

BIRD ON A WIRE

Seltzer Draft - Revised
12/25/88

EXT. ESTABLISHING SHOT - FEDERAL PRISON - MORNING

The look of MAXIMUM SECURITY; GUARDS, machine-guns at the ready, watching over yardbirds who mill slowly, shoulders hunched against the cold....CAMERA MOVING IN ON ONE who stands apart from the rest, leaning up against a wall, smoking. He is mid-forties, pock-marked, dead behind the eyes; not the kinda guy you'd like to see coming to help you fix your flat tire in the dead of night.

OVER THIS, WE HEAR INTERIOR VOICES: a parole hearing in progress.

WARDEN (O.S.)

I'll admit he's not the sweetest guy in the world, but in my opinion he represents no threat to society...

CUT TO:

INT. PAROLE BOARDROOM - SAME

The WARDEN referring to one of many FILE FOLDERS stock-piled beside him as he addresses an assembled group of four.

WARDEN (CONT'D)

His twenty-two years here have been uneventful, and that in itself qualifies him for "good behavior".

OFFICIAL #1

(in disagreement) His psychiatric evaluation says "surley, uncommunicative and unrepentant", pretty much suggests he rot in hell.

WARDEN

Unfortunately, there's a demand for bedspace in hell. (re: the stack of file-folders) We're gonna have to dip below the level of Sainthood.

Tossing the file on the table, he looks for a consensus.

WARDEN

I recommend Eugene Sorenson's fifty-years-to-life be commuted.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON - "CLOTHING EXCHANGE" - DAY

A stone-faced SORENSON, in the company of an ARMED GUARD, waiting for his personal effects while a BLACK CONVICT digs through a pile of paper-wrapped bundles.

BLACK CONVICT

"Good Behavior"? What does that mean?
You been fuckin' the warden?

GUARD

Watch your mouth.

BLACK CONVICT

Or, you still got friends in the
F.B.I.? You Federal Agents stick
together, huh? In or out of the can.

Finding the right bundle, he DUMPS its contents - bell-bottomed trousers, a fringed jacket, a red scarf and beret, and an address book - on the counter in front of him.

BLACK CONVICT

Better get yourself some new dude,
Dude. You ain't gonna score shit in
that Sixties stuff.

Unamused, Sorenson takes it, and leaves.

BLACK CONVICT

(calling after him) No kiss goodbye..?!

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON - MOMENTS LATER

A HUGE METAL DOOR "SLAMMING" SHUT behind SORENSON who is now dressed in his "civvies", looking like he's lost a lot of weight in twenty-two years. In his hand he carries his only belongings in a crumpled paper bag; he MOVES TOWARD US, down a long corridor, his eyes set on the final gate to freedom.

SUPER OPENING TITLE: "BIRD ON A WIRE"

CUT TO:

EXT. PRISON - SAME

As the GATE SLIDES OPEN, and SORENSON steps out, pausing to HEAR the sweet music of the GATE SLIDING SHUT behind him. Raising his arm, he gives the PRISON a virulent and lingering "one-fingered salute", then pulls his address book out of the paper bag, and moves off down the road.

AS TITLES CONTINUE, WE HEAR the DISTANT RUMBLE of THUNDER.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROADSIDE PAYPHONE - LATER

It's RAINING NOW, the glass steamed. We are on the outside looking in, and can't hear what SORENSON is saying --- but as WE MOVE IN ON HIS EYES, the words "surley, uncommunicative, and unrepentant" come to mind. The guy is positively murderous.

TITLES END.

ABRUPT CUT TO:

EXT. POWER LUNCH PARLOR - NEW YORK CITY

As a teal-green Mercedes pulls to the curb and a WOMAN steps out. Not just a woman. A woman of the Eighties. She's mid-to-late Thirties, carries an attache case and exudes confidence: the woman that Madison Avenue conjured up to sell everything from perfume to running shoes. She is a woman accustomed to having her way - which is what she is about to do.

INT. RESTAURANT - SAME

As she strides in, spotting her quarry: TWO MEN, attorneys, carrying attache cases just like hers. They stand; she quickly slips into a chair opposite them. She's all business, and in a hurry.

MARIANNE

Dex, Brad....sorry, I can't stay for lunch, I've got to fill in for one of the partners at a board meeting in Detroit. (a waiter hands her a menu) No thanks - uh, maybe a San Peligrino - no, just some mineral water. Evian. (to the men) So, here's the deal. There's no deal. My client balked.

ANGLE ON THE MEN: stunned.

DEX

What do you mean your client balked?

MARIANNE

I tried to sell it to her, she wouldn't go for it. She thinks she can get more.

BRAD

(smelling a rat) "She" thinks, or you think?

MARIANNE

On second thought, that chicken salad looks nice. (to waiter, re: another table) Is that smoked chicken?

BRAD

(fuming) We had a deal Marianne.

MARIANNE

The guy's worth forty million and he was cheating on her, you want to go to court with that?

DEX
Who says he cheated on her?!

MARIANNE
Gimme a break. (getting up) I gotta pee.

DEX
You have proof he cheated on her?!

MARIANNE
You think he happened to meet that nineteen year old model the day after he left his wife?

BRAD
I think you're late for your shrink appointment, Marianne, you aren't through beating up on your ex-husband yet.

MARIANNE
You got that right, Pal.

BRAD
(to her departing form) You can't take it out on every guy who wants a divorce...!

He's half out of his seat, realizing all eyes in the restaurant are on him. Lowering back down, he steams as he watches her go.

DEX
What do we do now?

BRAD
Fix her up with Mike Tyson. They'll get along just swell.

CUT TO:

INT. WOMEN'S ROOM - SAME

As MARIANNE credit-card dials on a pay phone.

MARIANNE
Paul Bernard, please.

CUT TO:

INT. PAUL'S OFFICE - SAME

As a speaker phone is punched, and PAUL BERNARD, MARIANNE'S boyfriend, yet another lawyer, in his fastidious office, replete with exercise equipment, responds.

PAUL
 Hey, Pookie!

MARIANNE
 Get me off the speaker box and don't
 call me "pookie".

PAUL
 (picks up phone fast) Sorry,
 Counselor, didn't mean to offend.

CUT TO:

MARIANNE - SAME

MARIANNE
 Remember you had a fantasy about having
 sex with me in some weird place? How
 'bout Detroit? (beat) Aw, come on,
 I'll do exotic things to you. I don't
 know, something with peanut butter, and
 glass coffee tables, come to Detroit
 with me, you can wear your bunny
 costume.

CUT TO:

INT. PAUL'S OFFICE - SAME

He's tossing a smurf basketball into a basket as he talks.

PAUL
 Sorry Muffin Breath, they're installing
 my big screen this weekend. I've
 waited two months for this appointment
 - and anyway I've got major litigation
 on Monday. Sony and Blaupunkt are
 ganging up on Crazy Eddie. It's the
 Japs and Krauts against the Yanks!
 It's World War II again, and I'm Audie
 Murphy!

CUT TO:

MARIANNE - SAME

MARIANNE
 What am I going to do in Detroit all
 week?

PAUL
 Buy a car. Prove you're American.

MARIANNE
 I don't love you and I won't miss you.

PAUL
Sounds like false testimony to me.

MARIANNE
G'bye.

She hangs up. And in the momentary pause before she marshalls her energy - we see her guard slip. But only for a second. Pumping up, she heads back out the door.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - SAME
As she returns.

DEX
We'd like you to reconsider, Marianne.

MARIANNE
I have.

DEX
(hopeful) Really?

MARIANNE
I'll have the lobster instead of the smoked chicken.

CUT TO:

EXT. OVERVIEW - DETROIT IN THE RAIN

One dark, dirty and gloomy city, CAMERA SWINGING TO AN AUTOMOTIVE COMPLEX as WE HEAR Janis Joplin belting out:

"Oh, Lord, Won't you buy me, a Mercedes Benz . . ."

ANGLE ON

A sputtering Neon sign hanging above a rundown service station, flashing EARL'S BON VOYAGE GARAGE through the downpour.

"My friends all drive Porsches, I must make a-mends."

INT. the SERVICE BAY of the GAS STATION

A mechanic's legs sticking out from beneath the Lincoln Towncar he's working on, as Janis Joplin continues on his radio.

"Worked hard all my lifetime, no help from my friends; Oh Lord won't you buy me a Mercedes Benz."

MAN'S VOICE (EARL, O.S.)
 I'm shuttin' down, Billy Ray. Ain't no
 one drivin' in this weather tonight. I
 got my daughter and her kids comin'
 over. You want to give up on that old
 tank and come over have dinner with us
 tonight?

EARL, late fifties with a beer belly hanging south of a sweet
 hound dog face, walks into the service bay, pulling on a jacket
 that reads "11th Annual Turkey Shoot," as he talks to the
 mechanic under the car.

EARL
 No good your bain' alone so much, Billy
 Ray. Since you've come to town, I
 don't think you've made one friend.
 None I've seen, anyway. So, whyn't
 you wash up and meet my Missus tonight?
 She made me promise to invite you.

Getting no answer, he moves closer to the car.

EARL
 Turn down that radio! You hear me,
 Billy Ray?

Still no answer; Earl kicks out the plug from the radio, then,
 bracing a hand on the car fender, bends down to see.

EARL
 Billy Ray? You asleep under there?

CRASH! The jack holding up the car suddenly collapses and Billy
 Ray lets out a horrible scream as his LEGS THRASH WILDLY.

EARL
 Oh my God! Billy Ray!

BILLY RAY
 (screaming) HELP ME, EARL! GET IT OFF
 ME!

Earl throws himself against the car, trying to lift.....

EARL
 Hang on, Kid! . . .

But he can't budge it, Billy Ray SCREAMING LOUDER. Grabbing a
 jack, Earl jams it under the car and pumps madly, DUMBFOUNDED
 when the HANDLE SNAPS OFF in his hand.

BILLY RAY
 (gasping) Oh, God, Earl! Help me!
 Pull me out'a here!

Panicking, Earl grabs Billy Ray's ankles and, heaving against them, pulls Billy Ray's legs clear OFF, FLYING BACKWARDS ACROSS THE ROOM.

BILLY RAY

Earl! My leg's come off!

ANGLE ON EARL crashing into a shelf which dumps a pile of tires down on him - the pair of FAKE LEGS, now seen to be stuffed with rags, wrapped around his neck --- as ---

BILLY RAY BOWERS steps out from behind the collapsed car, GASPING WITH LAUGHTER. Like Earl, he is a "good Ol' Boy"; mid-to-late thirties, his face grease-streaked and stubble bearded, unable to catch his breath for laughing. He points at Earl and wheezes, slapping his body as he spins and shrieks.

EARL

Something wrong with your brain, Boy?

BILLY RAY

Aw, Earl, come on! You can take a joke, cain't cha?

EARL

That's "funny" to you?

BILLY RAY

(realizing he went too far) Earl. Hey. I'm sorry. It's just I gotta do somethin' to break the monotony around here. (helping Earl to his feet) Workin' on rich people's cars all day, without a little levity, can seriously fuck up an Old Southern Boy's outlook.

EARL

Oh. You're "bored" are you?

BILLY RAY

Well, don't take it personally, Earl. I'm kind of a restless guy, like I told you, that's why I move around so much. I get it from my Daddy, I guess. He was a travelin' banjo-man, did I tell you? Wanderin' all through the hills of Kentucky.

EARL

(suspicious) I thought your Daddy raised hogs in Tennessee.

BILLY RAY

(without missing a beat) Raised hogs
and played the banjo. And some of them
hogs could sing. One of 'm travelled
all the way from Tennessee with him.

EARL

(dubious) To Kentucky.

BILLY RAY

To Kentucky. My Daddy'd play, and that
old hog, would sing . . .

EARL

You can bullshit at the drop of a hat,
can't you, Boy.

BILLY RAY

The drop of a hat, Earl.

Something in the way Billy Ray said it, betrays sadness: Earl
assesses him.

EARL

Well, there's somethin' ain't right
about you, no doubt about that. That's
why I thought you could use a friend.

Billy Ray is touched.

EARL

Wanna come to dinner?

BILLY RAY

Gotta get this Lincoln done, Earl.
'Cause I love workin' on rich people's
cars.

The gas-pump bell sounds: It's a Black Mercedes, pulling in.

EARL

(re: the car) Speakin' of rich
people, hop to it.

Heading for the back door, Earl grabs his lunch pail.

EARL

(over his shoulder) You'll lock up?
(Billy Ray responds affirmative) Don't
forget the lights and the coffee
machine.

BILLY RAY

You got it. And, Earl . . . ?

Earl turns.

BILLY RAY
(a little uncomfortable) Thanks for
the invitation.

Earl smiles, the back door SLAMMING behind him. Glancing outside, Billy Ray grabs a parka, pulling it over his head as he scrambles into the rain.

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS PUMP - SAME

As BILLY RAY reaches the Mercedes, uncapping its gas tank, reaching for the pump.

BILLY RAY
Supreme?

The steamed window rolls down a crack, and a VOICE WE'VE HEARD BEFORE calls out

MARIANNE
Unleaded!

ANGLE ON MARIANNE, inside the car. She looks unhappy. Her radio is playing the same station that BILLY RAY was playing inside. It's another Janis Joplin.

BILLY RAY
(overhearing it as he passes her window) That 'KRZ'? On the radio?

MARIANNE
I don't know.

BILLY RAY
(wiping windshield) That's what it is, the "Sixties Station". I play it all day. You know what they say about the Sixties, don't you? "If you can remember them, you wasn't there!"

He BURSTS INTO LAUGHTER: It's a distinctive sound; wheezy and rich.

CLOSE ON MARIANNE: Hearing the LAUGH, her BLOOD RUNS COLD.

BILLY RAY
(rapping his knuckles on the hood)
Hood?

MARIANNE
Uh - No.

BILLY RAY
Y'sure? It's no trouble . . .

MARIANNE

No - it's rented.

BILLY RAY

(amazed) You rented a Mercedes? You come to Detroit and rent a Mercedes? That's like going to France and drinkin' California wine!

He comes around to get a look at what this rich bitch must look like -- and is STUNNED. Judging by the look on her face, she is the same. He quickly disappears; WE HEAR GASOLINE SPILLING as the pump disengages.

CAMERA STAYS WITH HER: SPEECHLESS.

BILLY RAY

Y' know, back in Tennessee, where I grew up, we didn't never see cars like this. I was twenty-two before I even knew that foreigners made cars...!

She sits, paralyzed; as though she's seen a ghost.

BILLY RAY

(approaching) That cash or card?

He's keeping his distance now, using the parka to conceal his eyes.

BILLY RAY

(uneasy) Credit card, Ma'am . . .?

MARIANNE

(struggling to find her voice) You're from Tennessee . . .?

BILLY RAY

Yes, Ma'am. Southern boy.

MARIANNE

May I know your name?

BILLY RAY

Billy Ray. Named after both the scoundrels my Momma thought might'a been my Daddy.

He laughs again - and stops short. It's the laugh that gives him away. He sees it in her eyes.

BILLY RAY

You're thinkin' I remind you of Roy Akoff right? The Country-Western singer? I got one of them faces, I always remind somebody of ~~someone~~. Julio Iglesias, Brent Nusbarger, and I don't even know who he is! Woman once comes up to me on the street, slaps me right in the face, then says, "Oh. I'm Sorry." Then walks away! Now I don't mind, but the little lady I was with thought it was mighty peecycooleyar!

MARIANNE

(quietly)... "Rick?"

BILLY RAY

(not understanding) Ma'am?

CLOSE ON MARIANNE: stopped.

BILLY RAY

(re: the card in her hand) Credit card.....?

He takes it and disappears --- CAMERA MOVING WITH HIM to the service area where, with trembling hands, he processes the card. WE HEAR the "THUNK" of a car door; he looks up to see her, through the downpour, coming tentatively toward.

ANGLE ON HER: as she ENTERS

MARIANNE

Excuse me. It's....not a country western singer you remind me of. It's a boy - a man - named Rick Jarmin, whose memorial service I attended after his plane was lost in the mountains (her voice starts to go) in Mexico....twenty years ago.

BILLY RAY

I never been to Mexico, Ma'am. Thought about it a couple times, but

MARIANNE

He was a funny guy. Could do all kinds of accents, played all kinds of jokes....

ANGLE ON BOTH: silent.

BILLY RAY

He's dead, y'say?

MARIANNE
You laugh like him.

BILLY RAY
Didn't mean to.

MARIANNE
You look like him.

BILLY RAY
(a long beat) I don't know what to
tell you, Ma'm. (re: the credit card
slip) You want to sign this?

He sets it on the counter and quickly exits.

CLOSER ON HIM: locking the pumps as she comes back out; she
averts her eyes as she returns to her car. Opening the door, she
stands a moment, gazing at him.

MARIANNE
Billy Ray. Do you have a tattoo?

BILLY RAY
Ma'am?

MARIANNE
Your upper right arm. A dove.

He doesn't move.

MARIANNE
I swear I'll come back if you don't
show me. When people are here, I'll
embarrass you.

After a beat, he starts to pull up his sleeve.

MARIANNE
(correcting him) Right arm.

He complies.....revealing, on his right arm, a mass of tortuous
scars, tapering into the visible remains of primitive surgical
stitches.

BILLY RAY
Viet Nam. I took shrapnel all over my
right side. You want to see more?

It's unsightly: she shakes her head.

MARIANNE
I'm sorry. My.....friend would have
never been in that war.

BILLY RAY
(defensive) Meaning what?

MARIANNE
He was....very much against killing.

CLOSE ON Billy Ray: eyes ablaze as he gazes at her.

BILLY RAY
Do me a favor. (darkly) Don't never
come back here.

He FLICKS A SWITCH, plunging them into darkness . . . WE HEAR THE
"THUNK" OF HER CAR DOOR --- and the Mercedes pulls out into the
night.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - WASHINGTON D.C.
Phones ringing, bodies moving at cross-purpose, CAMERA MOVING
PAST A SIGN THAT READS:

"DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE - WITNESS RELOCATION PROGRAM"

settling on a RECEPTIONIST, attempting to diffuse the temper of
someone ON THE PHONE.

RECEPTIONIST
(into phone) I'd like to help you,
sir, but all I know is that Officer
Baird is retired, and his cases are
being referred to other officers in the
department.

CUT TO:

EARL'S GARAGE - SAME

BILLY RAY, on the phone, working to keep his voice hushed. He's
plenty upset, and his "Southern accent" is gone.

BILLY RAY
That's just not possible! Lou would
not have retired without telling me,
he's been handling me for twenty years!

RECEPTIONIST
If you'll just give me your current
name and I.D. number I can put you in
touch with your new case officer....

BILLY RAY

With all due respect, I don't know who the fuck you are! And if I give you my current name and I.D. number, you know everything from my "Rising Sign" to the color of my jockey shorts! (anguished) I've been "made" out here, you understand!??

He pauses to get a grip on himself.

BILLY RAY

Listen. Lou once gave me a phone number of this place he goes on vacations. His sister's place in Tennessee. Is that where he retired to?

RECEPTIONIST

I'm not at liberty to give out such information, Sir.

Hearing expletives, she distances the phone from her ear.

CUT TO:

INT. JOE WEYBURN'S OFFICE - SAME

CAMERA POSITIONED at a SECRETARY'S DESK as she RINGS INTO A MEETING in her boss's office. Seen through a plate glass window, JOE WEYBURN, a greying Ollie North type, picks up the phone.

WEYBURN

Yeah....?

SECRETARY

That number you've been waiting for?
K-239? He's calling in.

Even at this distance, we catch Weyburn's change of posture.

SECRETARY

He won't give me his current name or location. He's demanding to talk to Lou Baird.

WEYBURN instantly adjourns his meeting, hustling the MEN out.

CUT TO:

INT. WEYBURN'S OFFICE

as he locks his door and heads quickly to his desk, activating a word processor and putting on a telephone 'headset', to keep his hands free. When he's set, he starts typing.

WEYBURN

(into phone) Rick! This is Joe Weyburn, remember me? I set you up at the "one-hour photo-lab" in Cleveland, 'bout 1972 was it? (punching his word processor: finds something) No, here it is, 1974.

ANGLE ON HIS DATA PROCESSING SCREEN: showing a photo of the man we know as "BILLY RAY," the name RICHARD JARMIN under it. Alongside is a list of aliases, dates and jobs in various cities across the country.

WEYBURN

Looks like you've logged a lot of mileage since then. (a beat) You there, Rick?

CAMERA CUTS BACK & FORTH:

RICK

I don't remember you.

WEYBURN

(a laugh) You know us F.B.I. guys, we all look alike. (no response) Where are you, Rick?

RICK

Where's Lou? Why didn't he tell me he was retiring?

WEYBURN

Tell you the truth, Rick, he lost you. That's why he was put out to pasture. His files are a mess.

RICK

(incredulous) He 'lost' me? Lou Baird 'lost me'??

WEYBURN

That's why I'm on the case, Rick. He lost "you," he lost "it." I requested you in particular because I remembered you. And I liked you. You lived up to your half of the bargain and I wanted to make sure we lived up to ours. (a beat) Now, where are you, boy, and what kind of trouble you in?

RICK

Where's Sorenson?

WEYBURN
 (punching his data processor) Still
 safely in jail as far as I know....
 yeah, here it is....

ANGLE ON THE DATA PROCESSING SCREEN, READING

FELON CASE #D4.4783.PZ -- declassified E. Sorenson -
 RELEASED ON PAROLE from Arizona State Penitentiary.

CLOSE ON WEYBURN: a subtle grimace.

WEYBURN
 He's never getting outta there, you got
 nothing to worry about.

He types in: COMPREHENSIVE DELETE -- UNIVERSAL ACCESS SYSTEM --
 ENTER PASSWORD. He adds the word - "BOONDOX:" and hits a
 button, the FILE VANISHES.

RICK
 What about his partner?

WEYBURN
 (punching buttons) Unless he's made
 another pass at you, we have no idea
 where he is. Probably took his drug
 money and leading the good life
 abroad....

ANGLE ON THE DATA SCREEN: showing another FAX-PHOTO of a
 convict, beneath it the name DIGGINS, ALAN: alias LARRY DIGBY,
 ALBERT DIGGS, ALPHONSO DE GENESE. LAST KNOWN RESIDENCE: Las
 Brisas, Mexico

-traffic citation traced to rented car Phoenix, Arizona
 1988*

WEYBURN registers the above with another grimace of concern - and
 once again punches in:

COMPREHENSIVE DELETE -- UNIVERSAL ACCESS -- ENTER PASSWORD

He TYPES IN: "BOONDOX", and once again, it all goes away.

Hitting another button, he summons up RICK'S FILE AGAIN.

WEYBURN
 So, what is it, Pal? Relocation time?
 You're one rolling stone, aren't you?

RICK
 Where can you put me?

WEYBURN

How 'bout Waikiki? You like Bikinis?
We got a lifeguard spot in Honolulu.
You like dogs? You can be a dog
greaser in Seattle. Personally, I'd
take the Bikinis.

RICK

How fast?

WEYBURN

Where are you, Rick? And what's your
name? (no response) Come on, Buddy,
I'm trying to do my job, here.

Rick grits his teeth: takes a breath.

RICK

Bowers. Billy Ray. I live above
Earl's Bon Voyage Garage, 1840 Canoga
Street, Detroit. No phone, no car, no
bank account there's somebody in town
who recognized me, and I don't know who
she might be in touch with. She's the
kind who used to be in touch with
everyone. I want to get outta here
before she comes back.

WEYBURN finishes punching Rick's address into the machine, and
breathes a sigh of relief. When the PRINTER STOPS, he TEARS OUT
THE PRINT-OUT SHEET and PUNCHES ONE MORE ENTRY:

"DELETE ENTIRE FILE -- FURTHER ACCESS UNNECESSARY"

He then TYPES IN THE WORD: "BOONDOX" -- and the screen, except
for the blinking cursor, goes completely black.

WEYBURN

(a smile) Two days, Rick. Hang on.
we'll have someone come get you.

He hangs up the phone - worried.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY OF DETROIT - DAY

The soot of this industrial city having turned to coffee grounds
in a downpouring rain -- CAMERA MOVING TOWARD A HIGH-RISE where,
in an office window, we see a Board Meeting in progress.

CUT TO:

INT. BOARD MEETING - SAME

A group of Businessmen, some of them Japanese, gathered around an oval table...CAMERA MOVING TO MARIANNE, oblivious to what's going on around her. Her attention is on her purse, which lies on its side on the table in front of her; her hand is within it, having removed a photo-relic from her wallet, something that bears the tattered look of a keepsake that's always travelled with her. It's a series of four shots, the kind taken with photo-machines: Marianne, and the boy she knew as "Rick" - flower children both, with matching shoulder-length hair and bandanas around their foreheads, young and in love.

We HEAR a ROLL of THUNDER, and...

CUT TO:

1968

Hazed with the soft-edges of recollection, RICK and MARIANNE bursting from the PHOTO-BOOTH into a downpour, Marianne tucking the photo-strip into her denim jacket as they run for cover. We are on the grounds of a CARNIVAL, RICK pulling Marianne towards a Ferris Wheel which, despite the rain, is still going round.

CUT TO:

SAME TIME. SAME LOCATION

They are at the top of the Ferris Wheel, she SQUEALING in FEAR as he steps out of the chair and onto the struts, hanging on with just his hands. The wheel jerks to a stop and the Ferris Wheel operator shouts up at him to get back into the chair. He does, but not into his own, dropping between two surprised CLERGYMEN, whom he throws his arms around, giving one a KISS atop his bald head, all for the amusement of Marianne.

CUT TO:

THE PRESENT

MARIANNE'S face softening as she dwells in this reverie.

CUT TO:

THE PAST

The Carnival setting; the two of them having found shelter, and intimacy, beneath a set of outdoor bleachers. They are making love.

BUSINESSMAN'S VOICE
(barely audible)....if Miss Graves will
respond....

CUT TO:

ANOTHER SCENE FROM THE PAST:

MARIANNE at an AIRSTRIP, holding her breath as she watches a small airplane do loop-de-loops, and go into a death-defying DIVE: It is clearly RICK up there.

BUSINESSMAN'S VOICE
(insistent).....Miss Graves...!?

CUT TO:

THE PRESENT:

MARIANNE suddenly realizing she's being addressed by the Chairman of the Board. She looks around to see that several hands are raised.

CHAIRMAN
You're abstaining from the final vote?

MARIANNE
(emphatic) No.

She raises her hand - having no idea what she's voting for.

CUT TO:

INT. EARL'S BON VOYAGE GARAGE - NIGHT

RICK (BILLY RAY) at work in the service bay, draining oil from a car suspended overhead on the hydraulic lift - his radio blaring Jackson Brown as Earl works in the background, putting tools away, preparing to close down for the night.

EARL
(droning on)....So I says, "with two kids and a job, you're gonna need a man." She says, "I had a man, and you know what I learned? I learned I didn't need one." She's spunky, Billy Ray, even if she is my own daughter. I think you'd like her.

RICK
Leave the wrenches out, will you Earl?

EARL
Mind if I go upstairs to wash up?

RICK
Since I owe you back rent, I don't think I got much choice.

EARL
(heading up) Think about dinner t'nite.

The music on the radio is the guitar intro to "BLOWING IN THE WIND", RICK unable to resist singing aloud with Dylan, in his richest Southern accent.

RICK

(singing) "How Many Roads must a Man
walk down --- Beeefore we call him a
Man....And How many seas must the
White Dove Sail....beeefore she sleeps
in the sand....."

CUT TO:

EXT. THE STREET IN FRONT OF EARL'S GARAGE:

As a car we recognize appears. It's Marianne's rented Mercedes, creeping forward, parking directly across the street, where she can see into the service bay.

INT. THE CAR

CLOSE ON MARIANNE: shutting down the motor, watching Rick from the darkness. He's making some "moves" as he sings now, really getting into it.

RICK (BILLY RAY)

(full throated, singing) "And how many
times must the cannonballs Flieey...."

CAMERA STAYS TIGHT ON HER: Her eyes fixed on him.

A SOUND draws her attention and she turns to SEE --- a Pink Mustang, slowly cruising, as though looking for an address. It pauses a moment, then enters the gas station.

MARIANNE rummages in her purse - pulling out a small pair of binoculars - bought just for the occasion.

CUT TO:

INT. THE GARAGE - SAME

RICK (BILLY RAY) at work, his back to the pumps.

RICK (BILLY RAY)

(singing) "The answer, mah friend, is
blowin' in the wind...."

He hears something and turns to see the Mustang parking in the shadows; two men get out. One remains with the car, the other, in a long coat, and a hat pulled down over his eyes, walking somewhat stiffly, heads toward.

RICK

I'm afraid the pumps are closed....!

The Man keeps coming.

RICK
We're shut down, Sir....

The Man has stepped into the shadows, and stops.

MAN
Billy Ray Bowers?

RICK
(a beat: glances upstairs) You from
Weyburn's office...?

MAN
Interesting accent you've got, Billy
Ray.

The man steps into the light and removes his hat; rendering Rick
IMMOBILE. It's SORENSON, smiling as his overcoat parts to REVEAL
the barrel of a shotgun pointing directly at "Billy Ray".

ANGLE ON MARIANNE: watching through her binoculars.

ANGLE from her POV; Unable to see the gun, it just looks like two
men talking.

CLOSE ON RICK AND SORENSON

SORENSON
But then, you were always quite an
actor, weren't you, "Billy Ray."

He steps closer, Rick tightening.

SORENSON
You pretended to be my friend...

RICK
I never did....

SORENSON
Then turned me in.

RICK
It was either that or do twenty years
for the murder you committed.

SORENSON
Killing a border guard is not murder,
Rick.

RICK
It is to me. That's why I stayed with
him.

SORENSEN

Still a "do-goeder," Rick? My friend, Mister Diggs is a little concerned about that. I've done my time, but he's still under indictment. Seeing as how you're the only living witness....

He cocks his RIFLE, raising it to Rick's eye-level.

RICK

You still his flunky? Why isn't he doing this?

SORENSEN

He's cutting me in on the money. It's big money. This is a favor I'm happy to do.

RICK

You're a coward, you know that?

SORENSEN

What are you? A Hero? Running and hiding your whole life? I don't think they'll be erecting any monuments to you.

CLOSE ON RICK: the words truly impacting on him.

ANGLE ON SORENSON: readying to fire.

SORENSEN

Any last words?

RICK

Yeah. "You've pissed me off."

In a SUDDEN EXPLOSION of SOUND and MOVEMENT, RICK grabs the RIFLE BARREL and YANKS FORWARD, a HERCULEAN PULL, that causes the GUN to DISCHARGE and CATAPULTS SORENSON into the GREASE-PIT. Whirling, Rick grabs a pick and jams it into the car's belly, SENDING a CASCADE of HOT OIL DOWN! SORENSON cries out, attempting to scramble up, but RICK hits a hydraulic LEVER, sending the suspended CAR CRASHING DOWN, PINNING SORENSON in the pit underneath.

CLOSE ON MARIANNE: dropping her binoculars - STUNNED.

ANGLE ON EARL, RUNNING DOWN THE STAIRS.

EARL

What the hell!

RICK

Get out! Run for your fucking life!

SORENSEN SHOTS from beneath the car, Rick diving to avoid it - EARL turns and runs back up the stairs. DODGING SHOTGUN BLASTS, RICK dives and rolls, hitting a lever that drops the GARAGE DOORS, then he DASHES OUTSIDE.

ANGLE ON MARIANNE: Seeing RICK heading directly toward the SECOND GUNMAN....

MARIANNE

(instinctively SHOUTING) Watch out!

She HITS HER HORN, SWINGING INTO ACTION. Throwing her car into gear, SHE SQUEALS OUT, but too late! The SECOND GUNMAN has fired on RICK, apparently HITTING HIM! He HITS THE GROUND, hard, slithering back inside!

ANGLE ON MARIANNE bearing down on the SECOND GUNMAN, causing him to DIVE FOR COVER.

INSIDE THE GARAGE, RICK LEAPS INTO THE CAR that's pinning SORENSEN. Hitting the ignition, He RACES the ENGINE, throwing it into GEAR.

ANOTHER ANGLE: THE CAR'S TIRES BURNING RUBBER as the CAR SQUEALS FORWARD, RIGHT INTO THE GARAGE DOORS, SMASHING THROUGH!

EXTERIOR ANGLE: RICK'S CAR ALMOST CRASHING RIGHT INTO MARIANNE'S as it speeds in a TIGHT CIRCLE, chasing the SECOND GUNMAN AROUND.

ANGLE ON SORENSEN able to take careful aim, FIRING.

DIRECT HIT! RICK'S CAR shudders and careens out of control, one of its tires blown clear off. Throwing Fourth of July sparks, the car snags a gas pump -- and "KA-BOOM!" The PUMPS GO UP in FLAMES!

ANGLE ON RICK'S CAR, HURTLING out of control, but managing to TAKE THE PINK MUSTANG with it as it JUMPS the opposite curb and CRASHES DIRECTLY INTO A BRICK WALL -- RICK groggily staggering out, holding his lower thigh, attempting to run.

ANGLE ON MARIANNE, fighting her steering wheel which has become locked, by its own momentum, into a tight circle, squealing 'round like a toy car. Seeing RICK attempting to flee, she manages to straighten it, HEADING AFTER HIM.

BEHIND HER, the SECOND GUNMAN stands firm, taking aim, FIRING.

ANGLE ON MARIANNE - ducking, as "BLOOEY!" - her rear windscreen is shot out.

MARIANNE
Avis is not gonna like this...!

ANOTHER ANGLE: RICK - as her car catches up to him, he "limp-running" alongside.

MARIANNE
(hysterical) Are you Rick?!

RICK
(running alongside) Let me in!

MARIANNE
'Cause if you are, you've got a lot of explaining to do!

RICK
(furious) Maybe we should order some tea while we discuss this!

Another SHOT RINGS OUT, knocking a nearby garbage can ten feet INTO THE AIR.

MARIANNE
(ducking as she drives) Jesus!

In the moment of distraction RICK manages to grab her rear car door, swings it open and VAULTS INSIDE, sprawling, on his back, onto the floor of the back seat.

MARIANNE
Who said you could....!

RICK
For God's sake, Muffy! Floor this fucking thing and drive!

His use of her nickname is not lost on her - as another GUNSHOT convinces her to move. An overhead light shatters, raining glass down, and her Mercedes squeals off, disappearing into the night.

CUT TO:

EXT. DETROIT SHERATON HOTEL

As her car, looking much the worse for wear with rear window shot out, and a pronounced dent in the front fender, pulls up to the uniformed garage attendant who hands her a ticket.

ATTENDANT
(spotting the damage) Evenin' Miss.

MARIANNE
 (ever so chipper) Evening. Lovely
 weather.

ATTENDANT
 May I see your key, please?

She shows him - and as the car pulls away, the ATTENDANT spots RICK lying on the back seat, holding his backside: clearly ailing.

CUT TO:

INT - GARAGE ELEVATOR - SAME

MARIANNE helping RICK out of the car to the elevator. He's not mortally injured, but walking stiffly.

MARIANNE
 I still say we should go to a
 hospital...

RICK
 That's where they'll look...

MARIANNE
 Where who'll look?

RICK
 Just get me to a phone....

She has to use a SECURITY CARD that she digs from her purse, to get the elevator open.

CUT TO:

INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - SAME

As she helps him down the hall toward her room; he stops, indicating an alcove where there's a Coke Machine.

RICK
 Ice. Get plenty.

MARIANNE
 (indicating door; gives him key)
 That's the room. Presidential Suite.

Rick hobbles to the door and ENTERS --- she ENTERS the ALCOVE, grabbing a BUCKET and filling it with ice.

ANOTHER ANGLE: she is recognized by a passing JAPANESE MAN, on the way out.

JAPANESE MAN
 Miss Graves?

MARIANNE
 ("dear God") Oh. Mister Takawaki.
 Hello.

JAPANESE MAN
 (re: the ice) Do little "party"?

MARIANNE
 (heading away) Do little party...

JAPANESE MAN
 We come to your party?

MARIANNE
 No, no. Private party. Just me and my
 girlfriends.

JAPANESE MAN
 How many? I bring same number men.

MARIANNE
 Just for girls. Sorry. G'nite.

She makes it to her room, giving a little "wave" as she BACKS IN
 THE DOOR.

CUT TO:

INT. THE ROOM - SAME

The word "room" doesn't do it justice. It's a huge Suite, with a
 working fireplace and a winding staircase where Rick's clothes
 are discarded, leaving a trail to the bedroom upstairs. There is
 a bouquet of newly-delivered Roses (still wrapped in cellophane),
 and a FAX MACHINE spitting out a communique as MARIANNE passes
 through the living room and heads up the STAIRS.

CUT TO:

INT. UPSTAIRS - SAME

MARIANNE ENTERING a sumptuous bedroom, picking up the last of
 Rick's clothes - socks and underwear - at the foot of the opened
 bathroom door. WE HEAR HIS VOICE in there - on the bathroom
 phone. She stops, EVESDROPPING.

RICK
 (frustrated) I don't know how the
 fuck you spell "Wayburn", and I can't
 wait until six A.M., I want to be put
 through now! That's right, Billy Ray
 Bowers. Well don't lose the fucking
 call, all right?! (no choice but to
 give in) (408)666-7000, Presidential
 Suite. (a beat) Hello? Operator? OH
 FUCK!

WE HEAR the PHONE SLAM DOWN - and the SHOWER TURN ON - followed by a GROAN of AGONY.

MARIANNE
(Kicks at the half-opened door)
Rick...?

RICK
(impatient) What.

MARIANNE
Are you all right?

RICK
I'm shot in the butt, can you believe it?

MARIANNE
Can I come in?

RICK
I'm naked, can you handle it?

MARIANNE
I "handled it" for a lot of years, I guess I can handle it now.

She ENTERS; he's in the shower, partially concealed by the half-closed shower door, leaning against the wall.

RICK
It's a shotgun pellet. I think it passed right through, but I can't see. It's my lower back and my butt.

But her attention is on the supposed "scar" on his right arm. It's coming unglued in the hot water, peeling back to reveal the Tattoo of the Dove.

RICK
(re: the scar) It's putty. You can get it at any magic store. I stocked up on Halloween, three years ago.

MARIANNE sits; DUMBFOUNDED.

MARIANNE
(intended as an 'understatement') You know, I really am "eager" to hear this story.

RICK
I need some antibiotic, bandages, and hydrogen peroxide.

MARIANNE
Get shot often, do you, Rick?

RICK
I need you to take a look at my butt.

She takes a long moment to consider this. Then:

MARIANNE
You leave me at the 'altar', right?

RICK
Look Marianne....

MARIANNE
...I mean, that was my state of mind, right? You went off with Gino to seek your fortune, and you were coming back to marry me. Am I remembering this correctly? 'Cause I want you to stop me if I've got it wrong. (he attempts to speak, she cuts him off) You disappear in your airplane, and are presumed dead, and I attend your memorial service, and cry the tears of a grieving widow. You should have seen me, Rick, dressed in black, with a veil like a Portuguese Fishwife...!

RICK
Muffy....

MARIANNE
(not about to be stopped) I vow I'll never get over it, and in fact, I never do....!

RICK
Can you just...

MARIANNE
I carry, in my wallet, your photo, for the rest of my life....!

RICK
Just let me....

MARIANNE

Until I find you alive, with people chasing you, and you ask me to look at your butt. Now, that's perfectly okay, Rick I mean, it's kinda 'neat'! Rick's alive and he's shot in the butt! "Hey, Mom, guess who's alive and shot in the butt?!" Yeah, he's right here! I'm looking at his butt right now!

ANGLE ON RICK: almost withered by the force of her eyes.

MARIANNE

(slowly and methodically) You fucking...son...of a mother-fucking, shit eating, yellow-snot-bugged, toe-jammed, belly-button-lint, I-can't - think-of-enough-awful- things-to-call-you... Bastard!

ANGLE ON BOTH: staring at each other over the hiss of the steaming water.

RICK

So, that's a "no" on examining my butt?

The PHONE RINGS; both grab for it - she gets to it first, snatching it away.

MARIANNE

(covering the mouthpiece) This is my hotel suite, for God's sake, you can't pick up my phone. (into phone: angry) Hello. (a beat) Yes. Hi. Yes, I'm fine.

While she talks, RICK maneuvers a shaving mirror, the kind attached to the wall by an accordion-type extender, to where he can see his wounds. His thigh, in particular, is streaked and badly abraded, the left buttock, too.

MARIANNE

Roses? No, I just walked in (impatient) I told you, I'm okay. It's the shower. No. Well - yes, I'm getting in the shower. I did just walk in - can I - Look. No, the deal want fine. Right. (echoing him) "So long as the deal want fine." Yes. I'll be home tomorrow. No, I don't want to see the Superbowl. I'm glad you're enjoying your Bigscreen. G'bye.

She hangs up, grabbing a Kleenex to wipe her nose - as she examines the abrasion, which is right in front of her face.

RICK
What do you think?

MARIANNE
Same butt.

RICK
Same guy?

MARIANNE
What guy?

RICK
Harper? Jonathan? The Third? Richboy
redneck asshole? The one you married?

He steps out, wrapping himself in a towel.

MARIANNE
(in earnest) Where have you been,
Rick?

RICK
(exiting into the bedroom) How could
you do that?

MARIANNE
Do what?

RICK
Marry that asshole. Didn't we used to
call him the 'Napalm King'?

MARIANNE
(following into bedroom) Where were
you, Rick?

RICK
At your wedding, among other places.

CLOSE ON MARIANNE: flabbergasted.

RICK (CONT'D)
Fair enough, isn't it? You were at my
memorial service, I was at your
wedding...? (picks up phone to make a
call) Didn't take you long, did it?

MARIANNE
(smoldering) I beg your pardon?

RICK
To get married. To give up everything
you ever believed in, and become Mrs.
Rich Bitch. What do they call them
now? "Yuppies"? I guess you 'took' to
it, huh? Big hotel suites, rented
Mercedes...!

MARIANNE
(fuming) How dare you put me on trial!

RICK
(dialing phone) How long was it? Four
months? I go down in flames for the
anti-war effort, and four months later
you marry the joke of the campus,
Jerry-the-Napalm-King?!

MARIANNE
Six months, and they did not make
Napalm.

RICK
(incredulous) "Cornwall Chemicles"?! . . .

MARIANNE
They made Laundry detergent, we had it
wrong.

RICK
Bull shit. (into phone) Hello?

MARIANNE
Bullshit yourself. And what's this
crap about "the anti-war" effort?

RICK
That's what happened to me, Babe.
(into phone) Room? This is....(To
Marianne) What room?

MARIANNE
Presidential Suite.

RICK
Naturally, Presidential Suite. I guess
they didn't have anything more
expensive, huh?

MARIANNE
(to herself) What a piece of work.

RICK

(into phone) Hello. (suddenly slips into "Southern accent") Oh, Ma. Larson? This here's Billy Ray...? Yeah, I know there's a fire, Ma'm. I want to know if Earl's all right. (relieved) Well, that's good, Ma'm. (beat) He said he's comin' home? Well, he'll tell you about it...and, uh...you tell him I'm sorry, all right? And...maybe, someday, I'll...be able to explain...

He hangs up...and hangs his head. It's finally getting to him.

MARIANNE

"Billy Ray"...?

He nods, fatigued. Emitting a sigh of hopelessness, he leans back on the bed, wincing with pain.

RICK

Yeah...another 'disappointer', Billy Ray. I'm sure Earl thought he had him a future son-in-law... partner in the 'Bon Voyage Garage'. I liked Billy Ray. But, like all the rest of 'em....in the end, he let everybody down.

CLOSE ON MARIANNE, studying him. His guard has lowered for a minute...and she senses, for the first time, his emotional torment. She PICKS UP THE PHONE.

MARIANNE

Pharmacy, please. (beat) Yes, I need some gauze pads and Betadyne, some no-stick surgical tape, and can you refill an out-of-state prescription for Amphotericin? I lost my bottle and I need to.... (beat) My Name? (a glance at Rick; she evades the question) I'll come down.

She hangs up; his eyes are closed.

RICK

(groggy) You have kids, Muffy?

MARIANNE

Why do you ask?

RICK

Got that "Mom" tone.

MARIANNE
No. I don't.

RICK
How come? You always wanted them.

MARIANNE
So did you.

RICK
Yeah. Yeah. Six kids, didn't we? Or
was that Billy Ray?....Or Henry Bixby.
(just mumbling now) No.... That was
Rick. Rick and Muffy. That's who that
was....

His breath evens out - as he loses the battle to fatigue.

CLOSE ON MARIANNE: staring at him.

MARIANNE
(to herself) Good Lord. Rick Jarmin
is alive.

CUT TO:

EXT. EARL'S GARAGE

Firetrucks there, firemen dousing the last of the FLAMES --
CAMERA PICKING UP a middle-aged WOMAN, being brought, by a
fireman, to a COP. It's MRS. LARSON; EARL'S WIFE.

MRS. LARSON
I know he wasn't caught in the fire, he
called me right after he called the
fire department. He said he'd be
comin' home 'cause he couldn't stand to
watch it.

FIREMAN
S'far as I know, the only people we've
seen are a couple of eye-witnesses....

MRS. LARSON
"Eye-witnesses?"

FIREMAN
Two guys say they saw a man and a woman
speedin' away in a black Mercedes that
had its back window broken out. Least
it gives the police somethin' to go on.

They've reached a COP, on his two-way car radio.

FIREMAN

(To cop) This is the owner's wife.
She's lookin' for her husband.

The COP takes the kind of interest in her that signals trouble.

COP

He's missing?

MRS. LARSON

(uneasy) Not 'missing', exactly, but I
can't find him.

COP

Would you come with me, Ma'am?

He heads toward the back alley, she following, as WE BEGIN TO SEE several squad cars gathered, their LIGHTS illuminating a crime scene; radios crackling, a flash-bulb popping, an officer stringing BARRICADE RIBBON.

COP

(as they walk) You know anyone called
"Billy Ray"?

MRS. LARSON

I just spoke to Billy Ray. That's my
husband's employee.

They've reached the ALLEY, where Mrs. Larson slows, seeing the focus of everyone's attention. It is a BODY, crumpled face down in a pool of blood, beside the brick wall at the back of the station. In its lifeless hand is a can of spray paint - and scrawled on the wall above it are the words...."BILLY RAY".

CLOSE ON MRS. LARSON: stunned.

ANGLE FROM HER POV: The body. Gunshot wounds in the head. It is EARL.

CUT TO:

EXT. DETROIT - DAWN

The sky is beginning to lighten with the first hint of sun-up ---
CAMERA MOVING IN ON THE DETROIT HILTON HOTEL.

CUTTING TO:

INT. MARIANNE'S HOTEL SUITE - SAME

Silence --- CAMERA PANNING to find MARIANNE, in a dressing gown, asleep on a couch, the bag of Pharmaceuticals unopened on the floor beside her. She begins to STIR, slowly becoming aware of RICK'S VOICE, restrained, on the PHONE in the BEDROOM.

RICK

...I have a perfect right to be "rude"
I left a message with you and I
waited....(stopped) He did? What time
~~did~~ he pick it up....?

ANGLE ON RICK: seated half-off the bed to favor his wounded
thigh, draped in the towel he fell asleep in last night - his
eyes etched with confusion and concern.

RICK

Listen. I want to talk to someone
above him, this is an emergency. The
head of the program, somebody right at
the top, who would that be?

CUT TO:

INT. WASHINGTON - WITNESS RELOCATION PROGRAM - SAME
The night-duty receptionist doing her best to deal with this.

RECEPTIONIST

Can you identify yourself as a member
of the program, Sir? (a beat) K-239?
(she punches her word processor; gets
nothing in response) I'm sorry,
there's no file that responds to that
number.

CUT TO:

INT. THE HOTEL SUITE - SAME
RICK unaware that Marianne is at the door.

RICK

Try it by name. "Bowers, Billy Ray.
(a beat) You have no record of Billy
Ray Bowers? (a beat) Try "Forette,
Jean-Pierre", and see if anything comes
up. (no go) How 'bout "Turnbull,
Jodie?" (a gulp) "Carlson, Matthew."

He drops his head, rubbing his forehead; One last try.

RICK

Try "Jarmin, Richard. Rick Jarmin."
See if anyone by that name exists.

He waits for the response that he knows is coming - and when it
does, he accepts it quietly; hangs up the phone. He HEARS
MARIANNE in the doorway, and turns.

She sees the fear in his eyes.

RICK
 Something's....gone wrong. I don't
 seem to exist anymore.

They are ~~STARTLED~~ by a KNOCK AT THE DOOR. She checks her watch.

RICK
 You expecting someone?

MARIANNE
 I have a standing order for breakfast
 at seven A.M.

RICK
 What time is it?

MARIANNE
 Six twenty-five.

Bolting from the bed, he grabs his pants, his movements
 restricted by PAIN as he hurriedly dresses.

RICK
 (moving fast) You don't have a gun, do
 you?

MARIANNE
 No, Rick, I don't have a gun.

RICK
 Any kind of weapon at all?

MARIANNE
 Twenty-two caliber crimping iron.

RICK
 I'm serious, Marianne

MARIANNE
 This is my breakfast, Rick.

RICK
 (the "knock" comes again; he moves with
 urgency) Get dressed! Fast!

MARIANNE
 Look. I know you had a bad night, but
 isn't this just a little paranoid...?

RICK
 (checking window for possible escape)
 "Paranoid" keeps me alive, Marianne.
 Get your clothes on.

He's located a fire escape, and pulls open the WINDOW. They are plenty high, up here.

RICK
We can make it.

MARIANNE
(appalled) Are you crazy? I'm not going out there. (in response to another knock; she calls) Just a minute...!

RICK
You open that door and you could wind up dead.

MARIANNE
Well, I'll admit the breakfasts here aren't very good, but...

RICK
Did you see me get shot last night?!

MARIANNE
That was a gas-station hold-up! This is the Presidential Suite of the Hilton Hotel!

RICK
Four attempts have been made on my life, Marianne.

MARIANNE
Why?

RICK
This is not the time for this conversation.

MARIANNE
When is the time for this conversation?!

WAITER'S VOICE THRU DOOR
I've got your breakfast, Miss Graves...

MARIANNE
C.I.A.? K.G.B.? Or could it be Marianne's breakfast?

She heads for the door, he beats her to it.

RICK
(urgent) What'd you order?

MARIANNE
Croissant, grapefruit, and...(she stops
short)

RICK
And what?

MARIANNE
(embarrassed) Prunes.

RICK
(re: the waiter) Ask him what he's
got.

MARIANNE
(with an eyeball roll: shouts thru
closed door) Uh - what's for
breakfast...?

VOICE
Uh, some kind 'a breads and fruits.

She gives Rick a look like "that's good enough for me" and
REACHES FOR THE DOOR.

RICK
(stopping her) Tell him to leave it
and go away.

MARIANNE
Rick. We are at the top of a veritable
fortress. Presidents and Oil Sheiks
stay here. In this very Suite. The
guests of Lee Iococca stay here. Frank
Sinatra has stayed here. Because it
has the best security money can buy.

He's beginning to feel a little foolish.

MARIANNE
So, if you'll stand back and pull up a
chair, I'll let you share my prunes,
and we'll hear all about this.

She REACHES FOR THE DOOR.

RICK
(reflexive) Leave the chain on, and
look first.

She looks at him with pity - realizing he can't help himself.

RICK
 But rattle the chain first so they'll
 think you took it off. Then open the
door just a millimeter at a time.

He is so earnest: she decides to humor him.

MARIANNE
 Okay, Rick.

She dutifully rattles the chain, but leaves it on -- then flips
 the door-lock --- and opens the door just a crack.

SUDDENLY A HAND EXPLODES IN, GRABBING HER FACE! ALL HELL BREAKS
 LOOSE. RICK HURTLES HIS BODY AGAINST THE DOOR with enough FORCE
 to SMASH THE HAND, but it CLINGS FIRM, MARIANNE SCREAMING as a
 GUN PROTRUDES into her SKULL.

MARIANNE
 (screaming) My Purse!
 (pointing) Mace!

RICK
 (diving for it) Why the hell didn't
 you...?!

MARIANNE
Key chain!

He's FOUND IT: a tiny canister on her key-ring.

RICK
 Looks like it's for a fucking Barbie-
 Doll.

MARIANNE
 Squirt it...!

He leaps to the door and lets fly.

ANGLE THROUGH THE DOOR: SORENSON reeling back as he CATCHES IT
 right in the EYES. RICK attempts to SLAM THE DOOR, but ANOTHER
 HAND, a GLOVED ONE (belonging to DIGGS) PUSHES THROUGH - and it
 has WIRE CUTTERS IN IT, that wrap around the DOOR-CHAIN.

RICK
 (screaming, O.S.) Aaaaaahhhhhh!

CAMERA SWISH-PANNING TO RICK who has grabbed a POKER from the FIREPLACE and is HURTLING TOWARD the opened DOOR with the SPEED of a HORSEBACKED JOUSTER, MARIANNE SPINNING out of the way just in time. It PLUNGES THROUGH the opening and HITS ITS MARK, CATCHING DIGGS in the shoulder, the WIRE CUTTERS clattering to the floor. RICK lifts the fire-iron overhead and brings it down HARD, making solid contact on DIGGS' HEAD, knocking him to his knees. SLAMMING THE DOOR and LOCKING IT, RICK GRABS MARIANNE'S PURSE in one hand and her arm in the other.

RICK
(heading toward the window) Let's go!

MARIANNE
(petrified) Oh God, I can't do that...!

RICK
What are you talking about?! This is what Frank Sinatra does!

She shrieks as he THRUSTS HER OUT onto the fire-escape, the wind whipping around them as she attempts to cling to the window like a fly.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE HALLWAY OUTSIDE MARIANNE'S HOTEL SUITE - SAME
SORENSEN on his knees, blinded by Mace - and DIGGS, staggering about, semi-conscious --- as MARIANNE'S Japanese associate, Mister Takawaki, steps out of his room, a small suitcase in hand, ready for travel. Pausing to observe the man, he grins.

TAKAWAKI
Some nice party. huh? Next time, maybe she invite me.

Stepping over them, he heads for the elevator.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE FIRE ESCAPE - SAME
RICK and MARIANNE climbing upward, the wind blowing her dressing gown, RICK right beneath her.

MARIANNE
(horrified) Why are we going up?!

RICK
Because they'll expect us to go down.

MARIANNE
I've very scared, Rick....!

RICK
 Since when did you start sleeping with
 underpants on?

CUT TO:

EXT. THE ROOFTOP - MOMENTS LATER

A LONG SHOT OF THE TWO, having gone as high as they go, MARIANNE STUCK, half-on and half-off the lip of the roof, her feet kicking as she struggles to make it over. RICK prods from behind, a SLIPPER takes flight, and she almost FALLS OFF THE ROOF before he grabs, and PULLS HER TO SAFETY.

Assessing the rooftop, he POINTS, DRAGGING HER BEHIND HIM.

MARIANNE
 Do I get to know what's going on here,
 or do I just get killed for 'old times'
 sake?

They traverse a precarious catwalk, the wind HOWLING AROUND THEM.

RICK
 They're ex-Drug Enforcement Agents,
 Marianne. One of them, I sent to jail,
 the other knows I can send him to jail.
 They want me dead, and they'll take
 anyone who's with me!

MARIANNE
 Why?!

RICK
 I testified against them. Ever hear of
 the Witness Relocation Program?

MARIANNE
 (unable to hear over the wind)
 Witness...."what"?!

They're descending a short length of FIRE-LADDER NOW, he below her, trying to stabilize her by gripping her legs, her nightgown blowing around his face.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)
 What did you say about "Witnesses"...?!

RICK
 Later, all right?! Could we please
 discuss this later?!

MARIANNE
 How am I going to get my clothes?!

RICK

One step at a time, okay?!

He helps her to a ledge that leads to the windows of a ROOFTOP RESTAURANT; people eating poached eggs watch in amazement as, pressed close to the windows, Rick and Marianne edge by.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOFTOP RESTAURANT - SAME

Elegant, in full breakfast service, as RICK and MARIANNE ENTER the only way possible: through a ventilation window, directly onto someone's table.

MARIANNE

(deathly embarrassed) Terribly
sorry....I'll pay for that herring.

Rick helps her step down, and together --- she in her dressing gown, missing one slipper, and he wearing just a T-shirt and jeans with the backside all but blown out --- make it to a door marked "STAIRS TO ELEVATOR" and disappear.

CUT TO:

INT. "ROOFTOP RESTAURANT HOTEL" - SAME

As RICK and MARIANNE EXIT the stairwell to the landing BELOW: MARIANNE instinctively heading for the ELEVATORS, RICK pulling her, instead, to the STAIRS.

MARIANNE

(protesting) We're ten stories up...!

He YANKS her into the STAIRWELL just in the nick of time --- as the ELEVATOR DOORS OPEN and SORENSON STEPS OUT, his face taut with RAGE.

MARIANNE

(starts to speak) I don't -

SLAPPING HIS HAND over her MOUTH, RICK PULLS her into the SHADOWS --- as SORENSON takes the ASCENDING STAIRWELL, to the rooftop restaurant, disappearing from view. When it's safe, RICK releases her.

MARIANNE

(gasping) Don't you ever, ever put
your hand on my mouth again!

RICK

(tense) One's here, I'd guess the
other's at the hotel. Probably got
into the room by now....

She registers the fear in his eyes.

MARIANNE

I'm sorry. I have a phobia about not
being able to breathe.

He checks the STAIRWELL, spotting a sign that says "SERVICE
ELEVATOR"; he gestures her to follow.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDE ENTRANCE OF "ROOFTOP RESTAURANT HOTEL" - SAME
As they slip outside, infantry-style, RICK gesturing to stay
"down" beside him, against the wall.

MISTER TAKAWAKI (O.S.)

Hello, Miss Graves..!

ANGLE ON MARIANNE'S Japanese friend, Mister Takawaki, on the
street corner directly in front of them, waiting, with others,
for a bus.

MARIANNE

(feeling utterly stupid; a wave) Hi,
Mister Takawaki.

ANOTHER ANGLE: they scamper across the street, into an alley
that accesses the underground parking structure of their hotel.

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING STRUCTURE - SAME

RICK and MARIANNE crouch-running to her CAR, where, pressed up
against the door, SHE PAUSES, looking at him.

MARIANNE

Now what?

RICK

Drive!

MARIANNE

Where?

RICK

Out of here!

MARIANNE

I'm in my nightgown!

RICK

We can't go to the room!

MARIANNE

We'll call security.

RICK

They'll shoot you, and they'll shoot security, do you not understand what's going on here?!

MARIANNE

Am I clairvoyant? Do I read minds?!
Have I missed something?!

RICK

Just get me out'a here, Marianne. And I'll tell you everything.

Reluctantly, she REACHES INTO HER PURSE - suddenly STOPPED.

MARIANNE

No car keys.

CLOSE ON RICK: stricken.

MARIANNE

(a wink) Gotcha.

JINGLING THEM, she opens the door, RICK, unamused, LEAPS IN.

LONG ANGLE: with a "SCREECH" of TIRES - they're OUT!

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

MARIANNE'S beat-up Mercedes at a street meter --- having attracted the attention of a COP who sits in his car across the street from it, summoning help on his 2-way radio.

CUT TO:

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE (2ND FLOOR) - SAME

Where RICK, huddled in a corner where he can maintain surveillance on the car through a small window - (but can SEE NOTHING OF THE COP from this limited vantage point) - talks to Marianne through the closed CURTAIN of a CHANGING ROOM.

RICK

...If I had the choice again, I'd have never done it.

MARIANNE (O.S.)

Done what?

RICK

Testified.

MARIANNE

To what?

RICK
I'm getting to that.

MARIANNE
(poking her head out) You know what this sounds like to me? A "Rick Jarmin Story". A typical bullshit Rick Jarmin story, just the same old kind of shit you used to pull all the time.
(retracts her head back behind curtain)

RICK
(inflamed) This is not "shit", Marianne.

ANGLE INSIDE CHANGING ROOM: where Marianne is pulling on the last part of a new outfit.

MARIANNE
You're probably just some petty thief being chased by the police, that's why you're afraid to call "security", or you've got some gambling debts, and you're trying to dress it up with this "Witness Location" crap...

She STEPS OUT of the DRESSING ROOM, all CASHMERE and SUEDE, RICK quick to her side, and pissed.

RICK
(correcting) "Witness Relocation Program."

MARIANNE
(waving credit card at a salesman: re: the outfit) I'll take this. (to Rick) I remember you once had me believing you were an actual Russian spy. You faked Russian so good, you actually spoke your bogus gobbledegook to a Russian cabdriver! And he spoke back!

RICK
That was for fun, Marianne, there are people trying to kill me now.

MARIANNE
Do I get to hear "why"?

RICK
If you'll stop giving me such a bad time -

MARIANNE
I'm all ears.

Her credit card is brought back to her; she signs and rips up the carbon.

RICK
How much was that?

MARIANNE
Why?

RICK
You didn't even look. You that rich?

MARIANNE
(heading away) It's not your business.

She gets onto an escalator, he behind her.

RICK
Do you donate anything to the poor? Or do you and the "Napalm King" just hoard you millions?

MARIANNE
(correcting) Laundry detergent. Yes, we do. We're very rich and we hoard our millions. Occasionally we take a poor person in for Thanksgiving and feed him nothing. We eat turkey in front of him and don't give him a crumb. We like to watch him starve. Did you want lunch or something? My treat.

CUT TO:

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - RESTAURANT

They're at a small table in the back, she eating compulsively; Rick's eyes darting furtively at passing strangers, as he tries to hide from view.

RICK
...I had the pilot's license, Gino had some money. The plan was to buy marijuana in Mexico and fly it across the border at Mexicali.

MARIANNE
What a dumb thing to do.

RICK
Well, at the time....

MARIANNE
D-U-M-B, DUMB.

RICK
(defensive) The proceeds of the sale
were to fund the campus anti-war
effort.

MARIANNE
What a hero.

RICK
(challenging) You used to believe in
it.

MARIANNE
Smuggling drugs?

RICK
The anti-war effort. The civil rights
movement. Love, peace and the simple
life. Whatever happened to you?

MARIANNE
I grew up, Rick.

RICK
Is that what you call it? Being
corrupted?

MARIANNE
You know nothing about me.

RICK
I see what I see. Cashmere and suede.
Credit cards and hotel suites - (her
wrist) how much did that Cartier watch
cost?

MARIANNE
(Had it, she calls out) Check! (opens
her wallet and flips out a big bill)
Pay for it and keep the change. Good
luck in your tee-pee, pal. (gets up)

RICK
Marianne...

MARIANNE
I have a three o'clock plane.

RICK
I haven't finished the story...!

MARIANNE
I'll read your memoirs.

RICK
(firm) Marianne.

His tone stops her; she waits for him to catch up.

RICK
I want to tell you what happened.

MARIANNE
Why bother?

RICK
'Cause I need your help.

CLOSE on her: waiting for more.

RICK
I've got to find a guy named Lou Baird,
and the only way I can do that is by
getting a phone number he once gave me.

MARIANNE
Did you try information?

RICK
I don't have the name, it's his
sister's house in Memphis. I wrote it
down in an address book that I had to
leave in Chicago. (hapless) I left
Chicago in a hurry, too. As I did
Cleveland Ohio, Spokane Washington,
Muncie Indiana, (Southern accent)
Valdosta Georgia, (French accent)
Penobscott Maine where I was French-
Canadian, and (strictly "Kennedy")
Boston where I did ha'hd work in a
bakery, bakin' pecan pie.

A LONG SILENCE PASSES: he gives her a GRIN and she melts a
little.

MARIANNE
Sounds like you need a travel agent.

He shrugs: a very "continental" kind of shrug. There is an
elegantly dressed male mannequin beside him: he takes its hat
and puts it on his own head - cocked over one eye. It's the old
Rick, clowning for her; he does a little strut.

MARIANNE
You're still a fool.

RICK
 (French accent) Mademoiselle, I am a
 fool for love.

He grabs a scarf and camel-hair coat, draping it over his
 shoulder.

RICK
 (singing) Thank Heaven - for Little
 Girls...

Grabs an umbrella, completing his "Chevalier" thing . . .

RICK
 (thick French accent; singing) For
 little girls grow bigger every day.

She LAUGHS: It's the sound of the girl he used to know. It
 stops him.

RICK
 (serious) Run away with me. Leave
 your husband.

MARIANNE
 He left me.

CLOSE ON RICK: stopped. It was not easy for her to say.

RICK
 No.

MARIANNE
 Yes. Broke my heart. First you, then
 him.

RICK
 You're better off without him.

MARIANNE
 And you. My heart won't take it again.

Feeling emotional - she turns ---- heading down an escalator - he
 follows.

CUT TO:

EXT. STORE - SAME

As she exits and gets directly into her car. Catching up to her,
 he knocks on the passenger window: it rolls down.

MARIANNE
 I have a life. I can't get involved
 with this.

RICK
Can you take me to the airport?

He is SUDDENLY GRABBED FROM BEHIND and SPREAD EAGLED against the car, COPS SWARMING DOWN ON THEM - three PLAINCLOTHESMEN and THREE UNIFORMED COPS - FROM BOTH SIDES!

COP
(on Marianne's side) Hands on the dashboard, Ma'am, don't move....!

MARIANNE
What the hell is this?! Get that gun out'a my face! What do you think...!

COP #2
(frisking Rick) You have the right to remain silent, you have the right to an attorney...

MARIANNE
I am an attorney!

PLAINCLOTHESMAN
You Billy Ray Bowers?

MARIANNE
I demand to know what we're charged with!

PLAINCLOTHESMAN
Suspected arson and homicide.

RICK
What homicide?

COP#2
The killing of Earl Larson. You were both identified at the scene of the crime.

CLOSE ON RICK: shocked.

MARIANNE
Rick. Tell them.

RICK
Tell them what?

MARIANNE
About the Witness Relocation Program.

COP #2
(grabbing his arms) You'll have plenty of time to tell us in jail.

Hearing this, RICK SWINGS INTO ACTION. With cops on either side, he ELBOWS BOTH IN THE GUT, sending them doubling over, then takes three steps BACK, CAMERA GOING INTO SLOW MOTION as he RACES FORWARD and LEAVES THE GROUND, like SUPERMAN about to take flight, and DIVES INTO the OPENED PASSENGER WINDOW, landing RIGHT ON TARGET: The ACCELERATOR! PRESSED BENEATH HIS HANDS!

MARIANNE
(lurching back, shrieks) STOP!!

RICK
(from beneath her) STEER IT!

The Mercedes BASHES into the car in front of it, then SPINS OUT, MARIANNE grabbing the wheel as they CAREEN INTO TRAFFIC, the Mercedes zig-zagging, at LIGHTNING SPEED, through oncoming cars. Behind them, the cops are scrambling for their vehicles, while inside MARIANNE WHIMPERS as she struggles to dodge pedestrians at a cross-walk, RICK crunched UPSIDE DOWN against the pedals, UNABLE TO GET OFF THE ACCELERATOR even if he wanted to!

MARIANNE
(screaming) Rick! Stop this!

RICK
I can't...!

MARIANNE
(seeing a truck coming) Whoaaaa!

EXT. ANGLE: The Mercedes SWERVES to avoid the oncoming truck and JUMPS a MEDIAN DIVIDER, its centrifugal force sending it into a SCREECHING U-TURN, as the COP CARS go screaming down the street IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION!

INT. THE CAR

The CAR "CHUGGING" as RICK struggles to right himself.

RICK
Keep it to the floor!

MARIANNE
We can't do this!

RICK
Floor the fucking thing!

MARIANNE
Why?! Did you kill the guy?

RICK
I didn't kill him, I loved him! They killed him.

MARIANNE

Then you can prove you're innocent...!

RICK

I'll be dead before I do! They get the cops to put me in jail and they can get any wine to kill me! And the same for you!

MARIANNE

What did I do?!!

RICK

Pulled into the wrong gas station!

He's scrambled into the back seat; his legs draping over her shoulders.

MARIANNE

What are you doing?!

RICK

Taking your place. Move!

MARIANNE

It's a rented car, we could get in trouble if you drive it!

RICK

I said MOVE!

MARIANNE

I'm liable for this car! I signed a contract with Avis...!

RICK

(screaming) You've got two vicious murderers after you, half the police force of Detroit, you're implicated in arson and homicide, and you're worried about FUCKING AVIS???

MARIANNE

I have a lifetime card with them!

He unceremoniously drops into the seat behind her, pushing her close to the wheel, getting his feet on the pedals, his hands on the wheel - but she is fighting for control!

BOTH

(struggling) Get off....you crazy.. going to get us killed....!

BOTH LOOK UP to SEE the GROUND disappearing from beneath them: They are SAILING off an embankment, through CLEAR SKY!

BOTH
Whooooooooaaaaaa....!

She ROLLS INTO the PASSENGER SEAT, burying her face in the upholstery.

EXT. ANGLE: THE CAR having sailed off the ROADWAY, MAKING A CRASH-LANDING TWENTY FEET BENEATH, in a RAILROAD YARD. Hitting the GROUND with WHEELS SPINNING it's instantly off again, on a train track, straight ahead into a RAILWAY TUNNEL.

ANGLE FROM THEIR POV: Sure enough --- the light at the end of the tunnel is coming toward them. And there's no room to pass!

INT. ANGLE - THE CAR

RICK screeching on the BRAKES, and THROWING IT INTO REVERSE, the GEARS CATCHING at about one hundred revolutions per MINUTE - the CAR SQUEALING, on the TRAIN TRACKS, BACKWARDS. MARIANNE SCREAMS and buries her head again.

EXT. ANGLE - THE TUNNEL

As the CAR ZOOMS OUT BACKWARDS, THE TRAIN ZOOMING RIGHT TOWARD ITS FRONT BUMPER ---- but VEERING OFF, onto another track at the last moment.

ANOTHER ANGLE: The Mercedes maneuvering with the non-stop speed of a remote-controlled toy-car, zipping OFF the TRACKS, and onto a ROADWAY, speeding up an incline, and OUT of the RAILROAD YARD.

ANGLE ON MARIANNE: Her head still buried in the seat, WHIMPERING.

CLOSE ON RICK: Spotting something ahead - gritting his teeth with satisfaction.

ANGLE FROM HIS POV: A FREEWAY ON-RAMP, ITS SIGN READING:

"INTERSTATE #5 - CHICAGO AND POINTS SOUTH".

It's pedal-to-the-floor-time ---- as the Mercedes zooms onto the Freeway, and WE HEAR RICK'S VOICE SINGING:

RICK
(french accent, "a la Chevalier") My
kind of town, Chi-ca-go iz.....

CUT TO:

EXT. CHICAGO - PRE-DAWN

An overview of the City, its skyline becoming vaguely visible against the opaque glow of a pre-dawn sky.

EXT. FREEWAY - SAME

An AERIAL SHOT looking down: CAMERA PICKING UP THE MERCEDES, moving fast.

INT. THE CAR - SAME

RICK, bleary-eyed, behind the wheel. The "high" of yesterday's escape having faded, his jaw is set with grim determination.

ANGLE FROM HIS POV: a Freeway Sign reading "OAK STREET - LINCOLN PARK"

ANGLE ON RICK: taking the EXIT, turning the wheel carefully, so as not to awaken Marianne, who is dead to the world, her head resting on his thigh.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE CAR - LATER

Cruising through a North Chicago commercial district, turning into the parking lot of a mini-mall; empty at this hour.

INT. THE CAR - SAME

Rick's eyes telling us that this is familiar turf; one small shop in particular, "RAUN'S", gets careful attention as he passes it, then pulls into a parking spot, beneath a street light, nearby.

Shutting down the motor, he checks his watch. 5:45. Glancing back through the broken rear window, he registers that McDonald's is still here, and open. Then he glances at Marianne, out cold, her half-opened purse on the floor beside her.

He checks his pockets, withdrawing a few coins - then speculates on the purse. Gingerly reaching for it, he extracts the wallet.

ANGLE FROM HIS POV: as he thumbs through the cash compartment - her expense money - a half-dozen crisp new hundred dollar bills.

RICK

(under his breath) Naturally, you wouldn't have anything smaller.

ANOTHER ANGLE --- as his eyes fall on something else in the wallet. He withdraws it and stares, unmoving.

ANGLE FROM HIS POV: The photographic relic that she carries with her: the vending machine sequence of him and her - twenty years ago.

CLOSE ON HIM: deeply affected. Exploring further, he finds ANOTHER PHOTO, gently removing it.

CLOSE ANGLE ON THE PHOTO: RICK'S THUMB moving affectionately across another face frozen in time; a handsome young man wearing a baseball cap and a sensitive smile, set beneath dark, gentle, eyes. He TURNS IT OVER revealing a handwritten inscription:

"To the other two musketeers - love always, Gino"

As though picking up his distress, Marianne stirs and whimpers - he quieting her nightmare by stroking her hair.

RICK
(a whisper) ...You up?

MARIANNE
(unmoving) Where are we?

RICK
Chicago.

MARIANNE
Why?

RICK
(gently) Waiting for a store to open,
go back to sleep.

But she doesn't. Shaking her head, she groggily pulling herself into a near-sitting position.

RICK
(addressing her by nickname) M.J...?
I didn't tell you....Gino is dead.

Her eyes find his.

RICK
Killed by the same two guys. (a long
beat) Like I said, they were Drug
Enforcement Agents. Crooked ones.
(with difficulty) It was our own fault
that they got onto us. We were real
impressed with ourselves...talking too
much, Gino and me....

As he CONTINUES, WE....

CUT TO:

EXT. A SMALL AIRSTRIP - MEXICALI - 1968

RICK and GINO, two "Hippie" kids with backpacks, about to climb into a single engine Piper Cub, when they are approached by TWO MEN - who we now know as SORENSON and DIGGS.

WE WATCH the SCENE PLAYED OUT SILENTLY - AND HEAR RICK'S ONGOING NARRATION:

RICK'S VOICE (OVER)
 They stopped us at the airport before we took off for Mexico...showed us their badges, and told us we'd spend the next twenty years in prison unless we brought them along and cut them in on the take.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. THE MERCEDES - PRESENT

RICK'S eyes set into the far distance as he recounts the tragedy, Marianne putting her head back down on his thigh, deeply saddened, as she listens.

RICK
 We thought, at least they'd guarantee us safe passage back across the border...but it didn't work out that way. On the way back we were forced down by a Border Patrol plane.

CUT TO:

THE PAST:

EXT. THE PIPER-CUB DESCENDING: a HELICOPTER HOVERING OVER IT.

INT. THE PIPER-CUB: RICK exchanging a frightened look with GINO...CAMERA MOVING BEHIND THEM, REVEALING SORENSON and DIGGS readying their HANDGUNS.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. THE MERCEDES - PRESENT

CLOSE ON MARIANNE, listening --- PANNING UP TO RICK, his gaze set into the distant past.

RICK
 These two guys came out shooting. Killed one of the border guards, injured the other one, who later died. Gino tried to stop them, got shot in the face....

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. MEXICAN DESERT - 1968

The "haze" of memory, a kind of 'glare', overlaying the carnage: Rick bent over the prostrate form of his friend, two other bodies, both in uniform, strewn on the ground beside him.

RICK'S VOICE (OVER)
 They tried to make me fly the plane
 again, I wouldn't. They got away on
 foot....I called ambulances and police
 in.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BACK OF A POLICE LANDROVER - 1968
 RICK, in handcuffs, being driven from the crime scene.

RICK'S VOICE (OVER)
 I spent two months in a Mexicali jail,
 charged with murder....until they
 offered me immunity in exchange for
 testifying against the two guys who did
 it.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. THE MERCEDES - PRESENT

RICK
 One of them escaped before the trial,
 and called to tell me I was a dead man.
 I went into the Witness Relocation
 Program... and was never heard from
 since.

His story told, he attempts to shake off any hint of emotion, and
 sinks back in his seat, gazing up at the gradually illuminating
 sky.

MARIANNE
 (in a whisper) You didn't contact
 me...?

RICK
 You got married.

MARIANNE
 He was very supportive. Very adult.

RICK
 That's why you married him?

MARIANNE
 He was the opposite of you.

It hurts him; he closes his eyes.

MARIANNE
 I'm sorry.

RICK
(without opening his eyes) Who cares?

MARIANNE
Real 'tough guy', aren't you?

RICK
You got it, Babe.

MARIANNE
It's unattractive.

RICK
I guess it is for a girl who married a
pansy like Jonathan Harper.

In the silence that follows, her eyes move, surreptitiously, to
the carkeys hanging in the ignition.

RICK
(from behind closed eyes) You can't
drive it with me behind the wheel, and
I've got your wallet. You'd be smart
to wait 'til morning.

CLOSE ON MARIANNE: Stuck. She silently mouths the word
"asshole"... and grudgingly settles in for sleep.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANGLE ON THE CAR - SAME

Alone in the empty parking lot --- CAMERA PULLING BACK as WE
BEGIN TO HEAR A VOICE on a TELEPHONE.

WEYBURN
The car was rented by one Marianne
Graves, a lady lawyer from New York.
How she got involved, I don't know, but
I can tell you I don't like it.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CAR - SAME

CAMERA EXPLORING the sleeping faces of RICK and MARIANNE, as WE
HEAR their EXECUTIONERS plotting their DEMISE.

DIGGS
Just call it "kidnapping". He'll kill
her, just like he killed his boss at
the gas station. Then he'll turn the
gun on himself. If we ever find him,
that is.

WEYBURN
 (tense) I don't like all this killing.
 Erasing a 'ghost' was one thing....

DIGGS
 You wouldn't be 'backing out', would
 you, Joe....?

CUT TO:

INT. A SLEAZY HOTEL ROOM - DETROIT - SAME
 SORENSON pacing in the background, as DIGGS, on the PHONE,
 CONTINUES:

DIGGS
 'Cause I'd hate to have to go to the
 Grand Jury, now that you've got
 yourself such a big career, and tell'm
 that twenty years ago you were helpin'
 me sell confiscated cocaine...!

WEYBURN
 Relax, I'm doing everything I can. I
 even used the possibility that he's
 transported a kidnap victim across
 State Lines to bring in the F.B.I.

CUT TO:

INT. WITNESS RELOCATION BUREAU - SAME
 WEYBURN alone in his deserted offices; his expression tense and
 drawn.

WEYBURN (CONT.)
 They've got a "three-state" out on the
 car, and they're plugged into the
 woman's phone lines, credit cards, bank
 account, auto-club and, at the start of
 business today, they'll even be
 alerting the laundry and supermarket
 where she has check-cashing privileges.

CUT TO:

DIGGS - SAME
 GRINNING.

DIGGS
 Nothing like working with "the pro's."

CUT TO:

WEYBURN - SAME

WEYBURN

When she surfaces, local police will put Jarmin in jail, and once he's there, he's a man without a past and without a friend. This office has no records of him. (a beat) From then on, he's yours.

DIGGS (O.S.)

I look forward to that, Joe.

WEYBURN hangs up: by no means proud of himself. Gritting his teeth, he swivels in his chair to look out over the City; Washington D.C. Dawn is breaking over the halls of JUSTICE.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHICAGO MINI-MALL - MORNING

Morning sun reflecting off of cars pulling into the parking lot as the shops begin to open --- CAMERA PANNING TO the Mercedes, the sleeping bodies of Rick and Marianne seen within --- as the FIGURE OF A MAN, his coat-collar pulled up around his face, stealthily EDGES TOWARD, PEERING IN.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CAR - SAME MOMENT

RICK and MARIANNE dead to the world -- STARTLED AWAKE by a sharp "KNOCK" at the WINDOW.

RICK

(jumping) Wha!!

Triggered by his alarm, SHE SHRIEKS - both turning to confront the face of a HOMELESS MAN, staring at them, in the window.

HOMELESS MAN

...spare change...???

Groggy, both dig for coins, Marianne fumbling in her purse, Rick coming up with twenty cents from his jacket pocket. Seeing the wallet in his lap, he rifles through the stack of hundreds --- realizing that the HOMELESS MAN is also surveying the fortune in his lap, contrasted to the paltry pair of dimes in his hand.

Seized by a pang of conscience, he glances surreptitiously at Marianne, then quickly snatches one of the hundreds, handing it out the window. The homeless man stares at it in amazement, Rick trying to "shoo" him away.

RICK

(hissing) They'll break it over at the bank. (gesturing to 'take off!') It's fine. Go.

As the HOMELESS MAN shuffles away, Marianne spots her wallet, beginning to realize what just transpired.

MARIANNE
What did you do?

RICK
Gave him some money.

She takes it; impacted by what he's done.

MARIANNE
(incredulous) You gave him a hundred dollars?

RICK
(a shrug; slightly defensive) Yeh.

MARIANNE
Why did you do that?

RICK
I don't know. It seemed the right thing to do. Didn't you ever want to do that? ...Just hand somebody a hundred bucks and make their day?

MARIANNE
Not with somebody else's money, I didn't.

RICK
Look. They guy's broke...

MARIANNE
(dismayed) A hundred dollars?!

RICK
Come on, you've got a bunch of them in there.

MARIANNE
I work for that money, Goddammit!

RICK
(re: the man) You think he wouldn't work if he could?!

MARIANNE
(throws up her hands) Oh, Jezuss...!

RICK
I'm serious!

MARIANNE
How 'bout giving him something smaller!

RICK
How 'bout garrying something smaller!
What are those, for 'status' or
something?

MARIANNE
They're for 'emergency'.

RICK
This was an emergency.

MARIANNE
Not my emergency.

RICK
Y'know, it's exactly that attitude that
keeps half the people starving on this
planet!

MARIANNE
(exploding) Gimme a break! I don't
see you feeding the poor!!

RICK
(matching her) What did you just see?!

'Had it', she grabs her purse, fumbling with the door-handle.

MARIANNE
You are totally unchanged, you know
that? You haven't been 'dead', you've
been frozen in a cryogenic time-
capsule! (sliding out) I have never
known anyone more Holier-than-Thou...!

RICK
Because I didn't sell out?!

MARIANNE
Everyone's a "sell-out", everyone's a
"pansy", everybody's full of shit if
they don't agree with you!

SLAMMING OUT, she heads fast across the parking lot - RICK in hot
pursuit.

RICK
(trying to stop her) Marianne,
wait....!

MARIANNE

Excuse me. I have to pee very badly,
and then I have to go home.

RICK

I need two thousand dollars.

She STOPS: feeling the instant shift of power.

MARIANNE

(reveling in it) I see.

His expression tells us he knows it's time to eat shit.

MARIANNE

Isn't it nice that one of us became a
materialistic pig?

RICK

You want to rub my nose in it, go right
ahead....

MARIANNE

What are we buying, Rick?

RICK

My address book. I worked at a place
in this mall, and when I left - (stops
to rephrase) - when I had to leave, I
owed this guy two thousand bucks. I
sent him a note saying he could keep my
personal belongings until I paid him
back.

MARIANNE

So, this is an 'investment in your
future'?

RICK

The address book's got the number where
I might be able to find Lou Baird,
who's the only person I trust to get me
back into hiding.

MARIANNE

Why should I do this?

RICK

If I can't get back underground,
Marianne, you're stuck with me.

MARIANNE

('sold') Who do I pay?

Turning, she sets her purse on a concrete trash collector, using it as a desk.

RICK
Just give it to me, I'll take it over...

MARIANNE
I don't have cash, will a check do?

RICK
Make it out to Raun Winslow.

MARIANNE
(Spotting the shop) "Raun's"?

ANGLE ON THE SHOP as a very thin, very blonde young man comes out, a Yorkshire Terrier in one hand, an awning pole in the other. He proceeds to lower the sun-shade.

MARIANNE
(writing) They have a toilet in there?

RICK
Listen. He's gonna be very angry at me, I left in a hurry, and he really relied on me...

She tears off the check - it's her last - and blows the ink dry.

MARIANNE
What did you do? For "Raun".

RICK
Worked for him.

MARIANNE
As a.....(hoping he'll fill in the blank)....?

RICK
...A "Worker."

MARIANNE
(giving up) Well, surely he'll let me use the 'John'...

RICK
It's just for clientele.

MARIANNE
Then, I'll buy something. What do they sell?

Behind her, the awning has come down, revealing the full name of the place:

"HAIR CREATIONS BY MISTER RAUN"

CLOSE ON RICK: knowing the jig is up.

RICK
(attempts to 'cover it' with a cough)
Haircuts.

MARIANNE
Haircuts?

RICK
Yeh, I was...a "barber".

MARIANNE
You cut men's hair?

RICK
Well, once in a while....

She TURNS, SPOTTING THE SHOP.

MARIANNE
You were a hairdresser?!

RICK
Well, I suppose you could call it....

MARIANNE
(bursting into laughter) You were a hairdresser..?! "Macho Rick Jarmin" was a hairdresser?! (grabs her crotch) Oh! Don't make me laugh! (but she can't help it: bursting) A hairdresser!!!

RICK
(mortified) Look, you don't get a lot of choices sometimes...

MARIANNE
(short of breath from laughing) You mean, like "Mister Rick" or something?!

RICK
My name was not 'Rick', it was -

GAY VOICE (SCOTT)
MATTHEW?! Is that YOU?!

A fellow hairdresser, (SCOTTIE), has emerged from his car, SWOOPING DOWN ON RICK, out of his MIND with excitement!

SCOTT

(pulling him into a hug) Oh, My God, I can't believe it! Mattie Carlson! Raun is going to shit! He is going to shit enough to fill the Carlsbad Caverns, he is going to die-die-die-I-can't-believe-it, Mattie! (shouts across the parking lot) Craig? Get Milton! Get Paul and Raun! Look who's here! It's Mattie Carlson! (To Rick) What's the 'Miami Vice' shit, with the short hair and stubble? Don't you say "hi" to an old friend?! Come on, cat got your tongue? Say something, Mattie!

Wishing the ground would open up and swallow him, Rick does what he has to. Affecting his "hairstresser" persona, he speaks with a new tone - decidedly 'lighter' - and a "syballent 's'".

RICK

(dying) Hi, Scottie.

SCOTT

(a big hug) Hi'ya, Babel! (re: Marianne) Who's this?

RICK

Uh - my sister.

MARIANNE

(loving it, chooses a name with lots of "s's".) Susannah Simpson.

CLOSE ON RICK: if looks could kill...

OTHER VOICES

(descending all at once) Mattie...! Oh, My God...! What are you doing here...! (re: Marianne) Who's this?

RICK

("s's" galore) My sister, Susannah Simpson...

ALL

Hi Susanne...Susie...How y'doin....?

MILTON

(gushing, to Marianne) Did you know your brother's a genius? A Michelangelo of the hair, I'm not exaggerating...!

PAUL
We lost half our clientele when he
left...

MARIANNE
Why, I had no idea...

PAUL
They'd call up, "Where's Mattie?
Where's Mattie? I'll go wherever he
is!" Because he was...how can I say
it...?

MARIANNE
The Michelangelo of hair.

PAUL
Exactly.

SCOTT
(to Rick) So, you coming back? Raun
is going to be so excited! (calls out)
Raun! (points at Rick) Look who's
back!

ANGLE ON "RAUN" parting the crowd. Fat as a Pasha, with teased
hair, wearing a white coat and holding a hairdryer that dangles
from its cord, he is one Mean Queen. And Rick is clearly not his
favorite person.

RICK
(apprehensive) Raun...

When Raun replies it's in an incredibly low voice - like one of
those Miami Beach matrons who's spent sixty years inhaling three
packs a day.

RAUN
(ice) Hello, Matthew.

RICK
I've got the money I borrowed from you.

RAUN
Little late, isn't it?

RICK
Marianne...? (catching himself) I
mean Sue...?

She hands the check forward. Raun doesn't reach for it.

RAUN
I'm supposed to believe that's "good?"

MARIANNE

It's good, I promise.

RICK

She's plenty rich, Raun.

MARIANNE

I make Napalm.

RAUN

I want cash.

RICK

You still have my stuff? I need my address book.

RAUN

We'll discuss it when I see cash.

RICK

(spots the bank) Okay. We'll just go to the bank...I can just do that...

RAUN

And then I'll want an apology. And then I'll want you to do my hair.

RICK exchanges a glance with Marianne: she is LOVING THIS.

RICK

Why should I do your hair?

RAUN

Call it 'penance'.

MARIANNE

I think it's only fair, Rick.

RAUN

Who's this?

MILTON

His sister.

RAUN

She called him 'Rick'.

MARIANNE

I called him 'prick'.

RICK

I need my address book, Raun.

RAUN

He is a prick. Cash, apology, hair, in that order. I'll be waiting.

He turns, imperiously strutting back to the SHOP: Rick left to be consoled by the others.

OTHERS

...He can be so mean...don't worry about him...So what's the big deal, do his hair....!

Grabbing the check from Marianne, who is about to BURST OUT LAUGHING, Rick strides across the parking lot to the bank -- the others following.

OTHERS

(to Marianne) So where you from...I didn't know he had a sister...You from Sarasota, too....?

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - SAME

As Rick strides in - and to the counter - the OTHERS straggling in behind him.

CLOSE ON RICK - at the teller's window - handing over the check to an officious, male teller.

TELLER

(dismissive) It's not endorsed.

RICK

(pissed; turns to Marianne and calls)
Can you make out a new one? To cash?

MARIANNE

My last check.

RICK

Fuckin' great!

MILTON (ONE OF THE HAIRDRESSERS)

I'll get Raun.

MARIANNE

I can fix it.

One of the hairdressers (SCOTTIE) sees himself on the overhead T.V. monitor, and performs for it.

SCOTT

(hands in the air) Hi-Hi. I'm on T.V.

MARIANNE has come to RICK'S aid.

MARIANNE
(To Teller) Let me change it, and
initial it. It's my last check.

TELLER
(bored) Driver's license and three
I.D.'s...

MARIANNE
Credit cards do?

TELLER
Um-hmmmm.

She alters the check, hands over her liscence and credit cards to
the TELLER, who disappears with them.

At the door, the bevy of four hairdressers are all clowning for
the T.V. monitor now, doing a little "kick line". Rick catches
Marianne's eye.

RICK
(a serious warning) Don't say one
fucking thing.

MARIANNE
(all innocence) Did I say anything?

ANGLE ON THE TELLER, having punched Marianne's account number
into his computer - getting a response that changes his entire
persona. Stiffening, he summons a VICE PRESIDENT who, after
glancing at the computer screen, goes into a PANIC, wringing his
hands and turning in a tight circle, BUMPING INTO the TELLER and
setting HIM off, as well.

The two look like whirling dervishes, the VICE PRESIDENT grabbing
hold of the TELLER and attempting to PUSH HIM back toward the
window -- giving up and grabbing a phone.

SWISH-PAN TO:
THE FRONT DOOR - AS "RAUN" SWAGGERS IN - heading toward RICK.

RAUN
(every inch the Bitch) What's the
problem, it's no good?

RICK
It's all under control. (he forgot to
speak in his fey voice.)

RAUN
(re: his tone) Well, aren't we butch.

ANGLE ON THE VICE PRESIDENT - crouched low behind his desk, on the phone - hearing something that isn't exactly easing his hysteria. HANGING UP, he exchanges agitated words with the TELLER, again trying to PUSH HIM BACK to his post, the two nearly coming to BLOWS before the VICE PRESIDENT releases him and HEADS for the SECURITY GUARD, an over-the-hill codger who is in no way prepared for this.

ANGLE ON "RAUN", having caught sight of his image in another of the overhead T.V. monitors, fussing unhappily with his hair, as RICK'S patience reaches an end.

RICK
(barking to the teller) Can you move a little faster, please?

TELLER
(Jumping) Certainly! (trembling)
What did you want?

RICK
What do I want? What do you think I want?!

TELLER
(hysterical) Right. (starts pulling out stacks of money) Here. Take what you want...!

ANGLE ON THE SECURITY GUARD: hearing the news that they got a murderer/kidnapper/hold-up artist, who's wanted in three states, at their window, THRUSTING a WHISTLE INTO HIS MOUTH, and fumbling to UNSTRAP his GUN.

ANGLE ON RICK: watching the TELLER heaping stacks of money out of his drawers.

RICK
What the hell are you doing, man?

TELLER
(desperate) I'm going as fast as I can!

Puzzled, RICK TURNS TO SEE the SECURITY GUARD RUSHING FORWARD....

RICK
Oh, shit!

SECURITY GUARD
(pulling his gun) Don't move!

RICK grabs MARIANNE, the TELLER STOMPS ON his ALARM BUTTON triggering a SIREN that sends PATRONS screaming and DIVING FOR COVER.

ANGLE ON RAUN: having ducked beneath a counter.

RAUN
Boy. Talk about a 'bad check'....

MARIANNE
(struggling against RICK) ...No!

RICK
Come on...!

MARIANNE
(trying to get back to the window) My
credit cards!

TELLER
(pushing huge stacks of money at her)
Here! Take it all!

ANGLE ON ANOTHER HAIRDRESSER (MILTON): hiding beneath a table.

MILTON
It's fucking Bonnie and Clyde!

RICK has YANKED MARIANNE, WHIPPING HER AROUND right into the GUN-BARREL of the SECURITY GUARD. Covering her face, SHE SHRIEKS.

SECURITY GUARD
Put up your hands!

She does, her eyes clenched shut as RICK "PUNTS", KICKING THE GUN, into an ascending spiral, right out of the guard's hands. Grabbing it, he turns on TWO ONCOMING SECURITY GUARDS.

RICK
Hold it! (meaning business) Toss the
guns! Slide'm over! (a beat) I'll
fuckin' shoot you...!

They comply, sliding their guns across the floor --- as, in the background, WE detect the SOUND of SIRENS coming toward.

RICK
(to Marianne) Get the guns. (she
hesitates) Get them.

She does - picking them up, gingerly.

RICK
Let's go.

MARIANNE
As long as we have guns, can I please
get my credit cards?

Grabbing her arm, he impatiently yanks her out the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BANK - SAME

SIRENS bearing down on RICK and MARIANNE as they RACE through the PARKING LOT, heading toward their car --- STOPPED by the sight of a SQUAD CAR STREAKING TOWARD THEM. RICK YANKS MARIANNE, her purse FLYING OFF as she SPINS, its contents, lipsticks and a SPRAY CAN, CLATTERING OUT AND ROLLING beneath a CAR.

MARIANNE

(pulling against him to go after it)
Please. My money...!

But ANOTHER SQUAD CAR has STREAKED IN, RICK pulling her by the hand, BEHIND A TRASH BIN, dodging behind a hedge and DASHING into an ALLEY, their footsteps echoing as SIRENS seem to CONVERGE FROM BOTH SIDES.

RICK STOPS, having spotted a MOTORCYCLE, CHAINED to a UTILITY POLE.

RICK

Duck!

He FIRES THE GUN at the CHAIN, sending it "snaking" through the air; then he attacks the "works" of the cycle, fumbling with its wires.

MARIANNE

I can't go with you.

RICK

(working fast) You've got no choice,
Marianne.

MARIANNE

I do.

RICK

They're after you, too, now. Not just
the cops....

MARIANNE

So, I'm supposed to keep running?
Spend my life like you?!

He gets the IGNITION TO "FIRE", hopping aboard and REVVING UP.

RICK

Up to you, Babe. I say you're dead if
they catch you. Now, hop aboard or say
goodbye.

CLOSE ON MARIANNE: realizing this is it.

MARIANNE
(to her guns) Do you want these?

Registering her 'answer', he takes them, angrily shoving all three guns into his belt, and REVS the ENGINE HIGHER.

MARIANNE
(choking back emotion) Will I ever see you again?

RICK
(covering his hurt) What's the difference?

CLOSE ON MARIANNE: saddened.

MARIANNE
So long, tough guy.

Steeling HIMSELF, he throws it into gear, TOFFING A WHEEL as he SPEEDS OFF --- and out of her life, forever.

LONG ANGLE: MARIANNE left standing in the middle of the alley. Deserted.

CLOSE ON HER FACE; as she fights to pull herself together emotionally, and begins walking, stiffly, toward the street - and the sound of oncoming SIRENS.

ANOTHER ANGLE: as she steps out of the alley, onto the sidewalk, and begins walking, her pace accelerating - until she BREAKS INTO A RUN.

A POLICE CAR WHIZZES TOWARD, WITH SIREN SCREAMING, and she DUCKS into a doorway - purely "reflexive" - until it WALLS PAST.

CLOSE ON HER FACE: fighting for calm.

MARIANNE
(to herself) Well, that was stupid.

As she steps out another SIREN is heard heading TOWARD, and she REVERSES COURSE, heading BACK toward the safety of the alley, barely making it as the POLICE CAR SCREECHES into view - FLATTENING HERSELF against a WALL as it SPEEDS PAST.

CLOSE ON HER FACE: beaded with perspiration; trying to get hold of herself.

MARIANNE
What the hell am I doing?

And now, from BEHIND, she BEGINS TO HEAR ANOTHER SOUND. It is the ROAR of a MOTORCYCLE BEARING DOWN ON HER - and she turns to see RICK, ASTRIDE HIS SPEEDING CHOPPER, his arm outstretched for a "flying mount"!

MARIANNE
What are you doing?!!

RICK
(shouting over the chopper's roar) I
don't know! I kinda missed you!

Overwhelmed by IMPULSE, she REACHES OUT and he GRABS HER, PULLING HER ABOARD and, with a ROAR of unbridled power, they ZOOM out of the ALLEY....BUT INSTEAD OF heading off, MAKE A U-TURN, coming DIRECTLY BACK!

MARIANNE
(holding on for dear life) Why you
going back.....?!

RICK
Forgot something!

ANOTHER ANGLE: The MOTORCYCLE ZOOMS back into the PARKING LOT, DIRECTLY for RAUN'S, where RAUN, having exited the BANK, SEES HIM COMING and RUNS INSIDE, attempting to SHUT THE DOOR....!

ANOTHER ANGLE: RICK, on the MOTORCYCLE, BLASTS RIGHT THROUGH THE DOOR, SMASHING INSIDE!

CUT TO:

INT. THE SHOP - SAME

RAUN cowering, as RICK skids into a '180, PULLING ONE OF THE GUNS from his belt, POINTING IT AT RAUN'S HEAD.

RICK
You want me to do your hair, Raun?

MARIANNE
(pulling another) How'd you like your
sideburns trimmed?!

RICK
The address book. Now!

MARIANNE
(loving it) You heard him!

Fumbling in a drawer, RAUN pulls out the ADDRESS BOOK and gives it to RICK, RICK REVVING UP, until the CYCLE REARS like a HORSE, before taking off at a hundred plus ---- right through the FRONT WINDOW, glass and spray bottles raining down as he HITS the PARKING LOT and SPEEDS AWAY.

ANGLE ON RAUN and his CREW: gazing after him.

MILTON
Who was that masked man?

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

THE MOTORCYCLE STOPPED at a remote roadside PAYPHONE -- MARIANNE shivering out in the cold, RICK inside on the PHONE.

RICK
(Relieved) But he is living there...?!
That's great! That's fantastic! Just
tell him "Rick Jarmin" will call back
in the morning. (a beat) Believe me,
he'll remember me!

HANGING UP, he STEPS OUT - elated.

RICK
Found him. But he's working the
nightshift. At a place he once got me
a job. Guess when you retire from the
Witness Relocation Program, you've got
your pick of jobs.

MARIANNE
(shivering) I'm tired, Rick.

RICK
He doesn't get home 'til morning.

MARIANNE
Isn't there someplace we can go? (as
he speculates) I need a bath. And a
bed. (realizing) We've got no
money....

RICK
(an idea) Can you hold out a couple
hours?

MARIANNE
For what?

RICK
Got a friend, in Muncie Indiana.

CUT TO:

INT. THE OFFICES OF THE F.B.I. - SAME

We are WATCHING A VIDEO-TAPE REPLAY of the "BANK ROBBERY" - and WE HEAR the VOICES of TWO MEN: PAUL BERNARD, Marianne's boyfriend; the other is an F.B.I. GUY named DANNY NEFF.

NEFF (O.S.)

Looks like she's there of her own "free will" to me.

PAUL

He could have had a gun on her...

NEFF

Eyewitnesses say he didn't. And the Teller says she kept trying to go back and grab the money, even when her boyfriend wanted out.

PAUL

(upset) He's not her boyfriend, can we get that straight? I am her boyfriend, and I can tell you, this woman is not a criminal.

The SCREEN NOW SHOWS MARIANNE struggling to wrest herself from RICK'S grip and get back to the Teller's window.

NEFF

(replying to Paul) Neither was Patty Hearst, but she got seven years in Folsom for doing the same thing....

The TAPE STOPS, the LIGHTS SNAP ON, revealing NEFF, PAUL, holding his head in his hands --- and ANOTHER FIGURE emerging from the shadows. He's someone we've seen before.

WEYBURN

(approaching) They struck again, huh?

NEFF

(turning) Hi, Joe. 'Fraid so.
(introducing) This is Joe Weyburn, used to work with us. Matter of fact, it was Joe who put us onto this whole thing. An "anonymous call", wasn't it, Joe?

WEYBURN

That's right. Identifying Billy Ray Bowers as the guy who pulled off a gas station murder in Detroit.

NEFF

He used the alias "Matthew Carlson" in Chicago. Apparently worked at the beauty parlor next door.

WEYBURN

Any ideas where they might be headed?

NEFF

(a shrug) Going back to a place of employment may be the start of a pattern. When a felon's on the run he usually goes where he knows they'll let him in the front door; either to rip them off, or hide from the police, or both.

CLOSE ON PAUL: utterly distraught.

NEFF

But, with no employment record of any kind....all we can do is wait and see.

CLOSE ON WEYBURN: as it sinks in.

CUT TO:

INT. WITNESS RELOCATION BUREAU - NIGHT

AS a LIGHT is SWITCHED ON, REVEALING the place, deserted; the FIGURE of JOE WEYBURN steps INTO FRAME, taking a moment to make sure he is alone.

CLOSE ON HIS HANDS: as they unlock a drawer, removing a metal box.

CAMERA FOLLOWS THE METAL BOX to a desk-top where it is OPENED and its contents, a folded DATA SHEET, taken out. It is RICK JARMIN'S HISTORY, the one torn off the computer just before Weyburn obliterated it from the MEMORY BANK.

CLOSE ON HIS FACE: studying it; CAMERA MOVING TO HIS POV, revealing the PHOTO of RICK and the list of jobs, locations, and aliases he's used over the last twenty years. At the top of the list, WE SEE the two identities that we already know:

"Billy Ray Bowers - Detroit - Earl's Garage"

And:

"Matthew Carlson - Chicago - Hairstyles by Raun"

It's what follows that interests WEYBURN: he grabs a pencil and scratch pad, COPYING DOWN.....

"Jodie Turnbull - Indiana - Muncie Farms"

And, beneath that:

"Harvey Lightner - Tennessee - Memphis Zoo"

CLOSE ON WEYBURN, having copied it, sitting back to PONDER. After a thoughtful pause, he picks up the phone, punching in numbers.

WEYBURN
(a pause; he connects) If you're willing to follow a hunch, I might be able to make good on this.

The CAMERA DRIFTS AWAY from him, TOWARD A MAP on the wall...

WEYBURN (O.S.)
You'll have to move fast, 'cause the next stop's close by.

CAMERA MOVES IN ON THE MAP --- To INDIANA.....

WEYBURN (O.S.)
He'll be known here as "Jodie Turnbull". Got a pencil?

CUT TO:

INT. FARMHOUSE - LATE NIGHT

Lights snapping on, one by one, within a large farmhouse, as its occupant heads toward the FRONT DOOR, where RICK stands, MARIANNE beside him.

CLOSE ANGLE: the DOOR is OPENED revealing RACHEL VARNEY, D.V.M.: Beautiful, thirty-five, raven-haired, strong-willed --- and clearly taken aback, in the way Marianne first was, to see RICK.

RACHEL
(stunned)....Jodie?

RICK
Hi, Rache.

RACHEL
(blown away) Jesus. Talk about "dropping in" out of the blue...

She's absolutely speechless.

RICK
Uh, this is Marianne Graves...Doctor Rachel Varney...(they exchange "Hi's")
Mind if we....

RACHEL

No, my gosh. Come in....!

They do, stepping into a beautiful LODGE, RACHEL unable to do anything but STARE at RICK in utter amazement.

RACHEL

I'm sorry. I'm kind of speechless.
(To Marianne) This man built half this place, then just...."disappeared".

MARIANNE

(To Rick) You worked here?

RICK

Carpenter.

RACHEL

Carpenter, architect, designer -
(heartfelt) - you should see the barn,
Jodie. It just...bloody "worked." All
your ideas. The whole Big Animal
Practice is back there, with your
horse-sling, and the "Murphy-Bed"
operating table....I took your advice
about growing corn.....

Her voice breaks off as she looks into his eyes, MARIANNE clearly getting the message that RICK and this WOMAN were lovers.

RACHEL

(trying to pull herself together) I'm
rambling. What are you doing here?
You hungry?

RICK

I'm on the run.

RACHEL

(a beat) I figured. A man came
looking for you.

RICK

That's why I left.

RACHEL

Are you a criminal?

RICK

No. He is.

RACHEL

(spotting bloodstains on his backside)
What happened there?

RICK
Buckshot. I think it passed through.

RACHEL
Not if it's bleeding. Lemme see.

Rick hesitates.

RACHEL
What are you, shy? I've seen it before.

MARIANNE'S eyeballs almost "roll".

RACHEL
(spotting it) I'm sorry. Are you his....?

MARIANNE
Hell no. (hands up) No way. Not even close. You two go 'head, and, listen, I'll just...call a cab...

RICK
Marianne would like a bath and something to eat, maybe a bed....

RACHEL
She can stay in the guesthouse.

MARIANNE
(dying inside) Yeah, great. Sure. Listen. Just point the way and I'll see you two lovebirds in the morning.

RICK
It's not like that, Marianne.

RACHEL
Yes, it is. It was, I mean. (To Marianne) He put me on my feet. Built this whole place, helped me handle the animals....(suddenly enthused) You should see "Whizzer" by the way! She walks like nothing ever happened!

RICK
(elated) You're kidding.

RACHEL
No. Come. Come see.

RICK
(about to; turns) Marianne...?

RACHEL
I'm sure she's exhausted...

MARIANNE
(no such luck, bitch) No, I could -
"stay up" awhile.

Exchanging a look with RACHEL, RICK reaches back for MARIANNE'S HAND.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BARN - NIGHT

As the light is snapped on --- revealing a MARE ("WHIZZER"), and her WEEK-OLD, absolutely gorgeous FOAL.

RICK
Oh, My God...!

RACHEL
She had him last week.

RICK
(awed) How...about...that...!

He ENTERS the STALL, clearly expert with HORSES, handling the MARE just right so she'll allow him to get to the foal.

ANGLE ON RACHEL and MARIANNE: watching.

RACHEL
He's got the touch.

MARIANNE
(ice) Does he?

They exchange a long look with one another.

RICK
Marianne, c'mere. Ever hugged one of these? Just ease in, slow....

She does - tentatively - RICK gentling the MARE so that Marianne can get to the soft, woolly, foal. Her heart is in her throat; she is overwhelmed to be this close to a big animal.

MARIANNE
So soft.....

RICK
When they're born in Winter, they've got even twice as much fur. Is that amazing?

ANGLE ON BOTH: gazing at each other --- she seeming to see, in him, someone she's never seen before.

CLOSE ON RACHEL: taking it in.

RACHEL
(breaking the spell) Come on, cowboy.
Let's see your backside.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BIG ANIMAL EXAMINATION ROOM - SAME

As the LIGHT snaps on revealing what could be a hospital operating room, with a few notable exceptions. A HORSE, hangs suspended from the ceiling on a giant SLING - and, at the flick of a switch, an OPERATING TABLE slides down, opening out, like a Murphy-Bed, from the wall.

RICK
(dazzled) Wow...

RACHEL
Let's let the inventor use his table.
(pats it) Drop trou', and hop up.
Take everything off. (Re: his
hesitation) Do you need her to leave?

MARIANNE
(quick) I'll stay. (competitive)
I've seen it before, too.

RACHEL
Great. You can assist. Get a sponge
from there, and the bottle labeled
H2P... (pulling surgical gloves on;
barks an order to Rick) Don't be a
baby. Drop'm and get up.

More than a little embarrassed, Rick "drops trou'" and slides onto the table.

RICK
Ooooh. Cold.

RACHEL
The cows never seem to mind. (an
order) Roll.

He does.

RICK
How is it?

RACHEL
Not awful, not great.

She routinely breaks out a SCALPEL from plastic wrapping, and a SYRINGE, loading it with novocaine --- MARIANNE turning a shade of green in sheer anticipation.

RICK
(catching Marianne's look) What are you doing?

Without warning, she JABS the hypodermic in.

RACHEL
Just a local. (to Marianne) You okay?

MARIANNE
(definitely not) Sure.....

RACHEL
(to Marianne, re: her sponge and his butt) Splash and scrub. (impatient)
Now.

MARIANNE does it - her eyes etched with disbelief - as though she's suddenly been thrust into someone else's dream.

RACHEL
(smacks Rick's behind) Feel that?

RICK
Feel what?

Without hesitation, she DIGS HER SCALPEL IN, plucking out a LEAD PELLET which she uncerimoniously tosses ("CLINK") into a TRAY, MARIANNE grabbing hold of a RAILING NEARBY.

RACHEL
(to Marianne) Splash it.

But MARIANNE is very slowly SINKING TO THE FLOOR - RACHEL smoothly removing the bottle and sponge from her hands and getting a shoulder under her to give her support as SHE WALKS HER TO A DOOR.

RACHEL
You need some fresh air.

MARIANNE
(vague) No....really.....

RACHEL
I'll send your cowboy right out....

Depositing MARIANNE outside, RACHEL slides the door shut behind her and returns to her work, bandaging Rick with adhesive and gauze pads.

RACHEL
So, who is she?

RICK
Just a friend. (re: her doubtful look)
Really.

RACHEL
You sure about that?

RICK
While you've got a knife up my ass, I
am.

She laughs; continues bandaging.

RACHEL
(a beat) How bad is it? This thing
you're running from?

RICK
Pretty bad.

RACHEL
Think you'll ever "beat it", and want
to come back this way?

Finished with the bandage, she releases him with a "fanny-pat";
he sits up, "favoring" the wounded side --- she waiting for an
answer to her question.

RACHEL
I'm asking because I'm engaged to be
married.

RICK
(surprised) No kidding.

RACHEL
Vet from Bloomington. Small animal
practice. Sweet guy.

RICK
Sounds great.

RACHEL
I'd re-think it if I thought you might
someday "swing back" this way.

CLOSE ON RICK: touched.

RICK
You were always direct, Rachel.

RACHEL

Risky woman.

RICK

How long do I have?

RACHEL

The wedding's on Sunday.

He LAUGHS, she too. It diminishes into a lingering smile of affection; he takes her hand.

RICK

Much happiness, Rache.

RACHEL

(a beat) Yeh.

Inevitably, he pulls her in for a kiss, not a passionate one, just a congratulatory one --- but she lingers, a moment, in his arms.

RACHEL

I really didn't need the scalpel or the hypodermic. I just wanted to chase her out for awhile.

His laugh is CUT OFF by the DOOR SLIDING OPEN: MARIANNE APOPLECTIC at what she sees.

MARIANNE

You brought me here for this?!

RICK

Marianne, it's not what....

MARIANNE

You are a crude and rude asshole, Rick Jarmin!

Turning on her heel, she RUNS into the NIGHT, RICK hopping off the table and HUSTLING to throw his clothes on.

RACHEL

(amused) You never hustled like that when I was angry....

Pulling his pants on, he HOPS after her.

RACHEL

(following) But how come she doesn't know your right name?

RICK

(heading outside) Marianne...!!

CUT TO:

THE OUTSIDE - SAME

MOONLIGHT revealing the farm to be surrounded by CORNFIELDS: a HERD OF CATTLE in a CORRAL "MOO" restively as MARIANNE RUNS past them.

RICK
(gaining on her) Marianne...!!

SUDDENLY SHE GRIES OUT! A MAN is LOOMING OVER HER in the DARKNESS!

MARIANNE
(terrified) RICK...!!

RACHEL'S flashlight BEAM reveals the MAN to be nothing more than a SCARECROW, a big one, stuffed into a bale of hay.

RACHEL
It's just a scarecrow. One of four. I call them the Mills Brothers.

She snaps off her flashlight: Rick unable to resist chuckling

MARIANNE
You laughing at me?

RICK
(sobering quick) No Ma'm.

She heads to the Corral, trying to calm herself by inhaling deeply, her eyes focusing on the incredible array of stars. Giving her a long moment to cool down, Rick approaches, Rachel following behind.

RICK
Some sky, huh? (no response) Come on, Marianne, she was...

MARIANNE
In your arms, and you were naked.

RICK
It was nothing.

MARIANNE
And my name is Dumbo. Who CARES?

RICK
Look at the Big Dipper.

She looks up; even in her mood, unable to be indifferent to it.

MARIANNE
Wow (a pause) Gosh. (softening)
 I haven't seen a sky like this
 place.....

RICK
 The Rockies. 1968.

CLOSE ON HER: touched that he remembered.

MARIANNE
 (a wistful smile) Right. (a warm
 recollection) Remember, I saw a flying
 saucer...?

RICK
 We were smokin' some pretty powerful
 stuff back then.

MARIANNE
 (curious) I see one again.

RACHEL
 (in amazement) Well, I'll be.....

Sure enough. A STAR seems to be MOVING TOWARD THEM --- a BEAM OF LIGHT suddenly "snapping on" and beginning to SWEEP THE GROUND as the distant "WHUP-WHUP" sound of a HELICOPTER reaches our ears.

RACHEL
 What the hell.....?

RICK
 It's a chopper. Anyone got one around
 here?

RACHEL
 Not that I've ever seen.

They STAND STILL for a MOMENT and it COMES ON THEM IN A RUSH, the CATTLE GOING CRAZY as it SWOOPS OVER THEM, SPOTLIGHTING the THREESOME in an island of WINDSWEPT WHITE LIGHT.

RICK
Move!

As they LEAP, MACHINE-GUN FIRE UNZIPS THE GROUND where they STOOD, THE SPOTLIGHT SWINGING in FITFUL ZIG-ZAGS, barely catching sight of them, BURSTS OF GUNFIRE PEPPERING the GROUND as they LURCH and DIVE, blindly seeking the safety of DARKNESS.

RICK
 (to the women) Get inside!

ANGLE ON RACHEL: racing for a SHED which she FLINGS OPEN, retrieving a CARBINE and AIMING SKYWARD --- CAMERA SWISH-PANNING TO MARIANNE, rolling, inadvertently, under a FENCE, into the SURGING HERD of CATTLE! Stumbling to her feet, she finds herself SURROUNDED BY THEM as they BOLT IN ALL DIRECTIONS, LURCHING in a CHAOTIC STAMPEDE, their FACES, EYES IN PARTICULAR, illuminated by the SWEEPING SEARCHLIGHT from above.

RICK
(going after her) Marianne!

ANGLE ON RACHEL: FIRING HER RIFLE - and drawing fire! The WOODEN SHED behind her is RAKED to SPLINTERS as she DIVEs for COVER, rolling away.

ANGLE ON RICK: atop the CORRAL FENCE, looking for Marianne, CATCHING SIGHT of HER FOR AN INSTANT, confused and trapped among the SURGING HERD OF CATTLE. Plunging in, HE GOES AFTER HER, but is SPOTTED FROM ABOVE; a BURST OF GUN-FIRE brings a STEER DOWN, the animal BELLOWING IN PAIN.

RACHEL
(shouting upward) Bastards!!!

She FIRES AGAIN, and HITS THE SPOTLIGHT, the entire helicopter REARING UPWARD to a GREATER HEIGHT, virtually "blinded" by the sudden blackout.

ANGLE ON RICK: spotting MARIANNE through the BLUR of HOOVES; she's on her knees, dodging blows; he fights his way to HER.

ANGLE ON THE HELICOPTER, snapping on its "LANDING LIGHTS" for illumination, DESCENDING to where it can see....

ANGLE ON RICK, grabbing MARIANNE and PULLING HER FROM HARM'S WAY, both ROLLING OUT FROM UNDER the FENCE and DASHING into the CORNFIELD where, "buried" within head-high stalks, they RUN LIKE HELL.

OVERHEAD ANGLE: Their movement given away by the WAVING STALKS that blaze their TRAIL; the HELICOPTER "BANKS" into a TURN, following close behind them.

CLOSE ON THEIR FACES as they RUN, the PURSUING HELICOPTER beginning to SPIT GUN-FIRE, causing them to HIT THE DIRT as it ZOOMS OVER and AWAY.

ANGLE ON RACHEL: watching the HELICOPTER CIRCLING in an attempt to FIND THEM: SHE GETS AN IDEA! Racing to a nearby fence, she GRABS A LENGTH OF TWINE and TIES one end of it to the base of her "SCARECROW", then RACES TO THE CORRAL and reaches in, tying the other end to the TAIL OF A STEER! OPENING the gate, she SHOO'S THE STEER out, giving it a SMACK IN THE BUTT, watching it BOLT straight into the CORNFIELD!

ANOTHER ANGLE: THE SCARECROW - suddenly TAKING OFF, pulled like a water-skier behind a powerboat, right into the CORNFIELD!

ANGLE ON THE CHOPPER, spotting the SCARECROW "chugging" through the cornstalks, banking into a TURN and GOING AFTER IT!

ANGLE ON RICK and MARIANNE: hearing the gunfire moving AWAY FROM THEM, parting the stalks to see:

THE SCARECROW: zipping along at a good twenty miles an hour, the HELICOPTER chasing its zig-zag pattern as it RACES AWAY.

ANGLE ON RACHEL: tying yet another STRING to the TAIL of a STEER and letting it out --- the SAME THING HAPPENING.

WIDE ANGLE: There are TWO SCARECROWS chugging through the field now, the CHOPPER chasing BOTH across a hill and into the next field....

ANGLE ON RICK and MARIANNE, fighting their way through the cornstalks toward the MOTORCYCLE...

ANOTHER ANGLE: they EMERGE beside the HOUSE --- to SEE RACHEL galloping toward on HORSEBACK.

RACHEL

Boy! When you say you're on the run, you mean it!

RICK

(hopping on the motorcycle) Go for help! They'll come back!

RACHEL

Not for awhile! Those bulls are headed for Brown County, where they came from!

RICK

Get the Sheriff!

RACHEL

I'll do better than that. We have a neighborhood militia!

OVERVIEW: Two pick-up trucks already seen on the front ROAD, throwing DUST as they HEAD TOWARD. RICK REVS THE CYCLE.

RACHEL

Don't pass those trucks, they'll stop you!

RICK
 (shouting over the motorcycle) Take
 care, Rachel!

RACHEL
 (To Marianne) Don't play hard to get!
 He's nuts about you!

WITH A BURST OF DIRT, HE'S OFF, CROSS-COUNTRY, the BIKE BOUNCING
 AND FLYING as it takes off across a DIRT FIELD to avoid the
 ONCOMING TRUCKS coming to Rachel's aid.

CUT TO:

EXT. TURNPIKE - DAWN
 THE OVERHEAD SIGN reading "INDIANA STATE LINE", as RICK and
 MARIANNE'S MOTORCYCLE ROARS BY US, taking "POINTS SOUTH" across
 the STATE LINE into KENTUCKY.

CLOSER ANGLE: Her face flattened against his back, her hair
 tossed about eyes that are glazed and half-shut; positively
 CATATONIC with FATIGUE.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - PAYPHONE - MID-DAY
 MARIANNE leaned against a PAYPHONE, RICK inside.

RICK
 (upset; into phone) How could that
 be?! You didn't tell him Rick Jarmin
 was going to call?! Well - (utter
 frustration) Yes, I'll call again.

He slams down the phone: beside himself with frustration.

RICK
 (catching Marianna's eye) Fishing! He
 went fishing! Finished his shift at
 the zoo and went fishing!

MARIANNE
 (with quiet resolve; her voice
 trembling) I can't do this anymore. I
 don't care if we die. I need food, I
 need a bath, I need a bed, I need a
 massage. I need my hair washed, and I
 need a manicure. I need to see my
 therapist. I have to pick up tickets
 for a Broadway show tonight. The
 curtain's at eight o'clock. Frank Rich
 gave it a wonderful review....

RICK
 Marianne....

MARIANNE
I will not get on that motorcycle.

RICK
You won't have to.

CLOSE ON HER: eyes lighting with hope.

RICK
We're out'a gas.

Unable to help herself, she begins to CRY.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE HIGHWAY - LATER

The sun high in the sky, the highway fairly deserted, save for the occasional BIG RIG that WHOOSHES by ---- CAMERA PANNING to a DITCH alongside the road, where RICK and MARIANNE slog through a veritable MARSHLAND, trying to pull the motorcycle between them. From the quality of their silence, and the grunts of exertion, we sense an irritability that is about to explode.

The CYCLE GETS STUCK, RICK ordering MARIANNE to pull from the front - they bicker for a moment, but she finally does it - then loses her GRIP and SPLASH. She's up to her ass in mud.

MARIANNE
That's it. I'm hitch-hiking.

RICK
You can't hitch-hike...!

MARIANNE
I can hitch-hike...

RICK
They'll be looking for us, Marianne. They didn't just give up. They've got my file. They know where I'm going! Every damn move I make...!

MARIANNE
You're going nowhere, Buddie. Fast. That's where you've been going since the day we met! I don't know why the hell I ever got involved with you, did you ever wonder about that?! Did you ever not annoy me?! Did we ever agree on anything?! What the hell were we doing together?!

RICK
Sex.

MARIANNE

What?!

RICK

That's what it was for me, anyway.

With a veritable SNEER, she MUMBLES to HERSELF, tromping away. Pushing the motorcycle, he follows.

RICK

Not for you?

MARIANNE

"Not for me", what?

RICK

The sex wasn't good for you?

MARIANNE

I really don't remember.

RICK

(quick) Neither do I.

With a "CHORTLE", she MUMBLES TO HERSELF AGAIN: his temper rising fast.

RICK

What?!

MARIANNE

Nothing.

RICK

Don't do that shit, okay?

MARIANNE

What 'shit'?

RICK

Mumbling. So I'll know you said something nasty, but I won't know what you said! That shit has always driven me crazy...!

MARIANNE

Then go back to your 'vet', okay? Go back to someone who thinks you're the greatest thing since sliced cheese, even though she doesn't know shit about you, including your Goddamn name....!

RICK

So, that's it. You're "jealous".

MARIANNE

Jealous...??!

RICK

Clearly, you're -

MARIANNE

Why should I be jealous?!

RICK

'Cause she's a hell of a woman.

MARIANNE

Well, I've got a hell of a man. Did I fail to mention that? I'm seriously involved.

RICK

(affected by it) Yeah. You did.

MARIANNE

Well. I am.

RICK

Good for you.

MARIANNE

Are you jealous?

RICK

Why should I be?

MARIANNE

Your "friend", the veterinarian, said you were crazy about me.

RICK

(fuming) She's a good judge of cows, Marianne, and I'd appreciate it if you'd shut up for awhile, 'cause I'm not enjoying your company right now. Matter of fact, you can take off anytime you damn please....!

MARIANNE

Where to? The next town?! What good will that do me? I've got no money, no drivers license, no credit cards, thanks to you...!

RICK

Welcome to the world, Marianne. This will be a very good lesson for you!

Her look of insult knocks her chin into her neck, making her look like an outgaged chicken. With a "SNORT" of disdain, she MUMBLES TO HERSELF AGAIN and TROMPS OFF through the MUD.

RICK
(really pissed) What?!

MARIANNE
You do not want to hear that. Ever.
That's why I mumble. I say things that
you do not ever want to hear.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROADSIDE PAYPHONE - DUSK

MARIANNE, flat on her back, near passed-out beneath a stand of trees --- RICK ON THE PAYPHONE.

RICK
(on phone; confused) He what...?!
Well, that's kind'a hard...I...(beat)
Yes, I'd like to see him, too, but I
need to talk to him on the phone...
(giving up) No, go 'head, I'll
remember it. (repeating) 432 Willow
Street. Sure. I know, it's just two
blocks from where he works. Thank you.
(a sigh) Tomorrow, I hope. G'bye.

Hanging up, he EXITS into the chilled air --- looking around, with worry, as the sun sets in a cloud-filled sky.

ANOTHER ANGLE: He approaches MARIANNE and stands over her. Her arm is thrown across her eyes; he's uncertain if she's awake.

MARIANNE
(a voice from the dead) I don't care
if I have to prostitute myself at the
next hamburger stand. I'm sleeping in
a bed tonight.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROADSIDE MOTEL/DINER - NIGHT

The MOTORCYCLE, much the worse for wear, CHAINED AND PADLOCKED to a gas-pump in front of a place you'd accelerate past even when they had the VACANCY sign lit and you were falling asleep behind the wheel. It seems to be called "EATS": a grouping of disheveled wooden "cottages" strung out behind a DINER that doubles as a one-pump gas-station.

CAMERA MOVES IN ON the DINER where, through the window, WE SEE RICK inside, negotiating with the OWNER, a MAN whose toothless face could win a "Gurning" contest. Concluding with a handshake, RICK EXITS, the slap of the screen door rousing a mangey hound dog which he pauses to pet. Stretching, he gazes at the stars, then crosses to one of the "COTTAGES"; its shade is pulled, the SILHOUETTE of MARIANNE seen moving behind it. He knocks at the door.

MARIANNE'S VOICE

There's no lock and no door-handle!
And watch the door, it falls off the
hinges!

CUT TO:

INT. THE COTTAGE - SAME

He enters, sinking, onto the bed, exhausted. Hearing water running in the bathroom, he reaches for the bedside T.V. - balanced so precariously on its stand that it FALLS OFF the moment he TOUCHES IT. The "crash" summons MARIANNE, her head poking out the bathroom door. Meeting her eyes, he shrugs, lays back on the bed; too tired to move.

MARIANNE

I've taken a shower. I'm wearing a
towel.

He makes no response - just looks, as she exits the bathroom self-consciously, preceeding to hang up her clothes.

MARIANNE

I'm hanging up my clothes.

RICK

This is interesting narration,
Mariana.

MARIANNE

I'd appreciate your not watching me.

RICK

Can't help it - No T.V.

In fact the towel is a bit short - she's careful to keep a hand on the back - and "dips" rather than "bends" to open a drawer.

RICK

They said we could work off the cost.
They need a waitress. If you work
tomorrow, we can get the motorcycle
back.

MARIANNE
(stopped) "If I work?"

RICK
Me, too. Told him I'd tune up his
truck and pump gas.

Slamming a drawer, she MUMBLES something.

RICK
I'm warning you about that mumbling...!

MARIANNE
I said "good luck". You can pump
gas...

RICK
We need the motorcycle, Marianne...

MARIANNE
You need the motorcycle, I'm outta
here. In the morning I'm finding a
telephone and I'm gone.

She pulls back her side of the covers.

MARIANNE
Are you using the bathroom?

RICK
What's it to you?

MARIANNE
(re: the bathroom) There's a light on.

RICK
I washed in the Diner.

With a courtly nod she crosses to the bathroom and turns on the
light, returning to, and pausing beside, the BED.

MARIANNE
(holding in place) We don't have to
'discuss' anything, do we? You are
perceptive enough to realize I'm not
sharing this bed by choice.

RICK
I am that perceptive.

MARIANNE
Anyway, like I said, I have a
boyfriend.

She catches RICK'S GLANCE as she FLICKS OUT THE LIGHT, plunging them into darkness. Illuminated only by light spilling in from outside, WE SEE HER slip into the bed; he's still dressed, and atop the covers. Both stare at the ceiling.

RICK

So who's this boyfr-

MARIANNE

(cutting him off) Why did I know you'd ask that?

RICK

Why shouldn't I?

MARIANNE

'Cause you'll just belittle him.

RICK

(protesting) Wha...?!

MARIANNE

(pre-empting him) 'Cause I know you.

RICK

Have it your way.

Silence.

MARIANNE

Could you possibly stay above the covers?

RICK

Why?

MARIANNE

This towel is wet.

RICK

I guess.

MARIANNE

Thank you.

She wriggles, pulling the towel out, dropping it on the floor.

RICK

(after a long silence) How is it with him?

MARIANNE

"It"? I suppose I could be coy and ask what you mean, but I won't. It's clear I hurt your feelings by saying I forgot about our sex life, but this is clearly not the time for us to be discussing sex.

Silence.

RICK

So, he's good at making love?

No answer.

RICK

Marianne?

MARIANNE

Is she?

RICK

Who?

MARIANNE

Who do you think?

RICK

Spectacular.

MARIANNE

So's he. Fantastic.

ANGLE ON BOTH: stewing.

RICK

Marianne -

MARIANNE

(cuts him off) I won't discuss sex with you, goodnight.

She rolls away from him; settling in.

RICK

You know I haven't had a girlfriend in five years?

MARIANNE

(a beat; her words an expression of disbelief) Get out....

RICK

True. After Rachel, I didn't think it'd be fair.

MARIANNE
You mean...you haven't.....?

RICK
Not for five years.

She absorbs this with amazement.

MARIANNE
(quietly) Wow.

The BED MOVES; he's wearily taking off his clothes. His boots hit the floor, the rest slides off --- until he's completely naked. He keeps his promise, by lying, completely exposed, above the covers.

CLOSE ON MARIANNE: having difficulty keeping her eyes straight ahead. In the silence that passes, both listen to the other breathe.

MARIANNE
Feels familiar, doesn't it?

RICK
I wouldn't know, I don't remember

She takes it in silence.

MARIANNE
You cold?

RICK
It's all right.

MARIANNE
I feel very selfish under here.

RICK
You are very selfish, and not just under there.

MARIANNE
(stung) Too bad you said that, I was actually getting turned on.

RICK
I wasn't. Too bad for you.

She "snorts" and MUMBLES something.

RICK
(up on an elbow) You do that once more, and I'm gonna do something about it.

MARIANNE
 (rising to it) I can't help it, and
 don't threaten me.

RICK
 Just don't do it again.

At last they are looking at each other --- and it changes the
 tone of things. The sexual tension is clear.

MARIANNE
 Anyway....What would you "do" about it?
 Add another "felony" to your list of
 crimes?

Laying back, she returns her gaze to the ceiling; he, resting
 his head on his hand, stares at her.

RICK
 So who's the 'boyfriend'? Come on,
 I'll be nice.

MARIANNE
 (giving in) His name is Paul.

RICK
 Sounds like a dipshit.

MARIANNE
 You are ridiculous.

RICK
 Trust me....

MARIANNE
 (laughing) Go to sleep.

Catching his eye, she can't help but adore him. Rolling back
 into her "ceiling gazing" position, she closes her eyes, aware
 that he's still watching her.

MARIANNE
 Is that the truth about five years?

RICK
 Thought you didn't want to discuss sex.

MARIANNE
 I don't.

RICK
 Then shut up.

MARIANNE
(insulted) 'Shut up'?

RICK
I mean it.

In response she MUMBLES - and he makes good his promise to "do something about it". Before she can finish the MUMBLE, his MOUTH IS ON HERS. And not for a moment does she resist, kissing him as hungrily as he kisses her, WHIMPERING as the COVERS LIFT and their bodies slide together; the beginning of a love-making session that will last, on and off, all night.

DISSOLVING TO:

LOVE-MAKING - TIME-LAPSE

Hot stuff: RICK'S FACE above hers as they move, she gasping, clinging....

RICK
You really forgot...?

MARIANNE
Don't talk....

RICK
Just tell me....

MARIANNE
I tried.

She EMITS a SOB, he PULLING HER CLOSE; the power of their sexual connection plain.

DISSOLVING TO:

EXT. THE DINER - EARLY A.M.

A dopey-looking ROOSTER scratching around the gas-pump decides that it's morning - and squeezes out a strangled CRY.

CUT TO:

INT. RICK and MARIANNE'S QUARTERS - SAME MOMENT

The ROOSTER'S CROW awakening RICK, who turns to MARIANNE, studying her face for a long moment before he strokes her brow.

RICK
Muffin....?

She responds with a moan, seductively stretching, nestling back into the pillow to redouble her sleep.

RICK
It's time to start the corned beef hash.

Her eyes open to HALF-MAST.

SHOCK CUT TO:

EXT. THE DINER - MID-MORNING

JAMMED with HUGE TRUCKS and EXHAUST FUMES, the tiny islet having turned into a MAJOR TRUCK-STOP. There are trucks hauling produce, trucks hauling logs, trucks hauling back-hoes - and, where there are TRUCKS, there are TRUCKERS.

CUT TO:

INT. THE DINER - SAME

MOBBED with TRUCKERS of all sizes and shapes: some toothless, some long-haired, some obese with their butt-cracks escaping from the top of their jeans, and all in one hell of a HURRY ----
CAMERA PANNING to reveal MARIANNE as her girlhood dreams never pictured her. Squeezed into a TOO-TIGHT WAITRESSES' UNIFORM, with her hair "netted" and tucked up beneath a little cap, she is a WAITRESS UNDER SEIGE, struggling to juggle plates and orders, as VOICES call out from all sides.

VOICES

(coming at Marianne from all sides)
Hey, Honey...Mary-Jane? Pick-up on table six! Hey, Sweet-Face, more Maple syrup...?!

OWNER

Mary Sue!

The OWNER, his toothless face poking through the service window, waves a check from the carousel at her.

OWNER

You didn't write nothin' on this ticket?! How're we supposed to know what to make?!

MARIANNE

(frantic) Oh! Sorry....

Grabbing the ticket, she struggles to remember, while the OWNER'S WIFE (who resembles a pumpkin covered with spandex) DISAPPROVES from close range.

OWNER'S WIFE

Told you she was stupid....

MARIANNE

Let's see, he had the....

ANOTHER WAITRESS: VERY YOUNG, with an INFANT hanging from her back, WHISPERS to MARIANNE as she passes.

YOUNG WAITRESS WITH INFANT
If it's in the corner, that's Leroy, he
takes the short stack.

MARIANNE
(grateful) Thank you... (scribbling it
down)

OWNER
You and your fella want that motorcycle
back, you're gonna have to do better'n
that...!

COOK
(banging insistently on his bell) Hey,
Dummy! Pick up this shit before the
flies eat it all!

MARIANNE
(flips them the ticket) Right! Sorry!

BUSBOY
(trying to get by) Move it!

Squeezed between the service window and the counter, she grabs
her plates, holding them HIGH to let the BUSBOY BY; in passing,
he uses two empty coffee cups to "CUP" HER TITS! Helpless, she
GASPS WITH OUTRAGE, but instead of desisting, he makes a
"SQUEAKING" sound, pretending to screw them on.

MARIANNE
(positively apoplectic) You
CREEEEEEEP!!

By the time people turn, he's innocently pouring coffee.

OWNER
(to Marianne) Who you talkin' to that
way?!

CLOSE ON MARIANNE: in open-mouthed DISMAY.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE DINER - SAME

RICK and one other ATTENDANT handling a similar crush of traffic,
but doing it with more aplomb - as a LIVESTOCK TRUCK pulls up,
filled with things that squirt shit through the slats, squeal and
moo.

TRUCKER

(climbing out) When you've filled it up, pull it round back. (winks at Rick as a girl steps out) Got me a hitch-hiker.

He heads toward the cottages with the GIRL in tow, RICK TURNING TO SEE MARIANNE, EXITING the DINER, pulling off her apron; clearly, she's had it.

MARIANNE

(like an oncoming machine-gun) How far are we from this place you have to go to, can we get there without that motorcycle, do you absolutely need to go there, and is there no other person who can help you?!

OWNER

(at the door) Mary Sue! Get back in here!!

MARIANNE

(shrieking back) Just a minute!!! (to Rick; near tears) I hate this place, I hate these people...!

RICK

These are great people...!

MARIANNE

A man put coffee cups on my breasts!

RICK

What do you mean?

MARIANNE

On my breasts! (demonstrating) Coffee cups! Which of those terms don't you understand?!

RICK

Was there coffee in it?

MARIANNE

(bursting) I can't take it anymore! Not one more minute...!

A TONGUE SNAKES OUT from between the TRUCK-SLATS, swiping her ear, she SHRIEKS, swatting her face --- RICK grabbing ahold of her.

RICK

(the voice of calm) It's at least half a day's drive to Memphis, we need the motorcycle, and Lou Baird is the only person I trust to get me back into hiding.

OWNER

Peggy Sue?! You want this job or not?!

MARIANNE

Shove it!

RICK

(quick) She said she LOVES IT! (to Marianne) Hang in 'til two o'clock, we'll have put in an eight hour day. (a beat) Okay?

MARIANNE

(a beat) If I ever see you on the street, twenty years from now? Would you please just walk on by?

RICK

(smiles; but it hurts a little) Sure.

MARIANNE

Thank you. Very much.

Turning on her heel, she turns her ankle, but, fighting for dignity, recovers and struts purposefully, in her tight dress, back into the DINER.

CLOSE ON RICK: gazing after her; an anticipated sense of loss written in his eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. THE DINER - SAME

As she RE-ENTERS, passing the owner.

OWNER

(harassing) What is this, 'love by the gas pumps'?

MARIANNE

Suck canal water. (he's about to object) And tell that "cockroach" (the busboy) if he puts his hands on me one more time you've got a sexual harassment suit on your hands.

YOUNG WAITRESS (WITH INFANT ON HER BACK)

You tell'm!

MARIANNE
 ("fired up" by her support) And I'm
 talking "Loeb, Loeb, Graenstich and
 Wasserman", the leading Women's Rights
 defenders in this country, are you
 understanding me, Bud?!

OWNER
 (rising to it) Get your ass back to
 work, are you understanding me?!

MARIANNE
 (cheek-to-jewel with him) Just so we
 understand each other.

Grabbing her note-pad she spins to a table where TWO MEN have
 just sat down. Still huffing with anger, Marianne does not
 immediately register that they are of a different 'cut' from
 everybody else in the place.

MARIANNE
 (tough) What d'ya want?

SORENSEN
 What's the special?

It's SORENSON and DIGGS - looking tired and drawn. But they
 don't know her, and she doesn't know them.

MARIANNE
 (rattling it off) Soup'N'Sandwich,
 \$3.98, the soup's fresh pea, you get
 your choice of tuna-salad, egg-salad,
 melted cheese or B.L.T., fifty cents
 extra for a side of slaw.

DIGGS
 Just the soup.

SORENSEN
 Any strangers come through here
 recently?

MARIANNE
 I wouldn't know. Soup for you, too?

SORENSEN
 We're looking for a man and a woman on
 a motorcycle.

CLOSE ON MARIANNE: freezing --- GLANCING UP, over her pad, as
 SORENSON pulls a PHOTO from his jacket pocket: the one of RICK,
 we've seen on his DATA SHEET.

SORENSEN

He's a little older than this, might have a stubble. The woman with him is... about your height and coloring. Long hair, though.

She visibly "gulps", glancing up to see RICK, outside the WINDOW, having caught her attention and WAVING cheerfully from the gas-pump. Getting "raunchy" for a moment, he drops the dripping nozzle to a part of his anatomy where it looks funny.

SORENSEN catches her focus and TURNS; she ABORTS HIS VIEW by diving for a string that sends the WINDOWSHADE CLATTERING DOWN.

SORENSEN eyes her suspiciously.

MARIANNE

(terrified) So....that's....two soups?

Raising the shade, SORENSON looks out.

ANGLE FROM HIS POV: RICK, behind the gas pump now, the OTHER ATTENDANT having taken his place.

SORENSEN

(to Marianne) You say you're from around here...?

MARIANNE

(frightened; some sort of accent)
Tha's raht.

It sounded wrong and she knows it; she SUDDENLY CRINGES - indicating PAIN in her stomach.

MARIANNE

Oh, God....I had me a taco with refried beans last night. Shouldn't eat Tex-Mex when you're in Kentucky. Catfish Taco, can you believe that?! Prob'ly not. 'Scuse me, will you? While I turn you over to my associate...?!

CUT TO:

INT. THE KITCHEN - SAME

As MARIANNE "BANGS" in - RUNNING TO the YOUNG WAITRESS who's got the INFANT on her back.

MARIANNE

(desperate) Can you help me?! My life is in danger. (drags her to the service window) See those two men? You've gotta keep 'em here. Somehow. Stall them. I don't know how...

YOUNG WAITRESS
Ex-husband? I hate ex-husbands.

MARIANNE
('jumping' at it) Uh, Right. Yes.

WAITRESS
Run away with your lover, huh, I
thought you two was on the run.

MARIANNE
Yes. And my husband will kill me!
He'll kill both of us.

WAITRESS
Not when I get through with him, what'd
he order?

MARIANNE
Two pea soups.

WAITRESS
(digs into her purse) I got this stuff
I carry for the baby, 'case he swallows
somethin' he shouldn't. (trying to
pronounce it) "Icky-pak"? Just half a
teaspoon makes you start pukin' real
fast.

MARIANNE
You're brilliant!

WAITRESS
Used it on this guy once who wouldn't
keep his hands off me. He didn't feel
so sexy with puke shootin' through his
teeth.

MARIANNE
(heartfelt) Thank you.

Turning to grab her "civilian clothes" off a hook, Marianne
pauses to regard the YOUNG WAITRESS.

MARIANNE
(fumbling with her watch) Here. Take
this. It's worth a lot of money. Buy
something for your baby.

YOUNG WAITRESS
No....

MARIANNE
Please. Put it to some good use.

WAITRESS

My baby don't need nothin'.

MARIANNE

(embarrassed) Well. If you ever need a lawyer - (realizes) I don't have my 'card'.

YOUNG WAITRESS

Good luck with your lover.

MARIANNE

(deeply touched) Thank you.

She WHIRLS and BOLTS for the back door....the YOUNG WAITRESS pulling a small bottle out of her purse.

YOUNG WAITRESS

Two pea soups, comin' up....

CUT TO:

EXT. THE DINER - SAME

As MARIANNE rounds the corner, racing toward RICK who's still PUMPING GAS into the LIVESTOCK TRUCK.

MARIANNE

Rick....!

He TURNS, seeing the URGENCY in her eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. THE DINER - SAME

The YOUNG WAITRESS bringing their ORDER, steaming soup in TWO MUGS, to the table.

YOUNG WAITRESS

(all sweetness) Here y'go, gen'lemen.
You're gonna love Lyle's "hot'n'hearty"
pea-soup. Anythin' else I can getcha?

As she SERVES THEM, WE SEE RICK and MARIANNE outside, creeping, infantry-style, toward the WINDOW.

SORENSEN

Just a check. We're in a hurry.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE DINER - SAME

As RICK inches upward to where he can SEE.

ANGLE FROM HIS POV: Both men, taking big swigs of their soup.

RICK
(ducking) It's them!

Grabbing Marianne, he RUNS LIKE HELL to the MOTORCYCLE - STOPPING in frustration: it's PADLOCKED to the gas-pump with a half-inch CHAIN! Hurriedly instructing Marianne to scour the surrounding cars for any that have KEYS IN THE IGNITION, they momentarily SCUFFLE.

RICK AND MARIANNE
(urgently bickering)...I'm not going to steal a car.....just find one with keys, I'll steal it.....it's against the law..... Do you want to get your fuckin' ass shot off?!

Convinced, she splits off, both scurrying car-to-car, checking ignitions, RICK turning to SEE the TWO MEN GETTING UP, paying their check; the stuff doesn't seem to have worked!

CUT TO:

INT. THE DINER - SAME

The YOUNG WAITRESS watching SORENSON and DIGGS, in amazement. Taking the little bottle out, she checks the expiration date on it, then checks the WALL CALANDER hanging nearby.

WAITRESS
(a grimace) Damn!

CUT TO:

EXT. THE DINER - SAME

RICK, seeing them heading toward the door, makes the only decision he can. Jumping into the waiting LIVESTOCK TRUCK, he gets behind the wheel, pushing the passenger door open...

RICK
Marianne...!

She SCURRIES TOWARD, having trouble in her tight skirt and heels, RICK reaching out and literally YANKING HER OFF THE GROUND.

RICK
(turning the ignition) Stay down!

But the ignition WON'T TURN OVER; the starter heaves, getting slower as RICK PUMPS the ACCELERATOR, filling the cab with FUMES.

CLOSE ON MARIANNE: DUCKING.

MARIANNE
He's seen me!

CLOSE ON DIGGS: NOW SPOTTING RICK.

DIGGS

It's HIM!

GRABBING for their GUNS, they SCRAMBLE toward the TRUCK as - "WHAM-BAM!" - IT BACKFIRES, it's IGNITION, in a CLOUD OF EXHAUST, TAKING HOLD!

CLOSE ON RICK: THROWING the TRUCK into GEAR as they RUN TOWARD...

RICK

(excited) Yeeee-haaaaaa!

And, with a LURCHING, GRAVEL-THROWING START, THEY'RE OFF, their "CARGO" SQUEALING with ALARM as the TRUCK nearly TIPS, SWERVING ONTO THE ROAD.

ANGLE ON SORENSON ON FOOT, right behind it, actually GAINING on the TRUCK as it GROANS and LURCHES in RICK'S inexperienced hands. Behind him, a CAR, driven by DIGGS, SQUEALS OUT OF THE DINER PARKING LOT, stopping to pick up SORENSON, then TAKES OFF AGAIN, easily overtaking the TRUCK, SPEEDING ALONGSIDE.

ANGLE ON RICK, behind the WHEEL, TURNING, helplessly, to SEE SORENSON PULLING HIS GUN. But instead of SHOOTING, SORENSON'S eyes snap wide open, as does his MOUTH - and LYLE'S HOT'N'HEARTY PEA-SOUP SHOTS OUT!

ANGLE ON DIGGS, behind the WHEEL - doing the same thing - PEA SOUP hitting the WINDSHIELD, projectile-vomit fashion, as he fumbles for the WINDSHIELD WIPERS which, of course, does no good, BEFORE SWERVING THE CAR OFF THE ROAD and screeching to a DUST-CLOUDED STOP on the shoulder.

ANGLE ON THE TRUCK: picking up SPEED as it PULLS AWAY from us; disappearing down the road...

LONG ANGLE: SORENSON and DIGGS, staggering out of their car, puking all over themselves, each other, the car, and the ground. That "Ickey-pak" does save lives.

CUT TO:

EXT. FARM-FIELD - DAY

THE TRUCK BACKED UP to an opened GATE, its motor still idling as RICK and MARIANNE "SHOO" their cargo out, into some lucky farmer's field, to lighten their load; RICK, energized from the escape, tries to RIDE various of the livestock as they LUMBER away to FREEDOM.

ANGLE ON MARIANNE: laughing as he CLOWNS - slamming the tailgate when the last cow has gone.

ANOTHER ANGLE: RICK abandoning his chase - hopping into the truck with her.

RICK
We're light enough to take the back roads, now.

A GROAN of GEARS SHIFTING --- and they're OFF, rattling down a side road, where the HIGHWAY TRAFFIC won't see them.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET- MEMPHIS - EVENING

As RICK and MARIANNE'S TRUCK rounds a CORNER and stops, idling for a moment in shadows. After a brief moment, the motor shuts down and Rick hops out - Marianne, too. Stealthy, and keeping a wary eye out, they move down the street, checking the addresses of small houses --- until they find the one they're looking for. Instead of going to the front door, Rick takes Marianne's hand, sneaking along the side of the house.

ANOTHER ANGLE: they peer into the KITCHEN WINDOW.

RICK
(relieved) Thank God. It's him!

ANGLE FROM THEIR POV: a man of about seventy, with a beautiful mane of silvery-grey hair, rosy cheeks; he's working over the sink and talking to someone. He laughs easily, and has a warm, open, smile.

ANGLE ON RICK and MARIANNE: having scampered to the back door. RICK rings the bell, then knocks. The old man doesn't seem to hear.

RICK
Maybe the bell doesn't work.

MARIANNE
He's got the water running.

Moving back to the window, they knock on the pane - getting his attention, RICK, with a BIG SMILE, WAVING. Lou Baird smiles and WAVES BACK, then returns to what he's doing; apparently washing some vegetables in the sink.

CLOSE ON RICK: puzzled. He knocks again, getting his attention.

RICK
Lou?! (pointing) The door..!

BAIRD
In a minute....!

RICK and MARIANNE exchange a look.

MARIANNE
Stubborn old guy, isn't he?

RICK
(uneasy) Yeh.

Finishing the vegetables, LOU shakes them out and, wiping his hands on his apron, goes to the back door --- RICK and MARIANNE hurrying to meet him.

ANOTHER ANGLE: as the DOOR SWINGS OPEN, RICK wanting to, but checking himself from, pulling Lou into his ARMS.

RICK
Lou...!

BAIRD
Yes?

RICK
It's me. Rick Jarmin.

BAIRD
(suddenly realizing) My Lord, so it is!

RICK
(near collapsing with relief) Jesus, Lou...!

BAIRD
Rick, come in!

Laughing with relief, RICK ~~does~~ pull LOU INTO HIS ARMS NOW; LOU is laughing, too.

RICK
I was afraid you'd forgotten me!

BAIRD
I damn near did!

RICK
Man, I'd have been in big trouble!
'Cause you're the only person who can help me!

BAIRD
Yes?

RICK
I'm in deep shit, Lou. Sorenson's out.
He and Diggs are after me. I think
they followed me right here to Memphis.
They know I worked at the zoo. They
know everything about me. I think
someone at the bureau's doing me in.

CLOSE ON BAIRD: blankfaced.

BAIRD
(finally) I work at the zoo.

RICK
I know that.

BAIRD
I've got connections, there.

RICK
You placed me there.

BAIRD
It's right down the block. I can
always find it. Even in the dark.
Molly likes it that way.

ANGLE ON RICK and MARIANNE: exchanging a look.

BAIRD
Did you folks come for dinner?

CLOSE ON RICK: losing expression; the old man beginning to look
troubled, too.

RICK
Can you...get me back into hiding,
Lou....?

CLOSE ON THE OLD MAN: a smile stuck on his face; but his eyes
reflect confusion.

BAIRD
Hiding?

RICK
(faltering) Like....you did in the old
days.

BAIRD
Don't see why not. Molly says I can do
anything I want.

CLOSE ON RICK: realizing he's lost.

BAIRD

I can make salad dressing. From mustard and.....(angushed)....are you "Monty"?

CLOSE ON RICK: in despair, the SOUND of oncoming FOOTSTEPS drawing his eyes to a DOOR, where an ELDERLY WOMAN ENTERS; she is MOLLY, Lou's sister.

MOLLY

I'm sorry, I didn't hear the bell.

The silence in the room resonates with Despair.

MOLLY

(realizing) Are you the young man who was calling?

By the way Rick nods, she knows he struck out.

MYRA

(sympathetic) I told you, I didn't think he'd remember. Sometimes it helps him to see a face.

CLOSE ON MARIANNE: looking at RICK, her heart going out to him.

MOLLY

You said you worked with Lou?

RICK

(summoning his voice; but just barely) Yeh.

After a long moment, RICK holds his arms out to Lou, and pulls him into a HUG. When he breaks it, Rick's eyes are wet with tears.

RICK

Goodbye, old friend. I know you would have tried.

BAIRD

I know I would have tried.

RICK

(to the woman) Pardon the intrusion.

He turns to go: an AFTERTHOUGHT.

RICK

You wouldn't have a gun here I could borrow....?

She shakes her head: Rick takes Marianne's hand, the screen door slapping shut behind them.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOU'S HOUSE - SAME

RICK, his jaw set in GRIM DETERMINATION, moving doggedly down the street, MARIANNE hustling alongside, wanting to console, but not knowing how. Reaching into his pocket, RICK pulls out the truck-keys, THRUSTING THEM at HER.

RICK

Take off, M.J. (she doesn't take them)
Go on! Take off, Goddammit! It's the
end of the line! You'd best separate
from me real fast!

MARIANNE

You can't go into hiding on your own?!

RICK

I'm tired of it. Enough. (his voice
crackling with emotion) Enough phoney
names, and funny accents, and running
away, and nothing to call my own! They
did worse than kill me, they put me in
hell!

MARIANNE

How can you stop it?

RICK

Put them in hell! Finish it, one way
or the other...!

MARIANNE

Let me help. I'm coming with.

RICK

Forget it.

MARIANNE

(practically begging, as she runs
alongside) I can talk to them.
Threaten them. If I can make them
listen to me, I can scare them off! I
know people, Rick. In high places.
They're not just dealing with you
anymore, they're dealing with me, and
I'm someone who'll be missed in the
world.

He GLANCES at her with WOUNDED EYES.

MARIANNE

I'm sorry. I'll miss you. (in earnest) I'll miss you awfully. I want to see you get out of this, so I can be with you. I love you, Rick.

The words stop them both: she gulps back tears of emotion.

RICK

I love you, too.

MARIANNE

(anguished) Then let me help you. I'm a great negotiator! I know that criminals do not want to be caught! When I tell them that I know who they are, and that I've sent a letter identifying them in the event anything happens to you or me....!

RICK

They won't listen to you!

MARIANNE

What have I got to lose?

RICK

Your life!

MARIANNE

There's not some way I can talk to them without being in the line of fire?

CLOSE ON RICK: stopped.

RICK

(realizing) Actually....there is.

CUT TO:

EXT. MEMPHIS ZOO - DUSK

Silent and deserted, its front gates locked, the "caws" and "cackles" of night birds signaling the hour when the "show" is over, and the premises are claimed by the jungle creatures alone.

WE HEAR the DISTANT sound of FOOTSTEPS RUNNING TOWARD --- CAMERA PANNING to reveal RICK and MARIANNE, glancing furtively up the empty streets that surround them, as they head fast for the FRONT GATES of the zoo.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER ANGLE: as they REACH THE GATES, finding them PADLOCKED:
RICK INDICATES AN INTERCOM positioned beside them. He PUSHES its
BUTTON.

RICK
(into the small speaker box) Hello?
Anyone in the guard shack?

No answer: just a light "hiss".

RICK
(re: the speaker box) That's how
you'll talk to them,

MARIANNE
No guards?

RICK
Not 'til Lou gets on at midnight.

Hopping up onto a ROCK FORMATION, RICK LEAPS UP and GRABS HOLD OF
an overhanging tree-limb, shimmying, upside down, to where it
reaches over the other side of the fence. As it tapers, the
branch bends low, RICK letting go and dropping to the ground.

RICK
(a whisper) Kids used to get in this
way.

Reaching into another ROCK FORMATION on the other side, he
withdraws a METAL KEY-BOX.

RICK
People are like animals. Creatures of
habit.

Removing a KEY, he unlocks the PADLOCK, the gate emitting an eery
"SQUEAL" as he opens it just enough for Marianne to slip in, then
LOCKS IT AGAIN, behind her.

ANOTHER ANGLE on BOTH: feeling safe, within.

RICK
So. You'll be in the guard shack,
they'll be out here.

MARIANNE
Where's the guard shack?

RICK
Come.

He turns, she following; it's strangely quiet --- the animals
restive, seeming to know something's off about having visitors at
this hour.

MARIANNE
 What'd you do here?

RICK
 Assisted the vet. Fixed a llama's jaw,
 helped a wolf bitch have a litter of
 pups, pulled a thorn out of a lion's
 paw....

MARIANNE
 No kidding....?

RICK
 No kidding. (re: the animals) Half
 these guys used to be my friends.

She's dubious, as always, about Rick's stories.

RICK
 (gestures) C'mere.

CUT TO:

INT. MONKEY HOUSE - SAME

RICK, clearly familiar with the place, on the inside of the guard
 rail of the CHIMPANZEE'S CAGE, making a slapping motion on the
 pavement --- the CHIMPANZEE doing somersaults in response.

RICK
 Good boy, Dustin! Atta-boy...!

CLOSE ON MARIANNE - watching him, charmed.

CUT TO:

EXT. POLAR BEAR EXHIBIT - SAME

RICK standing on a wall, gesturing "up" with the exaggerated
 power of a symphony conductor --- the POLAR BEARS, TWO OF THEM,
 RESPONDING BY STANDING ON THEIR HIND LEGS.

RICK
 (re: the bears, to Marianne) That's
 Peary, and that's Amundson. They
 remember me! (another big gesture to
 them) Roll over and bark. (to
 Marianne) Just kidding.

She laughs: he hopping down and gesturing her to follow.

CUT TO:

INT. VET'S OFFICE - SAME

MARIANNE watching, as RICK moves stealthily, grabbing a RIFLE and
 a handful of TRANQUILIZER DARTS.

MARIANNE

What's that for?

RICK

Rhino's. Did you know you can withstand a Rhino's charge? Their eyes are on either side of their head, so they have to run toward you like this...then, in the last ten feet, when they put their heads down to gore you, they can't see you, and you step aside.

MARIANNE

(impressed) Do tell.

RICK

And did you know, if an alligator can't knock you off your feet, he can't get his mouth around you? Their necks don't turn. Gotta have you cross-ways to get you in their mouths.

MARIANNE

You loved it here.

RICK

Best job I ever had.

MARIANNE

Maybe you'll be a vet. When this is all over. That seems to be your "thing".

CLOSE ON RICK: savoring the thought that it might someday actually be "over" --- his MUSE BROKEN by the SOUND OF A CAR. GRABBING HER - he MOVES HER OUT, FAST.

CUT TO:

EXT. ZOO GROUNDS - SAME

MARIANNE AND RICK, SCAMPERING, FAST, down a path to the GUARD'S SHACK. It's HEAVILY FORTIFIED with WIRE-MESH on the WINDOWS, RICK quickly reaching atop an outside light-fixture and pulling out a KEY --- opening it up.

CUT TO:

INT. THE GUARD'S SHACK - SAME

As THEY ENTER, RICK moving with cold efficiency; he has slipped into a kind of "CRISIS" GEAR.

RICK

(re: the intercom) Just push this to talk, release it for them to answer. When I leave here, bolt this door and, when you're through talking, hit the floor - and don't make a sound - they'll never know you're here. (he activates a T.V. Monitor)

MARIANNE

(fearful) Where'll you be?

RICK

(re: the rifle) Ready to negotiate in MY way. (pulling open drawers) He used to keep a gun in here...!

MARIANNE

(re: TV Monitor) Look!

ANGLE ON THE T.V. MONITOR flickering to life - showing the front gates. The reception is poor in the near darkness --- we can make out the outline of TWO MEN beside a CAR. It looks, for an instant, like there might be a SECOND CAR - just a puff of exhaust fumes from a tailpipe - as it pulls away.

RICK

(confused) Two cars...?

But there is little time to speculate; one of the MEN moves close enough to the MONITOR to clearly reveal that it's SORENSON --- while the other one opens the car trunk producing tire-iron and crowbar, which they immediately SET TO WORK ON THE PADLOCK WITH!

RICK

(leaping into action) Go! Talk!
(bounds for the door) If they get in, hit the floor! (he turns; pauses) And thanks.

He TAKES OFF: she, thrust into the jaws of this before she's ready. She reaches for the INTERCOM.

MARIANNE

Hello...? (voice shaking) There's a button outside, beneath your speaker. Push it to talk to me.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE FRONT GATES - SAME

SORENSON TURNS AND SMASHES the INTERCOM with a tire-iron, as DIGGS TWISTS THE PADLOCK a FINAL TIME - and we hear a metallic "POP". That's all it took: they're in.

CUT TO:

INT. THE GUARD'S SHACK - SAME

MARIANNE watching in SHOCKED SILENCE, not knowing what to do. Hands to her head, she tries to get a hold of herself. SPOTTING MORE T.V. MONITORS, hitting the buttons on each; they FLICKER to LIFE with surveillance images from various locations on the grounds of the ZOO. WE SEE THE dim IMAGE OF RICK, scampering across a pathway, rifle in hand, heading toward the front gates - -- CAMERA PANNING to ANOTHER MONITOR where SORENSON and DIGGS move stealthily toward a BRIDGE - suddenly STOPPING. There is no way of knowing the distance between RICK and the TWO MEN.

CLOSE ON MARIANNE: her eyes moving to a THIRD SCREEN - JOLTED.

ANGLE FROM HER POV: the image of ANOTHER MAN DROPPING into the ZOO from a BACK WALL. RICK is surrounded.

MARIANNE

Oh, God...Oh, God...!

RUNNING to the door, she BOLTS IT and, following RICK'S instructions hits the floor, her breath shuddering; but she FREEZES, SPOTTING SOMETHING ahead of her.

ANGLE FROM HER POV: a SHOULDER HOLSTER with a REVOLVER in it, hung, in concealment, BENEATH A TABLE.

GALVANIZED into ACTION, she SCRAMBLES FOR IT, managing, with TREMBLING HANDS, to open the CHAMBER --- then BEGINS PULLING OPEN drawers, looking for BULLETS.

ANOTHER ANGLE: SHE FINDS THEM, her hands SHAKING SO BADLY the bullets spill out and roll across the floor, as she attempts to INSERT THEM into the REVOLVER.

MARIANNE

(a shuddering whisper) Oh, Mama, mama, maaa...!

She GLANCES UP at THE SCREENS AGAIN. No one is seen in any of them. JUST ANIMALS, in their exhibits, peacefully grazing, moving about.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE ZOO - SAME

RICK, looking like an infantryman in the jungle - suddenly STOPPED by a DISTANT, SHRILL, CRY OF ALARM.

CUT TO:

SORENSEN and DIGGS - SAME

Likewise STARTLED by the CRY; a PEACOCK they unwittingly roused, RACES AWAY FROM THEM, its terrified VOICE echoing through the swampy glade before them. When it is gone, they proceed, stepping onto a long wooden bridge marked "EVERGLADES EXHIBIT"; WE SEE that SORENSON is toting the kind of RIFLE that could blow off the side of a barn.

CUT TO:

RICK - SAME

SPOTTING THEM COMING - unable to find adequate COVER. Making a quick decision, instead of running away from them, he SCRAMBLES TOWARD.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE GUARD'S SHACK - SAME

As MARIANNE, with GUN-IN-HAND and beads of sweat forming on her upper lip, SLIDES OUT THE DOOR, trying to get her bearings: HER OBJECTIVE - to find the man who slipped over the back wall.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE "EVERGLADES BRIDGE" - SAME

SORENSEN and DIGGS proceeding across; SORENSON RAISES A CAUTIONARY HAND - they STOP AND LISTEN...CAMERA PANNING BENEATH THE BRIDGE to reveal RICK, chest high in water, his rifle held high, waiting for them to pass.

BUT he MIGHT NOT BE ABLE TO, his EYES signaling ALARM. A SLITHERY SHAPE has slipped off the bank, MOVING TOWARD HIM in the WATER --- and RICK begins to EDGE BACKWARDS, rustling the water in his ATTEMPT TO GET OUT.

ANGLE ON SORENSON AND DIGGS: Their attention drawn by the SOUND, SPOTTING THE CROCODILE moving toward the BRIDGE beneath them. Pulling his pistol, DIGGS, for the sport of it, SHOOTS, his silencer MASKING the DEATH-DEALING BLOW, all save a "poof", as the CROCODILE begins to THRASH, the water filling with BLOOD.

ANGLE ON RICK: The NOISE of his MOVEMENTS masked by the THRASHING CROC, as he BACKS OUT OF THE WATER --- crouching on the BANK to SEE his ASSASSINS, moving off into the DARKNESS. Knowing he's in plain sight, he HOLDS until they are gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. ZOO - AVIARY - SAME

Where, in an EXPLOSION of "SCREECHES" and FLAPPING WINGS, a FLOCK of roosting BIRDS TAKES FLIGHT --- CAMERA PANNING to the SOURCE of their DISTURBANCE: MARIANNE, crouched beside the huge mesh structure, her EYES DETECTING MOVEMENT on the other side of the CAGE. It is a MAN, seen only as a vague silhouette, as HE RISES and BEGINS TO MOVE; SHE, bent low, moves parallel to him, but LOSES HIM when he VEERS OFF into the darkness on the other side.

CLOSE ON HER: making the decision to PURSUE. Sucking in her breath, she ROUNDS the AVIARY and PLUNGES INTO THE FOLIAGE where he disappeared - but, to her disappointment, emerges in an open, concrete area where an "EXIT" SIGN, RESTROOMS, and a HOT-DOG STAND, create shadows in the now moonlit night.

Realizing she's lost him, she sinks onto a bench to catch her breath - JOLTED BY A BULLET RIPPING A HOLE into the METAL SHUTTERS of the HOT-DOG STAND BEHIND HER! Diving off the BENCH, she hits the concrete, hard, ANOTHER SHOT ripping a hole in a REFUSE CAN as she scrambles by it.

CLOSE ON HER, regaining her footing and CRASHING BLINDLY THROUGH FOLIAGE until she HITS a wire-mesh FENCE that runs the perimeter of the zoo. HEARING her PURSUER BEARING DOWN ON HER, SHE WHIRLS, RUNNING the length of the fence and finding herself in a cul-de-sac where the fence joins another, to create a DEAD END. With the SOUND of "CRASHING FOLIAGE" GAINING ON HER, she tucks her pistol into her belt and CLIMBS THE FENCE, SWINGING OVER and LEAPING to the other side where she HITS THE GROUND RUNNING, STUMBLING across an open, dusty field, presumably outside of the zoo.

Finally, out of gas, and out of breath, she falls to her knees in an attempt to renew her strength...AS DOZENS OF PAIRS OF bright EYES assemble behind her. Sensing them, SHE SLOWLY TURNS; IN AN EXPLOSION of DUST and THUNDERING HOOVES, they DISAPPEAR into the darkness.

Paralyzed with FEAR, she forces her eyes to SEARCH the darkness around her --- and BEGINS TO HEAR the SOUND of "HOOVES" again. Just four, this time. But HEAVY. Heading toward her like a RUNAWAY FREIGHT TRAIN.

MARIANNE

(spotting it) Oh My God....!

SWISH-PAN to her POV: as a BLACK "MASS" THUNDERS TOWARD HER, surrounded by "puffs" of DUST, the GROUND TREMBLING with the impact of its HOOFS. It's a RHINO. She's on the African Plains!

STUMBLING to her feet, she THROWS OFF HER SHOES and takes off like ZOLA BUDD going for GOLD. There's a CONCRETE WALL ahead of her with a TREE BESIDE IT - but a glance over her SHOULDER TO SEE the RHINO ~~leaning~~ on her, CAUSES A FALL. She's down - with nothing left to do but get to her feet...and watch it COME!

CLOSE ON THE RHINO: Its beady-eye disappearing from view as it SWINGS ITS HEAD TO BARE ITS HORN....!

ANGLE ON MARIANNE: REMEMBERING - and LURCHING to the SIDE, THE RHINO THUNDERING RIGHT PAST HER!

ANGLE ON THE RHINO: SLOWING, in confusion, TURNING and SPOTTING HER --- COMING BACK FOR MORE.

CLOSE ON MARIANNE: WIDE-EYED as it AGAIN BARRELS DOWN ON HER, SIDE-STEPPING AGAIN; this time MORE EXPERTLY, WHIRLING, IMMEDIATELY, and taking off for the TREE beside the WALL.

ANGLE ON THE RHINO: repeating its BULL-FIGHT TURN, and HEADING AFTER HER....

ANGLE ON MARIANNE, with the RHINO CLOSING IN --- MAKING IT to the TREE JUST AHEAD OF IT, emitting a SOB of RELIEF as she pulls herself upward, to SAFETY at the top of the narrow wall.

ANOTHER ANGLE: SHE sits there, looking back at the RHINO who's WAITING FOR HER; then she looks to the other side.

ANGLE FROM HER POV: a GRASSY KNOLL with large, shadowy, ROCK FORMATIONS - and God-only-knows-what - on the other side.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE PATH - SAME

CLOSE ON RICK, crouched in a stand of BUSHES, hearing footsteps come toward; he BRACES HIMSELF and PURPOSELY SCAMPERS across the path directly in front of them.

DIGGS
(points) There!

THEY TAKE OFF AFTER HIM, crashing through foliage, EMERGING ON A WIDER WALKWAY, WHERE THEY SEE RICK DASHING for the GUARD RAIL of the POLAR BEAR EXHIBIT, vaulting over it - and OVER THE RETAINING WALL.

DIGGS
He's over that wall!

ANOTHER ANGLE: SORENSON and DIGGS RUNNING to the WALL, DIGGS standing up on it in an attempt to see....

ANGLE FROM HIS POV: THE TWO POLAR BEARS GETTING UP ON THEIR FEET in response to him.

DIGGS
(to ~~Sorenson~~) Hey. Look at this!

But he's HIT IN THE NECK from directly below - a TRANQUILIZER DART EMBEDDING IN HIS ADAM'S APPLE - Rick having fired from a CROUCHED POSITION on a narrow lip directly beneath him.

DIGGS drops his GUN, RICK grappling for it, but missing it, as it clatters down the wall, DIRECTLY INTO THE POLAR BEARS' POOL. After a brief moment, DIGGS' BODY FOLLOWS IT DOWN....THE POLAR BEARS PLUNGING IN AFTER IT --- RICK skittering along the ledge above them, to a point of safety --- where HE TURNS to see the BEARS, tossing DIGGS' body like kids playing with a rag doll in a bathtub.

ANGLE ON SORENSON: HORRIFIED - SPINNING INTO CONCEALMENT.

SORENSON
(calling out) Jarmin! I'm not gonna
HURT YOU! Come out!

Silence: broken by a VOICE - but not RICK's.

WEYBURN (O.S.)
Sorenson!

CLOSE ON RICK: suprised to hear another VOICE.

SORENSON
(calling back) Weyburn?! He's nearby!
He just got Diggs! Split up! Find
him!

RICK fades into the DARKNESS - scuttling away.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE WALL MARIANNE IS ON - SAME
As she DROPS to the OTHER SIDE of it, onto SOFT GRASS....
STOPPED, almost immediately, as SHE REALIZES that the darkened
"ROCK FORMATIONS" weren't ROCK FORMATIONS. They are GORILLAS.
Silent as BUDDAHS in the moonlight, STARING at her as she stands
against the wall.

MARIANNE
(voice trembling) Hi....I'm a friend
of Dian Fossey's...?

In response, a LARGE GORILLA CHARGES HER, WAILING with OUTRAGE as
it BEATS ITS BREAST - CHASING HER right back up the WALL.

AERIAL VIEW: MARIANNE atop the wall - with a RHINO waiting on
one side, a GORILLA on the OTHER.

CLOSE ON HER, STIFLING a WHIMPER as she realizes that the NARROW LEDGE she's sitting on is the only avenue of escape. Quivering in every muscle, she manages to stand and, striking a balance as tenuous as a tightrope walker's, begins her journey out...flanked, on both sides, by the two animals who watch her, every step of the way.

CUT TO:

EXT. ZOO ANOTHER PATHWAY - SAME

As a SHADOWY FIGURE EMERGES from the DARKNESS: JOE WEYBURN, his cautious movement STOPPED by SOUNDS coming from an ANIMAL HOUSE nearby. It's the "shrieking" of MONKEYS, plenty excited by something; Weyburn checks the landscape around him, HEADING STEALTHILY TOWARD.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE MONKEY HOUSE - SAME

"HOOTS" and "SCREAMS" echoing from WITHIN - as WEYBURN APPEARS, flattening himself against the wall beside the door. Moving like the combat-trained cop he is, HE THROWS OPEN THE DOOR, and SPINS IN, GUN OUTSTRETCHED IN FRONT OF HIM.

ANGLE FROM HIS POV: It's an ANTE-ROOM; a short corridor between the OUTER, and INNER, DOORS.

CUT TO:

INT. THE ANTE-ROOM - SAME

As WEYBURN CREEPS FORWARD to the INNER DOORS, pausing, somewhat intimidated by the LEVEL of PANDEMONIUM in there. Taking a long moment to marshall his courage, he COILS and SPRINGS INTO ACTION, YANKING the DOORS OPEN and SPINNING IN, to find a RAGING MORASS of WILD MONKEYS! They're out of their cages! HUNDREDS OF THEM! BOUNDING and SCREAMING, BOUNCING off of every surface like a million furry handballs gone WILD!

WEYBURN

(guarding his face with his hand, like a man beset by vampire bats; HE SHOUTS)...JARMIN!?? YOU IN HERE...?! I'VE COME TO HELP YOU...!!

HIS VOICE LOST in the cacaphoney of ECHOING SHRIEKS, WEYBURN MOVES tentatively FORWARD; but his trespass is CHALLENGED by a LARGE CHIMPANZEE, the one we saw earlier, who BARES ITS FANGS, trying to intimidate with short, incomplete CHARGES. RAISING HIS GUN, WEYBURN takes a bead on him --- and "TWANG", a DART smacks into WEYBURN'S CHEEK, followed by ANOTHER for accuracy's sake, INTO HIS NECK. Eyes wide with shock, WEYBURN TURNS --- CAMERA SWISH-PANNING to his POINT OF VIEW: REVEALING...

RICK: safely behind bars, the lone occupant of a MONKEY'S CAGE, a SMILE of SATISFACTION on his face.

ANGLE ON WEYBURN: His gun DISCHARGING into the GROUND as he SINKS to his Knees, the EXPLOSION shocking the monkeys into momentary SILENCE, giving RICK an opening to be HEARD.

RICK

Have I introduced myself? I'm Rick Jarmin.

WEYBURN

(mumbles)....How'd ya' do...

WEYBURN TOPPLES as the MONKEYS RESUME THEIR SHRIEKS, the boldest among them DESCENDING upon his unconscious FORM.

CUT TO:

EXT. "MARIANNE'S WALL" - SAME

Where MARIANNE'S situation seems to have gone from "BAD" to "WORSE". She's no longer on her feet, but crawling on her BELLY along the NARROW LEDGE, which now divides the compounds of GIRAFFES and LIONS. On one side a thickly-maned LION repeatedly CHARGES the WALL, but MARIANNE, clenching her eyes SHUT each time he CHARGES, is safely out of reach. On the other SIDE, the GIRAFFES are eye-ball-to-eye-ball with HER, watching her so closely that she can smell their BREATHS as, with all the grace of an INCHWORM, she crawls by.

ONE GIRAFFE, a bit more aggressive than the rest, dips his SWAN-LIKE NECK DOWN and NIPS HER IN THE ASS, provoking a SHRIEK and a REFLEXIVE "SWAT" which results in DISASTER. She's LOST HER BALANCE, HER FEET SLIPPING OFF on the LION'S SIDE; SHE WINDS UP CLINGING to the WALL by her ARMS, KICKING and squirming, trying DESPERATELY to HOIST HERSELF BACK UP.

Beneath her, the LION CHARGES, DAMN NEAR grabbing a LEG; unable to help herself she cries:

MARIANNE

SHIT! HELP!!

CUT TO:

EXT. PATHWAY NEAR LION'S COMPOUND - SAME

Someone HEARING her CRY and TURNING FAST. But it's not RICK. It's SORENSON, RUNNING to the LION'S COMPOUND where he SEES MARIANNE clinging to the side wall, KICKING and LURCHING, as the LION makes repeated GRABS AT HER, SCREAMING as she TRIES to pull herself back up.

CLOSE ON SORENSON: If a SHARK could SMILE when it smelled BLOOD, that's the kind of GRIN. Wrapping his rifle-strap around his arm for better aim, he STEPS UP ONTO THE WALL and FIXES HER IN HIS SIGHTS. And "KA-BLAM!"

ANGLE ON MARIANNE: as a CHUNK of WALL "RIPS" away, she TURNS, IN HORROR, TO SEE HIM.

SORENSEN
 (shouting) The next one's for the
lion, if you tell me where your
 boyfriend is! If not, it's for you!

CUT TO:

EXT. NEARBY - SAME
 RICK, RACING TOWARD.

CUT TO:

EXT. WALL OF LION'S COMPOUND - SAME
 SORENSON taking CAREFUL AIM - AT MARIANNE - AND FIRING.

ANGLE ON MARIANNE: Helpless, as ANOTHER CHUNK of wall EXPLODES INTO SHARDS.

SORENSON
 (demanding) Where is he!!

MARIANNE
 (struggling) Screw you!

SORENSON EJECTS THE SPENT CARTRIDGE, READYING TO FIRE AGAIN.

RICK (O.S.)
 I'm here, Sorenson.

ANGLE ON RICK: right behind him, his tranquilizer RIFLE pointed at his back.

RICK
 Turn around.

But SORENSON doesn't move, his eyes still fixed on the SIGHTS OF HIS RIFLE.

SORENSON
 I'm shooting her down. You can use
 your bullet for me or for the Lion.

RICK hesitates - and SORENSON FIRES AS PROMISED! "KA-BLOOM!"

ANGLE ON MARIANNE: SCREAMING as the WALL TEARS OUT FROM UNDER HER and she FALLS into the LIONS COMPOUND, the LION CHARGING toward....

SWISH-PAN to RICK, WHIRLING and FIRING INTO THE COMPOUND.

SWISH-PAN to SORENSON WHIRLING TO RICK.

SORENSEN

Drop it!

Rick's RIFLE clatters to the ground, but his EYES ARE ON THE LION, HIT a glancing blow in the FLANK, BUT CONTINUING ITS CHARGE, MARIANNE SHRIEKING as she RUNS.

RICK

(begging Sorenson) I'm out of darts!
Shoot the Lion!

BUT SORENSON merely SMILES: COCKING his RIFLE to finish RICK off.

RICK

(shouting at Marianne; URGENT) The other side! There's a ladder....!

But it's TOO FAR for her to make it! Desperately scrambling upward onto a ROCK "DEN" she STUMBLES - TURNING TO SEE that the LION is running out of STEAM. He's not "out", but he's slowed down, the tranquilizer having worked enough so that he lacks the energy to PURSUE her onto the ROCKPILE. But he's got her trapped and he knows it. Lowering onto his haunches, the LION lies in wait for her, like a cat in front of a mouse hole, his eyes beginning to NARROW....

CLOSE ON SORENSON: A WICKED GRIN as he LEVELS THE GUN at RICK'S FACE.

RICK

(in earnest) Shoot the Lion, so she can get out! You have my word....!

SORENSON

Fuck your word, I had your word once before.

RICK

(re: Marianne) She's done nothing to you.

SORENSON

But she means something to you, right? So, we'll sit here and watch what happens. Both of us. Might be fun to see what happens to her when that Lion wakes up....!

RICK glances toward MARIANNE --- CAMERA FOLLOWING HIS GAZE to REVEAL SHE'S GOT HER PISTOL OUT, POINTING IT, with TREMBLING hands, in the DIRECTION OF SORENSON and RICK....!

CLOSE ANGLE: as she CLENCHES HER EYES SHUT and "PULLS"; but nothing happens. THE TRIGGER WON'T PULL! Realizing she hasn't done something right, she FUMBLES WITH THE GUN, trying to figure it out....

RICK
(SHOUTING) Take it off safety!

SORENSEN SNEERS at RICK'S pathetic attempt to distract him.

RICK
(shouting in anger) There's a safety
beside the trigger!

SORENSEN
You crack me up.

CLOSE ANGLE ON MARIANNE: FINDING THE "SAFETY" AND FIRING!

CLOSE ON SORENSON as the EXPLOSION DRAWS HIS ATTENTION, RICK in a SINGLE MOTION, GRABBING THE TRANQUILIZER RIFLE at his FEET and SWINGING IT HARD, CATCHING SORENSON right in the NECK, SORENSON'S RIFLE CLATTERING down the WALL into a "CATCH-BASIN" as he rotates his ARMS in an attempt to regain his BALANCE.

But he TUMBLES off the WALL into the LION'S COMPOUND; the LION INSTANTLY AWARE that a NEW MORSEL has dropped in, this one on level ground, in plain sight.

ANGLE ON SORENSON: scrambling to his feet: Desperate.

SORENSON
Jarmin! I'll let you off!

ANGLE ON RICK: watching as the LION lumbers toward him.

ANGLE ON MARIANNE: seizing the moment to SCRAMBLE OFF THE ROCKPILE and RACE TO a narrow, hand-over-hand escape ladder on the opposite wall from where she fell in.

ANGLE ON SORENSON: Watching the Lion come.

SORENSON
Jarmin! For the love of God....!

CLOSE ON RICK: in fact, helpless to help him....as WE HEAR a MUFFLED SCREAM that triggers a million excited "cackles", "caws", "hoots" and CRIES that echo throughout the zoo --- RICK stepping down, numbed --- as, eventually, all goes quiet around him.

MARIANNE
....Rick....?

ANGLE ON MARIANNE appearing, a distance away, pausing for a moment to determine that he's safe....then RUNNING INTO HIS ARMS.

CLOSE ON THEM as THEY COME TOGETHER, she stifling a SOB and CLINGING TIGHT with RELIEF and the knowledge that it's finally OVER.

ANOTHER ANGLE as she PULLS BACK, her eyes wet with tears, gazing adoringly at his face, which spreads into a wide, IRRESISTABLE GRIN.

ANGLE ON BOTH: beaming at each other.

RICK

You say I once proposed to you?

MARIANNE

Damn straight you did.

RICK

Did you answer?

MARIANNE

You bet I did.

RICK

Still want to?

MARIANNE

Can you get out of the Sixties?

RICK

I don't much like the Eighties.

CLOSE ON MARIANNE: gulping back tears.

MARIANNE

What the hell. The Nineties are coming. I'll meet you there.

They KISS, hard, and passionately ----- then, after a long look at one another, turn and walk, arm in arm, away.

CAMERA BEGINS A PULL BACK as we:

ROLL END CREDITS

and

FADE TO BLACK