

"THROW MOMMA FROM THE TRAIN"

Written by
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SECOND DRAFT
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NOTE: All references to Larry or Margaret Becker should
read Larry or Margaret Donner.

All references to Beth Rogers should now read Beth Ryan

"THROW MOMMA FROM THE TRAIN"

SCREEN IS BLACK

SFX: TYPEWRITER CLACKING OVER BLACK SCREEN

LARRY (V.O.)
His name was Owen...

CUT TO:

1 EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY -

1

MEDIUM LONG SHOT ON OWEN

sweating, paranoid, and carrying an expression that makes you think he is constantly fighting for a chance to light on high ground. He walks TOWARD CAMERA, carrying books, reams of paper, pencils.

LARRY (V.O.)
(continuing)
He wanted me to kill his mother. When I asked him why, he told me he didn't like her. When I asked him, "Why me?", he simply said..."Because it was your idea..."

CUT TO:

2 EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - ESTABLISHING SHOT -- DAY

2

an ugly little campus of a two-year community college in the San Fernando Valley.

3 EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS -- DAY

3

Palm trees and maple trees. There are leaves on the ground. The maple and walnut trees have orange, red, yellow, brown leaves. It is almost a quaint campus, except for the fact that it was built in the sixties in about ten minutes. A one story, prefabricated school.

LARRY (V.O.)
(continuing)
I taught creative writing in one of those two-year schools.

CROSS DISSOLVE:

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

ANOTHER SCENE

LARRY (V.O.)
(continuing)
I taught writing to people who wanted
to learn to be writers.

CROSS DISSOLVE:

STATUE OF REYNOLDS BOOTH

founder of the school. We MOVE DOWN the statue to a plaque
bearing his name and the motto, "Give me two years. They'll
learn." We HEAR:

LARRY (V.O.)
(continuing)
None of them were, actually...but they
were good people. And I wanted to help
them. Even Owen...the guy who wanted
me to kill his mother. I wanted to
help him, too, up to a point. I didn't
wanna be there... But I was.

(X)

4 INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM -- DAY

4

CLOSE UP ON MRS. HAZELTINE

a breathless and excited old woman. Her expression is one of
a person who is seeing Michaelangelo's "David" for the first
time.

During her speech PULL BACK to reveal a classroom with a
mixed bag of STUDENTS.

MRS. HAZELTINE
(reading nervously)
"Dive, dive" yelled the captain through
the thing! "Dive, Dive!!" So, the
man who makes it dive pressed a button
or something and it dove. And the
enemy was foiled again! "Looks like
we foiled them again," said Dave.
"Yeah," said the captain. "We foiled
those bastards again, didn't we Dave?"
"Yeah," said Dave. The end.

Mrs. Hazeltine looks up to her teacher, Larry Donner.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

THE STUDENT'S P.O.V. -- LARRY DONNER

the teacher. Larry is in his mid-thirties. He is in pretty good shape for a guy who never works out. He wants very much to look like a writer. In his mind he still is.

In his heart, well, that's something else.

(X)

LARRY

(a beat)

You see, class...Here we have all the ingredients of drama.

ANGLE ON OWEN EATING M&MS

LARRY

(continuing)

We have the tension, the horror of war... I'd, uh, work, on your description, Mrs. Hazeltine. For instance, if you write a novel that takes place in a submarine, you should know the name of the instrument that the captain speaks through.

MRS. HAZELTINE

(writing this down)

I used to know that.

(X)

LARRY

And your similies need work...

(reading)

"His guts oozed nice like a melted malted" is interesting, but...

MRS. HAZELTINE

Too harsh?

LARRY

Just a tad... But, otherwise, very nice... very... real.

Mrs. Hazeltine gleams with pride. Owen is sitting at his desk.

ANGLE ON LARRY

shuffling thru assignments. He picks up one we recognize as Owen's. Owen sees this and smiles. Larry thinks twice, sets Owen's aside and grabs Pinsky's instead.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (2)

4

LARRY

This is from Mr. Pinsky...

(X)

ANGLE ON OWEN

Owen seems pensive and withdrawn. He stares at Larry.

LARRY

(continuing)

...A classic. It's entitled,

(X)

(reading)

..."One Hundred Girls I'd Like To
UM..." Mr. Pinsky... What is this
supposed to be?

PINSKY

It's a coffee table book.

LARRY

(sighs)

..."One... Kathleen Turner. Two...
Cybill Shepard. Three... Suzanne
Pleshette. Four... The girl in the
Del Taco commercial. Five... the woman
in 4B. Six... the Oriental Laker girl.
Seven..."

(stops reading)

Mr. Pinsky, this isn't literature.

PINSKY

You know, I put in photos, a brief
sketch of the person. Like a
biography. A nice dust jacket...

LARRY

This is just... what is it?

PINSKY

It's literature. It's fantasy. It's
my fantasy. Like Melville. It's my
great white whale.

MRS. HAZELTINE

It's whacking material.

PINSKY

Isn't that literature?

(X)

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (3)

4

LARRY
How can you associate "Moby Dick" to
a list of women you'd like to...?

PINSKY
Maybe I should change the title.

(X)

SFX: BELL RINGS

LARRY
(to himself)
Thank God!

(X)

(X)

As Larry begins gathering his things, Mrs. Hazeltine comes
up to the front of the room.

(X)

MRS. HAZELTINE
(to Larry)
Professor Donner! Professor Donner!

(X)

Larry stops, takes a deep breath.

LARRY
Mrs. Hazeltine.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (4)

4

MRS. HAZELTINE

Professor Donner...that was fun, wasn't it? I love literary volleyball, don't you?

LARRY

(blankly; he has put the wall up)

Yes I do, Mrs. Hazeltine.

000001

MRS. HAZELTINE

Professor Donner, let me ask you something...Did you really mean what you said? About my art, I mean.

LARRY

Oh yes, Mrs. Hazeltine, you have a nice flair. Keep it up. Don't stop writing... a writer writes... always.

(X)

MRS. HAZELTINE

I hope so. I want to be good. I do. Otherwise, this whole creative writing course is well... jerking off.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

000001

4 CONTINUED: (5)

4

Larry gets up, picks up his things and goes to the door, escorted by Mrs. Hazeltine.

5 EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS ACTION

5

Larry meets Beth at the steps outside one of the classroom's two doors.

LARRY

(to Beth)

Hi Beth.

(to Mrs. Hazeltine)

Bye Mrs. Hazeltine... See you Wednesday.

(to Beth)

Hi!

ANGLE ON OWEN

He sits on the steps of the other door, watching Larry and Beth.

OWEN'S P.O.V.

Larry and Beth are off in the distance.

BETH

Eight o'clock...Indian food.

LARRY

Indian food? I love it. I can eat a ton of it and I've got the perfect wine...childish, yet pedantic

They share a goofy-affectionate wave goodbye.

CUT TO:

THE BUSHES

We PUSH IN to reveal Owen. WE HEAR a car pull away. Owen watches ominously.

CUT TO:

6 INT. LAUNDROMAT -- DAY

6

Fairly empty. Larry is taking his stuff from the washer and transferring it to the dryer. It's raining heavily outside.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

ON WINDOW

Owen is seen outside looking in, wet and bedraggled. He spots Larry.

CUT TO:

LARRY

transferring the laundry. Owen appears in the b.g. He is OUT OF FOCUS.

Owen has something in his hands that appears to be a wrinkled piece of material. As he creeps closer to Larry, who is oblivious to Owen's presence, we see that Owen is wrapping this piece of material around his hands much like a man about to strangle his victim. Owen gets closer and closer to Larry who finishes transferring the laundry and is putting quarters into the machine.

Owen is now upon Larry with his hands in the classic "strangling" pose.

Larry turns around just at the right moment when Owen is at his closest. Larry is surprised and petrified.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (2)

6

LARRY
Agh!!!

OWEN
(pleasantly)
Hi!

LARRY
(holding his heart)
Oh, my God!

OWEN
This is your tie. You dropped it.

Owen hands Larry the tie. It is all stretched out and wrinkled like a prune rope. Larry takes it from Owen and examines it with perplexity.

LARRY
I wonder how that got in there.

OWEN
(continuing, explaining)
It got wet. I was afraid it would be ruined.

LARRY
Thank you.

OWEN
(as if to a god)
Hi. I'm Owen.

000041
CUT TO:

7 EXT. LAUNDROMAT -- DAY

7

Larry is running to his car with his laundry basket full. Owen follows him.

OWEN
Why didn't you read my story?

LARRY
Your story?

OWEN
From class. My story, "Murder At My Friend Harry's"?

(X)

LARRY
Oh, right, yes, yes I did.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

It starts pouring so hard it becomes difficult to see Owen and Larry.

OWEN

What did you think?

LARRY

It's raining, Irwin, can't we discuss this tomorrow?

OWEN

Owen. You didn't like it.

LARRY

Well, it's... no, I didn't.

OWEN

Why not?

LARRY

It was three pages long, Owen! It was a murder mystery three pages long, that, by the way was no big trick finding the murderer, Owen!

OWEN

What gave it away?

LARRY

You had only two characters. One of which was dead by page two!

OWEN

Well, one guy killed the other guy.

Larry gets into his car and slams the door, starts the car.

LARRY

It wasn't motivated.

OWEN

Sure it was. The guy in the hat shot the guy in the other hat.

LARRY

I have to go now, Owen.

Larry pulls away.

LARRY (V.O.)

(continuing)

Jesus.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (2) 7

OWEN
(calling after)
Thank you!

Owen watches him go.

CUT TO:

8 INT. LARRY'S APARTMENT -- DAY 8

Nothing fancy. Larry sits at an extraordinarily neat desk. Order is the rule. In his typewriter is a blank page. Behind the desk sits a TV on a table. Larry takes the page out of the typewriter, crumples it, and tosses it in the wastebasket which is overflowing with crumpled clean paper in and around it. Larry takes a clean piece of paper, rolls it into the typewriter. Satisfied with how it sits in the machine, he stares at it. He admires it. He put it in very well. Yes, he is quite pleased with the way he put it in. He can't write.

Frustrated, he rises, crosses to the TV and snaps it on. It's sometime between three and four p.m. on a Wednesday, so a TV talk show is on.

CUT TO:

8 INT. OPRAH WINFREY'S SHOW -.DAY (INTERCUT TV INTERVIEW)
TV MUSIC AND APPLAUSE 8 (X)

OPRAH
We're back. (X)

LARRY
(not looking at t.v.)
Hi, Op... The night was... (X)

OPRAH
Well, I'm sure you all know the name
Margaret Donner. (X)

Larry suddenly swings around to the t.v. (X)

LARRY
(screams)
No!! (X)

OPRAH
Well, if you don't you must've just
fallen off the back of a turnip truck
because she is only the hottest first
time writer of this decade.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

LARRY
SLUT!! SHE'S A SLUT!!

OPRAH
Ladies and gentleman, the author of
the best-selling novel, "Hot Fire"...

LARRY
Author of the best selling novel??
AUTHOR OF THE BEST SELLING NOVEL????

OPRAH
Margaret Donner!

Applause. CAMERA ON MARGARET on T.V.

LARRY
YOU!!

LESTER, a tall, thin black man, bursts in.

LESTER
Hey, your wife's on T.V.!

LARRY
Ex!! EX WIFE!!

LESTER
She looks good.

LARRY
Criminals don't age. It's a common
fact. Criminals and bi-valved shell
life. Could you get out of here
please?

Lester goes to Larry's closet, peruses the shirts.

LESTER
I need something green. You got
anything?

LARRY
(trying to watch t.v.)
You borrowed all my green already.
Go home.

LESTER
How about blue? Blue's cool.

He takes out a blue football jersey, DONNER 32.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (2)

8

LESTER
(continuing)
This is good.

Larry goes back to his typewriter, pretending to be busy.

LARRY
(continuing)
Get out of here, Lester.

Lester's at Larry's sock drawer, matching some socks with the jersey.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (3)

8

LESTER

Look, so she stole your book. Write another one and forget about it.

LARRY

I am writing!

LESTER

(reading Larry's page
in typewriter)

The night was... The night was what?

LARRY

(trying to watch t.v.)
I just started.

LESTER

Larry, c'mon... who you kiddin'?
You've been on "The night was...",
since July.

LARRY

Will you shut up??

TV

CUT BACK TO:

OPRAH

In the last nine months your book has
sold two million copies... that must
be some kind of record.

MARGARET

Well, the best selling book of all
time is The Bible. I have a ways to
go yet.

LARRY

(on the phone)

Yes, a listing for an Oprah Winfrey
in Chicago.

LESTER

Man, you can't just call her up.

LARRY

Oh, no? We're setting the record
straight... right here, right now.

LESTER

(regarding jacket)

Is this a thirty-eight or a forty?

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (4)

8

LARRY

(regarding Margaret's
diamond earrings)

Jesus Christ, look at those headlights
in her ears! What Margaret, are we
mining tonite at Bloomingdales?

(X)

(X)

OPRAH

You live in Hawaii now, is that right,
Margaret?

(X)

MARAGRET

Yes, I moved there when the book came
out.

(X)

LARRY

Who moved you? Bekins didn't move
you!! The Seven Santini Brothers
didn't move you!! STARVING STUDENTS
DIDN'T MOVE YOU!! "HOT FIRE" MOVED
YOU!!

(X)

(he slams the phone down
on I)

I moved you!! I!!

Lester goes into the kitchen. WE HEAR a refrigerator door
open and close.

OPRAH

How did you produce such a brilliant
piece of writing the first time out?

(X)

LARRY

She couldn't produce saliva!

Lester enters with a gallon of ice cream and a loaf of bread.

MARGARET

It's really the story of my life.

LARRY

It's the story of my life!!! And I
want it back!!! Take a walk, will you
Lester.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (5)

8

LESTER
Chill out, man.

A beat. Lester exits.

LARRY
(continuing)
I want it back.

CUT TO:

9 INT. OWEN'S HOUSE -- MOMMA'S PARLOR -- DAY

9

CLOSE SHOT -- TELEVISION (SAME AS SCENE 8A TV INTERVIEW)

The Oprah Winfrey Show is on. PULL BACK to reveal Momma's parlor. MOMMA is Owen's mother. She is dressed not unlike Whistler's Mother. She sits, eating pistachio nuts. The TV picture is lousy... Momma smacks the set

(X)

CUT TO:

10 INT. OWEN'S HOUSE -- OWEN'S ROOM -- DAY

10

CLOSE SHOT -TYPEWRITER

PULL BACK to reveal Owen in another room, pecking the keys and eating a peanut butter and jelly sandwich. Through the door we can see the glow of the TV and Momma sitting in a chair. If Jack Nicholson's character in "The Shining" walked into Chasen's with Momma on his arm, the maitre 'd would cringe in horror saying, "Oh, Jesus, not Momma!"

MOMMA (O.S.)
Owen!

Owen pecks at a key.

MOMMA (O.S.)
(continuing)
Owen!

OWEN
(startled)
Yes, Momma?

MOMMA (O.S.)
What are you doing?

OWEN
Nothing, Momma.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

Momma screams in pain.

OWEN
(continuing; jumping up)
What, Momma, what?

REVERSE ANGLE

Momma in f.g., Owen in the other room.

OWEN
(continuing)
Momma, what is it?

Owen runs in, upsetting the papers on his desk. He stops to pick up his precious manuscript, but Momma's well-timed moans prevent this. Owen is at Momma's side.

OWEN
(continuing)
What, Momma? What is it?

MOMMA
Turn the channel.

OWEN
What, Momma?

MOMMA
Turn the channel, turn the channel,
turn ...

Owen, terrified, spins the channel turner around like a nervous safecracker. (SCENE 8A -- TV INTERVIEW)

OWEN
To what, Momma, to what?

Momma starts to choke on her pistachio nuts.

OWEN
Momma, what's the matter?

MOMMA
Get me a soda...with ice!!

OWEN
Yes Momma.

Owen runs out of the room.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

10. CONTINUED: (2)

10

INT. OWEN'S HOUSE --- KITCHEN

Owen goes to the pantry. Opens the curtain and bends down to get a Coke from a six-pack on the floor.

MOMMA (O.S.)
You were writing a letter.

OWEN
No Momma, no.

Owen struggles to free the Coke bottle from the plastic six-pack holder.

MOMMA (O.S.)
You were writing them to take me away.

Owen sees something.

HHIS P.O.V.
a box of lye.

MOMMA
(continued)
You want them to take me away.

OWEN
No Momma, I'm writing a story Momma.
(he picks up the box
of lye)
I don't want them to take you away.
Owen loves his Momma.

MOMMA
(mimicing him)
Owen loves his Momma.

He exits the pantry with the Coke and poison.

ANGLE OVER OWEN

at kitchen table. He shakes the lye over ice in a china cup. He pours in the Coke. Momma choking in the background, pushes open the French doors with her cane.

MOMMA
Hurry up with that soda!!!

OWEN
Coming Momma.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (3)

10

ANGLE ON MOMMA

in her parlor. She sits in her chair.

MOMMA

I'm choking to death, you moron.

OWEN

I'm sorry, Momma.

He hands her the cup of soda. She moves it to her lips.
THE CAMERA MOVES IN...closer to Momma

MOMMA

You didn't get me salted nuts.

CLOSE UP ON OWEN

OWEN

Salted nuts are not good for you,
Momma.

OWEN'S P.O.V.

Momma turns to him.

MOMMA

The unsalted ones make me choke.

We can see the gas escaping from the top of the cup. It hits her upper lip. She drinks the liquid down. Her eyes bulge, her hands go to her throat, she makes a horrible guttural sound and turns and stares up at Owen grotesquely.

ANGLE OVER MOMMA

on Owen. She has the cup raised to her lips, about to drink. He slaps it away, violently.

ANGLE ONN THE WALL

the cup splatters against it, soda runs down the wall..

TWO SHOT: OWEN AND MOMMA

MOMMA

You clumsy ox...what'd you do that for.

She whacks him on the head.

MOMMA

(continued)
Clean it up, stupid.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (4) 10
Owen bends to pick up the pieces (X)

CUT TO:

11 OMITTED 11

12 INT. LARRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT -- 10:30 P.M. 12

Larry is sitting at his desk holding the phone receiver to his ear. He looks at his watch (X)

LARRY
(frustrated)
Beth, I blew it again... it's ten
thirty... I'm sorry. Margaret was on
the, uh... I'm sorry.
(he hangs up)
Okay, okay... Margaret's a big star...
okay, that's life...

(X)

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

LARRY
(continuing; being
philosophical)
That's life, this is life. That's
going on... okay, this has to go on,
too... okay... okay...

Larry crosses back to typewriter and sits. Larry stares at
his typewriter with his hands poised. He gets up. He paces.

LARRY
(continuing)
"The night was hot," wait, "the night
was humid," not humid, hot, hot and
wet. "The night was hot and wet, hot
and wet." What's hot and wet? Humid!
No, I can't say the night was humid.
Maybe the night isn't humid. Maybe
it was humid during the day and now
it's cold. Then we'd have fog. "The
night was foggy." No. "The night was
dry yet it was raining." "The streets
were wet but the night was as bright
as the rocks hanging from Margaret Donner's ears,
goddammit I'm going out of my mind!!
(gets very frustrated)
Fuck it... "The night was humid..."
That's it and that's all!

(X)

(X)

CUT TO:

13 INT. OWEN'S HOUSE -- MOMMA'S PARLOR -- NIGHT

13

SFX: THE SOUND OF A TYPEWRITER SOMEWHERE

(X)

Momma is in her chair. There is a look of horror in her
eyes.

MOMMA
(screams)
Owen!!

OWEN (O.S.)
Yes, Momma?

Owen runs into her parlor.

OWEN
(continuing)
Yes, Momma?

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

MOMMA
(handing Owen a Q-tip)
I got a wax ball in my ear, get it
out.

(X)

(X)

OWEN
Yes, Momma.

(X)

He starts digging.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (3)

13

Momma smacks him on his eye.

OWEN
(continuing)
Momma!

MOMMA
You were writing to her, weren't you,
Owen?

OWEN
No, Momma, don't start that again.

MOMMA
(sobbing)
You were writing a letter.

OWEN
I was writing a story, Momma. For
class. I take a class. It's a nice
class, Momma... it...

He sees a long gleaming pair of scissors on the table.

(X)

MOMMA
You know how that upsets me, Owen!

OWEN
I'm sorry, Momma.

His hand goes for the scissors.

(X)

MOMMA
You know how that upsets me when you
sit there and type type type.

He lifts the scissors.

(X)

OWEN
(getting her back into
her chair)
You won't hear it anymore, Momma.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (4)

13

MOMMA

I don't know what I'd do without you,
Owen.

OWEN

I know, Momma.

He jams the scissors in her ear. The point comes out the
other side. Her face contorts... paralyzed. Her eyes are
wide open.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (5)

13

CLOSE UUP ON OWEN

terrified he drops to her breast.

OWEN

Momma...

ANGLE ON OWEN AND MOMMA

She cradles him... she rocks him. He white knuckles the scissors in his right hand.

MOMMA

I don't know what I'd do without you.

OWEN

I know Momma.

She cradles him. He is lost.

CUT TO:

14 INT. OWEN'S HOUSE -- OWEN'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

14

Owen is sitting under his blanket in a makeshift tent. He is writing in a spiral pad by the light of a lantern he has with him.

FADE OUT

15 OMITTED

15

ANGLE ON:

16 EXT.COLLEGE CAFETERIA -- DAY

16

The place is crowded. Beth is sitting at a table eating rice pudding and reading National Geographic. Larry enters and passes a table where his class sits, eating. He's looking for Beth but is intercepted Owen.

OWEN

Can I see you Professor Donner?

LARRY

Later Owen, later.

Larry approaches Beth.

LARRY

Beth, I'm really sorry.

BETH

Don't bother.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

LARRY
I've got to talk to you.

BETH
You're sixteen hours late.

LARRY
Look, I know I said I was gonna come over. I said I love Indian food. You made me Indian food and I didn't come over. I know this isn't the first time I've done this. The last time it was... uh...

(X)

BETH
Paella.

LARRY
Right. I just, I, she was on the t.v., and I went nuts, my mind saw nothing but hate and death and... I'm sorry... I did call you... at ten thirty. You were out. Did you get my message?

(X)

A pause where Beth regards Larry.

BETH
What do you think, I was gonna sit around staring at tandoori chicken all night?

LARRY
I know you're angry and you have every right to be angry... It 's just that...

Larry stops. He senses eyes on him. He looks and sees part of his class at an adjacent table, looking at him.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (3)

15

LARRY
This is... my class.

BETH
How do you do?

PINSKY
What's your name?

BETH
Beth Ryan.

(X)

LARRY
She teaches anthropology.

(X)

Pinsky writes.

PINSKY
Beth...Ryan.

LARRY
Don't even think about it.

(X)

MILLINGTON
Oh, uh, Professor Donner. I saw your
wife on "Oprah."

(X)

LARRY
(spitting out the words)
She's not my wife!! She's my ex-wife!

BETH
(to students)
Nice meeting all of you...excuse us,
please.

LARRY
(to students)
Ex!

ANGLE ON:

MILLINGTON

MILLINGTON
Geez...what's with him?

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (4)

15

The CAMERA PANS the cafeteria, stopping at Owen who is still seated as before. Owen is confused and curious over Larry's reaction to Millington's small talk about Margaret. We STAY on Owen for a moment.

CLOSE ANGLE

LARRY AND BETH

(X)

BETH

I can't believe I'm actually saying this, but I think maybe we should start over again

(X)

LARRY

That would be great.

(X)

BETH

Dinner tonight?

LARRY

Can't. I have to write.

BETH

You're writing something?

LARRY

(snaps)

Yes, I'm writing something! I'm a writer, a writer writes!

Beth starts to get up.

LARRY

(continuing)

Where are you going?

BETH

I won't be screamed at, Larry.

LARRY

I'm sorry. I'm, it's, I just can't get over that.

BETH

Over what?

LARRY

(snapping)

Over what?? She steals my book. She goes on national --

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (5)

15

Beth starts to rise again.

(X)

LARRY

I'm sorry. I'm sorry. Look, problem
is I can't write. I don't feel
anything... I have no passion. I feel
like I'm dead. Like it's all behind
me.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (6)

15

BETH
You have passion, Larry.

LARRY
Yeah.

BETH
When you talk about Margaret you have
passion.

LARRY
Slut!!
(he looks up)

ANGLE ON CLASS REACTION

Not her. My ex-wife. Beth isn't a
slut.

BETH
Thank you.

LARRY
It's the wrong kind of passion.
"Passion" meaning overflowing, giving,
selfless, committed...not hate. Not
hate and murder and slut!!

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP - OWEN
staring.

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP - LARRY

LARRY
(continuing)
I hate her! I wish she was dead!!

Beth gets up and walks away.

We WIDEN ANGLE to include more tables. Amongst the tables (X)
is his class. They all stare, open-mouthed.

ANGLE ON OWEN

He watches Beth cross, turns back to Larry.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (7)

15

ANGLE ON LARRY
ashamed.

DISSOLVE TO:

17 INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM -- DAY

17

MRS. HAZELTINE
(to another student;
moved)
It's so beautiful!

LARRY
Forty yards of gaberdine, a girl and
a dream. Well Mr. Smiley, that was...

MORT
It's my life. Well, you always say,
"Write what you know..." That's what
you always say.

LARRY
It's very good, Mort. It will blow
the lid off the upholstery business
as we know it.

Larry picks up Owen's steno pad.

LARRY
(continuing)
Okay, and now we have "Murder at My
Friend Harry's" by...
(squints to read
handwriting)
... Owen Lift.

ANGLE - TO INCLUDE OWEN

He is scared to death.

LARRY
(continuing; reading)
"Chapter one... The night was humid..."
(stops)
Class dismissed. I'm sorry, I have
a headache in my eye.

Larry exits.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

OWEN

Owen is furious. A beat, while he smolders. Owen exits.

CUT TO:

18 EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS -- PARKING LOT -- DAY

18

Larry is walking to his car, briskly. Owen chases after.

LARRY

(wearily)

Hello, Owen.

OWEN

Why didn't you read it?

LARRY

Because there was nothing to read.

(X)

OWEN

I had a whole spiral pad.

LARRY

"The night was humid"?

OWEN

Well, it was.

Larry gets to his car.

LARRY

That was the best you could do?

Larry gets in his car. Turns it over.

OWEN

(continuing)

If the night wasn't humid, I would've
said the night wasn't humid!!!

A long beat. WE HOLD on Owen. From the look on his face, we realize Larry is gone. Owen just stands there, watching the last spot he saw Larry's car before it disappeared from view. A long pause.

OWEN

(continuing; to Larry)

... What about moist?

CUT TO:

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28.

19 INT/EXT. LARRY'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

19

CU Typewriter -- blank page in the roller. Larry types as he speaks.

LARRY(O.S)

(a beat)

The night... was moist.

He tears out the paper from the roller and crumples it.

000041
LARRY
(continuing)
Aaaaaaaagh!

Larry goes to pour himself a drink, he notices Owen's spiral pad, stops, figures, "Nah, the hell with it," goes to the sideboard, pours himself the drink, starts back to his chair, spies Owen's spiral pad again, figures, "What the hell." He picks it up, crosses to his chair with his drink in one hand, spiral pad in the other and settles in for a read. The CAMERA TRAVELS a bit to show us the window in Larry's apartment. It is very dark outside, except for a street light creating a pool of light on the ground. In that pool, looking up into Larry's apartment, is a FIGURE. The street is deserted, except for the figure.

CUT TO:

20 EXT. LARRY'S APARTMENT BUILDING -- NIGHT

20

UNDER STREET LIGHT

The figure of Owen. He stands in the pool of light, looking up into Larry's apartment. He is smiling. We HOLD THREE BEATS on him. Larry is reading.

DISSOLVE TO:

20A EXT. LARRY'S APARTMENT BUILDING -- NIGHT

20A

LATER THAT NIGHT

000041
Owen is still under the street lamp. He is sitting on the curb with his head in his hands.

SFX: LARRY'S PHONE RINGS

Owen looks up expectantly.

20B EXT/INT. LARRY'S APARTMENT BUILDING -- NIGHT -- OWEN'S POV

20B

Larry rises and crosses from one window to another... Larry picks up the phone.

(CONTINUED)

3/17/87

29.

20B CONTINUED:

20B

Larry hangs up the phone and walks back to the other window. He puts on a jacket. The light goes off. Owen doesn't know which way to turn... He ducks behind a wall

Larry leaves the apartment building, walks to the curb, gets into his car and drives away.

DISSOLVE TO:

21 EXT. GRIFFITH PARK -- NIGHT

21

It's getting to be the middle of the night. No one is around.

BETH (O.S.)
Thank you, Larry.

LARRY (O.S.)
For what?

BETH (O.S.)
For opening up to me.

They walk INTO SHOT.

LARRY
It's nice to open up. I haven't done it lately. Last time I showed anybody something, she took it away with her.

BETH
(a beat)
It's nice here at night.

LARRY
Yeah... Look, I'm sorry about... the cafeteria... I was, I dunno, I see her...
(takes a deep breath)
... and...

BETH
And you wanted to kill her.

LARRY
Metaphorically, yes. Specifically, I wanted a videotape of me killing her, so I could run it whenever I felt down.

BETH
(delighted)
Oh, look.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

LARRY

Where?

BETH

That train.

22 EXT. GRIFFITH PARK KIDDIE TRAIN AREA -- NIGHT

22

There is a kiddie train on a kiddie track. It's the kind that we used to see in amusement parks all over the country in the fifties and sixties. A miniature train with seats to hold children.

There is still one operating in Griffith Park. This particular one is shiny silver and red. It sparkles in the moonlight.

BETH

(continuing)

My father took me on that same train every Saturday when I was a little girl. Oh, God, I love that!

LARRY

Me, too... every great romance or mystery has a train in it.

BETH

Is this going to be a great romance?

LARRY

Could be... we have the train, we have the moon, we have compatible body parts.

BETH

Would you like to kiss me?

LARRY

I dunno.

BETH

You dunno?

She laughs. He kisses her.

LARRY

You're very sweet, Beth.

BETH

So are you, Larry.

LARRY

Very.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

BETH

Thank you.

LARRY

Very sweet.

BETH

Would you like to date me, Larry?

000011
LARRY
This isn't a date?

BETH

I was talking euphemistically.

LARRY

You're saying...

BETH

I'm saying "date" is a euphemism and
I like it when you kiss my face.

LARRY

You're saying...

BETH

Yes.

LARRY

(a beat)

So, you're saying...

BETH

I'm saying "yes."

LARRY

Yes you are. I can sense that.

BETH

You're saying "no"?

LARRY

(panicking slightly)

We're in a train!

She kisses him. He kisses her.

LARRY

(continuing)

I want to make love to you, Beth.

BETH

Oh, Larry. Me, too.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (2)

22

LARRY
Sometime in the really "near" future...

BETH
Larry...

LARRY
I can't.

BETH
Why not?

LARRY
I have writers' block.

BETH
Everywhere?

LARRY
It's not good, I --
She kisses him again. Longer.

LARRY
(continuing)
Here? In the train??

BETH
(seductively)
I wanna ring the bell.

CUT TO:

LARRY AND BETH

BETH
Larry!

LARRY
Beth!

BETH
Oh, God!

LARRY
Oh, my God!

BETH
Oh, take me, Casey!

LARRY
Oh, Beth! Oh, my God.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (3)

22

BETH
Take me, Casey.

LARRY
Who's Casey?

BETH
Take me.

LARRY
I will I will I --

WE HEAR A MUNCHING SOUND O.S.

Larry cocks his head.

BETH
What?

LARRY
(a beat)
Nothing.

He resumes his unbridled passion. Hears the munching again.
He cocks his head, freezes, trying to listen.

BETH
What?

LARRY
I heard something.

BETH
What?

LARRY
... Chewing.

Larry looks to his left. We PULL BACK to reveal the object
of his interest. It is Owen eating Cracker Jacks. He is no
more than a foot away. Owen smiles pleasantly.

OWEN
Hi!

Larry regards Owen. Owen smiles. Larry regards Owen some
more. He simply stares at him. Beth regards both Larry and
Owen as a judge would regard someone on the stand and the
prosecuting attorney. Owen smiles. Larry stares
thoughtfully.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (4)

22

LARRY
(the perfect host)
Do you know Owen? This is Owen. Owen
is a dead man.

OWEN
I come at a bad time?

LARRY
Owen, I'm on a date!

OWEN
(ashamed)
And I'm bothering you.
(to Beth, brightly)
Hi, Miss Ryan!

Beth is not sure how to respond to this guy. Larry raises
up over Beth in the Kiddie Train.

LARRY
(to Owen)
What do you want?? What the hell do
you want?

OWEN
Did you read it?

LARRY
What?

BETH
(to Larry)
You've got to move your leg.

OWEN
You read it... right...my story

LARRY
Yes.

BETH
(very uncomfortable)
I have to get up... I have to get up...

LARRY
(angry)
Look Owen, you can't follow me around
to ask these questions. We deal with
these things in the classroom, not on
my time...understand?

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (5)

22

OWEN
(begins to walk away)
Oh... good night Miss Ryan.
(he stops, turns back)
Did you like it?

(X)

LARRY
(angry)
No!

(X)

Owen turns and goes. Larry and Beth try to get back into it.
No dice.

Rev. 3/27/87 Blue

35.

23 OMITTED

23

24 INT. LARRY'S APARTMENT -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT

24

Larry in bed. Alone. He can't sleep. The PHONE by his bed
RINGS. Larry picks it up.

OWEN (V.O.)
Why not?

CUT TO:

25 EXT. LARRY'S CORNER -- PHONE BOOTH -- NIGHT

25

Larry is nose to nose with Owen.

LARRY
Because when you write a murder
mystery, it's nice to deal with the
motive.

OWEN
There was a motive. One guy pissed
off the other guy.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

LARRY

Right, and everyone knew that so he wouldn't kill him. You're pissing me off, I'm not gonna kill you!

OWEN

Why not?

Larry shakes Owen furiously.

nnnnn1

LARRY

For one thing, I'M NOT CAPABLE OF MURDER!!

(stops shaking)

I'm a sane, rational man and sane, rational men don't kill each other just because they piss each other off!

(starts shaking again)

Only fucking maniacs are capable of that!

He gets a hold of himself. He stops, breathing heavily.

CUT TO:

26 EXT. SUPERMARKET -- NIGHT

26

Larry and Owen sit on a bench. Owen nearest to the far wall.

(X)

LARRY

In a novel people have to have more of a reason to kill. If they just do it because they're crazy, it's not enough... not for a novel.

nnnnn1

OWEN

You mean, if someone ruined you permanently... then you could kill them?

LARRY

Yes! Which brings us to the second point -- the motive -- you have to eliminate it.

OWEN

Eliminate the motive?

LARRY

Correct. For example, my ex-wife, I hate her guts, right?

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (2)

25

OWEN

Yeah. I overheard you in the cafeteria. She ruined you, right?

LARRY

Yes, I hate her with a passion, Owen. But, I'd never murder her.

OWEN

But you just said if you had a sane reason...

LARRY

I'm a writer, not a killer. I'm talking in writers' terms, not killer's terms!

OWEN

Ah! I see... you'd get caught! And being a sane and rational person, you wouldn't like that!

LARRY

(maybe this is his way out of this moment)

Yes! Absolutely right! I'd get caught! Because I have a motive and people know that!!

OWEN

Yeah... I got a similar problem with my mother.

LARRY

Well there you go, see that? We have something in common.

(X)

OWEN

We do?

(X)

LARRY

Yeah! Think about it. Just draw on your own personal experiences!!

(X)

OWEN

You mean how do you murder and not get caught?

LARRY

YES! That's usually what murder mysteries hinge on! That little problem!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (3)

25

LARRY (Cont'd)

One wants to kill someone and the mere fact that one WANTS to-- STOPS them-- because they -- have-a-motive! So, how does one not get caught? By eliminating "the motive" and establishing an alibi!!

(X)

OWEN

How?!

LARRY

I don't know... I can't tell you that. Hitchcock! See a Hitchcock film!

Larry starts to get up.

OWEN

You wanna go to the movies with me?

LARRY

Good night, Owen! You're gonna do fine.

Larry walks away.

OWEN

(to himself)
... No motive.

BUM

What?

(X)

OWEN

(to himself)
Hitchcock.

BUM

Truffaut... How the hell are you?

(X)

The bum just shrugs and walks off. Owen sits there thinking.

(X)

CUT TO:

CUT TO:

27 OMITTED

28 INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM -- DAY

LARRY (V.O.)
Priscilla Presley, Kathy Lee Crosby,
one of Charlie's Angles, I forgot which
one..."

CLOSE ON MR. PINSKY

in artistic rapture. PULL BACK to reveal class. Mort
Smiley, Mrs. Hazeltine, Ramon, Bucky, Mr. Hess... everyone
but Owen. His desk is noticeably vacant.

CUT TO:

LARRY

looking at the manuscript. He looks up and has a questioning
look in his eye.

LARRY'S P.O.V. - OWEN'S DESK

empty.

CUT TO:

29 OMITTED

30 EXT. MOVIE THEATRE - DAY

The marquee reads: ALFRED HITCHCOCK FESTIVAL

31 INT. MOVIE THEATRE -- DAY CLOSE ON SCREEN

It's the scene in the movie where Robert Walker is explaining
his idea of the perfect murder to Farley Granger.

CUT TO:

OWEN

watching intensely and eating a chicken salad sandwich on
whole wheat with lettuce and mayonnaise, and drinking a quart
of chocolate milk from the carton.

(CONTINUED)

27
(X)
28
(X)

29
30

31

31 CONTINUED:

31

We ANGLE to include screen, and continue the scene up until Walker suggests to Granger that if they traded murders...

"I kill your wife, you kill my father"...THEY'D GET AWAY SCOTT FREE SINCE THERE'S BEEN NO PREVIOUS CONNECTION BETWEEN THE TWO. THEREFORE, THERE'D BE NO MOTIVE AND THEY'D BOTH HAVE ALIBIS!

Owen gets more and more interested as the film cranks on and on. Owen is visibly sweating. He can't believe the wonderment of the words he is hearing.

CROSS DISSOLVE TO:

OMITTED (32)

33 INT. MOVIE THEATRE -- NIGHT

33

Owen is still watching the movie. We see by the fact that it's night outside and that the patrons in the last movie scene have all been replaced by new patrons (and lots more of them) that this is yet another viewing of the movie. Owen is no longer eating. He just stares, sweating -- absolutely transfixed by the experience.

CUT TO:

34 INT. LARRY'S APARTMENT -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT

34

Larry and Beth in bed. She's reading him a children's book.

BETH

(reading a story)

... And he said, "I think I can, I know I can... I think I can I know I can..."

(getting sexy)

... And the little engine opened his throttle and sputtered and churned and steamed and grunted and tugged and groaned...

(it's clear she's not really reading anymore, she's just on a roll)

... pushed and pumped and pushed and pumped and...

LARRY

WAAAAAA!!

Larry jumps on top of her, pulling the covers over them.

BETH

(from under the covers)

How's the blockage problem?

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

LARRY
(from under the covers)
ALL ABOARD!!

(X)

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (2)

34

The PHONE RINGS loudly. Larry shouts, startled, grabs phone.

LARRY
(continuing; into phone)
I'm going to buy a gun, Owen.

(x)

CUT TO:

35 INT. OWEN'S HOUSE -- NIGHT (INTERCUT PHONE CALL)

35

Owen's hands are out of frame, but he is busy with some activity we cannot see. The ever-present Momma is luminated by the TV in the b.g. INTERCUT as necessary.

OWEN
You're probably wondering what happened to me today...

LARRY
Not at all!

OWEN
What are you doing?

LARRY
What do you want Owen?

OWEN
I just wanna thank you.

LARRY
You're welcome, goddammit!!

OWEN
I saw that movie sixteen times.

LARRY
What movie?

OWEN
Now I know what you tried to tell me, Professor Donner.

LARRY
What? What was that, Owen?

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

OWEN
Criss-cross!

LARRY
What?

OWEN
About what we said.

LARRY
Fine, Owen, whatever you say.

OWEN
I'll call you in a few days, pal.

LARRY
Good, good, take your time... Owen,
fine, goodnight, Owen.

We STAY on Owen hanging up the phone. Momma pokes open the
parlor door.

MOMMA
Owen?

OWEN
Yes, Momma.

MOMMA
Come, give me my bath.

OWEN
Yes, Momma.

THE CAMERA MOVES to a Hawaiian shirt draped over a chair.

MOMMA
(mimics him)
Yes, Momma.

CAMERA pushes into a palm tree on the shirt. SUPER PLANE.
A United Airlines 747 on the way to Hawaii.

CUT TO:

36 OMITTED

36

37 EXT. JOEL'S OFFICE BLDG. -- DAY -- 10 A.M.

37

We PULL BACK AND TILT DOWN to a modern office building. WE HEAR LARRY OVER the exterior of the building.

LARRY (V.O.)
You're "sorry"? That's all you can say?

JOEL (V.O.)
Larry, please...

CUT TO:

38 OMITTED

38

39 INT. JOEL WORTMAN'S OFFICE - DAY - 10 A.M.

39

JOEL, Larry and a WORKMAN. The workman is moving furniture out of the room. Larry is pacing, his frustration bringing him almost to tears, but he is too angry and too shocked to cry.

LARRY
After seven years, that's all I get?...
"I'm sorry"?????

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

JOEL

You have every right to feel like shit,
Lar.

(to workman)

You're bending the fern, Arnie, don't
bend the fern.

(X)

LARRY

Don't patronize me, Joel! I will not
be patronized!!

(X)

JOEL

Look it's a whole other agency. I can
only bring along so many clients.

(X)

LARRY

Sure, you can only bring along the
successful clients, right? You're a
sonofabitch, Joel.

JOEL

Why? Because I'm only taking the
successful clients?

LARRY

No. Because at the first drop of rain
you run away from your friends.

(X)

JOEL

Larry, don't make this any harder than
it is.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (2)

39

LARRY

I'm making this as hard as I can, Joel.
You don't just close your door on
someone and get away without hurt!

JOEL

You don't think I hurt?

LARRY

No, I don't. Because after ^{nnnnn/1}seven
years, Joel, seven years of working
and laughing, and crying, you simply
cut a person loose like they're
nothing? Seven years?? How can you
do that, Joel? How, as a human being,
can you give up on a person after seven
years??

JOEL

Because you've never written anything.

LARRY

What about "Hot Fire"?

JOEL

We've signed your wife on as a client.

A long beat. Larry nods thoughtfully.

LARRY

Get me a doctor, Joel.

JOEL

Larry.

LARRY

^{nnnnn/1}I'm having a little heart attack here,
Joel, call a paramedic.

JOEL

The book sold two million copies.

(X)

LARRY

I wrote that!! Goddammit, Margaret
didn't write that, and you know it.
Margaret couldn't write her name in
the snow!

JOEL

Larry, for seven years I've given you
assignments. I've made deals. And
every day for the last seven years you
didn't want to "compromise your art."

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (3)

39

JOEL (Cont'd)

And then, after four years of working on a book that no one has ever seen, you get the shaft from your wife, you dive into another excuse for not writing. So, go to Mexico and write your heart out, Larry. I wish you well. I really wish you well. But I handle writers, Larry. Not artists. Go be an artist. And let the rest of the world make a living.

(X)

CUT TO:

40 INT. BETH'S APARTMENT -- 11 A.M. -- DAY

40

Larry bursts in.

BETH

Larry...Is something wrong?

LARRY

...I've been happier...

(he hugs Beth)

Oh, Beth!

BETH

Larry, what is it?

LARRY

Beth...it's all over...Thank god I still have you.

BETH

Larry...

LARRY

Thank god I can still hug...

His eyes widen. He sees something.

HIS P.O.V.

A BOOK. "Hot Fire" by Margaret Donner

LARRY

Why don't you just stick a knife in my heart, Beth?

BETH

What are you talking about?

(X)

LARRY

You bought the book!?

(X)

BETH

So?

LARRY

So?? Everytime somebody buys a copy, she's off to Saks Fifth Avenue, that's "so"! Are you crazy?

(X)

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

BETH

Don't talk to me that way, Larry!

(X)

LARRY

I don't believe this! How could you have that book in your house??

BETH

Because it's about you...

(a beat)

I mean, you finally opened up to me. And it was wonderful. I wanted to know more. I wanted to know more about who you are. And the book is your life. That's all.

LARRY

...Did you read it?

BETH

...Yes.

LARRY

Did you like it?

BETH

It was wonderful!

LARRY

(blowing his top)

How can you say that??

BETH

Because you wrote it!!

LARRY

But it's HERS!!!

BETH

But you wrote it!

LARRY

(getting angrier and angrier)

Am I living in Hono-lulu? Am I on Hollywood Squares?? Do I have an agent?? A career?? A LIFE??

(X)

Larry exits. Slams door.

(X)

FAST CUT TO:

41 OMITTED

41

CUT TO:

(X)

42 INT. JAZZ CLUB - TWELVE NOON -- DAY

42

Lester and a piano player, HUMPHREY, work on some great jazz piece. BETTY LOU, a waitress, cleans the bar in the background. All of the chairs are upside down on the tables... except for one. Larry is sitting in it, drink in hand. The musicians complete the tune and Larry applauds. Lester takes five and joins him at the table. Humphrey keeps playing piano in the background.

LESTER

Tequila...at noon?

LARRY

I'm in the toilet here...

LESTER

What else is new?

LARRY

My agent dumped me.

LESTER

No shit...

LARRY

...and signed my wife. You're all I've got Lester.

LESTER

I'm here man.

Betty Lou sets a fresh tequila in front of Larry.

LARRY

(to Betty Lou, about
Lester)

Isn't he great...wonderful guy ...
every year he sends a check to the
family of the unknown soldier.

(after a beat, to
Lester)

Is that my shirt?

LESTER

Yeah!

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

LARRY
(indicating what he's
wearing)
You like the sweater?

LESTER
Yeah, I do. But I don't think it goes
with this shirt.

LARRY
(he takes a drink)
Aah... My life is over Lester, I'm
going to dental college.

LESTER
Anything I can do for you man?

LARRY
Play my favorite tune... You know the
one I like.....

LESTER
It'll tear you up.

LARRY
I need it.

LESTER
Sure?

LARRY
Yeah.

Lester starts to play. Humphrey falls in. HOLD ON Larry.

FADE OUT:

43 EXT. HONOLULU AIRPORT -- EARLY EVENING -- 6 P.M.

43

The plane is landing.

CUT TO:

44 INT. BETH'S APARTMENT -- EVENING

44

Beth is on the phone.

LARRY (V.O.)
(on answering machine)
Please leave your name and number and
a snappy message, bye.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

BETH

Larry, listen, I... I'm sorry you left so angry.... it's just... I don't know, I really care, Larry. I know this hasn't been easy for you... just...please, call me back. And if its any consolation, I hated the book... I guess, I don't know what to say... Just call. Bye.

CUT TO:

45 EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - EVENING - LARRY'S CAR

45

swerving stupidly down the highway, coming to rest.

CUT TO:

46 INT. LARRY'S CAR -- EVENING -- CLOSE ON LARRY

46

Larry looks at the ocean. The SONG is still playing, only it's not so clear, and we realize it's coming out of the radio. Larry sighs and gets out of the car.

(X)

CUT TO:

47 INT. HONOLULU AIRPORT -- DAY

47

Owen is wearing his Hawaiian shirt. With a determined look on his face, he barges his way out of the airport, knocking aside people, all the while excusing himself with "mahalo, mahalo."

CUT TO:

48 EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY -- NIGHT -- LARRY'S CAR

48

on the side of the highway. The RADIO is playing. Larry is in the distance sitting by the water and illuminated by the moonlight. The radio keeps playing.

CUT TO:

49 EXT. DOWNTOWN HONOLULU -- DAY -- LONG SHOT

49

We see traffic, we see lights, we see taxis. One of these taxis contains Owen.

(X)

DISSOLVE TO:

50 EXT. MARGARET'S STREET -- DAY -- TAXI
CLOSE ON OWEN AND DRIVER

50

DRIVER
4242 Seacliff... Here ya go.

Driver stops.

(X)

OWEN
(to the driver)
Would you wait? I need to go visit
my aunt.

(X)

51 INT. MARGARET'S HOUSE -- BEDROOM -- DAY

51

Owen is in the shadows. Margaret is at the vanity table in
a satin night gown. She reaches out and takes two large
diamond earrings and places them on her lobes. The CAMERA
MOVES OFF her face and we see Owen in the mirror getting
closer and closer. WE HEAR a shower running O.C.

(X)

(X)

He pulls gloves out from a pocket and methodically puts them
on, finger by finger. He slowly begins to cross the room,
his hands are in the classic strangulation pose.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

Suddenly the shower turns off. He sees a man in the bathroom wrapping a towel around his waist.

Owen freezes, falls down behind the sofa. He hears the man enter the room.

MARGARET (O.S.)

Why Mr. Lopez, can I borrow that towel?

WE HEAR two people flop onto the sofa and begin getting it on.

OWEN'S P.O.V.

The back of the couch. An occasional arm or leg flops in and out from the couch. Owen listens for a while.

CUT TO:

52
thru 53
54

OMITTED

52
thru 53
54

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT - MED. SHOT - LARRY

sitting on a rock in what looks like the middle of the ocean. He is silhouetted in the moonlight. There is a half a bottle of Jack Daniels by his side.

LARRY

The night was... dark. And that's the dumbest thing I ever, the night was humid!! I can't say humid! Why can't I say humid? Because that sucks! But if it was humid, why can't I say it was humid!!!!

A wave hits him.

LARRY

(continuing)

Wet!! The night was wet!! I stink!! I'm stuck on a rock... And the night is humid, and I can't say that. And Margaret Donner is on every bestseller list in the country! And I can't say humid!!

(X)

CUT TO:

55 INT. MARGARET'S HOUSE -- DUSK

55

They've been making love for a long time. Owen is getting a little antsy. He has been reading a magazine. (X)

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

The PHONE RINGS. Owen freezes. Margaret's hand flies INTO FRAME and gropes for the phone. She's inches away from it. Owen realizes it and slides the phone to within her grasp.

(X)

MARGARET (V.O.)
Hello... Oh, hi, Joel.
(explaining to Lopez)
My agent.

LOPEZ (V.O.)
Ruff.

MARGARET (V.O.)
How's L.A., darling?

LOPEZ (V.O.)
Ruff... ruff...

MARGARET (V.O.)
Nothing much. I'm having a little
trouble with the gardener, but other
than that...

Owen crawls out of the room.

LOPEZ (V.O.)
Ruff... ruff... ruffff....

MARGARET (V.O.)
What sound?

LOPEZ (V.O.)
Ruff ruff.

MARGARET (V.O.)
It's the TV.

LOPEZ (V.O.)
Ruff.

MARGARET (V.O.)
Old Yeller. Yes, I know, they shot
him in the end.

LOPEZ (V.O.)
Ruff?

MARGARET (V.O.)
Yes, I'm aware of the book signing
tonight... Maui... I'll be there...
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: (2)

55

MARGARET (Cont'd)
kiss kiss.
(she hangs up the phone)
Ruff!

LOPEZ (V.O.)
Ruff.

Owen crawls past the couch and out of the room.

56 INT. MARGARET'S HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- DUSK

56

Owen is alone. Love making sounds in the distance. Owen walks around the kitchen, looking around. He opens the refrigerator, takes out a few sandwich items, sits at the table.

CUT TO:

57 INT. - LARRY'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

57

PHONE

The phone rings once. WE HEAR Larry's voice

LARRY (V.O.)
Please leave your name and number and
a snappy message.

BETH (V.O.)
It's me. Look, will you please call?
I'm really worried about you, Larry...
I mean... well, you know what I mean.
Call me, okay? Bye.

58 INT. MARGARET'S HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- DUSK

58

WE HEAR "oohs" and "ahhs" from the living room. Owen moves from the stove holding a pot of pasta in boiling water. He moves to the sink, finds a collander, puts the collander into the sink, pours the pasta and the hot water into the collander, puts the pot down, picks up the collander and shakes it to remove all the water. WE HEAR a car door slam. Owen, alarmed, drops the collander into the sink, runs out of the kitchen.

59 EXT. MARGARET'S HOUSE -- FRONT DOOR -- DUSK

59

Owen opens the door in time to see Margaret pull out of the driveway in her Mercedes. She drives out, puts the car in drive and moves down the street, passing the taxi as she moves out of frame. Owen runs out onto the lawn, stops, thinks, runs back to the door. Stops. Runs to the taxi.

(X)

(X)

60 EXT. HAWAIIAN ROAD -- DUSK

60

Margaret's Mercedes speeds INTO FRAME from the right, going up a steep hill and speeds OUT OF FRAME left. A beat. The taxi comes INTO FRAME.

(X)

OWEN

Don't let her get away! Avanti!
Avanti!

CUT TO:

61 EXT. ROCKY BEACH -- NIGHT

61

MED. SHOT - LARRY ASLEEP ON THE ROCK

The empty Jack Daniels bottle pops around on the water.

CUT TO:

LARRY'S CAR

The door is still open, but the lights have dimmed almost down to nothing. The RADIO is crackling but dying. Larry is on the rock in the B.G.

CUT TO:

62 EXT. SEAPORT -- HONOLULU -- MYSTIC HOUR

62

The taxi pulls up next to Margaret's Mercedes which is in the airport parking lot. Owen scrambles out. He shoots his hand into his pocket, pulls up a fistful of bills, hands them to the driver.

(X)

(X)

As this is happening, a STEWARD on the deck of the boat passes THROUGH FRAME in front of Margaret, ringing a bell.

STEWARD

Last boat to Maui!

Owen runs up to the boat. As he gets nearer to the boat he disappears from FRAME.

CUT TO:

63 INT. BOAT -- CABIN -- NIGHT

63

Margaret is seated inside the party cabin of the boat. She lights a cigarette. A band is playing in the cabin. Passengers are happy, drinking, dancing, lots of chatter.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

ANGLE ON:

Owen enters the cabin and a Hawaiian girl puts a lei around his neck and kisses him. We get the idea that this quite possibly could be the first time Owen has been kissed. He thinks about this, immediately exits the cabin. He re-enters immediately without the lei. The girl puts another lei around his neck, Owen plants a big one on her kisser, walks away.

ANGLE ON:

MARGARET:

Margaret puts out her cigarette, sits, crossing and un-crossing her legs. Owen ENTERS THE SHOT and squeezes between her and another person sitting near her. The people on either side of Owen, (Margaret and the other guy) make what little room there is available to Owen.

OWEN

(to Margaret, sweetly)
Is this seat taken?

Margaret looks at Owen, decides he's too vile to acknowledge, and turns away.

OWEN

(continuing)
This is my first trip to the islands.

Margaret rises, disgusted, and exits.

OWEN

(to the person on the
other side)
This is my first trip to the islands.
...My name is Willard C. Gainsborough.

The person he's talking to is also repulsed and leaves.

64 EXT. THE BOAT -- NIGHT

64

The boat is bouncing over the water. Margaret enters from inside. She walks to the bow of the boat. WE HEAR MUSIC and gay ambiance from inside the cabin. Owen enters in b.g. He looks around for Margaret and spots her. Margaret is drinking in the night. The wind races through her hair. She moves her hands over her body, in rapture with the night. Owen approaches. He stops, takes the lei off of his neck and considers rising this to strangle her with. It comes apart. He tosses it away and digs into his pockets for his gloves. He puts them on, making a big deal out of the seriousness of his mission.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

A COUPLE passes him. He acts as if he's freezing to death. They regard him with puzzled distaste. They leave, Owen stalks Margaret who right now is on the verge of orgasm with the wind and the night and the ocean. Owen gets closer and closer. The MUSIC in the cabin is now being obscured by the "impending doom" music which is following Owen. His hands raise into what is now known as the classic Owen strangling pose.

CLOSE UP MARGARET

suddenly her hand moves to her left ear. She looks down and on the rim of the boat, outside the railing, we see the gleaming diamond earring. She leans over to retrieve it.

CLOSE ON HER RED FINNGER NAILS

barely reaching the treasure. She reaches further and further.

OWENN'S P.O.V.

her behind, her right leg raised.

CUT TO:

A BRASS BELL ON THE PORT BOW

Owen is reflected in the bell as he makes his way towards Margaret. The sea is choppy, the bell is ringing, the MUSIC in the cabin is gay, the ominous MUSIC, cello and oboe, are all mixing together along with the sounds of the motor, and the water being cut by the ferry.

Owen's image moves off the bell as we hear a BLOOD CURDLING SCREAM AND A SPLASH.

65 INT. CABIN OF BOAT -- NIGHT

65

CLOSE ON:

A TOURIST, screaming happily and then breaking into gales of laughter. The band is very loud and everyone is smiling.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

65

CLOSE ON:

66 EXT. BOW OF BOAT--NIGHT

66

Cutting through the water. The boat passes the CAMERA. The FRAME is empty. Nothing but the ocean in the darkness and the lights from the boat fading away. With the absence of light we:

FADE TO BLACK

FADE UP TO:

000001

67 EXT. ROCKY BEACH -- DAY -- EARLY MORNING 67

CLOSE SHOT -- TWO GRAGGY FACES (X)

An older couple staring intently at something.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROCKY BEACH - MED. LONG SHOT - BACK OF ELDERLY COUPLE

sitting on the beach. Fishing poles stuck upright into the sand. There is a radio alongside them on the sand where the MUSIC is coming from.

Larry is asleep on a rock.

CUT TO:

68 INT. BETH'S APARTMENT -- DAY 68

Beth on phone.

BETH

Look, if you don't care anymore, I
can't help that. But I've got to get
on with my life, Larry. Where the hell
are you? It's 7 A.M.! I wish you'd
answer, dammit!

CUT TO:

69 EXT. ROCKY BEACH -- DAY 69

REVERSE MED. LONG SHOT -- LARRY

waking up, face to CAMERA. He turns his head groggily to couple on the beach. Larry meekly waves to them. They wave meekly back.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON COUPLE

on the beach, staring at Larry.

CUT TO:

LARRY'S CAR

Larry trying to start car. Battery is dead. He gets out, slams door, walks south down Pacific Coast Highway in the direction of home.

FADE TO:

70 INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM -- DAY

70

Mrs. Hazeltine, Mr. Pinsky, Mort Smiley, Ramon, Bucky, Herr Hess, Millington, all quietly and patiently sitting, hands folded on their desks. Their manuscripts sit neatly in front of them.

THEIR P.O.V. -- LARRY'S DESK

He's not there.

BACK TO SCENE

Owen isn't there. The class starts to cough uncomfortably. Mr. Pinsky pulls at his collar, Bucky fidgets, Millington and Ramon steal a look at each other, shrug, Mrs. Hazeltine noisily unwraps a sucking candy.

The clock reads twenty after the hour.

CUT TO:

71 INT. LARRY'S APARTMENT -- DAY (INTERCUT PHONE CALL)

71

CAMERA TRACKS past his ever-empty typewriter to the bedroom. We DISCOVER Larry lying in a heap on the bed. He has neither shaved nor undressed. The PHONE RINGS loud. Several times. Larry doesn't move. On the fifth ring he pops straight up, eyes wide.

(X)

LARRY

Cloudy!!!

He realizes the phone is ringing, fumbles for it, picks it up, speaks.

LARRY

(continuing)

What? Hello? What?

72 EXT. HONOLULU AIRPORT -- DAY - (INTERCUT PHONE CALL)

72

Owen at a phone. He is drinking something schmaltzy from a pineapple and is delighted with himself.

OWEN

Aloha!

INTERCUT as necessary:

LARRY

What?

OWEN

I said, aloha.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

72

What? LARRY

Hello? OWEN

Hello? LARRY

Hello? OWEN

Who is this? LARRY

Professor Becker? OWEN

Yes? LARRY

Aloha! Hello? OWEN

Who is this? LARRY

Professor Becker? OWEN

Yes! Yes! Now who is this? LARRY

Owen. OWEN

Owen? LARRY

From your class. OWEN

Owen, what do you want? LARRY
(wearily)

It's done. You want anything from Hawaii? OWEN

Hawaii? LARRY

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED: (2)

72

OWEN

(sings)
"Aloha Oiy!"

LARRY

What are you doing in Hawaii?

OWEN

Criss-cross. I got you one of those things you shake it, and it snows all over the Mauna Kea.

LARRY

I'm hanging up on you now, Owen.

OWEN

She didn't feel a thing, Professor Donner. I know that's important to you not to have her feel a thing.

A NUN comes into the shot.

LARRY

Who?

OWEN

Your wife. She had a little trouble walking, but that was from the gardener.

LARRY

My wife? You saw my wife??

OWEN

She's kind of a pig, Larry.

LARRY

What?

OWEN

Although, I can see why you married her. She's got a great ass...

(to Nun)

How ya doin?

LARRY

You stay away from her, Owen!!

OWEN

I told you, it's done. No one saw.

LARRY

Owen... what are you talking about?

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED: (3)

72

OWEN

Criss-cross. Like in the movie. Done.

LARRY

My God, what are you saying??

OWEN

Look, I gotta go, my plane is leaving.

LARRY

What did you do to my wife, Owen?

nnnnn
(CONTINUED)

nnnnn41

72 CONTINUED: (4)

72

OWEN

All I can tell you is I killed her last night.

LARRY

Oh, my God!

OWEN

Gotta fly. We'll discuss your end of the bargain when I get back.

LARRY

My end? What are you talking about?!

OWEN

You gotta kill my mother, like we said.

LARRY

Kill your mother?

OWEN

Criss-cross...Aloha!

Owen hangs up. We STAY on Larry.

LARRY

Criss-cross? Criss-cross?

(a lightbulb goes on
in his head)

Holy shit!!The crazy
bastard...He did it. He actually did
it. He didn't do it. I'll call her.
She'll answer. She won't be dead.

(Starts to
dial...ring,ring)

Why isn't she answering? She's not
answering 'cause she's dead. If she's
dead, she's not going to answer the
phone. They're gonna think I did it.
Why would they think that? Because
I hate her! I have no alibi!!! I have
a motive and no alibi!!! They'll fry
me!!

CUT TO:

73 EXT. LARRY'S APARTMENT-- DAY

73

Larry is hanging out the window.

LARRY

Lester!! Lester!! I was with you
Yesterday, Lester! I was with you
yesterday, goddamnit!!!

(X)

CUT TO:

73A INT. LARRY'S APARTMENT -- DAY

73A

Larry runs out his door.

CUT TO:

74 EXT. LARRY'S BUILDING -- STAIRS -- DAY

74

Larry running down the stairs.

LARRY
Oh godogodogod!

He runs down the hall.

LARRY
(continuing)
Ohgodogodogod!

75 INT. LESTER'S APARTMENT -- DAY

75

Larry bursts in, falls on the floor, gets up, runs to the bedroom.

CUT TO:

76 INT. LESTER'S APARTMENT -- BEDROOM -- DAY

76

Lester is in bed with a beautiful, black woman, Miss Gladstone.

(X)

ANGLE ON DOOR

Larry swings it open and says INTO CAMERA:

LARRY
I WAS WITH YOU YESTERDAY, RIGHT
LESTER???

LESTER
... And now I'm with Miss Gladstone.

LARRY
I left the club at 1 o'clock. I
couldn't have done it.

LESTER
You're right man, you couldn't have
done it. Just close the door on the
way out.

LARRY
I couldn't have gone to Hawaii and back
since I left you. It's ridiculous.
What am I worried about?

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

76

LESTER

That's what I'd like to know. Hawaii and back? No way man. You're cool, adios.

GLADSTONE

Well, if he left the club at one and caught the three o'clock flight, he'd arrive in Hawaii at five, considering the three hour time change.

LESTER

She's got a point there, Larry.

GLADSTONE

Even if he spent 4 hours in Hawaii, he'd have plenty of time to make the last flight out at ten.

LESTER

That's true.

GLADSTONE

He'd land at LAX at approximately six A.M.

LESTER

She's shooting holes in your story, Larry.

GLADSTONE

... an hour on the freeway and back home by seven...

LESTER

Whatever it is, you're guilty man.

Larry just stares at her. His eyes rest on a flight attendant's uniform hanging on the back of the closet door.

LARRY

I WAS ON A ROCK!!

LESTER

A rock?

LARRY

They're gonna think I did it!! I'm all motive and no alibi!

LESTER

(to Miss Gladstone)
Larry lives upstairs.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED: (2)

76

MISS GLADSTONE

Really?

LARRY

The couple! The old couple! I waved at them! They waved back!

MISS GLADSTONE

They sound nice.

LARRY

They saw me...They waved.

LESTER

So that's good, right?

LARRY

That's great! The beach! Can I borrow your car?

LESTER

...keys are in my... keys are in your pants!

Larry rumages through Lester's pants pockets.

CUT TO:

EXT. LARRY'S APARTMENT BUILDING/INT. LESTER'S CAR -- DAY A77

The car is a pile of junk... about two seconds from falling apart. Larry opens the car door, picks up a pile of clothes from the driver's seat.

LARRY

These are all my clothes...

CUT TO:

77 EXT. STREET IN L.A./INT. LESTER'S CAR -- DAY

77

The car is speeding down the street.

(X)

LARRY

What am I doing... What the hell am I doing? She's not dead! I'm a crazy person, and she's not dead! He didn't kill her!

D.J.'s VOICE crackles through radio.

D.J. (V.O.)

"Honolulu. Novelist Margaret Donner is missing and presumed dead."

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

77

LARRY

I'm not crazy, and she's presumed!

D.J. (V.O.)

"She was last seen boarding a boat to Maui. She disappeared somewhere along route. A search is on for the body.

LARRY

(crying)

Margaret dead -- I can't believe it.
Poor Margaret -- poor, poor -

D.J. (V.O.)

Donner is the author of the
best-selling novel "Hot Fire."

LARRY

Slut!! She's a slut!

D.J. (V.O.)

Foul play has not been ruled out.

LARRY

I'm in the crapper!

D.J. (V.O.)

Although no motive has been established
yet.

LARRY

I'm in the toilet!!

(X)

LONG SHOT:

(X)

The car. It does a U-Turn.

(X)

LARRY (V.O.)

AIRPORRRRRRT!!

(X)

The car drives off.

(X)

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED: (2) 77
OMITTED (78-80) (X)
81 INT. LAX AIRPORT/AMERICAN AIRLINES -- DAY 81
CLOSE UP of arrival notice on monitor that American Airlines
Flight #101 from Honolulu has landed.
82 INT. LAX AIRPORT/AMERICAN AIRLINES GATE -- DAY 82
General atmosphere. People are deboarding the aforementioned
flight. They are meeting loved ones, smiling, tanned, etc.
83 OMITTED 83
84 INT. LAX AIRPORT/AMERICAN AIRLINES GATE -- DAY 000041 84
ANGLE ON BUNCH OF PEOPLE
filing out of sky tunnel. Owen emerges, looking into CAMERA,
delighted.

OWEN
(pleasantly) Aloha!
How sweet of you to meet me, Professor
Donner. I brought you some Poha jelly.

LARRY
Crazy! You're crazy! You're crazy!
You're crazy!

OWEN
I can't stay and chat... Momma's
probably gonna want dinner.

(CONTINUED)

000041

84 CONTINUED:

84

Owen walks briskly through the terminal.

LARRY
(following)
Owen...

OWEN
Geez, I didn't realize how far Hawaii
was!

(after a beat)
I thought you might like to have this

(X)

He pulls out the diamond earring and gives it to him. Larry,
shocked, puts it in his pocket.

LARRY
Owen, we have to talk, Owen!

OWEN
Ssst. We can't be seen together!

Owen walks away. Larry stops, goes after him.

CUT TO:

85 EXT. LAX/AMERICAN AIRLINES TERMINAL -- DAY

85

Owen squeezes through the crowd, Larry follows. A bus is
waiting to take off. Owen hops on it.

LARRY
Owen!!

OWEN
Call me later. I'll get you a diagram
of the house... You know, the living
room, the kitchen, the parlor, the
den... You can poison her or hit her
with a blunt instrument -- throw a hair
dryer in the bath -- push her off a
cliff.

(X)

LARRY
Are you crazy??

OWEN
You're right... I shouldn't
interfere... You do it your way.
Whatever you want, Larry.

(X)

The bus starts up.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

85

LARRY

Owen... I gotta ask you... Did you really do it?

OWEN

Nah...

(a beat. the little devil continues)

Yeah, I did!!

Owen closes the window, and from behind the window makes a "criss-cross" sign with his fingers before the bus pulls away.

CUT TO:

86 INT. BETH'S APARTMENT --DAY

86

Larry barges in.

(X)

LARRY

I'm in deep shit here, Beth.

BETH

Oh, well, look who decided to breeze back into my little life!

LARRY

Look, Beth, I gotta talk to you!

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

86

BETH

You don't return my calls, you don't
try to get in touch with me, but, hey,
barge right in here any damn time you
feel like it!

LARRY

Will you listen to me, I'm in a lot
of trouble!

LARRY

(continuing)

Beth... it's Margaret... She's...

(X)

He can't say it.

BETH

Come back?

LARRY

She's...

BETH

Pregnant with your child?

LARRY

She's...

BETH

Put on weight, tied her tubes, what,
what?

LARRY

Dead.

(a beat)

She's dead.

BETH

Oh, Larry, I'm sorry.

LARRY

It's awful.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED: (2)

86

BETH
Was it painful?

LARRY
He said she didn't feel a thing.

BETH
Her doctor?

LARRY
Her killer.

BETH
She was killed?

LARRY
She's dead, she had a killer, you figure it out.

BETH
Oh, my God! Do they know who did it?
I mean, do the police have any leads,
was there a motive?

LARRY
Of course not! If there was a motive
the fat little bastard never would have
killed her! Use your head!

BETH
You mean... you know the killer?

LARRY
God...

BETH
Larry... Who?

(X)

LARRY
I can't tell! If I tell, I'll be
implicated!

BETH
Why?

LARRY
Because he had no motive!

BETH
And you do!

(X)

Larry does a "Hoooo hoooo hoooo!" motion.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED: (3)

86

BETH
(continuing)
So why did he do it?

LARRY
He thinks I wanted him to.

BETH
Did you?

LARRY
Well, we were speaking hypothetically.

BETH
Larry, did you pay a man to kill your wife?

LARRY
No, he just did it!

BETH
My God, Larry.

LARRY
Look, no, it's not -- look, I told this guy something and he took it the wrong way.

BETH
What did you tell him? "Hey, don't kill my wife, wink - wink?"

LARRY
You know, I don't like your tone.

BETH
I think you better get out of here, Larry?

LARRY
Why?

BETH
Why?? Because, as far as I can make out, you're involved in something I never dreamed you were capable of!

LARRY
Look at this! One little murder, and I'm Jack the Ripper. I came over here because I thought I could talk to you.

BETH
I can't believe you're telling me this!

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED: (4)

86

LARRY

That's just what I said to him!

BETH

Who?

LARRY

The murderer.

BETH

Look, Larry...you have to leave now...my head is spinning.

LARRY

Beth, please. I have no where else to go.

BETH

I'm sorry. You have to go. You just came in and announced that you may or may not have inadvertently murdered a person. This puts me in a highly excited and distracted state of mind. I'm nauseous and touchy. If the phone and the doorbell ring at the same time, I fall apart. I don't know why, I just do. Now please leave.

(X)

LARRY

You think you know somebody.

(X)

87 EXT. LARRY'S APARTMENT BUILDING -- TWILIGHT

87

Larry is driving on his street. He sees a police car out front of his building. A DETECTIVE, REUTHER, AND A SARGEANT walk into the building.

CROSS DISSOLVE TO:

88 EXT. CAHUENGA PASS BUS STOP -- NIGHT

88

Larry drives up in Lester's car, parks near the bus stop and waits for Owen to show up. He's got a hat pulled low over head and slouches down in the seat. Owen approaches and leans into the car.

LARRY

(he calls to Owen)
Owen...

(X)

OWEN

This is a good place to meet.

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

88

Get in. LARRY

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED: (2)

88

OWEN
(confused)
This isn't your car.

LARRY
I borrowed it, get in...

OWEN
I'm so glad you called...

LARRY
Get in damn it!

CUT TO:

89 EXT. MULHOLLAND DRIVE/INT. LESTER'S CAR -- NIGHT

89

Larry and Owen. Larry is driving.

OWEN
So where we goin'?

LARRY
We're going to the police, Owen.

OWEN
(disappointed)
Aw, Larry...

LARRY
You're sick... you need... care. We're
turning you in.

OWEN
Aw...

LARRY
The police, Owen!

OWEN
Did you know that Hawaii is actually
a series of islands? I never knew
that!

(CONTINUED)

(X)

89 CONTINUED: (2)

89

LARRY

Do you realize what you did?? DO YOU
RE-A-LIZE WHAT YOU DID???? You killed
a human being, Owen!! You killed a
person!! You're a murderer! You took
a life, Owen!

OWEN

(screams)

You're right!! I'm no good!! How
could I do that???

(X)

LARRY

Owen...

OWEN

I'm sick and I'm a sick shit! I'm a
sick shit!!

(he looks out the window
and is delighted)

COWS!!!

LARRY

Why did you kill my wife???

OWEN

I thought you wanted me to. You said
you hated her and you wished she was
dead and I told you I hated Momma and
wished she was dead.

LARRY

You have to turn yourself in, Owen.

OWEN

I'm not turning myself in, it was part
of our plan.

LARRY

What plan... there was no plan, you
idiot!! You killed a person! I'm
taking you to the police, Owen. I'm
turning you in.

OWEN

But I'll just tell 'em you did it, so
what's the point. You've got the
motive.

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED: (3)

89

LARRY

You're gonna tell 'em the truth, Owen.

Larry speeds up.

OWEN

You're going a tad fast, Lar.

LARRY

We're gonna go to the police... You're gonna tell the police the truth or I'll kill us both right now! I swear I will.

OWEN

(irritated at Larry and petrified of the speed)
I didn't do this only for me, ya know!

LARRY

Say good-bye, Owen.

OWEN

No, Larry, please...

LARRY

You're gonna do it? You're gonna admit you did it. You're gonna tell 'em you did it??

OWEN

(petrified)
Yes, I'll tell 'em. I'll tell 'em I did it. Please stop.

LARRY

(he's won)
Okay!

Larry applies the breaks. Nothing happens -- panic. He stomps on the break pedal -- nothing. The car is out of control, hurling down the treacherous winding road.

OWEN

Stop, Larry, please.

LARRY

I can't!

90
thru
91
91A

OMITTED

EXT. MULHOLLAND DRIVE -- NIGHT

Tunnel stunt driving sequence to come

90
thru
91
91A

92 OMITTED 92

93 EXT. MULHOLLAND DRIVE/INT. LESTER'S CAR -- NIGHT 93

LARRY

A hill! (X)

The car climbs the hill, losing speed, finally, coming to a stop at the top of the hill. (X)

LARRY

Thank God. (X)

Larry relaxes. Owen points out Larry's window side. (X)

OWEN

Larry.

Larry looks at what Owen is pointing at. He's pointing at the trees that pass by them faster and faster. (X)

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED:

93

LARRY

Oh, my...

OWEN

Do you remember the way?

LARRY

Oh my god oh my god oh my god.

94 EXT. MULHOLLAND DRIVE -- NIGHT

94

Larry steering the car backwards down the hill. Cars and trucks approaching fly out of Larry's way as he drives. The car is now going seventy miles an hour, backwards. Larry has his arm over the back of his seat and is turned around, facing the rear window.

OWEN

I just had this weird idea... we're going seventy miles an hour backwards... Am I gonna get younger?

LARRY

I don't like you, Owen.

(X)

The care takes the same route all the way down the hill, crashes off the road through trees, and out of sight.

CUT TO:

A TREE

The car speeds INTO FRAME and crashes into the tree.

CUT TO:

95 INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY
The camera moves down a row of cells. A door opens.

95
(x)

CUT TO:

REVERSE ANGLE

Reuther and his SARGEANT are standing in the doorway looking in. They walk in. They walk towards THE CAMERA and past it..

ANGLE ON:

Reuther and Sargeant standing over Lester, who is seated calmly before them.

REUTHER

So are you telling me you weren't driving that car?

LESTER

No man, I'm telling you he borrowed the car last night.

REUTHER

Did he say where he was going?

LESTER

I don't know. He was carrying on about motives and alibis and what-not.

REUTHER

Really.

LESTER

Yeah, he was afraid that since Margaret ruined his life you'd think he killed her.

REUTHER

And you don't think he did?

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

95

LESTER

Nah. Personally, if she stole my book,
I'd kill the bitch. But that's me.
Larry... no way he could've done it.

REUTHER

What makes you say that?

LESTER

Because he never "did"...
(a beat)
... "anything."

Reuther nods.

CUT TO:

96 INT. OWEN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING

96

Larry is seated at the kitchen table in kind of a daze.
He has a paper napkin stuck in his shirt collar and is
waiting for breakfast. Owen sets eggs before Larry.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED:

96

LARRY

Owen, get it through your thick head.
I may be lots of things, but I'm not
a killer.

(X)

OWEN

Look, you don't have to blow her brains
out or anything.

LARRY

Thank you. Takes the pressure off.

OWEN

She's eighty-eight, got a bad ticker.
Just get her excited. Jerk around a
lot when you talk.

(jerks around, accents
words)

"Nice to...

(jerks)

... meet you, Mrs. Lift."

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED: (2)

96

LARRY

Stop it!

MOMMA (O.S.)

Owen, what the hell is going on out there?!

OWEN

You woke her up! Nothing, Momma! 000041

MOMMA (O.S.)

Who's in there with you? Who are you talking to?

OWEN

No one, Momma.

Momma pokes the door open with her cane.

OWEN

(brightly)

Hi, Momma!

LARRY

'Lo.

MOMMA

Who's this?

OWEN

(stuck for an answer)

This is... Cousin Paddy!!

(X)

Larry rolls his eyes heavenward. 000041

OWEN

(continuing)

He'll be staying with us for a while.
Isn't that nice?

MOMMA

(a beat)

You don't have a cousin Paddy.

(X)

Owen regards this. Larry looks to him as if to say, "What now, bright boy?" Owen suddenly slams a skillet upside Larry's head.

OWEN

You LIED to me!!!

Larry goes down like a ton of bricks.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED: (3)

96

LARRY (V.O.)
That's it, that's all.

MOMMA
Fags!

QUICK CUT TO:

97
thru
98
99

OMITTED

INT. OWEN'S HOUSE -- BEDROOM -- DAY

97
thru
98
99

Larry is seated in a chair with his head facing the ceiling
and a bandage on his nose.

OWEN
So, what do you think of her?

LARRY
She needs to relax a little.

(X)

OWEN
So, you'll do it?

(X)

LARRY
I'm not killing your mother, Owen.
You understand? You want to kill her,
you kill her, you bastard. He kills
my wife, he can't even kill his own
mother.

OWEN
Do you want to see my coin collection?

LARRY
No.

OWEN
I collect coins. I got a whole
collection.

Owen rummages around his room, goes into a closet, takes
out a dusty old box.

(X)

LARRY
I don't want to see it, Owen!

OWEN
(hurt)
But it's my collection.

LARRY
I don't care!!

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

99

Owen feels bad and sits on the bed.

LARRY

Owen, I'm just, I'm not in the mood.

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

99

OWEN
I never showed it to anybody ever.

LARRY
(wearily)
Alright, Owen...

OWEN
No, it's okay.

LARRY
Show me the collection, Owen.

OWEN
No, you don't mean it.

LARRY
Show me those fucking coins, Owen.

Owen turns around happily.

OWEN
Okay, this one here... wait...

He sits on the edge of a bed, takes out a little envelope from the box.

OWEN
(continuing)
This one... is a dime.

LARRY
Yeah?

Owen reaches in again.

OWEN
Okay, this one here... this is also a dime, too.

LARRY
... Yeah.

Owen reaches in the box again.

OWEN
And this one here... is a dime.

LARRY
(in pain)
Owen, are these coins worth a lot of money or something?

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED: (2)

99

OWEN

No.

(pulls out another
envelope)

This one here... is a dime.

LARRY

(through clenched teeth)

Then why do you have them?

OWEN

What do you mean?

LARRY

The point of a coin collection is that
the coins are worth something, Owen!

OWEN

Oh, but they are... see this one? I
got this in change.(Larry rolls his eyes
heavenward)When my dad took me to see Peter, Paul,
and Mary. And this one... was when
he took me to the circus. I bought
a hot dog and he let me keep the
change... He always let me keep the
change.(he picks up the first
dime)This was my favorite. Martin and Lewis
Hollywood Palladium... I loved my
father a lot.

LARRY

So this whole collection is...

OWEN

Change my daddy let me keep.

LARRY

What was his...

OWEN

Ned.

LARRY

... Name.

OWEN

He called me his little Ned... That's
why Momma named me Owen. I miss him.

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED: (4)

99

MOMMA (V.O.)

Owen!!! Food!

OWEN

(sweetly)

In a minute, Momma.

MOMMA (V.O.)

Don't you in a minute me. I want two soft boiled eggs, turd brain... toast goddammit.

(Cont'd)

And don't burn it. My hip hurts Owen get up off your little fat ass and MOVE IT!!...NOW..

(X)

OWEN

Kill her, Larry. You've got to do it. Criss-cross. Criss-cross. Please kill her for me, okay? If you don't, I will.

MOMMA (V.O.)

OWEN!!

There's an impasse. Larry and Owen stare at each other, then... Owen grabs a belt and twists it into classic strangulation pose.

OWEN

Okay, to hell with it. I'll just go choke her to death right now.

LARRY

No, no Owen... Give me the belt. Sit down, sit down... It's okay...

Owen sits down.

LARRY

(continuing)

That's right.

OWEN

You'll do it?

LARRY

Uh-huh... yeah.

Owen breaks down crying.

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED: (5)

99

OWEN
(sobbing)
You're the best pal a guy ever had.
Here, I want you to have this buckle.
It's a souvenir from the London Bridge
gift shop in Arizona. See the little
bridge. They brought it stone by stone
from England. See the little stones?

LARRY
Yes, I do.

CUT TO:

100 INT. POLICE STATION -- REUTHER'S OFFICE -- DAY

100

Reuther, is questioning Beth.

REUTHER
When did you last see him?

BETH
I can't remember.

REUTHER
The day after his wife disappeared?

BETH
I didn't say that.

REUTHER
Miss Ryan, why are you protecting him?

(X)

BETH
I'm not. I just don't think he killed
her.

REUTHER
Where do you think he is, Miss Ryan?
Maybe you can tell me.

(X)

BETH
I don't know.

REUTHER
He's in a lot of trouble.

BETH
He didn't do it!

REUTHER
Then who did you suppose did?

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

100

BETH
...Somebody else.

REUTHER
So, you do think it was murder.

BETH
I... I...

REUTHER
You know who did it, don't you, Miss Ryan?

(X)

BETH
No!

(X)

REUTHER
Yes, you do!

BETH
I... he wouldn't tell me!

A beat. Beth is shocked that she gave this away. Silence.
Reuther continues.

REUTHER
Did Professor Donner hire a man to kill
his wife?

BETH
He says, "Not really."

QUICK CUT TO:

100A INT. OR EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS -- DAY
CLOSE ON MORT SMILEY

100A

(X)

MORT
Well, he did scream out, "I hate her
-- I wish she was dead!"

100B INT. OR EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS -- DAY
RAMON

CUT TO:

100B

(X)

RAMON
I heard him, also. "I wish she was
dead." Yes, that's what he said.

CUT TO:

100C INT. OR EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS -- DAY
MRS. HAZELTINE

100C

MRS. HAZELTINE
He yelled, "I hate her, I wish she was
dead!"

CUT TO:

100D INT. OR EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS -- DAY
BUCKY

100D

BUCKY
"I wish she was dead."

QUICK CUT TO:

100E INT. OR EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS -- DAY
MMILLINGTON

100E

MILLINGTON
"I wish she was dead."

CUT TO:

100F INT. OR EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS -- DAY
PINSKY

100F

PINSKY
"Dorothy Hamill, Susan Anton, Cyd
Charisse..." It's a coffee table book.

CUT TO:

101 INT. OWEN'S HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- NIGHT

101

Larry is in the kitchen. Throughout the open doors of the
kitchen WE CAN SEE the shadows of Momma in her bed and the
shadows of Owen clipping her toenails. WE HEAR "clip clip".
Larry sits, catatonically.

LARRY
(to himself with weary
irony)
I graduated from Yale.

ANOTHER ANGLE:

Owen enters.

OWEN
Okay. She'll be sleeping in two
minutes. I'm going bowling.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

101

Owen goes to the closet, gets his bowling bag out. He sets it on a chair and opens the window.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED: (2)

101

OWEN
(continuing)
Out you go.

LARRY
Out? What'ya mean, out?

OWEN
You go out on the roof and crawl
through the window.

LARRY
I'm not going on the roof.

OWEN
You make it look like a burglar. An
ornery burglar.

(x)

LARRY
This is really getting out of hand,
Owen!

OWEN
Look, you want out of this?

LARRY
Yes

OWEN
So, fulfill your end of the bargain
and you'll never have to see me again!
You can just leave. Walk right out
that door. Just stuff a pillow over
her face and go.
(sensitively, putting
his hand on Larry's
arm)
... I'll miss ya.

LARRY
Owen, for Chrissakes!

Larry is now on the ledge. Owen slams the window down.

102 EXT. OWEN'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

102

Larry on ledge.

LARRY
(not thrilled to be on
the ledge)
Oh, God...

102A EXT. OWEN'S HOUSE -- FRONT PORCH -- NIGHT

102A

Owen has just left the house. He has a piece of string in his hand. As he closes the door, he places the string between the door and the jamb and walks down the steps of the porch.

ANOTHER ANGLE:

103 EXT. OWEN'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

103

LONG SHOT

Larry is creeping along the edge. Owen stands on a street corner watching him, holding his bowling bag. Owen encourages him along. Larry takes a couple little steps.

OWEN

Psssst!

Larry waves him off with his head.

OWEN

Psssst!

LARRY

What???

LARRY'S P.O.V.

Owen gives the thumbs up sign. He runs out of sight. Larry makes his way to the window, stops.

LARRY

And like this you kill an evening.
This is insane... this is totally...
that maniac!

(X)

Larry starts edging back to Owen's bedroom window.

LARRY

That's it.... that's all.

He gets to the window. With some difficulty he opens it. Owen appears INSIDE THE ROOM.

OWEN

Where ya goin'??

Larry jumps out of his skin.

LARRY

What are you doing here??

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

103

OWEN
I'm really disappointed in you,
Professor Donner.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED: (2)

103

LARRY

Look, Owen, I can't do this ledge thing.

Owen helps Larry into the room.

(X)

104 INT. OWEN'S HOUSE -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT

104

OWEN

Okay, okay, look, forget about the burglar stuff. Just use the door. It's less dramatic, but I don't want to make you uncomfortable.

(X)

LARRY

I really don't like you, Owen.

(X)

OWEN

Okay, I'm outta here... If I'm late for my lane they tack on an extra buck. So long.

Larry watches Owen go. He looks out of Owen's window.

CUT TO:

104A EXT. OWEN'S HOUSE -- FRONT PORCH -- NIGHT

104A

Owen puts string in door and exits porch.

(X)

105 EXT. OWEN'S HOUSE/STREET -- NIGHT

105

LARRY'S P.O.V. -- STREET CORNER

Owen is there watching Larry.

(CONTINUED)

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95.

105 CONTINUED:

105

OWEN'S P.O.V.

Larry walks away from Owen's window and appears in Momma's window clutching a pillow.

OWEN

eyes widened, mouth open.

HIS P.O.V.

Larry raises the pillow over his head.

OWEN

Can't stand it any longer. He runs away as:

OWEN'S FORMER P.O.V.

Larry brings the pillow down swiftly with both hands until he and the pillow are out of frame.

CUT TO:

106 INT. OWEN'S HOUSE -- MOMMA'S ROOM -- NIGHT

106

Larry at the side of Momma's bed. Momma is staring at him vacantly, unblinking. Larry rolls the pillow over and over in his fingers.

LARRY

Mrs. Lift, I need your help. I have no one else to turn to. Your son and I had a little misunderstanding -- It has something to do with the murder of my wife. He's not a bad man actually. He's just... He's a lunatic. He needs help. See, he expects me to do something he isn't capable of doing. He wants me to kill you, Mrs. Lift.

She snores, eyes wide open. He shakes her arm, trying to wake her.

LARRY

(continuing)

Mrs. Lift, Mrs. Lift, wake up.

There is no waking this woman up.

LARRY

(continuing)

I'm going to read the paper now.

(he crosses to door)

I'm glad we could talk.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

106

He exits, leaving Momma alone and snoring.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON MOMMA SNORING

CUT TO:

107 . INT. OWEN'S HOUSE -- OWEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

107

LARRY

I'm a fugitive!! The little bastard
turned me into Richard Kimball!!! Why
ME?? I'm getting out of here!! OUT!!

He runs through the house to the front door, opens it.

LARRY

(continuing)
Where am I running?

He slams the door. Something snaps behind Larry's eyes.

LARRY

(continuing)
Incrimination!! Aha! Evidence!!

He runs back into Owen's room. He swings open the closet door, pulling out clothing, a catcher's mitt, girly magazines, finally, a suitcase. It's got a baggage claim tag on it.

LARRY

Yes!

Larry unzips the bag and starts pulling stuff out... pants, shirts, a sandwich, and A LEI!! It's wilting, but, goddammit, it's a lei!! He keeps searching and runs across that gizmo Owen told him about that when you shake it it snows over the Mauna Kea.

LARRY

It's not enough... dammit, it's not enough!!

He starts rummaging through Owen's drawers.

CUT TO:

107A EXT./INT. BOWLING ALLEY -- HOWIE'S LANES -- NIGHT

107A

THROUGH THE WINDOW WE SEE Owen at the desk and looking at the clock on the wall. The clock reads ten twenty-three.

CUT TO:

107B INT. BOWLING ALLEY -- HOWIE'S LANES -- NIGHT

107B

Owen is at the desk.

(X)

OWEN

Well, it's me, Owen Lift. It's about ten twenty-three. I gotta get home to Ma. She's fine, although there's lots of burglars in the neighborhood, have you noticed that? Well, gotta go. Hope Momma's alright. Ya never know. Bye, Fred.

(X)

Fred looks at Owen as if he was from Uranus. Owen exits.

CUT TO:

107C INT. OWEN'S HOUSE -- OWEN'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

107C

The place is a mess. Larry is still digging around for evidence. He has the lei around his neck. Finally:

LARRY

The motherlode!! The motherlode!!

He holds up a plane ticket.

LARRY

LAX to Honolulu. Ten a.m.!! HA I GOT HIM! I GOT HIM!! A PLANE TICKET!!

(He looks at the plane ticket)

With my name on it! He put my name on it!!

SFX: KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK

The knocking startles Larry. He peeks through the drapes. It's Reuther and his Sargeant.

LARRY

Cops!

He tears the plane ticket into shreds. He runs around the room picking up the things that he threw on the floor from the closet.

(X)

CUT TO:

108 EXT. OWEN'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

108

Reuther and the Sargeant start to leave the porch when Owen comes up the steps to the first landing.

REUTHER

Mr. Lift.

OWEN

Yes.

REUTHER

Can we ask you a few questions?

OWEN

I hope there's no trouble. I've been out all evening. I hope nothing's wrong.

REUTHER

No. We'd like to ask you about Professor Donner.

Owen looks around for the string.

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED:

108

OWEN
Professor Donner?

REUTHER
Yes. Would you mind if we came in?

OWEN
(looking for the string)
In? In the house?

REUTHER
Just a few questions.

OWEN
I'm sorry, you can't. My mother's not
feeling well. I don't think it's a
good idea.

REUTHER
It will only take a minute.

Owen sees the string laying on the porch.

OWEN
Yay!! Come on in, make yourselves
at home!! If it'll only take a minute,
that won't be so bad. Maybe you'd like
to meet my mother.

(X)

He ushers them into the house.

109 INT. OWEN'S HOUSE AND KITCHEN- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS ACTION PT 109

Owen enters the house followed by Reuther and the policeman.
Owen sets the bowling bag down and closes the door.

REUTHER
We understand you take Professor
Donner's course at Valley College.

OWEN
Yeah... creative writing.

CLOSE UP ON BOWLING BAG

Owen picks it up & goes towards the closet.

ANGLE ON

OWEN

OWEN
(continuing)
I'm his star pupil.

(CONTINUED)

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100.

PT.109

CONTINUED:

PT. 109

ANGLE: CAMERA MOVES SLOWLY TO THE CLOSET DOOR

REUTHER (O.S.)

Do you have any idea where Professor
Becker could be?

Owen is now at the closet door, puts his hand on the knob as
he opens it wide. Larry is not inside.

OWEN

No. Did you try his apartment? He
goes there a lot. He keeps his stuff
there.

Owen puts the bowling ball in the closet.

OWEN

(continuing)

You guys want to see my Momma?

REUTHER

That won't be necessary.

OWEN

Really, she'd love to see you.

REUTHER

Maybe later. Mr. Lift...

OWEN

Would you like a cup of tea? We've
got all kinds of tea.

REUTHER

No, no thank you.

Owen ushers them into the kitchen.

OWEN

Come on in the kitchen.

Owen crosses to the pantry.

OWEN

(continuing)

We got pekoe, we got Irish, we got
mint.

He reaches behind the pantry curtain to find the tea.

(CONTINUED)

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101.

109 CONTINUED: (2)

109

REUTHER

Mr. Lift -- Have you ever heard
Professor Becker talk about his wife?

. CUT TO:

PT.110 INT. OWEN'S HOUSE - PANTRY - - NIGHT

PT. 110

Close on Owen's hand reaching for the tea. It moves along a
shelf. We follow it to Larry's face.

OWEN (O.S.)

An angel... He talks about her as if
she was an angel.

Owen can't find the tea. He opens the curtain, looks in,
grabs the box.

OWEN

(continuing)

He loved her... He worshipped the
ground she...

He spots Larry.

OWEN

(continuing)

Hi... tea...

He turns around, shuts the curtains.

PT. 109

INT. OWEN'S HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- NIGHT

109 PT

OWEN

(continuing, to the tea)

Hi tea, hi tea... This is pekoe.

REUTHER

You never heard him say anything bad
about her.

OWEN

I'll get Irish.

Owen peeks back at Larry once again.

OWEN

What was that question again?

MOMMA (O.S.)

OWEN!!

Owen sticks his head into the parlor.

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED:

PT. 109

OWEN (O.S.)
Momma, you're alive.

The cops look at each other.

OWEN
(to the police)
Old people..you have to reassure them.

Owen crosses to the stove.

REUTHER
Mr. Lift, can we get back to Professor
Donner?

OWEN
Sure, let's get back to him, by all
means.. Oh this box is empty.
(to the policeman)
Would you mind getting me some tea in
the pantry.

POLICEMAN
Huh...

REUTHER
Get him the tea.

POLICEMAN
Sure, no problem.

The officer goes toward the pantry.

110 INT. OWEN'S HOUSE -- PANTRY -- NIGHT

PT. 110

CLOSE ON

Larry sweating in the corner -- very visible behind a couple
of brooms. He moves a box of oatmeal in front to his face.

REUTHER (O.S.)
Mr. Lift, you said that he loved his
wife... What gave you that idea:

ANGLE OVER LARRY

The policeman casts an ominous shadow on the pantry curtain.
His hand reaches up to open it.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

(x)

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103.

PT. 109 INT. OWEN'S HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- NIGHT 109 PT

OWEN
Officer, wait a minute...look...
(He laughs)
Here's some tea right ^{on} the stove.
I'm sorry.

ANGLE

POLICEMAN

He stops short of pulling the curtain back.

POLICEMAN
No problem.

CUT TO:

PT. 110 INT. OWEN'S HOUSE -- PANTRY -- NIGHT 110 PT

CLOSE OVER LARRY

He releases a quiet breath. The shadow recedes.

ANGLE KITCHEN

OWEN
What was that question again?

REUTHER
I said, "What makes you think that
Professor Becker loved his wife?"

OWEN
Oh gee... Y'know what you could get
me, is some sugar.

POLICEMAN
It's in the pantry?

OWEN
Yes, it is.

POLICEMAN
No problem.

Policeman starts across the room to the pantry.

PT. 109 INT. OWEN'S HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- NIGHT 109 PT

Policeman approaches the curtains... closer and closer

(CONTINUED)

PT. 109 CONTINUED

109 PT.

OWEN (O.S.)
I know I really shouldn't put sugar
in my tea... too fat. It'd be nice
to get rid of this spare tire I'm
carrying around.

Owen laughs. The policeman's hand reaches out.

CLOSE UP

on his fingers as they clutch the cloth.

CUT TO:

PT. 110 INT. OWEN'S HOUSE -- PANTRY -- NIGHT

110 PT

CLOSE ON

Larry sweating. He stares at the curtain.

HIS P.O.V.

The Policeman's hand pulls the curtains open.

PT. 109 INT. OWEN'S HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- NIGHT

109 PT

The French doors burst open. Momma pops out of the parlor,
into the kitchen.

MOMMA
You did it, didn't you Owen??

OWEN
(terrified -- how did
she find out)
No, Momma. I didn't do it!

MOMMA
Yes you DID!! You did it!!

OWEN
(to police)
Honest to God I didn't do it.

POLICEMAN
Mr. Lift...

MOMMA
You called to have them take me away!!

OWEN
(relieved)
Oh.... no, Momma.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED: (5)

110

MOMMA
(to cops)
You came to take me away!!

Reuther and the Policeman know it's time to bow out.

REUTHER
(handing Owen a card)
Mr. Lift. If you think of anything
that might help us find Professor
Donner, I'd appreciate it if you'd give
me a call at this number. I hope we
didn't inconvenience you in any way.

OWEN
No, no problem. it's okay. G'night.

Over the above dialogue, Momma has continued to talk:

MOMMA
You little bastard. I said you'd
desert me and I was right. Well,
they're gonna have to drag me from the
house. You're gonna have to put me
in a pine box before you and your fag
friends get me out of here. Get out!
Get out, ya bastards.

Owen closes the door. They are gone. A long pause.

MOMMA
(continuing)
You're grounded, Owen.

(X)

Momma lets the parlor door slam closed. Owen peeks out the
window to make sure the police are gone and runs to the
pantry. Opens it. Larry's a basket case.

LARRY
I can't believe you brought them in
here. I can't believe you did that
to me.

(X)

OWEN
(Also really hurt)
Why didn't you kill Momma?

(X)

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED: (6)

110

LARRY
I'm not a killer, Owen. I can't kill.
Don't you understand, I can't put a
pillow over a woman's face and squeeze
the life out of her.

(X)

THEIR P.O.V.

OWEN (O.S.)
See that door with a hook on it?

(X)

We see the door with a clothes hook on it. It's located at
the rear of Momma's parlor.

CUT TO:

111
thru
116

OMITTED

111
thru
116

-EXT. OWEN'S HOUSE -- REAR OF HOUSE -- NIGHT

E117

Larry and Owen approach.

OWEN
Every night around nine she yells
"BAAATH," then hangs her shawl on that
door...

Owen opens a trap door at the rear of the house. They walk
down into the cellar.

LARRY
I'll bet that's where I come in, right?

CUT TO:

D117 INT. OWEN'S HOUSE -- CELLAR -- NIGHT

D117

Owen taps out the hinge pins of the cellar door.

OWEN
She'll get out of her chair & go to
the door. You'll go right behind
her...Boom.

LARRY
Boom. And where are you going to be,
Owen?

OWEN
Howie's Lanes again.

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED:

116

LARRY

Right.

CUT TO:

C117 EXT. OWEN'S HOUSE -- PORCH --NIGHT

C117

Close on piece of string being put into door.

B117 INT. OWEN'S HOUSE -- OWEN'S ROOM -- NIGHT

B117

Larry looks out the window as Owen turns from the front door and walks briskly down the steps carrying his Bowling Bag. Larry moves to get his jacket from the bed.

LARRY

To hell with this guy... What am I, crazy? I'm outta here. I gotta go somewhere else. I can't stay in this house.

Larry puts his jacket on as he breaks Owen's Piggy Bank. He takes some quarters and is on his way out. Suddenly Momma starts coughing and swearing in the background. Larry peeks at her through the French doors.

LARRY'S P.O.V.

Momma adjusts her shawl around her shoulders. She is sitting in her chair.

BACK TO LARRY

He looks from her to the door.

LARRY'S P.O.V.

"The Door"

BACK TO LARRY

He thinks better of leaving, takes off his jacket and puts up some water for tea.

CUT TO:

A117 INT. BOWLING ALLEY -- HOWIE'S LANES -- NIGHT

A117

CLOSE ON

Owen as he raises his bowling ball to his face. Peering over it, he lines up his shot. Then he squints at something he sees.

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED: (2)

116

ANGLE ON HIS P.O.V.

Close on ten pins. They are ten Mommas

BACK TO OWEN

Wider shot, he scowls and bowls the 16 pounder with all his might.

ANGLE

The ball hits the lane and charges toward the pins

CLOSE UP

The Momma Pins. The ball gets closer and closer. It is now huge and fills our frame.

CLOSE UP

The Momma Pins. Suddenly they yell in unison...

THE PINS
BAAATH!!!!!!!!!!

CUT TO:

117 INT. OWEN'S HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- NIGHT

117

Larry sits up into the shot.

(X)

MOMMA (O.S)
BAAATH!!!!!!!!!!

Larry reacts.

Momma pokes her head into the kitchen.

MOMMA
Who the hell are you?

LARRY
Owen's friend.

MOMMA
Owen doesn't have a friend.

LARRY
Well, he's a little shy and introverted?

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

117

MOMMA

He's not. He's fat. And stupid. And probably a fag.

LARRY

Why don't you let me hang up your shawl for you.

MOMMA

I can hang up my own goddam shawl!

LARRY

I know, I just thought it would be a nice --

MOMMA

Where's Owen?

LARRY

Owen went bowling.

MOMMA

I want Owen.

LARRY

He'll be back in a jif.

MOMMA

I want my bath!

LARRY

I'll make you a bath.

MOMMA

Who are you all of a sudden?

LARRY

I'm just Owen's... look, let me hang it up.

MOMMA

Outta my way, you black bastard!

She passes Larry and goes towards the door.

LARRY

(stops, puzzled)
... What?

She begins to hang up her shawl. Larry chases after her.

LARRY

Mrs. Lift...
(she's at the door)

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110.

118 INT. OWEN'S HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS ACTION 118

MOMMA
He's trying to kill me.

LARRY
(not the response he'd
expected)
... What?

MOMMA
He is...

Momma hangs up the shawl with a vengeance. Nothing happens.

MOMMA
(continuing)
I asked for the salted kind, he gets
me the unsalted kind. The unsalted
kind makes me choke.

Larry thinks about this. Not a bad idea.

LARRY
... They do?

Larry goes to door. Examines it. Touches it. The bottom
of the door shoots out and hits him in the shins.

CUT TO:

119 INT. OWEN'S HOUSE -- BASEMENT -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS 119

Larry slides down the cellar steps on the door, his feet
ducked out on either side splinter the ancient banister posts
like matchsticks.

ANGLE ON

MOMMA STANDING AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS

HER P.O.V.

Larry hits the hot water heater and slumps in a motionless
heap at the bottom of the steps.

ANGLE MOMMA

MOMMA
Pain in the ass...

She goes into the bathroom.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

119A EXT. OWEN'S HOUSE -- FRONT OF HOUSE -- NIGHT

119A

Owen walks up the front steps. He sees that the STRING is still in the door. He's depressed. He opens the door and enters the house.

119B INT. OWEN'S HOUSE -- OWEN'S ROOM -- NIGHT

119B

CLOSE ON OWEN

OWEN'S P.O.V.

He sees through the house. The cellar door is gone. He walks through the rooms. As he passes the parlor French doors, Momma grabs his arm.

MOMMA

Your friend had an accident. He's dead. You go bowling and leave a corpse to take care of me...

(X)

OWEN

He's dead!?!?!?!

MOMMA

See for yourself.

Owen goes to the cellar.

119C INT. OWEN'S HOUSE -- CELLAR --NIGHT

PT 119C

Owen walks down a couple of steps.

OWEN'S P.O.V.

Larry sprawled at the bottom, motionless.

OWEN

Larry... my friend... my friend.
You're the only one who ever slept over.

(X)

ANGLE ON OWEN

Momma appears behind him.

MOMMA

(mimicing him)

"My friend, my friend", you little crybaby... Go bury him in the yard before he stinks up the place...

(X)

She leaves.

119B INT. OWEN'S HOUSE -- MOMMA'S PARLOR - NIGHT..CONT.ACTION PT 119B

Momma moves to her chair and sits. Owen passes behind her on (X)
the way to his room.

(CONTINUED)

119B CONTINUED:

119B

INT. OWEN'S HOUSE -- OWEN'S ROOM -NIGHT CONT.ACTION

PT 119B (X)

He opens a dresser drawer.

(X)

ANGLE ON OWEN

He takes something out of the drawer, then slides it closed as he holds the object behind his back. He moves away from the dresser.

CUT TO:

119C INT. OWEN'S HOUSE -- CELLAR -- NIGHT

PT

119C

Larry stirs at the bottom of the stairs.

119B INT. OWEN'S HOUSE -- MOMMA'S PARLOR -- NIGHT

PT

119B

Owen moves towards Momma -- murder on his mind.

119C INT. OWEN'S HOUSE -- CELLAR -- NIGHT

PTT

119C

Larry turns on steps, trying to get his bearings.

(X)

119D INT. OWEN'S HOUSE -- MOMMA'S PARLOR -- NIGHT

PPT

119D

OWEN'S P.O.V.

(X)

as he walks towards Momma's chair... closer and closer

ANGLE ON OWEN & MOMMA

Owen stops, looks down and starts to take the obscured object from behind his back.

ANGLE ON LARRY

coming up the steps. He sees something. He looks horrified.

LARRY'S P.O.V.

Owen standing over Momma, who is now dozing in her chair. He raises a trumpet over her head and sucks in a huge amount of air.

CLOSE UP OF LARRY

LARRY
(screaming)
OWEN, NO!!!

(CONTINUED)

119B CONTINUED: (2)

0010/1

119B

ANGLE ON MOMMA & OWEN

Owen lets loose a shrill, heart-stopping note. Momma jumps out of her skin and begins to twitch and shake in violent convulsive spasms until she lets out a sigh and all movement ceases.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Larry runs to them

LARRY

Oh my God, Owen... You killed her!!!

OWEN

Larry, you're alive...

Larry is feeling her pulse when suddenly:

MOMMA

(screaming)

Holy Shit!!!

Larry and Owen jump out of their skin, hysterical, frightened.

MOMMA

WHAT A DREAM I WAS HAVING!!! Louis Armstrong was trying to kill me!!

(X)

LARRY

Mrs. Lift.

MOMMA

(to Larry)

Get away from me you barfly.

She kicks Larry in the balls. He goes down like a stone.

ANGLE ON LARRY

writhing in pain.

LARRY

She's not a woman... She's the terminator.

120
thru
122

OMITTED

120
thru
122

DISSOLVE TO:

123 INT. OWEN'S HOUSE -- OWEN'S ROOM -- MORNING

A 123

Sunfilled windows, birds sing.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED:

123

ANGLE

A Lionel train chugs down a track. Owen sits, running a transformer. A crossing gate drops as the train passes. Owen moves a few trees into place.

ANGLE LARRY

wrapped in a blanket, looking like shit, asleep on the floor in another part of the room.

123 INT. OWEN'S HOUSE -- MOMMA'S PARLOR -- MORNING

123

CLOSE UP T.V.

Momma's hand clicks by some morning programs -- cartoons, Laverne & Shirley re-runs, the news with Larry's photo, Mr. Rogers, back to Larry's photo. She flips back to Larry's picture in time to hear:

123A INT. NEWSROOM - MORNING (ON TV - INTERCUT)

123A

ANNOUNCER

The ex-husband of Margaret Donner is wanted for questioning but has himself been missing since her disappearance. If you have any information --

(X)

MOMMA

Owen! - There's a murderer, there's a murderer in here.

Momma exits the room.

123B INT. OWEN'S HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- MORNING

123B

Momma picks up the wall phone and dials 911.

MOMMA

Hello, police? I got him...

Larry takes the receiver from her and rips it out of the phone.

LARRY

That's it. I'm on the next train to Mexico

Larry gets his shoes and jacket and runs out onto the porch, putting them on. Owen follows him.

OWEN

This is no time to panic.

(CONTINUED)

123B CONTINUED:

123B

LARRY

This is a perfect time to panic.
She's gonna turn me in. Do whatever
you want with her. I gotta think of
myself now.

(X)

Larry leaves the porch.

ANGLE OWEN

OWEN

Don't leave me Larry.

CUT TO:

124
thru
125
126

OMITTED

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

124
thru
125
126

The train is speeding through the countryside.

CUT TO:

127 INT. TRAIN COMPARTMENT -- DAY

127

Larry sits in a single seat watching the countryside pass
rapidly by the window of his compartment. He's pensive. A
CRACK, not unlike that of a pistachio nut being split is
heard. Larry looks up with his eyes only.

ANGLE

Momma and Owen sit across from him. Owen is very happy to be
there.

OWEN

I'm sorry...for all this.

A beat. Larry smiles and chuckles privately.

OWEN

(not understanding
Larry's attitude)

What?

LARRY

Well, it's funny. Because since this
all started, I've been writing the
story in my head... trying to figure
out the ending. So, it's okay, Owen.
Don't feel bad.

(taps Owen on the knee)

Don't feel bad.

(CONTINUED)

127 CONTINUED:

127

OWEN

Why not? We're running away. We're on a train running away. It's all over. How can you say, "Don't feel bad?"

LARRY

Because this is the ending I wrote! *nnnnn*
Don't you see?

(proudly)

There is no other ending, Owen. I wrote the only ending there could be! On a south-bound train with someone I never really knew... someone named Larry.

OWEN

That was good! You're a good writer, Professor Donner! That was a great ending.

LARRY

All I need now is a great beginning. The story of my life-- great ending, no beginning.

OWEN

That's not good for a writer, is it?

LARRY

No, it's not Owen.

OWEN

How about... The night was humid.

They laugh.

ANGLE ON MOMMA

MOMMA

(flatly)

It's hot in here.

ANGLE ON ALL THREE

LARRY

Hot... and wet. Close! It's very "close" in here...

OWEN

The night ... was moist!

They laugh.

(CONTINUED)

127 CONTINUED: (2)

127

LARRY

See. It's finding that perfect word,
Owen... That perfect start. It's
humid, it's moist... We're on a
train... we're on the lam... It's
kinda sexy, actually... So, what is
it? The night was humid ... The night
was moist...?

They laugh.

MOMMA

(cutting through their
laughter)

The night... was sultry.

Larry stops laughing. He can't believe it. The word he's
been searching for, struggling through hundreds of pages for,
this wretched human being just tossed off like one of her
pistachio nut shells. He is beyond anger. No jury in the
world would convict him now.

MOMMA

(continuing)

I'm gonna get some air. Too goddam...
sultry... in here.

She rises, crosses down the aisle and OUT OF FRAME.

CLOSE ON LARRY

MUSIC CUE: Patti Page singing "Throw Momma From The Train, A
Kiss, A Kiss, Wave Momma from the train, a good-bye..."

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON:

Larry's face. Rage. Larry rises.

OWEN

Where you goin'?

LARRY

I'm gonna kill the bitch. Do you want
anything?

Owen instantly hides his face in his hands and knees.

OWEN

I'll have a Fresca.

128 INT. TRAIN -- CORRIDOR -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS ACTION

128

Larry leaves the compartment, looks both ways for Momma. Nothing towards the front of the train... He looks to the back of the car and sees a heel of a shoe, a hem of a dress, disappearing into the darkness. He follows Momma into the last car. He has a little trouble getting past a WAITER with a large tray, a NANNY with SEVERAL YOUNG KIDS... Finally he breaks through and sees Momma hanging up a wall phone.

LARRY

She did it again!

(calls)

Momma!

128A EXT. TRAIN -- DAY

128A

Momma turns, sees Larry, runs out the back door of the last car of the train. Larry follows... they are between cars.

LARRY

Mrs. Lift...

MOMMA

You stay away from me, you murderer!

Momma starts slashing her cane at Larry, kicking wildly.

LARRY

Mrs. Lift, please!

Momma kicks once more as the train hits a curve. The sudden turn throws Momma off balance and she starts to tip off between cars.

LARRY

Watch out!

MOMMA

Aaagh!!

Momma falls from the train -- almost. Larry catches her. Their hands are clasped together and Larry lies on his stomach holding on to Momma who is flapping in the breeze between the train cars.

MOMMA'S P.O.V.

LARRY

Hold on!!

MOMMA

Aaargh!!

LARRY

Hold on!!

(CONTINUED)

128A CONTINUED:

128A

ANOTHER ANGLE:

Suddenly Owen rushes in. He sees what's going on and panics.

OWEN

No! Don't!! I changed my mind!!

LARRY

Owen...

OWEN

Don't kill her! Don't kill Momma!!

LARRY

Owen, for Chrissakes!! I'm trying to save her.

MOMMA

Aaaagh!!

LONG SHOT:

The train. It's approaching a TUNNEL. Things don't look good for Momma.

BACK TO:

Owen, Larry and Momma.

OWEN

Don't let go!

LARRY

I'm not letting go you moron, help me.

MOMMA

Aaaaaaaghh!!

WE HEAR the whup-whup-whup-of helicopters. Larry looks up.

129 EXT. TRAIN --DAY

129
(X)

LARRY'S P.O.V. of helicopter with Reuther in it.

130 INT. HELICOPTER -- DAY

130

REUTHER

That's him. That's Donner.

131 EXT. TRAIN -- BETWEEN CARS --DAY

131

The train approaches the tunnel. Larry is pulling Momma, Owen is pulling Larry's head back.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED:

131

Just before the train hits the tunnel, they manage to get Momma back on the train. Momma lies on the floor between the train cars.

Owen and Larry stand wearily.

LARRY

Mrs. Lift, Mrs. Lift, are you alright?

MOMMA

Get away from me, you Arab sonofabitch!

Suddenly the car swerves, sending the boys straight down and OUT OF FRAME. At that moment, the train enters the tunnel.

MOMMA

Get away from me.

THE BLACKNESS of the tunnel. The churning of the wheels is deafening. WE HEAR the train speeding past, the sound of the wheels getting dimmer and dimmer until it disappears. WE HOLD on the black screen for longer than I really think we should.

WE POP UP TO:

132 EXT. HOSPITAL -- DAY (INTERCUT WITH TV PRESS CONFERENCE)

132

CLOSE UP TV SCREEN

132A EXT. HAWAII DOCK/YACHT CLUB -- DAY (INTERCUT WITH HOSPITAL)

132A

Margaret's press conference.

MARGARET

All I remember was, I fell off the boat... we hit a swell or something.

ANGLE ON:

Beth and Larry. He's in a wheelchair with his leg in a cast.

LARRY

She fell off the boat. is that priceless... the little bastard never laid a hand on her...

BETH

I don't think it's healthy for you to keep watching these newscasts over and over.

(CONTINUED)

Rev. 3/27/87 Blue

120A.
(X)

132A CONTINUED:

132A

LARRY
I can't get enough... listen, this is
great.

(CONTINUED)

000041

132A CONTINUED: (2)

132A

ANGLE ON:

TV

REPORTER

How long were you in water?

MARGARET

About fifteen minutes, it was a beautiful night... Then this wonderful man, this Adonis of the deep, pulled me in.

(X)

She pulls an ORIENTAL GENTLEMAN INTO THE SHOT.

LARRY (O.C.)

She was rescued by a fishing boat... the woman's untouchable...

MARGARET

Shikamoto nursed me back to health... and we're going to be married.

ANGLE ON:

TV

The scene shifts to a national NEWSCASTER on the dock.

(X)

NEWSCASTER

Mrs. Donner, author of the best seller, "Hot Fire", has sold the movie rights of her ordeal at sea for one point five million dollars. Will wonders never cease.

(X)

BACK TO SCENE

LARRY

(clicks off TV)

Do you love it... is that genius? She's getting one point five million dollars and I'm getting glucose four times a day.

BETH

Larry, it's stupid to punish yourself like this for the rest of your life.

LARRY

No, no, no, I'm over it... You've got to admire someone with moxie like that. I've got my entire novel in my head...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

132A CONTINUED: (3)

132A

LARRY (Cont'd)
I can't wait to start pounding the
keys...

(CONTINUED)

132A CONTINUED: (4)

132A

BETH

Good...

A long beat.

BETH

(continuing)

I'm gonna miss you, Larry.

LARRY

Australia?

BETH

Yes. It's a very large grant.

LARRY

Well, that's that.

She laughs.

BETH

The outback has always been a quiet
love of mine.

A beat. A Mickey Mouse ball bounces into their area. An OLD
MAN comes in and retrieves it.

OLD MAN

Excuse me...

He exits. Beth gets up and begins wheeling Larry inside.
The CAMERA moves with them. In the f.g. we pick up the
man playing ball with an OLD LADY. He has pajamas, a robe
and slippers. She wears an old, but beautiful, dress. They
giggle as they play.

SFX: TYPEWRITER

133 INT. LARRY'S APARTMENT -- DAY

133

We see a bearded Larry at his typewriter. He's smoking a
cigar. A huge pile of paper, which is a manuscript he has
been writing, sits to his left in VIEW OF THE CAMERA.

LARRY (V.O.)

Well, that was that with Beth...and
as for Owen...

(X)

(stops typing for a
beat, then continues)

Ending, ending... I'm almost there.
Come on Larry, you can do it...

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED:

133

SFX: PHONE RINGS THREE TIMES

(X)

CLOSE UP

Larry's telephone. It continues to ring. The typing sound stops. His hand comes in to frame. He picks up the receiver, we follow it to his face.

(X)

LARRY

Hello?

OWEN

Aloha!

LARRY

Owen!! Owen, how the hell are ya!?

OWEN

Hi, Professor Donner!

LARRY

Owen, my God, how've ya been, where are you?

OWEN

I'm in Australia. I just killed Beth.

LARRY

Owen!!

OWEN

I'm kidding, I'm kidding, look out your window!

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED: (2)

133

Larry looks out the window to the phone booth on the corner.

133A EXT. LARRY'S APARTMENT -- DAY

133A

LARRY'S P.O.V.

(X)

There he is, waving at us. Owen.

LARRY
Come on up!

OWEN
Okay!

Owen and Larry hang up. They run to each other and meet at the front door, hug, laugh.

133B EXT. LARRY'S APARTMENT-- DAY --FRONT DOOR

133B

LARRY
You crazy little son of a snowball,
how the hell are ya?

OWEN
Oh, I'm nice, Professor Donner, real
nice. Gee, ya look good.

LARRY
Come on in, Owen. Have a drink.

OWEN
(teary-eyed)
A drink!

134 INT. LARRY'S APARTMENT - LARRY'S PARLOR -- DAY CUT TO:
CONTINUOUS

134

Larry and Owen enter.

LARRY
Owen, where ya been?

OWEN
Oh, around, here, there, you know.

LARRY
I've missed you, Owen.

OWEN
Really?

LARRY
Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED:

134

OWEN

That's great. No one ever missed me
before.

LARRY

So... how's Momma?

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED:

134

OWEN

She died.

LARRY

Oh....I see.

OWEN

Yeah.

LARRY

Did you, uh...

OWEN

No. Just got old. Boy, look at you...
A beard, a cigar, glass of Pernod...
you're writing again, aren't ya?

LARRY

Well, a writer writes, Owen. I'm
almost done with my new novel.

OWEN

No kiddin'?

LARRY

I started it a year ago. The day I
got out of the hospital.

OWEN

Well, look, you're busy writin' and
everything, I'll just take off.

LARRY

No, no, Owen.

OWEN

Nah, I don't wanna interrupt.

LARRY

I only have one more paragraph. Hey,
what do you say we drive to the Marina
and have dinner? On me!

OWEN

Naw, I can't.

LARRY

Owen, c'mon, you're not in the way.

OWEN

No, I mean, I gotta catch a plane to
New York.

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED: (3)

134

LARRY

What?

Owen reaches into his tote bag, pulls out a book, hands it to Larry.

OWEN

My book. Hits the stores Wednesday...

LARRY

(reading the cover)

"Throw Momma From The Train"

(X)

OWEN

Yeah, it's all about you tryin' to kill Momma.

LARRY

And it hits the stores...

OWEN

Wednesday. Isn't that great? What's your book about?

LARRY

(weakly; almost
inaudible)

My book?

OWEN

Oh... never mind... secret... It's probably a secret... I know, us writers, we got our secrets.

(his watch alarm goes
off)

Op! Better go. Take care, buddy.

(he gives Larry a hug,
slaps his back)

Love ya.

Owen leaves. Larry sits in a chair, totally defeated. He looks down at the book.

(X)

SFX: TYPEWRITER

(X)

LARRY

The End.

(X)

134A EXTREME CLOSE UP: THE BOOK COVER

134A

The sounds of waves and faint tropical music are heard.

(CONTINUED)

134A CONTINUED:

134A

LARRY (O.S.)
I had to make Owen the hero. After
all, he got me writing again. If it
wasn't for him, I wouldn't have this
best seller...

(X)

Larry opens the book. The inside title page reads, "Throw
Momma From the Train" by Larry Donner.

(X)

LARRY
(pen in hand)
Is there anything special, you'd like
me to say.

(X)

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK

(X)

We are on a lush, exotic beach. Larry relaxes in the sand,
a beautiful woman kneels by his side. He has a four carat
diamond in his ear.

(X)

(The End...That's it. That's all)

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