

DRUGSTORE COWBOY

by

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story

by

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Final Shooting Script  
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1. INT. CAR DAY

An OVERHEAD VIEW of BOB HUGHES lying down in the back seat of a 1968 Cadillac. He is looking up at the ceiling of the car, at the camera, and his features are changing this way and that, sometimes eeking out a giggle or an inspired laugh, looking like some sort of wired drug addict with thoughts racing by too fast to interpret by his features.

## BOB'S VOICE

I figured I was qualified to write a book, if I could ever sit down long enough in one place to do it. It would be titled, A Dope Fiend's Guide to Drug Stores, or something like that.

CLOSE VIEW of Bob's face and shifting eyes.

## BOB'S VOICE

And in it the curious reader would find flights of fancy, gems of creativity, artistry, and yes even honest-to-goodness poetry. Of course it would have a lot of the standard stuff, like picking locks. . .

2. EXT. PHARMACY #1 ROOFTOP NIGHT

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Bob sawing a hole in the roof of a closed pharmacy.

## BOB'S VOICE

. . .or sawing holes in roofs. Yeah, sawing holes, I liked to do that. When working away with hand drills and saws and such, I even thought of myself as a half-assed carpenter.

3. INT. CAR DAY

CLOSE VIEW of Bob's face in the back seat of the Cadillac. HE CRACKS a smile and winks absentmindedly.

4. INT. PHARMACY #1 NIGHT

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Bob finding all sorts of prescription drugs behind the counter of a closed pharmacy.

5 INT. CAR DAY

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BOB

Yeah, I think we'll give it the old beaver shot this time.

Up in the front seat, his partners know he isn't expecting a response. There's DIANNE, NADINE AND RICK, and all are used to Bob being in his own little world there.

(Allow time for voice over history of each character, like: there was Dianne. She wouldn't tell a cop shit even if she had a mouthful.)

6 EXT. PORTLAND OREGON CITY STREET DAY

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The car pulls over to a curb and pushes other cars away making room for their getaway. Bob gets out first and casually walks down the sidewalk as if window shopping.

An OLD WOMAN walking her POODLE approaches.

BOB

Nice day, huh?

Then Bob smiles at the OLD WOMAN.

7 INT. PENITENTIARY DAY

Long shot of Bob walking down hallway with guard.

JAIL BARS slide open in front of Bob. He is smiling that same SMILE.

8 EXT. STREET DAY

Bob walks through glass doors into a PHARMACY.

8A INT. PHARMACY #2 DAY

CLOSE VIEW of Rx sign, Bob steps neatly past the checkout counter and takes a look at veterinary supplies on a shelf.

DIANNE enters the Pharmacy.

THE NEXT PERSON to enter the Pharmacy is NADINE, not long out of her teens, her blouse is scanty and her skirt stops well above the knees.

THE FOURTH MEMBER of the group enters, RICK, the muscle.

Nadine proceeds down the store's main aisle and stops at the perfume counter.

Rick takes a post near the entrance pretending to look through the get well cards.

Dianne is engaged in an over the counter conversation with the DRUGGIST. She has a pack of gum in her hand.

DIANNE

Do you have Wintogreen gum? Why don't you have Wintogreen gum?

DRUGGIST

No, ma'am, I don't believe that we carry it.

DIANNE

Could you order it?

DRUGGIST

Ma'am?

Bob gives the signal to Dianne who is peering over her sunglasses, then scratches her rear, signaling Nadine who goes into her act.

RICK

Help! This lady is having a seizure. She might swallow her tongue!

Nadine SCREAMS and falls backward against a low display case, leaving her body arched to make the most of the fact that she's wearing a very short skirt.

She begins to convulse and jerk, trying to mimic the symptoms of an epileptic seizure.

VIEW of the Druggist's eyes, and they are taking special notice of Nadine's torso; he bounds over the counter to Nadine's rescue.

Bob makes his move, quickly ducking behind the vacated counter and dropping to his knees.

MOVING VIEW of Bob scooting along, looking for any drawer or cabinet with a lock. Midway along the counter he finds what he is looking for. He spies a drawer and opens it.

Dianne, spying a checkout girl on her way to the action, COUGHS a signal to Bob to hurry up.

Bob responds to Dianne's cough and scurries back down to the end of the counter and peeks around to see if things are safe.

BOB'S VIEW. The checkout girl is helping the druggist with Nadine.

Bob is satisfied that it is safe, and scurries back to the drawer. He straightens up to his knees and begins rifling the contents. The sweat is standing up on his forehead. His hands start to shake and his knees quiver and jerk as he scoots back down the aisle around the pill shelves and into the back room.

Dianne begins to start another COUGHING FIT as the druggist is on his way back behind the counter going to the phone.

Bob tries the back door but it is locked. Now the druggist is in Bob's sight and he has to operate on the back door to the druggist's back.

Bob quietly pulls out a screwdriver and smoothly takes the locked door off the hinges, very quietly, and leaves the back room.

DIANNE

(to the counter girl)

Excuse me...are you too busy to take this money for some cough syrup?

The counter girl, holding Nadine, looks at Dianne like she is crazy and Dianne smiles for the benefit of all the SURROUNDING CUSTOMERS, and quietly leaves.

VIEW of Nadine arched over the low display, and hearing a distant AMBULANCE SIREN, she sits up, rearranges her clothing and hair, tries to look embarrassed, deftly disengages the hands of the counter girl holding her, and walks out the door. She is followed by Rick.

The druggist and the checkout girl stand in amazement as they leave. We see the druggist's has a nagging suspicion that they have been HAD.

9 EXT. STREET DAY

Dianne leans into backseat window to kiss Bob and then enters the driver's side of the Cadillac.

10 INT. CAR DAY

Bob is in the back seat lying down.

DIANNE

How'd we do?

BOB

So, so. . .

Dianne starts the engine and nervously taps the steering wheel with her long tapered fingernails.

DIANNE

I wish they'd get a move on, I've told them and told them to get the hell out once we've made our goddamn move. Fuck me blue!

Bob raises up enough to look out the back window.

BOB

For Christsakes, Dianne, watch your language. Who in the hell do you think you are, Ma Barker or somebody?

DIANNE

Just who in the fuck do you think you are, my father? If you can cuss, so can I goddamnit!

Bob sits up and keeps looking out the rear window, and spots Rick and Nadine casually strolling down the sidewalk, hand in hand, toward the car.

11 EXT. CAR DAY

Bob opens the door of the car and calls out.

BOB

Come on, come on, I said walk not crawl.

Rick and Nadine take their places in the car next to Dianne.

12 INT. CAR DAY

NADINE

You said walk and that's what we done, walk, can't we do nothin' right?

BOB

Yeah, I said walk, but I didn't mean you had to window shop all along the way.

Rick grins. Dianne pulls out of the parking place.

BOB

Anybody got an outfit up there?

Dianne turns completely around, disregarding traffic.

DIANNE

Goddamnit, Bob, why do you have to fix in the car? Can't you wait until we get home like everybody else?

BOB

Shut up and watch your driving.

Bob sits up a bit and looks out the window of the car, like a little kid with his nose pressed against the glass.

BOB'S VOICE OVER

After any kind of drug haul, everyone in the crew indulged to the utmost. I laughed to myself as I pictured blues or dilaudid in such great amounts that the spoon would literally be overflowing. Upon entering my vein the drug would start a warm itch that would surge along until the brain consumed it in a gentle explosion that began in the back of the neck and rose rapidly, until I felt such pleasure that the whole world sympathized and took on a soft, lofty appeal. Everything was grand then. Your worst enemy, he wasn't so bad. The ants in the grass, they were just doing their thing. Everything took on the rosy hue of unlimited success, you could do no wrong. As long as it lasted, life was beautiful.

Dianne has been riding in the front seat swearing at the traffic quite liberally, and a few choice four letter words drift into Bob's quiet musings in the back seat.

BOB

(to Dianne)

Boy what a bitchy group! Fuck this, and screw that, Dianne, what kind of an example are you setting for the youngsters anyway?

Dianne takes her eyes off the road, turning to Bob.

DIANNE

You're goddamn lucky that I have to keep my eyes on the road. . .

BOB

Keep your eyes on the road then.

DIANNE

. . .and the steering wheel in my hand because otherwise you would be a good candidate for strangling.

BOB

Well it don't look like you are doing that great a job of keeping your eyes on the road.

13

EXT. STREET DAY

The Cadillac drifts effortlessly through a red light.

13A EXT. APARTMENT DAY

The car slows to a halt in front of the JOSEPHINE APARTMENTS. Bob can be seen peeking out the back window of the car.

13B INT. CAR DAY

Bob turns around to see the rest of the crew.

BOB

Now, everybody. Just act cool. It's like we've just come back from church. This being Sunday morning, we should make it believable.

14 EXT. APARTMENT DAY

The car jumps excitedly over a bumpy drive and squeals it's tires a little as it makes its way to the back of the apartment building.

BOB'S VOICE

For some reason, every dope fiend in the area could tell if you were holding.

Across the street, DAVID, a long haired hippy about twenty-one years old, sits up in an easy chair on the porch of his house, as if he just woke up.

BOB'S VOICE

The hangers on, the rip-off artists, that is. Not the cops. They couldn't smell a dead rat two feet away. But the damn dope fiend snitches could.

At this point David does look a little like he is sniffing the air as he puts on a shirt.

BOB'S VOICE

It didn't make any difference how careful you were. They could sense it. They could almost smell it.

David makes his way down the steps of his porch and sees: Bob, Nadine, Rick and Dianne skipping from the car quickly into their apartment.

BOB'S VOICE

They could tell by the way you drove in the yard, by the way you hurried into the



BOB'S VOICE

(continued)

apartment, and if you made a studied, careful approach, they could sense it even more. There was just no way to improvise that disgusted sick feeling of coming home with nothing.

15 INT. APARTMENT DAY

The four sitting around a coffee table that has fast food, take-out soft drink cups on it. Bob is fishing out the drugs.

RICK

Give me a blue.

BOB

Nadine?

NADINE

(shrugs)

Give me the same, I guess.

BOB

(smiles)

No, I don't think so, Nadine.

NADINE

Why not?

Dianne brings her head up and looks right through Nadine.

DIANNE

Nadine, you can't shoot no goddamn blue. Give her half of one, Bob, that'll keep her in the crapper all afternoon.

NADINE

(fighting back)

Goddamnit, I was in there just like you, I ought to get the same as everyone else, even if I can't shoot it all right now. I could save it, or maybe sell it and get me a few things.

BOB

Well, Nadine, I'll tell you, that just ain't the way things work around here. You don't do shit. All you've done is shag your twat, and that ain't nothin'. It's me that's taking the big risk. What are they going to bust you for, having a fit in a drug store?

15A EXT./INT. APARTMENT DAY

David is walking across the lawn toward the apartment.

NADINE

Well, how about Dianne, she ain't done nothing either?

DIANNE

Don't give her a damn thing. Kick her ass out in the street where we found her.

BOB

No, no fair is fair, you want your fourth, you got it, Nadine. But I ain't taking on no apprentices and giving them a full end of my thing. You take it and get out.

At this , Nadine looks confused, like she doesn't know what she wants.

RICK

Goddamn you, Nadine! Take your half a blue and shut up, shoot it and go puke awhile.

A KNOCK sounds on the door.

Quickly Dianne scoops up all the bottles and runs for the bedroom. Bob draws a forty-five automatic pistol from under the couch cushion. Holding it at arms length pointed at the floor, he approaches the door's peephole.

VIEW through the peephole. Bob recognizes the intruder.

BOB

What do you want, David?

DAVID

I just want to see you for a minute, Bob, let me in.

BOB

You alone?

DAVID

Hell yes, I'm alone, what'd you think, I brought my rat-faced granny along to hold my hand?

Nadine and Rick are standing as if glued to the floor.

BOB

You, Nadine, pick up those spoons, outfits and that glass of water. Rick you get your goddamn gun out and get in the bedroom and back me up.

Both Rick and Nadine jump at his order.

Bob opens the door and points his cocked gun at the long-haired disheveled young man.

DAVID

What the hell, pard, you finally gone completely crazy or something?

David smiles at the ritual. He slowly steps into the apartment and looks over Bob's shoulder to see Rick's arm and gun protruding around the door jam of the bedroom. Then he carefully takes off his jacket, swirls around like a ballet dancer doing a swan number and relaxes on the couch in a half sitting and half lying position.

DAVID

What are you holding, pard?

BOB

I ain't holding shit, David.

Bob lowers his gun and tries his best to look innocent.

BOB

I was just thinking of dropping by your place to see if you've got any speed.

David smiles.

DAVID

Well, I got some speed.

David laughs, embarrassed somewhat.

BOB

What kind of speed you got?

DAVID

Methadrine crystal.

BOB

(grins)

You know what, David? You could have little balls of shit wrapped up in those little cellophane bags of yours and your answer would always be the same, methadrine crystal.

DAVID

No, Bob, really, this is good stuff, clears right up in the spoon, no residue, hair-raising flash, here, you try one on the house.

Bob is skeptical.

BOB

Okay, how much you got on you right now?

DAVID

Ten grams.

Bob looks to the bedroom.

BOB

Okay, just a moment, I got to talk to Dianne first.

16 INT. BEDROOM DAY

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Bob enters and finds Dianne straddling the window sill, still clutching her armload of small bottles. She has heard everything in the next room and shows dissatisfaction with the way things are turning out.

Bob grins at her sheepishly.

BOB

How about some speed, baby? The man says that he's got methedrine crystal.

DIANNE

What do you want that goddamn speed for? You know how ringy it makes you. It turns you into a different person, Bob, and I don't much like that person.

Bob holds out his hands, palms up in the age old gesture, as if to say, "Oh, what the hell, one more time isn't going to hurt anything." And Bob's voice takes on the excitement of a small boy in a candy shop.

BOB

Baby, listen to me, what night is this anyway? It's Sunday, right? How about us getting some speed, see, and then we'll all jump in the car and get that big fat pharmacy. You know how these things go. When you're hot, you shoot the works, when you're cold, you lay off a bit. Well right now I'm hot, baby, I'm so hot I'm burning all over.

DIANNE

Alright, buster, if you're so goddamn hot why don't you lay me down on the bed and make love to me right now?

Bob turns away in disgust.

BOB

Oh crap, you know what I mean, Dianne. I'm hot to steal. We can do that any goddamn time.

Bob moves away quickly and slams the bedroom door.

BOB

For Christ-sakes, you got to bring up crap like that at a time like this?

Bob looks around as if trying to spot the answer to his problems.

17 INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM DAY

Rick is still holding the gun, but not pointing it at David, they are all listening to Bob and Dianne's conversation.

18 INT. BOB'S BEDROOM DAY

BOB

So, okay, I ain't been doing so good in that department. What do you want me to do? I'm hooked baby, I'm not like a woman. I got to be the one that gets it up first. All you do is think about sex, you pervert.

Dianne draws her outside leg back over the window sill into the room.

DIANNE

Hell, how much goddamn speed you going to get off that creep? Be sure to get enough for all of us. And don't you ever call me a pervert again or I'll cut your fucking heart out!

Bob relaxes and grins.

BOB

I know you will, baby, I know you will.

19 INT. LIVING ROOM DAY

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Bob enters.

DAVID

You got any blues?

BOB

(looks perplexed)

Hell no, I ain't got no blues! You know how hard it is to pick up blues these days?

DAVID

How about dilaudid, you got any sixteenths?

BOB

(eyebrows go up again)

Hell no, if I had sixteenths, you think I'd be sitting here rapping to you about some shitty speed? Now how about some morphine. I got some good old morphine.

DAVID

What'd you get, man, morphine sulfate, quarters or halves?

BOB

Yeah, man, (lapsing into black jargon) I got quarters and halves. It's got a little atrophine in it, but. Just take you a little old ink blotter, lay the tablets out on them in rows, place one drop of water on each one and the atrophine eases right off into the blotter and you're home free. Throw the little fellers off in the spoon and you're raring to go.

DAVID

You're crazy, man, I can't even read a stop sign when I'm on that crap, my eyes go so far out of focus. I ain't trading no uptown crank for no downtown trash.

BOB

Well you know how it is these days, David. That's all I got and all I can give.

DAVID

Bullshit, bullshit, bullshit, if you didn't have nothin' more you wouldn't be even trading off that. You think I'm dumb, man, but I'm not as dumb as you think.

BOB

(shrugs)

What can I say.

David fusses and fumes and heads for the door. Bob just grins at him.

BOB

Too bad we couldn't do business, pard.

At the last second David turns from the door.

DAVID

Okay, man, how many quarter grains of morphine you going to give me for that?

BOB

I'll hit you with nine quarters per package, and that's just because I'm feeling good and because you're a real standup dude. I'll even throw in an ink blotter. How's that? I'll take all ten quarters from you.

Dianne comes from the bedroom and leans against the door jam.

DAVID

You want ten, so okay, you get ten. That's nine apiece, nine times, ten, let's see, that's. . .

BOB

Seventy-five.

NADINE

That's ninety, Bob.

If looks could kill, Nadine is dead.

DAVID

Yeah, that's right. Ninety.

Dianne gives them all a look of complete disgust and heads for the bedroom to get the pills.

David sneaks a glance at Nadine.

DAVID

How much you want for her, Bob?

BOB

Huh?

DAVID

How much you want for her, man, the female, the fox.

Bob turns his pistol on Nadine while he addresses David.

BOB

You know what, sport? I'd kill that girl right here before I'd sell her to you. What'd you think I'm some kind of closet pimp? I never heard of such a violation of the right of womanhood in all my life.

David doesn't know how to react, so he just nods affirmatively to Bob's question.

BOB

Out of curiosity, how many bags of speed would you give for her?

David slumped with relief and headed toward Nadine with his hand extended, ready to feel for himself if all the curves were real.

NADINE

You little twirp. You come one step closer to me and I'll knock your block off.

David hesitates, draws his hand to his side and turns to catch Bob's reaction.

Dianne saves the situation by throwing the pills on the coffee table.

DIANNE

Pick up your stuff and go. We got some things to do.

David picks up his stuff and heads for the door.

DAVID

I like her. I might come back sometime and see you about trading for her.

BOB

Alright, twirpy. You do that.

Rick bolts the door behind David. Bob throws his gun on the couch on his way to examine the goods. Nadine is indignant.

NADINE

I ain't going to be sold like no pig in the poke to nobody.

Bob looks up from the speed he is inspecting.

BOB

The next time you come to my aid and help me with my arithmetic when it's unfavorable to us, I'll drag you out and sell you to the first one-eyed Philippino I can find, for whatever he'll goddamn give me. Even if it's only a pack of chewing gum.

Nadine turns away and goes outside.  
Rick goes after her.



BOB

Don't give her no heavy, Rick. We've got work to do tonight.

19A INT. DRUGSTORE #2 DAY

LIEUTENANT GENTRY, TROUSINSKI, and a handful of other police are investigating Bob's work. OUR VIEW moves in close on Gentry's FACE. (Perhaps he picks up a rabbit's foot off the floor or is chewing on a golf tee.)

20 EXT. APARTMENT #1 DAY

Rick and Nadine are talking.

RICK

Listen, Nadine. Bob's one of the best people you'll ever run across in your entire life.

NADINE

He asked that twirp how much he'd give for me.

RICK

He wasn't going to sell you to that ~~thing~~, he was just trying to teach you a lesson.

NADINE

I'm worth a whole lot more than a pack of chewing gum, Rick.

RICK

If David had laid a hand on you, he would have regretted it, I can tell you that. Man do you know what Bob would do for you, or me or Dianne or anyone in his crew? He'd literally die for you, Nadine.

NADINE

I just can't imagine Bob Hughes dying for me, why is that Rick?

RICK

Maybe you don't believe me, but I know it's true. Why do you think he always dives, or is always the first one in with the gun? The only reason he always tries to act so mean is because he's so soft that he's afraid you and everyone else will find out and take advantage of him. Man I've been hearing about Bob for years. He's notorious for that one particular thing, along with a lot more obvious talents. Don't let him or Dianne get you down. They mean well.

NADINE

I just hope you're right, baby. I just hope you're right.

20A OMIT \*\*

20B EXT. APARTMENT NIGHT

We can see through the window into Rick and Nadine's room as they are talking. We pedestal down and see Dianne digging a hole where she places the drugs.

21-28 OMIT \*\*

29 INT. LIVING ROOM NIGHT \*\*

Bob isn't about to give in yet. He hides his gun inside a golf bag which is sitting in the corner of the room.

Dianne stands up and wrestles Bob.

BOB

What the fuck are you doing? The goddamn bitch has gone completely crazy. What do you want to go to bed for? Man, we ought to be out working.

Dianne begins to undress Bob, and herself.

BOB

I know this hospital on the coast, I just know is a virgin. I know it is.

DIANNE

You're crazy Bob, you know that? You ain't fucked me in a month and you're crazier than a shithouse rat.

BOB

I mean this place has got security zero.

DIANNE

We just pulled off the best score we've made in months and off you trot looking for more.

BOB

I'll bet they got blow, mammy, all those hospitals hold big time coke.

DIANNE

Why don't you let me dive next time? I'm as good as you and you know it. I've even heard you tell people that I'm better than you are. I'm sick of standing around coughing and driving the car and not getting fucked.

BOB

Babe...

DIANNE

You know me, honey, I can't stand to go on forever like this. Why don't you roll over and lay down on the bed and just hold me for awhile.

BOB

Hold you? What do you want me to hold you for? Man we ought to get cracking, get in the car and see if we can't make it up to that hospital before it gets daylight out. Boy you'll love this one, Dianne. I'll even let you hacksaw some on the bars.

DIANNE

Oh, boy, you'll let me hacksaw on the bars. Whoopee. For Christsakes, you mean you're not even going to let me go inside? I thought you loved me. You won't fuck me and you won't let me go inside.

Bob and Dianne begin to mess around.

BOB

Let's go on up the coast right now and just look over this hospital if nothing else. I mean, you'll just cream your jeans when you see it. It sits way back in the woods. It's a giveaway, baby. I can actually see those big gallon jugs of pills on the shelves. Thousands of them, baby, thousands of them. Coke by the twenty ounce jug! Can you imagine twenty ounces of coke? Did I ever tell you about the time we got the hospital over east of the mountains and got the twenty ounce jug of coke?

DIANNE

(repeats Bob's last line along with him)  
Only about ten thousand times.

Dianne body freezes a the SOUND of the front door RIPPING away from its hinges, and crashing to the apartment floor.

FOUR BURLY NARCOTICS DETECTIVES COME galloping across the downed door like a bunch of mustangs breaking out of a corral. Guns drawn, faces tight, muscles coiled, they pair off into two teams, two grab Bob and Dianne, and the other two knock the door down to Rick and Nadine's bedroom.

30 OMIT

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31 OMIT

\*\*

32 INT. RICK AND NADINE'S BEDROOM NIGHT \*\*

Rick and Nadine are also against the wall as the officers look through that part of the apartment.

33 INT. BEDROOM NIGHT \*\*

GENTRY

Alright you two, you turn around.

Dianne and Bob comply.

GENTRY

Getting a little droopy there in the tits, aren't we, Dianne?

By now Dianne is relaxed into it. She looks at her breasts, smiles and says:

DIANNE

Yeah, it's goddamn Bob's fault. He won't take them out for exercise anymore.

Gentry smiles.

GENTRY

What's the matter, Bob, you been shooting too much dope again? Seems like the last time we were by here and you were hooked to the gills, Dianne was complaining of the same thing.

BOB

Oh, you know how it is, out on the job all day. Work, work, work like a dog, man comes home, he wants to relax a bit

GENTRY

I've been hearing about all that work you've been doing. We were saying the other day, looks like old Bob Hughes has finally slowed down a bit. And then Wham-bam, you knock off another pharmacy. Didn't you sort of expect us to drop by?

BOB

Hey, wait a minute, that wasn't me, pal. I ain't hit no poison shop in years, look at me. Do I look like I'm using.

He does.

GENTRY

Looks like you're hooked to the gills.

BOB

You got a warrant, pal?

GENTRY

Yeah, I got a warrant, Bob. We put it on a micro dot. I got it pasted right on the end of a thirty eight slug. You want to see it Bob? I'll shoot it through, if you'll just turn your eyes backwards, you can read it when it passes by.

BOB

Wow, man, you guys are heavy, what you been reading, Mickey Spillane?

GENTRY

You know what they give little punks like you for holking illegal class A narcotics?

BOB

What can I say? I'm not holding. Let me call my attorney. I'm sure he can straighten all this out in a few minutes.

Two other DETECTIVES, Halamer and Trousinski, begin to trash the apartment. They reach the Golf clubs in the corner and dump them out on the floor.

BOB

Hey Gentry, what are you shooting these days? I got my handicap down pretty good near eight, how about that?

Bob shakes his head yes and looks at Gentry.

GENTRY

Eight huh?

BOB

Shot three eagles on the back side alone last time I played Mayfield.

GENTRY

I don't play those public courses, greaseball, that course is for pussies, no wonder you have an eight handicap.

BOB

Hey, how am I supposed to play if my clubs are all broke?

Trousinski is now breaking them in half. The sympathy play is working on Gentry.

GENTRY

Alright, Trousinski, break two more then leave the clubs alone.

Gentry pauses.

GENTRY

You haven't gone out in the bushes and buried the drugs again, have you Dianne?

DIANNE

I don't know what you're talking about. Why don't you just go piss up a rope, fuckwad.

GENTRY

Dianne, what language you use.

Gentry looks to his partner and chuckles.

GENTRY

I always heard you guys had class.

BOB

I tried to talk to her about her language but she still talks like a truck driver.

GENTRY

Okay, kiddies, here's how it's coming down. You can just tell us where it's at and save yourselves a whole lot of trouble or you can sit there with your mouths shut while we tear this apartment apart board by board. Now how's it going to be?

Bob smiles his "What-can-I-say-it's-out-of-my-hands" smile.

BOB

Tear away. This place is rented and insured and my lawyer will no doubt file against you, because, pard, you ain't findin' nothing in this apartment unless you brought it with you.

34 INT. APARTMENT NIGHT

The agents bring in fire axes, they rip clothing. They rip the cushions off the sofa.

DISSOLVE TO:

35 INT. KITCHEN NIGHT

Dismantling the stove, hacking furniture. Emptying the refrigerator.

DISSOLVE TO:

36 INT. BEDROOM NIGHT

Clothing ripped to little bits, linings of jackets torn out.  
DISSOLVE:

36A INT. LIVING ROOM NIGHT

Unscrewing heating duct.

37 INT. HEATING DUCT NIGHT

Flashlights searching.

37A INT. LIVING ROOM NIGHT

Hacking furniture with axes. DISSOLVE TO:

38 INT. LIVING ROOM DAWN

Light is streaming in the windows. Huddled in a corner of the living room, the agents gone, are Rick, Nadine, Dianne and Bob. Some are showing twitchiness of withdrawal.

RICK

You going to sue them, Bob? I'd sue the hell out of them if it was up to me.

Bob, who's head is buried in his arms that are gathered around his legs, lifts his head up and yawns.

BOB

No. Sue them? Hell no, I ain't going to sue them. I told you all this crap was rented and insured. What do I want to sue them for?

RICK

How about our clothes?

BOB

Them rags? Fuck them rags, we can always go out and shoplift some more. Shit, I love them cops.

Bob thought for a few seconds.

BOB

Dianne, call your stupid sister and have her bring us enough clothes to go around.

DIANNE

Why do I have to go to the phone like I am?  
And just why does my sister have to be stupid?

BOB

All right, go call your smart sister.

DIANNE

I'll go make the goddamn call, but you either  
got to fuck me when I get back, or you got to  
let me go in that hospital pharmacy with you  
when we hit it.

BOB

OK, I'm an easy rider.

39     INT. APARTMENT DAY

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Dianne's smart SISTER looks around the room in amazement.  
She touches parts of the wreckage.

SISTER

Good God, what did they use, sledge hammers?

DIANNE

No, fireaxes.

SISTER

Christ I've seen tornadoes down south that  
didn't produce this kind of destruction.

Dianne's sister never really looks Bob in the eye, even  
when she is talking to him she is wandering around the  
room looking at some of the damage or looking at Dianne.

DIANNE

I was just reading about tornadoes in the  
encyclopedia. It's very scientific, I think,  
and they were saying that they do a lot of  
damage but they rarely hit the inside of an  
apartment.

SISTER

By the way Bob, what happened to your prick?  
It looks like it's pointing to China  
permanently. Have you been doing too much  
speed, Bob?

BOB

(laughs it off)

SISTER

Oh boy, Bob, you're really on top of it all  
today. Why don't you just leave Dianne, Bob,



SISTER

(continued)

and go join one of those female impersonator clubs. And then no doubt you'd be happy, to have finally found your place in life, contributing to a normal segment of our community.

Bob blows up at her.

BOB

Get her out of here, Dianne, get her out!

And with that Bob hurriedly strides to the bathroom to get out of range of the barrage of insults he knows are forthcoming.

SISTER

That's what I always liked about old Bob. He just won't stand around to lose. He'll run every time, the yellow-bellied sonofabitch.

She drops the clothing on the littered floor and heads for the door.

SISTER

Goodbye, Dianne, and be sure to call your other sister next time. I've done my good deed for the month.

Dianne looks up from a needle and a spoon she is using to fix with. Pull back from this image as Dianne feels the drugs.

DIANNE

Yeah, thanks, smarty, sorry I couldn't be more sociable, but what can one do when one doesn't even have a chair to offer?

40 EXT. APARTMENT DAY (later)

Bob hands Rick the keys to the car. Everyone is dressed in clothes that don't really fit them, in style at least. Bob has a duck-hunting jacket on with a duck sewn on to the back of it, and Dianne is wearing a bowling shirt. Rick and Nadine are dressed like a very conservative suburban couple.

BOB

You two take the car and go look for an apartment.

RICK

OK Bob, I will.

BOB  
Don't fuck it up.

RICK  
I won't Bob.

BOB  
Get one over on the west side. We haven't hit  
nothing there in weeks, so things ought to be  
cool over there.

RICK  
I'll get a real comfortable place.

BOB  
Okay. Don't get an uncomfortable  
place...Dianne and I will go over to my mom's  
in a taxi and get some clothes I left there,  
okay?

40A INT. CAR DAY

\*\*

View of the window of the car, Rick driving, Nadine in the  
frame, looking out over the city passing by out the  
window.

40B INT. APARTMENT ROOMS DAY

A very skinny man shows Nadine and Rick an apartment.  
Rick looks out the window like someone may have followed  
them there.

RICK  
We gotta get some shades for these windows,  
maybe some sheets.

The man doesn't pay attention. He is listing off the  
terms.

SKINNY MAN  
Deposit of 150. Key charge is 10  
dollars...(pause)  
any children?

41 EXT. MOM'S HOUSE DAY

Dianne winces as the door swings open and Bob's MOTHER  
gasps, throwing her hand to her mouth.

BOB  
Hi, mom, how're you doing?

Bob hugs his mom.

MOM

Oh, Lord, it's my dope fiend thieving son and his crazy nymphomaniac wife.

Mom closes the door and...

41A INT. MOM'S HOUSE DAY

Bob's Mom makes her way through a cozy house, a bird in a cage, a television that is on. She stops at a window that is open and Bob is on the other side of it.

MOM

Please tell me what I did to deserve this. Never knowing when there's going to be a knock on the door and someone telling me my baby's dead. . .

41B INT./EXT. MOM'S HOUSE DAY

Mom shuts the window on Bob and Dianne. They make their way around the house.

OTHER NEIGHBORS are looking on now.

Bob and Dianne meet Mom at the back door.

MOM

. . . green with an overdose, shot by a mad pharmacist or run down by a car fleeing from police pursuit. . . why me?

BOB

Mom, do you by chance still have those clothes I left here when we got sent to the joint last time?

MOM

No, I gave all that stuff away years ago. I thought you were never going to get out.

BOB

But Mom, how could you think that. . .

MOM

The first time he got arrested he was a little boy, I went down to the police department, along with that horrible Tom the Priest who turned out to be his pusher, and the cops said they'd let him go if he'd just tell who the rest of his pals were. He told me right to my face, "I can't Mom, them's my friends."

MOM

(continued)

Some friends. They left him. He is a thief and a dope fiend and that is more important to him than I am. He can go to prison. He likes it there anyway, don't you Robert?

BOB

(nods absent mindedly)

If you say so, mom.

Mrs Hughes groans in despair as Bob goes inside the house.

41C INT. ATTIC DAY

Bob finds clothes and a picture of his mom and dad when he was a kid.

41D INT/EXT. MOM'S APARTMENT DAY

MOM

I'd ask you to sit down, Dianne, but the last time I did that you fell asleep and dropped a burning cigarette on my couch and burned a hole in it. So if you please, just stand where you are so I can watch you, and catch you should you fall asleep standing on your feet. I wouldn't want you to burn yourself up or fall down and hurt yourself while you are in my home, Dianne.

DIANNE

Why do you hate Bob and I so, Mama? We never done anything to make you hate us so.

MOM

I don't hate you, Dianne, and I don't hate Robert either. And the good Lord knows that to be the truth. I truly feel pity for you both. You're grown up now, and yet you still act as children who want to do nothing but run and play. You cannot run and play all of your life, Dianne.

Bob emerges with a suitcase filled with clothes draped across his shoulder.

MOM

Is there anything else that belongs to you up there?

BOB

If there is, give it away. I can always get some more.

MOM

Oh, to be sure, you'll just go out and steal some more.

BOB

Well, we gotta go, Mom. See you again soon. You be good now. And don't do anything I wouldn't do.

MOM

And what could I possibly do that you are not capable of, I ask you that?

Bob and Dianne walk to the end of the drive where the cab is still waiting for them and get in the car, Bob a little depressed as he leaves his mother crying out her frustrations to the neighborhood. The neighbors are listening.

MOM

What sins could I possibly do that you have not done a thousand times?

41E EXT. APARTMENT HOUSE #2 DAY

Bob and Rick walk up the front path to the house.

BOB

Hey, Rick, nice work. This looks like a fucking comfortable place.

42 INT. APARTMENT DAY

Rick, Nadine and Bob are in the living room of their new apartment. Bob is turning on the television which is in the middle of the room.

NADINE

Do I have to go? You're not going to want a screamer or a shimmy girl on this one are you?

BOB

I don't know. Why do you ask?

NADINE

They always got those signs around hospitals that says QUIET, and if I was to go into that shimmy act, they'd probably throw me into the psycho ward and I'd never get out.

Bob fools with the television and thinks for a second.

BOB

Yeah, why the hell not. You just go ahead and stay here, Nadine. Just relax and watch a little TV. I can just see all those pretty colored bottles of pills that hospital is holding for me right now. Hot Dog!

NADINE

(Her eyes light up)

Oh, speaking of dogs, Bob, do you think Rick and I could get a dog, a little pup or something to hold and pet when you guys are gone?

BOB

Nope, no dogs, and that's final.

RICK

What you got against dogs, Bob?

BOB

No fucking dogs!

Dianne has entered the living room.

DIANNE

Tell them what happened to the last one we had, Bob.

Bob stops tuning the TV and sits down trying to forget the others are there.

BOB

If you want them to know, Dianne, you tell them.

DIANNE

Well, we had a dog once. . . his name was Panda, cutest little pup you ever did see. . .

42A EXT. STREET DAY

VIEW of police car coming around a corner.

VIEW of Bob and Dianne slinking around their parked car and getting inside, but the DOG jumps out.

DIANNE'S VOICE

So what happened was, the police were after us during a raid on a drugstore in the city, and little Panda got out of the car and ran away.

VIEW of Dianne and Bob yelling for the dog.

DIANNE'S VOICE

We looked for him, but there was just no time. We had the heat on us and we had to get out of there.

A POLICE CAR CRUISES BY Bob hiding on the other side of his car.

42B INT. LIVING ROOM DAY

Bob switches to another show and sits down to watch.

BOB

...hell...

DIANNE

We were afraid the lil' dude was hit by a car, but no...

42C EXT. STREET DAY

The police have little Panda surrounded on the sidewalk.

VIEW of the Police following him as he walks down the street.

DIANNE'S VOICE

The police had him. And they followed him all the way home...

42D INT. FLASHBACK APARTMENT DAY

VIEW out the window of little Panda cruising up the sidewalk up to Bob and Dianne's apartment. The police are following him.

Pull back the VIEW seeing Bob looking through the curtains.

DIANNE'S VOICE

...he led them to us. He assisted in the arrest.

42E INT. APARTMENT DAY

BOB

Dog may be man's best friend but he really screwed me around I'll tell you that.

On the TV, there is another show with a dog in it. And Bob gets right up and turns the TV off, losing his temper.

BOB

(shouting)

It's off, we ain't going to the coast, we ain't going nowhere! Do you know what you have just done to us, Nadine, just by even mentioning dogs in our home?

NADINE

No, I don't Bob, what did I do?

BOB

You just put a thirty-day hex on us, that's what. Right now our luck just flew out the window for thirty days. Have we got a calendar, so we'll know when the hex ends? What month is it anyway?

RICK

Jesus, Bob, nobody told us about not saying anything about dogs. How was we supposed to know?

Bob pulls himself up into his most put-upon, abused manner and answers.

BOB

You know why no one mentioned dogs? I'll tell you why, because just to have mentioned them would have been a hex in itself.

RICK

(sarcastically)

Well, now that we're on the subject, is there any other sacred subjects or things we're not supposed to do that will affect our future?

BOB

As a matter of fact there are a few, and we might as well discuss them right now, being as how we are shut down for thirty days anyway. HATS. If I ever see a hat laying on a bed...you'll never see me again.

DIANNE

That's a laugh.



NADINE

Why a hat?

BOB

Because that's just the way it is, sweetie!

Pause..

BOB

And mirrors. Don't ever look at the back side of a mirror, because when you do you'll affect your future because you're looking at yourself backwards. Actually, you are looking at your innerself and you don't recognize it because you've never seen that side of yourself before.

(Bob is getting confused at his own explanation)

But anyway, you can freeze into motion your future that way and it can be either good or bad, in any case, we just don't want to take chances.

Bob breathes for a second.

BOB

And there's cats. A lot of people are frightened of just black cats. As far as I'm concerned they're all bad. Have you ever noticed how they look at you sometimes, like they're superior to you? Well, that's because they are. They can readjust your future, especially if you sit on one, or in any way piss one off. So I just stay clear of the whole mess of them.

Bob stops for a second again.

BOB

The main thing is just remember the hats. A goddamn hat is the king of them all. It's worth at least fifteen years bad luck or even death. I'd rather have death myself, because I just couldn't stand no fifteen year hex.

Rick and Nadine remain silent mulling over Bob's latest erratic behavior. Dianne is shaking her head yes, and wholly agreeing with Bob's philosophy.

DIANNE

Relax, Bob, let's go lay down for awhile. You've been on the go for days. This thirty days ain't going to kill us now.

43 INT. BEDROOM NIGHT

\*\*

Dianne snuggles up next to Bob in bed. Bob has a golf club and mistakenly hits a bedroom lamp.

DIANNE

Don't let it get you down, Bob. Sometimes bad luck can be good luck. I mean look at all the times we either had a flat or engine trouble and made it to your score late, thinking it was good luck, you know what I mean?

BOB

Hell, I can't even figure it all out myself. I just know from years of experience the things to dodge and the signs to look for, like, it is as if whoever manages such things is telling you, "Get out of there and get it, kid, it's there for the taking and everything's free this week. I'll let you know when your time is up. You'll see the signs. All you have to do is look for the signs."

44A EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD NIGHT

Overhead view of small dog under porch light.

44 EXT. APARTMENT NIGHT

A small dog BARKS in the distance, a street light glistens off the dew on lawns of houses surrounding Bob's apartment. A dated model pickup with cab-over camper is parked across from the apartment.

45 INT. CAMPER NIGHT

Gentry draws back from field glasses that he is peering through. HALAMER, another detective speaks up.

HALAMER

Why don't we just go on up, plant some stuff on them and drag them on in? That usually works.

Gentry blinks a couple of times to clear his vision and assumes a superior pose.

GENTRY

I'll tell you why, I don't want to get Hughes on no chickenshit possession beef, and that's all you're going to get him on unless you catch him cold on his way home from a score.

GENTRY

(continued)

(Halamer nods)

Bob isn't really all that bad a guy. He does have a little class and I got to respect him, as much as I hate the sonofabitch. He runs in spurts while he follows his luck and when he's hot he runs like a dog and when he's cold he'll just lay up in some rat hole some place and you'll never see hide nor hair of him.

HALAMER

Yeah, you know this guy better than I do.

GENTRY

I've been chasing Bob since he was a kid and hell, he was a pro back then. I think they got him on his first pharmacy when he was thirteen years old. He knows what it's all about, believe me. He can actually smell heat. He probably knows we're sitting out here right now. But if he moves again, we'll be right on his case.

Halamer takes a sip of coffee.

HALAMER

What are we going to do in the meantime, just sit out here and freeze our fucking nuts off?

46 INT. APARTMENT NIGHT

A KNOCK comes on the front door of Bob's apartment. The light flashes on and Bob is there quickly with his gun, and Rick is ready to back him up.

He opens the peephole and looks out.

VIEW through the peephole, a little OLD LADY is standing outside in a bathrobe.

BOB'S EXPRESSION of confusion. He let's Rick take a look through the door.

47 EXT. DOOR NIGHT

As it opens a crack.

BOB

What's the problem?

LADY

Well. I live on the first floor of this building...

Bob keeps opening the door further, then looks from side to side for somebody hiding beside the little old lady.

LADY

...and I been here for twenty years now. I'm sorry to bother you young folks like this, did I wake you up?

BOB

No, we was still up.

LADY

Well, I don't know what to think, but I was just getting ready to go to bed and I saw this sinister looking man with a ladder creeping around in the bushes outside. I wonder if you would be so kind as to go out there and look around and see if he's gone. I'm afraid I just couldn't sleep with one of those crazy sex maniacs running loose in the neighborhood.

Bob hides a laugh. Rick snickers, but then catches his expression and realizes the possible graveness of the situation.

BOB

I assure you, ma'am, that I will take a look promptly.

LADY

Well, thank you very much. Goodnight.

They shut the door.

48 INT. APARTMENT NIGHT

Bob sits on the sofa and thinks. Nadine bites a hangnail and leans against a wall heater.

Rick flexes his muscles for Nadine.

DIANNE scratches her head and watches Bob, who is still thinking on the couch. Bob suddenly jumps up.

BOB

Well, they must have followed us when we moved, so I guess we'll just have to teach them a little lesson.

49 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD DAY

Bob is taking a neighborly walk around the neighborhood and inspecting the houses that surround the apartment.

He walks around the truck parked across from his house.

He notices a LARGE BURLY MAN coming out of his house with a sack lunch. The man gets into a large red pickup outside his house and drives off.

50A INT. APARTMENT DAY

\*\*

Bob is writing a letter to the narcotics division in printed block letters. Rick looks on. Bob reads the letter outloud as he writes.

BOB

The reason you can never get Bob Hughes for possession of narcotics is that he has an arrangement with the guy that lives on the north side of him. They have a fishing line running between their houses and Bob signals the guy...

50B OMIT

\*\*

51 INT. COFFEE SHOP DAY (medium close up)

GENTRY

....When he wants the stuff and the next door neighbor puts it on a string and Bob then pulls over what he needs and leaves the rest in the other house where you could never find it.

Gentry inspects the handwriting of the note, and seems to question it's validity. DISSOLVE TO:

51A EXT. BOB'S APARTMENT DAY

Bob throws fishing line over to neighbor's house.

52 EXT. APARTMENT DAY

The big burly next door neighbor is leaving his house again in the morning. Bob is walking toward him from his apartment. His name is GUS HONEYCUT, and he is holding another lunch sack.

BOB

Say, pal, you live here?

GUS

(shifts lunch from one side to other)  
Yeah.

Bob notices three young daughters watching their father leave for work.

BOB  
Nice weather we're having.

GUS  
Oh, yeah.

BOB  
That's a real sharp pickup that you got there.

GUS  
(suspicious)  
Well thanks.

52A INT. CAMPER DAY

Halamer and Gentry spying on Bob and Gus.

HALAMER  
What d'you suppose he has in that sack, do you think it might be junk?

GENTRY  
I don't know. There's only one thing that I'm positive of.....it's not his goddamn lunch.

52B EXT. GUS'S HOUSE DAY

\*\*

BOB  
Say, did you see that fella creeping around your house last night with that ladder?

Gus stares at Bob, alarm spreading across his features.

BOB  
Yeah, well I never would have seen the guy neither but about two o'clock this morning I look out the window and sure enough, there the guy is. A big ugly sonofabitch wearing a long dark trenchcoat and he's standing up on top of his ladder and he's looking in your upstairs windows.

Gus looks up at his window, growing very angry and grumbling and looks like he is about to hit Bob.

GUS  
I'll shoot the sonofabitch. I'll shoot the sonofabitch right in the balls.

Bob backs up a bit. This is going to go better than he planned.

52C INT. SURVEILLANCE CAMPER DAY

HALAMER

Do you see the way they talk to eachother, all the gestures and such? They got something going, they ain't just casual acquaintances

GENTRY

Yeah, I can see that.

52D EXT. GUS' HOUSE DAY

BOB

Wait a minute, hold on a second mister. I don't want no part of no shooting.

GUS

Watch me, just watch me.

BOB

I shouldn't have even told you about the guy. In fact, I think I ought to go right now and call the police.

GUS

Listen, you little scrawny sonofabitch, I can handle this myself. If you tell one other person about this I'll ring your neck.

BOB

Are you threatening me?

GUS

No, idiot. I'm promising you.

Bob turns away and hurries down the sidewalk like he had some place to go.

53 INT.SURVEILLANCE CAMPER DAY

GENTRY

Yeah, for a minute there, I thought that big guy was going to jump on Hughes and stomp him into the sidewalk. I sure would have liked to see that.

54 EXT. CAMPER DAY

DISSOLVE FROM a peaceful daytime shot of the surveillance camper to:

55 EXT. CAMPER NIGHT

A serene shot of the camper at night. The same dog barking.

56 INT. CAMPER NIGHT

Halamer is sipping coffee, and TROUSINSKI, a big tough Polish cop is looking over the letter, which Halamer has shown him.

TROUSINSKI

So that's what's been going on. What a cozy arrangement. No wonder we can never catch that sonofabitch with anything. He's always got the neighbors holding it for him.

57 INT. APARTMENT NIGHT

Bob peeks out the curtained front window of the apartment and giggles. He closes the curtain and does a little funny dance to himself.

He doubles over and makes his way, laughing, to the bedroom.

## 58 OMIT

\*\*

59. INT. APARTMENT NIGHT

Close view of Bob's wristwatch, nearing 12:00

ALL FOUR are lined up in front of closed curtains, like a little stage show is going to go on outside, Bob has placed chairs in a semicircle around the window. He won't let any of the others peek through the curtains, but he regularly does.

BOB

Just wait.

Bob breaks into another laughing fit.

Nadine gets upset and gets out of her chair and goes to the bedroom.

60 INT. HOUSE NIGHT

Gus Honeycut sits in a rocking chair upstairs in his



daughter's bedroom with a twelve-gauge automatic shotgun lying across his knees and low-wattage dresser lamp casting a dim light out the window.

61 EXT. HOUSE NIGHT

Halamer and Trousiniski (also known as the Strangler) tip-toeing across the lawn quietly. They peer up at the curtained window in Bob's house.

VIEW of Bob's window, and then of the uncurtained one next door.

Halamer and Trousiniski whisper, but we cannot hear them.

Carefully they raise a ladder they are carrying and lean it against the side of Gus' house. This causes a muffled THUMP.

62 INT. HOUSE NIGHT

Gus hears the thump outside and starts down the stairs to see what the sound is.

63 OMIT

64 EXT. HOUSE NIGHT

As Halamer climbs, the Strangler holds the ladder.

65 INT. APARTMENT NIGHT

Bob peers through the curtains. From where Bob is he can see the ladder, Halamer, Trousiniski, and Gus racing down the stairs and out the front door.

66 EXT. HOUSE NIGHT

Gus seeing the stationary target at the bottom of the ladder.

GUS

I'll be a sonofabitch.

He aims and FIRES with a WHAMM.

The Strangler is blown to the ground and the ladder clamped in his hand comes with him.

67 INT. APARTMENT NIGHT

All are gathered to see the show, but are bored.

RICK

What the hell was that shot?

Bob opens the drapes.

BOB

It's showtime, folks.

68 EXT. HOUSE NIGHT

Bob and the crew watch the action outside.

WHAM!

The blast catches Halamer in the rump and he screams while he gropes for his gun.

69 INT. APARTMENT NIGHT

Among Dianne's "Good Lord" and Nadine's "What the heck is going on out there?" we can hear Bob's laugh, above the blasts and confusion. Bob steps behind the curtains.

BOB

Those cops are gonna be pretty mad now. Let's get the fuck outa here. Tomorrow morning, Rick, you take Nadine and get the car ready, get the thing tuned up and Dianne, get the necessary supplies to make our move. We haven't been cross roading in years.

70-73 OMIT

DISSOLVE TO:

74 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD DAWN

Sirens can be heard in the background. The little dog barks.

75 EXT. APARTMENT HOUSE DAY

Bob sneaks out the front door of his apartment, gets about halfway down the hallway and is suddenly grabbed from behind and punched, and is SURROUNDED by three PLAIN CLOTHES COPS, one of them is Gentry.

Bob is on the ground looking up at them.

GENTRY

Bob, I want to talk about what happened last night.

BOB

We told the investigating officers all we knew about that and we haven't got anything further to add.

GENTRY

You little punk. Halamer and Trousiniski know how you set them up, Bob, and I can honestly say that they are anything but happy about the matter. It took hours for us to pull all that buckshot out of him. Why don't you just go out along the highways and byways of this great grand country of ours until you find a nice spot to settle down somewhere far away from here. A place where narcotics drawers are just brimming to the top with all kinds of goodies laying there waiting for you to take them? How's that sound Bob?

BOB

Fuck you Gentry. I won the goddamn war, not you. Who are you to dictate the terms?

Bob jumps up and tries to get in a punch, but the officers deck him and he is on the ground again.

BOB

Why don't you find you a small town police department where you can just step in as chief where all you've got to worry about is the usual Saturday night drunks and the kids on Halloween?

GENTRY

So you think you won the war, huh? When Halamer and Trousiniski get a hold of you, hell, it will all be over in a month's time. Oh, yes, we might have to explain it away for a few days, but sooner or later everyone's going to forget that you ever existed. That is, all but the pharmacists. They'll probably hold an annual ball on the eve of your death for the next twenty years.

Then Nadine walks around the corner. Gentry and the others help him up.

GENTRY

Let me help you up, Bob.

The police leave Bob.

BOB

Fuck you Gentry, fuck you. I just wish that it had been you out there that caught some of the buckshot.

Gentry is already halfway down the hall by the time we see him again.

Nadine reaches Bob, who has blood on his mouth and shirt.

NADINE

How come you always talk so nasty to those cops? Why don't you talk nice?

BOB

Shit! Who ever heard of talking nice to a cop? That crap went out with the forties. I tried talking to a cop nice and respectful once and you know what he did?

NADINE

What?

BOB

He kicked me in the kneecap, that's what the bastard did.

NADINE

Well, what did they do when you talked nasty to them?

BOB

They kicked me in the kneecap then too, but at least I'm expecting it.

Close view of Bob

BOB

Oh, we're going to leave town all right, but don't think any chickenshit cops is running us out of town, because they ain't. It's only because I think it's the smart thing to do.

76-83 OMIT

84 INT. APARTMENT DAY

HANDS putting drugs in cotton and into small packages and being wrapped.

BOB'S VOICE

The move out of the apartment ~~was made in a series of well made moves,~~ *had to be well planned* the intricacies I would think about all through the night. Dianne had to get all the narcotics together, put some aside...

85 EXT. APARTMENT DAY

BIRDS EYE VIEW of Dianne and Nadine hauling suitcases out the apartment to the car.

BOB'S VOICE

...that we would be taking with us then package the rest in individual bags and suitcases...

86 INT. BUS DEPOT STATION DAY #1

Suitcases being weighed for shipment by bus depot EMPLOYEE.

BOB'S VOICE

...that would be sent ahead by bus, addressed to various stops on our route. So we could rendezvous with the drugs as we needed them. I had theories about cross-roading, and sending ahead needed drugs was part of it.

87 EXT. MOVING CAR DAY

All FOUR in the car going seventy down a minor highway.

BOB'S VOICE

...One could not afford to be caught heading across the country with a whole carload of narcotics...

88 EXT. ROAD DAY

Police car behind road sign, gives chase to Bob's car.

BOB'S VOICE

Should any law enforcement officer attempt to stop us...

89 INT. CAR DAY

Nadine and Rick's hands pull back part of the carpet on the floor of the car, exposing a hole that has been cut there.

BOB'S VOICE

...we had a hole punched through the floorboards of our car...

BOB'S VIEW out the rear view mirror of a police car, the lights spinning red.

BOB'S VOICE

...and when the flashing red light became a reality...

Rick and Nadine's hands stuff the drugs out the hole to the moving street below.

BOB'S VOICE

...we proceeded to dump whatever we had down the hole...

90 EXT. CAR DAY

UNDERNEATH the car, we see pills bouncing off the moving pavement and ricocheting off the muffler, moving wheels, and suspension.

90A INT. CAR DAY

Bob waits for the officer to step to the side of the car. He gives him a very wide smile.

BOB

Is something the trouble officer?

Bob gives an oh-so-cheerie smile. And the cop is looking around the inside of the car from the drivers window.

91 EXT. BUS DEPOT DAY #2

Bob and Dianne get out of the car.

BOB'S VOICE

...then we would check in at the next rendezvous spot, which hopefully was within eight hours away, before the drugs wore off.

92 EXT. BUS DEPOT DAY #2 (later)

Bob coming through a revolving door with a suitcase he just picked up.

93 INT. MOTEL DAY

\*\*

Bob is pacing the floor reading from the yellow pages. Rick is lounging on the room's only couch with his head cradled in Nadine's lap.

Dianne is in an overstuffed chair rubbing her legs and thighs, wetting her lips, trembling occasionally, and sighing often as if it is the only way she can keep breathing, while she watches Bob pace back and forth.

BOB

OWL PHARMACY, Prescription services, Convenient downtown location!

Bob rips that page out of the phone book. He puts the book down and reads off some more pharmacies.

Nadine looks depressed. She tugs a hangnail on her finger and thinks REAL HARD about something.

BOB

Okay! Let's get off our duffs and out on the road. We ain't going to find no morphine hanging off the fir trees. Dianne, you pick out some doctors and try putting the old headache act on them. Rick and Nadine, you come along with me. We got to find out just what poison shops in this town are holding.

94 INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE DAY

Dianne waiting in the waiting area of the Doctor's office. She is hiding fidgety signs of drugs, or lack of. But she is made up well.

A RECEPTIONIST pushes back a sliding window and pokes out to see Dianne who is wearing dark glasses, looking like a blind person.

RECEPTIONIST

Is this your first appointment with Doctor Clark?

DIANNE

Yes it is.

RECEPTIONIST

I see, will you please fill out this personal history form?

Dianne gets up and takes a form from the Receptionist.

DIANNE  
Thank you, I will.

95 INT. MOVING CAR DAY

Bob and Rick and Nadine in the front seat, Bob driving, and holding the torn Yellow pages in his hand, searching the address out.

BOB  
Are we lost.

96 INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE DAY

\*\*

Dianne is led into an examination room by a RECEPTIONIST.

RECEPTIONIST  
While you are waiting, you might as well undress and put on the white gown you'll find draped across the stool.

The receptionist shuts the door and Dianne whips into action examining the examination room, shaking down CABINETS, DRAWERS, looking for prescription blanks.

97 INT. CAR DAY

Bob is pulling to the side of the street.

BOB  
The point is to get the pharmacist to look in his stash for dilaudid tablets...thereby showing us just where the stuff is hid.

98 INT. PHARMACY #4 DAY

Nadine sashays into the store, followed by Rick.

98A EXT. STREET PHONE BOOTH DAY

Bob is calling the number from the yellow page in his hand.

99 INT. PHARMACY DAY

The phone ringing as Nadine is trying on lipstick.  
A PHARMACIST picks up the phone.



100 INT. PHONE BOOTH DAY

Bob, ever-so-politely speaks to the pharmacist.

BOB

Say, I've got a one milligram dilaudid prescription and I've been all over town trying to find me some. Could you possibly fill this prescription for me?

101 INT. PHARMACY DAY

Nadine watches the pharmacist through a mirror she is using to try on sample lipstick.

The pharmacist changes from a smiling good natured type to a frowning, snarling, no-nonsense masher.

PHARMACIST

No, we don't have any dilaudid in any form. We haven't carried any form of that crap in years. So don't bug us anymore.

He slams down the phone and looks around his store, an inquisitive CLERK steps closer to the pharmacist.

CLERK

What was that all about?

PHARMACIST

Oh, one of those goddamn dope fiends again, asking if we stock one-milligram dilaudid.

CLERK

We don't have any, do we?

PHARMACIST

No, I don't stock the stuff anymore. I used to, but those crazy dope fiends about drove me out of my mind over them...

Nadine begins to get a creepy feeling and leaves slowly.

PHARMACIST

...all day long they were pestering me with phony prescriptions, at night, they crashed through the front door, the back door, through the roof, I expected to find one come crawling down the chimney.

Rick and Nadine saunter out the door. The Pharmacist lets out a sigh of relief.

## PHARMACIST

That was a couple of them right there, I'd bet my bottom dollar on it. Did you see how they stood around trying to look so innocent and prim? They run in packs just like wolves. If you let them think you've got a narcotic drug left on the shelf, they'll pester you until they get it. There isn't anything you can do once they find out you've got what they're after.

102 INT. EXAMINATION ROOM DAY

The smiling, middle aged, good natured DOCTOR enters and Dianne is on the table wearing the white nightgown.

DOCTOR

And how are you today?

DIANNE

Not too damned good, Doc.

DOCTOR

This is your first visit with us, isn't it?

He studies her personal history card in his hand.

Dianne puts on her most pained expression, blocks her eyes from the overhead light.

DOCTOR

What seems to be the problem?

DIANNE

I have a horrible migraine. Can we turn out the lights, I mean, they're just killing me.

DOCTOR

I'm sorry, this is a skylight.

DIANNE

I'm feeling like I'm sick to my stomach. I've taken things for this in the past. Not codeine because I'm allergic to that, but something else.

DOCTOR

I see.

DIANNE

But there's this little blue pill, I think it starts with a "d" dilly-something.

DOCTOR

Dilaudid?

DIANNE

(hiding her reaction)

That's it, Doc. I think that's the one.

103 EXT. STREET DAY

Nadine and Rick climb into the car with Bob. They are both shaking their heads.

BOB

Don't look so glum. The bastard's holding all right.

NADINE

I don't know, Bob, the clerk asked the pharmacist what it was all about, and he said, "Hell, I haven't seen any dilaudid in years."

BOB

Oh yeah, well they were just putting the shuck on you, because I know the bastards had dilaudid in there not too awful long ago, and besides, they wouldn't have gotten so paranoid if they wasn't holding.

Bob checks another pharmacy on the yellow pages list.

104 EXT. OK USED CARS DAY

\*\*

Bob is signing a paper on the hood of a red pickup truck.

BOB

Now the reason that we have this truck is not because we necessarily need another vehicle.

105 INT. RED PICKUP NIGHT

Bob is lecturing Nadine and Rick.

BOB

But we can move easier, in this sort of a vehicle. We also have the right license plates on our ass, so's the average Joe thinks that we're farmers just in town for a little ride.

106 EXT. BAR #2 NIGHT

Bob, Nadine and Rick get out of the red pickup and walk into a bar.

BOB

Now, there's always something that you can pick up if you keep your eyes open. Sometimes it is so obvious it escapes the casual observer.

107 OMIT

108 EXT. TRUCK NIGHT

The truck is driving down the street.

BOB'S VOICE

You gotta keep on the lookout, because you never know what you might find.

109 EXT. STREET NIGHT

\*\*

Bob, Nadine and Rick walking by a darkened drug store.

BOB

Did you see that?

Everyone is still walking.

RICK

What?

Rick and Nadine turn their heads to see what they have missed.

BOB

The transoms, didn't you guys see the open transoms?

NADINE

No.

RICK

What are transoms?

BOB

Those little windows open above the front door, Rick. Wow! What a birds nest on the ground, and you guys never even saw it.

(pointing)

You got to keep your eyes open, you got to look.

Bob whistles.

BOB

And that nasty-assed bastard pharmacist saying "No, we don't have no dilaudid, haven't stocked that crap in years". Well, well, we'll just see if that bastard wasn't lying through his teeth or not, right this goddamn minute. Rick you go back to the pickup and get that small bar I shoved under the front seat.

Bob and Nadine walk away arm in arm. Bob flirting with Nadine.

Bob

Nadine and I will walk around a bit and see what all is happening on this street. See if there's any drunks or couples sitting around in any of these cars parked along here.

109A EXT. STREET NIGHT

Rick fetching the bar from the front seat of the truck and walking back Bob's direction.

110 EXT. STREET NIGHT

Rick meets up with Bob and Nadine.

BOB

Okay, Rick here's the play. We get the traffic right first, then we move over in front of those open transoms. You cup your hands, I stick my foot in, you lift, up I go.

Rick nods.

BOB

I'll let you in the back door and we can amble over to the truck, in back of the Pharmacy.

111 EXT. PHARMACY NIGHT

Bob and Rick move fast, step up under the pharmacy's entrance and Rick lifts while Bob pulls, up and over.

112 INT. PHARMACY NIGHT

Bob whirls and races along the shelves until he comes to a locked door leading to a back room. With a deft movement, Bob springs the door in a matter of seconds.

113 INT. BACK ROOM NIGHT

Bob is in an area that is divided by rough-cut dirty, aged wood. Two safes are against one wall. Also there is an alley entrance which has a huge sliding wooden door, secured by a padlock, Bob tears off the padlock to ensure a quick exit.

NEXT, in the other section of the room, encased in aluminum and glass, is the back of the pharmacy, Bob ATTACKS a small sliding door and enters, moving quickly along the shelves of pills and halfway along the main counter he finds a locked drawer. It isn't too large but...

WHEN HE SPRINGS IT OPEN he finds it heaped to the brim with different bottles of different colors and designs, and all of them have a purple federal stamp on the cap.

BOB GRINS.

He grabs the whole drawer and runs for the alley exit.

114 EXT. PHARMACY REAR DOOR NIGHT

Bob slides open the door where Rick and Nadine are waiting  
Bob hands Nadine the drawer.

BOB

Take this, baby, and put it in the truck.  
Rick, step inside here a moment. I want you to  
look at these two safes.

MOVING VIEW of Nadine running with the drawer, clutching it to her stomach like a cigarette girl. She runs so hard she sounds like a milk truck beginning its delivery.

115 EXT. TRUCK NIGHT

Nadine arrives at the truck and hesitates.

116 EXT. PHARMACY NIGHT

Bob is watching Nadine and the truck.

117 INT. PHARMACY BACK ROOM NIGHT

Rick steps up to the safes.

118 EXT. TRUCK NIGHT

Nadine stands beside the truck.

BOB WATCHING

Nadine starts to lower the whole drawer into the bed of the truck, then lets it rest on the truck's side panel while she opens the door of the truck.

Nadine then grabs the drawer, swings it backward as far as her arms can go and brings the drawer forward as if she is a fish wife emptying a pan of water, spilling the bottles all over the seat and floor of the truck.

Bob can't believe what he's seeing.

119 INT. PHARMACY NIGHT

Rick and the safes.

BOB'S VOICE

Rick, forget about the safes.

120 EXT. PHARMACY BACK DOOR NIGHT

Rick emerges from the pharmacy. They close the back door and both take off running toward Nadine and the pickup.

121 EXT. TRUCK NIGHT

Nadine bends down with the empty drawer between her legs then straightens up, flipping the drawer up and over her head. It sails into the air...

SPINS AROUND a few times and lands in the street a few parking meters away.

A small grey VOLKSWAGEN rounds a corner and slows down near the drawer, seemingly studying it momentarily, then it drives on.

ANOTHER CAR is coming as Bob and Rick reach shaking Nadine.

They quickly push her into the pickup and Bob pulls away, sitting on a pile of bottles, for once saying absolutely nothing.

122 EXT. STREET NIGHT

The truck is taking corner after corner.

123 INT. TRUCK NIGHT

Bob and Rick and Nadine as the truck takes another corner.

124 EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET

The truck pulls to the side of the road.

124A INT. TRUCK NIGHT

Bob takes a deep breath.

BOB

Okay. Let's get all these bottles together, put them in a sack and you, Nadine, you take that sack and walk over to those bushes along side that house and wait for us while we go back and get that drawer and clean it up. You didn't have any gloves on and, baby, that clean cream drawer is going to have nothing but your fingerprints all over it.

It takes a second to get all the bottles together.

125 INT. TRUCK NIGHT (later)

The truck is moving. Bob and Rick breathe a sigh of relief as the headlights of the truck spotlight the drawer in front of them.

Rick jumps out of the truck and picks up the drawer and gets back in the truck.

126 INT. MOTEL NIGHT

Bob and Rick and Nadine have entered, Dianne comes into the room to see what they found, but Nadine doesn't stay, she marches back to her room and slams the door shut.

DIANNE

What's that all about?

Bob is inspecting the bottles in the bag and bringing them out one by one.



DIANNE

(still interested in Nadine)

You been making a pass at her again, Bob?

Bob shakes his head and paws through the pile of small bottles.

He comes up with a small one with a blue label.

BOB

I'll be goddamned.

DIANNE

What is it, Bob? What did you find?

BOB

Powdered dilaudid, that's what. A whole untouched one eighth ounce bottle of powdered D. And there should be another partially filled bottle here somewhere.

Bob spreads them all out on the coffee table and separates them into different categories.

BOB

You know what this bottle is worth, Rick?

He holds up the bottle that is only two inches high.

Rick shakes his head as he takes the bottle from Bob.

BOB

Well, I'll tell you what it's worth. It's worth a goddamn fortune, at least a small fortune. That there's got eight hundred and forty some odd sixteenths in it, and at ten dollars a sixteenth, that comes to around eight thousand four hundred dollars worth of the best goddamn dope money can buy.

Slaps his leg.

DIANNE

Hot dog, what a find, yep, that there little bottle will probably last us three for a week. I guess we must have outrun that hex we had on us. I sure an glad we started cross-roading, aren't you, Bob?

And Bob takes a willing Dianne in his arms and whirls her around the room, as she squeals and shrieks in delight.

127 INT. BEDROOM NIGHT

Nadine sits in silence at the edge of her bed. Her coat is still on and tears are slowly coursing down her cheeks.

DIANNE'S SCREAM can be heard in the next room, Rick and Bob are shouting with joy.

128 INT. LIVING ROOM NIGHT

Bob jumps up. Rick is fixing.

BOB

Okay, pards, I'll show you how we'll hide this stuff in these motels. Open up that trap door to the attic, and I'll push you on up through. You cross over a couple of these units and stash the stuff over somebody else's room.

129 INT. BEDROOM NIGHT

Rick enters the room and stands awhile just inside the door watching Nadine. She is still on the bed with her coat on and her head lowered.

RICK

Buck up, baby. So you muffed it, everyone does that once in awhile. It came out all right and that's what counts. We're going to go out again, but don't worry, we'll be back soon.

Nadine raises a tear stained face.

NADINE

What did that sonofabitch say about me?

RICK

Baby, he didn't say anything. Not one word. Dianne doesn't even know anything about it.

NADINE

But he isn't going to take me along anymore. Is that it? And one day you all will just drop me off on a corner and tell me to do such such and I'll come back and wait and wait and you'll never show up.

THEN her voice breaks into sobs and the trail of tears become a flood.

Rick kneels beside her.

RICK

Baby, we ain't going to leave you standing on no corner. We ain't leaving you any place. You're mine, baby. I'm not leaving you. Bob is no doubt leaving you home tonight because you are feeling bad. He knows how bad you feel about the whole thing.

NADINE

To hell with that sonofabitch and his hexes and all his funny little stunts. It wasn't my fault he had to leave the coast. That was his fault. The goddamn hog.

RICK

Now, baby, you just take it easy, we got us a good thing going. Why break it up? Tomorrow you will see things in a different light. You're all upset. It'll be fine.

NADINE

No Rick, it's not going to be fine. I just can't stand their superior ways and all that crap about hexes. You don't believe that stuff, do you?

RICK

Hell, I don't know, Nadine. What difference does it make? It's their thing. I guess if they want to believe in hexes, they're entitled to. All we got to watch is not talking about pets in their presence and not leaving any hats on any bed. Hell there's nothing hard about that.

NADINE

Well, I'm just going to prove to all of you that there isn't anything to any of that stuff.

Nadine marches to the closet and promptly takes out one of her hats. She determinedly flips it onto the bed and then asks Rick:

NADINE

Do you think it will make any difference that I'm using a woman's hat instead of a man's?

Rick shakes his head slowly.

RICK

I wish you hadn't of done that, Nadine. It really isn't fair. I mean, you can do whatever you want to change our lives, but what do you want to mess with someone else's for? That don't seem quite right.

NADINE

To hell with them. I'm going to leave that hat right there. You go on out with them tonight. I'm going to show them it don't mean nothing at all.

Rick shakes his head again. He lays an outfit and a couple of sixteenth down on the night stand.

RICK

I think they want to go right away. We won't be long, maybe a couple of hours.

130 EXT. PARKING LOT NIGHT

Rick breaks into a car in the hospital parking lot.

Bob and Dianne kiss before he takes off.

Dianne watches from her stolen car as Rick, in his car heads right between two parked police cars at a hair-raising thirty-five miles an hour. Only three feet separates the two cars, so Rick gets both of their rear fenders in the initial rush.

131 INT. HOSPITAL NIGHT

Inside the HOSPITAL it is like one continuous corridor, broken up at intervals by little substations, which are composed of a waist high counter enclosing a switchboard, a few desks and an aid station of sorts. There are a couple of NURSES hanging around the substations. A POLICEMAN is in the corridor.

OUTSIDE we can hear the sound of cars revving their engines, and horns BLARING and metal SMASHING.

The policeman and the nurses go to the front windows of the corridor to see what the problem is.

THEIR VIEW from through the window of the parking lot.

TWO CARS are running amok in the lot.

132 EXT. PARKING LOT NIGHT

Then he throws the car in reverse, and floorboards the accelerator.

His car clings to the smashed police cars for a second while his tires scream and pour out smoke. then abruptly, the torn and intermeshed metal of the cars separates and away Rick roars again until he comes to a halt forty feet away against another late model car.

VIEW of the Hospital, people are hanging out the windows watching.

Rick keeps right on working, he gives the police another shot for good measure, then he picks out an automobile behind and off to one side and gives it a bank shot that crumples the right front fender.

TWO POLICEMEN come running from the front doors of the hospital.

They run across the front lawn less than a hundred yards away from Rick.

Then Dianne gets into the act. She holds her horn down causing one continuous blast, and squeals out of her position toward the officers, who are running after Rick.

VIEW of Dianne closing in on the officers, who take a dive to the ground.

Dianne keeps going until she comes to Rick, who has ditched his car and is now on foot. She stops momentarily to let Rick in, then turns and takes off burning rubber all the way out of the parking lot.

BOB SEES and HEARS the pandemonium from where he is hiding up against the side of the building.

BOB

They'll probably talk about this one for years.

He smiles and quickly smashes out a window and climbs into a vacant office.

133 INT. HOSPITAL NIGHT

Bob coming through the window of a darkened office. He crosses the room, sticks his head out the door into a long corridor, and:

134 INT. CORRIDOR NIGHT

NOT SEEING ANYBODY, steps across the corridor to the locked entrance of the PHARMACY. After studying the door momentarily, he takes a small pry bar, slams the tapered end into the crack between the door and the jam at lock level, and SNAPS the other end of the bar back. The door shoots open with a noise resembling a muffled shot.

135 INT. PHARMACY NIGHT

Bob quickly enters and braces the door behind him. It stays in position, but with a piece of the jam gone, then

he goes directly to the narcotics cabinets housed behind a counter. The lockers are made of one-eighth inch sheet steel and have large brass padlocks on them.

Bob tries to wedge his pry bar between the bolt of a lock but the bar is too big. Next he tries to wedge it between the lock and the hasp, but the bar slips out.

BOB

Fuck it!

The sweat is pouring down Bob's face in rivulets, his clothes are damp and his hands are beginning to shake.

He tries forcing the bar into the crack beside the cabinet door, but the bar jumps toward him every time he applies pressure.

He tries lifting the cabinet free from the wall, but it is solid. He jams the pry bar between the wall and the cabinet and gives a mighty heave. The cabinet bends toward him, but it's obvious that this will take too long.

Bob stands back from the cabinets and brings the wedge shaped point of the bar down in a cutting motion in an attempt to tear a hole in the sheet metal and more or less can-open the thing enough to reach inside.

136 INT. CORRIDOR NIGHT

A nurse hears the noise as she passes by.

She tries to open the door but it is jammed. She pulls her ear to the door and listens, then she runs down the hall for help.

137 INT. PHARMACY NIGHT

Bob has one of the cabinets open only to find Demerol (otherwise known to drug addicts as "dummy oil")

BOB

Ugh!

He raises his pry-bar to go for another cabinet when the door of the pharmacy breaks open behind the weight of TWO BURLY ATTENDANTS.

They hurl themselves into the room, take one look at Bob and immediately begin closing in.

Bob swings his bar at them, and leaps over to a window overlooking one of the quaint little gardens in the hospital courtyard. With one swing of the bar, he smashes out the window and dives through it.

138 EXT. HOSPITAL COURTYARD NIGHT

Bob lands on the sidewalk in a roll and when he scrambles to his feet, blood is streaming down his face.

Above him the attendant is trying to climb out the window.

Bob gives him a mild bop on the head with his bar and the attendant starts climbing back in. Bob heads for an exit door to another wing.

The exit door is locked. Bob smashes a hole through the glass top of the door, reaches in to open it from the inside, and heads down the corridor.

139 INT. CORRIDOR NIGHT

He tries wiping blood from his face as he makes his way down the corridor.

He disappears into a women's restroom.

140 INT. RESTROOM NIGHT

Bob stands in front of a mirror and examines the damage to his head.

He watches the blood pump out in small but steady streams.

He washes off his face and hands, and puts paper towels to the wound. He wipes up the sink and the mirror and then retreats to a toilet booth.

141 INT. TOILET NIGHT

Bob sits down and waits.

142 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD NIGHT

Dianne and Rick in their own car, waiting beneath a large tree, somewhere near the hospital.

143 INT. CAR NIGHT

Dianne is fidgeting.

DIANNE

Bob's like a rabbit, in and out and no nonsense. And that goes for a lot more than just a hospital pharmacy. This just isn't like him.

144 INT. WOMAN'S ROOM TOILET NIGHT

Bob waiting. A woman comes in and uses the next stall. Bob gets up on the toilet so she doesn't see him.

DISSOLVE TO:

145 EXT. CAR NIGHT

The car beneath the tree waiting.

DISSOLVE TO:

146 EXT. CAR DAWN

The car still waiting, only the sun is coming up.

147 INT. CAR DAWN

Dianne and Rick waiting, and yawning.

RICK

We might as well give up. He ain't coming.

DIANNE

(grabs Rick)

They got him. The bastards got him. I know it. I can feel it in my heart. The bastards, the dirty bastards. If they've hurt him just one little bit, I'll kill. I'll kill them all!

Dianne starts to sob.

148 INT. MOTEL LIVING ROOM DAY

Rick and Dianne enter, it is quiet.

RICK

Nadine?



149 INT. BEDROOM DAY

Rick opens the bedroom door and notices that the hat is still on the bed.

Nadine is nowhere to be seen.

Rick steps over to the closet. Then he sees something.

NADINE'S FEET are sticking out from the floor on the other side of the bed.

Her lips and face are a funny bluish color. An outfit hangs out of a ditch in her arm.

RICK

Oh, my God!

He falls to his knees to hold her.

RICK

I'm sorry, baby. I never should have gotten you into all this.

Rick holds her and moans.

RICK

Oh, baby, please, baby, what can I do?

Dianne enters and sees the situation. She huddles over Rick, just as:

150 INT. LIVING ROOM DAY

Bob comes happily in the front door whistling. His face and upper forehead and one arm are covered with white medical tape and bandages.

BOB

Honey! I'm home!

151 INT. BEDROOM DAY

Bob joins his crew.

BOB

What in the hell is going on?

Dianne turns and looks at Bob's bedraggled appearance.

DIANNE

What did the bastards do to you? What did they do, I'll kill them, I'll kill them...

BOB

Who put that hat on that goddamned bed?

RICK

She did, Bob.

BOB

(seeing Nadine)

What?

RICK

She didn't mean no harm by it.

BOB

She bit it.

RICK

She said it was bullshit! Oh, it's all my fault.

BOB

Who gave her the stuff, she couldn't have done that on no two-sixteenths. What's she been doing, saving it up?

Bob picks up a bottle beside the bed, the small blue partially filled one.

BOB

Where in the hell did she get this?

RICK

What is it?

BOB

I knew there should have been another opened bottle. She must've picked it up while we were collecting the bottles off the floor of the truck. Stupid conniving bitch.

RICK

(angry, jumping up off the corpse)  
You can't call her that. She's dead. Don't ever say anything bad about her.

Bob shakes his head in disgust.

BOB

She beat you, man. Your own woman beat you out of part of your own cut on a score. She got what she deserves.

Rick takes a swing at Bob but misses and sends his hand through a plaster wall.

BOB

Not only that, the dumb bitch threw a hex on us that we'll all be lucky to survive. And she left us with and O.D.'d stiff which, if I'm not mistaken, is paramount to a murder beef in this state. And for Christ's sake get that hat off the bed.

Bob kicks the hat off the bed and backs out of the room away from Rick who is pulling his hand out of the wall. Dianne is clinging to Bob's arm. Bob slams the door.

152 INT. MOTEL ROOM HALL DAY

DIANNE

How did you ever get away?

BOB

I hid in a woman's restroom. When I woke up and left, I ran into a nurse and gave her a story that I was looking for the emergency room. They fixed me up pretty good.

153 INT. BOB AND DIANNE'S BEDROOM DAY

Bob and Dianne are looking up at the ceiling, lying in bed.

DIANNE

I know what. Let's pull her up into the attic and hide her there for the day. At least then the maid won't be stumbling over her.

BOB

You know what, Dianne? That's probably the best idea you've come up with in years.

154 INT. RICK AND NADINE'S BEDROOM DAY

Bob and Dianne enter. Rick is kneeling on the floor with his head down on the bed as though he is in prayer. Bob walks up to him cautiously, takes him by the shoulders and stands him up and hugs him, then walks him out of the room.

BOB

We got to get Rick here in bed. He's been up all night and probably don't know what the hell he's doing, do you, Rick?

155 INT. CRAWLSPACE DAY

The wooden hatch to the crawlspace opens. Dianne is on a chair looking up at OUR VIEW and Bob is below her with Nadine's body over his shoulder in a fireman's lift.

156 INT. HALLWAY DAY

Nadine's legs sticking down out of the crawlspace, Dianne still below on the chair guiding her up, Bob out of sight in the crawlspace.

The worst part of the job having passed without our seeing it.

157 INT. CRAWLSPACE DAY

The hatch is closing, the VIEW pans over to see Nadine's face.

157A INT. LIVING ROOM DAY

Dianne replaces the chair where it usually is.

BOB

Hell, it's like trying to raise a couple of goddamn kids when you take on a couple like that and try and teach them to steal. Do you know that, Dianne? It's just like raising children. All the hassles, all the petty jealousies, all the what-ifs.

DIANNE

You aren't kidding.

BOB

I'm getting too old for this shit. These goddamn kids today, they ain't got no sense at all. They're all TV babies. They been watching people killing and fucking each other on that goddamn boob tube and that's all they know. Hell, they think it's legal, that it's the right thing to do.

DIANNE

Relax hon. You can't take on the whole world.

THE DOORBELL RINGS.

BOB

Wow, what a busy day.

Bob checks the peephole.

BOB

I think it's the guy from the front desk.

Bob slowly opens the door.

A uniformed MOTEL MANAGER is outside.

MANAGER

Hello, are you Mr. Hughes?

BOB

Yes.

MANAGER

Are you planning on checking out today?

BOB

No, why?

MANAGER

Well, I'm sorry, sir, but when you registered, we asked you how long you intended to stay and you said a couple of days. We had prior commitments in the form of a reservation for your room today.

BOB

You mean I got to move out right now?

MANAGER

Well, you see, I'm afraid so.

BOB

Well you just listen here. One of our colleagues is very sick and I just don't feel that we want to up and try to move to another motel...

MANAGER

Well, you see, they're having a sheriff's convention here in town and all these rooms have been reserved for them as long as ninety days ago.

BOB

Let me come down to the office in a minute. I'll be right down.

Bob closes the door.

BOB

They're having a sheriff's convention.

DIANNE

We're going to know some of those guys, I'll bet.

BOB

Jesus Christ, a sheriff's convention, no less. Why couldn't it be a pharmacist's convention?

DIANNE

Or better yet, an undertaker's.

157B EXT. MOTEL DAY

Bob walks into the office.

158 INT. MOTEL OFFICE DAY

The stately smiling MANAGER is behind the counter. Bob is standing in front of her.

MANAGER

I'm sorry Mr. Hughes, you should have let us know you intended staying this long. We'd have warned you of our commitments.

BOB

I got a colleague in that motel room that's got the mumps, I'm scared to move him. What if they should spread. Hell, we'd hit you with a law suit that would ruin you. Now can't you juggle those rooms around a bit or get the intendeds a reservation somewhere else?

MANAGER

Well, if that's the case, you go on back to your room.

(a beat)

Perhaps we can reserve them a room somewhere else just for this one night. You will have to leave tomorrow.

Bob walks out of the office. Just as a SHERIFF walks in.

159 EXT. MOTEL DAY

Bob walking back to his room. POLICE SHERIFFS are beginning to pull into the motel parking lot. Other SHERIFFS are talking down at the end of the walkway.

160 INT. MOTEL ROOM DAY

Bob shuts the door behind him. Dianne and Rick are on the sofa.

DIANNE

Well?

BOB

It looks like a fucking sheriffs convention out there. but they're going to let us keep the room one more night.

DIANNE

Good God, how are we ever going to get her out of here with the place full of drunken cops coming and going all night?

BOB

I don't know.

DIANNE

Maybe we could just head on out and leave her up there.

BOB

(astounded)

Are you mad, Dianne? She'd be oozing down out of the attic in less than a week. These people around here have seen her. They're going to remember that she was with us. No we got to get her out tonight.

161 INT. MOTEL DAY (later)

Bob and Dianne sitting across from each other. Bob is showing signs of wear.

DIANNE

It's gonna be one heck of a time getting her outta that crawlspace...

Bob just looks at the floor, doesn't say a word.

DIANNE

Don't know if I'm ever going to get my nails done now...

Dianne watches Bob watching the floor.

DIANNE

Nadine really got to you didn't she, Bob?

Bob considers the question for awhile, then looks straight at Dianne for the first time that afternoon.

BOB

Yeah, I suppose you could say that. I'm not exactly thrilled over her having left us in such an abrupt manner.

DIANNE

I don't mean that, Bob. I've seen you around other overdose cases and you never got like this.

BOB

Like what?

DIANNE

Oh, I don't know, just different.

BOB

Oh, yeah, well I'll tell you what's wrong. I'm scared to fucking death that some big fucking cop is going to come rumbling through that door any minute and say, "Out this is my fucking room, out."

(long pause)

Do we have that garment bag in the car?

163-166 OMIT

167 INT. CRAWLSPACE NIGHT

The hatch to the crawlspace opens and Bob hoists himself up into it.

Nadine's HORRIBLE EXPRESSION of fear and happiness strikes Bob as he begins to handle the body.

The body is very stiff, and like a mannequin. They have to lower Nadine head first down the hole.

168 INT. HALLWAY NIGHT

Dianne is ready to catch Nadine who is coming down head first, but Dianne buckles under the weight of Nadine and falls with her into the closet with a crash.

BOB'S VIEW through the crawlspace as he watches Dianne and Nadine.

BOB

God what a hassle.

Bob wipes his brow.

CUT TO:



169 INT. MOTEL EARLY MORNING

Bob zips Nadine into garment bag.

Bob parts the curtains of the front window of the motel room.

OUTSIDE it is a sea of COP CARS. It looks like his car and the pickup are the only ones that don't have radio antennas and red lights sticking out all over them.

BOB

(to Dianne)

You go first, unlock the car. Look around a bit while you're doing it. See if anyone is lurking about.

Dianne puts her coat on, smiles, turns to the door and heads for the parking lot.

Bob stands and fidgets in front of the curtains, not watching Dianne in the parking lot. He can hear the trunk of the car open. Then a few seconds later Dianne returns.

DIANNE

We're all set, the car door's open and I didn't see anyone at all.

170 EXT. PARKING LOT DAY

Bob crosses the parking lot with Nadine over his shoulder, making it seem like she doesn't weigh a thing. He puts Nadine in the trunk and returns to the room. In front of their room is a suspicious cop. Bob ad libs.

BOB

Did you remember the diapers, hon?

171 INT. ROOM DAY

Bob enters, a little winded.

BOB

Wow, what a drag. I mean, that broad was heavy. You're right, she would have been fat in a couple of years. Jesus, I'm glad she decided to go and do her thing now instead of waiting until then. I'd of never made it.

Bob looks at Dianne and tried to grin but it didn't come out quite right. He looked like a little kid about to bawl.

BOB

How about going up in the attic and getting out our stuff and dividing it up. We'll give Rick the car and the stuff we sent ahead to those bus depots. Figure it all out. Don't count him short. Give him the big end.

Dianne stared at Bob until he turned away.

DIANNE

What are you thinking about doing, Bob? What you got on your mind?

Bob let his eyes slide around the room evasively, he started to speak a couple of times then said nothing.

BOB

The thing is I've been thinking about heading on back to the coast. I think maybe I'll go on down and get on that twenty-one day methadone withdrawal program, get my head together.

DIANNE

Are you kidding?

BOB

No I'm not, Dianne. I can't do it anymore.

Bob slowly shakes his head no.

DIANNE

Well, I'm not going on no withdrawal program, so what's going to happen to me?

BOB

Why can't you come along?

DIANNE

No way.

BOB

Why not?

DIANNE

I don't want to. You know I've tried that and it doesn't work for me.

BOB

Do whatever you want, Dianne.

Bob looks around.

BOB

Take whatever you need or whatever we got. I only need enough to get me to the coast.

Dianne is acting like she doesn't know whether to believe her man or not, knowing that this is the end of their relationship if Bob goes.

172 EXT. COUNTRY GRAVEL ROAD DAY

The car pulls over to the side of a long road. A heavily wooded area is to one side. The pickup truck pulls up behind the car.

173 INT. TRUCK DAY

Bob thinks for a second, then speaks just as he gets out of the truck.

BOB

Get the shovel, Dianne. I'll handle her.

174 EXT. ROAD DAY

Bob skips up to the side of the car, Rick is driving.

BOB

You, Rick, stay here and see that nobody comes along and wants to know if we're having a picnic or something.

175 EXT. WOODS DAY

Bob is carrying Nadine through the woods. Dianne is following. At one point he stops carrying her on his shoulder, puts her down and drags her while she is still in the clothing bag.

176 EXT. WOODS DAY

Bob is digging a hole, he keeps chopping and hammering at roots that are too stubborn to be dug up. Dianne walks away.

BOB

I'm sorry Nadine, if I'd have known this was going to happen then I would never had let you come along.

177 EXT. WOODS DAY

Nadine's body goes in the hole.

Bob unzips the bag and takes a look at Nadine before he covers her up. He remarks at two leaves that are covering her eyes.

BOB

Well, Nadine, it's every man and woman for his or her self. And it's time for your old friend Bob to take off. Maybe I'm changing in my Autumn years. 'Cause I don't want to happen to me what's happened to you.

Bob looks back to Dianne and Rick then back at Nadine.

BOB

And Dianne, I don't think that she can put up with the straight life. So I guess I'm going alone.

178 EXT. WOODS DAY

Bob is finishing the job, then he randomly walks around breaking sticks and things in a temper.

Then he stops, calming himself, gathering his thoughts, and marches out of the woods.

179 EXT. ROAD DAY

Bob walks out of the woods. Dianne is by the side of the road, and Rick is inside of the car.

Bob opens the rear door of the car and gets his clothes out of the back and puts them in the back of the truck.

He pauses, not looking at Dianne or Rick, but aware that they are watching him. Bob can't look back at Dianne.

180 INT. CAR DAY

Rick watches through his rear view mirror.

Dianne walks up to the side window of the car.

RICK

What's happening, what's all the fuss?

Dianne bends down to the driver's window and smiles at Rick.

DIANNE

Hell, I don't know. But let's just start worrying about us. Now I know you're ten years younger than I am, but I'm not looking for romance anyway. I'm looking for someone with guts. You get you an old lady, and I'll get me an old man, and we won't pick them because they're beautiful people, we'll pick the ones that will make the best thieves in our helling crew, and baby, everyone will dive on this crew. It won't be no one man show.

Dianne turns around and runs to the other side of the car and gets in.

DIANNE

Oh, well, they say that God looks out for drunks and fools, and He sure enough looked out for Bob on occasion, and maybe He'd look out for him now too.

181 EXT. ROAD DAY

They take off down the road.

182 EXT. AVIS RENTAL DAY

Bob checks in the red pickup.

182A EXT. BUS TERMINAL DAY

Bob walks across the lot to the Bus Depot.

182B INT. CAR DAY

Rick tunelessly whistles as Dianne runs through a list of people and their whereabouts; they need for a crew.

183 INT. BUS DAY

OUT THE WINDOW of the bus, a moving countryside with rolling hills, rivers, mountains.

Bob SMILES at the countryside.

The voice of GENTRY, the police lieutenant, is heard.

GENTRY'S VOICE

Looks like you're hooked to the gills, and we got witnesses this time Bob.

DOUBLE EXPOSED over Bob's smile is Gentry, saying these words in the back of the surveillance camper.

Gentry's EXPOSURE has given way the THE HAT; Bob's smile remains in the corner of the screen; and Dianne is seen as well.

NADINE

Why a hat?

BOB'S VOICE

You just put a thirty day hex on us.

DIANNE'S SMART SISTER

Why don't you just leave Dianne, Bob, and go join one of those female impersonator clubs? You shouldn't have any trouble at all getting a membership from what I can see, and you'd no doubt be happy learning to enjoy contributing to a normal segment of our community.

BOB'S VOICE

Dianne could put up with anything from her man as long as he was a successful drug thief.

Bob's smile, it is beginning to mouth the name Dianne, over the moving countryside out of the window, and an exposure of the hat having disappeared. Images of Dianne flash over the countryside.

BOB'S VOICE

She doesn't particularly care what her man looks like, how he acts or what he says to her during breakfast. Like other women she loves a man who can produce, and she loves with great intensity. She'll spit in a cop's eye in a minute. She's virtually fearless in all respects. But if he doesn't produce, well then, that's it; goodbye to her man.

184 EXT. BUS PASSING LANDSCAPE DUSK

Bob's face can be seen reflecting off the window over the passing landscape, the sun settling.

184A INT. BUS DUSK

Bob's face.

185 EXT. BUS PASSING THROUGH SMALL TOWN NIGHT

Bob watches out the window. A bright drive in passes by.

185A INT. BUS NIGHT

Bob looks around the bus. He's showing signs of withdrawal.

Sitting across the aisle from him is a darling old grandma knitting.

BOB'S VOICE

Isn't she a cute old grandma? Knitting so fastidiously. To look at her one wouldn't think she had ever done anything in her whole life but raise her children and her children's children. But who knows, she might have been a hooker and a bawdy dancer in Alaska during the gold rush. She could have murdered fourteen people and skinned them alive for all anyone knew. But right now, right this minute, she is a darling old grandma and most likely that's all she's ever been.

Have any of these passengers been in as insane a situation as I am in now?

VIEW of a rumped drunk guy sitting in back of Bob.

BOB'S VOICE

Now take that guy sittin there. He's half crooked now, rumped and grubby as any bum on skid row. And who was he? He could very easily have been an upstanding businessman just a few years ago. Plenty of the bums and winos of today were just that not so long ago. Or he might have been a hit man for the Mafia.

Bob grins at his fantasizing.

BOB'S VOICE

But he sure has everyone fooled now.

186 EXT. ROAD DAY

The bus going down the road.

DISSOLVE TO:

187 EXT. PORTLAND METHADONE CENTER DAY

Bob is looking up at the front door of the center.

188 INT. CENTER DAY

Bob sitting uncomfortably in a chair across from an older woman sitting at a desk in her office. Bob looking sick. A name tag on her desk reads MRS. WATERMAKER.

MRS. WATERMAKER

Well, young man, what can we do for you this morning?

BOB

I want to sign up for your withdrawal program.

MRS. WATERMAKER

I see. And when was the last time you took whatever you use?

BOB

Night before last.

MRS. WATERMAKER

Are you going to get violently sick today then? You realize that to get right on the withdrawal program that you have to be in the third stage of withdrawal, sweating, stomach cramps...chills...temperature, and so on?

BOB

Yes.

MRS. WATERMAKER

Have you ever been on either the maintenance or withdrawal program before?

BOB

No.

MRS. WATERMAKER

I see. Now how long have you been addicted to whatever you're on now?

BOB

This time?

MRS. WATERMAKER

Then this isn't your first time withdrawing?



BOB

No, but it's my first time withdrawing on methadone.

MRS. WATERMAKER

I see. Well, how long have you been using drugs altogether?

BOB

All my life.

MRS. WATERMAKER

All your life?

A little skepticism flashes across Mrs. Watermaker's face.

BOB

Well, since I've been twelve or thirteen I've been using narcotics. I guess you could say that was all my life.

MRS. WATERMAKER

How old are you now?

BOB

Twenty six.

MRS. WATERMAKER

Why do you want to quit now, after all that time? I'd think you'd be inclined to go right on with it. Why quit now?

Bob shrugged and grinned.

BOB

I don't know, curiosity I guess. I just thought I'd try it.

MRS. WATERMAKER

Are you serious? I mean, we get a lot of guys and gals coming up here just trying to get in on a new kick and that's not what we're here for.

BOB

Well, lady, you just found you one of those people what ain't got any other way to turn, so give me a jolt and let me go on my merry way.

MRS. WATERMAKER

Oh, my, it's not that easy, young man. You've got all kinds of paperwork to fill out.

MRS. WATERMAKER

(continued)

You've got a doctor's examination to go through and then maybe, just maybe, we'll help you out. You've got to get sick first too, you know.

Bob grins and throws up on the floor.

189 INT. DANMORE HOTEL NIGHT

Bob is washing his face. He looks up at the ceiling. He listens to a song on a radio.

190 EXT. METHADONE CLINIC DAY

Clouds part over the building.

191 INT. METHADONE CLINIC DAY

Bob is in a chair talking again to Mrs. Watermaker.

MRS. WATERMAKER

Let me see now, I wanted to ask you a few things before we go on much further. Let's see, are you married?

BOB

Yes.

MRS. WATERMAKER

Where is your wife?

BOB

I don't know.

MRS. WATERMAKER

Hmm, I see. Do you have any children?

BOB

Nope.

MRS. WATERMAKER

Do you have a job?

BOB

Nope.

MRS. WATERMAKER

Do you have a social security number?

BOB

No.

MRS. WATERMAKER

Hmmm. I see, have you ever been convicted of a felony?

BOB

Yes. A few times.

MRS. WATERMAKER

What were they? What kind of felonies were you convicted of?

BOB

Oh, burglary, robbery, possession, grand theft, stuff like that.

MRS. WATERMAKER

And how much time have you spent in prison?

BOB

I don't know. Twelve years more or less I suppose.

MRS. WATERMAKER

Well, then, you haven't been an addict all your life then, have you, Mr. Hughes?

BOB

What do you mean?

MRS. WATERMAKER

I mean you could hardly have been an addict in prison now, could you Mr. Hughes?

BOB

Why not?

MRS. WATERMAKER

Do you mean to sit there and tell me that you were addicted to drugs while in prison?

BOB

Well, not all the time. But I used all the time I was inside, I mean, what do you want, lady, my life story? Well, I'll tell it to you. I was a junkie. I liked dope. I liked the lifestyle. I was on top of it all but it wasn't real. You don't see my kind of people, because my kind of people don't come down here and beg dope. They go out and get it and if they miss, they go to jail and then they kick alone without nothing in some holding tank.

MRS. WATERMAKER

I'm sorry, Bob. I don't mean to hassle you. All this is required. I'm sorry if it seems unnecessary. Have you ever thought about becoming a counselor and helping other addicts with their problems?

BOB

(without hesitation)  
No, I don't think so, ma'am.

MRS. WATERMAKER

Why not?

BOB

Well, to begin with, no one, and I mean no one can talk a junkie out of using, so all your counseling is just wasted words and you might as well have flushed them down the toilet. A junkie needs his thing nine times out of ten just to be able to live with himself. He needs it just like a diabetic needs insulin. How are you going to sit and talk a diabetic out of using insulin?

MRS. WATERMAKER

Hmmm, I see, well, tell me, Bob, if you can, why did you use narcotics?

Bob sits and squirms in his chair. He looks out the office window.

BOB

That really is a tough question, lady. I may think I know the answer, and then maybe I don't. When you ask a dope fiend why he uses, it's just about like asking a normal person why they like sex. And I suppose different people will come up with different answers, ranging from it just feels good, to I can't resist the urge, to it's all part of love, to I only do it to have children. Lady, a dope fiend will give you just about the same answers, with the exception of the last one. I've yet to hear a dope fiend claim he shot dope in an attempt to have children.

192 INT. HOTEL LOBBY DAY

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Bob is sitting by the window, watching cars and people go by outside.

The elevator doors open and TOM walks out, past the hotel desk, where a tall, cadaverish CLERK is sorting mail. The Clerk sees Tom.

CLERK

Hey Tom, there's a letter for you here.

TOM

(accepting the letter)

Bless you.

Tom opens it, walking across the lobby to the chairs by the window, and sits down to read. Bob has recognized him.

BOB

Father Murphy? Hey, Tom.

TOM

(peering at Bob)

Well, well. . . bad Bobby Hughes. Imagine seeing you here after all these years.

BOB

Yeah, it's been a long time. You living here too?

TOM

I have nowhere else to go. There is no demand in the priesthood for elderly drug addicts. An indiscretion back in '70 -- you were "inside" at the time, I believe -- resulted in my descent to this sorry state. As a matter of fact I am feeling a bit sick right now. Are you holding?

BOB

Naw, I am kicking like a goddamn mule. Those bastards at the methadone clinic want me good and sick before they'll process my application. But you ought to be able to get on easy?

TOM

(absently tearing bits of paper from the letter)

Sure I'm on the program. But sometimes I get a little ahead of my schedule, you understand. Sometimes I think that nurse is lightening them up, but who knows. So how about it, you want to score?

BOB

Not me, Tom. But I'll keep you company.

192A EXT PARK DAY \*\*

Bob and Tom sitting on park bench.

193 INT. TOM'S ROOM DAY \*\*

Tom and Bob are sitting in the small room, talking.

TOM

. . . so they are cooking up the shot in a big spoon and this little guy that was sitting in the corner, you wouldn't notice him, is standing there with one foot off the ground, like he's going to kick the spoon out of their hands, and he says, "Draw my shot up nice and easy, or it ain't nobody gets any." And it's a bluff they don't care to call. So they give him his shot, and he goes back off in the corner to enjoy his medications.

BOB

And they didn't kick his ass.?!

TOM

What's the point? These junkies, they figure the little guy made his play, he had the guts, what the hell. They understand. And, after that, they watched him closer.

BOB

You know, Tom, you taught me a lot, like stay out of a boy and girl fight. All the old time stories, how you used to stick your arm through the bars of the cell and a guard would fire you up a shot of morphine. They never did that for me.

TOM

Narcotics have been demonized and scapegoated in this country. To those who do not use, it is a sin, or a crime, or an illness. The very idea that anyone could use drugs and avoid a horrible fate is anathema to these idiots. They are morally ravaged victims of the Right Virus, and they seem to have the whip hand on planet Earth, at the present time. In the future I predict they will exploit a domestic drug panic as a masquerade behind which to prop up their international police state. But I'm an old man, and maybe I won't live to see the whole shithouse go up.

BOB

You missed your calling, Tom. You should have been a philosopher.

TOM

In another life perhaps.

194 INT. METAL SHOP DAY

Bob at work, he is drilling holes into a metal plate, then measuring the holes, and checking for burrs.

194A EXT. STREET DAY

Bob is walking cheerily down the street, wearing some new clothes.

David walks out of a doorway after Bob passes, not taking too much notice of Bob, but aware that he passed by.

194B INT. BOB'S ROOM DAY

Bob cooking soup that he has still in the can.

LATER, Bob eating under a small light, while sitting on his bed.

194C INT. WORKSHOP DAY

Holes being drilled.

194D INT. METHADONE CLINIC DAY

Bob sitting in a group. A discussion group.

194E EXT. HANDBALL COURT DAY

Bob playing handball on outside court.

195 INT. HALLWAY DAY

Bob reaches the hallway to his own room and goes inside, after unlocking the door.

196 INT. BOB'S ROOM DAY

Bob closes the door and locks it, but sitting behind him is Detective GENTRY, in a chair next to the bed, under a reading lamp.

Bob smoothly takes off his coat and hangs it up.  
(Nothing to hide attitude)

BOB

Catching up on some reading, Gentry?

Gentry ignores the remark.

GENTRY

You didn't stay gone long, Bob, what happened?

BOB

Nothing happened.

Bob plops onto his bed and braces his hands behind his head.

GENTRY

I hear you're on a methadone program now. Now you don't think that's going to keep Halamer from jumping you, do you, Bob?

BOB

To tell the truth, I hadn't given it much thought.

GENTRY

Well, I want to tell you, warn you, that Halamer's pissed. He lost his gold badge, you know, over that little fracas. He's now working traffic out in the north end. He's made so many damn threats, told so many people that he's almost going to have to hurt you now.

BOB

What about the Trousiniski? How's he feeling about the whole affair?

GENTRY

Don't you worry about Trousiniski, Bob, he's not really dangerous. He just does his job the best way he knows how.

BOB

Well, I don't know what to tell you, I got a job, you know. I start work tomorrow.



GENTRY

Yeah, that's what I heard. What happened out there in the sticks, Bob? Where's Dianne?

BOB

You know how whimsical women are. She finally found another dude to chase after, and down the road she went, chasing after him.

GENTRY

You know what Bob, I've known you and Dianne since we were all kids and I find that a little hard to believe.

Gentry rises from his chair.

GENTRY

I'll see you around, Bob, and I sincerely hope you make out on that job you've got and straighten up a bit.

196A INT. HOTEL ROOM DAY

Bob listens to a radio song. Smokes a cigarette.

197 EXT. CITY NIGHT

The cloudy sky lights up from an electrical storm, and thunder booms out slightly after.

198 EXT. STREET NIGHT

A car pulls up to the curb and a shadowy figure gets out and enters the Hotel.

199 INT. BOB'S ROOM NIGHT

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A knock comes on the door. Bob is laying in bed playing solitaire. He gets up and answers the knock. A sad old COUNTRY AND WESTERN tune is playing on a little radio by Bob's bed.

BOB

Who's there?

DIANNE'S VOICE

It's me, Dianne.

Bob throws the door open and smiles. Dianne steps in hesitantly and looks around at the room's dismal appearance. She looks shocked.

DIANNE

Jesus, what kind of dump is this? And where's the female? You might as well trot her out.

BOB

You don't ever change, do you, Dianne?

DIANNE

You goddamn right I don't. Why should I?

BOB

I was just remarking on how good you look. I didn't mean nothing by it.

DIANNE

I'll bet. You're slipperier than an eel, Bob, no one ever catches you off balance because you stay off balance constantly, just to stay on your feet.

BOB

Is that all you got to say? Is that why you come up here, or did you just want to see me down and out?

DIANNE

I just wanted to see you period. How's that methadone thing?

BOB

Oh, so-so. I got a job, bet you never expected to see that.

DIANNE

No shit, where're you working?

BOB

Oh, down at some machine shop on Western.

DIANNE

What do you do there?

BOB

Drill holes.

DIANNE

Drill holes?

BOB

Yeah, you know, like the holes that bolts fit into and such.

DIANNE

Oh yeah? How do you like it?

BOB

Well, to tell you the truth, it's kind of a drag.

DIANNE

Then you're really serious. You're going to go on with this thing.

BOB

Yeah, I am, Dianne. Sit down here, why don't you take off your coat and stay awhile.

DIANNE

Oh, I can't Bob, I got people waiting for me down in the car. I just came up to see how you was doing. Here...

Dianne struggles with something in her purse, and comes up with a small package.

DIANNE

This is from Rick and the rest of us. We kind of thought you might need a taste once in awhile.

Bob smiles and takes the package.

BOB

Thanks, Dianne. I sure do appreciate you all thinking of me.

DIANNE

Bob?

BOB

Yeah?

DIANNE

What happened? What made you turn around that day? Was it me, did I do something wrong? Or was it just that thing with Nadine?

BOB

No, baby, it wasn't you. It was Nadine's death and the hex that she threw on us with the hat. And then I panicked when I looked out into that parking lot and seen all those cop cars. I just knew I was dead. Everything up to then had gone wrong and so I started coping deuces. I prayed like never before. I said "God, Devil, Sun, whoever you are up there that controls this whirly-girly mad tumbling world, please have pity on me. Please let me get this poor girl's body out of

BOB

(continued)

this motel room and into the ground so I don't have to spend the rest of my life in prison. And God, Sun, Satan, if you'll do that for me, I'll show my appreciation by going back to the coast, getting on a methadone program, getting a job and living the good life." Well, I got out, and I promised, so here I am.

DIANNE

Are you going to stick to it forever?

BOB

Yeah. And, you know, for all the boredom the good life brings, it's not so bad. Even this crummy little room isn't so bad. I'm a regular guy. I got my regular job. And my regular room. Now I got my woman. . .

Dianne sits down on the bed and sighs.

DIANNE

You're crazy, Bob, you are really crazy. But I see what you mean. Jesus, Bob, if I had known what it was all about, I'd have come along with you, I thought you were mad at me for something.

BOB

Why don't you go tell your friends you're going to stay the night, and then come back up here and bed down with me for awhile?

DIANNE

I'd like to Bob,  
(Dianne lowers her eyes)  
but I got another old man now. I work for Rick now, ain't that a gas? There we were teaching the brat to steal, and now I'm on his crew. Things sure can get screwed around, can't they?

Bob nods yes.

DIANNE

I'd like to stay the night with you really I would. Only I'm Rick's old lady now. And you know me, Bob, I might have been a lot of things, but I never was a tramp.

Bob manages a smile. A long pause.

BOB

I'll see you, Dianne.

(Bob leads Dianne out the door.)

You stop back by sometime.

200 INT. HALLWAY NIGHT

Bob waves at Dianne as she walks down the hall.

BOB

It sure was good to see you. And you're really looking good. I sure wish I could go with you and win you back.

201 INT. ROOM NIGHT

Bob slowly closes the door and wanders back to his bed and sits down slowly, thinking.

202 EXT. STREET NIGHT

Dianne's figure, in the rain, darkly stepping into the waiting car. Then the car takes off.

203 INT. BOB'S ROOM NIGHT

Bob sitting.

DISSOLVE TO:

204 INT. BOB'S WORKPLACE DAY

Bob drilling holes.

204A EXT. STREET DUSK

Bob, carrying groceries and whistling, walks past a donut shop where Gentry is drinking a cup of coffee.

205 INT. HALLWAY OF HOTEL DAY

Bob walks down the hall of his hotel and opens the door to his room. He is carrying the groceries.

206 INT. ROOM DAY

Bob enters his room, puts down the groceries and pokes around his closet, under a pile of rags in one corner, he comes up with the package Dianne had left him the night before and leaves the room.

207 INT. STAIRWAY DAY

Bob bounds up the stairs one flight.

208 INT. HALLWAY DAY

\*\*

Bob knocks on Tom's door. Tom opens the door of his apartment. Bob hands his package to him.

TOM

What's this?

BOB

A little gift, someone left it for me last night, but I'm not going to need it, seein' as how I've got my new program going, so you take it.

208A INT. ROOM DAY

\*\*

They both step into the room and Tom shuts and locks the door behind him.

He lays the sock on the bedside table and empties the contents.

BOB

I don't know exactly what's in it, but...

TOM

God Bless you my son. May you go to heaven. Let's see just what's in this. Oh, yeah - this is for squares, never touch the stuff. Now this here, this bottle of one hundred sixteenths of dilaudid, this could come in handy. This will certainly earn you an indulgence.

BOB

I'm not so sure. I've come a long, weird road since I knew you as a kid, Tom. I took everything you told me and took it further. Hitting the poisons when everybody else was cleaning up, getting on the program. I had a good run, but people got hurt. People were

BOB

(continued)

shot, busted, people died. I can't do it anymore. The girl I married still thinks she's Ma Barker but I'm thinking like Pa Kettle. My cross-roading days are done, I guess I hope to never see another sitting-duck pharmacy. And I have to confess I don't know what it was all for.

TOM

(measuring his words)

There are more things than our feet that carry us to sin, my son. Few things in my own past I'd just as soon forget. Who can say who gets a second chance? But I hope you make it, kid, may I fall down and be paralyzed if I don't mean it.

209 INT. HALL NIGHT DUSK

Bob leaves Tom's room and strides lightly down the stairs.

210 INT. BOB'S ROOM NIGHT

Bob opens the door and enters, opening up his closet to hang up his coat. The HAMMER OF A GUN CLICKS, and as Bob steps back, a man wearing a ski mask steps out of the closet with the gun aimed at Bob.

MASK

Where's it at, Bob, where's it at?

CLOSE VIEW of Bob's head, there is a ROARING NOISE from a blow, and Bob is sent to the floor.

BOB

I don't know what you're talking about. What do you want?

MASK

We want your dope, man, where's the dope?

Bob squirms on the floor as his mind races.

BOB

Man, I ain't got no dope. You think I'd be living in this flea trap if I had any dope? Hell, I'm on the methadone program, and you guys come to me to rob for dope? Boy, that sure is a laugh.

Bob tries to make his point by letting out a laugh, but it doesn't work. The laugh doesn't come out right. It sounds more like a howl.

MASK

Okay, buster. You want it the hard way and we're just the dudes that can give it to you.

Bob seems to recognize the voice.

BOB

Is that your voice, David?

David kicks him again in the head. Hands tie Bob's hands together.

BOB

David, you little punk. I'm telling you the truth. I'm going straight. You ought to try it sometime. It's good for the soul.

DAVID

Fucking liar! Where is it, Bob? We heard you were here. We know this is all a scam you're playing.

The figures begin to kick Bob. And no matter how he moved he couldn't get away from their blows.

DAVID

Where is it, Bob, where is it?

BOB'S VOICE OVER

Just like on TV, fucking TV babies. What is the world coming to with all these TV babies. What are people going to do once they snap that they have raised a whole new breed of little monsters?

FINALLY THE ATTACKERS are out of breath, breathing hard through their ski masks.

BOB'S VOICE OVER

Hell, I should have stayed on the road, I was stupid to think that cleaning up my hand would make any difference to the hat.

DAVID

So where is it?!

ACCOMPLICE

What are we going to do? The bastard either doesn't have it or he's going to die before he tells us.



DAVID

Kill the sonofabitch. I'll bet you the next bastard we capture will tell us where it's at. So he's tough. They ain't all tough. I say kill him. Did you hear me Bob?

No response. David raises the pistol (a twenty-two) and shoots Bob once in the back.

211 INT. NEXT DOOR APARTMENT NIGHT

An older WOMAN has her ear to the wall, when she hears the shots, she coils back.

She listens some more and hears the TWO leave.

212 INT. HALLWAY NIGHT

The old woman sees that the hallway is clear. She races to Bob's room; sees Bob on the ground, getting up. She goes to the end of the hall and calls on a pay phone.

213 INT./EXT. HOTEL NIGHT

Detective Gentry arrives outside the Hotel just as they are bringing Bob out on a stretcher.

One look at Bob convinces Gentry that Bob is hurt badly.

No, Bob doesn't look good at all.

GENTRY

How's he doing?

An ATTENDANT shrugs.

VIEW of Tom the Priest looking out his window. Ambulance goes down the road.

214 INT. AMBULANCE NIGHT

Gentry squats next to the stretcher.

GENTRY

You awake, Bob?

Gentry hangs over Bob.

GENTRY

Who got you, Bob?

Bob opens his eyes and smiles.

GENTRY  
Was it Halamer?

Bob shakes his head from side to side meaning no, the lights from streetlights play with his face.

Gentry wipes his brow, glad that Halamer wasn't responsible.

GENTRY  
Who got you? What happened?

BOB  
The hat.

Gentry leans closer.

GENTRY  
The hat, Bob? Did you say the hat?

Gentry reaches into a pocket and takes out a little black book to write in.

Bob nods yes. Gentry writes it down.

BOB  
Tell Dianne to watch out for the hat. Tell her.

GENTRY  
Okay, Bob, tell Dianne to watch out for the hat.

Again Bob nods.

GENTRY  
Did the hat shoot you, Bob?

BOB  
No, the TV baby shot me.

GENTRY  
The TV baby shot you, Bob, but the hat sent them, is that it?

Bob laughs at Gentry

BOB  
Never mind. I'll tell her myself.

Gentry is a bit confused, but writes it down in the black book.

Close VIEW of Bob's face, his smile, and the VIEW tilts up to see out the ambulance window.

THE END