaves the house, knowing
Jane is still there.

CUT TO:

INT. LATER THAT DAY - POTTERY SHOP

A class ends. As students exit, Moan strolls in. Marco is taken by surprise.

MOAN
Hey sweetie! Are you ready?

Marco stands there with pottery supplies in his hands.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Excuse me? Ready for what?

Moan looks at the door, then begins to undress herself.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)
Wait a minute! What is it with you women today? All you want to do is get undressed.

Moan stops and stares at him.

MOAN
What are you talking about?

MARCO FRANKLIN
Can we talk, please? Clothes on!

MOAN
Okay, I guess.

She puts her clothes back on.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Thank you!

MOAN
I'm hungry, Marco. Can you please take me to dinner?

Marco throws his hands in the air.

MARCO FRANKLIN
I'm suppose to be buying a home, renovating it, furnishing it, and other things. I don't have time for all this nonsense.

Moan begins to cry.

MOAN
I thought you wanted to have my baby!

Cont'd

Marco stands before her utterly flabbergasted.

MARCO FRANKLIN
When did I say I wanted to have
yours, or anyone's baby?

MOAN
Last night when you made love to me!

Marco loses it.

MARCO FRANKLIN
I was home last night! I have never
engaged in such activities with you.

Moan continues to cry heavily.

MOAN
Then what am I thinking?

MARCO FRANKLIN
You had a nightmare! Please leave me
out of your unconscious pleasures.

Moan stops crying in an instant.

MOAN
Okay, worth a shot!

Marco is stunned.

MARCO FRANKLIN
You admit you were lying.

She asks him to button her bra. He does.

MOAN
Well, a woman has tools ya know!

They go to dinner. Marco drops Moan off at the shop. Then he drives home for the night.

Cut To: INT - SAME NIGHT - MARCO'S HOME.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Excuse me, sir! Who are you?

A man turns to Marco. Marco blocks his eyes.

DEAN
Hey, Brah! Nice spread you got here!

Cont'd

Marco is pissed off.

MARCO FRANKLIN
How did you get in my house?

DEAN
Jane let me in.

Marco's rage boils over.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Where is Jane?

DEAN
She's still in the shower. I was too,
but I got hungry. You don't mind?

MARCO FRANKLIN
I always welcome strangers, clothed
or naked!

The man smirks.

DEAN
I'm sure you're joking.

Marco grumbles at the man.

MARCO FRANKLIN
May I please ask what you do for a
living?

DEAN
I'm disabled! I don't work. Haven't
worked in fifteen years.

Marco rubs his hand over his face.

MARCO FRANKLIN
What! How do you live?

DEAN
I get twenty three hundred per month
tax free, food stamps, clothing
allowances, free medicines, public
vouchers for rides, free massages,
two pairs of shoes a year, free
condoms, one dental cleaning, rent
under two hundred, and a whole bunch
other free stuff! You?

Cont'd

MARCO FRANKLIN
Where do I sign up?

The man makes a serious face.

DEAN
Hey buddy, it's a lot of work filling out all those forms. Besides, you own a home and have a business from what Jane tells me, so you won't qualify. Best you keep doing your thing, and paying my way through life, okay! Oh, I ate the last of your peanut butter. I'll pay you back next week from one of the food pantries. Excuse me, please.

Dean walks by Marco and heads upstairs. Marco raises his hands and shouts.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Make yourself at home!

Dean smiles and walks into Marco's bedroom. A few minutes later, Jane comes downstairs and grabs some snacks. Marco just watches in amazement. Jane stops for a second to kiss Marco on the cheek and heads back upstairs.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)
I guess were not getting married, huh, Jane?

She stops on the staircase.

REALTOR JANE
Say the word, Marco, and he's gone!

MARCO FRANKLIN
Word!

She smirks and goes into the room. Marco calls Phil.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)
Hello, Phil, I'm ready to see the doctor. But you have to help me, first. Come over now with some uniformed officers. I'll explain when you get here. Thank you!

Soon Phil and the other officers arrive.

Cont'd

PHIL
What's up, kid?

Marco explains the entire situation to Phil and the other officers. They escort Jane and Dean out of the house and instruct them to never return or be arrested and sentenced to a year in jail.

DEAN
But I owe him a jar of peanut butter!

The police make themselves clear and understood.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Never again trouble me , Jane! If you do, I press charges, and your life is ruined.

The following day in the pottery shop, Moan is approached and instructed to never again have contact with Marco, or risk being thrown in jail. She is escorted out of the shop, flipping Marco the bird.

PHIL
Okay, Marco! Now you owe me one.

Marco places his hand on Phil's shoulder.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Make the appt. I will be there!

Phil displays satisfaction.

PHIL
You will feel better my friend!

The two men shake hands. Marco takes the officers out to dinner across the street. The men have a great time. They all go separate ways after dinner.

MARCO FRANKLIN
(Talks aloud)
Now I just have to figure out how to beat this shrink. These eccentric egg heads are usually fooled easily if one rehearses his/her schemes. And I am a master actor.

Marco reaches home and all is quiet and peaceful.

CUT TO:

INT. TWO DAYS LATER - MOVING COMPANY

Marco barges into the cluttered office wearing pink bell bottom silk pants and a half unbuttoned white shirt exposing a hairy chest.

MARCO FRANKLIN

Hello, I am here to do business!

Marco then walks around the desk and peeks into the other room. He does not see anyone and returns to the office to find a man standing by the far wall with a ledger in his dirty hands.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)

Excuse me, sir! Do you labor here?

The man slowly turns to Marco, staring at him.

BILL WHITE

Yes, I am Bill, the proprietor. May I help you today?

Marco takes out a paper from his shirt pocket and gives it to the man. Bill reads it and looks towards Marco with a smile of surprise.

BILL WHITE (cont'd)

Well sir, this is quite the request.

MARCO FRANKLIN

Yes, I never know when I am needed and I am usually so busy, I hardly get a chance to think for myself.

Bill scratches his head in confusion.

BILL WHITE

I'm sorry, did I miss your name?

Marco removes a purple pen from his yellow fanny pack and he then signs his name on Bill's paperwork. Bill is slow to react towards Marco.

BILL WHITE (cont'd)

Who are you exactly?

MARCO FRANKLIN

I try avoiding stardom, you know.

Bill remains silent while gazing at the autograph. Marco remains firm in place while studying Bill's eyes. The phone rattles upon the wall in the office.

Cont'd

BILL WHITE
Please excuse me.

Marco nods his head.

BILL WHITE (cont'd)
Mighty Movers, Bill speaking. Yes,
see you next week. Thank You!

Bill places the phone back on the wall.

MARCO FRANKLIN
I simply adore your phone. Where can
I purchase one?

Bill looks back at the phone.

BILL WHITE
I'm sorry. A friend gave it to me.

Marco slumps his shoulders.

MARCO FRANKLIN
The finer things in life elude me.

BILL WHITE
Would you like to discuss how I can
be of help to you?

Marco whips a bright orange scarf around his neck.

MARCO FRANKLIN
I see you have made coffee.

BILL WHITE
Yes. I'd be happy to pour you a cup.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Delighted! Thank You!

Bill pours the coffee. The men sit down. They go over the
plans for Marco's move. They shake hands.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)
A pleasure doing business with you. I
await your team to arrive. Good day
to you, sir.

Bill gleams as Marco flamboyantly departs the office.

CUT TO:

EXT. THAT NIGHT - MARCO'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DECK.

Marco savors a tall frosty glass of wine and fish dinner while surveying his botanical surroundings.

MARCO FRANKLIN
(Talks aloud to self)
The movers will be here in a few
days, and my joyous exit from this
hovel shall liberate my spirit!

Marco watches black and gray squirrels chasing each other up trees leaping across branches with finesse.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)
Such an idol life these creatures
live. No worries at all. Simply eat
your fill and poop where you desire.
Ah, the luxuries that evade humans.

Marco hears the roar of a tractor mower. Clouds of dirt and grass fill the air, as he covers his drink with one hand.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)
These philistines choose the most
inappropriate times to pollute the
air which I breathe.

His neighbor to the left starts up an old pickup truck and a huge plume of black smoke encroaches Marco's property.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)
Good heavens! I'm surrounded by
vikings whose only pleasures are to
deprive me of mine.

His neighbor, dressed in jeans and leather, revs the noisy engine a few times spewing more awful smelling and thick exhaust into the air and across into Marco's yard.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)
Soon I shall relax in a house where
my neighbors are as myself ... A
level far above the common man.
Although I am not sure these poor
souls even qualify as common man.

Marco hurriedly cleans his eating area and retreats inside the kitchen, where he pulls down the decorated windows while shaking his head at his neighbor. More ominous clouds creep across Marco's landscaped yard.

CUT TO:

INT. THE NEXT DAY - POTTERY SHOP - AFTERNOON

A full class lets out and Marco holds the door open for his students. He yells a message to them.

MARCO FRANKLIN
You all did wonderfully, have a good
night and see you next week!

A few students wave their hands at Marco, as the others continue walking. A small boy and his dog walks by Marco as they stare at one another.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)
Is there something I can help you
with young man?

The boy, younger than twelve, remains silent.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)
Be about your business, sir!

YOUNG BOY
Do you own that Porsche?

The boy points to Marco's car.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Why, yes I do! Thank you for admiring
it my good man.

The boy glances down at his dog, then up at Marco. He then looks back at the car, and then at Marco.

YOUNG BOY
Sir, I wasn't admiring your car.

Marco seems puzzled.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Then why did you inquire as to my
ownership of the vehicle?

The boy glances down at his dog again, then at Marco.

YOUNG BOY
Sir, my dog peed on your car!

Marco's eyes grow.

MARCO FRANKLIN
When? Why did you not inform me
earlier? I must clean my car.

Cont'd

YOUNG BOY

It just happened as all those people
left your building.

Marco is running around the car, throwing his hands high in the air, and making a scene. He storms back over to the boy and shakes him publicly.

YOUNG BOY (cont'd)

Dude, chill out! I didn't say I peed
on your car ... I said my dog did.
Geez, take it for a wash.

Marco grabs the dog's leash and walks inside his shop then returns with the dog.

MARCO FRANKLIN

You are absolutely right. Here is a
bucket and hot water. Start
scrubbing!

YOUNG BOY

I'll wash your car for ten dollars.

Marco is outraged.

MARCO FRANKLIN

Why should I pay you? Your dog pissed
on my car, and it's a Porsche!

The boy holds his hand out for the money. Marco stands his ground and refuses to return the dog. People are standing by watching this bizarre exchange. The boy leans closely into Marco and whispers to him.

YOUNG BOY

Give me my damn dog now, or I am
going to yell, child molester.

The boys eyes lock with Marco's.

MARCO FRANKLIN

I see your parents attempts at
raising a well mannered boy failed
miserably.

The boy grabs his dog's leash and walks away. He flips the bird to Marco. Marco ends up washing his car.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE NEXT DAY - MARCO'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR

Marco's doorbell rings a few times. He runs to answer it.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Yes, good morning!

TRUCK DRIVER
Good Morning, sir! We are here from
the moving company. Are you all set
to move today?

Marco sees Phil pull up in his car.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Don't say a word to this cop coming
here. Go back to your office and I'll
call you later.

TRUCK DRIVER
But sir, we

Marco interrupts.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Get the hell out of here now!

Marco pushes him away. Phil approaches the door and looks at
the truck driver suspiciously.

PHIL
Everything okay here, Marco?

Marco waves the driver on.

MARCO FRANKLIN
That's right, sir, I will call the
office later. Thank You!

The driver gets into his truck shaking his head. Phil
watches reassuringly.

PHIL
I thought there was some trouble.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Thank you, Phil. All is well.

Marco holds the door open for Phil.

PHIL
Thank you! Any coffee?

Cont'd

Marco points to the kitchen area.

MARCO FRANKLIN
My home is your home.

Phil smiles brightly.

PHIL
I'll remember that next time I am in
trouble with a woman.

MARCO FRANKLIN
As long as it is not Jane or Moan.

Phil chuckles and pours them coffee, grabs a few steaming
muffins, and pulls out a chair for Marco.

PHIL
No need to fear. I just came by to
collect on our agreement.

Marco raises his coffee to Phil. Phil returns the gesture.

MARCO FRANKLIN
When is the appointment you have
scheduled me with the psychiatrist?

PHIL
Tomorrow, at 4 P.M.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Are you mad?

Phil spills some coffee. He cleans it, then points a shaking
finger at Marco.

PHIL
Hey Marco, we made a deal here,
buddy. I and a few other cops saved
your ass. Now you owe me!

MARCO FRANKLIN
Yes, I see your point! Very well. I
will see you tomorrow.

Phil stands up and takes the coffee and muffin with him as
he leaves the house. Marco closes the door gently. Marco
picks up the phone and makes a call while pacing the living
room tapping his thigh.

CUT TO:

INT. SAME DAY - MINUTES LATER - TRUCK - IN TRAFFIC

The truck driver is on speaker phone with Bill White, the owner of the moving company.

TRUCK DRIVER

Hey, Boss, we went to that address.
This guy is a mental case!

BILL WHITE

What are you talking about?

TRUCK DRIVER

I was at his front door, we were talking, I asked him if he was ready to move, and he ordered me back into the truck. Then a cop came by.

The truck is driving over a bumpy road and the cabin is rattling about making noise.

BILL WHITE

Listen, he's some movie executive or something like that. We get paid well to kiss ass. So pucker up!

The driver lets out a strong laugh.

TRUCK DRIVER

Okay, I'll use your lips.

BILL WHITE

I'll call him and see what he wants to do. Maybe he's ready. We deal with all types of strange people in L.A. We need to remember they pay us a lot of money to work for them, wise ass!

TRUCK DRIVER

Tru dat! I just wasn't prepared for his snobby actions.

BILL WHITE

You didn't insult him, right?

TRUCK DRIVER

No way! I just looked as being dumbfounded and out of place.

BILL WHITE

Okay, you acted normal.

CUT TO:

INT. SAME DAY - MARCO'S HOUSE - LIV. ROOM

Marco is sitting on the sofa trimming his toe nails when the phone rings. He picks it up quickly and presses the speaker button, then places the phone on a sofa cushion.

MARCO FRANKLIN

Hello, Marco Franklin speaking, may I help you?

BILL WHITE

Hey Marco, Bill White from Mighty Movers.

Marco smiles.

MARCO FRANKLIN

Oh yes, Bill. Hello. How are you?

BILL WHITE

Fine, fine. Yourself?

MARCO FRANKLIN

The struggles of being famous, you know. It's a never ending penance.

BILL WHITE

Well, I hope I am not troubling you?

MARCO FRANKLIN

Not at all! I am referencing the industry. Please excuse me.

BILL WHITE

Not a problem, Marco. So when would you like us to come by and help you move?

A few moments pause from Marco.

BILL WHITE (cont'd)

Hello?

MARCO FRANKLIN

Yes, I'm here. How about tonight?

BILL WHITE

Tonight! I was hoping for some time during the day. My guys all have families and are home at night.

Bill chuckles a few times.

Cont'd

MARCO FRANKLIN

I see. Well, I will have to make arrangements with another mover then.

BILL WHITE

Marco, we have already signed on the dotted line and we are ready to help you move.

MARCO FRANKLIN

Very well then. See you tonight at 10 P.M. Good day!

Marco hangs up the phone and continues trimming his toe nails and sipping his coffee.

CUT TO:

INT. SAME NIGHT - TRUCK - HIGHWAY

The driver turns down the music.

HAROLD DONNS

I hope this crazy guy is ready now.

A helper looks at him strangely.

NICK PETERS

Dude, what's up? You seem like mad worried about this job, man.

The driver carefully watches the busy road.

HAROLD DONNS

I am! I was at this guy's house earlier today and he acted like a freaking basket case. I had to call the boss and report it.

NICK PETERS

What did the boss say?

HAROLD DONNS

He said he would clear it up. So we are getting paid extra to work the graveyard shift.

NICK PETERS

Brah, it's all good! We get paid more? No worries here!

Cont'd

The truck passes through a busy intersection.

HAROLD DONNS
Let me call this guy.

At a traffic light the driver picks up his phone.

HAROLD DONNS (cont'd)
I'm putting this call on speaker so
you can hear too.

The helper raises his thumb.

HAROLD DONNS (cont'd)
Hello, Mr. Franklin! This is Mighty
Movers, we will be there shortly.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Ah, I've been counting the eternal
minutes of your arrival.

The two movers stare at one another.

HAROLD DONNS
See you soon, bye!

The driver hangs up.

NICK PETERS
Dude, slow down, we got three more
guys in the back.

The driver slows his speed just as they pass a police
station where three police cars are leaving the lot.

HAROLD DONNS
That was perfect timing!

The truck pulls into Marco's driveway. The large lights
shine through the windows and a silhouette is seen moving
towards the door.

HAROLD DONNS (cont'd)
That must be Mr. Crazy!

The helper laughs while drinking his coffee.

HAROLD DONNS (cont'd)
You've been chugging that thing, man!
You will be wired tonight.

Cont'd

NICK PETERS

Well, we're working all night, need to stay alert. I put chocolate in it too. Later I will have my espresso.

The driver turns to Nick with a serious look.

HAROLD DONNS

Don't die on me tonight, okay?

The helper laughs and spits out some coffee on his shirt.

HAROLD DONNS (cont'd)

I see the door opening. Let's go say hello to this freak.

Marco stands at the door waving a white handkerchief.

HAROLD DONNS (cont'd)

Good evening, sir! My name is, Harold. This is my helper, Nick. We have a few other helpers also.

Marco gives the men some hand wipes.

HAROLD DONNS (cont'd)

What are these for?

Marco just stares at the men.

HAROLD DONNS (cont'd)

Oh, oh ... sure thing! Here Nick, wash your hands.

The men wash their hands and then shake hands with Marco.

MARCO FRANKLIN

Thank you!

HAROLD DONNS

Where would you like us to begin?

Marco extends his velvet arm into the foyer.

MARCO FRANKLIN

Maybe the living room, then you would have a clear space to load and relax if needed.

The men nod with agreement.

Cont'd

HAROLD DONNS
You must have been in the moving
business, sir.

Marco holds his stomach.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Good heavens, I dread the thought of
physical labor. I would need a
manicure daily. Who's going to pay
for that, young man?

HAROLD DONNS
I'm sorry, sir. My bad.

Most of the house is loaded into the truck. It is after 2
A.M. Nick opens his espresso.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Are you aware of the dangers of over
dosing with caffeine?

Nick chugs down the entire drink before answering.

NICK PETERS
Nope!

Marco appears insulted and seems to scrutinize the young
man's intelligence with a penetrating stare.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Youth! A treasure never to be granted
to the mature and elderly.

NICK PETERS
Well, sir, if you don't ...

Harold interrupts.

HAROLD DONNS
We only have a little more to do.
Let's get back to work guys.

The men scurry back into the house and finish packing most
items into the large truck.

HAROLD DONNS (cont'd)
Can we have the new address, sir? In
the truck boys, let's roll. We are
making good time. We can be sleeping
before the rooster has his coffee.

Cont'd

MARCO FRANKLIN

I'm sorry. Are you going to start
this beast of a machine at this hour?

Harold looks agitated.

HAROLD DONNS

Yes, sir. We have to start the truck
in order to move it.

Marco stomps his slipper a few times.

MARCO FRANKLIN

No! You men will push the truck down
the street, and then you can start it
at the corner. We mustn't alert my
neighbors to our activity.

Now Harold fumes.

HAROLD DONNS

Sir, are you kidding me? It's after 2
A.M. We have been working our butts
off, and saving you time and money.
We can't push this truck!

Marco lights a long cigarette.

MARCO FRANKLIN

Push the truck or I call your boss.

Harold's eyes display his frustrations.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)

Young man, I'm speaking to you! Did
you hear me? I said, push the truck,
now! I'm paying you to do a job!

Harold grunts and walks away from Marco towards the truck.

NICK PETERS

Hop in, boss, let's get out of here.
Let's finish this job.

Harold looks at the guys.

HAROLD DONNS

Everyone but Nick, out of the truck.
Nick, put the truck in neutral. Guys,
let's get in the back and push.

Cont'd

Nick looks back at Harold.

NICK PETERS
What the hell are we doing?

HAROLD DONNS
Just do as I say, okay!

Nick slips the truck in neutral. The men rock the truck back and forth until it begins rolling. Marco is looking around to make sure his neighbors are not watching. As the truck rolls, Marco holds his robe in the middle and hurries over to give Harold a piece of paper.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Here is the address, and keys. Put all my belongings in the house and come back tomorrow night to move the smaller things.

HAROLD DONNS
Wait, you're not coming with us?

Marco presses a finger against his mouth.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Don't ruin my babies, and lock up after you leave.

Marco tippy-toes back into his house. The truck reaches the end of the street and a diesel roar erupts in the distance as the lights of the truck fade in the night. Marco closes the door.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT - FEW MINUTES LATER - TRUCK

NICK PETERS
Who is this screwball guy?

Harold shakes his head.

HAROLD DONNS
You got any hundred proof espresso?

Nick pulls out a few whiskey nips and mixes them with the espresso. Harold waits until they reach the house.

CUT TO:

EXT. NIGHT - LATER - MARCO'S NEW HOUSE

The truck pulls in slowly, keeping only the parking lights on. Harold makes a turn into the circular drive then backs down the long wide driveway.

NICK PETERS
This place is a palace!

HAROLD DONNS
Don't get a boner over it, dude. We
live in L.A., remember?

Nick laughs with the other guys as they pass around the espresso.

HAROLD DONNS (cont'd)
Save me a few swigs!

Nick reaches into his back pack.

NICK PETERS
We're good!

Harold smiles when seeing more bottles.

HAROLD DONNS
Listen guys, we can't get shitfaced
here. So let's do a great job. We may
get a huge tip again. So easy does it
on the furniture!

The men finish. The house is secured and they reach back home just as the sky is showing light.

HAROLD DONNS (cont'd)
Everyone good enough to drive?

They all nod. Nick and Harold stay behind.

NICK PETERS
We are all fine. We didn't drink that
much. I only had a few little bottles
and we worked and ate as well. Plus,
we all live close. I also have two
more bottles left!

The men each drink one and watch the sun rise. Nick then stands against a wall to pee. After, they do a fist pump then get into their cars and drive off.

CUT TO:

INT. LATER THAT DAY - PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - HALLWAY

Marco meets Phil in the elegantly designed hallway of the medical building. Phil bears a large smile while approaching Marco, hand extended.

PHIL

Marco, thank you for coming. You will get the help you need and deserve.

Marco smirks before speaking.

MARCO FRANKLIN

Do you mean I will no longer have to be hounded by you?

Phil pats Marco on the shoulder.

PHIL

Going down swinging, huh?

MARCO FRANKLIN

I'm not going down at all! Well, except for being here. This is a downer for sure.

Phil pulls Marco over to a private area of the hall.

PHIL

Marco, you need help!

Marco begins to walk away from the doctor's office. Phil grabs him by the arm, swinging him around.

PHIL (cont'd)

Remember our deal!

MARCO FRANKLIN

Please remove your hands from me, sir! I shall summon the police.

Phil shakes his head and laughs.

PHIL

I am the police. Now come on, let's give this doctor a shot. At the very least he may offer some suggestions of help and healing.

MARCO FRANKLIN

After today, my debt to you is paid!

The two men open the glass door and enter the busy practice.

Cont'd

They both look around the room. One man sits in the corner arguing with a lamp. A woman keeps adjusting her bra while she talks to her breasts. A younger man picks his nose repeatedly and wipes it in the pages of the brochures.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)
Good god, you brought me to a zoo.

Phil chuckles as he sits next to Marco in the corner.

PHIL
Don't worry about them. They suffer
from different illnesses than you.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Maybe you should be my shrink.

Phil gives Marco a brochure to read. Marco quickly hands it back to Phil.

PHIL
What's wrong?

MARCO FRANKLIN
I don't want that man's mucus spewing
all over me.

Phil turns red and covers his mouth.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)
Next, you be asking me to talk to a
lamp, or play with my ...

PHIL
Okay, chill out!

The nurse comes over to talk to Phil and Marco.

NURSE LILLY
Who is seeing the doctor today?

They both point at each other.

PHIL
Now knock it off, Marco!

Phil looks back at the nurse.

PHIL (cont'd)
He is, nurse. Thank you!

Cont'd

MARCO FRANKLIN
Yeah, I'm off my rocker because I
like nice things.

Phil shakes his head at the nurse.

NURSE LILLY
It's okay to like nice things.

Marco gets up and walks towards the door. Phil has to leap
at Marco to catch him before he exits the office.

PHIL
Now don't be afraid. I'm going into
the office with you. Relax.

MARCO FRANKLIN
The nurse said it's okay to like nice
things. You heard her.

WOMAN MENTAL PATIENT
Hey buddy, what do you think about
these puppies?

She reveals her breasts to Marco and everyone. The nurse
runs to cover her up as Phil blocks his eyes.

MARCO FRANKLIN
It appears your finest days are
behind you!

The woman throws a magazine at Marco. Everyone watches the
nurse quickly cover the woman.

WOMAN MENTAL PATIENT
You aren't so beautiful yourself, you
prick! You're probably gay! That's
why you don't know a sexy woman when
you see one.

Marco ignores the woman.

WOMAN MENTAL PATIENT (cont'd)
Nothing to say, faggot!

NURSE LILLY
Now you stop that! I will have the
doctor sedate you right here.

The woman sticks her tongue out at Marco.

Cont'd

NURSE LILLY (cont'd)
Mr. Franklin, the doctor will see you
now. Right this way please.

The woman patient stands up.

WOMAN MENTAL PATIENT
Wait a frigging minute! Boy lover
doesn't get to go before me.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Please refrain from your atrocious
barbaric displays of indecency.

The woman flashes Marco again. Nurse Lilly leaps to cover
her with a blanket. The men enter the doctor's office.

DOCTOR SWARTZ
Ah, Mr. Franklin, nice to meet you!

The Doctor shakes Phil's hand and Marco walks for the door.

PHIL
Wait a minute, pal ... get back here!

Marco closes the door. He turns to the doctor.

DOCTOR SWARTZ
Oh, I see I've made an error.

The doctor shakes Marco's hand.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Doctor, you got to help me. There is
a woman out there in the waiting room
who wants to seduce me!

DOCTOR SWARTZ
My, my. Is she at it again? I'll have
to up her meds again.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Wow! That's all, Doc? Thanks for the
miracle cure. See ya!

The doctor holds Marco's arm and gently walks him to a sofa.

DOCTOR SWARTZ
Now, just relax. Tell me all about
what troubles you.

Cont'd

Phil makes himself comfortable on a leather chair and looks over at Marco and the doctor.

DOCTOR SWARTZ (cont'd)
Please begin, Mr. Franklin.

A pause from Marco. He stares at Phil.

DOCTOR SWARTZ (cont'd)
Is there something you would like
your friend to say? That's fine.

Phil shrugs.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Actually, he should be saying
everything. I don't feel I need
therapy.

Phil moves about in the chair.

PHIL
Marco, for Pete's sake. Tell the
doctor how you live.

The doctor stares at Marco with a smile.

MARCO FRANKLIN
I'm a wealthy man who deserves what I
have and will have.

The doctor looks over to Phil.

PHIL
You are not a wealthy man, Marco. You
have a nice business which earns you
a good living ... but you are not
wealthy, or famous.

Marco sits up on the sofa with his hands folded on his knee
cap. He sighs deeply.

MARCO FRANKLIN
My dear doctor, this man obviously
suffers from the ongoing stresses of
being a police officer.

Doctor Swartz taps his pen on the notepad. He runs his
fingers through his hair a few times. He then paces the
office and looks into the fish tank, then sits down.

Cont'd

DOCTOR SWARTZ
May I call you Marco?

Marco nods slowly.

DOCTOR SWARTZ (cont'd)
Thank you! Marco, do you think you
are a wealthy man?

Quickly Marco replies.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Of course not! I know I am!

Phil remains disappointingly silent.

DOCTOR SWARTZ
Marco, how much do you earn per year?

MARCO FRANKLIN
Oh, easily in the millions.

The doctor looks over at Phil who is shaking his head.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)
This gentleman has no insight to my
finances. He merely speculates
miserably.

PHIL
Marco. You live in a cape style home.
Most of your vehicles have been used.
You tell everyone you don't know you
are famous and manipulate them into
believing you are connected to the
movie industry. You attend cocktail
parties for the rich and famous. You
buy expensive clothes at thrift
shops. You borrow people's dogs and
bring them to high-end groomers. Now
please, tell the doctor the truth.

Marco looks appalled by Phil's comments.

DOCTOR SWARTZ
Now Marco, let us start over. We are
both here to help you.

MARCO FRANKLIN
You can help me out the door, please!

Cont'd

PHIL

He can be feisty doctor. Don't take offense to him, please.

DOCTOR SWARTZ

Marco. I know wealthy and famous people who are very friendly. Would you like for me to introduce you to some of them?

A calm silence overcomes Marco. He leans forward on the sofa and peers into the doctor's blue eyes.

MARCO FRANKLIN

Truly, you do! You would help me, so!

Phil seems puzzled.

DOCTOR SWARTZ

Of course I would. But first, I would need some info from you regarding your lifestyle, so if they ask me, I can inform them of your living.

Phil sits back further in the chair and listens.

MARCO FRANKLIN

Well, I do eat at restaurants that are quite expensive for me. I do shop in stores on Rodeo Drive. My cars are used, but classic or fashionable. My wardrobe resembles the rainbow. I enjoy giving people my autograph.

The doctor writes his notes quickly.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)

People always ask me who I am. The younger generations are intrigued by my tonality and fashions. I have people clean my house as favors. I even have a new Porsche to drive, and didn't charge the dealer a penny for all the pottery I made for him.

DOCTOR SWARTZ

Please, continue.

MARCO FRANKLIN

I rent limousines on premier nights and horse-driven carriages at times.

Cont'd

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)
I have friends in the airline
industry who secure first-class
luxury seating for me. My salary is
\$140,000 per year. Sounds like a
giant salary to some people.

The doctor looks over to Phil. Phil gives the doctor the
thumbs up sign!

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)
Tell me, my dear doctor, whom is it
you know in the industry?

DOCTOR SWARTZ
In due time, Marco. My paper is not
yet filled with your life's story.

Phil twirls his hand at Marco to continue talking.

MARCO FRANKLIN
I go out of my way to make myself
seen and known just about everywhere
I am. Well, except here!

The doctor chuckles a few times.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)
I love to sign my name on anything. I
adore attention. And abhor petty
complaining. Such as my friend here
is well known for.

Phil smiles at Marco, shaking his head. Phil places his hand
on his head, and twists it around.

DOCTOR SWARTZ
I'm sorry, I don't understand.

Phil explains.

PHIL
I do this to show Marco I pay his
comments no mind.

DOCTOR SWARTZ
Marco, do you find women attractive?

MARCO FRANKLIN
I beg your pardon!

Cont'd

Phil bends over laughing.

DOCTOR SWARTZ
Do you find my question amusing,
Phil? And why?

Phil stands.

PHIL
I like to joke with Marco. He's my
friend and I have known him for many
years and I am concerned about him.

The doctor ponders.

MARCO FRANKLIN
I wear expensive jewelry I buy at
estate sales and auctions. If there
is a way for me to come across as
wealthy ... I will find it! After
all, I am wealthy, right?

The doctor suddenly raises a finger.

DOCTOR SWARTZ
"Clinically Wealthy"

Marco and Phil stare at one another in confusion.

DOCTOR SWARTZ (cont'd)
Gentlemen, don't you see? This is the
diagnosis. Marco, you are,
"Clinically Wealthy."

PHIL
That's his diagnosis! So what do we
do now?

DOCTOR SWARTZ
Nothing! The cure happens by itself,
if ever. One day Marco will snap out
of it ... we hope! In the meantime,
he is not a danger to himself or
anyone else.

Marco looks up to the ceiling.

MARCO FRANKLIN
So ... I truly am a psycho?

Phil looks wide eyed at the doctor waiting for a response.

Cont'd

DOCTOR SWARTZ

No, you are not a psycho. You have a condition that is somewhat common in our society. Many ordinary folk dream of being a celebrity. As a matter of fact, when I was a boy, I thought I was Lassie.

Marco points a finger at the doctor.

MARCO FRANKLIN

Who is your psychiatrist?

PHIL

I got a two-for-one deal today!

The doctor waves his hand as to calm the men.

DOCTOR SWARTZ

My point is we all have dreams.

MARCO FRANKLIN

Yeah, but I don't go running around sniffing other people's genitals.

Phil chokes on his water.

DOCTOR SWARTZ

Well, at least you gentlemen have a sense of humor. Marco, you will be fine. Go about life. The remedy will produce itself at the right time, or not. Just be a good person. Be happy!

The doctor extends his hand to both the men and escorts them to the door.

MARCO FRANKLIN

Doctor, with all due respect. If I ever feel something humping my leg and I look down and it's you ...

PHIL

Marco, Marco! Let's be on our way.

DOCTOR SWARTZ

Woof! Woof!

Marco stares at the doctor with surprise as they leave.

CUT TO:

INT. THAT NIGHT - MARCO'S OLD HOUSE - MOVING TRUCK THERE

Marco opens the door for the men and they enter with their equipment.

MARCO FRANKLIN
How did everything go last night?

HAROLD DONNS
All secure, sir. We were very quiet while moving in.

Marco claps his hands lightly.

NICK PETERS
Do we have to push the truck down the frigging street again?

Harold gives Nick a dirty look.

MARCO FRANKLIN
If I pay you ... You will push it down the street while you are naked!

Harold raises an index finger to Marco.

HAROLD DONNS
Your neighbors don't want to see me naked. They might think I am a Sasquatch, and shoot me.

Marco sighs.

MARCO FRANKLIN
The point is, gentlemen, you work for me as a customer of yours. Thank You!

The men proceed with clearing out the house, and saying good night to Marco. Nearly 1 A.M., they push the truck down the street again.

CUT TO:

INT. SAME NIGHT - TRUCK

NICK PETERS
I hope we never have to deal with this glamour-crazed nut job again!

The men all laugh. They finish the job and go home.

CUT TO:

INT. TWO DAYS LATER - RODEO DRIVE - FASHION STORE

Marco marches past the glass doors to find Jeya working in a corner with a few customers. He roams the store anxiously. He peaks over to Jeya a few times. She is engrossed in her work. The phone rings. Marco looks up with his hands closed together. Jeya puts the phone down.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Excuse me, dear lady!

Jeya turns to see Marco and she smiles.

JEYA GHANDI
Oh, hello! Nice of you to return.
I'll be with you shortly.

She turns to help the other customers. Marco tries on a few scarfs and admires vests.

JEYA GHANDI (cont'd)
So, Marco, is it?

MARCO FRANKLIN
Your memory is intact I see.

She smiles at him.

JEYA GHANDI
Can I help you?

MARCO FRANKLIN
Yes, I will be having a house warming party in a few weeks and I would like for you to attend please.

JEYA GHANDI
Oh, really! Wow!

MARCO FRANKLIN
Here is the address. Say about three weeks. I will call you to confirm for sure. Good day!

JEYA GHANDI
Bye for now, I guess!

MARCO FRANKLIN
Yes, for now!

Marco has a spring in his step as he walks out.

CUT TO:

INT. THAT NIGHT - MARCO'S NEW HOUSE - CONTRACTOR

Marco greets the contractor and shows him around the new home and what he wants done.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Do you think you can have this done
within three weeks? I have to
entertain, you know.

The contractor surveys the area again, then looks at Marco.

CONTRACTOR TIM
Sure I can. We'll get to work
tomorrow and make your home the show
palace of the community.

Marco extends his hand.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Thank you!

Marco walks the man outside.

CONTRACTOR TIM
You truly have a beautiful home here.

Both men study the property.

MARCO FRANKLIN
I try, you know. It's difficult when
your competition always buys
something new to top everyone else.

Tim pats Marco on the arm.

CONTRACTOR TIM
You need not impress anyone, sir. Buy
and live in a home the way you
desire. No one should be offended.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Words of wisdom, my good man!

Tim smiles and departs from Marco.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)
(Talks a loud)
God help me, please!

Marco walks back into the house.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY - THREE WKS LATER. MARCO'S NEW HOUSE.

Tim and Marco inspect every room. Marco is relishing in the renovations completed.

MARCO FRANKLIN
I feel simply orgasmic!

Tim is perplexed.

CONTRACTOR TIM
I'm sorry, that's not my game!

Marco touches a finger to his mouth.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Pardon me!

CONTRACTOR TIM
Are you satisfied with the work?

MARCO FRANKLIN
Yes!

Tim smiles and firmly shakes Marco's hand.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)
Here is a check for your work. Do you like pottery by any chance?

CONTRACTOR TIM
Sure, my wife is crazy for clay art!

Marco's scratches his head.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Perhaps we could discuss pottery for work payment?

CONTRACTOR TIM
Do you mean pottery for money?

MARCO FRANKLIN
Precisely, my good man!

CONTRACTOR TIM
Only money pays the bills, sir!

Marco escorts the man out. He captures pictures and video of repairs done.

CUT TO:

INT. THE NEXT DAY - UNEMPLOYMENT OFFICE

Marco confidently enters the bustling office. People are sitting at computers, looking through notebooks, reading newspapers, on their cells, and some can be seen through the narrow glass, attending classes.

CLERK MARIA
May I help you, sir?

Marco turns and walks towards the pretty Hispanic lady.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Why, yes. I am seeking staff for my new mansion. You know what a chore chores can be, hmmm?

Maria tosses her pen on the black laptop.

CLERK MARIA
I'm afraid I'm not familiar with such a request. Please be more precise.

Marco picks up a magazine and fumbles through it. He stops and turns the open pages towards Maria. She studies the pictures on the pages.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Do you see how elegant this home is? Well, I have such a home. And I need people to come work for me in my home. Do you understand now?

Maria places a hand over her open mouth.

CLERK MARIA
Well, excuse me! Right this way.

The two enter a crowded room with people sitting around a coffee-stained wooden table.

CLERK MARIA (cont'd)
Here you are. Have at it.

Maria storms out of the room. Everyone at the table is filling out forms, or staring at Marco.

WILLIAM BENT
Dude, you gonna give some of us a job? I haven't worked in months!

Marco grabs a wobbly steel chair and sets it close to the table. He examines everyone's expressions.

Cont'd

MARCO FRANKLIN
I have work for some of you. But it
is low-paying. You need to live at my
house as servants.

An older woman raises her hand.

MILDRED MOORE
Who are you?

Marco signs his name on her official unemployment papers.

MILDRED MOORE (cont'd)
Buddy, you just got yourself a
cleaning lady. Cuz I ain't filling
out these bastard forms again! And
who are you, Marco Franklin!

MARCO FRANKLIN
A busy entertainment official.

WILLIAM BENT
What work do you have for me, Mr.
Franklin?

MARCO FRANKLIN
Tell me, what was your line of work?

WILLIAM BENT
Office manager for a hospital.

Marco rubs his chin a few times.

MARCO FRANKLIN
You shall be my estate manager.

Marco stands up and stares at the others.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)
Anyone here ever drive for a living,
tend gardens, and serve the elderly,
or anyone?

Three people raise their hands. Two men and one woman.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)
Here is my address. See you tomorrow.
Oh, understand now you all have a
home in which to live.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY - NEXT DAY - MARCO'S HOUSE - NEW WORKERS.

Marco hands a sheet of paper to everyone.

MARCO FRANKLIN

As of this moment, you are free to eat, sleep, bathe, watch TV, use the web, phone, yard, etc. Only after your duties for the day are finished.

The new workers carefully read over the paperwork.

LINDA WALTERS

You are only charging us one hundred fifty dollars per month to live in this amazing mansion?

Everyone fixates on Marco.

MARCO FRANKLIN

Indeed! The rest you shall earn.

LINDA WALTERS

Say hello to your new gardner!

LARRY COHEN

I'm your new chauffeur.

NOEL GOLDSTEIN

I will be the best butler ever!

Marco points to the paperwork.

MARCO FRANKLIN

Please sign and give them back to me. You must swear to keep our agreement a secret for life.

They all gaze at one another.

MILDRED MOORE

Okay, boss. But don't get any ideas of marrying me ... I'm to old for that nonsense, ya hear me!

All the workers unite their hands and sign the forms, returning them to Marco.

MARCO FRANKLIN

We are one family now!

CUT TO:

INT. DAY - THE NEXT DAY - POTTERY SHOP

Phil quickly opens the door as the class turns to peer at him, while Marco is speaking.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Carry on with your work, students.
Phillip is my dear friend.

Today Phil is wearing his official police uniform.

PHIL
How are you, Marco? Seen any
improvements thus far?

Macro joins his own hands as though praying.

MARCO FRANKLIN
I will see vast improvements when you
exit my shop!

Phil chuckles with a grin.

PHIL
Now is that any way to speak to a
dear friend? Oh, you moved!

Phil's stare permeates Marco.

MARCO FRANKLIN
I'm busy now. My debt to you has been
satisfied, officer!

Phil points a finger at Marco.

PHIL
No, your debt has not been satisfied!
Where did you move to, Marco?

Marco locks arms with Phil, escorting him to the shop door. The class is disturbed by the two men's interactions, then regain focus on their pottery designs as Marco returns.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Please don't fret, my friend Phil is
constantly busy and sometimes his
mind needs more rest than he is
willing to provide it.

The class looks down at the wheels as they move their hands shaping various art.

CUT TO:

INT. THAT NIGHT - MARCO'S NEW HOUSE

Marco turns his car into his circular driveway and sees his gardner tending to the newly planted shrubs.

MARCO FRANKLIN

Amazing!

Linda stops suddenly and stares at Marco.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)

I cannot believe my eyes!

LINDA WALTERS

Have I done something wrong, sir?

Marco claps his hands with glee.

MARCO FRANKLIN

Not at all, my dear! It is night and you are working. Plus you called me, sir! That is grand! Carry on with your work.

Linda waves a hand as he wanders away. Marco joyfully enters the house to find it quiet and cleaned. He sniffs the air and smiles. He rubs a fingertip across furniture. His elation continues.

MILDRED MOORE

Oh, I see you are home. How was your day, sir?

Marco peers around the room before answering her.

MARCO FRANKLIN

Splendid, thank you!

LARRY COHEN

The cars have been washed and cleaned, sir!

NOEL GOLDSTEIN

Everything is on order, sir!

Marco walks upstairs without a word said. He reaches the top of the stairs.

MARCO FRANKLIN

Excellent work, everyone!

CUT TO:

INT. DAY - ONE WEEK LATER - RODEO DRIVE - STORE

Marco reaches for the door handle of a store and pulls. The door doesn't open. He looks inside. He knocks on the door a few times. Slowly he turns away.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY - SAME DAY - MARCO'S NEW HOME

Loud chimes echo throughout the enormous home as Noel opens the tall twin maple doors.

NOEL GOLDSTEIN
Good day, may I help you?

JEYA GHANDI
Yes, does Marco Franklin reside here please?

Noel surveys the front entrance. He then pulls the door closer to himself, leaving Jeya outside.

NOEL GOLDSTEIN
I beg your pardon. I am not at liberty to inform anyone of the owners of this residence.

Jeya gazes at Noel, gently placing a rose in his hand.

JEYA GHANDI
If he does live here, please give this to him. My contact info is on the yellow card attached.

Noel reluctantly accepts the rose and card.

NOEL GOLDSTEIN
And if he is not here, I shall dispose of it immediately!

JEYA GHANDI
Very well, sir. Goodbye!

Noel shares a smile. She slowly walks to her car while studying the landscape. She starts her car and carefully checks the street for traffic. As she pulls out of the driveway and drives away, Marco's Porsche enters the driveway.

CUT TO:

INT. SAME DAY - TEN MINUTES LATER - MARCO'S HOUSE

Marco curiously notices the rose in Noel's hand.

MARCO FRANKLIN

Are we growing roses in the garden?

Noel walks across the decorated living room and reaches for Marco's right hand, then gingerly rests the rose in his masculine palm.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)

I'm afraid I'm at a loss for words
Noel. Is this a gift expressing your
gratitude for living here?

Noel compassionately shakes his head.

NOEL GOLDSTEIN

This delicate flower is a gift for
you, yes ... but from another
delicate flower, with olive skin. She
was here moments before you arrived.

Marco looks up at Noel with excitement.

MARCO FRANKLIN

Will she be returning tonight?

NOEL GOLDSTEIN

I'm afraid not, sir. There is a note
attached to the flower.

Marco peers down at the rose again. This time he doesn't
move. Slowly he hands the card to Noel.

MARCO FRANKLIN

Please read it for me, Noel. I am
filled with dread.

Noel carefully opens the note, looks at Marco, then begins
to slowly read the message within.

NOEL GOLDSTEIN

"Dear Marco, I did not hear from you
regarding the housewarming party. I
was deeply saddened. I did some
research and I think I found your
home. Please don't forget me. I hope
there is room for me in your busy
life and friendly heart. - Jeya"

Marco paces the tile floor clutching the rose to his chest.

Cont'd

NOEL GOLDSTEIN (cont'd)
It appears the lady is fond of you,
sir. What shall be your response?

Marco's back is facing Noel.

NOEL GOLDSTEIN (cont'd)
Sir? Do you plan a response?

Marco hesitantly turns to face Noel. His eyes display his
response.

NOEL GOLDSTEIN (cont'd)
Has something transpired between you
and this young lady?

MARCO FRANKLIN
Yes, Noel ... Yes!

NOEL GOLDSTEIN
Shall I phone an attorney?

Marco chuckles while clearing his face.

MARCO FRANKLIN
No, not at all. Noel, love has
happened ... Love!

Noel squeezes Marco's shoulder a few times.

NOEL GOLDSTEIN
The best of medicines, sir!

Marco enters the kitchen and yells back out to Noel.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Please run my bath water, I need to
think! And please make me a fruit
smoothie, as I am overjoyed with
sugary feelings!

NOEL GOLDSTEIN
Of course! Shall I gather your
lounging robe and cigarettes?

MARCO FRANKLIN
Simply splendid idea, Noel!

After a long bath Marco rests in bed.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY - THE NEXT DAY - OPEN FIELD - SUNNY

Marco's car is parked by a moss-covered tree. He sits on a blanket in the center of a sun-scorched clearing. He examines the wonders of creation all around him.

MARCO FRANKLIN

(Talks aloud to self)

I have finally triumphed over my struggles. I own a beautiful mansion, and employ a skilled staff. My car compliments the prestigious neighborhood and my soon friends will admire me greatly.

Marco stands and crinkles the beige blanket. He commences to roaming about the lush countryside as he meanders on a dirt path leading him to a large body of rumbling water. He kneels to gaze upon his reflection.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)

Who are you?

With a shaking hand he stretches for his image but only retrieves a handful of liquid impression, which quickly returns to the babbling pond.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)

Who are you in the mind of others?

Marco rises and heads back to the open field. Chipmunks scurry across his path and under fallen rotted trees. He gently pauses and stares into the tree. He can see the two creatures looking back at him, and at one another.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)

I'm Marco Franklin. I'm Marco
Franklin! I'm Marco Franklin!

He runs at top speed to the blanket, folds it up, and darts to his car, where he shakes off the blanket and throws it on the back seat. Closing the door firmly he looks up to the sky with confidence!

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)

I'm Marco Franklin, and I am a wealthy man who resides in a mansion. My life is complete and I am who I have always desired to be. No one can take me ... away from me!

CUT TO:

INT. SAME DAY - MARCO'S NEW HOME

Marco rushes around the house in search of Noel.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Finally I found you!

Noel looks with concern.

NOEL GOLDSTEIN
Is something wrong, sir?

Marco catching his breath.

MARCO FRANKLIN
I need to have the grandest of parties! One for the times.

NOEL GOLDSTEIN
Of course, sir. When would you like to host such an event?

Marco circles the room.

MARCO FRANKLIN
A.S.A.P. Please! I do not want to lose this beautiful woman.

Noel agrees.

NOEL GOLDSTEIN
Sir. There is no expiration date on love. If this woman truly loves you, her feelings will linger for some time now.

Marco ponders Noel's comment.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Thank you! I, however, do not wish to make time a competitor of mine. Two weeks from today. Please have everything in order. Food, dance, music, whatever the cost.

NOEL GOLDSTEIN
Yes, sir!

Marco pats Noel on the shoulder and leaves the room. Noel watches him as he joyfully strolls through the halls.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY - THE NEXT DAY - RODEO DRIVE STORE

Marco arrives at Jeya's store with red roses in his hands.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Excuse me, dear lady.

Jeya turns from stocking a shelf.

JEYA GHANDI
Oh, hello! How are you?

She eyeballs the roses.

MARCO FRANKLIN
I'm quite well, thank you. How are you this marvelous day?

JEYA GHANDI
Very well, thank you.

Marco extends the roses to Jeya.

JEYA GHANDI (cont'd)
I'm flattered! Thank you for thinking of me. I think I visited your home.

Marco rubs her hand.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Yes, my butler informed me. Nice of you to stop by. Forgive me for not being home.

Jeya keeps sniffing the roses.

JEYA GHANDI
My bad. I arrived unannounced.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Never your bad, my dear.

Jeya keeps the roses close to her face.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)
I am having that housewarming party. Here is the date and time. Should you need transportation, please call my butler, Noel. He will happily assist you in attending.

A single tear trickles down her cheek.

Cont'd

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)
I hope I have not offended you.

Jeya uses her back hand to wipe the tear.

JEYA GHANDI
I'm happy, very happy.

Marco escorts her to a chair.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Is there anything I can get for you?

JEYA GHANDI
No, thank you.

Marco brings a few tissues from a nearby desk to her.

MARCO FRANKLIN
I bid you good day, my dear. I will
see you soon.

Jeya peers again into the roses.

JEYA GHANDI
Yes, of course. Good day!

Marco departs the store.

CUT TO:

INT. SAME DAY - MARCO'S HOUSE

Marco and Noel sit in the kitchen reviewing plans.

NOEL GOLDSTEIN
Invitations are in the mail. All
festivities are in order, sir. The
party should be a grand success.

Marco looks up from the paperwork.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Splendid! Regardless of price, Noel
... make this a memorable occasion.

Noel nods his head.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT - TWO WEEKS LATER - PARTY

The house is swarming with guests enjoying the party.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Jeya, I am elated by your presence.

Jeya smiles.

JEYA GHANDI
I honestly thought I had lost you.

They hold hands while touring the mansion. People say hi and raise their glasses to Marco. He returns a friendly smile.

JEYA GHANDI (cont'd)
You really know a lot of people.

MARCO FRANKLIN
It comes with the business, you know.

JEYA GHANDI
The entertainment business must have brutal demands on your life.

MARCO FRANKLIN
I'm adjusting.

The doorbell rings. Noel attends to it. Everyone turns to see who is entering. An eruption of sighs and cheers.

NOEL GOLDSTEIN
Ladies and gentleman, Mr. Jake Stratton.

Everyone stares at the famous movie star.

JEYA GHANDI
Do you know Jake Stratton? OMG! Can you get me his autograph?

Marco does not respond. Mr. Stratton mingles with the other guests before finally approaching Marco.

JAKE STRATTON
Hello, and welcome to the neighborhood.

Marco only peers deeply into Jake's eyes. Phil walks up to Marco and puts his arm on his shoulder. Marco continues to gaze at Jake. The music has stopped and the crowd moves in closer to the men.

Cont'd

PHIL
Marco buddy, you okay?

Jake looks around with a slight embarrassment.

JAKE STRATTON
I'm sorry. Have I done something wrong?

Phil waves his hands.

PHIL
No, no, no! He's a bit nervous at times.

Marco raises his index finger and points to Jake.

MARCO FRANKLIN
Y, yo, you, are Jake Stratton!

Jake smiles.

JAKE STRATTON
Yes, I am! And your neighbor.

MARCO FRANKLIN
May I please have your autograph?

Everyone now laughs and smiles realizing Marco was gun shy.

JAKE STRATTON
My pleasure!

Jake writes his name on Marco's name tag. Marco falls back and is caught by Noel and Phil. He is placed on a chair.

JAKE STRATTON (cont'd)
Wow, I guess I have achieved some celebrity. You okay, buddy?

Marco stands up and walks around the grand living room.

MARCO FRANKLIN
You have a beautiful home Mr. Stratton. Who is your decorator? I simply must follow your lead. The inspiration for such magnificence is amazing to say the least.

The crowd oddly stares at Marco.

Cont'd

JAKE STRATTON

Marco, this is your home. You and
your staff live here.

Marco sweats heavily and sits again. A woman quickly walks
over to Marco.

WOMAN AT PARTY

Marco, I'm a nurse. Are you okay?

Phil walks over rubbing his chin.

PHIL

Marco, you need a doctor?

Marco stands up.

MARCO FRANKLIN

I own a pottery shop, right?

He looks around the room at people.

PHIL

Yes, Marco ... you own a pottery
shop. For years you have owned it.
You recently moved here. Your aunt
passed on. You bought this house.

Phil waves his hands in front of Marco.

MARCO FRANKLIN

How can I afford a home so luxurious?

JEYA GHANDI

You are in the industry, Marco.
Remember?

MARCO FRANKLIN

Yes, the pottery industry.

JEYA GHANDI

WHAT?

MARCO FRANKLIN

I'm a potter. I love my work.

Phil smiles and raises his hands in the air. Jeya walks over
next to Jake Stratton.

MARCO FRANKLIN (cont'd)

Phil, when we going fishing again?

Cont'd

Phil places his glass on a table.

PHIL
Anytime your ready, buddy.

JEYA GHANDI
You're a damn potter?

Noel turns to Jeya with a shocked expression.

NOEL GOLDSTEIN
Yes, Marco is a potter.

Jeya turns to Jake Stratton.

JEYA GHANDI
Mr. Stratton, can you please give me
a ride home?

NOEL GOLDSTEIN
Excuse me? You drove here.

Jake walks over to Marco, then turns to Jeya.

JAKE STRATTON
Goodnight, madam!

Phil shakes hands with Jake.

PHIL
It worked, Jake. Thanks for your
help.

Marco hugs the two men.

PHIL (cont'd)
Welcome back, Marco!

The End.