

Electric

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ELECTRIC

FADE IN:

EXT. A FIELD OF FLOWERS - DAY

GERI MEYERS, 29, green-eyed, pretty without makeup, wearing pants and a T, stretches out in a lush sunlit field.

A MAN IN WHITE, dark-haired, face a blur, strides toward her, kneels at her feet, a bouquet of freshly picked wild flowers in his hand, which he offers. Geri reaches out. A PHONE RINGS. A phone?

The Man In White finds a white telephone amidst the flowers, puts it to his ear, hands it to Geri.

MAN IN WHITE

It's for you...

INT. GERI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The PHONE RINGING still, Geri, in bed, fighting not to waken, can't stave it off, grabs her cell phone from a nightstand... listens, eyes still closed, GROANS.

INT. GERI'S CPL TRUCK - NIGHT

Windshield wipers THWAP frantically. MIKE VAUGHN, 24, black, aims the spot out along the treeline. Homes all around, dark. Power failure.

MIKE

So, ever seen anyone... ya know, get it?

Geri leans over the dash, wipes down the window.

GERI

It's good when a storm's kickin' your ass.

MIKE

It is?

GERI

Yeah... it makes you more careful. Safe. Always safe. Got it?

Mike lets that notion sink in a beat, nods, mans the spotlight. Geri angles her eyes through the windshield...

GERI (CONT'D)
There! Jack door's open. See?

INSERT: TRANSFORMER. A long fuse tube (jack door) flaps in the wind.

EXT. DARK ROAD/SHOULDER - CONTINUOUS

Dressed in rain gear, Geri and Mike climb down from the truck, head for the pole, look up.

GERI
Too steep for the bucket. No place to put the stiff legs down.

Mike runs back to the truck, pulls an extendo stick off the side, runs back past Geri, who's heading back to the truck. Mike aims the extendo up toward the transformer.

GERI (CONT'D)
Mike! That's not gonna cut it.

MIKE
Huh?

GERI
You got a fuzzy on top of the pot... and he's a little overcooked.

A flashlight shines on a dead raccoon, on the transformer.

GERI (CONT'D)
I'll climb.

MIKE
No, it's okay... I'll do it.

Mike begins gearing up at the truck, as a CPL Underground Service truck pulls up, emergency lights flashing. DEACON PATE, 37, beefy he-man, leans out the window.

PATE
What? They send a girl and a boy out to do a man's job?

GERI
Pate, you sound just like your wife now!

Pate rolls up the window. The CPL truck drives on.

MIKE
Man, I am so glad he's not my partner. Dude is scar-ee.

GERI

He'll only push as far as you let him. Got it? He pushes, push back.

MIKE

Is it true you're the only woman lineman in the whole city?

GERI

No. I'm the only one in the whole county... maybe the whole state.

MINUTES LATER

Mike, climbing gear on (hard hat, safety belt, spiked boots, leather gloves), stands at the pole, glances back warily.

Geri, half inside the truck, nods, aims the spot low on Mike, who grabs a deep breath, hooks up to the pole, jams his gaff spikes in, and starts up...

GERI (CONT'D)

Mike! Butt check it before you go up!

Mike, already 6 feet up, turns back, slips, catches himself.

MIKE

What?!

Geri's searchlight swings right on Mike's back, then up a little higher. Geri shakes her head, waves Mike up.

Mike moves toward the light, slowly. He's halfway up the pole, breathing hard. The light notches higher up the pole. Mike follows it... nearly to the transformer.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Nothing to it...
(A CRACKING below him)
Oh, crap...

He grabs the pole but it's snapped at the base, about to go. He's suspended fifteen feet off the ground.

INT. GERI'S CPL TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Geri throws the truck into gear, drives it toward the pole. She looks out into a ditch. Ditch equals bad.

EXT. DARK ROAD/SHOULDER - CONTINUOUS

Geri climbs out and up onto the top of the truck, crawls across the top to the bucket... climbs in... Mike's hanging on. The pole CREAKS...

Geri shifts the bucket into motion, swings it out and up toward Mike... over the top of the truck, over the front end. The truck slides a little. Its back end lifts, settles back.

IN THE BUCKET

GERI

Hang on, Mike!

The truck slides more. Geri glances down, steers the bucket closer to the pole, so the upper boom presses against it, just under Mike. The jib holds the pole up, while Geri reaches over for Mike.

GERI (CONT'D)

Okay, unhook.

MIKE

No... I'll fall.

GERI

I got you. Do it. Unhook.

Geri grabs Mike around the legs, pulls him. Mike unhooks and lashes a death grip around Geri's neck.

The pole CREAKS, CRACKS. Wires SNAP, spark.

Geri maneuvers the bucket out, just as the pole comes down with a CRUNCH, right across top of her truck.

GERI (CONT'D)

Well, you got your first climb in.

But Mike's passed out.

INT. SPIKE'S PLACE - NIGHT - LATER

A tiny, two bedroom apartment, totally dedicated to the increase of 30 year old SPIKE's body mass, weights abound. A couch in one corner, piled with graduated dumbbells, a bench press in the living room section.

Spike, in tighty whities and back support only, pushes an amazing amount of weight skyward, GRUNTS, HEAVES, lowers, repeats. Geri, drenched, pushes open the front door.

GERI
 Jesus, Spike. Two o'clock. A
 little late, no?

SPIKE
 Somewhere it's early. I will not
 be out massed.
 (grunt)
 Heard you crunched your truck.
 So, what'd they do to you, take
 away your Barbie collection?

GERI
 No, I told 'em you were still
 playing with it.

Spike lifts the weights once more, drops them back onto
 the rack, pops up, poses in a full length mirror, racks
 those shoulder and back muscles, ROARS.

SPIKE
 Do I make you horny, baby?

GERI
 If they changed the definition of
 horny to "wanna puke", the
 answer's "yes."

SPIKE
 Check out the machine. Why
 doesn't he hit you on the cell?

GERI
 (holds cell phone up)
 Maxed out.

Geri heads for the kitchen, switches on the light.

KITCHEN

Counters lined with jars of muscle mass products. Geri
 tabs a button on the answer machine.

ANSWER MACHINE VOICE
 You have 37 messages.

GERI
 Of course I do.

A "1" flashes on the machine. Geri listens.

MILTON'S VOICE
 Hi'ya, Geri. I stopped by and
 talked to your dad. He said you
 moved to Paraguay? Who do you
 know in -- ?

Geri taps a button. "2" flashes.

MILTON'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Geri, I just want to be sure
you're all right. I worry about --

Geri taps again. "3".

MILTON'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Even though we're no longer man
and wife, you know, deep down,
I'm the only one who really --

Geri sighs, tabs the machine off, heads for the bedroom.

INT. GERI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bodybuilder posters everywhere. Trophies. A cot under a window. On a small table, a clock radio softly plays a Muzak-like version of "Daydream Believer", interrupted by

RADIO VOICE

You're listening to WMZK,
elevator music for your home.

Back to the MUSIC. Geri tosses in her sleep.

MILTON'S VOICE

You know you want to dream about
me. You know you do. I'm your
man, Geri.

CLOSE ON GERI'S EYES: A FUZZY DREAM

A dark-haired man, all in white, his features soft, generically familiar, extends his hand for Geri. She reaches for it.

MILTON'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Who the hell is he?

The dream bubble bursts.

INT. CENTRAL POWER AND LIGHT WAREHOUSE - DAY

Geri and Mike dip their screwdriver handles in a bucket of latex insulation, turn them by the tips, drying them.

MIKE

Wow... so you got this psycho
phone guy by day... and this
mystery dream guy by night.

GERI

Yeah, and I'd appreciate it if
you kept it under your helmet,
Mike.

(MORE)

GERI (CONT'D)

Last thing I need around here is
a bunch of macho pole-hoppers on
my back.

MIKE

The days and nights of Geri
Meyers.

GERI

If I could just see his face,
really see it, you know? At
least I'd know who I'm looking
for.

MIKE

Meant to be, you'll find him.

GERI

C'mon... you don't believe that
fortune cookie crap?

MIKE

Sure, see that's how I met
Shondra. I was dating this fine
woman, wanted me with her
wherever she went, too. So, one
day we're at Queenie's Beauty
Boutique...

INT. QUEENIE'S BEAUTY BOUTIQUE - DAY - FLASHBACK

Mike sits beside his FINE WOMAN, while she waits
impatiently at a manicurist's table.

FINE WOMAN

(under her breath)

If she ain't here in ten seconds,
I'm gonna kick some black ass.

MIKE

C'mon, baby, be cool now.

SHONDRA, 28, black, full-bodied, leans over them, picks
up Mike's hand.

SHONDRA

Somebody need his nails done?

Shondra's hand sliding down Mike's shoulder, her smile a
spotlight. Mike slowly pulls his hand back.

MIKE

No, ma'am. Bu-but she does.

FINE WOMAN

Where's Maxine?

SHONDRA
She's out sick, hon.

FINE WOMAN
You think I'm gonna let you touch
these hands. I don't think so.
Who are you, anyway?

Shondra can't take her eyes off Mike.

SHONDRA
I'm Shondra, baby.

While his Woman rants MOS, Mike's lost in Shondra's glow.

INT. SIZZLE FRIED CHICKEN - DAY

Geri and Mike finish up their chicken dinners. Geri's
also deleting her bank of cell phone voicemails.

MIKE
You think I was out looking for
someone new at Queenie's? No
way. But, from that day on, I
knew there was only one woman for
me. That was fate. God sweeping
his gentle touch over this simple
man's world.

GERI
(as she rises)
Right. Now, back to work.
That's the boss sweeping his
gentle touch over the working
man's world.

MIKE
That's cold.

INT. GERI'S TRUCK - DAY

Geri and Mike bounce along in this older truck. Mike
flips pages on a clipboard.

MIKE
Halcyon Fields Development, off
17. Lightning arrestor blew out
in the storm.

GERI
Okay, let's get it done.

Mike picks up the radio between them, turns it on, slides
through the channel samplings of hard rock, jazz, rap...
then, finally, WMZK, and a lethargic "Break on Through."

GERI (CONT'D)
That's good. Right there.

MIKE
Wait. You actually like this stuff?

GERI
Sure. Why not? What?

Mike hides his face behind his hand, shakes his head.

EXT. BEHIND HALCYON FIELDS - DAY

Their truck pulled off the road behind them, Geri and Mike stand at a power pole, eyes up on the pole.

GERI
Looks like that one didn't arrest any lightning. Whadda ya think?

MIKE
About what?

GERI
Getting right back on the wooden horse.

MIKE
Um, sure... I can do that.

Geri sizes Mike up, scratches her head.

GERI
Really? Damn. I haven't changed out an arrestor in months. I'd hate to lose my yard record.

MIKE
Record? You got the yard record?

GERI
Yep. Two minutes flat.

MIKE
A record. And you a woman and all. Damn.

GERI
Okay, let's butt check her.

Geri pulls a shovel off the truck, digs quickly around the base of the pole, grabs her newly insulated screwdriver from her pouch, jabs it into the pole below ground level.

GERI (CONT'D)
 (hands Mike the shovel)
 We good to go?

MIKE
 Yes, ma'am.

GERI
 Mike, do me a solid and don't
 call me ma'am while we're
 working, okay?
 (Mike nods)
 On second thought, don't ever
 call me ma'am.

Mike laughs, chucks the shovel back into the back of the truck, as Geri suits up in her climbing gear.

GERI (CONT'D)
 Okay, let's cool him off. Grab
 the pogo and head down to that
 pole.
 (gestures to a pole)
 Open up the branch line jack
 door. Branch line, capice?

Mike nods, Geri heads for the pole, hooks her climbing strap on.

Mike grabs the extendo stick off the truck, trots away with it on his shoulder, like a pole vaulter.

Geri slides her protective glasses into place, climbs toward the arrestor, pulls a screwdriver out, watches Mike.

ON MIKE

Mike turns out the extendo stick, raises it carefully toward one of the two switches up on the pole. On the end of the stick, a hook moves closer to the "jack door" fuse, and maneuvers past the neutral wire...

ON GERI as she watches Mike carefully. To herself:

GERI (CONT'D)
 Open it, kid. You can do it.

ON MIKE as he swings the stick closer, and finally hooks the ring just above the fuse, pulls. The fuse swings down with a loud, BARKING BURST, which scares him a bit. He hoists the stick over his shoulder, jogs back.

GERI (CONT'D)
 We open and dead?

MIKE
 Yeah, some pop, too. You hear
 it?

GERI

Yeah, I didn't expect that kind'a
load on this little line.

She maneuvers into position, aims her screwdriver into the hotline clamp, jams it into place... an EXPLOSION of electricity, like the ROAR of a train engine, knocks Geri back, her arms bursting into flames.

MIKE

GERI!

Geri blacks out, still hooked on by her safety belt, dangles from the pole like a rag doll. Mike scrambles toward the truck, falls down, looks back up. The fire on Geri's arms out now, she swings, side to side.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Oh, God...

Mike rushes to the truck, grabs his climbing gear, looks back at the pole, tosses the gear down, jumps inside.

INT. GERI'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Mike, hands trembling, grabs the truck Talkabout two-way, clicks it.

MIKE

(into the Talkabout)
Emergency! Emergency! I've got
a lineman electrocuted on a pole.
Can't get her down. Help!

RADIO VOICE

Is he conscious? Give me your
location.

MIKE

(into phone)
I don't know if he's, she's...
Behind Halcyon... uh... off 17.

RADIO VOICE

Stand by!

Mike looks out through the windshield at Geri, her body convulsing before settling, going quiet. He leaps from the truck...

EXT. BEHIND HALCYON FIELDS - CONTINUOUS

Mike runs up to the fence line that separates the street from the development, climbs up the fence...

MIKE

Help!! Call 9-1-1! Somebody!

He heads back to the truck, straps on his gear,
runs toward the pole, stands at the base, looks up,
starts climbing, but he's shaking so bad, he can't plant
his gaffs, and slips down. He starts up again, turns to
the sound of

TREES CRUNCHING, HORN BLASTING

Mike looks toward the fence line. Spike's truck is
barreling through a back yard, plowing down everything in
its path... and finally blasts through the fence.

TUCK, 33, huge, bearded, leans out the driver's window.

TUCK
Get down from there!

Mike slides down with a THUD.

Tuck parks the truck, climbs out, drops the stiff legs
behind both doors, stabilizing the truck.

Up on top, Spike steers the bucket up toward Geri.

SPIKE
Tuck! Check out that main pole.
Drop the damned jack door, now!

MIKE
Already did that!

SPIKE
That's pole's got two units on
it, dammit! You knocked out that
whole neighborhood, but not this
pole! What were you thinking,
man?!

Mike sinks to the ground, as Tuck runs off toward the
pole, an extendo on his shoulder.

Spike lifts closer to Geri, pulls a knife out of his tool
pouch, looks back at Tuck, waiting...

TUCK
CLEAR!

Spike raises the bucket, so it's right under Geri. He
cuts Geri's strap with his knife, pulls her down.

The bucket lowers, Geri in Spike's arms.

Mike takes Geri from Spike, checks her neck for a pulse,
listens for a breath, then starts giving her mouth to
mouth.

SPIKE
C'mon, Geri. C'mon!

INT. A DARK ROOM - DAY

Soft MUSIC over all, a Muzak version of "Up, Up and Away." Barely visible in the meager light, the outline of a lineman lying on a table.

SOOTHING VOICE
Geri. Geri Meyers? Can you hear me?

CLOSE on her face. It's Geri, eyes closed.

A soft yellow light on her face, dull at first, then brighter and brighter. The music, LOUDER. She lies still, dressed in a crisp, CPL uniform, name badge in place on her chest, a shiny hard hat beside her.

The light brighter still, then suddenly that soothing, angelic voice again.

SOOTHING VOICE (CONT'D)
Geri?

Geri's eyes flutter, then open. She looks up to see a blinding white light, then a face, a blurry face, smiling, a bright halo around it. Geri squints, tries to focus.

SOOTHING VOICE (CONT'D)
Geri?

She blinks her vision clear. The face, almost discernible. A doctor? No, a male nurse.

MALE VOICE
V-TACH. THUMP HER. THUMP HER
NOW!!

Geri frowns, and suddenly the nurse's hand closes in a fist, and his smile evaporates into pure determination. He pulls back his fist and slams it into Geri's chest.

INT. ER/TRAUMA ROOM - DAY

FROM OVERHEAD

Geri, on a gurney, surrounded by a swarm of ER nurses, gloved, gowned, working, taking blood pressure readings, applying oxygen, cutting away her T-shirt, sports bra.

Busy, frantic, crowded, a chorus of ALARMS. Somewhere in the background, on the Muzak, "Up, Up and Away."

The Nurse, CHRIS ANGELINO, 30, handsome, jet black hair, glasses. He slams his open palm into her chest again.

INSERT MONITOR: It displays a wide saw-toothed pattern.

DR. ALICE ALPERT, 32, a slight woman, oddly fragile, peers through a clear plastic face shield and goggles. Behind them, black rimmed glasses. She leans in, squints at the monitor, takes a step closer, then retreats.

DR. ALPERT
 Okay, so ventricular tachycardia continues, uh...
 (sniffs hard)
 I just know I'm getting sick. I can feel it coming on. This place is... ugh.
 (squints at monitor)
 Okay, the patient, uh, the precordial thump was not effective so... Lido --

TAMEKA
 (holds up the syringe)
 Way ahead of you, Doc.

Nurse TAMEKA RAINES, 35, black, spikes a bag of IV fluids, pushes around Dr. Alpert and connects it.

TAMEKA (CONT'D)
 Lido, a 100 milligram bolus IV push and 2 migs a minute.

DR. ALPERT
 (a syllable behind Tameka)
 Lidocaine, 100 milligram bolus, IV push and drip at 2 milligrams a minute.

Tameka eyes Alpert for a second, injects the medication.

Dr. Alpert takes a step closer to Geri, focuses on the monitor, retreats once again.

DR. ALPERT (CONT'D)
 (off the monitor)
 No change. Okay, all right, defibrillate.

Tameka turns the knobs on the defibrillator.

TAMEKA
 You can touch her, Doc, she won't bite.

Alpert shakes her head... pass.

TAMEKA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Charging, 200 joules.

Geri turns to Chris, smiles weakly.

The machine WHINES. Tameka offers the paddles to Dr. Alpert, who cowers behind Chris. No way.

Tameka smirks, positions the paddles against Geri's chest. The defibrillator SIGNALS, charged and ready.

TAMEKA (CONT'D)
CLEAR!

Everyone takes one step back, except Dr. Alpert, who stays put, right behind Chris, pushing him nearer Geri.

Tameka checks to see that everyone is safely away.

CLOSE on her hands -- her thumbs press both trigger switches. Just as she does,

Geri grabs Chris's hand, as her back arches and the charge surges through her chest.

Chris flies backward into Dr. Alpert, and they both tumble to the floor.

The monitor alarm suddenly quiets, its noise replaced by the steady BEEP, BEEP of a normal cardiac rhythm.

Chris, dazed, as others help him to his feet. Dr. Alpert, still flat on her back. Ignored by all. Chris staggers to Geri's bedside, looks up to the monitor.

ON THE MONITOR -- A steady cardiac rhythm.

CHRIS
(gathers himself)
Sinus rhythm, perfect.

TAMEKA
(sliding paddles
together)
Electricity taketh away and
electricity giveth right back.
(rocks to the beat)
"I got the power..."

CHRIS
(off stethoscope)
Good, good, steady, strong,
excellent.
(off the monitor)
Blood pressure is good.

He quickly, gently covers Geri's chest up. Dr. Alpert's still on the floor. The others step over and around her.

Geri, dazed, reaches to Chris and touches his arm.

GERI
Are you... an angel?

CHRIS
No. An Angel-ino.
(off his nametag, above
it a gold angel pin)
Chris... Angelino.

GERI
(whispers)
I'm all static-y in my head.
I'm... not sure who I am...

CHRIS
You're Geri Meyers.

Chris hands her the nearly melted uniform name badge.

She reluctantly takes it, and when their hands touch... a little spark.

Chris, startled, steps back. Geri, still in zombie-land, doesn't really notice.

Chris, a little anxious after the jolt, touches Geri with one finger. Nothing. He shrugs it off, puts his stethoscope to her chest and listens.

GERI
I'm still a little foggy, doctor.

CHRIS
Well, 7200 volts'll do that. And
I'm not a doctor, but I play one
in ER 12 hours a day.

GERI
What happened? I remember
chicken and a manicure. And... I
saw the bright light. Was I...

Chris points to the overhead exam light and flicks on the switch. The light shines down on Geri's face.

CHRIS
This one?

Geri nods. Chris switches off the light.

GERI
But I heard beautiful music --

CHRIS
Piped in, Geri. 24-7, non-stop
hospital Muzak. One of the
perks.

Geri eyes him curiously.

GERI
Did you say "perk"?

CHRIS
We're going to keep you here for
a few days, check you out.

Chris turns to leave. Geri's eyes are closing, but...

GERI
Chris?

CHRIS
Yes?

GERI
(fading)
I feel like we've met before...
somewhere.

CHRIS
(strokes back her hair)
Think I would've remembered that.

LATER

Two huge hands at her shoulders pin Geri against the bed. Startled, she wakes up to see Spike standing over her, inches from her face, sniffing.

GERI
What are you doing?

SPIKE
Smelling you.

GERI
What?

SPIKE
Yep, Tuck, you're right, kind'a
mesquitey. Must be the creosote.

Spike slaps Tuck on the back. Mike leans over the other side of Geri's bed, takes her hand.

MIKE
You okay?

GERI
Yeah, just a little worn out.

MIKE
Sorry, I messed up, Geri.
Bigtime.

Mike lets go of Geri's hand.

GERI

No... no.

CHRIS (O.S.)

Who said you guys could be in here?

Chris struts up, unhooks the monitor leads, unlocks the bed.

TUCK

Yeah, well, like I told 'em out front, we're with the power company, see, and we're checking this place out. I've already spotted some serious code violations that --

CHRIS

(moves him aside)
Uh-huh. Take a hike.

TUCK

Sure, okay, doc.

GERI

He's a nurse...

Spike and Tuck eyeball each other, Tuck offers a hidden limp wrist and a wink. Spike's stares over at Chris.

SPIKE

You look familiar.

GERI

That's what said I...

CHRIS

I get that a lot...

Geri leans up over the rail, suddenly groggy as hell.

GERI

Richie, you can borrow my bicycle to go to band practice, if you want.

TUCK

Who's Richie? Geri's in a band?

SPIKE

She's not in a band, idiot. Her brain's fried.

CHRIS

Hey, you guys, move the hell out of the way. Last time.

Chris pulls Geri's gurney past them. Geri offers a goofy wave.

GERI
(to Chris)
You want some of my PB & J? It's
Wonder Bread. Builds strong
bodies in 12 ways. We can
share...

MIKE
If it wasn't for that stupid yard
record.

SPIKE
Yard record?

MIKE
Said she wanted to change out
that arrestor, so she could break
her yard record.

SPIKE
Yard record? No such animal,
bud.

Mike freezes on that, as Spike and Tuck walk away.

INT. INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - DAY - LATER

As Geri sleeps. Over the bed, a cardiac monitor, its steady BEEP perfectly synchronized with the steady, even wave form.

The door opens. A tall, slender, man, MILTON, bald on top, 35, wearing sunglasses and a dark business suit, enters.

He carries a large leather case, hurries to a table, sets the case on it, removes his glasses. His eyes dart about.

He opens the case, takes out a notepad, walks to the monitor and begins to copy the vital statistics, then on to each IV, copying the labels.

Geri stirs.

Milton freezes, motionless in an awkward position...

Geri rolls to one side and settles back in.

Milton relaxes, tiptoes back to the table, reaches in the case and takes out a small, round camera, then, moves a chair to the corner, stands on it, pulls an antenna out of the camera's side, peels off an adhesive backing and sticks it to the wall, aiming it down at Geri's bed.

The door opens. Dr. Alpert, holding a surgeon's mask to her face, enters and walks past, without noticing him.

She looks first at Geri, then over her glasses to the monitor, nods and turns to leave. As she does, she spies Milton, standing on the chair.

Startled, she drops the mask, swallows hard and moves backward until her butt's pressed against Geri's bed.

Milton steps down, extends his right hand.

MILTON
Milton, Doctor...
(off her lab coat)
Alpert.

Alice resists, then, uncomfortably, timidly, shakes his hand. Still holding her hand, Milton leads her to Geri's bedside.

MILTON (CONT'D)
Doctor, is there any danger of
electrical mechanical
disassociation?

DR. ALPERT
I... um, I'm not sure. What is
that? See, I'm an intern. And
being a doctor really wasn't
something I --

MILTON
Well, you must be aware that a
patient can have a normal cardiac
rhythm...
(points to monitor)
... but still not have any
heartbeat at all.

DR. ALPERT
Ah, yes... Really?

MILTON
Yes, especially electrocuted
patients.

DR. ALPERT
Oh, right, sure, electrocuted
patients.

MILTON
Shouldn't you take her pulse, see
if it correlates with her EKG?

DR. ALPERT
Her pulse, yes, of course.

Alpert reaches for Geri's arm.

MILTON
Would you prefer to do it,
doctor?

DR. ALPERT
Huh? Oh. Well, why don't we
both do it.

Milton moves to the other side of Geri's bed, takes her
by the left wrist, gestures for Alpert to do the same.

Alpert hesitates, then with two fingers, finally picks up
Geri's right hand. At this instant, the hair on Milton's
and Alpert's contact arms stands straight up. A BUZZ.
Milton and Alpert vibrate together, then simultaneously
drop Geri's hands. They stare longingly into each
other's eyes.

CLOSE ON GERI'S FACE, as she sleeps serenely.

INT. INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - NIGHT

Geri sleeps. Chris sits nearby.

The door opens. DR. JIM HYATT, 55, chart in hand,
enters.

DR. HYATT
Chris, what are you doing up
here? Get a pardon from ER?

CHRIS
I, uh, thought I'd check in and
see --

They look down at her.

DR. HYATT
Yeah, I don't blame you. How is
she?

CHRIS
She's really sweet... uh...
(looks to the monitor)
I mean her heart, the rhythm,
it's sweet, uh, sinus rhythm. No
ectopy.

DR. HYATT
How many times was she zapped?

CHRIS
By us?

Dr. Hyatt nods, watches Chris slip his finger behind her
ear to move the hair back.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Just once, 200 joules.

DR. HYATT
With the jolt she took, there's
bound to be a lot of muscle
damage, especially to her heart.
(listens to Geri's
chest)
Sounds okay... for now. If she
doesn't have any arrhythmias and
her nueros check out, she may
just get through this.
(awkwardly clears him
throat)
Somebody should really be here.

CHRIS
Well... I'm off. I could --

DR. HYATT
(heads for the door)
Call me when she wakes up. I'm
going
to order a CAT scan.

Chris stares at Geri.

DR. HYATT (CONT'D)
Oh... and do I wish you good luck
or congratulations?

Chris shrugs. Hyatt pulls the door open...

DR. HYATT (CONT'D)
(to himself, as he
leaves)
Good luck, you'll need it...

Chris turns on the TV across from Geri, tunes in the
Muzak station to "Good Vibrations," sits bedside, unhooks
his angel pin, fixes it over Geri's heart.

EXT. A BEACH - DAY - GERI'S DREAM

MUSIC continues over.

A hospital bed on a stretch of white sand. Geri awakens,
sits up, yawns, stretches, climbs down.

She jogs across the sand, her hospital gown blowing in
the breeze.

In the distance she spots her dream guy, hair tousled,
all in white, fuzzy still. He's jogging toward her.

They jog, closer and closer, until Geri can almost make out his face. As he pulls off his tousled wig. It's Milton!

INT. INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - DAY, DAWN

Geri, in a cold sweat, sits up with a start, SCREAMS, which wakes up Chris, who'd fallen asleep at her side.

CHRIS

You all right?

He leans over her, checks her pulse. Geri sits up.

GERI

Bad dream. Really bad...

Chris looks at Geri's hands, long red lines leading from both middle fingers and snaking halfway up her arms.

GERI (CONT'D)

Weird, huh?

CHRIS

No... but very unusual.
(checks her pulse
against his watch,
notices the time)
Oh, my god, look at that!

GERI

What?

CHRIS

Nothing. You're fine... I gotta go.

GERI

Wow, that's too bad.

CHRIS

How about some music to keep you company?

She nods. He tunes the TV to its Muzak selector. Something recognizable, romantic plays.

GERI

You like that... music?

CHRIS

Sorry. I should have asked you what you wanted to --

GERI

No, leave it, please. So, a nurse, huh?

CHRIS

Yup, man in a woman's world. But
you... a lineman. I never knew
that... I mean, you're so...

(she hangs on his

pause)

How'd you get into that line of
work?

GERI

Somebody told me I couldn't.

A beat... something between them, and they both sense it.

CHRIS

Okay, then, I better...

GERI

Will you come visit me... I mean,
you
know, to check up... ever?

CHRIS

You're not my patient anymore.

He pulls the door open, but...

GERI

Chris... did, when you were...

(pushes down on her
chest)

... was I... um... ?

CHRIS

All covered up.

Chris waves, exits slowly. Geri pulls her sheets up,
notices the angel pin Chris left there.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Geri, in her hospital gown, angel pin on, walks slowly
down the hall arm in arm with her ICU NURSE.

ICU NURSE

... so I said to him, "Doc, don't
feel so bad, everybody makes
mistakes. Besides, none of us
are gonna liver forever."

(snorts, laughs)

Get it, liver forever?

Geri forces a smile. The ICU Nurse looks up to see

REGINALD "REG" WILSON, 48, maneuvering a floor polisher.

The ICU Nurse looks at her reflection in the glass of a room door, licks her lips, pinches her cheeks, wets her finger and straightens her eyebrows.

ICU NURSE (CONT'D)

Uh-oh.

GERI

What?

ICU NURSE

Nothing. That janitor... has a thing for me.

GERI

Yeah?

As they pass, Reg takes off his cap, his shaved bald head exposed. He bows to her. She "HRRMPHS." Reg turns back to his floor, a big grin on his face.

They slowly move away from each other until each reaches the opposite end of the hall. They turn and once again approach each other, Reg, polisher swiveling out in front of him.

ICU NURSE

I swear, he plans this.

Reg stops, switches the polisher off, doffs his cap politely.

REG

We pass again, like ships in the night.

ICU NURSE

Reg Wilson, you go right on about your business before I report you.

REG

M'lady Gladys, your wish is my command.

He bows, and she moves around him, Geri in tow. Geri's smile gives way to a frown. Knees buckle. She grabs the handrail.

GERI

I don't feel so good.

The ICU Nurse struggles to steady her, keep her up by gripping her hand and arm.

Reg rushes to help, grabs Geri's free hand. The instant he does, the hair on Reg's and the Nurse's contact arms stands straight up. A BUZZ. A VIBRATION.

Their eyes lock, and, like dance partners, Reg and the ICU Nurse mechanically walk Geri to a wheelchair, sit her down.

They simultaneously lock the chair's wheel in place, turn to each and embrace.

ICU NURSE

Oh, Reginald.

REG

Yes, Vonetta...
(eyes heaven)
Thank you, Jesus.

They turn and walk away, arm in arm, leaving Geri staring at her hands, the lines on each, bright red. She touches them together, then quickly pulls them apart.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Geri stirs in her sleep. The door pushes open. Chris peeks inside, steps into the room. He looks up at the monitor, smiles down at her, touches the bed, turns to leave.

GERI

Oh, so, you're my nurse again?

CHRIS

No. Just in the neighborhood.
(looks around, flowers,
cards)

Boy, you must've given that
husband of yours quite a scare,
huh?

GERI

Husband?
(laughs)
I'm not married. I mean I was...
for thirty seven days.

CHRIS

Oh, you believe in long
relationships.

GERI

I don't know how it happened,
really. We met, went on a date.
Next thing I knew I was head to
toe in satin and lace.

CHRIS

Stuff happens.

DR. LANCER (O.S.)
 They said I might find you up
 here.

The door opens all the way and a strikingly beautiful DR.
 ABBY LANCER, 34, leans in.

DR. LANCER (CONT'D)
 Ready to go, dear?

CHRIS
 Yes. Right there.

Lancer pulls the door closed.

GERI
 Wow, she's gorgeous.

CHRIS
 Okay, gotta go.

GERI
 (remembering, grabs the
 pin)
 Hey, thanks for the pin... I can
 keep it?

Chris nods, ducks out.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Geri sits on the edge of her bed. Dr. Hyatt reviews her
 chart.

Geri rolls her long sleeves down, buttons the cuffs,
 adjusts the pin on her breast pocket.

DR. HYATT
 (notices pin, then, off
 chart)
 Well, Mizz Meyers, it looks like
 you dodged a big bullet. Of
 course, you could have some
 lingering effects, such as
 occasional heart palpitation.
 You do, you come back and see us.

FRANK (O.S.)
 You ready to go, champ?

A Senior PINK LADY bangs a wheelchair through the
 doorway. FRANK MEYERS, a swarthy 60's, Clark Gable
 moustache, plaid driver's cap on, rides in the chair.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 (kisses the Pink Lady's
 hand)
 Thanks for the lift, toots.

PINK LADY
Anytime. You've got my number,
right?

Dr. Hyatt rolls his eyes.

Frank pats his chest pocket, climbs up.

FRANK
Oh, I've got your number... right
here
next to my heart, Gwendolyn.

The Pink Lady blushes, steps back into the hallway.

Geri shrugs apologetically for Dr. Hyatt.

INT. HOSPITAL ELEVATOR - DAY

Frank stands behind Geri in the wheelchair, checks out a couple of Nurses, as they exit. The door closes.

FRANK
I should'a been a doctor.

GERI
What? Instead of a bagboy?

FRANK
No, in my first career. I
wouldn't give up the grocery
store now. All those women. So
much fruit on the vine, so little
time to pick.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

A MAID strips down Geri's bed. Chris, bouquet of flowers in hand, peeks in.

CHRIS
Where'd she go?

MAID
Released.

CHRIS
When?

MAID
Five minutes ago.

Chris sticks the flowers in the maid's cart.

CHRIS

(exits)
Thanks.

The Maid smells the flowers.

MAID

Thank you.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Frank wheels Geri down a sidewalk. Geri looks up to the

EMERGENCY ENTRANCE SIGN

GERI

Pop, could we stop in here for a second?

FRANK

What, you got an emergency?

GERI

Yeah, kind of.

INT. EMERGENCY LOBBY - DAY

Frank wheels Geri in through the glass doors. People of all shapes, sizes and levels of damage sit in armchairs, waiting.

TRIAGE DESK

NURSE RATTINGER, 55, glasses, pug-faced, leans forward, hands a clipboard, without looking up, raspy throated...

RATTINGER

Sign in, proof of insurance, take a number.

GERI

No, no I --

RATTINGER

(not looking up)
Look, if you want treatment you gotta sign in and take a number.

GERI

I don't want treatment, I want to see if Chris Angelino is available.

RATTINGER

(still not looking up)
Sorry.

(MORE)

RATTINGER (CONT'D)
 We can't release that
 information. Against hospital
 policy. Now sign in and take a
 number.

FRANK
 (to Geri)
 Oh, it's a nurse you need to see?

Geri thinks about it, nods.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 Leave it to me.

Frank leans onto the desk, takes Rattinger's hand. She looks up, finally. Frank smiles that "Frank" smile, his shiny white dentures spritzering like hell.

Rattinger removes her glasses, plumps her bob.

Behind his back, Frank motions Geri away.

Geri walks right out of the chair, sneaks toward the ER door.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM

Geri steps into the treatment area.

Dr. Alpert rushes up to her, grabs Geri by the shoulder, shakes her hand nearly off.

DR. ALPERT
 Look at you! Wow!

GERI
 I feel pretty good.

Tameka pushes a code cart by, stops.

DR. ALPERT
 You remember Tameka. She...
 (gestures)
 ... started you back up!

GERI
 Thank you.

Geri and Tameka shake hands.

TAMEKA
 Don't mention it. Flying the
 coop, huh?
 (eyeballs the angel
 pin)
 Too bad. I know Chris would want
 to say goodbye.

GERI

He would? He's not here?

DR. ALPERT

Just went off.

(her pager BEEPS)

Well, duty calls. Back to the world of the impatient and infirm. Good luck.

Alpert ducks behind a green curtain.

GERI

She seems... different.

TAMEKA

Yeah, ever since she lost her virginity, she's become a real live functioning human. Guess that's what Marvin meant by "sexual healing."

(taps Geri's chest)

Keep it cool, girl... and buttoned up.

GERI

Wait... was I... not buttoned up?

TAMEKA

Girl, when you gotta get to the goods,
you gotta get to the goods. You know what I'm saying?

Tameka winks... pushes her cart away. Geri stands alone.

EXT. FRANK'S '66 MUSTANG CONVERTIBLE/MOVING - DAY

Frank drives, an ascot around his neck. Geri leans back, her eyes closed.

FRANK

So, you still on the lam? Or you coming home?

GERI

Better take me to Spike's. Milton finds out I'm home, he'll show up with a full staff. Is he still calling the house every five minutes?

FRANK

I don't know. I been kind'a busy.

GERI

Yeah? So, what's her name?

FRANK
Like I said. I don't know. I
been busy, really busy.

Frank TOOTS his horn, three times, flashes his bushy brows. Geri rolls her eyes. Frank floors it. They drive away.

INT. SPIKE'S PLACE - DAY

Keys RATTLE in the door... which pushes open. Geri steps inside the dark room, flips the light switch.

GERI
(sarcastically)
Hi, honey. I'm home.

KITCHEN

Geri sets the hospital bag on the counter beside 2 new small, shiny trophies, looks to the answering machine, its red light flashing. She presses the button.

ANSWER MACHINE VOICE
You have 2 messages.

GERI
Come on, Milton, give it up.
It's over.

TUCK'S VOICE
Yeah, hey, I'm so pissed for you,
Spike. You got ripped off, man.
Second place, my ass, those
judges blow. Call me when you
get in.

The machine BEEPS.

TUCK'S VOICE (CONT'D)
Yeah, Spike, just checking again,
make sure you're okay. Okay?
Okay, call me. Later, okay?

GERI
Okay.

INT. GERI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Geri, CPL T-shirt and shorts, checks out her arms.

INSERT:

Geri's arms -- those long, thin, red lines on both.

BACK TO SCENE:

She switches on the radio. WMZK. "Up, Up and Away"

A KNOCK on the door.

Spike leans in.

SPIKE

Hey, welcome home. You okay?

GERI

Yeah, I'm good.

SPIKE

What's with the arms?

GERI

I don't know. Burns, I guess.
Hey, can I ask you something?

SPIKE

Look, I'm a little tapped, I
spent an extra couple hours in
the tanning --

GERI

No. You've seen guys get it
before. Ever hear of any of
them, I don't know, changing?

SPIKE

Changing? How changing? What
way?

GERI

Any way.

SPIKE

Hey, yeah. That one guy, the
Indian one. Tonto.

GERI

Tontorelli. The Italian indian.

SPIKE

Yeah. They say he could never,
you know, raise the flag after he
took the juice.

A beat.

GERI

Thanks, Spike, you've been a big
help.

SPIKE

Not a problem. Hey, coming back
to work tomorrow?

GERI

Doc says a week. Tuck called.
Sorry
about the contest.

SPIKE

(pulls a hunk of beef
out of a shopping bag)
I am undaunted. New strategy.
Total protein. Red meat.
Nothing but red meat. Second
place... I'm gonna go pump.

Spike poses, ROARS, exits, heads right back in...

SPIKE (CONT'D)

Oh, you know what? That nurse
guy. Tuck thought he might be,
um, you know, but check this, I
knew I recognized him. Runner-up
Heisman Trophy. Wide receiver
Ohio State. Dude ends up a
nurse. How's that for a kick in
the ass.

He exits again, leaving Geri nonplussed.

SERIES OF SHOTS

1. Geri sits on the weight bench, eats a bowl of cereal, clicks the remote and watches TV.
2. Geri checks the answerphone. "O" messages.
3. Back on the weight bench, Geri watches a boxing match.
4. Geri spots for Spike, as he pumps.
5. Geri sits on the weight bench, eats a bowl of cereal, watches TV. She clicks the remote and stops on the "Madeline in the Morning Show." Madeline on the screen, cooking, a big white chef's hat on, a real chef at her side.

EXT. CENTRAL POWER AND LIGHT WAREHOUSE - DAY

HEYWARD BOLLS, 45, a short, round man, stands in the open garage door, a clipboard in one hand. He constantly chews on his fingernails. Mike walks up.

MIKE

You wanted to see me, Mr. Bolts?

HEYWARD

Yep, gotta partner you up with
somebody else 'til Meyers gets
back. Hell of a thing.

MIKE
Okay. Cool.

A CPL truck pulls up. Deacon Pate leans through the passenger window.

PATE
So, you ready to work with a man,
grunt?

Mike looks over at Heyward, who shrugs and walks away. Mike gulps, climbs up into the CPL truck, Pate laughing as the truck pulls away.

INT. SPIKE'S PLACE - DAY

Geri sits on the weight bench, made more comfy with the addition of a couple of her bed pillows. She aims a remote at a VCR under the TV.

INSERT TV SCREEN:

Nothing but snow.

BACK TO SCENE:

Geri reaches over, pops out a videotape, puts another one in.

INSERT TV SCREEN:

Nothing but snow.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL BACK YARD - DAY

Mike sticks a locating bridge in the ground, while Pate mans the "Metro-Tech" box (locates broken lines).

PATE
Okay, that's where the break is.
Now, start digging. We go down
three feet...
(saunters over to Mike)
... and let's say five feet all
sides.

MIKE
What, by myself?

PATE
My truck works underground. No
pole climbing for you today.
Just a lot of digging.

Pate picks up the shovel, chucks it at Mike, who has to dodge it. Pate walks back to the truck.

MIKE

What're you gonna do?

PATE

Me. I'm gotta catch up on my reading.

He pulls open the truck door, reaches under the seat, yanks out a "Hustler", kicks back and enjoys.

Mike starts digging...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BIG BOB'S MOVIE MAN VIDEO LAND - DAY

Geri stands in line, with the same armful of tapes.

A CHECKOUT BOY, 17, pimples, strange bi-level haircut, reaches for the tapes, as Geri steps up.

CHECKOUT BOY

(monotone)

Welcome to Big Bob's Movie Man Video Land, nobody rents videos like Big Bob can. Would you like the, uh...

(slowly, from memory)

... 3 for 3.99 we're out of our mind 3 night special?

GERI

No, we've got a problem. Your tapes are blank. I want my money back.

CHECKOUT BOY

Ummm.

(into microphone)

Manager to checkout.

MINUTES LATER

The STORE MANAGER, 2 years older than the Checkout Boy, equally pimpleized, is enjoined with the Checkout Boy in a pretty vigorous shoving match, over the handling of Geri's "problem."

STORE MANAGER

Yes, I did tell you how to handle this.

CHECKOUT BOY

No, you didn't.

STORE MANAGER

Didn't what?

CHECKOUT BOY

Um, no you didn't sir... ass.

They're about to strangle each other when Geri grabs each by the hand and... a BUZZ. The boys embrace. Other customers applaud.

STORE MANAGER

My bad, bro.

CHECKOUT BOY

No, that one's on me, man.

Geri looks at her hands, glowing red.

STORE MANAGER

(to the Checkout Boy)

Did I tell you I so dig your new do?

Checkout Boy slides his fingers through his hair.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Geri, keys in hand, at her SUV.

MADELINE, 49, across the lot, rushes toward her, waving. A stack of videotapes in her arm.

MADELINE

Yoo-hoo, Geri. It's me, Madeline.

GERI

(under her breath)

Oh, god, not now.

Madeline rushes up and bearhugs Geri, who halfheartedly returns the embrace, careful not to touch her with her hands.

MADELINE

Geri, I've been so worried about you. I heard all about it. Are you better now?

GERI

Yeah, just a little --

MADELINE

Oh, you poor thing, I'm sure you are. But you look absolutely great. We want you back on the show. We're doing another eligible singles segment. And you, young lady, definitely qualify again.

GERI

I don't know, that's how I met
Milton --

MADELINE

So, you struck out your first
time up. Don't let one bad apple
spoil --

GERI

But... he's your son.

MADELINE

Oh, he's a manipulative, anal
retentive little poo. Geri, you
owe it to all those eligible shut-
in, computer geek, momma's boys
bachelors out there.

GERI

Sounds really appealing, but I'm
gonna pass.

MADELINE

(wags her finger at
her)

Remember, she who whispers in the
well about what she has to sell
will never make as many dollars
as she who climbs a tree and
hollers.

GERI

Um... no.

MADELINE

Brain blitz! I'll book you for
a... women in the workplace
special. We'll set it up. And
you'll wear something...

(eyes her up and down)

... a little more feminine. No!
Wait! Makeover. Audiences love
makeovers. You're a perfect
before.

GERI

Thanks for that. I really do
have to go.

MADELINE

(blocks Geri's car)
Where?

GERI

Late for an appointment.

Geri looks around, heads back to the strip center.

MOMENTS LATER

She's peeking around the corner for Madeline, notices a beauty salon.

INT. BEAUTY SALON - DAY

Geri sits in a chair. STEPHAN, 35, a forced accent, tanned like a Saltillo tile, swings around from behind her.

STEPHAN
Well, what can I do for you
today?

GERI
Well, what do you think I need?

A beat.

STEPHAN
Ev-ry-thing.

Stephan CLAPS his hands and his minions converge on Geri's chair.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

Geri, her back to us, puts the phone book away, punches in numbers quickly.

GERI
(into phone)
Yes, we have a delivery for Nurse
Chris Angelino and wanted to make
sure he was in before we sent
someone over.
(...)
Until then. Okay. Thank you.

Geri turns to us. She's made up... dressed, coiffed... too much!

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Geri, all fixed up, sits on a park bench, her eyes peeled on the employee door, where

a couple of nurses exit and walk away laughing.

Moments later Chris steps out and waves, but not at Geri, at Dr. Lancer who drives up in her Jaguar. Chris hops in the car, which pulls away quickly.

Geri stands up and walks off.

INT. SPIKE'S PLACE - NIGHT

Geri, still made up, sits across from Spike, who's laughing too hard to exercise.

GERI
You say anything to anybody, I
grab my hawk bill cutters and
separate you from what separates
us. I don't think you can afford
to lose any testosterone. Do
you?

Spike gulps.

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

Geri's truck, parked on the shoulder.

Tuck eats a burrito, while Spike pumps a sawed-off pole,
his muscles bulging.

Geri, on a pole, reaches for a wire that blows in the
breeze.

CHRIS (O.S.)
Geri, don't!

She looks down to see Chris, in his nurse's uniform,
looking up at her.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Don't grab that wire.

Geri smiles at Chris, reaches for the wire.

GERI
It's okay. I know what I'm
doing.

An EXPLOSION, a shower of sparks.

INT. GERI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Geri, back to her old self, sits straight up, in a cold
sweat. She looks at the clock.

GERI
A dream.

INSERT: CLOCK -- It reads 4:53

BACK TO SCENE:

She switches on the light and sits on the edge of the
bed, sighs, looks at the red marks on her arms.

O.S. -- the steady CLANKING of Spike pumping iron.

INT. SPIKE'S PLACE - DAY/DAWN

Spike, on the bench, pushes an incredible amount of weight skyward.

Geri maneuvers through the mine field of exercise equipment.

GERI

Did you sleep at all last night,
or what?

SPIKE

(in tempo with each
thrust)

Yeah, sure. 2 hours, 47. State
Finals. Gotta pump. What's up
for you today?

Geri can't look at him.

GERI

I don't know. I thought maybe
I'd see how Milton's getting
along. He hasn't called in a
while and --

Spike nearly drops the weights on his neck...

SPIKE

What?! Makeup... Hair...
Milton. That's it! I'm
performing a one-on-one
intervention, right now!

Geri walks away.

SPIKE (CONT'D)

Where are you going? You can't
just walk out on an intervention!

Geri throws a wave behind her, and is out the door.

INT. GERI'S SUV - DAY

Geri drives by the hospital, slows, drives on.

EXT. MILTON'S PLACE - DAY

A cozy little cottage, surrounded by trees, flowers.

Geri's sitting in her SUV at the end of the driveway,
staring out at the cottage.

Milton, in his bathrobe, comes out to pick up the newspaper, looks right up at Geri's SUV, walks back inside. Something makes him come right back out. He pulls on his glasses.

When he looks down the end of the drive this time, Geri's SUV is gone.

INT. GERI'S TRUCK/MOVING - DAY

Mike drives, Geri rides shotgun.

GERI
So, he didn't pull anything on
you, did he?

MIKE
Who, Pate?
(hesitantly)
No, no way.

They ease up behind another CPL truck.

GERI
Remember, he pushes...

MIKE
I know, push back.

GERI
Bingo. There's the dynamic duo
now.

GERI'S POV

Tuck, gnawing on a burrito, steps out from the side of the truck and waves.

Spike stands behind him, pumping a length of sawed off pole over his head.

He throws the pole into the ditch, squints and one-eyes Geri and Mike as

Mike stops the truck. Geri looks around.

MIKE
What's the matter?

GERI
Huh? Nothing... Nothing.

EXT. ROADSIDE - CONTINUOUS

SPIKE
We were wondering if you kids
were gonna show up.

GERI
You could have started without
us.
(looks up)
A busted line? Since when does
that take two crews?

SPIKE
Well, that lightning arrestor's
fried, too. We thought you might
want to, you know, keep your name
in the record books.

Spike looks at Tuck. Tuck laughs, mouth full of burrito,
then tucks his hard hat under his arm, pulls Geri aside.

TUCK
Ger, Spike told me how you
almost, you know, went off the
deep end with Milton.

GERI
(shoots a look at
Spike)
What else did he tell you?!

TUCK
What? He didn't say anything
about the makeup, if that's what
you're talking about. Look, I
just want you to know that I'm
there for you, you know? You
need a shoulder to lean on, a
kick in the butt,
whatthehellver...

GERI
Thanks, Tuck. I'll get back to
you on that. Spike!

Geri opens a side compartment and pulls out a huge wire
cutter, CLICKS it hard, makes sure Spike sees it, throws
it back inside, grabs her climbing gear.

Mike grabs a shovel and heads for the pole.

TUCK
We butt checked her already, kid.
She's solid. We can't afford to
lose no more trucks!

Geri walks to the pole, looks up, then back at Mike,
warily.

MIKE

You sure?

Geri swings her climbing belt around the pole, clips the snap ring, digs a spike into the wood.

GERI

(to Mike)

Yeah, I'm fine. Don't worry about...

(turns to Spike and Tuck)

... THOSE TWO IDIOTS!

Geri climbs quickly, nimbly, halfway up... slows, then finally stops.

The others watch.

Geri leans against the pole, breathing hard. She looks up at the wires overhead, then down to the ground.

She pulls off her gloves, blows on her hands -- the lines bright red, pulsing.

She swallows hard, looks up again. She's dizzy. The scene begins to spin.

SPIKE

She's in trouble.

Tuck throws down his burrito, joins Spike as they gear up.

SPIKE (CONT'D)

Ger, you're gonna be okay.

GERI

(dazed, tentative)

Yeah. Sure I am.

TUCK

Just back down, pal.

Spike, Tuck, Mike all stand at the base of the pole.

GERI

Yeah, uh...

(looks at her hands again)

... okay.

She puts the gloves back on, pulls against the belt and takes a step down, digging in her spike.

SPIKE

That's it, easy. You can do it.

Still 12 feet up, she pulls again and takes another step, then another.

TUCK
Just another coupl'a feet and you
got it.

Geri nods, pulls against the belt, digs in her spike and eases down, when suddenly the spike kicks out.

Geri, in a sliding, free fall.

Spike and Tuck move past Mike, grab for Geri, and together break her fall just before she hits the ground.

Both Spike and Tuck's hair, standing straight out as they hold Geri's hands. A BUZZ. All three on the ground.

Spike and Tuck, flat on their backs.

Mike unhooks Geri's belt.

She sits up, takes Mike's hand, and stands.

MIKE
You all right?

GERI
(dusting herself off)
I just got a little dizzy, that's
all. I'm fine.

Spike, groggy, sits up.

SPIKE
What happened?

Tuck moans. Spike, suddenly alert, crawls over to Tuck.

SPIKE (CONT'D)
(cradles Tuck's face in
his hands)
Tuck! Tuck, you okay? Say
something?

He wipes Tuck's brow. A beat.

TUCK
(bats his eyes open)
Something.

Spike, inches from Tuck's face.

TUCK (CONT'D)
Did you feel that?

SPIKE
Yeah, I did.

Spike stands up and holds his hand out to Tuck. Tuck takes it and pulls himself up. The two men separated by inches.

SPIKE (CONT'D)
(beholding his Tuck)
You guys go on, we got this one.

TUCK
(eyes riveted on
Spike's)
Yeah, we're good.

Geri and Mike don't know quite what to make of these guys.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - DAY

Parked in front, Frank's '66 Mustang. Geri's SUV turns into the drive, parks. She climbs out, reaches back in, grabs a bag of Chinese food from the front seat, walks to the house, past the lit porch light, and opens the door.

INT. BEACH HOUSE - DAY

GERI
Hey, Pop? Anybody home? I got food.

The Senior Pink Lady, from the hospital, in a bathrobe, peeks her head around the corner, waves shyly.

PINK LADY
Hi'ya.

GERI
Oh, hello. The hospital, right?

The Pink Lady nods. The glass sliding doors open and Frank steps into the room, wearing only a towel.

PINK LADY
Frankie, you have company. A lovely young lady.

Frank rushes across the room, shakes Geri's hand. When he does, the towel slips and exposes a bit of Frank's ancient backside.

FRANK
Geri, kid, how you feeling? You remember my kid, right, Gwennie?
(Pink Lady nods)
You know this little girl boxed Golden Gloves at 13? Just like her old man.

Frank fixes the towel and pulls Geri close.

FRANK (CONT'D)
I thought we had a signal. When
the porch light's burning...
(gestures with his arm)
...keep the wheels turning.

GERI
Yeah, but, Pop, it's practically
the middle of the day.

FRANK
Prime time. Post "Price is
Right" and pre early bird buffet
special.

GERI
I brought Chinese.

She hands the bag to Frank.

FRANK
Thanks. How 'bout we try again
tomorrow?

Frank sets the food on the counter, hugs his daughter,
rubs her head, fakes a punch in Geri's gut.

Geri smiles, pretend boxes with Frank a little, ends it
with a light jab on Frank's arm.

GERI
See you, Pop. Enjoy the Chinese.

FRANK
(aside, winks)
Oh, I think she's Irish, hon.
Oh, right...

Geri eyes the Pink Lady, who waggles her fingers.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Geri, hands in her pockets, walks along the beach. The
surf ROARS. Gulls CRY. A full moon, vivid yellow,
shimmers over the ocean.

A couple approaches, laughing, arm in arm. They pass
Geri like she's invisible.

Geri sits on the sand, picks up shells and tosses them
out toward the water. But one shell in particular
catches her eye. She holds it up against the moon. A
silhouette of something. Whatever it is, she can't throw
that one.

INT. SPIKE'S PLACE - NIGHT

Keys RATTLE in the door... which pushes open. Geri, balancing a pizza box with one hand, a six pack in the other, pushes the door closed with her foot.

All lights off. Geri turns around to see dozens of different types of candles, all burning.

GERI
Milton. Has to be.

She sets the pizza and beer on the counter, looks at the answer machine.

INSERT: ANSWER MACHINE

A "0" in the message window.

BACK TO SCENE:

She opens a beer, tosses the cap into the trash and takes a sip. She sets it on the counter, opens the refrigerator door and wedges the rest of the six-pack in between the stacked packages of meat.

In the door, an unfamiliar floral bottle with a screw top, half full, strangely out of place.

She takes it out and reads.

GERI (CONT'D)
"Pink Sunrise, a delicate tropical blend of citrus and passion fruit with just enough white rum to set the spirit free."

Geri shrugs, puts the bottle back, closes the door.

She tears a couple of paper towels off the roll, opens the pizza box, pulls out a slice and takes a bite.

LIVING ROOM

More lit candles, everywhere.

The TV on, the movie: "The Way We Were"

GERI (CONT'D)
All right, Milton, you can come out now. It's not gonna work. We can talk about this if you --

From somewhere in the room, a deep voice, definitely not Milton's...

A DEEP VOICE
Huh?

Geri switches on the light.

GERI
Oh, dear god...

Spike and Tuck on the couch, close, both near tears.

TUCK
Oh, we weren't doing nothing.

Tuck straightens his shirt, slicks back his hair. Geri wide-eyed.

SPIKE
This is such a good movie, Ger.
(wipes his eyes)
Barbra is so... Barbra. Ya know?

Geri, beer and pizza in hand, scans the room, confused.

GERI
What happened? Where's all your gear?

SPIKE
(waves Geri off)
Shh...
(bites his lip)
I love this part.

Tuck nods, leans forward, lifts a champagne glass filled with Pink Sunrise, takes a sip. Spike dabs his eyes.

SPIKE (CONT'D)
What did you say?

GERI
All your equipment?

SPIKE
Oh, yeah. This is much more liveable. Don't you think?
(pats the sofa cushion)
Come on, join us.

TUCK
Yeah, Ger. Take a load off.

Geri, uncomfortable, shakes it off.

GERI
No, thanks, guys, I gotta, uh...
(points to her room)
I gotta get some sleep. I'm beat.

Spike and Tuck, so absorbed in the movie and each other.

SPIKE
(without looking up)
Okay, sweet dreams.

TUCK
Night. G-G-G-Geri.

Geri takes one last look back at them.

INT. GERI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Geri closes the door, sits on her bed. She takes a bite of pizza, chews slowly, mechanically, and swallows.

She looks at what's left of the slice, tosses it in the trash, switches on the radio.

The Muzak version of "A Fool on the Hill."

She reclines on her cot, stares up at the ceiling, holds the angel pin between her pointer fingertips. Tiny sparks dance all over it. Slowly, Geri's eyes close.

ON THE RADIO

The song: a Muzak version of "Waiting For A Star To Fall."

ON GERI'S FACE

She smiles. Peaceful, content. A gentle RAP at the door.

Geri's eyes flick open. The doorknob turns. The door swings open wide. Chris.

CHRIS
Mind if I join you?

Startled, Geri sits up on the edge of the bed

GERI
No, come in. I, uh, was just --

Chris pulls off his glasses, sets them aside, runs his fingers through his hair, so it tousles, roguishly.

Geri gulps.

CHRIS
I hope you don't think I'm too pushy coming over like this, but I just couldn't stop thinking about you today.

He sits down beside her.

GERI
 Me, too. I mean I couldn't stop
 thinking about you... not me.

Geri can't take her eyes off him.

CHRIS
 It's funny, huh? How you just
 meet someone and you can't get
 them out of your head.

Geri nods slowly. ON THE RADIO -- The song changes to a
 Muzak "I Can Dream About You."

CHRIS (CONT'D)
 I love this version.

GERI
 Me, too.

Chris stands, takes her hand. She follows willingly.
 They embrace and begin to dance, passionately, eyes
 locked on. The MUSIC, louder, as they turn to the door.
 More RAPS.

CHRIS
 Isn't that the door?

GERI
 Huh? Oh, yeah, it's just my
 roommate. Ignore him. He'll go
 away.

She snuggles against him, as they dance.

GERI (CONT'D)
 Chris?

CHRIS
 Yes, beautiful?

GERI
 How did you find me?

CHRIS
 I looked you up in the computer
 at work.

The KNOCK at the door, louder still.

GERI
 But, I thought that was against
 hospital policy?

CHRIS
 (his finger tracing her
 lips)
 Silly, Geri, why'd you have to
 figure it out?
 (MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

(pouty)

You ruined your own dream...

He blows her a kiss and waves goodbye, as he melts away.

GERI

NO, NO, DON'T GO!

The door kicks open. Spike charges in. Geri, on the cot, her arms and legs wrapped around a pillow.

SPIKE

Geri, what's going on?!

GERI

(opens her eyes, wide)

What? What? Oh, nothing.

Exercise, stretching...

SPIKE

Oh, okay.

(moves into the room)

Hey, listen, Ger. I was thinking, since you got your Dad's house and everything, and Milton's not bugging you anymore, maybe you could move out.

GERI

Oh... Yeah, Spike, sure...
When?

SPIKE

No big rush.

(a beat)

Tomorrow would be good. Thanks, roomie.

(before he exits)

Oh, you can take that pillow, if you want.

Geri kicks the pillow away.

INT. EMERGENCY LOBBY - DAY

Geri sits and waits... and waits. Finally, a Nurse comes out, clipboard in hand, and takes her back.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

Geri sits on the edge of a bed. Chris peeks in through the curtains.

CHRIS

It is you. Hi. What's going on, Geri?

(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)
(reads his clipboard)
Have a little heart palpitation?

GERI
Yeah. Just a little one. So,
you played football, I hear.

CHRIS
Yeah, 'til my achilles exploded
at the combine. Never got my 40
speed back, but it did get me
into medicine. Why?

GERI
No reason.

CHRIS
(listens to her heart)
Uh-huh... When did you have it?
What were the circumstances?

GERI
What?

CHRIS
The flutter... palpitation.

Geri gulps, goes for it.

GERI
When you walked in.

Chris adjusts his glasses.

CHRIS
So, you're not having any
problems?

GERI
Well, yes. Could you feel my
hands.

He's suspicious, but does it anyway. Their eyes meet.

CHRIS
They're warm.
(flips them over)
You've still got those lines.

GERI
Did you just feel anything?

CHRIS
Yes, I felt your hands.

GERI
That's it?

CHRIS
That's it. Now, it's really
great to see you, but we're
shorthanded this morning and
really slammed. Was there
anything else?

GERI
It just that, when I touch
people...

Chris writes in her chart, not really paying attention.

GERI (CONT'D)
Something happens.

He looks up at her.

CHRIS
What's that?

GERI
Nothing.

Chris offers a polite hug.

CHRIS
It's so good to see you. Really.
You
look great. That makes me happy.

He turns to go, pulls the curtain back.

GERI
Go out with me.

CHRIS
Excuse me?

GERI
Name your pleasure. Dinner.
Movie. Tractor pull. My treat.

Chris hides his smile behind his clipboard, pulls the
curtain closed again.

CHRIS
You don't really look like the
tractor pull type.
(beat)
Listen, um, you're really
flattering me, really. I could
like you, I really could... no, I
mean I do already like you, a
lot... but I'm engaged, Geri...
I'm getting married.

GERI
Right. That model doctor.
(Chris nods)
No ring. You didn't get her a
ring?

CHRIS
She doesn't wear it. Not at
work. Actually, she doesn't like
it... and never wears it, but
it's just a ring, you know?

GERI
Yeah... It's not like it's a pin
or anything.

She shows him she's wearing her pin, right there on her
lapel.

CHRIS
Okay, well, better get back to
work.

GERI
Oh, wait. I brought this for
you.

She reaches into her shirt pocket, hands Chris something
wrapped in purple tissue.

GERI (CONT'D)
What's it shaped like?

Chris unwraps it. The angel shaped shell.

CHRIS
It's shaped like --

GERI
An angel.

He doesn't see it... at all.

CHRIS
Sure it is. It's great.

GERI
Uh-huh. Good luck, Chris.
Really. I mean it. Sorry if
I...

He leans close and kisses her on the cheek.

CHRIS
Thank you.

He cups the shell angel and exits.

GERI

Bye.

(looks at her hands)

Damn! Where were you guys when I needed you?

EXT. CENTRAL POWER AND LIGHT WAREHOUSE - DAY

Heyward WHISTLES, holds his other hand up like a traffic cop and steps out in front of a truck that's about to pull out.

The truck GROANS to a stop. Heyward hurries to the passenger's side, his stocky legs working double time. He climbs up on the running boards, ducks his head inside.

HEYWARD

(winded)

You guys see Spike and Tuck today?

Geri and Mike look at each other, shrug.

MIKE

Haven't seen 'em, Heyward.

GERI

Today? Nope, not today.

HEYWARD

Well, forget it then. I never know where the hell they are half the time, anyway.
Geri, I need to talk to you.

GERI

Look, if this is about the other day,
I'm fine. I just got a little --

HEYWARD

The other day? Why, what the hell happened the other day?

Geri and Mike stare blankly.

IN THE YARD

Heyward and Geri walk side by side.

HEYWARD (CONT'D)

Hell, Geri, you know I value you as an employee, you're a top-notch in my book, woman or no.

Geri nods. Pate walks by, keeps going.

PATE

Hey, sorry about that, Meyers.

GERI

What? What's he sorry about?

HEYWARD

Aw, the hell with him, he's an ass anyway. I'm glad you're feeling better.

(pats Geri's shoulder)

Little R and R puts all the wiring back in place, huh? Aw, let me get right the hell down to it and just say what the hell I have to say. I mean, hell, I wouldn't ask you to do anything I wouldn't do myself, and mind you, you can say no. It's just that it would mean a hell of a lot to me and it might just change the way the company's moving --

GERI

The company's moving what way?

The stop. Heyward pulls her aside.

HEYWARD

Well... they wanna pull you down off the poles, kid.

(a beat)

Trying to pass new policy preventing women from climbing.

GERI

That's gender discrimination. You can't do that.

HEYWARD

If they can show you present a risk to yourself... or others...

GERI

But they can't. No way. I'm your top lineman.

HEYWARD

I know that.

GERI

This sucks!

HEYWARD

I'm in your corner, but something came up that'll maybe switch their tempo on this a bit.

(MORE)

HEYWARD (CONT'D)
 But it means you'll have to do
 something you most likely won't
 want to.

GERI
 What is it? I worked my butt off
 to get on the pole. I'll do just
 about anything to keep my job.

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - DAY

JUST OFF SET, STAGE LEFT

GERI
 I can't believe I'm doing this.

Geri, dressed in a brand new CPL uniform, the angel pin
 over her heart, wrings her hands, touches them together,
 quickly apart, blows on them.

Behind her, wearing headphones and holding a clipboard,
 the STAGE DIRECTOR, 40, headset, baseball cap that reads
 "I'm just doing this 'til Spielberg calls."

STAGE DIRECTOR
 (points to Geri)
 Okay, you're on next.

Geri nods. A Female COP walks by Geri, wiping off
 foundation with a tissue.

COP
 Good luck. That broad's a
 psycho.

GERI
 Thanks.
 (to herself)
 Runs in the family.

ON SET

Madeline talks to the camera.

MADELINE
 Now, continuing with our ladies
 in the workplace, an old friend
 of the show... from Central Power
 and Light, linewoman Geri Meyers.

Geri steps out onto the set. APPLAUSE.

She squeaks out a little smile, nods shyly and waves to
 the meager audience.

MADELINE (CONT'D)
 Geri, come sit by Madeline. Come
 on, don't be shy.

INT. NURSES' LOUNGE - DAY

CLOSE ON CHRIS, blushing, holding up a next to nothing pair of undies.

A dozen Nurses and ER staff members crowded in the small lounge, eating cake.

Balloons and streamers decorate the room. The overhead TV on, "Madeline in the Morning", MOS.

CHRIS
Oh, man, where's the rest of this?

LAUGHS.

NURSE #1
A little something for the big night.

CHRIS
I wonder how they're supposed to stay on.

NURSE #2
They're edible, goof, they're not supposed to stay on.

Tameka, sits on the couch, her feet up, eats cake, only casually paying attention.

CHRIS
(re his shorts)
Whatta you think, Tameka? Main course or just an appetizer?

She gives him her best sexy "bad girl" look, growls, jumps on his lap and puts her arms around his neck.

TAMEKA
I think it's time to get busy, baby. I think you got a bad case of jungle fever and I got the cure.

She buries her face in his neck and mock kisses him. The others laugh. The door pushes open, in struts Dr. Lancer, street clothes, like right out of "Town and Country."

DR. LANCER
So, this is what goes on in the nurses' lounge.

Chris's still in Tameka's hold, his head upside down.

Lancer picks up some crumpled gift wrapping, chucks it in a nearby wastebasket.

CHRIS
Oh! Hey, hi, honey.

Dr. Lancer turns and leaves.

NURSE #1
Hey, Chris, look.
(points to the TV)
Isn't that your electric lady on
TV?

All eyes on Chris as he looks up at the TV.

CHRIS
Yeah... Turn it up.

INSERT: TV SCREEN

Madeline leans close to Geri.

MADELINE
That is such an amazing story.
Geri, you must have nearly died
when your arms caught fire like
that.

GERI
Actually, Madeline. I think
maybe I did die. But, I was
lucky. An angel brought me back
to life.
(shows his pin)
A beautiful angel.

BACK TO SCENE:

Chris's mouth hangs open.

MADELINE (O.S.)
Geri Meyers, a woman so secure in
her femininity, she's not afraid
to climb a pole, show her
masculine side... and climb right
into our hearts in the process.

ON TV

Chris dreamily stares at the TV and Geri.

Behind him, Abby Lancer watches. She's back...

MADELINE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Now, don't go away, we'll be
right back with Geri and your
favorite part of the show, "Get
Real", where real people just
like you say what they really
mean.

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

The camera "on air" light goes out. The Stage Director steps onto the set.

STAGE DIRECTOR
And... we are clear. A minute
thirty we're back. Everybody
hold your marks.
(to himself)
God, I hate live TV.

The make-up crew hustles over to Madeline -- powder, lashes, the works.

MADELINE
I'm parched.

She snaps her fingers. A Stage Hand carries out a tumbler of whiskey on the rocks. Madeline guzzles it down. Geri watches her.

MADELINE (CONT'D)
Medicinal. Doctor's orders.
(to Stage Director)
Okay, who are these two again?

STAGE DIRECTOR
(off his notes)
Neighbors who've hated each other
for over 9 years.

GERI
Can I go now?

MADELINE
No dear. Face time. Feed on it.
(to Stage Director)
You got 'em fired up? Not like
those two bumps on a log you had
out here yesterday. I almost
went comatose.
(juts her chin out for
make-up)
You know something? Would it be
asking too much if just once
these bastards came out here and
beat the living snot out of each
other? It works for Springer.

Geri sits back in her seat. Madeline grabs her leg.

MADELINE (CONT'D)
It's all about the juice in our
business, too, Geri. But our
juice is ratings.

INT. NURSES' LOUNGE - DAY

The party's breaking up, Chris stands in front of the TV, alone. "Madeline in the Morning" is in commercial.

DR. LANCER (O.S.)
It's a three hour drive, dear,
and I plan to do it in two-
forty...

Chris turns to the voice.

DR. LANCER (CONT'D)
(taps her diamond
encrusted Rolex)
... with or without you.

She exits. Tameka, peeks in, cracks an invisible whip.

Chris smiles weakly, switches off the TV.

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - DAY

On opposite sides of Geri and Madeline, the neighbors, CONSTANCE, 32, next to Madeline and MELVIN, 38, next to Geri. They glare menacingly at each other.

MADELINE
(quietly to them)
Now, if you feel like, you know,
clobberin' the crap out of each
other, you have my blessing...
off the record.

STAGE DIRECTOR
Back in five... four... three...

He fingers, "two", and points for "one"...

MADELINE
We're back. And it's time for us
to "Get Real." Melvin and
Constance have lived a life of
hell as neighbors for nearly a
decade. Bickering, invective,
downright hatred. Constance and
Melvin, why don't you both just
"Get real." Tell us your story.

CONSTANCE
Um... well, he scares me, you
know. All the time, he's
looking, staring, leering at me
like some kind'a deviate.

MELVIN
(toward her, then Geri)
Deviate?

(MORE)

MELVIN (CONT'D)
 She's the damned deviate. You,
 power lady, you know what this
 looney tune is? She's a damn
 tease. Prancing around outside
 in nothing but a skimpy, little
 gauzy robe --

CONSTANCE
 (through Madeline)
 It's a free damn country. And it
 ain't gauze... it's silk. Shows
 what you know.

MELVIN
 Whatever it is... she not wearing
 nothing underneath it. I know
 that much.

OOHS from the audience.

CONSTANCE
 (points her finger at
 Melvin)
 Well, if you were any kind of a
 gentleman, you wouldn't look --

MELVIN
 If you were any kind of a lady --

CONSTANCE
 You wouldn't know a lady if you
 saw one! I've seen those tramps
 you run with.

MELVIN
 Me! Hell, your last boyfriend,
 the "drummer", got so hammered
 once, he passed out in your
 overgrown viburnum. Damn morning
 paper hadn't clonked 'im on the
 head, he'd still be there.

Constance stands, pushes her way around Madeline and
 shoves her finger right up in Melvin's face. Geri's
 caught in the middle, eyes widening.

CONSTANCE
 It's none of your business, what
 my friends do in my
 landscaping... on my property --

MELVIN
 (points right back at
 her)
 It's obvious somebody has to
 watch out for you --

CONSTANCE
 (finger wagging)
 Melvin Conners, you are the most
 self-centered man. I HATE YOU!

MELVIN
 WELL, I HATE YOU RIGHT BACK!

Geri reaches up and grabs their extended fingers.

For a beat, all is suddenly quiet, then

A BUZZ as Constance's and Melvin's hair stands straight
 out.

Geri continues to hang on tight to their fingers. They
 both begin to vibrate, then suddenly are thrown backwards
 onto the floor.

The Stage Director rushes onto the set. Madeline steps
 back.

MADELINE
 This is... wonderful.

The audience, standing, silent.

STAGE DIRECTOR
 What happened? What did you do?
 (as he helps Melvin up)
 Cut us! Cut us!

STAGE HAND VOICE
 We're out.

STAGE DIRECTOR
 We're going to get our butts
 sued.

GERI
 I just touched them...

Geri's hands, bright red, the lines, pulsating.

STAGE DIRECTOR
 (backing away)
 Your hands! What's wrong with
 you, lady?

Constance GROANS, pushes herself up off the floor and
 spots Melvin, as he staggers toward her. They embrace.

CONSTANCE
 (points over at Geri)
 It was her... Her hands brought
 us together and con --

MELVIN

-- nected us. My god. My god.
She's got the touch...

MADELINE

(off stage)
Bring us back... NOW! NOW! NOW!

Madeline slides between the couple to Geri.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

You made them fall in love, Geri.
You do have the --

STAGE HAND VOICE

We're back...

GERI

(backing away)
No, I don't think so. I just --

Madeline hugs the life out of her, sideways.

MADELINE

(to camera)
Well, folks. Sometimes our eyes
see things we don't understand.
What you have just witnessed was
not staged. Not coached. Not
phony. Somehow, with the help of
linewoman Geri Meyers, our
feuding, furious couple got
real... and got together. Brain
blitz! We're going to have to
have this special young lady back
again right away!
(to audience)
Whatta ya say?

The audience goes wild.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

Because I'm mad about all of
you... I'm your Madeline in the
morning... signing off.

Madeline SCREAMS for joy. Behind her the "get real"
couple are getting really real.

STAGE DIRECTOR

We're out!

Geri wanders off...

GERI

It does work... just not on him.

INT. LANCER'S CONDO - DAY

A pristine place, all in white, everything arranged just so.

Chris, in jeans, arranges a bouquet of wild flowers in a vase on the mantel, looks around, lifts the purple tissue from his pocket, admires the shell angel inside, sets it on display beside the flowers.

Abby, newspaper in hand, sneaks up behind Chris, hugs him.

DR. LANCER

What's that?

CHRIS

Nothing, just a shell.

Abby picks it up with the tips of her fingers, hands it to Chris.

DR. LANCER

I don't like it. Looks like something a kid would pick up.

Not for here, okay?

(starts off, stops)

Oh, did you see this?

She hands him the newspaper, exits.

DR. LANCER (CONT'D)

Isn't that that electric girl again?

Chris takes the paper, reads.

Newspaper section: Geri on TV and the caption, "Cupid's Touch?"

Chris remembers.

INSERT: Geri, at the hospital, reaches for Chris's hands.

BACK TO SCENE: Chris stares at the paper.

CHRIS

Feel my hands, huh?

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Geri walks down the frozen food aisle, basket in front of her. A Man and a Woman Shopper spot her, zoom their baskets after her.

MAN

Excuse me, aren't you Geri Myers?

WOMAN

(points)

Look, everyone, it's Geri, from
TV!

More shoppers spot her. A wave of excitement buzzes through the store.

Geri abandons her basket, tries to hide, but it's no use, they're hot on her tail.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Geri climbs up the side of a bucket truck. A Photographer pops out of the bucket, CLICKS off several photos of her. Geri takes a swing at the Photographer, who ducks and CLICKS off a few more.

INT./EXT. CENTRAL POWER AND LIGHT WAREHOUSE - DAY

Heyward and Geri huddle behind a "Dot's on the Dot" truck, its engine running.

HEYWARD

Well, I know it's a bad deal, but we've gotta be safe here, Geri.

GERI

This is bull. Can't you do anything?

HEYWARD

Hell, it ain't up to me. Now, get in.

Geri climbs inside an emptied-out food compartment.. Heyward SLAMS the silver door shut, nods to Mike in another truck. Mike pulls his truck out and through the gate. A crowd takes off after him.

Heyward bangs on the hood of the food truck, and it drives out into the yard and safely away.

INT. BEACH HOUSE - DAY

ON TV

FEMALE ANCHOR

Earlier this week we brought you the story of a local TV show and a guest who used what some are calling a shocking power to convert potential combatants to... well, lovers. Let's go live to Jeff Walters who has more on the story.

TV TO WALTERS AT THE HOSPITAL

JEFF WALTERS

Thanks, Hillary. The young woman in question is Geri Meyers, who some say has a "cupid's touch". Since her appearance on the "Madeline in the Morning" TV show, others have come forward to say they, too, have been touched.

Walters turns to Reg Wilson, with flowers in his hand.

REG

It's true. She has the power to change hearts. I experienced it myself.

GERI (O.S.)

Turn it off, please!

ON FRANK/GERI ON THE SOFA. There's a POUNDING at the door.

FRANK

(clicks the TV off)
Damn interesting stuff. I'm proud of you, kid. Here we go again.

Frantic DOORBELL, then KNOCKING, followed quickly by continued POUNDING on the door.

Frank storms across the living room, to the foyer and opens the door.

A swell of TV and newspaper reporters surge for the opening. Frank stands Colossus-like at the door.

FRANK (CONT'D)

WHAT THE HELL IS IT NOW?

REPORTER #1

Is Geri Meyers here?

REPORTER #2

We need to talk to her.

FRANK

Who?

REPORTER #2

Geri Meyers. She lives here, right?

FRANK

No. I told you blood suckers before, I bought this house from her last month.

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)
 Now, leave me alone. I have a
 very sick dog inside. He's got
 Flugarius herpes lesions, very
 contagious.

They all back up a step.

REPORTER #1
 Flugarius herpes? Meyers is
 contagious? Is that it?

FRANK
 Yes. No. I mean my dog's name
 is Meyers. Damn!

Frank SLAMS the door closed, peeks out the minis. Geri
 peers up from behind the kitchen counter.

GERI
 Flugarius?

FRANK
 My plumber.

GERI
 Herpes?

FRANK
 (dolefully)
 My doctor.

GERI
 (cringes)
 Are they gone?

FRANK
 (still at the window)
 I keep using the Valtrex.

GERI
 No, outside. Are they gone?

FRANK
 No. Guess I'm not the liar I
 once was.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - DAY

Reporters mingle at trucks. Cars pull up.

An old, VW van parks on the street. A HIPPIE COUPLE
 climb out, run for the house, hand in hand, call out

HIPPIE COUPLE
 Touch us, Geri Meyers. Bring
 back the love...

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

Frank wheels his trash cart toward the curb. A few Reporters hang around.

FRANK
(just for reporters)
Yup, always lots 'a trash to get rid of.

Reporter #1 angles closer.

REPORTER #1
You don't mind if I take a peek. Supreme Court says once it's on the curb, it's in the public domain.

FRANK
That what they say, is it? The Supreme Court handles trash, too... Well, have a looksee, then. Nothing but wet doggie bandages and what not. Help yourself.

The Reporter thinks about it, reconsiders. Frank pushes on past him toward the curb.

AT THE CURB

Frank sits on the cart, dabs at his brow with a frilly hankie.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Yep. All this attention's sure cramping my style.

GERI (O.S./MUFFLED)
Sorry, Pop. I'll be outta your hair soon.

FRANK
(whispering)
I didn't mean you, Geri. I meant the damn reporters and rest of the flakes hanging around here. They're scaring off all my galfriends.

Frank bends down, picks up a beer can, opens the trash lid.

Geri's inside, squeezed in between a couple of grocery bags. On the top of one of the bags, a couple of Viagra bottles.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 (now serious)
 It's my fault you're in this
 situation. I should'a done
 better raising you as a lady. I
 was stupid.

Frank chucks the beer can inside, conks Geri on the head.

GERI
 Pop, you were great. I wouldn't
 change anything.

FRANK
 Yeah?

GERI
 Yeah.
 (a beat)
 All those women you're with. Are
 you still hoping you'll find, you
 know, the right one?

Frank tries to talk without moving his mouth. He's not
 very good at it.

FRANK
 What kind of question is that? I
 had the right one. The only one.
 Your mother. She was my
 dreamgirl. You understand?

GERI
 Yeah. I think I do.

FRANK
 These others. We're just making
 hay while the sun's shining.
 Running out the clock.

Geri starts to say something, but a Minivan pulls up,
 HONKS.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 There's your ride.

GERI
 (touches Frank's hand)
 Thanks, Pop.

Frank closes the lid on the cart, taps a "goodbye" on it,
 walks back up to the house. The Reporters tail him.

Geri jumps out of the cart, dashes into the Minivan,
 which speeds away.

The Reporters throw down their pads. Frank beams.

INT. MIKE'S MINIVAN - NIGHT

Mike drives. Behind him, MIKE, JR., 2, in a car seat, guzzles some juice. Geri, shotgun, looks back toward the beach house.

GERI

Thanks.

MIKE

Any time, partner. You hungry?

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Shondra totes a platter of chicken to the table, where Mike, Geri, Mike, Jr., KISHA, 5, wait. A baby CRIES O.S..

MIKE

Yup, a whole crowd 'a folks lined up at the shop. Some of 'em spent the night there, too. Blocking the trucks. It was nasty. Ol' Heyward nearly blew a fuse.

SHONDRA

I got reinforcements. Who's still hungry?

GERI

None for me, thanks. I'm pretty full.

SHONDRA

You ain't touched a thing.

MIKE

Shondra.

GERI

It was really good, thanks.

(to Mike)

I can't even go back to work.

Shondra sits down. Mike grabs a chicken leg, chomps down.

MIKE

(to Geri)

You could always put in for a transfer... down south, maybe?

GERI

(watches Kisha)

I'm not so sure I want to leave right now. I've got... things to do here.

Kisha stirs her potatoes with the latex-dipped handle of Mike's screwdriver, twirls the screwdriver by the tip, licks the handle.

SHONDRA

I know I wouldn't.

MIKE

Shondra.

GERI

(to Shondra)

No, it's okay. What would you do?

SHONDRA

I, for damn sure, wouldn't run away. Now, take for example down at Queenie's. Some of the girls, customer complains about something, they don't want to hear nothing about it. But me. I call 'em right up on the phone, get 'em to come back on in. We conversate on it one to one.

MIKE

That's real nice and all, but what's it got to do with Geri's problem?

SHONDRA

You both don't see it? For real?

Mike and Geri look at each other, shrug.

SHONDRA (CONT'D)

T-V. Go right back on that show. Do it again. But this time, show 'em you lost the power. People think you can't help 'em no more, they toss you out faster than a old set of press-ons.

MIKE

Now, how's she gonna do that... when she apparently ain't lost the power, woman?

Geri kicks Mike under the table.

MIKE (CONT'D)

(to Shondra)

I'm sorry, baby. I'm sure Geri appreciates your input.

(spots Kisha with her potatoes)

(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)
 Kisha, baby, how many times has
 Daddy asked you not to play with
 his tools?

Geri stares intently at Kisha.

INT. CENTRAL POWER AND LIGHT WAREHOUSE - DAY

Mike dips his screwdriver handle in a bucket of latex insulation, turns it by the tip until it's dry. He puts the lid on the bucket, looks around, carries the bucket off, spots Pate exiting his truck.

INT. BUILDER'S DEPOT - DAY

A Clerk BLOW DRIES a paint sample, scrutinizes it, hands it across the counter to Frank, who compares it to a Polaroid.

EXT. QUEENIE'S BEAUTY BOUTIQUE - NIGHT

A sign on the door reads "Closed."

INT. QUEENIE'S BEAUTY BOUTIQUE - NIGHT

Shondra sits at her manicures table. Across from her, Geri, arms extended.

INT. LANCER'S CONDO - DAY

Abby straightens the pillows on the couch, all points up. Chris moves one of the pillows.

DR. LANCER
 Please don't rearrange, honey.
 Not after I fix it. Will you
 come with me?

CHRIS
 There's some stuff I need to do.

DR. LANCER
 Stuff? What kind of stuff?

CHRIS
 Um... you know, guy stuff.

DR. LANCER
 Okay, but, I don't want to hear
 any complaints, if you don't like
 the tile pattern.

CHRIS
 (pecks her, taps her
 watch)
 It'll be fine. You better get
 going.

Chris leads her to the front door, shoos her out, hustles
 back to the living area, makes a flying leap onto the
 "just so" sofa, flips on the TV with the remote.

INTERCUT: TELEVISION STUDIO/CHRIS'S CONDO

Geri, dressed up pretty spiffy, sits beside Madeline.

MADELINE
 Now, for the first time live via
 satellite in 63 markets coast to
 coast, welcome to "Madeline in the
 Morning". We're with Geri
 Meyers, whose story was first
 exposed, exclusively, right here
 on our show... before we were
 syndicated.

(nods off camera)
 For those of you who've been
 living under a rock, here's a
 hint of Geri's amazing power.

Footage rolls of the earlier show. Constance and Melvin
 pointing fingers. Geri grabbing their fingers... to the
 love connection.

MADELINE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Through a collision of fate,
 misfortune and circumstance, Geri
 Meyers now possesses the uncanny
 ability to change enemies into
 lovers, foes into friends. Just
 think of what her gift could mean
 to mankind.

Back to live: Madeline takes Geri's hands, holds them up.

MADELINE (CONT'D)
 These two hands could change the
 world.
 Geri, please, in your own words,
 explain this phenomenon for us.

CHRIS (O.S.)
 Yeah, Geri. Tell us...

GERI
 Well, Madeline. I've tossed it
 around a while, and here's how I
 figure it. People, all of us,
 are energy really. You know
 those big green transformers you
 see sitting alongside the road?

CLOSE ON GERI

GERI (CONT'D)
Well, inside those transformers
you got thousands of wires, all
coiled up, running different
ways. Those wires are just
wires, ya know. They're cold,
useless, dead, really... until
you induce a current... apply
voltage. When you do that, you
make those wires hum with
electric power, just what they
were made to do... and that
transformer's transforming, just
like it's supposed to. Maybe I
complete people's circuits.
Understand?

Madeline, uncharacteristically speechless.

ON CHRIS

His jaw slack, as he watches.

BACK TO TV

GERI (CONT'D)
That's kind of how it works.
Maybe.

MADELINE
Well, regardless, let's
experiment, shall we? You've
agreed to be tested
mechanically... not by humans.

Geri nods. PROFESSOR CHARLES HAZELTON, 58, bearded,
wheels a cart out onto the stage.

MADELINE (CONT'D)
Professor Charles Hazelton joins
us from the Hazelton Research
Institute. Professor Hazelton,
what is that interesting piece of
equipment you've brought with
you?

HAZELTON
This device is a voltameter,
Madeline. Quite simply, it
measures any and all electrical
activity, as I will now
demonstrate.

CLOSE ON CART

Hazelton delicately sticks the probes into a receptacle
on his cart. An indicator needle swings.

HAZELTON (CONT'D)
 Simply a measure of electricity.
 Now, we all possess trace amounts
 of electrical energy in our
 bodies, but such an
 inconsequential amount so as not
 to get even the slightest rise
 from our voltameter. If I may...

Madeline nods. Hazelton hands the probes to Madeline.
 She takes them, cautiously.

ON THE VOLTAMETER

The needle, still.

BACK TO SCENE:

MADELINE
 Now, let's try Geri.

Hazelton extends the probes toward Geri. Geri takes them.

ON THE VOLTAMETER: The needle, still.

HAZELTON
 Nothing?

Geri smiles, hands the probes back.

MADELINE
 Nothing? It can't be. That's
 impossible.

She grabs Geri's hand.

MADELINE (CONT'D)
 (to Hazelton)
 Grab her other one.

HAZELTON
 I'd rather not.

MADELINE
 (under her breath,
 phony smile)
 Take it, or no appearance fee.

Hazelton reaches for Geri's free hand, grips it, winces
 in preparation for a shock, finally just shrugs.

HAZELTON
 Nothing.

MADELINE
 Nothing... Shit (bleeped), there
 goes my syndication.

Geri grins.

GERI
 You know, Madeline, I never
 really did believe there was
 anything to it.
 (touches her angel pin)
 I think sometimes people just
 link up, naturally.

ON CHRIS: a trace of a smile, as he admires his angel-shaped sea shell.

INT. MIKE'S MINIVAN - DAY

Mike's entire family high five Geri, as she climbs inside.

SHONDRA
 The best way is the direct way.
 Didn't I tell you?

Geri high-fives Kisha last, pats her on the head.

GERI
 Yes, ma'am. You did.

MIKE
 So, where to now?

GERI
 How 'bout we go the direct way...
 (winks at Shondra)
 ... to the hospital.

MIKE
 Hospital?

GERI
 (adjusts her angel pin)
 I've got this little problem with
 my heart.

Mike smiles, CRANKS the minivan. They drive away.

CLOSE ON GERI'S HANDS as she peels back the painted, latex skin and the fake fingernails.

EXT. EMERGENCY LOBBY - DAY

Geri stands before Nurse Rattinger, clears her throat. She looks up.

RATTINGER
 Oh, hi, there. How's Frankie?

GERI
Great. He's great.

RATTINGER
He sure is...

GERI
Listen, I know it's against the rules, but I have to see... uh --

RATTINGER
Nurse Angelino? Chris?

GERI
How'd you know?

RATTINGER
We all know. No secrets around here.

GERI
Great. Where is he?

RATTINGER
Gone.

GERI
For the day?

RATTINGER
No. For good. Quit. Moved away.

GERI
That's impossible.

RATTINGER
Happens every day around here.

GERI
Can I get his address? Would you look it up in the computer?

RATTINGER
Can't do it.

GERI
Then I'll find someone who can.

RATTINGER
Well, you won't find anyone here who can. Hospital policy. We break the rules, we lose our jobs.

Geri looks around, ready to do something, but what? She stares back at Rattinger, walks away.

Rattinger shakes her head, pulls her sign-in sheet closer.

SERIES OF SHOTS

1. Geri walks alone on the beach.
2. Geri works high up on a pole. Mike waves from pretty high up on a pole across from her.
3. Geri checks her answer machine. "0" messages.
4. Geri sits on Frank's Lazy Boy, watching TV, averting her eyes from Frank and the Pink Lady necking on the sofa.
5. Geri drops her angel pin in her top drawer, sweeps her fingers across the face of her radio, changing the dials without touching them to WMZK and an appropriate tune.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL AREA - DAY

A coach light flickers in a driveway. Around the side of a house, Pate checks the service mounted on the side of a house. His APPRENTICE watches cautiously.

PATE
Jerks probably just don't know
how to flip a damn breaker.

He grabs the box. It shocks the living crap out of him.

PATE (CONT'D)
Dammit!!

His Apprentice hides a smile.

PATE (CONT'D)
Okay, let's isolate the damn
transformer. Get my freaking
tools ready for me.

Pate grumbles off toward his truck, pulls out his safety gloves, slips his hands inside.

PATE (CONT'D)
Dam!

The Apprentice runs over, as Pate pulls his hands out of black goo.

APPRENTICE
What is it?

PATE
Inhibitor. Somebody's gonna pay
for this.

He retrieves his back up gloves, wipes his hands on a towel, puts his gloves on, pulls on his hard hat. It, too, is filled with what is commonly referred to as Monkey shit.

PATE (CONT'D)
URRGHH!!

The Apprentice stifles a laugh, holds up a pair of pliers, taped shut with black tape.

EXT. A ROADSIDE - DAY

Mike buttchecks a pole, is just about ready to walk back to Geri at the truck, when Pate's truck slides to a stop on the shoulder. Pate's out of the truck before it even stops.

PATE
All right, grunt.

Geri starts after Pate, who pushes her back on her ass.

MIKE
Hey!

Pate bears down on Mike, pushes him down hard. Mike bounces up, looks over at Geri, who's running up. She's about to grab them both...

MIKE (CONT'D)
(to Geri)
NO! No, I got this.

Mike grabs Pate by the sides of his belt, lifts him up and tosses him down hard. Pate gets back up, wary now...

PATE
You wanna try that again, grunt!

MIKE
Definitely.

Mike does an instant replay, and Pate's on his ass in an instant. He rises slowly, and Mike's a live wire, ready to go, which isn't quite what Pate expected.

PATE
I'm gonna let you go this time,
but next time...

MIKE
What? What, next time?

Pate looks over at Geri, who shrugs. He stomps off.

GERI
What'd you do to him?

MIKE
Not a damn thing.

Mike looks down at his hands, closes them into fists, then over to Pate's Apprentice, who grins, climbs into the truck.

INT. GERI'S TRUCK - DAY

Geri drives along forlornly. Mike's singing away, as he tunes the radio to WMZK -- "Put a Little Love in Your Heart."

MIKE
I mean that was really something.
God, I've never felt like this
before.

GERI
Turn that off... okay?

MIKE
Sure. Whatever you say.
(clicks it off, eyes
Geri)
Hey, Geri, you ever hear about
the giant turtle mommas?

Geri drives on, eyes dead ahead.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Well, anyway. I saw these
turtles on the Discovery Channel.
They swim thousands of miles
across the Pacific through
sharks, seaweed, all kinds of
stuff to some little stretch of
beach somewhere, just so they can
lay their baby eggs in the same
place where they were hatched.

GERI
I'm sure there's a point hiding
in there somewhere.

MIKE
These are turtles, man. Turtles.
Going all out to do what they
know, deep under that hard shell
of theirs, is right. They want
to do something so bad, they swim
halfway around the world to do
it.

GERI

Yeah, well, I'm not a turtle.

MIKE

Yeah, but you are a woman, right?
You got this dude in your head...
in your heart. You go find him.
Do whatever it takes. Swim a
million miles if you have to.

GERI

What about fate?
(mockingly gestures)
God's touch sweeping gently over
the simple man?

MIKE

Hey, he set the thing in motion.
You want him to spend all his
time touching you, or what?

Geri lets that sink in, SLAMS on the brakes.

EXT. A ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Mike, all full of his new confidence, hops down from the
truck, passenger door still open.

MIKE

You want me to fix it with
Heyward?

GERI

No, I'll do it. He owes me. You
okay?

MIKE

I'm cool.

GERI

You be safe now. Always safe.

MIKE

You know I will.

Geri reaches out. They shake hands funky style, awkward
style. Mike kicks the door closed.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Go get 'em, momma. The world
pushes, you push back.

Geri waves. The truck pulls away, quick. Mike pulls off
some pretty awkward Karate moves, then begins
hitchhiking.

INT. GERI'S TRUCK - DAY

GERI
 (into phone)
 Hell, yes, I'll bring it right
 back!
 (switches phone off)
 Okay, now, how do I find him?

RADIO VOICE
 Now, here's elevator, country
 style.

WMZK plays "D-I-V-O-R-C-E." Geri turns it up.

EXT. MILTON'S PLACE - DAY

Geri peeks in the window by the front door. A flood
 light shines on her. An ALARM SOUNDS. The front door
 yanks open.

MILTON
 F-B-I. Grab sky, perv! You
 picked the wrong house to --

There stands Milton, in his jammies, badge between his
 teeth, his huge magnum pistol in two hands bearing down
 on Geri.

MILTON (CONT'D)
 Geri? Is it really you?

Geri, hands up, nods.

MILTON (CONT'D)
 (drops the gun, hugs
 her)
 I'm so glad you're all better.

GERI
 Me, too. I need your help.

INT. MILTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Geri, alone, stares at the walls of Milton's office, one
 whole section dedicated to Geri's hospital stay. Photos
 of her sleeping, eating, coming out of the restroom.

GERI
 Man, this is too scary...

Geri picks one photo, in particular, off the wall.

INSERT PHOTO:

Chris standing over Geri, while she sleeps.

MILTON (O.S.)
And you thought I was a psycho.

BACK TO SCENE:

Geri quickly pins the photo back up on the wall.

Milton, a cup of coffee in hand, bathrobe on, plops down in front of his massive computer.

MILTON (CONT'D)
I must'a logged him in that room
fifteen, twenty times while you
were asleep.

GERI
Who? Chris?

MILTON
(pecks away at
keyboard)
One and the same. Our perp.
(off computer screen)
Check it out.

INSERT:

Screen -- A profile on Chris, includes his handsome face.

MILTON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Pretty straight arrow. Never
married. No kids. Footballer,
eh? Impressive. Didn't think
you went for jocks. Ooh, Masters
in Nursing, 2002, and critical
care registry. Career nurse.
Likes cornball music, walks on
the beach, collects angels. Am I
snoring yet? Not much here,
Geri. No need to worry about
him.

BACK TO SCENE:

GERI
I need to find him, Milton.
Could you help me?

MILTON
Well, that is what I do.

As Geri watches, Milton proceeds into a series of
computer machinations to rival a conductor and finally...
CLICKS one button. The printer WHIRS into action.
Milton tears off the sheet, scrutinizes it.

MILTON (CONT'D)
In state. A couple hours south
of here.

(MORE)

MILTON (CONT'D)
Hutchinson Island Seniors Clinic.
Seniors... wow, this dude's got
patience by the truckload, Geri.

GERI
Hope so.

He hands the sheet to Geri.

MILTON
Hey, about all those phone
calls...

GERI
Thanks for caring, Milt.

She kisses him on the forehead.

EXT. MILTON'S PLACE - DAY

Geri on the doorstep. Milton in the doorway. Geri
starts to leave, turns back.

GERI
Just curious. All of a sudden
you stopped... calling. What hap
--

DR. ALPERT (O.S.)
Milton, dearie? Wherefore art
thou?

Dr. Alpert, in a black teddy, hair down, outrageous body,
slinks up behind Milton, wraps her arms around him.

DR. ALPERT (CONT'D)
Geri Meyers. The electric lady!
How the hell are you?

GERI
(confusion gives way to
realization. She
grins)
I'm fine, doctor.

DR. ALPERT
Look at her, would ya? When we
fix 'em, they stay fixed.
(to Milton)
I'll be... you know where.

Milton nods. Dr. Alpert reaches out, grabs Geri's hands,
shakes the life out of them.

DR. ALPERT (CONT'D)
So good to see you again.

GERI

Yeah, you, too.

Alpert slinks away, humming. Geri eyes Milton.

MILTON

I don't know what happened, Geri.
We hit it off, somehow. I never
really meant to get all over you
like I did. I just needed
someone to take care of. Alice
needed someone to stick all her
stuff back together. Kismet.
Oooh, the hair on my arm's
standing up again.

A beat. Geri kisses him again.

GERI

I'm happy for you, Milton.

MILTON

You, too. Now, go get 'em.
That's my ex.

Geri turns and walks off. Milton closes the door.

A SCREAM OF DELIGHT from inside the house. Geri grins,
as she walks toward the truck.

EXT. INTERSTATE HIGHWAY - DAY/DUSK

Geri's truck plows along at high speed, veers off the
exit ramp marked "Hutchinson Island".

EXT. HUTCHINSON ISLAND SENIORS CLINIC - DAY/DUSK

A modern-looking facility, decoed up with glass blocks.
A few cars, including the VW beetle, the Jaguar, and a
classic Studebaker, in the parking lot. Palm trees sway
gently overhead.

Geri's truck pulls up.

The clinic's front door opens electrically. An Elderly
Man wheels an Elderly Woman out in a wheelchair, helps
her into the Studebaker, kisses her gently, folds up the
chair, lifts it almost up into the trunk, but can't quite
get it.

Geri hops down out of her truck and comes to his aid.

ELDERLY MAN

Thanks, dear.

(re truck)

Come to turn off their lights?

Geri shakes her head, wheels, trots toward the front door.

GERI
No. Turn 'em on.

The Elderly Man scratches his head.

INT. HUTCHINSON ISLAND SENIORS CLINIC - DAY/DUSK

Chris, jeans, white smock, untidies the place, cocks chairs, rearranges magazines, while he grooves to the piped-in music "Up, Up and Away." Intuition turns him... to the door.

Geri's standing there.

GERI
What kind'a people listen to this kind'a music?

CHRIS
I don't know. Do you?

She shakes her head. He steps closer to her, arm's length away.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Maybe people who like beautiful things.

She blushes. He takes her left hand, checks it.

GERI
Still there. I didn't know you were leaving. I never really got a chance to say anything to you. To tell you that I was sorry.

CHRIS
(still holding her hand)
You said a lot. Maybe too much.
I --

DR. LANCER (O.S.)
That was the last one. Ready to call it a day, sweetcakes?

Geri's smile fades, as Abby Lancer enters in all her beauty, slinky silk blouse, deep V'd, to show off her ample bosom... long legs, perfect, thick Vavoom hair.

CHRIS
(still holding Geri's hand)
Doctor... Abby... this is, uh, Geri. Geri Meyers.
(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)
I told you about her. The woman
who was electrocuted.

DR. LANCER
Sure. Sure. You were on TV.

GERI
And you're Chris's ... ?

DR. LANCER
Fiancée? Guilty as charged. A
free woman for just one more
week.

GERI
Oh, I'd love to see your ring.

She quickly looks over to Chris, who's smiling.

DR. LANCER
Oh, sure. Someday I'll show it
to you. It's really... cute.
Hey, I know. Would you link with
us, Geri, give us one of your
special love boosts?
(to Chris)
... what do you say, sugar?

CHRIS
Geri's not electric anymore,
Abby. Remember, I showed you the
article.

DR. LANCER
Oh, right, that's right.

GERI
Yup, checked me out on TV and
everything.

DR. LANCER
Aw, that's too bad.

Lancer hesitates, notices Geri's hand and Chris's
together.

DR. LANCER (CONT'D)
Well, what say we give it a try,
anyway... for the heck of it.
Maybe there's a little left over
just for me and my Chris.

She goes for Geri's free hand. Geri pulls back. Abby
finally grabs it. All three are now linked.

The hair lifts on Lancer's and Chris's arms. A BUZZ.

Chris looks into Geri's eyes, pulls his hand back.

Abby stops the handshaking, stares down at her hand.

DR. LANCER (CONT'D)
Funny, I really think I just felt
a little something.

Geri looks up at her, then to Chris, sadly.

GERI
Carpet. Static electricity.

CHRIS
Sure, that's it. Static
electricity. These new carpets.

DR. LANCER
(pulls Chris close to
her)
Hmm. Oh, well. So, what brings
you to our fair clinic?

"Our" clinic, Geri's eyes say to Chris.

CHRIS
Um... Geri came to --

GERI
Came to help out with a little
connection problem down here.
They were short equipment. We
had this truck just sitting
around. So...

CHRIS
So... Geri heard I worked here
and
dropped by to say...

Geri sizes up the situation. There's Dr. Lancer, a catch
by any standards, and the guy of her dreams, ditto.

GERI
I just dropped by to say...
thanks. Thanks again for, you
know... not letting me see that
big bright overhead light in the
sky.

CHRIS
It was my pleasure, Geri.

GERI
Okay, then.

Geri backs awkwardly toward the door, leaving Lancer and
Chris standing there.

Geri stands on the door pad. The door opens
electrically.

GERI (CONT'D)

I'll see you.

(to Abby)

Congratulations, you sure do have
a really, really beautiful...
wonderful... place here.

DR. LANCER

Well, thank you, Geri. I can't
wait to really get it broken in.
You know?

Geri gulps, nods, ducks out quickly.

DR. LANCER (CONT'D)

Seems like a nice girl. A little
rough around the edges maybe.

Chris stares at the door, which stays open.

CHRIS

Yeah...

EXT. INTERSTATE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Geri's truck barely creeps along. Cars stack up behind
it, pass, HORNS BLARING.

INT. GERI'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Geri cries, as she listens to WMZK's "Wichita Lineman."

EXT. LAST EXIT BAR AND PACKAGE - NIGHT

A real dive, broken neon lights "Last" and "Exit"
sizzling on and off sporadically. Geri's truck's jammed
in with semis, vans, etc.

INT. LAST EXIT BAR AND PACKAGE - NIGHT

A nasty looking place filled with mostly locals,
truckers, and some brave interstate travelers.

At the bar, EUGENE, 48, a burly trucker pushes away from
the bar. IRMA, 44, slovenly, missing teeth, slams down
another brew, chases it with whiskey.

EUGENE

(to Irma)

Now, you get your ass back out in
that truck and don't bother me
the rest 'a the night. Don't you
be here when I get back. Hear?

(walks off, mumbling)

(MORE)

EUGENE (CONT'D)
A man can't even get tanked in
peace.

IRMA
(to Bartender)
Again!

The Bartender loads Irma back up.

Eugene pushes his way into the bathroom.

IRMA (CONT'D)
I know Eugene don't mean to treat
me bad. He loves me somethin'
awful.

Geri, two stools down, uniform still on, her CPL cap
pulled way down on her head, nurses a draft beer, wipes
the moisture from her palms, studies them... the lines.

GERI
Aw, what the hell.

She hops over onto the stool beside Irma.

IRMA
It's taken, sugar.

GERI
Excuse me. I overheard you. And
I wanted to know if you really
think, what's his name, Eugene,
loves you. How 'bout it, Irma?
Is he the man of your dreams?

IRMA
Well, what kind of question is
that? Of course, he is. He's
just a little drunk right now.
Come morning, he'll --

EUGENE (O.S.)
Who the hell's this joker?

Geri turns. Eugene looms over her like a skyscraper.

Geri leans back, rests her left hand on top of Irma's
right, reaches out for Eugene's hand to shake.

GERI
I'm Geri. A friend of Irma's.

EUGENE
(suspiciously)
Oh, yeah?

He reluctantly takes Geri's hand, shakes.

Eugene's forest of arm hair lifts straight up. A BUZZ.
Eugene quickly yanks his hand away.

EUGENE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
What the hell?

Eugene draws back his massive fist. Geri raises her fists.

GERI
Sir, I have to tell you, I once
boxed Golden Gloves.

IRMA
(all gushy, to Eugene)
Oh, baby. Don't you be so mean.
You know you're just a big ol'
teddy bear.

Geri smiles, job well done, lowers her fists.

Eugene brings the fist forward and nails Geri in the jaw.
Geri drops straight off the stool to the floor.

EUGENE
(to Irma)
And didn't I tell you to get your
scabby ass out to the rig?

Irma breaks down into tears.

IRMA
You just hit a woman! You... you
big pig!

EUGENE
I did?! He's a woman?

Geri looks up, groggy, confused, passes out.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

Geri's truck pulls up. The porch light's on.

INT. GERI'S EXPLORER

Geri eyeballs the house, touches her mouth, winces.

GERI
This is all I need now.

INT. BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

The front door pushes open slowly. The place is dimly lit. Geri sneaks in, tiptoes toward his bedroom.

FRANK (O.S.)
Well, it's about time.

Frank's sitting on the sofa.

GERI
Sorry, I tried not to bother...

Across from Frank, a man with dark hair, turns. Chris, still in his white nurse's attire.

GERI (CONT'D)
... you?

CHRIS
Hi.

FRANK
Hell, he beat you here by a good hour fifteen.

Geri edges closer, blinks her eyes, rubs them.

CHRIS
I left.

FRANK
Well, somebody's gotta get some sleep around here. Double coupons tomorrow. We'll be up to our ears in anxious widows.

Frank takes Chris's hand, shakes it.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Nice to meet you, son. But I have to tell you one thing. That's my daughter there, and she's a fine young lady... very fine, and she is a lady. I love her very much. Whoever's lucky enough to end up with her, I expect him to take good care of her.

CHRIS
Yes sir.

Frank ambles away, whistling "When Irish Eyes are Smiling."

Geri sits down beside Chris. He takes both her hands, squeezes them.

GERI
I... don't get it. You gave Dr. Fiancee the boot? Well, I mean, you booted yourself out?

CHRIS

(laughs a little)
Tonight something clicked inside me... right after you left. And I knew it wasn't right. I knew Abby and I weren't going to be lifemates. There was no electricity between us. You know?

Geri looks at her hands.

GERI

But I touched you both. You should have fallen even more in love with her.

CHRIS

But I never was in love with her, Geri. When you touched us both, I figured it out... so clearly. Remember how you talked about being a transformer, providing the juice so all the wires worked?

GERI

You saw that?

CHRIS

Yeah. The wires worked, Geri. Like they were supposed to, like they were meant to. Maybe you can't make people fall in love. Maybe... you touch the truth inside them, whatever it is. You know? You heat it up and bring it to the surface.

GERI

This is so crazy. Dammit, I'm dreaming, aren't I? I'm still passed out on the floor of that dive off the interstate, huh?

Chris checks out Geri's mouth, dabs away some old blood.

CHRIS

No, you're not. You're here. Wanna check?

Geri, gasping, her breath rushing, quicker, quicker, nods, leans toward him. Chris closes his eyes, moves in.

Geri moves closer, breathing so hard now. She gasps, clutches her chest, falls over in his lap.

Chris peeks open his eyes, glances down.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Geri? Geri?
(turns her over, she's
going blue)

FRANK! CALL 9-1-1! NOW!

Frank, in his edible yellow bikini briefs, dashes in.

FRANK

Geri?!

CHRIS

HURRY! PLEASE!

Chris leans over her, pulls her hair away, forces his breath, his life into her. He comes up for air, repeats.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Come on, Geri. Please.

INT. AMBULANCE/MOVING - NIGHT

Geri, oxygen mask on, eyes fluttering. Chris sits beside her, clutching her hand. He looks at her hand, her arm.

The lines are disappearing, slowly fading away.

CHRIS

CAN'T THIS DAMNED THING GO ANY
FASTER?

(softly to Geri)
You're going to make it, Geri.
Promise. Just hang on.

GERI'S POV

Chris leans over her, extends his hand, his features hazy -- that white, fuzzy dream. She tries to fight through it...

GERI

Even fuzzy, you're dreamy.

Chris kisses her cheek, squeezes her hand.

EXT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

As the ambulance backs in. Franks's Mustang pulls up right beside. A SECURITY MAN motions to Frank

SECURITY MAN

You can't park that here.

CHRIS

THE HELL HE CAN'T!

Frank hops out, tosses the keys to the Security Man.

FRANK
Like the man said. You wanna
move it. Move it.

EMTs lift the gurney down out of the ambulance. Chris's
frantically pumping on Geri's chest.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Is she gonna make it?

CHRIS
I don't know. I don't know.

The gurney punches open the ER doors. A BRIGHT LIGHT
ahead.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. A BRIGHT, BEAUTIFUL PLACE - DAY

MOS. MOVE through beautiful flowers, shrubs, glistening
with light... toward a brighter light, shimmering beyond.

The bright light is blocked slowly, eclipsed by a JUSTICE
OF THE PEACE, in white robes. He waits, the light all
around him, his hands clutching a thick book.

People, all dressed up, sit along the pathway, turn
toward the movement, which we now notice is white and
flowery.

END MOS WITH "The Bridal March"

DOWN AT THE LIGHT -- Geri, in a tuxedo, stands beside
Spike, also in a tux, as the white and the flowers drift
slowly toward them.

FLASHBULBS POP in the audience. Mike and Shondra stand.
Mike snaps a picture.

Frank stands. Milton and Dr. Alpert stand.

All stand, as Tuck, resplendent in his white tux, hair
neatly parted, beard closely cropped, stops before the
Justice and the light, the rising sun. Spike steps into
place, right beside Tuck.

Geri glances back, to the first row, where Chris,
gleaming, waves. Geri waves back, a small diamond
engagement ring on her finger. The JOTP motions for all
to sit, which they do.

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
 Dearly beloved, we are gathered
 here in nature's wonderful house
 to bear witness to the love
 shared by two of its children...

Geri traces a heart around her angel pin, points to
 Chris, comes back to the ceremony, nudges Spike,
 whispers...

GERI
 Hey, Spike... Jack door's open.

Spike, aghast, looks down quickly to his zipper, back to
 Geri, smirks. Tuck, bawling like a baby, giggles a
 little.

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
 Now, who has the rings?

Geri reaches for her pocket, nothing. A phone RINGS.

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE (CONT'D)
 The rings.

Geri looks out into the audience, where Chris stands,
 Geri's cell phone in his hand.

CHRIS
 It's for you...

GERI
 (rubs her eyes)
 Huh?

EXT. A FIELD OF FLOWERS - DAY

Geri, on her back, opens her eyes. Chris, all in white,
 leans over her, a fist full of wild flowers. He stuffs
 them in an empty wine bottle, grabs a sandwich from the
 picnic basket at his side.

CHRIS
 Have a good snooze?

GERI
 Yeah. Funny but good.

CHRIS
 (re sandwich)
 You want this? Helps build
 strong bodies 12 ways.

Geri lifts up onto her elbows, smells the flowers.

GERI
 What does?

CHRIS

This...

He sets the sandwich aside, really lays one on her. She drops flat, opens her eyes again. Yup, he's still there.

GERI

That's it?

CHRIS

What, you want more?

GERI

Well, the way I see it, I got 11 more ways coming.

Chris smiles, switches on their little boombox. The Muzak -- "Up, Up and Away." He covers her, and they seriously neck as

WE PULL UP, UP AND AWAY and...

FADE OUT.