

Professor Pasghetti

by  
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EXT. WHITE HOUSE LAWN - EASTER - DAY

CHILDREN FROLIC among light pastel colored balloons. A MAN IN AN EASTER BUNNY COSTUME COLLECTS EGGS.

It's the annual WHITE HOUSE EASTER EGG ROLL, which of course is highlighted by the STORY-TELLING STAGE...

Shots of CHILDREN, ages 7-10, LAUGHING HYSTERICALLY at...

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI, 30s, whacky children's author READING on stage in front of them. This guy filled the void that Dr. Seuss and Shel Silverstein left behind. He's a celebrity to these kids, a clown without the scary makeup, someone who can keep the attention of the A.D.D. generation...

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

Now I'd like to read you a story  
by...what was my name? Did I say it  
already? I'm your good pal...

KIDS

(screaming)

Professor Pasghetti!

READING an OVER-SIZED PICTURE BOOK of his...

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

That's right! Now this is called  
The Cowardly Corn Flake.

(reading)

Stuck in the box, he shivered with  
fright/A thought he couldn't escape  
from the previous night!/"They'll  
eat me for breakfast but this Corn  
Flake can't swim!/ They'll drown me  
in 1%, soy milk or skim!"

The CHILDREN LAUGH AND CLAP, having the time of their lives.

Except for one CRYING KID, throwing a full-on tantrum. His MOTHER tries to calm him down.

CRYING KID

I want a cupcake! I want a cupcake!

The crowd has obviously noticed. But Pasghetti is a pro.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

(playing it off)

No, no. *Cornflake*, not cupcake. You  
can't have cupcakes for breakfast!

The kids CHEER! The Mother takes her CRYING KID away, apologizing with her eyes...

EXT. WHITE HOUSE LAWN - LATER

Professor Pasghetti POSES for pictures with the PRESIDENT AND HIS FAMILY!

You can tell the kids are in AWE of this man -- more so than any ambassador or diplomat they've met before.

Pasghetti WAVES GOODBYE to the MOB OF KIDS -- who are still going crazier than the crowd awaiting the Beatles at JFK.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Remember kids! Eat your vegetables!  
As long as they're covered in  
chocolate sauce!

And heads off stage towards BURT AND ERNIE, and their PUPPETEERS, clearly getting ready to read the next story. He HIGH FIVES them both, gets another PHOTO OP.

Pasghetti is stopped by a SECURITY GUARD IN SUNGLASSES.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
(puts his hands up)  
Uh oh! What did I do?

The GUARD holds A BOOK AND A PEN for the author to sign.

SECURITY GUARD  
My son's name is Sebastian.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
(as he signs)  
Adorable.

Professor finishes signing, and WAVES GOODBYE to the FANS. Then he SPOTS the CRYING KID, now EATING A CUP CAKE.

He BENDS DOWN to the CRYING KID.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Wanna know a secret?  
(whispers in his ear)  
They put the cute fluffy bunnies  
from the petting zoo in the  
cupcakes. So you're chowing down on  
a wittle bunny wabbit. Chew on that  
you little cunt.

CRYING KID IS TERRIFIED. Professor keeps WAVING WITH A SMILE.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - LATER

As soon as the sounds of children are out of ear shot, his whole demeanor changes immediately. His lightheartedness is gone. He looks depressed. He LIGHTS A CIGARETTE.

INT. PUBLISHING HOUSE - LATER

Professor Pasghetti STANDS in front of AL, 50s, editor/publisher, seated behind his desk. Typical photos of his family decorate his work space.

He HANDS Professor a STACK OF ENVELOPES.

AL  
Residuals.

Professor Pasghetti POCKETS them.

AL  
How'd it go?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
I'll be lucky if I walk away from this without conjunctivitis.

AL  
You were a guest at the friggin' White House!

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
They all have germs, Al. Armies of germs projected through the air by their annoyingly piercing screams. Presidential germs, just as deadly.  
(giggling to himself)  
Well there was this one fun part with a cupcake. And you know how rarely I use the C-word.

AL  
Cupcake?

Pasghetti takes out a PRESCRIPTION BOTTLE, POPS A PILL.

AL  
You owe me a new draft you know...did you wear the ear plugs?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Yes. But I still have a migraine.

AL  
Wait, what did you just take?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
(ignoring him)  
How far you think I could kick one?

AL  
A kid?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Yea. Like if I punted one. A  
smaller one obviously. Pre school.

AL  
I don't know, man. That's sick.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
I wouldn't actually intentionally  
diminish my demographic, Al. I'm  
just an enthusiast of the mystery.

Al SHAKES HIS HEAD.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
You wanna get away with me this  
weekend? Atlantic City? Shoot some  
craps, shoot some loads on  
strippers?

AL  
My son's got a little league game.

Professor Pasghetti SIGHS. This is why he doesn't have kids.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Alright.  
(beat)  
You wanna give me a ride?

EXT. PUBLISHING HOUSE

Professor Pasghetti CATCHES A CAB.

INT. CAB - CONTINUOUS

Professor Pasghetti gets in and...

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Atlantic City.

CAB DRIVER  
Are you kidding?

Professor takes a HIT from a flask in his pocket.

He COUNTS a WAD OF MONEY in the back seat, hands the DRIVER a hefty stack of bills. This seems to satisfy him.

He PULLS the money back for a second.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
You're not part Asian are you?

INT. CASINO - NIGHT

Professor Pasghetti, looking a bit tipsy now, plays loosely with his money at a blackjack table. He's surrounded by a FATHER, DAUGHTER, clearly old enough to be at the table, and a LOW LIFE GAMBLER.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Hit me.

Professor BUSTS. Money down the drain. He's unfazed and continues to sip his gin on the rocks.

Professor looks over as the FATHER is COACHING the DAUGHTER.

FATHER  
You have to assume the dealer has a  
10 under whatever card's showing-

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Is that your daughter?

FATHER  
(proudly)  
My favorite daughter.

DAUGHTER  
I'm your only daughter.

They laugh at their corny inside joke.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
That's beautiful.  
(to daughter)  
Do you know how many luxuries your  
old man could've afforded had he  
not wasted money on your braces,  
meals and education? We're talking  
German cars and 2nd honeymoons.

The Father tries to LAUGH OFF the insult.

The LOW LIFE GAMBLER is kind of loving it.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
 (re: Low Life)  
 He knows what I'm talking about. No  
 one suckling on your teet.  
 (they CHEERS glasses)  
 I mean who the fuck is gonna marry  
 you let alone suckle your teet?

The Low Life's demeanor immediately changes.

FATHER  
 Don't I know you from somewhere?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
 I was going to ask you the same  
 thing. You've done inter-racial gay  
 porn right?

FATHER  
 No.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
 Oh. Just Caucasian on Caucasian?

The Father is getting angry.

FATHER  
 You got a problem, buddy?

DAUGHTER  
 Dad, ignore him.

She places a hand on his shoulder and he calms down.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
 You single? I make good money. I  
 can save you from this life of  
 mediocrity he's built for you.

FATHER  
 What is it that you do sir?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
 Professionally?

The Father nods.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
 (with an odd grin)  
 I'm an entertainer of children.

All the GAMBLERS are aghast.

Professor Pasghetti gets dealt a BLACKJACK.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

Boom!

INT. STRIP CLUB - LATER

Professor Pasghetti finds himself in a less-than-posh strip club with less-than-high-end STRIPPERS.

One stripper, MISTY, approaches Professor. No telling how old she is, she looks like she's 30 -- but a 30 that's seen a lot of shit, probably a drug addict, maybe a C-section scar on her stomach.

MISTY

I'm Misty.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

Call me Professor.

She starts giving him a LAP DANCE.

MISTY

You gonna teach me something?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

The topography of my cock.

Professor SIPS his GIN as Misty GRINDS INTO HIS LAP.

MISTY

You like that, Professor?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

I don't hate it.

MISTY

(unsure)

Ok...

She's WORKING HARDER now.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

What time do you get off Misty?

MISTY

(slutty/flirty)

Orgasms isn't a science.



PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
 Firstly, it is. It's Biology.  
 Secondly I was asking what time you  
 punch the clock in this shit hole.

MISTY  
 4. You looking for a private party?

INT. RUN DOWN HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Professor Pasghetti is doing LINES OF COKE off of the DRESSER  
 in the hotel room. His SUITCASE is open, but not unpacked.

The TV is on. LOUD.

There's a KNOCK ON THE DOOR. Professor goes to answer it and  
 sees Misty.

She looks even trashier than she did in the strip club, if  
 that's possible. Straight up she's not a high class call  
 girl.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
 Let me give you the grand tour.

INT. RUN DOWN HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Professor Pasghetti BANGS Misty from behind as she SNORTS  
 LINES from the DRESSER.

INT. RUN DOWN HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Professor DOES LINES off Misty's ass...

INT. RUN DOWN HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Misty is BLOWING Professor Pasghetti as he drinks GIN.

INT. RUN DOWN HOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - LATER

Professor Pasghetti is SPLASHING WATER ON HIS FACE.

He then TAKES THE SOAP and AGGRESSIVELY WASHES HIS JUNK.

He LOOKS IN THE MIRROR.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Hey Misty, I wouldn't be a  
gentleman if I didn't ask, but  
what's your policy on the two-hole?  
(no answer)  
I just think a valued customer  
should be given certain allowances.  
And I'm not asking for a freebie.  
But you seem limber.  
(still no answer)  
If you're not too sore. I'm game.

INT. RUN DOWN HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Professor Pasghetti comes out of the bathroom...

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
We could use the shower if you-

And then he sees her.

MISTY - ON THE GROUND, NOSE BLEEDING, THROW UP DRIPPING DOWN  
HER CHEEK, EYES OPEN.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
What the fuck?!

Professor Pasghetti RUSHES OVER TO MISTY.

He CHECKS HER PULSE.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Are you kidding me?

He is about to give her MOUTH-TO-MOUTH...

But he's GROSSED OUT by the vomit.

He PUMPS HER CHEST instead. But no good.

He GETS UP and starts PACING.

His ATTENTION GOES TO THE TV --

A TMZ REPORT is BLASTING.

A DOUCHEY REPORTER SHOUTS from his CUBICLE.

DOUCHEY REPORTER  
I got Professor Pasghetti in a  
hotel room with a dead hooker.

A PICTURE OF PROFESSOR PASGHETTI ON SCREEN -- in the EXACT SCENE HE IS LIVING OUT IN THE HOTEL ROOM.

TMZ REPORTER (V.O.)  
 Peekaboo, Professor Pasghetti! I guess his PHD wasn't in medicine -- because the working girl OD'd on a healthy amount of cocaine with no one there to revive her. In the writer's own words, "The girl did blow? I didn't know! I've reached a new low with this drugged up ho!"

Professor is FREAKING OUT.

TMZ REPORTER  
 Sources also claim Professor Pasghetti has been getting blow jobs from Scarlet Johansson on the regular.

Professor SHRUGS -- that part's pretty good.

He looks at the TV -- back to a MUNDANE WEATHER REPORT. It was just a hallucination.

He's CATCHING HIS BREATH when...

There's a KNOCK ON THE DOOR.

WHO THE FUCK IS THAT? Professor Pasghetti CREEPS TO THE DOOR.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
 Who is it?

He LOOKS THROUGH THE EYE HOLE. A ROOM SERVICE GUY is there.

ROOM SERVICE GUY  
 Room service, Mr. Pasghetti.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
 How do you know my name?!

ROOM SERVICE GUY  
 (taken aback)  
 You gave it when you checked in, sir. You requested breakfast this morning?

He thinks.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
 Ok. Just leave it by the door.

ROOM SERVICE GUY  
But you need to sign for it, sir.

EXT. HALLWAY - SAME

Professor Pasghetti OPENS THE DOOR just slightly.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Sorry. It's just, I'm not dressed.

The ROOM SERVICE GUY looks down, then back up, embarrassed.

ROOM SERVICE GUY  
Oh, I see that now. Sorry to  
disturb you, sir.

Professor SIGNS THE CHECK QUICKLY.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
No, no. Not at all. Thank you.

He takes the room service TRAYS.

INT. RUN DOWN HOTEL ROOM - SAME

Professor SLAMS THE DOOR.

He THROWS THE FOOD DOWN, with complete disregard.

Ok -- what's he gonna do?

He goes to the dresser -- SWEEPS UP all of the COKE.

INT. RUN DOWN HOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Professor Pasghetti FLUSHES all the drugs.

INT. RUN DOWN HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Professor Pasghetti NOTICES BLOOD AND VOMIT on the carpet.

He quickly takes his BOTTLE OF GIN and SOAKS THE AFFECTED  
AREAS. Maybe attempting to disinfect it. Maybe just watering  
it down to hide the stains.

Now what to do with the body?

His eyes SCAN THE ROOM.

And he settles on...HIS SUITCASE.

Professor Pasghetti takes ALL OF HIS CLOTHES out.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Professor CREEPS THROUGH THE HALLS.

He finds an UNATTENDED MAID'S CART.

He dumps ALL OF HIS CLOTHES IN IT -- and QUICKLY GOES BACK TO HIS ROOM.

INT. RUN DOWN HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Professor Pasghetti STUFFS Misty's body into the suitcase.

He's really struggling, almost FOLDING HER IN HALF -- but he's getting it done.

He SPOTS her PURSE on the counter.

Inside: CONDOMS, LOOSE CASH, CAR KEYS, PHOTO ID, CELL PHONE, TWIZZLERS.

Professor takes the CASH, KEYS and TWIZZLERS.

He takes the BATTERY out of the phone.

He STUFFS THE REST IN THE SUITCASE.

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

Professor Pasghetti WHEELS THE SUITCASE out the door and towards the elevator.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Professor Pasghetti NERVOUSLY EATS TWIZZLERS as he gets closer and closer to the LOBBY.

The LIT NUMBERS of the elevator keep going down.

But STOP on the 3rd FLOOR.

A COUPLE OF DUDES get in.

DUDE 1

Bro, I was out of my mind last night, bro!

DUDE 2

Dude, you were all over that Indian girl! She was gross, dude!

DUDE 1

I know, bro, but I was hammered!

They take notice of Professor Pasghetti.

DUDE 1

Sup, bro?

DUDE 2

Yo, dude.

Professor Pasghetti just NODS. He's tense. Real tense.

DING! Finally in the lobby.

And Professor Pasghetti RUSHES OUT.

DUDE 2

This dude doesn't even know.

DUDE 1

No way, bro.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Professor Pasghetti ROLLS the suitcase through the parking structure.

He POINTS THE CAR KEYS in EVERY DIRECTION as he HITS THE UNLOCK BUTTON -- trying to get a BEEP BEEP from Misty's car.

He goes down every aisle until he finally FINDS IT.

An old FORD TAURUS from the 90's BEEPS in response to his button-pushing. The headlights FLASH.

He POPS THE TRUNK and REALLY STRUGGLES getting the suitcase up and inside. It's heavy.

INT. FORD TAURUS - CONTINUOUS

Professor Pasghetti gets in the driver's seat, takes a DEEP BREATH and puts the key in the ignition.

LITTLE BOY'S VOICE (O.S.)

Who are you?

Professor Paschetti TURNS AROUND WITH A SCREAM.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

Ahhhhh! What the shit?

And he sees...

A little boy, who we'll come to know as ROBBIE, 7 or 8, with curly hair and the ignorance of a child. Looks like he's just waking up having spent the entire evening IN THE CAR!

ROBBIE

Who are you?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

Huh?

ROBBIE

What are you doing in my Mom's car?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

Have you been here all night?

Professor Pasghetti realizes who this kid is -- that Misty left her child unattended all night.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

I'm a friend of your mom's. She's lending me the car for a while.

ROBBIE

What did you put in the trunk?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

That...was your bag. She packed a bag for you. Because she had to go. Somewhere else.

ROBBIE

Where?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

Where did she go? That's what you want to know? She went far away. Do you know where French Guiana is?

ROBBIE

No.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

That's where she went.

ROBBIE

Why did she pack me a bag?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

Because...she wanted me to take you to your dad's. Where does he live again? She told me. But, I forgot.

No answer.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
You don't know?

ROBBIE  
I'm not supposed to talk to  
strangers.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
We have been fucking talking for  
what seems like hours!

The "F" word catches Robbie off guard.

ROBBIE  
I just remembered, though.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
You just talked to me again!

Robbie COVERS HIS MOUTH with his HANDS.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
But I'm not a stranger! I'm your  
mom's friend. How else would I have  
her car keys?

The kid's giving him nothing.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
This isn't a fucking game kid!

Professor Pasghetti TURNS AWAY, CURSES SILENTLY FOR A FEW  
LONG SECONDS, WIPES sweat from his face, PULLING HIS SHIT  
TOGETHER...he's gotta turn the charm on...

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
I guess your mom was wrong about  
you wanting to be famous. I'll just  
be going then...

Professor Pasghetti starts to get out of the car.

ROBBIE  
What do you mean famous?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
What? Oh nothing -- it's just, I  
write children's books. You've  
probably never heard of me.  
Professor Pasghetti?

Robbie's eyes LIGHT UP.



ROBBIE  
You're Professor Pasghetti?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Oh you have heard of me? Yea I wrote -- "Mommy come quick and bring more pasghetti, Daddy ate all of the meatballs already."

Robbie LAUGHS at the rhyme.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
And I was going to write a sequel. I told your mom all this -- I told her I needed a brand new main character and she said -- what was your name again?

ROBBIE  
Robbie.

The Professor SMILES.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Right. She said, "Robbie would be perfect!" I told her I'd have to meet you first. And when I asked her, "He doesn't think I'm a stranger does he?" She told me, "Of course not! You're one of my best most special friends!"

ROBBIE  
But I would be the perfect!

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Is that so? Well this little boy in my book...it's a top secret story. Can I trust you, Robbie?

ROBBIE  
I won't tell anyone.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Ok, well the little boy, he sets off on a journey to go see his father. You think that sounds good?

ROBBIE  
Yea! Maybe he rides a dragon to get there!

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Maybe. I was thinking like a bus.  
Because dragons aren't real. But  
let's keep brainstorming. Where do  
you think he should go to find his  
father?

ROBBIE  
I don't know. French Guiana?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
They don't have buses there.  
(beat)  
I got it! Where does your father  
live, Robbie?

ROBBIE  
My Dad lives in Texas.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Woah! Texas is a big place! This is  
a good start. Because it's a far  
away land. He can start in Atlantic  
City, New Jersey...and go all the  
way to...Where in Texas does your  
Dad live?

ROBBIE  
Sand Antonio.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
*Sand Antonio. A beach town right in  
the middle of America's 2nd largest  
state. That's perfect! "So Robbie,  
the boy whose knees were quite  
knobby, was off to where sand  
castling was the town's biggest  
hobby."*

Professor Pasghetti SMILES as he turns the ignition.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
(to himself)  
San Antonio.

INT. GREYHOUND BUS TERMINAL - DAY

Professor Pasghetti is at the ticket window.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
How much for one one-way ticket to  
Sand Antonio?  
(MORE)

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI (cont'd)  
(beat)  
I mean San Antonio.

The TICKET AGENT at the window is pretty bored of her job.

TICKET AGENT  
\$216 before taxes.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
I'll take it.

TICKET AGENT  
Please swipe your credit card-

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Cash, actually.

TICKET AGENT  
(still unenthusiastic)  
Congratulations Mr. Atlantic City  
big shot. Please, flaunt your  
riches and "make it rain" into the  
little slot right below this glass  
barrier between us.

Professor Pasghetti LOOKS AT HER strangely.

He takes a WAD OF MONEY and starts to "make it rain" into the  
little slot.

TICKET AGENT  
There you go. Who's the big man?  
You're the big man.

Professor Pasghetti is still confused.

TICKET AGENT  
Have a safe trip, go lasso yourself  
a bucking bronco and make sure to  
wear an over-sized belt buckle.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Thank you.

EXT. GREYHOUND BUS TERMINAL - LATER

Professor Pasghetti USHERS Robbie out of the car and towards  
the bus.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Tuck your shirt in.

Robbie does so.

And Professor Pasghetti SHOVES SEVERAL BAGS OF CHIPS DOWN THE FRONT OF HIS SHIRT -- puffing the shirt out.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

Here's some chips.  
(listing as he puts them  
in the shirt)  
Lunch, dinner, breakfast, lunch,  
dinner...that should do it.  
Remember when you get to San  
Antonio, you can't tell anyone  
about the book, right?

ROBBIE

You're not coming?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

I can't because...I get bus sick.  
And I can't write the book if I'm  
puking all over the place, right?

ROBBIE

But-

Professor Pasghetti is NUDGING him towards the bus.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

You excited to see your Dad? Of  
course you are. It's going to make  
for a great story and kids  
everywhere are going to know who  
you are!

ROBBIE

What about my bag?

This stops Professor Pasghetti in his tracks.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

What's that?

ROBBIE

The bag my mom packed for me. It's  
still in the trunk.

EXT. BUS - LATER

Professor Pasghetti WHEELS THE HEAVY BAG next to Robbie, who  
still has a shirt full of bags of chips.

Professor Pasghetti is HAVING TROUBLE getting the suitcase  
into the storage area under the bus.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Help me out, would ya kid?

Robbie helps with the suitcase -- essentially helping put his own dead mother under a bus.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Now have a great time, alright  
Robbie? Remember -- our secret.

Robbie BOARDS THE BUS and WAVES GOODBYE as the BUS PULLS OFF.

And Professor Pasghetti RACES BACK TO THE CAR.

He FRANTICALLY PUTS THE KEY IN and...

FOLLOWS THE BUS DOWN THE ROAD...

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Professor Pasghetti isn't taking his eyes off the bus in front of him.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
(to himself)  
What about my bag? You little  
fucking asshole!

And he's right on the bus's ass.

Another car tries to get into Professor Pasghetti's lane, but he's not having it. No way is he letting anything get between him and this bus.

After a while the bus finally seems to be taking an EXIT OFF OF THE HIGHWAY.

EXT. BUS STOP - LATER

It's not San Antonio -- not even close. But it's the first bus stop and it's Professor Pasghetti's chance.

He parks his car and STROLLS OVER to the bus.

The compartment underneath is open as various PASSENGERS take their luggage.

Professor Pasghetti LOCATES the suitcase and DRAGS IT OFF.

He lets out a BIG SIGH OF RELIEF.

He WHEELS it back to the car, puts it in the trunk.

We HEAR -- THE BUS PULLING AWAY....

ROBBIE (O.S.)  
What are you doing with my bag?

Professor Pasghetti SPINS AROUND TO SEE -- Robbie.

The bus PULLING AWAY BEHIND HIM.

The kid got off the bus.

INT. CAR - LATER

Professor Pasghetti drives, angrily.

Robbie sits shot gun.

Professor Pasghetti is ON HIS CELL PHONE...

ROBBIE  
Mommy come quick and bring more  
pasghetti! Daddy ate all of the  
meatballs already!

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Hey, Robbie, need you to keep it  
down for a second.  
(into phone)  
Yes, hi, I accidentally got off the  
bus before my final stop.  
(beat)  
San Antonio, Texas.  
(beat)  
I got off in Winslow, New Jersey.

Robbie is TWISTING HIMSELF into the seat belt -- moving  
around in his seat.

ROBBIE  
Mommy come quick and bring more  
pasghetti! Daddy ate all of the  
meatballs already!

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Robbie, shhhh.  
(into phone)  
Yea, total brain fart on my end.  
But I do need to catch a bus.  
(beat)  
What do you mean the last one? What  
about tomorrow?  
(beat)  
I can't wait until Monday.

Robbie's bouncing on the seat.

ROBBIE

(louder)

Mommy come quick and bring more  
pasghetti! Daddy ate all of the  
meatballs already!

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

Gotta shut the fuck up, ok champ?

(into phone)

No, not you, sir. The child in the  
car with me.

(beat)

So there's nothing else you can do  
for me? Great.

Professor Pasghetti hangs up.

ROBBIE

Mommy come quick and bring more  
pasghetti! Daddy ate all of the  
meatballs already!

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

Why are you so annoying? And  
repetitive? How is repeating  
yourself possibly beneficial to  
either of us?

Robbie STARES AT HIM.

ROBBIE

Mommy come quick and bring-

Professor Pasghetti HITS THE BREAKS -- STOPPING SHORT.

Robbie FLIES FORWARD, but all wrapped up in the seat belt, he  
CHOKES A LITTLE BIT.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

Woah, what happened?

Robbie is COUGHING.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

Better give those vocal chords a  
rest, huh?

ROBBIE

I'm bored.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
You're bored? How do you think I  
feel? I have to basically have a  
conversation with myself all the  
way to San Antonio.

ROBBIE  
You're coming with me now?

Professor Pasghetti SIGHS.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Yea, I guess so.

ROBBIE  
Yay!  
(beat)  
Mommy come quick and bring-

Professor Pasghetti COVERS ROBBIE'S MOUTH WITH HIS HAND.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Say it again. I will drop you off  
in China Town, where dumb white  
asshole kids are a delicacy.

Robbie LOOKS AT HIM. About to speak...

Professor Pasghetti STARTS TO PULL OVER...

Gives ROBBIE a look.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
I shit you not, Robbie.

He TURNS ON THE RADIO.

INT. GAS STATION MINI MART - LATER

Professor Pasghetti is STOCKING UP ON SOME STUFF in the  
aisles as he talks on his phone...

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Al Oppenheimer's office, please.  
It's the Professor.

INT. AL'S OFFICE - INTERCUT

Al, behind his desk, picks up the phone.

AL  
How was AC?



PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
How did you know I was there?

AL  
You asked me for a ride.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Oh, right. I just -- don't tell  
anyone I was there, ok?

AL  
Why? Did you knock over a casino?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Yea -- me George Clooney and Brad  
Pitt. Look I need you to cancel all  
commitments I have this week.

AL  
Why? What's wrong?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Nothing. I just have to take a trip  
somewhere.

AL  
Where?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
That's really none of your  
business, Al.

AL  
You are my business.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
I'm going to San Antonio.

AL  
You met a girl didn't you?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Something like that.

AL  
You lucky S.O.B. See, I always knew  
you just needed someone special in  
your life. I can hear the happiness  
in your voice already-

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Cancel my shit. Don't psychoanalyze  
me in the form of a sonnet.

AL

OK. You have a couple of readings scheduled, but I can move them.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

Thanks.

(beat)

Also -- I need you to put me in touch with James Patterson.

AL

James Patterson?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

He's an author, Al.

AL

I know who he is. Why do you want to talk to him.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

I need some advice. For this murder...

AL

A murder?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

Murder mystery novel I want to write.

Professor Pasghetti is at the check out line. He puts his items down - A NOTEBOOK, CRAYONS, SEVERAL BOTTLES OF HAND SANITIZER, JUNK FOOD, and a big SPRAY BOTTLE OF FABREZE...

Al starts to SCREAM so Professor Pasghetti takes the phone away from his ear.

AL

What! What do you mean you want to write a murder mystery? Are you out of your mind? Do not fuck up your image! How many times do we have to talk about these pipe dreams! You have a niche! A goddamn niche! A million dollar niche! You're going to throw that all away on a wannabe Alex Cross piece of shit book!

Professor Pasghetti SMILES as the CASHIER can clearly hear all the yelling from the cell phone.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

You done?

AL  
Not even close!

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Have him give me a call, Al.

Professor Pasghetti hangs up.

EXT. REST STOP - CONTINUOUS

Professor Pasghetti POPS THE TRUNK.

He USES NEARLY THE WHOLE BOTTLE OF FABREZE as he SPRAYS DOWN THE SUITCASE IN THE TRUNK.

Really OVER DOING IT with the spray -- then again there is a dead body in there.

INT. CAR - LATER

Professor Pasghetti hands the HAND SANITIZER to Robbie.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Wash up.

Robbie RUBS IT everywhere -- HANDS, FACE, HAIR...

Professor Pasghetti takes out the NOTEBOOK and CRAYONS and gives them to Robbie.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Here. Draw something.

ROBBIE  
Like what?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Book's gotta have pictures right?  
Just don't make me look retarded.

Robbie STARTS COLORING with a smile.

INT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

BIANCA, blonde, foreign, and maybe 40?, nervously checks her phone backstage.

The STAGE MANAGER shouts in her direction.

STAGE MANAGER  
Bianca, you're on the pole!

BIANCA  
Have you heard from Misty?

STAGE MANAGER  
I don't associate with you girls  
outside the club.

BIANCA  
She was supposed to be working  
tonight. And she hasn't answered my  
calls or my texts.

He shrugs.

STAGE MANAGER  
Her outfit never has pockets.  
Where's she supposed to keep her  
phone? Up her cooch?

Bianca puts her phone down and hits the stage.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

2 beds. Professor Pasghetti on one. Robbie on the other.

They're watching TV.

ROBBIE  
I don't get it.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
It's a metaphor.

Angle on TV: A LESBIAN SEX SCENE -- a HOT FEMALE COP has  
pulled over another HOT FEMALE DRIVER.

They're going at it on the hood of the car.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
That one girl is a cop.

Robbie WATCHES carefully -- trying to grasp the plot.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
The other one was speeding. And she  
got pulled over.

ROBBIE  
But the cop said she checked the  
plates and the car was stolen.

A FLASH OF FEAR/REALIZATION in Pasghetti's eyes.

ROBBIE  
So why isn't she taking her to  
jail?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
We have a flawed legal system.

Professor Pasghetti GETS UP and grabs the car keys.

And the FABREZE.

Robbie BOLTS UP.

ROBBIE  
Where are you going?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
I gotta take the car for a little,  
I'll be back in a couple of hours.

ROBBIE  
Can I come?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
No...you should stay here.

ROBBIE  
Please don't leave!

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
It's just for a little while-

Robbie is CLINGING to Professor's leg.

ROBBIE  
Please! Don't go Professor  
Pasghetti!

Professor Pasghetti is LIMPING to the door.

ROBBIE  
You can't go! No! Stop!

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Alright, Jesus. I thought kids were  
all medicated now.

Professor PUSHES Robbie off. He TUMBLES on the floor.

He puts the keys down, puts his hands up.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
I'm just going to get a soda. Ok?

Robbie is calming down now.

EXT. HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Professor Pasghetti steps out of his room and is already in the parking lot of the cheap motel.

He EYES the stolen car and STROLLS to the soda machine, right next to the MAINTENANCE CLOSET.

He KICKS IN THE CLOSET DOOR.

Professor Pasghetti FLIPS A SCREWDRIVER IN HIS HAND, obviously taken from the closet.

He goes up to ANOTHER CAR and starts STEALTHILY REMOVING THE LICENSE PLATES.

He does the same to his STOLEN CAR. Trading one set for the other.

INT. HOTEL - LATER

Professor Pasghetti returns to the room, porno still on the TV, and sees...

Robbie -- PASSED OUT -- ONE HAND GRIPPING THE CAR KEYS, the OTHER HAND DOWN HIS PANTS.

Robbie STIRS for a second when he hears the door.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
It's alright. I'm back.  
(softer)  
Such a baby.

Professor goes to his own bed, picks up his drink, and continues to watch the porno nonchalantly.

EXT. STRIP CLUB - MORNING

Bianca strolls out of work, early in the morning, in her stripper clothing, smoking a cigarette.

Still no word from Misty.

She looks VERY WORRIED.

INT. CAR - NEXT DAY

Professor Pasghetti PLUGS HIS IPOD into the STEREO.

Gangster Rap, Busta Rhymes' "Put Your Hands Where My Eyes Can See" BLASTS from the speakers --

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

(rapping)

*Hit you with no delayin so what you  
sayin yo/ Silly with my nine milly  
what the deally yo/ When I be on  
the mic yes I do my duty yo/ Wild  
up in the club like we wylin the  
studio/ You don't want to violate  
nigga-*

Professor CUTS HIMSELF OFF.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

You like rap?

ROBBIE

No.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

Well I'm off the clock. So Elmo's  
song and skinny marinky dinky dink  
have no place in this car. I listen  
to hip hop. Hardcore shit. Capice?

ROBBIE

What's a nigga?

Professor Pasghetti pauses.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

Ok. We'll listen to one Raffi song.

Professor POPS IN a CD. BABY BELUGA starts playing.

ROBBIE

Do you smell something?

Professor knows what smells. He LOOKS to the trunk.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

Did you shit your pants?

It's not that.

ROBBIE

No.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Well let me know if you do.

ROBBIE  
Maybe you shit your pants.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
This a fight you wanna start fuck  
plug? Think about it.

ROBBIE  
How far is Texas?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
You know how to read a map?

ROBBIE  
No.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
About 80 thousand miles away.

There's a long silence. Nothing to say to each other.

Professor Pasghetti lights a cigarette.

ROBBIE  
Can I have one?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
You want a cigarette?

Robbie nods. Professor Pasghetti regards this as odd, but he  
is slightly amused.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
You've smoked before?

ROBBIE  
Yes. Millions of times.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Your mom lets you smoke?

ROBBIE  
I told you yes.

So Professor HANDS HIS CIGARETTE OVER.

Robbie TAKES A DRAG and starts COUGHING.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Yea, you're a regular Marlboro Man.



Robbie THROWS THE CIGARETTE AWAY but right at Professor.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
You little prick!

And Robbie PUKES EVERYWHERE.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
What the fuck is wrong with you?

ROBBIE  
I got sick.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
No shit!

ROBBIE  
That was disgusting.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Then why did you ask for a  
cigarette?

ROBBIE  
You looked cool.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Yea, I kept my lunch down. Throwing  
up never looks cool. Was there a  
problem with the open window to  
your right?

ROBBIE  
I'm sorry.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
You threw a lit cigarette at my  
face. Millimeters from my eye!

ROBBIE  
I said I was sor-

But he's cut off again by PUKING EVERYWHERE.

This time Professor Pasghetti SWERVES the CAR in reaction.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
You are such a pussy!

ROBBIE  
Do you have any napkins?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Napkins? You're going to need a  
beach towel and a sham-wow and a  
Latino cleaning lady.

And that's when Professor Pasghetti hears SIRENS -- sees  
LIGHTS in the REAR VIEW.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Fuck. Fuck. Fuck balls!

Professor Pasghetti's mind is racing.

What does he do? Speed up? Make a run for it? Pull over?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Ok -- so this is the part of the  
story when Robbie meets the scary  
policeman. You'd think he's a good  
guy right? But the book needs  
twists and turns.

(beat)

"The officer stomped forward  
prepared for a riot, But Robbie  
fought back by keeping real quiet.  
The copper's demeanor was clear  
braggadocio but nothing could stop  
Robbie from Sand Antonio."

(beat)

So bite your fucking tongue, ok?

Robbie just STARES to the floor, feeling sick.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Yea, that's good. Play that angle.

And Professor Pasghetti PULLS OVER.

EXT. HIGHWAY - LATER

A HIGHWAY COP steps out of his car -- he's the typical cowboy  
in aviator sunglasses you don't want to get pulled over by --  
a real hard ass.

He takes his time approaching the car.

Professor Pasghetti watches through his side view mirror.

There's a KNOCK on the window -- and Professor Pasghetti  
ROLLS IT DOWN...

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Afternoon, Officer.

HIGHWAY COP

You got a problem with the layout  
of my highway, son?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

The layout of the highway, sir?

HIGHWAY COP

That's what I'm asking. See, it's  
common practice to stay in between  
those little white lines.

(beat)

You been drinking?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

Not a drop.

HIGHWAY COP

Must be some kind of Da Vinci code  
explanation then why you're zigging  
and zagging down my interstate.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

You know what it is, sir? My nephew  
here has explosive diarrhea. I  
jerked the steering wheel out of  
pure instinct to the foulness. I  
mean, can you smell it?

The Highway Cop PEERS in at Robbie.

HIGHWAY COP

Looks like vomit.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

Coming out both ends I'm afraid.

HIGHWAY COP

You alright, boy?

Robbie LOOKS UP at the Highway Cop.

His face is GREEN.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

He has a tendency to get car sick.  
Plus he had raw eggs for breakfast.

HIGHWAY COP

Raw eggs?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

He just saw Rocky for the first  
time.

The Highway Cop considers this, seems to accept it.

HIGHWAY COP

I also noticed that your plates  
don't seem to match this vehicle.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

My bad on that one. I got new  
plates yesterday. I forgot to do  
the necessary paperwork at the DMV -  
- but I figured it's better to  
drive with the wrong plates than no  
plates, am I wrong-

HIGHWAY COP

License and registration.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

Right.

Professor Pasghetti SEARCHES THROUGH the glove compartment.  
There's crap EVERYWHERE -- LOTS OF CONDOMS.

He finds the slip of paper -- hands it to the officer.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

I'm going to straighten out this  
plate confusion as soon as I get-

HIGHWAY COP

You're Misty Shadows?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

(chuckling)

No, no officer. That's my sister.  
It's her car.

HIGHWAY COP

But they're your license plates.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

(hesitant)

Yes.

HIGHWAY COP

Your driver's license?

Professor Pasghetti FISHES IT OUT...

The OFFICER LOOKS AT IT -- Tommy Pasghetti...

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
 Nobody calls me Tommy, though.  
 (beat)  
 I have a PHD.

The Highway Cop is none too pleased.

HIGHWAY COP  
 Get out of the car, please.

Professor Pasghetti is getting nervous.

HIGHWAY COP  
 Now.

He complies.

His eyes INSTINCTIVELY GO TO THE TRUNK OF THE CAR...

He stands TOE TO TOE with the Highway Cop.

HIGHWAY COP  
 This some kind of joke to you, son?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
 No sir.

HIGHWAY COP  
 You're going to look at me with a  
 straight face and tell me people  
 call you Professor Pasghetti?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
 Yes. I am Professor Pasghetti.

The stare down continues.

The Highway Cop RIPS OFF HIS AVIATORS, suddenly softer.

HIGHWAY COP  
 Do you know how many times my  
 little girl fell asleep in my arms  
 as I read her "The Happiest  
 Platypus?"

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
 I don't.

HIGHWAY COP  
 Hundreds. They are the damn  
 sweetest memories of my life  
 (tearing up)  
 Now she's 16 and she's a slut.

Professor Pasghetti TENTATIVELY puts his hand on the Highway Cop's shoulder...

The Highway Cop PULLS HIM IN for a FULL ON HUG.

HIGHWAY COP

Thank you.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

You're welcome? There, there...

HIGHWAY COP

You taught an entire country's youth to read and I'm pulling you over for a little bit of swerving?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

It's not a problem-

HIGHWAY COP

Can you do something for me? Can you sign a speeding ticket or something for me? Or like a pair of rubber gloves I use for cavity searches?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

Why not both?

INT. CAR - LATER

Professor Pasghetti WAVES GOODBYE as the HIGHWAY COP PULLS OFF BESIDE HIM --

The COP CAR has a big PROFESSOR PASGHETTI SKETCH on the side of it -- clearly they went overboard.

Professor Pasghetti lets out a huge sigh of relief.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Bianca sits across from DETECTIVE RITA FIGGINS, 40s and dirty blonde, career cop, tough as nails. She could be pretty if she cared about that kind of thing.

A placard on her desk identifies her as DETECTIVE FIGGINS.

She eyes up Bianca, unaffected that a stripper is in the station. Other COPS in the station are STEALING GLANCES.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS  
When was the last time you saw your friend?

BIANCA  
At work 2 nights ago.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS  
And where is that?

BIANCA  
We work at The Clam Bar.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS  
Which clam bar is that?

BIANCA  
No -- The Clam Bar. It's a club.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS  
You mean a strip club?

BIANCA  
Yes.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS  
And who's missing?

BIANCA  
My friend Misty.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS  
(to himself)  
Of course her name is Misty.

BIANCA  
Misty Shadows.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS  
Even better. I'll be honest,  
missing person cases...9 times out  
of 10 - their phone died.

BIANCA  
She has a son too. He wasn't at her house.

This changes something in Figgins' face. A kid is involved.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS  
Maybe they took a family vacation,  
bought a couple of plane tickets  
with a whole lotta singles.

BIANCA  
But what if something else happened  
to her?

DETECTIVE FIGGINS  
(unconvincing)  
We'll do the best we can.

BIANCA  
The best you can? Shouldn't you be  
gung ho about saving a life?

DETECTIVE FIGGINS  
Do you want to switch jobs? You can  
come down to the station and be a  
cop. But fair warning, no one likes  
seeing me naked.

Bianca HANGS HER HEAD - upset. Detective Figgins SIGHS.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS (CONT'D)  
Shall we continue?

Bianca NODS.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS (CONT'D)  
Do you have a picture of her?

Bianca HANDS OVER her cell phone with a "Sexy Picture" of  
Misty -- barely dressed in a provocative pose.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS (CONT'D)  
(unamused)  
No pics of the kid huh?

Bianca SHAKES HER HEAD.

BIANCA  
He's about 8. Brunette.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS  
Great, does he have 10 fingers? 2  
legs? Couple of eyes?

BIANCA  
(not getting it)  
Yea.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS  
I'm going to need her cell phone  
number that way we can take a look  
at her records -- incoming calls,  
outgoing calls, text messages.



Bianca WRITES down the number.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS (CONT'D)  
Alright do you have any idea where  
they might have gone? Did she have  
a boyfriend?

BIANCA  
No. I mean sometimes she'd sleep  
with clients but nothing exclusive.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS  
You just implicated your friend as  
a prostitute?

Bianca realizes...

BIANCA  
No...

A TAUNTING COP behind Bianca's back FLASHES A WAD OF SINGLES  
to Detective Figgins. She's used to dealing with assholes in  
this boys club of a police station.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS  
Right. Meanwhile we've got an APB  
on her vehicle. We'll take a look  
around her apartment and we'll let  
you know if we hear anything. Also,  
with the kid involved, even though  
this isn't classified as a  
kidnapping at this time, we'll set  
up an Amber Alert.

BIANCA  
Thank you, detective.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS  
Don't mention it, stripper.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Robbie is sitting alone at a table -- shirtless.

He's getting STARES from people around him.

Professor Pasghetti STROLLS UP with a plastic shopping bag in  
hand -- we don't see the contents.

He STARES UP a WAITRESS as he passes her by and finds his  
seat in the booth across from Robbie.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
See? I'm back.

A look of relief on Robbie's face.

Professor Pasghetti TAKES OUT an OVER-SIZED HAWAIIAN SHIRT --  
tosses it to Robbie.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Try this on.

Robbie puts it on.

ROBBIE  
What about the shirts in my bag.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
I checked. You believe your mom  
forgot to pack you shirts?

An OLD COUPLE LOOKS OVER.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Hey pedophiles, show's over. Kid's  
got a shirt on now. Aloha, bitches.

The OLD COUPLE turns away, disgusted.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
What are you going to have?

ROBBIE  
I don't know.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Did you look at the menu?

ROBBIE  
No.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Fuck, Robbie, this isn't calculus.

Professor Pasghetti SHOVES THE OPEN MENU in front of Robbie.

Robbie looks at the menu. Points to something.

ROBBIE  
What about that?

Professor Pasghetti looks down.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Spaghetti with clam sauce?  
Absolutely not. That will not make  
the olfactory situation in our whip  
any better.  
(beat)  
You lactose intolerant?

Robbie SHRUGS. Professor Pasghetti is frustrated.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Do you drink fucking milk?

ROBBIE  
Sometimes.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Ok. How about mozzarella sticks?

ROBBIE  
What are those?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
You've never had mozzarella sticks?

Robbie SHAKES HIS HEAD.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Get ready for a boner.  
(to waitress)  
Sweet heart?

The WAITRESS APPROACHES.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
This handsome mother fucker will  
have the finest mozzarella sticks  
you have to offer.

She SMILES as she writes the order.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Now while I'd prefer to slap you on  
2 pieces of rye bread, I'll have to  
settle for the turkey club.

WAITRESS  
Who knows, you might get both.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
If that's the case, I don't need  
the carbs. Just sit on my face.  
(off her laugh)  
And two ginger ales.

She leaves the table.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
You'll like ginger ale. It's like  
Dora the Explorer queefing all over  
your tongue.

Robbie SMILES.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
So when was the last time you saw  
your father?

Robbie SHRUGS.

ROBBIE  
My mom says he's a douche nozzle.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Not a bad way to make a living.

ROBBIE  
Is French Guiana nice?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
From what I hear.

ROBBIE  
She'll probably mess it up.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
What do you mean?

Robbie doesn't answer.

Professor Pasghetti takes out a deck of cards.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
You know how to play Blackjack?

Robbie SHAKES HIS HEAD.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
If Rain Man can do it I'm confident  
you can pick it up. You want to get  
as close as you can to 21. The  
cards with the pictures are worth  
10 each. Aces are 1 or 11 -- you'll  
see. You start out with 2 cards.  
When you want another one you say,  
"hit me."

Professor Pasghetti DEALS.

Robbie gets 14.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Whatcha want?

ROBBIE  
7 please.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
You don't get to choose. You want  
me to hit you?

Robbie's unsure.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Do you want another card?

ROBBIE  
Yes.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Then say "hit me" boy!

ROBBIE  
Hit me!

Robbie gets a QUEEN.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
That's a bust. The house always  
wins. Remember that.

ROBBIE  
The house always wins.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Bingo.

He deals again. Robbie's got 20.

ROBBIE  
Hit me!

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
No you don't want that.

ROBBIE  
This handsome mother fucker wants  
another card!

Professor complies...and Robbie gets an Ace.

Next deal -- Robbie gets a Blackjack.

And then another. And another.

ROBBIE  
I'm doing good?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
You're kicking ass, kid.

Robbie SMILES.

ROBBIE  
I'm kicking ass.

The Waitress comes back with the food.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
I thought I was getting a slice of  
you on rye?

WAITRESS  
Just a slice?

Professor Pasghetti SMACKS her ass as she walks away.

She GIGGLES and Robbie notices -- SMILES.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
"And Robbie ordered up some fried  
cheese sticks, Then he washed his  
hands cause his nose he did pick."  
(beat)  
That means wash your hands now.

And Robbie is off.

Professor Pasghetti REACHES INTO the plastic bag and pulls  
out SLEEPING PILLS.

He then PUSHES ONE INTO EACH OF ROBBIE'S MOZZARELLA STICKS.

He JUST FINISHES UP as Robbie Comes back.

Robbie STARTS IN on his sticks. The CHEESE STRUNG OUT after  
his first bite...

Robbie's face LIGHTS UP.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Better than sex huh?

INT. DINER - LATER

Robbie's plate is empty.

He's on the verge of passing out.

ROBBIE

Hit me.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Professor Pasghetti THROWS ROBBIE -- PASSED OUT -- onto one of the beds.

EXT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Professor Pasghetti gets in the car.

EXT. HOME DEPOT - LATER

Professor Pasghetti EXITS the store with a SHOVEL in hand.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Professor Pasghetti DRIVES down DESERTED ROADS.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Middle of nowhere. Dark trees. Crickets and Owls. No light except for that coming from the car's headlights.

Professor Pasghetti TAKES THE SUITCASE OUT OF THE TRUNK.

He FINDS A SPOT and STARTS DIGGING.

EXT. WOODS - LATER

Professor Pasghetti STILL DIGGING -- finding it harder than he anticipated.

He's hitting ROOTS.

He's not getting FULL SCOOPS of dirt with each DIG. The ground is HARDER than he expected.

He's got BLISTERS ON HIS HANDS.

He's getting BITTEN UP by MOSQUITOS -- SWATS THEM AWAY.

He takes a break to smoke a cigarette.

He's MASSAGING HIS ARMS because they're so over-worked.

EXT. WOODS - MORNING

Professor Pasghetti is DIRTY, TIRED, and the sun is starting to come up.

He knows he has to get back to Robbie.

He LOOKS DOWN at the hole he has dug -- NOT NEARLY BIG ENOUGH TO FIT THE SUITCASE. Digging is harder than it looks.

He tries anyway.

Nope -- the Suitcase BARELY FITS -- and would be POKING OUT OF THE GROUND ANYWAY.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Ass fucking shit!

He puts the SUITCASE BACK IN THE TRUNK.

INT. CAR - LATER

Robbie sits SHOT GUN -- well rested.

Professor Pasghetti hasn't gotten any sleep.

He's drinking an ENERGY DRINK.

Robbie has one too.

ROBBIE  
This stuff tastes like piss.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Well there are starving kids in Africa who would be grateful to drink their own piss.

Silence. Robbie GOES BACK to doing DRAWINGS for the BOOK.

ROBBIE  
Where are we?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Outside of North Carolina I think.

ROBBIE  
So we're lost.



PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
How, in that very simple sentence  
that I just uttered, did you get  
the idea we were lost? What  
diction? What were the hints?

ROBBIE  
You should ask for directions.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
To Sand Antonio?

ROBBIE  
Yes.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Fucking idiot.

Professor Pasghetti gets a WHIFF of something gross.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
You know what we need? Some trials  
and tribulations for this book. We  
need Robbie to go down the wrong  
path and find his way back on the  
right track. What do you think?

ROBBIE  
Like how?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Hmmm, what if he followed his nose.  
To somewhere really...smelly.

ROBBIE  
Like a garbage dump?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
No, they find too many bodies there  
already. What else smells?

ROBBIE  
The ocean smells.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
It does.

ROBBIE  
Like fish.

Professor gives Robbie a look -- like that wasn't half bad.

Professor Pasghetti SEES a SIGN on the highway and QUICKLY  
STEERS THE CAR IN THE DIRECTION OF A DETOUR.

INT. MISTY'S SHITTY APARTMENT - DAY

Figgins looks around the mess. Flies BUZZ around old milk cartons, beds without sheets, a dead plant lies on the ground in the corner, surrounded by the shard of glass from the broken vase it once stood in, old dirty toys -- is that a dildo mixed in with the stuffed animals? This is a terrible environment to raise a child.

She SMILES at a single picture of Misty and Robbie.

Her cell phone rings.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS

Figgins.

(beat)

Yea that's my case.

(checking notes)

License plate Foxtrot-Three-Niner-  
Henry-One-Linda-Henry.

(beat)

The old switcheroo?

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - INTERCUT

A UNIFORMED COP TALKS on the phone to Figgins.

Behind him -- his PARTNER takes down a REPORT from a YOUNG COUPLE -- they stand in front of their CAR --

The CAR Professor Pasghetti STOLE THE LICENSE PLATES from.

UNIFORMED COP

Surprised you don't see it more often. Take the plates off a stolen car and ditch 'em for clean ones from the same state. Who really pays attention to their own license plates?

DETECTIVE FIGGINS

Criminal mastermind huh?

UNIFORMED COP

Or a joy rider. Security shots from a toll booth in West Virginia shows they had their plates then. Must've happened somewhere between there and where we picked them up.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS

Thank for the heads up, officer.

Figgins hangs up looks back at the photo. She SIGHS.

EXT. BEACH - LATER

Professor Pasghetti and Robbie are set up on the DUNES -- far away from HAPPY FAMILIES playing near the shore.

Professor Pasghetti DIGS A HOLE as best he can.

Robbie uses the sand to build a sand castle. He looks ALL HOPPED UP from the energy drink.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

"So Robbie followed his nose to the scent of the sea, But it wasn't Sand Antonio they found foolishly, Just another beach with whipping winds, And time to dig and none to swim."

ROBBIE

We're not going to swim?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

Poetic license.

ROBBIE

Because I want to swim.

Professor Pasghetti CONTINUES TO DIG.

ROBBIE

Did you hear me?

No answer. Pasghetti keeps DIGGING.

ROBBIE

Is this because I don't have a bathing suit? I can swim in my boxers. I've done it before. In my neighbor's above ground pool. They had an inflatable whale. And I jumped on it. And it didn't pop.

Professor Pasghetti continues to ignore Robbie.

ROBBIE

Professor Pasghetti! Am I going to get to swim or not?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

You're worse than a bichon frisé, man! Go swim! Fuck do I care?

ROBBIE

I need you to watch me.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

I can see from over here. I'm like Hasselhoff's optometrist from this distance.

Robbie is hesitant.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

What are you afraid of?

ROBBIE

Drowning? Sharks? Whirlpools? Jelly fish? Electric eels? Pirates? Octopuses? Tsunamis?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

The ocean is like a giant baby sitter. Look the tide takes you out and it has to bring you back in. You'll be fine.

Robbie trusts Professor Pasghetti. He heads off.

Professor continues to dig.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

That was your first and last energy drink you little weirdo.

He LOOKS UP to see ROBBIE at the shore line now...

Robbie TENTATIVELY dips his toes in the water.

When the TIDE RISES he RUNS AWAY.

He starts HEADING OUT INTO THE WAVES, CRINGING each time one crashes on his body.

He WAVES to Professor Pasghetti on shore.

Professor Pasghetti gives him the PEACE SIGN back.

Now Robbie is getting into it, farther and farther in the ocean.

EXT. BEACH - LATER

The hole is pretty big now.

Professor Pasghetti in the hole...

LIES DOWN -- makes sure it's big enough this time.

He SITS, trying to make himself in the dimensions of the suitcase -- looks like it'll work.

He STANDS, pleased with his work.

And he PEEKS TOWARDS THE OCEAN.

No sign of Robbie. Anywhere.

Until Professor Pasghetti looks WAY OUT IN THE OCEAN.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

Oh fuck!

And he tries to get out of the hole --

But it's a struggle.

Finally he finds his footing and TAKES OFF down the beach.

He SPRINTS into the waves and starts to SWIM.

EXT. BEACH - OCEAN - LATER

Robbie is UNCONSCIOUS on the SHORE, flat on his back.

Professor Pasghetti is giving him CPR. YELLING between CHEST COMPRESSIONS.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

Who! Goes! In! The! Ocean! If!

They! Can't! Swim! Jerk! Off!

Robbie COUGHS UP OCEAN WATER and is revived.

Professor Pasghetti FALLS BACK ON THE SAND to APPLAUSE from ONLOOKERS.

EXT. CAR - NEAR THE BEACH - NIGHT

Professor Pasghetti and Robbie sit on the hood of the car.

Professor SMOKES A CIGARETTE. Robbie is WRAPPED in a towel.

The sun is going down and Beach Go-ers are all packing up.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

Why don't you lie down in the back  
seat for a little while, Cousteau.  
You had a long day.

EXT. CAR - NEAR THE BEACH - LATER

Robbie is asleep in the back seat.

He doesn't HEAR the trunk OPENING AND CLOSING.

Professor Pasghetti WHEELS the heavy suitcase along the DUNES.

He makes sure the beach is empty -- it is.

He drops it in the DEEP HOLE.

COVERS it with sand. Covers the SUITCASE TRACKS as well.

INT. CAR - LATER

Back in the car Professor looks at the SLEEPING Robbie.

He looks down on him with a mixture of sympathy and adoration. He just buried the kid's mother. And he might just be developing a soft spot for this kid.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - CHIEF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Figgins sits across from CHIEF OAKLEY, 60s, by the book.

CHIEF OAKLEY

We don't know that it's kidnapping  
at this moment.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS

Oh, c'mon Chief. Our missing  
person's license plates were  
removed and switched to another  
vehicle in an attempt to throw off  
the cops. Allowing for a getaway.  
In another state. At the very least  
it's more than a missing person's  
case. Something's going on!

CHIEF OAKLEY

I have to answer for this  
department's stats.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS

It's always about juking the stats.

CHIEF OAKLEY

Chain of command. It's out of our  
jurisdiction now. And therefore out  
of your hands.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS

Sir-

CHIEF OAKLEY

That is all, Detective.

Figgins knows she's beat. She heads back to...

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - FIGGINS' DESK - CONTINUOUS

She takes a BOTTLE OF LIQUOR out of her top desk drawer...

And a FILE listed as PHONE RECORDS...

INT. FIRING RANGE - LATER

Figgins is drinking while FIRING A GUN.

She takes out her phone and makes a call...

DETECTIVE FIGGINS

Michael, it's me. Can you put her  
on the phone?

(beat)

Well when was her bedtime?

She's still SHOOTING.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS

Nothing. I'm making popcorn.

(beat)

Ok. Well could you at least tell  
her I called? Please?

The other line hangs up.

Her eyes go back to the PHONE RECORDS...

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Professor Pasghetti PUMPS THE CAR full of gas.

His PHONE RINGS.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

Robbie, grab the pump, alright?

Robbie EXCITEDLY takes the NOZZLE and continues filling the  
car with gas.

Professor Pasghetti picks up the phone.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

Hello?

INT. AL'S OFFICE - INTERCUT

Al is on the phone.

AL

Who's better than me?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

At what?

AL

Professor, you're on with James  
Patterson.

INT. JAMES PATTERSON'S HOME OFFICE - INTERCUT

JAMES PATTERSON has books, papers, posters of his novels-  
turned-movies decorating his office.

JAMES PATTERSON

Professor Pasghetti! Big fan of  
your work. I'm not just being a  
jerk I say with a smirk.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

Nice rhyming, James.

JAMES PATTERSON

So Al tells me you're interested in  
writing a murder mystery.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

I am. Well I'm in the process. I  
had this problem in my story I  
wanted to talk to you about, but I  
solved it last night.

JAMES PATTERSON

Run it by me.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

So, it's about this guy and he's in  
a hotel room with a hooker. She  
overdoses on blow and the guy -- he  
freaks out. He shoves her body in a  
suitcase and-

JAMES PATTERSON

Why doesn't he just call 911?



PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

Huh?

JAMES PATTERSON

I mean he didn't murder her. They were both doing drugs. That guy would never be convicted.

Professor Pasghetti REALIZES THIS -- all his problems could've been solved long ago.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

There are other things to consider, though. Reputation? Public image?

JAMES PATTERSON

Matthew Broderick killed someone in Ireland and no one talks about it. P.R., baby.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

Never mind that. Let's say he shoves her in a suit case.

JAMES PATTERSON

Ok.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

Right, so he's got this suitcase and he has to get rid of the body. Problem is he has to do it so the companion he's traveling with is none the wiser. And get this -- it's brilliant -- he buries her in the sand dunes on a trip to the beach! No one would be able to smell it.

JAMES PATTERSON

Red flags all over that.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

What red flags?

JAMES PATTERSON

This guy can predict tide patterns? Seasonal high tide, or better yet a minor storm, and that body is uncovered. Not to mention the wind blowing sand every which way.

(beat)

He took the body out of the suitcase?

Professor Pasghetti is getting scared now.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

No.

JAMES PATTERSON

Because if he did he'd have a shot that the seagulls would eat her up. But in the suitcase -- what about those nuts who walk around with metal detectors? They'd find it in a weekend.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

Ok, what would you suggest?

JAMES PATTERSON

Burying in the woods is over done.

(beat)

Could your main character have access to a zoo? He could chop her up and feed the pieces to the animals. Hmmm...

(beat)

The main problem is the bones. Burning is always a good option. Can this take place in Germany? What if he lives near an abandoned concentration camp? They have the necessary facilities.

Professor Pasghetti is taken aback -- this guy is sick!

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

I don't know, James...

JAMES PATTERSON

Something to think about. Chew on it for a while. Call me anytime, alright?

(beat)

If you don't use that concentration camp thing I'm taking it.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

Yea, sure.

James hangs up.

AL

Huh? How about that? Come on? Where's the love? How about it?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Yea, how about it.

AL  
Now I need you to do me a favor.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Al, I shouldn't have to do you any favors. I make you money.

AL  
I booked you for a reading. On your way to Texas.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Come on, Al! I'm with someone.

AL  
So show off for her in front of your screaming fans.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Al-

AL  
Tomorrow. Barnes and Noble.  
Atlanta. 4 PM -- gives the kids a chance to get out of school.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
I hate you, Al.

AL  
That's my star. Talk later, boobie.

Professor Pasghetti HANGS UP.

He notices that gas is now RUNNING TOWARDS HIS FEET.

Robbie has allowed the TANK TO OVER FLOW.

Professor just SHAKES HIS HEAD.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
You wanna go back to the beach?

INT. HOTEL - ATLANTIC CITY - NIGHT

Figgins is at the front desk, DINGS the help bell.

A RECEPTIONIST APPROACHES.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS  
 Detective Figgins. I'm  
 investigating a missing person's  
 case. Cell phone record indicates  
 the last incoming call was from  
 your hotel.

RECEPTIONIST  
 Am I a suspect?

DETECTIVE FIGGINS  
 What?

RECEPTIONIST  
 Every CSI, every NCIS, Law and  
 Order -- they show up at a place of  
 business. And the random worker is  
 always a suspect.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS  
 You are now.

RECEPTIONIST  
 Crap.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS  
 You have security tapes?

RECEPTIONIST  
 We have cameras in the elevators.

INT. HOTEL - BACK OFFICE - LATER

Figgins WATCHES THE TAPES with the RECEPTIONIST behind her.

They SEE -- Misty RIDING UP THE ELEVATOR.

She gets off on the 5th floor.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS  
 (taking notes)  
 Fifth Floor.

She FAST FORWARDS to see PEOPLE going in and out of the  
 elevator -- everything seems normal.

WE SEE -- FAST -- Professor Pasghetti with the BIG SUITCASE --

His INTERACTION with the 2 DUDES in the elevator.

Figgins keeps FAST FORWARDING until she REACHES THE END.

RECEPTIONIST  
That's the end of the tape.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS  
She never came back down.

RECEPTIONIST  
Maybe she took the stairs.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS  
She had on stripper heels. 5  
flights down in those is suicide.  
(beat)  
I'm going to need a list of  
everyone who was staying on the 5th  
floor that evening.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

The headlights aren't on. Just moon light.

Professor Pasghetti is DIGGING FRANTICALLY.

Robbie is helping this time.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
What a jackass I am. Who forgets a  
bag at the beach?

ROBBIE  
You left it in the hole?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Yes. Well technically it was your  
fault. For almost drowning. And  
distracting me.

They REACH THE BAG and Professor LUGS it out.

As he starts to WHEEL IT ACROSS THE DUNES...

The two are HIT WITH FLASHLIGHTS FROM THE BEACH.

A BEACH SECURITY GUARD is RUNNING TOWARDS THEM.

BEACH SECURITY  
Hey! You two! Stop!

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Robbie get in the car!

BEACH SECURITY  
Hey!

Professor Pasghetti THROWS THE SUITCASE IN THE TRUNK...

He SLAMS THE DOOR BUT IT DOESN'T CLOSE...

And he JUMPS IN THE CAR and HEADS OFF.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Professor Pasghetti DRIVES FAST, but PARANOID.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
You think he saw the car?

ROBBIE  
Probably.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Fuck us dirty!

ROBBIE  
So what? I see cars all the time.

Professor Pasghetti's mind is racing.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
You don't get it, Robbie.

ROBBIE  
What?

Professor Pasghetti is still thinking.

ROBBIE  
What don't I get?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
This car is...evil.

ROBBIE  
It is?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Yes! It doesn't want us to get to  
Sand Antonio.

(beat)  
"The journey was stalled by the  
heinous car, Ensuring that the  
destination remained quite far,  
Sand Antonio might as well have  
been the North star."

ROBBIE  
So what do we do?

EXT. ABANDONED WOODS - DAWN

Professor Pasghetti DOUSES THE ENTIRE CAR with GASOLINE.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Go ahead.

He hands the CAN to ROBBIE.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Gas is fun.

He HAPPILY DOUSES AWAY...more gas.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Ok, now stand back.

Professor Pasghetti LIGHTS A MATCH.

ROBBIE  
Wait!

Professor Pasghetti looks at him.

Don't say it...

ROBBIE  
What about my bag?

EXT. ABANDONED WOODS - LATER

Professor Pasghetti WHEELS THE HEAVY BAG.

Robbie walks next to him, carrying his DRAWINGS in his hand.

Behind them is the FLAMING CAR.

Professor Pasghetti takes out his iPhone.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Siri, where can I rent a car?

SIRI  
I've found a location that matches  
your request 20 miles from you.

Professor Pasghetti is PISSED.

INT. CAR RENTAL OFFICE - LATER

Professor Pasghetti is SWEATY.

Robbie is just happy to be part of the adventure.

A CAR RENTAL REP is giving Professor Pasghetti the facts.

CAR RENTAL REP  
I'm sorry sir. It's the only car  
we have available. You didn't make  
a prior reservation. This is our  
busy season.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
I see you're just bustling with  
business right now.

CAR RENTAL REP  
Will you be taking the vehicle?

Professor Pasghetti SIGHS.

INT. SMALL CONVERTIBLE - LATER

Professor Pasghetti DRIVES, car top down, still PISSED.

Robbie DRAWS in the front seat.

RIGHT BEHIND THEM IS THE SUITCASE -- in the SMALL BACK SEAT.

Clearly it couldn't fit in the TRUNK.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
We have to make a detour.

ROBBIE  
What's a detour?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
A stop out of our way.

ROBBIE  
That's ok. It'll make the story  
better, right?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Doubtful. It's Atlanta.

EXT. BARNES AND NOBLE - DAY

Professor Pasghetti PARKS THE CAR.

He debates taking the SUITCASE INSIDE but decides to leave it  
in the car. Who's taking a suitcase?



Professor Pasghetti TAKES A FEW DEEP BREATHS. Robbie just watches as Professor Pasghetti TRANSFORMS BEFORE OUR EYES.

He PUTS ON A FAKE SMILE and is that GOOFY GUY WE FIRST MET.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Let's go kiddo!

INT. BARNES AND NOBLE - CONTINUOUS

Professor Pasghetti and Robbie enter the BIG STORE...

CHEERING FANS GREET THEM.

Robbie is MESMERIZED by all of it -- the KIDS, the PARENTS, the BOOKS ON THE WALLS.

Professor Pasghetti BENDS DOWN TO HIM.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Professor Pasghetti has to read a story. Would you like to watch?

Robbie NODS -- a little OVERWHELMED BY IT ALL.

Professor Pasghetti leads Robbie to a SEAT IN THE BACK.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Aloha friends and fam-i-ly!  
I'm so happy to be in Hawaii!

He does a fake HULA DANCE.

The kids SCREAM.

KIDS  
Nooooo!

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
No? That's all wrong? I must be in the city of Hong Kong?

This is clearly one of Professor Pasghetti's books.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Well in that case "Ni hao" to you!  
I'm sorry my first try was askew!

The Kids scream again.

KIDS  
Noooooooooo!

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
What do you mean? That isn't right?  
I'll figure it out y'all sit tight.

Professor Pasghetti LOOKS AROUND -- HAMMING IT UP.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
I got it! That's it! How didn't I  
know? Buenos dias good people of  
Mexico!

KIDS  
Noooooooo!

INT. BARNES AND NOBLE - LATER

Professor Pasghetti is SIGNING AUTOGRAPHS.

Robbie WANDERS OFF into the LARGE BOOK STORE.

He WANDERS the MAZE of Book Shelves.

This is clearly a world he was NEVER EXPOSED TO.

Robbie SEES a MOTHER READING to her SON who SITS ON HER LAP.

He's a little bit jealous. He tries to LISTEN IN.

Robbie finds himself in the SELF HELP SECTION -- not like  
he'd know.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI (O.S.)  
Looking for self help books?

Robbie SPINS AROUND and sees Professor Pasghetti.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
I admire your foresight. But you're  
a ways away.  
(beat)  
C'mon I'll buy you a book.

Professor Pasghetti LEADS HIM BACK TO THE CHILDREN'S SECTION.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Pick any one you'd like.

Robbie LOOKS AT THE SELECTION.

He TAKES ONE DOWN without LOOKING.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
You want this one?

Robbie nods.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
You want Anne of Green Gables?

Robbie SHRUGS.

Then it ALL CLICKS for Professor Pasghetti.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Robbie, do you know how to read?

Robbie LOOKS DOWN.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Well that won't do.

He SCANS the SHELVES and FINDS A BOOK.

He LEADS Robbie to a quiet section of the store.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Alright, you know the alphabet?

ROBBIE  
Yea.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
So let's try sounding some of these words out. Let's start with the title. Go for it.

Robbie LOOKS AT THE COVER. He's FRUSTRATED.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Just give it a shot.

ROBBIE  
G-R-E-E-N....

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Right. So put those together.

ROBBIE  
Green.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Boom, there it is. Green. Like the color of boogers.

Robbie LAUGHS. Loosening up a little.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
No pressure, kid. Reading's  
supposed to be fun. Next word.

ROBBIE  
E-G-G-S.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Right. When "E" is in the front of  
the word it sounds like this, "eh."  
Like -- would you like a handjob?  
"Eh," I can do that myself.

ROBBIE  
The next word is...and.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Right on, man. Last word.

ROBBIE  
H...A...M. Ham.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Like the smell of Miss Piggie's  
twat. Now try to string all those  
words together without pausing.

ROBBIE  
Green Eggs And Ham.

Professor Pasghetti PUTS HIS FIST OUT FOR A BUMP.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Robbie you fucking whiz kid!

Robbie is liking it.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
The good part about reading is you  
can do it by yourself.  
(beat)  
When I was a kid, my parents didn't  
have a lot of time for me. You know  
what I mean?

Robbie NODS -- of course he does.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
I read a lot. I could go anywhere.  
Do anything. I went to Narnia. I  
went on carpet rides. I experienced  
the 1920's. Our minds, our  
imaginations, are limitless.

Robbie is now INTO THIS.

ROBBIE  
Can we keep going?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Yea, man. Crack that bitch open.

EXT. BARNES AND NOBLE - LATER

Robbie and Professor Pasghetti CARRY OUT BAGS OF BOOKS that they just BOUGHT.

Robbie is SMILING EAR TO EAR.

Professor Pasghetti SPORTS a SMILE TOO.

AT THE CAR: BIRDS AND WILD ANIMALS ARE ALL OVER THE SUITCASE.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Get the fuck out of here!

Professor Pasghetti CHASES THEM AWAY.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Detective Figgins looks through the LIST of HOTEL GUESTS along with ID PICTURES.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS  
Holy crap.

Another DETECTIVE looks up from his desk.

OTHER DETECTIVE  
What is it?

Figgins holds up a PICTURE of Professor Pasghetti.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS  
Professor Pasghetti was staying there that night.

Figgins finds this AMAZING. Her FACE lights up.

The other Detective doesn't get it.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS  
You know, the children's author?

No response.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS  
I mean could you imagine?

Figgins's eyes wander to her COMPUTER SCREEN SAVER -- a picture of her adorable daughter, 5 or 6. She smiles and picks up her phone.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS  
(on phone)  
You'll never believe who came up as  
a suspect on this case.  
(beat)  
No Michael, I didn't call to talk  
about work. But Professor Pasgh-  
(beat)  
C'mon, she can't possibly be  
sleeping. It's 2 o'clock.  
(beat)  
I just want to hear her voice.  
(beat)  
Thank you.

Detective Figgins WAITS, clearly her daughter is headed to the phone.

But her other line RINGS. She puts her ex/daughter ON HOLD.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS  
Figgins-

MAN ON PHONE  
Found your stolen car charred to a  
crisp. Off a highway in Tennessee.  
On the border near Georgia.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS  
I need that address now.

Without hesitation - she's UP and HAS HER COAT ON.

The OTHER PHONE LINE IS STILL ON HOLD.

INT. CAR - SOMEWHERE IN LOUISIANA - DAY

Robbie is asleep, an open SHEL SILVERSTEIN book on his lap.

He's got a drawing on the page too -- clearly trying to imitate Silverstein's style.

Professor Pasghetti DRIVES.

He LOWERS the RAP MUSIC as to not WAKE ROBBIE -- clearly a more considerate Professor than we've seen previously.

Up ahead Professor Pasghetti SEES a DRIVER...  
THROW FAST FOOD GARBAGE OUT THE WINDOW...  
OFF THE SIDE OF THE HIGHWAY and DOWN THE CLIFF.  
Professor DEBATES THIS. He EYES ROBBIE...  
THE CLIFF...  
THE SUITCASE...

EXT. WINDING HIGHWAY - LATER  
Professor Pasghetti is at the EDGE OF THE HIGHWAY.  
Looking down -- it's a LONG DROP.  
There's plenty of GARBAGE BELOW.  
Untouched, undiscovered, completely forgotten.  
Professor Pasghetti PEES OFF THE EDGE...  
He HEADS BACK TO THE CAR.  
And CAREFULLY REMOVES THE SUITCASE...  
He doesn't want to WAKE ROBBIE.  
He ROLLS THE SUITCASE TO THE EDGE...  
And PUSHES IT...watching it FALL ALL THE WAY DOWN.  
The deed is done. For good this time.

INT. CAR - LATER

Robbie is WAKING UP.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Hey welcome back crusty eyes. You  
have any wet dreams?

Robbie RUBS HIS EYES.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Let me tell you something -- wet  
dreams are fucking fantastic. Who's  
to say I didn't actually have a  
threesome with Claire Huxtable and  
Molly Ringwald?

Robbie LOOKS TO THE BACKSEAT.

ROBBIE  
What happened to my bag?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Huh?

Professor Pasghetti LOOKS TO THE BACK SEAT.

He ACTS SHOCKED!

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
God, what happened to your bag?!

ROBBIE  
I don't know.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
I didn't leave it at the beach  
again. I know that much. Maybe it  
flew out the back?

ROBBIE  
Maybe.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Or a bird could've come down and  
swooped it up. Even a whole flock  
of birds, working together. I bet  
that's what happened. And that's  
the trouble with convertibles.  
Fucking birds!

ROBBIE  
Fucking birds!

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Right? Eagles and pigeons and  
toucans can all suck my cock!

ROBBIE  
Mine too!

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Balls! Now we have to make another  
detour.

ROBBIE  
That means a stop out of our way.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Smarty pants McGee over here.



ROBBIE  
Where are we going?

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - LATER

Professor Pasghetti WHEELS a SHOPPING CART around.

Robbie STANDS UP INSIDE, like a VIKING ABOARD A SHIP.

The way they're FLYING AROUND THE STORE -- it's DANGEROUS,  
but they both seem to be HAVING A BLAST!

Professor Pasghetti STOPS THE CART SHORT and Robbie FLIES  
INTO A DISPLAY OF SWEATERS.

Robbie LOVES IT.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Get whatever you want.

And ROBBIE is THROWING ALL KINDS OF SHIT INTO THE CART.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
What kind of look are you going  
for? Hipster? Casual? Preppy?

Robbie tries on a TUXEDO -- WEARS IT AROUND THE STORE.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Dashing little prick.

They even buy a NEW SUITCASE.

They CHECKOUT with LOTS OF CLOTHING.

INT. CAR - LATER

Robbie sits SHOTGUN -- still in the TUXEDO.

New Suitcase sits in the backseat.

Professor Pasghetti SMILES A LITTLE as they PASS A SIGN THAT  
SAYS "Welcome To Texas: The Lone Star State."

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - LATER

Professor Pasghetti in the phone booth, looking up a number  
in the yellow pages.

Robbie sits on the hood of the car -- PRACTICING SHUFFLING A DECK OF CARDS. He's terrible. But at least he looks the part in the new tuxedo.

There's no answer on the other end of the phone.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
You said Slick Tucker?

ROBBIE  
That's his name.

Sure enough in the phone book -- there's SLICK TUCKER.

Professor Pasghetti RIPS THE PAGE OUT.

EXT. BAD PART OF TOWN - NIGHT

Professor Pasghetti DOUBLE CHECKS the Phone Book Page.

He's looking at house numbers up and down a pretty crappy street. Untamed lawns, run down cars, peeling paint, boarded up windows.

He finds the right house.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
"There it stood, house 63, where  
Robbie's Dad would surely be.  
Welcoming him to Sand Antone --  
Robbie's brand new home sweet  
home."

Professor Pasghetti SIGHS.

Robbie just LOOKS AT HIS FEET.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
What's the matter?

ROBBIE  
You're going to leave now.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Well I can't live here.

ROBBIE  
Then why do I have to?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Because Slick Tucker is your Dad.  
Not mine.

ROBBIE  
I'm never going to see you again.  
Am I?

Professor Pasghetti has had enough of this. He doesn't want to feel any kind of emotion.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Come on.

ROBBIE  
I don't want to. I want to keep driving with you.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
This is where the story ends.

And he gets out of the car, takes Robbie's NEW SUITCASE and MARCHES TO THE FRONT DOOR.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Robbie I said let's go!

EXT. SLICK TUCKER'S SHITTY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Professor Pasghetti KNOCKS ON THE DOOR.

A DOG'S ANGRY BARKING FROM INSIDE.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
See? You have a dog now.

Robbie is basically SHITTING HIS PANTS.

No answer. So Professor KNOCKS AGAIN. HARDER.

And this time there's MOVEMENT BEHIND THE DOOR.

Someone CHECKS FROM BEHIND CLOSED CURTAINS at a window next to the door.

SLICK (O.S.)  
Who is it?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
My name is Professor Pasghetti.

SLICK (O.S.)  
That's not a real name!

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Yea, well neither is Slick.

SLICK (O.S.)  
You think I'm fucking dumb, Larry?  
I told you I'd get you your money!

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
This isn't Larry. I'm a friend of  
Misty's. I'm here with your son.

We HEAR LOCKS UN-CLICK. The door OPENS.

And we see SLICK TUCKER, 40s, an absolute mess - unshaven,  
long hair, dirty clothes, bloodshot eyes, track marks...

SLICK  
You railing that slut?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Not anymore.

SLICK  
What did she give you? Herpes?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
No -- she gave me your son -- to  
bring here to you.

Slick finally sees ROBBIE -- terrified, a few steps BEHIND  
Professor Pasghetti.

SLICK  
Oh hey bud. How's it hanging champ?  
You doing ok, buddy?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
His name's Robbie.

SLICK  
I know my son's fucking name!

No he didn't.

Behind Slick we see some QUESTIONABLE CHARACTERS ROAMING THE  
HOUSE, EYEING Professor Pasghetti as they pass the door.

SLICK  
So what game are you playing here  
cowboy?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
I'm sorry?

Slick LIGHTS UP A CIGARETTE.

A DOG still BARKING BEHIND HIM.

SLICK  
Hold on a second.

Slick DISAPPEARS...

SLICK  
Stupid bitch, you can't keep the  
dogs quiet for 2 minutes! I'm  
trying to talk to Larry's friend!

And we HEAR the sound of a YELPING DOG -- clearly just KICKED  
or HIT by Slick.

Slick reappears at the door.

SLICK  
Who are you again?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Just a friend. Here to drop off  
your son.

SLICK  
And you don't want nothing?

Professor Pasghetti LOOKS DOWN AT ROBBIE.

Robbie LOOKS UP -- one last chance to say something.

One last chance to stop him from letting go.

Professor Pasghetti starts to speak...

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
I want...

But he can't finish it.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
I want out. That's all.

SLICK  
And Larry didn't send you?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Who's Larry?

Slick finds this HILARIOUS. He LAUGHS HIS ASS OFF.

SLICK  
Who's Larry! I have to remember  
that one. Yee-ha!

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Is that it?

SLICK  
Yea cowboy, we're cool.  
(to Robbie)  
Got some house guests right now.  
But we'll find room for you, bud.

Robbie TAKES ONE LAST LOOK at Professor Pasghetti.

Slick takes the bag from Professor.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Goodbye, Robbie.

But Robbie doesn't look back.

Professor Pasghetti WALKS BACK TO HIS CAR.

He takes one last LOOK at Slick's house. This was harder than he wanted it to be.

And he DRIVES OFF.

Almost immediately -- an UNMARKED COP CAR PULLS UP AT THE CURB.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS gets out and walks to the front door.

INT. SLICK TUCKER'S SHITTY HOUSE - LATER

Figgins SITTING ON A COUCH.

Across from her are Slick and Robbie.

Slick is doing his best to seem like a dutiful father.

But the house is a complete shit hole.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS  
That your legal name?

SLICK  
Tucker? Yes m'am. Robbie here has been asking to change his last name to Tucker for weeks now.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS  
Slick.

SLICK  
Oh. No, my mama called me Solomon.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS  
And you say your son's been living  
here for how long?

SLICK  
Shit, months. We had a tee ball  
season and everything.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS  
He wasn't just dropped off within  
the last day or so?

SLICK  
No m'am. I'd remember that.

Would he?

Figgins is LOOKING RIGHT AT ROBBIE, trying to make eye  
contact with the kid, comfort him.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS  
Is that true, Robbie?

Robbie doesn't answer. He STARES AT HIS FEET.

SLICK  
Yea, my ex wife she dropped him off  
here months ago. Said she'd help  
with the payments and all that.  
Which by the way she hasn't done. I  
believe I'm entitled to a good deal  
of compensation.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS  
I wouldn't know anything about  
that.

SLICK  
That's why I'm telling you. Write  
it down in that there report.

Detective Figgins PRETENDS TO SCRIBBLE.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS  
Compensation with 1 "m"?

SLICK  
Yea, that's right.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS  
(to Robbie)  
How long have you been living here,  
Robbie?

Still no answer.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS  
(to Slick)  
Why don't you show me his room,  
Solomon.

SLICK  
(hesitant)  
Sure...

INT. SLICK TUCKER'S SHITTY HOUSE - BACK ROOM - LATER

Not much of a room. There are some pillows on the ground.

Robbie's BAG IS OPEN -- Books peaking out.

Along with DOG TOYS...it's unclear whether or not this is the  
dog's room.

SLICK  
He's got plenty of toys and crap to  
play with in here.

Figgins PICKS UP A SQUEAKY TOY. SQUEAKS IT.

SLICK  
He goes nuts for squeaky shit.

Detective Figgins notices the books.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS  
You like to read, Robbie?

Still no answer.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS  
Does your Dad read to you?

SLICK  
Oh fuck yea we read. Harry Potter  
is my man crush and whatever.

Figgins isn't convinced.

INT. FIGGINS' CAR - LATER

Figgins gets in the car and hits the Radio.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS  
This is Car 1824.



RADIO OPERATOR (O.S.)  
Go ahead 1824.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS  
Need to contact social services and  
have them check in on 63 Marion  
Street. Boy, 8, living with an  
unfit guardian, legal name Solomon  
Tucker. Currently under joint  
custody. Recommend immediate  
government action.

RADIO OPERATOR (O.S.)  
Good luck with the red tape, 1824.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS  
Don't I know it.

INT. CAR - LATER

Professor Pasghetti DRIVES -- listening to the RADIO.

Harry Chapin's "Cat's in the Cradle" comes on.

HARRY CHAPIN  
(on radio)  
*My son turned ten just the other  
day/He said, "Thanks for the ball,  
Dad, come on let's play/Can you  
teach me to throw," I said "Not  
today I got a lot to do,"/He said,  
"That's ok" And he walked away but  
his smile never dimmed/ And said,  
"I'm gonna be like him, yeah/ You  
know I'm gonna be like him."*

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
What are the odds.

INT. MOTEL - LATER

Professor Pasghetti is just settling into the room.

The song from the radio continues to play.

HARRY CHAPIN

(on radio)

*And the cat's in the cradle and the  
silver spoon/ Little boy blue and  
the man on the moon When you comin'  
home Dad/ I don't know when, but  
we'll get together then/You know  
we'll have a good time then.*

Professor Pasghetti TURNS ON THE TV.

Switches to the PORNO CHANNEL -- and finds the same exact  
LESBIAN COP PORNO he watched with Robbie earlier.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

What's not to get here?

Professor Pasghetti TURNS OFF THE TV, frustrated.

He LEAVES THE ROOM.

EXT. CAR - LATER

Professor Pasghetti gets in and PEELS OUT OF THE PARKING LOT.

HARRY CHAPIN

(on radio)

*Well, he came from college just the  
other day/ So much like a man I  
just had to say/ "Son, I'm proud of  
you, can you sit for a while"-*

The song ABRUPTLY CUTS OUT.

We see PROFESSOR PASGHETTI THROW THE RADIO OUT OF THE CAR.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Professor Pasghetti DRINKS ALONE - gin on the rocks as usual.

He DOWNS HIS DRINK. And the BARTENDER is right there.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

Another.

The Bartender pours.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

Hey -- how are the school districts  
in the area?

BARTENDER  
The school districts?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Yea. Good schools?

BARTENDER  
(sarcastic)  
Oh yea. They're top notch. I'm  
president of the PTA.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
You're saying that this isn't  
really your area of expertise.

BARTENDER  
We don't do a ton of parent-teacher  
conferences in this bar, no.  
(beat)  
You a molester type?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Not exactly.

BARTENDER  
What's that mean?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
In the past week I've watched hard  
core porn, chain smoked Marlboro  
Lights, shared drug-laced  
mozzarella sticks, and dug up a  
dead body with an 8 year old.  
(beat)  
I had a lot of fun, actually.

BARTENDER  
Yea. We get a lot of that here.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Fucking Sand Antonio.

Professor Pasghetti DOWNS HIS DRINK.

INT. SLICK TUCKER'S SHITTY HOUSE - NIGHT

Robbie CREEPS out of his room, BOOK IN HAND.

He SEES Slick, passed out on the couch, NEEDLE STILL IN HIS  
ARM.

Robbie SITS NEXT TO HIM ON THE COUCH, wraps his father's NON  
NEEDLE ARM around himself, and OPENS THE BOOK.

ROBBIE  
(sounding out the words)  
If. You. Give. A mouse. A cookie.

EXT. STRIP MALL - PARKING LOT - NEXT DAY

Professor Pasghetti GETS OUT OF HIS CAR and CARRIES A NOTE PAD, some CRAYONS, PENCILS, etc...

He SEES a LITTLE KID, about Robbie's age, in the BACK SEAT OF A LOCKED CAR.

They SHARE A LOOK.

Professor Pasghetti LOOKS AROUND -- WHERE IS HIS MOM?

Professor Pasghetti APPROACHES THE CAR.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Hey, you ok?

Just then the BEEP BEEP of the UNLOCK BUTTON.

The MOTHER comes to the car, CARRYING GROCERIES.

Professor Pasghetti QUICKLY WALKS AWAY pretending to be looking at something else the whole time.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
A KFC and a Taco Bell?

INT. COFFEE SHOP - LATER

Professor Pasghetti STANDS ON LINE.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Large coffee.

AS HE PAYS and TAKES HIS COFFEE...

Detective Figgins STEPS UP TO THE REGISTER, next on line.

She didn't notice Professor Pasghetti.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS  
Black coffee to go, please

INT. COFFEE SHOP - LATER

Professor Pasghetti SITS at a table.

Drawing Materials in front of him.

And he stares at a BLANK PAGE.

He PUTS THE CRAYON TO THE PAGE. But he's got nothing.

The BLANK PAGE keeps STARING AT HIM. TAUNTING HIM.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Cum on my fucking face faggoty fuck  
nut tacos!

He TEARS the pages apart, FULL THROTTLE TANTRUM MODE.

The COFFEE DRINKERS all STARE.

And Professor Pasghetti's PHONE RINGS.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Hello?

INT. AL'S OFFICE - INTERCUT

Al at his desk, as usual.

AL  
Where are you?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Hell. Or San Antonio. One of those.

AL  
Something wrong?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Just a little writer's block.

Professor Pasghetti BRINGS THE PHONE OUTSIDE.

AL  
See you weren't built for the  
airport paper back genre.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
I was actually trying to draw a  
Giraffe in a doctor's office. You  
think kids would be receptive to a  
book about elephantitis?

AL  
You breaking my balls?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Always. Actually enlarging them  
several sizes in this case.

AL  
How are things with that lady?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
(beat)  
It's over.

AL  
So what are you still doing in  
Texas?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
I don't even know.

AL  
Brokeback Mountain fantasies?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
You called to make homophobic  
comments?

AL  
No. Look, I know you always wanted  
to be Hunter S. Thompson or Charles  
Bukowski. It's evident in how you  
live. You're just better at what  
you do now.

(beat)  
We don't always choose what we're  
good at, Tommy. That isn't to say  
we can't be good at what we choose.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
What are you talking about, Al?

AL  
Follow your heart. Life's too short  
to do anything but that.

Professor Pasghetti gets it.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
I have to get him back.

AL  
So it is a Brokeback thing?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
 What? No. There was a girl, Al. But  
 she died in Atlantic City. Did too  
 much junk. It was my junk.

AL  
 What are you telling me?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
 I didn't kill her, Al. I didn't  
 save her, but I didn't kill her.

AL  
 Wait, slow down. Who OD'd?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
 God, I didn't even know her real  
 name. I don't think. I'm a bad guy  
 but now I know I can be better. I  
 appreciate everything you've ever  
 done for me. I mean that.

AL  
 Where are you? I'll call someone  
 and we'll straighten all this-

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
 Goodbye, Al.

Professor HANGS UP and HEADS TO THE CAR.

He immediately gets a CALL BACK from Al and IGNORES IT.

INT. CAR - LATER

Professor Pasghetti DRIVES with a SMILE.

He takes a RAFFI CD and reaches for the radio.

Then he realizes he THREW IT OUT OF THE CAR ALREADY.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
 Oh, right.  
 (singing)  
*Baby beluga, baby beluga,  
 Is the water warm? Is your mama  
 home, With you so happy?*

He HUMS along to himself...

EXT. SLICK TUCKER'S SHITTY HOUSE - NIGHT

Professor Pasghetti PULLS UP WITH HIS HEADLIGHTS OFF.

He notices a Police Squad Car in front of the house.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

Fuck.

INT. SLICK TUCKER'S SHITTY HOUSE - SAME

Detective Figgins is talking to Robbie alone.

Another OFFICER occupies Slick in the hallway in the background, out of earshot.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS

How did you get here from Atlantic City, Robbie?

Robbie doesn't answer.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS

Did your Mom bring you here? Do you know where your Mom is?

ROBBIE

(barely audible)  
French Guiana.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS

What's that?

THROUGH THE WINDOW WE SEE Professor PEAKING IN.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS

(re: scattered books)  
You have a favorite?

ROBBIE

Not yet.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS

It's good to have a hobby.

ROBBIE

Yea, I get to travel to the 1920's.

Detective Figgins SMILES slightly.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS

Robbie, are you happy here?



Robbie LOOKS UP -- STARES Figgins in the eyes.

ROBBIE  
Where else am I supposed to go?

EXT. SLICK TUCKER'S SHITTY HOUSE - SAME

Professor Pasghetti can't hear what they're saying -- but  
WATCHES as Detective Figgins WALKS OUT OF THE ROOM.

He WAITS, then KNOCKS ON THE WINDOW -- which has BARS on it.

Robbie comes over.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Hey! It's me!

ROBBIE  
What do you want?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
I came to bust you out.

ROBBIE  
Yea right.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
I'm serious Robbie!

Robbie starts to walk away.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Look -- I'm sorry. I shouldn't have  
left you here. But that's why I  
came back! Before you were exposed  
to any HIV needles.

ROBBIE  
(defensive)  
How do you know I don't want HIV  
needles?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
You can't begin to understand how  
wrong that sentence was.

Robbie starts to WALK AWAY.

ROBBIE  
You're not my Dad.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
True. But...I'm better for you than  
that asshole. Don't you like me  
better than him?

ROBBIE  
Maybe.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
This is going to sound a little  
gay, but I missed you, man.

Robbie is SOFTENING.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Robbie, I made a mistake. And it  
won't be my last mistake. I fuck up  
a lot. But I promise you I will try  
to fuck up less with you.

Robbie SMILES.

ROBBIE  
Ok.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Ok. Can you fit through these bars?

Robbie TRIES -- of course he can't.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Pack a bag. I'm coming to get you.

And Professor Pasghetti TAKES OFF for the front of the house.

IN FRONT: Professor watches FIGGINS with the OTHER OFFICER.

OTHER DETECTIVE  
Social Services should be here  
first thing in the morning.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS  
Let's hope that's soon enough. I  
can think of 17 ways the kid could  
swallow a syringe before he makes  
it to a foster home.

They each PULL AWAY in their own car.

Pasghetti SNEAKS UP to the front door, GENTLY OPENS IT...

INT. SLICK TUCKER'S SHITTY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Professor Pasghetti looks around the shit hole.

But before he has time to react...

A VICIOUS DOG RUNS AT HIM FULL THROTTLE -- BARKING LOUDLY.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

Holy shit!

And the dog JUMPS at PROFESSOR.

He CATCHES THE DOG IN MID AIR -- USES the momentum to LAUNCH THE DOG UPWARDS in ONE SWIFT MOTION...

Into the CEILING!

The dog HITS THE CEILING - and then the floor with a WHIMPER.

He's ok and STARTS TO WALK OFF.

Professor immediately feels guilty.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

Fuck, sorry about that puppy.  
You're ok. Walk it off.

He continues to creep onward.

Past a CRACK WHORE.

CRACK WHORE

Hey, man. You're Larry's friend.

He ignores her and goes to Robbie's room.

INT. SLICK TUCKER'S SHITTY HOUSE - ROBBIE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Robbie stands ready to go, BAG at his side.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

Let's go.

He takes Robbie by the hand.

Robbie DRAGS THE BAG BEHIND, WEIGHING THEM DOWN.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

Give me the bag.

Professor STRUGGLES with the bag.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Damn it, kid, what's in here?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
My books.

Professor SMILES.

But SLICK cuts them off.

SLICK  
What the cock's going on here?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Look, Slick. I'm taking Robbie out  
of here.

SLICK  
Like hell you are. I need him.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
For what?

SLICK  
Money. Government...money. Tax  
purposes too.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Here's what's gonna happen. You're  
going to step aside. You're going  
to continue your own downward  
spiral. And you're going to forget  
you ever jizzed into Misty in the  
first place. From this moment on  
you never had a son, got it?

SLICK  
And why the fuck would I do that?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Because of this!

And Professor Pasghetti LUNGES at Slick -- trying to get him  
by the element of surprise.

But Slick PUNCHES Pasghetti IN THE FACE. Pasghetti goes down.

SLICK  
Nice try loser.

Slick KICKS HIM when he's down.

Professor Pasghetti starts to CRAWL AWAY.

SLICK  
Where you going? Robbie he's trying  
to leave without you.

Professor SEES SOMETHING --

A NEEDLE ON THE GROUND UNDER THE COUCH.

SLICK  
Come on, man -- I could use the  
exercise.

He KEEPS KICKING Professor until...

Pasghetti GRABS THE NEEDLE and...

STABS SLICK IN THE LEGS AGAIN AND AGAIN.

SLICK  
Mother fucker!

Slick goes down now -- clearly in a WORLD OF PAIN.

Professor gets up, grabs Robbie.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Come on.

EXT. SLICK TUCKER'S SHITTY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

They make a break for the car.

Bag is tossed in the back, keys in the ignition...

And they're off.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Professor Pasghetti has a big smile on his face.

Robbie does too.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Fuck Sand Antonio. We can go  
anywhere you want.

ROBBIE  
What about the story?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Simple rewrite. Not a problem.

Robbie TAKES THE DRAWINGS OUT OF HIS BAG.

ROBBIE

Do I have to do all these over?

Professor FLIPS THROUGH the pictures.

Until he reaches one of...

Professor Pasghetti, Robbie and A SUITCASE...

The SUITCASE has a DEAD WOMAN IN IT.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

What's this?

ROBBIE

That's you and me. And that's my bag. And that's my Mom in the bag.

Professor Pasghetti can't believe it.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

Your Mom's in the bag?

ROBBIE

Maybe not anymore. I don't know what those birds did with her.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

How long did you know?

Robbie SHRUGS.

ROBBIE

You said it was my bag.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

I'm sorry, Robbie.

ROBBIE

It's ok.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

It's ok?

Robbie NODS.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

Why didn't you say anything?

ROBBIE

She never gave me mozzarella sticks. Or took me to the beach.

(MORE)

ROBBIE (cont'd)  
Or taught me how to read.  
(beat)  
I love you Professor Pasghetti.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Geez. Ok. I'm not quite there yet.

Awkward silence. But Robbie is oblivious.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Let's get something to eat.

Robbie SMILES.

INT. PIZZA JOINT - LATER

Professor Pasghetti and Robbie at the counter.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Give me 10 orders of mozzarella  
sticks. Extra marinara sauce on the  
side.

ROBBIE  
What are you going to eat?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
You're not going to share?

ROBBIE  
(upset about it)  
Fine.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Better make it 20 orders. The kid  
can't wait for diabetes.

EXT. PIZZA JOINT - LATER

Professor Pasghetti and Robbie head to the car.

At that very moment...

Detective Figgins, on the phone, EXITS a coffee shop a few  
stores away.

CHIEF OAKLEY (O.S.)  
Where the hell are you?!

DETECTIVE FIGGINS  
(on phone)  
I told you, Chief, I have my  
daughter's piano...

She SEES Pasghetti and Robbie.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS  
...communion. What the...

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Professor Pasghetti and Robbie settle into the car.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
So now where?

Robbie bites into a mozzarella stick.

ROBBIE  
Boner town.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Would you stop thinking about your  
sticks for a second. You like snow?

ROBBIE  
It's ok.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
You're more of a beach guy.

ROBBIE  
No. Fuck the ocean.

INT. FIGGINS CAR - INTERCUT

Figgins SLOWLY FOLLOW Pasghetti's car.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS  
(into walkie talkie)  
Need a license plate check:  
Foxtrot, 3, 9, 1, Zulu, Alpha.

It's now that Professor Pasghetti SEES the unmarked cop car  
in his rearview mirror.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Is that cock sucker following us?

Professor Pasghetti PUTS THE TOP UP on the CAR.



PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
 Alright. Here's how we're playing  
 this.

Professor Pasghetti PULLS INTO A CAR WASH.

The car SLOWLY CREEPS ON THE TRACK...

INTO the opening of the car wash.

Figgins follows -- still waiting on confirmation. Her car is  
 already on the CAR WASH TRACK.

Professor Pasghetti's Car is HALFWAY INTO THE CAR WASH.

Detective Figgins CAN'T SEE A THING through water and soap.

COP (ON WALKIE TALKIE)  
 That is a rental car, picked up 2  
 days ago outside of Georgia. Signee  
 named Thomas Pasghetti.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS  
 Son of a bitch.

Figgins TURNS ON HER SIREN.

But his CAR IS ALREADY ON THE CAR WASH TRACK.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS  
 (into speaker)  
 This is the police. Pull your  
 vehicle over. Do not get hot wax.

No response. It's hard to hear over the WATER, SOAP, etc...

DETECTIVE FIGGINS  
 Can you hear me? This is the  
 police! Pull over immediately!

By the time she can see Pasghetti's car...

The Professor PEELS OUT OF THE CAR WASH!

DETECTIVE FIGGINS  
 Fuck!

Figgins takes off after him.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS  
 (into walkie)  
 Calling all officers! I'm in high  
 speed pursuit headed south on  
 Comstock. Requesting backup!  
 (MORE)

DETECTIVE FIGGINS (cont'd)  
Be on alert -- suspect has an 8  
year old hostage in the vehicle,  
and is a person of interest in an  
ongoing missing persons case.

The two cars RACE DOWN THE STREET.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS  
You wanna tango fucker? That's  
fine. But the kid has no business  
on the dance floor.

EXT. CAR WASH - SAME

The empty car wash -- where the chase began. It's quiet.

Until Robbie, WET AND SOAPY...WANDERS OUT -- clearly let out  
of the car in the middle of the car wash.

INT. CAR - SAME

We see Professor Pasghetti is ALONE in the car.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Fuck, Pasghetti, how did you get  
yourself into this?

Professor Pasghetti WEAVES IN AND OUT OF TRAFFIC.

But Figgins is on his every move.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS  
This guy thinks he's Vin Diesel.

Pasghetti CLENCHES HIS TEETH as he WEAVES THROUGH TRAFFIC.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Just like Grand Theft Auto. Just  
like Grand Theft Auto.

He's terrified.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
What about...this!

And Pasghetti UNLATCHES THE TOP OF THE CONVERTIBLE.

It FLIES OFF BACKWARDS.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
I like my bitches topless!

It doesn't come close to hitting Figgins.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

Shit.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS

(into walkie)

We're dealing with a fucking moron  
here. Proceed with prejudice.

Professor Pasghetti takes a SHARP LEFT TURN THROUGH TRAFFIC.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS

Here we go.

Figgins follows.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

Requesting a fly by!

And Professor Pasghetti SLAMS THE BREAKS -- thinking Figgins  
will FLY BY HIM.

But Figgins STOPS IN PLENTY OF TIME --

Gets ready to get out of her car...

And Professor PUTS HIS CAR IN REVERSE --

He PASSES Figgins...

GIVES HER THE FINGER.

Professor CLOSES HIS EYES.

DISREGARDING ALL OTHER TRAFFIC and making THEM move out of  
HIS WAY.

Cars HONK and SWERVE as Professor goes STRAIGHT BACK.

Figgins does a 3 point turn.

Pasghetti FISHTAILS AROUND IN AN OPEN INTERSECTION.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

Wooooooooo!

And GUNS IT FORWARD...PULLS OFF THE STREET.

Figgins CAN'T FIND PASGHETTI as she CREEPS down the street.

Doesn't seem to be any COMMOTION. She EYES the LOTS and  
STORES to the left and right.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS  
C'mon, c'mon.  
(into Walkie)  
Where is my backup?!

And as a TRUCK PULLS OUT OF A SONIC FAST FOOD JOINT...

Figgins sees PASGHETTI...he was camped behind the truck. He's trying to look like a CASUAL CUSTOMER.

But the jig is up.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS  
(into walkie)  
Nevermind.

And the chase is back on..through the SONIC LOT.

WAITRESSES ON SKATES DIVE OUT OF THE CARS' WAY.

Pasghetti SWERVES on the street, one way, then the other...

Nothing's working.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Fuck my shitty asshole!

DETECTIVE FIGGINS  
It's over, pal. You know it's over.

Professor Pasghetti is all but defeated.

He sees one of Robbie's Books: The Little Engine That Could.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Not today, Little Engine.

He TURNS THE BOOK OVER, hiding the title from view.

He PUTS HIS BLINKER ON -- READY TO GIVE UP.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Time to face the music.

He STARTS TO PULL OVER WHEN...

BAM!

Figgins's car is T-BONED FROM THE SIDE...

FLIPPING THE CAR AND KNOCKING HER OUT OF THE CHASE!

DETECTIVE FIGGINS  
FUUUUUCK!

Professor Pasghetti CAN'T BELIEVE HIS EYES.

He's relieved. That is until he sees WHO T-BONED FIGGINS...

INT. SLICK'S CAR - SAME TIME

Slick Tucker's car is banged up -- but he's picked up where Figgins left off, GAINING SPEED and CATCHING UP to Pasghetti.

SLICK  
Guess who dick breath!

Slick BUMPS Pasghetti's car from behind.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Stop ass fucking me!

He BUMPS him again.

Pasghetti tries to TURN...

But Slick PULLS UP NEXT TO HIM. POINTS A GUN.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Come on, man. I'm just an author!

Professor Pasghetti DUCKS. Slick SHOOTS OUT A WINDOW.

SLICK  
(shouting)  
Where's the kid?

Slick SLAMS into Pasghetti's car from the side.

SLICK  
(shouting)  
Where the fuck is he?

Up ahead is a GLASS BUILDING. Professor Pasghetti SEES IT.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
He's in the trunk. Maybe you should  
stop bumping him around!

Slick SLAMS Pasghetti's car again.

SLICK  
Bullshit!

Professor Pasghetti LOOKS AROUND THE CAR -- taking inventory.

He SEES: Robbie's bag. And the Mozzarella Sticks and SAUCE.

Professor TAKES THE BAG WITH ONE HAND.

The GLASS BUILDING is getting closer and closer.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
I know -- we'll split the kid in  
half. We'll both get him.

SLICK  
What the fuck am I gonna do with  
half a kid? Government won't give  
you shit for a kid like that.  
(beat)  
Will they?

Professor Pasghetti USES THE BAGS OF BOOKS and puts them on  
the ACCELERATOR -- WEIGHING IT DOWN.

His feet now free, he's practically SQUATTING ON THE SEAT.

Glass Building GETTING CLOSER.

Pasghetti takes the EXTRA SAUCE...

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Hey Slick...you got something on  
your windshield.

And Pasghetti TOSSES THE SAUCE. It covers the windshield.

SLICK can't see a thing.

Pasghetti takes the opportunity to JUMP OUT OF THE MOVING CAR  
-- which FLIES FORWARD thanks to the books on the gas.

Slick TURNS ON HIS WIPERS, CLEARS THE SAUCE just in time to  
see the GLASS BUILDING he's about to crash into.

SLICK  
Shit!

BOOM!

There's a HUGE EXPLOSION of Glass, Fire, Car Parts!

WITNESSES approach the accident.

EXT. CRASH SITE - LATER

Figgins- BANDAGED UP, LOOKING LIKE HELL, but another OFFICER  
is filling her in.

OFFICER

Witnesses say 2 cars crashed into the building. They've only pulled one corpse out of there. But no way anyone survived that.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS

Then where are the other 2 bodies?

OFFICER

Could've burned up.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS

Do you know how human bones work?

OFFICER

We should pray.

The OFFICER does so, closes his eyes.

OFFICER

(eyes closed)

Dear Lord, take this child into your arms and tuck him into your eternal slumber. A slumber party for a child if you will. Staying up late and pillow fighting and eating ice cream sundaes. Truly heaven.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS

Where the fuck am I?

Figgins WALKS AWAY while his eyes are closed, paying no attention to the prayer but instead to...

A TRAIL OF BLOOD leading AWAY FROM THE CRIME SCENE.

Figgins STOPS a CSI GUY --

DETECTIVE FIGGINS

(to CSI Guy)

Hey -- did the passenger side airbag deploy?

CSI GUY

Huh?

DETECTIVE FIGGINS

If someone was sitting in the front seat the airbag would've gone off. Did that happen or not?

CSI GUY

(checking notes)

No. Neither airbag did, actually.

She's putting it all together in his head.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS  
(smiling)  
Sneaky bastard.

FIGGINS PHONE RINGS.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS  
(into phone)  
Hello?  
(her face lights up)  
Hey there little lady bug face!  
(beat)  
You ate how many gummy bears? All  
at one time? That's crazy!  
(beat)  
I'm finishing up some work, but I  
was thinking me and you can have a  
play date tomorrow!

We've never seen her happier.

EXT. CAR WASH - LATER

Robbie SITS AND WAITS -- SHIVERING COLD.

And he SEES Professor Pasghetti LIMPING TOWARDS HIM.

ROBBIE  
I've been waiting for like 3 hours.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Yea, well my bone is sticking out  
of my skin.

Robbie sees that indeed Professor's LEG BONE Is sticking out.

ROBBIE  
That's awesome!

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Glad you like it.

ROBBIE  
What happened?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Long story short -- I had to put  
your dad in a suit case.

ROBBIE  
Ok.



PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
You understand what that means?

ROBBIE  
He's fucking dead.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Alright.

ROBBIE  
But where's *my* bag?

Professor Pasghetti gives him a look.

INT. PRINTING PRESS - MONTHS LATER

- Machines HUM and PRINT page after page.
- Trucks are LOADED with BOXES.
- The Trucks deliver the boxes to BARNES AND NOBLE.
- Inside -- an EMPLOYEE sets up a display of Professor Pasghetti's New Book -- GOING TO SAND ANTONIO

EXT. SCHOOL - MONTHS LATER

A CHILD CARRYING THE BOOK PASSES BY a GROUP OF BOYS, SITTING ON GRASS, around DEALT CARDS...

Robbie, different haircut, new clothes -- DEALING LIKE A PRO.

Robbie hits 21, QUICKLY TAKES the other kids' candy.

EIGHT YEAR OLD  
Damn Dylan, again?

ROBBIE  
Boys, the house always wins.

And Robbie (going by Dylan now) LEAVES.

Robbie is STOPPED by a PRETTY GIRL.

PRETTY GIRL  
Dylan, thanks for letting me borrow that book today.

ROBBIE  
Hey, I like brains on my ladies as well as big tits.

She SMILES even though she doesn't quite understand.

He hears the HONKING OF A CAR --

We see Pasghetti -- also new hair color, sunglasses, totally incognito, WAITING IN FRONT OF THE SCHOOL.

ROBBIE

See you tomorrow, sweetheart.

And Robbie SMACKS Nicole on the ass -- just like he saw Pasghetti do earlier.

Robbie TROTS off to the car and gets in the front seat.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

How was school today, *Dylan*?

ROBBIE

It was ok.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

Uh huh. And what's this?

Professor Pasghetti holds up a SPOOL OF DENTAL FLOSS.

Robbie AVOIDS EYE CONTACT.

ROBBIE

I don't know.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

Sure looks like dental floss to me.  
The real mystery is how it got lost  
in my cup holder somewhere on the  
way from Dr. Green's office to your  
bathroom.

ROBBIE

Suspicious.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

Take the fucking floss, kid.

ROBBIE

Find, *Dad*.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

Call me Sawyer.

ROBBIE

Go fuck yourself, Dad.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

That's my boy.

And they PULL OFF.

But behind them...an UNMARKED CAR FOLLOWS...

EXT. SUBURBS - DAY

A VAST CONTRAST to Slick's neighborhood.

There are QUAIN'T HOMES with GREEN FRONT LAWNS, KIDS ON BIKES, MAILBOXES IN THE SHAPE OF ANIMALS AND LIGHTHOUSES...

The UNMARKED CAR FOLLOWS.

EXT. PASGHETTI AND ROBBIE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Pasghetti and Robbie HOP out of the car, head to the house.

Pasghetti GRABS ROBBIE'S BIKE, complete with TRAINING WHEELS and HELMET and moves it out of the way. \*

A FRIENDLY NEIGHBOR from next door calls to the Professor. \*

FRIENDLY NEIGHBOR  
Afternoon, Sawyer. \*

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Hey Chuck! \*

FRIENDLY NEIGHBOR  
Whatcha doing tonight? Jim's wife  
is out of town. We're gonna play  
poker, have a few beers, some  
stogies...who knows what other kind  
of trouble we might get into! \*

Professor Pasghetti SMIRKS SLIGHTLY. This square of a  
Suburban Dad wouldn't know trouble if it pissed on his face. \*

Professor might even be tempted to show him real trouble. \*

But... \*

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
'Fraid I gotta take a raincheck,  
buddy. Got the PTA meeting. \*

FRIENDLY NEIGHBOR  
Don't those buttheads realize you  
couldn't bake a cupcake to save  
your life? \*

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
 Hey *butthead*, I'll put my cupcakes  
 against your sorry excuse for a  
 spinach dip any day!

FRIENDLY NEIGHBOR  
 Alright, well I'll see ya!

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
 You bet!  
 (under his breath)  
 Douche bag.

Figgins gets out of the UNMARKED CAR once Pasghetti is  
 inside, GUN DRAWN. That whole scene was odd.

She notices CHALK DRAWINGS on the SIDEWALK.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS  
 Like the Brady Bunch lives here.

FIGGINS PEERS INTO THE HOUSE, SEES Robbie SITTING at the  
 KITCHEN TABLE -- doing homework.

There's some CHICKEN DEFROSTING ON THE COUNTER, Robbie's  
 DRAWINGS hang on the REFRIGERATOR.

Figgins can't believe her eyes! It's fucking AMERICANA!

ROBBIE  
 What color is my room going to be?

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI (O.S.)  
 You doing homework or Extreme Home  
 Makeover?

ROBBIE  
 Homework.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI (O.S.)  
 That's what I thought.

ROBBIE  
 But it's a joke! They have me doing  
 a report on a book by some cunt  
 named Judy Bloom.

Figgins, confused, PEERS into another window. She SEES...

Professor Pasghetti is PAINTING ROBBIE'S ROOM, his  
 identifiable CARTOON CHARACTERS sketched on the wall.

Then we see a bed COVERED IN STUFFED ANIMALS.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
Your stuffed animals have  
officially taken over your bed.

ROBBIE (O.S.)  
I love them!

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI  
You're the one that's gotta sleep  
here, man.  
(laughing to himself)  
Did he just call Judy Bloom a cunt?

Figgins doesn't know what to make of all this.

It's all out of whack -- but better than what she saw at  
Slick's house.

Internally we can see the DEBATE -- the kid looks better off  
here than he did with Slick, or Misty.

HEADING BACK TO HER CAR, Figgins makes a CALL on her cell.

DETECTIVE FIGGINS  
(into phone)  
It's Figgins. Yea, the tip was bad.  
It's not the right kid. The search  
for the fugitive writer continues.

Detective Figgins SMILES. She knows she did the right thing.

When - RAP MUSIC BLASTS LOUDLY FROM THE HOUSE.

Figgins looks back and see Robbie and Pasghetti RAPPING TO  
EACH OTHER through the window.

Busta Rhymes' "Put Your Hands Where My Eyes Can See" PLAYS...

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI AND ROBBIE  
(rapping)  
*Hit you with no delayin so what you  
sayin yo/ Silly with my nine milly  
what the deally yo/ When I be on  
the mic yes I do my duty yo/ Wild  
up in the club like we wylin the  
studio/ You don't want to violate  
nigga-*

CUT TO BLACK