

# ***BRAND NEW ME***

by

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FADE IN:

A very bright sky. We move down slowly and see a horizon where ocean meets sky, and then down more to reveal a beach, which is crowded with PEOPLE on a sweltering day. WHIRRING of a helicopter's blades can be faintly heard.

INT. - APARTMENT BEDROOM - MORNING

AMY GALEGHER, overweight but attractive, is tossing in her sleep.

BACK ON THE BEACH

The People who are swimming move out of the water. They shade their eyes and peer up, trying to locate the approaching helicopter. BLADE SOUND increases. The People sunbathing prop themselves up to see what's happening.

Now the helicopter appears. It is lowering a gigantic, frosty, beer bottle to the thirsty people below.

BACK TO AMY

who is sweating, trying to get free of her covers, and grimacing now in her dream.

BACK BELOW THE HELICOPTER

The beer bottle has disappeared. In its place, Amy is being lowered toward the People crowding together below her. Her bathing suit is a huge beer label. She is smiling the brave smile of the truly petrified, and she opens her arms wide as she descends, searching the faces below for acceptance.

The People below begin to LAUGH, and the laughter spreads, finally, to everyone, even the kids. Amy is struggling now in her harness, trying to locate someone in the crowd who might help her.

Finally she recognizes STEVE, a trim, athletic man, who is holding his arms out to catch her as she descends.

AMY

Steve, it's me. Don't let me fall.

STEVE

It's all right. I'm here. I tried to call. I want you to have my baby.

A RINGING starts somewhere. Amy looks up, and the HELICOPTER PILOT gives her the thumbs down sign. She drops suddenly, but Steve has disappeared, and she lands hard in the sand.

Faces crowd around her, laughing, but as they open their mouths, nothing but a loud RINGING comes out.

BACK TO AMY

whose eyes pop open just as her phone machine CLICKS on in the other room.

AMY (V.O.)

You've reached 601-0085. I can't come to the phone right now, but please leave a message, of any length, after the beep. Thanks for calling.

Amy gets up and walks toward the machine. She stands, listening to the caller's message, ready to answer.

STEVE (O.S.)

Amy, hi, it's Steve. Pick up, will you?

Amy immediately walks away from the machine, into the kitchen area.

STEVE (CONT., O.S.)

Come on, you're there, pick up. I know you weren't out all night, so what's going on ... Okay, all right, I'm sorry I said no about the baby. I'll make it up to you.

Amy opens the refrigerator, gathers her breakfast ingredients-- Ultra Slim Fast, skim milk, eggs, chocolate sauce, ice cream, strawberries-- and assembles a morning shake in her blender as Steve talks.

STEVE (CONT.,O.S.)

Listen, this is really important. I finally sold Andre What's-his-name, your opera hero, on donating...

Amy stops abruptly when she hears Andre mentioned.

STEVE (CONT., O.S.)

...but he can only come in at 9 this morning. I can't get Bridget on the phone, and I'm stuck in South Hampton. I need you to fill in for me.

Amy picks up the extension phone in the kitchen.

STEVE (CONT., O.S.)

Look, I know how much you want to meet this guy, so don't give me a hard time about working today. You can cut yourself a bonus. I'll call you-

Amy holds the receiver over the mouth of the blender as she TURNS it on.

EXT. - BROWNSTONE - DAY

Amy, wearing a baggy lab research coat and lugging a large bag, hurries out her front door and down the steps of her building. The pigeons that are lining the porch and steps, waiting for her, follow in her wake.

AMY

(to the pigeons)

Sorry, I don't have time to talk this morning.

She is tearing slices of bread apart and dropping bits for the pigeons as she rushes down the street.

INT. - APARTMENT BUILDING LOBBY - DAY

ANDRE DIVOFF, handsome but somewhat eccentric looking, is walking his battered, single-speed Schwinn out of an elevator. He is wearing a tuxedo.

The DOORMAN swings the door open for Andre, lifts his hat and smiles strangely.

EXT. - APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Andre stops outside and SNAPS his kickstand down. He takes off his coat, folds it carefully, and puts it inside one of the saddlebags on the bike.

Then he takes out a handkerchief and wipes off the rear-view mirror. When he's satisfied his bike is all set, he climbs on and rides away.

EXT. - STREET - DAY

Amy is trying to hail a cab, but it's a Saturday morning and the ones that pass have their off-duty lights on. She waves after them frantically.

TWO CON ED WORKMEN are sitting on the back of their truck in the middle of the street. The smaller Workman is making fun of Amy, WHISTLING, and CALLING to her.

Another off-duty cab shoots by, and Amy KICKS a garbage can in frustration. She stares over at the obnoxious Workman, looks quickly at her watch, and then marches across to their barricade.

She motions him over to her, and he walks up, grinning, happy to oblige.

AMY

Guess what, wise-ass? Once a year  
they shove me through the Lincoln  
Tunnel to clean it, and I like it.

Then she turns on her heel and starts back across the street. The larger Workman jumps up and calls after her.

WORKMAN

Hey lady, don't leave. I'm the sensitive male here. Give me a shot. My friends call me Ironing John.

At that moment a bus ROARS by, revealing a poster of Andre, holding a conductor's baton, with the words, "Don't honk if you love Andre", under its back window. It pulls over at the stop down the street.

Amy runs for it, but she can't make it in time.

EXT. - CENTRAL PARK - DAY

The morning sun is bursting through the new leaves, and the birds, back from their winter vacations, are SINGING up a storm.

Beneath them, Andre is riding his bike on the grass, holding a cassette recorder over his head with one hand, and conducting the Spring proceedings with the other.

INT. - SUBWAY - DAY

The doors of a subway car open and Amy, looking harried, bolts for the exit turnstiles.

As she enters the turnstile, her bag catches behind her and spills. In exasperation, she turns to pick her things up, and hits one of the turnstile prongs, which clicks forward a notch and LOCKS in place.

She tries to push it back and get out, but it won't budge. She tries to wiggle down and squeeze underneath, but she can't fit. She starts to climb over, but halfway there, with a prong between her legs, she snags her dress.

Amy looks toward the toll booth for help, but it's empty. Subway RIDERS are streaming by her without stopping, but a tough-looking GIRL, eating a doughnut, does notice her, and she walks over.

She picks up Amy's things, examining them one by one as she puts them back in the bag. Then she hands the bag over, making sure Amy holds it with both hands.

The Girl smiles, pushes what's left of her doughnut into Amy's mouth, and deftly removes Amy's earrings.

GIRL

We've got to stop meeting this way.

As she walks away, Amy tries to SCREAM, but the doughnut, still in her mouth, muffles the sound.

EXT. - OFFICE HALLWAY - DAY

Andre, his tuxedo coat on again, is KNOCKING on a door, under a sign that reads:

FAMOUS FUTURES INC.

Your Best Shot

Getting no response, he steers his bike back down the hall to the elevators.

At the instant he pushes the down button, the doors open and Amy, charging out, barrels into him and knocks him over. She has a spare lab coat tied around her badly ripped dress, and she looks terrible.

AMY

Oh, my god. I'm sorry. You're Andre  
Di... Mr. Divoff, I'm really sorry.  
Here, let me help you.

As she helps him up, Amy realizes how bedraggled she must look. She fusses at her hair and clothes, trying to save a hopeless situation. Andre is laughing good-naturedly.

ANDRE

Don't worry about it. I must have  
been driving too slowly in the  
passing lane.

AMY

No, no, it was my fault. I was  
hurrying to meet you here. I'm Dr.  
Galegher... Amy. I own Famous  
Futures, with my partner, Steve  
Davis. I think he already spoke with  
you. I'm in charge of fertilizations,  
inseminations, and genetic research.

Amy is pumping his hand as she talks. Andre has to grab her hand in both of his to stop her.

ANDRE

Well, you can relax now. You made it.

They start to walk back toward the office, and Amy is talking quickly to hide her anxiety.

AMY

Thank you so much for agreeing to donate. It was my idea to ask you. Steve always wants actors, and athletes, and businessmen, but what kind of a world would it be without composers and poets?

When they reach the door, Amy stands there, looking embarrassed, staring at Andre.

AMY (CONT.)

This shouldn't take too long. I mean, too much of your time. You probably-

ANDRE

Well, I haven't had too many complaints. Not about time, anyway. Why don't we go inside, though. It might draw a crowd out here.

INT. - OFFICE DONATION ROOM - DAY

A sign on the wall of the Famous Futures donation room reads:

*Suggestions for Donors*

1. Please wash your hands before you begin.
2. All specimens should be obtained by masturbation.
3. Please try to finish within 15 minutes.
4. Significant others are allowed in donation room, but please don't forget Suggestion #2.

Andre, his hands in his tuxedo trousers, stands reading the sign. An ornate desk sits against the wall, under the sign, and Andre opens one of its drawers. He lifts a large dildo out, examines it, and then puts it back.

He is reaching for something else in the drawer when Amy, carrying an opaque specimen cup and a clipboard, walks into the room.

Andre closes the drawer abruptly, and they both APOLOGIZE at the same time.

AMY

I'm not really sure how Bridget does this now. It's been a while since I-

Amy starts to hand him the specimen cup, but she bumbles it and it pops into the air. Andre catches it.

Against another wall, there is a long, plush couch, with plastic covering it, and Amy motions Andre over to it.

AMY (CONT.)

Sorry about that. I work on the other end. Afterwards, I mean. I measure the sperm motility, and prepare a testris buffer for freezing, among other things.

Andre looks bewildered.

AMY (CONT.)

If I don't protect the sperm, the crystals that form when it freezes can slash the little guys to ribbons. You'd be amazed how...

Andre is beginning to show his discomfort, and Amy stops.

AMY (CONT.)

Did you read our suggestions?

ANDRE

(nodding)

I should wash my hands now, yes?

Amy pulls a packaged towelette out of her lab coat pocket and starts to unwrap it for him.

Then, afraid she'll mess that up too, she hands it to him. She looks down at her clipboard.

AMY

Your wife didn't want to come in with you?

ANDRE

I'm not married.

AMY

Well, forget suggestion four then.

Amy pulls out a pen and keeps her eyes on her clipboard.

AMY (CONT.)

Have you abstained from ejaculation for no less than two but definitely not more than five full days?

Andre stares at her as if she were crazy. She looks away.

AMY (CONT.)

When... when was the last time you-

ANDRE

(quickly)

Three days ago.

AMY

You did? No, good. That's perfect.

(marking her paper)

Three days. Optimum motility quotient.

Amy picks up a remote control and turns on the television in the corner. She shows the buttons on the remote to Andre.

AMY (CONT.)

You press button A to see women with men, B for women with women, C for men with men, and D for women with animals. Which would you like?

Andre, ignoring her question, points to a button on the remote.

ANDRE

What do I get with the E button?

AMY

Oh, that was men with animals, but the VCR ate it.

(beat)

But if that's what you need, I could try to-

ANDRE

(taking the remote)

No, no, this is more than enough.

Amy starts to back out of the room.

AMY

I'll leave you alone then. Oh, your good pants. Do you want a towel or something?

ANDRE

No, thanks. I can be careful.

AMY

Good, good... I'm right here. . .  
(smacking into the door jamb)  
. . .out here, if you need anything.

INT. - OFFICE LAB

Amy, wearing a cordless, headset phone, is assessing herself in a mirror as she changes her clothes.

AMY

Delores, who do you think- No, I'm at work. Guess who is in our donation room right now. Three guesses, and not Elvis. You always guess Elvis.

Amy is opening and closing her clean lab coat, trying to see what looks sexiest.

AMY (CONT.)

Give me a break. Manuel Noriega, Dan Quayle, and Rumpelstiltskin. Those are guesses? Come on, seriously, who's the sexiest man in New York City, besides Rafael?

(beat)

Woody Allen? Jesus, you're hopeless. It's Andre Divoff. That's right, don't choke now, the Andre Divoff, in a tux, no less. He's about a thousand times better looking than his posters. Look, I have to go. Pick me up at my office. I'll be finished here in about an hour. What?

(beat)

Yeah, I know. Just honk if you love Andre. Bye.

BACK IN THE DONATION ROOM

Andre is reaching into the top drawer again. He takes out what appears to be a small vacuum cleaner, with what could be a milking nozzle attached.

He places it on the desk and flips its switch. The small bag at one end INFLATES and the machine starts to bounce around. Andre, mortified, turns it off and shoves it back in the drawer.

BACK IN THE OFFICE

Amy is standing close to the mirror, without the headset phone, turning her face side to side, smoothing her hair back with her hands as she talks to herself.

AMY

But, Mr. Divoff, let me position my feet in the stirrups. Oh, my, you're so eager.

BACK IN THE DONATION ROOM

Andre changes from one channel to another, and bends his head over to the side as he follows the action on the screen. We hear GROANS from the TV.

He switches channels again, and bends his head over the other way. We hear BARKING from the TV.

BACK IN THE LAB

Amy is still at the mirror when the phone RINGS. Amy puts the headset back on.

AMY

Famous Futures.

AT STEVE'S APARTMENT

STEVE DAVIS, the man Amy saw in her dream, is lying in bed, with the phone on the pillow next to his ear. BRIDGET SLADE is sitting on top of him, slowly rocking back and forth.

STEVE

Hi, it's Steve. Did your buddy Andre ever show up?

BACK TO AMY

AMY

Yes, he did, and yes, you'll be pleased to hear, he's completely taken care of.

At that moment, Andre emerges from the donation room and quickly hands Amy the opaque specimen cup.

AMY (CONT.)

(into the phone)

Just a minute, please.

(to Andre)

I'll be right with you.

Andre is already leaving though.