

RUNAWAY DAUGHTERS

by Charlie Haas

Final Draft - WHITE 10/18/93

**Drive-In Classics Cinema, Inc.
8137 Lankershim Blvd.
North Hollywood, CA 91605**

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FADE IN:

1 EXT. ALTA VISTA - SERIES OF SHOTS

1

A SERIES OF SHOTS gives us a quick tour of ALTA VISTA, a growing suburb in the fall of 1957. A STREET of identical, freshly-built Levittown-type houses... the beautiful, bulbous CARS of the era, traversing a new highway CLOVERLEAF... a brand-new STRIP MALL... and equally new DOUGLAS MACARTHUR HIGH SCHOOL, whose event SIGN promotes a BACK-TO-SCHOOL SOCK HOP...

TEENAGE WEREWOLF FOOTAGE

A final black and white image fills our FRAME: I Was a Teenage Werewolf, in progress, with young Michael Landon giving us a good scare... and we go to a WIDER ANGLE, in COLOR, showing us --

2 EXT. DRIVE-IN THEATER - NIGHT

2

-- that the movie is playing on the screen of Alta Vista's most important social institution of all: the SKYLINE DRIVE-IN THEATER. It's a busy night -- CARS, especially those of TEENAGERS, line up at the CASHIER'S BOOTH.

FOLLOW a 1954 Studebaker President, with two TEENAGERS in the front seat, as it leaves the cashier's booth, pulls into a row of cars...

...and one of the teenagers gets out and pops the trunk open. THREE MORE TEENAGERS, having beaten the admission charge, tumble out of the trunk, gulp air, and Chinese-fire drill into the back seat. PAN from these little criminals to a '56 CHEVY BEL AIR -- Angie Gordon's car.

3 INT. ANGIE'S CAR

3

We're CLOSE on the front seat where there are two teenage COUPLES in the front seat -- MARY NICHOLSON and her boyfriend BOB RANDOLPH, and LAURA CAHN with her date EUGENE.

Mary and Bob KISS with going-steady ardor -- but their intensity is exceeded by two passionate voices coming from somewhere O.S.

MALE VOICE (JIMMY)

(O.S.)
Ohh baby...

FEMALE VOICE (ANGIE)

(O.S.)
Yeah... Ooh yeah...

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

As these O.S. voices continue, CAMERA finds Eugene glancing enviously at Bob and Mary. He tries to land a kiss on LAURA, but she moves away...

EUGENE

But Laura -- it's the drive-in.

LAURA

I know, it's magical.

...and Mary re-directs one of Bob's wandering hands...

MARY

Bob, not there...

BOB

Not there?

MARY

Sshhh...

And now a NEW ANGLE shows us where the passionate voices have been coming from...

FEMALE VOICE (ANGIE)

(O.S.)

Ohhhhh....

...the shadowy BACK SEAT of this car, where ANGIE GORDON and her boyfriend JIMMY CORMAN are way exceeding 1957 sensible-dating guidelines.

JIMMY

(to Angie)

Wait a second --

(to front seat)

Hey -- turn the sound back up.

They do: the movie's SOUNDTRACK fills the car, giving Jimmy and Angie some "privacy" -- as Laura spots Eugene looking in the rear-view mirror. She tilts it away, directing his attention toward the rampaging WEREWOLF on the screen...

4 INT. PROJECTION BOOTH

4

...while, up in the booth, the PROJECTIONIST (MR. NICHOLSON) shakes his head at that monster -- what junk -- checks the clock, and turns on a second projector...

5 EXT. DRIVE-IN -- THE MOVIE SCREEN

5

...temporarily covering the monster movie with a second IMAGE -- a CLOCK, shows five minutes to midnight.

6 INT. BOOTH AS BEFORE

6

Mr. Nicholson the projectionist picks up a MICROPHONE and gives a game, if stilted, reading of an announcement that drowns out the movie soundtrack:

MR. NICHOLSON
Folks, the snack bar will be
closing in five minutes! Just five
more minutes for those shrimp
rolls...

7 INT. ANGIE'S CAR AS BEFORE

7

MR. NICHOLSON
(V.O.)
...they're shrrrimply delicious!

The announcement is Mary's alarm clock -- she disengages from Bob and:

MARY
Shrimp roll... you guys? I have to
go home.

Laura addresses the back seat while being careful not to look that way:

LAURA
Angie -- Jimmy...

ANGIE
Okay.

EUGENE
I could drive.

But Angie is sitting up and adjusting her clothes.

ANGIE
Fat chance.

Angie, still buttoning, comes up front and takes the wheel, displacing Bob and Mary. They get in back, joining Jimmy -- who, as Angie pulls the car out, readjusts his perfect '57 lost-boy jeans, tee, and hair, and gives the screen a cool squint to see what's been playing.

JIMMY
Huh -- monsters...

8 EXT. DRIVE-IN NEAR EXIT

8

As they near the exit, Angie slows the car: the HEADLIGHTS show RUDY, a guy about their age in a drive-in uniform, stabbing litter with a pointed stick and bagging it.

RUDY

Hi, Mary.

MARY

Hi, Rudy -- you won't say anything, will you?

RUDY

No, 'course not... hi, Bob.

MARY

Thanks...

9 EXT. ROAD/INT. CAR

9

They roll out the exit and onto the road -- Mary takes an anxious look back.

ANGIE

Mary, what are you worried about?
They already don't let you do anything.

MARY

I'm sorry.

LAURA

Don't apologize.

She turns on the car RADIO: a jiving D.J. talks over the last few bars of the Dell-Vikings' "Come Go With Me." Angie turns it up.

ANGIE

This is Jimmy's and my song.

JIMMY

Yeah?

(off Angie's look)
Oh, yeah.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

XRAY D.J.
 (V.O.)
 An' that goes out
 from Pete to
 Judy, gettin' the
 fifty thousand
 watts of power
 way up in
 Sacramento --
 now, men, if
 you're missin' a
 little
 ...vitality in
 your life, you
 know what I'm
 talkin' about --
 then Doctor
 Hightower's
 certified monkey
 gland procedure,
 at his clean,
 modern clinic
 here in Baja
 California, can
 have you standin'
 up an' bein'
 counted in no
 time.

EUGENE
 You know, these
 stations in
 Mexico, they can
 turn their
 transmitters up
 as high as they
 want? Like one
 time, I think it
 was this
 station -- they
 had it up so high
 people were
 receiving it with
 their fillings in
 their teeth. And
 barb-wire fences
 were glowing,
 like this blue
 glow --
 (off Laura's
 dubious
 look)
 You know,
 supposedly...

10 EXT. JIMMY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

10

Angie pulls up at a modest, unkempt frame HOUSE: Jimmy's.
 He gets out, goes to her car window, and locks her in a KISS
 as his pugnacious DAD (MR. CORMAN) comes out of the house.

MR. CORMAN

Hey, Romeo!

JIMMY

(disengages mouth)

Don't crowd me!

(reengages mouth)

MR. CORMAN

What are you goin' out, you're
 supposed to be helpin' me.

JIMMY

(disengages mouth)

I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

He nods goodbye to Angie, heads for the house.

MR. CORMAN

Is that my shirt?

JIMMY

I don't know. Don't crowd me...

BOB

(admiring)

It's like, whatever they say to him, he's got the answer...

Angie pulls out, turning up the border radio station -- SAM COOKE'S "You Send Me."

CUT TO:

11 EXT. LAURA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

11

Angie's car pulls away, leaving Laura on that tract street of strikingly identical Levitt-type houses. She heads for her front door.

12 INT. LAURA'S HOUSE (FOYER)

12

Laura slips inside quietly, eavesdrops on her parents' VOICES from the living room O.S.:

MR. CAHN

(O.S.)

You say to yourself, For God's sake, this is just a campaign to sell luncheon meat. Convenience is a plus, aroma and texture are minuses, any idiot, right... and so, why do I find myself, once again, in a death struggle for my job?

13 INT. LIVING ROOM (CONTINUOUS)

13

Modern decor (pole lamps, boomerang table, etc.) but spare. Laura's DAD (MR. CAHN), a commuter-exec in his mid-30s, is slumped in a chair, the weight of the mortgaged world on his shoulders, as LAURA'S MOM (MRS. CAHN) sympathizes.

MRS. CAHN

Sweetie, are you sure he was --

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

MR. CAHN

I go in these meetings and my, my
oxygen is being cut off. I can't
even --

SOUND O.S. of Laura shutting the front door.

MRS. CAHN

Sshh, wait --

Laura comes in, and her Mom gets up, cheerful, to greet her.

MRS. CAHN

(CONT.)

Hello, sweetie, how was the movie?

LAURA

Fine. I mean, not really fine, but
-- hi, Dad, how are you?

MR. CAHN

I'm fine too.

Her mom gives Laura the standard mom sign language for
"Let's all act nice."

MRS. CAHN

And Eugene acted...?

LAURA

Acted...?

MRS. CAHN

Well -- I worry a little about the
drive-in thing, because it's
unsupervised --

LAURA

Oh, oh -- mom, believe me, if I
start making out with these guys
around here, just send me to
military school or something, okay?

MR. CAHN

What's wrong with around here?

LAURA

Nothing. I wasn't saying --

MR. CAHN

I mean, if we don't want to be
here, I'm getting up every day and
going through --

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: 2

13

LAURA

No, I was just saying, I don't --

MRS. CAHN

I was asking her --

MR. CAHN

"Making out" is -- ?

MRS. CAHN

(low)

Kissing and light petting.

MR. CAHN

So it's no good living here because
there's nobody she wants to pet
her, that's the --

LAURA

That's not what I said.

MRS. CAHN

No, Laura and I have talked about
waiting until she's ready for --

LAURA

That's not what I said either.

MR. CAHN

Don't tell us -- I was in the
room --

LAURA

I have to go to sleep.

She goes to

14 INT. LAURA'S ROOM

14

No stuffed toys or Fabian pinups -- it's a smart kid's room,
with books and a few MODERN ART PRINTS. Laura turns on her
transistor RADIO: XRAY again, fighting O.S. VOICES.

XRAY D.J.
(V.O.)
(MORE)

MR. CAHN
(O.S.)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

XRAY D.J. (cont'd)
 ...an' men, this
 hour the night, a
 call to Doctor
 Hightower's
 clinic costs less
 than a pack of
 cigarettes, an'
 who wants to sit
 around smokin'
 when you could
 be... you know...
smokin'. The
Doctor's
 operators are
 standin' by, an'
 they're all
 discreet
 professionals
 over there...

MR. CAHN (cont'd)
 ...because I'm
 getting killed
 every day so we
 can --
 MRS. CAHN (O.S.)
 I think we've all
 been under a lot
 of --
 MR. CAHN (O.S.)
 -- then I come
 home and the kid
 isn't getting
 petted...

15 EXT. MARY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

15

A small house in an old, somewhat run-down part of town.

16 INT. MARY'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM/DINING ROOM)

16

Mary comes in from O.S. kitchen, carrying a glass whose inside is coated with milk, and hurries it to the little dining table to complete a convincing tableau of schoolbooks and looseleafs: it looks like she's been studying for hours.

Her PARENTS come in, beat. We know MR. NICHOLSON as the drive-in projectionist, and MRS. NICHOLSON is in a pink snack-bar uniform. AD LIB hello's, and Mrs. Nicholson indicates a paper bag she carries.

MRS. NICHOLSON
 Would you like a shrimp roll,
 honey?

MARY
 No thanks, Mom.

Mrs. Nicholson serves the eggrolls to Mr. Nicholson and herself; they eat.

MR. NICHOLSON
 Hittin' the books, huh? That's
 good, you won't have to work the
 way we do...

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

MRS. NICHOLSON
You wouldn't believe the junk
they're showing there now, Mary.

MR. NICHOLSON
How about the kids that come see
it? Juvenile creep-o's...

MRS. NICHOLSON
You have to say, Where are the
parents?

MR. NICHOLSON
Making license plates somewhere...

His eye falls on a CARTOON of an ATOM in Mary's science
textbook: a smiling anthropomorph made of shiny spheres.

MR. NICHOLSON
"Meet Mister Atom." So that's what
everything's made out of ...
'specially all the trouble now,
huh?

Mary steals a look at the unfamiliar drawing.

MARY
Um -- yeah.
(beat)
I think I was absent that day.

MR. NICHOLSON
You hear about this satellite?

Mary shakes her head.

MR. NICHOLSON
(CONT.)
It was on the radio. The Russians
just put a satellite up there in
orbit. The Sputnik.

MRS. NICHOLSON
We don't even have one yet.
They're going to have a crash
program.

MR. NICHOLSON
We'll catch up. Kids like you,
learning this stuff...

He taps a finger on Mary's textbook... and the GREASE from
his shrimp roll makes two big STAINS that spread over Mr.
Atom as Mr. Nicholson walks away, oblivious.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: 2

16

MR. NICHOLSON

(CONT.)

...that's what'll bail us out.

Mary dabs at the stains with a napkin, but they're still
SPREADING...

MRS. NICHOLSON

You sure you don't want a shrimp
roll, hon?

MARY

Um, no thanks, Mom...

...as we

CUT TO:

17 EXT. ANGIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

17

Another of the town's older houses, but a grand one -- a
sweeping one-story ranch house in the quiet "old money"
district. A new CADILLAC swings into the circular drive,
behind the Chevy from the drive-in.

18 INT. ANGIE'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM)

18

A house appointed in quiet good taste. As Angie looks
restlessly out a WINDOW that gives a sweeping view of the
town below, her PARENTS (MR. and MRS. GORDON) come in behind
her: an attractive couple, well-dressed, mildly drunk but
wearing it well.

MR. GORDON

Angie...? Hi, kiddo. Sorry we're
late.

ANGIE

(shrugs)

I just got back too.

MRS. GORDON

Any fun?

Angie walks toward them and they meet in the middle of the
big living room.

ANGIE

Drive-in movie. Not that I saw
much of it...

Mr. Gordon tsks, mock-scandalized.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

MR. GORDON
Who's the lucky guy?

ANGIE
His name's Jimmy. He's a hood.
Really, he's been arrested a few
times.

FOLLOW them back toward the ENTRYWAY and the bedrooms beyond
--Mr. and Mrs. Gordon take off some of their more
uncomfortable accessories as they go.

MRS. GORDON
I don't like the sound of that.

ANGIE
Jimmy doesn't care what people
like.

MR. GORDON
I guess not.

MRS. GORDON
Well, really, though --

MR. GORDON
Oh, it's one of those things you
have to get out of your system.

MRS. GORDON
I hope you get it out soon.

ANGIE
I don't know -- at least he's not
boring. Most of the kids
here...they think if you go past
the turnpike, you fall off the
earth or something.

MRS. GORDON
Oh, the adults are the same way --
they don't have a thought in their
heads. Frankly, it's a relief
after the city, you can say
anything you want to people and you
never feel stupid.

ANGIE
Yeah, well, that's great if you've
already done everything.

They're heading into a WING of bedrooms -- Angie points out
another WINDOW.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: 2

18

ANGIE

(CONT.)

Sometimes I look out here at night,
and I think, there's a whole world
out there.

MR. GORDON

Well, there is, but it's vastly
overrated.

MRS. GORDON

(kisses Angie)

Goodnight, sweetie. Think about...
that whole thing.

Mr. Gordon gestures goodnight too, and he and Mrs. Gordon
head toward their bedroom O.S., leaving Angie to head the
other way toward hers.

MR. GORDON

(to Mrs. Gordon)

Who was the kid we knew, we all
thought he was such a criminal type
-- he kind of squinted at you all
the time...

CUT TO:

19 EXT. A HILL - TWILIGHT

19

As the LIGHTS of Alta Vista twinkle on in b.g., Mary and Bob
lie under a TREE on a grassy hillside outside of town.

MARY

Mm-mm. Not there...

BOB

I thought there was okay. If I'm
outside your --

MARY

Bob --

BOB

Here, but not under here. Right?
I mean, just tell me...

MARY

(small voice)

In back.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

BOB

Yeah, but if I'm here and I don't
move it at all, is that -- ?

Mary sighs -- embarrassed, frustrated -- and Bob rolls over,
onto his back.

MARY

I'm sorry. I want to do everything
too... I mean, I think I do, but --
it's like you're over here and my
mom and dad are over here and I'm
just caught...

BOB

It's not that.

MARY

What is it?

Bob scans the SKY -- stars just coming into sharp relief
against the dark.

BOB

(CONT)

It's -- up there. I can't stop
thinking about it.

MARY

About -- ?

BOB

Sputnik. When we were kids? You
looked up and those were all stars.
But now...

This is deeper talk than Mary is used to from Bob -- she
looks at him, then joins him in scanning the sky.

MARY

Somebody was saying, they think
it's taking pictures, or there's a
bomb in it, or some kind of ray --
do you think...?

BOB

Nobody knows. Whatever it is,
every ninety-six minutes --
(gestures an orbit)
-- it's back. Looking down at us.
And we're just down here, making
our little plans...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: 2

19

BOB (cont'd)
Like if we just act like it still
matters, if we still say, "I'm
gonna do a little bit of this,
but I'm not gonna do that..."

MARY
That's what I've been doing.

BOB
What do you mean?

MARY
Telling you how to -- put your hand
and everything...

BOB
(butter wouldn't melt)
No, no, I didn't mean you. I
respect that --

MARY
But you're right. That's what I've
been acting like...

A beat, and then a rustling under the Varsity jacket -- she
takes his hand and moves it somewhere, surprising him...

BOB
Mary?

...and looks him evenly in the eye.

MARY
Yes, Bob. Yes...

He kisses her, and she mashes him back, rolling onto
him...more rustling under the jacket. As Bob gulps some
air, his head is over Mary's shoulder, and she doesn't catch
his expression but we do: success at last.

CUT TO:

20 EXT. JIMMY'S HOUSE (FRONT PORCH) - DAY

20

It's a hot, slow day on the front porch at Jimmy's house.
Jimmy slouches in a chair, his feet up on the rotting rail
and hat pulled over his eyes in his best Jett Rink style.
His MOTORCYCLE sits leaking oil in the weedy little yard.

Angie leans over from behind his chair to give him a KISS --
his response is lazy, and she paces the porch, restless.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

ANGIE

You know what we should do?

JIMMY

Mm.

ANGIE

I go walking to Eddie's U-Save by myself. I buy some gum or something and I give him a little like-this...

She nudges him. He looks. She wiggles.

ANGIE

(CONT.)

...and you go in the back and grab a case of beer. Then you pick me up down the block.

JIMMY

Angie, you know what your problem is? You're crazy. Like your dad's got all that vodka and everything at your house, you can just take some. What do you want to steal beer for?

ANGIE

To do something. Shake things up. So boring around here... God, you got arrested those times and you're asking me?

Jimmy tilts his hat back, takes a look at the run-down street around them and gestures at it.

JIMMY

See, what you don't get -- people down here? They do stuff like that when they have to. Not 'cause they're bored.

ANGIE

You're not bored living here?

JIMMY

Sure, man -- I like being bored. I mean, if you're bored, that means nobody's chasing you down the street right then...

(beat)

You know, is that why you go with me?

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: 2

20

ANGIE

What do you mean?

JIMMY

What you said, "shake things up."
Like with your mom and dad...

ANGIE

God, what a thing to say.

JIMMY

Yeah, like, "Dig this -- I'm goin'
with this guy, and he's real
dangerous and bad and stuff..."
See, that bugs me --

ANGIE

Oh, right. First of all, my
parents don't get shook up...

JIMMY

Yeah, but you try, right?

Beat.

ANGIE

You know, I used to think you were
different, but you're just like
everybody else around here.

JIMMY

Really?

He pulls his hat back down over his eyes...

JIMMY

(CONT.)

Man, you'd think they'd act nicer,
then.

...as Angie stomps off.

CUT TO:

21 EXT. MACARTHUR HIGH SCHOOL - AFTERNOON

21

The high school's event SIGN now promotes a HALLOWEEN
COSTUME DANCE - 8 PM FRIDAY, OCT. 25.

As a stiff autumn BREEZE blows a spray of dry LEAVES across
out of FRAME, we

DISSOLVE TO:

22 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - THE SAME SIGN 22

with a new legend: SERVICE CLUB THANKSGIVING TURKEY
RAFFLE -- CALL MO 5-8131.

CUT TO:

23 EXT. ANGIE'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON 23

In the pretty but unlivid-in GARDEN behind Angie's house,
Angie and Laura are trying to reassure Mary, who's crying.

LAURA

Wait -- Mary, are you sure?

MARY

(looks around)

Sshhh.

ANGIE

Don't worry, nobody comes out here.
How late are you?

MARY

More than two weeks. I'm never
late at all. And I've thrown up
twice already. I can't sleep or
anything -- I keep thinking, I did
something wrong and now God is
punishing me, this is what I get...

LAURA

No -- you always think everything's
your fault...

ANGIE

That jerk --- why didn't he use
something?

MARY

I didn't think he had to. It was
the first time. And when he -- you
know, at the end, he was...
outside.

LAURA

Wait -- where were you?

MARY

What?

ANGIE

I thought you weren't gonna let him
do it?

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

MARY

It's not like I planned it. I don't know, we were out there on the hill, and he was talking about -- you know, Sputnik, and how he thinks about it all the time...

ANGIE

(with distaste)

He calls it his Sputnik?

MARY

No, the satellite. I don't know, it was like he was really thinking about things in life, and he wanted to talk to me about them.

ANGIE

(shakes her head)

They'll try anything.

MARY

I didn't want to lose him...

ANGIE

Well, you've got him now.

Laura gives Angie a "shush" look.

LAURA

What did he say when you told him?

MARY

I haven't told him.

LAURA

Mary, you have to talk to him.

ANGIE

Yeah, you can always stop once you're married.

MARY

I don't know if he'll marry me. I don't know anything...

She's sobbing -- Laura puts a steadying hand on her.

ANGIE

Mary -- sometimes, when a man and a lady like each other very much, they make a baby together, and that's where marriages come from.

LAURA

It'll be okay..

24 EXT. LAURA'S BLOCK - AFTERNOON

24

Laura, her Mom, and some tricycling KIDS in b.g. are the only ones out -- Laura talks intently as they walk past the lookalike houses.

LAURA

...but if my friend gets married now -- I mean, there's her whole life in front of her. It's like, if a girl gets pregnant, everybody acts like she went out and burned down a church or something, and all she did was --

She stops, as she SEES her mom looking deathly stricken and distraught.

LAURA

(CONT.)

What?

MRS. CAHN

Oh, Laura -- your dad and I will do anything we -- oh dear, your dad... it's all right, we'll --

LAURA

Mom, this isn't about me. It's really about my friend. Okay?

MRS. CAHN

Really?

LAURA

Yes, really. God...

MRS. CAHN

(extremely relieved)

Oh, honey, that's wonderful. I mean, we would've --

LAURA

Mom, I'm trying to get your advice.

MRS. CAHN

Of course you are. Well -- I would say, it's better if you're not seen with this girl any place public. I mean, if it gets out, and they haven't moved away yet --

LAURA

What?

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: .

24

MRS. CAHN
You know how we talked about this,
Laura. It's fine to be a little
different...

Our ANGLE takes in several of the identical houses they're
passing...

MRS. CAHN
(CONT.)
...but being too different, and
calling attention and so on --

LAURA
I don't believe this -- all
anybody thinks about around here is
what people think about them.

MRS. CAHN
That's --

LAURA
Dad thinks about what they think
about him at work, and you think
about what people will think if
they see me with my best friend,
and all the kids at school think
about is what everybody thinks
about their new outfit, and --

MRS. CAHN
Laura -- what we're really thinking
about is being happy.

Laura's beyond words -- she looks at her mom, and expels a
small, quiet scream of frustration --

LAURA
Aghh!

-- before she turns and walks up the lawn, leaving her Mom
on the sidewalk --

MRS. CAHN
Laura?

Laura opens the door and looks in, sees a strange PERSON,
and realizes she's at the wrong house.

LAURA
Sorry --

Twice as frustrated now, she heads to her own identical
house, next door.

CUT TO:

25 EXT. ALTA VISTA STREET - DAY

25

Bob and Mary walk on a residential side street off Alta Vista's main drag, talking in hushed voices.

MARY

I was afraid, if I told you, you wouldn't want to be with me anymore, you'd...

BOB

Is that what you think, Mary -- that I wouldn't stick by you?

MARY

It's just what I was afraid of. You know, I felt so alone, and --

BOB

You're not alone now, Mary. We're gonna stick by each other.

MARY

Do you mean that?

BOB

Sure I do. Um... you know, this thing you hear about sometimes -- with the dresser...?

MARY

Dresser?

BOB

Like a -- chest of drawers. Where a girl would jump off, to, um...

MARY

Do you want me to do that?

BOB

No, no -- I wasn't...

(beat)

No. I just, you hear about these, ah -- no, I want us to get -- you know.

MARY

Bob... if it wasn't because of this -- would you still... want to?

He gives her his most sincere look -- the clean-cut, rock-solid guy in the varsity jacket.

BOB

What do you think?

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

She starts to collapse gratefully into his arms -- he holds her off, looking around nervously -- but gives her a reassuring pat, as they approach the main drag.

BOB

(CONT.)

Uh -- we better go different ways here... just for now, you know. I'll meet you tomorrow...?

(Mary nods)

Don't worry, Mary. I'm your man.

He squeezes her shoulder, then walks onto the main-drag street. Mary goes back down the side street, and we FOLLOW Bob...

...as he comes to Alta Vista POST OFFICE. On the sidewalk out in front, a U.S. Navy RECRUITING POSTER shows a SAILOR staring out to sea -- clean-cut and all man, just like Bob. He studies the poster.

CUT TO:

26 EXT. THE HILL - AFTERNOON

26

The next day. Mary has been waiting under the tree where she and Bob discussed the space race. She checks her watch, gives up on his showing up, and heads toward town.

CUT TO:

27 EXT. BOB'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

27

A spruce suburban house -- Leave It To Beaver-land. BOB'S MOM and DAD (MR. and Mrs. Randolph) are on the PATIO beside the house, readying a BARBEQUE -- MR. Randolph soaks the coals with starter as Mrs. Randolph treats meats with Kraft Food products.

Mary, her courage screwed to the sticking place, walks up to them --they don't recognize her.

MARY

Excuse me --

MRS. RANDOLPH

Hello?

MARY

Is Bob here? I'm a friend of his from school...

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

MRS. RANDOLPH
No, but I'll tell him you came
by -- you're...?

MARY
Do you know when he's coming back,
I'm --?

MR. RANDOLPH
Yep -- in three years.

MARY
Excuse me?

MRS. RANDOLPH
He didn't even tell his friends...

MR. RANDOLPH
No, 'cause he's not a bragger. He
just goes out and does it --
doesn't even want anyone to know.
Boy, I'm proud of that kid.

MARY
You are?

MR. RANDOLPH
Everybody else is going around
beating their gums about Sputnik,
but your friend Bob -- he enlists.

He puts a match to the saturated barbeque coals -- a great
WHOOSH of flame.

MRS. RANDOLPH
Would you like some iced tea,
um...?

MARY
Ma --
(clears throat)
Marcie. Marcie Dresser. Uh, no
thanks. Where did he...?

MR. RANDOLPH
San Diego. His seventeenth
birthday's on Tuesday -- he's going
in there first thing in the morning
and sign on the line.

MRS. RANDOLPH
He took this Sputnik thing awfully
hard, Marcie.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: 2

27

MARY

I know.

MR. RANDOLPH

What a kid...

CUT TO:

28 EXT. SCHOOL PLAYING FIELD - MORNING

28

Mary, Angie and Laura walk across the athletic field toward SCHOOL, out of earshot of other KIDS.

ANGIE

What a son of a bitch.

MARY

"We're gonna stick by each other, Mary." He looked right at me and said that...

LAURA

Mary, what if you and Bob don't get married -- would that be so terrible?

MARY

Well --

ANGIE

Yeah, it would. What's she gonna do, her whole family has to move away? Oh, or she could go in one of those homes.

LAURA

What homes?

ANGIE

You know -- The House of Our Merciful Lady Who Forgives the Sinful Bad Girls But They're Going to Fry Anyway.

MARY

Oh God, something like that -- it would kill my parents, Laura. They're not like yours.

LAURA

What makes you think my parents are so great?

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

MARY

I'm sorry. I didn't mean anything by it.

ANGIE

If he thinks he's gonna get away with this... when's he supposed to enlist?

MARY

Thursday morning. That's when he turns seventeen.

ANGIE

The only thing this punk's signing up for is a china pattern.

LAURA

What do you mean?

ANGIE

I mean we're gonna be there, right in front of the door. We bring him back here, and nobody knows anything, except you're getting married.

MARY

But... if he doesn't want to --

ANGIE

You didn't want to do something. That didn't impress him much.

MARY

I don't know what I wanted. I was confused.

ANGIE

Right. And Bob's confused too. We're gonna go help him sort it out.

LAURA

We?

ANGIE

Laura, we're her friends. We're talking about her whole future life here. Besides, it's something to do.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: 2

28

LAURA

I know, but we can't go to San Diego --

(indicates Mary and self)

We'd get killed just for that.

ANGIE

Not if it's against your will.

MARY

What do you mean?

LAURA

(gets to it)

We get kidnapped...

ANGIE

Yeah, by these really horrible guys...anybody here ever boost a car?

MARY

You mean steal one?

LAURA

Wait a minute --

ANGIE

Look -- if we take my car, or your folks' or something, they're gonna know we didn't get kidnapped. This whole thing won't work unless we --

MARY

Angie, I've never done anything like that --

ANGIE

Yeah, well, I've never gotten pregnant.

LAURA

Angie --

MARY

She's right -- I got myself into this. But I'm not getting you guys in it.

ANGIE

That's right -- we're volunteers.

LAURA

Well... how do you steal a car?

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: 3

28

ANGIE
It's just like driving one -- but
it has to be somebody else's.

LAURA
(sarcastic thanks)
Uh-huh...

CUT TO:

29 INT. LAURA'S HOUSE (HER ROOM) - AFTERNOON

29

At her desk, Laura works with nervous excitement, cutting words from a magazine and pasting them to a piece of paper in classic ransom-note fashion. We glimpse phrases: "WE Have THE giRLS" and "don't TrY TO Find TheM" - before we

CUT TO:

30 INT. MARY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

30

Everything is still here, or almost -- as CAMERA moves in on a narrow ALLEYWAY between the cottage-style houses. A first-story WINDOW on the side of Mryy's house opens quietly... a school BOOKBAG slips onto the ground.

...followed by Mary, moving as silently as she can and gaining footing on the pavement.

She sneaks the window closed behind her -- then turns to find the family CAT at her feet, offering a loud, inquiring MEOW.

Mary SHUSHES the cat -- but, for a moment, all the weight that's been on her shoulders lately seems to pile on at once, as she whispers:

MARY
Sshh, Mittens... listen -- I have
to go away for a little while,
okay? I know, I don't want to go,
either... but I'm in so much
trouble -- I'm in the most trouble
you can get in... but I'll come
back, and then things will be --

Mary, choking up, can't finish the sentence -- so she gives the cat a last squeeze behind the ears and makes herself leave, down the alley and into the cold nighttime street.

CUT TO:

31 INT. ANGIE'S HOUSE (BEDROOM CORRIDOR)

31

Angie's parents, having come home late again, are passing Angie's room -- Mrs. Gordon pokes her head inside.

MRS. GORDON

No. Funny -- her car's here.

MR. GORDON

Maybe one of her little pals finally got one.

MRS. GORDON

It's late, though.

MR. GORDON

(nods)

Yeah, they sleep in their classes.
There's your outer space gap, right there...

And he yawns, unconcerned, as they continue to their own bedroom.

CUT TO:

32 EXT. FUNKY DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

32

A street at the fringe of Alta Vista's little downtown -- a couple of BARS identified by buzzy neon martini glasses; the local RAIL YARD in b.g. Our CAMERA prowls...

...and finds the three girls prowling too, looking in the windows of parked CARS along a dark stretch of curb. All three carry books or satchels or gym bags.

LAURA

Here's one.

She points in the window of a late-model, 4-door BUICK CENTURY: the KEYS glint as they dangle from the ignition.

ANGIE

Perfect.

She gets in, twists the key to start the ENGINE --

-- but the other doors are locked, and Laura and Mary have to tap for Angie to let them in...

...as the GUY who owns the car comes out of a bar down the street. He SEES Laura beside the back curbside door --

CAR OWNER

Hey! Hey, Goddammit --

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

He's running up fast, as Mary gets in front and Angie pops Laura's door lock... Laura opens the door, but sees the guy, hesitates --

ANGIE

Come on!

Laura is in, her door closing just before the guy's hand can catch her. He grabs the door handle instead --

LAURA

Angie, wait --

But Angie's PEELING OUT -- the guy's half-grip on the handle is wrenched free, and he's THROWN OFF, sprawling painfully against a brick wall, then the sidewalk.

33 INT. CAR WITH GIRLS

33

Laura and Mary, worried, look back at the guy, as Angie speeds up.

ANGIE

Is he getting up?

LAURA

Yeah.

ANGIE

Walking?

MARY

Running.

ANGIE

He's okay, then.

(shakes her head)

It's only a car, pal. People are nuts.

MARY

God, Angie, we almost --

ANGIE

Yeah, but we didn't. Everything's fine, except this car's good and hot now.

LAURA

So are we.

The butt-end of downtown recedes behind them as Angie turns onto a two-lane COUNTY ROAD, into undeveloped country.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

ANGIE

That's right. We'll park off the road somewhere tonight. Then in the morning, we can stop in Union City -- there's a guy there, Jimmy told me about...

(catches Mary's look)

What's wrong?

MARY

Just thinking about my folks. When they get up tomorrow...

ANGIE

If they knew, they'd thank you.

MARY

No, if they knew, they'd kill me.

ANGIE

Then why are you worried about them?

It's too much for Mary...

MARY

So tired...

...who leans on a pillowing fist to sleep, as Angie and Laura watch the empty darkness slip past outside.

DISSOLVE TO:

34 INT. BUICK/EXT. ROAD - EARLY MORNING

34

Early light finds the Buick on another two-lane road, in farm country. Laura's at the wheel now, with Angie navigating and Mary in back; all three are a little groggy.

ANGIE

Past the barn here, and it should be -- there.

She indicates an unmarked DIRT ROAD through a weedy field, and Laura takes it.

LAURA

How'd you hear about this guy?

ANGIE

From Jimmy. He made the run out here a few times, with some guys.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

ANGIE (cont'd)
I kept asking him if I could go.
He always said the same thing --

MARY
(imitates)
"Don't crowd me."

ANGIE
That's good, Mary. It's almost
like you're cheering up.

MARY
Yeah -- I should do this more
often.

They come to a stop in the dirt "yard" of an isolated,
falling-down HOUSE. There are half a dozen CARS scattered
around, some on blocks, all in various states of disrepair
and disassembly, and a litter of PARTS on the ground.

Tentatively getting out of the Buick, the girls are greeted
by a mean-looking, barking DOG tethered to an old engine
block, and an equally mean-looking GUY who's working under
the hood of a Chevy.

The girls stop well short of the dog's teeth and the guy's
wordless stare.

ANGIE
Um -- are you Gary?

The guy shrugs, tells the barking dog:

GARY
Shut the hell up.

Ignored, he WINGS a sparkplug at the dog, who whimpers and
quiets. As he addresses the girls, Gary keeps working on
the Chevy -- pulls a small engine PART out, pours an ounce
of his morning BEER on it and wipes it down.

GARY
(CONT.)
Who sent you?

ANGIE
Jimmy Corman.

GARY
Corman...he takes Chevy's, right?

ANGIE
Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: 2

34

GARY

A nice boy.

ANGIE

Um, we were wondering about a...
trade-in.

She indicates the Buick. Gary looks it over, then indicates
a 10-year-old heap nearby.

GARY

Give you this Nash Rambler for it.
Fine little car.

ANGIE

This thing?

GARY

(indicates Buick)

Well... car like this, it looks
okay, but there's a lot of
overhead. Like it's gonna need new
paint... an' these license plates
are beat all to hell, I'll have to
get it some new ones. You add the
costs up, I'm doin' you a favor.

LAURA

How's it run?

GARY

Slow. It's got a luxury option,
though: nobody's out lookin' for
it.

He goes back to work on the Chevy. The girls look at one
another -- then Mary gets her bookbag from the Buick and
goes to transfer it to the Nash, skirting the dog, and Laura
and Angie follow her.

CUT TO:

35 INT. MARY'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

35

Mary's worried Mom talks on the phone:, we HEAR Mary's Dad
and the MAILMAN O.S.:

MRS. NICHOLSON

...I thought she might be over
there... no, Mary must have left
early today too -- she took her
school things with her, I look...
well, if you hear anything..

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

Mr. Nicholson comes into the room, looking stricken, a piece of paper in hand.

MRS. NICHOLSON

(into phone)
Wait a second --

MR. NICHOLSON

This just came in -- special delivery.

Mrs. Nicholson's face falls as she looks at the paper: Laura's cut-and-paste note.

CUT TO:

36 EXT. WOODS - DUSK

36

The Nash is parked alongside a dirt LOGGING ROAD that runs through old WOODS. A few yards away from it, Mary is making dinner: hash and eggs cooking in a pie tin over a CAMPFIRE circled by rocks.

LAURA

...so then the kidnappers woke up, and they were chasing us, but we made it out to the road, and this guy in a big semi truck picked us up and he dropped us in San Diego, and now here we are and we just need bus money to get home.

Mary dishes out the food -- paper plates, plastic forks.

ANGIE

And the one kidnapper with the limp is the one that reads the comic books, and the one with the tattoo is always going --

(suddenly psycho)

"Don't ever call me crazy."

(back to normal)

I like that.

(re food)

This is great. How do you know how to do all this?

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

MARY

(shrugs)
Camping out. Didn't you camp out,
ever?

ANGIE

Are you kidding? I'm scared to
brush my hair out here, I feel like
there's things living in it..

Mary looks over Angie's hair, teases her:

MARY

Oh yeah - neat.
(to hair)
Hi, boy!

MARY

We used to go a lot, before they
got these night jobs.

LAURA

(sees Mary's look)
What?

MARY

My poor parents... I'm going to
tell them I'm marrying this guy and
they don't even know he exists.

LAURA

You should say you were lab
partners. Anything with science is
big right now.

MARY

I keep wondering if I would have
liked him that much if I was
allowed to go out.

LAURA

Anybody I go out with -- like that
Eugene? My parents have to know
his mom and dad, they have to know
his grade point average --

ANGIE

No, for real?

LAURA

(nods)
Yeah, they want guys that are
"safe." They're safe from me, I
know that.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: .2

36

LAURA

Well, my parents are okay about anybody that isn't holding hostages. That doesn't really add a lot either.

MARY

What happened with you and Jimmy?

ANGIE

I don't know... well, Jimmy made the same mistake as everybody else. They see that house, or my car or something, and they figure I've got everything I want, so I don't need anything from them. But I wanted what Jimmy had.

LAURA

Which was... ?

ANGIE

Nothing to lose.

MARY

(shakes her head)

You have to be born with it.

Angie looks at Mary... then tosses her paper plate into the fire, and watches it curl and BURN as we

DISSOLVE TO:

37 EXT. LAURA'S HOUSE - EVENING

37

An Alta Vista POLICE CAR is parked at the curb.

38 INT. LAURA'S HOUSE

38

A local COP is meeting with Laura's parents, Angie's parents, and Mrs. Nicholson. He's trying to calm them, but his complacency just makes things worse, as he looks over the "kidnappers'" note.

COP

...the main thing right now is to keep calm and see what happens next. If anyone gets a phone call, or another note like this, you call us...

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

MR. CAHN

We just sit and wait? My wife is worried to death --

MRS. NICHOLSON

All of us are.

COP

Well, sure you are, but we've got pictures of the gals out there, (to Angie's parents) information on that reward you've put up -- kind of got all our eyes and ears open. You see, the people that do this kind of thing, they think they're real smart. But there's always something they forget, something they do wrong -- and that's when police work gets 'em.

MRS. GORDON

Doesn't the F.B.I. get involved in something like this?

The cop, caught short, "discreetly" jots down "F.B.I."

COP

You bet they do, and we're going to be working closely with them.

He pockets his pad, slurps up the last of his coffee, stands to go.

MRS. NICHOLSON

Thank you, Officer.

COP

's what we're here for.

39 INT. ENTRYWAY/EXT. HOUSE (CONTINUOUS)

39

As Mrs. Cahn lets the cop out, SPOT a few NEIGHBORS looking nosily this way -- a cop car is a big event on this street. The neighbors turn away and (unconvincingly) look otherwise occupied when they see Mrs. Cahn.

40 INT. HOUSE AS BEFORE

40

MR. GORDON

Boy, this guy's a ball of fire.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

MRS. CAHN

Well, I guess they're doing all
they can...

MR. GORDON

Yeah, that's what I'm afraid of.
May I use your phone?

CUT TO:

41 INT. FARRELL'S OFFICE - EVENING

41

In low, infra-red DARKROOM LIGHT, we're CLOSE on a hanging
photograph fresh out of its fixer bath -- a sneaked shot of
a MAN and WOMAN getting out of a car at a MOTEL.

PAN across other fresh photos from the same series, laid out
in a row: the man and woman enter a motel room... close the
door... SEEN through a gap in the curtains, they face each
other... the next one should be hot...

...and now we're over the chemical BATH where the payoff
IMAGE is coming up --

-- and most of it is an indistinguishable, screwed-up BLUR.

FARRELL

(O.S.)

God damn it.

The PHONE RINGS O.S., the ROOM LIGHT GOES ON, and we WIDEN
TO REVEAL the office of RAY FARRELL, Private Investigator.
Everything is standard-issue -- the battered furniture and
stained walls, the hot-plate --

--and Farrell, himself, who's seen too much to be anything
but cynical: his cigarette squint and don't-bullshit-me
cadence tell the story.

FARRELL

(on phone)

Yeah... kidnapped? Who says so?
Uh huh... anyone call you? Uh
huh... come in now if you want.
Bring the note... some pictures.
You been to the cops yet? Uh
huh... they tell you not to
worry?... Sure -- they won't, so
why should you?

He hangs up, flips the ROOM LIGHT OFF, and goes back to his
photographic work.

CUT TO:

42 INT. THE NASH / EXT. CENTER CITY - MORNING

42

The next day. The girls are driving sleepily into CENTER CITY, a classic, tranquil small town drag is a wide spot in the country road they've been driving through the night. Mary's at the wheel.

MARY

We could use some gas.

ANGIE

Okay -- you guys go do that, I'll get some food. Let's see... here's one.

Mary pulls over at a little Mom and Pop market, the CENTER CITY GROCERY.

ANGIE

(CONT.)

I'll get some stuff for sandwiches, and some more eggs... any requests?

LAURA

(yawns)

Coffee.

ANGIE

Right -- see you back here.

She goes into the market, as Mary and Laura drive off.

43 INT. NASH / EXT. CENTER CITY

43

With Mary and Laura, driving down the main drag.

MARY

You know, you guys didn't have to do this with me -- I feel like I'm lousing up everyone else's life along with mine...

She spots the towering sign of a GAS STATION on the next street over, heads for it.

LAURA

No, come on... you wouldn't have to go through any of this if everybody didn't make such a big deal out of -- what you and Bob did. Like it's this "wrong" thing to do. It's not wrong, it's natural and beautiful.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

Mary pulls into the gas station, over the hose that rings a BELL, and waits beside the pumps for an attendant.

LAURA

(CONT.)

It is, right?

MARY

Well -- yeah, it's --

The ATTENDANT, a gum-chewing bozo a little older than the girls, sticks his face in Mary's window, gas-nozzle in hand, and says, insinuatingly:

ATTENDANT

Hey, honey -- fill your tank up for you?

MARY

Uh, yes. Regular, please.

CUT TO:

44 INT. GROCERY STORE

44

The PROPRIETOR of the grocery store has rung up Angie's purchases: \$4.52.

PROPRIETOR

Four hundred fifty-two dollars.

Angie forces a smile, pays, and glances in the MIRROR over the proprietor's head -- here she SEES: A SHERIFF'S DEPUTY in his twenties, halfway down an aisle, choosing a comb. He SPOTS Angie looking at him in the mirror. She looks away... ..but he SEES her hand, clenching her change, nervously tapping the edge of the counter as the proprietor bags the stuff. She tries not to look at the deputy and not to hurry as she leaves, but when she's gone:

DEPUTY 1

Hey, Ed, do you know that girl?

The proprietor shakes his head. But this is a town where everyone knows everyone. The Deputy, curious, strolls outside...

45 EXT. CENTER CITY STREET

45

...and sees Angie: heading away from the store, but scanning the street anxiously for Mary and Laura. She can't stay here. She sets off down the street with fake purpose.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

The Deputy tags along at a distance, casual -- Angie can see him reflected in WINDOWS across the street.

Tense cat-and-mouse. It's painful for Angie to keep her steps unhurried, to try and look innocent. Up ahead, no Nash in sight... but there is --

A SCHOOL BUS, stopped around a corner, with a few KIDS getting on. Angie runs to catch up, ducking in just before the doors close.

The Deputy watches the school bus pull away -- he's lost her... for now, anyway.

46 EXT. GROCERY STORE

46

Mary and Laura come out of the mom & pop store, wondering where Angie went.

MARY

I'll go look for her -- you wait
here in case she comes back.

Laura nods -- Mary gets in the Nash and takes off.

CUT TO:

47 EXT. CORNER - WITH SCHOOL BUS

47

The school bus is at its next stop, a couple of blocks from the one where Angie got on. Now she jumps off, pushing past a few KIDS waiting to get on...

ANGIE

'scuse me --

... and walks fast down the block, scanning for the Deputy and the Nash as she heads back toward downtown Center City.

...and here comes the Nash, pulling around the corner -- Mary driving by herself. She pulls over, and Angie jumps in...

48 INT. NASH / EXT. STREET

48

...and fails to SPOT the Deputy, still on foot, taking cover behind a billboard. He watches Angie get in the car.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

MARY
What are you doing, we --

ANGIE
I thought I'd go see the town a
little.

Mary's look really?

ANGIE
(CONT.)
There was a cop. Where's Laura?

MARY
Back at that store...

...and the Deputy is still watching as the girls drive away.

CUT TO:

49 EXT. WOODED AREA - AFTERNOON

49

The girls have again parked the Nash in a wild area -- this time a big state PARK outside Center City. Laura is somewhere O.S., but Angie and Mary are here at a CAMPSITE with a stone barbecue pit, picnic table, etc.

As they finish spreading their few supplies out on the table, Mary looks at the deep, slow-moving STREAM a few yards away.

ANGIE
Boy, I could stand to wash up...

She goes over to the stream, dips her fingers in.

MARY
Cold?

ANGIE
Freezing.

She comes back, digs a bar of soap from her school bag, offers it to Angie.

MARY
(CONT.)
You want to go first?

ANGIE
No, go ahead.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

Mary scans the landscape, doesn't see anyone, and starts to undress.

CUT TO:

50 EXT. ROAD ABOVE CAMPSITE / INT. DEPUTIES' CAR

50

On a Jeep road high above the campsite, a County Sheriff's PATROL CAR pulls into an overlook turnout...

... and we recognize the driver as the Deputy who followed Angie in town, with a partner (DEPUTY 2) beside him. Our Deputy gets on the police RADIO and calls in:

DEPUTY 1

Louise, we got a report from a pedestrian about a vagrant behaving obscene in Armstrong Woods, we're proceeding over there for a look. Over.

The DISPATCHER'S voice crackles back over the 2-way:

DISPATCHER

(V.O.)

I copy Earl. Over.

The Deputy hangs up the mike, takes a half-full bottle of LIQUOR out from under the seat.

DEPUTY 1

That oughta keep us busy a while.

He opens the bottle, and is taking the first drink when Deputy 2 points toward the park below:

DEPUTY 2

Hey, there is an obscene vagrant...
(points)
Over in there.

Their POV: a TEASING VIEW, through distance and trees, of Angie undressing to go in the water.

DEPUTY 1

Aw, yes, dear...

Deputy 1 SCANS the scene -- the girls, tiny down there, and the car...

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

DEPUTY 1

(CONT.)

Hey, little Nash Rambler -- that's my friend from this morning, and her pal...

DEPUTY 2

Can't see much from here.

DEPUTY 1

Well then...

He takes a drink, passes the bottle over, and starts the engine.

51 EXT. CAMPSITE AS BEFORE

51

Mary's neck-deep in water, soaping up, when Angie whispers urgently --

ANGIE

Mary --

-- and indicates the SOUND and half-hidden form of the car moving toward them through the woods. Mary gestures at her piled-up clothes; Angie grabs them and hurries to meet Mary on the bank.

52 EXT. WOODS - ON THE DEPUTIES

52

Driving toward the campsite, squinting through the trees.

DEPUTY 1

There we go...

He takes a last pull on the bottle, stashes it under the seat.

53 EXT. CAMPSITE - ON THE GIRLS

53

Mary hurriedly pulls clothes onto her damp body, becoming decent just as the deputies park a few yards from the campsite and walk in.

DEPUTY 2

Afternoon, ladies. How's everything over here?

MARY

Fine.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

DEPUTY 1

(to Angie)
You got off the school bus in a hurry, didn't you?

ANGIE

I forgot my homework.

DEPUTY 1

Oh, man, they hate when you do that. Make you stay after, and you don't get to go swimming naked or anything fun.

Throughout this talk, the Deputies have been casually moving closer to the girls, backing them toward the tall trees that ring the campsite. Now Deputy 1 stands still to ask:

DEPUTY 1

(CONT.)

Now, where'd you two run off from?

MARY

No, we're just -- camping out...

DEPUTY 2

I bet. I bet if we radio that car in, and your ID's, they'll say, "Naah, those girls just like to sleep in the dirt, that's all."

He's moving in on Mary, backing her up, as Deputy 1 does the same to Angie.

DEPUTY 2

(CONT.)

That it -- you like to sleep in the dirt, dear...?

DEPUTY 1

Now, do we have to radio?

DEPUTY 2

Technically, yes. Situation like this...

DEPUTY 1

Just seems a shame...

DEPUTY 2

Well, there's also the theory now, you try and work with the troubled youngsters...

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: 2'

53

Mary backs up into a tree, and Deputy 2 crowds her there, the real creepines showing now...

DEPUTY 1

That's true, sometimes you bend the procedures, and it works out to the best for everyone concerned...

...as Deputy 1 does the same to Angie. Mary tries to turn her head away from Deputy 2, but he GRABS it and turns it back toward him with a sudden roughness --

DEPUTY 2

People don't realize, your law enforcement can be the best friend you got, if you cooperate --

He leans his weight on her, as Deputy 1 forces a rough KISS on Angie --

DEPUTY 1

See, that kind of thing...

Mary starts to CRY as Deputy 2 pins her resisting arm back and paws at her wet shirt with his free hand -- but Angie suddenly takes a different tack:

ANGIE

Wait -- okay.

DEPUTY 1

Okay?

ANGIE

I'm not gonna fight you. You don't turn us in, that's fair...

Deputy 1 is thrown by this change of attitude, and doesn't quite know how to deal with Angie pulling him against her -- as we SEE Angie's POV over Deputy 1's shoulder --

-- of LAURA, who's scoped out the scene and is putting an armfull of firewood on the ground as silently as she can -- just beside the deputies' parked car.

Angie keeps Deputy 1 distracted and flustered...

DEPUTY 1

Um -- listen, let's not be in too much of a ...

-- as Mary keeps struggling with Deputy 2. As Angie watches, Laura slips into the deputies' car and takes the SHOTGUN from the rack.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: 3

53

Laura comes toward the campsite, planning to announce her presence by pumping a round into the shotgun's chamber like they do in the movies ---

-- but THE GUN GOES OFF -- BLOWING a few branches off the tree over Deputy 2's head. The branches fall on him, and Mary gets free. The gun's RECOIL knocks Laura on her ass...

...but she quickly rights herself, as the Deputies back away from Mary and Angie to face Laura.

DEPUTY 2

Okay, now... fine, let's not --

DEPUTY 1

Put the weapon down --

LAURA

Shut up.

She levels the shotgun at him -- he nods "No problem."

LAURA

(CONT.)

You're the same kind of guys that join the cops back home... same kind of guys that make all the trouble everywhere --

She levels the shotgun at a TIRE of the Deputies' car, digs her heels in against the recoil this time, and SHOOTs the tire out.

LAURA

(CONT.)

-- violent creeps.

DEPUTY 1

Okay -- that's okay now, just --

But Laura SHOOTs OUT another tire -- while, in b.g., Angie and Mary load the girls' few things into the Nash.

DEPUTY 2

We'll let you get out of here now, and we won't --

LAURA

Uh huh, right. You think everybody's stupid like you are?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: 4

53

LAURA (cont'd)
 You think everybody takes metal
 shop four years in a row and then
 joins the cops and spends the rest
 of their life pulling people over
 so they can look down their shirts?
 Huh?

She flings back the door of the cop car, and SHOOTs OUT THE
 POLICE RADIO. The other girls wheel the Nash up beside her.
 She gets in, still covering the Deputies with the shotgun,
 and Angie pilots onto the dirt road out of here...

54 INT. NASH / EXT. WOODS

54

As soon as they're on the road, Laura starts shaking, coming
 down from the adrenaline -- she looks at the gun like "Get
 this thing away from me."

ANGIE
 Laura, that was so cool.

MARY
 Here --

She reaches up from the back seat, takes the shotgun from
 Laura.

LAURA
Oh my God...

ANGIE
 I knew something would happen if we
 just got out here for a while.

Laura breathes deep, her heart slowing down to normal.
 Angie squeezes Laura's shoulder while, in the back seat,
 Mary expertly unloads the shotgun... while, behind them...

55 EXT. CAMPSITE WITH DEPUTIES

55

Deputy 2 surveys the inside of the useless patrol car, then
 reaches under the seat for the near-empty liquor bottle. He
 takes a drink, passes it to Deputy 1, who finishes it and
 THROWS it into the woods as they begin the long walk back.

DEPUTY 1
 First thing, we steal a shotgun...

DEPUTY 2
 How come?

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

Deputy 1 slaps a MOSQUITO, too late.

DEPUTY 1
'Cause we took it with us when we went to investigate the alleged vagrant. Then we heard shots, and we got back here and our car was shot up, and we searched the area thoroughly for a wide radius but we couldn't find any perpetrators.

Deputy 2 snags his shirt on a thorn, rips it free.

DEPUTY 2
I don't know if that's gonna fly, Earl.

DEPUTY 1
Yeah? Okay, try this: We tried to screw some runaway juveniles, but they shot our car up with our gun. You think that'll fly?

DEPUTY 2
Oh yeah, go ahead, yell at me...

As they continue AD LIB bickering,

CUT TO:

56 INT. ANGIE'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - AFTERNOON

56

Mr. Gordon leads Farrell, the private eye into the grand living room, where Mrs. Gordon and Laura's parents are waiting.

MRS. GORDON
This is Mister Farrell.

AD LIB greetings.

FARRELL
Aren't we missing someone?

MRS. CAHN
Mary Nicholson's parents had to be at work. They work at that Skyline Drive-in Movie.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

FARRELL

Okay, I'll catch them there. Now, first of all, if the girls are kidnapped, the police and the FBI can handle it as well as anybody.

MR. CAHN

Then why do we need you?

FARRELL

Because I'm not stupid enough to believe they were kidnapped.

He takes Laura's homemade ransom note from his pocket, sails it onto the coffee table.

FARRELL

(CONT.)

Nothing about money in there... anybody had a phone call about money?

Shaking of heads.

FARRELL

(CONT.)

You see, your real kidnappers, money tends to come up pretty often.

MRS. GORDON

But, if they weren't kidnapped --

FARRELL

They ran away. There's a little epidemic of it going on out there. Sometimes it's a two-day joy ride. Sometimes...

The cop may have been too placid, but this guy is a lot more unsettling.

MRS. CAHN

Wait a minute -- Laura didn't have any reason to run away, and I don't think --

FARRELL

Ma'am, how well do you really know your daughter? Do you people ever sit down and talk to your kids -- I mean, really talk to them? About sex? About sex diseases? About... unusual practices?

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED: 2

56

MR. GORDON

Well, we --

FARRELL

About the strange night-world of twisted kicks? And certain... rituals? Or equipment? See, we assume our kids know all about these things, but --

MR. CAHN

Hey, just a minute --

FARRELL

You angry? That's good. I can do business with angry people. I'm going to need some names... the girls' friends -- especially boyfriends.

MR. CAHN

And then what do we do?

FARRELL

"We"? Well, I go out and earn my money -- and I guess you people can think about what does a girl run away from.

He leaves the disconcerted group sitting there, heads for the door O.S.

CUT. TO:

57 INT. NASH / EXT. ROAD - AFTERNOON

57

Our girls are driving on paved road again -- another back way through empty stretches, with the occasional boarded-up business doomed by the interstates. As Angie drives, Laura consults a ROAD MAP, Mary a BUS TIMETABLE.

MARY

Okay -- how far are we from Rio Lindo?

LAURA

(checks map)
Rio... sixty, seventy miles.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

MARY

We can get a bus to Long Beach
there, then we change for San Diego
-- we get in about seven-thirty
tomorrow morning.

LAURA

That's close -- the recruiting
place opens at eight, right?

ANGIE

We've got to ditch this car soon --
can't drive it through any towns,
either.

MARY

There's a direct bus from Henley
Hot Springs...

LAURA

That's twice as far from here.

ANGIE

(shakes her head)
Too long in this car.

LAURA

Okay -- stay on this road.

They put aside the map and timetable, and Angie speeds up --
bearing down for a race against time.

CUT TO:

58 EXT. JIMMY'S HOUSE (FRONT PORCH) - DAY

58

Jimmy idles on his porch, uncomfortably alone with his
thoughts. He turns on his transistor radio tuned to XRAY:

XRAY D.J.

(V.O.)

-- somethin's been missing in your
life, don't just sit there by the
radio -- make that call to Doctor
Hightower's clinic right now...
here's the Dell-Vikings, baby...

"Come Go With Me" starts up -- Jimmy and Angie's putative
song. Jimmy listens to a few bars, then stands up, making a
decision. He goes O.S. into the house, as Mr. Corman comes
out, and yells after Jimmy:

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

MR. CORMAN

Where are you goin'?

JIMMY

(O.S.)

I don't know.

MR. CORMAN

You don't know?

Jimmy comes back out, putting his black leather jacket on, heading for his bike.

JIMMY

Don't crowd me.

MR. CORMAN

Hey, crowd this, Brando...

Jimmy comes back out, putting his black leather jacket on. He goes over to his motorcycle, kicks it to noisy life, and wheels out onto the street.

CUT TO:

59 EXT. ANGIE'S HOUSE - DAY

59

Jimmy brings his bike to a stuttering stop in the grand driveway in front of Angie's house. He goes to the door, looking around -- he can't get over the place.

Jimmy rings the doorbell CHIMES, and the little peep-panel in the middle of the big door opens: three square inches of Mr. Gordon's face.

MR. GORDON

Yes?

JIMMY

Um -- I'm Jimmy Corman, a friend of Angela's?

Angie's dad opens the door, urgently asks:

MR. GORDON

Well? Do you know anything?

Jimmy, who doesn't know Angie has taken off, thinks he's being put on the spot as an unworthy suitor.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

JIMMY

Well -- yeah. Sir. I do. I mean, I don't come from such a great background or anything, but... I know how to take care of myself. And I know what the --

MR. GORDON

I mean do you know where she is -- where all of them are?

JIMMY

Uh, no, I --

MR. GORDON

If you know anything about this, you have to tell me. This isn't a game.

JIMMY

So, she's not home --

MR. GORDON

Angie and Laura Cahn and a girl named Mary Nicholson disappeared the night before last. We don't know if they've been kidnapped, or run away, or... did she say anything to you --

JIMMY

No. We, uh, haven't said anything to each other for a while. I was thinking, I'd come to see her --

MR. GORDON

If you hear anything, anything at all, call us right away.

JIMMY

Yes sir.

Mr. Gordon starts back inside, but Jimmy stops him:

JIMMY

(CONT.)

Sir? I know you're worried -- I mean, I'm worried too -- but... Angie's pretty tough. I've seen her kick people's asses -- a number of times, actually. No knife or anything, just..

(mimes rabbit punch)

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED: 2

59

MR. GORDON

Thank you.

He goes into the house.

CUT TO:

60 EXT. PHONE BOOTH - LATE AFTERNOON

60

Jimmy's in a PHONE BOOTH, his motorcycle pulled up nearby. He finishes pumping coins into the slot, gets a connection. We recognize the VOICE on the line: the D.J. on XRAY border radio.

XRAY D.J.

(V.O.)

This is Ray Gray on the XRAY,
baby -- you got a request?

JIMMY

Yeah. A dedication.

CUT TO:

61 INT. NASH / EXT. ROAD - LATE AFTERNOON

61

The girls are still driving, Angie pushing the PROTESTING Nash to its limits as Fats Domino's "I'm Walkin'" issues from the RADIO. The road cuts through wooded country, and a SIGN announces RIO LINDO - 2

ANGIE

Okay -- we ditch the car up here
soon, and walk into Rio Lindo...

On the radio, the XRAY D.J. segues out of the Fats record --

XRAY D.J.

...and this next one goes out to
Angie from Jimmy, they're gettin'
the XRAY all the way up there in
Alta Vista... Jimmy says, "Call me
up on the phone, man, I'm worried
about you" -- Angie, you better
drop a dime an' call that boy, he's
losin' weight, baby...

-- and into "Come Go With Me."

ANGIE

Jimmy...

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

Angie is moved -- she steers screwy for a moment, then straightens out.

MARY

Angie, you should call him. When we get to Long Beach, we'll have --

Angie, ignoring her, spots a rustic BAR on the wooded side of the road, with a PHONE BOOTH in the corner of the gravel lot. She pulls in, gets out of the car, and goes for the phone booth, Laura calling after her:

LAURA

Angie, I don't think there's time now.

ANGIE

I'm just gonna tell him I'm okay.

LAURA

Don't tell him what we're --

But Angie's already in the phone booth, dialing and digging coins from her pocket.

62 EXT. JIMMY'S HOUSE (ENTRYWAY) (CONTINUOUS)

62

Out in the yard, Jimmy's working on his bike as his dad listens to PRO Wrestling on the radio. The PHONE RINGS in the house O.S. -- Jimmy reaches in the kitchen window, yanks the receiver outside.

JIMMY

Yeah?

MR. CORMAN

Who is it?

JIMMY

It's for me.

He plugs an ear to out the noise of the radio.

JIMMY

(cont.)

Where are you baby, talk to me.

63 EXT. BAR - ANGIE ON PHONE (CONTINUOUS)

63

ANGIE

... with Laura and Mary. Bob got Mary pregnant --

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

INTERCUT the rest of their conversation at will.

JIMMY

Yeah? Go, Bob...

ANGIE

-- and he took off for San Diego,
he's trying to go in the Navy, to
get away --

JIMMY

What? That little spastic...

ANGIE

I know.

JIMMY

That's wrong, man.

ANGIE

We're going to stop him.

JIMMY

Angie... if I had to marry you, I
would.

ANGIE

Jimmy, you're so sweet. You know,
that stuff I said... sometimes I
don't know what I think, you know?

JIMMY

Yeah, no sweat. When do you get
back?

ANGIE

In a day or two. Don't tell
anyone, okay?

JIMMY

(snorts: no way)
Tell anyone...

ANGIE

Jimmy...
(SMOOCHES the phone)

Jimmy answers with an animal MOAN that makes Angie shiver
(and Mr. Corman look disgusted and TURN UP the radio)

We're with Angie: she gets back in the car and aims it up a
DIRT SIDE ROAD, into the woods... ...and rejoin Jimmy, who
looks around his kitchen and speaks a name with sneering
disgust:

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED: 2

63

JIMMY

Bob...

He grabs his black leather jacket, gets on his motorcycle, and moves out.

CUT TO:

64 EXT. WOODS WITH OUR GIRLS

64

They've parked the Nash a few yards off the dirt road, on a thickly wooded hillside, and are grabbing their things.

MARY

(checks watch)

That bus leaves in an hour.

LAURA

We'll make it.

Mary takes the Center City Deputies' shotgun from the car, holds it up.

MARY

I don't think we can just --

She's interrupted by the sudden SOUND of three GUNS being cocked, and a warning:

MINUTEMAN 1

(O.S.)

Freeze!

The girls look around to SEE three MEN training rifles on them. These are guys in their 30s and 40s, in surplus-store fatigues, looking very jumpy and suspicious.

MINUTEMAN 2

Now put it down. Real slow.

He gestures with his rifle, and Mary puts the shotgun on the ground as the third guy goes to search their car.

MINUTEMAN 1

What are you doing up here?

LAURA

We're just -- going for a hike.

MINUTEMAN 3

Uh huh, right. With a gun.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

ANGIE
Well -- you've all got one.

MINUTEMAN 2
Yeah. Damn good thing.

MINUTEMAN 1
Just happened to be up here, huh?

MINUTEMAN 3
Isn't that a hell of a coincidence?

MINUTEMAN 1
Sure is.
(calls O.S.)
Hey, Marie!

A WOMAN, the same age as the men and similarly dressed and armed, has been covering the rear. She comes into the area, rifle lowered but ready.

MINUTEMAN 1
(CONT.)
Get a load of this.

MINUTEMAN 3
We clear back in there?

Marie nods.

MINUTEMAN 1
Putting a satellite up there to keep an eye on us, that's not enough for these bastards. Now they're sending their little youth corps up here with full ordinance.

MINUTEMAN 2
(to the girls)
There more of you out here? You tell the truth, we'll go easier on you.

On Mary: she's shaky from the tension, the guns pointed at them, the anxiety of the past days. She breaks down:

MARY
I'm pregnant!

The guys with the guns look at her impassively. Laura puts a hand on her arm to stop her, but it all pours out:

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED: 2

64

MARY

(CONT.)

I got pregnant from my boyfriend, I didn't mean to, and, he's going in the Navy, and we have to stop him, we said we got kidnapped, I mean we made a note, but we're not really kidnapped, but I didn't know what to do, I'm sorry, I'm so...

Sobbing, she runs out of words, and:

MINUTEMAN 3

Uh huh, right.

MINUTEMAN 2

What the hell kind of a cover story is that?

MINUTEMAN 1

That's what they do: they confuse you. That's how they worm their way in. A little sex in there, that's all part of it.

(to Mary)

Which is it? Young People's Socialists? Fair Play for Cuba?

MINUTEMAN 3

Or the so-called Police Athletic League?

MARY

(still sobbing)

We're just, I'm...

MINUTEMAN 1

Right. They'll talk.

(to Marie)

Take 'em to the secured area.

(to Minutemen 2 and 3)

Let's fan out, see where their other team is.

MARIE

What do I do with 'em back there?

MINUTEMAN 1

Just watch 'em. You won't get bored... I bet they know lots of folk songs.

As Marie starts marching the girls away and the men go commando,

CUT TO:

65 EXT. JIMMY'S HOUSE (FRONT PORCH) - AFTERNOON

65

At the screen door, Farrell is interviewing Mr. Corman.

MR. CORMAN

...took off on his stupid
motorcycle and that was the last I
saw of him.

FARRELL

He say where?

MR. CORMAN

No...

(indicates yard)
I guess I could follow the oil, but
then I might find him, you know?

FARRELL

I'm with you, sir. They're a
worthless generation. Thanks for
your time.

He heads for his car.

CUT TO:

66 EXT. WOODS - MINUTEMEN'S CAMP - AFTERNOON

66

The girls are sitting close together in the Minutemen's
"secured area" -- a dinky campsite with a few tents,
coolers, etc. Marie covers them with her rifle, though not
very intently -- she's making sandwiches at the same time.

MARIE

Was that true? About your
boyfriend and all?

MARY

Yes.

MARIE

I thought so, but some people have
a flair, you know... you ask me. I
don't think the three of you are
even Communists.

Head-shaking agreement from the girls.

LAURA

Thanks.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

MARIE

Everything we know tells us they are intelligent, well-organized, and cunning. Let's compare that with yourselves.

LAURA

Well...

MARIE

(sighs)

Poor Fred, he's starting to think it's everybody. The real ones ever show up, he'll be worn out.

ANGIE

Is he...?

MARIE

My husband? Well, yes, he is. I guess you can't blame him for getting jumpy. You know how it is, you sit around in these towns and wait for something to happen...

ANGIE

Yeah...

MARIE

And then one day it does, doesn't it?

This last at Mary, who lowers her eyes.

MARIE

(cont.)

Wha'd he do, take off on you?

(Mary nods)

Boy, they are precious little darlings, aren't they?

(hefts pitcher)

You want some grape drink?

ANGIE

I think what we want is to get out of here. We're kind of on a schedule...

MARIE

Right.

She gets up, gestures "follow me," and the girls do.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED: 2

66

MARIE

(cont.)

The boys'll be on their way back here... if I were you, I'd go straight down here, there's some rocks you can cross the stream on. Then you circle wide by the road and you can get back to your car without running into 'em.

ANGIE

What happens when they get back and we're not here?

MARIE

I guess the three of you overpowered me -- being so cunning and all. But my God, you didn't have to steal the sandwiches...

She gives them a few.

LAURA

That's nice of you.

MARIE

No trouble.

(to Mary)

Gonna track the guy down, huh?

(Mary nods)

Uh, huh. Well, wear him in good health, honey.

MARY

Thanks.

Marie waves her answer, heads back to camp as the girls set out on their own.

CUT TO:

67 EXT. SKYLINE DRIVE-IN - AFTERNOON

67

Reestablishing the Skyline theater, this time by daylight.

68 INT. SNACK BAR

68

In the closed snack bar, Farrell finishes a shrimp roll and talks to Mary's parents -- Mrs. Nicholson, in her uniform, sets up for the evening as they talk. The walls of the snack bar are festooned with POSTERS for AIP pictures of the period.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

68

MRS. NICHOLSON
Mister Farrell, have you found
out anything? This is so hard
for us...

FARRELL
I know it is. And anything you can
tell me - that might be the break.
Any boys Mary was dating, or...?

MRS. NICHOLSON
Mary doesn't go on dates. She
studies in the evenings, and
weekends, she helps us out here.

In b.g., SPOT Rudy, the kid who greeted Mary and her friends
while gathering litter after the show. He's mopping the
floor -- and listening.

FARRELL
Uh huh. Well, has she ever
mentioned a boy that she likes, at
school, or...?

MR. NICHOLSON
There'll be time for all that in a
few years. You see these kids now
that don't even think about their
future... we see 'em here every
night, watching all this trash --

FARRELL
Yes sir. Well, as soon as I hear
anything...

He pockets his notepad -- blank, except for grease stains --
and goes outside.

69 EXT. SNACK BAR

69

Behind the building, Farrell is getting in his car when Rudy
ducks out a back door and comes up to him.

RUDY
Excuse me, sir -- could I talk to
you a second?

FARRELL
Sure, son. What's on your mind?

CUT TO:

70 EXT. THE WOODS

70

A HIGHWAY PATROLMAN, making his way through the woods, SPOTS something --

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN 1

Hey, Frank!

-- and is joined by a SECOND HIGHWAY PATROLMAN beside the girls' Nash.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN 2

You think it's theirs?

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN 1

Nope... but I bet they've been driving it.

As he jots down the license plate number,

CUT TO:

71 EXT. ELSEWHERE IN THE WOODS

71

With our girls -- slogging, trying to follow Marie's directions.

ANGIE

Is there another bus?

MARY

Yeah, but we've missed that one too.

ANGIE

We'll have to take the car.

LAURA

We have to find it first.

MARY

She said circle back by the road --

LAURA

So this has to be right...

MARY

Yeah, but I think we were by here before...

Suddenly, Laura HEARS something --

LAURA

Sshhh!

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

-- and hits the dirt behind a fallen tree, gesturing the other two down beside her. Now we hear it too: FOOTSTEPS crackling this way.

MARY

(whispers)
Is it them?

HUNTER 1

Uh, 'scuse me...

The girls look up to SEE they've been spotted by two HUNTERS: mountain-man types in oil coats, loosley carrying deer rifles. The one who spoke gives them a friendly grin:

HUNTER 1

(CONT.)
...but you don't need to be scared
of us if you're not a deer.

HUNTER 2

Way things are goin', the deer
don't need to be scared either.

HUNTER 1

That's true too.

The girls stand up -- AD LIB nods and hello's.

HUNTER 2

What are you all doing, way out
here?

LAURA

Um, we were looking for
butterflies. It's for school...

HUNTER 1

See some, too, up in here.

LAURA

...but I think we might be lost.

HUNTER 2

Oh yeah, "Think we might be
lost" -- that's what comes right
before "Send in the helicopters."

HUNTER 1

Where'd you come in at?

ANGIE

We parked off a road -- it went up
from this bar...?

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED: 2

71

HUNTER 2

Oh, you're fine -- over this way.

The hunters lead the way, and the girls follow.

MARY

You know, when I was a kid, it seems like you could walk in the woods for miles and hardly ever run into anyone...

HUNTER 1

Yeah, I know what you mean -- you go up in here anymore, there's everybody an' his brother, droppin' Hershey bar wrappers an' playin' those damn radios. But these old woods'll take care of you, though --

As they reach the top of a rise, he's interrupted --

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN 2

(O.S.)

That's them!

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN 2

(O.S.)

FREEZE!

The hunters and girls wheel around to SEE the two highway patrolmen who were checking out the Nash. Their guns are pointed at the hunters.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN 2

Let the girls go!

HUNTER 2

What do you --

LAURA

No, they were --

But Hunter 2's rifle is up, like it's pointed at the patrolmen, and one of the patrolmen SHOOTs this way --

ANGIE

Come on!

She runs down the hillside, away from the hunters and highway patrolmen -- Laura and Mary hesitate an instant, then follow -- but Laura LOOKS BACK for a second and SEES: HUNTER 1 TAKES A HIT from the highway patrolman's gun.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED: 3

71

LAURA

NO!

-- but the next SHOT hits the bull's-eye: Hunter 1's CHEST. It RIPS a spray of bright red into the air... as he crumples to his knees, then falls into the dirt --

ANGIE

(CONT.)

LAURA!

As the SOUND of shooting continues, Laura tears herself away, following Mary and Angie O.S....

... while a new ANGLE at the top of the rise rejoins the patrolmen -- checking the two fallen hunters for pulses... till they're surprised by the SOUND O.S. of the Nash's ENGINE starting up.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN 1

Hey!

He wheels around -- but the Nash is already a receding BLUR through the woods on the dirt road several yards away.

72 INT. NASH / EXT. DIRT ROAD

72

With the girls -- Angie driving again. Laura is crying, Mary bites her lip so she won't cry too, but Angie bears down hard, riding the Nash like a bucking bronco down the BUMPY dirt road.

ANGIE

Straight through to San Diego. If we don't get spotted...

LAURA

It's our fault.

ANGIE

Shut up, Laura.

LAURA

Because we said we were kidnapped...

MARY

My fault.

ANGIE

Fine, it's your fault. Both of you shut up.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

72

She SKIDS the car from the dirt road onto the highway, SPRAYING GRAVEL from the bar's parking lot... and then straightening out for the final heat.

CUT TO:

73 INT. ALTA VISTA POLICE STATION - TELEX ROOM

73

Farrell is in a room with a TELEX MACHINE and several Telex notices pinned up. With his pad out, he's making a note about one of the posted notices -- we SPOT the word BUICK and the phrase "OWNER OF VEHICLE REPORTS ONE SUSPECT WHITE FEMALE AGED 16-21."

The Telex machine CHATTERS to life. Farrell goes over to it and WATCHES the message spitting out. We spot the origin station, RIO LINDO, and the phrase lower down, "WHITE FEMALE JUVENILES."

Farrell looks around -- nobody coming -- and we SEE the phrase "1953 or 1954 NASH RAMBLER" and the start of a license number, before Farrell RIPS the dispatch from the machine and pockets it.

The cop who met with the girls' parents comes in.

COP

Hey, how you doing, you find any --

FARRELL

Nope.

He leaves.

CUT TO:

74 EXT. PHONE BOOTH - LATE AFTERNOON

74

Farrell's making a call from a phone booth, his CAR parked nearby. As he waits for his party to answer, he opens a California ROAD MAP... then, getting a connection, he pitches his VOICE higher, imitating a late-adolescent:

FARRELL

Hell sir, is Bob there? A group of us are going down to get malteds and we -- Huh? Wow, no kidding! ...Gee, is he doing that here locally, sir? We could go over and --

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

74

On the road map, Farrell runs his finger down the state: Rio Lindo is like the point of an arrow from Alta Vista to --

FARRELL

(CONT.)

San Diego? Neat! Man, that Bob, sir! Thanks!

He hangs up, hurries to his car.

CUT TO:

75 INT. NASH / EXT. DINER - NIGHT

75

Angie sits in the driver's seat of the Nash, Mary in back -- parked in the lot of an all-night DINER. Mary's still upset -- when Angie looks around at her, she turns away so Angie won't see her shaky expression.

ANGIE

What -- you think I don't feel as bad about it as you do?

MARY

I just...

ANGIE

A guy gets shot just 'cause we're standing there with him -- it's horrible. But we can't do anything about it.

MARY

No, I know. We did what we thought we should. That's what everybody does. And this is how it works out, usually --

ANGIE

Don't say that, Mary. We still have to get you there. Girls don't get a lot of chances.

MARY

Chances for what?

Angie thinks the answer's obvious --

ANGIE

For...

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

75

-- until she tries to say it and comes up empty ... a beat, and then:

LAURA

(O.S.)
You guys!

They turn to SEE Angie at the window, carrying a take-out bag and looking buoyant as she tosses a NEWSPAPER into Angie's lap through the window. As Laura gets into the car, and INSERT shows us the paper's front page:

An EXTRA banner streams across the top, over a HEADLINE reading COPS CORNER "MAD DOG" KILLERS - ONE IS DEAD. The MUG SHOT PHOTOS are of Hunters 1 and 2.

ANGIE

Oh my God --

Mary, angling over the seatback to look.

MARY

The Mad Dog Killers? Those guys?

ANGIE

I knew it. Their eyes. There was something in their eyes...

LAURA

Is this great or what?

Mary starts laughing, and the others do to -- a dizzy celebration over the grim headlines. Laura unpacks the take-out bag, hands stuff around: donuts, cake, pie.

LAURA

(CONT)
I got all the desserts. To celebrate.

ANGIE

To celebrate, huh?

She flips the newspaper over, and finds the smaller sub-head below the fold: COPS SEEK GIRLS WHO FLED SCENE. She tosses the paper out the window, takes a donut from Laura, and kicks the engine over.

ANGIE

(CONT.)
Better save some.

The Nash PEELS OUT onto the moonlit road.

DISSOLVE TO:

76 EXT. GAS STATION - EARLY MORNING

76

Jimmy tops off his motorcycle's oil as a GAS STATION ATTENDANT gives him his change.

JIMMY

How far to San Diego?

ATTENDANT

'Bout twenty miles -- that's just to the outskirts...

JIMMY

(nods)

I like outskirts.

He gets going.

CUT TO:

77 INT. NASH / EXT. ROAD INTO SAN DIEGO - MORNING

77

Bleary Laura is driving as the Nash passes the San Diego City Limits SIGN on a county road. Mary is beside her, Angie asleep in back...

... but she wakes up as a piercing SIREN falls in behind them -- and the girls look back to SEE a MOTORCYCLE COP waving them over. Laura slows down --

ANGIE

Keep going. Are we close?

MARY

We're in San Diego.

ANGIE

Don't stop.

(checks her watch)

Damn...

CUT TO:

78 EXT. INTERSTATE

78

On the bigger road to San Diego, Farrell drives his car in the left lane, swigging coffee, hammer down, with Mary's parents beside him...

... and Mr. Gordon's fancy CAR follows, carrying Angie's and Laura's parents.

CUT TO:

79 EXT. NAVY RECRUITING OFFICE - MORNING

79

The girls' destination at last: the San Diego Naval Recruiting Office. The Nash pulls over, and the motorcycle cop stops right behind them, cuts his siren, and hurries to their car:

MOTORCYCLE COP

All right, get out of your vehicle...

But they're way ahead of him, all three girls piling out and heading for the recruiting office -- just as BOB comes out, sees them and stops short, going pale.

BOB

Mary!

MARY

Hello, Bob.

She indicates the sheaf of PAPERS in his hand.

MARY

(CONT.)

You've done it already, haven't you? You low-life weenie --

BOB

Mary, I was --

MOTORCYCLE COP

Okay, let's have everyone line up over here, right now --

Everyone's ignoring the cop, as Bob back-pedals away from Mary and the other girls...

...and another MOTORCYCLE pulls up: Jimmy's. He hops off, greets Angie --

JIMMY

Hi, babe --

(to Bob)

You're weak, Bob. You're weak inside.

BOB

Jimmy, hey, look --

-- and starts BEATING THE HELL out of Bob. The cop wades in fast and pulls them apart, as the Navy RECRUITING OFFICER and a couple of other RECRUITS come out of the office.

RECRUITING OFFICER

What the hell is going on out here?

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

79

BOB

Um -- these are some of my friends
from home, sir. They're surprising
me.

JIMMY

Yeah, we're not finished surprising
him yet.

MOTORCYCLE COP

That's enough from you, fella.
Everybody line up --

RECRUITING OFFICER

(to Bob)

You better clean yourself up,
Mister -- that bus is gonna be here
any minute.

He starts leading Bob and the other recruits into the
recruiting office.

MOTORCYCLE COP

(to girls)

All right now, let's have
everybody...

But he's interrupted as Mary asks the Recruiting Officer:

MARY

Excuse me -- is there a ladies'
room here somewhere?

RECRUITING OFFICER

(points)

Uh, yeah -- right over there, the
filling station.

MARY

Thank you.

MOTORCYCLE COP

Don't attempt to leave this area.

MARY

(on the move)

I won't.

And, as Mary disappears into the gas station ladies',
Farrell's and Mr. Gordon's cars pull up, and Farrell and the
swarm of parents get out. AD LIB cries of "Mom!", "Laura!",
etc., and a flurry of Are-you-all-right's and
reassurances...

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED: 2

79

MRS. NICHOLSON

Where's Mary?

...as Bob and the Recruiting Officer reemerge from the recruiting office...

ANGIE

Mister and Mrs. Nicholson, this is Mary's friend Bob.

MR. NICHOLSON

Hi, how do you do? Where's --

BOB

Um, actually I was just --

... and Mary bursts out of the ladies', suddenly dizzy with happiness --

MARY

Angie! Laura! Guess --

-- then sees her parents are here. She regroups for a beat, then runs over to them, covering for her ecstasy by embracing them wildly.

MARY

(CONT.)

Mom! Dad! Oh, how wonderful that you're here! Ha ha! How wonderful! I never thought I'd be so happy to see anyone, but --
 (at Bob and girls)
 I was so wrong! I was all wrong! Ha ha ha ha ha ha!

BOB

Wait a minute -- do you mean --

MARY

All wrong, Bob...

Bob is stunned, as Mary clings to her parents...

MRS. CAHN

Laura, what happened?

LAURA

Oh, Mom, these two guys had us, but then, over by Rio Lindo, we were --

MOTORCYCLE COP

You know who those guys were?

(CONTINUED)

ANGIE
No, but they weren't very nice.

MRS. GORDON
Thank God you're all right...

LAURA
We're fine...

BOB
Mary, I'm going to the Arctic
Circle for three years.

MARY
Have a good time, Bob! Ha ha ha ha
ha ha !

As Farrell goes over to Mr. Gordon, who starts writing him a
check...

FARRELL
well, you folks have your kids back
-- I won't say "good as knew"
'cause out here... no one stays
good as knew. But if you remember
that, maybe they'll stick around
this time.

MR. GORDON
Farrell, what do you charge without
the advice?

FARRELL
(pockets check)
Extra hundred a day -- why?

...the Recruiting Officer approaches Jimmy...

RECRUITING OFFICER
You're not bad with those hands,
son. Have you given any thought to
your future?

JIMMY
I don't know...

RECRUITING OFFICER
We've got a program --

JIMMY
Hey -- don't crowd me.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED: 4

79

His look chills the Recruiting Officer, who shuts up -- but it melts Angie, as she watches him mount his motorbike...

JIMMY

(CONT.)

Call me, baby...

and PEEL OUT, as we begin CRANING UP... and a BUS marked U.S. NAVY pulls up, and the numbly staring Bob gets on with the other recruits...

CRANE UP farther, as the bus pulls out, and the girls and parents get into the cars... which pull out too, leaving the motorcycle cop and the Recruiting Officer to disperse...

...and we KEEP CRANING UP, above the city, the seaboard, the planet... into SPACE... ...till we're watching from OVER THE SHOULDER of the BEEPING, orbiting, "CCCP"-emblazoned SPUTNIK...

...and we IRIS OUT.