

GUARD #3

by

Doug Molitor

Doug Molitor
P. O. Box 1193
South Pasadena, CA 91031

(323) 221-0077
cdm2@earthlink.net
dougmolitor@sbcglobal.net

WGAw Reg. No. 1148135

OVER BLACK.

BOB (V.O.)
I should be dead. Seriously. I am
alive today only because of luck
and experience. So listen up: What
I have to say can save your life.

EXT. VOLCANO - ICELAND - NIGHT

AURORA BOREALIS shimmers over a snowcapped volcano. An orange
glow from within the cone lights a rising plume of smoke.

INT. CATWALK (SECRET BASE INSIDE VOLCANO) - NIGHT

An ALARM SOUNDS. Agent MILES GUNN, 39, tuxedoed, Scottish
and tough, runs along a steel catwalk beside volcanic rock,
over glowing lava. He removes a cufflink, jams it on a post.

SECURITY (V.O., P.A.)
The prisoner has escaped! Everyone
report to your posts at once!

The cufflink (which bears a "W-7" logo) has a tiny blue light
over a mini-camera lens.

Gunn takes out a large gold cigarette case and opens it, to
reveal plastique explosive. He clamps the case magnetically
to a gas main and taps a big red button: It BLINKS, armed.

Gunn runs on, but behind him GUARD #1 in magenta jumpsuit,
(with matching machine-gun and helmet whose visor covers his
face) leaps off a stairway and cocks his weapon loudly.

GUARD #1
Hold it!

Gunn halts, raises his hands...but smirking, he holds a small
remote control in his palm the Guard behind him can't see.

GUNN
Sorry, I have to blow.

Gunn's thumb presses the remote. The plastique EXPLODES,
hurling Guard #1 against the rail where he falls, dazed.

BOB (V.O.)
That was Gunn, Miles Gunn. Agent
of W-7: A global intelligence
network so secret even the
President doesn't know about it.
(thinks)
(MORE)

BOB(cont'd)

Okay, bad example...So secret, even the Vice President doesn't know about it.

INT. CATWALK (CUFFLINK CAM P.O.V.)

BIGGER AND BIGGER EXPLOSIONS go off at the catwalk's far end.

BOB (V.O.)

You're seeing the feed from Gunn's cufflink-camera. His mission was to destroy the base of a diabolical madman. And from the movies, we know madmen surround themselves with...what? That's right, guards.

Gunn ducks flaming wreckage and leaps for the machine gun at the same moment as Guard #1 does.

BOB (V.O.)

Anonymous, interchangeable. Who cares what happens to them? So, we won't concern ourselves with this first guard...

Gunn wrenches the gun away and decks Guard #1 with the butt.

BOB (V.O.)

...nor the second one...

Guard #2 jumps Gunn from behind, arm around his neck in a chokehold. Gunn drops the machine gun, then elbows Guard #2 and judo-flips him over the rail. Vanishing scream.

Now a door in the rock opens and unarmed GUARD #3 (his visor down) walks out of a restroom, zipping up his jumpsuit.

BOB (V.O.)

...but this one...Guard Number Three. He has a story to tell.

Guard #3 sees Gunn standing over Guard #1. He starts frantically trying to undo his chin strap.

GUARD #3

Oh, crap! Wait! Listen!

BOB (V.O.)

Because the guy under that helmet ...is me.

BOB (Guard #3), 31, tugs and tugs, but can't get his helmet off. Gunn grabs Guard #1's club.

Bob panics and flees into the distance with Gunn in pursuit.

EXPLOSIONS GO OFF along the catwalk. Bob yanks over racks of equipment, throws buckets at Gunn, anything to slow him down. Gunn adroitly ducks or hurdles them, gaining on Bob.

BOB (GUARD #3)
(fading into the distance)
It's me! Leave me alone, damn it!
It's me! It's me!

INT. TUNNEL

EXPLOSIONS going off everywhere. Bob reaches a magenta golf cart before Gunn, but has trouble backing it out.

Gunn and a stunning blonde, TRIPOLI, jump in another cart. Gunn takes off backwards, cranking his wheel and hitting the brake to do a perfect 180-degree turn. They zoom off.

Gunn and Tripoli are in the lead, racing for the exit.

TRIPOLI
He's gaining on us!

Gunn sees Bob's cart behind him, closing in. Bob is still trying to yank his helmet off his head with his free hand.

Gunn pulls out a fountain pen and FIRES it like a gun at a 55-gal. drum. Oil spurts out, making a slick in Bob's path.

Bob finally yanks the strap open and tosses the helmet...just as his tires hit the oil. He starts to skid out of control.

GUNN
So long, slick!

BOB
You ungrateful buttmunch! It's me!

Then Bob looks back --

BOB'S P.O.V. OF THE FIREBALL

racing up the tunnel toward him!

BOB (V.O.)
What was I doing going up against
the deadliest spy in the world...
and how'd I live to tell about it?
Well, that's a long story...

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

A nice but none-too-posh part of town.

SUPER: TWO YEARS AGO

INT. BOB AND MINA'S APARTMENT - SAME

A tiny one-bedroom apartment, modestly furnished.

Bob (Guard #3) wears a guard uniform with an "Argos Museum Security" patch. His wife MINA, 28, beautiful, knots his tie.

MINA

What time do you get off tonight?

BOB

Oh, babe, I forgot, I'm working a double-shift tonight for Matt.

MINA

But I wanted you to pick up a Papa John's. We're rehearsing tonight.

BOB

Another rehearsal? I was hoping we could have a midnight dinner when I get off... watch Conan...get all nuded up...then we both...get off.

MINA

Bob, is that all you ever want from life? Sit at a guard desk all day, then come home for food, TV and sex?

BOB

(thinks a minute)

Yeah, that about covers it.

Bob reaches for his hat, but she pulls him down on the sofa. She toys with his hair, twirling it with her finger.

MINA

Don't you want to do more than... just guard other people's stuff?

BOB
More than be a guard? Mina, that's
the only thing I ever wanted to do!

RIPPLE DISSOLVE:

INT. GRADE SCHOOL - DAY (1986) (FLASHBACK)

A Hall Monitor badge is on the pocket-T-shirt of YOUNG BOB, 11, as he directs younger PUPILS away from a boys' restroom with an off-its-hinges door, marked "Closed for Repairs"

TOUGHS, led by a towering 5'-6" BULLY, 13, grab Young Bob, drag him in the boy's room, dump him headfirst in the toilet.

The Bully flushes, then yanks Bob out with a "swirly" hairdo.

GANG OF TOUGHS (ECHOING)
Haw-haw-haw!/Hey, big man!/You
can't guard shit!/Literally!

INT. BOB AND MINA'S APARTMENT (END FLASHBACK)

Mina, now grossed out, stops twirling Bob's hair and cleans off her finger with a napkin.

MINA
So what does your boss say about a
raise?

BOB
My last review wasn't so hot. I
don't know why he's so down on me.

MINA
Honey, what if you don't have the
right skills to be a guard? Ever
think of that?

BOB
Right skills? Just watch this.

Bob takes a billy club from his Sam-Browne belt, holds it by its tether and starts doing complicated, nunchuk-like moves.

MINA
(flinching)
Okay, Bob, fine. Really. Great.

BOB
Is that skill? Now watch, I call
this one my "Bumper Morgan."

Bob flips the club over his shoulder. It CRASHES through a shelf full of stemware behind him.

BOB
Ooch. Our wedding crystal. I'm
sorry, Mina!

She picks up a script and buries herself in it, ignoring him.

INT. EXHIBIT ROOM - MUSEUM - DAY

Bob stands guard at a big ruby in a glass case. HUGH KERRY, 40, charming British bumbler in thick specs, gazes at it.

HUGH
The Begonia Ruby. Marvelous! How
much do you suppose it's worth?

BOB
The sign says six million dollars.

Hugh leans in, about to touch the glass. Bob pulls him back.

BOB
Sir, if you bump that, alarms will
go off, steel doors will slam down
everywhere -- it'll be a mess.

HUGH
How stupid of me. Of course, you
must protect against thieves. Steel
doors, really? Even the windows?

BOB
Yes, sir.

HUGH
Oh, none of this "sir" stuff. My
name is Hugh.

Hugh offers his hand, and Bob shakes it.

BOB
Bob. Hey, I bet you're English.

HUGH

Good Lord, how'd you know? Yes, I'm here to arrange for my sister's operation. I want the best for her.

(turns to the ruby)

How I envy you, Bob. You have the most fascinating job in the world.

BOB

I wish you'd tell my wife that. She says it's a dead end.

HUGH

Don't you believe it.

HUGH (CONT'D)

You standing there is the only thing preventing some crook from cutting through the glass and making off with the ruby.

BOB

(flattered)

Well, maybe not the only thing.

HUGH

Yes, I'm sure whoever takes the night watch is quite vigilant.

BOB

Oh, there's no one in here at night. We watch through the security camera.

HUGH

(looks around, puzzled)

Now you're pulling my leg. There's no camera in here.

BOB

(chuckles)

Well, you're not *supposed* to be able to see it. It's right there.

Hugh peers where Bob points, and reacts in delight.

HUGH

Marvelous. I'd never have noticed.

BOB

Well, we can't be too careful. We also turn on pressure sensors in the floor. One step and BRRRRING!

HUGH
(loosening his collar)
Is it just me, Bob, or is it rather
warm in here?

Bob puts a hand up toward the air conditioning vent overhead.

HUGH
Sometimes air conditioning ducts
can get blocked. Especially if
they're very narrow.

BOB
Oh, no, that's a thirty-inch duct.

BOB (CONT'D)
But sometimes the fan on the roof
goes out. I'll check it.

HUGH
Before you do, would you mind if I
took a picture of the ruby?

BOB
As long as there's no flash.

Hugh aims an old-fashioned camera at the case. He steps
back, moves to the side, moves back, stands on tiptoe...

HUGH
Drat. Not quite enough light.
Bob, I wonder if I could impose on
you for a small favor...

INT. EXHIBIT ROOM - MUSEUM - DAY (A MINUTE LATER)

His back to the wall, Hugh aims his camera downward.

HUGH
You're sure this is no trouble?

Bob is underneath Hugh. Hugh is standing on his shoulders.

BOB
(teeth gritted)
No trouble...just take...the photo.

Hugh waves off a PATRON entering the empty exhibit room.

HUGH
Excuse me, dear, you're in the
shot.

(MORE)

HUGH(cont'd)

Why don't you see the statue down
the hall of those famous Greek
friends, Damon and Pythias? Thanks!

Puzzled, she exits. Hugh makes sure his camera is beside the
"hidden" security camera, then snaps the shot.

EXT. MUSEUM - SUNSET

Bob sees Hugh to the door.

HUGH

So, off home to the wife, eh?

BOB

Well, not for awhile.

BOB (CONT'D)

I'm working a double shift.

HUGH

I hope you fellows get a break.

BOB

No fellows. It's just me. But
yeah, I take a coffee break at ten.

HUGH

Excellent. Only, never drink
coffee. It's terrible for you.

BOB

Really? What should I drink?

HUGH

Chamomile tea. Wakes you right up.

BOB

Okay! Thanks. Oh, and give my
best to your sister.

HUGH

I definitely will.

INT. EXHIBIT ROOM - MUSEUM - NIGHT

SECURITY CAM P.O.V. - HIGH ANGLE on the ruby. Silence except
for a moth tapping at nearby light fixture. GLOSSY VISUALS
and a puckish Mancini-esque SCORE signal a HEIST CAPER as we

ZOOM OUT TO:

INT. GUARD ROOM - MUSEUM - NIGHT

The ruby is on one of six monitors Bob oversees from a master computer console. An open box of chamomile tea and five soggy teabags are on his desk. Bob dunks a sixth bag in his mug.

BOB
(huge yawn)
Man! How long does it take this
chamomile to kick in?

Bob nods off, SNORING. PAN OVER to an air-conditioning vent.

INT. AIR CONDITIONING DUCT - NIGHT

Hugh is in the duct -- no more thick specs. He's dapper in skintight black, with a light affixed to his head.

Hearing Bob SNORE, he smiles and creeps off into the duct.

INT. EXHIBIT ROOM

A vent near the ceiling by the camera. A bending screwdriver protrudes through the vent, unscrewing the plate. The screw sticks magnetically as the tool pulls it out of its hole.

Hugh clasps the vent plate, turns it sideways, pulls it into the duct. Now he listens...and hears Bob's distant SNORE.

Hugh takes an 8x10 photo he took of the ruby, and attaches a clamp to the wall, then positions the photo in front of the security cam. As he does, Bob's SNORE cuts out.

INT. GUARD ROOM - FEATURING MONITOR SHOT OF RUBY

Bob wakes with a jolt as the photo slips in front of the ruby -- it's the same view. But Bob is in too much pain to notice.

BOB
Agh! Computer neck-Computer neck!

Bob massages his neck. No good, he can't even lift his head. He has to walk around, chin on chest. Then he notes the ruby on the monitor. It seems amiss. (Maybe because it's a day-time photo!) Bob can't quite put his finger on what's wrong.

INT. EXHIBIT ROOM

With remote control in hand, Hugh is lowering himself on a wire from the overhead duct. He stops right above the ruby's glass case. *Carefully* he sticks a suction clamp on the top of the case. He takes a high-speed glass-cutting saw: With a muffled whine it cuts a circular hole around the clamp...

The moth, tapping around the light fixture, now flutters over to the photo Hugh suspended by the security cam.

INT. GUARD ROOM

Bob takes another sip. He glances at the ruby monitor -- a gigantic six-foot moth is seemingly crawling up the ruby's display case. Bob chokes, spewing his tea.

BOB

Sweet Jesus!

Bob frets a moment, then reaches to a panel of switches, and flicks off one that reads "Pressure Sensors - Ruby Exhibit."

INT. EXHIBIT ROOM

Bob flicks on the lights and enters: one hand grips a 4-foot flashlight like a baseball bat; the other, a can of Raid. He looks all around, but can't see any giant moth.

He tries to look up but gasps in pain as his neck spasms.

BOB

Agh, my neck...!

Lucky for Hugh, who is suspended above Bob, holding the ruby.

Just then, something made of paper falls. It skitters across the floor to Bob's feet. He picks it up. It's the 8x10 photo of the room from the security camera's P.O.V.! Bob puzzles over it, trying to figure out what it's doing there.

Bob turns, glances at the empty ruby case, then turns away. In that instant, Hugh quickly replaces the ruby. Suddenly, Bob registers what he saw. He whirls back to the ruby case -- no, it's still there. He blinks. Whew. He's seeing things.

Bob exits the room, still puzzling over the 8x10, as Hugh reaches back down for the ruby. He rises back up on his wire.

INT. BOB AND MINA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

There's only one light on, by the sofa, where Mina is passionately making out with STEVE, 33, amazingly virile.

MINA

Oh, God, you are such a stud! You drive me out of my mind!

STEVE

It's mutual, baby.

Bob enters, neck still stiff, chin still down on his chest. He doesn't even look over as he heads into the bedroom.

BOB

I'm beat, honey. See you in the morning.

MINA

(around Steve's mouth)
'Night, Bob.

INT. EXHIBIT ROOM - MUSEUM - DAY

Bob steps over yellow police tape as he enters...

The exhibit room is a beehive of police activity. UNIFORM and PLAINCLOTHES COPS are dusting for prints.

BOB

Mr. Pangborn, what happened?

PANGBORN, 49, the prissy Museum Director, turns on him.

PANGBORN

I've been calling you all morning.
Where were you?

BOB

In bed. I let the machine pick up.

Bob glances over and his eyes widen at the empty ruby case.

BOB

Oh, my God! Nobody leave this room
-- the ruby has been stolen!

PANGBORN

We know that, you imbecile! It happened on your shift.

BOB
That's impossible! I was either
watching the monitor or checking
this room the whole time. If you
don't believe me, look at the tape.

SMASH CUT TO:

THE TAPE shows the photo drop away from the shot to reveal
Bob at the ruby case, with Hugh dangling over Bob's head.

INT. GUARD ROOM - LATER

Pangborn glares at Bob, murderous.

PLAINCLOTHES COP
You didn't even look up?

BOB
I had a pain in my neck.

PANGBORN
That makes two of us.

ON TAPE: Bob finds the fallen 8x10 on the Exhibit Room floor.

Bob (live) picks the same photo off the desk by the monitor.

BOB
Wait a minute, I think I helped
take this picture.

PANGBORN
You helped...?
(to Cop)
I want this man arrested.

PLAINCLOTHES COP
We're a long way from that.

PANGBORN
Then would you lend me your gun?

PLAINCLOTHES COP
You helped who take it?

BOB
This English tourist named Hugh.
We got to talking, and he...

The Plainclothes Cop shows Bob a snapshot from his notebook.

BOB

That's him! How do you know Hugh?

PLAINCLOTHES COP

As Hugh Kerry, international jewel thief.

BOB

Jewel thief? But...he said he was in town to help his sister get an operation.

PLAINCLOTHES COP

That explains the note he left.

The Plainclothes Cop hands Bob a note: "Bob - Sis really did need surgery. Thanks for helping her out, Hugh."

BOB

(touched)

Aww!

(then, realizing)

Aww...goddamn it.

PANGBORN

(to Cop)

Just five seconds with your gun.

BOB

Sir, I know this is a bad time.

But, about that raise we discussed?

Pangborn advances on Bob, backing him to the door.

PANGBORN

Forget the raise. Forget you ever worked here. You are fired.

Beyond fired. You're incinerated.

BOB

Okay, fine! I believe I'm entitled to two weeks' severance. And a reference letter.

Pangborn stares at Bob, speechless.

INT. BOB AND MINA'S APARTMENT - SUNSET

Bob walks in. This time he's looking right at Mina and Steve, who are again making out passionately on the sofa.

MINA

Oh, God, you are such a stud! You drive me out of my mind!

STEVE

It's mutual, baby.

Bob watches, a little peeved. He checks his watch. Finally Mina and Steve come up for air.

STEVE

And...scene.

MINA

So Bob, what do you think?

BOB

Uh...very nice.

STEVE

What about that last bit, where I groped her breast? It just popped into my head and I went with it. Did it seem contrived, or real?

BOB

Extremely real. What exactly are you rehearsing, anyway?

MINA

The Mentos commercial we're up for.

BOB

That's going to be in a TV ad?

STEVE

It's an improv. If we go too far, the director will pull us back.

BOB

If he has a crowbar. Do you mind if I talk to my wife, Steve?

STEVE

I got a thing anyway. See ya, Mina.

Steve grabs his jacket and leaves.

MINA

Why were you so rude to Steve? He's really sensitive.

BOB
Mina, I...I got fired.

MINA
What? How?

BOB
Oh, something's missing and I got blamed. But I learned an important lesson for my next job.

Bob goes to a chalkboard stuck to the fridge and writes down:
"RULE 1: NEVER TRUST WHAT PEOPLE TELL YOU."

MINA
Next job? So you got another one?

BOB
No, but it's a slam dunk. Pangborn even gave me a reference.

Bob hands Mina his reference letter. She scans it, her expression growing grim.

MINA
See, Bob, this is why I wish you'd gone somewhere a bit more rigorous than Security Guard Academy.
(reads)
"I cannot recommend Bob too highly" -- that can be taken two ways. And "he's a cretin"? Not a reference to your ancestors on Crete.

BOB
I was wondering about that, because all my people were from Sweden.
(points to a sentence)
But what about this?

MINA
Do you know what "dearth" means?

BOB
It's like...a wealth, right?

MINA
No, a lack. So "extraordinary dearth of ability" means he's calling you a major screwup.

Bob grabs back the letter, betrayed.

BOB
That bastard!

Fuming, Mina taps Rule #1 on the chalkboard.

* * *

TWO PROGRESSIVELY WORSE JOBS LATER, BOB IS WEARING A NECK BRACE FOR A WHIPLASH INJURY...AND HAS BOUGHT HIMSELF BODY ARMOR FOR HIS NEXT GUARD JOB. JUST TO BE ON THE SAFE SIDE.

HE HAS TAKEN WHAT HE THINKS WILL BE A SAFE ASSIGNMENT, GUARDING THE HACIENDA OF DON ALFONSO, A WEALTHY SOUTH AMERICAN PHILANTHROPIST.

WHEN HE LEARNS HE'S ACTUALLY WORKING FOR A RUTHLESS DRUG LORD BOB STEALS BOLT CUTTERS AND MAKES A BREAK FOR THE BACK YARD.

* * *

EXT. FENCE IN JUNGLE - NIGHT - SERIES OF FAST CUTS

Bob runs for the barb-wire-topped fence as fast as he can. Reaching it, he starts snipping through the chain links.

Bob drops the cutters and slips through the gap. At least, he tries. The body armor and helmet are too bulky and he gets snagged. He can't reach the bolt cutters. He tugs, frantic.

BOB (V.O.)
Rule Four: Don't rely on fancy equipment. It'll only trip you up.

TIME CUT TO:

EXT. FENCE - NIGHT (TEN MINUTES LATER)

P.O.V. of someone in the dark on the other side of the fence, moving in on Bob. Bob weary, is still trying to free himself. Then a burly hand pushes him back onto Alfonso's land.

Bob finds himself clutched from behind by SERGEANT STONE, 43, a towering, bare-chested muscleman with sergeant stripes tattooed on his biceps. Stone wears camou paint and fatigues, and has a thick Teutonic accent.

SGT. STONE
Tanks for cudding oben de fence.
And now, vun good turn deserfs
anodduh.
(you get the idea))

Stone tries to wrench Bob's head to the side with violence, but something's stopping him -- it's Bob's steel neck brace.

BOB
Hey, what are you doing?

SGT. STONE
I bet this is an unexpected *twist!*

Stone wrenches harder.

BOB
Ow! You freaking lunatic!

SGT. STONE
Stop, you'll turn my head. Better yet, I'll turn *yours!*

Another violent twist. But that darn neck brace is hard to bend -- he can only turn Bob's head about sixty degrees.

SGT. STONE
Oh, the hell with it.

Stone pulls out a knife and tries to get at Bob's throat through the neck brace. Bob tries to pull his hand away.

BOB
Who are you?

SGT. STONE
Sergeant Stone. Army commando.

BOB
What army?

SGT. STONE
American, of course.

BOB
Of course. I recognized the twang.

SGT. STONE
Ja, I get that a lot. I spent my sophomore year as exchange student in Vienna. I guess the accent kind of stayed with me. Now that we've got that out of the way...

Frustrated, Stone starts trying to stab Bob in the chest.

BOB
Will ya quit it? I'm not your enemy!

SGT. STONE

Ja, right. You're wearing body armor and Alfonso's uniform because they're so fashionable.

BOB

When I realized he was a drug lord, I tried to quit! I'm on your side!

SGT. STONE

I wish I could believe you.

HACIENDA GUARDS (O.S.)

¡Aquí! ¡Intrusos! ¡Máteles!

SGT. STONE

Looks like you'll come in handy.

Stone holds Bob before him. Bob ducks his head as Hacienda Guards burst from the jungle FIRING Uzis. Gunfire RICOCHETS off Bob's helmet and tears up his uniform, leaving metal blossoms in the Kevlar beneath. Stone is untouched.

BOB

OW-OW-OW-OW-OW-OW-OW-OW-OW!
Goddamn it, that hurts like a--

BUDDA-BUDDA-BUDDA barks Stone's machine gun as he cuts down their assailants. Now Stone lopes off toward the distant music at the hacienda, still carrying Bob.

BOB (O.S.)

Hey, put me down! I'm not your damn shield!

More O.S. MACHINE GUN FIRE.

BOB (O.S. DISTANT)

OW-OW-OW-OW-OW-OW-OW-OW-OW!

EXT. HACIENDA - NIGHT

Stone crouches in the undergrowth, keeping Bob in a headlock, as he reloads. Distant voices yell in panic.

BOB

Look, we're not at war with San Platano, are we?

SGT. STONE

No. This is just me. My war. Against Alfonso.

BOB
What did he do to you?

SGT. STONE
(a cold fury)
Back in California, a girl who overdosed on Alfonso's cocaine is in a hospital fighting for her life. You know who that girl is?

BOB
(weary sigh)
I know exactly who she is. Your sister.

SGT. STONE
No. I never heard of her before last week.

BOB
Do you even know her name?

SGT. STONE
No, that's why I asked if you knew. I just caught the tail end of a TV report on her.
(furious again)
But it really pissed me off!

More Hacienda Guards round the corner, but their backs are to Stone and Bob. Stone picks up a pebble and tosses it to their left. They all turn. That gives Stone a chance to pick up Bob and rush them from their right. Stone's MACHINE GUN BLAZES. They RETURN FIRE.

BOB
OW-OW-OW-OW-OW-OW-OW!

When the smoke clears, Stone and Bob are the only ones left.

BOB
That pebble trick's pretty neat.

SGT. STONE
I'm out.

Stone ejects his magazine, then casts aside his machine gun. He checks the fallen men's weapons, but drops them too.

BOB
What do you mean, "out"? Out of ammo? What the hell do we do now? We gotta retreat!

SGT. STONE
Retreat, hell. I still have four
slugs in my pistol.

BOB
Four sl--? Are you crazy?!

Stone carries Bob around the corner of the house. He surprises a group of Hacienda Guards at the top of a retaining wall. They get off a few PISTOL SHOTS that RICOCHET off Bob, before Stone, gripping Bob like a board, smacks the men over the wall with him.

HACIENDA GUARDS
Aiiiiieeeeeee!

BOB
AIIIIIEEEEE! Goddamn it, that hurts
worse than the damn bullets!

INT. HACIENDA ENTRY HALL - NIGHT

Alfonso, his Bodyguard, the American Mobster and the Russian Mafioso listen, alarmed, to the GUNFIRE and SCREAMS outside.

BOB (O.S., DISTANT)
Ow! Ooof! Unghh! Shit!

EXT. HACIENDA

Stone, swinging Bob by his feet, knocks a Hacienda Guard through a plate glass window. He drops Bob on the grass.

BOB
(whimpering)
Ohhh, my poor body...

Stone pulls out some huge incendiary grenades, yanks the pins and hurls them over the roof of the house.

INT. HACIENDA ENTRY HALL

Alfonso and the others turn at the sound of explosions from the rear of the house. AN ORANGE GLOW erupts from there.

ALFONSO
The back's on fire! The front
door's our only way out!

WHAM! The front door SHUDDERS with a DULL METALLIC THUD, as if hit by a wrecking ball. Everyone jumps back. Another LOUD THUD and the wood starts to split. Everyone draws their guns.

EXT. HACIENDA

Stone has Bob by his collar and his belt, swinging his helmet against the door as a human battering ram. THUD! THUD!

INT. HACIENDA ENTRY HALL

WHAM! Down comes the door, with a grinning Stone holding Bob.

SGT. STONE

Pizza man!

Bob absorbs the GUNFIRE of Alfonso et al. Stone fires around Bob, taking out Alfonso, his Bodyguard, the American Mobster and the Russian Mafioso. Stone clicks his pistol: empty.

BOB

Thank God! Are we done now?

SGT. STONE

You're still alive?

BOB

No thanks to you! My head feels like hammered dogshit.

EXT. HACIENDA

Bodies and fire everywhere. Stone carries Bob over his shoulder, heading toward the retaining wall.

BOB

I told you, I'm not part of Alfonso's gang!

SGT. STONE

I wish I could believe you.

BOB

What does it matter? You killed everybody else! I just want to go home. You can drop me anywhere.

The last Hacienda Guards run around a corner, guns raised.

SGT. STONE

Okay, I will.

Stone lifts Bob over his head and hurls him at the Guards. They topple like dominoes off the wall. It's a long drop.

Bob and the Hacienda Guards fading screams can be heard. Followed by, a distant THUD below.

EXT. ROAD BELOW HACIENDA - NIGHT

The Hacienda burns atop the cliff.

Forty feet below on the road, as Bob lies atop the other Hacienda Guards, moaning.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY (WEEKS LATER)

BOB'S P.O.V.: A DOCTOR and NURSE enter with cheery smiles.

DOCTOR

How are you today, Mr. Brown?

Bob is in full body cast. Just his eyes, nose and mouth show.

BOB

I've got this terrible itch!

DOCTOR

You've been saying that every day for four weeks. It gets kind of tiresome after a while.

BOB

I can only imagine how you must suffer.

The Doctor checks the incoming IV fluid bag, and the outgoing catheter urine bag.

DOCTOR

You're lucky your union has a good HMO. Flew you back here from San Platano, top-grade medical care...

(sotto to Nurse)

Sure you got the right bags on the right tubes?

NURSE

Pretty sure.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

The Doctor puts Bob's chart back on the bed.

DOCTOR
Don't worry, we'll have you back on
your feet inside eight months.

BOB
But my insurance runs out in June.

DOCTOR
(chuckles)
Did I say eight? I meant four.

EXT. BERT'S HOUSE - BUS STOP - DAY

SUPER: 4 MONTHS, 1 DAY LATER

Bob, still in full body cast, fingers clutching a lunchbox,
rides up a bus's disabled-elevator. He overbalances at the
top and topples back off.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING LOBBY - DAY

Bob, in his cast topped by a doorman's cap, is propped in a
doorway. He can't even hold the door for MRS. GRUBER, 76, a
sour old lady carrying grocery bags.

BOB
Good morning, Mrs. Gruber.

MRS. GRUBER
Hello, useless.

She struggles to open the heavy door, enters the lobby and
pushes the elevator button. Now Bert walks up.

BERT
Bob, you should be in bed.

BOB
I need to work another month to get
my medical back!

Bob glowers at Mrs. Gruber waiting for the elevator.

BOB
Even if they are lousy tippers.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Bert is with Bob, who's lying on a bed in his cast. The Doctor REVS up his cutting saw, then bends toward a table of instruments. He turns back, REVVING the saw -- and wearing a Leatherface mask. Even in a full body cast, Bob jumps a foot.

BOB

Jesus!

DOCTOR

(chuckles)

Sorry, just something I do to lighten the mood.

(not removing the mask)

Seriously, though, I do need you to pay in advance.

Bert digs out his wallet and starts counting out bills.

EXT. BERT'S HOUSE - DAY

Bob, still brushing plaster dust off himself, gets off the bus with Bert. He's pretty rubber-limbed, and needs Bert's support to walk him to the door.

BOB

So...that guard named Lisa...she never asked to come see me?

BERT

You're not scared of women anymore?

BOB

I think I'm over it. My big phobia now is bodybuilding krauts.

BERT

Hey, me too! But Lisa, I didn't hear from.

BOB

Who did you hear from?

BERT

Mina. She said when you're up to it, you should stop by.

BOB

Huh. Well, she never signed the divorce papers. You think maybe she still has feelings for me?

INT. BOB AND MINA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The MUSIC is up high, wine glasses are on the table, and Mina is passionately making out with FRED, 35, another studly guy. The doorbell RINGS. They don't even get up. Bob walks in.

BOB

Guess I should've called first.

MINA

Bob! I thought you were Chinese food.

Mina jumps off the sofa and comes over to kiss him.

MINA

Oh, welcome home, baby! I've missed you so much! I want to give our marriage another chance.

BOB

You two rehearsing for another commercial, or the same one?

MINA

Silly boy. Fred's not an actor. He's an insurance agent.

BOB

Oh, that's --
(realizing)
Then why the hell were you making out with him?

MINA

(thinking fast)
Oh, well, he does community theater. In fact, we're rehearsing "The Man Who Came to Dinner."

BOB

Just as long as he doesn't stay for breakfast.

Fred and Mina chuckle politely.

FRED

Actually, Mr. Brown...we've also been discussing insurance. I think you've been a little reckless.

BOB

I've been reckless?

MINA

Fred pointed out you don't have a dime of life insurance. Security guard can be a dangerous position.

BOB

(eyes narrowing)

Fred's in a pretty dangerous position himself.

MINA

(turning on the tears)

Well, if that's all you trust me... and that's all you care about me, then *don't* get insurance. Leave me a destitute widow!

BOB

What kind of widow?

MINA

Destitute. It means broke.

FRED

For a million dollars of coverage, the premium's only fifty bucks. Isn't your wife worth fifty bucks?

BOB

Well...of course she is.

Fred hands Bob the application.

FRED

And don't forget, you can't take it with you.

MINA

(kicks Fred)

"The Man Who Came To Dinner"!

Bob starts to sign, then pauses.

BOB

Hey, what's this double indemnity?

FRED
Special clause for security guards.
We pay double if you fall into lava
or get vaporized by a laser.

BOB
Does that ever happen?

FRED
Hardly ever.

Bob gives him a very suspicious look, but finally signs.