"OUTRAGEOUS FORTUNE"

by

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FADE IN

1 EXT. NEW YORK INSTITUTE OF DRAMATIC ARTS - ESTABLISH 1

2 INT. REHEARSAL STUDIO - DAY 2

A room full of masked fencers, all in pairs, are going through the rather effete motions of a classical fencing class. We PAN PAST their languid parrys and thrusts...then STOP as we notice one pair that's different from the rest...these two are whacking away at one another like Musketeers...grunting...foils clashing...a serious contest, and one is definitely getting the worst of it. Fencer #1 finally thrusts home.

FENCER #2
Yow!
(backing off)
All right. That's it.
(pulling off her mask)
She tried to kill me!

Their TEACHER, an aging Douglas Fairbanks type, approaches.

FENCER #1
Isn't that the point?

TEACHER
No, Lauren. This is <u>theatrical</u> fencing... This isn't an autopsy! All right?

LAUREN
All right.

The Teacher walks away. Lauren takes off her mask. She is an attractive, poised, and determined young woman.

FENCER #2
(rubbing her arm)
Dammit! I don't even know why they make us <u>do</u> this.

LAUREN
You want to do Shakespeare? Shakespearean people have duels.

FENCER #1
Not the <u>women.</u>

LAUREN
It happens to be my ambition to play Hamlet.

Lauren walks off.

FENCER #2
That'll pack 'em in the aisles.

3 OMIT 3

4 INT. AN EQUITY WAIVER THEATRE - A BARE STAGE 4

Lauren and several other ACTRESSES, scripts in hand, are rehearsing a play.

DIRECTOR'S VOICE
(from orchestra)
All right, now, Lauren, you're furious, you're livid, now try it the way we worked it out...

LAUREN
(squinting into footlights)
Um, Mike...? I just don't think that Eleanor Roosevelt would give Joan of Arc the finger...maybe it's me...

5 OMIT 5

6 INT. N.Y. INSTITUTE - A DANCE STUDIO - DAY 6

Lauren, in a leotard and tights, stands in a group of students, one by one doing leaps for their BALLET TEACHER. The teacher makes a chalk mark on the floor where each student lands. A BLACK GIRL does a nice one...she grins...her chalk mark is the farthest out of anyone's. Lauren's turn. She takes a few deep breaths and, brow furrowed with concentration, backs up for her try. She runs, leaps, and sails...sails...in slow motion, three feet past the black girl's mark.

BLACK GIRL
Bitch.

Lauren proceeds to the ballet bar, where she begins some limbering-up exercises.

MALE VOICE
Lauren.

She turns. The voice belongs to a delicately handsome MALE DANCER.

LAUREN
Hi, George.

He leans into her, eyeing her seductively.

GEORGE
Have dinner with me tonight.

LAUREN
(surprised)
...What?

GEORGE
(smoldering)
Say yes.

LAUREN
George!

GEORGE
Say yes.

LAUREN
George, why are you acting like this?

GEORGE
Because I want to be with you.

LAUREN
(pleased)
Well...that's really nice...
(laughs)
This is so funny. I thought you were gay!

GEORGE
(dead serious)
Well, I am, but I play so many heterosexual roles, I really feel I need to do some serious research--

On her horrified reaction we--

CUT TO:

7 INT. CORRIDOR IN INSTITUTE - DAY 7

Actors. Actresses. People in tap shoes, people muttering soliloquies to themselves, etc. Lauren walks along with another ACTRESS.

LAUREN
(fuming)
...Just when I think there's no further depth to which actors could <u>possibly</u> sink...

ACTRESS
Hey, that's nothing, remember Fred? I've got a 50% hearing loss in this ear from him yelling "Stella!" in bed.

LAUREN
I swore off actors a year ago! I said if that's the only sub-species of man available, I'd rather not date at all...
(a slightly embarrassed pause)
...And, I haven't but...
(shrugs, trying to convince herself)
There are other things...I work... I perfect my craft...

She trails off, her attention riveted to the hall bulletin board. She points, awed, at a small placard. It reads:

Winter Class Now Open
Stanislav Korzenowski
By Audition Only

LAUREN
(orgasmic)
Korzenowski!

ACTRESS
Yeah, but where are you going to get that kind of money?

8 EXT. LAUREN'S PARENTS' APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY 8

Lauren buzzes #12C, "Ames," making sure to stay out of the line of vision of the video camera.

LAUREN'S MOTHER
(through intercom)
Who is it?!

LAUREN
(in a Brooklynese foghorn of a voice)
It's yuh sistah-in-law! Hurry up, my feet're fallin' off!

LAUREN'S MOTHER
Well, hi, Shir --
(suspiciously)
Wait a minute. Get in front of the camera.

Sighing heavily, Lauren obeys.

LAUREN'S MOTHER
I knew it.

LAUREN
Come on, Mom, let me in.

LAUREN'S MOTHER
No. We can't afford it.

LAUREN
Mom, please.

LAUREN'S FATHER
(through intercom)
Is that my baby?

LAUREN'S MOTHER
Yes, but she can't come in, she wants a loan--

LAUREN
Daddy! Daddy, can't I come up? Daddy...?

She smiles adorably into the video camera. Dimples...the whole shot. There is the immediate response of a buzz on the door - cut short before she can reach it.

LAUREN'S MOTHER
Warren! What are you doing?!

LAUREN'S FATHER
You don't know she wants money!

LAUREN
Yeah, Mom, can't I just drop by to see my parents?

A beat. The silence from the box is oppressive.

LAUREN
All right, I need five thousand dollars.
(quickly, over her parents' protests)
It's to study with Korzenowski, Daddy, Stanislav Korzenowski -- I'll pay you back!

LAUREN'S MOTHER
WHAT did you say? WHAT was that?!

LAUREN
(meekly)
I know, I owe you some money--

LAUREN'S MOTHER
You owe us $32,000--

LAUREN
It's the Korzenowski!

LAUREN'S MOTHER
And before that it was Yale, and London ...and the Institute ... Lauren...you've been at this acting thing for years, you haven't earned a dime, you're still working as a salesgirl... honey... face it. Maybe it's time to give up.

Throughout this speech Lauren's face slowly falls, as the truth in her mother's words strikes home. Tears form in the corners of her eyes. Then, suddenly, something flutters into frame behind her, dropped from above. Lauren grabs it. It's a check.

LAUREN
(looking up, waving)
Thank you, Daddy!

We hear Lauren's mother squawk of protest from the intercom --"I can't believe you did that!" and her father's "She said she'd pay us back!" The argument escalates behind her as Lauren skips off down the street.

9 OMIT 9

10 OMIT 10

11 EXT. THE KORZENOWSKI STUDIO - ESTABLISH - DAY 11

12 INT. A RECEPTION AREA - DAY 12

Lauren puts a check on the RECEPTIONIST'S desk.

LAUREN
Here's my application ... and my down payment.

RECEPTIONIST
Keep that for now. You still have to audition. Mr. Korzenowski will call you.

Lauren sits, restless in a plastic chair. Next to her is a pleasant-faced, dorky young man whom we will come to know as WELDON. He turns to her suddenly.

WELDON
Are you nervous?

Lauren jumps out of her skin at the sound of his voice.

WELDON
Sorry...I'm really sorry...I guess we're all a little...
(at her glare)
...don't talk, right. Oh boy, I don't blame you. This is so intense ... shut up, Weldon. Sorry. Sorry.

Lauren puts her hands to her temples, composing herself for the audition to come. Then -- with an ear-splitting crash -- the door to the hall bangs open. In gallumphs SANDY BROZINSKY, tight leather pants, rhinestone belt, plunging neckline on a leopard-skin shirt, wild hair -- the overall effect is "If you've got it, flaunt it," and she does. Sandy hurtles herself at the receptionist.

SANDY
You gotta phone I can use?

The receptionist shrugs. Sandy pulls out a little red card, peers at it, and dials a number.

SANDY
Yeah, hi, this is Sandy Brozinsky, what's your name? Howie. Okay, Howie, I am holding in my hand this thingie that says you're gonna turn off my phone at noon.

The clock on the wall behind her says four minutes to noon. The minute hand flicks. Three minutes. She observes this dispassionately.

SANDY
Yeah, well, I wanna tell you something. I <u>just</u> got out of the hospital...I <u>get</u> home, after two months of intensive care, they <u>wheel</u> me into my building, I <u>open</u> my mailbox, and there I find your thingie screaming that I have until 12 noon today--no! No, <u>you listen!</u> <u>I just opened the damn thing, I just now laid eyes on it for the first time</u>...what was I supposed to do, have them unhook the life support machine so I could pay my bills?!
(a beat)
Uh-huh, so I now have three, no, two minutes to write a check and <u>wheel</u> myself down to your office, Howie, is that the drill?

(a beat)
24 hours? 24 big ones. Uh-huh. You're a prince among men, Howie. I mean it. I want to have your child. Yeah, bye.

She hangs up, rubbing her hands together in triumph.

SANDY
So! Who's got a cigarette!

Lauren realizes that this creature is talking to her.

LAUREN
I don't smoke.

Sandy brazenly steals one of the receptionist's cigarettes, who is too busy typing to notice. Sandy pulls out another card and dials another number.

LAUREN
Stop. Could you please not screech at anyone else right now? I'm preparing for an audition.

SANDY
(with interest)
Oh yeah? What for?

WELDON
A workshop with Stanislav Korzenowski.

SANDY
Who's that?

LAUREN
Only one of the great geniuses of the theatre, now if you don't mind--

SANDY
Hey, maybe I should audition for him too! I'm an actress.

Weldon murmurs politely. Lauren snorts with contempt.

SANDY
Hey, no, I'm a pro. I bet I'm more of a pro than you.

LAUREN
I sincerely doubt that.

SANDY
Okay. What have you done?

LAUREN
(smugly)
Most recently? I've played Cordelia, Miranda, Beatrice, I've played Antigone ... Before that I was in the Off-Broadway production of "The Potato Famine" ... I was First Apparition.

SANDY
Apparition.

LAUREN
Yes, I was in the vision that they saw in the end when they starved to death.

SANDY
I missed that one.

LAUREN
It was a good little musical.

SANDY
You make a lot of money off those plays?
(no response)
Uh-huh, well, I just made 25 hundred bucks doing a movie. Yeah!

WELDON
That's where I've seen you! It was driving me nuts!

SANDY
You saw "Ninja Vixens?"

WELDON
(embarrassed)
I...uh...must have.

SANDY
Yeah, this whole acting thing's been going pretty good. I mean, it's all just bullshitting, right? Actors are just bullshitters who get paid! Where do I sign up?

The receptionist indifferently thrusts a clipboard at her. Sandy scribbles her signature. Lauren can't stand it.

LAUREN
Just exactly what do you think you're going to do in there?

SANDY
I dunno, I'll make something up.

LAUREN
You're planning to go in to Stanislav Korzenowski and wing it!

SANDY
Jesus, you'd think I was gonna go in and pee on him!

LAUREN
Listen to me. You don't audition for a man of Korzenowski's reputation without a prepared classical monologue ... that means Shaw! Ibsen! Shakespeare! I'm doing Ophelia's mad scene! I am not waltzing in off the street saying, hey, I think I'll be an actress!

A long moment as Sandy absorbs this.

SANDY
You know what I bet? I bet you haven't been laid in about a year.

Lauren gasps. Bullseye. She sputters with rage.

MALE VOICE
Ames. Lauren.

Lauren looks up. There, in the doorway, is STANISLAV KORZENOWSKI, 60, eastern European accent, grey, eminent, exuding power and disdain.

KORZENOWSKI
Come.

Twitching with anger, Lauren rises and follows him into the audition room.

SANDY
Have a good mad scene!
(to Korzenowski)
It's really great. I just saw it.

13 INT. LAUREN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 13

The room is book-lined and neat and tidy, posters of Olivier and Shakespeare on the walls. Lauren, in leotard and tights, is practicing leg extensions as she talks on the phone.

LAUREN
Hi Daddy...

(conspiratorially)
I'm glad it's you...Mom's been hanging up on me...
(agitated)
I don't know! ...I don't know how I did...I was a little thrown off by this horrible creature in his office...you have never seen so much spandex in one place in your life...calling herself an "actress"...well I have no doubt she made an absolute ass of herself with Korzenowski...heh heh...

14 INT. KORZENOWSKI'S STUDIO-OFFICE - NIGHT 14

Korzenowski sits at his desk with a glass of brandy. He is pouring over the huge pile of photo/resumes, one at a time, making the selections for a wildly diverse class. He tosses three photos in a row into the waste paper basket, then stops at Sandy's photo, chuckling to himself...

15 INT. A NEW WAVE BAR - NIGHT 15

Sandy, who works as a cocktail waitress, is taking the order of a NEW WAVE GIRL and her BOYFRIEND.

SANDY
What'll you have?

NEW WAVE GIRL
I donno. What goes with Black Beauties?

SANDY
(matter-of-factly)
Chivas, Tanqueray, most of the dark beers.

16 INT. KORZENOWSKI'S OFFICE 16

Korzenowski is looking at Sandy and Lauren's pictures together.

17 INT. KORZENOWSKI'S DRAMA CLASS - DAY 17

Korzenowski addresses his class of 10, among whom is a very happy-looking Lauren. Weldon also made it. No Sandy.

KORZENOWSKI
I will wish you to keep notes of what I say...I will also wish to look at these notes...if you say this is like high school, I do not apologize...
(genially)
I am an old egotist and I want to know you record my ideas...

(turning to ice)
If you do not, you are gone from this class.

18 ON THE STUDENTS 18

who are dutifully scribbling down everything he says.

KORZENOWSKI
We begin with vowel groups. Alone there are over 400--

WELDON
(under his breath)
Vowel groups!?

KORZENOWSKI
Do you know a Texas diphthong from a Georgia diphthong? No, and without this knowledge you will never do dialects--

A door slams. All eyes turn to Sandy.

SANDY
Sorry I'm late. They made me fill out all these dumb-ass financial aid forms...

19 INT. THEATRICAL COSTUME SHOP - DAY 19

Lauren, behind the counter, wraps up an alligator costume for a customer, all the while talking to her fellow COUNTERGIRL.

LAUREN
I cannot believe, I absolutely cannot believe that he let her in...on a scholarship! I'll just bet I know what she did for an audition! The woman has no training, no experience...I mean, correct me if I'm wrong, I really thought if you work at your craft, maybe just possibly, you get to study with one of the greats...

She rings up a glasses/nose apparatus for a kid.

COUNTERGIRL
Uh...it's $2.95, not two hundred ninety-five dollars.

LAUREN
I knew that...
(head in hands)
Something's wrong with my life.

MALE VOICE
Excuse me.

She looks up. Bending over her counter is the greatest-looking guy she has ever seen. Ever. We're talking drop-dead, hunk caliber here -- the type of guy on whose arm every woman dreams of entering a party, if for no other reason than to send 1,000 volts of jealousy through the bodies of every other woman in the room. However, his attitude is anything but "I-know-I'm gorgeous" -- he seems like a genuinely nice guy.

GREAT LOOKING GUY
Are you feeling all right?

LAUREN
(taking him in)
Um...better...I'm better...I was just...who cares...can I help you?

GREAT LOOKING GUY
Well...I was wondering if you had anything in a pumpkin.

LAUREN
In the shade pumpkin?

GREAT LOOKING GUY
No...a pumpkin. Costume.
(laughing)
I sound like an idiot, don't I? The reason is, I teach grammar school.

LAUREN
(not sure she heard right)
You're a schoolteacher?

GREAT LOOKING GUY
Uh-huh.

LAUREN
You're not an actor.

GREAT LOOKING GUY
(flattered; laughs)
God, no! I'd be terrible! What made you think that?

LAUREN
So many actors come into the store, I...
(thrilled)
...not an actor...ahem, go on.

GREAT LOOKING GUY
Well, we're putting on a little pageant...there's this one kid ...he's very insecure, you know, other kids pick on him...his mother doesn't sew...and I think it would really give him a big boost to have the best darn costume in the whole place, so I kind of thought maybe a professional costumers would have an incredible pumpkin...now, I can't go more than 50, because this is out of my own pocket.

Lauren sighs. He's Jimmy Stewart in Tom Selleck's body.

LAUREN
I really am sorry...I don't think we have a pumpkin.

GREAT LOOKING GUY
Oh. How about a squash?

LAUREN
We don't have any vegetables, as such. I'm really sorry.

GREAT LOOKING GUY
(crestfallen)
Well, this was the last place on the list...oh, well, listen, I'll throw something together...I really appreciate your time.

LAUREN
Oh...well...I don't know...maybe someone...maybe I could...I've, um, made a lot of my own costumes...it probably wouldn't be that difficult ...I mean, if I could help out...

20 INT. LAUREN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 20

We see a sewing machine, protruding from which is an orange circular piece of material -- obviously a pumpkin costume-in progress adds. PAN RIGHT to reveal that Lauren and the Great Looking Guy are in bed, wrapped around each other. Lauren has the dopey grin of a totally satisfied woman.

MICHAEL
Lauren...I really hope you'll forgive me...I don't usually lunge at women...you just...whew! I don't know, I had to kiss you...I'm sorry. I really hope you'll want to see me again.

Lauren has to laugh aloud. Here is this fabulous guy, apologizing for sweeping her off her feet. She snuggles closer to him.

LAUREN
Michael, where in the world did you come from?

MICHAEL
New Mexico, originally--

LAUREN
No, I mean, how can a delightful man like you be just wandering the streets of New York...

She grabs his left hand and inspects it closely. Grins.

LAUREN
...Single! I just can't believe it!

MICHAEL
Well, that's not really by choice...I'd like to be married...

LAUREN
(absorbing this)
This isn't happening.

MICHAEL
(laughing)
Why not?!

LAUREN
Come on, there's got to be something wrong with you. What are your faults?

MICHAEL
(thinking a moment)
I smoke.

LAUREN
That's it?! You smoke? Call the police!

MICHAEL
No, it's terrible, I'm an addict...
(producing a tobacco pouch)
Colton's tobacco. New Mexico's finest. I hope you don't mind.

He starts rolling a cigarette by hand. Lauren grins, utterly happy.

LAUREN
I'll struggle through somehow.

MICHAEL
I'm glad, because...okay, now, I don't want to push you or anything, but...could I see you again tomorrow night?

Lauren laughs. This guy is too perfect. She smiles at him tenderly.

LAUREN
Who conjured you up?

He kisses her.

-MONTAGE: SERIES OF SHOTS

21 Michael and Lauren making love

22 Michael feeds Lauren the last tamale from a takeout carton as she sits at the sewing machine (wearing only his shirt), working on the pumpkin costume. Michael picks up the notebook from Korzenowski's class and leafs through it casually.

MICHAEL
Is this what you learn in acting class?
(turns a page, laughing)
What in the heck are these?

LAUREN
Vowel groups.

23-25 OMIT

23-25

26 You guessed it. More lovemaking.

26

27 EXT. TOBACCO STORE - MORNING

27

Michael and Lauren, sleepy but happy, walk along arm in arm. On her free arm hangs the finished pumpkin costume -- a work of art. Michael stops, bounds into the store, deserting her. She frowns; he reappears a few moments later holding a pouch of his beloved tobacco. She smiles. They walk on.

28 EXT. SCHOOLYARD - MORNING

28

Michael and Lauren approach the school gates.

LAUREN
You'd better not kiss me, it might get you into trou--

He sweeps her into his arms as the kids swarm around them.

29 INT. KORZENOWSKI'S CLASS - DAY 29

Lauren walks in with a glazed smile, slightly bowlegged. Sandy takes this in.

SANDY
Mm-hm. That kind of evening, huh?

LAUREN
Not the kind you're used to. No money changed hands.

30 AN HOUR LATER 30

Korzenowski faces the class.

KORZENOWSKI
All right, now, we're going to work without the words. There are things more important than words. All right. Eddie! Reveal!

Eddie, an older guy, steps uncertainly before the class.

EDDIE
Aka! Akkawanna-gah!

KORZENOWSKI
No! No! Reveal! You've killed your father! You've married your mother! What are you feeling. No words!

Eddie concentrates, screws up his face, and lets loose with a bizarre howl.

KORZENOWSKI
We have here a sick sea lion.
(beat)
Miss Brozinsky, you will now do, also without words, Hamlet's soliloquy.

SANDY
(syncing)
Hamlet... that's Shakespeare right?

KORZENOWSKI
(sarcastic)
Is it possible that you have never read the Tragedy of Hamlet?

30 CONTINUED: 30

SANDY
(defensive)
Well, sure, in high school... look, I gotta tell you, I could never get through it.

KORZENOWSKI
High School?

The class laughs. Sandy's eyes narrow.

KORZENOWSKI
(turning to class)
Well, then. We will have to get her the comic book.

(CONTINUED)

The class laughs. Sandy is humiliated.

31 EXT. THE KORZENOWSKI STUDIO - DAY 31

Each carrying their notebooks like diligent schoolgirls, Lauren and Sandy emerge from the building and split off in opposite directions. WE FOLLOW Sandy, who is muttering to herself in anger, down to the corner. She turns, enters the vestibule of a building, and buzzes. She is buzzed in.

32 INT. SANDY'S APARTMENT - FOYER 32

Before she can even knock the door is snatched open -- by Michael. She leaps into his arms, kissing him passionately.

SANDY
Hi, baby...
(kiss)
...that bastard...
(kiss)
...damn class is driving me mm...

She breaks off, noticing that he is somewhat detached ...pensive...only half responding to her ardor with something of a pained smile.

SANDY
What's wrong?

Michael opens his mouth. Sandy puts a finger to his lips.

SANDY
I know what you need.

She flings her notebook across the room and, with a grin, leaps into his arms.

33 INT. KORZENOWSKI'S DRAMA CLASS - DAY 33

KORZENOWSKI
Death. To die on stage is perhaps the single greatest challenge an actor must face. The audience must believe, must absolutely know that the life is going out of your body. Now. You.

Korzenowski's steely gaze lands on Weldon. He gulps, nervously steps forward. Korzenowski places his hands around Weldon's throat.

KORZENOWSKI
You will die now please.

Korzenowski begins to squeeze. Weldon gasps.

KORZENOWSKI
I don't believe you. No, no, maintain your concentration!

He squeezes harder. Weldon is now doing a very convincing impersonation of a man choking to death. Maybe too convincing. Lauren watches, biting her lip.

KORZENOWSKI
No! I don't believe you! Maintain your focus!

Weldon can hardly maintain anything, as he is turning purple. The students watch passively as his knees buckle...he begins to sink to the floor...

LAUREN
Stop! Stop it!

She springs to Weldon's side, tugging at Korzenowski's fingers with all her might, finally managing to unpry them from Weldon's windpipe. Weldon coughs and sputters on the floor. Lauren sinks to her knees, bending over him anxiously.

LAUREN
Weldon...are you okay?

He nods, still gasping for breath. Lauren peers at him, knowing he wasn't acting, then looks up suspiciously at Korzenowski, who is returning her look with a glacial stare.

LAUREN
(weakly)
He was in the moment.

KORZENOWSKI
Perhaps you would like to die now, Miss Ames.

LAUREN
(hopefully)
Aren't we out of time...?

KORZENOWSKI
You I think I will shoot. You will be struck by the bullet, you will lose muscle control, you will fall dead. Now.

Lauren flinches nervously, expecting him to produce a gun, but all he does is hold up his thumb and forefinger, taking aim...

KORZENOWSKI
Bang.

Lauren dies, gracefully sliding to the floor with a ladylike murmur.

KORZENOWSKI
This can only be the achievement of years of training.

Lauren smiles up at him.

KORZENOWSKI (CONT'D)
No other way would we see so false a performance, so mechanical, so thought out, never for one instant truly felt.

Lauren is devastated. And he's not through with her.

KORZENOWSKI (CONT'D)
Here you must reach inside yourself ... you must move beyond the safety of what you know...we know you can play Camille...but can you be a person of flesh and blood...a bank teller...a waitress...a whore...?

Lauren flinches. Clearly the idea doesn't thrill her.

KORZENOWSKI
Ah. That is time. We will die again tomorrow.
(calling after them)
And I wish to see the notebooks! Please leave them!

One by one the students deposit them on his desk as they go.

34 EXT. KORZENOWSKI STUDIO - DAY 34

Lauren and Sandy come out and split off. This time we follow Lauren halfway down the block, where a cab is waiting. She gets in.

35 INT. CAB 35

Michael is waiting for her in the back seat. They kiss.

LAUREN
The man is a Nazi!
(kiss)
I've never been the dumb one in any class before...
(kiss)
And I haven't seen you in nine hours...

She flings herself into his arms.

35A EXT. CAB 35A

as it moves down the street.

35B INT. CAB 35B

Michael and Lauren are still kissing. Finally, they break.

MICHAEL
Do you know what day it is?

Lauren shakes her head.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
It's our third week anniversary.
(to the driver)
Stop at the next corner.
(to Lauren)
I think you might need some roses.

LAUREN
No! Michael, you can't afford any more flowers

MICHAEL
Half a dozen.

LAUREN
I know what teachers make.
Michael!!

It's no use. The cab stops. He kisses her lightly, over her protest, and leaps out.

36 LAUREN'S POV 36

With a wave, Michael disappears into the flower shop. Lauren begins humming, then singing to herself in a daze of euphoria. She is halfway through the first verse of "Moonglow" when -- with a deafening blast -- THE ENTIRE FLOWER SHOP EXPLODES - INTO FLAME.

37 ON LAUREN - THROUGH THE CAR WINDOW 37

as she screams.

38 ON THE STREET - A HALF HOUR LATER 38

Ambulance and fire engines have arrived. Police surround a weeping Lauren, taking her statement. Two sheeted bodies are carried to the ambulance.

39 INT. SANDY'S NEW WAVE BAR - DAY 39

Sandy is laughing with a customer, in mid-joke.

SANDY
Okay, so now the bartender's really freaking, because now the kangaroo is partying his butt off...he's putting away straight shots of Tequila, he's dancing to Aretha's Gold, he's way out of control...so the bartender turns to the Polish guy--

Her eye drifts to the news on the bar TV.

40 TV SCREEN 40

A newswoman stands at the scene of the explosion, the flames still flickering. We see Lauren's back, though not her face.

NEWSWOMAN
Killed in the explosion were Reed Moran, the owner of the flower shop, and Michael Sanders, a teacher at Holmes Elementary School. Two terrorist groups claimed responsibility for the blast.

41 RESUME SANDY'S NEW WAVE BAR 41

Sandy's tray clatters to the ground.

42 EXT. CITY MORGUE - ESTABLISH - DAY 42

Lauren drags herself, weeping, up the steps.

43 INT. CITY MORGUE - HALL 43

Lauren, red-eyed and barely able to maintain, talks to the CORONER, a peculiar little rodent of a man.

CORONER
It's all right...Miss Ames, we've got a positive I.D. from his wallet...you don't have to see him.

LAUREN
But I <u>want</u> to see him.

44 INT. MORGUE - "VAULT" 44

The coroner brings Lauren in, puts a reluctant hand on one of the body drawers.

CORONER
I warn you, there's very little left to see...particularly in the...uh...upper body region.

LAUREN
I want to see him.

CORONER
I'm very sorry you feel a need to do this.

He sighs and pulls out a drawer containing the sheeted body.

LAUREN
Just leave me alone with him, please.

The coroner goes. Lauren reaches out her hand to lift the sheet...then snatches it back. It will take her a minute to muster up the courage. We follow the coroner out to

45 INT. THE HALL 45

The coroner disappears down the corridor as we see Sandy, still in her cocktail uniform, coming towards us. Her eye makeup is smeared and she is barely holding back the sobs. She turns and enters the room where Lauren is, closing the door behind her. We HOLD ON the door as we hear, from inside, female voices --not distinct words-- but with the definite cadence of "What are you doing here!" and "Me? What the fuck are you doing here!", etc. The voices rise sharply, in a rapid volley of hostilities, until-- the crash! of an overturned table, followed by scuffling noises...and now the coroner has returned with a WIDOW, 50-ish, and dressed in black. He opens the door.

46 CORONER AND WIDOW'S POV 46

Two women are cursing and rolling around on the floor, locked in mortal combat. The widow flees; the coroner follows, attempting to soothe her. Lauren disentangles herself from Sandy, backing away.

LAUREN
(laughing hysterically)
Loved you! Loved you!

SANDY
You're damn right he did--

LAUREN
That's obscene! That's an obscenity!

SANDY
No, that's reality, baby, 'cause no way did that guy give a shit about you!

LAUREN
I don't believe for one second that he lowered himself--

SANDY
(suggestively)
Oh, he lowered himself, all right!

LAUREN
This is all a lie! You're psychotic! I knew the first day you came sleazing into that office--you lied to the phone man, you lied your way into the class, you're lying now--

Sandy lunges at her.

47 CLOSE ON 47

The women as they tangle, bumping into the body. The sheet begins to slip.

48 ON THEIR FEET 48

scuffling for a better stance as the sheet drops to the floor.

49 TWO SHOT - ON THE WOMEN 49

frozen with shock as they react to the sight of the de-sheeted body (which, mercifully, we are spared). Both gasp in horror.

SANDY
Whoa.

LAUREN
Oh my god, Michael--

They continue to stare. And gradually, on <u>both</u> their faces, we see a change of expression as...they focus on something below the waist. Something irregular? No...something <u>wrong.</u> They frown...then squint to make sure they're really seeing it.

SANDY
What the hell--

LAUREN
It's not the right--

SANDY
No way! <u>Look</u> at that!

LAUREN
It's too small--

SANDY
It's a fucking pencil!

LAUREN
And where's the appendix scar!

SANDY
And the little mole!

SANDY
It's the wrong guy.
Stupid sons of bitches!

LAUREN
It's somebody else!
These idiots They made
a mista--

The women discover that they are clutching each other, jumping up and down with excitement. They break apart, horrified as the implications of each other's knowledge finally hit.

50 A FEW MINUTES LATER 50

-CLOSE ON

A body being pulled out of the wall, the sheet lifted by Sandy. Another body is pulled out and examined by Lauren.

LAUREN
This is none of your business...
now, would you just go!

SANDY
Yeah, okay...wrong body, but I'll
let this one slide.

LAUREN
(pulling a drawer)
If he's mislabeled, I will find
him.

SANDY
(pulling a drawer)
No you won't because that's the
last one. He's not here.

The coroner stands behind them, wringing his hands.

CORONER
For the last time! This is Michael
Sanders--now, people in your state
suffer a great deal of denial--

LAUREN
(spitting fire)
Excuse me, but you're the one
suffering from denial...you're
denying your gross
incompetence...but then I suppose
they all look alike to you...

As the argument continues, we notice (though Lauren and Sandy do not) a DARK MAN lurking behind the open door, taking in every word.

CORONER
There's no point in upsetting yourself further--

SANDY
Well, guess what, there is no further! This is the max I can get upset, right here! I don't even know where you'd go from here!

LAUREN
I do.

51 INT. POLICE STATION - DAY 51

Sandy marches into the teeming station, Lauren at her heels.

LAUREN
This was my idea!

SANDY
I don't care! I'm gonna handle this!

LAUREN
You don't have the dimmest, dullest notion how to handle this! You don't just walk in and bluntly announce this kind of thing--

SANDY
What kind of thing is that?! See? You can't even say it, you sure as hell can't tell them!

LAUREN
And just what do you think the response is going to be when you do?

52 INT. SERGEANT'S OFFICE - DAY 52

A cop laughs uproariously. Sandy and Lauren sit in front of his desk. He wipes the tears from his eyes.

SERGEANT
Ahem. So you suggest...you...
(starts to giggle again)
s-suggest that on the basis of this little nugget of testimony we spend tax dollars on an investigation?

LAUREN
Have you been listening to us?! The man in the morgue isn't Michael! All you have to do is look at his--

(breaks off in embarrassment)
...If you were to look in the region of...

(sighs)
...If you were to look...down...

SANDY
(jumping in)
Michael was not a guy other guys would've made fun of in the locker room, okay?

LAUREN
(icily)
I think he's got the big picture, Sandy.

SANDY
I don't think he does! This guy in the morgue, whoever he is, is -- okay. Does the phrase "Needle-dick, the bug-fucker" mean anything to you?

53 EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY 53

Sandy and Lauren are forcibly chucked out.

LAUREN
The model of tact and decorum!

SANDY
Oh, who gives a shit, he wasn't going to help us.

LAUREN
Why should he! You sounded insane!

(upset; to herself)
It is insane. If he's alive, where is he?

SANDY
(struck)
He's probably back at my place, wondering where the hell I am!

She hails a taxi with a loud, street-urchin whistle, It is drowned by the roar of an approaching GARBAGE TRUCK.

LAUREN
I don't believe that for a moment.

SANDY
Boy, are you gonna shit cement.
Taxi!

LAUREN
If Michael is anywhere, I assure
you he is in my apartment. Taxi!

54 INT. BODY OF GARBAGE TRUCK 54

Not like the interior of any garbage truck we've ever seen. It is a mass of AUDIO EQUIPMENT, operated by two SHADY MEN, the younger of whom is a nasty little weasel, the older, an authoritative man we will come to know as ATKINS. They aim a directional mike at Lauren and Sandy. We hear:

SANDY
Oh? You believe that?

LAUREN
I believe that he loved me, that he barely knew you, and you're fantasizing a relationship that was probably an isolated drunken encounter. Taxi!

SANDY
Isolated! Isolated! Hey. This girl does not have one-night stands. Uh-uh!
(proudly)
Every guy I have ever slept with--and we're way into double-digits here--has come back for more! Every single one!

Atkins smiles at his partner.

ATKINS
They'll lead us right to him.

55 EXT. STREET - ON LAUREN AND SANDY 55

Yelling at each other wildly now, Sandy punctuating her remarks by pushing Lauren...like a kid knocking a chip off another kid's shoulder.

LAUREN
You want to hit me? Is that it?
All right. Try.

Sandy takes a swing at her and connects with air. Lauren has lept nimbly out of reach. Sandy tries again...again Lauren is too quick for her. And again...another gravity-defying leap.

LAUREN
(smugly)
Nine years of ballet.

SANDY
You're too weird too hit. Taxi!

A cab finally stops. Both women grab the door handle at once, tussling over it.

LAUREN
All right...listen...you insist he's in your apartment...I think he's in mine. So we'll go to both. If Michael is in your apartment, which I doubt, I will tell him goodbye and good riddance. If, on the other hand, he is in my apartment, you will find yourself a nice biker and compare tatoos!

HOLD ON Sandy's face as she considers this...

56 INT. CORRIDOR - AT LAUREN'S FRONT DOOR 56

Lauren and Sandy arrive at Lauren's front door. She puts her key in, but it swings open, unlocked.

LAUREN
You see? He's here. All right...now I don't want a scene...will you try to be adult about this?

She pushes open the door, enters the alcove, rounds the corner, freezes, and whimpers in shock.

57 HER POV 57

The place is trashed. Ransacked, destroyed. Two men (one of whom we recognize as the LURKER in the morgue) are sifting through the debris.

58 ON LAUREN AND SANDY 58

as Lauren ducks back around the corner.

LAUREN
Oh my God.

SANDY
(blase)
Ahh, it's just thieves.

LAUREN
Russian thieves?

59 ON THE MEN

59

Indeed, and one is jabbering to the other in Russian. The second man picks up an empty pouch of Michael's Colton's tobacco, sniffing it.

RUSSIAN #2
He was here.

60 ON LAUREN AND SANDY

60

LAUREN
They're looking for Michael!

SANDY
Lemme see!

LAUREN
Sh!

Grappling for a better view, Sandy bumps into Lauren, who is pushed out into the men's line of sight. They look up. See Lauren and Sandy. Lunge. Lauren and Sandy slam the door in their faces and flee down the hall, the men in pursuit. Gunshots ricochet behind them. They race into...

60A THE CORRIDOR

60A

Sandy and Lauren run, pursued by the Russians, who draw their guns, take aim...

3 ON LAUREN AND SANDY

60B

There are two shots! The women jump out of their skins at the sound but are unhurt. They look behind them.

50C THE RUSSIANS

60C

blood bubbling from their mouths, drop in their tracks--dead. Behind them, further down the corridor, are Atkins and the Weasel from the garbage truck, brandishing <u>their</u> guns.

60D ON LAUREN AND SANDY

60D

LAUREN
Oh my God!

SANDY
Now who're <u>these</u> assholes?!

LAUREN
I don't know!

The women run for it.

60E ATKINS AND THE WEASEL 60E

ATKINS
Stop

60F ON LAUREN AND SANDY 60F

Running...

LAUREN
I hate this!

They reach the end of the corridor, where a dotty old woman emerges from her apartment, carrying her garbage to the chute. Sandy and Lauren race through her open door into

61 OMIT 61

62 THE WOMAN'S APARTMENT 62

An aviary. Here are birds of all descriptions, some in cages, some on perches, cackling and chirping and pecking at the upholstery. The floor is covered with spattered newspapers. Sandy and Lauren race through the room, cockatoos squawking and flapping out of their path.

63 THE CORRIDOR 63

Atkins and the Weasel push the protesting old woman out of the way and enter

64 HER APARTMENT 64

--to a symphony of angry bird chatter. Lauren and Sandy are nowhere to be seen, but several feathers drift gently to the floor. Atkins and the Weasel run to the windows, newspapers sticking to their feet, and look out.

65 THEIR POV - THE FIRE ESCAPE - FROM ABOVE 65

Sandy and Lauren are two stories down, descending frantically.

65A EXT. TOP OF FIRE ESCAPE - ATKINS AND TAHE WEASEL 65A

Begin the chase after them.

65B BOTTOM OF FIRE ESCAPE 65B

Sandy and Lauren reach the end, but are still a full story off the ground. They tug at the ladder.

SANDY
Stuck!

The men are closing in. But the alternative is a broken leg. Lauren wrenches open a window and the women disappear back into the building.

66-73 OMIT

66-73

74 INT. BASEMENT

74

Sandy and Lauren come through window and into corridor leading to laundry room.

75 INT. THE LAUNDRY ROOM

75

The industrial-sized dryers are whirling with full loads. Lauren and Sandy look around frantically -- no place to hide.

75A EXT. BOTTOM OF FIRE ESCAPE

75A

Atkins and the Weasel follow the women into the building and into

76 OMIT

76

77 INT. THE LAUNDRY ROOM

77

Where Sandy and Lauren are nowhere to be seen, but the dryers are off, though still filled with clothing. Atkins and the Weasel take a cursory look around.

WEASEL
Aw, look, whadda we want these bimbos for! What do <u>they</u> know?

ATKINS
They know he survived! They may know where he is.
(looks around, sees nothing)
Try upstairs.

They move on to other basement rooms. The women emerge from the dryers, socks and underwear sticking to their torsos in a celebration of static cling.

SANDY
Well, so much for your apartment! Wanna try mine?

78-80 OMIT

78-80

81 INT. THE BUS - DAY

81

Sandy and Lauren, a stray sock still sticking to Lauren's back, sit among the usual weirdos, staring straight ahead in dumb astonishment.

LAUREN
I don't <u>believe</u> this...did you <u>hear</u> what they <u>said</u>? "They know he survived...?" I think they're the ones who tried to kill him!

(head in hands)
Ugh...why would anyone want to kill a schoolteacher? Why is this happening?!

MAN BEHIND THEM
(a screaming derelict)
The 4 F's! Fluoride, Fast Food, and Fornication!

SANDY
That's about as good an answer as I got.

LAUREN
Would you be serious? Michael is in some kind of terrible trouble!

DERELICT
That's why you don't see half dollars anymore!

LAUREN
I hate public transportation.

SANDY
Oh, chill out. It'll be over soon, all right?

LAUREN
How? How is that, with two sets of homicidal maniacs after us? Oh, pardon me, one set killed the other set, we're down to one group of homicidal maniacs, I feel much better.

SANDY
It'll be over because Michael will be in my apartment and he will tell me what's going on, and you will make good your deal and get lost, forever, and this will be over!

DERELICT
Wouldn't'a happened if Nixon was still alive!

SANDY
Amen, brother.

82. INT. SANDY'S APARTMENT - DAY 82

Lauren and Sandy enter. This apartment has been ransacked, too--drawers open, clothes all over the floor, curtain torn.

82 CONTINUED: 82

LAUREN
Oh my God.

She starts out. Sandy grabs her arm.

SANDY
Nobody's been here. This is normal.
(calling)
Michael...?

No response. They enter the apartment, kicking aside the rubble to clear a path.

SANDY
He's not here.

LAUREN
Well, so much for--

SANDY
Don't gloat. Don't. Just get out.

LAUREN
If you don't mind, I'd like to find a place to hide first. Do you have a phone? Or have they finally cut you off?

SANDY
No way, Howie's my buddy.
(digging through piles of clothes)
...It's here...

She follows the cord for 10 feet, finds the phone, hands it to her, then snatches it back.

SANDY
What am I doing, I need a place to hide...those guys're probably on their way here...

Sandy dials a number.

SANDY
Hi, Alan, Sandy. Can I sleep at your house tonight? Great! What do you mean, "Where," on the couch! Now, c'mon, Alan -- no. Because. No. That's all over for us -- because!! Okay, it's all over in three seconds, all right? Hello?

Cursing under her breath, she hangs up. Lauren grabs the phone and dials a number.

LAUREN
Hello, Mom...Listen, I need a favor...no! Not--

We hear a click! and a dial tone. She replaces the receiver. Sandy shoots her a look.

LAUREN
I have a problem with my parents.

SANDY
So call one of your girl friends.

LAUREN
I don't have "girl friends."

SANDY
Figures.
(beat)
Where are you off to?

Lauren is putting on her jacket.

LAUREN
Michael's in trouble. I'm going to find him.

SANDY
Oh yeah? Where?

LAUREN
He could be hiding...he could be hurt--I don't know! I know he needs my help, now excuse me--

SANDY
(blocking her way)
No really, where're you gonna look? His apartment? You think he's gonna be hanging out in his apartment when somebody wants to kill him.

LAUREN
I'm not going to his apartment--

SANDY
Then where are you going?

LAUREN
Isn't that my business?

SANDY
Okay, look, hold it. If you have an idea, you might as well tell me, and we'll go find him right now and help him out of this.

(beat)
And then...we'll make him choose.

LAUREN
"Choose!" Between us?!
(laughs)
I doubt he'll know your name.

SANDY
Then we're on.

A beat as they look at each other.

SANDY
I mean, you're so god damn sure it's gonna be you, what do you care?

LAUREN
I'm confident, yes.

Sandy takes her in for a moment and shudders.

SANDY
I'm better now. So let's go!

On their way to the door Sandy stops at a mirror and peers into it, rats up her hair a little, and attaches a huge rhinestone ornament to the lobe of her left ear. It glitters aggressively; Lauren has to shield her eyes.

LAUREN
What is that.

SANDY
(leaving the apartment)
Got it off the Christmas tree at Sak's.
(as Lauren snorts)
No one saw!

The door slams behind them.

LAUREN (O.S.)
Well, if you want to look like a Gabor sister, that's your business.

SANDY (O.S.)
I should be so lucky. Where're we going?!

83 EXT. TOBACCONIST'S - DAY

Sandy and Lauren peer in the window.

SANDY
I swear to God, you are such a douche-bag. The man's afraid for his life, he's really gonna stop and buy tobacco.

LAUREN
Obviously you didn't spend the kind of time with him that I did...he wouldn't be able to last a day without his Colton's...this is the only place in town that carries it. Now, listen, this time would you just let me handle this? Your simplest exchanges with people become pornographic!

84 INT. TOBACCO STORE - DAY 84

Lauren is talking to the CLERK, a candidate for the Missing Link if ever there was one. He is nodding.

CLERK
Yeah, I know the guy.

LAUREN
(eagerly)
Was he here today? Have you seen him?

CLERK
(sizing her up--attracted)
Yeah, maybe. Maybe not.

LAUREN
When do you think you'll arrive at a decision?

CLERK
Ahh...over a drink?

LAUREN
(smiling - not wanting to offend him - but repulsed)
Uh huh, well...wouldn't you feel better as a person just unselfishly helping somebody find out something she really needs to know?

CLERK
No. How about dinner?

SANDY
How about a B.J.?

LAUREN
Oh my god.

The clerk freezes, not sure he heard correctly.

CLERK
What did you say?

SANDY
You know what B.J. stands for. Yeah, you do. Right here. Right now. Both of us. Taking turns.

Lauren is speechless with horror. The clerk looks from one girl to the other, taking them in appreciatively.

CLERK
He was in here this afternoon.

SANDY
This afternoon? Are you sure it was this afternoon?

Lauren and Sandy look at each other in excitement. He's alive!

CLERK
Yeah, right at my lunch break, one o'clock. He bought 10 pouches of Colton's.

SANDY
What else?

CLERK
Nothing. He was kinda in a hurry. He used the phone and then he ran outta here.

SANDY
(musing)
He used the phone at one...okay...is that it?

CLERK
(grinning at her)
That's all she wrote, baby!

He grins at Sandy and pulls down the shade in the front window. Sandy grins back, a big, phony smile.

CLERK
Here...or in the back?

SANDY
I think I can take care of it from here.

With teasing theatricality she blows him a kiss.

85 EXT. TOBACCO STORE - DAY 85

Sandy and Lauren burst from the store, amidst a hail of curses. They sprint off down the street.

LAUREN
That's the most disgusting unscrupulous--

SANDY
What's your problem, now?

LAUREN
Promising sexual favors...! That sends us back to the dark ages...it's something that you <u>just don't do</u>!

SANDY
You do if you're lying.
(beat)
Besides, it worked.

Sandy leaps into a phone booth, inserts two dimes and dials a number.

LAUREN
Excuse me, but I must have missed something...how exactly did it work...we're at a dead end!

SANDY
You'll see.
(into phone)
Howie Rinker, please.
(beat)
How! Sand. Great, how 'bout you? Yeah, how's your fish? Uh-huh, what did the vet say?

LAUREN
What do Howie's diseased fish have to do with--

SANDY
(hand over phone)
It's in the bag, would you <u>stop</u> it?
(into phone)
Listen, cutie...being as you're my main man at the phone company, I need a teensy favor...can you tell me what number was called out of Louie's Pipe and Tobacco at one o'clock? Sure I'll hold.

(hand over phone)
He's probably one of those guys with polyester pants and hips--
(into phone)
I'm here. Good boy! That's a cab company, right?
(scribbling furiously)
Got it. You're a catch, How. Our kids are gonna be gorgeous, you know that...

She smacks a few kisses into the receiver and hangs up, grinning at Lauren.

LAUREN
Don't smirk, let me see.

She peers at the piece of paper as Sandy whistles shrilly.

SANDY
Taxi!

86 OMIT

86A INT. A CAB STATION - DAY 86

86A

The cab pulls into a grimy bay with one or two other cabs parked around. Several CABBIES, all formidable minority types, are in a serious crap game, as ghetto blasters wail away. This is a pretty alien place.

86B INT. CAB

86B

Sandy and Lauren are turning their purses inside out, pungling up enough pennies to pay the driver.

SANDY
You walk around with no money?

LAUREN
Well, where's yours? Weren't you the working pornographic actress? *

SANDY
(shrugging)
I went to the Bahamas!

86C ON THE CAB

86C

as they get out. Lauren nods politely to several stone-faced cabbies who sit at a table playing poker and drinking beer, while Sandy heads straight to the DISPATCHER'S cage.

SANDY
Hi...God, I am such ditz...I left my tennis racquet in one of your cabs today...pick-up would've been at Broadway and 77th around one o'clock.

DISPATCHER
There a reward?

SANDY
Yes.

LAUREN
No...

Sandy kicks Lauren in the shins as the Dispatcher flips through his log. Meanwhile a fight explodes at the table. The biggest black guy in the world has just flipped the table over as he grabs the throat of a burly driver across from him and starts pummeling his face.

DISPATCHER
(unperturbed, to the men)
Yo, dipstick!

The giant black guy stops in mid-punch, looks up.

DISPATCHER
(to the girls)
There's your man.

Sandy smiles at Lauren.

SANDY
Your turn.

LAUREN
I don't know how to talk to him! I went to private school!

SANDY
He'll love you.

Lauren reluctantly approaches the CABBIE.

LAUREN
Hi. I just wanted to ask you about a fare you had this morning...a very good looking Cauca--uh, just "person" will do, won't it, why differentiate?...You picked him up outside a little smoke shop...does that ring a bell...of any kind...whatsoever?

CAB DRIVER
Tall guy? Blue coat?

LAUREN
Yes! Yes, yes!

CAB DRIVER
Don't remember a thing.

LAUREN
But...you just said--

CAB DRIVER
I didn't say nothin'.

LAUREN
Oh, now don't give me a big song and dance--
(realizing what she's said)
Oh god--

He takes a threatening step forward. She shrinks back into the corner where Sandy is waiting.

SANDY
What the hell is the matter with you! Why should he help you with nothing in it for him!

LAUREN
All right! You tell me! What am I supposed to do!

SANDY
You're an actress...bullshit him!

LAUREN
I'm not using my training to tell lies to people

SANDY
Well, what do you use it for! Jesus, it's so simple.

Sandy approaches the cab driver.

SANDY
You want to make a quick 200?

He raises an eyebrow.

SANDY
Two hundred bucks. Cash. To take us where you took the guy.

He considers this, turns around and saunters over to a cab. With exaggerated deference he opens the back door then gets in the driver's seat. Lauren takes Sandy aside, hissing at her savagely.

LAUREN
Are you insane?! Where are you going to get two hundred dollars?

SANDY
Get in the cab.

LAUREN
This is unacceptable. I don't accept this. I am not getting in that cab.

87 INT. A MOVING CAB - DAY 87

Sandy and Lauren sit in the back seat, peering nervously out the window.

LAUREN
Where are we? I mean, we've been going for miles and I haven't seen a single white person on the street...

SANDY
There's one. Whoops! They got him.

LAUREN
That's not funny.

The cab stops. They have arrived at their destination. The women look up.

88 SANDY AND LAUREN'S POV 88

-EXT. A NASTY-LOOKING TENEMENT BUILDING - DAY

Hell on earth. We're talking burned out buildings, cracked pavement, spilled garbage, gangs fighting, a car on fire...the worst.

89 INT. THE CAB - ON LAUREN AND SANDY 89

LAUREN
Oh. My. God.

SANDY
Are you sure this is it?

The driver doesn't answer, but turns around and puts out a huge paw. Payola time.

SANDY
Keep your pants on. I'm not through with you. Wait here.

She starts to get out. The paw grabs Sandy's collar, yanking her forward. Sandy doesn't lose her cool. Right in his face:

SANDY
Hey. You and I know I'm never gonna get another cab to come out here to Viet Nam, [redacted] so get real!
(no response)
All right, all right, 300 bucks. 300 bucks to stay right here until we come back. You're a pain in the ass, you know that?

The paw lets go.

90 EXT. FRONT OF TENEMENT - DAY 90

The women approach the front stoop.

LAUREN
Beyond belief! You're really determined to have us killed!

SANDY
Oh, get over yourself! He's not gonna kill us!

LAUREN
Oh? Why not!

SANDY
Because we're gonna be raped and murdered in this building!

They reach the front door, the glass of which is riddled with bullet holes -- that unmistakable spiderweb of cracked glass. They look at each other.

91 INT. LOBBY OF TENEMENT 91

Bloodstains, graffiti, holes in the floor...the whole bit. The women enter cautiously. At once there is the click! of a loaded gun. They freeze. Slowly, slowly they turn around.

92 THEIR POV 92

A nine-year-old Puerto Rican kid is holding a gun on them.

LAUREN
My god, he's a child.

SANDY
At least rape's out.

LAUREN
Let me.
(to the kid)
Now, should you really be playing with your Daddy's--

PUERTO RICAN KID
Sst! Don't move or I focking kill you!

LAUREN
Now, I've had just about enough of this, young man. You put that thing down before you put someone's eye out.

SANDY
Oh, like he's really gonna respond to Ward Cleaver!

PUERTO RICAN KID
'Jou bags! Throw them over here!

Sandy and Lauren toss him their purses.

LAUREN
Now look, have you ever robbed actresses? This isn't going to be the most satisfying haul of your career.

The kid is poking through their bags, frowning.

PUERTO RICAN KID
Where is jou' money! Credit cards!

SANDY
Revoked, where do you think!

The kid curses in Spanish and stamps his foot, petulantly...we hear the thunk! of a silencer as the gun accidentally goes off--directly into Sandy's midriff! Lauren screams. Sandy frowns. Feels her chest, her stomach. Nothing.

SANDY
I'm not hit!

She and Lauren lunge for the kid, pinning his arms while Sandy picks up the gun.

SANDY
I'll be damned. It's a fake.

She fires into the wall. Again we hear the chillingly realistic thunk! of a silencer -- but no impact. Sandy inspects it.

SANDY
Wow...look at this detail...it's even heavy...incredible workmanship...
(to the kid)
Where'd you get this?

PUERTO RICAN KID
(shrugging)
Santa.

93 INT. CORRIDOR OF TENEMENT 93

The two women creep along, the kid at their side.

PUERTO RICAN KID
He came here.

SANDY
Yeah, but did he come out.

They listen at the door. Loud music. They knock. They knock again. Nothing.

LAUREN
Maybe they don't hear us.

SANDY
Well, we can't stand around here all day...

Sandy takes a bobby pin out of her hair, sticks it into the lock and twists it. The bobby pin immediately breaks. The Puerto Rican kid thinks this is hilarious. He laughs and laughs.

SANDY
So what's your hip idea?

The kid coolly produces a professional lock-picking apparatus, jams it in at a certain angle, and...click! The door swings open.

SANDY
(admiringly)
You little thug.

KID
Can I have my gun back?

SANDY
Dream on.

She sends him on his way with a swat on the rear and the women creep...slowly...into the room.

94-95 OMIT

96 THEIR POV - DEALER'S ROOM - DAY

A nasty little scene. Two DEALERS sit at a table, on which is a scale holding roughly a pound of white powder. There are other bags of powder on the table. Obviously a major transaction is underway. The men see the girls and leap to their feet.

SANDY
This was a mistake.

Sandy, at a total loss, moans in terror. And then, to her astonishment, Lauren springs into the center hall, feet planted apart, brandishing the toy gun with real menace.

LAUREN
(thick Bronx accent)
Police! Yuh under arrest!

The men freeze, looking at each other uncertainly. Across the room, on the couch, is an arsenal of semi-automatic weapons.

LAUREN
Don't think about it! Don't even fucking <u>think</u> about it or I'll blow yuh fucking nuts off!

Sandy stares at Lauren in amazement.

LAUREN
Okay! Do we understand each other? Turn around! Face to the wall! Do it! Do it! Do it! Do it!

To Sandy's awe, the men obey.

LAUREN
Frisk them.

Sandy shoots her a dirty look but has no choice...she must run her hands over these scums' bodies. Knives clatter to the floor. Sandy flings them down the airshaft, along with the automatic weapons. Sandy backs away, horrified. But Lauren's not finished with her.

LAUREN
Read them their rights.

SANDY
(finding her tongue)
Uh...yeah...you have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you...
(racking her brains)
You...uh...

SANDY
(under her breath)
...attorney, right!
(loudly)
You have the right to an attorney...
(running dry)
...shit...

DEALER #1
Yeah, yeah, I've heard it!

DEALER #2
What do you want! You got it! Talk to me!

DEALER #1
He's right, we can cut you a sweet deal!

LAUREN
Yeah, yeah, we've heard it!

SANDY
Now, hey, maybe they can help us find Sanders--

LAUREN
They don't know Sanders!

DEALER #1
Michael Sanders? The hell you say. He was here! He was here a couple hours ago! Ray fixed him up with a passport

DEALER #2
Fuck you, Gilroy.

LAUREN
Oh, so we're in the phony I.D. business, too. That's nice.

SANDY
What name was the passport in.

DEALER #2
I want to talk to a lawyer.

Lauren brings the gun up to his head.

LAUREN
You're not gonna be able to have much of a conversation! They'll hafta squee-gee your face off the wall!

SANDY
She gets kinda cranky. Better tell us the name.

DEALER #2
John Strauss.

SANDY
Where'd he go?

DEALER #2
I don't know ! He was leaving town, that's all I know! Look! I'm bein' real nice! Why don't you be nice? Open that box on the table. Go on!

Sandy opens the box, a "Captain America" lunch pail. It's full of $100 dollar bills.

DEALER
Why don't you just keep it and forget we ever met!

Sandy and Lauren look at each other.

97 EXT. FRONT OF TENEMENT - DAY 97

Sandy and Lauren approach the waiting cab, Sandy swinging the lunch pail like a gleeful five-year-old.

SANDY
Well...I'm gonna have to give you that one.
(peering at Lauren)
Hello...?

Lauren's knees buckle as the sheer terror of it all finally hits her. Sandy helps her into the open passenger door of the cab.

SANDY
(to the driver)
Airport.

98 EXT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY 98

The cab pulls up.

99 INT. CAB 99

Sandy, with flourish, counts out two bills from a fistful of 100's into the cab driver's palm.

SANDY
A deal's a deal.

100 EXT. THE CURB 100

Sandy pulls a dazed Lauren from the cab.

Just as they enter the terminal, passing right behind them, missing them by a second, are Atkins and the Weasel, and five or six suspicious-looking MEN, all carrying walkie-talkies. Atkins points in several directions; the men disperse...obviously this is a stakeout.

101 INT. AIRPORT TICKET COUNTER 101

Lauren comes away from the counter with a doleful expression.

LAUREN
They won't give out passenger lists. You got to be police or F.B.I.

SANDY
You are <u>such</u> a dip -- this is all the I.D. we need!

She brandishes the "Captain America" lunch pail, marches to the next counter.

LAUREN
Does <u>that</u> look to you like a woman who can be bribed?

We are looking up into the barrel chest of an AMAZONIAN WOMAN in her mid-50s in the Bea Arthur mold of formidability.

SANDY
So, fine. So what's <u>your</u> idea?

Lauren looks blank for a moment...Then a look of determination comes over her face. She shoves Sandy out of the way and then, before Sandy's eyes, transforms herself into a Czechoslovakian.

LAUREN
Yes, I vas hoped perhaps you vould to help me
(very distraught)
My father...uch...how do I to say?

WOMAN BEHIND COUNTER
You say it quickly. I'm off in three minutes.

LAUREN
My father...no...I vill tell from beginning...I am Anna...
(pointing at Sandy)
my sister, Elona...

Sandy opens her mouth. Lauren kicks her in the shins to keep her from uttering a word.

LAUREN
She does not know English...our father we have not seen since ve vas babies in Prague...he send us to Hungary during "dubritchka"...ve vas in suitcase...on train...ve escape...you see?

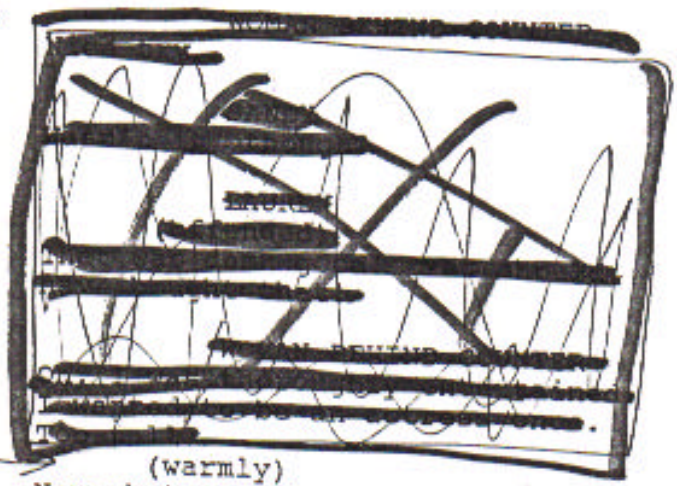
WOMAN BEHIND COUNTER
No, I'm afraid I don't.

LAUREN
Now ve get letter...he escape...he is here...but nobody tell us vat plane...could be any plane...please...

WOMAN BEHIND COUNTER
Absolutely not, I'm sorry.

An expression of heart-wrenching devastation comes over Lauren's face. Dolefully, in psuedo-Czech gibberish, she explains the situation to Sandy. Sandy absorbs this, asks a couple of tremulous gibberish questions. Lauren replies, "Nay, nay." Sandy sobs violently onto Lauren's shoulder. Simultaneously they peer out of the corner of their eyes to see what effect, if any, this is having on the woman. She stands, unmoved, arms folded sternly across her chest.

WOMAN BEHIND COUNTER
That was the single biggest crock of shit it has ever been my privilege to hear in my 19 years at this airline.
(beat)
I think that deserves something.



(warmly)
Now what was the name?

Sandy and Lauren smile.

102 A FEW MOMENTS LATER 102

They are standing behind the woman as she punches information into her computer terminal.

WOMAN BEHIND COUNTER
John Strauss...Strauss...here we go...Flight #501 to...Albuquerque. Looks like you just missed him.

Sandy and Lauren groan. The woman punches in a few more numbers.

WOMAN BEHIND COUNTER
Well, now, keep your pants on...if you hurry you can catch United #121 and change in Atlanta you've got a shorter stopover and you can beat him. But you've got one minute...

[redacted] Get the tickets! I'll hold the plane!
SANDY

She goes;
The woman punches them up a tickets. Lauren [redacted] grabs them and turns to go, freeze with horror as [redacted] sees
She

103 ATKINS 103

staring at ~~them~~ her throught the window. A chilling moment of eye contact...then...

104 LAUREN 104

runs for it, followed, a few seconds later, by Atkins and the Weasel, running at top speed.

105 INT. AIRPORT CORRIDOR - MOVING ON LAUREN 105

as she runs for her life, Atkins and the Weasel closing in behind her ... reaching out ... almost catching her as they tear through ...

106 INT. AIRPORT SECURITY CHECKPOINT 106

where Lauren leaps through the metal-scanners as the last boarding call for flight _____ to Kansas City and Albuquerque is heard. Not far behind her, her pursuers run throught the electrick eye, setting off every alarm from here to Austrailia. Airport security men sping into action, joining the chase.

106A THE GATE 106A

Sandy is waiting, bullshitting the guy who is trying to put the velvet rope across the aisle, keeping further passengers from boarding.

SANDY
(desperate)
I swear, she'll be here any second ... her I.V. got caught in the luggage rack ...
(grabbing his arm as he tries to rope off the corridor)
She can't miss this plane! She's a sick woman ... there's a kidney in Kansas City that's not getting any fresher!

107 LAUREN 107

races towards the gat, the men 10 yards behind ... she looks behind her in panic ... they're closing in ... she opens the lunch pail and flings its contents high into the air. Hundred dollar bills rain on the crowd. With screams of delight people begin grabbing for the money, diving to the ground, leaping in the air ... anything to get the loot ... creating an impenetrable wall of humanity. The men can't get through.

108 AT THE GATE 108

Lauren breaks through the crowd, high-steps over the rope, and bounds towards the plane.

SANDY
(following her)
About time!

ATTENDANT
(calling after them)
That's your sick aunt?

SANDY
(over her shoulders, running)
It's a miracle!

109 INT. PLANE - DAY 109

Lauren appears to be asleep, leaning back in her seat. Sandy, in the seat beside her, is glaring at her hatefully. One of Lauren's eyes pop open. She can feel it.

LAUREN
All right, what.

SANDY
That was all our money.

LAUREN
Oh, well pardon me, I guess you'd rather have us rich and dead!

SANDY
You could've left us one shitty little dollar!
(leaning back, closing her eyes)
The only thing in the world I need right now...is a drink.

Lauren sighs.

LAUREN
A drink does sound...yeah.

MALE VOICE
(a southern twang)
Well, then, what'll it be, you pretty little fillies?

Lauren and Sandy look up. Settling into the seat across the aisle from them is a balding, genial Texan in a shiny green three-piece suit that would be kitchy if he wasn't wearing it in earnest. He waves to the stewardess, who is approaching with the beverage cart.

109 CONTINUED: 109

MAN ACROSS THE AISLE
Get on down here, honey! These girls're in sore need!
(winking at Lauren and Sandy)
My friend Dale here's gone his limit, an' I do hate to imbibe alone.

He gestures at the man next to him, similarly decked out in Sears' finest, who is nodding with the rhythm of the plane, out cold.

MAN ACROSS THE AISLE
You got to pace yourself at a convention, that's for sure. What's your pleasure?

SANDY
(quickly)
Scotch.

LAUREN
CC and soda. No, forget the soda. Over. Double. *

Sandy flicks a glance at her. Lauren shrugs. The stewardess pours the drinks. Sandy and Lauren grab them eagerly.

MAN ACROSS THE AISLE
I'm Al Gurney of Al's Albuquerque Ford.

Sandy and Lauren murmur their names.

AL
Sandra...and Laura. Pretty names. Pretty names for pretty girls. Oh no, now, I know you like to be called "women," don't you? You'll have to forgive an old tomcat.

He chuckles. Lauren and Sandy blanch slightly but remain smiling, raising their drinks in toast.

110 AN HOUR LATER 110

Sandy and Lauren's plastic trays are cluttered with empty little liquor bottles. Sandy flips through a brochure of this year's Ford models.

(CONTINUED)

AL
See, most dealers got to order the vehicle of your choice, and it's pot luck as far as color goes...now, I can put you in a Turbo Z any color of the rainbow... maroon, you name it...you drive it away this afternoon.

LAUREN
(evasive)
I don't know...

AL
Financin' botherin' you? Hell, I don't care if you're a housewife or a secretary, there's no deal that can't be made!

SANDY
(teasing)
I don't know, Laura. This Tempo* looks mighty snappy.

AL
(seizing the moment)
What color you like? Maroon?

LAUREN
I really don't think so.

AL
All right, tell you what. You girls like steak and lobster?

SANDY
Love it!

LAUREN
No!

AL
And Laura...? I think there's an apricot marguarita with your name on it.

SANDY
(to Lauren, under her breath)
Look, there may be more of those guys waiting for us, and if there are, they're gonna be looking for <u>two single women.</u> This is our ticket off the plane!

Lauren smiles weakly at Al's beaming face.

* or Escort - whichever sounds more ridiculous. 1 vote for Tempo.

LAUREN
(under her breath, to Sandy)
You get the drunk one.

111 EXT. AIRPORT LANDING FIELD - ALBUQUERQUE - LATE AFTERNOON 111

Two men with dark glasses survey the passengers as they exit the plane and walk down the stairway.

112 THEIR POV 112

Lauren has her arm through Al's, chatting about wheelbase specifications and dual-radials. Behind them, the drunk is walking, but leaning heavily on Sandy. She whispers in Lauren's ear.

SANDY
If this guy pukes, your life is over.

113 THE LANDING FIELD 113

as a sleek private Lear jet comes gliding to a stop in front of them.

SANDY
Uh oh.

Swiftly, Sandy and Lauren detach themselves from Al and Dale.

AL
Now where are you girls scooting off to? Hey!

Lauren and Sandy are tearing off across the landing field.

114 ON THE LEAR JET 114

Sure enough, Atkins gets off with his minions, just in time to see the last passenger leave the plane. He barks orders at his men; they race into the terminal after the arriving passengers. Atkins almost follows, but some instinct gives him a twinge. He turns, takes a last scan across

115 THE LANDING FIELD 115

Airport flunkies push a cart piled high with luggage over to the conveyor belt. They begin unloading the suitcases one by one onto the moving ramp. Another suitcase. Another...revealing... Sandy and Lauren crouching among the dufflebags and luggage. Their eyes lock with Atkins's. Lauren and Sandy jump up onto the conveyor belt and, picking their way over the suitcases, they run along the belt until it enters the building...Lauren and Sandy crouch down and are swept through the square portal and into the bowels of the airport.

116 EXT. FIELD - ATKINS 116

runs across the field, climbs onto the conveyor belt and follows, pushing his huge body through the narrow portal...almost sticking...and popping! through.

117 ON THE CONVEYOR BELT 117

Bearing Lauren and Sandy through the dark tunnel like a Disneyland ride -- sweeping them up ramps and around corners.

118 ON ATKINS 118

Borne along after them...crawling on his hands and knees... cursing as he hits his head on the three-foot ceiling.

119 ON LAUREN AND SANDY 119

Scrambling over suitcases as fast as they can...they see a light ahead...the other portal...the ramp bears them up...up...

120 INT. THE BAGGAGE CLAIM 120

Passengers stand around the carousel, watching for their luggage. A WOMAN launches into a tirade at her HUSBAND.

WOMAN
...you notice the people in the 1st class get their bags right away...? Ugh...my legs are still asleep...I felt like a sardine back there...the next time we go somewhere, I refuse to travel "No Frills!" I--

Her jaw drops as Sandy and Lauren burst from the portal and tumble, head over heels, down to the carousel.

HER HUSBAND
You see that? That's "No Frills."

121 ON THE PORTAL 121

As Atkins appears, or at any rate, half of him...he's stuck in the narrow opening, this time for good. Squirm though he will, he can't dislodge himself. The conveyor belt moves forward, but he does not.

122 ON ATKIN'S BACKSIDE 122

As Samsonite luggage piles up behind him, whacking him in the ass.

123 ON LAUREN AND SANDY 123

Pushing their way through the crowd. We HEAR a horrible grinding noise as the carousel shudders to a stop...passengers begin shouting...it's the beginnings of a riot. Lauren and Sandy run on to

124 AN ADJOINING BAGGAGE CLAIM 124

Lauren looks around, grabbing a flight attendant.

LAUREN
Has this flight arrived?

ATTENDANT
Just now.

Sandy and Lauren scan the crowd anxiously.

125 THEIR POV - DOWN THE CORRIDOR 125

Past a gaggle of returning servicemen embracing their families. It's unmistakably Michael, holding a small briefcase, slipping deftly through the crowd and out to the street, as

126 AL AND DALE 126

grab Lauren and Sandy's arms.

AL
Hey, where ya been?!

Sandy and Lauren wrench themselves away from the salesmen and lunge after Michael. The two car salesmen snap to attention; Al snarles something to Dale, who, it is now clear, isn't the least bit drunk. The two men push after Sandy and Lauren as

127 ATKINS 127

virtually tramples the salesmen, thundering past them, after Lauren and Sandy.

128 EXT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - CURB 128

Lauren and Sandy burst from the building, shouting and waving their arms, just in time to see Michael getting into a battered cab. They shout his name; he's just far enough ahead not to be able to hear them. Sandy and Lauren look around in panic. No other cabs.

But there, empty at the curb, is a THREE-WHEEL MOTORBIKE belonging to a metermaid who is a few feet away, arguing with a double-parked driver. Sandy and Lauren don't have to think twice. They jump on the bike, Sandy driving, and roar off, the metermaid shouting helplessly after them.

Atkins rushes to the curb, too late. The Weasel appears, panting, behind him. They take one look at the traffic.

ATKINS
Get me a chopper.

128A MOVING ON THE WOMEN 128A

Whizzing along, Sandy at the wheel.

SANDY
Zippy little thing.

The cab turns; she screeches around a corner. We hear a screech of brakes and a thump!

128B AROUND THE CORNER 128B

The three-wheeler is on its side, its wheels spinning madly.

SANDY
Okay. No traction.

The women jump out, right the cart, jump in, and take off.

129 OMIT 129

130 MOVING ON THE MOTORBIKE - OVERHEAD SHOT 130

The motorbike zips around sluggish traffic, closing in on the cab...

131 LONG SHOT - A TWO LANE DESERT HIGHWAY 131

The cab bumps along the potholed road as it winds its way up into bluish, jagged mountains. A few seconds pass; now, here the motorbike follows...

132 EXT. A LAKEFRONT AREA - LATER AFTERNOON 132

A huge lake stretches back into the mountains. There is an occasional cabin, a few piers...this is a modest vacation area, off-season now, not a living soul in sight. The cab pulls up next to a dilapidated pier. Michael gets out and starts down the pier, entering the shabby boat house at the end.

133 THE MOTORBIKE - LAUREN AND SANDY 133

As they arrive, climb off the bike, and stumble after him. They are dazed, road-weary and rumpled. Their hair, whipped into bizarre configurations by the wind, is standing literally on end.

LAUREN
I can't believe it.

SANDY
He's in there.

Both of them stop.

SANDY
Afraid?

LAUREN
Why should I be?

SANDY
Then why don't you rush into his arms?

LAUREN
Why don't you?

A beat. Their eyes meet.

SANDY
It's a long way to come for bad news.

LAUREN
Yeah.

Lauren fishes a compact out of her pocket and snaps it open, anxiously checking out her face. She grimaces.

SANDY
Oh god, I know, lemme see...

Sandy peers at herself over Lauren's shoulder.

SANDY
"Ratwoman!"
(peering further)
Oh, no. Ah, Christ.

LAUREN
What.

SANDY
I would be getting a zit!

LAUREN
Where!

Sandy points.

LAUREN
(scoffing)
There's nothing there! You're worse than I am! At least you've got eyelashes.

SANDY
Oh, what do you want, you're a natural blonde -- and you tan -- you make me sick --

LAUREN
Natural! You thought this was natural? My dear, you too can have this color.

SANDY
No shit. It looks great.

LAUREN
It's just a rinse with a cellophane toner--

She breaks off. Both are faintly embarrassed to find themselves engaging in "girl talk." Lauren puts her hand on the doorknob.

LAUREN
Well, I'd say "good luck," but...

SANDY
Yeah, may the best...whatever.

They open the door.

134 INT. BOAT HOUSE - DAY 134

It is filled with old fishing paraphernalia -- broken boats, rods and reels, and crates of junk. Standing at the back door, looking out to sea, is Michael. He spins around at their footsteps. Late afternoon sun pours in the open doorway, silhouetting the two indistinct figures of Lauren and Sandy.

Michael dives behind a dry-docked boat, reaches inside his jacket and whips out a gun.

SANDY
No!

LAUREN
Michael!

He peeps over the boat. Stands up in astonishment.

135 ON LAUREN AND SANDY 135

Each radiant to finally see him.

136 ON MICHAEL 136

So amazed to see them that he can't choke out a word. He lets out a half-laugh of relief. And then -- crack! -- the gun is shot out of his hand, out the back door, gone over the end of the pier. There is a whine and a thud! As a second bullet grazes his leg, causing him to fall to the floor as Atkins and the Weasel burst through the door, shooting...until...clang!! They sink to the floor, revealing Sandy and Lauren, standing behind them, each holding an oar. Satisfied that they've knocked the men out, the women drop the oars and rush to Michael, who is out cold.

SANDY
He's okay.

LAUREN
Let's get him out of here.

The women lift him...gently...

137-148 OMIT 137-148

148A EXT. LAKESIDE - DAY 148A

Lauren and Sandy stagger along the lake, panting under the weight of Michael's body.

148B EXT. A ROCKY OVERHANG - NIGHT 148B

The women crouch in the relative shelter of the overhang, watching Michael intently, who is coming to. His eyes open.

SANDY
You're okay, it's just a bump...

Michael gets up on one elbow, takes them in.

MICHAEL
My god.

Both women grin at him stupidly, each thinking he's glad to see her, specifically. Then they look at each other and are jolted back to reality by the unpleasant fact of each other's existence.

LAUREN
Michael, I really think you owe us an explanation. What is your relationship with this woman?

SANDY
(pointing at Lauren)
Did you make it with her?

LAUREN
(pointing back at her)
Do you know this person?

MICHAEL
That's why you're here...?

LAUREN
Well I know you're in some sort of trouble, but I'd like to discuss this first, if you don't mind.

SANDY
Right now.

MICHAEL
(trying to understand)
You did this on...your own...there's no one with you...

SANDY
He's changing the subject--you see how he did that?

LAUREN
There's an issue here, Michael, that, I'm sorry, you're just not going to get out of--

MICHAEL
(suddenly, with authority)
How did you follow me here.

LAUREN
(taken aback)
Well, we knew you weren't dead...at the morgue...

MICHAEL
(eyes narrowing)
And you told them.

LAUREN
Of course. We told them, why wouldn't we tell them--

Michael curses under his breath.

SANDY
Wait a minute. You wanted to be dead?

There is now the whir of an OVERHEAD HELICOPTER, along with a powerful search beam. The three dive to the ground to escape it.

MICHAEL
It would have been useful.

He whips out a walkie-talkie, talking urgently into it.

MICHAEL
Russell, abort the rendezvous, there're choppers all over me.

148C INT. A MOVING LAND ROVER 148C

Two burly roughnecks, RUSSELL and BOYD, stop at Michael's voice coming from the land rover radio.

MICHAEL'S VOICE
Get out of here, I'll meet you in Tres Crucas, over.

RUSSELL
Screw 'em! You've got the stuff!

148D THE LAKESIDE 148D

MICHAEL
No! We don't have the advantage here. I will meet you in Tres Crucas. Acknowledge!

RUSSELL'S VOICE
You're the boss.

Lauren and Sandy look at each other, mystified by all this.

LAUREN
Are you...not a schoolteacher, Michael?

Michael smiles enigmatically.

SANDY
Mike...what's going on? What's in Tres Crucas?

MICHAEL
I'm very sorry you heard that.

SANDY
Who cares what I heard -- Michael! What was I to you!

LAUREN
What was I?

Michael looks from one woman to the other.

MICHAEL
Convenient...moderately enjoyable...largely forgettable...

The women are speechless.

MICHAEL
And a lesson to me not to leave any loose ends.
(a cold smile)
I'm sorry.

He lunges at Sandy and Lauren, striking like a rattlesnake. They scream and dive out of the way...in the moonlight we see the flash of the knife he is holding...Lauren and Sandy run for their lives...stumbling in the shallows of the water...Michael following, hampered only slightly by his injured leg...

149 EXT. THE LAKESIDE - BOULDER AREA 149

It's a sinister game of hide and seek, Sandy and Lauren crouching behind one rock, then another, trying to avoid Michael...finally they take refuge behind a HUGE BOULDER, where they gasp for breath.

SANDY
Son of a bitch!

LAUREN
Loose ends! That's all I am to him...? A loose end?!

SANDY
(shaking her)
What're you doing, worrying about your love life going to shit? We are going to die!

Out of nowhere, Michael lunges into frame. Lauren and Sandy scream and run...

150 ALONG THE LAKESIDE - OPEN AREA 150

They're out in the open now, nowhere to hide...the helicopter is MOVING OVERHEAD, the searchlight beam in front of them...Sandy looks up.

SANDY
Who are they!

LAUREN
I don't know...They're after Michael...

SANDY
They're the good guys!
(waving her arms)
Help!

LAUREN
Help! Help!

No response. They can't be heard over the roar of the chopper.

LAUREN
(struck)
Get in the light!

SANDY
What?!

LAUREN
We have to get in the searchlight! He can't follow us or they'll see him!

Still yelling for help, Lauren and Sandy run for the light. It's not easy -- it keeps moving (this is the opposite of every helicopter-search scene you've ever seen, where the criminal can't escape the predatory search beams...fiendishly, the beam seems to evade Sandy and Lauren just as they catch up with it...again...and again

And here comes Michael, yards away now, half running, half limping, knife in hand...Lauren and Sandy make a last dash for the beam...they're in!

151 EXT. HELICOPTER POV 151

As the pilot peers down at the scene, where the beam hits Sandy's gaudy ear ornament, which glitter violently. He has to cover his eyes.

PILOT
Whoa!

152 EXT. LAKESIDE - OPEN AREA - ON SANDY AND LAUREN 152

The beam stops moving. It's found them! Sandy and Lauren are encased in prism of light. Just outside...inches away...is Michael, wanting to step in and kill them, but unable to. There is a moment as they look at him and he looks at them...

SANDY
Well...looks like these ends are gonna stay loose a little longer!

Michael's face darkens, but he has no choice...he steps back into the darkness. He's gone. A rope ladder drops down on them from above.

153 INT. THE HELICOPTER - NIGHT 153

Lauren staggers in, panting, pulled in the door by male arms. Sandy follows. They catch their breath and finally get a good look at the man helping them, and...

LAUREN
Weldon!...?

Indeed, it's Weldon, the friendly dork from their acting class. He smiles ingenuously.

WELDON
Hello! Hello...I guess you know Mr. Atkins --

The women take one look at Atkins and scream. Their nemesis!

WELDON
It's all right. We're C.I.A.

154 EXT. ON THE HELICOPTER - NIGHT 154

Which has landed on the roof of a concrete bunker, obviously some C.I.A. pit stop. An agent springs forward to help Lauren and Sandy off the chopper.

155 INT. A CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT 155

Weldon and Atkins sit across the desk from Lauren and Sandy, a rolling tape recorder at their side. Atkins, now with a bandage around his head, glares at them coldly.

SANDY
Well, I'm sorry, it was so stupid of us, we jumped to this insane conclusion that these guys chasing us and killing people were the heavies!

Atkins stares at them humorlessly.

ATKINS
(sarcastically)
Thank you for your statement.

Abruptly, he leaves the room.

SANDY
Thank you for your statement? That's it?

LAUREN
You don't think we're entitled to know what the hell this is all about?

WELDON
Me, personally? Yes! I do, but...excuse me. This is a little emergency...

Weldon snatches up a ringing telephone.

WELDON
Section 112. No! Don't cut the Ambassador any slack, he's up to his neck in this...never mind...just let me talk to him.

Weldon picks up the other line and lets loose with a blast of fluent Russian. Sandy and Lauren look at each other in astonishment. He hangs up, picks up the first phone.

WELDON (CONT'D)
General? Hi. The Ambassador's pretending he never heard of Floratoxin, how's that for gall? Well, you better send out a Code 07-400, with Section 114 on standby in case there have to be evacuations...right.

He hangs up.

WELDON (CONT'D)
Sorry. Can I offer you ladies coffee, or a Coke, or--

LAUREN
Weldon! What is going on!

WELDON
Uh...I'm not authorized to debrief you...

LAUREN
You can't debrief me! After I saved you from being throttled! Weldon...?!

A moment passes. Weldon and Lauren look at each other. He can't refuse her. He sighs.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
Who is Michael Sanders?

WELDON
He was one of our best. Very high clearance, access to everything. Then...we began to suspect he was a double agent...working for Korzenowski.

LAUREN
Wait, wait...Korzenowski, our teacher?

WELDON
Your teacher, and I'm sorry to tell you, a key undercover man for the Russians.

LAUREN
Oh, please...the man has a reputation, he was the definitive Lear--

WELDON
He's the definitive KGB.

The women look at each other, speechless.

WELDON (CONT'D)
That's why I was in that class...I was supposed to keep an eye on him...see if he and Sanders were in contact...

SANDY
And they were.

WELDON
We still don't know how...I never saw them come within a mile of each other. But somehow Korzenowski hired him.

LAUREN
What did Michael do?

WELDON
He stole a prototype of an experimental virus...It's called Floratoxin... it's an airborne defolient...a few drops can destroy vegitation for hundreds of miles...

SANDY
As in grass, trees...the whole shot?

WELDON
As in California...the wheat belt...

SANDY
He'd do that?!

WELDON
All he has to do is spill a few drops and ther wind'll do the rest.

156 INT. A PHONE BOOTH IN A GAS STATION - NIGHT 156

MICHAEL
I want 50 million dollars, Joe. Cash. And please don't insult me by marking it.

157 INT. THE BUNKER - ATKINS' OFFICE - NIGHT 157

A tense atmosphere. Atkins is on the phone. The Weasel wipes the perspiration from his brow.

ATKINS
Michael, I've spoken to the director...we'll take this off your record if you come back in, now.

MICHAEL'S VOICE
(through speakerphone)
You've had me shoot a few too many people who did that, Joe. I think you'd better get the money.

A beat. Atkins is licked.

ATKINS
All right. It'll take a few hours. Where are you?

There is a laugh and a click!

ATKINS (CONT'D)
Shit!

158 INT. THE CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT 158

Lauren and Sandy watch Weldon continuing to talk on two phones at once in various languages. Lauren shakes her head.

LAUREN
I'm having a hard time adjusting to him as an agent.

SANDY
I guess dorky waters run deep.
(clearing her throat)
Listen...ahem...Weldon? We don't want to be a drag in, like, a national crisis, but...can we go home now?

159 OMIT

159

159A INT. THE BUNKER - TUNNEL - DAY

159A

Lauren and Sandy are being hustled along, none too gently, by the Weasel towards an ominous black van. Behind them follows Weldon, arguing desperately with his boss.

ATKINS
Don't be ridiculous! They're his accomplices! They're professionals!

WELDON
No! Sir, I believe them!

ATKINS
Oh? You believe a couple of two-bit actresses could have tracked Michael Sanders? It was a rendezvous! They helped him escape! I was there, remember?!

WELDON
That was before they knew, sir--sir!

SANDY
Yeah, c'mon, what did we know...he was just this guy we happened to be boffing...

LAUREN
Damn it, I don't boff! I have never boffed!

SANDY
Okay, "had sex with," is that white enough for you?

WELDON
Sir, when you go over their story--

ATKINS
That is exactly what I intend to do, at Fort Morgan, in a nice underground cell, until we get Sanders' whereabouts!

LAUREN
You want his whereabouts? Fine. He told us he was going to Tres Crucas, New Mexico!

ATKINS
That was a little too easy, wasn't it?

159A CONTINUED: 159.

Lauren and Sandy are hoisted, protesting, into the back of the van. Weldon and Atkins climb in behnd them. The doors close: it's off.

159B EXT. VAN - DAY 159I

As it whizzes past.

160 INT. VAN - DAY 160

Lauren and Sandy continue to rotest their innocence. Atkins slowly turns and shoots them a look that would freeze Bette Davis at 200 yards. Their protestations gurgle, die in their throats. He looks very angry and very ridiculous, head swathed like a civil war casualty.

LAUREN
You're ... mad about your head... I understand that ... but if you'd just identified yourself --

ATKINS
(scathingly sarcastic)
Oh, I see - walk up to enemy operatives and hand them my card?!

The women continue to protest that they're not enemy operatives as the van bumbps to a stop.

ATKINS
(pissed)
Oh, for the --
(to the driver)
Steve? Why are we stopping?

The driver and his companion whip around, guns pointed at Atkins' and Weldon's heads. It's Al the car salesman and his buddy.

ATKINS
(continued)
Who the hell are you!

Al motions for their hands to go up. They do. His buddy sprays a fine white powder in their faces. They're out. He takes their guns and turns back to the wheel. The van begins to move again. Lauren and Sandy shrink against the back of the van as Al regards them, all mirth gone from his eyes.

AL
I hate to let a good customer get away.

(CONTINUED)

160 CONTINUED: 160

Al removes his hair and nose pieces, revealing the more recognizable features of their old teacher, Korzenowski. The women are speechless.

KORZENOWSKI
(congenially)
Some of us who teach can also do.

(CONTINUED)

KORZENOWSKI (CONT'D)
(gesturing at his friend)
Vasily is lazy...he speaks no English.

LAUREN
What do you want.

KORZENOWSKI
Where is Michael Sanders?

LAUREN
(weary of this)
Tres Crucas, New Mexico.

KORZENOWSKI
The truth, please.

Lauren groans with frustration.

SANDY
Hey, you should know. You're the ones he's working for.

161 ON SANDY'S HAND 161

Reaching behind the spare tire to find a heavy METAL JACK.

KORZENOWSKI
This last time, I will ask you--

With all her might she throws the jack at Korzenowski's face. His instinct is quick -- he raises his arm and deflects the instrument -- Kung! -- right into Vasily's head. The Russian slumps over the wheel.

162 EXT. - THE VAN - DAY 162

skids wildly

163 INT. VAN 163

Lauren tugs on the back door handle.

164 KORZENOWSKI 164

tries in vain to steer the wheel as the van leaves the road and plunges into a thicket...saplings spring up against the windshield, only to be mowed down...then-- ahead -- a huge tree-- CRUNCH! The van is stopped. Lauren gives the door handle a final tug...it gives way...she leaps out and starts running. Sandy tries to follow but hears a distinct, unpleasant click! Korzenowski has his gun on her.

KORZENOWSKI
I think you stay.

He gets out the passenger door.

165 HIS POV - A FIELD - LAUREN 165

Running...trying to make it to a thicket of trees.

166 KORZENOWSKI 166

Takes aim. Fires a shot.

167 SANDY 167

screams as the gun goes off.

168 LAUREN 168

is hit! The impact hurdles her body several feet. She crumples.

169 KORZENOWSKI 169

puts his gun back in his shoulder-holster, approaches Lauren's body and gives it a hard nudge with his foot. She flops over. Dead. He leans over and picks up her wrist with one hand, taking her pulse with the other. Simultaneously Lauren grabs his right hand while her left shoots into his jacket before his can get there. She's got his gun and it's right in his ribs.

LAUREN
Was <u>that</u> one good enough for you, teach?

His face goes white.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
Up. Up, now. Here we go.

They both slowly rise to their feet, gun still in his ribs.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
You're a good actor, Stan, but you're a lousy shot.

KORZENOWSKI
(whimpering)
We can make a bargain...the KGB is generous...!

LAUREN
(furious -- prodding him in the ribs with the gun)
The KGB! How <u>dare</u> you defraud the entire New York theater community!

SANDY
(aside)
Lauren, this is not the hot issue, here.

LAUREN
Right.
(gathering more steam)
All right, fine, then you're going to tell us exactly what was going on in that class, or...
(handing Sandy the gun)
...Sandy will shoot you.

SANDY
I'll shoot it off, Stan.

Korzenowski looks at her uneasily.

KORZENOWSKI
We needed...couriers.

LAUREN
Between you and Michael.

SANDY
(to Lauren)
Guess who.

KORZENOWSKI
...It was nothing personal...we were watched so closely...

Sandy jabs him in the ribs with the gun.

SANDY
How.

KORZENOWSKI
Your notebooks...I left microdot for him in yours...he sent back reply
(gesturing at Lauren)
...in yours.

Lauren and Sandy's eyes narrow.

LAUREN
If he stole the Toxin for you, why don't you have it?

Korzenowski curses in Russian.

SANDY
Hah! He screwed you too!

170 EXT. THE THICKET OF TREES - DAY 170

Sandy and Lauren have used jumper cables to tie Korzenowski and Atkins to one tree, Vasily and Weldon to another. They finish tying the mens' hands -- with pantyhose.

KORZENOWSKI
You have my word, help me now, we will be very generous --

LAUREN
(coldly)
Are you suggesting we'd be traitors?

SANDY
(indignant)
Hey, I may cheat the phone company, but I do NOT betray the United States of America, JACK!

ATKINS
All right ... obviously I've made a mistake ... if you'll just put yourselves in my hands you'll walk away from this right now with full federal protection.

LAUREN
Do you think he means it?

Weldon, behind Atkins' back, gives a silent but violent shake of his head -- no! Atkins and Korzenowski launch into simultaneous pleas to be let go, each trying to outbid the other.

KORZENOWSKI
We will set up the most discreet trust -- one million dollars, tax-free --

ATKINS
--Complete immunity from conspiracy charges ... reimbursement for all expenses.

SANDY
Oh, stop! You are both so full of it ...
(to Lauren)
Let's get out of here.

Lauren looks down at Weldon and smiles.

LAUREN
Thanks for trying.

She bends down and kisses his cheek. He flushes with pleasure and tries to stammer a response, but can't get anything out. Lauren and Sandy disappear through the trees.

(CONTINUED)

170 CONTINUED: 170

ATKINS
(calling after them)
We'll find you!

SANDY'S VOICE
You do that!

Atkins signs, turns and looks at Korzenowski.

ATKINS
Well, Stan, I imagine you're looking at a KGB tribunal ... unles you'd rather make an arrangement.

(CONTINUED)

KORZENOWSKI
Would such "arrangement" include...expense account...condo on the Potomac...
(pointedly)
Redskin season tickets...?

WELDON
Welcome aboard!

171 EXT. THE HIGHWAY - DAY 171

Sandy and Lauren stand alongside the road. Sandy's thumb is out.

LAUREN
Well...I guess we're really a couple of chumps.

SANDY
God, I shoulda seen it. Notebooks! He hit on us for the goddam notebooks!

LAUREN
Hit on! He made me pick him up!

SANDY
Tell me! I attacked him in a Burger King.

LAUREN
I stayed up all night to work on this FUCKING PUMPKIN COSTUME for one of his mythical students--!

SANDY
Hey, I baked cookies for his whole class! Can you see me, baking?! At a stove? With an apron? Icing these gross little happyfaces on every one of 'em?!

Lauren has to laugh.

SANDY (CONT'D)
I got 30 thank-you notes!

LAUREN
In crayon?

SANDY
Yeah!

They are both laughing now. The release feels good.

LAUREN
(still laughing)
I paid $5,000 to study with the KGB!

SANDY
Hey, he trashed me much worse than you...Hamlet! How am I gonna know Hamlet!

LAUREN
(gently)
You should if you're an actress.

SANDY
Well, pardon me. We can't all go to the London School of Shakespearean Weirdness...some of us had to schlep Bic Macs for a living!

LAUREN
(sincerely)
I'm sorry.

A beat. The mood has broken. Sandy is depressed.

SANDY
So where're we gonna go now?

LAUREN
I don't know. They'll be after us.
(beat)
But, I was thinking--

SANDY
Yeah, so was I--

LAUREN
What.

SANDY
That we go find Michael and rip his face off?

LAUREN
That, and get the Toxin.

SANDY
To hell with the Toxin! I want to rip his face off!

LAUREN
No, we need the Toxin! We can't have the C.I.A. after us for the rest of our lives!

LAUREN
(beat)
And what if he spills that stuff?
We can't let him do that...

A long beat. They look at each other.

SANDY
As long as we rip his face off.

LAUREN
I promise we'll rip his face off.

SANDY
What are you doing, waving to the people? Stick out your thumb! You're the one with the legs, here!

Smiling, Lauren obeys.

172 EXT. MOVING ON - AN OIL RIG - DAY 172

As it rockets down the highway, past the sage brush of the low desert.

173 INT. OIL RIG CABIN - DAY 173

Sandy and Lauren lean against each other, out cold, dead with exhaustion as the fat RIG DRIVER harmonizes with Patsy Cline on the radio. Through the windows we see morning mists evaporate from distant bluffs of jagged, layered sandstone, in many reds, like the horizontal strips in a sweater. This is the high desert now.

174 FOLLOWING THE RIG - REAR VIEW - DAY 174

Huge though it is, it is dwarfed by 50-foot green cacti that tower on either side of the road like obscene pitchforks.

175 ON AN UPROOTED SIGN 175

flung onto its side, a huge lizard stretched across it, soaking up some rays. The sign, or as much of it as we can see, says:

Tres Crucas
Pop. 142

There is a rumble and the sign is plunged into shadow as the rig passes. The lizard flees.

176 EXT. THE RIG 176

slows, stops. Thanking the driver, Sandy and Lauren get off, and -- squish! -- sink to their ankles in mud.

77 THEIR POV

Tres Crucas is a tiny, crumbling adobe town. The streets are unpaved and pigs have the right-of-way. Indians and Mexicans shuffle along, minding their business, along with an occasional longhair for whom time stopped in 1971 ... one of whom sits nearby in a folding chair, eying them in a languid way ... With one deteriorating earth shoe against an orange crate he is absently entertaining himself by seeing how far back he can tip his chair without falling over, a bottle of Mescal in his lap.

LAUREN
Well, what'll we do first? Get a little sushi and take in a show?

SANDY
(looking around, weary, disgusted)
Whose bright idea was this?

LAUREN
(firmly)
Ours. We agreed --

SANDY
I know, I know, but ... I am so tired! I'm tired and I'm dirty ... I am not a day person ...

There is a roar and a honk. Barrelling towards them is a truck filled with leering Mexican laborers ... Hey, mamacita! Hey, gringa! Hey, hey, wanna ride? It's all Spanish, but the suggestions are definitely foul and sexual. Sandy and Lauren communicate that they most emphatically do not want a ride. The truck roars on, leaving the women in a cloud of dust.

LAUREN
Now, why do they do that? Do you think there's ever been one woman in the history of the world who said, yeah, fellas! Take me, here, now!

SANDY
For a bed and a bath I'd consider it.

VOICE BEHIND HER
Hey! Tourista!

An AGING HIPPIE appears to be following them, '60's retrograde down to his deteriorating Earth Shoes. He is not a little drunk.

(As we will soon discover, this is the sort of guy who came to the Southwest in the Sixties to live off the land, but has since discovered it's easier to live off tourists.

177B

HIPPIE
(rapid-fire)
You're looking for a guide, right? A native Indian to show you the hidden wonders of this great Chicatácawa nation.
(gesturing grandly)
You got him. Twenty bucks.

SANDY
I don't want to be the first one to break this to you, but you are not an Indian.

HIPPIE
(hurt, quickly)
That's a technicality! I've been a full Chicatácawa tribe member since '68!

LAUREN
I'm sure you're a colorful local character, but what we need right now is to find a man.

The hippie wearily rises to his feet.

HIPPIE
All right, but it's not gonna be that great. I'm pretty bombed.

LAUREN
No --

HIPPIE
20 dollars --

LAUREN
No, we're looking for a specific person --

SANDY
~~[illegible]~~ kill him.
So we can

HIPPIE
(quickly)
Then you'll need a witness. 20 bucks, I'll stand up for you in court, the axe slipped out of your hand, it was an accident --

SANDY
Nice thought, if we ever find him ...

The women start off. Undaunted, the hippie follows.

HIPPIE
(understandingly)
Ahh ... you can't find him! And you don't know where to start, right?

The women turn to look at him.

HIPPIE
Well, now we're rolling! Now we are rock and rolling! I'm a tracker!

They look at him blankly.

HIPPIE
A tracker ... a guy who tracks down other guys ... that's my main gig!

He hands them his card.

SANDY
(reading)
"Frank Madras ... Licensed Tracker ... Psychic ... Fiat Repair," oh, please --

FRANK
Hey, c'mon, you wanna find this clown? I'll hunt him down like a dog ... ancient Chicatácawa technique, listening to the ground, the whole shot. Nineteen ninety-five.

LAUREN
(to Sandy)
This twenty dollars seems to be a recurring motif.

FRANK
You wanna find this guy or not?

178 EXT. AN UNPAVED STREET

Lauren and Sandy skeptically follow Frank's inscrutable lead, walking literally in circles. He stops suddenly and snifs at the air.

FRANK
He passed this way.

LAUREN
How do you know that?

Frank sniffs again.

FRANK
Super unleaded. Nobody around here can afford it.

SANDY
(fed up, to Lauren)
Let's dump this gerkin.

FRANK
Hey, c'mon! I can relate to your problem, here! I used to be white myself!

Lauren and Sandy exchange a look -- this guy's definitely been out in the desert too long.

LAUREN
(humoring him)
How ... exactly did you become an Indian?

FRANK
Made the Top Ten with my local draft board back in '66. Canada was too cold ...

A pair of burly Indians round a corner and spot Frank.

INDIAN #1
(in Chicatácawa)
Where's my money, Frank?

FRANK
(in Chicatácawa, gesturing back at Lauren)
My sister's got to cash a check.

The Indian rolls his eyes as he passes.

FRANK
(shaking his head affectionately)
These guys ... found me out in the desert one night, flat on my back, freezing my ass off, trying to bum a dollar off a cactus ... we've been blood brothers ever since.

Frank stops in front of a cantina and points.

LAUREN
Michael's in there?

Frank nods sagely to the ground at a glaringly obvious set of footprints.

LAUREN
Ancient Indian techniques!

SANDY
These could be anybody's!

FRANK
Yeah, they could ... anybody about 185 pounds, dragging his right a little like he's injured, and ...
(picking up cigarette butt)
He smokes one hand-rolled Colton's every three minutes.

Lauren and Sandy's eyes widen. Frank smiles proudly.

FRANK
Admit it. The man is cool.

179 INT. A CANTINA - DAY

Lauren and Sandy look around. Men -- grubby, rancher types with lots of beard growth -- stand at the bar putting away straight shots of Tequila, Mexican music blaring from the jukebox. Immediately the BARTENDER storms out from behind the bar.

BARTENDER
(in Chicatácawa)
Madras, you son of a bitch!
Pay your tab!

FRANK
(to the girls)
Chicatácawa welcome.

Lauren and Sandy try to ease into the room, but immediately TWO ROUGHNECKS loom in their path, blocking their way, grinning provocatively.

ROUGHNECK #1
Dirty hippie ain't a fittin' date for you, honey.

Disaster is eminent.

SANDY
Hey. Who says I'm with the him?
(pulling Lauren forward)
I'm with her. Right, baby?

Sandy gives Lauren a proprietory peck on the lips. Lauren blinks in astonishment, then gets with it.

LAUREN
(to Sandy)
They're playing our song.

She yanks Sandy over to the jukebox and begins dancing with her, cheek to cheek, to the hot salsa tune on the jukebox. The roughnecks' grins freeze on their faces.

SANDY
Do you come here often?

LAUREN
Stop it, this is mortifying enough...at least let me lead.

With an authoritative burst of energy Lauren leads Sandy in some fancy footwork.

SANDY
(impressed)
Astaire look out.

LAUREN
(smugly)
Nine years of ballroom. Dip.

They do.

180 ON THE ROUGHNECKS 180

Muttering to themselves about the "goddam dykes," they slink away.

181 LAUREN AND SANDY 181

dance their way back over to the bar, where Frank has managed to appropriate a bottle of whiskey.

FRANK
You babes have an agent? 'Cause I can get you some solid dates at Nick's Chick-O-Rama, I'm not kidding ...

LAUREN
Neither are we, Frank.

SANDY
(tersely)
Where is he?

FRANK
Probably upstairs.

SANDY
What's upstairs?

182 INT. A WHOREHOUSE - DAY

Decadence on parade. Fat women in chemises, garter belts and stockings loll around, some with customers in their laps. The three faces of Lauren, Sandy and Frank peek around a partition taking this in with horror.

SANDY
Whoa, that is some major ill-repute happening there.

LAUREN
Now, wait. Michael wouldn't stop in the middle of everything that's at stake here and patronize a ... a sleazy cathouse!

She shoots a look at Sandy -- or would he? Sandy raises an eyebrow.

FRANK
Sure he would! It's the only hotel for 100 miles.

SANDY
(gesturing at whores)
So what's this, room service? C'mon ...

She and Lauren start into the foyer. Frank puts out his arm, stopping them.

FRANK
You're not gonna get by Gert. It's customers only.

The huge MADAM does indeed look formidable.

SANDY
(sighs; musing)
Customers ...

The women pace for a second ... then both fixate simulaneously on Frank.

LAUREN
(to Sandy)
Get the shirt. I'll get his hat and pants.

They begin tugging at his clothes.

FRANK
Hey, you had your chance!

SANDY
Don't get excited ... this is just a swap.

FRANK
Uh-uh, forget it, cash on the barrel, I don't do this barter system shit --

The women close in on him.

183 OMIT

183

184 INT. WHOREHOUSE FOYER - DAY

184

Sandy and Lauren walk in, having exchanged enough of their clothes to look somewhat masculine. Their hair is tucked into cowboy hats. Both have penciled fuzz on their upper lips. The effect, on a horse that's galloping extremely fast, is male.

The Madam, a humongous woman, takes them in with shrewd, piggy little eyes. She begins to laugh, a long, mean cackle.

MADAM
Who're you kidding! Huh?

She reaches out and smears Lauren's penciled mustache with her finger.

MADAM
How old're you boys? 13? 14? You're babies! You can't even shave yet! Your father know you're here?!

Sandy and Lauren mumble adolescently, refusing to meet her eyes.

MADAM
Ohhhhh. First time?

LAUREN
(voice breaking like an adolescent's)
No way!
(pointing at Sandy)
It's his first time!

SANDY
You wish!

LAUREN
You chickenshit? Huh?

SANDY
I'm not chickenshit!

LAUREN
He's chickenshitting out!

SANDY
I'm not!

Sandy shoves her. Lauren shoves back. Soon they're in a boyish rough house.

185 THEIR POV 185

Feet. PAN UP to two huge, terrifying, Lina Wertmuller-esque WHORES. Sandy and Lauren gulp.

MADAM
This is Tina and Maria.
(a wink)
Have fun.

185 INT. A LONG HALL - FOLLOWING 186

The huge haunches of the whores, who are too bored to look behind to see if Sandy and Lauren are following. They are...reluctantly.

LAUREN
I'm upset about this!

SANDY
Maybe you'll learn something.
(off Lauren's expression)
Just kidding, come on.

Sandy and Lauren stop at one of the doors and put their ears to it. They hear heavy breathing, some quick panting. Lauren and Sandy look at each other and shake their heads.

At the second door Lauren and Sandy hear panting, springs creaking and low, weird moans.

LAUREN
Definitely not.

On to a third door. They hear "Yes! Yes, baby, yes!" Sandy and Lauren slap each other five. The groans intensify.

SANDY
Oh-ho, we're already at "Oh god Oh god!"

LAUREN
Won't be long now.

A definitive groan.

SANDY
That was it!

LAUREN
He'll be asleep in three seconds.

SANDY
Did you ever think you'd be glad men roll over and pass out?

The whores plod on, oblivious, as Sandy and Lauren slip into the room.

187 INT. WHOREHOUSE BEDROOM - DAY 187

The only furniture is a primitive bedstead with an ornamental goat's head over it. Michael is asleep, a girl sitting on the bed, putting on her stockings. Sandy and Lauren tiptoe in, finger to their lips. They take several bills from Michael's wallet and hand it over to the girl. She shrugs and goes. Lauren and Sandy regard Michael for a long moment.

LAUREN
(low)
You know, I've come to a definite conclusion.

SANDY
What's that?

LAUREN
You can have him.

Sandy approaches the bed, murder in her eyes.

SANDY
Where's a chain saw when you need one?

Lauren catches her arm.

LAUREN
Sandy! I'm mad too, but right now raking him with our fingernails is not in our best interest. Okay?

Sandy glowers, but restrains herself.

LAUREN
Just keep an eye on him.

Lauren starts to go through his clothes as

188 MICHAEL 188

stirs and rolls over, feeling in his sleep for the girl.

189 LAUREN AND SANDY 189

look at each other in panic. Sandy rushes over to the bed and gets into it. Michael throws his arm over her. He settles down. Sandy grits her teeth in total revulsion as Lauren pulls a small packet out from the inner lining of his jacket.

190 THE PACKET - CLOSE 190

It contains a small sealed vial. Lauren holds it up for Sandy to see, then puts it back, closing the packet with a snap!

191 MICHAEL'S EYES 191

pop open at the sound. They widen in shock -- he is staring into Sandy's face!

SANDY
Was it good for you?

She grabs the goat's head off the wall and brings it down on Michael's head. She flings the covers over his face and scrambles out the door, Lauren right behind her.

192 INT. WHOREHOUSE FOYER 192

Sandy and Lauren bludgeon their way through the whores and clients like NFL pros...

193 INT. THE HALLWAY 193

Michael stumbles after them, pulling on his pants and screaming threats.

194 INT. THE CANTINA 194

Sandy and Lauren come thundering down the stairs, through the bar, and out the door. A few moments later Michael follows, in arduous pursuit.

ROUGHNECK #1
Hey, brother, you're wasting you're time with <u>those</u> two--

195 LAUREN AND SANDY 195

As they run, scattering chickens in their wake.

196 OMIT 196

197 OMIT 197

198 LAUREN AND SANDY'S POV - THE STREET AHEAD 198

And here comes the same pickup truck, filled with the same leering Mexican laborers. Hey, babes! Hey, mamacitas! Wanna ride?!

LAUREN AND SANDY
Yes! Yes, yes, yes! Stop!

198 CONTINUED 198

The truck screeches to a stop. Lauren and Sandy are helped onto the back by the Mexicans.

LAUREN
(In a burst of affection)
You guys are the sweetest, most gorgeous creatures in the world.

The Mexican's gape at them, paralyzed with shyness and shock. Deferently, they remove thier hats. Sandy and Lauren anxiously look back at the cantina.

199 OMIT 199

200 MICHAEL 200

bursts out of the cantina, racing after the truck as he unsheaths his kinfe.

200A LAUREN AND SANDY - ON THE TRUCK 200A

Seeing Michael in hot pursuit, Sandy shouts at the driver.

SANDY

Andele! Andele! James.

Comprehending her meaning, the driver floors it and the truck takes off into the distance.

200B MICHAEL 200B

realizes he'll never catch them and stops.

201 THE RETREATING TRUCK 201

Sandy and Lauren wave at Michael smugly from the back.

202 MICHAEL 202

glowers.

203 OMIT 203

204 OMIT 204

205-206A OMIT

206B EXT. THE DESERT

The truck goes racing down the desloate two-lane highway.*

207 EXT. THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE - DAY

The truck slows, stops

207A EXT. CLOSER ON THE TRUCK

LAUREN
Why did we stop?

MEXICAN
No hablo Inglais.

SANDY
Look, we have to get to a phone ... we have to ...

The Mexicans are mostly off the truck now, starting in digging a ditch. The women continue to plead as the last of them gets off ... revealing ..

FRANK

sprawled in the back on the truck in a garish combination of Sandy and Lauren's clothes. He glares at them hatefully.

SANDY
What are you doing here!

FRANK
(hotly)
Getting a ride back to the reservation, before one of these guys asks for my phone number!

He pushes past them to the front of the flatbed and jumps off.

SANDY
(calling after him)
Oh, c'mon, you look cute --

LAUREN
Prints are wrong for him, though, he should go for solids --

SANDY
(it registers)
Did he say "phone?"

207A CONTINUED 207A

LAUREN
I think he said phone.

207B FRANK

is already 20 yards across the sand, walking briskly. Sandy and Lauren are walking after him. Frank looks nervously over his shoulder, steps up his pace. The women step up theirs. Frank breaks out into a dead run. The women sprint after him. He is hampered, though, by Lauren's skirt, which keeps snagging on cacti ... the women leap on him in a flying tackle. He hits the ground with a thud!

LAUREN
Sorry Frank. It's important.

FRANK
(struggling to escape)
Get away! Get away from me!

SANDY
Look, we gotta use your phone --

FRANK
Forget it! You stiff me 20 bucks -- you leave me in drag -- you got some freak with a knife after you --
(shouting now)
THESE THINGS DO NOT INSPIRE ME TO BUDDY UP TO YOU BABES!
(overcome by his own outburst; hands to temples)
Ow ... what's wrong with my head?

SANDY
Are you okay?

FRANK
No! I'm sober!

SANDY
(grabbing him by the shoulders)
Listen ... we're not just jerking you around ... some men are chasing us because one of them stole a virus, okay? It'll destroy all the trees and plants for thousands of miles, but we stole it back so now they're trying to kill us!

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207B CONTINUED

FRANK
Jesus! The '60's were good to you, weren't they?!

LAUREN
(strategically)
Yes, Frank... think back to the '60's ... people did things for each other ... they cared about each other ...

FRANK
They were wasted!

SANDY
(without missing a beat)
There's a reward.

Frank looks up.

LAUREN
(taking her aside, in a stage whisper)
Don't tell him that! A hundred thousand three ways is nothing!

SANDY
We have no choice.
(turning back to Frank)
If you help us get to a telephone, I swear to you, you will be showered with money.

Frank looks from one woman to the other, highly suspicious.

FRANK
I'm gonna regret this.

208 EXT. THE MIDDLE OF THE HIGH DESERT - DAY 208

Frank is blazing the trail, Sandy and Lauren tramping along behind him.

SANDY
How many miles 'til we get to something?

FRANK
52 Chictaw kayakas. That's...11 miles.

SANDY
(grumbling)
Great. Nothing to do for 11 miles.

She sighs. A long beat, the only sound the trudge-trudge of sneakers in the sand and a distant coyote-howl.

SANDY
(shyly)
So...anyway, uh...what's Hamlet about?

Lauren smiles.

LAUREN
Well...Hamlet was a guy...who wanted revenge.

SANDY
That's it?

LAUREN
More or less.

SANDY
Huh...I can relate.

LAUREN
Sure you can. It's just Shakespeare. It won't bite you.

SANDY
I thought it was all, y'know, people standing around in togas...

LAUREN
Oh, no! There's a ghost...there's murder and lust and greed and adultery--

SANDY
Wow.

LAUREN
--And great, great language. "To suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune!"

SANDY
Yeah...what does that mean?

LAUREN
Kind of like the last two days.

SANDY
Poor guy.

209 EXT. THE HIGH PLAINS - DAY 209

Jagged, geometrical mountains loom in the distance as Sandy, Lauren and Frank tramp onward.

210-211 OMIT 210-211

211A EXT. MIDDLE OF HIGH DESERT 211A

And we see Michael's land rover following the tracks left by Lauren, Sandy and Frank...

211B EXT. A ROADSIDE SHACK - DAY 211B

Lauren, Sandy and Frank approach, nearing the end of their trek.

SANDY
So what happens after he dumps Ophelia?

LAUREN
She drowns herself.

SANDY
Men are pigs.

They are now standing in front of the shack. A crooked sign reads: "FRANK'S TRADING POST - AUTHENTIC INDIAN RELICS - ASH TRAYS - SACRED ROCKS - YUCCA CANDY - LIVE GILA MONSTERS." The place is completely deserted.

LAUREN
Not the hub of the reservation, is it?

FRANK
It's off-season, what do you want?

He opens the door, stops, turns back to them.

211B CONTINUED: 211

FRANK
Five minutes. If you stay here more than five minutes you'll bring down a goddamn to-nado. I know it.

LAUREN
Frank, we have no intention of hanging around --

They go in.

211C INT. FRANK'S TOURIST SHACK 211

LAUREN
--The sooner we get on our way --
(struck)
I want that blouse!

She and Sandy elbow their way past the cheesy Indian trinkets to a rack of prairie blouses.

SANDY
This is my color!

LAUREN
I wore one of these when I did "Oklahoma..."

She and Sandy each try on a shirt, surveying themselves in the mirror.

SANDY
That's cute on you.

LAUREN
(preening)
It doesn't make me shortwaisted?

SANDY
(preening)
Nah, you get a snakeskin belt, you get a little texture going --

FRANK
(losing patience)
Here! Take it! The blouse is on the house.

He hands them the phone.

211C CONTINUED: 21

LAUREN *
(hyped)
Okay! All right! Who do we call. The New York Times! No! We'll call the President!

SANDY *
(sarcastic)
Oh, he'll take <u>that</u> call. "Hi, we're two struggling actresses, we're saving the world..."

LAUREN *
All right, then, the F.B.I. -- we've got to turn this in --

She takes the toxin out of her jacket and puts it on the table as Sandy dials. *

SANDY
(jiggling the receiver)
This doesn't work!

FRANK *
(shrugs)
They must've cut me off... I owe them a little money.

SANDY *
Don't you <u>know</u> how to handle these dorks?! You don't have to <u>pay</u> them!

FRANK *
(intrigued)
You don't?

SANDY *
Nah, you just --

LAUREN *
Sandy!

SANDY *
Sorry.
(to Frank)
How do we get to a phone that works?

211D OMIT

212 EXT. A SHED NEXT TO THE HOUSE 21

The three stand next to a tethered horse.

FRANK
Okay, ladies, this is Frodo...
(looking across the desert)
Okay, you're going to cross these hills till you get to the edge of a cliff. Don't go off there, it's a 700-foot drop. Bear right and you'll come to a narrow path down the side of the cliff...unless it's washed out, in which case good luck ... if you make it down you'll come to the rattlesnake area. Be real careful in there. Go right at the rattlesnakes and take the dirt road till you get to the taco stand. You'll find a phone there.

SANDY
(weary)
It couldn't just be a block and a half to the corner store...

LAUREN
Thank you, Frank. We won't forget you.

SANDY
We'll see you get something out of this, Frank.

FRANK
Oh yea, I'll be showered with money. I can hardly wait.

He helps Sandy onto the horse. Lauren puts her foot into the stirrup, then stops, feeling her pockets.

LAUREN
The toxin! I don't have it!

213 INT. FRANK'S HOUSE 2

Lauren bursts in, panting. The packet is sitting on the table where she left it. Grabbing it up, she races to the front door and opens it.

214 HER POV 21

Michael stands in the doorway. He puts a gun to her head. *

MICHAEL
Hand it to me...very slowly.

LAUREN
No - I won't do it. *

He cocks the gun. Lauren hands it to him. As she does she * tries to make a break for it. Michael hits her - she SCREAMS.

215 EXT. THE SHED 21

Sandy starts. Frank gives the horse a slap. It rockets out out of the shed, rearing as it almost tramples Russell and Boyd, then gallops around the side of the house and takes off across the plains like a bat out of hell.

216 MOVING ON SANDY - ON HORSEBACK 216

Sandy, hanging on the horn for dear life, twisting to see what's going on back there.

SANDY
Lauren.
(pulling on the reins)
C'mon.
(no response)
Whoa, asshole!

217 EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE 217

Russell and Boyd are advancing on Frank menacingly.

FRANK
(to the heaven)
Of course!!

(CONTINUED)

217 CONTINUED: 7

Russell hits Frank with the butt of his gun. Michael throws Lauren into the jeep.

MICHAEL
Now, you're going to make yourself useful.

He whistles. Russell and Boyd leap onto the jeep as it drives away. *

218 INT. ATKIN'S OFFICE - DAY 21

Tense atmosphere. Agents hanging on every word as Atkins picks up the telephone.

MICHAEL'S VOICE (O.S.)
Hello, Joe. Do you have the money? *

ATKINS
It's here.

An agent opens a briefcase on his desk. It is filled with crisp stacks of $1,000. bills.

219 INT. PHONE BOOTH BY AN ABANDONED CAFE - DAY 21

The jeep, motor running, waits while Michael talks on the phone.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL
Fine. Here it is. You will get in a chopper and fly to Mesa Azul. Forget about ground support -- I'll have lookouts -- and if we see one sniper or tank or plane or chopper, other than <u>your</u> chopper, I'm going to get very nervous and drop this stuff right on the ground.

220 INT. ATKINS' OFFICE 220

All listen in miserable silence.

MICHAEL'S VOICE (O.S.)
You will <u>not</u> bring the chopper down...you will stay level with the mesa and lower the money down to me at 5pm. Understand that?

ATKINS
No! That's totally unacceptable--

There is a click! Atkins turns to his subordinates, trying to save face.

ATKINS
It's under control! We know where he is, we can secure the area...

WELDON
Uh...sir...the "area," as you call it, is 200 square miles of thousand-foot cliffs...no roads in or out...if I were choosing a ransom drop I'd be hard-pressed to find a better one.

ATKINS
We've still got him...he can't outrun us.

WELDON
Excuse me, sir, but he grew up out there...one man on foot who knows that country can hide...indefinitely.

Grim silence, bleak looks as we cut to:

221 OMIT 221

221A EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - DAY 221A

Frank lifts himself groggily out of the dirt, looks around...

222 HIS POV

Made indistinct by the afternoon sun in his eyes, he sees the silhouette of a horse and rider. It's the classic Eastwood shot: the Stranger Rides Into Town. It's Sandy.

FRANK
Go. Away.

SANDY
What happened! Where's Lauren?

FRANK
They took her.

SANDY
We've gotta go--

FRANK
Oh no--

SANDY
(grabbing his arm)
I can't track her without you, now please, c'mon--

FRANK
You go!
(mopping his forehead)
I'm busy bleeding!

SANDY
Frank--

FRANK
It never ends!! You really think I'm gonna go chasing after that pack of psychos for a dumb blonde?!

SANDY
(hotly)
She's not dumb! And she's not a blonde!

Frank has to respect the ferocity of this outburst.

FRANK
Well, good luck...

He slips through his front door, slams it, and locks it. Sandy leans in one of the broken windows.

SANDY
Okay. The truth. Lauren and I pulled a bank job. Those guys were Feds. Lauren buried the money--

FRANK'S VOICE
Spare me.

SANDY
What about revenge?! They trashed your house, look at it--

FRANK'S VOICE
I'm insured, no deductible, don't even try.

SANDY
I'm running out of bullshit, Frank! They're going to kill her!
(beat)
I know, it's not your problem...but this person and I...we've been through a lot of disgusting things together...this person...
(simply)
This is a friend.
(beat)
And I don't have that many friends.

The door opens. Frank heaves a sigh. Smiles.

FRANK
I do.

222A EXT. THE CREST OF A HILL - LONG SHOT - DAY 222A

We hear a faint ROAR...growing louder...and then, rising like the sun on the horizon, there appears an army of Indians on motorcycles, shooting over the top and down the hill...motors racing, war cries echoing across the dunes...noble faces resplendent with headbands rocketing towards us...Sandy and Frank out in front...

223-229 OMIT 223-229

229A EXT. ANOTHER ANGLE - DAY 229A

The swarm of motorcycles race by, heading towards the mountains.

230 EXT. A HUGE NATURAL SANDSTONE ARCH 230

The motorcycles come roaring through...jagged high cliffs rising above them.

231 EXT. A MOUNTAIN TRAIL 231

Lauren is pushed along, roughly, at gunpoint by Michael, Russell and Boyd, all on foot now. Brambles tear at their clothes, scratch their faces.

MICHAEL
Through here.

He parts the brambles.

232 THEIR POV - A CLIFF DWELLING - DAY - LONG SHOT 232

A truly spectacular place -- if one were in the frame of mind to enjoy it. Adobe ruins of two-story, ancient apartments stretch back under the lip of a giant, overhanging cave, above which the crumbly, jagged limestone mesa rises 300 feet.

233 EXT. THE CLIFF DWELLING 233

Lauren sits in one of the ruined, roofless rooms, tied up and propped against the adobe wall. Boyd snickers and unbuttons the top couple of buttons of her shirt. Lauren brings up her knee--almost fast enough to catch him in the nuts.

BOYD
Hoo! She's a mean one, ain't she?

Sometimes she bites and scratches.

MICHAEL
[redacted]

LAUREN
What do you want with me, Michael?

MICHAEL
Right now? I want you to be comfortable.

LAUREN
What are you saving me for, you shit!?

Michael raises his eyebrow at this unLaurenlike outburst.

MICHAEL
I'm surprised at you. You're talking like the other one.

LAUREN
The other one?

MICHAEL
Your friend. The barmaid.

LAUREN
You don't even remember her name.

MICHAEL
I'm a busy man.

LAUREN
Well, it's Sandy. Her name is Sandy. And she's not a barmaid. She's an actress.

234 EXT. CLIFF DWELLINGS 234

Russell and Boyd are perched as lookouts, with their automatics poised. From high above, still 200 feet up, we see...the HELICOPTER from which we see the briefcase being lowered.

MICHAEL AND LAUREN stand in the shadow of the cave's overhang, his gun still at her back.

MICHAEL
Now...you're going to make the exchange.

Michael hands her the packet -- first removing the vial of Floratoxin.

LAUREN
I didn't think you'd keep your end of the bargain.

He pushes her towards the light.

LAUREN
It's your big moment. Don't you want to do this yourself?

MICHAEL
Atkins is a very good shot.

Her shoves her out into the open.

235 INT. THE HELICOPTER 235

Atkins and Weldon peer down through field glasses.

WELDON
I see someone.

236 THEIR POV 236

It's Lauren.

ATKINS
Now do you want to tell me how much you believe them?

He leans out the window, taking aim...

WELDON
Don't shoot! Sir, she's being coerced -- look at her! She's terrified! She's crying!

237 ON LAUREN 237

tear-streaked, as she unties the briefcase and ties on the pouch.

238 THE CLIFF DWELLINGS 238

Russell and Boyd are still keeping watch. Michael hangs back, half in shadow, watching.

239 INT. THE HELICOPTER 239

Atkins slowly puts the gun down as Weldon pulls up the pouch. He opens it. It's empty.

And then there's a shot! From the ground. Hit, the helicopter lurches to one side, sending the men crashing into each other.

239A RUSSELL 239A

aims a second shot...he fires...

239B EXT. THE HELICOPTER 239B

is hit again, smoke pouring from the engine now..it tilts away from the mesa...

239C INT. HELICOPTER 239C

ATKINS
Land!

WEASEL
I'm trying!

240 OMIT 240

240A EXT. A SECOND MESA - REVERSE ANGLE FROM THE FIRST 240A

The smoking helicopter lurches towards the cliff...manages a precarious landing.

241 EXT. CLIFF DWELLING - ON LAUREN 241

She stands alone with the suitcase.

242 ON MICHAEL 242

smiling, gesturing come-hither with his gun.

LAUREN slowly approaches with the suitcase. Michael smiles. Raises his gun.

MICHAEL
Toss it here.

LAUREN
You'll shoot me.

MICHAEL
I really am sorry.

He brings the gun up level to her head. Lauren closes her eyes. And then -- thunk! An arrow pierces his arm. With a yell he drops the gun. Thunk! His other arm is grazed, sending the vial flying...flying...Lauren's hand catches it two inches from the ground. Michael leaps behind an adobe wall as 20 other arrows clatter against it. Lauren dimly realizes that she is now holding <u>both</u> the money and the vial. She begins to run. Shots ricochet around her as

243-244 OMIT

243-24

245 RUSSELL AND BOYD

245

shoot wildly, in all directions, amidst a hail of arrows.

246 THE INDIANS

246

are creeping around the outskirts of the cliff dwellings, crouching behind boulders, moving in...

247 LAUREN

247

runs for the cover of a grove of trees and into --

248 A FIGURE

248

Lauren stifles a scream. Sandy stands before her, shaking her head.

SANDY
Aren't you dead yet?!

LAUREN
No such luck!

Laughing, the women embrace.

LAUREN
(beaming)
You came back, I don't believe it--

SANDY
Yeah, but look at you, you made off with the works, here--

LAUREN
(holding up briefcase)
This is 50 million dollars!

Again they laugh. Sandy stops, struck by an unnerving thought. Gently but firmly she takes the briefcase away from Lauren.

SANDY
This time I'll carry the money.

249 ON RUSSELL 249

Surrounded by Indians now, making his last stand on the roof of a cliff dwelling. Frank appears behind him and, instead of shooting him with an arrow, merely gives him a small push. He falls, screaming, off the roof and bam! Spreadeagled, face down, into a bed of cactus.

249A ON BOYD 249A

Firing away, standing in a narrow fissure--he's protected on two sides from bullets and arrows. Above him TWO INDIANS appear at the top of the fissure. They smile at each other. One drops a rock into the fissure...Boyd hears it fall and reacts, shooting wildly...the bullets hit the overhang and --zing!--zing!--zing! --zing!-- ricochet madly around him until...THUNK! He falls dead.

249B ON MICHAEL 249B

running for his life, taking cover behind boulders...the Indians appear to be closing in...Indians popping up behind every rock...

250-252 OMIT 250-252

253 ON ATKINS, WELDON AND THE WEASEL 253

Up on their perch, much, much higher up, next to their helicopter, looking down on the action through field glasses.

ATKINS
Are they ours?

WELDON
To my knowledge, sir, we don't have a Native American unit...

254 OMIT 254

255 THE GROVE OF TREES 255

Sandy and Lauren are peering out at the battle.

SANDY
Serves the son of a bitch right. He never should've messed around with us...

LAUREN
(flexing a bicep)
..."Ninja Vixens!"

They laugh together.

LAUREN
(looking up, waving)
There's Weldon!

SANDY
(waving, calling)
Nice rescue, guys! Primo!

LAUREN
Maybe we can hitch a ride home with them...HEY, HANDSOME!

The women giggle, take a couple steps out into the open, and...

256 MICHAEL'S HAND 256

shoots out and grabs Lauren's ankle. She screams; he lunges forward. Sandy brains him on the head with the briefcase...he lets go, stunned...the women scramble up the rocky stone shale at the base of the mesa. Michael is after them. There is nowhere to go but up. Loose rocks crumble away beneath their feet and they slide backwards. Sandy still has the briefcase; Lauren tucks the vial in her shirt pocket...

257 ON MICHAEL 257

Bloody, but undaunted -- wild-eyed with fury. He's sliding backwards too, but pressing on. Following.

257A SANDY AND LAUREN 257A

are at the base of the mesa now, against a wall of rock.

SANDY
Jesus, am I sick of this...

She begins finding toeholds in the smooth surface, boosts herself up and starts to climb. Lauren watches with apprehension.

SANDY
C'mon!

LAUREN
I'm afraid of heights!

SANDY
(sarcastic)
Oh? Well, let's talk about it!
(no response)
MOVE!!

LAUREN
I can't!

Michael lurches into frame...Lauren shrinks back in horror, pulls a stray arrow out of a tree and swings it in front of her in a protective arc...then...it clicks...she goes on point, brandishing the arrow like a fencing foil...parrying and thrusting...slicing the air like a sushi chef...Michael is forced backwards. He loses his balance on the shale and slides back a dozen feet. Lauren rushes back to the base of the mesa, looks up at Sandy (who is screaming encouragement) and, with a deep breath, starts up after her.

257B MICHAEL 257B

picks himself up and stumbled towards the base of the mesa...

258 ON SANDY AND LAUREN 258

Reaching an outcropping of rock, grabbing some stones, throwing them down at

259 MICHAEL 259

who is hit, bruised, even bloodied, but still he climbs.

260 ON SANDY AND LAUREN 260

Finding toeholds in the more solid rock now, edging higher...

261 ON ATKINS, WELDON AND THE WEASEL 261

Watching with open mouths through their field glasses.

WELDON
That doesn't look like a collaboration to me, sir.

261A ON SANDY AND LAUREN 261A

Looking across at the three agents.

SANDY
What're these guys, on their lunch hour?

(screaming)
SHOOT HIM!

LAUREN
SHOOT!

261B ON ATKINS, WELDON AND THE WEASEL 261B

The Weasel raises his telescopic rifle.

WEASEL
Who do I shoot?

ATKINS
Nobody! We don't know who has the toxin.

262 THE MESA - A LONG SHOT 262

Sandy and Lauren are ant-sized, edging their way up this immense bluff, with Michael not far behind.

263 ON SANDY AND LAUREN 263

pulling themselves up by scrubby little bushes which come out by the roots almost the second they're grabbed, necessitating an immediate grab at a fresh one. Finally Sandy, further ahead, grabs a bigger, more anchored bush. Lauren, beneath her, has only the last of the small ones. It begins to pull out...

LAUREN
Sandy!

She stretches out her hand to Sandy's -- which is very much occupied -- by holding the briefcase.

SANDY
There is no God.

She lets go of the briefcase. It plummets out of frame. Sandy grabs Lauren's hand and pulls her up.

264 ON THE INDIANS BELOW 264

As the briefcase hits an outcropping of rock and springs open. $1,000.00 bills go fluttering down, raining on the Indians. Frank looks up in pure, dumbfounded wonder as Lauren's prophecy is fulfilled.

265 ON SANDY AND LAUREN 265

Panting as they finally reach the top of the mesa. The sun is setting and the sky is blood red. Sandy and Lauren begin to run across the perfectly flat mesa-top as Michael pulls himself up over the top and follows.

266 SANDY 266

trips. Lauren, pressing on, realizes that Sandy is missing and turns around.

Michael has grabbed Sandy and is struggling with her...one of his eyes is swollen shut and he's breathing like a bull. He finally looks like the monster he is. Sandy flails with all her might (and lands a couple of mean punches) but he finally succeeds in pinning her arms, rummaging among her clothes.

SANDY
I don't have it!

LAUREN
I have it!

She pulls the vial from her pocket and shows it to him.

LAUREN
Let her go.

Michael smiles. Obligingly, he THROWS SANDY OVER THE SIDE OF THE MESA. Her scream reverberates down the canyon.

267 OMIT

267

267A AN OUTCROPPING - 10 FEET BELOW MESA-TOP

267A

as Sandy lands on her ass with a tremendous thud! Saved by the ledge! She holds up her hand, revealing a broken fingernail.

SANDY
Shit!

268 ON LAUREN

268

Shattered. Destroyed. Michael is coming towards her. She looks behind her. The drop. But farther out, perhaps another six feet, the mesa rises again in small towers of rock, flat on top, like a gigantic candelabra (with a 300-foot plummet between the spines).

Lauren's jaw sets. She turns and runs for the edge and jumps easily to the first "stepping stone." She looks back.

269 MICHAEL

269

is running to make the jump after her...he jumps...

269A SANDY

269A

plucks the heavy glass earring off her ear and chucks it with all her might...it hits

269B MICHAEL

269B

in the head...but he still lands, off-kilter from the blow, as...

270 LAUREN

270

leaps to the second "stepping stone."

271 ON ATKINS, WELDON AND THE WEASEL

271

Even Atkins is holding his breath as he watches.

272 THEIR POV

272

As Lauren flies to the third stone.

273 ON LAUREN

273

stumbling, almost losing her balance, righting herself. The final stone is an impossible 10 feet away. And here comes Michael. Lauren gathers up her strength and gives it her finest ballet leap...extends her legs...

274 SLOW MOTION

274

--as she sails...sails...gazelle-like...Michael makes his leap, a foot behind her...for a moment they are both airborne...Michael makes a snatch for her...he comes within an inch of her back, and then...

275 LAUREN

275

lands! Michael is two feet short. A last flash of his vicious face and then -- down he goes, into the chasm.

276 LAUREN'S POV

276

like a Road Runner cartoon. Michael's body grows smaller and smaller until it becomes a tiny dot at the bottom of the gorge and then -- a gentle puff! of dust.

277 LAUREN

277

lets out her breath. Hears faint cheering. Looks across the canyon, squinting.

277A SANDY

277A

is applauding

278 ATKINS, WELDON AND THE WEASEL

278

All applaud wildly.

279 INT. A STAGE - NIGHT

279

Tumultuous applause. Sandy and Lauren, in full Shakespearean dress, are taking their final bows among a company of ACTORS.

280 ON THE AUDIENCE

280

Composed of many familiar faces from our story, Weldon, Atkins, Korzenowski, Frank and numerous tuxedoed Indians (who are whooping in approval).

281 EXT. THE ALLEY BEHIND THE THEATER

281

Sandy and Lauren, in chic streetwear now, are surrounded by admirers. (Frank is transformed. He looks like Don Johnson and has a blonde on each arm.) Lauren steers her PARENTS, a well-dressed older couple, to the center of the circle.

LAUREN
Mom, this is Mr. Atkins, the backer for the show...

LAUREN'S MOTHER
I think it was very courageous of you to envision a woman as Hamlet.

ATKINS
It was the least we could do. Oh, by the way...

He takes Lauren aside.

ATKINS
Your reward...

Smiling, he takes a thick envelope out of his jacket and hands it to her, which she in turn hands to her father.

LAUREN
(breezily)
There you go. Thirty-two thousand dollars, with interest.

Her parents stare at her, agog. Weldon finally squeezes through the throng, taking Sandy and Lauren's hands beaming at them.

WELDON
What a treat! I cried buckets!
(to Sandy)
What an Ophelia!
(to Lauren)
And you--!

He stops, moonstruck. Lauren is flushed, in full makeup, and quite beautiful. We've never seen her quite so stunning, and neither has Weldon, for he's suddenly tongue-tied.

SANDY
Uh-oh, the arrow hits.

WELDON
Listen...Lauren...
(a beat)
Crazy thought, forget it.
(a beat; gathering courage)
No, I...okay. I thought you might, um, allow me to take you out...somewhere...sometime...no pressure -- at your convenience --

LAUREN
How about now?

WELDON
Now!
(that was easy!)
Sure -- okay --!

LAUREN
(warmly)
As long as Sandy comes too.
(over Sandy's protests)
Oh now, come one, you can't be alone on your opening night...

A smile passes between the two women.

MALE VOICE
Sandy...?

Sandy turns around, finds herself facing an incredible HUNK.

HUNK
I'm Howie.

SANDY
(blankly)
Howie...?

LAUREN
(in Sandy's ear)
Polyester Pants...hips...?

SANDY
Howie from the phone company! My main man!

She turns around, drops her jaw privately to Lauren, and turns back to Howie, smiling regally. She carefully modulates her voice, stripping it of its New York accent.

SANDY
Would you care to join us for a drink?

Howie offers his arm. Suavely, like a duchess, Sandy takes it. They start off down the street...Lauren and Weldon following...as, from the rear, we see Lauren give Weldon a little tweak on the ass. He squeaks in surprise -- but is thrilled. She grins at him mischievously...as we...

FADE OUT