

SCARECROW AND MRS. KING

"The First Time"

written by

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and

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#275428

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THIRD DRAFT

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SCARECROW AND MRS. KING

"The First Time"

#275428

CAST LIST

AMANDA KING

LEE STETSON

DOTTY WEST

MR. BILLY

FRANCINE DESMOND

JAMIE KING

PHILLIP KING

DIRK FREDERICKS

MRS. WELCH

BABS DALEY

OLGA

TV STATION CLERK

CELESTE VAN KRESWINKLE

TRAIN CONDUCTOR

HOUSE WORKMAN

HITMAN #1

TOGA MAN

AUTOPSY DOCTOR

DIRK'S SECRETARY

GUTHRIE

DRIVE-IN WAITER

THUGS, RECEPTIONIST, PARTY GIRL, "SHRINERS,"
PARTY EXTRAS, COMMUTERS, YACHT EXTRAS,
CUB SCOUTS/SOCCER KIDS

VOICES ONLY:

DEAN McGUIRE

AGENCY P.A.

TV ANNOUNCER

EXERCISE RECORD

SCARECROW AND MRS. KING

"The First Time"

#275428

SET LIST

INTERIORS:

HOTEL BALLROOM
KING KITCHEN
TRAIN
AGENCY HEADQUARTERS/
WAITING AREA
DIRK'S OFFICE
AUTOPSY ROOM
KING LIVING ROOM
MR. BILLY'S BEDROOM
POST OFFICE
LEE'S BEDROOM
PIZZA BOWL
TV STATION
MRS. WELCH'S BASEMENT/
COLD STORAGE AREA
SERVICE ELEVATOR
MRS. WELCH'S KITCHEN
MRS. WELCH'S SITTING ROOM
MRS. WELCH'S UPSTAIRS HALL

EXTERIORS:

HOTEL PATIO
COMMUTER TRAIN STATION
AGENCY HEADQUARTERS/
STREET
MOBY'S DOCK DRIVE-IN
KING HOUSE
MARINA
YACHT DECK
KING GARDEN
POST OFFICE
WASHINGTON MALL
ROAD (MURDERED AGENT)
PIZZA BOWL
GLOOMY ALLEY
VIRGINIA ROAD
MRS. WELCH'S HOUSE/
GROUNDS
OPEN FIELD

SCARECROW AND MRS. KING

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VEHICLES

U.S. GOVERNMENT CAR

THUG'S (HITMEN'S) CAR

COMMUTER TRAIN

AMANDA'S DATSUN STATION WAGON

LEE'S PORSCHE

YACHT

MOTOR LAUNCH

SPEEDBOAT

CABIN CRUISER

MRS. WELCH'S LINCOLN

WHIRLYBIRD

SCARECROW AND MRS. KING

"The First Time"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1 INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - CLOSE ON TOGA MAN - NIGHT 1

He's over forty, paunchy, wearing only a toga, with a laurel wreath on his head. He's had a few.

TOGA MAN

(shouting)

Toga! Toga! Toga!

CAMERA PULLS BACK as Toga Man raises his wineglass to cheer. His bored wife, also wearing a toga, looks heavenward. The ballroom is crowded with middle-aged men and woman, all wearing togas, trying to recreate the hilarity of their college days. A banner on the wall reads: "SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON REUNION." A hotel combo with electric organ struggles valiantly with "Ain't Nothin' but a Houn' Dog." CAMERA PUSHES THROUGH the crowd of people stumbling through old dance numbers, PAST a row of wives sitting on folding chairs, looking fed-up with the whole thing, and OUT to a patio area. Uniformed waiters edge their way through the crowd with trays of drinks. CAMERA comes TO a tight row of potted bushes which form the boundary of the patio. From inside, we can hear BOOZY SINGING:

MEN (O.S.)

(from inside; singing)

Let's sing to the women we almost
had, and toast the ones we're
stuck with! (etc.)

CAMERA PUSHES THROUGH the bushes, coming TO a pair of running feet in patent leather shoes. They come to a stop for just a moment at another pair of legs with black pants and shoes, then take off running again. The second pair of legs in pants with a stripe down the side, begins walking back toward the patio as CAMERA PANS WITH the running feet, which disappear in the darkness. We hear a SHOT from a GUN WITH SILENCER, a soft MOAN, and a BODY HITTING THE GROUND, as CAMERA WHIP PANS BACK to reveal the second pair of legs now lying prostrate on the floor. Two more sets of running feet dash up to him, their owners crouching by the body so that we can just see legs and arms. The men quickly reach inside the waiter's jacket, then dash off as, from inside, we hear the SONG'S END and a BURST OF CHEERS.

CUT TO:

2

INT. KING KITCHEN - CLOSE ON TV SET - EARLY MORNING

2

On the screen is MRS. WELCH, a jolly "cooking lady" in the Julia Child mold. She's big, robust, and full of fun, with a jolly, distinctive voice.

MRS. WELCH

(merrily)

... And Yankee Doodle Pot Pie must be baked at exactly three hundred degrees for exactly one hour, or it becomes the most revolting mess you ever saw!

(laughs gaily)

And I don't mean maybe!

She laughs harder and swills some cognac.

3

ANOTHER ANGLE

3

reveals DOTTY WEST, Amanda King's mother, a no-nonsense woman of 60. She is watching the portable TELEVISION closely, following instructions. The work area of this modern suburban kitchen is covered with bowls and ingredients. In the b.g. we see Amanda's two sons, JAMIE, 8, and PHILLIP, 10, packing their lunches for school. AMANDA suddenly dashes in through the swinging door, pulling a coat on over her winter nightgown. Phillip hands her a cup of coffee without looking up, and she grabs it and rushes toward the back door.

DOTTY

(to Amanda)

Darling, is that all you're wearing outside?

AMANDA

Thanks, Phillip. I'm in a rush Mother. I've gotta take Dean to the train station. I'll be right back.

JAMIE

Why can't Dean take himself to the train station?

PHILLIP

Because they're in love, stupid.

AMANDA

(gulping coffee)

Because he's got to go up to New York tonight and he doesn't want to leave his car out in the rain.

(CONTINUED)

JAMIE

It's not raining.

AMANDA

Dean says there's a 35 percent chance. The weather bureau pays him to know those things.

(staring down at

Jamie's lunch)

Jamie, no sugar sandwiches.

PHILLIP

How much do they pay him?

DOTTY

Quite a lot, I'm sure.

Amanda looks wearily over at her.

DOTTY

(continuing)

It'll be nice when you two are married, and don't have to go running halfway across town to see each other.

AMANDA

Mom. I've only been single a year. The divorce isn't even cold yet. Y'know?

DOTTY

(innocently)

Well, of course, dear. You just take all the time you need.

JAMIE

But not too much.

Dotty, Phillip, and Jamie are all staring at Amanda with benevolent smiles.

enduring this with a weak smile. She lets herself sort of fall out the back door as we...

CUT TO:

It's a tiny train station in a Virginia suburb of Washington, D.C.

(CONTINUED)

5

CONTINUED:

5

A crowd of commuters hurries along the platform toward the waiting train. Among them are Amanda and DEAN McGUIRE, arm-in-arm. They are a sufficient distance away that, with his hat and coat, we can't quite see Dean. CAMERA PANS them TO the train's open door, as we hear:

AMANDA (V.O.)

What do meteorologists do at conventions, anyway?

DEAN (V.O.)

Talk about the weather. Call you tonight around eight?

AMANDA (V.O.)

I'll be there.

CAMERA begins to CRANE DOWN as they embrace, kiss, separate. The train begins to move, and Dean jumps aboard, disappearing OUT OF FRAME just as CAMERA NEARS them. Amanda stands waving as the train pulls away, then turns and starts back down the platform, passing her neighbor, BABS DALEY, who is also waving at the train. They AD LIB hellos.

6

PARKING LOT - TRACKING SHOT

6

CAMERA STARTS ON the pair of patent leather feet from the patio, now running as fast as they can. PULL BACK to reveal LEE STETSON, in his mid 30's, dazzlingly handsome, a bit dangerous looking, and exhausted. He is wearing a waiter's outfit, clutches the tiny package under his arm, and is racing for the train platform.

7

ANOTHER ANGLE

7

reveals a CAR SCREECHING into the lot. Two Thugs leap out of their car, leaving the doors open, and tear after Lee.

8

TRAIN PLATFORM

8

A few commuters have gathered, and, in the distance, we can hear a TRAIN APPROACHING from the opposite direction of Dean's. Amanda is about to go down the few steps to the parking lot as a few commuters are coming up. Suddenly, into this bottleneck comes running Lee. He looks behind him, takes Amanda's arm, and urges her back up the steps.

9

LEE AND AMANDA

9

AMANDA
(indignantly)
Excuse me!

LEE
(urgently)
Just walk with me.

AMANDA
I certainly will not!

LEE
(earnestly)
Please. I'm in trouble.

Amanda stares at him, bewildered, as he takes her arm and moves off into the crowd with her.

10

THUGS

10

as they hit the steps just a few feet behind Lee.

11

PLATFORM - LEE AND AMANDA - TRACKING SHOT

11

Lee is walking closely with Amanda, his face in her shoulder. Amanda keeps staring at him, embarrassed, confused, and a little frightened. They pass Babs Daley.

12

BABS DALEY

12

staring at Amanda and Lee disapprovingly.

13

LEE AND AMANDA

13

Amanda smiles weakly, waves at Mrs. Daley, who coolly turns, goes off. Amanda has had it, and stops walking.

AMANDA
Okay, enough. I have to go.

LEE
Just one more thing...

AMANDA
No!

Lee looks down the platform.

14 LEE'S POV

14

The Thugs are pushing through the commuters, just yards away.

15 CLOSE ON LEE

15

He turns and looks at Amanda. Utterly sincere, magnetic eyes stare into hers.

16 CLOSE ON AMANDA

16

caught off-guard by this blast of charisma. She stares up at him, not knowing quite how to respond. Finally:

AMANDA

What... is it you want me to do?

17 TWO SHOT

17

Lee hands her the package.

LEE

(urgently)

Take this. Get on the train. It's a matter of life and death.

AMANDA

(awed)

'Life and death'?

LEE

Hand it to the man in the red hat.

AMANDA

(skeptically)

Is this for real?

LEE

The man in the red hat. You can get off at the next stop and forget all about this, but do it.

18 ANOTHER ANGLE

18

The Thugs are pulling guns, shoving their way through people.

19 LEE AND AMANDA

19

A custer of people is trying to board the train.

(CONTINUED)

- 19 CONTINUED: 19
- Lee shoves a bewildered Amanda into their midst. In the next instant, the Thugs have reached them, and Lee takes off, hurdling suitcases, vaulting luggage carts. The Thugs give chase, and the train is moving.
- 20 INT. TRAIN - AMANDA 20
- She stands in the doorway of the train, looking down the platform as the train gathers speed.
- 21 AMANDA'S POV 21
- The Thugs reach Lee, grab him, and the three of them go wrestling off the end of the platform.
- 22 BACK TO AMANDA (HAND-HELD) 22
- She's shaken by all this, and turns and moves toward the seating area, anxious to get it over with.
- AMANDA
(muttering)
Man in the red hat... Red hat...
- She looks at the rows of seats, and is stunned to see:
- 23 AMANDA'S POV 23
- A sea of red hats. There must be twenty members of a fraternal order riding in this car. They read papers, joke with each other, look up at Amanda.
- 24 BACK TO AMANDA 24
- She is standing there, nervous and frightened, trying to decide what to do, when the CONDUCTOR approaches her.
- CONDUCTOR
Ticket.
- AMANDA
(preoccupied; nervous)
What? I don't have a ticket.
- 25 ANGLE ON MAN WITH NEWSPAPER 25
- in the very rear of the car. He holds up the front page of the Washington Gazette, blocking our view.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

Now he lowers the paper and we see a very nervous looking little man (GUTHRIE), looking all around. He is wearing a red baseball cap. He obviously doesn't see a familiar face, and raises the paper again.

26 BACK TO AMANDA AND CONDUCTOR

26

who are now in a heated argument.

CONDUCTOR

All right, I'm not supposed to do this, but you can pay me your fare.

AMANDA

(exasperated)

Do you know what I have on under this coat? A nightgown. Do you think I expected to be on this train?

CONDUCTOR

(confidentially;
leaning close)

Where did you expect to be?

27 ANGLE ON REAR OF CAR

27

where the little man with the red hat is now hurrying off through the connecting door to the next car.

CUT TO:

28 EXT. U.S. CAPITOL BUILDING - HIGH ANGLE - DAY

28

We START WIDE and ZOOM IN ON a black, official looking car with "U.S. Government" markings as it passes the Capitol. PAN WITH it as it runs down Constitution Avenue. A driver is in the front seat, a passenger in the rear.

29 EXT. AGENCY HEADQUARTERS - DAY

29

It is housed in a Georgetown style row house in a neighborhood of offices and apartments. The car pulls up in front, and Lee Stetson wearily climbs out of the rear seat. He is battered and bruised, his waiter's uniform in tatters. He stares up at the building, takes a deep breath, squares his shoulders, and resignedly goes up the steps and in through the doors.

CUT TO:

INT. HEADQUARTERS CORRIDOR - TRACKING SHOT - LEE &
MR. BILLY - DAY

It is sterile, windowless and brightly lit. Electric carts whisk up and down the corridor, and clusters of military people, technicians, and people in business suits, all wearing ID badges, stand in small groups or hurry to meetings. Over the P.A. comes a steady stream of announcements:

P.A. VOICE

Colonel Marberry, report to
situation room one. Special
Agents Lopez and White to
communications, please...

Mr. Billy is black, normally pleasant, and in his 40's, never attired in anything more formal than a cardigan sweater. He is preoccupied and frustrated as he walks briskly down the hall, Lee trotting alongside, trying to talk. Both men wear ID badges.

LEE

... Don't I get any points for
making a miraculous escape?!
Unloading those thugs was no day
at the beach, Billy.

They are joined by FRANCINE DESMOND, a beautiful, flashy agent of about 30, also wearing a badge.

FRANCINE

I hear you gentlemen have to report
to the principal's office.

MR. BILLY

Tag along, Francine.

FRANCINE

Why do I have to go?

MR. BILLY

(without looking at
her).

One of the joys of being my
assistant is helping take the
flack.

Francine looks disgruntled, Lee gives her a sweet little smile, she returns it, sort of, they walk OUT OF FRAME, passing a directional sign reading: "INTERNAL AFFAIRS."

CUT TO:

DIRK FREDERICKS is in his 40's, a perpetually agitated, by-the-book man. He is leaning back in his chair.

DIRK

I understand you managed to misplace a package containing highly sensitive information.

PULL BACK to reveal Dirk's sparsely furnished office. He wears a three-piece suit. Lee sits sullenly before him. Billy and Francine lean on a nearby wall.

LEE

(wearily)

I didn't 'misplace' it.

DIRK

Fine. What was in this package you didn't misplace?

LEE

As I've said, I'm not sure. Frank Warner, our operative in Georgetown, contacted me, said he was going to be slipped a package of information at a party, and he would pass it on to me. I went undercover as a waiter...

(he indicates his shredded clothes)

... grabbed the package from Warner and ran. A second later, he was killed. I'm not sure what the exact information was, but it was supposed to be a key to plugging our leak.

DIRK

'Leak,' Scarecrow? Oh, I'd call it more than a leak. I'd call it a flood. A tidal wave!

(growing angry)

We can't sneeze around here without the KGB knowing about it! Every time we go to make a move against Russian intelligence, anywhere, anytime, we get sabotaged! Even missions called on twenty-four hours' notice... boom! They get us! We've lost four agents in the past two weeks!

(pounding desk)

They know what we're up to and they're getting the word out instantly to their people, and I want to know how!

(CONTINUED)

Throughout all this, Mr. Billy has restrained himself admirably. He pulls a box of cough drops from his pocket.

MR. BILLY

If you'll forgive me, Dirk, finding out 'how' is my department. Not yours.

DIRK

(nastily)

That's true, Billy. But when a month goes by and your boys...

(a nod to Francine)

... and girls... can't seem to do diddly, then Internal Affairs moves in to find the weak link!

LEE

(uncomfortably)

I wish you wouldn't look at me when you say 'weak link.'

MR. BILLY

Dirk, we have done diddly! We've monitored all known communication systems in the D.C. area to the point where we know the KGB isn't using any of them!

He pops cough drops in his mouth, chews.

DIRK

Fabulous. How're they talking to each other? Smoke signals? And now you tell me we might've had a clue to this thing, but our quarterback here fumbles the ball!

Lee glares at him.

DIRK

(continuing)

You start showing some results in the next week, Mr. Billy, or I'll write up a report that'll...

A SECRETARY sticks her head in.

SECRETARY

Excuse me, Mr. Billy, I thought you'd want to know, they just located Special Agent Guthrie.

32 ANGLE ON LEE

32

He breaks into a big, triumphant smile.

LEE

Dirk... The quarterback has just recovered the ball.

CUT TO:

33 INT. AUTOPSY ROOM - CLOSE ON GUTHRIE - DAY

33

He is the man in the red hat. And he is dead. A sheet is pulled over his face as CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Lee, Dirk, Mr. Billy, and Francine staring down at him. The room is small, nondescript, with medical equipment. On a small table is a stack of Guthrie's clothes, topped by the red baseball cap. A DOCTOR stands nearby.

DIRK

(staring at body;
to Lee)

This was your ball carrier?

LEE

When my cover was blown, I handed off to him. He was supposed to go in for the TD. Why are we talking like this?

MR. BILLY

(to Doctor)

Did he have a package with him when you found him?

DOCTOR

A package? No.

LEE

They must've gotten it when they shot him, Billy.

DOCTOR

He never mentioned a package.

LEE

You spoke to him?

DOCTOR

Yes. he was still alive when he was found. He did say he was supposed to meet you, Mr. Stetson. But that you never showed up.

Dirks looks over, heating up again. Lee is preoccupied.

LEE

Damn. She didn't give it to him.

(CONTINUED)

DIRK

Who? Who?

LEE

(exasperated)

The lady I gave the package to.

DIRK

You gave classified information to a stranger?!

MR. BILLY

Dirk.

LEE

They were chasing me! They caught me for a minute, too, if you'll recall! I gave the package to this lady at a commuter station and told her to give it to Guthrie!

DIRK

That violates every procedural ordinance we...

LEE

I didn't wanna lose the package!!

DIRK

But we did lose it, didn't we?! Scarecrow, you continue to ignore accepted procedures, and this is what comes of it!

LEE

(turning away; furiously)

Oh, for...

DIRK

Oh, I'm not saying you're maliciously incompetent, but son, you do lead a rather... flamboyant lifestyle. Even a degenerate of your calibre should learn to pace himself.

LEE

(really angry)

My 'lifestyle' is my business!

FRANCINE

Dirk, having once been an... intimate... part of Lee's lifestyle, I would like to go on record saying that he may be a drinker, a slob, and a lothario, but he is not quite a degenerate.

(CONTINUED)

LEE
(uncomfortably)
Thank you, Francine.

FRANCINE
You're welcome.
(to Dirk)
Aa for handing off the package, it's
the same ploy Lee used in Munich in
his brilliant rescue of Dr.
Forbisher's formula. His methods
may be slightly unorthodox, but The
Scarecrow always delivers.

LEE
I owe you a drink.

FRANCINE
(without looking at
him)
You owe me a dinner.

DIRK
If he always delivers, where the
hell is the package? Where the hell
is this 'lady?' And why wasn't I
told about Munich??!

MR. BILLY
(he's had it)
All right, calm down, everybody.
(turning to Lee)
Lee. Who was this woman?

LEE
(troubled)
I don't know.

DIRK
You don't know.

MR. BILLY
Dirk.

34 ANGLE ON LEE

34

He looks off, worried. Behind him, Billy pops cough
drops.

LEE
Whoever she is... If she's still
got that package, she's in a very
tight spot.

CUT TO:

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

36 EXT. MOBY'S DOCK DRIVE-IN - HIGH ANGLE - DAY 36

A gaudy nautical theme, with a jolly whale logo. CAMERA CRANES DOWN TO Amanda's car, where a carhop, dressed as a pirate, attaches a tray to her car window and leaves.

37 INT. AMANDA'S CAR 37

as Amanda doles out burgers, fries, hot dogs, etc. to Phillip, Jamie, an 11-year-old cheerleader, and a couple of other boys, all wearing dirty soccer clothes. Everyone is yelling to be heard.

KIDS

Can I have salt, Mom? Mom,
where're the napkins? I ordered
a triple cherry malt, not a shake,
Mrs. King!

AMANDA

(nose in bag)
Who ordered the Captain Ahab
fillet?

38 ANGLE ON DRIVER'S WINDOW 38

as Lee, dressed as a carhop with a pirate patch and bandana, sticks his head in. There's a Band-Aid on his chin.

LEE

We forgot your Quarter Pound
Harpooner with onions, Mrs. King.

AMANDA

I didn't order a...
(she looks up; aghast)
You again!

She immediately STARTS the CAR. Lee tries desperately to speak confidentially, for all the kids in the back seat are now staring.

LEE

(hissing)
You didn't do what I told you!

AMANDA

There were twenty-five men with
red hats on that train! Let go
of my car!

(CONTINUED)

38

CONTINUED:

38

Jamie leans over Amanda's shoulder.

JAMIE

Who's this man you're whispering to?

AMANDA

A total stranger!

LEE

I want that package!

AMANDA

Good! I don't!

LEE

I'll come to your house.

AMANDA

You certainly will not!

(to back seat)

Phillip, do not hit your brother
in the head with trash!

(to Lee)

I'll send it. Where do you live?

LEE

I can't tell you that.

AMANDA

Fine. Goodbye.

She starts backing up. Lee trots along with her.

LEE

Stop! I have to see you!

39

ANGLE ON BABS DALEY

39

She stands a few yards away, speechless, staring, holding
a carton of hamburgers.

40

EXT. AMANDA'S CAR

40

as Amanda sees Babs, looks heavenward, glares over at
Lee.

AMANDA

Are you going to let go of my car?

LEE

No.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

Amanda has the car in forward, and steps on the gas. Lee races along with it, managing to stuff his card under the windshield wiper.

LEE

(continuing)

Call me!

41 ANOTHER ANGLE

41

as Amanda's CAR SCREECHES off across the parking lot and out onto the road, tray and glass root beer mugs still hanging from her window. The carhop comes running out, and we --

DISSOLVE TO:

42 EXT. KING HOUSE - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

42

43 INT. KING LIVING ROOM - CLOSE ON LEE'S CARD - DAY

43

There's no name, no address. Just the numbers 555-4237.

44 ANOTHER ANGLE

44

reveals Amanda, staring thoughtfully at the card. She tosses it down on the couch, paces, glancing back at it, trying to decide what to do. Finally, she can't stand it anymore, picks up the phone and dials the number.

PHONE VOICE (FILTER)

Four-two-three-seven. Who's calling?

Amanda almost hangs up, but thinks better of it, and:

AMANDA

Uh... Amanda King.

There is a CLICK from the PHONE, then Lee's voice comes on. CAMERA MOVES SLOWLY IN ON Amanda, during:

LEE (V.O.)(FILTER)

I've been expecting your call.

AMANDA

(irritated)

I simply called to tell you to leave me alone.

(CONTINUED)

44

CONTINUED:

44

LEE (V.O.) (FILTER)

I think you called because you're
dying to know what this is all
about.

AMANDA

I am not!

LEE (V.O.) (FILTER)

It's okay. Curiosity's a healthy
thing.

AMANDA

Really? I understood it killed
the cat.

LEE (V.O.) (FILTER)

(suddenly
businesslike)

Mrs. King, have you noticed any
strange cars parked outside? It's
possible you're being watched.

Amanda glances nervously outside, suddenly aware that
this is serious stuff.

AMANDA

(fearfully)

What?

LEE (V.O.) (FILTER)

Look, I've put you to a lot of
trouble, and I don't want you to
be hurt. Believe me, it's urgent
we talk.

We are VERY CLOSE ON Amanda, who nervously thinks this
over as we...

CUT TO:

45

INT. KING KITCHEN - DAY

45

Dotty is standing at the butcher block, surrounded by
vegetables, cutlery, and a big duck she is attempting to
stuff. Jamie is rummaging in the freezer for something.
A portable TELEVISION faces Dotty.

46

ANGLE ON TV SCREEN

46

Mrs. Welch, jolly as ever, is holding forth.

(CONTINUED)

46

CONTINUED:

46

MRS. WELCH

... Trussing your bird is an important step, ladies! Without proper stitching, everything falls out. As any surgeon will tell you.

47

BACK TO SCENE

47

as Amanda enters, dressed in a nice pant and sweater combo.

AMANDA

(eyeing TV; buttoning a cuff)

Mrs. Welch again?

DOTTY

(watching TV carefully)

The four o'clock show. 'Colonial Cookery' is on twice a day.

(looking up)

If it bothers you, you could send me for private lessons. Mrs. Welch does give them.

AMANDA

(quickly)

No, no. This is fine. Really.

DOTTY

(inspecting Amanda)

You're certainly fixed up.

AMANDA

Mother. All I did was put on makeup and comb my hair.

JAMIE

(pulling an ice cream sandwich from freezer)

Usually your hair is sorta frazzled.

AMANDA

Usually I'm sorta frazzled. Mother, no TV 'til they do their homework, okay?

JAMIE

Grandma never makes us do our homework!

(CONTINUED)

47

CONTINUED:

47

DOTTY

That's not true!

(watching TV closely)

Isn't Dean supposed to call at eight?

AMANDA

(at door)

I'll be back before then.

DOTTY

Oh, I hope so. You know how Dean is... so prompt. Uh, if you're not here...

(she looks up with just a hint of suspicion)

... where shall I say you are?

AMANDA

(groping)

At... my club.

She quickly goes out.

48

ANGLE ON DOTTY

48

She nods and goes back to her duck. Suddenly she looks up.

DOTTY

What club?

CUT TO:

49.

EXT. WASHINGTON CHANNEL MARINA - DAY

49

PAN the orderly rows of pleasure craft TO a motor launch. We now see where the launch is headed: An immense, absolutely gorgeous yacht looms in the distance. Its deck is alive with party-goers, and we can hear MUSIC from a small ORCHESTRA.

50

EXT. YACHT DECK - ANGLE ON TOP OF GANGWAY - DAY

50

Party guests arrive, joining others already there, climbing up steps from the motor launch in the water below. They are international, beautiful and well-dressed, wearing daytime formal wear topped by Halloween masks or costume hats. Jack-o-lanterns are everywhere.

(CONTINUED)

Appearing now at the top of the steps are Amanda and Lee, who is splendidly dressed in a tuxedo. Amanda looks around at all this, then over at Lee.

AMANDA

Look, Mr. Stetson...

LEE

Lee.

AMANDA

I met you on the dock like you asked, now you bring me out to this boat...

LEE

I just thought this'd be a nice change of pace from our usual encounters. Anyway, we're among friends, so it's a safe place to talk.

Amanda notes with surprise that Mrs. Welch has come up the steps and joined the party.

AMANDA

(a little awed, in
spite of herself)

These people are your friends?

LEE

Well, they're friends of the Contessa's, and she's an old pal. We met in Oslo. I skied through her French doors. It's a long story.

AMANDA

Yes.

An elegant woman, wearing a slinky dress and donkey ears, approaches. As she passes, she seductively caresses Lee's chin, blows him a kiss. He winks "hi." Amanda watches this distastefully, then, glancing at her watch:

AMANDA

(continuing)

Could you just tell me whatever it is you wanted to tell me? I'm expecting an important call, and...

Lee hands Amanda a glass of champagne from a passing waiter's tray.

(CONTINUED)

50

CONTINUED: (2)

50

LEE

We do have a lot to talk about.

Another gorgeous woman, CELESTE, approaches, wearing a low-cut gown. On her head are bobbing green antennae.

CELESTE

(sultry)

Hi, Lee. Want to dance?

LEE

Can't, Celeste. Uh, I'd like you to meet Amanda King. Celeste Van Kreswinkle.

Celeste looks Amanda up and down.

CELESTE

(to Amanda)

That's marvelous. You came as a housewife. Ooh, that's nutty.

She goes. Amanda stares sourly after her. The ORCHESTRA has swung into something COLE PORTER-ISH. Lee takes both their glasses and sets them on the tray of a passing waiter.

LEE

Would you care to dance?

AMANDA

Well, I...

51 CLOSE ON LEE

51

He gazes down at her with that dazzling smile.

52 CLOSE ON AMANDA

52

caught off-guard again by his gaze. She surrenders.

53 TWO SHOT

53

as Lee takes her in his arms and they glide across the deck.

AMANDA

How did you find me again?

(CONTINUED)

LEE
(drawing closer;
mysteriously)
We have ways.

AMANDA
(smiles)
I thought only Nazis and spies
talked that way.

LEE
(pleasantly)
Amanda. I swear to God. I'm not
a Nazi.

Amanda chuckles, then her smile fades as she thinks this over and looks up at him apprehensively. The MUSIC SWELLS, and they dance off, passing the bandstand where the orchestra plays, dressed as demons. CAMERA SOARS UP, revealing the expanse of the fabulous boat, as Lee and Amanda pass behind the bridge, and we...

CUT TO:

EXT. YACHT DECK - TABLE AREA - AMANDA AND LEE - DAY

A bit later. The two of them sit at a table. Amanda looks a bit shaken, trying to comprehend what Lee has just told her. She gulps the last of her champagne, and:

AMANDA
(shaky)
So. You're a spy.

LEE
(distastefully)
Actually, we don't say 'spy.'

He hands her another glass of champagne.

AMANDA
(takes a sip; then)
Geez, I thought you were a gangster.

LEE
You understand that you can't
mention me or this conversation
to anyone. Not your best friend.
Not your therapist. Not your
husband.

AMANDA
Fiance. Well... yes... of course.

(CONTINUED)

She looks at him again and gulps some champagne.

LEE

And not just for national security.
Knowing our little secret would
put your family in a very vulnerable
position. If they don't know
anything, they can't be targets.

AMANDA

(nods; gulps more
champagne, then
suddenly looks
up at him)

What about me?

LEE

(shrugs)

Sometimes these things can't be
avoided.

AMANDA

Terrific.

She drinks more champagne.

LEE

Anyway, whatever's in the package
may stop this leak of ours. And
stop these killings, too.

AMANDA

(shaking her head)

How can you live like this? Knowing
... you could be next?

LEE

I prefer not living like this. You
can see why that package is so
important.

AMANDA

Yes... Sure... I understand that.
There's just one problem.

LEE

What?

AMANDA

I didn't bring it with me.

On Lee's stunned reaction, we --

CUT TO:

55

EXT. WASHINGTON CHANNEL - MOTOR LAUNCH - TRAVELING
SHOT - DAY

55

Lee is grumpy and driving. Amanda sits sullenly in the seat next to him.

LEE

You knew I wanted the package!
Why didn't you bring it?

AMANDA

Insurance! I figured if you were a gangster, you wouldn't kill me if you needed me to get to it!

LEE

That's how your mind works? Most people would be happy to get rid of something like that!

AMANDA

(hotly)

Most people wouldn't have taken the damn thing in the first place! Most people wouldn't have called you up, and met you on some dumb dock, and come to a party hideously underdressed! Would you mind not yelling at me?!

LEE

(softening)

I'm sorry... Look, it's just that this is very, very important, and I'm getting a lot of pressure...

AMANDA

(a moment; she softens, too)

I know. It hasn't been my best day, either. Anyway, I'm glad to get everything finally straightened out.

She stares off at the water, then chuckles.

LEE

(smiles; looks over)

What?

AMANDA

Nothing... I almost did the dumbest thing with your package.

LEE

What was that?

(CONTINUED)

55

CONTINUED:

. 55

AMANDA

No, you'd just laugh.

In the distance, we hear an APPROACHING SPEEDBOAT. Lee casually gives the horn a couple of toots. Amanda settles comfortably back in her seat and looks up at the sky.

AMANDA

(continuing;
happily watching
the sky)

You know... This is almost fun?

The APPROACHING SPEEDBOAT is suddenly very LOUD.

56

ANOTHER ANGLE

56

reveals the sleek black speedboat as it adjusts its position and seems to be heading straight for them.

AMANDA

(sitting up)

Maybe they can't see you?

Lee blows the boat horn. The speedboat still comes.

AMANDA

(continuing; more
concerned)

Maybe they can't hear you?

Now the boat is almost on top of them. At the last second Lee sharply turns the boat to the left and the speedboat whizzes by.

AMANDA

(continuing;
frightened)

Maybe they don't care?

LEE

(yelling over
the racket)

They must've followed you!

AMANDA

Who?!

Like an angry hornet, the speedboat quickly turns around and returns for another pass at them.

57 THE CHANNEL

57

The cat and mouse game continues, Lee zigzagging wildly, the speedboat right on his tail. They dash between two anchored boats, and Lee makes a quick turn to avoid another. They are suddenly in the midst of a dozen anchored cabin cruisers. Lee makes a hard turn, and they ROAR down a corridor of boats.

58 LEE AND AMANDA

58

looking behind them.

LEE

We lost 'em!

AMANDA

(suddenly looking
forward)

Lee!

Now Lee looks, gasps, and turns the wheel as hard as he can.

59 CABIN CRUISER - THEIR POV

59

We are SHOOTING FROM BEHIND their heads as their launch races toward a huge cabin cruiser. There is no way they will miss a catastrophic collision with it. People on nearby boats wave and stare in horror.

60 LEE AND AMANDA

60

She throws her arms over her head, Lee lets out a bellow, and as their boat ROARS beneath CAMERA, OUT OF FRAME, we...

CUT TO:

61 INT. KING KITCHEN - CLOSE ON DOTTY - NIGHT

61

She is kneeling at Amanda's bare feet and arranging newspaper under her. CAMERA TILTS UP to reveal a dripping wet Amanda wringing out her sweater. She looks a trifle banged up.

DOTTY

I'm sure I don't have to point out
how untoward this looks, dear.

AMANDA

You're right. You don't.

Dotty crosses to the stove and makes hot tea. Amanda is unrolling gobs of paper towels.

62 DOTTY

62

as she pours hot water. Amanda, in the b.g. has opened the window and is leaning out.

DOTTY

(her back to
Amanda)

I cannot imagine what kind of people belong to this club of yours. What kind of club did you say it was?

AMANDA

(her head out
the window)

Marine Life. Uh, we're saving the clams.

(a furious whisper
to the outside)

Get off the tulips!

63 ANOTHER ANGLE

63

as Dotty turns to look at Amanda just as Amanda jerks her head back inside. She looks at Dotty with a foolish smile, then crosses to the swinging door.

DOTTY

I didn't realize clams were an endangered species.

Amanda disappears through the door.

64 EXT. KING GARDEN

64

Lee, also soaked, shivers in the bushes, dabbing at his tux with the wad of paper towels. He sneezes.

65 INT. KITCHEN

65

as Amanda races back in through the swinging door.

AMANDA

(stricken)

Mother, where is it?

DOTTY

Where's what, dear?

AMANDA

The package that should be sitting on the dining room table, exactly where I put it!

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

65

DOTTY

Oh, that. I mailed it. Did you
track water out there?

She starts for the swinging door with a towel.

AMANDA

You mailed it?

66 EXT. GARDEN

66

Lee stares up at the window, horrified. Inside, we can
see the two women.

AMANDA

(inside)

Why would you do that?

DOTTY

(pleasantly)

Well, dear, ever since your father
died and I came to stay here, I've
always tried to lighten your load...

AMANDA

(lost)

Yes... yes...

DOTTY

(eyeing the wet clothes)

... Particularly now that your
personal life seems so... complicated.

AMANDA

Mother...

DOTTY

Well, your package was all wrapped
up to send to your Aunt Minnie in
Maine. I thought I'd save you the
trouble!

She exits. Amanda races to the window, sticks her head out.

LEE

(whispering angrily)

Have you gone crazy?!

AMANDA

(wretchedly)

I hadn't heard from you, and I didn't
know who you were, and I didn't know
what it was, and I thought it'd be
safe there... It seemed like a good
idea at the time!...

67

INT. KITCHEN

67

Dotty comes back in, carrying the now wet towel, grumbling to herself. Amanda whips herself back inside, assumes a "casual" pose, leaning against the wall.

AMANDA

But, Mother, I wasn't going to mail it until tomorrow!...

DOTTY

(wringing out towel)
Well, I went to get my nails wrapped and the Fickle Finger is right next to the post office. I always say never put off 'til tomorrow what you can...

AMANDA

(miserably)
I know, I know.

DOTTY

(picking up her tea;
heading out of room)
I don't drive, Amanda, so this was no picnic...

AMANDA

I know, I know...

Dotty exits. Amanda turns to the window, finding herself face to face with Lee. He glares at her for a moment, then, as calmly as possible:

LEE

Is this the dumb thing you almost did that would've made me laugh?

CUT TO:

68

INT. MR. BILLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

68

Mr. Billy is pacing, wearing robe and pajamas, carrying the phone, controlling himself with difficulty.

MR. BILLY

Let me repeat back your suggestion, just to make sure I got it right. You'd like me to call the postmaster, ask him to get out of bed, go downtown, open the post office, and let you go rummaging around through a couple of tons of mail, is that fairly accurate?

(CONTINUED)

68

CONTINUED:

68

He shakes cough drops from the box straight into his mouth, chews.

INTERCUT WITH Lee, standing out in Amanda's garden, holding a phone, the cord of which stretches into the kitchen window.

LEE

Billy, are you upset? I can't tell if you're eating cough drops or not.

MR. BILLY

(with growing anger)

Are you by any chance aware that the boat you destroyed tonight belonged to the assistant to the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff? And that I have been up all night explaining that the joyriding gigolo who totalled his boat was one of my men??!

LEE

I was working, Billy. Look, they...

MR. BILLY

(exploding)

In a tuxedo??! No, Stetson, I will not call the postmaster because agents who are on suspension have no business going through other people's mail!!

LEE

(jocular)

Gee, Billy, you're not saying I'm suspended...

CUT TO:

69

INT. LEE'S PORSCHE - AMANDA AND LEE - NIGHT

69

as Lee drives, looking very grumpy.

AMANDA

You're suspended?

LEE

A temporary setback.

70

EXT. POST OFFICE - HIGH ANGLE - NIGHT

70

Lee's Porsche is a classic 1965 model. It pulls into the deserted parking lot, and he turns his lights out. Lee and Amanda climb out and head toward a rear entrance.

71 LEE AND AMANDA - TRACKING SHOT

71

They're dressed in warm, dark clothes. Amanda is terrified.

AMANDA

I still don't see why I had to come.

They reach the door, Lee kneels, handing Amanda the flashlight. He aims it at the lock.

LEE

Because you wrapped the lousy thing.
I don't know what I'm looking for.

Amanda nervously holds the light while Lee picks the lock.

AMANDA

Isn't this illegal?

LEE

Yes.

CUT TO:

72 INT. POST OFFICE - NIGHT

72

It's very dark, and they are working by flashlight. Exhausted, Lee and Amanda are covered by a sea of cardboard.

AMANDA

Lee, we've been here for three hours.

LEE

Damn. They must've gotten here
before we did.

Suddenly a flashlight beam hits Lee and Amanda in the face. They look up, fearfully blinking in the light.

73 THEIR POV

73

A blinding spot of light, surrounded by darkness.

A VOICE

Don't move.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

74 EXT. AGENCY HEADQUARTERS BUILDING - NEXT DAY 74
CAMERA MOVES IN ON a lower, sidewalk level window.

75 INT. A SECTION OF AGENCY CORRIDOR - DAY 75
Mr. Billy and Lee are practically nose to nose.

MR. BILLY

What you've never managed to grasp
is that you work for the government!
Whenever we have a problem, some
congressman picks up the phone.
Dirk gets those calls. He's
desperate to cover his butt, so
he starts pointing fingers.

LEE

So I'm still suspended.

MR. BILLY

If you just hadn't broken into the
post office!... I understand you,
Lee, but these guys from Internal
Affairs have no sense of humor!

76 INT. A WAITING AREA - DAY 76

A section of corridor set up with a few chairs, a couch,
some tables. Nearby, secretaries type at their desks.
Francine is baby-sitting Amanda, thumbing through a maga-
zine. Amanda looks around, then makes a stab at conver-
sation.

AMANDA

So do you like this work? I mean,
do you get out a lot, or is it
mostly tapping phones?

Francine looks up at Amanda over the edge of her maga-
zine.

FRANCINE

What is it you said you do, dear?

AMANDA

I'm, you know, a... uh... mother,
and Den Mother... and I'm looking
for work... Actually, I do a lot.

(CONTINUED)

FRANCINE

Sounds like. I guess I should've found time for some of those things, but it's hard when you're building a prestigious international career.

AMANDA

(weakly)

Yes.

FRANCINE

But I believe it's never too late for today's woman to do anything she wants. Now that I'm a successful professional, I'm going back to school and learning how to cook.

AMANDA

Good for you.

FRANCINE

That Mrs. Welch is giving me private lessons from her colonial cookbook. You know, Nancy R. won't boil an egg without her.

Amanda forces an encouraging smile. Francine goes back to reading.

CLOSE ON AMANDA

She turns away, muttering out of the corner of her mouth:

AMANDA

(to herself)

Nose job.

CUT TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON MALL - TRACKING SHOT - LATE AFTERNOON

Leaves are falling in the nearly deserted Mall as Amanda and Lee walk past the beautiful old monuments.

LEE

... Anyway, I'm sorry I dragged you into all this.

AMANDA

This sounds like a goodbye.

(CONTINUED)

LEE

It is. You have another life to get back to.

They walk in silence for a moment, passing a group of school children posing for their class photo. Then:

AMANDA

How about you? Do you have another life?

LEE

Not so you'd notice.

AMANDA

Never a Mrs. Spy? No little spies? No girlfriends? No boyfriends?

LEE

You've heard the word 'loner'?

He points at himself.

AMANDA

You don't go to those stupid singles' bars, do you? What kind of girl do you expect to meet there?

LEE

Look, just don't worry about it, okay?

AMANDA

Do you have someplace to go for Thanksgiving?

LEE

Amanda, I happen to like being alone. You'll notice, I don't even work with a partner.

AMANDA

No, I hadn't noticed. I was too busy working with you.

LEE

You're not a partner. You were an emergency. A partner's a guy who laughs at your jokes, loans you his socks, and... one day... takes a bullet in the head for you.

He looks off across the Mall. Amanda watches him for a moment, then:

(CONTINUED)

78

CONTINUED: (2)

78

AMANDA

(quietly)

Were you two friends for a long
time?

LEE

Not long enough.

(shaking off
the sadness)

Goodbye, Amanda.

They have reached the end of the Mall. Lee gestures
toward a waiting car, the driver of which stands holding
the door open.

AMANDA

Will I see you again?

LEE

No.

AMANDA

What're you going to do?

LEE

Well, I thought I'd lick this case
and clear my name. Then I thought
I'd get drunk.

(shakes her hand)

Goodbye, Amanda. Thanks for your
help.

He turns and walks off across the Mall.

79

CLOSE ON AMANDA

79

She watches him go, a little saddened by their abrupt
parting.

AMANDA

Goodbye, Lee.

CUT TO:

80

INT. KING LIVING ROOM - CLOSE ON CHAMPAGNE BOTTLE -
NIGHT

80

The CORK is POPPED, and CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal, sil-
houetted against the fire in the fireplace, Amanda and
Dean. They are seated on the floor in front of couch.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

80

AMANDA
I missed you, Dean.

He puts an arm around her neck, draws her to him, and they kiss.

81 ANOTHER ANGLE

81

SHOOTING FROM BEHIND the couch as they sink down on the floor, out of our view.

82 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

82

Phillip and Jamie come down the hallway, wearing pajamas. Phillip looks nervous. Jamie looks like a jailer. They reach the landing at the top of the stairs and look down into the living room.

83 THEIR POV - THE LIVING ROOM

83

Dean and Amanda aren't visible beyond the couch.

JAMIE (O.S.)
(loud)
Excuse me!

Amanda flies up into view, straightening her hair, looking embarrassed and a little irked.

AMANDA
What is it, Jamie? What's wrong?

84 ANOTHER ANGLE

84

as the boys troop down the stairs TOWARDS Amanda and CAMERA.

JAMIE
(officially)
Phillip has something to tell you.
(to Phillip)
Now you're gonna get it.

Phillip glares at his younger brother. Jamie is really enjoying this.

AMANDA
Jamie.
(to Phillip)
What is it, sweetheart?

(CONTINUED)

PHILLIP
(staring at
the floor)
I opened the present.

AMANDA
What present?

PHILLIP
The one on the dining room table.

AMANDA
(suddenly
sitting up)
The one I put out to be mailed?

JAMIE
Just like he did last Christmas,
remember?

AMANDA
Jamie.
(to Phillip)
Honey, was that the one?

PHILLIP
Yes.

AMANDA
Uh, how much did you see?

PHILLIP
All of it, I guess. An old music
box.

AMANDA
(vamping)
Uh-huh, the music box.

PHILLIP
But I'm not the one who broke it.
It didn't work before I shook it.
Just a card fell out.

AMANDA
(struggling to
stay calm)
A card? What kind of card?

PHILLIP
Just an old card. With writing
on it.

85 ANGLE ON AMANDA

85

as she reacts and we --

CUT TO:

86 INT. LEE'S BEDROOM - CLOSE ON PHONE - NIGHT

86

It's very dark. The PHONE RINGS. Again. A hand reaches INTO FRAME, lifts the receiver.

87 ANOTHER ANGLE

87

reveals Lee answering the phone. He's in bed, apparently naked, and not in the mood for a phone call.

LEE

(into phone)

Hello? Who? All right, connect her.

88 INT. KING KITCHEN - NIGHT

88

Amanda is on the phone, bursting with excitement, keeping her voice as low as possible.

AMANDA

Lee? Hi, it's me! I'm so glad I caught you! Hmm? Well, I...

(a sudden thought)

Uh... You're not alone, are you?

We now see that Lee certainly isn't alone. Lying next to Lee, attired similarly, is a lovely young woman named Margie. We INTERCUT BETWEEN Lee and Amanda.

LEE

Amanda, what do you want?

Margie looks quizzically up at him.

AMANDA

I know what was in that package.

LEE

What?

AMANDA

One of my kids opened it before my mother mailed it.

LEE

Great family.

(CONTINUED)

88

CONTINUED:

88

AMANDA

You want to hear this or not?

LEE

Not over the phone. Meet me
somewhere.

In the kitchen, the swinging door opens TOWARD CAMERA,
startling Amanda, who whips the phone behind her back,
frantically groping for an excuse. From behind the door
we hear:

DEAN (O.S.)

(casualy)

Ordering a pizza?

89

ANGLE ON AMANDA

89

AMANDA

Yes! Good!

Dean is crossing to the refrigerator, and Amanda follows
his cross with her eyes.

DEAN (O.S.)

Great. I'm always hungry afterwards,
myself.

We can hear the REFRIGERATOR DOOR OPEN and Dean RUMMAGING
inside it. The RUMMAGING STOPS.

90

TWO SHOT - AMANDA AND REFRIGERATOR

90

The door to the fridge is open TOWARD CAMERA. We can see
Dean's legs below it.

DEAN (O.S.)

Wait a minute. We didn't do anything.

Amanda looks heavenward. In Lee's bedroom, he covers the
mouthpiece, struggling to stifle a giggle.

AMANDA

Well... I like to be prepared. Look,
I'll just...

(holding receiver near
face, speaking loud,
for Lee's benefit)

... run over to Pizza Bowl. I can
be there in ten minutes.

(CONTINUED)

90

CONTINUED:

90

In Lee's bedroom he smiles, absorbing this information. Margie has snuggled next to him, nibbling on his ear. Now, from the phone, Lee hears KISSING NOISES, and grimaces.

CUT TO:

91

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

91

A car has run up off the road, its front wheels resting in bushes. From the open car door, workmen are pulling a limp body from the driver's seat and carrying it toward a waiting, dark colored station wagon, the side windows of which have been blacked out. In a pool of light formed by searchlights attached to the station wagon and their own government vehicle stand Mr. Billy and Dirk. The wrecked car is full of bullet holes. A workman approaches Dirk and Mr. Billy.

MR. BILLY

(to workman)

Jeffries?

The workman nods and goes. Mr. Billy pops an aspirin.

MR. BILLY

(continuing;

to Dirk)

Last night it was Fielding in Portland. Tonight, Jeffries. Dirk, I want Lee Stetson back on the job.

CUT TO:

92

EXT. PIZZA BOWL - NIGHT

92

It's a seedy looking place with a flashing neon sign, part of which is burned out. Lee's Porsche, with Margie and Lee inside it, pulls up to the entrance.

93

INT. PIZZA BOWL

93

Amanda sits nervously at a table, being eyed by two surly teenagers playing a video game. One of them looks over at her and winks. She smiles weakly, as Lee comes inside.

LEE

(looking around)

You sure know the hot spots.

(CONTINUED)

AMANDA

(glancing outside
at Margie)

I thought you were a loner.

LEE

Would you just give me the information?

Behind them, Babs Daley, Amanda's nosey neighbor, has come in, and crossed to the order window.

AMANDA

(pulling out an
index card)

Okay. I wrote this down, just as
Phillip told it to me.

(proudly)

He's got a great memory. Gets it
from me. Ready?

She looks up to see Mrs. Daley staring at them.

AMANDA

(continuing; to Mrs.
Daley: she indicates
Lee with a weak smile)

Cousin.

Mrs. Daley purses her lips and turns away.

LEE AND AMANDA - CLOSER ANGLE

Lee is grinning at her.

AMANDA

Okay. Ready?

(with great
importance)

'Duck a la Nathan Hale. Valley Forge
Flapjacks. Pilgrims Peach Puff.'

She puts down the card with a triumphant smile. Lee just
stares at her. A long moment. Then:

LEE

That's it?

AMANDA

What do you mean 'that's it?' Doesn't
any of that mean anything to you?

LEE

No.

(CONTINUED)

AMANDA
(disappointed)

Oh.

LEE
I mean, I'll run it through our
code department... But to tell
you the truth, this doesn't help
an awful lot.

AMANDA
Oh. I thought it would.

LEE
I know. And I appreciate it. Look,
Amanda, I think you oughta stay away
from this. People in my business
have years of training. It could
get dangerous for you. Even worse,
you could screw things up.

AMANDA
(standing; hotly)
Oh, I wouldn't want to do that.
Listen, I'll be only too glad to
stay away! You think I've enjoyed
this? That is a real laugh, you
know that? I was just trying to
help you keep your job...

LEE
I've got my job. Billy just called
and wants me back. There was another
murder tonight.

Amanda is suddenly caught up again.

AMANDA
(sitting down;
breathless)
Another agent got killed tonight?

LEE
Mmm. Jeffries. An awful nice guy.
The night before it was Fielding.
In Portland. Anyway, they've given
me an assignment for tomorrow.

AMANDA
You'll... be careful, won't you?

LEE
(with a casual grin)
Hey...

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED: (2)

94

Lee glances out the window. Margie is tapping urgently on the windshield. Amanda looks at her, a bit distastefully, then over at Lee.

LEE

(continuing)

Margie's always hungry... afterwards.

Amanda reddens. Lee grins at her. We --

CUT TO:

95 EXT. KING HOME - DAY

95

96 INT. KING LIVING ROOM - DAY

96

An AEROBICS RECORD is PLAYING, and Amanda is exuberantly vacuuming in time to the music.

RECORD

(to a driving
disco beat)

And stretch! And lift! And stretch!
You can do it!

Amanda throws the vacuum out and pulls it back again, stretching for all she's worth.

97 CLOSE ON AMANDA

97

She's muttering to herself, in time to the MUSIC.

AMANDA

Duck a la Nathan Hale. Valley Forge
Flapjacks. Pilgrims Peach Puff.

She suddenly looks up. She has an idea.

CUT TO:

98 INT. KING KITCHEN - DAY

98

Amanda sits at the table, every cookbook and recipe box in the house spread messily out before her. She wearily closes a cookbook, adds it to a stack of other rejects, then starts going through a recipe box. She finally comes to what she's been searching for. She stares at the card.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED:

98

AMANDA
(surprised;
reading)
Duck a la Nathan Hale.

She quickly searches toward the rear of the box, pulling out a card.

99 CLOSE ON CARD - INSERT

99

Printed at the top of the recipe card are the words:
"VALLEY FORGE FLAPJACKS."

AMANDA (O.S.)
(reading)
Valley Forge Flapjacks.

100 BACK TO AMANDA

100

as Dotty enters, stares at the mess.

DOTTY
Even as a child, you weren't neat
in the kitchen.

AMANDA
Mother, I was looking through your
recipe box, and these two recipes
aren't in any of the cookbooks.
I never heard of them before.

DOTTY
Of course not. They're from the
Colonial Cookery Show. You only
get original recipes from Mrs. Welch.

AMANDA
(bewildered)
Mrs. Welch? Did you see her show
this morning?

DOTTY
No. I had a migraine.

AMANDA
(disappointed)
Oh.

DOTTY
But if the machine worked right, I
got it on tape.

CUT TO:

101 INT. KING LIVING ROOM - ANGLE ON TELEVISION SCREEN - 101
DAY

A title card reads "Colonial Cookery." THEME MUSIC:

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

... Who comes to you live from her
own Virginia kitchen.

The picture dissolves to Mrs. Welch, jolly as ever.

MRS. WELCH

Welcome, welcome, dear friends, to
my home! We're all one big family
of eaters across this land of plenty!...

102 THE ROOM 102

Dotty watches Amanda, puzzled. Amanda is on the edge of
her chair, tensely clutching the card with the three
mysterious phrases on it.

MRS. WELCH (V.O.)

Now I want you to set those ovens
for exactly 400 degrees. And time
is important here... We'll be baking
just one hour. And what is the
dish, you ask?

103 CLOSE ON AMANDA 103

ready to snap. She silently mouths the words "Pilgrims
Peach Puff."

104 THE SCREEN 104

MRS. WELCH

I call it... "Pilgrims Peach Puff."

105 DOTTY 105

watching the screen.

DOTTY

Sounds wonderful. What do you think?

She turns to Amanda. CAMERA PANS TO an empty chair where
Amanda was sitting.

DOTTY

(continuing)

Amanda?

CUT TO:

106 INT. KING KITCHEN

106

Amanda roars through the swinging door, screeching to a stop by the phone. She frantically dials, and:

AMANDA

(into phone)

Yes, yes. Amanda King calling.

(she waits,
dying, until)Hello? What do you mean Mr. Stetson
doesn't answer his ring?! Please!

Try again!

CUT TO:

107 INT. GLOOMY ALLEY - HIGH ANGLE - DAY

107

Even during the day, the run-down alley is a dark and forbidding place, winding between tall tenements. CAMERA CRANES DOWN TO a dark, plain car, parked behind some packing crates. In the front seat are two foul looking HITMEN. They watch the other end of the alley for a moment. One of the two looks down at something on the seat. The other suddenly nudges him and points.

108 LOADING DOCK - HITMEN'S POV

108

Lee's Porsche pulls slowly up to a loading dock. Lee looks around and gets out.

109 BACK TO HITMEN

109

One of them picks up a large photo from the seat of the car, and looks at it.

110 PHOTO - INSERT

110

It is a picture of Lee.

HITMAN #1 (V.O.)

Pilgrims Peach Puff. Right on time.

111 LEE

111

looking around in the gloom. He creeps along the dark loading dock area, passing by a stack of crates, finally reaching a forbidding looking door. He starts to push it open.

112 CLOSE ON LEE

112

He looks inside the darkened doorway, puzzled. Behind him, a gloved hand reaches INTO FRAME, belts him over the head with the butt of a gun, and we:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

114 INT. LOCAL TV STATION - DAY

114

The call letters WPED are displayed above the reception desks, where Amanda stands waiting, and a bored receptionist stares at TV monitor. A CLERK comes out of a door, carrying a fat file folder.

CLERK

Here's what you want, Mrs. King.
The station's log books will give
you the dates of each of Mrs. Welch's
broadcasts.

AMANDA

Oh, thanks. You've been very helpful.

CLERK

Glad to help. A food wing at the
Smithsonian is long overdue.

AMANDA

(feebly)

Yes.

(looks down at books,
then)

Mrs. Welch broadcasts live from her
house, does she?

CLERK

Ah, yes. A lovely old place on the
Bay Drive. John Hancock's valet died
of smallpox there.

115 ANOTHER ANGLE

115

as the Clerk goes over to speak to the receptionist.
Amanda moves away and pores through a list of broadcasts.

AMANDA

(mumbling, reading
book)

Duck a la Nathan Hale... broadcast
October 23rd.

(she looks at
an index card.)

... The same day Fielding died in
Portland.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

115

AMANDA (CONT'D)
 (she flips
 furiously through
 the book)
 Valley Forge Flapjacks... The next
 day. The day Jeffries was killed.
 (she looks up,
 bleakly staring off
 across the room)
 And Pilgrims Peach Puff today.
 Someone's going to die.
 (grimly)
Lee has a mission today.

CUT TO:

116 INT. MRS. WELCH'S BASEMENT - COLD STORAGE AREA - DAY

116

Dark and creepy, with hanging carcasses awaiting
 butchering. CAMERA MOVES BETWEEN pillars, carcasses,
 and vats, finally coming TO Lee Stetson. He's tied up
 and unconscious.

CUT TO:

117 INT. KING LIVING ROOM - CLOSE ON CUB SCOUT - DAY

117

The uniformed boy, about nine, is screaming his head off.

118 ANOTHER ANGLE

118

reveals him tied up in a chair, with two other boys
 practicing knots on him. The room is filled with Cub
 Scouts, screaming, running, practicing knots on every
 possible surface. Amanda is in the corner, on the phone,
 trying to listen, and at the same time help three Cub
 Scouts with their knots. She holds an instruction manual
 in her free hand and wears a Den Mother uniform.

119 CLOSER ANGLE - AMANDA AND BOYS

119

AMANDA
 (into phone)
 I know I just phoned. Please try
 Mr. Stetson again.
 (calling across
 room)
 Boys, get off Ralph right now.
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

AMANDA (CONT'D)

(reading from
manual)

'... The Killick Hitch knot, when properly executed, can be quickly untied...'

(into phone,
frustrated)

Well, can you tell me if he's picked up his messages? Yes, I'll hold.

She wrestles with her knot, can't untie it.

JAMIE

Gee, Mom, I guess you didn't properly execute it.

AMANDA

(dryly)

Thank you for pointing that out, sweetheart.

(into phone)

What? Isn't that unusual? He told me he picks up every two hours without fail! Well, do you have another number I could try? This is an emergency! I know you have your orders... Hello?

(she hangs up,
stares off)

Oh God.

The boys stare at her, puzzled. Amanda is thinking fast.

AMANDA

(continuing; muttering to
herself, rapid fire)

I can't just sit here... Where is he?
This is none of my business.

JAMIE

(timidly)

Mom?

AMANDA

(still muttering)

That house. The answer's in that house...

JAMIE

You look sorta frazzled again, Mom.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED: (2)

118

AMANDA

(calling)

Mother!!

(she stands)

I'm sorry, but I have to go out for a minute, boys. However, at this time I'd like to introduce a real knot expert.

Dotty enters and the boys burst into applause. She stares at them blankly.

AMANDA

(continuing; handing

Dotty the rope)

Take over!

Amanda grabs her purse and heads for the door. Dotty follows, CAMERA TRACKING WITH them.

DOTTY

Where are you going? Who was that on the phone?!

(tentatively)

Amanda... darling... I suppose it goes without saying that a good relationship is nothing to tamper with... Dean is coming for dinner...

AMANDA

Mother! I'll be back in plenty of time for dinner! I happen to have an emergency at my club!

She exits.

120 ANGLE ON DOTTY

120

She stares at the door, then:

DOTTY

Those poor dear clams must really be in trouble.

CUT TO:

121 EXT. VIRGINIA ROAD - HIGH ANGLE - DAY

121

Amanda's car creeps around a bend in the wooded area. There are few houses. CAMERA CRANES DOWN TO her car window as she comes to a stop, studying a map, peering out at the gloomy foliage. Now she sees it:

122 EXT. MRS. WELCH'S HOUSE - DAY

122

It is a big brick Colonial house on a slight rise, surrounded by a brick and wrought iron wall. It is eerie looking, to say the least.

123 AMANDA'S CAR

123

as she pulls around to the side. There is a back entrance, for deliveries, and a WORKMAN is unloading crates from a grocery truck in the cobblestone courtyard, carrying them to a basement entrance. Amanda parks the car behind a clump of trees, quietly getting out, watching the activity from behind some bushes.

124 HER POV

124

As the Workman pushes a hand truck loaded with gourds, several roll out onto the ground. When he leans down to get them, CAMERA ZOOMS IN ON the pistol stuffed in his belt.

125 ANOTHER ANGLE - AMANDA

125

Still wearing her Den Mother uniform, Amanda has come out from behind the bushes and walks through the back gates toward the courtyard, pausing to pick up one of the escaped gourds.

AMANDA

(to herself;
nervously)

Boy, I hope I can look back at this
and laugh.

(to Workman;
calling)

Yoo-hoo!... Hello!

WORKMAN

(turning)

Yeah?

AMANDA

You dropped your gourd.

(coming closer)

Wanna buy some Cub Scout Cookies?

I only have three boxes left.

WORKMAN

(starting away again;
gruffly)

We bought already.

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED:

125

AMANDA

Oh. Well, thanks anyway.

She places the gourd she picked up on top of the heap. There is an immediate avalanche of gourds, and the Workman takes off after them.

AMANDA

(continuing)

Oops. I'll help.

She, too, starts running down gourds, gently nudging a few toward the basement until they bounce down the steps leading inside. Amanda looks to make sure she's not watched, then rushes inside herself.

126 AMANDA

126

as she comes down the steps.

AMANDA

(muttering to herself)

Foreigners.

(looks in the Workman's direction)

Girl Scouts sell cookies.

127 INT. MRS. WELCH'S BASEMENT - DAY

127

The stone, musty room is barely lit. Amanda edges along a wall, eyeing a servant in the distance. CAMERA MOVES IN ON Amanda as she feels a tiny door behind her, pushes it open, and backs inside.

128 INT. TINY ROOM

128

It is almost completely dark. A tall metal rack is filled with trays of dirty dishes. Suddenly there is the sound of an ANCIENT MOTOR. The whole "closet" shudders, and Amanda is thrown back against the wall. She looks up, realizing that she is rising, and that the "closet" is, in fact, a service elevator. It suddenly stops with a jerk, and Amanda listens very carefully.

MRS. WELCH (V.O.)

Always remember, dear, cooking is an art form, and our tummies are nature's museums.

Amanda slips over to one of the elevator's thin double doors. She opens it just a crack, to see:

129 INT. MRS. WELCH'S KITCHEN - AMANDA'S POV - DAY

129

Big old-fashioned. Mrs. Welch carries a tray of dirty dishes straight toward the service elevator, talking to someone we can't yet see.

MRS. WELCH

Go ahead. Finish it up. Your souffle is delicious, but Lord know I don't need it.

130 INT. ELEVATOR

130

Amanda quickly shuts the door, looking for someplace to hide. There is no place. She breathlessly squeezes herself behind one of the thin doors as Mrs. Welch opens the other door, and slides the tray into the rack, her arm shooting practically under Amanda's nose. She closes the door again, and Amanda sighs in relief. Then CAMERA ZOOMS IN ON her as she is stunned to hear a familiar voice.

FRANCINE (V.O.)

I feel a little woozy, Mrs. Welch.

131 THE KITCHEN

131

Francine stands, looking a bit shaky, as Mrs. Welch takes her arm.

MRS. WELCH

Not to fret. It's the 200-year-old sherry in the sauce. Let's digest in the sitting room, hmmm?

They cross out of the room. CAMERA PANS TO the elevator as Amanda opens the door a crack and peeks out. She gingerly steps out and tiptoes toward the door, passing the work counter where Francine's souffle rests. Amanda can't resist poking her finger into it and tasting.

AMANDA

(competitively)

It's not that great.

132 INT. MRS. WELCH'S ROOM - DAY

132

Francine slumps limply in a chair, eyes closed, obviously drugged. Near her stands Mrs. Welch, who gently lifts one of Francine's eyelids, checking her condition, then nods to OLGA, the maid, who sits on a nearby ottoman with pad and pencil.

133 INT. HALLWAY - DAY

133

Amanda creeps along the wall, stopping outside the door to the sitting room, listening hard.

134 THE SITTING ROOM

134

MRS. WELCH

(suddenly cold
and all business)

Francine, you said last time that the Agency's codes for the Tampa, Florida zone were about to change.

FRANCINE

(haltingly)

Special Agent Elwood Davis will be arriving in Tampa tomorrow with the new codes.

OLGA

(checking a list;
to Mrs. Welch)

You refer to Elwood Davis as 'Pears Paul Revere.'

MRS. WELCH

Fine.

(to Francine)

The usual Tampa rendezvous, in the rear of the Furniture Mart?

FRANCINE

Yes. At three o'clock.

MRS. WELCH

(to Olga)

Three hundred degrees.

(to Francine)

Will he have a partner?

FRANCINE

No. He'll be alone.

MRS. WELCH

(to Olga)

Bake for one hour.

(crossing to door)

Add whatever details it takes to make the silly dish come out. Our people in Tampa will be turning in to the show tomorrow morning for the data.

She starts out, then looks back to see Olga casting an uneasy glance over at Francine.

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED:

134

MRS. WELCH
(continuing; with
an unpleasant smile)
Don't worry about her. She won't
remember a thing. She never does.

135 THE HALLWAY

135

as Mrs. Welch comes out of the sitting room, passing a
big upright cabinet next to which Amanda is flattened
against the wall. She descends the stairs.

136 ANGLE ON AMANDA

136

wondering what to do next.

CUT TO:

137 EXT. COURTYARD - ANGLE ON CELLAR DOOR - DAY

137

The door opens, and Lee comes up the steps into the
sunlight, securely bound and led by a guard. Mrs. Welch
brings up the rear. CAMERA TRACKS WITH them as they
cross to a whirlybird which now rests on the grass at
the rear of the house, the Workman we saw earlier at the
controls.

MRS. WELCH
It's interesting you thought to
mention this... 'Operation Pinnochio'...
just as you were about to be killed,
Mr. Stetson.

LEE
Maybe my life was passing before me
and it sorta slipped out.

MRS. WELCH
Well, if it happens that you're lying,
just to buy time, I should warn you
our interrogators are swift. You've
bought maybe another twenty minutes
at the most.

LEE
A lot can happen in twenty minutes.

MRS. WELCH
(patting his cheek)
I adore an optimist.

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED:

137

CAMERA STOPS as they reach a pile of supply crates labled "salt," "sugar," "flour," etc. and the three of them pass OUT OF FRAME. CAMERA PUSHES IN ON the crates to reveal Amanda crouching behind them. She stares after Lee, then glances up at the supply boxes.

138 THE WHIRLYBIRD

138

Behind it by a few yards is Mrs. Welch's Lincoln. Lee is shoved into the passenger seat of the whirlybird and the Workman STARTS the ROTORS.

MRS. WELCH

(nodding toward some
crates in the distance;
to guard)

You may as well take those files
when you go.

The guard lumbers off. Mrs. Welch gives Lee a cocky tilt of the head and starts back toward the house.

139 ANGLE ON LEE

139

uncomfortably watching her go. Then something catches his eye on the other side of the whirlybird.

140 MRS. WELCH'S CAR

140

Amanda is crouching behind it. She starts creeping toward the whirlybird.

141 CLOSE ON LEE

141

His eyes widen.

142 WHIRLYBIRD - PILOT'S SIDE

142

The Workman/Pilot is watching the guard across the yard and is very startled when Amanda suddenly appears at his side.

AMANDA

(loud)

Change your mind about the cookies?

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED:

142

He whips his head toward her, just staring. In that split second, Lee pulls up his legs and blasts the Workman with his two feet. The man flies out of his seat to the dirt. Amanda stares down at him, stunned.

LEE

How did you get here?!

AMANDA

I'm not sure!

LEE

(agitated)

Untie me!!

143 INT. WHIRLYBIRD

143

as Amanda recovers, dives inside, and Lee offers his wrists. She looks down at the knots.

AMANDA

Oh, Lord. Killick hitch.

144 THE GUARD

144

He has picked up the crates and started back toward the whirlybird when he suddenly sees what's going on. He drops the crates, draws his gun.

145 INT. WHIRLYBIRD

145

Amanda is struggling unsuccessfully with the knot. Lee sees the guard.

LEE

(alarmed)

Oh, boy. Amanda! Put your foot on the right hand pedal and grab that stick!

AMANDA

Why?!

LEE

We're flying!

She stares at him in horror.

146 THE YARD

146

as the guard FIRES his GUN, and the whirlybird lifts off. Mrs. Welch sticks her head out of the cellar door and FIRES her GUN. The whirlybird is barely gaining altitude as it sweeps across the yard toward the wall.

147 INT. WHIRLYBIRD

147

LEE

(screaming)

More throttle! More stick! Get
this thing up!

148 THE YARD

148

The whirlybird is wobbling all over the yard, now turning back toward the car, now turning away. Mrs. Welch and the guard have jumped into her car, the Guard driving. They can't get it started.

149 INT. WHIRLYBIRD

149

Lee remains tied up.

LEE

(staring down)

Lucky her car conked out!

AMANDA

(terrified, looking
straight ahead)

Lucky nothing! I put sugar in the
gas tank!

Lee stares over at her.

AMANDA

(continuing; shouting)

Phillip did it to Dean's car once.
It's never been the same!

LEE

Look out!!

150 THE YARD

150

as the whirlybird barely misses the house, veers off, and goes over the wall. Mrs. Welch and the guard, meanwhile, have run out of the gate.

- 151 EXT. ROAD AREA - OUTSIDE THE WALL 151
as the whirlybird ROARS OUT OF FRAME. Suddenly, from behind the wall come Mrs. Welch and the guard in Amanda's car. They ROAR after the whirlybird.
- 152 NEW ANGLE 152
The whirlybird is still wobbling badly, unable to gain much speed or altitude. Amanda's CAR ROARS toward it, Mrs. Welch FIRING her GUN.
- 153 INT. WHIRLYBIRD 153
LEE
Twist the handle more! Not too much!
Look out! Pedal! Not that pedal!
AMANDA
How should I know which pedal?!!
LEE
(staring at her)
What're you wearing?!
- 154 WHIRLYBIRD AND CAR 154
as the whirlybird wobbles forward at low altitude, Amanda's car racing along behind it. Both Mrs. Welch and the Guard are leaning out, FIRING at the whirlybird as they both ROAR across a field.
- 155 INT. AMANDA'S CAR 155
MRS. WELCH
Faster!
- 156 INT. WHIRLYBIRD 156
LEE
You gotta be doing something wrong here!
- 157 WHIRLYBIRD AND CAR 157
as they ROAR PAST CAMERA, heading up a slight rise. Way in the distance we can see the whirlybird wobbling severely.

158 INT. WHIRLYBIRD

158

LEE
We're losing altitute!! Throttle!!

Amanda frantically twists things.

159 INT. AMANDA'S CAR

159

MRS. WELCH
We've got them.

160 THE FIELD

160

as Amanda's CAR ROARS INTO FRAME and off toward the sink-
ing whirlybird, which looks like it will come to earth
at the very top of the rise.

161 INT. WHIRLYBIRD

161

Amanda stomps on the pedal, then again, and suddenly, to
her surprise, they begin to rise.

162 AMANDA'S CAR

162

as it races TOWARD CAMERA, FILLING THE FRAME, Mrs. Welch
glaring murderously.

163 THE FIELD

163

Just as it looks as if Amanda's car will reach the
floundering whirlybird, the whirlybird flies up into the
air. The car hits the top of the rise, and it, too,
flies up into the air.

164 TOP OF RISE AND RAVINE BEYOND

164

On the other side of the rise is a ravine. We are
SHOOTING FROM BEHIND Amanda's airborne car as it drops
into the rugged terrain below.

165 INT. WHIRLYBIRD

165

AMANDA
(beside herself)
We did it! We did it! We got
'em!!

(CONTINUED)

165 CONTINUED:

165

LEE
(looking down)
Yeah. Gee. Sorry about your car.

He looks up at her with a little shrug.

AMANDA
What?
(now she looks down)
My car!!

CUT TO:

166 INT. KING KITCHEN - NIGHT

166

Dotty is tossing a salad. She stares, speechless, as Amanda, dressed in a filthy, ripped Den Mother uniform, hair askew, races in the back door, opens the refrigerator, pulls out a chicken, throws it in the oven, turns it on, takes a pitcher of ice tea from the fridge, puts it on the table, takes a vase of mums off the windowsill and adds it to the setting. She stands back, breathing hard, assessing the set-up. From the living room we hear the FRONT DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE. Then:

DEAN (V.O.)
Honey! I'm here!

167 CLOSE ON AMANDA

167

She looks toward the swinging door, pulls matted hair from her eyes, and feebly smiles the biggest smile she can muster as we FREEZE FRAME and --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

TAG

FADE IN:

168 EXT. AGENCY HEADQUARTERS - DAY

168

169 INT. CORRIDOR - WAITING AREA

169

Mr. Billy sits on a desk corner. Francine leans against a chair. Amanda is in a chair near Mr. Billy. Lee leans against the wall, patiently enduring:

MR. BILLY

(awed, to Amanda)

... But had you ever flown a
whirlybird before?

AMANDA

No, but I found it was just like my
dishwasher. Give it a couple of
kicks, and it works fine.

MR. BILLY

(charmed)

... And this was after you put sugar
in her gas tank. I love it!

LEE

We gotta go, Billy.

He helps Amanda from her chair. Mr. Billy stands as Lee
opens the door.

MR. BILLY

(to Amanda)

If there's a need, I trust we can
count on your help... on occasion?

LEE

What?

MR. BILLY

Well, Lee, we do make use of civilians
from time to time... She's anonymous,
idealistic, responsible... Maybe having
her around will make you more careful.

AMANDA

(confidentially, to Billy)

Do these jobs pay anything? 'Cause
to tell you the truth, I have been
looking...

LEE

Say goodbye, Amanda.

(CONTINUED)

169

CONTINUED:

169

She waves and exits. Lee looks coolly back at Mr. Billy.

MR. BILLY

(laughing)

Scarecrow, I think we've finally found you a partner!

LEE

Knock it off, Billy...

FRANCINE

You two are darling together. I understand she... knits or something.

LEE

(to Francine)

I'd button it, loose lips.

He exits. She glares. Billy grins, we --

CUT TO:

170

EXT. WASHINGTON SIDEWALK - TRACKING SHOT

170

Lee walks hurriedly down the street, Amanda struggling to keep up.

LEE

(grumpy)

... Anyway, they want you here at eleven to give you a commendation or something.

AMANDA

A commendation? Me? Really? Well, I... Oh, wait... You think they could possibly make it 11:30?

(off his look)

It's just that Phillip has to have his braces tightened at 10:45, and you know how hard it is to get an appointment.

He can't believe it. He just keeps walking.

AMANDA

(continuing)

I'd ask Mother to go with him, but tomorrow's her morning at the chiropractor.

Lee clutches his head.

(CONTINUED)

170 CONTINUED:

170

AMANDA

(continuing)

Seriously, 11:30 would be great, because this is so close to my butcher, and he's saving a rump roast. Who do I show these car repair bills to?

171 ANOTHER ANGLE

171

as the two of them go off down the street.

AMANDA

A commendation? Me? Do you have a good meat man?

CAMERA CRANES UP, revealing Washington landmarks in the distance, as we FREEZE FRAME, SUPER and END CREDIT, and --

FADE OUT.

THE END