

"CUTTER'S WAY"

# CUTTER & BONE

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CUTTER & BONE

FADE IN:

SANTA BARBARA, NOW

1 EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - NIGHT

The great shroud of the sea rolls on as it rolled five thousand years ago.

2 EXT. SANTA BARBARA YACHT HARBOR - NIGHT

The L-shaped arm of the marina curves against the sea; a flicker of mast and pier and cabin lights as the boats tug gently in their slips. A fairyland.

3 EXT. THE SANTA BARBARA INN - NIGHT

A fine Spanish Inn by the shore. The lower floors are brightly lit; the upper floors, scattered lights.

3A EXT. A WINDOW AMONG THE UPPER FLOORS

The light is on.

4 INT. INSIDE THE WINDOW

The suite's bathroom. An exquisite overnight case on the counter. The frosted glass bird on a vial of L'Air du Temps. A clutter of Erno Laszlo cosmetics.

A Lady Remington shaver.

A HAND takes up the razor, flicks it on. ZZZZZZ.

The shaver glides over a plain of golden skin, caresses a valley of flesh.

The shaver pushes on. The skin sags. It's RICHARD BONE, his cheek. Our fantasy dissolves.

4A INT. THE MIRROR

In the room behind him, past the chiseled planes of his face, Bone sees a WOMAN on the rumpled bed. She watches him. Her lips are moving. All he hears is the shaver.

He clicks it off. SILENCE.

A BELLHOP crosses into the room, in the mirror. He's pushing a room service table. The Bellhop sees Bone and nods - too ingratiatingly. The woman signs the check.

WOMAN (o.s.)

Richard? Are you hungry?

(CONTINUED)

4A CONTINUED:

She looks okay, not great. Probably looked better when they went to bed. About forty.

WOMAN (o.s.)

I ordered shrimp. I'm starving.  
You want anything?

He shakes his head. The Bellhop leaves.

WOMAN (o.s.)

You sure, Richard? Something sweet?  
Coffee?

Bone turns. Tries on a smile.

BONE

No, thanks.

He comes into the bedroom in his slacks. Picks up a slightly wrinkled white dress shirt and starts to put it on, but not before spearing a shrimp and coating it with cocktail sauce. Gone in one bite.

WOMAN

You don't have to go.

Part statement, part question. Bone puts on a worn blazer. This is his uniform. Slacks, dress shirt, blazer, tie loose. Everything is a little worn, but passable. On Bone it's all a little better than passable.

BONE

I have to see a sick friend.

The Woman looks at her lap, hidden under the covers. Bone steps closer and raises her chin with his thumb.

BONE

It's true. He is sick.

She looks up. Smiles softly. Then she nails him:

WOMAN

It wasn't that good anyway.

Stares right through him.

BONE

Remind me not to get on your bad side.

He takes two shrimp at a time now.

The Woman watches him scarf two more.

He snaps his fingers, reaches into his back pocket for his wallet. Makes a show of checking out the meager contents.

(CONTINUED)

4A CONTINUED: (2)

BONE

Shit. I was supposed to pick up  
some medicine. I don't suppose...

He looks to her for help. No help.

BONE

No, I don't suppose...

He heads for the door.

WOMAN

Bone.

She takes a few bills from a small bag on the night table.  
She holds them up. Not to him, just up.

Bone recrosses to her and reaches for them.

WOMAN

Buy some vitamin E.

He considers not taking the money. Then he takes it. He  
picks up a brochure lying at the foot of the bed and shows  
it to the Woman. It's a flyer for a yacht.

BONE

I guess that means you won't be  
interested in the boat...

WOMAN

No, I don't think I could convince  
my husband.

BONE

Yeah. Well, it's been better for  
me, too.

Bone leaves.

5 INT. HALLWAY - OUTSIDE THE ROOM

Bone walks down the corridor. He looks tired.

6 INT. THE LOBBY

A black felt announcement board with white plaster letters:

SANTA BARBARA "OLD SPANISH DAYS" FIESTA  
Crystal Room  
WESTERN PETROLEUM CONFERENCE DINNER  
Cabrillo Ballroom

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

Bone passes through the lobby. It's packed. "Old Spanish Days" is quite a fiesta. The celebrants, many of them, are dressed in Old California style. For the men, this means only a string-tie and Mexican-style hat, thin, flat black brims and a round, flat crown. The women are more exotic, in flowered peasant blouses or yards of fine black lace, nearly all with a mantilla.

Bone weaves through in his slacks, blazer and lived-in white shirt. And he looks better than any of them.

7\* EXT. FRONT OF THE HOTEL - NIGHT

A BLONDE standing with two dons and a redhead notices how good he looks. They're waiting for their car under the veranda in front. A light mist of rain is falling.

The Blonde catches his eye. His face says it: This is a fucking curse.

She smiles. Bone shakes his head, "no". She mouths: Fuck you.

The ATTENDANT comes out. His pants are soaked. He pulls the wet fabric from his ass. There's a flash of distant lightning.

BONE

This top's had it. Gotta get it fixed... Sorry pal, there goes your tip.

He slides in, drops it in gear and pulls away.

8

EXT. A STREET IN DOWNTOWN SANTA BARBARA - NIGHT

Bone stops at a traffic light. The streets are mostly deserted. Bleachers set up for tomorrow's Old Spanish Days Parade are empty.

He hears a CLIP-CLOP of horses' HOOVES on the street before he sees:

A YOUNG GIRL in Levi's and western shirt astride one of a string of SIX WHITE HORSES, a ghostly presence in the night.

The light changes. Bone drives on.

9

EXT. CABRILLO HIGHWAY - ALONG THE OCEAN - NIGHT

Bone noses around a curve. His headlights turn the drizzle to a fine silver mist. The engine COUGHS.

10

EXT. A SIDE STREET - NEAR THE OCEAN - NIGHT

The Healey coughs as Bone downshifts around the corner. Then it dies altogether. He tries to pop the clutch. The car lurches, then stops. The only sound is the light RAIN.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

He tries the key. Nothing.

He gets out and looks around. The street's dead. It's midnight, or thereabout. Not a living soul but Bone.

The street is flanked on either side by a faceless row of carports under two identical strips of apartments.

Clusters of trashcans are pushed out toward the roadway. Trash night. No street lights. It's outdoors, but it feels closed in. Bone shivers. He starts walking, trying to get what shelter he can from the shallow carports.

Suddenly a light flashes behind him, throwing his shadow ahead. Then, as abruptly, it shuts off. Only the HISS of TIRES ON WET PAVEMENT. Bone turns.

Thirty yards back, a LARGE BLACK CAR hums quietly forward on the other side of the roadway.

The car stops.

The door swings open. A LARGE MAN, lit only by the interior light from the car, gets out. A SILHOUETTE, BIG BODY, BIG HEAD. He walks to the other side of the car, opens the back door. Drags something out, hidden by the car, and dumps it into one of the trashcans. He slams the back door and gets back in the driver's seat.

Bone takes a few steps toward the car, almost saying: hey, but not quite. He raises his hand instead.

The headlights flash on. Bone is blinded. The ENGINE GUNS; the tires spin, catch, and the car jerks forward.

Bone looks away from the glaring but raises his hand to wave the car down.

The car lurches forward, picking up speed.

Bone jumps for his life. The car screams past and down the road.

BONE

Son of a bitch!

Bone turns back toward the trashcan. A couple of golf clubs stick up over the edge.

He takes a few steps in the direction of a trashcan. A DOG SNARLS. Bone stops, looks. Can't see anything. SILENCE. He takes another step forward.

Suddenly: A huge DOBERMAN SLAMS into a frail cyclone fence. The fence RATTLES. The Doberman BARKS and GROWLS.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (2)

Bone jumps a mile. And tries to remember how to breathe. The low, guttural SNARL is constant, scary as hell. Bone steps away. The SNARLING stops. Silence. The rain starts to pelt down a little harder. It's pouring.

Bone looks to the heavens.

BONE  
Oh, yeah? Fuck you!

DISSOLVE TO:

11 EXT. OCEAN-FRONT BAR - ESTABLISHING SHOT - NIGHT

11A INT. OCEAN-FRONT BAR - NIGHT

Last call. The bar is hung with fishnet, cork, sponges, starfish and lobster; somebody's idea of atmosphere.

Two regulars at the bar watching a George Raft movie on the tube with the barkeep.

Two BLACKS shoot eight-ball on the worn, quarter-a-throw table.

12 INT. A BOOTH BY THE FRONT WINDOW, UNDER THE NEON COORS SIGN

ALEXANDER CUTTER holds court. He lacks an eye, sports a patch. His left sleeve is knotted at the shoulder. His hair is crazed. His skin gleams white, a deathly shade.

The Court: A YOUNG GIRL, collegiate, romantic, intense, enjoying Cutter. Her YOUNG MAN, like her, interchangeable really, save he doesn't like Cutter. A WORKING STIFF, a regular who stops in after his night shift at a local refinery. A BLACK MAN waiting to tag in at pool with his friends. Probably the only three blacks in Santa Barbara.

Enter: Richard Bone, looking like a used washrag.

CUTTER  
Ahoy, maties! Ishmael returneth!  
How goes your search for that fiendish  
leviathan of the deep, Moby Dick?

Bone mouths the next line in unison with Cutter. He's been through this before.

CUTTER & BONE  
Moby Dick? Isn't that a social disease?

BONE  
It's only one-thirty, Alex.

CUTTER  
And already into the 'B' material.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

CUTTER (cont'd)  
I admit it, Rich, but great art  
demands a great audience...

Cutter gestures to his companions, clearly not a great  
audience. He shakes his head sadly.

The College Boy considers himself a great audience. The Girl  
thinks it's charming. The Working Stiff is serious about his  
beer. The Black is watching his friends.

CUTTER  
But, we do what we can. And your  
presence tells me you didn't do much  
tonight. Hmmm? No, no, don't  
embarrass yourself with explanations,  
you're among friends. Permit me...

Bone eyes the table, spots a drink in front of the College  
Boy, snakes in gracefully and rescues the unattended spirits.

CUTTER  
... to introduce Rosecrantz and  
Guildenstern...

The Collegians. She smiles, He doesn't.

CUTTER (v.o.)  
... Emissaries from the Danish Court  
and tree surgeons to the King!

BONE  
They prune Danish, right?

CUTTER  
That's my line, Rich, you irrepressible  
devil. And this is...

The Working Stiff.

CUTTER (v.o.)  
... is, of course, Karl Marx, former  
lead guitar with the Boston Symphony  
Orchestra.

The Working Stiff bows over his beer.

CUTTER  
... And last, but certainly least,  
is Rastus, the Court Nigger.

The Court Nigger hasn't been paying attention. Until now.

CUTTER  
Whoops! I can tell by the look in  
your eye, I should have called you  
Mister Nigger.

(CONTINUED)



12 CONTINUED: (2)

Now the two pool-playing Blacks come over. One brings his cue. The other palms a ball. The menace is lost on no one.

CUTTER

Do I detect some tension? Come now, gentlemen, a simple matter of semantics. What are we well-intentioned liberals to call you these days? Negroes? Blacks? Coloreds? Darkies! Gee, what would you call 'em, Rich?

Right now Cutter is the only one who thinks this is funny. The rest of the table eyes the door.

The bartender and the two regulars give up the TV for this. The bartender grabs a weighted bat under the bar.

BONE

I'd call him sir, if I were you.

CUTTER

But, Rich, that isn't what you called them when your car was stolen. Then, how were you to know it was a couple of joy-riding white teenagers? Just what was it you called them...?

BONE

Alex!

CUTTER

Alex! Oh, I wouldn't stand for that if I were you fellows. You must be crazy, Rich, insulting them like that.

The Blacks look around. A white bar. Seven to three.

FIRST BLACK

You're crazy. Motherfucker's crazy!

The assembled crowd agrees. And breathes easier.

BONE

The war. You know...

Bone touches his forehead.

FIRST BLACK

I understand, but...

CUTTER

I wasn't in the war.

BONE

See.

The Blacks agree. A sad case.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (3)

BONE

But if he convinces you he isn't  
crazy, don't send me the pieces.

Bone grabs Cutter's jacket and takes a set of keys from the  
pocket. He tosses Cutter the coat.

CUTTER

Hey...

Bone waves bye-bye.

CUTTER

Friends! Don't miss this! You are  
seeing a pro in action. Richard Bone  
doing what he does best: walking away.

BONE

Jealous?

Cutter starts to get up but he's hemmed in.

He pulls his cane from under the table and flings it at Bone  
walking out the door. The cane shatters a neon bar-sign then  
clatters harmlessly to the floor. Cutter ignores it.

CUTTER

Where were we?

He eyes the College Girl.

CUTTER

Oh, yes, the moral imperative in  
polymorphous perversity... Which  
means: Let's all head for the  
alley with Ophelia here and a  
bottle of Mazola oil.

He's serious. She can think of worse things.

DISSOLVE TO:

13 EXT. SALSIPUEDES AVENUE - OVERLOOKING THE OCEAN - NIGHT

The neighborhood is called the Riviera by the natives.  
Exclusive near the top, down here, smaller houses.

13A EXT. A SMALL WHITE CALIFORNIA BUNGALOW WITH A RICKETY WOOD  
DECK - NIGHT

A stately '63 Buick convertible pulls into the driveway.

14 EXT. THE BACK PORCH - NIGHT

Bone climbs up a short flight of steps. A cat rubs against  
his ankle at the back door, then scratches at it. Bone holds  
the door and bows. The cat ignores the bow and scoots in.

## 15 INT. THE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The cat is already on the kitchen table, sniffing among a welter of boxes, an homage to packaged foods: Fritos, Twinkies, Spaghetti-O's, Hamburger Helper, Count Choc-u-la, Cap'n Crunch, Wonder Bread. The kitchen was cleaned in 1972. Maybe.

Bone checks out the fridge. Grim. Three bottles of vodka in the freezer compartment; leftovers turned blue. Bone sniffs a milk carton. No good. He latches a vodka.

## 16 INT. THE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

From the door, Bone sees MO. Maurene Stanton Cutter.

In the half-light of the darkened room, Mo is a ghostly vision. She drifts across the room in a thin kimono like a diver beneath the sea, slow, deliberate, unreal. She sinks onto the couch and stares out the window.

BONE

You look beautiful, Mo.

MO

Considering?

BONE

I didn't say that.

MO

It's a given. The way of the world. Things are okay... considering.

BONE

That good, huh?

MO

Better. Any minute now, Prince Charming will ride by on his grand white charger, take me in his arms and carry me off to live happily ever after. Fabulous! Simply fabulous... considering.

BONE

My charger has a bad battery, but will I do?

MO

No. You're too old.

Deadly. Bone has no response.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

MO

Speaking of which, you're home awfully early. Couldn't you find a lonely matron with a taste for gutter squalor? Or is this the battery trouble you mentioned?

BONE

I don't like you when you're stoned.

MO

I don't like you when I'm straight.

BONE

How would you know?

MO

Oh, we did we have a bad night, didn't we?

BONE

Not until now.

MO

Is this bad, Richard? I hadn't noticed. Is it so bad having a place to come to when you've got no place to go?

Mo reaches her hand out to Bone. He starts to reach for it.

MO

The bottle.

He stands corrected, hands her the vodka. Mo smiles, a revelation coming.

MO

Poor, Richard. The golden boy. They never say no to Richard. But here you are, playing second fiddle to a one-eyed cripple. Oh, I do understand.

BONE

He's not your average one-eyed cripple. He's Cutter... Hell, he's not even Cutter. He's a ghost.

Mo swigs from the vodka bottle.

BONE

If I'm second-fiddle to anything it's the Ghost of Cutter Past. I suppose that's why you take his shit. Waiting for the resurrection?

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (2)

Bone looks around the room.

BONE

Well I never was a religious man.  
It ain't gonna happen, Mo.

MO

You'll never find out, Richard.  
You never stay in one place long  
enough to.

BONE

What's that supposed to mean? If I  
had been around at the right time...

MO

I would have married Alex anyway.

BONE

I don't think so.

MO

Whatever you say. But I did. And  
I'm happy with the way things are.

BONE

Considering.

MO

Considering.

CUT TO:

17 EXT. THE STREET WHERE BONE WAS ALMOST RUN DOWN - DAWN

Like some prehistoric beast shrouded in fog, a municipal  
trash collection truck lumbers and whines down the street.

18 EXT. THE CARPORT WHERE THE BLACK CAR STOPPED - DAWN

The trash truck stops. A YOUNG HIPPIE in overalls swings off  
the back and grabs a can and slings it into the crusher.

The Doberman behind the cyclone fence smashes against the  
chain-link SNARLING and BARKING. Then a low GROWL.

19 EXT. INSIDE THE CAB OF THE TRASH TRUCK - DAWN

The MEXICAN DRIVER is watching in the rear-view mirror. Then  
he looks ahead.

The SOUND of the Hippie RETCHING.

DRIVER

Kenny?

He looks in the mirror. No Kenny. He climbs out of the cab.

20 EXT. BY THE TRASH CANS - DAWN

Kenny is throwing up. He points to one of the cans. The one with the golf clubs. The Driver takes a look.

20A THE TRASH CAN

It's a GIRL. Her head is bent against her chest, staring upward. Her face beaten. She is wearing a short skirt fallen back and bobby-socks. She's dead.

The Driver looks away, sick.

Thirty yards down the street, where he abandoned it, is Bone's Austin-Healey.

CUT TO:

21 EXT. OUTSIDE CUTTER'S HOUSE - MORNING

An ink-blue Jaguar XJ6 pulls up behind the Buick. GEORGE SWANSON, ruddy, round, middle-aged and looked that way since he was twelve, gets out. He opens the back door and Cutter almost falls out. George catches him.

GEORGE

Come on, Alex.

Cutter opens his eye, tries to focus. The morning sun almost kills him.

CUTTER

Jesus, George, you shoulda warned me.

George helps him stand.

GEORGE

It'll be nice and dark inside. The shades aren't up. Come on, boy.

Cutter does his best but without George he'd never make it.

George gets him to the door and then pounds.

GEORGE

Richie! Richie! You awake? It's George.

Cutter loses it and almost drags George back down the steps.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

Bone answers the door in his slacks, shirtless. The sun just about kills him, too.

GEORGE

Hi, Richie. Can you give me a hand here?

They carry Cutter inside. His eye remains pressed shut.

22 INSIDE THE HOUSE - DAY

Cutter is dumped on the sofa.

CUTTER

Is it safe yet?

GEORGE

Yeah. It's dark.

Cutter opens his eye. Bone pulls on a shade. It rips up with a loud CLAP and sun floods in.

Cutter screams. Mo comes to the bedroom door and looks at the domestic scene.

CUTTER

Jesus, Rich. You really know how to hurt a guy.

BONE

Had a good teacher, Alex.

Mo crosses to Cutter. He sees her and smiles. Shades his eye with his hand.

CUTTER

Lawsy, lawsy. I has died and gone to hebben!

MO

You okay?

GEORGE

Just a little drunk. He's fine, Mo.

MO

I'm sorry you had to...

GEORGE

Don't be silly.

CUTTER

Don't let him fool you. He's bucking for sainthood and without me he hasn't got a chance.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

George laughs and shakes his head. He just loves the guy with one eye.

MO

Would you like some coffee?

GEORGE

No thanks. I better get home. Susie's probably worried.

BONE

Must have known you were picking him up.

GEORGE

Nope. Completely by accident.

George heads for the door, stops, turns to Bone.

GEORGE

Hey, Richie. How'd we do with the woman you took to dinner? She seemed pretty damned interested in the forty-footer this afternoon.

Bone shakes his head.

BONE

I think she had something a lot smaller in mind.

GEORGE

Too bad. Well, you take good care of my boy, hear? And I'll see you all at the parade!

George waves off any thank-yous and leaves.

MO

Why'd you bother him?

CUTTER

Hell, it was no bother.

Mo looks put out at Alex.

CUTTER

Really. There I was crawling home minding my own business and he almost ran over my fingers. Besides, the guy's a glutton for punishment. Must be, look who he has selling yachts for him.

BONE

Cute. Look whose recommendation he took.

(CONTINUED)



22 CONTINUED: (2)

He means Cutter. No sits on the couch next to Cutter. She tenderly brushes some hair from his forehead.

NO

What'll it be? Coffee or sleep?

CUTTER

Any other choices?

Cutter leers, indicating No as the third choice.

CUTTER

Where you going?

BONE

Maybe I'll sleep on my boat.

CUTTER

Come on, Rich.

NO

If he wants to go...

CUTTER

He doesn't want to go. Do you?

BONE

It's late.

CUTTER

No, it's very early. No doesn't want you to go. Do you? We'll do something together.

Bone and No look sharply at Cutter, a touch of fear.

CUTTER

Have breakfast. Cup of coffee... Unless you got something else in mind.

Cutter, the master puppeteer. Innocence, then violence. Keep 'em off-balance.

CUTTER

You wanna watch? Naw. You want me to watch. Hey, you guys are a little grim. What is this? Just a little joke. Oh, I get it. You don't want me to watch. Hey, you guys are making me very nervous. If I didn't know better...

He's stopped by a KNOCK on the door. Bone crosses the living room to answer it. The silhouette of TWO MEN through the screen door.

23 INT. AT THE FRONT DOOR - DAY

Two COPS visible.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

FIRST COP  
Is there a Richard Bone here?

Bone nods.

Four COPS burst through the door. They grab him and wrestle him to the ground. His arms are wrenched behind his back, handcuffs slapped on. In twelve seconds, he is trussed and helpless. One Cop has a rifle aimed at Cutter and Mo.

The Cops stand and lift Bone up.

BONE  
What the...

CUTTER  
You damn well better have a warrant!!!

One of the Cops pulls one from his back pocket.

COP  
Who are you?

CUTTER  
What'd he do?

But the other Cops are dragging Bone outside.

24 EXT. FRONT OF THE HOUSE - DAY

24

Four squad cars! Looks like a militia. Three officers crouched with rifles behind the doors for shields.

25 INT. THE HOUSE - DAY

Cutter is up and limping toward the door.

COP  
Hold it!

Cutter can see out the door now. Impressive! Bone is being shoved into one of the cars.

CUTTER  
Holy shit! He must have fucked  
the Police Chief's wife!

DISSOLVE TO:

26 EXT. SANTA BARBARA POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Bone is being ushered through a phalanx of newspapermen, television cameras and photographers. This is the big time. Everyone is shoving and jostling to get closer.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

Blinded by a barrage of flashbulbs, his GUARDS drag him down the corridor, into an office. The door SLAMS.

CUT TO:

26A THE PARADE

Four DANCING GIRLS in Spanish costume.

CUT TO:

27 EXT. POLICE STATION - THE MAIN ENTRANCE - LATER - DAY

The activity has slowed down. But there is still a battery of media people waiting.

Cutter and Mo exit from inside the building. And the NEWSMEN begin their clamor.

NEWSMAN

Mr. Cutter! Mr. Cutter!

A microphone is shoved in his face.

NEWSMAN

What do you know about Richard Bone?

Cutter is like a pig in shit with all this attention. Mo is trying to tug him away.

CUTTER

I tell you, Rich is a real lady-killer!

MO

Alex!

CUTTER

Hey, just kidding, gang.

NEWSMAN

Were you with him? Are you his alibi?

CUTTER

Wish I could be, but he never invites me along for the good stuff.

The door opens and the Bellhop from the hotel and the Lady on the bed walk out. The Newsmen abandon Cutter and attack the fresh recruits. Mo pulls him away. He's a little disappointed.

CUT TO:

28      **INSIDE THE CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DAY**

It's been a long morning, but the POLICE CAPTAIN has lost none of his zeal. Bone has. He's slumped in his chair while the Captain paces around the small office. They've been over the story for six hours. The Captain has gotten nowhere and he's frustrated and angry.

**CAPTAIN**

A large man in silhouette. Large head. That's it?

**BONE**

It's what I saw.

**CAPTAIN**

Look, Bone, last thing I need is an inventive witness, believe me. But there's no reason you can't look at the mug books.

**BONE**

I didn't see his face! I didn't see anything. I been telling you that for five hours.

**CAPTAIN**

Six! You know why, Mr. Bone?

Bone knows why, but the Captain's gonna tell him again.

**CAPTAIN**

I'll tell you why! It's the goddamn trashcan. He coulda dumped her in a ditch, on the beach. Naw, he dumps her in a goddamn trashcan! It's ugly, Mr. Bone. Done in L.A., it's okay. Happens all the time. But we don't get the creeps up here.

Bone stares away into space, a show of boredom for the Captain's benefit. The Captain ignores it. He rummages through some papers on his desk.

**CAPTAIN**

Look at this autopsy!

The Captain paces and reads it aloud. Bone has heard it twenty times. He knows it by heart. He can mouth most of the words along with the Captain.

**CAPTAIN**

Crushed trachea. Fractured skull. Semen in her throat. On her face. Seventeen years old. A fucking cheerleader! A cheerleader! I don't know. I just don't know. And you didn't see anything!

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: (2)

Bone scoots his chair back.

BONE

That's right! And I didn't do it!  
So unless you have something else  
to say...

Bone starts to get up.

CAPTAIN

Sit down!

Bone sits. The Captain picks up his phone and stabs at a  
button.

CAPTAIN

One more thing, then you can go...  
(into phone)  
Send in Miss Duran.

BONE

Her mother?

CAPTAIN

Sister.

BONE

What for?

CAPTAIN

You tell her what you saw. Or didn't  
see.

BONE

You tell her.

CAPTAIN

It's better coming from you.

BONE

It's your job.

CAPTAIN

It's your story.

The door to the office opens. A secretary shows in VALERIE  
DURAN, young, attractive, but severe. A tasteful blouse and  
skirt, utilitarian pumps. Her hair is drawn back tight.  
Everything about her is tight.

Her eyes have worn out overnight. She looks at the ground.  
She looks up at Bone for a second, then the floor, then Bone.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: (3)

VALERIE

Did you kill my sister?

Bone looks at the floor.

DISSOLVE TO:

29 EXT. OUTSIDE THE STATION - DAY

Bone exits and the media barrage hits. More flashbulbs, a cacophony of VOICES. Bone pushes through, refusing to say anything.

29A EXT. THE CURB - DAY

Cutter's Buick is waiting. Cutter HONKS. Bone makes for the door. Mo pushes it open and Bone slides in.

But the car can't move. The street's closed for the parade.

30 INSIDE THE BUICK - DAY

Bone sits back, exhausted. Cutter is manic with energy.

CUTTER

You made the big time, Rich! Show him.

Mo holds up the afternoon edition of the papers. Sure enough, Bone made the front page. "SUSPECT HELD IN SLAYING."

CUTTER

Of course, a witness is not nearly as exciting as a murderer. But I'm not one to dump my friends just because they're not perfect. Who did it?

BONE

Later, Alex. I just played this game for six hours.

CUTTER

Seven. Come on, it's me, your ole buddy, Alex. What'd you see?

BONE

Nothing. I didn't see anything.

CUTTER

Come on! You saw a silhouette. We heard that much outside.

BONE

That's what I saw.

CUTTER

What'd he look like?

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

BONE

Alex, I'm tired. I just want to go home.

CUTTER

And I'd love to oblige. But Georgie will be deeply hurt if we don't go see him.

31 EXT. THE OLD SPANISH DAYS PARADE - DOWNTOWN SANTA BARBARA - DAY

A magisterial RANCHERO astride his Palomino high-steps down State Street. Studded, black, belled trousers, white ruffled shirt, string tie and turquoise clasp, topped by a huge jeweled black sombrero. His horse, caparisoned in hammered silver, jingles like a chest of doubloons, hooves striking sparks on the pavement.

32 IN THE CROWD - DAY

Cutter is leading Bone and Mo along the front line of spectators, limping more obviously than is necessary. Smiling to all the people he stops in front of to check out whether this is his spot.

33 THE PARADE - DAY

Squealing carretas, old hay carts, carry old Spanish families; scores of superb horses carry distinguished ladies and gentlemen of the town; floats pass in review, depicting scenes from Old California; posses of charros; ranks of motorcycle patrolmen; dowagers riding buggies, wearing great lace mantillas; city councilmen in Cadillac convertibles; gaily costumed serenaders singing Spanish corridas, high school marching bands and baton twirlers; descendants of pioneer families dancing the folk dances of their forefathers.

34 THE CROWD - DAY

Cutter has found his place. He is ignoring the angry frowns of the people he's in front of. Bone and Mo and Cutter squat down. Mo opens the newspaper she brought and ignores the parade altogether.

35 THE PARADE - DAY

A float is passing by them now. It depicts the local mission and is mounted by the friars and a few children dressed up as Indians.

CUTTER

What'd I tell you, Rich? Just the thing to get your mind off your trying ordeal.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

BONE

You mean you?

CUTTER

Come on, enjoy the parade. Look at that. Our glorious past! Mission Santa Barbara, queen of the El Camino Real. Happy padres! Happy Indians! The blessings of the white man. Too bad they were all wiped out. But! They died with Christ's blessing. Happy corpses, every one!

BONE

You're right. I needed something fun like this.

36 THE PARADE

A marching band is coming up, led by a phalanx of nubile baton twirlers. The girl nearest Cutter is 16 going on 23.

36A IN THE CROWD

CUTTER

Ah, the Baton Brigade! And look at that one! Jesus! They are maturing early, aren't they? We were born too soon, Rich. You know what they do with those hard, smooth, polished chrome batons these days? You bet you do!

37 THE PARADE

Now comes the ranks of Santa Barbara's most illustrious, that is to say wealthiest, citizens. All on matched rows of fine horses.

37A THE CROWD

Cutter muscles a little kid out of his way. Then pats her head.

CUTTER

Christ, look at the silver on those horses. Shit, that's worth more than a year at Unemployment. You think we could mug a Palomino?

37B THE PARADE

The first rows of the country club set ride by in stately double-file on matched roans. All wear pearl-grey riding outfits, mariachi-by-way-of-Givenchy.

(CONTINUED)



## 37B CONTINUED:

They're followed by a float. This one is a map of California with a large oil well where Santa Barbara would be. The oil well is not gushing oil, however, rather a cornucopia of fruits spilling into the happy, waiting hands of two children in Spanish costumes. All made of flowers. A legend on the side reads:

CORD INDUSTRIES  
Home Offices: Santa Barbara

## 38 THE CROWD - DAY

CUTTER

Now we're getting down to it. The hard-core.

## 38A THE PARADE - DAY

The hard-core is what follows the Cord float. The Cord Family. Led off by grandchildren, twelve of them in a cart, pulled by two pinto ponies. They all wave either California flags or American flags.

Then a file of teenagers on black Tennessee Walkers, two rows of six abreast, filling the street.

Next, the parents, five of them on Palominos.

The major family resemblance is size. They are, most of them, big. As if the will to power was bred in the bone.

## 38B THE CROWD

CUTTER

Pure sociology. Rich. For an honest-to-God dynasty, you need family. Whaddaya say, Mo?

Mo ceremoniously turns a page of the newspaper, keeps reading. Bone is looking intently at the Cord family. Fascinated.

## 38C THE PARADE - POV: BONE - BONE'S POV

The GRAND PATRON rides alone. His thick shock of silver hair glints like his horse's silvery armor. He stares ahead with awesome self-certainty, looking neither right nor left.

He pauses for an instant in front of the sun. He is silhouetted by a shining golden nimbus, for all the world an emperor. Only for a second.

## 38D THE CROWD

BONE

It's him!

(CONTINUED)

38D CONTINUED:

CUTTER

Who?

Bone stares a second longer, then hears Cutter's question.

BONE

Like him. It looked like the man.  
At the trash can.

Cutter looks at the Grand Patron. Back at Bone.

CUTTER

You mean Cord?

BONE

No. That guy.

CUTTER

That's J. J. Cord!

Cutter steps into the street and starts limping as fast as he can to catch up with Cord. Then he stops and turns.

CUTTER

Rich! Come on.

Bone reluctantly starts walking to Cutter. Cutter hobbles ahead until he is looking back at Cord. Bone catches up. Cutter looks back and forth between Bone and Cord.

CUTTER

Well?

Bone shrugs.

CUTTER

Is it?

BONE

Who knows? They're both big, that's all.

CUTTER

But you said it was him. J. J. Cord.

BONE

Like him. Not even like him. Just big.

GEORGE (o.s.)

Alex!! Richie!

39 THE PARADE

Bringing up the ranks, mounted on a variety of horses, are the files of attendants to the Cord Empire. And George is in the van. He's waving and calling.

GEORGE

How do I look?

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

CUTTER

Like a fat man on a horse, Georgie!

Cutter turns to Bone but Bone is watching Cord ride away. Cutter smiles.

CUTTER

(to Bone)

As opposed to a large man with a large head on a horse.

BONE

(firm now)

Yep. Like most of his relatives. And George. And a lot of other people. Similar. That's all.

CUTTER

Ain't what you said at first.

Bone is waving to George as he rides past, not paying any attention to Cutter but keeping up his end of the conversation.

BONE

I'm saying it now. I hardly saw him. Either time.

CUTTER

You just did it again, Rich. You said him, like they were the same guy.

BONE

Then. I hardly saw them. Either time.

CUTTER

You hear him, No? What he said. He said: It's him. Now all of a sudden, he tries to take it back. Pretty weird, wouldn't you say?

No looks up from her newspaper.

NO

Yea, I heard him, but Cord was busy last night.

CUTTER

What do you mean?

NO

You're gonna have a field day with this one. Great raw material for another Alex Cutter fantasy... Cord's car was burned last night.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (2)

She folds the newspaper, holds it for both of them to see. There is a picture with it. J.J. Cord standing next to the charred bulk of his car, smiling like a proud father. Cutter takes the paper and drops it.

CUTTER

Let's eat.

He turns away. Bone glances at the picture. Cutter sees him, smiles, retrieves the paper and walks away.

CUT TO:

40 EXT. A TACO BELL NEAR THE OCEAN - DAY

Cutter, Bone and No are sitting at a concrete bench and table. Cutter is demolishing a taco and losing half of it to the table. He picks up the remains and wolfs them too. He chases it with a tiny cup of hot sauce.

CUTTER

Exciting day.

No has the newspaper in front of her. Bone is nibbling at his hot dog. Cutter is picking up anything that's left on the table, including Bone's fries.

BONE

Leave my fucking fries alone.

CUTTER

What was he doing out so late? And where was his chauffeur? The man never goes out without his chauffeur.

No runs her finger down the page to find an answer.

NO

Not true. He just loves his city. He was at the oil conference dinner at the hotel and decided to go driving by himself. Does it all the time. Day or night.

Bone snaps his fingers.

BONE

Whoops! There goes your fantasy, Alex.

NO

Aw, Rich, don't spoil the fun.

BONE

Sorry, fellas. But that's where I saw him!

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

CUTTER

Where?

BONE

Last night at the hotel. That's where I was. So I must have made the connection when I saw him at the parade.

CUTTER

Pretty good, Rich. But you're not out of it yet. What time did you leave?

BONE

Who knows? A little before midnight.

Cutter looks at No. She checks the paper. Shrugs. No answer.

CUTTER

Okay. He's driving around and around at midnight. Parks by the ocean. Takes a walk around the Marina to look at his yacht. And while he's gone... Ka-ploowie! Somebody just happens to blow up his car. What size car'd you see?

Bone looks for a last French fry in his bag. Gone. Alex holds it out as a bribe.

BONE

Burned, not 'blown-up'. It was a big car.

Alex eats the French fry.

CUTTER

Like a Caddy?

BONE

Come on, they'all look the same.

CUTTER

Okay. That's it. You're right. As usual. Golden Boy is on the money. The odds against old J.J. being your trashcan killer: out of the question.

Bone nods his agreement. Cutter grabs the stray papers on the table and gets up and limps to the trash. Stuffs in the junk and turns.

CUTTER

Except for two things. First, You said: it's him. Did I get that quote right, Rich? Not like him, not similar, not sort of... but: it's him.

Bone's ready to protest. Cutter steams on.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (2)

40

CUTTER

And second, Big Number Two: the fire bomb. His car takes it in the shorts within ninety minutes of when the pom-pom girl is dumped. Not even a little intriguing, Rich?

BONE

You got one problem, Alex.

CUTTER

What's that...?

BONE

Your imagination.

Bone gets up, Cutter gives up. But just before they walk away, Bone, almost absently, takes a last look at Cord's picture in the paper. His face tenses, a flash. Cutter sees it. He smiles.

DISSOLVE TO:

41 EXT. THE SANTA BARBARA YACHT HARBOR - DAY

41

A forest of masts keeping time to the wind.

41A A BOAT - DAY

41A

This is "Ivre," a Cal 24, Bone's pride and joy, the one part of his life that works. And he is working to keep it trim. Every rope flemished, brass fittings gleam. He's working on the engine.

CUTTER

(sings a few bars of the Sailor's Hornpipe)

How's my ole pal the Ancient Mariner?

BONE

He was doing just fine until his albatross showed up. I thought you were afraid to get your foot wet!

CUTTER

If you had a cork leg that would turn you upside down and drown you in a bathtub you might appreciate terra-firma too.

BONE

What about Ahab? Peg-leg and all. Didn't bother him.

CUTTER

Time was, pal, I could have run your ass

(CONT.)

41A. CONTINUED:

CUTTER (CONT.)

...all over the waves. Beaten you in a barge.  
And you know it. Know why?

BONE

I'll bet you're gonna tell me.

CUTTER

Because you coast, Rich. You don't press.  
Me, I press.

A Saturday yachtsman, his girl-friend and son pass Cutter  
going down the gangway.

BONE

But not on water anymore. Too bad. I could have  
used you sailing to Tahiti.

Cutter moves a bit closer to the boat.

CUTTER

I don't expect I'll be around.

BONE

How come?

CUTTER

Been giving some serious thought to snuffing  
Old Number One.

Bone finally looks up from his work. Cutter grins. But he's  
serious.

CUTTER (CONT.)

You don't think I'm serious. Guy talks about it,  
he won't do it right?

BONE

You serious?

CUTTER

In my head, yeah. But doing it, well I couldn't say  
'til afterwards, could I? And then I couldn't say  
anything. So, yeah, far as I know I'm serious.

Bone gets up, tidies the tool-box and closes the engine cover.

41A. (CONTINUED)

BONE

Wanna drink?

CUTTER

Not down there.

Bone jumps from the boat to the pier. They head up the gangway.

41B. ACROSS THE PARKING APRON. EXT- DAY

They head across the parking apron toward the Yacht Club Bar.

BONE

How come?

CUTTER

Fact is, you make me sick. Physically ill.  
Like the flu. Like I have to puke.

BONE

Tried Di-Gel?

CUTTER

And you know the bad part? You're the best.  
The best and you make me sick. Hey, don't  
let it go to your head. Probably just a  
matter of style. A man smart enough to walk  
around a pile of shit. Me? I gotta walk  
straight through every time. You know  
what I got to show for it? Shit on my shoes.  
Y'know, Rich, I don't even like to read anymore;  
I can't listen to music. Don't like the ocean.  
Hate looking at faces, listening to voices.  
I don't even like making love to Mo anymore,  
because you have to say something afterwards.  
I'd rather kiss her clit than her mouth.

DISSOLVE TO:

OMIT

42, 43,  
43A, 44,  
45, 46.



CUTTER'S SPEECH: T.V. VERSION ONLY

CUTTER

And you know the bad part. You're the best.  
The best and you make me sick. Hey don't let  
it go to your head. Probably just a matter  
of style. The low key. Nothing important.  
Y'know, Rich, I don't even like to read  
anymore. Can't listen to music. Don't like  
the ocean. Hate looking at faces, listening  
to voices. I don't even like making love  
to Mo anymore, because you have to say something  
afterwards.

CUTTER

You know the bad part? You're the best. The best, and you make me sick. Hey, don't let it go to your head. It's just your style. A man smart enough to walk around a pile of shit. Me? Gotta walk through it every time. You know what I got to show for it? Shit on my shoes. I can't stand talking to anybody else. I don't even like fucking Mo anymore, because you have to say something afterwards.

DISSOLVE TO:

47 OMITTED

47A INSIDE THE RESTAURANT/BAR - DAY

They stand in the foyer a moment, adjusting their eyes to the dark.

The RESERVATION LADY comes up to them, all business. She is very pregnant.

RESERVATION LADY

I don't want any trouble from you, Alexander.

CUTTER

Susie, sweetheart. This is your ole pal, Alex.

SUSIE (RESERVATION LADY)

I know. Richard, he gets one drink, just one.

CUTTER

Be nice, Susie, or I'll tell Rich why George married you. What happened was: George bet the Rams would make it to the Super Bowl. He lost.

SUSIE

You'd know about losers, wouldn't you, Alexander.

But before Cutter can respond, Susie turns and walks away. They follow her out to the terrace, away from the paying customers.

CUTTER

Poor George. He doesn't get laid for half the year while she's pregnant. And the rest of the time he has to fuck her.

They sit down.

BONE

Have you thought about going back to the U.A. Hospital?

(CONTINUED)

47A CONTINUED:

CUTTER

So you agree with me. Suicide is the answer.

BONE

Sure, but what's your hurry?

CUTTER

I'm killing you guys. You and Mo.

BONE

So what else is new?

CUTTER

Time for a change.

BONE

Can't you come up with something a little less drastic?

CUTTER

Sure. A little money would be nice. But more than Georgie's guilt is good for. I'd like to change the old bod around, and then bid a not-so-fond adieu to this hole.

BONE

To...?

Cutter muses for a second. A reflective, poetical thought.

CUTTER

I don't know. An island. The Gauguin thing. Native girls. Ice cream suits. Fans to push the damp air around.

BONE

We got a boat.

CUTTER

I was planning to fly. You still aren't sure about Cord?

BONE

Naw. I really didn't see him. Not his face.

CUTTER

That's one rich motherfucker, Cord is.

Bone sips his drink and then almost spits half of it out. He's laughing.

CUTTER

Something funny? I'd love to laugh, too. If I could remember how.

BONE

You're beautiful.

CUTTER

Sorry, you're not my type.

(CONTINUED)

47A CONTINUED: (2)

BONE

First: 'Rich. I done got de blues.'  
Then: 'Rich, I need some coin.' And  
finally a neat segue to, you guessed  
it: J.J. Cord. You're beautiful.

Cutter muses on the sequence.

CUTTER

You flatter me. Blackmail, huh?

BONE

Never entered my mind.

CUTTER

Too much TV, pal. The old mind's  
turning to jelly.

BONE

No connection, huh?

CUTTER

None at all. Just curiosity... which  
is all that keeps me alive.

BONE

But Cord. Why him?

CUTTER

'Cause he makes me sick, too.

Cutter smashes his cane against the window and bellows:

CUTTER

Can I get a goddamn drink in this  
hole?

Everyone inside looks. Cutter looks at Bone shocked and adds:

CUTTER

May I please have one too.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

48 INT. CUTTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bone and No are sitting at the dining table. Three places are  
set. The room has been neatened up... a little. Bone is  
scarfing everything on his plate. No is in outer space.

NO

That miserable bastard.

BONE

Anybody I know?

NO

He must have radar. The night I  
try to make a nice dinner, he doesn't  
show.

He spears a morsel from her plate and nods agreement. No  
suddenly smiles wistfully.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

NO

Listen to me. I sound like I own him.

BONE

You need an investment counselor.

NO

I need something.

Bone flashes his best collar-ad smile. How 'bout me, babe?

NO

I've got one like you, thanks.

Bone looks sadly at his plate. Mock sadness.

BONE

I'll be leaving, soon as this is over.

No reaches for the newspaper.

NO

It is over, Police think it was a transient. Case closed. I wish Alex would drop it too.

BONE

Dreamer. You get your reality out of the newspaper. He gets his out of his mind. Yeah. That sounds right: Out of his mind!

NO

Has he said anything to you about it?

BONE

Matter-of-fact, he did. But I wasn't much help.

No waits for some resolution.

BONE

He wanted to borrow my library card.

NO

Who's the girl?

BONE

Valerie Duran. The dead girl's sister. Strictly business.

NO

Uh-huh.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (A2)

BONE

It's a fantasy. But it's business.  
Besides, when did you start worrying  
about his extra-curricular activities?

NO

He just isn't there any more.

BONE

He ain't coming back, No. I mean he  
won't ever be the way he was.

NO

He's always been the Prince of Darkness.  
He's no different now.

BONE

It's not the same and you know it.  
Before he got blown up he was only  
guessing that everything was a bad  
joke. Now he thinks he's got proof.

NO

Doesn't he?

BONE

You deserve better.

NO

We all do. Anyway, I think he's the  
best. Still fighting. Lot of people  
would have quit.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (2)

BONE

You don't have to convince me. But you still need someone to take care of you.

Mo pushes her fingers through her hair, takes a strand in the side of her mouth.

NO

Is that what I need? Someone to take care of me?

BONE

Sometimes.

NO

I've already got sometimes.

BONE

No, you don't. He doesn't even care sometimes.

NO

The merchandise gets a little bruised and I'm supposed to shop around. Choose the more attractive, if somewhat used model.

BONE

You're supposed to care enough about yourself to let someone care for you. Maybe not me, but someone.

Mo refuses to cry. But she is touched.

NO

I'll try to miss you.

BONE

You do that.

He gets up and heads toward the kitchen, but he's interrupted by the SOUND of Cutter's Buick chugging up the street.

NO

He's home!

BONE

Swell.

Mo walks to the window. Bone moves very close to her. They look down on the street.

49 EXT. SALSIPUEDES AVENUE - NIGHT

The Buick lumbers toward the driveway, then stops. A Toyota is parked blocking half of the driveway.

50 INSIDE THE BUICK - NIGHT

Cutter looks at the Toyota. Then he shifts the Buick into gear.

51 FROM THE WINDOW - NIGHT

Cutter floors it. The Buick SLAMS the Toyota, ramming the back end up into the driveway.

52 INSIDE THE BUICK - NIGHT

Cutter drops the Buick into reverse.

53 FROM THE WINDOW

The Buick backs away. But just to get running room. Cutter slams it into first again and floors it. SMASH! The Buick hits the front end of the Toyota, knocking it over the curb and onto the lawn.

The driveway thus cleared, Cutter drives into his accustomed space.

He climbs out, looks at his relatively unhurt Buick. The Toyota looks like Dresden. He grins.

Cutter reaches into the Buick and grabs up a stack of books and magazines.

54 INSIDE, AT THE WINDOW - NIGHT

MO

He's drunk.

BONE

What makes you say that?

Bone heads for the door.

55 EXT. ON THE STREET - NIGHT

Bone comes out of the house. The street is suddenly alive. Everyone is waiting on his porch for the next performance of the Alexander Cutter Memorial Street Theatre.

A middle-aged MAN runs across the lawn to the Toyota. He looks at it as though it were bleeding to death.

CAR OWNER

You fucking maniac!!!

CUTTER

It was in the driveway. I didn't even see the goddamn thing. It was an honest mistake.

Bone trots over to stand by Cutter. Mo hangs out on the porch.

CAR OWNER

You lying bastard! You crazy, crippled son of a bitch!

CUTTER

Let's go have a drink. Talk it over. My ole lady's got a vibrator your ass is gonna love. Come on, let's be neighborly.

(CONTINUED)



55 CONTINUED:

A WOMAN runs from the same house as the Man. She stops next to him and tugs at his arm. Fear glazes her eyes.

WOMAN

Come on back inside. He's crazy.  
Let's just go call the police.

Bone takes Cutter's arm as well.

CUTTER

If it's the buzzing on the vibrator  
that bothers you, I've got a silencer.

Bone drags him away. The Man stares, apoplectic.

56 INSIDE THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Cutter dumps his load of books and stuff on the couch. He sees the wine bottle on the table and swills what's left. He grins at Mo, happy as a clam.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

NO

Where the hell have you been?

Cutter seems genuinely surprised she's so pissed.

CUTTER

Did a little research.

(indicates the books)

And a modest sociological experiment.

Picked up some hitchhikers. An interesting ethnological mix. An Afro-American homosexual and two Nestisas with a domesticated simian. Now the faggot and the Mex chicks were okay. But don't ever orgy with a monkey. Little fucker's bite.

Not getting the sympathy he feels he deserves, Cutter heads to the bathroom. No follows.

57 INT. THE BATHROOM - NIGHT

Cutter is suddenly all business. He combs his hair flat. Takes a mighty pull from the Lavis bottle, swirls, gargles, swallows.

NO

~~You know our insurance lapsed.~~

CUTTER

That would be his problem.

NO

Your driver's license?

CUTTER

Car runs fine without one.

Cutter pushes past No and goes to the closet, ignoring her exhausted expression.

57A INT. HALL CLOSET - NIGHT

Cutter is pushing through everything in the closet, looking for something. He finds it in back on the floor. A jacket. He holds it in his teeth and puts his good arm in the sleeve.

It's a Vietnam combat jacket.

No hikes the other arm over his shoulder.

CUTTER

Ta-dah!!

A red light washes over them. The cops are outside.

Cutter straightens up and looks at himself in the mirror, willing sobriety. It works.

58 EXT. OUTSIDE ON THE STREET - NIGHT

The Car Owner is talking animatedly to the COPS. The neighbors are coming in closer to hear everything. Cutter limps out of the house, really using the cane.

CAR OWNER

That's him.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

CUTTER

Evening, Officer. I'm Alexander Cutter. That's my car. And I'm very sorry about what happened.

CAR OWNER

Arrest him!

The Cop ignores the agitated Car Owner.

OFFICER

Just what did happen, Mr. Cutter?

CUTTER

When I approached, a car flashed by with his brights on. I know the driveway by heart, so I turned. Crunch.

Cutter sounds genuinely bewildered by the unfortunate turn of events.

CUTTER

I tried to back up. Must have put it in first gear by mistake. That was the second hit. I take full responsibility. I've called my insurance company. They're coming out. They'll cover any damages.

OFFICER

Can I see your license?

Cutter has it waiting.

OFFICER

What about some language you used?

CUTTER

What language? I simply invited the man to come inside to call you. To calm down, really. He seemed pretty upset. Of course, I don't blame him for that.

The Officer reads the license with his flashlight. The whole scene constantly bathed in the sweeping red glow of the cop car light.

OFFICER

You know your license is expired?

CUTTER

Never rains but it pours. No, I didn't. But I know you have to cite me for that. You got to do your duty. And duty is something I know a little bit about.

Cutter slaps his prosthesis with his cane, lest the Cop miss it.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: (2)

The Officer finishes writing on his pad and tears off the citation. He hands it to Cutter.

OFFICER

I've cited you for the license violation. We'll turn in the report on the rest. You two can settle it through your insurance.

CUTTER

Thank you, Officer. And I'm sorry...

CAR OWNER

Are you kidding? This bastard is a goddamn crazy menace! Aren't you gonna do something?!!!

Cutter just stands back now. He'll let the Car Owner do the rest.

OFFICER

We're going to turn in our report.

CAR OWNER

Fuck the report! What about him?

OFFICER

What about him?

CAR OWNER

Look, you asshole...

OFFICER

Sir?

CAR OWNER

You heard me! Goddamn storm trooper! I'm a taxpayer, goddamn it!

OFFICER

So am I.

CUTTER

Me, too.

The Cop turns away and climbs into the squad car.

CAR OWNER

You goddamn fascist pigs! You assholes!

The car pulls away from the curb. Cutter waves bye-bye. Then he puts a friendly hand on the Car Owner's shoulder.

CUTTER

Hey, forget it, pal. Toyota's a shitty car anyway.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: (2)

He steps away. The Car Owner waits a second, then decides to swing. But Cutter blocks it with his cane. The guy's lucky his wrist didn't break. Helluva bruise tomorrow. He clutches his hand. Cutter walks inside.

59 INSIDE THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Cutter sits down on the couch. He's happy. He pats the couch next to him for Mo. She doesn't realize it, but she looks to Bone first, then sits down.

Bone is looking at one of the books Cutter brought home.

Through the scene, Cutter gets ready for bed. Takes off his shirt. His prosthesis, his eye-patch.

BONE

What kind of research were you doing in "Who's Who?"

CUTTER

Nothing special. That was secondary. The serious stuff was checking up on the younger generation. Where cheerleaders spend the night. That sort of thing.

BONE

Where do they spend the night?

CUTTER

Wouldn't you like to know. You sly devil. Well, you might try Group Therapy. It's a new disco place near the ocean.

BONE

And?

CUTTER

That's where she was. When last seen.

BONE

And J.J. Cord was there boogeying the night away.

CUTTER

Nope... he was across the street. At the Santa Barbara Inn. Where you say you saw him.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

BONE

Which you didn't buy.

CUTTER

Maybe I was wrong. But he was definitely there. A little reception for some oil ministers. J.J. left around eleven. Drunk as the Lord.

BONE

Sez who?

CUTTER

P.R. man for the Inn. Always glad to help out a reporter for Sunset Magazine, always pleased to host such honored guests. Even if they're a little sauced.

BONE

Go on.

CUTTER

That's it.

BONE

That's all?

CUTTER

What else do you want?

BONE

I'd like to know what in the fuck you're up to!

CUTTER

The world lacks heroes, Rich.

BONE

For sure I don't want to be one.

CUTTER

Got nothing to do with you. You never wanted to be a hero.

Cutter drapes his arm around Mo's shoulder, his hand dangling toward her breast.

Bone decides he's had enough, starts toward the door.

MO

Richard?

He stops. Mo removes Cutter's hand.

MO

Where are you going?

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED: (2)

BONE

To sleep.

MO

You can sleep here.

The quietest pleading ever heard.

CUTTER

Absolutely! "Mi casa es su casa."  
And we'll keep it down in there.  
(to Mo)

Unless you want two strong arms.

Cutter gets up and limps into the bedroom. Mo and Bone look at each other for a moment. Then Mo follows Cutter.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

60  
and  
61

OMITTED

62

GEORGE'S HOUSE - TENNIS COURT - DAY

George thinks he's having a tennis match, but Bone is giving him a lesson. How to lose badly. There is a sleek animal grace to Bone on court. Bronzed against his tennis whites, he moves with the certainty of instinct. George doesn't. He's as good as five grand in lessons can make him, which is no match for Bone. But he gamely returns Bone's volleys.

A decent lob turns Bone around. And something catches his eye. Two people are watching the match.

Bone recovers and returns the lob. George waits, flat-footed; Bone goes to the net. George manages another lob.

This time Bone sees Cutter's companion. Valerie Duran, the murdered girl's sister. He whiffs his return.

CUTTER

You don't press, Rich. That's your problem.

Bone turns back to George and tosses him two balls in his pocket. He flexes his arm a few times.

BONE

I think I pulled something. Let me rest up a minute, okay.

(CONTINUED)



62 CONTINUED:

GEORGE

If the competition's too stiff! I'll  
get us something cool.

Bone joins Cutter. George heads in the house.

BONE

Had to do it, huh?

CUTTER

Like I said, I press.

Bone inclines his head to Valerie. She offers her hand.

BONE

How are you?

VALERIE

Okay. Alex has been keeping me busy.

BONE

It's a gift he has. But I can't  
imagine why you're here.

They sit at an awning picnic table near the court.

VALERIE

I wanted to know if you've changed  
your mind.

Bone doesn't respond at all.

VALERIE

If you've decided Cord was the man  
you saw.

Bone is staring across the table at Cutter, who sports his  
best "who, me?" expression.

BONE

Now where could you have gotten an  
idea like that?

VALERIE

This isn't a joke for me, Mr. Bone.

George interrupts trotting out from the house. His face is  
apologetic even before he speaks.

GEORGE

Geez, Alex... um, Susie isn't feeling  
all that great and... um...

CUTTER

Eighty-sixing, Georgie?

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED: (2)

GEORGE

Come on, Alex. Let me buy you guys lunch.

CUTTER

Hey, gang. Lunch at Michael's!  
George's treat!

George looks a little surprised. Whatever Michael's is this won't be a cheap-o.

CUTTER

Why don't you make the little mother comfy, then join us for coffee and the check.

Cutter waves Bone and Valerie after him. While George just shakes his head. He can always count on Cutter's outrageousness to perk him up. Even at his own expense.

CUT TO:

63 OMITTED

A63 EXT. MICHAEL'S RESTAURANT - DAY

The patio is a palm-shaded jewel. The waiters: pure Calvin Klein, pink-black-and-white. They have a corner table. Cutter pours the dregs from their third bottle of wine. Damn the torpedos; full speed ahead.

BONE

This is a dead-end. Alex knows that.

VALERIE

He said you'd say that.

BONE

I'll just bet he did.

Valerie takes a folded copy of TIME from her shoulder bag. She sticks it in front of Bone. He shrugs and attends to his lunch.

BONE

I didn't see his face.

She takes back the magazine. She turns the page. Passages have been circled in red.

As Valerie reads, Bone gets a look at a photo accompanying the article: A BLACK LINCOLN stopped by the side of the road. A kid with a knapsack is running to get in.

(CONTINUED)

A63 CONTINUED:

VALERIE

Quote: "I like to pick up hitchhikers, especially young ones. I like their 'input'."

Bone takes the magazine and rolls it up, holds it aloft.

BONE

I'd take this straight to the D.A. It's an open and shut case. You'll probably get a medal.

VALERIE

There's more.

BONE

Even more?!: Let's string him up!

Valerie looks to Cutter for some assurance in the face of Bone's sarcasm. Cutter just nods "go ahead."

VALERIE

Around midnight, at a gas station on the Coast Highway, some guy bought two gallons of gas: in cans. Wearing a funny hat and sunglasses.

She rests her case. Pleased. Not Bone.

BONE

A funny hat! That sounds like J.J. Cord to me!

He shakes his head in disbelief at the absurdity of it all.

64 EXT. A TABLE NEARBY - DAY

Four immaculate LADIES are enjoying dessert and tony gossip. The one with silver hair is MRS. J.J. CORD, last seen preceding her husband in the Old Spanish Days Parade. She turns slightly in her chair at the name "J.J. Cord." She tries to listen and continue chatting.

65 BONE'S TABLE - DAY

Cutter decides to take over from Valerie. And she's relieved. Free to look at Bone.

CUTTER

Let me try. Okay, Rich, I'm Cord. And I've got a pint of Chivas in me. Weaving on home. Spot this scrumptious teenybopper Yum. Innocent that she is, she's flying on angel dust, Thai stick, God knows what. We gonna get some tocoo-night!

66 THE WOMAN'S TABLE - DAY

Mrs. Cord is still trying to listen and yet not share Cutter's story with her friends.

67 BONE'S TABLE - DAY

Cutter is into his story. He is Cord.

CUTTER

Only I'm drunk and having some trouble. She starts to laugh. And I'm old and fat and sweaty. And she's laughing and choking and she spits my puny cum in my face. The fucking cunt! Wham!! And she ain't laughing, is she? Not after her head snaps into the door post.

Cutter slaps his hand like a pistol shot! She's dead.

CUTTER

(continuing)

But! I'm J.J. Cord. Turned a wildcat well into a dynasty. I don't crack. Just have to get rid of the body and clean up a very messy car. A little gasoline, a match, then: Help, Po-leece! Some crazy eco-freak, Commie, nigger, faggot burned down my American car. And who is gonna ask me any questions at all? For mine is the Kingdom and the Power and the Glory Forever! Amen!

Cutter slumps back in his chair, spent.

He rests his case. Bone looks back and forth between Valerie and Cutter. Then he scoots his chair back and looks bored.

BONE

So.

Cutter offers the floor to Valerie with a meek bow. She delivers the coup de grace in a whisper, not looking at Bone.

VALERIE

We let him know that we know.

Bone starts to laugh, but George's arrival cuts everything short.

GEORGE

What'd I miss?

BONE

Not much. Alex was just making a little joke about your boss.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

GEORGE

Cord?

Bone nods. George looks concerned.

GEORGE

This isn't the best place to make jokes about Mr. Cord, Alex. Do me a favor.

Cutter nods that he'll be a good boy.

CUTTER

Georgie's got a point. Let's walk. Thanks for lunch.

As they leave, Mrs. Cord catches George's eye. He smiles and trots over.

GEORGE

Hi. How are you, Mrs. Cord?

CUT TO:

68  
thru OMITTED  
71

A71 EXT. ALONG THE BEACH TOWARD THE MARINA - DAY

Cutter, Bone and Valerie walk along the shore, Bone aiming for the boats and the marina in the distance.

VALERIE

We pretend blackmail. Then, if he pays, we've got him. We go to the police.

Bone turns to Cutter and smiles. But Valerie is ahead of him.

VALERIE

Or maybe we don't go to the police. Alex admitted he'd try and talk us out of it. But it would be up to me. She was my sister. But either way, Cord's going to pay. He has to.

Bone stops and turns full on Valerie and Cutter.

BONE

Okay! Let's say you're right. You're not but let's say you are. Then you shouldn't be worrying about blackmail. That's not the problem.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

A71 CONTINUED:

BONE (cont'd)

The problem is your ass. 'Cause if you're right and you mess with him, you're gonna wind up nailed to the mast of a leaky boat. If you're right, I would start being very, very careful.

CUTTER

Sure.

BONE

Sure... That's why you tell your story at the top of your lungs at a restaurant where everybody knows him or works for him.

Cutter laughs softly to himself.

CUTTER

Actually, Rich, you're the one that's in trouble. You're the witness, not me.

BONE

That's right, dammit! Your fantasy and my ass!

VALERIE

We will be more careful. But he has to pay.

BONE

Of course. The forces of good! Just a little blackmail. A little perjury. And we can all retire to a tropic isle in luxury.

Bone turns and heads up toward the marina. Cutter racks his cane against a tree. CLACK!!!

CUTTER

Come back here, Bone. You sanctimonious prick! Who the hell are you anyway? The fastest dick on the beach? You were pumping pussy in Ivy League heaven while I was getting my ass shot off in a rice paddie in 'Nam. Don't give me any fucking lectures on morality. In fact, let me give you one!

Bone stops and lets his head drop to his chest.

BONE

Don't tell me, let me guess. Is this the one about: 'I see life exactly as it is. Everything's a total crock?' Or is it the leg this time? Please not the leg.

(CONTINUED)

A71 CONTINUED: (3)

Bone waits to make sure the storm is over.

BONE

You win. But you don't need me. Do it on your own. And you'll only have to split the money two ways.

Cutter shakes his head and turns to Valerie.

CUTTER

It's like trying to seduce a eunuch.

VALERIE

Did they show you her body?

Bone shakes his head 'no'!

VALERIE

I was just wondering. Because if they had, I think maybe you'd be with us.

BONE

Could be.

Bone turns around and walks away past them.

---

CUTTER

Where you going?

BONE

Sailing, Alex. Want to come?

VALERIE

I'd like to.

Bone is surprised and stops. Cutter snorts.

CUTTER

And maybe revenge isn't the only thing on your mind.

Valerie just waits.

BONE

Come on.

DISSOLVE TO:

72 EXT. THE OPEN SEA, ALONG THE COAST - BONE'S BOAT

Bone is steering with his feet. They're on a broad-reach home with nothing to do but drink beer. The wind's doing the work. Valerie is at the side, dragging her hand through the water.

VALERIE

We aren't very much alike.

Bone looks surprised. Does she mean the two of them?

VALERIE

Weren't very much alike.

BONE

How's that?

VALERIE

Can't you tell? I'm the good one. Part-time registered nurse, caring for her alcoholic mother. Hair pulled neatly back. Little tailored outfits ...Victoria, on the other hand...

BONE

Victoria? Your sister.

VALERIE

Viki. V-I-K-I. No C. Wouldn't you just know it. Anyway, she's the bad one.

BONE

Yeah?

VALERIE

An abortion just last month. Three hundred dollars worth.

BONE

An abortion doesn't count for much these days.

VALERIE

Neither does hitchhiking or being a one-man welcoming committee for rock bands. How about drugs? They count.

BONE

A little.

VALERIE

Nothing counts, does it?

BONE

Not much.

VALERIE

Not even murder.

(CONTINUED)



72 CONTINUED:

Valerie reaches into her hair. She withdraws a barrette and a few pins. A lovely mane falls loose. She takes out her blouse and ties the tails in front.

VALERIE

I love her.

She slides over next to Bone. She leans against him. His arm slides over her shoulder, a reflex for him. But a crease of doubt streaks his brow.

Valerie kisses his neck. She takes his hand, presses it to her breast.

BONE

I didn't see the guy's face.

VALERIE

That's not why I'm here.

Bone removes his hand from her bosom.

BONE

You don't want this.

VALERIE

I think I do. Why don't you?

BONE

Hasn't got anything to do with me.  
That's part of the problem.

VALERIE

What do you mean?

BONE

I'm not sure. But something like,  
maybe the good one wants to be the  
bad one. That way, maybe she won't  
miss the bad one so much.

They're entering the breakwater. Bone gets up and begins to work the sail.

VALERIE

Amazing. Popeye the Sailor's an  
outcall psychiatrist, too. There's  
just no end to you, is there?

BONE

Duck your head.

She ducks. He jibes.

BONE

I don't want you getting hurt.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED: (2)

72

The turn completed, the boat heads down the channel home. Bone begins to reef the sail.

VALERIE

Don't flatter yourself, Bone.

He finishes the sail and moves near her to turn on the engine. The boat putters toward the slip. Then Bone kills the engine. He skips to the bow as the boat slides in. Makes the jump with a rope in hand and snags a docking cleat to slow her down. Bone busies himself with the boat and ropes, sails, docking, etc.

Valerie stands at the side of the deck. Bone offers her his hand. She disdains it. Jumps on her own. She heads up the dock to the gangway.

BONE

Where are you going?

VALERIE

What do you care?

BONE

If you'll wait a sec, I'll take you back to the hotel.

VALERIE

No, thanks. I'd rather hitchhike.

She lets herself out the gate. Bone watches her. He starts up the gangway.

73 EXT. AT THE TOP OF THE GANGWAY - DAY

73

Bone starts after Valerie but is interrupted by George.

GEORGE

Hey, Richie! Got a minute?

George is calling to him from the Yacht Sales Office. Bone hesitates, looks after Valerie for a second then walks over to join George.

74 INSIDE THE OFFICE - DAY

74 \*

GEORGE

How old are you, Richie?

BONE

Don't remember.

GEORGE

You ever gonna grow up? Make a little sense of your life? Or are you gonna keep drifting until you wake up one day and it's twenty years later and

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE (Cont'd)

nobody cares enough about you to wash the pee stains out of your underwear.

BONE

You don't seem in any rush to get back to the joys of married life tonight.

GEORGE

Oh, Susie's okay, but you get a little cranky toward the end. It's still a damned sight better than what you got.

BONE

I agree. That's why I'm planning to leave.

GEORGE

You got no place to go. At least here you can sail my yachts.

BONE

Not far enough.

GEORGE

Right. So I got a plan for you. Stick around. Give me four, five hours a day. Take the customers out. You look good on deck... You get five per cent.

BONE

What do you get?

GEORGE

A little less pressure. I will have a kid to worry about. With you here I won't have to worry about Alex so much. Speaking of which, what's Alex up to?

BONE

I think he wants to be a hero when he grows up.

GEORGE

If anybody can do it, he can. Look at him, Richie.

INSERT PHOTOGRAPH

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE (cont'd)

He's got it in him. -

BONE

That's what everybody seems to think. Especially him.

GEORGE

If it works out, Richie, I could use both of you. You know Cord has some irons in the fire that involve me ... he likes me ... and if it all comes together, you and Alex could wind up partners here.

BONE

Yeah, partners.

GEORGE

Well I better get my ass in gear. Would you lock up for me?

BONE

Sure.

George gives him the key. ....

GEORGE

See. Not so hard, taking some responsibility. You just take it a step at a time.

BONE

You know, I remember in high school, I was jogging around the track and the coach say, "Hey, Bone, think you could run the mile?" and I thought, why not. For the next three years I found out why not. Five miles a day, clocked runs, trimming the seconds off, pure hell. So I don't take those first steps much anymore.

GEORGE

I hear you. But sometime you're gonna have to make a decision, one way or another, about something. Think about it.

Bone smiles, George leaves.

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

75 INT. CUTTER'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

7

Bone is lying back on the couch, shuffling through a sheaf of clippings from newspapers and magazines.

Valerie types furiously on a battered old portable. Cutter's at her shoulder, midwifing every letter. The PAGE READS:

CUTTER (v.o.)

"Dear Mr. Cord:

You may recall reading in the newspaper that on the night your car was fire-bombed, a man witnessed another crime in another part of the city. I am that man.

I have vital information for you -- and you alone. At three o'clock this afternoon (Monday, Sept. 7), I will phone your office to arrange a personal meeting between us. Time is of the essence.

Richard Bone, witness."

Valerie finishes, rips the letter from the carriage.

Bone is off the couch for a new world record. He reads it over Cutter's shoulder. Then he picks up a photograph near the typewriter: THE POLAROID shows Bone, Cutter and Valerie holding up copies of the newspaper headlining the girl's death and the firebombing. Cutter's and Valerie's faces have been carefully cut out.

Cutter looks to Bone for confirmation that everything is A-okay. Bone folds the letter in neat thirds and slides it and the Polaroid into an envelope reading "J.J. CORD. PERSONAL."

CUTTER

This is brilliant! I mean brilliant! We have that fucker's balls in a vise. What a team! What a goddamn team! Not since the Three Musketeers! One for all and all for one!

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

MO (o.s.)

You forgot D'Artagnan.

She comes from the kitchen carrying a bag of groceries. She focuses on Valerie, raises a curious eyebrow.

CUTTER

It's my Main Squeeze, bringing home the bacon. Didn't I tell you she was swell. Mo, this is Valerie Duran. Valerie, Mo.

MO

Oh. I'm sorry about your sister. It was a terrible thing to happen.

Valerie shifts from her elation of a moment ago. She casts her eyes to the carpet and looks appropriately serious. Mo lets the silence settle for a second.

MO

Can someone give me a hand with these?

CUTTER

That's all I got, but what's mine is yours.

Mo carries the bag back to the kitchen. Cutter throws a conspiratorial glance at Bone.

BONE

(sotto voce)

Tell her.

Cutter looks at him like he's crazy. Bone shakes his head "yes" emphatically. No question about it.

76 INT. IN THE KITCHEN - DAY

Mo is unpacking the groceries. Cutter makes no move to help.

CUTTER

What is this shit?

MO

Food. Real food. This, for instance, is a tomato.

CUTTER

Food, huh?

(he becomes  
W.C. Fields)

Ah, yes! I recall food. I believe it was during Prohibition, we occasionally had to live on the awful stuff for days at a time.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

76

Cutter starts rummaging through a bag.

CUTTER

Wait a minute. You're serious. What...

MO

I lost my head. There I was, on my way to the Liquor Locker as usual, when all of a sudden I got this overwhelming urge to eat. Food. A vegetable even. I couldn't help myself.

(raves on like a  
crazed junkie)

It's this craving. It gets in your blood. Just a bite. One bite. A cucumber. A piece of meat. I tried to stop myself. I swear to God, I tried. And then it happened: A Seven-Eleven.

CUTTER

You're now hearing the sound of one hand clapping.

Mo hangs her head, abject. Cutter applauds twice and splits for the living room. Bone smiles, good performance. Then he grabs an apple and takes a bite.

BONE

It'll never catch on.

Bone follows Cutter.

CUTTER (o.s.)

Mo!

She puts a carton of milk in the fridge and obeys the summons.

77 INT. THE LIVING ROOM - DAY

No one looks at Mo.

MO

I'll return everything, Alex. I promise.

CUTTER

We have something to tell you.

Mo looks immediately at Valerie and her face clouds with anger. Cutter spots it and smiles.

CUTTER

Wrong! You remember a conversation we had with Rich about a Mr. Cord?

Mo nods.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

CUTTER

Well, our investigation has proceeded  
space, as they say. Certain things  
have crystallized. We're, all of us,  
agreed, Rich included, it was Cord  
killed Val's sister.

-He lets that sink in. No reaction from No yet.

CUTTER

So we're gonna apply a little pressure.  
If he pays, we can bust him.

Still no reaction from No. She just stares at Cutter.

CUTTER

(continuing)

Telling you was his idea. I would  
have waited.

NO

You're going to blackmail J.J. Cord?  
And if he pays, you turn him over to  
the cops. With the money?

CUTTER

You got it, keed.

No just nods her head for a few seconds.

NO

You've lost it, Alex. Around the bend.  
I mean this is really insulting. This  
is more bullshit than I expect even  
from you. What a total asshole. Total,  
Alex!

CUTTER

If you say so.

NO

Oh, I do. You just bet I do.

VALERIE

It could work. Just like he said.  
That's what I want anyway. To get  
Cord and turn in the money.

NO

Get fucked, sweetie.

CUTTER

Don't be abusive, No

NO

Abusive! Now in hell could anyone  
abuse you three? A pathetic little  
band of would-be extortionists.

(CONTINUED)



77 CONTINUED: (2)

CUTTER

Hold it! Just one minute. I better refresh your burnt-out little memory. Valerie here did lose her sister, you know. You with me so far? And if Cord killed her -- very likely -- it seems to me whatever we do to nail the bastard comes under the heading of justice. Justice, pure and simple.

MO

Simple. Hardly pure. Not to mention dishonest. And dishonorable. And gutless.

CUTTER

You know a lot about guts, do you?

MO

You bet I do, Alex. You know what guts is? Guts is sitting around this pigsty month after month, waiting for you to find the nerve to start living again. And what does it get me? You and your stupid cronies are in the playpen planning some dumb fucking crime!

VALERIE

I don't see much point in this. I'm leaving.

MO

Aren't you a little charmer, though. Your sister is, what, two days in the ground and here you are, ready to cash in.

VALERIE

We're not going to keep the money...

MO

Oh, shit, give me a break, will you?

VALERIE

Richard, I'm going.

CUTTER

Wait a minute. This was Bone's idea anyway. You wanted to tell Mama all about it. Speak up!

BONE

Got nothing to say.

MO

Of course not.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED: (3)

MO (cont'd)

That's right in character for Richard Bone. But you, Alex! Pretending you're some goddamned saint avenging the ills of the world. What a joke! I don't know what I'm doing here. It's like your leg, Alex. The nerve-endings keep sending messages to the brain, but there's nothing there anymore.

Cutter limps over to Mo. Stands a second, then SLAPS HER. Bone is across the room in a second. He grabs Cutter's wrist before he can hit her again.

BONE

I wouldn't.

CUTTER

Gets to you, does it?

BONE

You all right?

MO

Oh, go to hell, would you? You think this is the first time?

BONE

Make it the last, Alex.

Cutter tries to wrench his hand free. He can't.

CUTTER

Whatever you say, partner.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

78 EXT. CUTTER'S HOUSE - MORNING.

79 INT. THE BEDROOM - DAY

Mo is in bed, watching Cutter. He's stuffing a pair of pants and a turtle neck into an overnight case. He rummages through four drawers and finally pulls something out from under a year's worth of dirty clothes: His Army .45. He throws some things out, looking for something else, probably bullets, but he can't find what he wants. He shrugs, hefts the pistol and throws it in the bag. Smiles at Mo. She looks sad, by herself in bed.

CUTTER

Someday in Tahiti we'll look back on all this and laugh.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

His lightness is lost on her. She gets out of bed. He heads into the living room. A HORN HONKS outside.

80 INT. THE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Cutter looks around to see if there's anything he's forgotten. Spots the letter to Cord and grabs it up. Mo is in the doorway. They look at each other for a moment, but neither can cross the room to make a proper goodbye. All Cutter can manage is a shrug.

81 EXT. OUTSIDE, IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE - DAY

Bone and Valerie are driving the Buick, waiting at the curb. Cutter limps down to the car. He stops and looks back at the house.

Mo looks utterly isolated up on the front porch, arms folded across her bosom, in a thin kimono. Cutter looks up at her, tries one last time:

CUTTER

We'll put in a nice lawn. Couple of palm trees over there. Maybe a garden with a waterfall. It'll be nice. You'll see.

He waves with his overnight bag and climbs in the back of the car.

Bone doesn't wait long, puts it in gear and pulls away. Cutter watches the house as he pulls away, Mo by herself, on the porch, alone.

DISSOLVE TO:

82 EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY TO L.A. - DAY

The Buick slides through the traffic headed to L.A.

82A INT. BUICK - DAY

As Bone drives, a silent, seductive by-play begins between Cutter and Valerie, as Valerie continues in her newfound role as her own sister.

DISSOLVE TO:

83 EXT. CENTURY CITY - DAY

After the sprawling Spanish provincialism of Santa Barbara this collection of chrome, steel and brown glass monoliths, is a harsh reminder of faceless modern power-brokerage.

## 83A INT. BUICK - DAY

Bone looks at the towering slabs, a Stonehenge gone mad. Cutter is directing him from a map. Bone pulls up in front of the Cord Building. He turns in his seat to look at Cutter, to see if there's a way out.

CUTTER

Gonna be fine. Jes' fine.

BONE

Easy for you to say. I'm the one out there all alone.

CUTTER

On point. That's where I was, Rich. Only place to be. Purple Heartland. We used to call this The Wet-ass Hour.

BONE

Swell. You know just how to give a guy confidence.

CUTTER

Piece a' cake. You're just delivering the mail. And neither rain, nor sleet, nor snow, nor gloom of night...

Bone is out and slams the door. He looks up at the huge glass tower and heads for the door.

Cutter watches from the window. Valerie checks her watch.

## 84 EXT. THE FRONT OF THE BUILDING - DAY

Bone approaches as if the way were tricked with mines. He pushes through a huge door, enters, and the door HISSES shut.

## 85 INT. BUICK - IN THE CAR - DAY

As Cutter and Valerie wait, Cutter talks though the plan he's rehearsed with Bone. At the same time his mutual seduction with Valerie continues. The UNDERLINED PASSAGES of dialogue function as appropriate double-entendre.

CUTTER

Hi. My name is Richard Bone. I'm here to see Mr. Cord... And you're kinda sexy.

## 86 INT. THE CORD BUILDING - DAY

The foyer is cavernous. Dominating the entire back wall is a huge portrait of J.J. Cord, looming from a dark chiaroscuro, seated. His hand grasps the arm of his chair and the wooden curve glints like a knife. Bone can't tear his eyes away. The portrait stares back, ruthless, powerful.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

The lobby is Spartan. A marble bench. A marble desk with a SECURITY GUARD. An elevator flanked by ANOTHER GUARD.

In the center of the lobby is a huge plastic case. It holds an architect's model of Century City. Bone looks into the case.

CUTTER (v.o.)

No, I don't have an appointment, but I have to see him. It's a very personal matter, of crucial concern to Mr. Cord. It concerns the night his car was fire-bombed. I think he'll be grateful to hear from me.

CUT BACK TO:

86A BUICK

CUTTER (v.o.)

But it has to be from me personally.

CUT BACK TO:

86B BUILDING

The buildings are labeled and multi-colored lines connect the outposts of empire to the center of power. A RED LINE starts at WESTERN PETROLEUM. A YELLOW LINE winds from CORD CONSTRUCTION. A GREEN LINE from C. & C. INVESTOR'S MUTUAL. A BLUE LINE crosses to the center from a building marked CORD-O-LITE PLASTICS. Other ribbons lead to the edge of the model labeled HONOLULU, NEW YORK, LONDON, PARIS, TOKYO.

Bone's eye careens along the strips of color winding through the miniature buildings, over the tiny manicured lawns, by miniatures of massive sculptures until all the ribbons of color converge at the door THE CORD BUILDING, CORD INDUSTRIES, J.J. CORD, President.

VALERIE (v.o.)

I'm sorry, I have no authority. I'll have to call my superior, Miss Iron-Crotch.

CUT BACK TO:

86C CAR

CUTTER (v.o.)

'Well, do what you have to do, Miss. But I guarantee Mr. Cord will be very unhappy if too many people know about this. I'd go as high as you can...'

CUT BACK TO:

## 86D BUILDING

Bone looks over the top of the model. A SECURITY GUARD is watching him from behind the marble-top desk just beneath the Cord portrait.

CUTTER (v.o.)

And she'll send for Mr. Step'n'Fetchit featuring the dry look and a nifty, checked double-knit ensemble. And that's as far as you're gonna get. So just give him the envelope and the fear of God in his heart and about how important this is and come to Alexander.

The Guard stands up.

SECURITY GUARD

Can I help you?

Bone stares at him for a second. Doesn't speak. Then:

BONE

Um, yes. I was supposed to meet a friend here.

SECURITY GUARD

Name?

BONE

Alexander...

The Guard checks a clipboard and appointment schedule.

SECURITY GUARD

Nope. Don't see him here.

BONE

Well, I'm not surprised. He's a pretty flakey character. If I had a nickel for every time he didn't show...

Bone is backing toward the door. As he turns and pushes his way outside, the elevator door slides open.

## 87 INT. BUICK - OUTSIDE IN THE CAR - DAY

Valerie is checking her watch. Cutter is mouthing "come on". She has moved into the driver's seat and the motor's running.

## 88 EXT. CORD BUILDING - THE FRONT OF THE BUILDING - DAY

The door swings open and Bone skips down the steps, trying not to run. He's smiling. He trots the last few steps to the car before Valerie sees him.

89 INT. BUICK - IN THE CAR - DAY

Bone jumps in and scares the shit out of Valerie and Cutter.

BONE

Let's go!

Valerie tries to breathe, but manages to get the car moving.

90 EXT. CENTURY CITY - DAY

The Buick takes the turn onto Santa Monica too fast and Valerie almost takes the curb with her. She recovers and settles down to a sedate fifty mph, checking the rearview mirror every three seconds.

90A INT. BUICK - DAY

CUTTER

Well?

(CONTINUED)

90A CONTINUED:

Bone shrugs.

CUTTER

What happened? What happened?

BONE

Who knows?

CUTTER

What the hell does that mean? Come on, what happened?

BONE

I gave the letter to some administrative assistant named Alexander. Mr. Alexander. Very swishy. Very bored. He reports to Mr. Price. Who reports to...

A street sign passes by: "Hudson Street."

BONE

...a Mr. Hudson.

CUTTER

Shit. Two people before it gets to Cord.

Bone lets Cutter stew for a second, then throws him a scrap.

BONE

We got lucky. Price and What's-his-name...

CUTTER

Hudson.

BONE

Yeah. Not in today. I pressed the faggot. Tres personal, I said. Told him Cord would have his ass if anybody else saw the letter. That's it. Up to him now.

Cutter mulls it over for a second. Then he slaps his leg.

CUTTER

You did it, Rich! We got him! By the fuckin' balls! We got him!

BONE

Maybe. Let's wait until I call him back at three.

DISSOLVE TO:



91 EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - DAY

Bone is aiming a rifle. He squeezes the trigger.

CLICK.

A teddy-bear that's mostly fuzz doesn't budge.

ACROSS THE PIER.

Cutter is stalking back and forth. He looks at Bone. His watch. The ocean. His watch.

92 EXT. THE ARCADE SHOOTING GALLERY - DAY

as Bone continues trying to decimate the teddy bears, Valerie is leaning backwards next to him.

VALERIE

What do you think?

BONE

I try not to.

VALERIE

About me.

Bone clicks off three rounds.

VALERIE

I mean about what Mo said. Viki only being dead a week and me trying to cash in.

BONE

We all have our reasons.

Click. Click. No teddy bears.

Cutter paces. Looks at his watch.

VALERIE

Still, when I try and look at it, I just don't feel that much. It's like it happened to somebody else. Somebody I didn't know.

BONE

Maybe you weren't too close.

VALERIE

We weren't. But that's what I mean. And sometimes I think it's that way for everybody. You know, you see people all the time, families, like that, and they're just people who live together.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED:

VALERIE (cont'd)

Like it's an accident or something.  
They don't give a damn about each  
other. Not really.

Cutter looks at his watch a last time and stalks toward Bone  
and Valerie.

BONE

The world is ugly and the people are  
sad.

CUTTER

Come on, Rich. It's almost time.  
Make the call.

Bone fires four shots. Nothing.

BONE

Just a sec, Alex.

CUTTER

Come on.

BONE

I'm gonna win a doll. It'll wait.

Cutter looks crazed. He isn't gonna wait. He reaches in  
his coat and pulls out his Army .45. He sights and fires.  
He blows away a teddy bear and part of the wall behind.

The CONCESSIONAIRE, bored until now, looks for an exit.

CUTTER

Give him his goddamn doll.

The Concessionaire grabs the largest furriest creature he's  
got: A GIANT WOOKIE DOLL. He hands it over, trembling.

CUTTER

The call, Rich.

Cutter puts his gun away and takes the doll. Then he turns  
to Valerie.

CUTTER

Give this clown enough to cover the  
damage. You'll have it back in a  
couple of hours.

93 EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - PHONE BOOTH - DAY

Bone walks across the pier to a phone booth. Cutter drags  
the huge Wookie behind him.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED:

Bone gets in the booth and closes the door. Cutter pulls it open and lodges the doll in the door.

Bone drops in a dime and dials. Waits. Then:

BONE

Hello. My name is Richard Bone. Mr. Cord is expecting a call from me... I spoke with Mr. Price this morning. He said... Yes, Mr. Price. He assured me he'd give Cord the message... Yes. I'll wait.

Bone covers the mouthpiece with his hand.

BONE

(to Cutter and Valerie)

Cord's secretary. Doesn't know anything about it. Cord hasn't mentioned a thing. She's checking with Price now.

Cutter pounds the phone booth frame. Bone turns back to the phone.

BONE

He did? He gave Cord -- Mr. Cord my message? All right. Yeah. I see. Yes. Thank you.

Bone looks at the phone and slams the receiver down. He looks at Cutter. Shakes his head "no".

CUTTER

No what?

BONE

No dice. Cord got the message. Price gave it to him personally. And that's it. All there is. Which is nothing. No response.

CUTTER

Shit! The murdering bastard.

BONE

Sorry, Alex. No sale.

Alex grabs the Wookie doll and slams it against the phone booth. It falls limply. He slugs it in the face. Nothing. He grabs the huge doll and slings it over the railing into the ocean forty feet below. Then he takes out his pistol and aims very carefully.

BLAM!!!

The Wookie explodes in a shower of wet feathers and cotton batting. The Wookie drowns.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED: (2)

Bone grabs Cutter's gun and flings it into the sea. Cutter smashes his can through the phone booth glass.

BONE

What's your problem, Alex?

CUTTER

What isn't the problem? Hey, I was ready to overlook the small stuff. Had a nifty little business proposition all arranged, remember? I had a dream! Then I get stuck in another load of brown stuff. Look, you're stepping in the same shit as me. So don't ask. You don't want to stick around, head on home. Where the heart is! I'm sure Mo's lonely too.

94 EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - DAY

Cutter starts walking down the pier. Valerie cuts across to Bone.

VALERIE

You don't seem very upset.

BONE

I'm used to losing. Besides, this way we stay out of jail.

95 EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - JOINT - DAY

Up ahead, Cutter is walking toward a building along the pier.

Bone trots to catch up.

The building bears a huge sign:

"RASSLE A REAL LIVE NAKED LADY"

Cutter heads in. Bone rushes to catch him.

96 INSIDE THE JOINT - DAY

Cutter has already brushed past the PROPRIETOR, a ferret that walks like a man. Bone comes in.

BONE

Where is he?

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED:

The Proprietor is wielding a bat. He nods toward a burlap curtain.

BONE

I'll take care of it.

PROPRIETOR

It's forty bucks. And all he gets to do is rattle.

Bone pushes aside the curtain.

97 INT. THE RASSLING ROOM - DAY

A large, bare-wall room floored with tumbling mats. There's a bench against one wall. A large CHICANA is sitting there in a bathrobe. Bored. She stands up. Enormous. A head taller than Cutter. She drops her robe, revealing a massive body, huge swelling breasts and thighs.

Cutter smiles. As close to boyish as he gets. He drops his cane and limps toward her. He offers his hand. To shake before the bout. She accepts it. Her first mistake.

Cutter grabs her wrist, yanks her off-balance, trips her to the mat face down and twists her arm behind her back. Then he starts to press on his incredible hammerlock.

CUTTER

Say 'uncle' or I'll break your goddamn arm.

Her second mistake is not saying 'uncle'. She just screams.

Bone understands almost immediately. The Proprietor rushes in with the bat. Bone grabs it from him. Then he runs over to Cutter. He screams.

BONE

I didn't give him the letter! I've still got it!

Cutter lets go of the girl immediately. Bone reaches into his blazer and takes out the envelope addressed to J.J. CORD PERSONAL.

Cutter takes it and looks at it. Then at Bone. He's strangely calm. But curious.

CUTTER

Why not, Rich? Why the hell not.

BONE

You may be suicidal, but I'm not.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

Cutter smiles as if a light had dawned.

CUTTER

Of course not. It takes too much commitment.

Cutter. The envelope. Bone. Valerie. Cutter. The envelope.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

98 EXT. CUTTER'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Bone KNOCKS lightly at the door. No answer. Lets himself in.

99 INT. THE HOUSE

He walks through the living room toward the bedroom when he sees Mo. She's dozing, topless, out on the deck. He stops and stares, not moving. Follows the line of her body, the almost imperceptible breathing. He walks quietly to the door to the deck. Waits.

Mo opens her eyes and sees him. She gets up, casually, and walks in past him. He doesn't move and her breast brushes his arm.

MO

I hope you enjoyed yourself.

BONE

I did.

MO

Yeah, they're pretty good, what there is of them.

BONE

I'm an eyes man.

MO

Bloodshot?

BONE

Most of the time.

Mo picks up a shirt and puts it on. It's Cutter's, so she has to unknot the sleeve first. Then she ties it at the waist.

MO

Where's Alex?

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

BONE  
Fighting the good fight.

MO  
And you?

BONE  
Me? I chickened out. Got through the door at Cord's office and folded. I told Alex I did it. But I hadn't.

MO  
Amazing. A moment of weakness or sanity? Why'd you pretend?

BONE  
I don't know. I guess I hoped that when nothing happened, the scheme would sort of dissolve. Alex would give up, lose interest.

MO  
Didn't happen.

BONE  
Nope.

MO  
Does he have a chance?

BONE  
I hope so. For your sake.

Mo runs her hand through her hair. Cocks her head at Bone for a second. Looks around, sees a wine bottle on the table. Takes a pull.

MO  
You think I'll get something out of all this?

BONE  
Can't see why not.

MO  
Can't you now?

BONE  
No.

Mo smiles to herself. She knows why not.

MO  
And Valerie? Did she chicken out, too?

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED: (2)

BONE

No. Hanging in to the bitter end.

MO

Plucky little thing. But with you gone, sort of throws them together, doesn't it?

BONE

As business partners.

MO

Not bed partners, of course.

BONE

Not while I was there.

MO

Of course not. Not with Old Blue Eyes on the scene. Can't expect Alex to compete with the Champ, can we?

BONE

Now that you mention it.

MO

Except with me.

BONE

Do you care?

MO

I guess not.

The phone RINGS.

Mo thinks about not answering it. Four RINGS. Bone doesn't go for it either. Finally she does.

MO

Hello? Hi. Yes. Wonderful.

Her voice is flat. Nothing wonderful.

MO

Well, that's just fine. I wish you all the luck in the world. No, we won't expect you. Richard's here. Yes. I'll be sure to tell him. Bye.

Mo puts the phone back in its cradle as if it were covered with lice.

BONE

Well?

(CONTINUED)



99 CONTINUED: (3)

NO

Fools rush in: He delivered the blackmail note to Cord personally. Cord will send him a "message" -- quote, end-quote. He forgives you your sins and we should take very good care of each other until he returns.

BONE

And...

NO

Frankly, my dear, I don't give a damn.

Bone smiles.

NO

(continuing)

Goah, Rich, sanity is positively taking over, isn't it?

BONE

It's an off day. Speaking of which, why don't we take the day off?

NO

Anything special in mind?

BONE

Probably. But we could start with the old standbys. A loaf of bread, a jug of wine, and...

NO

Cheese.

BONE

Cheese. Of course.

DISSOLVE TO:

100 INT. CUTTER'S HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

The wine is gone. The loaf, half eaten and attended by a box of Triscuits. The cheese weeps on the plate. A record PLAYS. Bone and No are dancing.

Bone occasionally offers a chaste kiss to No's hair or forehead. She seems neither to care nor notice. The song ENDS. They dance. Bone slides his hand inside her jeans. He tilts her head up and kisses her mouth. No keeps swaying to no music. Bone slides his hand under her shirt.

No pulls away. Not too abruptly, just tired of dancing.

NO

Don't bother, Rich.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

She sinks into the sofa.

MO

You'd just be disappointed. And  
I'd lose a friend.

BONE

I don't think so.

He sits near her.

MO

I'm not in your league. Remember that  
girl, funky, Jewish, curly hair. She  
was here one night. I thought you two  
would never quit. God, was I jealous!  
I hated her.

BONE

That was a gymnastic exhibition. I  
have something else in mind right now.

MO

Like what?

BONE

Let's find out.

MO

Poor, Richard. You really are a slave  
to it, aren't you?

BONE

If you don't want to, okay. But you  
don't need to put down the feeling.

MO

Sorry. Bad habit.

Bone sits back, looks across the room to the sea.

Mos shifts closer and leans forward. Bone turns to her. She  
searches his eyes for a sign. She gazes so deeply he would  
look away if he could. But he can't. Slowly she leans  
closer. She kisses him. A butterfly kiss.

MO

We haven't much left to lose, do we?

Bone doesn't answer. He cradles her neck to return the kiss,  
but she pulls away.

MO

Just a minute.

Bone sits back, feeling pretty skeptical.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED: (2)

MO

I want to look nice.

She smiles a tiny smile, sad, embarrassed. Then she leaves for the bedroom. Bone is left in the living room, alone for a moment, amid the detritus of their lives.

Mo is standing in the doorway.

Her hair is vaguely brushed, a hint of color at her eyes and cheeks, a nightgown.

Bone stands up. He tucks his shirt in, the shirt soon to come out, and he goes to her.

101 IN THE BEDROOM - EARLY EVENING

They make love. To touch the spirit and the heart. And once or twice, they even laugh.

DISSOLVE TO:

102 THE BEDROOM - THAT NIGHT

Bone is lying back on the bed, hands clasped behind his head. Mo is sitting up, facing him, cross-legged, smoking. Pensive.

MO

Can I ask you a question? An unfair question.

BONE

Sure.

MO

Did you mean any of what you said?

BONE

I think so.

MO

But maybe not.

BONE

I meant it.

MO

How much of it?

BONE

Come on. I'm no good at math.

MO

I'm serious.

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED:

BONE

And I said I love you.

His defiant tone overstates the case just enough to leave plenty of doubt.

MO

That's sweet. But it's not exactly what I need.

BONE

What do you need?

MO

A little serious caring, I think.

BONE

You got it.

MO

Wait. Let me say it. What that means to me. I've had a lot of time to get this one straight. Okay?

Bone nods. But already a coldness starts in his gut. A familiar coldness.

MO

What I'm talking about is the day-to-day stuff. You know? Some lousy job, but a real one. Day-to-day stuff. And being there. Not all the time -- I don't suppose anybody can do that -- but a lot. And trust, Richard. I don't think anything's more important. Trust, so that when I wake up in the middle of the night and I'm frightened and sick to death about being alone and getting old and nobody caring, I'll know you're there. That's what I mean.

Bone manages a warm smile. But his silence is deadly.

And the message isn't lost on Mo. So she smiles, too. And moves away.

MO

Relax, Richard. No more holdouts. The Richard Bone Fan Club is complete.

BONE

Mo...

MO

Yes? Is there something else?

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED: (2)

She slips on her kimono and walks out. Bone lies there staring at the threads of smoke trailing from her cigarette. He listens to the fridge OPEN and CLOSE. FOOTPADS to the living room. Then quiet. He gets up and puts on his pants.

103 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bone sits next to Mo on the sofa. She bundles lightly under his arm. She leaves one hand free to tilt the vodka bottle.

MO

Did I scare you? I'm sorry if I did.

BONE

Shhh.

MO

I am. I don't expect anything from you. Really.

BONE

I know. Why don't you close your eyes...

MO

No. Not until you go.

BONE

Soon.

MO

No. I think now would be better. I'm tired. But I don't want to fall asleep this way.

BONE

Get comfortable.

MO

I mean with you here. And then wake up alone.

BONE

I'll stay.

MO

No, you won't. When I'm asleep, you'll get up and leave. You'll tiptoe out carrying your shoes.

She smiles at the image.

BONE

Relax, okay?

But Mo isn't listening. She's in her own thoughts. Like a diver moving in slow motion, miles below the sea.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

NO

You know what I'll do when I wake up and you're gone? When I'm alone. I'll go to the mirror just to see if I'm still here.

BONE

I'll be here.

NO

But you know what I see? I see an old woman on a bench, outside somewhere, on the grounds of some kind of institution, maybe a hospital, a home. And she's pale as death. Old, but not too old. Thin. Worn. That's it, worn. And it's me. And I never smile, never cry. I just sit there. Waiting. That's what I see.

BONE

I'll be here.

No tires to laugh, but the spasm looses an age of pain and terror. She cries and cries and cries. Bone holds her tighter and never says stop.

NO

Will you stay, Richard? Will you be here?

BONE

Shhhhh.

NO

Will you? Put the cat out...

BONE

Shhh...

And she does, descending slowly, letting go.

Bone waits a few seconds. Looks down to be certain she's asleep.

Then he cradles her head gently down onto the arm of the sofa, takes up his shoes and tiptoes away.

FADE OUT.

... FADE IN:

104 INT. BONE'S BOAT - THE MARINA - MORNING

Below-deck, Bone is dressing for a polo match.

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

Riding trousers tucked into high boots. A short-billed cap with a high crown. He's trying to brush up the velvet nap. The hat's seen better days. He plops it on his head and checks himself out in the mirror. It'll have to do.

GEORGE (o.s.)

Richie! Richard!

BONE

Never knew a man so eager to make a fool of himself on the field of combat. Down here, George!

George sticks his head into the hatch. He's dressed like Bone. But he doesn't look eager. He's terribly upset.

BONE

What happened?

GEORGE

You haven't heard? I got down here as soon as I could. Where's Alex?

BONE

In L.A., I think. With Valerie. Why?

GEORGE

No.

BONE

What about her? What happened?

Whatever it is, it's too awful for George to say. He looks horrified.

CUT TO:

105 EXT. CUTTER'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Cutter is standing on the sidewalk, right where he stood to wave goodbye when he left for L.A. He's staring at the charred frame of where his house was. It's a disaster. Only the husk of the home is left and that crumpled and blackened. A few charred appliances stand sentry over the desolate scene.

Firemen are hosing down the smouldering embers.

Cops are picking over the detritus of the explosion and fire. Some neighbors and curious passersby watch from their porches or cars.

PULL BACK to INCLUDE Bone and George next to Cutter.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED:

Behind them across the street, Valerie gets out of the Buick. She stares in disbelief for a moment, then she walks away.

DISSOLVE TO:

106 EXT. A MORTUARY - DAY

George's Jaguar XJ-6 pulls up around the curved drive. Cutter and Bone get out and head inside.

107 INT. MORTUARY - DAY

The Captain who interrogated Bone is with MR. and MRS. STANTON, Mo's parents. Wealth and breeding. An unctious MORTUARY OWNER stands by.

The wealth and breeding disappear when Cutter walks in.

MRS. STANTON

You! It should have been you! You  
... not Maureen. Not my Maureen.

Mr. Stanton pulls her under his arm.

MR. STANTON

Forget him. He doesn't matter anymore.  
He's nothing.

Cutter controls any comeback. But the Captain steps between him and the Stantons.

CAPTAIN

Maybe you ought to come back later.

CUTTER

I'm gonna see Mo.

MRS. STANTON

You can't see her! You killed her!  
You killed my baby.

CAPTAIN

He's leaving, Mrs. Stanton. Right  
now. Aren't you?

CUTTER

When I've seen her.

CAPTAIN

Uh-huh.

BONE

We can come back, Alex.

(CONTINUED)



107 CONTINUED:

CUTTER

Now.

The Captain opens his stance, Cerberus at the Gates of Hell. Bone turns to the proprietor.

BONE

Where's the phone? I have to call my lawyer. The Captain seems to have forgotten they were married. There's no way you can keep Mr. Cutter from seeing his wife's body. And if you try, he'll sue both your asses from here to next goddman Christmas! So get out of the way!

The Proprietor takes the Captain's arm and looks at him imploringly. The Captain turns to Bone.

CAPTAIN

Get around, don't you, Bone?

He turns to the Stantons.

CAPTAIN

This is Richard Bone. He was the last one to see your daughter alive.

The Captain suppresses the smile from his good turn for the day.

But Bone accepts the challenge, but it isn't easy.

BONE

That's true. I dropped by last night for supper. And I think you should know she wasn't unhappy or depressed. What happened was an accident.

Mrs. Stanton cries onto her husband's shoulder. He nods to Bone with understanding, even gratitude.

Cutter looks at the mortician, who leads him back to see the body. Cutter stops at the door and turns back to look at Bone. Bone has no choice but to follow.

108 INT. THE MORTUARY PREPARATION ROOM - DAY

The room is sterile. Technicians are embalming two bodies on gurneys. The walls are lined with cabinets of chemicals and equipment.

The Mortician leads them to the back of the room. Two aluminum doors are cut into the wall. The Mortician pushes a button by one of the doors. It slides up with a WHOOSH.

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED:

It's a refrigerator. The Mortician pulls out a sliding metal tray large enough for a body. On it rests a large, clear, plastic sack.

That's all we see except for THE FACES of Cutter and Bone. Cutter impassive. Bone looks away.

DISSOLVE TO:

109 EXT. JUST OUTSIDE THE MORTUARY - DAY

George is waiting by the car. Cutter and Bone come out and join him. Cutter is calm, almost serene.

GEORGE

You okay.

CUTTER

I been better.

GEORGE

Susie wants you to use the guest house  
— for as long as you need it...

CUTTER

Susie? Come on, George.

GEORGE

No, no. She really does. Now why don't  
we go to the club? I'll buy you a drink.

CUTTER

No thanks. The daily grind drives me  
to drink. Tragedy I take straight.

GEORGE

I need a drink.

Cutter looks at George. Manages a weak smile and nods.  
Okay.

DISSOLVE TO:

110 EXT. THE SANTA BARBARA POLO GROUNDS - DAY

A light, white bamboo ball sails across the lush green field. Eight riders gallop after. Three hundred yards of fine lawn walled by an oak grove on three sides.

111 ON THE NEAR SIDELINE

Cutter and Bone and George are at a table under an umbrella, watching.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

George's and Bone's attention is torn between the game and Cutter. But Cutter is watching the field with rapt fascination.

Then Bone notices he isn't following the game. He looks to find the track of Cutter's eye. It leads across the field.

112 THE OAK GROVE

Three large black cars are parked in the shade. Some chauffeurs stand at the side, watching the polo match. Two guards flank a gentleman astride a large white horse; J.J. Cord. That's who Cutter's watching. His guests are seated at a picnic table. Susie is with Cord, with a large baby carriage. The chukker ends.

A PLAYER  
Hey, Swanson! You in for the last  
chukker?

112A EXT. THE TABLE

Cutter turns to George.

---

CUTTER  
Why don't you go play?

GEORGE  
Naw. I'll stay here with you.  
There's always a game.

CUTTER  
No, really. I think I'd like to watch  
you play. It's a favor for me.

---

George can't very well refuse. He excuses himself. Starts  
away then turns back.

GEORGE  
I'm gonna score one for you, Alex.

CUTTER  
You been watching too many Babe Ruth  
movies, George.

George waves, puts on his Polo Cap and heads to the field.

BONE  
What's on your mind, Alex?

Cutter turns away and looks at Bone. Calm. He picks up  
Bone's polo hat. He puts it on.

(CONTINUED)

112A CONTINUED:

CUTTER

Kind of a funny hat, wouldn't you say?  
Like the kind the gas station attendant  
said the guy with jeep cans wore.

113 THE OAK GROVE

Cord is watching the action, but he's dressed for the game.  
But the hat doesn't look funny on him, not at all.

BONE

You think it was Cord.

CUTTER

Rich, I know it was Cord.

114 THE POLO FIELD

George is mounted and in full career toward the goal controlling the ball.

115 THE TABLE

---

CUTTER

And so do you.

BONE

You mean because of the blackmail letter?

CUTTER

The letter. What a crock! And that  
stupid Polaroid with the heads cut neatly  
out. Jesus! We win the prize, Rich. I  
win the prize. What an asshole.  
Alexander Cutter underestimates the rich!  
Christ! I was one!

116 THE POLO FIELD

George is a juggernaut of energy and dedication. He is  
looping his mallet around and flailing the ball to the  
goal. Two horses between him and the goal.

116A THE TABLE

CUTTER

It's so easy, Rich. Your picture was  
in the goddamn paper. Page one! He  
knew from the first day who you were.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

116A CONTINUED:

CUTLER (cont'd)

And not just you. No. Val. No. You think we haven't been watched. He may be scared. But he's smart. And powerful. He had your baptism papers the first half-hour and a list of your friends and every broad you've racked the past ten years. You didn't have to deliver any letter. All we had to do was go to the Cord Building.

## 117 THE POLO FIELD

George scores! He turns his horse and rides back to the cheers of his team. He waves his mallet in the air, triumphant.

## 118 THE OAK GROVE

Cord raises his mallet in salute.

## 119 THE TABLE

---

---

DONE

What are you gonna do?

(CONTINUED)

---

---

119 CONTINUED:

CUTTER

Ain't a question of what I'm gonna do. What the fuck are you gonna do... with the time you got left. They weren't after Mo, Rich. They were after you. They just didn't see you leave.

Bone considers it all. Then he shakes his head "no".

CUTTER

What do you mean, no?

BONE

That night I left... she was pretty depressed. Things got kinda heavy...

Cutter shakes his head and smiles.

CUTTER

You're unbelievable, Rich. Truly! What a fucking monster ego. Jesus! I mean you walk out on a girl, she's got no choice. She'd head straight for the ole gas-burner. After all what's left for her.

Bone has no answer for Cutter.

CUTTER

Nice try, Rich. But this is a tough one to walk out on. I know you're gonna try. You always do. Richard Bone does his famous walk. Walk. Walk! Walk! WALK!!

And Cutter disconnects. From the conversation. From Bone. He gets up and starts to walk himself. He heads toward the field.

120 THE POLO FIELD

The game races on. Cord overseeing it all from his horse. An emblem of power.

BONE

Alex.

121 THE FIELD

The last chukker continues. The riders circle toward each other. And Cutter is walking onto the field, heading toward Cord.

## 122 THE OAK GROVE

The Party is breaking up. The guests are climbing into their limos. Cord is preparing to ride back to the stable.

## 123 THE FIELD

Cutter is stumping along, oblivious to horses, riders, anything. Bone is running to catch up. The game rages between Cutter and Cord.

BONE

Alex, stop it.

CUTTER

He's gonna pay. You son of a bitch, you're gonna pay.

George sees Cutter and spurs his horse forward, waving him away with his mallet.

Bone catches up and grabs Cutter.

Across the field, Cord watches, curious, oblivious to this gimpy threat against him.

BONE

Come on, Alex.

Cutter struggles against Bone's hold and brandishes his cane against the figure of Cord.

CUTTER

You murdering bastard, Cord!

Cord is out of ear-shot. But across the field by the oak grove, one member of the Cord party sees him: a woman with silver hair, Mrs. Cord.

CUTTER

I'm gonna crucify you.

George is close enough to get the drift of Cutter's rage. Cutter stops. He just shakes, cracking his cane over and over against his leg. CLACK-CLACK-CLACK-CLACK-CLACK!! George reins up.

GEORGE

Jesus Christ, what's going on?

The Cutter is suddenly calm.

CUTTER

It's okay, George. I just got a little upset. It's okay.

Cutter starts away from the field. George watches. Bone walks next to Cutter.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED:

123

CUTTER

You're right, Rich. No dumb mistakes this time.

They leave the field as the polo match continues.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

124 EXT. THE MARINA - NEXT DAY - DAY

124

The masts tilt together and apart, a light rhythm in the waves soothing the boats.

125 INT. GEORGE'S OFFICE - DAY

125

George is at his desk. Bone KNOCKS and enters.

BONE

Permission to come aboard.

GEORGE

Come on in, Richie.

BONE

You called?

GEORGE

I'm worried about you... and Alex.

BONE

Me too.

GEORGE

I mean hassling guys at the local pub is one thing. But J.J. Cord...that's crazy. Even with Mo and all. He's way overboard... He's practically barricaded himself in the guest house. Won't come out. Won't let me in. I don't know what he's doing for food. And what's this about Cord murdering somebody?

BONE

I don't know. Alex picked up on something and he won't let go.

GEORGE

He better.

BONE

That sounds pretty final. Somebody say something about yesterday?

George ignores the question.

(CONTINUED)



125 CONTINUED:

GEORGE

What do you mean?

BONE

It's a long story. I thought I saw something. I don't even know if I did. But Alex picked up on it. He won't let go.

GEORGE

He'd better.

BONE

That sounds pretty final, George.

GEORGE

Not from me. But I know Cord. You know he's responsible for all this.

George gestures around his office. The marina.

GEORGE

(continuing)

I know him pretty well. And you guys don't want to... believe me.

---

BONE

Somebody say something about yesterday?

George ignores the question. The answer is yes.

GEORGE

You know I feel responsible for Alex in a lot of ways. My mom and his were very close. When my mom died, she took me in, like a second son

---

BONE

I know.

GEORGE

Cord's helped me out too. Set me up. But he's in a whole different league. They don't play games. They play for keeps. They've got better things to do than worry about morality.

BONE

I understand.

GEORGE

Thanks. I know you'll take care of him. And if you need anything... I just don't want to lose him.

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED: (2)

That "lose him" works two ways.

BONE  
He neither. Sometimes.

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED: (2)

Bone smiles and George nods his understanding. Maybe it is just an old exasperating Cutter making everybody nervous.

DISSOLVE TO:

126 EXT. GEORGE'S HOUSE - EVENING

A large, sprawling ranch-style home in the hills. George's Jaguar is in the driveway. Cutter's Buick pulls into the driveway. Bone gets out. He walks around the side.

127 EXT. GUEST HOUSE IN BACK - EVENING

Bone passes the swimming pool and walks into the guest house.

128 INT. THE GUEST HOUSE - EVENING

The inside looks like the War Room at the Pentagon.

This is not the Usual Cutter Mess. A little cluttered but essentially everything is in place. Piles of clippings. Dozens of pictures. Maps of Santa Barbara, an architectural rendering of an estate, like the Cord Estate. Pins in the maps. A calender on the wall. Cutter is marking down events on the calendar from an article in his hand. He doesn't even turn around when Bone enters. Bone is stunned for a second by the absolute military precision of this room. He seeks refuge from the seriousness.

BONE

Private R. Bone reporting to Gen'l George Armstrong Cutter. All quiet on the Western front, 'cept for a few Injuns.

Cutter doesn't answer. He finishes writing in a last detail. Then he turns. He is serious.

CUTTER

I think tomorrow's our best bet.

Bone starts to look at the accretion of maps, papers, etc.

BONE

I'll bite. For what?

CUTTER

For a meeting with Cord.

Cutter is all business. No banter, no bullshit. Bone looks at the calender.

BONE

He's having a party tomorrow.

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED:

CUTTER

That's right. I figure he's dangerous.  
I want as many people around as possible.

BONE

You been invited?

Cutter rummages through some papers on his table. He hands Bone an envelope.

INSERT: The envelope is addressed to George Swanson.

CUTTER

Yeah. We're invited. That is: I'm invited. I'd understand if you want nothing to do with it. I'd like you there. But it's up to you.

Bone looks at the drawing of the Cord Estate.

BONE

George is pretty frightened.

CUTTER

So am I. Fool not to be. Like I said: It's up to you.

BONE

He's real scared.

CUTTER

You know why? I'll tell you.

Bone slides a pile of books aside from the couch and sits down.

CUTTER

Cord killed his dad.

Bone tries to control his face. But his fear for Cutter's sanity registers.

CUTTER

I know, I know. "Alex is really around the bend this time." But this you can check out with George. In the Thirties his dad owned all the Marina land. Cord kept trying to buy it. But No Sale. Old man Swanson was one tough son-of-a-bitch. He was great... Anyway, somebody offed his old lady. That broke him. He went looking for Cord. Unfortunately, he found him. Got beat up real bad. He was a vegetable. That's when George moved in with us.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED: (2)

CUTTER (cont'd)

He was just a kid. But he knew. Cord set him up in the marina after college. Wanted to help the poor kid. And keep real close tabs on him. Yeah, George is scared shitless. Has been his whole life.

Cutter pauses to watch all this register on Bone.

CUTTER

Either way, I'll understand, Rich.

Bone tries to decide.

DISSOLVE TO:

129 INT. THE GUEST HOUSE - LATE THAT NIGHT

Bone is asleep on the couch. Cutter is working at a table, poring over the diagram of the Cord Estate.

The phone RINGS.

Cutter picks it up. Bone opens one eye.

CUTTER

Hello. Yeah. Maybe. We'll meet you there.

He hangs up. Bone sits up.

CUTTER

It's Valerie. She's onto something.

Bone looks at a clock.

BONE

At three in the morning?

CUTTER

You can stay.

DISSOLVE TO:

130 INT. THE SANTA BRABARA INN - VALERIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

The same kind of Old World comfort and plush as the room where Bone was the night of the cheerleader's murder. Valerie pours herself a drink from a bottle of Chivas. Cutter shakes his head "no". Bone makes the sign for a small one.

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED:

CUTTER

So.

Valerie breathes deeply and begins.

VALERIE

I decided to start over... this time with nothing to prove. So I went to the gas station where somebody bought gasoline that night. The kid did remember something. You know the funny hat?

CUTTER

Polo hat?

Valerie takes a drawing from her purse and hands it to Cutter.

INSERT: A World War I campaign hat, like a forest rangers.

CUTTER

Okay, Smokey the Bear did it.

BONE

Keep going.

VALERIE

I decided to read up on Cord... everything. Newspapers, magazines.

CUTTER

Did he serve in World War I?

VALERIE

Navy

CUTTER

You sure?

VALERIE

Check it yourself.

CUTTER

I will. Where?

VALERIE

Probably in Who's Who.

BONE

Anything else?

VALERIE

About Cord? Nothing that applies. But I did learn some other things. If you want to hear them.

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED: (2)

BONE

Shoot.

VALERIE

Viki had an abortion, remember? I got a clue to the father. Also the guy she was with at the disco. He's a forest ranger in the Sierras. The other guy lives in Colorado.

CUTTER

Forest ranger... Smokey the Bear.

VALERIE

It's a start.

CUTTER

Nope. The kid was lying to you.

VALERIE

How do you know?

CUTTER

Because I know who killed your sister.

VALERIE

Cord.

CUTTER

Wasn't Cord.

Bone and Valerie are startled that Cutter has dropped his idee fixe.

VALERIE

Who killed her?

CUTTER

Look, Val. I was wrong about Cord. But me and Bone are still in trouble. If you could help us out, to get away from here...

Valerie gets the drift and she's disgusted.

VALERIE

Sure. If you can't blackmail Cord, you'll try to get what you can out of me.

She grabs her purse and pulls out two bills. She holds onto them. Cutter doesn't say a word, just looks. She fishes out two more bills.

VALERIE

Who killed my sister?

Cutter whirls on her, ignores the bills.

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED: (3)

CUTTER

When did you make the deal with Cord?

VALERIE

What do you mean?

Cutter's answer is to grab her by the throat. They tumble onto the floor, sending the Chivas crashing against the wall. Bone leaps to her aid, trying to drag Cutter off.

BONE

Alex! Let go!

Bone finally wraps his arm around Cutter's neck and yanks him off. Valerie collapses, sobbing for breath.

BONE

What's the matter with you? You crazy?

CUTTER

Yeah. I'm crazy. What's that make her?

BONE

What're you talking about?

Cutter pulls away from Bone and stares at Valerie.

CUTTER

One: She's throwing money around like a drunk sailor. Hotel suite like this. Serves Chivas like it was Kool-Aid. And four hundred bucks to me just for the asking. This from a part-time nurse supporting an alcoholic mother! Two: All of a sudden she knows all about Cord. But when I ask where I can check it, she says: 'Probably in Who's Who.' Probably! Not to mention she gets a lead from the gas station kid that the cops didn't. And a free trip to Colorado to look for Smokey the Bear! Bullshit!

Cutter dares Bone to challenge him. Nope. Valerie shivers.

CUTTER

How much did you get, Val? You get a bonus if we run off to the Sierras? How much? Five? Ten-grand? Or did you really get to him? Twenty-five? Jesus, you scumbag.

VALERIE

No! That isn't what happened. I didn't even meet Cord.

CUTTER

Okay. He sent a flunky. Doesn't charge a thing... How much did you get?

(CONTINUED)



130 CONTINUED: (3A)

VALERIE

But he doesn't even care if we keep  
trying to prove Cord did it!

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED: (4)

CUTTER

How much? How much?

VALERIE

Three.

CUTTER

Three thousand dollars. Shit. You really are small-time. Three grand. And tickled pink to get it, right? After all, Viki's gone...

VALERIE

It wasn't a bribe. He said we can do whatever we want.

CUTTER

You. Not us. Yeah, I'll bet he was the soul of generosity and sweetness. So understanding. Just can't imagine why you think it was Cord. Must be those two low-lives you been hanging out with. Yeah. But Cord understands. Right, Val? Wants to help. He even uncovered a few leads you might have missed. Smokey. Some clown in Colorado. And if you need anything else, just give old J.J. a call. He understands.

Valerie hasn't said a word. Her silence corroborates the essential rightness of Cutter's scenario.

CUTTER

Don't feel bad. He's a pro. And you're a light-weight.

VALERIE

He wounded...

CUTTER

Sooo convincing. Sure. But don't give him all the credit. He just told you what you wanted to hear. Ain't that how it always works?

Cutter grabs her purse. He takes out a neatly folded packet of money. But Bone shakes his head no. Final. He takes the money from Cutter and holds it out to Valerie... but he doesn't give it to her.

Valerie starts shaking. It's an awful schizophrenic choice. She wants it. She doesn't want it. Most of all she wants not to want it so desperately. Bone doesn't move. She begins to cry. The cries turn to heaving sobs of pain.

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED: (5)

Cutter grabs the money back and sets it down next to her.  
He turns to leave.

CUTTER

It's not a game anymore, Rich. Let's go.

FADE OUT.

131  
and  
132

OMITTED

FADE IN:

133 EXT. THE DRIVEWAY - GEORGE'S HOUSE - DAY

George opens the door to see Cutter's Buick where George's Jaguar usually is. A large piece of paper flutters under the windshield wiper.

George trots over and pulls the note off the windshield. He reads the note. Sees Cutter's Buick and races to the guest house.

---

133A INT. THE GUEST HOUSE - DAY

George swings the door open and steps into the War Room for the first time. The maps and articles pinned to the wall. Cutter's careful notes on all the evidence. Notes on the death of Viki Duran. Notes on Mo's death. Cord's estate. It's crystal clear.

GEORGE

Jesus Christ! You guys are making a  
big mistake.

He pushes some papers aside on the desk and finds the car keys. He grabs them. He rushes out.

DISSOLVE TO:

**A134 INSIDE GEORGE'S DEN**

George rushes into the room to his gun-case. There are spaces for four matched Buntline Specials. Three of the superb Western revolvers are there. But the case has been broken into. One gun is missing. George grabs one of the remaining ones. He takes a key from his pocket and turns a lock under the case. A small drawer opens. He reaches in and takes a fistful of bullets.

**134 EXT. GEORGE'S HOUSE - THE DRIVEWAY - DAY**

George comes running back out of the house tucking a GUN into his jacket, muttering to himself as he jumps into the Buick.

GEORGE

Please, God, don't let 'em get killed.

CUT TO:

**135 EXT. THE GATE OF THE CORD ESTATE - DAY**

George's Jaguar pulls up to the gate. Bone driving, Cutter in the back seat. Bone hands over the invitation. The guard examines it and then pushes a button, swinging the gate open. Bone drives through. The gate swings shut.

**136 EXT. INSIDE THE CORD ESTATE - DAY**

A meandering drive lined with groves of oak and eucalyptus. The grounds seem to stretch for miles. No house in sight yet.

To the right are stables, a barn, a riding ring. To the left tennis courts, gardens, more trees. A waterfall. Xanadu.

## 136A INT. THE CAR ON THE DRIVE

Cutter checks himself in the rear-view mirror.

BONE

You okay? Or just overwhelmed by your own beauty.

CUTTER

I think Mo would have liked this. She always liked playing dress up.

Bone knows. Very well.

CUTTER

(continuing)

You know, Rich, I really thought you'd walk. But, by God, here you are. I owe you one.

BONE

Such as.

CUTTER

How about a little morsel of truth.

BONE

Sounds good.

---

CUTTER

You know when I called Mo from L.A. Told you I'd talked to Cord and he sent us a message. That was a lie. He wouldn't take my call. Just couldn't get through to him.

Bone pulls the car over and stops. He turns and stares at Alex.

---

CUTTER

(continuing)

Picture it, Rich. There I am alone in L.A. with Valerie. I would have looked like the prize chump, man. So I made it up. Tried it out on Val. She really got off on it! So I used it again. That's all.

Bone starts the engine.

CUTTER

(continuing)

Of course it don't make any difference now. He did send us the message. Like I say, you gotta press. You'll get the truth one way or another. And that's the truth. But if you want to walk now, I'll understand. Either way, Rich, I'll understand.

(CONTINUED)

## 136A CONTINUED:

Cutter gets out. Bone watches him stomp towards the house. Then Bone parks the car and gets out. He tosses his chauffeur's cap to one of the other drivers, smiles and heads to the party.

DISSOLVE TO:

## 136B EXT. THE MANSION - DAY

Bone walks up the steps to the house. He starts in and almost bumps into a woman with silver hair. Mrs. Cord. She starts to smile then stops. The face is familiar.

BONE

Excuse me.

MRS. CORD

Excuse me.

Now Bone's face registers. But she remains the picture of aristocratic sang-froid.

MRS. CORD

(continuing)

I'm Mrs. Cord.

---

Bone manages not to choke.

BONE

Alexander Richards.

MRS. CORD

How do you do?

BONE

Well, with such a charming hostess, marvellously.

---

MRS. CORD

Good. If there's anything you need...

Bone nods appreciatively, bows imperceptibly and hustles past her through the house to:

## 136C THE VISTA

The mile-long lawn. The orchestra floating in the fountain. The grandest party you ever saw.

137

thru OMITTED

139

## 140 EXT. THE BUFFET TABLE - DAY

Cutter is eating like it was a Taco Bell. But this time from nervousness. Bone tries to keep a smile in place as he weaves through the crowd. He sidles up to Cutter. He offers his hand as if they were just meeting. Cutter has to put his plate down to take it. They shake.

CUTTER

There's no end to you, is there? You've really got a moral core. I don't know what it is or where it comes from, but you got it, pal. Maybe that's why I love you. Seen Cord?

Bone surveys the party. Lots of power and wealth, but no Cord.

He shakes his head no.

What he does see is half-dozen men, larger than most of the guests in ill-fitting rented tuxes.

BONE

But I see the goon squad.

---

Cutter turns. He spots them, too. They are mixing with the crowd. But not talking to anyone. All the other clumps of people are chatting amiably or dancing.

---

CUTTER

Where is that bastard?

BONE

Probably inside. It's his house.

---

The front door is open. A few of the guests move in and out freely. One of the GOONS notices them.

---

BONE

Excuse me. But I think we better mingle.

Bone claps Cutter on the back and immediately starts walking toward a cluster of women. He taps one on the back.

She turns. Bone smiles his most winning, tanned beach-boy smile.

BONE

Hi, Sylvia.

She looks up blankly. But the Goon can't see that. He just sees Bone's smile and animated conversation.

BONE

Oh, I'm sorry. I thought you were Sylvia. She is almost as lovely as you are. My name is Alexander. Richard Alexander. I'm with C. & C. Investment Mutual.

140 CONTINUED:

He looks past her to the Guard, who has turned his attention elsewhere.

BONE

It's been pleasant chitchatting with you. Excuse me.

The Woman just watches Bone retreat. He looks around for Cutter and sees him stumping up the steps toward the front door. He heads after him.

141  
and  
142

OMITTED

143 INSIDE THE MANSION - DAY

Cutter is wandering the halls, looking for Cord.

Bone is searching through the crowd for Cutter.

He decides he's not in the living room and heads back to the hallway. But he sees Mrs. Cord coming back in with the Goon and turns around and loses himself in the living room again.

---

The Goon just stands by the front door. Mrs. Cord follows Bone into the living room.

Bone tries to keep sight of her in a huge mantelpiece mirror, but she isn't following him. She goes over to chat with a cluster of two men and a woman. She smiles and whispers something. Bone moves along the wall toward the back of the room which leads to another hall.

---

The trio of guests with Mrs. Cord nod and smile. Then they head to the hall and past the Guard to the front lawn.

---

Mrs. Cord goes to the next group. Three men in Arab garb in heated conversation with a bluff, tuxedoed American. She interrupts and says something. Then they, too, leave for the front lawn.

144 INT. THE HALLWAY - DAY

Cutter opens a door and sticks his head in. A bedroom. Nobody there. He shuts the door and moves along the hall.

145 INT. THE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mrs. Cord has cleared about half the guests. But Bone is no longer in the room.

146 INT. THE HALLS - DAY

Here's Bone, looking for Cutter. He hears him before he sees him: SHUFFLE-THUMP, SHUFFLE-THUMP.

(CONTINUED)



146 CONTINUED:

BONE

Alex!

Bone walks quickly to the bend of the hall. It's Cutter. Cutter just looks as if he's been interrupted.

BONE

Where did you go?

CUTTER

I'm looking for Cord.

BONE

I know you're looking for Cord, goddamn it! Wait for me.

CUTTER

Come on.

BONE

Be careful. I got a look from Mrs. Cord I didn't like.

CUTTER

She doesn't know who the hell we are. Let's check outside. I can't find him in here.

BONE

This way. Let's keep with the crowd. I don't like being alone in these halls.

Bone leads Cutter back the way he came, from the living room.

147 INT. THE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mrs. Cord is ushering the last five people out onto the lawn. Another Guard is standing by the front door.

Cutter and Bone turn the corner from the hall to discover their refuge of a crowd is gone. Bone just stares across the room to the two Guards in terror.

The Guards spot them and start across the room.

BONE

Shit! Move your ass, Alex!

The Guards are separating, closing off the front hall.

Bone looks around. The fireplace. He shoves over a table and lamp and makes for the fire irons. One of the Guards leaps the crashed table and grabs for Bone.

Bone twists away with the same instinctive animal grace he shows on the tennis court.

(CONTINUED)

147 CONTINUED:

He stops, turns and, clasping both hands together, smashes into the face of the off-balance Guard. The Goon crashes into an hors d'oeuvres table.

The other Guard rushes at Bone. At the last second he drops his shoulder and drives straight into Bone's gut. The two crash to the floor.

Cutter watches only a second, then grabs his prosthesis, extends his leg and snaps as hard as he can.

CUTTER

Lock, you son of a bitch.

The artificial limb locks in place with a loud SNAP. Cutter throws his leg out and down, landing with a slam on the floor. Even as it hits, his trailing leg leaps forward.

He lopes in huge jumping strides down the room toward the door.

Bone cracks his elbow into the Goon's chest. The Goon lets go. Bone scoots away across the room. But the other Goon stands up right in front of him.

148 EXT. ON THE LAWN - DAY

Cutter bursts through the front door and takes the three porch steps in one jump, landing full force on the wooden leg. His other leg kicks and, miraculously, he keeps his balance. He pushes through two people in his way and keeps running, his crazy, staggered, leaping run across the lawn.

CUTTER

Don't break, you bastard! Don't break!

The crowd is startled, amused, unsure. Cutter is heading for the nearest grove of trees.

A Guard looks to Mrs. Cord, who is on the lawn. She nods. Her face is a grim mask of fury. She gestures for him to get the guy but without any fuss. A few guests turn to her. She just smiles bravely and shakes her head that she doesn't understand, but everything will be fine.

Cutter is almost to the trees. The Guard is closing.

149 INT. THE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Bone is caught between the two guards, one wipes a smear of blood from his nose with his white tuxedo sleeve.

Mrs. Cord enters. She stares at Bone.

MRS. CORD

Mr. Bone? I hope you're not hurt.

(CONTINUED)

149 CONTINUED:

Bone nods.

MRS. CORD

Please follow me.

Mrs. Cord turns and walks out of the room. The Guards muscle Bone along behind her.

150 EXT. THE OAK AND EUCALYPTUS GROVE - DAY

Two Guards are searching through the trees. The trail is not difficult to follow. The impress of Cutter's leg marks the grass and dirt at regular intervals. But Cutter is not around.

The riding ring is a hundred yards ahead. Part hidden by a pile of hay bales.

151 INT. THE HALLS - DAY

Mrs. Cord leads the procession of Bone and the Guards through the corridors of power. She stops before the largest of many massive oak doors. She knocks.

VOICE INSIDE

Ummm.

Mrs. Cord opens the door, stands aside. The Guards usher Bone past her and into:

152 INT. CORD'S DEN, THE INNER SANCTUM - DAY

Bone sees the room before he sees Cord, the trappings of enormous wealth and someone's excellent taste. For all the lightness of the rest of the house, this room is brooding darkness. A den in the 19th Century British style. Persian carpets of wine dark purple. Teak library shelves with ribbons of identically bound books, likely never read and bought by the yard for the bindings. Wing chairs in leathers stained to the color of a bruise. An ancient, huge oak desk. Lamps with dark shades. The only light comes from the French doors opened to the yard along one wall. But the light falls only a few feet into the room, stopped by some unspoken interdiction.

Cord sits behind the desk in shadow. A large man with a larger head, PERHAPS the same one Bone saw, we saw, that night in the rain.

He stares across the room at Bone. Bone tries to make out the features of his face in the shadow. Cord swivels away and looks out across the lawn.

CORD

Leave us alone.

(CONTINUED)

152 CONTINUED:

Bone hears this at first for him. But the Guards and the Wife exit, leaving Bone with Cord.

CORD

What do you think you're doing here, Mr. Bone?

The quiet, thoughtful question requires a thoughtful answer. Bone thinks.

BONE

Right this second... I'm not sure.

CORD

We're alone. You can say whatever you want.

BONE

I'm really not sure.

CORD

It doesn't matter, I don't like the fact that you're here, but I'm not going to do anything about it. That is, if we can reach some understanding. You must pursue your fantasies some other way. Do you understand, Mr. Bone?

BONE

I think so...

CORD

Look, Bone, if I were a killer, I could kill you now with impunity! Couldn't I? In fact, wouldn't I?

Bone chews on this self-evident truth.

CORD

I'm no killer. But I don't like being pushed around. And people try all the time. We get a couple of blackmail schemes a week around here.

Cord swivels around to face Bone directly.

CORD

And, dammit, I'm not going to put up with it.

Bone cannot meet the power of Cord's eyes burning across the room.

Cord swivels back to view the lawn through the French doors.

(CONTINUED)

152 CONTINUED: (2)

CORD

But I don't want to have to repeat  
myself. Maybe we should wait... for  
the cripple.

CUT TO:

153 EXT. THE RIDING RING - DAY

The two guards circle the hay bales. No one is hiding there.  
The only SOUND is the ORCHESTRA, vague and far away.

One of the guards spots another footprint in the soft dirt of  
the ring. The print leads to another and another toward the  
barn. They stalk the footprints carefully, up to the door.

154 EXT. THE BARN

One guard stands to the side. The other reaches, from as far  
away as possible, to pull the door chain. The first guard  
nods. The second yanks the chain and swings half of the huge  
door open.

Silence. The guard peers around the corner of the door. But  
the barn is dark.

A HORSE WHINNIES! Cord's massive white stallion pounds from  
the black recesses of the barn.

CUTTER

Hhhyaaaaah!!!!!!

The beast emerges like a nightmare, Cutter clinging to his  
neck! He charges past the guard, who is knocked aside by  
the stallion galloping to full speed.

155 EXT. THE GROUNDS

Cutter is clutching the reins, the mane and his gun in his  
hand. He kicks the horse through the grove.

156 EXT. THE PARTY ON THE LAWN

They hear the HOOVES before they see the horse. Then suddenly,  
through the trees, the apparition of the huge charger ridden  
by a maniac in black tuxedo and eye-patch.

CUTTER

Hhhyaaaaah!

A few of the guards left on the lawn take tentative steps for-  
ward, but there isn't a damn thing they can do as the stallion  
pounds over the lawn toward the side of the house.

The guests have no idea what to make of this madness. Clearly  
somebody is three sheets to the wind.

(CONTINUED)

156 CONTINUED:

Cutter pulls the reins as sharply as he can and the charger responds, veering left away from the party.

157 EXT. THE FAR SIDE OF THE HOUSE

Cutter's juggernaut is making a wide arc around the house alone. He thunders over the lawn. Then Cutter sees Cord.

158 EXT. THE HOUSE

Behind a huge view window, French doors opening directly onto the lawn, Cord is standing across from Bone.

159 EXT. THE LAWN

Cutter's instinct is instantaneous. He yanks the mane with all his might to the right. The arc of the careening stallion shifts and they are pounding headlong to the window.

CUTTER

Hhyaaaaaah!!!

160 INT. THE DEN

Cord and Bone turn as one, hearing Cutter's battle cry.

The galloping stallion is no more than thirty yards away. And there is nothing to stop him.

161 EXT. THE LAWN

Except the reflection of himself in the glass. Ten yards away, the stallion stalls. His forelegs splay and dig through the lawn. His head bows and he stops.

Cutter is thrown straight forward over the neck, shattering the window and CRASHING in a rain of GLASS into the den of J. J. Cord.

162 INT. THE DEN

The guards rush into the room. Cutter is still on the floor. Bone is pinned against the far wall by the two guards. Cord is ducked behind a chair.

Cord stands up slowly. Looks at Cutter.

Cutter doesn't move. His hand is out. The gun still clutched in it. His eye opens. His finger moves over the trigger of his .45.

A shoe steps on his wrist. He looks up at J. J. Cord.

Cord reaches down and yanks the gun away. He drops it into his jacket pocket. He steps away.

(CONTINUED)

162 CONTINUED:

Cutter struggles to stand. He manages. He sees Bone.

CUTTER

Nobody said it was gonna be easy.  
You okay?

Bone can hardly believe his ears.

BONE

Yeah. I'm okay.

CUTTER

I been better. Things don't look so  
good for us right now.

Bone nods. Looks that way.

CORD

They could be worse, Mr. Cutter. But  
as I told Bone, I did not kill Viki  
Duran.

Cutter looks to Bone for confirmation. Bone just stares at  
the carpet.

CUTTER

I don't give a fuck about Viki Duran.  
You killed my wife.

CORD

I've already been through this with  
your partner. In fact, I have no idea  
what you are even talking about.

CUTTER

'Course not. Never heard of me. Never  
heard of Mo. I know. You're not  
responsible.

Cutter smiles at Bone, turns back to Cord.

(CONTINUED)

162 CONTINUED:

CUTTER

Naw. You're not responsible. You never hurt anybody. Somebody else is responsible. Somebody else killed the girl. Somebody else killed Mo. Besides nobody cares... Nobody gives a damn! Nobody... except me!

Cutter throws himself at Cord. But Cord is ready, even before Cutter gets there. His huge arm is cocked. He smashes his forearm into Cutter's face, sends him crashing back onto the floor. One of the guards grabs Cutter and wrenches his arm behind his back. Cutter doesn't make a sound.

CORD

We seem to have a more serious problem than I thought.

BONE

No, sir. He's pretty upset. I'll...

CORD

He's not upset. He's crazy. And that's a serious problem.

Cutter tries to move. Cord motions for the guard to let him up, but hold on to him. The guard drags Cutter to his feet, keeping the firm hammerlock.

BONE

Alex, he didn't do it. None of it.

CUTTER

Come on, Rich. He's gonna burn our ass. Don't beg. It's embarrassing.

BONE

He wasn't going to do anything.

CUTTER

Rich, you said: It's him. Remember. Well, look at him. Right now. Is it him? Is it?

Bone stares across to Cord. Cutter starts to slap his thigh in rhythm to the question.

CUTTER

Look at him. Is it him? You said: It's him!

Cord gets up and walks toward them. Bone looks, staring as if the secret of creation lay that way.

CUTTER

Is it him? Is it, Rich? Is it him?

(CONTINUED)



162 CONTINUED: (2)

The slapping is louder, the only sound. Cord's face turns purple with rage. He is right next to Cutter.

CUTTER

Is it? Is it? Is it???

A Guard smashes Cutter across the face, slamming him against the guard behind him. Cutter doesn't even wince.

BONE

Yeah. It's him, Alex.

Bone says it so flatly, that no one is prepared for his next move. He smashes his fist straight into Cord's ample gut; Cord doubles over; Bone clasps his hands together between his legs and smashes straight up sending Cord crashing back into his desk. The gun drops. Bone grabs it and holds it next to Cord's brain. The guards stop mid-motion.

CUTTER

Kill him, Rich! Blow him away.

Bone hesitates a second.

A flick of movement draws his attention.

George steps just inside the French doors. The afternoon sun streams in behind him. George is silhouetted in a cascade of sunlight.

BONE

It's him.

And for the first time since that night, Bone sees, AS WE SEE the same silhouette he saw the night Viki Duran was killed.

Cutter looks up from the floor where he slumps against the guard's leg. First to Bone, then to George.

George holds his gun on Bone, Bone's gun is still on Cord. Nobody moves. Except Alex. Cutter rolls slightly so he can compare silhouettes. First George, then Cord. Then George.

Cutter looks at Bone who is staring straight at George. The look tells him that as similar as they are in silhouette, Bone knows which one he saw. No question about it. Cutter's mind races.

CUTTER

George? Holy shit. It was you wasn't it? You gave Valerie the money! That's why she only got three grand. That's all you had.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

162 CONTINUED: (3)

CUTTER (cont'd)

And... wait a minute. What the hell were you doing driving around at five in the morning, old in-by-ten-asleep-by-eleven, George? That was the night you brought me home! And I'll bet I was the second drunk that you chauffeured that night. J.J. here was the first. And you drove him home... in his car. No wonder you were so upset about us being on the case...

George quivers silently for a moment, like a large, soft machine over-loaded, ready to quit or explode.

GEORGE

It... I... it was an accident. I swear to God. She hit her head... I didn't... didn't know what to do... I started to go to the police... But it wouldn't have helped anybody... and there was Susie and I... I... Jesus, I thought...

CORD

Why didn't you tell me, George? I could have helped you.

Cutter can't believe that one.

CUTTER

You? What a crock! You never helped anybody in your whole life... Unless there was something in it for you.

Cord ignores Cutter.

CORD

I've always taken care of you, George.

Cutter rages on.

CUTTER

Sure. To keep a close eye on him. Would have been perfect if he had told you. You could have gotten rid of him once and for all.

CORD

Why should I want to get rid of George?

CUTTER

Why? Because you killed his father. You killed him and he knows it. You could never be sure what he would do.

(CONTINUED)

162 CONTINUED: (4)

CORD

Is that what you think, George. That I killed your father?

George stands still, silent. His large head quivers, not quite a shake.

CUTTER

Yeah, that's what he thinks. Who do you think told me?

CORD

I didn't kill your father.

CUTTER

Come on! He wouldn't sell you the marina, so you had his old lady offed to break him. And then your goons beat him senseless. It comes down to the same thing.

CORD

George Swanson, senior, was not your father, George.

The room is still.

CORD

I'm your father.

(beat)

When he found out, he killed your mother and then he tried to kill me.

George's gun and Bone's lower simultaneously, wilting in their hands.

The father and son look at each other across the room. George asks "why" a thousand times with his eyes. Cord has no real answer whatever his reasons were then, forty years ago.

Bone reaches down and lifts Cutter up. He helps him to the door, past George who is stifling a lifetime of confusion in small sobs. They head out the door and onto the lawn.

George takes a tentative step towards his father, tears streaming down his cheeks.

163 EXT. ON THE LAWN

Cutter limps along supported by Bone.

CUTTER

The poor bastard.

(CONTINUED)

163 CONTINUED:

BONE

Yeah.

CUTTER

Paranoia's no match for reality, is it, Rich?

BONE

Not so far.

CUTTER

Just one problem.

BONE

What's that?

CUTTER

Who killed Mo?

As they round the corner of the house, the party is still in progress. Yellow umbrellas, the best people, caviar...

Bone hesitates. But there's no other answer.

BONE

You did, Alex. You did. You sucked her dry, man. Took away anything that made any difference, never gave her a damn thing back. You left her hating herself. Maybe it was an accident. Maybe not. But she wanted to die. And you killed her.

Cutter begins to stiffen, pulling slightly away from Bone's helping arm.

CUTTER

What about you? I never walked out on her. Never!

BONE

You were never there.

CUTTER

But you were. That night. And you walked. Like you always walk. You killed her.

Bone pulls his arm completely free and starts to walk away.

CUTTER

Just like that. You walked. You've got it down to a science. Cold science.

(CONTINUED)

163 CONTINUED: (2)

Bone whirls.

CUTTER

You lousy bastard, you killed her!

Cutter attacks. And they try to kill each other. They crash into a table in the midst of the party. Lobster and pate and buckets of iced champagne crash around them. Locked in a death grip, thrashing across the lawn, they try to kill each other. Cutter's hand locked on Bone's throat. Bone's arm locked around Cutter's neck, they try to squeeze the life out of their shared nightmare.

They thrash on the lawn, locked in a mutual death-grip. Suddenly Cutter's prosthesis catches on a table leg, and even as the table crashes down, the prosthesis cracks and splinters into two pieces. Cutter snaps his head to see and Bone shoves him away. Bone stands, towering over the panting, crippled form of Cutter, the splinter leg jagged and worthless on the lawn. Cutter glares up at him through his one eye. Bone steps away.

BONE

Maybe I did. Maybe I did. Sure would explain why I went with you wouldn't it. On this whole stupid charade. Because the only way we aren't responsible is if someone else is. If the rot isn't outside, it's in our guts. I wish to hell Cord had killed us. At least we could have died knowing he was guilty. But he didn't. And he isn't. And that doesn't leave us much choice, does it, Alex?

Bone walks away, Cutter left to pound the unfeeling grass.

DISSOLVE TO:

164 EXT. THE MARINA - BONE'S BOAT - THE NEXT MORNING

Bone on board, unfurling the main. The ENGINE WARMS UP.

CUTTER (o.s.)

Where you going, Rich?

Bone looks up from his work.

165 EXT. THE GANGWAY

Cutter stands at the top.

166 EXT. THE BOAT

Bone continues his work, securing the mainsheet. He jumps to the dock, casts off the forward tie-line. Cutter opens the gate and begins to stomp slowly down the gangway.

CUTTER

They took Georgie away this morning.

Bone waits for Alex to reach the bow.

BONE

I guess that just leaves you.

Bone turns, walks to the rear tie-line, unfastens it, then jumps back on board.

CUTTER

Susie says I can watch the house.  
She's going to Cleveland with the  
kid.

(CONTINUED)

166 CONTINUED:

The boat begins to move backward in the slip, very slowly. Cutter tries to move along with it. He automatically bends down and locks his leg.

CUTTER

How long you going for?

BONE

I'm just going. You wanna come?

CUTTER

Nobody else can forgive you, Rich.  
Nobody.

The boat continues backwards. Cutter is nearing the end of the dock.

BONE

So come on, if you're coming.

Cutter looks at the entire ocean. The fear rises. No way.

CUTTER

I can't, Rich. You know I can't.  
You gotta stay with me.

Bone settles onto the seat next to the motor. He turns up the accelerator. The boat begins to pick up speed.

Cutter on the pier. The boat clears the slip. The path of water between the boat and the dock widens. He can't make it now. Too far.

Suddenly Cutter throws his prosthesis forward, hits the dock full-force and catapults himself across the stretch of water. He crashes onto the deck of the boat. His legs find no purchase on the deck and he slips backwards. He grabs the jib-sheet as he slides over the side. His legs hit water. He hangs onto the rope for dear life.

Bone rushes to the bow, grabs Cutter's wrist and yanks him aboard, and holds him as tight as he can. Neither of them hears the AIR HORN BLAST from the yacht coming up the channel.

167 EXT. THE CHANNEL - DAY

Bone's boat smashes backwards into a magnificent 65-foot yawl.

168 EXT. BONE'S BOAT - DAY

The force throws them both to the deck. They turn to realize what happened. Bone stands and runs to the motor. Cutter stands and faces the yacht. He raises his fist at the furious captain of the yawl. And Cutter bellows at every god that ever plagued any of us:

CUTTER

Watch where you're going, asshole!!!!

FADE OUT.

THE END