

Sly Stallone

DOLAN'S CADILLAC

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From the story by  
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EST. LOS ANGELES - DAWN

The Hollywood Hills. Sunrise throws long shadows across the streets above Sunset Boulevard.

On one of them, various cars are parked. BMWs, a Porsche, two Mercedes, and a crappy '84 Impala. Inside it, sipping coffee from a thermos, sits a man of thirty who looks like a man of fifty.

TOM ROBINSON. He could be a Cop. He could be a crook. He could be a lot of things, but he could not be any more tired or more lost.

He's on a stake-out, staring ahead at one of the gated homes. The one with the highest walls. The most security cameras. And, it being the season, the one with the most garish Christmas decorations.

ROBINSON (VO)  
I wasn't always like this.

He speaks to us in a voice brought low by too much sun and too little justice. Calm and distant, it's the voice of a man who has seen terrible things and, unfortunately, has lived to deal with them.

ROBINSON (VO)  
(continuing)  
True I always liked numbers. And  
puzzles. Problems. Difficult  
equations.  
(beat)  
But. *I used to sleep.*

He checks an antique pocket watch. And as if on cue, the electronic gate of the observed house opens. He puts down his coffee, checks the watch again, and makes a note in a worn note book.

ECU -

THE NOTE BOOK. Columns of times and dates. His pencil nub writing '7:51 AM' at the bottom of a column already filled with '7:50 AM's, 7:51 AM's, and the occasional '7:52 AM.'

Clearly, this gate opens with the regularity and precision of a Swiss train. And, clearly, Robinson's watched it open many many times.

Then, a huge late-model Cadillac glides through the open gate.

Robinson watches it with the saddest, maddest eyes we've ever looked into.

ROBINSON (V.O.CONT.)  
I wasn't always obsessed with  
Dolan.

EXT. ROUTE 15 - DAY

The Cadi speeds past a highway sign reading 'Las Vegas 119, Boulder 397', and then fifteen cars later, the Impala follows.

ROBINSON (V.O.)  
No - It wasn't always like this...  
(beat)  
I used to be happy.

FLASHBACK TO

INT. ROBINSON'S APARTMENT - THREE YEARS EARLIER

A tiny apartment. Filled with well-organized beautiful things. Soft morning light streams in through a crack in the window-shade. Robinson, younger and smiling in his sleep, has his arm over his beautiful wife FRANCEY. They are peaceful and interlocked.

We watch as they simultaneously WAKE UP. Open their eyes in unison and turn to each other.

Intimate and calm.

ROBINSON  
Happy anniversary.

FRANCEY  
Happy anniversary.

INT. THE KITCHEN - LATER

He pours the coffee, she's right there with the milk. They don't even have to look.

FRANCEY  
What are our kids going to be like?

ROBINSON  
Uhm, initially short,  
progressively taller?

FRANCEY  
No, what if we get a kid like  
Louie Cordanni? Who thought  
'Geometry' is what an acorn says  
when he gets big?

ROBINSON  
Is that a joke? Because it's  
terrible. If it's not a joke...

FRANCEY  
He actually said that.

ROBINSON

Well.

(thinks)

We'd love him. Right? I mean, 'Gee I'm a Tree' with an acorn is kind of clever....maybe he'll grow up to be a poet. You know -- he'll have your looks and brains, and he'll just need my taste in women.

EXT. THEIR STOOP - LATER

Nicely dressed in casual clothes, smiling, and totally comfortable with each other, they leave their garden apartment, lock the door and start down the concrete path.

As they approach their one little ca., WE CRANE UP AND BACK, revealing the enormous building behind their apartment-house -- a lavish Ming Dynasty themed Hotel/Casino called THE MANDARIN.

They drive away and WE CONTINUE UP, revealing that the gigantic Mandarin sits on the Las Vegas strip. Tom and Francey's already tiny place is completely dwarfed by the complex, but there they live, snug and secure, like two happy mice in the baseboards of some ominous, glittering castle.

ECU -

A GLASS CONTAINER as a hand fills it with dry desert SAND.

ROBINSON (V.O.)

Ok, today we're going to start talking about the exciting world of volumes, weights and measures.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Robinson holds the container at the front of his third grade class. He picks up another, oddly shaped bottle also filled with sand.

ROBINSON

Now. Who wants to tell me which of these containers has more sand in it...? Which one has more volume?

The students CALL OUT their answers. He listens and points.

ROBINSON

(continuing)

Right right right wrong wrong right wrong. What did you say Floyd?

KID

That one.

ROBINSON  
Wrong. This one has more sand.  
(holds up the oddly  
shaped bottle)  
Volumes weights and measures are  
tricky. And that's what makes them  
fun.

INT. HERBERT HOOVER MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY

School is over for the day. Kids are rushing, running down the hall. Tom and Francey stroll side by side, laughing, holding hands.

A teacher, MS. HUNTOON ducks her head out...

MS. HUNTOON  
Francey?  
(sees a kid)  
Mr. Szisznik! Walk!

Tom and Francey roll their eyes to each other.

MS. HUNTOON  
(continuing)  
Congratulations. You're the  
favorite teacher of the third  
grade.

FRANCEY  
What?

MS. HUNTOON  
Favorite Teacher. Sorry Tom, maybe  
next term.  
(then)  
Ms. Calper. Walking!

ROBINSON  
(shrugs)  
Never happen... I teach science.

FRANCEY  
(turns, kisses him)  
Hey, if it wasn't for science we'd  
all float off into space. You just  
remember that.

ROBINSON  
Yeah I'll remember. But how'd you  
get to be favorite? How'd she get  
to be favorite? I didn't vote for  
you.

MS. HUNTOON  
Tom. The children vote.

FRANCEY  
He knows that.

ROBINSON  
What? The children? They're too  
young to vote. That's wrong.

MS. HUNTOON  
Bye.

She leaves. Francey puts her hand out.

ROBINSON  
What?

FRANCEY  
Keys.

ROBINSON  
Where you going?

FRANCEY  
You and Larry are tutoring at the  
high school remember? And I'm  
going to teach the Junior dolphins  
the 'life saving float' and then,  
I have to get you your present  
before the place closes.

ROBINSON  
Oh yeah.  
(kisses her)  
It's our anniversary.

FRANCEY  
Bye.

ROBINSON  
Bye.

As she leaves he watches her.

ROBINSON  
(continuing)  
I love you.

FRANCEY  
I know.

She swishes a little bit more just for his benefit.

INT. NEVADA FINE PAWNSHOP AND ENGRAVING - NIGHT

MR. FINE (VO)  
That's a beautiful piece.

Francey stands with an OLD MAN (Mr. Fine) in his tiny pawn  
shop. They are admiring an antique pocket watch.

MR. FINE  
Not everyday you see a watch like  
this.

FRANCEY

It's been in my family for four generations.

MR. FINE

Yeah, I liked this one the best: 'You are the breath of my soul'.

FRANCEY

That was my grandmother to my grandfather on their first anniversary.

MR. FINE

Well I hope I wrote small enough so your daughter and your grand daughter can also have some fun.

FRANCEY

Thank you.

MR. FINE

Welcome. And drive carefully. The wind's kicking-up something fierce. Little car like yours could just blow away.

FRANCEY

I will. Goodnight.

MR. FINE

'Night, dear.

She steps out.

EXT. NEVADAFINE PAWN AND ENGRAVING - NIGHT

The wind has picked up. We see that the Nevadafine is basically a shack at the edge of the desert. Thin light spills from it's dusty window and from the old sign at the side of the road.

Francey pulls her coat tighter against the biting wind. Looks out at the parking lot and her car alone there in the darkness. As she's about to step off the porch, a sound comes to her. At first she thinks it's a trick of the wind, but then it comes again, and she knows.

A man's voice.

VOICE

No Please Somebody Please.

She listens, straining. Her eyes wide.

Then the lights in the shop go off, plunging her further into darkness.

She turns back to the door and tries it. Now it's locked.

She raises her hand to knock, but then stops to listen again. She searches for something under the wind, but there's nothing. Only silence.

Then the rumbly roar of a truck engine and old Mr. Fine, in a pick-up, pulls out from behind the shack. Drives off leaving her truly alone.

She turns from the darkened porch, and makes her way to her lone car. But halfway there, it comes again.

VOICE

(continuing)

Help me Oh God someone please help  
me I'm sorry so sorry help ME...

FRANCEY

Oh my God.

She starts off in the direction of the voice. Straight off into the vast, hilly desert. The sound ebbs and flows on the wind, but as it gets clearer, she starts to move faster toward it.

VOICE

Please! Please! Jesus please don't  
do it! I'm so sorry! I am so so  
sorry...!

FRANCEY

I'm coming. I'm coming!

But she's yelling into the wind. The sound is carried away, and it looks like she's just mouthing the words.

Now climbing up a sand dune. Behind and below her we can just make out the pawn shop and her car in the parking lot.

She reaches the top and looks down.

There, illuminated weakly in the sand-swept moonlight, are three MEN (DOLAN, MORRELL and APGAR). They stand over a fourth man, LEE, crying on his knees.

LEE (VOICE)

No. Jimmy, Please, no...

DOLAN

Oh yes Lee. Oh yes.

Guns blaze as the three men SHOOT Lee. He slumps into a pit they've dug in the sand.

Francey gasps in horror. Then covers her mouth. Luckily somehow, they still haven't heard her.

She starts to back away, slowly and quietly. But her foot just catches a small rock. A pebble really. And it starts to roll.

And as she watches, breath held tight, it hits another, ... larger rock and then some sand starts to slip and then a pretty big rock and it all funnels out tumbling into just a big enough slide that the men naturally look over at it half expecting to see a desert rat scampering away at the top of the dune, but instead, motherfuck, it's a witness, and before any of them know it, the chase is on.

The three men fire and start up one side of the dune as she scrambles down the other.

Terrified, she slips and tumbles ass over tea-kettle, thumping down at the bottom.

She shakes it off just as they crest the dune, and their shots help her find her feet.

Now tearing across the sand back toward her car, she fumbles to get her keys out as she runs.

They slip from her panicked fingers.

FRANCEY

No...

The men reach the top and then they're half sliding, half running down toward her.

She scratches around in the dirt for the keys, another shot whizzing over her ear.

MORRELL

Come'ere!

Finally she finds the keys and is up and running again.

Apgar and Morrell shoot, but find they've run out of bullets. They swear and run harder.

She reaches the car and fumbles the lock. Gets the key to work, pulls open the door and jumps in, locking the doors and starting the engine.

Dolan fires again as she throws the car into Reverse.

Morrell jumps out of the way, but Apgar gets clipped and goes down clutching his broken leg. Only Dolan remains on his feet, furious.

She slams it into drive, and peels out of the dirt parking lot.

He watches her go, his coat whipping in the wind.

SMASH CUT TO

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

FRANCEY (V.O.)

I didn't get a good look at them.

ROBINSON

She was terrified. It was pitch black.

They are talking to DETECTIVE COE in his office. She's still upset. Tom is just as upset.

DETECTIVE COE

Well, actually, the moon's pretty full tonight. But I understand - the wind, the sand maybe. Ok, so you heard the name 'Jimmy'?

FRANCEY

Yes, and he also called him 'Boss'.

DETECTIVE COE

Really? This 'Jimmy', the 'Boss'... Light hair?

FRANCEY

(thinks)

No. Dark hair.

DETECTIVE COE

Ugly? Thick?

FRANCEY

No. He wasn't ugly. He was handsome. The other two were more thick looking.

DETECTIVE COE

(to Tom)

See? Sometimes the wind dies down.

(back to Francey)

Ok. All of them in long coats?

FRANCEY

He was in a long coat. The other two looked like, I don't know they were sort of in nylon sweat suits, or golf clothes or something.

DETECTIVE COE

...Sweat suits....

He turns to another cop (SARGENT).

SARGENT

You think?

DETECTIVE COE

I don't know. Let's get the thing.

SARGENT

Robbie has it.

DETECTIVE COE

Thank you.

Sargent leaves.

DETECTIVE COE  
(continuing)  
I'm going to show you a picture  
with a bunch of men in it. See if  
this guy might be one of 'em.

OFFICER WILLIAMS enters. Coe turns to him.

DETECTIVE COE  
(continuing)  
Okay?

WILLIAMS  
No ditch or blood or anything but  
it's windy as hell. They'll keep  
looking, but...

ROBINSON  
They shot at my wife.

WILLIAMS  
Well, we did find some casings...

He lifts a plastic bag FILLED WITH CASINGS of every possible  
size and shape.

WILLIAMS  
(continuing)  
Problem is it's a pawn shop  
parking lot. People like to test  
a weapon if they're buying it  
used. They want to shoot off a  
couple rounds before they pay.

As he says this we see QUICK CUTS of these VARIOUS GUN BUYERS  
standing next to Mr. Fine, testing various weapons in the  
parking lot. Old men, housewives, young punks and rednecks.  
They all like guns. They all like to shoot.

ROBINSON  
Isn't that illegal?

WILLIAMS  
Yeah, but...you know, it ain't  
murder. We'll check'em.

DETECTIVE COE  
And we'll check the hospitals for  
the guy you say you hit with the  
car. And we'll see if anyone named  
'Lee' gets reported missing. We  
have lots that we can start with.  
Anything on Mrs. Robinson's car?

WILLIAMS  
(shakes head, shrugs)  
Nothing. But they're dusting it  
again.

Sargent comes back in with a magazine.

DETECTIVE COE  
Thanks. This is a Gaming trade  
magazine.  
(opens it)  
With an article about the  
Mandarin, you know on the strip?

ROBINSON  
We know.

DETECTIVE COE  
(looks at him)  
Good. Alright then we just want  
you to take a look at any of these  
pictures, maybe one of these men,  
something'll come to you.

The couple peer into the magazine. Typical color promotional  
pictures and text. A painting of the Hotel when completed  
and various shots of business men at gala dinners and at  
ground breaking ceremonies. Her finger plays over the page,  
considering each face carefully.

FRANCEY  
Maybe him.

Coe and Sargent give each other a look.

ECU

Francey's finger is pointing at Dolan. Standing at the back  
of one of the group shots. Smiling broadly.

INT. ROBINSON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

ROBINSON  
This guy Dolan, I mean, even I  
know he's basically the Devil.

FRANCEY  
'Suspected' Devil. Or is it  
'alleged' Devil?

The couple is having a late-night snack. Cookies and milk.

ROBINSON  
They call him The Teflon Killer.

FRANCEY  
Do you not want me to testify?

ROBINSON  
I don't know...  
(sighs)  
Well...  
(this is hard)  
Kind of no.  
(beat)

ROBINSON  
(continuing)  
I mean, nothing ever sticks to him because he's so feared and so protected - and so just bad. I mean you saw him kill a man on his knees begging for his life. And he'll do it again and again and who knows what else he'll do. To you. To us.

FRANCEY  
(beat)  
A right. I won't.

ROBINSON  
You won't?

FRANCEY  
(beat)  
If you don't want me to. And come on, I'm afraid too.  
(shakes her head,  
convincing herself)  
Let someone else play the hero.  
Right?

ROBINSON  
Right.  
(they look at each other, unsure)  
So we're not going with them to the FBI?

FRANCEY  
We're going to sleep and you're going to hold me tight all night long.

ROBINSON  
(Beat. Then)  
I love my present.

FRANCEY  
I love you.

She moves her chair closer to him-- then lays her head on his chest and closes her eyes.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

As Francey sleeps. Tom stares at the ceiling, thinking. Struggling. Finally he looks over at her and smiles a little to himself. Curls up and pulls her close. Shuts his eyes.

INT. APARTMENT - MORNING

He wakes up.

ROBINSON  
Honey? I've changed my mind.

He puts his hand to where she was lying. Not there.

ROBINSON  
(continuing)  
Honey?

She's not in the apartment. His face clouds with concern.

Then he finds her note on the table. He reads it and reaches out for the milk container left from the night before. Empty.

Note in hand, he looks out the window and sees that she's just about to climb into the car.

He goes to the door. Heads outside.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

She climbs in the car. Closes the car door.

ROBINSON  
Honey!  
(she looks up)  
I've changed my mind. I think you should go.

She rolls down the passenger side window.

FRANCEY  
What?

ROBINSON  
(coming over)  
I think you should testify.

FRANCEY  
You do?

ROBINSON  
Don't you?

Her looks says yes, but are you sure?

ROBINSON  
(continuing)  
I do. I do. I think you have to.

FRANCEY  
Well. Yeah. So do I.  
(What they're saying really hits her)  
Man, how much does this stink?

ROBINSON  
Yeah.

FRANCEY  
 (sighs, then bites  
 her lip)  
 Alright. Well... I still gotta go  
 to the store.

ROBINSON  
 You want me to come with you?

FRANCEY  
 Not dressed like Kegger the  
 Frat-party Clown I don't.

He's wearing ripped sweats and a tee-shirt.

ROBINSON  
 Hey - Kegger is 'swave and dee-  
 boner' baby. Remember that.

FRANCEY  
 Oh yeah you're 'swave'.  
 (laughs)  
 Bye.

ROBINSON  
 Bye.

She starts the car. Reverses back down the driveway and into  
 the street. Stops. Straightens it out. Looks up and smiles at  
 Robinson. Puts it into drive.

AND THE CAR EXPLODES.

PIECES OF METAL, PLASTIC AND FRANCEY FLYING THROUGH A SMOKING  
 BLOODY FIREBALL. ROBINSON IS BLOWN LIKE A PIN WHEEL BACK  
 TOWARD THE HOUSE, SLAMMING HIS HEAD VICIOUSLY INTO THE  
 SIDEWALK. HIS EYES FLUTTER CLOSED.

BLACKOUT

UP ON ROBINSON DRIVING

In the present, driving the '84 Impala. He comes out of his  
 reverie. Unconsciously touching the place where his skull got  
 cracked, his ear got burned. He's driving. Exiting the 10  
 and merging onto the 15 toward Las Vegas. He smokes and  
 stares. Still following Dolan's Cadillac. He looks to the  
 empty passenger seat.

ROBINSON (V.O.)  
 He killed her. We all knew he  
 killed her.

FLASHBACK:

Robinson at Francey's funeral. Weeping.  
 There is no coffin.

Just a picture at the front of the room. A large photograph on a stand. Francey smiling bright, eyes twinkling. Full of promise.

School children fidget. Robinson cries.

ROBINSON  
But *'knowing ain't showing'* they  
said. *'We need the proof. Not  
enough proof.'*

In the back, Coe and the other policemen stand still, indicating nothing. Coe whispers something into Sargent's ear and Sargent smiles and shows off his designer label.

ROBINSON  
(continuing)  
The cops, sheriffs, the FBI. All  
had that same story. I tried  
everything the legal system had to  
offer.

A LOCKED OFF SHOT of the desert by day. Cops and FBI search the area.

ROBINSON  
(continuing)  
And for a long time, I played by  
their rules -- accepting it when  
they said without a body, and  
without bullets and without her  
alive to testify, there really was  
nothing that could be done.

The LOCK-OFF DISSOLVES into an empty desert. Sand sweeps across the bottom of the dune. Now, nothing is out here. No trace of anything or anyone.

ROBINSON  
(continuing)  
Hey, cars blow themselves and  
their drivers 94.3 yards onto  
neighboring roofs all the time,  
don't they? Sure they do. In a WAR-  
ZONE.

FROM OVERHEAD we see the car explode. And as we rise up and away from the explosion into the sky, the shot FREEZES and drains of color; becoming a newspaper photo taken hours afterward from the air.

We continue to PULL UP away from the newspaper photo, passing the superimposed graphic denoting the radius of the bomb blast, until we find the photo's been clipped from the paper, and as we keep PULLING BACK we realize it's now taped to the wall of Robinson's apartment.

ECU

ROBINSON staring, as if at the clipping.

DETECTIVE COE (V.O.)  
Thanks for waiting. My daughter's  
graduation...

INT. DETECTIVE COE'S OFFICE - DAY

Robinson stares at Most Wanted Posters. He turns as the  
Detective arrives.

ROBINSON  
How we doing? What have you got?

DETECTIVE COE  
Listen. Mr. Robinson. I wouldn't  
be patient if I were you either.  
I'd probably be breaking windows.  
Though, as I told you on the  
phone, we do have reasons to be  
optimistic. The lines of  
communication between us and the  
FBI are wide open...

ROBINSON  
Please. I don't need bullshit.  
I'll never need bullshit again. Is  
the case closed?

DETECTIVE COE  
Look.  
(sighs)  
We have been down this road with  
Dolan before. We had him in court  
twice and weren't able to nail  
him. And he's getting very  
cautious. Honestly he seems to be  
going legit. Have you seen the  
Mandarin? Pretty unbelievable.

A long beat.

ROBINSON  
Are you a crook?

COE  
I'm going to pretend I didn't hear  
that.

ROBINSON  
(mutters)  
I should say it louder.

COE  
What!

ROBINSON  
...I'm sorry.

COE

No I'm not a crook.

(beat)

The truth is Dolan has resources we just don't have. But there is a legal system I have to follow for better or worse and yes, sometimes the bad guys get away with stuff. Now I will call you if I have anything.

Robinson moves to leave the office. Stops himself. Decides he has to do or say something.

But he can't. He leaves, defeated.

EXT. MIGHTY JOE'S COFFEE SHOP - LATE NIGHT

A greasy spoon for locals.

Robinson sits alone, despondent.

ROBINSON (V.O.)

He'd slip up again, they said. And then they'd have him. But he didn't. Because, see, he had slipped up. Letting Francey see him in the first place was the slip, and he wasn't going to do it again. So after that, he really got careful.

ECU

A hand sorts through mail. The hand tosses letters in a sack. The sack sits in front of a bunch of cartons.

All of them are addressed to JAMES DOLAN. They head on a conveyer belt to be X-rayed. Then scoped with infra-red. A special security clearance Dolan has for his mail.

We can't see where the mail is headed but it's got the same rigmarole ahead as mail for the President.

ROBINSON (V.O.)

(continuing)

To the outside world, he was absolutely Untouchable. And the cops couldn't touch him. Or wouldn't touch him.

WE follow feet outside the sorting room into the Lobby of a Hotel casino. They walk to a private elevator with two Thugs at the door. The owner of the feet is quickly frisked by one of the guards who then lets him onto the elevator.

ROBINSON (V.O.)

(continuing;

I spent 3 more months fighting with myself about it.

INT./EXT. - VARIOUS

Robinson storms out of an attorney's office.

He storms out of another.

And another.

INT. ROBINSON'S APARTMENT - VARIOUS

Then he slams down the phone.

He slams it again.

Another time.

And another

Another.

ROBINSON (V.O.)

But you know what happens if you  
keep fighting? *The stronger side*  
*wins...*

INT. MANDARIN - NIGHT

Back in the Lobby, we PAN OVER to the Casino where Robinson, now in dark glasses is perched at a Blackjack table. He's been watching the elevators.

INT. GUN SHOP - DAY

Robinson buys a gun. He likes a big one. For the first time he feels good, holding the hand cannon. But when he sees the price, he has to stop. Reluctantly, he buys a smaller, cheaper model.

BACK IN THE CAR

ROBINSON (V.O.)

(continuing)

I'd provoke him. Bait him and draw  
him out of his cave into the  
sunlight. I'd make him make a  
mistake.

INT. MANDARIN - LOBBY

Robinson, uncomfortably packing, passes the private elevator and goes to one of the regular elevators.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

He rides up as high as he can go.

INT. HALLWAY - MANDARIN

Walks out into a long hallway at the top floor below the penthouse.

Goes to a fire exit. Looks both ways and pushes on the door.  
Immediately a FIRE ALARM GOES OFF.

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

He's in the stairwell, with the alarm blaring, he moves to head upstairs to the penthouse.

INT. CAR - DAY - CONTINUOUS

For a second we are back in the present - back in the Impala. He blows out some cigarette smoke. Actually speaks.

ROBINSON  
Of course. I was young and stupid then...

INT. MANDARIN STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Two more thugs come down the stairs to see what's going on.

There's a moment when he might draw on them, but they're enormous and tough and one of them gets his gun out first.

THUG  
Get the fuck out of here.

THUG 2  
What do you want?

ROBINSON  
I...

THUG 2  
What?!

THUG  
You want something?

ROBINSON  
He...

THUG  
Huh?

THUG 2  
He's talking to you. You want something?!

THUG  
What do you want? Huh!? Get outta here before I accidentally snap your fucking neck. Getattahere!!

Shamed and angry, Robinson retreats in the face of these snarling dogs.

INT. MANDARIN - CONTINUOUS

Robinson runs down the eternal hallway.

## EXT. MANDARIN - CONTINUOUS

Runs through and out of the Mandarin. Various thugs in the lobby discuss him. Walkies are held to ears, lots of shrugging. Body language like: What the fuck? Who the fuck? When the fuck? And, Where the fuck?

ROBINSON (V.O.)

I couldn't get in to him, and he  
wasn't about to come after me.

## INT. ROBINSON'S APARTMENT - LATER

He's shaking, filled with anger and grief. He was pathetic. Impotent and afraid. He lashes out, smashing plates. Punches a wall.

Then, adding insult to injury, he hears a banging from upstairs. Neighbors banging for him to shut up. He stops. Easing himself quietly onto the floor. He stares up at the ceiling.

Then notices something.

A spider's web in the corner. A spider making a web.

He watches.

Then he hears a fly. Buzzing around the apartment.

The spider stops. As if it hears too. Robinson checks his pocket watch. It's four past midnight.

ROBINSON (V.O.)

That's when I knew I'd have to get  
him myself. I'd build a web. And  
one day, when he wasn't  
suspecting, he'd just fly into it.  
Because I did have one thing. And  
that was time.

The fly buzzes around, and then goes right past the web and flies out the window. Gone.

He looks at the spider.

After a moment, it patiently resumes its task. Spinning. Spinning.

ROBINSON (V.O.)

(continuing)

I just needed to learn patience.

## INT./EXT. - VARIOUS

Robinson drives past Dolan's gated Hollywood place for the first time. Breaks out the (then brand new) note book and makes a first entry.

ROBINSON (V.O.)

(continuing)

I started to study him. Apply the ol' Scientific Method. And I learned a lot. He never flew. He ate egg whites. Drank Japanese beer, had that party house in LA.

LATER

We see him in his car. Waiting. Smoking and staring. Finally he looks at his watch. He's been here oh eight hours.

ROBINSON

He'd sleep in splendor. I'd sleep in fleas.

Done for the day, he starts the Impala and drives down to Sunset.

ROBINSON (V.O.)

I watched and waited, because I believed that even someone who's untouchable. Who's bigger than the big boys. Has to have an achilles heel.

INT. A HOLLYWOOD MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Robinson eats a stale sandwich in a terrible dumpy motel. He's watching an ancient Western on the glowing t.v.

ON THE TV Bandits surround an armored coach in the desert and sweat the driver out in the hot hot sun.

ROBINSON (V.O.)

(continuing)

And that maybe the only way to touch him, was to be small. So small. So patient, so quiet, that he wouldn't even imagine he was being followed.

VARIOUS SHOTS

Robinson follows Dolan's Cadi out of the Hollywood Hills.

In front of the Mandarin, Robinson finds the perfect spot to observe Dolan's entrance to the Mandarin garage.

Robinson times the 1.6 seconds Dolan is exposed.

Robinson watches Dolan trade in his Cadillac for a new model. The old one pulls away as the new one is driven up to him. Dolan pulls out a weapon and shoots at the windshield. It's bullet proof. And Dolan laughs.

Robinson sees Dolan escort two bimbos into a nightclub. The bouncers part the crowd. Suddenly the place is closed. No one else is let in.

Dolan drives back to L.A. in the Newer Cadi. Robinson follows.

Robinson on stake-out again in the Hollywood Hills. A cleaning van pulls up in front of the house. BIG JOE'S CLEANING SERVICE on the front.

A GROUP OF WOMEN get out of the van. All dressed in white, not waitresses but cleaning women. One of them carries a neat stack of sheets, another towels, another drags in a pair of vacuum cleaners.

Robinson writes 'Big Joe's Cleaning' in his book.

Robinson watches shit on TV in the crappy motel.

Scribbles more numbers in the book.

He teaches a class. But now it's like a zombie teaching. Rote droning. Bored kids.

In the school hallway he trudges on as the kids run.

ROBINSON

Walk Mr. Hopper.

He drives past the parked Cadi as a bimbo is shoved from the back of it. The girl screams and cries. His dead eyes don't even glance at her.

Dolan trades the new Cadi in for an EVEN NEWER Cadi. Again he tests the bullet proof glass. Only this time with a machine gun.

ROBINSON (V.O.)

But in the second year, I thought  
I got lucky. I got Dolan's private  
number. His hot line.

INT. MANDARIN - NIGHT

Robinson walks past gamblers at Dolan's casino. As he eyes the private elevator in the distance, he PULLS A BRIGHT BLUE SLIP OF PAPER out of his wallet. Leans into a pay phone and dials.

ROBINSON (V.O.)

(continuing)

I called him and he picked up.

INT. DOLAN'S PENTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

DOLAN

Yeah. Yeah?

INT. MANDARIN - NIGHT

ROBINSON

I've got your number. You're dead.

He hangs up.

ROBINSON (V.O.)  
I walked away and six seconds  
later they were on that phone like  
bars on a prison.

We see Robinson wander off into the crowd just as six beefy  
men come out of thin air and hurtle toward the payphone.  
The men look around pissed. Robinson tries to look casual as  
he plays a slot machine.

ROBINSON (V.O.)  
(continuing)  
I just had to be patient I told  
myself.

The wheels of the slot land. He's lost.

ROBINSON (V.O.)  
(continuing)  
Not that I could tell anyone else.

Robinson's apartment starts to change. We see what time has  
done to the place. The horizon of a depressive. Piles and  
dust.

And pictures of Francey everywhere. Her funeral photo has  
been reduplicated at least fifty times. In many sizes.  
Hanging around the bedroom.

And in the living room -- Dolan. Long lens surveillance  
photos. Newspaper photos. Maps of the Mandarin. A map of  
Dolan's Hollywood mansion. Files and notebooks. Just a lot of  
weird shit. The walls are turning into the inside of  
Robinson's mind - an elegy to his dead wife and his living  
prey.

Robinson eats alone. A bowl of cold cereal. Pours a cup of  
black coffee.

ANGLE ON

The milk. He doesn't touch it. Just stares. Hears something.  
Looks over at Francey's picture. Then looks up at something  
else.

From overhead we RISE UP. And find, above him, the spider.  
Spinning. Spinning.

ROBINSON (V.O.)  
(continuing)  
There is a spider in Africa that  
can build a web so intricate and  
so strong, it can catch the cub of  
a lion. This has been documented.  
Once.

But as his Voice Over continues, we CONTINUE TO RISE UP ... through the ceiling and into the air. Up above his building and into the sky.

We TURN in the air and find the huge casino and hotel, THE MANDARIN. The penthouse windows. Standing there, staring out at his city, at his kingdom, is James Dolan.

ROBINSON (V.O.)

(continuing)

The rest of the time? Well...  
Lions don't even eat spiders for  
*breakfast*. To lions spiders barely  
qualify as a snack.

INT. DOLAN'S SUITE - CONTINUOUS

The suite is beyond belief; 9,000 square feet including pool, bowling alley and discoteque.

He presides over a lunch meeting that's just winding up. At the huge mahogany table sit Dolan and three SUITS.

DOLAN

...I don't understand the hold-up  
here.

A BEAUTY reminiscent of Francey brings out a tray with champagne and glasses. We'll come to know this girl as ALLISON.

DOLAN

(continuing)

Jesus. You are one beautiful girl.

ALLISON

Thank you Mr. Dolan.

DOLAN

'Jimmy', please, and it's true.  
(offering champagne)

Guys?

SUIT #1

No no, we have to get back to the  
bank after lunch.

Dolan pauses for a moment and then stops the departing girl.

DOLAN

Wait a second, Allison. Stay with  
us.

She stops, a little unsure, and leans on the credenza. He rises and smiles.

DOLAN  
(continuing)

Charles, Tim, listen. If you have to go back to the bank after lunch, why don't you just go now?  
(they are dumbstruck)

I don't keep banker's hours. Bankers hours suck. And honestly, guys who have that kind of narrow, not-good-for-my-cholesterol mentality are not people who are instinctual or truthful enough for me to want to be in the kind of serious business I thought we were discussing here.

SUIT #1  
Jimmy...

DOLAN  
She can call me Jimmy - You call me Mr. Dolan.  
(Allison's transfixed)  
Now either you're going to sign that as written and pour yourselves some champagne, or I'm going to come back in here and you'll be gone and I'm going to find some partners who understand that the business of life is more important than a life of business. And I really don't care which one it's going to be.

And with that he takes her by the arm and leads her out, playfully whispering out the side of his mouth.

DOLAN  
(continuing)  
*Don't look back.*

He leads her to a sumptuous BEDROOM.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Closes the door on the SUITS staring after them. He smiles. Pretends to wipe the sweat from his brow.

DOLAN  
(continuing)  
Made it.

ALLISON  
Are they gonna sign it?

DOLAN  
Of course they are. A guy always wants to show that he's better than your opinion of him.  
(more)

DOLAN (cont'd)  
 Call him a wimp, he'll prove he's  
 a stud. Call him a bully, he  
 always sends flowers.

ALLISON  
 How much time do they have?

DOLAN  
 How much time should we give them?

ALLISON  
 (scared, thrilled)  
 A minute?

DOLAN  
 Oh, you're generous.  
 (drinks her in)  
 Thanks to them tonight we're going  
 to celebrate. And I want to hear  
 the story of Allison.

ALLISON  
 Not much to tell... Lots of corn  
 and pompoms.

DOLAN  
 Well, the story's just beginning.  
 (reaches for the door)  
 It's a great one too. Small town  
 girl makes good. I want to hear  
 all about it.

He opens the door again, and the men stand and toast him with  
 fresh glasses of champagne. He spreads his hands wide to her.

DOLAN  
 (continuing)  
 See....

ROBINSON (V.O.)  
 Hmm?

LEVY (V.O.)  
 How you doing buddy?

INT. THE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Robinson looks up. His friend LARRY LEVY is considering him  
 over the desk. In Vegas the schools get a fair share of the  
 gambling taxes. Which means every kid has a computer and the  
 Principal's office has nice furniture.

ROBINSON  
 I'm just fine.

LEVY  
 How are you really doing? 'Cause  
 as far as I can see you haven't  
 checked back in.

ROBINSON  
(are you saying)  
My work has suffered?

LEVY  
No, no.  
(beat)  
But I think it would be good. If  
you got involved in something. One  
of the teams. An extracurricular.

ROBINSON  
(bewildered)  
You want me to be a coach?

LEVY  
That or one of the after school  
programs. You can design a program  
in, I don't know--

ROBINSON  
-- animal dissection.

LEVY  
Sure.

ROBINSON  
That was a joke Larry.

In the hallway a kid smashes his locker door closed with a  
loud BANG. It startles Levy. A beat.

ROBINSON  
(continuing)  
Look. Time plus Energy produces  
Change. And, since the energy in  
the universe is constant, well,  
that's why they say these things  
take time; because given time,  
things will change -- some things  
will be constructed and some  
things will be destroyed. For  
example when energy destroys  
someone's future, someone's life,  
it builds something just as big --  
Grief. Black, red, crying grief.  
And to destroy that grief,  
something else has to get built.  
Something just as monumental,  
right? The energy is already there  
working - it just...it takes time.

LEVY  
(trying to follow)  
So like build an academic  
decathlon? Maybe start a district  
wide program here at Hoover?

ROBINSON.

Well, that might do it. The time and energy to build that might help destroy...a person's ... grief. But it wouldn't address the Factor D.

LEVY

The Factor D?

ROBINSON

The Factor D which destroyed the life and the future in the first place. The Factor D destroyed the life, created the grief. I forgot to tell you about it. But it's the most important part of the equation. I need my time and energy to build something that destroys both the grief, and the Factor D. Okay?

He is really upset and Larry sees the pain.

LEVY

Okay, buddy. Whatever you need.

ROBINSON

Thanks.

EXT. ROUTE 15 - PRESENT

Dolan's Cadillac cruises along Route 15 unaware of Robinson way back there in the Impala. Heading back to Vegas.

ROBINSON (V.O.)

So I kept following him. Looking for a weakness, looking for a place, a way, to spin my trap. I was patient. I was driven. But I was losing hope. Until we hit that detour...

BACK IN

Robinson's car. And his face. The life's been sucked out.

He cruises steadily behind the Cadillac when it makes a strange turn.

Robinson, a safe ten car-lengths back, tries to change lanes to follow, until he realizes ALL THE TRAFFIC is heading OFF of Route 15.

HE SEES THE SIGN:

DETOUR - NOVEMBER 2000 - OCTOBER 2001 - THANK YOU FOR YOUR COOPERATION!

Good soldiers all. The cars head off the freeway onto this detour. Robinson's transfixed. Dolan's driver has not hesitated to follow this detour a bit.

And the cars are stopped by a HUGE BACK LOADER. It lazily chugs across the street. Digging in to excavate the road.

Robinson looks around at all the heavy machinery; bulldozers, backloaders, graters and mixers.

And at all the Department of Highway and Roads Personnel. Laboring on the road, sweating buckets. Holes getting dug, a truck with EXPLOSIVES written on the side.

As Robinson's car idles, Robinson sees. Thinks.

And suddenly puts it all together.

ROBINSON  
(to himself)  
Jesus... Is it too crazy?

Out of the void we HEAR another voice in the car.

FRANCEY  
Crazy? No. It's brilliant.

Robinson looks over to THE MEMORY of his dead wife. His gorgeous fantasy of her. The one that stays alive inside his head. The one that sits next to him in his car.

She turns and smiles.

FRANCEY  
(continuing)  
I think you finally have it.  
Genius.

The BACK LOADER blocking the road finally starts to pull away, almost clearing the road. It's right in front of him, and as his mind races with possibilities, he puts it in gear and gets ready to roll forward again.

The Back Loader finally clears, REVEALING:

DOLAN'S CADILLAC PULLED OVER ON THE SIDE OF THE ROAD. Dolan leans on the car. Pissed. Drags on a cigarette. He's staring out, as one of his bodyguards changes a blown-out tire on the Cadillac.

Robinson is shocked. He's literally driving right by Dolan. LITERALLY driving right past Dolan...

And then it happens. Dolan looks up. Right into the car. RIGHT AT ROBINSON. HE KNOWS HIM. And they lock eyes. A violent chill cuts through Robinson. He's caught.

Dolan nods and stares.

Robinson's mouth gets suddenly parched. In disbelief he stares back. His heart skips several beats as his Impala pulls up closer and closer to Dolan who will not take his eyes off of Robinson. Still staring malevolently, he pulls hard on his cigarette. Boring into him. *I know what you're doing.*

But the moment passes. And Dolan's eyes easily drift off of Robinson's. He looks past him. Through him. With no recognition at all. Robinson sighs gratefully. Then gaining his own manic momentum:

ROBINSON

Do you remember me or not? Don't worry you will.

And he leaves Dolan standing there with his goons. Watches him as he drives past.

ROBINSON (V.O.)

(to himself)

I knew Dolan would be riding to his Hollywood Hills Mansion at the end of the summer.

A CALENDER enters frame in double exposure over Dolan as he recedes in the distance. The pages from December to September zip across screen.

ROBINSON (V.O.)

(continuing)

He travelled for his annual Labor Day party. Usually on the Sunday morning before, to avoid traffic.

Dolan now getting small, fits inside the box that on the Calendar is the Sunday of Labor Day weekend.

ROBINSON (V.O.)

(continuing)

The detour would still be up in September, and he'd hit it again.

A red X crosses out the box and of course Dolan is crossed out too.

ROBINSON (V.O.)

(continuing)

That gave me almost nine months...

The calender now recedes too and all nine months from January to September fill the screen in a grid.

ROBINSON (V.O.)

(continuing)

...Five to finish up school and get myself into shape...

Double exposed with the grid a MONTAGE of Robinson begins. And as it plays, the calender months from January to May grow brighter and then fade back down when we see...

Robinson run. And do sit ups. And drink water. Teach with more animation. Run some more. And some more. Watch graduates fling caps into the air.

The Caps FREEZE in the air,

ROBINSON (V.O.)  
(continuing)

...And four whole months to spin the web. I just had to learn everything there was to know about road work.

The months of June July, August and September grow brighter. WE PUSH IN ON THE SQUARE MARKING MEMORIAL DAY. AND AS IT FILLS THE SCREEN WE FIND INSIDE IT...

Robinson pulling out the pocket watch. Finally it's Time.

INT./EXT. DEPARTMENT OF ROADS & HIGHWAYS - LATER

He's at the corner of 8th and Tropicana, in front of a sad, stand-alone concrete box of a building. Magnetic letters say "Congratulations Class of 2000!"

Robinson walks through the entrance to this the Department of Roads and Highways "Employment" Office.

INT. DRH EMPLOYMENT OFFICE - DAY

He barely walks through the door when he bumps into the hulking chest of what feels like a pro football linebacker.

'LINEBACKER'

Dip-ass.

The huge guy shoves Robinson aside. Robinson regroups and it dawns on him -- everyone waiting here looks like Tiny Lister. They're all ridiculously HUGE.

Two guys pass behind him. They're so big, their heads aren't even on screen.

He steps up to the counter. Behind it, finishing a conversation and shuffling papers, sits the appropriately named BLOCKER.

ROBINSON  
I need an application for summer crew work, please.

Without looking up, Blocker hands Robinson a piece of paper.

BLOCKER  
O.k. Priors?

ROBINSON

No priors.

Now Blocker looks up. Over the reading glasses he hates. Takes Robinson in, then turns to an unseen friend.

BLOCKER

This is why I hate coming in here.  
(back to Robinson)  
We don't need desk guys. Why don't you put that back before you strain yourself.

ROBINSON

I'm not here for desk work. I'm here for the road crews. I'd like to work on that Detour out Route 15.

BLOCKER

You want to operate heavy machinery.

ROBINSON

Yes.

Blocker stands up, towering over Robinson. He smiles and extends his hand. Robinson shakes it.

BLOCKER

Feels like the heaviest machinery you've been operating is a pencil, son. Now why don't you just climb back into that barca-lounger where your ass got so fat and operate that all summer. If we wanted some college wise guy around here, I'd go to the UNLV chess club and hand out condoms and soda pop.

At least he's jolly. Robinson tries again.

ROBINSON

I've been working out. I'm in good shape.

Blocker lightly taps Robinson's pec's.

BLOCKER

You been jogging? Doin' what? Crunches? Squats? Honey you think two hours a day in the gym can get you ready for 110 degrees, ten hours a day, five days a week? Hard labor? For the summer? This is a chain gang. Go home to momma.

Blocker stares. As in: take off.

ROBINSON  
(beat)

No.

BLOCKER  
C'mon. Give me a break ok. I can't  
have you out there. You'll die.  
You'll fry. Then you'll die again.  
Now you're wasting my fucking  
time. Go get a gaming license.  
Make some real money.

Robinson pulls out his pocket watch. Hands it to Blocker.

ROBINSON  
Here.

BLOCKER  
What?

ROBINSON  
(reads the name on  
his shirt)  
Mr. 'Blocker' If I don't last. You  
keep it. It'll be worth at least  
\$600 bucks to you. And it's worth  
a lot more than that to me.

Blocker takes the watch and looks it over. It is still  
polished. Still beautiful. He gives him a long cold look.

BLOCKER  
What's wrong with you boy? I've  
heard of people making deals with  
the devil. But you're the first  
one I ever met who wanted to bribe  
his way into hell.

A couple of the guys, perk up to listen in.

ROBINSON  
Do we have a deal?

BLOCKER  
You think you're ready for this?  
You think you know what you're  
getting in to?

ROBINSON  
I do.

BLOCKER  
Well I guess you're gonna find  
out, aren'tcha?

He pockets the watch.

EXT. DRH OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Robinson's in. Thrilled, he steps into the blinding sunshine toward his car. Another relatively small guy, a John C. Reilly type named KENNY follows him out. Approaches.

KENNY

Hey, I saw you over there. You're fucking crazy right?

ROBINSON

Well, sometimes, maybe.

KENNY

I just can't believe there's anyone else as small and as hard up as I am. Kenny.

ROBINSON

I'm uh, 'Will'.

They shake. Kenny wipes his face.

KENNY

I can't believe I'm back here. I barely recovered from last summer.

ROBINSON

A repeater.

KENNY

Yeah. I have a couple of bad habits.

ROBINSON

Me too I guess.  
(trying to leave)  
Well, alright...

KENNY

Hey, you're not on TV are you?  
Candid Camera?!

ROBINSON

Nope.

KENNY

You really just signed up to work the R.C.?

ROBINSON

Is it really as bad as all that?

KENNY

"As bad as all that?" It will be if you talk like that on the fucking crew. Jesus. You gotta watch your mouth. Somebody turn you into a spare tire.

ROBINSON

Thanks.

KENNY

Throw some 'fucks' in. Spit on the floor and shit. Alright?

ROBINSON

Yeah. Fuck yeah.

They both smile.

KENNY

Alright. Cool. Well, I'll see you.  
'cause, believe me, little guys  
stick together, man. Otherwise,  
(shakes his head)  
Get your ass kicked.

A truck rumbles behind them...

EXT. THE DESERT - DAY

Leading to a parade of heavy machinery. It's now morning and like a Russian Military exhibition, the flatbeds rumble, covered with the diggers, trailers, 'dozers, choppers, smoothers and roughers that make up a major road crew.

As it all is lined up and unloaded, Robinson drives up. It's the crack of dawn.

EXT. ROBINSON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

He moves from the parking area. And even though this isn't the route 15 detour, for the first time in memory he's excited-- there's a lift in his walk.

He takes in the various machines, as well as the jack hammers, the shed marked 'explosives', and the huge travelling thermometer which already reads 80 degrees.

Different groups of men are gathering down the road in front of him, mostly in groups of six. Sort of looks like San Quentin's Olympics.

Kenny and a knot of four others watch as he walks toward the work station. They are: JACKO; a gargantuan murder parolee, REESE; who is of different ethnicity but the same size as Jacko, WALLY; who is wall-eyed, and the inappropriately named TINKER; a house-shaped, ex-con.

WALLY

...What fucking bet? What?

REESE

Man gave Blocker a watch.

KENNY

That he won't crap out.

TINKER  
What are his priors?

KENNY  
No priors.

JACKO  
(laughs hysterically)  
You call that a bet! He'll be gone  
by lunch. I shoot loads bigger'n  
this guy.

As Robinson approaches, Blocker sees him and smiles. Pulls  
out the watch. Shakes his head.

BLOCKER  
Almost late.

ROBINSON  
Yeah. Couldn't find my watch this  
morning.

BLOCKER  
Alright wise ass - you're with  
these fools.

KENNY  
Dude! This here's our group.  
Tinker. Wally and Reese. This is  
Will.

Jacko's disappeared, but the rest look to Tom, waiting for  
him to say something.

ROBINSON  
Well. Here we fucking are huh?

KENNY  
Fucking A right.

Kenny puts his arm on Robinson.

ROBINSON  
(spits)  
Motherfuck.

Wally and Reese look at each other and laugh.

WALLY  
You short motherfuckers always  
stickin' together.

Blocker calls out...

BLOCKER  
Alright let's gather up.

Jacko appears from somewhere, an egg in his hand.

JACKO

Hey little queen, lesson number one. These are your brains.

(shows Tom the egg)

And these are your brains at the end of today.

He drops the egg splat on the roadbed under their feet. It cooks there, unappetizingly on the old tar. Actually SIZZLES.

JACKO

(continuing)

If you don't go crazy, it just means you're already crazy.

KENNY

Yeah? What about me?

JACKO

You are only here 'cause you're a fucking idiot.

ROBINSON

(under his breath)

And you're here 'cause... rocket science doesn't pay enough?

JACKO

What?

ROBINSON

Nothing.

Jacko punches his gut so hard, his hand gets stuck.

BLOCKER

I said let's gather up!

From the distance, it looks to Blocker like maybe Jacko's just whispering into Robinson's ear. The larger man steps away and Robinson tries to stand up straight.

Kenny stands next to Robinson as the thirty other men all gather around. Robinson is in terrible pain.

KENNY

(under)

Asshole. Do not fuck with these guys. They're all bad bad bad. Jacko's six cylinders short of a V8! Tink' there is totally connected to the mob...

ROBINSON

What?

KENNY

Yeah. His old crew's in with that fucker *Dolan*.

(more)

KENNY (cont'd)  
 Somehow they got him a job out  
 here with us instead of upstate  
 where he fucking belongs.

ROBINSON  
 (still gasping)  
 Dolan?

KENNY  
 That's right. And all the rest of  
 them ate the lead paint off their  
 cribs in the orphanage so you  
 don't need to defend me thank you  
 very much. Jesus Christ. Three  
 minutes you're getting you: ass  
 kicked. Fuck.  
 (laughs)  
 I told you man -- watch the mouth.

ROBINSON  
 (catching his breath)  
 ...ok.

As Blocker begins his introductory speech, Robinson glances  
 over at Tinker. Who looks like he still eats lead paint.

BLOCKER  
 Alright. A few rules... You know  
 to drink. Drink and piss when you  
 need it. I don't want any of you  
 (emphasizes the  
 'Plosives')  
*pussies passing out.* Especially  
 you new guys. Anyone that passes  
 out or even falls over today.  
 You're fired. Because today is  
 half speed.

Robinson now notices Jacko smiling at him. Hello Dead Meat.

BLOCKER  
 (continuing)  
 Now. I have five teams here. Which  
 is a new policy. A brand new one  
 which means some dick in a suit is  
 gonna visit us one day probably  
 with piss cups So NO FUCKING USING  
 ON THE JOB. Besides, if you stick  
 or drink you're gonna die or  
 you'll lose a hand or a foot which  
 ain't necessarily any better.  
 Okay. 'Nother new policy. You make  
 the day's tape  
 (we see him gesture  
 to a huge flag that  
 is the 'tape')  
 by five sharp or forfeit fifteen  
 percent of the day.  
 (more)

BLOCKER (cont'd)  
 You don't make it by six, it's  
 twenty percent and an additional  
 200 yards the next day.

The guys groan. Tinker coughs into his hand.

TINKER  
 Bullshit. Bullshit.

ROBINSON  
 (sotto)  
 What's the tape?

KENNY  
 It's the finish line for the day.

BLOCKER  
 You girls done? Good. SO NO  
 FUCKING LOLLY GAGGING. LET'S GO!

EXT. THE ROAD - JUST LATER

Robinson is handed a huge mop and a bucket of hot tar. His  
 job today is tarring cracks in the road bed. He sets to work.

CROSS FADE ON THE CREW 1/4 MILE FURTHER UP THE ROAD

He works and works. His back is killing him. Then Kenny  
 almost skips over to him. Whispers.

KENNY  
 Well at least you ain't the first  
 to go. Thanks buddy.

ROBINSON  
 What do you mean?

KENNY  
 Some black guy fucking fainted  
 over there. Almost lost a hand!  
 Ha! You gonna make it to lunch? I  
 got ten says you do!

ROBINSON  
 Yeah. Sure.  
 (mutters, as Kenny  
 leaves)  
 Glad to be of service.

EXT LUNCH TENT - DAY

Robinson eats like a man possessed. He is like a starving  
 dog, eyes ahead and empty, stomach filling rapidly.

The others watch, impressed.

LATER

ANOTHER 100 YARDS ALONG.

The thermometer reads 110. The YELLOW TAPE they have to reach by five PM flaps lazily up ahead. Reese stares at it while he works.

REESE

Wind. Wind is weird. Makes people weird.

Robinson and Reese spread black tar onto the sweltering roadbed. It's hot, dirty, smelling, vile work. Robinson is woozy.

REESE

(continuing)

You ok?

ROBINSON

Yeah. I'm f...

He leans against the back of the slow moving truck ahead of them and vomits.

REESE

So much for the hearty lunch.

ROBINSON

Shit.

Wipes his mouth. Takes off his hat and feels the top of his head. It's wet. He's confused. Reese walks over with a bottle of water.

REESE

You didn't sunscreen *under* the cap too?

(looks)

MMMMmmmm. Puss. Water blisters.

Tasty.

Robinson almost gets sick again. Looks miserable.

REESE

(continuing)

Here cherry.

He hands him some sunblock.

ROBINSON

Thanks.

Robinson gingerly applies to his head. Looks up at the thermometer which now hovers at 97 degrees.

ROBINSON

(continuing)

What's the thermometer for?

REESE

If it hits 120 we can stop.

ROBINSON

120?

REESE

Yes. When it gets uncomfortable.  
Now let's work. Only two more  
hours and you can go home and die  
with your loved ones.

ROBINSON

My loved ones, huh?

He looks off into the distance at the strip and the Mandarin  
sparkling there like a violet jewel.

ROBINSON

(continuing)

Well.

He spits onto the pavement.

EXT. THE ROAD - LATER

Men walk to their cars. Robinson moves past his team, who  
stand around having a smoke.

KENNY

'night, Willy boy.

ROBINSON

(beat)

'Willy boy?" oh. That's me. Yeah.  
Uh, 'night.

He staggers off and when he's out of earshot they start to  
pass twenties to Kenny. Kenny efficiently points around the  
circle, reiterating their bets.

KENNY

Falls before car, gets up. Falls  
onto car. Passes out before gets  
in car. Passes out in car.

(to himself)

Drives out of here. Right?

They all stare ahead indicating he's remembered their bets  
perfectly.

ROBINSON staggers toward the cars. If he can just make it  
into his car. Maybe they won't notice when he passes out. He  
glances back at the guys. Why are they watching him so  
carefully?

Keeps moving. Sees that a couple of guys have brought towels  
to sit on so they don't have to wait for their cars to cool  
off. Tries to store that in memory. Just this minor brain  
activity makes him dizzy.

He stops walking, unnerved. His car suddenly looks too small,  
maybe miniature. Far far away.

He closes his eyes in a hard blink, then opens them, to focus. Realizes it's nausea and dizziness that are making it hard to see.

BEHIND HIM IN THE DISTANCE

His team stares after him.

ROBINSON

Leans and almost falls.

THE TEAM REACTS

Watching closely as Robinson teeters forward...

JACKO

Yeah! Pussy.

...But he doesn't fall. He rights himself.

KENNY

No fall. Not a fall.

They all nod, but Jacko's PISSED.

Robinson keeps walking. Doesn't realize what's up. He's just trying to stay up.

ROBINSON'S POV

His car getting closer. His head pounding. And suddenly he HEAVES.

ROBINSON

(to himself)

I'm getting tired of that.

THE GROUP WATCHES.

REESE

He loves to puke.

WALLY

He's talking to himself.

KENNY

C'mon.

Robinson puts his hands on his legs. Takes a deep breath. Wipes off his mouth.

Stands up straight. Then walks. Gets to his car, leans in.

Kenny points to the next guy out of the running.

KENNY  
(continuing)  
Loser.

(beat)  
Will he fall? Will he pass out?

But Robinson doesn't fall. He climbs into the car awkwardly. Kenny points at the next two guys.

KENNY  
(continuing)  
Loser, loser. Will he pass out?  
Will he drive away?

Robinson's face is more swollen than a face in hell. His eyes close.

Then open. They shine. He made it.

He starts the engine. And pulls out.

KENNY  
(continuing; under  
his breath)  
Good job buddy. And thank you boys.

The team glares at Kenny. Who pockets the cash. As Blocker strides up.

BLOCKER  
What are you scumbags doing?

KENNY  
I think this would be called a  
Gentleman's bet.

INT. ROBINSON'S APARTMENT - THAT NIGHT

ECU

Francey's face. The funeral photo. Still smiling bright, she looks over at Robinson who is seated in a bathtub filled with ice. Shivering uncontrollably.

He's burnt and oozing. Suffering intensely.

ROBINSON  
I can't do it.

He closes his eyes. His entire body feels lit on fire. When he opens his eyes. He's looking at one of his photos of Dolan. He smiles at Robinson, mocking him.

His teeth chatter. And he stares back.

VOICE  
Yes you can.

It's Francey. And she sits on the edge of the tub. Casually, after all it is her bathroom. And she is his fantasy.

FRANCEY

I know you can. You've got the  
will and you've got the brains.

She smiles at him and Robinson smiles back, his eyes alive  
with pain.

Then he's alone.

And he notices, near where she'd perched on the edge of the  
tub, a TOY CAR.

Slowly he reaches out for it and picks it up. Runs it along  
the edge of the tub.

He pulls it back and then pushes it along the edge.

It rolls along and then flies off into the ice water. Sinking  
straight to the bottom.

INT. DOLAN'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Dolan opens the door to his penthouse and a hand gives him a  
large box and videotape. Apgar stands behind him.

DOLAN

What's this?

He crosses to his TV and sticks the tape in the VCR. Apgar  
limps over with the box and puts it on the floor. Dolan hits  
the remote.

They watch as Robinson appears on the TV.

ROBINSON (ON TV)

Hi. My name is Tom Robinson and  
you killed my wife. Luckily for  
me, if you're watching this, the  
magnetic trigger coded into this  
tape has just been read and  
activated. The bomb in the box  
next to you is now live and can  
only be de-activated acoustically.  
If you can scream louder than the  
sound of three sticks of dynamite  
blowing up a compact car. It will  
shut off. You have three seconds.

Robinson looks down at his pocket watch as Dolan, panicked  
and confused, opens his mouth to scream.

ROBINSON (ON TV)

(continuing)

Three. Two. One. Goodbye.

Dolan tries to jump out of the way. But the blast gets him.

EXT. MANDARIN - NIGHT

IT BLOWS THE TOP OFF THE PENTHOUSE AND KEEPS GROWING. IT'S A NUCLEAR BLAST AND THE WHOLE PROPERTY IS INCINERATED IN A FIRE BALL - MUSHROOM CLOUD AND ALL.

INT. ROBINSON'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Robinson wakes up. Sore and sweaty.

ROBINSON

Oh God.

EXT. THE ROAD - DAY

The huge travelling thermometer already reads 101.

Robinson wipes his brow. The buzzing sound of all the jackhammers and the trucks has started to wear on him, beginning to rattle his brain. He has gloves on. One of the them is stained with oozing blood from an infected blister.

He stops tarring and leans on his mop.

ANGLE ON BLOCKER WATCHING HIM

Robinson takes a gulp of water. Adjusts his hat. Pulls something out of his jacket.

ANGLE ON ROBINSON

As he removes the POCKET MIRROR.

He looks around, and thinking that no one's watching, he starts trying to bounce sunlight off the mercury ball of the giant thermometer.

Trying to raise the temperature. He gets the light to hit it directly, but nothing happens. Yet.

BLOCKER

That's a cute trick.

ROBINSON

(busted. What can he say?)

Thanks.

BLOCKER

You're pretty quick, huh? I guess a mop is pretty slow for a big smart guy like you. Let's see what a jackhammer does for you after ten hours. Well not today...

(checks Robinson's watch)

Seven hours.

ROBINSON

Sure.

BLOCKER

Good.

(turns, then turns  
back)

Oh yeah, and that shit with the  
mirror? You just pushed the tape  
back 100 yards. I'll be sure to  
let everyone know.

Robinson wipes his brow. Great.

EXT. ROAD - LATER

TINKER

100 yards huh? Thanks fuckbrain.

ROBINSON

Listen, I...

TINKER

Fine. Shut up.

(easily lifts a  
jackhammer)

Alright. Basically, the jackhammer  
is the man's way of feeding off  
the Prole's body just as much as  
the sledgehammer did, BUT instead  
of breaking his back for only ten  
yards of roadbed in a day, they  
can now break his back and cut 100  
yards of roadbed.

ROBINSON

So Technology and Totalitarianism.

TINKER

(beat, that's  
right)

Maybe.

They consider each other.

ROBINSON

Where'd you learn about that?

TINKER

Prison Library.

Tinker leans on the jackhammer and stares at Robinson. Then:

TINKER

(continuing)

Do I look familiar to you?

ROBINSON

(oh shit)

No.

TINKER

You look familiar to me.

ROBINSON  
I don't think so.

TINKER  
You ever been in Chino?

ROBINSON  
Nope.

TINKER  
Ever run with Dolan's crew?

ROBINSON  
Nope.

Tinker squints at him for a beat. Robinson tries to stay casual.

TINKER  
I'll figure it out.

ROBINSON  
Alright.  
(covers)  
Well, until then, how does it work?

Tinker tries to place him for another second but let's it go.

TINKER  
Kind of like a motorcycle. Left hand is just brake, right hand is gas and brake. Never turn with it - you'll take off your foot.

Robinson's mind is racing.

TINKER  
(continuing)  
But don't space out - also take off your foot. The faster you go, the more you'll cut, the worse the vibration. The slower you go, the less the vibration, but you'll never keep up.

As he talks, Robinson realizes he'd better pay attention.

TINKER  
(continuing)  
The trick is like with everything - to pace yourself, and try and keep everything cool and smooth, because if you tense up, and you will, the impact is even worse. It's like why drunks survive car wrecks-- relaxation through the impact.

Tinker starts the machine for him and it almost flies right out of Robinson's hands. He hangs on for a few seconds until he has to drop it and jump out of the way.

Tinker grabs it laughing.

TINKER  
(continuing;  
sarcastic)  
Oh yeah, you're gonna be here for  
a long time.

INT. ROBINSON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Robinson in his ice bath again.

ROBINSON  
aaaaaaa

He tries to lift his arms, but can't. The sound continues as...

EXT. ROAD CREW - DAY

He jackhammers awkwardly in 110 degree sunshine. Mouth open.

ROBINSON  
aaaaaaaaAA

He can't be heard over his hammer.

INT. ROBINSON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

He showers now. At least he's standing. He can move his arms.

ROBINSON  
aaAAAAAAA.

The sound builds as he holds his face under the spray until...

EXT. ROAD CREW - DAY

He's now yelling at the top of his lungs, totally drowned out by the tremendous noise of the hammer which he now wields with confidence.

ROBINSON  
AAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!!!!

And in the distance, silhouetted on the top of one of the huge mounds of dirt, Francey seems to dance, her thin white robes sailing out behind her in the breeze.

EXT. ROAD CREW - EVENING

Robinson peels off his filthy clothes. Chucks them into his open car trunk. The sun is setting, the wind is kicking up, and the Strip is glittering behind the crew as they break for the evening. Wally walks past.

WALLY  
Getting big there Willy.

ROBINSON  
Yeah. *Fuck* yeah.

He reaches in for a clean shirt. Shoves aside some old newspapers and looks for something else. He grabs it. A towel. To cover the still scalding front seat. A page of one of the newspapers he shoved aside starts to FLUTTER IN THE BREEZE.

KENNY  
Dude!

Robinson turns to Kenny, his back to the trunk. He wipes the sweat and grime off his neck.

KENNY  
(continuing)  
You made it through the week! And the hammer! You're making me rich!

A gust blows the floating page out of the trunk just before Robinson turns back and slams it closed. It begins to spin and flap among the parked cars.

Robinson doesn't notice as it gently floats away. He moves to his front seat. Lays in the towel.

KENNY  
(continuing)  
You wanna go to the batting cage tonight? Maybe over to Cheetahs, watch the girls?

ROBINSON  
No thanks I gotta do some stuff.

He climbs in and starts his car.

KENNY  
Come on man, you owe me a hundred yards!

ROBINSON  
Good night Ken.

Robinson drives off.

KENNY  
Jesus Christ, everybody's got to relax sometime.

He kicks a rock and walks off too.

And we move in ON THE PIECE OF NEWSPAPER.

FOLLOW ALONG WITH IT as it flies though the air and lands by the door of a pick-up truck.

A pair of feet STEP ON on the paper.

PAN UP to Tinker. Takes a long drag of a cigarette. Ignores the blowing newspaper under his feet.

Watches Jacko drive off. Sees Kenny now bullshitting with Wally. Robinson driving away.

He steps closer to the truck and his foot moves off the paper. It blows against the tire.

He opens the truck door drops his cigarette. Sees the white piece of paper stuck against his wheel.

Is about to step into his truck when the breeze drops and the newspaper settles to the ground again revealing the bold headline - DOLAN DOES IT AGAIN. Which might not be bad enough. But the O in 'DOES' has been replaced with a red I and the word 'IT' has been crossed out.

Some doodler has made the headline read DOLAN DIES AGAIN.

And below the headline flaps a neat square BLANK. The photo of Dolan has been carefully cut out.

Tinker reaches down and picks it up. *What the Hell...?*

ON TINKER'S FACE AS HE LOOKS AROUND

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Again, Robinson sits in his tub playing with the toy car. Again and again he pushes it along the edge, watching it sail into the water. He watches and plays, concentrating.

INT./EXT. CADILLAC DEALER - DAY

The Cadillac dealer, DELL, watches Robinson through the glass. This is definitely not a buyer. He sighs and waits. Saturdays suck. He prays there won't be a joy-ride test-drive ahead.

INT. THE CADILLAC DEALER - CONTINUOUS

Robinson moves inside, even his walk's changing. He's already stronger, tougher. Dell, smiling, makes the approach. As he gets closer he sees Robinson's face more closely. *This guy looks fucking weird. What is up with his sunburn?*

But tact and false intimacy are a salesman's gold.

DELL

Howdy. Having a nice weekend?

ROBINSON

Yeah. Very relaxing.

DELL

What can I do you for?

ROBINSON  
Interested in your limousines.

DELL  
Is that in limousines, plural.

ROBINSON  
No. No. Actually I'd like some  
specs on the Fleetwood series.

DELL  
(confused)  
A brochure?

ROBINSON  
Well I'm interested in the weight  
of the car. Construction, door and  
window egress, security and  
defense options, bulletproofing,  
things like that.

DELL  
Really.

ROBINSON  
(smiles)  
I'm told if you want to stay safe  
in Las Vegas, you're the people to  
see. Mind if I take some notes?

He holds up a yellow legal pad.

CUT TO

A grey Cadillac. Identical to Dolan's. Sits in the desert.  
Parked and waiting.

Until a hand picks it up.

It's A MODEL CADILLAC.

The desert sits on Robinson's kitchen table. With no room for  
eating any longer-- it's been turned in to a sort of trough  
to hold sand.

A video camera on a tripod is set up and by the bright and  
minute red light we know it is on and taping.

Robinson pushes the model car and it tumbles down the  
miniature hill. He stops the camera.

Makes notations.

Turns to his computer. And we see, next to him, the yellow  
legal pad and a few items from his science class. One of the  
large flasks from his weights and volumes lecture.

He tap, tap, taps on the computer. And an image in front of  
him starts to rotate.

It's a long box that's been sliced diagonally, sort of like a cross section view of a pool descending to its deep end.

The pool shape starts to rotate in three dimensions. Numbers and words spring off of it, bouncing energetically into cyberspace. FOUR DEGREES, 21 FEET, 18 DEGREES...

But something doesn't seem to match in his fevered brain. Something's missing.

ROBINSON  
(continuing;  
muttering)  
Come on, come on... three percent  
scale differential. Materials  
differential, speed  
differential... Of course...

He pulls two pennies from his pants pocket.

ROBINSON  
(continuing)  
Two scumbag Bodyguards.

He puts them into the front seat of the toy cadillac. Moves back to the table of sand.

ROBINSON  
(continuing)  
Alright, let's try this again.

INT. THE MANDARIN - LATER

A hand of Video Poker is dealt. Robinson pulls to a flush as he tries to blend with the throng of tourists and high rollers in the Mandarin. He's watching Dolan's private elevator.

After a beat, Dolan, his Bodyguards and Allison are escorted in from the opposite direction.

Her clothes are now studied. The right shoes. The right amount of cleavage.

He's got a grim look on his face. So does she. She slumps her way into the elevator and stands waiting, uncomfortable, as Dolan stops to grab two glasses of champagne from a bar girl. Downs one.

Robinson takes a swig off his water bottle. Swirls it in his mouth. It's not satisfying. But seeing Dolan is.

Then Dolan takes the other glass of champagne. Glances back at the waiting Allison. Whispers something to Morrell and then downs this one too.

Morrell moves into the elevator and says something to her. Almost immediately Allison walks off of the elevator. She tries to catch Dolan's eye.

He makes a baby-I-gotta-go gesture, kisses her cheek and walks past her onto the elevator, brushing shoulders. The doors close leaving her cast off for the evening.

She stares out, eyes big and sad but still very beautiful. She's lost something.

Robinson licks his lips, nervously. There's something about her... But he stares, wondering exactly what he'd even say. She sighs deeply and starts to move over toward the exit. Toward him. He fumbles the water bottle.

As she gets closer he plans what to say, positions himself to bump into her.

VOICE

HEY MAN!

And a hand grabs him from behind. He spins, alarmed.

KENNY

What the fuck! Who's buying?!

Timing is everything. Robinson would like Kenny to disappear. He doesn't say anything.

KENNY

(continuing)

C'mon man. It's still the weekend  
for--

(checks watch)

Almost eight minutes. What the  
fuck you doing here?

He looks for her and she passes right by them. Oblivious. He can't help but watch. Shit.

Kenny notices and smiles.

KENNY

(continuing)

Nice. Nice ASS.

She's lost in the crowd.

KENNY

(continuing)

I had a girl like that once. And  
then I woke up. Come on dude,  
looks like you need a drink.

Robinson, looking a little lost, sighs. Why not?

INT. THE MANDARIN - DRAGON BAR - CONTINUOUS

They're seated at a table. Talking to a waitress.

ROBINSON

Water please.

KENNY

No no no no no. C'mon!

(confidential)

Give him a gimlet. You'll like it.

I bet you any amount you'll get  
lucky tonight.

ROBINSON

(private joke)

Hey I ran into you.

KENNY

No shit. You play here a lot? What  
do you play? What's your pleasure?

ROBINSON

Uh, slots.

KENNY

I play everything. All the things  
you really lose at. That big  
wheel. Also the slots. Roulette!  
I'm sort of an idiot.

This guy makes Robinson smile. Somebody to talk to anyway.

KENNY

(continuing)

So how you holding up?

ROBINSON

I am.

KENNY

Good. Hammering's not the worst.  
Not the best, but, hey, shit's  
shit, right?

(He lights a smoke.

Beat)

The guys want to know why you're  
doing it. I want to know why  
you're doing it. Why're you doing  
it?

ROBINSON

Why are you doing it?

KENNY

Me? Fucking money.

ROBINSON

There you go.

KENNY

You ain't in it for the money.

ROBINSON

Why else?

Drinks arrive.

KENNY

I knew a guy Upstate - Wrong Turn Bob. Hit 20 banks successfully, they never called him Twenty Bank Bob, one fucking wrong turn during a get-away and he's forever -- Wrong Turn Bob. Anyway he was smart. Hardcover books. Wrote things. He said we do things for three reasons: Sex. Money. And Death. Now. I know you're not doing it for the money. Even if you are ordering water you cheap bastard. Ok so, Death. Hell, it's a stupid way to kill yourself. It would work but, you know, just get a gun. So...

(he sips his drink,  
thinks)

Hey. Obvious.

ROBINSON

What.

KENNY

Buncha big ex-cons sweating on a road crew? You're trying to get laid.

They both laugh. Robinson sips his gimlet. Is startled by the sharp taste of the vodka. It has been so long. Kenny shakes his head.

KENNY

(continuing)

Nevada DRH in the middle of summer? If you have no where else to go it's where you end up. This is the last place on earth. Buncha scumbags assholes and losers. I mean, Jacko?! All waiting until they can get out and get into the casinos. Even to vacuum the floor. Fucking take your order please at McDonalds. But you. You're not a scumbag. You're a fucking nice guy!

KENNY

(continuing; swirls  
his drink)

Hey. Maybe it *is* money! You gonna rob the DRH? You need help?

ROBINSON

(amused)

No.

KENNY

Well what are you *doing*?! Or what did you *do*?

Robinson stares at Kenny's puppy dog face for a moment, considering again whether he should tell the truth: He tells a small piece of it.

ROBINSON  
Murder.

KENNY  
Murder?

ROBINSON  
Alright. Not murder.

KENNY  
No shit. I don't think so.

ROBINSON  
No?

KENNY  
(looks in his eyes,  
then)  
Alright, maybe. It's possible I  
guess. Shit everyone's got a  
murder or two in'em. Certainly  
thems with wives do, am I right?

ROBINSON  
(Thinks on this. Sips)  
What about you? What were you in  
for?

KENNY  
This time? Grand theft auto.

ROBINSON  
Last time?

KENNY  
...grand theft auto. And the other  
time? GTA. Grand theft auto.  
(lifts his glass)  
To luck. And cars without Lojak.

Robinson lifts his drink.

ROBINSON  
Justice.

We cross fade off Robinson's face to THE DRIFTING CALENDAR.  
And Robinson Jackhammering.

Two months go by until it freezes on JULY 30TH. Robinson's  
face centered in the box.

EXT. THE ROAD CREW - DAY

He's mastered the jackhammer. Uses it with speed and grace.

But his hands are bandaged and his whole body feels like rotted fruit. The orange road work vest he wears strangely coordinates with his red hot skin. Still hammering, he looks over to the side.

ROBINSON POV

He watches a back loader attacking a hillside, it's arm digging in like the stinger of an enormous steel scorpion.

As he watches, THE POOL SHAPE from his computer rotates in the air between him and the backloader.

KENNY

Hey, watch what you're doing!

Tinker and Kenny have gotten a cush job -- spraying the perimeter with cans of orange spray-paint. But now they've stopped and Kenny yells to Robinson.

He blinks and shuts off his hammer.

ROBINSON

What!?

TINKER

Pay attention man! You can take your whole foot off like that!

KENNY

Yeah, Stop day-dreaming!

ROBINSON

Sure. Sure, thanks.

But he's still dreaming. About the huge backloader digging into the hillside. As he watches it, deep in concentration, Robinson peels a piece of his face off. An old blister. He drops it to the ground.

LATER

He approaches Blocker who's nursing a soda. They yell over the din.

ROBINSON

(continuing)

I want to drive a back-loader.

BLOCKER

And I want to fuck Jamie Lee  
Curtis and Chryssie Hynde - what  
are the odds?

ROBINSON

Seriously.

BLOCKER  
Cush job like that? You have to  
earn it boy. Took Luis there three  
years to get that job.

ROBINSON  
I don't have three years.

BLOCKER  
So I figure.

Blocker stares at him for a long beat.

BLOCKER  
(continuing)  
My Daddy told me 'Until you know  
it, don't trust it. It might just  
bite.'

ROBINSON  
I won't bite you.

BLOCKER  
Oh yes Physics, I think that's  
exactly what you'd do. A sick  
enough dog'll bite anybody. Now  
get back to it.

Off Robinson's look.

EXT. ON THE ROAD - LATER

A backloader picks up a huge load of dirt, swivels and dumps  
it. Swivels back, picks up more, swivels, dumps. Robinson  
stares and the sweat collecting on his forehead drips into  
his eye and he blinks to get it out. He's still thinking  
about the back loader. Trying to figure out how to get onto  
one.

VOICE  
Hey.

He doesn't seem to hear.

VOICE  
(continuing)  
Hey space case...

He blinks. But keeps watching, figuring, hypnotized.

VOICE  
(continuing)  
I said, Hey! Don't fucking space  
out!!

It's Jacko. Looming up behind him. He jabs Robinson on the  
shoulder. Startled from his reverie, he spins to see who it  
is.

The jackhammer spins too.

IN SLOW MOTION we see the hammer-head bounce across the tarmac in an arc right OVER Jacko's boot.

There's a tiny beat as the expected wailing. Doesn't come.

They both look down.

Somehow, magically, the hammer head has struck the pavement on either side of the boot, but has missed the boot entirely. WE can see the line of hammer blows in the street. One centimeter either way and his foot would have been obliterated.

Jacko pulls his foot back and we see the untouched spot on the road.

Robinson shuts off and drops the hammer as we:

RESUME NORMAL SPEED

ROBINSON

Uh...Uh...

Jacko looks up.

ROBINSON

(continuing)

Sorry man.

JACKO

Mutherfuck...

He starts swinging. Robinson tries to grab him, tries to fend off the blows, but Jacko's like a man possessed.

Within seconds, Robinson's on his back getting his face pounded into a bloody mess. Blocker and the others run over and finally are able to pull Jacko off.

BLOCKER

What the fuck! What the FUCK?!

He is screaming. Gets in Robinson's face.

BLOCKER

(continuing)

You! Look at me. Brush duty. Brush duty!!

(turns to Jacko)

And you. You drunk again?! Hah?  
Get your ass outta here. The rest  
of you, break it up!

JACKO

(spits)

Cocksucker.

ROBINSON

I'm sorr...

BLOCKER  
Brush!! Brush!!

ROBINSON  
Alright I'm sorry. Shit.  
(dabs his face,  
winces. Then)  
What's brush duty? Is it like mop  
duty?

BLOCKER  
Yeah. Just like it. Go ask Wally.

ROBINSON  
Ok. Look, I'm sorry.

BLOCKER  
No shit.

Robinson passes Kenny with a 'can't talk about it now' shake of his head. So Kenny, confused, goes to Blocker who's looking at the marks in the pavement where Jacko's blood should be.

KENNY  
Oh, dude...

BLOCKER  
He's trouble. Dude.

KENNY  
Come on, you brush'im he'll be  
gone in an hour.

BLOCKER  
Oh he'll last more than an hour.  
(checks the watch)  
But I'll be done with him by  
five.

ANGLE ON ROBINSON

Approaching Wally, (who could give a shit) reclining next to a temp shed. Robinson dabs his bloody face with his shirt.

ROBINSON  
Blocker wants me on brush duty.

WALLY  
I'm sure he does.

ROBINSON  
Alright, so give me a brush.

WALLY  
Right there.  
(points to the side  
of the road)  
Brush.

Robinson looks. The side of the road is strewn with brown, dry shrubs, bushes and tumble weeds. Brush.

ROBINSON  
What the hell am I supposed to do  
with that?

EXT. THE ROAD - LATER

He's BURNING BRUSH. Along the edge where the concrete's been jacked away, where they have plans to widen the road.

Each moment it seems like it couldn't get worse. But it does.

He inhales smoke. It's literally 185 degrees The brush is heavy and awkward. The blood and sweat runs into his eyes.

A burning tumble weed floats back, just missing his face.

He squints and coughs.

Leans over onto his knees to try and stay up. He looks to the sky but sees only smoke. Gets up. Starts looking for a way out of the fire. Winds up going in circles in the burning brush. Staggeres. Wipes his eyes. Falls to his knees. Shakes his head.

Sees a figure, clothes blowing in the thermal winds, approaching from within the smoke. He smiles...

ROBINSON  
Francey...

But the figure splits into two figures. He blinks, confused. The two figures are coming to him. He blinks rapidly. Involuntarily. He's losing consciousness.

ROBINSON  
(continuing)  
Sorry. Sorry baby.

He passes out.

INT./EXT. MESS TENT - LATER

Tinker throws a bucket of water into our faces.

But it's Robinson who comes up sputtering.

Finds he's lying on a table in the mess tent. The other guys hang back, looking unsure, but grateful for the break. DOUBLETREE, a pissed off bureaucrat in a bad jacket, stands next to Blocker.

DOUBLETREE  
You alright?

ROBINSON  
(not)  
Sure.

DOUBLETREE

Any of you got anything to say?

He looks around. They are all unwilling. Thirty guys who have learned to keep their mouths shut.

DOUBLETREE

(continuing)

How did you get that blood on your face?

All eyes rest on Robinson.

DOUBLETREE

(continuing)

Why are you working with blood on your face? Why are you on brush call with blood on your face? In this heat? The man who did this will be disciplined. Mr. Blocker'll be disciplined too.

ROBINSON

Who are you?

DOUBLETREE

I'm the county inspector. My name is Doubletree and this is my job. Strange as it might seem. I need to like what I see. And I see things I don't like.

Jacko steps forward slightly to stare at Robinson. For the educated viewer this tells it all.

And Tinker's looking at him funny too. Like he's trying again to place his face...

DOUBLETREE

(continuing)

So, what happened?

ROBINSON

Well I hate to say it.

(beat)

I cut myself shaving.

They are all surprised by his humor. A few smile to themselves. Blocker's eyes go to slits. Jacko just blinks.

DOUBLETREE

You don't have to be afraid.

ROBINSON

Listen, Mr...

(looks for a name tag)

...Doubleknit, I'm not afraid. At least not of these pussies.

(more)

ROBINSON (cont'd)  
I cut myself shaving and I asked  
to be put on brush because Mr.  
Blocker was not going to  
discipline me after I almost tore  
another man's foot off with a 200  
pound jack hammer. Alright? MY  
mistake. We're ahead of schedule  
and we're below budget. And even  
if Mr. Blocker is a genuine  
asshole, why don't you just get  
off his case and let us get back  
to work? I mean thanks for the  
break, and the shower, but we now  
have to kill ourselves for the  
rest of the afternoon to make it  
to the tape by five.

They all stare open-mouthed.

EXT. ON THE ROAD - LATER

Robinson looks out toward the desert. The sun is setting and  
the rest of the crew is heading for their cars. Jacko calls  
to him from his truck.

JACKO  
Hey!

ROBINSON  
What?

JACKO  
Hey, fuck you!

He smiles broadly. Robinson smiles too.

ROBINSON  
Yeah? Fuck you too! I should've  
taken your foot off you asshole!

JACKO  
(laughs)  
Oh yeah, then you'da ridden that  
fucking hammer all the way home!  
Have a good one!

ROBINSON  
Alright! You too!

Jacko roars off. As Blocker approaches, Robinson shakes his  
head in wonder.

BLOCKER  
Bonding huh? You guys are friends  
now?

ROBINSON  
I don't know. Maybe.

BLOCKER  
That's too bad.  
(beat)  
I'm taking you off.

He pulls out Robinson's watch. Looks at it for a second and hands it over.

Robinson holds it in his hand for a moment. It feels cool and welcoming. But then he puts it together.

ROBINSON  
I thought we had a deal.

BLOCKER  
No deal.

ROBINSON  
You're not a man of your word?

BLOCKER  
No I'm not a *murderer*. I'm taking  
you off the hammer. From now on  
you're a backloader.

Robinson lets this sink in. Puts the watch back in his pocket.

ROBINSON  
Thank you.

BLOCKER  
Yeah.

A beat as they just stand there, together, alone in their thoughts. It really is a beautiful night.

BLOCKER  
(continuing)  
Must be nice to be 'the breath of  
someone's soul', huh?

Robinson looks to the older man, who is staring out into the golden desert sunset. He smiles a little, understanding.

ROBINSON  
Goodnight.

He turns and leaves Blocker to his sunset.

INT./EXT. HERBERT HOOVER HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Robinson's sunburn looks better next to clean clothes and clean hair.

INT. THEATRE STUDIO - LATER

From the back of the stage, Robinson watches the kids rehearse. There is no scenery. Just kids in shorts. Trying hard.

'Dorothy', 'the Scarecrow', 'Lion', and 'Tin Man' examine a "sign" in the Wicked Witch of the West's forest.

SCARECROW

"It says GO BACK WHERE YOU CAME FROM."

LION

Gosh Dorothy, what should we do?

TIN MAN

Don't be such a scaredy cat...

Behind him Robinson feels a hand on his shoulder. It's Bobbie the theater teacher of the summer session. She's adorable.

BOBBIE

Tom.

ROBINSON

Hey.

BOBBIE

Cute huh?

INT. BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

She and Robinson walk backstage to the scenery area.

BOBBIE

... So, I don't know how much you want to handle, but we need a canvas of Oz, one of the forest, and one of Kansas. You can start with this one.

(they pass an enormous blank canvas hanging from the 'flies')

The Witch's castle's going to be done with a scrim. And don't worry about screwing it up, we have tons of canvas and tons of paint.

ROBINSON

Great.

They reach the paint closet. She hands a key to Robinson. So...

BOBBIE

...Great.

(she looks at him)

Really Tom, thanks for volunteering and...it's nice to have you back.

What can he say? He reaches out and picks up a paintbrush.

ROBINSON  
Well. Here I go.

He steps into the dark of the paint closet.

DOLAN (VO)  
Are you done?

ALLISON (VO)  
Yeah.

INT. DOLAN'S SUITE - LATER

Dolan sits at a desk. Reading papers. Ignoring both Allison and the beautiful meal that awaits him.

DOLAN  
Good. I'll see you next week some time.

ALLISON  
(digests this)  
That's it?

DOLAN  
What?

ALLISON  
I'm not a whore Jimmy.

DOLAN  
Jesus. Don't be a bitch.

ALLISON  
When next week?

DOLAN  
And don't push me. I hate that.

ALLISON  
I thought we could just hang out.  
Be together.

DOLAN  
You'll find out when I find out.  
Come on, get out of here.

She's dismissed.

ALLISON  
You gonna send me flowers after I leave?

DOLAN  
No. I'm not. And don't fucking imply that I'm a bully. I put up with more shit from more people... I'm one of the good guys, remember that.

With perfect timing, Apgar comes in and ushers her out of the room. Dolan gets up. Doesn't watch them go.

Walks over to the table. And sits to eat his meal.

INT. THE MANDARIN - CONTINUOUS

Allison going down the elevator. Now dressed and sad, she grabs her stomach and takes a deep breath. She doesn't puke. But she does cry.

The elevator lowers out of frame.

EXT. HERBERT HOOVER MIDDLE SCHOOL - NIGHT

Robinson exits the school and locks up. He's alone in the parking lot. Exhausted and covered in paint, he climbs into his car and drives out off.

As he reaches the street, another car's lights come on down the block and it pulls out behind him.

INT. ROBINSON'S CAR - NIGHT

He sees the flash of headlight and turns the rearview mirror. What the...

He turns off to the right onto a side street. Watches.

The headlights follow him. Uh-oh.

He turns again. An even smaller street.

The lights follow. Now he's scared.

But then, the car accelerates and passes him. A late model Lincoln. He can't see the driver's face. It squeals away into the night.

Is Dolan on to him? Or is this paranoia? He sighs.

ROBINSON  
Maybe I'm going crazy.  
(turns to the  
passenger seat)  
I said 'maybe I'm going crazy'.

But Francey's not there.

Is she ever there?

He snorts. Maybe he is going crazy.

EXT. THE ROAD - ANOTHER DAY

Robinson is behind the wheel of his backloader. It's one of the newer 650's. Low with an enclosed cabin to keep out blowing sand. He is now deftly digging, moving and dumping.

ANGLE ON

BLOCKER, from a distance, watching him.

CROSS FADE TO

EXT. THE ROAD - ANOTHER DAY

On the road. The dog days of summer. Robinson sits idle in the cab of his back loader. Jacko walks by. Nods.

JACKO

Fucker.

ROBINSON

Deuche bag.

JACKO

(pauses)

Ya'll aright?

ROBINSON

Sure. You?

JACKO

Yeah.

ROBINSON

Good. So fuck off.

JACKO

Hey, you too brother. Right back at ya.

He moves on. Kenny approaches, checking his watch.

KENNY

What's going on? I thought this baby can take the heat.

He pats the loader, starts to climb up to Robinson. As he does, Robinson secretly pulls the key out of the ignition and pockets it.

KENNY

(continuing)

One year they brought in the 750's and they all overheated. A long row of them smoking in the wind. We all got the day off.

ROBINSON

It can take it.

KENNY

So what's the prob'?

ROBINSON

I lost the key. I think Blocker's gonna shoot me.

KENNY

Never fear. Kenny's here.

He sees no one's looking, leans in behind the steering wheel.

KENNY

(continuing)

This one's cake. You wanna bet I  
can do it in under twenty seconds.

ROBINSON

No.

Kenny pulls wires from under the dash. Robinson peers in to  
watch what he's doing.

KENNY

Alright, ready? 'Black goes to red  
or the engine goes dead. Green is  
the ground - it has to be sound.  
And yellow to blue ... now. You.  
Are through.'

The engine roars to life.

ROBINSON

Wow.

KENNY

All in a good day's work.

ROBINSON

Hey.

(conspiratorially)

Did you ever steal gas? Like from  
another car?

KENNY

What? Siphon?

ROBINSON

Yeah.

KENNY

You never siphoned gas from a car?  
Jesus, Willy. Didn't you have any  
fun when you were a kid?

LATER

Kenny has a length of garden hose and a bucket. They walk  
along the rows of sleeping machines. Pick one and pop the  
fuel cap. Insert hose.

KENNY

(continuing)

Jacking cars, it's one of those  
talents that's not culturally  
accepted.

He starts to siphon off some diesel, sucking through the hose like a giant straw. Fuel begins spilling into the bucket. He gags happily.

ROBINSON

No, that's no hobby.

But something catches Robinson's eye. Tinker is talking to someone with his back to us. Someone in a suit.

KENNY

No. That's three jail sentences.  
See? You just don't fucking  
swallow it.

(coughs)

I knew a Jack Upstate - a car  
jack - had this weird twitchy  
face? Everyone knew it was from  
too much gas. Seriously. He was  
always like...

(face twitching  
wickedly)

'Twitch? What fucking twitch?!'

He laughs and they start pouring the fuel back in. Robinson is watching for the suit to turn around. When he does, Robinson's heart stops.

It's APGAR.

Robinson puts his back to them. Tries to keep it all together.

ROBINSON

So... uhm, will all this stuff be  
out over the Labor day holiday?

KENNY

Oh yeah.

ROBINSON

The same for all the crews?

KENNY

Sure.

ROBINSON

How about that huge detour out  
Route 15?

KENNY

What is this? Blue's Clues? It all  
just sits there. Where they gonna  
move it?

Tinker and Apgar approach Jacko, seem to show him something.  
A surveillance photo? A cut-up newspaper? Holy shit.

Robinson spots a greasy cap in the cab of the machine. He puts it on, pulling it low over his eyes. Greases his face a little.

ROBINSON  
And, um, the fuel caps are always  
unlocked?

KENNY  
You ever lock yours?

ROBINSON  
No.

KENNY  
See? And you got a conscience.

ROBINSON  
Yeah.

KENNY  
What's that shit on your face?

ROBINSON  
What? Oh yeah. I gotta get to the  
bathroom. Clean up.

KENNY  
Alright Slick.

ROBINSON  
Thanks.

Head down, Robinson, starts to move toward the Sanitary  
Station.

Tinker looks up, spots him.

TINKER  
Hey! Willy boy!

Robinson pretends not to hear him. Hurries his step.

TINKER  
(continuing)  
Hey!

He gets into the tiny port-a-potty.

INT. PORT-A-POTTY - DAY

His heart pounds like crazy. He's fucked. *Don't stop here.*  
*Walk by. Walk by.*

TINKER (OS)  
Hey Willy come're.

No such luck.

TINKER (OS)  
(continuing)  
C'mon. Let me talk to you.

ROBINSON  
Be right out!!

He licks his lips. Looks for a possible weapon. There's nothing. FUCK!

ROBINSON  
(continuing)  
What do you want? I bought at the office!

TINKER  
Come're! What's wrong with you!?

There's nothing he can do but face the music and give it his best. He tries to catch his breath. Compose himself.

EXT. PORT-A-POTTY - CONTINUOUS

He steps out, hat still down, face still covered.

ROBINSON  
What? I gotta get back to work.  
It couldn't be worse. Apgar is watching him casually.

TINKER  
Listen, you know this guy?  
Tink shows him a surveillance photo of Dolan.

ROBINSON  
Nope.

APGAR  
You don't know him?

ROBINSON  
No.  
(swallows hard, plays tough)  
Do I know you?

TINKER  
This is an associate of mine from the bad old days.

ROBINSON  
Hey.  
He extends his hand. Apgar doesn't take it.

APGAR  
Do I know you?

ROBINSON

Me. No.

(laughs, points to  
Tink')

He said the same thing. I don't  
think so.

(then into the  
picture)

So who is this guy?

APGAR

That's James Dolan.

(studies him)

Everybody else here knew him.  
How'd you not know him?

ROBINSON

Well honestly you can't know how  
you *don't* know something. Cause  
you just don't know it. You can  
only know how you do know  
something.

APGAR

What's your name? ...Will?

TINKER

(points at Robinson)

Oh my god.

APGAR

What.

TINKER

I know how I know you.

ROBINSON

You...

TINKER

...Yeah. Two three years ago...

APGAR

(following)

Yeah?

TINKER

You... You tutored my kid at the  
high school! You were his science  
tutor!

ROBINSON

I was?

TINKER

Yeah! He loved you!

APGAR

(let down)

Jesus. Alright...

TINKER

Oh man! I knew I knew you. You helped him graduate. Garth Klimchuk?! I was upstate that whole year, but he pointed you out to me at graduation. I drank to you!

ROBINSON

Garth Klimchuck is your...

TINKER

Yeah, he's in Europe now, doing great...

APGAR

What are you gonna kiss this guy? Come on, I mean what the fuck!

TINKER

Hey, fuck off Jay.

APGAR

You fuck off. Let's go. Jesus. No wonder they call you Tinkerbell. What about that guy?

Now completely over Robinson, he points to Kenny.

TINKER

Who? Kenny?

ROBINSON

(dazed)

Yeah, Kenny's alright.

APGAR

Well let me talk to him. One of these losers is up to something. Jesus!

TINKER

(annoyed)

Alright alright. I'll see you later buddy. Fucking Silverado High.

Tink and Apgar start off. You could knock Robinson over with a feather.

ROBINSON

Alright... See you.

EXT. USED CAR LOT - DAY

Robinson roams around a used car lot.

His eyes rest on a used van. It's blue and has a couple of dings. But it has his name on it.

INT. HOME DEPOT - CONTINUOUS

Then in Home Depot. Robinson walks down the aisles. His cart is filled with wood, a first aide kit, tools, staple gun. He keeps searching.

INT. ELECTRONICS STORE - DAY

Electronics store. Paying at the checkout. A large electro-magnet is his latest purchase. But the CLERK hands him back his credit card.

ELECTRONICS CLERK  
Says it's maxed out.

ROBINSON  
(shit)  
You take a check?

ELECTRONICS CLERK  
Sure.

THE SCREEN GOES WHITE.

INT. THE DRAMA DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

It's a huge blank canvas. Robinson kneels before it. Alone, backstage at night. He reaches into his knapsack and pulls out some color photographs of the crew, the highway and the strip. Then he pulls out a large chunk of black roadbed.

He lays it down next to the canvas and moves to the paints.  
Starts to make his selections.

INT./EXT. MESS TENT - DAY

Lunchtime on the road crew. Blocker and Robinson walk toward a table together.

BLOCKER  
After Labor Day. You coming back?  
I hate to say it but I could use  
you.

ROBINSON  
No sir. I won't.

They sit.

BLOCKER  
Why'd you do it Physics? I know  
there's a reason.

ROBINSON  
There is.

BLOCKER  
Yeah but God help anyone who gets  
in your way, right?

ROBINSON

Kinda.

And as he chews, with nothing left to say, we TRACK AROUND BEHIND HIM, AND THE LUNCH TENT MORPHS INTO HIS DARKENED APARTMENT.

He's no longer eating a sandwich. He's working at the computer.

ROBINSON (V.O.)

Basically, I was going to bury Dolan's Cadillac. The bastard. Drive it into a hole in the desert and make it disappear.

As he types, a 3D simulation begins to rotate on his computer screen.

It's the pool shape we had seen before. A computer-graphic car approaches it.

ROBINSON (V.O.)

(continuing)

The problem was, digging a hole in which I could bury a car going 75 miles an hour. Too short, and he could go airborne and sail right over it.

WE see this happen on the computer.

ROBINSON (V.O.)

(continuing)

Too long, he might be able to stop before the end. Maybe back himself out.

The car is approaching again, and we see it.

ROBINSON (V.O.)

(continuing)

Then I figured if the length was right, but it was too wide on the sides, he'd get the door open and climb out.

WE SEE THIS

ROBINSON

But if it was too narrow, the sides would slow the car gradually, rather than smashing it with the impact at the end.

WE SEE THIS

ROBINSON  
(continuing)  
Also the bottom had to have a  
slope that would conform properly  
to the car's arc of descent.

FLASHBACK of the toy car sailing into the tub. FREEZE FRAME  
just before impact. A LINE APPEARS, describes its arc of  
descent.

FLASHBACK of the model Cadi sailing off the sandy kitchen  
table. It FREEZES also. Another CURVED LINE describes it's  
arc.

And finally the car on the computer sails into the pool  
shape. The CURVED LINE describing the car's descent doesn't  
match the curve of the bottom of the pool.

ROBINSON  
(continuing)  
Too steep a grade, the car could  
flip out the other end.

WE SEE THIS

ROBINSON  
(continuing)  
Too shallow a grade, the same  
would happen.

WE SEE THIS

ROBINSON  
(continuing)  
It had to be perfect. And of  
course the opening would be  
funnel-shaped to catch him and  
suck him into the trap.

The pool shape has changed with each word and each  
possibility until we see the perfect manifestation, glowing  
there on the computer screen.

ROBINSON (V.O.)  
It had to be 79 feet long. 8 feet  
deep at it's deepest, 6 and a half  
at its narrowest. It had to be dug  
between 5 PM Friday, when the  
Route 15 crew quit work and  
whenever Dolan was going to hit  
the detour.

The computer-graphic car finally sails perfectly into the  
hole, crashing head-on into the far end. Computer generated  
smoke pours from the hood.

ROBINSON (V.O.)  
(continuing)  
And it all had to be done by me.  
All by my lonesome.

INT. BIG JOE'S CLEANING OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A BIG GUY in a back room. Behind him is a sign that matches the one on the cleaning van Robinson saw in front of Dolan's LA home. He picks up the phone.

BIG JOE

Big Joe's.

ROBINSON (O.S.)

Hi. This is Bill at Rennie's Catering...

EXT. THE MANDARIN - NIGHT

Robinson, in his car, on a cell phone, staking out the side entrance to the Mandarin.

ROBINSON

...We got a party Saturday night at Mr. Dolan's place up on Aster Drive, and I wanted to know if one of your girls would check to see if he has a big punch-bowl there. Could you do that for me?

BIG JOE

Hold on.

Robinson holds for what feels like an eternity. Sucks in his breath. *Do they smell a rat?*

BIG JOE

(continuing)

Saturday night?

ROBINSON

Yes that's right. But I don't have a punch-bowl as big as they're going to want unless I call across town. But then I realized maybe he already had one. I'd just like to be sure.

BIG JOE

Listen, mister, my call sheet says Mr. Dolan ain't expected until 3 p.m. Sunday afternoon.

Robinson closes his eyes with a relieved, silent 'YES'.

BIG JOE

(continuing)

I'll be glad to have one of my girls check out your punch-bowl, but I want to straighten this other business out first. Mr. Dolan is not a man to fuck around with pardon my French--

ROBINSON  
--I couldn't agree with you more--

BIG JOE  
--and if he's going to show up a  
day early--

ROBINSON  
--Let me double check.

Robinson picks up a school text book that's sitting next to  
him: ROADS TO EVERYWHERE. He riffs through it.

ROBINSON  
(continuing)  
Oh boy it's my mistake he's having  
people over on Sunday night. I'm  
really sorry. You gonna hit me?

BIG JOE  
Nah. Listen, let me put you on  
hold again, I'll have one of the  
girls--

ROBINSON  
No need. If it's Sunday. My big  
punch-bowl's coming back from a  
wedding reception in Glendale  
Sunday morning.

He watches Dolan and Allison move out of the Mandarin into  
the Cadillac.

BIG JOE  
Cool.

ROBINSON  
Great, thank you.  
(clicks off)  
Sunday, Sunday, Sunday.

He starts his car. Begins to follow them again.

INT. THE CADILLAC - NIGHT

Dolan seems jovial. Allison, sullen.

DOLAN  
You know sometimes I feel like  
there's someone watching me.

ALLISON  
I'm sure there's a lot of people  
watching you.

DOLAN  
You a comedian?

ALLISON  
Sure.

He studies her for a moment. She's really pissing him off.

DOLAN  
You like when guys watch you?

ALLISON  
Now you're the comedian.

DOLAN  
Apgar, you'd like to watch  
wouldn't you?

ALLISON  
Fuck off, Jimmy.

He studies her for a beat more.

DOLAN  
Alright. That's it. Morrell. Pull  
over.

ALLISON  
That's not funny.

Dolan smiles to himself.

DOLAN  
No joke.

Morrell pulls over and Dolan looks at her like he's never  
going to see her again.

DOLAN  
(continuing)  
We're done. Goodbye.

INT./EXT. ROBINSON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS.

As he watches the Cadi pull over, he pulls over too. Sees  
Allison stumble out the back.

ROBINSON  
God damn...You are gonna get  
yours, Prick.

What to do? He glances in the rear-view mirror.

That's when he sees the LINCOLN pull over too. Just like the  
one he thought he saw following him earlier. Oh shit.

HE SCREECHES AWAY.

The Lincoln Follows.

His heart starts to pound. This is no coincidence. And his  
mind starts to reel.

Robinson rounds a corner into one of the massive Hotel Casino  
Parking complexes.

The Lincoln follows.

Robinson jams on his gas. But the Impala doesn't have the best chops. The Lincoln however, does, so Robinson will have to be clever.

Robinson plows down the first aisle.

The Lincoln has gained a bit since rounding the corner, seeing clearly where Robinson has gone.

Robinson turns. Jams down aisle after aisle. The Lincoln starts to gain even more, purring behind him.

Robinson, desperate, barrels down an aisle. Then he spots some pedestrians walking into the garage. He accelerates at them, but pulls a hard, hard turn at the last second, zooming off away from his skid marks.

The Lincoln, caught off guard, also pulls the turn, but isn't as lucky. It mashes a parked car with it's rear side panel.

The pedestrians scream at the Lincoln, as the Impala screeches away.

The Lincoln can just see Robinson as he turns around the corner at the end of the aisle.

In a mechanized fury, the Lincoln rips itself away from the grill of the parked car, making the pedestrians scatter again.

But just the loss of these few seconds means the Lincoln can no longer see Robinson. On the next aisle the Lincoln turns down, Robinson isn't there.

ROBINSON

has gone the opposite way. And he finds what he wants. A ramp up and a ramp down.

He jams UP and speeds to the next level. Then, driving like crazy, he speed all the way across the lot toward the down ramp at the far side of the garage.

Meanwhile the Lincoln rounds the corner on the floor below and finds what Robinson had found -- Two ramps. The only logical way Robinson could have gone is down, right? The Lincoln heads DOWN.

Hits the next level and speeds across the lot the other way.

HELICOPTER AWAY FROM

The two cars, two floors apart, speeding across the parking lot. One in one direction, one in the other.

Soon we're in the sky above the glittering strip.

FADE OUT

SMASH UP ON

INT. ROBINSON'S BUNKER - LATER

Inside his front door. The doorbell's ringing. Robinson, gun in panicked hand, approaches.

He takes a terrified deep breath, then peeks through the Hidey hole.

POV FISH EYE

The back of a man's head. The man turns. It's...

ROBINSON  
(continuing; oh my  
God)

Kenny.

KENNY  
(through door)  
Open up man, there's some fucking  
weird guy out here in a Lincoln  
staring at me.

ROBINSON  
What?

KENNY  
I think it's Blocker. Let me in,  
Dude!

ROBINSON  
Oh my God.

He quickly opens the door. Scared, Kenny slips in.

ROBINSON  
(continuing)  
You sure it's Blocker?

KENNY  
No.

He pistol whips Robinson on the back of his head.

KENNY  
(continuing)  
It's me.

Robinson slumps to the floor.

BLACKOUT

VOICE  
Hey.

Robinson's on the bed. He comes-to and sees Kenny, seated on the couch. Having a glass of water. Kenny now has both guns.

KENNY

Hi. Nice place you have here. Looks like the cell of a guy I knew upstate. Now that was a sick fuck. Caught some guy balling his wife? Cuts the guy up - hacks his whole package off. Rapes the wife while the guy's bleeding to death on the bed next to her, and then stuffs the package down her throat and suffocates her. 'Over-the-top Sam' we called him. Covered his cell with pictures of his wife too.

ROBINSON

What do you want?

KENNY

(points to pictures)

Pretty outrageous. Hitting Jimmy Dolan.

He looks at Robinson, who's wondering, wondering what he can do to fix this.

KENNY

(continuing)

So what are you gonna do? Drop him - bury him - blow him up - torch him? Shoot him mob style and leave him in a hole somewhere? Did he fuck your wife? Or just fuck her up?

ROBINSON

I said what do you want?

KENNY

Honestly? I wish you'd kill him for money not love. What am I gonna do with a percentage of your love? Your revenge? Asshole.

(sighs)

Alright. Let's see.

(he figures)

Dolan would probably pay me what realistically? 20,000 dollars for information that would save his life? The FBI? 10,000, maybe.

Alright. You're gonna do him next weekend? Right? Tonight's Sunday.

(beat)

I'll give you 'till Thursday night to give me 40,000 dollars or I blow the whistle. Fair enough?

ROBINSON

...I don't have that kind of money.

KENNY

I know that. Hey I like you. I'm trying to give you a break here. I could blow you tonight for 30. I'm giving you a chance. Look, if you think that you can get a gun to Dolan's head - get some money out of him before you kill him.

ROBINSON

I don't want his money.

KENNY

Asshole, I do. Now find me the 40 and I won't have to ask him for it. Right? Listen, I gotta run. The guy whose Lincoln I been jacking gets up early. And now I gotta find a new set of wheels because of your reckless driving.

(he rises)

Obviously you can't go to the cops 'cause, well, you're the one trying to murder somebody, but if you doubt how badly I will fuck you up if you try to touch me on this?...

Slowly Kenny lifts the front of his tee shirt. We should realize now, that unlike all the other guys, we've never once seen him stripped to the waist. Now we know why.

Robinson's face blanches at the sight of Kenny's bare chest. Mercifully, we're spared.

KENNY

(continuing)

Just know. I did this to myself. You understand what I'm talking about?

He lowers the shirt.

KENNY

(continuing)

See you at work Willy Boy. Or should I just call you Tom?

He exits, leaving Robinson shaken and adrift.

INT. ROBINSON'S APARTMENT - LATER

PAN UP THE BEDCLOTHES

To his face awake and agitated.

VOICE

You cannot give up now.

ROBINSON

I know.

It's Francey sitting on the end of the bed. She can see he feels defeated. And she's pissed.

FRANCEY

Neither one of us is going to forgive you if you do.

ROBINSON

I know I know I know.

She stares at him. He stares at the ceiling.

EXT. ON THE ROAD - DAY

Robinson backloads. He is now an expert. And in his distress he drives the machine as hard as he can.

Suddenly he looks up to find Kenny staring right at him. Willing him to look.

Robinson sees the real Kenny now and wonders how on earth he was ever taken in.

Then Blocker says something to Kenny in the distance and Robinson sees Kenny's face change. Back to the good old boy again.

He even makes Blocker laugh.

Then he turns and stares at Robinson. Back again, to the real thing. Malice.

EXT. THE ROAD - LATER

Robinson walks to his car hoping to avoid Kenny. But no small favors today, Kenny walks up and leans right into Robinson's face.

KENNY

Forty eight hours and then we'll both have our nice big weekends, huh? I put your gun in your glove compartment - just in case you need to make a sudden withdrawal. OK? Oh, yeah. Sorry about the tire. Don't want you following me around. You know what that's like.

He walks off, leaving Robinson with a flat tire. Shit.

INT. FIRST LAS VEGAS BANK - DAY

Robinson sits at the desk of an ASSISTANT BANK MANAGER.

ROBINSON  
 ...Well, I have three thousand I  
 just took out of my savings. I  
 have a gold watch. And uhm, a car,  
 some valuable books.

BANKER  
 ...Some books. Do you have any  
 credit?

ROBINSON  
 No. I mean I do, but my card's  
 maxed out.

BANKER  
 And you want 40,000 dollars? The  
 worst loan shark in Vegas wouldn't  
 give you 40,000 dollars Mr.  
 Robinson. I'm sorry. Next.

That's when we see Robinson touch the gun in his jacket. He  
 fingers it nervously... and lets it go.

INT. THE COFFEE SHOP - LATER

Robinson fidgets inside the front of his old coffee shop.  
 Through the plate glass windows he watches the bank. Touches  
 his gun again. Wondering if he should rob it.

Maybe some food first. He moves to sit in a booth.

They are all taken. So are all the seats at the counter. He's  
 about to return to the front when his eyes rest on  
 ALLISON. He can't believe his eyes. She is distraught and  
 listless. Alone at a booth.

He tries to be casual when he approaches the table.

ROBINSON  
 Excuse me. Can I join you?

She looks up. She's been crying. Her face is a little red and  
 her eyes are swollen. She scans the coffee shop. Sees that  
 it's full.

ROBINSON  
 (continuing)  
 I won't bother you, I just...It  
 just looks like you could use a  
 little company and I know I could.

ALLISON  
 (he looks nice enough)  
 Hey, what could happen?

INT. THE COFFEE SHOP - LATER

As the food gets put down. They don't even notice, they are  
 so engrossed in conversation.

She obviously needed to let it all out. Of course, Robinson's the perfect listener, this being his subject.

ALLISON  
...I guess the hardest thing is  
Jimmy won't take my calls. He  
won't answer my letters. And he's  
hard to find.

ROBINSON  
Does he travel?

ALLISON  
No.

ROBINSON  
Why can't you just go see him?

ALLISON  
(she might as well  
say it)  
It's Jimmy Dolan.

ROBINSON  
(innocent)  
Ah.

ALLISON  
You ever hear of him?

ROBINSON  
Of course. Well. I know it's a  
cliche. But I'm sure you're  
better off without him. From what  
I've read, he's an A-1-Life-is-Too-  
Short-Deserves-What-He-Gets-  
Bastard.

ALLISON  
(smiles ruefully)  
He never gets what he deserves.  
Only what he wants.

ROBINSON  
Never say never.

ALLISON  
Well, he doesn't want a baby.

ROBINSON  
(wow)

ALLISON  
Yeah. I have to take care of that  
on my own too. Well, he'll pay for  
the 'procedure'.

ROBINSON  
He doesn't deserve to be a father.  
He doesn't deserve you.

ALLISON  
(sad)  
He doesn't want me either.

ROBINSON  
What if you don't have the  
abortion? Sue him for child  
support. He's rich right?

ALLISON  
He told me one of his girlfriends  
tried that on purpose once. His  
guys found her. And no one's found  
her since.

ROBINSON  
(knowing)  
And the cops won't help.

ALLISON  
You've read all about him, huh?  
(beat)  
If I don't get it done...

The thought trails off.

ROBINSON  
Dolan's baby. Wow.  
(shakes his head)  
You love him?

ALLISON  
I don't know.

ROBINSON  
Loving someone can change your  
whole life. I used to know a guy,  
had a similar situation. He was  
sad, and mad and felt powerless.  
But then something funny happened.  
And everything was better. Even  
when it was rotten it was better.

ALLISON  
What happened?

ROBINSON  
He met the girl he married.

ALLISON  
What was the rotten part?

ROBINSON

Well, he loved her and he wanted to do right by her, but things didn't go exactly as planned... Believe it or not, he had a meal and he robbed a bank and he sort of improvised from there.

ALLISON

No!

ROBINSON

(can't quite believe it himself)

Yeah.

He picks up the check, stands.

ALLISON

No, let me help.

ROBINSON

That's ok.

(looks in his wallet for cash)

And listen, do me a favor? Just...don't have the abortion yet. Wait a little while? At least till next week. 'Cause... you never know what might happen.

ALLISON

Ok. But... this guy you knew. He's not really going to rob a bank is he?

Robinson's staring into his wallet.

ALLISON

(continuing)

Will?

His FACE HAS DROPPED. He has seen SOMETHING in among the dollars and the credit card receipts.

ALLISON

(continuing)

Will?

He's not listening. The wheels are turning. A plan is starting to form.

ROBINSON

HA!

(then to her)

Listen, Allison, it was very, very nice to meet you.

ALLISON

Likewise. It's amazing that someone I've never met before has made me feel better than any of my friends.

ROBINSON

I'm glad.

ALLISON

And you know what? Fuck Jimmy Dolan.

ROBINSON

(he happily slaps his wallet)

Allison, from your lips to God's ears. Bye!

He rushes out.

EXT. THE ROAD - DAY

The roadway. Robinson walks up to Kenny who's on mcp duty.

KENNY

You're late today. Thought I might have heard about you on the radio.

ROBINSON

Nope. No need.

KENNY

Really? You got my money?

ROBINSON

I'll have it tonight.

(spits)

But please don't make me give it to you.

KENNY

What the fuck are you talking about?

ROBINSON

Don't make it happen Kenny. Please, I'm telling you it will be your biggest regret.

KENNY

SHUT THE FUCK UP.

ROBINSON

Please. Because if I give it to you, you're going to get hurt.

KENNY

Oh is that right? You give it to me tonight or you'll be so dead tomorrow, 'science teacher'.

ROBINSON

Alright.

(beat)

Come over to my place after work.

KENNY

That's a great plan.

(pissed)

We'll meet behind the UNLV hockey rink.

ROBINSON

How about something a little less isolated? A crowded bar like Cheetah's?

KENNY

How about just Dolan's fucking penthouse!?

ROBINSON

(beat)

I'll meet you at the pay phone at the bus stop behind Harrah's. No one's around, but at least there's some light.

KENNY

Fine. Nine P.M. And if I see anyone with you, boy. Dolan's gonna hear from me at nine oh one.

ROBINSON

(turns and walks.

mutters)

I'm shaking.

SUPER A CLOCK READING 8:30 P.M.

INT. ROBINSON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Robinson moves to his closet and pulls out a duffel bag. He moves over to the walls and starts to take down some of his photos of Dolan.

EXT. HARRAH'S - LATER

Robinson drives up. The duffel bag, now loaded, sits beside him in the suicide seat. So does his gun.

THE CLOCK NOW READS 8:50 P.M.

EXT. HARRAH'S/BUS STOP - NIGHT

Harrah's back parking lot is relatively quiet. He pulls up to the lone phone booth, leaves the car running, grabs the gun, and gets out. Checks the pocket watch. He's early.

He moves around to the other side of the car and removes the duffel.

Goes to the phone booth. Puts down the duffel next to the booth.

Then, opening his wallet he REMOVES A WRINKLED, TATTERED BLUE PIECE OF PAPER from inside. On it is written a phone number. He drops two quarters in and dials.

INT. DOLAN'S SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Dolan's doing business. The phone rings.

DOLAN

Hello. Hello?

INT. PHONE BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

ROBINSON

I still got your number you fuck.  
You're dead.

Robinson drops the phone, letting it hang, STILL CONNECTED. He shoves the slip of paper into the duffel bag and leaves it there, leaning on the phone booth.

Jumps in his car, and with a last glance back at the bag he pulls away.

We HOLD WIDE on the tableaux. As Robinson's car disappears around the corner, another car comes into frame.

ANGLE ON THE DRIVER

It's Kenny, in another stolen sedan. He pulls up to the phone booth and parks. Grabs the 38 special out of his glove compartment.

Gets out of his car and flicks the cigarette he's smoking into the street. Lights a new one.

Squints in the direction of the phone booth and sees the duffel sitting there patiently. Peers around to see if anyone has been tipped to arrest him.

No one is around. Just the heavy heat of the desert.

He walks over to the phone booth and pulls the duffel inside with him. Picks it up to test its heft. Glances around again until he's satisfied he's alone.

He cradles the phone and looks inside the bag.

He smiles. Inside is MONEY. Stacks of twenties. He pulls them out.

KENNY

Nice job, Tricky.

Continues to dig. But there's only about five bundles of cash. The rest are papers. He pulls one out to examine it.

It's a newspaper photograph of James Dolan. Confused, he pulls out some more. Finds that strange blue slip of paper with the phone number on it. He starts to pull other things out of the duffel and his face hardens.

There are files marked "James Dolan." Surveillance photographs of the silver cadillac on the road. Lots of girls. Apgar and Morrell among other obvious thugs.

Oh shit.

Then he hears three racing motors.

IN SLOW-MOTION

His cigarette falls out of his mouth as three sedans screech up behind him and he spins, reaching for his gun. Apgar, Morrel and six other enormous and angry MEN jump out of the car. Their guns are already out.

He fires, they fire. And he dies.

They're on him in a flash. Apgar grabs the duffel bag and riffles the contents.

APGAR

Mother... Fucker this was one of the freaks in the desert! He was gonna hit Jimmy!

MORRELL

He said he was being watched. He said it!

APGAR

(he kicks Kenny's  
dead body)

Oh man. Let's just turn this guy  
into kindling.

They grab Kenny's body.

INT. ROBINSON'S APARTMENT - LATER

AGAIN WE PAN UP THE BEDSHEETS

Robinson is awake, giggling gleefully to himself.

Laughing really.

Anyone who didn't know the story might think the man was just plain crazy.

FADE TO BLACK

## UP ON HIGH ANGLE OUTSIDE VEGAS

Robinson's dinged-up van drives under us, on the way to the Route Fifteen Detour.

ROBINSON (V.O.)

I slept in the next day. I'm sure Blocker and the rest wondered why neither Kenny nor I showed up to collect our checks. Personally, I needed my rest for what lay ahead of me. As for Kenny, I can't really say what he needed at that point.

LATEF

EXT. DESERT - EVENING

Robinson peers through binoculars as the Route 15 road crew quits for the weekend.

He checks the pocket watch.

ROBINSON (V.O.)

(continuing)

It was now 5:15 PM on Friday. That gave me forty-one hours until I'd see him on Sunday morning. If everything went according to plan.

EXT. THE DETOUR - JUST LATER

An orange sign reads DETOUR - NOVEMBER 2000 - OCTOBER 2001 - THANK YOU FOR YOUR COOPERATION! "ALL TRAFFIC MUST FOLLOW DETOUR: HERE".

He pulls up to the site of the detour. It's the mirror of the detour where he first got the idea for his trap.

A line of orange cones blocks the highway, leading the drivers off the road and out onto the hard packed desert. But instead of following this new route as the sign has directed, he stops at the sign.

ROBINSON (V.O.)

All the heavy equipment was sitting about a mile up the road. I had to find a spot between here and there.

He climbs out, lifts one of the cones. It's light.

Then he walks to the orange sign and goes around the back of it. Shakes it, to see how easy it'll be to knock over.

Pretty easy.

MOMENTS LATER

He's driving on the other side of the cones, up the closed piece of highway.

ROBINSON

It had to be out of the sight of traffic, but not too far from the turn off. A nice down hill slope wouldn't hurt either.

The roadway rises gently, and as he gets to the top and starts down the other side, he checks his rear-view mirror.

MIRROR POV

The back of the orange sign, the orange cones, and the cars heading off onto the detour. All disappear below the rise as he drives down the other side.

Now he's truly alone. He pulls over. Looks around.

Climbs out, and on the tarmac he makes a big chalk X.

ROBINSON

(continuing)

At least that went my way.

MOMENTS LATER

Up the road, he walks around the equipment. Making sure he has what he needs.

Finds the jackhammers. Slings one over his shoulder.

Finds the row of 650 backloaders. Puts the jackhammer in the cab of one and climbs in after it.

Reaches below the steering wheel, pulls out the wires...

ROBINSON

(continuing)

Black goes to red or your engine goes...

MOMENTS LATER

He's driving a rumbling Backloader back down the highway toward the the parked van and the X. The sun is starting to set.

LATER

The radio in the van blares. He checks his yellow legal pad and starts to make measurements on the tarmac.

LATER

Standing in the center of the highway, he is painting, with a white spray can, the outline for the top of the pool shape - the wide mouth narrowing to an abrupt end.

THEN

Lengthwise down the center he paints a line dividing it in two. And then more lines across it's width that turn it into an enormous grid.

From overhead we see that this thing is FUCKING ENORMOUS.

RADIO DJ

It's eight P.M. on this Labor day weekend and we're counting down the top rock and roll hits of the nineties!

He starts the jackhammer. It roars to life.

Behind him the sun sets a glorious golden pink.

LATER

It's dark as he hammers along the white lines of the grid.

It seems like he's making a jigsaw puzzle. The size and shape of the pieces he's jackhammering have a neatness and a precision. As if he needs to use them again for something.

LATER

He's finished hammering. Drops the jackhammer and stretches his tormented back. Groans with pain.

RADIO DJ

(continuing)

Four twenty-four A.M. you crazy gamblers! Remember this one from Jesus Jones!?

He stands and pulls a Power Bar out of his pocket. As he stuffs the whole thing in his mouth he hauls himself into the cab of the backloader. Turns on its lights.

He wheels it up to the grid, and, as delicately as possible, starts scooping up the jigsaw pieces, keeping them intact.

He then backs up, pivots the cab, and carries them, balanced on his scoop, to the edge of the highway, 100 feet away.

He stops the loader, jumps out and moves to the balanced pieces. Checks his leather gloves, and then pulls off one of the road pieces, flipping it into the dirt.

ROBINSON

Ooof. God.

Stretches his back again, does the next one.

Pulls out the piece of chalk and writes '1' on the first piece and '2' on the second.

ROBINSON  
(continuing)  
Two down, seventy-seven to go.

LATER

Headlights burning, he continues to carefully scoop and balance pieces from the grid - he's now more than halfway done.

ANGLE ON

A WIDE SHOT OF the detour itself. Two cars at this late hour driving across the hard-packed desert.

The drivers never notice the backloader's lights flickering off behind a sand dune.

EXT./EST. - THE DESERT - MORNING

The sun rises hot and fast.

LATER

Broad daylight. Sweat pours as he pulls the last of the grid pieces off the scoop and onto the side of the road. He chalks them.

ROBINSON  
Seventy-eight. Seventy-nine. Thank  
God.  
(he pulls out the  
pocket watch)  
And ahead of schedule.

As he stands he hears and feels something like a GUNSHOT.

ROBINSON  
(continuing)  
AAAHHH!!!

INSERT

SLOW MOTION X-RAY FOOTAGE

As the disk between his fifteenth and sixteenth vertebrae RUPTURES.

ROBINSON  
(continuing)  
AAAHHHH!!!

He is jerked as if shot in the side. His face is sad and furious. Anguished.

IN SLOW MOTION

The watch flies from his hand and smashes on a piece of the grid.

He drops to the ground and flops there like a hooked fish. Clutching his back. Running from the pain, but just turning circles in the dirt.

Gritting his teeth against the pain and losing.

ROBINSON  
(continuing)  
Nnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn....

And then Francey is beside him.

FRANCEY  
Honey?

ROBINSON  
Aaaa...

FRANCEY  
It's going to be ok.

ROBINSON  
...no...

FRANCEY  
Yes. It's going to be ok.

ROBINSON  
...it's not.

FRANCEY  
(firmly)  
It is.

And finally he's stopping.

Just breathing hard.

Wiping the tears.

ROBINSON  
...Ok.

He blinks and he's ALONE AGAIN.

Painfully getting to his stomach. Beginning to crawl back to the 650 tractor.

He literally drags himself through the dirt.

It's excruciating.

Finally, mercifully, he reaches the machine's giant tread and the shade it provides.

He pulls his whole body out of the sun.

It's better in the shade. It's...

Time to sleep.

THE ROAD SITE - VARIOUS

TIME LAPSE AS

The shade moves over his body as the day wears on.

Then, late in the afternoon, the sun comes around the side of the 650.

Hitting him in the eye.

He blinks. Awake.

ROBINSON  
(continuing)

Oww.

MOMENTS LATER

He staggers back to the watch. Painfully picks it up.

It's stopped. Frozen at 12:15.

He stares down at it.

MOMENTS LATER

Miserable but conscious, he drives the 650 back to the road.

MOMENTS LATER

He reaches into the van's supply box and pulls out a bottle of Motrin. Swallows a handful.

RADIO DJ  
It's 6 P.M. on a Labor Day  
Saturday. How 'bout this one from  
Garth Brooks!

Robinson tries to stretch his back.

ROBINSON  
Aaahhh!! Shit fuck!

FRANCEY  
Tom.

ROBINSON  
What!?

FRANCEY  
You've lost almost six hours.

ROBINSON  
I know that! Jesus Christ!

EST. THE SUN IS SETTING AGAIN

He rides the backloader up to the edge of the pit. Sand flies up under his treads and the 650 crunches forward.

Finally takes the first scoop of sandy gravel.

He's got his shirt off and he looks like freeze-dried hell.

It's a numbing succession of forward scoops, and backward retreats, wheeling the 650 off the road and dumping the load, driving back and doing it again.

But at least he's sitting.

LATER

Deeper into the hole. Singing along with the radio at the top of his lungs looking like a madman, feeling like a wound.

LATER

INSIDE THE DITCH.

Now in a jacket, he kneels at the bottom of the growing hole. With a flashlight, a slide rule and a level he checks the grade of the slope.

She peers over his shoulder.

FRANCEY

Ok?

ROBINSON

Yeah. Just call me Wile E. Coyote.  
Super Genius...

LATER

He digs some more. Looks down at his hands and realizes the gloves are wet. Removes them and sees his hands are covered with puss and blood. Rips off a piece of his shirt and wraps it around his hands.

LATER

Dumps some more of the dirt on the side of the road.

Then, as he swallows more Motrin, the 650 finally sputters. He adjusts the choke. It sputters up. Stalls and dies.

Fuck. He knows what this means. He lays his head down on the steering wheel for a moment.

MOMENTS LATER

Robinson sucks on the end of a hose.

He's siphoning fuel from one of a long line of machines sitting up the road.

Sucking on the end of a tube and then pouring the stench of diesel fuel into a pail.

Then he gags a long, dry heave. Tries to keep his composure.

He sucks again. Then dumps. The fuel burns his shaking hands as he pours it in the pail again.

He sucks again and the stench almost makes him pass out.

LATER

As he drives his precious pail of diesel back down the hill. He looks out at the brilliant stars. And then smiles a little. Francey is doing a moonlight dance on top of a sand dune.

LATER

Night as he continues to dig the tomb.

CROSS FADE

DAYLIGHT

Still digging, the hole growing.

ROBINSON'S EYES stare out blank and numb.

LATER

He wakes up.

*Ohmygod. How much time has passed?* He spins the dial of the radio in the 650. Lots of static, radio soup. Finally:

NEWSCASTER

It's 9:00 A.M.

ROBINSON

Shit!

He hobbles out into the hole. Takes a tape measure and measures the depth at the back wall.

ROBINSON

(continuing)

Shit!

*Think. Think.*

He pulls out his level and checks the grade of the floor.

ECU

The bubble floats just out of the lines. It's not level.

The floor not only slopes from front to back the way he wanted, but also, clearly, from side to side.

He runs a hand through his hair.

ROBINSON

(continuing)

Fuck it. Gotta do. Gotta do.

He backs the loader out of the hole.

Hides it behind a dune.

He goes to the van, starts it and brings it around the other side of the hole. Now it's facing back toward the rise in the highway and the entrance to the detour.

RADIO DJ

It's 9:32 Sunday morning.

ROBINSON

Fuck me.

He turns off the van and jumps out.

Catches a glimpse of himself in the rear view mirror.

SEES HIS APPEARANCE.

It startles him. Who is that man with the haunted eyes? The shapes and shadows have transformed.

He looks away again. Hoping that when he looks back he'll see something else. Someone he recognizes.

He stares again, hoping he might see himself.

But what things he had in his face for recognizing, they are no longer there.

SMASH CUT

He pulls an enormous canvas out of the back of the van. And slats of 1 by 3 lumber. Starts laying the lumber across the hole.

ROBINSON

(continuing)

Let's go, let's go. Beep beep.

It's almost like he's recreating the grid out of wood.

He nail-guns the wood to the tarmac.

RADIO DJ

It's 10:15 and another scorcher.

Hauls the huge tarp and begins the laborious task of covering his new wooden grid with it.

Smoothing.

More nail gunning.

Moaning.

Racing.

LATER

In the van, driving back up the rise, toward the cones, the sign and the turnoff.

He looks in his rearview mirror.

MIRROR POV

The highway where he's just been working. Looking exactly as it did when he arrived.

A kind of mirage.

IT LOOKS LIKE A NORMAL ROAD ON A DESERT HIGHWAY. AS IF HE HASN'T DONE ANYTHING AT ALL.

He looks over his shoulder, back at his handiwork.

ANGLE ON

The van veering over to the shoulder and then righting itself as it reaches the top of the rise.

As he starts to go down the other side, he checks the mirror again.

MIRROR POV

The 'normal looking' road vanishing behind the rise.

Satisfied, he now turns his attention to what's ahead of him. The back of the orange detour sign, the orange cones and the turn off itself.

He reaches the orange cones and pulls over. Jumps out with his binoculars, and runs to a small dune next to the detour turn-off.

Looks toward the traffic on the highway from Las Vegas as it approaches the detour.

Sees a lone car cruising along the road. Then veering off, following the cones, onto the designated detour.

Next a convoy of trucks. Then a Plymouth. The Plymouth followed by a Winnebago filled with a bunch of kids having a pillow fight.

Where is Dolan? Maybe he passed by earlier. Maybe he missed him completely. He's filled with dread.

THROUGH THE BINOCULARS

He sees the Cadillac.

The time might be RIGHT NOW.

But it's Green. Not Silver.

ROBINSON

*He bought a new car. No he didn't,  
look at it. It's green. He bought  
a green one. He drives silver.*

He paces, he looks again, trying to see if he can make out  
the driver of the car.

ROBINSON

(continuing)

*If it's him we have to decide  
right now! We only have one shot!  
Silver silver silver. Don't be an  
asshole. Silver? Silver. Yeah. Ok?  
Ok. Thank you. Thank you. Thank  
You.*

He waits and the watches as the green cadillac gets closer.

BINOCULAR POV

The driver is a JOLLY OLD WOMAN with sunglasses. She sees the  
detour sign and the weird guy standing on the hill behind it  
looking like the grim reaper. She puts peddle to metal and  
zooms past.

Now the highway's empty.

ROBINSON

(continuing)

*Did you miss him? You missed him.  
He left early and already went by.  
No I didn't. You didn't. No. How  
the fuck do you know? I know. How?  
'Cause there he is. Yeah? Yes. So  
let's go. Yeah!*

Way off in the distance, alone on the road and moving at a  
good 80 Miles per hour glides Dolan's Cadillac. There was no  
mistaking that Cadillac -- it was as grey as the sky overhead  
but it stood out with startling clarity against the dull  
brown rises of land to the east.

The robot version of a man hobbles down to the detour sign.  
Laughing. Crying. Shambling.

He dances down to the highway and pulls the detour sign over  
onto it's back, essentially making it disappear for anyone on  
the highway.

Then he staggers out onto the highway and starts scooping up  
the orange cones. He falls and they spill. He grabs them up  
again. Stacking them and running. Laughing. Crying. Racing.

And finally as Dolan's Cadillac roars by him, there are no  
cones on the road, no sign to be seen. No detour at all. Just  
a CRAZY MUTHERFUCKER ON THE SIDE OF THE HIGHWAY.

INT. DOLAN'S CADILLAC - CONTINUOUS

Morrell is driving.

He's totally oblivious to the fact that he was supposed to get off the highway onto a detour. He just speeds right on through, heading up the rise.

Apgar, dozing in the passenger seat, is also oblivious. But Morrell catches a glimpse of Robinson, as he speeds by.

His nose wrinkles and he glances in the rearview mirror.

Sees a puppet-like wreck of a man start to REPLACE THE ORANGE CONES after the Cadillac has passed.

MORRELL

Hey Jimmy? You see that?

DOLAN

(reading)

What?

MORRELL

That freak dancing around the street. He's gonna get hit.

Bored, Dolan looks around. Cranes his neck to see out the back window.

DOLAN POV

Robinson, having replaced a few of the cones, now pulls the detour sign back up.

DOLAN

What the hell, Morrell...

(shakes his head)

You gonna make me look at every asshole from here to LA?

He snaps his newspaper and peers into it again. Apgar sneers at Morrell.

APGAR

Yeah, see you never look in the right places.

Suddenly Dolan whips his head around to look again.

DOLAN

No...

(turning back)

STOP!!!

He instinctually grabs for his shoulder belt, finds it and yanks it across his body.

MORRELL

Huh?

DOLAN

STOP!!!...

Snaps it home.

And as Apgar turns to Dolan, the painted canvas covering the road is suddenly apparent in front of them.

The Cadillac seems to be driving through the road instead of on it. Dolan's Cadillac is suddenly hubcap-deep in route 15. Then, up to the door-panels. Like a luxury submarine on it's way down.

They're falling straight through the roadway. And as 1 by 3 slats and ripped canvas fly past them, they are bouncing into the funnel-like mouth of a huge hole and screaming, bracing for the impact and finding themselves (thanks to the uneven grade of the floor) tipping over onto their side and lifting off the ground. When they actually slam into the far wall head first at 72 miles an hour, they are sideways and in mid-air.

Apgar is dead before the rear of the car has even stopped moving forward.

And when the heap finally falls to a rest on the driver-side doors, Morrell's legs, shattered on the initial impact, actually break again in different places.

EXT. DETOUR - CONTINUOUS

Robinson, still struggling with the sign, hears the crash.

ROBINSON

Ohgod.

He heaves the sign back up, and wind-milling his arms, makes an approaching Volvo get off onto the detour. He gets some strange looks, but they take the signal and go.

He replaces a few more orange cones and finally just throws the rest off the road. Shambles to his van. Starts it and goes.

Driving over the rise - he sees what he's waited three years to see - a huge hole with a smoking wreck at the bottom.

He drives up and parks.

Hears screaming from inside the car.

Jumps out of the van and goes to the edge of the pit. His mouth opens unconsciously as he takes in:

The canvas "road" at the bottom of the ditch, under the car. Crumpled and ripped and twisted. Like a shed snakeskin. The front end of the car, utterly trashed. The hood accordioned upward in a jagged fan shape. The engine compartment, a jumble of metal and rubber and hoses, all of it covered with sand and dirt that has avalanched down.

He hears a hissing sound. The car's fluids running off. And all of these sounds almost drowned out by the PITCHED SCREAMS from the car.

MORRELL (O.S.)  
MY LEGS JIMMY!!!! MY FUCKING  
LEGS!!!

Robinson leans in to look through the passenger window. Doesn't see anything moving. Not really sure what he's seeing.

ROBINSON  
Dolan? James Dolan?

MORRELL (O.S.)  
NO!!!! HELP ME PLEASE GODDAMN IT!!!

Robinson thinks for a second before pulling himself up and going to the back of the van.

He opens the doors.

Dolan's in the van.

He JUMPS OUT at him, hands on Robinson's neck!

Robinson falls back.

Alone.

He's losing it.

ROBINSON  
Huh.

Then he hears Dolan from inside the Car.

DOLAN  
Hey Tom Robinson?

Robinson stares in disbelief. Shocked at the amazing animal instinct. And knowing deep down that had he realized how keen these instincts were, he probably would have been too spooked to try all of this.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Dolan has regained consciousness. He's battered and bruised and it hurts to unsnap his seatbelt. When he does he slips.

DOLAN  
Tom Robinson!

He tries the passenger door. Stuck.

Tries the electronic window. Dead thanks to the dead engine.

DOLAN  
(continuing)  
Goddamn electric...

MORRELL  
 HEEEEEEEEEEEEELP. FUCKKKKKKKKKKK.  
 JIMMY MY FUCKIN' LEGS THEY'RE  
 DONE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

DOLAN  
 Shut up Ram.

Morrell whimpers in pain. Apgar is slumped next to him, his hair and head stuck in the windshield. Very dead.

DOLAN  
 (continuing)  
 Robinson?!

Dolan grabs his cell phone to call 91'.

OUTSIDE

From the open back of the van, Robinson pulls the electro-magnet we saw him buy earlier.

He drops it onto the Cadillac.

INSIDE

Dolan's phone goes pffszzt. He stares at it in disbelief.

Then looks up at the shadowy figure of Robinson looming over the car.

EXT. THE CADILLAC - CONTINUOUS

Robinson's in a state of shock. Cannot quite believe his eyes.

Dolan's right there beneath him. Stuck in the car. It may be on its side, but shit...

ROBINSON  
 It worked.

His eyes water with all the relief and strain and ancient anger.

DOLAN (O.S.)  
 Robinson?

MORRELL (O.S.)  
 JIMMY??!!

A shadow moves below him as Dolan shifts in the back of the shattered car.

DOLAN (O.S.)  
 Shut up!

INT. CADILLAC - CONTINUOUS

MORRELL  
Help me!! Jesus Jimmy Help me!!!

DOLAN  
I can't hear you man, the way he's  
screaming. Come closer.

Dolan points his gun up at Robinson.

OUTSIDE

Robinson shifts to see better through the window.

INSIDE

Dolan gets a bead on him, and fires.

The window cracks. The bullet ricochets. Dolan jumps, and Robinson's shadow jumps too. Morrell cries out.

OUTSIDE

FROM OVER THE PIT

Stillness. Until Robinson cautiously creeps back to look over the edge.

Sees the cracked window. No movement.

ROBINSON  
You alright?

DOLAN  
No. Just shot myself in the leg.

ROBINSON  
I coulda told you that. Bullet-  
proof glass.  
(shakes his head)  
See, an impenetrable fort and an  
inescapable prison are the same  
building. The only difference is  
which side of the door has the  
lock.  
(beat)  
Well.  
(beat)  
Goodbye.

MORRELL  
Nooo!! HELLP! HELLP ME!

Morrell's starting to go crazy.

DOLAN  
Robinson!

MORRELL  
 HEELLPP ME!!!  
 HEEEEEEEEEEEEELLLLLPPPPP!!

DOLAN  
 Alright!

Dolan blows Morrell's brains out.

DOLAN  
 (continuing)  
 Fine. See? I can be merciful.  
 Robinson now we can hear each  
 other! We can really talk.  
 Robinson!?

Now Robinson will bury him. He starts to walk off to the hidden loader. Dolan hears the sounds of him walking away. Dolan puts his lips to the tiny hole made by the bullet.

DOLAN (O.S.)  
 Tom!!!!!! Tom!!!

Robinson stops. Is that hesitation?

DOLAN  
 Tom!!! Tom????? Jesus!  
 Helllllllllllp!!!! Help me!!!!!!

ROBINSON  
 No one can hear you.

DOLAN  
 You can! Jesus you can!

Dolan looks up for him. Where'd he go?

DOLAN  
 (continuing)  
 TOM?

Long, long beat as Robinson thinks. Unsure if he should even speak again.

ROBINSON  
 Why would I help you you prick?

DOLAN  
 Because this is crazy!

ROBINSON  
 You got that right.

DOLAN  
 Because... you're not a killer.

ROBINSON

I just spent 36 hours digging the longest grave in the world so I can bury you in your fucking Cadillac!!

DOLAN

That's not the same thing. You're not.

ROBINSON

(pissed)

I killed the man in the passenger seat.

DOLAN

Apgar? But...but...that was an accident. It wasn't cold-blooded. He wasn't *talking* to you.

ROBINSON

If my wife had talked to you, you would have spared her?

DOLAN

Maybe. Entirely possible. It's called business Tom.

ROBINSON

No it's not.

DOLAN

My life is worth a lot of money. You can have some of it. Christ all of it. I'll make more. Hell you can have that too.

ROBINSON

Why do you keep talking about Christ and Hell? You believe in either of them?

DOLAN

(beat)

Honestly? Not really. I mean this is probably the closest to hell either one of is going to get, right? But I tell you if Jesus gets me out of this I will certainly believe in him. Do you? You religious?

ROBINSON

(sees where he is,  
what he's done)

I'm not sure. Maybe.

DOLAN

How about if we found a hospital?  
Or a college? Anything. I'm  
serious. 100 million dollars. Do  
with it what you want.

ROBINSON

100 million dollars?

DOLAN

It's a start right?!

Robinson has to take a beat. Stares out into the emptiness.

DOLAN

(continuing)

Jesus Christ, you're good though.  
What's it been? Three years? I  
thought it might have been you on  
my phone. It was you, right?

ROBINSON

(bruised)

No.

DOLAN

See? You're not even a good liar.

Robinson flinches.

DOLAN

(continuing)

So Ok. What is this thing?

ROBINSON

I told you. It's a trap for you  
and your car.

DOLAN

You dug this hole?

ROBINSON

Yes. I dug it to specification.

DOLAN

Ha! Well. Nice job.

Robinson doesn't know what to say. All this talk is making  
him uncomfortable.

ROBINSON

Yeah...all right. Well...

DOLAN

So here you are.

ROBINSON

(yes)

DOLAN

Listen. Please. Please don't do this.

Robinson's cracks are starting to show. He's struggling with his tears.

ROBINSON

Why shouldn't I? No one would cry over you.

DOLAN

You cried over her.

ROBINSON

Yes. You ruined my life.

Dolan doesn't respond.

ROBINSON

(continuing)

You took her away from me.

DOLAN

Yes. Francey. I'm sorry. Honestly.

ROBINSON

You're sorry.

DOLAN

Yes. Now I am.

(beat)

Listen, I'll come clean. I'll do my time for your wife. I don't care. I mean let's be real. Talk about a wake up call! You know. I'm dead. Losing all my money. Going to jail. I see that none of that means anything. Look. Let's say I'm dead. I'll disappear. Or I'll go to jail whatever you want. Take the money. I'm serious. Spend it however you want - put up a school in your wife's name. Anything you can think of. And we'll both know I was dead. The world can know - or no one can know that you got me. Whatever you want. Just don't actually kill me. Please. You make me see the error of my ways - I'm begging you not to make the same mistake. Jesus! I can make amends. I can, I can apologize to those I've wronged. My mother. The women. You for god's sake! I can change! I mean Jesus fucking Christ! Jimmy Dolan is begging you! Please man. Please.

(more)

DOLAN (cont'd)

I don't even know the last time I said that word. You're not a killer, a murderer. You've proven your point. Now let me live. Let me do the right thing. You'll never regret letting me go. I promise you that. I'll go back to the Lake and just sit. You know? You could really do an awesome thing here. In your whole life you may never be presented with an opportunity as great as this!

(he waits a beat)

Tom?

Hears a rumbling.

DOLAN

(continuing)

Tom!! TOM!!!

EXT. SITE - DAY

Robinson rumbles up with a huge load of dirt.

INT. CADILLAC - CONTINUOUS

DOLAN

Tom!!!!!! TOM!!!

The shadow of the loader rises over the edge of the pit.

DOLAN

(continuing)

No!!!

The dirt rains down obliterating the window.

EXT. SITE - DAY

Robinson spins the backloader and heads back for the next load.

Scoops it, turns around and dumps it.

Heads back for more.

Looks over and, without smiling, without anything, watches Francey walking away up the road. Her white clothing billowing out behind her in the desert breeze. She stops and looks back at him. Salutes him.

And as the loader rumbles away from the pit, the only sounds left are the laughing screaming pleading sounds of James Dolan wafting gently over the sands.

Robinson rumbles on and over us...

FADE TO BLACK

BANG BANG BANG

INT. THE VAN - MORNING

Robinson awakens suddenly. He's slept who knows how long on the floor of the van. He winces as he turns over.

*Who the hell's banging?*

From inside he painfully pushes open the back door of the van. It's almost blindingly light out.

He squints up at the highway patrol peering down at him. Stern as hell in his mirrored shades.

COP

Wanna get out?

Robinson is caught. He slowly pulls himself out into the blinding daylight.

EXT. VAN - ROADWAY - DAY

He steps right into a sand dune.

Somehow the sand has piled up as high as the doors of his van. He looks down as his boot disappears in it.

COP

The winds must've been ferocious,  
huh? Were you drunk?

Robinson's slept through an enormous sandstorm.

COP

(continuing)

You must've driven right through  
the detour! You didn't see that  
sign? You're a lucky man.

And maybe GOD was watching over him because he's looking at an ocean of sand. Like the Sahara swept across the road and covered everything.

Any evidence of his handiwork is GONE.

ROBINSON

I...I...

COP

What?

(beat)

You all right?

Robinson smiles ruefully. Shakes his head.

ROBINSON

No.

The cop doesn't know how to read it.

Until Robinson starts to cry.

INT. THE HOSPITAL - LATER

WE PAN UP THE BEDSHEETS

Battered but sanguine, Robinson lays back in a hospital bed.  
Blocker's standing there.

BLOCKER  
Strange thing.

ROBINSON  
Yeah?

BLOCKER  
Yeah. I was talking to my buddy  
who's running the Route 15  
detour - you know - where you ran  
off the road?

Robinson tries to read him, but doesn't try too hard.

ROBINSON  
Yeah?

BLOCKER  
Well not only was the whole place  
covered by the sand, but when they  
were taking the road up under the  
sand, to resurface it, you know?

ROBINSON  
Yes?

BLOCKER  
One spot he said, came up 'just  
like butter. Just as easy as  
that'. Which made him happy cause  
you know the faster it comes up,  
the faster it can go down again.

They look at each other.

ROBINSON  
Uh huh. So what did you say?

BLOCKER  
Me? I didn't say anything. What  
business is it of mine? Right?

ROBINSON  
Right. If you say so.

BLOCKER  
I say so.

They let the unsaid hang comfortably between them.

BLOCKER  
(continuing)  
And you know who sends his  
regards? Jacko. Get this. He's  
applying to become a gym teacher.

ROBINSON  
I'll give him a recommendation.

BLOCKER  
Yeah? Recommend he learn how to  
read.

Robinson chuckles, but it hurts.

BLOCKER  
(continuing)  
Alright. Get some sleep. Doctor  
says you messed yourself up good.

He moves to the door.

ROBINSON  
Thanks Harve.

BLOCKER  
Hey, don't thank me. I tried to  
crap you out, remember?

They smile.

He backs to the door still smiling. Then with a final nod, he  
leaves. Robinson is alone at last.

He sits up in bed. Looks out the window. Down at Las Vegas.  
At the city, as it sprawls beneath him. The lights of the  
Mandarin twinkling bright. He is high above Dolan's world.

He takes a deep satisfied breath.

And then he finally calls her.

ROBINSON  
Francey.

He waits for the sound of her voice.

ROBINSON  
(continuing)  
I did good. Didn't I? Francey?

He waits. He closes his eyes. Strains to hear her. But  
there's nothing.

She's gone.

She's free. What had seemed like a triumphant salute must  
have been a goodbye. He opens his eyes, filled with tears.

And he sighs, sad, but also free.

He reaches over to his night-table and grabs the pocket watch. To feel it. Broken but still with him.

ROBINSON  
(continuing)  
Bye, baby. Bye.

He looks at it and then returns it to the night-table.  
Closes his eyes and snuggles into the soft white sheets.  
Sighs and falls asleep.

And after a beat, there is a SOUND.

It's the tick tick tick of the watch. The second hand magically begins sweeping across it's beautiful face.

Back to work.

FADE TO BLACK

ROLL CREDITS

UP ON (UNDER CREDITS)

EXT. ROADWAY - DAY

The spot.

Now paved with a new perfect road. Dolan gone forever.

A car drives over this pristine highway.

It's a small car. But it's clean. Inside is ALLISON, who's still pregnant.

Blithely driving to her new life in Los Angeles.

RADIO DJ  
Almost noon on another beautiful  
Las Vegas scorcher. More about the  
baffling disappearance of James  
Dolan at the top of the hour, but  
before the news we have time for  
just one more. How about the new  
one from...

And as another great song starts,

FADE TO BLACK AGAIN

THE END

