

CITIZENS BAND

by

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FINAL DRAFT

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CITIZENS BAND

FADE IN:

1 EXT. LOVERS LANE - UNION CITY - AMERICA - NIGHT 1

A late March rainstorm drives steadily downward. It's Saturday night. Numerous vehicles line narrow dirt lanes. All engines are running; all windows are fogged. Vaporizing exhausts form heavenly clouds.

An Oldsmobile sedan winds through the park. The driver courteously cuts his headlights. A long antenna protrudes from the Oldsmobile's trunk.

2 INT. OLDSMOBILE - RICHIE WEBBER 2

A local high-schooler, RICHIE slides the Olds into a vacant area. He keeps the engine running; the heater on low. Richie listens to the last stanza of a romantic AM tune, then cuts the radio. He flicks on a CB radio, turns the selector to channel five, and keys the mike.

The other cars are filled with couples. Richie is alone.

RICHIE

How 'bout it, Electra, you out there?

INTERCUT WITH:

3 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT 3

A young woman's bedroom. A CB base unit sits on a night table near the bed. Its signal strength meter reacts to Richie's call.

RICHIE

You got a copy, Electra?

PAM ARMBRUSTER, a long-legged beauty in her mid-twenties, enters the bedroom fresh from a shower. Her athletic torso is wrapped in a light blue towel. Her skin is powder smooth. She sits on the middle of the bed and pulls the CB mike toward her. Her CB voice is low and sultry.

PAM

This is Electra. Come on --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICHIE

This here's Warlock. How do you copy?

PAM

(glancing at  
her unit)

I'm getting about eight pounds.  
Come on --

RICHIE

I just wondered if I was getting out with this storm and all.

PAM

I read you wall to wall. What's your twenty, Warlock?

RICHIE

Hampton Park. What's yours?

PAM

You know I can't tell you that.

RICHIE

Are you on a base or a mobile?

PAM

Can't tell you that either.

RICHIE

Do you know the Leprechaun?

PAM

Did the Leprechaun tell you to call me?

RICHIE

He's my best friend. Say, do you go to school around here?

PAM

Hey, I can't give out all my secrets, can I? Are you alone?

RICHIE

Yeah.

Pam picks up a brush and runs it through her chestnut hair.

PAM

There are a lot of voices out there, but yours is different. I like it. What are you wearing?

(CONTINUED)

RICHIE  
Jeans and a shirt.

PAM  
What kind of shirt?

RICHIE  
Flannel.

PAM  
Undershirt?

RICHIE  
No.

PAM  
Mind if I slide my hand under  
your shirt?

RICHIE  
No.

PAM  
You feel nice and muscular. Are  
you on a team?

RICHIE  
Basketball.

PAM  
You feel nice. Do you feel me?

RICHIE  
Uh... I think so...

Pam pulls on a pair of jeans and a sweater.

PAM  
I'm taking off my sweater. Would  
you be more comfortable in the back?

RICHIE  
No, I'm okay.

PAM  
Can we loosen your buckle a bit?

RICHIE  
Ten-four.

He unsnaps his jeans. His breathing deepens.

PAM  
You're not nervous, are you?

RICHIE  
No.

(CONTINUED)

3

CONTINUED: (3)

3

He is. She slips a belt around her waist.

PAM

Because I'm taking off the rest now. I'm a little shy of this birthmark on the inside of my thigh. You won't make fun of it, will you?

RICHIE

'Course not.

Pam pulls out a nail file and goes to work on her toes.

PAM

Can we loosen your jeans a little more? My hands aren't too cold, are they?

RICHIE

No... no...

PAM

Oh, you feel so nice. Do you feel me? 'Cause I feel you...

As Pam files away.

4

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

4

The rain continues in force, obliterating the highway's definition.

A slowly moving sedan is followed by a huge tractor-trailer hauling cattle. Suddenly, the sedan loses its grip and slides sideways. To avoid a collision, the truck turns sharply, brakes SHRIEKING, jackknifing, and sliding off the road.

The sedan regains control and continues into the night.

The trucker, HAROLD, hits his emergency flasher and jumps from the cab. Cursing, he examines the truck. It lies at a precarious tilt.

Terrified cattle BELLOW and shift about, causing the trailer to sway dangerously.

Harold climbs back into the cab. He turns his CB to channel nine.

INTERCUT WITH:

5

INT. FUNNY FARM - SPIDER'S WORKSHOP - NIGHT

5

BLAINE "SPIDER" LOVEJOY sits at his workbench surrounded by a mass of CB equipment, electronic testing devices, tools, and parts. Spider is in his mid-twenties. His good looks are classically American. A spider's web is embossed on the front of his T-shirt.

HAROLD

React monitor! React monitor!  
This is the Chrome Angel KHD4432.  
Over.

SPIDER

This is KKT6757, Union React. Go ahead.

HAROLD

Well gracious sakes alive, React.  
Terrible cottonpickin' thing.  
Doggone four-wheeler blew my rig  
off the road. Mercy. You got a  
wrecker out there or something?  
Terrible cottonpickin' thing.

SPIDER

Ten-four, Chrome Angel. What's  
your twenty?

HAROLD

Highway 73. Northbound. Past the  
Reddin exit.

SPIDER

Standby...

(beat)

This is Union React to Texaco Jack.  
Come on --

BOY'S VOICE

Hey, Hustler -- did you see Margie  
Frankel at the dance?

THE HUSTLER'S VOICE

She's a fox, a total fox...

SPIDER

Break!

THE HUSTLER

... but she's sixteen and always  
on the rag.

SPIDER

Break! Break! You're in violation  
of FCC regulation 95.41. Channel  
nine is reserved for emergency use  
only.

\*

(CONTINUED)

BOY

Hey, Hustler -- take it to twenty.

THE HUSTLER

Ten-four.

SPIDER

This is Union React to Texaco Jack.  
How 'bout it?

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

A chaotic scene. Flares, wrecked cars, smokies and wreckers. TEXACO JACK, a bear of a man, baseball cap, rain-soaked beard, flips open the door to his GMC wrecker and grabs the mike.

TEXACO JACK

Go React. That you, Spider?

SPIDER

Roger. We got an eighteen-wheeler off the road near the Reddin off-ramp. Requests assistance.

TEXACO JACK

Negative, Spider. I got a six-car T.A. here that's a real gooey mess. Looks like we'll be pullin' things unstuck for another hour or so. Back to ya.

SPIDER

Ten-four there, Texaco Jack. You go right ahead with your T.A. and don't let the wet getcha under. Thank you for the comeback. This is KKT6757 Union React. We're clear.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CATTLE TRAILER - NIGHT

Harold employs a hydraulic jack near the tractor coupling to bring the truck back to even keel. Just as the trailer begins to right itself, the cattle panic, MOAN and shift their weight, causing the trailer to tremble and slide off the jack. The truck abruptly drops back to its original position, pinning Harold's arm between a support strut and the coupling.

Harold's anguished screams are overpowered by those of the terrified cattle.

8 EXT. FUNNY FARM - NIGHT 8

FOLLOWING a huge man's bulk plodding through puddles.  
He raps on the door.

9 INT. SPIDER'S WORKSHOP - NIGHT 9

SPIDER

It's open! C'mon in!

The door swings open to reveal COCHISE. Shaped like a blimp, his ruddy face is boyish, almost angelic, his voice is high and soft-spoken -- He carries a huge, unfinished model airplane.

SPIDER

Hey, good buddy!

COCHISE

Hey!

Spider holds up a finger. "One minute."

SPIDER

This is Union React to KHD4432.  
(STATIC)

Cochise puts down his airplane. He removes the ear-flaps of his leather cap.

SPIDER

(continuing)

This is Union React to that Chrome  
Angel. Do you copy?

(STATIC)

Negative copy on that KHD4432 caught  
in the mud. This is KKT6757 Union  
React going ten-ten, ten-eight and  
monitoring.

9A EXT. HIGHWAY - CATTLE TRAILER 9A

Harold makes an anguished attempt to extract his arm.  
Failing, he begins to lose consciousness.

9B INT. FUNNY FARM WORKSHOP 9B

Spider hurriedly throws on a coat and reaches for his boots.

SPIDER

Hey, Cochise, how would you like  
to take over the base for a little  
while?

(CONTINUED)

9B CONTINUED:

9B

Cochise's eyes light up; a smile crosses his face.

SPIDER  
(continuing)  
You just sit here and watch over  
things.

COCHISE  
Can I have a coke?

SPIDER  
Sure. Get a coke from the fridge.  
Sit here and watch over things,  
okay?

Cochise picks up his plane and moves toward the work-bench.

SPIDER  
(continuing;  
motioning toward  
the model)  
How's it coming?

Cochise holds up the partially completed wooden model. He presses a lever, a motor WHIRS, and the rudder moves back and forth. He hits another lever, a second motor WHIRS and the flaps flip up and down.

SPIDER  
(continuing)  
Lookin' good!

Cochise smiles again, basking in Spider's approbation.

One flap continues its downward movement too far and breaks off with a TWANG. Cochise's smile fades momentarily.

COCHISE  
No sweat.

10 INT. BEDROOM - PAM - NIGHT

10

She's at her desk putting a new pair of laces in her tennis shoes.

PAM  
(breathlessly)  
Warlock?

INTERCUT WITH:

11 INT. OLDSMOBILE - RICHIE - NIGHT

11

He's rushing steadily toward orgasm.

RICHIE  
(breathlessly)

Yeah?

PAM  
It's never been this good before.

RICHIE  
I know...

PAM  
Oh, I can't stand it... I'm going  
to explode... hurry... please...

RICHIE  
Oh, yes... oh...

VOICE  
Break! Break!

RICHIE  
Oh God, not now!

VOICE  
Break! Break!

RICHIE  
Oh God, please, wait...

VOICE  
Any word on that Chrome Angel?

PAM  
Warlock?

2ND VOICE  
Southbound Moondog's sayin' he  
definitely fell off the super-slab.

PAM  
Warlock?

1ST VOICE  
We're heading there now. We gone.  
(STATIC)

PAM  
(softly)  
Warlock?

There's a long STATIC-filled pause before the Warlock  
comes back. He sounds very subdued.

RICHIE  
Yeah...

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

PAM

Are you okay?

RICHIE

Yeah.

PAM

I'm sorry about that breaker.

RICHIE

That's alright...

PAM

Maybe you can come back another night.

RICHIE

Sure.

(beat)

Listen, I'm in my father's car and I was supposed to get it back and everything so maybe I better back off and go ten-seven.

PAM

Will you call again? I really like your voice.

RICHIE

Uh, ten-four. We're clear.

The channel goes to STATIC.

12 EXT. HIGHWAY - SPIDER'S '56 CHEVY NOMAD - NIGHT

12

Spider's headlights flash upon the stranded truck. Spider turns on his emergency flashers and exits. After removing a set of flares and placing them properly on the road, he approaches the cab.

SPIDER

There's going to be a little delay...

Spider climbs up to the window. He raps on it.

SPIDER

(continuing)

Hello?

Spider opens the door. No driver. He jumps down and crosses to the other side where he spots Harold's limp figure, pinned at the arm.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

SPIDER  
(continuing)  
Holy Jesus!

Spider rushes to Harold, uprights the jack, and begins to pump with everything he has. Again, the cattle VOCALIZE their fear.

Another truck RUMBLES to a stop. The TRUCKER hops from the cab and hurries toward Spider.

TRUCKER  
Everything alright?

SPIDER  
Get an ambulance!

As the Trucker rushes back to his cab, Spider eases Harold from his predicament and lowers him to the ground.

Quickly but methodically, Spider unloads a blanket and portable oxygen unit from the back of the Nomad.

The Trucker rejoins Spider near Harold's side.

TRUCKER  
They said it'd be another ten  
minutes 'fore they can get here.

Spider ties off Harold's wound with a proper tourniquet before administering oxygen.

SPIDER  
Just breathe normal. Come on.

After a few moments, Spider removes the mask. Nothing. He replaces it.

SPIDER  
(continuing)  
Come on. Try again.

Harold weakly pushes the oxygen mask aside. His eye-balls roll in aimless circles.

HAROLD  
Terrible... cottonpickin'...  
thing...

13 EXT. THE FUNNY FARM - MORNING

13

A tiny farmhouse sitting bleakly off the side of a highway. Hand-painted letters on the side of the decrepit barn read: "THE FUNNY FARM. REST HOME FOR A TIRED TRUCKER". A smaller sign says: "CB RADIOS REPAIRED". Much of the barn's wood has already been used for firewood. Rusty track carcasses litter the yard. Here Spider lives with his father, Floyd Lovejoy.

14 INT. THE FUNNY FARM - KITCHEN

14

A can opener cuts through a can of Mighty Dog.

Spider snaps his head away from that first repulsive shot of dog food smell. Holding his breath, he empties the can into an orange plastic dish and spoons in some water. Turning his head again, he gasps for breath.

SPIDER

No wonder you smell like shit...

NED THE DOG waits eagerly for Spider to place the dish on the floor. Ned the Dog is a sad-faced mixture of collie and something else. He has one blue eye, one brown eye, hideous breath and a lunatic walk that mocks Charlie Chaplin.

When the food hits the ground, Ned lumbers forward but oversteps his bowl and sinks a rear paw into the goo.

SPIDER

(continuing)

Good, Ned. Real good.

Ned the Dog looks up quizzically, glances back at the bowl, thinks for a moment, then extracts his paw.

SPIDER

(continuing)

Smart doggie.

The kitchen is quite dismal. Spider removes a Kellogg's Variety Pack from a cupboard and places it in front of his father who sits at the head of a fuchsia and white throne-like dinette set. FLOYD LOVEJOY is an old sixty-four. Everything about the man is tired, lifeless, beaten down. His flat-top has long turned grayish white. Even the tattoos on his veiny white arms seem faded.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Spider sits at the opposite end of the table. Behind each, within reach, are CB radios. We HEAR vague waves of distant voices.

Spider pours cereal into his bowl.

Floyd scrutinizes the selection.

Spider pours his milk.

SPIDER

How're you feeling?

FLOYD

Okay...

Floyd makes a selection.

The toast pops up. Spider checks the coffee.

Floyd pours his milk.

SPIDER

How'd you sleep last night?

FLOYD

Okay.

Spider pours the coffee for Floyd and himself.

Floyd puts in three heaping tablespoons of sugar. He checks the taste. He puts in another tablespoon.

Spider slides some toast to Floyd.

As they begin to eat, Floyd's CB unit comes to life. So does Floyd.

DUDDLY DORIGHT'S VOICE

Hey, Pappa Thermodyne -- this here's Duddly Doright! You got your ears on today?!

FLOYD

Well doggone it, Duddly Doright, I didn't 'spect you for another day, that's fer sure, fer sure! You must be keepin' the hammer down to that ol' super-slab!

DUDDLY DORIGHT

Yeah, well ten-four, good buddy. 'Bout that hammer, with all that storm...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Another VOICE bleeds over the channel. Floyd's animation fades.

THE PRIEST'S VOICE

The Lord must've been running  
linears the other night 'cause,  
mercy sakes, I never seen such  
talk power. That's the thing  
about Jesus. You don't need no  
ears to catch his signal. Now  
give The Priest a big ol' four  
on that.

Spider grabs the mike.

SPIDER

Hey, Priest, whoever you are,  
you're walking all over a nice old  
man who's trying to modulate with  
a friend and that's damn rude.

(STATIC)

Duddly, you still there?

DUDDLY DORIGHT

Go.

SPIDER

(handing Floyd  
the mike)

Here, Pop.

Keying the mike, Floyd perks up again.

FLOYD

Hey, you say how-do to all my  
boys at K&L when you hit the Dirty  
Side. By golly, ain't nothin'  
perk up this lonely old sidewinder  
like talkin' with my boys!

DUDDLY DORIGHT

Hey, that's a big ol' ten-four  
there. I'll certainly do that  
fer sure. You stay close to that  
rig and we'll modulate with you  
on the flipside. We down.

\*

FLOYD

Mercy, thanks for the shout and  
keep the dirty side down and the  
shiny side up! Mercy!

Floyd turns back to his breakfast. He somberly spoons  
his cereal.

SPIDER

How's the coffee?

(CONTINUED)

FLOYD

Okay...

Suddenly Floyd's animation is gone once again. Spider searches through his supply of electronics parts for a particular box. \*

Floyd catches a scent, pauses for a moment and looks around. \*

FLOYD

(to himself)

What stinks around here?

He looks down to find Ned the Dog panting away at his side.

FLOYD

Oh.

Floyd whips out a Binaca spray and blasts Ned square between the chops.

Ned lets out a YELP and leaps backward BARKING noisy epithets.

Floyd lets out a devious little laugh.

FLOYD

(continuing)

Don't go breathing on me, moose  
breath!

After sliding on a coat, Spider removes a microphone from a cardboard box. \*

SPIDER

Pop, I got you a new microphone.  
You said the old one made your  
arm tired. See how this one  
feels.

Floyd sits next to his CB. A bottle of Old Crow is nearby. Spider puts the mike in his father's hands.

SPIDER

(continuing)

How's that? See, it sets on the  
table so you don't have to hold it.

FLOYD

Okay...

SPIDER

If it doesn't work out, we'll see  
about getting you another one.

FLOYD

Okay.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (3)

14

SPIDER

I gotta go to town today. There's some wieners in the fridge. And I left your toasted marshmallows next to the Ding Dongs. Anything I can get you?

FLOYD

Take the dog.

SPIDER

I can't, Dad. I got a lot to do.

FLOYD

Then the dog dies.

SPIDER

C'mon, Dad...

FLOYD

The dog dies.

15  
and  
16

OMITTED

15  
and \*  
16

17 INT. SPIDER'S NOMAD - MOVING - MORNING

17

Spider drives with his side window partially cracked. Ned the Dog is in the back enjoying the breeze, his nose an inch from Spider's cheek. The dog's panting is making Spider sick.

OLD WOMAN (v.o.)

By the summer of '26, the family was all together enjoying the little ones in the new house. That was also the summer I met Tom. He was delivering ice -- remember that? -- and I was caring for the petunias. Well I got some water on him and one thing lead to another and the next thing I knew he was chasing me around the garage...

18 EXT. ROAD

18

The Nomad pulls to the side and stops.

OLD WOMAN (v.o.)

Well, I was a pretty sprightly runner in those days, but for some reason, I didn't feel speedy that day...

19

INT. NOMAD

19

Spider closes his window and cracks the passenger side. He puts the car in gear and continues on his way. Ned moves to the new opening, away from Spider.

MAN (v.o.)

Good gracious! I think the old motormouth's tellin' her life story.

2ND MAN (v.o.)

She's been jack-jawing for two days straight and she's still got another sixty years to tell.

MAN (v.o.)

Somebody oughta run down and drop a bottle of Sominex in her Ovaltine. That' get the channel rolling again. Good gracious!

20

EXT. JACK'S TEXACO - DAY

20

Texaco Jack and Harold ride in the wrecker that hauls in Harold's crippled Kenworth.

Flowery letters on the door read: "The Chrome Angel" and "Harold Rissley".

Cattle bump around restlessly inside the trailer.

Cochise finishes pumping gas to a customer before joining the men. All three scrunch under the truck to examine the damage. Harold's left arm sports a new plaster cast.

Texaco Jack wipes his hands slowly.

TEXACO JACK

Parts come from Lincoln.

HAROLD

Well go ahead. I sure don't have much choice.

Harold wipes off the Chrome Angel with his handkerchief. She's a chrome hood ornament, a naked woman's torso arched forward with parted wings and flowing hair and tiny, erect nipples.

TEXACO JACK

Cochise, call Sandy and see how he's fixed for axles -- oh, never mind, I'll get him myself.

(to Harold)

The calls go on the bill. What about the cows?

(CONTINUED)

20

CONTINUED:

20

Cochise lumbers toward a customer at the pumps.

HAROLD

What about them?

TEXACO JACK

I don't want them gettin' restless  
and breakin' up the garage. Or  
shittin' on my blacktop.

HAROLD

The hell they will. Besides,  
they'd have to shit sideways to  
hit your blacktop.

TEXACO JACK

Just so they don't.

Texaco Jack heads for the office.

Harold starts for a phone booth, pausing to take another  
look at his truck. Sure enough, there's some RUMBLING  
and a wad of shit comes flying out sideways from be-  
tween the wooden slats.

Harold's expression turns sour.

21

EXT. TEXACO JACK'S - TELEPHONES

21

Two outside phones on the side of the station. Harold  
is on one of them.

HAROLD

Keep trying, operator. I'll wait.

He returns the receiver to the first phone, empties a  
pouch full of coins and picks up the second receiver.

HAROLD

(continuing)

Hello, operator. I want call  
Des Moines. Right. 515-255-3099.

\*

He feeds quarters into the machine. BONG, BCNG, BONG...

HAROLD

(continuing)

Hey, Petie? How ya doin', champ?  
Good. Is Mommy around? Good.

(pause)

Hey, Joyce! How ya doin!? Yeah.  
Union. Little trouble. Don't know  
yet. No, just a scratch. Really.  
No, don't come down.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

The first phone RINGS.

HAROLD  
(continuing)  
Sure I'm sure.

He cradles the second receiver in his immobilized arm and picks up the first.

HAROLD  
(continuing;  
first phone)  
Thanks, operator.  
(second phone)  
Hey, I love you. I miss you. I'm  
fine, I'm fine. Really. See you  
on Tuesday. Love to the boys.  
(hangs up second  
phone, picks up  
first)  
Hey, Connie. Yeah, Union. Little  
accident. Of course, that's all.  
What else would I be doing here?  
Well, all right then. How're the  
girls....?

22 INT. HIGH SCHOOL - GYM - DAY

22

DEAN LOVEJOY shoves a whistle in his mouth and blows a shrill command. Twenty-five ninth graders, blue shorts, white T-shirts, fall into line.

DEAN  
Alright! Everyone fall in! Ten-  
shun!

CONNORS is a skinny little kid with glasses.

CONNORS  
Mr. Lovejoy, can I go to the  
bathroom?

DEAN  
Shoulda thought about that before  
class, Connors.

Dean looks like a coach's coach -- chunky, muscular body, square head and neck, thick hairy legs, nylon jacket with school emblem, and clipboard.

Spider enters the gym and watches from a remote corner.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

DEAN

(continuing)

Alright, quiet down! Ten-shun!  
Dress right dress! Let's go --  
shape it up, shape it up! C'mon,  
Connors, what're you using for  
brains today! Alright -- at ease!

Dean moves to the beginning of the line.

DEAN

(continuing)

I'm gonna run a uniform inspection  
now. When I pass I want you to  
pull out your supporter and snap  
it back. I wanna hear it snap --  
understand?

Dean passes down the line scrutinizing each kid. Snap,  
snap, snap, snap...

Connors tries to get by holding out the elastic edge  
of his underpants.

DEAN

Where's your supporter, Connors?

CONNORS

Uh, my mother's washing it.

The line chuckles at Connors' misfortune.

DEAN

Gimme fifteen laps.

Connors starts trotting around the gym. Dean continues  
down the line. Snap, snap, snap.

Spider silently watches his brother.

Snap, snap... a tall, athletic kid, SIMON, the coach's  
favorite, stands in socks.

DEAN

Where're your shoes, Simon?

SIMON

Forgot 'em.

DEAN

You gonna remember them tomorrow?

SIMON

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (2)

22

DEAN

Alright...

Snap, snap...

CONNORS

Mr. Lovejoy, I really gotta go to  
the bathroom.

DEAN

Five extra laps, Connors. That  
makes twenty. You wanna try for  
five more?

The kids revel in Connors' predicament. Connors con-  
tinues to run, in obvious distress.

Snap, snap...

Spider can't stand it. He waits for Connors to pass  
his corner.

SPIDER

(whispering)

Hey, kid. Go to the bathroom. I'm  
the coach's brother. I'll handle  
him for you.

The kid slows down for a moment, taking a fearful, skep-  
tical look at Dean. He glances back at Spider.

SPIDER

(continuing)

Go on.

Spider winks. The kid makes a beeline for the locker  
room. The SOUND of the locker room door closing  
catches Dean's attention.

DEAN

Blaine.

(looking for  
Connors)

What did you just do?

SPIDER

(waving)

Hey, Dean.

DEAN

What the hell did you just do?

Dean is visibly tightening.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (3)

22

SPIDER

I just came by to say hi.

DEAN

You said something to the boy.  
What did you tell him?

Dean's face is flashing crimson. He turns to find a silent class eagerly anticipating a big fight.

DEAN

(continuing)

Alright, everyone into the showers!  
Right now! Double-time! Let's  
move!

The class shuffles silently and quickly into the locker room. Each kid gives Spider a look-over as they pass him.

Finally, Dean and Spider are alone in the empty gym.

DEAN

(continuing)

What the hell is this?

SPIDER

Hey, easy, Dean...

DEAN

You come in here, you deliberately  
disrupt my class --

SPIDER

Take it easy, I only wanted to...

DEAN

Don't tell me to take it easy.  
This is my class, my gym, and I  
don't need you disrupting things.  
Now I want to know what the hell  
you're trying to do here!

SPIDER

If you wouldn't be such a horse's  
ass and listen for one minute --

DEAN

Don't push me --

SPIDER

Well, you're sure acting like one.

DEAN

You're pushing me --

(CONTINUED)

22

CONTINUED: (4)

22

SPIDER

I'm not pushing you.

DEAN

I'll lay you right out on this floor -- I mean it.

SPIDER

I don't believe this.

DEAN

I swear -- I'll lay you out --

SPIDER

Ain't never happened that way yet --

Suddenly, the gym door bursts open and in charges the ninth grade girls class. They pass through the gym, running in a line, each dressed in a blue tank suit. Their PE instructress follows dressed in white shorts and navy jersey, carrying a canvas bag of balls. She's Pam Armbruster.

Dean conjures up a wave and a big smile.

DEAN

Hey, Pam!

Pam returns the wave. Before she follows her girls out of the gym, Pam and Spider take quiet note of each other.

The two brothers are left to their awkward moment. Spider holds out both his hands.

SPIDER

Truce?

DEAN

What do you want?

23

INT. DEAN'S OFFICE - DAY

23

A glass cubicle in the locker room. We see the boys showering and dressing in the b.g. Dean is seated behind his desk. Spider sits across from him.

SPIDER

I'd like some help with Pop. I can't seem to reach him anymore.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

DEAN

You're the one who wanted to take  
care of everything...

SPIDER

I'd like your help.

DEAN

What do you want?

SPIDER

Just make an effort to come around  
a little more. Spend some time  
with him. That's all. I can't  
handle it all, Dean. I really can't.

Dean takes a deep breath.

DEAN

I got no part, Blaine.

SPIDER

What do you mean?

DEAN

I got no part. Can we be honest  
about this?

SPIDER

Yeah. I want to be.

DEAN

Okay, let's be honest about it.  
You were Mom's favorite. Donny  
is Dad's favorite. I got no part.

SPIDER

That's not true.

DEAN

Roy don't count. He was always  
out humping -- broads, trees,  
squirrels. Expired parking meters  
-- I don't know --

SPIDER

That's just not true --

DEAN

Will you agree with me on Donny?

SPIDER

Okay, maybe Donny. But that's it.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN

And when Mom was upstairs  
dying those days... who did  
she call for? Did she call  
for me?

SPIDER

I told you what she told me.

Behind Dean's back, behind the glass partition, Simon  
and two other kids are giving Dean the finger, picking  
their noses, and feigning masturbation. Spider  
sees it but says nothing, saving his brother from  
humiliation.

DEAN

I was waiting down there praying  
and crying like the rest. But  
she didn't call me. She didn't  
tell me nothing.

SPIDER

She only said, "Don't let Ned's  
bowl go for more than two days".

DEAN

Let's let it go.

SPIDER

That's all she said. I think  
the oxygen was getting to her.

DEAN

How is Ned the Dog?

SPIDER

Smells like always. Shitty.  
You want him?

DEAN

No. He's your dog.

SPIDER

The hell he is.

(pause)

Look, Dean, Pop's gonna be  
sixty-five on Friday. I wanta  
do something special for him.

\*

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (3)

DEAN

What?

SPIDER

I don't know. Maybe a birthday party. Something like that.

DEAN

You mean just us?

SPIDER

Well, Roy's somewhere in Alaska and Donny's in the can. Who else?

DEAN

Great party.

SPIDER

You want to invite someone, go ahead. We'll get a cake. Have some beers. He likes that kind of thing.

(beat)

He's getting old, Dean. I didn't see it before, but now I do. You know, a little flaky around the edges.

DEAN

Fact is, he never cared for me much.

SPIDER

Well, the way I see it -- you're my brother. That makes you his son.

(long pause)

You know?

24 EXT. PARKING LOT AND CINDER TRACK - SCHOOL - DAY

24 \*

CLOSE on a pair of woman's track shoes pacing it out on the track. It is Pam, moving at a miler's pace. Spider appears in the parking lot nearby and spots Pam rounding the far turn and heading towards him.

SPIDER

Pam! Wait a minute!

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

Pam makes no sign of slowing for Spider. He jumps the low chain link fence encircling the track and falls in beside her.

PAM  
(not missing  
a stride)  
How are you?

SPIDER  
Okay. And you?

PAM  
Good.

Spider starts puffing with the effort of keeping pace.

SPIDER  
I think you still have some of  
my stuff at your place... a  
shirt?

PAM  
Green? Little seahorse on the  
front?

SPIDER  
Yeah.

PAM  
I've got it... and a walkie-  
talkie and a needlenose pliers.

SPIDER  
Can I pick them up?

PAM  
Will you pick them up?

SPIDER  
When?

PAM  
This afternoon.

SPIDER  
Okay.

Exhausted, Spider stops in his tracks and watches Pam move gracefully on.

25 EXT. THE COSY COVE CABINS - MORNING

25

A dozen shabby tourist cabins, remnants of the thirties.

HOT COFFEE (v.o.)

Hey, all you lonesome cowboys with  
ears -- this here's Hot Coffee,  
wishing you a doggone top o' the  
morning!

26 INT. HOT COFFEE'S CABIN - MORNING

26

HOT COFFEE (DEBBIE PRICE) is in her late thirties,  
round-featured and neat as a pin. She has a folksy,  
homey quality that would label her a mother/housewife  
in any shopping center. Hot Coffee is a prostitute.  
She's on the CB.

HOT COFFEE

Mercy. We got one fine day here..  
Anyone wantin' to dunk their donuts  
in some hundred mile perk-me-up,  
how 'bout a taste of this Hot Coffee.  
Mercy. We're clear.

As Hot Coffee unkeys the mike, we catch a glimpse of  
her one bedroom cabin. Small, cheap, but like her-  
self, homey and neat.

27 EXT. COSY COVE - DAY

27

Cochise's jeep pulls off the highway. Harold hops out.  
He waves Cochise off.

Hot Coffee emerges from her cabin door.

HOT COFFEE

Harold! I didn't expect you 'til  
next week!

HAROLD

Long story, babes, long story.

28 INT. HOT COFFEE'S BEDROOM - DAY

28

Hot Coffee and Harold are undressing. Gingerly, she  
slides his shirt over the plaster cast.

HOT COFFEE

When it starts to hurt, sometimes  
you can concentrate real hard on  
the pain and fool yourself into  
enjoying it. I do that at the  
dentist.

(CONTINUED)

28

CONTINUED:

28

HAROLD

I just thank my stars that fella  
showed up when he did.

HOT COFFEE

How's Connie?

HAROLD

She's fine.

HOT COFFEE

How'd that PTA meeting go?

HAROLD

She gave that school board a good  
piece of her mind about some smutty  
texts they wanted to bring into  
the classroom.

Naked, Hot Coffee caresses Harold's back while he  
removes his shoes.

HOT COFFEE

Half and half or straight up?

HAROLD

Uh... half and half.  
(leaning back  
in bed)

After giving them hell, they banned  
the books and fired the teacher.  
I figure what the hell, the kids'll  
pick it up anyhow sooner or later.  
But Connie feels strong about it so  
I say good for her.

29

INT. HOT COFFEE'S KITCHEN - CLOSE ON HAROLD - DAY

29

HAROLD

I've been all over and nobody,  
but nobody makes it like you.

Harold is at a small table sipping coffee. Hot Coffee  
rinses a spoon at the sink.

HOT COFFEE

That's 'cause I grind my own beans.

HAROLD

Just delicious.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

HOT COFFEE

It's part Colombian and part French Roast. That's why it's creamy, yet full-bodied.

She sits down with a cup.

HAROLD

Are things going any better for you?

HOT COFFEE

It's just not good, Harold. Right now you're my only steady left.

HAROLD

Can I help?

HOT COFFEE

Thanks, but I don't see how. I just don't have the business any more. First there was that bond issue and they moved the highway on me. Now with that goddamned fifty-five limit, nobody has time for nothing. Sometimes with this government doing these things to me, I wonder why I bother paying taxes.

HAROLD

You don't pay taxes...

HOT COFFEE

I pay sales tax when I buy something, don't I?

HAROLD

Sure, but --

HOT COFFEE

Well, all right then.

Harold thinks for a minute.

HAROLD

You know, it's a funny country, Debbie. Everything's mobile. If you can accept that, if you can go with it -- you can do anything. That's a fact.

30 EXT. PAM'S HOUSE - DAY

30

Spider moves up the walk of the tiny one bedroom house.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

TRIPLE X (v.o.)  
Her breasts, young and pert,  
glistened with the dewy moisture of  
spent passion. I removed the  
handcuffs as her soft moans followed  
me out the door. Hey, this is  
Triple X working on your dreams.  
Mercy. We gone.

He raps on the door.

30A INT. PAM'S HOUSE - DAY

30A

Spider enters. Pam crosses the living room looking  
for a shopping bag.

SPIDER  
The place looks good. Hey, I heard  
you went to Omaha for the Olympic  
tryouts.

Pam returns with a bag.

PAM  
Here are your things.

SPIDER  
How'd you do?

PAM  
Okay. What do you want to do with  
the CB radio?

SPIDER  
Did you place?

PAM  
No.

SPIDER  
Lousy judging, huh?

APM  
What about the radio?

SPIDER  
Do you use it?

PAM  
A little.

SPIDER  
I don't need it. Use it as long  
as you want.

(CONTINUED)

30A CONTINUED:

PAM

What about this?

She holds up a ring in a case.

SPIDER

That's yours.

PAM

Blaine --

SPIDER

Why all the spring cleaning? Are  
you seeing someone else?

Pam says nothing.

SPIDER

(continuing)

That's it, isn't it? You're seeing  
someone else.

PAM

It's been three months, Blaine.

SPIDER

Oh. Well, that's fine. I'm glad  
for you. Who is he?

PAM

I don't want to talk about it.

SPIDER

Someone I know?

PAM

I said I don't want to talk about it.

SPIDER

Well, how tall is he then? Taller  
than me?

PAM

I don't see what --

SPIDER

You can tell me that much, can't  
you? Is he taller than me?

PAM

No.

(CONTINUED)

30A CONTINUED: (2)

SPIDER

About the same?

PAM

No.

SPIDER

Shorter?

PAM

Yes, he's a little shorter than you,  
okay? Now, will you please...

SPIDER

What kind of car does he drive?

PAM

Blaine, I don't understand --

SPIDER

I'm asking what kind of car he drives!  
Am I asking too much?

PAM

Yes, you are... I don't know what  
kind of car.

SPIDER

Is it big?

PAM

No.

SPIDER

Small?

PAM

It's small.

SPIDER

American?

PAM

No.

SPIDER

Blue? Green? Pink?

PAM

White. It's white.

SPIDER

Now we're getting somewhere.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

30A CONTINUED: (3)

30A

SPIDER (cont'd)  
He's short and drives a small white  
foreign car... sounds like a real  
twerp.

PAM  
He's not.

SPIDER  
(looking in  
the bag)  
Are my pliers in here?

PAM  
(seriously)  
He's not, Blaine.

Spider looks totally crestfallen.

SPIDER  
Frankly, Pam, at this moment, I'm  
very concerned about your future.  
Very concerned.

PAM  
I appreciate that.

SPIDER  
(turning to leave)  
If you need me for anything...

PAM  
Right. Thank you.

SPIDER  
Bye.

PAM  
Bye.

Pam closes the door. As she turns, there's a KNOCK.  
She opens a small grate-type peephole. It's Spider.

SPIDER  
Sure you don't need the needlenose  
for anything?

PAM  
I'm sure. Thank you.

SPIDER  
Right.

(CONTINUED)

30A CONTINUED: (4)

30A

Pam closes the grate. She turns away. There's another KNOCK. She opens the grate. It's Spider again.

SPIDER

(continuing)

But I still love you.

31  
thru OMITTED  
33

31 \*  
thru  
33 \*

34 INT. NOMAD - MOVING - DAY

34

Spider's thoughts are on Pam. Vaguely, he listens to the CB. Ned paces the back seat.

THE NAZI'S VOICE

(eating into  
the mike)

Hot damn, this welfare sandwich is hot!

(smack, smack)

Now I know that...

(chew, chew)

... some of you peapickers wanna use the channel. Thing is...

In the distance, over an adjacent field, a plane flies close to the ground. We don't know whether it's a crop-duster or a small plane in search of an air field. It's too far away. Spider barely notices.

THE NAZI

(chomp, chomp)

... we know what I'm running so I guess it's up to me -- that's for peapickin' sure. Tell you what...

The plane, still distant, drops a good fifty feet, banks sharply to the right, and disappears from view.

THE NAZI

(continuing;  
smack, smack)

... I gotta go to the little boys' room. So if you're good, I'll let you have it 'til I get back. Otherwise, you can go back to Moscow or Aferca or wherever you belong -- that's for peapickin' sure.

(CONTINUED)

Suddenly, there's a tremendous ROAR and RUSHING of air as the small private Cessna crosses the road directly in front of the Nomad. It's not more than twenty feet from the ground.

SPIDER

HOLY -- !

Spider swerves violently to avoid a collision.

The Nomad skids sideways across the road.

The airplane continues across the road where a telephone pole shears off the right wing. The plane drops into a thicket and bursts into flames.

Spider slams the Nomad into reverse, wildly gunning it closer to the crash site, tires SCREAMING blue smoke. Gripping the mike, he jams into emergency Nine.

SPIDER

BREAKER! BREAKER! BREAKER! I need  
a React Monitor! A React Monitor  
Emergency! Ten-thirty-three --  
Ten-thirty-eight!

THE HUSTLER'S VOICE

Do you know Leslie Cinworth?

BOY'S VOICE

No. Do you know Sandy Lankerman?

SPIDER

BREAK! BREAK! CLEAR THE CHANNEL!  
REACT MONITOR! REACT MONITOR

The Nomad lunges crazily across the field.

BOY

She goes to Hadley.

THE HUSTLER

Blonde hair? Big tits?

BOY

No, that's Sandy Stigwood.

At the crash site, the Nomad slides to a stop.

SPIDER

BREAK! BREAK! BREAK!

BOY

I think someone's trying to step  
on us --

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (2)

34

## THE HUSTLER

Some people are so rude --

Spider throws down the mike in disgust and angrily leaps from the car.

Grabbing a fire extinguisher, he charges to the wreckage, spraying away, circling, looking for survivors. Impulsively, he dives into the dense black smoke. He finds the pilot in shock, clumsily fumbling with his seat belt. The man's face is badly lacerated.

A small group of motorists gather near the road.

Spider releases the pilot, pulling him to safety, far from the burning fuselage. He rushes back to the Nomad and gets on the CB. Channel Nine.

## SPIDER

CLEAR THE CHANNEL! IMMEDIATELY  
EMERGENCY

## BOY

He's back.

## THE HUSTLER

Hey dude, I don't know who you are,  
but there are other people in this  
world beside you.

At roadside, two ONLOOKERS turn to each other.

## FIRST ONLOOKER

Should we go for help?

## SECOND ONLOOKER

No, it's okay; he's got a CB.

35 OMITTED

35

36 INT. DINER - NIGHT

36

Spider, Cochise, Texaco Jack, LES, CAL and TONY. The table is cluttered with empty and half-empty beer pitchers. Spider's mood is angry, sullen, withdrawn. Cochise sits at the end of the table sketching elaborate airplane designs.

## TEXACO JACK

If you let them get on your case,  
Spider, you won't have any fun with  
your radio.

(CONTINUED)

CAL

Look at it this way -- you saved Fenton as is. Now he can start readin' up on weather. You gotta know about weather to fly right.

LES

We know how you feel, Spider. God damn turkeys out there playin' around like it was some kind of toy.

TONY

Ten's the idiot channel.

TEXACO JACK

They're all idiot channels. What'd ya expect with twenty million units out there.

Two men sit at the counter.. Unknown to them, Ned the Dog snoozes at the foot of their stools. The first Man catches a whiff and glances suspiciously at the other Man.

Both nod a small greeting and turn back to their dinner.

LES

I understand there's some gal called Electra who's been strokin' off the high schoolers right over the air. I haven't heard her, but I heard a lot of talk. Strokin' 'em right off.

TONY

Shit.

TEXACO JACK

Probably some big ugly broad with hair comin' out of her ears can't get it anywheres else.

LES

Nothing you can do about it. Tony tried going to the FCC. That's a joke.

TONY

More turkeys on the FCC than on the band, that's fer sure.

(CONTINUED)

CAL

It's the electronics lobby that calls the shots. They own the FCC. The FCC ain't shit. It's the electronics lobby -- talk about power and greed.

TEXACO JACK

You know who really done this to us?

CAL

Who?

TEXACO JACK

Who really done all this?  
(big dramatic pause)  
Richard Nixon.

There are some meaningful murmurings.

TONY

Well, I didn't vote for him.

CAL

Me neither.

LES

I sure didn't.

SPIDER

(standing)

I'll see you boys later --

Spider plunks his money on the table and heads for the exit. Ned follows.

TEXACO JACK

Where're you going?

SPIDER

Clean up the band.

CAL

How're you gonna do that?

SPIDER

Kick ass.

Spider exits.

It's late and cold. Spider's got his tools and work light out. He's busy attaching a signal-seeking, loop antenna to the Nomad.

38 INT. NOMAD - NIGHT

38

Spider turns a cable like device. The antenna revolves slowly.

Installing a flexible map light. He flicks the switch. The bulb glows.

Attaching a city map to a clipboard. He snaps a pencil into place.

Tossing a small baseball onto the rear floor.

As he hangs under the dash to install a coaxial cable, we HEAR an approaching auto. A door slams. Footsteps. A figure stands next to the Nomad's passenger door. It's Pam.

PAM

Blaine?

Spider maneuvers up from beneath the dash. He's surprised and pleased to see her.

SPIDER

Hey, Pam.

(moving tools aside)

What's up?

Pam holds out her CB radio.

PAM

Something's wrong with this thing.

I keep losing my modulation.

Spider takes it, visibly miffed by the nature of her visit.

SPIDER

I thought you didn't use it.

Pam shrugs. Spider whips out some tools and goes to work on the unit.

PAM

What're you doing out here?

SPIDER

Ever hear of The Hustler? Or Triple X?

PAM

No.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

SPIDER

Or if you don't like that, we also  
got a phony priest selling Jesus  
over seven, a Nazi keeping four pure  
Aryan, some gal called Electra who  
thinks she's the stroke-off queen  
of seventeen...

(handing back  
the radio)

Here. All fixed.

(sliding back  
under the dash)

Probably some big ugly broad with  
hair comin' out of her ears can't  
get it anywheres else.

Pam scratches her ear unconsciously.

PAM

(faintly)

I wouldn't doubt it.

SPIDER

(working away)

What?

Pam waits for a few moments. She really came to talk,  
but Spider is preoccupied under the dash. She turns  
to leave.

PAM

I hope you find who you're looking  
for.

(as she exits)

-- whatever they are.

39 INT. SPIDER'S WORKSHOP - NIGHT

39

Soldering and wiring a row of amplifiers together.

Testing the results on a bank of meters.

He flips a switch sending a BUZZING current through the  
components. Red power pilot lights flicker everywhere.

Spider picks up a mike.

SPIDER

This is KKT 6757 Spider speaking.  
Attention all CB operators. I'm  
no longer running barefoot.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

SPIDER (cont'd)  
Fact is, I got enough juice to open  
a radio station here. So listen up.

40 EXT. SERVICE STATION - NIGHT

40

A yawning Attendant is locking up for the night.

SPIDER (v.o.)  
From now on, all CB operation is  
to conform with Part Ninety-five  
of the FCC Rules and Regulations.

41 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

41

Two trucks pass in the night.

SPIDER (v.o.)  
That means no idle chitchat, no  
profanity...

42 EXT. ROADSIDE CAFE - NIGHT

42

Not much action.

SPIDER (v.o.)  
... no deceptive transmissions, no  
operation without a license.

43 EXT. CITY STREET - FOLLOWING A VAN - NIGHT

43

SPIDER (v.o.)  
All violators will be dealt with  
severely. I repeat.

44 EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF CITY - NIGHT

44

SPIDER (v.o.)  
All violators will be dealt with  
severely.

45 EXT. THE EARTH - SATELLITE VIEW

45

SPIDER (v.o.)  
This message will be repeated on  
each channel daily.

46 EXT. COCHISE'S HOUSE - THE NOMAD - DAY

46

Spider and Cochise pile into the Nomad. Ned the Dog is in the back. Spider starts driving, but the car leans heavily toward Cochise's side. Spider stops.

SPIDER

Uh, Cochise, I think we're listing a little... How 'bout if you sit in the back... uh, in the middle. My springs are just about shot.

Cochise gets in the back. Ned gets in the front. The car levels out. Spider starts up again.

SPIDER

(continuing)

Thanks, good buddy.

COCHISE

No sweat.

47 INT. NOMAD - MOVING - DAY

47

We HEAR a droning voice over the CB.

THE HUSTLER'S VOICE

This little pussy went to market...

Cochise turns the loop antenna by hand while checking the CB meter. Spider examines a map on a clipboard.

COCHISE

Twenty degrees north.

SPIDER

We'll make a right here. We're close.

THE HUSTLER'S VOICE

... little pussy stayed home...

COCHISE

Ten degrees east.

SPIDER

I think we passed it. Might be the blue one.

THE HUSTLER'S VOICE

... had roast beef...

COCHISE

Thirty degrees east.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

SPIDER  
It's the blue one.

48 EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

48

Spider backs up the Nomad. He exits carrying the small baseball bat.

SPIDER  
Hit the horn if anyone shows.

Cochise waits in the car. Spider approaches the house. He knocks.

A skinny thirteen-year-old kid with glasses cracks the door. He's Connors from Dean's PE class. Emblazoned across his T-shirt: "THE HUSTLER."

THE HUSTLER  
What?

SPIDER  
Is your mother or father home?

THE HUSTLER  
No.

SPIDER  
Good.

Spider kicks open the door and rushes into the house.

49 INT. HOUSE

49

THE HUSTLER  
Hey, I'm not supposed to let anyone in!

SPIDER  
Where's the radio, Hustler?

THE HUSTLER  
What radio?

SPIDER  
Probably your room. Right?

Spider makes a move down the hallway.

THE HUSTLER  
What radio? I don't have any radio! Help! Police!

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

Spider enters a bedroom, obviously the kid's room. A CB receiver sits on a small desk.

SPIDER

Nice rig. Let's see your license.

THE HUSTLER

I don't have to show it to you.

49A EXT. HOUSE

49A

Outside, the Hustler's MOTHER arrives in a station wagon.

Cochise, red with nervous sweat, hits the HORN.

49B INT. THE HUSTLER'S ROOM

49B

Spider's disconnecting the wires to the CB.

THE HUSTLER

Hey, cut it out! Cut it out!  
Police!

He jumps on Spider's back. Spider tosses him off easily. The kid lands on his bed.

SPIDER

You've been using this illegally.  
No license. Lots of garbage  
mouthing over emergency nine.

THE HUSTLER

I don't care what you think. You  
can't hurt me.

Spider brings his bat down on the CB, smashing it to smithereens. The Hustler starts to howl.

THE HUSTLER

(continuing)

Go ahead! I don't care! My  
father'll buy me another one!  
Then he'll get you!

The car HORN SOUNDS again.

50 EXT. HOUSE - DAY

50

The kid's Mother gets out with a load of groceries.  
She moves toward the house.

50 CONTINUED:

50

Cochise panics -- HONK, HONNNNNNK

Spider meets the mother squarely at the front doorway. He's inside; she's outside. The Hustler squeezes through, howling and screaming and crying.

The Mother is clearly alarmed.

MOTHER

What is this? What's going on?

THE HUSTLER

Mommy, this man broke into the house and smashed my radio!

MOTHER

He did what!

THE HUSTLER

He broke my radio! My CBI

The Mother turns to Spider, facing him directly:

MOTHER

Thank God. I've been wanting to for months. Jamie, get in the house and quit crying, or I'll kick your butt in!

51 EXT. RECREATIONAL VEHICLE DEALERSHIP - DAY

51

Under the flapping of green and red and yellow plastic flags, Hot Coffee and Harold examine a Winnebago motor home. A salesman, CAL, stands to one side.

HOT COFFEE

It's very handsome. I can't deny that. Can I go inside?

CAL

Please.

52 INT. WINNEBAGO - DAY

52

Hot Coffee checks out the appointments.

CAL

This model sleeps three standard with a five-seven option available.

(CONTINUED)

HOT COFFEE

Golly, that's plenty. I've never even done three.

CAL

Let me ask you something. You'd never hoist your motor home several feet in the air and deliberately drop it, would you?

HOT COFFEE

I don't think so.

CAL

Well, that's exactly what Winnebago did to prove their structural integrity. These divider curtains push back to open up large living, and entertaining areas; closed they provide sleeping and dressing privacy.

HOT COFFEE

Nice, nice, nice.

CAL

This is your combination shower/tub.

HOT COFFEE

Are there any other fixtures available here?

CAL

What would you like?

HOT COFFEE

(shyly)

Well... I've always sort of wanted a bidet.

CAL

A bidet?

HOT COFFEE

It's French European.

CAL

I'll certainly check the accessory catalogue.

Hot Coffee and Harold hold a private conference.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

HOT COFFEE

Well, it's a lovely home and everything, but who can afford it?

HAROLD

Do you like it?

HOT COFFEE

Sure. Who wouldn't.

HAROLD

Okay, let's do this. I'll put enough down to make the monthly payments the same as your rent at the Cosy Cove. All you have to do is meet the payments.

HOT COFFEE

Harold, I can't let you do that.

HAROLD

The other night some guy saved my life. I'm just happy to be able to do it for you.

Hot Coffee is touched.

HAROLD

(continuing)

Sir, why don't we move to the office. She doesn't like this color one bit.

55 INT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

55

Harold's on the eighth ring. No answer. He gets the operator back.

HAROLD

Operator, try that Dallas number again, will you?

He recycles his coins into the machine. Again, no answer.

HAROLD

(continuing)

Thanks, Operator.

Puzzled, he collects his coins.

56 INT. BUS TERMINAL - DAY

56

A blonde woman, JOYCE, carrying two bags, passes an information desk and steps to the rear of the ticket line.

(CONTINUED)

59B CONTINUED:

59B

## HOT COFFEE (cont'd)

How 'bout some o' that original  
hundred mile perk-me-up that's  
sweet as sugar, full-bodied, and  
low on calories! Mercy! Come on  
back!

## SHORT STACK (v.o.)

'Preciate that offer, Hot Coffee,  
but I'm definitely doin' some serious  
motorin'. What's your twenty?

## HOT COFFEE

Right on your donkey, partner!  
Right on your donkey!

Sure enough, Hot Coffee's spanking new red Winnebago  
is cruising directly behind the truck.

Downshifting quickly through umpteen cars, the truck  
brakes hard and pulls off the road. The Winnebago  
follows and stops.

The trucker hops from his cab and walks back to the  
camper. The door opens and in he goes.

The Nomad passes in the opposite direction.

59C EXT. OLD WOMAN'S DUPLEX - DAY

59C

Through a window, Spider watches an OLD WOMAN whose  
shrine-like CB radio table is surrounded with pictures  
of kin. Faintly, we hear her rambling voice.

## OLD WOMAN

In the spring, Tom took me to  
Milwaukee for my twenty-third  
birthday. Of course we couldn't  
afford a car in those days, but  
the trains were real nice. Even  
the bathrooms. Well, Shirley was  
having her second child, and we  
visited...

Spider leans against the wall, his mind groping for a  
proper solution. With some resolve, he pulls out a  
wire cutter, snips the Old Woman's antenna in two, and  
keeps moving.

The Old Woman's voice drones on and on:

(CONTINUED)

59C CONTINUED:

59

OLD WOMAN

(continuing)

Marnie was such a lovely baby, you  
could see the whole world in her  
eyes...

60  
thru OMITTED  
68

60 \*  
thru  
68 \*

69 INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

69

Total chaos between classes. In the middle of it,  
Richie Webber and KAREN gaze mournfully at each other  
as if anticipating their own funerals.

A bell RINGS. The students, including Richie, dis-  
appear magically behind classroom doors. Karen is  
left in the empty hall.

70 INT. PAM'S OFFICE - DAY

70

Karen rushes into Pam's office. Pam is at her desk.

KAREN

Miss Armbruster. Can I talk to you?

PAM

Of course, Karen. Close the door.

KAREN

I think Richie and I are breaking  
up.

PAM

Why?

KAREN

He wants to do things that I just  
don't want to do. He's been weird  
lately.

PAM

Sexual things?

KAREN

Yeah. I just don't feel I'm ready  
for that.

PAM

Did you tell him?

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

70

KAREN

Yeah, but it doesn't matter what I say or think. That's what I want to ask you. I read that women reach their... you know... peak at thirty while men get theirs at seventeen. Is that true?

PAM

I've read that.

The office looks out over the locker room. We see SANDRA stuffing toilet paper into the front of her gym suit.

KAREN

Richie's going to be seventeen in May. I think he's peaking on me.

PAM

What does he say?

KAREN

He says abstinence poisons his system. That's why he's breaking out.

PAM

Maybe he should try washing his face.

71 INT. GYM

71

MISS HADEY, department head, stubby, muscular, pointed glasses, inspects a line of girls.

HADEY

Coed volleyball today, girls. I hope we all have our hair in place.

A small piece of toilet paper peeks out from Sandra's suit. Miss Hadey pulls on the end, completely unravelling it.

HADEY

(continuing)

Really, Sandra, I don't see how this will impress the boys one bit.

Sandra is humiliated to tears. Hiding a red face, she runs for the locker room.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

HADEY  
(continuing)  
Now, now, we can't be all that  
sensitive, can we. Let's wash  
our face and return to class.

72 INT. LOCKER ROOM

72

Sandra races past Pam's office, looking for a place  
to hide.

PAM  
(to Karen)  
You'll excuse me. I think I see  
another casualty.

Pam goes to Sandra's aid.

73 INT. FACULTY LOUNGE - DAY

73

A half-dozen teachers sit around smoking in a deadly  
daze. Miss Hadey approaches Pam at the coffee machine.

HADEY  
I see that you and Dean Lovejoy  
are getting to be good friends.  
(there's no  
response)  
I just want to remind you that there  
are certain appearances that must  
be maintained here. Need I say more?

Pam beckons Miss Hadey closer.

PAM  
(whispering)  
Michelle, there's a terrible rumor  
running around that says you get  
your jollies by keeping the girls  
waiting for towels so you can check  
out their cute young butts. Any  
truth to it?

Dean enters the room and joins Pam.

HADEY  
I'll pretend I didn't hear that.

PAM  
And I'll pretend you don't do that.

Pam and Dean move away.

\*

74

INT. PAM'S BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

74

Pam and Dean in bed. A quiet moment. Both are adrift in post-coital contemplation. A cigarette dangles from Dean's lip.

PAM

Maybe I'll go to Baltimore. Don't ask me why. I've always wanted to go there.

DEAN

Baltimore?

PAM

I don't know, it just sounds right. I mean, who wants to go to Tul-sa? Or Mi-am-i? Mi-am-i. But Baltimore.

DEAN

Tul-sa. Bal-ti-more. Tul-sa.

It's all the same to him.

PAM

I've been in one place too long. It's starting to do strange things to my head.

DEAN

How strange?

PAM

Remember when you were about fourteen, and you'd visit your old grade school, and the water fountains seemed so low and cute, and the teachers so dull and pathetic?

DEAN

Yeah --

Pam's look says it ain't for her.

DEAN

(continuing)

Are you serious about all this -- Baltimore?

Pam shrugs an inexplicable little shrug.

DEAN

(continuing)

Maybe I'll go with you.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

74

PAM \*

Maybe you will.

(beat)

When?

Dean thinks.

PAM \*

How 'bout Friday?

Dean thinks further.

PAM \*

Okay - how 'bout Saturday?

DEAN \*

It'll have to be after track. I've  
got track this spring.

75 EXT. FUNNY FARM - EVENING

75 \*

Spider rushes from his car to the house.

THE PRIEST (v.o.)

Children, honor thy father and thy  
mother. Such is the Fourth  
Commandment with a promise -- that  
thou mayest be long-lived upon the  
earth. Fathers, do not provoke  
your children to anger, but rear  
them in the discipline and admonition  
of the Lord. Now is that a four?

76 INT. FUNNY FARM - EVENING

76

Spider enters. We HEAR the low murmuring of Floyd's  
CB.

SPIDER

You ready, Pop? We've only got  
fifteen minutes to get to the hall.

He finds Floyd in the kitchen. The old man is col-  
lapsed, seated, head in arms, at the table next to  
his CB. We know he's alive, because of various terse  
mumbling, grunts, and farts. An empty bottle of Old  
Crow tells it all -- dead drunk.

Spider is angered and hurt.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

76

SPIDER  
(continuing)  
Terrific, Pop. You couldn't wait  
another hour. Not another goddamned  
hour.

Spider moves into his bedroom and returns assembling  
a tie around his neck.

SPIDER  
(continuing)  
I can't tell you how proud this  
makes me feel.

Spider lifts the Old Crow bottle and bangs it on the  
table inches from Floyd's head. Still no response.

SPIDER  
(continuing)  
Real proud, Pop! Real proud!

He picks up a jacket and heads for the door, slamming  
it behind him.

76A EXT. HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

76A

A white VW flashes across the lot, slipping into a  
parking space. Dean and Pam hop out and run onto a  
waiting school bus filled with basketball players and  
cheerleaders. The bus RUMBLES off. \*

76B INT. NEIGHBORING HIGH SCHOOL - GYM - NIGHT

76B \*

A tangle of long, lean legs dance down the court. The  
ROAR of the crowd tells us that we're in the midst of  
a hotly contested basketball game.

Sporting a tie and jacket, Dean stalks the sidelines  
in front of the Union bench. He chomps on a stick of  
gum with maniacal fervor.

DEAN  
LET'S GO LET'S GO LET'S GO! WHO'S  
YOUR MAN, WEBBER?! WHO'S YOUR MAN?!  
WELL, COME ON THEN! WATCH THE PICK!  
THE PICK! AW, CHRIST!  
(flinging a  
towel down)  
THAT'S IT! THAT'S IT! ALL RIGHT!  
YEAH! YEAH!

The substitute buzzer SOUNDS. The players huddle.

(CONTINUED)

76B CONTINUED:

76L \*

The Union Cheerleaders hit the floor, tiny skirts flapping above waists.

## CHEERLEADERS

Two bits, four bits, six bits, a dollar -- all for Union, stand up and holler!

In the stands, Pam finds herself surrounded by a mob of screaming, stomping fans. She sits quietly, uninterested.

77 INT. AMERICAN LEGION HALL - NIGHT

77

The legion's monthly awards dinner consists of two long, narrow tables sparsely occupied by bored dentists, businessmen, and insurance salesmen. At the podium, a heavy-jowled MAYOR speaks. Spider sits to his side. Floyd's reserved seat is conspicuously vacant.

## MAYOR

This young man is no stranger to us. We've honored him before, and I suspect we'll do it again. Recently Blaine helped save two lives while operating an Emergency React station at his own volition and expense. It gives me great pleasure to present this Distinguished Citizen Award to Blaine Lovejoy for bravery, courage and decency that we hope will serve as a model for all our citizens. Blaine.

Spider stands to scattered APPLAUSE. The Mayor places the ribbon and medallion over Spider's slightly bowed head. They shake hands.

## MAYOR

(continuing)

Congratulations, Blaine.

## SPIDER

Thank you.

## MAYOR

Good work. And thank you.

## SPIDER

Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

77

After dinner, Spider is left to himself. The Mayor has left for another appointment. The seat next to Spider was reserved for Floyd; it's also empty. Some of the Legionnaires are clustered in small groups; others are already heading for the exit.

Two busboys push a cart of soiled dishes through the kitchen's swinging doors. From within, we HEAR the clatter of dishes and fragments of laughter. Spider stares absently into a bowl of watery green Jello.

77A INT. FUNNY FARM - NIGHT

77A \*

Wearing the American Legion medallion hanging from his forehead like a coal miner's lamp, Spider moves to his bedroom and opens a bureau drawer.

Inside are five identical ribbon and medallion awards. He removes the one he's wearing, places it with the others, and slams the drawer shut.

77B INT. SCHOOL BUS - MOVING - NIGHT

77B \*

The players and cheerleaders ride home in silence. Pam and Dean sit near the front of the bus behind the driver.

DEAN

You're very quiet tonight. Is anything wrong?

PAM

No.

DEAN

(taking her hand)

I guess losing is never easy. But you've got to look on the positive side. Tomorrow is a new ballgame. But it's never easy. Not for any of us. Listen how quiet it is back there.

Dean gestures toward the players and finds the reason for the peace -- all the players are making out with the cheerleaders. Some are going at it hot and heavy. \*

DEAN

Excuse me, gentlemen, but can we have some discretion tonight?  
Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

77B CONTINUED:

77B \*

When the bus pulls into the high school parking lot, we see Spider waiting, leaning on the Nomad. Pam notices him first, then Dean.

Looking into the bus windows, Spider pushes off the car and begins moving with the bus.

77C EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

77C

Spider positions himself at the bus door as it comes to a halt. A few cheerleaders bound out, followed by Pam.

SPIDER

We've got to talk.

Pam's in no mood to talk. She keeps moving with the girls.

Dean stays at the top of the steps, ushering out his players. Spider waves to him.

SPIDER

Hey, Dean! See you in the morning  
- huh?

Dean acknowledges their date. Spider moves quickly after Pam. Dean watches, concerned.

Spider catches up with her halfway to the girls' gym. She keeps moving. He gets into stride.

SPIDER

How ya doin'?

PAM

It's late, Blaine.

SPIDER

I know, but this is important. I've decided to -- hey, slow down.

PAM

(still moving)  
Can't this wait?

SPIDER

I've decided to leave the Funny Farm. I'm leaving Pop to himself. Will you stop a minute?

She stops.

(CONTINUED)

77C CONTINUED:

77C

PAM

It's so late.

SPIDER

Maybe you're right. I've been sitting out here for over an hour freezing my buns off waiting for you thinking about how late it was getting. I knew it was late, but I had no idea it was so late.

He turns to leave.

PAM

Blaine ---

78 OMITTED

78

79 INT. GIRLS' GYM - THE BALLET ROOM - NIGHT

79 \*

A single overhead lamp illuminates the long wooden room. The space is huge and Pam and Spider are alone, but the warm yellow glow provides a sense of private intimacy.

PAM

When did you tell him?

SPIDER

I didn't.

PAM

Then what's all this -- !

SPIDER

I said I'm going to tell him.  
After the party. Friday. I'll tell him then.

PAM

Can he take care of himself? You said he was getting senile.

SPIDER

Yeah, well, he gets senile like some people get the flu. He had a bad bout last month, but he's much better now, thank you.

79A INT. BOYS' GYM

79A \*

DEAN

Good hustle tonight, Bosley. Ken,  
you wanna take care of the warm-ups.

Richie's sitting on a bench, face ashen, holding back tears. The players keep a certain distance from him, not out of malice, but out of respect for his need of privacy.

Dean puts a consoling hand on his shoulder.

DEAN

It's alright, Webber.

RICHIE

(low, voice breaking)

No sir, it's not alright.

DEAN

Well, Webber, tell me this -- are you gonna be a man about this thing and accept your mistakes and learn from them, or are you gonna sit there like a little bunny all night punishing yourself.

Richie doesn't respond.

DEAN

(lightly)

Tell you what. Give me twenty in the morning and we'll call it even.

Dean waits for a smile. It doesn't come.

DEAN

Webber, I want you to pop your fanny in the shower area, I want you to soap up good, and I want you back here smiling. Now!

Webber starts undressing. Dean turns away.

RICHIE

Coach...

(long pause)

It's not alright.

Dean starts down a hallway in search of Pam.

79B INT. THE BALLET ROOM - NIGHT

79B \*

SPIDER

Hey, this is what you wanted,  
isn't it? This is what hung us up.

(CONTINUED)

79B CONTINUED:

79B \*

PAM

That was three months ago. Things  
have changed...

SPIDER

You still have my ring...

PAM

Yes, but --

SPIDER

If you don't mind me saying so, I  
think I probably know you better  
than anyone else, and, if things  
have changed as much as you say  
they have, then you wouldn't be as  
unhappy as you are right now; so,  
the way I see it, things haven't  
changed all that much. Am I wrong?  
Tell me, am I so wrong about that?

Pam forms a weak smile.

SPIDER

(continuing)

All right then, goddamnit, let's  
face up to our feelings!

Pam turns to leave, but Spider stops her. He kisses her  
lightly, awkwardly, catching her cheek. He tries  
again. For a moment, both feel the familiar heat,  
breath and passion. Two uncertain half-smiles follow.  
Turning again, she makes a quick exit.

A shadowy face in the hall window tells us that Dean  
has seen it all.

79C INT. FUNNY FARM KITCHEN - DAY

79C \*

Spider's heading out the door. Floyd's hunched over  
his table waiting for his radio to talk. Ned the Dog  
is walking around in circles.

SPIDER

Pop, don't forget about our guest  
today. I'm leaving Ned here until  
lunch. I've got too many errands  
to run.

FLOYD

Then the dog dies.

(CONTINUED)

79C CONTINUED:

79C \*

SPIDER

Do whatever you want. I'm  
leaving him here.

Floyd's eyes follow Spider out the door.

79D INT. BAKERY - DAY

79D \*

Spider and Dean examine a row of refrigerated birthday  
cakes -- cowboys, spacemen, baseball players.

SPIDER

Which one do you like?

DEAN

I don't care.

SPIDER

I'm asking your opinion.

DEAN

I don't care. It's your party.  
You choose.

SPIDER

Goddamnit! It's not my party, it's  
our party, now which goddamn cake  
do you like the best?

DEAN

The white one.

SPIDER

Okay, the white one.

(to the Woman  
behind counter)

The white one. With red trim. No  
flowers.

(continuing;  
to Dean)

How's that?

DEAN

(uninterested)

Fine.

SPIDER

(to the Woman)

And I want it to say, 'Happy  
Birthday Pop.'

(CONTINUED)

79D CONTINUED:

79D \*

DEAN

I never called him Pop.

SPIDER

What do you want?

DEAN

I don't want anything. I just never called him Pop, that's all.

SPIDER

Okay, make that 'Happy Birthday Dad.'

DEAN

I never called him Dad, either.

SPIDER

(aside to Dean)

What d'ya want, 'Happy Birthday Shithead?' They won't do that.

(to the Woman)

Dad's fine. Now, you got any little trucks? I'd like some little trucks, some little trucks driving up this highway. Can you do the highway in perspective? With broken white lines? Good. Little trucks driving up a highway in perspective with broken white lines. He'll like that. But no flowers. You always wind up throwing the flowers away.

80  
thru OMITTED  
84

80 \*  
thru  
84 \*

85 INT. WINNEBAGO - HOT COFFEE AND HAROLD - MOVING -  
DAY

85

HOT COFFEE

I've gotta hand it to you. It works like a charm. Should've thought of it long ago.

HAROLD

How does it drive?

HOT COFFEE

Real easy. Got a nice radio, too.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED: 85  
Something catches Harold's attention. He does a double take.

86 HIS POV - CONNIE AND JOYCE 86  
Luggage in hand, they walk toward a motel.

87 BACK TO SHOT 87  
Harold flinches, cringes and slinks down in his seat, out of sight.

HAROLD  
Punch out, Debbie.

HOT COFFEE  
What?

HAROLD  
There's something I haven't told you.

88 INT. MOTEL OFFICE - DAY 88  
Connie is at the reservation desk. Joyce is a moment behind, dragging a large suitcase.

CONNIE  
Yes, I'll need a room for tonight, please.

JOYCE  
Connie, don't take this personally or anything, but I think we should get separate rooms.

CONNIE  
Oh really --

JOYCE  
I mean, we hardly know each other and I've got some thinking to do, and it might look funny to the lawyers later on.

If looks could drip contempt Connie's would flood the room.

89 INT. RESTAURANT - CONNIE AND JOYCE - DAY 89 \*  
They examine the menu.

(CONTINUED)

CONNIE

I'm buying.

JOYCE

I can't let you do that.

CONNIE

Sugar, I'm putting it on Harold's bank card. This one's on him.

JOYCE

Well, okay then...

CONNIE

(to waitress)

Is this steak the most expensive thing you've got? It's only \$6.95. Must be some mistake. And I'd like to see the wine list.

JOYCE

I think we should be very careful what we say to each other.

CONNIE

Oh?

JOYCE

Because there might be litigation. And with litigation, you're not supposed to talk about anything.

CONNIE

Oh.

Brief silence.

JOYCE

Can I ask you something?

CONNIE

Go ahead.

JOYCE

Why did you come here?

CONNIE

He called and said his truck broke down. I didn't believe him.

JOYCE

I thought he was hurt.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED: (2)

89 \*

JOYCE (cont'd)  
I thought he might need me. Do  
you think there are others? Besides  
us?

CONNIE  
I don't know how. The man's got  
a heart murmur. He can only do so  
much.

JOYCE  
He does? I didn't know that.

CONNIE  
Born with it.

JOYCE  
Connie, am I that... other woman  
you found out about?

CONNIE  
I don't know...

JOYCE  
Then, for all we know, he really  
hasn't been unfaithful...  
technically speaking.

CONNIE  
Let me set on that one for a  
while.

JOYCE  
What kind of ceremony did you have?

CONNIE  
Episcopal.

JOYCE  
We had Methodist.

CONNIE  
You're Methodist?

JOYCE  
No, I'm Catholic. He wanted it  
Methodist.

CONNIE  
He dic?

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED: (3)

89 \*

JOYCE

That's how we're raising the little ones.

CONNIE

You are? I'll be damned. Let me see that picture again.

Joyce pulls out the picture of Harold. Connie pulls out hers.

CONNIE

(continuing)

He sure looks like the same man.

JOYCE

Same truck, too.

(still looking)

I've always loved that truck...

90 EXT. WOODS - DAY

90

The Winnebago sits in a quiet, idyllic setting.

91 INT. WINNEBAGO - DAY

91

Hot Coffee and Harold sip coffee at the kitchen table.

HAROLD

Christ, this is embarrassing.

HOT COFFEE

I suspect it might be -- yes.

HAROLD

I'll tell you one thing. I don't regret what I've done for one minute. Not for one minute. They're both good women, and I love them.

HOT COFFEE

I'm not sure that's going to help you much.

HAROLD

Do you think they're talking about me?

92 INT. MOTEL ROOM - JOYCE AND CONNIE

92 \*

An expensive wine bottle sits on the dresser. Connie pops open a paper-wrapped bathroom glass. Both are quite loose.

CONNIE

You mean, first he would kiss you, then he'd take off his clothes, then he'd sit on the bed, and then he'd take off his shorts?

JOYCE

No. First he'd take off my clothes, then he'd kiss me, then he'd take off his shorts, then he'd kiss me again, and then he'd sit on the bed.

CONNIE

Then what?

JOYCE

Then he'd say, 'Babes, sometimes I'm on the road so long, I forget how soft a woman really feels.'

CONNIE

Shit.

JOYCE

Exactly, huh?

Connie nods pathetically.

JOYCE

(continuing)

I don't think we should be talking like this.

93 INT. WINNEBAGO -- HAROLD AND HOT COFFEE

93

HAROLD

(sadly)

Sometimes when you're on the road for a long time, you forget how soft a woman really feels.

Hot Coffee nods with great sympathy.

94

8:

95

OMITTED

94 \*

2

95 \*

96 EXT. FUNNY FARM - DAY

96

Pam is leaning on the Nomad, waiting for Spider.

Finally he emerges from the house.

SPIDER

Everything's fine. He's even made lunch for us.

PAM

I didn't know he did that.

Spider shrugs his own wonderment.

97 INT. FUNNY FARM - KITCHEN

97

Floyd dips a ladle into a murky vat of stew and fills three bowls.

SPIDER

Smells great, Pop!

He carries them to the table where Pam and Spider sit.

Pam looks into her bowl, smiling politely. Floyd sits across from them.

PAM

Well, shall we?

SPIDER

Pop, I didn't know we had any meat in the house. Did you go shopping?

FLOYD

No.

Spider forks a piece of the stew and nibbles cautiously on its edge. Pam waits for a reaction. There is none.

Spider lets his napkin slip to the floor. Bending over to retrieve it, he whispers to Pam.

SPIDER

(whispering)

Don't eat it. Tastes like horsemeat.

He sits up again.

FLOYD

Dogmeat.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

97

SPIDER

What?

FLOYD

You said horsemeat.

SPIDER

Yeah?

FLOYD

Dogmeat.

Spider looks into his bowl and blanches. He looks around the room.

SPIDER

Pop, where's Ned?

A slow, devious smile spreads across Floyd's face.

PAM

Oh, God.

SPIDER

(standing)

POP, WHERE'S NED?!!!

Floyd chortles into his bowl. Spider rushes outside.

98 EXT. FUNNY FARM

98

Spider criss-crosses the yard, checking the garbage, the truck skeletons, the tool shed.

SPIDER

NED! NED! NED!

99 INT. KITCHEN

99

We can HEAR Spider's cries. Floyd is eating heartily and shaking with mirth.

Pam stares at the old man, not knowing what to believe. She tries a piece of stew.

PAM

He's a little tough. Did you simmer him long enough?

Floyd stops in mid-chortle. Now Floyd doesn't know what to believe. They stare at each other like two chess pieces. Then, very slowly, they smile knowingly.

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

99

Floyd reaches out an arm and opens a broom closet.

FLOYD

How ya doin', moose breath?

Ned, disturbed from a good sleep, looks up, blinks and drops off again. Floyd closes the door.

FLOYD

(continuing)

See how I live? In a junkyard.  
I know that. Worked all my life  
to live in a junkyard. See? This  
country promises everything, sure,  
but you never see. Hah! You ever  
seen any of it? Huh? Big deal.  
Shoulda stayed in Canada. Dumb  
Floyd, that's what I call me.  
Coulda had a cattle ranch there.  
But the missis wanted 'em raised  
Americans. Big deal. If it  
weren't for him, I coulda had  
cattle. Coulda been someone.  
Look what I got? A lot of rusty  
doodoos. You look smart. If  
you're smart, you'll go to Canada.  
It's just north from here. You  
gotta go through the woods. I'd  
go, but I gotta stay for him.

Spider enters and leans wearily against the door post.  
His face is sickly ashen.

SPIDER

He did it. He really did it.

100 OMITTED

100

101 INT. NOMAD - MOVING - DAY

101

SPIDER

Yeah, one thing about Pop, he  
really enjoys a joke.

(chuckling)

Thing is, he likes it when you  
play along with him like I did.  
Sorta makes him feel good. That's  
why I went out in the yard like  
that.

(chuckles again)

It's just great the way he still  
gets a kick out of it. Just great.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

101

SPIDER (cont'd)

I'll bet he had you faked out  
real good --

PAM

Right out of my socks --

SPIDER

Yeah. The old buzzard sure  
enjoys a good joke.

(aside; out  
the window)

That fucker.

(back inside)

Yes, sir!

101A EXT. SUBURBAN SPLIT-LEVEL HOUSE - NIGHT

101A\*

We're in a trim, middle class residential area. Spider and Cochise are in the Nomad keeping a house under surveillance. A late model Chrysler sits in the driveway. On the roof, a mammoth tower-like antenna spirals into the sky.

MAN (THE NAZI) (v.o.)

Yeah, you gotta admit, ol' Hitler  
was right. He was a good ol' boy.  
Oil and water don't mix, that's for  
peapickin' sure. Maybe this ol'  
country ain't pure yet, but this  
channel sure gonna be.

101B INT. NOMAD - NIGHT

101B

SPIDER

Cochise, my man, you're looking at  
two-thousand watts of pure radio  
power. One-thousand, nine-hundred  
and ninety-six of them are illegal.

MAN (THE NAZI) (v.o.)

So any of you peapickers want in  
here, you just ask me and if I like  
the sound of your voice -- or the  
color of it -- I just might let you  
in. How's that?

SPIDER

Why is it the smallest minds always  
have the biggest antennas?

101C EXT. HOUSE

101C\*

Spider crosses to the door; knocks. A MAN (THE NAZI) answers -- burgundy double knits, white belt and shoes, sideburns.

Spider flashes his wallet and talks fast.

SPIDER

I'm with the Federal Communications Commission. We've had numerous complaints concerning your use of a CB radio.

MAN

Really?

SPIDER

Illegal antenna. Illegal power. You're bleeding over four channels. You won't allow anyone in without your permission.

The man squints his bewilderment, showing a glint of a smile.

SPIDER

(continuing;  
entering)

May I see your equipment?

MAN

Absolutely.

SPIDER

Do you have a license?

MAN

Yeah, here in the drawer --

He reaches into the drawer, pulling out a .38 revolver, and pushes it against Spider's neck.

MAN

(continuing;  
brutal)

Here's my peapickin' license, Jack! What's this -- Communism right here?!

101D INT. NOMAD - SPIDER AND COCHISE

101D

SPIDER

This could be more difficult than I thought.

101E EXT. HOUSE

101E\*

Tiptoeing up the driveway, Spider ties one end of some thick rope to the rear bumper of the man's Chrysler. He then moves to the side of the garage where Cochise waits.

SPIDER

Give me a boost.

Cochise locks his hands together into a foothold. Spider steps onto it and shimmies up a rain gutter. The rope is coiled around his shoulder.

On the roof, Spider moves to the gargantuan antenna. He climbs halfway up the structure, then fastens the other end of the rope.

On the ground Cochise backs into the front yard, trying to spot Spider's position. He backs right into a rifle barrel.

MAN

Turn around slow, peapicker.

Cochise does so. The man pokes the barrel into Cochise's gut.

MAN

(continuing)

You're the biggest peapickin' Commie I ever saw.

COCHISE

(terrified)

Spider!

Spider finishes cutting the four stabilizing wires attached to the antenna. He moves to the front of the roof.

COCHISE

Spi-der!

MAN

What is that -- code?

In one deft move, Spider swings off the roof, knocking the man to the ground and dislodging the rifle. They grapple on the ground until Spider is able to get the man into a headlock. Spider closes the vise, but the man flails his body wildly, refusing to be subdued.

SPIDER

Cochise, jump on him!

Cochise stands frozen in terror.

SPIDER

(continuing)

JUMP ON HIM!

(CONTINUED)

101E CONTINUED:

101E\*

Cochise hesitates momentarily, then springs forward, landing a direct hit across the man's back.

Knocked windless, the man belches forth a stacatto gasp, then lies motionless. His mouth is locked open in breathless agony, but no sound emerges.

Spider tosses the rifle onto the roof.

SPIDER

Let's haul ass!

They race back to the Nomad. Cochise moves surprisingly fast when properly motivated.

When the man recovers enough to suck in some air, he pulls a small gun from his boot and drags himself to his car. He gets in, FIRES the engine, and shoves it into gear.

101F INT. THE NOMAD - SPIDER AND COCHISE

101F

SPIDER

Get ready...

101G EXT. HOUSE

101G

The man's Chrysler lurches forward, the rope snaps taut, and a horrible metallic groan SOUNDS as the huge antenna is ripped from the building. It topples down ever-so-slowly, smashing across the driveway, bouncing once before coming to an ear-SHATTERING rest.

Wild-eyed, the man leaps from his car with enraged energy. After glancing at the damage, he spots the Nomad and charges with violence lodged in his throat.

101H INT. NOMAD

101H

Spider hasn't started the engine yet.

COCHISE

Uh, Spider...

Spider turns the ignition. The engine doesn't catch.

The man is twenty yards away and doing some determined running.

COCHISE

(continuing)

Uh, Spider...

(CONTINUED)

101H CONTINUED:

101H\*

Spider tries again. The engine catches. He puts it into gear.

The man reaches for the Nomad, but the car pulls away just inches from his grasp. Still, he keeps running. The gap is widened. He's still running, propelled by crazy rage.

Cochise breathes a little easier. Then the car suddenly slows.

COCHISE

(continuing;  
panicked)

What're you doing?!

Spider has slowed to a stop and the man is moments from the car again.

SPIDER

Stop sign.

Again, the Nomad starts up, just as the man reaches out for the rear of the car. Again the gap is widened. We leave the man running crazily after them.

COCHISE

Spider, I'm sorry, I don't think  
I like this anymore...

102 EXT. TEXACO JACK'S - NIGHT

102

It's very late. The station is closed. All is dark and still.

THE PRIEST (v.o.)

Mercy sakes alive the priest says  
put on a heart of mercy, kindness,  
humility and patience. Bear with  
one another and forgive. Now is  
that a four?

Connie and Joyce stand under a street light.

CONNIE

There it is.

JOYCE

I've always loved that truck.

CONNIE

What do you want to do?

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED:

102

JOYCE

Blow it up. I don't care.

The women move to the back of the truck and unlock the rear gate. They lift the wooden ramp into position and lower it to the ground. The cattle need no prodding. One by one, they come clomping down the ramp, SNORTING, shaking, BELLOWING.

Connie and Joyce move to a safe distance near the road from where they watch proceedings.

The cattle congregate briefly around the pumps, shuffling aimlessly about. Then a leader starts down the road that leads out of town. Slowly, the others follow, disappearing into the night..

103 INT. THE FUNNY FARM - SPIDER'S WORKSHOP - NIGHT

103

Spider is at his bench repairing transceivers and monitoring Emergency React. A man's voice comes on very strong, very threatening.

VOICE

I'm lookin' for that Spider.

SPIDER

Go.

VOICE

Want some advice, Spider? Stay on that Funny Farm if you know what's good for you.

SPIDER

Who's this?

VOICE

Or you just might get your britches dusted and your lights punched out?

SPIDER

You're scaring me. Who is this?

VOICE

We know who you are, where you are, what you are, and how to get you.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

103

SPIDER

You got a name, Bozo?

VOICE

They call me Blood. And we just  
might spill yours all over the  
sidewalk.

SPIDER

Real good, Blood. Nice talking  
with you. You're a real idiot.  
Say hello to Santa's little  
helpers for me.

VOICE

(angered)

Yeah, well you just better --

Spider turns off the radio.

104 EXT. JACK'S TEXACO - MORNING

104

From a squatting position, Texaco Jack angrily hoses  
down his blacktop which is buried under mounds of cow  
shit. Cochise stands behind him.

TEXACO JACK

I want him outta here. I want him  
and his bullshit truck outta here  
today. Look at this, will you!  
Just look at this!

Spider's Nomad cruises past in the b.g.

104A OMITTED

104A\*

105 INT. NOMAD - MOVING - DAY

105

SPIDER

Do I have the Priest?

THE PRIEST (CB)

You got the Priest. Go.

Spider turns the antenna and marks the map.

SPIDER

How about giving me your call  
letters, Priest?

(CONTINUED)

THE PRIEST

Ten-four, Spider. That's G-O-D.

SPIDER

Real clever, Priest. How about a license? You got one of those?

THE PRIEST

I've got more than a license.  
I've got The Word.

SPIDER

That's nice, Priest, but you're in violation of FCC regulations. You're also pushing illegal power.

THE PRIEST

The power of the Lord knows no bounds. Do you believe in G-O-D, Spider?

SPIDER

Maybe yes, maybe no, what's that got to do with anything?

THE PRIEST

Because, maybe I don't believe in FCC.

SPIDER

Clever, clever --

THE PRIEST

Who gave us the airwaves in the first place? I mean, isn't He entitled to at least one channel?

SPIDER

Hey, who are you, anyway?

THE PRIEST

The Priest.

SPIDER

I know your handle. Mine's Spider. But that doesn't mean I'm a spider does it?

THE PRIEST

It's all the same in the eyes of the Lord. Spider, man, hirsute, pinhead...

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED: (2)

105

SPIDER

Give me a break, will ya? Give  
me a break.

106 EXT. MOTEL - DAY

106

As the Nomad passes the motel, we see Hot Coffee's  
red Winnebago sitting in the parking lot.

107 INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

107

Joyce is peeking through the curtains. Connie holds  
a note.

JOYCE

Read it again.

CONNIE

"Dear Connie and Joyce, By now  
you must know. I'm not proud of  
what I've done, but I'm not sorry  
about it, either. Whatever happens,  
I'll always love you and be proud  
to be your husbands. Maybe we  
should talk about this. I'm in  
the red camper. Harold. P.S.  
That was a mean thing letting my  
cattle loose like that. I suppose  
now we're even."

The two women turn blankly to each other.

JOYCE

That's what I thought he said.

108 INT. WINNEBAGO

108

Connie and Joyce knock on the Winnebago's rear door.  
Hot Coffee greets them.

HOT COFFEE

Come on in, girls. Harold's at  
the dinette.

Harold rises from the table, smiling and doing his  
best to maintain the illusion of normalcy.

HAROLD

Connie! Joyce! How about this!

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED:

103

The women stand stiffly. Hot Coffee moves to the galley to afford her guests some privacy.

CONNIE

Has she known about this?

HOT COFFEE

I knew he was married. I just didn't know how married.

HAROLD

(graciously)

C'mon, sit down, sit down.

The girls sit across from Harold. He bobs his head as if to suggest how happy he is to see them. They stare woodenly. A long, awkward silence. Finally:

HAROLD

(continuing)

How're the kids?

Immediately, Joyce breaks into tears.

CONNIE

That wasn't the best thing to say, Harold. Not by a long shot.

HAROLD

Sorry. Here.

He hands Joyce a hankie.

HOT COFFEE

(from the galley)

Before we start, would anyone like some coffee? I've just brewed some Vienna roast.

CONNIE

That would be fine.

JOYCE

Yes, please.

HAROLD

Coffee all around.

(beat)

I'm not going to beat it around the bush. We've got a problem. Basically, I think we've got a communications problem.

Joyce and Connie exchange that familiar blank look. "What the hell is this man talking about?"

109 EXT. CHURCH - DAY

109

Spider re-checks the map which is spread across the Nomad's hood. He looks up in disbelief. There it is. St. Leo's. A large foreboding gray stone structure.

110 INT. CHURCH

110

Spider kneels at the altar, his eyes casing the joint under-cover, detective style. Not much action. An old woman dusting statues. Two anonymous worshippers in the rear pews.

Spider stands and moves back toward the entrance.

As he passes from the nave into the vestibule, a man in an overcoat emerges from a narrow confessional door and leaves the church with downcast eyes.

Spider seizes the opportunity and slips into the confessional. Slowly, cautiously, he orientates himself to the dark musty space.

A small wooden panel slides open suggesting the presence of a priest behind a screen. Spider quietly drops to his knees to get a look at the PRIEST. It's far too dark.

PRIEST

Yes?

Spider listens intently to the voice. Is it the same?

SPIDER

Uh, bless me Father for I have sinned.

PRIEST

How long has it been since your last confession?

SPIDER

Uh, let me see, nineteen years.

PRIEST

Nineteen years! That is a long time.

SPIDER

Yes, Father.

PRIEST

What are your sins?

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

110

SPIDER

I've had bad thoughts about my father.

PRIEST

What kind of thoughts?

SPIDER

I don't know.

PRIEST

Do you wish him harm?

SPIDER

No. I wish to kill him.

PRIEST

You've sinned against the Fourth Commandment. You must fight against these thoughts.

\*

SPIDER

Yes, Father.

PRIEST

Have you other sins to confess?

SPIDER

No, Father.

PRIEST

You're a young man. You have nothing else to confess?

SPIDER

No, Father.

PRIEST

Hard to believe.

(beat)

Then say, ten Our Fathers, ten Hail Marys and make a good Act of Contrition.

SPIDER

Oh my God, I'm heartily sorry for having offended thee... uh... and I firmly resolve to... uh... sin no more.

PRIEST

That's a big roger ten-four, Spider, fer sure! We gone.

Spider yanks himself closer to the screen for a better look, but the little sliding door slams shut.

111 EXT. CHURCH - DAY

111

Spider descends the stairs with small, shaky steps. He looks like he just witnessed an invasion of space-men. Three times he glances over his shoulder to check if the church is real.

112 EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

112

The sun is beginning to dip. A "Mr. Pizza" car pulls next to the Winnebago. A kid gets out with two pizzas.

113 INT. WINNEBAGO - DAY

113

Everyone is exhausted. Connie stretches restlessly. Harold is in the back, paying the delivery boy.

JOYCE

This is very good coffee. May I have another cup, please?

HAROLD

Pizzas.

Harold sets them on the table and sits.

HAROLD

(continuing)

Where were we?

JOYCE

You said, we have to think what's best for the kids. I asked what's that. You said you didn't know.

HAROLD

We have to be patient with ourselves.

Hot Coffee serves another round of coffee.

HOT COFFEE

I don't want to butt in on anyone else's business or anything, but after listening to all this talk about breaking up, and who gets what and so on, I'd like to say something. I figure you all wouldn't be here talking like this if you didn't still care about each other in the first place.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED:

113

HOT COFFEE (cont'd)  
And in the short time since you've met, you girls seem to have taken a liking to each other. So why not talk about staying together. I don't mean in the same house or anything. But a duplex doesn't seem like a bad idea. That's all I have to say.

Connie's mouth takes a sour twist.

CONNIE

A duplex?

JOYCE

No.

CONNIE

Out of the question.

JOYCE

No way.

CONNIE

Absolutely not.

114 INT. FUNNY FARM WORKSHOP - NIGHT

114

BLOOD'S VOICE

Lookin' for that Spider. You out there tonight?

SPIDER

This here's Spider. Go ahead.

BLOOD

You got a gun, Spider?

SPIDER

Who's this? Blood?

BLOOD

We got guns, lots of 'em. All sizes.

SPIDER

I'm glad for you, Blood.

BLOOD

Makes all kinds of nasty holes. Big one. Small ones. You name it.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED:

114

Spider picks up his coat and leaves the room.

BLOOD

(continuing)

We know who you are and where you  
are...

115 EXT. FUNNY FARM - THE NOMAD - NIGHT

115

Spider clicks on the CB and moves out.

BLOOD

And we know how to get you.

116 EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

116

The camper's lights still burn brightly. Negotiations  
continue.

117 INT. WINNEBAGO - NIGHT

117

Hot Coffee is patiently doing needlepoint. Harold,  
weary, beaten down, sits at the table with an ex-  
hausted vacant expression. Connie and Joyce are  
huddled in the living room.

The girls return to the bargaining table.

CONNIE

Okay, this is what we'll do.  
We'll try it, but only on a  
thirty day trial basis. If it  
doesn't work out, that's it.

HAROLD

Okay. Where?

CONNIE

What's wrong with Dallas?

JOYCE

I don't feel right about Dallas.  
Not since sixty-three.

HOT COFFEE

What about Union? It's nice here.  
No one's ever bothered me.

JOYCE

Buy why yank all the kids out of  
school?

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

117

HAROLD

Okay, Des Moines then?

CONNIE

(hesitating)

All right, but just a thirty day trial, remember?

HAROLD

Agree.

All rise wearily.

HAROLD

Let's get some sleep.

JOYCE

Debbie, can I help you with the dishes?

HOT COFFEE

No, it's nothing.

Connie shakes Hot Coffee's hand.

CONNIE

Thanks for everything.

ALL

Goodnight.

118 EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

118

Harold exits the camper flanked by his wives. As they walk toward the motel, he places a husbandly arm around each.

Hot Coffee watches from the Winnebago.

119 INT. NOMAD - MOVING - NIGHT

119

CLOSE on map. Spider outlines a four-block section.

He swings right, adjusts the antenna, and marks the radio fix.

BLOOD

I'd leave Union if I were you.

Behind Blood's voice, we hear a TV gameshow.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED:

119

SPIDER

Blood --

BLOOD

Better yet, leave the state.

Spider jots down another radio fix and checks the map.

SPIDER

Blood, I'm having trouble copying.  
Try turning down the TV.

BLOOD

Lemme tell you something. You  
ain't shit. How 'bout that?

SPIDER

What am I?

BLOOD

You've been interfering in people's  
lives, and a lot of people don't  
like it.

Quickly, Spider turns the antenna, makes a note, and  
hangs a left.

SPIDER

What people, Blood? Mind being  
more specific?

(STATIC)

Blood --

(STATIC)

Come on back, Blood.

(STATIC)

Spider pulls to a stop. He checks his figures and  
looks out at an apartment building. His expression  
tells us that he's making an unpleasant connection.

120 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

120

Spider strides intently down a hallway and raps on  
a door.

DEAN (o.s.)

(from within)

It's open.

Spider swings the door open.

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED:

120

The room is dark except for the harsh glare of the TV. A game show DRONES on low volume.

Dean is draped across a naugahyde chair. To his right, a well-heeled bottle of Old Crow rests on a small table. Next to it, a CB transceiver. The line of Dean's mouth suggests his embarrassment.

SPIDER

(softly at  
first)

What is this, Dean?

Dean offers a small silent shrug.

SPIDER

(continuing)

What is this? I want to know.  
You can't face your own brother?  
I'll tell you what this is.  
This is horseshit.

(continuing;  
waiting for  
a response)

This is horseshit and you know  
it.

Dean's eyes turn back to the TV.

SPIDER

(continuing)

Hey, Dean? Dean? I'm over here.  
What're you lookin' over there for  
when I'm over here? You got  
something to say to me? You had  
a lot to say before, over the  
radio. "We know who you are and  
where you are..." Shit. Okay  
I know where and who you are.  
Terrific. We're even.

(beat)

Dean, will you do me a favor?  
Will you look at me? Will you  
do that?

(slamming the  
TV off)

GODDAMMIT LOOK AT ME!

Dean rises as if to free himself from Spider's presence.

SPIDER

(continuing)

You got something to say, you  
say it to my face!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED: (2)

120

SPIDER (cont'd)  
No more horseshit over the  
radio! You want to take a  
shot at me, you take a shot at  
me!

Dean turns slowly, facing Spider.

SPIDER  
(continuing)  
I'm your brother. That's what  
I'm here for. Go ahead!  
(beat)  
Well go ahead, goddammit!

Dean seems sullen, and numbly embarrassed.

SPIDER  
(continuing)  
GO AHEAD!

He slaps Dean. No reaction.

SPIDER  
(continuing)  
GO AHEAD!

He slaps Dean again. This time Dean reacts, striking Spider in the mouth with a sharp, but clumsy blow.

Blood trickles from Spider's lip, but he doesn't wipe it away.

For a long moment nothing happens. But Dean's emotional bubble is bursting. Shaking his head from side to side, all the pain and shame and alienation wells forth, much to his surprise and embarrassment. When his tears begin to surface, he reaches out and embraces Spider with both arms to hide his face.

Spider returns the embrace. The two brothers stand motionless locked in each other's arms.

SPIDER  
(softly)  
Now can we talk?...

121 EXT. LOVERS LANE - NIGHT

121

Richie Webber's Oldsmobile sedan passes the Saturday night regulars and finds a private little niche.

122 INT. OLDSMOBILE - RICHIE

122

He kills the engine and sits for a moment, building courage. Taking a deep breath, he flicks on the CB radio, turns the channel selector and keys the mike.

RICHIE

Lookin' for that Electra. Lookin'  
for that Electra one time. Come  
on --

122A EXT. NOMAD - MOVING - NIGHT

122A

PAM'S VOICE (CB)

How have you been?

RICHIE'S VOICE (CB)

Sorta down. I've been going  
through some heavy things.

PAM'S VOICE (CB)

Me too, Warlock. Maybe we can  
help each other.

123 EXT. PAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

123

Spider parks his car, moves to the front door.

PAM'S VOICE (CB)

Can we loosen a few buttons?

RICHIE'S VOICE (CB)

Uh, okay. What do you have on?

PAM'S VOICE (CB)

What do you think?

He knocks. No answer.

RICHIE

Transparent something?

PAM

No. Guess again.

RICHIE

A towel?

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED:

PAM

No.

RICHIE

I give up.

PAM

All I have on is... my radio.

123A EXT. &amp; INT. PAM'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

123A

He notices that the bedroom light is on. He knocks again, then checks the door. It's open. He sticks his head in.

SPIDER

Pam.

Entering the living room, he HEARS muffled voices coming from the bedroom.

SPIDER

(continuing)

Pam.

Moving down the short hallway, it becomes evident that the voices are supported by heavy breathing.

PAM

(barely audible)

Oh, Warlock...

RICHIE

(barely audible)

Keep going...

PAM

Oh, God, yes...

RICHIE

... Oh yes, yes...

Spider taps on the bedroom door.

SPIDER

Pam.

PAM

Blaine?

SPIDER

(opening the door)

Yeah.

123B INT. PAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

123B

Spider finds Pam sitting on her bed, fully clothed, CB mike in hand.

(CONTINUED)

123B CONTINUED: (2)

123B

PAM (ELECTRA'S VOICE)  
Standby, Warlock.

RICHIE  
(breathless)  
Standby?

Pam finds herself caught between her real voice and Electra's. In the confusion, the two voices become intermingled.

PAM  
Be with you in a minute, Blaine.  
(into mike)  
Warlock? Hold a sec --

RICHIE  
No! Not now! Electra?

Spider stands in the doorway like a shell-shocked infantryman having just seen his entire platoon go down.

PAM  
Blaine, will you just give me a  
minute --

RICHIE  
(wailing)  
EEE-LEC-TRAAAAA!

PAM  
By myself --

Turning on his heels, Spider leaves the room. The door closes behind him. As we FOLLOW Spider down the short hallway, Pam's voice fades behind us.

123C INT. HALLWAY AND KITCHEN - NIGHT

123C

PAM (o.s.)  
Warlock? Don't hate me. Are you  
still out there?

Spider spins into the kitchen, and swings open the refrigerator door. Removing a large whole watermelon, he searches through the contents of the fridge with his free hand. Not finding whatever he's looking for, he replaces the watermelon and slams the door. It won't close. Taking the watermelon again, he adjusts some of the items, returns the watermelon and slams the door. It bounces back. His patience wearing thin, he repeats the process with quick frantic movements. Again, the door bounces off the protruding watermelon.

(CONTINUED)

123C CONTINUED:

123C

With deadpan eyes, Spider calmly pauses to contemplate the door. Then, with total loss of control, Spider attacks, flailing arms, shoulders, knees, feet in a flurry of blows that lasts but a few seconds. The door closes.

Breathless, Spider turns to find Pam leaning against a kitchen counter. After their initial glances connect, each waits for the other to speak, but both are without words. They simply stare at each other showing little more than unmitigated confusion. Long, uncomfortable moments pass. Finally...

PAM

The cake's behind you.

Spider glances at a pink cake box on the counter, but turns back to Pam. The staring contest continues a few more beats.

SPIDER

(very subdued)

Why'd you do it?

PAM

Do what?

SPIDER

You know what.

PAM

Well, you rescue people your way  
-- Electra rescues people her  
way. How's that?

SPIDER

I don't mean that.

PAM

What do you mean?

SPIDER

I mean Blood.

PAM

Blood?

SPIDER

Yeah.

PAM

What's that?

(CONTINUED)

123C CONTINUED: (2)

123C

SPIDER  
(exploding)  
THAT'S WHAT YOU SLEEP WITH! THAT'S  
WHAT YOU'RE TAKING TO BALTIMORE!

PAM  
You're crazy.

SPIDER  
I'M NOT CRAZY! EVERYBODY'S SOMEONE  
ELSE AROUND HERE. I'M NOT CRAZY!

Walking in small circles, Spider pauses to catch his  
breath.

SPIDER  
(quietly again)  
What about it?

PAM  
What about what?

SPIDER  
Baltimore.

PAM  
You mean Dean?

Spider's face says he means Dean.

PAM  
That was just talk.

SPIDER  
He said it was more than talk.

PAM  
I was his friend.

SPIDER  
He said you were more than a  
friend.

PAM  
We were good friends but, My God,  
he was straighter than you. I  
didn't think anyone could be  
straighter than you.

SPIDER  
So you didn't mean it -- Baltimore.

PAM  
Yes. No. I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

123C CONTINUED: (3)

123C

SPIDER

But you don't mean it now.

PAM

(beat)

No.

SPIDER

You're gonna hurt him.

(beat)

Why'd you do it?

PAM

Because you weren't here! Because  
I lost out to a batch of transistors.  
Because while you were out saving  
lives and playing FBI --

SPIDER

FCC.

PAM

While you were out doing 'that, I  
was sitting around with a goddamned  
radio in my bed! Because you were  
married to your father, that's why!  
BECAUSE YOU WEREN'T HERE, YOU  
LUNKHEAD! Because if you were,  
we'd be here sipping coffee knowing  
how much we love each other!

She rushes from the room.

SPIDER

(to himself)

This is very discouraging. I  
think I'll go...

He picks up the cake and exits.

123D EXT. PAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

123D

As Spider hops into the Nomad, Pam shouts from the bed-  
room window:

PAM

Go bust a few old ladies, Sheriff,  
if it'll make you feel better!

123E EXT. OLD WOMAN'S DUPLEX - NIGHT

123E

She's still at the CB; her story rambles on. Spider  
tears off a piece of electrician's tape and splices  
her antenna wire back together.

She never misses a beat.

124 INT. FUNNY FARM - KITCHEN - NIGHT

101

Spider opens the cake box. It's hardly the cake he ordered. "Happy Birthday Dad" is embroidered by a ring of sugar roses. Not a truck or highway in sight.

Spider starts plucking out the flowers while slugging down glassfuls of Old Crow.

Nearby, Floyd is conked out, as usual, next to his CB radio, having already imbibed more than his share of the juice.

Ned the Dog lies unconscious having fallen asleep while eating. His head lies sideways in his bowl.

After planting candles in the cake, Spider tries to arouse his father. He shakes him gently.

SPIDER

Pop. Pop. How 'bout some cake,  
Pop?

Floyd is dead to the world.

124A INT. SPIDER'S WORKSHOP - NIGHT

124A\*

Spider moves into his workshop where he flicks a few switches on and keys his mike.

SPIDER

(loudly)

HOW 'BOUT IT, PAPA THERMADYNE?  
YOU GOT YOUR EARS ON TONIGHT?!  
COME ON!

124B INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

124B\*

In the kitchen, Floyd, whose head lies one inch from his CB speaker, snaps reflexively to life. Keying his mike --

FLOYD

Mercy, this here's that one Pappa  
Thermadyne and we got one helluva  
copy so mercy come on -- What's  
that handle?

Killing the lights, Spider emerges from the workshop carrying a flaming cake.

SPIDER

It's just me.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

124B CONTINUED:

SPIDER (cont'd)  
(singing, dancing  
a jaunty, two-step  
shuffle)  
Happy birthday to you. Happy  
birthday to you. Happy birthday,  
dear Pop. Happy birthday to you.

When Floyd sees who it is, his vital signs fall back  
to zero.

FLOYD

Okay...

Spider sets the cake between them. They face each  
other across a field of tiny burning candles. It  
might as well be a football field. Spider tries to  
close the distance.

SPIDER

Pop, I know you woulda liked it if  
we had some more of the crew here,  
but Roy's in Alaska and Donny's  
still in the slammer and Dean really  
wanted to come, but he was feeling  
a little under the weather; so I  
guess it'll just be us, but that's  
good because it'll give us a chance  
to talk a little before I leave --

On the word "leave" Floyd's eyes catch a glimmer of  
life. He understands.

Two candles flicker before going out.

SPIDER

Now don't get nervous. I'll make  
sure you won't go without anything.  
Thing is, it's high time I get out  
and do something with my life and  
maybe when I do you'll like me all  
the better for it. Now I know I  
haven't always been all the things  
to you that you wanted me to be.

Two more candles go out.

SPIDER

Then again you haven't exactly been  
a barrel of monkeys yourself. But  
we toughed it out and hung together  
and I guess that's how it is with  
two people as close as us.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

124B CONTINUED: (2)

124B\*

SPIDER (cont'd)

(as another  
candle dies)

But what I really want to say is I  
don't know where I'll be or what  
I'll be doing, but whatever it is,  
I'll always be proud to be your son,  
and if anyone ever says bad things  
about you, if someone says, 'That  
Floyd Lovejoy is a so-and-so,' I'll  
fight 'em, I will... because...  
well... that's the way I feel...

(voice stronger)

There's only a couple of candles  
left, so maybe you better make a  
wish and blow 'em out. Are you  
making a wish? Want me to help  
blow 'em out? Okay --

Spider blows out the remaining two candles. The room  
goes black.

SPIDER

I hope your wish comes true.

FLOYD

Okay...

125 INT. FUNNY FARM - BEDROOM - NIGHT

125

It's about three in the morning. In the pitch black  
room we see clothing being tossed into an old suitcase.

A man's figure crosses the room and returns with more  
clothing. The suitcase is quietly snapped closed.

Taking small, silent steps, the figure passes through  
the kitchen and exits the Funny Farm.

126 EXT. THE FUNNY FARM - MORNING

126

April showers. More like Nebraska monsoon. It's pour-  
ing buckets.

Pam pulls her car up to the house. Dean's VW is parked  
nearby. She hesitates, waiting for the sheets of water  
to subside. They don't. Springing open a black  
umbrella, she darts from the car to the house.

127 INT. FUNNY FARM - KITCHEN - MORNING

127

Pam pops into the room to find Dean pouring a mug of coffee.

Ned the Dog laps away at the birthday cake that fills his orange bowl.

PAM  
(surprised)  
Dean --

DEAN  
(equally so)  
Pam. Hello.

PAM  
Where's Blaine?

DEAN  
We've got a little problem here --

Spider emerges from the workshop in full rain gear -- boots, nylon parka, baseball cap. He carries a Hefty Bag by his side. His expression is concern; his pace, anxious.

SPIDER  
Let's get moving. We'll talk in the car.

He rushes past Pam nodding the smallest of greetings.

128 INT. NOMAD - MOVING - DAY

128

Dean drives. Pam is wedged between the brothers. The windshield wipers work furiously. The CB chatters.

1ST VOICE (CB)  
I heard he was dead. What did you hear?

2ND VOICE (CB)  
I don't know. I just heard it over seven.

SPIDER  
(to Dean)  
Did you get Cal?

DEAN  
He said he wanted to work nine and fifteen a little more before coming over.

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED:

128

1ST VOICE

I'm heading out soon as I finish  
these pancakes.

SPIDER

Where're you setting up?

DEAN

Start of the fire road.

SPIDER

Good.

2ND VOICE

Call Leprechaun. He needs a ride  
up there.

PAM

How do you know where to look?

SPIDER

Dean found some tracks. Right  
here!

\*

Dean pulls to a stop. Spider grabs the Hefty Bag.  
The brothers reach across Pam to clasp hands.

Pam appears somewhat displaced by the unexpected show  
of camaraderie that hovers over her lap.

Spider bolts from the car, disappearing into the  
stormy woods. The car moves forward. Pam's eyes  
stay with Spider. Dean is sensitive to it all.

DEAN

If only I didn't have track this  
spring.

Pam turns, offering a faint bittersweet smile.

DEAN

I hate track.

129 EXT. WOODS -- SPIDER

129

The storm has transformed this gentle, stately woods  
into a forest primeval, a fairy tale land turned  
nightmare -- dark, brooding, threatening.

Spider kneels beside an open abandoned suitcase. His  
lips are chilled purple. His pants laden with water.

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED:

129

A junior league Niagara Falls cascades from the visor of his baseball cap. The soggy undershorts and shirts in the suitcase are obviously Floyd's.

The Hefty Bag contains a walkie-talkie and bullhorn. Afraid to expose the bullhorn to the elements, he talks directly into the plastic bag.

SPIDER

(barely audible)

Lookin' for that Floyd! Lookin'  
for that Floyd! You got a copy?

His words are muted by the bag and overpowered by the storm. They travel only a few impotent yards before dying.

130 EXT. ROAD - THE CHECKPOINT

130

While Pam waits in the Nomad, Dean mans the checkpoint where a half-dozen cars of CB'ers are lined up waiting for instructions. He shouts into the window of Texaco Jack's GMC wrecker.

DEAN

Take it east of the frontage road!  
We're monitoring twelve!

Texaco Jack waves and moves out.

The next vehicle moves up. It's Harold, Connie and Joyce in the big Kenworth.

JOYCE

Any luck?

DEAN

Not yet!

JOYCE

We'd like to help!

DEAN

Well, thank you very much. We  
need some help along the frontage  
road! We're monitoring twelve!

CONNIE

Has anyone reported seeing any  
loose cattle?

DEAN

Not that I know of!

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED:

130

The Kenworth moves out. Pam exits the Nomad.

PAM

Dean, I'm going out to look!

Dean waves her off. She moves into the woods.

Next in line is Cochise in his jeep. He wears an enormous yellow rain slicker.

DEAN

Hey, Cochise!

131 THE WOODS -- SPIDER

131

He fords a narrow creek, water splashing about his thighs. He hardly notices. Wet is wet.

Again he goes to the bullhorn, this time pulling it from the Hefty Bag.

SPIDER

Floyd Lovejoy! How 'bout \_\_\_\_?  
You \_\_\_\_ there?!

The bullhorn gurgles and drowns leaving Spider's voice naked. We can't hear it at all. Dropping the horn back in the sack, he moves on.

His POV: we see the vague outline of a man's figure moving slowly away from us.

Spider takes off at a dead run.

SPIDER

Pop!

The man continues his course away from Spider.

Spider sprints through the mud and puddles trying to maintain traction.

SPIDER

Pop!

The man turns. He's The Nazi.

MAN (THE NAZI)

Are you Floyd?

SPIDER

No.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED:

131

MAN  
(scowling)  
How the hell do they expect us to  
find the peapicker if we don't know  
what he looks like!

The man keeps moving.

132 THE WOODS - LES, CAL AND TEXACO JACK

132 \*

Spider's old drinking buddies are standing around watching Ned the Dog catch raindrops in his open mouth.

LES  
That's Floyd's dog, ain't it?

CAL  
Acts like him.

LES  
Come here, boy! Take us to Floyd!  
Take us to Floyd!

CAL  
Go get Floyd!

Ned looks lamely at them, then rolls over in the mud.

TEXACO JACK  
That's not how you do it. You  
have to get a piece of clothing  
so they can get the scent. That's  
how dogs work.

CAL  
(stubbornly)  
Go get Floyd, boy! Where's Floyd?

Again Ned rolls over looking real pleased about his  
ability to follow orders.

133 THE WOODS - SPIDER

133

Not twenty yards away, he spots The Priest jogging  
along, shouting into a megaphone.

THE PRIEST  
Floyd! Floyd!

Beyond the frontage road, the Old Woman passes in a  
wheelchair.

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED:

133

Huddled under an umbrella and hat, she scans the area with massive black binoculars. Further away, Pam passes, a tiny figure in the distance. Spider notices, but keeps moving.

134 FRONTAGE ROAD

134

Hot Coffee passes out free styrofoam coffee from the back of her Winnebago. A few of the searchers are huddled together. A group of HIGH SCHOOLERS, including Richie, Karen and The Hustler rush by.

1ST SEARCHER

This is my third search and rescue.  
They're a lot of fun. You meet some  
real nice people.

TONY

Damn this coffee's good!

\*

HOT COFFEE

That's 'cause I grind my own. It's  
better without styrofoam, but I ran  
short of cups on account of the  
emergency.

135 THE WOODS - CAL, LES AND TEXACO JACK

135 \*

CAL

Tell me again how dogs work.

LES

That's the dumbest goddamned dog  
I ever seen.

Texaco Jack has taken a sock from Floyd's suitcase and is holding it in Ned's face. Ned gratefully eats it. When Texaco Jack lets go, Ned swallows the whole thing.

\*

LES

I mean he's even dumb for a dog.  
They ain't all like this. I had  
one once -- he weren't smart exactly,  
but it weren't like this.

CAL

Take us to Floyd, boy! Go get  
Floyd!

Ned rolls over.

(CONTINUED)

135 CONTINUED:

135

TEXACO JACK

He's just old. Ned -- ROLL OVER!

Immediately, Ned tenses on all fours, his ears perk forward, he turns a precise forty-five degrees to the north, BARKS three times, and takes off like a bullet.

The three men race after him.

136 WOODS - SPIDER

136

His Hefty Bag starts talking.

TEXACO JACK'S VOICE

Mobile to Base. Mobile to Base  
We've found Floyd. Repeat. We've  
found Floyd. Better get up here.

Spider reacts.

137 SHOT - HOT COFFEE AND THE SEARCHERS

137

DEAN'S VOICE

(urgently)

Ten-four Roger, Mobile Unit.  
What's your twenty?

138 SHOT - COCHISE

138

His jeep takes a sharp U-turn.

TEXACO JACK'S VOICE

We're in a clearing about one-  
half mile north of the Old Farm  
Road.

139 SHOT - SPIDER

139

starting to run in that direction.

DEAN'S VOICE

Is he alright? Is Floyd alright?  
Come back --

TEXACO JACK'S VOICE

Better get up here. Uh, that's  
all I can say right now --

140 FOLLOWING SPIDER

140

He's running hard, splashing through the underbrush, knocking branches from his face, hurdling fallen trees.

In the distance, beyond the furthest boundary of the forest, he sees the colors of people gathering. Exhausted, he pushes himself harder, faster...

The people appear to be grouping around the perimeter of a grassy clearing. As Spider approaches, we HEAR the first traces of voices mingled with Ned's barking.

140A VARIOUS SHOTS - THE SEARCHERS

140A

Most are already assembled around the clearing, but others are still taking their places.

Strangely, everyone seems to be smiling rather broadly. Someone laughs outright, another follows, and soon everyone is laughing hysterically.

141 ON SPIDER

141

as he makes it to the perimeter of the clearing. He reacts, clearly stunned by what he sees.

142 HIS POV - THE CLEARING

142

Huddled in the middle of the clearing stand Harold's lost cattle, cringing from the storm. Astride one of cows, Floyd is having the time of his life performing "round-up" here at his long-lost Canadian cattle ranch. Whipping the cow with his hat and spurring it with his heels, he tries to prod it forward, but the poor beast is sadly uncooperative.

FLOYD

YEE-HAA! YEE-HAA! GIT ALONG  
LITTLE DOGGIES!

Floyd's cow surges forward four steps and stops. None of the cows are moving very much. At this point they'd much prefer the cozy comforts of the slaughterhouse.

Ned's all over the place trying to lend Floyd a BARKING hand.

FLOYD

WHOOPEE-TAI-YAI-AII GIT ALONG!  
WHAAA-HOOOO!

Some of the searchers shout encouragements.

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED:

143

LES  
Go git 'em, Floyd!

HAROLD  
Ride 'em, cowboy!

Harold looks particularly pleased. As usual, he's got his arms around his wives.

Some of the high schoolers begin a chorus of "BACK IN THE SADDLE AGAIN". Soon, others join in.

ALL  
(singing)  
We're back in the saddle again...  
Out where a friend is a friend...

144 CLOSE ON SPIDER

144

Against this bizarre cacaphony, Spider quietly watches his father. His expression reveals neither joy nor sadness, but a little of each.

SPIDER  
(softly)  
Happy birthday, Pop.

From behind, a black umbrella shields his head from the rain. Pam joins him. She's overheard his words. They stand together watching the carnival.

THE SEARCHERS  
(singing)  
Whoopie tiya yai...  
We're on our way...  
We're back in the saddle again...

Pam positions her mouth close to Spider's ear.

PAM  
There are a lot of voices out there,  
but yours is different. I like it.

As Spider reads her thoughts...

145 EXT. FIELD - DAY

145

The first real spring day -- warm, dry, clean. The field is expansive and green. Cochise, dressed in a blue serge suit, drives a stake into the ground. He attaches an elastic cord to the top of the stake. He turns and starts walking across the field, letting out the cord as he goes.

146 INT. VARIOUS CARS AND ROADS - DAY

146

A CB wedding ceremony.

The Priest, in formal black robes, drives his black Dodge. Organ MUSIC plays from a cassette tape deck.

Spider, Dean (his best man), and Ned the Dog ride in the Nomad. The brothers wear their Sunday best.

Pam is in bridal white. She and her bridesmaids, Karen and two girls, ride in a white convertible.

Three separate cars, three country roads, three CB units tuned to channel twelve. The Priest kills the organ music.

THE PRIEST  
(making the sign  
of the cross)

In the name of the Father and of  
the Son and of the Holy Spirit.  
Come on --

Spider and Pam cross themselves.

ALL

Amen.

THE PRIEST  
My dear friends, you have come  
together today so that the Lord  
may seal and strengthen your love  
in the presence of the Church's  
minister and this community.

147 INT. FUNNY FARM KITCHEN - DAY

147

Floyd is back at his table gabbing on the CB.

FLOYD  
Mercy that Canada's pretty country!  
Doggone if it didn't rain most've  
the time we were at the ranch, but  
mercy sakes, I never saw such  
beauty in one place. Hey, good  
buddy, maybe someday we'll meet  
there and have a doggone good  
time, how 'bout that?

148 EXT. FIELD - COCHISE

148

Having stretched the elastic cord across fifty yards, he pulls on it, checking its tension on a small spring scale. Satisfied, he hooks the end to the nose of his recently completed model plane. The glider is a magnificent construction, gleaming green, with a wingspan of fifteen feet.

149 EXT. ROAD - FOLLOWING HOT COFFEE'S WINNEBAGO

149

The motor home is closely pursued by Richie Webber's Olds.

RICHIE (v.o.)

Hot Coffee, you don't know me, but  
you were with my best friend --

HOT COFFEE (v.o.)

What's that handle? Come back --

RICHIE

The Warlock.

HOT COFFEE

Well, mercy, come on, Warlock!

The Winnebago and Olds flash by the intersection which  
The Priest's Dodge waits to cross.

150 FOLLOWING THE WEDDING VEHICLES

150

THE PRIEST

Spider and Electra, have you come  
here freely and without reservation  
to give yourselves to each other  
in marriage?

PAM

I have.

SPIDER

I --

Before he can finish, another VOICE bleeds into the  
channel.

TRIPLE-X

Withdrawing my tumescent member, I  
gazed at her thin body marked by  
thick purple welts like so many ropes  
spanning the belly, the back, the  
buttocks...

The wedding party is momentarily shocked into silence.

SPIDER

Breaker! Breaker!

TRIPLE-X

Here and there a little blood still  
oozed. "Oh how I love you", she  
moaned.

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED:

151

SPIDER  
BREAKER! BREAKER!

TRIPLE-X  
Go, breaker.

SPIDER  
Yeah, uh, Triple-X, we're trying  
to have a little wedding here on  
twelve and you're walking all over  
us --

TRIPLE-X  
(embarrassed)  
By golly, I'm definitely sorry  
about that. Terrible thing,  
terrible thing. Hey, is that  
Spider and Electra there?

SPIDER  
Ten-four.

TRIPLE-X  
Hey, I heard about you two. Let  
me unload a bucketful of those  
good numbers on ya. This here's  
Triple-X wishing you a good one.  
We're takin' it to seven.

The Priest clears his throat.

THE PRIEST  
May the Lord in his goodness  
strengthen your consent and fill  
you both with his blessing. What  
God has joined, men must not divide.  
Now is that a four?

*Pam and  
Spider  
don't look  
other*

152 EXT. CROSSROADS

152

The three vehicles converge at a crossroads adjacent  
to the field where Cochise has been working.

Spider and Pam exit their respective cars to join each  
other, embrace and kiss. The wedding party applauds  
happily. There is much hugging, kissing, and patting  
of backs.

Dean hesitates a moment before kissing the bride, but  
breaks into a big smile and performs the ritual with  
joyous gusto. With one arm around Pam and the other  
around Spider, he poses for an Instamatic.

(CONTINUED)

152 CONTINUED:

152

Ned the Dog bounds around idiotically.

On the field, Cochise launches the green glider. It rises magnificently into the sky.

With oohs and ahhs, the wedding party points toward the plane.

Cochise controls its flight with an electronic control box.

The plane passes low over the party. A banner flapping from the rear reads: "HAPPY WEDDING SPIDER AND ELECTRA". The plane banks, turns, and starts another approach. Everyone is duly impressed; everyone cheers.

Again, the plane dips low over the crossroads, swooping past the celebrants. More cheering. Cochise is beaming with pride.

The plane begins to rise but fails to do so in time to avoid the only tree within ten square miles. With a horrible shredding SOUND, the majestic machine slices through the thick branches never to exit the other side. Slowly, painfully, pieces begin dropping to the ground, one by one.

Cochise abandons his control box to salvage what he can. The groaning, sympathetic party joins in, collecting pieces.

Pam kisses Cochise, thanking him.

DEAN

Here's the tail.

SPIDER

Jesus, Cochise. Sorry.

COCHISE

Hey, no sweat.

Three big blaps ring out as Harold, Connie and Joyce pass in the big Kenworth.

Pam and Spider unite in the Nomad. After a last flurry of handshakes, hugs and kisses, Spider points the car somewhere in the direction of Baltimore, honks the horn and takes off.

The waving continues long after it's too far away to be appreciated.

(CONTINUED)

153 CONTINUED:

153

VOICE

Hey, threes and eights ya.  
Have a good one today and a  
better one tomorrow. And may  
the good Lord take a likin' to  
ya. We definitely down. We  
definitely out. We gone.

FADE OUT.

THE END