

FADE IN :

SUPER : "STILLWATER MINNESOTA, 1959"

EXT. MCCLUEN HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

The sky behind the tree tops is vibrant blue.

BABY JEANETTE squints as the sunlight hits her smiling face.
Six-year-old MELINDA MCCLUEN peers into the carriage, at her baby sister.

YOUNG MELINDA

Oh, no. Is the sun too bright for your little
eyes, Jeanette? Don't worry, I'll fix it.

She pushes the carriage into the shade. A warm breeze blows her frilly dress.

YOUNG MELINDA

There. All better.

She tucks the blanket around the happy infant.

EXT. STREET - DAY

A shiny red 59 Chevy pick-up truck, rolls up in front of the house, and parks.

EXT. MCCLUEN HOUSE - BACKYARD

Melinda climbs the grassy slope and disappears inside her playhouse.
A man's cowboy boots walk carefully down the driveway.
Scanning the backyard, this "someone" spots the baby girl ... and approaches, slowly.

MAN(O.S.)

(whispers)
Hello, little baby girl.

The man is FRANK MCCLUEN. Rugged. Handsome. Trouble.
He picks his baby daughter up. Her blanket drops gracefully to the lawn.

YOUNG FRANK

(whispering)
Where's your sister? Does she want to come with us?

Frank waits with the baby, at the side of the house. Melinda emerges from her playhouse
and sits at the picnic table. She does not notice her father, as he starts toward her ...

Suddenly, the porch door swings open, alerting Frank.

Frank' s ex-wife, CATHERINE walks out with a tray of lemonade.

CATHERINE

Melinda, would you like some lemonade?

YOUNG MELINDA

Mmm. Yes, please.

Melinda turns, but her smile fades as she sees Jet's blanket on the grass!
She runs to the carriage. Jeanette is gone!

She sees Frank running for his truck ... with baby Jet.

YOUNG MELINDA

(confused)

Daddy?

Frank hesitates, and turns toward Melinda. Their eyes lock, for an instant.
Catherine gasps, dropping the tray...the glasses topple to the porch and shatter.
Melinda runs toward her father. Catherine tears down the stairs after her.

CATHERINE

Oh, my God! (shouts) *Frank!?*

EXT. STREET - DAY

Frank leaps in the truck, and speeds away, leaving Melinda in the dust.

YOUNG MELINDA

Daddy! *Daddy!!*

Catherine reaches Melinda, and holds her tight. Both are devastated.

INT. TRUCK - MOVING

Frank watches the reflections of his daughter and X-wife, fade away, in the rear-view mirror.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Melinda's eyes are filled with the pain of abandonment.

INT. TRUCK - MOVING

Frank looks down to the oblivious infant. She giggles, watching trees whip past her,
through the window.

EXT. SKY

Beyond the trees, dark clouds approach swiftly, blotting out the sunshine.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - SUNRISE

SUPER: *"TWENTY YEARS LATER: 1979"*

The morning sky is pink. In the distance, the same 59 Chevy pickup, (now old and beat up,) speeds down the highway.

INT. TRUCK - MOVING

BILLY IDOL'S "WHITE WEDDING" PLAYS on the radio.

A cigarette dangles from Jeanette "Jet" McCluen's lips, as she shakes her sassy mane of hair, to the music. Now 22, and looking cool, in her man's tee shirt and cut-offs, she navigates with a precarious road map, and almost misses her exit.

JET

Damn!

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The truck lurches over the shoulder, just making the STILLWATER EXIT.
Her license plate spells, "OH BABE".

EXT. SAM'S DINER - DAY

The truck is parked out front.

LILLY(O.S.)

So, where are you from, honey? We don't get too many strangers in Stillwater.

JET(O.S.)

Northgate, Colorado. Just passing through.

INT. SAM'S DINER - DAY

Jet wolfs down her bacon and eggs.
Behind the counter, Lilly, the local gossip, refills Jet's coffee.

JET

...come to think of it though, I used to know someone who lived around here.

JET(CONT'D)

You ever hear of a Melinda McCluen?

LILLY

Lyndy McCluen? Are you kidding?
Who hasn't?

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

The walls are lined with framed photographs of Melinda growing up ...
as a cheerleader ... an actress ... a prom queen, and finally, a bride.

LILLY(V.O.)

She was only the most popular girl at
Stillwater High. Always having her picture
in the paper for one thing or another...
track records, drama awards. Course, she's
Melinda Nelson, now. Can't say I approve
of that husband of hers, but to each his own,
know what I mean?

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Gliding past the pool table ... the big screen TV ... the plush leather couch ...

JET(V.O.)

Oh, yeah. She married some guy
who owns a ... tire store, right?

LILLY(V.O.)

"*Nelson's Tires.*" They hitched up real
sudden. Thought she was pregnant. False
alarm.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Melinda, now 28, is cooking breakfast. Beams of sunlight spill through the lace curtains,
softly illuminating her angel hair and ivory complexion, creating a storybook picture of
the perfect little housewife. Perfect, that is, until she turns ... Her eyes reveal a sadness.

LILLY(V.O.)

Course, I really can't help but pity
the girl now, what with her momma passing
away last year and all ...

INT. "SAM'S DINER" - MORNING

LILLY

If you do get a chance to look her up, you
tell her Lilly Hanks says, "hi".

Jet's puts on a facade of sincerity as she begins one of her cons ...

JET

I sure will, ma'am.
(gasps)
Yikes!

LILLY

What's the matter dumpling'?

JET

You know this guy?

She shows Lilly the dead cockroach, on her fork.

LILLY

Oh, my lands!
(calling out)
Sam! Sam! You better get out here!
There's a bug the size of a Mack Truck
in this sweet little girls eggs!

Big Sam lumbers out.

JET

Look, it's okay. It's extra protein.

SAM

Well, this meal's on us. Real sorry
about that, young lady.

Sam rips up her bill.

JET

These things happen. Thanks.

SAM

Wait a minute. (hands her some candy bars)
Here, take these for the road.

She smiles and goes.

SAM(to Lilly)

Not a word of this to anyone, you hear me, Lilly? We never even saw that girl. I mean, if a word of this ever leaks out-

LILLY

I already forgot.

EXT. SAM'S DINER - MORNING

Jet climbs in her truck.

SAM(O.S.)

I just don't get it. Biggest darn roach I ever saw.

LILLY(O.S.)

Might not be a bad idea to have this place fumigated.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

Jet takes a clear plastic vial from her pocket. *It is packed with a variety of dead bugs.* She tosses it in the glove compartment, and drives off.

EXT. LARKSPUR ROAD - MORNING

A wealthy neighborhood with large country homes on green acres of property.

INT. TRUCK - MOVING

Jet refers to a torn phone book page, as she slows down, in front of a beautiful house. The plaque over the door reads, "THE NELSONS".

JET

(to herself)

Oh, my. A white picket fence and everything.

INT. NELSON HOUSE - BEDROOM

Melinda's husband, MARK NELSON sleeps on the water bed.

MELINDA

(kissing him)

Mark honey, you better wake up. It's after eight.

MARK

Fuck!

EXT. SIDE STREET - DAY

Jet has parked her truck on a nearby street. She pats it lovingly.

JET

(to truck)

Wish me luck, Babe.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Melinda is making coffee. There is a KNOCK at the door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Melinda opens the door a crack, and peers through at Jet.

JET

I'm here about the ad in the paper.

MELINDA

(guarded)

What ad?

JET

The live-in housekeeper wanted ad.

MELINDA

You must have the wrong house.

JET

(teasing)

Are you sure, because your house looks a little untidy, no offense, and I noticed some weeds over there, did I mention I do gardening?

MELINDA

No, I didn't place any ad. Thank you.

Jet's dusty boot stops the door. She holds up an old news clip.

JET

This your picture?

Melinda opens the door a bit wider.

MELINDA

Yes. That's me in high school. Why?

JET

(after a beat)

I'm Jet.

MELINDA

Excuse me?

JET

Jeanette. (beat) *Your sister.*

Melinda is completely knocked off guard. She stands there, with her mouth open, for a moment, then finally manages to speak ...

MELINDA

Uhhh ...how do you know?

JET

Don't worry, I didn't expect you to recognize me. I mean it has been ... twenty years since I made head lines. Is this starting to click, at all, for you?

MELINDA

I ... don't know what to say...

JET

Well, since I flew all the way across the country to find you, I think, "Come on in and make your self at home" would work.

MELINDA

Wait a second, if this is some kind of a joke-

JET

(produces her ID)

Proof. My birth certificate. It wasn't easy tracking that down, cause I didn't even know my *real* last name.

Melinda's is finally convinced. She explodes with emotion, her voice rising about an octave.

MELINDA

Jeanette!

Melinda throws her arms around Jet, in a big bear hug.

JET

Okay, now.

But Melinda isn't letting go.

JET

Let's not over do it.

Melinda releases her, but can't stop gushing. It's as if she is star struck.

MELINDA

Oh ... wow. Please, ... come in.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jet 's dusty boots soil the plush carpet as steps in, and lights a cigarette. Melinda hands her an ash tray.

JET

Nice pad. Your hubby must make some bucks.

MELINDA

How did you know ... I was married?

JET

I know all about you. Frank's been keeping a scrap book.

MELINDA

Frank?

JET

Your father. He subscribes to your local paper.

MELINDA

He does? Where is he?

JET

Tahoe.

MELINDA

That's where you flew in from?

JET

No, Colorado.

Jet puts her cigarette out in a plant. Melinda just stares for a beat, then ...

MELINDA

Look, I could use a cup of coffee. Would you like some?

JET

Nah. Wouldn't mind a cold beer though, if ya got one handy.

Melinda disappears into the kitchen. Instinctively, Jet examines the bottom of a crystal vase, sizing up it's value.

MELINDA(O.S.)

Are you old enough to drink?

JET

Hell, yeah.

Melinda returns with the beverages. She places Jet's beer on a coaster.

MELINDA

Sit down. Relax.(off of Jet) Anywhere, but *that* chair. (embarrassed) That's Mark's football chair and he's so ... fussy about it.

Jet resists a temptation to sit in it, anyway.

JET

Well, we certainly don't want to upset Mark.

She sits on the sofa. Jet notices Melinda's hand shaking, as she sips her coffee.

MELINDA

So, my father...that sounds funny, "*Frank*" is in Tahoe, but he *was* in Tahoe with you?

Jet sets her beer down on the table, missing the coaster.

JET

We lived in Tahoe eight months. Last week he decides to spring it on me that I have a sister and a mother ... or, *had*" a mother. (beat) I was shocked. Still am. We're talking major identify crisis time.

JET(cont'd)

We got in a fight, he split to Tahoe with his current old lady, and I decided to do some traveling to Aruba ... you know, in the Caribbean.

MELINDA

That sounds incredible.

JET

(conning her)

But the airfare is 320 dollars which isn't a lot if ya have it ... but, well, I just spent my last dime to fly here, to meet you.

MELINDA

(missing the hint)

You must be exhausted. The farthest I ever traveled was to St. Louis once, for a cheer leading convention.

Awkward pause.

JET

Oh. Well, that's ... something.

Another awkward pause.

JET

Wanna see some pictures?

Jet shows Melinda a recent snap shot of their father. His hair is now silver.

JET

That's your father. Mister happy-go-lucky, king- of -the-con-artists, here today, gone tomorrow, Frank.
(beat) And this one ... is us.

It's a family portrait, with young Melinda holding baby Jet.

MELINDA

(emotional)

What made him finally tell you ...?

JET

Guilt, I guess. Frank was getting an ulcer.

Mark interrupts.

MARK

What's with the tea party?

MELINDA

Mark. You're never going to believe who this is. This is ...

JET

I'm her long lost baby sister.

MARK

(short)

Well, it's nice to meet you, but you've caught us at a real bad time. It might be best for you to come back in a few hours.

MELINDA

Mark!

JET

Actually, I was kind of hoping I could crash here, for a day or two.

MELINDA

Of course, you can.

MARK

Lyndy, can I speak to you in private for a moment.

Mark and Melinda storm off into the bedroom. Jet shrugs & takes a swig of beer.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

MELINDA

How *dare* you?!

MARK

She's not staying. This is probably the worst day of the year she could decide to pop up here.

MELINDA

I can't believe I'm hearing you correctly.

MARK

Damn it, Lyndy! I have situations going on with my work right now that you don't know anything about! And it's making me *very* tense and *very* unsociable. Now, I told you to wake me up at seven o'clock. What time is it?

MELINDA

But I-

MARK

What time is it?!

MELINDA

But, it's Sunday, and-

MARK

Read my lips. *What the fuck time is it, Lyndy?!*

MELINDA

(meekly)

Nine o'clock. But you've been so run down. And, since it's Sunday, I was just thinking-

MARK

I don't need you "*thinking*" when it comes to my business. Now, I missed Tucker and this fucks things up completely. (beat) Get your purse. You're going to have to drive me to the shop. And put the sibling in a motel.

MELINDA

(firm)

She's staying here.

Mark goes red in the face. He raises his arm to strike her. She doesn't flinch.

MELINDA(cont'd)

Go ahead. I'm not kicking out my own sister!

MARK

(controlling himself)

All right. One night. Then she goes. Now get your ass in gear, get in that van and make yourself useful for a change.

MELINDA

You know I can't drive that thing.

MARK

Well, maybe next time you'll wake me up in time.

She goes out. Mark dials the phone.

MARK

(to himself)

Long lost baby sister. I don't believe this crap.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jet , listening at the wall, leaps back to the sofa, before Melinda enters.

MELINDA

Jeanette, I'm so embarrassed. Mark hasn't been himself lately. He totaled his car last week and they suspended his license and he's-

JET

Look, I can split if this isn't a good time.

MELINDA

Don't be ridiculous. You're staying and I don't want to hear another word about it.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Mark paces on the phone.

MARK

(into phone)

Shane. I missed Tucker. Change of plans.

MARK

(beat) No, no, no don't worry. I'm going to take care of you myself. Meet me at the shop in fifteen minutes.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

MELINDA

(to Jet)

We have a lot of catching up to do. So, don't disappear again.

Mark plows through.

MARK

Let's go!

MELINDA

Promise me, you'll be here when I get back.

JET

What's for lunch?

They go. Jet watches them from the window. They continue to argue as she attempts to drive, obviously, inept with a clutch.

JET CRANKS UP THE STEREO and dances into the kitchen, returning with another beer. She leaps into Mark's "football chair," kicks off her boots, and flicks on the big screen TV.

EXT. NELSON'S TIRE CENTER - DAY

A long driveway curves down the hill, to the huge garage & warehouse.

Mark's van is parked, backwards, in the driveway. Melinda waits inside, as Mark retrieves a carpet knife from the back.

INT. VAN - DAY

MARK

I just wish you'd think about me for a change. I work my rear end off for you and all you do is -

MELINDA

Stop it. *Just stop it!* (beat) Do you think we can at least *pretend* we like each other. At least for my sister's sake.

MARK

(mocking)

My sister this, my sister that. She's probably home robbing' us.

SHANE BALDWIN drives his station wagon past them and into the front entrance of the garage. Mark walks down to greet him.

Melinda turns on the radio, and lays across the bench seat, pouting. "It's My Party" is playing.

EXT. ROAD (ABOVE NELSON'S TIRES) - DAY

At the top of the driveway, a patrol car cruises by, unnoticed.

INT. PATROL CAR - DAY

Two officers drive by, suspicious of what is going on below.

The driver is NATHAN GREER an intense man of about 29, with a thin mustache and cold blue eyes. He is fresh out of the military and ready to prove himself. The other cop is BRENT NASH. High on enthusiasm. Low on IQ

They see the van, but do not see Melinda inside it.

NASH

This is a wild goose chase, Greer. Nelson doesn't seem the type to deal with Baldwin. He has a squeaky clean reputation. I mean you went to high school with the guy, come on.

GREER

He's a scum bag.

NASH

His wife's a little fox. I sure wouldn't mind a little taste of what he's getting every night.

GREER

(exploding)

Shut your trap, Nash! !

NASH

Okay, okay. Lighten up. This isn't the marines.

GREER

(into radio mike)

This is Clifford-twenty. We have a possible 640 in progress at Nelson's Tires, 412 Spring Road. Request back ups.

DISPATCHER

(from radio)

Ten four Clifford -twenty.

NASH

Your calling in back ups, on a hunch?

Greer smiles and pushes "PLAY" on his mini recorder.

MARKS VOICE

(from recorder)

Baldwin. I missed Tucker. Change of plans.

SHANE'S VOICE

(from recorder)

Oh no, don't tell me that. This has got to come down today or we'll blow 30 grand!

MARK'S VOICE

(from the recorder)

No, no, no don't worry. I'll take care of you myself. Meet me at the shop in fifteen minutes.

Greer shuts off the recorder.

NASH

(impressed)

You dog.

INT. NELSON'S TIRES - DAY

Mark loads tires into the back of Shane's wagon.

EXT. ALLEY (BEHIND NELSON'S TIRES) - DAY

Greer's patrol car crawls down the alley and parks near the back entrance. Greer and Nash get out, drawing their guns.

NASH

Shouldn't we wait for the back ups?

GREER

Probably.

But he doesn't.

INT. NELSON'S TIRES (BACK ENTRANCE) - DAY

Greer's face appears through the dusty window, scanning the back warehouse.

EXT. NELSON'S TIRES (BACK ENTRANCE) - DAY

GREER

(to Nash)

Go inside, keep out of sight, and sit tight.
No matter what happens, wait for my signal,
before you do anything.

NASH

(grinning)

You got it, chief.

Nash crawls through the window, while Greer sneaks around front.

EXT. NELSON'S TIRES(FRONT ENTRANCE) - DAY

Greer creeps toward the garage entrance. He does not see Melinda, laying in the van.

INT. VAN - DAY

Melinda does not see him either.

SINGER ON RADIO

"You would cry too if it happened to you..."

INT. NELSONS TIRES (GARAGE/WAREHOUSE) - DAY

Behind some crates, Nash sits, watching. His gun is drawn. His heart is POUNDING.

Mark slits open a tire, and pulls a bag of hash out from inside. Shane smells it.

MARK

You'll get a lot of mileage out of these re-treads.

They put the tire in back, with the others. Shane hands Mark a wad of money.

Greer watches from behind a stack of tires. He is about to move, when Mark ducks down to check Shane's back tire.

MARK

Hey, man. This one is about to go.

At this angle, Mark is blocked by the car, from Greer. But he is an open target for Nash.

NASH

(jumping out)

Hold it right there! Hands in the air!

GREER
(under his breath)
Shit.

Mark raises his hands, but Shane ducks down inside the car.

MARK
What's the problem, Nash? I'm just selling a few tires.

NASH
Sure, Nelson. And my grandma is Phyllis Diller.

INT. WAGON - DAY

Shane reaches into the glove box for his gun.

INT. NELSON'S TIRES - DAY

NASH
Baldwin! Parties over! Get out of the car or I'll spill your pal's guts.

MARK
All right now, kid. Let's not panic.
(To Shane)
Shane?! You hear what he's saying?!

Shane OPENS FIRE on Nash, penetrating his chest with bullets. Greer FIRES at Shane, shattering the window. Shane RETURNS FIRE at Greer. The BULLETS GRAZE HIS NECK, knocking him off balance.

Shane PEELS out, leaving Mark unarmed ... a sitting duck for Greer.

MARK
(to SHANE)
Wait! Shane! What in the hell are you doing?!

Hearing the shots, Melinda races in, just in time to watch *her husband, unarmed, get shot down by Greer.*

EXT. NELSON'S TIRES - DAY

An approaching cop car SCREECHES to a halt, as Shane's wagon flies up the driveway, past him. The cop car spins a one-eighty, and goes after the wagon.

INT. NELSON'S TIRES - DAY

Melinda shakes her husband, unable to accept his death.

MELINDA

No, no, no, no.

Greer watches her for a moment from the shadows and then speaks.

GREER

Lyndy. What a pleasant surprise.

She tries to make out who it is.

GREER

Nathan Greer. We were in high school together. But then, you never paid much attention, did you? You were too busy teasing the football team to hang with scum like me.

(he cocks the trigger)

Well, baby. Now, you better pay attention.

MELINDA

(disoriented)

Why ...? Please, I ...?

Greer blasts a round of ammunition at a tire, ripping it apart. Bags of hash spill out of the tire. Melinda can't believe her eyes.

GREER

Turkish hashish. You mean, *you didn't know?* (laughs) You're in serious trouble Miss "Most-Likely-To Succeed".

He pulls her to her feet, stroking her hair with his gun. She is shaking, too weak from shock, to resist.

GREER

There, now. Don't worry. I might be persuaded to let you go... that is, if you're nice to me.

Finally, Melinda comes to her senses. Her eyes turn cold with recognition.

MELINDA

You!

She pushes him away and runs out. Greer laughs. He is enjoying this.

EXT. NELSON'S TIRES - DAY

She gets in the van and starts the engine. Behind her, Greer takes aim.

GREER

(calling out)

Don't make me shoot your beautiful little
brains out.

Melinda, unaware that the van is in reverse, slams down on the gas. The van plows backwards into Greer. She gasps.

She gets out to check his condition. One of his legs is broken. His gun has been knocked from his hand. He reaches for it. She gets it first.

GREER

Nice move, grabbing the murder weapon.
(laughs again) Better give it up, Lyndy. This
could look real bad for you.

She runs back to the van. SIRENS ARE HEARD, approaching from the distance.

GREER

Go ahead, run. I'll find you Lyndy. And
when I get you. (cold) I'll get you good.

Melinda dives in the van and struggles to get the clutch in drive. She speeds up the driveway, and out of sight. Greer laughs. The game is on.

But, back in the corner, someone is watching. It's a bum, who was sleeping in the warehouse. Terrified, he scurries out the back entrance.

EXT. DEAD END STREET - DAY

Shane leans against the patrol car, as two cops cuff him.

SHANE

I'm telling you, you want the Nelsons. I'm
just the runner.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Patrol cars speed up the hill with SIRENS SCREAMING.

INT. NELSON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

THE SCREAMS OF LED ZEPPELIN BLARE from the stereo. Jet makes a sandwich in time to the music.

There is a DEAFENING CRASH from outside. Jet runs out to investigate.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Melinda staggers in, with blood on her shirt.

JET

Melinda?!

Melinda dials 911.

JET

What the hell happened?! *Where's Mark?!!*

MELINDA

(into phone)

There's a wounded cop at Nelson's Tires Center. My husband ... is dead.

She drops the phone and falls to her knees.

JET

*Melinda! What happened?
For Christ's sake, talk to me!!*

MELINDA

I don't know! I don't know!

The WAIL OF THE SIRENS GROWS LOUDER AND LOUDER..

MELINDA(cont'd)

Oh, my God. *They're going to take me to jail!*

JET

It's all right. You didn't do anything. Just calm down.

MELINDA

(sobbing)

You don't understand!

JET

Then *talk* to me.

MELINDA

He's ... going to say I did it.

Jet makes a snap decision.

JET

Come on!

Melinda obeys. In a flash they're out the back door.

EXT. BACK YARD - DAY

The SIRENS GROW LOUDER. Jet and Melinda sprint for the back wall. Jet hoists her sister up.

JET

Hurry! Hurry!

EXT. NELSON'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Six patrol cars SCREECH to a halt.

Cops draw their guns investigating the van ... retrieving Melinda's purse... running for the front door, and around back.

EXT. BACKYARD WALL - DAY

Jet disappears over the wall, just as the cops break down the back door.

EXT. REAR NEIGHBORS HOUSE - DAY

The girls run down the side of the house, causing dogs to BARK.

JET

Go, go, go, go!

EXT. STREET - DAY

They make it to Jet's truck. Jet shoves Melinda inside and climbs in after.

INT. JET'S TRUCK - DAY

JET

Stay down!

She starts the ignition.

MELINDA
Are you stealing this truck?

JET
No, it's mine.

MELINDA
I thought you said you *flew* here.

JET
I lied.

EXT. STREET - DAY

As more cops speed past them, Jet calmly pulls out and drives down the street.

EXT. NELSON HOUSE - DAY

The neighbors are out watching the excitement. SERGEANT HOUSTON gets out of his car. He is a rugged man in his forties. A solid cop with a good track record.

HOUSTON
Any luck?

OFFICER
The house is empty, but she left her purse in the van. All her credit cards and bank accounts were in her husbands name. She won't get far.

HOUSTON
Famous last words.

INT. TRUCK - MOVING - DAY

Jet speeds down the road. Melinda is ducked down on the floor.

MELINDA
Where are you going?!

JET
Far away, as far away as we can get.

MELINDA

We have to go back.

JET

Think so? You know what they do to girls like you in the slammer?

MELINDA

Turn around!

JET

Don't do this to me! I don't know what all happened back there, but I know enough that if we go back now, we both go to jail!

MELINDA

What are we going to do?!

JET

I don't know!

MELINDA

Where in the hell are you going?!!

JET

I don't know!

The tires SCREECH as Jet almost side-swipes a car and turns onto the highway.

EXT. HIGHWAY ON RAMP - DAY

The truck makes it to the highway, just in time. Behind them, a road block team sets up.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

Jet breathes a sigh of relief. Then ...

JET

You can sit up now.

She does. Jet's notices the blood on her shirt.

JET(cont'd)

You might want to change that top.
There's some clothes in that bag.

Like a scared child, obeying orders, Melinda finds a tee-shirt and changes into it. Not exactly her style, it reads, "FOXY LADY".

MELINDA

I shouldn't have left Mark there. I just *left him there*.

JET

The cops shot him ...?

MELINDA

(nods yes)

Nathan Greer. Mark didn't even have a gun.

She starts to lose control. Jet offers her a shot of Jack Daniels.

JET

Here. Take a swig of this.

Melinda takes a swig and chokes. She offers it to Jet, who declines.

JET

Nah. Thanks. I've got a lot of driving ahead of me.

The gas gauge reads near empty.

JET

How much money do you have on you?

MELINDA

Nothing. You?

The glint of Melinda's diamond ring catches Jet's eye.

JET

Don't worry, I'll think of something.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The truck speeds down the highway.

EXT. NELSON HOUSE - AFTERNOON

A reporter and camera crew are interviewing Houston.

REPORTER

Sergeant Houston, was the surviving officer able to disclose any information about this morning's shoot out at Nelson's Tire Center?

HOUSTON

According to Officer Greer, after he was wounded, Melinda Nelson disarmed him and shot her own husband. When she fled for the get away vehicle he tried to stop her. And she tried to run him over.

REPORTER

Do you have any leads to her whereabouts?

HOUSTON

Not yet. But we're on it.

INT. PICK UP - MOVING - DAY

The gas gauge reads "full." Jet drives and eats chips from a bag of groceries. Melinda is tipsy. Her wedding ring is gone.

MELINDA

That ring was worth a lot more than eighty dollars.

JET

We didn't exactly have time to shop around.

Melinda takes a swig of whiskey.

MELINDA

We were never in love. I thought I was pregnant, so Mark did the proper thing.(laughs bitterly) But somebody had messed up the test. And then he finds out I was ... broke inside. He never forgave me for that one. I guess he never really wanted a wife ... just a baby making machine!

She laughs sadly and takes another swig.

JET

Hey, Bogart? Think you've had enough?

MELINDA

Then, he changed. He got mean. But I had no idea about the drugs. I guess that makes me pretty dumb, huh? But, hey. What can you do? He's gone now. Just like mom.

Everything gone. It's just ... "poof" gone.
Just like that.

Jet isn't good at this. She grasps for the right words.

JET

You know Lyndy, life isn't about what you have. It's about what you do. And right now we can do ... what ever we want. We can go where ever we want. We made a damn good clean get away. Hell, a lot of people would envy our position. We've got a full tank of gas, a full bag of junk food, and we've got this empty road just sitting there ... waiting for us.

EXT. JET'S TRUCK - DAY

"FREE BIRD" PLAYS as the truck drives into the sunset..

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Houston sits at Greer's bedside. Greer's chest is bandaged and his foot is in a full cast.

HOUSTON

Looks like you'll be just fine in a week or two. Until then you're on leave with pay.

GREER

I'll be back in the saddle tomorrow. This is my case. I want to go after her.

HOUSTON

Greer, believe me I appreciate your enthusiasm, but you got a busted foot and a couple of fractured ribs.

GREER

I can get around.

HOUSTON

Forget it, Greer.

GREER

You can't take me off of this. My partners dead.

HOUSTON

That's exactly why I don't want you on it.

GREER

That's BS and you know it!

HOUSTON

Look, I know how you feel Nathan. You just got back into town and you want to be the hero. But you're going to be out of commission for at least a week. And with a little luck, we'll have found her by then. I hear the fishing at Minnetonka is pretty good this time of year. Why don't you go catch yourself a big one.

He leaves. Greer unfolds a piece of paper and stares at it intently.

It is a torn high school year book page with Melinda's signed photo, it reads;

MELINDA(V.O.)

"Dear Nathan,
I'm not sure I remember you.
But thanks for the rose.
Best wishes, Lyndy McCluen"

GREER

I'll catch myself a big one, all right.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Jet's truck passes a sign which reads, "NOW ENTERING WYOMING"

INT. TRUCK - MOVING - NIGHT

Melinda, sober now, stares blankly out the window. She hasn't spoken for hours.

JET

You're going to love this place. ..(beat)
Jackson Lake. We used to cut classes
and hang out here when I was 13.

They turn onto a dirt road. The sign reads, "JACKSON LAKE - NO CAMPING."

JET

We lived here almost a year. A record for us. Frank and I never stayed anywhere long.

JET(CONT'D)

We were always running away from one situation or another. See, Frank is a "scammer", you know - a con man.

EXT. JACKSON LAKE - LATER THAT NIGHT

The girls have set up camp by the lake. Melinda sits as if in a trance starring at the moons reflection on the water. Jet is sits at the campfire, persistently babbling on, trying to break her sister's silence.

JET

..and then he made money boxing, till he developed back problems. That's when he took up counting cards, hustling pool, and liar's dice. Somehow, we always managed to keep our heads above water. But then he got lazy and started drinking. Now, he's a big mooch, charming women into supporting him. The ones that are too dumb to notice or too bored to care.

Jet stands, stretching her legs. She lights a cigarette and sits, facing the lake.

JET

He's left him a trail of broken hearts all the way to Shanghai and back again. (beat) You know, Frank never could face the fact that he screwed up with our mother. He said she was the only women he ever loved.

Finally, Melinda speaks.

MELINDA

She never gave up on you, Jet. She always knew you'd come back some day.

JET

Thanks to Frank, the big screw up, it was too late.

MELINDA

Not for me, it wasn't. I'm going to try and sleep.

She crawls under the blankets. Jet stares out at the lake. The only SOUND heard is THE CRICKETS ...until Melinda begins to cry.

JET
Are you okay?

MELINDA
Yeah. (beat) What are we going to do?

JET
We just have to take one day at a time.

Silence again for a moment.

MELINDA
You know what?

JET
What?

MELINDA
If Mark were alive right now, I'd kill him.

Melinda cries harder now. Jet pats her on the back, like a small child patting a dog.

INT. HOSPITAL - MORNING

A nurse walks down the hallway with a tray of breakfast.

INT. HOSPITAL - (GREER'S ROOM) - MORNING

The nurse enters.

NURSE
Breakfast time...

The bed is empty.

NURSE(cont'd)
Mr. Greer? Mr. Greer?

EXT. JACKSON LAKE - MORNING

Sun rays pierce the pine trees casting jagged shadows across the empty campsite.

The sound of FOOTSTEPS and HEAVY BREATHING IS HEARD AS someone approaches...observing...the remains of last night's campfire...the license plate on the

truck.. and continues, toward the lake. His pudgy fingers push an aspen branch aside as he watches Melinda and Jet, skinny dipping in the lake...

JET

... so I'm left alone with this old man I just met on the back of a horse in the middle of New Orleans!

MELINDA

How could he just leave you like that?

JET

Frank? Are you kidding? He was chasing after some stripper. He wasn't thinking with his brain.

MANS VOICE(O.S.)

All right ladies! Please step out of the water!

Terrified, the girls duck down in the water.

A paunchy, middle aged forest Ranger, "RANGER ROGER" stands on the shore holding towels out, with his head, politely turned away.

JET

Who are you?

RANGER ROGER

I'm the forest ranger for this area. I need for you both to get out of the lake.

They do. He keeps his head turned until they have their towels.

JET

What seems to be the problem, officer?

RANGER ROGER

Is that your campfire twenty five yards up?

They nod yes.

RANGER ROGER

There is no camping permitted in this area. I'm going to have to write you up a ticket. Do you girls have identification?

JET

Not on us.

They giggle. Ranger Roger is a bit flustered.

MELINDA

It's back in the truck, Officer...

RANGER ROGER

Dunfree. Roger Dunfree. All right. Let's go.

EXT. CAMPSITE- MORNING

Roger starts to copy their license plate number on the ticket.

JET

Do you mind if we get dressed, sir?

RANGER ROGER

(bumbling)

Oh, no. Of course. Go ahead.

He turns his back as the girls hold up a towel for each other, and dress. As honorable as he is, he can't help but sneak a peak, and spies Jet sliding in to her cutoffs, behind the towel. She smiles at him and he averts his eyes.

JET

We're real sorry about this, Ranger Roger.
Cynthia and I were so exhausted by the time
we got in, that we just set up the first chance
we got.

(whispers to Melinda)

Help me.

MELINDA

We would've been more than happy to pay
for a campsite, but we were kind of lost.
Mary Beth, here, isn't very good with maps.

JET

You can turn around now. We're decent.

He turns, and loses his train of thought. Melinda stands, smiling, in her wet clinging tee-shirt, and Jet's is bent over, pulling on her boots. For a man who hasn't seen another human in months, this is kind of hard to take. He wipes the perspiration from his brow.

RANGER ROGER

Yes. Well those maps can be confusing.
(then) So, did you sleep all night? No bear
problems?

MELINDA

There's *bears* in this area?!!

RANGER ROGER

Of course. See them all the time.

MELINDA

Aren't you afraid of them?

RANGER ROGER

Ah, heavens no. Just bang some tin cans
together and it scares 'em right off. So does
a high pitched frequency, like a whistle. But
if you ever see a bear with a red tag
in his ear, you don't want to mess with him.
That means they've already caused trouble.

JET

What kind of trouble?

RANGER ROGER

Oh, they can be real nasty if they want to be.
they've been known to rip the roof right off
of a convertible if they smell food inside.

MELINDA

You must be pretty brave to have a job like
yours.

RANGER ROGER

(sheepish)

Ah, well. You get used to it.

JET

(whispers, to Lyndy)

Don't ya think you're pouring it on a little
thick?

MELINDA

(sincere)

Pouring what on?

RANGER ROGER

I'll tell you what. It gets a bit lonely out here in the boonies. So, I'll rip this ticket up, on one condition. If you girls come back to my cabin and let me, you know ...

Melinda's eyes widen. Jet gulps.

RANGER ROGER(cont'd)
... cook you breakfast.

CUT TO:

INT. SAM'S DINER - DAY

Bacon and eggs SIZZLE on the grill.

Lilly serves Greer his breakfast. His foot is in a cast. His crutches lean on the counter.

LILLY

Oh, it's a crying shame. A crying shame what happened. I still can't believe it about Lyndy. Course, I always knew that Mark was no good. Why, just yesterday I said that to this young gal who was asking bout them. Yep, a real bad seed, that one. It was his jaw that gave him away. The way it just set there-

GREER

Whoa, hold on Lilly. Back it up. Someone was asking about them?

LILLY

A, no. I didn't say that.

GREER

Lilly...?

LILLY

Well, shoot. I promised Sam I wouldn't mention that gal, cute little thing she was, cuz a the dead bug. Said she was an old friend of Lindy McCleun's. Why?

GREER

What was she driving?

LILLY

A red truck. Didn't catch the license plate.
But she said she was from somewhere in
Colorado. *Northgate*.

GREER

Did you report any of this to the police?

LILLY

(looking for Sam)

Well, no. I suppose maybe I should have.

GREER

Listen, Lilly. We'll keep this our secret, but
I need a favor. I have this artist friend that
could sketch her, if you remember what she
looks like.

LILLY

Oh, I never forget a face.

INT. POLICE STATION - MORNING

Houston holds up a photo of Melinda.

HOUSTON

See this face. I'm going to make it famous.
I want this face on every news station , on
every post office wall, and on every
magazine cover that wants to do a story.

HOUSTON

Once the public gets a load of this pretty
little mug, she'll have no where to run. No
where to hide. We're gonna smoke her out!

INT. ROGER'S CABIN - DAY

The girls sit, near the fire place, finishing their pancakes. The TV plays in the
background.

RANGER ROGER

Well, you girls kept your end of the bargain,
so I'll keep mine.

He crumples up the ticket and throws it in the fire. Then he clears the dishes, feeding a
bit of bacon to his Persian cat.

RANGER ROGER

(to cat)
There you go, Prisilla.

The girls become alert as a news cast comes on the TV.

NEWSCASTER
(from the TV)
And the search continues for Melinda Nelson, the x-homecoming queen turned drug dealer. The girl who vanished with out a trace yesterday, after one local police officer was killed along with the suspects husband, Mark Nelson, at the scene of a surprise drug raid in Stillwater, Minnesota.

On the TV, a picture of Melinda comes on the screen.

NEWSCASTER
(from the TV)
Melinda Nelson is twenty eight years old, with long blonde hair and -

JET
(points out the window)
Look ! Oh wow! Did you see that?

RANGER ROGER
What? See what?!

JET
A bear I think! With a red tag!

Roger runs out. The girls follow.

EXT. ROGER'S CABIN - DAY

Roger looks around, out in the trees. The girls talk on the porch.

MELINDA
I don't believe it! That was too close.

JET
We better get a move on.

Roger, a bit out of breath, makes his way back to them.

RANGER ROGER

Looks like who ever you saw, went on his merry way.

JET

Good. Well, I guess we should be on our merry way ourselves.

RANGER ROGER

So soon? I was going to show you my butterfly collection. I know it may sound silly to young girls like you, but I have some butterflies as rare as they come.

JET

Well, your a pretty rare man yourself Ranger Roger.

MELINDA

But we're trying to keep on schedule.

RANGER ROGER

Well, maybe some other time. You're always welcome.

They give him a peck on the cheek and head for the truck. He blushes.

RANGER ROGER

(to his cat)

Now, those are nice, straight forward girls.

(to girls)

Bye, Mary Beth! Bye, Cynthia!

Dust flies as they head down the road.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

MELINDA

Now, what? *Anywhere* we go people can recognize me!

JET

Not when I'm through with you.

EXT. TRADING POST - DAY

Outside the building several Indians mill around. There is a sign that reads.

"WE PAY CASH FOR YOUR HAIR".

INT. TRADING POST - DAY

Jet browses around, looking at the jewelry, and the wigs, made from Indian hair.

MELINDA(O.S.)

So, what do you think?

Melinda's hair has been dyed brown and layered. In her dark shades she looks completely different ... hip and sophisticated.

Shoshaunna, the Indian hairdresser, stands smiling.

JET

Wow. (To Melinda) It looks so "fine." I told you Shoshaunna would do ya right.

Melinda pulls Jet's cigarette out of her mouth.

EXT. TRADING POST - DAY

The girls climb in the truck. Jet leans out and waves to Shoshaunna.

SHOSHAUNNA

Bye. Good luck!

JET

Now, remember. What do you say if anybody asks about us?

SHOSHAUNNA

(playing dumb)

Sorry, no English.

CUT TO:

INT. TRUCK - DAY

The girls pass a sign reading, "YOU ARE NOW ENTERING UTAH" A LOUD ROCK STATION PLAYS on the radio.. Melinda TURNS IT DOWN.

MELINDA

How much money do we have left?

Jet counts her money as she smokes.

JET

Umm, let's see. Enough to pour into Babe
and get us to Salt Lake City.

Jet TURNS UP THE RADIO. Melinda TURNS IT DOWN AGAIN.

MELINDA

Utah? And then what?

Melinda pulls the cigarette out of Jet's mouth and throws it out the window.

JET

Would you relax, already. According to that
news bulletin, they don't have a clue.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Greer sits alone, ruffling through the contents of his briefcase. He opens a file and leafs through it, studying ...a copy of Melinda's phone bill, with various numbers circled ... old newspaper clippings with headlines reading, "McCluen Mother Wins Custody Battle" and "Ex Husband Kidnaps Baby" with a picture of Frank and baby Jeanette ... and finally, the composite drawing of Jet.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TRUCK - DUSK

Melinda is asleep. Jet takes a drag on her cigarette, as she eyes the "empty" gas gauge. She pulls into the parking lot of a dinner house.

MELINDA(waking)

Oh, my neck is stiff. Where are we?

JET

Salt Lake City. Hungry?

MELINDA

(coughing)

I'm freezing. What's wrong with your heater?

JET

(shrugs)

Put this on.

Jet hands Melinda a sweater.

MELINDA

It's too tight. I wish I had my parka.

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

They climb out of the truck.

MELINDA

How are we paying for this?

JET

I've got it covered.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Jet wolfs down the last of her spaghetti while Melinda picks at her deep fried clams.

WAITER

More coffee?

JET

Please. And a piece of that chocolate pie.

She dunks her roll in her coffee, takes a bite, and talks with her mouth full.

JET

(to Melinda)

You barely touched your clams.

MELINDA

They're cold, and greasy.

Melinda pushes them away and goes to the ladies room.

JET

I'll eat 'em.

Jet dunks them in her spaghetti sauce and eats them. The waiter returns with the pie.

JET

Thanks.

As soon as he leaves, Melinda sneaks a piece of glass out, and places it in the pie.
Melinda returns to the table.

MELINDA

Jet. I can't go on like this. I should go back alone, and face the consequences. It's not your fault. I shouldn't have dragged you into this.

JET

You didn't drag me into this. I do what I want to do.

Under the table, Jet fingers with a tiny capsule. She pushes it in her mouth, hiding it with her napkin. Melinda watches her intently.

JET

What are you staring at?

MELINDA

Your eyes. Just then, they looked like moms. She used to get this mischievous look when she was up to something.

JET

(taking a bite)

Is that right? Mmmm, great pie.

Suddenly, she drops her fork and clutches her mouth in pain.

MELINDA

What's the matter?

JET

Ouch.

Jet spits out the piece of glass, and dabs at the blood on her lip, with the napkin.

MELINDA

It's glass.

WAITER

Is everything all right here?

MELINDA

It most certainly isn't. My sister just cut her lip.
There is glass in her pie!

JET

It's okay. Let's not make a scene.

MELINDA

I'd like to speak to the manager of this establishment, immediately!

The waiter scurries off.

MELINDA

You poor thing.

CUSTOMER

What happened?

MELINDA

There was glass in her dessert!

CUSTOMER

Oh, that's *awful!*

MANAGER

Ma'am? Should I call a doctor?

JET

I just want to go. Can we have the check?

MANAGER

It's been taken care of. And I'd like to make it up to you. Here are free dinner tickets for your next visit.

MELINDA

Well, that won't help because we're just passing through. I have to tell you sir, I am extremely disappointed with this establishment.

JET

Do you think I should call our attorney, Cynthia?

MANAGER

(hush-hushed)

No, no, no, wait. How does fifty dollars sound?

The girls exchange looks.

MELINDA

Make it one hundred.

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The girls climb in the truck, and pull out.

MELINDA

Maybe we should get you to a doctor so it doesn't get infected.

INT. TRUCK - MOVING

JET

What for? These things are perfectly harmless.

She shows Jet the vial which reads, "Blood Capsules," and spits hers out.

MELINDA

Jeanette McCluen, what have you done?

JET

You're the one that caused the scene. I was very impressed, by the way.

She pulls into a gas station.

MELINDA

I'm sorry, but this is not funny!

JET

(counting money)

Neither is charging eight bucks for spaghetti. Wait a second, there's only ninety three dollars here!

MELINDA

I tipped the waiter.

JET

You tipped the waiter *seven dollars?!!*

MELINDA

It wasn't his fault.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Jet gets out to gas up. Melinda follows.

MELINDA

Listen to me, Jet. I've put up with the cigarettes, I've put up with the rock music, but I *won't* put up with dishonesty!

JET

That's a pretty funny statement coming from someone whose picture is probably hanging in the local post office. Hold this.

Jet leaves Melinda to pump gas, as she checks the oil.

MELINDA

Are you insinuating that I'm guilty? Do you think I was involved in *drug dealing*? Or *shooting people*? Because if you do, then maybe you should just go on with out me!

JET

I believe you're not a drug dealer. As a matter of fact, I'd believe you if you told me you never J-walked. What I can't believe, is this "babe in the woods routine." We are on the run now, you and me. And you have got to learn to roll with the punches. This is basic survival here. You're stuck with it girl. This is it.

She SLAMS the hood. Melinda looks hurt.

JET(cont'd)

(softening)

Look, Lyndy. We were running past empty and we spent our last dime in Ogden. Face it. Sometimes you've just gotta get what you need. And right now, we need enough money to get us out of the country, then we can be ... saints if you want.

Neither girl speaks for a moment.

MELINDA

Okay. But after we're out of this mess and we don't need it anymore, *we are paying everyone back.*

JET

Okay! What ever!

A beat. Suddenly, Melinda smiles, and mimics Jet.

MELINDA

"We should call our attorney, Cynthia...?"

JET

What about you, *"Make it one hundred!"*
Talk about pushing your luck.

MELINDA

(calling, to Jet)

Hey! We got it didn't we!

Melinda falls back into the truck, exhausted.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE GRIZZLY BAR - EVENING

The rustic tavern is dwarfed by dark mountains. The sign reads "Colorado's Finest Ale"

INT. THE GRIZZLY BAR - EVENING

Customers drink, shoot pool, and play various bar games. Greer shows the manager, RJ, the composite drawing of Jet.

RJ

Yeah, she used to come in here. Boy, that girl could play dice. "Liars" was her game.

Greer shows him Frank's picture.

GREER

How about this guy?

RJ

Baker. That's Frank Baker, the girl's father.
The two of them could clean the place out.

GREER

Do you know where I could find them?

RJ

Can't help you there, bud. They just disappeared.

GREER

(slips him a twenty)

If you think of anything, I'm staying at The Big Rock Resort.

RJ

Hang on. You might try Colleen Montgomery. She owns a place in Hilldale called "Colleen's Delights" I think she and Baker had a thing going.

GREER

Appreciate it.

INT. SALT LAKE MOTEL - NIGHT

Jet paces back and forth by the open window, smoking. The wind roars outside. Melinda sleeps peacefully. A travel commercial on the TV, catches her attention. It shows happy families, vacationing in The Caribbean's.

EXT. GIFT SHOP - DAY

Melinda watches Jet insert a folded piece of paper inside a PINK ENVELOPE, and seal it. Then, she writes "MOM" on the envelope, and circles it with a heart.

MELINDA

You sure this'll work?

JET

Like taking candy from a baby.

A young sales clerk, TYLER, walks into the gift store. Melinda nudges Jet, and she nods.

INT. GIFT SHOP - DAY

Tyler relieves the sales manager behind the register.

SALES MANAGER

See you, in a bit.

The sales manager walks out.

EXT. GIFT SHOP - DAY

JET

Okay, he's gone. Now, don't forget. Your cue is ... *"you look just like my old boyfriend"*.

Jet slips the envelope under her shirt .

INT. GIFT SHOP

Jet selects a "Birthday" card and a pink envelope, and takes them to the register.

TYLER

(to Jet)

That'll be a dollar sixty-two.

She hands him two dollars, and takes a pen from the display.

JET

Do you mind if I use one of these?

TYLER

Go right ahead.

Melinda enters, browsing around.

Jet writes, "MOM" on the front of the card.

JET

Do you have any gift ideas for a great mom?
My budget is sixty dollars.

TYLER

How about one of these perfumes?

Jet sprays some on her neck. And leans over so to him.

JET

(flirting)

Hmmm. What do you think?

TYLER

(flirting back)

I think it smells good on you.

JET

I don't know. I just can't make up my mind
about anything. You know, us women.
(giggle) I'm just gonna send her cash. Then
she can decide.

TYLER

That's a good idea.

She takes out a wad of ones.

JET

You wouldn't happen to have three twenties
would you?

TYLER

I'll check. (he does)

TYLER(CONT'D)

Today must be your lucky day.

He gives her three twenties, in exchange for the ones, and starts counting them.
Jet slips the twenties inside the envelope, and seals it.

JET

Can I ask you something? What high school
did you go to?

TYLER

Lincoln.

JET

Oh...really?
(gives Melinda the cue)
Because you look just like my old boyfriend.

Melinda knocks over a box of stuffed animals.

MELINDA

Ohhhh!

As Tyler turns to see what happened, *Jet quickly switches the envelopes ...*
(so she is holding the envelope stuffed with paper, and the one stuffed with "twenties," is
hidden, under her shirt)

MELINDA

Sorry.

TYLER

No problem. (re:bills) There's only thirty
"ones" here.

He hands them back to her, so she can count them.

JET

(counting)

That can't be... oh, that *is* right. I forgot how much I spent. *Shoot*. Can you do me an iddy biddy favor and hang on to this, while I run to my bank?

She pushes the sealed "DUMMY" envelope toward him, (with the paper inside.)

JET(cont'd)

It's right across the street.

TYLER

I think I can handle that.

She puts the ones back in her pocket.

JET

Oh, thank you. You're saving my life.

TYLER

You hurry back, now.

He watches her go. Then checks his hair, in the mirror.

EXT. GIFT SHOP - DAY

Jet barrels around the corner and smacks right into someone. The envelope falls to the ground. It's the sales manager. Jet freezes as he reaches for the envelope. Someone else grabs it ...Melinda!

MELINDA

Mary Beth?! Mom's right over there. You almost blew the surprise.

She whisks Jet away.

INT. PICK-UP TRUCK - MOVING

Jet pulls out of the parking lot. Melinda rips open the envelope and takes out the twenties.

JET

You're a natural. I can't believe it. What a team.

MELINDA

We almost got caught! I'm still shaking.

Melinda opens a notebook and starts writing in it.

JET

What's that?

MELINDA

Our book of debts. I'm keeping track of everyone we "borrow" from. Remember, once we don't need it ... pay back time.

JET

You *swiped* that book!

MELINDA

It's on my list. See. The Gift Horse:
Sixty dollars ... plus two dollar note book.

CUT TO:

INT. COLLEEN'S DELIGHTS - AFTERNOON

Greer sits at an elegant table, enjoying chocolate mousse and cappuccino. COLLEEN, a plump, bohemian woman, wearing lots of jewelry, swishes toward Greer.

COLLEEN

You wanted to see me?

GREER

Colleen?

COLLEEN

The one and only.

GREER

I'm trying to find Frank Baker.

COLLEEN

Oh, *really*? What'd he do now?

GREER

I have reason to believe-

COLLEEN

Never mind. I don't want to know.

GREER

Do you know where he is?

COLLEEN

Not exactly. But if you wanted to find him,
I'd look up that tramp singer he ran off with.

GREER

And who might that be?

COLLEEN

She goes by "Rosie Galore", and I *think* she's
in Tahoe somewhere. That's all I know.

GREER

Thank you. You've been a great help.

She starts to go, then hesitates.

COLLEEN

Mister? (beat) If you find him, tell him
Colleen says, "hello."

She goes. Greer crunches up the pink paper place mat and blows his nose into it.

CUT TO:

INT. WESTERN SALOON - NIGHT

"LYING EYES" by the Eagles plays. Jet is playing "liar's dice" with a TRUCKER, a BIKER, and an OLD MAN. They have each wagered ten dollars. Melinda sits next to her, drinking a strawberry daiquiri.

Across the room, an Asian man, in an expensive white cowboy outfit, smiles at Melinda.

At the game, the bluffing begins.

TRUCKER

Two fours.

BIKER

Two fives

OLD MAN

Two sixes.

JET

Three sixes.

TRUCKER

Let's see 'em.

The men show their dice. Only one six, between them. The old man grins...

TRUCKER

(to Jet)

You better have two.

JET

(lifting her cup)

Well, what do you know.

She has him. The trucker throws in his money. He's out of the game.

Melinda goes to the ladies room. The man in white, watches her.

At the table, the players go another round. The old man who holds up his cup. It's no good.

OLD MAN

Damn.

He puts in his ten dollars.

BIKER

It's down to you and me babe.

They each have one die left. They slam their cups down, and peek underneath. It's Jet's call.

JET

One six.

The biker smiles.

BIKER

Two sixes.

JET

(showing her dice)

Can't help you here.

She has... a three. The victory is hers.

JET(cont'd)

Sorry, Charlie.

She pockets the forty dollars goes to the bar. Melinda grabs her arm, clearly upset.

BIKER

(coming on to Jet)

You can beat me anytime, little momma.

MELINDA

Come on, we're leaving.

JET

(to Biker)

Sorry, but from here on out, you'll just have to beat yourself.

Melinda winks her away.

JET

Hey, slow down, Lyndy. What's going on?

MELINDA

I've never been so insulted. That man in the white hat said I was built like mount Fuji.

JET

So?

MELINDA

Then he said he'd give me a hundred and fifty dollars *to spend the night with him!*

JET

Yeah, right. A girl like you would cost him *well* over two hundred.

MELINDA

Jeanette!

JET

Okay, *three* hundred. That's enough gas, to get us to *Baja*.

MELINDA

What are you saying?

JET
I'm saying "we need it."

INT. BUDGET MOTEL - NIGHT

Melinda enters followed by BEN, (the man in white.)

MELINDA
(nervously)
This is it, Mr. Yamamoto.

BEN
Please, call me, Ben.

He turns on the radio, "KC and The Sunshine Band," throws off his jacket, and slithers up behind Melinda. She shudders at his touch.

BEN(cont'd)
Relax, fine lady. Together we will climb to
great heights of pleasure.

He tries to kiss her.

MELINDA
I'm sorry. But I have to get the money first.

BEN
No problem.
(handing her 3 hundred)
Pocket change. If you treat me right, there
will be no end to the rewards you will
receive.

She slips the money inside her dress, smiling weakly. He lays back on the bed and kicks off his boot.

BEN
(patting the mattress)
Come here, my pet. I'm going to make you
feel like a woman.

MELINDA
Just one moment. I have to... take care of
something first.

BEN
(unbuttoning his shirt)
Take your time. We have all night.

He starts to unzip his pants. Melinda escapes into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Melinda locks the door, turns on the faucet, and squeezes out the window.

EXT. BUDGET HOTEL - NIGHT

Melinda throws down her high heels, and jumps down barefoot. She sprints for the truck. The girls drive off.

INT. BUDGET HOTEL - NIGHT

Ben, in his boxer shorts, grooves to music, in anticipation ...

BEN

(singing with radio)

Do a little dance,
Make a little love,
Get down tonight...

INT. TRUCK - MOVING - NIGHT

MELINDA

Three hundred dollars! That was *sooo* easy!

JET

I am soooo happy!

MELINDA

How happy are you?!

JET

I'm happier than ... a baby sweat hog, lying in
a puddle of mud, looking up at my momma's
teat just shinning in the sunlight!

They laugh so hard it hurts.

A car full of teenagers hoot at Melinda. She hoots back. This triggers another outburst of laughter. Melinda wipes tears from her eyes.

MELINDA

It feels so good to laugh again.

"YOU GET WHAT YOU NEED" by Rolling Stones comes on the radio.

JET

My song!

She CRANKS UP THE VOLUME. THE GIRLS SING ALONG AT THE TOP OF THEIR LUNGS.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The truck rolls off into the distance.

INT. HOUSTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Houston, at his desk speaks on the phone.

HOUSTON

(into phone)

So, you burned up the ticket. But you're sure it was a *59 Chevy pick up*?

INT. ROGER'S CABIN - DAY

RANGER ROGER

Yes, and the license plate was spelled something like ...HONEY? No ... DEAR? No ... darn! It's on the tip of my tongue.

INT. HOUSTON'S OFFICE - DAY

HOUSTON

What about the carbon? Do you have that?

INT. ROGER'S CABIN - DAY

RANGER ROGER

As a matter of fact, it's still in my book. Let me see. (checks the carbon) Here it is! O-H. B-A-B-E. Oh babe. That's it. Sergeant Houston, I have to tell you, I had a hard time making this call. They seemed like such nice girls. But when I saw that Cynthia, err... Melinda was *wanted*...well, I felt it was my duty.

INT. HOUSTON'S OFFICE - DAY

HOUSTON

Rest assured, you did the right thing. Thank you. (he re-dials) Tony, Melinda has

a *friend*. I just got a make on their vehicle.

INT. ROGER'S CABIN - DAY

RANGER ROGER

(to his cat)

Well, Prisilla, we did it. But right or wrong, I still can't help but wish those girls good luck.

INT. TRUCK DAY(MOVING) - DAY

Melinda pulls into a grocery store and parks. Jet studies a road map.

JET

So, if you want to stop at the Grand Canyon, and then Vegas, I'd say we could make it to Tiajuana by Friday.

MELINDA

Then, we go straight. We could start some kind of a business. I can bake pretty well.

JET

I can fix cars. We'll figure something out. I hear the beaches in Baja are outrageous.

EXT. TRUCK

The truck speeds by.

CUT TO:

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Melinda and Jet suck on Tootsie pops, waiting, as the CHECKER rings up their groceries. Melinda checks her list.

MELINDA

Did you get the napkins?

JET

Oops. Hang on.

Jet snags them from a nearby display. As she returns, a customer, at the end of the line, grabs her arm. He is a lounge lizard.

WILLY

Hi, there. Names Willy. I couldn't help but notice you two girls. Wanna join me and my buddies across the street for happy hour?

JET

Maybe some other time.

She tries to go, but he won't release her.

WILLY

(eyeing her up & down)

Ah, come on, honey. *I'm* buying. Anything you and yer friend want, is on me. That is, if you smile pretty and treat us nice.

Jet gets an idea. Her eyes dart to the check out girl, and back.

JET

That sounds ... great. I'll ask Cynthia.

She joins Melinda at the front of the line. The checker rings up her napkins with the rest.

CHECKER

That'll be thirty six fifty.

JET

(quietly, to the checker)

The guy at the end of the line, the one in the gold chains, is paying for this.

(calls to the guy)

It's on you, right Willy?

Jet and Melinda wave to him. He waves back.

WILLY

That's right, honey! I'm buying!

CHECKER

(shrugs)

Okay.

The checker saves the receipt, and the girls run out.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Houston chats with Tony, one of the detectives on the Nelson case.

TONY

Baldwin is sticking to his story. He says Melinda hated Mark because he kept her under complete control. He thinks she wanted to run off with the drug money, but when things went wrong, she shot him.

GREER

What do you think?

TONY

Personally, I think he's lying. He's trying to pin the rap on her, because she's not here to dispute his story.

HOUSTON

Yeah, well, I smell a rat. A big stinky smelly fat one.

TONY

None of this adds up. Melinda Nelson was considered practically an angel by everyone who knew her. She baked pies for charity. Volunteered her time teaching children's Theatre. But Greer's story backs up everything Baldwin is saying.

HOUSTON

Like I said. I smell a rat. And the sooner we find Melinda Nelson and her traveling companion the better.

TONY

How far can two girls in a red pick with OH BABE plates get?

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

The checker finishes ringing up Willy's items: cigarettes and a lighter.

CHECKER

That'll be seventy-one dollars and ten cents.

WILLY

Huh?

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Jet's truck passes a sign that reads: "WELCOME TO ARIZONA". An upbeat SONG, plays on the radio. Melinda rides in back, relaxing on a lounge chair. She's wearing shades, eating grapes, and getting a tan. Jet is talking on the CB as the drive.

JET

(into CB)

This is Stargazer comin' at you south bound,
on "I" fifteen. If anybody sees a Mr. Bear,
come back at me, cuz I'm doin' eighty, and
I'd like to hang on to my "green stamps".

VOICE

(from CB)

Coast is clear Stargazer, but we'll keep a
look out.

EXT. GRAND CANYON - DAY

Melinda leans over the rail, taking in the view of the canyon. Jet barbers for a rabbit's foot, at a souvenir stand.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Now, Melinda is driving and Jet is reclining in the back. A truck blasts by HONKING. Jet waves.

INT. BIG RIG - DAY

QUARTER POUNDER a BIG trucker spots a cop car.

QUARTER POUNDER

(into CB)

Come in Little Princess, this is Quarter
Pounder, warnin' you and Stargazer, of a
Smoky Bear one mile back, cookin' with his
radar range...Come back.

INT. JET'S TRUCK - DAY

MELINDA

(into CB)

This is Little Princess. Thank you, kindly
mister Pounder, ten-four out.

(to herself)

This might be a good time for a picnic.

EXT. HIGHWAY

She pulls off, into a rest area.

EXT. GRAND CANYON - DAY

A couple of policemen talk with the owner of the souvenir stand. Nearby, Greer sits in a white rental car, stroking his mustache and watching.

INT. RENTAL CAR - DAY

Greer marks his road map, crossing out the Grand Canyon and circling Las Vegas and Los Angeles.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

A man is hitch hiking with a gas can. His wife and child sit on their broken down car. Jet and Melinda pull over and give them all a lift. The road sign overhead reads, "LAS VEGAS 20, MILES".

EXT. LAS VEGAS - STRIP - NIGHT

They drop off the hitch hikers. Jet drives, as Melinda stares at the casino lights.

The rabbit's foot dangles from the mirror.

INT. FRENCH RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Dressed to the nines, Jet and Melinda dine, in a "5 star" restaurant. The CAPTAIN comes by, to refill their champagne.

CAPTAIN

How was the chateaubriand?

With a napkin, Jet dabs blood from her lip.

MELINDA

You don't want to know.

INT. JET'S TRUCK - MOVING

Melinda writes, "LE PETITE CHATEAU - \$280.00" in her *book of debts*.

Jet sings as she drives.

EXT. LAS VEGAS MOTEL - NIGHT

Melinda crawls out of the second story window, grabs a tree limb, swings down to the grass, and dives in the truck with Jet. She's getting good at this.

INT. PICK-UP TRUCK - DAY -(MOVING)

The girls "rock out" with the radio, and sip milkshakes.

EXT. TRUCK - DAY

They zip past the sign, "WELCOME TO CALIFORNIA".

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Tony knocks. Houston, on the phone, waves him in.

TONY

You're not gonna like this. Now Baldwin's claiming he was illegally tapped, and his lawyers are screaming entrapment.

HOUSTON

What?

TONY

If his story checks out, it's gonna be tough to nail him. Did I tell you I talked to Greer?

HOUSTON

When?

TONY

Just, now. He wanted an update on the case.

HOUSTON

If he calls again. I want to talk to him. We got an anonymous call from someone who

says he witnessed the whole thing. All he said was, Melinda didn't do it. the cop did. Hung up, before I could get anything else.

INT. JET'S TRUCK - MOVING

Melinda is driving.

MELINDA

Come on. Let's stop in Los Angeles for a couple of days.

JET

Have you ever seen the skies in LA?

MELINDA

No.

JET

Don't feel bad. Nobody has. I say, pass. We could be at the border in four more hours. I think we should stay on track.

MELINDA

I've never seen the ocean. We've got twelve hundred dollars. Lets live it up.

JET

(awed)

Twelve hundred dollars?

(coy)

There is someone in San Diego I wouldn't mind looking up.

EXT. BEACH MOTEL - SUNSET

Jet's truck is parked in the lot.

INT. BEACH MOTEL - SUNSET

The ocean breeze sweeps through the sliding glass door. Melinda enjoys the view from the back porch, while savoring a shrimp cocktail. Jet soaks in a bubble bath Jacuzzi, sipping champagne, as she speaks into the phone.

JET

(into phone)

Hey, dude, guess whose stylin'-it-up right down the beach?

EXT. BEACH - SUNSET

Fog obscures the view. Jet and Melinda sit, staring at the ocean.

JET

Lyndy??

MELINDA

Yeah?

JET

What was our mother like?

MELINDA

Good question. Mom seemed so strong. But when you were kidnapped, it hurt her badly, and she shut down. She used to look out the window in silence for hours, smoking cigarettes. It wasn't until after high school that she started to open up. I realized that underneath her aloofness, she was pretty fragile. When she had the heart attack, I was there, and ... it was the first time she ever told me, that she loved me. I was thankful we had finally made our peace.

The waves smash into the rocks.

MELINDA

Jet?

JET

Yeah?

MELINDA

What do you want to do with your life?

JET

Me? Hell, I just want to get paid for existing. Someplace with No troubles. No hurries. No clouds. Just blue, blue skies.

A HOOT penetrates the serenity.

A jeep, packed with five guys from the band, "Dead Moose Heads," races toward them. Driving is HAZE, the lead singer. With his waist length hair, and pretty boy smile, he is quickly becoming a heart throb, (after one hit single.)

Haze wears a white tux jacket, faded Levi's, and tennis shoes.

Jet shrieks. In true James Bond style, he scoops her aboard the speeding vehicle.

JET

Lookin' good, Haze. Cool jacket.

He rips it off, exposing his "heart & dagger" tattoo.

HAZE

It's yours.

She puts on his jacket, and they circle back for Melinda.

JET

Where are we going?

HAZE

My pad. I'm throwin' a party in your honor.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

A small beach party is in progress. Haze and his band, are jamming on the back porch. There are assortments party animals dancing, drinking, and bar-b-queuing.

Jet waits in line, at the beer keg. She smiles at a punk with the blue mohawk.

JET

Nice color. Is it natural?

Melinda watches some kids set off some fireworks. They explode over the ocean. One of them, a girl dressed in leather, called PUPPY, approaches Melinda.

PUPPY

Got a light?

MELINDA

Sure.

She hands a lighter to Puppy. Puppy ignites a cherry bomb and throws it into the water. There is a huge explosion. Melinda shrieks.

PUPPY

Kicks ass, huh? You give it a try

Puppy hands Melinda a cherry bomb.

MELINDA

Maybe later.

Not knowing what to do with the thing, she puts it in her purse.

Haze wails into the mike, gyrating as he sings. The girls scream for him. He winks to Jet.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE DEN - LATER

Only the die hards remain. Three of the band guys, are cutting up for Jet. They sing Paul McCartney's "JET," to her.

Nearby, Haze is in deep discussion with Melinda, Puppy, and Fatboy.

HAZE

(holding in his hit)

I'm tellin' you man, this ozone-deterioration is going to wipe our butts off the face of the planet, man. *I'm serious.* If we don't start drivin' magnetic cars we're all history, right Fatboy?

He passes a beer to FATBOY, a skinny, pseudo surf-punk

FATBOY

For sure, man. The Mafia pays the pope to tell the Mexicans not to use birth control so they'll keep down the price of drugs for the CIA. so they can sell nuclear bombs to the terrorists for false hostages. It's BS I'm telling you. BS.

MELINDA

I think we need a woman for president.

PUPPY

If she looked like you I'd vote for her.

HAZE

No way, man. There'd be nuclear threat once a month.

Everyone laughs.

FATBOY

Besides, girls aren't deceptive enough to become political heavies.

Jet sneaks up behind Fatboy, and steals a cigarette from his pocket.

MELINDA
(watching Jet)
That's what you think.

Jet pulls Haze over to the stairway.

JET
Got a light?

He kisses her gently then throws his lighter to the top of the stairs.

HAZE
Upstairs.

They walk up stairs together.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Melinda stands alone, on the back porch, looking at the ocean.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Haze and Melinda are intertwined in a passionate embrace.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT - LATER

Melinda walks down the deserted foggy beach. Someone calls to her.

MANS VOICE(O.S.)
Melinda?

A SHADOWY FIGURE approaches. The fog is too thick to see who it is.

MELINDA
Whose there?

MAN
It's me.

The fog clears for a moment ... it looks like her father.

MELINDA
Dad?

MAN

Melinda?

They run toward each other, slowly, with arms outstretched. Just as they are about to touch, the fog dissipates, and his face becomes clear ... *It is Greer.*
Melinda screams, backs up, and trips over something ... *It is Marks dead body.*

CUT TO:

INT. BEACH HOUSE - MORNING

Melinda awakens from her nightmare, sprawled out on the sofa. The clock says, 9:am. The place is trashed from the party.

She climbs upstairs, to the bedroom, and knocks. Jet answers the door.

MELINDA

I'm going to go back to the hotel.
Are you coming?

JET

I want to say good-bye to Haze. I'll catch you, in a few.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - MORNING

Melinda crosses the street, passing the high school.

EXT. MAIN-MART - MORNING

Melinda comes out, carrying a bag of groceries. She rounds the corner to their hotel, and stops dead, in her tracks.

Police cars have surrounded Jet's truck. Slowly, she backs away. No one notices Melinda ... or do they?

Across the street, in a rental car ... Greer watches Melinda, as she runs away from the hotel.

Greer pulls out after her.

EXT. SIDE STREET - MORNING

Greer pulls along side of Melinda, adjusting his speed to hers.

GREER

Hello, Lindy.

Melinda gasps. Thinking quick, she hurls a bottle of wine at his windshield, causing him to swerve.

Melinda drops the groceries, and cuts through the high school parking lot. Greer follows her.

She runs down the bleachers, which lead to the football field.

Greer gets out of his car. There is no road down this way, and with his foot still in a cast, he can't go after her. He gets back into the car.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - MORNING

Melinda runs across the field, toward the exit, (on Haze's Street.)

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - MORNING

Haze REVS up his dune buggy. Jet, still wearing his tux jacket, kisses him good-bye. He takes off. Greer's car, speeds by her, SCREECHES AROUND THE CORNER, and into the high school.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - MORNING

Melinda sees Greer racing toward her. She SCREAMS.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - MORNING

Jet HEARS THE SCREAM. Alarmed, she runs toward the entrance.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - MORNING

Greer pulls along side of her. Her pace is slowing, due to exhaustion.

GREER

(smiling)

See Melinda run. See Melinda sweat.

Where will she go? What will she do?

She staggers underneath the bleachers. Greer parks, and hobbles after her, on foot.

Under the bleachers, Melinda has reached a dead end. Hyperventilating, she collapses against a cement pillar. *Greer has her trapped.*

GREER

You have the right to remain silent and all that crap. (laughs) Don't look so surprised. I told you I'd find you, didn't I ...?

Melinda drops her purse and begins to cry. Her legs give out. She sinks to the ground.

GREER(cont'd)

. . .and that when I found you, I'd "get you good." What do you think I meant by that, Lyndy? That I'd arrest you? Oh, I'll arrest you all right, but first things first.

He removes his holster and moves, slowly, toward her.

MELINDA

You're scaring me.

She huddles over her purse, pretending to cry.

Slyly, she gropes inside it ...

GREER

What are you going to do, Lyndy? Call the police? (he laughs) Kind of ironic, isn't it? Being here, under the bleachers. You should feel right at home.(he laughs again.) Right, Melinda?

Melinda whips out the cherry bomb and lights it.

MELINDA

(lights it)

Wrong.

She hurls it at him. Greer shields himself, as it blows up in his face, knocking him over.

JET(O.S.)

Jeez! (beat)

Jet stands there, aghast, as Melinda kicks him in the stomach.

JET

Man, I better not piss you off.

Completely transformed, Melinda grabs his gun.

MELINDA

Come on!

Greer's face is singed. He curses under his breath and tries to get up.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - MORNING

Melinda leaps into his car. Jet flings Greer's briefcase out on the field, and jumps in.

Greer's briefcase pops open. A cellular phone and recording equipment spill onto the grass.

Melinda starts the car and makes a U-turn.

INT. CAR - MOVING

JET

Who the hell was that?!

MELINDA

Our cop friend, Nathan Greer.

WHAM! From out of nowhere, Greer DIVES ONTO THE WINDSHIELD! They both SCREAM.

EXT. CAR - DAY

Melinda yanks the wheel violently, swerving the car, until Greer loses his grip.

INT. CAR - DAY

Greer falls to the ground. Jet looks back at him.

JET

How did he find us?!

MELINDA

There were police all over the hotel.
Everywhere.

JET

Oh, no! no! no! Not my Babe! Not my
beautiful Babe.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Melinda and Jet speed by a parked highway patrolman. He BLARES and takes off, after them.

INT. CAR - MOVING - DAY

The girls spot the cop behind.

MELINDA

Oh, no!

JET

Watch it! I'm taking over.

Jet takes the wheel as Melinda slides over to the passenger side.

INT. PATROL CAR - MOVING - DAY

PATROLMAN

(into radio)

This is one, out of nineteen, on Northbound
283 at Rosemead. We're in hot pursuit of a white
late model Ford. License number "FLK-394"

INT. CAR - MOVING - DAY

Jet waits until she reaches 100 mph, then SLAMS on the brakes.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Jet spins a one eighty, and accelerates into oncoming traffic. The patrol car shoots past them. Then turns onto the shoulder and speeds after them.

INT. CAR - MOVING - DAY

Jet BLARES HER HORN, swerving right and left, around oncoming vehicles.

MELINDA

Please God, let us get through this.

They swerve to avoid a bus.

BOTH GIRLS

Ahhhhh!!!

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Jet drives, against traffic, on the shoulder. The patrol follows, gaining on them. She does another U-turn. The patrol car tries to follow, but loses control, and spins out in front of a lumber truck, causing it to jack knife.

It hits the embankment and the trailer breaks. The logs roll across the highway creating a giant roadblock.

Jet, ahead of the jam, speeds toward the off ramp.

The patrol car detours up and on the embankment. Several other patrol cars catch up, and follow his path.

EXT. OFF RAMP - DAY

At the end of the exit road, is a four way intersection. Straight ahead, leads back onto the highway. To the right, is a down hill, windy road

The girls approach the intersection. The car runs the stop, and turns down to the windy road.

INT. CAR - MOVING - DAY

JET

Jump!

EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY

The girls leap out, as the car rolls down the windy road.

The patrol cars make the intersection, and turn right, chasing the rolling car.

A van, towing a motor boat, pulls up to the stop. It passes through the intersection and onto the Highway on ramp.

EXT. WINDY ROAD - DAY

The empty car plummets over the cliff.

The patrol men climb out of their cars as the car explodes into flames.

PATROL MAN

(shaking his head)

And they were such pretty little things, too.

EXT. HIGHWAY - MOVING

The girls lay in the back of the motorboat, catching their breath. The unsuspecting driver of the van, tows them along. Jet pulls out a pack of cigarettes, but they are squashed.

JET

How much cash do you have on you?

Melinda pulls two quarters, and a marker pen out of her pocket.

MELINDA

I left our stash back at the hotel.

Above them, the cloud swallows the sun.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROAD - AFTERNOON

It's gloomy and windy on the desolate roadside. Jet and Melinda fight to stay warm, as they hitch hike. A car approaches, but passes them by.

JET

Fuck! 400 miles off track. I knew we should've kept going. But, no. *You* had to stop and see the fucking ocean. I can't believe I lost my truck. What a fucking drag.

MELINDA

Maybe you can ... get it back, eventually.

JET

Oh, come on, Lyndy. Use your brain. It's history. Comprendo?

MELINDA

Look ... I'm sorry. When this is all over, I'll buy you another truck.

JET

I don't want another truck. I *knew* we shouldn't have stopped. Fuck!

MELINDA

I said, I was sorry. Come on. It was just ... an ... *old* truck, ya know?

JET

I happened to have loved that *old* truck. Not everybody has *Porches* and *houses with white picket fences* handed to them on a silver platter. I *knew* it. The moment I saw your picture, I thought, stuck up, pain in the fucking ass.

MELINDA

Well, ... why did you bother looking me up?

JET

Good question.

MELINDA

Why don't you try answering it.

JET

Cash, darling. For a plane ticket out of this rat race. I figured you owed me.

MELINDA

Oh, *I* owed *you*? Is that what you thought?

JET

Well, we're family. And it's obvious who had it easy.

MELINDA

So, that's all you cared about, a *plane ticket*?

JET

Believe me, if I had any idea that within one week with you, I'd be penniless, smokeless, truckless and freezing my ass off on the side of the road, I would've never bothered.

MELINDA

Well, why don't you just leave?

JET

Best idea you've had all week.

MELINDA

Good riddance.

JET

Same to you.

Jet crosses the highway. The rain starts to fall.

MELINDA

(under her breath)

Stupid truck.

(to Jet)

You are *such* a hypocrite. You said life isn't
about what you have, *it's what you do!*

JET

I'm doing it!

She holds out her thumb.

MELINDA

You think *I* had it *easy?! You* didn't get
dumped by your own father!

MELINDA(cont'd)

You didn't spend your whole life fighting to
get your mothers attention ... only to have
her die in your arms! *You didn't have a*
husband who hated you so much he wouldn't
even touch you! Except to hit you! I'd have
traded places with you, anytime! *You're the*
one who had it easy!!

A truck shoots by Jet and then stops. She runs for it.

JET

I'm outta here!

MELINDA

Fine! Run away! Go find your blue skies!
But, I got news for you Jeanette! This is as
blue as they get!!

The rain pours down mercilessly.

Jet makes it to the truck. The door opens. The red necks inside are very drunk.

REDNECK #1

Ya cold, honey?

REDNECK # 2

Her nipples are hard!

REDNECK #1

We'll keep ya warm!

Melinda watches as the truck pulls away. Jet isn't in it. She walks to the bus shelter and sits under it. The rain is pouring so hard that Melinda has little choice but to join her. The fight is out of them. Jet wipes a tear away.

JET

I'm sorry. I ...went off.

MELINDA

It doesn't matter.

JET

It wasn't just ... the truck. It was ... I dunno, ... everything. We were so ... close, you know. (beat) Know what I really felt when Frank showed me your picture? Scared.

JET(CONT'D)

You and mom looked ... just ... so beautiful. And normal. I thought you were better than me. So, maybe, I didn't want to like you.

MELINDA

Yeah, well ... I cursed you a few times, too.

JET

Why?

MELINDA

Dad took *you*, right? I may have only been six, but I remember everything, clear as a bell. He was ... my hero. He used to say, I'll always be there for you, little princess.

JET

Dear old dad. (beat) You know, we're not too far from Tahoe.

MELINDA

Oh, no. Don't even *think* about it.

A local bus approaches. The sign reads "Sacramento"

JET

I know how you feel. (beat) But, if anyone could get us out of this mess, it'd be Frank.

Jet squeezes her hand. The bus stops for them.

BUS DRIVER

Going into town?

JET

Can we get there on 50 cents?

EXT. VACANT HOUSE - NIGHT

The rain has stopped. Jet sneaks off, with the "HOUSE FOR RENT" sign.

Melinda writes on the back of it with a black marker.

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A corvette approaches.

Melinda signals to Jet. Jet flips the sign around, and digs it into the planter stand. She has written, "VALET PARKING".

The Corvette pulls up and stops.

Looking official, in Haze's tux jacket, Jet opens the door for the unsuspecting driver. He gives Jet two dollars, and heads inside the restaurant.

Jet jumps in the car, picks up Melinda, and they speed off.

EXT. HIGHWAY/CORVETTE - MOVING

JET

We're in luck. This guy just gassed up.

INT. HOUSTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Houston sits at his desk. The phone rings and he picks it up.

HOUSTON

(into phone)

Houston, here.

INT. PAY PHONE - DAY

It's Greer. He now has no mustache nor eyebrows and his face is blistered from the burn.

GREER

(into phone)

Houston. Just checking in on the progress.

BACK TO HOUSTON

HOUSTON

(into phone)

We found the bug you placed at Baldwin's.
You better get your butt back here, pronto.

GREER

(into phone)

What are you talking about?

HOUSTON

(into phone)

Cut the charade, Greer. We ran a make on
the car the girls were last seen in, and it
turned out to be rented to you.

GREER(CONT'D)

I know what you're up to Greer and you can't
do this. You're out of your jurisdiction and
you're breaking every rule in the book.
Consider yourself suspended. You hear
what I'm saying, Greer? Greer? *Answer me!*

BACK TO INT. PAY PHONE

But Greer is gone. The phone dangles off the hook, in the empty booth, located
... at a gas station, *in Tahoe*.

INT. CASINO - NIGHT

FIVE PLAYERS, are in the middle of a high stakes poker hand.

PLAYER #1 has two queens showing.

DEALER

Queens talk.

PLAYER #1

Fifty.

PLAYER #2

I'm in.

PLAYER #3 ponders his hand. It is FRANK MCCLUEN (BAKER), still looking good,
at fifty four. He has four hearts showing.

FRANK

I'll see your fifty, and raise you fifty.

PLAYER #4
Ah, he's bluffing. I'm in.

PLAYER #5
(folding)
Too rich for my blood.

PLAYER #1
I'll see your fifty, and raise you fifty.

PLAYER #2
I'm out.

FRANK
I'm in.

Player #4 folds. It's down to Frank and Player #1. The dealer deals the final cards.

DEALER
Down and dirty.

Frank draws a club, making his hand worthless.

Jet spots Frank, and struts toward him, snagging a glass of champagne from a waitress.

DEALER
Queens still talk.

PLAYER#1
One hundred dollars.

FRANK
(bluffing)
I'll see your hundred and raise you...

Jet gives Frank a kiss on the cheek. She acts drunk.

JET
Hi, honey.

His surprise quickly turns to annoyance.

FRANK
(under his breath)
Get the hell out of here.

Jet giggles.

JET

Don't be a grouch. I'm bored. Why did you
leave me back at the-

She notices Frank's hand and her mouth drops open in awe supporting his bluff.

Then as if to catch herself she acts nonchalant. overly nonchalant.

JET

Didn't mean to interrupt.
(she hiccups)
Whoops.
(whispering too loud)
Bet it all.

DEALER

Well, what's your bet?

FRANK

(acting perturbed)
I'll raise you three hundred.

All eyes fall on player #1. He glances first at hi poker-faced opponent and then at Jet who is trying to hold back a smile.

PLAYER #1

Take it.

He folds. They bluffed him out. Frank takes the pot.

FRANK

Thanks boys, it's been a pleasure.

He puts his arm around Jet and they walk off together.

INT. CASINO - HALLWAY

FRANK

Hi, angel. What perfect timing. What are
you doing here? Couldn't stay mad at your
old man, huh? Couldn't live without me.
That's all right. I understand.

JET

Where's my cut?

FRANK

Oh, that's right.

He gives her a handful of chips. They continue through the casino.

JET

Frank, the reason-

FRANK

Hey, have you seen Rosie, yet? She's gonna crap in her pants when she sees how much money I won. Maybe you better not tell her.

JET

Frank-

FRANK

I'll buy her a new dress. That oughta keep her happy for a while.

JET

Frank. There's something very important I have to tell you.

FRANK

You're not pregnant are you?

JET

No, I'm not pregnant.

She guides him to the bar.

JET

There's someone here I want you to meet.

FRANK

He better be rich.

JET

It's not a he.

FRANK

What are you saying? You like *girls*, now?

Melinda sits at the end of the bar, with her back turned. Jet straightens Frank's tie.

JET

It's Melinda.

FRANK

What!?

She starts to go.

FRANK

Wait, don't leave.

JET

She won't bite.

Melinda sees her father. Jet leaves them alone. Father and daughter stare at each other as a difficult moment passes between them. The last time they looked into each other's eyes, Frank was about to leave her. He takes off his hat and walks toward her. There are no words right now that, so Frank just says ...

FRANK

Hi.

MELINDA

Hi.

FRANK

How are you?

MELINDA

Okay. Well, actually ...not so good. Have you, um, been watching the news?

He shakes his head, no.

MELINDA(cont'd)

I'm ... in a lot of trouble. Jet thought maybe you could help.

FRANK

Oh, boy. That figures. Why else would you be here? Right?

MELINDA

(suddenly, cold)

Never mind.

She tries to push past him but he blocks her path.

MELINDA(cont'd)

This was a mistake. You don't care. I should just accept that fact.

FRANK

Wait a minute. I'm sorry. This isn't easy for me either. Give me a chance. Please.

They sit at a table together.

FRANK

What kind of trouble are you in?

MELINDA

It's ... complicated.

FRANK

Well, what ever it is, I'll fix it. But none of this "I don't care about you."

FRANK(cont'd)

The one thing I never did, was *stop* caring. Ask Jet. I've got every picture they ever put of you in the "Stillwater Reader." You must be the most famous person in that whole town.

MELINDA

Not as famous as I am now. (beat.) Why did you did you just leave us ...?

FRANK

I didn't want to leave *you*. *You* were the one I came for. Don't you remember? I panicked.

MELINDA

I just remember screaming for you, but you wouldn't stop.

FRANK

Oh, God. I am so sorry. I was a first class idiot. And I've never stopped paying for it.

He stares at her beautiful face. Into her deep, intelligent eyes.

FRANK

I've missed you so much. (smiles) You were my little princess.

He touches her cheek with his hand. She stiffens, not letting him off that easy.

MELINDA

That was over twenty years ago. Why didn't you ... call?

FRANK

I ...I, just ... didn't know what to say. I just hope, someday, you'll ... forgive me.

There is a long beat.

MELINDA

Okay.

FRANK

Okay?

MELINDA

I forgive you.

And just like that, she gives him a huge bear hug. This child like display of unconditional love, takes them both by surprise. They laugh, breaking the tension. Frank blinks back tears.

Jet, nearby, at the bar, shakes her head. But a smile tugs at the corners of her mouth.

INT. JAPANESE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Frank, Melinda and Jet sit on cushions in a traditional private room. The Japanese waitress enters.

WAITRESS

More sake?

FRANK

Absolutely, doll face. And some more of those little dumpling things..postickers?

He watches her go.

FRANK

Great ass.

JET

Frank, ya wanna stay with us.

FRANK

Sorry. So, how well did you know this Greer character?

MELINDA

Just barely. He was this weird sort of...loner.
After high school he joined the Marines and that
was the last I ever heard of him, until last
month.

JET

And now he's obsessed with her.
He's not about to stop till he's got her.

MELINDA

The scary thing is, is that it's my word
against his. And he's a cop?

FRANK

I don't know. But it doesn't make sense for a
wounded rookie to chase you across the
country just because you ignored him in high
school.

Melinda averts her eyes. Frank senses she's not telling them everything.

JET

You got to understand, Frank, the man is
more than a couple beers short of
a six pack.

CUT TO:

EXT. CASINO PARKING LOT - NIGHT.

Tyrone, the bodyguard escorts ROSIE (Frank's girlfriend) to the car. She's a voluptuous
redhead in her late thirties.

TYRONE

I don't know Rosie, what should I do?

ROSIE

So take her to a movie, wine her, dine her.
I'm telling you, she wants it.

TYRONE

How do you know?

ROSIE

Did you notice her legs?

TYRONE

Yeah, she has great legs, so?

ROSIE

She wasn't wearing pantyhose. She was wearing stockings...with garters. When a woman wears stockings, she wants it.

She gets in her Mustang.

TYRONE

(grinning ear to ear)

Rosie, you don't miss a thing.

ROSIE

Details my boy, pay attention to details.

She pulls out as Tyrone waves good-bye.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

As Rosie drives onto the street, headlights turn on behind her.

Greer's car pulls out from the curb, following.

INT. MUSTANG - NIGHT

Rosie adjusts her rear view mirror.

BACK TO JAPANESE RESTAURANT

MELINDA

So, our only way out is to leave the country and start over.

JET

But we need new identities. Do you think you can get us some phony passports and stuff?

FRANK

I should be able to work something out. But it'll take me a couple of days. The first thing we've got to do is get you girls into a secluded place. If this guy is as smart as I think he is, it won't take him long to track you down through me.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROSIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Rosie parks her Mustang in the driveway of a small rather shabby suburban house. Rosie walks up to the door, goes in, and flicks on the lights.

Greer pulls his car up in front of the house and watches.

CUT TO:

INT. JAPANESE RESTAURANT LOBBY - NIGHT

Frank dials the pay phone.

FRANK
(into phone)
Hey Rosie.

INT. ROSIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Rosie paces with the phone while eating popcorn and watching "MARY HARTMAN" on T.V..

ROSIE
(into phone)
Where the hell are you?

Rosie peeks through the curtains.

FRANK
(from phone)
Something important came up. I'll explain later.

BACK TO FRANK

FRANK
(into phone)
I'll be home soon. But I need to know if anyone is staying in your Pop's cabin?

Jet and Melinda wait nearby.

JET
See Lindy, I knew the old man would know what to do. By this time next week, we'll be

lying on that beach looking at those blue
skies.

MELINDA
(nervously)
I hope it works.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LAKE SHORE COTTAGE - MORNING

A secluded cottage overlooking Tahoe. Foreboding clouds loom over jagged peaks in the background.

INT. LAKE SHORE COTTAGE - DAY

Melinda comes out of the bathroom with a towel around her wet hair. She goes to the suitcase and selects an outfit. She jumps when the phone rings, then takes a deep breath and answers it.

MELINDA
(into phone)
Hello?

INT. ROSIE'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Rosie is making breakfast. Her hair is in rollers and she wears a leopard robe.

ROSIE
(into phone)
Hi sweetie, it's Rosie. I just got a call from
Jet. She and your Dad have had some kind
of hold up and they're going to have to meet
you at the airport.

BACK TO MELINDA

MELINDA
(into phone, anxiously)
Is everything all right? Did they get the
passports?

BACK TO ROSIE

She steals a quick glance out the window.

ROSIE

(into phone)

Relax, everything's just fine. I'll pick you up in a couple of hours. You're on Lakeshore road, right?

MELINDA

(from phone)

Yes...

INT. GREER'S CAR

GREER IS LISTENING TO THEIR PHONE CONVERSATION WITH HIS PHONE TAPPING DEVICE.

MELINDA'S VOICE

(through the speaker)

Cabin number thirteen-eleven.

GREER

(pleased)

Gottcha.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LAKESHORE COTTAGE - DAY

We hear Melinda humming as she packs.

A car pulls slowly up into the shadows and parks. Someone watches.

Through the window we see her go into the bathroom.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM

Melinda buttons up her blouse. She looks in the mirror and towels off her wet hair.

INT. BEDROOM

She goes to the dresser and puts on a sweater. She rummages through her purse for a brush, and starts to blow dry her hair.

ANGLE ON MIRROR

In the reflection we see Melinda blow-drying her hair.

She does not notice someone lying on the bed behind her. She shuts off the blow dryer.

Their eyes lock in the mirror. Every muscle in her body tenses.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Greer lies casually on his back with a flask of whiskey. His muddy boots have soiled the dainty quilt.

Slowly, deliberately she turns and walks toward him, then BAM! She grabs her purse off the bed and runs for the door. But he is too quick.

She SCREAMS as he carries her, clawing and kicking toward the bed.

He throws her down and jumps on top, pinning her. Now that he finally has what he wants, he seems hesitant. Melinda senses this.

MELINDA

Go ahead big man. Get it over with. Do it!
Do it!

But he doesn't. He walks away and takes a swig of whiskey. They catch their breath. Their minds race.

MELINDA(CONT'D)

What do you want from me?

GREER

I love you Lindy.

MELINDA

Yeah, right. I can tell. Look, I'm not afraid of your lies anymore.

GREER

What about your lies?

MELINDA

You broke the law the minute you stepped out of Minnesota. They'll throw your testimony out of court.

GREER

Is that what your Daddy told you?

MELINDA

Now... I'm going to get my things and walk out of here and you better not try to stop me. I'm telling you for your own good.

She starts gathering her things.

GREER

You're telling me? That's a good one. You got me shaking in my boots here.

He laughs.

GREER(CONT'D)

You're telling me?

Suddenly, he explodes, violently.

GREER

I'm the one giving the orders around here bitch! You here me? Huh?

She nods.

GREER

Good.

HE takes another swig of whiskey.

GREER

I don't know what you're so upset about. You should be thanking me. I mean, I could've splattered your brains out...but I let you go. What do I get in return? I get plowed down in cold blood Melinda. You ran over a wounded man.

MELINDA

(sarcastic)

Yeah, right.

GREER

Funny, too. Cause you don't look like a dealer.

MELINDA

You no damn well I wasn't involved.

GREER

How much brains does it take? That husband of yours took you for a fool. He's out balling every broad in town and what do you do about it? Nothing.

(He laughs)

You were the perfect wife.
Pretty and stupid.

MELINDA

(starting to crack)

What do you want from me?

GREER

Only the truth.

She can't look him in the eyes.

GREER

Why do you look away? Just admit it Melinda. You still love me.

MELINDA

You're insane.

QUICK FLASHBACK: A DISTORTED IMAGE OF MELINDA AS A TEENAGER QUICKLY WALKING AS SHE LOOKS BACK OVER HER SHOULDER.

BACK TO THE PRESENT

GREER

Why are you ashamed?...it was beautiful.

QUICK FLASHBACK: MELINDA RUNS UNDER THE BLEACHERS TERRIFIED.

MELINDA

It was sick!

GREER

Come on...you wanted it as much as I did.

FLASHBACK: MELINDA GASPS AS SHE SEES A YOUNG GREER APPEAR FROM THE SHADOWS.

BACK TO PRESENT

MELINDA

I was fifteen.

FLASHBACK: *GREER HAS HER DOWN. SHE CLOSES HER EYES, TOO AFRAID TO MOVE AS HE TEARS AT HER SHIRT.*

BACK TO PRESENT:

GREER

I would have done anything for you. Anything you wanted.

MELINDA

What I wanted, was to forget it happened.

GREER

Yeah? Well, I don't like being ignored.

MELINDA

We all get hurt, Nathan.

GREER

Why Mark? Why him? Because he was some big football star?

MELINDA

That's ridiculous. The point is-

GREER

The point is he never loved you. It made a fool of you. You should thank me for what I did.

Greer grabs her, forcing her to look him in the eyes.

GREER

Look at me! I want to know why you would'nt have me? Just tell me.

MELINDA

Because I hated you.

Greer releases her. He moves slowly to the night table...thinking. Finally...

GREER

(matter of fact)

Well. I guess that makes you a whore then. So maybe I better treat you like one.

He aims his gun at her head.

GREER

Take off your sweater.

(beat)

DO IT!

Trembling...she does.

GREER

Now... the blouse.

Tears fall down her face as she starts to unbutton her blouse.

MELINDA

I'm going to put you away.

He finishes for her. And caresses her body gently.

GREER

Is that what you think? I can do anything I want to you right now. It's your word against mine.

He picks her up and puts her on the bed. She is grasping at straws ...

MELINDA

Is that what you think?

GREER

I bought myself a surprise witness. He'll back up everything I say.

He tries to reaches up under her slip. She stops his hand.

MELINDA

Please..

GREER

(mocking)

Good, you're begging. See, I'm the only one who knows your innocent. My little victim.

(icy)

That's all you'll ever be... a little victim.

He puts his gun down...

Everything happens at once.

Melinda SCREAMS and grabs the gun.

Greer smacks her across the face, knocking the gun from her hand.

The doors fly open and the room is filled with Houston and his men.

Greer grabs Melinda around the neck and backs into the closet behind him.
His powerful hands wrap around her throat into a death grip.

The cops can't shoot. Only Melinda is exposed to them. Greer's powerful fingers dig firmly into her neck, choking her...just enough for emphasis.

HOUSTON

Let her go, Greer!

GREER

Get out!

HOUSTON

Let her go!

GREER

I'll snap her fucking neck!

HOUSTON

It's all over, Greer!

GREER

I'll fucking do it!!

Greer jerks her neck. Melinda coughs hard, her eyes bulging.

HOUSTON

All right everyone. Drop your weapons.

The men obey.

GREER

I want everyone out of here!

HOUSTON

Do as he says.

Slowly, they back out.

GREER

Now, you tell your boys, if I see one gun out there or one person hiding on the roof, it's lights out for Lyndy.

Houston backs out.

Greer puts a gun to Melinda's head and maneuvers toward the front entrance.

At the bathroom he fires a round through the door for insurance.

GREER
(to Lyndy)
If I die, you die with me, baby.

He kisses her forehead. Then, using her as a shield he opens the front door.

EXT. CABIN

Houston stands by his car.

GREER
If I so much as see a cop car in any vicinity of
me for the next thirty minutes...you'll have
corpse on your hands.

Greer drags Melinda toward his car.

JET(O.S.)
You won't get far with out these.

Jet stands a few yards behind him dangling his car keys. He turns toward her.

GREER
Throw them!

JET
Why should I ?

GREER
Because I'll call your bluff bitch.

Melinda notices that "look" in Jet's eyes. Something is up. Behind Greer Melinda sees her father inside the Greer's car.

JET
Okay, okay, man. Lighten up. You're way to hyper.

She winds up to throw the keys...giving Jet their old cue line...

JET
You remind me of my old boyfriend.

Jet throws them.

THE KEYS FLY THREW THE AIR IN SLOW MOTION..

AND GREER REACHES OUT FOR THEM ...loosening his grip on Melinda just long enough ...

...she duck out of the way, as the car door WHIPS open SMACKING Greer in the back ,and sending his gun spinning.

Frank dives out of the front seat and lands on top of Greer. The two men roll in the dirt.

Jet gets the gun. SIRENS BLARE as more cops pull in.

Frank SLAMS Greer's face with punches and finally delivers the knock out blow.

The cops apprehend Greer.

FRANK
(clutching his fist)
Ouch.

Jet helps Melinda toward the cottage.

MELINDA
I never told anyone about him. About what
he did to me. Not even Mom.

Jet wipes away her tears. As the cop car pulls away we see Greer's intense bloody face looking to Melinda. He blows her a kiss.

JET
Shhh. It's all over now. It's okay.

Frank and Rosie thank Houston.

ROSIE
See, Frank.

FRANK
Okay. Okay. You're a brain...but I have to
admit I grew a few gray hairs waiting for the
son-of-bitch to hang himself.

HOUSTON
You did the right thing.

They shake hands.

FRANK

Yeah, well, it's about time.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NELSON HOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY

SUPER: "THREE MONTH LATER"

Melinda signs a check, puts it in an envelope, and seals it. She crosses off the last name in her *Book Of Debts*.

Jet comes in from the bedroom carrying a suitcase.

JET

Got em' all paid, huh?

MELINDA

It's a good thing the cops found this in the truck. It proved our intentions.

JET

It's a good thing you're a rich widow. If we hadn't paid em' back I doubt they would have dropped the charges, book or no book.

(a beat)

Well, this is your last chance. Check out these brochures.

Jet whips out some tropical brochures.

JET(CONT'D)

Would you look at the color of those skies.

MELINDA

It is tempting.

JET

Our store would do great there with all those tourists.

MELINDA

Why don't you stay and we'll open a business here. A bakery shop with a garage underneath.

JET

No way. The Caribbean is calling my name.

They hear a cab pull up out front.

JET(CONT'D)

This is it.

They pick up Jet's bags and head out.

EXT. NELSON HOUSE - DAY

They walk past Jet's truck.. It has a brand new paint job.

JET

Take care of my babe.

The CABBY puts Jet's bags in his trunk. He offers Jet a cigarette who accepts it. But Melinda tries to grab it from her.

MELINDA

You promised you'd give that up.

JET

I know, but I'm nervous.

MELINDA

Why?

JET

What if it doesn't turn out the way I've always imagined it?

MELINDA

It'll be a blast. Think of all the adventures you'll have.

JET

I've had enough adventures. I just want a beach.

The girls hug. Jet climbs in the cab and rolls down the window.

MELINDA

So, you finally got your plane ticket out of me.

JET

Hey, I worked for it.

The cab starts to pull away. Jet leans out the window and calls after Melinda.

JET

Don't go watching soap operas, eating
chocolate, and getting fat on me now!

MELINDA

Bye! I love you Jeanette.

INT. CAB - MOVING

As they pull out.

CABBY

How about a little music?

The cabby turns on the radio and we hear a beautiful ballad.

Jet turns around.

She watches Melinda run after the cab waving as she fades off into the distance.

The lyrics from the ballad hit home.

LYRICS

(from radio)

You come in this world, a babe in the
woods, start a journey through life.

Jet is fighting to hold back tears as she sings along.

JET

(singing)

Feel every emotion, a laugh to a tear, learn
what's wrong and what's right. So I'm older
now, older than my years and all that matters
now is to find someone to hold onto, to trade
one in for two.

EXT. CAB - DAY

The music continues as the cab speeds off into the distance.

EXT. NELSON HOUSE

AS THE MUSIC CONTINUES

Melinda picks up a newspaper and heads inside.

INT. NELSON HOUSE

Melinda sits on the sofa reading the paper. The head line reads "Board Meeting Canceled Due To Flu."

She laughs to herself. This town seems much more simple than it used to. She helps herself to a chocolate and flicks on the T.V. A soap opera plays. She flicks it off and sits, bored.

She drums her fingers on the arm of the sofa...

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Jet sits at an aisle picking at her lunch. The stewardess walks up.

STEWARDESS

Is everything all right here?

JET

Yes it is. Thank you.

The stewardess repeats the question to a passenger behind her.

STEWARDESS

Is everything all right? Oh my goodness.

PASSENGER(O.S.)

There's glass in my rice!

STEWARDESS

Oh no. I'll get some cotton.

A surprised look crosses Jet's face. She looks back at the passenger behind her.

It's Melinda with dabbing her bloody lip with a napkin.

Jet beams. She gets up and takes the empty seat next to her.

JET

You poor thing.

The stewardess returns with the Captain Flight attendant.

STEWARDESS

(returning)

Here's some cotton and disinfectant. This is Pierce Donalds the Captain Attendant.

CAPTAIN

If you need a doctor we can arrange for one to meet you at the airport and of course the airlines would be happy to cover any of the medical expenses if you'll go ahead and fill out these forms.

JET

I don't mean to pry. But maybe you should consult an attorney before signing anything.

PASSENGER #2

(whips out his card)

I'm an attorney.

JET

Really? Because Cynthia is a model. She does lip stick commercials, and so her lips-

CAPTAIN

(under his breath)

Listen. We don't normally do this but I'll bet we could get the airlines to comp your plane ticket if we can keep this under your hat.

MELINDA

That's quite all right. I'm fine. And I won't be needing a doctor.

CAPTAIN

Are you sure?

MELINDA

Yes. Thank you, anyway.

The stewardess and the Captain walk away.

JET

What are you doing?

MELINDA

I didn't like the soap opera.

JET

Why didn't you let'em comp you?

MELINDA

I've can afford the airfare. I'm rich.

(off her look)

I just wanted to make sure I still had it.

In case we ever need it.

EXT. PLANE - DAY

The plane flies of into the distance. There is not a cloud in sight. Just The blue, blue skies.

FADE OUT