

REAL MEN

by

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SHOOTING DRAFT

September 4, 1986
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FADE IN:

1 EXT. WOODS AT NIGHT 1

Quiet, suspenseful... A faint SOUND: the muted CRUNCH-
ING OF LEAVES under foot.

CLOSEUP: A black shoe sets down in the damp leaves.

TILT UP to show JOHN PILLBOX. He carries a glass of
water carefully upright. On the glass, the official
seal of the United States of America.

Pillbox glances down at the map in his hand... It is a
carefully drawn contour map of the woods with a rendez-
vous site clearly marked.

Pillbox looks around apprehensively. He checks the map
again and heads off to his right.

2 EXT. WOODS - FARTHER ON - NIGHT 2

He moves silently through the trees.

BANG!!!... A shot slams into Pillbox, throwing him
backward.

He's dead before he hits the ground.

Shards of the great seal lie shattered on the ground.

3 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT 3

The staticky CRACKLE OF WALKIE-TALKIES, as agents pour
out of everywhere and rush toward the body, half ob-
scured by the trees.

FRANK CUNARD, head of L.A. CIA, rushes through the
trees, up to the body. *

Pillbox lies on the ground, his glassy eyes stare into
space. He's definitely dead. How could this be?!...
we know from the ads, the trailer, Pillbox is one of
the leads of the picture. He can't be dead yet!

Cunard's chief aide, HENDERSON, comes up behind him.

HENDERSON

He's dead. How could something like
this happen?!

CUNARD

Keep your voice down.

Cunard guides Henderson away from the clump of agents
around the body toward a more secluded part of the
woods.

(CONTINUED)

CUNARD

(continuing)

It's an inside job.

HENDERSON

Our own people?! CIA?!

CUNARD

It would have to be. Looks like some of our boys are in real active disagreement with this policy.

HENDERSON

How many agents do you think they have?

CUNARD

To do this? Plenty. We have to be careful, anybody in the Agency could be with them.

HENDERSON

This was just a run-through! What are we going to do at the real thing next Friday?! Pillbox was the one they expected to make the exchange.

CUNARD

(in a whisper)

It's worse than that. Whoever killed him got the map.

Henderson turns toward the body, frantically scans the ground... no sign of the map.

CUNARD

(continuing)

We have to get that map back. If our courier isn't in exactly the right spot, there'll be no exchange, they'll just keep going.

HENDERSON

What'll we do?

Cunard has already thought it through.

CUNARD

They'll pass the map several times before they bring it back to D.C. for the exchange. We'll have to intercept it. We'll send in Pirandello.

HENDERSON

You're not going to let him loose?!

(CONTINUED)

3

CONTINUED: (2)

3

CUNARD

Why not? He's the best we've got.
He's always one step ahead of
everybody else. He'll need that on
this.

HENDERSON

You know what happens to his
partners. Nobody will go out with
him.

CUNARD

I'm sending him out alone. We can't
trust anybody else anyway.

HENDERSON

He's uncontrollable, he's a wild
man. His methods are totally
unpredictable.

CUNARD

I don't care. He'll get it done.
Don't you realize how big this thing
is?

Cunard looks meaningfully up at the sky.

4

EXT. WOODS - SHOT OF STARS - NIGHT

4

A billion twinkling suns surrounded by a trillion in-
visible worlds.

Cunard looks back at Henderson.

CUNARD

(firmly)

Get Pirandello on this! Get him on
it now!

CUT TO:

5

INT. LOS ANGELES FISH MARKET - DAY

5

*

The BANTER and BUSTLE of the downtown fish market.
FOCUS on a stand loaded with ice and fish.

A man in a bloody apron turns toward us... NICK
PIRANDELLO. A magic radiates from this guy. His eyes
sparkle, his smile crackles. He is the most alive
person we have ever seen. He is a CIA legend. He is
the hero of this movie.

(CONTINUED)

5. CONTINUED:

5

NICK

Snapper, halibut, orange roughy,
flounder, your yellow tail, your sea
bass! I'm mongering fish here,
ladies and gentlemen! Lady, is this
a good lookin' fish or what? This
fish loves you, look at his eyes
-- he's lookin' at you.

*
*
*

With quick sure glances, he peruses the busy fish market. His eyes lock on something in the midst of the bustle.

6 EXT. FISH MARKET - AN ELDERLY WOMAN - DAY

6

hurries through the market. As she approaches a good-looking All-American guy in his twenties (BRADSHAW), she rips open a sealed envelope and, without looking at its contents, holds it up for him to see... then immediately drops it into the coals of a prearranged grill broiling fish -- where it is instantly consumed. It was a perfect CIA blind pass.

Almost perfect... Nick watches as Bradshaw circles around an aisle and heads out toward the parking lot.

Nick lets him go around the corner, then bends down behind the stall to pick up something... he never comes up, we didn't see him leave, but he's gone.

7 OUT IN THE PARKING LOT - DAY

7

Bradshaw comes out of the fish market, by one of the refrigeration trucks... An arm darts out and pulls him into the truck.

8 INSIDE THE TRUCK - DAY

8

True to form, Nick's one step ahead of where we thought he could be. He'll do that throughout the movie. He's that kind of guy.

Nick slams the guy in the face to soften him up a little.

Bradshaw looks up at Nick blurry-eyed... then smiles.

BRADSHAW

Jesus, Christ, you're Nick
Pirandello. The guy who went in and
took out the Russians' V47's.

NICK

Don't make a big thing out of it...
You're new to the Agency, aren't
you? Why'd you go renegade?

(CONTINUED)

BRADSHAW

There was more career opportunity on this side.

(pleased with himself)

They made me some commitments.

NICK

They made commitments to the Agency, you think they're keeping those?

That makes Bradshaw think.

NICK

(continuing; back to business)

I saw the pass. You're supposed to pick up the map from?... from?... I'm looking for a name here.

Bradshaw smiles.

BRADSHAW

I think you understand I can't tell you that.

NICK

No, frankly, I don't understand and I'm in a little bit of a rush.

BRADSHAW

If our places were reversed, you'd never tell me. I want to be every bit the agent you are.

NICK

Okay.

Nick jumps forward and jams something down Bradshaw's throat.

Bradshaw resists, but is forced to swallow it.

BRADSHAW

What was that?

NICK

New 607 painful death kit. Interrogation technique. Theory is that with that kind of painful death in front of you, you'll do anything to get the antidote.

BRADSHAW

What kind of painful death?

(CONTINUED)

NICK

What difference does it make? You're tough. You're not going to talk.

BRADSHAW

(amazed)

You're not going to let me die some horrible death, are you?

NICK

Sure I am. You play out your part. I play out mine. That's the way it goes.

BRADSHAW

We're both Americans, we're just a little separated on this one.

NICK

Isn't it silly? All this game playing and shit. Boy, if it weren't for this stuff, we could go out, get a drink. Have a good time, become close friends. Life's funny... About a minute before the effects kick in. You want to lie down? It might be easier.

BRADSHAW

Easier?!

NICK

You're right, probably not. Never mind. I want to tell you a little about those V47's. You know --

BRADSHAW

(blurts out)

I'm supposed to go to CIA Headquarters, downtown. Operations Department.

NICK

Password?

BRADSHAW

Ask for Robbie.

NICK

The key phrase?

BRADSHAW

How did you know there was a key phrase?

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (3)

8

NICK

Just a guess.

BRADSHAW

"Mr. Rogers is going to be on Sesame Street today."

Nick turns to go.

BRADSHAW

(continuing)

What about the antidote?

NICK

What antidote?

BRADSHAW

The poison?!

NICK

What poison? It was a button. *

Bradshaw looks down at his shirt. A button is missing. *

Nick punches the guy unconscious and shakes his head.

NICK

(continuing)

These new guys have got to learn to be more skeptical.

CUT TO:

9 EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

9

Nick runs toward his car. He stops dead... looks quizzically at the gravel that leads up to it.

He picks up a pebble, throws it at the car.

BOOM!... the thing FIREBALLS into a thousand pieces!

NICK

Boy, are there leaks on this one!

Shaking his head, he hops into the nearest car -- an old Plymouth.

INSIDE

No keys. Nick pulls out a dime and rubs his foot vigorously on the rug.

Nick puts the dime up to the starter, a spark jumps between them, and the car FIRES UP.

Nick SCREECHES out.

10 EXT. DOWNTOWN CIA HEADQUARTERS - DAY 10

A ten-story office building. Guys in suits go in and out. Nick goes in.

11 OMITTED 11 *

A12 INT. HALLWAY A12

Nick walks up to a high-security door marked: OPERATIONS. A video camera bolted to the ceiling looks down at him. He addresses the camera.

NICK

Robbie.

The door CLICKS open and Nick goes in.

12 INT. DOWNTOWN CIA HEADQUARTERS - DAY 12

A PREPPY looking AGENT stands in the room.

PREPPY AGENT

(suspiciously)

You're not the one we expected.
You look like that famous agent...
what's his name... the one whose
partners always die...

NICK

Well, I'm not him. Who are these
clowns?

WIDEN OUT to show THREE MEN in clown costumes standing at one side of the room. One is practicing his juggling.

PREPPY AGENT

New clown unit. Natural camouflage.
These agents can go out on the street,
not be recognized, not attract adverse
attention. People just presume
they're part of some promotion or
something. It's a brilliant
concept. They look great, don't they?

Nick looks at the three guys with big ball noses and giant shoes.

NICK

You ask me -- they look ridiculous.
Where's the map?

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

The biggest CLOWN stands up and flops over to Nick on his oversized feet.

CLOWN
Who you calling ridiculous,
Dipface?!

NICK
Tell this Bozo to sit down.

PREPPY AGENT
Sit down, Bubbles.

BUBBLES
I don't have to sit down.

NICK
This guy's got an attitude problem.

Quick as lightning, Nick jumps on Bubbles and smashes his face into the desk, denting his plastic nose.

NICK
(continuing)
You got an attitude, Bubbles. I've had a tough day. Just tell me where the drop is. I want to pick up the map and go home and see "Mr. Rogers on Sesame Street today."

PREPPY AGENT
Okay, okay. It's up the street --
Hideaway Motel, Room 505.

Nick tosses Bubbles across the laps of the other two clowns.

NICK
Thank you.

13 OMITTED

13

14 INT. HOTEL - DAY

14

*

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Nick coming up the hall toward Room 505.

Barely breaking stride, he bends down and scoops a fork off a tray left outside one of the doors.

He walks along the hall, bending and twisting the prongs of the fork.

He comes up to the door of 505, takes a quick look in the lock mechanism, makes a few last adjustments to the fork, fits it in the keyhole, and turns it. He swings the door open and walks in.

15 IN THE ROOM - DAY

15

As Nick comes in, a man with his back to the door turns around. PERKMEYER.

NICK

Why'd you go renegade, Perkmeyster?

A beat as Perkmeyster accepts the fact that the greatest agent in the history of the Agency is on the other side on this one.

PERKMEYER

So they sent you, Nick. Figures. But it's too late. More than half of us have gone over. We've got Personnel, Budget, support in State. We want the "big gun," Nick.

NICK

What are you going to do with the "big gun"? Think it through, Bobby.

PERKMEYER

You think it through, Nick. We have most of the agents on the streets. If you think you can make the exchange, you're wrong. You'll never get through. You'll be outnumbered ten to one.

NICK

I'm used to that. Okay, give me the map, Bobby.

*

Perkmeyster shakes his head again.

Nick goes to the window and looks out.

*

16 NICK'S POV

16

Two carloads of men in dark suits pull up to the front of the motel. A man with a tweed cap, pulled low over his eyes, steps out and motions the men to split up in teams and move into the several entrances of the motel.

17 NICK

17

turns from the window.

NICK

It's the Russians. With all this fuss, they were sure to find out. What if they get the map? Did you think of that?! I've got no more time, hand it over.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

PERKMEYER

Try and find it, Nick.

Perkmeyer makes his move -- and Nick hits him with his gun.

NICK

Why has everybody got to be so difficult today?

Nick steps back and scans the room for clues to the whereabouts of the map... his eyes stop on the clock next to the bed.

18 CLOSE ON THE CLOCK

18

There is a slight stutter to the sweep of the second hand. It's virtually imperceptible. If we weren't in CLOSEUP, we wouldn't see it.

Nick walks over, snaps open the clock, and takes out the map.

19 OUT IN THE HALL

19

Nick comes out into the hall and heads for the stairs.

As Nick is about to open the door to the stairs, he hears something from the other side.

20 ON THE STAIRS

20

Two Russians carrying machine guns come up the stairs and through the door.

21 IN THE HALL

21

The two armed men come through the door. It's been no more than a split second, but Nick is nowhere to be seen.

Guns drawn, the two Russians cautiously walk up the hall and around the corner.

The CAMERA HOLDS on the hall. PAN up to reveal Nick pressed across the ceiling with his hands and feet against the walls of the hallway. He drops lightly to the floor and silently lets himself out to the stairs. What a guy!

22 OUT ON THE STAIRS

22

Nick goes down a flight. Two of the suited Russians, carrying machine guns, are coming up from the landing below.

Nick slips back into one of the halls.

23 THAT FLOOR

23

A machine gun toting Russian giant walks up the hall.

A SOUND from one of the rooms.

The big Russian sets himself outside the door... and kicks it in!

24 INSIDE THE ROOM

24

The Russian flies into the room to find a couple in bed deep in lovemaking.

The woman's startled face.

A beat...

The Russian bursts into spontaneous laughter...

The sheet flies off and Nick pivots and blows the laughing Russian out of the doorway.

Nick hops off the naked woman.

NICK

You've done your country a great service.

WOMAN

(hopefully)

Would you like me to do it again?

NICK

Maybe later.

He dashes off.

25 IN THE HALLWAY

25

Nick moves up the hall.

Suddenly at the other end, one of the Russians bursts out with his MACHINE GUN FIRING.

Nick is out of the way just in time. Not so lucky, two Russians who entered the hall from the other end are mowed down.

More Russians pour into the hall.

Nick dives through the door of the nearest room.

The door is RIDDLED with BULLETS.

A26 INT. ROOM - DAY

A26 *

Nick takes one quick look around the motel room... no cover and jumps through the window onto the fire escape.

26 OUT ON THE FIRE ESCAPE

26

The GLASS above Nick's head EXPLODES with GUNFIRE from behind him... a Russian SHOTS at him from the roof of the building across the street... another Russian sticks his head out of the next window over and FIRES away at him. Another leans out from above and FIRES down at him. Nick takes a hit.

NICK

This could be tough.

Nick pulls the lace off one of his shoes, makes a loop of the end. He lassoes a protruding nail in the wall and swings off the fire escape. As he sails across the building, bullets kick up orange puffs of dust all around him. At the end of his swing, he makes an incredible leap into the next window.

27 IN THE MOTEL

27

There is a mad rush of Russians in the hall.

The man with the tweed hat steps into the hall and motions one group of Russians down one way and another group down the other.

RUSSIAN IN TWEED HAT (NICK)

Vih tree na verh! Tooda!

They rush off.

The man with the hat turns and tips the hat up, revealing Nick's smile underneath the tweed.

Nick opens the door to an empty room where the Russian Commandant, in his underwear, lies unconscious on the floor.

Nick tosses the tweed hat in with him and keeps going.

CUT TO:

A28 INT. LOS ANGELES CIA HEADQUARTERS - DAY

A28

Nick comes in. Cunard and Henderson are there.

CUNARD

You get the map, Nick?

Nick holds out a piece of folded paper.

NICK

Yeah, I got it.

Suddenly, Henderson grabs it and dashes to the window and throws it out.

pk

REAL MEN - Rev. 9/24/86

13A.

B28 EXT. LOS ANGELES CIA HEADQUARTERS - DAY

B28 *

Down in the street an agent retrieves the map and jumps
into a car. *

The CAR SQUEALS out from under the window. *

28 BACK IN THE OFFICE

28

Cunard is stunned.

(CONTINUED)

HENDERSON

I'm with them!

Cunard hits a button and two agents come in and drag Henderson away.

HENDERSON

(continuing; as he's
pulled out)

We got the map! You'll never get it
back now!

The two agents take Henderson away.

CUNARD

(dumbstruck)

Henderson was with them.

NICK

I know. He didn't get the map.

CUNARD

What was that?

NICK

A message saying that they better
give themselves up, that I know who
their leaders are.

CUNARD

(excited)

Who are their leaders?

NICK

I don't know.

CUNARD

Oh well... Okay, Nick, I'll tell you
what we do know. Part of the Agency
has broken off. They want...

NICK

The "big gun."

CUNARD

Yes. They've got--

NICK

Most of the Agency, the boys out on
the street, Budget, Personnel,
support in State.

CUNARD

There's more --

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: (2)

28

NICK

The Russians are onto it.

CUNARD

That's right, Nick. We can't let this happen. Look at this.

He pulls out a picture -- of Pillbox.

NICK

He looks just like Pillbox.

CUNARD

How did you know it wasn't Pillbox?

NICK

A certain weakness in the eyes.

CUNARD

He's a look-alike. The computer pulled him.

NICK

Looks like a paper pusher.

CUNARD

Yeah, in an insurance company. Nick, they're expecting Pillbox and it's too late to switch them to someone else. We need somebody to escort him. You've had contact with them, so you know how important this is.

Nick nods, Cunard points to the picture.

CUNARD

(continuing)

His name's Bob Wilson. We want you to get him to Washington by Friday for the 8:00 rendezvous... We're sending you out there without cover, Nick. We're scared of leaks, we don't want anybody to know your route. You're on your own.

NICK

No problem.

CUNARD

Yeah...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CUNARD (CONT'D)

(hesitates, weighs
his words)

Now, Nick, sometimes an agent becomes overtrained. A good agent. Our job... the training we're given... desensitizes us. We learn to ignore fear, not to pay too much attention to pain, our own or anybody else's. We become...
(searches for a word)
... rough.

NICK

What's this got to do with me?

CUNARD

It's not your fault, Nick. You were trained not to notice other people's concerns. *

NICK

What concerns?

CUNARD

Like breathing. You know what happens to your partners. It's why we've been sending you out alone. To save lives...

Cunard pauses...

CUNARD

(continuing)

Nick, some of the boys have been complaining that you haven't been sensitive to their feelings.

NICK

(shocked)

Like who?!

CUNARD

Zimmer. Do you think you were sensitive to his feelings?

NICK

Zimmer hasn't got feelings. He's dead.

CUNARD

That's my point, Nick.

(CONTINUED)

NICK

I've been out on a couple of rough missions. I don't deny that.

CUNARD

You went out to get pizza with Flannigan and he got killed.

NICK

Hey, terrorists had taken the bank next to the pizza place. We went in and took them out.

CUNARD

Nick, I can't overemphasize this: we need this guy to get to Washington alive. He's a civilian. They're not like us. They're soft, Nick. I worked with one once. He started to cry just because he was shot.

NICK

Just because he was shot?!

CUNARD

You can imagine how surprised I was.

Another painful pause...

CUNARD

(continuing)

Listen, Nick, I'm on your side in this thing. They give us all the dirty jobs, and then they call us dirty. We take the responsibility, we take the risks, we take care of business. We're real men. But this guy's not like us. He's just a civilian. So I'm asking you, Nick, could you show a little sensitivity to the fact that this guy is a civilian?

Nick is starting to get it.

NICK

You want me to be sensitive to this guy's feelings?

(CONTINUED)

CUNARD

And his life, yeah. You'll be pulling him out of his environment. That's going to be a strain on him. Guys like this get pretty confused when they find out what's really going on.

NICK

You want the guy to be in good psychological shape when he gets there?

CUNARD

It would be nice if he could stand up when he makes the exchange. Watch out for him, circle back for him, baby him along a little, build up his confidence.

NICK

You want me to train him?

CUNARD

(quickly)

No!... Just be sensitive to his feelings. Promise me you'll try.

There's a little pause while Nick comes to terms with this criticism.

NICK

I'll try.

Nick picks up the photo.

NICK

(continuing)

What kind of a guy is he?

CUNARD

Average... maybe a little less.

CUT TO:

29 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

29

BOB WILSON driving home in his two-year-old Buick. Bob is the spitting image of Pillbox.

As Bob comes up the road, he has to maneuver around the milk truck that drives straight down the middle of his street.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

As he passes, the milkman gives Bob a big wink and smirk.

Bob doesn't have any idea what that was about. Puzzled, he drives past the milk truck and keeps going.

30 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

30

He passes the MacGruder house where BUDDY MACGRUDER, 21 and still in high school, and his gang of toughs are spray painting something pink in the MacGruder garage.

Bob pulls his car into the driveway, beeps open the automatic garage door and parks his Buick.

Bob comes out of the little door built in the garage door.

As he comes across the lawn, he stoops down and straightens out one of the little white ceramic ducks in a line behind its mother.

31 INSIDE BOB'S HOUSE

31

Bob comes in the front door. His family is waiting for him in a state of agitation. BARBARA, his wife, HEATHER, Bob's eleven-year-old daughter, and BOBBY, JR., his eight-year-old son.

Bob looks around...

BOB

What is it?

BARBARA

Bob, those kids that hang around the MacGruder's garage. They yelled terrible things at Heather when she came home from school. And Bobby's new bike is missing.

BOBBY

They stole it, Dad. They're going to sell it to that weasel that runs the second hand bike shop on Elm, just like they did last time.

BOB

You don't know that, son. You can't go around making accusations you can't prove. We didn't take down the serial number so we'll never know if that was your old bike or not.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

BARBARA

I think you should go down there and talk to them.

BOBBY

Yeah, Dad, go down there and kick their butts.

BOB

We're civilized people, Bobby, we don't kick people's butts.

BOBBY

Even if they deserve it?

BOB

Even if they deserve it.

32 EXT. MACGRUDER'S HOUSE - DAY.

32

Bob walks by the MacGruder's little white house and timidly approaches the garage.

Buddy MacGruder and his bully boys are working in the garage which is loaded with BMW car stereos and tape players. They have just finished spray painting a kid's bike pink.

Buddy and his crew are not poor confused kids in their late teens, they are vicious scumbags almost in their early twenties.

Bob saunters up with a smile plastered on his face.

BOB

Hi, guys! You haven't seen a two-wheel bike that belongs to my son, Bobby, have you?

Buddy looks over at Bob with contempt.

BUDDY

Naw, your kid lost his bike or what?

BOB

Yeah, disappeared, thought it might be down here.

(pointing)

That pink bike sure looks like his.

BUDDY

Naw, that's Oaf's bike.

Bob looks over at the hulking Oaf.

(CONTINUED)

BOB

It looks a little small for Oaf.

BUDDY

Oaf likes a small bike. But listen, your kid lost a bike, Oaf's got this new bike. You need a bike, we got a bike we don't need. You want me to ask Oaf if he'll sell you the bike?

BOB

That's very nice of you, but I'll just check the serial number and see if that isn't Bobby's bike.

BUDDY

We can't let you do that, paint's still wet. Listen I can see you've got a hard on about this bike thing. Give me two hundred fifty dollars and I'll get Oaf to give you the bike.

Bob's had enough of this game playing.

BOB

Okay that's it! Hand over the bike.

Buddy suddenly points to Bob's right.

BUDDY

What's that!!!

Bob, startled, rifles his head around... right into Oaf's elbow that is waiting to receive it.

PUNK

The guy bashed into Oaf.

Bob staggers back holding his bleeding nose.

BUDDY

Jesus, you bumped right into Oaf.
Let me give you a hand.

Buddy steps forward putting his foot on Bob's foot and shoves him backward.

Bob falls with a SPLASH in a little plastic wading pool.

33 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

33

Bob sits on the living room couch with a towel over his bloody nose.

He hears Bob, Jr. and Heather from the other room.

*

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

HEATHER (O.S.)

Admit it! He is!

BOBBY (O.S.)

He isn't!

HEATHER (O.S.)

He is!

BOBBY (O.S.)

He is not!

There's a SCUFFLE in the other room.

BOBBY (O.S.)

(continuing)

Dad! Dad! Help me!

HEATHER (O.S.)

Admit it!

BOBBY (O.S.)

Dad, help!

Bob looks toward the bedroom. He's had a bad day.

BOB

I don't want you two coming to me
every time you have a problem. I
want you to solve these things
yourselves.

HEATHER (O.S.)

Admit it!

Barbara comes to the rescue.

BARBARA

Okay, you two, I want you to get in
that bathroom and brush your teeth.
Right now!

Barbara looks sympathetically down at Bob. *

BARBARA

(continuing)

You feel better, Honey?

BOB

Yeah, it's almost stopped bleeding.

Pause...

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (2)

33

BOB

(continuing)

You're not ashamed of me because I
didn't get Bobby's bike back?

From the bedroom...

BOBBY (O.S.)

He is not.

HEATHER (O.S.)

Face up, Bobby, your father's a
wuss.

BARBARA

(yelling at the bedroom)

You two get in bed, right now!

She looks back at Bob sympathetically.

BARBARA

(continuing)

Of course not, Honey. I'm going to
put the kids to bed and go in and
read. Is there anything you need?

Bob shakes his head.

Bob sighs and readjusts the bloody towel on his nose.

34 INT. LIVING ROOM - TIME CUT - NIGHT

34

The television is broadcasting a late night pattern.

Bob lies asleep with the towel over his face.

A SOUND...

Bob becomes alert under the towel.

Another SOUND...

Bob takes the towel away and listens...

Nothing, thank God. He gets up to go to bed.

That SOUND again.

Bob steels himself and creeps toward the kitchen, the
source of the SOUND.

35 IN THE KITCHEN - NIGHT

35

Bob enters the kitchen.

He spots a dim seep of light coming from under the door that leads to the laundry room.

He cautiously opens the door to the laundry room. The room is ablaze with light pouring up from under the door that leads to the garage.

Adrenalin pours through Bob's veins. He flirts with the idea of going to bed, and in the morning claiming he never heard anything... No, he's a better man than that!

36 FOLLOWING BOB

36

Bob creeps into the laundry room. He picks up the rake that stands in the corner. This is going to be one sorry intruder.

He prepares himself for a second... flings open the garage door and charges in.

37 IN THE GARAGE - NIGHT

37

Bob dashes into the garage waving the rake and screaming like a banshee. He runs to the opposite side of the car... No one there.

He viciously pokes the rake under the car several times... No one there, either.

It's over. He pulls the rake out and walks calmly over to turn out the lights --

38 SUDDEN CUT

38

He changes direction, throws open the overhead storage cabinets and SLAMS THE RAKE AROUND in there for everything he's worth... the SICKENING SOUND OF EXPENSIVE CHINA BEING REARRANGED... a couple of pokes for good measure and it's over.

Bob slumps on the rake handle, which still sticks out of the overhead cabinets. He takes a few well-deserved deep breaths... He's just handled a tough situation well. Thanks to his courage and cunning, his home is safe.

A voice from in back of him:

(CONTINUED)

NICK (O.S.)

That was good. That thing with the
cabinets, that was terrific.

Startled, Bob whirls around.

Nick Pirandello steps out of the shadows with his gun
trained between Bob's eyes. It's a marriage made in
heaven.

Bob, his eyes flitting around hysterically, keeps his
hands on the rake handle. Nick flashes his
credentials.

NICK

Nick Pirandello, CIA. You're Bob
Wilson.

Bob tightens his grip on the rake.

NICK

(continuing)

You know, while I was looking around
for something to work with... Hey, I
hope you don't mind my using some of
your stuff... anyway, I ran across
the letters you wrote your wife
before you were married.

Bob takes a horrified look around... on the wooden work
table in the corner are a disheveled pile of yellowing
papers and a torn red ribbon.

NICK

(continuing)

Bob, you're beautiful. Some of the
sentiments blew me away... One
question: what was the thing she
did in Santa Barbara you keep
pleading with her to do again? I
bet it felt pretty good, huh?

BOB

(through his teeth)

What do you want?!

NICK

The point is, I think we'd make a
great team -- You mind if I work
while we talk? I'm under a little
pressure here.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (2)

38

Nick turns around and starts fooling with a portable Black and Decker drill and some other stuff he's collected from around Bob's garage. (NOTE: All through the dialogue, Nick'll be messing around with this stuff, knocking the heads off rusty nails, etc. He's building a submachine gun out of common things you can find around the house. Like we said, he's the Agency's best.)

Nick's back is turned.

NICK

(continuing; walks away)

I can see... You're a very sensitive guy...

Bob tightens his grip on the rake.

NICK

(continuing)

...and I've never even been to college.

BOB

And you never will!!!...

Bob pulls on the rake to cream Nick. But it's stuck, and his hands slide down the handle, and he falls flat on his face.

He jumps up, just as Nick turns around.

BOB

(continuing, making a quick recovery)

... unless you apply yourself. They've got application forms. You're going to have to fill one out!

NICK

(puzzled)

I'm aware of that.

BOB

Every line!

NICK

Okay, it's no big deal... You know, Bob, not everybody knows it, but I'm a sensitive person too.

BOB

I know that; insensitive people carry knives.

(CONTINUED)

NICK
I've got a knife.

BOB
I bet it's a very sensitive one.

NICK
It fits on my gun.

BOB
You can't get more sensitive than
that!

Nick looks at Bob. Bob's smiling, but he's shaking.

NICK
Is my presence here upsetting you?

BOB
(much too loud)
Hell, no!

NICK
You sure? Maybe you'd feel more
comfortable if I let you hold the
gun? *

BOB
(cagily)
I don't know. Maybe. *

NICK
Here, take it.

BOB
Thank you. *

Nick hands him the gun, turns around, and goes back to
work.

NICK
You're welcome. *

Bob points the gun at Nick's back and starts FIRING...
five CLICKS!... every chamber is empty.

NICK
(continuing; over
his shoulder)
You don't have to test it. It's
empty.

(CONTINUED)

BOB

Really?

Nick holds up another gun over his shoulder.

NICK

This one's loaded. You want to be careful of this one.

He puts it back in his belt.

NICK

(continuing)

You feel better?

BOB

(glumly)

Much.

NICK

Go over to the window.

Bob walks over to the garage window.

NICK

(continuing)

See that man in the suit, with the submachine gun, up in your tree? Ever see a man like that around the neighborhood before?

Bob squints out into the darkness.

BOB

No, I don't think so. What about him?

NICK

He shouldn't be in that tree between us and the light. He should be in one of the trees across the street.

BOB

You want me to go out and tell him to move?

Nick smiles.

NICK

You've got a good sense of humor. I like that in a man.

(CONTINUED)

BOB

What do you like in a woman?

NICK

Big tits.

BOB

And they say you're not sensitive.

NICK

It's only a few people... Now the problem is, Bob, we've got to get to Washington by 8:00 on Friday.

*

BOB

We've got plenty of time. It's only Monday. Maybe we could leave tomorrow.

*

*

NICK

We're going to take the long scenic route.

BOB

That's nice. Why we going?

NICK

You're going to have to trust me on that part, Bob, but it is very important and when you find out what it is, you're going to be thrilled to be part of it. Now, there are people who don't agree with what we're trying to do.

*

BOB

Like the man in the tree?

NICK

You catch on quick, Bob, but they're not going to be a problem. We're going to deal with them and get to Washington on time.

*

*

Bob shakes his head regretfully.

BOB

I can't, Mr. uh --

*

*

NICK

Nick.

*

*

BOB

I wish you'd caught me earlier on this one, Nick. I'm going to have to pass. Can't go.

*

(CONTINUED)

NICK

Why not?

BOB

I've got a lot of work at the office. My boss won't let me go.

NICK

Like I said, it's important. I'll explain to your boss when we get back.

BOB

He's a real stickler, Nick. If you want to go to the bathroom, you've got to get a note from your doctor. Maybe you could take someone else.

NICK

It's a sensitive mission; it requires a sensitive guy. You're exactly the right guy for this thing.

BOB

That was a definite no, Nick.

NICK

Bob, I think you'd agree I've been very sensitive to your feelings on this thing. Now, in order to get the job done, I'm asking you to extend yourself a little here.

There is a threatening edge to Nick's voice.

NICK

(continuing)

Could you extend yourself? Could you show a little sensitivity on this one, Bob?

(loud)

Huh!

BOB

Right... sorry. Nick, I wasn't thinking. I guess I didn't understand how important it was to you. I'd be glad to go.

NICK

That's great, Bob.

Nick turns around with the portable drill. He bends a coathanger around the end.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (7)

38

What he comes up with looks like a drill with a coathanger on the end. It also looks a little like one of those Israeli submachine guns.

NICK

(continuing)

I'm not going to give you a weapon. This is your first time out. I never want you to say I've been too tough on you.

BOB

I'd never do that.

NICK

Probably not, but you're new to this. So this first time, I want you to just watch and enjoy yourself. But if you want to help, jump in. You're gonna make a few mistakes but don't worry about it.

Nick smiles at a very worried-looking Bob. Nick winks.

NICK

(continuing)

Okay, partner. Let's go out there and take 'em out.

Bob looks out the little window nervously; he's plenty worried.

BOB

They're going to shoot at us, aren't they?

NICK

Probably, Bob. It's what they brought the guns for.

Nick throws open the door and pulls Bob out with him.

39 EXT. BOB'S HOUSE

39

Nick and Bob come flying out of the Wilson's garage.

Wap! Zing! Boom! Bang! Kapow!

The night lights up!... Smoking tracer BULLETS ZING through the air...

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

A line of MACHINE GUN FIRE chews up the grass, taking out the white ceramic ducks on Bob's lawn.

A rocket flies overhead, BLOWING the CHIMNEY OFF Bob's house, raining bricks and debris all over the place.

40 EXT. BOB'S HOUSE - NIGHT

40

Nick and Bob stand side by side looking like a guy trying to take the beach at Normandy, and his scared shitless buddy.

Nick FIRES away with his homemade machine gun. The drill spins and the Black & Decker gets off about 14 rusty nails a second. He turns to Bob.

NICK

Don't worry about your family, Bob.
I put them with the neighbors before
I woke you up. You've got terrific
neighbors, Bob. They're going to
untie themselves in no time.

Nick smiles broadly; it looks like he's having the time of his life. Bob stands there rooted to the spot. He looks like a man whose life is flashing before his eyes.

41 QUICK CUTS

41

Kabloom!... a ROCKET sails over Bob's shoulder, BLOWS a three-foot HOLE in the garage door, and incinerates Bob's Buick.

42 NICK

42

pivots and FIRES into the hedge at the end of Bob's lawn.

MACHINE GUN FIRE mows up the driveway straight at Nick. The line of bullets goes right between his legs and up the garage door. They never seem to be able to hit Nick.

Nick tilts the Black & Decker upward...

43 RUSTY .

43

nails smash through the branches of Bob's tree, peppering the man with the submachine gun.

44 WAY UP THE STREET

44

a couple peer in amazement out their window, then quickly duck as a line of MACHINE GUN FIRE explodes across their house.

45 TWO SHOT

45

Nick turns to Bob with a smile.

NICK
You're doing fine.

Bob is frozen stiff, except for his left cheek which twitches uncontrollably.

46 ANGLE

46

CRASH!... The living room window takes a direct hit.
Bob can't believe it.

BOB
They're destroying my house.

NICK
Don't make a big thing of it.

47 BOB

47

ZING! ZING!... two smoking red lines whiz so close to Bob's head, his ears sting.

Bob's eyes bug out... A decision flashes across his face.

48 ON BOB

48

Bob dashes for the street, wildly waving his hands above his head.

BOB
I'm not with him!!! I'm not with
him!!!

KABOOM!!! RAT! TAT! TAT!... WAP! WAP!

They're not listening. They hit him with everything they've got.

49 ON NICK

49

Nick is BLASTING AWAY with the Black & Decker.

50 BACK ON BOB

50

Bob runs forward, waving his hands hysterically and yelling unintelligibly at the top of his lungs. As he comes even with the big tree in his front yard --

51 SHOCK CUT

51

Wop!... A man pops out from behind it and gives Bob a driving karate chop to the Adam's apple. At impact, there is a terrible WHOPPING sound. It's hard to believe the neck can take that kind of punishment without separating from the body.

Bob drops to the ground in excruciating pain, gasping for air. Which is a lucky break for Bob. Wap! Wap! Wap!... A dozen BULLETS splinter the tree at chest level and hit the guy who just slammed Bob.

52 BRIEF CUT

52

Nick runs forward, FIRING.

53 ON THE HOUSE ACROSS THE STREET - NIGHT

53

Three men desert the machine gun installation on the cute little Victorian across the street and run like hell.

And it's over...

54 EXT. BOB'S HOUSE - NIGHT

54

Nick rushes over and helps Bob to his feet and hugs him excitedly.

NICK

You run out there screaming like a Green Beret with his nuts cut off. You son of a bitch! You draw their fire and save my ass! And I'm trying to baby you... I'm ordering a tombstone, and you're pulling a stunt like that!

*

*

*

(looks Bob right in the eye; seriously)
You saved my life. That's something I'm never going to forget.

Bob speaks with a barely intelligible rasp from the punishment his vocal cords just sustained.

BOB

(in shock)

They thought I was with you.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

54

NICK

Don't worry, Bob, you are with me.

*

Nick looks down at the dead body at Bob's feet.

NICK

(continuing)

Jesus, it's Hogan, my old partner. The times we had together, let me tell ya... He must of saved my life five or six times. That's something you never forget... Once in Burma... when the North Koreans got us.

(shudders)

That was terrible -- they beat him to a pulp and they made me watch... Once in Nam... and then, I think, Libya...

(he turns to Bob)

Does that make six?

*

Nick steers Bob away from Hogan's remains.

NICK

(continuing)

Step over here, away from the body, Bob. I want to tell you something.

They walk up the path a little. Nick puts his arm around Bob and takes on a confidential tone.

NICK

(continuing)

It would be easy for me to lie to you and tell you this wasn't a dangerous mission. But I'm not going to do that. I'd rather be frank. We're in a lot of trouble here and if these guys get hold of us, I suspect they're going to be pretty hard on us.

BOB

(rasping)

You think so?

55 CLOSE TWO SHOT

55

NICK

Oh yeah, they'll be out for blood now...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NICK (CONT'D)

Bob, you're a civilian, but I want you to come along on this mission because it's vitally important to every person on this planet, and because if you don't, I have no choice but to kill you right now. I'd hate to do that because you're a very sensitive person and you'd take it very hard. So I want you to put up with the temporary inconvenience and go along enthusiastically.

Bob nods enthusiastically indicating that he's indeed the kind of person who'd love to go along. He rasps out an almost intelligible answer.

BOB

(rasping)

I'd like to go along.

NICK

What did you say? I can barely hear you.

BOB

(desperately trying
to be understood)

Go along...

NICK

You want to go along? That's great! You're one hell of a guy, I wish you'd gotten to know Hogan better, you would have been crazy about him.

BOB

(rasping)

I didn't like him.

NICK

Hey, Bob, try to be fair. You only got to see one side of him.

Bob rasps something. We can only guess what it is.

NICK

(continuing)

You sound terrible. Where did he hit you? Looked like the Adam's apple. Boy, I hope he didn't knock that loose.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: (2)

55

NICK (CONT'D)

If it's floating around, it could fold over at any time and choke you to death.

(he cringes at the thought)

That's a painful way to go...

(shakes his head sympathetically)

Did it feel like he hit you pretty hard?

Bob, quickly becoming aware of the dangers of CIA work, nods.

NICK

(continuing)

I'm no doctor, but it looks loose to me. Look, for a couple of days, hold your hand over it like this, don't talk too much, and don't breathe any more than you have to. It's going to be fine.

Bob nods uncomfortably.

NICK

(continuing)

We better get going. Be careful, there could be more of them out there.

Nick turns to his right and kicks out at the wooden fence next to them.

CRACK!... there is a splintery passage into the backyard of the next house.

Nick motions for Bob to climb through.

Just as Bob starts through, Nick grabs his shoulder. Bob turns to see what he wants.

Nick winks with a broad, confident smile.

NICK

(continuing)

Some fun, huh? You're enjoying this, I can tell.

Bob gives Nick a hypocritical smile and turns and goes through the jagged little hole in the fence, his expression revealing a growing hostility to his new partner.

56 ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FENCE - NIGHT

56

As they move through the dark, Bob turns to Nick.

BOB

What would you do if I refused to go any farther? You'd shoot me, wouldn't you?

NICK

Don't be silly. I wouldn't shoot you. It makes too much noise. I'd use my knife. Bob, from now on we've got to be very careful about everything we do.

BOB

(with an agreeable smile)

Okay.

Bob, having gotten the message, moves right along.

57 FOLLOWING NICK AND BOB - NIGHT

57

as they move toward the back door of Bob's neighbor's house.

58 AT THE BACK DOOR - NIGHT

58

Nick puts his hand around the door handle, hiding what he's doing with his body... Nick's hand does something... the door CLICKS and Nick pushes it open.

BOB

(amazed)

How did you do that?

NICK

It was unlocked.

BOB

Oh.

59 IN THE HOUSE - NIGHT

59

They come through the back door that leads to the kitchen.

BOB

Why are we going into Mr. Goodman's house?

NICK

I left the special map that's vital to the mission in here.

(CONTINUED)

BOB

What's so vital about it?

NICK

It shows us exactly where we want to
be Friday at 8:00. *

BOB

(humoring him)

Whew, that's vital, alright.

Nick opens the refrigerator and peels the map off the
ice under the freezer compartment.

NICK

Hey, while we're here, let's chow
down. Who knows when we'll get
another chance?

Bob looks around nervously.

BOB

What if they come back?

NICK

We're as safe here as anywhere.

BOB

How safe is that?

NICK

(with a smile)

Not very.

Nick opens the refrigerator and pulls out a half-gallon
container of milk. Suddenly, his face drops.

NICK

(continuing)

Oh my God! It's only a third full.

BOB

(worried)

What's wrong?

Nick smells the milk.

NICK

Oh shit, it must be three days old!

BOB

So?

(CONTINUED)

NICK

I went into the refrigerator over at your house... You had the freshest cottage cheese I ever tasted. The milk containers were full...

BOB

So what?!

NICK

Oh Jesus. Don't you see?!

Bob doesn't seem to.

NICK

(continuing)

The milkman's been making extra stops at your house.

BOB

What do you mean?

NICK

Your wife's home alone by herself all day, right?

Suddenly it dawns on Bob. His face flushes red with rage. He takes a wild swing at Nick's head.

Nick diverts the blow, shoves Bob to the floor, and kneels on his arms. He sits on Bob's chest, trying to talk some sense into the stupid cuckold.

Bob struggles a little, but there is nothing he can do, so he lies there and sullenly listens.

NICK

(continuing)

I know how you feel... I know what's going through your mind. Wild images. He's got her in all different kinds of positions... she's telling him about your sexual inadequacies...

Bob winces.

NICK

(continuing)

... they're laughing their heads off about it, right. He's chasing your wife all over your house with your shorts over his head... making her suck him off all the time... I know, I've been through it.

*

(CONTINUED)

BOB

Your wife did that to you?

NICK

No, I'm not married. I went through it from the other side. But it's the same thing. Listen, you've got to forget this thing until after the mission. When something like this happens, we're trained to seal it off, leave it at the door, cauterize ourselves emotionally until after the mission. We stay sensitive, though... you know, to other people's concerns and shit.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

Nick looks down at Bob with a heartfelt expression.

NICK

(continuing)

I'm going to let you up, and I want you to put this thing out of your mind 'til after the mission. Then I'll help you do whatever you want to right this thing... kill the guy... kill them both. Whatever you think is fair. Okay... can I let you up?

Bob nods his acquiescence.

Nick lets him up.

Immediately, Bob pops to his feet and takes another swing at Nick.

Nick ducks, and smashes him up against the refrigerator, and slugs him in the stomach.

Bob folds over with pain. Nick holds him there a moment.

NICK

(continuing;
solicitously)

Feel better? Have you gotten it out of your system?

Bob straightens up, and Nick releases him.

BOB

Why would my wife want to...?

*

(CONTINUED)

NICK

... suck off the milkman?

Bob suppresses his anger, and tries to continue in a dignified manner.

BOB

... have anything to do with our milkman?

Nick turns and starts rummaging through the fridge for things to make a sandwich.

NICK

(helpfully)

Maybe it's not just the milkman. Maybe it's lots of guys. Have you noticed anything unusual? Do you get your mail every day? Does it seem like a lot of salesmen come around? Do the neighborhood kids hang around your house all the time? Once the word --

*
*
*
*

BOB

(cutting him off)

Let's just stick to the mailman -- milkman.

*

Nick slaps some mustard on a raspberry popart...

NICK

Okay... he's probably good-looking... he's got a glamorous job... Want some?

BOB

No, thank you.

NICK

You're making a mistake, Bob. This is delicious.

BOB

I'll risk it. What's so glamorous about being a milkman?

NICK

His time is his own; he drives his own truck...

BOB

It's a company truck!

(CONTINUED)

NICK

Your wife wouldn't know that.
Believe me, Bob, he takes the time
to sweet-talk her. When she bends
down to pick up the milk bottles, he
tells her she's got a great ass.
Then he casually points out she's
got big tits.

Nick finishes off the poptart and takes some garlic
bread out of the refrigerator, smells it, and digs in.

NICK

(continuing)

One thing leads to another... she's
a pushover. Believe me, I know how
it's done. Forget it.

BOB

I don't have to forget it. It's not
true.

Nick shrugs.

NICK

Okay... good... you handled that
terrific! We'll get them later.
Have something to eat.

Suddenly a SIREN breaks the night air.

NICK

(continuing)

Figures. Some fool must have called
the cops. Can you believe it?!

(looks at his watch)

15 minutes, they usually don't get
here that quick. You're lucky, Bob,
you have very good police protection
in this neighborhood.

Nick dusts the crumbs off his hands into the garbage
disposal.

NICK

(continuing)

We better get out of here. The
local police always try to make a
federal case out of something like
this. And that's nothing compared
to how crazy they get when they find
out you have orders never to
relinquish your weapon.

Nick leads the way toward the back of the house.

60 EXT. THE BACK YARD - NIGHT 60

Nick leads Bob to the back cyclone fence, and pulls it up for him to crawl under.

Bob gets on his belly and snakes under the fence.

On the other side, Bob suddenly springs to his feet and makes a run for it. He darts around a tree and disappears into the bushes.

61 FOLLOWING BOB 61

Bob moves desperately through the shrubbery looking for a means of escape.

Bob sneaks through the bushes over to some trashcans.

62 SHOCK CUT 62

A man pops up from behind the containers.

SNAP!... the blade of a six-inch stiletto gleams in his hand.

He starts to move toward Bob with deadly intent.

BOB

(uncertainly)

Hi! I'm Bob Wilson. I live at
3628 Welby Ave.

*

The guy lunges forward and Bob goes rigid with fear.

63 QUICK CUT 63

Nick pops up behind the guy and brings his gun down on the poor guy's head.

The guy drops to the ground without a sound.

Nick turns to Bob.

NICK

You were supposed to hold the fence
for me. You don't want to use the
same trick every time, Bob... What
am I talking about? You're doing
great, forget I said that. Did I
tell you you're doing a great job
today?

*

*

*

*

Bob looks over at this crazy fucker, makes a decision,
and runs for it.

Nick dashes after him, catches up, and clubs him with
his gun.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

Bob crashes to the ground unconscious.

Nick puts away his gun, leans over, hoists Bob up over his shoulder.

NICK

(continuing; as he
carries him away)

This is going to be a tough one.

CUT TO:

64 INT. CAR - DAY

64

Bob opens his eyes. He's lying in the back seat of a parked car. Sunlight blares in through the window.

Bob sits up and looks around, he squints in the bright light, trying to get his bearings...

The car is parked on a rundown inner city street. A lot of the houses are overgrown with weeds, abandoned. More important there is no sign of Nick.

Bob thinks a moment, slowly gets out of the car, and breaks into a run up the street.

CUT TO:

65 EXT. STREET - DAY

65

Sunshine pours down through the clear desert air on a faded stucco building, painted across its rough wall:

LUCKY LADY LIQUORS

Penny Slots, Lotto, Local Sports Action

Bob stands at a phone stall against the wall holding the receiver to his ear. Somebody answers at the other end. *

66 ON BOB

66

HEATHER (V.O.)

Hello.

BOB

Heather, Heather! This is Dad. I'm alright. Listen very carefully. I'm in Las Vegas in a phone booth, at a place called Lucky Lady Liqu--

HEATHER (V.O.)

Mom! It's Dad calling from the mental hospital.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

BOB

What mental hospital?!

She runs out of the room.

67 OTHER END

67

Little Bobby picks up the phone. In the b.g., workmen are fixing the damage of the night before.

BOBBY

Dad, the government people are fixing up the house just great. They caught all the terrorists that attacked our street.

68 INTERCUT

68

Barbara comes in from the kitchen wiping her hands.

BOB

What terrorists?!

Barbara takes the receiver from Bobby.

BARBARA

Hi, honey! I can barely hear you because of the workmen. Is the hospital nice?

BOB

I'm not in a hospital.

BARBARA

Sweetheart, there's no shame in having a medical problem especially after what you've been through.

BOB

Listen, Barbara, I was kidnapped by this crazy lunatic who claims he's a CI... a...

Bob looks up to see Nick, standing right next to him. His voice drifts off. Nick gently removes the phone from Bob's hand.

NICK

(into the phone)

Hello, Mrs. Wilson? This is Dr. Bransfield. Bob really shouldn't be talking to anyone yet. It would be better if he hadn't made this call. I want to assure you he's fine and he'll be home soon.

*

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

68

Nick hangs up the receiver.

NICK

(continuing)

Bob, when you're on a top security mission like this, you can't just call up and talk to people, even your wife.

BOB

(apologetically)

I didn't realize that. They said terrorists attacked my house and I'm in the hospital.

NICK

They needed to give us a cover story. This is all top secret. Secret even from your family.

BOB

I hope I haven't messed anything up.

NICK

Me too.

69 EXT. STREET - DAY

69

Nick and Bob walk back toward the car.

BOB

We're in Las Vegas, aren't we?

NICK

Don't worry, Bob, we're making very good time. We're right on schedule.

BOB

What schedule?

NICK

I told you -- to get to Washington by Friday. You feeling better now that you got a little sleep?

BOB

You call that sleep?

NICK

You'll feel a lot better when we get moving again and you get a little wind in your face. We're switching cars as a diversion. I stepped us up. I stole a Torino.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

BOB

That's great.

NICK

Thought you'd be pleased.

70 EXT. STREET - DAY

70

A red Torino is parked behind the other car.

As they approach the first car, Bob bolts. He jumps in the car and locks the door.

Bob looks over at the dash... the key is in the ignition.

He jumps into the driver's seat and turns the key... nothing.

Nick stands right in front of the car holding up something that looks like a distributor cap. He puts it back in his pocket and comes over to the driver's side window and smiles in.

NICK

That was beautiful. Caught me totally unawares. You're going to make a very good agent, you know that, Bob? We've got to get going. Get in the other car.

BOB

I'm not going anywhere.

Nick goes around to the trunk, takes out a five gallon can of gasoline and starts dousing the car.

NICK

Sure you don't want to come out? You could get very hot just sitting in the car like that.

Bob shakes his head no.

BOB

I'm not coming out.

*

*

NICK

(continuing; pouring gasoline over the hood)
You're upset. Don't try to hide it. You're not crazy about the mission. You didn't like it from the start. Listen, that's totally understandable. I'm not so crazy about it myself.

(CONTINUED)

Bob sits locked in the car watching Nick curiously.

NICK

(continuing)

You're going to feel much better about it when we get to Washington. I'm going to introduce you to the President. Hey, now isn't that going to be exciting?!

BOB

Don't treat me like a child.

NICK

Okay... Bob, I know there is a question in your mind about the importance of the mission. So I'm going to explain. I want you to come out of the car and listen.

Bob has a resolute look on his face. *

BOB

I'm not coming out.

Nick takes out a match and lights it. *

BOB

(continuing)

I'm coming out.

Bob gets out, leaving the car door open so he can jump back in.

BOB

(continuing)

I'm willing to listen.

NICK

That's great, Bob.

BOB

Okay, what is it?

NICK

We've been negotiating with the men in the UFO's for seven years and if we don't get to Washington by Friday, the whole deal will be off.

Bob gets right back in the car.

BOB

Drive me home! *

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED: (2)

70

NICK

You said you'd listen.

BOB

(incredulous that
Nick would even try
this one)

Men in the UFO's?

NICK

That's right. Spacemen. People
from outer space. Alien beings.
Ufo's.

BOB

We've been negotiating with men from
outer space for seven years?!

NICK

Yeah. You've heard that, haven't
you? They had a man talking about
it on the Donahue Show. Now is that
important?

BOB

If it were true, it'd be important.

NICK

That's exactly what Donahue said...
Ready to go?

BOB

We're negotiating with UFO's. You
expect me to buy that?!

NICK

I don't see why not, it's the truth.

BOB

Negotiations with UFO's?! There are
no UFO's!

NICK

That's what they tell the general
public. You're right, how are you
supposed to know? They've been
lying to you so long, you don't know
what to believe.

BOB

(aggressively)

What do you mean?!

(CONTINUED)

NICK

They tell you if you work hard,
you'll get ahead. Right?

BOB

Right!

NICK

You work hard?

BOB

Yeah!

NICK

You get ahead?

Bob maintains a sullen silence.

NICK

(continuing)

See what I mean? They're not
telling you everything.

Bob sits there with his arms folded.

BOB

I'm not leaving this car until you
prove to me there are UFO's.

NICK

Bob, I don't want to argue with
you... Okay, I didn't want to do
this.

Nick takes a ballpoint pen out of his pocket and
dramatically hands it to Bob.

Bob looks it over...

BOB

What's this?

NICK

Read the inscription.

Bob looks closely at the pen. There is a little line
of stamped writing.

BOB

"To Nick, from his friends faraway."

NICK

They gave that to me. The UFO's.
Ready to go?

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED: (4)

70

Bob looks at him incredulously.

BOB

That's your proof?

NICK

Read it and weep. You ready?

BOB

"From his friends faraway?!" Take me home.

NICK

You're one hell of a skeptic, Bob, you know that? You want proof? I'm going to give you proof.

Nick goes to the back of the car, pops open the trunk, and comes back carrying a baseball and a hammer.

He puts the baseball on the edge of the curb, ostentatiously CLICKS the ballpoint out, puts the pen tip on the center of the baseball and...

Bob looks on confused as Nick hammers the pen through the baseball.

Nick takes the baseball with the pen in it and writes circles on a flattened milk carton in the gutter.

NICK

(continuing)

Can we go now?

BOB

What?!

NICK

You saw it. I hammered it through a baseball and the outer space pen still writes.

BOB

I saw that on a commercial on TV. They sell pens that can do that over the phone.

NICK

Jesus, these guys. Just because they're from outer space, they've got no patent protection. Doesn't matter who you are, you get ripped off. How much are they selling the pen for?

*

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED: (5)

70

BOB

Is that it? Is that all the proof
you've got?

NICK

Well, the pen. It's all they gave
me. I ah...

BOB

Drive me home!

NICK

There is one thing about the pen.
Watch.

Nick casually tosses the baseball with the pen in it up
in the air.

71 EXT. STREET - DAY

71

The baseball stops in midair and hangs there, defying
several perfectly good laws of physics.

Pieces of the pen fold out, the tips glow brilliant
colors.

Bob watches as the strange contraption begins to twirl
and spin... then zooms upward and out of sight.

72 EXT. STREET - DAY

72

Bob is flabbergasted!

NICK

The ones on TV, could they do that?

BOB

Wh... wh... what...?!

NICK

It's a homing pen. Goes right back
to their galaxy. They'll probably
think I'm in trouble or something,
sending it back like that. I hope
they don't think I didn't like it.

BOB

You can't get it back?

NICK

Oh no, that's it. Only one I had,
too. Hate to lose a memento like
that. Real collector's item, pen
like that.

(CONTINUED)

BOB

And you just threw it into outer space.

NICK

Bob, you were demanding proof. I had to prove it to you. I've been trying to tell you this thing is very big.

Nick listens...

NICK

(continuing)

Did you hear something?

GUNFIRE EXPLODES all around them, the SIDEWALK RICOCHETS with BULLETS.

The CAR WINDOW next to Bob SHATTERS.

Bob gets that sick here-we-go-again expression on his face.

BOB

(quietly)

I hear something...

(shouting hysterically)

I hear something!...

(going wacko)

I hear something!!

Nick yanks Bob out of the car and pulls him across the sidewalk.

The CAR is hit and KABLOOMS into a pillar of fire.

NICK

(casually)

We better get inside.

They dash for the closest house.

Bob trips in his anxiety to flee.

Nick looks down at him.

NICK

(continuing)

Is this another stalling tactic?

Bob shakes his head wildly.

Two of the PICKETS in the badly-in-need-of-repair fence right next to Bob's head are BLOWN TO SHREDS.

Nick grabs Bob and pulls him through an overgrown front yard and into the house.

73

INT. THE HOUSE - DAY

73

Nick drops Bob near the window and ducks down next to him. He looks around... at the beat-up bare wood floor... the disemboweled mattress in the corner...

NICK

Did you notice as we came in how many bedrooms this thing had? You know, you find a house in one of these undervalued neighborhoods --

BOB

Who's shooting at us?

NICK

The Russians.

BOB

The Russians?! What do they want?

NICK

The map. They'd kill just to get a chance to talk to the UFO's.

BOB

So I noticed.

Nick sticks his head up and quickly yanks it down as a piece of the window sill is blown away.

NICK

Oh yeah, there's no way out of this one. We're definitely going to die. I've only been in a worse situation two or three times.

BOB

What happened then?

NICK

Out of forty guys, I was the only one who survived.

BOB

That figures.

NICK

Hey, I wish I'd been the one who died instead of them.

BOB

So do I.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

73

Nick puts his head up, FIRES A COUPLE OF SHOTS, and drops back down as GUNFIRE RIDDLES THE WINDOW.

NICK

Oh yeah, this is definitely going to be a tough one.

He looks at Bob.

NICK

(continuing)

Do you have any special skills?
Anything you're good at? Won an award for?

BOB

No, I don't think so.

NICK

Anything at all?

BOB

I was an alternate on the debating team in high school.

NICK

Bob, you want to go out there and argue with them?

*
*

Nick looks out to see the TORINO BLOW UP.

NICK

(continuing)

Looks like we're going to have a transportation problem...

(sighs)

... It's at a moment like this a guy regrets he doesn't have any kids.

BOB

Why?

NICK

You could call them. They could pull a few strings. Maybe they could get you out of it. Wait. They're sending in Dollovski, their top negotiator. This should be good.

DOLLOVSKI, a ravishing redhead in a trench coat, comes through the door.

(CONTINUED)

73

CONTINUED: (2)

73

She speaks with a slight accent.

Nick greets her casually.

NICK

Good to see you, Dolly. You look lovely as always.

DOLLY

Your macho charm is not going to get you out of this one, Nickie.

NICK

Oh, I don't know about that.

BOB

You know her?

NICK

A little.

DOLLY

Don't press your luck, Nick. Your own people are not going to let you get to Washington. Give us the map. We'll protect you.

NICK

Where, in some Gulag in Siberia?

(CONTINUED)

★

73 CONTINUED: (3)

73

DOLLY

(quietly)

Nickie, you're up against us and
your own people. It's suicide.
You're a pro, you knew the risks,
but why did you have to take this
poor slovnitchkie with you?!

NICK

(to Bob)

She's just trying to divide us.

BOB

What's a slovnitchkie?

NICK

A pissant little nothing.

He turns back to Dolly.

NICK

(continuing)

Bob knows what he's doing and if
there's going to be any rough stuff,
you can bet he'll be the first to
go.

DOLLY

They always are with you, Nick...
Listen, Nickie, we trust you. If
you give us the map and your word
you'll keep quiet, we'll forget
about the whole thing.

NICK

What about Bob?

BOB

What about Bob?

*
*

DOLLY

We don't know him. We'd have to
have guarantees he wouldn't talk.

BOB

I wouldn't talk.

*

NICK

What kind of guarantees?

DOLLY

We'd want him dead.

(CONTINUED)

BOB

(to Nick)

We can't live with a deal like that.

NICK

(to Bob)

I might be able to.

BOB

I couldn't.

NICK

(to Bob)

Let's at least listen to her.

(to Dolly)

If I sold out, what kind of compensation could I expect?

DOLLY

A million dollars in cash.

BOB

A million dollars?! A million dollars?! For Nick?! That's insulting!

NICK

(to Bob)

It's not so insulting. It's a negotiating technique, they start low. Let me handle it.

(to Dolly)

I'm going to consider your offer although, quite frankly, I find it on the low side.

BOB

(to Nick, desperately)

Let's see this thing through, Nick. Nothing matters but our getting to Washington. Let's try to save the world. I think that's important.

NICK

(to Bob)

Bob, don't get hysterical.

(to Dolly)

What kind of a place could you find for me with RGB?

DOLLY

Colonel.

(CONTINUED)

BOB
(yelling at the
top of his lungs)
Colonel?!!! You assholes! That's a
deal breaker!

NICK
(quieting him down)
Bob, it's fine.

BOB
(to Nick)
Nick, we could never accept a deal
like that.

NICK
Don't get so worked up. I'll take
care of it.

BOB
That's it! That's it! The deal's
off!

DOLLY
(suggestively)
And Nickie, there would be other
compensations if you came over to
us.

NICK
(to Dolly)
Could I talk to you a minute in
private... in the back? Bob, I'll
be right back.

Nick and Dolly step into the back room and close the
door. We hear LAUGHTER AND TALK from the back room.

Bob lies on the floor sweating blood. He glances out
at the men in the street.

Out on the street, the Russians take up positions. *

Nick and Dolly come out from the back room. They're
both smoking.

Dolly gives Bob a disparaging look and walks toward the
front door.

Nick chuckles and takes a pull on his cigarette.

When Dolly reaches the front door, she turns.

DOLLY
Oh, Nick. One last thing, all of us
at KGB are dumping our Tenerex stock.

(CONTINUED)

Nick's face drops.

NICK

They're getting that Defense Department contract. That was a great tip. Our boys got it. Off the Cabinet bug.

DOLLY

We have a White House tap. They're not going to get the contract... Sorry, Nick.

She walks out the door. For once, Nick is stunned.

NICK

We've got to get out of here.

Bob pokes his head up and looks out the window.

BOB

What do you think they're trying to do?

NICK

They're trying to murder me. They know I can't afford to take a loss like that.

Bob notices the cigarette in Nick's mouth.

BOB

I didn't know you smoked.

NICK

Just after sex. I've been trying to give it up.

BOB

At least you don't smoke that much.

NICK

About a pack a day...

BOB

That'll kill you.

NICK

It won't kill you, but it'll sure make you sore.

BOB

You didn't make a deal, did you?

(CONTINUED)

NICK

Nah, I just offered her a deal to
get her in the back room. After
that, it was all business.

Nick looks nervously out the window.

BOB

What are our chances?

NICK

(reassuringly)

Don't worry, we'll be fine.

Nick surveys the scene outside the window.

NICK

(continuing)

Boy, I wish I had them like they
have us.

BOB

What can they do?

NICK

Flame throwers, poison gas, high
explosives, biological toxins.
Hell, they've got people in IRS --
they're probably auditing our tax
returns right now.

BOB

(hopelessly)

They've got us.

NICK

With the crazy deductions I took
last year, they're going to kill
me... I'll check the back.

Nick pops up and runs to the back room.

BLAM!! TAT! TAT! RR! RR! RR! BAM!... The room
virtually EXPLODES with small arms FIRE.

Nick runs back into the living room and ducks down
beside Bob.

NICK

(continuing)

Want the good news first or the bad
news?

BOB

Give me the bad news.

(CONTINUED)

73

CONTINUED: (8)

73

NICK

There is no way out of here alive.

BOB

What's the good news?

NICK

It doesn't look like we'll be here long.

Nick peers out the window.

74

OMITTED

74

75

EXT. STREET - HIS POV

75

*

Over the windowsill, two hundred yards from the house in the middle of the empty parking area, is a lone phone booth.

76

INT. HOUSE - TWO SHOT

76

*

NICK

We've got one chance... Stay close and do exactly what I do. Did I tell you you're doing a great job today? Let's go.

*

*

*

*

Nick pops up and runs through the front door. Bob is right behind him.

77

EXT. STREET - OUTSIDE THE HOUSE - DAY

77

*

A BARRAGE OF BULLETS rains down on Nick and Bob. Nick runs a crazy circle around the front lawn. The bullets land about two feet behind him. Bob's about a foot behind and starting to run a little late. He looks upset.

Nick hits the edge of the lawn.

78

QUICK CUT

78

A man pops up from the high weeds. THWAP!... Nick blows him away.

Bob, nervously trying to imitate everything Nick does, falters... then makes a gun with his finger and goes...

BOB

Bang!

They run on.

79

QUICK CUT

79

A man jumps out from behind a mutilated old pine tree.

80 BACK TO SCENE

80

THWAP! Nick misses, the BULLET SPLINTERS into the tree.

Bob comes running along and raises his finger at the man.

There is a knife-sharp shard sticking out of the tree right behind the man.

BOB

BANG!

The startled man jumps backward, GRUNTS, and slumps against the tree, dead.

81 ON BOB

81

Bob looks at his finger in amazement and then runs on.

82 OMITTED

82

83 MOVING WITH BOB

83

BOB

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

Hell, whatever works...

Bob aims at a man behind a parked car.

BOB

(continuing)

BANG!

At the same time, Nick throws a quick bullet that way.

84 ON THE MAN

84

The BULLET HITS its mark and the man slams backward.

85 FAVORING BOB

85

Bob looks down at his finger and smiles.

BOB

(to Nick)

I think the UFO men are helping us.

NICK

(otherwise occupied)

Good, we're going to need all the help we can get.

86 AT THE PHONE BOOTH

86

Nick runs up to the phone booth and barrels in. Bob pulls up the rear.

BOB
BANG! BANG! BANG!

Somebody FIRES from in back. Bob wheels.

BOB
(continuing)
BANG!

He turns and piles into the glass booth.

87 IN THE BOOTH

87

Crammed in the booth, Nick searches in his pocket.

NICK
You got a quarter?

Bob occasionally ducks his head out.

BOB
BANG! BANG!
(ducks his head
back in)
Huh?

NICK
You got a quarter?

Bob searches around in his pockets. He comes up empty.

NICK
(continuing)
Wait here.

He prepares to move out.

BOB
I'll cover you.

Suddenly, Nick leaps out of the phone booth and starts to run a zigzagging pattern around the parking lot. BULLETS PLOP all around him in the soft asphalt.

Bob FIRES at a Russian standing there blasting away at the phone booth.

BOB
(continuing)
BANG! BANG!

The Russian just stands there shooting away.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

87

Bob looks down at his worthless finger. He drops the hand, makes a gun with his other hand, and aims...

BOB
(continuing)

BANG!

Nick looks up for a second and FIRES at the Russian.
The guy goes flying.

Bob's thrilled his other hand still has bullets.

Pleased, Bob continues firing with his left.

BOB
(continuing)
BANG! BANG!

88 ON NICK

88

Nick is still circling the parking lot... it's a moment before it's clear... he's searching the ground for change. He picks up a shiny circular piece of metal... a slug. He tosses it away.

89 IN THE PHONE BOOTH

89

KERBLOOM! A BULLET HITS THE PHONE and nickels, dimes and quarters fly in all directions. It's like Caesar's Palace exploded.

Bob reaches down and picks up a quarter off the ground.

BOB
(yelling to Nick)
I got one!

NICK
Keep me covered!

Nick runs back across the sticky asphalt to the phone booth.

BOB
BANG! BANG! BANG!

Bob looks down at his second hand, which is now also out of bullets.

Nick flies into the booth.

NICK
(angrily)
You call that cover?!

(CONTINUED)

BOB

(furious)

I've only got two hands!

NICK

Give me the quarter.

He snatches the quarter out of Bob's hand, pops it in the phone, and dials.

NICK

(continuing)

Hello, Mike? Sell Tenerex... Quick as you can. Thanks.

He hangs up. A BULLET SMASHES into the phone booth.

NICK

(continuing)

Okay, we can relax. I'm out... You want to make a call?

An effigy of Nick drops from a tree between them and the Russians. It's riddled with bullets.

NICK

(continuing)

Oh, that's beautiful. It's the dead man's salute. A ceremonial salute they give the greatest agents just before they kill them.

He hangs out the phone booth and yells out to his attackers.

NICK

(continuing)

You guys are great. You're the greatest.

Nick's about in tears, so is Bob.

CRASH!... They duck as ANOTHER BULLET hits the phone booth, SHATTERING THE LAST INTACT PANE OF GLASS.

Nick looks at Bob.

NICK

(continuing)

Where's your gun?

BOB

I haven't got a gun.

NICK

You really should have a gun in a situation like this.

(CONTINUED)

89

CONTINUED: (2)

89

Nick looks around. It's quiet, no shots from anywhere.

BOB

What is it?

NICK

Lunch.

BOB

They just break for lunch?

NICK

Bob, not everybody is as dedicated as we are. It's their system, they've got no incentives, they've got no motivation.

BOB

Can we just walk away?

Nick puts his head out and it's almost blown away by a BULLET THAT KNOCKS A PIECE OF THE BOOTH OFF.

NICK

(pulling his head
in)

Yeah.

BOB

They're still shooting!

NICK

Come on, Bob, it was just one measly shot. The guy's probably taking a late lunch. Don't make a big thing out of it.

Nick dashes across the parking lot and Bob dashes after him.

Nick jumps the fence at the far end. Bob tries and misses. Nick's arm reaches down and pulls him over.

90

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FENCE

90

NICK

This way, Bob.

Nick leads him through a backyard and out a gate.

90A

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

90A

As they walk along...

(CONTINUED)

90A CONTINUED:

90A

BOB
Where are we going?

NICK
To get a safe car.

BOB
What do these spacemen want from
us? What are we negotiating for?

NICK
Like is it a good deal, is that what
you want to know?

BOB
Yeah, I want to know.

NICK
You want to second guess the
negotiating team, right?

BOB
I just want to know if it's worth
the trouble I'm going through. I
don't want to waste my time if all
we're going to get out of it is a
few pictures of space or something.

NICK
Okay, you want to know.

Nick pulls a folded up sheet of paper out of his back
pocket and hands it to Bob.

Bob takes it.

NICK
(continuing)
Write this down.

BOB
You got something to write with?

NICK
(pointedly)
I used to have a pretty good pen.

They come out to the next street and start down it as
Bob searches his pockets.

BOB
(coming up with the
nib of a pencil)
I've got something.

(CONTINUED)

90A CONTINUED: (2)

90A

NICK

Okay, take this down. All the flowers. All the trees. All the little birdies.

BOB

What is this?!

NICK

This is what they're giving us. Write it down.

Bob reluctantly does.

NICK

(continuing)

All the children.

Bob looks over at Nick.

BOB

Okay, what's this all about?

NICK

Some of the boys in chemical warfare dumped this stuff in the ocean by mistake. Well, this stuff kills this special kind of algae that kills this bacteria and, to make a long story short, it passes up the food chain and all life on Earth will be dead in five years. If we don't do anything about it.

*
*
*
*

BOB

Okay, what if we do do something about it?

NICK

Oh well, then everything would be fine. But we don't know what to do. That's where the UFO's come in. They're going to give us this "good package" that includes the formula to reverse this thing. Personally, I think the whole thing's been a pretty good lesson for us. Some of the boys in chemical have really been sweating it.

*
*

BOB

I'll bet they have!

NICK

Okay, skip over to the other side of the sheet. Write this down.

(CONTINUED)

90A CONTINUED: (3)

90A

BOB

What's this?

NICK

It's what they want. Just write it down... A glass of water.

Bob waits...

BOB

That's it? That's all they want? They don't have any water on their planet?

NICK

They've got plenty. They want it here. You see, they go out in these one-man ships and after they've gone thousands and thousands of light years, they come to the end of the day, and they're exhausted and tired. They're covered with space dust, they're thirsty, whatever. And all they want is to stop here and get a drink of water.

Bob thinks it over as they turn the corner and walk up a tree-lined street.

BOB

If they've got water on their planet, why don't they just carry it with them?

NICK

Do I look like a scientist, Bob? They're thousands of years more advanced than we are. I think they've probably got pretty good reasons for what they do.

*
*
*
*
*

BOB

The glass of water. That's all they want?

Nick looks at Bob.

NICK

That's all.

BOB

They want anything with the water?

NICK

Like what?

(CONTINUED)

90A CONTINUED: (4)

90A

BOB

A cracker or something?

NICK

No, they just want the water. So what kind of a deal is that?

BOB

It seems okay.

NICK

I'd say it's a pretty good deal. I'd say maybe it's even a very good deal. What would you say?

BOB

(conceding the point)

It's a good deal.

NICK

You like to go in and try to negotiate a better deal than that?

BOB

(shamefaced)

No, I think they did fine.

Embarrassed, Bob fiddles with the paper in his hand. He notices the relief map on the other side.

BOB

(continuing)

What's this?

NICK

That's the vital map showing where we're going to meet 'em.

*
*

BOB

Boy, we better not lose this.

NICK

I'll say. If we did the world would be doomed. Let's get that safe car.

*
*

BOB

Where we going to get it?

*

NICK

The only place where you always know you're going to be safe.

*
*

BOB

Where's that?

(CONTINUED)

90A CONTINUED: (5)

90A

NICK

Right here.

Nick leads Bob up the walkway to the front door of an attractive two-story suburban house. The door swings open as they walk up and a homey WOMAN in her fifties sticks her head out.

MOM

Hi, Nicky!

NICK

Hi, Mom!

BOB

Who's Mom?

NICK

She's my mother.

*
*
*
*

The woman embraces Nick and they all go inside.

91 INSIDE MOM'S HOUSE

91

The woman holds Nick by the arms and looks at him and beams. She hugs him again. Bob watches. He's beginning to feel a little better now that he knows even CIA men have mothers.

MOM

Dad's home from the hospital.

NICK

How's he look?

MOM

He looks great. Aunt Grace is here, too.

NICK

That's wonderful, Mom.

She looks over at Bob.

NICK

(continuing)

This is Bob. We're working together.

MOM

Nice to meet you, Bob. I've got some coffee and sandwiches in the kitchen, Nicky. Come on and help me bring them in.

NICK

(to Bob)

Be right back. Make yourself at home.

They go out through the swinging door to the kitchen.

(CONTINUED)

Bob looks around the classic American living room... a kitten poster... a fluorescent happy-face sticker on the door to the kitchen... a big Snoopy doll on the mantel... He can relate to this. He's starting to feel a little better.

Suddenly, a knock-out of a WOMAN in her late thirties sashays down the stairs... she looks like Marilyn Monroe in her last years... a figure men kill for... pouting lips... smoldering sexuality... WOW!

Bob gulps!

She steps down the last step and approaches Bob. Without a word, she grabs him and plants the most passionate kiss he's ever had on his lips.

They tumble over the back of the couch in a mad embrace.

Startled at first, Bob resists, but then he starts to move with the flow. He's kissing her wildly, writhing his body up against hers, searching for her breasts...

An APPROACHING SOUND from the kitchen.

The two lovers spring to a sitting position. They act as if nothing has happened.

Nick and Mom come through the swinging door with the coffee and sandwiches.

NICK

Hi, Dad! God, you look great! Look at the tits on this guy. Dad, I'm so proud of you.

Bob almost drops dead.

Nick puts down the coffee, goes over to Dad, embraces him, and playfully squeezes one of his tits.

NICK

(continuing)

Dad, did you meet my new partner, Bob? Bob, this is my father.

Dad extends his hand to Bob. He has a deep, husky voice; he sounds like a truck driver.

DAD

We've already introduced ourselves.

Bob looks sick. Things may be moving a little too quick for him.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED: (2)

91

BOB

(stuttering)

G-g-good to meet you, D-d-dad.

NICK

Dad just had a face lift! Doesn't he look great? But let me tell you about Dad... we're real proud of him. A lot of guys, when they come to that mid-life crisis, they figure they missed out on something. They flip out, they don't know what to do. But Dad knew what to do, he hopped on a plane and went right to Sweden and got the operation that's allowing him to experience the side of life he missed. At first, there were a lot of people in the family who didn't understand. Mom, at first you were pretty confused... Admit it.

*

*

*

*

*

Mom smiles at her former foolishness.

MOM

Yes, I sure was.

NICK

But we all finally realized that Dad was right. He'd done the right thing for him. And hell, it opened up a whole new world for him. He does mud wrestling every Friday night at Solly's. It's great. I'll bet that Dad looks better today than any of the other guys who fought with him on Iwo Jima.

BOB

I'm sure he does.

Dad blushes at the compliment.

NICK

A lot of guys his age don't know who they are. But we know who we are, don't we, Dad? We're not confused.

DAD

Not a bit.

MOM

Oh, Nicky. We forgot the big dessert.

Nick smiles at his mother and they go to the kitchen to get the dessert.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED: (3)

91

Dad immediately throws himself on Bob. He starts covering Bob's face with big red kisses.

BOB

No, Dad. Don't. Dad, please. Dad, no.

Just then, Nick and Mom come through the swinging doors carrying a giant platter with one of those petrified fruitcakes on it.

Dad jumps back to a seated position.

MOM

(proudly)

Here's the big fruitcake.

BOB

(hysterically
pointing at Dad)

Keep that fruitcake away from me!

NICK

Could I see you in the bathroom a minute, Bob?

92 INSIDE THE BATHROOM

92

Nick and Bob step into the cramped bathroom. Nick locks the door and turns with a hardened expression on his face.

NICK

What's the big idea? I invite you into my parents' home and then as soon as I turn my back, you're all over my dad.

BOB

Your father's a woman?!

NICK

Don't make a big thing out of it.

BOB

I'm sorry... He was the one all over me. I went along at first, but as soon as I found out he was your father, I didn't want to have anything to do with him.

NICK

Can't you see he's a terribly troubled man? It's pathetic.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NICK (CONT'D)

A guy his age doing mud wrestling.
He's a nymphomaniac. Did you know
that? It's breaking Mom's heart.
She's terrific about it, but it's
breaking her heart.

Nick is steaming.

NICK

(continuing)

Dad's not well, couldn't you see
that?

BOB

Not at first.

NICK

It's pathetic. He looks terrible.

BOB

I don't think he looks so bad.

NICK

Is that any way for an ex-Marine to
look? He was one of the boys who
took Iwo Jima. He goes back to the
reunion in September. How do you
think they're going to react?

BOB

I'm sure he'll be very popular.

NICK

Is that the kind of popularity you'd
want for your father?

BOB

I guess not.

NICK

I guess you wouldn't!... and then
you go and encourage him!

BOB

I'm sorry... Nick, I want to go
home. Things are getting a little
weird for me.

NICK

If you went home now, they'd kill
you.

(CONTINUED)

BOB

I don't mind. Not anymore. Really,
I don't.

NICK

Hey, you're just a little spaced out
with all the excitement and meeting
my parents.

BOB

I think I'm going crazy!

NICK

Hey, forget Dad. You don't love
him. We'll go out a little later
and pick up a couple of girls with a
lot bigger tits than Dad's. Try to
get him out of your mind.

BOB

It's too weird. I can't take it.

NICK

You're confronting real life.
That's a shocking experience.

BOB

If this is real life, I don't want
any more of it. I like fake life
like I had before.

NICK

Hey, everybody does. But some of us
are called upon to step above the
ordinary and live real lives.

BOB

I think I want to go home.

NICK

(reassuringly)

Come on out. Have some coffee and
we'll go out later and get you laid.

BOB

Not Dad!

NICK

Of course, I told you, not Dad.

Nick pulls out a Kleenex and hands it to Bob.

NICK

(continuing)

Wipe my father's lipstick off your
face. It makes you look ridiculous.

93

IN THE LIVING ROOM

93

Nick and Bob come back into the living room. Nick is smiling reassuringly at his parents. Bob has wiped most of the lipstick off.

Mom is eating a big piece of petrified fruitcake. Dad looks up with those big eyes of his.

NICK

I'm going to tell you something, Bob. We're real proud of Mom, too. She's started her own business. Mom's a regular business typhoon.

BOB

That's great, Mom. What sort of business are you in?

MOM

We make crotchless panties.

NICK

(excited)

That's not all. Tell him about what you're into now!

MOM

(proudly)

We're going to make those big plastic dolls. I've got an idea for one. She'd have all the same holes as a real woman so you could --

BOB

(excitedly cutting in)

What a great idea, Mom!

NICK

(enthusiastically)

Now there's something everybody's going to want! Didn't I tell you she's a great businesswoman?

Bob seems very spaced out.

BOB

I'd like to order one --

NICK

(interrupting)

Bob... bathroom.

Nick and Bob are jammed together in the little bathroom.

NICK

I thought you understood. And there you go. You start right up again. What the hell do you think you're doing encouraging Mom like that?

BOB

I thought you said she was a great businesswoman. I...

NICK

(interrupting)

Great businesswoman! They already make dolls like that! Everybody's got one!

BOB

I don't have one.

NICK

So you try to order one through my mother! You want me to order something like that through your mother?

BOB

I don't care, Nick. Go ahead. Don't expect quick delivery. She's been dead for eleven years.

NICK

Okay, you have problems with your mother, I see that. But try to respect my mom's problems, too. Okay, we'll go back out. Don't mention the doll. We'll get you one later.

Nick and Bob have finished their cake. Mom adoringly eyes Nick. Dad adoringly eyes Bob.

NICK

Hey, it's getting a little late, where's Auntie Grace?

MOM

We keep her upstairs now.

Bob, Nick and Mom stand in front of a heavily chained and padlocked door in the upstairs hall.

From behind the door come the most FRIGHTFUL SOUNDS ever heard... BARKING and GROWLING...

NICK
(admiringly)
She's some lady, Bob!

Mom starts undoing the chains that crisscross the door.

Nick thinks it over.

NICK
(continuing)
We don't really have time to see Auntie Grace.

Bob is in hearty agreement.

BOB
No, Mom, we don't have time.

MOM
You know how much Aunt Grace loves to see you, Nick.

NICK
Well, okay, just for a minute.

Mom is still unlocking chains and padlocks. An unearthly HOWL comes from inside.

BOB
(dropping a heavy hint)
Nick, I really think we don't have time to go in there.

NICK
Yeah, next time, Mom.

Mom smiles indulgently at Nick.

MOM
Okay, Nicky, Aunt Grace can wait.

Mom starts wrapping the chains back across the door.

BOB
(relieved)
Sure, where's she going to go?

NICK
Oh, she got out once, rampaged across three states -- they didn't even get a good description. We've got to leave now, Mom.

*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED:

96

MOM
I understand, honey.

She smiles fondly at her only son.

NICK
(to Bob)
Do you want to say goodbye to Dad?

From the expression on Bob's face, he really doesn't.

97 IN THE LIVING ROOM

97

Dad's red lips come down hard on Bob's. Bob struggles like crazy and finally breaks away. He regains his composure.

BOB
It was very nice to meet you, Mr. Pirandello. Nick's very lucky to have such a young and beautiful father.

(turns to Mom)
Nice to meet you, too, Mrs. Pirandello.

Nick looks on approvingly.

MOM
Take some crotchless panties.

BOB
No, thank you, Mom. I never wear anything like that.

MOM
They're not for you, silly. Maybe you'll meet some nice girls and you can give them to them as presents.

NICK
Great idea, Mom.

Mom hands them each a pair of crotchless panties.

MOM
Women always like to get little gifts to remember a fellow by. It makes them feel pretty. Remember that everyone needs a little confidence building. Women are pretty when they feel pretty and men will be strong if they feel strong. A mother's lesson.

(CONTINUED)

NICK

That's great, Mom. What a lady,
huh, Bob? Well, we've got to go off
and save the world.

MOM

You men, always thinking what you're
doing is the most important thing in
the world. Well, you go off with
your men's business and just leave
Dad and me with our women's things.
Right, Dad?

DAD

Right. So long, Bob. I enjoyed
meeting you.

BOB

Thank you, Dad.

DAD

(mouths)

Call me.

NICK

Mom, we'll need a safe car. Can we
borrow yours?

MOM

Sure, Nicky.

DIRECT CUT:

98 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

98

It's dark as hell on Route 66 except for the headlights
of a speeding '59 Impala with a bright yellow paint
job. One of the headlights wobbles around, the other
flickers on and off.

BOB (V.O.)

This is what you call a safe car?

NICK (V.O.)

You'll feel better when we get seat
belts.

BOB (V.O.)

I'll feel better when we get seats.

99 INSIDE THE CAR - NIGHT

99

Bob and Nick crouch on the bare metal floor of the
wreck. Three of the four emergency lights glow like
little rubies in the darkness. The fourth flickers
sporadically on and off.

Nick leans forward and slams the dashboard with his
fist. The flickering warning light blinks on for good.
All the warning lights shine brightly.

(CONTINUED)

NICK

(pleased)

It's working perfectly now.

Bob looks over at Nick, something has occurred to him.

BOB

Why are people in the CIA trying to stop us from saving the world?

NICK

Because of the "big gun." The UFO's have weapons, too. They have this big gun that blows away a whole planet from two galaxies away. There is a faction in the Agency that wants to trade for the gun.

BOB

If it blows away a whole planet, who'd they use it on?

NICK

The Russians.

BOB

Wait a minute! If it blows away the planet, wouldn't that kill us, too? What about the world ending?!!!

NICK

That's not their problem. They're just in charge of protecting the U.S. Getting the gun is their job.

BOB

Doesn't anyone think enough to take in the big picture?!

NICK

I don't know, Bob. That's not my department.

BOB

You guys in the government are incredible. You claim to be gods -- to know everything.

NICK

We have to do that to inspire confidence.

BOB

Like fucking gods, you claim you can take care of everything!

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED: (2)

99

NICK

If we didn't pretend to be a little
godlike, you wouldn't want us in
there.

BOB

And then you fuck everything up!!!

NICK

Hey, we're only human!

BOB

I hate this mission.

NICK

You're going to feel better after we
get you something to eat. Did I
tell you today you're doing a great
job?

*
*
*

CUT TO:

100 INT. CONVENIENCE STORE, ALBUQUERQUE - DAY

100

Nick and Bob stand at the checkout counter of a 7-11
type store. Nick carries two six-packs of cheap beer
and a dozen sticks of beef jerky.

NICK

You're sure you don't want anything?
The package with the three different
color luncheon meats looked good.

Nick picks a pudding-filled pie out of the bin in front
of the checkout stand.

NICK

(continuing; holding
out the pie)

Want one? It's got a guaranteed
shelf life of three years.

(looks at the label)

Still got a year to go.

BOB

I'm not hungry, okay?!

NICK

(examining the pie
wrapping)

Beautifully packaged. You think
about it, Bob, all life on Earth
could be dead and this pie would
still be fresh. Technologically,
we're really something.

Bob looks over at the newspaper rack where they keep
the tabloids. He sees something and his eyes almost
pop out.

101 BOB'S POV

101

The Enquiring Star. Its headlines read:

30 QUESTIONS EDDIE MURPHY ASKS EVERY WOMAN

IS U.S. NEGOTIATING WITH UFO'S FOR GLASS OF WATER?

ALL LIFE ON EARTH DEAD IN FIVE YEARS

102 BACK TO SCENE

102

Nick throws the pie back in a bin and hands his purchases to the checkout girl. Bob nudges Nick, trying to get him to look at the headlines... Nick looks quizzically at Bob... Bob motions with his head at the Enquiring Star. Nick doesn't understand... Bob, trying not to let anyone else catch on, gives Nick a look and makes stronger motions with his head.

BOB

Mmmmm! Mmmmm!

NICK

Oh.

Nick pulls a copy of the Enquiring Star out of the rack and hands it to the girl at the register.

NICK

(continuing; explaining)

It's not for me. It's for my friend.

The girl gives Bob a contemptuous look and rings it up. Nick hands the tabloid to Bob, who embarrassingly folds it up and puts it under his arm.

NICK

(continuing)

And a carton of Marlboros.

103 OUTSIDE THE STORE - DAY

103

Nick spots an overstuffed Goodwill box with old clothes scattered around it. Nick picks up an old pair of tennis shoes.

BOB

They know all about the negotiations! Look, they've printed the whole thing!

NICK

It's a free country. They can do that.

(winks)

Don't worry. Nobody believes this stuff.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

103

Bob holds the Enquiring Star out for Nick to see. Nick peruses the front page of the paper.

NICK

(continuing)

All these articles are straight out of CIA files.

BOB

I'm going crazy.

Nick holds an old shirt up to Bob's chest.

NICK

You're fine. You're just starting to see things more as they are. It's disorienting.

104 OMITTED

104

105 IN THE CAR - TEXAS PANHANDLE - DAY

105

There are now cowhide seats in the car. Nick clicks off an electric razor.

NICK

I think these seats we borrowed from the Chevy are very nice with this color. What do you think, Bob?

BOB

Very nice.

Bob sits on the passenger side, gnawing on a stick of beef jerky. For the first time since his ordeal started, he seems to be relaxing.

Nick looks over at him.

NICK

Stop thinking about it.

BOB

(looking up from the stick of jerky)

What?

NICK

Your wife.

BOB

Huh?

Bob looks puzzled.

NICK

... with the milkman.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED:

105

BOB

Huh?!

NICK

Sucking him off all the time.
You're thinking about it, I can
tell. I'm saying this for your own
good. Stop thinking about it.

BOB

Thank you.

NICK

You're welcome.

Having helped his friend, Nick goes back to his driving
... then turns back to Bob who's mulling something
over.

NICK

(continuing)

So, Bob, what are your parents
like? Just regular folks like mine?

BOB

Well, since Mom died, Dad's...

NICK

And your kids, what are they like?

BOB

They're basically good k--

NICK

You know you're really opening me
up. Sympathizing with your problems
and shit. It's opening me up,
making me more sensitive to other
people. It feels good. Thank you.

BOB

You're welcome.

NICK

And you're beautiful.

BOB

Thank you.

NICK

Did I tell you what a great job
you're doing?

CUT TO:

A106 EXT. HIGHWAY - DUSK

A106

In the rosy light of early evening, the Impala whizzes
across the Texas panhandle.

106 OMITTED
thru
108

106
thru
108

109 EXT. ROAD - DAY

109

The yellow Impala sails along a deserted black top, on either side are eight foot cornfields. *

Nick pulls up a dirt road.

BOB

What are we doing here?

NICK

I gotta take a leak.

BOB

Again?

NICK

Yeah, again. You mind?!

Nick starts to get out of the car. Something is bothering Bob. *

BOB

You know, Nick, I've been thinking. Doesn't the government have special guys that take care of this stuff?

NICK

Bob, we are those special guys.

BOB

Nick, I don't think I'm right for this mission.

NICK

Of course you are.

BOB

I want to get off.

NICK

Gee, if you left the mission, I'd have to shoot you.

BOB

You wouldn't do that, after I've opened you up.

NICK

Sure I would.

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED:

109

BOB

I saved your life, Nick. You said
you'd never forget that.

NICK

Hey, and I never will. It was right
in front of your house, wasn't it,
Bob?... Wait here. I'll be right
back.

Nick gets out of the car and crosses the road and
disappears into the cornfield.

110 INT. CAR - DAY

110

Bob sits there... He unsnaps a snap or two.

Suddenly, something occurs to him.

He cranes his neck to see if Nick's in sight... he's
not.

He eases his door open, slips out, and disappears into
the first row of corn.

111 EXT. CORNFIELD - DAY

111

Bob is running for everything he's worth through the
corn.

His lungs pump wildly as he makes his escape. He looks
behind him... He's out of sight. Nothing but corn all
around him. He drops down on the ground, chugging in
air.

Starting to catch his breath, he switches to a sitting
position. Something underneath him is uncomfortable.

He reaches down and pulls a rock out from the ground
and tosses it aside. He reaches back under him and
pulls a crumpled wad of paper out of his back pocket.
The map. The map vital to making the exchange with the
UFO's and saving the world.

Bob looks at the back...

112 THE LIST

112

All the flowers.

All the trees.

All the little birdies.

All the children.

113 BOB'S FACE

113

As he looks at the list. The damn map is the only thing that can save the world.

BOB

(mumbling angrily)

That idiot, lets me run off with the vital map.

*

He gets up and starts back toward the road.

114 AT THE EDGE OF THE CORNFIELD

114

Bob peers out from the edge of the cornfield... The Caddy sits there. Nick is nowhere in sight.

Bob tiptoes out and puts the map under the windshield wiper and starts back out into the cornfield.

He stops, goes back, and spreads the map out so Nick can't miss it. Satisfied, he turns to go when a gust of wind snaps the map out from under the wiper and carries it off through the air.

Bob watches aghast as it floats away.

Horrorstruck, he races after it. He crashes through the corn following it.

He jumps for it, just misses, trips in the dirt. He scrambles to his feet. The map is sailing just over the corn. Trying desperately not to let it get out of sight, Bob crashes through the stalks after it. He grabs for it, misses again, falls head-first over a corn row.

The map floats down on his head. He grabs it, clutching it like a fumbled football. He lies there thanking God he's got it back.

115 EXT. ROAD - DAY

115

Covered with dirt, Bob steps out of the cornfield hugging the map to his chest.

BOB

Okay, let's get move --

A shocked look on his face. Nick and the Caddy are gone.

Bob can't believe it!

He looks frantically up and down the road.

He breaks into a sprint, racing the way they were going.

116 UP THE ROAD

116

Clutching the map, panting wildly, covered with sweat, he comes to the point where the road leaves the cornfield behind.

Nothing for miles in all directions... No sign of Nick and the Impala.

Bob throws his hands up and drops to the ground in exhaustion and despair.

He rocks back and forth in misery... He suddenly stops.

117 HIS POV

117

Nick's shoes, a foot from his face.

He looks up... Nick smiles down at him.

He motions to the car hidden a few feet from the edge of the cornfield.

NICK

I moved the car.

Bob jumps to his feet.

BOB

You moved the car!!!

NICK

It was in the open, so I --

BOB

And what about me?! Did you give any consideration to how I was going to feel when I came back from taking my leak and found the car was gone?!!!

NICK

I guess not.

BOB

I guess not!!! You son of a bitch! I've been running up this road for a mile! You stupid imbecile, you endangered the whole mission. I HAVE THE MAP, DID YOU KNOW THAT?!

NICK

I just thought, if --

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

117

BOB

The one time I depend on you and
you're not there! Do you know how
important this mission is?!!!

NICK

I think so.

BOB

Well, act like it!!!

Nick stands there trying to find words to apologize.

Bob's discussed it long enough.

BOB

(continuing)

You are totally insensitive to
anybody else's feelings! Get in
the car!

118 INT. CAR - DAY

118

They're back on their way.

NICK

(humbly)

I don't suppose you'd accept my
apology. Well, I want you to know
I'm sorry. Nothing like this will
ever happen again.

*
*

Bob turns, HUMPHS, and turns back.

NICK

(continuing;
still trying)

I thought you didn't want to go on
this mission. I underestimated you.

*

BOB

(huffily)

And I was taking the trouble to
open you up... Okay, we're going
to forget it. We're going to go
on from here and save the world as
if nothing had happened.

NICK

(gratefully)

Thank you.

They ride in silence a moment... Bob thinks about it,
looks over at Nick.

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED:

118

BOB

I want to apologize, too. I wasn't taking a leak, I tried to run off.

NICK

I know, I was watching you.

BOB

You were watching me?

NICK

Yeah.

Pause... while they both think it over...

BOB

You didn't say anything.

NICK

You came back. Most guys would have kept on running. You're some kind of guy, you know that, Bob?

Bob thinks about it... maybe Nick's right. Bob's starting to decide he's a pretty special guy. Maybe they're both pretty special.

They sit side by side. Two men on a mission to save the world.

CUT TO:

A119 THE CAR BARRELS INTO THE DISTANCE

A119 *

119 EXT. INDIANAPOLIS - DAY

119

Nick and Bob walk up an alley with the car in the b.g.

*

BOB

What's this?

NICK

We've got to get the special glass to give them the water in. It's a promotional thing. Presidential Seal. This way, wherever they travel in the universe, we'll get a little publicity.

BOB

You're kidding. What idiots think something like that up?

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED:

119

NICK

They got a special department of
idiots in the White House that do
it.

Nick walks up the street and into the alley. Bob's
right behind him.

120 UP THE ALLEY

120

Nick bends down and reaches under a dumpster and pulls
out a glass with the Great Seal of the United States
engraved on its side.

NICK

Here it is -- the special glass for
the water.

BOB

And this is where they keep it?!

NICK

This way it doesn't attract any
attention.

BOB

What if it broke?

NICK

Whatever you do, there are always
going to be risks.

Bob is suddenly distracted.

BOB

(staring at the mouth
of the alley)

Who are those clowns?

121 NICK'S POV

121

Five clowns with ball noses and big shoes are looking
down the alley.

NICK

Holy shit, clown attack.

BOB

Clown attack?!

Nick pulls Bob behind the dumpster.

NICK

Clown unit. They're putting some of
the CIA's best agents in clown suits
so they won't be recognized.

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED:

121

BOB

So they won't be recognized?

NICK

Yeah, they've gone bad.

BOB

Bad clowns?!

Bob looks up the alley...

The clowns dart from one garbage can to another. He can't believe it.

Nick looks behind him... Dead end. They're trapped.

They turn back toward the clowns and watch.

122 THEIR POV

122

A figure in a clown suit flits across the alley and disappears on the other side.

Nick pulls Bob behind the dumpster.

NICK

Oh boy, they got us trapped but good. I used to have nightmares in the North Korean prison camp about getting trapped like this.

BOB

What happened in your nightmares?

NICK

I never found out. I was lucky. They kept waking me up for torture sessions.

BOB

That was the lucky part?

(nervously)

We've got a chance, haven't we?

NICK

Oh yeah, you always have some sort of chance.

Nick keeps his eyes trained up the alley.

NICK

(continuing)

That's Pinks. He's good, very good... There's Bindel.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED:

122

NICK (CONT'D)

He's about as good as Pinks...
There's Mahoney. He destroyed me
last year at training camp.

*

*

Bob looks up the alley.

123 ON NICK

123

NICK

The way they are doing this is
beautiful. I wish I could watch
this thing from the sidelines.

BOB

So do I.

NICK

Jesus, it's Hartman.

(in admiration)

Next to me, he's the best in the
world. Now some would argue
Phillips is the best in the world.
He's the big one next to Hartman.
Boy, they really sent in the all-
star team this time. Okay, ready?
(turns and looks
at Bob)

What are you crying about? Bob?

*

124 ANGLE WIDENS

124

To show Bob softly sobbing.

NICK

Sure it's a challenge. Look, I can
take out three of them, if you can
get the other two. You'll have to
take out the two on the right,
though. Stop crying, would you?
It's affecting my confidence.

Bob makes an effort to pull himself together. A few
smothered sobs escape, but for the most part, he stops
crying.

NICK

(continuing)

Okay, what do you think of my plan?

BOB

It'll never work.

NICK

Why not?

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED:

124

BOB

Lotsa reasons.

NICK

Name 'em.

BOB

Pinks, Mahoney, Hartman... *

NICK

You're right. I can't expect you to take out two guys like that.

BOB

What happens now?

NICK

We're through... I guess I can tell you now. *

BOB

Tell me what? *

NICK

I didn't just pick you out of the crowd like I claimed. You're Russia's number one agent in the United States. *

BOB

What are you talking about? *

NICK

They hypnotized you just like in the movies. They give you the code word and you activate. I took you along to keep my eye on you. You're too dangerous to go unwatched. With your training, whew! Anytime you could take me out easy. *

BOB

I'm not a Russian agent. *

NICK

Sure, you are.

BOB

No, I'm not. *

NICK

It's deep inside. Listen, go deep into yourself. Look at me. I'm an American agent. How do you feel about me? *

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED: (2)

124

Bob thinks about how he feels.

BOB
I want to kill you.

NICK
Is it a strong feeling?

BOB
Very strong.

NICK
See?! I just thought you ought to
know before you die.

BOB
Hey, wait a minute.

NICK
(unconcerned)
Yeah?

BOB
Well, if I could take you out easy
and you can take out three of
them...

NICK
So what?

BOB
(excitedly)
Together we could take them all
out.

Nick is not paying much attention. He's jotting some-
thing down on his sleeve.

NICK
Sure, you could probably take them
all out yourself. So what's the
point?...
(looks up from his writing)
Is there an "i" in testament?

BOB
But don't you see? If I go out
there, it'll all come back to me.

Nick hits his forehead with a slap!

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED: (3)

124

NICK
Of course! Why didn't I think of
that?

Bob stands up.

BOB
Let's take 'em!

125 QUICK CUTS

125

Bob charges up the alley.

The five clowns jump out at him.

126 BOB

126

raises his fist and the first clown decks him before he
even starts his swing.

127 NICK

127

Nick sighs, nothing works with Bob, encouragement, the
phony Russian agent thing, nothing.

Nick leaps into the fray.

Nick bobs under Pinks' blow and KO's him with a left.
Feints right, Bindel takes the bait and Nick lays him
out.

Phillips rushes forward, Nick whirls and takes Phillips
out with a butterfly kick, spins and with an elbow
takes care of Hartman.

That leaves Mahoney, he turns to Nick.

MAHONEY
(trying to explain)
I'm working with a bunch of clowns.

A clown but no fool, Mahoney runs off, up the alley.
The other four clowns, out cold, are draped around the
alley.

Nick looks around and lowers himself to the ground and
closes his eyes.

128 BOB

128

starts to come to. He glances around... amazed at the
unconscious CIA all-stars.

Nick props himself up on one elbow.

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED:

128

NICK

Holy shit! You got 'em all!

Bob is puzzled...

NICK

(continuing)

I only saw the start of it. You went charging out and Pinks hit you and you went wild. Took out Hartman and Bindel before I could even get out there. I tried to help, but I ran into a dumpster and knocked myself out. What happened after that?

BOB

I must of taken out all of them and been programmed to rest.

Now Nick is the puzzled one.

BOB

(continuing)

You know, like in those movies. Save my energy. I saw this movie once where --

NICK

What are you talking about? You're not a Russian agent. I just told you that to give you confidence.

BOB

(disappointed)

I'm not a Russian agent.

NICK

'Course not. How could you believe that? It's ridiculous.

BOB

And I took out all those guys?

NICK

Well, yeah, that part's true.

Bob is jubilant.

BOB

I took 'em all out. I'm pretty amazing. Boy, would my kids be proud of me! I mean if they knew their dad took apart a CIA all-star team --

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED: (2)

128

Suddenly one of the clowns gets up and rushes at Bob.

Bob wheels around and, to Nick's astonishment, decks the guy with one punch.

BOB

(continuing)

They never learn.

Nick looks down at Hartman, the world's best, out cold.
Nick's more than a bit surprised.

NICK

(astounded)

You decked him.

BOB

Yeah, of course. You were right.
I just needed a little self-confidence.

NICK

(looking down at the
unconscious Hartman)

Apparently.

CUT TO:

129 EXT. BAR - PITTSBURGH - NIGHT

129

The Caddy is parked in the lot of a hardhat bar. A
steel mill towers in the b.g.

BOB (V.O.)

What are we doing here?!

130 MOVING THROUGH THE BAR

130 *

NICK

(smiling)

Getting you laid.

(with a wink)

Thought I forgot about that, didn't
you?

BOB

What about getting to D.C. by Friday
night?

NICK

Bob, it's only Thursday. If we get
there early, we'll just have to sit
around and wait.

Nick and Bob sit on the cracked plastic barstools of a
cheap hardhat pick-up place... garish lighting, sleazy
patrons, steelworkers, a lot of brassy blondes, cheaply
but barely dressed.

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED:

130

Nick looks around...

NICK
Nice place, huh?

BOB
I still think we should be getting
to Washington and saving the world.

NICK
We've got to grow and learn to
develop decent relationships. See
the one with the big tits?

BOB
You're definitely becoming more
sensitive.

Nick looks over at Bob with a heartfelt look.

NICK
I know. I can feel it. Being with
you has been good for me, Bob.
You're changing me. Thank you for
that... Wooooaaah, you see that?!

Nick stands up and moves over to get a better view.

NICK
(continuing)
Lookie there!

Bob moves over next to Nick.

131 NICK'S POV

131

At the other end of the bar a woman in a tight skirt
bends over to pick up her fallen purse.

132 INT. BAR - NIGHT

132

Nick experiences a deep-felt emotion.

NICK
You know what I see? The
possibility of a great long-term
relationship. I'll be right back.

Nick is already moving toward her as he speaks.

133 INT. BAR - NIGHT

133

Bob turns back to his barstool. The two seats he and
Nick just vacated, are occupied by the two biggest
STEELWORKERS we've ever seen.

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED:

133

Bob stares at the one in his seat.

BOB

That was my seat.

The guy turns around; he has the meanest, toughest face in the United States of America, in or out of a maximum security prison.

STEELWORKER

You want to make something of it?

BOB

(with quiet assurance)

If I have to.

The guy is stunned, looks into Bob's confident stare and gets up meekly.

OTHER STEELWORKER

Thought you had left. Your friend coming back?

BOB

He might.

The other guy gets up with an apologetic nod and moves away.

STEELWORKER

Can I buy you a drink?

BOB

If I wanted you to buy me a drink, I would have told you to buy me a drink.

STEELWORKER

Right.

BOB

Get lost.

STEELWORKER

Right.

Bob shakes his head and grabs the BARKEEP as he walks past.

BOB

Double bourbon, straight. To the rim.

BARKEEP

Yes, sir.

134 OTHER END OF THE BAR

134

Nick is standing about six inches behind SHERRY as she straightens up.

SHERRY

Can I help you?

NICK

You look like the kind of woman who is sensitive, caring, and who can open a man up.

SHERRY

You could tell that by looking at me bent over from across the bar?

NICK

Absolutely. When one sensitive person, like myself, sees another sensitive person, like yourself, there's a chance for a lot of sensitivity.

SHERRY

I would imagine so. Now, what is it you wanted exactly... without referring to any four-letter words.

NICK

A deep, long, sensitive relationship.

SHERRY

How long a relationship?

NICK

I have to be on the road in the morning.

SHERRY

So actually you're interested in roughly a seven-hour-long, sensitive, caring relationship.

NICK

With time off for good behavior.

SHERRY

We'll go to my place.

135 OMITTED

135

136 EXT. SHERRY'S PLACE - NIGHT

136

The headlights of a black T-Bird cut the darkness as they pull into the driveway of a condo complex.

*

(CONTINUED)

136 CONTINUED:

136

The yellow Caddy pulls up to the curb out front.

NICK
(getting out of the car)
Wish me luck.

Bob looks across the street where four suspicious-looking characters are sitting in a parked car. He grabs Nick's arm.

BOB
Wait! It's an attack.

NICK
Relax, Bob. They're not agents.

BOB
Who are they?

NICK
Burglars. Take it easy, Bob. I'll be back in no time.

Nick heads for Sherry's place in hopes of laying the foundation for a long-term relationship.

137 INT. SHERRY'S CONDO - NIGHT

Sherry answers the door. Nick swaggers in.

NICK
I'm here. Where's the bedroom?

SHERRY
Wait a minute. Don't you know, you have to take it slow with a woman?

NICK
Okay.

Slight pause.

NICK
(continuing)
You ready?

SHERRY
Listen, let's call an end to it right here if you're one of those macho bastards. I'm interested in a caring, sensitive man.

NICK
That's what I am.

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED:

137

SHERRY
What?

NICK
What you said -- a caring, sensitive man.

SHERRY
Okay.

NICK
Great!

SHERRY
Great what?

NICK
(half a beat)
A great big caring, sensitive man.

SHERRY
If you were a sensitive, caring man, you'd put me in the mood... You would have brought me something to show you care. *

NICK
I did.

He produces a pair of crotchless panties and gives them to her.

Sherry looks at them.

SHERRY
What is this? This isn't in good taste.

NICK
(looks at the panties in mock amazement)
My God, the sewing on this thing is terrible! *
(moving past her)
What's this, the bedroom?

138 IN THE BEDROOM

138

Nick puts his cigarettes and lighter down on the night table. He looks around... some airline uniforms hang in the closet.

NICK
You're a stewardess.

(CONTINUED)

138 CONTINUED:

138

SHERRY

I'm a pilot.

NICK

What's the difference. I like you anyway.

He pulls off his shirt.

SHERRY

You're wounded.

NICK

It's just a flesh wound.

SHERRY

Doesn't it hurt?

NICK

Naw. Get undressed.

SHERRY

Nick, you're suppressing your feelings. If you can't feel your own pain, you'll never feel anything else. The kind of caring man I want knows what he feels.

NICK

It hurts a little.

SHERRY

Is this more macho shit?

NICK

It hurts, it really hurts!

*

139 EXT. CONDOS - NIGHT

139

Bob is slipped down OUT OF SIGHT. The four guys in the car look over and decide he's gone.

They get out, take a case of burglar tools out of the trunk. One stays as a lookout and the other three head into the apartment complex.

The lookout stands behind the car watching the road. Bob pops up next to him.

*

140 BACK INSIDE

140

Nick is loosening up.

NICK

IT HURTS! IT HURTS SO MUCH!!!

A141 OUTSIDE

A141 *

The lookout reaches for a gun in his belt.

BOB

Go for it.

B141 INSIDE

B141 *

Nick and Sherry make love.

SHERRY

Go for it!

C141 OUTSIDE

C141 *

Bob lays the guy out.

D141 INSIDE

D141 *

Nick and Sherry lie in bed. Sherry touches Nick's wound. Nick winces.

NICK

Hey, it really hurts!

SHERRY

Why is that so hard for you to admit?

NICK'S FACE: It's a good question.

141 OUTSIDE

141

Bob loads the tied-up lookout into the trunk and heads off after the other three. He moves through the bushes.

142 INSIDE

142

Nick lies with his head in Sherry's lap.

NICK

So when I came home bloody and crying from the second grade, my father said, "Be a man. Go back there..."

143 OUTSIDE

143

The three burglars creep toward the back of the building. Bob steps out of the bushes in front of them.

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED:

143

He lays out one of the burglars with a right cross.

One cuts and runs.

The other guy reaches for the crowbar.

The guy swings the bar at Bob. Bob ducks the swing, comes up, and gives the guy a left hook, right cross that leaves him unconscious in a pile on top of his friend. And heads off after the last guy.

*

144 BACK IN SHERRY'S

144

NICK

My dad's really changed a lot since
I was younger. He's a lot softer...
you know, when you touch him, and
ah...

145 OUTSIDE

145

Bob steps from around the side of the building and
smashes the last burglar.

146 INSIDE

146

NICK

One of the things I like about
working with Bob is I feel he really
needs me.

147 OUTSIDE

147

Bob gives the last burglar a crushing elbow to the face
that finishes him off.

148 EXT. SHERRY'S HOUSE - MORNING

148

The dawn breaks behind Sherry's house.

The door opens. Nick is kissing Sherry tenderly in the
doorway.

Backlit, it's a real old-fashioned Hollywood kiss.

NICK

I'm so much more in touch with
myself.

SHERRY

You're one of the most caring,
sensitive men I've ever met.

NICK

That means a lot to me... Goodbye.

Deep look.

They clutch again.

149 CAMERA REVERSES

149

A police car pulls out with the first set of burglars.

Bob stands next to a second police car as TWO COPS
hustle two of the handcuffed burglars inside.

BOB

You got 'em, boys?

(CONTINUED)

COP 1
Yes, sir, Mr. Wilson.

COP 2
Thanks again, Bob.

BOB
Don't make a big thing of it.

They get in their car, shaking their heads.

COP 1
What a guy! Says it was nothing.

COP 2
What did you think about what he
told us about the clown thing?

COP 1
Incredible.

As they drive off, Nick comes up to Bob.

NICK
What was that?

BOB
Nothing. Ready to go?

NICK
(looking back at
Sherry's house)
I guess so.

BOB'S FACE: What's going on here?

CUT TO:

150 INT. CADDY - DAY

150

Nick drives the Caddy along an open road.

Bob sits in the passenger side of the car examining
Nick's gun. Checking it out, seeing how it works.

Bob looks over at Nick.

BOB
Aren't you going to have a
cigarette?

NICK
No...

(CONTINUED)

150 CONTINUED:

150

Bob examines the dreamy look in Nick's eyes.

NICK

(continuing)

I don't know what's happening...
this woman is very important to
me. I feel I'm growing so much...
I was the one giving.

BOB

That right?

NICK

Oh, yeah. I really care about her.
You know, I've given my life to this
national security work. It doesn't
seem so important to me anymore. I
feel I could just settle down and
raise a family with Sherry.

BOB

What's with you? The first bimbo
that comes along and shakes her...

Bob's voice drifts off as he looks at a sign coming
up...

151 HIS POV

151

A sign that reads "Los Angeles -- 2,470 miles" whizzes
by.

Bob looks over at Nick who's lost in thought.

BOB

California! We're going the wrong
way!!!

NICK

(just coming up
from his reverie)

What?

CUT TO:

152 INT. CAR - DAY

152

Bob is driving.

BOB

Jesus. What's with you? You're
losing it, fella.

(CONTINUED)

152 CONTINUED:

152

NICK

I made a mistake. So kill me.

BOB

It's a thought.

Bob looks at his watch and shakes his head.

BOB

(continuing)

We'll make it. But if I hadn't
seen that sign, I hate to think...

153 OUTSIDE THE CAR

153

His voice drifts off as the car whizzes past a sign
that says: WELCOME TO PENNSYLVANIA.

WIPE:

154 INT. CAR - DAY

154

Bob drives with one hand examining a gas station map
spread out over the steering wheel.

Nick sits deep in his own feelings.

Bob folds up the map.

BOB

We made up a little time when I
outran that state patrolman so
we're pretty much back on
schedule. No thanks to you,
Romeo.

He looks over at Nick who doesn't respond, just sits
there moodily.

NICK

I left my phone number. Do you
think she'll call?

BOB

How should I know?!

NICK

She had this cute little tooth, it
was a little crooked and she'd
smile, it would gleam in the
darkness.

BOB

That's great.

Nick suddenly looks over at Bob.

(CONTINUED)

154 CONTINUED:

154

NICK

Bob, I have doubts... About the mission.

BOB

Would you cut it out with your goddamn doubts, we've got a job to do, let's do it.

NICK

I don't know, when I think I'm not going to see her for days and then she's sure to meet other guys and...

155 OUTSIDE

155

The car zooms into the horizon with Nick's VOICE OVER mooning about his lost love.

WIPE:

156
thru
165

OMITTED

156 *
thru *
165 *

A166 INT. CAR - DAY

A166 *

Bob clicks off the electric shaver.

Nick turns to Bob.

NICK

I think I love her.

BOB

You love her?! That's a laugh! You don't even know her. You love her. Ha Ha Ha.

166 INSIDE THE CAR

166

We only see Bob in the car.

BOB

Don't be so fucking sensitive. I told you I wasn't laughing at you.

Nick's head pops up from the back seat.

NICK

You're just covering up for your insensitivity.

BOB

Give me a break.

(CONTINUED)

166 CONTINUED:

166

NICK

For the first time, I experienced
love and you laughed at me.

BOB

So, I'm sorry.

Nick folds his arms in front of his chest.

NICK

I want to talk about it.

BOB

(acquiescing)

Okay, what was it like?

NICK

It was lovely.

BOB

Thank you for sharing that with us.

CUT TO:

167 INT. CAR - DAY - TIME CUT

167

Nick is jabbering away, Bob is getting more and more
disgusted.

NICK

So if I don't pay attention to my
own feelings, who will? So I think
maybe I should get off the mission --

BOB

That's it!

Bob pulls the wheel and slams on the BRAKE. The car
SKIDS to a stop on the shoulder.

Bob reaches over and throws Nick's door open.

BOB

(continuing)

Get out!

NICK

(shocked)

What?!

BOB

You want off the mission. Okay,
you little wimp, you're off! Get
out!

Bob's burned now.

(CONTINUED)

167 CONTINUED:

167

BOB

(continuing)

I'm getting a little tired of your
pissing and moaning. I came to do a
job and I'm going to do it! Think
this mission is easy for me?! Think
again! Think I don't want to go
home, too?! But do you hear me
complaining all the time!!! No!!!
We've got an important job to do and
I'm going to do it!

NICK

I didn't --

BOB

To think I respected you...
(contemptuous look)
... once. I even wanted to be like
you!

NICK

Yeah, but --

BOB

Remember who saved your ass back
there when those clowns were all
over us?

NICK

Listen, I'll have you know...

Nick looks at Bob. Something new takes over in Nick.
Something soft and maybe gushy, but something good.

NICK

(continuing)

... I'm very grateful about that.

BOB

Well, I just want you to know that
I'll be using that same kind of
ability to back you up at every
stage of this mission.

NICK

I appreciate that. Thank you.

BOB

It's nothing. You going to behave?

NICK

Yes.

BOB

Okay, close the door.

168 EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF D.C. - DAY 168

The Caddy pulls up to a 7-11 just outside D.C.

BOB

What do you want? One of those
beefeater dinners or what?

(CONTINUED)

168 CONTINUED:

168

Bob gets out of the car.

NICK

Bob, this is our last chance to talk. It's all business from here on out. One of us could be killed.

*
*
*

BOB

So?

NICK

Bob, you're a look-alike for Pillbox, the agent that was supposed to make the exchange.

*
*

BOB

I figured it was something like that.

Bob turns to go.

NICK

Bob...

BOB

(annoyed)

What is it?!

NICK

If anything happens, I want you to know I love you. You know that, don't you?

BOB

Okay, so what do you want? The three-color lunch meats or what?

Nick reaches out for his hand.

BOB

(continuing)

You are getting weird.

169 INSIDE THE 7-11

169

Bob walks up the beer aisle and snags the cheapest six-pack he can find. There are Redskin souvenirs along the shelves.

170 EXT. THE 7-11 - OUTSIDE

170 *

Bob comes out of the store and tosses a pudding-filled pie into the car.

(CONTINUED)

170 CONTINUED:

170

BOB

I found one that still has two years
on it.

Bob has a funny feeling, he looks in the car... Nick is
gone!

On Nick's seat is a note. He picks it up and reads it.

NOTE:

BOB

(continuing; reading
it out loud)

I love her. Forgive me. I can't do
it. I want to live before I die...
Nick.

Bob snorts with contempt.

BOB

(continuing; to himself)

Figures... (mumbles)

*
*

Bob checks for the map, he's still got it.

Bob looks over to see an over-stuffed Goodwill box out
of which a discarded pair of jeans hangs.

171 EXT. STREET - DAY

171

Bob drives down a D.C. suburban street.

Bob looks around at a suburban setting very much like
his own. A sign ahead reads: "DIPS."

BOB

They said it.

He drives on... he notices a father with his daughter
and son.

CUT TO:

172 INT. SEAFOOD RESTAURANT - BAR

172

Bob talking in the bar of a seafood restaurant into a
shell phone.

173 INTERCUT - INT. WILSON HOUSE - DAY

173 *

Little Bobby picks up the phone.

(CONTINUED)

173 CONTINUED:

173

BOB

Hi, Bobby, it's me, Dad. Bobby, listen to me. Your dad is out doing something of vital importance to the world. When you grow up and you read about it in the history books, you're going to be very proud.

BOBBY

It's okay, Dad. Just get better and come home. You're not a wuss.

BOB

I know that, son. Let me talk to your mother.

She picks up the phone.

BOB

(continuing)

Honey, it's me. I'm out here risking my life, but it's for you and the kids and I've found a new strength I didn't even know I had. I'm doing something very important.

BARBARA

Bob, can I please speak to Dr. Bransfield.

BOB

I've got to go.

174 INT. CAR - DUSK

174

Bob checks the map and pulls up to a little wooded park at the edge of the nation's capitol.

Bob puts Nick's gun in his belt and opens the glove compartment and takes out extra ammo and puts it in his pocket.

He gets out of the car, checks the map, and heads toward the woods.

175 EXT. WOODS - DUSK

175

Bob moves through the woods.

A clown steps out of the trees just ahead of him.

Bob goes for his gun, not too gracefully... He still hasn't got it out when a woman's voice calls out:

(CONTINUED)

175 CONTINUED:

175

WOMAN (O.S.)

Donald, the kids are ready!

Bob looks that way... a lot of colored balloons, kids,
a birthday cake.

BOB

(walking into the
deserted part of
the park)

Stupid son of a bitch. Guy walking
around dressed like that. Just
asking to be shot.

There is a clearing and a large stand of trees ahead.

Bob dashes out across the clearing.

176 IN THE WOODS - NIGHT

176 *

Winded, Bob comes running into the big woods. He looks
around. He knows there is going to be trouble. He's
starting to get a little nervous in here.

He checks the map and keeps moving.

177 UP AHEAD - NIGHT

177 *

He looks up... it's getting dark.

He looks down at his gun. He hears something, he
wheels around and fires. The gun CLICKS on an empty
chamber.

He stands there paralyzed, a hellish moment...

Fortunately, there is nothing there.

He CLICKS off a few into the ground. Damn thing isn't
loaded.

He takes out some bullets and tries to open the gun.
He can't find any way in.

BOB

(muttering to himself)

I can do it. I can do it...

(thinks about it)

What am I talking about, am I crazy?

I can't do this! I'm going to be
killed.

(thinks again)

Wait a minute! Think what's at
stake. I've got to try!

(CONTINUED)

177 CONTINUED:

177

He pushes the bullets at the barrel of the gun, apparently trying to force them in from the outside.

They start flipping out of his fingers and falling on the ground.

Panic is setting in.

Suddenly Bob senses something and looks up... Nick is standing there.

NICK

Bob...?

They look at each other a moment...

BOB

(indignantly)

What are you doing here?

Nick speaks softly, with genuine emotion.

NICK

I was worried about you.

Bob softens... a little.

Nick looks at Bob and beams with pride.

NICK

(continuing)

You're something! Going in there, outnumbered, outgunned, against guys with more experience -- without even a semi-automatic weapon.

BOB

This isn't semi-automatic?...

NICK

You're one hell of a guy, Bob.

They look at each other a poignant moment...

BOB

I'm one hell of a guy? What about you?!

NICK

Don't make a big thing out of it.

BOB

It is a big thing. To care about someone.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

177 CONTINUED: (2)

177

BOB (CONT'D)

Not to sell them out or give up on them. To stick by them even when they're a pain in the ass. It's plenty big.

Nick shrugs.

NICK

I ran off.

BOB

You came back.

NICK

What the hell, go ahead, make a big thing out of it. Would I be totally out of line asking if you needed a little help?

BOB

Hell no, I could use your help.

NICK

There is one thing. Put your gun over here. In case they take out your right arm, you can reach over here and get it with your left.

BOB

That is a big help! Shall we go in there and take care of this situation?

NICK

Anything you say, partner. By the way, would you like a loaded weapon?

Bob shrugs acquiescently and Nick throws away the empty gun and replaces it with another.

BOB

Come on.

178 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

178 *

As they dash through the trees, two guys suddenly jump down on them. Nick subdues his with a right cross. Bob flips his over his shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

178 CONTINUED:

178

As Bob's assailant lies there, Bob looks down at him.

BOB

Who trained you? We saw you as we came up. You should have planted yourselves in a bend in the path where we wouldn't have had a chance to spot you.

NICK

He's absolutely right and he's not even an agent.

BOB

I want you to go back and ask for further training, will you do that?

The guy gives an amazed nod.

BOB

(continuing)

Okay, get out of here.

The guy runs off and Bob turns to Nick.

BOB

(continuing)

Do you think I was too rough on him?

NICK

Not at all. You were terrific. That was beautiful how you pointed out his mistakes without making him feel too bad about it. It was perfect.

BOB

Don't overdo it.

NICK

Sorry.

Bob shakes his head and looks down at the map. He motions his head and they both run off that way.

179 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

179 *

They round a bend.

The woods EXPLODE WITH BULLET FIRE all around them.

BOB

They got it right this time.

(CONTINUED)

179 CONTINUED:

179

They dive for cover.

Nick and Bob lie behind a fallen log. BULLETS chip away at the log. Bob looks out, assessing their situation.

NICK

You know, after I retired, I was thinking of opening a little business... would you be interested in something like that?

BOB

(preoccupied with the map)

If we can just get over there, we could pick up the water and make the rendezvous. What do you think?

NICK

About what?

BOB

About getting over there!

NICK

No problem. Follow me.

Nick jumps to his feet and dashes for the far end of the woods where the water is hidden.

Bob gets up and runs after him.

BULLETS shoot out at them from every direction.

Nick throws off SHOTS right and left. Every shot chips a tree near one of the men firing at them.

BOB

You're missing!

NICK

I don't want to hurt anyone.

BOB

(looking heavenward)

Why me, God?!

They run on, miraculously unhit.

Nick is falling behind.

BOB

(continuing)

Try to keep up, would you?

(CONTINUED)

179 CONTINUED: (2)

179

NICK
I'm trying. I'm just not that
motivated anymore.

Suddenly Bob stumbles and falls to the ground.

Nick picks him up.

NICK
(continuing)
You okay?

BOB
(getting to his feet)
Don't baby me! You got something to
do, do it!

180 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

180 *

Mahoney, the black agent from the alley, jumps up from
behind a bush.

MAHONEY
I'm with you, Nick!!!

He is immediately BLOWN AWAY.

181 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

181 *

NICK
(looking behind)
Just like the old days.

Nick and Bob keep running, they dive for cover.

BOB
I hope you've got something up your
sleeve. I'm dead out.

NICK
How about this?

Nick pops to his feet and FIRES in all directions,
blowing a branch off each of three trees. They fall
down knocking out each assailant.

BOB
Did I tell you you're doing a good
job today?

NICK
No.

BOB
You are.

NICK
Thank you.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

182 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

182 *

Bob heaves a sigh of relief.

NICK

The water's here.

Nick uncovers a secret compartment in which is a tap.

Bob fills the glass and walks very carefully carrying the water for the spaceman.

183 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

183 *

WHAP!... Nick's hit in the arm! His gun flies out of his hand.

Frank Cunard, Chief Agent L.A. CIA, stands there with a gun pointed at Nick and Bob.

CUNARD

(to Bob)

Don't try it! Throw your gun away from you.

Bob takes it out of his belt and throws it gingerly away.

CUNARD

(continuing)

We want the "big gun," Nick.

NICK

Frank, you were behind it all the time.

CUNARD

That's right. Okay, Wilson, go out there and ask them for the big gun.

BOB

Like hell, I will.

CUNARD

Listen, Wilson, we chose a wimp like you because we knew under pressure you'd do what we told you.

BOB

Well, you were wrong! I'm no wimp and I'm getting the good package.

CUNARD

I'm shooting Nick unless you do what I tell you.

BOB

Go ahead and shoot him.

(CONTINUED)

183 CONTINUED:

183

NICK
(to Cunard)
He's kidding. Stop joking around,
Bob.

CUNARD
I'm going to shoot him.

BOB
Go ahead! He's tough, he can take
it.

NICK
Bob, I've changed a lot.

CUNARD
You think I'm bluffing?!

BOB
I don't care.

Cunard SHOTS Nick in the shoulder.

CUNARD
See?

BOB
Sorry, Nick. This is bigger than
us. Kill him. It's not going to
get you the gun.

NICK
(to Bob)
What are you talking about? He's a
professional agent. He's not
playing around, Bob.
(to Cunard)
He'd be glad to go out there and get
you the gun.

BOB
No, I wouldn't.

CUNARD
I'll kill him!

NICK
Don't play the hero, Bob.

BOB
Don't worry, Nick, I'll take care of
it.

NICK
Oh yeah, how?!

(CONTINUED)

183 CONTINUED: (2)

183

CUNARD

Time's up!

Just as Cunard raises his gun to kill Nick, Bob points his finger right at Cunard and goes:

BOB

BANG!

Just then, Mahoney raises up and, with the last little life that's in him, lets off a (silenced) shot at Cunard, and dies. *

Cunard reels backward and falls dead to the ground.

Nick turns to Bob mightily impressed.

NICK

That's incredible. How do you do something like that? *

BOB

Don't make a big thing out of it.

Nick points to a beautiful pool of light that shines down from somewhere high above.

NICK

Go ahead, Bob. That's the rendezvous.

Bob walks out toward it.

184 IN THE POOL OF LIGHT - NIGHT

184 *

Bob stands in the radiant light.

An OLD MAN with a white beard walks out of the woods and joins him in the light.

BOB

You're just like us!

UFOE

Yes, we're all alike in this universe. Have you decided? Do you want the good package or the big gun?

BOB

We want the good package.

The old man nods approvingly.

(CONTINUED)

UFOE

You are a wise people.

He hands Bob a packet. Bob hands him the glass of water which sparkles in the light as the Ufoe takes it.

The spaceman drinks down the water.

UFOE

(continuing)

We got the baseball you sent us. We are learning to play. It is a wonderful game. Thank Nick.

BOB

Will we see you again?

UFOE

Not for a million years.

BOB

Before you go, do you have anything to tell us?

UFOE

Yes... Love whatever you can, be tolerant, and treat each other kindly.

BOB

You are the wise people.

UFOE

We do our best. Here, a gift for you.

Bob looks down... in his hand is a pen. Clearly engraved on its clip the words, "To Bob, from his friends faraway."

UFOE

(continuing)

And here is Nick's back.

BOB

Thank you.

The old man hands the empty glass back.

UFOE

Thank you.

The spaceman walks away into the woods.

(CONTINUED)

184 CONTINUED: (2)

184

The light disappears upward. Nick steps up to Bob who still gazes upward.

BOB

Here's your pen. They liked the baseball.

Nick takes the pen and looks at Bob's beatific look.

NICK

It's a thrill, isn't it? You never forget the first time you save the world. Tremendous thrill. What am I saying, every time is terrific. I've done it five, six times. Every one was great! Come on. Let's go home. Someday they'll be back.
(looks at his pen)

We can write them.

Nick leads Bob, still in the ecstasy from the extraterrestrial contact, out of the forest.

NICK

(continuing; as the
two walk away from
us)

You think about it, Bob, it's lucky these people showed up when they did. Otherwise, we would have had to solve this whole mess ourselves.

*

CUT TO:

A185 EXT. BOB'S HOUSE - DAY

A185

A limo pulls up to the Wilson house and Bob steps out.

A new, self-confident Bob.

Barbara, Heather and little Bobby Jr. wait together on the front step.

The house has been fixed up better than new. Replacing the ceramic ducks is a little pond with real ducks.

The family rushes forward to greet Bob.

BOBBY

Dad's home! Hi, Dad. How was the hospital?

BOB

Everything's fine now, son.

*

(CONTINUED)

A185 CONTINUED:

A185 *

HEATHER

They fixed up the house great,
huh, Dad?

BOB

Well, they owed us that, didn't
they, sweetie.

BARBARA

It's good to have you home, Bob.

BOB

It's good to be home. Kids, you
wait out here.

Bob takes Barbara in the house.

185 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

185

Bob kisses Barbara.

BARBARA

Bob?!

BOB

You know, Barbara, I've been
thinking, haven't we been getting a
little too much milk?

BARBARA

I didn't want to tell you this
before. I know you hate conflict.
But... I can't get the milkman to
stop delivering. He comes around
every day. And he's been bothering
me, making a lot of suggestive
remarks. I've tried to discourage
him, but...

BOB

Don't give it another thought. I'll
take care of it.

BARBARA

You're not going to do anything
violent.

BOB

Of course not. A man has a way with
a word, a look to take care of a
thing like that.

He gives her a reassuring smile.

A186 EXT. WILSON HOUSE - DAY

A186

Bob comes out of the house.

(CONTINUED)

A186 CONTINUED:

A186

BOB

Come on, kids! Let's take a walk.

*
*

186 EXT. BOB'S STREET - DAY

186

Bob strolls along the street with his two kids.

This is that new Bob, a strong, confident Bob. A man with successes behind him. A man not afraid.

They come up to the MacGruder garage.

Buddy MacGruder, Oaf, and the Bully Boys saunter out.

BUDDY

So, you decided to pay up.

BOB

No, but I decided to get Bobby's bike back.

OAF

Listen, dipstick, didn't you get enough last week?

BOB

(confidently)

Guess not.

Bobby and Heather look on worried.

BOBBY

Come on, Dad.

HEATHER

Yeah, Dad, let's just go.

BUDDY

Too late, scumwad.

Bob puts up his hands.

BOB

We don't want any trouble.

Oaf makes a grab for Bob.

BOB

(continuing)

But we're not totally adverse to it, either.

Bob ducks under his arms, comes up behind Oaf, and yells:

(CONTINUED)

186 CONTINUED:

186

BOB
(continuing)
Over here!

When Oaf spins around, he smacks into Bob's elbow.

Oaf staggers back holding his nose.

BUDDY
Nail him!

As the Bully Boys rush forward, Bob dodges one and lays the other one out, spins and finishes the first one off.

Little Bobby and Heather watch in amazement.

Buddy starts backing up in fear.

BUDDY
(continuing)
We're going to give your kid his bike back.

BOB
Of course you are, and you're going to pay to have it repainted.

Bob steps forward onto Buddy's foot who stumbles backward and lands with a SPLASH in the little wading pool.

BOBBY.
Boy, Dad, you kicked their butts.

BOB
Yes, I did, son. But only because they gave me no choice. Never start a fight, son. But never run from one if it's the only way to defend your rights.

*
*
*
*
*

187 EXT. STREET - DAY

187

Bob Jr. delightedly walks his bike up the street.

Heather walks proudly next to her father. She leans over and whispers in his ear.

HEATHER
Daddy, I'm so proud of you.

Nick steps INTO FRAME.

NICK
You're some kind of guy, Bob.

As they walk...

(CONTINUED)

187 CONTINUED:

187

BOB

You don't think I over-responded?

NICK

Not at all. Flawless. A little force was called for, you used a little force. An appropriate amount. In a very controlled way.

A rope ladder drops from above and Nick grabs on the end.

NICK

(continuing)

Got to go. I've got a date. I mean I'm putting in the time to develop a meaningful relationship.

188 EXT. BOB'S HOUSE

188

The rope ladder is attached to a helicopter. Out of the pilot's side, Sherry, in uniform, sticks her head out to make sure Nick is on. She pulls the copter up and away.

Little Bobby watches, astounded.

BOBBY

Dad, that guy is flying away on a helicopter.

BOB

Don't make a big thing out of it, son.

They reach Bob's house.

Bob hears a strange CLINKING SOUND.

BOB

(continuing)

Go inside, kids. I'll be in in a minute.

Bob walks around the side of the house.

At Bob's back step, the milkman, with his CLINKING BOTTLES, comes around the side of the house.

WHAP!... Bob knocks the milkman for a loop!

Bob throws the milkman a smile and goes in his back door.

Bob's smiling face as he saunters in. Every real man a king in his own castle.

189 OMITTED

189

190 MONTAGE

190

The POUNDING BEAT OF ROCK AND ROLL as a song called "REAL MEN" comes UP ON THE TRACK and we CUT TO A MONTAGE OF MEN... all kinds... construction workers, ballet dancers, lifeguards, businessmen, screenwriters, chefs in tall hats, Superman and Batman, Boy Scouts and Cubmasters, guys pumping iron and guys picking out ties... real men, every one!

FADE OUT.

END