

EXCESS BAGGAGE

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RECEIVED

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COLUMBIA STORY DEPT.

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FADE IN:

1 EXT CITY DOCKS DAY

It's a cold grey windswept day. We're in the City's commercial waterfront. Piers, loading cranes, container boxes.

OPENING TITLES BEGIN

There's a metal bridge which spans a tributary canal. At one side there's a warehouse and a diner. And a pay phone. And nearby the incongruous sight of a classic Molyneux Ward Rolls Royce Silver Cloud. There's a Driver behind the wheel. The rear door is open and a man sits in the rear seat.

AMADEUS T HOPE is in his late fifties. Manicured hands, a beautifully tailored suit. He looks composed but tense. There's a briefcase on the seat beside him. He glances out the window.

There's a couple of joggers coming across the bridge, in sweats and headbands. And further down the bridge a Department of Water & Power van.

There's SILENCE except for seagulls and a ship's siren out in the bay.

2 INT/EXT PARKING GARAGE - DAY

We're on an upper level of a multi-story garage. From it we can see the bridge below and the waiting Rolls Royce. And a barge approaching the bridge from the bay.

A hand comes into view. A girl's hand with bitten down painted fingernails. They tap impatiently on the keypad of a cellular phone. There's a black box hooked up to it.

WIDER SHOT reveals EMILY. She's 20. She's wearing jeans and a plaid shirt - street chic - and smoking a cigarette. She watches through the parking level's open struts as the barge gets nearer and nearer the bridge...

Then she throws away the cigarette and stabs out a number on the phone's keypad.

3 EXT BRIDGE - DAY

The pay phone rings. Amadeus reacts. So do the two joggers as they pass by. He leaves the car, the briefcase in his hand. From force of habit he smooths down his creased jacket and picks up the receiver.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

AMADEUS

I'm here.

We HEAR a distorted voice through the phone. It doesn't sound like the girl we've just seen.

VOICE

Amadeus T Hope?

AMADEUS

Yes.

VOICE

Did you bring the money?

AMADEUS

Yes. I wish to speak to my daughter.

4 INT/EXT PARKING GARAGE DAY

RESUME Emily. She adjusts the black box - a filter which alters her voice.

EMILY

I'm not interested in what you wish, Mr. Hope. Just follow directions and stick to the plan. Am I clear?... Good. Do you see the barge approaching the bridge?

5 EXT BRIDGE - DAY

RESUME Amadeus in the pay phone as he looks down the canal.

AMADEUS

I see it.

EMILY (V.O./FILTERED)

Walk to the bridge, throw the briefcase onto the barge, and come back to the phone booth for further directions.

AMADEUS

How do I know you'll release her?

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

EMILY (V.O./FILTERED)

You don't.

Amadeus replaces the receiver and starts to walk toward the edge of the bridge.

6 EXT BARGE - TRAVELING DAY

From the deck of the barge we can see Amadeus on the bridge above and ahead. CAMERA angles onto the D.W.P. van a few yards further on.

7 INT SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

There are four cops in the van, surrounded by computerized state of the art surveillance equipment. SIMS is the veteran, with twenty years of doing things by the book, but everything always goes to hell anyway. His partner, BARNABY, is younger. Says less, thinks more.

Two Technicians are trying to decipher static on a telephone tracer. Barnaby listens on an extra set of headphones.

Sims stares out the van's polarized window at Amadeus, who's almost reached the center of the bridge.

SIMS

Where's he going?

BARNABY

To throw the money over the side.

SIMS

What?

BARNABY

That's what they just told him to do.

Sims, glaring, grabs for a walkie talkie.

SIMS

Were you going to tell me before or after he tossed it?

8 EXT BRIDGE DAY

Amadeus watches the barge slip below him. He waits a moment then heaves the briefcase over the side.

9 INT. PARKING GARAGE/UPPER LEVEL - DAY

Emily watches her father's stick figure in the distance.

EMILY

Nice throw, Dad.

She flips open the trunk of a gun metal gray 500SL Mercedes Benz and extracts some heavy duty duct tape.

10 EXT BRIDGE DAY

One of the 'joggers' speaks into a small cellular.

JOGGER

He threw the case on the barge.

11 INT SURVEILLANCE VAN DAY

Sims is issuing instructions.

SIMS

Thanks, Kimble! I want full
surveillance - don't lose that
barge!

12 INT/EXT PARKING GARAGE DAY

Emily is taping her ankles together. Below she can see several things: her father returning to the pay phone, the moving barge and the 'joggers' trying to keep up with it.

The phone crackles to life.

AMADEUS (V.O.)

You've got the money. Where's
my daughter?

Ankles taped, Emily hops to the edge of the trunk to rummage for more bondage paraphernalia. She speaks into the filtered phone.

EMILY

You'll find her in the trunk of
her car, which is in fifth
level parking at -

She pulls a wrinkled slip of paper from her jeans pocket and squints at it -

EMILY (CONT'D)

352 Harbor.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

She hangs up and works fast, knowing she's against the clock. First a gag - a real gag: stuffing, knots, the works. This is obviously a routine she's practised. Then she climbs into the trunk and picks up a pair of handcuffs. Holding them with one hand she slams the lid closed from the inside.

The ECHO of the slamming trunk reverberates through the dim garage, and dies.

13 EXT BRIDGE - DAY

Unmarked police cars appear from doorways and alleys. They fishtail pass Amadeus, tires squealing, engines revving.

Sims and Barnaby run from their van towards an unmarked car which brakes to a halt. Sims shouts into his walkie-talkie.

SIMS

Odds are someone's still inside
monitoring --

He glances at the distant parking structure.

SIMS

So no black and whites, and no
goddam sirens!

CUT to BLACK and SUPERIMPOSE FINAL CREDIT

14 INT MERCEDES TRUNK DAY

We're in total blackness, but we can HEAR SOUNDS: the squeal of tires on concrete; cars braking, doors slamming, voices shouting.

Then daylight, as the trunk is opened. Faces of Cops peer down at us.

15 INT PARKING GARAGE UPPER LEVEL DAY

Hands lift Emily carefully from the car, her hands cuffed behind her back. They remove the gag and handcuffs and tear off the tape binding her ankles. Her face is white and drawn. She shakes her head, dazed, at a barrage of questions: 'Are you all right?' 'Did you see them?' 'Did they hurt you?'

But all she can see is Amadeus as he pushes through the crowd toward her. There's a moment of stillness and silence as the two lock eyes. Then her Father's face floods with relief and he opens up his arms. She runs to him, burying her head in his chest.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

AMADEUS

Thank God, you're safe!

Then there's the pop of flashbulbs and a local Newsteam pushes forward.

REPORTER

Mr Hope, how much was the ransom?

AMADEUS

What does it matter? This girl is my life!

Emily's eyes flood with tears.

Then the figures fade away, including Emily herself and we realize this was all in her head...

16 INT THE SAME DAY

We're back in the parking level, filled with nothing but cars. The Mercedes sits innocently in its parking slot.

Silence for a moment. Then the SOUND of approaching footsteps.

A young man comes into view. This is VINCENT. He looks like a young exec, just picking up his car and heading home, in a dark, two piece Hugo Boss suit and tie. In his hand is a rolled up copy of the Wall Street Journal.

He pauses by the Mercedes and looks admiringly at it - like anyone might with a car like this. He runs his fingers across the polished paintwork.

Then suddenly he slides a slim jim from the rolled-up newspaper. A moment later he's inside the car.

Vincent works with cool precision as he loosens the panel under the dash. There's a sudden shrill sound from the alarm. It doesn't throw him. He disconnects it within seconds, then hot-wires the ignition. The engine throbs into life.

He slides behind the seat and closes the door. He sits there a moment, adjusting the seat to his liking. Then he takes a cassette from his pocket and slips it in the tape deck. Brazilian percussion fills the air as he backs the car out of its space.

17 EXT RIVER BARGE - TRAVELING DAY

We HEAR the SOUND of an approaching helicopter. The barge MATE steps out of the wheelhouse, notices the briefcase on the aft deck, frowns, walks to it, picks it up and shakes it.

MATE

Hey, Larry - were we expecting
UPS?

The Pilot - LARRY - sticks his head out the wheelhouse door. Then the Mate flicks open the catch - and sees a million bucks!

MATE

Jesus!

Both of them look up, reacting to the helicopter hovering overhead.

18 EXT CITY STREET DAY

Several of the unmarked cars are careening down the street.

19 INT UNDERCOVER CAR - DAY

Sims wrestles his seat belt, struggling to snap it into a mechanism that just doesn't want to work, riding shotgun next to CHIP, a young Cop in a parka. Barnaby sits in the rear. Through the windscreen we can see the other cars tearing into the parking structure.

20 EXT PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Vincent takes his change from the Toll Booth Clerk. He reacts with casual interest at the cars screaming into the building. The pole lifts and he nurses the gray Mercedes into the street.

21 INT UNDERCOVER CAR - GARAGE ENTRANCE - DAY

Sims is still cursing his seat belt as the car turns into the garage. Barnaby glances up in time to see the Mercedes, does a double take and turns to read the license plate.

BARNABY

That's her car!

SIMS

What?

BARNABY

That's the vic's car. Grey
Mercedes.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

SIMS
Holy shit! Turn around!!

22 EXT GARAGE ENTRANCE DAY

The car brakes to a halt. So does the car behind them. It swerves - not before sideswiping their rear wing.

Chip manoevers their car over the concrete barrier separating the entrance and exit lanes. The car crashes through the exit barrier.

23 INT UNDERCOVER CAR - TRAVELING DAY

Sims sticks his arm through the window and clamps a flashing light to the roof. And hits the siren.

BARNABY
I thought we were undercover.

24 INT MERCEDES - TRAVELING DAY

Vincent checks his rear view mirror and sees the flashing light. There's also the continuing SOUND of the helicopter above him. What's going on here?

He slows down so the cop car can pass. But it doesn't, it brakes to a halt close behind him. Then he hears Sims' amplified voice.

SIMS
Put your hands through the window then step slowly from the car!

VINCENT
Shit!

24A EXT STREET DAY

Vincent's hands appear through the window. Sims gets out of the car. He loosens his top coat so his gun is reachable as he walks toward the Merc. Then the Merc starts to move - fast, then faster, even though Vincent's hands are still visible through the window.

SIMS
Sonovabitch!

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24B INT MERC TRAVELING DAY

Vincent's steering with his knees. Then he puts his hands back on the wheel and hits the pedal.

25 INT UNDERCOVER CAR - TRAVELING DAY

Sims scrambles back in the car and it takes off in pursuit. He grabs the radio.

SIMS

All units! I'm in pursuit of a Grey Mercedes, Licence ETH 1 heading west on - what's the name of this goddam street?!

26 EXT RIVER BARGE DAY

We're SHOOTING from the deck of the barge towards a police helicopter where we can see a MARKSMAN aiming a high powered rifle toward us. Behind him another Cop talks through a bullhorn.

HELICOPTER COP

You in the cockpit, pull over immediately!

The two crew members are frozen with indecision and panic. There's another SOUND and they turn to see a Harbor Police cutter heading their way.

HELICOPTER COP

You with the briefcase, set it down and put your hands on your head.

The mate drops the briefcase and money starts fluttering all the hell over.

27 INT. POLICE HELICOPTER - DAY

SHARP SHOOTER

Oh shit, the money!

The helicopter cop pales - still yelling through the megaphone -

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

HELICOPTER COP

You with your hands over your head, pick that briefcase up immediately! Pick it up, you moron!!

28 EXT RIVER BARGE - DAY

But the Mate won't move - not with that rifle aimed at his head. The pilot abandons the wheelhouse to try to stop the money's pell mell trail into the sky.

MATE

Don't move, Larry, they'll fucking blow us away!

PILOT

Why, what have we done?!!

29 EXT BRIDGE DAY

Amadeus is still standing on the bridge, watching all this. His face gives nothing away as he watches his money spiralling in the air.

30 INT MERCEDES - TRAVELING DAY

Vincent's cool and poised behind the wheel but he can't believe the heat. There's an unmarked police car behind him and a black and white comes out of a side street, trying to cut him off.

He spins the wheel, hits the sidewalk and squeezes through the gap. He gives a grunt of satisfaction and turns up the volume on the stereo.

31 INT UNDERCOVER CAR - TRAVELING DAY

Chip is doing his best to follow Vincent. He makes a right down an alley. Then a voice comes through on the car phone.

HELICOPTER COP

Dan, we lost the money!

Sims, rocking around each curve, yells into his radio.

SIMS

What do you mean, you lost the money? It's on a barge!

(more)

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

SIMS (Cont'd)
How hard is it to keep track of
a barge?!

32 EXT RIVER DAY

We're seeing this from the helicopter's POV. There's money everywhere - in the air, on the barge, floating in the water. And there's a few opportunists, scrambling in the mud at the water's edge, trying to get some.

HELICOPTER COP (V.O.)
We didn't lose the barge. We
lost the money.

SIMS
For Christ's sake, how?!!

HELICOPTER COP (V.O.)
Half is air borne, and the
other half sank.

33 INT. UNDERCOVER CAR - TRAVELING DAY

RESUME Sims. His head hits the roof as the car goes over a speed bump.

34 INT MERCEDES - TRAVELING DAY

All around Vincent the pursuit has stepped up. He gets glimpses of black and whites and hears sirens above the insistant beat of the MUSIC. Cops are all over the place. But he knows the neighborhood.

35 EXT CAR WASH DAY

The Merc angles across the forecourt of a disused car wash. A black and white appears at the other end, cutting off his access. Vincent hangs a savage left. He can hear sirens behind him and there's only one route - through the washing bay itself. The car screams through, tires burning against the old rusted chain pulley.

36 EXT STREET DAY

The Merc hits the street again and immediately cuts into another alley, racing past dumpsters and derelicts. When he reaches another street Vincent sees a car heading toward him.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

He mounts the sidewalk, cutting across a playground, scattering homeboys shooting baskets. He leaves a wake of abuse behind him as he fishtails into a narrow side street.

There's a kid ahead of him, carrying three transparent plastic bags, crammed full with recyclable trash. Vincent swerves to avoid him. He jumps back, dropping the bags and bottles and cans roll everywhere.

37 INT UNDERCOVER CAR - TRAVELING DAY

Sims's car is first into the side street. It slews through coke cans and plastic bottles. There's a voice from Sims' radio.

VOICE

You on him, Sims, 'cause we lost him?

SIMS

Goddamn it, where's the chopper support?!

VOICE

They lost him too.

Sims slumps in his seat and turns round to his partner.

SIMS

We lost the money, we lost the victim and we lost the perps - is that a fair summation of the situation?

BARNABY

Dead on.

The phone buzzes. Chip listens for a moment, then hands the receiver to Sims.

CHIP

It's the father - you wanna talk to him?

38 EXT WAREHOUSE DAY

HIGH ANGLE as the Merc comes into view. There's no sign of pursuit as it cruises down an empty street in a rundown commercial area near the docks. It slows near a disused warehouse, the walls covered in pigeon shit, the windows blackened and barred.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

A massive metal door starts to open electronically and the car drives through.

39 INT VINCENT'S WAREHOUSE - DAY

The interior is a large cavernous space, the high ceiling supported by rusting metal pillars. Metal stairs connect with a living space above. There are five sleek top-of-the-line cars parked on the oil-stained concrete floor. Some distance away a classic black '78 Stingray is parked in a corner.

Vincent drives the Merc onto a hydraulic hoist, cuts the engine and gets out. The door rumbles shut behind him. Somewhere above he hears the distant DRONE of a helicopter. He frowns at the car.

VINCENT

Who d'you belong to, the mayor?

He reaches inside. There's a girl's bag on the seat. He opens it. There's a mess of stuff inside - cigarettes, make-up, cassettes, receipts, parking tickets. And a wallet, with a driver's licence.

VINCENT

Emily T Hope?

He shrugs - it means nothing to him. He scrunches it up and walks towards a work area which covers most of one wall. It's immaculate. It looks like the maintenance bay of a service station complete with diagnostic computer and oxy-acetylene equipment. Vincent turns on overhead lights and plays with dimmers till he gets them just right. There's a sound system on a work bench - CD player and angled speakers. He presses play. A moment later the echoing space is filled with the sound of Brazilian jazz. He peels off his jacket.

There's some muffled thuds from inside the trunk of the Merc. The car's vibrating as Emily moves around in there. Vincent can't hear this and doesn't see it. He slips coveralls on over his suit pants. For the first time we see him smile and relax. In this place he's home.

He presses a button and the jack starts to lift the car. He moves to a piece of laser equipment, the size of a small generator mounted on a dolly, and wheels it across the floor under the car. With a Mag light he locates the Merc's serial number on the engine block.

Then he registers something - the car's moving and it shouldn't be. He heads to the rear. This is where the movement's coming from. He frowns, ducks under the car, and starts to bring it down again. He crosses to the bench and switches off the music. Then he moves back to the trunk of the Merc and hears the muffled pounding inside. Someone, or something, is in there.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

He pops the trunk and sees Emily, bound and gagged, hands cuffed behind her, looking the worse for the ride and glaring up at him.

VINCENT

Shit!!

He slams the trunk shut again. The pounding increases. He opens it again and stares incredulously at Emily.

VINCENT

Who the hell are you?

EMILY

(muffled)

Mmmmsphmmnnphmmnnphmmmmph!

VINCENT

Can you breathe?

EMILY

MMmmmmmmMMphmmmmmm!

VINCENT

Have you had water within the last twenty-four hours?

EMILY

MphMphMph!

VINCENT

I gotta think about this.

He slams the lid again, and runs a troubled hand across his face. He looks around - especially at the five other gleaming stolen cars. His mind's racing, turning over all the possibilities. He opens the lid again.

VINCENT

Are you Emily?

She nods vigorously.

VINCENT

Look, I'm not gonna hurt you.
I er... later, okay?

EMILY

(angrily)

Mmmph-mme-nngrrhhh!

VINCENT

I can't do that.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (2)

He shuts the trunk again then checks his watch.

40 EXT WAREHOUSE DAY

Vincent walks through the automated garage door. He's changed into jogging clothes. He scopes the block in both directions.

Nothing, except for an old woman, sifting through a dumpster. Her name is MEG. She's huddled within several folds of old coat, tied together with string. The door closes again behind Vincent as he sets off down the street.

41 EXT HOPE MANSION DAY

Hope's mansion manages to be enormous and discreet at the same time. It resembles a large Edwardian pile in the Home Counties of England. Its privacy is protected by high walls and trees. There's a four car garage where the Rolls is parked next to a Bentley Continental, a Range Rover and a Mercedes. Out front are four police cars, two black and white, two unmarked. And the surveillance van we saw at the bridge.

A limo cruises up the gravel drive. When it stops a man gets out of the rear. His name is THOM DEAKIN. He's about 45, soberly dressed. Hard eyes that don't miss anything. And the first thing they take in is a window above him, where he can see the silhouette of Amadeus.

42 INT HOPE MANSION LIBRARY DAY

The room is an imposing library filled with leather bound books and first editions. A circular wooden staircase leads to an upper gallery. Amadeus has his back to Sims and Barnaby, who have a street map spread out on a coffee table.

SIMS

We're almost certain the car never left this area.

AMADEUS

Almost?

SIMS

Ninety-nine percent. You got the river to the East, and the freight yards this side, and we had these streets pretty much locked off.

The door is opened by a Chip. Deakin stands behind him.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

CHIP

This guy says he's expected.

AMADEUS

Come in, Thom.

CHIP

He's not on the roster of household and staff.

AMADEUS

Mr Deakin is a valued colleague and friend of the family.

DEAKIN

I'm Emily's Uncle Thom.

He walks past Chip into the room. Sims and Barnaby exchange looks. Somehow he doesn't have the look of an uncle. They direct their attention back to Amadeus.

SIMS

So. I don't want to instigate a house to house till they make a move.

DEAKIN

What do we know about 'they'?

SIMS

We saw a man drive her Mercedes from the pick up zone. Dark haired, Caucasian, couldn't tell what age.

DEAKIN

I take it he wasn't apprehended.

SIMS

Er, well...

AMADEUS

They lost him.

DEAKIN

How much F.B.I. support do you have?

SIMS

What?

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: (2)

DEAKIN

It's mandatory for the Bureau
to be involved in a kidnap
case.

Sims is finding it very hard to keep his cool.

SIMS

They're co-operating, but this
investigation is mine.

DEAKIN

I'm sure you'll handle it
extremely well er...

SIMS

Detective Sims. And this is
Detective Barnaby.

AMADEUS

Would you excuse us, gentlemen?
This has been a very trying and
emotional time for me. I'd
like a moment alone with Mr
Deakin.

Sims doesn't like being dismissed but he swallows it.

SIMS

Sure. We'll er... We'll be
outside.

Amadeus gives them a grateful smile which fades as he closes the door
behind them.

AMADEUS

The imbeciles also managed to
lose the ransom.

DEAKIN

I don't understand why you
brought them into this.
Kidnappers usually insist
police are kept out. Otherwise
you get an ear in the mail,
something like that.

AMADEUS

I have to close a deal in
Nassau on the twenty-fifth. I
have to be there personally.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: (3)

DEAKIN

Is it important?

AMADEUS

They're all important, Thom.

DEAKIN

Are there people who don't want you to make this deal?

AMADEUS

There always are.

DEAKIN

So maybe they're behind this. Figuring you'd be more concerned with Emily's safety than showing up in Nassau.

Amadeus's look gives away nothing

DEAKIN

Wouldn't you?

AMADEUS

As I say, Thom, I have to be there on the twenty-fifth. I paid the ransom, things went wrong. You're here now, I'm sure they'll improve.

DEAKIN

You should have called me first.

43 INT VINCENT'S WAREHOUSE DAY

The Mercedes is rocking as Emily bangs around inside the trunk.

44 INT MERCEDES TRUNK

We can see Emily shuffling around, working by the light of a key torch on the floor of the trunk. With her cuffed hands she's tugging at her belt, working it through the loops of her jeans. Further and further, till the buckle is above her rear. Then her fingers unfasten it. She pulls it loose and manages to turn her head to get the buckle in her teeth. She starts to work on the lock with the prong of the belt.

45 INT VINCENT'S WAREHOUSE DAY

The trunk lid pops open. Emily sits up. She swings her legs over the rim of the trunk and the rest of her body follows.

She looks around, then hops on her taped feet towards the work area. Her eyes scan the bench, trying to find something among the wrenches and tools. She sees a vice and has an idea. She shuffles towards it and tightens it till it's almost closed. Then she wriggles her fingers in her hip pocket and takes out a key. She manages to squeeze the key into the vice with its teeth sticking out. Then she tightens the vice even further.

She angles her wrists, till the key fits into the lock of the cuffs. A quick twist - bingo! Her hands are free! She tears the duct tape from her mouth. Her face is flushed with success. She raises her arms like a champ.

EMILY

Yes!!!!...

She looks around. All she can see is locks, bolts and security devices. And two video screens with views of the street outside - which tell her nothing.

She goes up the narrow flight of metal stairs.

46 INT VINCENT'S WAREHOUSE APARTMENT DAY

Emily opens a door and looks around. The apartment's almost spartan. Prison cells have been more personalized. But there's good quality sheets and duvet on the bed. There's some shelves filled with books and CDs. Kistler checks out a few titles. They're mostly biographies and self-help.

She moves into the kitchen area and opens the ice box. Nothing in there except for juice, celery stalks and some take-out containers. She helps herself to the juice.

47 INT DINER DAY (DUSK)

A Waitress is brewing a fresh pot of coffee. Her name's LOUISE. She was a looker once. Now she has tired feet and her mass of black hair is tied up in a ribbon. By the cash register there's a pile of tape cassettes, and a glamorous picture of her on the cover, taken a few years ago.

Vincent enters looking edgy, checking his watch.

LOUISE

Hey, Vincent.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

VINCENT

Hey, Louise. Did I get a call?

LOUISE

No, honey. What can I get you?

VINCENT

Just coffee. Lot of cops
around today, d'you notice
that?

LOUISE

They're probably rousting crack
dealers. They do it twice a
year, just before an election.

She moves away. Vincent turns his attention to a TV suspended above
the bar showing the local news.

NEWSCASTER

When we come back we'll have
the latest on the flu epidemic -
and it's raining money in the
Harbor today - don't go away!

There's a quick shot on the screen of people scrambling in the water
for dollar bills and Harbor Police trying to restrain them. Vincent
shakes his head - he's got his own problems.

The phone rings. Vincent knows it's for him, grabs the receiver.

VINCENT

Yeah?... Yeah... Soon as you
can.

48 EXT HOPE MANSION EVENING

The day's gone and the light is on inside the house as Sims and
Barnaby walk toward the mobile ops van.

SIMS

I wanna make on this Deakin
guy. I wanna know who he is
and what his connections are.

BARNABY

He didn't strike me as being
very avuncular.

SIMS

He didn't strike you as what?

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

BARNABY

Avuncular. 'Of or having to do
with an uncle.'

Sims shakes his head as they enter the van.

49 INT VINCENT'S WAREHOUSE EVENING

Emily is by the open door of her Merc, a cigarette in her mouth flicking at a lighter which won't work. She scowls and digs through the mess in her purse, looking for matches. She finds her mobile phone. She looks at it for a moment then pulls out the ariel.

50 INT HOPE MANSION LIBRARY EVENING

Deakin is playing with a wooden Chinese puzzle, patiently fitting the pieces together. JON, a Filipino Manservant offers Amadeus a tray of mineral water.

They all react as the phone rings. Jon puts down the tray and picks it up.

JON

Hope residence?... oh, Miss
Emily... one moment, please.

Amadeus takes the receiver.

AMADEUS

Emily? Are you all right?
What happened?

Deakin quickly moves across and presses the speaker button.

EMILY (V.O.)

I don't know... I need help.

AMADEUS

Where are you?

51 INT POLICE OPS VAN EVENING

Sims, Barnaby and two Techs are monitoring and recording the call.

EMILY (V.O.)

I'm not sure.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

TECH
Cellular. Shit.

Then Deakin's voice kicks in.

DEAKIN (V.O.)
Hello, Emily.

52 INT VINCENT'S WAREHOUSE EVENING

Emily looks startled. She hadn't expected this. Whatever plan she had, this wasn't part of it.

EMILY
Uncle Thom? What are you doing there?

(INTERCUT AS APPROPRIATE)

DEAKIN
You're in trouble, Emily.

EMILY
He didn't have to call you...

DEAKIN
Your father's concerned for you, Emily. I've never seen him so distraught.

Amadeus raises an eyebrow as he sips his mineral water.

DEAKIN
Maybe I should talk to someone.

EMILY
Someone? Someone who?

DEAKIN
Whoever's holding you.

EMILY
I'm alone right now.

Deakin's eyes narrow with suspicion.

DEAKIN
I don't understand. Why would they leave you alone with a phone?

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

EMILY

(recovering)

They didn't, I got to one.
Look I can't talk now,
someone's coming.

DEAKIN

I've always told you, Emily.
Never start something you can't
finish.

EMILY

This isn't make believe, this
is really serious -

She cuts the connection in mid sentence and throws the phone in her bag. Then she reacts - shit!

53 EXT SKI SLOPE (FLASHBACK) DAY

A ten year old Emily is gliding down a ski-slope. There's a private instructor next to her. She hits the stretch and comes to a sliding stop. There's two men waiting for her. One of them is an archetypal bodyguard - black, heavily built, dark glasses. The other is Deakin. He applauds her performance as she pulls off her goggles.

54 EXT HOPE MANSION GROUNDS (TIME PRESENT) NIGHT

Sims and Barnaby are heading back to the house from the Ops van.

SIMS

They let her make a call. She
doesn't sound too panicked -
except when that Deakin guy
cuts in. There's no further
demands. What does this tell
you?

BARNABY

I don't know. What does it
tell you?

SIMS

I don't know.

BARNABY

We're in complete agreement
then.

55 INT VINCENT'S WAREHOUSE EVENING

The outside door rumbles up and Vincent ducks under it. He's astonished to see Emily, free, standing next to her car.

EMILY

Okay, can I have my car keys?... Just gimme my car keys and I'm out of here.

VINCENT

No way.

EMILY

You stole my car, didn't you? Well you can't have it. You've got all these others.

Vincent stabs the remote and the door starts to come down behind him.

EMILY

What are you doing?

VINCENT

I can't let you go.

EMILY

You can't stop me.

She makes a quick move, turns, does a karate pivot. Gets him in the groin with the back of her heel. A quick chop to the forearm and the remote falls to the floor. Emily swoops on it. The door starts going up.

Vincent's more surprised than hurt. He grabs at her, wrestling for the black box.

56 EXT WAREHOUSE EVENING

Some yards away Meg is sitting on the ground, back to the dumpster, several bulging plastic bags beside her. She looks up with interest as the door goes up to reveal Vincent grappling with Emily. Then the door starts to come down again.

57 INT/EXT WAREHOUSE EVENING

Vincent's got Emily on her knees, but they're still fighting for possession of the remote. She sinks her teeth in his hand. He yells, drops it. She grabs it. The door starts going up. She shouts at the top of her voice.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

EMILY

Fire!!

Vincent cusses, trips her up so she falls to the ground. He grabs the remote and backs away from her, keying the door down. He tosses the device on top of the work shelves, out of her reach.

She pulls up her T-shirt to reveal a long scratch across her ribs.

EMILY

Look at this...

VINCENT

How d'you get out the trunk?

EMILY

'Cos I'm smart and I've been trained by professionals so you better not fuck with me.

VINCENT

Hey, I didn't put you there and wrap you in duct tape. Way I see it, I coulda just saved your ass! And all I get is attitude and a kick in the balls!

EMILY

I need to take a pee.

She turns on her heels and heads for the stairs.

58 INT VINCENT'S WAREHOUSE APARTMENT BATHROOM DAY

Emily is at the washbasin, dabbing a wet towel on her cut ribs. Vincent enters.

EMILY

Thanks for knocking.

VINCENT

Why, you about to take a bath?

EMILY

Yeah, then I'm gonna dress for dinner.

VINCENT

There's some stuff in the cabinet you should put on that.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

She opens the cabinet door. Vincent moves quickly behind her, the handcuffs concealed behind his back. He grabs her spare wrist, slamming the cuffs over it.

EMILY

Hey!!

He clicks the second cuff around a pipe.

EMILY

You sonovabitch!

VINCENT

I got business. I'll get to you later, okay?

EMILY

Fuck you!

Vincent's almost closed the door when she says this. He thinks about it and goes back inside.

VINCENT

Fuck me? You're my prisoner. You don't know where you are, you don't know who I am and you're cuffed to my bathroom pipe. Given the situation - fuck you!!

He slams the door behind him.

59 EXT DINER NIGHT

Two Cops are sipping coffee in their cruiser, parked outside the Diner.

Meg shuffles towards them, clutching her plastic bags. She sticks her head through the open window.

MEG

I wanna report an incident of domestic violence.

COP

We're on special assignment, could you phone it in?

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

MEG

I've mislaid my portable phone!
Look, I know about spousal
abuse. I used to beat the crap
out of my old man. And there's
a guy down the block doing the
same to this girl - so what are
you gonna do about it?

60 INT VINCENT'S WAREHOUSE NIGHT

The air is filled with the sound of Brazilian instrumental music -
Egberto Gismonti. There's a winking light above the workbench and a
face on one of the security screens. Vincent moves to a side door.
It's like everything else, barred and bolted. He unlocks it and
gestures for the guy to come in.

His name's GREG KISTLER. He's about the same age as Vincent, looks
almost collegiate in pressed jeans, a Tommy Hilfiger jacket and
turtleneck. Has an airline bag swung over his shoulder. He nods
'Hi' to Vincent and walks straight across to the cars, appraising the
merchandise. Vincent kills the music.

KISTLER

How are you, Vincent?

VINCENT

Okay. You?

KISTLER

Great. I've been seeing this
Chinese herbalist. Very
brilliant man... did we ask for
a Lamborghini?

VINCENT

Couldn't resist it.

KISTLER

You see a regular doctor these
days, it's all bullshit. They
put you on computers and a
treadmill - and then they put
a finger up your ass! Doctor
Ho, he can tell everything
that's wrong with me by looking
in my eyes. Including my ass.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

VINCENT
Can he look up your ass and
tell if you need your eyes
tested?

KISTLER
You shouldn't joke about
health. You look like you
never see daylight.

VINCENT
I'm taking a trip - here's the
service manuals.

He hands Kistler the cars log books..

KISTLER
Good. Where?

VINCENT
Rio.

KISTLER
Wear a condom.

VINCENT
On the flight?

KISTLER
When you get there. Very
hormonal people. All they do
is fuck and watch soccer.
Sometimes both at once.

He tosses the bag over to Vincent, who catches it.

KISTLER
Count your money. Got a soda?

61 INT VINCENT'S APARTMENT NIGHT

Kistler takes a soda from the icebox when he hears a noise from the bathroom. He opens the door.

Emily is standing on the john, trying to work on the cuffs with a nail file. She turns to stare at Kistler, framed in the doorway.

EMILY
D'you mind? I'm using the
toilet.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

KISTLER

Excuse me.

He closes the door.

62 INT VINCENT'S WAREHOUSE NIGHT

Vincent is attaching new plates to the Merc as Kistler comes down the metal steps.

KISTLER

Shall I tell the guys nine?

VINCENT

Make it ten, Greg. I have some stuff to deal with.

KISTLER

Yeah, she's pretty.

Vincent reacts - he's seen her?

KISTLER

I was never into shackles and chains. A candlelit dinner for two works better for me.

63 INT VINCENT'S WAREHOUSE BATHROOM NIGHT

Emily's given up on the file and is sitting on the toilet seat. Vincent enters. He's changed again, into jeans and a leather flying jacket. He starts unlocking the cuffs.

EMILY

So who's Slick?

VINCENT

Slick?

EMILY

The guy with the obnoxious double-face watch that tells you the time in Hong Kong.

VINCENT

Never mind - let's go.

Vincent pulls her into the bedroom.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

EMILY

Go where?

VINCENT

Away from here, away from me.

EMILY

No problem - just give me my car.

64 INT VINCENT'S WAREHOUSE NIGHT

Vincent pops open the trunk of the Stingray and gestures for her to get in. She shakes her head.

EMILY

Are you serious? I've been through this once today. Those monsters locked me up for twenty-four hours - d'you know how traumatic that is?

VINCENT

I can't have you see where this place is, okay?

EMILY

Why would I give a shit? I wouldn't say anything!

VINCENT

I can't take that chance.

EMILY

I'm not getting in that trunk. This'll do.

She finds a woollen work hat in the trunk and pulls it down over her face.

EMILY

Okay? I can't see a thing.

VINCENT

Okay, get in the car.

She gropes her way to the passenger door.

EMILY

And don't take me too far, I have plans tonight!

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

VINCENT

How can you have plans? You
were kidnapped!

EMILY

I made them before I was
kidnapped!

She squeezes into the seat as Vincent moves over to the workbench. He picks up car keys and Emily's bag, then reacts. Is that a helicopter he can hear again, or just his paranoia?

VINCENT

There's probably cops all over
the neighborhood looking for
your ass.

He notices the airline bag. He decides he'd better not leave it there and carries it to the car.

We can only see Emily's mouth beneath the woollen hat. It has a cigarette in it, which she's lit with the car lighter.

VINCENT

Put that out! Nobody smokes in
my car!

EMILY

Jesus!

She throws it out the car. It lands in a metal trash can. Vincent doesn't notice as he gets behind the wheel. Emily still has the cuffs attached to her wrist. Vincent snaps them round the frame of the seat.

EMILY

You didn't have to do that.
I'm not gonna jump out of this.

VINCENT

I don't know that. Look, you
can ride inside or outside,
it's all the same to me.

He guns the motor.

65 EXT WAREHOUSE NIGHT

The Stingray comes into the street without lights. Vincent checks both directions as the door rumbles down behind him. The lights go on and the car heads off into the night. OVER we HEAR:

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

EMILY (V.O.)
Cool car. I bet someone's
missing it.

VINCENT (V.O.)
It's mine. Bought and paid
for.

EMILY (V.O.)
Yeah, with what?!

66 INT VINCENT'S WAREHOUSE NIGHT

Vincent's left some work lights on for the collection. CAMERA dollies past the bumpers and wheels of the sleek, gleaming automobiles - and then reveals the waste bin - a thin column of smoke spirals upwards...

67 INT HOPE MANSION EMILY'S BEDROOM NIGHT

There's a hand rifling through a drawer - underwear, socks, sweaters. The SHOT develops to show Deakin, searching Emily's room. Some things are already spread across her bed - credit card slips, Datagenda, Diary. There's some framed photographs in here - mostly of a much younger Emily - on a horse, on a ski-slope, on a boat.

Deakin finds another at the back of the drawer. A seven year old Emily with Deakin. She's wearing a martial arts outfit.

68 EXT SCHOOL (FLASHBACK) DAY

We see a young girl's face behind the window of a limousine. It's a seven year old Emily. Her eyes are curious and apprehensive.

Deakin opens the door. She reaches out and puts her small hand in his. Then they walk towards the entrance of the private school. Teachers and other kids, some with their own parents, stare at the new arrival. Little Emily hesitates. Uncle Thom looks at her. It seems to give her courage. She lets go of his hand and walks through the gates.

69 INT HOPE MANSION EMILY'S BEDROOM (TIME PRESENT) NIGHT

Deakin snaps out of the memory as Amadeus appears in the open doorway. He seems reluctant to enter the room, as if it were forbidden territory.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

AMADEUS

What are you looking for?

DEAKIN

Names, addresses... Clues to her life.

AMADEUS

I can't help you much, we don't move in the same circles.

He notices the photograph in Deakin's hand and takes it.

AMADEUS

When was this?

DEAKIN

A long time ago. She won a prize. You weren't there.

Amadeus gestures to the mess across the bed.

AMADEUS

Why are you doing this?

DEAKIN

Maybe this is one of Emily's games. Maybe she has an accomplice.

Amadeus considers this.

AMADEUS

I forget her birthday and she takes me for a million dollars?

DEAKIN

This isn't about your money.

He takes the photograph out of Amadeus's hand and walks out of the room.

70 INT HOPE MANSION MAIN HALLWAY NIGHT

Deakin descends the broad, curved staircase. Sims is waiting for him in the hall.

SIMS

We have some news for Mr Hope.

DEAKIN

Mr Hope's resting, what news?

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

SIMS

A report of a situation in our target area. Young girl and a guy. So we're intensifying surveillance.

AMADEUS

When you have something concrete to report I'll disturb him.

He walks past him. Sims reacts - prick!

71 EXT BRIDGE NIGHT

The Stingray is crossing a bridge. We can see Freeway signs ahead.

72 INT STINGRAY - TRAVELING NIGHT

Vincent nurses the car along, not fast enough to draw any attention. He's mumbling to himself, commenting on other road users.

VINCENT

Nice move, guy. What am I a mind reader?

EMILY

I'm taking this off now.

She pulls the cap off her head and blinks at the unaccustomed light. She fumbles for a cigarette and sticks it in her mouth. He removes it and drops it back in her purse. She shakes her head and looks out the window. Then recognizes where she is.

EMILY

There's a bar a couple of blocks from here. You can leave me there.

VINCENT

Not far enough.

EMILY

So how far is?

VINCENT

Not much further, okay? I gotta get back, I got work to finish.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

EMILY

I don't want you messing with my car. I have very few sentimental attachments in life - that car is one of them. Are you listening to me? 'Cos just so you know, I'm getting it back. And I don't want to find you've painted it puke green or something.

VINCENT

Ever put oil in it?

EMILY

No.

VINCENT

I thought not. An' it was low on transmission fluid. Cigarette burns on the trim. I nearly didn't take it.

EMILY

Nobody asked you to.

VINCENT

I once stole a Ferrari with a chihuahua in the back. She was less trouble than you.

EMILY

I guess it's a real hard on for you, stealing cars.

VINCENT

It's not about that. It's business. It's not about fun, or boredom, or rich kids getting it off with a ride on the wild side.

EMILY

Who said I was rich?

VINCENT

People don't kidnap cocktail waitresses.

She sticks another cigarette in her mouth. Same result.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED: (2)

EMILY

It doesn't have to be about money, okay? It could be about... obsession. Some guy has a weird thing about me. Wants to possess me and make me his sex-slave.

VINCENT

So there was just one?

EMILY

One what?

VINCENT

Guy who kidnapped you.

EMILY

No. I don't know. I couldn't tell how many. I just remember bodies and hockey masks. It was terrifying.

With a shaking hand she puts another cigarette in her mouth.

VINCENT

Forget it.

He takes the cigarette and tosses it in the back.

73 EXT ROOFTOP NIGHT

A Cop in a poncho is looking down on Vincent's warehouse from across the street. He speaks into his phone.

COP # 1

Any a you guys smell smoke?

74 EXT WAREHOUSE STREET CORNER NIGHT

The two Cops we met earlier as Joggers are standing in a doorway, trying to keep warm. They're dressed in scruffy thrift shop clothing. One of them responds.

COP # 2

Smoke? Why? You smell smoke?

75 INT VINCENT'S WAREHOUSE NIGHT

The fire's spreading from the flames in the waste bin. Three lines of flame are zig-zagging across the oil-slicked floor, licking at the tires of the first two cars.

76 EXT INTERSTATE NIGHT

The Stingray joins the Interstate, merging with the traffic, mostly long distance trucking. It zig-zags across towards the fast lane.

77 INT STINGRAY - TRAVELING NIGHT

Emily pulls a cassette from her bag and slams it in the slot. A moment later the car is filled with the anguished cries of P.J.Harvey. Vincent listens for a moment, doesn't like it.

VINCENT

What is that?

EMILY

P.J.Harvey.

VINCENT

Who's he?

EMILY

He's a she.

VINCENT

Play it in your own car.

EMILY

I don't have a car. I used to have a car. It got stolen...

He ejects the tape and tosses it out the window.

EMILY

...By an asshole who doesn't know good music when he hears it.

Vincent shrugs and slips in his own cassette. Emily puts her free hand over her eyes in mock horror.

EMILY

Oh God, it's going to be Michael Bolton.

No, it's a language tape - English phrases and then the translation in a language Emily doesn't know.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

EMILY

What is this?

VINCENT

Portuguese.

EMILY

Why?!

VINCENT

'Cause that's what they speak
in Brazil.

He turns the volume louder.

78 INT SIMS' CAR - TRAVELING NIGHT

Sims is driving with Barnaby next to him.

SIMS

How's a guy like Hope get to be
that rich?

BARNABY

Lucky sperm?

SIMS

Doesn't look like he used to
hit fifty home runs a year.
And I didn't see any platinum
albums in the house. I figure
it's funny money. Money that
moves around. Money in banks
in the Carribean you can only
reach at low tide.

BARNABY

There's fruit in the bathrooms.

SIMS

There's what?

BARNABY

In every bathroom there's
fruit. Fresh fruit. That's
rich.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

SIMS

Know what Chip told me? When the ransom flew away he looked over at the guy - and he didn't give a shit. A million bucks, didn't mean a thing!

BARNABY

He's one of those guys who doesn't show his feelings.

SIMS

Like a fish.

They both react to the sound of a fire engine. Sims pulls over and the truck pulls by, bells clanging, siren blaring.

79 EXT VINCENT'S WAREHOUSE NIGHT

The fire's taken hold now and there are sheets of yellow flame behind the blackened windows. Surveillance cops are running from several directions, flames casting flickering orange shadows on their faces.

Sims and Barnaby run round the corner. Suddenly, inside, there's a 'Whoomp' as a gas tank ignites. There's a billowing cloud of smoke and flame and several windows are blown out. Everyone ducks for cover as glass rains down on them.

80 EXT MOUNTAIN TRACK NIGHT

We can see one lone car on a narrow stretch of road in the darkness, cutting between trees.

81 INT STINGRAY TRAVELING NIGHT

Vincent's wrestling with the gears - even a four wheel would be a tough drive on this rutted track. Emily is bouncing around next to him. Then the car stops. Vincent leans over to unlock the cuffs. Then he opens the passenger door.

VINCENT

This is it.

EMILY

This is what?!

VINCENT

This is where you get out.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

EMILY

You can't be serious. This is the wilderness, f'Chrissake!

VINCENT

It's a half hour hike to the highway.

Emily looks suddenly panicked.

EMILY

Is this where you dumped the chihuahua? How long did it last before the coyotes ate it? There's all kinds of shit out there!

VINCENT

Wait a minute. Back there you were all ballsy an' now you telling me you're afraid of the dark?

She starts to get hysterical and tearful.

EMILY

Everyone is. You can't do this! It's not fair! Look, I don't care about the car any more. I just wanna go home and be somewhere warm and safe. At least take me to a gas station or something!

VINCENT

Okay, okay, okay!

He puts the car in gear. Emily instantly switches off the hysteria and replaces it with a smug smile.

EMILY

Thanks. What's your name?

VINCENT

Speedball.

EMILY

Speedball? Oh come on!

VINCENT

It's short for Archie.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: (2)

EMILY

So Archie, can I have a
cigarette now?

VINCENT

No.

82 EXT VINCENT'S WAREHOUSE NIGHT

The fire is over and the warehouse is gutted. Fire Crews are still mopping up and sifting through the debris. In addition there are Police cars, ambulance and local news teams. The air is filled with the static from their radios.

The Silver Cloud Rolls Royce reaches the edge of a road block. After a moment a Cop waves it through. It passes a mobile video van.

83 INT VINCENT'S WAREHOUSE NIGHT

Sims and Barnaby stand among the charred and blackened remains of what was once the stolen cars. They look up as Chip escorts Amadeus and Deakin towards them.

SIMS

Mr Hope... There's enough of
this car left to tell us it was
your daughter's.

AMADEUS

It's unfortunate, of course,
but I can always buy her
another.

SIMS

Sir, your daughter might've
been in the goddam car!

AMADEUS

But she wasn't or you'd've
mentioned it. Presumably.

Amadeus turns away, picking his way carefully across the floor.

SIMS

What's the problem - he doesn't
want to get his Bruno Magli
shoes scuffed?

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

Deakin looks up towards the remains of Vincent's living area. Only the metal bed frame remains.

DEAKIN

Somebody lived here. You should check out the lease.

He walks away. Sims is pissed. He turns to Barnaby and Chip.

SIMS

I want a make on that guy.

BARNABY

You said that already.

SIMS

So where is it?

Deakin joins Amadeus near the warehouse entrance.

DEAKIN

Go home, I'm going to nose around.

AMADEUS

Thom, I'm due in Nassau the day after tomorrow, and I will be there, that's a fact. So wrap this thing up before it becomes a circus.

He walks away.

84 EXT MINI MART NIGHT

It's an A & M or a Seven Eleven on the outskirts of a small town. The Stingray and a couple of pick-ups are parked outside. Through the glass we see Vincent on a pay phone.

85 INT MINI MART NIGHT

There's a family with two small children making their selections. And a young Clerk behind the counter with a portable TV next to him showing the late news.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

VINCENT

Greg, if you get this message
tell the guys I'm running late
but I'll be there.

He puts the phone down and moves round the corner of an aisle to find Emily. She's picking Twinkies from a shelf and is already eating from a pack of Wheat Thins.

EMILY

I'm so hungry - you want one of
these?

VINCENT

No, I gotta go. Listen,
there's probably a bus comes by
here...

He sees her expression. Bus?

VINCENT

Or the clerk can get you a cab.

EMILY

So this is goodbye, Archie. Or
is it au revoir?

But he isn't listening. He's noticed something beyond her.

On the TV screen is the burnt out hulk of a warehouse which seems terribly familiar. He moves towards the set, his face registering disbelief. There's a young black Woman behind a mike.

REPORTER (O.S.)

What police have unearthed in
the aftermath of tonight's fire
is evidence of a sophisticated
car theft operation. All the
cars found in the wreckage were
in the hundred thousand plus
bracket.

Vincent is shattered - how could it be this bad? Emily joins him. She's connected the dots.

EMILY

That's your place?

VINCENT

Shuddup.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED: (2)

REPORTER (O.S.)

One of them has been identified
as belonging to Emily Hope,
daughter of reclusive
millionaire Amadeus T Hope.

A picture of Emily appears on the screen. Vincent grabs Emily's arm
and drags her out of sight of the other customers.

EMILY

What are you doing?

VINCENT

I don't want people to see you -
that was you up there! Jesus,
how did this happen?!

EMILY

What will you do?

VINCENT

I dunno, I gotta think. I
can't go back there. Cops
crawling all over the place.
They'll find the cars, they'll
check the lease - I'm blown,
I'm fuckin' blown!

He suddenly stops as a Customer leans past him to make a selection
from the shelf. Emily drops her voice.

EMILY

Look, it seems to me we both
have a reason to disappear.

VINCENT

What are you talking about?

EMILY

I'm saying, don't cut me loose,
I'll stick with you. I want to
be missing. It's a family
thing.

VINCENT

I don't want you with me!

EMILY

Why not? Have I been a
problem?

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED: (3)

VINCENT

Emily, listen. I don't know what's with you. But I know you have people who are worried. Who are going through shit right now. Please - call home.

She hesitates. He grabs her hand and leads her over to the pay phone, digging into his pocket for quarters.

EMILY

I have a card... don't ask.

86 INT POLICE SURVEILLANCE VAN NIGHT

The two Techs react as the phone rings, triggering tracing and recording equipment. We HEAR the voice of Jon, the manservant.

JON (V.O.)

Hope Residence.

EMILY (V.O.)

Hi, Jon, it's Emily - could I speak to my father?

The Cops exchange significant looks.

87 INT HOPE RESIDENCE LIBRARY NIGHT

Close on Amadeus as he lifts the receiver. His face is anguished, his eyes red with sleepless nights.

AMADEUS

Emily! Tell me you're safe!

We CUT abruptly from the fantasy to the reality of the Manservant handing Amadeus the phone. He speaks in his customary dispassionate tone

AMADEUS

Emily? Where are you?

88 INT MINI MART NIGHT

Emily is on the pay phone.

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

EMILY

I don't know where I am, Daddy,
I just want to come home.

Vincent feels good that he helped make this happen. He gives Emily a thumbs up as he turns to leave.

EMILY

...Daddy, he made me suck his
penis!

This takes the Clerk by surprise. And the Mother with her kids. And Vincent, who doubles back and cuts off the call.

VINCENT

You're fuckin' whacko, you know
that?! Why did you say a thing
like that?!

EMILY

Why did you make me do it?

He becomes aware of the hostile glances in his direction and hustles out of the store.

89 EXT MINI MART NIGHT

Vincent heads for his car. Emily chases after him. The others watch from inside.

EMILY

Hey! Wait up!

VINCENT

Get outa my face, I'm out of
here!

He gets behind the wheel.

EMILY

TSL 723.

VINCENT

What?

EMILY

Your licence plate.

VINCENT

You wouldn't.

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED:

EMILY
You can't take that chance.

VINCENT
Shit!!!

Emily climbs in as he guns the motor. The car roars away, tires burning on the tarmac. A moment later the Clerk appears and watches the receding tail lights.

90 INT TRUCK CABIN VINCENT'S WAREHOUSE NIGHT

Through the windscreen we can see the smoking wreckage of Vincent's warehouse. There's still fire crews mopping up and a Cop in a slicker is redirecting traffic.

There are two men in the cab. The driver, GUS, is in his forties, a powerfully built guy with a beer gut and a Raiders' cap. The other's called STICK, tall, scrawny with bleached hair and a ring in his nose.

Gus turns the wheel to make the detour.

STICK
What do we do?

GUS
We get the fuck out of here.

91 EXT STREET NIGHT

The truck makes the turn. It's a massive eighteen wheeler tractor trailer. As it clears FRAME we see Vincent's local diner.

92 INT DINER NIGHT

Louise hands some take-out containers to a pair of Cops. The place is crowded with unexpected business, mostly other Cops and reporters. Deakin squeezes onto a counter stool and catches Louise's eye.

DEAKIN
Just coffee, please.

She starts to pour.

DEAKIN
Some night, huh?

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED:

LOUISE
Yeah, bad business.

DEAKIN
Not for you though.

He gestures to the crowded diner. She smiles.

LOUISE
You could say we're
surprisingly busy for a
Tuesday.

DEAKIN
Lot of people live in this
neighborhood?

LOUISE
Not many. A few artists'
lofts, that kind of thing.

DEAKIN
What about the building that
burned?

LOUISE
Young guy. He said he was an
artist but he never showed me
nothing.

DEAKIN
I heard about him. I mean, I
came all this way to see his
canvases - and now this!

LOUISE
He did murals, he said.

DEAKIN
Was the warehouse just a
studio, or did he live
somewhere else?

LOUISE
As far as I know he lived
there. Had breakfast here most
days. But he has a place
upstate.

DEAKIN
Yes?

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED: (2)

LOUISE

Sent me a postcard last time he
went.

She moves to a cork board on which there's a whole mess of things -
phone numbers, bad checks, postcards. Deakin notices her cassettes
by the cash register. He picks one up and turns it over. She
returns.

DEAKIN

This you?

She nods yes as she hands him the postcard. He pretends to have lost
interest in it.

DEAKIN

Great songs... 'Devil Moon'!
Always a favourite.

LOUISE

They don't write 'em like that
any more.

DEAKIN

I'd like to buy one.

LOUISE

I have CDs too.

DEAKIN

One of each?

Louise is thrilled. She ducks below the counter to find the CD.
Deakin pockets the postcard. When she gives him the CD he hands her
a twenty and starts to sing as he slides off the stool.

DEAKIN

'It's that old Devil Moon in
your eyes...'

93 INT STINGRAY - TRAVELING NIGHT

Vincent's driving fast. Emily's relaxed, her feet up on the dash.
He's still on edge, constantly checking his rear view mirror,
mumbling to himself.

VINCENT

My life's about order...
Things in place... control. I
always had my shit together.
(more)

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED:

VINCENT (Cont'd)

And since you - chaos! With a capital K!

EMILY

Aw, Archie, it sounds like you need someone to rattle your cage.

VINCENT

I got up this morning, it was gonna be a real cool day. I go to the gym, I steal a car, I get paid, and tomorrow I'm on a flight to Brazil.

EMILY

Sounds a good time to go.

VINCENT

My ticket and passport went up in the fire - this is the worst day of my life!

EMILY

Okay. Here's what we'll do. We'll head for Indian country. Get back packs and ponchos, climb a mountain and talk to God.

VINCENT

I got a place.

EMILY

Yeah? Where?

VINCENT

It's somewhere no one knows about, and that's the way I wanna keep it.

EMILY

D'you have another life there? Do you slip into chill mode and play your samba music and roll big ganja spliffs in the covers of *Popular Mechanics*?

VINCENT

What's with you? You enjoying this or something?

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED: (2)

EMILY

It's looking up.

He shakes his head and takes something from the glove. To her surprise it's a cigarette. He lights up.

EMILY

Thought you said no one smokes
in your car.

VINCENT

Only me.

94 EXT RESTAURANT NIGHT

It's one of the city's most upscale restaurants. The Bentleys, the Beamers and the Benzs are parked conspicuously out front and there's a posse of valet parking attendants.

They look up in astonishment as the eighteen wheeler pulls up, its airbrakes hissing. It takes up half the block.

ANGLE on Gus and Stick in the cab.

STICK

You wanna do this?

GUS

Naw. I'm not dressed.

He opens the door and jumps out. One of the Valets comes forward.

VALET

You want me to park this?

GUS

No.

VALET

Then would you mind moving it?

GUS

Yes.

95 INT RESTAURANT NIGHT

It looks like a private club. Late hours, chic patrons, dim lights, tropical murals. Kistler is dining with a beautiful girl. He tops up her glass with Chardonnay then reacts.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

Stick is weaving through the room. Other patrons react with distaste. With his oily jeans, snakeskin boots and faded leathers Stick looks like he was thrown out of a Heavy Metal band for failing the dress code.

He spots Kistler and sits down at their table.

KISTLER

What's up?

Stick takes a piece of olive bread and grins at the girl.

STICK

Hi, I'm Stick.

GIRL

I'm Stacy.

STICK

Why has this bread got black bits in it?

KISTLER

It's olive bread - what are you doing here?

STICK

You see Vincent?

KISTLER

Yes.

STICK

D'you pay him?

KISTLER

Sure. Is this an appropriate place for this conversation?

STICK

Was this before or after his place got torched?

KISTLER

What?! Jesus Christ!

STICK

You wanna powder your nose, Stacy?

She looks uncertainly at Kistler. He nods, good idea. She slips out of her seat. Stick watches her walk away.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED: (2)

STICK

Great ass - is she a model?
Does she have a friend?

KISTLER

There was a fire?

STICK

Made the ten o'clock news. Mr
Dokas is very pissed. His
daughter's getting married this
weekend. He has a hundred and
fifty guests and a faggot
caterer flying in from Beverly
Hills. He doesn't want to be
dealing with this shit.

He picks up Heidi's glass and finishes the Chardonnay.

KISTLER

Gosh...

STICK

What?

KISTLER

Vincent said something about
going to Brazil.

STICK

Vincent's got the money and
he's going to Brazil and all
you can say is 'gosh'. What
sort of word is fuckin' 'gosh'?

Kistler looks sick.

96 INT - STINGRAY - TRAVELING NIGHT

Emily is asleep. Vincent is fighting fatigue. He has the window
open so the air will keep him awake. He's mouthing Portuguese
phrases along with his instructional tape.

He's suddenly startled by the muffled sound of a phone ringing. It
wakes Emily too. She opens her eyes.

VINCENT

You didn't say you had a phone.

EMILY

You didn't ask.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED:

VINCENT

If I'd known I wouldn't of
called from the store... Who
knows you're here?

EMILY

I don't know - where's here?

She scoops it out of the bag between her legs.

EMILY

Hello?

97 INT DEAKIN'S CAR - TRAVELING NIGHT

Deakin is at the wheel of Amadeus's Bentley Continental. He's on a surface street with a Freeway overpass ahead of him. He speaks into his hands-free phone.

DEAKIN

Emily? What's gonna happen
when you're really in trouble?
When the day dawns when you cry
help and no one listens,
because they say 'It's only
Emily, playing games.'

98 INT STINGRAY TRAVELING NIGHT

Emily looks agitated.

EMILY

Look, this isn't a game, it's
nothing to do with you.

99 INT DEAKIN'S CAR TRAVELING NIGHT

RESUME Deakin. He smiles as he steers the car onto the Freeway on-ramp.

DEAKIN

I haven't seen you in a long
time. Why don't you come home,
we can talk about your
problems.

EMILY (V.O.)

My problems aren't your
problems.

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

DEAKIN

Then why don't I have a word
with Vincent?

100 INT STINGRAY - TRAVELING NIGHT

Emily's puzzled by this.

EMILY

Vincent? Who's Vincent?

Vincent, behind the wheel, is freaked to hear his real name.

VINCENT

Me? Who knows about me?

EMILY

You're Vincent?

VINCENT

Yeah, who wants to know?

EMILY

You said your name was Archie.

VINCENT

I lied - who is this?!

EMILY

(into phone)

He's none of your concern,
Uncle Thom. This is my thing,
stay out of it!

She throws the phone out of the window. Vincent switches off the
tape.

VINCENT

Who's Uncle Thom an' how the
hell's he know about me?!

EMILY

'Cause that's what he does.

Emily fumbles in her bag for a cigarette. She puts it in her mouth
but doesn't light it. There's silence except for the passing
traffic. When she speaks her voice is flat.

EMILY

You'd better drop me somewhere.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

VINCENT

What?

EMILY

The ride's over. Uncle Thom's called my shit and I don't want you getting caught up in it.

DISSOLVE TO:

101 EXT DESERTED HOUSE (FLASHBACK) DAY

Eight year old Emily is running. She's in formal school uniform, pleated skirt and blazer. She looks anxiously behind her, as if expecting to be chased. She runs through the rusted gate of an old boarded up mansion.

102 INT DESERTED HOUSE DAY

She's running upstairs. The house is a delapidated shell. Suddenly the stairs collapse behind her. She screams, clinging to a bannister rail.

103 EXT DESERTED HOUSE DAY

The house is as wrecked from the outside as it was in. There's yellow tape around it, and a Warning of earthquake damage. And a man standing with his back to CAMERA. It's Deakin, looking up at the frightened figure of Emily in an upper window. His voice is calm and soothing.

DEAKIN

I won't let you fall, Emily,
I'll never let you fall.

Emily looks down. His arms are spread wide, waiting for her to jump. Suddenly all the anxiety goes from her face. She smiles as she stretches out both arms. We follow her in slow motion as she sails through the air, her skirt billowing around her...

DISSOLVE TO:

104 EXT MOTEL (TIME PRESENT) NIGHT

It's a two story motel built round a courtyard and a small swimming pool. There's a 'Vacancy' sign, a few cars and the sound of a couple arguing from one of the rooms.

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

Emily sits in a plastic lounge by the side of the pool. It's empty except for a few leaves. She's smoking and swigging from a can of Coke. She reacts to the sound of a car door slamming. Then footsteps. Vincent appears, his airline bag slung over one shoulder. He's carrying a grocery bag which he puts in front of her

VINCENT

I got you some things.
Toothpaste, toothbrush -

EMILY

D'you get the scotch?

VINCENT

You want it now?

She nods yes and holds out the can. He takes a fifth from the bag.

VINCENT

Room okay?

EMILY

Heavenly.

He unscrews the cap and pours some in the can.

VINCENT

Take a shower, get some sleep.
D'you need money?

EMILY

Don't worry about it.

VINCENT

It's no problem.

He unzips the airline bag and takes out a bundle of bills.

EMILY

You carry all that cash with
you! How barbaric!

She takes just one note and stuffs it in her jeans.

EMILY

You want a drink?

VINCENT

I don't think so. I gotta
drive away.

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED: (2)

EMILY

Okay, thanks, Vincent. Or do people call you Vinnie?

VINCENT

Never.

EMILY

Well... it's been real.

VINCENT

Yeah? This kidnap business. Was that for real or was that just bullshit?

EMILY

(shrugs)

What does it matter?

VINCENT

Seems to matter to this, er, Uncle Thom person. Where's he fit in?

EMILY

If you're as rich as my father you have enemies. That's what he took care of.

VINCENT

You mean he's a hit man?

EMILY

When he was around I was too young to ask those questions. I just don't want to see him right now.

VINCENT

He's not gonna hurt you or anything?

EMILY

Of course not, he loves me.

Vincent shakes his head - it's too weird for him.

WIDE ANGLE. The first grey hint of dawn is visible behind the trees above the Motel. Vincent walks towards his car. He stops once to look back at her. She raises her scotch in a toast.

105 INT STINGRAY - TRAVELLING DAY

Vincent is driving. He slips another tape into his deck. We HEAR the beautiful voice of Marisa Monte singing a plaintive Brazilian ballad. Vincent's thoughts are more on Emily than the journey ahead.

106 EXT MOTEL DAY

The MUSIC continues as we see Emily's face through the rainstreaked window of her room.

107 EXT MOUNTAIN ROAD DAY

The Stingray has the road to itself as it winds up into the mountains. There's snow on the leaves of the pine trees and the grass verges. It's cold up here.

108 INT MOTEL DAY

The TV is on, casting flickering patterns of light on Emily's face. She's asleep at last, lying on the floor at the foot of the bed. The SONG Fades...

109 EXT PIER HARBOR DAY

A crane is hoisting a container from the deck of a freighter. There are several other containers already on the pier. A couple have been opened revealing European import cars.

Kistler looks as if he's been up all night. He's with Stick and Gus.

KISTLER

I checked everywhere. Not that that's a lot of places. Vincent doesn't have a very active social life.

GUS

That'll probably improve if he's ripped off two hundred grand.

KISTLER

I'm sure that's not the case. He left a message on my machine.

STICK

What did it say, 'Hasta la vista, sucker?'

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED:

KISTLER

They don't speak Spanish in
Brazil.

STICK

Don't patronize me, you fuckin'
smartass college wimp.

He grabs the front of Kistler's jacket and frogmarches him to the edge of the dock. Kistler looks nervously down at the oily water below him.

KISTLER

Jesus Christ!

STICK

You got a piece of this? The
two of you set us up?

GUS

Stick, Stick, go easy. Crane
driver can see us.

STICK

He's my cousin, what do I care?

To Kistler's relief he's yanked from the edge of the dock.

STICK

You got a day, Junior.

110 INT MINI MART DAY

Sims and Barnaby are showing a picture of Emily to the young Night Clerk, who looks as if he's been hauled out of bed. There's an older Manager and a couple of local Sheriff's Deputies.

CLERK

Yeah, that's her.

SIMS

So listen, the guy she was
with. Did she look scared of
him? Did she look intimidated?

CLERK

I don't think so. She was
getting stuff. Twinkies.

BARNABY

Twinkies.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

CLERK

And some Wheat Thins.

SIMS

It's good you noticed these details. Did you see the car?

CLERK

Yeah, when they left. It was a black Stingray, real neat.

SIMS

And when they left, did he take Miss Hope forcibly?

CLERK

No. He ran out. Looked pretty pissed. An' she chased after him. Didn't pay for the Twinkies.

111 EXT MINI MART DAY

Sims and Barnaby stand by their car, sipping coffee from polystyrene cups.

SIMS

She's no innocent kidnap victim. They're a team. He steals cars, she's an heiress, they meet, cook up a scheme to go for the big bucks.

BARNABY

Where?

SIMS

Where what?

BARNABY

Where do car thieves and heiresses meet?

SIMS

How the fuck do I know? Wine bars, the gym!

Barnaby shakes his head as he heads for the passenger door.

BARNABY

Not likely.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

SIMS

A.A. then! Why are you being so negative? You got a theory?

BARNABY

Maybe.

SIMS

Want to share it with me?

BARNABY

I'm not a hundred percent, but okay... This Emily's an only child. No mother. Troubled past. We've met her father. Not exactly Captain Warmth. She's also an heiress. Maybe she can't get her hands on the trust fund. I dunno. Either way - she fakes her own kidnap.

SIMS

What?

BARNABY

Stay with me on this. The guy - this Vincent. We've established he's a car thief. So what if yesterday he was out there - stealing a car. Hers. And she's in it.

Sims thinks about this, reluctant to give it credence.

SIMS

So why are they still together?

BARNABY

Sexual chemistry.

Sims shakes his head and empties the rest of his coffee on the ground.

BARNABY

Just putting it out there...

112 EXT LAKESIDE DAY

The Stingray turns past a cluster of mailboxes onto a snow covered track. It threads its way through the trees and comes out at the side of a lake.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED:

There's a small cabin, and we can see others further down the shore line. There's no smoke from any of the chimneys. People don't come here much this time of year.

Vincent gets out of the car. He takes a few deep breaths of mountain air.

113 INT CABIN DAY

Vincent enters. He throws the airline bag and his duffel bag onto a sofa. The place is basic and rustic, scatter rugs over a pine floor. Comfortable old chairs. And a fireplace with ashes in it from his last visit. Only a breakfast counter separates the kitchen from the living area.

Vincent moves around the room. He switches on lamps, the thermostat, the television. And picks up the phone. He dials and waits, surfing through the channels, looking for newscasts.

114 INT CAR SHOW ROOM DAY

Kistler's legitimate job is selling Jaguars and Range Rovers. The showroom is sleek and polished. The floor could grace a Sheraton lobby and the Salesmen the cover of GQ.

Kistler is talking to a couple of prospective customers when a Salesgirl calls over from her station.

SALESGIRL

Phone call for you, Greg. Line Four.

KISTLER

Not now, Holly, take a message.

SALESGIRL

Vincent? Says it's urgent?

Kistler reacts with relief. He doesn't even excuse himself as he runs to the phone.

INTERCUT AS DESIRED

KISTLER

Vincent, where are you?! Don't tell me the airport.

VINCENT

What the fuck happened?

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED:

KISTLER

No, you tell me what the fuck happened.

VINCENT

My warehouse burned down!

KISTLER

We know your warehouse burned down!

VINCENT

Stop screaming at me, okay?

KISTLER

I'm screaming on behalf of Mr Dokas. D'you still have his money?

VINCENT

Sure I do. I'll get it to you after I've had some sleep. I'm about six hours north, maybe we can meet halfway.

KISTLER

I know this ski hotel just outside Bear Lake. You better not be shitting me, Vincent. Or they'll take us both off the board, I swear.

115 INT CABIN (LATER) DAY

There's a fire in the hearth. And a coffee mug. And Vincent's boots. Vincent is stretched out on the old sofa, covered by an Indian rug. He's dead to the world. Martha Stewart is on TV, telling us how to paint Easter Eggs.

There's the faint sound of a door opening and a gust of wind fans the flames of the fire. A moment later Deakin appears soundlessly in the room. He's wearing a brand new U.S. Army fishtail parka and warm gloves.

He looks down at Vincent's sleeping figure and around the cabin. He walks across to the open bedroom door and looks inside. There's no sign of Emily or anything that could be hers. But there's an airline bag on the bed with a lot of money in it. He picks it up and takes it back into the room.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

He sees coffee on the stove. He finds a mug, checks that it's clean and pours himself some. Then he moves back towards Vincent. He sits opposite him. Then stretches out a foot and nudges the sleeping body.

Vincent wakes. Wonders for a moment what woke him. Then sees Deakin. He sits bolt upright.

VINCENT

Christ, who are you? Did Dokas send you? I said I'd got the money -

DEAKIN

Quiet. Calm down. Do I look like I work for someone called Dokas?

Vincent's mind is clearing. He takes in the powerful presence of the figure opposite.

VINCENT

Uncle Thom?

DEAKIN

Correct. Vincent, right?

VINCENT

How did you find me?

Deakin takes out Louise's postcard and holds it up.

DEAKIN

Postmark. Town. Old boy in the store told me the rest. I bought this coat there. Where's Emily?

VINCENT

Not here.

Deakin thinks about this as he peels off his gloves.

DEAKIN

I noticed that. Emily, headstrong girl that she is, tends to be impetuous. Does things without thinking. I guess it's a characteristic of the young.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED: (2)

VINCENT

Not me. I can't stand loose
ends, unpaid bills -

DEAKIN

Shut up.

VINCENT

Right.

DEAKIN

I'll ask you again - where is
she?

VINCENT

I don't think she wants to go
home just yet.

DEAKIN

Maybe it's because of my
military background. Or maybe
because my father's idea of
discipline bordered on the
sadistic... but I've always
approached duty with blind
obedience. I deliver. And I
don't confuse a specific task
with 'the broader picture'.
Understand?

VINCENT

I'm not too sure.

DEAKIN

I have to find Emily. And you
WILL take me to her.

Vincent gets the picture. He gets up carefully from the sofa, his
eyes not leaving the other man. Deakin gets up too. He picks up the
airline bag.

VINCENT

What're you doing with that?
That's mine... well it's my
responsibility.

DEAKIN

Insurance. Put your shoes on.
And take a coat. You'll freeze
your ass out there.

116 EXT MOTEL DAY

The place looks even bleaker by daylight. It's raining. A gust of wind stirs leaves in the empty pool. Somewhere a radio is playing Los Lobos's River of Fools.

117 INT MOTEL ROOM DAY

Emily wakes with a sudden start. For no reason. There's silence except for the rumble of trucks on the highway. She's disoriented for a moment. Doesn't know where she is or why she's sleeping on the floor. She gets up. On the bed there's the half empty fifth of scotch and her bag with its mess of stuff spilled across the covers. She remembers...

Emily's in the shower, washing away fatigue, clearing her head...

Her hand wipes steam from the bathroom mirror and she stares at her face and her wet hair...

Emily's dressed now, for some reason tidying the room, straightening the covers on the bed as if wanting to leave no trace of herself behind...

There's a knock on the door. Emily reacts - who could it be?

EMILY

Who is it?

VOICE

Manager. By rights, Miss,
check out time is noon.

Emily opens the door. The MANAGER is a tall man with big bones and a bootlace tie. She looks at the empty lot behind him.

EMILY

You expecting a convention?

MANAGER

Just giving you a break, young lady, is what I'm saying. Night clerk said your boy friend checked out. So I guess you need a ride. You can take a chance on gettin' a friendly trucker. Or my cousin has a cab. Which way you headed?

EMILY

I don't know. I can't make life changing decisions on an empty stomach!

118
thru OMITTED
119

120 INT DEAKIN'S CAR - TRAVELING DAY

Vincent sits beside Deakin. They're listening to the tape of Louise singing 'Fly Me to the Moon', accompanied by a cocktail trio. Her cassette is lying on the dash.

DEAKIN

She's no Eydie Gormé, but she's not bad, huh? I bought the CD as well. I'll make you a present of it.

Vincent nods and shoots his bag a nervous glance in the back seat.

DEAKIN

Lot of money.

VINCENT

I earned it.

DEAKIN

You stole cars, Vincent. And you stole a lot, judging by that set-up in the warehouse.

VINCENT

And what do you do?

DEAKIN

What did Emily say I did?

VINCENT

Enough to make me nervous.

DEAKIN

Nervous? Have I treated you with anything but courtesy? I didn't hurt you, I didn't shoot you in the groin.

VINCENT

Those are options?

DEAKIN

Only when reason doesn't prevail.

VINCENT

You really her Uncle?

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED:

DEAKIN

It's an honorary title. I spent a lot of time with her, growing up. I taught her about things. How to use a handgun. How to defend herself.

VINCENT

How to skip rope?

Through the windscreen we see a sign showing the highway ahead forks off in two different directions.

DEAKIN

Left or right?

Vincent says nothing.

DEAKIN

Which way do we go, Vincent?

VINCENT

I'm thinking about Emily.

DEAKIN

So am I. Which way?

VINCENT

I mean I don't think she wants to see you. She has some things she needs to work out in herself.

Ahead of them there's a long line of yellow oil drums bisecting the highway where it divides. Deakin's heading the car straight for them.

DEAKIN

Left or right?

Vincent looks at Deakin. He wouldn't.

WHANG! The car hits the first drum. Water cascades from it as it flies through the air like a depth charge.

VINCENT

Jesus Christ!

The car hits another. And another... And ahead of the column of drums is a concrete barrier which will slice them in half if they get that far. And they will.

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED: (2)

VINCENT

LEFT!!!

Deakin turns the wheel just in time and cuts into a highway lane. Vincent's face has gone a different color. His eyes are wide, his jaw is slack. He can't believe they were that near death.

Deakin relaxes, decelerates and eases the car into a slower lane.

DEAKIN

Tell me, Vincent, the Lexus
LS400. People tell me it's
very reliable. Worth the price
tag?

121 INT/EXT MOTEL OFFICE DAY

The Manager is leafing through a fishing magazine. He looks up as he hears the sound of a car and sees the Bentley pull up with Deakin at the wheel.

122 EXT TRUCK STOP DAY

The rain has left a mist. We can see red 'Bud' neon signs in the window of a rural truck stop. There's a couple of big rigs out front, a pick-up and a Mazda minivan. And the sound of Garth Brooks from a juke box inside.

123 INT TRUCK STOP DAY

Emily is at the counter, finishing off an enormous breakfast - eggs, waffles, hash browns, the works. There's three Trickers in one booth and a couple of husky teenagers in Evinrude caps at another.

The Owner is a middle-aged Vietnamese woman. She wears a Smile badge, though her own face looks as if it doesn't often. Her name is JOY. She tops up Emily's coffee.

JOY

You big appetite. Good to see.
Girls today only want eat
yogurt and sushi.

EMILY

Could I have another side of
bacon?

JOY

Coming right up.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED:

She yells the order through to the back. Then looks up as the door opens. Deakin and Vincent enter. They approach the counter.

DEAKIN

Two coffees here, please.
Emily, you want a top up?

Emily wheels round, reacting to the voice. She's shocked to see Vincent standing behind him. Deakin looks around him with satisfaction.

DEAKIN

Look at this place! What a
slice of Americana. Rockwell
should've painted it. Or maybe
Edward Hopper.

JOY

Great if you pass through. Not
great you live here. I war-
bride from Vietnam. Husband
promise me live in L.A. I have
shop, do nails in Hollywood.
Then he buy this place. Now I
have bad feet, have to listen
to country music all day. I
hate that shit.

Emily has been staring at Vincent all this time.

EMILY

What happened?

VINCENT

He found me.

DEAKIN

D'you mind if I get my coat
off? Why don't we sit over
there?

VINCENT

You okay about this, Emily?

EMILY

Don't worry about it.

Vincent shrugs and sits at the counter. The other customers watch curiously as Deakin takes Emily by the elbow and steers her to a booth by the window. They sit down and face each other. She's less at ease than he is.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED: (2)

DEAKIN

You look good. Pale, but good.

EMILY

Where d'you get that tan?

DEAKIN

I've been living in Costa Rica.

She nods, yeah? He reaches out and takes her hand. For a moment she doesn't want him to. But he smiles. Then loosens her shirt cuff and rolls up her sleeve.

Vincent watches this from the counter - it looks very intimate.

But what he reveals is a small tattoo in the crook of her arm.

DEAKIN

Remember when you did this?
Was your father more angry with
you or with me?

He strokes her arm. She feels uncomfortable, removes it, buttoning her cuff.

DEAKIN

This isn't about mischief,
Emily. It's not about tattoos
and rings in your nipple and
burning down the school
library. D'you know how many
cops and F.B.I. agents are
deployed, looking for your ass?

EMILY

Dad's lawyers'll get rich.

DEAKIN

They'll earn it. You're facing
several major felony counts.
Attempted Grand Theft, Theft by
Deceit, Conspiracy, Extortion,
Mail Fraud -

EMILY

Mail Fraud?!

DEAKIN

You used a telephone.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED: (3)

Emily stares out of the window as a truck rumbles by. Reality's kicking in. Reba McIntyre's on the juke box now, wailing some lament about a man she should have left years ago. She lights a cigarette. He shakes his head disapprovingly.

EMILY

Don't tell me not to do this.
You don't do that anymore. You
left three years ago.

DEAKIN

I didn't leave. My services
were no longer required.

EMILY

Yeah well there's no little
Emily any more. Little Emily
grew up.

DEAKIN

And Big Emily's in trouble.

Emily's defences weaken. It's the first time we've seen a hint of vulnerability.

EMILY

There was nothing to keep me in
line after you left.

DEAKIN

That's why I'm here.

The moment is broken as Vincent approaches.

VINCENT

Listen, none of this is my
business, I have my own agenda.
If you give me the keys I'll
get my bag.

DEAKIN

Give my keys to a car thief?
Vincent, you crack me up. Be
patient, order some waffles.

Vincent hesitates. He looks at Emily - she nods okay. Deakin waits till he sits down again at the counter.

DEAKIN

He's my one bargaining chip.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED: (4)

EMILY

How d'you mean?

DEAKIN

We give him to the police.

EMILY

We can't do that.

DEAKIN

The kid's not alone. He obviously works for a high powered outfit. He can give back a bundle of money and names.

EMILY

That's not fair! I forced him into this. He's innocent!

DEAKIN

He's a thief.

EMILY

He's an innocent thief!

DEAKIN

Are you telling me you've formed some attachment to him in twenty-four hours?

EMILY

No, but -

DEAKIN

Something happen in the motel? What?!

EMILY

No!

She shoots a look in Vincent's direction.

DEAKIN

Emily, I'm trying to keep you out of jail. Away from all those sociopathic gangbangng lesbians from hell. Okay?

Emily doesn't answer. She looks troubled but seems to accept his argument. He smiles, good, and gets to his feet.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED: (5)

DEAKIN

Let's go home.

Emily watches him as he walks to the counter, pulling money from his pocket to settle the check. Reba's message is resonating in her ears.

She comes to a decision and gets up. Her voice takes on a country twang as she calls out to him.

EMILY

I ain't goin' with you and you
can't make me!!

Heads turn from every direction.

EMILY

I should never've married you,
Thom Deakin, my Poppa made me
do it! I was too young to know
shit!

She moves to Vincent's side.

EMILY

I'm goin' with you, honey, and
he ain't gonna stop us!

Deakin hisses at her viciously.

DEAKIN

What the hell are you pulling?!

Emily turns to Joy.

EMILY

I've taken the last beating
I'll ever take!

JOY

This true, you no-good piece of
dog turd?

EMILY

Sure it's true. He drinks, he
beats the crap out of me!

She rips open her shirt, revealing the scratched ribs she got in the warehouse.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED: (6)

EMILY

That sumvabitch did this to me.
Let's go, Vinnie.

She grabs Vincent, who's still trying to work out what's going on.
Deakin moves after them.

DEAKIN

Emily, stop this foolishness.

A Trucker slides out from his booth, putting himself between Deakin and the others.

TRUCKER

She wants to leave, no-one's
gonna stop her.

DEAKIN

This is not your concern.

TRUCKER

I'm making it my concern.

124 EXT DINER DAY

Emily pulls Vincent along behind her as they exit the diner.

VINCENT

What in shit's name's going on,
Emily?

EMILY

I'm saving your ass, Vincent.
Let's go!

VINCENT

I'm not leaving my money!

He moves toward the parked Bentley. He can see his bag on the back seat. He digs into his pocket.

Behind them the window of the Truck Stop shatters as the Trucker comes hurtling through it, covered with shards of flying glass.

Emily and Vincent react in amazement. A moment later Deakin steps through the broken window and over the Trucker's body.

DEAKIN

Emily, I don't understand this,
what are you doing?

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED:

EMILY

Leave me alone, I'm going!

DEAKIN

Don't turn against me, Emily.
You know I won't let you fall.
I never have.

She stares at him, realizing she's never gone against him before.

EMILY

Things change.

Suddenly a whole mob comes at Deakin from behind - the other Trucker, the two young guys and Joy, swinging a skillet. One of them aims a blow. Deakin pivots and sidesteps and the guy blunders past him. One of the young guys swings a punch. Mistake. He gets a vicious chop in the throat and his buddy gets a foot in the groin.

Emily grabs Vincent and they hare across the parking lot, scrambling over a chicken wire fence and disappearing into the trees.

The Second Trucker comes at Deakin again. He's suddenly staring down the barrel of .357 Colt Python. He freezes - and so does Joy, the skillet raised above her head. Everyone backs off.

125 EXT WOODED SLOPE DAY

Emily and Vincent are scrambling and running, slipping and sliding across the rain slickened ground. Branches claw at their faces and their clothes. Suddenly the ground gives way. They're both on their asses, sliding through a screen of trees. And in the clear.

126 EXT HIGHWAY DAY

They stumble onto a road - straight into the path of an oncoming truck! Horn blaring, lights flashing. Vincent grabs Emily and pulls her to the muddy verge as the truck thunders past them.

Across the Highway there's a lumber yard. There are customers' cars and trucks parked outside.

Emily gets to her feet and grabs Vincent's hand. They dodge through traffic as they cross the Highway. Vincent's just running where Emily leads him. She angles away from the main entrance of the yard, heading around the perimeter fence.

VINCENT

What are we doing? Where are we going?

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED:

EMILY

We're getting away from Uncle
Thom!

She pulls up against the fence, catching her breath.

EMILY

He wants to turn you in.

VINCENT

He what? Why?

EMILY

Trust me! Look, I'm doing
something really positive here.
I feel good about myself, okay?
Now steal us a car!

She scrambles up the wire fence.

127 EXT LUMBER YARD DAY

Emily and Vincent drop down into the yard. There's no one about.
But through opens doors they can HEAR the SOUND of saws cutting
through timber.

Vincent looks at the choice of wheels in the parking lot. They're
mostly pick-ups and flat beds and a few old model cars. He opens the
door of a pick-up and hesitates.

VINCENT

This doesn't feel right.

EMILY

What d'you mean?

VINCENT

Well, y'know... I steal very
expensive cars belonging to
very expensive people. This
guy works for a living.

EMILY

Vinnie, it's a loaner!

VINCENT

Vincent!

He opens the cab door and bends down under the dash. The panel's
tightly screwed on.

(CONTINUED)

127 CONTINUED:

Emily lowers the visor and the keys drop into her hand. She rattles them in Vincent's face.

128 EXT HIGHWAY DAY

We see the pick-up barrelling down the highway. There's several stickers on the tailgate. The most prominent reads: 'My wife - Sure. My truck - Maybe. My gun - Never!!'

129 INT PICK UP TRUCK - TRAVELING DAY

Vincent checks his watch. Emily opens the glove compartment. She pulls out a bunch of magazines.

EMILY

He reads 'Guns an' Ammo'. And here's a catalog for military clothing. Check this - 'New Bundeswehr Assault Vest, Page 21.' The guy's in the militia!

VINCENT

Is there a map?

EMILY

Where are we going?

VINCENT

I gotta meet the guy I'm supposed to give back the money to. And explain how I don't got it.

EMILY

Money's not a problem, we'll figure something out. Hey, there's the insurance on the Merc.

VINCENT

You don't understand, Emily. You don't understand the nature of the people I work for. I have to get their money in the next twenty-four hours or they're gonna pull the hammer on me.

He makes a face at the knocking sound under the hood. Then makes a sudden turn and swings into the entrance of a Mall.

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED:

EMILY

What are you doing?

VINCENT

I can't drive this piece of
shit!

130 EXT COUNTRY MALL DAY

It's an archetypal development - Supermarket, Super Drug store, fast food franchises, Cineplex. Emily and Vincent get out of the truck and start to walk. She watches him as he scopes the parking lot. She sees a soft top Saab.

EMILY

Nice.

VINCENT

Yeah, an' look where it's
parked. How long's it take
someone to eat in Jack-in-the-
Box? Over here.

She follows him towards a car wash.

EMILY

How long do people leave their
car in the car-wash?

He nods. There's an auto-detailing section. Two cars are being worked on and there's another two parked nearby.

VINCENT

See? Long job. You drop it
off, work out, see a movie,
pick it up maybe three hours
later.

EMILY

Smart thinking, Vinnie.

VINCENT

It's not 'Vinnie'! How many
times?!

EMILY

You really got issues with
'Vinnie'!

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED:

VINCENT

'Vinnie' sounds like a guy
who'd sell you a car, not steal
one.

They reach a '96 Cadillac Northstar. It's parked round the corner from the guys working in the shop. Vincent gets out his slim jim and works on the lock. As soon as the door opens lights flash and a voice alarm is activated.

VOICE

THIS CAR IS PROTECTED - BACK
AWAY, PLEASE!!

Emily panics, wants to run. Vincent ignores it as he slips behind the wheel.

EMILY

Time to leave!

VINCENT

Easy!

Emily looks around. No one is looking, except for an elderly man who gets out of a station waggon and glares in their direction. Vincent gets the alarm to stop. He turns to the man.

VINCENT

Damn thing does it every time.

MAN

I hate those things.

Vincent fires the ignition and Emily jumps in.

131 EXT SADDLE PEAK HOTEL DAY

It's a large Alpine structure, the kind of place that's filled with skiers in the winter, tourists in the summer and not many people in between. The accomodation is mostly individual chalets, the best of which overlook a lake.

The Cadillac drives in and parks out front.

132 OMITTED

133 INT SADDLE PEAK HOTEL LOBBY DAY

It's an enormous lobby with gift shop, boutique, beauty salon. A roaring fire in a stone hearth. Mounted stags' heads on the walls. The waitresses have braids and look as if they're about to yodel.

Kistler sits near the fireplace, flicking his ash into the hearth. He looks up with relief when he sees Vincent. And surprise when he sees Emily in tow. He gets to his feet.

KISTLER

Hi.

VINCENT

Hi, Greg. This is Emily. You kind of met.

She nods. He gestures for them to sit down. A Waitress hovers immediately.

KISTLER

Er, you guys want to order something?

EMILY

Yeah, d'you have hot chocolate?

The Waitress nods sure. Kistler shoots Vincent a look - 'what's she doing here?' He gestures it's cool.

VINCENT

Two of those.

WAITRESS

You, sir?

KISTLER

I'll have an Absolut on the rocks with a twist.

He waits till she moves away before turning to Vincent.

KISTLER

Vincent, put my mind at rest.

VINCENT

I can't, I don't have it.

KISTLER

Oh Jesus, oh Jesus!

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED:

VINCENT

Calm down, it's not your problem.

KISTLER

How can you say that? I deal with these guys, you don't!. They think we worked this out together!

EMILY

Why would they think that?

Kistler shoots her a look, still trying to figure out why she's here.

KISTLER

What? Because they're criminals, they think the worst of people. And they think Vincent and I are buddies. Y'know, we hang out, we go sailing together, Wine of the Month Club. Think we're gonna shaft them out of two hundred grand and go wind surfing in St Barts.

EMILY

If you were going to do that you'd've already gone.

KISTLER

Excuse me?

EMILY

You wouldn't be here, drinking hot chocolate in HeidiLand.

KISTLER

(to Vincent)
Is this really cool, her knowing all this?

VINCENT

She's our best chance of getting the money.

KISTLER

How? When?

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED: (2)

EMILY

Tomorrow. D'you have any cash on you?

KISTLER

A little, why?

EMILY

I'd really like to freshen up and take a room and buy a few things from the drug store.

Kistler takes some notes from his pocket. She leaves him a twenty and takes the rest, arranging them neatly in order of value

EMILY

Okay, that's two hundred thousand, three hundred and eighty dollars we owe you.

134 EXT MARINA NIGHT

Expensive yachts, rich men's toys, are moored together in a private yacht club. The lights of the city are reflected in the water. On the after deck of a teak decked Alden schooner we can see three men in conference. Serious business. As we move closer we see one of them is Amadeus. He's nursing a glass of iced tea. The others are in sober suits, huddled over laptops and paper work.

A Steward approaches Amadeus and whispers something. He looks surprised, gets up and excuses himself from the other two.

135 INT/EXT WHEELHOUSE MARINA NIGHT

Amadeus enters the wheelhouse and takes the phone.

AMADEUS

Emily? How did you know I was here?

136 INT SADDLE PEAK HOTEL BEDROOM NIGHT

Emily sits on the edge of the bed. It's a large room with two queen size beds and a fireplace. Vincent is across the room watching her.

(INTERCUT AS DESIRED)

(CONTINUED)

136 CONTINUED:

EMILY

You can't do business in the house. Not with all those police taps on the phones. So you had to be in your Rolls, in your plane or on your boat.

Amadeus manages to keep his anger in check.

AMADEUS

You're a smart girl, Emily, you always were. Smart enough to know I have to be out of the country tomorrow. Was the timing of this whole fiasco connected with that?

EMILY

Leave? With your daughter in mortal peril? What will people think?

AMADEUS

What in God's name do you want from me?

EMILY

Oh, wow, it's a little late in the day to ask heavy ones like that. What do I want? Nothing you can give me any more.

AMADEUS

Then I fail to understand the purpose of this call.

EMILY

Uncle Thom ripped off my friend. Promise me he'll get his money back and I'll come home tomorrow. And all this shit will be over.

On deck Amadeus sees one of the suits holding up a cellular to indicate he has another call.

AMADEUS

Very well, you have my word.

Emily puts the phone down. The conversation has left her tense. She drums her fingers on the table for a moment.

(CONTINUED)

136 CONTINUED: (2)

EMILY

You're all set - could I have
a scotch?

Vincent gets up and goes to find one from the mini bar.

VINCENT

What is it with you and your
father?

EMILY

If I'm sick he roots for the
virus.

VINCENT

Don't you ever give someone a
straight answer?

EMILY

What d'you want to know?! It
isn't profound or anything. I
feel unloved, unwanted and
abandoned. He spent half a
million dollars on shrinks to
find that out and I could've
told them when I was ten.

VINCENT

So you kidnap yourself, what
was that supposed to do?

Emily thinks a moment as she takes the scotch off Vincent and uncaps
the top.

EMILY

I guess I was hoping when they
opened the trunk my father
would look relieved. Y'know -
'Baby, you're safe!'... That
kind of dumb stuff.

She drinks the scotch from the bottle, already embarrassed by the
confession.

EMILY

I wanted my father to be the
father I always wanted.

VINCENT

Forget it, it's not gonna
happen. He's not gonna change.
You change.

(CONTINUED)

136 CONTINUED: (3)

Emily doesn't want to hear this.

EMILY

If the Master of Insight will
excuse me I'm going to take a
shower.

137 EXT GARDEN (FLASHBACK) DAY

It's a social gathering. People have glasses of wine and smart suits. Waiters with trays move discreetly among them. Everyone is an adult except Emily, who's about six. She runs across the grass, evading a Nanny, calling her father's name. She reaches him and clings to his leg.

He looks down at her, his smile tolerant rather than warm. The Nanny arrives, apologizing. Emily won't go with her. Another hand reaches out for hers. It's Deakin. He leads her away, her small hand in his.

138 INT HOPE MANSION RECEPTION ROOM (TIME PRESENT) NIGHT

Deakin stands by the window. We can see the floodlit garden and the reflection of Amadeus behind him.

DEAKIN

You won't be able to keep the
lid on this. You'll have the
police to deal with. And the
press.

AMADEUS

I don't have anything to
apologise for.

Deakin turns from the window to stare at him - you don't?

AMADEUS

When I was young I had a very
distant relationship with my
father. But I didn't go round
the neighborhood terrorizing
everyone in sight.

DEAKIN

It's good to know your
conscience is clear, Amadeus.

139 INT SADDLE PEAK HOTEL DINING ROOM NIGHT

There's only a few people dining in the large, cavernous room. A subdued trio is playing at the edge of a small wooden dance floor.

Emily looks good. She's wearing make-up, and a new sweater and washed her hair. Vincent sits across the table from her, a bottle of wine between them. She's had a couple of glasses already.

VINCENT

You're an only child?

EMILY

Yeah.

VINCENT

And you've always lived at home.

EMILY

When I wasn't at school.

VINCENT

And your mother died when you were three?

EMILY

Four - is there a written part to this questionnaire?

Vincent shrugs. Emily drains the last of the wine.

EMILY

So what's your story, Vincent, do you have a family?

VINCENT

Not exactly. I bounced around between foster parents. Only one of my homes didn't have wheels.

EMILY

Hard ass life, huh? So you got your alibi staked out. And how many cars d'you have to steal before you retire?

VINCENT

I never thought about it.

EMILY

When are you going to stop?

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED:

VINCENT

I guess when I get caught.

EMILY

Vincent, that is really
existentialist bullshit!

VINCENT

What's that mean?

EMILY

It's kind of a sick French
thing. Y'know, 'Life is
meaningless and then you die' -
I mean, fuck!

VINCENT

Stealing cars kept me straight.

EMILY

Straight?!

VINCENT

Gave me discipline. If I
hadn't gotten into stealing
cars I might've been a bad
person.

Emily has to think about this. Then the music changes tempo and she starts to listen. The trio are playing something funky and romantic. She gets up abruptly.

EMILY

Do you want to dance?

VINCENT

(surprised)

Dance? I don't.

EMILY

You'd've been a big hit in Rio.

She takes his hand and pulls him out of his seat.

The only other couple dancing are in their seventies. Vincent tentatively takes Emily into his arms as they reach the floor. It's the first time they've been this close, this intimate. Her fingers coil round his shoulder and her hair brushes his cheek. They dance in silence for several moments.

EMILY

I think we're a lot alike.

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED: (2)

VINCENT

I don't see that. I don't see that at all.

EMILY

Why, does it insult you? You live behind all those locks and keys and bolts. I don't even know how to talk to people. We don't let them in. D'you have a girl friend?

VINCENT

No. Do you?

EMILY

No. Don't even have a boy friend.

There's silence for a few more moments as their bodies are getting used to each other and the music lulls their senses. The elderly couple smile benignly in their direction.

VINCENT

Why you wanna know?

EMILY

I wondered if you were missing someone right now.

VINCENT

No.

EMILY

Me neither.

140 INT SADDLE PEAK INN CHALET NIGHT

There's only one small lamp on and the fire is just embers in the hearth. Emily and Vincent are lying on one of the beds. She's emptied all the miniatures from the minibar onto the sheets and they've already had a few. The TV's showing a wildlife program.

EMILY

Is this still the worst day of your life?

VINCENT

That was yesterday.

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED:

She suddenly notices something on the TV screen and reacts, searching for something in the bed.

EMILY

Quick, where's the remote?

VINCENT

I dunno, why?

EMILY

They don't have to show that!
They don't have to show hyenas
eating gazelles, f'Chrissake!

VINCENT

Okay, okay, let's try
Letterman.

Vincent finds the remote and switches channels. Emily takes another swig from a miniature. Her voice is a little slurred.

EMILY

I haven't had one yet.

VINCENT

One what?

EMILY

A best day of my life. It
hasn't happened.

She flops back on the bed and the bottle falls from her hand. Vincent gets off the bed and pulls her shoes off.

VINCENT

You've had too much to drink.

EMILY

So've you.

She suddenly reaches out and touches his hair. He looks at her. Takes her hand and brushes his lips against her fingers. She pulls his head down and her mouth closes on his. It's a moment before they break apart.

EMILY

Making love to me won't make me
a nice person.

He kisses her again.

141 EXT WOODS DAWN

Several shadowy figures are moving through the trees in the early dawn light. They're wearing flak jackets with different markings - Police, Sherrif's Department, F.B.I. Everyone's armed. We discover Sims and Barnaby. They're wearing flak jackets too.

BARNABY

Sure about this, Dan?

SIMS

They're in there, I know it.
Probably screwing each other on
a bed of money.

Barnaby looks around them at the manpower.

BARNABY

There's gonna be a whole lotta
shit comes down on us if you're
wrong.

SIMS

Trust me...

REVERSE ANGLE reveals we're not in the grounds of the Saddle Peak Inn. We're in the woods encircling Vincent's cabin. His Stingray is parked out front.

SIMS

Vincent Roche had the lease on
that warehouse. That's his
cabin, that's his car.

An F.B.I. Agent approaches.

AGENT

I got a long-gunner with a
McMillan Fifty could pick
anyone off through a window.

SIMS

I want these kids with their
heads intact. This is my
collar.

142 INT CABIN DAWN

It's just as we left it. The fire's out, the coffee's cold. But the TV is still on, showing an old re-run of *Police Story* with Angie Dickinson. Cops are encircling a building and she and her sidekick are poised to kick the door down.

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED:

The moment they do the cabin door comes crashing in off its hinges. Suddenly Sims and Barnaby are in the room. Crouch, swivel! Crouch, swivel! Arms outstretched, two hands round the barrels of their police issue revolvers. By the book, just like they learned in the academy.

They're suddenly aware the place is empty.

Then Barnaby sees the television. Two Cops on the screen, standing in exactly the same pose they are...

143 INT SADDLE PEAK INN DAWN

Vincent stretches and reaches out for Emily beside him. He opens his eyes when he realizes she's not there. He slips out of bed and grabs his pants.

144 EXT SADDLE PEAK INN CHALET DAWN

Vincent comes out of their chalet. He's dressed quickly. It's early, about six, and there's a light rain falling.

He sees the small, still figure of Emily standing by the water's edge. He walks towards her.

VINCENT

What you doing out here?

She's holding the front of her shirt away from her body staring down at an enormous black blotch on it.

EMILY

I stained my shirt. I was playing with the goddam hotel pen, and it broke.

VINCENT

What, you were writing postcards?

EMILY

I always take hotel pens. Now I've got ink all over my shirt.

Vincent stares at the scruffy shirt - she's been wearing it since the kidnap.

VINCENT

Emily, you should burn that shirt.

(CONTINUED)

144 CONTINUED:

EMILY

Y'know, they put rats in mazes. Then they ring a bell to tell them it's dinner time. Then one day, instead of food they give them electric shocks.

VINCENT

(baffled)

Who does this?

EMILY

Scientists. Thing is, the rats get smart. After they get zapped a couple of times they don't respond to the bell any more. Humans aren't that bright, they keep coming back.

VINCENT

What are you saying?

EMILY

I'm saying you were right, Vincent. It's just so unfair, having to be an adult... Be easier if I was a rat...

It starts to rain more heavily. He puts his arm around her shoulders and starts to lead her back towards the chalet.

145 INT SADDLE PEAK INN CHALET DAWN

Emily and Vincent enter their room. His expression changes.

Ahead of him is the grinning face of Gus. He slams his forehead into Vincent, catching him off guard and splitting his nose.

Emily leaps on Gus, grabbing his hair, kneeing his groin. Stick appears from behind the door. He throws her on the bed, wrapping her up in a tight cigar of sheets and blankets. Vincent makes a move. Gus kicks him to the floor again.

Stick scoops up Emily's struggling body.

146 EXT SADDLE PEAK INN CHALET DAWN

A beat-up Buick Riviera comes screaming in reverse across the tarmac. Stick pops open the trunk. In goes Emily. Slam!

(CONTINUED)

146 CONTINUED:

Gus hauls Vincent out of the chalet and nudges him towards the car. As he opens the rear door Vincent sees the driver. It's Kistler. He has dark glasses on but there's a puffed lip and a bruised cheek under them.

147 INT RIVIERA - TRAVELING DAY

Vincent sits in the back with Stick. Gus is up front next to Kistler. Vincent's nose is bleeding and Stick hands him a box of tissues.

STICK
Clean yourself up.

VINCENT
What the fuck is this about?!

GUS
Mr Dokas's money, whaddyou think?

VINCENT
Didn't Greg tell you I was getting it today?

STICK
Greg had a deadline and it passed.

KISTLER
I'm sorry, man.

He takes off his glasses and we get a better sense of the beating he took. Stick takes a packet of Tic-tacs from his pocket and starts popping them in his mouth.

They react to the sounds of Emily struggling in the trunk.

VINCENT
Get the girl out the trunk, f'Chrissake - what d'you need her for?

STICK
We know who she is. We know her father's richer than Deion fuckin' Sanders.

VINCENT
She was going to talk to him -

(CONTINUED)

147 CONTINUED:

STICK
You talk to him.

148 EXT HOPE MANSION MAIN GATES DAY

The Riviera pulls up outside the wrought iron gates of the fortress-like entrance to the estate.

There's a private Security Guard on duty outside.

Vincent gets out and the car speeds off. The Guard looks at him suspiciously - he has congealed blood across the bridge of his nose.

VINCENT
I need to speak to Mr Hope.
Tell him it's about his
daughter.

The Guard pulls a walkie talkie from his pocket and speaks into it.

149 OMITTED

150 INT HOPE MANSION HALLWAY DAY

Vincent follows Jon, checking out the art and antiques. His criminal's eye takes in the alarm system and security cameras.

A Woman Secretary in a tailored suit appears. She takes in Vincent's appearance with faint distaste as he's silently transferred from one person to another. He follows her shapely ankles down another corridor.

151 INT HOPE MANSION LIBRARY DAY

The Secretary admits Vincent, closing the door behind him. Amadeus and Deakin are revealed.

DEAKIN
We were expecting Emily.

VINCENT
She's er... she's been
kidnapped.

Amadeus raises an eyebrow with a hint of irony.

AMADEUS
Again?

152 INT CAR TRUNK DAY

The SCREEN is BLACK. We HEAR doors slamming and footsteps. Then the trunk is opened and we see Stick's face, a cheap cigar clamped between his lips.

153 EXT WAREHOUSE YARD DAY

The car's parked near a loading bay. The SOUND of seagulls and a ship's siren tell us we're near the harbor.

Emily's body is still, bundled up in the motel bedclothes. Stick prods her, wondering if she's conscious. He unwraps her.

Suddenly Emily comes at him with a karate chop. He takes it in the face. The cigar snaps, the lighted end going up his nostrils. He yells in pain.

Emily scrambles out of the trunk. She's at him with hands and feet, like a kick boxer on speed. Gus comes at her from behind, laughing at Stick. He wraps his arms round her in a bear hug. He hoists her off the ground and her legs flail uselessly.

She jerks her head back, butting him in the face. It's enough to make him mad too.

GUS

Fuckin' little whore!

Kistler looks on, wanting to help but knowing he can't.

Stick comes at her with a knife, holding it against her throat.

STICK

I'll slice you! Make me!

Emily instantly stops struggling.

EMILY

Okay, okay. Just tell your friend to get his hands off my tits!

154 INT HOPE MANSION LIBRARY DAY

RESUME Vincent with Amadeus and Deakin.

AMADEUS

Forgive my scepticism but this situation does have a ring of *déjà vu* about it.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

154 CONTINUED:

AMADEUS (Cont'd)
Obviously you and my daughter
have formed some kind of
relationship.

VINCENT
Er, I didn't do what she said
on the phone I did, if that's
what you're thinking.

AMADEUS
No. What I was thinking is, as
you're under financial
pressure, maybe Emily thought
she could go to the well one
more time.

VINCENT
Hey, this isn't about your
money, Mr Hope. This is about
my money. But most of all it's
about Emily. She's with some
seriously disturbed people.
Who will seriously hurt her if
they think they're being jacked
around.

Amadeus thinks about this a moment, checking his watch.

AMADEUS
Would you excuse us a moment?

Vincent hesitates, then leaves the room. The two men wait until the
door closes.

AMADEUS
Deal with this, would you? My
plane leaves in two hours.

DEAKIN
I'll try to get her back in
time for you to say goodbye.

Amadeus registers the irony in Deakin's voice. He gives a wintry
smile.

AMADEUS
And no loose ends, Thom.

Deakin nods, understanding what he means.

155 INT BASEMENT DAY

We find Emily looking around her prison. It's lit by a naked bulb hanging from a cord. Otherwise most of the large windowless room is in shadow. The centerpiece is an enormous cylindrical furnace. There's a network of rusting pipes leading from it. And old junk that's been dumped there over the years - a washbasin, a handcart, brooms and pails.

The main door is up a short flight of stone steps. We HEAR the SOUND of bolts being withdrawn and Gus enters. He closes the door behind him and heads down the stairs. He grins at Emily. Something in his look worries her.

GUS
Different than you're used to,
Princess?

EMILY
What do you want?

GUS
Just making sure you're
comfortable.

He comes toward her. Emily backs away, but finds she's running out of room.

EMILY
You know kidnap's the most
serious offence in this country
after murder.

GUS
Yeah?

EMILY
Yeah. This is a big step up
from Grand Theft Auto. You're
gonna be facing several major
felony counts. Theft by
Deceit...

He's got her jammed in a corner now and she can feel his breath on her face.

EMILY
...Conspiracy, Extortion, Mail
Fraud...

GUS
Mail fraud?

(CONTINUED)

155 CONTINUED:

This gives her a chance to squeeze past him. The door opens and Kistler enters, carrying a couple of bottles of Evian. Nobody moves for a moment. Then Gus belches and moves past Emily up the stairs. Kistler squeezes against the wall to let him pass. He gives her an apologetic shrug.

KISTLER

I er... I brought you some Evian.

EMILY

Oh that's great. Do I get a chocolate on my pillow?

KISTLER

Don't make this worse. Don't make a fight of it. These people are sick.

EMILY

These people don't know what they took on.

156 INT LINCOLN - TRAVELING CITY STREETS DAY

Deakin is driving with Vincent beside him. The airline bag is between them on the seat. The city streets are quiet. The car pulls up for a stop light opposite a church where people are spilling out, telling us it's Sunday.

DEAKIN

Can you remember the last time you were in church, Vincent?

VINCENT

Sure. There was a guy splashing water on my head.

Deakin's still looking at the church.

DEAKIN

Episcopalian. That's an easy-listening religion. Nothing beats good old Catholic guilt. We sent Emily to a Catholic school once. The Bleeding Heart Sisters of Eternal Misery or something. She stuck it a week.

The light changes and he moves off again. Vincent watches him warily

(CONTINUED)

156 CONTINUED:

VINCENT
Mind if I say something?

DEAKIN
I don't know, let's see.

VINCENT
Maybe things would've worked
out better for Emily if you'd
taken her to the aquarium
instead of the rifle range.

DEAKIN
I wanted to make sure she was
safe. Did you sleep with her?

VINCENT
(thrown)
Did I sleep with her? What
sort of question's that?

DEAKIN
I thought so.

VINCENT
What if I did? I'm not saying
I did, but what if I did?

DEAKIN
I'm just curious.

VINCENT
Yeah? Curious or jealous?

Deakin turns to stare at Vincent. It's a chilling look without a trace of irony. It's a look which makes Vincent regret having said that. He looks nervously through the windscreen.

VINCENT
Hey!

Deakin turns his attention back to the road and avoids whatever was coming at them.

DEAKIN
I had a daughter of my own
once, but she died. Since the
only life I valued was taken
from me I've been fairly
indifferent to other people's.

157 INT BASEMENT DAY

Emily is nosing round the adjoining rooms to the main basement. She finds a washroom. The bowl of the toilet has lost its seat and is covered in stains. There's an old fashioned chain flush attached to the antique cistern.

She has a thought, climbs up on the bowl and yanks the chain from its casing.

Emily returns to the furnace room, carrying the length of chain. She gets a foothold on the rivets of the furnace and climbs on top of it. There's a metal grille covering an air vent in the wall facing her. She loops the chain round a bar in the grille. This gives her leverage. She tugs hard. Nothing. She has another choice and decides to take it.

Gripping the chain in both hands she jumps from the furnace, so her whole weight is pulling down on the grille. It loosens and follows her as she crashes to the floor. She rolls over, just avoiding it and the shower of dirt that came with it. She gets to her feet slowly, testing her ankle and rubbing her bruised thigh.

Above her there's now a gaping hole in the wall.

158 EXT GALLERIA DAY

It's a place for all the family on a Sunday, with open air art galleries, coffee houses, street entertainers.

We find Stick, not interested in any of the above, checking his watch, smoking a cigarette. He shakes off a couple of students offering him leaflets for fringe theater. Then he reacts as he sees Vincent coming towards him, the bag in his hand.

STICK

Show me.

Vincent unzips the bag and Stick gets a quick glimpse of the money. He nods 'cool'. Vincent moves the bag away from his grasp.

VINCENT

Where is she?

STICK

I'll make a call, we'll set her loose.

VINCENT

No. I wanna see her. I wanna know she's all right.

(CONTINUED)

158 CONTINUED:

STICK

Fuck you, Vincent!

There's suddenly a Mime Artist in their face, doing a Chaplinesque routine for their amusement. Stick glares at him.

STICK

What?!!

The Artist takes off his Derby, offering it for a donation.

VINCENT

I don't have any change.

Stick digs in his pocket and finds a dollar.

STICK

Can you believe this?

The Mime Artist duck-walks away, twirling his cane.

VINCENT

I'm going with you.

STICK

You're staying here, Vincent.
Gimme the money.

Silently, Deakin appears beside Stick. He has an ice cream cone in one hand. His other is in his coat pocket and Stick reacts as he feels something press against him.

DEAKIN

Hi. How's it going?

STICK

How's it - who the fuck are
you?

DEAKIN

I'm with Vincent. He's my
friend. And that's a Colt
Python with a silencer up your
ass.

Stick glares at him. Deakin gives him a quizzical look and laughs.

DEAKIN

Did you think it was me?

159 INT WAREHOUSE VENTILATOR SHAFT DAY

Emily is crawling along a narrow metal shaft. She can see light through a grille ahead of her. She reaches it, peers through. She braces her shoulders against the wall of the shaft and starts kicking at the grille with her feet. It gives a little. She kicks harder.

The grille falls. A moment later we HEAR a metallic crash as it hits the floor. She waits for some response. Nothing. She starts to wriggle through the hole.

160 INT WAREHOUSE WORKSHOP DAY

Emily's legs come into view as she squeezes through the narrow space. Then she hangs for a moment by her hands as she judges the drop.

There's a work bench below her. She lets herself fall onto it, then jumps to the ground. Her face and clothes are covered in dirt. She brushes a cobweb from her hair and looks around.

The biggest thing in the place is the eighteen wheel tractor trailer that came to collect Vincent's stolen cars. The rest is a paint and body shop - the refit center for Dokas's illicit operation. There are stacks of gallon paint drums and bales of masking tape. Portable air compressors attached to paint spray hoses, fed from a central paint tank. And three cars in various stages of work.

There's weak sunlight from grimy barred windows. Emily climbs up on a paint drum to look through. She gets a distant view of the harbor, and hears a ship's siren.

She checks doors and tries them. But everything is keyed down and bolted, just like Vincent's place. She runs to the front of the truck. There's a pair of aluminum doors. She rattles them. Locked again.

161 EXT HARBORFRONT DAY

Stick's Riviera crosses a bridge. There's a barge passing underneath. It's a visual reminder of where this all started.

We get a glimpse of Stick behind the wheel, Deakin beside him, Vincent in the rear. As the car clears the bridge we see a large warehouse ahead. There's a sign on the roof: DOKAS AUTO IMPORTS.

162 INT WAREHOUSE DAY

This is the legitimate side of the business - a storage space for cars off the boat from Europe before they're transferred to various dealerships. The cars are all brand new, top of the line imports without plates or paperwork.

(CONTINUED)

162 CONTINUED:

At the end of the room furthest from the street is a small rest area. Some worn leatherette seats, a couple of vending machines and a TV set. Gus sits watching a ballgame. Kistler is some distance away, leaning against one of the cars.

At the far end of the garage the street door opens automatically. Both men look round as the Riviera drives inside, backlit by the sun. Gus gets to his feet and nods to Kistler.

GUS

Go get the girl.

Kistler moves off. Gus walks between the rows of cars towards the Riviera. The door rumbles down again. He stops as he sees three men getting out of the car. Deakin stays behind as Vincent and Stick walk forward. Vincent can't resist flicking an admiring glance towards the rows of sleek, shiny cars.

GUS

Who the fuck is he?

VINCENT

He wants to make sure
everything's cool. It's not a
problem, Gus.

Gus suddenly has a gun in his hand and turns to Stick.

GUS

What does he mean, it's not a
problem?

STICK

He's her uncle or something.
And he's carrying a piece.

Deakin walks forward with a disarming smile.

DEAKIN

Believe me, I have no interest
in where I am, who you
gentlemen are or what you do.
I'm just here to make sure
Emily is safe.

GUS

Shut the fuck up!

STICK

He's carrying a piece.

Gus levels the gun at Deakin's head.

(CONTINUED)

162 CONTINUED: (2)

GUS
So take it offa him!

Stick walks toward Deakin. Deakin shakes his head - 'don't'! Stick looks hesitantly towards Gus. Gus knocks off the safety. Vincent steps between them.

VINCENT
Hey, knock it off! This is stupid. This is unnecessary. You got your money, Gus. We just want the girl, we'll walk away. And nothing's gonna stick, I swear!

They're all distracted by Kistler who comes running towards them. He looks real nervous.

KISTLER
She er...

He stops, taking in Deakin and the gun in Gus's hand.

GUS
She what?

KISTLER
She's not there.

163 INT WAREHOUSE WORKSHOP DAY

Emily is working on a padlock with a hammer and a wrench. But it won't give. She has another thought and looks back in the direction of the truck.

She walks to the cab, opens the door and hauls herself up. She reaches up her hand to the visor. The keys fall in her hand...

164 INT WAREHOUSE DAY

Stick is screaming into Kistler's face.

STICK
You let her go, didn't you!
You pussied out! What happened, she blow you off or somethin'?

(CONTINUED)

164 CONTINUED:

He slaps him around the face, once, twice, three times. Vincent takes two quick steps, hauls Stick off him and whacks him, right in the face. Stick stumbles back against the front of a car.

GUS

Enough!

He swivels the gun on Vincent.

Nobody sees the gun come out of Deakin's coat. He fires - Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! - shattering the windscreens of three BMWs and a Ferrari.

Gus and Stick stare at him in horror.

STICK

What are you doing, you
cocksucker?! Those cars belong
to Mr Dokas!!

DEAKIN

I'm trying to get your
attention.

Bam! Stick goes down, screaming and clutching his knee. The others react in horror.

Then they all hear something above Stick's moans. Some deep throated mechanical throb.

165 INT WAREHOUSE WORKSHOP DAY

Emily is behind the wheel of the tractor trailer. She's got the engine started. Her feet hardly reach the pedals as she wrestles it into gear. It inches forward towards the aluminum doors. She takes a deep breath and hits the accelerator.

166 INT WAREHOUSE DAY

RESUME the others, all frozen, trying to work out what the noise is. Gus's gun is still pointed vaguely in Vincent's direction. Deakin's is lowered by his side.

Suddenly there's the enormous sound of tearing metal as the truck demolishes the doors, barreling through the rest room, crushing the vending machines.

We can see Emily, wrestling with the wheel. For a moment she's out of control as the truck sheers off the side of one of the new cars and crunches the wings of another couple.

(CONTINUED)

166 CONTINUED:

Inside the cab we see Emily's POV - the figures scattering out of her path.

Except for Gus, who raises his gun and fires.

Emily screams as the windscreen shatters in front of her.

Deakin turns his gun on Gus. There are two CRACKS! But it's Gus who goes down. The impact hurls his body across the hood of another car. The gun drops to the ground.

Kistler backs away and scrambles under a car.

Lying on the floor Stick pulls a gun from his own jacket. Deakin puts him away with a bullet in the head.

Vincent scoops up Gus's gun. Acting on pure adrenalin and instinct he levels it at Deakin.

He's right. Deakin's gun is pointing at him. Neither man takes his eyes off the other as the truck lurches to a stop.

Emily scrambles out, brushing shards of glass from her shoulders. The engine continues to throb, stuck in neutral. She takes in the standoff and runs toward the two men.

EMILY

What are you doing?!!

VINCENT

He's gonna kill me!

EMILY

He's not!

She turns to Deakin.

EMILY

It's all over, okay?

VINCENT

He kills me, it's clean! He
kills me it looks like he
rescued you!

She looks into Deakin's eyes and realizes it's true. And understands something else.

EMILY

What the hell's wrong with you?

Deakin's eyes switch to her.

(CONTINUED)

166 CONTINUED: (2)

EMILY

Don't make me the reason.

DEAKIN

I don't have another.

EMILY

You don't have to do this any
more, you don't have to protect
me!

He suddenly winces with pain and lowers his gun. The other hand
pulls aside his coat and we can see his stomach is soaked with blood.

EMILY

Jesus, you're hit!

Emily runs to Deakin. She looks at the wound in horror.

EMILY

Don't die, you can't die!

DEAKIN

What does it matter?

Emily takes the gun from his hand. Vincent lowers his own gun.
Emily sees Kistler crawling out from his hiding place. She turns to
him.

EMILY

Get an ambulance! Go!

Kistler takes off, happy to get out of there.

IN SLOW MOTION we see Deakin reaching for another gun...

Then the fear in Vincent's eyes...

Emily silently screams, 'No!!'

She brings up the gun in her own hand...

We see Deakin taking aim on Vincent...

Emily fires!

Deakin can't believe he's been hit. Emily can't believe she did it.
She moves toward him. He reaches out his hand and touches her hair
for a moment - looks at her with regret mixed with relief. Then he
pitches forward on the floor, snapping us back to real time.

(CONTINUED)

166 CONTINUED: (3)

Emily is in shock. She doesn't move. Vincent drops his own gun and goes over to her. She's staring at Deakin.

VINCENT

Emily, don't look at him, look at me. You just saved my life.

He grips her by the shoulders and turns her around so she can't see Deakin's body.

VINCENT

D'you hear me? I owe my life to you!

Emily's eyes re-focus.

EMILY

So do something with it. You've got your money. Take a car, get out of here.

VINCENT

No.

EMILY

What d'you mean? They'll send you to prison.

VINCENT

If I run, I could never go any place I wanna go. Only places I think they won't find me.

EMILY

You've always lived like someone who didn't want to be found.

VINCENT

Time to stop.

Suddenly the shock kicks in. She crumples and starts to sob. He wraps his arms around her and holds her close.

167 EXT DESERTED HOUSE (FLASHBACK) DAY

Deakin standing beneath the house, his arms outstretched.

Emily jumping, sailing through the air, her face smiling, trusting...

168 EXT WAREHOUSE HARBOR DAY

The whole place has become a cordoned off crime scene. Police cruisers with flashing lights, ambulances, uniformed cops, homicide, forensic.

Emily sits in the front seat of an unmarked police vehicle, talking to Sims. She looks up as she sees something - her father's Rolls Royce being waved through the police cordon.

She looks at Sims - he nods okay. They climb out of the car, where Barnaby is standing, sipping a cup of coffee. They watch Emily as she walks toward the Rolls.

SIMS

Screwed up kid.

BARNABY

Wonder what'll happen to her down the line.

SIMS

She doesn't need a future, she's rich. She'll get off with house arrest and spend her weekends cleaning up freeways.

Chip hurries over to them. He's carrying a manila envelope.

CHIP

Er, you wanted a make on that Deakin guy? Computer came up with it. Some really spooky stuff, some of it classified.

Sims and Barnaby exchange looks. Sims nods to two Medics carrying a stretcher from the warehouse.

SIMS

See that body bag, Chip?

CHIP

Yeah?

SIMS

Deakin's in it.

ANGLE on Amadeus standing by his car, taking in the scene. He turns to his daughter and his face doesn't soften. Neither of them speaks for several moments.

EMILY

He's dead.

(CONTINUED)

168 CONTINUED:

AMADEUS

They told me.

EMILY

I loved him.

AMADEUS

I suppose you did. He was a good man.

EMILY

He wasn't a good man. He worked for you. Right to the end.

Amadeus turns away from her accusing look, brushing an offensive spot of dirt from his cashmere sleeve.

AMADEUS

As distasteful as you may find it, you are still my daughter. And I'm still your father.

EMILY

Yes. I know.

She turns her back on him and Amadeus watches her walk away.

A Police Cruiser passes Emily. She can see Vincent's face in the rear window. They lock eyes for a moment.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN

169 EXT STREET NIGHT

It's late and it's raining. There are no buildings in sight. Just a ten foot high chain link metal fence...

Someone darts across the road and starts to climb. We can't see who it is.

There's the SOUND of an approaching vehicle. As it passes for a moment its lights illuminate the figure straddling the top of the fence.

It's Emily. She wears a dark track suit and the ratty little wool cap from Vincent's car. She freezes, waiting for the truck to pass, then drops down to the other side.

(CONTINUED)

169 CONTINUED:

She lands on the roof of a car. There are rows and rows of others, stretching ahead in the darkness. She jumps down to the hood of the next car then starts to highstep from hood to hood, car to car.

170 EXT OFFICE NIGHT

A small wooden structure. There's a couple of uniformed Cops inside working the graveyard shift. One of them's doing paperwork, the other making coffee. There's an FM station on the radio.

CAMERA reveals open gates in front of the office. On them we read:

POLICE CAR POUND - 'E' DIVISION

171 EXT CAR POUND NIGHT

CLOSE ANGLE as Emily's crouched figure jimmies open a car door. She shines a pencil torch under the dash. Then she starts to work on it with a screwdriver. She learned well. Within seconds she's pulled wires from the panel.

WIDE ANGLE looking over the rows and rows of cars. SILENCE except for the rain hammering on their roofs. Then somewhere there's the deep throated growl of a powerful engine followed by the squeal of tires.

172 EXT CAR POUND GATES NIGHT

We can see the Cops talking and we can HEAR the approaching engine. And suddenly so can they. They come out of the office, wondering where the car is coming from.

A moment later twin beams scythe through the darkness, dazzling them, blinding them. They leap out of the way as the car hurtles past them. Straight through the gates, fishtailing onto the highway. And then all the Cops can see is the receding tail lights.

173 EXT PRISON DAY

Vincent walks out of the front gate of a Federal Correctional Facility. He takes in some deep breaths of free air as he walks away from the building, savoring the breeze in his hair and the sun on his face.

Then he reacts, stunned at the sight of something ahead of him. It's his Stingray, parked on the other side of the road, its body work waxed and gleaming.

(CONTINUED)

173 CONTINUED:

He walks toward it. The window hisses down, revealing Emily in the passenger seat. She's wearing dark glasses.

EMILY

Hi.

Vincent doesn't respond. He has other thoughts on his mind.

VINCENT

I'm not getting into a hot car.
I'm on parole. Jesus, you
didn't even switch the plates!

EMILY

What are you talking about? I
bought this at a police
auction.

He's still not sure.

EMILY

They sell impounded cars,
Vincent. I could've bid for a
really slick drug dealer's
Ferrari. But you love this
antique shit.

Reassured, Vincent gets behind the wheel. He sits there a moment, savoring the familiar smell of the interior. Then he starts the engine. The healthy roar is bliss to his ears.

VINCENT

Where we going?

EMILY

Just drive.

HIGH ANGLE as the car pulls away from the kerb into the barren landscape surrounding the prison.

VINCENT (V.O.)

Sounds a little rough. Did you
check the transmission fluid?

EMILY (V.O.)

I didn't want to deprive you of
that pleasure.

The car drives off to God knows where...

FADE OUT