

? STICK WITH ME, KID ?
"MAN OF A COUPLE FACES"

? TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. HILLIARD HOUSE - ESTABLISHING - DAY

INT. HILLIARD HOUSE/KITCHEN - DAY

Rip enters to find Grandmother sitting at the table, where she has opened dozens of bulk-mail contest envelopes (whatever the British equivalent is of stuff like the Publishers Clearing House contest) and is licking all the stickers, erasing all the hidden numbers, etc. necessary to enter the sweepstakes.

RIP
What are you doing?

GRANDMOTHER
Licking, erasing and stamping our way to 25 million pounds.

Rip looks through the stuff.

RIP
The odds of winning one of these contests is astronomical, and hardly worth the effort of sorting through it all.

GRANDMOTHER
Let's see how cynical you are when we're heading to our seventeen room country estate in our Jaguar convertible.

She hands him a card with a picture of three Jaguar convertibles of different colors.

GRANDMOTHER (CONT'D)
Here -- you can pick the color.

RIP
All you ever win in these contests is more junk mail. You ought to just throw it out.

GRANDMOTHER
This is the good stuff -- I've already thrown out the junk mail.

Rip looks in the trash can and pulls out some postcards.

RIP

These are postcards from your friend
Lorinda.

GRANDMOTHER

You won't win anything reading those.

Rip isn't fooled for a second. He breaks into a broad grin.

RIP

You're just jealous.

GRANDMOTHER

Of what? She doesn't have anything
I don't have.

RIP

Except a husband who's fifteen years
younger than she is taking her on a
whirlwind honeymoon across Africa.

GRANDMOTHER

Yes -- but is she in the Winners
Circle? Is she among the lucky few
to win Venetian glass earrings?

She holds up the earrings.

RIP

Venetian?

That's when there's a knock at the door.

GRANDMOTHER

Get it, will you? That could be the
Sweepstakes patrol with my \$10
million.

She shoots Rip a smile. Rip goes to the door and opens it
to reveal an elderly woman in KHAKI and a SAFARI HAT, looking
ragged and desperate. Rip is stunned.

RIP

Lorinda?

Grandmother comes up behind Rip. She's as shocked as he is.

GRANDMOTHER

What happened?

LORINDA

Victor's gone -- and he's taken
everything I own with him.

She falls into Grandmother's arms and starts to cry. And on
Grandmother and Rip sharing a surprised look, we

FADE TO BLACK.

?
ACT ONE

END OF TEASER ?

FADE IN:

INT. HILLIARD HOUSE/FAMILY ROOM - DAY

Grandmother, Nancy, and Rip listen to Lorinda's tale of woe. She clutches an unframed wedding photo to her breast as she speaks.

LORINDA

Sure, the Serengeti sounds romantic.
But there's no lonelier place in the
world when you've been abandoned by
the man you love.

NANCY

You poor dear.

RIP

(re: photo)
Is that him?

Lorinda hands him the picture.

GRANDMOTHER

But darling, you know you tend to
overdramatize. Remember when Prince
Rainier waved at you from his limo
and you were convinced he was going
to abdicate in order to marry you?

LORINDA

There was love in that wave.

GRANDMOTHER

Of course there was. But maybe Victor
just stepped out for cigarettes.

LORINDA

We were on safari, five hundred miles
from civilization.

GRANDMOTHER

See? He probably just got lost on
the way back. I'll bet he's
frantically searching the bush for
you as we speak.

LORINDA

He took my jewelry. He took all my
cash. He even took my ticket home.
If he just went out for cigarettes,
how do you explain that?

GRANDMOTHER

He likes expensive brands?

Nancy shoots Grandmother a look.

LORINDA

By the time I got back to civilization, Victor had stolen every cent I had in the bank. It's a good thing I'd left a big deposit on the camel, or I'd be singing for shillings on the mean streets of Mombasa.

NANCY

That's terrible. Until you sort things out, you're staying with us. Rip will show you to the spare bedroom. And I'm sure between my wardrobe and my mother's we can find something for you to wear.

LORINDA

Thank you. You're all so kind to an old woman who's lost everything.

Rip leads her out of the room. Grandmother looks uncomfortable.

NANCY

Something wrong?

GRANDMOTHER

No -- it was very nice of you to invite her to stay with us. But I wouldn't loan her anything you expect to see again.

And with that, Grandmother is gone, leaving Nancy to wonder what that meant.

EXT. GRANT'S FLAT - ESTABLISHING - DAY

INT. GRANT'S FLAT - DAY

Grant is in his sweats, sitting on a rowing machine, sliding forward and back on the track as he rows, moving slowly at first, and then getting into it, sliding forward and springing back, sliding forward and springing back, sliding forward and springing back way too hard ... right OUT OF FRAME. We hear him CRASH into something with a cry of pain.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Rip enters to find Grant sprawled on his back a few feet behind the rowing machine. Grant does a sit-up.

GRANT

Ninety-nine.

(another situp:)

One hundred. Good morning, Rip.

RIP
What are you doing?

GRANT
Warming up.
(springs to his feet:)
Nothing like a few hundred sit ups
to loosen the muscles before a
workout.

Grant returns to the rowing machine.

RIP
You can workout later. We have a
case.

GRANT
Fill me in as I work. I like to
exercise my body and mind together.

He begins to row slowly, cautiously.

RIP
My grandmother has a friend named
Lorinda McClure, a wealthy, elderly
widow who married a man half her
age.

...then he stubs his toe on the track. Ouch.

GRANT
(off Rip's look)
No pain, no gain.

Grant continues, really getting into it again. Forward.
Back. Forward. Back.

RIP
He left her stranded in Kenya on
their honeymoon. When she came back,
she discovered he'd cleaned out all
her bank accounts, and taken
everything, 200,000 pounds all told,
leaving her penniless.

GRANT
What a shame she can't afford our
expertise.

Forward. Back. Forward...and right out of frame. Ouch.

RIP
She will when we get her money back.
All we have to do is find this man.
Victor Beaudine.

Rip holds up a photograph to Grant, who lies flat on his
back trying to focus his eyes on the picture.

HIS POV - A WEDDING PHOTO

of Lorinda and VICTOR BEAUDINE, 50s. It's easy to see why any woman would fall in love with this guy.

RIP (CONT'D)

And then figure out some way to get her money from him.

BACK TO SCENE

Grant blinks hard.

GRANT

Wait a minute. It's all coming back to me.

RIP

Consciousness?

GRANT

"The Case of the Sinister Spouse." It was one of the best episodes of "Johnny Silver" -- once I got done rewriting it. That show was my acting tour-de-force.

Grant holds out his hand. Rip helps him up. Suddenly, Grant is excited.

GRANT (CONT'D)

There's no question in my mind. We've got to help this woman.

RIP

A second ago you said she couldn't afford us.

GRANT

That was before I understood the depth and complexity of the part--
(then, realizing:)
--icularly evil nature of the crime.

RIP

Great. I'll start thinking of a plan--

GRANT

That's not necessary. I know exactly what to do.

Grant leads Rip to the door.

GRANT (CONT'D)

And by the way, in that episode Johnny Silver got his biggest reward.

RIP
I'm sorry I missed it. But promise
me you won't do anything on your
own.

GRANT
Promise.

He slams the door behind Rip, then smiles to himself.

GRANT (CONT'D)
(to himself:)
This is going to be marvelous.

And on his excitement, we CUT TO:

INT. HILLIARD HOUSE/KITCHEN - DAY

Nancy and Grandmother sit at the table, drinking their morning
tea. An EAR-PIERCING NOTE cuts through the house. Rip comes
in, holding his ears.

RIP
What's that horrible noise?

GRANDMOTHER
Wagner, I think.
(another note)
Definitely Wagner.

RIP
It sounds like Lorinda.

GRANDMOTHER
No, it sounds like a cat in a blender.
But it is Lorinda.

NANCY
How can you talk that way about your
oldest friend?
(to Rip:)
She's a semi-professional opera
singer. Personally, I think she as
a lovely voice.

RIP
Uh-huh. Is she going to be staying
here long?

NANCY
Just until she gets back on her feet.

GRANDMOTHER
In my shoes. Which I'll probably
never see again.

Another NOTE pierces the air. Rip grabs his backpack.

NANCY
Aren't you going to eat breakfast?

RIP
I'm not very hungry.

NANCY
You're always hungry, especially in
the morning. Are you all right?
(feels his forehead)
You feel a little hot to me.

RIP
It's the music. You know how I love
opera.

He heads for the door.

NANCY
At least have a bowl of cereal.

RIP
I'll get something to eat on the way
to school. I promise.

NANCY
I don't want you eating donuts every
morning.

Rip stops and heads for the table. But just as Nancy picks up the milk bottle, Lorinda lets out with the highest, piercingest note yet. The milk bottle SHATTERS in her hand. Nancy looks down at the milk spreading over the table.

NANCY (CONT'D)
Although I suppose one more wouldn't
kill you.

And as they all look, concerned, towards the direction from which the notes are coming, we CUT TO:

EXT. GRANT'S FLAT - DAY

Rip rides up on his bike, and is about to enter the front door, when something occurs to him. He looks at the door and notices the "GRANT LOGAN AND ASSOCIATES" sign is gone.

Concerned, Rip continues on inside.

INT. GRANT'S FLAT - DAY

as Rip enters, and stops dead in his tracks, not believing what he is seeing.

HIS POV - THE FLAT

has been completely redecorated. It looks as if he just walked into an old woman's home.

BACK TO SCENE

Rip, looking almost shell-shocked, walks into the apartment.

RIP
Hello? Grant? Anybody home?

He glances at the knick-knacks, and picks up a vase. On the bottom of the vase is a sticker:

HIS POV

The sticker reads: ACME THEATRICAL PROPS.

BACK TO SCENE

He's trying to figure out what this means when he's startled by:

OLD WOMAN'S VOICE
Who let you in!

Rip whirls around to see AN ELDERLY WOMAN, hunched over her cane, shuffling out of the bedroom. Rip is flustered.

RIP
I'm terribly sorry. I didn't mean to intrude.

OLD WOMAN
You're a burglar -- aren't you?

Rip realizes he's holding her vase and sets it down.

RIP
No -- not at all. Grant Logan lives here. I mean, he did live here. What I mean to say is--

The old woman grabs the phone.

OLD WOMAN
Hello police! There's a hooligan in my flat! He's trying to rob me! Oh my God he has a knife! He's going to rob me! Ahhhh!

The old woman hangs up laughing and Rip realizes it's...

RIP
(incredulous:)
Grant?

Grant breaks into a broad grin.

GRANT
Fooled you, didn't I? Just one of the many faces of Grant Logan.

RIP

Why are you dressed like an old woman?
What happened to all of our furniture?

GRANT

It's all part of my cunning plan to
get Lorinda's money back.

RIP

You promised not to do anything.

GRANT

Do you have a plan?

RIP

Well, not yet. But --

He hands Rip a newspaper.

GRANT

Notice the obituary on page twelve.

RIP

(reading:)

"Retired publishing executive Clarence
George died Saturday at age 75 of
natural causes. He began his career
as a literary editor at..."

GRANT

Bla, bla, bla... Go to the end.

RIP

"Condolences may be sent to his
wife, Elsie George, at--"

(then:)

That's our address.

GRANT

Exactly.

RIP

(realizing:)

You're setting yourself up as a rich
widow. You think Victor Beaudine
will show up and try to swindle you.

GRANT

Very good, Rip. You're catching on.

RIP

Assuming he does show up, how do you
intend to get Lorinda's money back?

GRANT

By being even more cunning than he
is.

That's when, unbeknownst to Grant, one of his breasts begins to DEFLATE.

GRANT (CONT'D)

By mounting a swindle so complex,
even a conman like him will be fooled.
A charade that requires constant
vigilance, split-second timing, and
an unwavering attention to detail.

Grant notices the deflating breast, and begins flapping his arm like a chicken, working the pump under his armpit that INFLATES HIS BREASTS.

GRANT (CONT'D)

It's the kind of intellectual cat-
and-mouse game I thrive on.

RIP

What's your plan?

GRANT

I'm going to play on his greed, and
convince him to buy a farm from
Elsie's money-hungry nephew.

RIP

Where are you going to get a farm?

GRANT

Lyle Fairbanks, an actor I know, has
a horse farm outside London. We're
tight. Besides, he's in France, and
never uses the place.

RIP

It will never work.

GRANT

Shows how little you know. It worked
brilliantly on "Johnny Silver."

RIP

Because that was a TV show. This is
real life.

GRANT

The only difference is I'm even better
live than I am on television.

There's a knock at the door. Grant shoots Rip a smile.

GRANT (CONT'D)

See for yourself.

Grant opens the door to reveal:

HIS POV - OUTSIDE THE DOOR

A man in a jacket and bow tie, holding his hat in his hands.

BOWTIE MAN

Good-day madam. I'm with Harrington,
Harvington, and Hollington. Allow
me to offer my sincere condolences
on your tragic loss.

(then, smiling:)

Have you given any thought to
protecting your inheritance by
investing in stocks?

Grant SLAMS the door on him, beginning a MONTAGE of people coming to the door, intercut with REACTIONS from Grant (as Elsie) and Rip. We hold on the door, over which we hear a KNOCK.

THE DOOR OPENS TO REVEAL

A slick man, 30s, in a tailored suit, offering his card.

SLICK MAN

Your husband will rest in peace
knowing you're financially secure.
For security in these difficult times,
there's no safer place for your money
than real estate.

Slam. DISSOLVE. The door opens to TO REVEAL:

A YOUNG WOMAN, 20s, with a display of LEATHERBOUND NOVELS.

YOUNG WOMAN

Nothing provides more comfort when
you're alone than a good book,
especially a first edition handsomely
bound in genuine leather -- delivered
to you right to your door once a
month.

Slam. DISSOLVE. The door opens TO REVEAL:

An ELDERLY MAN in his Sunday best, holding a rose.

ELDERLY MAN

I'm young at heart, and ready to
party. Let's take on the world
together.

Slam. DISSOLVE. The door opens TO REVEAL:

A man, 50s, elegant and dapper, his face obscured by a handkerchief because he's SOBBING.

SOBBING MAN

Your husband was an incredible man,
an inspiration. He was the first
person to publish my poetry. He was
like a brother to me. I can't imagine
life without him.

He blows his nose and lowers his handkerchief. The sobbing
man is VICTOR BEAUDINE.

GRANT AND RIP

share a look. Grant, as Elsie,
motions Victor inside.

GRANT

That's so sweet. Please, come in
and tell me more.

VICTOR

You're too kind.

And as Victor comes in, Grant shoots Rip a victorious look
and we:

FADE OUT.

?
ACT TWO

END OF ACT ONE ?

FADE IN:

EXT. GRANT'S FLAT - ESTABLISHING - DAY

VICTOR'S VOICE

He talked about you all the time,
Mrs. George.

INT. GRANT'S FLAT/MAIN ROOM - DAY

Victor snuffles and sips his tea. ANGLE WIDENS to reveal
he's sitting across from Grant and Rip. Grant is, of course,
still disguised as Elsie.

VICTOR

He spoke of his love for you as being
as radiant as the noon-day sun,
shining bright and ever-lasting.

Grant dabs away a tear.

GRANT

That's my Clarence, God rest his
soul.

Rip looks ill. Victor dabs away a tear of his own.

VICTOR

The way he spoke of you, it inspired me. Soon, whenever I imagined the perfect love, the ideal romance, I thought of.. you.

(then:)

For me, you became all that was romantic and beautiful in a woman.

GRANT

It wouldn't be the first time that's happened.

Rip looks even more ill.

VICTOR

"I did but see her passing by, and yet I love her 'till I die." I wrote that after Clarence showed me a picture of you.

RIP

I think I'm going to be sick.

GRANT

Forgive Elwood, my grandson is too young to appreciate poetry.

Rip suddenly gets up and disappears into the bathroom.

VICTOR

Neither did I -- not truly, not deeply -- until I met your husband. Now, meeting you, I can see where his understanding came from.

GRANT

You're just saying that to comfort a grieving widow.

Victor takes Grant's hand in his own.

VICTOR

I was afraid to come here -- afraid you wouldn't live up to the vision that has been my muse. Not only did you live up to it -- you exceeded it.

Grant smiles shyly.

GRANT

I don't know what to say.

VICTOR

Say I can see you again. If only for a moment.

Grant gets up, and Victor follows.

GRANT

The evenings have become so empty,
so lonely, without Clarence. Perhaps
you could come for dinner one night?

VICTOR

Tomorrow?

GRANT

I'd like that.

Victor kisses Grant's hand and leaves. Grant returns to the sitting area.

GRANT (CONT'D)

(as himself:)

It's going just like I planned. I'm
brilliant.

That's when Rip staggers out of the bathroom, looking very pale.

RIP

I feel terrible.

Grant puts his hand on Rip's forehead.

GRANT

You look terrible.

(then:)

You really are sick.

RIP

Aren't you? That guy is unbearable.
He didn't write that poem, you know.
Thomas Ford did.

GRANT

Let me handle Victor Beaudine. It's
time for Jeremy's "grandmother" to
drive you home.

Grant grabs Rip's pack, slips it on Rip's shoulder and gently leads him to the door.

INT. HILLIARD HOUSE/RIP'S BEDROOM - DAY

The curtains are drawn, the lights are low. Rip lies in bed, buried under blankets, a hot compress on his head, a vaporiser blasting away beside him, a thermometer in his mouth, Lorinda fussing around over him, and an enormous bowl of soup on a tray. He looks miserable as Lorinda takes the thermometer out of his mouth and squints at it.

RIP

I've got to get up. Jeremy needs my help.

LORINDA

The best way to help your little friend is to keep your germs away from him. Now finish your soup.

RIP

I have, three times. You keep refilling it.

LORINDA

And I'll keep on refilling it until you're all better. It's nature's medicine, you know.

RIP

I'm fine. Really. See?

He tries to sit up, but the effort's a little too great for him. He lies back down.

LORINDA

We'll just let Mr. Thermometer be the judge of that, shall we?

(checks thermometer)

And he says you're going to stay in bed for a long time.

That's when Grandmother pokes her head in the room. She surveys the scene, looks shocked.

GRANDMOTHER

What are you doing to my grandson?

LORINDA

Taking care of him, just like Nancy asked me to.

GRANDMOTHER

I doubt that. If my daughter wanted you to kill Ripley, she'd have asked you to use a gun. It's quicker and less painful.

Grandmother marches in and pulls all the covers off Rip, unplugs the vaporiser, and throws open the window. Lorinda looks on, aghast.

LORINDA

I learned this cure from the Zantula tribesmen, the healthiest population of any culture anywhere on Earth.

GRANDMOTHER

Tell you what, let's see if the modern medical miracle of fresh air helps.

Lorinda glares at Grandmother, then storms out. Grandmother smiles sweetly at Rip as she sits on the bed beside him.

GRANDMOTHER (CONT'D)

Sorry I had to go out, Ripley. I didn't know she was going to try her voodoo on you.

RIP

She was just taking my temperature.

GRANDMOTHER

I'll be surprised if that's all she took.

(then:)

Now lie still and breathe deep. I'll be back in a flash with a piping hot bowl of soup. It's nature's medicine, you know.

And she's gone, leaving Rip to ponder what she meant.

EXT. GRANT'S FLAT - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT (STAGE)

INT. GRANT'S FLAT/OUTER OFFICE - NIGHT

Victor is coming to the half-opened door with a bouquet of flowers when he hears:

GRANT'S VOICE

It's a wonderful investment, Auntie.

Victor drops back and peers through the door to see

HIS POV

Grant Logan is disguised LEWIS GEORGE ... a mustached slimebag who doesn't realize Miami Vice fashions went out of style five years ago. Otherwise, he more or less looks and talks like the Grant Logan we know and love. He's talking to "Elsie," who is presumably behind the kitchen door.

GRANT

Don't think of it as a farm, think of it as a country home.

Grant turns his back to the front door -- and Victor.

GRANT (CONT'D)

(as Elsie:)

I already have a home, Lewis. What do I need a second one for?

(MORE)

GRANT (CONT'D)

(as Lewis:)

It's much more peaceful in the countryside. The city is no place for an elderly woman to be living on her own. This flat is more suitable for... a single man.

Meaning himself. Outside the front door, Victor doesn't like what he's hearing.

GRANT (CONT'D)

(as Elsie:)

It is awfully noisy at night.

(as Lewis:)

Out in the country, it's so quiet you can hear the stars twinkling in the sky.

(as Elsie:)

That does sound nice. But I can't afford a country home.

(as Lewis:)

Your inheritance should just about cover it.

On the word "inheritance," Victor is through the door like a shot.

VICTOR

Hello? It's Victor.

Grant turns his back to Victor, and quickly throws out his reply as Elsie.

GRANT

(as Elsie:)

You're early, luv. I'm not quite ready yet. Stay out of the kitchen, or you'll ruin the surprise.

Grant whips back around to greet Victor.

GRANT (CONT'D)

(as Lewis:)

I'm Lewis, her nephew.

(shakes Victor's hand:)

Auntie Elsie can't stop talking about you. She's been in there cooking supper all day.

VICTOR

She's a very special lady.

GRANT

(then, low:)

You mean she's rich. I'm on to you, pal.

(MORE)

GRANT (CONT'D)

You want her to cook for you, that's one thing. But you'll never see a dime of her money.

VICTOR

I appreciate her for her beauty and her gentle heart -- not her money.

GRANT

Good, because it's mine.
(notices flowers:)
Nice touch. Stick the weeds in the vase, will you?

Victor goes to the vase. As soon as he does, Grant turns his back to him and speaks to Elsie.

GRANT (CONT'D)

(as Lewis:)

I'll just leave the information on the farm here for you, Auntie dear.

(as Elsie:)

You're so sweet.

(as Lewis:)

Make up your mind quickly -- an opportunity this good can't last.

Grant whips back around just as Victor returns.

GRANT (CONT'D)

(low, to Victor:)

Remember what I said.

Grant drops a paper on the table and hurries out the door.

VICTOR

(to Elsie:)

I've been looking forward to this ever since I left yesterday.

EXT. GRANT'S FLAT - NIGHT (STAGE)

Grant rushes out.

INT. GRANT'S FLAT/MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Victor picks up the paper "Lewis" left behind.

VICTOR

I can't stop thinking about you.

HIS POV

The paper is a real estate flyer with a picture of a RUNDOWN FARM for 300,000 pounds.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
 (to himself:)
 Why would anyone pay so much for
 that dump?

Hmmm. Something to think about.

BACK TO SCENE

Victor carefully folds it and sticks it in his pocket. He strides up to the closed kitchen door.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
 I said--
 (louder:)
 I can't stop thinking about you.

INT. GRANT'S FLAT/KITCHEN - NIGHT

Grant slides the window up and starts to climb in. He speaks as Elsie -- albeit slightly out of breath.

GRANT
 You flatter me.

The window DROPS on Grant's hands and he topples back outside with a CRASH.

IN THE MAIN ROOM

VICTOR
 Mrs. George? Are you all right in
 there?
 (moves up close to
 the door:)
 Mrs. George?

IN THE KITCHEN
 Grant reappears in the window and
 forces it open.

GRANT
 Call me Elsie.

VICTOR
 Is everything okay, Elsie?

Grant hefts himself back in, overshooting the countertop and we

IN THE MAIN ROOM

...hear an enormous crash. Victor reaches for the door knob and starts to push the door open.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
 Perhaps I should give you a hand.

IN THE KITCHEN

Grant desperately throws himself against the door, slamming it shut and startling Victor.

GRANT

No, No, No... you know what they say about too many cooks.

IN THE MAIN ROOM

Victor backs away from the door and starts to browse around the apartment.

VICTOR

Whatever you're cooking sure smells good.

IN THE KITCHEN

Grant opens a cupboard and takes out his WIG, DRESS, INFLATABLE FALSIES...and a MICROWAVE DINNER.

GRANT

It's my speciality.

IN THE MAIN ROOM

Victor opens drawers, searches through papers, POCKETS some jewelry.

VICTOR

What is it?

IN THE KITCHEN

Grant is in his outfit, flapping his arm, pumping up his breasts. With his free hand, he examines the MICROWAVE carton.

GRANT

Tuna Delight.

IN THE MAIN ROOM

Victor winces. Yuck.

VICTOR

Amazing. That's my favorite dish. You're a miracle, Elsie.

IN THE KITCHEN

The microwave DINGS as Grant examines his reflection in windowpane and adjusts his wig.

GRANT
 (to himself:)
 Tell me about it.

IN THE MAIN ROOM

Grant, as Elsie, emerges carrying the STEAMING HOT DISH OF TUNA DELIGHT to an admiring Victor.

GRANT (CONT'D)
 (as Elsie:)
 Bon appetite.

And we DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HILLIARD HOUSE - ESTABLISHING - DAY

INT. HILLIARD HOUSE/RIP'S BEDROOM - DAY

Rip lies in bed, trying to keep from dozing off as Lorinda sits on the edge of the bed, reading from a big book.

LORINDA
 ...and then, enraged by the taunts of the Rhine maidens, the evil dwarf Alberich renounces love forever and steals the gold. Meanwhile, up in Asgard --

Rip stifles a yawn. Lorinda notices and looks hurt.

LORINDA (CONT'D)
 I'm boring you.

RIP
 (covering)
 No, I love hearing the stories of the world's greatest operas.

LORINDA
 You're just saying that to humor a heart-broken old lady.

RIP
 How could any kid be bored by "Das Rheingold?" Especially when you sing the most dramatic parts.

Lorinda beams happily.

LORINDA
 It is a great story. And it gets even better in the last three operas of the cycle.
 (reading)
 The Rhinemaids complain to Wotan, king of the gods, that their gold has been stolen...

Grandmother appears in the doorway.

GRANDMOTHER

Something's been stolen? I knew it.

LORINDA

The only thing missing from this household is Rip's cultural education. Imagine letting this poor child grow up without an understanding of the finest things in life.

And with that, she storms out. Grandmother watches her go, tsking.

RIP

What's going on with the two of you? I thought you were friends.

GRANDMOTHER

So you noticed the strain between us. I thought we'd managed to keep it hidden.

RIP

There were some subtle clues.

GRANDMOTHER

It's a long, sad story.

RIP

Can't be any longer than Das Rheingold.

She smiles.

GRANDMOTHER

We were the best of friends for years. Until Lorinda's audition that is. It was so important to her. She was practicing for weeks..

Somewhere (off-camera) in the house, Lorinda starts to sing. Unnoticed by Rip or Grandmother, his drinking glass starts to vibrate.

RIP

Like that?

GRANDMOTHER

I'd been given a gorgeous diamond ring from a brilliant young admirer...
(stares off into space:)
Sebastian. Young. Handsome.
Desperately in love with me.

Grandmother senses Rip looking at her and returns to earth.

GRANDMOTHER (CONT'D)

She asked to borrow the ring for her audition. When she returned it, the diamond was gone. She "claimed" it fell out during the audition.

RIP

You thought she stole it out of jealousy.

GRANDMOTHER

I know she did. She was furious that he chose me over her. But then, she never did have good luck with men.

29A.

The drinking glass vibrates, then SHATTERS. They both look at it.

RIP

Or with drinking glasses, apparently.

GRANDMOTHER

I'll just get a towel.

She leaves, Rip looking after her. The phone rings. Rip snatches it up.

RIP

Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. GRANT'S FLAT - DAY

Grant's putting on his "Angus" eyebrows, the cordless phone propped between his shoulder and his ear.

GRANT

(dreamy:)

It was a wonderful evening.

RIP

He bought it?

GRANT

We danced under the stars. He serenaded me with poetry. And when it was all over, he looked deeply into my eyes and told me I was the woman of his dreams. God, you can't imagine how that felt.

(then:)

No one has ever told me that before, Rip.

RIP

You've never been a woman before.

(then:)

Have you?

Grant wipes the excess eyebrow glue with a cotton swab -- squeezing some in his eye in the process. Yee-ouch! That snaps him out of it.

GRANT

Of course not. The point is, I think he's falling for me. And who could blame him?

He staggers back, blind in one eye. He searches for something to wipe his eye with.

RIP

That's what he wants you to think, remember? He's a conman.

GRANT

I know that. And now my cunning plan moves into high gear.

He finds the edge of a table cloth. He pulls it up to dab his eye, and yanks it off the table, knocking all the dishes to the floor.

RIP

Good luck.

GRANT

Luck has nothing to do with it, Rip. It's all skill.

He clicks off the phone, and we DISSOLVE TO:

TIGHT ON THE REAL ESTATE FLIER - SOMEONE'S POV

and the picture of the FARM. The flier is lowered and we see

THE FARM - SOMEONE'S POV

is even worse in reality.

EXT. FARM - DAY

Victor Beaudine stuffs the flier back in his jacket and troops up to the farm.

INT. BARN - DAY

Victor ambles in to find ANGUS McCRAY, a fat Scott with a big, bushy, mustache and beard, pitching hay with a PITCHFORK. This is Grant (and he's fat because, as we will learn, he's wearing three sets of clothes).

VICTOR

Do you know where I can find the owner?

GRANT

Are you from the bank? The tax collector? My ex-wife?

VICTOR

No.

GRANT

Then I'm the owner.

He whirls around to face Victor, and loses his grip on the pitchfork, which goes sailing out of his hand ... and OUT OF FRAME.

GRANT (CONT'D)

Angus McCray. What can I do for you?

VICTOR

I'm interested in your farm.

GRANT

You and everybody else. A fine property like this only comes around once in a lifetime.

Victor glances around the place.

VICTOR

Frankly, it seems overpriced to me.

GRANT

It's a steal at twice the price.

Grant kicks the hayloft's wood pillar.

GRANT (CONT'D)

Why, you can't find Tudor craftsmanship like this anymore.

The entire loft COLLAPSES, spilling an incredible pile of HAY on Grant. Victor shakes his head in disgust. Grant digs his way out of the hay.

GRANT (CONT'D)

A genuine collapsable hayloft. When was the last time you saw one of those?

VICTOR

Can't say that I ever have.

GRANT

There you go. That's why the offers
are pouring in.

Grant leads him outside.

EXT. BARN - DAY

They emerge from the barn.

GRANT

I'm even throwing in the hearty
livestock.

He motions out to the field. Victor looks out and sees:

THE FIELD

one sickly GOAT, one old MARE, a
young HORSE, a filthy PIG, a SLEEPING
DOG.

BACK TO SCENE

Victor forces a smile for Angus.

VICTOR

Oh yes, mighty tempting. Did these
other buyers mention anything about
mineral rights? Perhaps a shopping
center going up near by?

GRANT

Can't say they did.

VICTOR

Mind if I look around the place?

GRANT

Be my guest.

Grant ambles off in one direction, Victor in the other.

INT. BARN - DAY

Grant rushes in and peels off his outfit to reveal ANOTHER
ONE underneath ... RAGGED OLD OVERALLS... and on Grant
undressing, we CUT TO:

EXT. FARM - DAY

Victor is walking the weed-covered property, glancing around
for anything of value. He tries the well pump, and no water
comes out.

OLD MAN'S VOICE

Well's been dry for forty years.

Victor turns to see A GRIZZLED OLD FARMHAND hammering nails into the fence, mending it from the neighbor's side. The farmhand's got a BULBOUS NOSE, a HUGE WART on his chin, and mangy grey hair. This, ofcourse, is also Grant. One LOUD FLY buzzes (unseen

) around Grant.

VICTOR

Of course it has. Is there anything worthwhile about this dump?

Grant shakes his head, irritated by the fly, and continues hammering nails.

GRANT

Not really.

Grant waves his hammer in the air, trying to shoo it away, nearly hitting himself with it. But he catches himself before it's too late.

VICTOR

Then what makes him think he can get 200,000 pounds for it?

GRANT

Because Angus McCray is greedy and cheap. Always has been.

Grant sets down his hammer on the fence board -- he won't make that stupid mistake. Grant tries to blow the fly away.

GRANT (CONT'D)

Couple years back, Sentinel broke down the fence and went running on Angus' property. Crazy Angus tried to bill us \$10,000 to repair his rotten fence.

Suddenly Victor's interest is piqued. Grant swats at the fly, knocking the hammer off the fence onto his FOOT. Ouch.

VICTOR

Sentinel, the champion racehorse?

GRANT

(with pain:)

My boss paid for the horse to romance his phillies, if you catch my drift. But for some reason, Sentinel wasn't in the mood.

The fly buzzes in front of Grant's face, making him cross-eyed trying to see it. Victor turns to glance back at Angus' farm, his gaze locking on:

HIS POV - THE FARM

and the YOUNG HORSE chewing on some hay.

VICTOR

How long ago did you say this accident
was?

BACK TO SCENE

Grant tries to swat the fly -- and SMACKS [OUT HIS "NOSTRIL
PIECE!"] He quickly covers his nose just as Victor turns
around.

GRANT

Two years ago.

VICTOR

What's wrong with your nose?

GRANT

([Hay fever. Can I
borrow your
handkerchief?])

*

VICTOR

([Sorry, family
heirloom.])

He walks off, Grant looking after him. As soon as he's out
of sight, Grant bolts. And we CUT TO:

EXT. FARM - DAY

Victor is walking back to his car when Grant drives up in
his car...only it's Grant as LEWIS. He's sweating profusely
and winded from his long run and costume change. And he's
still got the farm-hand's wart on his chin.

GRANT

What are you doing here?

VICTOR

I saw the flier you left at your
Aunt's place. Thought I'd see the
great investment for myself.

That's when he catches Victor staring at his chin. Grant
feels his chin and discovers the wart.

GRANT

Mosquito bite. One of those pesky
country mosquitos. They're as big
as horses out here.

VICTOR

Funny you should mention horses. I just heard an interesting story about one. Sentinel. Maybe you've heard of him?

GRANT

Doesn't ring a bell.

VICTOR

Then I'll ring it for you. I know all about your little scheme. You're not interested in the farm -- it's the horse you're after. It was sired by Sentinel. Another champion like him could be worth millions.

GRANT

Ridiculous.

VICTOR

Fine -- then maybe I should go talk to Angus about his horse... or maybe I'll tell Elsie what this farm is really like. We've become quite fond of one another, you know.

GRANT

All right... you're in. But even with Elsie's inheritance we're still gonna come up short.

VICTOR

Let me worry about that. But first, I want to see if this horse really has potential.

EXT. HORSETRACK - NEXT DAY

The YOUNG COLT charges down the track. We PAN UP to

GRANT AND VICTOR

in the stands. Victor is holding a stop-watch. He clicks it as the colt moves past the five furlong post.

VICTOR

Unbelievable.

GRANT

So the horse has promise.

37A.

CONTINUED:

25A

VICTOR

Sshhh! Do you realize what kind of odds the offspring of a famous racehorse will fetch in its first race?

GRANT

Two-to-one, maybe...

VICTOR

And a complete unknown that no one has ever heard of?

GRANT

(gets it)
At least 50-1.

VICTOR

(smiles evilly)
We've got ourselves a winner.

GRANT

We don't have anything yet. We still have to come up with 200,000 pounds.

VICTOR

Leave that to me.

Grant smiles to himself -- this is all going according to plan. They walk away, as they do they pass another guy with a stop watch talking to his friend. We hold on these two guys.

37B.

CONTINUED: (2)

25A

GUY #1

Did you see how fast that horse ran?
Almost caused a sonic boom.

GUY #2

I wouldn't get too excited. During the night, some joker moved the five furlong marker up ten yards.

And on their reaction, we CUT TO:

INT. GRANT'S FLAT/KITCHEN - NIGHT

Grant, dressed as Elsie, dives for the phone as it rings.

GRANT

(into phone, as Elsie)
Victor, honey? Are you still bringing the wine?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HILLIARD HOUSE/RIP'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rip lies in bed, still looking sick.

RIP
It's Rip, darling.

Grant looks crushed.

GRANT
(as Grant)
I don't understand. No man has ever
stood me up before. Especially when
I promised him a home-cooked dinner.

Grant opens the freezer and pulls out a microwave box of
"Turkey Delight".

RIP
Do you think something went wrong?

GRANT
I had a little trouble finding the
old handyman's motivation for being
in the scene, but once I worked out
the bit with the fence, it all fell
into place.

RIP
I meant any problems with Victor and
the con.

GRANT
Of course not. I'm a strategic
mastermind. This stuff is second
nature to me.

Grant pops the dinner in the microwave.

RIP
I still think we should have a
contingency plan in case Victor does
something unexpected.

GRANT
Nothing unexpected happened when I
did it before.

RIP
On a TV show, but this is real life.
And it worries me that Victor hasn't
shown up for dinner.

GRANT
I don't see why.

RIP

Because Victor wouldn't risk hurting Elsie's feelings, unless he thought he didn't need her anymore.

GRANT

Why wouldn't he need Elsie?

RIP

What if Victor decides to cut Lewis out of the deal by making his own offer to Angus and running off with the horse?

GRANT

He can't, because I'm Angus and I'm not there.

Rip thinks a moment. He doesn't want to hurt Grant's feelings.

RIP

Right. Forget I said anything. Congratulations on a job well done.

Rip hangs up. END INTERCUTTING. Then picks up the phone to make another call.

39A.

Rip stares at the phone, worried, then dials a number.

RIP (CONT'D)

Someday you'll thank me for this, Grant.

(into phone, in a deep voice)

Hello, my name is Grant Logan, and I'd like to send a telegram.

INT. GRANT'S FLAT -- NIGHT

Grant stares at the phone thinking, when suddenly the microwave dings, and Grant comes to a realization.

GRANT

I'm *Angus, and I'm not there. Oh, my God!

AND ON GRANT'S LOOK, WE FADE OUT.

?

END OF ACT TWO ?

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

OMITTED (28)

INT. HILLIARD HOUSE/FAMILY ROOM - DAY

The sound of Lorinda's singing in another room fills the air as Rip stands beside the FAX machine, talking on the phone.

RIP
Could you please FAX me a copy of
the Actor's Equity Standard Contract?
Yes, my number is...

Rip hears footsteps approaching.

RIP (CONT'D)
I'll call you back.

HE HANGS UP JUST AS

BACK TO SCENE

Nancy comes in beaming with pleasure.

NANCY
Look what your wonderful grandmother
gave me. She won them in one of her
contests.

Rip turns to see Nancy holding up the Venetian glass earrings, Grandmother coming in behind her.

RIP
They're beautiful.

NANCY
No one's ever given me glass earrings
before.

GRANDMOTHER
Venetian glass.

Rip tries not to laugh.

NANCY
Anyway, they're beautiful.

She gives Grandmother a big hug, then holds up one of the earrings to admire. Unfortunately, that's when Lorinda strikes a particularly high note. The earring SHATTERS.

NANCY (CONT'D)
My earrings...

GRANDMOTHER

(to Nancy:)

It's all right. I won a zirconium ring. Even she can't shatter that.

And with that, she leads Nancy out of the room. As soon as they're gone, Rip picks up the phone.

EXT. FARM - DAY

Grant, in full Angus regalia, drives up in his car, but stops short when he sees Victor's car already parked out front. Victor is walking up to the house.

Grant parks his car behind a haystack (or other hiding place) and creeps towards the house. Victor knocks on the front door. Grant is about to step out and reveal himself when THE FRONT DOOR OPENS TO REVEAL a distinguished man, 40s, with a goatee, glasses and a pipe. Grant ducks into hiding.

GENTLEMAN

May I help you?

VICTOR

I'm looking for Angus McCray.

GENTLEMAN

Who?

Grant in hiding, winces.

VICTOR

Angus McCray. I'd like to buy the farm. You can tell him I'm willing to pay top dollar.

GENTLEMAN

I don't know what you're talking about. This is my farm, and it certainly isn't for sale.

Victor is suddenly suspicious.

VICTOR

Your farm?

Victor ponders the implications and so does Grant. Uh-oh. Grant hurriedly creeps back to his car, gets in and speeds away as, we CUT TO:

EXT. GRANT'S FLAT - ESTABLISHING - DAY

INT. GRANT'S FLAT - DAY

Grant bursts in, grabs a phone and dials, starting to peel off his Angus disguise as he does so.

RIP'S VOICE

Hello?

43A.

GRANT

(into phone:)

We've got a big problem.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HILLIARD HOUSE/RIP'S BEDROOM - DAY

Rip is in bed, talking on the phone.

RIP

We? You got into this on your own, remember?

GRANT

(ignores the remark:)

As I suspected, Victor went behind my -- er, Lewis' -- back to cut his own deal. I got there too late -- some new guy owns the place and Victor met him.

(then, desperate:)

What do I do?

RIP

Let me think about it.

GRANT

Think? We don't have time to think! This demands immediate, thoughtless action.

There's a knock at the door. Grant glances at the door.

GRANT (CONT'D)

Someone's at the door. I'll call you back for the solution in five minutes.

Grant opens the door. Victor bursts in, grabs Grant and slams him back against the wall.

VICTOR

Where's Elsie?

GRANT

(as Lewis)

She's out.

Victor slams Grant against the wall again.

43B.

CONTINUED:
31A

VICTOR
Where?

GRANT
Having her legs waxed.

VICTOR
Good -- that gives us some time for
a private little chat.

CONTINUED: (2)
31A

Victor grabs Grant by the throat and squeezes.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
I went out to the farm this morning.
Imagine my surprise when I met the
real owner.

Grant gurgles, shrugging.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
You thought you could con me, didn't
you? Mistake.

Grant gurgles, nodding in agreement.

Victor starts to squeeze. Grant struggles, his eyes
bulging...when the door BURSTS OPEN and a man, 30s, in an
overcoat rushes in and says:

OVERCOAT
Release that man at once!

VICTOR
Who are you?

The man pulls out a BADGE.

OVERCOAT
Detective Chief Inspector Frank
Giddings. Scotland Yard. That man
is wanted for fraud.

Victor immediately releases Grant, who slides to the floor
in a heap. Giddings helps Grant to his feet.

GRANT
This is all wrong. There were no
police in the script! This is not
supposed to happen!

CONTINUED: (3)
31A

GIDDINGS

(to Victor)

He was trying one of the oldest scams there is -- selling property he does not own while the real owner is on vacation.

GRANT

It worked perfectly before!

GIDDINGS

Ah, so you've done this before?

GRANT

Yes. No. I mean...HELP!

GIDDINGS

I'll be in touch, sir. But be warned. These vermin tend to travel in packs.

VICTOR

Thank you, Inspector.

Victor leaves. Giddings turns to Grant.

OMITTED (32)

GRANT

Please don't arrest me. I promise it will never happen again. Not that it's ever happened before.

GIDDINGS

Stop sniveling.

GRANT

If not for me, think about my poor old Aunt. She's still reeling from the death of my Uncle. The revelation, the lengthy trial, the public humiliation ...this could, dare I say it... kill her.

Grant gives him his best hang-dog look. Giddings is revolted.

GIDDINGS

I'll let you go -- on one condition. Don't ever let me catch you in London again.

GRANT

I guarantee you Lewis George will never show his face again. It will be as if he never existed.

Giddings leaves. Grant sags against the wall. DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FARM - DAY

It's the next day. Victor, carrying a briefcase in one hand, pounds on the door. After a long moment, the owner opens it.

GENTLEMAN

Not interested.

He slams the door. But Victor has weaseled one foot in the doorway, and he uses that to keep the door open.

VICTOR

You will be.

He pushes the door open and goes in.

INT. FARM HOUSE - DAY

Victor goes right to a table and puts the briefcase down on it. We rack focus to see Grant peering in the window.

GENTLEMAN

The police told me that my horse was sired by Sentinel. You were going to try to swindle me out of it.

VICTOR

Not me. That other guy was trying to swindle both of us.

GENTLEMAN

There's nothing you can say or do that will convince me you're anything but a cheap crook.

Victor pops open the briefcase. It's full of CASH. We see Grant lose his footing and fall out of view. There's a CRASH.

GENTLEMAN (CONT'D)

Except that.

VICTOR

200,000 pounds for the horse.

He dumps the briefcase out on the table. The cash slides out, followed by a gun. The gentleman eyes it nervously. Victor pops the gun back into the briefcase and snaps it shut.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

(re: the gun)

This is a lot of cash to carry without protection.

(then:)

Can I assume you're interested now?

GENTLEMAN

I might be... as soon as I call some of my horse-owning friends and ask what the son of Sentinel would be worth.

He goes for the phone. Victor stops him.

VICTOR

Did I say 200,000 pounds? It's that darn dyslexia again. I meant three hundred thousand.

47A.

The gentleman picks up the phone and starts to dial.

GENTLEMAN

Wonderful. I'll have that much more to talk to my old friends about.

VICTOR

400,000. But no phone calls.

The gentleman thinks about it, then hangs up the phone.

GENTLEMAN

You have the cash?

VICTOR

Not now. But --

GENTLEMAN

Easy credit's been the downfall of this country, don't you think? I do so prefer cash deals.

The gentleman, unimpressed, picks up the phone again.

VICTOR

Keep the 200,000 as a deposit. I know where to get the rest of the money.

Victor smiles evilly.

EXT. HILLIARD HOUSE - ESTABLISHING - DAY

GRANT'S VOICE

The entire con is falling apart. And you know who's fault it is?

INT. HILLIARD HOUSE/RIP'S BEDROOM - DAY

Rip is on the phone at his desk. He dips a brush in a bottle of clear liquid and writes something on a piece of paper. Or at least tries to. Nothing shows up.

RIP

Yours?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. GRANT'S FLAT/MAIN ROOM - DAY

Grant is sitting on the couch, a cold rag on his forehead.

GRANT

The writers. I told them the story strained credibility, but did they listen to me? No. It was stories like that that got "Johnny Silver" cancelled.

RIP

Don't worry -- it's not the end of the world.

GRANT

Easy for you to say -- you aren't being romanced by a conman and pursued by the police.

RIP

There's still a way to make this work and get Lorinda's money back.

Rip reaches for the fluorescent desk lamp, turns it on and aims it at the paper. The words: THIS IS INVISIBLE INK appear. Rip smiles.

GRANT

How?

That's when there's a knock at Grant's door. He calls out:

GRANT (CONT'D)

Who is it?

GIDDING'S VOICE

DCI Giddings. Scotland Yard.

GRANT

(as Elsie:)

Be right there.

(into phone:)

I'm in hell.

Grant drops the phone and disappears into the closet. (Prod Note: Throughout the scene, we continue to INTERCUT with Rip) We hear Grant RUMMAGING AROUND. Giddings knocks again.

GRANT'S VOICE

(as Elsie:)

Hold your horses.

(MORE)

GRANT'S VOICE (CONT'D)

(then:)

Just a figure of speech. Of course,
I don't know anything about horses.
Wouldn't know one if I saw one.

Grant emerges in his Elsie regalia, rushes to the door, and
throws it open.

GIDDINGS

Mrs. George -- I'd like to talk with
you about your nephew.

Grant motions him inside.

GRANT

Lewis? What a dear, sweet boy.

GIDDINGS

I have reason to suspect he tried to
swindle Victor Beaudine. In fact, I
think you and Lewis were in it
together, that you were both scheming
to con Mr. Beaudine of his fortune.

GRANT

Those are outrageous accusations.
You're talking about the man I love!

VICTOR'S VOICE

Then marry me!

Grant and Giddings whirl around to see Victor at the door.

VICTOR

If she wants my money, she can have
it -- along with my heart.

Victor drops to one knee in front of Grant and takes his
hand.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Will you make my wildest dreams come
true? Will you marry me, Elsie?

Grant glances at Giddings, who looks at him suspiciously.
Grant clears his throat.

GRANT

Of course I will.

VICTOR

Then, what's mine is yours. If it's
my money you want, open up a joint
account right away -- you can run
away with it all if that's what makes
you happy.

(MORE)

THE PAPERS - HIS POV

They are checks which read: VICTOR & ELSIE BEAUDINE. We hear a KNOCK on GLASS.

BACK TO SCENE

Rip looks up to see Grant in the window. Rip goes over and opens the window.

RIP
 Congratulations -- I always knew
 you'd find that special someone.

GRANT
 Oh shut up.

Rip hands him the checks.

RIP
 Be careful, they're still wet.

GRANT
 Your plan had better work or I could
 end up in prison. Or worse -- married
 again.

RIP
 It's going to work. Have you picked
 out a wedding dress?

Grant glares at Rip, slams the window shut and climbs away. And on Rips grin, we DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HILLIARD HOUSE/RIP'S BEDROOM - DAY

Rip, looking substantially healthier, is dressed in his Sunday best as Lorinda fusses with his tie.

LORINDA
 I've never heard of a formal birthday
 party for a thirteen year-old.

RIP
 Jeremy's very mature for his age.

Grandmother bursts in.

GRANDMOTHER
 Which is more than you can say for
 anyone in this room.
 (to Rip)
 Get back into bed this instant.

RIP
 But Jeremy needs me. I can't let
 Jeremy down. He's my best friend.

Grandmother ignores him, turning her wrath on Lorinda.

GRANDMOTHER

I can't believe that even someone as careless as you would let this poor, sick child go out in such awful weather.

RIP

I'm fine. Really.

They both ignore him.

LORINDA

There isn't a cloud in the sky.

GRANDMOTHER

Exactly. Don't you know what ultraviolet rays can do to the immune system?

RIP

You can take my temperature if you want to.

Again, both women ignore him.

LORINDA

This isn't about Rip, and you know it. It's about Sebastian Barrett and me.

GRANDMOTHER

You? Don't be ridiculous. Sebastian loved me, and he didn't like you a bit. That's why he gave me a diamond ring -- and not you. You were so jealous, you stole it.

LORINDA

How many times do I have to tell you? It was the setting. The diamond fell out. What was the ring made of -- tin?

53A.

Grandmother is about to respond when a TERRIBLE NOISE fills the room.

Both women turn to see Rip, clawing his fingernails down a blackboard.

RIP

Now that I have your attention...

(MORE)

RIP (CONT'D)

(to Lorinda)

There was nothing wrong with the ring's setting. It was your fault the gem disappeared.

GRANDMOTHER

Ha!

RIP

(to Lorinda)

When you sang for your audition, you shattered it.

LORINDA

Not even my voice can shatter a diamond.

RIP

But it can shatter glass. There was never a diamond in that ring.

Grandmother and Lorinda look at each other. They are both stunned.

GRANDMOTHER

He

lied to me. And to think that all these years I held it against you. I'm sorry. It's all my fault. My stupid pride.

LORINDA

You poor thing. It's not your fault, it's his

Lorinda throws her arms around Grandmother. After a confused moment, Grandmother reciprocates.

Pleased with himself, Rip slips out.

EXT. GRANT'S FLAT - ESTABLISHING - DAY

Over, we hear HERE COMES THE BRIDE being played on piano.

INT. GRANT'S FLAT/MAIN ROOM - DAY

As an ELDERLY PIANIST tinkles out the end of "Here Comes the Bride", the tuxedoed Victor stands impatiently before the PRIEST at the far end of the room. He looks around. His bride is nowhere to be seen.

INT. GRANT'S FLAT/BATHROOM - DAY

Rip tries to pull Grant, dressed as Elsie in a frilly wedding dress, towards the main room.

GRANT

This is a terrible mistake.

RIP
You're just having cold feet.

GRANT
That's what three different best men
told me at three different weddings --
and they were all as wrong as you
are now!

Grant pulls away and makes for the window. Rip heads him
off.

RIP
But this marriage is a sham. It
will only last for a couple of days,
tops.

GRANT
Oh, yes, they said that about the
other marriages, too. But I'm still
paying for them.

Rip won't let Grant near the window, so Grant does a quick
180 and heads for the door. Rip runs after him.

CONTINUED:
42A

GRANT (CONT'D)
Say what you will, there is nothing
in the world that will make me go
through with this ceremony.

GRANT MARCHES OUT INTO

INT. GRANT'S FLAT/MAIN ROOM - DAY

just in time to see Detective Inspector Giddings settle into
a chair.

GRANT
(as Elsie)
Except the great love I have in my
heart for Victor.

He goes up and stands next to Victor, as the pianist starts
playing the Wedding March.

PRIEST
We are gathered here today to join
two people in holy matrimony.

Rip takes a seat next to Giddings.

RIP
Grandma Elsie makes a beautiful bride,
don't you think?

Giddings just glares at him.

PRIEST

Is there anyone present who knows
any reason why these two should not
wed?

Grant looks around for help.

GRANT

Don't be shy now. Speak up.

No response.

PRIEST

Do you, Victor, take this woman to
be your lawful wedded wife, to love,
honor, and cherish, in sickness and
in health, until death do you part?

VICTOR

I do.

56A.

CONTINUED:

42B

PRIEST

And do you, Elsie, take this man to
be your lawful wedded husband, to
love, honor, and cherish, in sickness
and in health, until death do you
part?

Grant, looking sick, doesn't respond. The priest clears his
throat.

GRANT

I, um... Well, that is, you see,
technically...

CONTINUED: (2)

42B

He squirms, looking around the room. Giddings' coat has
fallen open, revealing the SHINY HANDCUFFS hanging out of
his pocket.

GRANT (CONT'D)

...do.

PRIEST

Then, I now pronounce you man and
wife. The ring.

Victor produces a ring from his pocket and reaches for Grant's
hand. Grant gives it to him mechanically, like one condemned.

Victor slips the ring on Grant's finger -- well, forces it on, really.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

You may kiss the bride.

Victor leans in to kiss Grant. Grant leans away. Victor steps closer to Grant. Grant takes a step back.

VICTOR

(to Priest)

She's a shy little vixen.

Victor moves to kiss Grant, but again, Grant slips away. Victor grabs Grant by the shoulders, Grant manages to turn his head at the last second, and Victor plants a big wet one on his cheek. The priest smiles as the happy couple breaks apart, Grant turn ing away to wipe off his cheek disgustedly.

PRIEST

Bless you both. May you have a lifetime of happiness.

He leaves, along with the pianist. Giddings goes up to the lovely couple.

GIDDINGS

(to Victor:)

I hope you know what you're doing.

57A.

CONTINUED: (3)

42B

VICTOR

I couldn't be more certain.

GIDDINGS

(to Grant:)

My lady.

Giddings gives Grant a polite smile and leaves. Rip gives Grant a hug.

RIP

I'm so happy for you, Grandma.

Rip turns and pumps Victor's hand.

RIP (CONT'D)

And Grandpa. See you after the honeymoon.

Rip heads for the door. Grant grabs him by the shoulder.

GRANT

Won't you stay?

RIP

This is your special day.

GRANT

(low, as himself:)

You're not leaving!

Rip jerks free and heads for the door. Grant is left alone with Victor. They both smile awkwardly at one another.

CONTINUED: (4)

42B

Neither one of them wants to face.. well, you know.

GRANT (CONT'D)

This has been such an exciting day.

VICTOR

A whirlwind, darling.

GRANT

Quite exhausting for a lady my age.
I could just sleep for hours.

VICTOR

Why don't you go take a nap -- and
I'll go... pay for the flowers.

GRANT

If you insist. The checks are in
the desk.

Victor kisses Grants hand and leads him to the bedroom.

VICTOR

I'll only be a few minutes, my sweet.

GRANT

An eternity, my beloved.

Grant slams the door. Victor waits a beat and goes directly to the desk, where he digs out the checks Rip made. He grabs a pen and writes:

HIS POV - THE CHECKBOOK

The checks are printed VICTOR AND ELSIE BEAUDINE. Victor writes himself a check for 200,000 pounds and tears it out.

MATCH CUT to the check being handed to +A BANK TELLER 42C a bright and peppy woman in her 20's, smiles back from behind her counter. (Prod. Note: Favor either the fluorescent lamp on her counter or on the ceiling.)

TELLER

Can I help you?

INT. BANK - DAY

Victor, still in his tuxedo, smiles back.

58A.

VICTOR
I'd like to make a sizeable
withdrawal.

TELLER
Yes, sir.

He hands her the check. The teller glances down at it.

HER POV - THE CHECK

as the handwritten message: GIVE ME ALL YOUR MONEY. I HAVE
A GUN. slowly EMERGES on the check under the glare of the
FLUORESCENT LIGHT.

VICTOR
Large bills, please.

BACK TO SCENE

She looks at him, terrified. He puts his briefcase on the
counter and flashes another smile.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
I want to pack as much cash in this
briefcase as I can.

GRANT'S VOICE
Think again.

Victor turns around to see he's SURROUNDED BY POLICE. Grant
Logan, in his hat and coat, stands in front of them like a
General with his troops.

GRANT
Your days of robbing banks are over,
Beaudine.
(to the officers:)
Caught in the act. As I predicted.

VICTOR
This is outrageous. I'm making a
withdrawal from my own account.

GRANT
Then I'm sure you can explain that
note --

Grant points to it and takes the check from the teller and
holds it up. Victor is stunned.

59A.

GRANT (CONT'D)
 -- and this gun.

Grant pops open the briefcase, revealing THE GUN. Victor is shocked. Grant motions to the officers.

GRANT (CONT'D)
 Take him away, boys.

As the officers take Victor's arms to handcuff him, Grant shows Victor his Elsie wedding ring.

GRANT (CONT'D)
 (aside to Victor)
 But I'll keep this as a souvenir.

Realization dawns on Victor as the police take him.

VICTOR
 I've been framed! He's a woman. I mean, he's a man, I mean, he's...

GRANT
 Grant Logan. Private Detective.

Victor is dragged away. The teller swoons over Grant.

TELLER
 You're...brilliant.

GRANT
 Yes, I am.

And, we DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GRANT'S FLAT/MAIN ROOM - DAY

Grant, looking glum, studies a decaying old script as Rip comes in with the morning paper.

RIP
 Why do you look so glum? You put Victor Beaudine behind bars.

GRANT
 A small consolation.
 (then:)
 We failed. This proves it.

RIP
 (re: script)
 "The Case of the Sinister Spouse."

GRANT
 When Johnny Silver pulled this con, the widow got her money back.

RIP

As I said, that was television.
Things don't work out so neatly in
real life.

Rip takes the script and starts leafing through it
nonchalantly. That's when there's a knock at the door.
Grant goes to answer it.

GRANT

Do you realize what this will do to
our reputation as detectives?

Grant opens the door to reveal, the distinguished gentleman
who owned the farm.

GENTLEMAN

Wonderful fun, old man!

He gives Grant a big hug. Grant shoots a baffled look back
at Rip.

RIP

You remember your old friend Lyle
Fairbanks, of course.

The gentleman peels off his disguise to reveal a new man.

GRANT

Of course. We did Julius Caesar
together at Stratford.

FAIRBANKS

And you were the best wardrobe
assistant I ever had. I wondered
whatever became of you -- until I
got your fax.

GRANT

My fax?

60A.

Fairbanks hands a bulging manilla envelope to Grant.

FAIRBANKS

This belongs to you -- I had no idea
you'd become a detective. I'm just
glad I could be of some help getting
that widow's money back.
(then:)

Must run. Stop by the farm if you're
ever in the neighborhood, we'll catch
up on the old days.

And he's gone. Grant studies the envelope.

GRANT

There must be 200,000 pounds in here.

Rip puts down the script and smiles broadly.

RIP

So maybe real life is like TV
sometimes.

GRANT

But... but...

There's another knock at the door. Grant, still dazed, opens it to reveal DCI Giddings. Grant screams and slams the door. Rip goes to the door and opens it.

RIP

You were brilliant, Frank. If Mr. Logan ever needs another policeman, you'll be the first actor he calls.

GIDDINGS

(to Grant:)

It was a pleasure working with you, sir. You know, you almost had me convinced you thought I was a real cop.

GRANT

I am a professional, you know.

Rip hands Giddings a wad of bills from the envelope in Grant's hand. Giddings goes. Grant stares at Rip.

GRANT (CONT'D)

He was an actor?

(then:)

You... You did this to me!

Rip shrugs innocently.

RIP

When Victor didn't show up for dinner with Elsie, I suspected he was going to double-cross Lewis. So I hired a few actors and mounted a con of my own, just in case.

GRANT

But Victor paid Lyle Fairbanks the 200,000 pounds why did I have to marry him?

RIP

He just would have conned more women. We had to put him away.

There's a knock at the door. Grant opens it to reveal the priest and the old lady piano player. Grant smiles sweetly.

GRANT

A brilliant performance.

(hands him cash)

In fact, we'd like you to play the same part again.

RIP

We would?

GRANT

We would.

(to the priest)

You do funerals, don't you?

Grant lunges at Rip, who ducks out of the way, laughing.

INT. HILLIARD HOUSE/RIP'S BEDROOM - DAY

Rip lies in bed as Nancy pulls a thermometer out of his mouth and checks it. She smiles.

RIP

Perfectly normal, right?

NANCY

You? Never. But your fever's gone.

62A.

RIP

And so is your headache.

NANCY

That's no way to talk about Lorinda. I'm just glad some detective got Lorinda her money back...

RIP

...while we still had a glass left in the house.

They share a smile. That's when a PIERCING NOTE comes from downstairs.

NANCY

It couldn't be...

Another NOTE cuts through the air. Ripley's drinking glass shudders, then EXPLODES. They share a look.

INT. HILLIARD HOUSE/FAMILY ROOM - DAY

Lorinda coaches Grandmother.

LORINDA

No, no. From the diaphragm. Like this.

And she lets out with a blood-curdling high note as Nancy and Rip come in.

NANCY

It's nice to see that you two are friends again.

LORINDA

We've found Sebastian -- the man who broke both our hearts and nearly ruined our friendship.

GRANDMOTHER

That's why Lorinda is teaching me to sing.

Rip and Nancy share a puzzled look. Grandmother hands Nancy a business card. She looks shocked.

NANCY

You wouldn't.

RIP

Wouldn't what?

GRANDMOTHER

We're just going to sing him a little song.

LORINDA

And if he apologizes quickly, maybe just one note.

RIP

One note?

He takes the business card out of Nancy's hand.

RIP (CONT'D)

(reading)

Sebastian Barrett, Dealer in Fine Glass and Crystal Antiquities.

(then:)

You wouldn't.

Grandmother and Lorinda share a look, then both let out with one tremendous, echoing note. Rip and Nancy share a horrified look, but before the glass in the picture frames start exploding, we

FADE OUT.

?

THE END