

EXCERPTED FROM THE ORIGINAL FEATURE SCRIPT "SAINT JACKIE",
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INT. KITCHEN — DAY

Marilyn has the TV on, watching Food Network, as the BAREFOOT CONTESSA instructs her how to make elegant little salmon canapés. THE PHONE RINGS. Marilyn struggles to answer the phone since her fingers are covered in salmony goo.

MARILYN
Hello? Oh hi! Yes, not a minute after 7
o'clock. Great, see you then!

CUT TO:

INT. LAW OFFICE FOYER — DAY

This is an office of someone who is raking in the dough, a Trump wannabe, lux details, glowing wood paneling, shining gold chrome accents. It is a bustling place, with PARALEGALS & LAWYERS hurrying across the foyer.

Behind the receptionist, on the wall in gold letters:
ACKERMAN, STEIN & PARTNERS.

INT. RANDY'S OFFICE — DAY

A secretary sits at a polished wood desk in front of the closed door that reads:

RANDY ACKERMAN, ESQ

The secretary is CASSANDRA. She's a young bottle blonde, tight sweater, very plastic looking. She looks busy at the computer.

VIEW OF COMPUTER showing her shopping online at Bluefly. She clicks to checkout, where there are 4 things in her basket — lingerie & high black boots — totaling \$1875.95. She goes to pay and we see it is charged to Randy.

VIEW OF OFFICE as Randy comes up behind Cassandra. He rubs her shoulders and nuzzles her neck. She giggles.

RANDY

I see you're busy as usual.

CASSANDRA

It's all for you, Daddy.

RANDY

You are a very bad girl. You need to be punished.

She giggles.

RANDY

We all set for tonight?

CASSANDRA

Uh huh. We're getting into LaGuardia at 7:30, then I've got rezzies at Waverly for 9, then we go to Fur.

RANDY

St. Regis?

CASSANDRA

Uh huh.

RANDY

Great. I'll see you at the airport. Don't be late.

They kiss.

EXT. MCMANSION — DAY

An expensive SUV is parked in the driveway. A Mercedes convertible pulls up into the driveway. Randy checks his reflection in the visor mirror before stepping out of the car, carrying a laptop case. He strides up the walk to the front door and goes inside.

INT. MCMANSION KITCHEN — DAY

Marilyn is trying to ice an elaborate-looking cake, watching a small TV showing MARTHA STEWART instructing her how easy it is. She struggles with a strange gadget and there is icing all over the place. She hears the door open.

MARILYN
Randy, honey, is that you?

RANDY - OS
Who else would it be?

MARILYN
(to herself)
Oh shoot!

She looks around for something to hide the cake, as she hears RANDY'S FOOTSTEPS clacking towards the kitchen. He gets close and she throws a kitchen towel over the whole thing. Randy enters. He is leafing thru the mail, not looking at Marilyn.

MARILYN
You're home early.

RANDY
So?

MARILYN
Nothing - you just, um, surprised me.

Randy tosses the mail onto the table and goes over to the fridge.

VIEW OF FRIDGE filled with high end products. One shelf filled with brightly colored Monster energy drinks has a sign attached to it that says: "RANDY'S - DO NOT TOUCH" Randy reaches for one of the Monster drinks.

VIEW OF RANDY AND MARILYN

Randy takes a long swig of his drink, then looks again inside the fridge.

RANDY
Have you been drinking my goddamned Monsters?

MARILYN
No, of course not.

RANDY
Well - don't.

He starts to leave the kitchen, then looks up and notices Marilyn covered with icing.

RANDY

Jesus, what the fuck happened to you?

He snorts a mean chuckle and leaves the room. Marilyn looks deflated. She carefully takes the towel off the cake.

VIEW OF CAKE

Icing has stuck to the towel and pulled away from the cake, ruining it. Written in the ruined mess is:

HAPPY BIRTHDAY RANDY!

INT. — MASTER BEDROOM

SOUND OF A SHOWER and steam creeps out from the adjoining bathroom door, which is ajar. The room is neat and prim, with photos of Randy and Marilyn here and there. Marilyn comes in.

MARILYN

(calling to Randy)

Why are you home so early?

No answer. She goes into the bathroom.

RANDY — OS

Get out! God, can't you wait till I take a shower, for Christs sake?

Marilyn returns to the bedroom and sits down on the bed. She realizes she is still wearing the messed up apron, so she takes it off and rolls it into a small ball, holding it tightly in her hands.

Randy comes out with a towel wrapped around himself, drying his hair with another towel.

MARILYN

I was just wondering why you're home so early.

RANDY

I gotta pack a bag.

MARILYN

Really? What for?

RANDY
Client panic in New York. Insists I go there in person.

MARILYN
But it's your birthday. I was going to make us a nice dinner -

RANDY
Oh well, tough shit, right? Clients always come first. Get me my grey suit.

Marilyn goes to the closet and pulls out a suit.

RANDY
(irked)
Not that one, the Prada. Jesus.

She gets the right suit.

MARILYN
Let me pack for you -

RANDY
No - I'll do it.

She stands there for a moment, then walks out.

INT. KITCHEN

Marilyn walks in, looking like she could cry. She picks up the mess of a cake and throws it into the sink. Martha BABBLES from the TV about how easy this cake is.

MARILYN
(pointing the remote at the TV)
Oh shut up.

Click.

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EXT. MCMANSION - NIGHT

Bradley climbs onto the balcony from the ladder, goes to the French door and tries the key. It works. He calls down to Marilyn.

BRADLEY

I'm in!

MARILYN

Don't forget to turn off the alarm!

BRADLEY

Got it! Stay there – I'll let you in the kitchen door!

INT. MCMANSION KITCHEN

Bradley opens the door and lets Marilyn in. She heads for the fridge and opens it.

VIEW OF FRIDGE with the exact same sign declaring: "RANDY'S – DO NOT TOUCH", filled with Monster drinks. Marilyn takes one out from the front.

VIEW OF MARILYN AND BRADLEY

They fumble a little bit with the drink, spilling some on the floor. Then they pour the powdered Ambien into the drink. Bradley takes the bottle and tries to superglue the cap back into place so it looks like it hasn't been opened.

VIEW OF BOTTLE with the cap glued – it looks reasonably untampered-with.

VIEW OF MARILYN AND BRADLEY

Bradley puts the bottle back in the fridge and Marilyn tidies it into place. She grabs some paper towels and cleans up the mess. They hurry out the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. MCMANSION – DAY

TITLE: THE NEXT DAY

Randy, driving a new car, pulls into the driveway with Cassandra in the passenger seat. The car parks next to a shiny new pink convertible.

INT. MCMANSION – NIGHT

The front door opens and Randy and Cassandra come inside. He pulls an LV suitcase and she holds an enormous trophy.

She heads over to the trophy case and adds the new one to the collection. She sighs as she admires all the shiny trophies. Then she walks over to Randy and puts her arms around his neck, kissing him.

CASSANDRA

You're so hot.

Randy is peeling her arms away from his neck.

RANDY

Baby, go get me a Monster.

She trots out as Randy picks up the mail, looking thru it.

INT. MCMANSION KITCHEN

Cassandra opens the fridge and grabs the doped Monster drink. She opens it and takes a big swig.

INT. MCMANSION LIVING ROOM

Cassandra brings Randy the drink. He takes it and notices that it's been opened.

RANDY

Goddamnit baby you know I hate it when you drink my Monster. I fucking hate that.

Cassandra fondles his crotch.

CASSANDRA

I'm sorry, Daddy.

He takes a long, long swig of the drink.

CUT TO:

INT. MCMANSION BEDROOM – NIGHT

Randy is sprawled naked across the bed, snoring loudly; Cassandra is passed out lying across his thigh, as if in mid-blowjob.

INT. MCMANSION KITCHEN — NIGHT

Randy stumbles into the kitchen, naked, clearly groggy. He opens the fridge, roots around in it for a bit, then takes out a package of raw bacon. He tears it open and starts shoving the bacon into his mouth.

CUT TO:

EXT. MCMANSION — NIGHT

Randy, still naked, walks across the lawn, carrying a set of keys in one hand and a raw chicken leg in the other. He gets into his car.

INT. RANDY'S CAR

Randy puts the raw chicken leg into his mouth and tries to start the engine. It doesn't work. He looks down at the keys.

VIEW OF KEYS - they have a pink poodle charm on them - obviously Cassandra's.

EXT. MCMANSION — NIGHT

Randy careens around his car and jumps into the pink car. He starts the engine and starts to back down the driveway, then cranks the wheels and floors it all across the lawn.

LONG VIEW OF STREET - one McMansion after another, as the pink car tears up the lawns and gardens of all the neighbors.

CUT TO:

EXT. 7-11 STORE — NIGHT

The pink car pulls up to the front of the store, jumping the curb slightly, a tangled uprooted rosebush stuck in its grill. Randy gets out, still naked, and goes inside. The CLERK is already on the phone calling the cops.

INT. 7-11

Randy shops along the aisles, then stops at the magazine stand and picks up a copy of JUGGS with a lurid photo of a blonde with DDDD's. He flips thru it, chortling lecherously.

Police lights show in the parking lot, and TWO COPS come inside. With tasers drawn, the cops head for Randy.

COP #1

Down on the ground NOW!!!!

Randy looks at the cops quizzically, then looks around as if to see who they might be talking to.

The cops rush him and force him to the floor.

COP #2

Jesus I think he had a woody goin' on there.

Suddenly Randy starts resisting. Both cops taser the crap out of him.

RANDY

(screaming)

Ahhhhhh - ggagghhhh -ahhhhh!!!!!!!!!!!!

CUT TO:

INT. LAKEHOUSE - DAY

TV SCREEN SHOWING TMZ'S GRAINY FOOTAGE OF RANDY'S ARREST as he is hauled out of the 7-11, doubled over, his genitals digitally masked.

TMZ CHELSEA - OS

OK now daredevil celebrity divorce lawyer Randy Ackerman is becoming one of my favorite celebrity trainwrecks.

VIEW OF MARILYN standing, mouth agape, wearing a bathrobe and drinking her first cup of coffee. Bradley wanders in, scratching, like he's just woken up.

BRADLEY

What's up?

Marilyn points at the TV and turns up the volume.

TMZ CHELSEA - OS

Last night he was busted at a suburban 7-11, buck naked, apparently enjoying the masculine pleasures of a famous quadruple D booby magazine.

VIEW OF TV showing a terrible mug shot of Randy.

TMZ CHELSEA - OS

The cops had to taze him to get him to settle down! Yikes, Randy! What next? Maybe he & Paula Abdul should be introduced. Imagine the offspring!

Bradley takes the remote and mutes the TV. They both sink down onto the couch, staring in disbelief. He takes a sip of her coffee.