

Hell haTh No furY...

By Gigi Gaston

First Draft/6-10-08
Register WGAW #549806

INT. SEXY BEDROOM - BENEDICT CANYON - BEVERLY HILLS - MORNING

Chic dark green textured bedroom. Pewter four poster bed with satin tasseled curtains. One side of the bed is empty and on the other lies JOAN DIAMOND, a luxurious blonde with intelligent looks and a great set of legs.

She lies asleep, scarcely covered in satin sheets, her left arm draped over her MINIATURE DACHSHUND, BILLIE who sleeps next to her, taking up half the bed.

A Tiffany clock CHIMES, Joan stirs. Engraved atop the clock is the inscription, "For Joan". Billie rolls on his back, groaning and stretching. He looks to Joan adoringly and begins licking her face.

JOAN
...Oooh, Baby...Oh, William.

She rolls on her back realizing who it is.

JOAN (CONT'D)
(cont'd)
(Continuing)
Billie?--Uggghh!

Joan leaps up, spitting.

INT. NEWFIELD BEDROOM - COCONUT GROVE, FLORIDA - MORNING

An airy bedroom with a glass wall overlooking gardens and the bay. A handsome WILLIAM NEWFIELD and his Patrician wife ELIZABETH lay asleep, "Spoon Style" tangled up in Pratese sheets. "Lizzie" wears plaid eye shades, her hair in curlers.

On her bedside table is a portrait of herself, William and their children GARY, 5 and KELLY, 3.

William rolls on his back snoring. Lizzie turns on her side, revealing a glimpse of her elegant shoulder.

An identical Tiffany clock CHIMES. Engraved atop this one is, "For Liz". Lizzie jerks awake looking at the clock somewhat dazed. She struggles to sit up, stretches and yawns.

Suddenly, William's arm wraps around her from behind. He kisses her lovingly.

WILLIAM
How's my birthday girl?

LIZZIE
Foggy from all that champagne. That was
some party...

Lizzie giggles, she climbs on top of him, playfully.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIZZIE (CONT'D)
 (cont'd)
 (Seductively)
 Want to do it again?

WILLIAM
 Do I have any other choice?

LIZZIE
 (Smiling, seductively)
 No.

Lizzie starts to pull out her curlers. William stops her.

WILLIAM
 Let's be kinky, leave them.

They make love.

INT. JOAN DIAMOND'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - BEVERLY HILLS - MORNING

Modern sleek kitchen. Joan makes toast as she reads L.A. Food Guide.

JOAN
 (Reading)
 "...Great food - A lot of pretention
 mixed with every bite, due to the sea of
 Beverly Hills socialites that dine
 there." Screw you, my restaurant's great.

She tosses the paper in the trash can, continuing to butter her toast. In the BACKGROUND, The View plays on T.V.

WHOOPIE (O.S.)
 Tell me what does it feel like to be
 married for thirty five years?

AUTHOR
 Every woman has to marry once in her life
 to have really lived.

Joan SNAPS off the T.V.

EXT. NEWFIELD HOUSE- FRONT DOOR -COCONUT GROVE- MORNING

Lizzie with coffee in hand comes out of the side door by the kitchen humming. She reaches down picking up "The Wall Street Journal" and "The Miami Herald". As she heads back inside, her two kids, Gary and Kelly, are rushing to catch the school bus, followed by CHIP, their LARGE ENGLISH SHEEP DOG. Gary struggles to put on his inside-out jacket, while Kelly tries walking and tying her sneaker.

Chip COLLIDES into Lizzie, splashing coffee everywhere.

GARY
 Hi, Mom.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Chip JUMPS all over Lizzie. Lizzie expertly maneuvers the coffee out of Chip's way.

LIZZIE
Chip, no.

Chip JUMPS higher.

KELLY
(running after Gary)
Bye, Mom.

LIZZIE
Chip, sit.

Chip LUNGES after the kids, knocking the coffee stained newspapers out of her hand.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)
(cont'd)
Chip, no!

She watches as Chip JUMPS into the bus. O.S. of many kids on the bus SCREAMING. Chip BARKS, as the bus pulls away with Chip sitting between Kelly and Gary.

Gary looks out the window to Lizzie and shrugs.

INT. WHITE RANGE ROVER - MIAMI AIRPORT - AMERICAN AIRLINES - DAY

William sits in the passenger seat, immaculately dressed.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)
(cont'd)
You have everything?

WILLIAM
I think so. Pull over there.

LIZZIE
I wish I was going with you.

WILLIAM
Me too.
(He glances at his watch)
Call the office if you need me.
Otherwise, I'll call in a couple of--

LIZZIE
--tonight.

WILLIAM
(He smiles, kissing her.)
Right.

William rushes to get out. His briefcase opens, spilling everything. William swears gathering his things as quickly as possible.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIZZIE
Honey, calm down. Your plane doesn't
leave for two hours.

Lizzie picks up his ticket and starts to open it. William kisses
her, taking it.

WILLIAM
You're right. Thank you baby.

William slides the ticket in his breast pocket and hands Lizzie
a velvet box.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
(cont'd)
Open this tonight when you miss me the
most. I love you Lizzie Newfield.

He kisses her again, then heads into the terminal. Lizzie holds
the box close, watching.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
(cont'd)
(turning back)
And don't let that mangy dog sleep on my
side of the bed!

INT. MIAMI AIRPORT - AMERICAN AIRLINES - DAY

William comes through the doors and looks behind him, making
sure Lizzie isn't following. He takes off running past the
American Airlines desk over to the AIR MEXICO Terminal.

INT. AIR MEXICO - GATE - MIAMI - DAY

Passengers have boarded. They are about to close the gate as
William shouts and runs to a beautiful young blonde, 'Bo Derek'
type, TAMMY LIPTON who waits with the STEWARDESS. She runs into
William's arms. Tammy is of age, but looks younger. She is
every mans fantasy.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
(cont'd)
Tammy!

TAMMY
God, I'm so glad to see you. Mom drove
so slow, I thought I missed the plane.
Plus I forgot my passport.
(Off William's look)
Don't worry, everything's cool. They just
made me sign some papers and show them my
license.

William's face relaxes a little as she kisses him on the cheek.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAMMY (CONT'D)
 (cont'd)
 (Bubbling with enthusiasm)
 I'm so excited about going away together.

WILLIAM
 Me too.

William reaches down to pick up her bag, SEES his wedding ring.

TAMMY
 I told my mom we have separate rooms. We
 do have separate rooms, don't we?

Caught off guard, William slips his wedding ring into his jacket pocket.

WILLIAM
 We have a two-room suite.

TAMMY
 She didn't like the idea of me going away
 with my boss. And I don't think she
 bought the business part of it.

WILLIAM
 No mother would.

They hand the STEWARDESS their tickets. The Stewardess stops William.

STEWARDESS
 You're on the wrong plane sir. You're
 ticket's for L.A.

William blushes. He takes another ticket from his pocket, handing it to her. William pulls out his cell.

STEWARDESS
 (cont'd)
 You've already cost us time. You'll have
 to hold that call till we land.

INT. LE PETIT BISTRO - DAY

The restaurant is packed. Billie (Joan's Dachshund) peaks out of Joan's bag as she races past GILLES, the gay French matre'd to her office.

GILLES
 Try the soups today, they're better than
 sex!

Joan stops by the kitchen. She takes a spoon sampling the first soup, then moves to the second soup. Gilles rushes up screaming dramatically behind her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GILLES (CONT'D)
(cont'd)

No, no Joan! A clean spoon. It must be a clean spoon!

He switches Joan's spoon to a clean one. Joan blushes embarrassed.

JOAN
Sorry, I forgot.

GILLES
Accidents happen.

She tastes the last soup, giving Gilles the thumbs up sign.

JOAN
C'est magnifique!

He gallantly salutes her. Joan salutes him back, heading into the back office with Billie.

INT. CENTER FOR ABUSED CHILDREN - MIAMI - DAY

Lizzie plays catch with the kids in the playroom. They toss a ball back and forth. The game ends. A little BOY races up to Lizzie, holding onto her leg as she walks.

LITTLE BOY
When I grow up, I'm going to marry you Mrs. Newfield.

LIZZIE
I'll be waiting for you Eduardo.

INT. AIR MEXICO PLANE - FIRST CLASS - DAY

Tammy is asleep, next to her William sits alone looking at two photos. One is of William with Lizzie, Gary and Kelly outside their home.

The other is of William, just out of the Naval Academy. His lapel is covered in medals. He sits with Joan, at a bar. Both of them hold champagne glasses up to the camera.

CAMERA MOVES into a TIGHT SHOT of Joan's face and FADES INTO A TIGHT SHOT of Joan standing excitedly at the passenger gate of American Airlines in Los Angeles.

INT. PASSENGER GATE - AIR MEXICO - ACAPULCO - DAY

William nervously rushes off the plane dialing on his cell phone. There is no battery.

WILLIAM
Dead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He reaches for his blackberry and starts to type, awkwardly holding two briefcases in his arms.

INT. PASSENGER GATE - AMERICAN AIRLINES - LAX - DAY

Joan checks out her reflection in the glass window. She readjusts a strand of hair, then turns back to the disembarking PASSENGERS. Her blackberry buzzes in her purse. She takes it out. "Having trouble with my plant in San Salvador. I won't be in LA for another seven days."

Joan's face fills with disappointment. She types back. "You should have called me."

INT. MEN'S BATHROOM COUNTER - ACAPULCO - DAY

William stands next to a man who is shaving. He has plugged his portable phone adapter into one of the shaving plugs. He dials, checking out his hair as he does.

INT. MEN'S BATHROOM - ACAPULCO - SAME

The man next to William blows the hairs out of his razor. They land on William's jacket. William dials again. The phone rings.

WILLIAM (cont'd)
 Hey watch it will ya! (Into phone) No,
 no, not you. Joan, honey, it's me. How's
 the woman of my dreams?...
 (He dusts the hairs off his
 jacket)
 Listen, (Shouting over the razor) I'm
 sorry.

SPLIT SCREEN BETWEEN JOAN AND WILLIAM

JOAN
 Am in baggage, wish you'd let me know
 earlier.

The man next to William now splashes after shave all over his face. It sloshes on William. William jumps back, the phone bungee cord pulls the cell out of his hand landing on the sink.

William looks at the man ready to kill. Quickly he picks up the phone

WILLIAM
 Sorry about that. How's your ear?

The man now combs his hair with a wet comb. Water FLICKS on William. Angrily William turns to scream at him. He stops in his tracks, as the man reaches for a WHITE cane and shuffles from the bathroom. William stares in disbelief

JOAN
 William? William are you still there?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLIAM
 (Side tracked)
 Ah yes, yes, sorry honey. Listen, I was
 bombarded with calls at the office, then
 I was late to the airport, my battery
 died, there was no service--

JOAN
 (Interrupting)
 There are always phones on the planes.

William stops short.

WILLIAM
 They were broken.

JOAN
 Try again.

WILLIAM
 I should have called you last night. It
 was Elizabeth's birthday, forgive me,
 okay?

JOAN
 ...Okay. The truth always works better.

William's face relaxes.

WILLIAM
 Yes I guess it does.

William stretches his phone cord as far as it will go to look
 out the bathroom for Tammy. She is surrounded by FOUR MEN.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
 (cont'd)
 I got to go. I'll call you in a couple
 of days.- Oh, by the way, everyone
 thought your proposal on Seratip was
 brilliant.

JOAN
 Really?

WILLIAM
 Really. We're in the process of buying
 the company.

Joan beams.

JOAN
 William? Hurry back.

WILLIAM
 I'll be there before you can click your
 heels together three times. Keep the
 sheets warm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Joan PURRS to him, then hangs up love struck.

William races over to Tammy, parting the sea of men that now cluster around her fighting over whose going to tie the undone lace on Tammy's chic hiking boot. He grabs her arm, whisking her away.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
(cont'd)

Come on Jo-ammy, I love pajamas.

They pass by a stunning blonde WOMAN, 30's at security check in. She's dressed in ripped jeans, T-shirt and a fringe nap sack. She waves to William. He stares at her blankly, as they head out the terminal.

WE PICK UP ON the SIGN over their head: WELCOME TO ACAPULCO.

Tammy stops and turns to him.

TAMMY

I've never done this before, so no expectations, right?

WILLIAM

Right. We'll have a good time and if something else develops, great.

Tammy smiles relieved.

TAMMY

I knew you weren't like the rest. You're the only one who's recognized, I have something else between my ears than just a pretty face.

William eyes her beautiful breasts.

WILLIAM

Come on "Brains", lets go.

INT. MIAMI COUNTRY CLUB - LATE AFTERNOON

We are in a glass card room overlooking the pool area of the posh Miami Country Club. A blonde disco bunny WAITRESS leans over an older man serving him a martini. He smiles at her lustfully.

ANGLE on MARTHA STONE, 50's watching disapprovingly. She turns back to Lizzie, who sits to her left.

THREE other women, POLLY, SUZANNE, and ELISE are at the table. All are overdressed and overly made up except for Lizzie, who wears jeans. They are in the middle of a serious card game.

ELISE

I can't believe Melissa isn't divorcing George after what he's done.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIZZIE
What did he do?

SUZANNE
You haven't heard? He's been having a
fling with that S.O.S.

Lizzie looks at Suzanne questioningly.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)
(cont'd)
S.O.S. Same old slut.

Suzanne points to the Disco Bunny at the pool. Simultaneously,
all the women turn their heads.

MARTHA
I always suspected it. I can smell
infidelity miles away. The minute George
started treating Melissa like it was
their second honeymoon, I knew he was
cheating on her.

The women glance at one another with, "I-told-you-so" looks.

MARTHA (CONT'D)
(cont'd)
The more he bopped the bunny, the more
presents he bought his wife. They react
out of guilt you know.

Lizzie stares at Martha, totally intrigued.

LIZZIE
Really?

Martha nods knowingly.

MARTHA
I gave Melissa a copy of my book, "Face
It Girls, Men Cheat". Did she listen?
No. Fact: At least 70% of American
husbands have sexual relations outside of
their marriage. Fact: 75 to 85% of these
men do not leave their wives.

LIZZIE
Why not?

MARTHA
They forgive and forget, especially when
the woman is over forty. They think
they'll never attract anyone else in
their life.

A WAITER comes up delivering more drinks and chips.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIZZIE

Just because a man is nice to his wife
doesn't mean he's cheating on her.
William's been nice to me from the start.

MARTHA

It's true, not every man cheats. You
lucked out.

Lizzie smiles proudly.

POLLY

Men always look. It's a chemical thing.

SUZANNE

(Exhales her cigarette)
No, it's a "dick" thing. At least that's
what my therapist says.

ELISE

They just can't keep it in their pants.
It's like some strange little animal that
has to stretch and blow up every once in
a while.

MARTHA

Do you women have rocks in your heads?
Men have become this way because we've
allowed it. We're not free ladies. We
are slaves and it's all our faults - GIN!

Martha puts her cards down like a puffed-up peacock. Everybody
stares.

ELISE

(flatly)
We're playing poker.

INT. LE PETIT BISTRO - BEVERLY HILLS - NIGHT

Joan sits at a table going over her books. KATE MULLIGAN
enters. Kate is "the passerby" we saw at the airport in
Acapulco who waved at William. A definite flashback from the
seventies, Kate made it big designing "Euro-grunge" and writing
songs. Kate smiles and bounces over carrying her nap sack and a
guitar case.

JOAN

I'm glad you decided to dress up.

KATE

You can take the girl out of the jeans,
but you can't take the jeans out of the
girl. What's up?

She slaps Joan affectionately, knocking her down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

 JOAN
Hungry?

 KATE
Like a horse.
 (Beat)
I saw William at the airport today.

Kate attacks the bread with a butter knife.

 KATE (CONT'D)
 (cont'd)
I think he was with his daughter.

 JOAN
William would never take his daughter to
San Salvador.

 KATE
I just came back from Acapulco, remember?

Joan is taken a back. Kate continues talking in-between bites.

 KATE (cont'd)
 (Continuing)
She must be what, seventeen, eighteen?
I waved, but he didn't wave back.

Joan turns to her, the blood draining from her face.

 JOAN
Kelly is eight.

Kate looks up seeing Joan's distressed expression.

 KATE
Oh. Look, it was busy and I didn't have
my contacts on.

 JOAN
You don't wear contacts.

 KATE
I made a mistake.

 JOAN
 (tightly)
What'd the girl look like?

Joan twirls a fork around, her world starting to unravel.

 KATE
Joan, I...

 JOAN
Kate, you're my best friend.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATE
(reluctant)
She was blonde, relatively good looking.

JOAN
You mean beautiful?

They lock eyes.

KATE
Drop dead.

Joan stabs the bread with her knife.

JOAN
THAT SON OF A BITCH!!!

We hear a CLATTER of knives and forks, as all heads in the restaurant, turn.

INT. JOAN'S APARTMENT - LATER ON

Joan is on the phone, fighting mad with William's attorney. Kate plays a sad love song on the guitar.

JOAN
...Who does he think I am Lewis - the wife? Mistresses don't get cheated on! And then, he tries to smooth it over with a 20,000 dollar Van Cleef bracelet?!

LEWIS (O.S.)
I'll take it if you don't want it.

JOAN
He wants to feel young again? He wants to find the Holy Grail? Well, I'll make him feel young again. Young and poor again. But this time he can relive his poverty without me! Palimony, Lewis. Did you hear me?

INT. LEWIS GILBERT'S HOME - SAME

LEWIS GILBERT, quickly takes the phone off speaker box. He looks over to his female companion, a sexy FLOOZIE called Mitzy. Mitzy sits on top of him in her garter belts, unbuttoning his shirt.

LEWIS
Joan, you have to understand. There is no case. So what he's cheating on you. You both have been cheating on his wife for years. A mistress cannot sue her Sugar Daddy. It's just not done.
(Lewis covers the phone.)
Don't ever forget that, Mitzy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INT. JOAN'S APARTMENT - SAME

Joan sits defeated. She is totally distraught.

JOAN
It's not about the money Lewis. I love him. He's my guy, you know? My life. Forget it you wouldn't understand.

Joan hangs up, tears streaming down her face.

KATE
What did he say?

Joan shakes her head, motioning to the guitar.

JOAN
Make it sadder.

Kate plays on.

INT. JOAN'S APARTMENT - DEN - LATER THAT NIGHT

Joan sits in the dark, her eyes red and swollen from crying. "Desperate Housewives" plays on the T.V. On the couch next to her is a pile of used Kleenex, an empty bottle of white wine, and Billie.

Joan lights up a cigarette, even though one still burns in the ashtray.

JOAN
(To Billie)
I can't believe I bought his business bullshit - just like his wife.

Joan's face fills with pain. She leans forward picking up a letter and an expensive diamond bracelet from the coffee table, that sits next to a check for 10,000.

Kate enters with a tray of Yogi tea and a bowl of fruit.

KATE
If I'm not mistaken, you're in the same position you were in hours ago.

Joan shrugs. Kate sets the tray down.

JOAN
When "Desperate Housewives" is no longer entertaining, you know you have problems.

KATE
I'm sure there's nothing to worry about.

JOAN
This is an expensive guilt check. I think he feels a lot for this bimbo.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATE

He's probably feeling old or something. Maybe a deal didn't go through. That always makes a man feel insecure. Maybe he's going through menopause.

JOAN

Men don't go through menopause.
(After a moment)
Do I look old to you?

Joan lights up a cigarette pacing the room.

JOAN (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

Maybe he's tired of looking at my face.
(Afraid of the thought)
Oh God, I should have been nicer, smarter, funnier. I should have laughed at all his stupid jokes, never gotten mad when he left his hair gel all over the sink.

KATE

Joan, stop beating yourself up.

JOAN

I shouldn't have complained when he used my razors. I should have gotten my horns, you know the brow lift.

KATE

--Joan! Stop.

Joan pulls up the sides of her face.

JOAN

He's tired of my ass. That's what it is. He always loved my ass, but now America is overflowing with younger, higher asses.

KATE

(Tightly)

You have a great ass Joan.

JOAN

I do?

KATE

Yes, you do. And it'll look even better once you stop crying, get out of that chair and do something about it.

JOAN

Okay I'll use the 10k for an ass lift.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATE
Forget lifting your butt. You got to go
down there and kick some butt.

Joan slowly looks up at Kate, as we...

SLAM CUT TO.

EXT. LAS BRISAS HOTEL - ACAPULCO - DAY

A SEXY LEG in HEELS as it HITS cement. Camera PULLS BACK to reveal Joan in a big hat and sunglasses exiting the pink and white jeep. She looks around her.

JOAN'S P.O.V. of HOTEL

The hotel has been built on different plateaus, cut like steps into the mountainside overlooking the sea. Most of the rooms are private bungalows with their own personal gardens and Jacuzzis. The whole complex is painted pink and white.

There is no sign of William. Joan heads inside.

INT. RECEPTION DESK - DAY

The lobby is empty. Joan stands at the registration desk. She checks around to make sure no one is watching, then reaches for the registration book and flips through the pages. She stops.

JOAN'S P.O.V. OF BOOK

Sure enough, in big bold print one day ago, William Flynn checked into bungalow 909. Joan shakes her head.

JOAN
(To herself)
You don't go with a man for years and not
know his habits. Bingo, same place, same
alias.

From behind WE HEAR another JEEP pull up. A MAN JUMPS out unloading luggage.

Joan quickly turns the book back around and rings for the Concierge.

Tammy steps out of the jeep and comes in the office, as the CONCIERGE enters from the other room.

CONCIERGE
Buenos dias, Senora.

JOAN
Buenos dias.

The Concierge SEES Tammy enter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONCIERGE
(To the Bellboy)
Esteban, take these to Mr. Flynn's room.

Joan starts to nod when off screen WE HEAR:

TAMMY 'S VOICE
Just leave them here, till you move us.

Joan turns to see Tammy. She is stunned by her beauty.

CONCIERGE
(To Tammy)
You still want to change rooms?

TAMMY
I don't think he wants to sleep on a
couch the rest of the week.

Tammy moves next to Joan. She leans dramatically on the
counter, feigning exhaustion.

JOAN
Having a good vacation?

TAMMY
I swear, this hotel SUCKS. Since I got
here, I've done nothing but go back and
forth to the airport to try to find my
luggage. (Beat) How can you enjoy
yourself when you've nothing to wear?

JOAN
I can think of ways.

Tammy stares as Joan pulls out a gold Dunhill lighter, lighting
up her cigarette.

TAMMY
Hey, Willie has one like this.

JOAN
(Almost choking on the word)
Willie?

TAMMY
Yeah, the guy I'm here with. Actually,
his name is William, but I like Willie
better. It makes him seem younger, more
hip.

JOAN
(casually)
Oh. How long have you two been an item?

TAMMY
We're not an item, yet. I met him at the
office three weeks ago. Nurse Ratchet

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAMMY (cont'd)
had just fired me. I was in tears. He
saw me in the hall and well...

JOAN
You got a vacation instead.

TAMMY
Yeah, how'd you guess?

Joan shrugs.

JOAN
So where do you work?

TAMMY
Seratip.

Joan's eyes spark. O.S. the PHONE RINGS. The Concierge picks it
up.

CONCIERGE
Si. Si Senor, right away.
(He hangs up)
Excuse me, Senorita? Mr. Flynn will be
right down.

Joan tenses.

TAMMY
Tell him I'm coming up. What room did
you say we're moving to?

CONCIERGE
Bungalow 1090.

TAMMY
It was nice talking to you. Maybe we can
have a drink sometime.

Tammy heads out.

JOAN
(to herself)
It would be a pleasure, said the spider
to the fly.

P.O.V. THROUGH BINOCULARS - TRAVELING SHOT - BUNGALOWS - DAY

WE MOVE PAST the terraces of many different bungalows below.
Finally STOPPING on William who lies stretched in the sun.

ANGLE OF JOAN who is pressed against her balcony with her
binoculars trained.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOAN (CONT'D)
 (cont'd)
 (sarcastically)
 Hello, Willie my boy. Fancy meeting you here.

Tammy walks out wearing a G-string bikini.

SPLIT SCREEN

Simultaneously, William and Joan eye Tammy's body.

JOAN (CONT'D)
 (cont'd)
 Oh, she's one of those shy types.

Tammy rubs suntan lotion on her body. William jumps up to assist her.

JOAN(cont'd)
 Well, she may be beautiful, William. No cellulite, wrinkles, firm breasts, and an ass like a high-rise, but trust me, no contest.

EXT. JOAN'S BUNGALOW - DAY

In her big floppy hat and glasses, Joan heads off down the hill towards the pool. As she comes around a bend, she sees Tammy and William.

Quickly Joan DUCKS behind a bush. She watches as both of them walk by laughing, carrying tennis rackets. William puts his arm around Tammy's waist, pulling her close and kissing her.

CLOSE ON JOAN. She watches unnerved as if seeing herself years before, then turns half-running, half-crying, back to her room.

INT. BUNGALOW LIVING ROOM - DAY

Joan throws herself down on the couch, trying to breathe back her tears. Every time she gets them under control, a thought triggers her. She takes some DEEP Yoga breaths.

JOAN
 (continuing)
 What am I going to do? What am I going to do? Think, Joan, think.
 (She paces)
 Nam-Myoho-Renge-Kyo. Nam-Myoho-Renge-Kyo. Nam-Myoho-Renge-SHIT.

INT. WHITE RANGE ROVER - OCEAN AVE - MIAMI- SECONDS LATER

Lizzie answers the phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIZZIE
Hello? Yes this is she... Joan who?
William is what? You're his what?

Shocked, Lizzie stops functioning. The car swerves out of control, JUMPS the curb taking several trash cans on it's grill nearly missing a ROLLER BLADER. Lizzie brakes, pulls back onto the street and parks.

SPLIT SCREEN BETWEEN LIZZIE AND JOAN

JOAN
I'm his mistress.

LIZZIE
Is this a crank call?

JOAN
His mistress. Do I need to spell it out?

LIZZIE
Who put you up to this? Was it Martha?
It's Suzanne isn't it?

JOAN
Nobody put me up to this. I'm calling
you on my own, to let you know that sack
of shit husband of yours is cheating on
the both of us--

LIZZIE
--Tell Elise this isn't funny.

JOAN
I have known William longer than you. I'm
at the Las Brisas hotel in Acapulco and
so is your husband.

LIZZIE
And I'm at the Hilton in Vietnam. The
joke's over.
(Lizzie slams down the phone.)
Jerks. They're just jealous.

INT. NEWFIELD HOUSE - DAY

AUNT DOT, mid sixties is in the kitchen with Chip as a composed Lizzie enters. Chip patiently waits for Dot who is preparing his dinner.

DOT
Mrs. N. your messages are by the phone.

LIZZIE
Thanks Dot.

Lizzie takes them with her as she continues on into...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INT. WILLIAM'S OFFICE - DAY

Lizzie sits down rummaging through William's desk drawers. Nothing. She then looks at her messages. The fifth one down is from a Joan Diamond. She stares at it for a moment, then opens her bag pulling out the velvet box William had given her. She opens it. Inside is a Van Clief diamond bracelet. It is exactly like the one William gave Joan.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)
(cont'd)
Pretty expensive William.

After a moment, she reaches for William's PDA, finds a number and dials.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)
(cont'd)
Yes, Haliwell Travel? Hello this is Elizabeth Newfield is Anne there? Oh, well, maybe you could do me a favor. Anne booked my husband on a flight and frankly, he left so fast I don't know where I put the number of the hotel?...
(Her face goes white)
Las Brisas Hotel in Acapulco? Yes, of course, thanks.

Slowly Lizzie writes the number down. It's the same number that is listed on her messages for Joan. She stares at it for a long moment. Then gets up taking William's "prized" golf clubs out of his closet, opens the door out to the lawn, marches down to the dock and throws his clubs into the bay with all her might. She watches them slowly sink into the water.

She comes back into the office picks up the phone and dials.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)
(cont'd)
Joan Diamond please...

WE SLOWLY FADE as O.S WE HEAR the ENGINE of an airplane.

EXT. ACAPULCO AIRPORT - DAY

The spinning wheels of a landing 737 HIT the pavement.

INT. ACAPULCO AIRPORT - UNITED GATE - DAY

Lizzie disembarks with the other passengers.

INT. ACAPULCO AIRPORT - UNITED TERMINAL - DAY

JOAN rushes through the united terminal towards the gate. Her eyes comb through the sea of people.

A plain HOUSEWIFE, approaches.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

 JOAN
 ...Elizabeth?

The plain housewife keeps walking.

Joan looks up as a FAT WOMAN runs towards her waving. Stunned, Joan puts out her hand. The fat woman rushes by her into the arms of another.

ANGLE ON LIZZIE following the herd of passengers towards the baggage. She too searches through the crowd.

Joan FREEZES. She stares wide-eyed at what's in front of her.

REVERSE ANGLE on LIZZIE

Who stares back at Joan also horrified

 LIZZIE
 (Aghast)
 Oh my God.

Both women are dressed in the same Armani suit and wear identical Panther watches. The only difference between the two, other than their physical appearance, is that Lizzie wears a wedding ring.

Lizzie's eyes dart from the sapphire to the panther watch.

Joan eyes dart from the wedding ring to Lizzie's face.

Lizzie TURNS, racing away.

SLAM CUT TO

INT. LADIES ROOM - STALL - MOMENTS LATER

WE HEAR THE FLUSH OF A TOILET. Lizzie stands up, having just thrown up. Her face is pea green. Her eyes tear. Daintily she wipes her mouth with a hanky. She leans back against the stall trying to reorganize her thoughts. Her heart pounds, her body shakes.

 JOAN (O.S.)
 Elizabeth, Are you all right?

 LIZZIE
 Mrs. Newfield to you.

Lizzie peers between the cracks in the door, eyeing Joan up and down. She takes a deep breath and storms from the stall, past Joan, out to the terminal.

Joan shakes her head.

 JOAN
 I can't believe he dresses us the same.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lizzie bolts for a ticket counter. Joan follows.

JOAN (cont'd)
You can't run. William would never marry
a wuss.

EXT. AIRPORT - JEEP - DAY

Joan sits in back of her chauffeured driven jeep, watching Lizzie frantically trying to get a PORTER to get her a taxi. The Porter finally points to a line of thirty people waiting. Lizzie slips him a twenty thinking she'll get a cab immediately. He takes the twenty dollars thanking her and walks away. Lizzie is on the verge of tears.

JOAN
Hey Liz, want a ride? It'll save you
about an hour or two.

Lizzie looks from the line to Joan with her DRIVER.

JOAN (CONT'D)
(cont'd)
You did call and ask me to pick you up.

EXT. PINK AND WHITE JEEP - TRAVELING SHOT - DAY

Both women sit as far away from the other as they can in the tiny back seat of the jeep.

Joan takes out a silver cigarette case. Lizzie's eyes fill with recognition.

LIZZIE
Birthday?

JOAN
Christmas....Cigarette?

LIZZIE
I quit.

Lizzie takes an exact duplicate cigarette case out from her purse. Hers contains mints instead.

JOAN
Christmas?

LIZZIE
No, Anniversary.

Lizzie leans over, reading the inscription in Joan's box.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIZZIE (CONT'D)
 (cont'd)
 He wrote the same in mine, look.
 (Joan now reads Lizzie's)
 This is all very hard to take.

JOAN
 Wait till you see the tramp. She's enough
 to make any woman want liposuction.

Lizzie bursts into tears. Joan tries to ignore Lizzie's
 snivelling. It's impossible, Lizzie gets louder and louder.

JOAN (CONT'D)
 (cont'd)
 Do you mind putting a cap on the tears?
 I'm not good with emotional outbursts.

LIZZIE
 Don't listen then.

JOAN
 How can I help it, you're sitting right
 next to me.

THE DRIVER zips over the double yellow line, accelerating past a
 produce truck, trying to beat oncoming cars. He whisks back to
 the right, as they head into a turn throwing Lizzie on top of
 Joan.

JOAN (CONT'D)
 (cont'd)
 Correction. You're sitting right on top
 of me.

Lizzie grabs onto her side of the jeep pulling herself away.

INT. JEEP - DAY

The jeep turns right into Las Brisas ZOOMING past the office.

LIZZIE
 (Calling out to Driver)
 Monsieur, stop!

The jeep SCREECHES to a halt.

JOAN
 What are you doing?

LIZZIE
 What do you think? I'm checking in.

JOAN
 The hotel is booked. You're staying with
 me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIZZIE
 Staying with you? Are you out of your
 mind? Having to talk to you is bad
 enough.

Lizzie starts to get out. Joan signals to the Driver. The jeep
 zooms up the hill, thrusting Lizzie back in her seat.

EXT. JOAN'S BUNGALOW - DAY

The Driver unloads Lizzie's bags, despite her objections.

JOAN
 (To Driver)
 Ella estas loca. No escuchas a ella.
 (She's crazy, don't listen to her)

LIZZIE
 Signor, stop.

The Driver ignores her.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)
 (cont'd)
 Senor. Si vous plait!

Lizzie follows after the driver as Joan opens her compact and
 applies lipstick. Lizzie sees this and stops.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)
 (cont'd)
 That color.

JOAN
 It's SATIN--

LIZZIE
 --SHEETS by Channel. I know. William's
 favorite.

Exasperated, Lizzie throws up her arms and heads down the hill.
 Joan motions for the Driver to go get her.

INT. JOAN'S BUNGALOW - DAY

The Driver enters carrying a kicking and screaming Lizzie over
 his shoulder.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)
 (cont'd)
 Let me down. Let ME DOWN!

He dumps her on the couch and leaves. Lizzie jumps up. Joan
 rushes to the door, standing in front of it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIZZIE (CONT'D)
(cont'd)

What are you going to do, hold me
prisoner?

INT. LAS BRISAS BAR - LATER ON

The bar is empty except for a sleeping BARTENDER. Joan and Lizzie sit uncomfortably across from one another. They have changed clothes. Joan wears a sexy, light sundress. Lizzie is in a silk dress with pearls. It's hot and muggy. Lizzie sweats. A CLOCK TICKS.

JOAN

Silk is not the best thing to wear in
humidity.

LIZZIE

(short)
Couldn't be cooler, really.

Joan watches a bead of sweat travel the length of Lizzie's cheek. Lizzie daintily pats it away.

JOAN

You hate me don't you?

LIZZIE

Dislike is a better word, I haven't known
about you long enough to hate you.

JOAN

Dislike, hate, it all means the same to
me. But then, I'm not one of you
Bostonian types who hides behind a polite
facade.

LIZZIE

No, you're more like a bull in a china
shop. The next time you decide to inform
a wife of her husband's indiscretions,
you could try using some tact.

JOAN

What are you, part ostrich? I assumed
you knew.

LIZZIE

I don't look for trouble.

JOAN

Obviously, because you live in denial.

LIZZIE

Don't get psychological on me Miss Jewel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOAN
DIAMOND. Where did you think he stayed
all those years in L. A.?

LIZZIE
I thought he had his own apartment.

JOAN
He did. In my house, equipped with all
the comforts of home, including a
substitute wife.

LIZZIE
You mean mistress don't you?

JOAN
Suit yourself.

LIZZIE
And now there's two of you.

JOAN
Fuck you.

They share a look, then Lizzie turns away.

LIZZIE
What could you have possibly given him
that I didn't.

JOAN
It starts with an S and rhymes with hex.

Lizzie's eyes well.

JOAN (cont'd)
You're not going to cry again are you?

Lizzie nods no, as tears stream down her face.

LIZZIE
God, you're rude. Do you have any idea
how rude you are?

JOAN
No. How rude am I?

LIZZIE
I feel like...LIKE, punching you! You're
so, so, so...

Joan gets up and heads to the bar.

JOAN
Fill me in when I get back.
(Continuing to herself)
I can't believe I hated you all those
years and you didn't even know I existed.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOAN (cont'd)
 What a waste.
 (To the bartender)
 Two shots of Cuervo, please.

The bartender SNORES. Joan goes behind the bar pouring the two shots herself. Lizzie is beside herself. She turns her wedding ring nervously around and around on her finger.

LIZZIE
 (To herself)
 We had a normal marriage, with normal sex, normal kids. We had a dog...

JOAN
 (Cutting her off)
 You two still have sex?

LIZZIE
 We have a great sex life.

Joan looks perturbed.

JOAN
 He said you never made love anymore.

LIZZIE
 (Indignantly)
 We made love three times the morning he left to come here thank you very much.

JOAN
 Three times? Bastard.

She downs both shots. Lizzie is suddenly filled with joy.

LIZZIE
 You never did it three...?
 (A BIG smile forms)
 Well, I'm sorry you missed out, it's a great way to start the day.

Joan heads back to Lizzie, bringing the bottle with her.

JOAN
 That pig, doing us both for all these years. I swear, I'm going to kill him.

LIZZIE
 I'm going to first.

Lizzie whips out a bottle filled with a 100 sleeping pills from her bag. Joan reacts, moving quickly to cover it.

LIZZIE (cont'd)
 Have you ever heard of unsolved mysteries? Well I plan to be one of them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOAN
Are you crazy? You can't just kill him.

LIZZIE
Why not, he's lied, cheated, made my
entire life a sham.

Lizzie BURSTS into tears again waving her hand as she speaks.

LIZZIE (cont'd)
Do you think I'm going to let him get
away with it? Not on your life.

The top has come off the pills and pills shower around them.

JOAN
Have you ever considered prozac?

Lizzie nods no, crying harder. Joan takes the pills from
Lizzie's limp hand and puts it in her purse.

JOAN (cont'd)
Maybe this wasn't such a good idea.

Lizzie is a bundle of tears. She throws herself into Joan's
arms. Joan stiffens.

JOAN (cont'd)
Now I know this was a bad idea. Listen,
Mrs. Newfield, ah you've got to get a
hold of yourself.

LIZZIE
You can call me Lizzie...
(She looks into Joan's eyes)
Do I look old to you? You can be honest.
Maybe I should have gotten a lift. Maybe
he's tired of looking at my breasts. He
always loved my breasts. Look at you.
You have beautiful breasts.

Lizzie cries harder at the thought. Joan looks uncomfortable.

JOAN
You have nice breasts...I guess. I'm not
an expert on these things, but they seem
nice and uh, even.

LIZZIE
Do you really think so?

Black mascara is smeared all over Lizzie's face.

JOAN
Yes, absolutely.

LIZZIE
Thanks, William always said they were an-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOAN
-honest man's handful.

LIZZIE
...Exactly.

Joan and Lizzie turn away from each other SIMULTANEOUSLY searching through their bags. They pull out exact compacts. Catching this before Lizzie, Joan quickly stuffs hers back in her purse.

LIZZIE (cont'd)
(Wiping her eyes.)
I shouldn't have yelled at him for leaving the toilet seat up and his clothes all over the place.

JOAN
He does that with you too?

LIZZIE
(Nodding wearily)
I think he's still rebelling against his mother, who drove him nuts about picking up his clothes as a kid.

Lizzie nods yes.

JOAN
I hate picking up his underwear.

LIZZIE
Not a thrill.

Joan studies her for a moment.

JOAN
Listen Liz we both know you're not going to kill him. You'd be thrown in a Mexican jail and believe me, that's a fate worse than death.

LIZZIE
What else can I do, divorce him? That's so boring and predictable.

JOAN
(Carefully)
There are other possibilities.

LIZZIE
Like?

JOAN
We could torture him.

LIZZIE
Torture him?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOAN

(With growing excitement)

Yes. Make his trip down here so miserable with "The Tramp" that he'll regret the day he ever looked at the female species. He might even turn gay.

Lizzie doesn't look too sure.

LIZZIE

Oh, I don't think I have any talent for this sort of thing.

JOAN

Every woman has talent for this. It's in your DNA. Besides I have it all planned out. All you have to do is follow my lead. You'll get the hang of it. Hell, you may even enjoy it.

EXT; JOAN AND LIZZIE'S BALCONY - DAY

P.O.V. LOOKING DOWN a HILL THROUGH BINOCULARS AS WE TRACK through a series of terraces, all with private Jacuzzis.

LIZZIE

Do you think they've done it yet?

CLOSE ON JOAN AND LIZZIE

Lizzie, a little more relaxed, looks through the binoculars as Joan peers over her shoulder.

JOAN

I doubt it. She seemed more the play hard-to-get type.

WE PAN past all the empty terraces.

LIZZIE

I don't see anything.

JOAN

Look for the red bikini.

Lizzie continues to the right to focus on a red G-string bikini flying in the wind.

LIZZIE

That's a bathing suit? It looks more like a bandaid.

JOAN

I know. I've seen postage stamps made out of more material.

SLOWLY WE FADE ON the swinging red bikini.

INT. ACAPULCO BAY RESTAURANT - DAY

Joan and Lizzie look at the reservations.

JOAN
Bingo. Flynn, eight o'clock for
two.

We can almost see Lizzie's confidence deflate.

INT. RESTAURANT - STORE ROOM - DAY

Joan and Lizzie talk to TWO WAITRESSES. They hand them each five hundred dollars.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Wigs, make-up, eyebrows, noses, padding for hips and stomachs, assorted glasses, etc. lie about the room. Lizzie and Joan stand in front of the mirror.

LIZZIE
I can't believe you brought all of these
costumes with you. How'd you know?

JOAN
Girl scouts always think ahead.

Lizzie wears a Cher type wig and Joan a wig that looks like Pink. They both look ridiculous. They switch. They still look ridiculous. They turn reaching for other wigs.

WIPE SCREEN TO

Joan plasters, "Elizabeth Taylor" eyebrows on Lizzie. Lizzie plasters, a "Marilyn Monroe" mole on Joan.

Joan gets up turning to the many noses they have taped on the mirror and selects another.

INT. JOAN AND LIZZIE'S BUNGALOW- BATHROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

A thoroughly disguised Joan stands ready in her waitress's outfit. She wears a black wig, that makes her look like she has tons of hair piled up on her head, padding around the hips, dark makeup, eyebrows, eyelashes, a mole and heavy black rimmed glasses. She turns to face...

LIZZIE, who is also unrecognizable in her sexy-punk off the shoulder waitress get-up. She wears black hair piled high on her head (think Amy Winehouse), dark makeup, eyebrows and a putted nose. From now on, they are known in the waitress world as JUANITA and ISABELLA.

Joan and Lizzie stare at one another.

JOAN (cont'd)
Your own Mother wouldn't recognize you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIZZIE
I hope not, she's dead.

EXT. LAS BRISAS - LATE AFTERNOON

A sexy Lizzie and Joan head down the hill in their costumes towards the restaurant. They are backlit by a beautiful red sunset.

JOAN
How's your waitressing?

Lizzie smiles weakly.

JOAN (cont'd)
(filled with dread)
You've never waitressed

Lizzie shakes her head no.

JOAN (cont'd)
How's your Spanish?

Lizzie looks away.

JOAN (cont'd)
You don't speak it.

Lizzie shakes her head no. Joan slaps a pocket-size Spanish/English dictionary in Lizzie's hand.

INT. BELLAVISTA RESTAURANT - COFFEE STATION - NIGHT

Lizzie nervously adjusts her wig as Joan hands her a pad. WAITERS and WAITRESSES run in and out of the kitchen.

LIZZIE
What's this for?

JOAN
(in a whisper)
It's what you write the orders down on. You're here to serve, serve others. I know it might be a hard concept for you to understand but--

LIZZIE
--You don't have to get bitchy, I'm a housewife, I get it.

Lizzie pulls out a Monte Blanc pen. Joan snatches it away.

JOAN
Give me that.

LIZZIE
Why? Didn't he give you one?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Joan hands her a Bic.

JOAN
You're waiting tables, not signing
thousand dollar checks.

Lizzie holds out her other hand.

LIZZIE
Give me my Monte Blanc back.

PABLO, a handsome Casanova busboy in his twenties walks around the corner with a load of dishes. He glances over to Lizzie, as love hits.

PABLO
Mama Mia! Que Bonita! Que linda!

Pablo heads into the kitchen staring at Lizzie. He misses the door, SMASHING into the wall. Dishes CRASH.

INT. BELLAVISTA DINING ROOM - LATER ON

The famous restaurant is packed. Everyone races around taking orders and delivering food. We find Lizzie nervously standing in front of a MAN who lamely rattles off a series of orders in Spanish. By his accent we can tell he is American, but is trying to impress his GIRL.

GIRL
Say it in English, Sam. I'm sure they
speak it here.

Relief sweeps across Lizzie's face.

LIZZIE
Oui Monsieur, we love to speak English
here. In fact we prefer it.

EXT. DINING TERRACE - SAME

Joan takes an order from six GENTLEMEN. She tries to be polite despite their sexual advances. One guy pinches her butt. Joan grabs his wrist and twists it around his back in a half-nelson. The man cries out in pain.

JOAN
Look but don't touch.

COFFEE STATION

Lizzie struggles with the grinds in the espresso machine as Pablo comes around the corner followed by Joan.

PABLO
Tu eres muy bonita. Vayate a mi casa.
(You are beautiful. Come home with me.)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIZZIE
Si muchas gracias...

Pablo kneels at Lizzie's feet, setting his tray down. He takes her hand kissing it up the length of her arm. She turns to Joan loving the attention.

JOAN
Look behind you.

LIZZIE
Why?

William and Tammy pass by Lizzie within inches. She looks up GASPS, steps back and accidentally HITS the hot water button on the espresso machine with her elbow. Water and espresso grinds SPRAY everywhere.

Pablo DROPS his tray, RUSHING to help her. Joan closes her eyes at all the BANGING and CRASHING. She looks up to the ceiling.

JOAN
God give me strength. It's going to be a long night.

DINNER TABLE - LATER ON

Tammy and William sit at a window table. Tammy is breathtakingly beautiful in her strapless evening dress. William stares at her like a smitten young boy. We pick up in the middle of their conversation.

TAMMY
...So that's how you take over a company.

WILLIAM
Yes, you find the weakest spot...
(He reaches for her hand.)
and make your move...
(He kisses her hand.)
I landed my first company at 27.

Joan watches from the side.

JOAN
(Under her breath)
Try, forty.

TAMMY
You must be a genius.

William smiles humbly, staring at Tammy's lips and eyes.

WILLIAM
You remind me of Princess Grace.

TAMMY
Who's that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Joan enters.

JOAN
(To William and Tammy)
Buenos noches, Senor y Senorita.

William takes no notice of Joan, he runs his fingers through Tammy's hair.

JOAN (cont'd)
(continuing)
Yo soy, Juanita. Que quierres beber?

WILLIAM
(To Tammy)
You have such nice hair.

TAMMY
So do you.

JOAN
A little too grey I think.
(She clears her throat)
Hello. I'm Juanita, your waitress. What do you want to drink?

TAMMY
I like your touch.

JOAN
Hello? I'm here...I exist.

WILLIAM
Thanks.

Angry, Joan GRINDS her stiletto heel into William's foot. William SCREAMS, pulling back, his watch catches on Tammy's hair, pulling a hunk of it out. Tammy SCREAMS. Joan apologizes, making a fuss over Tammy.

WILLIAM (cont'd)
Oh my God, Tammy, I'm so sorry. I didn't mean...

Tammy eyes tear as she tries to catch her breath. William untangles her hair from his watch pulling out more.

TAMMY
Ouch! Let me do it.

JOAN
Nice touch, Senor.

William casts an irritated look at Joan. Joan smiles sweetly.

JOAN (cont'd)
What would you like to drink?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAMMY

How about something fruity, like a house speciality with very little alcohol?

WILLIAM

La Senorita quare beber-

JOAN

(cutting him off)

--I speak English perfect. She wants something fruity like we serve the children here, right?

WILLIAM

Right. No, I mean --

TAMMY

With just a smidge of alcohol. I get terrible reactions.

Joan nods.

JOAN

How about a Pom Pom. Pomagranite Martini. Good for the immune system we have a lot of super bug here.

TAMMY

You do?

JOAN

Si senorita, you never want to end up in a hospital here. Just last week my sister squished a zit and in two days there was a puss spot---

WILLIAM

--I think we've heard enough of your personal problems.

TAMMY

William.

WILLIAM

I want a martini, very --

JOAN

Dry. Two olives.

Now she has his attention.

WILLIAM

Yes. How did you know?

JOAN

That's what all middle-aged tourists order here to drink.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOAN (cont'd)
(William stiffens)
Anything else?

WILLIAM
No, we're fine.

Joan heads off. William watches her with a puzzled expression on his face.

TAMMY
Are you all right?

WILLIAM
(Staring after Joan)
It must be the altitude or something.

TAMMY
Willie?
(He turns to Tammy)
We're at sea level.

INT. BAR - PATIO - NIGHT

Joan and Lizzie are huddled together. Joan's face is flushed.

LIZZIE
Did he recognize you?

JOAN
Of course not. Jorje!

JORJE, a mustached bartender, comes over.

JOAN (cont'd)
(continuing, to Jorje)
Quiero martini seca, dos olives
y Acapulco punch. Mucho puncha.

Jorje smiles, his eyes rest on her padded hips. Joan politely takes a finger and lifts his chin back up perpendicular to her eyes.

JOAN (cont'd)
(continuing)
On second thought, Jorje, triple
it. (To Lizzie) Let's see how this babe
holds her liquor.

LIZZIE
Do you really think you should? It's
sort of mean.

JOAN
Take a closer look.

Lizzie heads off towards the kitchen. Joan grabs her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIZZIE
No, no, not yet, have a heart.

JOAN
I left it in San Francisco.

Joan gives a protesting Lizzie a PUSH onto the floor as she heads over to her table of six gentleman, handing the man who pinched her, a bowl of ice for his swollen wrist.

Lizzie stands there terrified. Several WAITERS dash by her, practically knocking her over. A sexy WAITRESS carries a filled tray, snarls at Lizzie.

WAITRESS
Perissosa. (Lazy)

LIZZIE
(Smiling back to waitress)
Gracias.

Lizzie makes her way across the room towards William's table.

She sees William and Tammy and BEELINES to the terrace. It's too late. William calls out to her. Trapped, Lizzie goes over.

WILLIAM
Guacamole and chips, please.

Lizzie stares at Tammy.

WILLIAM (cont'd)
Do you understand?

Lizzie mouths words, but only air comes out.

WILLIAM (cont'd)
(loud and clear)
G-u-a-c-a-m-o-l-e and CHIPS.

Lizzie watches Tammy kiss each finger on William's hand.

Lizzie fist CLENCHES. Her arm PULLS BACK and SWINGS. We follow her fist as it TRAVELS through the air SMACK into Joan's hand with a thud.

JOAN
(Sternly)
Your order is up.

A cryful moan escapes from Lizzie. She does an about face, to the kitchen, Joan follows. William looks after them.

WILLIAM
Was it something I said?

INT. BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Joan stops Lizzie by the bar.

JOAN
Are you crazy? You almost blew it.

LIZZIE
Did you see her? I mean did your SEE
her..her...her...

JOAN
Butt?

LIZZIE
(shakes her head no)
Brrreeeasts. No bra. Nothing. They just
stand like a book shelves...with eyes!
(She sits on the bar stool)
I'm sorry. I'm not myself. He wants
chips.

Joan goes to get the chips. Jorge slides the drinks in front of Lizzie. Lizzie checks to make sure Joan isn't watching, then picks up a bottle of tequila and pours it into Tammy's drink, filling the glass to the brim. She sets the bottle back on the bar as Joan returns with the guacamole. Joan reaches for the hot sauce mixing it in.

LIZZIE (cont'd)
William likes lots of salt too, remember?

Joan nods, salting the chips but good.

WILLIAM AND TAMMY'S TABLE - LATER ON

Tammy laughs boisterously. She is looped. William's at the end of his rope. Joan walks up with the plates of food. Tammy hiccups, then giggles and hiccups again.

TAMMY
There's my favorite waitress. I want
another one of those pom poms.

JOAN
I'm glad you like them, Senorita.

TAMMY
(chants)
Pom pom, pom pom, pom pommie.

WILLIAM
Forget the drinks, just serve the food.

TAMMY
I want my pommie, rhymes with mommie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLIAM
I think you should eat first.

TAMMY
(challengingly)
You said you wanted to make me happy,
didn't you?

Joan stands back amused, watching William struggle.

WILLIAM
Well yes, of course I do, but
don't you think you've had enough?

Tammy shakes her head no, giggling.

WILLIAM (cont'd)
(To Joan)
Are you sure there isn't much liquor in
these?

TAMMY
Another punch, please—even though DADDY
doesn't approve.

She gets up to fly around the room. William pulls her back into her seat. Tammy BURPS.

WILLIAM'S TABLE - LATER ON

A band plays in the background. William looks miserable. Tammy keeps getting up and Cha-Cha-ing around the table.

Tammy then straddles him, rubbing herself against him, purring like a lap dancer. William is dying of embarrassment.

Pablo walks by stepping to the beat. Tammy grabs him and pulls him onto the dance floor.

WILLIAM
Tammy!

William gets up following after them. But Pablo's dance steps are too fast. Each time he SPINS Tammy, just out of William's reach.

William LUNGES for them. He TRIPS landing face forward in Joan's cleavage.

JOAN
(dead pan)
Did you lose something, Senor?

William stands up dazed. Pablo dances by with Tammy. She waves. William looks after them menacingly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOAN (cont'd)
They should be on Dancing With The Stars.

SLAM CUT TO.

INT. WILLIAM'S TABLE- LATER ON

William takes Tammy by the arm pushing her back into her seat. He places his hand on her shoulder keeping her there.

Tammy GROWLS sexually, as Joan hands him the check.

JOAN (cont'd)
Quite a live wire, Senor.

Quickly he signs it and hands it back.

WILLIAM
Add on twenty percent for yourself.

Joan smiles.

JOAN
Children, they never know when to stop.
(She leans in)
--Don't worry we were all young once.

WILLIAM
Make that five percent.

Tammy'S P.O.V. of the room spinning.

TAMMY
Will-lie, I don't think I feel so good.

WILLIAM
You'll feel better once we get you back to the room.

William takes her hand, pulling her up.

TAMMY
(continuing)
Willie, I think I'm going to be.....

WE CUT as Tammy LUNGES forward.

EXT. LAS BRISAS - NIGHT

William carries Tammy up the hill to their bungalow. She is passed out. He doesn't look too pleased, the front of his jacket is covered in vomit.

Off to the side, we see Lizzie and Joan looking very pleased.

INT. WILLIAM'S LIVING ROOM - LATE AT NIGHT

Dressed in a clean shirt, William sits in the living room alone. Business papers instead of clothes are sprawled everywhere. He is on the phone.

WILLIAM

What do you mean, Mommie's not there? Where did she go?...

INT. NEWFIELD'S HOUSE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Kelly sits on a stool in the kitchen. She holds the phone, at the same time pouring a big jar of fudge over some ice cream. More fudge is on her hands and the table than in the bowl. Chip sits ready for drips that fall his way.

Aunt Dot sits at the kitchen table asleep in front of the T.V.

KELLY

I don't know, Daddy. Aunt Dot's here.

WILLIAM

Let me talk to her....

Kelly now licks fudge off the phone cord.

KELLY

She's watching 'Ugly Betty'. She doesn't want to be disturbed.

Her tongue follows the drips of chocolate across the counter.

WILLIAM

(to himself)
I can't believe this shit.

KELLY

Did you swear Daddy?

O.S. of Dot SNORING.

WILLIAM

No honey of course not. Ah, listen I'll call you tomorrow. You love me?

William hears the DIAL TONE.

INT. JOAN AND LIZZIE'S BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE SHOT of a bottle of champagne exploding. CAMERA PULLS BACK. WE SEE Lizzie and Joan laughing like two old friends.

Joan fills their glasses. She hands one to Lizzie.

JOAN

To the great sex they're NOT going to have tonight!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIZZIE
One down, five days to go.

They hold their glasses up in a salute as Lizzie's cell phone rings. Lizzie doesn't answer. After a moment Joan's cell phone rings. John looks down. From her expression we can tell it's William. "Reality" HITS. Lizzie looks over to Joan, her enemy, "The Mistress," and pulls back into a more reserved, standoffish manner.

It takes Joan a second. She, too, pulls back. They sit there drinking champagne in silence.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER ON

The two women try to remain distant but, are well on their way through their second bottle of champagne. Lizzie weaves her way to the window.

She picks up the binoculars, PEERING down into William's room.

William works feverishly, his shirt sleeves rolled up, hair rustled etc...

LIZZIE
I've always loved watching him work. I remember when we met. He was checking the oil in his car. The first thing I noticed was how beautiful his hands were.

She stops, turning.

LIZZIE (cont'd)
(Continuing)
What was the first thing you noticed?

JOAN
It definitely wasn't his hands.

Joan gets up, joining Lizzie. Curious, she takes the binoculars from Lizzie and peers down into the room.

LIZZIE
Why do you stay with a married man?

JOAN
Why do you stay with a man who's unfaithful?

Joan sets the binoculars down, moving away.

JOAN (cont'd)
I don't think this is something we should be discussing.

LIZZIE
I won't cry. I promise.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Joan studies her for a moment, then...

JOAN

I love him. What more is there?

(She thinks about this, her
face lights up.)

William has the uncanny ability to make
me feel like there's nothing I can't do.
Without him I would never have opened my
restaurant. He believed in me before I
did. He encouraged me to try, promised
me...

(She looks at Lizzie)

Oh, forget it.

They're silent for a moment then...

LIZZIE

Have you ever wanted kids?

A gamut of emotions sweep across Joan's face.

JOAN

You get the kids. I get the vacations.

There is a moment of self-realization between them. Joan gets
up.

JOAN (cont'd)

(Continuing)

Why do we put up with it?

(Turns to Lizzie)

Reverse the situation. If we cheated on
them, do you think they'd put up with it
for a second?

LIZZIE

No, they'd kick us out--

JOAN

--on our asses in two seconds flat.

(Walking over to Lizzie.)

How many times have you come and
pretended it's the best orgasm you've
ever had?

LIZZIE

(Taken a back)

What?

JOAN

You heard me. How many times have you
faked an orgasm?

Lizzie stares blushing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOAN (cont'd)
 (continuing)
 It's all right Lizzie. We've all done it.
 It's perfectly normal.

LIZZIE
 ...Well, I suppose I've faked it on a few
 occasions.

JOAN
 Okay Miss Few Occasions. The point is if
 we were honest with them in the moment
 about what we really wanted, instead of
 going: "Oh Baby-oh- Give it to me harder
yeeesss, HARDER! Then we'd be the ones
 riding the big wave, instead of just a
 white cap.

Lizzie's face is bright RED. She's too embarrassed to speak.

INT. BUNGALOW- WILLIAM'S BATHROOM - MORNING

William stares at his reflection in the mirror. He looks
 closely at his face, then pats around his swollen eyes. He
 takes an ice cube and places it under his eyes. Many face creams
 and hair products lie on the sink, as well as used dental floss.
 William reaches for his contacts.

TAMMY (O.S.)
 Willie are you ready?

WILLIAM
 One minute.

William takes everything off the counter and quickly shoves it
 away in a drawer including his contacts. He picks up his Armani
 prescription sunglasses and puts them on. He looks cool.
 William smiles to himself.

EXT. BUNGALOW 1190 - MORNING

William and Tammy head down the hall arm in arm.

TAMMY
 You were really great last night. Most
 men would have tried to take advantage of
 me.

JOAN (O.S.)
 Yeah if you're into necrophilia.

WE FIND Joan and Lizzie in the shadows, dressed in black cat
 suits.

LIZZIE
 (disappointed)
 Sounds like he scored points.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOAN

We're about to change that.

Lizzie looks around then, moves to William's door and pulls out a credit card. She slides it down the lock.

JOAN (cont'd)

Where'd you learn that?

LIZZIE

(Proudly)

CSI.

The door opens. Joan steps in with two duffel bags in hand, quickly followed by a nervous Lizzie who holds two paper bags gingerly.

LIZZIE (cont'd)

You know we could get arrested for this.

JOAN

You should have thought of that earlier.

(Looking at her watch)

Half an hour for breakfast. Lets go.

Joan hands Lizzie one of the duffel bags and a bottle of NAIR. Lizzie looks at the Nair.

LIZZIE

I'm not so sure about this.

JOAN

Oh go for it. He's losing it anyway.

Lizzie hands Joan one of paper bags. They head off in opposite directions. O.S. of the "Mission Impossible Theme"

INT. WILLIAM'S CLOSET - MORNING

Joan opens William's closet and proceeds to take his shoes out which all have heels (William is insecure about his height) and replace them with the same shoe without the insert and/or heel.

INT. WILLIAM'S BATHROOM - TUB- SAME

FOUR bottles of expensive shampoo sit on the ledge of the bath tub. Lizzie plays Eenie-Meeni-Miney-Mo with the shampoo bottles. Finally she picks Aveda Conditioning Shampoo and pours the Nair in.

Quickly she turns and opens his sink drawers. She takes out his dental floss, emptying the contents of the container in her purse. Then she takes his contacts REPLACING them with contacts from her bag. She replaces his Viagra with vitamin C. She takes his Kava Kava and puts in salt pills. Joan then reaches for his hair dryer and stops.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Like a magnet, her hand moves to his razor blades, replacing them with used blades from her duffel bag.

SLAM CUT TO.

INT. TAMMY'S ROOM - DAY

Joan rummages through Tammy's bureau. She takes out all sorts of sexy lingerie. Lizzie comes up behind her tapping her on the shoulder.

LIZZIE
Shouldn't we be wearing gloves?

Joan jumps out of her skin, wheeling around to face Lizzie.

JOAN
What are you trying to do give me a heart attack?

Joan turns back to the drawers and pulls out a purse. Lizzie becomes obsessed with Tammy's lingerie.

LIZZIE
Women actually wear these things?

JOAN
Certain women, Lizzie. Did you check his room?

LIZZIE
I'm sorry to report all his clothes were neatly folded and in drawers.

JOAN
Bastard's on best behavior.

Joan turns back to Tammy's wallet and pulls out her driver's license. She whistles.

JOAN (cont'd)
Wow, our little tramp is only eighteen Probably works for the DC Madame.

LIZZIE
I felt so bad for her.

JOAN
Forget it.

O.S. of VOICES in the distance.

Joan puts the wallet back into Tammy's purse, neither of them see her driver's license fall under the bureau.

JOAN (cont'd)
Okay, Miss Goody Two Shoes. Let's plant the bugs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lizzie grimaces as Joan shakes the bag. WE CAN HEAR them SCURRYING around the bag.

LIZZIE
Roaches were never my forte.

JOAN
They were all over my neighborhood. We'd put numbers on them and roach race.

Lizzie follows Joan to the closet.

TAMMY (O.S.)
I'll just be a minute. My Tum's in the bathroom.

WE HEAR SHUFFLING and CLICKING at the door.

WILLIAM (O.S.)
Maybe we should order in, if you're feeling that bad.

TAMMY(O. S.)
Oh William, could we? I'd like that so much.

Lizzie and Joan FREAK.

JOAN
Shit! Let's get out of here!

Panicked, Joan DUMPS her bag of bugs into the closet.

LIZZIE
That's not the way to plant bugs.

JOAN
What are you, a professional now?

Joan turns running into the back bedroom followed by Lizzie who sprinkles her bag of bugs on the couch, chairs and in William's briefcase and out the sliding glass door.

TAMMY (O.S.)
Let's order and take a nap till the food arrives.

WILLIAM (O.S.)
You take a nap, I'm not sleepy.

TAMMY (O.S.)
But, I'll be lonely Willie. And you know what happen's when I get lonely?

Lizzie STOPS in her tracks waiting for the answer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAMMY (O.S.)
(cont'd)

I get NAKED.

Lizzie makes an ABOUT FACE and hands Joan her duffel bag.

JOAN

(In a harsh whisper)

WE don't have time for this!

Lizzie RUNS back into the bedroom and pulls back the sheets of the bed and sprinkles more roaches out.

Lizzie tries to make the bed as...

WILLIAM (O.S.)

What's wrong with this key?

TAMMY (O.S.)

You have to wait for the green light. It's upside down, no wait, here...

Joan grabs Lizzie and they high tail it out to the terrace.

TAMMY(O.S.)

Let me try.

LIZZIE'S P.O.V. of the TERRACE WALL, where Joan sits straddling it. Lizzie looks at her in disbelief.

JOAN

(Harsh whisper)

Have you any better ideas?

OVERSOUND OF THE FRONT DOOR CLOSING.

Lizzie gives her a boost, then JUMPS herself. Only half of her body makes it to the other side. Her legs flail up into the air behind her. Joan quickly tugs at her arms, pulling the rest of Lizzie over. They land in the gardenias.

EXT. GARDENIAS - DAY

Joan smiles as she pushes herself up.

JOAN

Just call me Bond, Joan Bond.

INT. TAMMY'S BEDROOM - CURTAINS ARE DRAWN

WE FOLLOW the zipper DOWN, after a moment a COCKROACH runs past his pillow. William's HAND travels UP her thigh. Followed by another cockroach. He kisses her back and shoulders as hundreds of cockroaches scurry around the bed. William rubs his face against her cheek, into her hair. He stops. He looks down SEEING her hair FILLED with roaches. He SCREAMS. Tammy SCREAMS.

EXT. LAS BRISAS HILL - DAY

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Joan and Lizzie run up the hill giving each other the high five. Their laughter mixed with...

William's and Tammy's SCREAMS OF TERROR.

EXT. WILLIAM'S BUNGALOW - DAY

A FUMIGATION SIGN is posted on the outside of William's door.

William and Tammy follow their luggage as it's being carried to another room. A cowering Concierge follows behind them.

CONCIERGE

I'm so sorry Senor, this has never happened before. This next room is a level higher. It has a wonderful view and will be compliments of the house.

OVERSOUND of horses NICKERING.

FEMALE HANDS EXCHANGING MONEY WITH MALE HANDS

EXT. ACAPULCO BEACH - SUNSET

William and Tammy laugh as they ride horses on the beach. A red sun glows behind them. He leans over and kisses her as a STAMPEDE of GALLOPING horses is SEEN in the distance.

They turn. A MEXICAN GAUCHO gallops towards them, leading four horses on halters.

Tammy's and William's horses SNORT, tense. William tries to flag the Gaucho away. It is too late, William and Tammy's horses SPOOK, THROWING William and Tammy to the ground in a pile of "steaming" HORSESHIT and take off following the Gaucho.

She has pulled her horses up by a nearby tree and turns to a disguised Joan. CLOSE ON THE FACE of the snickering Gaucho. It is Lizzie.

LIZZIE

All those years of riding lessons,
finally paid off.

They turn back to SEE Tammy in a temper tantrum run down the beach past Lizzie and Joan. They wave. William follows, not realizing his cuffs have unrolled. (Remember-his pants are too long, because of the shoe exchange) He TRIPS falling into the sand. He gets up, stepping on his Armani glasses, then trips again. He swears pulls up his cuffs and continues after Tammy.

EXT. WILLIAM'S BUNGALOW - SUNSET

Tammy storms up to their new room, which is next door to Joan and Lizzie's. William comes up behind her breathless. His broken glasses sit askew on his face. She holds out her hand for the key card. They are now the same height.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAMMY
Have you shrunk?

WILLIAM
Just open the door.

He hands her the key-card. She enters slamming the door in his face. William knocks.

WILLIAM (cont'd)
Tammy? Come on, open the door. It's just a little horseshit. It'll wash off. Don't you think you're over reacting a little? (To himself) Oh Boy. (To door) Will you at least hand me my contacts?

After a moment Tammy's hand comes out the door, placing the contacts in William's hand. The door SLAMS.

WILLIAM (cont'd)
Thanks.

SLOW FADE TO.

A BLURRY FOCUS of the restaurant.

A miserable William sits alone having dinner. He closes his eyes several times.

WILLIAM (cont'd)
They can't be that dirty.

He tries to flag down a waitress, it's really a customer. William reaches for his water glass, missing it, knocking the glass on the floor.

INT. WILLIAM'S BATHROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

William rummages around in his drawers looking for his wrinkle cream. There is none. He slams the drawer irritated.

INT. TAMMY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

William tip-toes across her room. Not being able to see too well, he trips over the edge of her bed and falls into a pile of her clothes. Tammy rolls onto her side watching him. He's cute stumbling around in the dark. Tammy giggles softly. William stands, unbeknownst to him he has a bra that's hooked itself onto his pants. Tammy turns on the light.

TAMMY
Stealing my bras now huh?

WILLIAM
Huh?, No. I didn't mean. I was just seeing if my other glasses were here. You don't have any generic ones do you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tammy smiles warmly shaking her head no. She signals for him to come over to her.

TAMMY
I don't need them yet.

William plops down next to her on the bed. Tammy sits up. She's wearing a scanty lace teddy. William is definitely aroused. Tammy unhooks her bra from his pants.

TAMMY (cont'd)
I don't think you'll be needing this.

William blushes like a little kid.

WILLIAM
Sorry, my contacts seem to be off.

TAMMY
(Continuing)
You're really cute, you know that?

WILLIAM
(Looking deep in her eyes)
Really.

She kisses him.

TAMMY
The way you look at me, it's like you are really trying to see me.

WILLIAM
Believe me I am. TAMMY
Like deeply

William tries to kiss her back, he misses, losing his balance and falls forward on the bed.

TAMMY (CONT'D)
(cont'd)
It's too soon Willie.

WILLIAM
I was just trying to kiss you. I wasn't moving in.

He shrugs getting up. Tammy grabs him and kisses him deeply.

TAMMY
Good night.
(He heads off)
Hey Willie, I like your crow's feet. I think they're sexy.

OVERSOUND of an engine STARTING UP. It REVS and REVS.

FEMALE HANDS EXCHANGE MONEY WITH MALE HANDS

EXT. ACAPULCO CLUB DOCKS- WILLIAM'S P.O.V.- OUT OF FOCUS-
MORNING

TWO "blurred" MEN sit at the bow of a motorboat. One of them REVS the engine, while the other unties the mooring. Man #1 helps Tammy into the boat.

William looks tensely down to the side of the boat. He squints, then takes a step. Man #2 slides the acceleration stick forward, as William has one leg on the dock and one on the boat. He splashes into the water in a split.

EXT. JOAN AND LIZZIE'S TERRACE - SAME

Joan and Lizzie watch from their balcony APPLAUDING. They toast their cappuccinos.

FEMALE HANDS EXCHANGING MONEY WITH MALE HANDS

EXT. ACAPULCO BAY - LATER ON

A parachute is seen in the distance. As we come in for a CLOSER VIEW, WE SEE William flying in the air. For some reason, all of William's lines are twisted.

WILLIAM'S BLURRED P.O.V.

Of ACAPULCO at all angles. William flies upside down, right side up, backwards, forwards, depending on the wind change. It's enough to make anyone car sick.

William frantically motions to Tammy and the men to let him down. They all wave back.

TAMMY

(To Men)

Isn't he cute, always trying to impress
me?

EXT. ACAPULCO BAY - DAY

The boat heads for the docks. It speeds up.

EXT. JOAN AND LIZZIE'S TERRACE - DAY

Lizzie peers through the binoculars. She turns to Joan who's semi-sleeping on her chaise.

LIZZIE

Time for a crash landing.

Joan props herself up on an elbow.

SLAM CUT TO.

William, as he HITS the water SCREAMING and IS dragged through all sorts of kelp, trash, jellyfish and floating oil balls.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lizzie and Joan HOOT and HOLLER.

JOAN

Nothing like a little drag racing.

INT. LAS BRISAS RESTAURANT - NIGHT

William sits across from Tammy, looking very dorky in his emergency horned rimmed glasses. They eat in silence. Tammy looks up from her food.

TAMMY

I liked you better in contacts.

WILLIAM

I couldn't see a thing, someone must have switched them.

TAMMY

No one switches contacts. Why not take responsibility and admit your eyesight is failing. Why it happened to my Dad just last year.

William throws his fork down and leaves.

MORE MONEY EXCHANGING HANDS

EXT. ACAPULCO CLUB POOL AREA - THE NEXT DAY

This private club is attached to the Las Brisas Hotel. Cabanas surround a saltwater pool that overlooks the sea.

WE SEE Joan and Lizzie fully disguised as waitresses, but today they are dressed in pool side attire - shorts and sailor tops, hats and dark glasses.

William and Tammy lie by the pool. Tammy has a cool compress draped over her eyes. William watches Lizzie help Pablo clean off a table. He signals her over.

LIZZIE

Bon giorno, Senor Flynn.

WILLIAM

Bon giorno? Isn't that Italian?

Lizzie smiles at her mistake.

LIZZIE

(Covering)

Oh...well. I learning new language every day.

WILLIAM

You work a lot of jobs here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIZZIE
Oui, Si. My husband leave me again.

Tammy looks up squinting.

TAMMY
What a scum bag.

LIZZIE
It's okay. I used to it. He come back.
He always does. He have to. We have two
bambinos, uh, children. Are you two
married Senor?

William gets SPLASHED by someone whose just belly flopped into
the pool. He jumps up, shaking the water off his papers,
grumbling under his breath.

LIZZIE (cont'd)
Saved by the bell!

WILLIAM
I'd like an orange juice and a towel.

TAMMY
Coffee, very strong.

LIZZIE
A late and fruitful night?

TAMMY
I wouldn't exactly call it that.

Lizzie smiles happily. William searches for something in
Tammy's bag.

WILLIAM
We forgot the sunblock.

LIZZIE
No problem Senor I get you a block.

INT. CLUB BATHROOM - DAY

Lizzie and Joan are squashed in a stall.

LIZZIE
I think she's nice.

JOAN
Will you shut up. I want to enjoy hating
her.

LIZZIE
I bet she has no idea he's married.

JOAN
She knows. Unlike you, most women do.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIZZIE
Yeah? You didn't know about her.

JOAN
That's dif--
(flustered)
Oh shut up and hand me the bottle.

Lizzie hands her a bottle of baby oil. Joan opens a bottle of sunblock #15, empties it into the toilet, then replaces it with the baby oil. Joan hands Lizzie the bottle.

JOAN (cont'd)
Instant burn.

EXT. POOL AREA - DAY

Lizzie carries a tray of drinks over to William. Tammy dozes on her side, her arm draped across William.

Lizzie avoids looking at them, setting down the coffee and sunblock.

LIZZIE
Would you like anything else?

Tammy sits up and stretches.

TAMMY
No, we're fine thanks.

WILLIAM
Has anyone ever told you, you have an accent?

LIZZIE
Well, Senor, after all I do live in Mexico.

WILLIAM
No I mean another accent..like Southern or--

LIZZIE
I full Latino are you trying to minimize me?

WILLIAM
No.

LIZZIE
Are you racist? What is your position on the borders?

WILLIAM
I love borders-- opened of course.

Satisfied Lizzie takes off for another table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLIAM (cont'd)
Does she seem nervous to you?

TAMMY
No.

WILLIAM
She doesn't look me in the eye.

TAMMY
Oh, Willie, I wouldn't get all worked up just cause one woman doesn't look you in the eye. Maybe she's shy. Or maybe you remind her of someone. I think she has a crush on you.

William takes off his glasses.

WILLIAM
Really?

He laughs to himself. Tammy picks up the sunblock.

TAMMY
I like her. She's nice.

With that, Tammy rubs the sunblock on William.

INT. CLUB HOUSE - LATER ON

William is on the phone. His skin glows red. He waits for someone to answer. He hangs up, dialing another number.

WILLIAM
Lewis? It's William... Yeah, I'm having a wonderful time. Look have you seen - yes she's hot--No I'm not in a bad mood. No, I'm not going to tell you how many times we've done it! Look have you heard from Joan?

(William's face goes white)
She what? You're kidding. Did you cover for me? Shit. I'll call her, no wait. First send her a little something from Tiffany. That always helps.

William turns and JUMPS seeing Juanita - Joan, staring him down. Immediately she covers with a warm smile. She grabs his cheek squeezing it a little too hard.

JOAN
Sorry to eavesdrop, Senor. But if I were you, I'd send her a large something. Infidelity is a big no no here. We cut the cajones off.

WILLIAM
Cajones ?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOAN
The balls, snip, s nip, like the bull.

She makes a snipping motion as she sashays to the bar.

WILLIAM
(continuing, into phone)
On second thought send her a...

Joan heads back across the room with a tray of drinks.

JOAN
Rubies are always a good choice. Red
like passion, Senor.

The scent of her perfume lingers in the air. William closes his eyes, obviously affected.

WILLIAM
--A ruby. A ruby heart. Perfect...No,
I'm not doing this out of guilt! I love
her, Lewis. She's a good woman, my
Joan, not a mean bone in her body.

O.S. SIZZLING- like eggs cooking on a griddle.

SLOW FADE TO.

EXT: POOL - LATER ON

Joan stares proudly down at Tammy's and William's burning bodies.

William wakes. He sees her and smiles, sitting up.

WILLIAM (cont'd)
Hello.

Startled Joan drops her pencil. William reaches down picking it up. Their hands touch. Joan moves away.

WILLIAM (cont'd)
You work two jobs, too?

JOAN
Si. It's to take my mind off my
boyfriend. He left me for a younger
woman.

WILLIAM
That man should be shot.

JOAN
Believe me Senor, you wouldn't want to
shoot my boyfriend.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

William moves closer to Joan, studying her. The electricity sizzles. Joan's breaths shorten.

JOAN (cont'd)
Can I get you anything?

WILLIAM
That perfume? I know it. It's...

William smells her neck.

Lizzie serves drinks at a table nearby jealously watching.

Joan weakens more.

WILLIAM (cont'd)
Do I know you?

Joan pulls away motioning to Tammy.

JOAN
Be careful, you could fry an egg on that stomach.

WILLIAM
I do know you from somewhere?

Joan's face is flushed.

JOAN
Si. I was your waitress last night.

WILLIAM
No, I mean from someplace else. I feel like--

JOAN
(Cutting him off)
--Senor! I am a waitress and you are the customer, that is it! If you pursue this intimate conversation any further I will have to call security.

She shoves the check in his hand and heads off. Seeing this Lizzie follows.

INT. WOMAN'S BATHROOM - DAY

Joan sobs as she leans against the stall of the bathroom.

O.S. of a WOMAN'S VOICE in the THROWS of passion.

It seems like it's coming from the stall next door. Joan stops crying looking up. The partition begins to SHAKE

JOAN
You got to be kidding me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOMAN 'S VOICE

Ah, Ah, Ah, AH, AH, AAAAHHHHH!!!!

JOAN

That's UNFAIR, that's totally unfair.
(Looks to ceiling)
Hear me God Unfair.

Now it's the MAN'S turn to CLIMAX, the walls shake again like a big earthquake, then SILENCE. We HEAR A zipper BEING pulled UP, then TWO SETS OF FOOTSTEPS leaving and a door CLOSING. Relieved Joan puts the toilet seat cover down and sits. She's just about to cry as the door OPENS again. Lizzie enters.

LIZZIE

Juanita?

JOAN

(To herself)
What is this Grand Central? Can't a girl
cry in peace?

LIZZIE

What are you doing?

Joan wipes her eyes.

JOAN

Fixing my contact.

LIZZIE

Don't you think you'd have better
luck out here using the mirror?

Joan bolts from the stall to the mirror wiping the tears from her eyes.

LIZZIE (cont'd)

(Astonished, continuing)
Are you crying?

JOAN

I haven't cried since I lost a
cheerleading contest in third grade. I'm
sweating.

Joan leaves.

INT. BUNGALOW 1188 - NEXT DOOR TO JOAN AND LIZZIE'S - LATER ON

WE FOLLOW the length of Tammy's body. It's fried. We follow the length of William's body, also fried. They both lie stretched out on the bed. Ice cubes and aloe are spread around them.

REVERSE ANGLE ON LIZZIE in the BUNGALOW next door. She watches William and Tammy through a mirror she has taped to a broom stick, which she holds out over her balcony, so she can see into the windows of 1188. Joan enters.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lizzie turns to Joan, who carries a ghetto blaster and a bag of CD's.

JOAN (cont'd)
Just to make his vacation a little more pleasant. Loud music, his favorite.

Joan places the getto-blaster and the SPEAKERS against William's wall.

LIZZIE
(Suddenly blurting)
It's wrong what we're doing.

JOAN
What's wrong?

LIZZIE
Frying an innocent girl?

JOAN
Who says she's innocent. She's gone away with her rich boss.

LIZZIE
William can be very seductive, you know that.

JOAN
Yes and look where it's gotten us.

LIZZIE
Torturing the innocent in Mexico. It's him we want, not her.

JOAN
What are you starting a foundation for cruelty against Bimbos?

Lizzie and Joan share a look.

LIZZIE
I refuse to pick on her anymore.

JOAN
Fine, who needs you.

Joan unwraps several cd's and puts them in the blaster.

JOAN (cont'd)
All I can say is united we stand, divided he falls!

Joan presses PLAY. MARILYN MANSON BLASTS through the room.

The paintings on the walls begin to shake to the beat. After a moment, WE HEAR BANGING on the adjoining wall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLIAM (O.S.)
Hey will you turn that down a little?

JOAN
He said turn it up. Right?

Lizzie looks away refusing to answer.

JOAN (cont'd)
...Okay, I'll ease up on the kid.

Lizzie smiles, racing over to hug Joan.

JOAN (cont'd)
Stop, stop. I'm not a hugger.

INT. ACAPULCO COAST BAR - NIGHT

Dressed in loose clothes (with his pants rolled up), a burned, stressed out William sits at the bar drinking a beer. Joan in her Juanita disguise, comes up, slapping him on the back.

JOAN
No more martinis Senor?

William winces in pain.

WILLIAM
I was hoping to lose my middle age label.

JOAN
(To Jorje)
Jorje, tres margaritas por favor.
Where's your daughter?

WILLIAM
She's--She's not my daughter.

JOAN
I mean girlfriend.
(Leaning over William)
You can level with me Senor. You're going through a crisis, no? Feeling a little older, less sexy, maybe?

WILLIAM
(Gruffly)
No, I'm not. Mind your own business.

JOAN
Over reaction means I've hit the truth.

WILLIAM
What are you, Doctor Laura now?

INSERT - LIZZIE

Watching Joan with William. From her viewpoint it looks like Joan is coming on to him. Lizzie hoists up her uniform, straightens her wig and heads over.

INT. BAR - JOAN AND WILLIAM - SAME

 JOAN
She's a little young for you, if you ask me.

 WILLIAM
Who asked you!

Lizzie marches up.

 LIZZIE
 (sternly)
Is there a problem Senor?

 WILLIAM
Yes, her.

Lizzie pushes Joan out of the way.

 LIZZIE
I could see that. We get many complaints about her.

Joan now moves in front of Lizzie.

 JOAN
Don't listen Senor, she psychopath, need Prozac bad.

William looks over to Jorje.

 WILLIAM
Can't a man drink alone anymore?

 LIZZIE
Alone?
 (Dramatically sorry)
You shouldn't drink alone. Look at that face, so lonely, so sad.

William tries to stand up. Lizzie pushes him back down.

 LIZZIE (cont'd)
Life is to love and be loved. It's for children, a family, your wife.

 JOAN
 (Sweetly to William)
Girlfriend.
 (To Lizzie)
Not everyone marries now a days.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIZZIE
(Gritting her teeth, to Joan)
Wife.

Lizzie flashes him a BIG smile. Joan eyes Lizzie threateningly. William moves right, Joan blocks him. He's trapped.

JOAN
(Gritting her teeth, to Lizzie)
Girlfriend.

LIZZIE
Wife.

JOAN
Girlfriend.

LIZZIE
WIFE!
(Quickly to William)
What do you think?

All eyes are on William. This is a man's worst nightmare. William swallows hard, looking between the both of them.

WILLIAM
Well, ahh...both are important.

SLAM CUT TO.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Lizzie and Joan, STOMPING back to their cottage still in their waitress clothes, both furious. Joan pulls her wig off, Lizzie follows.

INT. JOAN AND LIZZIE'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

Joan enters first, SHUTTING the door in Lizzie's face. Lizzie kicks it open.

Both women storm into their bedrooms SLAMMING their doors. Two seconds later, their doors open.

LIZZIE
How could you flirt, right in front of my face!

JOAN
I wasn't flirting, not until you came over and started in on the wife bit. You're just jealous.

LIZZIE
Of what, you? Hardly. He is my husband!

JOAN
And my boyfrie--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIZZIE
(interrupting)
-- Sugar Daddy!

JOAN
Bitch!

LIZZIE
Creep!

JOAN
Creep? (She laughs) I thought that word
was obsolete.

LIZZIE
You're a creep and a homewrecker! Don't
you think you're worth marrying, instead
of preying off my husband!

JOAN
I don't prey off him. We share him honey,
and don't you forget it.

LIZZIE
(puffing up)
You're the one he's replacing, not me.
I'm the wife, I don't get vacations
remember!

JOAN
He's not replacing me, he's cheating on
me. He wouldn't replace me, I've been
with him longer than you!

LIZZIE
This month maybe.

JOAN
No darling, try your entire marriage!

Lizzie stops in her tracks. She looks as if the wind's just
been knocked out of her.

JOAN (cont'd)
(In for the kill.)
I knew about you, before you knew about
William. I helped him pick you out of
Smith.

LIZZIE
What are you talking about?

JOAN
(Bitterly)
He was going to be a politician,
remember? He needed someone from a good
family, a WASP and you were it.
(beat)
It was all set up right from the start.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIZZIE
I don't believe you. William loves me.

JOAN
Sure he does, but he loved me first and never let me go.

Lizzie stares at her for a long moment. She breaks.

LIZZIE
I'm going home.

JOAN
Once a quitter, always a quitter.

LIZZIE
F. you.

JOAN
F. me? How sweet an F. me girl.

LIZZIE
(Contemptuously)
I have fricken had it with you.

JOAN
You've fricken had it with me. Well I've fucking had it with you!
(Mocking her)
You know you really are pathetic Lizzie. You're so trapped in your world of etiquette, you can't even say the word fuck. No wonder he needed me, you're probably frigid!

Lizzie goes BERSERK, LUNGING for Joan, GRABBING onto her hair. Joan GRABS back, KICKING, SCREAMING, BITING and PULLING. They TUMBLE over and over, knocking the ghetto blaster and other pieces of furniture around.

INT. WILLIAM'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

A wearied William stares at his reflection in the mirror. He turns on the water, reaching for his dental floss. It's empty. He swears, as his walls start to reverberate with music.

INT. JOAN AND LIZZIE'S LIVING ROOM - SAME

A LATIN GUITAR BLASTS through the room, along with Joan and Lizzie's writhing bodies. Joan gets Lizzie pinned underneath her.

LIZZIE
I'm going to kill you!

JOAN
YEAH? Pretty hard to achieve from down there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIZZIE
Let me up creep!

JOAN
Not until you say it.

LIZZIE
Say what?

JOAN
The F. word.

LIZZIE
No!

JOAN
Say it. (Spelling it out) F-U-C-.

LIZZIE
(Interrupts)
--No! I won't be like you.

JOAN
Why? What the hells wrong with me?. I
think I'm pretty fucking terrific.

LIZZIE
You're common.

Joan stops.

LIZZIE (cont'd)
(Quickly)
It sounds common.

Joan releases her grip on Lizzie.

JOAN
Don't worry, Miss High Society. I don't
rub off.

She climbs off Lizzie deeply hurt.

LIZZIE
Joan, I didn't mean--

JOAN
I think I've done pretty good for myself.
Sometimes the coarseness slips through,
but on a whole, no one would ever guess.

Lizzie's heart breaks. She reaches for Joan. Joan pulls away.

JOAN (cont'd)
And I've been faithful too.
(Tears stream down Joan's
cheeks.)
You think it's fun waiting around year
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOAN (cont'd)
after year for a man who promises to
leave his wife? It's like a God damn
broken record, a cliché.

LIZZIE
Joan please, I'm sorry.

Joan sits holding her head in her hands.

LIZZIE (cont'd)
I just meant that swearing was--

JOAN
--Cut the crap Lizzie, we're not friends,
remember?

LIZZIE
...No, we're not.

The doorbell RINGS, followed by incessant KNOCKING.

CONCIERGE (O.S.)
Open up please. Miss Stevens, are you
all right?

Joan and Lizzie look at one another, JUMP to their feet and
hurriedly pick up the mess around them.

SPLIT SCREEN

William and the Concierge stand outside their door.

WILLIAM
I tell you, I heard screams. I think it's
a lover's quarrel.

The Concierge looks at William shocked.

CONCIERGE
Senor, two women are staying here.

WILLIAM
Aren't there lesbians in your country?

CONCIERGE
(Shocked)
Really, Senor, the woman's husband just
died.

WILLIAM
Yeah, her girlfriend probably killed him.

Joan places a lamp back.

JOAN
Not a bad idea. Where's your gun?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONCIERGE

I don't hear anything now but a classical guitar.

WILLIAM

I tell you someone's hurt in there, open the door or I'll do it for you.

WE HEAR a CLICKING noise at the DOOR.

Joan and Lizzie react, high tailing it for the balcony.

LIZZIE

Fuuccckk.

Joan does a double-take as they JUMP SIMULTANEOUSLY up to the wall and believe it or not, over it, "with the greatest of ease".

William and the Concierge ENTER.

CONCIERGE

Hello?... Miss Stevens?

William turns off the music. The Concierge shrugs then DISAPPEARS into the bedrooms.

EXT. GARDENIA BUSHES - NIGHT

They lie in the gardenias, scarcely breathing.

LIZZIE

I wonder how many more walls we're going to have to scale before this is over?

Lizzie stands dusting herself off. She looks at Joan who's grinning from ear to ear.

JOAN

Well, you did it. You swore, defying Emily Post. How does it feel?

Lizzie blushes.

LIZZIE

Really Joan, it's not that big a deal.

(beat)

It felt good. Quite freeing.

JOAN

Let's celebrate.

The women head up through the bushes to the road.

JOAN (cont'd)

There's got to be a bar around here somewhere.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AN OLD RED PICKUP driven by Pablo comes WHEELING around the corner, BLASTING music. It is filled with TWO CUTE MEXICAN boys. The truck SCREECHES to a stop beside the women.

Pablo sticks his head out beckoning to them.

PABLO

Venga con migo a la fiesta. Baile mucho!
(Come with me to the party. Lot's of
dancing)

LIZZIE

What's he saying?

JOAN

Let's party.

LIZZIE

Oh, no, not for me.

JOAN-JUANITA

(To Pablo)

Si, nosotras quierramos!

Joan hops into the truck, dragging a protesting Lizzie with her. The boys HOOT and HOLLER.

INT. JOAN AND LIZZIE'S BUNGALOW - SAME

William shuts off the ghetto blaster and notices how the speakers are turned towards his wall.

WILLIAM

Thoughtful.

He heads out onto the terrace, TRIPPING over something. It's the broomstick with the mirror taped on it. William looks at it with interest.

The Concierge comes back into the living room.

CONCIERGE

No sign of anyone. I think we better go.
I could get fired for this.

William sees a cigarette still burning in an ashtray. He walks over to the table and puts it out. William recognizes the lipstick on the butt of the cigarette.

WILLIAM

Is Miss Steven's first name, Joan?

CONCIERGE

Senor we have so many people staying
here. I can't remember all their names.

A silver Tiffany cigarette case is next to the ashtray. William shakes his head smiling to himself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLIAM

Joan, you've never cease to amaze me.

He OPENS the case.

INSERT INSCRIPTION ON LID OF CASE

Lizzie, "You're the only woman in the world for me"...Bill

William's face turns ashen.

CONCIERGE

Mr. Flynn, we really must go.

William opens the closet. He sees several Louis Vuitton bags with the initials J.D. and E.N. He sees the duffel bags and opens one of them. William stares at all his cosmetics, shoes, contacts etc... The Concierge tries to stop William, as he takes a pair of shoes, contacts, and wrinkle cream, then closes the bag.

WILLIAM

This is quite a surprise.

EXT. PARTY - LOCAL RANCH - NIGHT

A big party is in progress. Joan and Lizzie are the center of attention dancing up a storm. Lizzie dances with Pablo, while Joan dances with his two friends. They are having the time of their lives.

LIZZIE

(To Joan)

I never knew I could have so much fun without William.

Lizzie's wig slips a little as she bounces to the beat. Joan reaches over straightening it.

JOAN

Wonders never cease.

EXT. PARTY - LATER ON

Blindfolded, Lizzie swings at a pinata that hangs from a tree. Everyone laughs as she misses and lands on her ass.

WIPE SCREEN TO

JOAN is up to BAT. She SWINGS, misses, landing on the lap of a handsome MEXICAN. A wife comes over jealously taking her man away. Joan looks to Lizzie.

JOAN-JUANITA

What, does my reputation proceed me?

INT. TRUCK - LATER THAT NIGHT

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The truck bounces along a lonely dirt road, the only light, is that of the moon. Lizzie, Joan and Pablo sing "Guantanamera". Pablo's arm is around Lizzie's shoulder. She seems to be enjoying it.

There is a BIG BANG. The truck BACKFIRES and SHAKES. Pablo swears.

EXT. LONELY DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

The truck is pulled over to the side of the road. The two women watch as Pablo heads off with a gas can. ANIMAL NOISES are HEARD in the distance. They share a look.

INT. CAB OF TRUCK - LATER ON

Lizzie looks at her watch, then out into the darkness, worried.

LIZZIE
What if he gets lost?

JOAN
He won't.

A shiver runs through Lizzie, as a wolf HOWLS in the distance.

LIZZIE
Was that a wolf?

JOAN
Don't think about it.

LIZZIE
It sure is dark in here.

Joan rummages around in her bag. She pulls out a flashlight and sets it on the dash.

JOAN
I'm earthquake trained.

O.S. Of another long howl. Lizzie motions to Joan's handbag.

LIZZIE
Don't suppose you have a radio in there
or any other source of entertainment?

Joan shakes her head no, looking away. After a moment she gets an idea. She picks up the flashlight and waves it around the cab, HUMMING the introduction to a circus act, followed by.

JOAN
(Like a radio announcer)
Live from the outback of Acapulco, The
Dirt Road Saloon presents, The Joan
Diamond Show.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lizzie claps as Joan bows. She holds her hand in front of the beam, making different shadow animal images on the seat next to Lizzie.

She moves it around the cab of the truck, until A RABBIT plays on top of Lizzie's shoulder. Lizzie laughs.

Joan looks at Lizzie a long moment, then...

JOAN (cont'd)
Once upon a time, there was this ugly little rabbit, who lived in a trailer park...

We see a rabbit hopping along the back of the seat behind Lizzie's head. The rabbit's ears go cock-eyed.

JOAN (cont'd)
(continuing)
She worked day and night to beautify and educate herself in order that she might some day attract a Rabbit Prince.

Joan puts the flashlight on the dash so she can make two rabbits with each of her hands. On the other side of Lizzie we now see another rabbit, "The Prince". Both rabbits do a flirtatious dance, until finally they kiss.

JOAN (cont'd)
She did, and fell deeply in love.

JOAN (cont'd)
(continuing)
When it came time to marry, the Prince informed her that he needed a real Princess to rule his kingdom, not her.

Lizzie's smile fades. The rabbits stop kissing. One rabbit puts her head down, distraught and slowly hops away.

JOAN (cont'd)
(continuing)
She tried and tried, to no avail, to let go of the Prince.

The rabbit stops and hops back to the other rabbit, then leaves and hops back, etc...

JOAN (cont'd)
(continuing)
She even talked herself into believing that she was happy living this way, that marriage wasn't for her. She convinced herself of this for years....

The rabbit stops.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOAN (cont'd)
 But the truth be known, she longed to
 marry. Each and every promise gave her
 hope that marriage was to come her way.
 (naked)
 But it never did.

Joan puts her hands down. Lizzie's eyes search Joan's. After a
 moment, she makes her decision.

LIZZIE
 ...Well I once knew this Princess rabbit,
 who grew up in a big mansion being the
 focus and envy of everybody.

Joan watches her solemnly.

LIZZIE (cont'd)
 (continuing)
 The Princess had this powerful father,
 who told her, she would, never be able to
 satisfy a rabbit like himself because
 she, like her mother, wasn't beautiful
 enough.

Joan listens.

LIZZIE (cont'd)
 (continuing)
 You see her father had numerous
 mistresses while married to her mother.
 And knowing of her mother's pain, she
 vowed this would never happen to her. She
 would find a man of honor, a man that she
 alone would fulfill.

Joan's face fills with guilt.

LIZZIE (cont'd)
 (Continuing)
 So she searched far and wide and one day
 a Prince suddenly appeared. He courted
 her, they fell in love, married and were
 very happy.
 (beat)
 At times, paranoia swept through her
 making her wonder if she was good enough.
 But she never acted on it, out of respect
 for her marriage and kids. After all she
 was truly in love. He was married to her.
 And most important, she had broken her
 father's prophecy...

Lizzie turns to Joan whose face teams with sorrow. Their hearts
 breaking for each other. Silence. They hold one another.

After a moment, O.S. of FOOTSTEPS. Joan shuts off the flashlight
 as Pablo opens the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EXT. JOAN AND LIZZIE'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Lizzie and Pablo stand outside the bungalow. Romantic music plays from his truck. Pablo takes Lizzie into his arms. He is gentle, shy.

PABLO
Que bonita, tu.

Pablo kisses her ever so gently. Lizzie blushes pulling away.

PABLO (cont'd)
Yo soy, Casanova y tu es, La Chiquita.

Lizzie's eyes fill.

INSERT JOAN watching from the window.

JOAN
Don't tell me she's going to cry again.

PABLO
Venga conmigo esta noche.
(Come with me tonight)

Lizzie turns to Pablo, torn. Pablo scoops her up in his arms.

LIZZIE
Pablo, I can't.
(He moves in for a kiss)
No estas possible. Hay something I need
to hablo avec vous. No soy Isabella. No
soy Mexican. No soy waitress, either.

INSERT - JOAN

Joan shakes her head.

JOAN
No shit.

Pablo smiles.

PABLO
I know. You're Spanish sucks.

EXT. MARINA WATER FRONT - NIGHT

A full moon reflects on the water. Lizzie and Pablo walk hand in hand. Lizzie is now dressed as Lizzie. WE PICK UP in the middle of their conversation.

LIZZIE
...So now you know everything and why I
can't go home with you.

Pablo churns with anger.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PABLO
Do you love him?

LIZZIE
I'm not so sure anymore.

PABLO
Then leave him.

LIZZIE
It's not that simple.

PABLO
I don't understand you. He has
dishonored you. He must pay.

LIZZIE
He is paying.

PABLO
To lose you is to pay.

LIZZIE
Joan and I have everything under control.
There's nothing to worry about.

PABLO
You American woman are very strange. In
Mexico the wife would have killed the
lover and been justified.

Lizzie smiles and kisses him on the cheek.

LIZZIE
Well now I'm just her friend instead of a
murderer.

EXT. ACAPULCO CLUB POOL AREA - LATER ON

A sunburned William and Tammy lie at the pool covered in
clothes, large hats, sunglasses and zinc on their noses.
William stares at Isabele and Juanita.

REVERSE ANGLE

Lizzie and Joan stand at the bar in their waitress outfits.
Lizzie watches William watch her as Joan goes over their list.

LIZZIE (cont'd)
(fascinated)
He's staring at us.

JOAN
Maybe we should switch his water. Tap
water in exchange for Evian.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIZZIE
(unsure)
He has the cat-caught-the-canary look.

Joan glances over to William.

JOAN
He looks like the same old asshole to me.
(Off Lizzie's worried face)
Relax, tonight we nail him.

INT. WILLIAM'S - BUNGALOW - NIGHT

A CLOCK ticks. Tammy stares at a new gold Rolex watch. William has a shit eating grin on his face. They sit on the couch that has been moved against the adjoining wall to Lizzie and Joan's bungalow.

WILLIAM
(talking loudly)
I hope this helps you forget all the
perils of our trip. Time starts now.

William snaps it on her wrist. Tammy smiles.

INT. JOAN AND LIZZIE'S BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM - SAME

Lizzie and Joan have their ear to a glass squished up against the adjoining wall.

LIZZIE
(Imitating William)
"Time starts now." Yuck.

JOAN
Sounds like a Hallmark card.

INT. WILLIAM'S LIVING ROOM - SAME

Tammy looks at the watch feeling like a heel.

TAMMY
I don't deserve this, Willie.

WILLIAM
(Speaking loudly)
You're very special to me.

Tammy stares at him.

TAMMY
Are your eyes okay?

WILLIAM
Yeah, sure why.

SPLIT SCREEN

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Joan and Lizzie share a look of disgust.

TAMMY
I've been such a brat.

JOAN
Try, tramp.

William kisses her.

WILLIAM
(Really enunciating)
You've had a rough time. It's smooth sailing from now on.

TAMMY
Willie, why are you shouting? I'm right here. You don't wear a hearing aide do you?

WILLIAM
Yes, no, no. I'm fine, fine my darling. It's just you make me feel so excited. I am getting so excited.

TAMMY
You're so sweet.

She throws her arms around him. Joan and Lizzie share a look.

LIZZIE
(Whispering to Joan)
Since when has he become so understanding?

JOAN
So forgiving?

TAMMY
You're the most thoughtful man in the world.

JOAN
(Imitating Tammy's voice)
Yeah, you slid it in everyone you thought about.

TAMMY
I could fall in love with you.

William stiffens.

JOAN
(Elbowing Lizzie happily)
She just made "a big" boo-boo.
(Pleadingly at the wall.)
Come on, say he's the only man in the world for you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Joan listens anxiously.

TAMMY

You're the only man in the world for me.

Joan cheers, giving Lizzie the high-five sign. They dance a short victory dance.

JOAN

That'll make him shit bricks.

They wait for his response.

WILLIAM

...No one has said that to me in a long time.

Joan and Lizzie share a bewildered look.

JOAN

I don't get it.

Tammy leans forward kissing him, her breasts edge out of her shirt.

TAMMY

Forgive me?

William stares at her breasts longingly. He swallows hard.

WILLIAM

How could I not?

TAMMY

(Reading William's look.)
Go ahead...

William glances to see if the mirrored pole is there. It's not. He touches them. Tammy moans. William sighs blissfully forgetting everything for a moment. Women are his drug. He can't help it.

WILLIAM

My God you're a work of art.

Tammy climbs in his lap and unbuttons his shirt.

TAMMY

I want to make love to you.

William looks at Tammy longingly, then glances towards Lizzie and Joan's wall. He comes back down to earth.

WILLIAM

What'd you say? I couldn't hear you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAMMY
(Shouting)
I want to make love to you!

Lizzie looks to Joan horrified.

Tammy MOANS as she rubs her body against him. She takes off her shirt, underneath she wears a black push-up bra. Tammy kisses his neck. William checks once again for the pole. He kisses her back, hungrily. Teasingly, Tammy pulls just out of his reach.

TAMMY (cont'd)
I've been having fantasies about you,
ever since I read this book my girlfriend
Debbie gave me.

WILLIAM
Thank God for Debbie.

TAMMY
It sort of made me want to dominate you.

WILLIAM
Of course you do baby. All us men know
that all you women ever want to do, is
dominate us. Do you mind moaning a little
louder? I like it loud.

He slides Tammy around, as she moans, so she is closer to Lizzie and Joan's adjoining wall.

TAMMY
(Smiles, seductively)
I bet I'm stronger than you.

She pushes him back on the couch, pinning his hands down. William can hardly contain his joy.

TAMMY (cont'd)
Kiss me, hard. HARD.

INT. JOAN AND LIZZIE'S LIVING ROOM - SAME

Lizzie gives Joan a look.

JOAN
That word gets them every time.

LIZZIE
(Impatient)
Let's bust in on him now.

JOAN
Not yet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lizzie drops her cup and runs for the broomstick with the mirror tapped on it. Joan follows. She holds it over the balcony angling it into William's living room.

William sees the mirrored broomstick dangling over his patio. He smiles to himself.

WILLIAM
(under his breath)
Now you're going to get it ladies.

THEIR P.O.V. THROUGH REFLECTION OF MIRROR

TAMMY
(Breathless)
What'd you say?

Tammy rides up and down on William's leg. William moans with pleasure really hamming it up.

WILLIAM
I said you really get it. You're so wonderful, never meddling or prying.

JOAN
Asshole.

TAMMY
(Totally turned on)
I want it now Willie. Now!

Lizzie makes a move to go.

JOAN
Wait! We're aiming for coitus interruptus.

LIZZIE
Coitus is going to eruptus within seconds.

JOAN
Wait.

Lizzie walks away freaked.

LIZZIE
Oh what to do. Namio-ho-rengay-kio.
Namio-ho-

Joan watches praying.

JOAN
Come on God, have a heart.

Tammy kisses William HARD. They BANG teeth. William's tooth goes FLYING out of his mouth onto the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLIAM
Ow! Shit, my cap!

Joan laughs wickedly.

JOAN
Good move Willie boy. Need some Polygrip?

Tammy and William now crawl around on the floor looking for his tooth. They SEE IT and SIMULTANEOUSLY reach for it CRASHING heads. William SEES stars.

JOAN (O.S.)
(cont'd)
A little bumper car foreplay.

LIZZIE
Now what are they doing?

Tammy JUMPS William like a wild cat, tearing his shirt off.

JOAN
You wouldn't believe it if I told you.

WILLIAM
Tammy, hold on a minute. Tammy!

TAMMY
I now know you've been teasing me all along. I won't wait anymore.

They ROLL over and over across the floor. The tooth is KICKED under the couch as Tammy ATTACKS him like a linebacker. William tries to escape, Tammy laughs PINNING him down. She smiles triumphantly looking at her trophy.

WILLIAM
Tammy I don't think I'm made for this sort of thi--

TAMMY
You should never make a woman wait. That calls for punishment.

Tammy grins, then locks him in a "kiss of death", practically suffocating him.

In one feeble attempt William succeeds in rolling her over. He gasps for air.

Joan watches amazed as Tammy wedges her leg behind her and easily FLIPS William back on his back.

JOAN
Now there's a good roll over plan for your retirement.

Quickly Tammy tears his shirt off him like an animal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLIAM
Now wait a minute.

She takes his tie, wrapping it around one of his wrists at the same time sucking several of William's fingers.

JOAN
(With keen interest)
What an interesting technique.
I've never done it that way.

Lizzie gives Joan a disgusted look, then heads into the living room. She BANGS at the walls with her fists.

LIZZIE
I'm not going to take this anymore!

William is fighting for his life. Tammy devours him.

Lizzie SCREAMS at the top of her lungs.

William SCREAMS as he tries to untie his left wrist. Tammy continues to straddle him, now taking his right hand into hers. She's practically coming.

The phone RINGS. Lizzie ignores it heading back out to Joan.

LIZZIE (cont'd)
Where's a hose. I need a hose.

JOAN
Come here. It looks like it's going to come.

LIZZIE
I don't think I want to see my husband come thank you very much.

JOAN
He's not going to come, his fingers are.

LIZZIE
His fingers? What kind of sex are they having?!

Lizzie looks into the mirror. Tammy has all of William's fingers in her mouth. Lizzie watches as she sucks on them.

LIZZIE (cont'd)
That's disgusting! What is she, a bulimic?
(Watching them)
What's my life come to.
(She looks to Joan.)
I'm not waiting for coitus anything.

Lizzie grabs her coat and heads for the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The door opens. She stops. Her face turning white.

LIZZIE (cont'd)
Joan, we have visitors.

Joan turns from the pole to see the Hotel police, OFFICER GONZALES standing there.

INT. WILLIAM'S BUNGALOW - UNDER THE COUCH - SAME

William flips Tammy on her back. She moans and writhes under him. He looks to see the pole is gone and laughs relieved.

WILLIAM
Tammy stop. You can stop now.

William gets off her. Tammy stops incredulous.

TAMMY
Stop? What do you mean stop?

William reaches under the couch to retrieve his tooth.

WILLIAM
Let's just settle down for a minute.

TAMMY
I don't want to settle down.

WILLIAM
I've got to find my tooth.

TAMMY
Your tooth? Who cares about your stupid tooth, buy another one.

WILLIAM - UNDER THE COUCH

WILLIAM
I'm not going to buy another one. That's my tooth. I want my tooth, now stop.

William's hand is inches from his tooth, we hear a CLICKING at the door.

TAMMY (O.S.)
Stop? I'm not going to stop!

Tammy SCREAMS. In one smooth motion, William is JERKED from under the couch and THROWN into a burlap sack by TWO MASKED MEN. Tammy kicks and bites wide-eyed in fear, as another MASKED MAN holds her. He puts a handkerchief of chloroform over her mouth. She passes out. The masked man places her on the couch neatly as if she'd just fallen asleep. The two other MEN throw William over their shoulder and leave.

INT. JOAN AND LIZZIE'S TERRACE - NIGHT

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Joan and Lizzie stare at the officer. They swallow hard. Joan holds the pole like a staff.

GONZALES

I'm afraid we've had too many complaints about you.

(He sees the mirror-pole)

Not good, not good at all.

Lizzie rushes to his side.

LIZZIE

Oh Monsieur, don't misunderstand all this. We're not what you think we are. We've been trying to stop the guy next door. I was just going to call security.

JOAN

You were?

LIZZIE

Yes. It's horrible. Look, see for yourself. He's...

GONZALES

What, Senora, making love? That's allowed in Mexico.

(Enjoying the thought)

In fact it's allowed a lot.

JOAN

But with a minor?

INT. WILLIAM'S BUNGALOW - SEVERAL MINUTES LATER

Gonzales BURSTS through William's door, followed by Joan and Lizzie. They all stop in their tracks, seeing the "chloroformed" Tammy passed out on the couch.

JOAN (cont'd)

Give me a break, she was just about to come five minutes ago.

LIZZIE

She must have ridden the wave.

JOAN

Doubtful. William's not that fast.

GONZALES

You know the guy?

LIZZIE

He's my husband.

JOAN

And my lover.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gonzales and the two women share a look.

GONZALES
(To the women)
Sit.

They do. He goes to check the bedroom.

LIZZIE
What do you think happened?

JOAN
The bastard must have known.

Gonzales comes back.

GONZALES
He's gone.

JOAN
I tell you Officer he was here a minute ago. They were having sex. He lost his tooth. They were crawling around on the floor looking for it, you knocked on our door and here we are.

LIZZIE
(Staring at Tammy)
I hope she only got a white cap.

Gonzales looks from the sleeping Tammy to the women. He shakes his head and picks up his walkie talkie.

INT. ACAPULCO POLICE STATION - NIGHT

WE FIND Lizzie and Joan in a stark but brightly lit room, being interrogated by DETECTIVE MORALES. Tammy sits in the corner crying.

TAMMY
I already told you officer, we were here on holiday--

MORALES
(motioning to Lizzie)
--To cheat on his wife.

JOAN
(Pipping up)
-And mistress.

LIZZIE
You're more than a mistress Joan. You're part of the family, now.

TAMMY
(To the Women)
He never told me he was married.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOAN
-With a Mistress.

MORALES
Ladies, please.

JOAN
(Attacking Tammy)
Everyone at the office knows, it's hard
to believe you didn't.

TAMMY
Well I didn't! Okay?

JOAN
She's a lot like you Lizzie.

LIZZIE
Thanks, Joan.

TAMMY
What's that suppose to mean?

LIZZIE
Don't worry it's actually a compliment.

JOAN
Where did he go?

TAMMY
I don't know. I must have passed out.
The only thing I remember is, men coming
into the room.

Morales and Lizzie are about to say something, Joan interrupts.

JOAN
How many men?

TAMMY
I don't know.

JOAN
(Really after Tammy now.)
So you just passed out half naked in a
room full of men?

TAMMY
I guess.

JOAN
(To herself)
Boy, were we raised differently. (To
Tammy) Why didn't you scream?

TAMMY
I don't know. Maybe I did.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOAN

You don't know. Is there anything you do know? This is all a little hard to believe.

(Beat)

Have you kidnapped William and now are holding him for ransom?

Tammy freaks.

TAMMY

Me? Why would I want to do that?

(Looking to Morales for mercy.)

Detective Morales you've got to believe me. I know nothing of this. I swear. Maybe they kidnapped him.

LIZZIE

Hardly. I'm going to get it all in the divorce anyway.

All three women start to bicker. Morales SLAMS his fist down.

MORALES

Ladies please! One at a time.

(To Tammy)

Let me get this straight, you're one of his girls--

Tammy flings herself into his arms crying. Her breasts heave against him.

TAMMY

--No, I work for him. He promised me R & R, and for five days it's been nothing but torture.

Joan and Lizzie smile to each other.

MORALES

Rich married men always mistreat women this way.

Joan and Lizzie nod in agreement.

MORALES (cont'd)

(Staring into her cleavage)

You should try a man like myself. I would idolize a woman like you.

Tammy stares thoughtfully into Morales's eyes, then...

TAMMY

You know my tastes run for older, sexy men.

JOAN

Yeah, the ones with the money.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Morales smiles seductively holding Tammy's gaze. Joan leans in.

JOAN (cont'd)

I hate to interrupt you two, but do you mind discussing this later, after we find William?

Morales stands, getting back to business.

MORALES

There is nothing we can do tonight, since we don't know if Mr. Newfield left willingly or unwillingly I suggest
(He nods to Lizzie and Joan)
you two go home. If he's not back by morning, I'll report him missing. We'll speak at nine.

He gives Lizzie, Tammy and Joan his card. All three women stand.

MORALES (cont'd)

(To Tammy)

You Senorita, stay. I have a few more questions for you.

He smiles at her flirtatiously, as he ushers Lizzie and Joan to the door. Tammy eyes his handcuffs.

TAMMY

I'd love to.

EXT. JOAN AND LIZZIE'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Joan and Lizzie get out of a taxi and head for their door.

LIZZIE

I'd sure like to thank whoever kidnapped William and pay them to keep him.

With this the women are grabbed from behind by TWO MASKED MEN and shoved into the back of a car.

INT. OLD BARN - SOMEWHERE IN THE OUTSKIRTS OF ACAPULCO - NIGHT

Lizzie and Joan stand in the middle of a deserted barn. They stare at the two masked men, too scared to move. Pablo enters, signaling the men to leave.

They look at Pablo stunned.

LIZZIE (cont'd)

Pablo? What is this? I don't--

PABLO

--Sssh. Come, I have a present for you.

Pablo pulls a stocking mask over his face. Lizzie is horrified.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PABLO (cont'd)
Don't worry my Chiquita, it's for my protection.

Joan looks at Pablo, suddenly getting the picture.

JOAN
You didn't.

PABLO
I did.

Pablo takes Lizzie's hand.

JOAN
(To Lizzie)
You may get to see the inside of a Mexican cell after all.

He leads her into the next room, where William sits tied up in a chair and gagged. He struggles with the rope. Lizzie gasps. Joan stifles her amusement. Lizzie is terrified.

LIZZIE
(To Pablo)
What have you done?

William tries to speak, but can't.

PABLO
He should treat you with respect.

Quickly Lizzie goes to him removing his gag.

WILLIAM
Who is this idiot? Untie me.

Lizzie moves to his hands.

JOAN
Lizzie, no.

WILLIAM
No? What do you mean, no?

JOAN
(Firmly)
No.

WILLIAM
(Exploding)
You want to spend the rest of your lives behind bars? Get me OUT OF HERE. NOW!

JOAN
(Coolly to Lizzie)
I don't like his tone of voice, do you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIZZIE
Not particularly.

JOAN
It's sort of dictatorial.

LIZZIE
Quite.

William is incensed.

WILLIAM
(To Joan)
I would expect something low like this
from you, but her!
(He stares at Lizzie)
This is not your style! What has she
done, brainwashed you? You've gone too
far Lizzie, both of you have.

JOAN
(To Lizzie)
His voice has rather threatening
overtures don't you think?

LIZZIE
Most definitely.

JOAN
Doesn't he know, ladies shouldn't be
spoken to in this manner.

WILLIAM
(Spewing to Joan)
You have one month to get out of my house
you hear me!

JOAN
Sorry to burst your bubble, oh polite
one, but it's my house.

WILLIAM
Oh really, then how come my name is the
only one on title?
(Joan stops in her tracks)
And you have two weeks to pay off the
loan on your restaurant, otherwise I'll
have to call it in. And you know what
that means, bye, bye, Le Petite Bistro.

Joan and Lizzie stare at William in disbelief.

JOAN
You wouldn't stoop so low.

WILLIAM
(To Joan)
Now that you're homeless and have lost
your business, I'd advise you to come
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLIAM (cont'd)
over here, untie me, and beg me not to
press charges against you for kidnapping.

Joan stares at William, unable to speak. One TEAR finds it's way
down her cheek.

WILLIAM (cont'd)
Did you hear me?

LIZZIE
Of course she did.

WILLIAM
(Turning on Lizzie)
You don't have any leg to stand on
either. I mean of all the low down dirty
tricks for you two to pull. Spying on
me, then kidnapping me. Nothing I've
done could ever compare to this. I could
press charges against you for being her
accomplice. You'd lose everything Lizzie,
including your kids.

Lizzie SLAPS him hard on his cheek. So hard that it stuns them
both into silence.

LIZZIE
Don't, ever threaten me with my children.
I'd lose nothing and you know it.

William stares at her surprised by her strength.

WILLIAM
I'm warning you, untie me now or--

LIZZIE
What? What are you going to do, have me
arrested? Take me to court? You think
after a jury finds out you've been
cheating on your wife for twelve years,
they're going to side with you?

WILLIAM
You've kidnapped me.

LIZZIE
Prove it. Prove any of this ever
happened. Who's going to believe a man
of no integrity?

Joan looks to Lizzie regaining some strength.

JOAN
Certainly a jury wouldn't.

LIZZIE
We were with a police officer the entire
time of your kidnapping. You don't know
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIZZIE (cont'd)
 who this man is.
 (She points to Pablo)
 So who's going to know we were even here?
 You could be making it up, or saying it,
 just to get back at your wife.

JOAN
 (Cheering her on)
 All right Lizzie!

William looks to Joan irritated.

LIZZIE
 And guess what else? You're not going to
 take anything away from Joan, because
 I'm not going to let you. If I'm not
 mistaken I own half of everything you own
 and I think, my father, God rest his poor
 stingy soul, lent you money in the
 beginning for 10% of the company.
 ...Well, guess who is the sole heir of my
 father's estate?
 (gleefully)
 ME. Which means I own 60% of Newfield
 Corporation and the Florida Dolphins.

WILLIAM
 Those are my dolphine. I made that team.

LIZZIE
 And I fucking own them.

William stares at Lizzie. Joan applauds.

JOAN
 Way to go!

LIZZIE
 Surprise, surprise, and I bet you never
 thought I'd figure that one out. Are we
 happy now? Having a good time?

Joan giggles, raising her hand.

JOAN
 I am.

William's eyes bore right through her. Lizzie pats him on the
 head like a dog.

LIZZIE
 We didn't have anything to do with the
 kidnapping. God knows I wish we did. But
 we are going to have something to do with
 keeping you here, at least for a little
 while, until the paper work is in order.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLIAM

(To Joan)

What'd you do to her?

JOAN

Nothing. She did it all herself, she grew.

LIZZIE

(Sweetly to Pablo)

Darling do you have a pad of paper lying around the house?

PABLO

Si, en mi camion. (In my truck)

WILLIAM

(Slowly with dread)

What are you doing Lizzie?

INT. BARN - LATER ON

A frazzled, reluctant William signs his name to three pieces of paper. Lizzie reads it over, then hands each paper triumphantly back to Joan.

LIZZIE

Your house back, your restaurant back, and two percent of Newfield Corp. William never told me you advised him to buy Seratip. You're owed a finders fee.

WILLIAM

That's a large fee Lizzie. The stock holders won't appreciate it.

LIZZIE

If you read what you just signed, you'd see it's two percent of your stock. So I'm sure the stock holders won't mind at all. I'll have more official paperwork drawn up as soon as I get to Los Angeles.

William bites his jaw. Lizzie kisses William on the cheek.

LIZZIE (cont'd)

Thank you honey. It was a pleasure doing business with you.

(To Pablo)

Let's get him into the truck.

Lizzie pulls out her gun handing it to Joan.

WILLIAM

You'll never get away with this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOAN

I'm sorry your honor, we don't know where William was. We were in our bungalow all night crying over the fact he was cheating on us.

WILLIAM

Who's going to believe you? Huh? Two women who put up with it all those years?

LIZZIE

We got the vote in the twenties. Maybe in another 10 years women like me won't put up with 'it' at all. Maybe we will have a woman president? Maybe we won't think we'll lose the guy if we are strong. Maybe guys will love strong women.

JOAN

Some do now.

WILLIAM

I do.

LIZZIE

Only if you're in control. We are equals William. That's where you're a little behind.

EXT. GRASSY FIELD - NIGHT

The truck pulls off the road into a grassy field. William gets out. Joan trains the gun on him. Lizzie stands at her side.

JOAN

Take off your clothes.

WILLIAM

What?

JOAN

Take off your clothes.

Joan cocks the gun.

WILLIAM

Joan honey, listen. I didn't mean what I said back there. Come on, you've gotten back at me, you won. I admit it.

JOAN

Good, now take off your clothes.

WILLIAM

I'm not going to take off my clothes. You think you can order me around like that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lizzie grabs the gun from Joan. She FIRES. A bullet WHIZZES past William's head.

LIZZIE
Yes...now move.

William strips down to his underwear.

LIZZIE (cont'd)
That too, but keep the shoes.

William takes them off, throwing them on the ground. Lizzie looks from the underwear to William.

LIZZIE (cont'd)
Do you know how many years I've picked those up? It's your turn. Pick them up, fold them and place them neatly in the back of the truck.

William resists.

LIZZIE (cont'd)
I'm waiting.

William obeys. The women smile to themselves pleased.

WILLIAM
You're not leaving me here are you?...Lizzie?...Joan?

Joan opens the door of the truck. Lizzie gets in followed by Joan.

WILLIAM (cont'd)
Come on, you wouldn't do that?

The truck drives off.

WILLIAM (cont'd)
I totally underestimated you two...

EXT. DIRT ROAD - LATER ON

William walks down the dirt road, naked with just his socks and shoes.

WILLIAM (cont'd)
I can't believe those two...

He sees a donkey in the distance. He heads over to it.

INT. JOAN AND LIZZIE'S BUNGALOW - EARLY MORNING

A depressed Joan watches Lizzie pack.

JOAN
I hope we didn't kill him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIZZIE

We didn't. Besides Pablo will go back and check to see he's okay. Are you packed yet?

Joan weakly nods. Lizzie studies her for a moment. Joan nervously avoids her eyes.

LIZZIE (cont'd)

You're awfully quiet this morning.

JOAN

I'm tired.

Lizzie studies her.

LIZZIE

You're not thinking of backing out are you?

JOAN

It's not that easy to find someone you love.

LIZZIE

I don't believe I'm hearing this. What do you think, life ends at thirty-five?

JOAN

Models start at twelve now a days, younger even.

LIZZIE

You've got style, looks and brains. You could have it all, a husband, a home, a family.

JOAN

Most men want Tammys.

LIZZIE

You know that isn't--

JOAN

--You have kids, Lizzie. I only have William.

LIZZIE

You've never had William.

(Joan turns away.)

Maybe after this week, he'll come back with his tail between his legs. But it won't last. It can't. He's a man that shouldn't be married or committed to anybody. He can't handle it.

JOAN

Lizzie, please stop...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIZZIE

-What about the Rabbit Prince, huh? He's out there waiting for you. But you're never going to find him if you stay here.

Tears well in Joan's eyes.

LIZZIE (cont'd)

You've got to listen to me. I understand what you're going through. I feel the same, but we've got to leave, even if we never find anyone else.

(beat)

United we stand.

(She moves to Joan)

Don't do this to yourself. Joan, look at me. You know in your gut I'm right, don't you?

Joan turns back to Lizzie, bursting into tears. Lizzie holds her in her arms.

INT. JOAN AND LIZZIE'S BUNGALOW - MORNING

Lizzie's on the phone.

LIZZIE

Kelly? It's Mom.

WE SPLIT SCREEN between Lizzie, Kelly and Chip. Kelly sits on the kitchen floor sharing her strawberry sundae with Chip.

KELLY

Hi, Mommie.

LIZZIE

Hi, honey. Let me talk to Dot.

KELLY

...She's watching "Ugly Betty". She doesn't want to be disturbed...Okay, okay Mommie, you don't have to shout.
(Shouting) Dot!

INT. NEWFIELD HOUSE - TV ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Dot sits in a big leather chair eating popcorn and watching T.V. with Gary as Kelly enters covered in strawberry sundae. She hands Dot the sticky portable phone.

KELLY

Here. It's Mommie. She's mad at you.

Kelly waddles out, as Dot turns off the T.V. and turns on a nearby vacuum.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOT

Hello, Mrs. Newfield. How are you?...
Good. Good. Yes, everything is
fine. I'm in the study finishing
the cleaning...

INT. JOAN AND LIZZIE'S BUNGALOW - SAME

LIZZIE

(on phone)

...I have to stop in L.A. on business.
Please have Mr. Newfield's things packed.
He's moving out. And Dot, if you don't
shape up, you're moving with him.

Lizzie hangs up feeling empowered.

EXT. STREETS OF ACAPULCO - MORNING

We are in a morning street market. All the LOCALS are bartering
and bickering for fruits, food etc... WE HEAR SPORADIC
LAUGHTER. Different FACES turn to look. Women, men, children
all laugh and point at...

WILLIAM who rides the Donkey naked down the streets of Acapulco
like Lady Godiva. An palm leaf is strategically placed. The
CROWD GATHERS around him, laughing and MOCKING him. Some women
whistle. William waves them away.

Pablo and his TWO FRIENDS come out of a coffee shop laughing
their asses off.

The Donkey heads for a basket of apples. William kicks the
Donkey forward. It won't move. The people gather. Panicked
William JUMPS off and RUNS.

INT. LAS BRISAS LOBBY - DAY

A naked William stands at the desk. He looks like he's been
through the war. He now wears a curtain around his waist that
he's ripped off a nearby window. The Concierge can't see a
thing, because of the height of his desk.

CONCIERGE

Buenos dias, Senor Flynn! A little horse
back riding today?

William looks like he might kill him.

WILLIAM

Just my key.

The Concierge hands him his key card.

CONCIERGE

Here you are Senor.

(He leans in)

You know Senor I like the look, very

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONCIERGE
Tarzan, but you must wear proper attire
except at the pool.

He points to a nearby sign, that says KEEP SHIRTS and SHOES on.

WILLIAM
Where's my wife?

CONCIERGE
Your what?

William grabs him by the collar.

WILLIAM
The woman who was staying in the bungalow
next to me.

The Concierge's body shakes.

CONCIERGE
The lesbians? They left this morning,
Senor, for Los Angeles.

WILLIAM
They did? Book me on the next flight.

William RACES out. The Concierge picks up the phone and dials.

INT. LAS BRISAS'S COFFEE SHOP - SAME

Joan and Lizzie are having breakfast. The phone rings. A WAITER
answers it.

WAITER
Senorita Stevens.

Joan waves and goes to the counter answering it. Joan speaks a
few words in Spanish, hangs up and heads over to Lizzie.

JOAN
Arrived alive. Let's go.

INT. WILLIAM'S BUNGALOW - DAY

William enters BUMPING into Tammy who's in the middle of
dragging a suitcase out the front door. She looks at the
curtain wrapped around him.

TAMMY
That's attractive.

She drops the suitcase which lands on his foot, turns around and
heads back INTO the bedroom. William follows. She picks up
another suitcase.

WILLIAM
You're leaving just like that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAMMY

There's one thing I can't stand and that's a married man. You should have told me.

WILLIAM

You never asked.

She throws her second suitcase out the door and leaves, SLAMMING the door in William's face. He stands there numbly. After a moment the door opens. It's Tammy. William looks up to her relieved.

TAMMY

I found this on the bedroom floor. You better put it on before you hurt your wife any more - or she hurts me.

Tammy tosses him his wedding ring and leaves a second time, heading out to a police car where Morales stands waiting in a Hawaiian shirt. William looks after her, shaking his head.

WILLIAM

I'll feel better after a shower.

INT. CONCIERGE'S DESK - DAY

Lizzie stands in front of the Concierge, going over her bills. The Concierge looks nervously out the window.

CONCIERGE

He must not find you here. I did what you told me to and said you left this morning.

She takes a pen and writes something across the bills, handing them back to the Concierge.

LIZZIE

They look fine to me, Senor. Give these to my husband. Tell him it's a gift from his wife and mistress.

The Concierge bows. Lizzie hands him three hundred dollars. The Concierge bows again. Lizzie heads outside to Pablo's truck.

EXT. JOAN AND LIZZIE'S BUNGALOW - DAY

The truck screeches to a halt in front of their bungalow.

The door OPENS and out comes Joan. Lizzie FREEZES. Joan does too. Joan is wearing the SAME teal green Ungaro suit. Both are taken aback, but only for a moment.

LIZZIE (cont'd)

What impeccable taste.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOAN
Your dress is divine.

Pablo loads up Joan's suitcases.

O.S. of WILLIAM CRYING OUT.

WILLIAM (O. S.)
My hair. My Hair! God! NOOOO, my hair!

The women share a look.

JOAN
Shit. I forgot about the nair!

LIZZIE
Me too, let's get out of here.

The truck speeds away.

EXT. ACAPULCO AIRPORT - TERMINAL - DAY

Joan oversees the PORTER with the suitcases while Lizzie stands next to Pablo. Pablo turns to Lizzie and kisses her good-bye.

LIZZIE
I can't thank you enough for all your help.

PABLO
My pleasure, Chiquita.

Pablo hops in his truck. He looks at her for a long moment.

PABLO (cont'd)
Any man would be lucky to have a woman like you. I envy the one that gets you. ...Don't ever forget what Pablo Diaz has said today.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

William stands miserably in front of the Concierge. He is now bald. Little scraps of tissue are stuck all over his face from cutting himself shaving. The Concierge nervously holds out his bill.

WILLIAM
You got a hat anywhere I could buy?

CONCIERGE
Here, take mine.

He goes into the back retrieving his baseball cap and hands it to William. The cap says, 'I love Acapulco'.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

William reluctantly puts on the hat and takes the bills, handing the Concierge a tip.

CONCIERGE
(cont'd)

It's okay Senor, you need this more than I do.

He gives William back the tip and heads into the back. William looks after him strangely, then opens the envelope.

William STARES in disbelief.

WILLIAM
Six thousand eight hundred dollars!

He looks through the bills.

Across the front of the bills in big bold letters, " LOVE FROM LIZZIE AND JOAN."

EXT. WESTWOOD BLVD - LOS ANGELES - AFTERNOON

Lizzie and Joan get out of a limousine and head into a high-rise, marked NEWFIELD CORP.

INT. NEWFIELD CORP.- CONFERENCE ROOM- AFTERNOON

SEVENTEEN MEN sit around a large table, they don't look too pleased at what Lizzie is telling them. Lizzie introduces Joan.

INT. TAXI - LOS ANGELES- 405 - NORTH FREEWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

William is on the phone.

WILLIAM
She did what?. They what?...You what?...What do you mean you no longer work for me? Fuck you Lewis.

He hangs up.

WILLIAM (cont'd)
(To himself)
Sixty percent.
(To driver)
Step on it.

DRIVER
It's rush hour. What do ya expect?

INT. LE PETIT BISTRO - LATE AFTERNOON

The remnants of a big lunch remain on the table. A second bottle of CHAMPAGNE is POPPED OPEN. FOAM rushes out. Joan fills their glasses.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOAN
Can't you stay another day?

LIZZIE
I miss my kids.

JOAN
To us, for taking a stand.

They CLICK their glasses in a salute.

LIZZIE
My mother used to say, take a stand for something, or you'll fall for anything.

JOAN
Or anyone.

Joan clicks her glass to Lizzie's and gets up.

JOAN (cont'd)
Nature calls, be right back.

Joan heads off to the bathroom. Lizzie moves her silverware around, her eyes CATCH sight of her wedding ring. She takes it off and sets it in her glass of champagne. Bubbles dance all around it.

WILLIAM enters out of breath.

WILLIAM
Fancy meeting you here.

Lizzie turns, startled to see William. He takes off his cap, he's **bald**.

LIZZIE
Oh my God...

WILLIAM
Yes, quite zen isn't it?

LIZZIE
More like the King and I.

William sits. Joan re-enters.

JOAN
Nice shine, Willie baby. Is that called a Karma cut?

Joan bursts into laughter. Lizzie laughs so hard she nearly falls off her chair. William is fuming.

WILLIAM
(To Lizzie)
Can we talk alone please?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lizzie is having a laughing fit.

LIZZIE
Joan's been with us the entire
relationship. This is as alone as it
gets.

WILLIAM
Lizzie, please.

LIZZIE
It's now or never William.

He glances to Joan, then moves his chair close to Lizzie.

WILLIAM
I'm sorry. It was a harmless little
escapade, a mid-life crisis.

LIZZIE
You've been having a mid-life crisis ever
since I met you.

WILLIAM
Lizzie, if you could find it in your
heart to forgive me.

She looks him dead in the eye.

LIZZIE
You know what your one mistake was
William. Not marrying Joan. She would
have made a great wife.

Joan is touched. William's face flushes.

WILLIAM
I'm glad I married you.

He takes her hand in his.

LIZZIE
How can you say this in front of Joan.

JOAN
It's all right.

LIZZIE
No it isn't.
(To William)
What about her feelings?

WILLIAM
What about your's? How am I suppose to
juggle both?

LIZZIE
Exactly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They share a look. William surges with emotion.

WILLIAM
(continuing)
Look you've got to believe me, it will
never happen again. I promise.

He looks from Joan to Lizzie.

WILLIAM (cont'd)
You both won, hands down. So let's just
put this all behind us and go back to how
it was? We can all be together now.

Lizzie and Joan stiffen.

JOAN
Go back to how it was?

LIZZIE
We can ALL be together?

JOAN
(To Lizzie)
He's got to be kidding.

LIZZIE
(To Joan)
I think he's serious.

WILLIAM
Why not? We're all friends, it's all out
in the open now.

Lizzie yanks her hand back.

LIZZIE
You never learn do you? Well let me
spell it out for you. I don't want to
live like this. I want a man all to
myself. A man, I alone fulfill. I don't
want to SHARE. I want my dream William,
MY DREAM and that's more than you can
give.

William looks desperately between the two of them.

WILLIAM
(To Lizzie)
Come on ladies...

LIZZIE
(Attacking)
-- Haven't you ever wanted to know what
it would be like to belong to just one
person?

William's expression goes blank.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOAN

(Firing away)

Do you realize you've never given her a honeymoon?

LIZZIE

(Firing away)

Do you realize this woman spent half her life waiting for you and your stupid promise of marriage.

WILLIAM

She didn't have to.

LIZZIE

She loved you, you jack ass.
(To Joan frustrated)

WILLIAM

Ladies, have a heart. We can talk this out like civilized people.

William is sweating bricks. His mouth is dry.

WILLIAM (cont'd)

I've learned my lesson. I have. I love you. I love you, both.

William kneels, holding out his arms to the both of them. Lizzie and Joan look at him in disbelief.

JOAN

(To Lizzie)

He just doesn't get it.

LIZZIE

(To Joan)

Don't get soft.

JOAN

(To Lizzie)

Me? You're more likely to get soft.

LIZZIE

Excuse me? Who was the one giving up on everything this morni--

WILLIAM

(Cutting her off)

--Ladies, ladies, please, let's be sensible about this.

Lizzie wheels back to William.

LIZZIE

Sensible?...All right William I'll be sensible. I want a divorce.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSE ON WILLIAM. He's shocked. He stands as Lizzie gathers up her things.

WILLIAM
You can't be serious about this? What about the children?

LIZZIE
Our children don't like to share either.

Lizzie heads to the front door and stops.

LIZZIE (cont'd)
(To William)
Believe me William, you were born to be single.

She looks to Joan. They share a moment, then...

LIZZIE (cont'd)
Remember your Rabbit Prince.

With this Lizzie sweeps out the door.

William takes a deep breath, then walks to the table pouring champagne into a water glass and downs it.

WILLIAM
Well, it's just the two of us again. Now we can get married.

Joan turns to him stunned, hearing the words she's waited to hear all her life. Joan looks at him for a long moment.

WILLIAM (cont'd)
Joan, I'm giving you everything you've ever asked for.
(Joan is silent)
Hey...You're not going to? You love me, don't you? Joan, honey...?

JOAN
I don't want to marry you anymore.

He looks at her incredulous. Joan turns away.

JOAN (cont'd)
Please, leave.

EXT. LE PETIT BISTRO - BURTON WAY - DUSK

William rushes out onto the street after Lizzie, only to see the limousine slowly pulling away from the curb.

INT. LIMOUSINE - SAME

Lizzie turns back for one last look. William has stopped running. He stands there in the street numbly, as other cars drive around him. They HONK.

Teary-eyed, Lizzie turns back settling into her seat.

LIZZIE
(To herself)
It's going to be okay. Everything's
going to be okay. There's a whole new
world out there, filled with
honeymoons...

EXT. BURTON WAY - SAME

William watches the limousine drive away. He looks back to the restaurant only to see a CLOSED sign placed on the window.

Dazed, bewildered and beaten, he takes a step forward as A RED CONVERTIBLE LAMBORGHINI SPEEDS around the corner. SUDDENLY WE HEAR tires SCREECHING.

William TURNS.

The Lamborghini SWERVES, CLIPPING him on the side of his hip, sending him CAREENING onto the sidewalk with a THUD.

A beautiful BRUNETTE JUMPS out of the car in hysterics. She rushes to his side.

BRUNETTE
Oh my God are you okay?

William gets up.

WILLIAM
I'm fine.

BRUNETTE
Are you sure?

He turns back, catching sight of her car, then her license plate. It says S.W.F =(Single White Female). A spark rekindles in his eyes. William smiles to himself, placing his hand on his lower back.

WILLIAM
Well, my back hurts a little.

He looks to the brunette.

WILLIAM'S P.O.V. OF her beautiful breasts. Slowly he looks down to her shapely legs, then up to her face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRUNETTE
 (Beside herself)
 Oh my God. You really are hurt. Should I
 take you to the hospital?

William stares at her. She stares back. He smiles.

WILLIAM
 How about dinner, The Bel Air Hotel?

BRUNETTE
 How about Axe?

WILLIAM
 Deal.

A wry smile across her face.

BRUNETTE
 Get in.

William does.

WILLIAM
 You don't always drive like that do you?

The Brunette laughs and starts the engine.

BRUNETTE
 (flirting)
 Fasten your seat belt.

With this, she puts the car in gear and they take off down the street.

INT. LE PETITE BISTRO - SAME

Joan cleans the rest of the table. She sees something.

INSERT- NOTE

Call me soon ...Lizzie. 813) 622-9012

Joan smiles, stuffing the number in her pocket.

JOAN
 Come on Billie, let's go.

She whistles LOUDLY, as she heads to the office, grabs her keys and heads out the back to her car. Billie follows at her heels.

JOAN (cont'd)
 You know Billie, we're going to have to
 find you a new name.

Billie BARKS, WAGGING his tail like a propeller.

RUN END CREDITS OVER...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AERIAL SHOT of L.A. where a RED SUNSET BURSTS across the sky, through it, WE SEE Lizzie's Limousine turn, south onto the San Diego Freeway, Joan's Range Rover heading, west down Burton Way and the red Lamborghini convertible heading east, to La Cienega.

- THE END -