

"RAIN"

FADE IN:

INT. WHITMAN APARTMENT - DAY - LIVING ROOM

Newlyweds BOB and JOANIE WHITMAN's apartment in a Southern mansion is modest and tidy.

The living room has two very large windows facing the Atlantic Ocean.

A pleasant, gentle, soothing rain coats the windows. Joanie cuddles up with Bob on the couch. SPARKIE, a terrier, shares the couch with them. Joanie is in a romantic mood and the rain is the cause.

JOANIE

Listen to the rain. Don't you love it when it rains?

BOB

Nah, it's too... wet. It makes my skin wrinkly.

JOANIE

What? I thought you liked the rain?

BOB

It has its place. I recognize its importance in the biospherical scheme of things. The farmers need it, for example.

JOANIE

You used to like taking walks in the rain when we were dating.

BOB

That was then, this is now. Habits change. Like, now I change my socks more often... and, I like to stay in.

JOANIE

Come on, let's take a walk.

BOB

It's raining out.

JOANIE

That's the whole point. It'll be like before we were married. Remember the time we drove through the city in your old convertible in the rain with the top down?

BOB

Yeah, that was fun. The old guys with the brown paper bags looked at us like we were crazy.

JOANIE

Come on.

Joanie gets up and pulls him to the door.

BOB

What about Sparkie? Can he come?

JOANIE

Sure. Want to take a walk in the rain, Sparkie?

Sparkie runs into the bedroom with his tail between his legs.

Bob looks at his hands.

BOB

What if I turn into a prune?

JOANIE

We'll make prune juice.

Joanie drags him out of the apartment.

INT. WHITMAN APARTMENT - DAY - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Bob and Joanie return soaking wet.

They take off their dripping raincoats and soaked shoes. Their hair is matted down.

Joanie is ecstatic.

JOANIE

Wasn't that wonderful? Oh,
it's so invigorating. I feel
great. Don't you feel great,
Honey?

Bob contemplates.

BOB

What I feel is... wet. Rain
always makes me wet.

JOANIE

You're like a wet blanket.

BOB

I feel like a wet blanket.

JOANIE

That's not what I mean. You're
taking all the romance out of it.

BOB

Being splashed by a cab doesn't
exactly add to the mood, either.

Bob smells himself.

BOB

(continuing)
I smell like a wet dog.

Sparkie WOOFs.

BOB

(continuing; to
Sparkie)
No offense.

JOANIE

Know what would be perfect right
now? A fire in a fireplace.

BOB

We don't have a fireplace.

As they take their wet garments off, Bob notices water
stains on Joanie's blouse.

BOB
(continuing)
Does water stain silk?

JOANIE
Oh, no! This was very expensive
and water stains don't come out
of silk. It's ruined.

INT. WHITMAN APARTMENT - DAY - LIVING ROOM - A FEW
DAYS LATER

Joanie comes in, dripping. Her arms are full of loose
groceries.

JOANIE
The paper bag got soaking wet
and broke.

BOB
You should have asked for
plastic.

Bob is watching TV, where the SOUNDS of a raging storm
fill the room.

INSERT - THE TV SCREEN

where the tidal wave in the movie 'Hurricane' is
destroying the island paradise.

BACK TO SCENE

JOANIE
I think I'm losing the sole of
this shoe. Oh, darn, it was an
Evan Picone, too. Honey, do you
think this rain will keep up?

BOB
I certainly hope so.

JOANIE
Why?

BOB
Because if it keeps up, it won't
come down... You are soaked.
How'd you get so wet?

JOANIE

I walked under an awning that suddenly died, and I think that same demon cab was waiting for me to cross the street.

BOB

You need a stiff belt of hot chocolate.

JOANIE

What are you watching?

BOB

'Hurricane', it's a Jon Hall film festival.

JOANIE

They don't have those every day.

She pauses and watches for a few seconds.

JOANIE

(continuing)

Oh my, that is frightening.

BOB

Actually, it's very romantic. They were just strolling on the beach between the tidal waves and falling palm trees holding hands.

JOANIE

Really?

BOB

Just like us.

She watches a little longer, wringing water from her soaked hair.

JOANIE

Is there anything else on, like a desert movie, or a golf tournament from a sunny clime? The sun must be shining somewhere.

INT. WHITMAN APARTMENT - NIGHT - BEDROOM - LATER

Bob is dozing off; Joanie is sitting up in bed.

JOANIE

Bob... Honey, do you love me?

BOB

What? Of course I love you.
I'm crazy about 'cha, baby.

JOANIE

I mean deeply, emotionally.

BOB

There's some other way?

JOANIE

You told me you fell for me
because I was tall and slender,
and well, beautiful. But what
if I weren't?

BOB

Well, you are and I'm stuck
with it.

JOANIE

What if I suddenly changed?

BOB

Like into Roseanne?

JOANIE

For example.

BOB

I suppose I could sit in your
shade in the summer and turn
down the heat in the winter.

JOANIE

What if I were in an accident
and was scarred for life? Would
you still love me?

BOB

How scarred?

JOANIE

Lots of stitches... like a baseball.

BOB

Watch what you eat and avoid accidents.

JOANIE

What if I developed a glandular problem? Something exotic and my eyes bulged out?

BOB

Like a frog? With lots of warts?

JOANIE

Yes. Something for the Guinness Book of Records.

BOB

Could be an economic windfall. We could tour with a circus.

JOANIE

But would you still love me?

BOB

Does this have anything to do with the weather?

JOANIE

I was reading in COSMO® that real love transcends physical beauty.

BOB

For crying out loud, you don't have a weight problem, you have small bones. You don't have a glandular problem.

JOANIE

What if I fell into a vat of acid and it ate the flesh off my face...

BOB

Now that's a real fear.

JOANIE

... and you could see my bare skull?

BOB

What about the scars?

JOANIE

What scars?

BOB

From the other accident.

JOANIE

Gone... eaten away.

BOB

And the warts?

JOANIE

What warts?

BOB

From the rare pituitary problem.

JOANIE

Burned off.

BOB

Every rain cloud has a silver lining.

JOANIE

Would you still love me?

BOB

How could anyone not love the Cryptkeeper?

JOANIE

Please be serious. This has nothing to do with logic, it's emotional.

BOB

Oh, it's emotional, all right.

JOANIE

What if I got a rare bone disease and all my teeth fell out?

BOB

Now, there's a fantasy.

JOANIE

I knew it! That's all you married me for.

BOB

No, no, no. Geez, I have to get you some medication. You worry about the damndest things. You have beautiful teeth.

JOANIE

I just want assurances that you love me for who I am inside.

BOB

I'm beginning to think that who you are inside is nuts!

JOANIE

Well, what if I am... nuts... a schizophrenic... with multiple personalities?

BOB

I would love all of you.

JOANIE

What if we... I mean, I... fell in front of a train... and lost a leg?

BOB

Why not both?

JOANIE

Both.

BOB

You could still hold me in your arms.

JOANIE

And my arms, too?

BOB

Now you're a quadruple amputee?

JOANIE

Yes, would you still love me?

BOB

I would not only love you, I would scratch your back, pick your nose, wipe your...

JOANIE

And I had a colostomy.

BOB

I would love you all the more.

JOANIE

And the antibiotics gave me chronic diarrhea?

BOB

What's the problem?

JOANIE

An incontinent quadruple amputee, no face, no flesh, no teeth?

BOB

True love is blind.

JOANIE

I'd have you in a nursing home in a minute.

BOB

Don't ever turn into Roseanne.

INT. WHITMAN APARTMENT - DAY - LIVING ROOM - A FEW DAYS LATER

Bob is watching TV.

Joanie comes home soaking wet again. Her umbrella is turned inside out and shredded. She is disturbed.

JOANIE

I'm going to get that cab driver. I have it all planned.

(MORE)

JOANIE (cont'd)
I'm going to wait for a hot
sunny day when he's driving
around with his windows open
and I'll be waiting on the corner
with a bucket of water.

BOB
If it's hot enough, he might
like it.

JOANIE
I'll put something in the water
he won't like. What's on TV?

BOB
'Psycho'. Shhh... The shower
scene is coming up.

They watch it together as we hear the SOUNDS of the
SHOWER and Bernard Herrmann's frenetic, piercing MUSIC.

JOANIE
I wonder where that cab driver
lives?

Bob notices flies on the windows.

BOB'S P.O.V. - THE FLIES

Literally hundreds of flies cover the windows.

BACK TO SCENE

BOB
What's the word for ten thousand
flies?

JOANIE
Disgusting? Where did they all
come from?

BOB
Refugees from Amityville maybe?
What do you call a bunch of
flies? A swarm, a pack, a
gathering? How about a 'Lord
of Flies'?

JOANIE
Who the hell cares!

The phone RINGS. Joanie yells into the receiver.

JOANIE
(continuing)
What?

It is her best friend, SUZIE.

SUZIE (V.O.)
Geez! Bite my ass, why don't
you? I only called to see if
you and Bob wanted to go to a
movie with me and Fred.

JOANIE
What are you, crazy? Have you
been out lately? We're having
a friggin' monsoon!

SUZIE (V.O.)
Okay, okay, geez! Have a nice
day.

Joanie slams down the receiver.

JOANIE
We have crazy people for friends.
Going out in weather like this
when it's not necessary. I
don't even want to go to work.
Crazy people. Bob, how much
longer will it last?

BOB
Not one drop longer than it has
to.

INT. WHITMAN APARTMENT - DAY - LIVING ROOM - DAYS
LATER

Bob and Joanie enter their apartment, shaking off the
rain.

JOANIE
God, how much longer can it
possibly last?

BOB
I bet that cab driver loves it.
(MORE)

BOB (cont'd)
I wonder if he lies in wait for
us?

JOANIE
I'm going to follow him and
find out where he lives.

BOB
Take Sparkie with you, just in
case.

JOANIE
In case I want to get hair on
him?

BOB
No, just in case he has to go
potty.

JOANIE
(to Sparkie)
Why can't you use the toilet
like other people?

The dog cowers and slinks into the bedroom.

BOB
That dog has an amazing bladder.

JOANIE
Are the flies still here?

BOB'S P.O.V. - THE FLIES ON THE WINDOW
which have increased in number.

BACK TO SCENE

BOB
They seem to have multiplied.

JOANIE
This is too creepy. It's
beginning to get on my nerves.

BOB
Think an exterminator would
come out in this weather?

JOANIE

The Terminator wouldn't come out... try an exorcist.

BOB

They say that there's a direct correlation between domestic violence and extremely harsh weather conditions.

JOANIE

Oh, I am so surprised. I wonder why?

Bob turns on the TV.

BOB

Maybe we can catch 'Sahara' with Bogart... or 'Lawrence of Arabia'.

The Weather Channel comes on first.

REPORTER (V.O.)

There doesn't seem to be any break in sight for the Southeast. A stalled front with more rain and clouds blankets the entire coast and barrier islands.

JOANIE

Please change the channel, it's too depressing.

Bob CLICKS the remote from channel to channel.

INSERT - THE TV SCREEN

where we see NCAA swimming. CLICK.

It's the movie, 'Hurricane' again. CLICK.

The Nature Channel has a program on rain forests. CLICK.

It's the hurricane scene from 'Key Largo'. CLICK.

It's Gene Kelly dancing through puddles and singing his heart out. CLICK.

Robert Mitchum wrestles Gregory Peck under the water in the swamp scene from 'Cape Fear'.

BACK TO SCENE

BOB
That one's a little too close
to home.

Bob CLICK's the TV off.

BOB
(continuing)
We could rent a convertible.

Joanie gives him a dirty look.

JOANIE
I could rip your....

BOB
How about a shower together?

JOANIE
No.

BOB
A bubble bath?

JOANIE
NO!

BOB
How about a game?

JOANIE
Scrabble@.

Bob sets up the board.

The phone RINGS. Joanie answers.

JOANIE
(continuing)
Hello!

(MORE)

JOANIE (cont'd)

(pause)

Yes, we know it's on... We know it's your favorite movie... I'm not in the mood for singing in the rain or dancing in the rain, or doing anything else in the rain. No, wait, an ax murder in the rain... now, that sounds like fun.

(pause)

Attitude? This is not an attitude, believe me. I'm in a good mood!

Joanie slams down the receiver.

BOB

Who was that, Gene Kelly?

JOANIE

No, your mother. Let's spell.

Bob and Joanie pick tiles. Bob spells first.

BOB

'Moister'. How do you like that, all seven letters?

Joanie lays down her first tiles.

JOANIE

'Monsoon'.

They each pick tiles in turn after their moves.

BOB

'Shower'.

JOANIE

'Humid'.

BOB

'Swamp'.

JOANIE

'Gusher'.

BOB

This is a really interesting game.... 'puddle'.

Joanie goes berserk, screaming and scattering tiles all over the table.

JOANIE
Argggggggghhhhhh!

Sparkie runs and hides under the couch as Joanie stomps into the bedroom and slams the door.

Bob shrugs his shoulders.

BOB
What?

INT. WHITMAN APARTMENT - NIGHT - BEDROOM - LATER

Bob and Joanie prepare for bed.

BOB
What time do you want to get up?

JOANIE
When the sun comes out.

They go to sleep.

INT. THE BATES MOTEL - NIGHT - BATHROOM

Joanie is taking a shower in a setting exactly like that in the movie 'Psycho', in black and white.

The blurry image of what appears to be a woman can be seen through the shower curtain.

The woman is holding a large knife.

A hand rips the curtain aside.

It is Bob in drag, just like Norman Bates.

He stabs at Joanie to the frightening squeal of the movie MUSIC.

INT. WHITMAN APARTMENT - NIGHT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Joanie bolts upright in bed in a cold sweat and lets out a bone-chilling scream.

JOANIE

Yahhhhhhhhhhh!

Bob is jerked out of his sleep. He jumps out of the bed screaming.

BOB

Yahhhhhhhhhhh! What the hell...

JOANIE

I had this horrible dream. You were Norman Bate's mother and you were stabbing me in the shower.

She imitates the movie music in sync with the stabbing motions.

JOANIE

(continuing)

Wheeeeet! Wheeeeet! Wheeeeet!
Wheeeeet!

BOB

You are a scary woman.

JOANIE

Would you ever do such a thing to me?

BOB

Only if you wake me up again.

He goes back to sleep easily. She is wide-awake.

INT. WHITMAN APARTMENT - NIGHT - BEDROOM - LATER

Bob is sleeping soundly. Joanie enters the bedroom carrying a chain saw.

She pulls the starter cord, revs it up and lays it into his head.

Feathers fly all over the room amid horrible screaming.

INT. WHITMAN APARTMENT - NIGHT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bob wakes up screaming bloody murder.

BOB

Yahhhhhhhhhhh!

He is sweating profusely. He feels his head to see if it's intact.

His screaming wakes up Joanie.

JOANIE

What is it?

BOB

You had a chain saw and cut my head off while I was sleeping.

JOANIE

Honey, I would never do such a thing.

BOB

You wouldn't?

JOANIE

We don't have a chain saw.

They both quiet down. She goes back to sleep.

He is wide-awake now. He looks over to check on Joanie and make sure that she's sleeping.

BOB

I can't live like this.

He takes his pillow and puts it over her face to smother her.

She struggles but he only presses harder.

BOB

(continuing)

It's better this way, Honey.

INT. WHITMAN APARTMENT - NIGHT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Joanie wakes screaming again.

JOANIE

Yahhhhhh!

Bob wakes screaming in response to her alarm.

BOB
Yahhhhhhh! What? What?

JOANIE
Oh, Bob, it was awful.

She sobs as she relates her dream.

JOANIE
(continuing)
I had this dream that you were
Norman Bates and you were
stabbing me in the shower, then
I tried to cut your head off
with a chain saw, then you tried
to suffocate me with a pillow.

BOB
Wow! That's good... why can't
I have dreams like that?

JOANIE
You'd never consider... murder...
would you?

BOB
Just because you've been
impossible to live with for the
past three weeks, and I've gotten
to know the counselors at the
Suicide Hotline on a first name
basis?

JOANIE
Something like that.

BOB
Not more than once a week.

INT. WHITMAN APARTMENT - DAY - LIVING ROOM - NEXT
MORNING

Joanie is in a snit. The wind howls and the rain pelts
their windows.

JOANIE
Can't you do something about
the rain?

BOB

What do you want from me?

He stomps around the room with his hands in the air, chanting like a madman.

BOB

(continuing)

Rain, rain, go away, little Joanie wants to play.

He storms to the door and gets his coat.

Sparkie is on his heels.

JOANIE

Where are you going?

BOB

For a walk.

JOANIE

In the rain?

BOB

In a flood.

He and Sparkie leave.

The door no sooner closes than brilliant sunlight comes streaming in the windows.

Joanie is ecstatic.

Bob bursts through the door, jubilant.

Sparkie runs to the window, puts his paws up on the sill and WOOFs excitedly.

BOB

(continuing)

It worked, it worked!

JOANIE

I know, darling. Isn't it beautiful?

Joanie sings AD LIB as the two embrace.

BOB

The dawn of a new day.

JOANIE
The flies... the flies. They're
gone.

BOB
It's a sign. This calls for a
celebration.

JOANIE
Champagne and a bubble bath?

BOB
Caviar.

JOANIE
Love me?

BOB
Crazy about 'cha, baby.

JOANIE
Forgive me?

BOB
Of course.

JOANIE
I was so silly.

BOB
Psychotic is more like it.

JOANIE
Don't push it buster.

They hug and kiss as we

FADE OUT:

THE END