

UNDER MY SKIN

by

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FADE IN:

BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA - PRESENT DAY

EXT. WILSHIRE BOULEVARD - DAY

WOMEN, all ages, enter and exit a busy medical center.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

PAN a wall furnished with dozens of awards presented to Dr. Rupert T. Shapiro from every American Board of Cosmetic, Plastic and Reconstructive Surgery imaginable.

WOMAN (O.S.)

(pleading)

There must be something you can do.  
Maybe my chin or eyes.

A CELEBRITY, age unknown, sits on his examination table as she picks at her face while staring in a large mirror.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

We've been through this, Ms. Blank.  
You've already had more than one  
face surgery in five months. Any  
more and your skin will show  
considerable signs of damage.

REVEAL DR. RUPERT T. SHAPIRO, 49, a man who at one time was attractive enough to have had any woman he desired. But after twenty years of servicing women from all walks of life, Dr. Shapiro has lost both his well-groomed looks and zeal for the female gender.

CELEBRITY

But I need something to help me  
stand out from the crowd. Even my  
agent says I'm not getting the  
callbacks I used to.

RUPERT

We're all getting older, Ms. Blank.

Rupert sees himself in the mirror and yanks out a gray hair.

RUPERT (CONT'D)

Even I can't change that.

He drops the hair into a bucket and rips off plastic gloves.

## CELEBRITY

But I have a dog, three cats, and a house to support. I can't just move back to Ohio and start my life over again at my age. I'm thirty-five.

## RUPERT

That's no reason to consider surgery.

He takes the mirror away from her.

## RUPERT (CONT'D)

We'll talk more about this later.

He leaves the examination room and goes into his private office.

## INT. PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

Rupert sits in his plush office over-looking Beverly Hills. He jots down some notes on a patient's chart as DR. LEONARD HIRSCH, '50s, balding, enters his office. Leonard wears a white medical coat and appears to have had one too many face-lifts.

## RUPERT (CONT'D)

What are you doing here?  
(looks at watch)  
It can't be lunchtime already.

## LEONARD

Take a look at that!

He tosses a copy of the latest LOS ANGELES MEDICAL JOURNAL on Rupert's desk. Rupert zooms in on the picture of a young, handsome DOCTOR, '30s, plastered on the cover.

## RUPERT

What the...  
(rises/picks up magazine)  
That was supposed to be ME on that cover this month!

## LEONARD

I heard the women talking about him at the club. They claim he's the best face man in town.

RUPERT  
That's ridiculous! This guy looks  
like he just got out of medical  
school.

LEONARD  
You don't get that kind of exposure  
for nothing. He must know someone  
in this town.

He sits on Rupert's couch as Rupert presses the intercom.

RUPERT  
Sarah. Get Harry Strickland on the  
line.

SARAH (O.S.)  
Yes, doctor.

Rupert picks up the magazine and stares at it.

LEONARD  
What are you going to do?

RUPERT  
We'll see who's the best face man  
in this town.

INT. RUPERT'S EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

Rupert sits in front of a MALE CELEBRITY PATIENT, cutting off  
some bandages. They fall to the floor, revealing his face.

RUPERT  
That's healing nicely.

CELEBRITY  
Thank you, doctor. And I want you  
to know, no matter what people are  
saying about you, I'm still going  
to remain your patient.

RUPERT  
What?

Leonard barges into the room.

LEONARD  
Rupert, you got to see this.

RUPERT  
I'm with a patient.

Leonard grabs Rupert's arm and drags him into...

INT. RECEPTION ROOM - DAY

... his reception office, and then...

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

... into the hallway. A group of MOVERS are carrying boxes and furniture into the office down the hall.

RUPERT

Hey! What the hell's going on here?

LEONARD

It's him! He's moving into our building!

RUPERT

What?

DR. RICHARD PICARD, '30s, the same man on this month's cover of the Los Angeles Medical Journal steps off the elevator.

LEONARD

Wasn't that the office you were supposed to be getting for your new outpatient clinic?

RUPERT

I already gave the building manager a deposit!

Dr. Picard spots Rupert and Leonard staring at him.

DR. PICARD

Why Dr. Shapiro! What an honor!

Dr. Picard walks up to them as Rupert watches stunned. Rupert glares back at Leonard as Dr. Picard shakes his hand. NOTE: Dr. Picard speaks with a very slight lisp.

DR. PICARD (CONT'D)

I can't tell you what a fan I am. That research you did on silicone implants in the seventies was absolutely brilliant. And that collagen research, what a breakthrough.

Leonard bores into him.

LEONARD

I thought that office was already taken.

DR. PICARD

I had my publicist do a little financing.

(shakes Leonard's hand)

And you must be Dr. Hirsch. I can't believe we're all going to be working together.

(eyes Leonard's face)

That's some lift you've got there. Do it yourself?

LEONARD

(touches face)

How can you tell?

DR. PICARD

Forgot to leave more sideburns.

Leonard gawks at Rupert, insulted.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Doctor, we need you. The decorator wants to know where to put the desk.

A drop dead gorgeous WOMAN, '20s, stands outside his office, waiting.

DR. PICARD

My receptionist.

(hurries off)

We'll have to do lunch soon. At the club.

RUPERT

Club?

Dr. Picard rushes off as Rupert glares at Leonard, worried.

RUPERT

He's going to be in our Country Club?

Dr. Picard enters his office with the woman.

LEONARD

I sure hope she isn't a sample of his handiwork, or we really are in trouble.

RUPERT  
 (enters office)  
 Sarah! Get me the building manager.  
 I want to see him in my office now!

He storms into his office. Leonard stares down the hallway, touching his sideburns.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS MEDICAL CENTER - DAY

Rupert pulls up to the building in his red Porsche. He sees a long line of cars HONKING horns, trying to get into the parking lot. Rupert gets behind them and HONKS. He pulls around the cars, trying to get inside the parking lot.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

Rupert races toward the elevators. He notices an extensive line of WOMEN all fighting to get on the elevators.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Rupert squeezes out of the elevator, brushing past dozens of WOMEN.

RUPERT  
 What is going on here?

He turns, spotting another long line of WOMEN standing outside Dr. Picard's new office.

RUPERT (CONT'D)  
 Ms. Blank?

The same CELEBRITY we saw in the opening scene stands in line, holding a copy of the Los Angeles Medical Journal in her hands.

CELEBRITY  
 I'm sorry, doctor. But he said he can help me.

RUPERT  
 Help you what? Become a circus clown?  
 (storms off down hallway)  
 Don't come crawling back to me after you start looking like Janet Jackson. I'm a professional, not some charity case.

He slips into his office and slams the door behind him.

INT. RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Rupert stands in his completely empty receptionist area.

RUPERT  
Where are all my patients?

SARAH  
I'm sorry, doctor. The phone hasn't  
stopped ringing all morning.

The PHONE RINGS as SARAH, '20s, Rupert's attractive  
receptionist answers it.

SARAH  
Dr. Shapiro's office. Of course,  
Ms. Stone. I'm sure the doctor will  
understand.

RUPERT  
Understand what?

SARAH  
(answers another line)  
Yes, Ms. Ryan. I'll let the doctor  
know you have another appointment.

RUPERT  
Was that Meg Ryan?

SARAH  
(phone rings/answers)  
No, Ms. Roberts. I'm sure he won't  
mind if you see another doctor. Of  
course you're entitled to a second  
opinion.

RUPERT  
What the hell is going on here?

The PHONE continues RINGING as Leonard enters Rupert's  
office, completely winded.

SARAH  
Dr. Shapiro's office. It's Cher.

LEONARD  
Rupert. Did you see that line out  
there?

(MORE)

LEONARD(cont'd)

I couldn't even get onto the damn elevator. I had to climb up ten flights of stairs!

Rupert sees the cover of the Los Angeles Medical Journal with Dr. Richard Picard on it. He grabs it off the desk.

RUPERT

Cancel that subscription!

He dumps the Los Angeles Medical Journal into the trash.

RUPERT (CONT'D)

In fact, I don't want to see another copy of that filthy rag in this office ever again!

SARAH

Yes, doctor.

Rupert steps inside his private office as Leonard follows after him.

INT. RUPERT'S PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

Rupert hangs up his jacket, still shaken. He heads over to a cupboard and opens it, revealing a small bar. He pours himself a glass of imported club soda.

LEONARD

You're going to need something stronger than that.

Leonard sits down on the sofa, worried.

LEONARD

We need to do something about this, Rupert. This is serious!

RUPERT

(heads over to desk)

It's that damn magazine. I didn't know women in this town read that stupid thing.

LEONARD

I didn't even think they could read. So what are we going to do about this?

Rupert sits down.

RUPERT  
Nothing, that's what.

LEONARD  
What? Did you see that line out there?

SOUND of PHONE still ringing in reception area.

RUPERT  
In a few weeks this will all die down. You know how fickle celebrities are?

LEONARD  
And what if it doesn't? I don't know about you, but I can't afford another hit like this. I've got three ex-wives to support and a new beach house I just bought in Santa Barbara.

Rupert's intercom BUZZES.

RUPERT  
Yes?

SARAH (O.S.)  
It's Mr. Ross from the Committee on line two. He'd like to speak to you.

Rupert's face lights up. He leans back smiling and grabs the phone.

RUPERT  
Roger. How's the wife doing? Still recovering from that tummy tuck I gave her last month?  
(beat/changes tone)  
But Roger, you know how hard I've worked for this. I've been hosting the "Best Surgeon's Award" for twenty years.  
(angry)  
Fine! Then let him do it. Why should I get any respect after devoting my entire life to this profession? If it weren't for me, there wouldn't even be a Hollywood!

He SLAMS the phone down and rises, mad as hell.

RUPERT (CONT'D)

Has everyone in this town gone crazy? Who does this idiot think he is?

LEONARD

I don't know about you, Rupert, but I could use a real drink.

Leonard takes out a small compact, examines his sideburns and sighs deeply.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

Rupert and Leonard sit out on a patio, facing the Beverly Hills Yacht Club.

LEONARD

Maybe we are getting old. Even the women are starting to look younger.

He eyes two WOMEN, '20s, at the table next to him and smiles at them. They turn away, disgusted, as Leonard takes out a small mirror. He looks at himself in it and carefully examines his face.

RUPERT

This is my town. I'm not about to let some kid in Pampers drive me out of business. I've worked too hard for this.

The WAITER serves them drinks and walks off.

LEONARD

It just doesn't seem as much fun anymore.

(touches his neck)

Some days I find myself not even wanting to get out of bed or look at another woman again.

RUPERT

Some days?

WOMAN (O.S.)

Rupert, I knew I'd find you here.

Rupert looks up, spotting his EX-WIFE coming straight at him. MRS. VICTORIA SHAPIRO, '30s, or so she appears, and gorgeous as hell. She is accompanied by a handsome LATINO MAN, '20s.

RUPERT

Victoria.

VICTORIA

Hello, Leonard. You remember my friend, Ricardo?

LEONARD

The stunt double. Of course. Getting any work these days?

Ricardo adjusts his balls. His shorts are so tight you could bounce a quarter off them.

RICARDO

(thick accent)

Evening.

VICTORIA

Morning, sweetie. It's 'morning'.  
(rubs his chest/to Rupert)  
We want to take the boat out.

RUPERT

What? I'm still making payments on that.

VICTORIA

I've had a long day at the studio, Rupert, and I don't want to argue. I'm tired and I need to relax.

RUPERT

Then go home and take a nap! You know I love that boat.

VICTORIA

Fine. I'll just call Harold and see what he has to say about that.

(speed dials cell  
phone/rubs Ricardo's  
chest)

Don't worry, sweetie. Mommy will be done in a...

(into phone)

Harold. It's me, Victoria. I'm here at the club with Rupert and he doesn't seem to want to let me use the boat. That's right. Would you like to speak to him?

She hands the phone to Rupert as he leers at it. He takes out the keys and hands them to her.

RUPERT  
I hope it gets dry rot!

Victoria takes the keys, smiling.

VICTORIA  
Never mind, Harold. Enjoy your  
lunch, boys. Come along, Ricardo.

She walks off toward the pier, followed by Ricardo. Rupert  
and Leonard watch.

RUPERT  
Let's get the hell out of here.

Rupert rises, gesturing for the bill.

RUPERT (CONT'D)  
It's getting so a man can't even  
relax at his own club anymore.

LEONARD  
Speaking of which, I heard about  
this great new place I thought we'd  
try for dinner tonight.

RUPERT  
I'm in no mood, Leonard.

LEONARD  
It's supposed to be a great new  
celebrity hang out. Who knows, we  
might even get lucky and pick up a  
few new patients there.

Rupert pauses, watching his yacht as it sails away from the  
pier, with Victoria and Ricardo on it.

RUPERT  
Why the hell not? Maybe I could use  
some new atmosphere. Anything's  
better than this.

LEONARD  
That's the spirit.

They exit the country club together.

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD - NIGHT

Rupert and Leonard drive down Sunset Blvd. in Rupert's  
Porsche.

LEONARD

Why couldn't you put the top down?  
I wanted all the women to see us.

RUPERT

I just washed my hair. Where the  
hell is this place anyway?

LEONARD

West Hollywood.

RUPERT

West Hollywood? Since when does  
either of us ever go there?

EXT. WEST HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT

Rupert drives up to a nightclub/restaurant called OTTO'S  
RETREAT. A VALET approaches Rupert's car and opens the door  
for him.

VALET

Will you ladies be having drinks or  
dinner?

RUPERT

What?  
(gets out of car/to  
Leonard)  
Did he call us ladies?

LEONARD

We'll be having both.

Rupert hands the valet the keys, unsure. He stares at the  
unusual crowd. It's a definite gender bender mix where  
anything goes.

RUPERT

This doesn't look like our kind of  
crowd. Maybe we'd better go back to  
the club.

Leonard leads him toward the door.

LEONARD

Will you stop whining? You never  
want to try anything new anymore.  
You need to start letting your hair  
down and get out more.

RUPERT  
I happen to like my hair exactly  
the way it is now.

They enter the restaurant/club.

INT. RESTAURANT/CLUB - NIGHT

Rupert stands inside the lobby. Again, the CROWD is still highly suspect. A MAN, '50s, dressed in drag winks at him and walks off.

RUPERT  
Who told you about this place?

LEONARD  
My secretary. She read about it in  
one of the new celebrity magazines.

RUPERT  
We're here because of some tabloid?

OTTO, '60s, a very flamboyantly dressed man, approaches them.

OTTO  
Can I help you ladies?

RUPERT  
That's the second time I've been  
called that.

LEONARD  
We'd like a table. Dr. Shapiro and  
Dr. Hirsch.

OTTO  
(looks at book)  
I don't see your names on the list.

LEONARD  
My secretary called.

OTTO  
I'm sorry. You're not listed.

RUPERT  
Let's just go.

LEONARD  
We're not going anywhere. Do you  
happen to know who this man is?

Leonard grabs Rupert as Otto scrutinizes him.

OTTO  
Should I?

REVEAL TYRONE KLINE, '30s, a man standing near the bar dressed in drag, overhearing their conversation.

LEONARD  
Why just look at these hands!

He grabs Rupert's hands holding them up.

LEONARD  
This man practically invented this town.

RUPERT  
(puts hands down)  
Let go of me!

LEONARD  
Will this help any?

Leonard takes out a hundred dollar bill and hands it to Otto. Otto takes it and slips it into his pocket. He leads Rupert and Leonard into the club.

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

Rupert scans the strange looking "WOMEN" as they head through the crowd.

RUPERT  
Celebrities my ass. I don't see a single woman in here under fifty.

LEONARD  
Just relax, will you? I hear the singer here is fabulous. She sings Judy Garland songs.

RUPERT  
And where'd you hear that? Soap Digest?

Otto seats them at a table far from the stage. He takes a reserved sign off as Leonard eyes him.

LEONARD (CONT'D)  
Is this the best you've got?

Otto flashes Leonard a dirty look then canters off.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

You'd think I gave him a sawbuck.

They sit down as Rupert eyes the people at the table next to them. The WOMAN smiles at Rupert. His eyes widen as he notices she isn't a woman, but a MAN, 50s, dressed in drag.

RUPERT

Leonard. I think you'd better put your glasses on.

LEONARD

What?

RUPERT

Put them on.

Leonard takes out his glasses and puts them on.

LEONARD

Why? Is the entertainment starting?

Leonard scans the crowd. His eyes widen.

LEONARD

Good God. This really is a surgeon's nightmare.

RUPERT

Look closer.

LEONARD

(looks closer)

Rupert. Do you see what I think I see?

RUPERT

These women, are men!

An ARGUMENT breaks out from behind the stage.

MAN'S VOICE ONE (O.S.)

I saw you! You were kissing her. In our own apartment!

MAN'S VOICE TWO (O.S.)

We were rehearsing. It's my job to kiss her! I'm an actor.

MAN'S VOICE ONE (O.S.)

With your shirt off?

REVEAL Tyrone, now wearing a long blue sequin gown further accentuating his rather masculine physique. He stands next to NED, '30s, handsome, wearing tight designer jeans and a black leather jacket.

NED  
I'll kiss whoever I want. It's not like we're dating.

TYRONE  
But we're living together!

NED  
You keep this up, and I'm moving out.

Ned storms off the stage as Tyrone sobs.

TYRONE  
But I just paid our rent for the next three months.

A WAITER approaches Rupert and Leonard.

WAITER  
What will ya have, ladies?

RUPERT  
Stop calling me that!

LEONARD  
Manhattan. Dry.  
(eyes scary man/woman next to him)  
Better make it a double.

Tyrone grabs Ned's arm, stopping him in front of Rupert and Leonard.

TYRONE  
I'll change! I promise I will. Just tell me what you want?

NED  
A woman, that's what!

TYRONE  
How can you be so cruel?

Tyrone sobs as Ned exits the club through the back door. Tyrone stands inches away from Rupert as Rupert rises.

RUPERT  
That's it! I'm leaving.

LEONARD  
But we haven't even seen the  
entertainment yet.

RUPERT  
What do you call this?

Otto confronts Tyrone, leading him toward the stage.

OTTO  
Don't worry, honey. He'll be back.

Otto pushes Tyrone up onto the stage. The band starts PLAYING as Tyrone takes the microphone. The MAN IN DRAG sitting behind Rupert grabs him.

MAN IN DRAG  
Sit down, big boy! I'm paying to  
see her, not your ass!

Rupert sits down, even more furious. Tyrone takes the microphone and starts SINGING, "The Man That Got Away" by Judy Garland.

TYRONE  
"The night is bitter, the stars  
have lost their glitter, the wind  
grows colder and suddenly you're  
older and all because of the man  
that got away...."

EXT. OTTO'S NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Rupert and Leonard leave the club.

RUPERT  
Remind me never to let you pick a  
new place again.

LEONARD  
At least it was different.

RUPERT  
And that makes it good?

Rupert hands Leonard's ticket to the valet.

EXT. CLUB ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Ned climbs into a crappy, old Mustang parked in the alley.

TYRONE

Ned, don't do this. I promise, I  
won't be jealous ever again!

NED

Call me when you get that  
operation! Till then, don't bother  
me anymore.

The Mustang speeds around the corner.

TYRONE

Ned! You can't mean that!

EXT. NIGHTCLUB/RESTAURANT - NIGHT

... and past the VALETS and PATRONS, heading straight for  
Rupert. Tyrone chases the car around the corner.

TYRONE

Ned! Come back! You can't leave me!  
I love you!

Leonard grabs Rupert's arm and yanks him out of the way in  
the nick of time. Rupert watches, dumbfounded, as Ned's  
Mustang speeds off inches away from hitting him.

Tyrone stands beside Rupert sobbing as Rupert watches him,  
even more shaken.

RUPERT

Where the hell is my car?

WOMAN (O.S.)

Dr. Shapiro? What are you doing  
here?

A FAMOUS CELEBRITY exits the club, spotting Rupert out front.  
He turns and sees her approaching. He quickly changes his  
demeanor.

RUPERT

Melanie. What a nice sur...prise.

She kisses Rupert's cheeks as Tyrone stands behind them,  
still sobbing.

MELANIE

I didn't think this was your kind  
of place.

RUPERT

(glares at Leonard)  
You look wonderful.

Tyrone looks up, recognizing the celebrity.

MELANIE

I've been abroad promoting my new  
film. And you? Still keeping  
Hollywood beautiful?

Tyrone stops crying, wipes eyes, now eavesdropping.

RUPERT

That's what I get paid for, isn't  
it?

MELANIE

I was actually going to call you.  
My mother has been so down lately.  
Her boyfriend just left her.

Tyrone circles closer, blows nose.

MELANIE

I was hoping you might be able to  
do something to help lift her  
spirits. I have a picture of her  
right here.

She takes out a photo of an ugly, old WOMAN, '80s, and shows  
it to Rupert. Tyrone peers over his shoulder at the picture,  
stunned. So is Leonard.

LEONARD

That's your mother?

MELANIE

We used to be almost identical,  
until Dr. Shapiro started working  
on me.

Tyrone's eyes widen, floored. He moves closer. Rupert catches  
him looking and turns his back to him.

LEONARD

(eyes picture)  
My God, Rupert. You really are a  
genius.

MELANIE

Do you think you can help her?

RUPERT

It'd be my pleasure.

MELANIE

You always did know how to make a woman feel good about herself. Oh, that's me.

A red Ferrari pulls up. The valet helps her inside the car as she blows Rupert a kiss and drives off.

MELANIE

I'll call you later. Bye!

RUPERT

At least I have one patient left.

LEONARD

What we need is something to help put you back in the driver's seat again. Some kind of miracle.

Rupert's Porsche finally arrives. They get in.

RUPERT

What I need is something that's never been done before. Something that's bigger than anything I've ever thought possible.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

What about those women in there? Now don't tell me that would be a challenge?

RUPERT

That would be a nightmare.

Rupert starts the car.

LEONARD

Don't tell me you weren't thinking what I was? Why any one of those men would die to get their hands on a man with your talents. Just think what you could do with them!

Tyrone peers over into the driver's window and eyeballs Rupert. He looks up, startled.

TYRONE

But I'm right here! I'm THAT woman!

Rupert looks at Leonard, shocked and drives off. Tyrone watches, upset as Otto exits the club.

OTTO

What are you doing out here? You're on next!

TYRONE

That man in the Porsche! Who is he? What's his name?

OTTO

I don't know. Dr. Tightass or something. Why?

TYRONE

He's going to change my life. That's why!

The VALET pulls up with a BMW convertible as Tyrone jumps into it and starts the car.

OTTO

Tyrone! What are you doing! That isn't even your car!

Tyrone speeds off, heading down Sunset Boulevard after Rupert.

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD - NIGHT

Rupert drives back toward Beverly Hills.

RUPERT

Thank God we're out of that hellhole. I feel like I need a shower.

They pass the Beverly Hills town line.

LEONARD

I thought you liked Judy Garland?

RUPERT

Not that rendition.

They pass the town line which reads BEVERLY HILLS. Rupert relaxes and turns on the RADIO.

Tyrone spots the red Porsche in front of him. He weaves in and out of traffic, trying to catch up while HONKING his horn. Rupert and Leonard listen to the music as they stop at a traffic light on Sunset. Leonard examines his face in the mirror, looking for wrinkles.

LEONARD

Did you bring the cream with you?

Rupert hands him a tube as Tyrone pulls up beside them.

TYRONE

Stop! I want to talk to you.

Leonard looks over, applying cream to his face and sees Tyrone in the car beside him, yelling.

LEONARD

Hey. Isn't that the singer we just saw?

RUPERT

What the hell does he want?

TYRONE

Pull over! I want to get your telephone number!

CLOSE ON Rupert's face.

LEONARD

Rupert. He wants a date with you.

RUPERT

What makes you think he's after me?

TYRONE

Dr. Tightass? Is that your name?

RUPERT

My God! It is me!

The light changes as Rupert puts his foot to the floor. The Porsche peels off as Tyrone drives after them.

LEONARD

Have you gone crazy? This is a thirty-mile an hour traffic zone!

RUPERT

He's not getting my number.

They stare back at Tyrone, terrified, as he gains on them.

LEONARD  
Can't you lose him?

RUPERT  
What do you think I'm trying to do?

Rupert speeds through the cars, changes lanes like a mad man. Tyrone staying close behind, HONKING his horn.

TYRONE  
I just want to talk to you!

RUPERT  
Hang on!

Rupert turns off Sunset Boulevard and swerves onto Benedict Canyon and practically hits a parked car. He speeds up the hillside.

LEONARD  
Rupert! You're going to kill us!  
(stares back at Tyrone)  
Just give him your number!

RUPERT  
Why don't you give him yours?

Tyrone peels up the canyon after them, honking his HORN.

LEONARD  
Just make one up for God sakes!  
Haven't you ever done that before?

RUPERT  
Doesn't this car go any faster?

They wind out at the top of the canyon and turn onto Mullholland Drive, just missing a cliff behind them. The view of San Fernando Valley is behind them as Leonard hangs on for dear life. Tyrone tears around the corner, right behind them.

TYRONE  
What is wrong with these people?  
Are they crazy?

LEONARD  
Jesus! I think I wet myself. Will  
you pull over?

They turn a corner just missing the edge of a cliff.

RUPERT

You'd think for eighty thousand bucks, I'd have more horsepower than this! Remind me to get a new car!

They tear around another corner as Leonard stares over the edge, horrified. Tyrone stays right behind them. Leonard slouches down, his face turning white.

LEONARD

Rupert? Remember that time I told you I was in Aspen for the weekend at that medical convention last year?

RUPERT

Who the hell cares? I think he's gaining on us!

Rupert stares back at Tyrone, terrified. He puts foot to the floor again and peels around another corner, just inches away from falling off another cliff.

LEONARD

I was in Aspen. With your ex-wife.

RUPERT

What!

Rupert peels around another bend, just missing another cliff as his tires spin back to safety again.

RUPERT

Which ex-wife?

LEONARD

Penelope. It was after you both split. Kathy just left me for that teenage podiatrist.

RUPERT

Why are you telling me this now?

He speeds around another corner, inches away from the edge. Leonard stares over it.

LEONARD

I was lonely!

TYRONE

(continues HONKING)  
Stop that damn car!

LEONARD  
I don't want it on my conscience in  
case anything happens!

RUPERT  
(tears around another  
cliff)  
And you call yourself MY friend?

LEONARD  
(peers over edge)  
Rupert, stop the car! I think I'm  
going to be sick!

Rupert screeches to a halt.

RUPERT  
Not in this car!

Leonard leans out the window and pukes. Tyrone comes to a complete stop behind them. He gets out of his car, adjusting his dress and makes his way over to them.

TYRONE  
Are you insane? Didn't you see me  
trying to talk to you?  
(stops concerned)  
Good God.  
(sees Leonard puking)  
Does he need a doctor?

RUPERT  
I'm a doctor!

Rupert gets out of the car. He goes over to Leonard, opens the door and yanks him out of car. Leonard stands beside the car door, holding his stomach.

LEONARD  
I think I need to get to the  
hospital.

RUPERT  
Not in this car, you traitor!

LEONARD  
You're going to just leave me here?

RUPERT  
You should have thought about that  
before you slept with my wife!

TYRONE  
Are you two having a lover's  
quarrel?

Rupert freaks.

RUPERT  
What!

LEONARD  
You never even liked Penelope!

RUPERT  
Since when does that matter?

TYRONE  
I'm sure this is private. So if  
you'll just give me your number...  
(searches purse for pen)  
... I'll be on my way.

RUPERT  
I'm not giving you anything! I  
don't even know who the hell you  
are!

LEONARD  
Rupert, I need to sit down!

He tries to sit back in the car as Rupert slams the door  
shut.

TYRONE  
I thought you said you were looking  
for someone who could help your  
career?

RUPERT  
What are you talking about?

LEONARD  
My God, Rupert. He thinks he's  
going to help you win that award!

RUPERT  
But he's not even a woman!

Tyrone's eyes tear up.

TYRONE  
But that's what I need you for! You  
don't know what it's like being  
trapped inside a man's body!

Rupert looks at Leonard, blown away.

RUPERT  
Is this some kind of joke?

LEONARD  
Rupert, think what he's saying.  
This just might be that miracle  
we're looking for.

RUPERT  
Nobody's that desperate! Not even  
me!

TYRONE  
You're the only one who can help  
me. Please, I'm begging you. Help  
me become a real woman!

RUPERT  
There isn't enough talent in the  
world to pull that off!

Tyrone bursts into tears and walks over to the cliff, sobbing. Rupert watches concerned as Tyrone stands at the edge of the cliff, overlooking the San Fernando Valley.

LEONARD  
Rupert, think of the possibilities.  
Did you ever see bone structure  
like that on anyone in your life?

They stare at Tyrone's silhouette as the moonlight reveals his hideously masculine figure.

RUPERT  
What's he doing? Is he going to  
jump?

TYRONE  
Good-bye cruel world.  
(looks over edge)  
Maybe in my next life, you'll be  
kinder.

LEONARD  
For God's sake, Rupert! Give him  
your number! Do you want to have a  
dead man on your hands, or this  
year's Prizter Award?

Rupert's face lights up. He stares at Tyrone, suddenly gloating as Tyrone braces himself to jump.

RUPERT

Wait!

Tyrone stops and turns around. Rupert marches over to him.

RUPERT

I'd like to have a word with you.

Tyrone and Rupert stand on the cliff talking. Rupert takes out his business card and hands it to Tyrone. Tyrone throws his arms around Rupert, hugging him while lifting Rupert off the ground.

TYRONE

Oh, Doctor! You just saved my life!  
How can I ever repay you?

RUPERT

Take your hands off me!

Rupert struggles as Tyrone puts him down. Rupert regains his composure as he stares at Tyrone, who is smiling.

RUPERT

It's just a consultation. I'm not  
making any promises. You got that?

Rupert goes back to his car as Tyrone kisses the business card and puts it into his purse. Tyrone gets back into his car as Rupert looks back at him.

TYRONE

God bless you, Doctor! You won't  
regret this.

Tyrone gets in the BMW and drives off.

RUPERT

Like hell I won't.

Leonard makes his move back into Rupert's car.

RUPERT

Not so fast, traitor!

LEONARD

Rupert, be reasonable! You can't  
just leave me here.

Rupert climbs into his Porsche.

RUPERT

Oh can't I?

Rupert starts the car as Leonard gets into the passenger seat.

LEONARD

Besides, I just saved your career!  
You don't think you would have come  
up with that idea on your own, do  
you?

RUPERT

So now, it's 'your' idea?

LEONARD

If it wasn't for me, you'd still be  
doing housewives in Boston!

Rupert backs up, turning the car around.

RUPERT

You leave my wives out of this!?

LEONARD

You were getting a divorce!

RUPERT

Even an idiot know, not to sleep  
with another man's ex-wife!

LEONARD

(looks over cliff)  
Will you slow down!

They drive back toward Benedict Canyon.

RUPERT

How would you like it if I slept  
with Kitty, or Sarah?

LEONARD

Be my guest. Take all of them, just  
get me out of this canyon alive!

Leonard throws up again, outside the side of the car.

RUPERT

And you call yourself a doctor? You  
can't even hold your liquor! You'll  
be cleaning that up yourself!

Leonard groans as he slinks into the front seat, holding his stomach. The Porsche disappears into the winding canyon. Long pause.

