

TERMINAL VELOCITY

by

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FADE IN:

1 EXT. SKY OVER RUSSIA - DAY

1

An Aeroflot PLANE DRONES across the sky. Below, rural Russia unfolds. Above, a MIG-27 escorts, slewing lazily to burn off excess speed.

2 INT. FORWARD CABIN - AEROFLOT PLANE - DAY

2

Where we might expect first-class passengers, we find TWO RUSSIAN SOLDIERS hunched over a magnetic chessboard. SUB-TITLING:

SOLDIER #1
Your move. Still.

His partner GRUNTS. Soldier #1 rolls his eyes and heads for the latrine. He passes SOLDIER #3, making coffee in the galley.

3 INT. MAIN CABIN - AEROFLOT PLANE - DAY

3

SOLDIER #4
...24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 35.

Reaching the aft bulkhead, SOLDIER #4 stops. Something's not right. As he finds a manifest, VIEW DRAWS BACK to reveal the main cabin. It's been gutted. 35 shipping crates are bolted and strapped to the floor, each the size of a large steamer trunk.

SOLDIER #4
(off manifest)
"32."

About to dismiss it as a clerical error, he notices something odd about one crate: An end-panel is askew. Investigating, the soldier finds that it swings outward, hinged invisibly from within.

Baffled, the soldier peers inside. The crate is empty. Almost empty. He reaches in and pulls out...

An open tin of sardines.

Just as the soldier realizes what it means, metal blurs up through FRAME. The knife catches him under the jaw, closing his mouth and penetrating his brain. The soldier makes GARBAGE DISPOSAL SOUNDS and falls to reveal...

KERR, a compact bull of a man. Main cabin secured, he KNUCKLES A CODE on two other crates, bringing out his co-hijackers -- one man, one woman. The FEMALE HIJACKER begins assembling a cylindrical device.

4 INT. FORWARD CABIN - AEROFLOT PLANE - DAY

4

Soldier #1 returns. He finds the chessboard just as he left it.

SOLDIER #1

You play like my grandfather, and he's dead. What's your excuse?

He looks at his partner -- and finds a grinning gash across his throat.

A million volts hits the soldier. He torques around and spots...

Lifeless legs on the galley floor. Blood and coffee rivering together.

The soldier lurches for his AKM rifle but doesn't have a chance: The MALE HIJACKER is on his back. Stabbing like a striking snake. Covering his mouth. Riding him down the floor.

Forward cabin secured, the three hijackers regroup. Kerr steps to the flight-deck door and KNOCKS POLITELY. It opens to reveal...

The FIRST OFFICER. Before he can react, a rifle-butt dents his face.

5 EXT. SKY - DAY

5

As the Aeroflot plane sheds altitude.

6 INT. MIG - DAY

6

The MIG PILOT watches the descent. It's not an emergency maneuver -- nor is it a course-correction. So what the hell is it?

7 EXT. SKY - DAY

7

Shadowing, the MIG descends. Finally the plane levels off. The MIG pilot flanks from a half-click out...

8 INT. MIG - DAY

8

And PRATTLES RUSSIAN into his radio, trying to hail the other pilots.

PILOT'S POV: As a door opens on the side of the plane. The female hijacker appears. She wears only bra and brief-briefs.

Forgetting about the radio, the pilot lifts his sun guard.

PILOT'S POV: Now the woman begins signaling coyly. "Closer. Come closer."

The pilot hesitates.

PILOT'S POV: The woman vanishes, returns momentarily. The bra is gone. Again she invites us closer.

We sense a grin under the pilot's mask. He eases in.

PILOT'S POV: The closer we get, the better she looks. Soon she holds up a hand, followed by a finger. "Stay there. I'll be right back." Again she vanishes.

The pilot's BREATH ACCELERATES. Is she going to lose the briefs? He uncaps his 35mm camera, wanting to record this for his buddies back at the base.

PILOT'S POV: As the woman reappears. She is, indeed, quite nude -- except for the Stinger launcher she wears on her shoulder.

The pilot's eyes explode. He hammers his switch...

9 EXT. MIG - DAY

9

And POPS HIS AIRBRAKES. The MIG slams back hard and initiates an escape turn as...

10 INT. AEROFLOT PLANE - DAY

10

The woman FIRES HER STINGER.

11 EXT. SKY - DAY

11

Spewing propellant, the MISSILE ARCS out of the plane.

The MIG comes out of its turn with after-burners flaring. Swing-wings fold back as the jet picks up getaway speed. But it's all in vain: The missile burrows right up the MIG's ass...

And BLOWS IT into another time zone.

12 EXT. AEROFLOT PLANE - DAY

12

Alone now, the plane makes a sweeping course-correction.

Kerr appears in the open doorway, dragging the bodies of the soldiers. He throws them out. One body falls right toward VIEW...

13 EXT. SKY OVER CALIFORNIA - DAY

13

...and drops past. But somehow, the dead soldier has lost his uniform. Stranger still, his bare butt reads "KISS THIS." Realizing it's a different man, VIEW PURSUES the skydiver as he freefalls toward Earth, soon catching up to...

WOODY GIBBS. Dropping at 120 miles an hour, he lashes on a winged pith helmet. Ankle wings and a white-sequin jockstrap complete the get-up.

Now Woody begins a radical freefall act -- spinning, inverting, cavorting, posing. What dolphins do in water, this guy does in air.

WOODY'S POV: Of the ground rushing up fast.

Unconcerned, he reels in a floating boom box, secures it. He tosses out his drogue chute...

And his MAIN CHUTE CRACKS overhead.

WOODY'S POV: Of the ground between our feet. We see the terra-cotta roofs and backyard pools of Valencia. People and balloons are visible in one yard.

WOODY

Hang onto your party hats -- the
Sky God's comin' in....

He ignites smoke grenades hidden under his ankle wings. Colored smoke streamers off his feet, forming a luminous double-helix as he corkscrews to Earth. It's a gorgeous sight.

WOODY'S POV: On the ground, faces upturn. People point. Excitement.

At the last second, Woody flares hard...

14 EXT. BACKYARD PARTY - VALENCIA - DAY

14

...and does a hot-dog landing right on the diving board. Instantly smoke envelopes him. A beat of nothing -- then, through the swirling smoke, we hear a KAREOKI VERSION of a Rod Stewart song.

WOODY (O.S.)

(singing)

IF you want my body,
AND you think I'm sexy,
COME on, Sugar, let me know...

Now he bursts from the smoke, springing onto center stage. He bumps and grinds like an erotic epileptic.

WOODY

IF you really need me,
JUST reach out and touch me,
COME on, Sugar, let...let me....

He stops unnaturally. All around him are kids. Young kids. Staring alongside stunned parents.

WOODY

Uh...is this.... Hang on, I got it
right here....

He reaches into his jock. Parents spin their children away. Woody pulls out a piece of paper.

WOODY

Is this "311 Appleblossom?"

BIRTHDAY MOTHER

(tightly)

It is.

WOODY

Well, uh, if you could just direct me
to the bachelorette party? The one
for Dana Parker?

BIRTHDAY MOTHER

(indicating child)

This is Dana. And today is her
seventh birthday.

TIGHT on the birthday girl, transfixed by Woody's big sparkling jockstrap. Now she knows what she wants for her eighth birthday.

TIGHTER on Woody, sensing the scope of his mistake -- and the growing ire of the parents. Abruptly:

WOODY

(singing)
 IF you have a birthday,
 THEN you get a big wish,
 CLOSE those eyes and don't be slow....
 (retreating into smoke)
 C'mon! Close your eyes and help
 Susan make her big birthday wish!
 Everybody! No peeking now....

15 EXT. VALENCIA STREET - DAY

15

An International Harvester pickup appears. It looks like an old refrigerator on wheels.

Waiting on a street corner with some LATINA MAIDS is Woody, dressed in his parachute. The Harvester stops in front of them. Woody slides in next to...

16 INT. JO'S TRUCK - DAY

16

JOLLEEN, mid-fifties, a tough piece of work.

JOLLEEN

At least you're done early. First good thing that's happened all day. We got a notice from....
 (double-taking)
 Where's your clown makeup?

WOODY

Just drive.

She pulls open his chute.

JOLLEEN

Where's the suit? Oh, God, Woody. Tell me you had the clown suit over that.

WOODY

Someone made out the schedule wrong.

JOLLEEN

I made it out. And I clearly wrote, in English, "birthday party," which means clown suit, not the Sky God outfit. Now how could --

WOODY

Well, someone read it wrong, okay?
 Now can we please drive? You're embarrassing me in front of the cleaning ladies.

Mortified, he jerks a sock out of his jock, slaps it down on the dash. Jo stands on the accelerator.

17 EXT. JUMP CENTER - DAY

17

The Harvester blows past a plywood sign. "Desert City Paracenter." Another sign, less official, dubs the spot "Malfunction Junction." Beyond lies a rusty shitpile of hangars and buildings.

18 EXT. PARKING AREA - JUMP CENTER - DAY

18

The Harvester parks. Mad beyond proportion, Jolleen gets out and marches for the center. Woody tags along behind, dressing, stumbling.

WOODY

Hey, Jo. C'mon.

Nothing.

WOODY

I made a mistake. Everyone gets a few. I mean, that's why they got warm-up frames at the bowling alley.

Jo keeps going.

WOODY

What is it? The money? Okay, so we lost maybe --

JOLLEEN

I'm just tired of running this place only to have other people run it into the ground.

WOODY

Yeah, I know, I know, but --

JOLLEEN

No, Woody. You don't know.

19 INT. JUMP CENTER - DAY

19

JUMP-JUNKIES roam this converted hangar, buying tickets, shooting pool, working megablots formations, TALKING TECH. Jo enters and snatches something from a mound of bills.

JOLLEEN

(slapping it at him)

FAA inspection report. We took a dozen hits last month -- 12 safety violations, the most for any center in California.

WOODY

(impressed)

You mean...ever?

JOLLEEN

Swear to Christ, Woody, I'd fire your ass right now if you weren't the boss. We cannot go on like this. If the FAA suspends us for even a month, the bank will pull the paper on those planes. Now you wanna try to run a jump school without planes?

WOODY

(reading on)

"Probationary Constraints"? What's this mean?

JOLLEEN

It means we dodged a bullet. So for the next six months, we put on our dress whites. No more BASE jumps off government radar towers. No more bungee jumps off construction cranes -- while they're working.

WOODY

Can I use a Q-tip inside my ear? Or just around the edge?

JOLLEEN

You gonna make jokes or changes? Because if it's jokes, Woody, mine's the first ass out that door -- and do not think I'm not serious.

WOODY

(finally earnest)

Jolleen. I'll do whatever you want. Just don't leave, okay? You know I can't run this place alone.

JOLLEEN

And don't give me that look.

WOODY

What look?

JOLLEEN

That one. That little-boy-lost thing.

WOODY

I'm not --

JOLLEEN

Stop it!

WOODY

I'm not doing anything!

Fighting back a smile, Jo turns away to sweep her eyes around the center. It really is pitiful.

JOLLEEN

You know, your folks built a real proud place. Used to be that people would drive all the way out here because we had a good reputation. Now....

(back to him)

We have to do better, Woody. For the next six months, we have to be perfect.

WOODY

And we'll start first thing in the morning, 'kay? Just wanna get in a couple more jumps here before --

JOLLEEN

You'll start now. In your office.

WOODY

(spooked)

The Orifice?

He looks across the common area to another office. Decades of debris have collapsed inward on this one cubicle. It's the black hole of offices.

JOLLEEN

Go find your desk, Woody.

20 INT. WOODY'S OFFICE - JUMP CENTER - DAY

20

Woody rips posters off the wall. It's like a trip back through time: Jim Abbott gives way to Bo Jackson who gives way to Bo Derek who gives way to Farrah Fawcett who gives way to...

The "Wall of Fame," a collection of photos and clippings from the mid-Sixties, showing the jump center in its glory years. One photo catches Woody's eye.

He holds the photo up to a window, where we see, outside, the very same view. It's a before-and-after look at the jump center -- only in this case, the "before" looks a whole lot better.

BROKEN LEGS (V.O.)

Excuse me, Mr. Sky God?

On crutches appears BROKEN LEGS, a woman fiberglassed from the hips down.

WOODY

You heard about that, huh?

BROKEN LEGS

You have time for a private lesson?

WOODY

Got my hands full here, Lauren.

BROKEN LEGS

Well, when you gonna be done?

WOODY

When toasters have wings. Try Jo.

BROKEN LEGS

She had to run into Lancaster, and I got two calls on hold. Can you just schedule it for me?

21 INT. VIDEO ROOM - JUMP CENTER - DAY

21

On a monitor, a LIABILITY ATTORNEY drones on. He has all the charm of a serial killer.

LIABILITY ATTORNEY

...that, in the event of great bodily injury or death, you or your survivors shall have no recourse, no remedies, no claims to damages whatsoever against this paracenter or any affiliated....

Entering, Woody turns down the volume.

WOODY (O.S.)

See you met Mr. Sunshine. I'm....

"Deeply, madly, head-over-heels in lust." The big dark doelike eyes that greet Woody belong to SHEILA. She's a bewitchingly attractive woman.

SHEILA

Are you the instructor?

WOODY

Board certified by the United States Parachute Association -- to their own amazement, sometimes. Woody Gibbs.

SHEILA

Sheila Brown. I was hoping I could take a lesson. Today.

WOODY

First time?

SHEILA

Yes.

WOODY

Well, Sheila, little late to start instruction -- winds come up soon. But tell you what. I'm gonna put you on my personal schedule, tomorrow morning, first thing.

SHEILA

(colorless)

Tomorrow....

WOODY

Oooooor Tuesday. Tuesday morning 'round nine o'clock. That I can swing, too.

SHEILA

Maybe there's someone else who....

WOODY

No, no, no. C'mon, you want the best, don't you?

SHEILA

Well, yes, but....

WOODY

So let's find a time. If today's your day off, how 'bout next Sunday?

SHEILA

(deliberating)

Thanks. I'll let you know.

She slips past him -- and Woody watches all his fantasies skipping away behind her. He lurches to catch up.

22 INT. JUMP CENTER - DAY

22

WOODY

Now why do I get the feeling I'm never gonna see you again? Was it the video, or....

SHEILA

Well, it sounds stupid, but....

WOODY

What?

SHEILA

People are always saying I don't take enough chances in life. And you know what? They're right. So just once, I wanted to try something, you know, bold. Something stupid and wild.

WOODY

Well, you came to the right place. Only problem is....

He slides a look back at his office.

SHEILA

It took me so long to work up the nerve to do this. I'm just afraid that if I don't do it today...that I may never come back.

It's powerful persuasion. Woody checks his watch... consults a wind meter...then looks back into those dark black-pool eyes. A man could drown in eyes like these -- and die happy.

23 EXT. JUMP CENTER - DAY

23

Woody braces Sheila by the waist, easing her into a suspension harness. She has trouble steadying herself.

WOODY

Set?

SHEILA

Not really.

WOODY

Okay, more back arch...good. Elbows bent, arms parallel to the ground. Boom, there you go. Legs bent and spread. Wider...wider....

Showing unaccustomed restraint, Woody resists the urge to flop down on top of her.

WOODY

There.

(moves around front)

That's the angle of the dangle. You gotta maintain that body-attitude during freefall because anything else will put you in a roll or a spin -- and either one is bad. Got it?

SHEILA

Barely. I'm not very athletic.

WOODY

Well, what you do is pretty easy. It's where you do it that can be a problem. Let's go work on your PLFs.

We see that, surprisingly, Woody is a pretty diligent teacher.

24 INT. JUMP CENTER - DAY

24

At a rack of jumpsuits, Sheila zips up generic coveralls, red. Woody appears.

WOODY

Reds are small. Might wanna try a green.

SHEILA

Red's my lucky color.

WOODY

Shouldn't be too tight.

SHEILA

(flexing)

I'm okay.

WOODY

Then let's find you a rig.

SHEILA

Do I have time to make a call first? I promised my roommate one last chance to talk me out of this.

WOODY

Over there. And gimme your purse. I'll stow it.

She deliberates a beat.

WOODY

Trust me. Shops are closed where
we're goin'.

Smiling faintly, she surrenders the purse and moves off.
Now ROBOCAM materializes, his head cocooned by a helmet
camera.

ROBOCAM

Beautiful but cheap.

WOODY

Say what?

ROBOCAM

Your student. Offered to tape her
jump for the special introductory
price of \$59.95. Wouldn't bite.

He exits. Woody looks back to Sheila, dialing the phone.
Feeling eyes, she rolls her back to him.

25 EXT. AIRPORT RUNWAY - DAY

25

Suited up, Woody and Sheila cross the runway. Woody slips
a small altitude-activated device onto his goggle straps.

WOODY

"Dirt Alert." Reminds me when it's
time to pull. So you get through to
your roommate? What's his name?

SHEILA

"Jill."

WOODY

"Jill." Good name for a roommate.
Better than "Jack."

They reach the jump plane, a Cessna 207 with cargo door.
Sheila has trouble pulling herself in, so Woody helps out
by pushing on her ass.

WOODY

Up you go....

NOBLE appears, an old duffer of a pilot. He catches the
unorthodox load-up.

NOBLE

(aside)

Now lemme see if I got this right.
She's payin' you?

WOODY
Can you even believe it?

26 EXT. SKY - DAY

26

As the jump plane climbs.

27 INT. JUMP PLANE - DAY

27

Noble pilots. Behind, Woody and Sheila sit on the bare metal floor. The plane bounces.

NOBLE
(over shoulder)
Little chop here. Wanna go upstairs
to maybe five grand?

WOODY
Just find us clean air.
(to Sheila)
Gotta few minutes. Relax.

He pulls her back, nesting her between his legs. Sheila closes her eyes, rests her head on his shoulder -- then does a little wriggle, wedging in even tighter. Is she just getting comfortable? Or is she just getting Woody uncomfortable?

28 EXT. SKY - DAY

28

As the jump plane begins circling.

29 INT. JUMP PLANE - DAY

29

WOODY
Okay....

They disentangle. Woody detaches the canvas that covers the jump-door. From a mile up, we now see the whole wide world spread out below -- and our hearts instinctively beat faster.

Woody fishes out a small tube he wears around his neck. He puts it to one eye and looks down.

MONOCULAR POV: Of the Drop Zone below. Two people are visible.

He turns back, hooks her static-line, starts the final equipment check.

WOODY

Remember. Hard arch into the wind. Four seconds of freefall, then chute opens automatically. Look up to check your deployment. If it hasn't opened, or you don't like what you see, you pull your own reserve, the red handle right....

But her attention is on a window.

WOODY

Hey, I'm over here.

SHEILA

Sorry, but.... Thought I saw another plane. Is that safe?

Frowning, Woody shimmies forward to Noble.

WOODY

We got company?

NOBLE

Not that I can see.

They double-check the windshield. Nothing.

WOODY

Looks clear. Let's jump-run.

NOBLE

You're the Sky God.

WOODY

You heard about that, too?

Woody slips on goggles and turns back.

WOODY

Okay. Let's move to....

She's gone. For one adrenal beat, only Woody's eyes move as he searches for the place she must be hiding. But there is no place. He lunges to the door.

WOODY'S POV: Of Sheila plummeting toward earth like a crated piano.

30 EXT. JUMP PLANE - DAY

30

Woody cannonballs out of the plane.

31 EXT. SKY - DAY

31

Sheila plunges out of control, a blaze of flapping red cloth.

Falling head-first, Woody pins his arms behind his back, max-tracking to gather speed.

CLOSE on his chest altimeter: 4,500...4,000...3,500....

Sheila blurs through FRAME.

Coming like a javelin, Woody narrows the gap.

3,000...2,500.... The altimeter numbers look like the cent-digit on a gas pump.

Woody reaches out, aiming for one of Sheila's flailing limbs. Just as he's about to snag her -- the ALARM goes off in his ear.

His hand grabs dead air.

Suddenly she's gone. Knowing he overshot her, Woody flares, slows, looks up. She's got to be above him, but where?

WOODY'S POV: Blinded by the sun.

He flips onto his back to scan the whole sky. The WIND HOWLS around him and the ALARM SCREAMS like a madman inside his skull. Where is she?

WOODY'S POV: As something dark drops out of the sun. It rushes toward us...

And a red knee smashes into his face, knocking away his goggles.

Woody tumbles, stabilizes. With a 120-mile-an-hour wind scorching his eyes, he looks down.

WOODY'S POV: Vision badly blurred. But we can make out a spot of red.

WOODY

PULL!

WOODY'S POV: Getting worse. Losing the red dot.

WOODY

PULL!

WOODY'S POV: We wait for a burst of color that means she opened her chute. It never comes.

Woody shoots a glance at his altimeter. Blurred. How long has he been falling? Ten seconds? Twenty? He pinches shut his eyes, then opens them for a clear read.

He's at 900 feet.

Woody pulls. Opening shock lifts him out of FRAME like a homesick angel. The VIEW HOLDS on a sweeping vista of the desert floor. It looks utterly unforgiving.

DISSOLVE TO:

32 EXT. DROP ZONE - DESERT - SUNSET

32

START on the ground. Long afternoon shadows define the point of impact, a grim ghost-image of a woman's body. MOVE UP ON Woody -- staring glassily at the dent in the ground. Background, county coroners load a van.

ROBOCAM (O.S.)

Used to joke about it, didn't we?

Woody looks. It's RoboCam, holding his video camera instead of wearing it.

ROBOCAM (CONT'D)

About some student hittin' the deck and diggin' in. Well, I saw it, Woody. Out here taping landings... and I saw her hit and bounce 10 feet back into the air. I don't think we'll be jokin' about it no more.

(finally facing him)

What happened, man? How'd she get away from you?

HOLD on Woody. Wondering the same thing.

33 INT. SHOWERS - JUMP CENTER - NIGHT

33

Woody showers endlessly. When his eyes finally open, he sees Jo leaning against the drying room wall. We read into her expression whatever we choose -- anger, betrayal, contempt.

JOLLEEN

I knew six months was ambitious. But I thought we'd do better than six hours. Or let's see -- was it actually five?

WOODY

Don't know how it happened, Jo.
I just turned around to talk to
Noble, couldn'ta been more than 10,
15 seconds --

JOLLEEN

Save it for the FAA. They'll be here
tomorrow. I won't.

She reaches for an overstuffed duffle. Woody realizes.

WOODY

You can't bail on me. Not now.

JOLLEEN

You're a fuckup, Woody. It used to
be cute. Now it's just dangerous.

WOODY

(ripped)

Jolleen....

Avoiding his eyes, she walks out of the shower room and
out of his life.

DISSOLVE TO:

34 EXT. DESERT - SUNRISE

34

PANORAMIC VIEW of the desert mountains that seem dipped
in gold.

35 INT. JUMP CENTER - DAY

35

A wall clock. At precisely 8:00, we hear CAR TIRES.
VIEW DROPS to a window to reveal a sedan parking. Two
FAA INSPECTORS emerge. They look like undertakers with
briefcases.

36 INT. JUMP CENTER - DAY

36

BROKEN LEGS

Woody?

Entering, Broken Legs immediately notices the trash bags.
They scrape the ceiling right outside Woody's door. She
detours around the bags...

BROKEN LEGS

Woody? It's the FAA. They're here.

...and holds in the doorway, stopped by the sight of an immaculate office. Behind a desk blotter sits Woody, wearing a childishly knotted tie and a living-dead stare. He's been at it all night.

WOODY

I'm ready.

37 INT. WOODY'S OFFICE - JUMP CENTER - DAY

37

Now sequestered:

FAA INSPECTOR #1

And how much classroom instruction did she actually have?

WOODY

Well, you know, we went over the hand signals, talked about --

FAA INSPECTOR #1

How much time, Mr. Gibbs?

WOODY

I dunno. Maybe 20 minutes.

FAA INSPECTOR #2

Twenty minutes? Total? Would that be considered the normal amount of time you spend with first-time students in the classroom?

WOODY

(fraying)

Look, they don't learn it sitting on their ass. I get 'em outside as soon as I can. Ask me how long we spent in the harnesses, the mock-up, on the platform doin' PLFs. That's where they really pick it up.

FAA INSPECTOR #1

(making notation)

"Twenty minutes in classroom...."

Faces in the window: It's Broken Legs, RoboCam, others. One glance from Inspector #2 disperses them.

FAA INSPECTOR #2

Let's turn, for a moment, to the flight itself. This was to have been a static-line procedure?

WOODY

Do you have her rig?

FAA INSPECTOR #2
It's being examined. Now as to --

WOODY
What about her reserve? Did someone check it out?

FAA INSPECTOR #2
My understanding is that the reserve cord was still attached. It would seem your student never even tried to deploy, Mr. Gibbs.

Woody tries to rub away a growing headache. They're playing "Bad Cop, Bad Cop" with him.

FAA INSPECTOR #2
Again. This was to have been a static-line procedure?

38 INT. REPAIR HANGAR - DAY

38

Noble leans over a plane engine, tinkering. Hearing FOOTSCUFFS, he checks under an armpit to see Woody slouch inside.

WOODY
They want to see you next.

Noble winces before turning to wash up at a sink. Woody migrates to the jump plane.

WOODY
(a black laugh)
Thought I did her dope-rope. I thought I hooked her in. You know, sometimes you do it soon as you load up, sometimes you wait until just before the jump. But I coulda swore that I....

NOBLE
Handsome gal, this one was.

WOODY
Yeah? So?

NOBLE
And you wanted her, didn't you?

Silent confession from Woody.

NOBLE

You see, some diseases afflict only men. Hemophilia...prostate cancer... "DFB"....

(off Woody's look)

"Dick For Brains." Happens to the best of us. Some great piece of tuna walks in the door, and a man starts thinkin' with the wrong organ. Does things he wouldn't normally do -- and sometimes he don't do things he normally would.

WOODY

I hooked her in, Noble. That's what I remember. And that's what you can tell them.

NOBLE

Then what? What do I say next? That I saw the line break? That she unhooked herself? Huh? Finish the story for me. I'm all ears.

Woody doesn't have a finish.

NOBLE

I never saw the line on her, son. And that's all I can say when they ask.

Noble ditches his rag and leaves. But Woody, something stirring in his mind, turns back to the jump plane.

WOODY

"Unhooked herself...."

39 INT. JUMP CENTER - DAY

39

Moving like a dust-devil, Woody rifles file boxes and clipboards, throwing papers everywhere.

WOODY

Where's the stuff she filled out? The disclaimer papers and all that other stuff that --

BROKEN LEGS

Sheriffs took everything.

WOODY

(new tack)

What about her car? Where is it? Is her car still here?

ROBOCAM

Tow truck came this morning.

WOODY

Well, shit. What do we know about this woman? Huh? What do we really know?

People stare. Frustrated, Woody kicks the Coke machine hard enough to drop a can into the catch. And now he remembers...

40 INT. LOCKER ROOM - JUMP CENTER - DAY

40

Her purse. It's still in his locker.

Woody spills out the contents. Grubs through. Finds one carefully folded piece of stationery, handwriting visible. Is this it? The suicide note? Breathless, Woody unfolds the paper.

WOODY

"Cotton balls, maxi-pads...."

He crushes it with a growl and sorts through other stuff. He finds a checkbook.

WOODY

(off check)

"1320 Saddleback Drive, Valencia."

(off check-stub)

"Aerodyne Precision Tools. Palmdale."

41 EXT. TOOL-AND-DIE PLANT - DAY

41

ESTABLISHING VIEW of this fenced-in plant. The GTO pulls on-site, passing a sign:

WARNING

FENCE ELECTRIFIED BETWEEN

7:00 PM AND 6:30 AM

42 INT. TOOL-AND-DIE PLANT - DAY

42

Woody wends through the plant. All around, hard-hat workers cast, grind and heat treat metal components. He finds a security office...

43 INT. SECURITY OFFICE - TOOL-AND-DIE PLANT - DAY

43

...and leans inside.

WOODY

'Scuze me. My name's Woo --

GUARD #1

Hang on, hang on....

Security GUARD #1 huddles with a handful of workers, watching a portable TV and listening to...

NEWSCASTER #1

...a history of safety problems. The FAA has declined to comment on the case, but KCAL-9 has learned that the investigation is focusing on the owner-operator of that paracenter, 30-year-old Desert City resident Woody Gibbs.

(segueing)

All right. Ted Hollings up next with sports -- and an rumor about the sale of a local baseball team....

WORKERS #1, #2, #3

(overlapping)

They should investigate this guy a new asshole.... I heard he forgot to strap her in, or something.... Hope they nail his nuts to his nose....

The group breaks up. The guard turns back to Woody.

GUARD #1

Now who are you?

WOODY

I'm, uh...the, uh....

Reflexively honest, he gestures toward the TV.

WOODY (CONT'D)

Just wanted to ask a few questions about, you know....

GUARD #1

What, another reporter?

WOODY

(running with it)

Yeah. Exactly. Peter Bilt from the Truckee Daily News. How ya doin' today?

GUARD #1

If it's about Sheila Brown, see Personnel. They're handling all questions.

WOODY

Great. What kind of work she do, anyway?

GUARD #1

Personnel. Upstairs.

44 INT. PERSONNEL OFFICE - TOOL-AND-DIE PLANT - DAY

44

PERSONNEL LADY

So when we got the news this morning, we were all unnerved, of course. But I have to admit it didn't come as a complete shock.

Behind her desk, a varnish-haired PERSONNEL LADY feeds Woody the official company line.

WOODY

Why was that?

PERSONNEL LADY

Well, she did have this wild streak in her.

WOODY

"Wild streak."

PERSONNEL LADY

Sheila was always going off to do adventurous things -- kayaking, cave exploring, whatever came along.

WOODY

"Kayaking."

(a beat)

You know, maybe I could talk to someone who knew her a little better. Is there anyone....

Piping in:

HELPFUL WORKER

Jill Tanner....

WOODY

Is this the roommate? She works here too?

PERSONNEL LADY

Yes, but she's been out a few days.
Flu, I think. She would be home now.

WOODY

Funny. I was just there -- and she
wasn't.

PERSONNEL LADY

Really?

She turns to catch a RINGING PHONE. Woody moves to a
photo on the wall, a group shot taken at a company picnic.
Plying the HELPFUL WORKER:

WOODY

This is Sheila? Here?

HELPFUL WORKER

In back. Yes.

WOODY

And her roommate?

HELPFUL WORKER

Jill? Right here.

CLOSE on the photo as another woman is pointed out.
She's roughly Sheila's age and coloring.

WOODY

(fishing)

You know, someone told me Sheila
seemed upset in the last few days.
Did you....

HELPFUL WORKER

What do you mean, "upset"?

WOODY

She didn't seem, maybe, depressed
to you?

Reappearing:

PERSONNEL LADY

No. Not at all. She was doing
splendidly here. One of our best
sales reps ever. Now if you'll excuse
us....

She gives him a Stepford smile and a path to the door.
Woody pilfers the photo on his way out.

45 EXT. TOOL-AND-DIE PLANT - DAY

45

Guard #1 escorts Woody out through the loading docks. Woody hops down to his GTO, CRANKS IT OVER, starts to back up...

And NICKS BUMPERS with a big new Coup De Hog, just now parking.

WOODY

Awww....

He rolls out. The Caddy driver is a burly man in a golfer's cardigan. He lowers sunglasses to assess the damage -- and we realize we know him. It's Kerr, the man with a penchant for tossing bodies out of planes.

WOODY

Sorry. But it doesn't look like --

KERR

You scratched it.

WOODY

Huh? Where?

KERR

You scratched my new Cadillac.

WOODY

That? That's not a scratch. See?

Woody licks a finger and rubs out the spot -- but saliva on the bumper does little to appease Kerr. Woody buffs it away with a shirt-tail.

WOODY

All better.

Kerr stares daggers as Woody beats a retreat. Guard #1 joins.

KERR

Should I know him?

GUARD #1

Just a reporter. Had a few today, asking about the Sheila Brown thing.

Kerr nods. About to dismiss the episode, he double-takes at the GTO, now heading for the gate. The license plate frame reads...

I'D RATHER BE DIVING --
SKY OR MUFF

Kerr writes down the license number, pulls out a pocket phone.

KERR
(after dialing)
Kerr here. I just got a bad twitch
on something....

DISSOLVE TO:

46 EXT. PARKING AREA - JUMP CENTER - DUSK

46

The GTO parks. Even before he gets out, Woody notices how empty the parking area is.

47 INT. JUMP CENTER - NIGHT

47

Lifeless jumpsuits.

Motionless balls on the pool table.

Silent phones.

Funereal quiet.

48 EXT. HANGAR - JUMP CENTER - NIGHT

48

BY ORDER OF THE FEDERAL AVIATION ADMINISTRATION,
ALL AIRCRAFT AFFILIATED WITH THIS BUSINESS
ARE GROUNDED UNTIL FURTHER NOTIFICATION

Woody stares at the blood-red notice posted on a hangar door. "Did I do this? Did I?"

49 EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

49

A midnight stillness. Apartment 206 lies dark. VIEW CRANES DOWN to find the GTO waiting in the parking area below.

50 INT. GTO - (STAY-AWAKE MONTAGE) - NIGHT

50

CLOSE on the stolen photo, now stuck on Woody's dash. Jill Tanner's face is circled. Adjacent, the car clock shows 12:15.

Waiting it out, Woody tries to stay awake -- and it's going to be a struggle. He checks his 7-11 coffee cup. Dry. He resorts to slapping his own face.

CLOSE on the clock. 1:30.

Bridged across the car doors, Woody tries push-ups.

CLOSE on the clock. 2:40.

START behind Woody, head lolled against the headrest. We think he's finally succumbed to sleep. But when we MOVE AROUND front, we find Woody's eyes taped open. He stares carplike at the moon.

WOODY

Maybe this is what the Sixties were like.

SOUND OF A PARKING CAR. Woody sits up to spy...

A drunk couple wobbling toward a ground-floor apartment. The woman has blonde hair.

Woody settles back down -- then looks again at apartment 206. A dim light now burns within.

51 EXT. APARTMENT 206 - NIGHT

51

Woody knuckles the door. Hears nothing. Tries the door, finds it locked. But a doorside window is open by a sliver.

52 INT. LIVING ROOM - APARTMENT 206 - NIGHT

52

WOODY

Jill?

Still nothing. Woody pops the screen and slips inside. An aquarium light has been turned on, and shadows of fish ripple the walls. Should he try again? Or just breeze in and get his nuts shot off?

WOODY

Jill Tanner? If you got a gun, you don't need it.

He ventures ahead...

53 INT. HALLWAY - APARTMENT 206 - NIGHT

53

...and enters the hall. WATER RUNS behind the bathroom door. Hating this, Woody taps on the door. The WATER SQUEAKS OFF.

WOODY

Don't be scared. I know it's late, but I just have to talk about your roommate, Sheila Brown.

Nothing.

WOODY

My name's Woody Gibbs. And really,
I'm okay. Don't be scared. I just --

The door whips open and something swings for...

Woody's head. He ducks.

SH-CRACK! A toilet tank lid hits the wall and explodes
into porcelain shrapnel.

Making a blind lunge, Woody drives her back...

54 INT. BATHROOM - APARTMENT 206 - NIGHT

54

...into a shower curtain. It collapses around them.
Cleaning products spill across the floor. Finding himself
on top, Woody tears open the plastic curtain to reveal...

A DOUBLE-UGLY guy wearing pink Playtex gloves. Whoever
he is, he isn't Jill Tanner.

The man heaves Woody off...

55 INT. LIVING ROOM - APARTMENT 206 - NIGHT

55

...and blurs for the front door. Chasing, Woody dives
and snags a foot. They avalanche across the floor.
Woody gets up first to kick the door closed and throw the
locks.

WOODY

Now look. I don't care who you are
or what you're doing here. All I want
to know is...is where....

DOUBLE UGLY rises -- and keeps rising. He's a human
sequoia.

WOODY

'Scuze me a second, will you?

He scrambles to unlock the door he just locked. Suddenly
WHA-WHAM: Stereo ear-slam. Woody bellows and grabs his
ears. Double Ugly jerks a strap off some back-packing
gear and loops it around Woody's upper torso, cinching it
down tight. Woody finds his hands clamped to his head --
and reminds us of the screaming kid from "Home Alone."
Now Double Ugly grabs Woody's hair in one hand, belt in
the other...

And piledrives him into a wall.

56 INT. BEDROOM - APARTMENT 207 - NIGHT

56

In bed, an OLD WOMAN wakes to a RELENTLESS POUNDING. She CLAPS on a lamp to see...

Woody's head coming through her wall. For one insane moment, their eyes meet. Then Woody is jerked back through the hole...

57 INT. LIVING ROOM - APARTMENT 206 - NIGHT

57

...and flung into the aquarium. GLASS SHATTERS, water sprays like liquid fireworks. Woody hits the floor with the fish -- and decides to stay there.

Double Ugly bangs open the front door...

58 EXT. APARTMENT 206 - NIGHT

58

...and vaults the balcony railing. We hear him LAND ON CRUSHED ROCK AND SPRINT OFF.

59 INT. LIVING ROOM - APARTMENT 206 - NIGHT

59

In a bloody daze, Woody rolls over. The old woman, horrified, stares at him through the hole in the wall.

WOODY

Remind me not to fight ugly dudes.
They just don't give a fuck.

The woman disappears to call the police. Woody worms his arms free of the strap and pitches it aside -- then retrieves it. He clicks on a light to peer long and hard at...

The buckle at the end of the strap. Heavy. Utilitarian. Cadmium plating. Small stamped serial number.

DISSOLVE TO:

60 EXT. SAM'S SURPLUS - DAY

60

ESTABLISHING VIEW of a surplus yard that evolved into an open-air museum. Stockpiles of aircraft parts -- props, cowlings, canopies, more. The GTO is here.

61 EXT. REAR YARD - SAM'S SURPLUS - DAY

61

Bouncing the buckle in one hand is SAM, an old supply sergeant. A welder's helmet frames his grizzled face.

SAM

Well, if I had to go out on a limb --
a long one -- I'd say it looks like
some kind of buckle.

He hands it back to Woody, who sports fresh stitches in his head from a visit to the emergency room.

WOODY

That your expert opinion, Sam?

SAM

Get what you pay for.

He drops his visor and sparks up a torch, adding a weld to a cage-like contraption we soon surmise is a rocket sled. Rails stretch deep into the desert. Over the
HISSING TORCH:

SAM

Heard about the jump school. You
know, I'm always in the market for
good used nylon, so if you are closin'
down permanent-like....

WOODY

Well, we're not. Now you mind takin'
another --

SAM

Heard you was.

WOODY

It's just a temporary thing.

SAM

I heard this just last night.

WOODY

Well, you heard wrong, okay?

SAM

Whatever you say. But figger two
bucks a square yard.

Woody cranks off the acetylene. When Sam bumps his visor to check his SPUTTERING TORCH, Woody sticks the buckle back in his face.

WOODY

Skydiving gear. Quick-ejector that a military jumper would've used a few years back. That's my call. Now can we stop dickin' with the rocket sled and figure out which branch of the military? Air Force? Marine? What?

SAM

"None of the Above."

WOODY

C'mon. Forged steel, cad plating, twice as big as it needs to be. Who else besides --

SAM

Oh, definitely designed to military specs. But see...

(re: serial number)

None of these prefix numbers is right. Whatever it is, it ain't standard issue.

62 EXT. SAM'S SURPLUS - DAY

62

Still pondering the buckle, Woody returns to his GTO. A DRONING SOUND catches him with the car door open. He cranes back his head to spy...

A light plane doing vulture circles overhead.

Frowning, Woody scans the horizon. What's the plane looking at? There's nothing out here but the surplus yard. And him.

Breaking its pattern, the plane bee-lines away.

Woody fishes out his monocular lens and puts it to his eye.

MONOCULAR POV: Of the retreating plane.

WOODY

Green over tan....

63 EXT. JUMP CENTER - DAY

63

The GTO GROWLS to a stop. Lost in thought, Woody climbs out and heads for the center. But when he reaches the door, he comes to a weird stop. "Who was that?" He rolls back around to see...

PINKWATER, a late-forties man. He has the sports page on his lap and the classifieds under his ass, insulating his grey suit from the grungy picnic table he sits on.

PINKWATER

Sandoval for Billings? What kind of move is this?

WOODY

'Scuze me?

PINKWATER

The Angels. They give away the best clean-up man they ever had for another left-handed pitcher. What were they thinking?

WOODY

(warily)

You're not FAA, are you?

PINKWATER

Oh, no. No, no, no.

WOODY

Good.

PINKWATER

Chris Pinkwater, District Attorney's Office. I'm here to determine if manslaughter charges should be filed in conjunction with Sheila Brown's death.

64 INT. JUMP CENTER - DAY

64

Woody lies on the pool table like an indoor road-kill. Only the tire tracks are missing.

WOODY

I'll tell you, I'm startin' to think someone was havin' a party with my head.

PINKWATER

Can we deal in specifics?

WOODY

Well, for beginners -- she wasn't a beginner.

PINKWATER

Meaning....

WOODY

Two days ago this wet dream walks in here and tells me she's never made a jump before. Last night I find this in her apartment.

(shows buckle)

It's off a parachute rig.

PINKWATER

(a beat)

You think she misrepresented her actual ability?

WOODY

I think she did for bullshit what Stonehenge did for rocks.

PINKWATER

(re: buckle)

Where did you get this?

WOODY

Her apartment.

PINKWATER

What were you doing there?

WOODY

Looking for her roommate. Instead, I find some big Jamoke with pink rubber gloves cleanin' the bathroom at three in the morning.

PINKWATER

And this person was....

WOODY

Didn't catch the name.

PINKWATER

Do you have a description?

WOODY

Yeah. Third one over on that evolutionary chart.

He nurses his stitches. Pinkwater considers the buckle.

PINKWATER

Let's for a moment accept your information as factual -- even though you understand that little of this constitutes hard evidence.

WOODY

Look, I'm tellin' you the --

PINKWATER

For the moment I'm accepting it.
So what do we have? An experienced
skydiver pretending to be a novice...
she goes through training she doesn't
need...riding to altitude in a plane...
and leaping to her death.

WOODY

Intentionally. She worked me from the
start, man. She wanted to die.

PINKWATER

Suicide? Did she leave a note?

WOODY

Nothin' I could find.

PINKWATER

Did she indicate she was having
problems? Maybe at her place of work?

WOODY

Naw. Not really.

PINKWATER

(a beat)

Just doesn't add up, Woody. If she
was set on the idea of jumping from
a plane to kill herself -- okay. But
why does she need you? She could've
rented an empty plane. Why the whole
ruse of being a student?

WOODY

(despondent)

I dunno. Brain's just too amped out.
I dunno why.

65 EXT. JUMP CENTER - DAY

65

Stepping outside:

PINKWATER

This is my number at the federal
building in Lancaster. Call me late
afternoon -- I'll let you know what
I learn about our Miss Brown. Oh, and
maybe I should take the buckle.

WOODY

You can find out what it is?

PINKWATER

I can try.

Woody hands it over.

PINKWATER
Last thing. I saw video equipment
inside. Did anyone photograph her
jump?

WOODY
Just the landing. If you want to call
it that.

PINKWATER
Is it available?

WOODY
I can look.

PINKWATER
No rush. You might want to get some
sleep first.

Pinkwater offers a hand. Deciding he likes the guy, Woody
shakes. Pinkwater drops into his car. Woody notices the
left-behind sports page.

WOODY
(returning it)
And yeah. The Billings trade was a
bonehead move.

PINKWATER
Can't believe they did that....

66 INT. LOCKER ROOM - JUMP CENTER - DAY

66

At a locker labeled "RoboCam," Woody pulls on a padlock.
It's locked.

Beside the locker is a picture of a chesty dame, done in
the style of 1940's fuselage art. Someone has scrawled in
her measurements as "39-21-33."

Giving it a try, Woody dials the measurements. The locker
opens. Inside are 8mm video tapes.

67 INT. JUMP CENTER - DAY

67

QUICK CLOSEUPS: TV activated. Tape into VCR. "PLAY"
button hit. Now on the screen, we see VIDEO IMAGES of
RoboCam and a JUMP-JUNKIE at the Drop Zone, killing time.

Woody fast-forwards, tries again.

The VIDEO ZOOMS IN, FOCUSES on a spot in the sky. It's the jump plane.

ROBOCAM (ON TAPE)

They out yet?

JUMP-JUNKIE ON TAPE)

Still circlin'.

Soon a FAINT WHISTLING.

ROBOCAM (ON TAPE)

Well, I'm hearing somethin' here....

The VIDEO ZOOMS BACK OUT, trying to locate the flyspeck jumpers. Finally Sheila's red jumpsuit becomes visible, plummeting.

ROBOCAM (ON TAPE)

Hey. Hey, shit....

JUMP-JUNKIE (ON TAPE)

Where's the.... C'mon. Why aren't they pullin'?

Doing their danse macabre, the two jumpers grow larger and larger. Drop Zone VOICES JUMBLE:

VOICES (ON TAPE)

Oh, man, she's goin' in...c'mon, pull, pull, pull...oh, fuck, she's gonna hit, she's gonna --

Woody stops it just before impact. Rewinds. Finds where the VIDEO ZOOMS IN TIGHT. Again we see the jump plane -- but this time we notice a second dot, barely visible above.

WOODY

Now what....

He jockeys the tape, then FREEZE-FRAMES to stare at it. CAMERA PUSHES IN TIGHTER AND TIGHTER -- until the grainy image emits a DRONING SOUND.

WOODY

There was another plane.

Now he realizes the DRONING comes from elsewhere, from outside. Woody twists his head out a window to spot...

A light plane. Circling.

68 EXT. JUMP CENTER - DAY

68

Woody bangs outside, monocular lens already to his eye.
He zeros in on...

MONOCULAR POV: The plane.

WOODY

Tail-dragger. Green over tan.

It's the same one. Like before, the plane breaks its pattern and heads away. Woody vaults into his GTO, CRANKS IT UP. But the plane is heading out over open desert. With another idea, Woody switches off and vaults out.

69 INT. REPAIR HANGAR - DAY

69

CHA-VUGA-ROOOOOOOM! A dirt bike kicks over.

70 INT. DESERT - DAY

70

Throwing a rooster tail of dirt a mile long, Woody slews around a hangar and SCREAMS into the desert at full crank. Bushwhacking over open ground. Swerving through joshua trees. Jumping a drainage ditch to pursue...

The retreating plane.

Spotting something we don't, Woody hits his brakes. The dirt bike fishtails to a stop right where the desert gives way to solid concrete.

It's the California Aqueduct. There's no jumping this ditch.

The plane veers toward some low hills.

Woody scans, spots an overpass. He GUNS HIS BIKE and takes off.

71 EXT. OVERPASS - DAY

71

Cars parked on the overpass, a CHP OFFICER writes up a MOTORIST for speeding. An APPROACHING WHINE, then...

Woody SCREECHES AN ASPHALT-RIPPING TURN right in front of them. In an eyeblink, the bike clears the aqueduct and rockets back into the desert.

MOTORIST

Hey! What about him! WHAT ABOUT HIM!

72 EXT. DESERT HILLS - DAY

72

The plane drops behind the hills.

Woody finds a trailhead, double-clutches his way up, stops at the crest. On the downslope is a wind farm, a hundred metal windmills moving in the breeze. And below the wind farm is...

The tail-dragger. Taxiing over an old road.

73 EXT. DERELICT GAS STATION - DAY

73

The plane draws to a stop near a derelict gas station. Engine dies. Pilot door opens. And out steps...

Double Ugly. He loiters to pull binoculars and maps from the plane. And when he turns around...

WHA-WHAM: A pay-back ear-slam. Maps and binoculars go flying. Woody spins Double Ugly around and bounces his head off the side of the plane.

WOODY

Don't care what they say -- I think
revenge is the best revenge.

(straddling him)

Awright, Slammo. What were you doin'
in the apartment last night?

Nothing.

WOODY

Second question. What're you keepin'
tabs on me for? Huh?

Still nothing.

WOODY

Okay, let's flip all the cards.
Who the hell are you?

Switchblade quick, binoculars are looped around Woody's neck and jerked back. There's someone else here.

Double Ugly nails Woody with a bone-rattling forearm. Woody totters -- and starts to black out. But he turns as he falls, trying to glimpse the hidden ally.

It's Sheila Brown.

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

74 EXT. BEHIND DERELICT GAS STATION - DAY

74

WOODY'S POV: Our eyes open slowly. We're staring up at Sheila and Double Ugly. Bafflingly, their faces sweep across FRAME like pendulums.

ANOTHER ANGLE reveals Woody suspended in an old hammock. It's been twisted around to form a full-length strait jacket.

SHEILA

Well. I never expected to see you again -- though I suppose you were thinking the same about me.

Erupting with rage, Woody "lunges" at her.

WOODY

I thought you were...Jesus God, I can't believe....how the hell...all this time I thought...AND WHAT THE FUCK AM I DOING IN THIS HAMMOCK....

They roll him over, letting him vent into the ground.

Now Sheila and Double Ugly retreat a few steps. They seem to argue before reaching a decision. Returning, Sheila pulls out a big butcher knife...

And cuts one end of the hammock. Woody face-plants.

SHEILA

(helping him up)

C'mon. Let's go for a walk. I'll tell you what I can.

WOODY

Just tell me if I should shit, go blind, or wax my car, okay?

75 EXT. WIND FARM - DAY

75

They come through a forest of metal windmills. Turning blades fill the air with an EERIE THRUMMING.

SHEILA

We work for an agency that deals with national security issues. It would be against policy to reveal which one, but let me inadvertently say it has

(MORE)

SHEILA (CONT'D)
 three initials, -- and doesn't begin
 with an "F." We were assigned to
 investigate a business, a plant in
 Palmdale. There was reason to believe
 this company was really a front for
 foreign concerns that were supplying
 manufacturing technology to --

WOODY
 This is Aerodyne?

She stops and stares.

SHEILA
 You were there?

WOODY
 Lookin' for your roommate..

SHEILA
 Wish you wouldn't have done that,
 Woody. You're opening up things you
 can't understand.

WOODY
 What I don't understand, Hon, is how
 you're still vertical. So why don't
 we just fast-forward to the good part.

They continue walking.

SHEILA
 Three days ago. We were on the verge
 of completing our assignment -- when
 somehow it all came apart....

The VIEW CRANES UP to include sweeping windmill blades in
 FOREGROUND.

FLASHBACK TO:

76 INT. LIVING ROOM - APARTMENT 206 - (FLASHBACK) - NIGHT

76

The blades of a household fan.

SHEILA (V.O.)
 Our covers were burned, though I
 didn't know it until Saturday night.
 I got back to the apartment late...

RACK FOCUS to reveal Sheila entering the front door.
 STRAINED VOICES elsewhere in the apartment. Instantly on
 guard, Sheila moves catlike through a patio door...

77 EXT. PATIO - APARTMENT 206 - (FLASHBACK) - NIGHT

77

...and reaches a bathroom window. She eases one eye to a slivered opening and glimpses...

JILL, her roommate. Rudely evicted from the shower, she stands naked and wet in a corner, cowering from a man who holds her by her beaten, bloody face. Her voice comes in terrified snatches as...

JILL

...don't know...didn't say where...
just that she was going away to the
desert for the weekend...that's all
I know...it is, it is, it is....

With startling speed, the killer torques her head around. We hear VERTEBRAE DISJOINTING.

Sheila GASPS.

The killer drops Jill's body -- and turns toward the window.

Sheila crouches. Right above, the killer's shadow looms in the obscured glass. Did he hear something outside? Now the shadow retreats.

Sheila scissors over the patio railing. Finds a perch. Clutches the drainpipe, hiding from...

The killer. He reappears at the sliding glass door, scanning the patio. After a small forever, the killer turns and leaves.

FLASHFORWARD TO:

78 EXT. WIND FARM - DAY

78

SHEILA

She covered for me right to the end.
Right until he broke her neck.

WOODY

Which explains, I guess, why she
missed a couple days' work. But it
don't explain you.

SHEILA

The killer was after us both. He
would've done the same to me, too --
unless I killed myself first.

WOODY

'Kay, now I'm gettin' up to speed.
So you just.... Well, then you
must've just....

SHEILA

The body went in a red jumpsuit,
generic. Color and type of chute
doesn't matter -- it'll never open.

WOODY

Right. Slammo shadows us from above.
You unhook your line when I'm busy
looking for the second plane, then
you, uh....

SHEILA

(shaking head)

I max-track into a blind spot behind
the plane. Body is dropped as soon
as I clear. You look out and see me
falling -- or think you do. Actually
I'm on my way to landing a mile off.

A long beat of absorption, then...

WOODY

This close to puttin' it together.
I was this close.

SHEILA

Of course you were.

WOODY

Wait a second. You dropped your own
roommate?

SHEILA

If it could save my life....

WOODY

Okay, so far you've fooled a J.C.
drop-out who drinks plain-wrap beer.
What about the county coroner?

SHEILA

Terminal velocity.

WOODY

What about it?

SHEILA

How fast does an unstable body fall?
110? 120 miles an hour?

WOODY

Awright, forget dental records -- she hit hard enough to turn her face into Chiclettes. What about prints? Can still I.D. her that way.

SHEILA

But they won't always. Not if there's a simpler way.

WOODY

Like all of us on the ground tellin' the cops who it was.

SHEILA

(shrugging)

Like a photo I.D. in her pocket.

Now Woody starts nodding.

WOODY

Impressive. Really. You thought it through, worked out all the details. Well, 'cept for one.

SHEILA

What's that?

WOODY

My whole life. I got some D.A. who wants to charge me with manslaughter!

SHEILA

It was supposed to be an accident.

WOODY

Well, spread the word, lady, 'cuz my life is circlin' the drain here!

SHEILA

So if I'm dead, you're responsible. If I'm alive, you're in the clear -- but I'm exposed to the killer again. Quite a dilemma.

She ponders it a few steps before stopping oddly. She looks at Woody as if sizing him up for something -- then rejecting him.

SHEILA

No.

WOODY

What?

SHEILA

I don't think so. If it didn't work, you'd be worse off than ever. But, of course, if it did work....

WOODY

Lady, when ifs and buts are beer and nuts, we'll have us a helluva party, okay? But right now I need a fast way outta this mess. Tell me.

79 EXT. DERELICT GAS STATION - DAY

79

Returning:

SHEILA

...you choose the person, I choose the place. I'll show my face to that person, that one witness. But in return, you do me a favor.

WOODY

What kinda favor?

SHEILA

Be ready at eleven o'clock tonight. Francis will come for you.

WOODY

Casual? Dressy? C'mon, gimme a clue here.

SHEILA

The attire is jumpgear. And let's hope you really are the best, Woody.

They find themselves back at the plane. Double Ugly -- a.k.a. FRANCIS -- warms the engine. Seeing him again makes Woody wary.

WOODY

Hey. Maybe I'll do myself a favor and go to the county coroner, start talkin' about fingerprints on a certain body that don't match up to a certain name.

SHEILA

That might just work -- if a certain funeral director hadn't already claimed the body.

Woody tracks her gaze to Francis, the implied funeral director. Francis tosses him a big eat-shit look before slipping in the plane and THROTTLING IT UP.

WOODY
Okay, last thing.

SHEILA
I have to go.

WOODY
Wait. This is really important.

She holds.

WOODY
You know when we were in the plane?
And we were sittin' there together?
And you did this little squiggle-wiggle
move? You weren't really gettin' all
hot and sticky, were you?

It is important to him. With no warning, Sheila kisses
Woody deliciously hard, with the abandon of someone who
may not be alive by week's end. Then...

SHEILA
Absolutely not.

Her mouth forms a small crescent before she turns and runs
for the plane. Was that a smile?

WOODY
(smitten)
I'm in trouble. I am really in
trouble here.

80 INT. JUMP CENTER - DAY

80

VOICE (V.O.)
District Attorney's Office.

WOODY
(into phone)
Chris Pinkwater?

VOICE (V.O.)
Who can I say is calling?

WOODY
Woody Gibbs.

CONNECTING SOUNDS. Then...

PINKWATER (V.O.)
Woody? Listen, I'm getting some
strange come-backs on "Sheila Brown."
She checks out okay on the routine
(MORE)

PINKWATER (CONT'D)
 stuff -- DMV, social security -- but
 then I ran a TRW check. Her financial
 history only goes back four years,
 which indicates to me --

WOODY
 She's CIA.

PINKWATER (V.O.)
 (a half-beat)
 Why do you say that?

WOODY
 She just told me.

81 EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING - DAY

81

A glass building that mirrors the late-afternoon sun.

82 INT. LOBBY - FEDERAL BUILDING - DAY

82

Woody scans a directory. "Pinkwater, C." is listed
 under the District Attorney's Office. Woody moves to
 an elevator and has one foot aboard when...

PINKWATER (O.S.)
 Woody....

Pinkwater approaches with RAAB, an overgroomed guy
 straight out of a Bachrach catalog.

PINKWATER
 This is Special Agent Raab, FBI.
 I've asked him to sit in. C'mon.
 There's a conference room right down
 here.

Eager to hear the story, Pinkwater steers Woody down the
 corridor.

83 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - FEDERAL BUILDING - DAY

83

Woody is seated between Pinkwater and Raab, gauging their
 reactions. After substantial silence:

PINKWATER
 Forgive me for possibly sounding
 skeptical, but, uh....

WOODY
 Look, I know how it sounds.

PINKWATER

Are you absolutely certain this is the same woman that was in the plane with you?

WOODY

Absolutely. No question about it.

PINKWATER

And she told you she was CIA?

WOODY

Said it was a three-letter agency that wasn't the FBI. I dunno, maybe she tows for the Triple-A.

PINKWATER

Well, there's only one problem with that story....

Pinkwater looks to Raab.

RAAB

The serial number corresponds to those used by the Israeli Air Force.

PINKWATER

It's possible she's Mossad. Israeli intelligence.

WOODY

(frowning)

How many letters in "Mossad"?

PINKWATER

She may have lied to you, Woody.

WOODY

Israeli? C'mon. She talks better'n me.

PINKWATER

We don't know for certain yet -- Israel does supply to other countries. But the argument looks compelling.

RAAB

(nodding)

Could be one of their "jumpers" -- an agent who pops in and out of countries on dirty jobs. They're good with languages and they like their schemes. Hairier the better.

PINKWATER

(to Woody)

You may have tapped into a a foreign operative working illegally in this country. Now of course we're interested in clearing your name, but we're also interested -- very much so -- in what the heck she's doing here. Can you arrange a meet?

Woody's mood goes blue-black: He's sinking deeper into it all the time.

WOODY

Maybe. If I do this "favor."

PINKWATER

Did she tell you the nature of this favor?

WOODY

Just that I should be ready for a night dive.

Pinkwater and Raab exchange looks.

RAAB

Tough to surveil. Very tough.

PINKWATER

But she agreed to meet a witness? Afterwards?

WOODY

One. Yeah.

More looks between the other two.

PINKWATER

(choosing his words)

Well, Woody, I don't think I can tell you what to do here. If this "favor" is something illegal -- which it most likely is -- then neither of us can sanction it. So my official advice to you is to stay home tonight and just let us continue our investigation.

(scribbling something)

But if, on the other hand, you were to ignore my official advice and do something that would precipitate a meeting with this woman.... Well, you should certainly give me a call.

He slides Woody his home phone number.

WOODY

Thanks. But what about the coroner?
If the body's not there, am I just
fucked?

PINKWATER

Let's put it this way: If we can't
find the dead Sheila Brown -- we
better find the live one.

84 EXT. JUMP CENTER - NIGHT

84

A light plane touches down on a dark runway. It's the
tail-dragger.

Decked out in jump gear, Woody intercepts the plane as it
taxi to a stop. The pilot is Francis. He's alone.

85 INT. TAIL-DRAGGER - NIGHT

85

The plane climbs. The two men ride in stony silence.
Finally:

WOODY

You know, I think there was a mule
named "Francis."
(half-beat)
'Cept he could talk.

86 EXT. SKY - NIGHT

86

As the tail-dragger begins circling.

87 INT. TAIL-DRAGGER - NIGHT

87

Francis is surveying the ground. Woody pops his door to
check it out. Lights cluster a mile below.

WOODY

Wanna hip me as to where we are?

He turns back. Francis holds a wireless headset.

FRANCIS

Wind is 17 knots, south-southeast.
Your altimeter should read 6,000.
Deploy at 2,000, and put the headset
on immediately after. Think you can
handle it, "Sky God"?

WOODY

You heard about that?

He stows the headset inside his jumpsuit, again spots up the ground lights. What the hell are they?

WOODY

Uh, not that I don't think your orientation wasn't thorough or anything, Francis, but you mind tellin' me --

Francis banks hard right. Woody drops out of the plane like parrot shit...

88 EXT. SKY - NIGHT

88

...and plunges through a world of indelible black ink. He stabilizes quick as a cat and continues to freefall, no sense of motion except the RUSH OF THE WIND. Soon his altimeter shows...

2,000 feet.

MAIN CHUTE CRACKS overhead. Woody checks the deployment with a small flashlight before dragging on his headset.

SHEILA (V.O.)

...you hear me...can you hear me...
can you hear me....

WOODY

Hello? Is this Suzie, my Time-Life operator?

SHEILA (V.O.)

You should speak only when I ask a direct question. Aside from that, shut up and do exactly as I say. Now look down. Do you see the roof of the largest structure?

WOODY'S POV: Of floodlit buildings looming between our feet.

WOODY

Easy money.

SHEILA (V.O.)

Don't land there.

WOODY

"Don't?"

SHEILA (V.O.)

The roof has motion sensors. See the strobing red lights on the west end? On the tower? Land there.

WOODY

Now she....

He banks hard.

WOODY'S POV: Of beacon lights appearing between our feet.

Just when Woody gets it lined up, winds buffet him off-course. Working his toggles, he zags back and forth, fighting the erratic night air.

WOODY'S POV: Of beacon lights veering in and out of VIEW. The tower is gonna be a bitch to hit.

At the last second, Woody flares hard, cuts speed, pins his feet together to land...

89 INT. SMOKESTACK - NIGHT

89

...and drops straight down inside. It's a smokestack.

90 EXT. SMOKESTACK - NIGHT

90

Trailing him down the stack, the chute snags on a beacon light.

91 INT. SMOKESTACK - NIGHT

91

Woody jerks to a stop, twists in the darkness.

WOODY

Did you say "on it" or "in it"?

No answer: The headset is gone. Woody pulls out his flashlight, beams it down to see...

Bats. Rushing up at him like harpies from hell.

Woody covers up. WINGS FLUTTER AND FLURRY everywhere as bats swirl up through the stack...

92 EXT. SMOKESTACK - NIGHT

92

...and out the top. They SCREE-SCREE-SCREE away into the night.

93 INT. SMOKESTACK - NIGHT

93

Woody unballs. The headset lies about 10 feet below, resting on a mesh filter above the after-burner assembly. Going for it, Woody pulls the handle that releases his main chute -- and drops.

The SCREEN COLLAPSES on impact.

Woody braces against the walls, trying to check his fall, but the walls are slick with soot. Gaining speed fast, he plummets out of FRAME.

94 INT. TOOL-AND-DIE PLANT - NIGHT

94

BOOMPH! Something crash-lands beyond the doors of an old brick incinerator. A beat, then the doors swing open. Covered with soot and batshit and ash, Woody crawls out.

WOODY

Somebody throw a tent over this circus....

He digs the headset out of the incinerator.

SHEILA (V.O.)

...you there? Woody? Answer me. Woody?

WOODY

Okay. Looks like I'm back inside the tool plant. Should I be?

SHEILA (V.O.)

(a beat)

You're inside? Already?

WOODY

What now?

SHEILA (V.O.)

All right. Make your way to the south side. There's a breaker box on the wall there, next to an exit door. Let me know when you reach it. And keep quiet -- you may not be alone.

95 INT. TOOL-AND-DIE PLANT - NIGHT

95

Woody skulks past dark hulking machinery. He spots the breaker box.

WOODY

Okay. I'm here.

SHEILA (V.O.)
Open it and throw switch 17.

He does. Nothing happens.

WOODY
Oka-ay....

No reply. Woody checks the headset. Now VOICES coming from...

Kerr. He leads three HONG KONG BUSINESSMEN through the plant, arriving at the very spot Woody just stood. But now he's gone. The men remove hard hats and pitch them into a bin.

HONG KONG #1
(British accent)
...would there be any difficulty in such a schedule?

KERR
Not that I see. Once we verify the wire-transfer, we can ship any time after, say, 21-hundred tomorrow.

HONG KONG #1
Forgive us...but we had expected to provide payment upon safe delivery -- and not until.

KERR
I have to ship at night -- you understand that.

HONG KONG #1
Our bank could make payment promptly the next morning, as early as oh-700. The difference is one of only hours, Mr. Kerr.

They're squeezing his nuts and Kerr knows it. But he manages a thin smile.

KERR
Let me take it up with my associates.
(moving away)
By the way, I'll be bringing my clubs, so if you know of a good PGA course up there....

They vanish. A beat, then one of the hard hats stands up. It's Woody. He climbs out of the bin and stares after the departed men. A hand catches him from behind.

WOODY
(electrocuted)
Gyaaaaah....

It's Sheila. Silently, she closes the door she just entered. Pockets keys. Removes her headset.

SHEILA
Did I hear voices?

WOODY
That guy again. "Kerr." He was with three Chinese guys.

SHEILA
(alarmed)
Three Chinese? Which ones?

WOODY
Ching, Chang, Walla-Walla-Bing-Bang.
How do I know which ones?

SHEILA
What did they say?

WOODY
Talkin' about shippin' something tomorrow night. Nine o'clock.

It weighs on Sheila. She checks her watch like someone scheduled for execution.

SHEILA
22 hours....
(butching up)
All right, listen close. Switch 17 cut the power to the electrical fence. When we leave, we leave through this door and climb the south fence, the one directly in front of us. There's a car waiting. Do you understand?

WOODY
Huh-uh. But I haven't understood anything in three days.

SHEILA
Stay here. Your job's done.

She pads away. Moments later, Woody spots her slipping up a staircase to reach...

An office door. Sheila keys it open....

96 INT. KERR'S OFFICE - TOOL-AND-DIE PLANT - NIGHT

96

...and enters a lush cherry-wood office, incongruous with the rest of the plant. She opens a closet. Finds cardigans of every conceivable color. Starts removing them to reveal...

A formidable safe embedded in the rear wall.

But when all the clothes are out, Sheila removes the hanger pole. It's hollow. She turns it on end, and out slide...

A half-dozen plastic cylinders.

She uncaps the cylinders. Documents are coiled inside. Only now do we realize that the safe is a decoy -- a lure for common thieves.

97 INT. TOOL-AND-DIE PLANT - NIGHT

97

Hearing SOMETHING, Woody turns to a door and peers out the small window.

WOODY'S POV: Of Kerr and the Hong Kong businessmen. They shake hands. The businessmen duck into a waiting limousine.

98 EXT. MAIN GATE - TOOL-AND-DIE PLANT - NIGHT

98

The limousine exits the main gate.

Standing at a control panel, Kerr throws a switch. The gates close. He starts back toward the plant -- but does a double-take at...

An indicator light on the control panel. It's dark.

Scowling, Kerr moves to the fence -- and touches it. Nothing.

99 INT. TOOL-AND-DIE PLANT - NIGHT

99

Seeing:

WOODY
(into headset)
Hey, we got a little snag here....
(no reply)
Sheila?

- 100 INT. KERR'S OFFICE - TOOL-AND-DIE PLANT - NIGHT 100
START on Sheila's headset -- lying on the desk. MOVE to Sheila as she obliviously scours documents, finding one in particular. It's some kind of aviation map.
- 101 EXT. TOOL-AND-DIE PLANT - NIGHT 101
Moving fast, Kerr heads for a loading-dock door.
- 102 INT. TOOL-AND-DIE PLANT - NIGHT 102
Moving faster, Woody heads for the elevated office. He reaches it...
- 103 INT. KERR'S OFFICE - TOOL-AND-DIE PLANT - NIGHT 103
...and surges inside.
- WOODY
They know the fence is down. We
gotta bolt.
- Sheila stares a beat. Then as fast as she can, she sets aside one cylinder and feeds the rest back into the hanger pole.
- 104 INT. TOOL-AND-DIE PLANT - NIGHT 104
Eyes hunting, Kerr moves through the plant. Soon he stops and looks down. Ashy footprints lead out of the incinerator.
- 105 INT. TOOL-AND-DIE PLANT - NIGHT 105
Woody and Sheila slip downstairs. No jokes now, no conversation -- they both just want to get the hell out. But then...
- Suspension lights flare on. AIR-CONDITIONING EQUIPMENT RAMPS UP. The whole place is powering up.
- 106 EXT. TOOL-AND-DIE PLANT - NIGHT 106
As the plant lights up like a Christmas tree.

107 INT. TOOL-AND-DIE PLANT - NIGHT

107

Woody and Sheila break into a run. They turn a corner -- and jerk to a stop. Dead ahead is...

GUARD #2. He loops a chain through the push-lever of their escape door and locks it off, sealing the exit. Done, he carries off more chains to secure other doors.

WOODY
(reversing)
Loading docks.

SHEILA
(catching him)
Window. There.

They scamper onto machinery. Reach a second-story window. Push it open. Halfway out, Sheila bobbles the cylinder. Woody snags it in midair...revels over the great catch... then geeks it himself. IT CLATTERS all the way back to the floor. Traded looks.

SHEILA
Get it.

WOODY
Fuck it.

SHEILA
Get it.

No time to argue, Woody jungle-gyms back down. Drops on his stomach. Spots the cylinder under machinery. Reaches for it as...

Guard #1 appears with a short-barreled carbine.

Still perched in the window, Sheila spies the guard coming up behind Woody. Neither man sees the other -- but it's only a matter of seconds.

SHEILA
WOODY!

The guard whirls to the sound. Sees her. Raises his carbine just as...

108 EXT. TOOL-AND-DIE PLANT - NIGHT

108

Sheila drops to the ground outside. WINDOWS DETONATE overhead.

109 INT. TOOL-AND-DIE PLANT - NIGHT

109

Woody rolls under the machinery...grabs the cylinder... and rolls out the other side. He blitzes through the plant, completely disoriented, just searching for...

Another door. Way up in the rafters.

Woody ducks up a chute-ladder to reach catwalks. Races across. Reaches the stairs to the roof. Takes them three at a time. Shoulders open the door...

110 EXT. ROOF OF TOOL-AND-DIE PLANT - NIGHT

110

...and bounds onto the roof. ALARMS WAIL instantly.

111 INT. TOOL-AND-DIE PLANT - NIGHT

111

KERR
(at guards)
The roof! THE ROOF!

112 EXT. ROOF OF TOOL-AND-DIE-PLANT - NIGHT

112

Woody leaps a fan-exhaust unit to reach the parapet. Gauges the distance to the fence: Maybe 20 feet out, 30 feet down. It's a helluva jump -- but it has been done before.

WOODY
Mexico City, 1968.

113 INT. TOOL-AND-DIE PLANT - NIGHT

113

As Kerr and his guards pound over swaying catwalks.

114 EXT. ROOF OF TOOL-AND-DIE PLANT - NIGHT

114

Woody backs up for a running start -- but now notices a strong updraft coming from the fan-exhaust unit. It blows debris high into the night sky.

115 INT. TOOL-AND-DIE PLANT - NIGHT

115

As the men charge up the rooftop stairs.

116 EXT. ROOF OF TOOL-AND-DIE PLANT - NIGHT

116

Switching plans, Woody positions himself in front of the fan exhaust...leans over as if to kiss his ass goodbye... and pulls his reserve ripcord.

The chute deploys, instantly catching air. Woody lifts out of FRAME a nano-second before...

Kerr and his guards spill outside and search the roof. They look everywhere but...

Up. Already beyond the fence, Woody uses his chute as a paraglider, sailing across the moon like a celestial navigator and steering off into the night.

117 INT. JUMP CENTER - NIGHT

117

START on the plastic cylinder, now open. MOVE ACROSS the extracted document: It's a high-altitude aeronautical chart of the western United States. Transponder codes of certain airports have been flagged, forming a dot-to-dot flight path.

Changing out of his jump gear, Woody ponders the chart. A PHONE INTERRUPTS.

WOODY

Hello.

SHEILA (V.O.)

Do you still have it?

WOODY

Yeah, I'm fine. Thanks for askin'.

SHEILA (V.O.)

(in no mood)

Do you still have the cylinder?

WOODY

I got it.

SHEILA (V.O.)

We'll meet at two o'clock. Bring your witness, one person. There's a rest stop near the town of Boron, Highway --

WOODY

Gotta better idea. We'll meet at "Sam's Surplus," Highway 18 near the aqueduct.

It hangs there a beat.

SHEILA (V.O.)

You don't trust me, Woody?

WOODY

Hon, I wouldn't trust you in a slow round of Parcheesi. But I do like the way you kiss.

SHEILA (V.O.)

I set the place. We agreed on that.

WOODY

I changed our mind. See ya there.

He hangs up and redials.

PINKWATER (V.O.)

(waking)

Pinkwater....

WOODY

Party's on for two o'clock.

118 EXT. SAM'S SURPLUS - NIGHT

118

A barren highway. A car appears, pulling off and parking near the GTO. Getting out is...

PINKWATER

Anything?

WOODY

Not yet.

PINKWATER

(checking watch)

Five minutes to go. Raab should be here by now.

WOODY

Raab? Supposed to be just you'n me.

PINKWATER

We faxed "Sheila Brown's" photo to Interpol. They made a positive I.D.

WOODY

And?

PINKWATER

Mossad. We have to place her in custody.

A beat as they scan the darkness. Soon...

WOODY

So what happens to her?

PINKWATER

Espionage is still a serious crime.
Wind up in prison, most likely.

WOODY

For how long?

PINKWATER

(with an edge)

Maybe you should just be grateful it's
her and not you, Woody.

WOODY

Maybe so.

PINKWATER

Now bring me up to speed. What was
this "favor" all....

RISING ENGINE. Vehicle lights approach, quickly resolving
into the tail-dragger, taxiing the highway.

PINKWATER

Well. Always did want to make a
citizen's arrest.

He unsheathes a Beretta 9mm, fumbles to chamber a round.

WOODY

You know how to work that thing?

PINKWATER

I am licensed.

WOODY

Well, just don't blow off anything
you might wanna use later.

A hundred yards away, the plane pulls to the shoulder
and stops, just idling. Woody starts down the shoulder.
Pinkwater lays back.

PINKWATER

Better get her away from the plane.
Let's be smart and make her come to
us.

119 INT. TAIL-DRAGGER - NIGHT

119

NIGHT-VISION POV: Showing two green-shimmering ghosts, one approaching.

FRANCIS (O.S.)

Two men. One walking this way.
Looks like him. Two cars. That's it.

In the pilot seat, Francis lowers his scope. Sheila pops the passenger door...

120 EXT. HIGHWAY SHOULDER - NIGHT

120

...and steps outside. For moments her eyes find only teeming darkness. Then Woody materializes. She greets him with an upturned hand.

SHEILA

Cylinder?

WOODY

In my car.

SHEILA

So bring your car here.

WOODY

My witness is over there.

SHEILA

So bring him with the cylinder.

WOODY

Guy's a little jumpy. Maybe we better go to him.

She backtracks to the plane.

SHEILA

Anything?

FRANCIS

No change.

Sheila produces a headset, slips it on as she rejoins Woody. They start back down the shoulder.

121 INT. TAIL-DRAGGER - NIGHT

121

NIGHT-VISION POV: Of Woody and Sheila receding.

Francis reaches into the rear of the plane -- and comes back with a sniper rifle. He CLICK-FITS the scope onto the stock, eases the muzzle outside. He looks again.

NIGHT-VISION POV: Of Woody and Sheila. Crosshairs loiter on Woody's back for an itchy moment -- before PANNING AWAY to Pinkwater. Correction: Where Pinkwater was.

122 EXT. HIGHWAY SHOULDER - NIGHT

122

FRANCIS (V.O.)

Stop.

Sheila pulls up.

FRANCIS (V.O.)

The other one. He's gone.

She squints ahead, trying to pierce the murk.

SHEILA

Where is he? He moved.

WOODY

Probably in his car. C'mon. It's right up here.

SHEILA

(into headset)

Check the cars.

123 INT. TAIL-DRAGGER - NIGHT

123

NIGHT-VISION POV: Sweeping the cars. The GTO is empty. But VIDEO GRAIN obscures the interior of Pinkwater's car.

FRANCIS

(into headset)

Can't tell.

124 EXT. HIGHWAY SHOULDER - NIGHT

124

SHEILA

Who is this person?

WOODY

He's the D.A. I told you about.

SHEILA

What's his name?

WOODY

Pinkwater.

SHEILA
Does he have a weapon?

WOODY
Why, does he need one?

She appraises his face and finds nothing incriminating.
They walk on, soon reaching...

125 EXT. SAM'S SURPLUS - NIGHT

125

The surplus yard. Woody checks the cars, looks around the office shed.

WOODY
Well, he said he'd wait right....

SHEILA
(into headset)
What now?
(no response)
Francis. What do you see?

More DEAD AIR. She begins back-pedaling. Faster and faster.

SHEILA
Francis? Francis?

She breaks into a full-throttle run, racing back to...

126 EXT. HIGHWAY SHOULDER - NIGHT

126

The plane. She throws open the door to find...

His head twisted around backwards. Dead, Francis slumps aside to reveal Pinkwater on the far side of the plane. Eyes locking on Sheila, he yanks out his Beretta.

At the speed of light, Sheila grabs the sniper rifle and drops.

BULLETS PERFORATE the door.

127 EXT. SAM'S SURPLUS - NIGHT

127

As Woody whips around.

128 EXT. OTHER SIDE OF HIGHWAY - NIGHT

128

As a hidden JEEP ROARS out of a ravine.

129 EXT. HIGHWAY SHOULDER - NIGHT

129

Pinkwater ducks under the plane, taking aim on...

Sheila's churning legs.

BULLETS SPIT BACK at Pinkwater: He was aiming through the spinning prop.

130 EXT. SAM'S SURPLUS - NIGHT

130

Sheila sprints back for the cars and...

WOODY

(seeing rifle)

No, no, no, no --

CHOCK-CHOCK-CHOCK-CHOCK. Woody spirals away. We think she shot at him -- until MORE INCOMING FIRE from...

The Jeep. Raab SPRAYS BULLETS over the windshield.

Woody runs for the shed like his dick was on fire.

Sheila CRACKS BACK SHOTS as she sidewinds to the GTO. She flings open the door, slaps around inside for the cylinder. She can't find it.

Jeep burrows to a stop. Raab and the female driver leap out and LIGHT UP THE NIGHT with weapons.

BULLETS RIDDLE the GTO. Behind, Sheila somersaults away and retreats to...

131 EXT. OFFICE SHED - SAM'S SURPLUS - NIGHT

131

The office shed. She burrows to a stop beside Woody, hunkered at the corner. DIALOG RACES like their hearts:

WOODY

Jesus Fuckme Christ!

SHEILA

Do you still have the --

WOODY

What the hell was that all about?

SHEILA

Where's the cylinder?

WOODY

What's the FBI shootin' at me for?
My car for?

SHEILA

They're not FBI, and that's not a D.A.
Now where's --

WOODY

Who's not? Pinkwater?

SHEILA

It's him. The killer.

WOODY

What?

SHEILA

He's the one. He killed Jill, now
Francis, and you brought him here.

Livid, she jams her smoking rifle under his nose. This
is a different Sheila, wild-eyed and desperate.

SHEILA

You have five seconds to tell me
where the cylinder is. One...

WOODY

I cannot believe this.

SHEILA

Two...

WOODY

Hey, slow down, slow --

SHEILA

Four....

WOODY

What happened to three?

SHEILA

Tell me.

WOODY

It's back in my...

BA-BOOM! Woody peers around the corner of the shed to see
an inferno on wheels.

WOODY (CONT'D)

(bloodless)

...my GTO.

132 EXT. SAM'S SURPLUS - NIGHT

132

The attackers reload at the Jeep. Now we recognize the driver as the female hijacker (from SCENE #3). Pinkwater grabs a machine gun, snaps out the skeleton butt and locks it down like a man who could do it in his sleep.

133 EXT. REAR YARD - SAM'S SURPLUS - NIGHT

133

The three attackers ease around the shed. Woody and Sheila are gone. Separating, the attackers sweep into the yard.

CLOSE on Woody's hand quietly throwing toggles.

Pinkwater checks behind plane cowlings. Keeps going.

CLOSE on Woody's hands buckling an aircraft-style seatbelt.

Stepping over some rails, the female hijacker pauses. Too narrow for railroad tracks. What the hell are they?

CLOSE on Woody thumbing a power switch. What happens now happens in an eyeblink:

PROPELLANT IGNITES in our face. Suddenly we're at the core of the sun.

WHEELS LURCH over the rails.

The female hijacker torques around to see...

Something big rushing at her.

She starts to leap clear -- but not soon enough. With a BONE-BUSTING COLLISION, her body cartwheels up and over a moving rollcage as...

The ROCKET SLED THUNDERS past. Shaking Heaven and Earth. Turning night into day. Already approaching triple-digit speed -- and just starting to kick ass.

134 INT. ROCKET SLED - NIGHT

134

Woody and Sheila swap molecules with the seat. So great is the G-force that it kicks back Sheila's trigger finger: The RIFLE BLOWS ITS CLIP, firing at the moon.

135 EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

135

LONG VIEW of the rocket sled blazing across the desert like a harnessed shooting star, leaving burning joshuas in its wake. Soon the PROPELLANT SPUTTERS OUT...

136 INT. ROCKET SLED - NIGHT

136

And Woody and Sheila sag with relief, until...

137 EXT. ROCKET SLED - NIGHT

137

The sled careens off the end of the rails. Bucking like a mad bull, it carves its own tracks across the desert, heading into the next county.

138 INT. ROCKET SLED - NIGHT

138

SHEILA

The brakes! Find the brakes!

WOODY

How 'bout a steering wheel!

Pinballs for eyes, they search for a way to stop the machine that rocks their brains loose. And now coming up fast...

Lights. Concrete. Chain-link.

Forgetting about controls, they grapple with the seatbelt. It comes undone right before...

139 EXT. CALIFORNIA AQUEDUCT - NIGHT

139

They plow through the fence. Woody and Sheila spring clear as the sled tumbles down a concrete embankment -- and disappears into the currents of the California Aqueduct.

DISSOLVE TO:

140 EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

140

PANORAMIC VIEW: A full moon illuminates flat, endless terrain. Land that God left unfinished.

141 EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

141

WOODY

Guess those guys had me goin' pretty good there for awhile, huh?

No response from Sheila, who slogs through the desert ahead of Woody, wringing out what clothes she can.

WOODY

Maybe I shoulda gone to the guy's office instead of, you know, just meeting him in the lobby like that. Sorry if, uh....

More vengeful silence. It starts to gall Woody.

WOODY

You know, maybe the reason things aren't going according to plan here is because there is no plan. Not that anyone's told me. Hey, it's really too bad about Francis -- but don't even try to hang that on me, 'cuz I didn't sign up for this. You conned me. You were working me the minute you walked in the door. So how do you bust on me now, acting like this is all my fault? Huh?

She wheels around, ready to dismantle him -- but she has no words to do it with. Her whole body slumps.

SHEILA

You're right.

WOODY

I'm right. Hallelujah, I'm finally right.

SHEILA

I should've given you a way out. And I should've known they'd come to you, to find out what you knew. But it was all happening so fast... I just couldn't think everything through...not everything....

She lifts her face skyward, balancing tears in her eyes, trying to blink them back.

WOODY

Now is this another act, or....

SHEILA

I'm sorry. I should've done a lot of things different. Maybe Francis would still be alive if I had.

It seems genuine.

WOODY

So who are you? They told me you were really Mossad. 'Course, this was when they were really FBI.

SHEILA

Have to keep moving....

WOODY

(catching her)

Hey. If you just tell me, maybe I can help.

SHEILA

You can't. Not without the cylinder.

WOODY

Try me.

SHEILA

Even if I said, you wouldn't believe me, so what's the --

WOODY

I will believe you, if you just tell me the truth.

(capturing her eyes)

Try me.

SHEILA

(a grave beat)

Komitet Gosudarstvennoe Bezopasnosti.
"KGB" for short.

He laughs in her face.

SHEILA

You see?

WOODY

Hey. Maybe I don't keep up on world events like I should, but I know the "KGB" is the "KG-Useta-B."

SHEILA

There were almost 900 penetration agents here when the USSR broke up. Do you really think they all got on a bus and left?

He searches her face. The conviction holds.

WOODY

So you're sayin' that you...and
Francis...and Jill....

SHEILA

And Kerr and "Pinkwater" and many,
many others.

WOODY

All KGB.

SHEILA

We were.

142 EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

142

Now journeying side by side:

SHEILA

The Aerodyne plant was a KGB staging
ground for over 20 years. Good one,
too: Sub-contractors to Aerospace
don't always need top-secret clearance,
yet it put us in daily contact with
the execs at Northrop and Lockheed.
Sure, some agents did go back home
after The Breakup. But some stayed
on, hoping we could just step into our
cover lives, knowing that what we had
here was better than the stagnation
and poverty that waited for us back
home. We'd trained for years to pass
as Americans -- so why not now just
become Americans?

WOODY

But your own people want you dead.
How come?

SHEILA

(stopping)

You see something? There?

Woody squints. A quarter-mile off is a small structure,
dark inside. Is it a cabin?

SHEILA

Let's try it. Maybe we can find a map
that shows....

A FAINT THUMPING turns their heads.

143 EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

143

It comes low and fast. BLATTING over the desert floor. Black metal on black sky. The Devil's dragonfly.

144 EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

144

It GROWS LOUDER. They swivel, unable to place the sound. Suddenly a shaft of laser-sharp xenon light appears.

WOODY

There.

They break for the cabin, running hard for the only cover in a mercilessly flat desert. Behind them...

The light sweeps closer.

145 INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

145

CHOPPER'S POV: Scouring the desert floor with a harsh pool of light. Probing systematically.

146 EXT. DESERT CABIN - NIGHT

146

They reach an abandoned stone cabin. Woody hits the door like a wrecking ball...

147 INT. DESERT CABIN - NIGHT

147

...and knocks it off its one good hinge. CHOPPER SOUNDS GROW LOUDER. Woody finds a hole in the wall mortar and peers outside, trying to track the chopper.

SHEILA (O.S.)

Woody!

He turns. She's staring at the ceiling. He looks up.
There is no ceiling.

148 INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

148

CHOPPER'S POV: The light reaches the roofless cabin. Though we expect to find them inside like fish in a barrel, all we find are sparse furnishings and the broken-down door.

149 INT. DESERT CABIN - NIGHT

149

A LOW-ANGLE LOOK reveals them beneath the door. With Woody on top, they lie eye to eye, chest to chest, pelvis to pelvis. At first their faces reflect only the imminent danger. Then something else seeps into their expressions: It's the erotica of danger.

150 EXT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

150

As the nosecone searchlight snaps off.

151 INT. DESERT CABIN - NIGHT

151

We hear the CHOPPER BLATTING AWAY. Strangely, the door doesn't budge.

WOODY

Guess we could leave now.

SHEILA

They've already searched here. It's probably the only safe place.

WOODY

This is true.

SHEILA

Can I ask you something now? And will you tell the truth?

WOODY

What?

SHEILA

You know when we were in the plane?
Sitting together for the first time?
You weren't getting all hot and sticky, were you, Woody?

Taking it as an invitation, he kisses her greedily.

WOODY

Absolutely not.

152 EXT. DESERT CABIN - NIGHT

152

HIGH-ANGLE on the roofless cabin. When the door finally moves, it moves like a see-saw, CREAKING RHYTHMICALLY.

153 EXT. MOJAVE AIRPORT - NIGHT

153

The chopper lands. Raab ducks out the starboard side to join Pinkwater and Kerr, waiting on the ground, backlit by car headlights.

RAAB

Ran a grid about six miles past the aqueduct. Nothing.

KERR

Maybe she drowned.

PINKWATER

And maybe she died in a skydiving accident, too.

KERR

(stung by it)

Look. We're only hours away from cashing out in Vancouver. If this slut-bitch hasn't hurt us by now, she can't. I say we ground the chopper before it draws any more attention.

PINKWATER

(to Raab)

Keep flying. Push the grid.

(to Kerr)

And you keep driving. I have a major deal closing this week, and I didn't spend the last two quarters negotiating it to have it blow up in my face now. This time, we verify she's dead. Her and the skydiver. Before Vancouver.

154 INT. DESERT CABIN - NIGHT

154

The door "opens," pivoting through air and slamming back down to the ground. Woody sits up. He looks around in a post-coital funk.

SHEILA

You all right?

WOODY

Huh? Oh, yeah, fine. Few splinters in my back, but....

(dismally)

I just know this is gonna come back to haunt me.

SHEILA

Woody. That's not why.... I don't want anything else from you. You don't have anything else I want.

WOODY

Yeah, I do.

He reels in his coat -- and pulls out the cylinder.

SHEILA

(thunderstruck)

You had it? The whole time?

She reaches for it. He holds it back.

WOODY

So what is it?

SHEILA

Goddamnit, you should have told me. All this time we wasted!

WOODY

Thanks, it was special for me too.

SHEILA

Give it to me, Woody. This has nothing to do with you.

WOODY

Excuse me? I've lost my business, my friends, and my car -- basically, I'm down to a \$19 swapmeet watch. And this has nothing to do with me?

Frustrated, she turns away. Checks the time. Realizes it's not a lost cause -- not yet.

SHEILA

(a forced calm)

All right. All right. Inside should be a flight chart for a plane that landed somewhere in California last week. With a little luck, it should tell us where the plane still is.

WOODY

And what's on that plane?

She hesitates. And through a window -- unseen by them -- two headlights approach.

SHEILA

It's a shipment of very special hydroponic solution the European market was sending to Russia. It's genetically-engineered, specially designed for use in non-arable land. It could revolutionize a country's farming system.

WOODY

Boy, hope that doesn't fall into the wrong hands.

SHEILA

I'm telling you the --

WOODY

(flashing anger)

You're tellin' me duckshit. These guys aren't chasin' us across the desert 'cause they need fertilizer. Now would you stop lyin' to me?

The headlights stop a distance from the cabin. Weighing her next words carefully, Sheila looks out the window -- and just misses seeing the headlights die.

SHEILA

It's plutonium. Almost two thousand pounds of weapons-grade material was siphoned out of the Russian disarmament program and flown here. It's on that plane. The Chinese men you saw are brokers. If it gets to them tomorrow night as scheduled, they'll sell it on the international market. If that happens, chances are the plutonium will wind up in the hands of a country hostile to both the U.S. and Russia.

WOODY

(two beats)

Lemme hear that fertilizer thing again.

SHEILA

You wanted the truth.

She holds his gaze another beat -- then slips the cylinder out of his palsied hand.

155 EXT. DESERT CABIN - DESERT - NIGHT

155

Shaking out the map, Sheila hurries outside. Woody tags along woefully. She spreads the map across a table-sized rock and tries to read it by moonlight.

SHEILA

More light...I just need more....

A flashlight snaps on.

SHEILA

Good.

Mutual realization: They don't have a flashlight. Suddenly a knife blade touches Woody's throat. It's wielded by...

The HERDSMAN, a leather-faced Latino. Keeping a firm grip on his machete and flashlight, he BARKS SPANISH.

WOODY

Uhhhhhh....

Another RAPID QUESTION.

WOODY

Oh, Gawd. One semester of high school Spanish....

(conjugating)

Uh, tengo...tengas...tengamos, uh, tengamos un problemo, uh....

SHEILA

He wants to know who broke his door. Apparently he "lives" here.

WOODY

How you know that?

In FLAWLESS SPANISH, she responds to the herdsman. Woody blinks at her, impressed. MORE SPANISH DIALOG. Sheep appear out of the night, swarming all around, nosing at Woody's crotch. Soon the herdsman lowers his machete, nodding and smiling at this pretty woman who speaks like a Latina.

SHEILA

Come on. We just rented a truck.

WOODY

With what?

SHEILA

Your watch.

156 EXT. NEAR DESERT CABIN - NIGHT

156

CLOSE on a tail pipe, COUGHING TO LIFE.

Now reveal the herdsman's truck, a fenderless, hoodless, glassless contraption. Behind the wheel, Sheila GRINDS THE GEARBOX, searching for first. The herdsman GIVES ADVICE.

SHEILA

(translating)

Says there's only two gears. Let's hope that doesn't include reverse.

Getting no response, she turns to find Woody standing off with the sheep.

SHEILA

What're you doing? Get in.

WOODY

First of all, that's not a truck -- it's a Mexican moon-rover. Second, I just don't see how goin' off on a nuclear scavenger hunt is gonna help things.

SHEILA

Help what things? You?

WOODY

You forget? People still think you're dead 'cause of me. I'm still ass-deep in trouble here. How do we --

SHEILA

First we find the plane. That's the priority. Now you can come and help, or you can take your chances in open desert. You've got five seconds to decide. One...

WOODY

Yeah, but when do we --

SHEILA (CONT'D)

...five.

She punches it. The moon-rover lurches away. In a flash, Woody catches up and swings aboard.

WOODY

I hate the way you count. I really, really hate it.

157 EXT. DESERT - MAGIC HOUR

157

The moon-rover rumbles onto a dirt road and turns east. GEARS GNASHING, it heads toward the growing dawn.

DISSOLVE TO:

158 EXT. FENCE - MOJAVE AIRPORT - DAY

158

SHEILA

Mojave Airport. It's the last transponder code they marked.

She lowers the chart. Beyond a fence lies the airport. Adjacent, more than 100 airliners stand on the desert hard-pack. All models and makes. All mothballed here in the dry desert air, waiting out the recession.

WOODY

Good place to hide a plane.

SHEILA

We're looking for an Airbus clone. It had blue and white markings... but don't count on it now.

A sheepskin seatcover hits the fence, blanketing barbed wire. They crawl over.

159 EXT. AIRLINERS - MOJAVE AIRPORT - DAY

159

Woody and Sheila split up. INTERCUT as they trot through the parking lot of planes. Most aircraft have capped engines and masked windows, protection against sand storms. But today there is no storm, not even a wind, and it's eerie to be so close to these monolithic machines and yet hear only silence.

A maintenance truck appears briefly, heading back to the airport. Woody keeps out of sight until it passes. Completing a circuit:

WOODY

Nothin'.

SHEILA

Did you check over there?

WOODY

Lotta jumbos but no 'Buses.

Sheila reconsults the high-altitude chart.

SHEILA
 (admitting)
 Maybe they moved it. Maybe they just
 refueled here and moved the plane
 somewhere else so --

WOODY
 Back there.

Woody has his monocular lens out. He's looking deeper
 into the desert, toward a graveyard of aircraft.

WOODY
 Back in the boneyard. There's one
 Airbus.

160 EXT. BONEYARD - MOJAVE AIRPORT - DAY

160

The plane looks decommissioned -- an engine gone, colors
 primered over, windows masked.

SHEILA
 Looks too old.

WOODY
 Maybe that's the idea.

SHEILA
 (a beat)
 Let's find a way in.

She examines cargo locks. Woody climbs a pile of tires to
 reach the wing. Checks an emergency exit door but finds
 no access. Climbs onto the spine of the plane and moves
 into position over the forward cabin door. Peers down to
 see...

A mechanical door actuator. A small porthole adjoins.

WOODY
 Toss me that pipe-thing.

Sheila pitches it up to him. Woody lies on his stomach
 and extends the pipe down over the hull.

CLOSE as the pipe touches the actuator -- and starts to
 move it.

The PORTHOLE DETONATES, spraying outward, ripping the pipe
 out of Woody's hand and WHISTLING IT OUT of the boneyard.

SHEILA
 (ashen)
 What happened? Woody?

WOODY
(counting fingers)
Think I found a way in.

161 INT. AEROFLOT PLANE - DAY

161

The cabin door counterweights open. Sunlight invades the blacked-out interior. Two silhouettes swing inside from above. Sheila eases the door partially closed to examine the booby-trap: It was designed to blow the chest out of a trespasser.

SHEILA
C4. Probably wired to all the doors.
Be careful.

Woody doesn't need the admonition. They grope to find emergency flashlights on a bulkhead. The lights are beamed aft to reveal...

The stripped-out main cabin. The shipping crates stand undisturbed.

Sheila starts back -- and trips on something. She dips her light to find...

A face.

She recoils hard into Woody. Woody brays and recoils hard into the cabin door. It WHUMPS CLOSED, throwing them back into darkness. More brays.

SHEILA
Shut up, SHUT UP!

WOODY
Well, whatthefuckwazzat? What?
What was it?

Sheila doesn't know. She recovers a flashlight, trains it on the spot to reveal two very dead men. Two Russian pilots.

WOODY
We gotta get outta here.

SHEILA
Wait....

WOODY
Bullshit. We gotta get outta here.

SHEILA
We have to check for the plutonium first.

WOODY

I think those guys just checked.

SHEILA

No, no, no. That's not radiation.
They had their throats cut. See?

WOODY

Should I feel better?

SHEILA

All right, look. You don't have to
get any closer. In fact, you probably
shouldn't -- external genitalia are
more susceptible.

WOODY

What the fuck's that supposed to mean?

SHEILA

Wait....

She steps away momentarily, comes back with a metal
cuplike device.

SHEILA

Cover yourself.

WOODY

What's this?

SHEILA

Testicular shield. Now face that way.
No, away from the cargo. Good. And
turn your flashlight off, save power.
All right. Now don't move and you
should be safe.

Leaving him behind, Sheila crosses the bodies and moves
back into...

The main cabin. She sweeps her light around. Spots a
come-along winch. Works the handle free and uses it to
attack one crate.

Alone in the dark, Woody experiences a mental dawning.
"Hey, wait a minute...." The flashlight snaps back on:
He's holding a coffee pot lid over his dick.

Sheila gets the crate open. Now she hacks through layers
of insulation. Peels it back. Retrieves her light and
levels it to behold...

Gold. Dazzling, shimmering, candy bar ingots. Hundreds
of them nested together in this one container. Each one
stamped with a hammer and sickle.

WOODY (O.S.)

So that's what plutonium looks like,
huh?

SHEILA

(whirling)

I told you to stay --

WOODY

Funny. Just looks like shitty old
gold to me.

He grabs an ingot. The weight tells him it's real.

WOODY

Oh me, oh my....

SHEILA

Put it back.

WOODY

(mocking)

"Testicular shield." Hey, I may not
be too bright, but I'm not a fuckin'
celery stalk, okay?

SHEILA

The only reason I didn't tell you the
truth was because I didn't know how
you'd react if --

WOODY

Ferget it. Just tell me how much I'm
worth.

SHEILA

What?

WOODY

Half of everything here. What is it?
Enough to replace my car? My watch?
Enough to replace my whole life? The
one that took an express train to Hell
right when you showed up?

SHEILA

Put the gold back. It's not mine,
it's not yours, and we're....

Interior lights flicker on. AIR-JETS begin blowing.
SNOW HISSES on a video screen. The whole plane is coming
alive.

- 162 EXT. BONEYARD - MOJAVE AIRPORT - DAY 162
 A worker double-checks the electrical umbilical he just plugged into the belly of the plane. It's Guard #1 from the tool-and-die plant.
- 163 INT. AEROFLOT PLANE - DAY 163
 Sheila and Woody race back to peer out the blown porthole. Below, they see Guard #2 arriving in a scissor-lift.
- WOODY
 Shit. Not these guys....
- 164 EXT. BONEYARD - MOJAVE AIRPORT - DAY 164
 Guard #1 climbs into the lift. Waiting, Guard #2 looks up -- and spots the shattered porthole.
- 165 INT. AEROFLOT PLANE - DAY 165
 Woody and Sheila lope through the plane, checking the aft door and emergency doors in between. They're all wired to blow.
- 166 EXT. BONEYARD - MOJAVE AIRPORT - DAY 166
 GUARD #1
 (into radio)
 ...may have had company. Stand by, we're checking now.
- The scissor-lift rises. The guards unzip their coveralls to pull pistols.
- 167 INT. AEROFLOT PLANE - DAY 167
 Sheila scrutinizes the booby-trap on the aft door.
- WOODY
 You're not thinking about....
- She's going to dismantle it. Giving her plenty of room, Woody backs away -- until he hits a closet-sized booth. In a beat he realizes what it is.
- 168 EXT. BONEYARD - MOJAVE AIRPORT - DAY 168
 Scissor-lift docks. Warily, the guards approach the forward door...

169 INT. AEROFLOT PLANE - DAY

169

...and peer in through the porthole.

At the aft door, Sheila reaches into the booby-trap to try a delicate disconnect. Woody grabs her hand, pulling it back. "C'mon. This way."

The forward door opens. Guns leading, the guards enter and pass the video screen. Suddenly a SAFETY-INSTRUCTION TAPE KICKS IN. Startled, the guards whirl and BLOW THE HOLY FUCK out of the on-screen narrator.

170 INT. CARGO HOLD - AEROFLOT PLANE - DAY

170

Below, an elevator docks in the cargo hold. Woody and Sheila head for a spray of daylight.

171 INT. AEROFLOT PLANE - DAY

171

As the guards sweep back.

172 INT. CARGO HOLD - AEROFLOT PLANE - DAY

172

Woody and Sheila reach the light: It bleeds in around a massive wheel assembly. They start pulling on rubber insulation panels.

173 INT. AEROFLOT PLANE - DAY

173

The guards reach the stern.

GUARD #1

(into radio)

Negative here. Cargo looks secure.
We'll check the grounds.

KERR (V.O.)

Did you check the hold?

The guards swap looks -- and start for the elevator.

174 INT. CARGO HOLD - AEROFLOT PLANE - DAY

174

With a SERVO WHINE, the empty elevator rises.

Hearing it, Woody and Sheila redouble their efforts, ripping up panels until finally Sheila can wring herself through the opening...

175 EXT. BONEYARD - MOJAVE AIRPORT - DAY 175
...and drop down the wheel shaft.

176 INT. AEROFLOT PLANE - DAY 176
Aboard the elevator, the guards descend.

177 EXT. MOJAVE AIRPORT - DAY 177
Sheila sprints clear of the plane. She looks back,
expecting Woody to be matching her stride for stride.
Instead she sees...

Woody running like a Sumo wrestler through wet concrete.
Instantly she knows.

SHEILA
Get rid of it.

WOODY
What?

SHEILA
The gold in your pants.

WOODY
Hey. Maybe I'm just glad to see you.

SHEILA
You'll never make it to the fence,
much less over it. Now dump it.
Dump it.

Woody pulls out an ingot -- and covets the weight one last
time.

WOODY
Gotta be 15 pounds in this one little
bar.

SHEILA
And you've got two.

He dumps both inside an overturned oil drum.

178 EXT. FENCE - MOJAVE AIRPORT - DAY 178
Woody and Sheila drop outside the fence and jump aboard
the moon-rover. Passing an inbound van, they make their
escape from the airport.

But the van draws to a stop. The driver stares at his side mirror, looking back at the shrinking moon-rover. It's Kerr.

179 EXT. CROSSROADS - DAY

179

ESTABLISHING VIEW: A commercial strip stands at the crossroads of two highways. Coffee shop, gas station, car wash, more.

Inside a phone booth, Sheila is SPEAKING FLUENT RUSSIAN. She finishes the call and steps out. Woody is waiting for her. Waiting for an explanation.

180 INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

180

At a secluded table:

SHEILA

...the middle of the Mojave. Risky but smart -- it's about the last place someone's going to look for a load of stolen Soviet gold.

WOODY

Is that why we couldn't steal it? Because it was already stolen?

SHEILA

Ever since The Breakup, a lot of wealth is in transition -- it gets moved around to settle accounts between the new republics. This shipment was en route from Russia to the Ukraine, but it never got there. And Russia is liable for the loss until it does.

WOODY

But you didn't have anything to do with it, right? Because you're one of the good bad guys?

SHEILA

I knew what they were planning, but.... To steal that much from a country that can't even feed itself in winter, a country already close to insolvency.... Well, let's just say some of us objected. Strenuously. And that's when some of us began turning up dead.

Purged of secrets, she slumps back. It feels good to have it all out.

WOODY

You know, if I were a cynical man,
I'd say maybe you were just scammin'
your partners out of the gold...

She starts to protest.

WOODY (CONT'D)

But since I'm just a gullible jerkwad
chump, I'm gonna believe you. So what
do they do when they cash out? Buy
some warheads? Start a revolution
somewhere?

SHEILA

(shaking head)

Communism is over and they know it.
No, these guys had a portfolio of
investments here in America -- golf
courses, sports teams, car dealerships.
They were on their way to becoming
fine upstanding capitalists.

WOODY

(a dawning)

The Angels....

SHEILA

What?

WOODY

Pinkwater. First time I met him, he
was all worked up about this baseball
trade. And then I heard --

SHEILA

Oh, yes. I think it was to be their
first acquisition.

WOODY

Man. What some people won't do for
box seats.

SHEILA

Well, it's not going to happen.
I was on the phone to the Russian
embassy in San Francisco. Now that
we finally have a fix on the plane,
they'll contact the FBI. The gold
should be impounded this afternoon and
eventually returned. I'll probably
go with it.

WOODY
(a prickly beat)
So you just cut and run.

SHEILA
There'll be trials in Moscow. I'll
be needed to testify.

WOODY
No reason to stay here, no loose ends,
nothing to finish up with, oh, I don't
know, someone with the initials "Woody
Gibbs"?

SHEILA
Oh. Oh, yes....

Her gaze lands on a photo booth tucked away in a corner.

SHEILA
All right. I'll give you a photo that
shows me holding today's newspaper.
You can have the FBI match the photo
to the one on my U.S. passport. It'll
prove that "Sheila Brown" -- whoever
she was -- isn't dead.

WOODY
(wounded)
That's not what I meant.

SHEILA
You've got your way out. What more
do you want, Woody?

He just shakes his head. "If you don't know, I ain't
gonna tell you."

WOODY
(standing)
Go take the picture. I'll go floss
my brain.

181 INT. KITCHEN - COFFEE SHOP - DAY

181

Hunting, Woody moves through the kitchen...

182 EXT. BEHIND COFFEE SHOP - DAY

182

...and exits the rear door. He finds the bathroom out
back with the dumpsters.

183 EXT. GAS STATION - CROSSROADS - DAY

183

Across the highway, an unmarked van draws to a stop. Inside, silhouettes stare at the gas station. DRAW BACK to include the object of the stares: It's the moon-rover.

184 INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

184

Woody returns. He spots female legs under the curtain of the photo booth, light flashing inside. Giving it one last shot, he marches over.

WOODY

So what was last night all about?
Didn't that mean anything to you?
Or was I just another guy you had sex
with under a door? Huh?

The curtains part. A WOMAN WITH BABY sits inside the booth, giving Woody a very odd look.

WOODY

Oh. You see a girl? Kinda tall....

WOMAN WITH BABY

Not in here, I didn't.

Woody scans the restaurant. No Sheila.

With a DING, a photo-strip tongues out of a slot on the machine. The woman claims it and leaves.

Now Woody notices an unclaimed photo-strip curled up in the catch-basket. He retrieves it.

CLOSE on photo-strip: The top picture shows Sheila holding up a newspaper. The middle picture shows hands blurring through the curtains. The bottom picture shows an empty booth. Ominously empty.

185 EXT. COFFEE SHOP - CROSSROADS - DAY

185

Heart galloping, Woody bangs outside. Scans. Cuts over to the gas station to check...

186 EXT. GAS STATION - CROSSROADS - DAY

186

The moon-rover. It's still here.

GAS JOCKEY (O.S.)

They ever find you?

Woody tracks the voice to a repair pit. A GAS JOCKEY changes oil.

WOODY

What? Who?

GAS JOCKEY

Guys in the van. Seemed pretty interested in your chassis there.

WOODY

Where are they now?

GAS JOCKEY

Just left.

WOODY

Did they have a girl with them?
Brown hair? Tall?

GAS JOCKEY

They all look tall from down here.
Seemed kinda sick, they way they were helping her out. She didn't have the tuna melt, did she?

But Woody is gone, already aboard the moon-rover. He COUGHS IT OVER...

187 EXT. HIGHWAY - CROSSROADS - DAY

187

...and hits the highway. Woody slams it into second, his best gear -- and instantly WINDS THE ENGINE OUT. He beats on the steering wheel.

WOODY

Let's go, let's go, let's go....

It tops out at 29 m.p.h. Woody brakes and pulls over. Now he spots the car wash across the highway.

188 EXT. CAR WASH - CROSSROADS - DAY

188

WOODY (O.S.)

Missed a spot.

Drying a new 'Vette, the ATTENDANT turns to see Woody pointing out a smudge on the hood. The attendant doubles back with his cloth.

WOODY

Did the wheels, didn't you?

ATTENDANT

Yessir.

WOODY

All the way around?

ATTENDANT

Yessir.

WOODY

Nice job.

He tips the guy a buck and ducks in the car. Driving for the exit, Woody passes the 'VETTE OWNER, emerging from a building. Instead of chasing Woody, the guy actually waves.

'VETTE OWNER

Hey! Got one just like it!

189 INT. 'VETTE - DAY

189

Woody waves back before fish-tailing onto the highway and SMOKING EASTWARD.

WOODY

(shaking head)

Corvette guys....

190 EXT. MOJAVE AIRPORT - DAY

190

MONOCULAR POV: They're moving the gold: Workers use forklifts and roller ramps to transfer shipping crates from the Aeroflot plane to a tail-loading cargo plane, newly arrived.

Woody watches from a distance.

WOODY

Doin' it right out in the open....

MONOCULAR POV: As a van leaves the transfer area and speeds back to the airport. It disappears amid hangars.

Woody lowers new Ray-Bans and drops into the 'Vette.

191 INT. 'VETTE - DAY

191

Driving, Woody slinks past hangars and avionic firms. He can't find the van. Trying elsewhere, he wheels around a corner...

192 EXT. HANGARS - MOJAVE AIRPORT - DAY

192

...and nearly flattens Kerr. Walking with a CARGO PILOT, Kerr stops and looks dead-bang at Woody.

193 INT. 'VETTE - DAY

193

Time dilates. Woody stares back from behind the shades before nosing ahead. His eyes jump to a mirror to see...

Kerr and the pilot moving away. No recognition.

Woody keeps driving, knowing he's close. Soon he spots the van. It's just inside a hangar.

194 INT. DERELICT HANGAR - DAY

194

On foot now, Woody slinks to the van. Finds it empty. Starts to check other cars parked deeper in the hangar -- but stops unnaturally.

Something's in the corner. Something lying motionless under a tarp. Something bleeding red fluid.

WOODY

Oh, man....

He draws closer. The stains are fresh. Preparing for the worst, Woody yanks the tarp to reveal...

A truck transmission. Leaking fluid.

Now MUFFLED VOICES somewhere above. Woody pads up a staircase toward an elevated office. He peers through a dirty window pane to spy...

195 INT. ELEVATED OFFICE - DERELICT HANGAR - DAY

195

Sheila. Strong-armed by Raab and Pinkwater.

PINKWATER

...forgive the impatience, but we've had to accelerate things here. Now again. Where should we be looking for him?

SHEILA

I told you. Last night at the aqueduct. I lost him track of him there.

Pinkwater draws closer.

PINKWATER

The problem is, you're making two simultaneous mistakes. One, you're fucking with a KGB colonel. Two, you're fucking with an American businessman -- in escrow.

He hits her hard enough to drive her head through a window pane...

196 INT. DERELICT HANGAR - DAY

196

And SPRAY GLASS over Woody. He jumps the railing as the office door opens. Pinkwater and Raab drag Sheila downstairs like used carpet.

Woody swings under the staircase.

They drop her at Kerr's Caddy and fish for keys. In this moment of transition, Sheila's bloody face lolls into sunlight.

It gets to Woody. It really gets to him.

They flop her in the trunk and slam the lid. CRY OF PAIN. Pinkwater raises the lid, tosses her leg in, tries again. Now it closes.

PINKWATER

Load up the toy chest.

He exits the hangar. Raab moves to another car. When he seems preoccupied, Woody crawls to the Caddy -- and hears the PAINED SOBS within.

WOODY

(hissing)

Sheila.

The SOBBING STOPS.

WOODY

It's me.

SHEILA (O.S.)

Wo-Woody?

WOODY

Sh-sh-sh-sh. They're still here.

SHEILA (O.S.)

How'd you....

WOODY
They aren't waitin' 'til tonight --
makin' a move right now. FBI won't
find dick unless they --

SHEILA (O.S.)
You have to help me. You have to get
me out.

It's the voice of a scared child. Woody leans around the
end of the car, sees Raab loading up guns into a munitions
chest.

WOODY
Gotta small match-up problem. But
hang on, I'll get help.

SHEILA (O.S.)
They're going to kill me.

WOODY
I'll be back.

SHEILA (O.S.)
Don't go.

WOODY
Sh-sh-sh....

SHEILA (O.S.)
Woody? Don't leave me here.

WOODY
I'm comin' back with help. Now shut
up and don't go anywhere.

Keeping low, Woody makes it to a window at the rear of the
hangar. When the next PLANE ROARS OVERHEAD, he elbows out
the glass.

197 EXT. BONEYARD - MOJAVE AIRPORT - DAY

197

As the last crate is transferred to the cargo plane.

198 EXT. STUNT HANGAR - MOJAVE AIRPORT - DAY

198

A scarecrow STUNT PILOT works outside his hangar,
stretching an advertising banner between pick-up posts.

WOODY
What's your name?

STUNT PILOT
Me? Chuck.

WOODY

Gibbs, FAA. What do you do here, Chuck?

STUNT PILOT

Depends. Some days I fly stunts. Some days I fly banners.

WOODY

Today you make phone calls.

Woody spins him around, pushing him inside. A two-seater stunt plane waits nearby -- chrome bullet prop, checkered cowling, painted flames. It's a very hot ticket.

WOODY

Want you to call the FBI, tell 'em.... Wrong. Call the sheriff station in Mojave, tell 'em there's a plane here loading up 1,000 keys of black-tar heroin, looks like a Fairchild C-123. And tell them to roll now.

STUNT PILOT

You're shittin' me. Where?

WOODY

(pushing him)
Just make the call.

STUNT PILOT

Hey. Not that I don't believe you, but before I phone in something like that, I should probably verify it. Or at least you.

WOODY

What, you wanna see my I.D.?

STUNT PILOT

Yeah.

WOODY

Fine. I'll show it to you at the hearing.

STUNT PILOT

What hearing?

WOODY

The one where we jerk your license for letting this happen right under your fucking nose, Chuck!

STUNT PILOT

Hey, I didn't know about it!

Woody shoves him into the hangar.

WOODY

Call.

199 EXT. BEHIND DERELICT HANGAR - DAY

199

Armed with an angle-iron, Woody makes it back to the busted window...

200 INT. DERELICT HANGAR - MOJAVE AIRPORT - DAY

200

...and slips inside. He creeps to the Caddy -- or where it was: Now it's an oil stain. Woody sprints to the mouth of the hangar and looks out.

WOODY

No, no, no, no....

It's driving onto the cargo plane.

201 INT. CARGO PLANE - DAY

201

Raab parks the Caddy alongside pallets of gold crates. Behind, the massive tail door shuts with a DOOMSDAY CLANG.

202 EXT. BONEYARD - MOJAVE AIRPORT - DAY

202

Huge PROPS KICK OVER. The cargo plane begins rolling.

203 INT. STUNT HANGAR - DAY

203

Woody skids around a corner, finds the stunt pilot on the phone.

WOODY

Chuck. What're you doin', man?

STUNT PILOT

Makin' the call you tol' me to.

WOODY

No time for that. Raise your right hand.

STUNT PILOT

What for?

WOODY

Federal emergency. Do it, do it, do it, do it.

The guy holds the phone in the air. Woody tears through boxes and shelves, rummaging for equipment as:

WOODY

Repeat after me. "I do hereby solemnly swear...that to ensure the domestic tranquility...I will observe, honor, and obey...all applicable rules and regulations of the FAA...so long as I may live...E Pluribus Unum."

The stunt pilot REPEATS THE WORDS as if they came from the Dead Sea Scrolls. Woody digs up a parachute and some tethers.

WOODY

Okay, deputy. Where're the smoke grenades?

STUNT PILOT

"Deputy?"

WOODY

Got 'em. Let's roll.

STUNT PILOT

Roll where? What the hell we doin' here?

Woody pushes him out the door.

WOODY

You'll know when I know.

204 EXT. MOJAVE AIRPORT - DAY

204

The CARGO PLANE RUMBLES across the desert and lifts off. Barely.

205 EXT. STUNT HANGAR - MOJAVE AIRPORT - DAY

205

The ad banner is stretched between pick-up poles. Suddenly the STUNT PLANE BUZZSAWS right over our heads and snags the banner with a belly hook.

206 EXT. SKY - DAY

206

As the cargo plane climbs.

207 INT. FLIGHT DECK - CARGO PLANE - DAY

207

RAAB

Four hours?

KERR

Figure five. Pulling a lot of weight
back there.

Leaning into the cockpit:

PINKWATER

Straight and level for awhile. We're
going to lighten the load.

208 EXT. SKY - DAY

208

The cargo plane lumbers out of FRAME. A beat of empty
blue sky -- and now the stunt plane slices into VIEW,
chasing.

209 EXT. STUNT PLANE - DAY

209

In the rear cockpit, Woody straps on his chute. Shouting
into the wind:

WOODY

Get on top of it! On top!

The stunt pilot sticks back...

210 EXT. SKY - DAY

210

...and slips into position over the cargo plane.

211 EXT. STUNT PLANE - DAY

211

WOODY

Forward! Into the blind spot!
Forward! Good! Now lower!

Frowning, the pilot looks down. Less than 100 feet
separates the two planes.

STUNT PILOT

That's a plane! Not a runway!

It's as low as he'll go. Woody peers over his shoulder,
sizing something up.

WOODY

Okay! Right here! Dead-stick it!

212 INT. CARGO PLANE - DAY

212

Pinkwater pulls the Caddy's trunk release. He circles to the rear of the car and jerks Sheila to her haunches.

PINKWATER

Last chance to finish old business.

She won't speak. Pinkwater makes a fist as if to hit her again -- but this time he smacks a bulkhead switch. With a BASSO RUMBLING, the tail door draws open.

PINKWATER

Then on to new.

The DOOR LOCKS open. Staring out, Sheila sees what cartographers see in their dreams.

213 EXT. STUNT PLANE - DAY

213

Feeling his plane shift, the stunt pilot looks back.

STUNT PILOT

Where the hell you goin'?

Woody is riding the fuselage, shimmying toward the tail. He crosses the horizontal stabilizer and grabs the banner cable.

214 EXT. SKY - DAY

214

EXTREMELY WIDE: 100 feet above the cargo plane and 15,000 above Earth, Woody inch-worms across the cable and onto the banner. The farther back he climbs, the farther down he climbs: The banner is lowering under his weight, becoming a makeshift ladder.

215 INT. CARGO PLANE - DAY

215

Kerr makes his way back to the Caddy.

KERR

Look at this. She's bleedin' all over my trunk. C'mon. Fuck her or flush her.

PINKWATER

(to Sheila)

Try talking about our missing friend.
It might buy you a little time.

216 EXT. CARGO PLANE - DAY

216

Woody twists at the end of the banner, eyeing the distance to the plane: He came up 10 feet short. Now Woody focuses on...

A boomerang antenna at midplane.

Woody readies a speed-link. Squares up as best he can. Leans out from the banner. And drops.

IMPACT. He hits and spreads in one motion...

Sweeps down the spine of the plane...

Shoves a speed-link at the antenna as he skids past...

Keeps sliding back...

And wrenches to a stop. He's attached to the end of a 20-foot tether, the other end linked to...

The antenna. He nailed it.

217 INT. CARGO PLANE - DAY

217

Pinkwater glimpses something peripherally. He shoves Sheila back down and closes the trunk, then leans to a porthole to catch...

The stunt plane rolling away.

218 EXT. CARGO PLANE - DAY

218

Hand over hand, Woody drags himself into the HURRICANE WIND, fighting to reach...

A ram-air intake. He ignites a smoke grenade and stuffs it inside.

219 INT. FLIGHT DECK - CARGO PLANE - DAY

219

Entering:

PINKWATER

How did that plane get so close?

CARGO PILOT

What plane?

PINKWATER

The one that just rolled off our starboard side.

220 INT. CARGO PLANE - DAY

220

Raab notices the first swirl of smoke.

RAAB

Hey. Problem here....

221 EXT. CARGO PLANE - DAY

221

As Woody stuffs another intake with more grenades.

222 INT. CARGO PLANE - DAY

222

Smoke thickens. Kerr grabs a fire extinguisher and begins blasting indiscriminately, cutting visibility even more.

RAAB

Where the hell's it coming from?

223 INT. FLIGHT DECK - CARGO PLANE - DAY

223

Scanning gauges, checking engines:

CARGO PILOT

I don't know! Everything looks good!

224 INT. CARGO PLANE - DAY

224

KERR

(coughing up lungs)
Not back here it doesn't! You gotta
put down! Put down!

PINKWATER

(to pilot)
Keep flying!

KERR

What're you doing? We're on fuckin'
fire here, and you tell him to --

PINKWATER

It's red.

KERR

What?

PINKWATER

The smoke. It's red.

Everything stops. There is a brickish hue to the smoke that whorls around them. Pinkwater scans windows, trying to think it through. Soon...

PINKWATER

Hear that?

The men draw together to listen. Over the ENGINE DRONE, we barely hear METAL SCRAPING OVER METAL.

PINKWATER

Someone's out there.

RAAB

"Out there?" Out where?

PINKWATER

There's someone on the fuselage.

Kerr and Raab swap glances. "No fucking way."

PINKWATER

I don't know how...but he's right...
(tracking sound)
...right...here.

Pinkwater touches the muzzle of his Beretta to the spot. Then pulls it away.

PINKWATER

Teflon.

Raab throws open the toy chest, comes up with a clip of 9mm armor-piercing rounds. Pinkwater changes out and lifts the pistol to the ceiling and FIRES FIVE TIMES. Sunlight bores inside.

CARGO PILOT

Christ, what're you --

PINKWATER

QUIET!

Ears tuned like radar, the men listen for THE SOUND.
It's still there.

225 EXT. CARGO PLANE - DAY

225

SIX NEW HOLES ERUPT through the fuselage -- right beside a speed-link that flips around in the wind, attached to nothing.

226 INT. CARGO PLANE - DAY

226

CLOSE on a hand. It gropes blindly through the vortexing smoke -- and snags a hull rib.

Hooked to his second line, Woody swings around the open stern and drops inside. He made it.

WRANGLING VOICES ahead. Woody keeps low and unhooks. The trunk of the Caddy stares him in the face. All he has to do now is get Sheila out. Simple.

Midplane, Kerr and Raab still track the METALLIC SOUND. But Pinkwater, mind leap-frogging, slides a look toward the smoky stern.

Woody crawls up the flank of the Caddy. Eases open the driver's door. Stretches for the trunk release. Freezes when he feels cold steel on his neck.

PINKWATER

If your brains had matched your balls,
Woody, you could've been real trouble.

He pulls the trigger in Woody's face -- and CLICKS DRY.

WOODY

Look who's talkin'.

Matching reflexes: Pinkwater cracks Woody in the face as Woody nails Pinkwater in the solar plexus. Pinkwater recoils to midplane...

227 INT. KERR'S CADDY - DAY

227

And Woody recoils across the front seat.

228 INT. CARGO PLANE - DAY

228

The men fall onto the toy chest, pulling out pump guns. Pinkwater scrabbles to reload his Beretta.

PINKWATER

(at pilot)

Close the hatch from the cockpit!

(at others)

He isn't armed. We'll have him right
where we want him if we just....

A CAR ENGINE STARTS. Like deer in headlights, all three men turn and stare into the smoke. "Oh, fuck."

QUICK CLOSEUPS: A gear-shift dropping. Accelerator flattening. TIRES SQUEALING.

KERR

Not my car, not my car, NOT MY --

Raab dives into the latrine. Pinkwater and Kerr leap through the flight-deck door a millisecond before...

229 INT. FLIGHT DECK - CARGO PLANE - DAY

229

The CADDY RAMS the cockpit bulkhead. Pinkwater and Kerr crash into the pilot. A PUMP GUN DISCHARGES into the instrument shroud, blowing circuits.

230 EXT. CARGO PLANE - DAY

230

As the cargo plane plummets.

231 INT. CARGO PLANE - DAY

231

The cargo shifts dangerously, then...

BWANG! A pallet strap snaps. BWANG, BWANG! Two more break.

Raab opens the latrine. His eyes balloon when he spots...

A gold-heavy pallet rushing right at him.

He whips the door closed, thinking the steel latrine will protect him. Wrong: The PALLET CRUSHES THE LATRINE like a cardboard closet. Gold spills free.

232 INT. FLIGHT DECK - CARGO PLANE - DAY

232

As the pilot regains control.

CARGO PILOT

WE'RE PUTTING DOWN! NOW!

Insanely pissed, Kerr RATCHETS HIS GUN and pivots into the doorway.

KERR

This guy's outta here.

He FIRES.

233 INT. KERR'S CADDY - DAY

233

WINDSHIELD BLOWS over Woody's head.

- 234 INT. CARGO PLANE - DAY 234
Kerr RATCHETS AGAIN and charges the car. He's going to put the next round right down Woody's throat.
- 235 INT. KERR'S CADDY - DAY 235
Seeing, Woody knocks the car into reverse and flat-hands the accelerator.
- 236 INT. CARGO PLANE - DAY 236
Kerr dives on the hood as the CADDY SCREECHES BACKWARDS through the cargo alley...
- 237 EXT. CARGO PLANE - DAY 237
And hurtles out the ass-end of the plane.
- 238 INT. KERR'S CADDY - DAY 238
For one memorable moment, Kerr and Woody stare at each other over the steering wheel. Then Kerr comes unglued...
- 239 EXT. SKY - DAY 239
...and spirals away from the car. His GUN DISCHARGES ANGRILY, hitting only sky. Drifting off, he reminds us of a Fourth of July pinwheel.
- 240 INT. KERR'S CADDY - DAY 240
It takes a few precious seconds for Woody to appreciate his newest dilemma: The car is tumbling somewhere in low-Earth orbit. He's in the cab, Sheila's in the trunk, and there's one chute between them.

WOODY

Fuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuck!

He finds the trunk release and yanks. It breaks off in his hand. He ditches it and jerks the keys out of the ignition. Slaps for the door handle. Gets the door open...

241 EXT. SKY - DAY

241

...and steps outside. The door shears away. Woody keeps a grip on the car, orienting himself to its rotation, tumbling with it.

WOODY'S POV: Of the twirling horizon.

Woody starts his climb to the trunk.

EXTREMELY WIDE: End over end, the CAR WHOOSHES toward Earth. End over end, Woody rides it down.

He reaches the rear of the car. Fumbles with the keys. Loses them -- but reels them back in. Stabs for the lock and misses by two feet. Tries again. Only a foot off. He can't get it in the fucking hole.

WOODY'S POV: Of the horizon circling vertiginously. Where are we? How high?

TIGHT on Woody. Face gorging with blood, he starts to red out. He pinches his eyes shut, trying to clear his head -- then opens them for one last stab.

The key goes in.

Sheila floats out of the trunk. Woody grabs her, kicks away from the car to sail through powder-blue space. Her arms loop his neck, her legs wrap his waist. His face asks "Ready?" She nods.

Ripcord is pulled.

Opening shock. Sheila's arms nearly dislocate, Woody's neck nearly breaks -- but somehow they stay joined. Now all goes quiet: No more howling wind, no more whooshing car. Just a peaceful ride under a glorious canopy, bodies wrapped like vines.

SHEILA

Woody?

WOODY

Yeah?

He expects a big sloppy kiss. Instead...

SHEILA

They're landing.

WOODY

What?

He twists around to see the cargo plane, descending for an emergency landing.

SHEILA

They're landing! Woody, we can still stop them!

WOODY

Man, don't you ever quit?

Suddenly BULLETS SING in their ears. They look up to behold...

Pinkwater. Dropping under his own canopy. Trying to shoot them out of the sky.

Woody banks hard, trying to get away.

BULLETS STITCH HOLES in their chute. Woody BELLOWS. Sheila looks down. His thigh is a spongy red mass.

SHEILA

Woody?

Above, Pinkwater CRACKS OFF his last round. He ditches the Beretta and yanks on his front risers to pick up speed.

Blood spirals from Woody's thigh. Teeth clenched, his head rolls back. He's blacking out.

SHEILA

WOODY?

He slumps in his harness, gone. Suddenly...

FWUMP. A sharp drop in altitude. Sheila looks up and sees...

Feet on top of their chute. The shadow vanishes -- only to return with a SHARPER CONCUSSION. The chute buckles, nearly collapsing.

WIDE to reveal Pinkwater jumping on their chute like a trampoline, crashing down again and again. He's trying to dump their air.

Hills rise to meet them. Sheila grabs one steering toggle and pulls for all she's worth.

They bank hard for the ridge.

Pinkwater swoops after them.

Woody and Sheila clear the ridge -- and instantly Sheila sees the tragic mistake: They're falling straight into...

242 EXT. WIND FARM - DAY

242

A stand of windmills. A thousand metal blades spin in the wind, each a hungry guillotine.

Sheila jockeys for a spot between windmills. It's a treacherous landing for any one skydiver, but with two of them under one canopy....

FWUMP. Another reminder of Pinkwater. But Sheila can't even look at him now: Ahead looms a windmill. She tries to climb Woody, trying to get her feet out of the path of the blades.

FWUMP. Another jolt, another drop. Forgetting about climbing, Sheila looks ahead to see...

The GNASHING BLADES coming at eye-level.

She starts a cutaway, trying to release their canopy -- but there's no time. They rush straight into the teeth of the windmill...

And blow out the other side. It was a gift from God: They shot the gap between the turning blades.

They land hard. Sheila looks skyward to find...

Pinkwater. Soaring overhead. Looking to land.

Sheila releases Woody's main chute. She grabs him by the harness and pulls like a plow horse.

Pinkwater lands clear of the windmills. Instantly he's back on his feet, spinning to face-off with...

An empty chute. Jellyfishing across the ground.

Pinkwater releases his own main. Searching, he finds a swath of blood on the ground. He picks up a length of fence pipe and starts tracking.

243 EXT. ROCKY GAP - WIND FARM - DAY

243

WIND GALES through a narrow gap in the hills.

Sheila drags Woody under an overhang, pauses to look back and listen. All she hears is the THRUM OF THE WINDMILLS. Now she checks downhill. Below a rocky incline is...

A maintenance crew. The men gather around a compressed heap of metal, scratching their heads. It's Kerr's Cadillac.

SHEILA

Woody. I'm going to leave you here.
I have to. But I'll be back, okay?
Woody?

No response. Praying he's still alive, Sheila turns to negotiate the incline...

But a pipe swings down, SPLINTERING ROCK in front of her face.

Pinkwater drops from above. Sheila goes electric in his grip. The PIPE CLATTERS away as they fall. Sheila gets her knees up, momentarily keeping him at bay. But his hands find her head: He's going to snap her neck.

CLOSE on her hand, groping for his reserve ripcord.

In one last paroxysm, Sheila jackknives open and drives him back. The ripcord stays in her hand.

Deploying, his reserve chute catches the wind air-bag quick. It jerks Pinkwater back through the rocky gap... lifts him off the ground like some startled marionette...

PINKWATER

Hey...hey....

...and sweeps him toward the scything blades of the wind farm. THE SOUND is something out of a slaughterhouse. When Pinkwater hits the ground, he hits it in chunks.

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

244 INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

244

WOODY'S POV: Plasma bags...steel racks...the face of a PARAMEDIC. We're inside a SCREAMING AMBULANCE.

WOODY

How'd I get here?

PARAMEDIC

We're hoping you tell us, someday.
But right now just keep this on,
'kay?

The paramedic repositions the oxygen mask. Again Woody knocks it aside.

WOODY

Sheila?

PARAMEDIC
Don't know any Sheila.

WOODY
The girl. She was with me.

PARAMEDIC
Sorry, man. No girl.

Woody lies back and thinks -- then paws open his shirt pocket to check for the photo-strip of Sheila. He still has it. But it's small consolation.

DISSOLVE TO:

245 EXT. JUMP CENTER - DAY

245

Tall weeds in the parking area.

Sand dunes against buildings.

Lonely chock-blocks on the runway.

And no planes in the hangars.

246 INT. WOODY'S OFFICE - JUMP CENTER - DAY

246

CLOSE on the bank's repossession notice. Hands discard it to sort through other mail. All the envelopes are stamped "Past Due" or "Final Notice."

WOODY
Why can't I just have money for
nuthin' and chicks for free?

He dumps the mail and eases his walking-cast off the desk. Somewhere a television plays:

NEWSCASTER #2 (O.S.)
...ambassador formally thanks the U.S.
for the return of that smuggled gold
discovered aboard a downed cargo plane
in California. Details remain sketchy,
but it appears the gold was unearthed
by the heroics of this one man...

Perking up, Woody speed-limps out of the office...

247 INT. VIDEO ROOM - JUMP CENTER - DAY

247

...and reaches the TV just in time to see a photo of the stunt pilot.

NEWSCASTER #2 (CONT'D)

...Charles Pringle, an aviator for a Mojave advertising firm who grew suspicious of the plane and actually chased it nearly 100 miles before alerting authorities. Pringle will be honored later this week by the Russian State Department.

WOODY

Man. I need a press agent.

NEWSCASTER #2 (CONT'D)

Earlier, F.B.I. officials confirmed that the gold entered the U.S. aboard a second plane found abandoned at the Mojave County Airport. Reportedly, more than four billion dollars in gold bullion was being smuggled through the country....

Pained, Woody reaches to turn it off -- but stops. On the screen now is "File Footage" of the junked Aeroflot plane, FBI agents searching the cordoned-off site. And there in the foreground, completely overlooked, lies an oil drum.

WOODY

Oh me, oh my....

248 EXT. JUMP CENTER - SUNSET

248

MUSIC PUMPS from the newly painted jump center, aglow with Christmas lights and tiki torches. It looks better than we've ever seen it.

Celebrating the re-opening, jump-junkies dance inside and out. Jolleen is back, along with Noble, RoboCam, others. They're all having a howling good time, all except...

Woody. He sits at a picnic table, diligently balancing books. Presently he looks up and notices...

A lone parachute feathering down through the sunset.

WOODY

Jo? Who we got topside?

JOLLEEN

Right now? Whole crew's grounded
pending breath-a-lyzer results.

WOODY

Well, then who....

He fishes out his monocular lens, focuses in on the
skydiver -- and stands so fast he upends the bench.

On an intercept course, Woody hops tables and railings and
anything else that gets in his way.

249 EXT. DROP ZONE - DESERT - SUNSET

249

Woody skids to a stop at the Drop Zone. He takes up a
wide stance, reaches out to gallantly catch her in his
arms -- and gets knocked flat on his ass. They vanish
under falling nylon.

SHEILA (O.S.)

Nice catch.

WOODY (O.S.)

You're back! Are you back?

SHEILA (O.S.)

Told you I would be.

She digs her way out of the nylon and looks around.
Magic hour bathes the jump center in rich golden light.
MUSIC AND LAUGHTER ride the evening air.

SHEILA

Fixed the place up real nice, Woody.

He emerges beside her.

WOODY

Huh? Oh, just a little spackle and
paint.

SHEILA

Say, that's not your old car over
there, is it?

WOODY

Which one? The bright red GTO? No,
no, no. Picked that up last week for
next to nothin'. Guy didn't know what
he had. Felt like I was robbin' the
poor --

SHEILA

And is that a new watch? Or would you call it a "chronometer"?

WOODY

(a back-up beat)

You see, I've always believed in prudent fiscal management. Not many people knew this about me. But you set aside a little cash every month --

SHEILA

You went back for the ingots, didn't you? The two you dumped?

WOODY

(trying the offensive)

Is that why you're here? Just to dig up the past? Start screwin' my life up all over again?

SHEILA

Well, to tell the truth....

WOODY

Uh-oh....

SHEILA

I was going to give you the ingots, Woody. I think it's the least you deserve. Don't you?

She pulls him down amorously.

WOODY

The very least.

They disappear under the parachute. VIEW HOLDS on the restored jump center, a beautiful oasis in the desert.

FADE OUT

THE END