

MICHAEL

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1888 Century Park East
Los Angeles, California 90067

FADE IN:

EXT. HEAVEN - DAY

A shot of blue sky.

The sound of WINGS.

An eagle flies through the frame, its wings beating the air.

As a great big fluffy white cloud starts to float in, we pan down to:

EXT. IOWA STREET - DAY

A street in a small town somewhere in Iowa. The street is a block long, and we can see the entire block and the street going off to the right and left. There is a bank on the block.

An old station wagon approaches. Something is wrong with the choke and the car is smoking slightly.

The station wagon pulls up in front of the bank. An OLDER WOMAN gets out, along with a LARGE MAN. They go into the bank.

A cloud crosses the sun.

The old woman emerges from the bank. She gets into the station wagon.

There is a noise. We hear wind. A cloud drifts across the sun and the landscape darkens. The sides of the bank almost seem to tremble. More wind. Suddenly, the bank collapses like a toy building -- the roof blows off and all four sides fall sideways. People run this way and that, waving their hands wildly.

The cloud clears and the sun shines again like a celestial spotlight.

The large man walks back to the station wagon and gets in with the old lady. They make a U-turn and drive off in the direction they came from.

And cut to:

EXT. HEAVEN - DAY

Another shot of blue sky. And pan down to:

EXT. SNOWY LANDSCAPE - DAY

A barren, snow-covered landscape. The wind is howling. We see a line of men tramping into the landscape, two with tripods, two holding reindeer heads and dressed as the other half of the reindeer. There are a couple of midgets dressed as elves. One of the men, FRANK QUINLAN, is carrying a large sack of presents. At the end of the line, dressed as Santa Claus, is HUEY DRISCOLL, who is huffing and puffing to keep up. He is carrying a short-haired mongrel dog named LUCKY.

QUINLAN

Right here's fine.

HUEY

What about that tree? You sure this is bleak enough?

QUINLAN

My ears are frozen, my dick's frozen, this is as far as it goes.

He plants a sign into the ground reading: North Pole.

The photographers start setting up the equipment. Two of the men start putting on reindeer heads. The elves put on their hats and elf shoes.

HUEY

Malt's not going to like this, Quinlan.

QUINLAN

What's he not going to like?

HUEY

He'll find something not to like.

QUINLAN

Besides us, you mean.

HUEY

Besides us.

Quinlan starts arranging the tableau.

QUINLAN

Okay, Huey, you stand here.

Move him over, places the sack of presents nearby, the elves, the reindeer. Steps back, assessing.

QUINLAN
(ticks off)
Santa, reindeer, elves.
What are we missing?

HUEY
Children?

QUINLAN
Oh, right.

He looks down the mountain.

Now we see:

A road with a parked bus.

QUINLAN
(cupping his hands
and yelling)
Let 'em out.

A bunch of kids in furry Eskimo outfits pour out of the bus and run toward them screaming.

KIDS
Santa Claus! Santa!

The dogs snarls viciously.

Huey's eyes fill with panic as the children approach.

HUEY
Now what do I do?

QUINLAN
You know what to do. When
they gave out the parts,
you got the heart.

HUEY
Right. I got the heart.
(beat)
You're saying you got the
brains, is that what you're
saying?

QUINLAN
I'm saying between the two
of us, you got the heart.
I'm saying, together we
make a person.

As the children start talking to him. "What are you bringing me for Christmas, Santa?"

Huey turns to the children. The camera clicks.

Cut to:

INT. BLACK AND WHITE PICTURES OF HUEY AS SANTA - DAY

Black and white pictures of Santa at the North Pole with Lucky and the elves and two dozen cute Eskimo kids lie across a huge oak desk, covering it. Plump hands with manicured fingers touch the pictures, moving them out of the way as the owner of the plump hands considers one and then the next. The fingers are short and chubby and bejeweled with gaudy rings. Pull back to reveal:

INT. OFFICE IN NATIONAL EXAMINER - CHICAGO - DAY

Lucky the dog is chewing on the leg of an expensive piece of furniture.

Frank Quinlan and Huey Driscoll are standing in the office of VARTAN MALT, owner and publisher of the National Examiner, waiting while he goes through the pictures for the special Examiner Christmas edition. A few OTHER STAFF MEMBERS in the room, all of them men. Huey now has Lucky in one arm and is tenderly touching his own ear with the unoccupied hand. Both his ears are bright red and gooey with ointment.

Malt sits at his desk, like a toad.

Behind him, on the wall, are pictures of Lucky in a variety of situations -- with Ronald Reagan, with the Easter bunny, with George Hamilton.

MALT
What's wrong with your
ears, Driscoll?

HUEY
Frostbite, sir.

Malt nods, the room is suddenly dead quiet. Everyone - with the exception of Quinlan -- is terrified of Malt.

Malt reaches for the dog and Huey hands him over. Lucky squirms as Malt runs a hand over his head and then moves it back to the pictures. He looks up, finally focusing on a middle-aged man dressed exactly like him, editor BRUCE CRADDOCK.

MALT
What is this, Craddock, a
joke?

Bruce Craddock is terrified. He begins shaking his head no.

CRADDOCK
(English accent)
No sir.

Malt looks from Craddock to the others.

MALT
Who was in charge?

Craddock points immediately to Quinlan.

CRADDOCK
Quinlan, Mr. Malt. It was
Quinlan's baby. Quinlan
and Driscoll.

Huey smiles, looking sick. Malt pulls Lucky against his cheek to stroke him. Lucky struggles and leaps out of Malt's arms. He goes back to chewing the chair leg.

Malt and Quinlan stare at each other a long moment. The other men in the room move a little ways from both Quinlan and Driscoll, not wanting to contaminate themselves.

MALT
It was a lucky day for the
two of you when that dog
turned up. Your guardian
angel must have been
looking after you --

HUEY
It was a lucky day for all
of us when Lucky turned up
--

MALT
Shut up, Driscoll.
(beat)
Quinlan, let me ask you a
question.

Quinlan stares at Malt, waiting. There is something in this stare that suggests he is not afraid of Malt, that suggests he has nothing to lose. Malt takes a Marlboro out of a pack, one-handed, pinches off the filter and lights it. Craddock does the same thing, with the same gestures, a few seconds later.

MALT
You were a big-shot
investigative reporter at
the Chicago Tribune, right?
(continued)

Quinlan doesn't answer. He looks at Malt impassively as he continues:

MALT

Won some prizes?

(beat)

Come over here a minute,
Mr. Big Shot Investigative
Reporter, I got something
for you to investigate.

(continued)

Quinlan walks over to the desk and Malt sticks his
plump finger under the faces of several of the children
in one of his pictures.

MALT

What do these look like to
you?

QUINLAN

They're Indians dressed up
as Eskimos.

MALT

Eskimos, Indians, what's
the difference?

HUEY

That's what we thought.

MALT

Didn't I say shut up?

(Malt leans

forward, showing

more anger now)

You know the only prize I
ever got, Quinlan?

(continued)

Quinlan nods that he does indeed know what prize Malt
got, but Malt ignores him and points out toward the
newsroom, at a huge chart on the wall.

MALT

It's out there on that
wall. I got four and a
half million readers that
buy the National Examiner
every week, that's my
Pulitzer Prize.

(beat)

And you know how many of
those readers are Indians
or Eskimos or Eskimo
Indians?

Quinlan doesn't answer.

CRADDOCK
I told him, Mr. Malt.
American children ...

MALT
Americans want to see
pictures of Americans.

Malt suddenly pounds the desk and then sweeps the pictures off, and they float down -- slowly -- all over the floor.

MALT
(to Craddock)
Americans. Is that too
much to ask on Christmas?

The room is deathly quiet again, and then one of the men starts to pick up the pictures Malt has strewn across the floor.

CRADDOCK
No sir. I'll get someone
on it.

The pictures are collected off the floor now, and are dumped into a waste basket. The men in the room begin to move toward the door. Lucky follows Huey.

MALT
Goodbye, Lucky.

Lucky looks at Malt. Then he looks at Huey.

MALT
When are you going to teach
that dog to do something,
Driscoll?

HUEY
Say goodbye, Lucky.

Lucky scratches his ear. Huey shrugs, walks out.

EXT. NATIONAL EXAMINER NEWS ROOM - DAY

As owner and publisher, Malt sits in an elevated glass-enclosed office at the front of the room, where he can watch everyone work. Quinlan and Huey and the others come out of it now, followed by Lucky, into the huge, impersonal newsroom.

Quinlan and Huey walk toward their desks in the newsroom. We follow them past row after row of Examiner reporters, sitting at neat, uncluttered desks, working the phones. There is none of the enthusiasm that you normally find in a newspaper office. The

people here have sold themselves -- for a lot of money -- and are just going through the motions.

As Quinlan and Huey pass, we can hear snatches of dialogue about Elvis sightings, talking animals, haunted houses, etc. A reporter is sitting with a PARROT OWNER and a PARROT. A large, overdressed WOMAN is insisting to another reporter that she was Marco Polo's mistress in another life.

We see framed copies of the Examiner on the walls with headlines: My Baby's Father is from Mars; Two-Year-Old Drives To Cleveland; Cat Speaks Eight Languages; Sal Mineo's Last Night: What Really Happened; John Belushi's Last Night: What Really Happened; Kurt Cobain's Last Night: What Really Happened.

Quinlan sits down at his desk, which is next to Huey's. There's a bowl of lemons sitting on it. He takes a bite out of one of the lemons, eating it, peel and all, as if it's an apple, and starts to open his mail. Huey is at the next desk, also opening mail. Lucky sits at Huey's feet, chewing on a pack of Camels.

Most of the envelopes are addressed simply to the National Examiner. Some of them have pictures of animals, or kids, or rocks from outer space. Most are printed or scrawled on lined paper.

Quinlan picks up an envelope that is address to him personally. The postmark is State Center, Iowa.

Quinlan starts to open it, more interested in this one than the others, when we see a pretty young woman asking for directions to Malt's office. Her name is DOROTHY WINTERS. She starts walking toward it and passes Quinlan's desk.

Quinlan turns for a moment to look at her.

HUEY

Your type?

QUINLAN

I have forgotten my type.

Dorothy Winters walks into Malt's office.

Quinlan goes back to his letter from Iowa. A picture falls out. Quinlan studies the picture a moment, and then pushes it across his desk towards Huey.

QUINLAN

Here's something interesting.

Huey doesn't see the picture. He's looking nervously out the window as some carpenters nail the lower half of the Christmas tree in the courtyard outside to the upper half.

Quinlan sees Huey looking outside.

QUINLAN

Malt sent you for the tree this year, didn't he? I forgot.

HUEY

I found it in Montana. The second I see this tree I know it's too big to get on a truck, but then I think, what if somebody else sees the same tree while I'm out getting something that fits on a truck. Then Malt gets got the second-biggest Christmas tree in America and I'm screwed.

QUINLAN

Good thinking.

HUEY

So I cut the tree in half.

QUINLAN

You what?

HUEY

How was I supposed to know it's a major problem putting the top half of a tree back on the bottom?

Quinlan looks at the tree again, noticing the spot about halfway up where the workmen are pounding nails. The thing is held together with wire and boards.

QUINLAN

He's never going to fire
you. Look at the walls --

(Quinlan points to
the pictures on
the walls --

Lucky sitting on
a huge pile of
mail, Lucky
lapping tea with
Fergie, Lucky
between Arafat
and Rabin)

He's got a million dollars
at least tied up in that
dog. And the dog belongs
to you.

Huey considers the dog, looks out the window again.

QUINLAN

Hold onto the dog, Huey --

At that moment, the carpenters raise the tree up in the
air. It stands there, all in one piece, for a split
second. Then the top half falls off.

The door to Malt's office blows open a moment later,
and he comes into the newsroom, furious.

MALT

(yelling)

Driscoll...

Huey picks up the dog and makes his way to Malt's
office. A young copy clerk appears at Quinlan's desk
and hands him a message. He looks at it.

It's from Pansy Milbank of State Center, Iowa. Re: Did
you receive letter?

Quinlan looks at the mess on his desk and manages to
find the letter he just opened and looks at the
signature -- Pansy Milbank -- and at the picture he
just pushed over to Huey. It's of an old woman
standing next to a man with wings. In the background,
we can see Craddock enter Malt's office as Malt yells
at Huey.

Quinlan turns the letter over and begins to read.

QUINLAN

Dear Mr. Quinlan, I am a
great admirer of your prose
...

He stands, holding the letter, and still reading it, he
starts toward Malt's office.

INT. MALT'S OFFICE - DAY

The door opens and Quinlan walks in. Malt is sitting behind his desk, stroking Lucky, who is destroying the papers on his desk. Craddock is standing next to him. Huey is facing them, terrified. Dorothy Winters is sitting on the couch.

HUEY
I'm gettin' fired, Quinlan.

CRADDOCK
Quinlan? Did someone
invite you to this meeting?

Quinlan looks at Lucky.

QUINLAN
(to Huey)
Kill the dog.

MALT
Wait a minute...

QUINLAN
Take him outside and let
him go on the highway.

Dorothy stands up.

DOROTHY
(to Quinlan)
What kind of person are
you?

QUINLAN
Who is this?

MALT
This is Miss Dorothy
Winters. She works here.

DOROTHY
(jumps up)
I do! I got the job!
(raising her fist)
Yes!
(beat)
You won't regret this, Mr.
Malt.

Dorothy sits down.

Quinlan moves closer to Malt's desk and his hand suddenly slams on Malt's desk, and in it is the picture of the woman and the angel from Iowa.

QUINLAN

(quietly)

Do you know what that is?

Malt looks at the picture, quickly at first, then with more interest.

QUINLAN (CONT.)

That is an angel. A genuine angel. And Huey and I are going to go find it for you for Christmas.

(beat)

That, or the dog takes a walk on Lake Shore Drive --

(beat)

We come back with an angel story or you fire us both -

MALT
-- and keep the dog.

CRADDOCK

That's not an angel.
That's a guy with wings.

MALT

(turning on
Craddock)

Craddock, shut up.

Malt looks at the dog, then at the picture. He looks at Huey.

MALT

An angel and you keep your job versus I get the dog and you're fired. Is it a deal?

QUINLAN

Deal.

Huey nods uncertainly.

HUEY

Don't worry about a thing, Mr. Malt, we'll leave tomorrow --

QUINLAN

We're taking the dog.

He picks up Lucky who has now got his teeth into Malt's sleeve. He comes away with a piece of the jacket in his mouth.

MALT
And you're taking Miss
Winters.

DOROTHY
They are?

QUINLAN
Why are we taking her?

MALT
She's an expert.

QUINLAN
In what?

DOROTHY
I'm an expert in --

MALT
(interrupting)
Angels. Miss Winters is an
expert in angels.

Dorothy looks a little stunned. Malt smiles happily.

EXT. CHICAGO SKYLINE

The Examiner building in the distance, as we pan down
to:

EXT: CHICAGO PARK

Dorothy is seated on a bench.

DOROTHY
Lucy, Mary, Emerson, Jeremy
and Sam, I have something
to tell you. I'm not going
to be taking care of you
any more. Your parents
will find someone else, and
I promise you, he or she
will love you just as much
as I do.

PULL BACK AND WE SEE THAT SHE IS IN

EXT. CHICAGO PARK

Addressing a group of dogs, all of them on leashes,
which she holds.

DOROTHY
Stop looking at me like
that. I have a wonderful
new job. The only problem
(MORE)

DOROTHY (CONT'D)

is, I have to be an angel expert. I have to pretend, but just for a few days on this trip. I bought tons of books about angels and I'm sure if I study, it'll be fine. I'll be fine. And you will too.

HOLD ON THE DOGS, LOOKING DOUBTFUL

INT. CHICAGO BAR - NIGHT

The kind of noisy place (like Billy Goat's) where journalists congregate.

The television set is on. A show about angels. A woman on the show is telling the story of how an angel saved her life.

The camera pans down to find Huey and Quinlan at the bar. Quinlan is drinking a non-alcoholic beer.

HUEY

Malt loves angels.

QUINLAN

Of course he does. They're the flying saucers of the Nineties.

They look up to the television as the words "SIMULATED DRAMATIZATION" appear on screen.

A family in a car is driving down the highway. Suddenly a kindly-looking old man in an angel robe wearing a halo appears in the car. The angel puts his hand on the steering wheel and turns it sharply to the right. There's a shot of the highway as a tractor trailer jumps the divider and just misses the car as it veers right into the middle lane. Cut to inside the car, the angel is gone, the husband and wife and three children, safely whizzing on, are gaping.

The camera finds Quinlan and Huey again.

HUEY

What if we get there and she says it's not an angel?

QUINLAN

Huey, do we believe in angels?

HUEY

No.

QUINLAN
Does she believe in angels?

HUEY
Yes.

QUINLAN
So who's more likely to
think it's an angel, us or
her?

HUEY
But say its wings are glued
on? No matter what, we're
gonna want to pass it off
as an angel, right?

QUINLAN
You mean, does she have
scruples?

Huey nods.

QUINLAN
When I was a kid we used to
go to the movies and we'd
go to the candy counter and
say to the clerk, "Do you
have any scruples?" They'd
go looking through the case
past the Jujubes and the
M&Ms and the Necco wafers
and we'd just fall on the
ground laughing.

Huey nods, orders another drink. A beat.

HUEY
Remember Necco wafers?

Quinlan nods.

QUINLAN
Remember scruples?

A long beat. Hold on the two of them.

Quinlan looks up at the television set. The angel show
continues, as we see a window display of angel statues,
books, posters, postcards, stationery, etc.

TELEVISION ANNOUNCER
A recent Gallup poll showed
that 68 per cent of
Americans believe in
angels, and many observers
attribute this to the need
(MORE)

TELEVISION ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)
 to find meaning in an
 increasingly meaningless
 world --

EXT. ELEVATED TRAIN - NIGHT

The elevated train rattles past as we see Quinlan coming down the steps to the street.

EXT. CHICAGO STREET - NIGHT

As Quinlan climbs the stoop to his building.

INT. CHICAGO APARTMENT - NIGHT

As the light comes on and Quinlan enters a small, empty place, almost without furniture. There's a goldfish swimming in a glass bowl.

Quinlan walks over to a small refrigerator sitting against the wall. He opens it and takes out a can of Caliper. As he turns back to the room he sees JULIE, his ex-wife, standing in the room.

JULIE

Hi.

QUINLAN

Hello, Julie.

The words "SIMULATED DRAMATIZATION" appear on the screen.

JULIE

I'm back.

(pause)

I made a terrible mistake.

(pause)

It was all my fault.

Quinlan looks at her.

JULIE

I love you. Do you still
 love me?

Hold on Quinlan as a look of pain crosses his face. Then he catches himself and closes his eyes.

When he opens them, the words "Simulated Dramatization" disappear. Julie's gone.

His eyes move to the fishbowl at the end of the bed. The fish seems to be staring at him. He takes off his shirt, drapes it over the bowl.

EXT. THE MILK BOTTLE MOTEL - IOWA - NIGHT

A storm is raging. The wind bends a tree almost in half. The sign for the motel banging in the wind.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The storm raging outside the window. The branches from the tree outside blowing back and forth, throwing shadows across the room.

The camera moves from the window to a bed, an old brass bed.

The old woman is asleep in the bed, a cigarette still smoking in the ashtray on the table next to her. A can of opened beer sits next to the cigarette.

The camera moves across the room stopping for a moment at some yellowed pictures on the bureau of the woman and her husband, taken a long time ago, a picture of Jesus, and finally to the corner where a large man with wings is standing, snoring gently, sound asleep.

EXT. HEAVEN - DAY

A beautiful blue sky, as an airplane flies through.

EXT. IOWA FIELD - DAY

The plane breaks the landscape on its way to landing.

EXT. IOWA - DAY

As a car drives along in Western Iowa. Farms with huge fields of broken corn, as well as fields that are already plowed for winter with huge round bales of hay sitting here and there. There's still a touch of fall in the tree colors and a trace of green in the fields.

INT. CAR - DAY

Quinlan is driving a rental car. He's eating a lemon. Huey is in the front seat with him reading a guidebook, maybe Jane and Michael Stern's Amazing America. Dorothy is in the back seat, humming a tune. Quinlan is looking a little irritated at her humming. Lucky is lying on the seat next to Dorothy.

QUINLAN
Have you ever had an
encounter with an angel?

Beat.

DOROTHY
No, yes, not really, no. I
(MORE)

DOROTHY (CONT'D)
have a guardian angel, I
guess. Someone watches
over me probably, yes,
that's it.

QUINLAN
I'm glad I asked.

DOROTHY
Mento?

She offers them a Mento from a package of Mentos. Huey
and Quinlan both refuse.

DOROTHY
Mento, Lucky?

Lucky seizes the entire pack and starts chewing
ravenously.

DOROTHY
Have you ever met an angel?

QUINLAN
Once. I got a flat tire on
a deserted country road, no
food, no water, 108 degree
temperature, and a man in a
white robe suddenly
appeared on the horizon
with a spare and a jack.

DOROTHY
You're kidding?

QUINLAN
Yes.

DOROTHY
(after a beat)
Bradley used to tease.

HUEY
Who's Bradley?

DOROTHY
My ex-husband.

HUEY
Uh oh, Quinlan, watch out.

DOROTHY
I think we should start
over.

QUINLAN
Start what over?

DOROTHY
Our conversation. You
know, when something isn't
going well, it's best to
just start over. I'll go
first.

Beat.

QUINLAN
Okay.

DOROTHY
Where did you get Lucky?

QUINLAN
You tell her, Huey.

HUEY
No, you tell it. You tell
it better.

QUINLAN
He came up to Huey in the
parking lot one day. Huey
was eating donuts. He's
trying to kick him away
when --

DOROTHY
You were trying to kick the
dog?

HUEY
I was just trying to shoo
him away, gently --

QUINLAN
-- when Malt comes out the
front door, sees the dog
and stops dead in his
tracks. It turns out that
Malt was once a child and
had a dog that looked just
like that one.

DOROTHY
Oh, that is so sweet.

Quinlan and Huey exchange looks.

QUINLAN
Anyway, Malt's eyes get all
teary, and he pours out his
story, all about his dog,
which ended up underneath a
tractor tire but which was
(MORE)

QUINLAN (CONT'D)
 called Lucky anyway. And
 you know what Huey did?
 (Huey is chortling
 uncontrollably
 now)

Huey looks at Malt and
 says, "That's amazing, Mr.
 Malt, this dog's named
 Lucky too."

(beat)
 Huey's good.

(beat)
 Next thing you know, the
 dog's famous, he's visiting
 sick kids in the hospital,
 he's even got his own
 column. It must have saved
 Huey's neck a hundred
 times.

DOROTHY
 His dog was hit by a
 tractor.

The car pulls off the highway into a diner.

EXT. DINER - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Quinlan and Dorothy are walking toward the entrance.
 Huey is taking Lucky over to the empty lot next to the
 parking lot.

DOROTHY
 Why did you tell me that
 story? Now it's stuck in
 my head. I just hate that
 story.

QUINLAN
 Forget it. Just forget it,
 all right?

INT. DINER - CONTINUOUS

Quinlan and Dorothy walk in. There's a vending machine
 with a bunch of tabloids, one of which has a front page
 headline reading: MARILYN MONROE'S LAST NIGHT: What
 Really Happened. They sit down at a table.

QUINLAN
 Look at that. No one ever
 dies in this country. The
 whole newspaper is full of
 stories about Kennedys and
 Marilyn Monroe and Elvis
 Presley.

DOROTHY
Please don't criticize
Marilyn Monroe. I have a
lot of feeling for her.

QUINLAN
I'm not criticizing her,
I'm just saying, what is
the poor thing doing in the
newspaper every week, her
name in boldface type just
like she's alive only she's
not.

(off Dorothy's
look)
Do you want to start over?

DOROTHY
It's too late. She took an
overdose.

QUINLAN
I know that.

DOROTHY
Forty-eight Nembutal and
six chloral hydrate.

QUINLAN
She took an overdose thirty
years ago, but it doesn't
seem to matter. They just
go on writing about it.
(he shakes his
head)
Immortality.

DOROTHY
Immortality? That you go
right on having stupid
things written about you?
Oh I don't think so, I
don't think so.

QUINLAN
Well I do.

A standoff. Dorothy looks out the window. Huey is
trying to coax Lucky out from under a car with a piece
of American cheese.

DOROTHY
You really should put that
dog on a leash.

EXT. IOWA HIGHWAY - DAY

The car travels along.

EXT. IOWA HIGHWAY - DAY

Quinlan driving, Lucky sitting in Huey's lap.

As the car exits from the Interstate onto a two-lane road.

QUINLAN (V.O.)

I think we should go over
the ground rules before we
get there.

INT. CAR - DAY - CONTINUOUS

DOROTHY

The ground rules?

QUINLAN

We'll do the story and you
can watch.

DOROTHY

Excuse me, thank you, I am
planning to write a think
piece.

QUINLAN

I don't recall there's ever
been a think piece in the
National Examiner. Unless
you call, "Brain of
Chihuahua transplanted into
Anaheim man" a think piece.

HUEY

But it's basically up to us
if it's an angel.

DOROTHY

All of us.

HUEY

Well what if there's a
difference of opinion on
it?

DOROTHY

There isn't going to be a
difference of opinion. You
don't believe in angels,
and I'm pretty sure it's
not going to be one.

HUEY

What makes you so sure?

DOROTHY

I never heard of an angel
just living in a motel.
Although there was a case
in Yosemite National Park -
- no, that was not a motel
--

QUINLAN

That was a hotel.

He and Huey crack up. Lucky, who has been in Huey's lap, puts his front paws on the dashboard and looks out the front window.

DOROTHY

Ralph had a habit of making
jokes when he was on the
losing end of an argument.

Another beat.

HUEY

I'll bite. Who was Ralph?

Dorothy waves her hand in the air, she's sorry she even mentioned it.

QUINLAN

Not another ex-husband?

DOROTHY

That is not a safe way for
a dog to ride.

QUINLAN

How many husbands have you
had?

DOROTHY

Ralph was a wild man and it
only lasted a week. Ralph
was a wild man. And then
he left, taking my Camaro.

QUINLAN

And where was your angel
then?

Dorothy laughs to herself.

DOROTHY

Isn't that the truth.

She takes out a notepad and starts writing in it.

HUEY
What are you writing down?

DOROTHY
"Where was your angel
then?"

QUINLAN
(to Huey)
She wants to put the dog on
a leash.

DOROTHY
Are you saying my divorces
are my fault? The
marriages were my fault. I
said yes. My goal ... do
you ever have goals?

QUINLAN
No.

HUEY
You stopped drinking.

Quinlan shoots him a look.

DOROTHY
My goal for the immediate
future is to explore the
power of no.

QUINLAN
Marry me.

DOROTHY
(emphatically)
No.

QUINLAN
Just testing.

DOROTHY
(to herself)
Way to go, Dorothy.
(beat)
Come sit with me, Lucky.

Quinlan and Huey start to smile and shake their heads,
knowing that Lucky will never obey Dorothy -- or anyone
else for that matter.

DOROTHY
C'mon Lucky. Come sit with
me.

Dorothy holds up a Mento.

DOROTHY

Mento?

Lucky jumps into the seat with Dorothy. She gives him a Mento. He sits on her lap.

Hold on all of them as the car drives along.

A beat.

HUEY

So we'll all decide.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

As the car enters a small town. We see a motel with a sign out front: The Milk Bottle Motel. There is a very large milk bottle in front of it and the old station wagon.

Quinlan parks the car.

EXT. MILK BOTTLE MOTEL - DAY

Dorothy is walking ahead of Quinlan in a thoroughly rutted dirt parking lot, headed toward a sign that says OFFICE. Behind them is Huey. He trips over Lucky as he walks.

The office is in a small, two-story building at the end of a line of one-story motel rooms. The place needs paint, some of the windows are cracked. A broken neon sign says: VACANCY.

The place looks completely deserted.

DOROTHY

It looks like the angel
checked out.

Upstairs a form appears behind one of the windows and stays there a moment, looking out. Quinlan notices the form.

QUINLAN

(looking up)
Somebody's here.

As he says that, the outline disappears from behind the window.

They continue walking toward the office. The dog walks in front of Huey, tripping him again.

Dorothy bends over and picks up Lucky.

There is a screen door at the office entrance, pieces of Kleenex stuck in it to keep out the flies in the summer. Beside it, in the window, is a sign saying TRUCKERS MUST SHOWER BEFORE USING THE POOL -- THIS MEANS YOU.

A metal chair has been placed outside each room, in case the guests want to sit outside and watch the road. An eerie silence surrounds the place, broken only by the occasional tinkling of a wind chime outside the office.

As they get to the front door, Quinlan raises his hand to knock. At that moment, the door opens and a woman - PANSY MILBANK -- looks out at the three people standing on the porch, the dog in the girl's arms. She studies them all carefully, one after another.

PANSY

What are we missing, the cowardly lion?

QUINLAN

Mrs. Milbank?

She considers him a moment, nods.

QUINLAN

I'm Frank Quinlan. We spoke on the phone. About your letter.

She blinks and gradually registers.

QUINLAN

This is my associate, Hugh Driscoll.

Huey nods. She stares at him without any sign of acknowledgment.

QUINLAN

This is Dorothy Winters, an expert in various things.

PANSY

One of those.

QUINLAN

I'm afraid so.

(beat)

And that's Lucky...

Suddenly Pansy's face breaks into a smile that reminds you of the sun coming through the clouds after a storm. She steps across the threshold and cradles the animal's head between her hands, smiling at him like a

grandchild. When she looks up at Quinlan again, her eyes are shining with tears. Dorothy's teeth begin to chatter.

PANSY
He's just as handsome as in
the pictures.

A breeze blows through, setting off the chimes. Pansy looks up at Quinlan, still cradling the animal's head.

PANSY
I think he's cold.

Quinlan nods. They are all freezing, shaking.

QUINLAN
I wouldn't know why not.

PANSY
We better get him inside.

She takes the dog out of Dorothy's arms and heads inside. The screen door slams behind her, leaving Huey and Dorothy and Quinlan still on the sidewalk. They look at each other a moment, and then Quinlan opens the door and they go inside too.

INT. PANSY MILBANK'S PARLOR - DUSK

A living room with a fireplace. Beyond it, in the kitchen, Lucky can be seen, sitting on the floor, wrapped in a woolen shawl, eating hamburger meat off Pansy's good china. Quinlan, Dorothy and Huey are all sitting at the parlor window, which overlooks an unplanted field, and beyond it an old barn. Christmas decorations are set all over the room. Dorothy sniffs the air.

DOROTHY
What's that wonderful
smell?

Pansy is standing in the doorway to the kitchen, watching the dog eat. She doesn't answer. Quinlan and Dorothy give each other a quick look.

QUINLAN
(sniffs, nods his
head)
You must be baking.

Pansy ignores them, stares at the dog.

PANSY
(to dog)
Such a stout fellow.

* suddenly straightens and smiles at Quinlan again.

PANSY

It was sweet of you to
come.

* down in an easy chair and coughs -- just
at first, once or twice, and then deeply from
her chest. She coughs until it bends her over.

* coughing has stopped, she stays in that
silent and still, as if she were dead. The
seconds longer as she doesn't move, and then
she reaches over and touches her shoulder, shaking
her.

QUINLAN

Mrs. Milbank? Pansy?

* quiet a moment and then, without moving an inch,
she suddenly speaks.

PANSY

Don't shake me, Mr.
Quinlan. I'm contemplating
my death.

* casts a quick look at Huey and Dorothy.

DOROTHY

(kindly, gently)

Are you with the angel?

* head comes up and she puts a stare on Dorothy.

PANSY

Do you see an angel?

* Quinlan and Huey shakes their heads no.

PANSY

Then how could I be with
him?

QUINLAN

We don't know exactly how
it works with angels...

PANSY

The way it works, if he's
in the room you're with
him, if he's somewhere
else, you're not.

* looks between Quinlan, Huey and Dorothy.

DOROTHY

And that's why we can't see
him now... He's not here?

Pansy Milbank studies her a long moment.

PANSY

Are you impaired in some
way I haven't noticed,
miss?

Pansy turns away and looks back to Quinlan.

QUINLAN

Miss Winters has never
heard of an angel living in
a motel.

Pansy breaks into another grin.

PANSY

You think I'm full of shit.

QUINLAN

(shaking his head)
No, no. Nothing like that.
I don't judge these things,
Mrs. Milbank. I'm not the
one to decide what's real
and what's not, if what
anyone sees and hears is
there ...

She sits still, watching him. He climbs in deeper.

QUINLAN (CONT.)

I've seen too many things
myself.

PANSY

You do think I'm full of
shit.

Before he can say anything else, she turns away and
calls in the direction of the staircase.

PANSY

Michael?

The house is quiet a moment. Quinlan smiles at the old
woman in an understanding way. She gives him an
impatient look and calls again.

PANSY

Michael....

The floor boards creak upstairs, the wooden ceiling bends, as if something of great weight is moving across it. Quinlan and Huey give each other a different sort of look.

PANSY

Are you coming down, dear?

A deep, scraping voice answers.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Be right there. Just got to find my smokes.

PANSY

They're next to the bed, beside my cortisone.

The creaking moves across the ceiling as Michael walks into another room. Pansy watches the ceiling as if she could see through it.

PANSY

Did you find them?

The creaking moves again, and now Quinlan and the others are watching the ceiling too. The ceiling bends, following Michael's progress from the room over the parlor to the stairway. A different creaking as he starts down the stairway. Pansy smiles at her guests.

PANSY

He'll be down directly.

Dorothy sniffs the air again. The smell is getting stronger.

DOROTHY

It's so familiar, like something from childhood...

The creaking stops and a moment later, a large, rough-looking figure appears in the doorway.

MICHAEL.

Michael is wearing what looks like two days' worth of beard, and a pair of overalls. He is naked except for the overalls, and smoking a non-filter cigarette, which hangs from his bottom lip. He is powerfully built, but not particularly defined. There are scars all over his body. An enormous, heavy-looking set of dirty-looking wings are visible behind him, the tops showing over his shoulders, the bottoms tapering to a spot below his knees.

Dorothy sits dead still, no idea in the world what this

is.

Quinlan and Huey, who have been around more, are slightly stunned, but work at not showing it. They look at each other, trying to remember if this is a trick they've seen before.

Michael stands there a long moment, looking them over. He scratches himself.

PANSY

Michael, look who's come to visit us. It's Lucky.

Michael walks past Quinlan, Dorothy and Huey -- who all watch him, every detail -- and then goes to the door to the kitchen and looks at the dog until the dog notices him. Then he goes to the refrigerator and takes out a beer. He starts to walk back out.

MICHAEL

How do you do?

Dorothy starts at the voice. He walks past her, out the door, his wings brushing against her face, and disappears up the stairs. Pansy Milbank watches him go in an adoring sort of way, then she turns back to Quinlan.

PANSY

You'll have to excuse Michael. He's not good at suffering fools, but he'll be better in the morning.

EXT. MILK BOTTLE MOTEL - NIGHT

As Quinlan, Huey and Dorothy unlock doors to three adjoining rooms in the motel. The lights go on in each room, simultaneously.

INT. QUINLAN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As Quinlan looks around.

A small room.

There are pictures of champion cows on the walls, an ancient black-and-white television with rabbit ears sits against the far wall. The bed is old too, with brass railings at the head and foot.

Quinlan sets down his suitcase as there's a knock on the door joining his room to the next.

The door opens and Huey enters, with Lucky.

He looks at Quinlan.

HUEY
Are we talking about an
angel here? We can't be
talking about an angel.

HUEY & QUINLAN
(together)
There's no such thing as an
angel.

QUINLAN
But that is definitely the
weirdest thing I have ever
seen. It's like some very
big bird made love to his
mother --

HUEY
-- and we reap the
benefits.

Huey high-five's Quinlan, starts to boogie around the
room.

HUEY (CONT.)
I am set for life, Quinlan.
I may even get a raise.
Thank you, Jesus. Thank
you, Jesus.

He jumps onto the bed, which collapses.

The door to the next room opens.

They look toward it.

Dorothy is standing in it, looking at the two of them.

QUINLAN
What?

DOROTHY
That is not an angel.

QUINLAN
It is too.

DOROTHY
Is not.

She goes into her room and closes the door.

QUINLAN
I'll handle this.

INT. DOROTHY'S MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She is unpacking her suitcase and putting her clothes into an old painted bureau as the door opens and Quinlan appears in it, Huey just behind him.

QUINLAN

Where has he been?

DOROTHY

Meaning what?

QUINLAN

If he were a man with wings -- which is the alternative here -- we would have heard about him. You don't just turn up at his age with wings. There would have been a story about him in the papers --

HUEY

-- in the National Examiner
--

QUINLAN

Exactly. Baby born with wings.

HUEY

Bird man of Iowa.

DOROTHY

It's not angel veresus man with wings. There are other possibilities.

QUINLAN

Like what?

DOROTHY

It's fairly obvious, isn't it?

(off Quinlan's
confusion)

He is a younger man. She is an older woman. He is after her money.

Quinlan stares at her. A beat.

QUINLAN

A gigolo with wings.

DOROTHY

A gigolo.

QUINLAN

What money is he after?
The Milk Bottle Motel
fortune?

DOROTHY

You don't have to have
money to have someone try
to get it away from you.

QUINLAN

Oh God. Oh God.

He goes back into his room.

Huey sees him go, follows.

Lucky trots after them.

Dorothy takes a pause, then starts toward the door.

INT. QUINLAN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As Dorothy appears in the doorway.

DOROTHY

Is it so hard for you to
imagine, that a man would
be after a woman's money?

QUINLAN

It's the Camaro speaking.
That Camaro has made you
bitter in ways I can only
dream of being. I bet he
banged up \$5000 worth of
stuff on your Visa card
too, didn't he?

DOROTHY

You just know everything,
don't you.

QUINLAN

I know you leave the TV on
all night.

Dorothy is startled into silence.

QUINLAN

Big strong woman. Never
going to say yes again, and
you still can't fall asleep
with only silence for
company.

INT. DOROTHY'S MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She is unpacking her suitcase and putting her clothes into an old painted bureau as the door opens and Quinlan appears in it, Huey just behind him.

QUINLAN
Where has he been?

DOROTHY
Meaning what?

QUINLAN
If he were a man with wings
-- which is the alternative
here -- we would have heard
about him. You don't just
turn up at his age with
wings. There would have
been a story about him in
the papers --

HUEY
-- in the National Examiner
--

QUINLAN
Exactly. Baby born with
wings.

HUEY
Bird man of Iowa.

DOROTHY
It's not angel veresus man
with wings. There are
other possibilities.

QUINLAN
Like what?

DOROTHY
It's fairly obvious, isn't
it?

(off Quinlan's
confusion)
He is a younger man. She
is an older woman. He is
after her money.

Quinlan stares at her. A beat.

QUINLAN
A gigolo with wings.

DOROTHY
A gigolo.

DOROTHY
But I sleep. Which is more
than you can say.

Dorothy goes back into her room and shuts the door.

DOROTHY (THROUGH DOOR)
There is no such thing as
an angel that smokes.

Silence.

HUEY
I'm going to sleep.

QUINLAN
Goodnight.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

We see all three rooms lit up next to each other.

QUINLAN (OVER)
Don't let the bedbugs bite.

DOROTHY (OVER)
That's a horrible
expression.

QUINLAN (OVER)
It's not an expression.

The light goes out in Huey's room. The light goes out
in Quinlan's room.

HUEY (OVER)
We ought to get some
pictures of the wings.

QUINLAN (OVER)
Right. We ought to get
some pictures of the wings
before he takes them off
and returns them to the
costume place where gigolos
buy their outfits.

INT. DOROTHY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

View from the living room into the bathroom where
Dorothy in her nightgown is brushing her teeth. The
beat-up black-and-white TV is on low, the vertical hold
isn't working, and the picture flips around every few
seconds.

Dorothy goes over to the TV and emphatically turns it
off -- a statement of independence. Then she gets into

bed and turns out the light. She lies there, eyes wide open. Then she turns on the light again, gets up and turns on the TV. It flicks on for a second and then suddenly the picture tube blows and the screen goes black. Dorothy smacks the TV. Nothing.

Defeated, she sits down on the bed and looks wistfully at the black screen. Then she looks around the room and sighs, a little scared and very lonely.

INT. QUINLAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Hold on him, wide awake.

EXT. MOTEL

The lights go off in Dorothy's room.

We see the motel, at night.

The camera finds the upstairs bedroom window where Pansy and Michael sleep.

And now we hear the gentle sound of Michael snoring.

And the windchimes.

TIME DISSOLVE

As night becomes dawn.

The sun rises.

A rooster crows.

INT. PANSY'S KITCHEN - DAY

A huge bowl, a large mixing spoon next to it on the table. An avalanche of Frosted Flakes comes out of a box, emptying half the box, filling the bowl. Milk is poured from a carton.

Pull back to reveal:

Michael sitting in front of the cereal. He dips a large spoon into the sugar bowl and takes out as much as it will hold -- half a cup or so -- and dumps it on top of the Frosted Flakes.

Quinlan and Dorothy are sitting at the other end of the table, watching. Dorothy sniffing the air once again. The dog is on the floor, eating a plate of bacon and scrambled eggs. Quinlan is eating a lemon.

Pansy is at the stove, cracking eggs.

PANSY
How do you like your eggs,
Mr. Quinlan?

Quinlan looks at the floor.

QUINLAN
Lucky's look good.

PANSY
(cheerfully)
Over easy.

At the other end of the table, Michael has begun to eat. He is clumsy with the spoon, spilling milk down his chest and stomach, fitting it into his mouth the way a two- or three-year-old does. Dorothy and Huey sit motionless, mesmerized at what they are seeing, each in a different way.

Sensing them watching, Michael looks up and smiles in a polite, uncomfortable way. Milk runs down the corners of his mouth. The moment grows longer and more uncomfortable, and then Pansy turns back from the stove and sees them all staring at each other. For several seconds, nobody moves. Then Michael goes back to his Frosted Flakes. He sticks his spoon into the sugar bowl again, and dumps another load of it on the flakes. The spoon is wet, and the sugar sticks to it, and he puts that into his mouth, obviously with some pleasure, and slowly brings it out, clean.

Dorothy takes a quick look at Pansy, who smiles at her. With that encouragement, she turns to Michael.

DOROTHY
You know, last night we
were discussing your
wings...

Michael puts the spoon into the bowl and looks at her.

DOROTHY (CONT.)
Would you mind if I took a
closer look?

Now Michael looks back at Pansy for help. She puts her fork into the eggs and begins beating them in the pan, making scrambled eggs.

PANSY
For heaven's sake, Michael,
let them look at your
wings. They're with the
National Examiner.

Michael shrugs and picks the spoon up out of his cereal bowl, fills it with sugar again and goes back to eating. Dorothy stands up and moves behind him and looks. Huey stands to join her.

HUEY
They're not bad ...

DOROTHY
Compared to what?

HUEY
I've seen birds.

DOROTHY
Do you mind if I touch?

Michael blinks.

MICHAEL
I'd rather you didn't.

HUEY
Hey, we'd just like to see
how you've got these things
attached.

MICHAEL
Go pull your pecker and see
how that's attached.

Without stopping what she's doing, Pansy reaches over and hits Michael in the head lightly with the spatula.

PANSY
Watch your language,
Mister...

QUINLAN
Pecker. An angel that says
pecker.

Pansy swats at Quinlan.

PANSY
Language, gentlemen...

Huey and Dorothy sit back down at the table. Pansy slides the eggs out of the pan and onto Quinlan's plate, then she picks up some bacon and puts that on too. Michael, meanwhile, has gone back to his Frosted Flakes.

PANSY
(to Dorothy)
What about you, Miss?

DOROTHY

Is there something in the oven? The smell is so delicious --

PANSY

We're serving eggs this morning and that's that.

DOROTHY

Over easy is fine...

Turns back to the stove and cracks three more on the side of the pan and begins to scramble. Dorothy looks at Michael, fascinated. Huge bowl of soggy Frosted Flakes disappear into his mouth.

DOROTHY

I thought angels were ...

Michael reaches for a word and Michael looks up, the spoon in front of his mouth, and waits. She smiles politely.

DOROTHY

(continued)

Cleaner.

Turns back, politely, puts the spoon in his mouth, adds more milk on himself.

QUINLAN

Miss Winters is an expert in angels, and she expects them to wear robes and sandals and when they don't, she gets kind of...literal. She probably wants to know, can you fly?

DOROTHY

I do not want to know can he fly. I know he can't fly. Little angels can fly, because their wing span is large enough to carry their body around, but big ones

Michael is looking at her. Intimidated, she trails off.

QUINLAN

(shrugs)

Literal, and very negative.

Michael looks hurt.

DOROTHY
 (a little
 defensive)
 I thought, you know,
 choirs.
 (beat)
 I thought you sort of
 glowed.

MICHAEL
 I'm not that kind of angel.

Everyone smiles. Waits.

PANSY
 (merrily, facing
 stove)
 Michael's an Archangel. He
 battled Lucifer and threw
 him out of heaven.

Michael shrugs.

MICHAEL
 It was a long time ago.

Pansy turns away from the stove, holding the pan, and
 drops the eggs on Dorothy's plate.

PANSY
 He smote a bank for me.

QUINLAN
 A bank?

Dorothy looks at Quinlan, a triumphant look on her
 face.

DOROTHY
 I knew it. Money was
 involved, wasn't it?

PANSY
 My goodness yes. After
 Elmer passed on...

QUINLAN
 Elmer?

PANSY
 My husband. After he died,
 they built the highway and
 stole all my truckers.
 Then the bank came to take
 the Milk Bottle, and I
 (MORE)

PANSY (CONT'D)
prayed for help until God
sent me Michael.

Quinlan listens to that, then turns back to Michael,
who nods, acknowledging what she has just said.

MICHAEL
She was very persistent.

QUINLAN
And you came down and smote
the bank.

MICHAEL
(modestly)
A branch. First Iowa
Savings and Loan.

PANSY
It was just lovely. He
walked into the manager's
office and said, "Money
changer, I shall turneth
this earthly den into a
parking lot." Then they
called security and Michael
flattened it.

QUINLAN
Into a parking lot.

PANSY
They said it was a tornado.
(beat)
The town didn't really need
a parking lot, I suppose,
but it makes the place more
cosmopolitan.

DOROTHY
And what about the money?

PANSY
Oh we never heard another
word about it, did we,
Michael?
(she smiles at
everyone, notices
Huey's empty
plate)
You look as if you must eat
a robust breakfast.
(she turns back to
the stove)
How would you like your
eggs? Poached?

HUEY
Poached is fine.

She takes the eggs out of the carton, breaks them against the side of the pan, and then, just as she begins to beat them into scrambled eggs, she coughs. Her hand tightens as she coughs. It shakes slightly, the last egg shell still inside it, as she coughs again, deeper. There is a small cry somewhere in the cough.

PANSY
(strangled)
Heavens...

She coughs again. Her hands tightens around the egg shell, crumpling it, and it falls into the pan, sizzling with the egg itself.

Michael sits still, frozen.

EXT. IOWA CEMETERY - DAY

A bleak, gray day in an old cemetery. Huey, Quinlan, Michael and Dorothy all stand at graveside while a MINISTER says a few final words before the casket is lowered into the ground. Lucky is on a black leash that has apparently been made out of a black ribbon by Dorothy, and he's chewing at the collar. Quinlan and Huey are dressed in suits and raincoats. Michael is wearing an old-fashioned frock coat over a shirt and pants and a bow tie -- something they found that belonged to Pansy's husband. As the Minister speaks Huey looks at Michael.

HUEY
(whispering)
Look, she's happier where
she is, right?
(beat)
In heaven?

Michael looks at Huey a moment, without answering.

HUEY (CONT.)
She is happier up there,
right?

MICHAEL
It isn't my area.

Perhaps a DOZEN TOWNSPEOPLE have showed up too, most of them old women, although one of them is with a YOUNG WOMAN who is probably her daughter. The young woman looks over at Michael and starts staring frankly at him. He stares frankly back at her.

MINISTER
 Yea though I walk in the
 valley of the shadow of
 death, thou art with me.
 Thy rod and thy staff shall
 comfort me ...
 (he continues)

Dorothy starts to cry.

Quinlan sees her crying, is puzzled.

QUINLAN
 We barely knew her.

DOROTHY
 She died making us
 breakfast.
 (she repeats the
 words to herself)
 She died making breakfast.

She takes out her pad and writes something down.

QUINLAN
 What is it you keep writing
 down in that book?

DOROTHY
 Lyrics.

QUINLAN
 To what?

DOROTHY
 I write country-western
 songs. It's my hobby.

After a beat:

QUINLAN
 She died making
 breakfast/She cracked the
 egg by Jove/ and started in
 to scramble it/ and croaked
 right on the stove.

Dorothy glares at him.

MINISTER
 ...and I shall dwell in the
 house of the Lord forever
 and ever. Amen.

The old women begin to sing Amazing Grace, their voices
 thin and sweet in the cold air. Michael joins in. His
 singing is loud and completely out-of-tune.

Angle on: Minister, as he throws a handful of dirt onto the coffin.

And now we hear a sound.

THE SOUND OF WINGS

Everyone looks up.

We see the blue sky as a flock of geese flies through.

The mourners start to leave. The YOUNG WOMAN starts toward Michael, drawn as if by a powerful magnetic force.

Angle on: Dorothy, wide-eyed, watching the young woman approaching.

As she nears Michael, the YOUNG WOMAN smells something.

YOUNG WOMAN
I just love the way you
smell.

Michael looks at her. She looks at him.

DOROTHY
(sharply)
Michael. We have to go.

Michael shrugs helplessly at the young woman, who looks stricken as he walks off with Dorothy, Huey, Lucky and Quinlan.

EXT. MOTEL - LATER

The rental car is parked outside the motel rooms. The station wagon is nearby.

Dorothy is over near Pansy's living quarters putting coins into a coke machine. She looks through the window and sees Michael inside, sitting in a chair, reading Huey's copy of Amazing America. He looks so innocent.

She walks on to her room, passing Quinlan's as we hear Quinlan on the phone.

INT. QUINLAN'S MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

QUINLAN
(on phone)
The guy's about six feet
tall and his wings reach
from his shoulders to his
shoes. He's filthy,
though, we'll have to clean
(MORE)

QUINLAN (CONT'D)
him up and put him in a
white robe. Get Craddock
to dig up some sandals,
those ones with the straps
that go up your legs. Too
bad he doesn't have blond
hair. Angels should be
blond. Oprah, Barbara, the
Today Show, Hard Copy, book
the works.

CUT TO:

INT. MALT'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Malt is on the phone.

MALT
Don't mess this one up.
Don't you and Tonto go
south by accident. I want
this guy on the first plane
to Chicago. Or does the
birdman fly himself?

BACK TO QUINLAN:

QUINLAN
I don't think he actually
uses the wings, but God,
wouldn't that be a draw?
Anyway, don't worry, he's
in safe hands.

EXT. MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

As Dorothy backs into her room quickly. We hear
Quinlan hang up and come outside whistling.

INT. MALT'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

As Malt hangs up, looks at Craddock.

MALT
He's in safe hands.

He starts laughing. Craddock joins in, which makes
Malt stop immediately and glare at him.

CRADDOCK
In view of this
development, should we call
the girl off?

MALT
Woman, Craddock. Nah,
leave her. I'm in what you
call a no-lose situation.

EXT. MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

As Quinlan goes to Pansy's living quarters and enters.

INT. PANSY'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As Quinlan enters.

Michael, back in his overalls, is absorbed in the book.

Quinlan sits down.

MICHAEL
(looking up from
the book)
Have you ever seen the
world's biggest ball of
twine?

QUINLAN
No. Listen, we have to go
back --

MICHAEL
I once saw the world's
biggest cannonball. In
Mesopotamia. I wonder if
it's still there.

QUINLAN
Mesopotamia isn't still
there.

MICHAEL
Nothing lasts.

Michael stands and walks toward the kitchen. Quinlan follows.

INT. PANSY'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

As Michael takes two boxes of Frosted Flakes out of the cupboard and some beer from the refrigerator.

QUINLAN
I've got to ask you a
favor. Huey and I, we're
on a little bit of a losing
streak --

MICHAEL
Quit.

QUINLAN
 (laying it on a
 little thick)
 We can't quit. Huey's got
 a mortgage, three kids in
 soccer camp, a wife -- he
 loves her, God knows, but
 she's burning a hole in his
 pocket, and I --
 (he stops,
 stumped)

MICHAEL
 Love to fight. Like me.
 We'll drive.

~~He~~ starts to put the cereal and beer into a bag.

QUINLAN
 Where?

MICHAEL
 To Chicago. That's where
 you want to go, isn't it?

QUINLAN
 Yes.

MICHAEL
 I knew. That's why I wrote
 you.

QUINLAN
You wrote? I thought --

MICHAEL
 My idea.

~~He~~ leaves the kitchen and starts up the stairs,
~~carrying~~ the bag with him. Quinlan follows.

QUINLAN
 Why are we driving?
 (continued)

INT. FANSY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

As Michael starts to pack his undershorts, a pair of
 pants and a couple of shirts in the bag along with the
 cereal and beer.

QUINLAN (CONT.)
 Why don't we fly? I mean,
 together, in a plane. It's
 safer. Nobody believes it,
 but statistically it's true
 and the paper will pay.

MICHAEL
No. We need time.

QUINLAN
For what?

MICHAEL
Besides, I can see the
world's biggest ball of
twine. It's on the way.

QUINLAN
Okay. Okay. Great.

Michael picks up the frock coat and holds it up to himself. He looks in the mirror. He's not really happy with it.

MICHAEL
On one condition. You will
owe me something.

QUINLAN
What?

MICHAEL
An apology.

QUINLAN
An apology. For what? I
mean, fine. I apologize.
Whatever.

MICHAEL
Not yet. When I say.
(beat)
Deal?

QUINLAN
Deal.

A beat.

MICHAEL
I like your coat better.

QUINLAN
It's yours.

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

Lucky and Huey are in the car. Quinlan, now coatless, is arguing with Dorothy in front of the motel. Huey looks worried.

DOROTHY
I will not get in the car.

QUINLAN

Why?

DOROTHY

I am not taking whatever
that poor sad thing is back
to Chicago where he may be
thought of as King Kong.
You know what will happen
to him. They'll stare at
him and make fun of him and
poke needles into him --

QUINLAN

Get in the car.

DOROTHY

And why are we driving all
the way there, anyway?

QUINLAN

He wants to see the world's
biggest ball of twine.

DOROTHY

Are you nuts?

QUINLAN

(furious)

Get in the car.

DOROTHY

No.

QUINLAN

Yes.

DOROTHY

No.

QUINLAN

Yes.

DOROTHY

No.

QUINLAN

Listen, you nit, this man
is angel. He's been to
Mesopotamia.

DOROTHY

I'm not getting in that
car.

(hissing at
Quinlan)

He is a freak of some sort.
He is not an angel and you
(MORE)

DOROTHY (CONT'D)
Mr. Cynical-Believes-in-
Nothing know it.

She marches back into her motel room and sits down on a chair.

The screen door bangs and Michael comes out of Pansy's living quarters. He's wearing Quinlan's trench coat over his clothes and carrying his groceries and belongings.

He looks at Quinlan. Quinlan looks at Michael. Turns him around. There's a little bump in the back of the coat where the tops of the wings are sticking up under the back of the coat. Quinlan pokes them down. They pop up again.

Michael walks over to Dorothy's room and stands in the doorframe.

INT/EXT: MOTEL AND MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MICHAEL
The world's biggest ball of
twine is less than two
hours from here. I would
like to see it before the
sun sets.

DOROTHY
Michael, have you ever
heard of Oprah Winfrey?

MICHAEL
A yo-yo dieter.

DOROTHY
They're going to exploit
you, you have to understand
that.

MICHAEL
I'm going.

DOROTHY
I'm not. For your sake.

MICHAEL
Yes you are. Or I will
have to tell them the truth
about you.

DOROTHY
What?

MICHAEL
I know why you're here and
it has nothing to do with
angels.

DOROTHY
How do you know?

MICHAEL
I pay attention.

EXT. MOTEL - A MINUTE LATER

As Dorothy emerges from her motel room, following
Michael to the car.

MICHAEL
Also, I would like you to
sing.

DOROTHY
A song?

MICHAEL
Of course.

DOROTHY
Fine. I'll sing.

MICHAEL
Not now. When I tell you.

Dorothy gets into the rental car.

INT. RENTAL CAR - CONTINUOUS

Dorothy glares at Quinlan as she gets into the back
seat. Quinlan flashes her a wicked smile. She folds
her arms and stares out the window.

They wait for Michael to get in.

EXT. MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Instead, Michael goes to the station wagon and climbs
into it.

Hold on the two cars.

Michael sits in the very back seat of the station
wagon. Quinlan, Huey, Dorothy and Lucky sit in the
rental car.

Hold.

Hold.

Quinlan, Huey, Dorothy and Lucky get out of the rental car, carrying their things and start toward the station wagon.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

As the station wagon peels off.

EXT. FIELD IN IOWA - DAY

A cow stands at the fenced edge of a barren, winter corn field, stretching through a barbed-wire fence for some piece of vegetation on the other side, chewing her cud. Her breath fogs the air. She hears the noise of an automobile and looks up, watching it pass.

Quinlan drives Pansy's station wagon east on U.S. 30, headed for Illinois. Huey is just visible in the seat next to him. Lucky the dog stares out of one of the back windows, standing next to Dorothy.

Behind them, in the very rear seat, is Michael. The rear window has been lowered and Michael's huge wings are extended through them. The car blows past the cow.

MUSIC BEGINS: COUNTRY WESTERN, FIDDLE, SOMETHING LIKE THAT

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

And we have a montage of travel shots of Iowa:

The station wagon coming down a hill in Western Iowa, wings behind and we see unplowed fields of dying cornstalks, plowed fields dotted with hay for winter, a perfect barn, a white church with a steeple, hills as far as the eye can see. America.

The station wagon, wings extended, passes a row of beautiful windmills.

The station wagon passes a farmyard full of pigs.

INT. STATION WAGON - DAY

Quinlan and Huey sit in the front seat, freezing in the cold air. Lucky is yapping at the pigs and cows, jumping from one window to the other, walking across Dorothy's lap. Dorothy is looking irritable. Michael sits contentedly in the very back, smoking a cigarette. He has a beer between his legs, and he lifts it to his lips and sips it as he watches the countryside go past.

The radio is full blast over the wind.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

Hog futures are down a
quarter in Chicago and
selling down an eighth in
Sioux City...

MICHAEL

Hog futures.

Dorothy turns in her seat to look at him. He's
laughing.

DOROTHY

(shouting over the
wind)

What?

MICHAEL

(pointing at the
pigs out the
window)

The future of hogs is down
a quarter.

He laughs a huge, powerful laugh that fills the car.
Dorothy looks in that direction and then nods, as if
what he said makes sense. She manages a small, polite
laugh herself.

He laughs again, takes a pull on his cigarette, the
wind blowing ashes and sparks everywhere.

MICHAEL

You've got to learn to
laugh, it's the way to true
love.

Quinlan looks in the rear view mirror and finds
Michael. At that moment, Michael looks directly at the
mirror, and in an eerie and uncanny way, locks eyes
with Quinlan.

Angle on Quinlan, as he looks away.

MICHAEL

What's the opposite of
white?

QUINLAN

Black.

MICHAEL

Wrong. Yolk.

He cracks himself up. He's laughing so hard it's
infectious. Dorothy, however, is not amused, and Huey
doesn't get it.

HUEY
What is that, like an egg
joke?

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The station wagon slows as it approaches a town. The wings come together and then are brought back into the automobile as it drives off the road.

EXT. WORLD'S LARGEST BALL OF TWINE - DAY

Michael, Huey and Lucky looking at the world's biggest ball of twine. Dorothy, still irritated, is standing slightly apart.

Quinlan is some distance away, on a pay telephone.

Huey is reading from the guidebook.

HUEY
The world's biggest ball of
twine has a circumference
of 29 feet, weighs 8953
pounds...

As he continues:

CUT TO:

Quinlan on the phone.

QUINLAN
We'll be there in plenty of
time. But he won't fly.

MALT
Why won't he fly?

QUINLAN
He can't fit in coach
seats. His wings get
squished. Do you want to
pay first class?

MALT
Drive.

Cut back to Huey, reading to the group:

HUEY
It contains enough twine to
fly a kite halfway to the
moon.

Next to the ball of twine is a large field with a lone
bull in it.

Michael sees the bull.

MICHAEL
(Under his
breath, happily)
Battle.

He starts toward the bull as Huey continues to read.

Cut back to Quinlan on the phone with Malt:

QUINLAN
We'll be there. Don't
worry. What can happen?

We hear the sound of the bull, snorting. Quinlan turns
and looks and sees:

Michael going over the fence and loping toward the
bull.

Dorothy and Huey bolt toward the field.

QUINLAN
Nothing can happen. Trust
me. Nothing.

Quinlan hangs up the phone.

QUINLAN
Michael, what are you
doing? --

He starts to run toward the field.

Dorothy is ahead of him. She trips and falls.

Quinlan stops to help her.

QUINLAN
Are you all right?

He leans down and suddenly there's a moment of intimacy
as Dorothy looks up. Her face is an inch from his.

DOROTHY
(breaking the
spell, brusquely)
I don't need help.

Quinlan lets go.

QUINLAN
I'm sure you don't.

She starts to get up and Quinlan runs on.

EXT. FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Michael circles the bull as the bull grazes.

ANGLE ON BULL'S EYES AS IT SLOWLY TURNS TO SEE MICHAEL

ANGLE ON MICHAEL'S EYES LIGHTING UP WITH EXCITEMENT

Michael turns to Quinlan, Dorothy and Huey and smiles.

MICHAEL

Battle.

QUINLAN

I'll get him.

Quinlan jumps the fence and starts toward them.

Michael, meanwhile, has moved further into the pasture. The bull is starting to react now. He faces Michael, pawing the ground and grunting. Michael smiles, pawing the ground and grunting back.

ANGLE ON DOROTHY & HUEY, PANICKED.

ANGLE ON QUINLAN AS HE RUNS INTO THE FIELD.

The bull suddenly stops pawing and turns to face Quinlan. Quinlan stops dead in his tracks.

MICHAEL

(to bull)

It's me you want.

The bull turns back to Michael and stares at him.

Michael stares back.

The bull lowers his head.

So does Michael.

The bull charges.

Michael charges.

Michael and the bull collide head-on with an enormous thud.

The bull slowly sinks to the ground shaking its head.

Michael sinks to the ground too, in a blissful stupor.

Dorothy and Huey have climbed over the fence and run toward them. Lucky follows.

EXT. FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Michael circles the bull as the bull grazes.

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DOROTHY
What are you doing? What
do you think you're doing?

MICHAEL
I am completely happy.

Dorothy and Quinlan and Huey exchange looks. Michael
gazes at the sky.

MICHAEL (CONT.)
Up there, everything is
nice.

DOROTHY
(incredulous)
Up there?

HUEY
I think he means heaven.
(as Dorothy glares
at him)
I'm your simultaneous
translator.

DOROTHY
Thank you.

MICHAEL
(referring to
heaven)
It's death.

Quinlan and Huey help him up.

QUINLAN
I thought angels didn't
die.

DOROTHY
They don't. Everyone knows
that.

Michael points at Lucky, who's rolling over and over in
the grass.

MICHAEL
That is my nature. I am a
grass roller. I'm doomed
to live one place and crave
the pleasures of another.
But don't feel sorry for
me.

HUEY
Why would we feel sorry for
you?

MICHAEL
Because this is my last
blast. Thank you, Quinlan.

QUINLAN
For what?

HUEY
I think he's saying there's
no sex in heaven. Is that
what he's saying? I knew
it.

QUINLAN
Why are you thanking me?

MICHAEL
Why do you think I'm here?

HUEY
He always answers one
question with another.

DOROTHY
No he doesn't. Come on
Lucky.

She holds up a Mento and Lucky follows her back to the
car.

QUINLAN
(to Michael)
What are you saying?

HUEY
Are you saying there's no
sex in heaven?

Michael throws his head back, opens his arms as if to
embrace the earth and turns in a circle.

MICHAEL
I'm going to miss
everything so much.

Michael starts back to the car. Quinlan and Huey stare
after him in amazement. Quinlan starts after him.

QUINLAN
Why are you here? What
does it have to do with me?

MICHAEL
The sun and the North Wind
were having an argument.
Who was smarter? Who was
stronger? The North Wind
(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

pointed to a man walking down a street. "I bet I can make that man take his coat off, and you can't," said the wind. "I'll take that bet," said the sun. The North Wind blew and and blew, but the more he blew, the more tightly the man wrapped his coat around him. And then the sun smiled, and it got warmer and warmer, and the man took off his overcoat.

QUINLAN

What's that supposed to mean? What are you saying?
(beat)
Are you saying you made a bet about me?

MICHAEL

I had to get back some way.

QUINLAN

You're completely crazy.

He heads back to the car.

Michael follows.

CUT TO:

EXT. JOE'S MOTEL & ROADHOUSE - NIGHT

A sign says "Joe's Motel & Roadhouse: restaurant and tavern," and we can see a building with two sides -- one a brightly-lit diner-type restaurant, the other a darkish bar.

HUEY (V.O.)

"The chicken-fried steak at Joe's is crisp-crust, tender enough inside to be a pleasant chew, but with real beef flavor."

QUINLAN (V.O.)

Does it say anything about pie?

The station wagon pulls into a parking space outside. Lucky leaps out the window and runs into a hayfield.

INT. JOE'S ROADHOUSE - NIGHT

Michael, Quinlan, Dorothy, Huey and Lucky are sitting in a booth. Michael is smoking and drinking a beer. He's opening pack after pack of sugar to make a little hill of sugar. Huey is picking hay off himself.

Some people come through the restaurant on the way to the bar, and we get a sense of a noisy, raucous place in the other part of the building.

A waitress named EVIE comes to the table with chicken-fried steaks and French fries for everyone, including Lucky.

She sets Michael's food in front of him. He looks at her. A few beats later, she looks back. She blinks. Gives him a little smile. He gives her a smile. She backs away, almost unable to take her eyes off him. Huey watches this, fascinated. Michael attacks the French fries, dipping them into sugar as he eats them.

Dorothy, meanwhile, has put Lucky's food on the floor and he is eating it.

Quinlan takes a lemon out of his pocket and lays it on the table, then a notepad and a pen to take notes.

MICHAEL

I'm a writer too.

HUEY

What did you write?

MICHAEL

Psalm 85.

(off their looks)

It wasn't called Psalm 85
when I wrote it, I had no
idea they were all going to
be collected and numbered.

In b.g., two pretty girls, SUZANNE and TAMMY come into the restaurant from the tavern that adjoins it. They pass Quinlan's table to go to the ladies room on the other side of the room. They look at Michael lingeringly. Michael looks back. Again, Huey notices. Finally the women go into the ladies room.

MICHAEL

That was right around the
time I invented standing in
line.

QUINLAN

(disbelievingly)

You invented standing in
line?

MICHAEL
 Until then, people just
 milled around, it was
 before numbers, so one day
 I said, why not make a
 line.

Dorothy rolls her eyes.

QUINLAN
 A line for what?

MICHAEL
 To get in.

Dorothy drops her fork on the table.

Michael shoots her another look.

DOROTHY
 It slipped.
 (to Quinlan)
 Why don't you ask him what
 you want to know?

QUINLAN
 What do I want to know?

DOROTHY
 You know.

QUINLAN
 What?

DOROTHY
 He wants to know why angels
 don't solve big problems.

QUINLAN
 (a little
 surprised)
 That is what I want to
 know.

Michael waves them to lean in close in a huddle.

MICHAEL
 (softly and
 solemnly)
 You can't change the nature
 of the world.

He leans back, and resumes eating.

QUINLAN
 What can you do?

MICHAEL

Small miracles, and only so many.

(beat)

Some angels aren't that smart and they use them up in stupid ways.

QUINLAN

Like the parking space angel.

MICHAEL

I don't like to criticize other angels.

The two women come out of the ladies room, passing the table again. Both of them smile at Michael. Michael looks back at them.

QUINLAN

Are you saying there is a parking space angel?

MICHAEL

He burnt out. One day in Manhattan -- pffft.

(to the two women,
who are standing
at the doorway to
the tavern,
looking at him)

I will be with you in a minute.

He takes Quinlan's lemon, squeezes it into a glass, adds some of his sugar, and adds water, hands it back to Quinlan.

MICHAEL

Excuse me.

QUINLAN

Where are you going?

MICHAEL

They want me.

He stands.

MICHAEL

Remember what John and Paul said?

HUEY

The Apostles?

MICHAEL

No. The Beatles. All you
need is love.

He walks off. Quinlan and Huey watch him go. So does
Dorothy.

HUEY

Tell me something.

(beat)

Besides wings, and the fact
that he smells like
cookies, what's he got?

DOROTHY

I have no idea.

They all watch Michael go through the door, with his
arms around the two women. Mystified.

INT. BAR - ROADHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Michael's at the juke box with a girl on each side.
He's completely out of place in Quinlan's raincoat
surrounded by burly farmers and truckers in T-shirts
and Levis and Iowa plaids. Suzanne and Tammy are
leaning toward him, sniffing his amazing aroma.

ONE CUSTOMER (MAL)

Hey Suzanne, what's going
on?

Suzanne doesn't take her eyes off Michael.

CUSTOMER

Suzanne? Hey ...

She doesn't bother to answer as Michael presses two
numbers on the jukebox and kicks the machine. Tammy
giggles. Music.

Michael starts to dance his very own dance. He's one
of those large men who's surprisingly graceful and at
home with his own body. He's dancing a kind of sexy
version of a line dance. Suzanne and Tammy start to
dance with him. They can barely keep their hands off
him.

We see Mal and the man he's with watching. They're
pissed.

There are a few other couples in the bar, and we see
another woman notice Michael. She starts toward the
dance floor, leaving her puzzled date behind. We see
her nose wrinkle as she smells his delicious scent.

*What
going?*

Michael is transported and oblivious as one by one women leave the men they are with and join him on the dance floor.

INT. ROADHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Back at Quinlan's table. Quinlan drinking the lemonade.

Evie the waitress comes with coffee.

Dorothy turns to her.

DOROTHY
Do you believe in angels?

EVIE
Absolutely.

DOROTHY
Have you ever ever heard of
an angel that was
interested in sex?

EVIE
Of course not.

DOROTHY
Angels do not have sex.

EVIE
(intrigued)
But is there one?

DOROTHY
And I suppose he invented
standing in line. Lucky,
do you think he invented
standing in line?
(she tugs Lucky's
ear)

Lucky shakes his head no.

DOROTHY
Good dog.
(beat)
I'm going to the ladies
room.

She leaves. Quinlan watches her curiously.

HUEY
I invented the hole in the
coffee cup. You know, when
you get coffee to go -- I
was the first person to
(MORE)

HUEY (CONT'D)
 tear a little hole in the
 edge of the lid so you
 could drink it in the car.
 I could have made a
 fortune.

QUINLAN
 It's weird.

HUEY
 What?

QUINLAN
 She's an expert in angels,
 but --
 (he shakes his
 head puzzled)

HUEY
 What?

There's a terrible noise.

Quinlan and Huey turn toward the bar as a chair flies
 into the coffee shop. A woman screams.

Lucky starts barking wildly and tears for the bar.
 Quinlan and Huey follow.

INT. BAR - ROADHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Michael is standing in the middle of the dance floor,
 his eyes wild with excitement, surrounded by the men in
 the bar. He's holding a bar stool and using it as a
 medieval gladiator might have used a shield as one man
 after another comes at him. He spins this way and
 that, deflecting antagonists.

QUINLAN
 Michael, for God's sake --

The men turn and see Quinlan, Huey and Lucky. In that
 moment one of the men manages to wrest the barstool
 away from Michael and crashes it on Michael's head.
 Michael isn't even dazed by the blow. He picks the man
 up and tosses him over the bar.

The man lands with a huge thud, passes out cold.

A shot of all the bottles on the bar, as they
 simultaneously pitch forward.

Two of the bar regulars -- a man with a gold tooth and
 a man in a checked shirt -- grab Huey and deck him.

As Huey reels backwards, Quinlan grabs the man with the

gold tooth. Michael grabs the man with the checked shirt.

Michael and Quinlan look at one another. Birds of a feather.

QUINLAN
Who did you make this bet
with?

MICHAEL
My cousin.

QUINLAN
Bullshit.

Michael slugs the man in the checked shirt. Quinlan slugs the man with the gold tooth. The two pitch backward simultaneously.

MICHAEL
(smiling)
Battle.

QUINLAN
You better believe it.

Quinlan puts up his fists and starts spinning around, looking for people to hit. He picks up a jeroboam of some sort of local brew and swings it around like a catapult.

Michael stands a few yards away, in the center of the floor. He is larger than he seemed coming in -- he is standing at his full height now -- and does not move even an inch as the locals kick him and butt him and hit him over the head with pool cues and bar stools..

He stands his ground, not ducking or moving out of the way, absorbing the punishment that comes his way and then, after someone has hit him, he lifts his fist like a hammer and brings it down over one of their heads, pounding them, one after another, like so many nails into the floor. Quinlan matches Michael, punch for punch and man for man.

Huey is lying on the floor, the fight going on all around him. Men are flying through the air overhead.

Dorothy has come into the place and is on the sidelines, watching. She is surrounded by women who cannot keep their eyes off Michael.

WOMAN #1
It's cotton candy.

WOMAN #2
No, it's taffy.

WOMAN #3
Caramels. It's caramels.

Dorothy finally cannot stand it any longer:

DOROTHY
Cookies. He smells of
cookies. And the smell
gets stronger when he's in
heat.

The women turn to her.

TAMMY
Do you know him?

SUZANNE
Have you ever slept with
him?

DOROTHY
No I have not.

Dorothy spots Lucky, growling and snapping at a huge black dog under the pool table. The dog watches him without interest.

DOROTHY
Lucky. Stop it.

Lucky goes right on growling and snapping.

A horrible crash as Michael and Quinlan dispose of the last of the brawlers.

The room suddenly goes quiet. Two dozen men are lying or sitting on the floor, most of them holding their heads or their necks. Broken glass and broken furniture are lying everywhere.

Michael and Quinlan are the only two left standing. Michael turns slowly around, seeing that no one wants to fight him any more. A look of disappointment crosses his face as he sees it is over. He looks at Quinlan. Brothers.

Huey gets up off the floor. He looks around as if he has personally kicked every ass in the place. Then he goes to the pool table and collects Lucky, who is still attacking the huge but peaceful black dog.

Every woman in the room looking at Michael.

They all smell cookies.

EXT. ROADHOUSE - NIGHT

As the sheriff's car pulls up, siren going.

INT. JAIL - NIGHT

Quinlan, Huey, Michael and Dorothy are in the jail cell. There are two cots in the cell, each attached to the wall. Huey and Michael are sitting on one, Dorothy and Quinlan on the other. Dorothy is furious.

We can see Lucky through the bars. He's knocked over the wastebasket in the sheriff's office and is nosing through it.

It's cold.

QUINLAN
(to Michael)
You are a great fighter.

MICHAEL
(happily)
I love it here.

HUEY
My thumb hurts.

DOROTHY
(miserable)
I'm cold.

MICHAEL
Once I fought alongside
Joan of Arc.

QUINLAN
Really?

MICHAEL
Old story.

HUEY
What was she like?

MICHAEL
She was a virgin.

DOROTHY
We know.

MICHAEL
She resisted me. She
thought it was a test, but
really it was only a
frolic.

QUINLAN
She was a great fighter.

MICHAEL
The greatest, but skinny.
We would go to battle and
then afterwards there was
never enough to eat.

DOROTHY
(to Quinlan)
Aren't you taking notes?

QUINLAN
You're right. I should.
"JOAN OF ARC'S LAST NIGHT:
Finally What Really
Happened."

Quinlan and Huey smile.

DOROTHY
Very funny.

The sheriff comes back into the room with a basket and
pillow for Lucky. He sets it up and Lucky hops into
it.

SHERIFF
You folks are from the
National Examiner? I got a
two-headed chicken in my
yard if you're interested.

QUINLAN
What are we being held for?

SHERIFF
Destruction of property,
assault, battery, and
disturbing the peace.
Magistrate'll be here in
the morning.

He starts out the door.

DOROTHY
Your honor, I had nothing
to do with this.

SHERIFF
'Night.

The sheriff turns out the overhead light.

QUINLAN
Hey, we have a phone call
coming to us --

The door shuts. The four of them sit there. Moonlight coming in through a window.

DOROTHY
Miles got thrown in jail too, but at least he had the decency to keep me out of it. I don't want to spend the night here. I hate you.

HUEY
You hate me?

DOROTHY
Not you.

MICHAEL
You hate me?

DOROTHY
Not you.

QUINLAN
(cheerfully)
Process of elimination.
(beat)
Who was Miles?

She waves her hand, she's sorry she even mentioned it.

QUINLAN
Another husband has popped up.
(he holds up three fingers and wiggles them at her)

HUEY
(to Michael)
Walk through the bars.

MICHAEL
What?

HUEY
You're an angel. Walk through the bars.

MICHAEL
No can do.

DOROTHY
Big surprise.

HUEY

Then smote the place. You
smoted that other place,
didn't you?

Michael doesn't answer. They all sigh. A long beat.

QUINLAN

There's something I don't
understand, Miss Dorothy
Winters. You're an angel
person. But you're sitting
here with a guy with wings
and you don't believe. You
don't believe.

MICHAEL

(to Quinlan)

You don't believe.

QUINLAN

I never said I believed:

DOROTHY

He likes to make fun of
people, that's what he
believes in. He likes to
make fun of people so he
can prove how smart he is
compared to everyone else.

A beat.

HUEY

Maybe Lucky can get us out.
Hey, Lucky.

Lucky looks up from his cozy bed.

HUEY

Open the drawer and get the
key.

(Lucky cocks his
head; Huey, more
slowly)

Open..the..drawer..and..get
.. the..key.

Lucky goes back to sleep.

QUINLAN

Dorothy can get him to do
it. Dorothy's good with
dogs. I have noticed that.
Dogs don't talk. They
don't shave. They don't
run off in your Camaro.

(MORE)

QUINLAN (CONT'D)

When you want them to take
a bath, you just make an
appointment. Sit. Stay.
Roll over. No.

Dorothy looks at him. Her eyes well with tears.

Michael gives Quinlan a dirty look.

MICHAEL

Now.

QUINLAN

What?

MICHAEL

Apologize.

(a beat)

Say you're sorry.

QUINLAN

To her?

Michael nods.

QUINLAN

Be serious.

Michael starts to whistle the first two bars of
"Chicago." He looks at Quinlan.

Quinlan takes a beat.

QUINLAN

(without even
looking at
Dorothy)

Sorry.

Michael shoots him another look.

Quinlan looks over and sees a tear roll down Dorothy's
face.

QUINLAN

I'm sorry.

(with feeling)

I'm sorry.

Dorothy nods, too choked up to speak.

A huge snuffle now.

QUINLAN

I didn't mean it, okay?

Dorothy nods, miserable.

QUINLAN
Are you cold? Do you want
my blanket?

She shakes her head no. Quinlan gives it to her
anyway.

A long beat.

MICHAEL
I'm going to sleep.

He stands up and goes to the corner, stands there. In
a moment, he's asleep.

Huey lies down on the cot.

Hold on Quinlan and Dorothy.

Dorothy scrunches up and lies down, taking up half the
cot. Quinlan leans back against the wall. He's going
to sleep sitting up. A beat...

DOROTHY
I brought Miles fried
chicken in a basket with a
little checkered napkin. I
handed it through the bars.
It was during the good
times.

QUINLAN
(thinking of his
own life)
Oh so long ago.

Dorothy closes her eyes.

Quinlan closes his eyes.

Hold on them, Dorothy asleep.

Quinlan's eyes pop open. He looks down at Dorothy.
She's adorable. A lock of hair falls over her face. A
long beat. He lifts his hand, hesitates, then very
gently he smooths her hair. Just once. He puts his
hand back in his lap and it's almost as if he didn't do
it at all. He continues to stare down at her.

CUT TO:

AN AMERICAN FLAG

And pull back to reveal:

INT. MAGISTRATE'S COUNTY COURT - DAY

In the front row of wooden benches sit Quinlan, Dorothy, Huey and Michael, all of them in the clothes they slept in.

A few rows behind are the spectators, including JOE, the owner of the roadhouse, some of the customers, and many of the young women Michael was dancing with at the bar, all looking like pathetic cocker spaniels hoping for a bone.

Michael turns around and waves a little wave at them.

Dorothy, Quinlan and Huey turn around and see them too. They turn back, horrified.

WHATEVER

All rise, all rise, the
court of Benton County,
Judge Newberg presiding, is
now in session, please
rise.

The door opens and JUDGE ESTHER NEWBERG enters. She's an attractive woman of a certain age. She sits down and looks at the four defendants, all of them standing. Her eyes come to rest on Michael, who is obliviously doing something unappealing like scratching his belly. She bangs her gavel. Michael looks up at her and gives her one of his frank looks. Her nose starts working, but she resists, getting more officious.

JUDGE

(reads)

You are charged with
disturbing the peace,
destruction of property --

JOE

Twelve hundred dollars
worth.

JUDGE

I know. I spoke to Jenny.

QUINLAN

Who's Jenny?

JUDGE

His wife. She said that
sweet photograph above the
bar, the one of those
cowboys lassoing steers in
the snow that she had
specially framed, broke to
smithereens. That is so
sad.

JOE

Yep.

QUINLAN

Isn't this a conflict of
interest?

JUDGE

Did I say you could speak?

Quinlan shuts up.

JUDGE

I know a place that
restores photos. I told
Jenny, stop crying, I'll
take care of it. Now who
wants to explain exactly
what happened last night?

She looks at them again. Michael still looking
straight at her.

DOROTHY

I do.

JUDGE

Anyone else?

QUINLAN

We were having dinner.

JUDGE

Not you.

Huey raises his hand.

JUDGE

Put your hand down.
(pointing to
Michael)
You please. In chambers.

Judge Newberg briskly stands.

She walks off the platform and waits at the door for
Michael.

The two of them go into her chambers, shut the door.

Hold on the spectators in the courtroom. And Quinlan,
Huey and Dorothy.

And now we see the door to the judge's chambers. It's
silent for a long time.

EXT. COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

As we hear a gavel bang.

JUDGE'S VOICE (O.S.)
Not guilty.

And widen as the station wagon whizzes past.

A LITTLE TRAVELING MUSIC:

EXT. HIGHWAY 30 - DAY

As the wings come out the back of the car, and we see the rolling hills of Eastern Iowa.

INT. CAR - DAY

Michael is lying with his head back, his hair blowing out the window behind him, a contented smile on his face.

EXT. THE CAR - A LITTLE LATER

A close shot of the car going over a bridge, and pull back for a helicopter shot as we realize we're crossing the great Mississippi River.

EXT. ILLINOIS HIGHWAY - DAY

A sign saying: Welcome to Illinois, the Prairie State, as the car passes and disappears into the distance.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
The world's largest non-stick frying pan is just ahead on the right.

QUINLAN (V.O.)
We're not stopping to see the world's largest non-stick frying pan.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

MICHAEL
Why not?

QUINLAN
We have to get back.

MICHAEL
Me, too. And before that happens, I would like to see the world's largest non-stick frying pan.

HUEY
It's on the way.

Dorothy and Quinlan look at Huey, irritated that he's on Michael's side.

DOROTHY
Every time we stop
somewhere, he gets us into
trouble.

HUEY
But he gets us out of
trouble.

QUINLAN & DOROTHY
Shut up.

They look at each other, a connection.

HUEY
Well he does. That judge
took one look at him.
(to Michael)
What is it? What is it
about you?

Michael shrugs.

HUEY
(to Dorothy)
You're a woman. Explain it
to me.

DOROTHY
How should I know? I'm not
the least bit attracted to
him. No offense, Michael,
but I'm not.

MICHAEL
I put a block on you.

DOROTHY
Oh sure.

MICHAEL
I did.
(beat)
So. To continue.
(reading from his
book)
"This frying pan holds 50
dozen eggs at once and was
coated with Teflon to save
on the cholesterol ingested
by the town of Pittsfield
(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
during the annual Egg
Festival."

Michael laughs uproariously.

QUINLAN
We're not stopping.

MICHAEL
You have ten seconds to
change your mind.

Quinlan turns back to look at him. No way.

HUEY
I mean, how much more
attractive is he than me?
Be honest with me.

DOROTHY
Huey, this is not healthy.

We see Michael counting backwards from ten.

MICHAEL
Four-three-two-one.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

As the car drives along --

There's a huge BANG!

We see the right rear tire go suddenly flat and the
car come to a stop.

Everyone gets out.

Quinlan and Huey and Dorothy walk to the back of the
car to look at the tire.

Michael and Lucky walk to the front of the car. They
continue walking on up the road.

And now we see a sign ahead: "Three hundred yards to
the World's Largest Non-Stick Fry Pan."

Quinlan, Huey and Dorothy look up from the tire and
see Michael and Lucky walking off in the distance.

They look back at the tire.

They look off at Michael.

They look back at the tire.

A long pause.

Quinlan walks over, opens the trunk.

QUINLAN
There's no jack. Of course
there's no jack.

HUEY
Just ask him to fix it. He
blew it, he can fix it.

QUINLAN
(shouting into the
distance)
Fix it, you bastard. Come
back here and fix this
tire.

MICHAEL
(shouting back)
No can do.

The three of them sit down by the side of the road.
They look up the road. Nothing. They look down the
road. Nothing.

HUEY
I miss my wife.

DOROTHY
I don't miss any of my
husbands, although Bradley
was handy with a jack. He
had to be.

QUINLAN
I don't want to ask why.

DOROTHY
His tires were bald.

She thinks about it, takes out her notebook.

They watch her write it down.

QUINLAN
His tires were bald/so was
his head/I wish he'd
called/but now he's dead.

Dorothy looks at him. She fights a smile.

DOROTHY
He's not dead, he wasn't
bald.

QUINLAN
Poetic license.

DOROTHY
His tires were bald/and
they went flat/so did our
love/and that was that.

HUEY
(to Dorothy)
Maybe you could write a
song about my wife.

DOROTHY
Do you love her?

HUEY
She drives me wild.

DOROTHY
Okay. What about her?

HUEY
(after a beat)
She had her lips done. She
had little bits of fat
squeezed into them, and
now...

(he makes a face
like a fish)
And now my wife has lips
like a blowfish.
(he imitates her
some more)

DOROTHY
"My wife has lips like a
blowfish." I just don't
see it, but I could be
wrong. If I had any real
talent as a country singer,
I wouldn't be sitting on
the side of the road in the
middle of nowhere.
(thinks about it)
"Sitting on the side of the
road in the middle of
nowhere". Hmmm. Sounds
awfully familiar, doesn't
it?

QUINLAN
It's good though.

Dorothy kind of nods to herself, writes that down too.
They sit there.

QUINLAN
This is one Godforsaken
road. I bet no one ever
comes down it.

As if on cue, some dust is kicked up at the crest of a hill. They all slowly turn to look as a pickup truck emerges, as if from a cloud.

As it gets closer we hear a clatter. The truck has tin cans tied to it and a "Just Married" sign across the front.

QUINLAN
Yeah, well, they're not
going to stop.

As the truck screeches to a stop. A Texaco sign on it.

Inside we see a BRIDE and GROOM. She's in her wedding dress. He's in his best blue suit.

BRIDE
Hi there.

GROOM
Bet you need a jack.

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The groom hustles around, taking charge of the problem, Huey and Quinlan helping him. The bride and Dorothy watching.

BRIDE
(to Dorothy)
Isn't he a doll?

DOROTHY
Yes.

BRIDE
This is the happiest day of
my life.
(she starts
crying)
I'm sorry, I can't help
myself. I've been crying
with happiness ever since I
stood at the altar.

DOROTHY
That's so nice.

BRIDE
I'd just about given up.
There was no one in my high
(MORE)

BRIDE (CONT'D)
 school graduating class I
 wanted to marry. And then
 one day I needed gas and
 the Self-Serve was crowded,
 and I thought to myself,
 Splurge, go to the Full-
 Serve, and there he was.
 (to Dorothy and
 Quinlan)
 Where did you two get
 married?

DOROTHY
 Us?

QUINLAN
 I got married on a boat on
 Lake Michigan. Under the
 moon.

DOROTHY
 That's so romantic. Was
 that your wife's idea?

QUINLAN
 Nope.

DOROTHY
 (by way of
 explanation to
 the bride)
 We're not married.

QUINLAN
 (to Dorothy)
 What about you?

DOROTHY
 I eloped. All three times.
 But for different reasons.
 First time, Bradley, my
 parents hated him. Second
 time, Ralph, I couldn't
 stand his mother and didn't
 want her bad vibrations at
 the wedding but what
 difference was it, we got
 divorced anyway. Third
 time, Miles.
 (trying to
 remember)
 Why did Miles and I elope?
 (beat)
 We only had 24 hours before
 he was shipped to Beirut.
 (beat)
 Just kidding.

She cracks herself up.

Quinlan laughs too.

DOROTHY
(still laughing)
Why is that funny?

QUINLAN
I don't know. I don't
know.

Both of them laughing.

DOROTHY
(remembering
Quinlan's remark
in jail)
Joan of Arc's last night.

She is laughing even harder.

BRIDE
I bet you all like pie.

CUT TO:

EXT. WORLD'S LARGEST NON-STICK FRYING PAN

Michael is sitting at a picnic table at the world's largest frying pan, talking to two old geezers about his great fight with Lucifer.

MICHAEL
...And he came as a hundred
mouths, open and stinking
with decay, and tore at my
flesh from all the angles
of heaven. So I took
Beelzebub's blue tongue in
my fist ...

OLD GEEZER #1
Whoa, man! Who's
Beelzebub?

Michael stares at him before answering.

MICHAEL
Beelzebub is Satan.

OLD GEEZER #1
Oh, Satan.

There's a screech of tires as the pickup truck and the station wagon pull up in front.

QUINLAN

Get in.

Michael looks at the locals.

MICHAEL

It's been written up.

He stands and he and Lucky get into the car. The two cars pull away, leaving the locals staring perplexedly after them.

EXT. ILLINOIS ROAD - DUSK

As the station wagon follows the pickup truck. Wings out.

EXT. ROADSIDE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

This is a roadside restaurant connected to a motel. The sign outside says, WORLD'S GREATEST PIE: MUSIC TONIGHT.

MALT

(through filter)

I love the smell of a pine tree on Christmas morning, the sparkle of tinsel --
(continued)

INT. ROADHOUSE - NIGHT

Quinlan is on the pay phone, listening.

MALT (V.O., CONT.)

-- the laughter of children, the crackle of Christmas wrapping. Am I making myself clear? I want that angel. I love Christmas, Quinlan. I'm not a cold son-of-a-bitch like you.

QUINLAN

I resent that. I celebrate Christmas. I roast chestnuts and I have a tree and once I even made little gingerbread men, so fuck you.

MALT

By tomorrow noon or don't bother.

INT. ROADHOUSE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Michael, Dorothy, Huey, and the bride and groom are squeezed into a booth. Quinlan slides in next to Dorothy and puts his arm up on the back of the seat behind Dorothy so they can all fit. There is a country western band playing. A young WAITRESS named ANITA comes to take their order.

QUINLAN

We want pie. What have you got?

ANITA

I've got them memorized, okay? Ready? Apple, coconut cream, banana cream, sour cream raisin --

HUEY

Chocolate cream?

ANITA

(noticing Michael, her delivery gets sexy)

Definitely. Chocolate cream, cherry and lemon meringue.

QUINLAN

We'll have two slices of everything.

GROOM

And vanilla ice cream on the side.

Dorothy looks at Quinlan and smiles but realizes how close he is to her. Embarrassed, she looks away at the music.

INT. SAME SCENE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The band playing something or other.

Everyone is eating pie. Michael is eating his pie with sugar on it. Anita is sitting in Michael's lap in between getting up to take care of other tables.

MICHAEL

What is it about pie?

DOROTHY

It's so pretty. There's nothing prettier than pie with little scallops around
(MORE)

DOROTHY (CONT'D)
the edges, and little slits
cut in the top for the heat
to escape.

QUINLAN
Pie gives you the sense
that you're a four-square
person who lives in a four-
square country.

BRIDE
A pie says home...

GROOM
As American as apple pie.

HUEY
I wish I'd invented pie.

GROOM
Me too.

MICHAEL
God's in his heaven, all's
right with the world.

QUINLAN
My mother made pie. My
mother made a great --

DOROTHY
-- blueberry pie.

QUINLAN
Yes.

DOROTHY
So do I.

A moment between them.

HUEY
I have to say, I like cream
pie more than fruit pie.

GROOM
Me too.

BRIDE
Boooooo.

MICHAEL
I like 'em all.

ANITA
(to Michael)
I like you.

MICHAEL
 (to Dorothy,
 breaking the
 spell between her
 and Quinlan)
 Sing your song about pie.

QUINLAN
 You have a song about pie?

DOROTHY
 Actually I do.

MICHAEL
 Sing, Dorothy.

A beat while Dorothy stares at Michael.

MICHAEL (CONT.)
 Now.

DOROTHY
 (singing)
 Pie. Oh my.
 Nothing tastes sweet,
 wet, salty and dry
 All at once so well as pie
 Apple and pumpkin and mince
 and black bottom
 I'll come to your place
 every day if you've got 'em
 Pie.

Quinlan is enchanted. Everyone at the table applauds Dorothy's song (the words of which, incidentally, are from Roy Blount Jr.'s poem Pie).

Dorothy smiles at the applause.

DOROTHY
 I didn't write it. I wish
 I had.

QUINLAN
 Sing another song.

CUT TO:

DOROTHY UP ON STAGE

She's borrowing a guitar from one of the band members.

DOROTHY
 (to the audience)
 I did write this. I am so
 nervous.

She sings a song called, "Miles, Bradley, and Ralph." It's all about how love never works out and it's all about her husbands' names: Bradley, whose name started out rhyming with madly but ended up rhyming with sadly and badly; Ralph, whose name rhymed with nothing, which (she sings) should have been a tip-off; and Miles, whose name she loved, little dreaming it would mean how far he ended up away from her in her own Camaro.

And as she sings, we see the people in the restaurant listening, including, of course:

Michael and Anita, Anita nibbling at Michael's ear as he continues to eat pie.

Huey and Lucky.

The Bride and Groom.

And Quinlan, who is falling in love.

The song ends, and everyone applauds.

ANGLE ON:

Dorothy making her way back to the table. Everyone applauding.

DOROTHY
Come on, Lucky. Kiss me.

She pulls Lucky's ear. He shakes his head no.

DOROTHY
Come on, Lucky.

She pulls it again. Again Lucky shakes his head no.

Dorothy takes some honey -- which is on the table in a plastic honey container, and puts a dab of it on her face. She picks up Lucky.

DOROTHY
Kiss me, Lucky.

He licks her face. Everyone laughs.

She turns to Quinlan.

DOROTHY
Kiss me, Quinlan. I taste
just like honey.

A beat.

He kisses her.

QUINLAN
You do. Indeed you do.

And he kisses her again. And goes on kissing her.

EXT. RESTAURANT/MOTEL - NIGHT

A two-story motel.

We see the pickup truck and the station wagon parked.

Dorothy and Quinlan kissing by an upstairs door.

Fumbling for keys.

Hands, mouths.

Key in the lock.

Dorothy looks at Quinlan.

DOROTHY
I have to tell you
something.

QUINLAN
I know.

DOROTHY
(she can hardly
say it)
I'm not --
(she can't finish)

QUINLAN
(finishing for
her)
-- ever falling in love
with anyone again.
(he kisses her)
I know. Me neither.

She shakes her head no, but he kisses her again.

And as they go through the door --

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT OF MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

As the upstairs door closes, we see Huey and Lucky
going into a downstairs room.

And now we see Michael and Anita, coming across the
parking lot. We can hear the fiddle coming from the
roadhouse, as Michael exuberantly dances and spins
across the parking lot and Anita happily shrieks and

moves along with him. Life is sweet. The stars shine, the moon glows, and as we look at the two of them, Michael begins to spin around ecstatically and hold his arms out as if to embrace the earth.

MICHAEL
I'm going to miss
everything so much.

INT. HUEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

As Huey starts to undress.

There's laughter from the next room, Michael and Anita. Huey winces at the sound, as if it hurts.

The room next door is suddenly quiet. Then there is a shriek. A delighted shriek.

ANITA (OFF CAMERA)
Wings. Far out.

HUEY
(to Lucky)
Some angel.

Huey gets into bed with Lucky.

EXT. ILLINOIS MORNING - DAWN

A beautiful sunrise over Southern Illinois.

EXT. MOTEL - DAWN

As the door to Michael's room opens and Anita emerges. She's a happy camper. She has had a transcendental experience. She trips happily over to her VW van, starts it, and drives away.

The door to Huey's room opens. Lucky emerges and takes a pee. He sits down in front of Huey's door.

The door to Michael's room opens and Michael walks out. He nods to Lucky and the two of them start to take a walk.

As they walk away, a feather drops from one of Michael's wings.

A little breeze blows it into the air. It settles back on the ground.

Hold on it.

INT. DOROTHY'S ROOM - MORNING

Dorothy in bed, asleep.

Dorothy wakes up first. Her eyes pop open.

DOROTHY
I needed the job.

She rolls over. Quinlan's not there.

She looks around as he pokes his head out the bathroom door as he finishes brushing his teeth.

QUINLAN
G'morning.

DOROTHY
I needed the job.

QUINLAN
What exactly are we talking about here?

DOROTHY
At the paper. That's what I wanted to tell you last night. That's why I'm here.

Quinlan walks over and sits down on the bed and looks at her. She's so beautiful.

QUINLAN
I don't make excuses for working there, there's no reason for you to.

Dorothy shakes her head, that's not what she meant.

QUINLAN
Here's a confession. Do you want to hear a confession?

DOROTHY
Yours?

QUINLAN
I needed the job, too. No one would go near me after what happened at the Tribune --

DOROTHY
What did happen?

QUINLAN
I hit the managing editor.

DOROTHY

Why?

QUINLAN

He fired a guy who'd been there 27 years.

DOROTHY

Really?

QUINLAN

No.

(beat)

He changed my lead.

DOROTHY

You hit him because he changed your lead?

QUINLAN

No.

(a long beat)

It was late. I was drunk.

(beat)

How I look at it, it makes no difference where I work.

DOROTHY

Now that is what I call a lie.

(beat)

Bet you've got a half-finished novel in the second drawer of your desk.

QUINLAN

She got the desk.

A beat. Dorothy still looks upset. She gets out of bed and goes over to the window.

QUINLAN

Are you keeping something from me?

DOROTHY

I'm not ethical.

QUINLAN

Just because you're writing about angels for a supermarket tabloid? ... Why do you write about angels?

Dorothy ignores the question. She looks out the window.

QUINLAN

Are you keeping some angel
experience from me? If you
are, I forgive you. I
think I could forgive you
anything.

Dorothy doesn't answer. She looks intently out the
window. She's very upset about something.

QUINLAN

What?

She shakes her head no.

QUINLAN

This wasn't a mistake.
Don't tell me you think
this was a mistake. I
couldn't bear it.

They look at each other.

Quinlan looks out the window.

WHAT THEY SEE:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Across the highway, sitting on a crude plank bench, are
Michael and Lucky as the sun streaks over them and the
corn field beyond. They're a matched pair. Two lost
souls on the highway of life.

MICHAEL

It's going well. He's a
very difficult case. To
give a man back his
heart...

(shakes his head)

Lucky listens intently. There is the feeling he
understands completely.

Michael takes a deep breath and sniffs the smells of
the early morning air.

HOLD ON THEM

MICHAEL

Listen. Listen to the
earth.

We suddenly hear the sounds of the earth clearly -- the
whistle of the wind, the chirping of birds, the distant
buzz of insects.

Michael is crying.

Suddenly we hear

THE SOUND OF WINGS.

Michael looks up.

EXT. HEAVEN - DAY

A shot of blue sky as a lone swan flies through the air, its wings making the amazing sound that swans' wings make.

REVERSE ANGLE

Michael and Lucky, with the motel behind them.

MICHAEL

Remember Lucky, no matter
what they tell you, you can
never have too much sugar.

The door to Quinlan and Dorothy's room opens, and they come out. Quinlan knocks on Huey's as they go by. Huey comes out a few seconds later, following them down the stairs.

DOROTHY

(calling)

Good morning, Michael.
Good morning, Lucky.

CLOSEUP: Lucky

as his ears perk up.

He turns and sees Dorothy.

Lucky leaps off the bench and scampers onto the highway, barking happily.

ANGLE ON: ONCOMING TRUCK

ANGLE ON: Dorothy

As she sees what's about to happen.

DOROTHY

Lucky! No!

A THUD as the truck hits Lucky.

Dorothy screams.

The truck hurtles on down the highway.

Lucky lies there, on the side of the road..

Quinlan runs over.

Oh, God.
QUINLAN

He checks the dog, looks at Huey, and shakes his head.

Huey goes over and sits down on the side of the road next to Lucky.

Lucky's dead.

Huey is devastated. He looks up at Quinlan and Dorothy.

I killed him.
DOROTHY

It's not your fault.
QUINLAN

It's all my fault. Oh,
Huey, I'm so sorry. I
ruined everything. I
always ruin everything.
DOROTHY

She's distraught.

Poor Lucky.
DOROTHY

Poor Lucky.
(beat)
I loved you, Lucky.
HUEY

Huey picks up Lucky and cradles him in his arms. He's crying.

Quinlan stares accusingly at Michael.

Do something.
QUINLAN

I was supposed to take care
of him. I was supposed to
watch out for him.
DOROTHY

(to Michael)
You were supposed to watch
out for him. That's what
you're supposed to do.
QUINLAN

MICHAEL
It's not my area.

QUINLAN
(to Dorothy)
What is his area? Explain
it to me.

DOROTHY
I don't know anything about
his area. That's what I've
been trying to tell you --

QUINLAN
What?

DOROTHY
I don't know anything about
angels.

QUINLAN
What are you saying?

DOROTHY
I'm not an angel expert.

QUINLAN
What are you?

DOROTHY
I'm the Dog Lady. I train
dogs. That's why I was
hired ...

QUINLAN
To train Lucky.

DOROTHY
And then after ...
(she can't say it)

QUINLAN
And then after we screw up
with the angel...and the
dog goes to Malt...

DOROTHY
(hating herself)
He's mine.

HUEY
You were going to write my
column? You were going to
write A Dog's Life by Lucky
Driscoll?

DOROTHY
I didn't know you. I just
thought you were someone
with a bad dog.

Quinlan shaking his head. He can't believe it. He
can't believe any of it.

MICHAEL
I'm sorry.

QUINLAN
I'm sorry too. Now bring
him back to life. And
don't give me any of that
it-isn't-my-area stuff.
Bring him back to life or
go back where you came
from.

Michael looks at him and says nothing. Another feather
falls and blows gently away.

They stare at each other.

We see Huey holding Lucky.

We see Dorothy, absolutely devastated.

Michael and Quinlan stare at each other.

QUINLAN
Bring him back, angel.

A beat.

No one speaks. It's almost as if they're afraid to say
anything.

Michael looks at them.

He takes off his raincoat and lays it gently on the
side of the road.

Then he walks over to Huey and takes Lucky from him.

He stands there, holding Lucky.

And then, suddenly, Michael's wings burst through the
back of his shirt and begin to extend, huge and
beautiful wings, gorgeous white feathers gleaming in
the sunlight.

Angel's wings.

Quinlan, Dorothy and Huey watch, awestruck, as Michael
wraps his wings around Lucky.

Michael is perspiring now. Feathers start to blow off his wings.

He folds Lucky into his wings.

Hold on Quinlan, Dorothy and Huey, transfixed.

And then Michael opens the wings and we see Lucky.

His leg twitches. A blink. His eyes open. He shakes his head. He's alive.

He springs out of Michael's arms, barking, and leaps into Huey's. He licks Huey's face. Huey licks his face back. Huey crying. Dorothy crying.

Michael is standing alone. At his feet is a pile of feathers. They start to swirl in the wind.

MICHAEL
It is not much longer now.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

As the station wagon speeds toward Chicago. No wings.

INT. STATION WAGON - DAY

Silence in the car.

Quinlan driving, Huey next to him, Lucky in the front seat between them.

Dorothy in the middle seat.

She and Quinlan are not speaking.

Dorothy turns to look at Michael, in the back.

Michael's decline is now rapidly accelerating. He's leaning his head against the back window, which is closed. He looks pale. He's sweating.

On the dashboard we can see the clock. It's 11:30 a.m.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

As the car passes a sign: Chicago 5 miles.

And we can see the Chicago skyline in the distance now. The Emerald City.

INT. STATION WAGON - DAY

Michael sweating profusely.

A feather blows into the air.

It swirls into the front seat of the car. Huey puts it into his pocket.

EXT. CHICAGO OUTSKIRTS - DAY

As Quinlan exits into Downtown Chicago.

EXT. CHICAGO - DAY

As the car makes a right turn and passes under the El.

It makes a left, burning rubber.

INT. CAR - DAY

As the car zigs and zags through Chicago traffic.
Dorothy looking panicked.

Michael's eyes are starting to glaze. He takes a deep, labored breath.

They pass a clock on the street; it's 11:55.

EXT. CHICAGO STREET - DAY

We see the National Examiner building getting closer and closer.

INT. CAR

Dorothy, horrified, as they approach.

EXT. CAR

A church chime starts to ring. It's noon.

The National Examiner building as Quinlan drives right past it.

INT. CAR - DAY

Dorothy, confused and astonished, as they pass the building.

EXT. CHICAGO STREET - DAY

As the car turns onto Michigan Avenue and then onto South Wacker Street.

Quinlan double-parks.

INT. STATION WAGON - DAY

As Quinlan turns off the ignition.

EXT. WACKER STREET - DAY

As Quinlan leaps out of the car, followed by Huey and Dorothy.

Gently they help Michael out of the car. The raincoat is over his shoulders.

QUINLAN
We're here, Michael. We're
here.

Propping Michael up on each side, Huey and Quinlan turn him.

On Michael, as he sees where they are. He starts to look up, and his face seems to fill with light.

And now we see what he sees:

The World's Tallest Building

The Sears Tower.

They're standing on the plaza next to it.

Huey takes out the guidebook and starts to read from it:

HUEY
The Sears Tower in Chicago
is the world's tallest
building. It stands 1454
feet above street level and
contains enough concrete
for an eight-lane highway.

Michael looking up at the building.

Feathers blowing everywhere.

Michael, leaning on Quinlan and Huey for support, slowly and gently collapses onto the plaza into a sitting position, still looking up at the tower.

And then, slowly, he lies back, still looking up. He's lying on the raincoat, his wings a bed of feathers beneath him.

Huey and Quinlan and Dorothy crouch next to him. He's pale now, almost ashen.

MICHAEL

Look. Look.

They look up and see the building.

And beyond the building, the sky.

HEAVEN

As dark clouds gather.

Dorothy takes Michael's hand in hers. She looks at Quinlan, terrified.

Michael is in his last moments on earth. His eyes are glazed, his breathing slow and deep. He's soaked in sweat.

MICHAEL

I'm so sorry....

Dorothy, crying.

MICHAEL

I didn't do what I came
for.... I didn't
finish....

He doesn't have the strength to go on.

He closes his eyes.

DOROTHY

Goodbye, world's biggest
angel.

QUINLAN

Goodbye my battling friend.
Godspeed.

And now Michael's wings gently fold over his body and completely conceal him.

Close on Quinlan, Dorothy and Huey. Feelings play across their faces -- grief, awe, wonder. There is also a sense of almost religious calm.

A gust of wind starts to blow, a sudden swirling gust of wind.

The feathers begin to blow.

The gust gets stronger, and suddenly --

Michael is gone. Every bit of him blown to the winds. Even his clothes are gone somehow.

The wind dies down.

Hold on Dorothy, Quinlan and Huey, looking at each other.

EXT. HEAVEN - DAY

As the stormclouds blow away and we see patches of blue.

And pan down to:

EXT. NATIONAL EXAMINER - DAY

As Quinlan, Huey, Dorothy and Lucky walk into the building. All of them carrying their bags.

INT. NEWSROOM - DAY

As the three of them and Lucky walk through the newsroom, all eyes on them.

INT. MALT'S OFFICE - DAY

Malt sitting in his chair, Craddock behind him as Quinlan, Huey, Dorothy and Lucky come into the room.

MALT
You're late.

QUINLAN
We know.

MALT
Where's the angel?

QUINLAN
It was a hoax.

MALT
A hoax?

DOROTHY
A hoax.

HUEY
Definitely a hoax.

QUINLAN
He had detachable wings.

DOROTHY
And a halo made of
pipecleaners --

HUEY
And he smelled of cookies.

Quinlan and Dorothy glare at Huey.

HUEY
Just kidding.

CRADDOCK
So not Page One.

MALT
Not page anything, you
moron. So I win. You're
fired and I get the dog.
Here Lucky....

Lucky snarls.

MALT (CONT.)
(to Huey)
Pick him up and hand him
over.

Lucky disappears under the couch.

MALT (CONT.)
(to Dorothy)
Get the mutt out.

Huey and Quinlan look at her.

DOROTHY
Oh right. Like this dog
can be gotten out. Like
this dog can do anything.
This is the worst dog I
have ever met.

MALT
I thought you said you
could train any dog.

QUINLAN
She was wrong.

HUEY
(trying to be
helpful)
We met a guy with a two-
headed chicken outside
Cedar Rapids.

MALT
(to Dorothy)
What are you saying? Are
you saying I'm stuck with
(MORE)

MALT (CONT'D)
these guys because of a
dog?

QUINLAN
You're stuck with Mr.
Driscoll. Not with me.

He stands and walks out.

MALT
Where are you going?

Malt runs after him.

INT. NEWSROOM - CONTINUOUS

MALT
Look, Quinlan, whatever I
said, don't take it
personally. I don't want
to fire you. You're the
best reporter I have.

QUINLAN
I'm out of here.

MALT
A raise. I'll give you a
raise. Hell, you can have
Craddock's job.

QUINLAN
I don't want Craddock's
job.

He stops at his desk, picks up his copy of Strunk &
White, puts it into his satchel.

Starts toward the door.

MALT
You're just leaving?
(no response)
Can we talk about this?
(no response)
Talk to me. Quinlan.
Disagree with me. Argue me
out of it.
(pleadingly,
pathetically)
Fight with me. Let's have
a fight. Please.
(MORE)

MALT (CONT'D)
 (as Quinlan
 presses the
 elevator button)
 You're the only person here
 who ever fought with me.
 Who am I going to fight
 with? Tell me, Quinlan.
 Help me. You gotta help me
 here.

Quinlan steps into the elevator and presses the button.

As it closes:

QUINLAN
 It's not my area.

Malt turns to go back to his office, bumps into Dorothy Winters.

DOROTHY
 Frank... Wait...

But the elevator's gone.

INT. LOBBY - EXAMINER BUILDING

Elevator doors open, Quinlan gets out. Leaves the building.

EXT. EXAMINER BUILDING - DAY

Through the outside glass, we see the other elevator open. Dorothy comes out and runs out of the building after him.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The wind is blowing. As Dorothy catches up with Quinlan.

DOROTHY
 I'm sorry.

Quinlan doesn't answer, he keeps walking.

DOROTHY (CONT.)
 Please stop. Please stop
 and talk to me.

He stops. Looks at her. She's now tongue-tied.

QUINLAN
 I appreciate what you said
 in there. I thank you,
 Huey thanks you, I'm sure
 (MORE)

QUINLAN (CONT'D)
 Lucky thanks you. I'll see
 you around.

DOROTHY
 You said you could forgive
 me anything.

QUINLAN
 What are you talking about?
 I forgive you. We had a
 nice time. What are you
 upset about?

Dorothy looks at him, realizes the old Quinlan is back.

DOROTHY
 Oh, it's you. I remember
 you. I thought you were
 gone.

A long beat. She turns and starts to walk away.

QUINLAN
 What? What are you talking
 about?

She keeps on walking. Quinlan shrugs and walks away in
 the other direction.

The wind is blowing.

KEEP THEM BOTH IN FRAME, AS THEY GET FURTHER AND
 FURTHER AWAY FROM EACH OTHER.

EXT. CHICAGO STREET - CONTINUOUS

As Quinlan walks past a shop window full of angel
 gewgaws. Pulls up his collar against the cold wind.

EXT. CHICAGO ELEVATED TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

As the wind swirls the snow.

INT. EL - CONTINUOUS

As Quinlan rides home.

EXT. STAIRS TO STREET FROM ELEVATED - CONTINUOUS

As Quinlan comes down the stairs to the street and
 starts to walk home. Colder and colder.

EXT. QUINLAN'S APARTMENT HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

As he enters.

INT. QUINLAN'S APARTMENT - DUSK

As he comes into his apartment.

He puts down his bag, riffles through the mail.

Looks at the fish.

The fish looks back.

Quinlan shakes some fish food into the bowl.

The sound of rock and roll.

Quinlan takes a broomstick and bangs it on the ceiling.

The music gets lower.

He walks over to the table and turns on the light.

He goes to the closet, and, from the shelf above his clothes, he takes an 8 1/2" by 11" box. He opens it, and takes out a sheaf of typed pages -- his half-finished novel.

A beat while Quinlan contemplates it. Then he sets the pages down on his desk, and pulls the dust cover off his typewriter.

INT. DOROTHY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

As she unlocks the door, letting in dim light from the hall, and then flips on the light. She goes over to the television, hits the power button to turn it on, and without looking even to see what's on, puts her suitcase on the bed and starts unpacking.

EXT. WINTER SKY - LATE AFTERNOON

Snow is falling. And pan down to:

EXT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - A FEW WEEKS LATER

Snow on the ground. Through the restaurant window, we see Quinlan alone, sitting at a window table, reading. The waiter comes to take his order.

INT. RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

WAITER

For our specials tonight,
we have angel hair pasta in
a pomodoro sauce, pasta
primavera, that's a melange
of vegetables with a touch
of garlic and cream over
angel hair pasta, shrimp,

(MORE)

WAITER (CONT'D)
 sundried tomatoes and
 pinenuts on angel hair
 pasta, and finally a light
 sauce of lemon and parsley
 tossed with --

QUINLAN & WAITER
 (together)
 Angel hair pasta.

QUINLAN
 I hate angel hair pasta.

WAITER
 That's all we have.

QUINLAN
 I find that hard to
 believe. You have no
 penne? Fettucini?
 Farfelle? Wagon wheels?
 Boconcini?
 (etc.)

And cut to:

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Snow on the ground. Dorothy at the counter, doing the
 puzzle.

The WAITER comes to take her plate away.

WAITER
 Can I get you any dessert?

Dorothy shakes her head no. Suddenly looks up.

DOROTHY
 You don't by any chance
 have angel food cake?

WAITER
 Nope.

DOROTHY
 Just the check then.

INT. QUINLAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Quinlan, working on his book. A bowl of lemons on the
 table. From upstairs, we hear music.

Earth Angel.

Quinlan gets his broom and starts to bang on the
 ceiling.

EXT. CHICAGO STREET - DAY

Dorothy, walking her dogs again, making her way through throngs of Christmas shoppers. Christmas decorations everywhere.

Suddenly we hear Christmas music: Hark the Herald Angels Sing.

Dorothy crosses the street and heads into the park.

EXT. EL - ANOTHER DAY

As Quinlan comes up the stairs to the station.

He sees ahead of him a large poster on a sign board. The poster is partially visible.

Michael, it says.

Angle on Quinlan looking at it.

More of the poster comes into view. It now reads Michaelangel.

Another shot of Quinlan, looking at it.

And now the rest of the poster is clear. It says: Michelangelo. And below it, Chicago Art Museum, February 2-28.

Quinlan stops to stare at the poster a minute. It shows the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. His face betrays nothing.

A train pulls into the station and he gets onto it. As the train pulls out, we see the opposite platform.

DOROTHY

from the back, looking at an identical poster. With her finger, just for a second, she traces the part of the painting where God's finger touches Adam's.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CHICAGO STREET - DAY - A MONTH OR SO LATER

A freezing cold day. Quinlan looking a shade more peaceful and pulled together, comes down the street.

INT. BAR - A LITTLE LATER

Camera pans through noisy restaurant/bar. A TV is on and we can hear the weathercaster saying that this is the coldest winter in recent memory.

Now we see Quinlan and Huey at the bar.

HUEY

So now Valerie's got it
into her head that we
should go to one of those
Club Med places where they
take care of your kids
while you're free to make
love. Seems like a lot of
pressure.

They both laugh. Huey motions for the check.

HUEY

Did you ever tell anyone
about ...

Quinlan shakes his head no.

HUEY

I was going to. All the
way home I was thinking
wait until Valerie hears
this. And then I opened my
mouth to tell her and the
words wouldn't come out. I
even opened my mouth a
second time, thinking that
if I started over, a
sentence would fly out of
me, but nothing.

QUINLAN

As far as I'm concerned, it
never happened.

HUEY

But we saw it. We were
there.

QUINLAN

If it happened ... Don't
you see what it means if it
happened? It means we have
to believe in ... elves,
for God's sake. UFOs.
Visitations from the dead,
ghosts, spirits, pearly
gates. I don't believe in
pearly gates, Huey, and I'm
not starting now.

Huey takes the check off the bar.

HUEY

What are you up to?

QUINLAN
Back on the novel.

Huey nods. A long pause.

HUEY
If it didn't happen,
where's your raincoat?

QUINLAN
If it happened... if it
happened, you know what?

HUEY
What?

QUINLAN
Then I've got to believe
that some day I'm going to
be walking down the street
--

(continued)

CUT TO:

EXT. CHICAGO STREET - DAY

As Quinlan comes down from the El and starts walking home.

The words "SIMULATED DRAMATIZATION" appear on screen as Quinlan's voiceover continues.

QUINLAN (V.O.)
(continued)
-- and some unknown force
is going to make me turn
right when I want to turn
left --
(continued)

As Quinlan touches his shoulder, as if an angel has tapped it, and turns right.

QUINLAN (V.O.)
(continued)
-- and at that moment, as I
turn down a street I never
intended to set foot on, a
car is going to come around
the corner --
(continued)

A car comes around the corner.

QUINLAN
(continued)
-- with the woman of my
(MORE)

QUINLAN (CONT'D)
dreams in it, and it's
going to blow a flat right
next to where I'm standing.

The car blows a flat. Quinlan turns toward it.

HOLD ON QUINLAN'S FACE.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. BAR - DAY

End of simulated dramatization.

Quinlan and Huey at the bar.

QUINLAN
It never happened.

They turn to walk out the door.

EXT. CHICAGO STREET - DAY

As they come out of the bar.

QUINLAN
How's Lucky?

HUEY
Good. Dorothy came over to
visit him the other night
and taught him to roll
over. He's a nicer dog.

Quinlan gives him a look.

A beat.

HUEY
Don't you want to know how
she is?

QUINLAN
How is she?

HUEY
She's fine. Why don't you
call her? She's in the
book.

QUINLAN
I know.

HUEY
You looked it up?

QUINLAN
It never happened.

Huey reaches into his pocket and hands Quinlan the feather.

HUEY
It never happened.

Quinlan puts it in his pocket. Walks away.

EXT. ELEVATED TRAIN - DAY

As Quinlan goes home.

EXT. CHICAGO STREET - DAY

As Quinlan comes down the stairs, just as he did in the Simulated Dramatization.

He comes to the exact same corner he came to in the Simulated Dramatization, but he makes the turn he always makes.

EXT. CHICAGO STREET - DAY

As he walks along.

A car comes around the corner, the exact same car we saw in the Simulated Dramatization.

It blows a flat.

Quinlan turns toward it.

HOLD ON HIS FACE JUST AS WE DID IN THE SIMULATED
DRAMATIZATION.

WHAT HE SEES: TWO TEENAGE BOYS get out of the car and look at the flat tire.

Quinlan shakes his head, laughs to himself.

QUINLAN
Need some help?

FIRST TEENAGE BOY
No, we're cool.

Quinlan goes on walking.

Smiling to himself, shaking his head.

Suddenly he sees something. In the distance.

He can't make out what it is.

What he sees:

A MAN IN A RAINCOAT.

It's a coat exactly like Quinlan's, and the man ...
Quinlan looking ... He's sure. It's Michael.

He's walking with his back to Quinlan.

Quinlan starts running. Running to catch up. He runs
and runs. Ahead of him Michael turns a corner.

EXT. CHICAGO STREET - DAY

As Quinlan comes around a corner. No one. He looks
around.

Then he sees Michael again, way off in the distance.

Starts running again.

The man turns a corner.

Quinlan runs after him, comes around the corner.

EXT. CHICAGO STREET - DAY

The same exact street we saw in the Simulated
Dramatization. A street Quinlan has never set foot on
in his life.

There's Dorothy. She's been running too.

He almost runs right into her.

They stop dead, look at each other.

QUINLAN

What are you doing here?

DOROTHY

I live here. I live two
blocks from here. I was
going home, and I thought I
saw ...

They look at each other.

DOROTHY

Your raincoat.

QUINLAN

He came around this corner
...

DOROTHY
(pointing to
another corner,
the one on the
other end of the
block)

That corner ...

They stop, realizing that what they're talking about is impossible. Unless, of course....

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out the feather and puts it into her lapel.

QUINLAN
I love you.

DOROTHY
I love you.

A long look.

QUINLAN
Marry me.

DOROTHY
No.

QUINLAN
Marry me please.

Hold on Dorothy's face. She's in pain.

DOROTHY
(weakly)
No.

QUINLAN
Marry me, Dorothy.

She's crumbling.

DOROTHY
(a squeak)
Yo.

QUINLAN
Oh my darling Dorothy, will
you marry me?

DOROTHY
Yes.

He wraps his arms around her and kisses her. She's completely enveloped by him.

Hold on the two of them.

Cars pass. Christmas shoppers walk by. The street, which was empty just moments ago, is now bustling with activity. We start to pull back and back and back until Quinlan and Dorothy are just two people on a busy street somewhere in America.

Quinlan puts his arm around Dorothy and they start to walk away.

QUINLAN

Let's go home.

As they go:

QUINLAN

Do you smell something?

DOROTHY,

There's a bakery near here.

And they walk off down the street, and we hear the sound of

WINGS

And now we tilt up.

HEAVEN

A beautiful blue sky.

The sound of wings gets louder and louder, and then starts to get softer.

And as a white cloud comes into frame, and the sound of wings dies away we

FADE OUT.

MikeSep3 10/20

Mike4 3/27/95

Lastmike 4/29/95

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Mike Oct @