

# IDENTITY

## I.D.

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Konrad Pictures

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FADE IN: \*

1A

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT - RAIN \*

HOLD IN DARKNESS. Rain against glass. We are in a cold plush  
condo. Headlines and diplomas line the wall. A tv dribbles  
sports scores... A PHONE RINGS... A groan as a man in a suit  
is awoken. An arm lashes out, hitting a SPEAKERPHONE -- \*

SPEAKERPHONE \*

...Gary? You awake? \*

MAN \*

Am I awake... Uh. Yes, Greg... \*

SPEAKERPHONE \*

...There's gonna be a midnight  
hearing in the Rivers Case. Defense  
found a notebook mis-filed in  
evidence. A diary. ...argued to the  
State supremes it was suppressed. \*

The MAN bolts up, hits a LIGHT and snatches the receiver --  
Give him a shave, he could be president -- We'll call him - \*

THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY \*

What the hell are you talking about?! \*

1B

INT. COURTHOUSE LOBBY -- NIGHT -- RAIN -- CONTINUOUS \*

The MAN ON THE SPEAKERPHONE paces a deserted marble lobby.  
Out an archway, we can see the rain pouring down. Holding a  
cel and a briefcase, he's a young lawyer who we'll call -- \*

ASSISTANT D.A. \*

They punted it to Judge Taylor an  
hour ago, Gary. 'Told him if he  
wanted the execution to go forward,  
he'd have to hold an evidenciary  
tonight. \*

WE INTERCUT BETWEEN THE MEN -- INT. CONDO & INT. COURTHOUSE -- \*

DISTRICT ATTORNEY (ON PHONE) \*

This is not happening. \*

The Assistant D.A. watches as a car screeches into a spot  
outside. A DETECTIVE (VAROLE) jumps out, clutching folders -- \*

ASSISTANT D.A. \*

No one's here yet. No media --  
It happened under the radar. ...The  
prisoner transport left Ely an hour  
ago. \*

DISTRICT ATTORNEY  
...left Ely?... ...what transport?

ASSISTANT D.A.  
The diary gave them an opening,  
Gary, to argue insanity again. They  
said they need Rivers present. So  
they pumped him up with drugs and  
put him in a transport--

The district attorney freezes, turning into a BIG CLOSE UP.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY  
THAT IS FUCKING UNHEARD OF!  
THE NIGHT BEFORE HIS  
EXECUTION?! How could you let  
this happen?! They can't  
chauffeur a blue-watch  
prisoner around the desert in  
the middle of a fucking  
HURRICANE!

ASSISTANT D.A.  
...It's outrageous...  
...Gary... There's nothing I  
could... ..defense  
.insisted...

ASSISTANT D.A. (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
I couldn't stop it, Gary... I tried  
to call you...

DISTRICT ATTORNEY  
Just FIX IT! FIX IT! Wednesday  
morning if I don't read that  
cocksucker's obituary, you can  
write your own! (click)

THUNDER RUMBLES AS WE -- CUT TO:

1 EXT. GOLDEN PALM MOTEL -- NIGHT

A motel in the middle of nowhere -- RAIN slashes down through  
the dark desert sky -- Making it difficult to see the front  
of this fifties eyesore...

A CRACKLE of thunder in the distance. A neon flashes  
invitingly, seemingly unaware of the thunder storm... Rain  
rushes from gutters, off the roof, flooding the courtyard.

CUT TO:

2 INT. RECEPTION, GOLDEN PALM MOTEL -- SAME TIME

Rain cascades from the eaves of the motel in front of the door  
to the office. We hear a television with bad reception...

CLOSE ON -- LARRY, the motel manager -- passing time with a "Wheel of Fortune" drinking game -- Hell, there's nothing else to do tonight, the place is empty.

\*  
\*  
\*

LARRY  
Come on...buy a vowel.

\*  
\*

T.V.  
I think I'd like to buy a vowel...

\*  
\*

LARRY  
Yees!!

He slams down another shot of something dark and syrupy...

LARRY (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Alright, let's go for a spin...

\*

Without warning, the doors burst open and a man crashes in carrying a woman in his arms -- There's BLOOD EVERYWHERE -

The man is GEORGE YORK, loving husband and father of one - And the woman his wife, ALICE -- bleeding to death -

GEORGE  
She won't stop bleeding.

LARRY  
Jesus. What happened?

George goes to answer, but the PICTURE FREEZES FRAME -

SMASH TO:

3 OMMITTED

4 INT. MINIVAN (MOVING) -- SAME TIME

Wipers click to and fro, swishing in the rain.

It's George and Alice again, an hour earlier. They're a sweet couple -- somehow the President of the Science Club managed to marry the Captain of the Cheer Squad... The radio reports an oncoming storm, flood alerts, etc. and chimes six o'clock.

TIMOTHY, their ten-year-old boy, lies in the back amid a pile of toys and books. He plays with a speaking math toy.

TOY VOICE  
4 times 12 is forty eight...

ALICE

Timothy, honey -- can you not do that right now? We're trying to hear about the storm.

(to her husband)

Sure you don't want me to drive, George?

GEORGE

Let's stick to the plan. I'll get us to Anderson. You take over after we get something to eat. 76 miles. That's an hour and twenty two minutes at this speed.

CLOSE ON -- the speedometer -- EXACTLY 55 mph -- George concentrates on the road once more... a man who needs precise order to survive... Alice returns to her magazine - Suddenly -  
- A LOUD EXPLOSION --

GEORGE (CONT'D) (cont'd) \*

Oh boy!

The minivan veers across the road -- Alice yells out -- But George isn't panicking -- He's mumbling to himself -

GEORGE (CONT'D) (cont'd) \*

Turn into the spin. Apply the brake with short firm pumps. Check mirrors.

George corrects the tail spin and brings the vehicle safely onto the soft shoulder -- He's even remembered to indicate.

CUT TO: \*

5 EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY -- MOMENTS LATER -- TWILIGHT

George reaches under the wheel arch and pulls out something that was lodged in the molten remains of the radial -- It looks like ZEBRA HOOF with a SIX INCH SPIKE nailed to it.

ALICE

What is that?

GEORGE

...I think it's a shoe.

Again, the PICTURE FREEZES FRAME -

SMASH TO:

6 EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY -- TWILIGHT -- FIVE MINUTES AGO

An aging TRANS AM roars past. An 'after market' convertible, meaning someone took the roof off with a chain saw -

It's being driven by PARIS NEVADA, Vegas call girl -- Late twenties... She fumbles out a cigarette and starts looking for a lighter -- Purse, nothing -- Glove box -- nothing --

As she remembers -- The PICTURE FREEZES FRAME -

SMASH TO:

7 INT. VEGAS SUITE -- DAY -- ONE HOUR EARLIER...

DIM LIGHTING -- IN CLOSE UP -- Paris flicks her lighter and lights a line of BIRTHDAY CAKE CANDLES -- PULL BACK TO REVEAL that the candles are in fact stuck on a FAT NAKED BUSINESSMAN who is tied to the bed, covered in whipped cream...

PARIS

(singing)

For he's a jolly good felloow...  
Which nobody can deny...

She tosses the LIGHTER in her suitcase -

SMASH BACK TO:

8 EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY -- TWILIGHT

Paris sees the bulging suitcase on the back seat -

PARIS

Damn.

Without slowing down, she reaches for the bag and starts for the lock -- There's a ripping sound as the bag is torn open by the gale and clothes start flying everywhere -

PARIS (CONT'D) (cont'd) \*

Jesus shit!

She finds the lighter, lights her cigarette, but it fizzes out. She looks upward as -- RAIN BEGINS TO COME DOWN ON HER FROM THE DARK SKY ABOVE.

PARIS (CONT'D) (cont'd) \*

God dammit...

She tosses the butt and flicks on her wipers and the radio, holding a Burpee Catalog over her head.

We hear the same broadcast heard in George's car.  
The hour chimes - six o'clock.

As her Trans Am roars off, clothes are distributed by the gusting wind... AND A SINGLE OBJECT lands on the wet road, tumbling over and over until it comes to rest... A SHOE. To be precise, a 'zebra skin' stiletto with six inch 'hooker heels'...

SMASH BACK TO:

9 OMITTED

10 EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY -- LATER -- NIGHT

Night has fallen and the rain's gotten harder. George bolts a pathetic "mini tire" onto the van, a flashlight propped on the ground. Alice stands over him, holding an umbrella looking skeptical.

ALICE

Why didn't we get a better spare?

GEORGE

Do you know what radials cost,  
Alice?

ALICE

Don't be defensive.

GEORGE

If the point is to save up so we  
can put him -- put Timmy -- into  
the right school -

ALICE

(sighs)

You want a juice?

GEORGE

No, thank you.

A banging on the window and Alice looks up to see --

Timothy smiling at her... his hand pressed to side glass.  
She presses her hand to the window over his and smiles.

He takes his away. And smiles.  
-- She takes hers away.

He shuffles on his knees backward from the window.  
-- Alice takes a step back from the window. smiles.

SUDDENLY -- HELL EXPLODES --

ALICE IS HIT BY A BLACK CAR --

She's hurtled through the air --

Timothy's eyes are contorted with terror --  
His mouth opens -- but no sound comes out --

George is sent tumbling -- and Alice lands beneath a road  
sign, her neck slashed open --

And the car, a limousine, screeches to a standstill --

George rolls over onto his front to see his wife's crumpled  
body. He runs to her, still holding the jack handle -- The  
only sound is Timothy's strange voice-less crying -- and  
distant thunder...

GEORGE (CONT'D) (cont'd) \*

Alice! Oh, my God --

He turns back to the limousine -- It's motionless and quiet.  
George runs to it and starts pounding on the dark windows --

GEORGE (CONT'D) (cont'd) \*

What have you done?! WHAT HAVE YOU  
DONE?!

THE PICTURE FREEZES FRAME -

SMASH TO:

11 INT. LIMOUSINE -- NIGHT -- RAIN -- ONE MINUTE AGO

Wipers swing to and fro... *The radio chimes 6:30...*

A woman rides alone in the back -- CAROLINE SUZANNE -- A semi-  
famous 70's-movie actress. She dials a number on her cell  
phone and waits... And waits...

CAROLINE

Come on, Harry. Pick up. Pick up  
the phone...

INSERT:

12 INT. VEGAS SUITE -- SAME TIME

The Naked Fat Man that Paris Nevada lit with candles is now  
alone -- Eating frosted cake off his fat belly -- He chokes  
as his cell phone rings and can't get to answer it -



FAT MAN  
...shit...

BACK TO:

13 INT. LIMOUSINE -- SAME TIME

Caroline still waits... Ringing...  
We hear a voice mail prompt...

CAROLINE  
...Jesus.

\*  
\*

ED, the driver, pulls at his tie and glances back in the rear view, not really interested. There's a darkness in his eyes, but a quiet calm about him. He will not let her get to him.

CAROLINE (ON PHONE) (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Harry, we need to talk. I walked off the set. I'm in my car and going home. I know they're going to call you and tell you I'm in breach but clearly they didn't read my deal. They had me in a room with no tub and sealed windows at a Ramada on the same floor as the fucking A.D.! I'm on my cell -- I'm gonna try you on your --  
(her phone BEEPS and dies)  
...Shit. God dammit! Hey. I think I have a spare battery up there. Hello? I'm talking to you! Driver!

\*

ED  
Excuse me?

CAROLINE  
I think I put a spare battery in the side pocket of my Vuitton. Beside you.

Ed glances at the Louis Vuitton ensemble stuffed into the seat well beside him.

ED  
Any idea which...

CAROLINE  
In the duffle! Just look! It's right on top! The side pocket.

ED  
(looking)  
-- I'm sorry, Miss Suzanne.  
(MORE)

ED (cont'd)  
But I don't see anything -- there's  
nothing --

\*  
\*

CAROLINE  
(leaning forward)  
You're not looking! Under the flap.  
There!

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Ed looks again, but there's nothing there -- suddenly he  
glances up just as --

\*  
\*

ED  
Jesus!

\*  
\*

CAROLINE  
WATCH OUT!

RAPIDLY APPROACHING THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD ---- GEORGE'S  
MINIVAN --- AND ALICE -- who steps into the path of Ed's limo  
-- ED SLAMS ON THE BRAKES -- BUT THE LIMO HITS HER -- her  
body flies at the windshield, up and over -- Ed screeches to  
a stop and moves to get out -- but Caroline GRABS HIM --

CAROLINE (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
What are you doing?! If you help  
them, you assume responsibility.

\*

ED  
(pulling away)  
It is my responsibility. -- Let go.

CAROLINE  
Don't say that - And don't tell  
them I'm here - If they get a  
glimpse of someone famous, they'll  
smell blood.

Ed exits, slamming the door on Caroline --

14

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY -- SAME TIME

Ed hurries to George, who stands over his wife -- He's  
panicking -- Unable to find reason or order in the accident --

GEORGE  
What have you done?! WHAT HAVE YOU  
DONE?!

ED  
Let me take a look.

Ed kneels over Alice as George stands and starts to recite from Highway Code -

GEORGE

"...The driver of every motor vehicle who is in any manner involved in an accident originating from the operation of a vehicle...  
(continues)

Ed examines the gash in Alice's neck. He rolls his coat and puts it under her head. He pulls a kerchief from his pocket, glances at George beside him reciting traffic code -- then notices Timothy, standing in the rain, staring, terrified.

ED

...Uh. You got a t-shirt in the van? \*

Timothy stares at him, frightened. Ed crosses to their van and grabs a towel. He wraps it around Alice's neck and grabs Timothy, carrying him to the van -- He puts Timothy inside and turns to --

GEORGE

...shall, within ten days after the accident, report the accident...

ED

What's your name?

GEORGE

George. George York. That's my boy, Timothy. -- WHY DIDN'T YOU SEE US?!

ED

George. We need an ambulance. Right now. ...Do you have a phone? \*

GEORGE

No, no. ...You can't have those things around children.  
...microwaves.

Ed blinks, baffled by this man. He takes the jack handle from George and instructs him --

ED

Go over there -- keep her dry.

Ed crosses to his limo and reaches for the door but --

THE LOCKS SNAP DOWN. He pulls on the door handle and glares at his own reflection in the tinted window.

ED (CONT'D) (cont'd) \*

Lady. Open the door! We need your phone!

No response -- Ed steps back, AND SMACKS OUT THE WINDOW WITH THE JACK HANDLE -- He reaches in and takes the phone from Caroline --

CAROLINE

Jesus! ALRIGHT! The phone's dead, remember! -- I looked. There's no battery up there.

Ed tosses down the useless phone, and looks at the road ahead... Rain coming down harder. Lightning in the distance.

CUT TO:

15 EXT. GOLDEN PALM MOTEL -- NIGHT

Now the rain slashes down -- The limo screeches into the motel lot -- And George clambers out, holding Alice -- WE FOLLOW him -

16 INT. RECEPTION, GOLDEN PALM MOTEL -- CONTINUOUS

The opening scene again -- as told from George's perspective -  
- George staggers towards Larry, the Motel Manager -

GEORGE

She won't stop bleeding.

LARRY

Jesus. What happened?

GEORGE

It was an accident. There was an accident. May we use your phone?

Larry picks up the desk phone and tries a line... clicks on the receiver... clicks again... nothing...

ONCE MORE THE PICTURE FREEZES FRAME -

SMASH TO:

17 EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY -- NIGHT -- RAIN

Paris Nevada's convertible Trans Am has stopped -- The road has completely flooded out -- Paris is soaked...

She slings the gears into reverse and backs up fast -- BAM -- right into a telephone pole -- Cables snap -- the pole leans over. An fizz of SPARKS from the top of the pole.

PARIS

-- SHIT!

SMASH BACK TO:

18 INT. RECEPTION, GOLDEN PALM MOTEL -- NIGHT

Larry tries again -

LARRY

I'm not getting a line.  
...It happens in the rain.

He keeps trying as Ed enters, carrying Timothy -

GEORGE

The phone isn't working.

LARRY

Saint Judes has twenty-four hour  
emergency. Thirty miles east.

\*

Ed puts Timothy down and crosses toward the door.

ED

You stay here. Get her in bed and  
keep pressure on the wound.  
(exiting into the rain)  
I'll come back with an ambulance.

George, still grasping for sanity, turns to Larry -

GEORGE

We'll need non-smoking. She hates  
cigarettes.

Larry glances at the injured woman.

19 INT. LIMOUSINE -- MOMENTS LATER

Ed starts pulling Caroline's bags from the limo and starts stacking them on the curb.

ED

It's a step down from the Ramada,  
but it's gonna have to do.

CAROLINE

(stunned)

...What are you doing? Stop it. I am not staying here. Put my bags back. You work for me. This is my car!

(grabbing Ed's hand)

...Look. I understand that bleeding person has a medical condition. But so do I! My lung walls have depleted scilia. If I stay here I will asphixiate.

\*

20 EXT. GOLDEN PALM MOTEL -- MOMENTS LATER

Caroline is heaved out into the rain with her bags as --  
The limousine speeds away --

CAROLINE

I am calling your goddam supervisor!

Caroline straightens herself and runs out of the rain.

21 INT. RECEPTION, GOLDEN PALM MOTEL -- CONTINUOUS

Close on -- a small copy machine, scanning. Larry nimbly flips back the cover and grabs the driver's license of --

Caroline Suzanne, who stands uncomfortably in his office with her bags. Larry notices her photo on the I.D. as he hands it back. He looks up at her, squinting.

\*

LARRY

Hey ...Didn't you used to be that actress?

Caroline shoots a fierce look. Tries to squeeze out a smile.

CAROLINE

...Yes...

Larry grabs a key from the board. Caroline slips a fifty on the counter and Larry notices -- her STUFFED VUITTON WALLET.

\*

\*

CAROLINE (CONT'D) (cont'd)

...Uh. Is that a nice room? While I am leaving soon, I'd still prefer a nice room, your nicest, if that's possible.

\*

\*

\*

LARRY  
Eight's pretty cozy.

CUT TO:

22 EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY -- NIGHT

PARIS' TRANS AM splutters and coughs through the downpour -- and suddenly dies -- Soaked to the skin, Paris curses. But then in the distance she spots -- Headlights approaching --

PARIS LEAPS OUT INTO THE DOWNPOUR, BLASTING HER HORN, waving... ED'S LIMO slows and stops beside her. Paris picks up her bags and leans in the window as it hums open -

PARIS  
You want me in back or front?

CUT TO:

22A INT. ED'S TOWNE CAR -- NIGHT -- MINUTES LATER

Ed leans close to the windshield, trying to see through the slashing water. Paris sits, watching him. \*

PARIS  
You know,.. you're headed east.  
This is the direction I was going. \*

ED  
The hospital's this way. \*

PARIS  
It's flooded this way.  
It's a dead end. \*

Ed does not respond. \*

PARIS (cont'd)  
Did you hear what I just said? \*

ED  
(keeps driving)  
...Yes. \*

Frustrated, Paris sighs and glances down at Ed's stuff on the seat. She notices a plastic box of pills in his bag-- and then her eyes fall upon one of his books -- \*

"Being and Nothingness" by Sartre. She cracks it open and comes upon a marked passage.

\*  
\*

PARIS (cont'd)

*...Everything which exists is born for no reason, carries on through weakness, and dies by accident.*

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

(looks up)

What the hell is that?

ED

...My life.

\*  
\*

CUT TO:

\*

23 INT. ROOM FOUR -- NIGHT

George eases Alice onto the bed -- Little Timothy hovers in the doorway. George tries to offer him a smile as he presses a towel to Alice's neck. He gestures, beckoning Timmy inside.

GEORGE

Come in, Timothy. We don't want mommy catching a chill.

The boy enters nervously. George pulls out a medicine bottle with a spoon rubber-banded to the side.

GEORGE (cont'd)

Here. You need to take your medicine. Then we'll read a book.

CUT TO:



Ed keeps driving. Paris sighs and looks off out the window. \*

ED  
I thought this was a desert. \*

PARIS  
You're not from Vegas, are you? \*

ED  
...Los Angeles. \*

PARIS  
...couple times a year, it comes  
down like this. Pours like someone  
turned on a faucet. I used to like  
it. For a few days, the city didn't  
smell like onion rings. \*

ED  
...How long you live there? \*

PARIS  
'a while. ...too long.  
(beat)  
You really should turn around, Ed. \*

ED  
If you don't mind, I gotta try. \*

Paris smiles, sighs and looks at one of Ed's books on the  
seat. Flips through it... Heavy reading... Curious man... \*

CUT TO: \*

23 INT. ROOM FOUR -- NIGHT \*

George eases Alice onto the bed -- Little Timothy hovers in  
the doorway. George tries to offer him a smile as he presses  
a towel to Alice's neck. He gestures, beckoning Timmy inside. \*

GEORGE  
Come in, Timothy. We don't want  
mommy catching a chill. \*

The boy enters nervously. George pulls out a medicine bottle  
with a spoon rubber-banded to the side. \*

GEORGE (cont'd)  
Here. You need to take your  
medicine. Then we'll read a book. \*

CUT TO: \*

24

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY -- NIGHT

ED'S LIMO HAS COUGHED AND STALLED -- IN TWO FEET OF WATER.  
Standing in the flow, Ed splashes, angrily kicking a tire.

ED  
Goddamit! Shit.

\*  
\*

Paris sits shotgun, purusing a thumbworn copy of SARTRE.  
She looks at him through an open window.

\*

PARIS  
I told you...

\*  
\*

Before Ed can respond, he's blinded by the lights of another  
car --- coming up behind them toward the flooded road --  
Quickly, he sloses forward to stop them -

ED  
Stop! You can't get through!  
There's no way through!

We meet GINNY, behind the wheel -- early twenties, college  
cool. In the passenger seat -- Half-asleep, probably hung-  
over -- LOU -- same age, grunge -- wearing dark glasses --

GINNY  
Lou. Wake up.

LOU  
What's going on?

\*

ED  
(arriving at the window)  
I need a cell phone.

Ed raps at the window. Ginny rolls it down halfway.

\*

ED (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
We need a cell phone. Do you have one?

\*

LOU  
Who wants to know?

ED  
Look. There's been an accident and  
I need a phone. Now.

\*

LOU  
(over his glasses)  
Dude, slow down. First of all, we  
don't know who you are -- Second of  
all, I don't see no accident, so --

Furious, Ed leans in the car -- straight over Ginny -- right in Lou's face, grabbing his collar --

LOU (CONT'D) (cont'd) \*

Jesus...!

ED

Listen to me, dude, I am having a very fucked up, very wet, very bad fucking day, and I suggest if you or your girl have a phone in your possession --

LOU

Alright! Okay! We don't have one.

Ed pulls himself back out, looks to Ginny.

ED

Then I need you to give us a lift in the other direction.

GINNY

It's flooded that way too.  
...Worse than this.

Paris appears behind Ed. She is soaked. And sexy.

LOU

Only thing between there and here is a shit bag motel. \*

ED

That's where I came from.

PARIS

I guess it's where we're going.

Ginny eyes Paris suspiciously --  
Lou's eyes drift to the tee shirt that clings to her. \*

LOU

Unlock the doors. Let'em in.  
(off Ginny's look)  
-- What, it's pouring.

Ginny unlocks the doors. Ed runs back to his limo to fetch something. Paris climbs in and meets Lou's eyes.

LOU (CONT'D) (cont'd) \*

Hey.

PARIS

...Hey.

Ed returns with his book and a small bag. He climbs in next to Paris. Slams the door.

ED

Let's go.

CUT TO:

25

INT./EXT. RECEPTION, GOLDEN PALM MOTEL -- NIGHT

Larry stands in the door, looking out as --

Ed leaps from Ginny's car.

ED

'the phones still dead?!

Larry watches as Paris, Lou and Ginny climb out -- His eyes lock onto Paris -- and hers onto him. She doesn't like him.

\*  
\*

LARRY

...yeah -- ...Where's your Lincoln?

ED

(crossing to Ed)

Stuck in the run-off 2 miles from here. The other way's fucked too... The girl was stranded... The kids gave us a lift...

\*

LARRY

...she a hooker?

ED

(staying on-point)

Is there another way out of the valley? Can I just cut through?

\*

LARRY

(shakes his head)

...You wouldn't make it five hundred feet. 'Ground's so baked, the water's got no place to go.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

ED

How's the woman?

LARRY

I dunno - They're in Number Four.

Ed leaves immediately -- and Larry crosses inside --

25A

INSIDE -- GINNY LOOKS OVER FADED TOURIST BROCHURES ON A RACK.

One catches her eye. It features pictures of native american  
relics and paintings of a bloody battle. The headline reads --  
"THE SHOSHONE TOMBS". She looks up to see -- \*

Lou watching -- Paris, as she leans over Larry's desk,  
checking things out. Lou feels Ginny's stares and turns away.

Larry steps to the other side of the counter and crosses to  
his money box, which he closes. He looks Paris in the eye. \*

LARRY

We don't rent rooms by the hour. \*

PARIS

Funny. You still serving food?

LARRY

Vending machines are round the  
corner. The rooms are warm, dry and  
thirty bucks in advance with a copy  
of your license. Any takers? \*

Paris slaps down her license and some cash. \*

PARIS

Excuse me. I was talking to you. I'd  
appreciate it if you looked at me. \*

LARRY

I like to look at normal people. \*

PARIS

Really? Then I'd suggest you stay  
away from mirrors. \*

CUT TO: \*

26

INT. ROOM FOUR -- NIGHT

Ed enters to see George sitting by his wife. She looks pale.  
Her eyes are closed, her breathing labored. Timothy sits  
playing with his toy. Ed ruffles Timothy's hair as he passes.

ED

We're a little stuck here, George.  
I don't think we can get out  
tonight.

George stands, speaks quietly to Ed.

GEORGE  
She keeps shaking.

ED  
She's in shock. Let me have a look.

Ed peels back the T-shirt dressing -- Blood weeps copiously --  
Timothy steps back, frightened... \*

ED (CONT'D) (cont'd) \*  
Did your wife pack a sewing kit?

George shakes his head -- no.

27 EXT. MOTEL COURTYARD -- NIGHT

Ginny hurries through the rain with a room key. Lou struggles  
to keep up, hauling their bags.

LOU  
...Hey. Gin.

GINNY  
What.

LOU  
Slow down.

Ginny plunges ahead, into the rain, crossing the courtyard  
toward their room. Lou sighs and follows -- \*

Paris shuffles into her room as Ginny unlocks their door.

GINNY  
Six. At least we got a good number.

Crossing in after her, Lou glances at the rusty room number,  
rolls his eyes and kicks the door shut. With the slam, the  
'six' tacked to the door, flips. It becomes a nine.

CUT TO:

28 INT. ROOM SIX -- CONTINUOUS

Lou and Ginny dump their bags. There's a twin bed.

LOU  
Which side do you want?

GINNY  
All of it. You're over there.  
(nods to the couch)

LOU

What?

GINNY

You don't get to stare at the hooker's tits all night and sleep with me.

LOU

I wasn't staring at the hooker's tits! Ginny! I wasn't staring at the HOOKER'S TITS!

\*

GINNY

I think you were.

LOU

You're wrong!

\*

\*

Footsteps. They fall silent. A knock at the door. Ginny answers it --- It's Paris.

\*

PARIS

Three things. First, thank you so much for rescuing us in the rain. Secondly, I'm next door in number seven and these walls are real thin, so if you could keep the 'hooker' comments to a minimum that would be great. And lastly, Lou - Yes you were.

And she leaves. Lou looks to Ginny...

LOU

Fuck.

...and dumps his bag on the couch.

29

INT. ROOM EIGHT / NINE -- NIGHT

Caroline slams down the dead phone receiver. She throws open windows, airing the place out. She flings open a door that connects to a second room.

\*

\*

She tosses down her bags in the new room, finds her phone charger and plugs it in. She lights a scented candle, turns and looks at her face in the mirror and pops two pills from a little pill box... she becomes intense...

\*

\*

CAROLINE

...It's not about money, it's about respect. It's about work conditions.

\*

\*

(MORE)

CAROLINE (cont'd)

...So you're calling your client a  
liar? I don't know how to say this,  
Harry... but, I'm going to have to  
find new management. That's right.  
Because I deserve more. Because I am  
more.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

A gust of wind blows the drapes -- and snuffs the candle...

CUT TO:

29A INT. CORRIDOR -- COURTHOUSE - NIGHT - RAIN

\*

A DISHEVELED MAN wanders down a long hallway toward A BALIFF.  
He appears a bit lost.

\*  
\*

DISHEVELED MAN

I'm sorry. I'm here for an  
emergency hearing in the Rivers  
case. I'm afraid I'm a bit late due  
to the weather and I'm not sure  
where -- I understand it's in the  
Judge's chambers but --

The Doctor fumbles, holding out an I.D.

\*

BALIFF

This way. It's in the conference  
room. You're fine. The Judge ain't  
even here yet.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

DISHEVELED MAN

(following)

...Would you know if the prisoner  
transport has arrived?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CUT TO:

\*

29B INT. HEARING ROOM - NIGHT - RAIN -- CONTINUOUS

\*

A flourescent lit room, a large table in the center. A  
STENOGRAPHER quietly unfolds her kit in the corner by the  
window. At the table, the Assistant D.A., Detective Valrole  
and a Defense Attorney are engaged in a heated argument:

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

DETECTIVE

Diary,.. no diary. Your client  
confessed to the murders.

\*

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

My client was screwed at trial. He  
was denied an insanity plea.



ASSISTANT D.A.

Let's call this what it is, Marty.  
A Hail Mary.

The disheveled man enters --

DETECTIVE

Hey. Let me tell you what I think is insanity, Counselor. The fact you got this hearing, that's insanity. The fact that you got some specialist poking around in his head, giving him meds,.. that's insanity. But the fact that maniac's riding around out there, out of communication. Well..That's just fucking frightening.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

Detective, I can assure you --

ASSISTANT D.A.

No, Marty, I can assure you, at midnight tomorrow an injection of potassium chloride is going to stop your client's heart and I'm gonna get the best night's sleep in years.

DETECTIVE

The families of his victims don't want him medicated, counselor. They want the monster dead.

DISHEVELED MAN

True,.. but in our rush to satisfy them, we must remember -- one exterminates the rat, not the house.

They all turn to look at him...

ASSISTANT D.A.

Excuse me. ...Who are you?

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

This is Doctor Mallick. Malcolm's psychiatrist.

Thunder rumbles as we --

CUT BACK TO:

32 INT. LARRY'S OFFICE -- GOLDEN PALM MOTEL -- NIGHT -- RAIN \*

Ed digs through Larry's cabinets and drawers, looking for a \*  
sewing kit. He pauses, noticing -- \*

A FRAMED PICTURE ON A SHELF -- An older man with a widow's \*  
peak smiles, holding a very big Carp on a hook... \*

A wash of headlights -- Ed looks up as -- A DARK SEDAN pulls \*  
in past the window, police flashers blinking. \*

CUT TO: \*

33 EXT. GOLDEN PALM -- CONTINUOUS \*

Larry is in the parking lot following the wind whipped \*  
telephone lines with a flashlight, looking for any faults... \*

Suddenly, he's illuminated by the THE DARK SEDAN... \*

The flashing lights are eerie in the rain. \*

CUT TO: \*

34 INT. ROOM SIX -- CONTINUOUS \*

Lou stares at the lights rising out the window. \*

Ginny, unpacking her bag, stops... \*

GINNY \*

Did you feel that? \*

LOU \*

Feel what? \*

GINNY \*

...Cold. \*

CUT TO: \*

35 EXT. GOLDEN PALM MOTEL -- CONTINUOUS \*

A man steps out of the sedan -- RHODES, clean cut in a dark \*  
suit... There appears to be a second person in the back. \*

RHODES \*

...You the Manager? \*

LARRY \*

Maybe. \*

Ed emerges from the office, listening to Rhodes and Larry. \*  
Lou peers out from his window -- watching. \*

Rhodes carefully holds out his Police I.D. for Larry. \*

RHODES \*

Officer Rhodes, Corrections. I'm \*  
transporting a convict. The law \*  
grants you the right to decline us \*  
service -- but the roads are \*  
flooded and I could use a room. \*

A muffled cackle comes from the back seat of the sedan. \*

RHODES (CONT'D) (cont'd) \*

...It's an emergency. \*

ED \*

Hey! 'You got a radio in your car? \*

RHODES \*

(to Larry) \*

Who's this? \*

LARRY \*

Limo driver. Had an accident. \*

ED \*

(crossing to them) \*

I got a lady in there pretty banged \*  
up. We could use an ambulance. \*

36 INT. RHODES' CAR -- NIGHT -- MOMENTS LATER \*

Larry and Ed watch from under the eaves as Rhodes leans in the \*  
front seat, clicking his police radio. \*

RHODES (ON RADIO) \*

...442 requesting medical. Over. \*

Still no reply... Nothing but static... \*

RHODES (CONT'D) (cont'd) \*

Like I said. Nothing for the past \*  
hour. \*

ED \*

You got a first aid kit? \*  
She's losing blood -- \*

RHODES \*

(glancing to his trunk)

No. Sorry. This ain't a patrol car. \*  
We don't carry shit like that. \*

Ed looks to Larry. Larry shakes his head.

ED  
How about a needle and thread?

LARRY  
...maybe in the diner...

Ed makes a move toward the diner but Larry, grabs him --

LARRY (CONT'D) (cont'd) \*  
...No... I'll get it... ...it's  
locked up.  
(skittering off, )  
(back to Rhodes)  
I'll be back with your key! I'm  
gonna put you in nine.

Ed glances to -- the shadow in the back of the sedan.

ED  
What you got in there?

RHODES  
...Prison transfer.

ED  
...Maybe when you get him situated,  
you can come to four, take a look  
at the lady. I could use a second  
opinion. \*

RHODES  
...Sure.

Ed heads back to four. Rhodes climbs back into his sedan. He watches Ed's departure as he pulls the car into a spot. Suddenly, there is movement in the shadows behind Rhodes.

VOICE  
...Looks like you're fucked...

RHODES  
Shut up.

...the voice leans into the light... A dark luminescence behind the eyes, a devious curl to the mouth... This is the face of a killer... the face of ROBERT MAINE.

MAINE  
(in a different voice)  
I'm sorry officer, was I speeding?  
442. Requesting medical.

RHODES

(turns, fire-eyed)

Listen, psycho. You've had a very lucky day. But I suggest you shut your fucking mouth. When that guy gets back with our key, you are gonna get out of this car and walk with me, calm and compliant or you will be in deep shit. I will hurt you. ...You understand.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

MAINE

(back to a menacing growl)

I suggest you watch how you talk to me, Officer. Given the circumstances, you're the one who's in deep shit.

\*  
\*

Maine smiles. Outside, Larry runs into room three.

\*

CUT TO:

\*

37

INT. ROOM FOUR -- MOMENTS LATER

Larry watches, disgusted and facinated as -- Ed ties off the last stitch in Alice's neck with BLACK THREAD.

LARRY

I wish I had beige.  
That would've been better.

ED

It's fine. Thanks.

George steps closer to inspect Ed's handiwork. Larry exits.

GEORGE

Where'd you learn to do that?

ED

Pretty much where your standing.

George looks worried. Ed sits back in his chair. He notices Timothy at the window, looking out.

ED (CONT'D) (cont'd)

You know... He hasn't made a sound since the accident. Maybe he...

\*

GEORGE

Oh. No. Timothy doesn't talk much ever since...

\*

\*

(smiles sadly, whispers)

I'm his step-father. His father,...

(MORE)

GEORGE (cont'd)  
(makes walking fingers)  
...two years ago. ...Temper problem.

38 OMMITTED \*

39 INT./EXT. -- ROOM NINE -- Larry unlocks the door to find  
Caroline leaping in horror.

CAROLINE  
Jesus Christ --!

LARRY  
Lady! What are you doing in here?  
I put you in eight. \*

CAROLINE  
That 'box' you put me in doesn't  
deserve a number. And the phones  
don't work in...  
(meeting eyes with Maine)  
...My God... \*

Maine takes her in like a morning cigarette. He whistles. \*

MAINE  
(whistles and stares)  
Nice tits, honey. Who did 'em? \*

Caroline slams the door. Maine's face darkens. \*

LARRY  
(sighs) ...This way. \*

39A TIMOTHY PEERS OUT THE WINDOW OF ROOM FOUR. His eyes follow --

Robert Maine -- as he's dragged toward the rear of the motel  
by Rhodes, Larry leading the way... Maine meets eyes with  
Timothy. He winks. The boy stares, facinated.

CUT TO:

40 INT. ROOM TEN -- NIGHT

Rhodes drags Maine into the room. Larry stands at the door --

LARRY  
...the furniture's for shit...

RHODES  
...yeah.

LARRY

If you're gonna cuff him to something,.. the toilet's bolted down good.

MAINE

(pissed)

Thanks so much for your assistance.

LARRY

...You're welcome.

Rhodes pulls Maine into the BATHROOM --

Maine growls in Rhodes's face -

MAINE

(singing)

*I got stripes...  
Stripes around my shoulders.*

Ignoring him, Rhodes cuffs Maine to the toilet.

MAINE (CONT'D) (cont'd)

*I got chains, chains around my feet... And them chains, them chains, they're 'bout to drag me down.*

Rhodes smacks Maine's head against the bowl.

MAINE (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Ow. Bastard!

Rhodes slams the door, wipes his hands and looks to Larry.

MAINE (THROUGH DOOR) (CONT'D) (cont'd)

You're meant to feed me every three hours, Officer!

RHODES

Let's take a look at the lady.

MAINE (THROUGH DOOR)

And nothing with fucking mayonnaise!

CUT TO:

41 INT. ROOM FOUR -- NIGHT

Ed looks out at the storm as --

George finishes making the bed around a sleeping Alice.  
Rhodes enters with Larry. Rhodes steps forward, taking  
Alice's pulse. Timmy watches him. As does Ed.

ED  
...anything yet?

RHODES  
Not yet.  
(looking Alice over)  
Good stitch job. Keep her  
comfortable. Her pulse is shallow  
but steady.  
(moving to the door)

ED  
Hey. Maybe we should do shifts on  
the radio, if that's alright.

RHODES  
(a stiff smile)  
...No. It's not. I can manage.

Ed looks stung. Rhodes exits.

42

INT. VENDING AREA -- GOLDEN PALM MOTEL -- NIGHT

Rhodes enters to find Paris with her arm stuck up inside the  
vending machine -- He takes her in with his eyes -- and Paris  
feels it. She looks up --

PARIS  
...You gonna bust me, officer?

RHODES  
...Now, how'd you do that? How'd  
you know I'm a cop.

PARIS  
(nodding at his shoes)  
New laces in old leather.

RHODES  
...Oh.

Paris's eyes drift over his shoulder to his Corrections car.

RHODES (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
(chuckles)  
Oh... Shit. Yeah.

Paris smiles and goes back to the machine.



RHODES (CONT'D) (cont'd) \*  
'cheetohs for dinner? \*  
That ain't right. \*

PARIS \*  
...You got a better idea? \*

Rhodes smiles at her. Yes, he does.

RHODES  
I worked mess in the service. Maybe  
that diner's open. I could whip  
something up.

PARIS  
(pulls her arm from the  
machine, sighs)  
You got change for two singles?

Rhodes isn't sure whether to be insulted by the fact she \*  
doesn't give care about his culinary skills. He decides not. \*

RHODES \*  
I can make that. \*

Rhodes takes her two bills and drops quarters into her ivory \*  
palm, one by one. He locks eyes with her. \*

RHODES (CONT'D) (cont'd) \*  
...You got a name? \*

Paris pushes coins into the machine. Treats fall.

PARIS  
...Paris.

RHODES  
Paris? (smiles) I've never been.

PARIS  
Well,.. you ain't going tonight.

She scoops up her snacks and exits.

CUT TO:

43 EXT. GOLDEN PALM MOTEL -- LATER -- A GENTLE MONTAGE \*

The rain pours down on the lonely motel... thunder... \*

44 GEORGE... \*

Watching his wife... fearful... \*

ALICE...

Her breathing steady, but weak.

GEORGE

(gently)

...Please be strong, Alice. Please  
don't leave me... Timothy and me,..  
we need you.

LITTLE TIMOTHY...

...Sound asleep, tucked up on the sofa...

ED...

... In the adjoining room (THREE), Ed listens to George for a moment, before closing the door between them. He reaches into his bag -- we glimpse his BOOKS AND A GUN -- and retrieves a small plastic box. He opens it in CLOSE UP -- REVEALING --

PILLS -- Carefully arranged for each day of the week... He snatches 'wednesday's' dose and tosses them back... Then considers the night so far... snatches 'thursday's as well...

45

LARRY...

At his office desk... He sweeps his 'drinking game' into the trash -- He looks at the photograph on the return -- the picture of the older man with the greased widow's peak holding a Carp. He drops the picture in file drawer... closes it... ...and closes his green money box...

46

PARIS...

...drops the vending machine bounty on the bed. Checking that no one can see through the drapes, she opens the wardrobe -- REVEALING -- Her case on the floor of the wardrobe. We see a large wad of cash inside.

Satisfied it's still there, she covers the case with her jacket and shuts the wardrobe... As she crosses back to her candies, WE FOLLOW her shadow across the floor to the adjoining door...

47

LOU...

...asleep on the lumpy couch -- watches Paris' shadow under the door... With delight and forbidden dreams...

GINNY...

Watches him from the bed, unsure if he's asleep...

GINNY

Lou?... Lou...

But Lou does not respond...

48 RHODES...

rinses his face in the room sink and pushes back his hair with his hands. Stares into his own eyes. Smiles at himself. Then he hears Maine singing in a southern drawl:

MAINE (THROUGH THE DOOR)

*Why don't ya love me like you used  
to do? Why do ya treat me like a  
worn out shoe?*

Rhodes's eyes darken. The lights dim for a moment -- AND WE PULL BACK TO REVEAL -- A bloody puncture in the back of Rhodes' shirt... He pulls on his jacket and opens the door. He takes in the rain and the air.

49 MAINE...

...on the cold bathroom floor with some empty cheetos bags... he adjusts himself as he hears the door slam... he turns to the pipe he's cuffed to ...it's wobbly... *clinka clink...*  
*clinka clinka...*

50 CAROLINE...

...weary, she crosses to her cell phone as it BEEPS -- FULLY CHARGED. She picks it up to dial, but realizes -- NO SIGNAL.

CAROLINE

...For crying out loud.  
Roaming coverage, my ass.

She wanders around the room, trying to get a signal. Nothing. She opens the door -- ONE BAR of STRENGTH flickers.

CAROLINE (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Come on little bar -- there you go!

She looks out into the rain and considers her options.

Then she glances into her bathroom --  
And spies the SHOWER CURTAIN.

CUT TO:

51 EXT. GOLDEN PALM MOTEL -- NIGHT

Caroline's out in the deluge -- The transparent shower curtain draped over her. She looks like some latex ghost...

Beneath this make-shift umbrella, the noise of the rain is deafening as she follows her phone trying to find a signal.

She tries to look through the plastic curtain, but the torrent is making it impossible to see. She wanders past the motel pool and out a gate, staring at the phone meter. \*

CAROLINE \*

Oh yeah... Here we go... \*

52 A WIDER ANGLE shows Caroline getting further and further from the lights and safety of the motel as she dials... \*

Now, once again, we are under the curtain with Caroline. Her phone beeps. She stops. Turns. And it beeps again. She dials quickly and waits for her call to connect...

Now we're outside of the motel, looking at Caroline alone in the rain... And the CAMERA MOVES CLOSER -- Oh shit, it's some UNKNOWN POV -- Moving with purpose...

Back under the curtain, Caroline's getting impatient... \*

CAROLINE \*

Jesus, Harry...! ...Pick up! \*

The POV MOVES CLOSER -- Within striking distance -

WHOOMPH -- Without warning -- A DARK SHAPE jumps up in front of her -- Something strikes right at her -- A SUDDEN SCREAM.

53 INT. ROOM THREE -- NIGHT \*

SMASH IN -- CLOSE ON ED -- as he wakes up -- Did he hear that SCREAM, or was it in a nightmare? George is looking at him from the adjoining door -- \*

GEORGE \*

Did you hear that? \*

Ed runs for the door -- \*

54 EXT. MOTEL COURTYARD -- NIGHT \*

Ed rushes out and stands under the eaves, looking about. \*

Rain pours off the eaves, the gutters, the roofline, forming a translucent veil, and collecting in black Rorschach puddles. \*

Larry appears at the other end of the courtyard, emerging from his trailer, holding a baseball bat. He looks to Ed.

LARRY  
'you hear that?!

\*

ED  
...Yeah.

\*

Ed crosses to Number Six and bangs loudly -

ED (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Ginny! Lou! You guys okay?!  
We heard a scream. -- Hello?!

\*

The door opens on its chain -- Lou's face peers out -

LOU  
Wassgoinon?

ED  
You alright?

LOU  
...Yeah.

ED  
Where's Ginny?

GINNY  
I'm here.

ED  
Keep your door locked.

Ed turns to Number Seven... No answer...

ED (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Paris?! You in there?!  
(urgently, to Larry)  
You got a master key?

\*

Larry pulls out a huge fob of keys -

55 INT. ROOM SEVEN -- SAME TIME

Ed and Larry enter --

The room's empty -- Larry crosses to the bathroom door --

56 INT. BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Larry throws open the door to find Paris sitting on the toilet, in walkman headphones -- She looks up at him.

PARIS

I wanna hear beeping when you back  
the fuck out of here.

57 EXT. MOTEL COURTYARD -- SAME TIME

Ed crosses to Number Nine and knocks -

ED

Miss Suzanne?

Larry hurries over with the keys -

58 INT. ROOM NINE -- CONTINUOUS

Ed and Larry enter, looking about -

ED

Miss Suzanne?

Ed moves quickly through to the BATHROOM... It's empty --  
Ed notices the missing shower curtain. \*

CUT TO: \*

59 INT. MOTEL COURTYARD -- NIGHT \*

Larry and Ed race out of Number Nine -- STRAIGHT INTO RHODES - \*

RHODES \*

...What's going on? \*

ED \*

The actress I was driving. \*  
She's gone. I heard this... scream... \*

RHODES \*

Maybe she moved again. \*  
What are the empty rooms? \*

LARRY \*

1, 2, 5 and eleven. \*

Rhodes and Larry head to the front, but Ed stays behind -- \*

60 EXT. COURTYARD -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

In the rain-soaked earth, Ed finds -- \*

A single shower curtain ring... Then another...

They lead like breadcrumbs from Caroline's room out and away to the rear of the motel. Ed follows them to the walkway of a rundown swimming pool half-filled with rainwater.

Then he notices -- THE SWINGING GATE -- leading out into the black desert. Thunder cracks.

And then he hears it...

A dull metallic thudding... Bang-bang... Bang-bang... He tries to distinguish it from the downpour... Bang-bang...Bang-bang... He heads off around the side of the building...

61 INT. MOTEL LAUNDRY -- NIGHT

Darkness before Ed switches on the overhead fluorescent... Bang-bang...Bang-bang... THREE DRYERS ARE ON -- But one of them is making the noise... Bang-Bang... Inside one of them, something inside is tumbling over and over...

Ed reaches out to a dryer door. Bang-bang... Bang-bang... Opens it... Nothing. It shuts off.

Ed cautiously opens the SECOND DRYER -- NOTHING... It shuts off.

Hesitantly, he opens THE THIRD DRYER -- And finds --

A pair of sneakers klunking round and round in the dryer. They come to a stop. Ed sighs -- but then notices --

EYES -- staring at him -- reflected in the circular glass on the dryer door --

Ed spins around to face --

CAROLINE'S DECAPITATED HEAD staring at him from the fourth dryer cradle. Rhodes and Larry enter and freeze...

LARRY

Oh, Jesus Mother of God. That's a...

(notices Ed's stony expression)

...you're real calm for a guy staring at a human head.

Ed considers this.

ED

She wasn't that human.

Rhodes kneels in front of the dryer and reaches inside.

ED (CONT'D) (cont'd) \*  
'The hell you doing?

RHODES  
...There's something in there.

Ed hands Rhodes a dryer sheet.

ED  
Use this.

LARRY  
...You a cop?

Rhodes and Ed lock eyes.

ED  
Not anymore.

Rhodes pulls out A BLOOD SOAKED OBJECT and examines it...  
IT IS A MOTEL ROOM KEY -- NUMBER TEN.

LARRY  
Oh, man. That is fucked up.

ED  
Was she in room ten?

LARRY  
(shakes his head, )  
(then points to Rhodes)  
...They were.

ED  
(to Rhodes) )  
Where is your guy?

RHODES  
(uneasy)  
...'Cuffed to a toilet.

CUT TO:

62 EXT. CROSSING TOWARD ROOM ELEVEN -- NIGHT

Rhodes and Ed run along the narrow walkway toward room ten,  
Larry bringing up the rear. Paris appears from number seven.

PARIS  
What's going on?!



RHODES  
Stay inside. Lock your door.

Paris watches as they move toward room ten...

ED  
What was he in for?

RHODES  
I'm not a liberty to --

ED  
Bullshit -- what did he do?

They pass the windows to room ten. It's dark inside.  
Rhodes pulls his gun. \*

LARRY  
Is he some kind of killer?  
(off Rhodes' face)  
Ah, shit - He is, isn't he?

Rhodes and Ed bust into --

63 INT. RHODES' ROOM - NIGHT

It is dark and empty. The sink drips. The bathroom door is  
shut tight. Rhodes throws the door open to -- THE BATHROOM. \*

Empty. A pipe pulled from the toilet. And the rear window  
open. Larry arrives, open-mouthed. \*

LARRY  
Oh, momma...

CUT TO:

64-65 OMITTED \*

66 INT. GOLDEN PALM -- ROOM THREE -- NIGHT \*

TERRIFIED CHAOS -- They're all gathering at the door to room  
three -- Ed, Larry, Paris, Ginny, Lou, George, Timothy and  
Alice in the bed -- everyone except Rhodes and Maine -- WE  
CUT IN mid-action -- Everyone talking over each other -- \*

PARIS  
What the fuck is going on?!

GINNY  
Will someone please tell me  
what happened?!

ED  
Okay. Listen up.  
There was an incident tonight --

\*  
\*  
\*

LARRY  
(to Lou)  
That's 'police talk' for someone  
getting their head--

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

ED  
Caroline Suzanne was murdered.

GINNY  
Oh, Jesus.

GEORGE  
My God.

GEORGE

\*

PARIS  
Who is Carolyn Suzanne?!

ED  
The actress I was driving.

GEORGE  
Where did this happen?!

ED  
We don't know exactly. We can't  
find her body.

General alarm spreads -

LARRY  
(to Lou)  
Not all of it, anyway.

ED  
As long as we stay calm, we'll be  
fine. Officer Rhodes, who's outside  
right now, was transporting a  
convict...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

LARRY  
-- who escaped... he fucking  
escaped.

\*  
\*  
\*

GINNY  
WHAT!?

\*  
\*

PARIS  
(to Larry)  
Why don't you shut up the hell up  
and let him talk?!

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

LARRY  
This is my place, ho.  
I'll say what I goddam please!

\*  
\*  
\*

ED  
Hey. Hey.

\*  
\*

GINNY  
We need to leave. Now.

\*

Ginny crosses toward the door. Lou turns, follows.

LOU  
Baby. Did you hear what the man  
said?! We're safe here! There's a  
policeman here!

\*

LARRY  
Two of em.

PARIS  
You're a cop?

ED  
Was -- shut up, Larry.

\*

Rhodes arrives at the door, armed with restraining chains.

Ginny steps backward and starts to cry hysterically -- Little  
Timothy reacts to this, starts to hyperventilate -

ED (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
(to Lou, crossing to  
Rhodes)  
Put your arm around your  
girlfriend, Lou.

\*

Lou turns to Ginny to comfort her -

LOU  
(softly)  
She's my wife.

But this doesn't appear to comfort her --

ED  
Everyone just stay in here.  
Stay in this room.  
(to Rhodes)  
Let's go.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Ed starts to exit with Rhodes.  
Paris grabs his arm outside, under the eves.

\*

PARIS  
(regarding Larry)  
Hey. Can you take him with you? \*

ED  
...Who? \*

She gestures back toward Larry. \*

RHODES  
What's your problem with him? \*

PARIS  
I'm not staying in here if he is. \*

ED  
(sighs, leans inside)  
Hey. Larry. Come with us. \*

LARRY  
Why?.. 'Cause she says so? Cause  
some cheap hooker has a problem  
with me? \*

ED  
Come on. You know the place. \*

LARRY  
I am not trained in the hunting of  
convicts. And I don't take orders  
from professional sluts -- \*

Larry meets eyes with a glaring Paris -- and crosses into his  
office, slamming the door. \*

Ed and Rhodes look to one another and take off. \*

CUT TO:

67

EXT. FRONT OF MOTEL - NIGHT \*

Ed and Rhodes arrive at the front of the motel under the gas  
station canopy -- Visibility's next to zero -- \*

RHODES  
He can't get far. Not in this. \*

ED  
...What exactly are we chasing  
here, Rhodes? \*

RHODES  
...Multiple homicide. \*

ED  
(sighs)  
How 'bout you circle 'round --  
Meet me at the other end.

Rhodes notices a gun in Ed's hand.

RHODES  
...fine...

Rhodes moves off --

CUT TO:

68 INT. ROOM THREE -- SAME TIME

Ginny sits in the corner, terrified. Lou turns to Paris.

LOU  
...So... Is that where you live  
full time? ...In Vegas.

PARIS  
Used to. Not anymore.

LOU  
...What does that mean?

PARIS  
It means I don't live there  
anymore.

CUT TO:

68A INT. LARRY'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Larry scowls, listening to Paris talking in the next room.  
He grabs his trusty bat,.. makes his way to the door.

CUT TO:

69 EXT. REAR OF MOTEL, BILLBOARD - NIGHT

Ed moves around one side of the motel -- The cracked and  
peeling faces of A BILLBOARD watch his every move...

CUT TO:

70 EXT. SIDE OF MOTEL -- ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Rhodes moves along the opposite side of the building... Gun  
leveled, he crosses through a curtain of water into an  
alleyway -- He pushes out through to the other side --

70A And looks out into the expanse of desert...

70B EXT. REAR OF MOTEL, LARRY'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Ed comes across A SILVER BULLET TRAILER HOME --  
He cautiously enters...

CUT TO:

71 INT. ROOM THREE - NIGHT

Paris, Lou, Ginny and George wait in nervous silence.  
Timothy pulls on his father's leg.

GEORGE  
Go ahead, Tim. I'll be right here.

Timothy shakes his head.

GEORGE (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Okay. I'll stand guard.  
(to the others)  
The toilet's plugged in our room.

He escorts Timothy to the room three bathroom, closes the  
door and stands guard outside.

GEORGE (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
His mother usually does this.

Paris finds a comforting smile for George... Ginny is  
reaching a breaking point of fear... They are oblivious as  
outside, LARRY TIP TOES PAST THE WINDOWS WITH HIS BAT...

CUT TO:

72 OMMITTED.

73 INT. TRAILER HOME - NIGHT

Ed looks about the dark narrow trailer -- The sound of the  
RAIN DRUMMING on the metal roof is DEAFENING...

It stinks. Dirty plates stacked in the sink. A porn magazine  
is thrown open on the unmade bed. A yellow pages is thrown  
open to a page of massage listings. Scribbled marker on the  
escort's faces.

Ed turns. Notices serrated edge hunting knives. And strange  
fishing tackle. One of the knives is missing from its sheath.

CUT TO:

73A

INT. ROOM NINE -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

Larry enters Carolyn Suzanne's room. It is very dark. He digs through her belongings...

CUT BACK TO:

74

INT. ROOM THREE - NIGHT

George still stands in front of the door as --  
Paris turns to Lou and Ginny.

PARIS

...How long you two been married?

LOU

(checking his watch)

'nine hours.

(smiles)

A spur of the moment thing.

PARIS

(looks to Ginny)

...Oh.

LOU

Viva Las Vegas. Right, Gin?

Without warning, Ginny stands -

GINNY

We need to leave.

LOU

Shit, Ginny, I'm just talking...

GINNY

I have to get out of here...  
Something's happening and I need to  
get out of here.

LOU

Don't get all psychic on me...

GINNY

I don't want to be here when they  
bring that man back.

PARIS

Everything's going to be fine.

GINNY

No. It's not.

She attempts to barge past Lou, but stands in front of her --

LOU

Ginny, he told us to stay together.  
You're having one of your attacks.  
You're totally over-reacting. Take  
one of your pills and calm down.

\*

\*

GINNY

-- What?

\*

LOU

You want me to look after you. I'm  
looking after you. You're my wife  
now -- do what you're told.

\*

\*

PARIS

Shit, look at the time.  
It's the Ninetieth Century.

Ginny tries to move around Lou-- he grabs her --

LOU

Ginny!

GINNY

(pushing him off)  
You don't own me, Lou.

LOU

I own what's inside you --  
Half of it, anyway.

This cuts Ginny to the quick --

She tears out of the room, Lou moves after her -

75

EXT. MOTEL COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

Lou crosses after her into the rain -

LOU

Ginny!

GINNY

You don't own any part of me or my  
baby.

LOU

Really? Then why the hell did I  
marry you?

Ginny tears into their room, SLAMMING the door --



Ginny! GINNY!

Lou crashes inside, following her.

LOU (CONT'D) (cont'd) \*  
Don't slam fucking the door on me!

Paris stands in the doorway of room three -- looking at them from across the courtyard.

PARIS  
-- Hey... Guys. Chill out!

LOU  
(out the window)  
We're fine, fuck you, goodbye. No need to worry your little whore head.

PARIS \*  
If you lay a fucking finger on her!

LOU  
Yeah -- this is me shaking in my boots!

LOU SLAMS DOWN THE WINDOW -- Paris takes a few paces under the eaves toward their room -- watching, concerned...

76 INT. ROOM THREE - NIGHT

George, steps from the front of the bathroom door, watching Paris through the window... She has moved out of sight... \*

CUT TO: \*

76A INT. ROOM NINE -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS \*

Digging through Carolyn Suzanne's stuff, Larry comes upon what he was seeking -- HER FAT GUCCI WALLET. \*

CLOSE ON LARRY'S SHADOWED FACE as he turns to the raised voices outside. His clean exit is blocked by Paris. He looks to the rear window. \*

CUT BACK TO: \*

77 INT. ROOM SIX - NIGHT

Ginny is furiously packing her bag as Lou rages-- \*

LOU  
...We're not leaving, Ginny! You  
hear me? There is no place to go! I  
know this sucks but there's a flood  
out there, remember?!

Ginny keeps packing.

LOU (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Stop it! Just stop it!

Lou grabs her bag and hurls it across the room. Ginny steps  
back and stares at him... a beat...

GINNY  
I'm not pregnant.

Lou stops, turns back to her --

LOU  
What. What did you say?

GINNY  
I'm not pregnant. I lied.

LOU  
What are you talking about?  
...I saw the test.

Ginny just looks at him. Her eyes say it all.

LOU (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
...Why would you do that to me?!

GINNY  
Alison saw you at The Hawk with  
that fucking girl.

Lou hesitates for a moment. Tears fill Ginny's eyes --

She runs into the bathroom, slamming the door behind her -

78 INT. BATHROOM -- SAME TIME

Ginny locks the door, sobbing --

LOU  
Jesus! What are we, like fifteen?!

79 INT. ROOM SIX -- SAME TIME

Lou looks at the locked door, then lashes out in anger -

LOU

Fuck!

He smashes a table lamp onto the floor -- The shadows still sway from the toppled lamp...

\*

LOU (CONT'D) (cont'd)

\*

Ginny! Open the door. I haven't been to The Hawk in like a year. Alison's a stupid bitch whore, who just likes to fuck with your head! Ginny! Open the door!

GINNY

No!

LOU

How are we supposed to talk if you don't OPEN THE DOOR!?

\*

79A EXT. COURTYARD - SAME TIME

Watching the shadows move on the window, Paris pulls up her coat collar, stubbing out her cigarette, about to cross toward their room if this continues a moment longer--

\*

\*

PARIS

Goddam prick.

CUT TO:

80 OMMITTED.

\*

81 BACK IN ROOM SIX -- CONTINUOUS

LOU

Ginny. Open it!

\*

GINNY

Not until you calm down!

\*

\*

LOU

I AM CALM! I'M VERY FUCKING CALM!

\*

\*

Lou turns back into the room -- His eyes flash around -- He stops because he's not alone. A shadow rises - a look of recognition...

LOU (CONT'D) (cont'd)

\*

What are you doing here?..

INT. BATHROOM -- SAME TIME

For a moment, quiet... Ginny wipes her tears... Gathers her composure... and becomes nervous in the silence...

\*  
\*

GINNY  
...Lou... (beat) ...Lou?..

Ginny moves to unlock the door... WHEN SUDDENLY -- THE DOOR EXPLODES WITH POUNDING -- IT SHAKES ON ITS HINGES -- FISTS STRIKING IT FROM THE OTHER SIDE --

LOU  
GINNY -- OPEN THE DOOR!!

MORE POUNDING and SCREAMING --

GINNY  
Jesus Christ! Stop it, Lou!

LOU  
GINNY! NOW!

GINNY  
STOP IT! STOP IT! STOP IT!

LOU  
GOD - FUCK - OPEN THE DOOR!

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Suddenly Lou's banging becomes softer --

LOU (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
...Ginny... Open the...

\*  
\*  
\*

The banging stops. A sliding sound.

GINNY  
Lou?.. Lou?..

\*  
\*  
\*

Slowly, she stands and moves towards the door...

GINNY (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
...Lou?..

\*  
\*  
\*

silence...

\*

CUT TO:

\*

83

INT. LARRY'S TRAILER - SAME TIME

Moving to exit, Ed pauses in the dark trailer, noticing something -- a figure -- a shadow -- moving outside...

CUT BACK TO:

84

OMMITTED.

85

INT. ROOM SIX -- BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Ginny sits in the dark silence. Frightened.

GINNY

...Lou. ...I'm gonna unlock the door now...

PARIS (O.S.)

(knocks on door)

Ginny? ...Are you okay?! Ginny?!

With timid fingertips, Ginny eases the squeaky bolt... And cautiously turns the handle... opens the door...

The bedroom appears empty...

86

INT. ROOM SIX -- SAME TIME

CLOSE ON -- GINNY in the doorway...

GINNY

...Lou?..

Paris continues to pound on the bolted door from outside.

PARIS (O.S.)

Ginny! Open the door!

The CAMERA MOVES BACK as Ginny warily takes a step deeper into the room -- AND WE REVEAL -- Lou against the wall.

LOU

(faintly)

Gin...

Ginny, turns to him, startled -

GINNY

Oh, my God... OH MY GOD!

His hands are clasped over his belly. Wet crimson stains his shirt. Ginny takes a step toward him. Then freezes. Turns sharply. Windows are closed. Paris is peering in the drapes.

PARIS  
...Ginny! What's wrong?!

Ginny takes a step toward Paris but freezes, realizing --  
Someone is hiding in the closet. Her eyes catch --

A shadow rising in the mirror --

Ginny leaps to the bathroom... ..grabbing the door... ..  
BUT SOMEONE UNSEEN pulls the door out of her grip --

GINNY  
...NO!.. NO!

She grabs it back again and fights to close it -- manages to  
flip the fragile bolt in place -- THE .WHOLE DOOR STARTS TO  
SHAKE -- Ginny backs away in terror -

GINNY (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
OH GOD! HELP ME!

Ginny turns to A SMALL REAR WINDOW. IT IS OPEN.

CUT TO:

87 OMMITTED.

88 INT. SILVER TRAILER - SAME TIME

Ed crouches as behind a cabinet, his gun pulled, as --  
the trailer door slowly creaks open -- and THE DARK FIGURE  
enters-- The figure carries the missing hunting knife.  
It gleams in the light...

Ed waits as the figure moves toward him. He quietly stands  
and puts the cold barrel of his his gun to the temple of the  
figure --

ED  
Don't -- move.

LARRY  
Ahhhhh! --

Ed flicks on the lights -- It's LARRY.

ED  
LARRY! WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU  
DOING?!

LARRY  
This is my trailer, man! I live  
here! I came to get something!

GINNY (O.S.)  
Oh, God! NO!

\*  
\*

They turn, hearing Ginny's screams.

\*

CUT BACK TO:

\*

89 EXT. ROOM SIX -- CONTINUOUS

\*

Paris pounds on their door, trying to get in.

PARIS  
Jesus! Ginny! Open the door!

CUT TO:

\*

90 EXT. REAR OF MOTEL -- CONTINUOUS

Ginny falls from the rear window and scrambles to her feet -

GINNY  
Sombdy -- help me!

\*

She bounds straight into -- RHODES -- She jumps back --  
Terror in her eyes. Something's odd about him -- placid --

\*

\*

RHODES  
What's wrong, kid?.. He in there?..

\*

Ginny can't speak, just stares at her window. Paris arrives.  
So do Larry and Ed.

\*

\*

PARIS  
What the fuck's going on?!

\*

Rhodes takes off to Ginny's door -- Ginny and Paris follow --

91 EXT. ROOM SIX - CONTINUOUS

Rhodes rounds the corner as Ed and Larry arrive -- Ed races  
with Rhodes past Paris and Ginny into the door of room six --

\*

\*

PARIS  
That door was locked a second ago.

92 INT. ROOM SIX - CONTINUOUS

Ed and Rhodes run in -- Paris stands behind them. Lou is  
still slumped on the floor -- dead -- Blood spreading.

The room is empty.

\*

RHODES  
...Shit.

93

EXT. MOTEL COURTYARD -- MOMENTS LATER

Ed tears out of Number Six... He comes face to face with Ginny. There's no need for words, his eyes say it all...

GINNY

...Oh, God. No!

Ginny falls to her knees in the rain -- Paris runs to her and pulls her under the eaves toward room three. George and Timothy watch out the door to room three as --

ED

(to Rhodes)

Out back.

They take off again, guns pulled --

CUT TO:

93A

INT. HEARING ROOM - NIGHT -- RAIN

A PIGSKIN LEGAL CASE AND COWBOY HAT hit a desk.

JUDGE

...Well. That was a fuckin' drive.

THE JUDGE, an older man with a sunbaked complexion steps into his office, hanging up his coat. He looks into the conference room and glares at the Detective, the Doctor, the Baliff and the D.A. They all rise.

EVERYONE

...Your honor.

JUDGE

...Gentlemen.

(smiles)

Well. Let's get on with it then.

Shall we?

(looks to the stenographer)

...You ready, Sharon?

(she nods)

Alrighty... In the matter of Malcolm Rivers vs. the State of Nevada, for purposes of evidenciary review as proscribed by the Supreme Court of the State of Nevada, this hearing recognizes --



DEFENSE LAWYER

Judge Taylor... Uh. With due respect... We should wait till my client arrives. He has a right to be present.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

JUDGE

He has precious few rights. He's twenty four hours from execution.

\*  
\*  
\*

LAWYER

But in order to demonstrate his mental state, your honor, we need -

\*  
\*  
\*

Veins bulge on the Judge's neck -- he glances to Sharon -- who stops typing -- they've known each other a while -- and --

\*  
\*

JUDGE

HIS MENTAL STATE? HIS MENTAL STATE!? WAKE UP, COUNSELOR! Right now you client is making his way from Ely Maximum Security Pententiary! ...Murderers, mutilators, rapists -- they got hundreds of 'em up there -- AND THEY'RE ALL FUCKIN' CRAZY! You want me to send 'em all to the the goddam hospital?!

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

No sir -- but --

\*  
\*

JUDGE

Then what's the point?!

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

The point is, sir, that --

\*  
\*\*

JUDGE

DO YOU KNOW WHAT TIME IT IS? 'YOU THINK I GOT TIME FOR BULLSHIT!? I'm sure you're pleased those justices dragged me into an review of a case I already presided over, I already decided -- but I am pissed off and insulted, okay! -- So, when your boy gets here, do whatever you want with him -- but in the name of decency, state your goddam case! (leans back, spent) Someone get me a coffee -- black.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

The Assistant D.A. looks pleased with the Judge' disposition. The Judge nods to Sharon, who begins typing again.

\*  
\*

SMASH BACK TO:

\*

94

EXT. DESERT -- NIGHT

Rain pounds the moonless landscape -- Hitting so hard that the up-spray is as fierce as the downpour. Occasional bursts of LIGHTNING take snap-shots of twisted Joshua Trees -

\*  
\*

And Maine crashes through -- still in his cuffs -- staggering to keep his footing -- looking behind all the way --

The lights of the Motel becoming fainter --

The sodden ground tries to swallow his feet -- He loses a shoe in the muck... He pulls himself from the quagmire, climbs a rise and hurries over it -- As he careens down the other side, he sees -- up ahead -- Lights, low buildings -- shelter -- He re-doubles his efforts --

95

OMMITTED

96

INT. DINER - CONTINUOUS

Maine falls in, grateful for the warmth and shelter. He takes in his surroundings. This diner hasn't been used for years. Covered in dust. He pulls a sheet from a table and uses it to dry himself. Then he notices -- Light seeping through large bay windows... Curious, he moves closer -- wipes the fog --

And his face drops -- it is the motel courtyard --

HE IS BACK AT THE GOLDEN PALM MOTEL --

MAINE

...the hell?..

He steps back from the glass -- as a dark figure moves only inches from him, outside, through the steamed glass -- Maine keeps moving backward, tripping over a chair -- his head spins with disorientation --

The figure outside steps into the clear circle that Maine wiped away. Turns -- It is Ed. His eyes meet Maine.

Maine spin to flee -- And crashes face to face with Rhodes -- Rhodes takes a swing at him and clips his head -- Maine runs the opposite direction. Ed enters -- and he and Rhodes corner Maine -- their fists pumping on him.

MAINE (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Ahhh! GET OFF ME! AHHH!

\*

CUT TO:

97

INT. ROOM THREE/FOUR -- BATHROOM -- LATER

Ginny is huddled in the bathroom, shaking. She pops some pills. Paris is trying to pat dry Ginny's clothes. She pulls off her leather jacket and offers it to Ginny.

PARIS

Here. Put this on.

Ginny looks up at the samaritan hooker and her red leather coat... And accepts the gift. SUDDENLY -- They turn to the sound men yelling -- Ginny is terrified...

PARIS (CONT'D) (cont'd)

It's okay... It's okay...

Paris pokes her head out the bathroom door to see -- George and Timmy at the window facing the courtyard --

PARIS (CONT'D) (cont'd)

...What's going on?

GEORGE

They caught him.

Paris turns back to Ginny --

PARIS

You hear that?

Ginny nods -- numb.

CUT TO:

98

EXT./INT. MOTEL DINER -- CONTINUOUS

Larry and George watch from the eves as as --

Rhodes and Ed drag the unconscious Maine to a column and proceed to lash him to it -- Ed looks for anything to use to secure him. Larry cuts Ed off as he moves to the kitchen -

LARRY

That's empty. Use this.

Larry rips an electrical cord from an abandoned appliance. Rhodes lashes it around Maine's hands.

LARRY (CONT'D) (cont'd)

...why are we putting him in here?

ED

Where would you prefer, Larry?

Larry crosses in front of the kitchen door. Something about the kitchen makes him nervous.

Paris arrives at the door -- Ed looks past her to George.

ED (CONT'D) (cont'd)

George -- what was everyone doing out there?!

GEORGE

...Ginny got upset and ran out. Her husband followed her. And then Paris did too. I didn't see her after that.

PARIS

...What is that supposed to mean?

GEORGE

I'm simply answering the man's question.

PARIS

No. You are implying I had something to do with what happened when they've got an escaped convict tied up right fuckingg in front of you!

GEORGE

Oh, for God's sake!

George turns and storms back into room four.

RHODES

(to Paris)

What were you doing out there?!

ED

I told you to stay in the room!

PARIS

(to Ed)

They were having fight! I was trying to get them back inside!

Ed and Rhodes meet eyes.

ED

(to Rhodes)

Can you try the radio again?

RHODES

...yeah.  
(exits)

ED

(moving to the door)  
Larry, stay here and watch him.  
(to Paris)  
Do me a favor. Go back to three.  
Stay there. And try to keep them  
cool.

PARIS

...And where are you going?!

ED

Just do it. Please.

Paris storms off.

LARRY

Uh... Ed... I don't know if I'm  
comfortable with... guard duty...

ED

(turns)  
He's unconscious, Larry.  
He's tied to a post.

CUT TO:

99 INT. LARRY'S OFFICE, GOLDEN PALM MOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

QUICK INSERT -- ED snatches up TWO DISPOSABLE CAMERAS from a  
yellowing counter display --

CUT TO:

100 OMMITTED.

101 INT. ROOMS THREE / FOUR - NIGHT

Alice's breathing is labored. She looks into the next room  
watching Timothy, who is watching Paris, who is staring  
restlessly out the door.

George is kneeling at the tv, trying to coax a signal.

ALICE

(very quiet)  
...Timothy...

Timothy turns. Steps toward his mom. Tears in his eyes.  
Alice smiles, tears coming to her eyes. She takes his hand.

GEORGE  
(crosses quickly)  
Oh my God... Dear... Oh my God...

ALICE  
...Where are we?... I don't remember  
anything... except a doctor...

GEORGE  
You must mean Ed. He gave you the  
stitches.  
(smiles)  
We had an accident, honey.  
We're in a motel.

Alice squeezes his hand, closes her eyes.

GEORGE (cont'd)  
Let me get you more aspirin.

George crosses into three. He passes -- Ginny, shell shocked  
on the couch, chewing her nails to a nub. And Paris, at the  
window looking across the courtyard to her room. He grabs  
aspirin and starts back toward four --

PARIS  
(pulling on her coat)  
George, can you keep an eye on  
Ginny for a minute?

GEORGE  
(heading back into four)  
She's awake..! She needs more  
aspirin.

George returns to Alice --  
but she's fallen unconscious again.

BACK IN ROOM THREE --

GINNY  
Paris. Don't. ...Don't go.

PARIS  
Honey, There's something I gotta  
get from my room. ...It's very  
important to me.

Paris exits -- WE PUSH IN ON -- GINNY -- as she watches Paris  
through the drizzling window...

102

INT./EXT. DINER -- NIGHT

Larry clings to his bat and watches the rain pour down from the eaves. His eyes follow --

Paris -- as she scurries across the courtyard. Lightning flashes. Larry heads inside the diner. \*

CUT TO: \*

102A

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM -- NIGHT \*

FLASH - FLASH - Stepping carefully, Ed blasts off shot after shot of the crime scene and Carolyn's staring head -- \*

He pauses, pulling the camera from his eye. For a moment it appears -- HER HEAD IS GONE. \*

Ed blinks, trying to shake off a buzzing in his ears -- it looks like he may pass out -- He stumbles on the wet floor. He looks back up -- HER HEAD IS STARING AT HIM AGAIN. \*

CUT TO: \*

103

INT. PARIS' ROOM SEVEN -- NIGHT \*

Paris stands in the door... Reaches for the light -- But stops and chooses not to... A lightening FLASH illuminates the room... And Paris heads for the wardrobe... Darkness... \*

Then another FLASH... Paris sees the wardrobe handle and pulls it open... her tattered suit case... Darkness... \*

FLASH... Paris opens the case... pulls aside the clothes... Revealing... HER CASH. Twenties and hundreds. Neatly bundled. \*

She stuffs the money into a knitted shoulder bag... \*

FLASH -- There's SOMEONE IN THE DOORWAY, behind Paris... She closes the case... Darkness... \*

FLASH -- The doorway is EMPTY once more... She turns to leave... Darkness... And turns right into -- Ed -- \*

PARIS \*

Ahhh! Mother fucker! \*

ED \*

What are you doing? \*

PARIS \*

You scared me to death! \*

ED  
I asked you a question.  
What are you doing out here?

PARIS  
Getting shit that's mine.  
(beat, adjusts)  
What are you doing?

ED  
...Excuse me?

PARIS  
I don't get to ask a question?

ED  
I'm taking photos -- there's been  
two murders in the last two hours,  
and I thought maybe before all the  
evidence --

PARIS  
-- That's no answer. No answer.

ED  
What are you talking about?

PARIS  
You, my friend, are a limo driver.  
So, I'll ask again. What are you  
doing?... ..looking to win some  
beyond-the-call-of-duty limo driver  
merit badge? Tell me if I've got it  
wrong, but -- you're not on the job  
anymore. You don't have to be a  
hero. There's a real active duty  
cop here,... if you haven't  
noticed.

ED  
Yeah. Well. That active duty cop  
has his head up his active duty  
ass. He already managed to lose a  
convicted killer. So, maybe you can  
find it in your heart to forgive me  
if I try to pitch in.

They stand close to one another in the darkness...  
Paris smiles at Ed's intensity.

PARIS  
You, Edward, are a complicated cat.



ED  
...not really.

\*  
\*

PARIS  
I think so...  
...What month were you born?

\*  
\*  
\*

ED  
May.

\*  
\*

PARIS  
A Taurus... me too.  
(smiles, sly)  
...maybe you are a hero.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CUT TO:

103A INT. DINER -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

\*

Larry shoves a table in front of the kitchen door and ties it with rope. He pulls closed THE SHUTTERS IN THE KITCHEN FOOD SLOT, but they keep easing open...

\*  
\*  
\*

There is a loop for a combination lock -- but no lock.

\*

LARRY  
...shit...

\*

He starts for the door when suddenly --

\*

MAINE (O.S.)  
...What's wrong, buddy?

Larry turns.

MAINE (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
What's in the kitchen?

\*  
\*

Larry freezes.

MAINE (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Come on. You can tell me. What's in there?

\*  
\*  
\*

LARRY  
Shut up!

\*  
\*

MAINE  
Tell me what's in there. I'm good at keeping secrets. I've got a whopper myself. Tell me, please.

\*  
\*  
\*

Larry's face becomes demonic -- he raises the bat --

\*

LARRY  
I am warning you! SHUT THE HELL UP!

CUT TO:

104 INT. ROOM SIX -- MOMENTS LATER

Holding her bag, Paris watches from the door as --

FLASH - FLASH -- Stepping carefully, Ed photographs Lou, still slumped against the wall. He rips open another disposable camera.

PARIS  
Where were you a cop?

ED  
Los Angeles.

PARIS  
'You fired or you quit?

ED  
I took a leave.

PARIS  
Why?

ED  
(referring to Lou)  
I had enough of this.  
...It was making me sick.  
(looks up, plainly)  
One day, I got this call. A jumper.  
A fifteen year old mexican girl on  
a ledge eight stories over Wilcox,  
knocked up and infected with aids.  
I asked her to step off-- I asked  
her to come into my arms -- and she  
turned to me and said "Cuál es la  
punta vivir?" ...She asked me why  
she should bother living.

PARIS  
...What did you tell her?

ED  
I was trained to tell her about the  
people who'd miss her. About the  
dreams ahead. But for a second, I  
hesitated. And she saw it.

(MORE)

ED (cont'd)

In that moment I honestly couldn't  
think of a single optimistic thing  
to say to her. So she jumped.  
Spread her arms and jumped. It was  
just a second. ...The next day I  
filed for leave.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Ed smiles sadly and turns away. Paris says nothing as Ed  
shoots Lou's body close up. Suddenly he notices --  
SOMETHING IN LOU'S HAND.

\*  
\*  
\*

He rips a page from the Yellow Pages and uses that to take  
the object... It's another key -- NUMBER NINE... But  
something isn't adding up in Ed's eyes -

\*  
\*  
\*

He moves swiftly to the door, toward Paris --

\*

PARIS

\*  
\*

What?

Behind her, on Lou's door - A rusty number NINE (the inverted  
6). He looks to the neighboring rooms. HIS POV -- THE NUMBERS  
7 & 8. He rights the nine on the door, trying to understand.

\*  
\*  
\*

PARIS

\*  
\*

What!

CUT TO:

\*

105 EXT. GOLDEN PALM MOTEL - NIGHT

Ed and Paris look down from the walkway to Rhodes car --

ED  
Rhodes!

Rhodes slams down the radio handset-- and climbs out --

RHODES  
It's worse. Just static...

ED  
Where's the key... From the  
actress.

Rhodes fishes out the dryer-sheet from his pocket and climbs  
up with them. Ed takes it and unwraps it quickly.

ED (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
This was on Lou. Number Nine.  
(beat)  
Is your guy some kind of a psycho,  
Rhodes? Some kind of countdown  
killer?

RHODES  
...I'd be surprised if he knew how  
to count.

CUT TO:

106 OMMITTED.

107 EXT. DINER -- COURTYARD -- NIGHT -- MOMENTS LATER

Ed, Paris and Rhodes approach the diner. They freeze at the  
door when they see --

Larry quietly moving from his office holding his green money  
box-- He is heading toward the back of the motel.

ED  
-- Larry!

Larry freezes...

ED (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
...Come over here.

Larry just stands there.

ED (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
What part of 'come over here' don't  
you understand, Larry!?

Larry crosses to them, hesitant. His eyes meet Paris.  
He seems more nervous than usual.

ED (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
I told you to stay with him in  
there -- why did you go to your  
office?--Why can't anyone do what I  
fucking tell them?!

LARRY  
...I just went ...to get something.

Ed looks to Rhodes, who heads into the diner. Larry watches  
him nervously as Ed holds out the two keys.

ED  
Look... This was the one on the  
actress. And this one was on the kid.

LARRY  
(watching Rhodes inside)  
Uh huh...

ED  
How many sets of keys are there?

RHODES (O.S.)  
Ed! Get in here!

Larry reacts intensely to Rhodes' voice.

ED  
...How many sets of keys are there,  
Larry?

LARRY  
...Uh... Two -- and a master.

RHODES (O.S.)  
...ED!...

Ed and Paris turn inside -- but Ed looks back to Larry.

ED  
Where do you think you're going?

LARRY  
I just...

ED  
Get the fuck inside.

Larry reluctantly steps inside following Paris. Ed follows. \*

CUT TO: \*

108 INT. DINER -- NIGHT

As Ed and Paris enter the diner, they are shocked by what they see. So, it seems, is Larry. \*

Maine is quite dead. \*  
A baseball bat has been shoved forcibly down his throat. \*

LARRY  
...Holy shit...

PARIS  
Jesus...

Ed, Paris and Rhodes trade glances. They look to Larry. \*

LARRY  
(off their looks)  
I didn't kill him! I didn't. \*

Rhodes charges at Larry. \*

RHODES  
You lying sack of shit! \*

ED  
(to Rhodes)  
See if he's still alive. \*

RHODES  
Still alive! Are you fucking kidding me!?

Ed circles round to cut off the exit behind Larry. \*

Rhodes crosses and examines Maine's body -- \*

ED  
Larry. I've never been one to leap at the obvious but I am having a little trouble seeing past that bat of yours sticking out of his fucking throat. \*

LARRY  
I didn't do it! \*

ED  
...Then why were you acting like a freak out there?!

PARIS  
Motel. Murder. Manager.  
Connect the dots.

LARRY  
-- Shut up!

ED  
Why were you trying to get away  
with your little green box, Larry?!

LARRY  
...I was scared!

ED  
Of what?!

LARRY  
I... I thought... You wouldn't  
understand...

ED  
Try me!

RHODES  
WHY'D YOU KILL MY CON, LARRY?!

LARRY  
-- I didn't kill him!.. I just...  
went out... for a second... I don't  
know how this... ...I left the bat  
here...

RHODES  
Bullshit!

LARRY  
He was fine when I... I - I just  
went back to my office...

Ed looks back -- as he hears a jingling sound -- RHODES HOLDS  
THE KEY TO NUMBER EIGHT.

RHODES  
Look at this. Another one of  
Larry's keys.

Larry drifts to the second exit, but George arrives,  
blocking it.

GEORGE  
(reacting to the corpse)  
...Oh my Lord.

LARRY

(in front of the kitchen)  
Those aren't my keys! You can't  
call them that. That's like leading  
the witness or something. Look --  
these --

As Larry reaches into his pockets for his fob of keys,  
something falls to the floor.

LARRY (cont'd)

-- these are my keys! See.

RHODES

...What's that?

The something that fell from Larry's pocket is --  
CAROLYN SUZANNE'S VUITTON WALLET. Larry meets eyes with Ed.

LARRY

...Okay. Yes -- I took her wallet.  
Afterwards. After she died. I  
confess to that, okay?! But I  
didn't kill her! And I didn't kill  
him. He was alive when I split! He  
was saying all this shit, wiggling  
me out!

Rhodes move at Larry and suddenly, Larry snaps. He grabs  
Paris and presses his knife to her neck.

PARIS

Ahhhh!

LARRY

...Everyone get back! Get back! You  
are not gonna pin this on me! I  
didn't do it!

ED

(training gun on Larry)  
Let go of her, Larry.

RHODES

(his gun up too)  
Do what he says.

Little Timothy grabs onto George's pant leg. He must have  
followed George across the courtyard.

GEORGE

Timothy. What are you --?!



ED  
George -- get him out of here!

Larry starts moving toward the kitchen with Paris.

ED (CONT'D) (CONT'D) (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
Let go of her, Larry!

PARIS  
I sincerely advise you to take your greasy hands off of me, psycho!

LARRY  
Shut up!  
(to the others)  
Stay back! I haven't hurt anyone tonight! No one! Not anyone! But I don't like cheap fucking whores and if you come one step closer I will not hesitate to--

A fire blazes in Paris' eyes as she screams in rage and knees Larry -- He crumbles with the blow -- as Paris belting him across the side of the head with open claws -- Larry howls, dropping the knife -- The others rush forward as --

LARRY (CONT'D) (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
Jesus! Ahh! Get her off me!

Paris and Larry crash into -

109 THE DINER KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

Paris and Larry tumble to the floor -- The others, mesmerized by the freak-show fight as she beats up on Larry -- Paris is on Larry's back, double-fisting the top of his head -

LARRY  
Get her fucking off me!

PARIS  
You pathetic psychotic piece of shit?! How's that for cheap!  
(hits him again)  
How's that? And that!!?

Larry grabs a handful of her hair and pulls Paris over the top -- They crash down to the floor -- Rhodes and Ed bust into the kitchen to find Paris cracking Larry over the head with a cast iron pot. He goes quiet.

ED

Alright. Enough! Enough! \*

Paris kicks free of Larry -- And pulls herself up by the freezer door -- Accidentally opening it -

And a FROZEN BODY FALLS OUT -- Male, fat, late sixties -- The man from the fish picture in Larry's office. The body crashes down on top of Paris. She's pinned -- FREAKING OUT, SCREAMING -- Straight into the frozen face-- \*

PARIS

Ahhh! Get it off me!

Ed and Rhodes race to pull the frozen corpse off of her -- She scrambles to her feet -- And EVERYONE stares, stunned -- Then they turn to look at Larry -- Only he's NOT THERE --

Just the diner door, swinging open...

CUT TO:

110 EXT. REAR OF MOTEL -- NIGHT

Larry runs around the rear of the motel, checking to make sure he's alone -- Ahead, parked in the dark, his truck --

A FLATBED PICK-UP UNDER AN OVERHANG, it's hood propped open. Tools are spread all over. Clearly, Larry's been working on this truck -- but now it's gotta run. He tightens a valve --

111 EXT. COURTYARD -- CONTINUOUS

Rhodes and Ed bust out the door and look about for Larry --

They check down a side alley -- move toward the rear of the motel -- they reach the corner and suddenly hear --

A hood slam. They look to the rear of the motel --

Larry's truck is twenty yards away -- Engine revving, desert lights glaring -- Facing right at them -

ED

Larry!

George steps from his room, reacting to the commotion. He crosses to Paris in the diner doorway.

GEORGE

What is going on?..

FROM THE TRUCK, LARRY YELLS AT RHODES AND ED -

LARRY

I didn't do shit! Get outta my way!

He slams on the gas and the four-wheel drive grips the mud like a tank -- It rockets towards the men -

BACK IN -- THE COURTYARD

The two men jump aside --  
They have no hope of stopping the truck...

Inside, Larry speeds past them to freedom --

And that's when little Timothy walks out of the motel -- He's followed his stepdad into the path of the speeding truck.

ED

No NO!

But there's nothing he can do --  
But George leaps toward his boy as --

Inside the truck -- Larry reacts violently -- STAMPING on the BRAKES -- skidding -- He heaves the wheel to one side -- But even studded tires find little traction in the mud -

Little Timothy stares into the oncoming lights. Frozen.

LARRY'S TRUCK HORN BLASTING --  
The truck swerves smoothly clear of the boy -

GEORGE

No!

STRAIGHT INTO GEORGE, who lept across the courtyard, trying and save his son -

The truck is traveling at over forty when it hits him -- His body is scooped up on the grill -- and as the truck impacts the side of the motel -- one can only guess George's fate buried behind the grill -- blood seeps onto the sidewalk...

Ginny comes out -- And everyone is motionless -- There's no question whether he's dead -- No point in running to help.

Paris stands in the diner door. Ashen. There's no hope for George. She looks to Little Timothy.

PARIS

Jesus...

THUNDER RUMBLES.

CUT TO:

111A OMMITTED. \*

112 INT. ROOM THREE/OFFICE -- NIGHT -- MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON -- LARRY -- close to tears, sputtering, as Ed and Rhodes lash him to a chair in the office. WE PULL BACK TO REAVEAL -- Ginny on the couch holding a crying Timothy.

Paris stands in the doorway, staring out at the rain.

LARRY

It was an accident! You saw -- he ran out there -- I AM NOT A MURDERER!

RHODES

There's a dead body in your fucking freezer, psycho!

LARRY

But I didn't kill him! I found him like that! Wait. Listen! That's what I thought you found in there. I knew you wouldn't understand!

(reacting to ropes) \*

Owww! ...Just listen!.. I was in Vegas last month and I lost everything -- everything -- And I was driving west. And I was running on empty -- so I pulled over -- pulled over here -- and there was no one at the station -- so I came in the office -- walked right in and -- there's the manager -- sitting at that desk right there, face down in a Banquet pot pie -- dead -- heart-attack, I don't know. \*

Paris turns, listening. Ed listens as well.

LARRY (CONT'D) (cont'd) \*

He had been sitting there for who knows how long. So I moved him to the floor and that's when this auto parts salesman pulls up looking for a room. And don't ask me why -- but I took his thirty and gave him one -- I just took a key from the wall and gave him a room. Maybe that was wrong but I didn't have a dime and that's what I did.

(MORE)

LARRY (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
And then I came back here, and I  
moved Larry's body -- his name was  
Larry too -- I moved him into the  
freezer.

(off their looks)  
It was hot out! I thought it was  
the best place for him till his  
family ...or someone... came  
along... Only no one did. Except  
more guests. So I checked them in  
too. And they all seemed happy.  
So,.. I just ...stayed,.. I mean...  
His name was Larry too, so it  
seemed like destiny, you know? Like  
it was meant to be.

A long beat... then...

RHODES  
That is a total crock of shit!

LARRY  
No -- it's not! It's not!

Rhodes gets in his face.

RHODES  
Admit it, weasel. You killed him,  
just like my con, just like her  
husband, just like his actress!  
ADMIT IT!

GINNY  
...Please stop... I can't take this  
anymore. Neither can he...

RHODES  
It's under control now.  
We got the guy.

ED  
(crossing to the door)  
I don't know what we got.

LARRY  
-- Thank you.

PARIS  
I thought we got "the guy" an hour  
ago and then we found him gargling  
a bat.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

RHODES

Oh come on! You believe that shit?!  
It him! Look at him. It's him! You  
saw him with that fucking knife. He  
was gonna kill you!

PARIS

(crosses to Ed)

I don't want to sound like a fool,  
but that story of his was so  
fucking unbelievable, it makes me  
think it might be true.

ED

...You got a point.

GINNY

(very quiet, dead serious)

...maybe it's the burial ground.  
...Read that brochure in there.  
It's all around us. A hundred years  
ago, the government moved these  
indians here. Two hundred of them  
died cause there was no water.

RHODES

And now what, now they're coming  
back to life like sea monkeys?!  
Gimme a break, honey!

ED

Rhodes. Come on. Easy.

RHODES

Why don't you take it easy?! You  
been trying to run this show all  
night, pointing fingers, handing  
out orders. You blamed my guy for  
everything but then he gets himself  
killed -- it's obvious the weasel  
did it -- we all saw him run down  
George -- he had your actresses  
wallet in his fucking pocket -- !

GINNY

(holding Timmy)

Please stop...

RHODES

You want a plan. I got a plan.  
Nobody's gonna move. We're gonna  
stay here, just like this in this  
room till dawn.

(MORE)

RHODES. (cont'd)

No one's gonna leave. And no one's gonna move. And if it's him, and he tries something,.. I'll shoot him. And if it's something out there and they come in here, I'll shoot them. And if one of us tries anything --

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

ED

-- I get it. I get it.

\*  
\*

A long beat. The wind rushes.

They all just sit there staring at one another.

The lights dim and come back. Eyes connecting to one another.

CUT TO:

112A INT. HEARING ROOM -- NIGHT

UP FROM BLACK ON -- THE DEFENSE ATTORNEY --  
He continues his presentation to the Judge...

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

-- Firstly, an insanity plea was refused by the court despite the fact my client is a certifiable axis four disassociative. To this day he remains unaware of the crimes for which he was convicted. As you know, in 1986, the United States Supreme Court ruled states cannot execute a person who does not understand why he's being put to death.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

JUDGE

He signed a confession, counselor.

\*  
\*

The detective holds up the confession.  
It is signed with a crude 'X'.

\*  
\*

DETECTIVE

He didn't just sign it. He dictated it to me. He told me exactly how he killed each and every--

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

(staying on point)

Secondly, a confession was accepted into evidence despite the fact it was not signed nor dictated by Malcolm Rivers.

DETECTIVE

This is a joke.

The Lawyer opens an evidence bag - tosses several black notebooks onto the table --

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

Thirdly. Malcolm's diaries, found mis-filed in state evidence. Important to note are the spectacular changes in hand-writing style, point of view and tone.

The Judge begrudgingly flips through the notebook. The description is accurate. Some entries are in a florid feminine script, some in block letters, some in a violent child-like scrawl, some in anal retentive microprint, etc.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY (CONT'D) (cont'd)

(crosses)

Dr. Mallick? With permission, he'll elaborate, your honor.

The Defesnse Attorney passes the judge his particulars.

DOCTOR

...There is no universally efficacious treatment for Disassociative Identity Disorder. In theory, one must attempt to move a patient toward integration -- a folding of their fractured psyche. To that end, I believe I've made significant progress with Malcolm utilizing a new therapy, the final step of which I initiated --

\*  
\*

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

-- With permission of the State Supreme Court --

DOCTOR

-- this afternoon,.. before Malcolm left Ely.

\*

The doors open. The sound of them seems heavy, ominous... A GUARD pokes his head in...

GUARD

...He's here, your honor.

A sense of unease spreads through the room.

\*



JUDGE  
...Any trouble?

The guard shakes his head.

JUDGE (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Bring him up.

A clock in the judge's office strikes twice. It is two am.

CUT TO:

112B INT. CORRIDOR/ HEARING ROOM -- COURTHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

The CAMERA CREEPS CLOSER to the steel door of a freight elevator -- the cage is squealing its way up the shaft... We see the light of the cage and hear a heavy mechanical THUD.

ANOTHER ANGLE -- LOW -- CLOSE PROFILE ON the doors opening... Then a squeaking -- like a bike that needs a shot of WD-40...

A WHEELCHAIR is pushed out -- AS HE ROUNDS THE CORNER INTO THE HALLWAY -- WE REVEAL -- MALCOLM, strapped in A HOSPITAL ARM CHAIR -- An I.V. in his arm... He has an placid androgenous face and a shaved head, but there is a storm behind his eyes.

SMASH TO BLACK:

112C INT. ROOM 3/4/LARRY'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Everyone (Paris, Ed, Rhodes, Ginny, Larry, Timothy) is sitting as they were, but drooped with exhaustion. A clock strkies twice. It is two am.

Suddenly, Timothy climbs out of Ginny's arms and crosses toward four. Ginny gets up, chasing after him --

GINNY  
(off a glare from Rhodes)  
No, Timmy. You need to stay in here with us. Here.  
(opening the door)  
Here. I'll keep the door open so you can keep an eye on Mommy.

Timmy crosses into his mother's room.

GINNY (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Timmy!

RHODES  
It's okay. Let him.



Rhodes levels his gun at Larry -

\*

LARRY (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Jesus. I'm just talking!

\*

\*

RHODES  
Since you been in that chair, no  
one's died. So I suggest you shut  
the fuck up.

\*

\*

\*

\*

LARRY  
(correcting)  
Since we've all been here!  
...Since we've all been here!

\*

\*

\*

\*

Another silence. Thunder rumbles.

\*

PARIS  
Where in Florida, Larry?

\*

\*

Larry looks nervously to Rhodes --

\*

LARRY  
...Polk County.

PARIS  
You're kidding - That's where I was  
born. What town?

LARRY  
Mulberry.

PARIS  
Frostproof.

LARRY  
No wonder you left.

ED  
There's a town called,  
'Frostproof'?

PARIS  
They grow oranges. The name kinda  
doubles as a slogan.

LARRY  
I danced hallelujah the day I left  
Polk. Why would you wanna go back?

PARIS  
...I found a grove for sale on the  
net.

(MORE)

PARIS (cont'd)

Nine acres, twelve hundred trees.  
Limes and oranges. According to the  
realtor, the soil needs a few tills  
of phosphorus -- and the lanes need  
reeding, but it's good land.

She finds herself looking at their astonished faces -

PARIS (CONT'D) (cont'd) \*

-- What?

ED

It sounds nice.

Quiet again. Broken suddenly by a sharp *klink* from the next  
room. And THE SOUND OF TIMOTHY CRYING.

Ed and Rhodes get up and cross into four.

113

INT. ROOM FOUR - CONTINUOUS

Alice lies motionless on the bed. Timothy is crying in the  
corner. He looks terrified.

ED \*

She's not breathing.

Ed looks to Ginny. He gestures for her to get him out.

Ginny pulls him away as -- Ed starts CPR on Alice.

Paris and Rhodes watch, the room in chilled silence...

Rhodes looks downward at the floor. He picks up the tinkling  
thing that fell to the ground... IT'S ANOTHER ROOM KEY.

Ed stops the CPR. It's no use. Out of breath, Ed looks to the  
room key in Rhodes' hand. IT IS NUMBER SIX. \*

ED (cont'd) \*

That doesn't make sense. \*

...She died from an accident. \*

PARIS \*

George was an accident. \*

...If you believe Larry. \*

RHODES \*

But why six? ...They skipped seven. \*

Looks between them... They know what they have to do next... \*

CUT TO: \*

114-115 OMITTED. \*

116 EXT. GOLDEN PALM MOTEL -- NIGHT

The ROAR of an engine as it's fired up -- And Paris backs up Larry's truck -- Ed guiding it off the corpse. She shuts off the motor and the three (Rhodes, Ed, Paris) gather around George's body... \*

Larry watches through the office door, still tied to his chair. Ginny stands under the eaves. Timothy sleeps on the couch through the door behind her. \*

Ed finds George's hands and pries them apart - nothing. \*

Rhodes kneels beside Ed and gently peels back the blood soaked jacket, searching through George's pockets... \*

Rhodes pulls out a KEY from George's pants... \*

RHODES

Seven.

Ed and Rhodes exchange glances.

Standing under the eaves, rain falling all around her, Paris looks about, pale, speechless. Tears stand in her eyes.

PARIS

...This is... ..really ...very fucked up. ...I mean, I saw what happened. ...I was right there. I saw him run out. No one could've known he was gonna do that. No one... \*

GINNY

No one human.

RHODES

So is that where we are now?! Is it?! It's the Shoshone spirits getting their revenge?! \*

(stomping into the diner) \*

-- Hey. Maybe it's the the ghost of the guy Larry shoved in a baggie!

Rhodes clatters about in the diner, looking for a bottle of booze with something left inside.

CUT TO: \*

116AA UNDER THE EVES -- MOMENTS LATER \*

Ed turns to Paris and Ginny. He looks Paris in the eye. \*

ED  
Listen. Take her car and get out of  
here. You, her and the kid. \*

GINNY  
...where are we supposed to go? \*

ED  
How much gas do you have? \*

GINNY  
Half a tank. \*

ED  
It almost three. You can drive till  
dawn on that. Just keep moving...  
When you get to where it's flooded,  
turn around and go the other way...  
(off Ginny's expression)  
Look. I'm sorry I didn't do this  
sooner -- I don't understand what's  
happening here anymore--  
(looking to Rhodes)  
-- and he's making me nervous. \*

116A INT. ROOM FOUR -- Paris goes for her bag. Ginny gathers her  
things and pulls Timothy into her arms. \*

LARRY  
Whoa, whoa. What's goin on?  
They can't leave.

Rhodes walks in, sipping from a schnapps bottle. He notices  
Ginny, Timothy and Paris packing up.

RHODES  
What are you doing? \*

ED  
They're leaving. \*

RHODES  
(a slight beat; then)  
You can't let a bunch of suspects  
run out after four people-- \*

ED  
Do you really think they're  
suspects, Rhodes? I don't. \*

(MORE)

ED (cont'd)  
And if it's not them, then they're  
safest where we aren't.

\*  
\*

RHODES  
There's a thing called procedure,  
Eddie --

\*  
\*  
\*

ED  
And when exactly did procedure  
start mattering to you?

\*  
\*  
\*

RHODES  
I'm telling you they're not going.

\*  
\*

ED  
I say they they are. SO BACK THE  
FUCK OFF!

\*  
\*  
\*

Rhodes steams -- but steps back as --  
Ginny carries Timothy past him, out the door. Paris follows --  
Ed follows Paris out under the eves -

\*

CUT TO:

117 EXT. GOLDEN PALM MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Larry glares out the office door, disgusted.

\*

LARRY  
This is bullshit.  
I wasn't allowed to leave.

Ginny continues around front with Timothy --

ED  
Hey, hey. Paris. ...Here.

\*

Ed holds out his .38 snub nose. She takes it.

\*

ED (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
...I'll be okay.

\*  
\*

Rhodes steps outside as Paris kisses Ed on the cheek --

\*

AND SUDDENLY -- KA-BOOOM!! A HUGE EXPLOSION ROCKS THE MOTEL --  
EVERYONE TURNS TO SEE A MUSHROOMING FIREBALL BILLOWING FROM  
THE FRONT OF THE MOTEL -

\*

117A IN THE OFFICE -- The window shatters -- Larry falls over in  
his chair from the shockwave -- the chair cracks -- he  
struggles to get loose --

\*

117cont OUTSIDE -- Debris rains down as --  
Paris, Ed and Rhodes hurry around to -

118

EXT. THE FRONT OF THE GOLDEN PALM - CONTINUOUS

GINNY'S CAR IS A RAGING INFERNO -- hardly recognizable. You can't get within a twenty feet of the thing... They stare, speechless as the gasoline continues to burn. Disbelieving. Larry yells from back at the office...

LARRY

...I got fire extinguishers...

Rhodes runs to Larry. But Ed doesn't move. He is numb. He looks to Paris, her face lit by the spitting fire...

PARIS

...We're never getting out of here...

Larry and Rhodes return with two red canisters. Helped by the rain they get the fire under control, but the extinguishers run out of juice. The rains sizzles as it falls on the hot metal and remaining flames. Smoke billows in the rain.

They stare at the skeleton of the car. \*

RHODES

Where the hell are they? \*

There is no trace of the bodies in the car. \*

LARRY

...Maybe it got so hot, they were cremated. \*

ED

There'd be something left. A belt buckle. Teeth. Something. \*

Rhodes turns to Ed. Fire eyed. \*

RHODES

This was your idea. \*

Ed says nothing... ashen. \*

RHODES (cont'd)

...You told them to leave. \*

(beat) \*

Where's your gun? \*

Paris closes her handbag on Ed's gun as -- \*

Rhodes steps forward and searches Ed. Something jingles in his coat pocket. Rhodes pulls out -- \*



THE KEYS TO ROOMS FIVE AND FOUR. Paris and Larry stare. \*

ED  
(looking about, stunned)  
Those aren't mine... Someone put  
those in my pocket...  
(looks to Paris)  
They're not mine! \*

Rhodes cuffs Ed. He turns to Paris. \*

RHODES  
Give me his gun. Now. \*

Paris hands Rhodes her gun. Heisitant. \*

CUT TO: \*

119-123B OMMITTED. \*

124 INT. DINER -- GOLDEN PALM -- NIGHT \*

Rhodes, Ed, Paris and Larry stand in the door, (Ed at  
gunpoint) staring blankly -- all facing -- \*

THE EMPTY DINER --- MAINE'S BODY IS GONE. \*

PARIS  
...oh my God. \*

All that's left is the top half of LARRY'S BASEBALL BAT --  
Leaning neatly against the pillar, it's broken in just the  
right place so that a man could fake his death, sticking the  
cut-off end in his mouth. \*

Larry crosses to it, picking it up. \*

RHODES  
...What the fuck?! \*

ED  
(to Rhodes)  
You checked his pulse, right?  
When we found him with the bat.  
Tell me you checked his pulse,  
Rhodes. \*

Rhodes says nothing. \*

CUT TO: \*

125

EXT. COURTYARD -- NIGHT

The wind has picked up outside as -- Paris, Ed and Larry emerge from the diner, Ed still at gunpoint. They stare at -- the place in front of Larry's truck where George York had been. ...But he too IS GONE. No trace.

BAM -- A DOOR SLAMS BEHIND THEM in the wind. They spin -- startled. Lightening hits their faces.

CUT TO:

125A

INT. ROOM SIX - MOMENTS LATER

Ed, Rhodes, Paris and Larry stand in the doorway facing where -- Lou's body had been. There's nothing now.

They all look at one another, speechless as -- the wind howls and the lights dim brown again. Lightening.

ED

Maybe you want to take the cuffs off, now.

CUT TO:

125B

INT. MOTEL LAUNDRY - MOMENTS LATER

Paris, Larry, Rhodes and Ed (cuffs off) move down a dark alley. They enter the laundry room to see --

The dryers are all open. And empty. And clean... No trace of Carolyn Suzanne.

ED

...No blood. Not even a drop.

LARRY

It was everywhere.

(beat)

...There's this stuff on TV, says it can get stains out of anything...

RHODES

Someone's collecting bodies.

CUT TO:

125C INT. ROOM THREE/FOUR/OFFICE -- SAME \*

Paris, Ed and Larry enter Larry's office... The windows are shattered. Water dribbles from the ceiling. The storm is getting worse. They move to the doorway of room four. \*

THE BED IS EMPTY AND MADE -- AND ALICE'S BODY GONE. \*

THERE IS A LOUD BANG. The screen door slams shut from the rising wind. THE DOOR TO ROOM FOUR IS THROWN OPEN. The lights dim brown and come back. Ed looks to Rhodes. \*

PARIS  
(out to the world)  
AHHHHH! MOTHERFUCKER! I GIVE UP!  
WHAT THE HELL DO YOU WANT!?. WHAT DO  
YOU WANT! -- ANSWER ME YOU SICK  
BASTARD -- WHOEVER THE HELL YOU ARE  
-- WHAT DO YOU WANT?!

ED  
Paris...

PARIS  
I AM GONNA BE THIRTY NEXT WEEK AND  
I WANT TO GO HOME AND GROW ORANGES!  
'GOT A PROBLEM WITH THAT, EDWARD?!

For a moment the room is very quiet... then...

LARRY  
...It's your birthday next week?

Paris turns. Fire in her eyes. Says nothing.

LARRY (CONT'D) (cont'd) \*  
It's my birthday next week.  
...the tenth.

PARIS  
(blinks)  
...me too.

RHODES  
Me too.

Paris looks to Ed... Thunder... His too...

CUT TO: \*

126 INT. LARRY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON -- LARRY'S GREEN BOX with copies of everybody's I.D.'s -- Larry opens the box and flips through them --

\*

LARRY

...George and Timothy York.  
Caroline Suzanne, Rhodes, Maine,  
Ginny and Louis Iana -- all with  
the same birthday. May Tenth. What  
are the odds? It must be ten  
trillion to one.

\*

Ed blinks, stunned by something Larry has said. He takes the licences from him -- stares at them.

RHODES

What is it?..

Ed says nothing.

SUDDENLY THE DRIPPING CEILING OF THE OFFICE BURSTS WITH WATER. Paris and Larry leap out of the cascade from the into room three. And just as suddenly -- THE POWER GOES OUT!

Rhodes turns to Larry in the other room -- he yells to him through the veil of water --

RHODES (cont'd)

Where's the transformer --  
the fuse box?!

\*

LARRY

In back -- by the laundry room

126A RHODES RACES OUTSIDE into the whipping wind. Larry crosses out under the eaves, pointing Rhodes in the right direction.

LARRY

Back there. On the other side of  
the building...

\*

\*

Larry turns -- noticing -- At the back of the motel, a wire has fallen shooting sparks.

CUT TO:

126B BACK IN THE OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON -- ED -- in the darkness... Almost hypnotized... he stares at the I.D.'s on Larry's desk... He has to sit from the shock of what he sees...

ED

...Ginny... and Louis Iana  
...Virginia and Louisiana...

He looks up at a yellowing map of the United States on the wall, barely visible but for the lightning. He looks back at the licences. We see them as well -- up close --

ED (CONT'D) (CONT'D) (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
(CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Caroline... Carolina... ...Paris  
Nevada. ...George York...  
Rhodes... Rhode Island... Robert  
Maine... Larry Washington...  
(looking at his own I.D.)  
...Edward Dakota...

\*  
\*  
\*

A strange pulsing buzz rises and Ed appears dizzy, his eyes glaze in the darkness. The sound of the others yelling and the rain and the thunder fades and is replaced by an eerie buzz... Ed fumbles, reaching for his pill box.. but suddenly -- out of the quiet he hears a calm voice speaking--

\*

DOCTOR'S VOICE (O.S.)

...Malcolm was raised in a roadhouse in Northern Nevada. He was repeatedly molested by his father. His mother died of a drug overdose when he was twelve...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Ed turns blinking in the a rising light -- his eyes begin to make out someone -- an unseen man.

\*  
\*

ED

Doc?..

\*  
\*

CUT TO:

126C UNDER THE EVES OF THE GOLDEN PALM -- CONTINUOUS

Larry and Paris watch through the rushing water as -- Rhodes struggles with the fuse box in the slashing wind and rain.

RHODES

I can't see anything.  
Throw me a flashlight!

\*

Larry looks to Paris --

LARRY

It's in my trailer.  
(regarding the live wire)  
...I ain't going back there.

Paris looks to -- RHODES' CORRECTIONS SEDAN parked in the rain. She runs across to it and pulls open the door.

\*  
\*

127 OMMITTED

128 INT. RHODES' CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Paris lands in the driver's seat -- and sees --  
-- The radio has been ripped out.

PARIS

--what the...?

She pulls open the glove box. Nothing but papers.  
She pulls the trunk release -- and as she does, notices --

On top of the papers, two prisoner transfer forms --  
One for ROBERT MAINE, with his picture...

And the other for SAMUEL RHODES --  
with his arrest picture printed beneath it -- *Rhodes isn't a cop... He is a man doing time for double homicide.*

Breathless, horrified, Paris turns, feeling something behind her on the seat. It is a puncture -- slightly bloody -- that falls right in the center of her back. WE FREEZE FRAME AS WE -

129 OMMITTED

SMASH CUT TO:

130 EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY -- DAY -- EARLIER THAT DAY

Rhodes' car speeds along peacefully...

131 INT. RHODES' CAR -- SAME TIME

Rhodes sits in back with the other prisoner, ROBERT MAINE --  
Up front the car is driven by a dull officer in his fifties -

In the rear, Rhodes pulls a razor thin spike out of his boot -  
- Then he carefully positions the point in a seam he has found in the protective plating between him and the driver. He lifts his foot and smashes the spike through the seat with his shoe. The officer writhes in agony as the spike plunges into his back through the car seat -

\*

Rhodes is startled as -- Maine shrieks with joy.

\*

RHODES

Shut your mouth. Or you're next.

\*

\*

The car speeds off of the highway -- And comes to a standstill in the desert sand -

\*

132

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Rhodes slams the trunk on the officer's body and begins to put on his clothes --

\*

\*

MAINE

\*

What am I supposed to wear?

\*

RHODES

\*

You're in it.

\*

SMASH TO:

133

INT. RHODES' CAR -- NIGHT

Rain thunders down as the car pulls up in front of the Motel. Larry's out there with his flashlight. WE SEE the FUEL GAUGE -  
- Right on EMPTY...

MAINE

Now what?

\*

Rhodes steps out into the rain...

RHODES

\*

Officer Rhodes, Corrections.  
You the Manager...?

\*

\*

SMASH BACK TO:

133A

EXT. RHODES CAR - CONTINUOUS

Paris stands in the rain before Rhodes' brightly lit trunk. She is facing --

THE MIDDLE AGED OFFICER IN BOXER SHORTS.  
Quite dead. A bloody wound in his back.

Paris covers her mouth to keep from screaming. She turns toward -- Larry still under the eaves... watching Rhodes...

PARIS

Larry!

LARRY

What?!

PARIS

Come here!

LARRY

...What?

Paris looks toward the laundry room --

In the darkness, through the slashing rain, Rhodes stares at her... He knows she knows. That much is visible, even from this distance.

Paris makes a dash through the downpour to Larry's office. \*

133B INT. OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS \*

Paris rushes inside and blinks in the dripping darkness, looking for Ed. Lightning flashes. \*

PARIS \*

...Ed! ...Ed! Ed! \*

He's gone. No trace. The I.D.'s scattered on the ground... The screen door rattles. Paris runs to the door. \*

PARIS (cont'd) \*

Ed!... Larry?.. \*

Footsteps approach from the walkway outside. \*

Paris runs through the connecting room doors, crouching -- moving toward the sound, but from inside, looking out the rain soaked windows. \*

In room four, she spies -- A dark figure moving toward the office. Nothing but a distorted silhouette. Larry? Ed?... \*

The figure moves off. They enter the office. \*

Paris peers out onto the eves. Looks both ways. Nothing. \*

LARRY (O.S.) \*

...Paris?.. \*

Paris again pokes her head out. Races into the office.

PARIS

(a hushed whisper)

Larry!... Larry! It's Rhodes.

He's... \*

As Paris rounds the corner she runs into -- RHODES. He is soaked with water. His eyes black.

RHODES moves toward her. And she backs up.



RHODES

...I want my life back. That's all.  
I'm just like you.

\*  
\*

PARIS

...You're not like me. You're a  
killer. You were doing time for a  
double fucking homicide!

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

RHODES

My wife and her boyfriend were  
running away with my kid!

\*  
\*  
\*

PARIS

What about the guy in your trunk?  
Was he running away with your kid?!  
What about all the fucking other  
people you killed tonight.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

RHODES

I'm warning you right now, honey.  
I've got a temper problem. I'm no  
pussy like Larry. Nothing's gonna  
stop me from getting out of here!  
And if I have to hurt you --

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

PARIS

...Where the hell is Ed?!

\*

RHODES

WHERE ARE THE KEYS TO THE TRUCK?!

\*

PARIS

-- ask the pussy.

\*

Suddenly -- CRACK -- LARRY HITS RHODES FROM BEHIND WITH A  
FIRE EXTINGUISHER. HE HITS HIM AGAIN FOR GOOD MEASURE.

Rhodes collapses to the ground.

134

EXT. GOLDEN PALM MOTEL -- NIGHT

Larry and Paris come tearing away from the motel --  
They race to Larry's truck -

They can still see Rhodes lying in front of the office door.

PARIS

That's was good, Larry.

LARRY

...yeah.. Gimme the keys.

\*  
\*

PARIS  
...I don't have them.

\*  
\*

LARRY  
...Well, I don't... You guys took  
them when you --- shit.

\*  
\*  
\*

PARIS  
What.

\*  
\*

LARRY  
I got spares in my desk.

\*  
\*

PARIS  
...okay...

LARRY  
So we're going back in there.

PARIS  
(nods)

\*

LARRY  
...okay...

They run back toward the office...

CUT TO:

135 INT. LARRY'S OFFICE, GOLDEN PALM MOTEL -- SAME TIME

Paris and Larry enter... Rhodes is slumped -- Blood is  
dribbling out of his ear -

Larry grabs the spare keys from his desk.  
Tosses them to Paris.

PARIS  
...What are you doing?

\*

LARRY  
We need a gun.

\*

PARIS  
Larry --

\*  
\*

Tentatively, Larry reaches to Rhodes... puts his hand on his  
gun-- BUT RHODES' SITS UP -

\*  
\*

LARRY  
Jesus!

\*

Rhodes puts the gun in Larry's thigh -- And FIRES -- Larry cries in agony as the bullet rips through his leg -- He starts rolling on the floor in excruciating pain -

Rhodes, still sitting on the ground, SHOOTS LARRY A SECOND TIME IN THE CHEST. Larry meets eyes with Paris. A sad expression overtakes him. Then he collapses. Dead.

Rhodes turns to Paris -- Her gun aimed quiveringly at him --

PARIS  
I will kill you where you sit SO  
LOSE THE GUN! NOW!

With a blank expression, Rhodes FIRES -- BANG -- hitting the ceiling four feet from Paris -- water trickles down as he fires -- BANG -- two feet from her into the ceiling -- more water trickles -- BANG -- one foot from her -- Then he aims directly AT HER --

PARIS (CONT'D) (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
(CONT'D) (CONT'D) (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
Alright, alright!! Shit!

Paris tosses down the gun.

RHODES  
(struggles to stand)  
Give me the keys.

Paris does nothing.

RHODES (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
I'm not interested in you, honey.  
But I am NOT FUCKING AROUND!  
Give me the keys!

Paris looks deep in his black eyes -- and runs like hell -

Rhodes fires -- BANG --

RHODES (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
GOD DAMMIT!

-- and staggers to his feet -- the blow has done some damage - he struggles to reload and shuffles to the door --

MEANWHILE -- Paris races toward the back of the motel. But turns from the spitting live wire just as --

BANG -- Rhodes takes a shot at her -- Paris screams as the bullet impacts inches from her head.

PARIS  
Jesus! ...Ed! Where are you!

\*  
\*

135B PARIS RUNS DOWN A WALKWAY -- NIGHT

\*

She grabs a two by four and crouches beneath the vending machines. Terrified. Unsure from which way death will come.

135C RHODES STAGGERS DOWN THE MOTEL WALKWAY TOWARD HER.

He follows her path along the walkway.  
Then pauses... an idea...

\*  
\*

135D PARIS SEES -- A FIGURE WALKING TOWARD HER --

It is coming from the back side of the motel. A dark figure in the blackness. She crouches lower and holds the two by four in the air. If it's Rhodes, he's doubled back around. If it's Ed, he's about to get his head knocked in.

Suddenly Paris turns, sensing someone behind her. It is a dark figure -- Ed. He looks frightening. His eyes are black.

\*  
\*

She runs from him just as --

\*

RHODES STEPS INTO THE VENDING MACHINE AREA. He looks about. Slow. Deadly. Ed watches him. Then moves on after Paris.

\*  
\*

CUT TO:

135E REAR OF MOTEL -- NEAR LARRY'S TRAILER

Ed approaches Paris.

\*

PARIS  
Please get away from me.

\*  
\*

ED  
I'm not going to hurt you.

\*  
\*

PARIS  
Why the fuck should I believe you!?  
Where the hell have you been?!

\*  
\*  
\*

SUDDENLY RHODES ROUNDS THE CORNER FACING THEM --

\*

There are four cascading waterfalls of runoff between them and Rhodes. Rhodes squints at them through the water -- BANG.

\*  
\*

Ed shoves Paris back --

\*

AND A BULLET EXPLODES INTO ED'S SHOULDER. He falls back  
against the pool house. He looks up into Paris' eyes. She is  
terrified in the soft shadows.

\*  
\*  
\*

PARIS (CONT'D) (cont'd)

\*  
\*

Jesus!..

Ed chuckles through the pain...

\*

PARIS (cont'd)

\*

What happened to you? Where did  
you go? You know something...

\*  
\*

Ed looks at her, rain running down his face.

\*

ED

\*

Stay here.

\*

PARIS

\*

Why? Where are you going?..

\*

ED

\*

(smiles)

\*

Just stay here.

\*

PARIS

\*

Ed...

Ed turns to face Rhodes and starts advancing toward him,  
through the first cascading run-off.

\*

RHODES

Stay where you are and toss me the  
fuckin' keys!

\*

\*

Ed keeps advancing.

RHODES (CONT'D) (cont'd)

\*

I didn't do all this. You can't  
blame me for this.

\*

\*

Ed keeps advancing...

\*

RHODES (cont'd)

\*

Its bigger than me.

\*

ED

\*

Slightly. Yes.

\*

Ed advances through the next veil of water.  
Paris watches, stricken as -- Rhodes raises his gun --

\*

\*

RHODES

Stop!

\*  
\*

PARIS

No!..

Ed keeps moving -- only one veil of water remains between them. Rhodes fires -- BANG -- and Ed takes another shot to the body. But he keeps moving--

\*  
\*  
\*

moving through the last cascade as -- BANG, BANG -- He takes two more shots to the body, and lands on top of Rhodes -- and they roll into the mud --

\*  
\*

Rhodes comes close to the sparking live wire and tries to evade the voltage rippling through a deep puddle as --

Ed manages to grip Rhodes' gun --

Paris runs down from the pool house as --

Ed manages to point the gun to Rhodes' chest -- and fire the remaining shot -- BANG -- point blank into his heart. Rhodes fall back, dead...

Ed collapses to the ground under the eaves. Blood seeps from his body. He pants for air. Paris runs up to him.

PARIS (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Oh, God - Tell me what to do?!

\*  
\*

He manages to look at her --

But there is a hopeless shadow in his eyes...

\*  
\*

PARIS (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Help me get you in the the truck.  
We'll drive to the hospital.

\*  
\*  
\*

She tries to move him, but Ed pulls away.

\*

PARIS (CONT'D) (cont'd)

You need to go to the hospital!

\*  
\*

The weakest chuckle emanates from Ed.

\*

PARIS (CONT'D) (cont'd)

(tears in her eyes)

What! What's so fucking funny?!

\*  
\*  
\*

Ed just looks at her-- the answer unspeakable...

\*

THE PICTURE FREEZES FRAME AS WE --

\*

SMASH CUT TO:

136-143 OMMITTED.

\*

144 INT. LARRY'S OFFICE -- GOLDEN PALM MOTEL -- NIGHT

We are in Larry's office (15 minutes ago) --

Ed stares at the yellowing map of the United States.  
He looks back at the I.D.'s on the desk.

The pulsing buzz rises... Ed fumbles, reaching for his  
pills... but suddenly -- out of the quiet, the voice --

DOCTOR (O.S.)

\*

...raised in a roadhouse in  
Northern Nevada. He was molested by  
his father. And his mother died of  
a drug overdose when he was twelve.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

ED

\*

...Doc?

\*

Ed turns blinking in the light. WE ARE CLOSE ON HIM.

All we hear is his breathing -- as if he's under water...  
he's no longer in the same room as before-- there is white  
light -- His eyes are wide...

OTHER MAN

What's going on?

FIRST MAN

Please be quiet.

ED spins, disoriented, reacting to the VOICES IN THE LIGHT.

OLDER MAN

He can hear what we're saying?

AND SUDDENLY -- ED'S POV is looking right at -- THE DOCTOR.

DOCTOR

Edward?

145 HIS POV turns again. There's THE ASSISTANT D.A., THE  
DETECTIVE, THE JUDGE AND STENOGRAPHER -- All looking at him.

ECU ON ED'S EYES. CONFUSED. HE SQUINTS IN WHITE LIGHT.

THERE IS AN ODD HUM. A MURMUR OF VOICE. WHERE IS HE?  
HOW DID HE GET HERE? (WE ARE IN THE HEARING ROOM)

ED'S POV -- He notices an I-V positioned nearby.

EXTREMELY CLOSE ON ED -- blinking at the Doctor -

ED

...Where am I, Doc?..

JUDGE

He knows you.

ED'S POV -- The Doctor looking right at him. Assured.

DOCTOR

He's a patient of mine,.. right  
Edward? You came to see me after  
you had some trouble at work. You  
had a few blackouts. \*

EXTREMELY CLOSE ON ED - BLINKING, CONFUSED...His eyes dart  
the room, trying to find a point of reason...

ED

...Am I in the hospital again?  
How long have I been out? \*

DOCTOR

What's the last thing you remember? \*

ED

I was at a motel...  
...there was ...a storm...  
I couldn't get out... \*

Ed notices it is raining out the windows.

DOCTOR

What happened there?

ED

...People were... ..dying...  
disappearing... this family... \*

DOCTOR

The Yorks...

ED

This convict... \*



DOCTOR  
Rhodes...

\*  
\*

ED  
(confused)  
No, he's the...  
(beat)  
...How do you know them?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

DOCTOR  
I know them just like I know you.  
(beat)  
...Edward,.. last you remember --  
who was still alive?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

ED  
...Paris,.. Larry and Rhodes...

The Judge flips through the notebook, astonished.

THE JUDGE'S POV -- CLOSE ON - THE NOTEBOOK -- Each diary  
entries has been signed by one of the people we met at the  
motel. Paris, Larry, Ed, Rhodes, Timothy, etc.

DOCTOR  
I need you to look at something.

The Doctor opens a folder. Inside is -- A PICTURE OF MALCOLM.

DOCTOR (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Do you recognize this man?

\*

Ed looks at the photograph -- The face means nothing to him.

ED  
No.

A murmur in the room.

DOCTOR  
Edward. This man, Malcolm Rivers  
has had a very troubled life. He  
was convicted four years ago for  
the murder of six people at a  
roadside motel in a terrible rage.

\*

The Detective tosses a collection of HORRIFIC CRIME SCENE  
PHOTOS ONTO THE TABLE --

DETECTIVE  
He did this.

DOCTOR  
Detective. Please!

Malcolm (as Ed) stares at them, shocked by what he sees --

We see only fragments of them, death after death. The locations of the murders don't appear the same as those at the Golden Palm and the victims are different too, but the methods and body positions are eerily familiar...

Ed looks up at the Doctor.

DOCTOR (CONT'D) (cont'd) \*  
When faced with intense trauma,  
Edward, a child's mind can fracture --  
creating 'disassociated identities',  
'alters' which possess no memory of \*  
the pain and thus, allow the child to \*  
inhabit them free of it. This is what  
happened to Malcolm. He developed a  
condition commonly known as Multiple  
Personality Syndrome.

ED  
Why are you telling me this?..

DOCTOR  
(gently)  
Because... you... Edward, are one  
of his personalities.

For a moment, Ed's world stops. He sits in silence, trying to make sense of what he's been told... Then he chuckles...

ED  
...What?..

The Doctor gives Ed -- A HAND MIRROR. He numbly looks at his own REFLECTION -- Only it's NOT HIS REFLECTION.

The reflection in the MIRROR is that of MALCOLM...

The MIRROR is dropped on the table and THE CAMERA WHIP PANS TO A SHOT OF MALCOLM - STUNNED - HE TRIES TO STAND - BUT REALIZES HE'S STRAPPED TO THE CHAIR - HE PULLS AT THE STRAPS - SHOCKED - TERRIFIED - PANICKED!

MALCOLM  
(as Ed)  
Jesus Christ! Why am I -- Jesus!  
WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON?!  
WHERE IS MY FACE!?

He catches sight of his reflection in the window --  
-- and again sees Malcolm.

DOCTOR  
Try to stay calm, Edward.

MALCOLM  
(as Ed)  
WHAT IS GOING ON?! WHERE IS MY  
FACE?! WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO ME?!

DOCTOR  
Edward... There's a reason I am  
doing this if you'll let me...

MALCOLM  
WHY AM I TIED DOWN?! LET ME OUT!  
WHERE IS MY FACE!?

DOCTOR  
Please,.. Edward...

MALCOLM  
WHERE IS EVERYONE? WHO ARE THESE  
PEOPLE?! WHAT HAPPENED AT THE  
MOTEL? ...WHERE'S PARIS?

DOCTOR  
...The motel doesn't exist, Edward.  
Except in the paradigm of Malcolm's  
childhood. Nor do the people you  
met there.

DOCTOR (CONT'D) (cont'd) \*  
You've been sharing a single mind  
with ten others, Edward. You've  
been living an episodic life.

MALCOLM  
(as Ed)  
YOU ARE A LIAR!

DOCTOR  
Consider what you know. Everyone  
named after a state. Everyone with  
the same birthday. The blackouts.

MALCOLM  
I WAS A COP. I WAS A COP IN THE  
RAMPART DIVISION OF THE LAPD FOR  
SIX YEARS!

(MORE)

MALCOLM (cont'd)  
I LIVE IN HOLLYWOOD, IN A STUDIO  
APARTMENT -- THE ELEVATOR SMELLS  
LIKE CAT PISS! THE SIX BUTTON  
DOESN'T WORK!

DETECTIVE  
This is complete bullshit.

MALCOLM  
(as Ed)  
You don't believe me? Ten-Eleven  
Vine. CHECK IT OUT! GO AHEAD.  
CHECK IT OUT!

DOCTOR  
You don't live there, Edward. You  
don't live anywhere. Malcolm is in  
the middle of a medical treatment.  
One which forces co-consciousness.  
One which brings all his identities,  
including you, together. The motel  
was a scenario. Suggested to awaken  
memories in Malcolm's core. I knew  
there would be violence and with it,  
the number of identities would be  
reduced.

\*  
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\*

Malcolm (as Ed) becomes still.

MALCOLM  
...reduced?..

\*  
\*

DOCTOR  
Only one of the alters you've met  
tonight committed these murders  
four years ago, Edward. But in  
nineteen hours, Malcolm will be put  
to death for their actions, unless  
I can convince that man --  
(pointing to the judge)  
-- that they are gone.

\*  
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\*

MALCOLM  
So you're killing us!?

DOCTOR  
If I don't succeed, you will all  
surely die with Malcolm tomorrow.

\*  
\*

MALCOLM  
(as Ed)  
I DON'T ...BELIEVE IT!

DOCTOR

I need you to.

\*

Malcolm (as Ed) stares at the Doctor -- utterly shattered... tears run down his cheeks.

DOCTOR (CONT'D) (cont'd)

\*

I am trying to integrate a man's mind, Edward. To repair a life fractured. And to purge a killer. I need a single identity to survive. There is only one body.

WE ARE CLOSE ON MALCOLM... The pulsing buzz rises. A heartbeat... Light begins to fade. The sound of rain...

MALCOLM

(as Ed, becoming dizzy)

...What do you want from me?!..

SUDDENLY, THERE'S ANOTHER VOICE from one side of Malcolm -- A distant scream -- Paris -- then A GUNSHOT. Malcolm (as Ed) looks to the Doctor... he is fading into darkness...

MALCOLM (CONT'D) (cont'd)

\*

(as Ed)

...Paris...

\*

DOCTOR

Only one can survive, Edward. Edward... Stay with me. I need you to understand... (his voice fades)

Another scream --

AND Malcolm (as Ed) turns to the sound -- AS WE --

CUT TO:

145AA EXT. DESERT NEAR MOTEL -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

\*

Wide on the motel. Fifty yards away in the desert. The lights are out and we hear Paris screaming --

\*

\*

WHIP PAN TO -- CLOSE ON -- ED -- standing in the rain. He's been to hell and back. Emotional. Stunned. He gazes about, feeling the water on his face. The wind blowing. He looks t his own hand, touches his own face.

\*

\*

\*

\*

He turns from the motel and looks into the blackness of the desert behind him. He could just walk away.

\*

\*

More screams from Paris -- another shot -- Ed turns back to the motel. With resolve, he walks toward it. His footsteps gather speed on the rain soaked sand. Suddenly we hear --

PARIS (O.S.)  
...Ed! Stay with me -- ...Ed!

SMASH TO:

145A EXT. GOLDEN PALM MOTEL -- NIGHT/DAWN-- RAIN

ED FACES PARIS. He's slumped. Blood soaks his chest..

PARIS  
Ed... ..Please let me help you.

Ed stares, life fading from him. His breathing shallow... Paris knows he's been devastated in some way...

PARIS (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Why won't you let me help you!?  
...What the fuck happened?! Where did you go?! What did you see?!..

SEAMLESS INSERT:

145B INT. HEARING ROOM - NIGHT - RAIN

INTENSE CLOSE UP ON -- MALCOLM -- a weak smile on his face.

MALCOLM  
(as Ed)  
...I saw you...

SEAMLESSLY BACK TO:

146 EXT. GOLDEN PALM MOTEL - NIGHT/DAWN - RAIN

INTENSE CLOSE UP ON -- ED -- a weak smile on his face.

ED  
...in an orange grove...

And with that, he dies gently...

Paris just kneels there... The rain lightening up... Dawn rising...

CUT TO:

147 EXT. GOLDEN PALM MOTEL -- DAWN

\*

WIDE -- dawn rises over the motel-- as Paris stands. She walks calmly from Ed's body -- to Larry's truck. It starts up first time. The wheels spin in the mud as she pulls away...

148 EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY -- DAWN

The truck speeds east --  
Directly into the sun that's dawning...

In the cab of the truck, Paris' has to squint into the bright orange light...

DISSOLVE TO:

149 INT. HEARING ROOM -- DAWN

Malcolm sits in the chair... Smiling sernely...  
Squinting as if staring into a bright light...

The Assistant D.A., the Detective, the Judge and Sharon the stenographer all sit in stunned silence... Contemplating that to which they've just beared witness...

\*  
\*  
\*

DOCTOR

The question, your honor, is whether to convict the body or the mind. His body committed these murders, that is true. But the person who remains inside did not. You witnessed the destruction of ten souls tonight. Nine were innocent. One was guilty. The violence that existed in him has been executed,

\*  
\*  
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\*  
\*

A long pause...

\*

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

...Malcolm belongs at the state hospital, your honor.

\*  
\*  
\*

ASSISTANT D.A.

...Your honor.

\*  
\*

The Judge rubs his eyes.

\*

CUT TO:

\*

150 OMMITTED

151 EXT. COURTHOUSE -- MORNING

JUDGE (O.S.)

...In the matter of Rivers vs. Nevada, it is the recommendation of this court that Mr. River's execution be stayed. I am tranfering him to State Psychiatric services under the care of Dr. Mallick...

\*  
\*  
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\*

Parked in the center of the courtyard is a black van. And there is the Doctor, exhausted from the long night, waiting with two guards...

A set of security gates open and Malcolm is escorted toward hwe car by two more Guards...

-- Malcolm is secured in the rear of the van with the Doctor... A second guard starts up the van...

\*  
\*

And the van pulls out slowly...

\*

152 INT. CORRECTIONS VAN -- CONTINUOUS

\*

Malcolm raises his head... And looks at the road ahead... He smiles peacefully... The voices have stopped screaming. The doctor looks proudly at his patient.

Sunlight flickers on Malcolm's face. We hear the sound of birds singing.

CUT TO:

153 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD, FLORIDA GROVELANDS -- DAY

Citrus groves as far as the eye can see...

And there, speeding in the Florida sunshine -- A yellow truck. And we see Paris, looking at the road ahead...

Smiling peacefully... She's found her way home. She hums a tune to herself...

CUT TO:

154 INT. PRISON VAN -- DAY

\*

CLOSE ON Malcolm... humming the same tune...



And we see the Doctor... He too wears an air of serenity. A mammoth task has been completed, but now the job of rehabilitation begins...

CUT TO:

155 EXT. CITRUS GROVE -- DAY

CLOSE ON a real estate "SOLD" sign -- REVEAL --

Paris standing on the side of the road -- A huge smile on her face as she looks at the small grove that's now hers...

She walks to the closest tree -- A ripening lime -- And touches it's bark fondly, whispering to it gently...

PARIS

Everything's going to be okay.

She kneels to the ground and scoops a handful of dirt with a SERRATED GARDEN FORK -- She puts the fork down and crumbles the dirt between her fingers, analyzing the fibers...

She takes a second handful... And realizes... There's something under the dirt... Perhaps litter... She pulls it out... It's a MOTEL KEY. She wipes away the dirt --

IT IS ROOM KEY NUMBER ONE.

The color drains from her face -- She turns quickly -

And comes face to face with LITTLE TIMOTHY -- THE SERRATED FORK held at his side -

TIMOTHY

Hello.

CUT TO:

A SERIES OF SMASH CUTS - WE HEAR NOTHING BUT A HEARTBEAT -

\*\*\*NOTE\*\*\* This sequence features flashes of action from THE MURDERS AT THE GOLDEN PALM and the corresponding MURDERS MALCOLM AT THE 'REAL' MOTEL IN THE CRIME SCENE PHOTOS. Though the sequence will be horrifying, the actual killing is off-screen. The horror of the scene is the terrifying unison with which this boy and man carry out their psychotic rage.

\*\*\*\*\*

156

IN LARRY'S OFFICE -- Little Timothy looks from Larry's speeding truck to his step-father -- calculates, then runs in front of the truck -

- 157 IN THE MOTEL RECEPTION FROM THE CRIME PHOTOS -- MALCOLM SHOVES A MAN TO THE GROUND \*
- 158 IN GINNY'S CAR, Little Timothy opens the rear door and runs away unnoticed, moments before IT EXPLODES -
- 159 IN A PARKING LOT AT THE CRIME SCENE MOTEL -- MALCOLM STABS AN UNSEEN MAN VIGOROUSLY. \*
- 160 IN ROOM THREE -- Timothy stands at his mother's bedside -- He puts his hand over her mouth and pinches her nose -
- 161 IN A ROOM AT THE CRIME SCENE MOTEL --MALCOLM SMOTHERS A WOMAN WITH A PILLOW...
- 162 IN THE REAR OF THE GOLDEN PALM -- Timothy stalks Caroline as she trudges through the rain under her shower curtain -
- 162A AT THE REAL CRIME SCENE -- MALCOLM PLUNGES A LARGE KNIFE INTO A WOMAN ON THE PHONE. \*
- 163 IN ROOM EIGHT AT THE GOLDEN PALM -- Timothy sits in the corner watching Lou and Ginny argue A BLADE IN HIS HAND...
- 164 IN A ROOM AT THE CRIME SCENE MOTEL - MALCOLM SLASHES AT A YOUNG MAN TRAPPED AGAINST A DOOR.
- 165 IN THE DINER -- Timothy shuffles toward Maine, dragging Larry's baseball bat.
- 166 AT THE CRIME SCENE MOTEL -- MALCOLM SMASHES AN OFFSCREEN MAN WITH A BLOODY BAT. The victim's hand reaches out...
- 167 ON THE DESERT ROAD -- GEORGE AND ALICE CHANGING THE TIRE -- TIMOTHY SEES THE LIMOUSINE HEADING STRAIGHT FOR HIS MOTHER -- HE SMILES AND DOES NOTHING -
- 167A IN THE COURTYARD OF THE CRIME SCENE MOTEL -- MALCOLM SLASHES AT A WOMAN ON THE SIDEWALK... \*
- SMASH BACK TO:
- 168 EXT. CITRUS GROVE -- DAY
- Timothy takes a step closer to Paris with the knife...
- SMASH BACK TO: \*
- 169 INT. PRISON VAN -- DAY \*
- Malcolm turns to the Doctor -- He wears the same satanic expression he wore in the killings we just witnessed.

DOCTOR

What is it, Malcolm?

Malcolm stares at the Doctor -- black behind his eyes -

MALCOLM

(as Little Timothy)

Whores don't get a second chance.

Confusion on the Doctor's face -- AND A SUDDEN BLUR OF ARMS  
AND CUFFS -- A SCREAM --

170

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY -- DAY

For a moment the prison van drives serenely, before it  
swerves off the road -- into a ditch. Dust rises. \*

And all is still... except for the howls.

THE END