

That's Life

by
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FADE IN:

EXT. CAVE - THE DAWN OF MAN - DAWN

The savanna throbs with life. Wild beasts roam, ravenously scavenging for food, or fleeing before they become it.

A BEETLE scurries over the dry grass. A RAT pounces upon it. A HAWK snatches the rat and soars back into the sky. A ROCK slams into the hawk, knocking it to the ground.

A PRIMITIVE MAN picks up the hawk, smiling at his ingenuity. Something in the distance ROARS. The man hurriedly scrambles back toward the safety of a large CAVE, joining his cave mates outside, who huddle transfixed around A PILE OF STICKS.

A LONER remains just inside, unimpressed and aloof to the excitement, his jaw locked in a cynical smirk...This is PHIL.

The CAVE LEADER brandishes a FLINT, and strikes it against the pile of sticks. The group gasps, as first a spark, and then a flame erupt from the wood. The flame grows. AWE.

From his comfortable perch, the Loner chuckles:

PHIL

What a bunch of idiots.

Murmuring from the group. The Leader stands.

LEADER

Fire, Phil. This is fire.

PHIL

Big Deal.

LEADER

Fire. I make it spark where I wish.

PHIL

Terrific. Now you can burn things.

LEADER

Phil. You don't understand... FIRE.

PHIL

I understand, Og. You make it where you wish. Very impressive.

(beckoning them)

Show's over, folks. Back in the cave- we look like one big Woolly Mammoth appetizer.

The Leader holds his HAND out to Phil.

LEADER
No more cave, Phil. We go.

PHIL
(backing away)
No more cave? Og, you been sniffing
the flint again? There's nothing else
but the cave. What are you going to
do? Live out...there?

The Leader points out at the great expanse of the Savanna.

LEADER
We go. Now we have fire. We go.

PHIL
Whoa! Slow down, Og, you're beginning
to sound like uncle Yon the Cro-Magnon.
(Yon grunts)
Look- take a very good look out there.
It's vast. It's dangerous. It's no
place for anything not occupying the
top two spots on the food chain.

The Leader gestures upwards, ominously.

LEADER
You have no choice, Phil. You must
go. It is "His" will.

PHIL
Who's will?

LEADER
"His."

PHIL
Who's He?

LEADER
I'm not sure.

PHIL
Can I speak to him?

LEADER
He only speaks to me.

PHIL
Then how do I know He exists?

LEADER

You have to take my word for it.

PHIL

(beat)

I have a feeling you'll make good money off this some day.

A DARKLY BEAUTIFUL CAVEWOMAN provocatively steps forward.

BEAUTIFUL CAVEWOMAN

You don't have to come with us, you know... You can come with me.

Phil freezes- she has his undivided attention.

BEAUTIFUL CAVEWOMAN (cont'd)

Forget the cave- there's nothing in there, Phil.

PHIL

If, by that, you mean no creatures with sharper teeth than mine, I certainly won't argue with you.

BEAUTIFUL CAVEWOMAN

(embarrassed)

I apologized about that. It was dark, I was hungry- what were you doing by the leftovers, anyway?

PHIL

The same thing I was doing in the lake when you speared me, on the hunt when you bludgeoned me, and asleep when you buried me alive... NOTHING!

BEAUTIFUL CAVEWOMAN

(coyly)

But Phil... I'm going.

He pauses, his eyes locked longingly on hers...

SOMETHING FARAWAY ROARS, the only convincing he needs.

PHIL

I'm staying.

BEAUTIFUL CAVEWOMAN

(steaming)

Fine! Who asked you, anyway?

She storms off as Phil retreats deeper into the cave.

LEADER

He will curse you, Phil. You will never leave your cave. Not now, not ever.

PHIL

You call that a curse?

THUNDER. The sky darkens.

LEADER

So long as you walk the Earth, you will be limited to this life, Phil—the life you have chosen. You will remain as you are... forever.

PHIL

So be it!

THUNDER! LIGHTNING slices down out of the sky, slamming into the mountain above him.

Silence. Phil straightens up inside the cave, realizing he is unharmed. He brazenly shouts up at the Heavens:

PHIL (cont'd)

That's it? That's the best you can do?

CRASH! The entire mountain COLLAPSES.

FADE TO BLACK:

OVER TITLES: Frank Sinatra sings:

"That's life, that's what all the people say. You're riding high in April, shot down in May, but I know I'm gonna change that tune, when I'm back on top, back on top in June... I said that's life, and as funny as it may seem, some people get their kicks, stompin' on a dream, but I don't let it get me down, 'cause this fine ol' world it keeps spinning around...

I've been a puppet, a pauper, a pirate, a poet, a pawn and a king. I've been up and down and over and out, and I know one thing: Each time I find myself, flat on my face, I pick myself up and get back in the race...

That's life- I tell ya, I can't deny it, I thought of quitting baby, but my heart just ain't gonna buy it. But if there's nothing shakin' come this here July...

I'm gonna roll myself up in a big ball and die... My, My!"

FADE IN:

A PHONE RINGS...

INT. DARK CAVE-LIKE PLACE - DAWN

Phil's eyes flutter open in the darkness, still somewhere between sleep and wake. The phone RINGS again, insistently.

PHIL
 (still dreaming)
 Not safe, I tell you... I won't go...
 not going anywhere...

The phone RINGS. Phil, regaining full consciousness, fumbles around in the darkness and picks up the hand set.

PHIL (cont'd)
 H- Hello?

JENNIFER (V.O.)
 (cheerfully)
 Rise and shine, Phillip!

PHIL
 Those are awfully high expectations
 for Seven in the morning, Jennifer.

He reaches over and flips on a light, finding himself in an APARTMENT IN PRESENT DAY SAN FRANCISCO. On the cusp of Thirty, Phil is decidedly handsome, but also decidedly unaware of being so. Even waking, his appearance is safely under control: the razor sharp part of his hair, his still pressed pajamas, the covers still neatly tucked around him...

PHIL (cont'd)
 (yawns)
 What a dream I had.

JENNIFER (V.O.)
 Me too! Maybe we had the same one...

PHIL
 It's possible-

JENNIFER (V.O.)
 We were finally getting married-

PHIL
 -But not probable. See you tonight,
 Jennifer.

JENNIFER (V.O.)
 Wait- did you decide what you want to
 do next week for your birthday?

PHIL
 (winces)
 Yes. Not have it.

JENNIFER (V.O.)
 Come on, Phil- "The Big Three-0!"
 Aren't you excited?

PHIL
 Thrilled to death. See you at six,
 Jen.

He hangs up the phone and carefully slips out of bed, mindful
 not to disrupt the covers, before padding off...

INT. PHIL'S KITCHEN - LATER

Phil, dressed for work, enters the immaculately organized
 kitchen, and flips on the TV NEWS, tossing a BAGEL into the
 MICROWAVE. Before he starts it, however, he removes an

X-RAY CHEST SHIELD from off a nearby peg and covers himself.

ON THE TV:

TV REPORTER
 And in Bay Area weather today...

Phil looks over, interested.

TV REPORTER (cont'd)
 It's going to be nice and sunny all
 morning long...

IN A MIRROR: Phil caking SUNBLOCK all over his face.

TV REPORTER (V.O.) (cont'd)
 But in the afternoon, we'll see a very
 slight chance of a light drizzle...

IN THE CLOSET: Phil grabs an UMBRELLA.

TV REPORTER (V.O.) (cont'd)
 Extremely remote- perhaps 3 to 5%.

He grabs a heavy RAINCOAT and GALOSHES.

TV REPORTER (V.O.) (cont'd)
So enjoy the day, folks!

AT THE DOOR:

Phil hesitates, having unlocked the last of THREE DEAD BOLTS on his front door, before ever so slowly opening the door and apprehensively walking out into the world...

MR. WILSON (V.O.)
How does it look, Mr. Kotlowitz?

INT. PRUDENTIAL SECURITIES - SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

Phil, a FINANCIAL PLANNER, looks up from a PORTFOLIO. Mr. and Mrs. WILSON, sit before him, anxiously awaiting his advice... Phil lets out a worried sigh.

PHIL
You've worked your whole life for this nest egg, am I right?

They nod.

PHIL (cont'd)
And you don't want to see it sunny-side up, do you?

They shake their heads.

PHIL (cont'd)
Neither do I, so let's diversify.

MRS. WILSON
I'm sorry- I thought we were.

PHIL
Mrs. Wilson, I want you so diversified, that even in the event of global thermonuclear war, the majority of your funds will still be accessible.

She laughs.

PHIL (cont'd)
I'm not joking.

She stops.

PHIL (cont'd)
 (moving on)
 Now, I'm a little nervous about this
 C.D. with Western Savings.

MR. WILSON
 But that account's guaranteed to a
 hundred grand.

PHIL
 Yes, but you have a hundred and six.

Phil gently leans over the desk.

PHIL (cont'd)
 If a riot breaks out and you need an
 extra six grand to bribe your way out
 of Martial law, you won't miss the
 2.9% interest, believe me.

She pats her husband's arm.

MRS. WILSON
 My lord- he's thought of everything.

MR. WILSON
 (sheepishly)
 But Mr. Kotlowitz- we were really
 hoping for a little growth.

PHIL
 So was Gulliver, Mr. Wilson. Growth's
 terribly overrated, believe me.

Phil comes around and sits on the desk right before them.

PHIL (cont'd)
 Think of it this way, folks. If we
 roll the dice and stick our neck out,
 we have a pretty good chance of
 getting it lopped off, right?
 (pause for effect)
 But if we don't? What happens then?

MR. SULLIVAN
 (long pause)
 Nothing?

PHIL
Exactly. You see? We're safe.

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

Phil carefully looks both ways before stepping out into the busy hallway. A COWORKER passes.

COWORKER
Hey, Phil- Boss wants you.

PHIL
(anxiously)
Sullivan? Why?

COWORKER
Didn't say. Hey- I'm going to "Thai
Pepper." You coming?

Phil whips out a tiny U.S. HEALTH DEPARTMENT RESTAURANT
RATING BOOK...

PHIL
Can't, sorry.

COWORKER
How come?

PHIL
(shows the page)
They got a "B."

COWORKER
C'mon, Phil- doesn't that pretty much
limit your options to the vending
machine behind you?

PHIL
(defensively)
No. Not at all.

The coworker shrugs and walks off. The moment he's out of sight, Phil quickly stuffs a dollar into the VENDING MACHINE and after a brief struggle, yanks out a bag of PRETZELS...

INT. MR. SULLIVAN'S OFFICE - LATER

Phil sits across from his boss, MR. SULLIVAN, dumbstruck...

PHIL
... Promoted? Why?

MR. SULLIVAN

You have the highest customer service satisfaction in the entire division, Phil. Not one of your clients has lost a penny since you started.

(beat)

No one's made much either, but it doesn't appear to bother them.

Phil peers anxiously down at the bustling CHAOTIC CITY below: A furious, fluttering mass of PEOPLE, careening CARS, legions of BILLBOARDS- including one advertising the movie "GOD KNOWS," complete with an ominous, gargantuan

HAND OF GOD, pointing right at him.

PHIL

I don't know, Tom. I'm pretty comfortable right where I am.

MR. SULLIVAN

(chuckling)

You'll be fine, Phil. It's past time you move up, anyway- you're still in a ground floor position, you know. What are you now, Thirty?

PHIL

(explodes)

I'M TWENTY NINE!!!

Sullivan laughs good-naturedly at the outburst.

MR. SULLIVAN

Sorry Phil, "Twenty-Nine," and the only time you're out of that office is when we have a fire alarm or you're home sick in bed.

PHIL

That's not true. I go to lunch-

MR. SULLIVAN

The vending machines in the cafeteria?

PHIL

I take vacations.

MR. SULLIVAN

When?

PHIL

All the time. Just last summer I went to Napa Valley.

MR. SULLIVAN

It was the company retreat, Phil, and you wouldn't even go wine tasting.

PHIL

Well, of course not... the sulfites, remember?

Sullivan offers Phil his hand in congratulations.

MR. SULLIVAN

Welcome to the Big Leagues, Phil.

PHIL

Oh no. No Big Leagues, please. Little League. T-Ball. A nice game of catch.

MR. SULLIVAN

It's a promotion Phil, not a Tour of Duty.

As Phil stares at Sullivan's hand... he has a FLASH IMAGE:

THE CAVEMAN LEADER offers Phil his HAND...

MR. SULLIVAN (cont'd)

Well, Phil, what do you say?

Phil hesitates... A faint, but unmistakable RUMBLE.

MR. SULLIVAN (cont'd)

What was that?

PHIL

God telling me not to take that promotion.

RUMBLE! CRASH! Suddenly, the room shakes violently in an

EARTHQUAKE! The windows shudder, the building groans, A loud ominous CREAK outside shifts Phil's focus to the

HUGE BILLBOARD HAND OF GOD outside, which SNAPS in half, angles right toward him, and

CRASHES into the office, landing right at his feet, it's giant HEAVENLY FINGER pointing accusingly right at him.

PHIL (cont'd)
 And, apparently, He has very strong
 feelings about it.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Phil reclines less than comfortably on DR. CHUMLEY'S couch.

PHIL
 Not A hand. The Hand. The Hand of God.

DR. CHUMLEY
 The significance of that being...?

PHIL
 The significance of that being the Hand
 of God tried to squash me like a gnat.

DR. CHUMLEY
 Relax, Phil. Everyone thinks the
 Powers That Be are after them from
 time to time- doesn't mean they are.
 Remember Hamlet: "Thus conscience does
 make cowards of us all."

PHIL
 Right- and three and a half hours
 later, everyone ends up stabbed,
 poisoned or some combination thereof.

Chumley sighs, referring to his NOTES.

DR. CHUMLEY
 So why are you so afraid of this
 promotion, Phil?

PHIL
 Who said I was afraid?

DR. CHUMLEY
 You did.
 (reads)
 "Scares the living shit out of me."

PHIL
 Oh that. Yeah, well... "If it ain't
 broke..." you know? I'm comfortable.
 I'm familiar. I'm, you know... happy.
 (beat)
 I guess.

DR. CHUMLEY
(raising an eyebrow)
Are you?

PHIL
Well, I would be if I wasn't looking
over my shoulder every five minutes.

DR. CHUMLEY
For what, Phil? Last week, your car
was "possessed-"

PHIL
I said "might" be-

DR. CHUMLEY
Then the mice in your apartment formed
an Entente against you-

PHIL
They gnawed that chair in half- I
almost fell out the window!

DR. CHUMLEY
And now, it's the Apocalypse-

PHIL
Not *the* Apocalypse. *My* Apocalypse.

DR. CHUMLEY
Why, Phil? What have you done?

PHIL
I don't know.
(beat)
...I've been thinking- about that
dream- The Caveman Dream.

DR. CHUMLEY
And how is that connected to these
dangerous coincidences?

PHIL
Well... perhaps they're not
coincidences. Perhaps...
(long pause)
Where exactly do you stand on Past
Lives, Doc?

DR. CHUMLEY
(beat)
In the corner with the rest of the
sane world.

PHIL

Right.

(stands, embarrassed)

See you next week, Dr. Chumley.

Phil walks to the DOOR. Hesitates with his hand on the KNOB.

DR. CHUMLEY

You're going to come face to face with all kinds of doors in this life, Phil. You'll never know what's on the other side... until you're on the other side.

PHIL

(apprehensively)

And then what?

DR. CHUMLEY

Depends what you find, I guess.

Phil summons up some courage, YANKS open the door, and...

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

...An EAVES-DROPPING WOMAN falls right into his arms.

Phil is frozen for a moment, surprised, shocked, but more than anything else, completely overcome by the sensation. She is beautiful, certainly, but the sudden warmth of her skin, her smell, her desperate embrace of him is overwhelming.

There is SOMETHING about her, though... Something FAMILIAR...

PHIL

I'm terribly sorry. I didn't realize you were-

WOMAN

(embarrassed)

I wasn't. I promise. I swear.

PHIL

Wasn't what?

WOMAN

Listening. By the door. I was over there.

PHIL

But when I opened the door-

WOMAN

Oh, yes- then I was here. Just not when you were talking about your fear of Hamlet and the Hand of God... Or was it the fear of God and the Hand of Hamlet?

(beat)

There was some other stuff I didn't hear too, but you mostly mumbled that.

PHIL

(enjoying her)

I'll speak up next time.

She grabs his sleeve apologetically.

WOMAN

I didn't intend to. Honestly. I just caught a word or two at first, and it all sounded so... familiar.

Phil hesitates, intrigued.

PHIL

Familiar? Why familiar?

WOMAN

Well, I...

(embarrassed)

I've been having dreams myself...

PHIL

That you're dying?

WOMAN

That my boyfriend is.

Phil's face droops in obvious disappointment.

WOMAN (cont'd)

Oh, no- I don't have a boyfriend. Just in my dreams... the poor guy keeps dying.

PHIL

(relieved)

Oh, good.

(beat, covering)

Not that your boyfriend keeps dying, just that, you know...

WOMAN

He only dies in my dreams.

PHIL

Right.

He smiles. She smiles back. Unable to think of anything else, they part ways and she walks to the door.

WOMAN

(turning back)

I kill him.

Phil stops and turns.

PHIL

You what...?

WOMAN

My boyfriend. I kill him- you know, I stab him, or run him over, or screw him to death.

Phil blinks.

WOMAN (cont'd)

Well, technically he had a heart attack in that one, but it was while we were... well, while I was...

PHIL

I get the picture...

His eyes brush over her figure, drinking her in.

PHIL (cont'd)

I definitely get the picture. Can't blame him, I guess.

She giggles. Phil looks down, slightly embarrassed...

His TIE is RIPPED, he frowns, the moment gone.

WOMAN

Oh dear. Did I...? I am so-

PHIL

That's alright. I'd probably better be off, anyway.

He goes for the door, and she follows, inspecting the tie.

WOMAN

You know, I'm an excellent seamstress when I'm not poking an eye out. Why don't you let me...

She TRIPS and falls, DRAGGING him down on top of her prone body by his tie. Phil looks down at her, amazed.

PHIL
Are you always like this?

WOMAN
(laughs)
Sexy? Sophisticated?

PHIL
Cursed.

WOMAN
Oh *that*.
(sighs)
Yeah, pretty much. It tends to scare off a lot of men.

PHIL
I can't imagine why.

They laugh. Phil helps her to her feet and stares at her. Something so FAMILIAR...

WOMAN
I'm Katherine.

So familiar... Which is so unsettling...

KATHERINE
And you are...?

So unsettling...

PHIL
Going. Sorry.
(beat)
Goodbye.

He abruptly turns and exits, closing the door between them. She is silent for a long moment, staring at the door...

Then BANGS her head against it.

INT. JENNIFER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

JENNIFER, Phil's girlfriend, answers the door: Pretty, not beautiful. Nice, not warm. Secure, not exciting.

JENNIFER
Phillip! What a lovely surprise!

PHIL
(confused)
Didn't we have a date?

JENNIFER
(too innocently)
Oh? Did we?

Phil moves to KISS her. She backs away.

JENNIFER (cont'd)
Careful, honey. I just put on makeup.
You don't want to muss me, do you?

She turns, offering her CHEEK. He gives up, settles for it and follows her inside...

INT. JENNIFER'S APARTMENT - LATER

The apartment is exquisitely DARKENED and decorated. CANDLES and a delectable DINNER grace the table. Sitting down to eat, Phil curiously surveys the dramatic surroundings.

PHIL
Who died?

JENNIFER
Your immaturity, Phillip.

PHIL
And you said it'd outlive us all.

She smiles, a wide smile, perhaps a bit too wide.

JENNIFER
Go ahead, dig in.

Phil takes a bite, and immediately CHOKES. He desperately struggles to speak, turning blue.

JENNIFER (cont'd)
Phillip!

She rushes around and gives him the HEIMLICH. He coughs a DIAMOND RING up onto his plate.

PHIL
What the hell is that?

JENNIFER
(innocently)
You tell me, Phillip.

He peers down at the RING and frowns:

PHIL
Looks like an engagement ring.

JENNIFER
Oh, Phillip!

She happily grabs it and pops it on, admiring the food-caked DIAMOND in the light.

JENNIFER (cont'd)
It's so beautiful! I'll have to think about it, of course.
(beat)
Oh, yes! YES, Phillip!

She throws her arms around his neck. He quickly disentangles himself and retreats around the table.

PHIL
Jennifer, I told you, I'll ask you when I'm ready, and right now I am nowhere near ready.

JENNIFER
(steaming)
Oh yeah? You've been "Nowhere near ready" since the day I met you.

PHIL
No. When I met you, I was "Nowhere remotely near ready." Now I'm "nowhere near ready." You see? I'm making progress. Don't rush me.

JENNIFER
(furious)
Rush? Glaciers move faster than you, Phillip!

EXT. JENNIFER'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

It is lightly DRIZZLING as Phil escapes into the night, deep in thought. In the distance, he spots a

SHADOWY FIGURE fiddling with the lock on his CAR DOOR. He looks around for help, and finding no sign of any, crouches low and SNEAKS up behind the BURGLAR...

The Burglar suddenly whips around, SPRAYING him with MACE.

PHIL
Ah! SHIT that hurts!

The burglar steps into the light... It is KATHERINE.

KATHERINE
Hey! Caveman Guy!

Phil manages a pathetic grunt and wave.

KATHERINE (cont'd)
Well, isn't this something! Where do you suppose we'll meet next?

PHIL
Intensive Care. Just an educated guess.

He delicately stands up, wincing from the pain.

KATHERINE
Say- why are you following me?

PHIL
Why are you breaking into my car?

KATHERINE
Your car? Don't be ridiculous. This is my car.

PHIL
Look at the license plate. "P.K."

She looks: the initials "P.K."

KATHERINE
So? That could stand for Pretty Katherine.

PHIL
It could, but it doesn't. It stands for Phil Kotlowitz.

Katherine grins.

KATHERINE
Aha! Nice to meet you, Phil Kotlowitz. I'm Katherine Burns.

PHIL
Katherine Burns, meet my car.

He confidently slips his KEY into the lock and THROWS the door wide open, marching back over to her.

PHIL (cont'd)
See that? My car.

HONK! A TRUCK plows past, RIPPING the open door clean off.

They stare at each other, stunned.

KATHERINE
Wow. I haven't exactly been your lucky charm today, have I?

PHIL
Not so far, no.

And then, once again, just for a moment, something about her fascinates him...

PHIL (cont'd)
Do I know you?

KATHERINE
Well, sure, I suppose so. Although, can we ever really know-

PHIL
No, I... I feel like I...

Phil stares at her, trying to place...

KATHERINE
What? You feel like you what?

His eyes suddenly LOCK onto her rain-misted hair.

KATHERINE (cont'd)
Are you alright..?

Phil watches the RAIN streak her face, mesmerized...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DWELLING - BRONZE AGE - DAY

Phil stares at SARAI, a dark skinned bronze age beauty, as she loads food into a burlap sack.

VOICE (O.S.)
Sarai!

Behind her, at the entrance to a large makeshift ARK, an ELDERLY MAN checks off a list as ANIMALS pass into the ark.

NOAH
Where're those damn Lopopotomi? I'd
hate to have to live in a world
without Lopopotomi!

SARAI
I'll find them, Father.

She throws down the sack and rushes off. Phil shuffles over.

PHIL
What're you up to there, Noah?

NOAH
Oh... building an Ark. Say Phil- why
don't you hop in? I'll sneak you in
with the orangutans.

Phil anxiously eyes the murky darkness within.

PHIL
No thanks.

Sarai bustles back, BRUSHING past Phil on purpose.

SARAI
I can't find them, Father. They must
already be in the Ark.

NOAH
I certainly hope so- you want to eat
red meat the rest of your life?

Noah drags Sarai up the gangway, she crams her neck backward to watch Phil as she ascends.

NOAH (cont'd)
Last chance, Phil. I have to board it
up- you coming?

Phil catches Sarai's eye.

SARAI
Come on, Phil. There's Two By Two for
everything but me.

He lingers on her longer than a moment.

PHIL
Well, maybe I...

An animal ROARS from inside the shadows of the Ark.

PHIL (cont'd)
I can't. Sorry. I've got... things
to do.

It begins to DRIZZLE.

NOAH
Add swimming lessons.

THUNDER.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Phil blinks open his eyes. Katherine stares back.

KATHERINE
Did you just... Was that one of your
dreams?

He slowly backs away from her, terrified.

KATHERINE (cont'd)
Wait. Where are you going?

PHIL
Away. I don't think it's a very good
idea for me to be around you.

He picks up his broken DOOR and heaves it into his trunk.

KATHERINE
Why?

PHIL
Because I'm attracted to you.

KATHERINE
Call me crazy- and I am- but isn't
that a reason to be around someone?

PHIL
(closing the trunk)
Not for me. When I'm around someone
I'm attracted to... things happen.

KATHERINE
Things like...?

RUMBLE! Another EARTHQUAKE!

A LIGHT POLE CRASHES onto his car, denting the roof.

PHIL

That.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Phil drives the streets, huddled beneath the grotesquely dented roof, thick sheets of RAIN buffeting him through the open door. Suddenly, he comes to a halt before a large storefront window:

SHERMAN WONG, TAROT READINGS, PAST LIVES REGRESSION, GYROS.

INT. SHERMAN WONG'S SHOP - NIGHT

Phil sits in a waiting room with THREE PATIENTS. The one to his left, an ELDERLY WOMAN studies him intently.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Ludwig Von Beethoven?

PHIL

Excuse me?

ELDERLY WOMAN

Wait- don't tell me.

(looks closer)

Groucho Marx?

A YOUNG AFRICAN AMERICAN MAN leans forward:

YOUNG BLACK MAN

Rasputin?

ELDERLY WOMAN

(decides)

Mussollini!

She sits back, content. Phil looks them over curiously.

PHIL

Doesn't this past life stuff seem a little suspicious to you guys? I mean... Who were you?

YOUNG BLACK MAN

(with great honor)

Eleanor of Aquitaine.

PHIL
Really? Eleanor of... O.K., sure.
(to the woman)
And you?

ELDERLY WOMAN
Vlad the Impaler.

PHIL
Exactly! Haven't you ever noticed
that it's always Royalty and Fame,
never peons or parrots?

An OLD DRUNK in the corner lurches to his feet.

OLD DRUNK
I was a peon!

PHIL
(fascinated)
Really?

OLD DRUNK
Just a squire for my older brother Sir
Kay... until one day, when no one was
looking, I released Excalibur from the
Stone, and all England trembled
underneath my mighty feet!

Phil sits back, beaten.

PHIL
I suppose I had that coming.

The inside door SWINGS open...

A PAUNCHY MEXICAN MAN swaggers out, chomping on a greasy
GYROS. He BELCHES loudly and smiles.

PAUNCHY MAN
You Kotlowitz?

Phil FREEZES, amazed.

PHIL
How did you know my name?

PAUNCHY MAN
Read it off the sign-in sheet.

Phil stands and looks the paunchy Latino over.

PHIL
You don't look like a Wong.

SHERMAN
I don't now. I used to be the Grand
Vizier of China.

PHIL
When was this?

SHERMAN
About a thousand years ago.

PHIL
(dubiously)
Thanks. You've been a lot of help.

Phil goes for the door, mumbling to himself.

SHERMAN
You've been having dreams about the
past, haven't you?
(Phil freezes)
Dreams about the distant past. Things
you couldn't possibly know about...

Phil slowly turns back, intrigued...

EXT. NORTH CAROLINA HILLS - 1903 - DAY

PHIL (O.C.)
STOP!!!!

WILBUR WRIGHT freezes, his hand on the propeller of FLIER 1.

PHIL trembles at the helm of the archaic plane. ORVILLE
WRIGHT pops over, holding a MOVIE CAMERA.

ORVILLE
What's the problem, Phil?

PHIL
No problem- just a little crushing
chest pain.

WILBUR
Aren't you a little young for chest
pain?

ORVILLE
Since when is Thirty young?

PHIL
I'm TWENTY-NINE, guys!

Phil leaps out of the plane.

ORVILLE
You don't want to go? You'll be the
first man to Soar With Eagles.

PHIL
I'll be the next man to Sing With
Angels. No thanks.

Phil grabs the CAMERA and backs away.

PHIL (cont'd)
If you want me, I'll be over here
filming Orville become one with the
Earth at high velocity.

THROUGH THE CAMERA: FLIER ONE glides low over the rolling
hills, over the head of an exquisitely dressed

VICTORIAN WOMAN. She smiles coquettishly. Phil smiles back.
She winks. Phil winks. She points behind him toward the
plane. Phil shrugs: "Big Deal." She POINTS again,
insistently. Phil rolls his eyes. She GESTURES frantically.

Phil reluctantly shifts the camera back toward the plane...

PHIL (cont'd)
Oops.

FLIER ONE crashes head first into Phil.

INT. SHERMAN WONG'S PSYCHIC SHOP - NIGHT

Sherman's fingers SNAP. Phil jolts out, deeply shaken.

SHERMAN
Wow- crash and burn, amigo.

PHIL
You don't expect me to believe that's
anything other than an informed
hallucination, do you?

SHERMAN
I don't expect you to believe
anything.

PHIL
That's ridiculous. I not only dreamt
I was at Kitty Hawk, I dreamt I was
run over by Kitty Hawk.

SHERMAN
Uh huh...?

PHIL
Well, that's ridiculous.

SHERMAN
You keep saying that.

Phil leaps up and stalks to the door.

PHIL
I'm sorry I wasted your time.

SHERMAN
I'm not the one that has to worry
about wasting time, amigo.

Phil opens the door and hesitates.

PHIL
It's Thirty, right? I never make it to
Thirty, do I?

SHERMAN
You haven't made it yet. That doesn't
mean you can't make it this time.

PHIL
Are you kidding? I'm the Cosmic Loser!
I turned down a spot on Noah's Ark!

SHERMAN
I said it's possible, kid, not
probable.

Phil takes a few steps back into the room.

PHIL
Alright- let's assume, insanity aside,
that everything you've said is true.
I've had a million lives, and every
time I get close to Thirty, I get
stepped on, stabbed or run over by the
Wright Brothers because I keep taking
the wrong fork in the Karmic road.

SHERMAN

Well put.

PHIL

So what is it? What am I doing wrong?

SHERMAN

How the hell am I supposed to know?
I'm your psychic, not your shrink.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Phil's car CREEPS down the street, as legions of CARS fly by, their drivers honking and furiously gesticulating.

INT. PHIL'S CAR

Phil is draped over the steering wheel, his eyes carefully scanning the road ahead. He shouts back at the honking cars:

PHIL

Slow down, you fucking lunatics!
You're gonna get us all killed!

The car beside him: A POLICE CAR.

EXT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Phil stands before a glowering COP.

PHIL

I distinctly said "freaking."

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Phil, in his car, being TOWED by a police IMPOUND TOW TRUCK, screams ahead at the careless driver:

PHIL

If you don't slow this thing down, I
swear to God, I'm gonna climb up there
and kick your-

EXT. IMPOUND YARD - NIGHT

Phil stands before the once again glowering COP.

PHIL
I distinctly said "glass."

COP
Sure you did-
(hands him the ticket)
Glasshole.

The cop stomps off. Phil walks away, immersed in the fine print of the citation, unaware of the rapidly approaching...

HEADLIGHTS. HONK! A car HORN blares. Phil looks up, HEADLIGHTS closer, bearing down on him...

The car SKIDS... He covers his eyes...

VOICE (O.C.)
Phil...?

Phil slowly blinks open his eyes. KATHERINE stands at the car door, the engine still purring.

KATHERINE
What are you doing in the middle of the street?

PHIL
Waiting for you to run me over, I guess.

KATHERINE
Hold on. Let me turn the car off.

She reaches in, accidentally brushing the GEAR LEVER. The car LURCHES forward, PLOWING into Phil, sending him sprawling. She leaps down after him, cradling his head in her lap. He calmly looks up into her eyes and simply says:

PHIL
You're going to kill me, aren't you.

KATHERINE
I don't want to kill you! You're the first guy I've ever met that didn't run away from me.

PHIL
(exasperated)
I'm trying...

She strokes his hair, longingly.

KATHERINE

I don't think we should see each other anymore.

PHIL

I don't think so either.

KATHERINE

Well, gee- put up a fight, at least.

He slowly groans his way to his feet.

PHIL

Look, Katherine, you've been having dreams too, dreams like mine, right?

KATHERINE

Aside from the woolly mammoths.

PHIL

Well, did you ever think that maybe... just maybe... they might be images from a past life?

She thinks...

KATHERINE

No. That's nuts.

He throws his hands in the air and walks off, she runs after.

KATHERINE (cont'd)

I'm kidding. Sorry. I just never thought about it before. See that? You're already affecting me in incredibly profound ways, Phil.

She smiles flirtatiously, and he can't help forgiving her.

PHIL

Okay, then. Let's assume, for the moment, that you've been reincarnated.

KATHERINE

Assume away.

PHIL

Well, in the past lives you've had, on average, what do you suppose happens when you hook up with a guy?

KATHERINE
 (realizing)
 I probably kill the poor schmuck.

PHIL
 And in my past lives?

KATHERINE
 You probably die like a poor schmuck.

PHIL
 Not really a match made in Heaven, is it?

KATHERINE
 (smiles sadly)
 I suppose not.

Phil stares at her silhouetted in the headlight, her soft form illuminated through her clothes by the back light.

PHIL
 Pity, though.

He suavely tips an imaginary hat and walks off.

KATHERINE
 (sighs)
 Yeah. Pity.

INT. PHIL'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Phil enters with a hand full of UPS STORE BOXES, brimming with PACKING MATERIALS. He slowly closes the door behind him, and in the pitch black, he listens, frozen in fear.

He notices a PRESENCE...

PHIL
 Who's there?

VOICE
 Nay, answer me!

PHIL
 Long live the King!

VOICE
 Francisco?

Phil sighs and flips on the lights...

POLONIUS his PARROT stares blankly back at him.

PHIL
No- you say "Barnardo." Remember?

POLONIUS
Francisco?

PHIL
No. Come on, I told you-

He snaps up a copy of HAMLET and points at the FIRST PAGE.

PHIL (cont'd)
See? "Barnardo." You're Francisco,
and you say "Barnardo."

POLONIUS
...SQUAK!

PHIL
Close enough.

Phil flips on the TELEVISION: An animated PETER PAN sings:

PETER
I won't grow up! I won't grow up!

PHIL
You tell 'em, Pete!

He rips open up the first box and turns to Polonius.

PHIL (cont'd)
Long live Phil Kotlowitz.

POLONIUS
"I knew him well." Squak!

PHIL
Yeah? We'll see about that.

Phil removes a long sheet of PACKING BUBBLES...

ON T.V. behind him- a REPORTER before a SEISMOMETER.

REPORTER
Scientists at Berkeley are referring
to today's pair of 4.0 tremors as "pre-
quakes," spurring concern as to
whether they signal the coming of a
larger, major quake in the near
future. Seismic studies are currently-

Phil unpacks yards and yards of BUBBLES...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PHIL'S APARTMENT - DAY

FORTRESS KOTLOWITZ:

Thirteen shiny new CHAIN LOCKS guard the door. The hall lights are covered with ELECTRICAL TAPE to ensure against shattering. The living room floor is blanketed in thick sheets of PACKING BUBBLES, as is every sharp extremity.

Phil shuffles into the KITCHEN, where the cupboards are taped closed and the drawers nailed shut.

Near the stove, two HAMSTERS: one in a cage marked "FOOD TESTER," the other in "DRINK TESTER."

PHIL

Time to earn your paycheck, boys.

He rips off a piece of his BAGEL, places it in the "FOOD" cage, and pours some of his APPLE JUICE into "DRINK."

PHIL (cont'd)

What do you say, guys- we Kosher?
Nobody needs a Roloids?

They hungrily eat away without any adverse reaction.

PHIL (cont'd)

(relieved)
Nice work, boys.

Phil picks up the rest of the bagel and juice, and munches his way back into the living room, every step punctuated with the POPPING of the PACKING BUBBLES.

He passes POLONIUS' CAGE, which is also covered in packing bubbles, including the bird's perch.

POLONIUS

"Francisco?"

PHIL

Barnardo! I'm Barnardo!

ON TV: TED LANGE (Isaac from the "Love Boat"):

TED LANGE

You folks don't need Ol' Isaac to tell you life ain't always a summer cruise. So if you need to talk, to this side or beyond, to anyone in the third, fourth, or fifth dimension, at Psychic Buddies- we got ya covered, babe!

Phil watches fascinated. He grabs the bubble-wrapped PHONE, tears the bubbles off the receiver, and dials...

PHIL

Can I speak to Mr. Lange, please?

(pause)

What is it in regard to? It's "Psychic Buddies"- shouldn't he already know?

Knock, Knock, Knock! Phil stiffens and holds his breath.

Knock, Knock, Knock! He tiptoes to the door, and whispers:

PHIL (cont'd)

Who's there?

KATHERINE (O.C.)

Katherine.

He SCREAMS.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Phil's blood curdling SCREAM echoes down the hall as an OLD WOMAN regards Katherine suspiciously.

KATHERINE

I have that effect on people.

The metallic grind of THIRTEEN CHAINS being unbolted... Finally, Phil cracks open the door.

PHIL

What are you doing here?

KATHERINE

Well, well, well. You were quite the Houdini last night.

PHIL

I...?

KATHERINE
Disappeared.

PHIL
Not successfully enough. How did you
find me?

KATHERINE
You don't want me to lose all my
mystery, do you?

PHIL
I don't want you to lose any of it.
Goodbye, Katherine.

He SLAMS the door. The sound of CHAINS being locked... Then
UNLOCKED. He cracks it open slightly.

PHIL (cont'd)
What are you doing here?

KATHERINE
I think you need my help.

PHIL
To what- an early grave?

He SLAMS it again.

KATHERINE
(weakly)
I think I need yours.

Silence. The door slowly creaks open.

PHIL
What can I possibly do for you?

KATHERINE
Just give me five minutes.

PHIL
(pause)
You have two.

He steps aside, and she happily walks inside.

INT. PHIL'S APARTMENT - DAY

Phil re-chains the thirteen locks, as Katherine looks around,
impressed.

KATHERINE

I like what you've done with the place, Phil. Very Asylum-Deco.

PHIL

(turning)

Ninety seconds, Katherine.

She edges into the living room.

KATHERINE

Well, first of all, I wanted to see how you were doing.

PHIL

I'm fine. Thank you for asking.

KATHERINE

Good... Great.

PHIL

(eyeing his watch)

Sixty seconds.

KATHERINE

(big breath)

Ok, look- if I can't stop killing the guys I have a thing for, then the only way I'm gonna break that cycle is if I don't kill a guy I have a thing for.

(embarrassed)

Not that I have a big thing for you. It's just a little thing.

(beat)

But it is a thing... I guess.

PHIL

(checks watch)

Goodbye, Katherine.

KATHERINE

Right. Goodbye.

She reluctantly shuffles to the door. Hesitates.

KATHERINE (cont'd)

I just want you to know-

PHIL

I know.

KATHERINE

What?

PHIL
Whatever you're going to say.

KATHERINE
Oh. Okay.
(sighs)
Then, I guess I'll just say...

RUMBLE! The floor BUCKLES.

KATHERINE (cont'd)
EARTHQUAKE!

Phil leaps up, just as

A LARGE GLASS FRAMED PAINTING crashes down onto the just-vacated sofa, shattering glass all over.

The RADIO lurches to life, blasting SINATRA:

"That's Life!..."

Phil shuts off the radio and turns desperately to Katherine for help.

KATHERINE (cont'd)
Into the kitchen!

The hall lights SHATTER one by one over head, as they run for the safety of the kitchen.

Katherine SLAMS the door behind him, and leans against it. Phil backs into the center of the room, his anxious gaze drawn to the ceiling, as the

OVERHEAD FAN begins to rotate at an alarming pace.

KATHERINE (cont'd)
You see that? Stick with me kid, and before you can say-

PHIL
LOOK OUT!

The fan YANKS FREE from the ceiling, flying toward Phil, its blades spinning helicopter-like for his head.

Katherine grabs him, dragging him out the kitchen and slamming the door behind them.

KATHERINE
What was that?

The whirring blades of the fan begin SPLINTERING the door.

PHIL
 "Was?" "Was" implies "isn't any
 more," Katherine!

They run for the front door, POPPING the packing bubbles by the score, as the FLYING FAN shatters the kitchen door. They furiously throw off the front door CHAINS:

KATHERINE
 Had to get Thirteen, didn't you?

PHIL
 Well, they do the job, don't they?

They tear aside the last one and leap outside...

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

... slamming the door shut behind them.

THUD! The fan CRASHES into the door. Silence.

PHIL
 (catching his breath)
 Katherine, I appreciate your predicament, I do. Unfortunately, I'm beginning to think you are my predicament.

KATHERINE
 You're not going to blame me for that earthquake, are you?

PHIL
 Well, before you came inside, there was no Earthquake. After you came inside, there was. What would you say if you were me?

KATHERINE
 (sheepishly)
 That I caused the Earthquake.

He starts back for his door.

KATHERINE (cont'd)
 But I didn't! Look, some things- most things are my fault, I admit- but you can't blame me for everything.

PHIL

I'm not going to blame you for anything, because you're not going to do anything, because I'm not going to let you!

He throws open the door, and walks into the cyclone-like MESS inside, slamming the door behind him.

KATHERINE

Fine, Phil- hide away in that little cave of yours!

PHIL (O.S.)

(from inside)

I fully intend to!

She bangs on the door, tears of frustration boiling over.

KATHERINE

It's so easy for you! You just have to lock yourself up, and you'll be fine. What about me? Can't you give me a chance to set things right? You have a future... All I have...

(sighs)

... is you.

She sits down on the landing and softly CRIES.

The door creaks open. Phil steps out and watches her.

PHIL

You really want to help me?

She looks up, her eyes swimming. She nods.

PHIL (cont'd)

I need to make it to Thirty.

KATHERINE

That's it?

PHIL

It's tougher than it sounds.

He sits beside her on the landing and offers her his SLEEVE, which she uses to wipe her eyes.

PHIL (cont'd)

So you- really- you honestly think if you can get me to Thirty...

KATHERINE

I can get me to "Married." Heck, I'd settle for a date that didn't run away before the salad came.

She places his sleeve over her nose and BLOWS.

INT. STARBUCKS - DAY

Katherine removes the CLASSIFIEDS from the SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE. Phil looks on, riddled with anxiety.

PHIL

I don't know what good this could possibly do.

KATHERINE

In the event we do get you to Thirty, a job comes in mighty handy when you're shopping for toilet paper.

(opens the paper)

Now, you sure you don't want to go back to Prudential?

PHIL

And thumb wrestle with the hand of God? No thanks.

KATHERINE

Probably for the best. New life, new beginning, right?

(reads)

How about "Material Manager?"

PHIL

I can't manage Thirty- you want me to manage material?

KATHERINE

"Installer?"

PHIL

What am I installing?

KATHERINE

It doesn't say.

PHIL

A light bulb? I could install that.

KATHERINE

Depending on the height of the ladder.

PHIL
(nods)
Good point.

KATHERINE
(reading on)
What do you know about Loan
Processing?

PHIL
What do you know about Loan
Processing?

She puts down the paper, frustrated.

KATHERINE
Well, what do you want to do, Phil?

PHIL
I don't want to do anything!

KATHERINE
(exasperated)
Phil-

PHIL
I'm sorry. I'm not trying to be
difficult. I'm being honest. I
sincerely don't want to do anything.

KATHERINE
Nothing?

PHIL
(sighs)
What's the point?

Katherine chooses her words carefully:

KATHERINE
No offense, Phil, but you've been
doing nothing for how long now?

PHIL
A couple millennia. Give or take a
millennium.

KATHERINE
And how's that working for you?

Silence. Phil GRABS the newspaper...

INT. AVERAGE LOOKING OFFICE - DAY

Phil enthusiastically sits across from an EXECUTIVE.

PHIL

Well, that's exactly what I'm looking for, sir. A nice, safe, quiet desk job serving nice, safe, quiet customers...

CUT TO:

INT. CUSTOMER SERVICE WINDOW - THE NEXT DAY

Phil sits behind the counter with a tenuous smile as

AN ANGRY MOB OF SCREAMING PEOPLE

violently harangue him from the long line.

A particularly LIVID MAN dives over the counter, tackling Phil to the ground.

CUT TO:

INT. THIRD OFFICE - LATER

Phil further refines his intentions:

PHIL

... no customers at all. In fact, I'm looking for a job that keeps me as far away from people as possible.

CUT TO:

INT. BIO LAB - THE NEXT MORNING

Phil stands stiffly in a full body HAZARD SUIT, while a TRAINER advises him, muffled behind his CHEMICAL MASK:

TRAINER

Relax, Phil, you'll be fine- so long as you don't touch anything that doesn't want to be touched.

PHIL

How do I know when something doesn't want to be touched?

Phil barely brushes a TEST TUBE, which promptly SHATTERS.

A DEAFENING ALARM

TRAINER

You'll hear that.

An EMERGENCY CREW bursts into the lab with a gargantuan HOSE, blasting Phil, catapulting him across the room.

EXT. BIO LAB - LATER

KATHERINE emerges onto the street, doing her nails. Phil stumbles out behind, dazed, his gaze fastening upon the sea of work-a-day people scurrying to their various jobs.

PHIL

How do they do it?

KATHERINE

How does *who* do *what*?

PHIL

People- how do they work, knowing how dangerous it is? How can they stand it?

KATHERINE

Traditionally, most jobs don't involve a water cannon, detox, and an hour of quarantine.

PHIL

Oh? And exactly which jobs are those?

KATHERINE

I'm working on it.

Phil checks his watch.

PHIL

Well, work faster- we're running out of time. I turn Thirty at Noon the day after tomorrow.

(beat)

I hope.

A KID'S VOICE (O.S.)

Hey Mister?

They JUMP, startled. On the street before them stands a confident, pimply faced KID.

KID
 Are you missing the safety and
 security that only a good job can
 bring you?

ANOTHER SIREN from inside the building.

PHIL
 What on Earth gave you that
 impression?

The Kid passes Phil a FLIER for "BURGER, BURGER!"

KID
 Well, if you are, perhaps it's time
 you considered a career in the meat
 preparation business.

Phil stares closer at the flier... at the words SAFETY and SECURITY. He turns to Katherine, who looks up from the very same thing...

INT. "BURGER, BURGER!" - DAY

Phil hums happily at the rear of the kitchen, making burgers next to a few disinterested TEENAGERS. One of the teens looks at Phil's prodigious output with great dismay.

TEEN
 Ease up, pops- nobody likes a brown
 nose.

The teen storms off, and Phil happily returns to his work as he hears over the INTERCOM:

KATHERINE (O.S.)
 I'll have a Phil Kotlowitz to go, hold
 the past lives angst, easy on the fear
 of commitment, and extra time to look
 into those big beautiful brown eyes of
 his, please.

GIGGLING on the intercom. Phil shakes his head and peeks around the corner to find

KATHERINE joking with one of the CASHIERS. She spots Phil, and points him out to the cashier, as Phil flushes, embarrassed, waving her over.

KATHERINE (cont'd)
 (playing with him)
 Me? You want me?

PHIL
Get over here!

KATHERINE
(to the cashier)
See that? He wants me.

She grins her way over, making a beeline to his burgers.

KATHERINE (cont'd)
You rang, sir?

She takes a bite out of a burger.

PHIL
I thought we agreed I would do this
alone, Katherine.

KATHERINE
(another bite)
Mmm- you made this?

PHIL
I was making that, yes.

KATHERINE
You never cease to amaze me, Phil.

She reaches for the FRYALATOR.

PHIL
NO! Don't touch that. It's hot.
Please.

He carefully leads her away.

KATHERINE
Don't worry about me, Phil. I've
decided- I'm turning over a new leaf.
Just for you.

PHIL
(dubiously)
Just like that, huh?

KATHERINE
Yup. Like turning off the Clumsy
Switch. See?

She demonstrates, going for a nearby SWITCH.

PHIL
Katherine! Don't touch that!

He **SHOVES** her aside... In her open hand... **THE SWITCH**.

KATHERINE
Whoops. Sorry, Phil.

Phil turns to the **BURGER BROILER**, as the patties emerge on the conveyor belt at a **FRENZIED** pace.

PHIL
Oh no. **NO!** My burger Karma!

He leaps to, frantically slapping burgers onto buns before they fall off the belt. Katherine rushes over to help.

PHIL (cont'd)
What are you doing?

KATHERINE
We need a system here.

She starts tossing **BUNS** onto the ground, and as the **BURGERS** fall off the belt, they plop directly onto the floor.

PHIL
That's it. I've seen enough of your system. Stand over there.

KATHERINE
And do what?

PHIL
Nothing. Don't do anything.

KATHERINE
I can do that.

She confidently marches over, **TRIPS**, and flies into the **FRYALATOR**, her hand catapulting a **RED HOT BASKET OF FRIES** into the air on a beeline for...

KATHERINE (cont'd)
Phil- look out!

Phil spins to find a squadron of molten **FRENCH FRIES** headed straight for his head. He instinctively raises the metal **BURGER TRAY** to defend himself.

CLANG, CLANG, CLANG- the fries batter against the tray.

Phil drops the tray to find the BASKET headed his way. He ducks, and the basket slams into the SOFT SERVE machine, which belches vanilla ICE CREAM all over the floor.

Phil's teenage SUPERVISOR rushes over, furious.

SUPERVISOR
What the hell are you doing?

PHIL
(still trembling)
I'm not getting any safer, I'll tell you that!

RUMBLE. They look around.

SUPERVISOR
I think it's passed.

EARTHQUAKE! The machines BUCKLE, the floor heaves. The workers scatter.

Phil runs for the door.

KATHERINE (O.C.)
Phil! Wait!

He turns... Katherine struggles to her feet, as the steaming FRYALATOR behind her begins to TIP...

PHIL
Katherine!

He runs toward her and SLIPS in the pool of ice cream, SLIDING feet first right into the COFFEE MACHINE.

The SPIGOT flies off, sending a stream of SCALDING COFFEE toward his upturned face. He rolls to the right, ending up RIGHT ON TOP OF KATHERINE. The earth calms. Silence.

KATHERINE
You don't have to go through all that just to get a little closer, Phil. You could just ask, you know.

His attention is diverted to a young WOMAN in the corner, PRAYING, a look of absolute serenity on her face. Phil crawls over beside her...

PHIL
Excuse me... does that help?

YOUNG WOMAN
It doesn't hurt.

Phil looks over to Katherine...

INT. TEMPLE BETH EL - DAY

Phil sits across from a smiling RABBI LIEB.

PHIL
Hello. Uhm- thank you for seeing me.
(beat)
Shalom.
(beat)
I, uh- I haven't been to Temple in,
well... ever, but my current situation
makes the security of a strong covenant
with God very attractive to me.

LIEB
What seems to be the problem, Phil?

PHIL
I think there's been a serious
breakdown in communication between
myself and the Almighty.

LIEB
I see. You've drifted from the flock?

PHIL
Yes, and now he's trying to shear me.

KLEZMER MUSIC. MONTAGE:

EXT. SANCTUARY - DAY

Phil emerges happily, passing Katherine, who whips out a
YELLOW PAD, and checks "JEHOVAH" off a list.

INT. CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION - DAY

A PRIEST is going down the line of kneeling worshippers,
dropping a WAFER into each of their mouths. He comes to PHIL,
and drops a wafer into his mouth as well.

Before he can move on, Phil snaps ANOTHER WAFER out of the
surprised priest's hands.

PHIL

Insurance.

(gulps it down)

Do these come in different flavors, or
just chalk?

EXT. EASTER PARADE - DAY

During a staged re-creation of Christ's painful trek down the Via Dolorosa, a costumed JESUS collapses underneath the strain of the cross. A costumed Israelite steps forward and leans down to help, but a speedy

PHIL KOTLOWITZ beats him to it, happily assisting Jesus to his feet. Jesus, a little bewildered, blesses Phil and moves to take up the CROSS again.

Phil waves him off, enthusiastically indicating he would be glad to carry it for Jesus.

Jesus insists. Phil insists.

Jesus YANKS the cross away from Phil, BONKS him on the head, and storms off.

PHIL

(calling after)

Okay- you take it from here.

INT. BUDDHIST TEMPLE - DAY

Phil argues with an offended BUDDHIST PRIEST...

PHIL

I need the whole experience. It's
very important to me.

BUDDHIST PRIEST

But that was a television show.
That's not part of the experience.

PHIL

It's part of mine. Please.

BUDDHIST PRIEST

Very well...

(sighs)

"Grasshopper."

EXT. GOLDEN GATE PARK - DAY

A group of HARE KRISHNAS are dancing and singing in a circle. Phil and Katherine confer with one beside the revelry.

KRISHNA

I'm sorry. It's a requirement. There are no exceptions.

KATHERINE

He's bound to have a massive bald spot any day now. Doesn't that count for something?

Phil spins on her, horrified, covering his head.

PHIL

Bald spot?

KATHERINE

(covering)

It'll be very attractive, I'm sure.

PHIL

(to the Krishna)

Look... if I made a sizable donation, could I just bang the drum a little?

EXT. GOLDEN GATE PARK - MOMENTS LATER

The Krishna dance erratically, thrown off by Phil's pathetic performance on the DRUM. The head Krishna approaches.

KRISHNA

Although the Krishna do not believe in sin, with regards to your playing- I think we can make an exception.

He grabs back the drum and stalks off.

MONTAGE ENDS:

EXT. GOLDEN GATE PARK - CONTINUOUS

A SPRINKLER attached to a large HOSE shoots water on the warm grass. Katherine lies down beside Phil, happily crossing off the final entry on his list: "KRISHNA."

KATHERINE

Well, that's the last of 'em.

PHIL

Thank God.

(beat, looks up)

That's okay, right? I mean, it's not
as if I said "God Da-"

She SLAPS her hand over his mouth.

KATHERINE

It's fine.

Phil nods silently, and she slowly removes her hand,
revealing a strange LOOK in his eye.

KATHERINE (cont'd)

What?

PHIL

Nothing.

He grins- a big goofy grin.

KATHERINE

What?

PHIL

No, it's just... It's strange. For
once in my life- not being alone with
this thing.

KATHERINE

(smiles contentedly)

For once in my life, it's strange not
being alone.

He moves his lips CLOSER to hers.

PHIL

Strange good, or strange bad?

Closer. She closes her eyes...

KATHERINE

I'll let you know in a minute.

(closer...)

Or two...

He HESITATES, an inch from her lips. She blinks open her
eyes, confused.

KATHERINE (cont'd)

Now, I haven't been kissed in, well, an Ice Age, but I seem to remember it feeling slightly different than that.

PHIL

Maybe this isn't such a good idea.

KATHERINE

Good idea? It's a fantastic idea. Stopping- now that's a bad idea.

She leans in, he leans back anxiously.

PHIL

It's not that I don't want to.

KATHERINE

Good, trust your instincts-

PHIL

But my instincts haven't worked so well the last thousand years.

KATHERINE

Well, maybe they're not working right now, and you should just shut up and kiss me.

She swoops in and he LEAPS to his feet.

PHIL

Look, I really appreciate everything you've done, but I think we should stop while we're ahead. I mean, wouldn't you say, considering your predilection for causing men great bodily harm, that you're the last person I should become involved with?

She stands, hurt and simmering.

KATHERINE

I don't know, Phil. Maybe it's not involvement with me that scares you. Maybe it's just Involvement.

PHIL

(pause, innocently)
What do you mean by that?

KATHERINE

If I'm the last person you should be with, who's the first? Huh?

(beat)

Has there ever even been a first?

He suddenly flushes an angry crimson red.

PHIL

Oh, there's been a first, all right. Many, many firsts. There's so many firsts, I can't even remember their names... "First Number One, First Number Two..."

KATHERINE

Alright- pick one, then. Gimme a name. Just one name.

PHIL

(buying time)

Oh, I'll give you a name. I'll give you a beautiful name-

KATHERINE

Let's hear it, Romeo.

Phil wracks his brain and can come up with none other than...

PHIL

(weakly)

Jennifer?

KATHERINE

"Jennifer?"

PHIL

Yes- Jennifer.

(beat)

Why- what's wrong with Jennifer?

KATHERINE

You tell me, Phil.

PHIL

(defensively)

Jennifer's fine! She's not going to get me killed, I can tell you that!

KATHERINE

(steaming)

Then maybe you ought to crawl to her, and see how safe she can keep you!

PHIL
 Now that's the first sensible thing
 you've said since... well... ever!

KATHERINE
 (furious)
 Well in that case, I think I'll say
 something even more sensible!

PHIL
 WHAT?

KATHERINE
 GOODBYE...
 (struggles for a curse...)
 ASSFACE!

She throws down the DEITY CHECKLIST and STORMS off.

PHIL
 (confounded)
 Assface?

Phil looks up toward the clear blue HEAVENS.

PHIL (cont'd)
 Well, at least we're on good terms, eh
 Big Fella?

RUMBLE!

PHIL (cont'd)
 (weakly)
 Aren't we?

EARTHQUAKE!

Phil RUNS for cover, halting terrified before

A WILD SPRINKLER rotating at a blisteringly eerie pace.

PHIL (cont'd)
 This is only going to get worse, isn't
 it?

SNAP! The huge metal-tipped HOSE breaks off from the
 sprinkler, and FLINGS itself toward a wide-eyed Phil. He
 dives for the deck, and the hose HISSES past him.

Whimpering, Phil desperately crawls for safety, as the hose
 relentlessly chases him, SNAPPING angrily at his heels.

Terrified, Phil rolls onto his back, just as the hose LURCHES for his defenseless face. He instinctively GRABS the head of the hose, and it furiously SPRAYS his face with a powerful jet. He TIGHTENS his grip.

PHIL (cont'd)
I'm not going that easy, damn you!

He rolls over ontop of the hose, STRANGLING it.

PHIL (cont'd)
Not so much fun when the faucet's on the other spigot, eh?

A small RUMBLE, as the water pressure speeds back down the stopped hose, racing for the FAUCET twenty yards away.

PHIL (cont'd)
Watch out, it's gonna blow!

The faucet EXPLODES, belching water plumes into the air.

He leaps up, victoriously bellowing at the HEAVENS:

PHIL (cont'd)
That's right- this time you'll have to get off your lazy ass and work for it!

His laughter subsides, as he realizes he is being watched by a large CROWD. Among them, a frowning COP...

EXT. GOLDEN GATE PARK - MOMENTS LATER

The COP drags a protesting Phil out of the park.

PHIL
Wait! Didn't you see? That thing attacked me!

COP
I'm sure it must have had its reasons.

Phil's eyes LOCK on to a KISSING COUPLE, oblivious to the water falling all around.

PHIL
Just a second. Look at that.

COP
Admiring your handywork?

PHIL
No- look at them.

The couple goes on kissing, their bodies SHIELDING each other from the falling spray.

PHIL (cont'd)
All this, all around them, and still-
right in the middle of everything...
They look so... safe.

Phil continues to stare longingly at their security. A NEW REVELATION sweeps across his face...

INT. JENNIFER'S APARTMENT - DAY

JENNIFER answers the door, immaculate as always.

Phil stands awkwardly before her in a SUIT AND TIE.

PHIL
Will you marry me?

JENNIFER
What?

PHIL
I love you, I need you, I'm sorry we
broke up. Will you marry me?

She SLAMS the door in his face.

Phil removes a RING and dangles it before the PEEPHOLE.

PHIL (cont'd)
I suppose I should return this, then.

INT. JENNIFER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jennifer and Phil sit on a leather couch in Jennifer's trendy art deco apartment. She ogles the RING, mesmerized.

JENNIFER
But, Phillip- I thought you said that
as far as milestones went, the only
one left after Marriage was Death.

PHIL
Believe me, my views on both Marriage
and Death have changed dramatically
over the past week.

Jennifer leaps up and paces the room.

JENNIFER

Oh, Phillip, you've got me so excited!
I don't want to rush things, but if
you had no objections, I'd prefer we
were married sooner rather than later.

PHIL

That's not going to be a problem.

He leans in to kiss her, but she JOLTS back.

JENNIFER

Wait- let me get my Kissing Lipstick.

She rushes into the bathroom.

PHIL

There's lipstick for kissing?

JENNIFER (O.S.)

Oh, Phil- there's lipstick for
everything.

Commotion. She emerges with a LIPSTICK.

JENNIFER (cont'd)

Got it.

(beat)

Wait- are we having sex tonight?

PHIL

(joking)

I don't know. That depends on your
lipstick.

JENNIFER

(pause)

Be right back.

She disappears back into the bathroom.

Phil's CELLPHONE rings. He curiously answers it.

PHIL

Hello?

VOICE (O.S.)

Who's this?

PHIL

Who's this? You called me.

VOICE (O.S.)
I asked you first.

Phil WINCES, recognizing the voice.

PHIL
Katherine?
(whispers)
How'd you get my number?

KATHERINE (O.S.)
Trade secret.

PHIL
Keep it. This is not a good time.

KATHERINE (O.S.)
No time like the present, Phil.

PHIL
Goodbye, Katherine.

Phil quickly hangs up, just as Jennifer seductively leans out the bathroom door...

JENNIFER
Looky what we have here.

She triumphantly brandishes the lovemaking LIPSTICK.

JENNIFER (cont'd)
Good thing someone went to Nordstrom today.

Phil smiles weakly.

INT. PHIL'S APARTMENT - DAY

Phil is throwing his SUIT on the bed as the PHONE rings. He anxiously stares at it. Slowly picks it up.

PHIL
How'd you get my home number?

KATHERINE (O.S.)
Trade secret.

PHIL
Of who? The KGB?

He hangs up.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

Phil throws down the suit, walks over and opens the door.

KATHERINE stands before him in the hallway on a CELL PHONE.

KATHERINE
(still into phone)
Binsetti Vineyards.

PHIL
Excuse me?

She hangs up.

KATHERINE
It's my Father's vineyard. He's
Binsetti, I'm Burns- he's not too
crazy about that, I can tell you.

PHIL
(keeping his distance)
What's the point, Katherine? I'm
extremely bus-

KATHERINE
Well. I'm- I'm going out there, just
myself, you know, all alone, and I was
wondering, I was wondering if you
might, you know, if you might be-
(beat)
Jesus, Phil- help a girl out, I'm
drowning here.

Phil pauses, tempted... Shakes it off.

PHIL
I can't. I'm sorry. I'm busy.

Phil closes the door. She holds it open.

KATHERINE
Why? What are you doing?

PHIL
Well, I... I just got engaged, for one
thing.

KATHERINE
(beat)
ENGAGED?

The disappointment on her face moves him deeply.

PHIL

Yes. I... I'm sorry.

Katherine is, just this once, speechless.

KATHERINE

Well.

(sincerely)

She's a very lucky woman.

PHIL

Thanks. I'm hoping a little of it
rubs off on me.

KATHERINE

Well if there's any left over, send it
my way, will you?

PHIL

(nods)

Fair enough.

And there it is again, they both feel it... CLICK.

KATHERINE

(forcing a smile)

Well, congratulations, dammit! Let's
go celebrate.

PHIL

No, you don't understand. I'm getting
married.

KATHERINE

Well you're not getting married
tonight, are you?

(he avoids her look)

Are you?

Phil nods with dread:

PHIL

Eight o' clock at the courthouse.

KATHERINE

How romantic.

PHIL

This isn't about romance, Katherine.
It's about survival, and you know it.

Katherine shakes her head and plows past him.

KATHERINE

Well if you ask me, it doesn't sound like a very good idea at all.

PHIL

I'm not asking you.

Phil closes the door and follows her into the hallway.

KATHERINE

I don't mean you shouldn't get married. Just that you shouldn't get married to What's Her Name.

PHIL

Jennifer.

KATHERINE

(scoffs)

Right. "Jennifer." Probably won't kiss you without the proper lipstick.

PHIL

(beat)

That's ridiculous. In fact, just yesterday, she kissed me while wearing her "Doing the Laundry" lipstick.

Katherine spots POLONIUS and flutters over to his cage.

KATHERINE

Tell him, Polonius. Tell him he needs his head examined.

She reaches for the cage DOOR...

PHIL

Katherine- NO!

Polonius flaps his way out of the cage and out the WINDOW.

KATHERINE

Whoops. I'm sorry.

Phil spins around to scream at her, but notices the large well-stocked BOOKCASE behind her begin to TEETER...

PHIL

Look out!

Phil SHOVES her out of the way. The bookcase tips...

Phil catches it, but the books POUR out, pelting Phil.

KATHERINE
 (meekly)
 Whoops. Sorry again.

Phil begins frantically re-shelving.

PHIL
 Just leave, okay? Please. Before I
 go and do something worth twenty five
 years to life.

KATHERINE
 Oh- now you want to marry me?

PHIL
 (scoffs)
Marry you? What're you- nuts?

Katherine lends a hand with the re-shelving.

KATHERINE
 (innocently)
 Well... Why not?

PHIL
 (freezes)
 Huh?

KATHERINE
 Why not marry me?

He stares longingly at her for a moment. Snaps out of it.

PHIL
 No way. Look at you- You're gorgeous,
 wild, unpredictable- it'd never work.
 I'd be dead before the honeymoon.

He notices her POSTERIOR as she BENDS OVER to pick up a book.

PHIL (cont'd)
 Make that the wedding night.

Katherine comes up with his copy of HAMLET.

KATHERINE
 I've never actually read this one.
 Any good?

PHIL
 It's HAMLET.

She thumbs through it.

KATHERINE
He never does anything, right? Just
alot of talking.

PHIL
He has his reasons.

KATHERINE
We all have reasons, honey.
(reads)
Where do Hamlet's get him?

PHIL
(pause)
Six feet under ground.

KATHERINE
So much for reason.
(beat, realizes)
I guess there just comes a point when
it's time to shut up and put up.

She resolutely closes the book.

KATHERINE (cont'd)
And I suppose, for this Girl, that
time is right about now.

Without another word, she tosses Hamlet back to him and
confidently bounces toward the door.

PHIL
Why? Where are you going?

She spins back, suddenly rejuvenated.

KATHERINE
I'm getting married.

She gives Phil a mischievous GRIN and dances out the door.

PHIL
(realizes)
MARRIED???

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DUSK

Phil anxiously hands a wad of CASH to a BURLY BOUNCER.

PHIL
Did I tell you what she looks like?

BOUNCER

Yes.

PHIL

Can I tell you again?

BOUNCER

She's not getting past me. Don't worry. I know how to handle her.

PHIL

You have no idea.

INT. COURTHOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Phil walks past a man holding a small RADIO.

D.J. (O.C.)

Scientists at Berkeley have scheduled a press conference to explain the recent bizarre rash of earthquakes...

He arrives at a door marked: JUDGE HON. FRITZ J. PARKER. Phil freezes, unable to go any further. He sits down to gather his thoughts, across from a PRISONER IN SHACKLES.

The Prisoner nods hello and lifts his CUFFS.

PRISONER

Gettin' arraigned.

Phil lifts his MARRIAGE LICENSE.

PHIL

Gettin' married.

PRISONER

Poor bastard.

Phil starts for the door. Stops, turning back.

PHIL

She's very nice.

PRISONER

Wallpaper's "nice."

PHIL

She's very secure. I'm looking for security.

PRISONER

Then what are you doing falling in love?

PHIL

I'm not falling in love. I'm getting married.

PRISONER

And they call me antisocial.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Excuse me?

An elderly, MIDDLE-AGED COUPLE stands before him.

WOMAN (cont'd)

I'm sorry, but you look awfully familiar- do I know you?

PHIL

Oh for God's sake-

WOMAN

(turns to her husband)

What do you think, Gene? Spitting image of our son, am I right?

MAN

I have no son.

PHIL

Jesus, Dad-

MOTHER

(loudly)

Couldn't be our son. If our son were GETTING MARRIED, you'd think maybe he'd send us a postcard, for crying out loud!

FATHER

Or at least a cyanide pill.

Phil shuffles over to them.

PHIL

What are you doing here? Who told you I was here?

MOTHER

(hesitantly)

We're not supposed to say.

Phil shudders, realizing...

PHIL
"Trade secret," right?

MOTHER
Yes! How did you-

PHIL
Never mind.

Phil takes a quick check around, huddling closer to his Parents.

PHIL (cont'd)
Look, I'm sorry, ok guys? I had to rush and everything happened so fast-

MOTHER
So fast you couldn't invite the woman who, Thirty Years ago tomorrow, suffered through eight episiotomies and enough gas to float the Hindenburg? What's the rush?

PHIL
(close lipped)
I'd rather not say.

MOTHER
(gasps)
Oh my God! Gene- my grandson's a bastard!

PHIL
(horrified)
MA!

She nudges her husband.

MOTHER
Tell him, Gene.

FATHER
Tell him what?

MOTHER
Tell him.

FATHER
(turns to Phil)
Nice work, son.

INT. JUDGE PARKER'S CHAMBERS - NIGHT

The reasonable, straight talking, no-nonsense JUDGE FRITZ PARKER sits behind his desk reviewing MARRIAGE DOCUMENTS.

Phil hastily enters the room with his parents, and confidently strides up to the Judge.

PHIL
Sorry I'm late, Your Honor.

JUDGE PARKER
That's alright. I was just acquainting myself with your lovely bride.

Phil looks up and JUMPS back, horrified.

PHIL
That is NOT my bride!

KATHERINE sits at the desk in a knockout red dress.

JUDGE PARKER
Well, she certainly seems to think so.

PHIL
(stalks over to Katherine)
What have you done with her?

KATHERINE
Who, honey?

PHIL
You didn't kill her, did you?

KATHERINE
I don't know what you're talking about.

PHIL
Your honor, I want to make a citizen's arrest. THAT WOMAN STOLE MY WIFE!

Everyone SHOUTS. Parker looks for his gavel, which is nowhere to be found. Takes off his SHOE and BANGS it on the table.

JUDGE PARKER
That's enough of that. Restrain yourselves, or I'll call in the bailiff.

Phil spins accusingly on Katherine.

PHIL

You tied her up, didn't you? You kidnapped her and tied her up like a dog!

KATHERINE

(to Phil's parents)

What an imagination.

FATHER

Gets it from his Mother.

Phil storms Parker's desk.

PHIL

Arrest her, your Honor. She's trying to ruin my life.

JUDGE PARKER

I'm not sure there's a law against that, Mr. Kotlowitz. Now are you getting married tonight or not?

PHIL

I am. Just not with her. I'll marry anyone but her!

JUDGE PARKER

Well you're not going to marry me.

FATHER

Or me.

MOTHER

Or me.

(beat)

Especially if you're anything like your Father.

Katherine smoothly slips a CERTIFICATE under Phil's palm and slides a PEN into his hand.

KATHERINE

Here- sign this, will you?

PHIL

Sure.

He absentmindedly signs, as he argues with Parker.

PHIL (cont'd)

Look, I don't want to be-

Freezes. Sees what he's signing.

PHIL (cont'd)
What the hell is this?

KATHERINE
Our marriage certificate, silly.

PHIL
(rips it up)
You don't seem to understand. I'm not
going to marry you. I'm going to
marry Jennifer!

JUDGE PARKER
Who's Jennifer?

KATHERINE
This mousy little thing Phil insists
on marrying.

PHIL
(suspiciously)
Mousy? How'd you know she's mousy?

KATHERINE
Because she is. Marry me.

Phil jumps back.

PHIL
No way. Not in a million years.

KATHERINE
Do you love me?

He FREEZES.

PHIL
What's that got to do with anything?

She steps right up to him, her lips achingly close to his.

KATHERINE
Do you love me?

PHIL
(weakly protests)
Love you? You're Achilles' Heel!
You're Adam's Apple! You're the
Withdrawal Method, for Christ's sake!

She moves closer to him, whispering...

KATHERINE
Do you love me?

PHIL
(melts)
Do I love you...?

BANG! The door BURSTS open. A Security Guard stands there with a roughed up, trembling, elegantly dressed JENNIFER.

JENNIFER
(weakly)
Phil?

PHIL
Jennifer!

He runs over to her and throws his arms around her.

JENNIFER
Don't squeeze, dear- it's a rental.

SECURITY GUARD
We found her blindfolded and tied up in a broom closet.

Katherine innocently avoids Phil's glare.

JENNIFER
Oh Phillip- I feel so violated.

PHIL
Of course you do, darling- you were dealing with a sick individual.

JUDGE PARKER
(losing patience)
Mr. Kotlowitz, just who exactly is this woman?

JENNIFER
Jennifer Murphy, your Honor. I'm the Bride.

The Judge turns to Katherine.

JUDGE PARKER
Then who are you?

KATHERINE
I'm also the Bride.

Phil buries his head in his hands.

JUDGE PARKER
Mr. Kotlowitz, need I remind you that
Bigamy is illegal in this state?

KATHERINE
(playfully)
Bigamy? Phillip.

JENNIFER
What exactly is happening here?

PHIL
The perfect end to the perfect day.
Jennifer- Katherine. Katherine-
Jennifer.

Katherine curtsies, demurely.

KATHERINE
Enchante.

Jennifer spins angrily on Phil.

JENNIFER
You know her?

PHIL
Know? I wouldn't say know.
(to Katherine)
Would you say "know?"

KATHERINE
Yes.

SMACK! Jennifer SLAPS Phil across the cheek.

JENNIFER
This is no time for fun and games,
Phillip.

KATHERINE
(infuriated)
Keep your prissy little paws off my
man!

Katherine TACKLES Jennifer onto the Judge's desk.

JUDGE PARKER
LADIES!

Phil looks to his Father, who shakes his head.

FATHER

Nice work, son.

Judge Parker removes a REVOLVER from his desk and slams it down with a metallic THUD.

The woman FREEZE.

JUDGE PARKER

Alright, that's it! Next outburst, someone's getting shot, you hear me?

The women slowly climb off the desk. Parker whips out a fresh MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE.

JUDGE PARKER (cont'd)

Now. I have here before me an empty marriage certificate. I see space for two names. I am assuming one of them will be yours, Mr. Kotlowitz.

PHIL

Assume away.

JUDGE PARKER

Now there seems to be a degree of confusion surrounding what the other name should be.

JENNIFER

No there isn't, your Honor. It's Jennifer Murphy.

KATHERINE

In your dreams.

Jennifer starts toward Katherine.

Parker COCKS the weapon. Jennifer thinks better of it.

JUDGE PARKER

Now remember, Mr. Kotlowitz, this is not a multiple choice test. You do not necessarily have to marry either of these women. No one's putting a gun to your head.

A SINGLE VIOLENT RUMBLE. Everyone freezes.

PHIL

All due respect, that's not exactly true, your Honor.

Jennifer pulls Phil aside insistently.

JENNIFER

Phillip. If you wish to marry me, I demand to know who this woman is, why she tried to kill me, and what on Earth she could possibly mean to you.

Phil appeals to Parker for help.

JUDGE PARKER

Justice is not only blind in this case, Mr. Kotlowitz, she's dumb as well. You're on your own, son.

Phil turns to Katherine.

KATHERINE

I have to admit, I'm rather curious to the answer to that one as well.

Phil's eyes glaze over...

JENNIFER

Well, Phillip...?

He drifts off...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. A DARK PLACE - THE DAWN OF MAN - DAY

From the pitch black, a low GROAN. The sound of struggle. A BOULDER is budged, and bright DAYLIGHT streams into

THE CAVE

CAVEMAN PHIL heaves the boulder aside, and spots the CAVE-PEOPLE wandering away in the distance. His eyes lock on

THE BEAUTIFUL CAVEWOMAN, slowly disappearing...

CAVEMAN PHIL

Hey! Wait! Wait for me!

Phil furiously struggles with another boulder, as

A PRISSY CAVEWOMAN steps up beside to help.

CAVEMAN PHIL (cont'd)

Thanks.

He does a double take. Leaps back and SCREAMS.

CAVEMAN PHIL (cont'd)
What the...? What are you doing here?

PRISSY CAVEWOMAN
Are you crazy? I'm not going anywhere
without my face paint.

She points behind her, where a hundred SMALL POTS OF PAINT
are gathered in a circle.

PRISSY CAVEWOMAN (cont'd)
Besides, I'm all out of my "Wandering
the Savannah" paint.

CAVEMAN PHIL
There's a paint for wandering the
savannah?

Phil looks outside at the retreating CAVEWOMAN. Back to the
Prissy one, and the familiar comfort of the Cave...

DISSOLVE BACK:

INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS - NIGHT

Phil jolts out of the vision with newfound INSIGHT. Steps
away from Katherine and turns decisively to Jennifer.

PHIL
Nothing. That woman means absolutely
nothing to me. I caught her
eavesdropping on me at my therapist's
last week. That, as far as I know, is
the extent of our involvement.

Jennifer relaxes and smirks victoriously at Katherine.

JENNIFER
That's what I thought, darling.

Katherine sadly smiles. Phil approaches her.

PHIL
Katherine. I'm-

KATHERINE
Sorry. I know. Happy Birthday, Phil.

She abruptly KISSES him.

KATHERINE (cont'd)
And a pinch to grow an inch.

She SLAPS him.

Without another word, she turns and leaves.

SILENCE. Parker delicately leans forward.

JUDGE PARKER
Mr. Kotlowitz, we have a cooling off
period for handguns, but no such
requirement for marriage- something
infinitely more dangerous. I suggest
you take some time to consider this.

Jennifer pulls Phil close.

JENNIFER
We understand, your Honor, but our
love can't wait.

JUDGE PARKER
That true, Mr. Kotlowitz?

PHIL
(forces a smile)
Guilty as charged, your Honor.

JUDGE PARKER
Then I hereby sentence you to
Marriage.
(to Jennifer)
Do you, Jennifer Murphy, take Phillip
Kotlowitz to have and to hold, to love
and to cherish, till death do you
part?

JENNIFER
I sure do.

JUDGE PARKER
And do you, Phillip Kotlowitz, take
Jennifer Murphy, to have and to hold-

FLASH IMAGE: The Prissy Cavewoman winks coquettishly at him
while attending to her face paints...

JUDGE PARKER (cont'd)
To love and to cherish-

FLASH IMAGE: Caveman Phil grins, leaning against the wall of
BOULDERS...

JUDGE PARKER (cont'd)
 ...till Death do you part?

FLASH IMAGE: The BOULDERS give way. The ceiling COLLAPSES
 ontop of Phil.

PHIL
NO!!!!

Parker, Jennifer, and Phil's parents gawk at the outburst.

JENNIFER
 "No" what, Phillip?

PHIL
 "No" I can't marry you.

JENNIFER
 (flabbergasted)
 Phillip!

PHIL
 I'm sorry Jennifer. I don't love you.
 This just isn't... right. Not for me.

JENNIFER
 But what about- what about stability?
 What about security? Isn't that love?

PHIL
 I don't think so.

JENNIFER
 But if that's not love, what is?

PHIL
 (pause)
 I don't know. I just know it isn't
this.

Jennifer SLAPS him right across the red mark Katherine left.

JENNIFER
 Well. I'm not going to wait around
 for you to figure it out.

She storms out the door and SLAMS it shut behind her.

JUDGE PARKER
 I think perhaps you should have
 eloped, Mr. Kotlowitz.

PHIL

I did.

His mother tends to his crimson cheek.

MOTHER

So tell me. Do you love her?

PHIL

Didn't you just hear me?

MOTHER

Not her. The Wild One.

PHIL

Oh.

(pause)

No.

MOTHER

Oh, Phillip- all those degrees... and not a brain in your body.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Phil wanders the streets, surprised at the TUMULT, as the entire city appears to be PACKING for a trip.

He arrives outside SHERMAN'S SHOP, noticing a FAMILY across the street frantically loading up their station wagon.

INT. SHERMAN WONG'S SHOP - NIGHT

SHERMAN furiously throws his belongings into a bag as a TELEVISION drones on in the corner. Phil barges in.

PHIL

Sherman- thank God! I can't figure this damn thing out. The safer I feel... the less safe I get.

(notices the luggage)

What the- what are you doing?

SHERMAN

You want to make it to Thirty, I want to make it to Forty.

PHIL

What's stopping you?

RUMBLE! They look up. The rumbling stops.

SHERMAN

That.

He resumes packing.

PHIL

That? What's "that?"

SHERMAN

The Big One.

PHIL

What Big One?

SHERMAN

The Big One. El Grande Mama. These little beauties are all preshocks. Don't you watch television?

Sherman points to the TV. On it, a PRESS CONFERENCE from Berkeley over a large dramatic graphic that proclaims:

THE BIG ONE.

SHERMAN (cont'd)

They don't print up those cheesy graphics for nothing. This is it, amigo. Mother Earth's got cramps, and we're about to share her pain. Supposed to hit sometime in the next week or so... not that I'm waiting around to find out.

The color in Phil's face drains, as he REALIZES:

PHIL

It's not hitting sometime in the next week or so.

(beat)

It's hitting tomorrow.

SHERMAN

Tomorrow? What makes you say...

Sherman stops packing and slowly turns to Phil.

SHERMAN

Tomorrow's your Birthday, isn't it.

PHIL

Twelve O Clock sharp.

SHERMAN

Okay. I'm with you. First the Boulder, then the Flood, then the Wright Brothers, and now...

PHIL

The Big One.

Phil seems lost. Sherman walks over to cheer him.

SHERMAN

Listen, amigo. Go home, get packed, get the hell out of Dodge by Noon, and turn Thirty in Stockton. Just don't drink the water.
(MORE)

PHIL

(dubiously)
Really? I run?

SHERMAN

Who said anything about running? Drive.

He SHOVES Phil toward the door.

PHIL

But what about Katherine?

SHERMAN

Who's Katherine?

PHIL

I think she might have something to do with this.

SHERMAN

So go get her.

PHIL

I'm also convinced she's hazardous to my health.

SHERMAN

So stay away from her.

PHIL

You're alot of help.

SHERMAN

What do you want me to say? Get the girl, don't get the girl- what the hell do I know?

SHERMAN(cont'd)

(seriously)

What do you think, Phil? That's the question. What is it you want to do?

Phil stands in the doorway, thinking...

INT. PHIL'S APARTMENT - DAWN

Phil frantically packs a VALISE, singing:

PHIL

"Happy Birthday to me, happy birthday to me..."

POLONIUS THE PARROT watches curiously from the WINDOWSILL.

POLONIUS

"Barnardo?"

Phil spins around, overjoyed at the Parrot's return.

PHIL

That's it, Polonius! That's right!
"Barnardo!"

Phil offers his finger, and Polonius flutters onto it.

PHIL (cont'd)

Then, what do you say?

POLONIUS

"To thine own self be true."

PHIL

Words of wisdom, my fine feathered friend.

He delicately places Polonius back into his cage, and enthusiastically returns to his suitcase.

He suddenly FREEZES. Turns slowly to the BIRD.

PHIL (cont'd)

Funny. I didn't teach you that one.

Polonius blinks back innocently...

EXT. POLICE IMPOUND GARAGE - DAY

Phil, carrying Polonius' cage and a small suitcase, stands stunned before an EMPTY parking spot. The only remains of his car in the lot, the discarded CAR DOOR.

RADIO (V.O.)
 Well, this could very well be it,
 ladies and germs! Eight- Point- Oh My
 God...

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Thousands of cars plug up the highways outside of San Francisco, honking and lurching their way out of the city.

RADIO (V.O.)
 ... Those of you crazy- er- gutsy
 enough to stick it out, stay with us
 right up until the moment of truth,
 here on K-DUNZ 99.9.

INT. GREYHOUND BUS - DAY

Phil sits in a crowded BUS, anxiously watching the city fade further and further into the distance.

JOE, a skinny young frat guy, sits next to him.

JOE
 Relax, man. Staring at it won't make
 it any smaller.

Phil's eyes settle on a BILLBOARD:

BINSETTI VINEYARDS- 3 MI.

He quickly checks his watch: 10:52 AM.

Another ROADSIGN: BINSETTI VINEYARDS NEXT EXIT.

JOE
 Hey, what's the fascination with those
 signs, anyway?

PHIL
 I almost married that vineyard.

JOE
 Why didn't you?

PHIL
 I had my reasons.

JOE
 (in Katherine's voice)
 We all have reasons, honey.

Phil blinks.

PHIL

What?

JOE

I said, "I'm sure you did." Are you tripping, man?

PHIL

I think so. Sorry.

Phil shakes it off and gazes back out the window.

PHIL (cont'd)

She must be there right now.

JOE

She some kind of Ho?

PHIL

No. No Ho.

JOE

Then what's wrong with her?

JOE (cont'd)

Everything. She's beautiful, witty, exciting-

JOE (cont'd)

That's what you don't like?

PHIL

Well that... and the fact that I'm in love with her.

Joe stares hard at Phil.

JOE

You got yourself scheduled for a lobotomy, right?

PHIL

It makes perfect sense. Love is the most unstable, violent, unpredictable thing in the Universe, right?

JOE

No argument here.

PHIL

Well then, if you want to assure yourself a long, safe, secure life, you have to learn to treat Love like the Bubonic Plague, am I right?

Joe shakes his head.

JOE

(in Katherine's voice)

"Maybe it's not involvement with me that scares you. Maybe it's just Involvement. "

Phil gawks. A PASSENGER pokes his head between them.

PASSENGER #1

(in Phil's Mother's voice)

"Oh, Phil- all those degrees, and not a brain in your body."

Phil sinks deeper into his seat, terrorized.

PHIL

Oh God, what do you want?

AN ELDERLY PASSENGER turns around ahead of him.

ELDERLY PASSENGER

(in Polonius' voice)

"To thine own self be true," SQUAK!

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The bus SCREECHES to a halt. Phil jumps out with Polonius.

PHIL

Sorry.

His SUITCASE is hurled out at him.

EXT. VINEYARD - DIRT ROAD - DAY

Phil strides urgently down the road. Checks the time: 11:17AM

A BLACK SEDAN suddenly skids to a stop, blocking his path. Two scary looking MEN in Italian suits and dark sunglasses jump out, lumbering toward him.

PHIL
 Okay, fellas- before you go any further, I'd like to state for the record that Frank Sinatra is the greatest human being that ever lived.

They grab him and drag him toward the car.

PHIL (cont'd)
 Did I tell you about my fondness for fettuccine?

INT. VILLA - DAY

Phil is led down a hallway lavishly adorned with pastoral paintings and Renaissance sculpture. In the distance, the tortured exquisite strains of Italian OPERA.

PHIL
 What's that?

SUNGLASS MAN
 Pagliachi- he's in a mood.

EXT. VILLA - CONTINUOUS

They emerge onto a covered patio, the opera blaring. In the middle of the patio stands a huge VAT.

NICOLA BINSETTI, a stern looking man of great height and girth, stands in the vat, pants rolled up to his knees, stamping grapes in time with the music.

PHIL
 (whispers)
 I didn't think they did this anymore.

SUNGLASS MAN
 They don't. He does this for stress reduction.

PHIL
 That's reduced?

Binsetti spots Phil. The music ominously STOPS.

He lifts a FOOT. Someone rushes over to towel it off.

He steps out and lifts the other FOOT. Another man bounds over and dries it immediately.

He lumbers over to Phil, towering over him.

BINSETTI
I don't know you.

The Sunglass Man whips out Phil's WALLET. Checks his LICENSE.

SUNGLASS MAN
Phil Kotlowitz, Mr. Binsetti.

Binsetti looks at him closely.

BINSETTI
Phil Kotlowitz...

Binsetti strides over to a chair with a COAT draped over it.

BINSETTI
That make you the same Phil Kotlowitz
that left my Katerina at the altar?

PHIL
Actually, it was more like an office-

Binsetti withdraws a large GUN from the coat pocket.

BINSETTI
Alright, Phil Kotlowitz, you have
exactly seven seconds to give me one
good reason why I shouldn't use your
face for target practice.

PHIL
I have a very small face.

Binsetti AIMS.

PHIL (cont'd)
I love your daughter.

Binsetti COCKS the weapon.

PHIL (cont'd)
She loves me.

Binsetti halts. UNCOCKS the gun. Phil checks his pulse.

INT. VILLA HALLWAY - DAY

Binsetti walks Phil down the hall with his huge arm around him, two men in tow with Polonius and Phil's bag.

BINSETTI

My daughter speaks very highly of you.
 (beat)
 She must have you confused with
 someone else.

PHIL

I wouldn't put it past her.
 (looking around)
 Speaking of Katherine, sir, where
 exactly is she?

BINSETTI

Hmm?

PHIL

Katherine. Your daughter. With the
 earthquake coming, I assume she's
 here.

BINSETTI

Never assume with Katherine, Mr.
 Kotlowitz.

PHIL

(stunned)
 She's not here? Of course she's here.
 Where else would she...

Binsetti arches his eyebrow.

PHIL (cont'd)

She's not in town! The Big One's
 gonna be in town! Tell me she's not
 in town!

Binsetti shrugs and walks into the next room.

PHIL (cont'd)

(sighs)
 Of course she's in town.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ON A LARGE SCREEN TELEVISION:

A news helicopter is filming small crowds in San Francisco.
 Some hold up signs. One reads: "REVELATIONS 2:2." Another:
 "THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN IS AT HAND!" Another: "GOT MILK?"

BINSETTI

My daughter doesn't put much salt in predictions, Mr. Kotlowitz.

PHIL

She better put some salt in this one.

BINSETTI

It's just a- what'd they call it? An "advisory." They've made them before.

PHIL

Mr. Binsetti, please don't ask me how I know this, but I know. That earthquake is going to hit, it's going to hit hard, and it's going to hit in exactly...

(checks watch)

Thirty Five minutes.

Phil picks up a PHONE and passes it to Binsetti.

PHIL (cont'd)

Get her out of there. Please.

Binsetti reluctantly dials. Waits... He hangs up.

BINSETTI

I'm sure she's fine.

PHIL

You have to go in and get her.

BINSETTI

If you're so worried, why the hell don't you go?

PHIL

(agonized)

If I'm anywhere remotely near that city, I'll die.

BINSETTI

Then quit whining. "Katherine this, Katherine that... but don't look at me." If you're worried about her, then take some responsibility and do something about it. Otherwise, shut the hell up.

Phil clams up, meekly sitting back down on the couch.

Binsetti shakes his head and calls over an ASSISTANT.

BINSETTI (cont'd)
Okay- I'm going to need a car...

Phil watches from the sofa, the shame washing over him.

BINSETTI (cont'd)
Bring it around to the front right
away.

Suddenly, Phil bolts up and picks up the BIRD CAGE.

PHIL
Excuse me!

He slaps the cage handle into Binsetti's hand.

PHIL (cont'd)
Hold this will you? I've got an Ark
to catch.

He storms out the door...

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The highway is a jumbled, snarled mess of TRAFFIC on both sides of the center divider, as cars have desperately jumped over onto the citybound side to avoid the gridlock.

Phil darts in and out of the honking cars in one of BINSETTI'S SEDANS, desperately threading his way back toward the distant spires of the city.

He checks his watch: 11:45AM.

PHIL
I'll never make it.

He spots a BILLBOARD on the side of the road: HELITOURS.

EXT. HELITOURS - DAY

Phil runs up and bangs on the door. Nothing.

THE WHIR OF BLADES whine behind the building. Phil runs around the side to find a HELICOPTER coughing to life.

PHIL
HEY! WAIT!

He runs to the helicopter and bangs on the glass. The pilot, FRANK MARTIN, cracks open the door.

PHIL

I need you to take me into the city.

FRANK

Take you into? You're crazy.

Phil slaps his WALLET into Frank's hand.

PHIL

I need you to take me into the city.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Phil scours the cityscape, checking hand written DIRECTIONS.

PHIL

Okay- make a left on Fourth.

Frank turns the helicopter down Fourth Street, keeping an amused eye on Phil.

FRANK

Aren't you afraid to be commin' in here today?

PHIL

Terrified.

FRANK

What's so damn important?

PHIL

I'm in love.

FRANK

So am I- that doesn't mean I want to tour an impending disaster area.

Phil spots Katherine's APARTMENT BUILDING.

PHIL

There! Can you get close to that building?

FRANK

I am close.

PHIL

Closer.

FRANK

This is as close as I get.

PHIL

Did I tell you how high the limit is
on my Gold Card?

INT. KATHERINE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Katherine pours herself a hot cup of coffee and walks over to
the window. Yawns and stretches.

She opens the curtain. Outside...

A HELICOPTER HOVERS. She spots Phil inside, waving.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

PHIL

Katherine! Get out of the city! You've
got to get out of the city!

She flicks him off and shuts the curtains.

PHIL

Can you put me down in the street?

FRANK

Look, I don't give a shit how high a
limit's on your-

PHIL

Fine! Take me to the roof.

EXT. ROOF - DAY

The helicopter pops up over the side of the roof and hovers
about fifteen feet off the ground.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Phil puts himself together.

PHIL

Thanks for everything.

FRANK

Why are you thanking me now?

PHIL
Because you're letting me off here.

FRANK
Oh no I'm not. I'm not setting down
anywhere. What happens if the
earthquake starts?

PHIL
It'll just take a second.

FRANK
No it won't, because I'm not setting
down.

PHIL
Fine.

He throws open the CANOPY DOOR.

FRANK
What the hell are you doing?!

Phil readies himself for the jump. The helicopter SHAKES.

FRANK (cont'd)
You can't! The wind's picking up.
Jump at the wrong time, and you'll end
up with a longer fall than you'd like.

As the copter is buffeted about in the CROSSWIND, Phil's view
shifts from a fifteen foot drop to the roof, to a hundred and
fifteen foot drop to the street.

PHIL
Can't you keep the damn thing over the
building?

FRANK
Forget it! You'll never make it!

Phil stares down at the violently shifting view. The wind
buffets his ears, sounding like huge

WAVES OF WATER... Phil's eyes GLAZE OVER...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SINAI PENINSULA - 1628 B.C.E. - DAY

WATER cascades down two huge walls, leaving a path through
the exposed bed of the Red Sea.

PHIL, in nomadic robes, stands on the west bank, hesitating. A mass of ISRAELITES call up to him from the gap in the sea.

CROWD

Phil! Come on already!

PHIL

No, you guys go ahead.

MOSES impatiently emerges from the group.

MOSES

Phil. You must come. Pharaoh will be upon us any moment.

Phil nervously contemplates the exposed seabed before him.

PHIL

I don't know, guys. Yes, it's parted now, but what happens when we get halfway through? What if God gets bored and dozes off? Does the sea stay parted? What if he sneezes or coughs or gets indigestion?

Moses throws up his arms, exasperated.

MOSES

What a *meshuggunah*!

Moses storms off, the rest follow, save one CONCERNED WOMAN.

WOMAN

You'll probably die, Phil.

PHIL

And if that sea wall collapses, you'll definitely die. How can you be so sure you'll make it?

WOMAN

I'm not.

HOOVES- closer, beating like the rotors of a helicopter...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Phil shakes off the FLASHBACK. Stares at the shifting ground.

PHIL
I'm going to jump.

FRANK
You sure you can make it?

Phil thinks about it. Smiles.

PHIL
No.

He jumps.

EXT. ROOF - DAY

Phil plummets out of the helicopter, just as it's BLOWN hard off to the right. As he falls, the roof shifts further and further to the left...

SLAP! Phil's hands just catch the SAFETY RAIL of the roof.

Phil spots Frank SALUTE him from inside the copter before turning and floating up out of the city. He slowly crawls over the railing and onto the roof, just as...

RUMBLE! The ground shakes violently.

SNAP! A POWERLINE over Phil's head rips itself off a generator and rears up, hissing at him.

PHIL
Come on- gimme your best shot.

The powerline viciously SNAPS out. Phil LEAPS back over the railing, grabbing hold as he dangles over the street below.

The poweline just misses, lashing itself into a KNOT around the railing just to the right of his hand.

PHIL (cont'd)
(triumphantly)
Not this time, pal.

GROAN...

The railing SNAPS off at the sides, but remains bolted to the ground, flipping over the side of the roof. Phil arcs with it CRASHING through a WINDOW on the top floor.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

The fire ALARM blares from the prequake. Phil painfully picks himself up off the floor and runs for the front door, halting disapprovingly by a BOOKSHELF.

PHIL
Doesn't anyone alphabetize anymore?

He starts ALPHABETIZING.

RUMBLE! He tosses the book aside and tears out.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Phil bursts out into the hallway of the tenth floor.

PHIL
Katherine?

Suddenly, the CEILING SPRINKLERS erupt en masse. Phil covers his head, and darts off down the hall.

He halts, fascinated by the shiny circular BLADES of the sprinklers, rotating faster and faster...

PHIL (cont'd)
Huh. I wonder if...

He instinctively DUCKS.

A BLADE shoots out from a sprinkler, slicing over his head.

He pops up. Spots a FIREHOSE against the wall.

"Break glass in case of emergency."

PHIL (cont'd)
I'd say this qualifies.

Phil breaks the glass, grabs the FIRE HOSE, and spins around.

TEN SHINY BLADES fly right for his head.

Phil jerks on the WATER, BLASTING them to the ground. Not satisfied, he struts down the hall, hose BLAZING.

A BLADE shoots out. He blows it away. Another BLADE. He blows that away, too. He spins, knocking down ANOTHER attacking from the rear.

Silence.

He coolly surveys the hallway- not a blade in sight. He twists the nozzle off. Blows on the tip.

INT. KATHERINE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Phil pushes open her already ajar door and looks inside.

PHIL
Katherine?

He frantically looks around. Checks his watch: 11:55am.

PHIL (cont'd)
Maybe it's fast.

RUMBLE.

PHIL (cont'd)
Maybe not.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Phil stumbles out and spots Katherine jumping into her car.

PHIL
Katherine- wait!

She sees him and slams the door.

Phil rushes over and bangs on the window. She slowly rolls it down, glaring at him.

KATHERINE
What?

PHIL
You've got to get out of the city.

KATHERINE
Thanks. I might not have figured that out.

She starts her car. Phil checks his watch: 11:58. He dives into the back seat.

PHIL
Come on, we have to get out of here.

KATHERINE

Oh? Yesterday I was Miss Ebola, and today you can't get enough of me, eh? Well, thanks, but no thanks.

She storms out the door, slamming it behind her, and starts off down the street, Phil following behind.

PHIL

Katherine, you don't understand-

KATHERINE

No, you don't understand, Phil. You don't understand "goodbye."

PHIL

I understand "goodbye." Believe me, Katherine, I understand everything.

KATHERINE

Oh really? What exactly do you understand?

He SPINS her around.

PHIL

That it's you, Katherine. It's always been you.

KATHERINE

What's always been me?

FLASH IMAGES: Katherine as the CAVEWOMAN, as SARAI at the ARK, as the WOMAN at KITTY HAWK...

PHIL

You're... You're the...

KATHERINE

(bitterly)

I'm the one who's going to kill you. Right, I know. Not terribly safe for you to be hanging around me with an earthquake on the way, is it?

She marches off.

PHIL

(softly)

I don't care.

She halts. Turns, amazed.

KATHERINE
What did you say?

PHIL
 (astonished)
 I said I don't care.

He smiles, the words feel surprisingly good to say.

Her frown returns and she storms off again.

KATHERINE
 What about safety, Phil?

PHIL
 (following)
 I laugh at safety.

KATHERINE
 What about stability?

PHIL
 I scoff at stability.

KATHERINE
 What about floods and boulders and earthquakes?

PHIL
 I don't care about any of that! I care about YOU!

KATHERINE
 No you don't, Phil. You don't care about anything or anyone but yourself!

PHIL
 Katherine-

He pulls her to him. She covers her ears.

KATHERINE
 I'm not listening.

PHIL
 Katherine-

KATHERINE
 I can't hear you.

Phil rips her hands away from her ears.

PHIL
I LOVE YOU!

She SLAPS him hard.

KATHERINE
So what? Goodbye, Phil Kotlowitz.

She coldly turns and walks away.

TEN SECONDS. He sadly watches her go, powerless...

FLASHBACK: Kitty Hawk Katherine waves at him.

FIVE SECONDS. Katherine shrinks in the distance.

FLASH: Caveman Katherine shrinks in the distance.

FOUR SECONDS.

FLASH: Noah's Ark slams shut.

THREE. Phil looks up at the sky for the last time.

FLASH: The Prehistoric Mountain collapses.

TWO. Phil crumples onto a BENCH and bows his head, resigned.

ONE.

RAPID- FIRE VISIONS: Phil pummeled with an animal bone, a mace, a bat, a lead pipe; stabbed with a broadsword, a short sword, a rapier, a bayonet, an ice pick, a swiss army knife; he is shot, hung, blown up; he drowns, burns, starves, suffocates; dies, dies, dies, dies, DIES.

BEEP- BEEP- BEEP! BEEP- BEEP- BEEP!

The watch alarm sounds. 12:00.

Phil checks the TIME, resigned.

He looks back up at Katherine walking down the street.

Suddenly... he RISES to his feet.

The ground beneath RUMBLES angrily in protest.

He starts out after her.

RUMBLING. Louder.

He walks faster. Faster.

RUMBLING. Deafening.

He breaks into a mad RUN.

The sidewalk BUCKLES violently.

He comes upon Katherine. GRABS her.

Spins her around...

KISSES her.

And as they tumble into each other, passionately, desperately, the very ground beneath them... all of a sudden...

FALLS ABSOLUTELY SILENT.

Nothing. Not a sound, not a shake, not a whispered breeze.

Nothing but a single, simple, invincible

KISS.

Their lips part slightly, just enough for a breath to pass between them.

PHIL
(whispers)
Wow.

KATHERINE
I'll say.

Phil begins to come to. Suddenly jerks up his WATCH:

12:01 PM THURSDAY.

He spins on Katherine in ecstatic joy.

PHIL
Hey! Get a load of me- I'M THIRTY!

KATHERINE
How do you feel?

He does a quick self check.

PHIL
Older.
(elated)
Thank God- I feel older!

He leans in to kiss her. STOPS. Pulls back.

PHIL (cont'd)
That's funny- I guess it didn't hit.

KATHERINE
What didn't?

PHIL
The Big One.

KATHERINE
Well, you know, they've been wrong
befo-

She notices a tiny flake of PLASTER on Phil's shoulder.

KATHERINE (cont'd)
Huh.

Phil picks a FLAKE out of Katherine's hair.

PHIL
Huh.

They slowly turn to the building behind them...

IT HAS NO FACADE.

They look down, and realize they are standing in an
OPEN WINDOW

of the facade. It has crashed down around them.

BOTH
Huh.

They slowly look out-

THE ENTIRE CITY IS DEMOLISHED.

The street sits blanketed beneath a thick layer of DEBRIS.
Phil notices the BENCH where he had sat before now under a
huge PILE OF RUBBLE.

He looks back at Katherine, drinking her in.

PHIL
So this is it, huh? This is what I've
been missing the last hundred thousand
years.

She does a little spin for him.

KATHERINE
Well? What do you think?

PHIL
I think we're going to have a tough
time finding a hotel room.

He amorously scoops her up into his arms.

KATHERINE
(giggling)
Well. What happened to the Phil
Kotlowitz we all used to know and
loathe?

PHIL
He's Ancient History, Katherine.

He smiles.

PHIL (cont'd)
Ancient History.

They KISS.

The camera PANS UP AND OVER the lovers, a romantic oasis
among the ruins, as **Frank Sinatra sings:**

**"That's life, that's what all the people say. You're riding
high in April, shot down in May, but I know I'm gonna change
that tune, when I'm back on top, back on top in June...**

**I said that's life, and as funny as it may seem, some people
get their kicks, stompin' on a dream, but I don't let it, let
it get me down, 'cause this fine ol' world it keeps spinning
around...**

**I've been a puppet, a pauper, a pirate, a poet, a pawn and a
king. I've been up and down and over and out, and I know one
thing: Each time I find myself, flat on my face, I pick
myself up and get back in the race...**

**That's life- I tell ya, I can't deny it, I thought of
quitting baby, but my heart just ain't gonna buy it. But if
there's nothing shakin' come this here July...**

I'm gonna roll myself up in a big ball and die...

My, My!"

FADE OUT.