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in Order of Work Performed)

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JACK

WE NEED TO TALK.

MARLA

SURE.

JACK

I'M ON TO YOU. YOU'RE A FAKER. YOU
AREN'T DYING.

MARLA

WHAT?

JACK

OKAY, IN THE SYLVIA PLATH PHILOSOPHY
WAY, WE'RE ALL DYING. BUT YOU'RE NOT
DYING THE WAY CHLOE IS DYING.

LEADER

TELL THE OTHER PERSON HOW YOU FEEL.

JACK

**YOU'RE A TOURIST. I SAW YOU AT
MELANOMA, TUBERCULOSIS AND TESTICULAR
CANCER.**

MARLA

AND I SAW YOU PRACTICING THIS...

JACK

PRACTICING WHAT?

MARLA

TELLING ME OFF. IS IT GOING AS WELL

AS YOU HOPED... ?

(READS HIS NAMETAG)

"... MR. TAYLOR."

JACK

I'LL EXPOSE YOU.

MARLA

GO AHEAD. I'LL EXPOSE YOU.

LEADER

SHARE YOURSELF COMPLETELY.

MARLA PUTS HER HEAD DOWN ON JACK'S SHOULDER AS
IF SHE WERE

CRYING. JACK PULLS HER HEAD BACK UP. SHE
DEADPANS AT HIM.

JACK

WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS?

MARLA

IT'S CHEAPER THAN A MOVIE, AND

THERE'S FREE COFFEE.

JACK

THESE ARE MY GROUPS. I WAS HERE

FIRST. I'VE BEEN COMING FOR A YEAR.

MARLA

A YEAR? HOW'D YOU MANAGE THAT?

JACK

ANYONE WHO MIGHT'VE NOTICED EITHER

DIED OR RECOVERED AND NEVER CAME BACK.

LEADER

LET YOURSELF CRY.

MARLA

WHY DO YOU DO IT?

JACK

I... I DON'T KNOW. I GUESS... WHEN
PEOPLE THINK YOU'RE DYING, THEY
REALLY LISTEN, INSTEAD...

MARLA

- INSTEAD OF JUST WAITING FOR THEIR TURN TO
SPEAK.

JACK

YEAH.

(BRIEF RECOGNITION BETWEEN THEM, BROKEN AS THE LEADER PASSES.)

LEADER

QUIETLY, NOW. SHARE WITH EACH OTHER.

JACK WAITS TILL THE LEADER'S OUT OF EARSHOT.

JACK

(WARNING)

IT BECOMES AN ADDICTION.

MARLA

REALLY?

JACK SIGHS, THEN PULLS BACK.

JACK

LOOK, I CAN'T CRY WITH A FAKER PRESENT.

MARLA

CANDY-STRIPE A CANCER WARD. IT'S NOT
MY PROBLEM.

JACK

PLEASE. CAN'T WE DO SOMETHING... ?

MARLA STARTS OUT OF THE ROOM. JACK FOLLOWS HER.

LEADER

NOW, THE CLOSING PRAYER.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

MARLA GETS TO THE SIDEWALK, MOVING QUICKLY ALONG.

JACK

WE'LL SPLIT UP THE WEEK. YOU CAN
HAVE LYMPHOMA, TUBERCULOSIS AND -

MARLA

YOU TAKE TUBERCULOSIS. MY SMOKING
DOESN'T GO OVER AT ALL.

JACK

I THINK TESTICULAR CANCER SHOULD BE
NO CONTEST.

MARLA

WELL, TECHNICALLY, I HAVE MORE OF A
RIGHT TO BE THERE THAN YOU. YOU

STILL HAVE YOUR BALLS.

JACK

YOU'RE KIDDING.

MARLA

I DON'T KNOW - AM I?

JACK FOLLOW MARLA INTO...

INT. LAUNDROMAT - CONTINUOUS

MARLA WALKS WITH AUTHORITY UP TO AN UNWATCHED DRYER. SHE

TAKES OUT CLOTHES, PICKS OUT JEANS, PANTS AND SHIRTS.

MARLA

I'LL TAKE THE PARASITES.

JACK

**YOU CAN'T HAVE BOTH PARASITES. YOU
CAN TAKE BLOOD PARASITES -**

MARLA

I WANT BRAIN PARASITES.

JACK

**OKAY. I'LL TAKE BLOOD PARASITES AND
ORGANIC BRAIN DEMENTIA -**

MARLA

I WANT THAT.

JACK

YOU CAN'T HAVE THE WHOLE BRAIN!

MARLA

**SO FAR, YOU HAVE FOUR AND I ONLY HAVE
TWO!**

JACK

**THEN, TAKE BLOOD PARASITES. IT'S
YOURS. NOW WE EACH HAVE THREE.**

**MARLA GATHERS THE CHOSEN GARMENTS AND HEADS
OUT PAST JACK...**

EXT. SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

JACK FOLLOWS, BEWILDERED.

JACK

YOU... LEFT HALF YOUR CLOTHES.

HONK! JACK STARTS. MARLA'S LED HIM INTO THE STREET WITH

TRAFFIC BARRELING DOWN.

MARLA WALKS ON, OBLIVIOUS AS CARS SCREECH TO A HALT, HORNS

BLARING. JACK DASHES, FOLLOWING...

INT. THRIFT STORE - CONTINUOUS

MARLA DROPS THE PILE OF CLOTHES ON A COUNTER. AN OLD CLERK

SIFTS THROUGH THE CLOTHES, BEGINS WRITING ON A PAD.

JACK

YOU'RE SELLING THOSE?

MARLA STEPS DOWN HARD ON JACK'S FOOT. HE WINCES IN PAIN.

MARLA

(FOR THE CLERK TO HEAR)

YES, I'M SELLING SOME CLOTHES.

THE CLERK STARTS TO RING UP THE ASSESSED AMOUNTS.

MARLA

SO, WE EACH HAVE THREE - THAT'S SIX.

WHAT ABOUT THE SEVENTH DAY? I WANT

ASCENDING BOWEL CANCER.

JACK (V.O.)

THE GIRL HAD DONE HER HOMEWORK.

JACK

I WANT ASCENDING BOWEL CANCER.

THE CLERK GIVES A STRANGE LOOK AS HE HANDS MONEY
TO MARLA.

MARLA

THAT'S YOUR FAVORITE, TOO? TRIED TO
SLIP IT BY ME, EH?

JACK

WE'LL SPLIT IT. YOU GET IT THE FIRST
AND THIRD SUNDAY OF THE MONTH.

MARLA

DEAL.

THEY SHAKE. JACK TRIES TO WITHDRAW HIS HAND;
MARLA HOLDS IT.

MARLA

LOOKS LIKE THIS IS GOODBYE.

JACK

LET'S NOT MAKE A BIG THING OUT OF IT.

**SHE WALKS TO THE DOOR, POCKETING MONEY, NOT
LOOKING BACK.**

MARLA

HOW'S THIS FOR NOT MAKING A BIG THING?

**JACK WATCHES HER GO. A MOMENT, THEN HE FOLLOWS
AFTER...**

EXT. SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

**JACK HESITATES, UNSURE, THEN RUN/WALKS TO CATCH
UP TO HER...**

JACK

UM... MARLA, SHOULD WE MAYBE EXCHANGE
NUMBERS?

MARLA

SHOULD WE?

JACK

IN CASE WE WANT TO SWITCH NIGHTS.

MARLA

I SUPPOSE.

JACK TAKES OUT A BUSINESS CARD, WRITES HIS NUMBER
ON THE

BACK, HANDS IT TO HER. SHE TAKES THE PEN, GRABS HIS
HAND

AND WRITES HER NUMBER ON HIS PALM. SHE WALKS INTO
THE

STREET, CAUSING MORE SCREECHING AND HONKING. SHE
TURNS,

HOLDS UP THE CARD.

MARLA

IT DOESN'T HAVE YOUR NAME. WHO ARE

YOU? CORNELIUS? MR. TAYLOR? DR.

ZAIUS? ANY OF THE STUPID NAMES YOU

GIVE EACH NIGHT?

JACK STARTS TO ANSWER, BUT THE TRAFFIC NOISE IS TOO
LOUD.

MARLA JUST SHAKES HER HEAD, TURNS, AND KEEPS
MOVING. A BUS

MOVES INTO VIEW, OBSCURING HER.

JACK (V.O.)

THIS IS HOW I MET MARLA SINGER.