

STILL LIFE WITH WOODPECKER

Adapted from Tom Robbins ' novel

**by
John Binder**

Directed by

ROBERT ALTMAN

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

A full moon in a slate black sky grows larger and larger as the camera tightens on it. The vague features of the "man in the moon" seem to become visible as the silvery orb fills the frame. SAXAPHONE MUSIC plays soulfully, with romantic longing.

MOON SHOTS (BEAUTIFUL)

Do we really see the features of a man in the moon? Woman in the moon? CLOUDS pass between us and the moon. The man or the woman in the moon seems to wink at us. But maybe that's just the clouds passing over the moon. THE SAXAPHONE MUSIC takes a dark mysterious turn.

EXT. A UNIVERSITY BUILDING

The camera drifts down from the sky to reveal the facade of a large building on the leafy lamp-lit campus of a midwestern University.

IN THE SHADOWS under a tree, a MAN in dark clothing removes a bundled object from the saddlebag of a large black motorcycle.

A CUSTODIAN exits the building, locking the steel and glass door behind him, then walks away.

THE MAN IN THE SHADOWS approaches the building and crouches in the bushes by a basement window. He places the bundle in the recess of bricks around the window. Then he strikes a wooden match, which illuminates his features momentarily. With its flaming red hair and a beard to match, it's a face we'll recognize later. The man puts the match-flame to a fuse sticking out of the bundle. The fuse sparkles brightly. The man runs quickly back to the motorcycle under the tree. He fires up the big black machine and speeds away across the tree and lamp-studded lawns of the university.

THE SPARKLING FUSE burns down toward the bundle of dynamite.

THE MOTORCYCLE hits a paved road on the perimeter of the campus and roars to a higher speed.

TWO STUDENTS crossing the campus road leap back out of the way of the racing cycle. One STUDENT shouts and shakes his fist.

STUDENT

Asshole!

The student's anger with the midnight cyclist is cut short by the sound and flash of a terrific EXPLOSION behind them hundreds of yards away. BOOM.

EXT. UNIVERSITY BUILDING

One wing of the chemistry building explodes into flame and dust. It rains shrapnel of bricks, glass and twisted steel! The camera tightens on the collapsed wing of the building as the debris settles.

IN THE RUBBLE a stricken voice is heard coming from inside the fractured building, a man's voice, screaming.

VOICE

Aaaaaa! Help!

EXT. CAMPUS ROAD

On a hill above the campus the bomber has stopped his motorcycle to look back in the direction of his demolition. He can hear now a siren starting up that sounds at first like the screams of the man in the rubble but gets louder, more piercing. The camera drifts to the moon again.

THAT MYSTERIOUS FACE on the moon, seems now to register shock. The vague mouth is round as a doughnut, the eyes wide, as if it were exclaiming, "Oh-oh". The music suggests that expression, hauntingly. Then the camera drifts away from the moon to a completely black sky.

SUPER: CREDITS & TITLE

"STILL LIFE WITH WOODPECKER"

An (animated) redheaded WOODPECKER flies around the title and credits with a dynamite stick in his claws and wooden match in his beak. The animated Woodpecker flies away.

Title: "PHASE I"

FADE

EXT. KING MAX'S ESTATE, SEATTLE - DAY

A misty day on Puget Sound, the big yellow three-story frame house of the deposed royal family of a tiny European kingdom, is surrounded by blackberry thickets encroaching at an almost visible pace.

TITLE: "Twenty years later..."

*Stock
ft8*

A WOODPECKER, like the animated bird of the titles, sans match and dynamite stick, lights on the branch of a tree outside the attic window of the old house. The live woodpecker taps out a rapid tattoo on the trunk of the tree.

INT. ATTIC

Inside her attic chamber, Princess LEIGH-CHERI, a luscious red-headed young woman, wearing a "No-Nukes" t-shirt and a short white cheerleader's skirt which displays her nubile body and long freckled legs to maximum advantage, sits at a desk perusing a picture book of the Islands of Hawaii. The sound of the woodpecker intrudes and then A WOMAN'S VOICE is heard, narrating.

NARRATOR (voice over)

In the last years of the twentieth century, when Western civilization is declining too rapidly for comfort, and too slowly to be very exciting, much of the world sits on the edge of their seats waiting - with dread, hope and ennui - for something momentous to occur.

Outside, the woodpecker responds with a loud ratta-tat-tat-tat.

NARRATOR (cont)

Something momentous is bound to happen soon. But what will it be?

A change in the weather or a change in the sea? A cure for cancer or a nuclear bang? Christian aficionados of the second coming scenario are convinced that after two-thousand years, the other shoe is about to drop. But who knows? Psychics, meeting at the Chelsea Hotel, predict that Atlantis will reemerge from the depths...

Leigh-Cheri leans back in her chair, pulling the picture book of Hawaii into her freckled lap, and glances up at a picture of Ralph Nader on her wall. She hears the woodpecker again. Ratta-tat-tat-tat.

ANGLE

Then the princess reads aloud from her book about Hawaii.

LEIGH-CHERI (reading aloud)

They say there are two lost continents. Atlantis was one. Hawaii was another. Hawaii was called Mu, the mother, its tips still projecting in our senses- The land of slap dance, fishing music, flowers and happiness.

Leigh-Cheri considers what she has just read, then adds her own opinion, aloud.

LEIGH-CHERI

Hmm. I say there are three lost continents...
We are one: the lovers!

Leigh-Cheri falls silent again, glancing back at Nader. The Narrator concludes.

NARRATOR

And everyone must agree, that the last years of the twentieth century is a severe period for lovers.

ON HER DESK is a glass terrarium which holds a sizeable live frog. Princess Leigh-Cheri rises half-way from her chair so she can reach inside the terrarium and lift out the frog. She admires it.

LEIGH-CHERI (to the frog)
Isn't that so, Prince Charming?

She kisses the amphibian lightly on the forehead.

THE FROG croaks gratefully and appears almost to smile lovingly back at her. Leigh-Cheri addresses the frog again.

LEIGH-CHERI
Yes, I know. Freudian analysts of fairy tales have long suggested that kissing toads and frogs symbolizes fellatio... which means kissing a...you-know-what. But I don't buy that. If I wanted to be doing fellatio, I assure you, I wouldn't be wasting my time kissing a frog.

ACROSS THE ROOM, yards away, a trapdoor in the floor is raised slightly and a man's head peers in. He raises a tiny Minox spy camera to his eye and snaps a picture of the princess in her chair. As the man with camera retracts his head and camera from the opening in the floor, the trapdoor hinges squeak.

LEIGH-CHERI hears the noise and bounds to her feet. She rushes to the trapdoor, bends and yanks it open again. The man with camera is startled crouching on the ladder below the door. He loses his balance and grabs at the floorboards for support. Leigh-Cheri shouts at him.

(
LEIGH-CHERI (angry)
Chuck!

She stamps on his fingers. He screams in pain and tumbles down the ladder, landing with a thud below.

LEIGH-CHERI(cont)
Stop spying on me!

INT. LIVING ROOM, YELLOW HOUSE

Downstairs, in the living room of the big yellow house, Leigh-Cheri's father, the deposed King MAX, an older man with all the imposing qualities of monarchy, is reclining in a vinyl-covered lounge chair in front of a large TV watching the Seattle Seahawks football game. The ruckus upstairs - L.C. shouting at Chuck, and slamming the trapdoor violently - startles Max. He spills a freshet of Rainier Ale, from the can at his lips, and gazes upwards at the ceiling of the large room. There is just as suddenly a pronounced clicking sound that emanates from his chest, and he presses a large hand over his loudly clicking heart.

ANGLE ON DOORWAY

Max's wife, Queen TILLI, appears in the doorway. She is a rotund woman in a taffeta dress. She wears a diamond necklace and a sparkling tiara on her head. At her ample bosom she clutches a tiny barking CHIHUAHUA dog. She speaks with the comic-opera accent of her homeland, Wittgenstein. Her accent is more pronounced than that of her dignified spouse.

QUEEN TILLI

Vat is goink on up der?

MAX

Our daughter and that moron, Chuck, must be quarreling again.

TILLI

But vhy dos he prowoke her, so?

MAX

He's probably spying again. It always gets her goat.

TILLI

Vel her goat could be got more quietly, couldn't it?

MAX

Not by Chuck. He's an idiot. He gets goats very loudly.

TILLI

But why would he be spyink on
Leigh-Cheri?

MAX

I've told you, my dear. It's the revo-
lution. Chuck is convinced our people
are set on returning us to the throne.

TILLI

I should hope so. It's vat ve haf been
waiting for all dees years, isn't it?
An why would our chauffeur care vats
happening in our homeland of dear
little Wittgenstein?

MAX

Because the C.I.A. does not want to
lose another dictatorship this year.
They've lost three or four already,
and they work so hard to put those
vicious little Nazis in power.

TILLI

Chuck is mit der C.I.A.?

MAX

No. He wants to be with the C.I.A. So, far
they have shown the surprising good
sense to turn him down.

TILLI (alarmed)

A spy in our house?

MAX

Better a spy like Chuck, than one who
actually knows what he's doing.

He takes a hard sip of his Rainier Ale, and the clicking sounds from
his chest amplify again.

TILLI

You should not be drinking beer,
Max Doctor said, no beer, no fat,
no salt, no sugar. It's got your heart
all tinkly.

She wags a finger at the TV.

TILLI (cont)
And those ball games. Too much
excitement...

MAX (snorting, sad)
Damned plastic heart valve... the least
little start and it sounds like a Tupperware
party.

Tilli is titillated by these little jokes of Max, and he knows it, but
neither cracks a smile.

MAX (cont)
Anyway, Life in America is beer,
salt, fat and ballgames. If I have to
give all that up, I'd rather be dead.

This truly shocks her. It gets her deepest response.

TILLI
Dead?! Oh-Oh, Spaghetti-o.

EXT/INT. A CABIN IN THE WOODS - DAY

In a thicket of woods and blackberry brambles north of Seattle,
there is a weathered cabin. The shingled roof, that is covered with
green moss, drips water from the morning dew.

THE CAMERA PANS from the cabin exterior to a dirt road cut
through the blackberry brambles. A JEEP approaches the cabin.

INSIDE THE CABIN a man strikes a wooden match on an iron
woodburning stove. He stares at the flaring match head for a
moment before setting flame to the paper and kindling in the
stove. He's seen to be the same man who touched a match to the
dynamite that blew up the University research building in the

beginning of our story. He is a almost two decades older now, but his unruly shock of red hair, and his red beard, frame a face with unmistakable eyes, that belong to the infamous bomber, BERNARD MICKEY WRANGLE. To admirers and to lawmen all across America, he is known simply as "The Woodpecker", and in the soft damp light of morning, there is a distinct resemblance. He is not a handsome man, but one with a crazy glowing energy that marks him as something to keep your eye on. In brief, Wrangle looks like a perfect rascal. He hears the approaching vehicle outside.

EXT. CABIN

Bernard comes out onto the porch of the cabin. He squints through the mist to watch a Jeep approaching through the woods and thickets.

THE JEEP stops some yards from the cabin. A woman swings out and approaches the porch. She's wearing skin-tight Levis and a leather jacket, a rough-and-ready-looking woman with a pretty face, that Bernard recognizes as she approaches. He grins.

BERNARD

Well, I'll be damned.

THE WOMAN smiles back and puts a foot up on the wooden steps.

LIBBY

No doubt about that.

BERNARD

Montana Libby.

LIBBY

Hello, Woodpecker. You keeping your powder dry?

He stretches his throat with a woodpeckerish laugh.

BERNARD

Just for you, Libby. Come on inside before the brambles get around your ankles and turn you into a blackberry tart.

She smiles at his word play. He ushers her inside.

INT. CABIN

Libby glances around the one-room shack with a stove, bed, table, a corner kitchen and rocking chair near the stove. There are books scattered here and there, a hunting rifle on the wall.

LIBBY

Cozy.

BERNARD

Keeps out the rain.

She slips her jacket off revealing more of an impressively toned body. She's got on a sleeveless T-shirt that spells "Gold's Gym" across two alert breasts. He admires the goods, lasciviously. He swings open a refrigerator door, extracting a beer, offers it to her.

BERNARD

Breakfast?

She declines. He pops the top on the beer, scoops up an open box of Wheaties cereal, shakes some out into a bowl. She watches as he pours the beer over Wheaties, picks up a spoon and digs in. She winces at the combination.

BERNARD (cont)

How'd you find me, way up here in the north woods?

LIBBY

I heard it through the grapevine, Woodpecker. Hell, even the F.B.I. knows you're hiding up here somewhere.

BERNARD

I never hide. I just try to keep out of range, sweetheart.

He appraises her figure again. She ignores the appraisal.

LIBBY

How'd you like to get back in business, Bernard, do a little politics?

He puts down the bowl of Wheaties, picks up the can of beer.

BERNARD

Two words that kill my appetite, Libby, business and politics.

She comes closer, gets serious.

LIBBY

So, if you're through playing with dynamite, why are you living like a rabbit out here in the thicket?

BERNARD

I'll never be through playing with dynamite, but the "statute of limitations" is running out on my past offenses, and I'd like to lay low till they have to take me off the "ten most wanted" list, then I'll be free as a bird. This pitiful century's almost over. Gotta start the next millennium with a clean slate.

LIBBY

This one isn't over yet, and I suggest we end it with a big bang.

BERNARD (grinning)

I thought you'd never ask. Take your clothes off, honey. It's been a long time.

LIBBY (tensing)

I've given that up. You're the last man I touched.

BERNARD

My god, Montana Libby gave it up?

That's taking "safe" sex a little too far
isn't it?

LIBBY(ignoring his rant)
I'll get to the point. I'm leaving for
Hawaii in a few days. Then I'll be back.
I've got a bunch of commandos,
that think it's time to get America
moving again. And we could sure use
your help.

BERNARD
What's in Hawaii?

LIBBY
A bunch of Eco-nerds are holding
a pow-wow called the "Geo Therapy
Care Fest", raise your consciousness,
save the whales and dolphins, that kind of
New Age liberal dog shit! I'm not exactly
an invited guest, but we're gonna deliver
a message whether they like it or not.

BERNARD
What's the message?

LIBBY (punching the air)
Fuck the whales. Off the polluters.
Kick ass!

BERNARD
That's pure poetry, Libby, but it
sounds like politics to me.

LIBBY
So, when did the Woodpecker give
up politics?

BERNARD
Never was political, Libby. It just
looked that way to some people.

LIBBY

Well, then why did you blow up that war research lab, way back when?

BERNARD

Just for the hell of it, Libby. Seemed like a fun thing to do.

He grins. Is he serious?

LIBBY

How about the poor bastard that lost his legs inside that blast?

Now, he is definitely serious.

BERNARD

I've always felt sorry about that. Still do.

Bernard thinks a long time about that old tragedy, staring into the middle distance, but there is nothing new to say.

BERNARD (cont)

But those were bloody times all around, and when you play with dynamite somebody's bound to get hurt. Maybe what I even felt worse about was that fellow was close to developing a birth control pill for MEN! I'd say that's an idea that shoulda caught on. Don't you, Libby?

LIBBY (with a smirk)

I'd say I don't care. I've been sleeping with women for years, and I haven't made one pregnant yet!

It takes him a moment to get over the surprise.

BERNARD

Well, when I put a match to a sparkling fuse again, Libby, politics won't figure into it.

LIBBY

Why do it then?

He grins his largest grin.

BERNARD

To shake the world up? I just love TNT!

INT. LEIGH-CHERI'S ATTIC ROOM - NIGHT

Leigh-Cheri's old Husky cheerleading sweater is draped over the foot of her bed. The Sunday Seattle Times is scattered over the bed and on the floor. She sits crosslegged at the head of the bed with the magazine section across her bare knees. She turns a page, then another page, browsing...

HER EXPRESSION CHANGES. She spots an article about the upcoming "Geo Therapy Care Festival" in Maui, Hawaii. Pictures of Ralph Nader, and Dr. John Lilly flank an exploding Hawaiian volcano in a full-color layout.

LEIGH-CHERI (low)

Wow!

She reads the magazine copy in breathless voice.

LEIGH-CHERI (reading)

As we struggle to survive the last decade of the twentieth century, while the planet groans beneath the weight of an exploding population, and the air is fouled by a billion belching machines, and the water is too rancid for fish to live in, or humans to drink, some of those who still care will be gathering on the pristine Island of Maui in Hawaii for a Festival of concern for the earth, the water and the sky...

Leigh-Cheri stops reading. She tosses her head back and shouts.

LEIGH-CHERI (shouting)
Yow! Gulietta! Come here. Gulietta!

ANGLE ON TRAPDOOR

After a moment's silence there is the sound of someone scurrying up the ladder to the trapdoor in the floor of L.C.'s attic room. A wizened head appears and the the withered torso of Leigh-Cheri's handmaid, GULIETTA, a native of L.C.'S European homeland of Wittgenstein. Gulietta pauses half-way through the trapdoor with an expectant look on her wizened face.

LEIGH-CHERI
Gulietta. Pack our bags. There's a wonderful ecology festival next week in Hawaii. Everybody who cares about anything is going to be there. Dr. John Lilly is going to be there! Ralph Nader is going to be there! We're going!

GULIETTA looks startled by the announcement. The funny old handmaid, screws up her mouth and speaks in the native tongue of her homeland. It comes out sounding very much like the language of Daisy Duck, if Daisy Duck were speaking Serbo-Croatian. SUBTITLES appear on the screen to translate her startling duck-talk.

GULIETTA (subtitled)
Ecology? I thought you were interested in men.

LEIGH-CHERI (sincere)
I used to be interested in men. Now, I am going to put all my energy into improving the quality of life on this planet. Gulietta, this is just what I've been waiting for.

Gulietta squawks again in her native ducklike language.

GULIETTA (subtitled)
Maui? Shit! I don't have a bikini!

INT. KING MAX'S HOUSE - DAY

Leigh-Cheri and Guilietta have their bags packed and ready in the foyer of the family house. Leigh-Cheri argues with her parents before departing for Maui for the "Care Fest".

TILLI
You can't be leaving for...Maui...
dear, and some ridiculous...save the
world...a...a...

MAX (helping her)
Festival, dear.

TILLI
Exactly. You can't.

Leigh-Cheri kisses her mother on one chubby cheek.

LEIGH-CHERI
Bye, mom. See you next week.

Guilietta adds her two cents in Donald Duck talk.

GULIETTA (subtitled)
Aloha, wahinis!

TILLI
Cheri. Prince A'ben Fazel is expecting
you at the Seattle Opera's opening
this week. You can't leave now.

LEIGH-CHERI (dead serious)
I don't care about the Opera, and A'ben
Fazel will just have to wait. The planet
is dying, mother. I want to stand with
those who will fight to save it.

MAX (distracted)
What?

TILLI (disgusted)
 She says she wants to buy zee world a
 coke.

GULIETTA (duck talk, subtitled)
 Where is that chauffeur?

MAX
 Chuck!

INT. CHUCK'S ROOM

Chuck is in his Chauffeurs quarters talking on a phone to his contact at the C.I.A. On his wall is a pantheon of C.I.A. heroes, photographs of Dictators and their minions around the globe. The camera pans a rogues' gallery of portraits of: Idi Amin, The Shah of Iran, Pinochet, Noriega, Marcos, Ollie North. Above the rogues gallery is a bold motto: "FREEDOM FIGHTERS".

CHUCK (on phone)
 She's leaving for Hawaii. One of those
 Communist rallies. Ecology maniacs.
 I'm not kidding!

He hears his name called from the foyer.

MAX (O.S.)
 Chuck! Carry these bags.

EXT. KING MAX'S HOUSE, PORCH

Leigh-Cheri, Gulletta, Max and Tilli have drifted out onto the porch, waiting for Chuck to follow with the luggage. We tighten on Leigh-Cheri as she waxes rhapsodic about herself and the fate of the planet. She addresses Max, Tilli and Gulletta.

LEIGH-CHERI
 I know, until lately, I've been just a
 selfish decadent bimbo, like every
 other over-privileged American
 girl. But now, I've been thinking things
 over and I want desperately to help

other people, and to try to save this beautiful planet.

The CAMERA drifts off to survey the pristine grounds of the estate in the softening mist from Puget Sound.

LEIGH-CHERI (O.S.)

All we think about is ourselves and our enemies. What a ridiculous way to divide the universe. What about the whole earth? We have to revive that concept!

CHUCK comes stumbling noisily out of the house with Leigh-Cheri and Gullietta's luggage. He sprawls before them on the porch. Tilli's comment might be for both her daughter's pronouncement and for Chuck's pratfall.

TILLI

Oh-oh.

GULIETTA (duck talk, subtitled)

Aloha.

Gulietta is carrying a small wicker basket with a matching lid. She gestures "good-bye" with it. The lid of the basket pops up and Leigh-Cheri's frog, Prince Charming, sticks his head out and echos Gulietta's duck-"aloha", with a croak of his own.

INT. SEA-TAC AIRPORT - DAY

Prince Charming shows up as a grey outline and a darker skeleton on the screen of the security X-ray machine at the airport. The SECURITY WOMAN who watches that screen all day is so glazed with boredom that she takes no special notice of the frog inside the basket.

LEIGH-CHERI AND GULIETTA scoop up their handbags from the security conveyer belt and walk toward their waiting plane.

ON SECURITY WOMAN

It is only after the Princess and her grizzled hand-maiden have disappeared that the bored Security Woman cocks her head and wonders aloud.

SECURITY WOMAN

Whazzat a damn frog in dat basket?!

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

In the galley of the big airliner two Flight Attendants, KATHY and BELINDA do their chores as the passengers come aboard.

KATHY

How do we mix up these Hawaiian Delight...a...fruit drinks.?

The second Attendant points to a cooler of ICE and an industrial-size BLENDER anchored on the counter of the galley.

BELINDA

There is fruit juice in this blender...

BELINDA takes the top off of the blender for her.

BELINDA (cont)

Just put that ice in here, and turn it on for a minute, and...presto... you've got Hawaiian Delights!

KATHY smiles a big Airline smile.

KATHY

Thanks, Belinda.

BELINDA (matter of fact)

Anytime.

BELINDA isn't the smiling kind.

FIRST CLASS SECTION

Leigh-Cheri and Gulietta arrive at their seats in First Class and make themselves comfortable.

The Flight Attendant, Belinda walks down the aisle of the plane with a tray of chewing gum and mints for the passengers. She stops at a seat by the bulkhead just behind the First Class compartment.

BELINDA

Care for a mint? Chicklets, sir?

HER POV

The man in the bulkhead seat by the window grins up at her and shakes his head. It's Bernard Mickey Wrangle, the Woodpecker. His hair and beard are dyed black, but he is easily recognizable.

BERNARD

Nope. I got that covered, ma'am.
You care for one of these beauties?

Bernard reaches under his jacket and pulls out a packet of yellow Hostess Twinkies, and offers them to her. She declines with distaste, then moves through the curtain to First Class.

FIRST CLASS

A Sea-Tac SECURITY OFFICER, is accompanied by the Security Woman, who was operating the X-ray machine, which Gulletta ran the basket with the frog through. The Security Woman points at Gulletta.

SECURITY WOMAN

Dat'sa one wi'da frog.

The Security Officer taps Gulletta on the shoulder. She's got the wicker basket on her lap.

SECURITY OFFICER

Would you open the basket for me,
please?

Gulletta looks up at him quizzically.

LEIGH-CHERI

Oh, I wouldn't do that. There's a...

The Security Officer snatches the lid off the basket.

LEIGH-CHERI (cont)
..frog... in there.

PRINCE CHARMING croaks. HEADS turn. The Officer's eyes bulge.

SECURITY OFFICER
You can't take animals into Hawaii.

LEIGH-CHERI
Why not?

SECURITY OFFICER
That thing might start a whole
epidemic in Hawaii.

LEIGH-CHERI
What epidemic?

SECURITY OFFICER
Epidemic of frogs! Gimme that.

He reaches for the frog.

THE FROG leaps out of the basket and lands on the woman's head in
the seat in front of Gulietta.

THE WOMAN screams.

- THE FROG leaps to the lap of a little BOY across the aisle. The boy
squeals with delight as he grabs the frog.

THE FROG squirts out of his hands and hops down the aisle
spreading pandemonium into Coach Class.

KATHY, the Flight Attendant, abandons the big blender in the
galley, where she's been mixing the Hawaiian Delights to chase the
frog.

VARIOUS HANDS reach down for the frog as it hops about underfoot. People are screaming as cries of "Frog" spread through the compartment.

BERNARD MICKEY WRANGLE watches the frog hop into the galley and leap up onto the counter. Bernard lunges for it.

THE FROG hops high in the air and lands with a juicy plop in the blender full of Hawaiian Delights.

BERNARD sees the frog's head and eyes surface in the juicy concoction. He ponders the situation.

BERNARD (aloud)
I gotcha, little buddy.

Bernard slaps the lid on the blender.

LEIGH-CHERI sticks her head into the Galley compartment.

LEIGH-CHERI
Is my frog in here?

Bernard is so startled by the beauty of the young woman who is addressing him, that he cannot respond.

BERNARD
Aaaa...

Before he can get his tongue untied, KATHY, the Flight Attendant slips back into the galley behind Bernard. He turns to point to the captured frog.

KATHY She throws the switch on the blender.

BERNARD Gets a funny look on his face as he glances from the whirring blender to Leigh-Cheri and back again. The outside door to the galley, where the food is loaded aboard, is still open. Bernard gestures in that direction.

BERNARD
I'm afraid the little sucker just vanished.

Leigh-Cheri looks stricken.

BERNARD (cont)

Going back to nature, I guess.

COACH SECTION - LATER

Bernard glances around him at the TOURISTS sipping happily from their glasses of frog-flavored Hawaiian Delight. He grins, then turns to look forward through the slightly parted curtain to First Class. He can manage to see Leigh-Cheri's flaming red hair, and just a slight angle of her face.

FIRST CLASS

Leigh-Cheri stares sadly out the window of the plane, thinking of her vanished Prince Charming, and then thinking of herself. We hear some of her thoughts in Voice-Over.

LEIGH -CHERI (V.O.)

I'm a princess...a princess who grew up in a blackberry patch near Seattle, who's never so much as set a tennis shoe in the nation where her royal blood was formed. A princess who has behaved like a twit and twat; who's been, well...disappointed...in men and romance, but a princess after all: just as much as Caroline, or Anne, or even Di! And although at the end of the twentieth century the very idea of royalty may seem a little ridiculous, even decadent, I insist on my princesshood.

Outside, an endless mattress of fluffy clouds are below the plane and a reddening sun sends streaks of color through it.

LEIGH-CHERI (V.O. cont)

And maybe because I'm a princess, I might be able to do something to lessen humanity's pain. Maybe

the Care Fest will show me the way to do it.

LEIGH-CHERI turns her gaze from the clouds outside to Gulletta snoring peacefully beside her. Then suddenly she is startled by a sound close to her ear.

SOUND

Yum.

She draws her head back to focus on the human face that was just inches from her.

OVER HER SHOULDER

Bernard, now wearing yellow-rimmed Donald Duck sunglasses grins his obnoxious grin at her and repeats the sound he was making.

BERNARD (cont)

Yuuuum.

LEIGH CHERI (haughty)

What does that mean?

BERNARD

Yum. It's my mantra. There are only two mantras. Yum and yuk. Mine is yum.

LEIGH-CHERI

Oh. Do you meditate?

BERNARD

I do all the "-ate" words. Meditate, fornicate... but never hesitate!

Leigh-Cheri gives him a very fishy smile. (Who is this joker?) Bernard takes his Donald Duck glasses off to lessen the alienation factor.

BERNARD

Yuuuum.

She snaps herself out of the power of his crazy eyes, and defensively introduces Gulietta who remains asleep.

LEIGH-CHERI

This is a... Gulietta...my...

She searches for the right job description. It's hard to find one.

LEIGH-CHERI (cont)

...companion.

Bernard ignores introductions and defenses.

BERNARD

What's your name?

LEIGH-CHERI

Princess Leigh-Cheri Furstenberg-Barcelona.

BERNARD

A real Princess?

LEIGH-CHERI

As real as it gets.

BERNARD (impressed)

Well, Princess. My name's Bernard.
I used to be the Pope. But I gave it up.
Those little slippers hurt my feet.
You ever been to Maui before?

LEIGH-CHERI

I've dreamed about it a lot.

He looks out the window, pointing. She turns to look out hers.

THEIR POV

They see a volcano.

BERNARD (O.S.)

Haleakala. That's a volcano that erupted at the same time as a smaller volcano and created Maui.

She echos the name, enchanted.

LEIGH-CHERI (O.S.)
Haleakala.

BERNARD
Yep. House of the Sun. Hawaiians say the sun sleeps there at night. Now, the UFO people say that's where UFOs land.

LEIGH CHERI looks around the corner of her seatback to ask him a question, directly.

LEIGH-CHERI
If that's the place the sun calls home...

She pauses to pose it a question.

LEIGH-CHERI (cont)
...do you know the moon's address?

BERNARD reacts with silence looking at the princess's beautiful luminous face partly hiding behind the seat back. He likes the face and the question too much to defile either with an answer. Eventually he glances back out the window.

BERNARD
That small island down there is Lanai. It belongs to the Pineapple people now, but before that it was outlaw territory. If a Hawaiian lawbreaker could make it to that island, he was home free. They had an agreement. If he managed to survive there for seven years, they'd drop the charges. He could come home a free man. But it wasn't

an easy place to survive.

LEIGH-CHERI

An outlaw shouldn't mind,

He smiles his first sincere smile since we met him.

BERNARD

It's can get tougher than people think.

LEIGH-CHERI

What?

BERNARD

The outlaw business.

SHE RISES to look over her seat rather than peak around it. This funny-looking rascal fascinates her inspite of the fact that he's twice her age and far from handsome as the boys who usually flock to her.

LEIGH-CHERI (cont)

Are you going to the Care Fest?

BERNARD (definitely, if she is)

Are you?

GULIETTA wakes up. She sees her "charge" talking to Bernard and immediately scolds her in her native tongue.

GULIETTA (Subtitled)

Don't talk to strangers.

Leigh-Cheri takes a last look at Bernard as Gulietta pulls her around in her seat.

LEIGH-CHERI

Strangers are the ones worth talking to.

EXT. MAUI - DAY

MONTAGE: (IN STOP-MOTION/SINGLE FRAME, etc.)

The plane lands. Leigh-Cheri and Gulietta deplane. Bernard disappears. A limousine DRIVER picks up their bags, puts them in a car. They hit the most immediate shopping spots, polluted with tourists of all nations in flowered shirts snapping cameras at anything Hawaiian.

INT. BIKINI SHOP

Still in comical stop-motion, and accompanied by the music, we see Gulietta and Leigh-Cheri enter a Bikini Shop. Gulietta selects a bathing suit off the rack, as two almond brown SURFER BOYS smile and flirt with Leigh-Cheri.

ANGLE

Gulietta then emerges from the door of a changing room to appear as a startling apparition in a tiny STRING BIKINI!

GULIETTA (duck talk, subtitled)

Hot or not?

FADE:

EXT. NIGHT SKY

A black sky with a few visible stars and a sliver of a "new" or crescent moon.

Title: (superimposed)

"PHASE II"

FADE TITLE

EXT. PIONEER INN, LANAI

The camera descends to find Leigh-Cheri and Gulietta on an otherwise empty porch, or "lanai", of the PIONEER INN, a restored old whalers' Hotel on Maui. Leigh-Cheri is looking up at the sky, entranced by the new moon and feelings of possibility.

LEIGH-CHERI

Ah, Gulietta, look at the new moon.
It's perfect for the way I am feeling
right now.

Gulietta looks bored.

LEIGH-CHERI

Empowered! That's how I feel, EMPOW-
ERED! With feelings of infinite possibility!
Something big is going to happen here!

Leigh-Cheri is really quite endearing in her enthusiasm, but Gulietta gives the camera a cynical shrug. She then looks over her shoulder at the warm glowing light from the windows of the Inn, which contrasts with the moon's cool blue cast.

THROUGH THE WINDOWS

Inside the quaint old Inn the many DELEGATES to the Care Fest, mix in cozy revelry at dinner and drinks with the usual crowd of International Beach Bums, Sailboat Crewmen, amateur Adventurers, itinerant Waitresses and vacationing college Students.

GULIETTA (duck talk, subtitled)

I feel like a mai-tai and a thick steak.

LEIGH-CHERI

Well, you go ahead. I don't want to be
around people tonight. I didn't come
over here to party.

GULIETTA (duck talk, subtitled)

Why not?

LEIGH-CHERI

And I really think you should take
this occasion to raise your own conscious-
ness. You might want to start by becoming
a vegetarian.

GULIETTA (duck talk, subtitled)

Hitler was a vegetarian.

LEIGH-CHERI

Well, Hitler ate two pounds of chocolate every day.

GULIETTA (duck talk, subtitled)

I'll compromise: two mai-tais and I won't invade Poland.

Gulietta walks to the door of the Inn, and goes inside.

FADE

INT. PIONEER INN, LOBBY - DAY

The camera walks with Leigh-Cheri and Gulietta through the lobby of the Pioneer Inn.

LEIGH-CHERI'S POV

She scans the many displays, booths, vendors and inveiglers of New Age philosophies, therapies and gadgets. There are posters for ecology and peace, etc. The DELEGATES themselves are an eclectic mix of all ages and types, from College Professors, to neo-hippies-hippies, UFO Enthusiasts to Buddhist Monks.

LEIGH-CHERI, with Gulietta in tow, works her way up to the REGISTRATION DESK. A BANNER above the table reads: GEO-THERAPY CARE FEST.

A YOUNG WOMAN with a pleasant smile offers Leigh-Cheri and Gulietta packets of information.

REGISTRAR

The schedule of workshops and lectures and everything you'll need to know is in here. Would you fill out your name tags, please?

GULIETTA watches a PHOTOGRAPHER AND REPORTER in "People Magazine" T-shirts working the crowd. Gulietta grins for the camera as it is pointed in her direction, but then she frowns and

the Photog-rapher passes over her to take a picture of two bearded "GREENPEACE" ACTIVISTS standing beside her. Gulietta steps behind them and gets her face into the frame just as the picture is snapped.

ANGLE - REGISTRATION DESK

Montana Libby, flanked by several of her radical Political "Commandos" have pushed their way to the front of the registration lines. Libby's Group is a motley assortment of about eight young MEN and WOMEN ranging from body-building feminists like Libby to pimply-faced Maoists from CCNY. Their races are white, black, brown and oriental. Collectively, they are the political party-poopers. Libby elbows Leigh-Cheri aside to address the Young Woman behind the desk.

LIBBY

Where do we sign in?

Leigh-Cheri is taken aback by Libby's rude pushing.

LEIGH-CHERI

Excuse you.

Libby measures L.C. with an indifferent glance, turns back to the Registrar.

REGISTRAR

Do we have your reservations?

LIBBY

I have a lot of reservations about this whole shindig, honey. Where do we sign up?

One of Libby's muscular "sisters" winks at Leigh-Cheri seductively. Gulietta has returned to L.C.'s side. She shakes a gnarled fist at the big radical Woman and squawks at her, belligerently.

GULIETTA (subtitled)

Take a hike, Rambo!

INT. PIONEER INN, BAR - DAY

The old Whaler's bar in the Inn is packed with the usual crowd of BEACH BUMS, and cool "KAMAAINAS" plus an influx of Care Fest DELEGATES. Bernard, wearing Mickey Mouse sunglasses finds a spot at a table with an oddly costumed COUPLE in white robes. The MAN wears a dirty fez on his head, the WOMAN an other-worldly head dress. He yanks back the spare chair for himself.

BERNARD

Howdy. This taken? Don't mind if I do.

He sits without an invitation and grins his woodpecker grin at the stern faces of the odd Couple.

BERNARD (cont)

Well, kids. Having a good time?
Where y'all from?

The man's name is Lan, his berobed deadpan wife is Jan.

LAN

Argon.

BERNARD

What's that? An oil company? Ha.

JAN

It's a planet. Some light-years
past Jupiter.

Bernard gives them a fishy look.

BERNARD

Oh yeah. Nice place. Garden spot
of the universe.

Then, he continues to look around the room.

LAN

Are you looking for someone?

BERNARD

Yeah. A girl. A redhead.

JAN (eyes narrowing)
So, you are onto redheads, too, eh?

LAN (nasty)
I hope you destroy her.

BERNARD
Destroy her? Not exactly what I had
in mind, babe.

THE GEO-THERAPY CARE FEST:

The Care Fest sessions, workshops, Therapy Groups, gadget demonstrations, and lectures take place in myriad locations in and around the Pioneer Inn. We see:

LEIGH-CHERI wearing a hi-tech helmet device projecting images to her eyes and generating bizarre tones for her ears as a New Age Salesman intones an explanation of the device for a small GROUP of curious Delegates.

SALESMAN
...to synchronize the functions
of the left and right hemispheres of
your brain and make available all the
harmonizing powers of intellect and
imagination...

We see the ecstatic IMAGES and hear the futuristic TONES that Leigh-Cheri is experiencing. This "MUSIC" accompanies the rest of the montage.

ON A MOVIE SCREEN we see SWIMMERS frolicking with DOLPHINS in emerald water. A YOUNG WOMAN in a colorful wet-suit stands before the movie screen addressing a group of Delegates.

DOLPHIN EXPERT
We should be learning from the Dolphins
how to live in ecstasy as they do. But
instead this is what we do.

She steps out of the beam of the projector. The images on the movie screen change radically. Suddenly we see footage of a horrible slaughter of hundreds of Dolphins by Japanese fishermen with clubs, and axes. The tragic surf is filled with blood and gore.

A TRANCE CHANNELER, a middle-aged woman of ordinary appearance is the "medium" for an ancient being who speaks through the woman in a gravelly old man's voice. The "entity" is named Danu. A YOUNG WOMAN in audience asks a question of the channeled entity.

YOUNG WOMAN

May I ask how old you are and where you are from?

DANU

I do not have a specific chronological age. I am ageless. I am from another dimension. I have lived among you at various times over the last few thousand years. I knew Jesus Christ, for example...

There is a collective gasp from the Crowd.

DANU (cont)

...Socrates...

Montana Libby is in this audience. She sneers.

LIBBY (loud)

How 'bout Babe Ruth?

IN A PRIVATE BOOTH, Gulletta is lying on a massage table undergoing a painful "Rolfing" massage from a strong-handed MASSEUR.

MASSEUR

First we heal ourselves. Then we heal the world. With Rolfing we dig down deep...

The "Rolfier" works his strong hands into Gulletta like someone kneading bread dough.

MASSEUR

...where all the old tension and
trauma is...deep...deep...deep...

Gulietta whimpers in Duck-like protest each time as the MASSEUR
digs deep down into the layered muscles of her body.

GULIETTA

Eeeahhoo...eowouk...squarizz...

EXT. BANYON PARK - DAY

On the lawn amid the Banyan trees in the park across from the
Pioneer Inn an audience of Care Fest DELEGATES eat box lunches
and listen to a concert by a REGGAE BAND band. The LEAD SINGER
exhorts the audience to "wake up, wake up, be conscious in your
lives", etc. It's a theme that's popular with this New Age crowd.

LEIGH-CHERI walks by the two delegates from outer space, the
blond Argonians, Lan and Jan. They are seated on the grass
surrounded by a coterie of UFO ENTHUSIASTS, all blonds. Leigh-
Cheri makes no particular note of them as she tries to get closer to
the band stand. But they notice her and her flaming red hair.

JAN hisses at her as she passes.

JAN

Red-headed slut.

Leigh-Cheri is astonished.

LEIGH-CHERI

I beg your pardon.

Jan makes his remarks for the benefit of the blond Coterie around
him as he pauses from nibbling a chicken leg.

JAN (contemptuous)

Red hair is a mutant condition caused
by an indulgence in sugar and lust.

LAN

The entire "redbeard" race is a degenerate interplanetary conspiracy.

Leigh-Cheri is flabbergasted by their attack.

LEIGH-CHERI

Hey, what'd I ever do to you guys?

Jan turns his venom on her, directly.

JAN

If you aspire to interplanetary travel,
You'd better mend your ways, Carrot Top.

Those are fighting words for the red-headed Princess.

LEIGH-CHER

Please, don't call me carrot-top.
My name is Princess Leigh-Cheri
Furstenberg-Barcelona. I think,
healing this planet has to start with
acts of love, not rudeness and pointing
fingers at other people.

She tosses her glorious red mane as she gets her righteous dander up.

LEIGH-CHERI (cont)

And, no carrot's got a top like this,
or bottom, either.

She struts away from the Blond Group, swinging her carrot top and bottom, bristling with indignation as she goes.

ANGLE

The "People Magazine" Reporter and Photographer stand at the edge of the group witnessing all this. They both perk up upon hearing there is a Princess in their presence. They glance at each other, excitedly.

REPORTER & PHOTOG. (simultaneous)

She's a Princess?!

They hurry in pursuit of Leigh-Cheri.

ON THE BANDSTAND, the Reggae Band keeps plugging for "higher conscious-ness" through Ja.

INT. MEETING ROOM, PIONEER INN - NIGHT

In the main meeting room of the Pioneer Inn an old man, A SCIENTIST, stands at a microphone and makes an impassioned statement to the assembled Delegates.

SCIENTIST

Well, I am a scientist and I don't find anything going on here that is very scientific.

A WOMAN in the crowd challenges him.

WOMAN

Science is what got us all into this modern mess with pollution and toxic waste and...

SCIENTIST

Science doesn't pollute. Technology does. I believe in rationality and science.

The Woman who channels the entity Danu speaks up.

WOMAN

What about intuition?

SCIENTIST

Intuition must not become superstition!

A scruffy named RADICAL standing with Montana Libby shouts.

RADICAL (loud)

Fuck science and intuition. We
need some action! Let's hear it for
the PLO and the IRA!

LIBBY

Che Guevara lives!

LEIGH-CHERI shakes her head and moves toward the refreshment table to get a glass of punch. She finds herself next to an ascetic-looking young man with beard and sandals. He looks at her soulfully.

LEIGH-CHERI (shrugs)

Well, at least there's a lot of ideas
in the air, anyway.

ASCETIC (solemn)

Prophets have good ideas, but their
"disciples" turn good ideas into dogma.
Dogma is death. And the Buddha is
always killed on the road!

INT. PIONEER INN, BAR - NIGHT

Bernard is bellied up to the bar, wedged between a grizzled OLD SAILOR and a brassy DIVORCEE. The BARTENDER delivers Bernard a fresh bottle of beer and a double shot of Tequila. Bernard has had a few already.

OLD SAILOR

How come you ain't over there
changing the world with all the
rest of those do-gooders?

BERNARD

'Cause I can make the world perfect
just standing right here where I am now.

Bernard picks up the shooter of Tequila, holds it up in a shaft of light from a hidden bulb above the bar. It gleams. He launches into an outlandish sermon at high volume. It gets everyone's attention in his vicinity.

BERNARD (a toast)

Tequila! Scorpion honey. Harsh dew of the doglands! Essence of Aztec. Crema de cacti. Tequila! Oily and thermal like the sun in solution. Tequila! Liquid geometry of passion. Tequila! The buzzard god who copulates in midair with the ascending souls of dying virgins. Tequila! Firebug in the house of good taste. O tequila, savage water of sorcery, what confusion and mischief your sly, rebellious drops do generate!

The Old Sailor squints at him, and all of the other astonished PEOPLE in the bar eye Bernard as he downs his double shot of Tequila and chases it with a slug of beer. He runs his fingers through his hair and slyly checks his hands for traces of the black hair dye that disguises him.

THE CAMERA TIGHTENS on the gap in his canvas windbreaker. It is possible to notice that he is wearing a strand of dynamite sticks around his torso like a money belt. He pulls the zipper higher on his jacket to hide the tops of his firecracker vest.

INT. MEETING ROOM

The large gathering in the main Meeting Room has turning into a shouting match. The Delegates are all arguing at once. It's a tower of Babel in there.

EXT. PIONEER INN LAWN

Outside, in the dark on the lawn of the Pioneer Inn, Bernard Mickey Wrangle reaches inside his windbreaker and fishes for some sticks of dynamite he's got stashed around his torso like a money belt.

INT. MEETING ROOM

Gulietta shakes her head at the chaos, drains the last of her glass of punch, then excuses herself from her royal companion.

GULIETTA (duck talk, subtitled)

'Scuse me. I gotta go pee.

She slips out a door onto a patio of the Inn. Down on the lawn, she finds a clump of bushes to squat in. She raises her skirt and is about to water the local flora when she sees something across the lawn that causes her to freeze with her skirt bunched in her hands.

ACROSS THE LAWN - HER POV

The Camera tightens on Bernard in the shadows. He breaks a stick of dynamite in half and places it a near the foundation of the Pioneer Inn.

HE STRIKES a wooden match on the leg of his black Levis and lights a fuse on the dynamite stick.

THE FUSE sparkles brightly. He dashes to light another stick.

GULIETTA doesn't understand what she is seeing in the darkness of the island night. But then it comes home to her in a second as the dynamite explodes. BOOM!

VARIOUS CUTS

The Care Fest PARTICIPANTS, the DINERS in the restaurant, and the DRINKERS in the bar all start or go rigid with the explosion of the dynamite.

BOOM ! BOOM ! BOOM!

Several half-sticks of dynamite explode in rapid-fire succession.

EVERY WINDOW and every other piece of glass in the ancient whale-killers' Inn shatters. *Crack, crack, crack!..*

LEIGH-CHERI is still standing by the punchbowl in the Meeting room. The punchbowl shatters. The crystal cup in Leigh-Cheri's hand even goes to pieces.

CLOSE UP

As this happens, she gets the most startled and yet almost ecstatic expression on her face.

QUICK CUTS

All the Other Delegates are shaken by the explosion.

OUTSIDE

On the lawn, Gulietta lowers her skirt and goes running frantically to find Leigh-Cheri.

MEANWHILE

Bernard jogs away through the parking lot of the Pioneer Inn. In his black clothing and black running shoes fleeing the scene of the crime.

EXT. PARKING LOT

The two yellow-haired Argonians in their white robes have just stepped out of their Hertz rental car in the parking lot of the Pioneer Inn. Now, they dash toward the building to see what is going on.

BERNARD gets an inspiration. He dashes to the Hertz car, raises the unlocked trunk and tosses **TWO DYNAMITE** sticks inside, then slams the trunk closed.

EXT. TELEPHONE BOOTH

At the edge of the parking lot there is a glass telephone booth. Bernard is inside the booth with the telephone receiver to his ear.

BERNARD(hasty)

Police? I got a hot tip on who just blew off the firecrackers at the Pioneer Inn. I just saw two geeks in funny hats and long white robes toss a couple sticks of dynamite in the trunk of a blue Ford GTO in the Pioneer parking lot. Then they ran inside. Hey, man. In those white robes they must be the Ku Klux Klan

FADE

EXT. LAHAINA BEACH - DAY

Next day, Princess Leigh-Cheri is being interviewed and photographed by People Magazine., as she lounges under a banyan tree on edge of the beach at Lahaina. The Reporter is one, REED JARVIS. The PHOTOGRAPHER is a woman, who snaps pictures throughout. Leigh-Cheri has a small bandage on her hand, that the reporter comments upon.

REPORTER

Were you hurt in the explosion?

LEIGH-CHERI

Oh, just cut my finger on a piece of glass. You know, every piece of glass in the Inn was shattered. A miracle nobody was really hurt.

She shakes her head.

LEIGH-CHERI (cont)

But, boy, that bombing had the most amazing effect on me. Right after the explosion, I had the best idea ever.

JARVIS

A pet charity?

LEIGH-CHERI

It's much more than that! I call it the Monarchy of Mu.

JARVIS

What?

LEIGH-CHERI

Since almost all of the royalty of the world, like me and my family, no longer have their own countries to rule, and since we are generally living the lives of the idle rich, and doing no good for anybody, and probably feeling guilty

about that, as I do...why not band together - all of us deposed royalty- and serve the whole world. We could build a trust fund and become a clearing house for all of the planet-saving projects and humane ideas. We'll set up a new kind of monarchy, the monarchy of Mu.

JARVIS
Fascinating idea.

LEIGH-CHERI (enthused)
We'll set it up right here in Lahaina. See, the Hawaiian Islands are tips of the drowned peaks of Mu - one of the lost continents- This was the Royal capitol of old Hawaii, and it's no stranger to the privileges of Queens and Kings.

JARVIS (skeptical)
Fabulous, but ...our readers would love to know about your love life, Princess.

The question makes her immediately sad.

LEIGH-CHERI
Who has a love life anymore? These days people have sex lives, not love lives. Some people are even giving up sex. I don't have a love life, because I never met a man who knew how to have a love life.

JARVIS (concerned)
Poor dear.

Jarvis looks at her with concern. She glances out at the surf where Gulietta is prancing in her bikini.

HER POV

Gulietta plays in the waves with geriatric abandon.

THE CAMERA PANS further around to a spot in the middle distance of the beach where a man is lying alone in the sun just close enough to hear Leigh-Cheri's interview.

TIGHTEN

The man on the beach, who is looking in Leigh-Cheri's direction, wears shades and black bathing trunks. He is Bernard Mickey Wrangle.

HIS POV

He watches as Leigh-Cheri's interview is concluded. He sees her wave good-bye to the people from People Magazine, as they trudge away lugging their equipment bags.

STILL HIS POV

The Camera walks toward Leigh-Cheri who is stretching out now on her over-sized towel to catch some of the sun's lowering rays. He looks down on her luscious body and casts a large shadow over her. In a moment she feels him shading her and opens her eyes.

BERNARD

Hey, Princess. Better watch this Hawaiian sun. It can play hell with that freckled skin.

He drops down to his knees in the sand to be on eye-level with her. She recognizes him from the airplane.

LEIGH-CHERI

Oh. Hello.

BERNARD

Bernard.

LEIGH-CHERI

I thought I'd see you at the Care Fest.

BERNARD

How is that clambake? Getting your money's worth?

LEIGH-CHERI

It was going great, until some...idiot...
tried to blow it up.

BERNARD

Sounds like whoever done it was a
real artist. An idiot would have
levelled that place, and killed a
hundred people.

LEIGH-CHERI

Well, dynamite isn't my idea of art.

GULIETTA trudges across the beach from the surf, blotting her
skinny limbs with a towel. It takes Gulietta a moment to recognize
Bernard, sans clothing, but then she points at him and begins
shrieking in her duck-like mother tongue. She's so adamant that
Leigh-Cheri can't immediately understand.

LEIGH-CHERI

What is it, Gulietta? What's wrong?

Gulietta gets out two words that are unmistakable in any language.

GULIETTA

Boom boom! Boom boom!

Leigh-Cheri gets the message.

LEIGH-CHERI

What? Him?

(to Bernard)

You blew up the Care Fest?!

GULIETTA is still convinced that Bernard is the dynamiter. She
keeps pointing at him and hopping up and down.

GULIETTA (subtitled)

The boom boom man! He made me
pee on my foot.

She screams at the top of her duck voice and goes running off down the beach.

GULIETTA (cont., subtitled)
Police! Boom boom man!

Leigh-Cheri is convinced. She grabs hold of Bernard.

LEIGH-CHERI (shouting)
Gulietta says you did it. The police will decide.

He's glad to be held by her.

BERNARD
There aren't any cops around here.

LEIGH-CHERI
Then I'm making a citizen's arrest.

She tightens her grip on him.

BERNARD
Will you be my jailer? I'd be glad to spend the rest of my life in jail with you, Princess.

LEIGH-CHERI
I'm not fooling, you maniac.

CLOSER

He looks deep into her eyes, leaning his face very close to hers. She's got a real dilemma here, a tiger by the tail, so to speak. He takes advantage of it and steals a kiss from her. She pulls away from him.

LEIGH-CHERI
What are you doing? Get away from me!

He sticks close to her.

BERNARD

I can't. I'm your prisoner.

She is turning red with anger and confusion. He doesn't want to press things further at the moment.

BERNARD (cont)

I'll make you a deal. You want me arrested, you can find me on a boat called "Hi Jinx" in the Marina at Lahaina, slip 23. Bring the cops, if you want to. Or come alone. I'll be there either way. My fate is in your hands.

He adds with meaning:

BERNARD (cont)

It's your choice, Princess.

Leigh-Cheri is speechless and helpless to stop him as he turns and jogs away.

FADE

INT. PIONEER INN, LEIGH-CHERI'S ROOM - MORNING

Leigh-Cheri slips into a T-shirt and baggy white shorts, as Gulietta is still snoring in her bed next morning at the Pioneer Inn.

INT. PIONEER INN LOBBY - MORNING

Leigh-Cheri approaches the Care Fest **REGISTRATION DESK** in the lobby of the Inn. She has her morning cup of tea in hand, and sleep in her eyes. The Registrar is responding to a question already posed.

REGISTRAR

I'm sorry. We've had to cancel today's sessions while they clean up and replace the window glass. The bombing scared off a lot of people and some of the key speakers went home.

Leigh-Cheri is disappointed.

REGISTRAR

But, at least the police did arrest
the bombers.

Leigh-Cheri is surprised. The camera tightens on her face. She looks concerned by the news?

EXT. MARINA - DAY

Leigh-Cheri is hurrying, almost jogging, down the walkway of the Marina.

INT. THE HI-JINX - DAY

A Woody Woodpecker cartoon is playing on a portable TV. Woody is being pursued by an irate Sheriff. Woody lights a stick of dynamite and blows the hat and pants off the Sheriff. Woody gives out his familiar devilishly triumphant chuckle.

BERNARD is sitting in a deck chair enjoying the Woody Woodpecker cartoon. He also dries his hair with a towel as he chuckles at the cartoon. He has washed the black dye out of his vivid black hair.

EXT. LAHAINA MARINA, SLIP 23 - DAY

Leigh-Cheri approaches the quick-looking power boat, The Hi-Jinx. Bernard runs a comb through his freshly washed red hair, as he sees her approaching. She is surprised to see him there...and relieved.

BERNARD

Hello, beautiful.

LEIGH-CHERI

You weren't arrested.

BERNARD

Nope. Not yet

She notices that his hair is not black anymore.

LEIGH-CHERI (surprised)
You're a redhead!

BERNARD
Yeah, the authorities noticed that too.
I try to keep it under my hat. Did you
bring your handcuff's, sheriff?

He offers his hand. She does not budge. Her indignation returns.

LEIGH-CHERI
I leave guns and dynamite and things
like that to criminals like you.

BERNARD
Get one thing straight. I'm not a
criminal.

LEIGH-CHERI (arch)
Oh. What are you then?

BERNARD
I'm an outlaw. Sounds trite, I know,
but there is a difference, and I'm
proud of it.

LEIGH-CHERI
Forgive me if I don't see it.

She remains on her high horse.

BERNARD
Criminals make alibis. Outlaws
don't. Criminals are ruled
by the sun. Outlaws are ruled by
the moon.

LEIGH-CHERI (shaking her head)
You are a maniac!

BERNARD
Nope, a lunatic. Ruled by the moon, like
I said. You are too, if my guess is right.

That's why you came here and didn't just send the police. Come aboard.

He offers her a hand again to board the boat.

SHE STUDIES HIM, not knowing why she is so intrigued, in spite of his age, and scruffy looks, wise-guy attitude and predilection for dynamite. Maybe it's the red hair. She lies about her reason for coming.

LEIGH-CHERI (tense)

I came to convince you to turn yourself in. As a fully conscious adult, it is the only way that you can burn the Karma you've been creating with that dynamite of yours.

BERNARD

Let's get two things straight: I'm no adult, never will be, and I'm only fully-conscious 'cause I haven't had a drink yet.

She squints at him, defiantly.

LEIGH-CHERI

I'm not afraid of you.

BERNARD

You oughta be.

He leaves it to her to decide what he means by that.

SHE

steps bravely on board. The rear deck of the boat, is undivided from the comfortable cabin that occupies the mid-section of the sleek old boat.

HE

scoops up a bottle of gold Tequila and two shot glasses at a bar inside just inside the cabin. He plunks these down on a glass table, around which there are some padded benches built into the walls of the craft. He gestures for her to sit.

BERNARD

Do you drink, or are you like the rest of this wimp-ass Reebok diet Pepsi generation?

LEIGH-CHERI

I don't drink...much.

He sits next to her.

BERNARD

Doesn't take much.

He fills the two shot glasses to the brim instantly, like a pro bartender.

BERNARD (cont)

This stuff goes straight to the brain, then trickles right on down to the old peachfish.

LEIGH-CHERI

The old...what?

He ignores the question but...

HIS POV

- He can see her freckled legs beneath the plate glass of the table. She's wearing white baggy shorts. The definition of "peachfish" is obvious.

PAN UP

He raises his shot glass.

BERNARD

To the moon.

Leigh-Cheri has been shaken by his bold reference to her peachfish. She takes refuge in the glass of tequila. He gulps down half of his. She studies his profile as he drinks, then goes back on the attack.

LEIGH-CHERI

Why did you blow up the festival?

BERNARD

I didn't. I shook it up.

She stares at him.

LEIGH-CHERI (passionate)

Don't you care that we are killing this planet, and there are people trying to save it? While you...

BERNARD (shrugs)

The planet will survive. It's just the people that are gonna die, if they don't wise up.

LEIGH-CHERI

And you don't care about that?

BERNARD

Yeah, but it's a problem that'll take care of itself, don't ya think? You poison the air and drinking water, then you die. Dead people don't pollute. End of problem.

LEIGH-CHERI

But that's horrible.

BERNARD

Sure but what am I supposed to do about it?

LEIGH-CHERI

Join the Care Fest!

He gets hysterical with laughter like Woody Woodpecker. Then he takes a swig of tequila right out of the bottle to recover.

LEIGH-CHERI (glowering)

You really are maddening, you know that?

He leans closer to her, drops the laughter.

BERNARD

You ain't seen nothin' yet.

LEIGH-CHERI

But if people don't do something...

We can see down through the glass table-top that he puts his hand on her knee. Her eyes widen at his touch.

BERNARD

Look. Let's save the world later. We don't know each other well enough to take on something that personal yet.

LEIGH-CHERI

Please remove your hand.

BERNARD

I can't. It's attached to my wrist.

UNDER THE GLASS TABLE TOP, he slips his hand beneath the leg of her baggy white shorts. Suddenly his hand jerks and she jumps out of her seat, dumb-founded.

LEIGH-CHERI (freaking)

Ouch! Yow! What are you doing?

BERNARD holds up a single red pubic hair that's he's plucked from her peachfish. He looks closely at it.

BERNARD (cont)

Ah. A true redhead.

LEIGH-CHERI (flabbergasted)
I don't believe you did that?

BERNARD
I ain't getting any younger, babe.
Can't waste time on imitations.

LEIGH-CHERI blushing and irate, simultaneously.

LEIGH-CHERI (blustering)
What is all this about red hair, anyway?
Two people accused me of being part of
some subversive race, some inter-planetary
conspiracy...

BERNARD
Maybe you are. There is a legend that
people like us are descendants of the
Redbeards, Princess.

LEIGH-CHERI
What?

BERNARD
You don't know the legend of the
Redbeards?

LEIGH-CHERI
No.

He winds up to spin a yarn for her.

BERNARD
Of course it might be just legend, but in
Central America, South America, and
Mexico, there are tales about a race of
redheads...

He tops off their Tequila glasses and grabs a packet of Hostess
Twinkies from a basket filled with them, nearby.

BERNARD

Twinkie?

LEIGH-CHERI (distasteful)

Yuk!

He separates a pair of twinkies and bites into one. It oozes cream filling.

BERNARD

Twinkies mate for life, you know, like the whale, the coyote and the whooping crane! Anyway, thousands of years ago, there was a race of Redheads who appeared and conquered tribe after tribe - The Incas, Aztecs and Mayas - with benevolent magic. They all attributed their advanced civilization - in those otherwise primitive times - to the "Red Beards". They built the pyramids in the New World. In Mexico and... elsewhere. The oral tradition of dozens of ethnic groups are consistent about that.

Curiosity begins to get the better of her indignation. He's on a roll, so he turns and takes a book from the shelf behind him.

BERNARD (cont)

And I think that beat goes on in us modern Redbeards. Ever see this list?

The book falls open to the right page. He hands it to her. It's "The Book of Lists". She reads aloud as the list appears on the screen, each name highlighted as she mentions it.

LEIGH-CHERI (very quickly)

Twelve Famous Redheads: Lucille Ball, comedienne. Gen. Geo. Custer, military maverick. Lizzie Borden, hatchetwoman. Thom. Jefferson, revolutionary Red Skelton. Geo. Bernard Shaw, playwright. Judas Iscariot informer...Mark Twain, Woody Allen. Margaret Sanger, feminist. Scarlet

O'Hara, bitch. Bernard Mickey Wrangle,
bomber.

A light suddenly goes on in Leigh-Cheri's head. Her jaw drops.

LEIGH-CHERI (breathless)
Bernard Mickey Wrangle! The infamous
Woodpecker! You are a criminal!

BERNARD (indignant)
Outlaw! Please...

LEIGH-CHERI
I still don't see the difference.

BERNARD
It's the difference between poetry and
prose.

LEIGH-CHERI (dubious)
If you're a poet, what are you trying
to say with that dynamite of yours?

BERNARD
"Wake up!"

She studies him, sensing that he is not simply crazy, but that he
must have a message.

LEIGH-CHERI
Well, it's a "prose" world out there.
I'm not sure poetry is very important
any more.

BERNARD
Or a Princess either?

She looks sad. She does not take her Princesshood lightly.

LEIGH-CHERI
Maybe not.

Believe it or not, he doesn't take it lightly, either.

BERNARD

A Princess used to stand for beauty, magic spells, and fairy castles. That was pretty damn important, once upon a time.

She checks to see that he isn't mocking her.

LEIGH-CHERI (finally)

Romantic bullshit. We have to make the real world a better place.

BERNARD

My world is perfect. Make your world a better place.

He puts his hand back on her freckled thigh. There is no ambiguity in what he wants from her. She's feeling the pressure from inside to stick around awhile.

LEIGH-CHERI

Ralph Nader is speaking at the Fest tonight. I've waited a long time for that.

He rises, stands close to her, and drinks in the freckled features of her face.

BERNARD

Ralph Nader is a hard guy to compete with.

• He kisses her hard and deep and long. She finally comes up for air, breathless. She steps back to assess this crazy situation.

LEIGH-CHERI (shaken)

What was that list again? Beauty, magic...

BERNARD

Enchantments, dramatic prophecies, swans swimming in castle moats,

dragon bait...

LEIGH-CHERI

Dragon bait?

BERNARD (smiling)

Can't improve the world without slaying
the dragon, and the princess is always...
the bait..no?

LEIGH-CHERI (serious)

Men usually laugh at my being a prin-
cess.

Bernard really means his response, more than anything he's said in
the whole movie, perhaps.

BERNARD (dead serious)

One thing about an outlaw, kid.
A Princess is the last thing in this
world that I'd laugh at.

He pauses to see if she believes this. She might.

BERNARD (cont)

If you take a pass on Ralph Nader's
speech tonight, and stick with me
for a while...

He finds the single red pubic hair on the top of the glass-top table,
holds it up to the light. The camera focuses down on it.

THE RED PUBIC HAIR

BERNARD (Off Screen)

I promise to put this back where
I found it.

RACK FOCUS

to Leigh-Cheri's beautiful face where there is a struggle between
old agendas and new possibilities.

INT. LAHAINA POLICE STATION - DAY

The Two Argonians, Jan and Lan, are in a jail cell at the Lahaina Police Station. Lan paces in consternation, as his wife Jan sits on a bare bunk contemplating their situation.

A POLICEMAN appears, outside the bars, and looks in at them. Nothing is said, but the Argonians suddenly look chilled when they notice that the policeman has *red hair!*

EXT. HANA JUNGLE - DAY

Bernard and Leigh-Cheri ride two sweating horses bareback in the Hana jungle. He throws a knife that spears a mango. He cuts the fruit in two pieces and offers half to her. She bites into the fruit tentatively. He bites into his half with juicy enthusiasm. On the sound track is a Waylon Jennings song: "Ladies Love Outlaws"...

INT. LEIGH-CHERI'S ROOM, PIONEER INN

Gulietta finds a note from Leigh-Cheri on the Princess's distinctive frog-shaped stationery. Gulietta reads the note, and looks alarmed.

EXT. A WATERFALL AT HANA - DAY

There is a waterfall in a glorious hidden spot at Hana on Maui. The veil of the waterfall itself is parted in the middle to resemble a woman's sex. The camera pans down the suggestive waterfall to the blue pool of water below.

ON A JUTTING ROCK high above the emerald pool Leigh-Cheri stands wide-eyed once again.

PAN TO BERNARD, who stands there buck naked, gesturing for her to strip too. She resists, shakes her head, "no", as she glances down at the pool far below. Is she afraid of the leap or of taking off her clothes? Suddenly, he plunges off the cliff doing a sprawling naked summer-somersault and lands in the pool far below. She takes a long moment to make up her mind, then unbuttons her white shorts and lets them drop around her ankles.

SHE STANDS NAKED on the cliff, then follows with a graceful swan dive.

TIGHTEN ON POOL

They surface in a shallow part of the pool. She keeps some distance between them.

LEIGH-CHERI

How old are you?

BERNARD

Younger than I used to be. How 'bout you?

LEIGH-CHERI (shrugs)

Twenty-three.

BERNARD

Well, it's never too late to have a happy childhood.

He squeezes his palms together and squirts a stream of water in her left eye. Then he scores another bull's-eye on her right nipple.

INT. SEATTLE OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT

Queen Tilli, and King Max are enjoying a night at the Opera in Seattle. They sit center orchestra with the other pillars of local society.

NEXT TO TILLI, in a Saville Row suit and a silk tie, sits a very handsome young Arab man with olive skin and hazel eyes. **A BEN FIZEL**, is one of Leigh-Cheri's local suitors. He leans closer to speak into Tilli's ear over the music of the Opera.

A BEN FIZEL

Is the Princess having a nice time in Hawaii?

The Camera pans around to the noble **OPERA SINGERS** onstage, going after Puccini's "Turandot" with vocal hammer and tongs. "Turandot" is a very romantic story about a Princess and an Outlaw, who fall in love.

KING MAX sits solemnly beside Tilli taking in the opera as if it were a royal documentary.

TILLI (to A'ben)

She is sure missink a good time here.
I'll tell you dat!

EXT. WATERFALL AT HANA - DAY

Bernard, still naked as a monkey in the jungle, comes swinging (toward camera) on a rope tied to a high branch of a tree on the bank over the pool. He gives a **Woody Woodpecker** laugh and somersaults off the rope, then lands with a splash in the pool below.

LEIGH-CHERI grabs the rope as it returns to her on the high bank, pauses to get her courage up, and then she also swings out on a high arc over the pool, shrieks joyfully, and drops to the water below.

VARIOUS CUTS - SLO MOTION - MONTAGE

They continue to swing out on the monkey rope, one after another, somersaulting and splashing into the pristine pool. **MUSIC** of Puccini's romantic opera continues to play as they cavort on the monkey swing like ecstatic children.

INT. LAHAINA POLICE STATION

Inside the Lahaina **JAIL**, the Red-headed cop has returned for another look at his yellow-haired prisoners who claim to be from the planet Argon.

JAN

No, Redbeard will enslave us. We
will be leaving here very shortly.

The Cop laughs a slightly woodpeckerish laugh.

RED HEADED COP

Oh yeah? How you gonna do that?

EXT. HALEAKALA VOLCANO - SUNSET

Bernard and Leigh-Cheri sit on a peak at the top of Haleakala volcano, "The House of the Sun", ten thousand feet above Maui. The blood red descending sun hovers over one of the world's most amazing sights. The lovers hold each other tight. Puccini's MUSIC comes to an end as the sun appears to nestle into the crater.

EXT./INT. THE HI-JINX - NIGHT

Bernard and Leigh-Cheri make love in a bunk on the Hi-Jinx which is adrift at sea anchor some distance off Lahaina. The camera grazes over their naked bodies as they make every effort to become one being.

EXT. REAR DECK OF THE HI-JINX

Leigh-Cheri bites hungrily into a Hostess Twinkie. The cream filling extrudes from the end it, suggestively. Bernard is watching the sky. Then, she points to something that is streaking down out of the dark sky over Lahaina.

LEIGH-CHERI

Look. A shooting star.

TIGHTEN - (BEYOND) THEIR POV

They can't see, precisely (without binoculars), that the rocket-like flame falls in the vicinity of the Lahaina Jail and Police Station.

THEY KEEP WATCHING the horizon where the "star" has fallen, then are astonished as it rises again - after a pause- and soars back up into the night-time sky, headed back presumably to Argon.

BERNARD

Never seen a shooting star shoot back up again.

EXT./INT. A RESTAURANT, LAHAINA - NIGHT

Montana Libby and a few of her Radical Bunch are enjoying steak, lobster, and alcohol at the local grill in Lahaina, when Libby's smile fades.

THE RED HEADED COP from the Lahaina station leans over this table in the middle of Libby's band of sisters. He's looking mean since his dynamite suspects blew out of his jail.

LIBBY

Must be a Luau. Here comes the pig.

He leans menacingly over Libby.

RED HEAD COP

I wanna know who is dynamiting buildings around here. And who blew my two suspects out of jail tonight.

ANGLE

The Bartender and Gulietta approach the Red Headed cop. The Bartender introduces Gulietta as best he can.

BARTENDER (to the Cop)

Lieutenant. I think this lady wants to talk to a policeman.

The Red Headed Cop turns his frown on her.

GULIETTA

Boom boom. Boom boom.

THE COP

looks intrigued by her onomatopoeia.

GULIETTA (cont)

Boom boom...

She has Leigh-Cheri's handwritten note (on the Princess' frog-shaped note paper) which she offers to the Red Headed Cop.

FADE

EXT. BOAT - DAWN

Bernard pilots the "Hi Jinx" along the coast of Maui in the direction of the marina. Leigh-Cheri stands beside him as he mans the controls. They cruise at a comfortable speed over placid water. Leigh-Cheri is troubled by her thoughts.

BERNARD

You still thinking about turning me in?

She mocks herself, lightly.

LEIGH-CHERI (shrugs)

It's a hard time to be a princess.

BERNARD

Hard time to be an outlaw, too.
We got no pension plan. No medical
benefits...

She moves closer to him, puts a hand on his shoulder. He's wearing an old Hawaiian shirt, open in front and with the sleeves torn off. She notices a cigarette pack in the pocket of his shirt. She takes it out of his pocket, frowning. It's an unopened pack of Camels.

LEIGH-CHERI (disapproving)

You smoke? Yuk!

BERNARD

Only when I'm in prison. In prison a
cigarette can be a good friend.

LEIGH-CHERI

Why do you carry them, if you don't
smoke them, now?

He reaches in the same shirt pocket and produces a large wooden match.

BERNARD

They give me an excuse to carry
these. And where there's a match,
there is always a fuse. And where
there's a fuse...!

He sticks the match in his mouth, like a toothpick.

THE MARINA looms before them as he pilots the boat in from the sea and aims down the channel toward its mooring spot.

LEIGH-CHERI

Where'd you get this boat, anyway?

BERNARD

Belongs to an old marijuana smuggler.

LEIGH-CHERI

I was afraid of that. Where's he? In prison?

BERNARD

Nope. Gave up the trade. Went to work for the Republican Party. Bigger opportunities.

Leigh-Cheri, suppressing a smile, slips an arm around his waist. She savors the memory of making love with him.

LEIGH-CHERI

Well, Mr. Redbeard, do you think you and I make love better than ordinary mortals do?

BERNARD

Yum.

LEIGH-CHERI

I have a question, then.

(a beat)

Do you know how to make love stay?

He stares ahead at the waters of the channel into the Marina.

HIS POV

As they approach the boat's slip A FIGURE can be made out on the dock ahead, apparently waiting for their arrival.

BERNARD

Who's that?

Gulietta waves innocently as they approach.

BERNARD'S EYES narrow. He becomes alert.

BERNARD

You told her you were meeting me?

LEIGH-CHERI (sheepish)

Well...I left a note.

He cuts the throttle to idle the twin diesels.

BERNARD (worried)

You jump out when I touch the dock.
I smell fish.

HIS POV

Something moves behind another nearby boat.

BERNARD

Go! Jump! Get out!

VARIOUS ANGLES

He guns the motors on the boat. Leigh-Cheri gets hung up reaching for the dock. Gulietta lunges to help her.

POLICE appear with guns drawn and shotguns aimed at him from a dozen angles.

BERNARD thinks Leigh-Cheri is clear of the boat. He guns the engines full ahead.

LEIGH-CHERI falls into the water. Gulietta has got a tight grip on her hand and she tumbles in after her.

THE POLICE open fire and a shotgun blast shatters the windshield of the boat.

BERNARD executes a tight turn at high speed. He crouches low as he pilots the very fast boat back into the channel of the Marina toward the open sea.

DISSOLVE

INT. AIRLINER - NIGHT

Leigh-Cheri and Gulletta are returning to Seattle on an airliner. Leigh-Cheri sits by the window in first class, with Gulletta sitting next to her. The princess looks dejected as Gulletta lectures her in her Wittgensteinian duck talk.

GULIETTA (subtitled)

We get to Seattle, we will call the F.B.I., tell them he kidnapped you.

LEIGH-CHERI

No. Gulletta we won't. They'll catch him someday, if they haven't already, and I don't want any part of that.

GULIETTA (subtitled, adamant)

Why not?

Leigh-Cheri looks at her with moist eyes.

LEIGH-CHERI

I love him, Gulletta.

Gulletta is shocked. She waves a hand, dismissing the notion. Then, she makes a circle with the thumb and forefinger of one hand while poking her other index finger through the circle imitating coitus.

LEIGH-CHERI

No. I love him

Gulletta smacks her forehead with the palm of her hand and exclaims.

GULIETTA (subtitled)

Oy vey.

EXT. KING MAX'S HOUSE, SEATTLE - DAY

Leigh-Cheri walks by herself along a path through the blackberry brambles on her family estate. She pauses to look out over the grey waters of Puget Sound. She wears a hooded cape to protect her from the rain. She looks back over her shoulder wistfully. Lonely, in the mist and rain, with the hooded cape, she looks much like "the French Lieutenant's Woman".

A VOICE calls to her through the grey mist. She looks back to see who calls her.

VOICE (calling)

Princess...

A FIGURE is seen coming towards her along the path through the blackberries. This figure is also hooded as she is. As it gets closer we see that this is the handsome young Arab prince, A ben Fisel. He wears a burnoose and a London Fog rain coat over his Saville Row suit.

FISEL

Leigh-Cheri...

She tries to smile.

LEIGH-CHERI

Hello, A ben.

He takes her damp shoulders in his hands and tries to kiss her. She turns her face away.

FISEL

You look so sad, here in the rain.

LEIGH-CHERI

That's what rain is for, isn't it?

He smiles at her and her wit appreciatively. He is a beautiful young man, a young Omar Sharif.

FIZEL

And what are all these horrible black-berries for, Cheri?

She glances at the sea of brambles around them.

LEIGH-CHERI

I think they are here to remind us that if we stand still, A'ben, we'll just get grown over, and disappear.

A'ben pulls her closer to him. Fizel speaks very good English with the accent almost erased by a graduate school education at the University of Washington.

FIZEL

That is a perfect sentiment for what I must say to you, Cheri.

LEIGH-CHERI

Yes?

FIZEL

Marry me. Be my princess. We shall rule my country together.

The rain moistens his face, making him more dramatically handsome.

LEIGH-CHERI

I appreciate the offer, A'ben. But your timing...couldn't be worse.

She walks away in the direction of the house, looking starkly romantic in her long hooded cape in the rain.

INT. LEIGH-CHERI'S ROOM - NIGHT

Leigh-Cheri lies face down on her fluffy bed with her head turned to the side and her eyes open but unfocused. The picture of Ralph Nader looks sympathetically down on her. Next to the bed there is a night-stand with a color photo of her now-deceased frog, Prince Charming. Leigh-Cheri reaches for the picture and hugs it soulfully.

She glances up to the window above the bed and looks out on the night sky.

HER POV - TIGHTEN

Through the window she sees a "Half Moon" hanging in a black sky. The camera then zooms past the moon until the whole screen is black.

A TITLE APPEARS:

"PHASE III"

FADE

INT. KING MAX'S HOUSE - NIGHT

King Max is playing poker with Prince A'ben Fizel. There is a Seattle Super Sonics basketball game playing on the big-screen T.V. King Max finishes dealing a hand to both of them then lays down the remaining deck. The Prince picks up his cards, and smiles.

FIZEL

Anything wild, your Majesty?

KING MAX

One-eyed Jacks. And I am not a king anymore. I am practically an American, Call me Max.

The King inspects his cards. There is a large amount of money stacked in front of the Prince. Much less in front of the King.

FIZEL

But you could be a King again, don't you think? If you played your cards right.

KING MAX

There's talk about that, but I'm not sure I'm interested anymore. What's your bet?

FIZEL

What would you most like to have in this whole world, Max?

Max heart valve flutters audibly. He touches his chest.

KING MAX

Besides a new heart? I don't know. Not a crown, that's for sure. Ante up.

FIZEL

What's more desirable than being a King?

King Max glances over at the TV. The Sonics score a basket. The crowd goes wild.

KING MAX (sincerely)

I'd rather own a sports franchise. In America that's more than a King. A better tax write-off, too, I understand.

FIZEL

Alright. I'll bet you a sports franchise. Which one do you want?

King Max looks at him sideways.

KING MAX

You don't own one, young man.

FIZEL

I'll buy one. Which one do you want?

King Max studies him to see if he is serious. He is.

KING MAX

I'm a Sonics fan, myself.

FIZEL

Done. I bet you the Seattle Super Sonics.

KING MAX

Against what? My fortune is mostly
misfortune, these days.

FIZEL

Against your daughter.

KING MAX

My daughter?

FIZEL

Her hand. I want your permission
to marry her.

KING MAX

My permission might not mean much.
She's got a mind of her own and right
now, she's got a wild hair up her royal
...derriere.

Fizel smiles confidently.

FIZEL

Please, don't think I'm crude to be
bargaining for her like this.

KING MAX (waving his hand)

Aaaa. Nonsense. Royalty's been bartering
their children for empire since the begin-
ning. It's the most elegant form of slavery.

FIZEL (smug)

I'll take two cards.

He throws in his discard. Max throws down his discard, and picks
up the rest of the deck to continue dealing. He tosses two cards to
Fizel. And one to himself.

KING MAX

Dealer takes one card.

TIGHTEN ON MAX

He is excited by the bet. His heart valve ticks louder.

QUEEN TILLI enters the room carrying her pet Chihuahua. She's dressed for an evening out.

TILLI

Ve are expected at dinner, Max
For the Cancer society.

KING MAX

I don't have cancer, yet. Back off,
Tilli. I have a hot hand.

She hears his heart ticking.

TILLI

This is not good for you, my dear.

KING MAX

I said, BACK OFF, Tilli! I'm on a roll.

He tosses lays down his hand for FizeL's inspection: Three kings and a one-eyed Jack. His heart valve pucks even louder, FizeL reads the cards with disappointment. He folds his own hand and tosses the cards away. Max is ecstatic. He leaps to his feet and shakes both fists in the air, like a man who's just scored the winning basket.

ON THE TV the fans go wild again.

SLO MOTION

KING MAX leaps around the room pointing a finger in the air, as if to say "I'm number one". ON THE SOUND TRACK his heart valve clacks above everything else, musically.

CHUCK CLARK, the chauffeur/ aspiring C.I.A. man, appears in the doorway with a curious look on his face at Max's celebration. Queen Tilli, of course, does not know what is going on. The Chihuahua is barking hysterically.

TILLI

Oh oh. This Bud's for him, I guess.

FADE

EXT. KING MAX'S HOUSE - DAY

An old black CHEVY pulls up in the driveway of King Max's estate. Bernard steps out. He's dressed in a new black shirt. His hair is tinted black again, combed slickly back, and his black-leather cowboy boots are shined to a high-gloss. He is carrying a dozen red roses. He has come courting. Bernard approaches the front door of the big old yellow house and rings the bell.

HIS POV

As he waits, Bernard looks around him at the faded house, the lush grounds, the ever-encroaching blackberry bushes on the perimeter of the lawn. He spots Chuck, who has been hacking at the brambles with a machete, now pausing to look back at him from afar.

ANGLE ON DOOR

Gulietta is shocked to see him as she answers the front door. She almost jumps out of her skin. Bernard gives her his friendliest snaggle-toothed grin.

BERNARD

Good morning. Is the Princess
available, by any chance?

Gulietta squawks at him in her Duck-talk. Her exclamations are untranslatable.

BERNARD (cont)

Can I come in?

He doesn't wait for an invitation. He steps inside. Gulietta shrugs and ushers him into the parlor. She squawks at him again.

GULIETTA (subtitled)

Wait here.

Gulietta dashes up the stairs to alert Leigh-Cheri to Bernard's arrival. The camera rushes with her up the steps.

IN THE LIVINGROOM

Bernard ambles around the parlor inspecting life-size PORTRAITS of the Royal Family. There is a grand PIANO by the bay windows. He strikes a single note on the keyboard with his finger.

QUEEN TILLI'S CHIHUAHUA is dozing unnoticed on the couch. The musical note causes him to stir for a second then go back to sleep. Bernard takes no note of the tiny dog.

UPSTAIRS

Gulietta sprints up the ladder to Leigh-Cheri's attic room and squawks that Bernard is here.

GULIETTA
Boom boom. Boom boom.

Leigh-Cheri is astonished, thrilled and frightened by the news.

LEIGH-CHERI
What? Here? Bernard is here?!

Gulietta nods her head and points downstairs as she keeps repeating.

GULIETTA
Boom boom. Boom boom.

LEIGH-CHERI spins around the small room in a dither.

LEIGH-CHERI
Oh my god. Well...I have to change.
Tell him to wait. I'll be right down.

Gulietta starts to descend the ladder-stairs. Leigh-Cheri calls her back.

LEIGH-CHERI (cont)
Gulietta. Come here. Help me find something to wear.

Gulietta climbs back into the room. Leigh-Cheri strips off her T-shirt hurriedly.

EXT. DRIVEWAY

Chuck Clark, puts down his machete, and produces a notebook and pen to copy down the license number of Bernard's old Camero.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Bernard finishes his brief canvas of the big room then inspects his bouquet of roses as he backs to the sofa and sits down. **ON THE SOUND TRACK**, There is a muffled yelp and the loud cracking of bones as Bernard inadvertently sits down on the tiny fragile dog.

SLO MOTION

Bernard registers alarm and comes to his feet with a mighty leap (in slo motion). He drops the bouquet of roses as he reacts. He's horrified to see what has occurred.

WIDER

He scoops up the body of the little runt and holds it aloft to get a good look at the damage. The little dog is lifeless. He shakes it, but there is no response. He's broken the poor mutt's neck!

BERNARD

Oh, Jesus!

Bernard panics. He has no idea what to do. He shakes the limp dog again, to no avail. He looks around the room in continued panic. He's looking for some place to stash the corpse.

HE SPOTS THE PIANO. He raises the lid and places the dog down inside on the strings. He picks up the roses. He places one of them down on the carcass of the Chihuahua, and pauses to appraise his choice of a resting place for the dead little mutt.

INT. GARAGE

Chuck Clark is on a telephone extension in the garage talking to someone official.

CHUCK (into phone)

Look, I'm telling you, there is something going on here. This Arab guy has been around making some kind of a deal with the king. Now, this other guy shows up. I told you I taped a conversation between the Princess and her nanny, talking about some bomber the Princess got involved over in Hawaii. This must be the guy. I never seen him around here before. He's got an old Chevy with Washington plates. G71643. That's right. Punch it up on the computer. I'll call you back. This might be a jackpot.

He dashes out of the garage and around the corner of the house.

INT. LEIGH-CHERI'S ROOM

She is buttoning herself into a pretty pink dress. Gulietta bustles around behind her trying to brush her long red hair.

LEIGH-CHERI

Hurry, Gulietta.

EXT. FRONT OF THE HOUSE

Bernard slips out the front door and hurries to his Camero. He revs the throaty engine and aims it down the driveway.

CHUCK PEAKS AROUND THE CORNER of the house and see Bernard's Camero leaving. He rushes to one of King Max's Mercedes. Jumps inside. Starts the engine and pursues Bernard down the drive.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Leigh-Cheri arrives at the doorway of the living room wearing her pretty pink dress and a look of flushed anticipation.

LEIGH-CHERI

Bernard?

She scans the room and spots the roses lying on the coffee table in front of the sofa. She picks them up and smiles.

LEIGH-CHERI (low)
Bernard?

She thinks she sees a bulge in the drapery by the bay windows. She goes there expecting to find him hiding. No luck. Then she spots something in the piano. She is drawn to look inside and finds the dead Chihuahua lying in state with a single rose between it's paws.

LEIGH-CHERI (screams)
Yeaaa!

QUEEN TILLI comes running into the room to see what is the matter. Immediately she spots the dead dog in the piano and begins screaming louder than a dying soprano at the Met.

TILLI (screams)
Yeaaa, oooo, aaaa, eeee!!!

She picks up the dead mutt. His tiny head dangles lifeless and limp as a year-old celery stalk.

GULIETTA APPEARS in the doorway. She sees the dead dog in Tilli's arms and mutters to herself in ducktalk.

GULIETTA (subtitled)
He snuffed that dog. The guy can't be all bad.

EXT. HIGHWAY

VARIOUS SHOTS (MONTAGE)

Bernard speeds away from Max's estate in his old Camero, with Chuck Clark following at a discrete distance in Max's Mercedes. They rapidly progress to the city of Seattle that way.

INT. MERCEDES

As Bernard heads down Route 99 along the Seattle waterfront into the city, Chuck is on the car telephone to his government contact.

CHUCK

I'm on his tail. What'd you find out?

He pauses for a response from his Contact on the other end.

CHUCK (cont)

Well, maybe this is your bomber, then. Looks like he's headed for the waterfront. Maybe Pioneer Square. Get somebody on this, will ya? Call me back. Cellular 6 - 471 0790.

He hangs up the phone, then rants to himself.

CHUCK (muttering)

If we don't stop these bastards here, pretty soon we won't have any foreign governments we can call our own.

DISSOLVE

EXT. PIONEER SQUARE, SEATTLE - DAY

Bernard walks away from his Camero, past STREET ARTISTS, TOURISTS, WINOS and BACKPACKING-Types in Eddie Bauer gear. He enters a big old bar that's been somewhat restored to the look of the good old days.

INT. HALF MOON BAR

Inside, there's about the same mix of PEOPLE as on the street, but with maybe more Eddie Bauer-types in out of the rain. Somebody's version of Kristofferson's "Borderlord" is playing on the juke-box. Bernard ambles to the bar, then turns to survey the place.

JUKEBOX SONG

"When you're headed for the border,
Lord, you're bound to cross the line..."

The BARTENDER appears to take his order.

BERNARD

Tequila, Gold. Double. Two of 'em.
And a Rainier draft.

The Bartender squints at him. He is Bernard's age and wearing a radical T-shirt. "Clear-cut Loggers, Save the Trees".

BARTENDER

Do I know you?

BERNARD (uneasy)

I hope not. How 'bout my drinks?

The Bartender moves away.

BERNARD takes a pack of Camel's from his shirt pocket. He contemplates the unopened pack for a moment.

HIS POV - TIGHTEN TO ECU

The camera tightens on the cigarette pack with it's classic design of Camel, Palm Trees and Pyramid. Bernard turns the pack in his finger tips without opening it.

THE BARTENDER

arrives with Bernard's Tequila and beer. He pours the first Tequila, then pauses to look past Bernard with an alarmed look on his face.

BERNARD spots the look and knows immediately what is transpiring behind him. The Bar has grown suddenly quiet except for the song from the jukebox.

JUKEBOX SONG

"When your headed for the border,
Lord, you're bound to cross the line."

Bernard picks up the glass of Tequila and drains it.

BERNARD (to Bartender)

Pour me that other one. I got a
feeling I'm gonna need it.

Bernard opens the cigarette pack and takes out a cigarette. The Bartender pours him another shot. Bernard has not turned around to see what's behind him. Then with the cigarette in his mouth and the glass of Tequila in his hand, he slowly turns to face the music.

A DOZEN COPS

have slipped into the bar with their guns drawn. The Customers sit frozen with fear. The HEAD COP has a riot gun pointed at Bernard's chest.

ON BERNARD

Not a word is spoken until Bernard reaches to his shirt pocket for a match for his Camel cigarette.

HEAD COP

Hold it there, Woodpecker. I'll blow your head off.

The Woodpecker pauses.

BERNARD

I'm gonna drink this Tequila. You want to kill me for that. Help yourself.

He raises the glasses to his lips, drains it. The Cop stiffens but does not shoot. Bernard turns his head toward the Bartender.

BERNARD

Got a match?

The Bartender produces a cigarette lighter, instantly, as bartenders do. He looks proud to light Bernard's cigarette.

BARTENDER

I thought I knew you, Woodpecker.

Bernard exhales a cloud of smoke and gives him his patented grin.

BERNARD

That's what a lot of people think.

FADE

INT. SEATTLE JAIL - DAY

Leigh-Cheri's face is sad as she looks through the glass partition in the visiting room of the Seattle Jail. Next to her is another spectacularly red-headed woman, NINA JABLONSKI, Bernard's lawyer.

NINA

My dear. They will be recording your conversation. Anything you say about your family, or about your relationship to Bernard they may hold against him. They are convinced your relationship is political.

LEIGH-CHERI

Ha! They should ask Bernard how he feels about politics?

NINA

Mr. Wrangle suggests that you tell him a story.

LEIGH-CHERI

What?

NINA

He doesn't want the C.I.A. to be privy to any tenderness you might share in conversation. Tell him a story. He just wants to look at you.

Leigh-Cheri shrugs and considers a story to tell.

BERNARD APPEARS on the other side of the glass, shuffling, with chains on his ankles and wrists cuffed to a chain around his waist.

A GUARD unlocks one wrist so he can pick up the closed-circuit phone receiver to talk to her.

HER EYES fill with tears. She picks up her phone.

BERNARD (into phone)
Hello, Dragon Bait.

Tears trickle down her face now.

BERNARD (cont)
Hey, I'm real sorry about the Queen's dog.

She shrugs, sadly, speechless.

BERNARD (cont)
Cheer up. Tell me a story.

She struggles through her tears to recite a story.

LEIGH-CHERI (determined)
Gulietta used to tell me this to put me
to sleep at night.

He smiles his encouragement.

LEIGH-CHERI
Once upon a time, in an age when people
still dared to wish for what they really
wanted. There was a beautiful young
Princess, and her father the king, loved
her very much. He gave her a golden
ball to play with. The princess played
with it, tossed it in the air, constantly.
Once when she was playing near a
spring in the forest, she dropped the ball,
and it rolled into the deep spring, and
it sank far out of sight.

HIS POV - ECU

As she recites this tale, Bernard's eyes explore Leigh-Cheri's features with almost microscopic attention. He drinks in her hair, her eyebrows, her eyes, the corners of her mouth, the freckles on her bare arms, the bulge of her breasts beneath her blouse...

LEIGH-CHERI (cont)

The Princess was heart-broken. She cried and cried. Now, there was a frog by the spring. He saw the ball sink in the spring and heard her crying. He asked her what she would give him, if he recovered the golden ball for her. She promised him anything he wanted. The frog said he would like to be her companion, to play with her, to eat from her own plate, and to sleep in her bed. The princess agreed. The frog dove to the bottom of the spring and returned with the golden ball. The Princess was overjoyed. She tossed the ball in the air, caught it, and ran back toward the Palace with it. The perturbed frog was left behind. It took him a while to get there, but eventually the frog hopped all the way to the Palace, himself. He knocked on the door. And reluctantly the Princess opened it. The frog said, "you promised me, I would be your constant companion". The Princess wanted to throw him out, but the King overheard the conversation, and said that the Princess must keep her promises. The Princess played with the frog. She let him eat dinner with her, and most reluctantly, she let him hop into her bed that night. But when he snuggled up to her the frog was cold and damp and this infuriated the beautiful Princess. In a rage she picked up the slimy frog and threw him hard against the wall. When he fell to the floor the frog was suddenly a handsome Prince, who had been cursed by a wicked witch. and made into a frog. Now, the grateful Prince asked the beautiful Princess to marry him. The King, agreed. And they went off to the Prince's country, where they became King and Queen, and lived happily ever after.

Before Bernard can react to the story, the burly Guard who delivered him, reappears and yanks him by the collar.

GUARD

Time's up. You're outta here.

He pulls Bernard off of his chair, ending the visit.

LEIGH-CHERI bounds off of her chair, banging her fists on the glass and shouting at the Guard behind the barrier.

LEIGH-CHERI

If you hurt him, I'll blow this place apart myself.

NINA JABLONSKI grabs L.C.'s shoulders to control her.

NINA

Hey, cool it. Don't talk like that. You'll never get to visit him again.

Leigh-Cheri controls herself.

HER POV - THRU GLASS

She sees Bernard suddenly jerk free of the Guard, and grab for the telephone. She lunges for her phone receiver.

BERNARD (into phone, quickly)

What happened to the golden ball?!

ANOTHER GUARD joins the first one and together they tug Bernard away from the phone, and slam him against the wall. They lock up his free hand, and drag him away toward his cell. All this before Leigh-Cheri has a chance to answer.

NINA YABLONSKY soothes the Princess with an arm around her.

NINA

Come on, kid. I'll buy you a cup of coffee.

LEIGH-CHERI (tough)
I want a drink. Where's that bar where
they arrested him?

INT. HALF MOON BAR - DAY

Nina Yablonsky and Leigh-Cheri sit at a table in the Half-Moon bar. A WAITRESS brings Nina a glass of white wine. She places a beer and double shot of Tequila in front of Leigh-Cheri. She immediately polishes off half the Tequila and chases it with a gulp of beer.

NINA
Looks like Bernard got through
to you in more ways than one.

Leigh-Cheri is in a tougher mood than we have seen before. It's like she has grown up immediately, since seeing Bernard behind bars.

LEIGH-CHERI
They won't keep him there in that
jail will they?

NINA
No. He'll go to prison. MacNeil Island.
That's a lot worse.

LEIGH-CHERI
For how long?

NINA (serious)
I wouldn't wait for him if I were you.

Leigh-Cheri looks shocked.

NINA (cont)
Look. I know you are infatuated with
the guy. I've been involved with him
for a long time myself. And I wasn't
always just his lawyer, if you get my drift.
He's nuts about Redheads. Especially young
luscious ones like you. Did he give you his
famous "Redbeard" speech?

Nina can see at a glance that he has.

NINA (cont, rapidly)

Look. I see you love the guy. Women do. But, he's twice your age. He's getting ugly. He's uncivilized. He's always going to be in trouble.

LEIGH-CHERI

I love him anyway.

NINA (enunciating carefully)

He's a cosmic jerk, do you understand? Opposed to everybody in power. Eighteen years ago he blew up that college chemistry building, and everybody thought it was because he was against the war. He was against the war alright, but he swears he blew up the building just for fun!

She shrugs.

NINA (cont)

Anyway, they put him in jail for it. He blasted his way out. He went to Cuba. They thought he was a hero. He gave Fidel an exploding cigar!

Leigh-Cheri laughs.

NINA(cont)

So, the Cubans put him in jail. He blasted his way out again. Then he high-jacked a Cuban airliner, and flew it to New York. He said they'd high-jacked some of ours. He wanted to even the score. They didn't put it in the papers because both sides were embarrassed. Every government hates this guy, and they always will.

(a beat)

So, don't wait around for him. Don't waste your young life.

LEIGH-CHERI (very sincere)
 If he's such a jerk, why do you still...
 defend him?

Nina takes a moment to answer.

NINA
 Well, one thing a lawyer learns
 pretty quick: It's a crooked world
 out there. And nobody can deny it.
 Not Kings, not Priests, not Presidents.
 The Woodpecker is a very rare bird.

LEIGH-CHERI (expectant)
 What's that?

NINA
 He's an honest man.

EXT. KING MAX'S HOUSE, PORCH - DAY

It's a beautiful morning on the estate on Puget Sound. King Max and Queen Tilli are having their morning coffee and blackberry muffins on a sun-drenched porch of their old yellow mansion. Max is reading the newspaper. Tilli is reading a People magazine which has a cover picture of Leigh-Cheri on the beach at Maui.

LEIGH-CHERI joins them on the porch. She's wearing a white sun dress, bare feet, sleep still in her eyes.

MAX
 Good morning, Cheri.

LEIGH-CHERI (sleepy, sad)
 Pop.

She kisses her father's cheek, then her mother's.

LEIGH-CHERI
 Mom.

MAX (nodding at the magazine)

Looks like you're famous, today, honeybun.

Tilli snorts.

TILLI

Infamous, I would say.

She throws down the magazine. Leigh-Cheri picks it up.

MAX

The phone has been wringing off the hook all morning. You've had calls from Monaco, London, Biarritz...everybody is buzzing about your plan for the Monarchy of Mu. Everybody with a royal coat of arms, that is. Or even a royal vest, ha ha.

TILLI points to a section of the local paper with a headline that also refers to Leigh-Cheri, and another picture of the Princess in her cheerleader uniform at a bygone Husky football game.

HEADLINE:

"Princess-in-exile, lover of jailed bomber?"

LEIGH-CHERI

He's not just a bomber, mother.

TILLI

Yes. He also murders dogs!

LEIGH-CHERI

That was an accident. He apologized.

TILLI

Well, he von't get dis puppy.

Tilli reaches down to pet her new "puppy". It is a one hundred-fifty-pound GIANT MASTIFF.

TILLI (cont)

At any rate, your peckerhead is

right ver he belonks -- in prison!

Leigh-Cheri scans the newspaper article.

THE LEADLINE OF THE ARTICLE verifies Tilli's assertion.

LEADLINE

The Woodpecker was transferred to MacNeil Island federal prison, yesterday, under heavy guard".

LEIGH-CHERI takes her eyes from the newspaper and looks out over the lawns and surrounding blackberry patch. She looks resolute.

LEIGH-CHERI

Well, if he must live in prison,
then so shall I!

Max and Tilli both look at her with puzzled concern. She turns and walks away around the corner of the house.

ANGLE

The porch continues around to the rear of the mansion. As she walks that way she meets Chuck, coming up the few stairs from the lawn. He stops on the mid-stair as he sees her approaching.

CHUCK forces a smile at her.

CHUCK (apprehensive)

Good morning, Princess.

SHE WALKS directly up to him. Standing on the steps, his mid-section is just above the level of her feet. She points a finger at something up in the sky.

LEIGH-CHERI

What kind of a bird is that up
there, Chuck?

Stupidly, he looks skyward. She delivers a vicious kick to his groin.

SLO MOTION

Chuck crumples and rolls slowly down the steps, landing in a heap on the lawn.

LEIGH-CHERI turns away from him, and calls for her elderly handmaid.

LEIGH-CHERI (calling)
Gulietta! Come give me a hand.

INT. ATTIC ROOM - DAY

Leigh-Cheri's attic aerie is in the final stage of a stark transformation. The posters and prints have been removed from the walls. Window curtains, carpet, lamps and furniture have disappeared. Leigh-Cheri drops an upholstered chair down through the trapdoor.

GULIETTA applies black paint to the panes of a dormer window that once let in ample sunlight and made the room a cheery place.

LEIGH-CHERI
Black out all those window panes,
but one, Gulietta. I have to be able
to at least see the moon.

LEIGH-CHERI takes down the last framed blow-up off the wall. It is the picture of Ralph Nader. She gives Nader a farewell kiss on the cheek and tosses the picture through the trapdoor. Then she brushes her hands and looks around her attic cell. She goes to the narrow metal cot that has replaced her soft-lacy bed. She unrolls a simple prison-thin mattress and lies down on her back. She reaches into the pocket of her plain denim prison-like shirt and pulls out an unopened pack of Camel cigarettes, and studies it.

INT. BERNARD'S PRISON CELL - DAY

Bernard sits cross-legged on his prison bunk in solitary dark cell. A shaft of sunlight angles down on him from a high barred window, not unlike the single pane of glass in Leigh-Cheri's attic cell. Bernard's eyes are closed. He's meditating. After a moment, his eyes open. He takes a few deep breaths, rubs his eyes and comes

back to normal consciousness. He also reaches into a denim shirt pocket and takes out a Camel pack. Unlike Leigh-Cheri, he takes out a cigarette and a wooden match and fires up a smoke, exhaling with a satisfied sigh.

INT. LEIGH-CHERI - DAY

Leigh-Cheri is alone in her attic cell, still-studying the Camel pack. Gulletta's head appears up through the trapdoor. She squawks the Princess' name and offers her a chamber pot. Leigh-Cheri rises from her bunk and takes the pot from her maid.

LEIGH-CHERI

Gulletta. I want you to go the library or the book store and get me all the books you can on the pyramids. Do you understand? The pyramids.

Gulletta nods her head, frowns, and disappears down the ladder.

LEIGH-CHERI puts down the chamber pot, and returns to sit on the edge of her bunk in the shaft of sunlight coming down from the one clear window pane.

LATER

Leigh-Cheri lies on her cot with a notebook and ballpoint pen, writing a letter. We hear her voice reciting the words on the page.

LEIGH-CHERI (V.O.)

Dearest Darling Bernard, I love you and miss you with every cell of my body and with my entire soul. I must say, the "peachfish" is having a tough time without you, as well...

She lets her note book fall from her hand and slips her fingers down into her underpants. Tighten...

SLOW DISSOLVE

INT. BERNARD'S PRISON CELL - DAY

Bernard is doing push-ups on the floor of his cell. Because of the very slow dissolve, his image is momentarily super-imposed over the image of her lying on her cot. Of course it appears that they are together making love.

SLOW FADE

INT. ATTIC ROOM - DAY

Leigh-Cheri is moving about her room, tossing her unopened Camel pack in the air and catching it in various nimble ways like a juggler, over her shoulder, behind her back etc.

GULIETTA delivers a tray of food through the trapdoor. Beside the prison meal of a bologna sandwich and some thin soup, there is a stack of the pyramid books she requested. Leigh-Cheri's eyes light up.

LEIGH-CHERI

Oh. Thank you, Gulietta.

She scoops up the books and squats on the floor to pour over them. The camera pans back to the ignored lunch tray by the trapdoor, and we see Gulietta frowning, descend out of sight.

LEIGH-CHERI'S POV

She turns the pages of a large "art" book, and a glorious array of pyramids from different parts of the world are devoured by her hungry eyes.

FADE

INT. BERNARD'S PRISON CELL

A PRISON TRUSTEE delivers Bernard's prison meal of a bologna sandwich and some thin soup. He slips the food through a slot in the door, then he produces a People magazine from inside his overalls.

TRUSTEE (surreptitious)

Psst. Woodpecker. Read this. Your girlfriend's made you an underground

hero again. She's leading a whole damn women's movement. Check it out... Hey, maybe they'll figure some way to get you outta here!

BERNARD'S HAND comes through the slot to take the People Magazine. In the background we see his eyes burning with skepticism.

INT. LEIGH- CHERI'S ATTIC CELL

Gulietta's hand appears through the trapdoor, and offers a copy of the same issue of People magazine to Leigh-Cheri.

GULIETTA (subtitled)

Get a load of this.

LEIGH-CHERI sees herself on the cover of the magazine, then quickly opens it to a central page where there are pictures of her **ROMANTIC FOLLOWERS** and the explanatory text.

LEIGH-CHERI (impressed)

Holy cow! I don't believe this!

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Max and Tilli watch a daytime magazine show on TV with Seattle's version of Oprah Winfrey hosting. She's standing on the lawn of an ordinary suburban home with a **MIDDLE-AGED COUPLE** who live inside. The Couple look depressed.

TV HOSTESS

How long has your daughter been confining herself to the attic?

FATHER

She's going on her...fourth week, now.

MOTHER

There was an article in the University of Washington paper about that Princess who has had herself locked up for months. She read that and...we haven't seen her

out of the attic...ever since.

FATHER

We heard from some people down in Portland...and another family up in Vancouver. They got the same problem.

TV HOSTESS

Is your daughter's boyfriend in prison?

MOTHER

No. He's in the Navy. On a ship...

FATHER

In the Persian Gulf...

TV HOSTESS

I'd love to interview your daughter.

DISSOLVE

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - ATTIC

The TV crew has managed a shot through the attic door at the self-imprisoned YOUNG WOMAN inside.

MOTHER (O.S., overlap)

She won't even talk to us.

Like Leigh-Cheri, she is clad in a t-shirt and underpants. She sits cross-legged on her cot and stares back at the intruding camera, which TIGHTENS on her solemn face.

FATHER (O.S., overlap)

We hear there's girls doing this all over the country.

INT. BERNARD'S PRISON CELL - DAY

He throws the well-thumbed "People" Magazine against the cement wall. of his cell.

BERNARD (furious)

I don't believe this. That stupid little

bitch!

DISSOLVE

INT. LEIGH-CHERI'S ATTIC CELL - DAY

Nina Jablonski is visiting Leigh-Cheri in her confinement. She has handed a letter to the Princess. Nina's face is solemn, as Leigh Cheri excitedly opens the envelope, and unfolds the page of simple lined notebook paper, then reads. We hear her voice, over.

LEIGH-CHERI (V.O.)

Dear Cheri. Yuk! If you think the black hole is bad, you should try it with baby ferrets hanging from the skin of your testicles. That's how I felt when I learned that our personal relationship had become public soap opera.

As she reads this, her face falls like an avalanche.

LEIGH-CHERI (cont)

If you want to lead a movement, lead it far away from me. If you want to save the world, I'll be damned! I thought you'd learned by now that "romantic movement" is a contradiction in terms. Romance is private and sacred. Of course, people are all too eager to turn the deepest human experiences into another shallow fad. If you want to play into that sorry hand, deal me out.

(signed)

yer EX,

Bernard Mickey Wrangle"

NINA looks at Leigh-Cheri with utmost sympathy.

LEIGH-CHERI'S EYES spill tears down her freckled cheeks.

DISSOLVE

LATER - NIGHT

Leigh-Cheri lies on her cot with Gulietta propped up next to her, hugging her in consolation. Gulietta tries to sooth her with a story.

GULIETTA (subtitled)

Once upon a time, there was a beautiful Princess...

Leigh-Cheri bolts upright.

LEIGH-CHERI (shrill)

I'm sorry. I don't want to hear that stupid story ever again!

DISSOLVE

INT. KITCHEN/PANTRY - NIGHT

Downstairs, King Max stands by the open doors of the pantry shovelling spoonfuls of sugar into his mouth, hungrily. His heart valve is clicking like a pair of wind-up false teeth.

TILLI ARRIVES to catch him at it.

TILLI (horrified)

Max! Dat sugar vill clog your heart!

MAX (guilty and sad)

Who cares? I've lost my daughter.
And...there goes the franchise.

Tilli puts her arms around her dejected husband and holds him tight.

FADE

INT. LEIGH CHERI'S ATTIC CELL - DAY

Leigh-Cheri moves around her attic confinement, tossing the pack of Camel cigarettes in the air again with her practised agility. There is anger in the way she exercises with it now.

SHE SITS DOWN on the edge of her cot to study the pack itself in earnest. She squints at it.

DISSOLVE

THE CAMEL CIGARETTE PACK (ANIMATION)

It comes alive as she studies it. The Palm trees sway. Moslem figures wave from the windows of the minarets. the Camel on the pack trots around a pyramid.

THE PYRAMID - CLOSE UP

Suddenly, the Pyramid, now glowing brightly with ethereal light, speaks, with a throaty WOMAN'S VOICE, that reverberates slightly as from the cavernous center of the monolith. It is a personable voice, not Godlike or forbidding.

PYRAMID

Do you really want to change the world,
Princess?

LEIGH-CHERI (mindblown)

What?

PYRAMID

Do you really want to change the world
or not? That used to be your goal.

LEIGH-CHERI (depressed)

Bernard says that's impossible.

PYRAMID

If Bernard is so smart, why is he in
prison?

LEIGH-CHERI

Am I hallucinating ?

PYRAMID

Of course. You have been eating bad
food. And you haven't been sleeping

much. But then again, everybody
is hallucinating... everything, yes?

LEIGH-CHERI

I don't know. But, if that's true, then
what's real?

PYRAMID

Whichever hallucination wins!

(a beat)

Now, do you want Chuck's hallucination
to win? Tilli's? Max's? Gulietta's?
Bernard's?

LEIGH-CHERI

Well...

PYRAMID (slow)

Why not yours?

(a long beat)

Think about it. It's your choice.

THE PYRAMID recedes back into the inanimacy of the Cigarette
pack, which Leigh-Cheri is left holding in her hand.

LEIGH-CHERI

But...

Leigh-Cheri ponders the experience she has just had.

OUTSIDE

Chuck is up on an extension ladder, peeking in the one unpainted
window frame at her.

INSIDE

Leigh-Cheri sits a moment longer, then comes to a decision. She
bounds off the cot, calling for her handmaid.

LEIGH-CHERI (calling)

Gulietta!

No answer. She crosses to the painted bank of windows and suddenly throws open the sash, calling again for her companion.

LEIGH-CHERI (calling)

Gulietta!

OUTSIDE

She startles Chuck so badly with her sudden appearance and vocalization that he falls off the extension ladder, and plummets screaming to the blackberry brambles below.

DOWNSTAIRS

Gulietta appears in the stairwell below looking up toward Leigh-Cheri's attic room.

HER POV

Leigh-Cheri opens her trapdoor and looks down to Gulietta, below.

LEIGH-CHERI

Gulietta. Draw me a bath!

ANGLE DOWN

Max and Tilli arrive beside Gulietta, looking up to their daughter, surprised to see her out of her cell.

MAX (happy)

Honeybun! She's back among the living, Tilli.

Tilli is so ecstatic to see Leigh-Cheri emerge that she jumps into the air (in SLO MOTION).

TILLI (exclaiming)

Toyota!

FREEZE FRAME

UPSTAIRS

Leigh-Cheri leans over the open trapdoor again.

LEIGH-CHERI

Oh. You better call an ambulance for Chuck. He's in the brambles below my window. I hope he broke his neck, but I doubt it, because he's still moaning.

EXT. BLACKBERRY THICKET - TWILIGHT

Chuck is being swallowed by angry blackberry bushes outside. In the dim light they seem to be rapidly growing over him. (FX)

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Later, Gulietta soaps up Leigh-Cheri with a big sponge in a lavish bath.

LEIGH-CHERI (cont)

Would you put in a call for me to A'ben Fazel?

Gulietta has finished washing her. Leigh-Cheri slips down in the bath water to soak. She looks up and out through a skylight in the bathroom ceiling.

HER POV - TIGHTEN ON THE MOON

There is a FULL MOON in the early sky this evening. Its expectant face beams over the world below.

PAN OFF THE MOON. Against the dark of the rest of the sky, a title appears:

"PHASE IV"

INT. A SEATTLE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Looking like the beautiful couple in a slick magazine ad, Leigh-Cheri and A'ben Fazel dine at a table by the windows of a lavish waterfront restaurant in Seattle. A'ben Fazel is in his best Brooks

Brother's suit. Leigh-Cheri looks fresh in a pastel dress. A'ben is thrilled to be with her. She is in firm negotiating mood.

FIZEL

Marry me and I will give you anything.

LEIGH-CHERI

I want a pyramid.

Fizel laughs.

FIZEL

You've got the wrong country. That's Egypt, with the pyramids. My country specializes in oil and dysentery.

LEIGH-CHERI

I want you to build me pyramid. In real limestone, scaled to the dimensions of the original at Giza in 2500 B.C.

FIZEL

Why?

LEIGH-CHERI

I want to know their secret.

FIZEL

But Princess, over all these thousands of years, not one document or even one anecdote has survived about the secret of the pyramids. No one even knows what they were built for, except to bury the dead.

LEIGH-CHERI

That's why I want you to build me one. I want to study it. I want to "feel" the effects of it...personally.

He looks dubious.

LEIGH-CHERI (cont)

If we really do it exactly right, it will put your country on the map. Your oil is going to run out soon. Fossil fuel is ridiculous, anyway. Everyone will come to visit your pyramid. Pollution's destroying Egypt's pyramids. They are falling apart. Yours will be brand new. It may even awaken some great memory in your civilization. You'll be invited to join the most restricted clubs in London and New York.

He smiles lovingly at her. He's being convinced by her lovely face.

FIZEL

And when will we marry?

LEIGH-CHERI

The day the pyramid is finished.

FIZEL

That's a long time. Do I have to wait to...

LEIGH-CHERI thinks on that one for a moment. Fazel is a very beautiful man. She's been in isolation a long time.

LEIGH-CHERI (warming)

Not... necessarily.

FIZEL

What about your friend in prison?

She takes a moment to answer.

LEIGH-CHERI

The Woodpecker convinced me, he's a...lone wolf.

FIZEL

And you?

LEIGH-CHERI (sincere)
I want to love somebody.

DISSOLVE

TITLE: "Eighteen Months Later...."

EXT/INT - A LAVISH APARTMENT IN ARABY - DAY

Through the window of a lavish apartment in Fazel's home country, Leigh-Cheri's PYRAMID can be seen under construction. The growing monolith has hundreds of WORKMEN swarming around it, with giant CRANES swinging huge blocks of GRANITE into place.

PULL BACK

INSIDE THE APARTMENT, the young Prince and the Princess are naked on a satin bed fit for Scheherazade. He covers her freckled-white frame with his almond-skin body. He smothers her with kisses. She opens her legs to him. He slides between them, avidly.

MONTAGE - SUPERIMPOSE IMAGES

of them making love and floating over and around the uncompleted pyramid, as it rises out of the white desert sand.

DISSOLVE

EXT. PYRAMID SIGHT - DAY

Leigh-Cheri studies the pyramid in progress. Faithful Gulletta is by her side. WORKERS bustle everywhere. The huge CRANES lower giant blocks of limestone into place on the gigantic structure.

LEIGH-CHERI does not look quite satisfied.

DISSOLVE

INT. LEIGH-CHERI'S APARTMENT

Leigh-Cheri has a raft of archaeological/architectural BOOKS laid open on the long marble table. She scans pictures in one of the

books. She turns to Gulietta and A'ben Fazel who wait patiently for her explanations.

LEIGH-CHERI

Pyramids don't have to look like that. Pyramids had beautiful facades with carved animals and plants growing out of ornate masonry portals and faces. At least the one's in Mexico and central America did. The one's that were designed by the Redbeards.

She holds up one of the picture books.

LEIGH-CHERI (cont)

That's what I want.

CLOSE UP

A drawing of an ancient ornate Mexican pyramid is seen.

LEIGH-CHERI (cont)

See, thieves and grave robbers and all kinds of disrespectful creeps stole the beautiful stone work off the original pyramids.

Fazel looks unhappy.

FIZEL

Do you know what this is costing, Princess? Our oil business isn't that stupendous. I really must tighten my purse strings.

She sidles up to him, warmly.

LEIGH-CHERI

And I really should keep my legs crossed until we're married.

Fazel looks defeated.

DISSOLVE

INT./EXT. LEIGH-CHERI'S APARTMENT - DAY

Later, she looks out the window toward the building sight. She raises a pair of field glasses to her eyes.

HER POV

The almost completed pyramid is now getting an ornate facade of carved stone. On the front of the monolith are several familiar symbols. A CAMEL and a FROG face each other dead center. There are PALM TREES flanking them, and above this main tableau is a large stone carved FULL MOON.

INT. LEIGH-CHERI'S APARTMENT

The door to Leigh-Cheri's apartment opens and A'ben Fazel enters, followed by THREE MEN in business suits. Leigh-Cheri and Gulietta are poring over more blueprinted details of the pyramid.

FAZEL

Cheri. You have visitors.

He introduces the visitors, first a tall American.

FAZEL (cont)

This is Mr. Canfield, from the American State Department.

Canfield steps forward, nodding.

CANFIELD

An honor, Princess.

FAZEL

And these gentlemen are from your Father's homeland of Wittgenstein. Mr. Squizat, and Mr. Delfut.

SQUIZAT and DELFUT are serious-looking diplomats in dignified pinstripe suits. It's a surprise when they squawk their greetings, in the ducklike tongue of their homeland. Canfield interrupts.

CANFIELD (in English)
Princess. We have spoken to your
Father about this...

LEIGH-CHERI
About what?

CANFIELD
As you may know the revolution in
your Father's homeland has reached a
critical phase. It might be possible at this
moment and with American ...assistance...
to restore to the throne a legitimate
member of the Royal family.

She is no longer the flighty young Princess. She's a strong woman
now.

LEIGH-CHERI
I thought that was exactly what you
have been working hard to prevent.
Isn't that why my family's been hounded
by the C.I.A. and spied on?

CANFIELD
Well, we would have preferred absolute
stability in Wittgenstein, of course. But that
is no longer possible, unfortunately.

LEIGH-CHERI (cold)
So, your "hallucination" is losing it's punch,
right?

CANFIELD (confused)
Pardon me?

LEIGH-CHERI
And the communist "hallucination" is
threatening to win, is it?

Leigh-Cheri is not the soft young thing anymore. She's gotten
calmly stronger with everyone.

CANFIELD

I'm afraid I don't follow...

LEIGH-CHERI

You wouldn't.

(nevermind)

My father is a very decent man, you know. He won't behave like your Dictator. He won't let you train his secret police to torture people. My Father sends regular donations to Amnesty International. Are you sure you can support a government like that?

CANFIELD

Your father doesn't want the job at all. He'd rather run his sports franchise. That's why we've come to offer it to you.

LEIGH-CHERI

No thanks.

Fizel smiles and puts his arm around his fiancee.

FIZEL

I've told them, you are my Princess, Cheri.

GULIETTA squints at A'ben Fizel. She does not like the man.

SQUIZAT AND DELFUT chatter dejectedly in Duck-talk.

LEIGH-CHERI looks at Gulietta, who has been ignored by all to this moment.

CANFIELD

The only way the Monarchy can be reestablished in your homeland is to crown a blood relative of your King Max.

The Two Wittgensteinian ambassadors agree with Canfield, excitedly, speaking as one.

SQUIZAT & DELFUT (subtitled)
That's right. A blood relative!

EXT. WITTGENSTEIN - DAY

There is a throne at the top of the stairs in front of an ancient European PALACE in the tiny Kingdom of Wittgenstein. The throne is flanked by Max and Tilli. A royal BAND plays a fanfare. Tilli places the CROWN on the head of the new Queen of Wittgenstein

THE CAMERA TILTS DOWN to reveal the smiling face of the new Queen. It is not Leigh-Cheri but Gulietta!

OVER HER SHOULDER

Queen Gulietta's SUBJECTS are crowded at the bottom of the stairs. There are thousands of them. They all sing the Wittgensteinian National anthem. They sound like a host of exuberant Ducks..

FADE

INT. LEIGH-CHERI'S APT. - NIGHT

Fizel and the Princess enjoy a late dinner in her quarters. At least the Prince enjoys. She looks melancholy. He drinks wine from a golden goblet. Then picks at a piece of meat.

FIZEL

My Princess. You've hardly touched your meal. Have some wine.

• He pours wine for her.

LEIGH-CHERI

I thought your religion forbids wine, and eating meat on Saturdays.

FIZEL

Religious rules are just for "ruling" the people. Didn't your parents teach you that?

LEIGH-CHERI (testy)

My parents taught me to be honest,
not a hypocrite. Anyway, I don't believe
in "ruling" anybody.

FIZEL

When you are my bride, you'll have to
learn to rule, Cheri, with a firm hand.

She studies his handsome features in the candlelight.

FIZEL (cont)

Why so sad, and quarrelsome, tonight?

LEIGH-CHERI (she shrugs)

Sorry. I guess I miss...Gulietta.

She rises and walks toward the windows that look out on her
ornate pyramid.

THROUGH THE WINDOW

Outside, the Pyramid is illuminated by flood lights. It is virtually
complete.

A BEN joins her at the window, embracing her.

LEIGH-CHERI

I think I'd like to be...alone tonight.

She glances at two huge EUNUCHS stationed by the apartment door.

LEIGH-CHERI (cont)

And can you give me a break from
the Eunuches, for a while. I feel like
you don't trust me.

FIZEL

They are just for your protection,
my dear.

LEIGH-CHERI (irritated)
Protection? From what? Sand fleas?

EXT. PYRAMID - NIGHT

Leigh-Cheri walks alone toward the illuminated Pyramid. It is about 1/3 scale of the Giza Pyramid, but still an awesome structure, and the ornately carved facing stones add to its mystery. Only a skeleton crew of WORKMEN go over it doing last-minute detail work. She approaches the main entrance doors. A giant frog is carved in each heavy door. She enters.

INT. PYRAMID

The inside of the pyramid is dim. The walls are stark stone. But the decorations for the wedding reception are going up. No one is working on them at the moment. She walks to the center of the room where a giant wedding cake is already in place on the sarcophagus. The cake is covered by cellophane but otherwise unprotected. Cases of Champagne are stacked nearby. She beholds the wedding cake with an inscrutable gaze. She picks a match to light an oil lamp of which there are several around the sarcophagus and cake. The match breaks as she scratches it on the stone.

LEIGH-CHERI

Damn.

VOICE

So, whatever did happened to the golden ball?

A wooden match flares, illuminating the grinning red-bearded face of The Woodpecker.

LEIGH-CHERI (a gasp)

Bernard!

BERNARD

Hello, dragon bait.

LEIGH-CHERI

But how did you...get...

BERNARD

Queen Gulletta got my sentence
commuted with the State Department.
Royal privilege...

Leigh-Cheri can barely maintain. He lights one or two of the oil
lamps, then looks over the wedding cake.

LEIGH-CHERI

Why would she do that, for you?

He shrugs.

BERNARD

Maybe she figured your wedding
needed a little excitement. When is
it exactly?

LEIGH-CHERI

Next week.

BERNARD

A little early with the cake, aren't
you?

LEIGH-CHERI

No. It's my first experiment. Pyramids
are supposed to keep things fresh
indefinitely.

BERNARD

Keep your razor sharp, too. How can you
marry a man with black hair?

LEIGH-CHERI

Look, if you've come to rescue me...

BERNARD

Nope. Just came to make boom boom.

LEIGH-CHERI

If you blow up this pyramid, I'll
have you locked up forever.

BERNARD (grinning)

People are always telling me that.

(shrugs)

I was just going to... blow the tip
of it off, at the right moment.

LEIGH-CHERI

Just to shake things up.

Suddenly he looks serious.

BERNARD

Why not? You shook me up forever.

LEIGH-CHERI (sad)

Nothing's forever. I think we proved
that pretty quick.

BERNARD

If nothing's forever, why try to figure
the secret of the pyramid?

LEIGH-CHERI

Why did you send me that horrible
letter?

BERNARD

I get a little touchy, when I'm locked up.

LEIGH-CHERI

A little?

BERNARD

Well, I told you: Love is a private and
primitive business. It is two dogs
barking at the moon. You were making
a damn romantic movement out of it.

LEIGH-CHERI

But, "People" Magazine did that. Not me.

BERNARD

Well, I'm sorry. I did send you a nicer letter after that, but you were already humping the main Dromedary around here by the time I sent it.

LEIGH-CHERI

For an outlaw, you sure have an awful lot of rules.

He accepts the criticism, mutely, for a moment. Her distress almost brings tears to his eyes.

BERNARD

I told you when I met you, that I'm hard to take.

LEIGH-CHERI (passionate)

I would have waited for you forever.

He knows full well what he's lost.

BERNARD

You really love this guy?

LEIGH-CHERI (slow)

I will, eventually. You and I fell in love at first sight. You see how long that lasted. If I fall in love slowly this time, maybe I can make love stay.

He exhales deeply and shrugs off his heartache.

BERNARD (sincere)

I hope so, babe.

She opens her arms to him. They embrace consolingly.

HER EYES pop open wide. She gasps.

ABEN FIZEL is standing inside the doorway of the pyramid.

BERNARD pulls out of her arms and sees Fazel there.

BERNARD (apologetic)
Hey, man. It's not like you're thinkin'.
I just came for a piece of...cake.

She takes a couple of steps toward Fazel to make clear to him her innocent intentions.

LEIGH-CHERI
A'ben. He's telling the truth.

FIZEL is shaken by what he has seen and heard.

FIZEL
I suppose I have spent too much time
in America. I've gotten to be a romantic
fool myself.

(a beat)

I heard what you said to him. "You'll
love me eventually".

(another beat)

You said, you loved him at first sight,
and you had wanted him forever.

He takes a step backwards.

FIZEL (cont)
Well, this pyramid is supposed to
preserve things forever...

He snaps his fingers. Two huge EUNUCHS appear out of the shadows. A'ben walks, and the Eunuches swing the heavy stone doors closed behind them. There is the grating sound of steel and stone as the doors are bolted from the outside.

INT. FIZEL'S PALACE - NIGHT

Fazel rushes down the marble hallway of the family palace, looking distressed, pretending panic.

FIZEL (shouting in Arabic, subtitled)
Guards. Help me. My Princess has

been abducted by terrorists!!!

INT. PYRAMID

Bernard paces the chamber with an oil lamp looking for an exit.

LEIGH-CHERI

Save your effort. This is solid granite.
Exactly like the king's chamber in the
Great Pyramid of Giza. There's no way out.

He comes to her and puts the lamp down by the sarcophagus. He
eyes the wedding cake.

BERNARD

I'm hungry. How about a piece of cake.

LEIGH-CHERI (fatalistic)

Why not? I think we can safely say
the wedding's off.

He takes a bottle of champagne from a carton. She watches him pop
the cork.

BERNARD

Often wondered how long I could
survive on Twinkies and tequila.
This is close enough.

He breaks off a large piece of wedding cake.

LEIGH-CHERI .

This is no joke, Woodpecker. A ben is
a proud man. He might not change his
mind.

BERNARD

Yeah. This part of the world is full of
proud men, who never change their
mind.

LEIGH-CHERI

You wouldn't happen to have your

dynamite with you?

He nudges a canvas bag on the floor with the toe of his boot. The tops of dynamite sticks can be seen.

BERNARD

Always. But whatever it takes to blow this place...the shock waves would kill us.

LEIGH-CHERI

How were you planning to blow the top of it off on my wedding day?

BERNARD

From the outside. Just tip the capstone off. But from in here? Forget it.

He offers her the bottle of champagne. She takes a desperate slug of it.

LEIGH-CHERI

Oh, well. I'd rather die with you than anybody I can think of...
(affectionately)
Peckerhead.

She smiles at him and takes another draft of the warm champagne. Her eyes glow damply in the lamp light. He munches the cake, and grins at her.

BERNARD

I'll be damned. This is still fresh.

He opens his own bottle of Champagne. She sidles up to him.

LEIGH-CHERI

I guess we'd be wise to conserve our energy.

He looks into her eyes, lasciviously.

BERNARD

Depends. Wanna die slow? Or wanna die happy?

EXT. PYRAMID - DAY

The pyramid is roped off. Inside the rope, it is ringed with SOLDIERS. MASONS are sealing its entrance and PAINTERS are spraying the whole pyramid -- black.

A GROUP OF ONLOOKERS is gathered at the restraining rope. A TOUR GUIDE is stationed there.

GUIDE

Prince Fazel has ordered the pyramid permanently sealed. It will stand as an everlasting monument to his love for the Princess. Like the Taj Mahal. The paint cost thirty dollars-a-gallon and was imported from Delaware.

INT. PYRAMID

The cake is more than half gone. Leigh-Cheri and Bernard lie on a pallet of crepe paper and bunting for the wedding. They are down to the last oil lamp for illumination. He offers her a small piece of cake. She turns her head away in disgust.

LEIGH-CHERI

I guess the Argonians were right, about us redheads. Too much sugar and lust.

He tosses the piece of cake away.

BERNARD

Sugar, anyway.

LEIGH-CHERI (ironic)

Here I am, gonna die in the middle of a pyramid and ...I still haven't figured out the mystery.

BERNARD

I think I know the secret of the pyramids.

LEIGH-CHERI

You do?!

BERNARD (nods)

That's kinda what I came here to tell you in the first place. Really didn't want to spoil your wedding.

LEIGH-CHERI

What is it?!

BERNARD

First, I think, everybody looks at them wrong, as if they were the finished product, the whole thing, the thing itself. But, I think a pyramid is just a part of the thing, and the bottom part, at that. Pyramids are pedestals, babe, a base for something else to stand on.

LEIGH-CHERI

Well, Jesus, Bernard. What stood on the pyramids?

BERNARD

Souls. Souls like you and me. The pyramid is the bottom and the top is us, the lovers! And, I believe, that our souls will stand atop the pyramids forever!

They lie in the dimness of the huge tomb in silence, holding onto each other tight.

DISSOLVE

LATER

He has fallen asleep. She carefully extricates herself from his grasp, so as not to wake him. She picks up the Camel pack and fingers it,

and examines it, as she has done so many times before. Suddenly a single word leaps out at her from the printing on the side of the pack.

CLOSE UP - FULL SCREEN

"CHOICE"

ON HER

The word strikes her with the force of a blow. The impact is evident on her features. After pondering for a moment. She goes to Bernard's rucksack full of dynamite and begins braiding the fuses together.

DISSOLVE

AT THE SEALED DOORWAY

She props a bundle of dynamite sticks against the stone doors of the pyramid. Then she strikes a wooden match and lights the center fuse.

ANGLE

She returns to his sleeping form and hovers over him.

LEIGH-CHERI (soft)

You are better equipped for this world than I am. I'm always trying to change it. You just want to live in it.

She lowers herself onto him, covering his body with hers. He begins to waken with the weight of her on top of him. He kisses her, assuming she wants to make love. He finds her holding him down tightly with all of her might.

BERNARD

What are you doing?

LEIGH-CHERI

I've found a way, Woodpecker. A way to make love stay!

He wakens more now and sniffs the air. Then he sees the sparkling fuses in the dark. He struggles harder to turn her over.

BERNARD

Oh, no you don't. That was my idea. I won't let you...

But Leigh-Cheri's determination has given her exceptional strength.

LEIGH-CHERI

No, sir. You're not going to rescue me!

BERNARD

Oh, yeah?

SLO MOTION

He makes a mighty effort to roll her over and end up on top of her. He succeeds for a moment.

ANGLE - CAMEL PACK

The camel pack lies on the floor beside them, imperiled by their rolling bodies.

WIDEN

Leigh-Cheri now makes her mightiest effort and rolls him off of her.

ZOOM IN ON CAMEL PACK

He rolls on top of the CAMEL PACK.

THE BRAIDED FUSES on the bundle of dynamite sparkle brilliantly.

BERNARD AND LEIGH CHERI - CLOSE

She has managed to get on top of him again. She crushes his mouth with a fierce kiss, and ...

BOOM!

The dynamite explodes. A blinding light fills the screen. A deafening noise is heard.

EXT. PYRAMID - DAY (SLO- MOTION)

The pyramid blows sky high. GRANITE BLOCKS fly in all directions. An instant storm of SAND and DUST billow after. Above the CLOUD of sand and dust the contents of the pyramid are rocketed...
CHAMPAGNE CARTONS, BUNTING, BUILDING TOOLS, PARTS OF SCAFFOLDING, SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENTS...

There is no glimpse of Leigh-Cheri or Bernard in this maelstrom.

REVERSE ANGLE

Various PEOPLE come running toward the disaster.

A BEN FISEL arrives ahead of his BODYGUARD of armed EUNICHS.

HIS EYES are wild with anticipation as he strides through the rubble of the dust to peer after any trace of them.

HIS POV

There is nothing but devastation.

FISEL is unhappy to see this end of his once-beloved Princess. Tears escape his eyes. The most mournful and angry ARAB MUSIC wails over the desolation.

EXT. DESERT - SUNSET

Desert heat rises in vaporous curtains over the vast desert distorting the images (through a very long lens). The Arab music continues to wail. A speck of movement in the distance comes closer and closer, materializing finally, revealing the form of a galloping Camel, with a rider up...TWO riders.

CLOSER

Bernard and Leigh-Cheri, holding tight behind him, are the camel riders. Bernard does not slow the racing camel (as it passes close to the camera).

PAN WITH THEM

They race on by and gallop off into the distant desert again, as heat vapors rise and soon obscure the form of camel and riders. Soon they are a just a shimmering phantom, and have disappeared.

EXT. DESERT OASIS - TWILIGHT

Night descends on a desert Oasis. Bernard and Leigh-Cheri huddle under a palm tree, resting beside a pond of blue water. Their red hair and eyebrows are badly singed from the explosion. Their clothes are nearly disintegrated. They share a look of exhaustion, shock, and yet, exhilaration at their survival.

LEIGH-CHERI'S EYES look like they will remain forever dilated.

LEIGH-CHERI

What..happened? Where are we?

BERNARD is just as shock as she is. He looks out at their surrounding. At some distance is the outline of a Moorish city with minarets, more palm trees, and a standing camel. It is almost exactly the landscape on the art work of the Camel cigarette pack.

BERNARD

I'm...a... afraid to...say. I...

She hazards a guess.

LEIGH-CHERI

...the Camel pack...I think we...

Bernard lays his head back and lets out a full-throated laugh at everything.

LEIGH-CHERI gets an even more shocked expression on her face. She is looking now at the pool in the oasis. He feels her increased tension.

THEIR POV

The calm surface of the pond is disturbed by something below. Ripples distort the image of an early moon reflected there. And then...

TWO GIANT EYES

emerge from the watery deep and stare at them.

BERNARD AND LEIGH-CHERI

are riveted by the sight. Even Bernard is speechless.

THE GIANT EYES rise further above the surface of the pool, followed by more of the beast. A domed head, a bulbous mouth.

BERNARD'S AND LEIGH-CHERI'S EYES get even wider. Then, they are rattled by an all-enveloping bass sound that emits from the beast.

RIBET...RIBET...

REVERSE

The pond monster is a giant frog!

THEY STARE AT THE FROG. The frog stares at them. Then the frog sinks beneath the surface of the pool again. The water surface calms, then...

A "GOLDEN BALL" (SLO MOTION)

breaks through the surface of the water. The frog has chased it up from the deep. He "butts" it in their direction with his face.

LEIGH-CHERI catches it. It is almost the size of a basket ball. They stare at it in continued amazement.

THE BALL

is indescribably luminous and beautiful. It's golden surface reflects their faces and also the shape of the young moon.

THEY GLANCE back to look for the frog but he is gone. They return their gaze to the golden ball. Leigh-Cheri smiles and Bernard breaks into his familiar grin. He spins the Golden sphere up on one finger like a basketball.

BERNARD

Are you O.K.?

LEIGH-CHERI

It's getting cold. I'm hungry.

BERNARD

We'll fix that.

TIGHTEN ON THE BALL. He spins it faster.

DISSOLVE

EXT. PIONEER SQUARE, SEATTLE - NIGHT

A mysterious shot. The camera, pointing downwards, tracks across wet cobblestones, across a rainy street to a door which swings open.

REVERSE

Bernard and Leigh-Cheri come through the door, (with the camera tracking backwards and widening as the surroundings get more familiar). They are in Bernard's old haunt, the HALF MOON BAR. It is full of bearded Hikers and environmentalists, scruffy college kid's, Sailors and a few winos here and there. Bernard has his arm around Leigh-Cheri's shoulders. Her arm is around her waist. They push through the crowd and belly up to the bar.

ANGLE ON CROWD

Heads turn to look at them.

THE BARTENDER

who was on duty when Bernard was arrested here over a year ago, approaches them. His T-shirt heralds "Earth First".

BARTENDER

What's your poison?

BERNARD

Two burgers, two fries and couple of beers, Eddie.

The Bartender suddenly recognizes Bernard.

BARTENDER (loud)

Hey. It's the Woodpecker! We thought you were dead, man.

BERNARD grins his trademark grin.

THE CROWD overhears the Bartender's exclamation. More heads turn. The crowd murmurs.

BERNARD

Naw, not me. Never happen.

He hugs Leigh-Cheri harder, introduces her to the Bartender.

BERNARD (cont)

This is my old lady, Leigh-Cheri.

Leigh-Cheri grins and kisses Bernard on the cheek. Bernard turns her to show her off to the crowd. She's proud and slightly embarrassed.

THE CROWD CHEERS and applauds their legendary hero and his beautiful young lady. Someone punches up a song on the juke box.

ON A TV SET

above the bar, the Seattle Super Sonics are playing a basketball game. The camera tightens to reveal King Max and Queen Tilli in the Owners favored seats, behind the Sonics' bench, cheering. But no one is watching the basketball game at this moment.

ON BERNARD AND LEIGH-CHERI

They kiss hungrily. Behind them, the Bartender pours two shots of Tequila. The approving cheers of the crowd rise all around them.

FREEZE

A TITLE APPEARS (HANDWRITTEN SCRAWL)

***"REMEMBER: IT'S NEVER TOO LATE
TO HAVE A HAPPY CHILDHOOD!"***

FADE

THE END