

WILD THING

by

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Revised Draft

Note: This opening section should be impressionistic and slightly exaggerated, seen as it is through the eyes of a toddler. Since a kid this age understands vibes better than words, we will often see adults talking but hear no voices, rather, music will be used to characterize the mood of what's being said.

1 EXT. MEADOW, COUNTRYSIDE - MORNING

The camera is low in the dewy grass. Butterflies flicker about, we see enormous redwoods in the background. We're in the Pacific Northwest, anywhere from northern California up to Vancouver. Springtime. Maybe one of those northern black squirrels scampers across the frame. Then, on the breeze, we HEAR a whisper of ROCK AND ROLL. Something hippy-dippy and light, John Sebastian or Donovan-like, as the camera LIFTS and PANS slightly to reveal we are at the side of a COUNTRY ROAD, a VW VAN making its way through the redwoods towards us with its radio blasting. The van, a late-50's model with a fanciful peace-and-love hippie mural painted on both sides, finally reaches us and whizzes by, sending up a cloud of dust on which we SUPERIMPOSE the TITLE-

1969

2 INT. VAN

Radio blasting the SONG. In the front seat are a pair of real country-dweller hippies, HUD and LAURIE, and their little boy, FREE. Hud and Laurie are not much more than kids, a little past twenty, and Free is only three, able to stand up on his own without support. He 'rocks' a little to the music as his father, driving, mouths the lyrics along with the song. We ZOOM IN tight onto Free, and from then on assume his point-of-view in the van. He looks to his father-

3 FREE'S POV - HUD

Smiling, mouthing the words- -

4 FREE

A happy, much-loved kid. He turns to look at his mother-

5 FREE'S POV - LAURIE

Smiling, wind riffling through her long hair. We PAN with Free's gaze to look ahead through the windshield and see a hitchhiker on the side of the road. His T-shirt announces that he is WIZ, a dark, skinny, Charles Manson lookalike wearing wire-rim glasses and carrying a big leather satchel with Indian beadwork on it.

6 FREE

Watching-

7 INT. VAN - FREE'S POV

We PAN with Free's gaze, watching Wiz as the van passes him, then slows down to a stop. Wiz, left back twenty yards, begins to run toward the van. We PAN up to Laurie, not happy about picking a stranger up, then WHIP PAN over to Hud, shrugging and telling her it's too late now, then PAN back across Laurie, sulking, to the rear side door as Wiz climbs in, grinning and giving thanks. There is no seat in back, just open van floor with a pile of quilts at the rear. Wiz sits on the floor and the car starts up again-

8 FREE

Staring at the newcomer-

9 FREE'S POV - WIZ

Smiling back and giving the boy a little rub on the head-

10 ECU FREE

Looking down, fascinated-

11 FREE'S POV - SACHEL

The object of his interest, a thunderbird inlaid in beautiful beadwork on its side-

12 INT. VAN

Free reaches to touch the satchel and Wiz nervously shifts it out of his reach-

13 CU FREE

Loses interest and turns to the front again. Laurie puts her arm around him protectively-

14 FREE'S POV - ECU DRUMMER'S HANDS

Whacking out an Afro-Cuban jungle rhythm on the head of a conga-

15 CU FREE

Watching, his face pressed against the window of the slow-cruising van-

16 FREE'S POV - STREET BAND

A multi-racial STREET GROUP along the lines of early Santana entertain a gaggle of STREET PEOPLE on a corner. We are deep in an inner city, surrounded by tall, decaying buildings and loads of urban funk. No butterflies flicker here. The music, driving, hard-edged, complete with Latino parrot-shrieks, is powered by a jungle-rhythm percussion section-

17 INT. VAN

We look at this scene over Free's shoulder for a moment as the van cruises through the neighborhood. Then Free turns to look to his parents-

18 INT. VAN - FREE'S POV

We START on Laurie, ogling, a little freaked to be in the belly of the beast, then PAN to Wiz, distant and vaguely nervous in the back, then PAN to Hud, rubbernecking at the tall buildings as he drives. It's clear the city is as much of a mind-blower for Free's parents as it is for him-

19 FREE

He turns again to look out the window-

20 FREE'S POV - BAG LADY

An older woman wearing many layers of clothes and dragging a mailman's sack full of possessions wanders past. We will later know her as LEAH-

21 FREE

Eyes wide as he watches her. He yawns- nap time for a three year old. Laurie's arm appears around him-

22 INT. VAN

We FOLLOW, tight, as Laurie carries Free back past Wiz to a pile of home-made quilts in the rear and tucks him under-

23 CU FREE

Smiling up at his mother from the mass of quilts as the urban jungle MUSIC begins to FADE-

24 FREE'S POV - LAURIE

Smiling as she leans down to kiss her baby-

25 FREE

Nestling even deeper under the quilts, he is clearly a burrower-

26 FREE'S POV - INT. VAN

Free's last, wide-angle glimpse of his mother joining his father in the front of the van, then he pulls the quilt over his head and we go BLACK, the MUSIC GONE now.

A moment of silence in the darkness.

27 INT. VAN - FREE

A bit later, his head appearing, sleepy eyed, from under the quilts. He raises up to see out the back window-

28 FREE'S POV - BACK WINDOW

A BLAST of HEAVY METAL as a Satanic, bearded BIKER's face presses against the glass looking past him-
(Heavy metal music will continue to punctuate till the end of the sequence)

29 FREE

Ducks back under the quilt before the biker can see him, scared. He burrows till only one eye is visible, peering out, and looks up front-

30 FREE'S POV - INT./EXT. VAN

We FOLLOW Free's low-angle gaze up at the various BIKERS who have surrounded the van, looking bad and ominous, then CONTINUE up to see Hud and Laurie sitting, scared, in the front seat-

31 ECU FREE'S EYE

Eye wide with dread-

32 FREE'S POV - HUD AND LAURIE

We START on Hud, then PAN to Laurie, both scared, then PAN and RACK FOCUS to see through the front windshield. Wiz is being slammed against the window by CHOPPER, the big, evil-looking leader of the bikers. Beyond them we see a desolate, burnt-out section of town. HEAVY METAL FEEDBACK on the TRACK expresses the building violence of the scene-

33 ECU FREE'S EYE

Watching-

34 FREE'S POV - INT. VAN

Wiz is pushed into the back and then followed by Chopper, grinning through his Fu Manchu. Laurie turns to protest, but Chopper reaches under his leather vest and pulls out-

35 ECU FREE'S EYE

Eye widening-

36 ECU GUN

A big black mother pushed menacingly against Laurie's cheek-

37 CU WIZ

Trying to explain they have nothing to do with him-

38 CU HUD

Hands pleading, trying to keep things peaceful-

39 ECU GUN, HAND

Pulling away from Laurie's face slightly, we FOLLOW it with Free's gaze. There is a vivid tattoo of a skull with a snake slithering through the eye sockets on the back of Chopper's hand-

40 CU FREE'S EYE

Watching-

41 CU HUD'S HAND

Shifting the stick into drive. We TILT UP to see his stricken face as the van pulls slowly away from the other bikers-

42 EXT. PIER - AERIAL VIEW

We look down onto a rickety wooden pier at the deserted edge of a run-down waterfront. The van pulls to the center of it. Stops.

43 INT. VAN - CU FREE'S EYE

His eye still the only thing visible, watching-

44 FREE'S POV - INT. VAN

Chopper waves his gun at Wiz. Wiz opens the satchel and pours out a pile of multi-colored speed capsules-

45 ECU SPEED CAPSULES

Gleaming like candy as they spill onto the floor of the van-

46 FREE'S POV - INT. VAN

Chopper says something to Wiz, who shakes his head violently. Chopper sticks the gun in his face, then grabs up a handful of the pills and stuffs them into Wiz's mouth, mashing them in with the heel of his hand-

47 CU FREE'S EYE

Watching-

48 FREE'S POV - CU HUD

Watching, terrified-

49 FREE'S POV - INT. VAN

Chopper holding his hand over Wiz's mouth and nose so he has to swallow the massive dose of pills. We PAN with Free's gaze to a-

49 cont.

CU of Laurie. She watches Chopper, scared stiff, then slowly sneaks her eyes around to look at Free in the back-

50 FREE

Even his eye is in shadow under the quilts as he watches-

51 FREE'S POV - WIZ

Wiz starts to convulse, eyes rolling, tongue pushing out, dry-heaving. We PAN with Free's gaze to Chopper, laughing it up, then PAN back to Wiz as he bucks spastically across the van floor toward the camera. He writhes in agony, eyes rolling up into his head- then stops, dead. We PAN and RACK with Free's gaze over his body to the front as Chopper, Laurie and Hud all look to the passenger side window-

52 CU FREE'S EYE

Looking to the window-

53 FREE'S POV - WINDOW

From his low-angle we can only see the chest of a uniformed policeman standing outside the van-

54 FREE'S POV - ECU GUN

Chopper's gun levelling, finger tense on the trigger-

55 FREE'S POV - WINDOW

The cop, TRASK, leans his face in and looks right at Chopper-

56 FREE'S POV - CU GUN

The gun lowers. We TILT to a CU of Chopper, smiling at the cop-

57 CU FREE'S EYE

Confused-

58 FREE'S POV - INT. VAN

Wider now. Trask reappears at the side door, stepping in beside Chopper. He glances at the pills scattered on the floor, at Wiz's body, and has a harsh word with Chopper as Hud and Laurie look on incredulously. Chopper waves the gun and says something and Trask backs down. He is young and green-looking. Chopper hands him the gun and moves back toward the rear of the van-

59 CU FREE'S EYE

Registering fear as the biker comes within inches-

60 FREE'S POV - CU CHOPPER

He grabs the top quilt off the pile. As his free hand rests by Wiz's head we get a close look at the skull tattoo on the back of it, the camera ZOOMS IN on it as Free focusses on it. He pulls the quilt away, sliding it, and there is a brief moment of BLACKNESS-

61 INT. VAN - QUILTS

As Chopper moves away we see that Free is still concealed under the second quilt. We PAN with Chopper as he returns to the front, takes his gun back from Trask, folds the quilt over and has Hud hold it against the far side of his head. He puts the gun up to Hud's temple-

62 CU FREE'S EYE

Still watching-

63 CU HUD

His eyes go to Laurie-

64 CU LAURIE

Her eyes meet his, catatonic with fear-

65 CU FREE'S EYE

Watching-

66 ECU GUN

Chopper's finger pulls the trigger back, millimeter by millimeter-

67 CU FREE'S EYE

We JUMP ZOOM IN as BLAM! we HEAR the SHOT, muffled by the quilt-

68 FREE'S POV - INT. VAN

Laurie is hysterical, trying to claw her way out of the van as Trask holds her back, screaming at Chopper. Chopper grabs Laurie by the hair, yanks her head down onto Hud's lap. Trask winces and turns away-

69 CU FREE'S EYE

BLAM! We HEAR the muffled SHOT as Free's eyelid flinches shut-

71 FREE'S POV - INT. VAN

Chopper is smiling, Trask pale and trembling. Chopper scoops a few pills from the floor, pops them in his mouth, then Trask opens the sliding side door and he and Chopper struggle to drag Laurie out. Trask gets blood on his hands, looks back to the remaining quilt, reaches towards us-

72 INT. VAN

WHOOSH! Free leaps up, panicked, and shoots past the startled men out onto the pier-

73 EXT. PIER

Trask and Chopper exchange a look in the foreground as Free sprints away on his little legs, then they cut out after him-

74 EXT. PIER - FREE, MEN

A LONG LENS shot as Free runs straight toward us, the men gaining in pursuit, then- ZIP! he disappears out of the bottom of the frame, falling through a gap in the old boards-

75 TRASK AND CHOPPER

We FOLLOW them as they kneel to look down through the boards, then PAN down with their POV. A twenty-foot drop between splintered old pilings ends in black scummy water. Nothing comes to the surface- the kid is gone. We ZOOM DOWN into the black water till it fills the frame. Cut to BLACK with the title SUPERIMPOSED-

75 cont.

WILD THING

The Troggs' version of 'Wild Thing' BLASTS onto the TRACK. OPENING CREDITS flash on. When they are over, we FADE UP ON-

76 LONG SHOT - PIER AREA - EVENING

Shooting from out on the water, we watch the sun setting over loading cranes and rusting freighters-

77 EXT. WATERLINE - EVENING - LEAH

The old bag lady we saw wander by the van before, LEAH, trundles along dragging her possessions at the base of a slope leading to the harbor waterline. We see the rotting piers beyond her. We HEAR the YOWL of an alleycat. She stops, spooked, and we move CLOSE as she looks around, uneasy. She whispers to herself-

LEAH

Creep time.

78 EXT. EVENING - UNDER PIER

Leah is poking around under the pier, occasionally fishing something from the water and examining it for possible use. She hears a SQUEAKING SOUND, freezes-

79 LEAH'S POV - RATS

A pair of scabby water rats sit on a piling stump eating something. They look up at her-

80 LEAH

She points a knobby finger at them-

LEAH

Get thee behind me, Satan!

She HISSES like a snake-

81 RATS

Scurrying away, scared. We PAN with their movement, then HOLD as we see a big lump of something alive half-hidden under what's left of a wet, greasy cardboard box-

82 CU LEAH

She moves forward, looking at something on the ground, wary at first, then softening-

83 FREE - LEAH'S POV

He lies, covered in muck, hugging his knees in a fetal position, shaking with hunger and exposure. His eyes burn up at Leah, full of fear and suspicion-

84 WIDER - LEAH AND FREE

Leah takes a step toward Free and he tenses, getting his feet under him, ready to run. She moves back away and sits a few feet away. They stare at each other a long moment-

LEAH
And whose little boy are you?

Moving very slowly so as not to startle him, she reaches into her sack and pulls out a wad of paper. She unwraps it to reveal a half-eaten Whopper with cheese. She leans forward cautiously, holding out the burger-

85 FREE

He looks to the burger, then to Leah, then to the burger. He is starving. He looks at Leah again, and without taking his eyes off her, snatches up the burger and tears into it-

86 LEAH AND FREE

Free finishes eating. He stares at Leah, scared still but wanting to trust somebody. Leah speaks softly-

LEAH
Mamma and Daddy leave you, honey?
Mamma and Daddy?

Free shakes his head slightly-

LEAH
They leave you here? Mamma and Daddy?

Free considers, then decides to communicate. He lifts his hand, moves his fingers-

87 CU FREE'S HAND

Clumsily making a gun with his thumb and forefinger, he jerks the hand twice to signify the two shots. We PAN to his face, lips trembling, looking to Leah to see if she understands-

88 CU LEAH

She nods solemnly-

LEAH

Users musta got em. Users run the Company,
Users got the pistols. You come-

She stretches her hand out to him-

LEAH

Leah keep you safe from Users. You
come with Leah, honey, where nobody
can't get you-

89 CU WILD THING

Trembling, he hesitates, then stretches his hand out too-

90 HANDS

The rough, calloused hand of the old woman envelopes the little boy's smooth hand-

91 EXT. STREET - WIDE SHOT - NIGHT

A police cruiser glides like a shark down a shabby, deserted street-

92 INT. DOORWAY

Leah holds Wild Thing behind her, hiding in the doorway as the cruiser glides past them. We TILT to a tight CU of her face. She is scared-

93 CU WILD THING

Looking up at his protector, not quite sure what the danger is-

94 POLICE CRUISER

It stops and a uniformed COP gets out to check a lock on a storefront just down from the doorway where Leah and WT hide-

95 WILD THING

Sees, gasps-

96 CU COP'S CHEST

The uniform and badge too familiar-

97 WILD THING

We ZOOM IN to an ECU then-

98 FLASH CUT - INT. VAN - TRASK (FREE'S POV)

A backflash to Trask appearing at the window of the van-

99 WILD THING

Clutching tightly to Leah's leg. We TILT UP to her, watching his reaction to the cop-

100 COP

The lock is fine. He gets back in the cruiser and they glide away-

101 DOORWAY

Leah bends down to talk to WT, who is still frightened-

LEAH

Bluecoats. Bluecoats work for the Company. Bluecoats get hold of you, they smack your face, then they bring you to the Whitecoats. (she points to her temples) Whitecoats scramble your eggs. Whitecoats zap your power station. They done mine twenty years ago. You stay back from them Bluecoats.

WT nods solemnly, understanding the lesson-

102 EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT

A three-story apartment building, windows covered with boards, stands alone between two rubble-strawn empty lots-

103 SIDE WINDOW

We TRACK IN toward a boarded-up ground floor window on the side of the building till we see through a crack in the board. A bit of light is coming from inside-

104 INT. BUILDING - LEAH'S ROOM

We PAN around to see Leah's bizarrely furnished and decorated living quarters. Tacked and taped to the walls are dozens of pictures torn from magazines or picture calendars. A strange mix- bearded Karl Marx might be next to St. Theresa next to Judy Garland next to Fidel next to the Bleeding Heart of Jesus next to James Dean. There are shelves made of fruit crates all around with strange found items displayed- plastic lemons, colored medicine bottles (empty), beautiful old brass doorknobs, pigeon skulls. We linger on a collection of old beat-up dolls, real old plastic and rubber squish-heads that are all missing eyes, noses, limbs, patches of hair- they look like the aftermath of a nuclear holocaust. We PAN to a kind of jerry-rigged Hibachi grill in the corner, on which a battered pot sits, water boiling inside. We TILT UP with the smoke that rises off the stove and see that it escapes through a hole cut in the ceiling to the rest of the building-

105 LEAH AND WILD THING

Sitting by the stove. Leah is rubbing her legs, which are swollen and discolored. She sighs, then pulls a pair of dead pigeons from her sack-

LEAH

Lunch tomorrow.

She plunges the birds into the boiling water to sear the feathers off. WT is staring at one the pictures, a photograph mounted on a little fruit-crate altar-

106 WILD THING'S POV - PHOTO

A smiling little boy, hair slicked down for his picture, not much older than WT when it was taken-

107 LEAH, WILD THING

She looks over his shoulder at the picture-

LEAH

That's Benny. Benny was mine. He was a little wild thing, just like you.

108 CU LEAH

We can sense the loss in her voice as she remembers-

LEAH
Whitecoats got him and they never
give him back. He was mine.

109 CU WILD THING

Exhausted, he yawns, puts his head down in Leah's lap, closes his eyes. We PULL BACK to see the two of them. Leah strokes his hair and begins to sing him a lullabye, looking at her little boy's photo-

LEAH
Hushabye- don't you cry-
Go to sleep-a-little baby
When you wake- you will have-
Coach and six-a-little horsies

110 LEAH'S POV - PHOTO

We ZOOM IN slowly to an ECU of the little boy's face-

111 CU LEAH

Tears in her eyes as she sings-

LEAH
In a meadow- far away-
Lies a sleepy little lambie-

112 CU WILD THING

Sound asleep, his face angelic as Leah's hand strokes his hair-

LEAH (off)
Bugs and flies- bite his eyes-
While he's cryin for his Mammy

We FADE TO BLACK

FADE UP ON

113 EXT. PARK - SPRING MORNING

We TRACK past a park bench as we HEAR the COOING of a pigeon.

113 cont.

There is dew in the grass, sparkling in the sun. We come to a trail of bread crumbs and FOLLOW it, the COOING getting louder as we approach its source. We come to a human foot, covered by a torn, weathered tennis shoe, then its mate, covered by a newer tennis shoe of a different color. We TILT UP to see WILD THING, now nine or ten (new actor), crouching in the grass, cooing out a wonderful imitation of a pigeon. We SUPER the title-

1976

WT is clothed in a mismatched set of castaways- a large man's sleeveless t-shirt, shorts held up by a string belt, the odd sneakers with no socks. He is a dirty, scrawny kid with the eyes of a hunter-

114 PIGEON

Gobbling the bread crumbs, waddling closer, closer-

115 CU WILD THING

WHAP! He swings a loosely-strung tennis racket down hard- there is a puff of pigeon feathers and a huge, winning grin crosses his face-

116 EXT. PARK - MORNING - OLD MAN

An OLD ASIAN MAN in everyday clothes is doing Tai Chi on a large flat section of grass. We PAN away from him to see WT several yards away, half behind some shrubbery, solemnly mirroring the old man's every move, a string of dead pigeons on the ground beside him. He moves as gracefully as the old man-

117 EXT. SKID ROW STREET - MORNING - WILD THING

We TRACK FOLLOWING Wild Thing through the morning clustering of albies and bums, sitting on stoops and leaning against buildings. He lingers by BRAINDRAIN, a bearded, acid-burnout who looks a bit like John the Baptist in the wilderness, who is up on his feet exhorting the crowd. SHAKES, a skinny black junkie, is trying to restrain him-

BRAINDRAIN

Blessed are the enzymes, for they shall
metastaticize the phosphates of the earth!

117 cont.

SHAKES

C'mon, Brain, don't nobody want to hear
your shit this early-

BRAINDRAIN

Blessed are the cyclamates, for they
lieth down in green chlorophyl-

SHAKES

Relax, man-

118 CU WILD THING

Watching, fascinated. He looks out onto the street to see
EL BORRACHO, a tall, thin Mexican wino playing toreador with
the oncoming traffic, stamping his foot and waving a torn hunk of
tablecloth at the cars which swerve to avoid them-

EL BORRACHO

Aha, toro! Venga, toro, venga!

119 EL BORRACHO

Executing a beautiful pass close to his body as a car nearly
sideswipes him-

120 CU BRAINDRAIN

BRAINDRAIN

(shouting) OLE!

121 WILD THING

He smiles and continues down the street. We FOLLOW till he
brings us to Leah and SCOOTER, an older ex-con whose bottom half
has been cut away and replaced by a skateboard platform. He
pushes the wheels to locomote and is pretty quick on the thing.
He is trying to put the mooch on Leah, who sits rubbing her legs-

SCOOTER

C'mon, Leah, just a couple bucks.
Everybody knows you got thousands sewed
up in your mattress.

LEAH

Scram.

SCOOTER

I'll pay you back-

121 cont.

LEAH

How would you ever pay me back, Scooter?

SCOOTER

They're puttin together an all-white
Porgy and Bess. Imonna sing the
lead-

LEAH

I don't play with the Company's filthy
greenpaper. I live off the land.

WT yanks at her arm, then stuffs some dead birds into her sack-

LEAH

That's my boy-

SCOOTER

Not gonna be any more damn pigeons,
you don't put a leash on this kid.

Leah pets WT's head and he smiles at her. Scooter snorts-

SCOOTER

He deaf too, or just a dummy?

LEAH

Wild Thing don't choose to talk.

SCOOTER

Yeah, just like I don't choose to
tapdance-

Wild Thing runs off happily, Leah calling after him-

LEAH

See what you can do for dessert!

122 EXT. ALLEY

The back door of a little restaurant opens and DOOWOP comes out
to dump the garbage, singing in an old doo-wop falsetto-

DOOWOP

You don't remember me- but I remember you
Was not so long ago- you broke my heart in two-

122 cont.

Doowop sees WT squatting several yards away. He doesn't break out of his song, but very deliberately fishes a box from one bag of garbage, opens it to reveal the remains of a decorated cake, and leaves it on the lid of one of the garbage cans-

DOOWOP

Tears on my pillow- pain in my heart-
Caused by you---
(speaks) Take it light, little Wild
Thing-

He goes inside and shuts the door. WT comes to get the cake-

123 INT. LEAH'S ROOM - NIGHT - CU CAKE

We start on the cake as a knife cuts into it, then PULL BACK to see Leah and WT sitting by the stove finishing dinner. The decor hasn't changed much over the years- just a few more pigeon skulls decorating the shelves. Leah rubs her legs and tells a story as WT eats cake with a knife-

LEAH

Once upon a time, a long, long time ago, lived a woman and her little boy. The woman loved the little boy very, very much. The only problem was that the Company was out to get the woman, because her power station was too strong and they were afraid of her voltage.

124 CU WILD THING

Eating cake and listening to a tale he's heard a thousand times-

LEAH

(cont.) So the Company sent their Whitecoats to take the little boy away, saying there was something wrong with his systems that their machines could fix-

125 EXT. NIGHT - FIRE ESCAPE - MOON

We see the full moon through the railing of a fire escape. WT appears, climbing up the iron railing like a young monkey-

126 ROOFTOP

WT crouches on the edge of a rooftop several stories above the street, able to look down on several neighboring rooftops. We HEAR a distant YOWLING of an alleycat. WT lifts his head and perfectly mimics the YOWL. A POLICE SIREN sounds in the distance. Again, WT does an uncanny imitation of it with his voice. A dog BARKS nearby. WT answers it with his own, identical BARK-

127 ROOFTOP

Another section. WT hops down into the frame and we FOLLOW him as he moves stealthily to the edge, then CONTINUE past him to see onto the rooftop below. A young COUPLE of teenagers writhe against a wall, making out hot and heavy-

128 CU WILD THING

Watching, fascinated-

129 WILD THING'S POV - CLOSER

The couple break apart and the guy leads the girl by the hand over to a stinky-looking bare mattress laid out by the TV antennae. They lie down and really start to get into it-

130 CU WILD THING

Slightly troubled, trying to figure out exactly what's going on-

131 LOW-ANGLE, DESERTED STREET - LATE NIGHT

Nothing happening on this street at this hour. A dark figure, silhouetted by a streetlight, STEPS INTO THE FRAME. We FOLLOW and TILT UP, seeing when he hits a patch of light that it is Wild Thing, still wary but more comfortable walking down the center of this street at this hour. We FOLLOW as he passes a few bundled bums sleeping on the sidewalk. He approaches one storefront, which we can see is a tattoo parlor-

132 TATTOO DISPLAY

We scan the various designs under glass out front, then TIGHTEN on a skull design very similar to the one on the back of Chopper's hand. WT's finger appears, draws a snaky thing coming through the eye sockets in the dust on the glass-

133 CU WILD THING

Face hardening as he remembers. He steps out of frame-

134 WINDOW - APPLIANCE STORE

A battery of color and black-and-white TV's stare out onto the street, all tuned to the same channel, showing a swords-and-castles movie. WT's reflection appears in the glass. We PAN with it as he focusses on one set. No sound comes through the glass, only picture, as the king's soldiers shoot crossbows at their attackers-

135 WILD THING

Watching solemnly, absorbing every detail-

136 SCREEN

A commercial comes on, with an all-American family laughing and picnicking in the park-

137 WILD THING

Frowns at a world he can't quite remember, and moves away-

138 MOON - JUNKYARD FENCE

The full moon shining over the junkyard fence. WT appears and scrambles over it in a flash-

139 VAN

Among the twisted hulks of smashed cars and other machinery sits the hippie van that belonged to WT's parents, rusted and missing its tires and front doors. We TRACK closer till we join with WT, who approaches and kneels before it like at an altar. We PAN with his gaze to study the van- below the smashed windows, on the passenger side, is a rust-pocked painting of a beautiful Eden-like jungle full of smiling animals that are half-Rousseau, half-Grandma Moses. In the midst of all this stand three naked figures, arms out straight holding hands with each other, smiling. A father, a mother and a little boy toddler in the middle, the idealized hippie nuclear family. WT's hand appears in the shot, touching the figures, and we TILT up to his face. He looks at the painting, trying to fathom what has happened-

140 CU PAINTING

As Free's fingers touch the images of the Mommy, the Daddy-

141 WILD THING

He takes his hand away, sighs. He hears a NOISE from inside the van-

142 INT. VAN

WT crawls in and looks around. We PAN as he moves toward the rear and discovers, sitting in a shaft of moonlight, an abandoned KITTEN. WT holds his hands out- the kitten licks it, meows. WT picks the kitten up and strokes it-

143 EXT. PRODUCE DEPOT - NIGHT

A WIDE SHOT of a big urban produce depot by the waterfront. Dozens of trucks, loaded with crates of fruit and vegetables, back into bays of the central hanger to unload-

144 WORKER

A LOADER chops into a crate with a grappling hook and heaves it from the rear of a truck-

145 CU WILD THING

Watching, hidden behind an inactive forklift. He scans the open and partially-opened crates that line the mouth of the dock. He takes a deep breath, then darts out of frame, Leah's sack in hand-

146 LOADING DOCK - WILD THING

We FOLLOW HANDHELD as WT makes a brilliant open-field run across the front of the loading dock, zigging and zagging, faking the startled workers out and zipping past their clumsy attempts to stop him, grabbing a bunch of bananas here, a head of lettuce there, apples, potatoes- he is almost cornered at one point but grabs a hook impaled in a crate and WHOOSH! clears a path through the YELLING CROWD of LOADERS and escapes, running away from the camera as fast as his little legs can scamper. We are left looking over the shoulder of a LOADER, who shakes his head and turns back to his buddies, puzzled-

LOADER

What was that?

148 EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - MORNING

WT sneaks back to the mouth of the alley alongside Leah's building. He looks around, ducks in. We FOLLOW into the alley till he comes to Shakes, squatting on the ground, cooking a fix with a match and a spoon. Shakes smiles at WT. He takes his hype and squeezes up the liquid from the spoon-

SHAKES

Wouldn't think you could squeeze a man's soul through such a tiny little thang, would you?

149 CU NEEDLE

Quivering in the junkie's unsteady hand, it looks dirty and evil-

150 SHAKES, WILD THING

The boy scared but fascinated-

SHAKES

But then I aint got but a little bit of one left.

WT edges around, leaving him to shoot up-

151 INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - MORNING

WT hurrying in from the street, carrying his sack full of stolen food. He stops and we PAN to Leah, who is sitting upright, sweating, terrified as she looks at something near her on the floor-

LEAH

Devils! You can't have me, devils!

152 RATS

A half-dozen rats are creeping forward on the floor, noses quivering as they sniff the gangrene in Leah's legs-

153 CU KITTEN

The kitten peeping around WT's legs, scared of the rats-

154 WILD THING

He pulls out a primitive zip-gun- a hunk of wood with a strip of inner-tube rubber attached to it, pulls back the rubber and sets a ballbearing in it-

155 RATS

ZAP! One of them SQUEALS as it is hit and flipped by the bearing, the others scatter fast-

156 WILD THING AND LEAH

WT kneels by Leah. He lifts the blanket that covers her legs- his face twists into a grimace as the smell hits him-

LEAH

(scared) I can't move em no more.

157 EXT. STREET - DAY

We FOLLOW Scooter as he rolls along carrying a cardboard container of hot soup. He brings us to Wild Thing, pale and shaky with worry. He gives him the soup-

SCOOTER

Here. You make sure she keeps on wigglin her toes. When she can't do that no more it's time to bring in a Doc. At's how it went with me-

WT nods and moves away-

158 INT. ABANDONED BUILDING

Leah is in bad shape, sweating, tossing and turning, muttering in her delirium-

LEAH

Leah's rottin away. Rottin away before she's even dead. Her systems've gone kaputt. Scrapheap time.

Wild Thing appears beside her. She clutches his arm-

LEAH

Is that my Wild Thing? I got scared- thought you'd left me to die.

158 cont.

WT offers her the soup. She shakes her head, then pulls him close so she can whisper conspiratorially in his ear-

LEAH

Boy- when I go- don't let the Whitecoats have me. They open you up on a table so the little Whitecoats can eyeball inside at your private business. Pin you back like a butterfly on a board. (she looks deep into his eyes) I want you to burn me.

159 CU WILD THING

Listening, grim-

LEAH (off)

When I go, you burn me. Don't leave nothing for the goddamn Company.

160 EXT. TENTAMENT - NIGHT - MOON

We see the moon rising over the abandoned building-

161 INT. BUILDING - NIGHT - RAT

Eating a banana-

162 CU WILD THING

The little kitten is asleep by his head. WT twitches in his sleep, dreaming-

163 FLASH CUT - CHOPPER'S HAND

The skull and snake on the back of the hand in an ECU-

164 CLOSER, WILD THING

We see his eyes twitch, deep in REM sleep-

165 FLASHCUT - LAURIE

Looking down at him as she tucked him into the quilts-

166 FLASHCUT - SUN

An ECU of the gun in the van, a finger pulling the trigger back slowly, slowly- BAM!

167 WILD THING

He sits bolt upright, startled, the DREAM GUNSHOT still ECHOING on the TRACK. He turns to Leah- we SHIFT to include her in the shot. She is very near death- dry-lipped and glassy-eyed. She waves WT closer so she can whisper to him-

LEAH
(whispers) Don't let the Company
get you. Live free.

WILD THING
(quietly) Mama?

Her eyes go dead-

168 CU GASOLINE CAN

Dented and rusted, something they must have found. We FOLLOW as the contents are poured on Leah, the bundles of rags that were her blankets and clothing-

169 WILD THING

He is has a sack full of the equipment he'll need to survive. He takes a last look at the place, lights a match and tosses it onto the ground. Flames leap up, leading toward Leah. WT lifts the sack and the kitten, exits-

170 INT. LEAH'S ROOM

Ablaze. We hear SIRENS approaching as we PAN across the pictures curling black on the walls, across the bizarre doll collection, faces melting-

171 CU PHOTOGRAPH

The photo of Leah's dead little boy Benny blackens, burns-

172 EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT - WILD THING

He stands at the edge of a rooftop that gives him a full view down onto the burning building. He holds the kitten in his arms.

172 cont.

We TRACK IN close to his face, firelight playing on it. Tears roll down his cheeks and for once he looks only like a lost eight-year-old boy. He throws his head back and YOWLS, the not-quite-human yowl of a mournful alleycat. We FADE SLOWLY TO BLACK.

FADE IN ON-

173 EXT. SKID ROW STREET - EVENING

Funkier than ever, we SUPER the title-

THE PRESENT

-and PAN to see four MEMBERS of the local black gang, the Bloods, gathered around a skinny little prospective member, RASHEED. The oldest, Andrew, is tying Rasheed's leg fast to a light pole and taping over the knots-

ANDREW

Rasheed, man, you want to be a Blood you got to live through the test, dig? Got to spend all night alone in the Zone, boy, and you aint up to that shit.

RASHEED

I do that blindfolded. No sweat.

ERIC

You gonna more than sweat if that Wild Thing catch you out here. Nothin it like better'n little dark meat for a midnight snack.

He points up and we TILT UP to see a power line over their heads. Seven or eight pairs of shoes and sneakers hang there, looped by their tied shoelaces-

ERIC

You see that shit, man? You climb up there, you see blood on them sneakers.

174 BLOODS

Locking up-

FLASH

They say it can turn itself into a alley cat. They say it steals babies out their cribs an eats em up-

175 CU RASHEED

Nervous as he listens. He is handed a jack-knife-

ANDREW

It gets too much for you out here you can cut and run, boy. But we find this rope been messed with in the morning you don't get to be no Blood.

RASHEED

Imonna do it tonight, man, no sweat. I aint afraid of no Wild Thing.

176 INT. CAB - EVENING - JANE

JANE, a pretty, blond woman in her early twenties settles her bags in the backseat of a cab as it pulls away from the bus station. She is obviously from out of town. She leans forward to show the driver a card-

177 CU CARD

The card is for something called "SAFE HOUSE", with a logo of a pair of hands sheltering a wounded bird. Below this it says '837 Palmer Avenue'.

JANE (off)

Hi. You know where this is?

We TILT UP to the driver, a moody Russian, as he looks at it-

DRIVER

(nods) Palmer Strit. Beeg damp.

178 INT. CAB

Jane rubbernecks out the window as the driver careens through the city streets. She is pretty nervous, feeling like a hick. They are already on the edge of the Zone, streets bombed-out and half-deserted. The driver suddenly slams on his brakes- in the middle of the street stands El Borracho, twenty years older and crazier, playing baccarat with a ragged tablecloth. The driver floors it and SCREECHES past the wind, barely missing him as he curls his cape away-

DRIVER

Cucksockers. This city is full of cucksockers.

179 EXT. ZONE STREET - WATERFRONT - NIGHT

The few, dim streetlights have just gone on as the taxi pulls up in front of a boarded-up building on a desolate waterfront street. Jane gets out, her bags tumbling onto the sidewalk around her. She fishes out the card and looks at the address, then at the building in front of her-

JANE

You know, I don't think this is-

ZOOM! The taxi guns away, leaving her on the deserted, dangerous street-

JANE

(softly, to herself) -the right place.

180 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Jane wandering, worried, lugging her bags. She brightens as she sees a phone booth. She hurries into it, closes the door although the windows have been removed, then discovers that someone has torn the receiver from the end of the phone line. She sighs, moves away-

181 EXT. STREET - NIGHT - RASHEED

Very scared, listening to the various city NOISES- dogs and cats HOWLING, distant SIRENS, babies CRYING eerily, BREAKING GLASS- as he stands under the streetlight. We PAN as he backs up slowly, listening till- BAM! he backs into Jane, coming around a corner backwards, who SCREAMS and drops her bags. Rasheed SCREAMS too, then sees who it is-

RASHEED

You done scared the piss outa me,
girl-

JANE

Sorry- I- I'm lost, I guess.
I'm not from around here.

RASHEED

(sarcastic) No shit.

JANE

There's a place called the Safe house. It's-

RASHEED

It's all the way crust the Zone.

181 cont.

JANE

What's the Zone?

RASHEED

You in it now, girl. The Zone is where anything the cops don't wanna know about goes on night and day. The Zone is where you ends up after noplac else wants to have you. The Zone is where little blondie white girls don't be unless they shoppin they boodies to the public.

JANE

Oh.

RASHEED

The Zone is where- (sees something)
Oh shit. Run.

JANE

What?

He indicates with his eyes, starting to saw away at the rope with his knife. Jane looks down the street-

182 JANE'S POV - BUGS AND DINK

Two ratty-looking white guys in their 30's, BUGS and DINK, approach, grinning nastily-

183 STREET

Jane and Rasheed in the FG, the gang members approaching beyond them-

RASHEED

That's Chopper's boys-

JANE

Who's Chopper?

RASHEED

RUN!

With that he cuts loose and sprints away. Jane decides she'll stick it out, putting her bags down and facing them with as cool a look as she can manage. They step up and stand very close to her-

JANE

Hi.

183 cont.

The two look at each other as if this is the funniest thing they've ever heard. Without speaking they begin to finger her clothes, her hair, checking her out like a pair of slave dealers at an auction-

JANE

I want to go to a place called the Safe House- could you- could you back away a little?

She is shaking with fear, their invasion of her body all the more creepy because of their silence-

JANE

You back off or I'll scream-

Dink snorts a laugh and start to unbutton her blouse, looking her straight in the eye, his face inches from hers. WHACK! She smacks him hard on the side of the head with the flat of her hand- WHACK! He smacks her back, bloodying her mouth and sending her staggering back. She tries to run but Dink catches her by the waist, spins her around and heaves her up on the hood of an abandoned car on the curb. He climbs up after her as we MOVE IN- she fights, scratching his cheek with her nails, but he grabs her face and presses a shiny, thin-bladed knife against her cheek, hissing in her ear-

DINK

Welcome to the Zone, sweet thing-

184 RASHEED

Peeking back around the corner, he sees and ducks behind some garbage cans to watch-

185 CAR - JANE, GUYS - RASHEED'S POV

Dink has her by the hair and is shaking her head, talking mean-

186 EXT. CAR - HIGH ANGLE

We look down on the car from slightly above, then begin to ZOOM BACK, back, till we realize we are looking from the edge of the roof of a two-story building overlooking the street. A CAT steps into the shot- an old, scarred-up alley cat with the same markings as the kitter we met years ago. It looks down onto the street. A pair of FEET appear beside it, bare feet in worn tennis shoes-

187 EXT. CAR - STREET LEVEL

Bugs helps hold Jane's arms back as Dink continues to unbutton her blouse, pinning her down against the windshield of the car, one hand clapped over her mouth--

188 EXT. ROOFTOP - CU CROSSBOW

A strange, homemade affair. The bow is a leaf from a car leaf-spring, the string is the metal bass-string from a piano. A length of copper pipe, split open lengthwise, serves as a channel for the projectile. We watch a strong arm pull the string back and cock it, we watch scarred hands set an old, sliced-up golf ball in the pouch at the fulcrum of the bowstring--

189 EXT. CAR - STREET LEVEL

The cat we saw on the roof somehow appears on the hood of the car, staring right into Jane's terrified eyes. Jane bites the hand Dink is holding over her mouth. He YELLS in pain, raises his arm up to hit her-- CRASH!! The golfball whizzes in and explodes the windshield, shattering it into thousands of pieces. Dink falls half in to the front of the car and Bugs leaps away, slinging Jane out by the arm so that she sprawls and cracks her head on the pavement--

190 CU RASHEED

Eyes widening as he sees--

191 BUGS

He pulls out a gun and creeps forward, wary. We FOLLOW alongside of him. He stops just next to a NO PARKING ANYTIME sign, turns his head to call to Dink-- CLANGGG! He jumps as a finger-thick coupling bolt zings in and impales itself in the metal sign just next to his head. He bugeyes it, the sign still quivering. We hear a distant POLICE SIREN. Bugs turns tail and runs, Dink clambering out of the car to join him--

192 CU RASHEED

Watching them go. Something above catches his eye, he looks up--

193 RASHEED'S POV - BUILDING

Silhouetted by the streetlights, rappelling down the side of the building with a slender rope, is a human figure. The SIREN sound gets LOUDER--

194 CU RASHEED

RASHEED
(whispers) Wild Thing!

195 JANE

Lying unconscious on the pavement, cheek scratched and bloody, her blouse torn. The feet appear beside her, the streetlight is cut off as he stands over her. The SIREN sound cuts OFF suddenly- we realize it was a human voice-

196 CU JANE'S HAND

His hand appears to pry her clenched fist open- the Safe House card falls out. We TIGHTEN to see his finger tracing the lines of the logo picture-

197 CU JANE

Her eyes twitch, then open, fuzzy and unfocussed-

198 JANE'S POV - WILD THING

We RACK into FOCUS as she gazes up at the savage, beautiful face of WT, now in his early twenties (new actor). His cheeks and forehead are marked by graffiti-like paint designs, but his eyes are kind and concerned. The streetlight above him puts a kind of glow around his head- can this be real? He SOFTENS OUT OF FOCUS-

199 CU JANE

Her eyes flicker shut as she goes under again-

200 INT. KITCHEN - SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

FATHER QUINN, a tough-looking priest in his sixties, sits reading a Joseph Wambaugh novel and eating cookies at the little kitchen table. Behind him is a refrigerator with a long list of 'House Rules' taped to it- teenagers live here. He sighs, gets up- he is in a bathrobe- and crosses to a cabinet. Over his shoulder we see a bottle of Scotch. Quinn looks like a guy who's fought the bottle his whole life. This time as he reaches for it he is saved by the DOORBELL-

QUINN
Another one.

201 EXT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

We see the hands-and-bird logo painted on the door as it opens. Father Quinn looks out, puzzled, then looks down. We LOWER as he squats to examine Jane, left lying on the doorstep, the Safe House card placed on her chest, still alive. Quinn looks out into the night. Who could have left her?

202 EXT. ZONE STREET - MORNING - STOOP

Rasheed defensively tries to explain to the Bloods around him as Andrew examines the severed rope-

RASHEED

-and he come down that wall like a cockroach, man, just zip right down and he's all painted up all over, got more tags sprayed on his body than the crosstown bus-

203 EXT. STREET - CU JANE - DAY

We start on a CLOSE-UP as she speaks standing up, her head bandaged and scratches treated-

JANE

-on his face, you know, sort of like graffiti? It reminded me of- like- Indians or something, like warpaint-

We PAN away from her to Father Quinn, listening, then CONTINUE to PAN and WIDEN to see WINSTON, a young black cop in uniform who is taking notes by the car with the smashed windshield from last night. Winston smiles and shakes his head as he hears Jane's rap-

JANE (cont.)

-it was kind of like a dream, you know, but it was so real- I couldn't have imagined it. He must have brought me here.

QUINN

Wild Thing.

JANE

What's that?

203 cont.

WINSTON

Local street legend. A half-human creature that haunts the Zone. The winos down here swear they've seen him, that sometimes he leaves food for them. Course they see lots of things, you pour a little Night Train Express into em.

They begin to MOVE down the street together, away from the car-

QUINN

What happened is people down here are so scared of Chopper Rice and his people they're afraid to help each other. So they didn't hang around for thank yous-

JANE

(thinks) Chopper? I've heard that name-

WINSTON

Our neighborhood warlord. If it isn't legal and it happens in the Zone, Chopper's got his fingers in it-

JANE

(sighs) I know I saw this guy, the Wild Man, whatever you call him-

WINSTON

(smiles) Look- some street crazy could slip under the radar for awhile-

We let them walk out of the shot as we HOLD, then TILT UP along the front of a tall, boarded-up brick apartment building-

WINSTON (VO, cont.)

-stay off the welfare rolls, stay warm enough and well-fed enough to pass up the shelters and the soup kitchens, but this rumor has been around since I was a kid.

We STOP when we reach the boarded window of the top corner apartment, and ZOOM IN toward it till we DISSOLVE 'through' the wood to see-

204 INT. APARTMENT

We TRACK through a dusty, open, spacious apartment. There is no furniture as such, but someone definitely lives here. The walls are covered with incredible paintings depicting a skewed vision of urban life- scary, blue-faced cops, rats as big as people, holy-looking pigeons, shark-like cop cars, winos and bums, prostitutes, junkies with enormous needles in their arms, humanoid automobiles- painted in a 'primitive' but powerful style somewhere between Rousseau and Grandma Moses-

WINSTON (VO, cont.)

Nobody can stay alive that long in this jungle without coming in from the cold. Somebody must have told you about him- cabdriver maybe, somebody on the bus- and that put the idea in your mind so when you banged your head- well- it makes a nice story.

We CONTINUE to TRACK past buckets of discarded paint, an old mattress on the floor, candles (some still in their colored-glass holders, stolen from church), a bicycle chain, a 'spear' made from a car antennae, a grappling hook and rope, a rusted crowbar, the crossbow we saw last night, cans of food, a whole stolen crate of oranges- finally to the cat and feet we've seen before-

JANE (VO)

It was so real.

We TILT UP along WT's bare legs to his HANDS. He claws the lid off a dented, salvaged can of yellow enamel-finish paint, then dips his fingers in and stirs. We CONTINUE the TILT to his face. A shaft of light from a crack in the boarded window hits his cheek. We PAN with his gaze to the wall, where his newest addition to the gallery is in progress. The full lips and wide green eyes are already there- his hand appears, fingers bright yellow, and with a few quick strokes she has hair- Jane. We PAN back to see WT's face. He is a man in love-

205 EXT. ZONE STREET - WING - AFTERNOON

A WIND sprawled on the pavement in pretty bad shape struggles to right himself. He tries, fails, tries, fails-- finally arms come from above, lifting him gently and propping him in a sitting position with his back against a wall. We WIDEN to see Father Quinn as the wind croaks a note of thanks, then FOLLOW as Quinn leads Jane on a walking tour of the Zone, Winston gone now-

205 cont.

QUINN

All we can really do is provide shelter for a short while, do a little counseling. I've got the diocese looking over one shoulder and the state people over the other-

JANE

Can you help them get home?

QUINN

If they wanted to be home they wouldn't be here. We got abandoned kids, beaten kids, some sexual abuse cases, and of course, some kids who just don't like their parents-

JANE

What made you want to become a priest?

QUINN

(shrugs) Must've been all those Pat O'Brien movies.

Jane laughs. Quinn stops as he sees a couple of kids arguing on a stoop. They stop when they see him. LISA is a pretty, sullen girl holding a bundle full of possessions. PAUL is a skinny kid with junkie pallor-

PAUL

Hi Father-

LISA

Got a new sucker, Quinn?

PAUL

She says she's leaving, Safe House, Father-

QUINN

Jane, this is Paul and Lisa. Jane's my replacement from the Agency.

LISA

So you finally had it with us stiffs-

QUINN

(slightly bitter) The decision was out of my hands. Where you going to live?

LISA

(defensive) I got a girlfriend invited me to stay with her.

205 cont.

PAUL

Ask her what her girlfriend does for a living-

LISA

Whatta you care? You got no hold on me-

Paul clearly wishes he did have a hold on her-

QUINN

What does this girlfriend do for a living?

LISA

She strings rosary beads. What's it to you?

QUINN

You're not as tough as you think you are, Lisa. There's people out here who'll eat you for breakfast.

LISA

(snorts) Like who?

206 EXT. STREET - MORNING - CU CHOPPER

A BLAST of MUSIC as we see who Paul is talking about- Chopper, older and slicker, surveys the street. We see the SKULL TATTOO as he reaches up to adjust his tinted aviator glasses- (Music should be some modern, hard equivalent to 'Goddam the Pusher Man')

207 MEDIUM SHOT - STREET - (MUSIC CONTINUES)

Dink and Bugs look both ways, then Dink opens the back door of a silver-gray Mercedes and Chopper slides in. They get in the front and the car glides away-

208 EXT. PLAYGROUND - BLOODS - (MUSIC CONTINUES)

Andrew and the other Bloods shooting hoop on a glass-strewn patch of asphalt. The Mercedes pulls up in the FB and Andrew trots over to it-

209 EXT. ZONE STREET - (MUSIC CONTINUES)

Dink and Bugs strongarm through the morning crowd of street bums on the sidewalk, then turn into a sleazy bar named SCRUFFY'S-

210 INT. SCRUFFY'S - BARTENDER - (MUSIC CONTINUES)

We look over the BARTENDER's shoulder as the two enter. He sees them, opens the register and starts pulling twenties out-

211 INT. MERCEDES

Chopper sits in the back engrossed in reading GQ magazine. Dink and Bugs return. Chopper opens the lid of a cigar box on the seat next to him without looking up and Dink plunks a wad of bills into it-

212 EXT. STREET - STOOP - AZTECS - (MUSIC CONTINUES)

A half-dozen AZTECS, the local Latino gang, lounge on the steps of a brick apartment building. Their leader, LUIS, steps out from inside and we PAN with him down the stairs and across the sidewalk to where the Mercedes is pulling up-

213 CU MERCEDES WINDOW - (MUSIC CONTINUES)

We see Luis's REFLECTION in the window glass as he approaches. The window rolls down automatically and Chopper's hand comes out, palm up to receive his cut-

214 INT. GAY BAR - (MUSIC CONTINUES)

We START on a pair of gay MEN, sitting together at the bar, then PAN down the counter with their gaze to where Dink and Bugs are receiving an envelope stuffed with cash from the MANAGER. Dink gives him an insulting little pat on the face as they go-

215 EXT. STREET - (MUSIC CONTINUES)

We FOLLOW Dink and Bugs out, Bugs counting bills, till they bring us to Chopper, just stepping down from his seat at Rasheed's shoeshine stand, flipping Rasheed a quarter and rubbing his head as they exit frame. We HOLD on Rasheed, glaring after them-

216 EXT. STREET - MERCEDES - (MUSIC CONTINUES)

The car cruising toward us (LONG LENS). Chopper's hand reaches out of the back window to pluck an apple from a street-hawker's cart, then reappears to palm a wad of cash from the VENDOR as they pass a newsstand-

217 EXT. STREET - HOOKER - (MUSIC CONTINUES)

KELLY, an attractive, red-headed hooker, leaves her post against a wall and strolls across the sidewalk, bringing us to the Mercedes as it rolls to a stop. She leans into the rear window to have a few words with Chopper, steps back, and we HOLD on her as she watches the car roll away down the street. The MUSIC ENDS. We FOLLOW her back to where she started, this time seeing Lisa sitting alone on a stoop, her bundle of possessions beside her, looking lost-

KELLY

We got a date tonight. You up for it?

LISA

Well-

KELLY

Honey, you said you wanted in on the big money. This is three bills apiece for one night.

LISA

(shrugs) Sure. Why not?

218 EXT. FENCE SHOP - DAY

Jane and Quinn come out of a little shop with a sign saying-"2nd Hand Goods/ Appliances Fixed". Jane has her luggage back-

QUINN

You holler cop, your luggage disappears. You play ball, you can buy it back cheap. That's how it works down here.

JANE

I hope all my clothes are still in here-

Jane stops, seeing something-

JANE

Father-

219 STREET - DINK AND CHOPPER - JANE'S POV

Dink stands by the Mercedes, discussing something with Chopper-

JANE (off)

That's one of the men who attacked me.

220 STREET - QUINN AND JANE

Quinn heads straight for the hoods, Jane following-

QUINN
(glances) You sure?

JANE
Positive.

JANE
What are we going to do?

QUINN
You're going to work in the Zone you
might as well meet the competition.

221 CHOPPER AND DINK

CHOPPER
-that's the International Arrivals
Terminal, four o'clock. The slick one
speaks English. You drop em by the
hotel, let em clean up-

He stops as he sees Quinn and Jane arrive. Dink recognizes Jane,
grows somber-

CHOPPER
Hey, Father, what's up? Having another
bake sale?

QUINN
(indicates Jane) She says your boy here
attacked her last night.

Chopper gives Dink a sharp look. The scratch Jane left on his
face seems to blush red-

CHOPPER
Aw, Dink wouldn't do a thing like that,
wouldja, Dink?

DINK
Naw.

222 CU JANE

Noticing-

CHOPPER (off)
Besides, him an maybe a dozen other
reliable-type people-

223 CU CHOPPER'S FACE, HAND

The SKULL TATTOO revealed as he scratches his jaw-

CHOPPER

-were over to my apartment all last night. I just got it redecorated an I wanted to show it off-

224 STREET

Dink grinning cockily at Jane now-

QUINN

Someday they're gonna scrape you off the pavement, Chopper. I hope I'm around to see it. Stay away from my kids!

We HOLD with Chopper as Quinn takes Jane's arm and stalks away-

CHOPPER

That old man's been a pain in my butt for twenty years.

DINK

I be happy to fix him for you.

CHOPPER

I'll let you know when the time comes.

He suddenly whacks Dink on the back of the head-

CHOPPER

Cut your face shaving, huh?

225 INT. ALLEY - EVENING

We see the tail end of a scrawny RUNAWAY hanging out of a garbage dumpster as he leans in scrounging for something edible. He comes out empty and we see it's only a boy of eleven or twelve, dirty and very hungry. He sits on the ground and begins to cry with hunger and despair. The cat appears and walks across his lap but he hardly notices. A shadow appears above him, he looks up- we see the backs of WT's legs in frame. He hands down a piece of cold pizza and a busted-up pineapple. The kid is incredulous. WT steps out of frame and the kid's eyes follow him- straight up. He splits the pineapple open and eats-

226 EXT. BUILDING - NIGHT

We TRACK toward Chopper's fortress- a rehabbed brick factory with its rear right on the piers. The Mercedes is parked out front. A pair of GUARDS loaf by it. We hear SALSA blasting from above, and TILT UP to see the lit second floor windows-

227 INT. CHOPPER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - (MUSIC CONTINUES)

Another scene played with only the MUSIC audible. We FOLLOW Chopper as he shows NINO, a Columbian dealer, through his spacious loft apartment. It has been recently redecorated, mostly white stuff with black and gold trimmings, a big-window view of the harbor, all very Playboy Mansion. The TRACK leads us to the couch, where Lisa, decked out in a red silk dress, sits with RAUL, the dealer's bodyguard. Raul looks like he eats babies for breakfast. He is giving Lisa Latin hardeyes and stroking her thigh. Nearby Kelly and another young hooker, BARBARA, lounge waiting to be the evening's entertainment-

228 CU LISA - (MUSIC CONTINUES)

Trying to look like everything is under control-

229 CU RAUL - (MUSIC CONTINUES)

In a cartoon he'd be a slavering wolf-

230 ROOM - (MUSIC CONTINUES)

Chopper says something to Nino, kneels on the carpet and reaches under the chrome coffee table in front of the couch. He pulls a hidden catch and the top of the table pops up slightly. He lifts it-

231 CU TABLE - (MUSIC CONTINUES)

As the top is pushed up. Inside we see a compartmented well stacked with clear plastic bags of coke and various drug paraphenalia-

232 CU LISA - (MUSIC CONTINUES)

Staring wide-eyed at all the drugs-

233 ROOM - (MUSIC CONTINUES)

Chopper pulling out a bag of coke to start on. Raul says something to Nino, who translates to Chopper, who grins and-

233 cont.

-points toward the guest bedroom. Raul pulls Lisa to her feet and leads her away, Chopper whispering in her ear and giving her a pat on the butt as she goes-

234 INT. BEDROOM - (MUSIC CONTINUES)

We HOLD on the guest bed a moment, then Lisa sits down into the frame, nervously perching at the edge of the bed. She looks up as Raul approaches, visible from the waist down. He takes her face roughly in his hand-

235 INT. SAFE HOUSE - REC ROOM - NIGHT

We START on a CU of a TV SCREEN, a cop show playing, with hokey bad guys threatening an innocent young girl. We PAN away, past several runaway kids, male and female, sunken in their chairs watching with glazed expressions, past a girl doing yoga on the floor, over a ping-pong table in use, finally joining with Jane as she sits surrounded by a group of the kids, curious as to what the new administrator is like but trying to maintain their tough edge. Paul mopes nearby, looking at his watch-

STACEY

So are you a nun or what?

JANE

(smiles) You don't have to be a nun to work for the agency-

KIM

You got a boyfriend?

JANE

No, not right now. I lived with a guy for a while in college-

STACEY

Jeez, don't let Father Quinn hear you talkin like that-

JOEY

They said you saw the Wild Thing.

JANE

(shrugs) Yeah. I thought I did. Have you ever seen it- him?

JOEY

Thought I did one night- I was fucked up on crack though, so who knows?

235 cont.

JANE

What's crack?

PAUL

(scornful) Where'd they get you from?

JANE

Steven's Point. It's-

PAUL

It's right in the center of Wisconsin.

JANE

(brightens) You've been there?

PAUL

Christ, no. I grew up in Green Bay.

JANE

Green Bay? Really? How'd you get here?

PAUL

(shrugs) My old man wanted me to play tackle for the Packers and I wanted to play keyboards for the Circle Jerks. The rest is history.

236 EXT. CHOPPER'S BUILDING - NIGHT

The two guards look up as we hear wild LAUGHTER and more SALSA coming from upstairs. They share a look of envy-

237 INT. BEDROOM - FLOOR - (MUSIC CONTINUES)

We hear the party going on in the next room as Lisa crawls along the carpet, looking for her blouse. She finds it, sits up to put it on. We see Raul's bare feet, sprawling outward at the bottom of the bed in the background. Lisa's makeup is smeared, there is a bruise on her cheek-

238 EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - WINDOW - (MUSIC CONTINUES)

We look in from a fire escape landing as Lisa slides the bedroom window up as quietly as possible, looking back at the sleeping Raul-

239 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT - ESCAPE STEPS - (MUSIC CONTINUES)

Lisa's high heels wobble down the escape steps in the foreground, then we RAISE UP slightly to see her hurry away down the alley.

239 cont.

A figure steps from behind the camera to watch her go, then turns to look up the stairs- it is Dink, very suspicious-

240 EXT. ZONE STREET - NIGHT

We FOLLOW Lisa along a deserted street till she comes to a phone booth. She stops, considers, then we TIGHTEN to a CU as she steps into the booth-

LISA

The bastard.

She drops a coin into the slot-

241 INT. SAFE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jane sits with Joey, helping him read a comic book-

JOEY

(reading) "Not so fast, Sador.
You have some- exp- exp- "

JANE

Sound it out-

JOEY

"-expluh- explay- explaiyi-
explaining- "

JANE

Good-

JOEY

"-explaining to do."
"Taste the bite of my laser-wa-
laser-whip, Fish-Man- "

JANE

These are pretty violent, aren't they?

JOEY

(shrugs) It's a tough world.

The front DOORBELL RINGS-

JOEY

If it's a big guy wearin a hockey mask
don't open the door-

242 FRONT HALL

Jane steps into the shot, looks through the peephole, then hurriedly opens the front door. Lisa steps in, looking miserable-

JANE

Lisa-

LISA

(crying) They're gonna know it was me. I shouldn't of done it-

Jane puts her arms around Lisa as she breaks down crying-

243 INT. CHOPPER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

All dark but for a little patch of light falling on the telephone on the bedside table. We hear LOVEMAKING SOUNDS. The telephone RINGS- Chopper's hand appears and pulls it out of sight-

KELLY (off)

Don't answer now-

CHOPPER (off)

Yo.... Who called you?.... Okay, when is it?... Gimme ten, I'll have it clean. Later.

He hangs up-

CHOPPER (off)

Get dressed and wake the spics up. We got company.

244 EXT. STREET - NIGHT - BLUE FLASHER

The light spinning on top of a police cruiser. We PAN away to see three other cop cars parked in front of Chopper's building, the two guards spread-eagled on the side being frisked by a COP-

245 INT. BUILDING - STAIRWELL

We FOLLOW HANDHELD as a half-dozen cops pound up the stairs, led by Winston, finally SMASHING through the hall door and into Chopper's plush living room. We PAN with their gaze to see Chopper and Kelly sitting on the floor by the coffee table, dressed and playing a game of Scrabble. Chopper looks up calmly-

CHOPPER

I hope you guys got a warrant.

246 INT. SAFE HOUSE

Jane stands at the front window looking out. We can hear Father Quinn trying to calm the hysterical Lisa in the next room. We shift to see past Jane out the window- lots of blue flashers visible down the block-

247 EXT. STREET - NIGHT - CROWD

Street people, members of the Bloods and the Aztecs, some little kids- all watch the doings across the street at Chopper's place. Jane comes up behind Rasheed-

JANE

What's going on?

RASHEED

You still alive white lady?

JANE

Oh- yeah- hi-

RASHEED

They pretendin to put some heat on the Chopper, do it once a year. It aint nothin but a show. Chopper own them cops-

248 INT. APARTMENT

Chopper runs on, watching as Winston kneels looking for the secret catch under the coffee table-

CHOPPER

-and he says from what he can tell about my lifestyle- they get very personal, these decorators, it's like going to a shrink- he says I'm entering a new phase in my life. "Serenity", he says, "that's the ticket." Go down come the centerfolds from Easyrider magazine, down come the beer ads, and up goes this-

The table top clicks open-

WINSTON

Now what have we got here?

249 CHOPPER AND KELLY

They exchange a tense look. He mutters to her under his breath-

CHOPPER
I'll kill that little twitch when I
find her-

250 CU TABLE TOP

Winston lifts it to reveal- the hidden compartments are now filled with board games- Monopoly, Yahtzee, Uncle Wiggly, etc. We TILT UP to Winston's stricken face, then OVER to Chopper, who grins and shrugs-

CHOPPER
We play a lot of games.

251 EXT. STREET - CROWD

We see past Jane and Rasheed as the cops start getting back in their cars at cruising away-

RASHEED
See? Aint nobody been busted.

252 CU JANE

Disappointed-

RASHEED (off, cont.)
Chopper got them cops in his pocket.

253 EXT. STREET - TRASK

Trask is older, a plain-clothes lieutenant of detectives now. He climbs out from his car and approaches the front stoop just as Winston comes out with the others, frustrated and pissed-

TRASK
Anything?

Winston shakes his head no as Chopper appears at the top of the steps to crow-

CHOPPER
Hey, Trask, long time no see-

253 cont.

TRASK

(nods) Chopper.

CHOPPER

Next time you send the Junior Birdmen
over have em wipe their feet before
they come up. (calls mockingly)
Night fellas!

WINSTON

(pissed) Somebody tipped him, Chief-

TRASK

Nobody tipped him unless I did.
Let's get out of here-

254 EXT. STREET

Jane walking back to the Safe House, hugging herself against the
chill. Suddenly she stops as the cat we saw on the car the other
night stands directly in her path, staring at her-

JANE

Hello--- I know you, don't I?

The cat MEOWS and trots away slowly, looking back over its
shoulder as if trying to get Jane to FOLLOW. She does-

255 EXT. STREET

The cat enters frame first, stopping to make sure Jane is still
with it, then trots up to sit on the top step of the stoop of an
abandoned apartment building. Jane appears, trying to coax the
cat to come to her-

JANE

C'mon, baby, c'mon over here-

The cat MEOWS again and disappears inside the building. Jane
sighs, turns to go- there is the distant CRYING of a BABY from
inside the building. Jane turns back, spooked, and comes forward
to the doorway. The CRYING STOPS. We TIGHTEN on Jane, listening
hard. There is another YOWL of a cat, this one almost human.
Jane takes a deep breath, steps back and looks up at the dark
building. She calls in a scared but friendly voice-

JANE

I know you're watching me.

255 cont.

There is no response-

JANE

I want to thank you for helping me.
They say you're not real, but I know
you are.

She feels a little crazy talking to thin air-

JANE

If you ever- if you ever need to talk
or just-

The SOUND of the BABY CRYING comes again from inside. Jane takes
another deep breath, then steps in-

256 INT. WT'S BUILDING - JANE

Jane steps into the ruined building cautiously. The interior is
half-gutted, falling in on itself- walls crumbled, stairs
collapsed. Shafts of moonlight from the outside slant across the
debris. Jane looks for the baby, then gasps in surprise.
Squatting at the edge of a patch of light is Wild Thing, watching
her, the cat sitting in his lap. He stops making the baby cry.
Jane tries to be calm-

JANE

It's you.

WT watches her, uneasy but desperately wanting to make contact-

JANE

Don't make any fast moves, okay? It's-
it's pretty spooky in here-

He strokes the cat slowly, not taking his eyes off her-

JANE

Is this where you live?

WT nods, then gently puts the cat in a kind of pouch fastened around
his waist. He beckons Jane to follow him-

JANE

You want me to follow you?

256 cont.

He steps into the darkness, turns and beckons again-

JANE

Oh God. This is really insane-

She follows-

257 INT. BUILDING

Deeper into the building, WT appears, then Jane following, stiff and cautious. WT brings her to what used to be the elevator, now an empty shaft, dark and scary. He pulls a pack of matches and a candle from his pouch, lights it. He points up, then beckons for Jane to follow him-

258 INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT

We FOLLOW as Jane climbs a service ladder bolted to the side of the shaft. The candle WT carries as he climbs just above her provides the only light. She GASPS- a bat flutters out from its resting place, grazing her face. She looks up to WT- he motions to keep climbing-

259 TOP FLOOR HALLWAY

WT steps out from the open shaft, lets the cat down, then reaches back to help Jane out-

260 DOORWAY - WT, JANE

WT passes through the frame, followed by Jane. WE HOLD on Jane as she sees the apartment, amazed-

261 JANE'S POV - APARTMENT

WT's incredible four-wall mural is lit in patches by moonlight slanting through windows incompletely boarded up-

262 JANE

Not at all what she expected. We FOLLOW her around the perimeter of the room as she looks at the paintings, till finally she brings us to WT, sitting by his bed watching her-

262 cont.

JANE
You made these?

He nods-

263 INT. CHOPPER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dink stands by the door, Kelly on the couch, Chopper paces up and down angrily-

DINK
I seen her skip out the back. She
must of dropped the dime on us-

Chopper looks to Kelly-

CHOPPER
Your place?

KELLY
She doesn't have the key. She prolly
went back with the priest.

Chopper looks to Dink again-

CHOPPER
You know what to do, then.

264 INT. WT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

WT has lit a bunch of candles placed around the room, giving it a church-like atmosphere. Jane stands studying one section of the paintings-

265 JANE'S POV - PAINTINGS

A rough approximation of the painting that we've seen on the side of the van- mother, father, little boy- only in this one the little boy is frowning-

266 ROOM

JANE
Who are these people?

WT comes over to look-

JANE
Is this your family?

266 cont.

WT is not sure of the word. He frowns. Jane points to the little boy-

JANE

Is this you?

WT nods-

JANE

What happened to them?

He points to further drawings on the wall-

267 JANE'S POV - PAINTINGS

We PAN across more paintings in line with the family unit, forming a kind of pictograph- first a boxy picture of the van, then a figure like Wiz, his glasses and satchel outsized, then a man whose head is a skull with a snake crawling through the eye sockets, then a big handgun, then a blue-faced, blue-coated policeman-

JANE (off)

Something bad happened?

WT nods, points to the picture of the gun-

JANE

They were shot? Killed?

He nods, then points to the pictures of the skull-man and the cop-

JANE

They were shot by somebody, then the police caught them-

WT shakes his head no, frustrated, then points to the skull-man, the cop and the gun in rapid succession-

JANE

The police helped to kill your parents?

WT holds up a single finger-

JANE

Just one- one cop helped kill them.

267 cont.

WT nods-

JANE

But how did you- who took care of
you after that?

WT hesitates, not knowing how to grunt or sign his way out of
this one. He clears his throat with a cough, looks away, and
mutters in a very rusty speaking voice-

WT

Leah.

JANE

(blown away) You can talk-

268 EXT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

We look at it from across the street- everything peaceful. A
MATCH is STRUCK right in front of the lens, then Dink steps into
the FOREGROUND, lighting a cigarette. He looks at his watch,
then across at the Safe House. We TILT DOWN to see a can of
gasoline sitting on the pavement at his feet-

269 INT. WT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

WT has turned fully away from Jane, too shy to look at her and
speak at the same time-

JANE

Who is Leah? You can trust me, you
know- I won't tell anybody that I
talked to you, I won't tell where
you live-- who is Leah?

WT

(thinks) Mama?

JANE

Leah was your mother? She was like your
mother? She's gone now?

WT

She went off the air.

JANE

What?

269 cont.

WT

Her power station shut down.

He closes his eyes and feigns death-

JANE

Oh. She died. Did you- did you live in a house?

WT

(indicates the apt.) A house like this. Not a Company house.

JANE

Company house? What company?

WT is confused again- how could anyone not know? He goes to the wall and points to the pictures of traffic, of cops and firemen and men in suits carrying briefcases-

WT

Company. Leah didn't work for the Company. Nowayhozay. Bluecoats work for the Company.

JANE

Bluecoats-

WT goes to the picture of the cop, points-

JANE

Oh- police.

Jane moves around to try to get him to look her in the eye-

JANE

So you've been living all by yourself since Leah died?

He nods-

JANE

Why?

269 cont.

WT

(darkens) The Company gets you, they open you up. They give you to the whitecoats and they look at your private business-

JANE

But why did you come down to help me?
Why did you let me see you?

He is embarrassed and doesn't have the word-

WT

I was- by myself?

JANE

Lonely? Do you know that word?

He shakes his head. Jane thinks, then looks at the pictures on the wall-

270 WALL PAINTINGS - JANE'S POV

We PAN across the busy mass of Company people and cars, across some blank wall to a small figure sitting by itself, watching them all with big eyes-

271 ROOM

Jane points to the solitary figure-

JANE

Lonely.

WT nods solemnly, understanding-

WT

I was lonely.

Suddenly his attention is turned to the window. He moves to it like a cat. He points and makes a SOUND like a FIRE ENGINE SIREN. We FOLLOW to see as Jane joins him at the window-

272 THEIR POV - SAFE HOUSE

Fire spurts out of the windows of the building a couple blocks away-

273 JANE

Stunned-

JANE

That's the Safe House! I've got to get down there!

274 EXT. STREET - NIGHT - POLICE CRUISER

SIREN WAILING, it blasts past us-

275 INT. POLICE CRUISER

Winston and his PARTNER speed through the dark Zone streets-

WINSTON

Take a left here- oh God-

We see through the windshield to the Safe House, top two floors engulfed in flame-

276 EXT. HOUSE

Paul, Quinn and several of the runaways (including the kid from the dumpster) and neighbors in their sleep clothes stand in the alleyway looking up at the burning third story of the house-

PAUL

(calling) Don't jump! It's too high!

We TILT UP to see Lisa standing at the third floor window, smoke pouring out from behind her, crying hysterically-

277 GROUND

Winston and his partner push through the gathering crowd to reach Quinn-

WINSTON

The engines are on their way! Who's still in there?

277 cont.

QUINN

(points) Lisa for sure, and I haven't
seen Jane-

JANE

(running up) I'm here Father!

Winston turns on his bullhorn and calls up to Lisa-

WINSTON

(calls up) Don't jump! The ladders
are coming!

278 CU LISA

Totally out of control, her nightgown disintegrating on her back
because of the heat-

279 GROUND

Winston and his partner moving the people back-

WINSTON

Everybody back! Keep it clear for
the engines!

JANE

(screams) Where are they?!

STACEY

(points up) Look!

There is a sudden GASP from the onlookers, several of them
pointing up at the roof-

280 GROUND POV - TOP OF SAFE HOUSE

Semi-obscured by smoke, a half-naked figure is rappelling down
from the roof by a rope. He reaches the window, swings in,
taking Lisa with him-

281 GROUND

Everyone looking up-

PARTNER

Who's that? Who's that up there?

281 cont.

WINSTON

Naw, it can't be-

STACEY

It's the Wild Thing. It's gotta be-

KIM

(calling) Wild Thing! Wild Thing!

The chant goes up from the people on the ground- 'Wild Thing!
Wild Thing!-

282 GROUND POV - WINDOW

WT reappears, the rope tied under Lisa's arms. A huge CHEER goes up as he starts to lower her down, hand over hand-

283 DINK

Standing in the shadow across the street, he flicks his cigarette away angrily as he sees Lisa bundled into the arms of her waiting friends-

284 WINSTON

Among the cheering spectators, amazed-

WINSTON

(to himself) Wild Thing. No shit.

285 GROUND

Jane calls up to WT-

JANE

Come down! Tie the rope and come down!

286 WINDOW - WILD THING

We see over his shoulder to the cheering throng below. Pretty daunting for somebody who's kept away from society for so many years. FIRE ENGINE SIRENS approach-

287 CU WILD THING

Terror on his face as he looks down at them-

288 CU JANE

JANE
Come down! Wild Thing, please,
come down!

289 GROUND POV - WINDOW

WT hesitates, then steps back into the building, out of sight. There is a huge billow of flame out the window, then a collective GROAN from the crowd as the floor collapses, sending sparks showering out-

290 CU JANE

The FIRE ENGINE SIRENS right on top of us now. Jane looks into the flames, near hysteria-

JANE
No! Noooo!

STACEY (off)
(hopeful) Wild Thing don't burn.
Everybody knows that-

291 CU FIRE HOUSE

A powerful stream of water explodes out of the nozzle of a fire hose. We PAN with the stream to see it blast into the burning first floor of the house, smashing through one half of a double window. CRASH! Wild Thing comes smashing through the other half, rolling to put out the flames on his clothes as a huge CHEER rises from the crowd-

292 CROWD, JANE

Whooping as they see he is safe-

KIM
He's alive! He's alive!

293 WILD THING

He is surrounded by firemen and police, smothering the remaining flames with blankets, mistaking his desperate attempts to squirm free for panic, subduing him. We TIGHTEN as he finally gives in, panting, eyes wide like a trapped animal. He is lifted and carried toward an ambulance, the bearers passing by Jane. We HOLD on her and TILT up to her face. She is worried, knowing he is more afraid of the people who surround him than the flames that rage behind her- WE FADE TO BLACK:

FADE UP ON-

294 EXT. - SMOLDERING REMAINS - MORNING

We PAN across the remains of the Safe House, gutted and charred, as we hear the voice of TV newswoman KATY NAKAMURA-

KATY (off)

Tragedy, mystery and drama last night in the area of the city known only as 'The Zone', traditional home of the down-and-out, the outlaws and outcasts of society.

The PAN reaches Katy, who stares straight into the camera, mike in hand, smoldering building behind her-

KATY (cont.)

In a spectacular blaze last night the Zone lost one of its few bright spots and may have seen the confirmation of one of its oldest legends- the legend of the 'Wild Thing'-

295 EXT, STREET - DAY - RASHEED

Running down the street calling out like Paul Revere-

RASHEED

They caught the Wild Thing! They caught the Wild Thing!

We HOLD on the Aztecs' stoop as he flashes by them. A woman calls down from above-

WOMAN (off)

{Qué pasó?

LUIS

Han capturado el Wile Thin!

296 INT. RADIO BOOTH - COUSIN LOUIE

A DJ in his forties, rattling out his spiel-

LOUIE

We've been flooded with requests for this one today, boys and girls, so-

296 cont.

LOUIE (cont.)

-Cousin Louie's comin atcha right now
with a little dedication that's
goin out to the one, the only, the
legendary-

297 CU GHETTO BLASTER

MUSIC BLASTS with the cut-

RADIO

WILD THING!

You make my heart sing!

We TRACK with the box as it is carried down the street, blasting
the MUSIC till we cross a set of cables and TILT UP to see Katy
interviewing Braindrain on the sidewalk (MUSIC CONTINUES UNDER
the following scenes)-

BRAINDRAIN

-the double and even triple helix of
human understanding, a phenomonon before
which we, as mere protoplasm, must
stand in awe as pond scum to the
eternal concavity of the frontal
lobe-

298 NEWSPAPER HEADLINE - (MUSIC CONTINUES)

The paper in someone's hands- 'WILD THING' SIGHTED! screams the
headline, and below that 'No Body Found in Fire'. The paper
moves and we see it is Doo-Wop, graying at the temples now, who
is reading it, shaking his head in wonder-

299 STORE WINDOW - TV SETS - (MUSIC CONTINUES)

A dozen sets facing the window show a solemn-faced newsman with
'Wild Thing'? supered on the panel behind him. We PAN left to
Lisa and Paul watching outside the store, looking tired and
desperate. We FOLLOW as they move down the street and cut into
an alley, looking over their shoulders, scared-

PAUL

We should go to the cops-

LISA

The cops visit Chopper and an hour later
the house gets torched-

299 cont.

PAUL
That doesn't mean they were in on it.

LISA
Sure.

PAUL
Look, I'm just trying to take care of you.

LISA
You can barely get yourself up in the morning, Paul, how you gonna take care of me?

He looks hurt, she sighs, takes his arm and pulls him along-

LISA
Come on-

300 WALL GRAFFITI - (MUSIC CONTINUES)

We PAN right to read big spray-painted letters on a brick wall- WILD THING LIVES! getting to the ARTIST just as he's spraying the exclamation point-

301 STREET - KATY AND SCOOTER - (MUSIC CONTINUES)

Katy bending over to present the mike to Scooter-

SCOOTER
I seen him plenty of times, only till now didn't nobody believe me. (covers the mike with his hand) Could I get your autograph?

302 CU TV SCREEN

Various people flash on. First, a black SCHOOLGIRL-

SCHOOLGIRL
Ohh- like a go-rilla, only meaner-

Then a SHOPPING LADY-

LADY
Like Bigfoot. You know- big feet, hairy body-

302 cont.

Then a young gay MAN, a pair of friends laughing in the BG-

MAN

Six-four, blond, light blue eyes-
shoulders- you know- built, but
not too beefy-

Finally a white TEENAGE GIRL-

GIRL

You know Motley Crüe? The rock group?
You know their lead singer?

303 EXT. POLICE STATION - FRONT STEPS

Dozens of NEWS PHOTOGRAPHERS buzz around a single stone-faced
POLICE SERGEANT, begging for permission to come in and shoot-

PHOTOG

C'mon, Matty, just one shot-

MATTY

Save your breath, boys, he's under
wraps-

304 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

WT is cuffed to a chair. They haven't been able to put any more
clothes on him. He is almost catatonic with fear, staring
straight ahead as two detectives, MAURY and WALT try to follow
procedure with him, Walt with a form rolled and ready in his
typewriter-

MAURY

Okay, let's try again. Name?

WALT

He doesn't talk, Maury-

MAURY

Maybe we just don't know his language-

WALT

Great. We'll get a chimpanzee in here
to translate.

KOSLOW, the public defender, bursts in, briefcase in hand-

304 cont.

KOSLOW

What is this? What are these cuffs?
Criminal trespass and you got him
in cuffs?

MAURY

We got possible arson now, too.

KOSLOW

Since when?

MAURY

Since Trask told me to put it on the
sheet. (to WT) Young man, this is
your court-appointed legal counsel-

WALT

(gesturing wildly) Him heap big
mouthpiece. Him go court with you,
him fuck up case beyond repair-

KOSLOW

Very funny.

305 INT. POLICE STATION - MAIN FLOOR

Jane follows Trask through the maze of desks, cops booking people
and doing paperwork left and right-

JANE

He couldn't have set the fire,
he was with me-

TRASK

And where was that?

She doesn't want to betray WT's hiding place-

JANE

Uhm- just- you know- on the street-

TRASK

Look, Miss, right now he's our number
one suspect and he isn't saying a
thing in his own defense-

JANE

He's afraid of the uniforms. When
he was little a policeman killed
his parents-

305 cont.

TRASK
(snorts) He told you this?

JANE
Yes. A cop and another man shot them-

TRASK
Where?

JANE
I don't know exactly- they were in a
truck or a van or something--

This information clicks in Trask's head. He looks around, calls-

TRASK
Winston!

WINSTON
(approaching) Yo!

TRASK
The young lady here says she's bosom
buddies with our wildman. Take her
statement and send her home.

JANE
But-

Trask is already striding away. Jane turns to Winston-

JANE
Nice guy-

WINSTON
Yeah, he always been a moody sucker.
C'mon-

JANE
Can you get me in to see him?

WINSTON
(sighs) I'll do what I can-

306 INT. TRASK'S OFFICE

The Chief of detectives rates his own room- a desk and chair
with lots of cop pictures from his career on the wall. We START
on a photo of him in uniform, taken about the time he helped in-

306 cont.

-the murders, then PAN to him, talking on the phone at his desk. He is pale and shaky. On the wall behind him is a print of the Norman Rockwell painting of a friendly cop leaning over a little boy-

TRASK

-it's him, I just know it is--
I got this feeling- Look, the kid
didn't drown, we never found a body--
She says he can talk-- No. No way,
Chopper..

We TILT DOWN from his face to see a file spread out on the desk, STARTING at the top where the form says MISSING PERSONS REPORT, then PANNING down over some written description to a snapshot clipped to the sheet- Hud, Laurie and little Free, smiling at the camera with the van and a rickety farmhouse in the background-

TRASK (off)

You've been bleeding me for years-
I'm not going to kill somebody for
you-

307 CU TRASK

Beads of sweat on his face- a man with a very guilty conscience-

TRASK

No, I won't. (he sighs, weaker now)
No- please-

308 INT. CHOPPER'S LIVING ROOM

He hangs up the phone as Dink looks on. Chopper looks stricken-

DINK

You look like you seen a ghost.

CHOPPER

Yeah.

DINK

Problem?

CHOPPER

Nah. It's taken care of.

309 VISITING CELL

WT is plopped onto a chair in front of a metal grate. He looks drugged and morose, like an animal that will soon die in captivity. Jane appears on the other side of the grate. Jane looks up at the wall-

310 WALL CAMERA - JANE'S POV

The red operation light on as it watches her-

311 JANE AND WILD THING

JANE
We only have a minute-

WT
They gonna cut me open-

JANE
No they won't. Police aren't all like
the one who killed your parents-

WT
Bluecoats work for the Company-

JANE
You have to talk to them, tell them
you didn't set the fire-

WT
If you talk they can get into your
Power Station-

JANE
You have to trust somebody sometime-

WT doesn't know the word-

WT
Trust?

He jumps as a pair of COPS and a white-coated DOCTOR come into the room behind him-

DOCTOR
What's he doing in here? I've got
an examination to-

JANE
(lying) Detective Trask said-

311 cont.

WT leaps away, terrified-

DOCTOR
(to cops) I thought you said he'd calmed
down? (calls) Orderly!

312 CU WT

Backed into the corner, staring in terror-

313 DOCTOR

His coat flashing white as an ORDERLY comes in from outside-

DOCTOR
We're going to need some sedation here-

314 JANE

Pressing against her window, calling in to the room-

JANE
No, please, let me talk to him! He's
afraid of-

315 INT. ROOM - WT, OTHERS

WT LEAPS, SNARLING, onto the doctor, knocking him to the floor
and biting at his arm as he tries to protect his face, the cops
behind to club him on the back of the neck-

DOCTOR
Get him off me! Get him off me!

316 JANE

JANE
No! No! Don't!

317 INT. ROOM

The cops have WT spread-eagled on his back, each sitting on one
of his arms as the orderly comes down with the needle-

318 CU WT

Eyes widening in horror as he sees the needle-

319 CU NEEDLE - WT'S POV

Coming right at us to fill the frame-

320 CU JANE

Covering her ears as we hear the spine-tingling WAIL of a cat from the next room-

321 INT. TRASK'S OFFICE - CU HAND

We FOLLOW Trask's hand as it opens a desk drawer, pulls out a .357, loads it, then lays it on top of the missing persons report, the photo of the family still visible. We TILT UP to his face as he sighs, making his decision-

322 EXT. LINCOLN HOTEL - EVENING

A seedy Zone hotel with some borderline characters hanging out front-

323 INT. LOBBY - CU NOTE

We read as Jane writes- "Paul and Lisa--- Meet tomorrow night, 8 pm, Our Lady of PH. Will have money to get you out of here- Jane"

324 INT. LOBBY

We see Scooter roll by in the background as Jane hands the note to a grumpy DESK CLERK-

JANE

If I'm not in make sure they get this-

CLERK

(yawns) This is a flophouse, lady, not the post office-

Jane scowls at him and plops a crumpled five-dollar bill on the desk-

JANE

Just make sure they get it.

325 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

We TRACK down an alley between two abandoned buildings, then go down the stairs descending to a basement door. Huddled against the door are Paul and Lisa, Lisa asleep with her head on his lap, Paul holding her protectively, stroking her hair as he listens for anything approaching, worried and tense-

326 EXT. POLICE STATION - FRONT STEPS - NIGHT

Half the photographers there were earlier, camped out sitting on the steps waiting for permission to come in and shoot-

327 INT. SOLITARY CELL - WT

WT, hands still cuffed, the graffiti-marks wiped off his face, paces back and forth in his tiny, windowless cell. He looks up at the ceiling-

328 CEILING - WT'S POV

Maybe five feet across, with a bare bulb encased in a wire cage-

329 CU WT

He pulls off a shoe, jumps- knocks the LIGHT OUT-

330 INT. GUARD ROOM

Really just an oversized booth with a couple chairs and some video monitors with pictures of the hallways outside the various holding cells in the station. A pair of older cops, WILL and CHUCKIE hold down the fort, bored shitless. Chuckie is trying to get Will to take his Polaroid camera-

CHUCKIE

-you open the door, you push the button, the flash goes off, and the guy gives each of us a hundred bucks-

WILL

Why don't you do it?

CHUCKIE

Whatta you, afraid?

WILL

They say he can turn into a cat.

330 cont.

CHUCKIE

(sighs) Jesus, I'll do it myself.
Anybody comes down, I'm off takin a leak-

There is a cat-like YOWL from down the corridor. They exchange a look-

CHUCKIE

Some wise guy in the drunk tank-

331 INT. SOLITARY CELL

Dark now. A key RATTLES in the door- it opens and Chuckie peeks in-

CHUCKIE

(singsong) Wild Thing-- Chuckie
come to take your picture--

He lets the door swing open and steps in puzzled-- we PAN with his gaze- the cell is empty-

332 CU CHUCKIE

Spooked-

CHUCKIE

What the fuck?

We TILT UP to see Wild Thing above him, pushing with his arms and legs to wedge himself in suspension against the walls just under the ceiling, his muscles trembling- he drops!

333 INT. GUARD ROOM

Will sits up as he hears the CATERWAULING of a fighting cat. He stands to look out the window of the booth just as WT appears on one of the screens, shirtless and barefoot now, running down the hallway. He disappears off screen just before Will sits back down to look at the monitor-

WILL

Gimme the creeps-

334 INT. STAIRWELL

Metal stairs, concrete walls color-coded for each floor. WT tries and exit door- locked. We FOLLOW as he scrambles up a-

334 cont.

-flight- another exit door. We tighten as he pushes it open a crack and see over his shoulder that it's the main floor, cops still busy at their desks. He climbs again-

335 INT. HALLWAY

The stairwell door to the third floor opens and WT creeps out, low and wary. He's facing a dim hallway full of closed office doors and heavy bars on the windows on either end of the hall. VOICES and FOOTSTEPS approach up the stairwell behind him. He tries one of the office doors, locked, tries another, locked, tries a third- it opens-

336 INT. TRASK'S OFFICE

Trask gasps as WT steps into his room and shuts the door-

337 CU WT

Freezing as he sees the room is occupied-

338 TRASK

Only his desk lamp on, he grabs his gun and levels it at WT-

339 CU WT

Frozen, watching-

340 CU TRASK

He has been crying. He starts to shake-

TRASK
It's you, isn't it?

We PAN DOWN to and ECU of the gun in his hand. His finger tightens on the trigger, hesitates, then we FOLLOW the gun up till it rests against Trask's temple. Tears are flowing down his cheeks-

341 CU WT

Eyes widening as he sees-

342 PAINTING

Of the cop leaning over the little boy- BLAM!! Blood splatters against the picture-

343 MAIN FLOOR

Cops looking up from their desks as they hear the shot-

WINSTON

That's upstairs-

344 DESKTOP - INT. TRASK'S OFFICE

We START on the snapshot of Free and his parents, a drop of blood beside it. WT's finger appears, touching the picture, then we TILT UP to his face, trying to understand. He looks down at Trask, then FOLLOW his gaze over to the picture of Trask as a young officer-

345 CU WT

He understands-

WT

Bluecoat-

346 INT. HALLWAY

We FOLLOW as Winston and a half-dozen other COPS run down the hall and barrel into Trask's office. We TIGHTEN on Winston as he sees Trask-

WINSTON

Jesus-

We MOVE with him to the open window-

347 EXT. WINDOW - POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Winston sticks his head out and looks down-

348 STREET - WINSTON'S POV

Nothing but the bare concrete of the back parking lot-

349 EXT. WINDOW - WINSTON

WINSTON

Nothing.

349 cont.

Winston ducks back inside, then we CRANE UP to see that WT is above the window, hanging onto the cracks between the bricks with his fingers and toes, a human fly. He begins to edge sideways-

350 INT. SOLITARY CELL

Will leads Winston and a pair of COPS in- we PAN with their gaze to see Chuckie hogtied with strips of torn shirt and his own belt, a sock stuffed in his mouth and secured with shoelaces-

WINSTON (off)
Taking a leak, huh?

351 EXT. ZONE STREET - NIGHT - RASHEED

Rasheed running through the street yelling-

RASHEED
Wild Thing escaped! The Wild Thing
escaped-

As he passes the Aztecs' stoop the gang members CHEER-

352 INT. CHOPPER'S LIVING ROOM

Chopper with his feet up on the coffee table when Dink comes in-

DINK
Chopper, that Wild Thing-

CHOPPER
I just heard on the news about it.

DINK
Maybe he can turn into a cat-

353 CU CAT - INT. WT'S APARTMENT

The cat MEOWS and we TILT UP to see Jane, candle in hand, looking around the walls at WT's paintings. She comes to the one of the blond woman and touches her face in surprise, knowing it's supposed to be her. There is a CREAK of a board, she turns- there stands WT, breathing hard, looking at her-

353 cont.

JANE

I saw on the news- you got away-

He nods. She comes toward him, extending her hand to touch his face-

JANE

Are you okay? Did they hurt you?

He stiffens at the touch at first, then closes his eyes and the tension goes out of his body. He brings his hand up to touch hers-

JANE

I was so worried.

354 INT. CHOPPER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Chopper has his troops assembled- in another day these guys would be pirates. He walks before them like a general-

CHOPPER

To get to the monkey-boy we get to the social-worker, to get to the social-worker we get to the kids. I want you guys to scour the streets-

He stops and stares as one of his guys flicks a cigarette ash to the carpet. He sighs and speaks as if to a third-grader-

CHOPPER

Lloyd, what do we have ashtrays for?

355 INT. WT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CAT

We START on the cat, wide-awake, sitting in a little patch of moonlight on the floor and staring at something. We PAN with its gaze across the floor to WT, sweating and twitching in his sleep as he dreams, lying on a single blanket on the floor. We CONTINUE the PAN till we reach Jane, sleeping soundly on the mattress. There is a SHOUT, waking Jane. She looks around, scared and disoriented, then SHIFT to include WT. He is sitting up, shaking and breathing hard, eyes wide. He looks at Jane without recognizing her at first, then remembers and calms a little-

JANE

You okay?

355 cont.

WT

I was sleep-seeing-

Jane moves closer to sit by him-

JANE

You had a nightmare. You're shaking.

WT

Sometimes- sleep-seeing- I'm with Leah again. I see her burning.

JANE

It's just dreams. They can't hurt you.

WT

(touches his head) It hurts here. Sparks in the power station.

JANE

(smiles) You're always talking about electricity-

WT

Leah taught me. She learned when the Company put it through her head.

JANE

They put electricity through her head?

WT

To make her be like them. If you're the wrong voltage you can't fit in their socket. If you're the wrong voltage and you try to live with them- sparks. Blackout in the power station.

Jane nods, beginning to understand his strange world view and how he came by it-

JANE

Do you- do you ever want to be with other people?

He frowns, knowing he wants to but afraid of the desire. Jane touches his face softly with her fingers. He trembles with the thrill of it-

WT

I don't know how.

355 cont.

She brushes his lips with hers-

WT

I don't know how-

She shuts him up with a kiss. She looks into his eyes, then takes his hand gently-

JANE

I've been alone too. For a long time.

She puts his hand on her breast. They press closer. She slides her hand down his bare chest and into his shorts. He closes his eyes and PURRS like a cat-

FADE TO BLACK

FADE UP ON:

356 EXT. STREET CORNER - EARLY MORNING

A NEWSBOY stuffs newspapers into a vending rack in the Zone as the first rays of light hit the street. He sets one copy in the display cage, takes a loose paper off the top, turns and tosses it to Scooter, wheeling up-

SCOOTER

Thanks, pal-

We FOLLOW Scooter as he wheels away, ZOOMING IN to read the HEADLINE over his shoulder-

'WILD THING' ESCAPES!

Police Seek Link in Detective Suicide

As Scooter rolls past it we HOLD on WT's abandoned building just across the street, then TILT UP to see the rooftop silhouetted against the rising sun-

357 ROOFTOP - WT

Silhouetted against the sun, he does the Tai Chi movements we saw him do as a child, smooth and graceful-

358 JANE

Sitting on the roof, wrapped in a blanket, watching happily. The cat hops into her lap, PURRING when she strokes it-

359 EXT. LINCOLN HOTEL - DAY

We watch from the INTERIOR of a CAR as Paul steps out from the hotel, looks nervously both ways, and starts down the street. We PAN to see Dink and Bugs watching-

DINK

This one we can squeeze. Pick him up-

360 INT. SEWER SYSTEM - WT AND JANE

WT leads Jane under the city, stepping around ankle-deep streams of garbage-water-

WT

Night time on top, day time underneath.

JANE

They say there's alligators down here.

WT

Alligator?

JANE

They're kind of long and green and knobby-
big jaws-

WT

No alligator. Only devils.

JANE

(freaked) Devils? What devils?

She runs to catch up with him as he disappears around a corner-

361 INT. SEWER

Another section, WT leading Jane through-

JANE

Sooner or later you'll have to come
in, you know. You'll get sick, you'll
get hurt- there are people you can
trust- even some of the Company people-

361 cont.

WT
You work for the Company?

JANE
What do you think?

WT doesn't answer, instead holding her back with his arm- just ahead of them are a half-dozen SEWER RATS, looking like they don't want to give way-

WT
Get thee behind me, Satan!

The rats don't move. WT pulls the old zip gun from his pouch, pulls back the rubber- SPLASH! An eruption of scuzzy water as he blasts one of the rats out of it. The others scatter-

WT
(matter of fact) Devils.

JANE
Oh. Devils.

They move on-

362 INT. SEWER - LOW-ANGLE, EXIT LADDER

We look up at an iron ladder leading to a manhole cover, beams of light streaming down through the vent holes in the cover, then TILT DOWN to see WT and Jane looking up at it-

WT
If you go back they'll hurt you again.

JANE
That's a chance you have to take
if you live with people.

She gives him a long look, then kisses him-

JANE
You be careful-

We FOLLOW as she starts up the ladder. She hesitates, turns to say something else-

363 SEWER - JANE'S POV

Empty. WT is long gone-

364 JANE

She sighs, then continues up the ladder-

365 INT. CAR - DAY - CU NEEDLE

We FOLLOW a hypodermic needle up until it hovers just millimeters from Paul's blinking eye-

DINK (off)

I think you should be nicer to us, Pauly-

366 INT. CAR - WIDER

Bugs is driving, Paul in the middle sweating it out and Dink next to him, holding the needle to his eye and holding the back of his neck with the other hand. Bugs drives casually through the Zone streets-

DINK

-after all the good shit we sold you-

PAUL

I'm offa that-

DINK

The thing is, Pauly, we know where your little twat girlfriend is and we could really do a number on her-

BUGS

We just want the social worker, kid-

Paul tries to stonewall it. Paul puts the needle right up against his eye-

DINK

How do you feel about sellin pencils out of a cup, Pauly?

PAUL

You promise you won't hurt Lisa?

367 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - CU NOTE

We PAN to read a handwritten note-

"Be there at 8. No cops. Paul."

368 INT. LOBBY - CU JANE

Jane stands in the seedy hotel lobby, reading the note. She crumples it, worried-

369 INT. CHOPPER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Chopper is pacing in front of a TV set in the living room, the news with Katy Nakamura playing-

KATY (TV)

--Trask, forty-five, was found in his office last night, an apparent suicide. What, if any, connection his death has with the Wild Thing case is still unknown. Meanwhile, police continue to scour the city streets in search of-

We FOLLOW Chopper as he moves off into his BEDROOM, Katy's voice growing distant. He goes to a trunk inside the closet, digs deep into it, and finally comes up with the leather satchel with Indian beadwork that Wiz had with him when he was killed. Chopper sits on the edge of the bed with the satchel in his lap, thinking. We TIGHTEN on his face-

370 FLASH CUT - INT. VAN - CHOPPER'S POV

Little Free popping from under the quilt and leaping from the van-

371 PRESENT - CU CHOPPER

Frowning as he remembers-

372 FLASH CUT - CHOPPER'S POV - EXT. PIER

The little boy running away from him, then ZIP! disappearing through a crack in the pier-

373 PRESENT - CU CHOPPER

CHOPPER

(to himself) He's alive. The little fuck is alive.

374 EXT. ZONE STREET - DAY - POLICE CAR

Cruising past the winos and hookers-

375 INT. CAR

Winston drives as his partner, ED, searches the street-

ED

(scowls) They really expect us to find Wild Thing wandering around the streets in broad daylight?

WINSTON

Naw, they just want to keep everybody out of the station and busy, keep the reporters away from us about Trask.

ED

You think he's still in the city?

WINSTON

Yeah-

We TRACK IN tight on Winston as his expression darkens and he looks out the window-

WINSTON

And I got a feeling it's going to be a long night.

376 EXT. ZONE STREET - NIGHT

We pick up Jane walking along the deserted street, looking around cautiously, moving up the steps of Our Lady of Perpetual Hope, a dismal little church-

377 INT. CAR

Dink and a DRIVER watch parked in the shadows across the street-

DRIVER

We got her.

DINK

Wait'll she comes out with the others. Chopper said no loose ends-

378 INT. CHURCH

Jane confers with Paul, Lisa and Quinn in front of the altar, whispering. Paul is pale and nervous-

LISA

No way I go to the cops. That's out.

378 cont.

JANE
If I give you money will you leave town?

PAUL
And go where?

JANE
I got a friend in a youth center in Seattle- I can get you there by bus.

LISA
(shrugs) Anything beats this dump.

JANE
Okay- I'll go with you to the station-

PAUL
Don't you trust us?

JANE
Should I?

This shuts Paul up. Lisa gives Father Quinn a kiss on the cheek-

LISA
None a this is your fault, Father.
You been good to us.

QUINN
(trying not to cry) You better go out the back-

379 EXT. STREET

Jane steps into the shot first, followed by Paul and Lisa. She looks around, then leads them across the empty street-

LISA
How come you're doing all this and you're not even a nun?

JANE
(shrugs) I like you. Stupid, huh?

Lisa gives her a warm smile when suddenly three cars SCREECH in from three different directions, pinning them in the glare of their headlights in the middle of the street-

380 CAR - DINK

He steps out of the Ford, gun in hand, smiling evilly-

381 PAUL, LISA AND JANE

Paul has his arm around Lisa. He pulls her gently away from Jane-

382 DINK

He turns and signals to his henchmen-

383 STREET

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! A fusillade of bullets from all sides cuts into Paul and Lisa-

384 CU JANE

SCREAMING as the gunfire continues-

385 INT. CHURCH - QUINN

Kneeling at the altar, his head snapping around as he hears-

386 STREET - PAUL AND LISA

Still in each other's arms, twitching on the ground-

387 STREET - JANE

A pair of Chopper's men grab Jane, untouched by bullets, into their car and they all roar away-

388 STREET - QUINN

We FOLLOW him running till he comes to the bodies of Paul and Lisa. He kneels by Lisa-

QUINN
Oh God. Oh my God-

WT appears by him suddenly, staring. Quinn feels someone near, looks up- we TILT with his gaze to see Wild Thing, then FOLLOW WT down by Paul, still breathing. Paul's eyes widen when he sees-

388 cont.

He raises his head, whispers something in his ear, dies. WT stands, face grim-

389 QUINN

Looking up at him-

QUINN

Don't go after them, son. Revenge isn't the way-

390 WILD THING

Very deliberately he stoops, dips his fingers in the pool of blood on the ground, and stripes one side of his face with it. He turns and trots away-

391 QUINN

We hear SIRENS in the distance as Quinn watches him go-

QUINN

God forgive you-

392 INT. WT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

MUSIC BEGINS as we see the cat watching intently as WT's hand appears to pick up a knife, a coil of piano wire-

393 INT. CAR - CU SHOTGUN BREECH - (MUSIC CONTINUES)

Someone pushing shells into the barrel of a shotgun. We WIDEN to see a hawk-faced HITMAN of Chopper's loading up in the front seat-

394 INT. APARTMENT - (MUSIC CONTINUES)

We FOLLOW WT's hands CLOSE as he coils a rope, made of braided extension cords, over elbow and thumb-

395 INT. APARTMENT - CU CROSSBOW - (MUSIC CONTINUES)

We FOLLOW as it is picked up and slung on WT's back-

396 EXT. STREET - CAR - (MUSIC CONTINUES)

A car cruises past us ominously, one of Chopper's rifle-bearing HITMEN searching out the window for any sign of WT-

397 INT. APARTMENT - CU WT - (MUSIC CONTINUES)

He streaks warpaint on his face and chest in grafitti patterns-

398 STREET CORNER - (MUSIC CONTINUES)

A HITMAN with a gun-lump under his jacket pacing watchfully-

399 EXT. WT'S BUILDING

WT, laden with gear and weapons, flashes out the door-

400 EXT. STREET - BIKER - (MUSIC CONTINUES)

We PAN with one of Chopper's boys on a motorcycle, rumbling down the street, then HOLD on another unmounted HITMAN standing on the corner, waving as he passes-

401 INT. ALLEYWAY - CU HANDS - (MUSIC CONTINUES)

WT's hands tying a trip-wire low across the alleyway-

402 STREET - HITMAN - (MUSIC CONTINUES)

On the alert, snapping a clip of ammo into his automatic-

403 ROOFTOP - CU WT'S HANDS - (MUSIC CONTINUES)

WT attaching rusted jumper cables to the top handrail of the metal roof ladder-

404 EXT. CHOPPER'S APARTMENT - (MUSIC CONTINUES)

A GUARD with a automatic rifle leans in the front doorway, poised-

405 INT. CHOPPER'S LIVING ROOM - (MUSIC CONTINUES)

We PAN from Bugs, nervously watching the door as he deals cards, over to Chopper, cool and collected, smiling slightly, then finally across the room to Jane, bound and gagged in an easy chair-

406 EXT. STREET

The MUSIC STOPS abruptly, emphasizing the emptiness and tension in the street. Braindrain hurries into the shot, looking for a place to hide. A dog HOWLS, off. Braindrain hisses to himself-

BRAINDRAIN

Creep time--

Dink's Ford passes on the street and we PAN with it-

407 INT. CAR - DINK AND DRIVER

Dink rides shotgun, bitching-

DINK

Some street-crazy busts outa the city jail and he goes all paranoid. Got us out here-

DRIVER

(sees something) Dink-

DINK

(annoyed) What?

We PAN with his gaze to see through the windshield. In the middle of the street in front of them stands WT, painted-up and fierce-looking, wearing his pouch and carrying the cross-bow strapped to his back-

408 INT. CAR - REVERSE ANGLE

DINK

Oh shit- get him!

409 WILD THING

Darts out of the way as the car ZOOMS past him. He sprints off, the car SQUEALING a 180-

410 WT

Running-

411 EXT. CAR

Screeching around a turn as they pursue-

412 WILD THING

Running down the empty street, looking back over his shoulder, searching for a quick exit-

413 INT. CAR

WT visible through the windshield ahead of them-

DINK
We got him! Floor it!

414 STREET - WILD THING

Sprinting. Suddenly he cuts down an alleyway-

415 STREET - CAR

SQUEALING rubber as they brake too late to make the turn, sliding in front of the entrance to the alley-

416 INT. ALLEY

As the headlights of the car swing around and point toward us down the alley we see WT silhouetted in them, running toward us-

417 INT. CAR

We see through the windshield. The car is getting closer to WT, closer-

418 WILD THING

Running for all he's worth, the car lights looming larger behind him-

419 INT. CAR

DINK
Run him down! Run him down!

DRIVER
(realizes) It's a dead end!

419 cont.

He slams on the brakes, car SCREECHING-

420 EXT. ALLEY

We TRACK right behind WT, seeing over his shoulder at the approaching solid brick wall that closes the end of the alley off. He sprints for it, then leaps-

421 SIDE ANGLE

WT does a spectacular walk-up and back-flip, timed so the car SMASHES head-on into the wall as he's at the height of the flip, out of danger, and lands lightly on the roof of the car-

422 INT. CAR

Dink's face is bloody. The driver's head is smashed through the windshield. There is a NOISE on the roof. Dink looks up, then we PAN back with his gaze as he looks out the back window. Wild Thing hops down and runs away out of the alley-

423 INT. CAR - REVERSE ANGLE

Dink is in a rage. He yanks the driver's body back, reaching over to open the driver-side door-

DINK
I'll get you, fucker!!!

He kicks the body out into the alley, slides over and hops out in pursuit-

424 EXT. STREET

A pair of HITMEN come up the middle of the street cautiously, listening hard. They freeze as they hear the YOWL of a cat, turn-

425 WT - THEIR POV

Wild Thing stands in the midst of smoke billowing out from an open manhole, facing them boldly-

426 HITMEN - WT

We see WT beyond them as they pull their guns- ZIP! he pops down into the hole like a prairie dog before they can shoot. We FOLLOW as they run over and look into the smoky hole. There is a NOISE behind them, they turn-

427 STREET - THEIR POV

A manhole cover is rolling at them from where they just were-

428 HITMEN - WT

Again we see from behind them as WT pops out of another manhole and ZZZZIP! lets fly with the crossbow-

429 HITMEN - REVERSE ANGLE

WHAP! One is hit square in the chest, knocked back as the other fires his gun. We FOLLOW as he runs across to the second manhole. He looks down into it, gun extended- WHOOSH! WT's arm snakes up like Jaws from the depths, grabs him by the shirtfront and yanks him under. We hear a ECHOING SCREAM-

430 STREET - EXT. CAR

Cruising in search, four armed hitmen inside- CRASH! the side window is smashed by a rock- we SWISH PAN to see WT at curbside, turning and running, then SWISH PAN back as the car SQUEALS around to give chase-

431 INT. NARROW ALLEY

Barely four feet wide. WT runs towards us, making little hops every couple yards. Headlights appear behind him at the mouth of the alley, DOORS SLAM-

432 EXT. ALLEY

We FOLLOW as the four jump out and run after him, full tilt-

433 INT. NARROW ALLEY - LOW ANGLE

We see a TRIP WIRE in the FG, then RACK to the men running toward us, HOLDING till the first ankle hits-

434 ALLEY

One, two, three go down! The fourth stops and steps over-

FOURTH

Watch the ground, he's got trip-wires!

We FOLLOW as they get up and continue, more cautious, stopping to step over a second wire. One points and we PAN with their gaze-

HITMAN

Look-

We see the alley ends in another dead end-

435 HIT MEN

Looking up to the rooftops around them. One points to a metal ladder-

HITMAN

Must've gone up-

They start up the ladder, one after another-

436 ROOFTOP - CU HANDS

We FOLLOW WT's hands as they take the free ends of the jumper cables clipped to the ladder railing and connect them with another set of loose cable ends. We PAN along these till we see they are clipped to an electrical transformer terminal. Sparks CRACKLE and fly!

437 ALLEY - LADDER

One hit man SCREAMS and falls off backward, hands sizzling. We TILT DOWN to the guys below, frozen stiff to the metal ladder, hair on end, voltage shuddering through him-

438 EXT. STREET - HITMAN

Waiting, watching. He turns, hearing something, then watches as WT's braided rope is lowered down the side of the building behind him. He smiles, moves to the bottom of the rope, points his gun up, ready to blast him- we TILT UP with his gaze, reaching the rooftop just as an enormous load of bricks is dumped over the edge-

439 ECU HITMAN

SCREAMING as he sees-

440 GROUND

Bricks crashing and shattering all around us, the hitman crushed under them-

441 INT. CHOPPER'S LIVING ROOM

Chopper and Bugs playing cards as we hear SHOTS outside. Bugs is uneasy-

BUGS

What's that?

CHOPPER

(relaxed) Play your hand, Bugs-

442 EXT. STREET - CRANE SHOT

We LOWER as WT sprints under us and off, hurdling a cardboard box spread out flat in the middle of the street. When we reach street level we see three hitmen running towards us after him, closer, closer, ZIP! the one in the center steps on the cardboard and disappears down the open manhole it covered-

443 EXT. CORNER

WT runs around a corner, skids to a halt as he sees something, then runs off in the opposite direction. We HOLD frame till the hitman on the motorcycle roars through the shot in pursuit-

444 WT

Running, he looks over his shoulder at the gaining cycle, then darts sideways into another narrow alley. We HOLD frame till the biker skid-turns into the shot and roars in in pursuit-

445 INT. ALLEY - PIANO WIRE

We look across the length of a piano wire stretched from wall to wall, gleaming in the moonlight, hear the BIKE approaching. WT sprints through, ducking under the wire. We HOLD, then ZINGGGG! the wire sings as the biker hits it neck high, full speed, and he and the bike continue through-

446 GROUND

The biker's helmet, head inside, goes clattering along the pavement-

447 CU WIRE

Blood collecting and dripping in the moonlight at the spot where his neck hit-

448 EXT. STREET

WT trotting along, when suddenly Dink steps out from the shadows behind him BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! he opens up with his rifle. WT is hit in the side, goes down, rolls, comes up running-

449 WT - CLOSER

Staggering, his side bleeding, he cuts down a wider dark alley-

450 DINK

Giving chase, he pauses at the mouth of the alley. From inside we hear the sound of an APPROACHING POLICE SIREN. Dink hesitates, then we TIGHTEN as he smiles, the SIREN growing LOUDER-

DINK

You're not gonna pull that one on me again, pal!

He steps across the mouth of the alley, gun ready- WHUMP! a speeding police car, SIREN WAILING, flattens him like Wily Coyote-

451 INT. ALLEY - CLOTHESLINE

WT hangs from a clothesline a story above, looking down on the accident. He swings up to the window-

452 EXT. ALLEY

Winston and his partner Ed out of the car to check on Dink's body-

ED

Christ-

452 cont.

WINSTON

(dry) You couldn't of run over a nicer guy-

453 EXT. CHOPPER'S BUILDING - GUARD

The guard, nervous, scans the street. He sees something on the steps in front of him, steps out to check it-

454 STEP - HIS POV

A drop of blood splatters from above. Then another, then another-

455 GUARD

He touches the blood, then looks up-

456 CORNICE, WT - HIS POV

WT squats like a gargoyle on the edge of the cornice over the door, knife in hand. He leaps!

457 INT. CHOPPER'S APARTMENT

Chopper pouring himself a drink at the living-room bar when we HEAR a wrenching SCREAM from downstairs. He stops in mid-motion, then looks over to Bugs, shuffling cards on the couch-

CHOPPER

Get my shotgun. And get Freddy in here.

BUGS

What's the matter?

CHOPPER

Just do what I tell you.

He crosses and leans down to speak into Jane's ear-

CHOPPER

I think your boyfriend's come to visit.

458 INT. HALLWAY

One of Chopper's men we've seen before, FREDDY, stands sentry at the top of the third floor stairs, rifle in hand, nervous. We HEAR a quiet sound, something like the COOING of pigeons from below. Freddy leans over to look down the stairwell- WHOOF! A perfectly thrown hook-and-line sails up past his head-

459 CLOSER

The line makes a single loop around his neck, hook pulling snug, and YANK! he is jerked down out of the frame-

460 INT. LIVING ROOM - CHOPPER

Head snapping to as he hears an ECHOING SCREAM from the stairwell outside-

CHOPPER

Hit the lights.

Bugs flicks the light switch off. The only illumination is the spill from the streetlight outside. Chopper moves behind the couch for cover, shotgun in hand, taking a bead on the hall door-

461 BUGS

Sweating nervously, he pulls an easy chair around and digs in behind it, aiming his rifle at the door-

462 CU JANE

Eyes wide, listening and scared-

463 DOWNSTAIRS LOBBY - CU HANDS

We watch WT's hands, fingers covered with his own blood, as he pulls the bass string of his cross-bow back, cocks it, and places a long steel bolt in the channel-

464 INT. ROOM - CU CHOPPER

Bugs visible beyond him. Waiting is not one of his strengths-

CHOPPER

Go check on Freddy.

464 cont.

BUGS

What?

CHOPPER

You heard me. Go check on Freddy.

BUGS

What if it's out there?

CHOPPER

Then shoot it with your gun, asshole.
C'mon, move it-

465 BUGS

Not happy with the assignment. We FOLLOW as he gets up and cautiously moves toward the door. There is a SCRATCHING AND MEOWING SOUND at the window behind him, he turns-

466 BUGS'S POV - WINDOW

Haloed by the harbor lights, WT hangs from a rope on the roof, dangling in front of the back window, feet planted against the glass for stability, cross-bow levelled- ZIP! The bolt makes a clean hole whizzing through-

467 BUGS

Hit in the middle, he is slammed back against the door and bolted upright to it, a look of surprise on his face-

468 CHOPPER

Swivels around and lets loose with both barrels- BLAM! BLAM!
the window blown out in a million pieces-

469 CU CHOPPER

Locking-

470 WINDOW - CHOPPER'S POV

Nothing there but the harbor lights-

471 INT. ROOM - CHOPPER

He crosses to the wall and flicks the LIGHT ON. We see Bugs is skewered to the hall door, feet a few inches off the ground- Chopper yanks him off, the bloody bolt still stuck in the door, and lets him fall to the floor. There is another SCRATCHING AND MEOWING SOUND, this time from the other side of the door. Chopper grabs up Bugs' rifle and BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! empties it into the door and wall, chest-high, splinters flying. Then silence. The door, blasted nearly off its hinges, swings open. We TILT DOWN to see the cat, staring up. It YOWLS, runs off. There is another SOUND, Chopper whirls to face the harbor window again-

472 WINDOW - CHOPPER'S POV

WT swings in through the window-

473 ROOM

Chopper aims and fires- no ammo left! WT dives forward, tackling him- they go down in a heap-

474 JANE

Struggling to get to her feet to help-

475 FLOOR

Chopper is bigger and heavier than WT. He ends up on top, pounding WT in the face a couple times, then going to choke him. He gets one hand around WT's throat but WT catches the other by the wrist-

476 CU WT

As he sees-

477 CU CHOPPER'S HAND - WT'S POV

The tattoo visible as WT holds the wrist back-

478 WILD THING

He SCREAMS like a scalded cat, bites deep into Chopper's wrist, Chopper YOWLING in pain, then WT bucks him off and rolls away-

479 CHOPPER

He goes for the rifle but Jane is there, trying to kick it away. He flings her against the wall and she falls on her side. He lifts the rifle like a club and comes at WT. WT stands balanced in a Tai Chi position. Chopper swings viciously, trying to take his head off- WT slips under and steps away. Chopper backs him around the room, swinging, while WT ducks and counters with graceful Tai Chi moves. Chopper works it so he is on one side of the couch, WT on the other. He drops to his knee, clicks open the coffee table top, pulls out a revolver- but WT leaps over and grabs him by the waist, lifting and driving him back toward the window-

480 CU WINDOW GLASS

We see the broken shards sticking up from the bottom of the window just as Chopper hits-

481 CU CHOPPER

SCREAMING in pain as he is impaled-

482 CU CHOPPER'S HAND

The gun drops from it-

483 ROOM

WT steps back by Jane, back on her feet. They watch as Chopper manages to roll himself off the glass and fall to his knees. His eyes are distant and unfocussed. He stares down at a splotch of blood on the carpet, then rubs it with his hand as if trying to rub it off-

CHOPPER

Damn- look at that-

He collapses face down, dead-

484 WT AND JANE

WT helps Jane off with her gag and hand bindings-

JANE

You've been shot-

WT

They took you-

484 cont.

We HEAR the electric POP of a bull horn going on outside, then hear WINSTON'S VOICE-

WINSTON (off)
We want everybody in the building to
come out!

WT
(scared) Bluecoats-

WINSTON (off)
We have you surrounded-

JANE
It's okay, I'll tell them what happened-

WT
(pulling away) No-

JANE
(points to Chopper) That's who you were
afraid of- he's gone now, you don't
have to hide anymore-

WINSTON (off)
-we'll give you two minutes to surrender,
then we're coming in-

WT touches Jane's face, looking into her eyes, then moves for the window-

JANE
Wild Thing, no!

But he is gone. She runs out into the hall-

485 EXT. BUILDING - POLICE

Cop cars pulled up in a barricade around the building, cops taking aim from behind them, spotlights trained on the front entrance-

486 WINSTON

Holding the bullhorn-

WINSTON
You have one minute left-

487 STAIRWELL

We FOLLOW Jane as she desperately races up the stairs, coming finally to the roof exit. She pushes the door-

488 ROOFTOP

We hear HELICOPTORS descending overhead as Jane races across the rooftop. She finds WT at the back edge looking down-

JANE

No! Don't do it!

WT puts his arm out to keep her from the edge. She moves next to him, looks down-

489 PIER AREA - JANE'S POV

The HELICOPTORS are getting louder as we look down. At the bottom is maybe ten feet of solid ground before there is water, and that is broken up by the rotten pilings from an old pier sticking up menacingly-

490 JANE AND WT

She takes his hand-

JANE

You can't make it. You'll hit the pilings-

WT starts as the SEARCHLIGHT BEAM from a helicopter finds them. He seems to relax, then, looks at Jane, and starts back away from the edge with her-

491 INT. HELICOPTER - AERIAL SHOT

We look down through the copter pane to see Jane and WT walking in the searchlight-

PILOT (off)

They're coming back in- over-

492 JANE AND WT

Almost to the door leading back in- suddenly WT breaks away from Jane sprinting away toward the edge-

493 INT. COPTER

The searchlight following WT-

PILOT (off)
Wait a minute-

494 ROOFTOP - WT

We are right at the roof's edge as WT sprints toward us, picking up speed-

495 JANE

JANE
Nooooo!

496 WT

He gathers, leaps like a long-jumper, bicycling his legs, then planes into a dive as he starts to fall-

497 JANE

SCREAMING. WE FADE TO BLACK-

498 EXT. STREET - DAY - NEWSPAPER

We START on the headline- SLAUGHTER IN THE ZONE
'Wild Thing' Believed Dead
Search for Body Continues

-then WIDEN to see that we are reading over Scooter's shoulder. He shakes his head-

SCOOTER
No way, Jose.

499 INT. POLICE STATION

Jane sits with a blank face on as Winston talks to her-

WINSTON
The current down there is really strong- the divers want to quit-

WE ZOOM IN to a CU of her, eyes faraway, mourning-

499 cont.

JANE

He's alive. He's got to be.

WINSTON (off)

I wish I could tell you there was any hope--

500 EXT. ZONE - DAY - POWER LINE

Another pair of sneakers is tossed up on the power line, catching and hanging by the laces--

501 STREET - KIDS

Rasheed and a half-dozen little kids look up at the line approvingly. They start to walk--

RASHEED

Now I put that pair up there, but some of them, if you could look close, gets blood on em. That's people what messed with the Wild Thing.

KENNY

Aw, man, don't start with that--

RASHEED

You didn't see what he done to Chopper? Didn't see them ambulances all full'd up?

DENNIS

But he dead, man.

RASHEED

You believe that?

KENNY

Seen it on the news. Man went down in the river.

RASHEED

You try an stay out in the Zone all night sometime-- you'll see.

We begin to TILT UP away from them, up the side of a boarded-up Zone building, continuing to hear Rasheed on the TRACK--

501 cont.

RASHEED (cont., off)
Wild Thing is got nine lives, sucker,
and he aint used but one or two. Can't
no river kill Wild Thing.

502 ROOFTOP VIEW

We see the boys walking beneath us from the edge of the
building's roof, Rasheed still on the TRACK-

RASHEED (cont., off)
Come out here some night, think you
see some shadow movin, think you hear
someone singin, all high an pretty-

We TRACK BACK just a little and WT's cat steps into the frame and
sits-

RASHEED (cont., off)
-that's Wild Thing out there. Man like
a spirit, and that somethin you can't
kill. Wild Thing lives, man.

WT's feet step into frame. The cat MEOWS. MUSIC, CREDITS.