

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 Pasghetti TURNS AROUND WITH A SCREAM.

PROFESSOR PASGHETTI

Ahhhh! 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
castleing 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 Pasaghetti 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 Pasaghetti 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
Noooooooo!

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
Noooooo!

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 as 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 Pasaghetti 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 Pasaghetti 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.

DETCTIVE 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
Woooooooo!

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 QUAINT 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
'Afraid 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