

143 INT. (MOVING) CAR

DICK
I was going to steal a car.

JANE
That I would like to see.

144 POV DICK

Sign, MONROVIA, next turn-off.

DICK
Well, you're going to get your
chance.

(pause)
We turn off here.

As she changes lanes for turn-off.

JANE
What do you mean?

DICK
I'm going to steal a car.

JANE
What for?

DICK
You don't use your own car in a
hold-up, Jane. That's the quickest
way to get caught. You see? You
don't know everything.

JANE
Sorry.

DICK
We'll be using what we call the two
car method.

JANE
Really?

DICK
You park your regular car, then steal
a car for the actual robbery, returning
later to pick up your own car.

JANE
Isn't that clever?

DICK

It's the most popular method, as well as the safest.

JANE

I see you've been doing research.

DICK

Of course I've been doing research. You don't think I'd launch into a second career half-cocked, do you?

JANE

Do you think you can steal a car?

DICK

I put a man on the moon, I think I can steal a car.

CUT TO:

145 EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Dick is inside a late model car trying to hot wire it. Jane stands watch outside the car. Dick is obviously having a horrendous time. Jane is whistling and looks bored. Dick glares at her.

DICK

There's something wrong with this car.

JANE

Why don't you kick it?

DICK

That's right, Jane, Just keep riding me. That's a big help.

JANE

How about this car?

She indicates the XKE Jaguar parked next to the car Dick is working on.

JANE

Why don't you give this one a shot?

DICK

I don't know anything about foreign cars.

JANE

I think you can handle this one. The keys are in it.

Dick looks like he's going to slug her. He certainly would like to. Instead, he gets into the car and starts it. Dick puts it into gear and lurches haltingly out of the parking lot.

146 INT. JAG - NIGHT

Dick, in spite of the fact that he is not handling the car too well, is rather pleased with himself.

JANE

Congratulations. You have just embarked on a life of crime.

DICK

Not bad for a start, huh?

JANE

Why don't we just keep the car and forget about the robberies?

DICK

I don't know how to go about selling it. I only read the part about stealing cars.

JANE

There is nothing so dangerous as a half-educated man. And where, may I ask, did you read all this?

DICK

Detective magazines. Police literature. Case histories...The best stuff in crime prevention literature. That tells you how to pull any job you can think of.

JANE

That's reassuring.

CUT TO:

147 EXT. SHOPPING CENTER - NIGHT

A brightly lit shopping center with a large Ralph's Market, which claims to be open 24 hours a day. The Jag cruises past.

148

INT. JAG - NIGHT

69.

Dick and Jane look at the market as they drive slowly by.

DICK

What do you think?

JANE

I think we should go home.

Steamed, Dick turns into the parking lot. Jane retreats.

JANE

It's too big. Too bright. And
it's crowded. Not this one.

CUT TO:

149

EXT. SHOPPING CENTER - NIGHT

Without so much as a pause, the Jag moves out of the closest exit.

CUT TO:

150

EXT. ANOTHER SHOPPING CENTER - NIGHT

Looking very much like the first one. The market in this case is Von's. It too is well lit, large, crowded. The Jag cruises slowly past.

DICK (V.O.)

What the hell is going on down here?
What are all these people doing out
shopping in the middle of the night?
They ought to be home in bed.

CUT TO:

151

INT. JAG - NIGHT

They are now in a quieter, decidedly seedier, part of town. They pass a bar. Dick pulls over.

DICK

O.K., this is it, as they say.

JANE (urgently)

Why don't we forget it, before
it's too late.

DICK (really fierce)

Goddamn it, Jane, I told you I was going to do this and I mean it. Don't interfere.

JANE

Dick, please. We'll get the money. We'll manage. Don't do this.

DICK

It's not the money. Screw the money. It's the principle of the thing.

JANE

Principle? In robbing a bar? What principle?

DICK

I'm sick of all the shit that's been thrown at us in the last few months. I want to get mine. And this is now, I'm going to do it. Now, don't mess with me.

Dick is really acting tough now. He gets out of the car. Jane starts to follow.

DICK

You stay there. I'm going in alone. I don't want any crap about it.

Dick, squaring his shoulders, starts toward the bar. A beat, then Jane, determined, follows.

152

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Dick enters, followed not far behind, by Jane. Soon as he's inside, Dick pulls out his .45. Initially, this has no effect: drinking, chattering, continues.

DICK (outraged)

Don't anybody move.

Everybody slowly turns. No one says a thing, just all the people turning to look at them incredulously. Dick and Jane suddenly realize that everyone in the bar is black. Dick swallows hard and glances at Jane, scared shitless. The customers continue to stare at them incredulously.

1st MAN AT BAR

(obviously amused)

What are you after, man? Trick or treat.

A beat.

JANE (emboldened)

Tell it like it is, dear.

DICK

This just happens to be a stickup.

2nd MAN AT BAR

Shit. You kiddin', man?

Before Dick can reply to that, 1st GUY goes around to side of bar and calls out:

1st GUY

Charlie. Charlie, come 'ere. You gotta see this.

Charlie, the bartender, comes out.

1st GUY

Lookit these honkies, would ya?

Charlie stares in disbelief at the two of them standing there so incongruously.

DICK

Come on. Open that register.

1st GUY

You heard 'im, Charlie. Open it, before this desperado plugs us full of holes.

Charlie opens the register and empties it on the bar. Dick comes over and looks down, dismayed.

DICK

Twelve dollars?

CHARLIE

That's all there is.

DICK

That's it?

JANE (quietly)
Let's just leave now, okay?

1st GUY
Don't get uptight. We wouldn't
want you guys getting mean.
(to the others)
They may wait outside and mug us when
we leave. Hey, how 'bout a collection
for these nice white folks?

Everybody in the place is now caught up in the incongruity of what is happening. The 1st GUY takes off his widebrimmed, velvet fedora and goes down the bar, collecting donations from everyone. We HEAR the CLINK OF COINS dropping into the hat. The man dumps the coins at Dick's feet with great bravado.

1st GUY
There you go.

By this time all Dick and Jane can do is nod. They start backing out, leaving the money on the floor.

1st GUY (serious)
Hold it!

Dick and Jane pause, still worried.

1st GUY (smiling)
Let's hear it for the folks.

He starts applauding and others join in until it is a wild ovation.

153 INT. JAG - NIGHT

Dick throws it into gear, nearly dropping the transmission, and lurches away.

JANE
Can we go home now?

DICK
You are never to follow me in again
when I'm on a job.

JANE
I inhibit you.

DICK
Yes!

JANE
You might have used the old equalizer
had I not been there.

DICK

I didn't say that.

JANE

Let's go home. Please.

DICK

I came out here to do something and
I'm going to do it.

JANE

You don't want your son to think you're
a quitter, is that it?

DICK

I knew I shouldn't have brought you.

JANE

You would have been busted in the parking
lot if you hadn't brought me.

CUT TO:

154 JAG - NIGHT

As it pulls up in front of a drugstore and Dick, all businesslike
again, slides out.

155 INT. DRUG STORE

Empty except for old but ebullient pharmacist, whom Dick approaches
warily.

PHARMACIST

(with big warm smile)

Yes?

Dicks' assurance melts.

DICK (repeating)

Yes.

PHARMACIST

May I help you, sir?

DICK (repeating)
May you help me? Yes, I...
(tugging collar, sweaty)
I.....

156 POV KNOWING PHARMACIST

157 EXT. DRUG STORE - NIGHT

Jane pacing nervously outside.

158 INT. DRUG STORE - NIGHT

PHARMACIST (with big wink)
Don't say another word, friend.

Digs under counter and brings out a variety of phrophylactics.

PHARMACIST
These come with vaseline...these without...
and these have got the ticklers!
(pumping his fist with enthusiasm)
It drives them crazy. She'll be crawling
up the wall.

DICK
You don't understand.

PHARMACIST
What do you mean I don't understand? I just
wish I was your age again, you horny bastard.

159 INT. JAG - NIGHT

Jane now sitting in car, chainsmoking. Dick emerges from
druggist, crosses to car and gets in. No words are exchanged
as they drive off. After an icy silence.

JANE
Well, what went wrong this time?

DICK
I had a change of heart.

JANE
Why? Was he old? Or just crippled and blind?

DICK
For your information he was a dirty old man.

JANE
I wonder if there's an orphanage around here?
They usually deal in cash and you might be able to...

DICK

Just shut up, Jane.

JANE

If I let you hit me, can we go home?

CUT TO:

160

EXT. CLIMAX COURT MOTEL - NIGHT

Not just your basic motel, the Climax Court features X-rated movies, water beds, and other delights. We SEE the Jaguar parked a short distance away. Dick gets out, Jane follows.

DICK

What do you think you're doing?

JANE

Sitting in a stolen car makes me nervous.
I'm going with you where it's safe.

DICK

Get back in the car.

But she does not retreat.

JANE

And miss seeing you make an ass of yourself?

DICK (furious)

I said get back in the car!

JANE

That's right, you said get back in the car,
and then I said no.

She walks by him toward the motel office door. Dick starts after her, steaming.

DICK

You are not going in there with me.

JANE

Then why don't we just stand out here and
argue about it?...because you aren't going
in there without me.

DICK

Do you have to louse everything up?
You have fucked up this whole night.
First, the panty hose---

JANE

If you still want panty hose you can
have mine.

She starts to raise her skirt.

DICK

Put your skirt down, for God's sake.
I'm going in there and you better stay
right here.

He walks to the office and opens the door.

161 INT. MOTEL OFFICE -NIGHT

The manager, a young long-haired guy, watches Dick who is standing
in the doorway issuing final instructions to Jane.

DICK

I'm warning you...

He turns around and comes into the office. In his fury, he has
momentarily forgotten what he's doing.

DICK (to himself)

The bitch...I could kill her.

MANAGER

Don't do it here.

This brings Dick around. He reaches into his coat, and pulls
out the gun effortlessly.

DICK

I don't want any shit out of you, or
I'll blow your head off.

Dick is very convincing.

MANAGER

Sure...take whatever you want. Just
don't shoot.

CONTINUED:

DICK

Turn around and face the wall. Hands up.

The manager starts to comply. Jane comes in.

MANAGER

Just stay cool with that gun.

Dick moves behind the counter. Jane watches a little horrified, but barely able to keep from laughing at the sight of Dick playing the competent, though holdup man. Dick opens the drawer which is stacked with cash.

DICK

Jesus.

As Dick motions for Jane to come back and take a look.

MANAGER

Harley is going to kill me. He's going to skin my ass. I forgot to go to the bank today.

JANE

Who's Harley?

MANAGER

The owner. A mean mother.

JANE

Will he really hurt you?

The manager can only manage a laugh at that one.

JANE (worried, to Dick)

Maybe we shouldn't take it.

DICK (stuffing his pockets)

Are you crazy!

CUT TO:

162

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Dick and Jane race for the car, jump in, and take off.

CUT TO:

Dick is in shock.

DICK

I did it!

JANE

You sure did.

He stares ahead for a moment, then looks at her. They both start to laugh.

DICK

I can't believe it!

JANE

Tell me, Mr. Dillinger, how does it feel?

DICK

(shouting)

It feels...GREAT!

They laugh.

CUT TO:

Dick and Jane getting ready for bed. But, throughout this scene, as never before, since he was fired, Dick is playing the sexual aggressor. Kissing, stroking, pawing...

DICK

I couldn't have pulled it off, if it hadn't been for you.

JANE

In underworld circles, they'll call us the Bickering Bandits.

DICK

It'll be our M.O..

JANE

M.O.?

DICK

Modus Operandi. Method of Oper---

JANE

Wait a minute. We aren't going to have any modus operandi. Tonight was it. Halloween comes but once a year.

DICK
(helping her out of her bra)
Darling, what we cleared tonight will only cover some of our most pressing bills. Dick Harper has only begun to fight.

As his passion grows and Jane submits to his kisses.

DISSOLVE TO:

164A EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - SEVERAL WEEKS LATER - NIGHT

A quiet residential street in a rather nice area. The Jag comes down the street and pulls over to the curb. Dick and Jane get out of the car. Jane gets back in behind the wheel. Dick takes his briefcase out of the back, and walks down the street. He stops for a moment in front of a new Mercury or Buick or whatever. He looks around quickly, then opens the briefcase, takes out a drill with a silencer that cuts through the door lock in second. Once in the car, he goes back to the briefcase for a bolt buster with which he reams out the ignition. In less than thirty seconds, Dick drives away in the Mercury. Jane follows in the Jag.

CUT TO:

164B EXT. RECORD STORE - NIGHT

A combination record store-head shop in Orange county. It is large, well lit, and crowded with Orange county boppers. The Mercury pulls up to a convenient curb and Dick and Jane get out. They are wearing different glasses. Dick wears a mustache and a scar. They go into the store.

164C INT. RECORD STORE - NIGHT

Dick and Jane approach the counter. Dick speaks to the clerk. He is your basic freak fully equipped with all accessories. Rock music blares incidently. Jane goes behind the counter.

CLERK
Hey, you're not allowed!

DICK
(quietly)
This is a hold-up. If you give us all your money, no one will get hurt. Not even you.

Dick reveals an important gun. The clerk looks at the gun then back at Dick.

DICK

Please tell me tat we have an understanding?

CLERK

We got it.

CUT TO:

164D EXT. RECORD STORE - NIGHT

Dick and Jane whip out of the store into the car and away.

CUT TO:

164E EXT. BOWLING ALLEY - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Dick parks the Mercury on the outskirts of the parking lot. Jane pulls up a moment later in the Jag. Dick gets in and another nights work is completed.

CUT TO:

165 INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Dick and Jane are the only customers left in a late night coffee shop somewhere in L.A.. They finish eating, and cross to cash register, behind which stands the friendly owner.

PROPRIETOR

How was the food, folks?

Dick pulls his gun.

PROPRIETOR

That bad, huh?

As he allows cash register to fly open and Dick reaches over to dig in.

CUT TO:

166 INT. DICK AND JANE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Following her in, Dick can't wait to get into bedroom, but suddenly, on impulse, hauls Jane down right there on the carpet. Giggly, she sinks to floor with him, until --

CONTINUED:

JANE

Ouch!

Remembering, Dick reaches into his trousers, pulls out gun, flings it aside, resumes love-making on floor.

DISSOLVE TO:

167 EXT. SUBURBAN PACIFIC TELEPHONE OFFICE - DAY

TRACKING DOWN to reveal Dick and Jane mounting steps to building; they're both wearing dark glasses and he sports a convincing paste-on mustache.

168 INT. TELEPHONE COMPANY

Long, disgrunted line-ups before tellers; inchoate squabbling.

CLOSER ANGLE -- TELLER'S CAGE

Black man squabbling with teller.

TELLER

In spite of what you think, we do not get our kicks cutting off telephones.

BLACK MAN

I tell you I never got the bill.

Teller sighs, eyes heavenwards, at the tale he has heard thousands of times before.

169 ANOTHER ANGLE

As Dick, Jane close behind, thrusts himself between angry black and teller's wicket.

DICK

Excuse me. Sorry.

BLACK MAN

Excuse my ass. Where the fuck do you think ---

TELLER

I'm afraid you'll have to wait in line like everyone else, sir.

DICK

(still muttering apologies)

Sorry. Excuse me.

(to teller)

I'm afraid this is what they call a stick-up.

Even as he thrusts gun at him.

BLACK MAN

(hollering)

Hey, they're holding up the phone company.

170

ANOTHER ANGLE

Dick and Jane freeze, indeed they even retreat a step, for they are greatly outnumbered. A beat.

CHICANO

(in line)

Take them for everything they've got!

LADY

(also in line)

Shoot out the computers while you're at it.

Jane smiles graciously. Dick, business-like again, holds a brown bag out to the teller for him to fill with cash.

BLACK MAN

God bless you.

As Dick and Jane retreat with bagful of cash, a man rushes to open door politely for Jane, and some of those waiting in line burst into applause.

CUT TO:

171

INT. DICK AND JANE BEDROOM - NIGHT

He's in pajamas, she's in a negligee. Dick, standing over the bed, counting out bank notes on sheets, making a notation on pad each time he counts a hundred. Looks up to see

172

POV DICK

Jane, seated at her kidney-shaped desk, writing.

DICK

What are you doing?

JANE

Writing a thank you note to the phone company.

DICK

What!?

JANE

You heard me.

DISSOLVE TO:

173 EXT. SUNSET STRIP - DAY

Jane, in a stolen car, lighting one cigarette off another.
The motor is running.

174 POV JANE

Across the street, maybe 10 doors down, PALACE OF HEAVENLY PLEASURES or HOUSE OF ORAL LOVE, a girl on display in shop window.

175 RESUME JANE

Tense

For, POV JANE, another angle, two nonchalant white cops, guns evident on their fat hips, strolling toward ORAL LOVE.

Another ANGLE, a satiated well-dressed Dick emerges. The cops between Dick and Jane's getaway car. Also, between massage parlor and Dick, two niftily dressed blacks, strolling

176 ANOTHER ANGLE

As man bursts out of massage parlor door.

MAN

(shouting)

Stop! Thief!

177 POV JANE

Dick, sweaty, but playing it cool, continues his even pace, as cops, pulling their guns, race toward him.

178 CU JANE

Terror

179 RESUME STREET

As COPS race past respectable-looking Dick and fall on the two innocent black men, a struggle ensuing, as Dick makes his way to car, leaps in, and Jane starts off

180 STREET

HOLD struggling black men, cops, massage parlor owner gesticulating unavailingly, toward the real culprits and their disappearing getaway car.

DISSOLVE TO:

181 EXT. SMALL SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

As Dick and Jane step out of a stolen car, he puts a "scar" on and offers her one, which she politely refuses.

182 INT. SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

Several customers in line waiting to be checked out, as Dick and Jane thrust through, Dick drawing his gun.

DICK

I beg your pardon, but this is a stick-up. We don't want any trouble.

The Clerk, a young girl, throws up her hands. Most of the people in the checkout line are frightened.

JANE

We won't hurt anybody. Honest.

DICK

Open the register.

The young girl, terrified, takes out the money and hands it to Jane.

183 ANOTHER ANGLE

An ELDERLY LADY at the front of the line has been watching all this, disgusted, and now speaks up to Jane.

LADY

You should be ashamed of yourself.

JANE

(by rote)

I am, I am.

As Dick steps in.

DICK

Leave my wife alone. We're busy.

JANE

(weakly, to old lady)

We need the money.

LADY

A lot of people need the money.

(reaching angrily into her cart of meager supplies)

You see these.

Two cans of cat food.

LADY
Well, I don't have a cat. They're my
dinner.

Impulsively, Jane thrusts a fistful of dollars at the old lady.

LADY
Oh, my God!

DICK
(shocked)
Jane!

184 ANOTHER ANGLE

But it is now too late, for they are suddenly surrounded by thrusting hands, some even grabbing, and cries of "me! me!"

185 ANOTHER ANGLE

Utter confusion. Bills being handed out, customers fleeing, Dick tugging at Jane. Shrieks, cries.

DISSOLVE TO:

186 EXT. DICK AND JANE'S HOUSE
CU TRANQUIL JANE

Very tanned indeed, she floats on a mattress in a pool.

SOUND: Party noises OS Accordion music.

187 ANOTHER ANGLE

As Dick's head, also tanned, surfaces alongside, and leaning over mattress, he kisses her affectionately.

BEGINNING TO TRACK BACK TO REVEAL

188 EXT. DICK AND JANE HOUSE

It's their pool, completed at last, even bigger than originally planned. Luscious plants everywhere in garden and a lavish Sunday brunch in progress.

189 ANOTHER ANGLE

It is Raoul, appropriately dressed, who mans the bar.

PANNING we recognize neighbors, among them the Bradleys, school mothers last seen in Jane's embarrassing modelling days, Billy with other kids, and unemployment office regulars here and there, some serving drinks, others winding in and out among guests, playing the accordion.

190 ANOTHER ANGEL

Charlie Sanford and his wife emerging from their Lincoln Continental, surveying the party in progress.

191 REVERSE ANGLE

Dick and Jane. She now wears a stylish robe over her bathing suit: Dick, a shirt. As Sanfords approach.

JANE

(quickly, an aside)

Why in the hell did you invite them here?

DICK

So that my joy may be unconfined.

As the Sanfords join them.

CHARLIE

Dick, M'boy. How goes the battle?

DICK

Comme ci, comme ca.

(as he points Charlie toward Jane)

Look at 'im. Sixty years young.

CHARLIE

You better believe it.

Embracing Jane in a rather more than fatherly manner.

192 ANOTHER ANGLE -- BAR (Set up in garden)

Raoul fixes drinks for Charlie, Mildred, and exuberant Dick. Jane is there too.

CHARLIE

You look great, just great.

A modest shrug from Dick.

MILDRED

My God you're so tanned.

JANE

We just got back from Palm Springs.

CHARLIE

I knew you'd land on your feet. Where are you now?

PANNING with them as Dick contrives to lead group toward a parked brand new car.

DICK

I'm out of aerospace. I started a little business of my own. Investment counselling.

Its an XKE Jaquar.

MILDRED

Is that yours? It's beautiful.

JANE

It's not very practical, but...

CHARLIE

(with a playful nudge
for Dick)

Hey, I'm beginning to think I did you a favor, springing you from Dixon.

DICK

I got lucky with a couple of things.

CHARLIE

Lucky...Listen, I've got some loose change lying around, maybe you could plug me into a couple of those things.

DICK

Sure. Give me a call.

CHARLIE

I'm going to Washington tomorrow, but I'll call you when I get back.

MILDRED

That could be fifteen years to life.

CHARLIE

I'm only going to talk to a committee of the Congress. They think we've been paying off some people besides them. If they put me in jail I'll cut off their allowance.

All laugh at this.

JUMP CUT TO:

193

EXT. DICK AND JANE'S HOUSE POOLSIDE -- MUCH LATER -- DAY

All the guests have gone. Twilight. Raoul, cleaning up, sweeping, is singing a Mexican song. Maids clearing glasses. Billy at play in pool. TRACKING IN on Dick and Jane, drinking together.

JANE

That son of a bitch. I don't know how you could even talk to him.

DICK

Oh, come on Jane. You can't blame Charlie...

JANE

I can blame Charlie. Not only that, I do blame Charlie. That man practically ruined our lives. Maybe you're willing to forgive and forget, but I'm not.

DICK

Look, Jane, you just don't understand the business.

JANE

You're afraid of him.

DICK

That's ridiculous.

JANE

You are. You're practically glowing with pride about how you handled him today.

As they confront each other

SOUND: Pulsating police siren approaching.

TRACKING BACK

It is, after all, a commonplace L.A. background noise. So Raoul doesn't reach. Neither do clean-up ladies. Nor Billy in pool.

194 ZOOM IN ON DICK AND JANE

But they exchange febrile looks. They freeze.

195 POV JANE

Billy playing in pool.

As siren is upon them, recedes into night.

DISSOLVE TO:

196 OMITTED

197 OMITTED

198 OMITTED

199 INT. BEDROOM HARPER HOUSE - NIGHT

Jane lying in bed watching tv as Dick opens a locked drawer and adds a large wad of money to the considerable amount in the drawer. Suddenly, his attention caught by TV set.

200 INT. TV STUDIO

ANNOUNCER

Tomorrow begins his only Los Angeles appearance, the Reverend Thomas Will of the church of the Random Harvest.

201 EXT. STREET - DAY

Dr. Will appears on the screen behind the wheel of a Rolls Royce Corniche.

DR. WILL

The meek shall inherit the earth and that's what they're going to get...Dirt. Christ in your heart is money in the bank, cash in your pocket, a Rolls Royce in the garage. Let me show you that the Cross is a Plus Sign.

CUT TO:

202 EXT. DRIVE-IN THEATRE ENTRANCE, GARDENA - DAY

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Appearing through next week only, Dr. Will...

A simple drive-in theatre that has been taken over for the week by the Rev. Dr. Thomas Will. His name and sermon is announced on the marquee. The Rich Man, the Camel, and the Eye of the Needle: Where There's a Will There's a Way.

203 EXT. DRIVE-IN THEATRE - DAY

Dick and Jane drive through in what is obviously a stolen car. The drive-in is packed with Dr. Tom's flock. Dr. Tom addresses them from the stage. He is a very large man.

DR. TOM

Every dollar buys you a share in the greatest corporation of them all:
The Salvation Corporation.

This concludes his remarks. One of the deacons takes over the microphone.

DEACON

Those investors buying a hundred shares or more are invited to a private conference with Dr. Will in the Heavenly Board Room, which is next to the candy counter.

The Deacon repeats this as the choir begins to sing "More Than A Hammer and Nails".

204 ANGLE TO HEAVENLY BOARD ROOM

The heavenly board room is in fact a large camper. A line presumably composed of 100 share investors has begun to form. At the end of it we SEE our own Dick and Jane.

CUT TO:

205 INT. HEAVENLY BOARD ROOM - DAY

Dr. Tom is just finishing with a couple of shareholders.

DR. TOM

God bless you and keep you rich.

They are ushered out by an attending deacon. Dr. Tom's mother appears from behind the altar. She is very old, but mean.

DR. TOM

How'd we do tonight, Mom?

MOM

A little less than five G's.

DR. TOM

That puts us over the twenty mark for the week. Not bad.

MOM

It's chickenshit. Your father did twenty grand a week in Fresno. And that was when a buck was a buck.

The deacon appears.

DEACON

Just one more couple.

DR. TOM

Bring 'em in.

MOM

Your father had the best closer in the business.

Mom leaves as Dick and Jane are shown in. Dr. Tom greets them warmly.

DR. TOM

Come in. Come in, my children.

JANE

That was certainly an inspirational sermon, Doctor.

DR. TOM

Well, thank you...

DICK

I particularly liked the part about not feeling guilty about prospering.

DR. TOM

Prosperity is God's greatest gift to Man. You should take joy in it, not feel guilty about it.

JANE

Inspirational.

DICK

Very inspirational.

DR. TOM

Thank you.

DICK

Stick 'em up.

DR. TOM

Did I hear you right, sinner?

JANE

I'm afraid you did.

Dick has produced the gun. Dr. Tom looks at it, at them, and then at heaven.

DR. TOM (to God)

Always another trick up your sleeve.

DICK

Just get the money.

As Dr. Tom grudgingly produces his money satchel and Dick reaches for it, the Deacon makes a football tackle to save it, knocking Dick to the ground. There's a struggle and the Deacon wrestles the gun away from Dick. Dick grabs Jane and heads for the door with the money satchel. Now the Deacon deliberately points the gun at Dick's back. As Dr. Tom turns away, the Deacon fires the gun at Dick, but nothing happens; just a CLICK.

DEACON

Shit. It isn't even loaded.

206 EXT. DRIVE-IN -- DAY

Dick and Jane bolt out of the trailer, past two guards, and jump into their car. Dr. Tom and the Deacon come running after.

DR. TOM

Stop them!

The bodyguards hurl themselves at Dick's car as he tries to escape. Dick weaves in and out between speaker poles, trying to shake them off. With a lot of twisting and turning, he manages it, and continues threading his way through the drive-in toward the exit.

207 EXT. DRIVE-IN EXIT -- DAY

The Dodge comes tearing out into the street, apparently clear... but the van comes barreling out a beat later... Dick and Jane are in a faster car and far ahead. They relax some, until they hear DR. TOM'S VOICE from a loudspeaker on the mobile chapel.

DR. TOM'S VOICE

Stop, my children! It is not too late to repent and give me back my money!

DICK

Shit!

Dick floorboards it. They can outrun the van, but they can't seem to escape the booming loudspeakers.

DR. TOM'S VOICE

(over speaker)

Stop them! They are sinners and thieves!

People in cars coming from both directions stare curiously into car. Jane tries to cover her face. She is getting hysterical.

DR. TOM'S VOICE

Stop now! God will forgive you.

Jane, who can't stand it any more, begins flinging money out of the window. Dick reaches out for Jane, trying to stop her before she throws away all the loot.

208 ANOTHER ANGLE

The cash she's already jettisoned is causing something of a minor traffic jam as cars screech to a halt and people jump out to retrieve the banknotes.

209 ANOTHER ANGLE

The van becomes ensnarled in the jam...as, in the distance, Dick and Jane speed off, swinging into a sidestreet.

210 INT. DODGE

Dick checks the rear-view mirror. They are in the clear, but Jane is only a few minutes from a trauma.

JANE

They saw us. All those people saw us.

DICK

I don't think they can identify us.

211 EXT. STREET

They abandon stolen car, get into their own Jag.

212 INT. JAG

JANE

That man didn't know our gun wasn't loaded. You could've been killed.

213 CU - DICK

pensive.

DISSOLVE TO:

214 EXT. HARPER HOUSE - DAY

Early morning. TRACKING IN as Dick, emerging in dressing gown, claims local morning paper.

215 CLOSER SHOT

including front page headline, POV rattled Dick.

DR. THOMAS WILL ROBBED.
BURGLARS FLEE.

There are photographs of people scrabbling for money. Action photos, blurred.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DICK
 (frenetically,
 reading)
 ...turn to page three. Turn
 to page three...

He does, and discovers big, badly blurred photographs of himself and Jane in getaway car.

216 INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY

Baffled, pajama-clad Billy watches his father, oblivious to his presence, on hands and knees, pulling out games and toys from cupboard, until he finally finds what he wants, and pounces on it. It's Billy's stamp collection kit, with magnifying glass.

217 CLOSE SHOT

of magnifying glass roving over printed page, newspaper photographs of blurred Dick and Jane. The glass searching -- probing -- until it is obvious Dick and Jane can't really be recognized.

218 INT. DEN

Grateful Dick sets aside magnifying glass, slumps in favorite chair, and flicks on TV news, only to be jolted again.

TRACKING IN ON TV

219 CLOSEUP of record store clerk (as in Orange County Head Shop) at end of interview.

DICK (o.s.)
 Holy shit!

TV ANNOUNCER
 ...eye-witness to the robbery of Dr. Thomas Will, who recognized the couple and claims they held up the record shop he works in on the night of which suggests that the recent rash of Valley hold-ups may be the work of the same well-dressed, middle-class couple.

Dick sees Jane standing there. Obviously, she has seen and heard everything.

BILLY (O.S.)

Who's driving me to school this morning?

DICK

Mommy will. Hurry up and get dressed, Billy.

JANE

What happens if we ever get caught?

DICK

We're not going to get caught.

CUT TO:

223

EXT. HARPER HOUSE POOLSIDE -- DAY

They sip coffee at garden table by poolside, as he fiddles with a small portable tv set.

JANE

There's nothing wrong with quitting while we're ahead.

DICK

We're not far enough ahead. Yet.

JANE

That's the principle that made Las Vegas the city it is today. We're ahead and we should quit now. Please, Dick.

He looks at her a moment and then takes her hand; still fiddling with tv set with other hand.

DICK

I'll think about it.

Jane is enormously pleased.

JANE

You mean it?

Just as he finally succeeds in getting a picture on tv set.

DICK

(brightening)

Hey, look! It's Charlie!

As he swings set around so that they can both watch. TRACK IN on TV set.

224

INT. SENATE HEARING

It's Charlie, appearing before a congressional committee.

CHARLIE

Senator, nobody at Dixon aircraft, to the best of my knowledge, has ever bribed anybody...Maybe that's why business is so bad.

(CONTINUED)

A laugh in courtroom. A laugh from Dick. The newscast switches back to announcer.

225

INT. TV STUDIO

ANNOUNCER

We'll be back in a moment with sports and the weather.

226

EXT HARPER HOUSE POOLSIDE

As Dick flicks off set:

DICK

(admiringly)

Charlie, can really shovel the old shit. I doubt if we ever made a deal at Dixon without paying off somebody.

JANE

You're kidding? You bribed people?

DICK

I never reached that level. Charlie handled all the pay-offs.

JANE

I hope he gets nailed.

DICK

They'll never nail Charlie.

JANE

Why not?

DICK

Charlie handled everything in cash, out of a secret fund. There are no records of the money anywhere in the books.

JANE

So Charlie's got his own slush fund.

DICK

Uh huh.

A beat.

JANE

(in spite of herself)

Any idea where he keeps it?

(CONTINUED)

Really warming to her now.

DICK

In the safe in his office.

As something like a sexual charge passes between them.

JANE

Fortunately, Dixon is heavily guarded, and you don't even own a key to the executive toilet any more.

As Dick pulls an engraved invitation out of his dressing gown pocket and thrusts it at her.

DICK

Unfortunately, we're invited to a big party at Dixon a week Saturday.

JANE

How come?

DICK

They've signed a big missile contract with Saudi Arabia. I worked on the project in the early stage and Charlie's a sentimentalist.

As she absorbs this.

JANE

Oh, well, fortunately, we don't know the first thing about safe-cracking.

As we notice, for the first time, perhaps, a satchel under the table. Dick, grinning, shoves it toward her with his foot. Jane, not altogether surprised, lifts it a little, lets it drop, and we HEAR the distinct clatter of tools.

DICK

Help me with this one, and we retire undefeated.

JANE

Promise?

DICK

Scout's honor

DISSOLVE TO:

227 EXT. DIXON AIRCRAFT - NIGHT

Posh cars glide through the gates, up the driveway to the main entrance, where hired showgirls in astronauts briefies (space helmets, supersonic bras, transistorized panties) help gowned ladies and gentlemen in dinner jackets from their cars.

SOUND: Somewhere inside, an orchestra is playing R. Strauss, that is to say, the theme from 2001.

228 ANOTHER ANGLE

As we pick up a particular white Jag, a lovely Jane, a smartly turned out Dick, inside.

228A EXT. DIXON - NIGHT

TRACKING WITH THEM as they get out of the car. Jane carries what can only be described as the most outsized evening bag ever seen, a shoulder bag in fact, resembling nothing so much as a pony express mail pouch. She wears a kaftan. Dick, suddenly modish, also carries a shoulder bag.

229 INT. DIXON BALLROOM

As music continues, CLOSE ON, what is obviously a missile, though yet to be unveiled, guarded by showgirls, some chatting with military, others with traditionally dressed Arabs.

230 TRACKING BACK to reveal

The walls are lined with enormous photographic blow-ups. Lindbergh and The Spirit of St. Louis. Chennault before a Flying. A blast-off into space. Neil Armstrong taking that first step. Shots of our planet taken from space. Satellites, Etc., Etc. But, please note, one panel is missing, obviously removed at last moment. A blank space, then, like a sore thumb, between photographic blow-ups.

231 ANOTHER ANGLE

Party in middle gear. A long table with ice-sculptured astronauts, missiles, space ships, but real canapes. A bar. A dance band of the Meyer Davis/Lester Lanin ilk, playing something else now, but not many couples dancing yet. Crowd of some 200 people, mostly middle-aged. Military uniforms, Arabs, among the dinner jackets.

232 DICK AND JANE

As they enter, FAVORING JANE, as she surveys the room.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

(in a whisper)

I do hope you brought the old equalizer with you.

DICK

(amused)

Cut it out.

(as he spies someone bearing down on them, out of side of his mouth he briefs Jane)

Pete Winston. Wife's name Betty. Back operation. We used to send him to the Superbowl every year.

(then, a big warm smile)

Hi, Pete. How are you?

Pete, a three star air force general, has recently had his voice box removed. He carries a transistorized speaker, which he is obliged to hold to his throat each time he speaks, his voice emerging hollow, eerie, metallic.

PETE

(box to throat)

Great. Just great.

DICK

You know my wife, Jane, don't you?

PETE

I don't know if she'll remember, but...

JANE

Pete Winston. How can you say that? We met you and Betty at the Superbowl last fall. How's your back?

PETE

(enormously pleased)

How nice of you to remember!

POV JANE

He's terminal, obviously.

JANE

Of course I remember. You look wonderful.

(CONTINUED)

233 CLOSER SHOT PETE

PETE

Thank you. I'm feeling a lot better.

As we PULL BACK to reveal Jane standing alone, Dick has disappeared.

234 ANOTHER ANGLE -- BALLROOM

Jane conversing with group, only half-attentive, really watching.

235 ANOTHER ANGLE

Dick slipping out of ballroom.

236 INT. DIXON OUTER HALL ELEVATORS

One glance and Dick, carrying his satchel, realizes the elevators are out, for there are crowds gathered here, a spillover from ballroom, drinking champagne.

237 INT. DIXON STAIRS

Dick, racing, but already winded, lugging his satchel past a door marked "4"; onwards and upwards.

238 INT. BALLROOM

Jane accepting an invitation to dance from a military man, but she is watching for Dick, obviously concerned.

239 INT. DIXON STAIRS

Floor door marked "9". No Dick, no nothing. But, suddenly, we HEAR something fall, a horrendous clatter of metal tools against concrete, followed by Dick cursing O.S.

240 CU JANE chattering

(CONTINUED)

241 RESUME FLOOR DOOR MARKED "9"

As, finally, a badly winded Dick, no longer racing up steps, but clutching to railing like a mountain climber, finally makes it to 9th; deposits satchel; rests briefly; and starts down the steps again.

242 INT. BALLROOM

Jane, as it happens, standing before the blank space on wall between photographic blowups, is finally joined by an out-of-breath, sweaty Dick. They barely have a chance to exchange whispered information before Charlie Sanford is upon them.

CHARLIE

(beaming)

There you are!

In reply, out of breath Dick can only manage a nod.

CHARLIE

All I want to know is do I get a kiss from your wife, or do I have to make a scene?

JANE

Do we know this person?

DICK

(between puffs)

Some guy who still works at the plant.

Charlie wraps his arms around her and kisses her.

JANE

Good to see you, Charlie.

CHARLIE

You get uglier every time I see you. I don't know what a good-looking man like Dick sees in you.

JANE

I do yard work.

Even as Jane, taking the initiative, leads him on to dance floor.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

You can do work in my yard any time.

243 ANOTHER ANGLE (POV DICK)

Jane dancing closely, even suggestively, with Charlie.

244 CLOSER SHOT

Jane and Charlie dancing. Delicate fingers stroke his neck, she brushes an ear with her lips. They turn, they dance. Then, in response to a whispered request from Charlie, Jane seems to giggle acquiescence.

245 ANOTHER ANGLE

A watchful Dick sees

246 POV DICK

Charlie surreptitiously leaving ballroom, followed by Jane.

247 INT. LONG HALLWAY

PANNING with Jane, who follows after Charlie, at a discreet distance. Moving down the long hall, she passes the missing photographic panel (from ballroom), its back to wall -- stops -- realizes what it is -- steps back -- and lifts it sufficiently free of wall for us to see -- as she peers -- that it is a blowup of General Moische Dayan standing before a Dixon missile. But, obviously, not for this week's sale promotion.

248 ANOTHER ANGLE -- HALL

Charlie unlocks a door, leaving it open...and Jane, as she reaches open door, slips in after him.

249 INT. DIXON A HOSPITALITY SUITE OR WHATEVER

Dimly lit. Immediately, she enters room, Charlie seizes her, kicking door shut behind her.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE
Gotcha.

Jane submitting to his embrace and a degree of fondling;
meanwhile, shrewdly helping him out of his evening jacket.

250 ANOTHER ANGLE

They're both on the sofa now, kissing, necking.

CHARLIE
I had a dream about you last
night.

JANE
Oh, Charlie, you didn't.

As his hand travels up her knee.

CHARLIE
Yes, I did.

JANE
What did you dream?

As with her free hand, behind her, she begins to fumble for
Charlie's jacket pockets, her breasts, alas, now vulnerable
to him as well.

CHARLIE
I dreamt I made you the gift
of a fur coat.

As he squeezes and strokes and she is desperately intent on
own designs.

JANE
Why?

CHARLIE
(in heaven, but plunging
downwards)
Why what?

JANE
Why did you buy me a coat?

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

Aw, come on.

JANE

(submitting to a kiss)

No. Why?

CHARLIE

(with her dress up to her
knees)

You were very, very nice to me.

JANE

(pulling free)

What did I do?

CHARLIE

(pressing again)

Aw, come on. I mean, you know.

As he embraces her, his hands everywhere.

CUT TO:

251 INT. BALLROOM

Dick, aggitated, in conversation with a group. A last, he
sees:

252 POV DICK

A somewhat disheveled but nevertheless triumphant Jane waving
at him.

253 ANOTHER ANGLE -- BALLROOM

As they cut through people, dancers, working their way
closer to each other.

254 CLOSER SHOT

At last, their outreaching hands touch. In her hands, a key,
Dick hugs her.

CUT TO:

255 INT. DIXON STAIRS

Dick and Jane reach the 9th floor landing, where their satchel lies in wait. Immediately, she digs out a flashlight. Dick peers cautiously out of the door.

JANE

(in a desperate whisper)
We've got to be quick! Charlie
expects me to meet him in his office
at eleven. For the big blastoff!

He turns to look outside again

256 DICK'S POV CORRIDOR

He sees football tackle size black security guard ambling down the hall, away from them. Dick ducks back in.

257 STAIRS

Urgently, he motions for Jane to keep silent. A pause; then Dick peers out again. Very cautiously.

258 ANGLE TO GUARD (LARRY GORDON) DICK'S POV

Larry has paused momentarily in front of what can only be a reflective surface of some kind. After a long tough look at himself, he does an imitation of Burt Lancaster in Vera Cruz. He smiles, then does a quick draw, and speaks into the mirror.

LARRY

Eat that, you white lump of shit!

He smiles then twirls his gun and returns it to the holster in one move. After a beat, he ambles away.

259 STAIRS

Dick is rather unnerved by what he has seen.

(CONTINUED)

DICK
Goddamn black bigot!

JANE
What's wrong?

DICK
Never mind.

He looks out again, then motions for her to follow him.

260 INT. CORRIDOR

Dick and Jane make their way stealthily down the corridor to Charlie's office, arriving without incident. Dick produces key, opens door, slips inside with Jane.

261 INT. BALLROOM

PANNING through dancers, many more couples on floor now, toward Men's Washroom.

262 INT. WASHROOM

Black valet brushes down jacket of a bouncy Charlie, even as Charlie combs his silvery locks, getting the part just right, and, as an afterthought, picks up spray, sprays his mouth. Finally satisfied, turns to go.

263 INT. CHARLIE'S OFFICE

Dick and Jane search office with their flashlights, looking for the safe. They look behind pictures, can't find it.

JANE
Has he got a closet? In the book it says closets are very popular hiding places for wall safes.

DICK
He does indeed have a closet.

He leads her to door opening into dressing room/bathroom area.

(CONTINUED)

264 INT. DRESSING ROOM/BATHROOM AREA

Lavish. Shower, sauna, closet. It connects, by the way, to the president's office. Dick opens closet door, pushes the clothes aside, and reveals a safe in the back of the closet.

DICK

I love you, Jane.

JANE

Thank you.

265 INT. BALLROOM

Charlie in conversation with a group, sneaks a glance at his wristwatch and then checks to see if his fingernails are clean.

266 INT. CLOSET

Dick examines the safe as Jane reads from safecracker's manual.

JANE

(reading)

The first problem is to find out what kind of safe you're dealing with. Does it have a time lock? Does it have one combination or many?

(pause)

See diagrams.

She flips pages, then begins comparing safe to diagrams.

JANE

Here we are. Figure four...a double combination lock. See page fifty seven.

(turning to page 57)

"In my experience, I have always found that double combinations are easy to blow, if you know the combinations. If not, it's explosives or drills.

CUT TO:

267 INT. CLOSET

CLOSE UP DRILL, boring into safe.

Pull back to include Dick.

268 INT. CHARLIE'S OFFICE

Jane speaks to Dick on the intercom

JANE

I can barely hear you out here...

269 INT. RECEPTION

She hears footsteps in the hall. They stop outside the door.

JANE

(whispers into phone)

Somebody's coming.

She puts the phone down as we hear footsteps stop at door.
She races out of the room.

270 INT. DRESSING ROOM

Dick is frantically hauling all the stuff into the closet.
Jane enters.

DICK

Get in the closet.

She does. Dick turns out the light and crawls in after her.
As he does, we see the light go on in Charlie's office.

271 INT. CLOSET

A large walk-in, with sliding doors. They are fairly well
hidden by Charlie's wardrobe.

DICK

Is it the guard?

(CONTINUED)

JANE

I don't know. I couldn't see. But it can't be Charlie yet. It's only 10:15.

DICK

(reproachful)

You really must have got that bastard worked up.

JANE

I got you the key didn't I?

DICK

Maybe he won't look in here.

JANE

What if he does.

A beat.

DICK

Fuck him.

JANE

(outraged)

I most certainly will not.

DICK

No. No. You don't understand

Nervously, Dick indicates the revolver in his shaky hand. He signals for Jane to keep quiet as the door to the bathroom opens and the light is turned on. They wait in horrified silence for a moment. We HEAR the door to the shower being opened and the shower being turned on. They exchange heated looks. A moment later there is a contented enthusiastic sigh from whoever has gotten into the shower.

The shower stops. Door opens, showerer steps out. Dick shifts to a ready position, gun in hand. A moment later closet door opens and a well muscled very black arm reaches in and grabs one of the robes. Closes door. Clearly it isn't Charlie.

DICK

(whispers)

That isn't Charlie.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

Really?

Whoever it is, leaves bathroom, turns off the light.

272 INT. BATHROOM

Very loud 'soul' music is heard from stereo in Charlie's office.

Dick cautiously crawls out of the closet. He turns on the flashlight and then inspects the clothes hanging on a clothes valet. It is the uniform of a security guard, including gunbelt and gun. Jane looks out of the closet.

DICK

Look at this.

He shows her the gun.

JANE

- I think God must love us.

Dick goes to the door and very carefully opens it just enough to peek into Charlie's office.

273 INT. CHARLIE'S OFFICE (DICK'S POV)

The guard finishes pouring himself a drink, then sits back at Charlie's desk, putting his feet up. Music blares in b.g. After a moment, he shouts over the music.

GUARD

Come on in...

Briefly, we should think this is directed at Dick. Actually, it is directed at a group of custodians and cleaning ladies who have just entered the office. Amid some laughter, gaiety, a couple of custodians begin pouring drinks, others light up joints.

274 INT. DRESSING ROOM

Dick watches in stunned silence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANE

What's going on? Let me see.

275 INT. CHARLIE'S OFFICE - POV JANE

It's a poker game.

276 INT. BATHROOM

DICK

They're not going to hear the
drill. I'm going back to work.
Just tell me if anyone looks
like they're coming in.

Dick goes back into closet.

277 INT. BALLROOM

The party in full swing. Picking out Charlie checking
out his watch again -- it's 10:40 -- he summons a passing
wine waiter and has a whispered word with him.

278 INT. CLOSET

Dick drilling.

279 INTERCUT - MONTAGE

between Dick drilling -- Jane keeping lookout -- the party
downstairs -- Dick drilling -- the party upstairs -- Jane --
Dick drilling until --

280 INT. CLOSET

Dick opens the safe, revealing great stacks of money, much,
much more than he had anticipated. As exultant Dick begins
withdrawing money and stuffing it into his shoulder bag.

DICK

(to Jane)

Shut the door and lock it!

She does.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DICK
Take a look at this! It's all the
money in the world.

As she begins to stuff her shoulderbag.

281 INT. BALLROOM

Charlie is pulled aside by a somewhat perplexed, appropriatedly bemedalled Saudi Arabian ambassador, his military attache with him. The attache carries a large Gucci valise. We don't hear their dialogue, but Charlie's gestures couldn't be more reassuring, and the ambassador seems satisfied.

282 INT. CLOSET

Dick's bag is full, so is Jane's, but there is still more money. Raising his trouser legs, he stuffs his socks with banknotes, and then -- breaking open other money packets, dropping the wrappers on the floor -- he begins to stuff his pockets. And still, there is more money.

DICK
(to Jane)
Turn around.

She does. He unzips the back of her dress, as far as her waist, revealing convenient bra straps. As he begins to rip the wrappers off more stacks of money --

283 INT. 9TH FLOOR CORRIDOR

An armed security guard passing.

284 INT. CLOSET

The safe empty. Jane zipped up again. Dick bulging everywhere.

JANE
How do we get out of here?

DICK
Just follow me.

As they slip out of closet, into president's office, such is their excitement that they leave behind them, Dick's gun, tool satchel, and money wrappers everywhere.

285 INT. PRESIDENTS OFFICE

As Dick and Jane move quickly through darkened office, her flashlight picks out a military tunic...a show girl's bra... on floor.

MAN'S VOICE (metallic, eerie
with benefit of throat box)

Get it, baby. Get it all!

JANE

Excuse me.

As Dick manages to open door and they make it out into hallway. Dick peers left and right.

DICK

Get the elevator.

286 INT. HALLWAY

We can't help noticing as Jane walks toward elevator door that she does not move with her accustomed grace, stuffed as she is with 100 dollar bills. Then, no sooner, does she press elevator button, than the doors slide open and standing there, beaming, carrying a bottle of champagne and two glasses, is Charlie.

287 CU JANE

Her reaction.

288 ANOTHER ANGLE

As he is about to embrace her.

JANE (urgently)

He followed me up here!

And, indeed, Charlie's gesture dies -- freezes -- as he sees:

289 POV CHARLIE

A high spirited, bulging Dick, loping up behind.

CONTINUED:

DICK

Hi, Charlie.

A bewildered Charlie is already retreating back into the elevator, where he is joined by Dick and Jane.

290 INT. ELEVATOR

DICK (poised at buttons)

What floor did you want?

CHARLIE

...floor did I want?...

DICK

Yeah, where you going with all that hootch?

CHARLIE

Oh, this. Ha, Ha.

DICK

Well?

CHARLIE

The lobby, please.

As they begin to descend in a troubled silence, Charlie shifts uneasily from foot to foot.

JANE

I don't feel well, Dick. I'd like you to take me home now.

CHARLIE (recovering)

Oh, no you don't kids, not before you've had a drink with old Charlie.

CU DICK

Seething.

Then, as elevator doors open, Main floor, and they start out

JANE

I think I'm going to faint.

291 INT. MAIN FLOOR

Partygoers everywhere. Music. Charlie, at his most solicitous, shoves champagne and glasses at Dick, too surprised to protest.

CHARLIE

(relieving Jane of her enormous bag)

Here. Let me take this.

TRACKING WITH THEM, helpless, as they follow Charlie, her handbag swinging from his shoulder, to his table.

CUT TO:

292 INT. CHARLIE'S OFFICE - CLOSET

Following security guard's flashlight as he picks out open safe --- safecracking tools --- money wrappers --- gun.

GUARD

Well, I'll be fucked!

CUT TO:

293 INT. BALLROOM CHARLIE'S TABLE

Dick, Jane, Charlie, all smashed together. As he talks, we make out, in b.g., Security Guard wending his way toward them between dancing couples.

CHARLIE (drunkenly)

Nobility. Pride. The sense of feeling your life is worth something. That's what we lost when they killed the Space Program.

As the security guard is upon them, and Dick and Jane, sobering, try to react coolly.

GUARD (to Charlie)

I must have a word with you in private, Mr. Sanford.

CHARLIE

Ah, shit, now?

CONTINUED:

Guard nods urgently. Charlie rises from table.

CHARLIE

Don't go anywhere. I'll be right back.

Dick has to laugh at that one, but, as soon as Charlie moves off with guard, Jane leaps to her feet.

JANE

Let's go.

Dick pulling her down again.

DICK

Where?

294 POV DICK AND JANE

Security guards moving in unobtrusively to cover all exits.

JANE

You said we were just going to walk out of here.

DICK

We were, we were.

JANE

Well, what are we going to do now?

DICK

Get drunker than we've ever been in our lives.

Even as he fills their glasses.

JANE

Very funny.

DICK

Look, there's nothing to worry about.

JANE (raising her glass)

Whoopie.

DICK

Charlie wouldn't dare call the cops. This money doesn't exist. Don't you understand.

295 POV JANE -- armed security guards.

JANE

What about the security men. Do they exist, or don't they?

DICK

God, are you ever depressing.

296 ANOTHER ANGLE

Charlie in solemn conference with security man, nodding, nodding, in b.g., he is being watched by Dick and Jane.

297 REVERSE ANGLE -- CHARLIE'S TABLE

JANE

What if we call the police.

DICK

Are you crazy?

JANE

Charlie could never admit to them that there is an actual slush fund.

(pause)

The minute he sees the cops, he's going to make sure we get out of here safely. With the money.

A beat.

DICK

You are smart, Jane.

As she rises from table and, in b.g., we see Charlie returning.

JANE

You got a dime?

Dick feeling his overstuffed pockets.

DICK

A dime? No. You.

CONTINUED:

JANE

No.

Literally pushing her off as Charlie looms closer.

DICK

Find someone with change of thousand
or borrow it, for Christ sake!

As Jane moves off, walking with difficulty, a beat, then Charlie,
sobered, is back with Dick.

CHARLIE (a deadness in
his voice)

Jane feeling any better?

DICK

Oh, yeah, sure.

Charlie, scrutinizing Dick coolly, refills their glasses.

CHARLIE

Dick, there's been something I've been
meaning to ask you all night.

DICK

Shoot.

CHARLIE

What have you got in that bag? Your
make-up kit?

A beat.

DICK

Charlie, can I level with you?

CHARLIE

Sure.

DICK

I mean really level.

CHARLIE

Dick, you can tell me anything.

CONTINUED:

As out of the corner of his eye, Dick sees Jane approaching, her manner confident.

DICK

Charlie, we've just cleaned out your safe. Every last buck.

As Jane rejoins table and Charlie gallantly refills her glass.

CHARLIE

Did you now?

DICK

I'm sorry. I shouldn't have said it straight out like that. But I'm sick of all the bullshit.

A beat, Charlie, remembering.

CHARLIE

And how do you plan to get of here?

JANE (smiling sweetly)

With your help, Charlie.

CHARLIE

(indicating security man)

You see that big buck nigger there? He can shoot the eye out of a humming bird at fifty paces.

SOUND: Suddenly, police sirens.

DICK

We called the cops, Charlie.

CHARLIE

(digesting the implications)

Ah ha.

298 POV GROUP AT TABLE

Armed cops in discussion with security men at door; others starting on trot for elevator.

299

RESUME TABLE

DICK

We're going to confess, Charlie.

CHARLIE

This is no joke, friends.

JANE

We want to make a clean breast of everything.

As security man is ushering two cops to Charlie's table.

CHARLIE

Now don't get stupid. You keep your mouths shut and I'll get you out of here.

DICK

With the money?

A beat, eyeball to eyeball.

CHARLIE

You son of a bitch.

Even as he rises, all smiles, to greet the two cops.

CHARLIE

(extending his hand)

I'm Charlie Sandford, Executive Vice President of Dixon. What can I do for you, officer.

As they huddle close by the table.

DICK (to Jane)

My dear, you have just seen a demonstration of what we in the corporate world refer to as 'hardballing it with the big guys'.

JANE

I enjoyed it thoroughly.

300

ANOTHER ANGLE

Charlie, cozing goodwill, with cops.

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

...I'm afraid you've been the victim of
a drunken prankster, officer, but if
you'll excuse me for just one moment
(indicating Jane)
this young lady isn't feeling well.

OFFICER (concerned)

Oh, sorry.

As Dick helps Jane to her feet.

CHARLIE

I'd just like to see my young friends
out of here and then we can get into
that ridiculous story about my safe.

As officer politely clears way for Jane.

301 CU JANE

As she realizes her bra strap has just snapped.

302 POV HELPFUL OFFICER

Dick and Charlie helping Jane across dance floor to exit.

303 CU OFFICER

Suddenly his expression changes.

304 ANOTHER ANGLE

Jane's skirts trailing hundred dollar bills...

Now the cop can't help noticing Jane's oversize bag and Dick's
shoulder pouch.

OFFICE (O.S.)

Oh, just one moment, lady.

305 ANOTHER ANGLE

As Jane turns to him, her grin decidedly weak, and Dick, and Charlie, too, are aware, suddenly, of trail of banknotes.

DISSOLVE TO:

306 EXT. DAY - HARPER HOUSE

leaves being cleared from pool by attendant.

307 INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A police matron serves as a babysitter as Billy dressed for school, watches (on morning news) Dick and Jane, with lawyer, being led into L.A. courthouse.

308 ANOTHER ANGLE

Matron all but moved to tears on Billy's behalf.

MATRON

Come on now, dear. We musn't
be late for school.

309 EXT. SCHOOLYARD - DAY

Billy, now the child of celebrities, greeted as a hero, boys and girls vying for his attention.

KIDS

Hi, Billy!
Hey, did you see your Dad on TV?
Your mom looked terrific!

Billy has never had it so good.

CUT TO:

310 INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Dick and Jane are at a press conference in hallway, surrounded by press, other media people, and their lawyer.

LAWYER

...and the supermarket wasn't the
only time they were moved to share
their good fortune. They also
redistributed much of the money
they took from Dr. Thomas Will.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As a reporter interrupts with a question for Jane.

REPORTER

Didn't sending thank you notes
to your victims seem, well, an
odd thing to do?

JANE

On the contrary. It was only
proper. A courtesy.

LAWYER

You are not looking at a pair
of shifty robbers. On the
contrary, Dick and Jane Harper
were latter-day Robin Hoods.

As press conference breaks up.

311 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

ANGLE on Dick, Jane, lawyer, walking toward an office.

LAWYER

That's good. All that polite
shit is good.

JANE

I meant it.

LAWYER

That's good, too.

CUT TO:

312 EXT. L.A. STREET - DAY

A TV reporter is doing a man-on-the-street interview with
a Hollywood Boulevard OLDSTER; other street types thrusting
themselves forward.

OLD MAN

I ain't saying I approve of
what they did and I ain't
sayin' I don't approve of what
they did.

REPORTER

(to old man)
So you feel...

(CONTINUED)

OLD MAN

I told you what I feel. I like
'em.

CUT TO:

313 INT. RECORD STORE / HEAD SHOP - DAY

The Clerk, a former victim of Dick and Jane, proudly points out framed thank you note (from Jane) to reporter.

REPORTER

And you feel no animosity towards
the people who robbed you?

CLERK

See that?

(indicating framed note)

People come from all over to look
at it and when they're here they
buy something. I already cleared twice
what Dick and Jane stole.

REPORTER

What about the morality of it?

CLERK (suddenly inflamed)

I thought you said no trick questions.
Right?

REPORTER

That's right, but --

CLERK

But, nothing. You can't bullshit me.

As he clears reporter out of way the better to deal with real
customers.

CUT TO:

314 EXT. DRIVE-IN CHAPEL - DAY

Packed with cars, lined up to get in. The marquee reads:

DR. THOMAS WILL, PERSONALLY ROBBED BY
THE NOTORIOUS DICK AND JANE. TODAY'S
SERMON: "FORGIVE AND PROSPER."

DISSOLVE TO:

315 EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

People lined up to get in.

316 INT. COURTROOM

crowded. Media people, onlookers, and also the regular collection of flotsam scheduled for day's business. Dick and Jane are at a table in front of the low railing separating the judge, lawyers and defendants from the spectators. Their lawyer is called WAYNE and the judge, JUDGE BINACA. Most likely, Charlie is there, among the spectators, and so is RAOUL.

317 ANGLE ON DICK AND JANE

obviously concerned, maybe holding hands.

318 ANOTHER ANGLE - JUDGE

checking his digital watch, making a note or two; he glares down at conferring lawyers.

319 ANOTHER ANGLE

The whispering lawyers, WAYNE, and ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY (DAVE).

WAYNE

I think Binaca wants us to hurry.

DAVE

I don't care. We're talking about people's futures.

WAYNE

Yeah, ours. Let's not begin by pissing off the judge. C'mon, Dave, you know there's lots of pressure to let these two off altogether. I've got a ton of character references...

(showing them)

...People are dropping charges left and right.

DAVE

I'll tell you what. We'll cop them on a robbery plea and drop the armed allegation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WAYNE

No way. I want suspended proceedings and probation.

DAVE

You're crazy. Those two did commit robbery. And I have some people who will press charges.

WAYNE

Who?

DAVE

The insurance companies.

WAYNE

All right. I'll take conversion of felony and a county lid.

DAVE

Hell, no. I'll give you a class "E" felony with a recommendation for two years. That's a good offer.

WAYNE

Not when I got a cute kid to play with. Nobody's going to want to see him separated from his mommy for that long.

A beat.

DAVE

I'll go for a top of eighteen months.

WAYNE

Uh, uh. Public opinion is against you on this one. They're decent people who look good on TV. Johnny Carson wants them.

DAVE

No shit?

WAYNE

So does Merv Griffin. And they're signing a book contract with a New York publisher. Two hundred thousand dollars down.

(CONTINUED)

DAVE

What did you cut yourself in for?

WAYNE (proudly)

Twenty-five per cent.

DAVE

Twenty-five! People that stupid belong in jail.

WAYNE

C'mon, Dave. What do I have to do to get those people a break...give you my Laker Tickets?

DAVE

How'd you get Laker tickets?

320 ANGLE ON DICK AND JANE

Watching the lawyers confer.

321 ANGLE ON BENCH

The Judge, exasperated, continues nervously checking his full calender.

JUDGE

(rapping his gavel)

Gentlemen, justice is waiting to be served.

The two lawyers make a hurried last minute agreement.

WAYNE

May we approach the bench, Your Honor?

JUDGE (impatiently)

Yes, yes.

322 ANGLE ON DICK AND JANE

Watching lawyers and judge whispering together up front. They have absolutely no idea what's going on.

JANE

Dick, this is so embarrassing. All these people. Do you think we'll have to come to court often?

DICK

I don't know, honey. The American judicial system works slowly.

Wayne, the ADA and the Judge break up their huddle and Wayne comes back to them.

WAYNE

Well, that's it.

DICK

That's what?

WAYNE

I got you nine months each with a lot of goodies.

The Judge raps his gavel and declares.

JUDGE

The State vs. Harper and Harper, nine months with humane considerations. Next.

323 TRACK BACK

DICK AND JANE are now at far end of court, beseiged by reporters, photographers, TV people.

324 CU DICK

Ignoring Charlie, as he works his way toward him, his grin large.

325 EXT. BOOKSTORE - DAY

It is a classy sort of Beverly Hills bookshop. We PAN OVER the window display of inspirational books: POWER AND HOW TO USE IT by Michael Korda, HOW I MADE A MILLION IN THE MARKET, The SYLVIA PORTER MONEY BOOK, etc. And we end on a big stack of books entitled THE DICK AND JANE PRIMER, REVISED by Dick and Jane Harper.

326 INT. BOOKSHOP - DAY

TRACKING PAST the CASHIER, we come upon Dick and Jane signing copies of their book, amid a crush of potential buyers. They are glowing amid this public approbation. END TITLES COMMENCE SUPERED OVER.

327 THE DICK AND JANE STORYBOOK:

We return again, as at the beginning, to a series of stills, this time depicting the further story of Dick and Jane. They show Dick and Jane in the country-club like setting of a minimum security prison, Dick playing cards with the boys, Jane playing tennis, Dick and Jane being visited by Billy. Then we see the Dick and Jane Coming Out Party, as Billy cheerfully holds up a banner proclaiming "Nine Months Off For Good Behavior." We go on to other stills of Dick and Jane at home, posing in front of a new car, in front of a new house, looking more and more prosperous. The stills continue, as in the background we hear the faint sound of a police siren. SCREEN GOES BLACK.

FADE OUT.

THE END